



**Bulldozer No. 4**  
**Spring '82**



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# Introduction

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"To live well is the best revenge." So goes an old Spanish proverb. But it would do well as a summing up of our politics. By living well, we do not mean to measure "well" by the accumulation of things. Rather what we are concerned about is the qualitative aspects of our lives. We do not commit our lives to struggle because some capitalist gets ten dollars an hour for our labour and we get only five. Such exploitation does exist and it will be ended as part of the process of revolution but it is not an end in itself. What does motivate us to action is the realization that it is only through struggle that we can begin to shape our own lives. It is only through struggling with others that we begin to develop our human possibilities. Unlike the ill-named human potential movement, which would be more aptly named the human limitation movement, we exercise our potential in opposition to bourgeois-capitalist society and we do not seek some comfortable niche in it. To paraphrase Murray Bookchin: "Do we want to live our lives as a small shop-keeper, as a computer programmer, as a petty hood?" Of course not, we want to push at the limits — to live as revolutionaries.

The more economicist amongst our readers might reduce such a cultural base for political change to simply being a question of life-style as though what we were concerned about was whether one lived in a commune or the suburbs, whether one worked ten weeks a year or fifty, whether one was a skin-head or a long-hair. But this is mere idiocy and a refusal to see what is truly radical about seeking a more truly human existence in a culture which is based on the destruction of the natural world, the negation of the autonomous individual and the elimination of vibrant communities.

The more perceptive prisoner certainly realises that above all, the struggle within prison is to retain a sense of one's own dignity as a human being. One of the ironies of the opposition of the prison authorities to "politics" is that the vast majority of prisoners who have become political in prison are able to break the cycle of street crime-prison-street crime because they develop that self respect, that purpose, which allows them to direct their energies in less self-destructive patterns.

All around the prisoner can see the tragic consequences of those who accept the imposition of external routine and the harsh limitation of desire and possibility that is inflicted upon the slaves of the state. Such a life is a living death and is more feared by any who value themselves than any possible punishment that might come their way. Bulldozer

seeks to give some sense of community to all of the various individuals and small groups in prisons across the continent who though isolated in their own situation can find hope and inspiration in knowing that they are not alone with their hopes, passions and desires.

Life in the factories is only different in degree rather than kind in so far as this monotonization of daily life is concerned. When workers feel that their own lives consist of working, eating, drinking and watching TV (and kowtowing to authority), they resent the fact that life in a prison consists of these same elements. How they wish that there was something more to distinguish their life from that of the prisoners. Out of this psychology of resentment comes only the demand that the standards of life for the prisoners be reduced rather than an effort to struggle to enrich the lives of everyone.

Native struggles are clearly a case of a people striving to maintain and redevelop an authentic Indian culture. The economic demands for money from land claims and land itself is only a means to this end of cultural self-determination. For 500 years native people have suffered and resisted this degradation. Can a free people live in an unfree society? Obviously not. It is this passion for freedom that we support no matter who expresses it, prisoners, natives, women, gays, lesbians, the polish workers. Anyone who is asserting their will against the dead weight of tradition and authority.

But we do not demand simply that the naked emperor puts on some new clothes. It is not enough that women too can become bureaucrats and pigs, it is not enough that Indians gain the material wealth to live like whites, it is not enough that corporate capital become state capital. Industrial society and its hand-maiden, the corporate state, has gotten us into this mess. No state, no technological innovations, no change in social management will get us out. We are not idealists. It will be our work, our ideas, our effort which will once more make this world livable.

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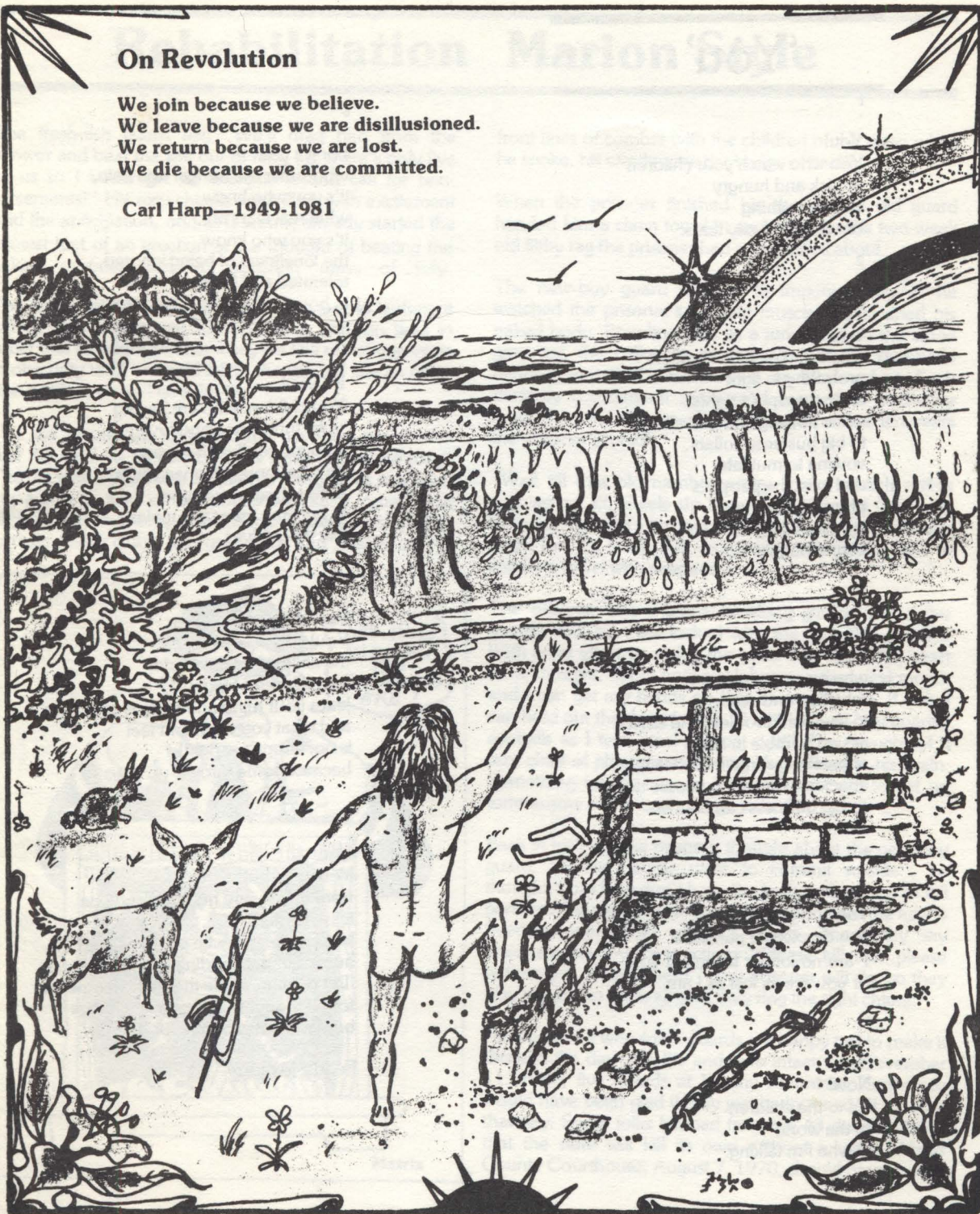
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## On Revolution

We join because we believe.  
We leave because we are disillusioned.  
We return because we are lost.  
We die because we are committed.

Carl Harp—1949-1981





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# 'You'

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1

You!  
You who watch your children  
go sick and hungry  
and do nothing  
but shed self-pity tears.

2

You!  
You  
who call yourselves leaders  
promising to fight  
for the people's rights  
while bowing and grovelling  
to big business dollars  
vowing to mutilate  
and twist the people's  
physical freedom  
by controlling their  
very thoughts.

3

You!  
You  
who scream revolution,  
rebellion and action  
to so-called brothers and sisters  
as you tremble in fear  
at breaking some foolish law  
enacted to keep the people down  
so big business can flourish.

4

You!  
You,  
you despicable parasites  
'I' am no longer talking at you,  
for you are as lost as i am.

5

No!  
Now!  
It's to the children  
of the world  
at who i'm talking.

6

For it's you  
who suffer the hunger and pain,  
it's you who know  
what real tears are,  
it's you who know  
the loneliness of being ignored,  
tolerated and brushed aside  
in house-jails full of 'grown-ups'.

7

It's you!  
You children who are having  
your innocence and love  
stripped coldly out of you  
by emotionless human shells  
as they brain-wash you  
to become human zombies  
like themselves.

8

Yes!  
You!  
the children of the world,  
the children of today  
learn your mind and body is your own  
and what you think and feel  
is not wrong (or right)  
because some 'grown-up' says so.

9

You!  
You children  
from one to one hundred and one  
learn leadership  
leadership built with compassion,  
human understanding and forgiveness.  
'Let no man-made thought become law  
for all thoughts and people change  
but laws only change for 'the few'.

freddie jo morry



# Rehabilitation Marion Style

The fresh-fish guard sez: "We'll drag him from the shower and beat the shit out of him, but there's only five of us so I better get on the phone and call for reinforcements!" His rosy cheeks were flush with excitement and the anticipation, odd as it seems, already started the faintest hint of an erection at the thought of beating the naked prisoner into a quivering mass of jelly.

The senior guard over segregation was an old lieutenant whose only dream was to make it to pension time in order that he might wither away his few remaining years in obscurity until he could fall to the ground like an over-ripe parsimmon and go splat-t-t.

The old Lieutenant turned to the new-boy guard who had the hard-on and said, "Let's leave him alone son." The old man's voice was as quiet as mosquitoes scampering across a field of marshmallows but it oozed and dripped with authority born of many years of stomping testicles, using clubs, tear-gas, mace and shields on the

front lines of combat with the children of the poor when he spoke, his words wore the badge of finality.

When the prisoner finished his shower the old guard handed him a clean towel in exchange for the two-week old filthy rag the prisoner had complained about.

The new-boy guard seethed in impotent fury as he watched the prisoner's rippling muscles as he dried his naked body. Standing lithe as a jungle cat on the stone gray tier, the callouses on the sides of the prisoner's hands gleamed like cauliflowers on black velvet. Each perfectly coordinated movement seemed to insolently mock the pot-bellied new-boy guard who was ten years the prisoner's junior.

"Wait till that old namby-pamby son-of-a-bitch retires and we get Lt. Steele up here in the Control Unit", he thought, "it won't be much longer now...then I'll have some fun. I'll teach that scumbag motherfucker how to ask for a towel with **respect**.

The prisoner cast a casual sidelong glance at the five guards until his eyes locked with the new-boy guard's. With great effort he stifled the smile that was in his heart as he thought, "Wait until ole Johnson retires next month and I can get my hands on that bastard Steele. If only I can hold out that long I think I'll eat the new-boy guard's eyeballs as I tear Steel's throat out!" The thought of it sent chills of pleasure exploding like rockets in his brain. Something for his rage to feed on. A reason to get up tomorrow and a reason to go to bed.

Back in his cage the prisoner thought about the new-boy guard. "Some people want to commit suicide", he thought, "but they don't have the balls so they need a fall partner. They hire out as mercenaries and hold the key to freedom over other people's heads. Then they say unconsciously by their actions "Please kill me...please put me out of my misery." Any prisoner will do, so they play the fool to them all until they ring the right chime."

He wondered why some guards are happy just to make it through the day with life and limb intact. On November 11, 1980, five guards at Brushy Mountain, Tennessee would have been glad if they just hadn't made it to work that day. Some folks learned from the 43 dead at Attica that the state will kill its own without a whim. Marin County Courthouse, August 7, 1970, should have shown





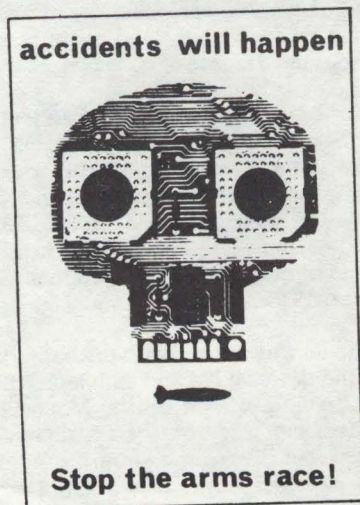
them how little value functionaries within the apparatus held. The uprising of McAlester, New Mexico and Idaho taught them nothing. The three dead guards at Pontiac should have told them something, but it didn't. Some folks learned from the death of hanging judge John H. Wood Jr. (who grasped out the last of his stinking breath on the Texas ground after being hit in the spine by a .243 with a sniper scoop mounted) that they bleed and die just like us.

Convulsions of the spine for "Maximum John" just like a dog hit by a speeding car. Prior to his date with justice he delighted in the sobriquet "Maximum John" because he always gave the maximum sentence to the children of the poor unfortunate enough to come before his bench. He won't do **that** no more! It might not have changed a thing, but it did change the consciousness of "Maximum John" which all the rhetoric and correct theoreticians could or would not do. Carlos sez; "You do things with bullets because bullets are real." Could be Carlos was onto something.

In the meantime I will sit in my cage and wonder when will the Maximum Johns and the new-boy guards of this world learn that a prisoner with 1,5000 years and 5 lives to do, for some reason, just don't give a fuck.

Next month! The prisoner in our story thought with a smile..."Next month!" he answered himself out loud.

Standing Deer  
Marion



## Elimination

I am dedicating this little bit of work here to a brother whom I love very dearly and spent time with in Archambault Super Max. I mean Freddie Jo Morry who has been like a brother to me.

I have spent quite a number of years behind bars and have thought about the "great system" that we are supposed to have and the kind of people who make and run the system. Well, my fight has always been for a new change so that decent people like us **cons** as we are named and labelled can live better. The only way we can make this change is to get others who are like us and who think like us to unite together and fight for a change.

The only way to do it is to take out your opponent by a process of Elimination. And I don't mean out of this picture temporarily so that the opposition can gather troops together and take back what is rightfully ours. I mean, take him out of the picture permanently cause this "great system" is slowly killing all our brothers behind the bars and the ones out on the streets on release. I'm speaking of our brothers; black and white, Indian and Chicano and so on. To speak truthfully, I have always been for this revolution and not just an ordinary revolution where we pick up the gun and go out and shoot a few people who are nobody important. After our shooting spree is over, we are back to block one again paying dearly for our bad mistakes and the mistakes of others.

I am speaking about Multi-Cultural Revolution that unites all the forces together inside and outside of prison. Once that is done then we can sit down and talk to all our brothers and sisters of different nationalities and put our heads together and plan our strategies. After we reach a decision and we all have our tasks to do, then and only then should we pick up the gun and get out to do our duty.

We serve none other than the Revolution, it's causes and it's functions. I support my brothers who are in Ireland fighting for their rights and Identity and Dignity. I support all those brothers who have died in the hunger protests. These brothers are Just in their beliefs as we should be because what applies there applies here as well and all prisons throughout the world.

When one of our brothers die in a hunger strike in other prisons it should affect us and it does. What happens to those brothers happens to us as well.





Outta Control

I have stated before that we do have to make a change because now we are brainwashed to think that the system is great. If you start thinking along those lines you become programmable so that you become a slave to your masters and open to fulfilling your duties to society. Society serves the same masters as you do and society serves their masters well by programming you to obey.

What I am saying is that they are vegetables and are miserable and they want you as a toy to play with as they like in order to make you a vegetable.

This is where Rehabilitation comes in but which I have yet to see. The only signs of rehabilitation are when they turn a good man into a vegetable and a puppet so that when they pull his strings he is supposed to jump up and respond to his master's demands and whims. He is not only brainwashed but a puppet and a slave. After rehabilitation you are now a well bonified, brainwashed, programmed, puppet slave, rehabilitated, fucking, walking vegetable. So I say to my brothers and sisters in my predicament, we are all in this together. Let us unite and fight for the Right and Proper Revolution.

Spence

## Prison Vortex

I am sometimes asked,  
"Why the rage?"

The enquiry confounds me.

Can one question

The fury of the flood?

Can one question

The turbulence of a tomado?

What do you see when you look

Into the swirl of a whirlpool?

What do you see when you look

Into the eye of the hurricane?

Are not all volcanoes volatile?

The nature of agitation

Cannot be changed.

When the conditions exist

For the inevitable reaction,

The power of exploding pressure

Will prevail.

Tim England



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# Economic Barbarism

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There really isn't all that much difference between a prison and an outhouse. No matter how you isolate it or how much money you spend decorating it, it still stinks like hell.

That's not to say there are no differences though. Out-houses served a useful purpose, cost very little and were eliminated as soon as possible. Prisons have never served a useful purpose, cost a fortune and are forever expanding, like a horror movie monster forever getting larger on the people it feeds itself on. From a cottage industry in the late fifties, it grew into a gigantic industrial conglomerate in twenty short years.

Isn't that really something? An industrial conglomerate whose only product is human misery. Not much chance of it ever going bankrupt either. The people who profit from it control the social and political structures that make prisons inevitable.

Nice people. A welfare system created to supply them with menial labour whenever and wherever it's needed and a prison system to regulate the economy. An economy to benefit the very few at the expense of the many.

Since W.W.II, the West has operated on the principles of Keynesian economics. In times of inflation, the government takes money out of the economy to create a downswing. During a depressed economy, money is put into the economy to create an upswing. Private enterprise creates problems with that type of economic manipulation so governments must have a huge State controlled institution that they can inflate or deflate at will. In the United States, the military is used for that purpose. Canada uses its penitentiary system.

For those who might think massive research expenditures would serve the same purpose, forget it. Research would result in the discovery of products that would continue the upswing long after the economy reached the inflationary stage. The monetary fund must be a waste fund that can be fed into or taken out of the economy at will. The penitentiary serves that purpose admirably.

Almost all crimes carry an arbitrary sentence that allows the authorities to regulate the number of people sent to prison and the Parole Board can regulate the number of prisoners released. In that manner, prison populations can be totally controlled regardless of the prevalent crime rate.

