

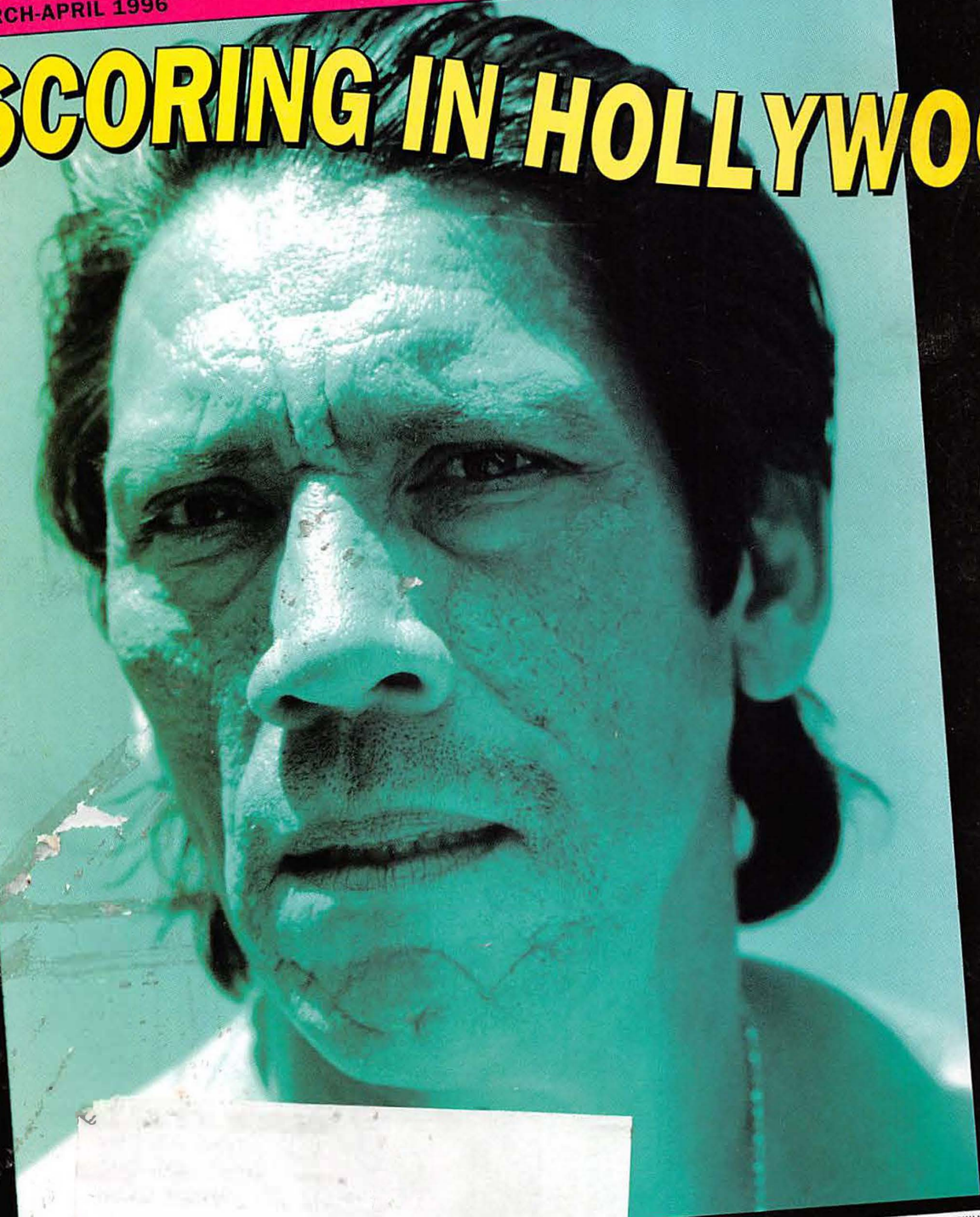
SUSAN SARANDON ON *DEAD MAN WALKING*

PRISON LIFE

\$3.95 U.S.A. \$5.50 CANADA

MARCH-APRIL 1996

SCORING IN HOLLYWOOD



• DANNY TREJO • ...ÑERO
• ROC DUTTON • TIM ALLEN



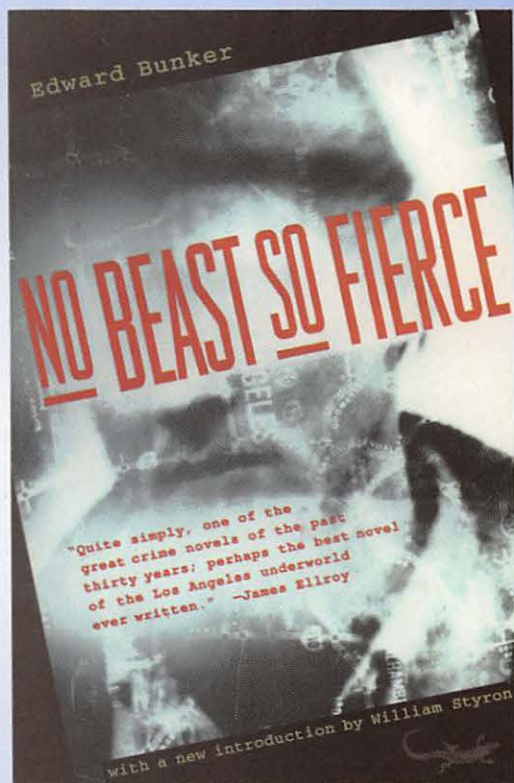
"America's Greatest Living Convict Writer . . ." Prison Life magazine

"One of the finest achievements of prison literature, and, indeed, of that much larger body of literature about criminals."

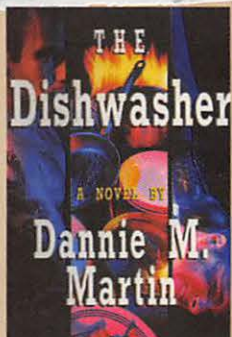
— H. Bruce Franklin
Prison Literature in America

"In *No Beast So Fierce*, readers will be able to discover urgent truths about crime and punishment—and therefore about our ultimate concern with freedom—set down by a vigorous and important writer."

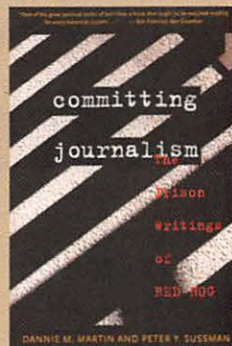
— William Styron,
from the introduction to
No Beast So Fierce



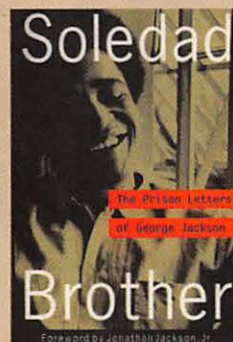
Order your copy of this classic crime novel by one of America's greatest writers and receive a special **AUTOGRAPHED COPY** for only \$10, plus \$2.50 P&H. Don't miss this opportunity to get your signed edition. Available only from **BOOKS ON THE BLOCK**, The Prison Life Book Club. Use the order form on the inside back cover.



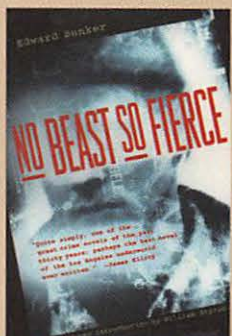
The Dishwasher
Dannie Martin



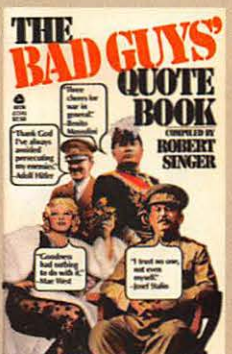
Committing Journalism
Dannie Martin



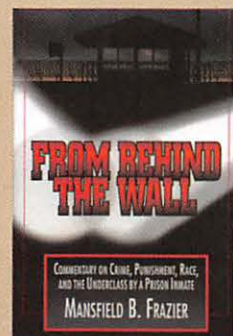
Soledad Brother
George Jackson



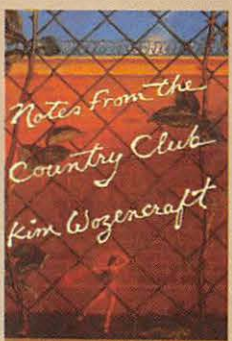
No Beast So Fierce
Eddie Bunker



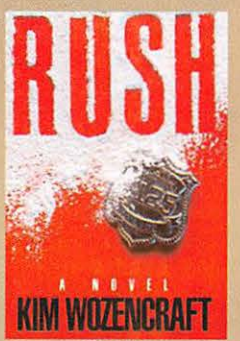
Bad Guys' Quote Book
Robert Singer



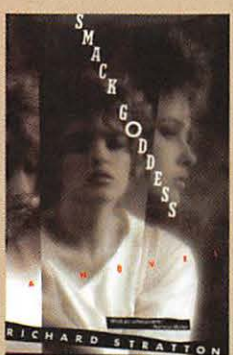
From Behind the Wall
Mansfield Frazier



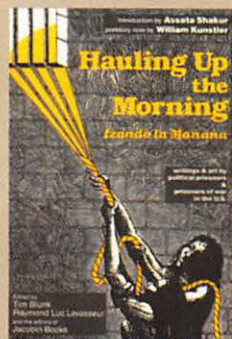
Notes from the Country Club
Kim Wozencraft



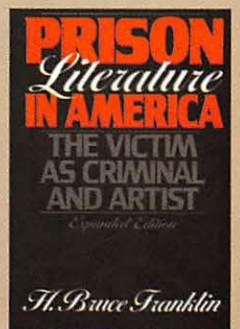
Rush
Kim Wozencraft



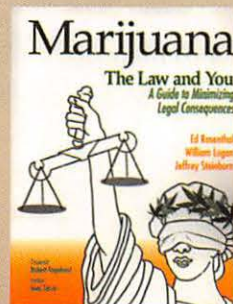
Smack Goddess
Richard Stratton



Hauling Up the Morning
Blunk & Levasseur



Prison Literature
H. Bruce Franklin



**Marijuana—
The Law & You**

**We know just
what you want.
We've been there.**



Albedino



**Introducing the catalog
designed with you in mind.**

**Albedino was created with the help of a former inmate.
Our wide selection of clothing is based on what we know
you like and, better yet, it meets institutional requirements.**

**Be sure to use the Albedino Coupon inside this magazine.
For your free catalog, please call 1-800-254-7780 or write to:
Albedino Catalog, 1405 Avenue Z, Box 509, Brooklyn, NY 11235.**





DSR

DARK SUN RIDERS

FEATURING
BROTHER J



SEEDS OF EVOLUTION

DARK SUN RIDERS



FEATURING **BROTHER J**

FEATURING

"DARK SUN RIDERS"

"TIME TO BUILD"

AND

"ZONEWELDERS GROOVE"

PRODUCED BY: EARTH CORE PRODUCTIONS

ALBUM IN STORES NOW!

MANAGEMENT: LINDA BERK/NOTABLE ENTERTAINMENT INC. 718-320-7725



PRISON LIFE

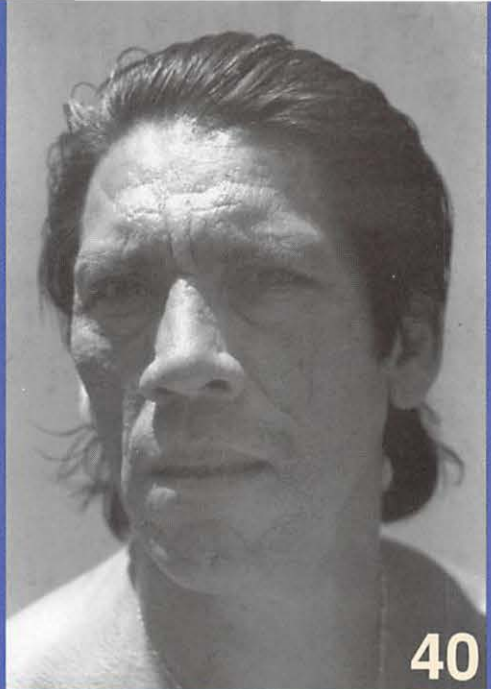
MARCH-APRIL 1996

About the Cover

Ex-con movie star

Danny Trejo

Photo by Chris Cozzone



FEATURES

22 Dead Man Walking

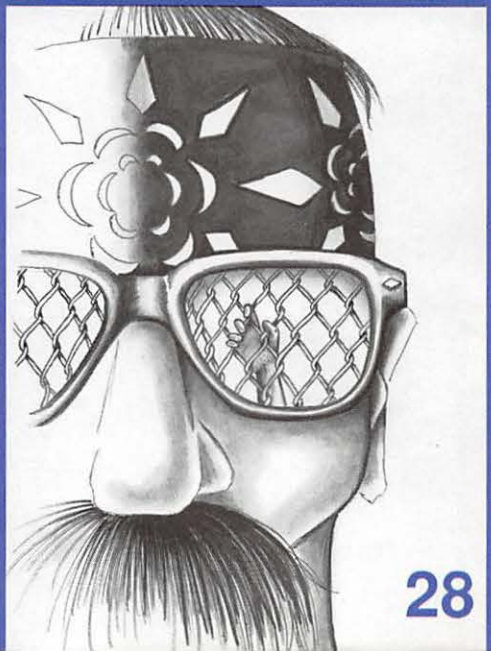
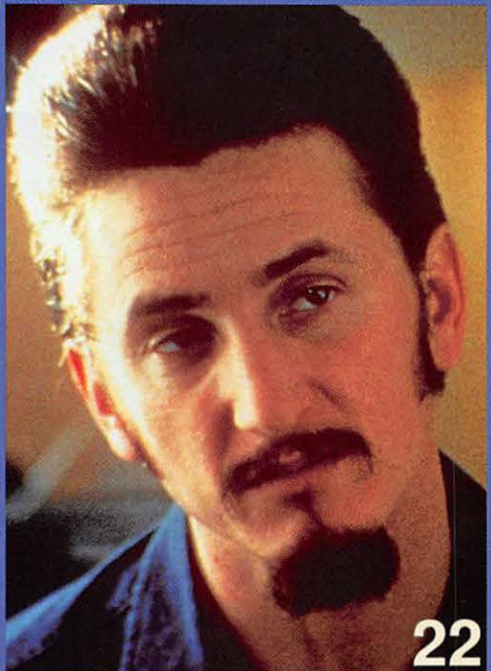
Susan Sarandon gets real with *Prison Life*. In *Dead Man Walking*, the actress/activist looked for a role and found a cause.

28 FICTION Animal Factory, Part II

In the second installment of Edward Bunker's classic prison novel, one of San Quentin's predator-rapists tries to turn out a young con.

32 The Heart of Healing

Forgive us our trespasses. Forgiveness begins at home, in the heart, with the self. How to do the inner work and get on with your life.



Prison Life ISSN # 1065-0709 March-April 1996, Number 4. Prison Life magazine is published bimonthly by Joint Venture Media of Texas, Inc., 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019. Prison Life magazine is printed in the USA and all rights are reserved. © 1995 by Joint Venture Media of Texas, Inc. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission of the publishers. Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs are the responsibility of the senders. All letters sent to Prison Life magazine will be treated as unconditionally assigned for the publication or brochure, and are subject to Prison Life magazine's unrestricted right to edit and comment. Single copies in the U.S. \$3.95. Subscription rates one year in U.S. \$23.70 for 6 issues; in Canada, \$35; an additional \$12 elsewhere; all payable in U.S. funds only. Please mail all subscription orders and changes to Prison Life Magazine Subscription Department, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019. POSTMASTER: Please forward address changes to Prison Life Magazine, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019. Approval to mail at 2nd Class postage rate is pending at Houston, TX and additional mailing office.

38 SCORING IN HOLLYWOOD

From doing time to prime time, crime pays in Hollywood. Ex-cons Danny Trejo, Tim Allen, Charles Dutton and Miguel Piñero get healthy in the entertainment biz.

40 Danny Trejo

From San Quentin to the silver screen, Trejo has become Hollywood's toughest bad-ass.

44 Tim Allen

With his nationally syndicated TV show, best-selling book and blockbuster movies, Tim Allen might just be America's most successful ex-con.

48 Charles Dutton

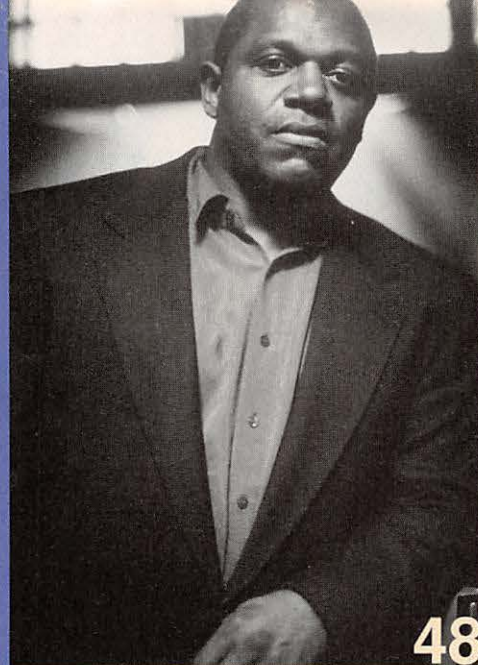
From jail to Yale to stardom, "Roc" Dutton proves an ex-con is limited only by his will.

53 Miguel Piñero

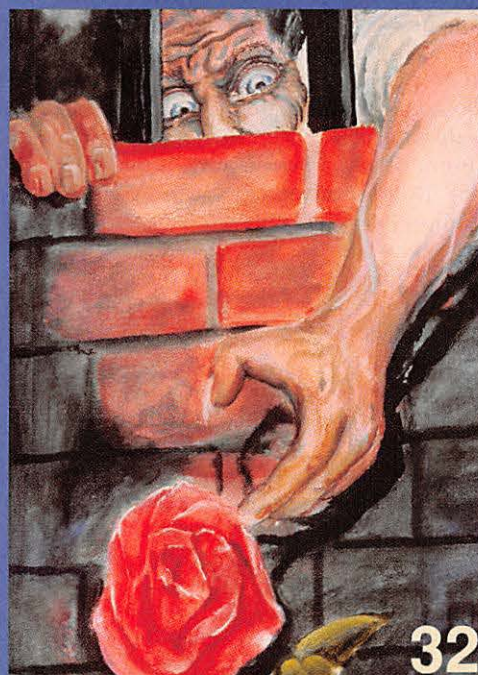
Rebel, bandit, dope fiend, poet—the tortured and talented life of Miguel Piñero.

DEPARTMENTS

Voice of the Convict	6
Contributors Column	9
Mail Call	10
Block Beat	15
Callouts	18
In-House Counsel	57
Iron Pile	64
Prison Papers	75
Mail-Order-Mall	78
Classifieds	80
Pen Pals	82
In-Cell Cooking	83
Resources	84



48



32



64

Voice of the Convict



CONVICTS ON TV

by Richard Stratton

It was a media coup, a first in the information business: convicts with their own national magazine; and now, convicts on cable TV. After 18 months work, the premier of our first HBO/*Prison Life* special was about to happen. On January 8, 1996 at ten p.m., millions of Americans would get an intimate look behind the walls and into the sordid lives of prisoners of war in their own land. For me, the documentary and our companion January/February issue, devoted to casualties of the drug war, were the culmination of a journalistic mission I had been on since my own internment as a marijuana POW during the 1980s.

There was a premier party planned at the home of the producers, Blowback Productions, in Manhattan. The forecast was for snow—lots of snow; weatherpeople were predicting up to two feet in New York City. We live north of the city in the Hudson River Valley near Woodstock. When snow began falling on Sunday, the day before the premier, we bundled the family into our four-wheel drive Jeep and set out for New York. No way we were going to miss this party.

We were headed into the center of the storm. Snow was accumulating so fast that highway crews couldn't keep up. Strong winds drifted the snow and caused white-out. I had the defrost cranked, still the windows fogged and the wipers caked with ice and snow. I hunched over the wheel, gazed into what would be known as the Blizzard of '96 through a patch of melted ice and snow; it was like watching white noise on a 14-inch TV screen. On the thruway, traffic was down to one lane, more like a toboggan run than a highway. Cars spun out and skidded off the road on both sides. We passed at least a dozen multi-car wrecks. I followed dim flickering tail lights into what looked like a swirling mass of frozen whitewash.

We made it in a little over four hours of some of the most harrowing driving I have ever done. Manhattan under two feet of snow was a whole new adventure. People were cross-country skiing down Broadway. There was a twenty foot snow bank on Fifth Avenue. And the snow kept coming until late Monday afternoon, the day of the party. It was to be a combination celebration for the airing of the HBO show and my fiftieth birthday. Yes, the big Five-O. But the weather conspired against us. It was the worst storm in as many years as I have been alive. New Jersey was snowbound. Long Island and the outer boroughs were closed to all but foot traffic and emergency vehicles. All day we heard from people who said they couldn't make it. What was supposed to be a triumphant affair was turning into a muted gathering of stalwart Manhattanites, most of whom had been involved in the production. We consoled ourselves with the thought that a lot of people would be staying in and watching television.

By ten p.m. when we turned on the TV to watch the special, a surprising number of friends, co-workers, people who worked on the documentary, and supporters of the cause had gathered to share the experience. Norman Mailer made it in from Brooklyn; there was a certain karmic balance—I had been to his fiftieth birthday party twenty-five years earlier. Marc Levin, who directed the film, and his partner, Daphne Pinkerson, were there with most of the Blowback crew. Alison Ellwood, who did the dazzling editing, was there. People who hadn't seen the show sat glued to the tube.

Mailer, who saw an earlier cut and pronounced the film "the most powerful prison documentary" he had ever seen, said he wished it had been longer, he would have liked to have seen more of the women, heard more of their stories, and he remarked how

struck he had been by the difference between the men's prisons and the women's. His son Michael turned from the screen during Snowball's "toss my salad" routine and said, "I feel like tossing my cookies." When it was over, people clapped and cheered. I was already anticipating the ratings. We were up against some tough competition: *Murder One*, *Chicago Hope*. In TV, unlike publishing or feature films, you know the next day if you have a future.

It was a great evening after all. After the show, the birthday party went into full swing. I was presented with a cake crowded with fifty trick candles and decorated with pot leaves. I was so elated I couldn't blow out the candles. People laughed and called for a speech. I was stymied, embarrassed, but I managed to talk about how good it was to be out of prison. And I said, "But let's not forget all those POWs still inside. We've got to put an end to this fucked-up war against our own people."

"End the war on drugs!" Marc chimed in to more cheers and applause.

But the blizzard of '96 was mild compared to the shit storm of controversy aroused by this film. I view that as a compliment. The best art provokes the most divergent response. The free world was blown away. We got top ratings, beat out *Murder One*, which means we get to do more shows, which means *Prison Life* might make it after all. Both the documentary and the companion issue of the magazine were praised by media watchers as a bold and exciting foray against a political sacred cow. We were followed by ABC's Diane Sawyer, who spent two nights in a women's prison in Louisiana, and by *New York* and *National Review* magazines, who did cover stories on the failed drug war. *Prisoners of the War on Drugs* was a hit.

(continued on page 8)



The
Prison Life
T-shirt —
the next
best thing
to a
conjugal
visit.

YEAH, GET ME SOME . . .

- Regular \$14.95
 Pocket Style \$15.95
- Size L XL XXL
Color Black White
- Check or Money Order AmX
 MasterCard Visa

Card Number _____

Signature _____

Call 1-800-207-2659 or send check or money order plus \$3
P&H to: Prison Life Shirts, 1436 W. Gray, Suite 531, Hous-
ton, TX 77019-4946. TX residents add 8.25% sales tax.

NAME _____

ID# _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



Richard Stratton with coverman Danny Trejo.

Some prisoners—particularly the women at FCI Danbury, which was the only federal prison we were allowed to film in—hated the documentary. They were deeply offended—not by the women's segment, which most everyone found moving, but, curiously, they were offended by the men. Many of them felt we degraded all prisoners by showing the characters we found in men's prisons: hard-core dope dealers, predatory homosexuals who would just as soon suck your dick as stick you with a shank, unrepentant meth monsters and strung-out junkies looking for help. Of course, not all male drug prisoners are animals or degenerates. Nor are there many white, middle-class Boy Scouts who just happened to get set up with two kilos of coke. As we used to say in the joint, "I didn't get here by obeying the rules." Anyone who has spent time in maximum security men's penitentiaries knows Denny the Grand Master of Meth and Snowball with his recipe for anal-lingus. I used to think of them (and myself) as the scarred, the maimed and the deranged. A lot of dope dealers are wild men, though never as bad as they pretend, which is what makes for compelling TV. And, no matter how offensive to the women of Danbury, these maniacs are real products of the war on drugs.

We welcome the controversy. As long as I am editor of *Prison Life*, we will never succumb to the PPC—the Prisoner Politically Correct. I am not trying to offend anyone; I am trying to offend everyone. *Prison Life* is offensive. At least, in the prisons I was in, prison life is vile, degrading, violent, weird and cut-throat. The drug economy runs life in the joint just as it does life in the streets. That is the point. The drug war is a total offense to all American people—not only the foot soldiers who broke the law and are re-

sponsible for the behavior that brought them to prison, but straight, law-abiding, tax-paying Americans who watch TV and do not view drug dealers as victims. I was a dope smuggler for many years; I spent eight years in federal prison. I know what it is like to be an outlaw, a convict, now an ex-convict, and the truth is there are not many of us out here who sympathize with the

cause. We are not propagandizing for liberal abolitionists nor preaching to the converted. We are showing free America that prisons are not the answer to our social problems. Indeed, they make them worse.

When I believe the system is wrong, that it causes more harm than good, as an artist, as a writer, magazine editor or filmmaker—as an American of conscience—I feel I have an obligation to try to change it. The times we live in now remind me of 30 years ago during the early days of the anti-Vietnam war movement. Then, to protest against the war was to be hated and misunderstood, called a coward and a traitor, especially by the soldiers who put their lives on the line. It wasn't until the horrors our troops were inflicting on the Vietnamese people showed up on TV screens in our living rooms that significant numbers of Americans began to question the war. Live coverage did more to force politicians to end the war than all the protest marches put together.

TV is the most powerful medium in the world. To show mainstream America real images of drug war atrocities as they play out in our nation's bursting prisons seems to me a sure way to get the question out there. Not many parents want to see their kid on screen when they hear Snowball say, "That motherfucker's mine."

Prison Life didn't make its name by seeking shelter from the storm. This is not a gentle ride. With the documentary and the magazine we tried to show the impact the drug war has had on our prisons. If what you saw made you uneasy, like driving by the seat of your pants in bad weather; if it made you flinch and feel anger or disgust because you saw something ugly and degrading, then you got a true picture of the drug war.

PRISONLIFE

March-April 1996

EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Richard Stratton

EXECUTIVE EDITOR & ART DIRECTOR

Chris Cozzone

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Kim Wozencraft

MANAGING EDITOR

Jennifer Wynn

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Edward Bunker, Michael Chavaux,
Mansfield B. Frazier,
Alex Friedmann, Dannie Martin,
Susan Rosenberg

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Pam Widener

DESIGN & LAYOUT

Cook Lorenzo

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: BEHIND BARS

Craig Adame, Virgil Barfield, Henry Herz,
B.D. Hill, Robert Lammé, Tim Martin

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: FREEWORLD

Steve Conway, Jaime Madera

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jack Brown, Arlene Gottfried, Robert Lit,
James Thomas, Demmie Todd

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:

BEHIND BARS

Aaron Collins, Brent Ellis,
Michael Montalvo,
Sebastian Ventimiglia

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: FREEWORLD

Robin Casarjian, Oriana Conti,
John Mack, John Mauro

PRISON LIFE EDITORIAL OFFICE

200 Varick Street, Ste. 901
New York, NY 10014
Tel: (212)229-1169
Fax: (212)229-1334

CANADIAN SALES OFFICE

Robert Rowbotham,
Canadian Managing Director
Ken Bean, Assistant
253 College St., Suite 444
Toronto, ONT M5T1R5
Tel: (905) 773-1746
Fax: (905) 773-8088

JOINT VENTURE MEDIA of TEXAS, Inc.

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Janette Sherlock

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

A. Richard de Antoni

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION & INQUIRIES

1436 West Gray, Suite 531
Houston, TX 77019-4946
CALL: 1-800-207-2659

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Oriana Conti, *Prison Life's* Canadian correspondent, has written for a number of national magazines and newspapers. Conti is a seasoned reporter on the Canadian prison scene and is currently working on a major story for *Prison Life* on the plight of female prisoners at Canada's largest women's prison.

Pam Widener brings to *Prison Life* a background in film research and production. The January/February issue marked her editorial debut in the magazine with her "Cellmate of the Month" feature on Yusuf Abdush-Shaheed. To immerse herself further in prison issues and bring her love of film to the imprisoned, Widener is currently teaching a film course at Rikers Island.

After a year at *Prison Life's* business office, **Janette Sherlock** has been promoted to Circulation Manager. Sherlock handles all subscription requests, manages the database and appears weekly on Houston's *Prison Program* on KPFT with Ray Hill, championing the rights of those behind bars. As an ex-offender and informed activist, Sherlock makes invaluable contribution to PLM.

NYC-based freelance writer **Jack Brown** has written for such publications as *Esquire* and *High Times* magazine. In this issue he writes from the heart about his deceased friend, Miguel Piñero, author of the classic prison drama *Short Eyes*.

Robin Casarjian, author of "Self Forgiveness: The Heart of Healing," is executive director of the Lionheart Foundation. Her recent book, *Houses of Healing: A Prisoner's Guide to Inner Power and Freedom*, was distributed free to prison libraries across the country. In addition to teaching in prisons, Casarjian educates the public about the need "to make prisons places for people to heal." She has appeared on national talk shows including *20/20* and *Oprah Winfrey*.

Michael Montalvo is one of the nation's foremost jailhouse lawyers. With his victory in *U.S. v. 405,089.23*, Montalvo threatened to slaughter the government's sacred cash cow: asset forfeiture. And he did it all from the law library at USP Lompoc. Now in this third year of law school, Montalvo intends to become a licensed member of the Bar after release from prison so that he can continue to resist the drug war by challenging the unconstitutional means the government employs against U.S. and foreign citizens.

Save up to **50%**
on fashion prescription
eyewear & shades!



Send for FREE CATALOG

prism
Optical, Inc.

P.O. Box 680030, Dept PL34
North Miami, FL 33168

**Money Back
Satisfaction
Guaranteed!**

Prism Optical has been selling prescription eyeglasses to inmates across the nation for over 34 years. You may select from a full line of eyeglass frames for men and women, including designer styles, metal frames, and sports glasses, discounted 30-50%. You can have your prescription lenses ground by Prism Optical, and choose from a number of lens options, including photochromic lenses, ultra-thin lenses, fashion tinting, and UV-filtering and scratch-resistant coating. Single vision, bifocals, trifocals and invisible bifocals are available. Prism guarantees that the glasses will fit correctly, and the catalog provides guides to gauging the correct size of the temple and bridge.

Ricardo G. Federico Barrister-at-Law

Carlton-on-the-Park
120 Carlton St., Suite 412
Toronto, Ontario M5A4K2

Practice Restricted
to Criminal Law.

416-928-1458

POST-CONVICTION RELIEF

ATTORNEY

MICHAEL J. O'KANE

(305)569-3099

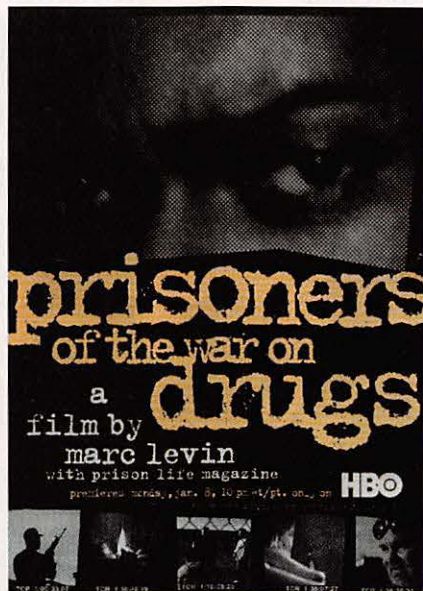
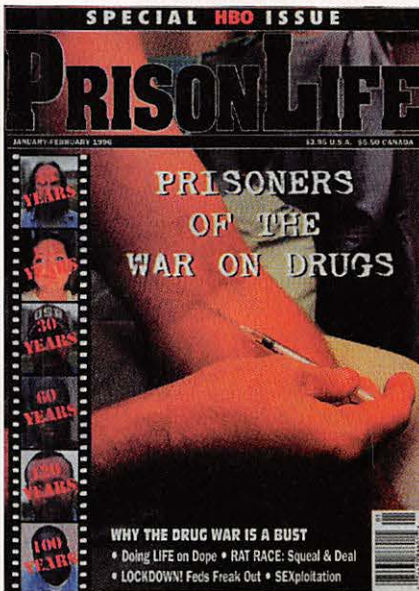
•FORFEITURES

•DESIGNATIONS

•FEDERAL CRIMINAL APPEALS

•ALL PRISON TRANSFERS

1401 PONCE DE LEON BLVD, SUITE 200
CORAL GABLES, FL 33134



Prison Life Presents: Prisoners of the War on Drugs generated a deluge of responses. We continue to seek your comments, questions and feedback. In the May/June issue, director/producer Marc Levin will respond.