In that sense, the term rehabilitation is most commonly used to justify prison expenditures. It is a concept that can be trotted out for every policy enacted. Every programme or policy is labelled rehabilitative, and has been since 1958, regardless of the fact that no program instituted since that time has made one iota of difference on the recidivism rate. Yet all are very costly.

The term itself has enjoyed popularity or scorn depending on the economic climate. During the second World War and the Korean war and the economic boom following them, Canada's prisons played a very small role in the economy. It was during the recession of the mid and late fifties that they began to play a much more significant part. Rather than going to prison to be punished, people were sent to the State torture chambers to be rehabilitated. Prisons and the branch industries they created would become one of the Nation's largest industries. The creation of the National Parole Board would be the cornerstone the industry would be built on. Rehabilitation would be the justification.

From that time on, prisoners have been the most expensive commodity in the country. Prisoners would never be free from a system geared to control them for the rest of their lives. Prison—parole—prison...A never ending cycle that few could ever hope to escape from.

The Parole Board and parole supervisors have a huge budget. They are also responsible for the largest part of the penitentiary budget. In order to make a parole, prisoners must follow what is called a cascading program. Long term prisoners must pass through several security stages comprised of maximum, medium, and minimum security prisons. He must earn a temporary pass program and serve time on a day parole before being granted full parole. To progress through these stages, he must participate in a number of prison programmes. These programmes and security stages are all administered by well paid staff.

Prior to the Parole Board, Ontario had the Kingston Penitentiary, Collin's Bay, and the Prison for Women. Kingston and Collin's Bay each had a Warden, one Deputy Warden, and a Chief Keeper to administer the prison. The Warden at Kingston was also the Warden for the Prison for Women. There was no Regional Headquarters. Ontario now has three more major prisons, four camps and several halfway houses. Each prison has more than doubled its staff.





"Deciding if Tommy has rehabilitated himself enough."

If you are at all familiar with prison policies, you will notice that programs are initiated or curtailed to correspond with the fluctuations of the economy, not the recidivism rate. The latter has remained constant. You will notice the difference in prison construction from one economic swing to another.

During the late sixties and early seventies, members of the Solicitor-General's staff were advocating the construction of several smaller prisons rather than the large ones. Although they would be more expensive to build and maintain, they would be built because it would be easier to work with and rehabilitate prisoners.

That concept is now dead. The very same people in the same government department, now that inflation is out of control and must be brought under control, now advocate the building of larger prisons because they are more productive toward rehabilitation. A thirty-two million dollar psychiatric unit to house 185 prisoners is no longer needed either. Even inflation is good for something if it stops that vegetable farm.

Prison never has and never will make any significant impact on crime. Year after year, sentences handed out have become longer and longer. Federal prisoners have become younger and younger and the crime rate has never declined. People wasting away in prisons doesn't really do much to change the socio-economic system responsible for crime.

Prison itself is nothing more nor less than a part of the elitist society that profits from it. It has a more putrid smell than any outhouse.

Tommy Smith  
Milhaven

It is not the consciousness of men that determines their being, but on the contrary, their social being determines their consciousness.

Marx

Prisoners are alot like people. Everytime some jerk steps on them, they hurt.

Most ideas supported by the Solicitor-General's staff are like prison pastry. Half-baked.

This life is no bowl of cherries and there aren't no guarantees unless you happen to be a civil servant.

Prison reform is kind of a dirty phrase. Probably because it is synonomous with prison expnasion. Longer sentences and more frustrations for the prisoners; more pay and more staff for the administration. The middle-classes got the reform, we got the prison

T.S.



# NOCOPS

Dec. 13, 1980 - Bobby Gene Garcia, Chicano poet and co-defendant of framed Indian leader Leonard Peltier, is found hung while under 24 hour surveillance at the Terre Haute Federal Penitentiary. Death labelled "suicide" by federal authorities.

Sept. 4, 1981 - Robery Guy, President of the Coalition to End Police Brutality in Battle Creek Michigan is assassinated in a reprisal bomb attack after months of harassment and death threats from members of the Battle Creek Police Department.

September 5, 1981 - Carl Harp, prison writer-activist is found dead in his cell at Washington State Penitentiary — death ruled "suicide" by prison officials. His wife and supporters determine suicide note to be a forgery.

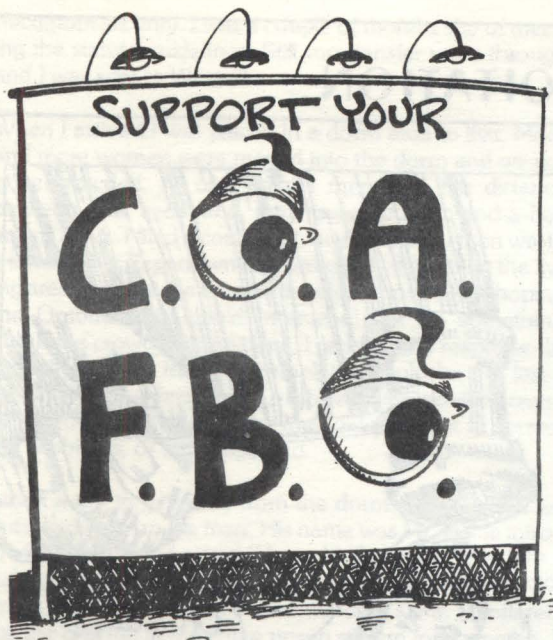
Oct. 23, 1981 - Sekou Odinga, Black Liberation fighter is brutally beaten and tortured for four-and a-half-hours while under custody of the New York City Police Department after his arrest for alleged involvement in the Nyack, N.Y. Brinks robbery.

The list of atrocities would fill pages — random beatings, unjustified jailings, federal grand jury probes, and more ominous methods of repression are now being utilized in an attempt to destroy the independence and liberation movements and silence critics of the Reagen administration's dangerous foreign and domestic policies.

The Black and Anti-war Movements of the 1960's and early '70's were virtually destroyed by the secret police activities of the FBI, CIA and "Red Squads" (political intelligence units) of the state and local police departments. The Nixon administration, one of the most repressive in history, escalated this illegal government spying and misconduct to the extent of almost creating a police state. Even now, the Nixonian Supreme Court continues to decide against the civil liberties of Blacks, workers and the poor. With the election of Ronald Reagan to the Presidency and the simultaneous electoral advances of right-wing reactionaries to key senate positions, the threat of fascism becomes a reality. This is not to suggest engaging in mindless alarmism, but to recognise reality and act upon it.







The National Organizing Committee Opposed to a Police State, (NOCOPS) whose text this is, would like to help build a national coalition of all those that can be united to fight this growing offense. Only such a mass movement can expose **Cointelpro** (run by the FBI), **Operation Chaos** (run by the CIA), and other political police programmes used to suppress the liberation and radical movements of the 1960's; put the government on the defensive over its crimes; and stop any new plots hatched by federal, state or local secret police agencies. In fact, the Heritage foundation, a right-wing "think tank" has already called for the establishment of an Attorney General's list of "subversive organization"; "loyalty oaths" for all prospective federal employees, union members and political figures; surveillance of "radicals"; unrestrained wiretapping and bugging by police agencies for so-called "political intelligence" and all the other trappings of the McCarthy era during the 1950's which were blatantly unconstitutional. In addition, Senator Storm Thurmond, arch racist and reactionary Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has revived the House Un-American Activities Committee with the promise of witch-hunting all liberation and left movements, including the labour unions, with the fury reminiscent of the inquisition waged during the 1950's against suspected Communist Party members. Couple this with the repressive S-1 Bill (now known as S-1437), a bill designed to "reform" the Federal Criminal Code, but which instead provides fascism-enabling legislation for a police state. As you can

see, times are indeed grave, but this can only happen if we allow it to! We must build a movement to resist this onslaught and defeat the right-wing.

The objectives of NOCOPS include:

- 1 - Free all political prisoners of past government frameups and repression, and stop repression in the future.
- 2 - Oppose all attempts to enact repressive legislation restricting political or labour organizing.
- 3 - Oppose the attempts to revive the McCarthy era. (The Reganites in the Senate Judiciary Committee have already created a Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism.)
- 4 - Document past government and secret police activities, monitor all present and future activity.
- 5 - Dismantle the FBI, CIA, and all local police "Red Squads". Oppose all laws to strengthen or protect their powers.
- 6 - The spies, informers and agent provocateurs who have infiltrated and disrupted liberation organizations and radical political groups must be exposed and expelled.
- 7 - Oppose police brutality and prison beatings. Call for the dismantling of all SWAT teams, tactical and stakeout units, and other police and military death squads.
- 8 - Oppose police spying and electronic surveillance for political purposes.
- 9 - Oppose the political and investigative misuses of the grand jury system by the FBI, Department of Justice or local and state district attorneys.

Write to them at NOCOPS, P.O.B. 613, Geneva, N.Y. 14456





# SEXUAL Exploitation

The following article was printed first in **WomanKind**, 3711 N. Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, IN. 46218 (subs 5\$ per yr.) It was also printed in **Matrix** P.O.B. 7221, Olympia, WA 98507. We are reprinting it at Carol's request and because we would like to help develop the struggle against the sexual exploitation of women by their keepers. Carol was initially charged with killing her drunken husband who was threatening her and her unborn child who was later born in prison. She received 15 to 25 years.

In 1978 my interest in the struggle for prisoners' rights began. I filed numerous complaints concerning the operation of the Woman's Prison. I was locked up a great deal of the time on disciplinary actions that were no more than petty harassment. Then a light began to shine. He wore a blue uniform and he began providing me with information that was helpful to the struggle. He also began to make sexual advances. His name was Mr. A. and he was a correctional officer. He was also at that time acting chairman of the conduct adjustment board. I complied with his sexual advances and many of my write-ups were then either totally dismissed or they were reduced to a lesser charge, or I was given light disciplinary sanctions. Then the light got brighter, and the network of prison corruption began to appear.

I met another man, Mr. B., a correctional officer on the night shift. At the time, he was living with two of the female correctional officers employed in this institution. Mr. B. and company were heavy marijuana users and marijuana was provided to me on a regular basis — as well as liberties, freedoms, and things of that nature plus food, small gifts, etc. that were not being provided to the general prison population.

One evening I was in my room and a female officer came to my door and advised me to go to Center Hall. The rest of the inmates were sleeping. I left my room and upon entering Center Hall was empty. I was a bit confused and still half asleep. The counselor's office was right next door to the officer's desk in Centre Hall. The door was open and Mr. B. was there. The officer told me to go in. I did. There were two chairs. Mr. B. took one and the officer took the other. He then advised me to sit on his lap. The lights were off. We were "going to smoke a joint." We did. The officer left the room, at which point, Mr. B. and myself had sexual intercourse on the floor of the counselor's office. Near dawn, I was put back in my room.

At one point I discovered that the superintendent's secretary, Ms. C., was living in the same household with Mr. B.



and two other correctional officers. I began to give a great deal of concern to the number of documents that passed through the Superintendent's office concerning myself and my sentence. I took a rapid evaluation of my situation. It would be wise to comply. Ms. C. is still the Superintendent's secretary and the two female officers are still employed in this institution.

For close to two years, the affairs with Mr. B. and Mr. A. continued. Around July of 1979, the institution placed both Mr. A. and Mr. B. on the same shift and I was totally unable to deal with the pressure that followed. I applied for a transfer to Westville Correctional Center. I was concerned that the transfer would not be granted since I had not been on the prison grounds long enough. State law states that any one convicted of a murder or a class A felony must serve the first two years of their confinement in



maximum security. I was a couple of months shy of meeting the statute guidelines. Still my transfer went through and I was sent to Westville.

When I arrived I was placed in a dorm area to live. More and more women were moved into the dorm and we got quite crowded. At one point I measured the distance between the beds and they averaged ten-and-a-half inches apart. I filed a complaint, no response. I then wrote a letter to the department of corrections describing the living area and sent the letter to the Governor's office hoping the Ombudsman would intervene and do something about the crowded conditions. I received no response. In the letter, I said that this complaint would be the last I would file to the department of corrections about the overcrowded conditions because they did not want to correct the problems, or so it appeared.

I took a job to get away from the dorm. I worked on an outside detail. I met a man. His name was Mr. D. He introduced himself and asked if I would like to work for him. I said yes. I later learned he was the physical plant director and a good friend of the Superintendent's. Mr. D. offered me the best job in the entire prison system for a woman. I would leave the dorm at 7:30 a.m. and not return until 4:00 p.m., "heaven" or so I thought.

I wasn't very confident that I would get the job for I had a reputation that had followed me from the Women's prison as an "activist". That is the worst one possible to obtain in the Department of Corrections. You must not challenge the conditions of your confinement if you seek popularity. However, I never felt I was sent to prison to win a popularity contest and I resented the deplorable conditions.

Several phone calls were made; I was given the job. It was a trusty area and the classification to a trusty status was a must. No one held jobs in that area unless she or he had a badge or unless she or he was a volunteer to clean up detail work. I was not eligible for trusty status, still I went to work.

One day one of the captains came through the engineering office. Mr. D. was not present so his influence meant little. The captain began questioning me not having a trusty badge at which point I was pulled off the job. Discouraged and disgusted I was returned to sit at my bed area that still remained ten-and-one-half inches from the bed next to me. I waited. Shortly Mr. D. drove to the dorm in his personal truck and asked that I leave with him. I got in his truck and he drove me to the Assistant Superintendent's office and I was provided with the papers necessary to receive my trusty badge. We left Mr. Q's office and went to the custody office and my picture was taken for my badge. I was back on the job.

I worked five days a week and was on the dorm weekends. The weekends were unbearable because of the crowded conditions. Mr. D. began making arrangements to call me to work on weekends and holidays — at which time we became intimate.

While on my job in the engineering office I met many of the male employees and sexual advances occurred daily. Since sexual harassment and exploitation occur all over the institution, I was not surprised. I knew of complaints filed by one of the female inmates concerning an Officer R. in segregation who tried to bribe a female inmate to pose nude for cigarettes. This inmate, on another occasion of sexual exploitation, presented as evidence a sample of semen on a piece of paper to the authorities.

Other incidents occurred as well. I met Mr. E., the sewage plant supervisor. None of the complaints by other female residents had ever been recognized and when he solicited sex, I complied.



One day I was on my job and a custody officer came in the office and said he needed me. I knew for a fact that this officer had recently been reported by an inmate for making sexual proposals, however again, nothing was done. He stated I was to return to the dorm yet he did not know for what reason. I got into his van with him and he drove throughout the institution looking for a place that was private enough to have sex. After quite some time and a fruitless effort, I was taken to the educational department where he stopped the elevator and proceeded to do everything he wanted to do short of intercourse. I was then returned to my job.





*from Media Connection*

By November of 1979 I was pregnant. Also, in that same month, I developed a recurrence of hepatitis. I went to the insitutional doctor and complained; he told me that there was nothing wrong with me. Two weeks later I returned. Still he said I was not sick. One week later I was very yellow, and I returned to the doctor. Again he said there was nothing wrong with me, but failed to give me any kind of examination to determine this. I explained my problem to the only other person I knew would help, Mr. D.

Mr. D. made a phone call to a friend of his in the lab and she agreed to do the blood work if he would bring me over. The tests were ran and proved positive. I had hepatitis.

I was due to meet the clemency board in April in hopes of a commutation of my sentence. Mr. D. had guaranteed me that if I did not make clemency in 1980, that I would make it in 1981.

February, 1980 rolled around and Mr. D. discovered that the institutional investigator and a dorm officer and a lieutenant were conducting an investigation into his relationship with me. He told me what was going on and that he was going to stop it. He went to Mr. Heyne, the superintendent, about it. Mr. Heyne became angry because he had not been notified that such an investigation was even going on, and in view of the fact that institutional policy prohibits such investigations unless the institution head is aware of the investigation.

In an attempt to clear Mr. D., he removed the investigator from the case, and placed the dorm officer in a gun tower. The state police were called in to "wrap up the situation" and "clear Mr. D." However there was a problem. I was pregnant.

I was called in for questioning and asked to submit to a lie detector test and "get all of this over with." I refused. In the meantime, I was taken to Evansville for a court appearance. However, the institution was by then made aware, by myself, of my condition. Mr. Q. assured me that I would not be transferred back to the women's prison.

Several days after my arrival at the county jail in Evansville, Mr. D. came to see me. He asked what I had told them and I assured him nothing. The institution learned of his visit to the county and was angry that he would allow such documentation to come into play. He was advised that upon my return from court I would be transferred back to the women's prison. I was quite angry and wanted to seek public support but I was unsure what to do. Mr. D. advised me that to go public would hurt my chances with the Clemency Commission.

I came back and upon arriving at Westville, I was loaded up in a van, shackled and chained by two of the male guards I had been involved with and returned to the women's prison. The media got wind of it and the Department of Corrections made a press release that made me look like I was merely an oversexed whore practising her trade. They stated employees had been "forced to resign because of their association with her" etc. The coverup began.

During this time my midriff was growing. Cloyd Shuler, the Executive Director of Adult Authority ceased all co-educational work programs and stated that he did so because of my pregnancy thus creating a great deal of anger toward me from the other inmates in both institutions. I became more and more concerned about the safety of my unborn child, and I isolated myself most of the pregnancy to prevent anything from happening to my baby.

I wrote the Department of Corrections and advised them of the dangerous situation that he had placed both me and my child by saying my pregnancy was the reason for the co-educational program ceasing. I inquired what my pregnancy by a staff member had to do with the co-educational programs. I received a letter signed by Mr. Shuler stating that I had to "accept responsibility for my own behaviour".

Shuler also sent Mr. Tom Hanlon to see me and requested that I submit to a test to determine paternity prior to the birth of my child. I spoke with a woman from the Department of Health and she informed that the test was unnecessary and I should not do it since there was a possibility it could interfere with the health of my child. I therefore refused and was labeled "uncooperative".



In April, I met the Clemency Commission and my case was continued until June. They sought updated psychological and psychiatric reports. I thought it might be a good sign because I knew my report recommended my immediate release.

In June, they again reviewed my case. Six weeks later I was denied clemency because of the "seriousness of the offense."

I had the opportunity to read a community investigation report from Evansville that is considered to be confidential. The report stated that the City of Evansville held the fact that I went to Westville and became sexually involved with employees against me and would therefore not recommend my clemency. Other information in the report was totally false.

Mr. B. was forced to resign and Mr. A. was transferred to Wishard Detention Unit. I began receiving letters from Mr. B. as well as messages from him by way of female officers. The letters contained strange poems with surh statements as "May you be in heaven two hours before the devil

knows you are dead." I took these as threats and reported them. Yet no special protection was offered me or my unborn child. By this time I fully realised that the ball was in my court and it was up to me because I would get no protection from the Department.

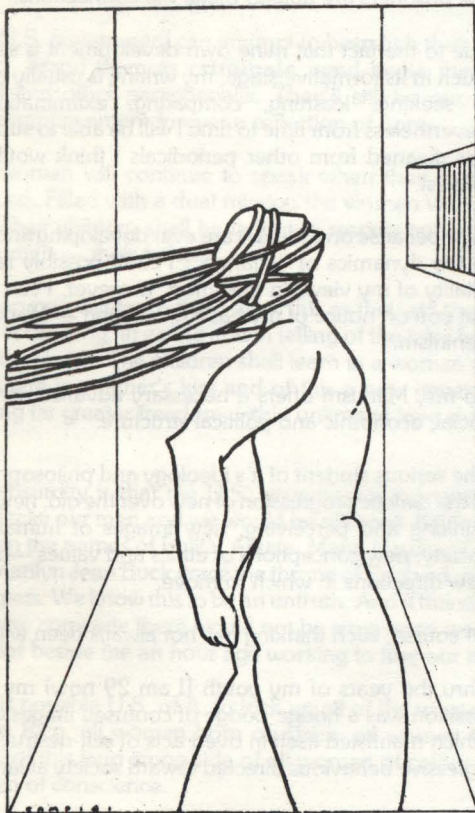
It was July, 1980 and some relief was in sight from the pressure I was under at the Women's Prison. I was called to court on a hearing on my case in Evansville. My attorney, Mr. Niles Stanton, was able to negotiate a tentative agreement with the prosecutor on my case, Terry White. Mr. White thought that it was in the interest of justice to reduce my charge to manslaughter and re-sentence me to a 2-21 year sentence and turn me over to the parole board immediately. My judge had no objection to the proposal. However, Mr. White's superior, Scott Bowers, immediately squelched the preliminary plans and my hopes of being released prior to the birth of my child. In late August, I was taken to Wishard Memorial hospital to give birth to my son. Solely by the grace of god, my baby was born healthy and the persistent hepatitis that ran throughout the course of my pregnancy did not affect him. After three days at the hospital I turned my second child over to my parents, and returned to the prison.

Six weeks later I was taken back for a check-up. My liver tests were still elevated and the doctor recommended that I be put in the hospital for a biopsy. I asked the doctors to tie my tubes to prevent anything from ever happening again during my incarceration. They discussed it and said "no". The reason being: "She is not in position to give informed consent and it could only be considered forced sterilization." They did at that time insert an IUD stating that was my only alternative. Because of my liver condition I could not take birth control pills.

I returned to the prison with the IUD. A week later, an infection had set in and the prison had to remove the IUD. The next week I was taken to the hospital for the liver biopsy and I was placed in the detention unit of the Wishard Memorial Hospital.

One September 23rd, 1980, while in the detention unit Mr. E., a correctional officer on the midnight shift, came into my room, and awakened me with his hands in my panties and informed me that he knew who I was and what I could do and he wanted a piece of the action. I told him that my child was less than four weeks old and that I did not want to have sex with him. Naturally nothing mattered. He was over 6 foot and weighed in at a good 345 pounds. I didn't see myself in much of a position to argue.

I left the hospital the next morning and was returned to the prison. But this time, I was infected with trichomonas from him. I went to the prison doctor. She did not examine me,





but handed me a box of suppositories. They did not work and the infection grew worse. Also, I had not had my first period since my baby had been born. I panicked thinking I was pregnant again.

I was returned to the hospital a short time later to be checked for the IUD that the prison had already removed and the hospital informed me at that time that I had a trich infection. They gave me medication and subsequently ran a pregnancy test on me from the information I provided them on the incident that happened with Mr. E. To protect me from retaliation by the prison, they agreed to phone the test results into my attorney. They were negative.

I again asked that my tubes be tied since it was the only form of birth control available to me, and again I was denied. I explained to the institutional medical staff my fears of becoming pregnant again and was informed that I couldn't have birth control pills because of the condition of my liver and for that matter, the institution didn't think women "needed them". I was told to abstain.

At the time of this writing my second child is nearly eight months old. Many of the employees mentioned in this statement are still employed in the Indiana Department of Corrections and I am still without birth control. My parents currently support both of my children and I am still serving my 15-25 year sentence and can be of no help to their support.

I have decided to file a negligence action against the Department of Corrections and by the time this goes to press that action will be in the courts. The reason I have decided to file the action is that rarely a day goes by that some one of the department doesn't insist that I am totally at fault for my past experiences and that "men will be men". I have been denied job changes because of my past pregnancy, and to date only one side of the story has been told. I think it is time that the public is made aware of what exactly took place and that sexual exploitation runs rampant in this penal system.

I realize the risk I am taking and am aware of the "rippling effects" this statement will bring upon me. I do hope, however, that the public will offer their support to insure that the negligence action is litigated in the courts and a decision is made by an impartial hearing body at the same level.

I am totally confident that upon my case reaching the Federal courts a decision will be made favourable to halt sexual exploitation of this nature. Most importantly, I am able to plead my case in complete honesty which is something I am sure the Department will not do. However, much of this is documented and I will not allow the penal system to

by-pass the existing problems any longer by attempting to pretend that the problem is merely a figment of a female convict's imagination. Others before me have been exploited. I have been exploited, and women will continue to be exploited. The fact remains that nobody will save us but us.

Carol Ann Wilds  
Indianapolis, Ind.

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## In Process

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Thank you for the recent issue of **Bulldozer** the contents of which I found to be enjoyable, as well as informative.

It is always educational to learn of the individual and collective input into a struggle all must necessarily share — in one form or another.

Bulldozer's endeavor at educating around the role of prisons as an instrument of the state is vital because precious few prisoners are able to make the connections.

Due to the fact that mine own development is still pretty much in its formative stage, my writing is usually confined to seeking, learning, comparing, examination, etc. Nevertheless from time to time I will be able to submit articles gleaned from other periodicals I think would be of interest.

Now because one's views are ever developing and subject to the dynamics of "change", I can't possibly relate the totality of my views in this effort, however, I can and will put you on notice of my basic grounding — Marxism and Leninism.

To me, Marxism offers a necessary advancement in our social, economic and political structure.

The serious student of it's ideology and philosophy learns of the dialectic progression of new over the old, new ways of thinking and perceiving, new images of humanity and society; new conceptions of ethics and values — so many new directions in which to move.

Of course, such thinking has not always been with me.

Thru the years of my youth (I am 29 now) my political position was a hodge-podge of confused images of reality which manifested itself in overt acts of self-destruction and aggressive behaviour directed toward society at large, all of



which spawned the 50 years I now do for Agg-Robbery.

Therefore, I hope it suffices for me to say that it was not until my introduction to marxism that things took on a cohesive pattern, negating the confusion and replacing it with concrete analysis which enables me to recognise those forces, both natural and man-made, which direct and influence the course of events in one's life.

After having read your publication, something of **Bulldozer's** general focus was revealed to me, but nowhere in the publication was a clear political statement made re the collective's principle objective — what is it?

R.

## Cold Knife

Cold knife taking my life, have you no mercy?  
Has the beast not told you many different lies?  
Death is only like the rain that falls in darkness  
New rainbow's form in it's passing beauty  
Must I insult your presence and be rude?  
Surely the shadow's ghost spoke of me well  
No rules have been broken and we are here  
We each hide our face until the last ride  
Cold knife taking my life. Allow me to honour  
thou hand cold knife. . .!

Torres  
Lewisburg

## The Women

The U.S. government can lock up all our men, demean them behind bars and attempt to eradicate them through murder behind those bars. They'll still be our men.

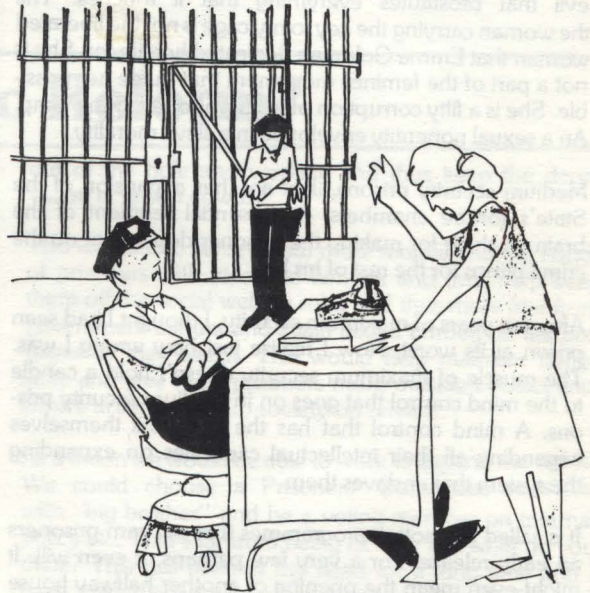
The U.S. government can attempt to besmirk their characters, brand them as **criminals**, send home their rap sheet and other paraphenalia. They'll still be our men. Their imprisonment forever a reflection of ours.

The women will continue to speak when their men are silenced. Filled with a dual mission the women will speak out. Their children shall be taught to respect and admire these men — their fathers.

The women will teach them all of this as they aid the little ones in dressing, in eating and in telling of the tales before evening closes. The children shall learn in a woman's kiss that there is a father's kiss and of this a new generation seeking far greater freedom within unlimited love shall be born.

The absurdity is that the U.S. government thought they could take our men and we would be silenced. If this were so then the names of Lolita, Assata, Mana Haydee Torres and Marilyn Jean Buck grace the throne of England, eating crumpets. We know this to be an untruth. And if this silencing were complete there would not be a me nor a woman who sat beside me an hour ago working to free our men.

So it is possible U.S. of A. to lock up all of the women of Puerto Rico, all women born of Africa, all women born native of this land along side of all women of colour and women of conscience.



But before you turn smugly away to face your sterility, I suggest you remember the children for unlike you, mighty government, we produce. We create life in the presence of our men and continue in their absence. They are still our men.

Anna G. Rodrigues  
Lake Mohegan, N.Y.



# Parasite Elimination

The hole. A specially built isolation cage to cut the individual's contact with his fellow prisoners. A cage meant to punish prison dissidents. Short of execution, surgical, chemical or electrical lobotomies, the State's last weapon of control.

It could very well become the prisoner's main weapon for the dismantling of this whole sick system. Demand that cage and you cut off the life blood of thousands of parasites that are now feeding off of us. Any other action taken by prisoners only serves to expand a system that has absolutely no moral right to exist. Legal powers paraded before the gullible public as a justification for the barbarity of the State are not moral rights.

The system perpetuated by its main supporters is a vile evil that prostitutes everything that it touches. The woman carrying the key to my cage is not the liberated woman that Emma Goldman dedicated her life for. She is not a part of the feminist movement that made her possible. She is a filthy corruption of it. Just another crime pimp. An a sexual nonentity enveloped in a slave morality.

Medium security prisons. Just another expansion of the State's torture chambers. An essential segment of the brain-washing for making the prisoner dependent on the crime pimps for the rest of his life.

After ten years of maximum security, I thought I had seen prison at its worst. Now I realize just how wrong I was. The muscle of maximum security doesn't hold a candle to the mind control that goes on in medium security prisons. A mind control that has the prisoners themselves expending all their intellectual capacities on expanding the system that enslaves them.

It is called promoting programmes that will earn prisoners an early release. For a very few perhaps, it even will. It might even mean the opening of another halfway house from time to time and the transfer of ten or twelve prisoners. A progression or a regression? Any expansion of a system that has no moral right to exist at all couldn't possibly be anything but a regression.

Another expansion is all it could end in. Any programme instituted is never dismantled no matter how useless it proves itself to be. More prisons and more staff is the only real result. More prisons and more staff which will, in turn, only lead to more expansion.



Not counting the numerous halfway houses now in existence, the prison population has more than doubled since the inception of the Parole Board. The crime pimps have increased more than a hundred fold. Parole itself led to a whole classification system, different levels of security, halfway houses, day paroles and finally Mandatory Supervision. The latter, a suspension of Habeus Corpus laws and the return to prison without benefit of trial or hearing for ex-convicts.

Reading the latest report on Mandatory Supervision prepared by the Solicitor-General's Department, should make any thinking person puke. After spending more than fifty pages explaining the utter uselessness of the whole programme, they spent another thirty or more pleading for the continuation and expansion of it. The last thirty pages could have been condensed to one single sentence, "protect our jobs". The dealers in human misery aren't qualified for any other line of work.



It's understandable though. Barbarity is an economic virtue. Prisoners are a very expensive commodity. The misery pimps have been paid in excess of \$500,000 for me and I'm not even half finished. At the current rate of inflation, my bill will exceed 2 million dollars. That, of course, doesn't take into account any of the branch factory costs such as the huge expenditures for huge social science departments at every major university turning out thousands of future misery pimps. Crime pimps that couldn't function without the full support of prisoners.

Like everyone else, prisoners are born with one freedom. The freedom to say no. That isolation cage is the exercise of that freedom. A freedom that would lead to the dismantling of the major concepts of prison.

Most of its repercussions would be felt almost immediately. It would be the denial for all but a small security staff to exist. The denial of the demigods in Ottawa to use prisoners for economic purposes. Excess offspring of the

middle-class would have to find new modes of employment. The beginning of the end. The dismantling of this whole barbaric system.

When prisoners have no more economic value, they will cease to exist. Alternative proposals put forward by independent organizations will begin to be accepted.

Prisoners can bring this about. It will take a small bit of sacrifice now but it will pay in big dividends. Slaves really don't have anything to lose, so why bother to guard the few pieces of candy they throw at us now? Why prostitute ourselves to feed and rehabilitate the middle-classes that need our misery to exist?

One day, prisons will no longer exist. Only prisoners can bring that day about.

Tommy Smith  
Milhaven

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## Realistic Reform?

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I'm too much of a realist to think the big business of prisons and such will end or grow smaller in this country in the near future. And two of the biggest gripes of the average American is that too much of their tax money is used in prisons and law enforcement and that is victims are never repayed for their deprivation. This could work to our benefit because the only way we as prisoners are going to make a lasting change in our conditions of confinement is by having a say in the government of our confinement and it would prove to the public that work release rather than prison is better for everyone and much cheaper.

If by some chance we could force the prison industry to pay a real wage to allow us to pay taxes and room and board and to have as part of our sentencing a mandatory compensation for the victim we could then as taxpayers demand a say in our housing, food, working conditions and rehab programs etc. as we would be the ones paying the cost of prison. As taxpayers we would have the right to vote and form unions. This would take great effort and foresight but the rewards would be great for everyone. The working stiffs who scream that their money goes to build us Country Clubs to live in would have no further gripes. The victim would not feel abused nearly so much and most people can't stay mad for any length of time at someone who is sending them money. It would then be in the best interests of the victim to help keep the prisoner

out of the hole and working and thus keep the deprivation in prison down.

This would also serve to put more money into the hands of prisoners with kids and families and thus help keep them off the social welfare roles and thus more free from government control and again take a burden off the taxpayer as they see it. This would help maintain family unity and give most prisoners more outside contact and ensure acceptance into society on release.

As a union we would be able to work to expand our rights. We could choose a Prisoners' Committee to sit in with "big brother" and be a voting member on internal policy etc. That's far from being all of it. But what do you think? This has been in my head for a long time and I have talked to a lot of other prisoners about it. When I first approach others they scream that "I ain't gonna pay no room and board and pay the pigs to keep me." But after they hear it all and see what can be worked into a situation like that, then they begin to think differently.

Kick it around in your head a little and think about it. You readers, why not write in and give us your experience and ideas on the reforms that have been tried or could be tried in this matter. Bulldozer is a willing forum for such discussions.

In the Spirit of Carl Harp  
Winston Holloway  
Lewisberg, PA



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# Resistance

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A victory has been won in the fight to stop the isolation and torture of the captured October 20th freedom fighters. The campaign to get Comrade Solomon Brown decent medical care forced the Rockland County District Attorney and prison officials to transfer him to Westchester County Meidcal Centre. On admission, X-rays verified what prison doctors and officials already knew — that his neck was broken. He was immediately placed in traction and then operated on in an effort to avoid paralysis. The surgery was apparently successful, and he was discharged after one week to Woodbourne State Correctional Facility where comrades Judy Clark, David Gilbert and Kathy Boudin are held.

Comrade Solomon's case made all the clearer that mass pressure can have an impact in stopping the state's strategy to try to physically and psychologically break these captured revolutionaries. It took a concerted effort to get Solomon any care: the work of the legal team, the flow of thousands of letters, telegrams and telephone calls to the U.S. Justice Department, District Attorney and prison officials and the hunger strike by Judy Clark, David Gilbert and Kathy Boudin. Within 48 hours of the start of the strike, Solomon was transferred to the hospital.