Despite the controversy, Prison Life prides itself on being at the forefront of this critical issue and for providing, through both the magazine and the documentary, what we believe has been the most comprehensive and accurate coverage to date of the failed war on drugs.

BRAVO!

Just happened to catch the HBO special and thought you did a great job. Bravo! You should send a copy to President and Mrs. Clinton and ask the nice people in Congress and the United Nations to watch it and give feedback to the people. It was great synchronicity to catch the show, having just received the companion issue of *Prison Life*. Keep up the good work.

Linda Ayres
Los Angeles

YOU SHOULD BE LOCKED UP

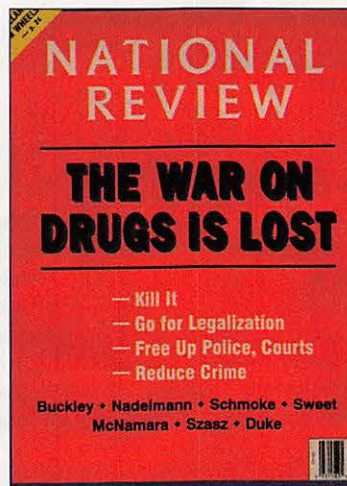
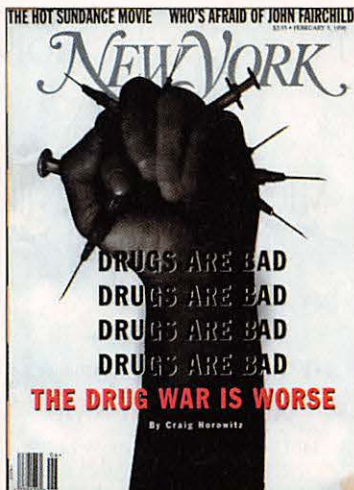
Dear Richard Stratton and Marc Levin,

I am writing to you to express my opinion on the HBO special that was produced by Blowback Productions. To say that I and many others were appalled would indeed be an understatement. The scouting crew must have searched the bottom of mankind to find the men shown in that degrading piece of trash that you view as a show.

I realize that sensationalism sells spots. I believe that is the reason that you depicted the state prisoners as you did. If you wanted, you could have found human beings to portray. I personally don't know any human being in the world who behaves in such a degrading fashion. The men you depicted obviously care nothing for themselves or their families. They are one percent of the entire prison population. Why did you choose to ignore the remaining 99 percent of us? Is it because we don't sell air time?

You could have shown the public that we are not animals. We are human beings who have made mistakes. You failed in that responsibility. It has been made clear to all prisoners throughout this country that you are not the voice we need. You have degraded us. All for the sake of a dollar. I'm sure you live a very sad existence.

My opinion of both you gentlemen (I use that term in being gracious, actually it's not befitting to either of you) is in the same light in which I view the men depicted in the special. I know that the women who were in that special told their children to watch *Prisoners of the War on Drugs*. Can you imagine what those families/children felt, thinking that their mothers were enduring such horror within the confines of the prison walls? How can you



inflict that nightmare upon people? Oh—it was all for the sake of a dollar.

Why did you not tell how it truly is? I work in a law library at a federal prison. I see women on a daily basis spending countless hours researching their cases. I see the hope written on their faces when they find a loophole in their cases. I hear stories about their families. I hear the sound of their hearts breaking when they cannot comfort their children. Have you ever, Mr. Levin, heard the sound of a mother's heart break? I'll tell you what it sounds like. Take a piece of ice from your freezer. Drop it and listen to the ice shatter. That's the sound we hear throughout this compound on a daily basis.

I have made it perfectly clear that my opinion of you, and what you represented to the public, is less than acceptable for a great number of people. At this point, I don't feel you could do anything to rectify the damage you chose to inflict upon the women/men you depicted in your program. I hope you don't insult our intelligence by saying you have had favorable responses to the program. A friend of mine (Mona) said I shouldn't be so hard on you. She says you are kind, decent gentlemen. That is her opinion. I believe I have stated mine in this missive.

In closing, I shall add that if you continue to completely disrespect your fellow human beings, then I sincerely hope you are not allowed to practice freedom of the press. I hope that someone shuts down your business. I hope they lock the doors and throw away the key. All for the sake that you are no longer able to earn a dollar from others' sadness. You have taken something that is real to all prisoners and turned it into a side show. I hope I have given you a glimpse of the damage you have inflicted upon all prisoners.

*Timia Holder
FCI Danbury*

ENCORE

Prisoners of the War on Drugs was a powerful HBO documentary produced by Marc Levin about the price we pay for the counterproductive perversity of the drug laws, the way they cripple the criminal justice system's capacity to deal with violent felons and turn prisoners for first-time possession into hardened criminals. A lot of people missed it because it was first

LIBERTAD TEMPRANA PARA PRESOS HISPANOS

Los prisioneros Hispanos, especialmente en el sistema federal, pueden ser transferidos hacia México, España, Bolivia, Perú y Panamá para recibir libertad temprana, y vivir cerca de sus seres queridos a través de los servicios del Bufete de Benninghoff & Ramirez. A través de nuestras oficinas hemos proveído la transferencia a muchísimos prisioneros Hispanos.

Los prisioneros transferidos podrán recibir libertad inmediata bajo fianza, libertad temprana para trabajar, y tiempo libre por buena conducta. También, hemos tenido mucho éxito con prisioneros a los cuales se les ha negado la transferencia anteriormente.

Favor de escribir a la siguiente dirección para que reciba un folleto descriptivo preparado especialmente para prisioneros Hispanos.

¡PINCHES ABOGADOS VAGOS Y HUEVONES!

Siente que le metieron una larga sentencia, mas larga que la que usted acordó. Siente que su abogado también le prometió la luna pero se lo transió. Pues, póngase trucha. No deje que se lo hagan pensar.

Cada día cientos de Mexicanos se dan culpables por el rollo que les cuenta su abogado. Luego, después que reciben su feria, estos abogados huevones los llevan frente al juez como vacas al rastro a darse culpables.

Pucs, ¡Ya Basta! Si su abogado se aprovechó de usted y le metió miedo para darse culpable, Benninghoff & Ramirez le pueden reabrir su caso para reducir su sentencia o ejercer su derecho a un juicio. Benninghoff & Ramirez ha reabierto casos y reducido sentencias a Mexicanos que han sido engañados por abogados para darse culpables.

Diga, ¡NO! a los abogados huevones y llame a Benninghoff & Ramirez, los abogados con huevos.

APELACIONES Y 2255

¿Piensa que fue hallado culpable en muy poca evidencia solo porque es Mexicano? ¿Piensa que su sentencia es muy larga?

¿Piensa que los narcos lo esculcaron a usted, su casa, o su carro sin motivo? ¿Piensa que su abogado no le echó ganas a su caso?

Benninghoff & Ramirez puede ayudarle con su experiencia en apelaciones y 2255. Por mas de 20 años hemos representando a Mexicanos por insuficiencia de evidencia, abogado inefectivo, esculcadas ilegales, y sentencias ilegalmente largas.

Escriba a:

BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ

Benninghoff Law Building

31411 Camino Capistrano

San Juan Capistrano, California 92675

aired on the night of a blizzard when many lost cable service; HBO should give it another prime-time airing.

Ron Rosenbaum

The New York Observer

RACIALLY SKEWED

I am currently incarcerated at FCI Danbury, am 24 years old, formerly a college student and a mother. According to my paperwork, I won't be released until 2016, when my son is 22. I am a first-time nonviolent offender sentenced to 224 months.

I was very frustrated after watching your program. Why did you focus on Caucasian cases? The few blacks who were interviewed did not come across well at all. I'm sure you've done your research, but have you learned anything? Or are you like everyone else who wants to cover up the truth? Why do you think the Million Man March was so potent to us black prisoners? When it comes to drug cases, minorities are getting butchered.

The program was biased. I have been in the system for over a year and have met some very intelligent prisoners who are serious about their lives. Your program violated prisoners' rights and made us look ignorant. After millions

of people saw that program, they no doubt thought, "Keep them locked up and throw away the key!"

Maybe Newt Gingrich will thank you for that HBO special. My fellow prisoners and I want to know what *your* real cause was. Maybe money?

Kemba Smith

FCI Danbury

NOD FROM THE NY TIMES

In one respect existence in prison these days is pretty much like existence on the streets: a contest between drug sellers and users on one side and the law on the other. Such is the message of *Prison Life Presents: Prisoners of the War on Drugs*.

The first and most pungent segment of this verite-style "America Undercover" documentary visits East Jersey State Prison in Rahway, N.J., where professed dealers tell, no expletive deleted, how drugs are smuggled in, hidden in body cavities and sold for three times the street price for sexual favors.

The only cheering note in an hour of fast-and-fuzzy or slow-and-fuzzy effects and a prevailing beat of rap and rock comes from Jack Cowley, an unusually candid Oklahoma official. He notes that packing people into

cells has had little effect on the drug trade but has had some benefits, for instance giving jobs to people like himself who run the prisons.

Wardens have recently taken to banning face-to-face interviews with prisoners in the hope of discouraging shows that make celebrities out of murderers. But like a random victim of a drive-by shooting, this kind of gritty documentary would also be a casualty. And that would be a loss.

Walter Goodman

The New York Times

WHAT TRASH!

Oh my God! Please don't tell me that you, Richard, of all people, were a part of that trash that HBO aired on January 8. My whole world came crashing down on me moments after the special began. It was a horrible nightmare come true. I suspect that I will have to relive it until every family member and friend I asked to tune in has rid themselves of the view they now undoubtedly have.

When I was interviewed for this special, I believed wholeheartedly that the final presentation would prove to be a positive reflection on thousands upon thousands of prisoners. In fact, I was so

If you're ready to fight for your freedom now, you're facing the biggest challenge of your life. Most people file a few briefs and send a few letters and are surprised when nothing happens. Their freedom search turns from months to years. It can be different if you have connections. We're experts at helping people get results fast. Gain access to the right court. Identify better appeal or constitutional options. Don't make the mistake of doing all the wrong things and don't take too long before calling us. We're here to sit down with you, assess your situation, and determine what we can do to help you meet your goals. Have a friend call for a free confidential appointment. Collect 516-624-2915. Direct 516-922-2946.

We Do What Your Lawyer Can't.

Surviving in prison doesn't come easy. It takes resources . . . connections . . . inside information . . . things only organized crime figures used to have access to . . . until now!

**Free Brochure. Send SASE to:
IFC/Inmate Freedom Center
PO Box 561, 1 Shore Road
Oyster Bay, NY 11771-0561**

completely sure I told my son, whom I love more than life, to watch this program so he could get an idea of the decent victims our Government chooses to railroad into long, unnecessary prison terms. Well, the HBO special put a lid on that one for me. Hell, I'm too damned embarrassed and humiliated to call him to find out just how bad that special shook him up. No kid wants to believe that his mother is imprisoned in the manner depicted in the special.

The last time I even came close to feeling this humiliated was when I first arrived at this facility and had to strip, squat and cough. This time I feel as if I've really been fucked in the ass.

Richard, I don't understand for the life of me how you would even think that such vulgarity and pessimism could strike freeworld citizens in a positive way. If it were me on the outside looking in, I'd be totally against convicts like the ones presented ever having their freedom or even a chance at parole. These guys were not only foul-mouthed and negative, but seemed to be dead set against rehabilitating themselves. Couldn't you have chosen a few more polite men with future goals to represent us prisoners of the war on drugs?

I do realize, Richard, that this film was not your doing. I do believe that you played a role in putting it together, however. It's just so painful for me to believe what has happened because in a sense, you are a hero to me. Your articles are that of an intelligent man who wants to set the record straight for us convicts. In this special, however, I felt like I was watching a film the Feds produced to dissuade America from voting for parole or mandatory minimum sentences.

*Ramona DiFazio
FCI Danbury*

A MUST-SEE FOR TEENS

At 10 tonight, parents across the country should shepherd their children, sit them down in front of cable-equipped TVs, and force them to watch *Prisoners of the War on Drugs*.

And, for different reasons, they should stay and watch as well.

For this hour-long documentary, produced by Maplewood [NJ] filmmaker, Alan Levin, 69, and his Manhattanite son Marc, 42, is a serious shocker.

It's a picture guaranteed to scare the pants off any teenager who might be tempted to dabble in drugs.

And it will outrage most of their parents. Wardens at all three prisons explicate at length how the war on drugs failed "completely" to stop drug use but created an economic boom in the prison building industry.

Parents should know that the film is graphic in the extreme: Not only are prisoners strip searched on camera, but inmates describe the torrid sexual scene in prisons, where those who can't afford to pay for their drug habit keep debtors at bay by becoming their "virtual slaves" or offering homosexual favors. Others describe the violence of prison riots.

It's not pleasant. But it might be enough to make teens run away screaming should they ever encounter drugs or drug pushers.

*Jennifer Braun
The Star-Ledger*

YOU BLEW IT

As I sat in the long-termers unit in FCI Danbury and your documentary began, my heart sank. There were about 30 of us watching, including a number of people who were shown in the film or had been present when your production team came here to get footage. Our TV room was packed, as I know TV rooms were around the country. People waiting with anticipation for something good about us, finally to be shown on national TV.

Richard, how could you? How could you allow this total trash to be passed off as a serious documentary on the real and terrible realities that we face both as prisoners and as a society in the war on drugs? I cannot believe that you promoted this and had a hand in making it. I cannot believe that you could imagine that this would do anything to help in the fight against mandatory minimums, against the terrible spiral of increasing prison costs, against the very harsh conditions that prisoners across this land face. I cannot believe that there wasn't one shred of analysis about this most profound crisis, and that the extent of analysis was a warden from Oklahoma who said on camera one of the more chilling things that I have heard since the Attica rebellion: "When they riot, I'll kill them, they must learn to obey the system."

This documentary did damage to our cause. It set back the struggle to humanize prisoners and to challenge society's view that prisons are a solution for all the ills we have in America. It fed every terrible stereotype out there. It was racist to the core. How could the editorial choice be made

INTERNATIONAL PRISONERS GO HOME!

If you are a foreigner doing time in the United States, it may be possible for you to be transferred to your home country to do your time; close to your loved ones and in your own culture with your own language.

The Law Offices of Benninghoff & Ramirez have specialized in transferring International Prisoners for many years and we have the necessary expertise. Transfers can be arranged to dozens of countries around the world so if you have a desire to go back home, write us a letter explaining your situation and we will respond immediately.

Write to (Escriba a):

BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ

P.O. Box 1355

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA 92675

PRISON BOOK SHELF®

**Hardbound Books
at Discount Prices**

OVER 500 TITLES

**Earn Big Credits
Toward Free Books**

**Write for complete list
and info on becoming a com-
missioned salesman.**

**PRISON BOOK SHELF®
346 First Avenue
New York, NY 10009**

not to include a positive black spokesperson doing time and who has no doubt spent years fighting the drug war in prison? I know hundreds of old-timers who have an analysis of this who would have added a radical view about the role of drugs, and the fight on the front lines of prisons. The next line of radicals to include should have been the role of Islam in the prisons, and the Muslims who wage war against the drug culture everyday. I would also add that there were no black women in the magazine or the special. Not one was visually present, and it is a big mistake because the reality of the drug war is that a primary goal of it is to neutralize if not commit outright genocide against people of color. The point that it happens to white people was the only point made, with regards to women. The exception of the one-minute look at the Colombian woman did not make the point.

Here was a chance to talk about legalizing drugs, about drug treatment on demand, about the total failure and pure hypocrisy of the DEA/FBI in the criminal justice system. Opportunities all lost in this program. Instead you went for exploitation and caused us inside shame, grief, embarrassment and a deep feeling of betrayal from all the people who up until now have been supporters of Prison Life. In picking the individuals you did, you made it seem that all people associated with drugs are crazy, depraved and deserve to be locked up. There is no way you can define yourself as the "voice of the convict," use your position as an ex-prisoner to gain legitimacy and access and then turn around and create something as negative as the HBO special.

Susan Rosenberg
FCI Danbury

FILM SHOWS FAILED DRUG WAR

It's a safe bet Dennis Morrow hasn't been missed at Mensa meetings during his stay at the Oklahoma State Reformatory in Granite, Okla.

Morrow, who is known across the Midwest as the Grand Master of Meth, may deserve his reputation as one of the country's best methamphetamine chemists, but that doesn't mean he's a particularly bright man. Indeed, Morrow is the very image of the Okie good ol' boy: seemingly good-natured, amusingly boastful and, at least in appearance, dumb as a lamp post.

Still, Dennis Morrow knows something that seems to have escaped virtually every bright-boy politician in Washington: he understands that the

War on Drugs is doomed to failure. And he knows why.

Morrow might not belong to the genius club, but he's smart enough to know that a country that imprisons a greater percentage of its citizenry than any other industrialized nation is a country in deep trouble. He also knows that it's largely poor and working people who have paid the price for the 23-year, \$300 billion War on Drugs.

But the truth, of course, is that all but the dumbest or most delusional politicians in America know the same thing. Unlike Morrow, who is serving a 105-year prison sentence for manufacturing crank and has little left to lose, however, the politicians can't afford to admit it to a public they and their predecessors have bombarded with anti-drug, pro-drug-war propaganda for too long.

Marc Levin isn't an inmate, but neither is he a politician. He's a film maker, which gives him license to tell the truth. And in his new effort for HBO, *Prison Life Presents: Prisoners of the War on Drugs*, Levin extends that license to Morrow and his fellow inmates at Granite, prisoners at two other facilities and a handful of courageous prison officials, allowing them all to talk about the drug war's futility as demonstrated by the government's complete inability to control the drug trade even within the walls of its own prisons. What Levin exposes in his startling documentary is that there's a healthy drug trade behind bars, one that isn't merely alive, it's booming.

"Politicians are doing everything to increase the need for drugs, the drive for drugs and the incentive to get into the drug trade, and they pretend they don't understand why all these tough laws haven't stopped drugs," Levin said. "All we can do is hope that with programs like [*Prisoners of the War on Drugs*] we can get the facts out there for people and that more and more people will start to realize the futility and the insanity of this drug war."

One can hardly watch the documentary and fail to get that point, at least not if one hasn't been totally blinded by drug war propaganda. Blind or not, however, a viewer can't help but come to one basic conclusion from Levin's film. As the director put it, "If we can put people in penitentiaries with walls around them and put them in cages and they still get this stuff, how can we really hope to eliminate it on the streets?"

Sean Glennon
The Valley Advocate

DO A PART II

The HBO show was excellent and you did get your point across to the public very well. I loved the show as well as hated parts of the program. The show was truly a sensational piece of journalism and a great success.

I like that you were able to show audiences the horrors that we find in every day prison life, the feelings we feel by being locked up and away from our families. You clearly demonstrated that the government cannot stop the influx or use of drugs or the drug culture that exists in this country, even behind the fortified walls and under the heavily policed federal and state penitentiaries.

The part I hated was that the majority of people you showed were scumbags. No citizen on the outside cares if they fuck each other in the ass, have themselves a "tossed salad" or die in prison. I know you had to use these kinds of people to shock viewers and show that drugs are still getting in, but I assure you that I, even though I am inside these walls for a drug conspiracy and having to rub elbows with some of these people, don't care if they ever get out, for they are the scourge of society and I do not want them near me or my family.

I believe a part two needs to be presented. Take the programming a step further into the guts of this drug war and show the other end of the scale (the causalities behind bars) by using the more educated people like your lawyers, doctors, engineers, pilots, etc. who are also incarcerated, doing life sentences, being first-time nonviolent offenders, and who know how they were targeted by the federal government or by snitches that were out to profit and benefit for themselves, by either working a deal with the government to cut their own time for drug charges or by actually profiting by setting people up to take a fall, and/or how this "war" has affected the lives, careers and economic stability of prisoners, taxpayers and families.

You need to continue your line of thought and produce a part two to show the public that not everyone in prison is a "Methamphetamine Monster," a freak full of tattoos or a queer wanting to get his ass licked.

There are numerous good, clean, well-educated professionals and God-fearing people behind these walls who have fallen prey to this unholy war. I know this to be true for I am one of those people.

David Correa

CLINTON VETOES "NO FRILLS" PRISON BILL

—BUT IT'S NOT DEAD YET

WASHINGTON—
Having passed in both the House and Senate, Rep. Dick Zimmer's (R-NJ) "No Frills" prison bill was recently vetoed by President Clinton. The President vetoed the entire Commerce, Justice, State and Judiciary Appropriations Act, which included the Zimmer amendment. However, a legislative representative from Zimmer's office reported that the bill is not dead yet. "What we're attempting to do now is a targeted appropriations bill," Zimmer's aide told *Block Beat*, meaning the bill will be resubmitted as part of a smaller package considered more likely to pass.

Zimmer's amendment states that no appropriated funds shall be used by the federal prison system to provide specific amenities, including in-cell cable television; R, X and NC-17-rated movies; pornographic materials, instruction or training in martial arts; weightlifting equipment; in-cell coffee pots or other heating elements; electronic musical instruments and personally-owned computers or modems.

"When you break the laws of this land, you should pay the price for your crime," declared Zimmer, "not be rewarded with a vacation watching premium cable on your personal TV. There is no reason why we should be using taxpayer funds to finance inmate amenities."



Photo by James Thomas, OK State Reformatory

The prison-as-country-club concept contradicts what many *Prison Life* readers report: That few, if any, of the amenities targeted by the Zimmer bill are now available to federal prisoners.

Zimmer's provision, if passed, would require the federal prison system to "provide prisoners the least amount of amenities and personal comforts consistent with constitutional requirements and good order and discipline in the federal prison system."

It would also abolish earned good time credits, require prisoners to work no less than 40 hours a week and have

all phone calls monitored, except when between the prisoner and the prisoner's immediate family or legal counsel.

"Some criminals have come to view jail as an almost acceptable lifestyle because amenities are better for them on the inside than on the outside," said Zimmer.

The Zimmer amendment also would instruct the Director of the Bureau of Prisons to submit an annual report to Congress providing a breakdown of money spent at each federal correctional institution on amenities and nonessential programs.

"This amendment will give us the basis for subsequent remedial legislation," said Zimmer.

At the request of Rep. Bill McCollum (R-FL), the crime bill's floor manager, Zimmer limited the scope of his amend-

ment to federal prisons. However, he said he will work to extend "no frills" requirements to state prisons receiving federal funds.

Apparently, the Federal Bureau of Prisons is not pleased with the potential passing of the Zimmer bill. A confidential memo from BOP Director Kathleen M. Hawk to wardens of federal prisons stated: "I fully appreciate that the timing of this issue could not be worse; nonetheless, all indications are that this legislation is inevitable."

3 Strikes and California Will Be Out—of Dough

LOS ANGELES—California's "three strikes" law to imprison repeat criminals threatens cash-strapped Los Angeles County's justice system, according to a recent report presented to county officials.

Three strikes cases are tying up an "excessively disproportionate" share of justice system resources for prosecution, defense, trial courts and jails, according to the County-wide Criminal Justice Coordination Committee report.

The county criminal justice system will dole out an estimated \$309 million this fiscal year to cover the cost of three strikes cases, a 306% increase over the last fiscal year, the report said. To make do, jail space for nonviolent felons has been decreased along with the resources to handle misdemeanor and other felony cases that do not fall under the three strikes law.

"There is strong subjective evidence, based upon a consensus of Los Angeles County justice experts, that we are quickly reaching the point of 'breaking' the system and that future accommodations and self-adjustments will be made at the expense of even higher levels of misdemeanor and felony crimes," the report concluded.

The state's 1994 law known as "three strikes and you're out" mandates prison sentences of 25 years to life for criminals convicted of a third serious felony. Since its inception, the high-security jail population in the county has increased to 62% from 36%.

Reuters

Drug Czar Brown Takes Parting Swipe at Adidas 'Hemp' Sneakers Says Shoe Capitalizes on Reference to Marijuana

WASHINGTON—On the eve of his departure as the nation's drug czar, Lee Brown has zeroed in on a new way to combat drugs: from the ground up.

As the country's national drug control policy director, Mr. Brown has called upon Adidas to stop producing and selling its hemp athletic shoe.

In a Jan. 5 letter to Adidas America's president, Steven Wynne, Mr. Brown points out that the "cynical marketing" of the Hemp shoe is an attempt to "capitalize on the drug culture."

An Adidas spokesman said the company has no plans to discontinue production. In a letter responding to Mr. Brown's plea, Mr. Wynne dismissed the drug czar's concerns and said that the Hemp shoe was designed with environmental concerns in mind. "It's comforting to know that the war on drugs is going so well that you can afford to devote your time to writing letters to me," he chided.

He also suggested that the drug czar's concerns were misplaced. "You should note that hemp is not marijuana. This fiber hemp has only trace concentrations of THC, the psychoactive element in marijuana. I don't believe you will encounter anyone smoking our shoes anytime soon."

The Wall Street Journal

Guard Pays For Eating Con's Snail

PARIS—Peeved prisoner Bernie Warreau has won a whopping \$232,000 in damages from a heartless guard who killed his pet snail Cyrille, and ate him for lunch.

Bernie won the judgment against guard Claude de Guillot and French prison officials when a judge ruled that bumping off the burglar's little buddy violated his civil rights.

"Everyone is entitled to companionship, and that includes convicted felons," said somber Judge Serge Gerardi.

"The killing of Mr. Warreau's friend deprived the plaintiff of comradeship needlessly and without due process of law, in violation of his rights under the French Constitution."

Judge Gerardi ruled that the snail-crazy con—serving seven years for a bookstore break-in—can collect the entire \$232,000 judgment the day he's released on parole, sometime in June '96. "The money'll be nice, but it won't bring Cyrille back," lamented a bitter Bernie, 38. "I sure do miss the little guy."

Weekly World News

Ruling Curbs Law that Adds Time to Drug Dealers' Terms for Guns

WASHINGTON—No longer can the Feds slam drug dealers with an extra five years for "using or carrying a gun," according to a December '95 Supreme Court ruling.

Until recently, prosecutors and most federal courts had imposed an additional five years if a weapon was found in the drug dealer's car, in a locked trunk or even a home closet. If the weapon was accessible to a drug trafficker, prosecutors reasoned, it was used in the commission of the dealer's crimes because it provided protection.

But in a unanimous ruling, the Supreme Court threw out that definition as too broad. From now on, a criminal must hold, brandish or fire the weapon to get the extra punishment, the justices said. The "mere possession" of a gun is not enough.

The decision, *Bailey vs. U.S.*, overturned the five-year prison sentences imposed on two drug dealers in Washington.

In the first case, police found cocaine in the glove compartment of Roland Bailey's car and later found a loaded pistol in his car's trunk. He was sentenced to four years for the cocaine violations and five more years for the gun offense.

In the second case, an undercover officer bought crack cocaine in Candisha Robinson's apartment and returned to find an unloaded pistol in a locked trunk in her closet. She was given eight years for dealing crack and five more years for having a gun.

The federal gun law was originally passed in the summer of 1968. It added a five-year penalty for anyone who used a gun to commit a violent crime.

Congress broadened the law in 1984 and 1988 to apply the extra penalty "in relation to any drug trafficking crime."

The Kansas City Star

Big Apple Lawyers Snub Guards in Landmark Brutality Case

NEW YORK CITY—The city is refusing to defend at least 23 Rikers Island correction officers, including two captains and a deputy warden, who have been accused of prisoner brutality in a landmark lawsuit.

The cases of additional officers, including at least one warden, are still under review by the city's corporation counsel.

The services of the city's lawyers are withheld from municipal employees, such as police and correction officers, if the corporation counsel determines that their actions violated department rules and regulations.

The city's refusal to represent so many correction officers, including high-ranking supervisors, seems to signal the city's willingness to settle the lawsuit without going to court.

The class-action lawsuit filed in 1993 by the Prisoners Rights Project charges that unprovoked beatings in the Central Punitive Segregation Unit, also known as the Bing, have caused broken jaws and perforated eardrums as well as other permanent injuries to prisoners. The suit, which seeks \$2.1 million in damages, charges that the beatings were often ignored or even supervised by captains.

The lawsuit also spawned a U.S. Justice Department investigation of conditions in the Bing; as a result of the investigation, the Bing was closed in early January.

Rikers officers are angry that the city has abandoned them in the face of accusations made by prisoners. "If the city did its homework, they would see through this smokescreen," said Norman Seabrook, president of the Correction Officers Benevolent Association.

Seabrook said the officers won't be left without a legal defense, and added that the union is considering suing the city for refusing to represent its officers.

NY Daily News

THE CANADIAN SCENE



Canadian Government Outraged Over Wounded Knee Nightmare of Leonard Peltier

After twenty years of suffering, native activist Leonard Peltier may be heading home. He is the victim of an F.B.I. vendetta of blackmail, threats, deceit, violence and arrogant racism. The Bureau's behavior has outraged the Canadian government. The Canadian Minister of Justice has called for an examination of new evidence of gross misconduct by the F.B.I. and feels it may lead to a demand for President Clinton to decree clemency, or at least a re-trial.

On June 26, 1975, F.B.I. agents Ron Williams and Jack Coler were shot to death on Pine Ridge Indian Reserve, in South Dakota. This was a time of much unrest and violence between numerous rival native groups, primarily over how to best utilize extremely valuable uranium deposits on Indian land. Originally four natives were charged with the murders, but charges against all but Peltier, who was in Canada, were dropped. What resulted was one of the highest profile, large-scale manhunts in North American history.

Over fifty Canadian members of Parliament have signed a document in support of Peltier. Canadian politicians and citizens are disgusted by "Nazi-like" manipulations, fabrications and terror tactics used by the F.B.I. while dealing with key witness Myrtle Poor Bear. Her testimony was instrumental in the extradition documents filed with the Canadian government. If the truth had been known about this fabricated testimony, Leonard Peltier would never have been extradited from Canada to face his murder trial.

Poor Bear was coached in her testimony and forced to lie because of threats against her and her family by the F.B.I. She has a history of mental problems and drug abuse. She also has admitted to falsifying testimony in the murder trial of Canadian Native activist Anna Mae Aquash. She has fully recanted her testimony against Leonard Peltier. Other key prosecution witnesses, Michael Anderson and Wilford Draper, have now also admitted to F.B.I. threats forcing them to falsify their testimonies at Peltier's earlier trial.

An appeal in 1986 was lost due to some technical oversights and/or complications which "kept the shackles on." In a post-trial phone conversation with a reputable journalist, Appeal Judge Heaney states, "I think Peltier should get clemency and have so written the President, through Senator Dan Inouye (Hawaiian Democrat). It's time for a healing." This is the Appeal Judge who heard Peltier's appeal. Who could have more credibility? How can the system be so cold as to fail Peltier over a legal technicality?

With the support of thousands of individuals across North America, the Canadian Government, as well as Judge Heaney, is it not time for justice? Is it not time for Americans to demand honor and truth in the eyes of not only their country but the world? Leonard Peltier must be freed!

—Tom Mann

PRISON LEGAL NEWS is a well-established, professionally-written newsletter produced by Paul Wright and Dan Pens, both Washington state prisoners. *PLN* covers the latest case law on prison-related litigation nationwide; it also includes articles about America's prison industry, the role of the courts, legal research and other related subjects. Subscription rates are \$12/year for prisoners (12 issues) and \$50/year for institutional subscriptions. Get your facility's law library to subscribe—this is a great legal resource for prisoners, by prisoners. Contact *Prison Legal News*, P.O. Box 1684, Lake Worth, FL 33460. Highly recommended!

—Alex Friedmann, *Resources Editor, PLM.*

CARING ABOUT THE PRISON SYSTEM

(CAPS) is a foundation for family members concerned with the inhumane and brutal treatment of prisoners within the Texas Department of Criminal Justice—Institutional Division. Their purpose is to share information with other families who feel they may not be alone. For information, write or call: CAPS, P.O. Box 121124, Ft. Worth, TX 76121-1124, c/o Vina Payne 806/273-5422.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR NEWLY RELEASED OFFENDERS

written by Josh Hoekstra, is an outstanding reference book for those in prison or jail, on parole or probation and seeking employment opportunities. It offers suggestions for obtaining employment, aid and benefits (primarily national resources), business loans and free or inexpensive correspondence courses. At last, here is a reference work that can make a real difference to newly released offenders. For copies, send \$27.50 to: *Opportunities for Newly Released Offenders*, c/o The Graduate Group, P.O. Box 370351, West Hartford, CT 06137-0351.