Several important lessons for the overall campaign can be drawn from the victory in comrade Solomon's case and in the ongoing struggle against the conditions of the freedom fighters overall:

1) The torture is systematic, coordinated and centralised: the FBI is directing the physical and psychological torture of the captured freedom fighters in an effort to break them, gather information about the armed clandestine movement and force them to renounce their revolutionary politics.

The medical records clearly prove that Solomon had his neck broken during the systematic beatings and interrogation that he had received at the hands of the local police and FBI Anti-Terrorism Task Force. He did not have a broken neck on X-rays that were taken at Nyack Hospital within 24 hours of the car crash and his initial beating by the Rockland police. He was then tortured two or three times a day for the next six days; every time he was moved he was beaten around the neck. As his pain and weakness grew, the DA and prison officials maintained he was fine. By December 17th, repeat x-rays clearly showed that his neck was broken. But the prison doctor who was aware of the situation did nothing, and the DA and FBI used his

medical condition to intensify their efforts to break him. As pressure mounted on the FBI to deal with his condition, they tried to "disappear" him. The prison said he had been admitted for only one day and then discharged. No one could "find" one of the most closely guarded prisoners in the United States.

Soon after Solomon arrived at Woodbourne, Sgt. Abbot of the Woodbourne Correctional Facility removed him from the cellblock telling him he was going for a medical examination. In fact, he was brought to another area of the prison, locked in a room, and the FBI tried to interrogate him for two hours.

The role of the FBI in the torture of Sekou Odinga is also now clearer. He was beaten from the moment of his capture, but it was after three hours when his real identity became known that the FBI-led Anti-Terrorism Task Force was called in to direct his systematic torture. They were the ones responsible for burning his arms with cigarettes, smashing and pulling out his toe nails, and beating him until his pancreas was seriously damaged. During the entire beating, he was consistently interrogated for information about the Black Liberation Army.

2) The medical profession is complicit in the torture — prison doctors refused even basic medical care to Solomon in the face of an obviously serious and deteriorating condition. Doctors at King's County Hospital would not make public the nature of the injuries inflicted on Sekou Odinga. The demand for the comrades to have outside medical care is a key way to intervene against the state's attack.

3) Isolation must be combatted. Isolating captured comrades from each other and from outside supporters is an attempt to create psychological pressure and the conditions where the state can physically torture and interrogate the freedom fighters.

Because of the campaign that is being waged, Judy Clark, David Gilbert, Kathy Boudin and now Solomon are allowed out of their cells to see each other and can have authorized visits. But, the state transferred all of them to Woodbourne State Correctional Facility in upstate New York — hours from their supporters, family and lawyers.

John Martin, the Federal Attorney on the case admitted in a disposition that he, DA Gribetz and prison authorities knowingly and illegally transferred Judy Clark, David Gil-





bert and Kathy Boudin on the day that Federal Judge Duffy ruled that the conditions in which they were being held at MCC were unconstitutional.

The other captured freedom fighters now charged in the Nyack Case, Abdul Majid who was himself beaten to the point where 42 stitches were required to close his head wounds, Kuwasi Balagoon and Sekou Odinga are still being held in isolation in separate prisons. We must press for the demand that all the captured freedom fighters be returned to the Metropolitan Correctional Center in New York City and be placed in General Population.

One of the most vulnerable and isolated periods for the freedom fighters is when they are transported. Each is moved with hands and feet shackled and with a shotgun held inches from their heads or heart. Guards systematically provoke them — both physically and verbally — to try to cause a reaction so that they can kill or beat them. This was done to Sekou Odinga even while he was trans-

ported within King's County Hospital. We demand guarantees of their safety and that they be transported under safe and humane conditions.

The victories that have been won are important, not only because they directly aid the comrades involved but also because they do stop the efforts by the government to make torture and isolation legitimate and standard procedure for dealing with revolutionaries in this country. We can take the strength gained by these victories as well as outrage at the continuing violations to turn this into a strategic campaign to stop the isolation and torture of freedom fighters and beat back the government's fascist offensive.

For continuing information, write: Coalition to Defend the October 20th Freedom Fighters, Box 254, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

This group will need lots of donations to do their work. The above article was taken from their journal **Resistance**. Subs are 7.50 per year.

The prisoners themselves can be contacted by writing: Solomon Brown, Judith Clark, David Gilbert, Kathy Boudin, all at Pouch No. 1, Woodbourne, N.Y. 12788, Abdul Majid, Queens House of Detention, 126-02 82nd Ave., Kew Gardens, N.Y. Kuwasi Balagoon (Donald Weems), Box 86 New Hemstead Rd., Rockland County Jail, New York City, N.Y. 10956. Sekou Odinga (Nathaniel Burns), Brooklyn House of Detention, Brooklyn, NY, 11201. The Coalition suggests that writing to them is a major way of letting the government know that we are concerned and support these people.

These comrades were arrested after an ill-fated attempt to expropriate 1.6 million dollars from a Brinks truck last Oct. 20th at Nyack, N.Y. by a combined force of the Black Liberation Army and remnants of the Weather Underground. Needless to say, the money would have gone a long way in meeting the fiscal crises of the opposition forces. Two agents of the state were killed as a result of the confrontation. Since then the Black and Women's communities in a number of American cities have been terrorised by overt para-military operations. The Grand Jury inquisition has been brought into play again to ferret out as much information as possible. The Grand Jury system abolishes the "right to remain silent" and other assumed legal rights.



# Urgent Request

This is a special request to you who support Indian causes and justice and anything which is against neo-nazis; Congressman Gary Lee (r-N.Y.) and senators Alfonse D'Amato (r-NY) and that old-hating racist Storm Thurmond (r-SC). This is an opportunity to write these pigs and say you oppose (H.R. 5494) introduced by Lee in the House, and D'Amato and fascist Thurmond in the Senate (S. 2084). Reps. Holland (d-SC) and Worthy (r-NY) co-sponsored the bill with Lee in the house. H.R. 5494 as referred to the House Committee on Interior and Insular affairs, and S. 2084 to the Senate select Committee on Indian Affairs.

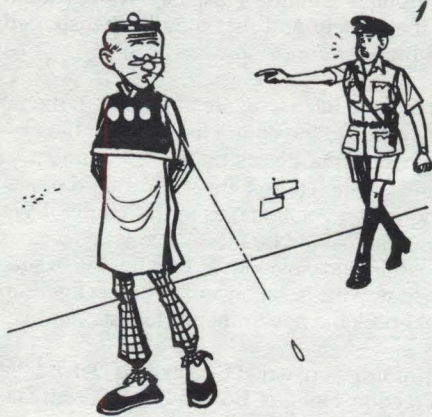
The draft bill does not seek an equitable solution nor a process for negotiated settlement, but an outright extinguishment of **all** Indian land claims in the two states. Connecticut withdrew from the Legislation (no doubt to draft a tougher bill). The legislation is designed to circumvent the judicial process by declaring legal all of the illegal taking of the Indian lands of the past, as in the case of the Paha Sapa — the Black Hills. In return, Indian Tribes and Indian People would be forced to accept monetary compensation (there the Greeds go, trying to force us to sell our Mother — for their Greedy purposes, i.e., dig up the earth, sell off the natural resources, etc.) and be denied even the opportunity of judicial review as to whether the compensation is fair or not! I am asking that you take five minutes to write letters opposing this, and send copies of your letters to: FCNL (Friends Committee on National Legislation), 245 Second St., N.E., Washington, DC. 20002

Write letters to: U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515 and U.S. Senate, Washington, DC 20510; New York Senator, Patrick Moynihan; Senator Alfonso D'Amato; South Carolina Senator, Ernest F. Hollings, Senator Storm Thurmond. Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs. Members are:

William S. Cohen Chr. (r-ME), Berry Goldwater (r-AZ), Merk Andrews (r-ND), Slade Gorton (r-WA), John Melcher (d-MT), Daniel Inouye (d-HI), and Dennis DeConcini (d-AZ).

Listed Below are 7 points which you should list as your bitch about the Bills — do it now. You could write a few letters in the time it takes to drink a beer or have a smoke.

- 1) The Bill would destroy present Indian legal rights to land, would violate ratified treaties with the United States, and would dishonorably violate the most basic Indian rights.
- 2) The Bill would deny Indians Due Process of Law.
- 3) The Bill is discriminatory and denies equal protection of the law because it is aimed solely at taking land rights from Indians for the benefit of others.
- 4) The Bill lead to many more years of litigation and may result in multi-billion dollar liability on the part of the United States for the taking of Indian lands.







5) This bill would suddenly close the courts to Indian land rights cases and unfairly change the rules in the middle of ongoing cases which Indian people have only recently been able to bring to court after generations of being barred from legal remedies.

6) The Bill would violate fundamental human rights of Indian people.

7) The Bill will not settle the Indian claims involved.

I realise everyone doesn't like to write the Government, but this is a struggle for my People and their Tribes for lands which were stolen from them by Greedy Maggots some Moons ago. But the fact remains, if everyone who reads this, got two friends to write also, the response would build and possibly drown this racist bill. I will submit a letter which I sent to Ronnie in the White House to be published in the next issue of Bulldozer.

Ches-ne-o-na-eh  
Huntsville, TX



## Thanks From Winston

Whenever you have room again, will you please print a note for me to all the people who responded to my request to write letters on my behalf! I am now only finding out just how many letters were written. Warden Wilkenson and director of Prisons, Norman Carlson, lied to those who wrote. Wilkinson and Carlson responded to the letters by telling the people that I would not sign a waiver form that is needed for them to write anything about me.

First, they don't need my signature on anything to answer any letter about me concerning my conditions of confinement. Second, the forms they wanted me to sign were a release on my past criminal record, and had nothing to do with the questions raised in the people's letters. The bullshit answer from Wilkinson and Carlson was nothing more than a smokescreen to hide behind in order to avoid the real answers and they wish to transfer blame onto me for not responding to all the letters. It is a good trick when you have something to hide.

I have never made a claim to anything I am not — and everyone knows I am not a criminal. I did hurt several pigs during my criminal life, twice while breaking out of jail and I only wish it could have been more!! (smile) I do not know the names or addresses of those who wrote letters on my behalf or sent letters to me. I did not get them. Any addresses I receive I will write to in appreciation and to all who have written, my "blood and love."



In the Spirit of Bobby Garcia  
Winston Holloway  
No. 16395-009  
P.O.B. 1,000  
Lewisburg, PA 17837



# Society Of The People S

"Basically our defense will be this: If you were an Indian in Canada today, you'd run away too." John Trudell knows what he is talking about, he has seen the inside of jails, been a prisoner of a society which has systematically destroyed his people. But today he speaks not for himself, but for Dino and Gary Butler, two members of the American Indian Movement whose activities have run them afoul of the law.

On February 23, 1981 the cousins were involved in an incident when a Vancouver police cruiser attempted to pull over the car in which the men were travelling. They fled, and a high speed chase ensued in which police claim shots were fired from the fleeing car. Weapons and ammunition were seized after the Butler's car overturned at an intersection in Burnaby, a suburb of Vancouver, and the men were arrested soon after they abandoned the wreck.

Since then they have been held in Oakalla prison, their cell doors locked, chained and double locked. They have been held in chains with manacled legs and handcuffed during their pretrial appearances. Behind these bars they have prayed and fasted and struggled and won the right to their own religious ceremonies, a right long denied all native prisoners. They had won the right to smoke the pipe.

"They are afraid of this Pipe!" John Trudell tells the 60 prospective jurors in the New Westminster Courthouse. Meanwhile in the courtroom, Chief Justice Allen McEachren is denying two motions by the Butler's lawyer Stan Guenther. Guenther argues that the jury panel, composed of 59 white people, and one East Indian is not representative. the selection process of taking names from the voter's list excludes transient populations such as young people and Indians. Motion denied. Guenther requests that the pipe, symbolizing truth and connection with God be allowed into the courtroom.

Dino writes in a letter from prison last March: "In the western hemisphere there are many different tribes & nations that have their own language given to them by the Creator. Just as there are many different tribes and languages, there are different ways of worshipping. Each nation has been given an ally-medicine that allows them to communicate with all life, such as the Sacred Pipe.

"I am a follower of the Sacred Pipe which represents all Creation, past, present and future. The pipe is my

medicine that helps me to pray, to communicate with my God. It is not known in the memory of my People how old the First Pipe given to our People is.

"It is told, though, that a very long time ago there was a Buffalo Calf which appeared that changed into the human form of a woman carrying a bundle on her back. She appeared to the Lakota People and met with them and gave them a Pipe with instructions of the care and use of the Pipe. That Pipe is still in the possession of the Lakota People who call it 'White-Buffalo-Calf-Pipe.' The Pipe I carry for my People is representative of that first Pipe.

The judge will not allow the Pipe. Trudell tells the jurors as they file back into the courtroom.

"You swear on a bible, we use a Pipe. We guarantee it. It's just a Pipe, we made it out of wood, we use it to smoke tobacco — they will not allow this Pipe in the court."

Denied the presence of the Pipe in the courtroom, the Butlers decline to participate further in the proceedings, and fire their lawyers, Guenther and Judy Gedye. The lawyers leave the room and the jury process continues without them.

Trudell: "We're tired of 400 years of being denied this right to talk to white people honestly. It's like as if you've been accused of crimes and they wouldn't give you the bible to tell the truth on. It's freedom of religion.





# Struggling To Be Free

Excluded from the courtroom, supporters gather around the door, peering through narrow glass windows. One of them is Lew Guowitz, a Massachusetts attorney involved in native rights trials.

As Guowitz peers into the room, one of the deputy sheriffs, mistaking Big Lew for an Indian asks, "What tribes are the Butlers from, Chief?" Big Lew gives him a withering look, but he keeps talking about how much racism there is in the U.S.

There's not so much up here, you know," he tells Guowitz, "nothing at all like down there in the

south."

You damn Canadians," Big Lew says, "you're so damn smug. When I'm up here the whites tell me there's no racism. But I get another story from the Indians."

Within the court the jury selection is completed, seven women, five men, all white. Supporters, crowding the hallway, begin to trickle into the courtroom after they are searched. The searching procedure is as thorough as it was in the preliminary hearings. Hand-held metal detectors are run over the body, up and down the legs, through the crotch. Shoes are removed and checked. Women deputies check the women's breasts and search the babies' blankets. The children stand with exaggerated stiff-

ness for the search. Their arms are outstretched and their fists are clenched in defiance.

In the courtroom, Chief Justice McEachern sits in a red and black robe behind an immense hardwood bench. Behind him red curtains are drawn up as in a theatre. Before him are the courtworkers, crown attorneys, and space reserved for the defense. Beyond that, Dino and Gary sit in a wooden box with three raised sides of plexiglass.

McEachern reuests a plea, but the Butlers sit silently not even acknowledging the request. McEachern orders a not guilty plea entered on their behalf. The trial begins.

The charges include: attempted murder, possession of a weapon with dangerous intent, possession of an unregistered gun, pointing a firearm without lawful excuse, and criminal negligence in the operation of a motor vehicle.

The crown sets out its case carefully. The first witness, A Burnaby RCMP officer, provides the court with sketches of the chase route and the location where the men were arrested. Then Sergeant Robert Graham from the Burnaby RCMP Identification section testifies. Graham says he was called to the British Columbia Institute of Technology Feb. 23, 1981 to examine a car. He says he was "mainly looking for lead fragments." He found two; one wedged in the wheel well, one lying loose on top of a shock absorber. He also noted a small dent on the bumper. Testimony from the officer who arrested Dino shows that he actually gave himself up. Gary Meadwell, now a student at the University of Western Ontario tells the court that he was called to the area of Kingsway and Imperial to patrol when he saw Dino walking down the street with a parka over his arm. He approached Dino, who gave him the parka. Checking the pocket he discovered two handguns, .357 caliber revolvers. He told the court that he then placed Dino under arrest.

As the day's proceedings end, Dino and Gary are led from the courtroom. They wave clenched fists at the spectators, and wear smiles. In contempt of court, none of the spectators rise for the judge's departure.

Security remains tight for the second day of the trial. The two Vancouver Police Officers who began the chase offer conflicting versions of what happened. They saw Dino in a pay phone booth at Renfrew and Grandview Highway. Gary sat, waiting in the passenger seat of a car parked at the curb. The cops called in the license number of the Oregon-plated car to the central computer and while wait-



ing they circled the block.

As the police return, Dino leaves the phone booth and gets in the car. Constable Craig Peters said Dino ran to the car, and took off very quickly. He said the men were being pulled over for speeding.

The other constable, Ian Holden, said Dino quietly walked to the car, and drove off. He says they were being stopped for a regular traffic check.

At Boundary Road the police switched on their siren and flashing light. The car makes a turn onto the freeway ramp and pulls over. As they get out of the police car, Dino and

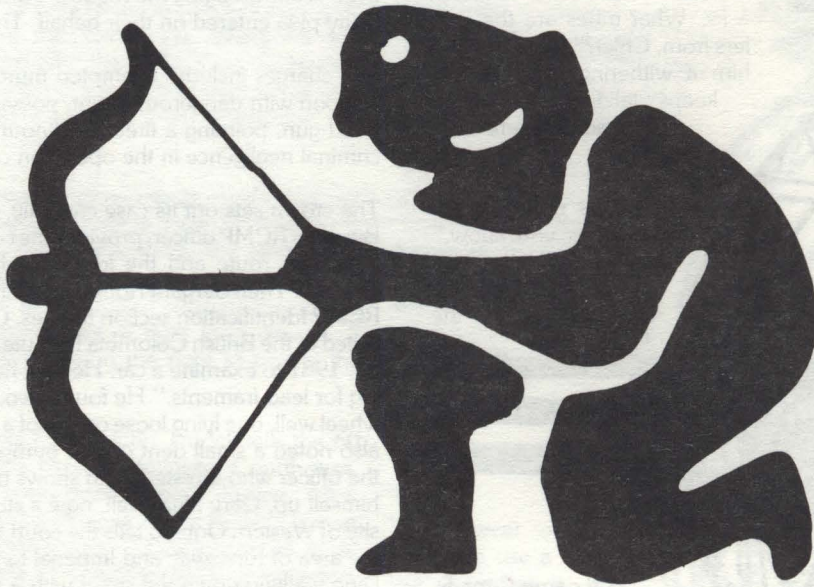
A radio reporter asks John Trudell where he's from.

"The western hemisphere, man, where are you from?"

"Around here," says the radio reporter.

"No way" Trudell replies, "You are all from Europe."

Another cop testifies how he arrested Gary. Barry Shannon, off duty from the North Vancouver RCMP at the time, saw the accident and the men fleeing the overturned car. Shannon told the court that he chased the two men, identifying himself as a police officer, but Dino turned and pointed a gun at him. He backed off, palms outstretched at



Gary take off, accelerating onto the freeway. Supporters say that as the police were getting out of their car, they were reaching for their revolvers, but since there is no defense, these questions are not raised. The chase continues along the freeway to Willingdon, where it heads south. Peters says shots were fired before they crossed Canada Way; Holden says all the shots were fired after Canada Way.

Outside the court supporters hold a singing circle in the waiting area. McEachren orders deputy sheriffs to stop the singing and drumming, but they are unable to find anyone in charge. They ask Guenther and Gurowitz to do something, but they are neither singing nor orchestrating. The song ends when it is finished.

his sides. He caught up to the men again after they jumped a fence, he said, and grabbed Gary who did not struggle.

A firearms expert, Earl Hall of the RCMP crime detection laboratory, testified that he examined the weapons seized. He said that he test fired the guns to ensure they worked, but he did not test for accuracy. He said he did not check to see if the guns had been cleaned. If the guns had been cleaned it would have proved that the Butlers fired no shots, otherwise it would be inconclusive.

Hall also examined the lead fragments Graham pulled from underneath the car at BCIT. He told the court that they were "consistent" with bullet fragments. But at the



preliminary hearings he admitted they were consistent with lead from a wheel balancing weight.

A Midas Muffler worker who witnessed the accident told the court a man he identified as Dino had pointed a gun at him after he approached the man.

Dennis Reilly, a B.C. Hydro employee, testified that he and his partner saw the natives fleeing the overturned car and decided to give chase. He said one man tried to break into a garage and the other man ran right at him. He is asked to identify the man who ran at him.

Dino sits in the box with his head bowed. The judge orders him to raise it so Reilly can see if he is the same man. He does not respond. McEachren orders the deputy sheriffs to make Dino raise his head. Everybody tenses. Deputy sheriffs surround the box and one enters, lifting Dino's head while Reilly identifies him. Reilly testifies that Dino ran at him, then pointed a gun.

"For Christ's sakes man, don't shoot man, or we're both gone," Reilly testifies he said.

On the final day it is the defense's turn. Dino tells the court: "I offer no defense." Gary says: "I wish to call no defense."

The crown prosecutor Norris waives the right to sum up his argument, and the accused have the right to speak. Dino speaks, telling the court he is a Pipe carrier of the Tuney tribe of Oregon's Siletz Indians.

"The voice you hear coming from me today is not my voice alone: it is the voice of generations before me and generations to come. Because I was denied my right to have my Pipe in this courtroom I felt I was not all here, a part of me was not here." He told the court they had heard only half the truth.

"I am not a criminal" he said.

"(In jail) I prayed hard, really hard, that I would not hate my enemy that tries to suppress my spirit. We still believe that we still have our shackles by being denied our religion in this courtroom. My brother and I, we begin to feel a little bit like Jesus Christ when he was nailed to the cross. It is not a good feeling."

Dino explained the situation when he would not raise his head for Reilly to identify him. Standing with arms outstretched, he said he lifts his head to the sky and the wind to pray, "and I could not lift my head to that hypocrite who was lying after he swore on the Bible."

Gary asks to have Trudell, his people's Pipe carrier, to address the jury. Request denied: Trudell is not a member of the Bar in B.C.

The jury is out less than two and a half hours. Guilty. But the attempted murder charge has been reduced to attempting to wound. Dino and Gary smile and wave at the spectators who include Dino's parents and his seven month old son he has never held. They are taken back to jail. Sentencing will come later.

But Dino and Gary have seen the inside of jails before. Dino and Leonard Peltier were charged with murder after the Wounded Knee uprising. He was acquitted on the grounds of self-defense.

Gary has been in and out of institutions since he was taken from his parents at the age of two and placed in a white foster home.

Trudell knows. He knows the names of Joseph Stuntz, Anna Mae Aquash, Dallas Thundershield, Bobby Gene Garcia and Roque Duenas. Like Gary and Dino, they were all AIM warriors, but now they are all dead. No one has served time for these murders.

Trudell knows the reality of FBI threats, such as the one laid on Dino when he was acquitted. Once he burned an American flag in front of the FBI building. The next day his wife, mother-in-law and child were killed in a house fire. "A deliberate act of political assassination" he says.

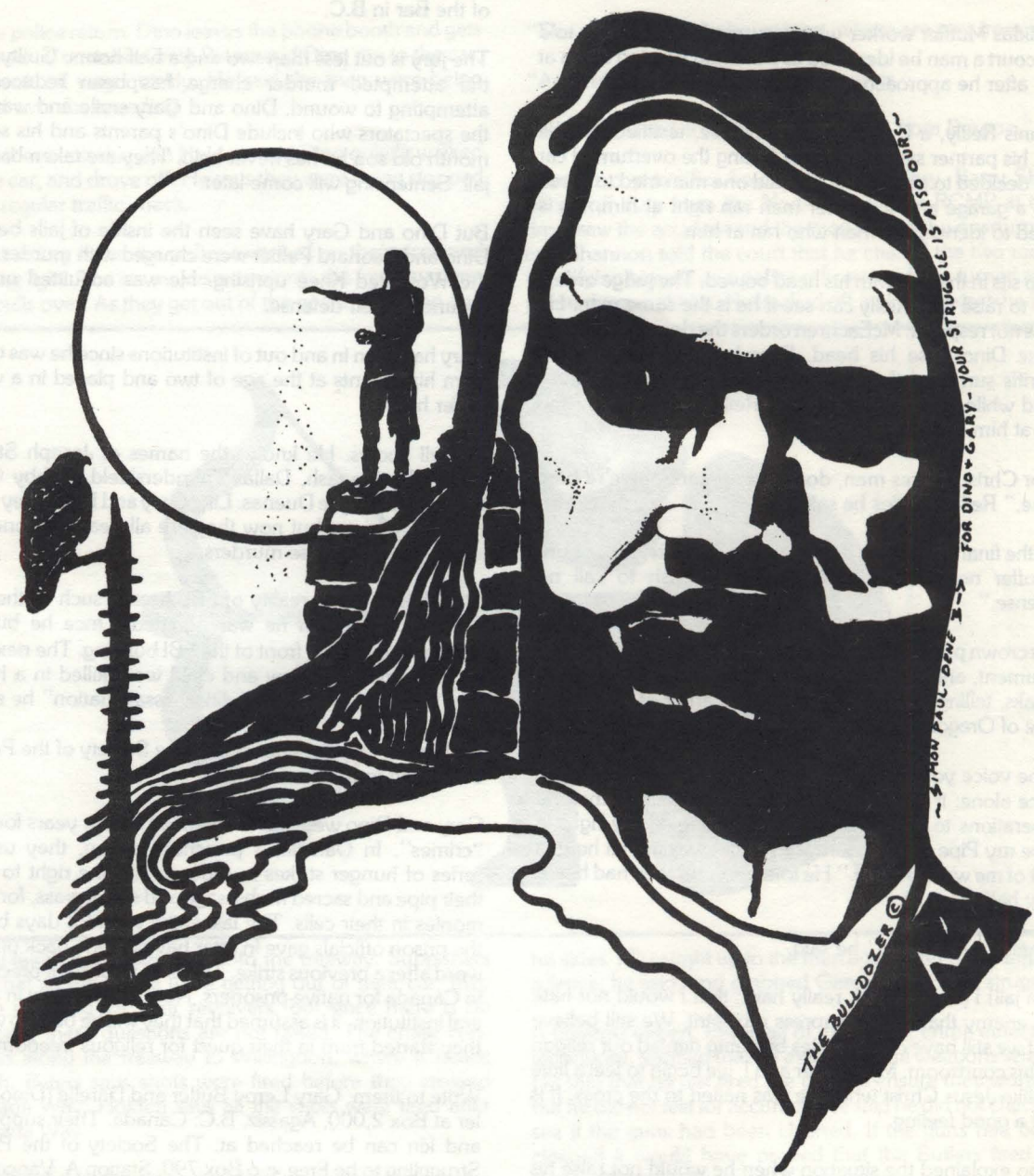
And that is why they are called The Society of the People Struggling to be Free.

Gary and Dino were later sentenced to four years for their "crimes". In Oakalla, a provincial prison, they used a series of hunger strikes in order to win the right to have their pipe and sacred herbs, sage and sweet grass, for ceremonies in their cells. The last strike went 22 days before the prison officials gave in after having gone back on their word after a previous strike. This is an important precedent in Canada for native prisoners. Now that they are in a federal institution, it is assumed that they will be back to where they started from in their quest for religious freedom.

Write to them: Gary Leroy Butler and Darelle (Dino) Butler at Box 2,000, Agassiz, B.C. Canada. Their supporters and kin can be reached at: The Society of the People Struggling to be Free, c-o Box 790, Station A, Vancouver, B.C.

This article originally appeared in the **Ubessey**, the student newspaper at the University of British Columbia







# Yellow Thunder Camp

Hau:

Message from the Brothers and Sisters at Yellow Thunder Camp in the Paha Sapa (Black Hills).

Hau brothers and sisters in greed's guili houses: I have been out of greed's evil since December 31, 12:A.M., 1980 and have been here in Paha Sapa since I moved to the camp in May after living in Rapid City 12 miles away. It's beautiful to live free of evil surroundings, we have been experiencing love of spirits, everyday and night.

Our are lives completely free of snags from evil. Every day that comes is pure happiness with what we have and how we live. It is cold now but our hearts are beating with happiness now that we are home.

We have twenty teepees insulated, stoves, the dome which is 40x20, for school, meetings, meals, ceremonies. They've set an eviction hearing in Pierre South Dakota for this month (February) but no set date yet. But that hearing has no bearing on our decisons. We are not leaving. We are home in our sacred land.

Our prayers are said at each meal and at sweats for our brothers and sisters in greed's ironhouses.

I as Greed's x-prisoner in the ironhouses, am now out in freedom at camp. I have named the ridge surrounding the camp on the Northside for our brothers and sisters in prison and was living at the top until September when I moved to town to find employment from the rednecks around here. I'm back out here now and do come in to talk to the brothers in different prisons. I need some help in naming the ridge for our brothers and sisters in prison.

I would like to explain this project to you and the brothers and sisters in the ironhouses.

This outpost will develop communications between the walls of the forts across the land. It is important that we live with this til our Love and Blood are released from prison-forts.

We as Indians and non-Indians out here do have a little more freedom to talk, walk, learn, survive and live with the Great Creator. As we continue to survive in this world, we do know justice, injustice, good spirits, evil spirits out here in this prison. But at the same time we

should not forget our Love and Blood in the dreadful life in the prison-forts. I have been in those forts and do know the life in there.

I guess to make things easier, I need your help in terms of Love, Blood, concern, sacrifice, travel, funds, letters, phone calls, news, networking, writing, support and most of all love and prayers for our Blood that roam in the prisons.

One priority is a News Letter. I will handle everything here in Rapid City, S.D. What I need from the bros' and sisters in each prison fort is for them to send me your Number and Name and anything you would like to write. I will compile them all each month and send them out. I'll try for monthly issues.

The people out here in town will be seeking more support and interest, new addresses, etc. All of the forts are under heavy security but are categorized as: Maximum, Medium, Minimum, Close. There are just a few more minutes and privileges in one rather than the other but still heavy attitudes.

The laws are different in each ironhouse so we will explain all the laws in this newsletter plus much more of life in prison. From each prison, bros' could write of new laws, update of life in prison. There is much that happens that should be spoken. So bros' feel the mood and write about the daily activities from lock-up to lock-down.

We should move on this first priority soon.

Write to Ron Two Bulls — Tatankanumba, P.O. Box 9188, Yellow Thunder Camp, Rapid City, S.D. 57701, USA.

On April 4, 1981, the Dakota American Indian Movement established the Yellow Thunder Encampment in the Black Hills near Rapid City, S.D. on land that is currently being claimed by the U.S. Forest Service. A claim was filed by the camp for 800 acres with the Pennington County Registrar of Deeds. On April 22, the camp filed a Special Use Application with the U.S. Forest Service. This application was for construction of 83 permanent structures to be used for religious, educational and residential purposes.



This form was followed by a report on May 29 that detailed the work that was to be done such as the geodesic dome and the solar and wind energy equipment that are to be installed. The camp has cited the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, Article VI of the U.S. Constitution, and the 1978 Indian Religious Freedom Act, which guarantees Native people access to sites and burial grounds and which guarantees the use of their sacred objects for traditional ceremonies.

An April 11 meeting held at the camp drew over 300 supporters and representatives of the Lakota Nation. Two resolutions were passed: the first calling for the U.S. congress to review the Black Hills claim, particularly Article XII of the Fort Laramie Treaty which clearly shows that the tribal governments set up by the U.S. government in 1934 have no right to negotiate claims related to the 1868 Treaty; the second resolution called for a halt to all litigation by the tribal governments and their representatives.

On August 11, 1981, the Yellow Thunder Camp made a formal request to the Secretary of the Interior, James Watt, and to the Secretary of Agriculture, John Block, that the 800 acre claim area be withdrawn from the public domain. The request was made under the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976, which gives the federal government the authority to withdraw land from the public domain under certain provisions. The Forest Service has sold timber within the 800 acre area and logging operations and road building are scheduled to begin in late spring. Also a grazing permit has been issued to a Texas rancher.

Yellow Thunder Camp has the support of many individuals and organizations in the Rapid City area, across the nation and in many foreign countries. This summer 38 members of the U.S. House of Representatives endorsed a letter requesting that the U.S. Forest Service approve the Special Use Application for the Yellow Thunder Camp.

Some of the other camp supporters are: The Black Hills Sioux Nation Council, the American Friends Service Committee, the Pennington County Democratic Forum, the South Dakota United Methodist Church, The Black Hills Alliance, the Acting Director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, the Vice-President of the Rosebud Sioux tribe and many more religious and social service organizations. On July 8, 1981, the Black Hills National Forest Service held a public hearing to listen to comments on the camp's application. Those expressing



opinions were overwhelmingly in favour of the application.

Throughout the summer and spring, the people of Yellow Thunder Camp have complied with all the laws and regulations of the Forest Service. People living in the camp have set up a kitchen, tipis, tents, a solar shower, a solar food dehydrator, and have planted a garden. Meat and wild berries have been dried for the winter and an earth oven and geodesic dome to be used as a school and a community meeting area are nearly complete.

The goal of the Yellow Thunder Encampment is to build a permanent spiritual community in harmony with the environment, utilizing solar and wind energy and other non-fossil fuel sources of energy. The buildings are to be constructed of local natural materials. The centrality of the the Black Hills to Lakota spirituality is well documented and is also in evidence within the text of the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, the last formal and legally binding agreement reached between the sovereign Lakota Nation and the United States.



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# Lewisburg Council

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Before us stand many faceless shadows of greed. Creatures that abuse, hate, prosecute and create cold flames of hell in paradise. My — our very spirits are with you as were they in another time and place. My physical body is in bondage in a federal penitentiary and here in the night we have heard your battle cries and prayers. The nights are much too long and yet not long enough for our struggle. Beside us, many of you have stood beside our spirit souls. In great battles we have claimed victory together. Great ships today sail on small seas of lost reason. We plant a seed in suffering for the children of tomorrow to water.

To us peace is an illusion, a great dream of our minds' and hearts. The very thing we perhaps may die trying to bring about for others who will slip from the holy womb of time and be sheltered by the Mother Earth. Let us ride together once again into the heart of true love where the grandfathers rest and pray. Ride swiftly into the soul of human brotherhood. The world of violence is a horror we must face, a reality a warrior can not overlook nor escape from in subjective views. Our blood is holy and our spirit souls live in all things of beauty. The pace is fast and endless and death is always very near. Life and death is but place and time in a vast universe of harmony. We are but one seed. Ride swiftly our beloved brothers and sisters into the arms of harmony for it is there that again we shall be in the heart of peace. . .

Torres  
Lewisburg

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## Simmons Wins

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Jimi "Dexter" Simmons was recently transferred from the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla and is now in the State Reformatory at Monroe. Dexter was recently found not guilty in a 1979 stabbing death of a guard which precipitated a long series of violent incidents including the brutalization of many prisoners in Segregation.

Dexter spent 2 and one half years in Segregation for this non-crime. His brother George who was also charged in the incident was found hung in his segregation cell last year. Two other Indians charged in the incident turned state's evidence recently found an open door from which to leave their reformatory after testifying against the Simmons brothers.

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## Native Prisoners

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Eagle, Eagle, high in the sky,  
..Hear our message as you pass by.

The Lewisburg S-CONNS as we are known,  
..As long in prison as the winds have blown

The Government spoke just the other day,  
..Said, "Native Prisoners have a right to pray."

But because of our traditional ways,  
..We'll have to wait a few more days.

Brothers and Sisters outside these walls,  
..Hear us now, as the Eagle calls.

Teach us of our ancestors' ways,  
..As we sit and wait these few more days.

A word or two would bring us light,  
..From those out there who'd like to write!