PRISON LIFE SUBSCRIBERS. We need your full and exact mailing address so that the mailroom has no excuse to return your copy of *Prison Life*. Full name (no aliases or street names); prisoner number or docket number; unit, cellblock, bunk; name of joint; street or P.O. Box number; city or town and state; five or nine digit zip code.

PLM CHANGE OF ADDRESS. If you shipped out, be sure to notify us with your new address as soon as possible. Send all subscription correspondence to: PLM, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019-4946.

SCAM ALERT! The Brotherhood of Prisoners of America is a fraud! These rip-off artists advertised in our March 1995 issue. Do NOT send these crooks money. If you did, contact the U.S. Postal Inspection Service, P.O. Box 2616, Jersey City, NJ 07303-2616. P.S. Don't feel bad—they ripped us off, too.

PEN PAL UPDATE. If you've sent us a pen-pal ad and haven't seen it yet, be patient. We can only print so many of them per issue, due to the heavy-duty volume. Remember: *Prison Life* subscribers are allowed only one free ad per subscription (and yeah, we're checking now!) except those on Death Row. After your free one, pen pal ads are \$9.95 per issue (and they're guaranteed to run in the following issue). We are also going to expand our Pen Pal section to include photos. For \$19.95, you can get your photo in, as well as your ad. Send to *Prison Life* Pen Pals, 200 Varick Street, Suite 901, New York, NY 10014.

IF YOU OR YOUR ORGANIZATION has a callout for us, send your information to our editorial office or fax it to us at 212/229-1334.

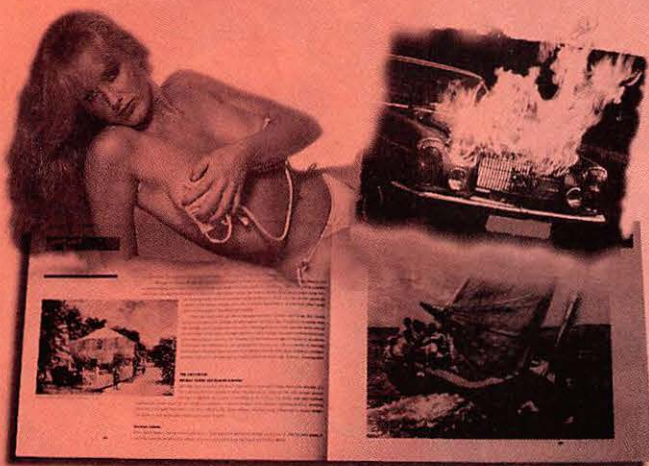


HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

**Recently escaped
from a maximum-security
prison in California—
according to the FBI—
Bubba is armed and dangerous.
Think twice before ratting him out.
If you do run into him, tell him
Prison Life magazine is
waiting for his next column.
Tell him he is behind deadline.
Then get out of his way.**

ESCAPE...

Into Your Favorite Book



At last, detainees and their friends and family can get the books they want without a major hassle!

Books Beyond Bars offers a unique service that allows you to order thousands of titles in hard cover, paper back, and magazine formats.

From educational and legal texts to erotica and adult entertainment... if it's in print, *Books Beyond Bars* can get it for you!

For information on ordering or specific titles, write or send your requests by author and/or title to:

Books Beyond Bars, Publishers
 P.O. Box 4865 • Hialeah, FL 33014
 or call: (305) 444-0120 (No collect calls please.)
 Don't waste your time! Write today.

Books Beyond Bars is a subsidiary of Captive Marketing, Inc. • We do not mail hate or racist literature. Libros En Espanol.

H.R. COX

Retired, BOP
 Corrections Consultant

817-596-8457

Professional Assistance in:

- Initial Designations for Pre-Trial Offenders
- Transfers
- INS Issues & Detainers
- State or Federal Placement
- Parole Hearings
- Administrative Remedies

PO Box 1551

Weatherford, TX 76086

NEW!

PREPAID TELEPHONE CALLING CARDS

Lower long distance
 rates than credit cards
 or collect calls.

Simple & easy to use

\$10 card = 45 minutes

\$20 card = 90 minutes

No more hassles with
 loose change and
 collect calls.

Send payment to:
 Prison Book Shelf
 346 First Avenue
 New York, NY 10009

We Ship Fast!

Law Offices STEINBORN & ASSOCIATES

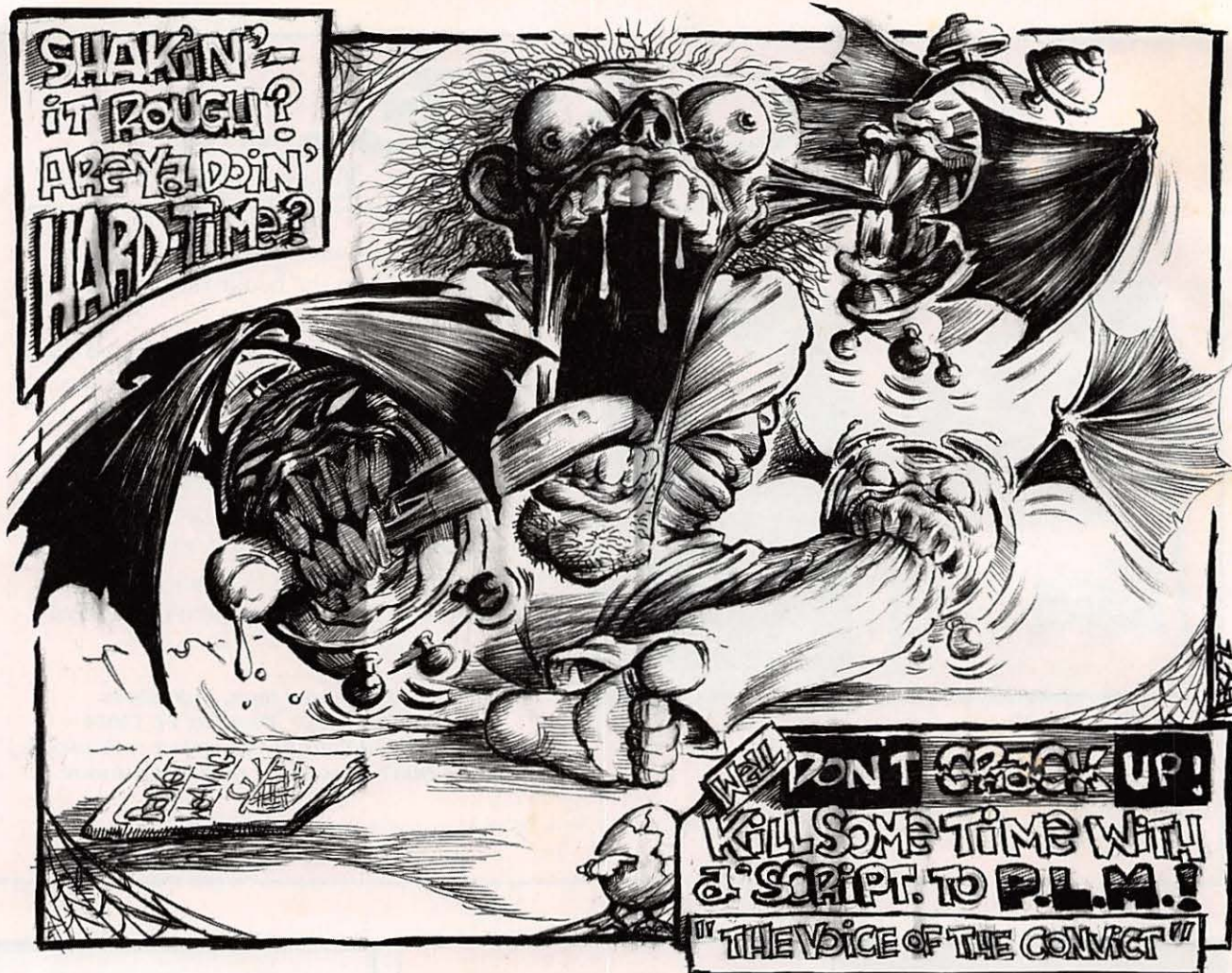
(U.S. v. McCaslin; U.S. v. \$405,098.23)

- Criminal Defense
- Forfeiture Double Jeopardy
- Recovery of Seized Assets

Representing the Accused since 1968

Steinborn & Associates
 30th Floor, Smith Tower
 506 Second Ave.
 Seattle, Washington 98104
 206-622-5117
 fax: 622-3848
 Internet: SURLAW@AOL.com

Available for representation,
 or consultation with your attorney.



PRISON LIFE

VOICE OF THE CONVICT

Call: 1-800-207-2659!

Check or Money Order Visa
 MasterCard AmX
 Card # _____ Exp. _____
 Signature _____

**FOR 1 YEAR—
6 HARDCORE ISSUES**

ENCLOSED IS \$19.95
(Canada \$28.75)

Name _____
 Number _____
 Institution _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.
 Make check or money order payable to
 Prison Life Magazine (U.S. \$ only).
 Send to: Prison Life, 1436 Gray, Suite 531,
 Houston, TX 77019.
 In Canada, send to 253 College St., Suite 444,
 Toronto, ONT M5T1R5 (Canadian \$.)

Snitch or Victim?

I'm in the Hole, awaiting a court date for a new charge that carries three years minimum and nine years maximum. I was charged with possessing a 10-inch knife that wasn't mine.

On April 19, 1995, my old cellmate made a knife and brought it back to our cell. He showed it to me. I told him to get the knife out of the room because not only would he get in trouble, but he would get me in trouble, too.

Everyone knows what happens to a snitch in prison. So I gave the man a choice right then and there to get rid of the knife. Then I left.

When I returned, my cellmate said it was gone. "Good," I said, "because I'm not a snitch and I'd hate to have to turn you in."

The next morning I was cleaning the room and I found the damn thing. To make a long story short, I turned the knife in and my cellmate took his own weight. Now, four months later, he's saying that the shank was not his, but mine. So now I have this new case.

I have two-and-a-half years left on my 12-year bid and am facing another nine years straight time. Not only that, but at the time this happened, the warden here told me, "You're doing the right thing!"

Where's the justice in this?

Shannon Lane
IL Vienna Corr. Center

Don't Do It

In the past four years I've been in prison, I've taken advantage of all the educational programs I possibly could. Now rumors are circulating here in Arizona that the governor is going to eliminate both college education and vocational training.

If I had never received the vocational education I have now, I would, one day, be released with the same juvenile mind I had when I was arrested. Since then, I have replaced all my get-rich-quick schemes with plans to pursue a career in fire fighting and one day, to open my own business. I would never have gone to college on the streets. My family just didn't have the money to send me there.

Many of the young men coming in today are gangbangers and small-time drug dealers who've dropped out of high school. Now they have the time to think about what they want out of life. If the opportunity to rehabilitate them-

selves through education is gone, they will not have a chance. Would free-worlders rather have an educated ex-con with a working trade living next door or an ex-con they're worried might be casing their homes?

If the schools are removed, there will be higher recidivism. As a repeat offender, I can promise you that.

Vincent Perez
Arizona State Prison

TIAS Treaty a Cruel Joke

At a time when taxpayers and legislators bemoan the ever-increasing cost of retaining America's title as prison capital of the world, little use is being made of the 1983 Multilateral Treaty—TIAS 10824. The treaty permits the repatriation of alien prisoners, thereby freeing up scarce cell space and saving taxpayers untold millions of dollars.

Repatriation is by no means the equivalent of a "get out of jail free card." Repatriates must serve the remainder of their sentence, but can serve it in their native country.

In the case of my codefendant and I, citizens of Germany and Turkey, respectively, it will cost New York State approximately \$1.2 million to keep us imprisoned for the balance of our sentences. Despite this huge expenditure, the state refuses to permit our repatriation. Most other jurisdictions have taken a similar position toward use of the treaty.

To my knowledge, not one of the approximately 5,000 alien prisoners in New York alone have been offered the option of being repatriated pursuant to the treaty. Yet the state is so strapped for cash that in desperation the governor and legislature have eliminated prison college programs, curtailed high school GED instruction

ONLY ONE WORD...

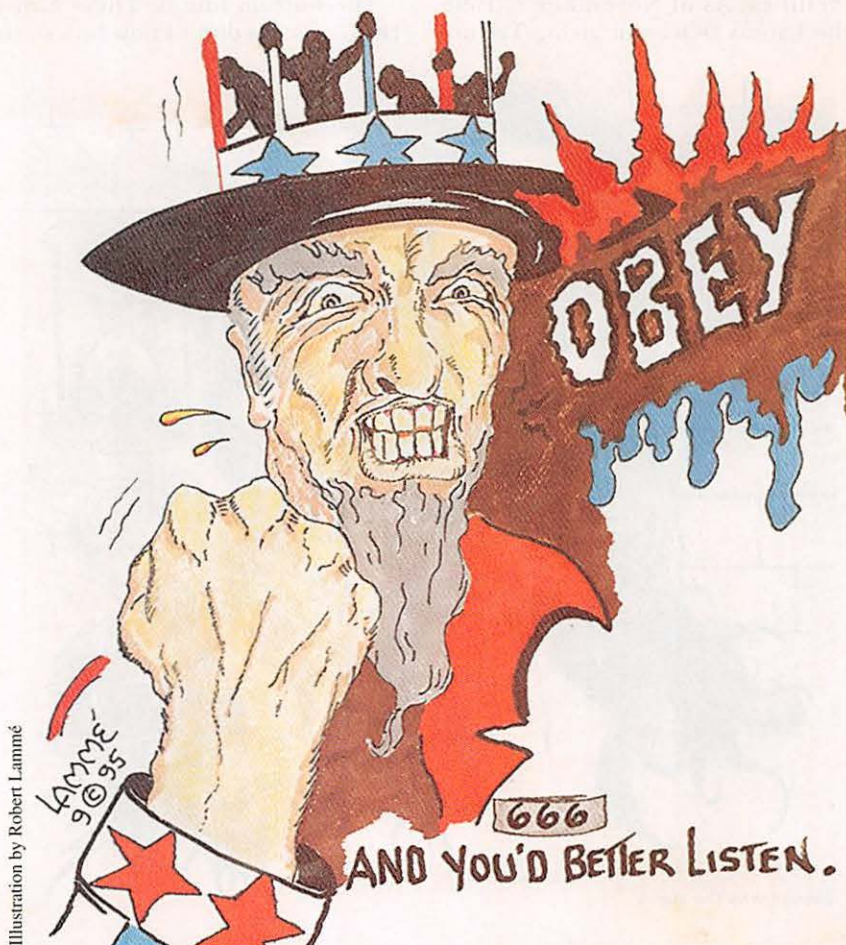


Illustration by Robert Lammé

and gutted vocational training programs and library services. Also, they are now charging each prisoner—many of whom earn a paltry \$3 per week—\$1 per week room and board. For the first time, they are implementing the dangerous practice of housing two men per single-man cell in the state's maximum-security prisons.

Fully utilizing the provisions of the TIAS treaty will hardly solve the prison overcrowding problem in America, but the millions of dollars that could be saved by doing so also would allow the continuation of many vitally needed educational and therapeutic programs.

The TIAS treaty makes sense. Denying alien prisoners the option of using it is one more example of fiscal mismanagement and the U.S. government's failed prison policy.

*Herbert Ehinger
Eastern C.F., NY*

Kansas Department of Corruption

As of January 1, 1996, Kansas prisoners can no longer write to inmates in other prisons, unless it is approved by the wardens of both facilities. As of November 3, 1995, the Kansas DOC quit giving Tylenol,

aspirin and other medicines like Maalox and started selling it to us. You can buy 10 2-pill packs for 14 cents, or if you don't have any money, you can see the nurse for \$2 (payable whenever money comes in for you) and ask for Tylenol. Whether you get two aspirins or not, you'll still pay the \$2.

The phone system here had to be thought up by a real idiot. You have to dial 00 plus your inmate number plus 0 plus area code plus the phone number. That's 18 digits! And it doesn't stop there. You can only call nine people total. Your attorney's number and your chosen nine are on the computer already, so if you try to call anyone else, the phone shuts off.

To get someone on your phone list, you have to give their street address, name, relationship and phone number. All of it has to be verified. All phone calls, then, are tape-recorded and listened to during the actual conversation. If the person in the computer/recording room "deems it appropriate," the phone call can be shut off at any time. You are allowed to talk for 15 minutes, then the phone automatically shuts off.

The bottom line is: These Kansas DOC officials don't know how to run

a prison! They run a day care center for idiots. They act tough, but we have child molesters and snitches all over the place.

I'm 29 years old and I've done 10 years in this prison. There are punks here who think they have it hard but are too busy snitching to stand up like we did ten years ago. We fought the Kansas DOC for the phones and many other things. Now this new breed of inmate lets the administration take what we fought for and then complain about it. When I tell them to file grievances and court actions instead of whining, they run to the Man and snitch that I'm inciting trouble. Kansas prisoners are too weak to riot. What we really need is a good mass killing spree to cut down all these snitches.

*Bruce Dyche
Hutchinson C.F., Kansas*

These People Play God!

About eight months ago, I met a penpal through a biker magazine called "Rag." He wrote me everyday and we ended up engaged. Our wedding was planned for May 26, 1996, shortly after my release on May 1.

Before he could be placed on my permanent visitation list, he had to have a NCIC-UCIC check (nationwide background check by the feds and state). But until that investigation was completed, classification allowed my fiancé to visit me on August 12-13, on what they called a "special visit."

Shortly after the special visit, his background check arrived and he cleared it with flying colors. He had no prior arrests or convictions, and he posed no security risk to the institution.

But my classification officer saw fit to deny me regular visiting privileges because "no prior relationship was established." I took it a step further, using the ol' faithful chain of command, but all grievances were denied.

My fiancé called the institution and had a polite 30-minute conversation with the head of classification, explaining his background clearance, the fact that we'd met as pen-pals, and reminding them that we were also engaged. We'd even had our wedding invitations made. It was all to no avail.

The sad thing about this entire episode is that my fiancé was recently killed on his scooter. I received word from the chaplain after she verified

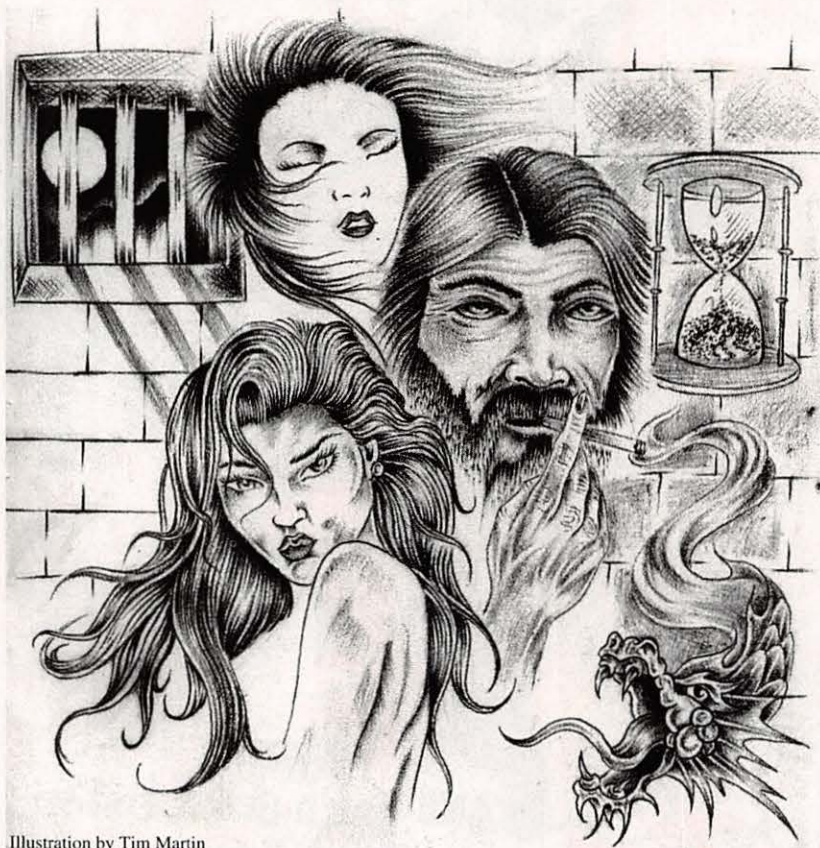


Illustration by Tim Martin

his death when his family called to report the incident.

There was never any proof shown to me, upon my request, that there is a rule, a chapter, or a revised or added rule or chapter, law or memo, stating that prisoners must have established a prior relationship before visitation rights can be obtained.

These people play God! They robbed me of time with my fiancé and rationalized the reasoning with a phantom rule. They use their power to tell us who's good for us.

Would it have been better if someone from my past visited me? Someone who played a big part in the reason I'm here, someone to visit and encourage me to "hurry up and get out because we got another big score awaiting you?"

They say a person from the past is better than someone who comes clean on paper, who is "rock solid" and would be willing to give me a new life, like this system claims to be doing.

Are they so stuck on keeping this human warehouse in operation? Where's the rehabilitation?

Linda Clayton
Jefferson Corr. Inst., FL

Let Inmates Mate In

Contrary to popular belief, conjugal visits are not just a way for prisoners "to get some." Conjugal visits are a viable, therapeutic and rehabilitative tool, which, if used intelligently, can address at least three major areas of concern for prison officials.

First, conjugal visits can help reduce prisoner violence and infractions. Getting prisoners to do what you want is easier when you have something to offer them in return. Any person, prisoner or other, is less likely to obey rules when he has little hope or reason to do so. Using conjugal visits as rewards for prisoners with good track records would provide incentive to maintain good behavior.

Furthermore, conjugal visits can help control the spread of AIDS. Consensual homosexuality and homosexual rape have long been the secret shame of prison life. But now, with AIDS reaching epidemic proportions in almost every prison, officials can no longer turn a blind eye to this costly and deadly situation. The sad truth is that many prisoners turn to homosexuality because it is the only

outlet, not just for sexual frustration, but for warmth and compassion. Occasional conjugal visits might provide enough of an outlet to keep some prisoners from becoming involved in dangerous liaisons.

Finally, the most significant problem facing the American judicial system today is the high recidivism rate. Recidivism is at the heart of prison overcrowding and at the core of public outcry that says the judicial system isn't doing its job. Numerous studies have shown that parolees with strong family ties and stable homes are significantly less likely to re-offend than parolees without those advantages. Before filing for divorce, my wife told me, "I love you. I always will and I always want you to be a part of my life. But I need a man who can hold me,

comfort me and make me feel like a woman again." Because I can't do that for her, if only a few times a year, I won't have a stable home and family to go to when I'm released. My situation is not unique. That same "Dear John" conversation is being heard regularly in prisons across the country. Conjugal visits, coupled with marriage and family counseling, would save many marriages and lower the recidivism rate.

To control prisoner behavior, to cut down on homosexuality and the rampant spread of AIDS, and to reduce the number of crimes perpetrated by ex-cons, Virginia should follow the lead of other states and offer conjugal visits.

Martin Lewin
Staunton Correctional Center, VA



Illustration by Craig Adame

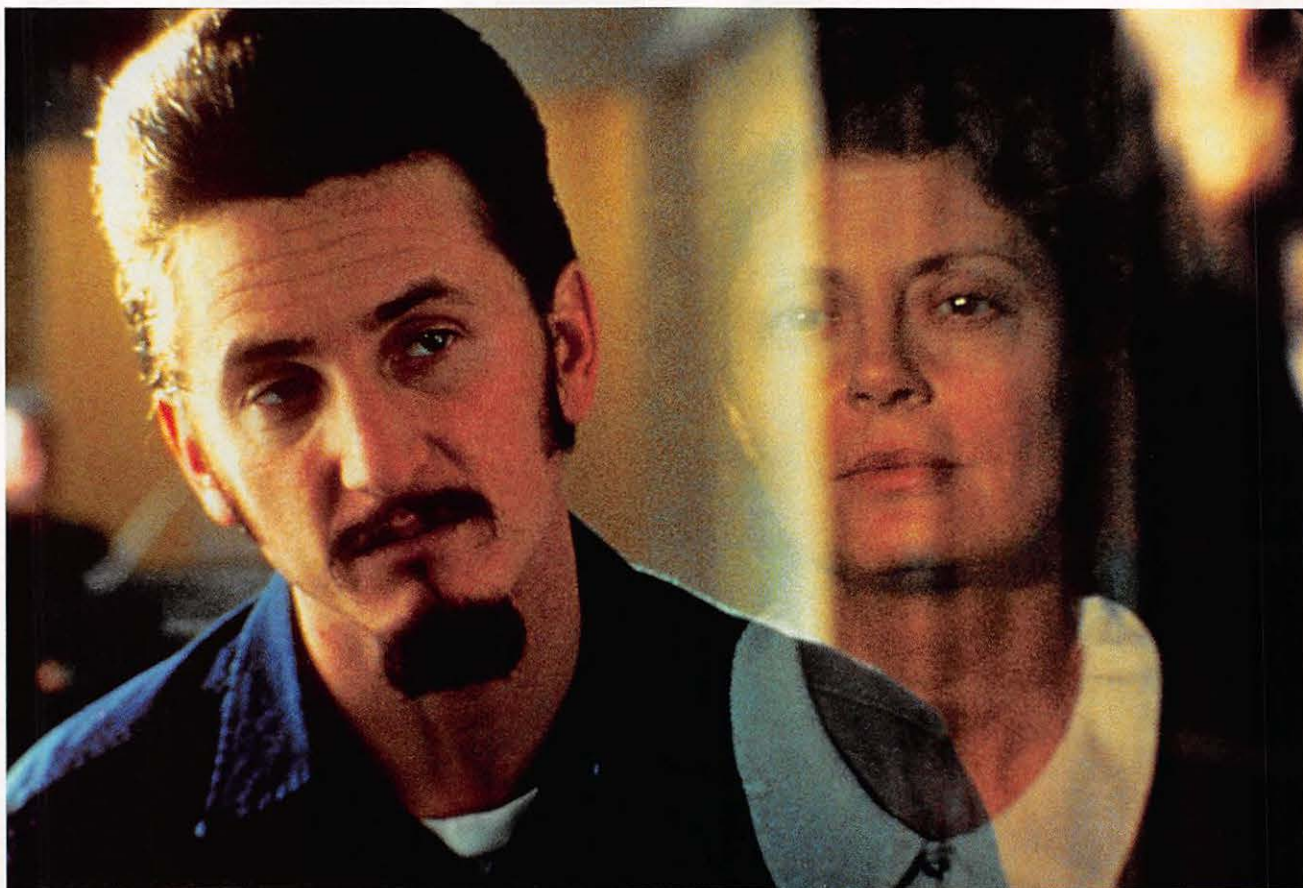


Photo by Demmie Todd/Gamercy Pictures

“Ultimately,
Dead Man Walking
is a quest to find
a way out of
the hatred.”

Susan Sarandon on

DEAD MAN WALKING

A Prison Life Interview

by Oriana Conti

You'd almost think Susan Sarandon was a prison groupie. There she was, sitting in a posh suite in New York City's Regency Hotel, surrounded by gowns for the Golden Globe awards ceremony (she received a nomination for best actress for *Dead Man Walking*, along with Sean Penn, for best actor, and Tim Robbins, for best screenplay), idly watching her publicist, hairdresser and make-up artist buzz around the room. All of sudden she perked up when she hears me say, "Hello, I'm with *Prison Life* magazine."

Sarandon had given a preview of her interest in prison issues earlier that day during a press conference with entertainment reporters. Question, answer, question, answer, then one man mentions he did a six-month stint as a prison guard and Sarandon does a split-second about face and begins interviewing *him*. Clearly not your typical *Entertainment Tonight* script.

But then, very little about Susan Sarandon, her live-in partner Tim Robbins and the movie he directed, *Dead Man Walking*, follows typical glitzy Hollywood. Even though Robbins refused to sensationalize the story, the stark and subtle *Dead Man Walking* has been a top box office earner since it opened in December.

Dead Man Walking, is based on a courageous memoir of the same title [Vintage, 1993] by Sister Helen Prejean, a Roman Catholic nun whose experiences as a spiritual advisor to men on death row led to a passionate campaign against the death penalty. Called the "Angel of Death Row," Sister Helen (played by Susan Sarandon) is drawn into the last days of the life of Matthew Poncelet (Sean Penn), a man convicted of killing two Louisiana teenage lovers. What begins as a simple exchange of letters with a

death row prisoner ends with the nun accompanying Poncelet as he's led to the execution chamber. Along the way, she not only helps Poncelet address his own fears, she is also compelled to understand the anger of the victims' families, the cold indifference of the prison administration and the lynch mob mentality of the New Orleans community and its politicians. Early on, she establishes herself as a rogue nun, confronting both religious and prison authorities on everything from biblical interpretation to whether Poncelet's mother can hug him before he's executed.

Sarandon met Sister Helen when she was working on the movie, *The Client*. She had read *Dead Man Walking* and passed it Robbins' way for movie consideration. Sarandon explains how she "took Sister Helen under [her] wing to protect her" from having a musical made out of the book. "I introduced her to my agent who had read the book, and we explained to her how we would make the movie. There were a lot of people yapping at her door, but she was patient. Tim started writing the screenplay, he really got involved, and then we found someone to give us the money to produce it the way it was written."

Support your voice.

PRISON LIFE
THE VOICE OF THE CONVICT

In presenting the story and characters, Robbins did not rely on cheap manipulation. Typically, prison movies give viewers an easy out, an excuse to feel sympathy for the wrongly convicted (*Shawshank Redemption*), or anger at a system that revels in retribution (*Murder in the First*), or a sense of camaraderie by raising criminals to cult icon status (*Natural Born Killers*). Robbins does none of the above. The rape scene in the movie is a straight, nonpolitical rape. The crime is as senseless as it is heinous. And Poncelet is exactly what he is—a killer, an admitted white supremacist, so audacious he comes on to the nun at their first meeting.

"I didn't want anyone to forget he was a violent criminal," explains Robbins. "If you're going to feel compassion, you're feeling compassion for a violent criminal. I don't believe in going halfway. If you're going to oppose the death penalty, you can't oppose it just in certain circumstances. You can't say, 'I'm against it except when it's a really brutal crime.' In other words, if you can see

this film and still be opposed to the death penalty, then you are really opposed to it. If you went into the film anti-death penalty and came out saying, 'Oh, now I understand why there's a death penalty,' you were always pro-death penalty—you just didn't know it."

Yet the character of Poncelet is more than criminal. He is the springboard from which politicians fly off the handle with pro-death penalty rhetoric, ranting and raving, waving the flag. As his lawyer remarks while struggling to obtain a last minute pardon: "It's easy to kill a monster; it's harder to kill a human being."

The events of the movie connect believably, as does the character of Sister Helen played by Sarandon. Both women started from the same place—never having been to prison, never having dealt with prisoners, never really having vocalized their opinions on capital punishment. Like the nun, whose experiences transformed her,

Sarandon came away from the film "feeling much more viscerally connected to all the issues."

Sarandon did her research: She met with victims' groups, visited the state prison in Angola and studied the debate on capital punishment until she had nightmares. "As a mom," she says, "I know I would feel all kinds of horrible things, strong things, but the

intended to deliver a pointedly anti-death penalty message. As Hollywood veterans, they knew it would have defeated their effort to open up "the real question—not who deserves to die, but who deserves to kill, and why are we electing people who are telling others to kill," as Robbins puts it.