Ted Ruark  
Lewisburg's Spiritual-Cultural Council  
of Native Nations,  
P.O.B. 1,000  
Lewisburg, PA 17837

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The Brothers of the Lewisburg Spiritual Council of Native Nations would like to receive printed material and letters from outside prisoner support groups and political and native collectives. Send it to the above address. If it doesn't get through try writing directly to: Winston Holloway, No. 16395-009 at the same address.

Contact the Simmons' Brothers Defence Committee,  
1818 20th No. 105, Seattle WA 98122.



# It's My Life

The last month or so has been pretty hectic. I was supposed to have returned to court at the tail end of February or the first of March for a new hearing. The judge decided that we were not going to have a new hearing, that the question of new evidence was not something that they were interested in.

I guess that is the way of things. I am putting this on tape because my typewriter finally went out on me. I had both hands shattered years ago by a pair of overeager cops. The resulting nerve damage made it necessary for me to do all my typing on an electric typewriter. I'm afraid that I have just finally worn the bottom right out of this one. So my ability to communicate in the standard fashion is hampered and all but destroyed. I sent around to the local repair shops to see how much it would cost to get it fixed. The cheapest price tag that I got was \$189.80. May as well ask me to buy a Rolls Royce. I can't afford that either. The situation is somewhere between grim and desperate.

I guess I should back up and explain something that you might not understand. At the moment I am pretty upset and I have been for the last month simply because without my typewriter I am silenced for all practical purposes. It makes me feel just a little bit desperate. I can send letters on tape and receive them back on tape. As long as they come back on the ninety minute Highlander series, the ones in the blue, clear case. But so few people seem to have the time. And I can't do very much of this type of communication. The only way I can manage to do it is to get someone else to buy the tape for me and I do drawings for them or build something that they can't build for themselves.

The problem is that it is all in an effort to keep up. I'm not actually gaining any ground. At the moment, I have thirty-four dollars. I figure if I can't do something in the next 6 months that will regain some of my effective ability, I will have just walked myself right into a hole. According to the average schedules for how much time I have before execution, I would figure another three years, maybe four years if I'm lucky. All the rest of this just isn't making much headway. I would appreciate it if you would check among your contacts to see if you could find somebody who could get this typewriter repaired, failing that, stamps, and failing that, names and addresses of people that I might be able to contact on my own with some chance of being able to gain the immediate support that is necessary just to put me back in a position where I can do some sort of effective work.

I tend to be a rather blunt man, perhaps a little too introspective, perhaps a little too shy. I know that I am not par-

ticularly comfortable at this type of bumming. Yet I don't want to see three years of work go down the drain, I have to go begging to somebody.

The fact is, I've only got a limited amount of time anyway. It is unlikely that I will be able to do the work that I've set for myself in the last year before execution. I've seen this kind of thing before. Once they begin to bounce you around mentally and emotionally with constant execution warrants and dates and stays of execution and all the demeaning little excitements that the society seems to get its jollies from, you can no longer effectively control your head well enough to put a valid intellectualism together. So if I haven't managed to put this back on track within a year, I will see if I can find some group, some university, somebody that will take over and finish what I've started.

The fact of the matter is that in looking at the situation my judgement says that people like you and I who are fighting the death penalty and fighting a number of other minor injustices, or major injustices depending upon the particularities, will have to begin doing an awful lot of homework because right now the society is not interested in hearing about fairplay. The average man and woman on the streets is frightened silly.

Reagen is up there talking like a damn fool. Moscow is not talking any smarter. Everybody is building more and more weapons and the history of weapons says that if you build them, sooner or later you use them. There is a very old country song done by a countryman of yours. One of his lyrics goes something about a mad motorcycle with the devil in the seat heading ninety miles an hour down a dead-end street. There you've got a perfect example of the power of governments of this world. I don't think there is a whole brain among them.

But the fact is that if we're ever going to outlaw the taking of lives and a dozen other inequities, we're going to have to do the homework now and hope we have the answers and the required proof and a new suggestion for a new way to do things available for the time in the future when this society will be able to listen to someone's problems besides their own.

Right now we're pretending that we're effective. Agreed that we're fighting hard but many of us are just going through the motions because we know that it is all but hopeless. Logic tells us that for right now the society is so hyped up behind all the fears that are being manipulated by the various governments with the purposeful intent of



keeping our eyes off what the governments are actually doing that the final word is unlikely to be quick. It is difficult for me to look at it and speak with a realism that says I'm going to die. I don't want that death to be meaningless. Now it seems unlikely that I'm going to manage to clear myself because unless you've got money to push that kind of fight, unless you have access to people of power, people of public prestige, no one truly examines what it is that you're saying.

It is important to me that I not be robbed of dignity; that I not be thrown away. I will not die silently. I will not pretend that I am in agreement with society. From that day that I was sentenced to die til now I have told them that when the time comes for them to execute me, they're going to have to come in and get me. I'm not going to die. They're going to have to kill me. I have no intention of making it clean and easy. You see, it is an odd thing about society but society often gets the odd idea that they have the right to

do something simply because nobody stops them. Well, I'm not going to do that. I will not walk to my death with all due dignity. I will not acquiese to death. I dread it, not because of the dying itself, my life has been one that has lead me to paths that leave very little fear of the physical. It took me a long time to get to the point where I understood me, a long time to get to the point where I liked me. In these late years, I don't want the way of my dying to destroy what I most like about me. Yet in the end I will have to come to a decision as to just how hard I will fight. It's a little pathetic to say I will fight a little bit. But it is disgusting to say that I would kill a cop at the door knowing that it will not save my life, knowing that he is doing nothing more but carrying out the official orders of this society. That is a reality that I grappel with almost constantly. And, as of yet, I have been unable to find the fine line of morals in there; the right and wrong of it. I suspect that I will be wrong no matter what I do. Somehow or other it must be brought home to the general public that I wanted to live, that this life was mine, that this life was taken from me, it





was not something that I gave up. It's a hard series of definitions to make simply because I am talking to strangers who have never understood the elements of my life mostly because I never bothered to explain them. My life is one where I decided what I did and I decided it for my reasons. In many cases I do not bow to the laws of this society because quite frankly on many issues the morals of this society stink.



We are people who call other people niggers and jews and spics and chinks and god knows what else. We are people who come before our gods in self-righteous justification claiming that the bible is our authority for denying some people a place in the sun. We are a society which brags about what all we do for our old people while we watch them starve to death on social security and what little they can shop-lift. Lets face it, we're a society that slices up anybody too little to defend themselves and then pardon the president who all but raped the entire world with his game.

If I sound a little bitter and defeated tonight, I probably am. I'm a little tired. I haven't had good luck lately. It seems the harder I try, the deeper it gets. Yet I don't want to come to you whinning. I don't have much use for whiners. I guess I can feel lucky. I have a window I can look out of. Course all I can see is steel and stone and barbed wire concertina, flood-lights and in one corner of the window I can see a gun tower. I can actually see about three inches square inches of sky. It is cold here lately. That is one thing I haven't been able to take for years. My hands are so crippled up that when it begins to get cold, they hurt. I never was a fan of pain. I never did understand self-flagellation. I don't think much of beating on others but it sure beats hell out of beating on me.

It is difficult to laugh here. We've had them start playing with us lately, petty harassments, money is tight so that food has gone down. It's hard for me to resist the temptation to spend a little money on garbage food. It is a hell of a note but sometimes it seems like I am my own worst enemy. I can defeat most of the things that I am trying to do by tiny carelessness now and then. I've even lost the image

of freedom and it is something that I've fought to keep for so many years. Somehow over the last two or three years the image has just gone away. I haven't heard from any of my family for a year, maybe two. Let me tell you something else. That is one bad thing about talking into a tape, you tend to depress yourself pretty quickly and you depress other people as well.

I intend to start a journal sometime later this year. It is my hope that I can express some of the realities of death row in such a way that when the questions arise after I am executed that my own words will answer most of the questions. That is a difficult thing to play with too. It is more than just not having the money for it although that is part of it. Part of it is having people that you trust to raise the issues. You just don't want to keep something like that around because prison administrators constantly dig through your material though they leave mine pretty much alone. Quite frankly, they'd play hell trying to keep up with the volume of it.

I think the biggest problem for me right now is that I'm beginning to sense defeat. I'll probably regain my balance in a couple of weeks. But for right now, I just notice that they're not interested in hearing two years of investigation and evidence. We managed to find a witness who dug up some bloody clothing from the man who testified against me. They were his clothes, the ones he was wearing on the day of the crime. There seems to be blood over them. I was convicted totally on his testimony so it was important to



have somebody up question his testimony. We had affidavits from a couple of the wardens here who knew him when he was here at the prison. Their official statements say that the guy who testified against me has fabricated crimes against other people before, that he manufactured evidence to prove that they were guilty of the whatever it was that he was charging them with. The court wouldn't even listen.

I guess it is a difficult thing for them to consider the idea that they might make a mistake. I had a drunk for an attorney, a



public defender. It didn't work. My defence consisted of eleven questions. I subpoenaed 76 witnesses. The judge told him that he couldn't ask the state's witness against me a series of questions so he just closed the case. Came back and told me not to worry about it that it was an automatic retrial. I've since found out that it is not automatic, according to American law, innocence is beside the point. The only way I can get a new trial to tell my side of it is if I can find a flaw in the way that they handled my case. The only flaw that I can point out to is incompetent counsel. It is difficult to get lawyers and judges to declare that another lawyer is incompetent. It is even more difficult to get them to say that they appointed a counsel to defend a man charged in a death penalty case and have him show up drunk most of the time.

It is hard to tell people who have not walked this particular mile in my particular shoes. But up to now I have always trusted society in a strange way. I never really felt that they would hurt me, that they would try. Somehow, that and a few other things in me have broken. Bitterness is doing to me things that I am ashamed of. It seems like I should be braver, that there should be an unwavering ability for me to face what it is I am looking at with my ideas and ways intact. But it isn't so. I have to fight to maintain my balance everyday. I have to demand that I examine my own ways and means and thoughts and concepts at every turn, that I have to examine my own emotionalism. I am by nature a gentle man. I don't say that as a gentleman in the social

sense of the word because a gentle man has made a conscious choice to remain a gentle man. As I said, I am a gentle man, intellectually aggressive, very blunt. But I do nothing with the intent and purpose of hurting anything even if that is sometimes the result.

It is my hope that the time I've taken to share in this will tell each of you something that you didn't know before, allow you to understand a little bit more and allow you to understand that I and people like me take note on your behalf. We are appreciative. We understand the limitations probably better than you do but we also understand how hard it is to stay involved. Well this is as much feedback as I can give you. It is the most precious thing that I have, and that is, the hours and minutes of my life. I thank you. I wish you peace, dignity and love.

Paris would like anyone on the outside to write to him if they can aid him or if he can aid them in working against the death penalty. And dear prison censors, Bulldozer is not advocating that prisoners write to each other in contravention of prison regulations prohibiting contact between prisoners. Hence you will have to think, if possible, a little harder to come up with a reason to ban the magazine from your domain.

Paris Carriger  
Box B 29425  
Florence, Arizona  
85232

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## Spokane Brutality Trial

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On Wednesday-Feb.-24-82, a jury of eleven men and one woman found that Washington State Penitentiary guards Penitentiary guards did not use "excessive" force in chaining and beating 6 prisoners in the prison's segregation unit on 8/july/79. The verdict, 5 to 1 against the prisoner plaintiffs, was a surprise to most observers, especially considering that an informal poll conducted shortly after the start of deliberations had the jury 5 to 1 **in favour** of the prisoners, as well as a shock. The case was supposed to be determined on a preponderance of evidence and, according to plaintiff Danny Clark, "We didn't have just a preponderance, we had an avalanche of evidence."

But the jury chose to ignore it, and chose to be guided by some unknown and unknowable rationale in reaching their verdict. Had the media representatives, spectators and even the judge been jurors, the outcome might have been much different. Judging from the change from thinly veiled hostility for the plaintiffs in the local media to apparent acceptance of the prisoners' claims over the course of

the trial, the case appears to have merit that the jury refused, for unspecified reasons to acknowledge. Even the state's attorneys appeared to feel that the prisoners had something coming and argued only that they should receive a lesser amount than was justified. The Prisoners were not allowed to stay in Spokane for the verdict, but were taken back to Walla Walla immediately upon the jury's going out. Upon their return, they were left shackled and chained until assistant wardens Kurt Peterson and Larry Kincheloe told them the verdict and were assured that the prisoners were not going to do anything.

Prisoners involved in the suit were understandably disappointed and feel even more disenfranchised than at the time they were so brutally victimised. Plaintiff prisoner Issacs said three days after the verdict: "The justice system works against suppressed people, so it's no wonder suppressed people have to work against the justice system." He continued, "I'm not looking for revenge, but if I ever





have another beef with someone, I won't even think about taking it through the justice system. The 'alley' system is fairer and faster."

Another prisoner in the case, Danny "Skeemo" Atteberry, agreed with Gary's statements, and added: "This trial was a typical example of how the U.S. court system is unfair. The poor and the powerless, in this case prisoners, are judged more on things other than the facts relative to the case." He also averred that, "Contrary to allegations reported in the local media, the five prisoner plaintiffs are not agitating or planning a retaliatory incident."

Prisoners in the general population also feel that they have lost something. Many believe that the repression and inhumane conditions would finally see daylight and that things could be improved as a result, belief in whose grave the district court jury and the system of which it is an element threw another large shovelful of dirt. Prisoners also feel that the 9th district Court of Appeals intentionally and to their detriment released the verdict in the Hoptowitz case on 16-Feb.-82, and that this might have created the erroneous impression in the jurors that the prisoners had already won relief somewhere else because of the cross-over in the two cases.

Tension has increased as this decision has precipitated a realization that prisoners can rely on no-one but themselves for protection. They feel that guards may take the ill outcome of the Spokane brutality trial as license to beat

and harass and otherwise abuse prisoners. And that the administration is taking the 9th circuit decision as a permit to implement with even more vigor its unjustifiably repressive policies. Prisoners suspect the prison bureaucracy of an ulterior motive in visiting this oppression on them, and the courts of an anti prisoner bias. The result of the brutality trial demonstrated again that they have no reason to trust the "justice" system. It is also rumored that the five prisoner plaintiffs will be "set-up" so that they can be indefinitely be locked in segregation. Only public attention and **support can** prevent these men from being victimised again — for being victims.

Washington Prison News Service

## The Hole Truth

Affadavits and written reports reaching out of Washington State Prison's infamous segregation unit from prisoners confined in there indicate that the situation is going from bad to worse. On Feb. 6, 1982 for instance, it took approximately 18 minutes to get the victim of an apparent heart attack out of his segregation cell and to the hospital. At about 6:45 P.M., Tommy Lewis began calling for help when he began to have difficulty breathing and feeling chest pains shortly after taking his medication prescribed for migraine headaches. All of the prisoners on the tier immediately took up the cry for help with shouts of "Man Down! Get the Gurney!", the only way prisoners are allowed to help each other in such emergencies.

Officers Wordent, Oliphant, Hart and others reportedly thought the situation funny, smiled and joked, slow-walked, and wasted much time in dealing with this medical emergency. They also refused to let a prisoner trained in CPR out to render what assistance he could. Apparently aware of the negligent way in which the situation was handled, officer Hart refused to provide the names of the other unknown officers. That situation aggravated prisoners already great fears about their safety in the unit that the many incidents of denial of or inadequate medical attention and other circumstances have raised.

The attitude of the segregation staff is demonstrated by the reason for the guards' refusal to wear the sanitary hats provided by the kitchen while serving food because "custody" thinks they look silly. It is also shown in incidents like a guard responding to a prisoner's complaints about his picking a spoon off the floor. The tiers are often filthy with food debris, sour milk, garbage and human waste. The guard threw another onto the floor, picked it up and said: "What's the fucking difference?"



There are still no programs available for prisoners to use in any semblance of a constructive way the 23 hours per day that they must spend in 6x9 foot cells for days, weeks, months and even years at a time. Prisoners there are not allowed to pursue basic leather, jewelry making or any of the other many hobbies that require tools capable of being used as weapons. Certainly radio and TVs are not allowed. Very few prisoners have them because they can't afford them. The state makes very few available. They have also been confiscated for sharing them. No classes are offered to seg. prisoners, though considering the audio visual capability of the school and the prison closed circuit TV station, it would not be difficult or expensive to make educational opportunities available to prisoners. Recreation could also easily be expanded, given all the unused space abutting the present excuse for a segregation yard where buildings have been demolished. A bit of the \$32 million slated for expenditure on tools of repression could be diverted for their benefit.

W.P.N.S.

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## Personal Cuts

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At Purdy Women's Prison in Washington state, Deodorant, cigarette rollers, sanitary pads, combs, douche powder, hygiene kits, hand lotion, matches, shampoo, tampons, tobacco, toothbrushes, toothpaste, hair rinse, denture cleaner, hair brushes, kleenex. . . all this is no longer being supplied to the prisoners, unless they are in the maximum security unit, on close custody as new admissions, unable to work, and have no outside financial help.

At present, there are no guidelines for determining who is and who is not eligible for state hand-outs. It is up to the individual counselor and unit supervisor to approve the woman for state issue hygiene items. . . this could very easily turn into a "favorites" game. The inmate can hardly afford to supply all these items herself: the items listed come to about \$27 at the canteen, and the average smoker spends approximately \$28 a month on cigarettes. Most work here is paid 25 cents per hour, for a thirty hour work week. That is only thirty dollars a month. There is not much there; not enough for both personal care items, and whatever else a person needs or wants. The economy may not be too fantastic out there on the streets, but **our** unemployment rate is running between 50 and 60 percent. And there is no chance here of collecting unemployment compensation or welfare.

W.P.N.S.