Sarandon elaborates: "There's no way to get into that movie for people



Dead Man Walking director Tim Robbins also starred in *Shawshank Redemption*

Photo by Demmie Todd/Gramercy Pictures

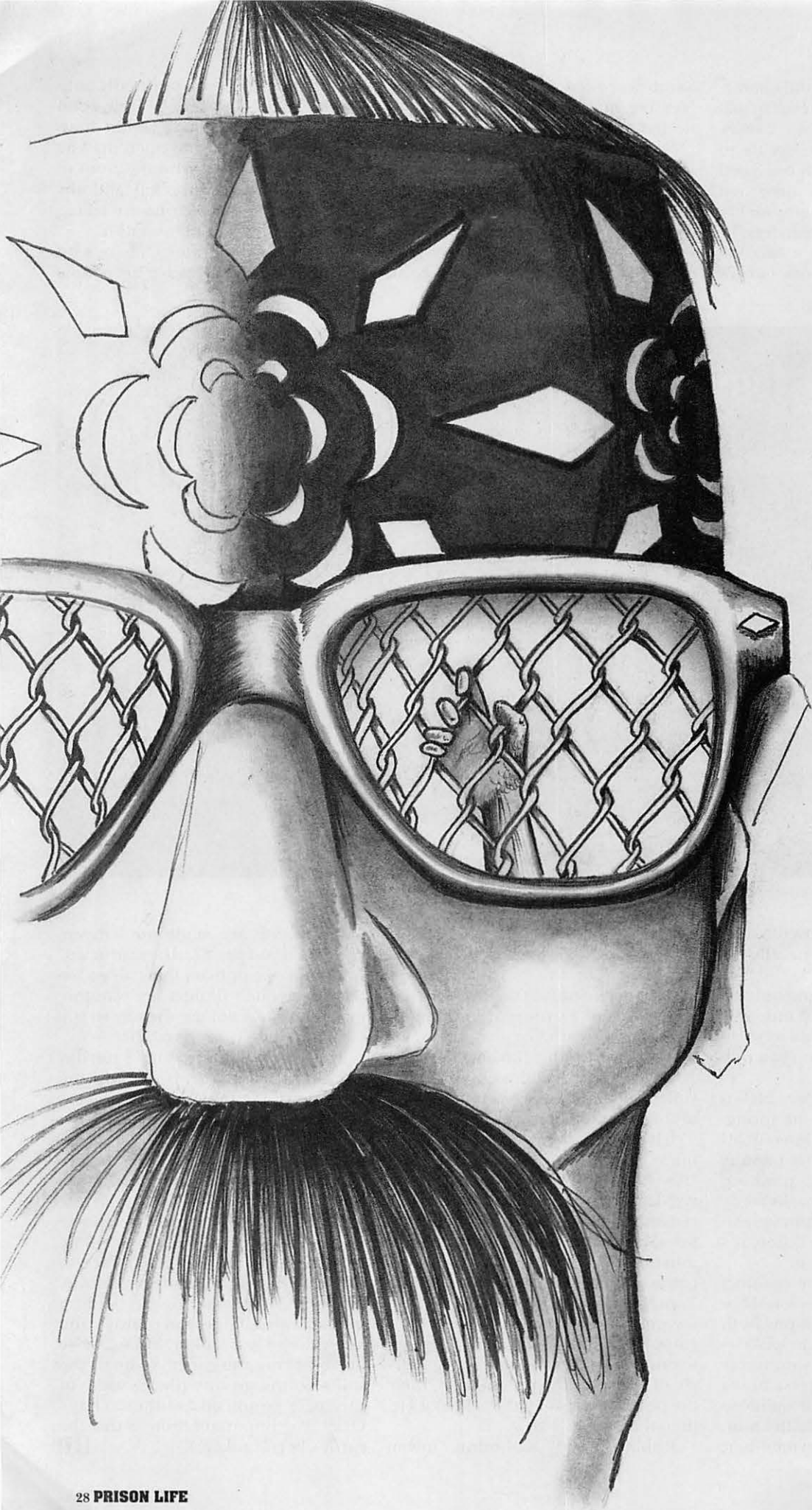
question is how does that help you survive your loss? Rage is so easy, it's addictive." In the movie, the nun experiences painful flashbacks of the time she and a group of kids beat a possum to death for the fun of it. Sarandon says the flashbacks show "that everyone has the potential for violence," and they remove the image of the nun as holier than thou.

Ultimately, *Dead Man Walking* is a quest to find a way out of the hatred. "It's about more than the death penalty," Robbins elaborates. "It's about redemption and taking responsibility for your actions. It's about a spiritual journey, resolving your actions and gaining peace of mind. I like the way Tom Waits put it: 'If the death penalty was gonna stop violence, it would have stopped it a long time ago.' In other words, it's just a circle, a constant circle of violence, the state does it, then the people do it, then the state does it, then the people do it . . ."

Robbins and Sarandon never

whose minds are made up. I mean, why would you pay \$7 to be instructed? And this is the brilliant thing about Sister Helen. She's finding her way, too, making mistakes along the way so you can enter the situation with her."

Dead Man Walking is no Saturday afternoon mall movie. It rides the rail right down the middle of the debate between life and death; it raises the question of how much more state-sanctioned killing is necessary before we wake up to the inherent contradiction of punishing violence with violence. Sarandon knows the movie doesn't answer that question. "All we were trying to do was give a face to what has existed as a mere soundbyte. As Sister Helen said to me (sliding into a flawless Louisiana drawl), 'You know, we're just a plow, Susan, we're just breaking the earth. Some of the soil's gonna go one place, some of the soil's gonna go another. That's Okay. The important thing is that the earth's been broken.'" ■■■



*Illustrations by
B.D. Hill*

FACTORY

ANNUALLY

PART TWO

BY EDWARD BUNKER

On a crystalline afternoon, while Mr. Harrell had individual members of the class reading aloud, Ron sat in reverie at his desk next to an open window overlooking the plaza. He'd finished marking papers from a spelling test, and while the stumbling voice droned on in the background, he looked out at the flowers, fountain and convicts feeding the fish. Soon he'd be going back to court, and he had no doubt that he would go free. Although he was overjoyed, that joy was not unalloyed. He felt that he could still learn things here, that in the ten months of San Quentin he'd aged ten years, had become stronger. He smiled to himself, privately anticipating what he would do for his friend if the judge acted right. Just the forged letter from the psychiatrist was a huge debt—and it was one of so many. In this ugly place Earl had become his father—and T.J., Paul and the still segregated Bad Eye his cousins and friends.

Mr. Harrell finished the reading lesson and it was time for two hours of educational films. Ron brought the wheeled projector from the hallway closet and set up the film. He pulled the curtains and Harrell turned off the lights. Then Ron started up the aisle toward the rear where he always sat. He felt a hand stroke his ass and a voice hissed, "You're sure fine, baby." He slapped at the hand reflexively and whirled, too stunned for immediate anger. In the darkness he could see a pale face, and he knew who it was from the location. Buck Rowan, the hulking newcomer. He'd been in the class a week, and Ron had noticed him staring, but had not given it any importance until now. He'd become accustomed to stares. Ron recalled the hillbilly twang and could smell the fetid breath.

"Are you crazy, you asshole?" Ron snapped.

"Watch it, bitch! Ah'll whup yo' ass. You're a girl an Ah'm gonna put my dick in your ass."

Ron was paralyzed for a moment. It was too sudden, too insane. He suddenly remembered Earl's advice about not arguing with fools until things were right. He spun and walked to the rear of the room, oblivious to the images on the screen. He trembled and his face was afire. He nearly wanted to laugh. A year earlier and he would have been quaking like a rabbit without a way to run. Now the fear was tiny, and that was reined in. Everyone is mortal; everyone bleeds. As the minutes ticked away, his stunned bewilderment became a controlled rage.

When the second film started, he went down a side aisle and through the door to take a piss. He was still trying to decide what to do. In the toilet he couldn't empty his bladder. He was too tight. He rinsed his hands, splashed water on his fevered face. "A man does whatever he has to," he muttered, and accepted the possibility of killing the fool. It dismayed him, but there was no indecision. He would try for a reason, but if that failed . . .

As he stepped from the toilet the classroom door opened and Buck came out, carrying a few seconds of movie sound track with him. His searching eyes said that he had followed Ron, who felt fear but was unashamed of it. Earl said that fear was good for survival and only fools were without it. Ron stepped forward to the edge of the stairs. It was unlikely that Buck had a shiv—and his hands were exposed so he would have to reach for it. By then, Ron could leap down the stairs and into the plaza. Buck was a couple of inches over six feet and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. He was built like a bear and was too big to fight.

"You hear what I said in there?" he asked. "I wanna play from you."

"I hope it's a joke."

"Ain' a joke. We ain' gonna have no mess of trouble, are we?"

"I don't ever want trouble."

"Baby, you're fine. I've been watching you an' watchin' you an' my dick stays hard as Chinese arith-

metic. I don't wanna have to beat you up, but you're gonna cooperate one way or another."

Ron's face was expressionless, but his mind sneered at the gross stupidity. "I'm not a punk. If you heard different, you heard some bad information." He knew as he spoke that the words were hurled against a gale.

"Bullshit! You're too pretty. An' Ah done seen you with that dude. I ain' Ned in the first reader. Ah been to Huntsville and Raiford. You might even be makin' tortillas with that teacher in there."

"I'm going back to court for modification. I don't want any trouble to mess that up." The situation sickened Ron, but a cold, detached part of his mind told him that Buck was accustomed to brawls with fists, feet and teeth. San Quentin had a different ethos. Buck was a bear unaware that he was in the sights of a high-powered rifle.

"You can go back to court. The only way there'll be trouble is if your old man finds out. I'll just kick his ass. You an' me, we just meet somewhere."

Ron nodded, as if digesting the information, whereas he was really looking at Buck's shoes, visualizing the toes jutting upward from beneath a sheet.

The classroom door rattled. Ron and Buck both turned to face Mr. Harrell. The teacher's eyes flitted from face to face and he obviously felt the tension. "Oh, here you are," he said to Ron. "Would you go down to the book store-room and pick up a box that came in?" Harrell nervously stood his ground until Ron had gone downstairs and Buck returned to the classroom.

As Ron stepped into the sunlight, he faced the yard office, thought of Earl, and vowed that he would keep

his friend out of trouble. Earl had done too much already, was too near getting out himself. Ron walked to the education building, but he had no thought of getting the box. He was certain that Buck would have to be stopped, and Ron wanted to do it—kill a mad dog—but was uncertain of himself. How did T.J. say? Underhanded and just beneath the ribs slightly to the left.

Fitz waved from the yard office, and Big Rand knocked on the glass and gave him the finger. Ron nodded, remembering that Earl had said it was almost impossible to be convicted for a prison murder unless a guard actually saw it, or unless there was a confession. For every informer willing to testify for the prosecution, a dozen would testify that the accused was in Timbuktu—and a swearing contest between convicts never satisfies the burden of proof "beyond a reasonable doubt." And there had been several killings within recent years before hundreds of witnesses without anyone telling anything even in privacy. Too many convict clerks could find out too much.

"Yeah, we'll see who gets fucked," Ron said, turning into the education building. It was built on the slope that led to the lower yard, so that the office space was on the upper floor while the classrooms were downstairs. Ron went to the file section without speaking to the clerks. He ran through the drawers' newest numbers until he found

"Baby, you're fine. I've been watching you an' my dick stays hard as Chinese arithmetic. I don't wanna have to beat you up, but you're gonna cooperate one way or another."

Buck's folder. The hillbilly was "close" custody and lived on the bottom tier in the East cellhouse. That was the information Ron wanted, but he looked over the remaining data. Buck Rowan was thirty-four years of age, had a low-to-normal IQ, and claimed a high school education (unverified) while scoring fourth grade on his scholastic tests. He'd served an eight-year term in Texas and three years in Florida, the first for rape-robbery, the second for burglary. He was on escape from Florida when arrested in Sacramento, California, for robbery. The picture of a tough petty criminal, a fool asking to be killed.

For a moment Ron thought of the imminent court appearance. He could avoid trouble by having himself locked up. The thought went as quickly as it came. He could also submit, and that idea went even more quickly. If anyone fucked him, it would be Earl. The thought was sardonic, and he grinned at how he could now handle it with humor. Ron knew about southern prisons, the grinding labor in the cotton and sugarcane fields and on the roads, with stool pigeons as con bosses and convicts with rifles guarding other convicts. They did it and lived. Buck Rowan was obviously blind to how quickly men killed in San Quentin; it had more murders in one year than all the prisons in the country put together.

It was nearly 3:00 p.m. when Ron crossed the yard and entered the North cellhouse, hurrying up the stairs toward the service alley on the fifth tier. He knew where the cache of long knives was hidden.

Earl was high on heroin and in the shower when Ron entered the building. The shower area was in view of the stairs, and Earl saw his friend hurry by. He momentarily wondered why Ron was out of work so early, but he felt no concern. Instead, he thought that his friend would soon be gone, and though there would be a sense of loss, it was a happy thought. I've done him some good, Earl thought, but he's done me good, too. I'm thinking about the streets . . . and I'm gonna get there one more time.

A minute later, Buzzard, the elderly Mexican, hurried down the stairs toward Earl. "Your friend just got a piece out of the clavo," he said.

Without fully rinsing off the soap or drying himself, Earl threw on a pair of pants and shower thongs and hurried up the stairs, carrying the rest of his clothes and toiletries in his hand. He was shirtless and beads of water

dripped from his shoulders. Ron's cell was the only one with its gate open, and Earl was twenty yards away when Ron came out and started to close it. The younger man wore a heavy black coat zipped up and had a knit cap on his head, the standard disguise for trouble. Ron looked up and his face was drawn tight, his eyes glassy, and he seemed unhappy at Earl's presence.

"What's to it?" Earl said, stomach churning.

Ron shook his head. Earl reached out and patted the coat, feeling the hardness of the weapon under it. "Shit, . . . something's sure as fuck wrong."

"Let me handle it."

"What the fuck are you talkin' about? Man, you're going to the streets in a hot minute.

What're you doin' with a shiv? That's a new sentence."

"That's a secret?" Ron said, smiling sarcastically.

Earl held back his anger. This was serious, for Ron wasn't like many young cons who taped on shivs and talked murder so nobody would mess with them. Earl was afraid, not of violence but of the aftermath. A stabbing would keep the young man inside; a killing would mean at least five or six more years even without a trial. And he himself was involved. That was unquestioned, and if something happened, it would snuff out his own candle of hope. If it was unavoidable, then it had to be—but he wanted to make sure it couldn't be handled some other way. He pressed for the story and Ron told it, at first haltingly, finally without reservation. And into Earl's worry came fury. The gross stupidity of Buck Rowan, whom he didn't know, made him want to kill the man. He was mildly

relieved that it was a white man; at least it wouldn't ignite a race war. And Earl knew that any white would be without backing against the Brotherhood. The man was not merely a brute; he was also an absolute fool.

"Maybe we can get around snuffing him," Earl said. "Show him what he's up against. The best he can get is killed."

"He's too dumb. Jesus, I hate stupid—"

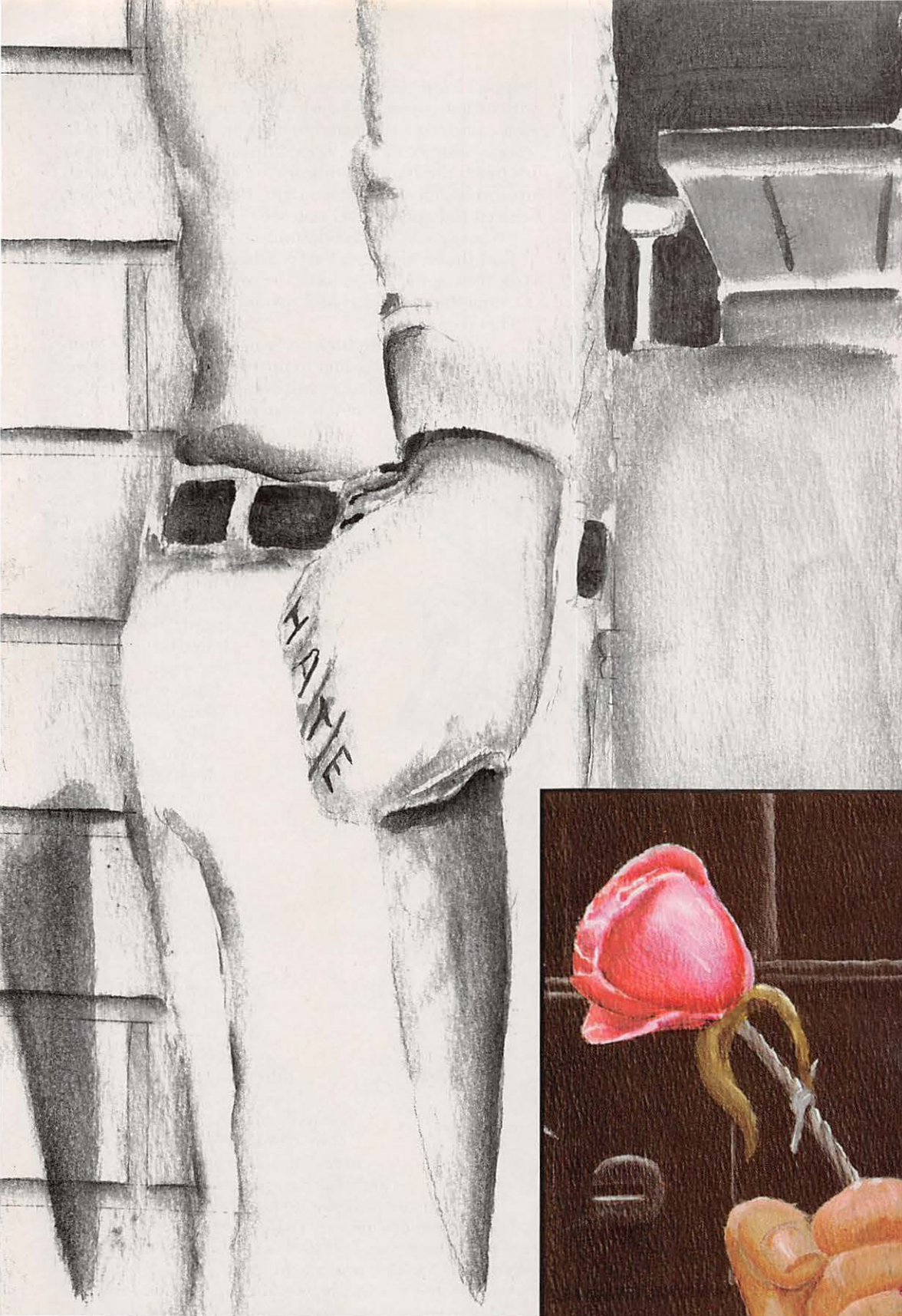
"If we gotta, we gotta, but let's make sure it's necessary. It isn't as if he was an immediate threat to your life this afternoon."

"He's not trying to fuck you. Let me handle it."

"What! If you make a move, you'd better get ready to



(continued on page 68)



ILLUSTRATED BY
VIRGIL BARFIELD

Self-Forgiveness: The Heart of Healing

By Robin Casarjian

My prison work started in 1988 when I was invited to give a few presentations on the subject of forgiveness. At the time, I was writing a book on forgiveness, a subject I had lectured on for many years. One of my first prison talks was at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution (MCI-Gardner), a medium-security prison for men. The psychologist who coordinated the program said he would post some flyers around the prison announcing the upcoming talk, but he doubted that many men would attend.

As I drove down the highway that morning, I wondered if more than a few men would voluntarily show up for a talk on forgiveness. At that time the population at MCI-Gardener was 700. When I arrived at 9:00 a.m., 120 men were waiting.

I was deeply moved by the response of the group, by the thoughtful questions they asked, by the insightful comments they made, by their desire and willingness to share their own experiences with me and each other. I was surprised by the large number of people who stayed around after the presentation, eager to learn more.

By the end of my visit that day, I knew that I wanted to continue to work with prisoners around the difficult and challenging issues of anger, guilt, remorse, shame, forgiveness of others, and the essence of emotional healing: forgiveness of oneself.

In its broadest sense, self-forgiveness is being accountable to our highest nature, and learning to know, accept and love ourselves, regardless of our past. This is an enormous challenge for anyone. And it is a particularly painful and hard-won challenge for most prisoners.

The idea of prisoners forgiving themselves is unacceptable to many people. Many believe guilt and the threat of additional punishment are

the driving forces that will stop future violence and criminal behavior. But as history has shown us, this threat doesn't work. Despite the profound sense of guilt and shame that many prisoners feel, recidivism rates are high. Ironically, it is often a pervasive sense of guilt that fuels violence and addiction. Chronic guilt ensures a poor self-image and low self-esteem. It is self-forgiveness that creates or restores this sense of self-esteem. It shines a light on the destructive fears and self-judgments that keep us all captive in our own roles as jailers. Self-forgiveness is the heart of healing and, in my opinion, the only sure deterrent to crime.

What Self-Forgiveness is Not

Before getting into how to actually forgive yourself, let's start by clearing up some misconceptions about self-forgiveness. Let's start by being clear about what self-forgiveness is not.

Self-forgiveness is not condoning, excusing or overlooking behavior that is hurtful, insensitive, abusive or that lacks integrity. It is not diminishing the importance or impact of your actions. Doing any of these is rationalization, denial and self-deception.

Self-forgiveness is not about absolving yourself of responsibility or acting like everything is okay when it isn't. Part of self-forgiveness is taking full responsibility for your role in whatever has happened. Self-forgiveness should never be equated with avoidance of guilt. In fact, feeling remorse and regret for pain that one has caused or for bad decisions one has made is part of the healing. All of this is true for everyone—whether their guilt is in relation to a serious crime or a minor incident.

Self-forgiveness is not taking a righteous attitude and saying, *I forgive myself because God or Jesus (or whomever) has forgiven me*, when, in truth, you haven't done the inner work and soul-searching necessary for inner healing.

Self-forgiveness, like all healing, is a process—not a one-time event. It is not a superficial act of saying, *Yeah, I did such and such, now I'll forgive myself*. In many cases, true self-forgiveness takes time, courage and a depth of honest self-examination that not everyone is ready or willing to make. Few people have an understanding of what it means to forgive

themselves and, without question, prisoners have not been offered the necessary guidance and support to do so. In fact, the prison experience undermines the process of self-forgiveness on a daily basis. Interaction after interaction fosters shame and reinforces the concept of the prisoner as an inferior person who should not be forgiven and who will never be forgiven. Not understanding what self-forgiveness is, many people feel there is no way they could ever forgive themselves, or be forgiven.

Yet if you are open and patient, and sincerely work with the concepts and exercises that are presented here, then regardless of your past, the freedom and peace of self-forgiveness are within your reach.

The process of self-forgiveness is highly individual. How long it will take to work on each of the steps varies from person to person. Some steps may need months or years to be processed. Others may take minutes. The steps of self-forgiveness are not distinct units, but rather have overlapping boundaries.

The Steps of Self-Forgiveness

STEP 1: ACKNOWLEDGE THE TRUTH

Acknowledging the truth refers not only to the truth of what you have done but also to the truth about your feelings and the truth about how your actions have affected others.

Acknowledging the entire truth of your experiences takes courage. It takes courage to accept the fear, guilt, humiliation, shame, sadness, self-hatred and the actions, inner thoughts and feelings that a part of us would rather repress and avoid. Without coming to terms with these issues and feelings, dignity cannot be restored and self-forgiveness can never be achieved.

The prison environment can act to undermine this honesty. As one prisoner who is in for murder said, "It is hard to feel remorse in an environment that is so brutal. I didn't feel sorry for what I had done for about three years after coming to prison because I was too busy trying to survive. I was focusing on taking care of me. Even if a part of you is willing to look at it, you feel like it's not a safe enough place."

Many people feel guilty but are not consciously aware of their guilt. Drugs and alcohol are often used to keep the uneasy and sometimes agonizing feelings of guilt at a distance. One prisoner put his experience this way:

"Once I quit drugs and reflected back, then I realized how much pain I was causing. You don't feel guilty until you straighten up. I was so full of my own pain, I didn't want to look at myself." Many people are in denial, refusing to take responsibility when it is theirs, spending a great deal of energy justifying their actions, and projecting their guilt onto others as anger and blame.

Rather than being an easy way out, self-forgiveness calls for total confrontation with your past. If you committed an offense against an individual, you need to challenge yourself to come to as full an understanding as possible of what your actions have meant to the victim, his or her family and the community.

Even crimes that are considered nonviolent in our legal system are laced with psychic violence against people. If we are honest with ourselves, we need to acknowledge this fact.

A very loving 72-year-old woman comes to mind. Her home was robbed during the day when she was out taking care of a grandchild. Perhaps that robber rationalized his or her behavior by thinking, "No one was home so it was okay, and besides, insurance will take care of the damages." Now this woman never feels safe in her home, and her fear propels her to spend every weekday wandering around shopping malls until her husband comes home from work. Every day her life is dominated by the fear of a "non-violent" robbery that happened three years before. She doesn't feel safe in her own home, even though it is in a neighborhood with a low crime rate. As is often the case, the psychological effect of the robbery was far more destructive than the material loss.

I think of people I have met, in and out of prison, who have sold cocaine to support their habit. They were selling cocaine to emotionally troubled 14- and 15-year-olds. No one at 14 or 15 who is doing coke isn't troubled. And yet we call it "nonviolent." We all need to look from the vantage point of the love, wisdom and integrity of our hearts and from that vantage point, consider whether our actions are nonviolent.

Until we are honest with ourselves about what we have done—whether it was terribly abusive or just mildly hurtful—the guilt feelings that arise from these actions control us at some unconscious level and keep us from healing. Cleaning up begins by telling the truth to ourselves. We often avoid self-honesty out of a desire to avoid the discomfort of the truth. Yet in order to heal

we have to develop a genuine compassion for ourselves while, at the same time, enduring total honesty about our own experiences of darkness.

Whatever your offenses, you have to get down and dirty about what you have done and how it has affected everyone, including yourself and your own family—not so that you can beat yourself up but so you can heal. To deny the truth is to deny yourself the possibility of healing.

Both the fourth and fifth step in the 12-step program of Alcoholics Anonymous are part of this process—conducting a fearless, searching moral inventory and then admitting to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

STEP 2: TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE

Taking responsibility for what we have done requires that we stop making excuses and blaming others for our own behavior. It means owning up to what we have done.

An important part of taking responsibility, also in keeping with the 12-step programs, is making amends when possible and repairing the damage in whatever ways we can.

STEP 3: UNDERSTAND THE FEELINGS THAT MOTIVATED YOUR BEHAVIORS

Because the vast majority of prisoners are brought up in dysfunctional homes where emotional abandonment and abuse are common, rather than being in touch with your intrinsic worth and value, there is a good chance you grew up feeling insecure and inadequate. It is this unresolved pain and toxic shame that usually fuel the sense of powerlessness that leads to drug abuse and the abuse of power. In order to heal, the impact of these early influences needs to be examined.

As part of the process of self-forgiveness, it is essential to step back and take an honest, objective look at the people and circumstances that influenced the thoughts and feelings you have about yourself. By reflecting on the experiences and feelings that you had as a child, you gain insight into how these experiences directly influence your self-image, self-esteem, feelings and behaviors as an adult. When the abuse and pain of childhood is ignored and denied, the wounded child within you remains a driving force in the adult psyche.

By becoming aware of these influences, you can begin to develop greater understanding and compassion for yourself. You can see that you



V
Barffeld

Atonement

by Aaron Collins

I remember the day . . .

There were dark skies above South Central Los Angeles. At least I remember it that way. I was standing in front of a brown, dilapidated apartment building on 69th Street, alert with an Uzi buried beneath my jacket. I was on guard while my homeboys kicked it inside. If something was to happen, I was prepared to die.

I studied each car that passed, and breathed relief as they continued on by. Then a gray Cadillac approached—and came to an abrupt halt in front of my building.

This was it. "ENEMY!" I yelled, trying to free my Uzi. But it was too late. They were firing their automatics out the window. People screamed and ran for cover. So did I.

When it was over, a six-year-old girl lay sprawled on the sidewalk.

As the Cadillac sped off, I stood, ran to the middle of the street and unloaded my Uzi. The car swerved, hopped the curb and crashed into Pam's Donut Shop. Two of the guys leaped out, pulled a lady out of her car nearby and fled. I ran over to the Cadillac and peeked inside. The driver, still gripping the steering wheel with both hands, was breathing heavy and coughing blood. Then his grip loosened and he died.

I had killed him.

My homeboys were peering out from behind windows and parked cars. I wondered why they weren't standing out in the street next to me. I had killed for them. This was what it was all about: To kill or to die for the neighborhood.

It didn't feel right. I felt stupid. Ridiculed and used.

Then fear gripped me. "Get out! Run!" my mind was screaming. But the fear had immobilized me; I could do little but stand there until the police came and handcuffed me.

In the squad car, realization hit me. Life in prison. This was it. I would never see the streets again. I had betrayed myself, let the cops take me away. The streets had betrayed me.

Now I sit in a cold, gray prison cell.

I learned what is on many a hard-core criminal's mind when solitude and loneliness set in. It's called remorse. A deep sense of regret takes over the mind and kicks into overdrive. It's like the subconscious mind suddenly slaps the shit out of the conscious mind and then laughs bitterly in your face. Fool. Ass-

hole. Not only have you killed, you've ended your own life. There isn't a physical pain or experience known to man that can compare to the havoc guilt can wreak.

It's real. It molds your physical features, robs you of your appetite. It takes away your pride and exposes the real you.

It made me break down and cry, something I'd never done before. It also told me to walk my black ass up in front of a mirror to take a good long look at myself.

"You're nuthin' but a dog and a killer," I told myself, overridden with guilt and fear and shame.

Still I wake up every morning and try to justify my actions, all to no avail. I did it for the 'hood, right? Shit . . . I search for scapegoats to relieve the pressure. Nothing works.

At times, all I can do is think about the life I've taken. He was young and black—like me. I see his face in my dreams. I think about his family's grief and wonder how they're coping. I share his mother's pain, especially when she sent me his obituary with an attached list of prayer scriptures on repentance. There was also a little note in which she talked about her son and asked me to get my life right and to pray. I wrote her back asking for forgiveness. It was all I could do.

I'm not the only one here who lives with remorse. There are many others behind bars who share the pain and sorrow. I can see the hurt in their eyes.

Sometimes people learn from their mistakes and wake up. Maybe society doesn't give a damn, but there are no heartless people in prison. The ones who act bad are putting on an act because late at night after "lights out," every single one of us gets a visit—whether we like it or not—from our demons.

Guilt does not allow peace of mind. It won't let you laugh or smile without remembering. It distorts childhood memories, erases any positive self-image and makes you accept and adapt to any and all negative treatment by prison guards.

Atonement can make you start caring about people of all races. It can teach you respect for life and show you how to love mankind.

Society can rest assured that it also never lets you forget your crime. Every day, it reminds you of where you are and what you did.

Please forgive me. I'm truly sorry. We all are.



were not a bad person making bad choices, but a fundamentally good person who, because of unresolved pain, anger and insecurity, acted destructively. Step back. Look at your entire life and try to understand what propelled you to make any destructive choices you have made.

Get in touch with the part of you that is a caring and loving adult, then, in your imagination, go back to your childhood and offer the hurting child within you the unconditional love, compassion, respect and safety that was deserved but was not received. By reflecting on the experiences and feelings of the inner child, you gain insight into how these experiences have influenced your self-image, self-esteem, feelings and behaviors as an adult. In order to fully experience the peace of self-forgiveness, it is crucial to work on healing these emotional wounds.

STEP 4: OPEN YOUR HEART TO YOURSELF

In keeping with the previous step, self-forgiveness requires a certain degree of compassion and gentleness with yourself. This does not imply self-indulgence or lenience that excuses or absolves accountability. Sometimes true compassion is "ruthless compassion," the willingness to be honest and accountable to yourself when it is extremely painful to do so. An open heart is the personal context that allows you to experience safety in honesty and vulnerability rather than the false safety many people have historically known through projection, denial, numbing, dishonesty, control and manipulation.

It is a nonjudging acceptance of true feelings that leads the way to the transformation of these feelings and to a new depth of emotional maturity. It is through gentleness and compassion that you create the internal climate to reveal your small, wounded self to your greater Self, to allow your dark side to come into the light of awareness so that you can heal emotional wounds.

STEP 5: HEAL EMOTIONAL WOUNDS

Work on healing emotional wounds by heeding the inner calls for love in healthy and responsible ways. Any self-destructive act or emotion can be understood as a call for help and love. In addition to working on the preceding steps, heeding these calls takes the willingness to be there for yourself in a variety of nurturing ways. Some of these ways include getting support from skilled and caring counselors,

therapists, clergy, etc.; attending support groups; choosing not to associate with people who have a negative influence on you and choosing to associate with people who are a positive influence; reading books that are educational and inspiring; exercising; meditating and praying.

STEP 6: AFFIRM YOUR FUNDAMENTAL GOODNESS

The word "Self," as it is used here, refers to a core or essential aspect of your humanness. When you are aligned with the Self you naturally experience greater wisdom and access the inclination and power to act with integrity, compassion and conscious choice. By aligning with the Self you are increasingly able to see when an inner self-critic keeps you locked in humiliation, unhealthy guilt and shame, and locked out of your own heart.

One powerful way to align and develop a direct relationship with this greater "Self" (as distinct from the smaller selves—the conditioned identifications with limiting emotions, roles and beliefs), is through the daily practice of meditation. Meditation is a powerful tool for helping anyone cut through automatic reactions and judgments so that one can see through one's "false selves," prejudices and fears. Meditation empowers one to respond thoughtfully rather than react with old survival mechanisms. It mobilizes one's inner resources for coping with the challenges of daily living—whether in or out of the prison setting. Meditation helps to establish a solid foundation for the cultivation of self-esteem.

When you align with the Self, with your innate capacity for discerning wisdom, compassion and conscious choice, then there is growing self-respect, a healthier sense of responsibility toward yourself and others, courage and a belief in your ability to meet life's challenges. It is the innocence of your essential nature, and an awakening spiritual reality, that greets you as you give yourself the gifts of awareness and self-forgiveness. From this vantage point no abuse is ever perpetrated, no crime is ever committed.



There is often great resistance to self-forgiveness, for like any significant change, it is a death. It is dying of the habit of keeping ourselves small and unworthy. Yet self-forgiveness is also a great birth. It is inherent in those

moments when the compassion, love and glory of the greater Self is born within our direct experience and known beyond old definitions. Regardless of whether we reside inside or outside prison walls, when we forgive, we are given a fresh start with ourselves. When we forgive, our lives are always transformed. ■■■

THE LIONHEART FOUNDATION

In 1992, Robin Casarjian, group facilitator, psychotherapist, educator and author, established the Lionheart Foundation to broaden the scope of her prison work. Casarjian's goal was to bring the message of her classes to as many prisoners as possible. Toward that end, she wrote *Houses of Healing: A Prisoner's Guide to Inner Power and Freedom*, a guide for prisoners on how to deal with the stress of prison life.

The book also offers guidance and inspiration for the healing of childhood wounds, self-esteem, anger, grief and a severed sense of connection with other people.

The Foundation's goal is to distribute free copies of the book to every county, state and federal prison library. So far, 12,000 copies have been distributed.

In addition to working with offenders, Casarjian also works with crime victims. She addressed members of the group, "Families of Murder Victims for Reconciliation," at its annual national conference and contributed to its publication, *The Voice*.

To order *Houses of Healing: A Prisoner's Guide to Inner Power and Freedom*, send \$8 (prisoners only) or \$12 (free-worlders) to: The Lionheart Foundation, Box 194 Back Bay, Boston, MA 02117. Price includes P&H.

Photo by Jaci Brown

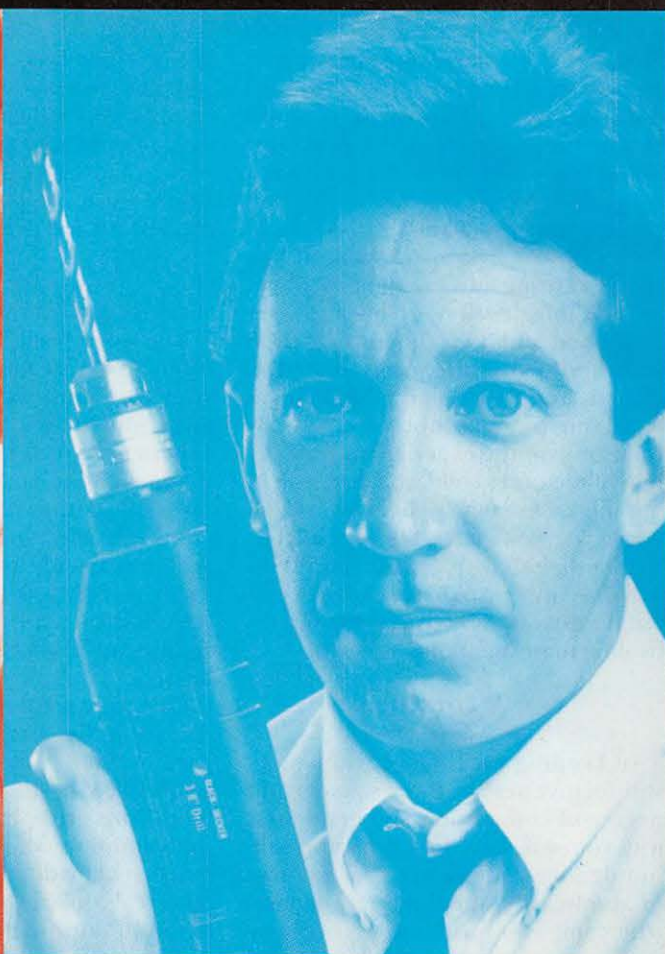
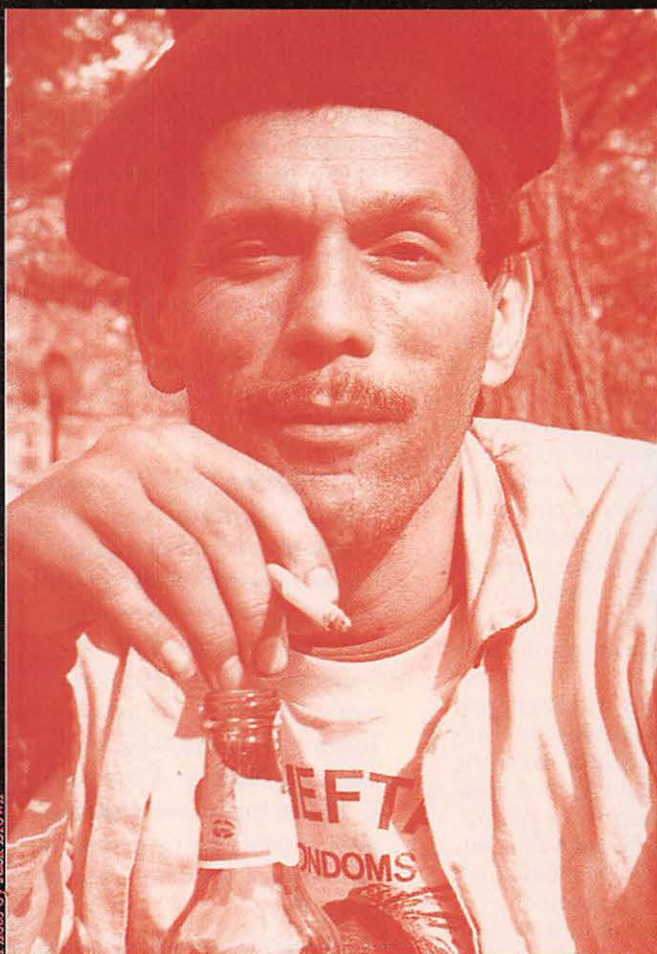


Photo by Chris Cozzone

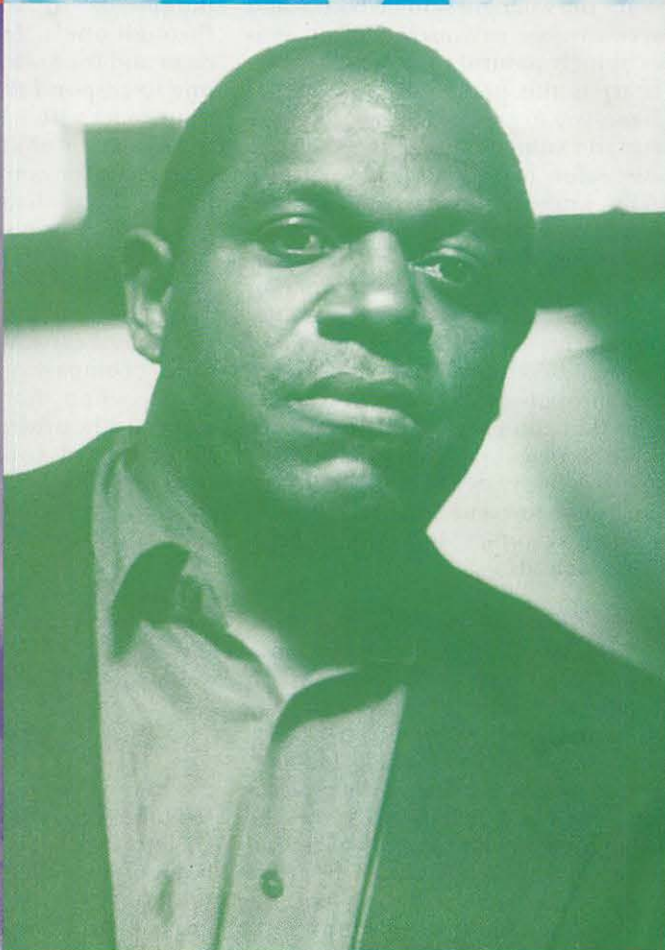
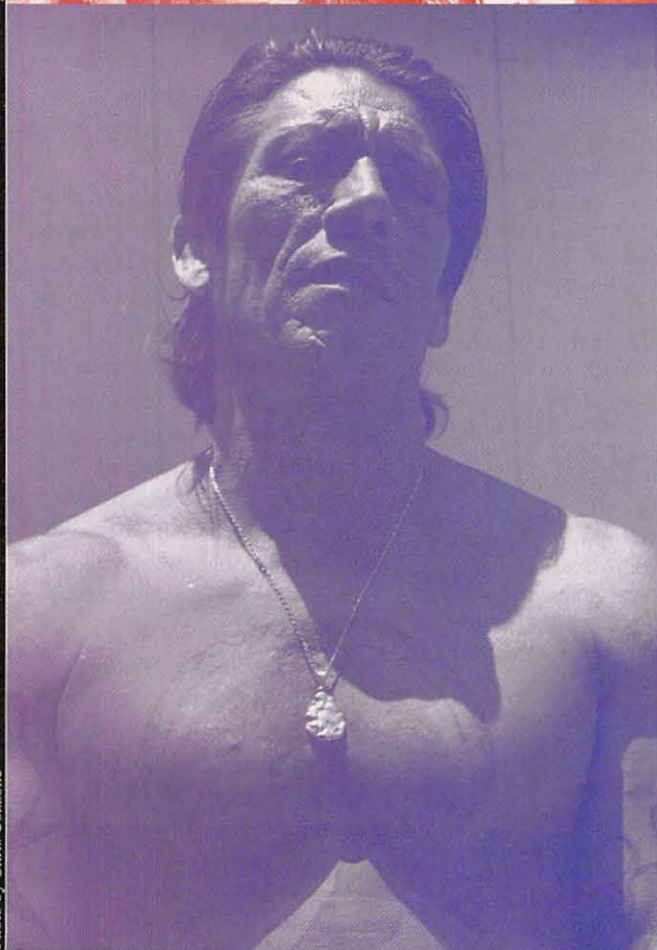


Photo by Randy Tepper/Showtime

SCORING IN HOLLYWOOD

**rip the prisons
open
put the
convicts
on
television**

—Norman Mailer

From Death for the Ladies and other disasters, Norman Mailer, G.P. Putnam's Son, New York.

DANNY TREJO:

Not everyone can be the good guy in Hollywood.

Think about all the movies you've ever seen and all the heroes who've shot, punched and fought their way across the screen. Think about all the beautiful women they've won over. And all the bad guys they've caught, killed or incarcerated.

Bad guys: every movie's got 'em. Where would Stallone be without half a hundred Uzi-toting, evil guerrillas to shoot down? He'd be a muscle-bound midget nobody would pay attention to. Or imagine Dirty Harry, Magnum in hand, chasing old ladies or kids down the street instead of sinister drug dealers, pimps and convicts. Boorrinnng.

No doubt about it: Bad guys add excitement and reality. Without them, heroes are one-sided and action is reduced to something straight outta Driving Miss Daisy. Adventure? Hell, stay home and watch Barney.

But who are Hollywood's bad guys? Who are these guys whose names are never mentioned but whose faces and presence are never forgotten? Are they just acting, or do they bring real life experience to their roles?

Meet Danny Trejo. Not only is he one of Hollywood's baddest bad guys, he's one of the real ones.

Story & Photos by Chris Cozzone

Whenver Danny Trejo walks onto the set of a movie, everyone looks his way. "We can start now," they laugh. "The bad guy's here."

Danny thinks that's great. He doesn't mind being the cold-hearted killer, the assassin, the dope dealer, the convict. "Somebody's got to do it, homes," he says, laughing.

There's nothing the 50-year-old Chicano would rather be doing than acting. Not only has he made a name for himself, but acting has given him the means to raise his kids, more than enough money to be comfortable and, most importantly, it has kept him out of trouble.

It hasn't always been that easy for Danny Trejo.

He grew up in East L.A.'s *Pacoima* barrio, an only child. After running with the neighborhood gangs and spending time in and out of juvenile halls, he ended up at California Youth Authority at age 14.

"It was kinda funny," says Danny. "I had a lot of fun in Juvey halls." He was surrounded by his friends. Like so many others, Danny learned the ropes at CYA. "Juvey hall was like prep school."

By the time he was thrown into a state penitentiary for adults, Danny, soon to be 18, was an experienced criminal. He was also a drug addict.

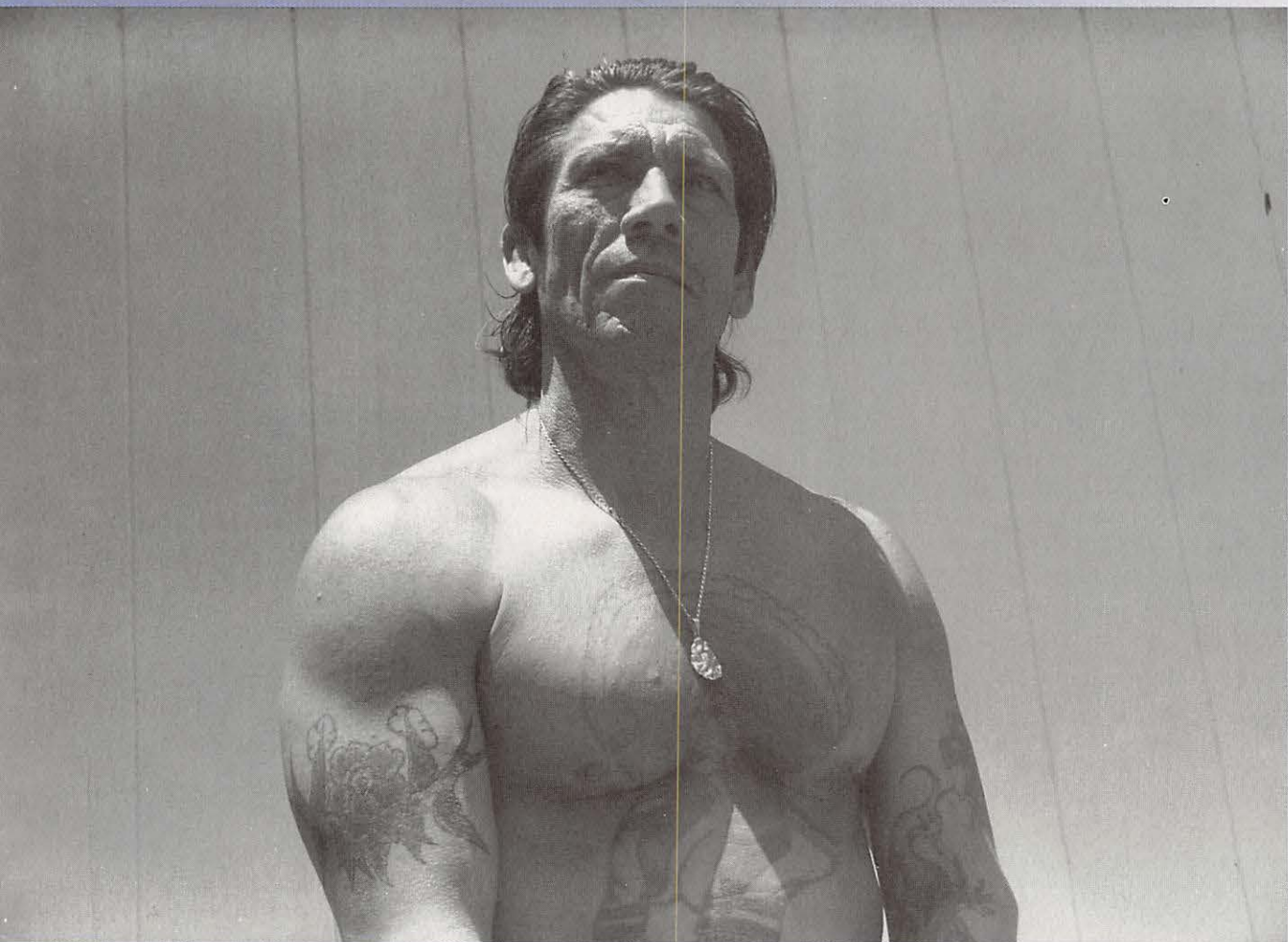
Danny was busted by a federal agent who'd been going around the neighborhood trying to buy dope. "Some informant brought him to me and I

sold him some pure shit—100% pure sugar! They were really angry because I wouldn't give the money back after I sold him the stuff. Hell, I was going to jail either way, so I kept the 17 grand." Trejo was booked on intent to distribute narcotics and sentenced to a dime. He ended up doing a nickel on his first bid.

Danny was locked up at Tracy, and he had no problem with prison life by then. "My gang was there, my friends were there . . . I was surrounded by everything I knew."

Danny spent nearly the entire '60s in prison. Tracy, Soledad, Folsom, San Quentin . . . he did time in all the hardcore joints on the West Coast. When one sentence was up, he'd find himself back on the streets doing rob-

NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE



beries or other drug-related crimes. Finally, he was able to beat his drug habit, as well as become the lightweight and welterweight boxing champion at San Quentin. By the time he was released in '69, he had no idea what he was going to do with his life. Or if he'd be able to stay clear of prison.

They told him to stay away from convicts. "All I knew were convicts," he says. "They were my peers, and a lot of these guys were pretty decent people. We used to have big domino games in the park, just like we used to in the yard at San Quentin, only nobody was stabbed. 'Hey this guy's cheatin'!' one of us would accuse another. 'Should I stab him?' 'No, man, it's just a fucking domino game.'"

Through the Narcotics Prevention Program, Trejo met Jimmy Peña. "Jimmy is one of the most decent human beings I've ever met," says Danny. "He was also an ex-con." Peña helped Danny become a drug counselor.

"I wanted to help guys getting out of the joint," he says.



Danny was a success story before he ever made it on film. For 15 years, he was able to make it in the freeworld without committing another crime. He was also able to keep his job as a drug counselor. But after a while he grew bored and frustrated.

"It was boring as hell," says Trejo. "I married twice in that time period, too,

but it was all so mundane. There was no longer any rush to my life. I started thinking about doing . . . something."

In '85, Danny met a kid who needed his help to get off drugs.

"This rich, white preppy kid comes up to me one day asking for help. I almost wanted to laugh, but I gave him my phone number and told him to call me if he had problems. The next thing I know, this kid is calling me up at home.

"'Hey, can you come to my workplace?' he's saying. 'I really need the help.'"

"I came. That's when my life changed."

Danny didn't know it but the preppy white kid was working as an extra on the set of the movie *Runaway Train*. When Trejo arrived on the set

to help the kid, he was immediately approached by a casting director.

"They asked me if I wanted to be an extra. I said, 'Sure, okay.' Then they asked me if I could act like a convict.

"I'll give it a shot," I said, trying not to laugh."

The minute Danny took off his shirt, he was approached again.

"I got these tattoos," says Trejo. "And my tats don't represent the Armed Services or nuthin' trendy, either. These tats say, 'This guy was in the pen.' So this guy comes up to me, he looks real familiar, too.

"Where'd you do time?" he asks me.

"Eddie?" I said. It was Eddie Bunker. 'Fuck man, what are you doing here?'"

Danny didn't know it then but Bunker, a successful novelist (see *Prison Life*, September-October 1995) was working on the set for *Runaway Train*. They had known each other from their days at San Quentin. Bunker immediately went to the director, Andrei Konchalovsky.

"THEY ASKED ME IF I COULD ACT LIKE A CONVICT. 'I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT,' I SAID, TRYING NOT TO LAUGH."

"I'll never forget it," says Danny. "Eddie goes up to the director and says, 'Check the Mexican.' Andrei didn't even know what a Mexican *was!* He was from Russia. They asked me if I wanted a bigger part than just an extra. I said 'Sure.'"

They needed somebody to fight Eric Roberts in the boxing ring for a scene in the movie. Since Eddie knew of Danny's boxing feats, he thought the role was perfect for him.

"I had no idea what I was getting into," says Trejo. "All of a sudden everybody's calling me 'Mister'. People started combing my hair and bringing me coffee. And I'm thinking, 'I'm just a drug counselor—what's going on here?' I'd been teaching boxing to kids in the armory for free, letting them punch me

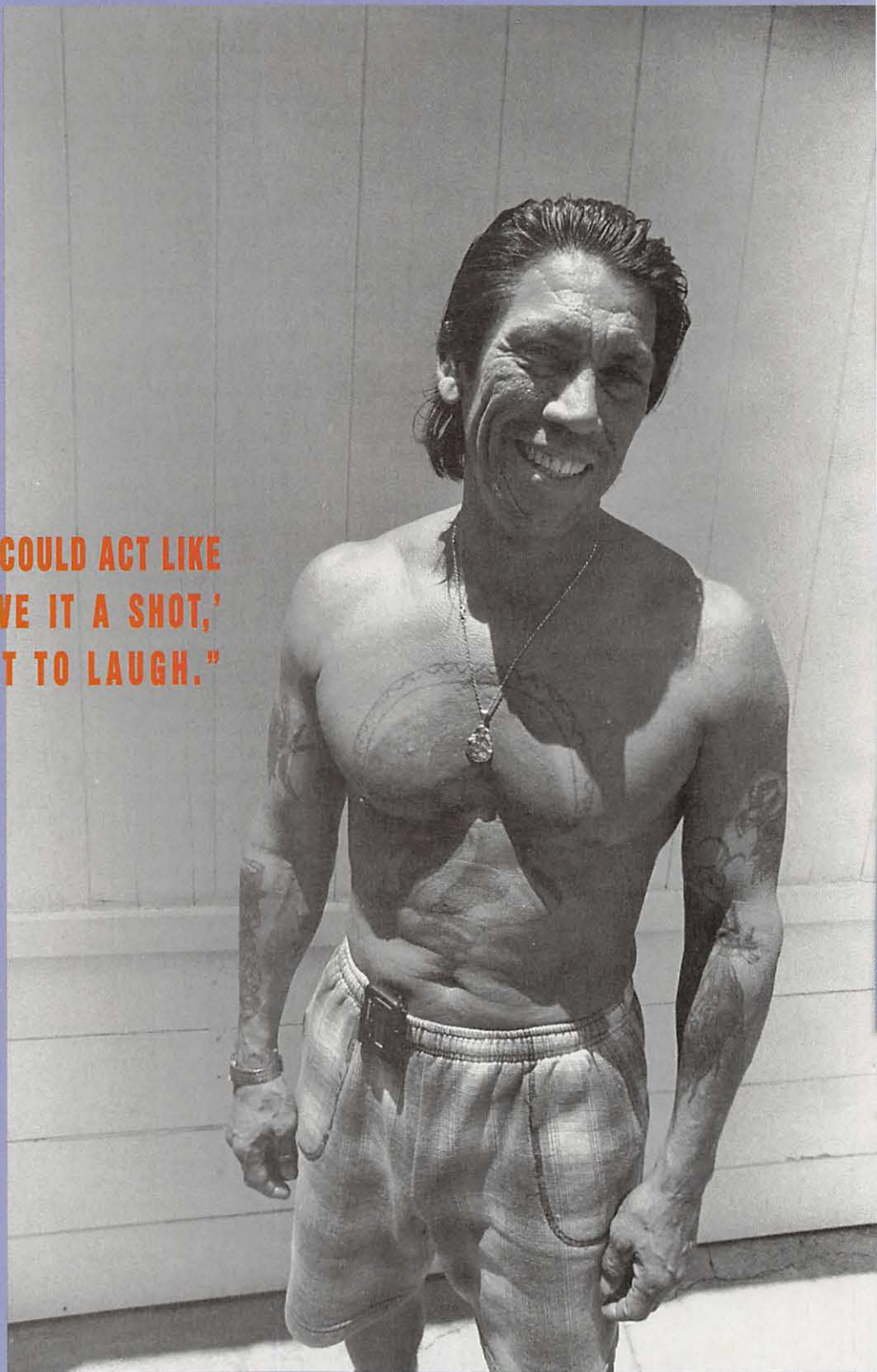
hard in the face. Why couldn't I be doing this, and getting paid for it?"

"The next thing I know I'm sitting at a table in a five-star restaurant with Eddie and Jon Voight. 'This is insane!' I'm thinking. There is no way Eddie's supposed to be anywhere but locked up, and here he is discussing script changes with Jon Voight. I was sitting

there, freaking out, thinking, Damn, I can do this! I can do this, too!"

It wasn't until Danny's first shot that he realized what a rush acting could be.

"When Andrei said, 'Action!' I just stood there. I blew the shot. Eddie was watching and knew what happened to me. I had this look on my face. 'Are you okay? Are you okay?' they asked



me. I said, 'Yeah, I got it now.' When he said, 'Action!' again, I was ready. It was like doing a robbery. It all came back, the whole thing.

"And that's when I realized that this is what I fucking wanted to do."



Thug. Prisoner#1. First Inmate. Bad Guy. Bodyguard. Killer.

Danny went from role to role, movie to movie, always the bad guy. He was a prisoner in several movies: *Penitentiary III*, *Lockup*, with Stallone, and a member of a prison gang in Taylor Hackford's *Blood In, Blood Out* (see *Prison Life*, July-August and November-December 1995).

He even played a cop once, in a '91 made-for-video movie called *Victor One—The George Aguilar Story*. It's one of his strangest roles, he says.

"These Englewood cops saw me in a movie," says Trejo, "and they thought I was the spitting image of George Aguilar, this cop who'd died in the line of duty. They kept calling me up, 'You got to be in this movie this guy's doing on one of our partners.' The director got a hold of me and I took the role. It was the strangest thing being around so many cops. I don't think they had any idea of my background."

Danny has also played bad guys in dozens of movies like *Death Wish IV*, *Marked For Death*, *Double-Crossed*, *Drug Wars* and *Nails*.

The man has paid his dues. Recently they paid off.

1995 was a good year for Danny. He got a role as a knife-throwing assassin in Robert Rodriguez's *Desperado*, starring Antonio Banderas, and a speaking part in Michael Mann's *Heat*, with Robert De Niro, Al Pacino and Val Kilmer.

"*Desperado* was a lot of fun," says Danny. "Robert Rodriguez is an unbelievable director. Working with him is like doing a bank robbery with Eddie Bunker. He has such fun doing what he does."

Danny's biggest role, to date, was his part in *Heat*.

"In every movie I meet new people," says Robert De Niro. "On *Heat*, I found Danny." The veteran actor considers Danny a friend. "He's interested in more than himself. Instead of the Hollywood party circuit, he spends many evenings working with youngsters who need a role model."

"I was really scared when I got that part," admits Trejo. "De Niro, Pacino, Kilmer—these guys were the best in the business. It's awesome working

with these guys. But it scared me.

"I'd never really considered myself to be an actor. So I called up Raymond Cruz, he's a great actor, he was in *A Clear and Present Danger*. I called him up and said, 'Shit, man. I'm scared.' It was so hard to admit I was scared. He cracked up, but he coached me. He said I had to stop faking it. There was a lot I could do naturally to make the character come to life."

"INSTEAD OF THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY CIRCUIT, [TREJO] SPENDS MANY EVENINGS WITH YOUNGSTERS WHO NEED A ROLE MODEL." —ROBERT DE NIRO

In the end, says Danny, they cut a lot of his scenes from the movie. But that didn't bother him: "They cut Pacino's shit, too," he says. "I don't feel so bad."

This year should prove an even bigger year for Danny. Not only is *Heat* still playing in theaters around the country, but Trejo also plays "Razor Charlie" in Quentin Tarrantino's new movie, *From Dusk 'Til Dawn*, with Harvey Keitel and George Clooney, and a role in *Last Light*, starring Keifer Sutherland. He is also in *The Jaguar*, now being filmed in South America. It will be his first leading role.

"I never thought I'd be doing this," says Danny. "Never. C'mon man, it's like catching lightning in a bottle. I've been lucky. I've worked with the best in the business. Dennis Hopper, De Niro, Sutherland, Kilmer . . . these guys are my friends, too."

Acting has enabled Danny to see more than L.A. and prison.

"I've gotten to go all over the place: Paris, South America, you name it. Something happened in Paris I'll never forget. When I used to get thrown in the hole in San Quentin, to keep from going crazy, I'd act out a scene from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, with Charles Laughton. I would scurry across the cell, 'Sanctuary . . . sanctuary . . .' Well, I never realized that there was a real Notre Dame and that it was in Paris. So when I was in Paris doing a movie, I came across it and it brought tears to my eyes. I was awestruck.

"I never had any aspiration about being anything," he says. "Until I ran into Eddie on the set of *Runaway Train*. Now, there's nothing I'd rather be doing."

Danny's plans are simple: to keep on working.

"Everyone talks about art and acting," he says. "To me, art is something

you hang on the wall. I just want to keep on working, no matter what the role is, and keep my kids happy. I'm raising two daughters right now and I may have been the worst husband ever, but I'm probably the best damn father there is. I tell that to any woman who wants to be with me. I say, it's a package deal and tell them we might end up watching *Beauty and the Beast* with the kids later on that night."


When he's not with his kids or filming a movie, Danny can be found hanging out with Eddie Bunker. His other close friends and mentors are ex-cons, too—like George Perry, a 72-year-old ex-con Danny has been able to get into acting and who he's known for 35 years.

"I was hanging with George one day, driving up Rodeo Drive when this guy cuts me off and gives me the finger. I'm about to do something and George says, 'Fuck this punk. How's it gonna look in front of a Beverly Hills judge when he pulls out your old record? Armed robbery, drug sales? What're you gonna say when he asks you why you beat him up so bad? 'Cuz he gave us the finger, Your Honor?'"

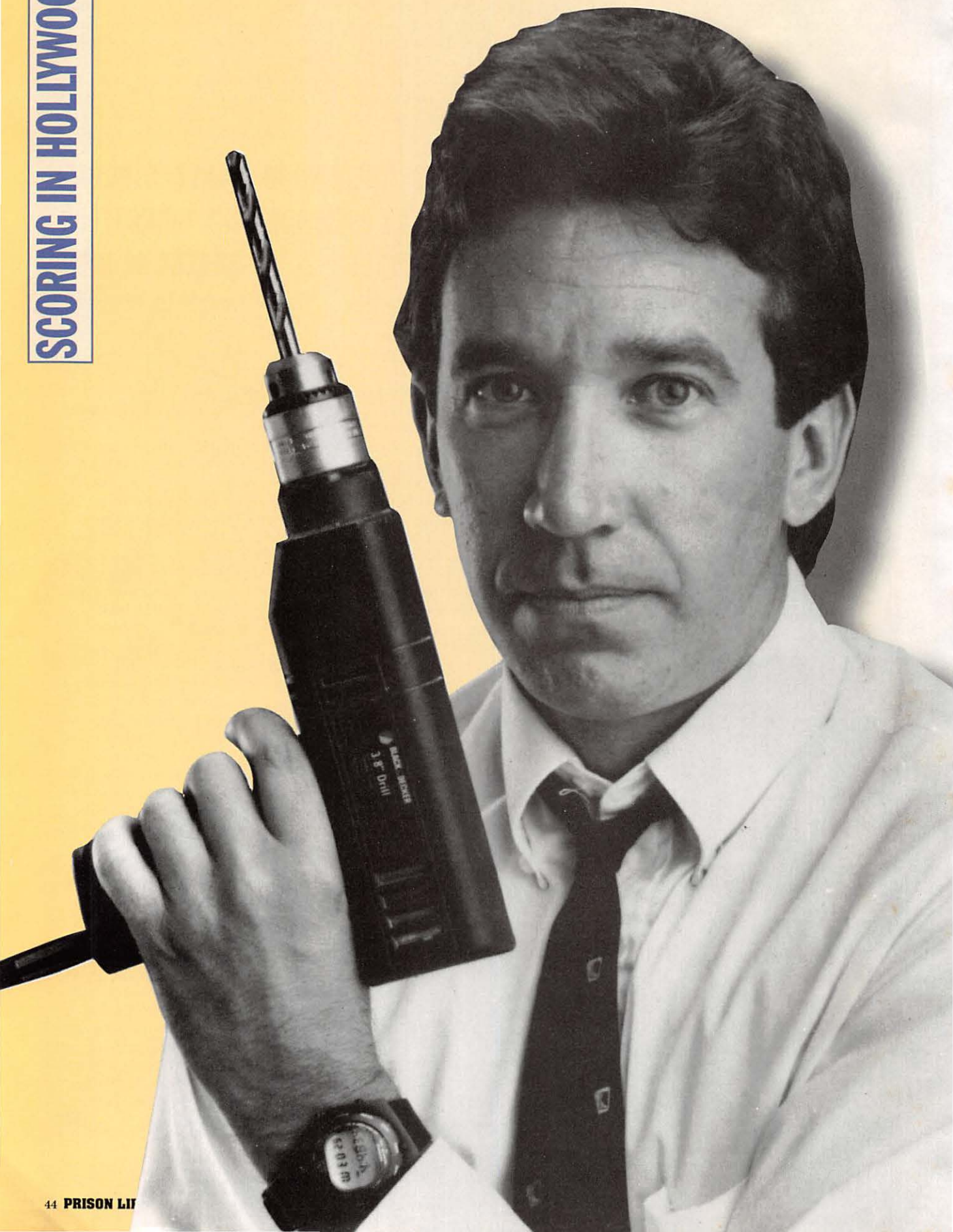
When he's not hanging around Eddie or George, Danny still spends time at Western Pacific Rehab, a detox center for drug addicts and alcoholics. "I talk to people," he says. "We have a clinic and I see a lot of dope fiends I used to run with."