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## Feast or Famine

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Many religious denominations have confronted and survived their caesars. Comes now the Brotherhood of American Indians (BAI), a united nation of Indian People in pursuit of religious freedom at Wahsington State Prison at Walla Walla, facing caesar in the guise of Kurt Peterson, associate warden. Peterson wants to call all the shots and dictate to us how we can practise our religion. After approving by memo dated 2-8-82, Peterson wishes to change canoes in midstream and interpret in his own English words, in his own English way, at the expense of Native American religion. The approving memo, grudgingly issued after some delay, states: "Fast will begin at 5:00 A.M. Members participating will be awakened by a designated BAI representative at 4:30 AM. Only the designated wake up man will be awakened by unit officers. Participants will be escorted to the south dining hall and counted there. Their prayer meeting will be from 5:00 A.M. to 6:45 A.M., at which time they will leave the kitchen before the mainline meal."

First of all, there are anywhere from 75 to 100 "skins" in the BAI, but only 50 were allowed to be on Peterson's memo. Secondly, Peterson put out the word to exclude any brothers from sack lunches if they did not participate in the sunrise ceremony or went to the chow hall during meals for coffee. There is no mention in the memo stipulating that it is mandatory to be at the sunrise ceremony and we have always been allowed to drink liquids during fasts.

Participation in the sunrise ceremony was not made part of the memo to allow for the differences in religious expression among Native American Prisoners. And the chow halls are more than eating places here; meals are the only time many prisoners get out of their cells, and the chow hall is a social centre in which prisoners who don't ordinarily get to see each other can do so and we can share the spirit of our fast with our excluded brothers and other prisoners.

I, for example, I am an Indian Shaker; we believe in fasting, but don't practise the pipe ceremony or the sweat lodge. I was willing to deprive myself of three mainline meals per day and be in spirit with the brotherhood by fasting. But Peterson saw fit to deprive me not only me of the evening sack lunch on 2-8-82, but my cellie as well. And we were not alone. Accordingly, I was forced to give up participation in the BAI Winter Sunrise to Sunset Fast on 2-9-82 because it is not the intent of this spiritual expression that members deprive themselves of all nourishment for a month.





The limitation of food items and their preparation is another can of worms. Peterson stipulated that only a light sack lunch be served by the stewards and distributed to the wings in the evenings for participants in the fast. Peterson's interpretation of Indian food items is: a sandwich, fry bread, peanut butter, jam or jelly and milk or coffee. Traditional foods were denied, even though such foods have been allowed in the past and are allowed elsewhere. The constitution, statutes and case law support the right of not only Native Americans, but of Jewish and Muslim and other denomination prisoners to be provided with the food and cooking facilities their religious dietary laws demand.

Brothers in the hole weren't eating regular meals and haven't even received sack lunches and Jewish and Muslim prisoners there are similarly deprived of the caloric and nutritional intake of foods forbidden to them yet they are also denied the right to pursue their spiritual identity by being deprived of their sacred foods. In 1978, Senator Abourezk made the following statements in support of S. J. Resolution 102, subsequently enacted into law on August 11, 1978 as the American Religious Freedom Act, C.P.L.

95-341, 42 USC 1976: "Unfortunately, in recent years, there have been increasing incidents of infringement on the religious rights of American Indians. New barriers have been raised against the pursuit of their traditional culture, of which religion is an integral part. . .", and, "America does not need to violate the religions of her native people. There is room for, and great value in cultural and religious diversity." Little by little we are being eaten alive; Amos Reed is pulling the strings, and his puppets can only comply with silver tongues and big sticks. All things considered, I would rather be in North Carolina — Amos Reed, director of WA corrections used to be there.

Speeding Bull Capoeman  
W.P.N.S.

**Washington Prison News Service** supplies constant information on the state of Washington's prisons. The editor for the Women's Prison at Purdy is Marina Chauvard, Box 17, Gig Harbor, WA 98335. For Walla Walla, contact William Dunne, No. 271440, P.O.B. 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. As he says, "If you didn't like the news, go out and make some of your own."

## Be Here, See

There's panic stricken eyes,  
Weak men in tough disguise.  
No room for peace or quiet,  
In angered prison, edged on riot.

Small men hide their trembling fear,  
Bullying cowards, the big men here.  
And when the gates are closed at night,  
You cannot sigh or cry, just fight.

And yet somewhere a teardrop falls,  
Some unchained heart still pleading calls.  
Where is the love and peace I knew?  
Is it gone? Am I here? Is it true?

In laughing mockery they scorn his cry  
They don't understand, they won't even try.  
Their hearts are callous, from hate and rejection,  
No room for love, from that tarnished reflection.

D.S.  
Oakalla



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# Money Blues

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Am I ever extravagant. I decided to write a few letters so I spent two weeks pay on stationary. I'll try to bum the stamps from friends. The postal department won't accept a lick and a promise. They want stamps. Loads of them.

But then, I never expected to get rich in prison. It would be nice to write a letter once in a while though. Even if it does take a week and a half for a letter to cross the street.

I can't really say I blame the postal workers for that though. Every time they go on strike for a decent wage, the government passes back to work legislation and their leaders go to prison. The headhunters in Poland must be reading our news. They're on the same trip.

Actually, I'm not that impoverished anyway. No one will give me credit so there really isn't much chance of me going bankrupt. Besides, the small businesses in Canada have a monopoly on that. A couple more years of it, and robbing banks will become the honourable profession it was during the hungry thirties.

But that doesn't get my letter in the mail and there aren't any banks to rob around here. The guy operating the canteen is much bigger than I am so that doesn't help either. If I tried to use a carrier pigeon, they'd probably shoot the bird and charge me with planning to escape.

Last month, I applied for welfare because of my indigent position but was told it wasn't allowed in prison. My argument that I had been paying into the welfare fund for the

past eleven years only got me a sneer. No stamps. Just a sneer.

The way I figure it, members of parliament and myself have a lot in common. We're both wards of the State and neither of us accomplish anything. Given that equality, they should have given me the same pay hike they got. Either that or give me the same mailing privileges. My letters would make at least as much sense as their's.

Anyway, it's not a very nice way to treat a high priced commodity like myself. If the taxpayers think so highly of me that they're willing to put out about forty thousand a year to keep me, they shouldn't mind putting out a few more bucks to see that I have the few comforts in life.

About a buck an hour will do nicely. With that much I won't have to make a choice between writing a letter and buying a bar of soap.

Tommy Smith

P.O.B.280

Bath, Ont.

Canada K0H 1G0

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## It Doesn't Matter

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It does not matter  
That a man sentenced  
To five years for forgery  
Could be electrocuted  
Behind the walls  
Of a maximum security  
Prison  
While working  
On an exhaust fan.  
It does not matter  
That he had  
Only eleven months to serve.  
It does not matter  
That he could not refuse  
To do the work.  
It does not matter  
That his death will be forgotten  
As if he had never lived.  
It does not matter.

Tim England





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# The Mountain Speaks

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"Nothing else seems to matter except the lingering constant reminding thought, 'Never give up.' No matter how bad, how black, how painful, how heart-breaking, 'never give up', 'never despair', 'never lose hope'. Let them bastards laugh at you all they want, let them grin and jibe, allow them to persist in their humiliation, brutality, deprivations, vindictiveness, petty harassments, let them laugh now, because all of that is no longer important or worth a response.

I am making my last response to the whole vicious inhuman atrocity they call H-Block. But, unlike their laughs and jibes, our laughter will be the joy of victory and the joy of the people, our revenge will be the liberation of all and the final defeat of the oppressors of our aged nation.

—Bobby Sands—

Deep in the early morning darkness, a rumble is heard nearing a village in Guatemala, it's northeast of the city of Huehuetenango and west of Colan, set back on the eastern side of the Altos Cuchumatanes range. Winter chill is still clinging to the damp air, when the villagers hear some heavy military trucks straining to make the grade up the slope. Then bright lights flash upon the Indian village. Next a loud voice is heard echoing off the rocks higher up and the sounds of booted feet are heard pouring from the trucks.

"Come out! come out!, line up against the walls, hurry."

The women carrying their babies under colourful shawls scamper to the wall. There are not many young men, only a few elders of the village remain, as these trips by the Government have been made before up the slope.

A heavy coated man in dark glasses steps up to ask to see all the men before him on their knees. But an old man rejects this saying, "I cannot kneel before such a blowfly as you. Where is my grandson you fly?" The butt of a rifle flies out and strikes the old man in the cheek with the sound of bone breaking in the stillness of the morning. The old man falls to the ground with a sparkle in his eye. He knows death is near, but unlike Blowfly standing over him with a rifle pointed at him, he understands death.

A few feet away a young boy yells, "You, Blowfly, haven't you had enough fun with an old man?" Blowfly yells, "Silence you dogs, silence or we will kill all of you! We

are looking for the warriors of this village, speak up!, speak up!" But he is met with only the silence of the darkness and the beating of his heart.

He steps near the old man lying on the ground. He fastens a dark steel blue thin bayonet to the rifle barrel. "Old man, if you ever want to see your grandson again, speak up!" The old man turns his head so he can see into the eyes of this Blowfly. A grin appears at the edges of his swollen mouth.

"Blowfly, you have burnt the crops which feed us, you have killed our animals, you have hunted our sons and friends, and now you stand over me with nothing but hate in your heart and you still don't understand why you do this. You went to school in Europe and America. You speak with three tongues. I remember you when you tried to manage the weed farms in the '70's. You never got the best of the herb. No, Blowfly, we smoked that in the long-stemmed pipes of our Grandfathers. Blowfly, you are not even your own man. You're an ignorant maggot feeding upon anything your mind will let it, you're neither right nor left of the Sun. Blowfly, I have nothing else to say."

Blowfly stabs the old man in the chest and at last the spirit of the old one flies into the dampness of the mountain.

The bright Arizona Sun is just rising up over the mesa. A coyote's howls are still letting the night know that he is the king of the hunt. Near the top shelf of a rocky ledge, behind a big pinon tree the remains of a rabbit are being tucked into a hole. The big cat turns his head to the boastful yells of the crazy coyote. With the firmness and ease of a snake, the mountain lion curls up under the pinon, knowing the hunt and kill are just a chore.

As the Sun reaches further into the sky, a small clatter of sound wakes up the house of a Hopi family. The mother is fixing bread upon the earthen stove while the father cuts deer meat up for frying. Outside a brother and sister are saddling up horses while sheep dogs look on with disconcert. From the south two trucks are spinning their way to the Mesa top, following is a black sedan.

The brother and sister look to one another, a knowing passes between them that the spoken word will not express. Their older brother is just arriving from the flats after gathering sheep. They run out to him with hugs





and hellos. They both look forward to going back with him. Gravel being forced to the red rock floor of the road reaches their ears as they turn to see the trucks and shining glint of sunlight reflecting off the windshield of the black Ford sedan.

The dust of the vehicles hangs in the cold morning air as the dogs run out to check the interlopers. A door flies open from the car. A handtooled boot kicks out at the barking dogs. Jimmy Blackhawk turns to his brother and sister, "Listen, take the horse and backpacks and go up behind the trees, wait and see what happens, if anything should, cross over the top and go see Uncle Bob." They retreat as told, but listen as their brother calls out to the house. His mother opens the door and the smell of coffee and fresh bread reach him. He hugs his mother and quickly tells her that he has sent his brother and sister up the mountain.

They turn to face a man with a pump shotgun looking right into their faces from behind his tinted glasses. He says, "You are being served with a court order from the Federal Court of the United States of America. You are to pack up your belongings, take your livestock and be off this land by March 31st, which is today!"

Jimmy Blackhawk and his father look to one another as if they heard the words wrong. His father speaks in a voice filled with age and wisdom knowing that this is a good day to die; "My people were living and farming this land when your people were still living in caves in Europe. Who are you? And why do you think you can tell me and my family when and where to leave our land?"

The man turns his glare to Jimmy, "Son, you'd better tell the old man that this place is now part of the La Ventras Mining Corporation." He pumps a shell into the chamber and a wicked laugh fills the canyon.

The old man strikes out to push the gun's muzzle out of the way but the FBI agent takes this as a threat to security and steps back and pulls the trigger as a flash of fire and lead blows the father's head into a red ball of death. The force of the blast sends the body into the mother's arms.

Up on the mountain, Jimmy's brother and sister listen to their family's cries as the shotgun blast echoes up the canyon. Tears fill their eyes, as they witness the bodies of their family being dragged from the porch of their hogan. Beneath the Pinon tree the big cat lifts his head and smells the air. Yes there is blood on it and the smell of death.

At noon in Borba, Brazil, on the southern bank of the Madeira river at the headquarters of the Petro-Chem-Jarvis Corporation a directive from that morning's computer read-out states, "Neutralize all indigenous population in the area of drilling." Over the jungle roof three copters fly in tight formation to a small Indian village. Two hours later twenty-seven people are dead.

As Father Sun begins the slow arc towards the west a bear is considering whether or not to go fishing in the Mackenzie River of the Northwest Territories of Canada. He walks off deciding to grub for insects. On the opposite side of the white washing river stand two agents of the Canadian government plotting the assassination of a Dene Indian leader. The body of the last murder has yet to be located.

"Being is a spiritual proposition. Gaining is a material act. Traditionally, American Indians have always attempted to be the best people they could. Part of that spiritual process was, and is, to give away wealth in order not to gain. Material gain is an indicator of false status among traditional peoples, while it is "proof that the system works to Europeans.

"Right now, today, we who live on the Pine Ridge Reservation are living in what white society has designated a



"National Sacrifice Area." What this means is that we have a lot of uranium deposits here, and white culture (not us) needs this uranium as energy production material."

-Russell Means-

The four scenarios described above are events which take place each day in the life of the Indians of the western hemisphere. It is unabated as preparations for total war are being planned by Multinational corporations. These glimpses provide you with a graphic look into the reality of the carnivorous beast which is bent on genocide and destruction of the land of the western hemisphere that I refer to in the tongue of the Lakota Sioux as **Wasi'chu** which is translated as Fat-Takers or Greeds.

I consciously acknowledge all Human Beings who suffer



Yes, Mr. President. He was a political activist and a liberal, also had ties with GreenPeace and other environmental groups, and was a student of Eastern Religious Studies. No, Sir, he cannot speak nor hear any longer. It is an old NAZI—CIA trick I learned while on duty in Argentina.

any form of political oppression. I stand in **Solidarity** with you. But my words are for the Sisters and Brothers who are caged in the Wasi'chu hell-holes known to the civilized world as Prisons, Jails, Correctional Facilities, Institutional Reform Centers, but really they are just Concentration Kamps. They represent nothing more than instruments of a diseased mentality. They are what the Wasi'chu has made them to be, Halls of Death (both physical and mental-spiritual), or the beginning of a United Struggle for our many nations.

In the last few months the Wasi'chu has made his move to finally take all of the Indian lands. Every treaty ever made has been broken, our young have been stolen by the Greeds to be educated into their society, programs of sterilization have been used against the women, our lands and natural resources were stolen and the water, land and air, destroyed by mining, our people have been murdered off and our leaders locked up or killed.

The time has come to stop this destruction of our cultures, lands and way of life and caging of our brothers and sisters. We are faced with the same fate as the Jewish people under Nazi Germany. You have a choice much like the flick of the finger of Dr. Joseph Mengele to the left — temporary life under oppression, to the right — the crematorium. The Dr. Mengele in our case is the Administrations of the Governments of the Western Hemisphere, the New Right Coalitions and neo-nazis.

To struggle and survive the coming years, we in prisons have the responsibility to fight for our nations' survival. Our responsibility begins with the ones we are locked up with, then we must help strengthen the outside forces. I would certainly hate to spend my time in prison suffering under any "Delusion of Reprieve" which this society has conditioned so many to hope for. The false hope of "a last minute reprieve" is realized before your death. We must gather together in prisons and learn from our Spiritual Elders who can enter the Ironhouses to teach us. We must strive to open up other prisons so that others will have the same spiritual rights.

The Wasi'chu is going to pass certain legislation which will take away our rights of speech and press and the right to gather together to consider the issues which we face. You will be jailed as a "Terrorist of the State". We have to confront this policy. The hope lies within us to build Special Action Groups to educate and free our leaders from the prisons. My motive for speaking out, for writing was inspired by Standing Deer. I too have a message to convey which was given to me by the Spirit of the Earth.

This message has been spoken before. It has been painted upon rock, hides and in the heart and minds of



People who understand the relationship to Mother Earth that is the begining and ending of one's journey. This journey that I walk is a struggle to see a People, a Way of Life, Nations, our Relatives with whom we share Mother Earth, to live again in peace and harmony. Is this dream so impossible to attain? Is it so far removed from us that there is no hope? Is Survival in today's world so crazy that it is not worth a fight.

**I say no!** The voice of our People's Prophets are speaking to us. We must listen to discern the message, as the Mountain speaks. Should a people have something good in substance, something of value to the heart and spirit of all Human Beings, then it will spread on the Wind as the smell of young sage brush in Spring Time.

"By the laws of America, I am entitled to a jury of my peers. This was denied me. By the laws of America, I am entitled to a fair trial. This was denied me."

—Gwarth-ee-lass (Lonard Peltier)

Today I hear over the radio waves of America that the Supreme Court will not listen to the cry of the Sioux Nation for the return of the Paha Sapa (Black Hills). The Greeds who control this land for the present, are in violation of the 1968 Fort Laramie Treaty. Yet whatever the face of Government or Political Ideology, the Greeds will let the Multinational Corporations operate without hinderece. It was first the trappers, then settlers and gold prospectors. Then the Wasi'chu moved in with his armies and put the Human Beings on Reservations with treaty agreements. But the Wasi'chu has broken all agreements. Homestake Mining Company (mainly Hearst-owned) takes out over a million dollars worth of gold a year from the Indians' lands with no payment going to the Nation. The Papa Sapa is not for sale. The courts admit that the Black Hills were stolen and offered \$105 million as a token for all the land. If there was a price, I fail to see how the United States could even afford it when their President has to kick old people into freezing weather, starve little children and deny the poor work. Yet they can afford to build more nuclear missiles, Trident Submarines and more advanced weapon systems.