Unlike some ex-cons, Trejo refuses to forget about his past. "You can't forget about where you come from," he says. "That's how guys like me and Eddie Bunker have managed to stay clean for so long. You got to keep positive. You can't give up hope."

Danny has a few words of advice for the ex-con who can't make it in the real world after prison. If you got "the look," try Hollywood:

"There's a demand for bad guys. There will always be a demand for bad guys. There's a whole lot of things you can do. You don't want to be an extra? Hell, you have to start somewhere. Find an extra agency, send them your picture. But you got to want it bad, more than anything. You gotta want it bad." 

SCORING IN HOLLYWOOD



From Selling Coke to Telling Jokes

Tim Allen's Ascension from Federal Prison to Superstardom

By Jennifer Wynn

Prison takes away your freedom in a way you can never imagine until you've spent time there. Once you lose your freedom, you never want to lose it again. Prison was the worst and the best thing that ever happened to me. It taught me in no uncertain terms to be responsible for my own actions.

—Tim Allen, from *Don't Stand too Close to a Naked Man*

Just 15 years ago, Tim Allen was behind bars at FCI Sandstone, Minnesota. Today, he is a mega star in print, film and TV. Having reached the pinnacle of celebrityville through a best-selling book, a syndicated sitcom and a major motion picture, Tim Allen has got to be America's most successful ex-con.

His latest accomplishments are breathtaking: *Home Improvement*, Allen's ABC sitcom now in its fourth season, is TV's No. 1-rated show, earning Disney \$400 million thus far in the sale of reruns. His comic autobiography, *Don't Stand Too Close to a Naked Man*, climbed to No. 1 on the *New York Times* best-seller list in October 1995 and by December was still riding high in second place; it is the most successful book yet published by Disney's four-year-old book division, Hyperion. *The Santa Clause*, Allen's first movie and the surprise hit of the 1995 Christmas season, earned \$71 million in its first 17 days and jumped to No. 1 at the box office shortly after.

Perpetual Frankster

Tim Allen learned the importance of humor at an early age. Born Tim Allen Dick in a middle class Denver suburb, his last name made him the butt of a hundred playground jokes. He'd battle his bullies with a healthy dose of self-deprecating humor, which later helped him survive prison. Sources say he made the meanest guards laugh by putting pictures of Richard Nixon in the peephole of his cell when they made their rounds. Later he staged comedy shows for the other prisoners.

"In prison," Allen recalls, "you could say one wrong word to a guy and he'd want to kill you. Literally."

I once offended a guy without knowing it. We belonged to the Toastmasters Club . . . This guy was outgoing president and I was incoming president. We had a roast at his retirement and I guess I really roasted him. Hours later, he came to my cell and said, "I'm not here because I'm a well-adjusted person. I'm a maladjusted man. In fact, I have one big problem: my really big inability to take criticism or be fucked with. You just fucked with me. And for that you're going to have to pay."

You could hear me gulp in the warden's office. In a split second, he got me up against a wall. I realized I was going to die—and then a bubble popped right above his head.

When you're really in trouble your face gets this very odd, contorted look—like when you react to a vomit burp. One of the most amusing things, when my brother was about to get hit by my dad or had done something really wrong, was this look on his face. So as I was about to get my butt kicked, my life snuffed, this bubble popped up with my brother's face in it. And I started laughing. Suddenly the guy stopped roughing me up and said, "What are you laughing at?"

I said, "My brother's head just popped in above your head because . . ." I tried to explain it to him. I couldn't stop laughing.

He said, "You're crazy. Getting your ass kicked and you're laughing about it?"

"No, no . . ." I still tried to explain. "No, no, go ahead and hit me. I didn't mean to be rude."

He let me go. It was fabulous.

On a sunny November day, as Allen writes in his book, a tragedy occurred that changed his world overnight. His mother, father and brothers were driving home from a football game when they were hit by a drunk driver. His mother and brothers survived; his father was killed. "I realized that there is no one here to protect us," Allen writes. "That life can be taken from us at any time."

His mother remarried a few years later, and the family moved to the Detroit suburbs, where Allen struggled through high school and then through college. He graduated from Western Michigan University with a degree in TV production, and not long after got caught up in drugs. He started selling cocaine and in 1979 was arrested and sentenced to eight years.

"While awaiting sentencing," Allen recalls, "I decided to give stand-up comedy a shot. The judge had suggested I get my act together, and I took him seriously. It was better than sitting around wondering why I wasn't getting any job offers. I thought that at my sentencing hearing the judge would take my efforts into consideration. He didn't. But as you know, being funny saved my life—on the inside, in my inside, and, as I was soon to discover, on the outside."

Allen served just over two years, reading books and writing letters, and slowly facing the fact that he had seriously messed up his life. "It was frightening, that whole time, how much anger I had," he says. "Then the anger was directed toward me, so I had to take the blame for this whole situation I put myself into." A supportive family helped him through the ordeal. "Tim accepted it," says his mother. "He knew he deserved it and he didn't fight it. Everyone in the family came out and rallied behind him."

I called my mom once because I got moved up from a cell block to my own cell . . . My own room, my own toilet! And two storage lockers. It was still the size of a bathroom or a New York luxury apartment, but I was in heaven.

I said, "Mom! Mom! Guess what? I got my own cell."

"Oh," she said. "I'm so proud."

Meanwhile, I realize she's thinking, "Is this a joke? Davy is in Europe, Geoff's just graduated from Michigan State, Dave's got a brand-new job with a construction company, and my

brightest son . . . has just got his own cell! I'm just bursting with pride . . ."

TV's Tool Time Guy Emerges

Returning to Detroit after his parole, Allen went to work in advertising while trying to develop a stand-up comedy act at night. He distinguished himself by wearing a coat and tie for his routine, which was full of sexual and scatological references. Eventually, he hit on the macho-tool guy persona that became his trademark role in his TV show *Home Improvement*. Allen started travelling back and forth to Los Angeles, got himself an agent and eventually broke into the big-time comedy clubs. After a few TV appearances and cable specials, he was discovered by a group of Disney executives who were having a meeting to discuss new TV projects.

"We were sitting in the room practically snoring," Jeffrey Katzenberg, the former Disney movie chief, is quoted as saying. "Then someone put one of Allen's Showtime specials on the VCR: "He set the room on fire," said Katzenberg. Some of the group, including Disney chairman Michael Eisner, later went to the Improv comedy club to see Allen's performance.

"It was one of those nights that was magic," Allen remembers. "They came backstage and said they'd like to have a meeting with me at Disney."

The studio's first offer wasn't quite in keeping with the rising star's vision: a TV sitcom based on the movie *Turner & Hooch*, in which Allen would co-star with a dog. Allen rejected the offer, along with two others. Then he came up with his own idea: a series about the host of a TV fix-it show. Disney assigned Matt Williams (the former producer of *Roseanne*) to the show, added three kids to the mix and helped turn *Home Improvement* into TV's biggest family-show hit of the '90s. (Allen plays Tim Taylor—the kind of guy who gets excited about playing with power drills and rewiring the refrigerator.)

Even though Allen can by all means afford a jet-set life style, he still keeps a home in an unpretentious neighborhood in Birmingham, Michigan, where he retreats for holidays and other family gatherings.

Known throughout Hollywood circles for his unaffected, down-home style, he has been married for 12 years to his college sweetheart, Laura Deibel, who manages his business affairs. Deibel waited for Allen while he was in prison.

Some societies separate the men and women. The reason is that men get along better with men, and women get along better with women. But after being in prison, I know that we can't do that forever because it turns men—I can only speak for men—into very violent creatures. Without women around, we become very violent and very sad, and very uninspired and very one-sided. It's called watching too much sports on TV.

After the success of *The Santa Clause*, Hollywood insiders predict that Allen will command upwards of \$8 million for his next movie (on top of the \$5 million he reportedly made this year from the TV series). Allen says he'd be happy with a small token of his achievement. "It's so cheesy," he says, "but I just want a little plaque that reads, NO. 1 TV SHOW, NO. 1 BOOK, NO. 1 MOVIE. Just something for me, because I worked so hard I almost died: 18-hour days getting in and out of a fat suit, typing [my book] on my laptop . . ."

Since his Santa debut, Allen's stamina hasn't slowed one bit. In November, Walt Disney Pictures released *Toy Story*, an animated feature in which Allen stars as the voice of Buzz Lightyear, a macho spaceman action figure who shares a toybox with Woody, a cowboy doll with a voice supplied by Tom Hanks. This spring, Allen begins filming *Indian in the City*, the story of a man who discovers he's the father of a child whom his estranged wife raised in the Amazon.

"All of this seems to me to be by the grace of God," admits Allen. "I'm like everybody else, born equal to every-

body else and somehow I've been able to do magnificent things. And it's pretty obvious that I had nothing to do with this. So there must be something that I have to accomplish. I hope I haven't accomplished it yet, because I'm enjoying the ride."

Meanwhile, TV's Tool Time guy just came out with the Tim Allen Signature Hammer, featuring a hickory ax handle and Allen's "RRR" insignia. Next on the line is a screwdriver, also from Hart Tools. Allen hopes to follow in the footsteps of actor Paul Newman, whose upscale food products have earned mega bucks for good-cause organizations. "There's nothing like doing charity work," says Allen. "Your time is well-spent, you achieve a goal that's for the good of everybody and you come out glowing."

Ex-Con Stigma Still Haunts Him

Given his extraordinary achievements, most people have no idea that Tim Allen—the Tim Allen?!—spent time behind bars. "It's a big shock to people. They say, 'You're not that kind of guy.' Well, yes, I was that kind of guy. Half model citizen, half hooligan.

Prison is filled with guys in whom their lunatic is free. The lunatic is finally where he wants to be. He's in a place where lunacy works. The more of a lunatic you are, the better you get along with the other lunatics. Prison is a wonderful place for the lunatic to be since it's the lunatic in you that gets you there. But the difference between the lunatic living in the outside world and killing time in prison is that inside the lunatic actually speaks. He goes, "I didn't do it." Or "if I had the chance to do it again I certainly wouldn't get caught." The lunatic is always in denial because he never admits the slightest responsibility.

Although he writes with dark humor about his time in prison, Allen still worries about how he will explain it to his five-year-old daughter K.D. "That's the hardest question. I just don't know. I don't know what I'm going to say to her about a million things," he says.

Even though he didn't commit the kind of heinous crime most Americans associate with prisoners, Allen doesn't deny the reality of his ex-con stigma.

"I was a bad guy," he insists. "If you had seen me in blue lockup clothing and shackles—there's no difference in the penitentiary about what you did. Murderers end up in the same place as rapists, child molesters, drug dealers, bank robbers. We're all losers who decided to take a shot and go the easy route . . ."

Guys end up in jail because they don't have goals. Or their goals are the wrong ones.

If life is, in fact, a river, then you have very few options, all of them very clear. You're in a canoe. You can try to paddle upstream and live in the past, looking backward. Then you're going to hit something, and you'll keep wondering why life keeps hitting you in the back. Or you can fight the current but face forward, and not get anywhere. Or you can casually go with the flow and think about pulling over to the side now and then to explore the land. Smell the roses. And some people want to go as fast as they possibly can, straight to hell.

I think I was backpaddling and the canoe flipped over. I had no idea about looking forward and setting a goal. Then I met a guy in prison, at one of these groups, who summed it up best. The greatest missile in the world is useless, he said, unless it's targeted. A torpedo is adrift unless it has someplace to go. An arrow is pointless unless it hits something.

So it's important for kids—for everyone, even if you fail at first—to target something and head in that direction.

With all your might. ■■■

When we called Tim Allen's publicity agent to arrange an interview, we were told Allen didn't want to participate. "He'd like to put his prison experience behind him," said publicist Marleah Leslie.

Yeah? Then why'd he devote major portions of his new book, *Don't Stand Too Close to a Naked Man*, to his observations on life in the joint, his drug-dealing past and how he survived his two-year bid?

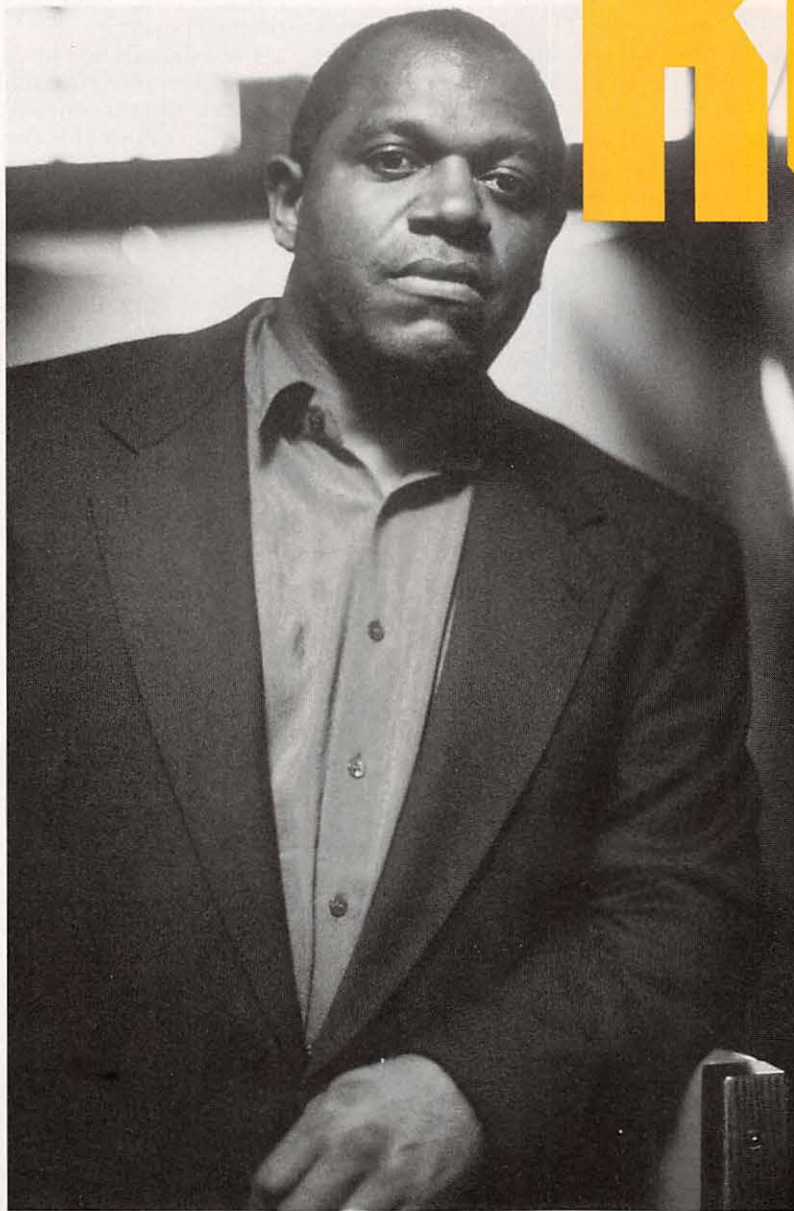
We smelled a rat.

Turns out, Allen is a rat. TV's Tool-Time guy had his eight-year sentence reduced because he "cooperated with the government," our sources said. (This was later confirmed when we caught a *60 Min-*

utes segment on mandatory minimums featuring our friend Mr. Allen.)

Poor guy—exposed as an ex-con and a rat on national TV. And now he's exposed in *Prison Life*, voice of the convict. No wonder he declined the interview. He'd be dead meat if he ever goes back to the joint.

We decided to run the story anyway. His mind-blowing accomplishments still make him America's most successful ex-con. And in a way, we need people like Allen. His rise to mega-stardom shows that any prison time, even just a couple of years, isn't a life sentence if the will to achieve is strong enough.



ROOC

"My concern is the gift we long for, the gift that, when it comes, speaks commandingly to the soul and irresistibly moves us..."

Lewis Hyde, The Gift

Charles Dutton doesn't need a script to launch into dazzling monologues. He's a born storyteller, and his background has given him so much to draw on that he's become a quintessential spokesman for prison life, creative experience, and the possibility for individual change through a combination of the two.

Even on screen, Dutton has the unmistakable presence of a stage actor—someone who is addicted to the thrill of live performance and the beauty and command of language. Dutton is a powerhouse actor. He looks like a brick wall and has one of the meanest growls in show-biz, but he's more likely to captivate his audience with a gentle smile and reverent, soft-spoken voice.

Dutton first caught the theater bug in prison. A few years after his release, he accomplished the unheard of feat of acceptance into Yale Drama School (going "from jail to Yale," as he puts it), and then straight to Broadway. Since his first feature role in the August Wilson play, *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, for which he received a Tony nomination in 1984, it's been a steady ascent to stardom. By 1990 he had his second Tony nomination for another Wilson play, *The Piano Lesson*, and had begun to star in what has since amounted to over a dozen feature films (*No Mercy*,

This August will mark the 20th anniversary of actor Charles Dutton's release from the Maryland State Penitentiary, where he spent seven-and-a-half years for manslaughter and other charges. He has not forgotten for a single day that the only reason he never re-entered the system was because he discovered the one thing that provided an alternative, and he made a lifelong commitment to pursuing it.

IN A HARD PLACE

THE METEORIC RISE OF CHARLES S. DUTTON

by Pam Widener

Q&A, Menace II Society, Alien 3, Cry the Beloved Country, and A Time to Kill, to name a few).

Dutton even conquered prime time TV. He's starred in several network movies, produced a mini-series for HBO called *Laurel Avenue*, and for three years was the star and executive producer of his own series, *Roc*, which—true to his passion for theater—became the first prime-time comedy show since the mid-'50s to air live for an entire season.

Dutton's life is a redefinition of the classic American rags-to-riches story. The major twist in this new version is that in addition to hard work and good fortune, the young hero must endure a rite of passage through the state pen. Yet he refuses to accept the "role model" label so often attached to him.

"In my business," he explains, "when you're given that stigma, they're setting you up to be perfect. And I'm not perfect—not by a long shot."

But Dutton is definitely a rarity: Few people in the entertainment industry succeed in all three arenas—stage, screen and television—and even fewer have as thorough, educated and realistic a knowledge of the American prison system, and of the daily struggle involved with staying out of it.

The Roc Dutton story ("Roc" is a childhood nickname derived from slinging rocks instead of snowballs) begins in the East Baltimore of the '50s and early '60s, where his bedroom in a public housing project overlooked the state pen.

"In my neighborhood," he says, "you *expected* to go to prison. It was a given. Some kids expected to go to college; we expected to go to prison."

After quitting school in the seventh grade for the more exciting world of the street corner, Dutton's life became one of defiance—of mischief that grew into criminal mischief that grew into a web of reform schools—until finally, when he was 17, he fatally stabbed someone in a fight and was sent to prison on an 18-month manslaughter conviction.

"As a young black or Latino in America," says Dutton, "in certain communities, there is a morbid sense of a rite of passage by going to prison. It starts as a juvenile and it goes all the way to adulthood. A rite of passage testing your manhood. The whole system."

Dutton has always maintained that the pressures outside the prison walls are greater than inside. "There's a simple way to survive in prison," he says. "It becomes its own little society, and you deal with it. The minute you walk through the prison gate, you're already assumed by everyone else to be a tough guy. If you weren't a tough guy, you wouldn't be there. And until that's disproved, you don't have any trouble."

Roc never had any trouble. He kept on being the same tough guy inside as out, piling up more convictions (possession of a weapon, fighting with a guard) and more time.

Over the next seven years, he learned everything there was to know about the mechanics of surviving in the penitentiary: "I was beyond a Ph.D. I was a Rhodes scholar in that shit."

As much as he understood it, though, he never allowed himself to be conditioned by prison life. In seven-and-a-half years, for instance, he never decorated his cell. "That's the lowest form of conditioning," he says. "Decorating one's cell. Putting up

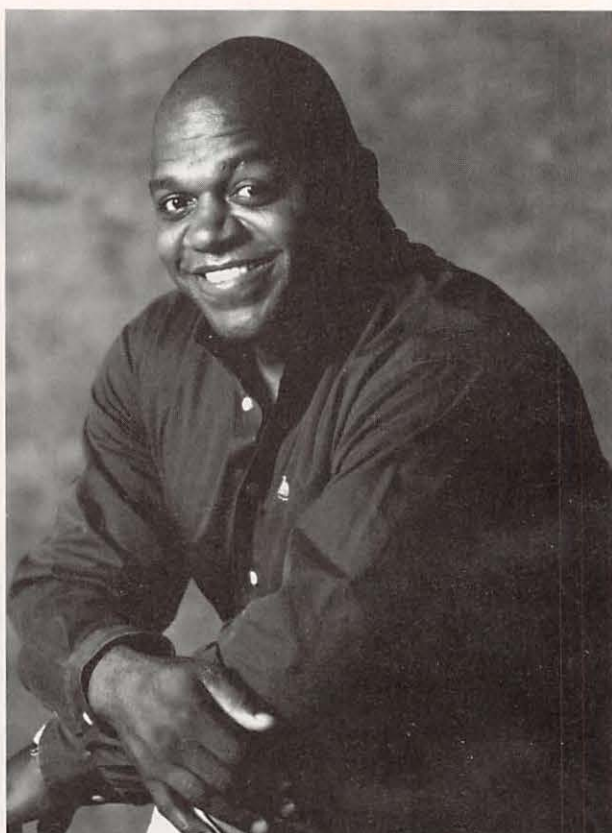
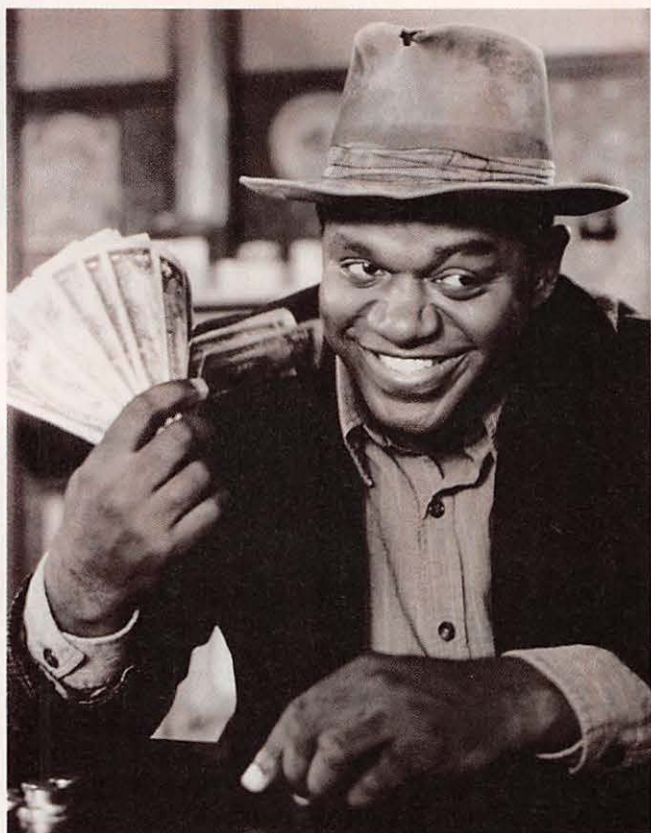
pretty pictures and towels and painting boxes... It's one thing to be neat; it's another to make it home. I never did that. I didn't want it to get so comfortable that it was okay—regardless of how long I was going to be there."

Dutton also refused to work in prison. He was a member of the Black Panther Party, he had radical, left-wing views, and he corresponded with George Jackson, Angela Davis... "everybody who was somebody in the radical movement." Working for 35 cents a day didn't fit the revolutionary scheme.

“You can't compare the prisoner of the '60s and '70s to the prisoner of the '90s," says Dutton. "When I was there, you had 85 percent of the prison population reading. I mean physically reading. It was a thing then. A fad. Whether it was leftist material, or whatever you were reading... it was about being a prison debater, a prison intellectual, a jailhouse lawyer, a jailhouse doctor. You had 85 percent of the prison population really wanting to be outspoken and to be articulate. Wanting to better themselves mentally."

On a recent visit to the Maryland State Pen, where Dutton delivered the keynote speech at the college graduation, he was struck by how much that had changed. Now, he says, 85 percent of the prisoners "just want to sit there, hang out."

As with most things, he blames this deterioration on the drug culture. "Whatever you did in the streets, that's what you're gonna do in the joint. If you have a dinosaur in your brain when you're on the street corner, you'll still have that dinosaur mentality with your prison life."



DUTTON MASTERS STAGE, TELEVISION AND FILM. (From left to right) Dutton as Boy Willie in *The Piano Lesson* (photo by Bob Greene/Hallmark); as Roc Emerson in *Roc* (photo by Timothy White/Fox); in *Cry, The Beloved Country* (photo courtesy of Miramax).

Dutton was lucky, he never got involved with drugs. He could see as early as '66 how they were destroying the neighborhood. "I saw guys arguing over who'd get the last bits, get the spoon, get the cooker. I always looked at that game as a cruddy, vicious game. Nobody could be trusted, you were always gonna have to hurt somebody, because inevitably somebody was gonna come up short on the money . . ."

The drug epidemic has resulted in such deviant behavior that Dutton has almost come to empathize with society's impatience with convicts and addicts. But he hasn't forgotten who the real culprit is: He holds the government responsible for saturating communities with drugs.

"I saw it," he insists. "The United States government wouldn't have enlightened people after the '60s and '70s in the black communities. They couldn't have that."

It had been a period of people gaining consciousness and a sense of revolutionary passion, and the government "had to some way, somehow, totally dismantle and destroy what was being built upon in the '60s and early '70s. I think it was done through the saturation of drugs—and the total idiocy of television."

"...Andre, guys like you can do more than any movie, any television show, or any politician, to get these kids to understand that life is a precious thing. That kid Damon is about to go to the penitentiary for killing another kid, proud that he's following in your footsteps, and you're going to sit here and tell me it's none of your business?"

—Roc confronting the local drug pusher on the final episode of *Roc*

When Dutton was given his comedy series, *Roc*, in 1991, it was one of several shows created by Fox that promised an unusually high level of creative control to African-Americans. In May 1994, when Fox executives canceled two thirds of these black-produced shows, in what was referred to at the time as the "Great Black Purge of '94," some of them, like *Roc*, did not go out without a fight. Twenty-nine black members of Congress signed a letter of protest to Rupert Murdoch, while Congressman Ed Towns even issued a statement that members of the Congressional Black Caucus would not stand for the paternalistic cancellation of positive black shows.

Charles Dutton's fight was the loudest of all. "There's a serious Jim Crow

law in Hollywood," he told just about every news anchor and reporter in the business. "And that Jim Crow law, in my opinion, is after 9 p.m.—no blacks, dogs, or Latinos on the air."

It wasn't Fox per se he blamed—although his "creative control" had been an uphill battle all the way—it was the television industry, period.

"We have always been confined to a comedy zone in 40 years of television. Now, I'm not so sensitive that I don't think we can laugh at ourselves—because to be honest, who makes bigger fools of themselves every day on television than white people, in the mindless, senseless half-hour comedies?"

"You can be stupid between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m., but at 9 p.m. you get to run the world; you get to be lawyers, doctors, corporation leaders... When it comes to cultural diversity, we need some balance. If Nelson Mandela can come out of prison after 27 years and in four years go to the presidency of South Africa, I just wonder why after 40 years of American television you can't have good quality shows about people of color on the networks. I think, in a nutshell, you'd have to call it outright, blatant racism. I've searched for other excuses, and that's the only word I could find for it."



Even though it was a 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. comedy series, *Roc* introduced some issues that have yet to be seen elsewhere on television. For instance, *Roc* was the first show in the history of television to introduce the Nation of Islam in a positive way.

"My slant," says Dutton, "was to send messages to the African-American community about problem solving."

In the end, despite his frustration with Fox and his continued outrage at the inanity of television, Dutton at least knew that he would be able to "back away from it in three years and sing the song of Frank Sinatra, *I did it my way*

"Which," he knows better than anyone, "is to say something in Hollywood."

It began one day in 1972, about four-and-a-half years into his sentence. A friend on the outside had sent him a play by Douglas Turner Ward called *Day of Absence*, a satirical one-act in which all of the black people in an unnamed Southern town mysteriously disappear one day, leaving the whites helpless and the town in chaos. Dutton, who was doing a six-

"A STRUGGLE FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE. YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO FALL IN LOVE WITH THE STRUGGLE. TO LOVE IT."

day stint in isolation when he read it, found the play to be both hilarious and in keeping with his politics. And it "gave me something to think about aside from whose head I was going to bash in the next day." By the time he came out of the hole, his whole mind set had changed. He convinced the warden to allow him to start a theater group, and then he got together the "funniest, craziest and most demonstrative guys in prison" to put the play on.

"At one point during the performance," he recalls, "I sort of looked out at the crowd, and I saw that I had these guys in the palm of my hand—I could make them laugh, I could make them cry, I could make them think, I could make them quiet, I could make them pensive, reflective . . . all of this, with what I was doing on stage. It was an eerie kind of power. I felt like I

had finally discovered what I was born to do with my life."

In a single moment, the remainder of his life became clear to him—simple and uncomplicated. "I knew at that moment that either I pursue this gift I'd discovered in myself to the fullest extent, or I was going to spend the rest of my life in and out of prison. There wasn't going

to be any middle ground for me, because I didn't know anything else to do. I was never mechanically inclined, or technically inclined. I wasn't made to be a laborer or a janitor or a garbage man... I knew that I would probably spend the rest of my life in and out of prison if that's all I had to do."

But the most wonderful thing, says Dutton, "was that I really began to understand and discover my own humanity. And that's what changed me—from a hard kind of mind set to an understanding and discovery of humanity."

After four-and-a-half years of causing trouble, of stabbings, shootings, getting cut, "this thing took over and it was like I wasn't there anymore. I mean, I embraced it with a passion. I grabbed it with the same passion that I'd grabbed the negative stuff. I was

still in the prison environment, sure, but I found that one thing to believe in. And I think in essence that's what everybody has to find."

After his release, Dutton enrolled at Towson State University, where he eventually earned his B.A. in '78. Despite a scholarship and a continued passion for the theater, it was the hardest period of his life. "That was the most pressure I ever faced, when I was released that last time. I mean, the temptations were great. To put one foot back out in the street, to kind of dab on the right side, be positive in school and all that—and then have the left foot still out in the street hustling."

He says the fact that he was never into the drug scene is probably what saved him. That and a commitment he made to what he considered to be "the second half" of his life. "The first half was all about that stupidity. The second half was going to be a commitment to what I was going to do."

Twenty years later, it's still an every day struggle. "You hate to say, 'a struggle from the cradle to the grave,' but it is. A struggle from the cradle to the grave. You have to learn to fall in love with the struggle. To love it. That's the only way to bear it, is to love it."

When a drama professor at Towson told him he should apply for a scholarship to Yale, his immediate response was, "Man, get outta here." But the professor wouldn't let up until Dutton sent off the application and went for an audition.

"First I thought, I'm not going to get excited. But I knew I blew them away at the audition."

After he heard the news over the phone from the registrar—"Dutton? Yes. Congratulations"—he didn't leave the house for three days.

"I figured, if I walk outta this crib, I'm going to get hit by a bus, I'm going to run into an old enemy, somebody's going to be standing on the corner and the cops going to come up and somebody going to drop some drugs around my feet, and I'm going to get the charge."

Dutton's application arrived the same year director Lloyd Richards

took over the Yale drama department. And thus began the symbiosis between Richards, his protégé, playwright August Wilson, and Dutton, who would star in their productions of *Ma Rainey*, *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* and *The Piano Lesson*.

August Wilson has said that the character of Boy Willie in *The Piano Lesson* was written with Dutton in mind: "I wanted to write something to challenge his talent."

What the play means to Dutton is "simply and purely history. One hundred years from now, some little boy will be trying to do Boy Willie in high school. When August Wilson finishes his cycle, black people in America will have their own theatrical history."

"Somewhere in your life," says Dutton, "if you're an offender or ex-offender, somewhere in your life you found it. Somewhere in your life you did it for just two seconds, you did something that you knew you did very well. Something you might have been put on this planet to do."

"IT'S A QUESTION OF LOOKING IN THE MIRROR ONE DAY, IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR CELL, AND TELLING YOURSELF THAT YOU'RE PHYSICALLY, EMOTIONALLY, AND SPIRITUALLY TIRED OF THIS LIFE."

Clearly, you must have a sense of your own humanity before the decision to reverse it can take place. But there is no way to predict when that discovery will occur. There is an element of revelation involved, a natural maturing, and the proximity to beauty which can occur only through creative action.

Dutton had an unusually profound experience that day on stage. He discovered his humanity, his gift and a clear vision of his path all in one moment. It's not something that's

likely to happen to many people, and yet it's absolutely necessary to turning one's life around. When asked what he thinks some of the causes might be for such a breakthrough, and how we might be able to encourage it, Dutton's answer always comes back to individual responsibility.

"I tell people all the time, when I talk to prisoners or juveniles, that it's not a question of what you learn in prison, it's a question of looking in the mirror one day, in the solitude of your cell, and telling yourself that you're physically, emotionally and spiritually *tired* of this life."

He tells them to stop looking for outside stimulation to ignite a passion in them. "Look for it within," he says. "Because that's where it has to come from. It certainly ain't going to come from watching Charles Dutton's efforts. Because believe it, this was not an easy journey."

Dutton continues to be frustrated at being turned to as a role model, or thought of as a curiosity. "I have plenty of buddies," he says, "who did as much time as I did, or more time, who are hardworking cats—laborers, janitors, bricklayers, carpenters—and haven't gone back to prison. They've gone back to the old neighborhood where all the drugs and violence are, and they've raised their families and tried to instill in them a sense of self-esteem, self-worth. These are the guys we should be talking about. They hear the gunshots every night."

The decision to stay straight is something that comes only with daily internal struggle. A lot of people we don't hear about achieve it. Being a celebrity doesn't make it go away or make it any easier.

"Staying out of the penitentiary is going to be the toughest time you have in your life," says Dutton. "But it can be done... it can be done. And the rewards are great when you can finally walk down the street and relax, not have to worry about an enemy, or somebody hitting or shooting you in the back of the head, or people looking for you. It's such a wonderful, wonderful world and life once you leave all that behind and move on to the second half."





SCORING IN HOLLYWOOD

MIGUEL PIÑERO IS AND SCATTERED THROUGH THE LOWER EAST SIDE ALIVE AND WELL

While doing a five-year bid for armed robbery in Sing Sing, Miguel G. Piñero wrote the classic prison drama "Short Eyes," named Best American Play of the 1973-'74 season by the New York Drama Critics. It ran on Broadway and later became a critically acclaimed movie. Director Robert M. Young recalled that while filming "Short Eyes" in a Manhattan jail, Piñero was upstairs being booked for jumping a subway turnstile.

Piñero went on to write and act for film and TV, specializing in crime stories. He wrote the script for and appeared in Miami Vice's "Smuggler's Blues." He authored a collection of full-length plays and published several books of gritty poems documenting his life on New York City's famous Lower East Side.

Born in Puerto Rico in 1946, Piñero drew his inspiration from the teeming, multi-ethnic streets of lower Manhattan, home to struggling artists, vagabonds and outlaws. As the ten-year anniversary of Piñero's death nears, writer Jack Brown (and long-time friend of Piñero), talks about the artist's twisted, talented life.

by Jack Brown





"A Lower East Side Poem"

*Just once before I die
I want to climb up on a tenement sky
to dream my lungs out 'till
I cry
then scatter my ashes thru
the Lower East Side.*

In April of 1988 Miguel G. Piñero, world citizen and poetic proponent of New York City's Lower East Side, made his last bi-coastal journey. He returned home from Los Angeles wearing a brightly striped green serape and carrying two makeshift suitcases. He returned knowing the end was near. Years of hard living had taken their toll. The endless nights saw the incandescent flame turning to a coruscating flicker. He'd done almost as much time in hospitals as he had in prisons.

The same fighting spirit that enabled him to write "The Book of Genesis According to St. Miguelito" in the middle of the insurrection at Attica during Rockefeller's term, also allowed him to flaunt the medical odds and return from cocktail hour in the afterlife time and again. Miguelito the miraculous.

He might have done more. He might have had a more distinguished career. But he had what he had. Before he "retired his character," while in Sing Sing, he'd written the powerful prison drama *Short Eyes*. A work that on stage and film was by turns a raucous, harrowing and poignant look at a child molester's journey through penal hell. Compelling. And unforgettable.

The late Marvin Felix Camillo developed him. Mel Cussow of *The New York Times* discovered him. Joseph Papp of

the Public Theater and film director Robert Young vindicated him. Everyone who knew Miky was touched by him. Sometimes you were touched in places you didn't even know you had.

*A thief, a junkie I've been
committed every known sin
Jews and Gentiles. . . Bums and Men
of style. . . run away child
police shooting wild. . .
mother's futile wails. . . pushers
making sales. . . dope wheelers
& cocaine dealers. . . smoking pot
streets are hot & feed off
those who bleed to death. . .*

Miky was an original. He was a harbinger of culture to come, investing his tales of urban reality with a Spanish sense of danger and death laced with a laser-like sense of darkly rascal humor.

Miky was an eye- and door-opener. Shows like "Baretta" and "Kojak" benefited from an authenticity and compassionate eloquence television had not known before. Actors have acted and writers written and anthologies and mythologies created through Miky. The appreciation of artists Bimbo Rivas-Charas, Luis Guzman, Henry Street and Joel Rose runs deep.

After the success of *Short Eyes*, Miguel shared his wealth with the community. He gathered street youth from the Times Square area and gave them a place to live. He also wrote plays for "The Family." Along with Professor Miguel Algarin and the buccaneer poet Lucky Cienfuegos, he opened the Nuyorican Poets Café on Sixth Street between Avenues A and B on the Lower East Side. Based on the talent and celebrity of Miky, the café

attracted people from the neighborhood and well-known artists from all over the world.

It was an exciting, unpredictable atmosphere. A cheap place to hang out on a weekend night, a place to see a play or where Piñero himself might show up sporting a new hat, fired up, a revolver tucked into his pants, to passionately offer his latest work to the Gods and his fellow man.

Once a pregnant woman got up and abandoned herself to the Conga drums of Eddie Conde or Tito Goya (a running buddy and former con who played the character Cupcakes in *Short Eyes*) and the poetry of Miguel Piñero. She later lost the baby. Sometimes you'd better duck.

*There's no other place for me to be
There's no other place that I can see
There's no other town around that
brings you up or keeps you down
No food little heat sweeps by
Fancy cars and pimps & bars & juke
saloons
& greasy spoons make my spirits fly
with my ashes scattered thru the
Lower East Side . . .*

Those were glory days and Nuyorican nights. Salsa in the wind, the air pulsating with Spanglish. The neighborhood hosted and was toasted by the world. Miky—the star that was Miguel Antonio Gomez Piñero—pinwheeled across the firmament.

He was larger than life. Bolder than can be. By turns a rebel, a bandit, a dope fiend but also a loyal, tender loving being and when he could be himself a friend. He had a special magnetism for young people and a feeling for those who lived hard times. He was also a shy and private man.

One thing all his friends had in common was a fascination with his stories. True or false. Written or oral. Real or imaginary.

Piñero's death in the late '80s marked the end of an era. The transition from gangs to protest and social upheaval, from smoke to acid and dope was complete. Ironically, with the reduction of humble tenement style living in the Lower East Side, thanks to the rapacious developers catering to the gentry and trendy, the use of drugs is pervasive and corruption systematic.

Miky was dismayed by crack, at a loss for how to deal with it. It was too cheap and violence-provoking to decriminalize. Amused by ex-dope fiends who tried to sell it to him as

they sat dehydrated and hacking in the park.

Like his fellow poet Lucky Cienfuegos, who died in October 1987, who had “retired the character of Moises Rodriguez,” Miky retired several street characters. Approaching “retirement” on June 17th, Miky probably just got curious about the afterlife. After moving in the shadow world, as he had so often, he moved on. In a mano-a-mano with Bellevue he freed himself of medical technology’s intensive care.

At the funeral home on Avenue A, people reported him rustling in the night wind, seeing him in the park, flashing around corners and appearing in dreams. Miguel’s spirit was loose, they said.

His ability to play many roles could have had him inhabiting the body of the black man who lay in a doorway adjacent to the funeral home. He could have been the old man with white hair who sat at a desk, puffing his pipe meditatively, at a typewriter across from the mortician’s hearse. Like Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, he could have been a witness to his own ceremony.

I thought I saw Miguel smile, lying in the coffin, when Amiri Baraka, Newark’s Poet Laureate at the time, said society had killed Miguel. Baraka looked furtively at a white man who stood against the wall: Miguel Piñero’s father. “Bullshit,” he said, each time Baraka claimed Miguel was a “victim.” Conflict? Of course. But humorous. The irreverent kind Miguel appreciated. He loved all kinds of people. His work showed that. That’s where he told the truth.

He perhaps best called the shot, his liver finally delivered, when he said at the end of “New York City Hard Time Blues”:

*We just walk the streets with loaded dice
and hear people say there goes Miky
Miky Piñero
they call him the junky christ . . .*

Miky could have been a doctor caring for him in I.C.U. He could have been his own lawyer. He could have been the small boy—son of the man who had seen more performances of *Short Eyes* than anyone else, who hid half a box of cookies in the back of the car on the way to the Long Island Crematorium. He could have been a woman in black who cried for the twentieth, but not the last time at the brief service.

PIÑERO’S PLAYS— ALIVE, WELL & OUTRAGEOUS

By Pam Widener

In October 1975, when the poetry readings in Miguel Algarin’s living room became too crowded, he and fellow poet Miguel Piñero moved the scene to a nearby Irish pub and called it the Nuyorican Poets Café.

The salon in Algarin’s living room had been attracting all the newest black and Latino writers, as well as such figures as Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Amiri Baraka and Ntoszake Shange. *The New York Times* called it a hotbed of “raw energy and Third World sensibilities,” one of the driving forces in downtown Manhattan’s countercultural mecca.

After being closed for six years, the Nuyorican Poets Café reopened in 1989 at another East Village location. Known as one of the hippest reading and performance spaces in New York, it has won over a dozen theater awards in the last five years and attracted actors, musicians, poets, screenwriters and performers of rich cultural diversity.

Three one-act plays from Piñero’s 1974 collection, *Outrageous*, were recently staged by Algarin and director Rome Neal at the Nuyorican; *Prison Life* headed over to *el barrio* to see if they were still outrageous after all these years.

The scene was distinctly retro: ‘70s disco, bell bottoms, big hair, bright colors . . . but Piñero’s language shone timelessly through.

The first play, *Side Show*, marked the directorial debut of Miguel’s brother, Dadi Piñero. A colorful, small ensemble play, *Side Show* tracks the lives of a group of street people—hustlers, drug dealers, hookers, pimps. What starts off as light comedy eventually becomes heart-wrenching as two of the characters—both drug addicts—deliver long, painful monologues; one ends in a senseless suicide.

The other two plays, directed by veteran Rome Neal, serve more as side shows to *Side Show*. *Cold Beer* features a Piñero-like writer at a typewriter waiting for inspiration as his deadlines approach; he’s constantly interrupted by bizarre visitors—anything to deflect the muse.

Paper Toilet unfolds in a public bathroom in a subway station, where two petty thieves (black and Puerto Rican), the woman they’ve ripped off (black), two plainclothes men and a crazy undercover cop (all white) find themselves unable to communicate as any possibility of justice drifts further and further away.

When *Outrageous* was published in 1974, producer Joseph Papp wrote in the introduction, “All dramatists of real value must sooner or later confront what for them is truly dangerous, either within themselves or in the outside world. That we, the audience, feel that danger and understand something of what it is about, is often what makes a play important and durable.”

Even the most outrageous of Piñero’s work holds up to this standard of dramatic value. The issues and poetry feel as resonant to us today as they did to audiences then.



photos by Robert Lit

One role he could not have played was that of the nominal cleric, who read in a wooden perfunctory tone, a passage from the same ordinary farewell each anonymous client received. No, Miky had far too much life for that. See a tape of a performance of "The Book of Genesis According to St. Miguelito" to see a Piñero cleric.

He could have been the guy picking sweaty cookie crumbs from his neck who, observing a luncheonette sign advertising "Giant Heros," said, "I know why Miguel didn't want to be buried in this area—there are more people under the ground than above it."

*I don't wanna be buried in Puerto Rico
I don't wanna be near the stabbing shooting
gambling fighting & unnatural dying
& new birth crying
so please when I die...
don't take me far away
keep me near by
take my ashes and scatter them thru out
the Lower East Side...*

He might have been the attendant of the oven. The heavenly baker. Sweating in the doorway of this dog day in June. His complexion of blanched potato and a look of inevitability arrived about him. The ovens inside a blue cinderblock and cement floor building.

*This concrete tomb is my home
to belong to survive you gotta be strong
you can't be shy less without request
someone will scatter your ashes thru
the Lower East Side.*

Miky could have been the guy who came around back to look at the final roasting place. Came and asked, "Is this where it takes place?" Attendant nods his head. "Which one will he get?" Attendant replies: "Probably number one." The guy says, "Good, that's what he deserves. Number one."

The curious guy left and returned quickly. He held out four dollars to the attendant. "Here, this is for you." He was a wild cat, but a beautiful person." The attendant said, "Thanks." Knowing everybody likes a celebrity,

the tipper continued. "He wrote and acted on 'Miami Vice.'"

The attendant gave a flicker of recognition. The tipper said, "When you do him...give him a good one. Turn it up just a little. He'd appreciate it."

*So let me sing my song tonight
let me feel out of sight
and let all eyes be dry
when they scatter my ashes thru
the Lower East Side.*

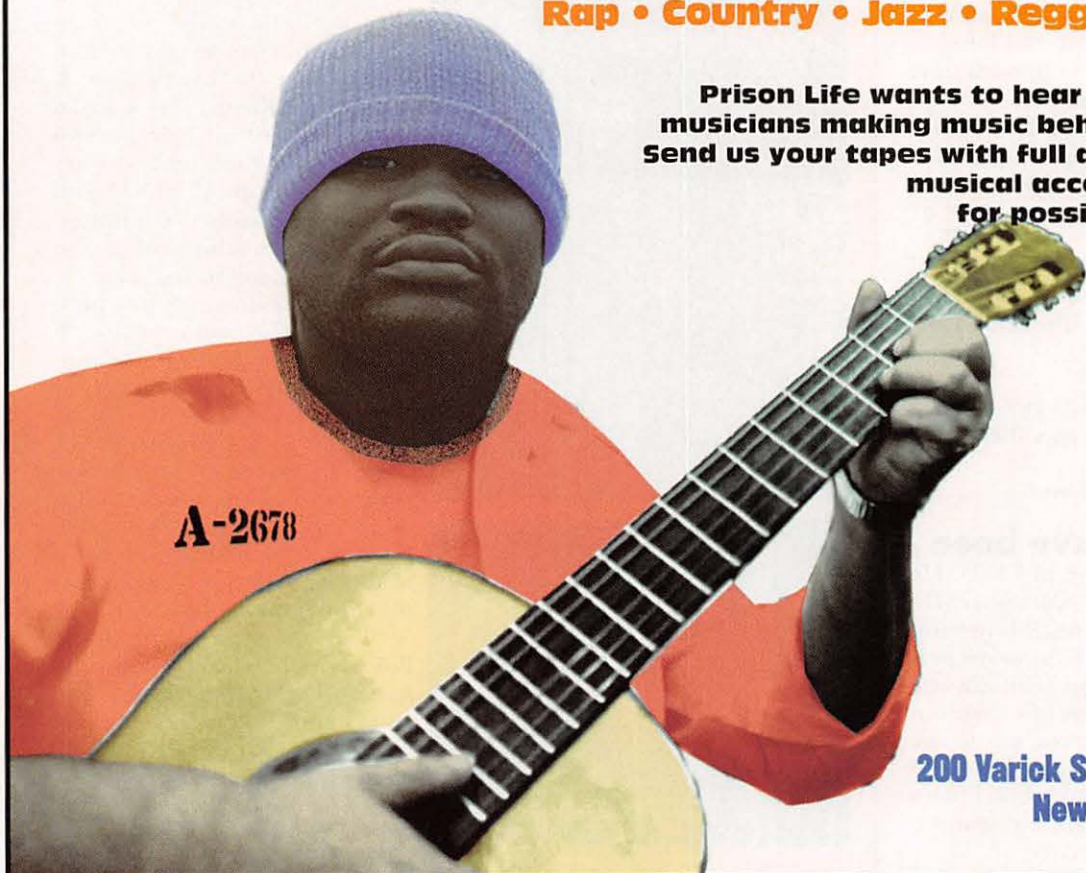
So Miguel G. Piñero joined Meyer Lansky, Francis "Two Gun" Crowley, Golda Maier, and James Cagney as notable graduates of the Lower East Side school of hard knocks. None so eloquent in their poetry or devotion to the mighty D.

An old friend of Miky's said in February, before his death, "They say that if people like Miky make it through the winter, they'll live another year." He made it through the tit-tightening cold of '87-88, but he found a final way to beat the heat in June. Fooled 'em again, friend. **III**

JAILHOUSE ROCK

Rap • Country • Jazz • Reggae • Blues

Prison Life wants to hear from prisoner musicians making music behind the walls. Send us your tapes with full details of your musical accomplishments for possible recording.



**Send to:
Jailhouse Rock
c/o Prison Life
200 Varick Street, Suite 901
New York, NY 10014**

DO YOU HAVE A DOUBLE JEOPARDY CLAIM?

DON'T MAKE THE WRONG MOTION



by **Michael Montalvo**
Jailhouse Lawyer

Michael Montalvo won a landmark victory for convicts in his 1994 case, *U.S. v. \$405,089*. The ruling held that a civil forfeiture of property is prohibited by the Double Jeopardy Clause when the forfeiture is based on the same offense already prosecuted in an earlier proceeding. Legal newspapers compared the \$405 victory to “tossing a grenade into every U.S. Attorney’s office from Arizona to Alaska.” (See *Prison Life* magazine, Jan./Feb. 1996). But while the ruling remains the law of the land, few convicts are using it to their advantage. Jailhouse lawyer Michael Montalvo returns in this issue to tell you what’s going wrong—and, more importantly, how to use \$405 to set you free or get your assets back.

Since September 6, 1994, \$405 has been the law of the Ninth Circuit. Everyday, I search the legal opinions of all circuits to collect and monitor the decisions that rely on \$405. Unfortunately, I’ve found that few defendants are winning. In more than a year since \$405 opened the door, fewer than ten cases out of thousands have succeeded on this claim. I wrote four of them.

What’s wrong?

Lawyers and *pro se* litigants are losing because they face generally hostile courts, prosecutors with superior high-tech resources and hot-lines to experts in defeating these claims, and because the litigant or lawyer did not carefully plead the facts, issues and law, and then properly apply these case facts to the applicable law for the relief sought.

It’s important to know up front that the Double Jeopardy Clause protects individuals from three abuses by government: protection from re prosecution for the same offense after acquittal; protection from re prosecution for the same offense after conviction; and protection from multiple punishments for the same offense. [*United States v. Halper*, 490 US 435 (1989) and *Department of Revenue of Montana v. Kurth Ranch*, 511 US (1994).] The Supreme Court determined that statutory *in rem* forfeitures for drug law violations, pursuant to 21 U.S.C. 881(a)(4) and (7) were indeed punishment. *Austin v. United States*, 509 US (1993) and *United States v. \$450,089.23*, 33 F3 1210 (9th Cir. 1994) held that 881(a)(6) was also a punishment statute. This is the basis of Double Jeopardy/Forfeiture Law.

HOW TO DETERMINE YOUR LEGAL POSITION

First of all, recognize that this is not a game of chance where you just file an application for release. There are many questions you must ask yourself, and the answers must be precise. The facts of events in your case will give you a clear answer of which, if any, relief you’ll receive: release, return of property, both or neither. The exact dates of legal events in your civil and criminal case are critical. At this time, if you did not file a timely claim for the property, you do not have a Double Jeopardy claim, but you might have some other constitutional claim. (In an upcoming article I’ll discuss the remedies you do have if the law enforcement agency did not personally give you notice of the seizure, or if your attorney told you not to claim it, or if your attorney failed to claim it when you told him or her to do so.)

So to determine if you have a claim, you should do exactly the same thing any good jailhouse lawyer or attorney would do—get the entire record of every document filed in both the civil and criminal case as if you were preparing for a petition for the Great Writ, or a post-conviction motion. (For reference, see “Writ Writing: Gathering the File,” by Larry Fassler, *Prison Life*, May/June 1995, p. 72.)

If you do not have the documents from the administrative forfeiture, you must use the Freedom of Information Act/Privacy Act (FOIA/PA), or Title 5 U.S.C. 552 and 552a. Write a letter requesting the information you need to the federal agency that seized your property. This is a simple letter; anyone who can read and write can do it. You can obtain the address of every federal agency in your law library from a book entitled “American Jurisprudence 2d, Desk Reference Book.” When you are requesting your

Double Jeopardy Event Analysis Sheet

The first step in determining if you have a Double Jeopardy claim is to complete the following information:

1. Date of arrest _____
2. Date of indictment _____
For violations of _____
3. Date of jury sworn in for trial _____
4. Date of guilty plea acceptance _____
For violations of _____
5. Date of conviction by jury _____
For counts of _____
6. Date of sentence _____
For violations of _____
7. Date of appeal _____
8. Date of appeal decision _____
Remand or Reversed? _____
9. Date of petition for certiorari _____
Result _____
10. Date of post-conviction motion _____
11. Date of decision of the motion _____
Relief obtained? _____
12. Date of appeal of such decision _____
13. Date of appeal decision _____
Relief obtained? _____
14. Date of petition for certiorari _____
Relief obtained? _____

Administrative/Civil Forfeiture:

1. Date of seizure of property _____
2. Type of property _____
3. Seizing officials (state/fed agency) _____
4. Date you received notice of seizure _____
Grounds for seizure? _____
5. Date you filed an official petition for remission or mitigation of seizure _____
6. Date you received answer to your petition for remission _____
7. Date you filed an official claim for the property _____
8. Date the civil forfeiture in rem complaint was filed _____
9. Date you received summons and civil complaint _____
10. Date you filed your claim for the property in complaint _____
11. Date you filed your answer to complaint allegations _____
12. Basis of complaint? _____
What offenses? _____
13. Date of motion for summary judgment _____
Grounds _____
14. Date of your opposition to summary judgment _____
Grounds _____
15. Date of the court's order of forfeiture of property _____
Grounds _____
16. Date of your motion to reconsider _____
Grounds _____
17. Date of your notice of appeal _____
18. Date of the appeal decision _____
Result or relief? _____
19. Date of petition for certiorari _____
Result or relief? _____

After collecting this information, read the civil complaint and the criminal indictment to find a match of violations for which the civil complaint is based. Read the Judgment and Commitment Order of the criminal sentencing proceeding to match it to the probable cause for forfeiture in the civil complaint. Did you default? Fill this out as far as you can. For successive prosecution analysis, note the date of criminal jeopardy attaching. For multiple punishment analysis, note the dates of entry of judgments. If you have any questions, ask me. Michael Montalvo, 87224-012, 3901 Klein Blvd.Lompoc, CA 93436

FOIA/PA information, be sure to specifically identify the seizure numbers (if you have them), as well as the dates, and identify the event and property taken. If you have no papers or numbers, send a FOIA/PA request to the usual culprits: the DEA, FBI, IRS, Customs and AFT.

Even if you did not make a claim or contest the administrative forfeiture action by the agency, you should still get your FOIA/PA information because there may be evidence included that shows that the DEA (or any agency) failed to properly give notice of the seizure (i.e., notice sent to your empty residence instead of jail, or to an ex-spouse who did not tell you). This is likely to be a due process violation for which you have an action. There's a lot more pre-filing legwork and legal research necessary before you know what kind of relief you are entitled to—a new hearing, set aside of default, recovery or other. Still, setting aside the default in administrative forfeiture won't affect the prison sentence.

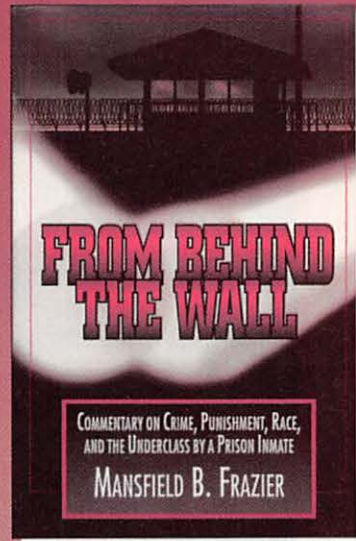
Once you have the records, make a copy of the following items to work with and replace the original in its proper place so you always have a complete file. From your civil forfeiture case, you need: the docket; the notice of seizure; the warrant for seizure and the affidavit; the complaint; your claim; your answer; the government's motion for summary judgment; the order of judgment of forfeiture; the notice of appeal; and the appeal decision if you appealed. In your criminal case, you need: the docket; the indictment you were tried on or pled guilty to, or the information; and the judgment and commitment order from sentencing. Until you have these documents, you cannot start your analysis of the events to see if you have a Double Jeopardy or multiple punishment constitutional violation that will release you from prison, prevent trial or return your property. Maybe you won't have a double jeopardy claim. Maybe you won't have anything.

YOU MUST HAVE CONTESTED THE FORFEITURE

Make a list of the dates of events and the documents you received in the mail or by hand delivery from the cops. When you were arrested, your personal property and vehicles may have been seized, but that alone is not a legal forfeiture—yet. It is merely a “detention” of you and your property. Say you were then sent to jail. Later, you received a “notice of seizure” from the DEA, FBI, Customs, IRS, another federal agency, or maybe the state or county law enforcement offices. Your notice gave you the option of a petition for remission or mitigation, or to make a “claim,” which then initiates civil proceedings for the property in court for a judicial determination. At that point, you may have asked your attorney what to do. Generally, all defense attorneys, until \$405 was published, told their clients not to do anything, or not to make a claim for fear of “self-incrimination.” This was bad advice, but more on that later.

If you ignored your attorney's advice and filed a claim within the ten- or twenty-day time limit on your notice, you did the right thing. If your claim was “timely,” that stopped the “administrative forfeiture” by the seizing agency and prevented a “declaration of forfeiture” of your property. If you didn't make a timely claim, then you're out of luck and the cops are red-lining your Porsche and pawning your jewelry. You will *not* have a Double Jeopardy issue unless you contested the administrative forfeiture—at least at the time of this writing in

"The problems of the underclass in America have been ignored for years . . . "

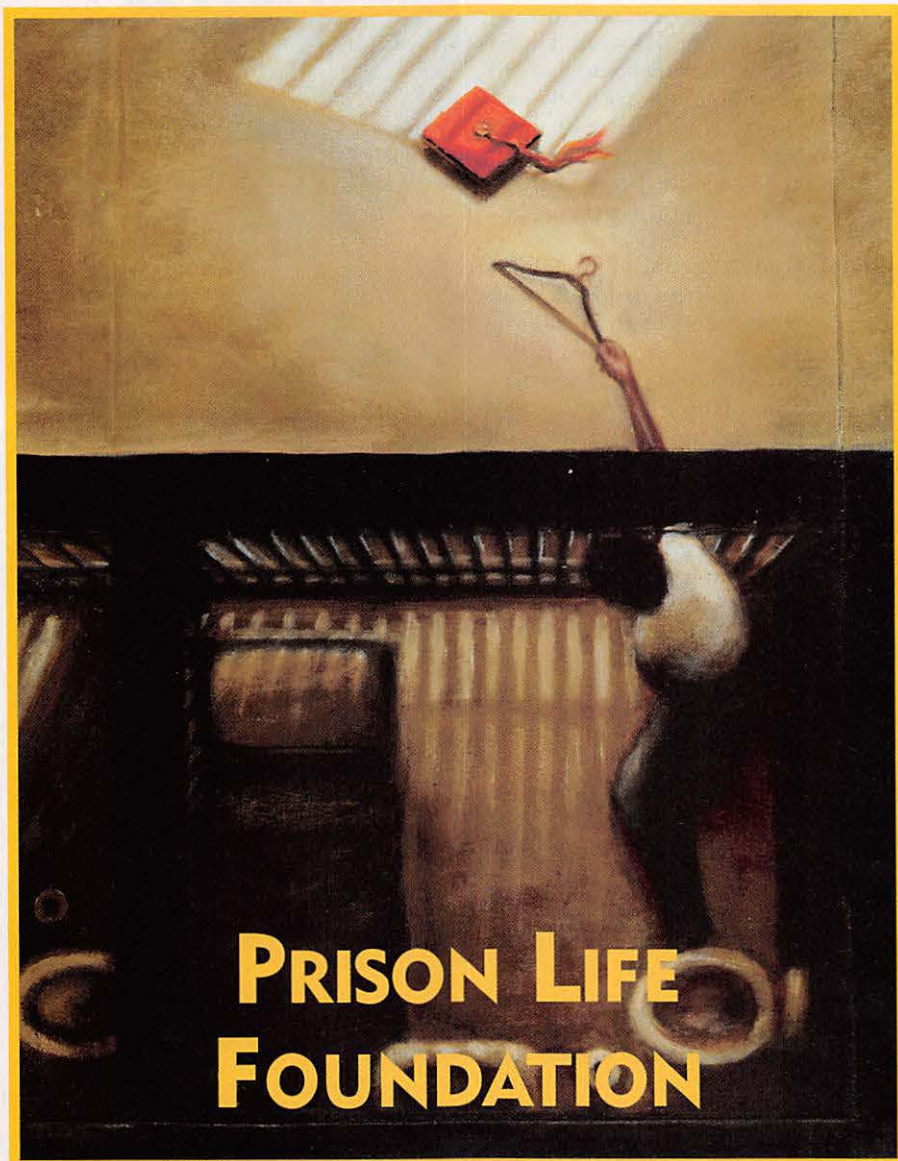


From Behind The Wall

**COMMENTARY ON CRIME,
PUNISHMENT, RACE,
AND THE UNDERCLASS
BY A PRISON CONVICT
MANSFIELD B. FRAZIER**

To Order,
See Books on the Block,
Inside Back Cover

Don't serve the time, let the time serve you.



The Prison Life Foundation, Inc. is a not-for-profit organization devoted to helping prisoners break free from the cycle of crime and incarceration through education. The Foundation, together with Prison Life Educational Services, Inc., sponsor fully-accredited GED, college and vocational courses through correspondence learning. If you are interested in learning more about educational opportunities offered by the Prison Life Foundation, write to us describing your educational background and future academic goals. Send to: The Prison Life Foundation, 200 Varick Street, St. 901, New York, NY 10014.

DON'T INCARCERATE — EDUCATE.

all circuits. However, a couple district courts have granted relief.

If you made the timely claim, the prosecutor filed a civil suit against the property using a "complaint for forfeiture of property *in rem*." This action is a separate civil action running alongside your criminal case. Now, if you filed a new claim within ten days, and an answer within twenty days, then your Double Jeopardy issue is still possible, but not certain. It is important to compare the dates of claim and answer to the date of your criminal case when the jury was empaneled (sworn in), or when you pled guilty, or your date of sentence.

LIST THE EVENTS

List these events in separate numbered paragraphs, chronologically, i.e. 1, 2, 3, etc. (Use the information from the Double Jeopardy Event Analysis sheet provided on page 58).

For your Double Jeopardy issue of multiple *prosecution*, the first date of "jeopardy attaching" was when you filed your timely "answer" to the civil complaint *in rem* (some courts hold no jeopardy until forfeiture judgment). In your criminal case, "jeopardy attached" when the jury was empaneled, or when the judge accepted your guilty plea. The first jeopardy makes the second proceeding illegal.

Do not confuse "jeopardy" of prosecution with the "multiple punishment" prohibition prong of the Double Jeopardy Clause. Be aware that you or your property were not punished until there was an actual court judgment of sentence or forfeiture. The detention of you and your property prior to sentencing or judgment of forfeiture is merely the state's right to detain you and protect their interest, so they claim. From the decisions that have come down since *\$405*, it is clear that many judges and lawyers have failed to separate and distinguish a multiple or successive prosecution jeopardy analysis from a multiple punishment analysis, and the defendants lose.

DO THE CRIMINAL AND CIVIL PROCEEDINGS INVOLVE THE SAME OFFENSE?

The forfeiture must be based on the same offense as the criminal case. This is also a critical element of multiple prosecution analysis. Do not rely on what you think, but on the actual violation underlying the complaint by the documents from the government that state the grounds or probable cause for the forfeiture. A federal forfeiture of property for drug offenses, Title 21 U.S.C. &881 (a)(4)(6) and (7) would include or be based on criminal charges of 21 U.S.C. 841, possession with intent to distribute or manufacture; 846, conspiracy to violate one of the drug statutes; 843, use of a telephone to violate a drug statute; or even 848, continuing criminal enterprise, are some of the violations that could be overturned or dismissed depending on the affidavit supporting the 881 (a) forfeiture complaint. Most states have similar civil forfeiture statutes based on violations of Health and Safety state law.

It is simple to determine that both civil and criminal proceedings are the "same offense" when the government's documents say so. For example, the civil forfeiture complaint alleges that you were convicted for drug conspiracy and distribution and the property was used to facilitate the offense, as an instrumentality of the offense, or if you are in the Ninth Circuit, it was proceeds from the offense.