It is not the end, this is only the begining. I suggest all who stand in alliance with the Lakota Nation pull together and support their Tribal Rights to their Sacred Home lands. We cannot let the Multinationals rules our futures and continue to destroy the land by mining more deadly uranium, coal, and the continued destruction of the water. There is **No Acceptable Price** for the Papa Sapa.

In the past we learned the lesson of the FBI's Counter-Intelligence Program (Cointelpro) and the extent to which they'll go in order to facilitate an indictment and conviction. Perjured testimony obtained through threats, fabricated evidence and the use of violence against the person they wish to neutralize. When that fails, assassination usually is the method considered as in the cases of Joseph Stuntz, Larry Cause, Anna Mae Aquash, Buddy Lamonte and Bobby Gene Garcia who was murdered in the Terre Haute Federal Prison, December 13, 1980.

This is the exact set of circumstances which faced Richard Marshall, an Oglala leader who is now doing a life sen-



**"Fuck you! James Watt!"**

tence in South Dakota State Prison. Amnesty International has prepared a 144 page study dealing with illegal activities of the FBI. Richard Marshall and Leonard Peltier both were denied any due process of law. Their civil rights were violated. This is nothing new. Indians have always been low on the social ladder of the United States. You have to understand that people who murder children and commit forced sterilization could easily deny a Human Being, civil rights. These are Spiritual Freedom Fighters who have a special message to teach and to help bring about total consciousness of our environment, Mother Earth.

Gwarth-ee-lass has spent a good part of the four and a half years of his incarceration in the darkest of prisons, Marion, which has the infamous control unit. The Wasi'chu has used all the techniques of **Cointelpro** to put him in the living hell where he lives daily. The Greeds



have attempted to silence him altogether by means of contract murder. What the Wasi'chu has failed to understand is that the Spiritual Hand of Mother Earth is taking a defence in this matter. The very reason Gwarth-ee-lass is faced with the threat of death is his act of defence for his people and the Sacred Land of the Papa Sapa. Gwarth-ee-lass must be **freed**

All European traditions, Marxism included, has conspired to defy the natural order of all things. Mother Earth has been abused, the powers have been abused, and this cannot go on forever. No theory can alter that simple fact. Mother Earth will retaliate, the whole environment will retaliate, and the abusers will be eliminated. Things come full circle, back to where they started. That's revolution. And that's a prophecy of my people, of the Hopi and of other correct peoples."

—Russel Means—

"It was the strangest feeling, the most terrifying sight I have ever witnessed. It looked like that big cloud in the film clips of the bomb they dropped on the Japanese in '45. Well, hell the whole top of the damn mountain flew off into space, hell yes I was scared, needed a change of pants. Good God, I am just lucky to be alive."

—A fisherman, Mount St. Helens 1980—

The Wasi'chu gives us the Peabody Coal Company to destroy the harmony of the Navajo-Hopi Tribes and steal the coal, uranium, water and air from Black Mesa and Big Mountain. Canada attacks the Montagnais and Micmacs over their ancestral rights to the land and water that has been entrusted to them by the Great Spirit for centuries. The Dene in Canada are having an Oil pipeline transverse their land with no consideration for them as a People. The Crow Nation is fighting to save the Bighorn River from the Greeds. The Shoshone are working to retain their land from the Federal Government. The list is endless, but the revolution of the Earth will win against this sickness

The prophecies speak for themselves; heavy rains, deep snows, strong winds and eruptions of more volcanoes.

I hear cries about PCBs (polychlorinated biphenals) which first appeared in 1930 as a coolant in industrial machinery and technical equipment. The scientists inform us that PCBs are a crippling and fatal composition of elements which today **can be found in minute traces in all living tissues of beings on Mother Earth**. Unlike its cousin killer radioactive wastes which will remain deadly for 250,000 years, PCBs will continue their death dance forever.

Each year an estimated 60 to 90 million tons of dangerous chemicals are disposed of in America. The method often used is illegal dumpings — everywhere, open lands, rivers and lakes, cities and often just in ditches. These poisons include; 2-4-D, arsenic, lead, coal, chloroform and other THM's, trichloroethylene, carbon tetrachloride and many other toxic chemicals. The effects of the chemicals are numerous and include damage to the central nervous system, heart, brain, lungs, liver and kidneys as well as miscarriages in women. these chemicals are suspect in the ever increasing rate of cancer. Yet Washington has said it will cost too much to protect the environment, the people and the generations to come. The sulphur dioxide and nitrogen dioxide belched into the atmosphere will only continue the acid-rains which kills all life in lakes and rivers and destroys the soil, plants and trees. We cannot understand this total disrespect for Mother Earth, this total disrespect for life itself. It is a madness which affects people in many forms. There is a direct relationship between what you eat, drink and breath and the results are with us as witness.

This is what Gwarth-ee-lass, Richard Marshall, Dino and Gary Butler and Standing Deer are fighting to stop in the **Spirit of Total Resistance**. The Wasi'chu refer to us as primitive because we live and respect the earth. We rely upon the metaphysics in life, not some false beliefs in making the Earth a filthy dumping ground with man-made poisons. If you assume that someone is going to come along and clean it up for you, you're dead wrong.

I see a Thunder People rising  
Like those of long ago  
Great cities are appearing  
I see that it is so

Cities clean, air is pure  
Clean water's drink is mine  
I see the farthest mountain view  
No violence and no crime

But first the cleansing storm must come  
Mother Earth will have her way  
With arrogant greedy-minded people  
Who never learned to pray

First we'll start with some volcanoes  
Sixteen more to blow  
Then throw in a drought or two  
And thirty feet of snow  
Then I heard a voice call out  
No, I don't want to go



Then I see a Thunder People rising  
Many I have seen before  
Then injustice and destruction  
No longer to ignore

I want to see a hundred miles  
Whichever way I look  
Starting with a million people  
Who knew just what it took

—Rolling Thunder—  
Chief of the Thunder People

The time to make a stand is now! We must gather strength In Total Resistance to restore the harmony. There is another way, an old way, which is living in peace with all our relatives.

Support, continued support, but first we must reach out, we must touch the Earth and find our lost goal. Leonard Peltier must be freed. He was given a sham of a trial and it is only the support and hard work of good people which has kept him alive in the Greed's Ironhouses. Letters, phone calls and telegrams have stayed the bloody hands of the Wasi'chu from murdering Standing Deer. It is in the spirit of Bobby Gene Garcia, our fallen brother, which

we must stand to form the circle around these warriors.

It seems to me that those who love the earth such as Environmentalists, Conversationalists, Alternative Energy Groups and Oppressed People, will pull together in this effort of Survival! That is the reason we are struggling; Freedom for all the creatures that we share Mother Earth with. Everything has a right to exist.

I appeal to you who are locked up to build stronger Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods in the prisons. We must teach, lift up our Sisters and Brothers. We are growing in three areas; Liberty, Equality and Fraternity...this is really the foundation of our beliefs. We in prison often share one common thought, the last of the human freedoms and that is the right to choose one's attitude in any set of circumstances. This is why I stand "In Total Resistance" with those who are seeking true freedom.

In the Spirit of the Earth, Free the land, Free the water and air. Free Leonard Peltier!

Ches-ne-o-na-eh  
a.k.a. Claude Wilkerson - No. 648  
Ellis Unit, G-15, 20-3  
Huntsville, TX 77340





continued from page one . .

Nor are we passivists. We recognise that in the third world, any attempt to create a situation in which the peasants and workers will have enough to eat — surely a minimum cultural demand — is met by a show of force which in turn has to be met in kind. In North America, if we threaten the process of profit-making, if we threaten the power of those who now run things to suit themselves, we will experience the viciousness of the capitalist state. It is this viciousness which the Blacks, Natives and other non-whites and workers have experienced for hundreds of years.

What we need is not a seizure of the means of production but the creation of a means of survival. Revolution is a process. It is not culminated in the creation of a proletarian state run by bureaucrats both new and old. We will not wait patiently for the emergence of a new socialist human being while our lives are still subjected to the dictates of others. The times are urgent. Nuclear war threatens to exterminate us all. The poisoning of the environment threatens to kill us slowly if we don't go out with a huge flash, bang and the mushroom cloud. Economic insecurity, suffering, deprivation and repression are increasing in our homelands, let alone the third world. We must become more effective in our efforts to transform our lives and our world. It is later than we think.

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## Irish Error

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Dear friends:

I have just read Issue No. 3 of your journal.

It was most heartening to read both the very, very good piece by Brother Shaun Carlos and the reprinted items by the late Bobby Sands, Volunteer of the Irish Republican Army, Officer Commanding the Republican political prisoners held in Long Kesh concentration camp, and Member of Parliament for the riding of Fermanagh-South Tyrone.

But I must criticise your editorial comment for detracting from the value of what Brother Carlos had written. Basically, it comes down to this — the Irish people must have the right to decide their own future free from outside interference, by the brits or anyone else. Whether or not the Free State is, in your words "a very repressive and conservative state" is completely irrelevant. Let the Irish people resolve that problem. Nobody even remotely connected

We again ask that you send in graphics, articles, poems, letters etc. Remember that our content depends solely upon what we receive. The sooner we receive it the sooner we can send it back out. Our turn around time is shortening as we increase our typesetting, layout and camera skills. It is unlikely though that we can ever do an issue in less than four or five months given our work situations and other political efforts. We do promise though to do our best to make the wait worth while.

We would appreciate receiving more material from women prisoners. Our own efforts in this area have yielded little. If any of our outside readers are in touch with women inside who would be interested in giving voice to their concerns through our pages, we would be most grateful for making contact. Though our active group in Toronto is small, many, many people from across North America assist us in our efforts. We especially thank the Gabriel Dumont Volunteer brigade in Kitchener, Ont for letting us use their equipment for production purposes.

We were shaken by the death of our good friend Carl Harp during the long production of our last issue. We really didn't know what to say other than that he was a friend and a brother. We hope that the graphic on page two will speak to our loss.

All our relations  
Bull Dozer

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with the national liberation struggle in Ireland, especially the leading force, The Irish Republican Army and Sinn Fein, intends to have unity mean bringing the north under the control of the neo-colonial regime the British established in Dublin in 1922. By making this point the key to your comment, you do the Irish people, the Irish Republican Movement and your writer, Brother Carlos, a grave disservice.

Finally, please allow us to offer through your network, copies of **The Writings of Bobby Sands**, to your readers, especially prisoners. The pamphlet is available from, The Irish Prisoner of War Committee, Box 5085, Station E, Hamilton, Ont. Canada.

Thank you once again for Brother Carlos' article.

Yours in solidarity.  
Victory to the prisoners!

Political Status for the Irish Republican P.O.W.s in Long Kesh and Armagh Woman's Prison.

Michael Qigley



Hey, we need a few dollars. We most surely appreciate the donations that we received after the last issue. Some of them were quite substantial. And all those cheques for five or ten dollars are not to be laughed at. Our costs this issue will be in the neighbourhood of \$700 of which we have about half in the credit union. We don't like deficit financing. As Reagan says, it isn't good for the economy. At the rate we're going, We'll have to throw about 40 tons of garbage onto the City trucks (at union rates of course) to make up the difference. Not to worry though, it is good exercise and we won't be joining the growing soup lines yet. But our mailing list is growing, our postal rates increased substantially, nearly 40 percent to be exact, and there are many other projects which we would like to support. Every dollar helps, especially the real green stuff from the U.S. which is worth nearly a dollar and a quarter Can. Write to us at, **Bulldozer**, P.O.B. 5052, Stn A, Toronto, Ont. Canada M5W 1W4.



Two companion papers that we recommend highly are; **Anarchist Black Dragon**, P.O.B. 2, Station La Cite, Montreal, P.Q. H2W 2M9. This is quite possible the last Black Dragon in this present form. It should need no introduction but if it does, send away for it. Free to prisoners, donations appreciated from others. **Resistance**, (not to be confused with the paper of the same name from which we took the Oct. 20th article) Box 790, Station A, Vancouver, B.C. has recently produced issue No. 3. It has articles on last summer's riots in England, the Squatters' uprising in Germany and many other articles which would't meet the approval of principled passifists or wimpy social democrats.

The **Gwarth-ee-lass Report** is an update on the continual efforts to free Leonard Peltier. The report also contains other info on native struggles in North America. The report is put out by the Leonard Peltier Support Group, P.O. Box 676, Mohegan Lake, N.Y. 10547. Please send along some money or stamps to help out these brothers and sisters in their efforts.

**Matrix** is an interesting synthesis of material covering both prisoner and native issues as well as feminist articles. Its existence in this form suggests that — heaven forbid — we can learn from and even support the struggles of others when the links are not necessarily immediately obvious. Contact them at Matrix, P.O. Box, 7221, Olympia, WA 98507. Subs are 6! per year. Free to prisoners.

Black Thumb Press-Falling Sky Books, 97 Victoria St. N., Kitchener, Ont. N2H 5C1, has just published **Against Domestication** by Jacques Camatte. This is a very readable theoretical criticism of industrial society. It is a good work for all those who have a vision of human existence above that of a contented cow. The cost is one dollar. Prisoners can request a copy from Bulldozer.

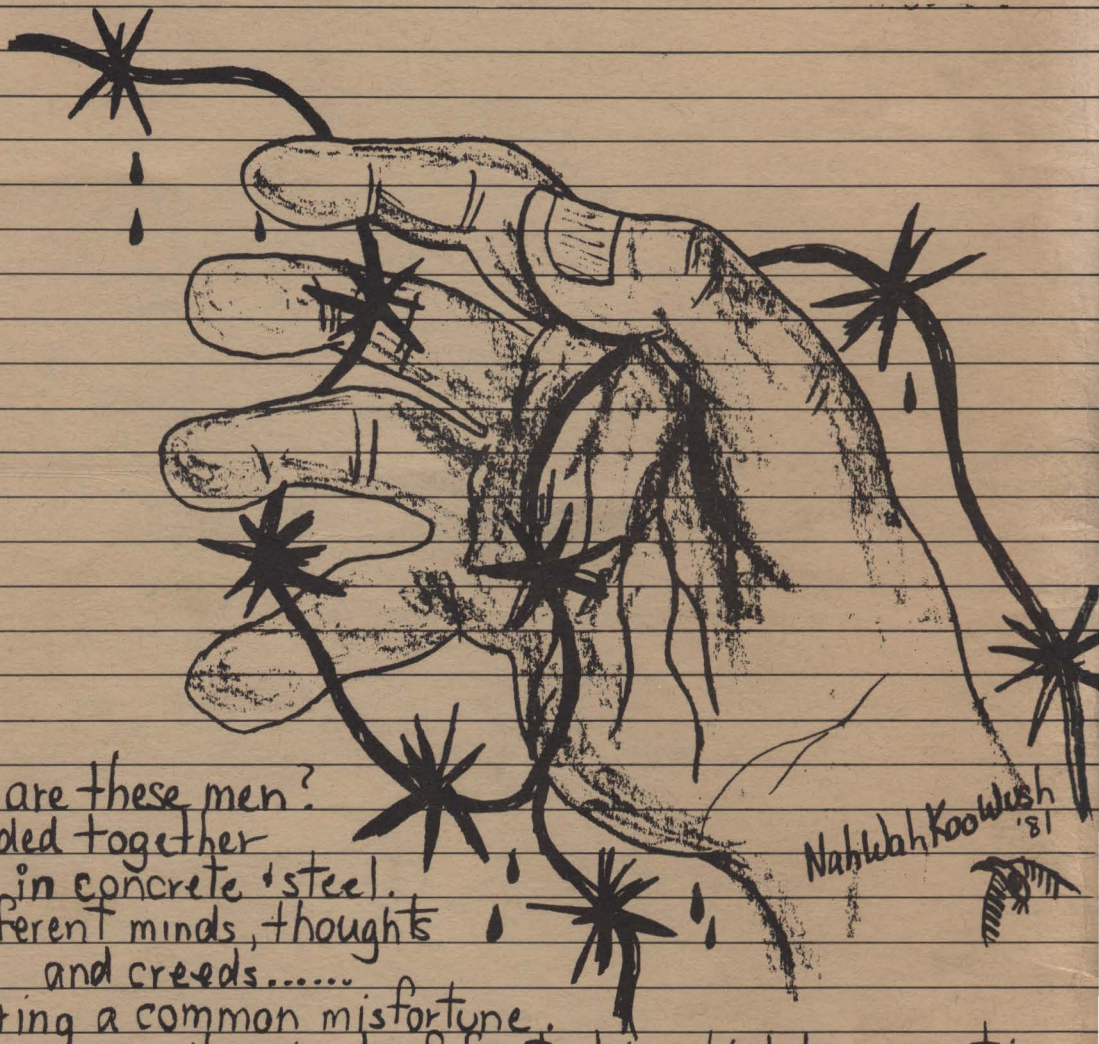
Black Cat Press, P.O.B. 11261, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 2T1, has published several anarchist phamlets in the past. Send them a dollar or so for a sample. Prisoners can receive them free upon request.

Left Bank Books, 92 Pike St., Seattle WA 98101, operates a prison project supplying any book in print **at cost**. Usually this means 30-40 per cent off retail price. They pay all postage and related costs. Prisoners may order direct, or friends may also order books to be sent in.

**No More Cages** is a bimonthly women's prison newsletter free to prisoners and psychiatric inmates, others please send \$1 per issue. Their address is: Women Free Women In Cages, P.O.B. 90, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

There are still plenty of copies of **Bulldozer** No's 2 & 3 left. Just ask for them and we'll send them out.





Who are these men?

Bonded together  
in concrete & steel.

Different minds, thoughts  
and creeds.....

Sharing a common misfortune.

Prison, an endless jungle of frustration, tied down emotions;  
aching to be free, free of mind, speech and thought.

A cold lonely reality, that can only diminish in dreams.

- Donn W. STGERMAINE '81