Double Jeopardy will be implicated in your proceedings only if the civil and criminal proceedings involve the same

Prison Life applauds the excellent work of two criminal defense attorneys: Charles F. Benninghoff III of Benninghoff & Ramirez and Jeff Steinborn of Steinborn & Associates. Dedicated to expanding the limited options available to most prisoners, both West Coast attorneys have long supported the needs of *Prison Life* readers and the mission of the magazine.

Charles F. Benninghoff III has over 20 years' experience in criminal defense litigation. His firm, Benninghoff & Ramirez, specializes in issues of interest to Mexican prisoners: transfers to Mexican prisons, elimination of guilty pleas and criminal appeals and habeas corpus. Benninghoff & Ramirez serve convicted Mexicans by arguing the unconstitutionality of any underlying search and seizure, voluntariness of any confession, the insufficiency of evidence justifying a conviction and ineffective assistance of counsel.

"Our office is designed to better serve the needs of Mexican prisoners," says Benninghoff. "Practically everyone in the office speaks Spanish and we recognize our duty to represent Mexicans with more diligence simply because of the prejudice we've seen over the years."

Jeff Steinborn has almost three decades of legal experience. Currently assisting jailhouse lawyer Michael Montalvo, who won the landmark forfeiture case, *U.S. \$405, 089.23*, Steinborn handles criminal defense, forfeiture, appeals and post-conviction relief, as well as civil litigation including personal property and litigation. "I started my career representing conscientious objectors, both in-service and in the draft. As the war on drugs escalated and the war in Vietnam wound down," says Steinborn, "my emphasis shifted to representing drug offenders, which I have done ever since."

AGGRESSIVE EXPERIENCED EFFECTIVE REPRESENTATION

- * FORFEITURE
- * DOUBLE JEOPARDY
- * WRITS OF HABEAS CORPUS
- * APPEALS
- * INEFFECTIVE ASSISTANCE
OF COUNSEL
- * DEPORTATION
- * IMMIGRATION

Serving the needs of inmates
and those accused of criminal
misconduct in federal and state
courts nationwide.

John Matteson
Attorney at Law

10 Park Place South
Suite 212
Atlanta, GA 30303
(404) 525-8802

offense. This test asks whether each offense requires proof of a fact or element which the other does not. If not, then they are the "same offense," and Double Jeopardy bars the successive prosecution or multiple punishment.

DID THE CIVIL AND CRIMINAL CASES CONSTITUTE "SEPARATE PROCEEDINGS?"

The civil and criminal cases must be separate dockets. Double Jeopardy occurs only when there is a successive prosecution or multiple punishment for the "same offense," which was described above. You do not have a Double Jeopardy claim if your indictment contained a count for criminal (not civil) forfeiture of the same property that was seized. The government can lawfully seek and obtain both the civil penalty and the full range of statutorily authorized criminal penalties in the same proceeding. However, separate dockets indicate "separate proceedings."

The Eleventh Circuit so far holds that separate civil forfeiture and criminal dockets for the same conduct are simply a "single, coordinated prosecution," and not "separate proceedings" for Double Jeopardy purposes. So you lose in the Eleventh Circuit. However, that ruling was made prior to *Kurth Ranch* in 1994 and is not likely to last.

If you have a "separate proceeding" for the "same offense," which is first? The answer to that question depends on which prong of the Double Jeopardy Clause you are pleading: successive prosecutions or multiple punishment. As stated previously, the point at which "jeopardy attaches" is different depending on which prong of the Double Jeopardy Clause is involved. Where one is claiming "successive prosecutions," the jeopardy attaches once the criminal jury is empaneled, or when a defendant's guilty plea is accepted by the court. "Jeopardy attaching" is a concept important to retrial after mistrial or a second criminal trial on the same charges.

In contrast, if one is claiming "multiple punishments," Jeopardy is a confusing and inappropriate term. Nonetheless, some courts use the word "jeopardy" concerning multiple-punishment analysis, claiming that "punishment jeopardy" occurs in the criminal case only when the defendant has the sentence imposed, if the defendant is incarcerated. Otherwise, it occurs when the defendant starts serving the sentence. Federal Rule of Criminal Procedure 32(c) and case law hold that there is no "judgment" until sentence is imposed. That presupposes a legal and valid sentence.

In a civil forfeiture case, a judgment of forfeiture is a punishment according to the Supreme Court in *Austin v. U.S.*, mentioned earlier. If the separate civil forfeiture judgment, based on the same offense, is entered before the criminal trial, successive prosecution can be raised. But if civil judgment is entered after criminal trial but before sentence is imposed, it would be a prohibited *multiple punishment*. (Lawyers have lost this type of situation by claiming a *successive prosecution* instead of multiple punishment bar.) However, if your separate civil forfeiture judgment, based on the same offense, is imposed after sentence is imposed in the criminal case, you have a Fifth Amendment right to have the civil forfeiture action dismissed (or the judgment set aside) since it would be the multiple punishment that is now unconstitutional.

If you have the civil forfeiture judgment as the second punishment, then you cannot expect to win a post-conviction attack on your criminal sentence as a violation of the Double Jeopardy Clause. Several published cases recently ridiculed the defendant for such erroneous logic. Obviously, most readers with a situation such as this, with a civil forfeiture judgment based on the prior separate criminal

conviction, would rather get out of prison than get their property back. But you cannot do that by blindly charging in on a motion relying on §405 and demanding your sentence be vacated. Also, do not ask for the property to be returned on a 2255 motion or similar post-conviction motion because it is the wrong procedural vehicle—use Rule 60 (b) Federal Rule of Civil Procedure (or whatever your state civil code has that is equal) to set aside a civil judgment. But don't give up yet. Release is still possible.

STRATEGY CAN SHIFT PUNISHMENTS

If you determine that you now have a Double Jeopardy issue, but the double punishment is the forfeiture and not the criminal sentence, wait a moment before requesting the return of the property. Look to see if you have a valid direct appeal or post-conviction issue on the criminal conviction or sentence that would reverse the conviction or at least vacate the sentence. An appellate or post-conviction reversal of conviction or an order vacating the sentence as illegal or illegally imposed (except a modification order) would render your criminal sentence (the first punishment) null and void, thus it would be without a preclusive effect. If there were no preclusive effect to your first invalid or illegal punishment, it would seem that the civil forfeiture would then become the first valid, finalized and fully satisfied punishment you legally suffered. There would be no power of the court to impose a new criminal sentence because it would be prohibited "multiple punishment."

This means you must have your post-conviction direct appeal or 2255 motion done correctly. Unless you have other possibilities, do not rush into court with a post-conviction motion or petition for writ of habeas corpus. Be patient, and bring all your possible issues up so that you do not get caught in a position later of having "waived" any issue. Successive writ applications are hard to win because the Supreme Court has determined that it is an "abuse of writ" in most cases to bring a second application for post-conviction relief. Thus, just because you have the Double Jeopardy issue, do not abandon a complete analysis of every issue you must raise.

I do not recommend casual filing. Get a skilled jailhouse lawyer or attorney who knows how to do post-conviction work and knows forfeiture law. There are only a few good ones, but lots of bad ones. Keep in mind that legal writing is an exact skill. You can learn it if you have the time and desire. It is not just looking up a bunch of cases and quoting the parts you like in support of what you think about your case. Use care. Also, many attorneys and jailhouse lawyers can write pretty papers that make you feel good, but won't get you out. You must involve yourself and ask questions to get the best results. Become familiar with your case facts and the relevant laws and decisions in order to assist your legal writer. Appointment of counsel is possible, but rare, unless you make an adequate showing of need. In other words, you must prove you have issues that entitle you to relief.

In the May/June '96 issue, I'll discuss what can be done if you failed to make a timely claim or contest the forfeiture. In the meantime, if you have lost property, try to find out who took possession of it. In many instances, a defendant's home, cars or possessions were assigned or "sold" cheap to law enforcement people. Many expensive homes have become residences or investments for prosecutors, marshals, agents and cops. Find out and let *Prison Life* know the accurate, documented, verifiable details if cops now own your property. ■■■

Listen in on **SASSY SORORITY GIRLS**
 - See how bad two sorority sisters
 can be when they answer your
 phone call and decide to
 tease you.

**CHEERLEADER
 CONFESSIONS**

"Eavesdrop" on this very
 private phone line as
 three wild cheerleaders
 tell you what turns
 them on the most.

**BACHELORETTE
 PARTY**

Find out what
 happens to the
 only male stripper
 at an all-girls'
 bachelorette
 party.



Don't Read This Unless You're Ready For Action!

You've got to hear these tapes to believe them. This is all new in adults-only entertainment - these hot scenarios don't waste time! There are four different tapes to choose from or go for it all and go *Deluxe!*

24 Adventures to Choose From!

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Rich Girls / Sassy Sorority Girls
Private Yacht Party / Horny Hitchhikers
Motorcycle Mama / Eager Beavers | 3 Screamers / South of the Border Action
Rub-a-Dub in the Tub / A Tale of Two Titties
Female Bonding / Pearl Necklace |
| 2 Alabama Alice / Drugstore Cowgirl
Jenny & Suzi / Too Big for Brenda
Kneepad Nancy / Knob Gobblers | 4 Bachelorette Party / Secretarial Interview
Tammy & Tina / Cheerleader Confessions
Backstage Visitors / Stewardess on Flight 69 |

• Each Audio Tape \$9.95!

• "Deluxe Set" - All 24 Titles-that's a full two hours of steamy adults-only adventure- on 2 special, long-playing cassettes for only \$19.95!

Cassettes are professionally sealed in plastic and contain no explicit graphics or nudity on covers.
 All product is shipped in plain packaging with no indication of contents.

ORDER BY MAIL!

NAME (I certify that I am 18 or older.)		ADDRESS	
CITY		STATE	ZIP
Quantity/Tape #		@ \$9.95 ea.	
___ #1 ___ #2		___ Deluxe set(s) @ \$19.95	
___ #3 ___ #4		Add \$3.50 P&H	___ 3.50
___ Deluxe Set(s) (all 4 on 2 cassettes)	(CA residents add 8.25% sales tax.)	TOTAL	___

Send check or money order to: **Western Audio, 175 Fifth Ave., Box 2205, New York, NY 10010**

THE WINNING DOUBLE JEOPARDY— FORFEITURE DEFENSE STRATEGIES OF "\$405"

Learn the method used to win the landmark case, U.S. v. \$405,089.23, 33 F.3d 1210 (9th Cir. 1994) amended 56 F.3d 41 (1995), the most devastating victory against the government in recent legal history. And learn it from the source. Order your set of the \$405 Supreme Court briefs complete with appendices of case history and law. This set is over 400 pages and contains the government's Petition for Writ of Certiorari with the highest ranking prosecutor's best arguments attempting to reverse the \$405 victory (184 pages), and the Respondent's Opposition Brief (with reasons to grant certiorari, and affirm \$405) which details the proper form and facts, law, arguments, authorities, history and policy considerations showing why \$405 is a correct decision (228 pages). Learn the method, thinking, style and argument to use in your double jeopardy— forfeiture case. To order this 400 page set of briefs, send \$100.00 plus \$8.00 S&H to:

Legal Briefs, Dept. P
 611 S. Palm Canyon Drive
 Suite 7-566
 Palm Springs, CA 92264

ALSO INCLUDED free are: 1) The Supreme Court Brief of amicus curiae, supporting the federal prosecutor's petition written by the Attorney Generals of 41 states and two commonwealths, claiming that their state criminal law enforcement and asset forfeiture programs will be damaged; 2) the government's petition for rehearing in the Circuit Court, written by nine prosecutors; and 3) the winning opposition brief by the respondents in pro se which defeated the government and affirmed the landmark decision. Use these briefs to learn persuasive argument to defeat prosecutors.

APPEALS

KENNETH A. WEBB

Attorney at Law
 30 Years' Experience in
 Criminal Appeals

A complete list of published criminal appeals in which Kenneth A. Webb represented the appellant, together with the disposition made by the court in each appeal, is available for your review by writing to Kenneth A. Webb at the address below.

3155 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD, SUITE 206
 TROY, MICHIGAN 48084

ALL INCARCERATED MEN

FREE Brochures!

Cut Red Tape! Meet Women
 Worldwide and in the U.S.A.
LADIES run your ad **FREE!**

Send SASE or (2) 32 cent
 stamps to:

REACHING OUT
 P.O. Box 90609
 Houston, TX 77290.

DON'T WASTE TIME!

USE THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPER FORM

by Chris Cozzone & Sebastian B. Ventimiglia

Whether you're in a gym in the freeworld or a gym in the joint, you can always find bad form. There's always some idiot who thinks he's actually working his biceps to the max when he rocks the barbell to his chest. Or some dumb-ass who thinks his chest will get bigger if he bounces the bar off his chest on the bench press. Then there's the guy who's convinced his latts won't grow unless he yanks the cable to his torso using every available muscle group.

"Heavy weights," they'll tell you. "That's the key to mass."

I guess that depends on your definition of heavy weights.

An old timer at Attica, a guy with a massive chest and bulging biceps, summed it up. "Listen kiddo," he said. "Ya gots to do each rep carefully. Ya gots to feel the action of yer muscles. Ya gots to use proper form—'fore ya kill yerself."

"Pops" had a point. If your targeted muscle group cannot feel the intensity and you end up with an injury, how's that going to improve your training?

We've all seen accidents on the Iron Pile. I remember this one dopehead who's form was so bad on the bench press that he pulled his back out while doing a set with 315. He lost control of the bar and it ended up in his mouth—busted his jaw and broke off a few teeth. Not a pretty sight.

One guy would yank his deadlifts off the ground without ever really "feeling" the weight. The last time I saw him, he had pulled the bar up so fast his biceps muscle popped out from the bone and rolled up like a window shade.

"Fuck the form, it's heavy weights that'll get you big," he used to tell me, frowning when I'd take a weight and control that mother way past failure. By the time I was finished with my set, my targeted muscle group would be so pumped it would cramp.

•••
“Demonstrating strength isn’t the same as building it,” says Ellington Darden, Ph.D., a respected author on strength-training.

Pumping heavy weight in a fast, sloppy manner forces you to use muscles you shouldn’t be using. When you’re doing heavy barbell curls for biceps, you start rocking because you’re enlisting other muscles groups to do what your biceps aren’t capable of doing alone. Before you know it, you’re not only working your biceps but your shoulders, lower back and legs.

Better to isolate the muscle group you’re trying to target. If you’re hitting biceps, then hit the biceps. If you’re working your chest, then work the chest. It’s called concentration and it’s done using proper form.

Proper form can be defined as the most efficient way to work a muscle with a minimum of lost motion and wasted energy. Eliminate unnecessary motions and muscle contractions that only tire you out. Conserve energy by using the least amount of overall energy, which is done by using the greatest amount of energy for your targeted muscle group.

Proper form is body awareness. One way to get in touch with your body is by developing neuromuscular proficiency, also known as kinesthetic perception (KP).

KP is the ability to feel contraction and relaxation, to know just what the hell a muscle is doing. It’s a harmonious interplay of mind and body, and is developed by consciously feeling the muscles you use and relax during an exercise. Relaxation doesn’t mean kicking back or taking a nap. In KP, it refers to the degree of tension in the musculature. The relaxation of muscles depends upon the mental poise and emotional control—telling the muscles you shouldn’t be using to chill so you can hit the muscles you’re targeting. For example, if you’re doing crunches, you want to concentrate on relaxing the back and using only the abs to do the work.

Proper form can be achieved through KP, but it takes time, practice and a willingness to train your mind.

•••
What are weights? Weights are tools. When you grab a barbell, cable or dumbbell, you’re grabbing a hammer, a pencil, or sewing needle. What matters is not how much it weighs, but what you’re able to do with it. After a while, you should get to the point where you don’t even think of the weight as existing, but

BASIC EXERCISES



USING THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPER FORM

Squats. Although this “king” of exercises works all the major muscles in the upper legs and buttocks, it is not the most isolating for your quadriceps. Your quads primarily work by extending the knee (straightening the leg), which is best done on a Leg Extension machine. Although squats simulate that motion, they also incorporate several other movements. By the time you’re fatigued with a set of squats, are your quads truly pumped? Try doing leg extensions before squats so the quads will be the limiting factor during your squats. Also, while doing squats, keep your back straight, your legs shoulder-width, and feet pointed straight ahead. Without leaning forward or elevating your heels to keep your balance, squat down until your thighs are almost parallel to the floor. Return to the starting position. If you have a tendency to lean forward, use a board to elevate your heels in order to maintain balance.

Bench Press. Grasp the barbell with your hands shoulder-width apart. With your back flat on the bench, lift the barbell off the rack and lower until your upper arms are parallel to the floor. Now press the weight straight up until your arms are straight. Don’t lock your elbows or pause at the top but keep in constant, slow motion. Keep a natural arch in your back but do not lift your butt off the bench.

One-Arm Dumbbell Rows. Rest your right hand and knee on the weight bench and bend forward until your back is parallel to the floor. Keep your back arched and stationary during the exercise. Pull the dumbbell straight up to your side, until your upper arm is just above parallel to the floor, then lower it. Don’t jerk the weight up. Repeat exercise on other side.

Lat Front Pulldowns. With your feet planted firmly on the ground and your knees tight under the pads, take a shoulder-width grip on the bar. Keep your back arched and do not lean back. Pull the bar down to your chest, or until your elbows are at your sides. Lower stack until your upper arms are just above parallel to the ground. Repeat.

Rotating Dumbbell Shoulder Press. Grasp a pair of dumbbells and raise them shoulder height. With your elbows pointing downward and your palms facing in, slowly press the weights overhead while simultaneously rotating your palms forward. The weights should be shoulder-width apart, palms facing away from the body at the top of the movement. Don’t lock your elbows. Now lower the weights back to the starting position, rotating your wrists once again so your palms are facing you.

Shoulder Side Raise. Grasp a dumbbell in each hand. Keep your arms straight or slightly bent at your sides, palms facing in. With your back straight, slowly raise your arms out from your sides until they are parallel with the floor. Slightly rotate your wrists forward at the top of the movement, as if you were pouring two pitchers of water. Hold for a second or two, then slowly lower your arms back into the starting position.

BASIC EXERCISES

Bent-Over Shoulder Raise. Hold a dumbbell in each hand, arms at your side, and sit at the end of a weight bench. With your legs and feet together in front of you, lean forward until your chest reaches your knees. Keep your back straight, head facing down to the floor. This is the starting position. Now, with your chest glued to your knees, slowly raise your arms straight out from your sides until they are nearly parallel to the floor. Hold for a moment, then return to the starting position.

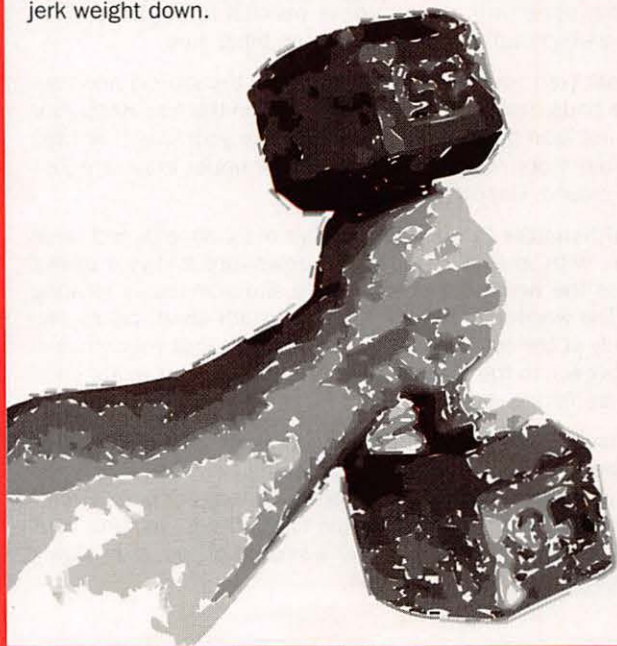
Trapezius Shoulder Shrug. Grasp a dumbbell in each hand. Your arms should be hanging down at your sides, palms facing each other. Now, slowly drop your shoulders until they are "square." Then raise them as far as possible, as if you were trying to touch your shoulders to your ears. Don't rotate the shoulders.

Biceps wide-grip barbell curl. Your grip and stance should be shoulder-width. Keeping your elbows tucked, slowly curl the bar upward to chest level, making sure your shoulders stay stationary. Don't bend or swing the weight up—curl it!

Biceps Incline Dumbbell Curl. Hold a dumbbell in each hand, sit on an incline bench and rest your back on the bench with your arms hanging straight down at your sides, palms facing forward. Now curl both dumbbells up to the sides of the chest in a semicircular motion, keeping your elbows at your sides. Lower your weights back to the starting position.

Barbell Incline Triceps Curl. Lie on an incline bench, and rest your head and back on the bench. With your hands no more than six inches apart, press the bar up to arm's length, making sure that your palms are facing up, and the bar is directly overhead. Bend your elbows, lowering the bar in a semicircular motion to the top of your head. Be sure to keep your shoulders and upper arms stationary. Press the weight up to return to the starting position.

Tricep Pushdown. Stand facing a straight or slightly-bent bar on the cable. Start pressing at chest level and slowly straighten your arms. Keep your weight distributed slightly over the bar but do not use momentum to jerk weight down.



rather the movements you are performing that require maximum contraction. Think of the weight as an extension of your body.

This is where proper form gets important.

The joints in your body are designed to move in specific, pre-defined ways. Although increased flexibility can improve your joints' range of motion, it cannot change the angles or actions defined by the design of your tendons, ligaments and musculature. Thus, your biceps muscle primarily works to flex the elbow joint. So if you're going to train biceps, why would you incorporate other movements into your exercise? If you are doing anything other than a strict elbow joint flex, you are working other muscle groups and taking away from your targeted muscle.

There is a best way to lift iron. You learn proper form by getting to know body movements, also known as kinesiology. For example, if you know that the chest primarily works in a horizontal shoulder flexion, you're not going to want to cheat on your bench by raising your hips. If you know your latts are worked best with shoulder flexion, you're not going to cheat on your pulldowns by adding extra elbow movements, like enlisting the aid of your biceps.

Following are a few of the principles of proper form:

- **Warming-up.** Briefly contract, stretch and loosen up the target muscles prior to any vigorous exercise. Cold muscles don't perform worth shit, and you'll run the risk of an injury.
- **Breathing.** Synchronized movement of oxygen in/out of the lungs for muscle growth is necessary during each and every rep. Keep it rhythmic; breathe out doing a lift, breathe in while you lower the weight (the negative).
- **Positioning.** How equipment is positioned in relation to the body is important. Your joints should line up to cams and levers on machines. Your positioning should be natural for your body.
- **Grip.** Keep your grips shoulder width on presses, rows and pulldowns. Wide-grips do not make you wider—they just limit your range of motion.
- **Control.** Maintain balance of the weight being used to prevent injury. Concentrate! This is best done by using a weight you can handle without cheating.
- **Balance.** Whether you're squatting, pressing or curling, balance is vital to good form. Without balance, you're going to lose energy from the beginning of a set. Sustaining your power throughout a set requires leverage and perfect timing.
- **Momentum.** Momentum is the monster. Reduce to a minimum. If you have to employ momentum in order to complete your reps, you're going too heavy.

Mastering proper form will not come overnight or with a single workout, but the good news is that anyone can learn it. All it takes is patience and motivation, and turning away when someone in the gym says you have to throw on the weight to get big.

It's going to be harder to learn for those who've been using improper form for years. It could take several months of relearning, and careful, concentrated effort. Although your ego might suffer as you scale down the weight, your reward may be a growth phase by training the right way.



POST CONVICTION ADVOCATES

Federal and New Jersey
State Appeals, Habeas
Petitions, Parole
Revocation Hearings,
Sentencing Memoranda,
Forfeitures.

Dedicated, competent,
experienced staff.
Electronic Research.

Cassandra Savoy, Esq.
141 South Harrison Street
East Orange, New Jersey 07018
(201) 678-1515

Keep Fit

Without Leaving Your Cell!

GYM IN A BOX

*Full Body Workout designed to build muscle,
get you in shape or help you stay fit.*

*Includes the Pro Boxer Workout: The routine
used by professional world contenders.*

**Complete package
includes everything
you need:**

- **Manuals**
- **Exercise Gear**
- **T-shirt**

Name _____

ID# _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Send \$49 to: Gym-Cell Corp,
346 First Avenue, New York, NY 10009.

EXPERT LEGAL HELP IS AVAILABLE

AND THE POST CONVICTION LEGAL GROUP® MAKES IT EASY TO SECURE.

We are in the process of forming a cooperative association of the best and most experienced criminal defense attorneys in the country.

One phone call will provide you with the name and credentials of the attorney that best suits the specifics of your case. Our members are responsive. They have demonstrated their skills in the criminal courts and earned the respect of their clients.

If you are in need of legal representation, your calls or letters are invited.

Call 1-800-207-2659 for further information.

Post Conviction Legal Group, 1436 Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019.

Additional attorney participation welcomed. Please call.

ANIMAL FACTORY

(continued from page 31)

down me first, and then T.J. and Bad Eye will—”

“Oh, man, I don’t want to get you into trouble.”

“Fuck all that.”

“Yeah, okay. I don’t want to kill him . . . or rather I don’t want the penalties for it.”

“Let’s check him out. Let me see if I recognize him. Then we’ll plan. We’ll go to the library and you point him out through the window when school lets out.”

As they crossed the yard and went out the gate, Ron grabbed Earl’s elbow. “Look, motherfucker, promise me . . . if it comes to trouble, don’t take over for me. Don’t go get T.J. and do something without me. I’d hate you if you did that. I’ve learned how to hold up my end. Promise . . . ?”

“I promise. I can dig it.”

Inside the library they waited near a front window until the school bell rang and a horde of convicts burst from the Education building, many carrying school-books. A minute later the literacy training class came from the annex. Buck Rowan stood out and he was alone, carrying his books. He had a clodhopper stride, arms hanging straight down, feet stepping high-as if he were pulling them from ploughed dirt.

“I’ve seen that fool around,” Earl said. “He catches the eye. But I haven’t seen him with anybody’s who’s trouble.”

“He cells on the bottom tier in the East block, close custody.”

Earl’s eyes narrowed to slits and the muscles twitched—but the thinking about what to do took less than a minute. “Okay, don’t go back to the cellblock after chow. Hang back on the yard with the clean-up crew. Paul and Vito will be there. When T.J. comes by, tell him to wait, but don’t tell him what’s happening or he’s liable to go take care of it himself. I’ll meet you, and we’ll catch him when he goes back to the block. He won’t expect us then, and we’ll have all the edge.” Earl neglected to add his feeling that the problem could be handled without murder. He’d go with his allies, and if Buck’s response was unsatisfactory, they would kick him within an inch of his life—but Earl was confident Buck would back down when he saw what he was up against. No man alone, no matter how tough, could win against fifteen killers.

A minute behind the convicts leaving school came the evening watch guards carrying lunchpails, hurrying toward the cellhouses to help with the main count.

“Wait a couple minutes before you go to the yard,” Earl said. “When you hear the lineup whistle, go straight into the block. The mooch might be waiting. I’ve got to go to the yard office.”

Ron nodded without enthusiasm. “Damn, I’m tired of this crap. Just . . . fuck it,”

“Oh no, we can handle this. It’s routine shit.” Earl cuffed him on the arm.

“You have to act like an animal to get respect in here.”

“Cool it. It’s gonna be okay. Quit snivelin’. You’ve had the red carpet. I was six years younger than you and didn’t smile for two years. It took me a decade to make the North block and go to night movies. And you’ve got as much time left as a mosquito has prick, unless you fuck it up. I need you out there to look after me.”

Ron headed toward the yard and Earl went to the office.

The colonel was on duty, trimly military at his desk, and Big Rand was disappearing toward the front gate. As Earl stepped in the way, the black lieutenant known as Captain Midnight was on duty. Seeman, Earl recalled, had taken the night off to drive his daughter to the airport. Captain Midnight had a reputation for being a black racist, and whether it was deserved or not, the man was a hateful son-of-a-bitch—and he thoroughly dislike Earl Copen. Earl believed that the man resented any intelligent convict and despised all ignorant ones. Earl knew he would have to watch himself with both Captain Midnight and the colonel.

He thought about how to handle the situation with Buck Rowan in the East cellhouse. T.J. and Baby Boy lived on the fifth tier and ate first. He would have to get to the yard quickly and catch them before they locked up. They were necessary in case Buck Rowan needed to be stomped through the cement. Paul and Vito would be sweeping and hosing the yard. He wanted them there, too, for a show of strength. And if any of the Brotherhood were available, they could also stand on the sidelines looking mean. If he’d been planning a killing, Earl would have asked one man to come along to help and a second for lookout, but a killing was what he wanted to avoid.

The shadows of twilight deepened—and the count was very late in clearing. The colonel called control. Nobody was missing; the total was right but some bodies were in the wrong places. One tier had an extra prisoner while another had one too few, a fairly common error, but one that held back the supper unlock until corrected.

When the bell finally rang, and Earl swung his feet off the typewriter stand, Captain Midnight came from the rear office with two pieces of yellow legal tablet in hand. “Here, Copen, make an original and two copies.”

“Can I go eat first?”

“Do it before you eat. Have it ready when I get back.”

Earl glanced at the crabbed, nearly illegible handwriting.

“Don’t make any changes,” Captain Midnight said. “I’m hip to you.”

“Whatever you say, boss man. I’ll even leave the misspelled words if you want.”

The black lieutenant froze for a second. “Just do your job, convict. And be careful. I’m after your ass.”

“Oh, I know that. . . and I’m so careful when you’re around.”

“If I catch you down wrong, they’ll have to pipe air into you. I know about you and your gang.” He started to add something more, but clicked his teeth together and thought better of it. “Have that memo done when I get back.”

“Okay, boss.”

Typing the memo took longer than usual because the handwriting was hard to decipher. In addition, he was pressed because he was in a hurry, and therefore made more errors than usual. When he finished, the automatic lights of the prison had gone on. He put the memo on the lieutenant’s desk and rushed out. “Gonna get some chow, boss,” he said.

“Best hurry, lad. It’s nearly time for the mess hall to close.”

The last tier—Buck Rowan’s tier—had long since entered the mess hall, and men were straggling back across the yard to the East cellhouse from the exit door. The North cellhouse doors were locked, though they would open after the meal for night school and other activities. He circled in that direction, looking for Ron—but Ron wasn’t there. At the far end of the yard, in the overhang of the canteen roof, stood several figures silhouetted against the canteen lights. The night yard crew, among them Paul

and Vito, Earl moved quickly in that direction, unable to run because it was against the rules and the rifleman would blast his whistle. Paul and Vito were both leaning on broom handles.

"Where's Superhonky?" Earl asked.

"Him and Baby Boy went in. They're both drunk," Paul said.

"I was gonna try and fuck him while he was out," Vito said, "but the big motherfucker might wake up."

"Shit!" Earl said. "I needed him to stand around and look mean. I gotta drive on some fool."

"Who is it?" Vito asked.

"Some lop fuckin' with Ron."

"Ron just went in the East block," Paul said.

"I told him—" Earl began; then wheeled and nearly ran toward the square of yellow light filling the open door. Vito and Paul threw down their brooms and hurried after.

The vast cellhouse hummed with the accumulated voices of trapped men. The tiers were packed with inmates waiting for lockup, and around the door were men jammed waiting for night unlocks to begin. Earl pushed through, turned around the corner and put an arm up beside his face as he passed the sergeant's office. The rifleman was on the other side of the cellhouse. The crowd was much thinner on the bottom because the space was much larger, going all the way to the cellhouse wall.

Earl immediately saw Ron and Buck facing each other halfway down the tier. He increased his pace. Paul and Vito were twenty feet behind him, moving more slowly and trying to appear unconcerned. Earl was both proud of Ron's courage and angry at his foolishness. I'll let him handle it as long as he can, Earl thought when he was ten feet away, but that thought was instantly erased when Buck saw him over Ron's shoulder and said, "Here's your daddy." He sneered. "Or maybe he's a sissy, too. Or a rat."

Nobody had ever been so disrespectful. Earl's mind reeled with the burst of fury. He leaped past Ron and swung—but his rage made him start the punch from too far away, with too much warning. Buck evaded the blow and Earl's momentum sent him crashing into the big man. He instantly saw that Buck was too big and too strong, clumsy but quick, his hands swinging like a bear swatting bees. Earl was slammed back as they went around. Buck drove him back under the tier, into the cell bars with such force that Earl's wind was knocked out. He couldn't get leverage to punch. Buck's hands went around him, grabbed the cell bars and tried to crush him. The big

man's cheek was next to Earl's face. He grabbed the head, sunk his teeth into the top of Buck's right ear and bit it off, the blood running instantly.

Surprised, Paul and Vito were seconds late—for Ron had pulled the knife from his waistband and come forward with the quick steps of a matador. Without hesitation, he struck with all his strength, burying fourteen inches of steel in the wide back. "Die, you motherfucker!"

The big man collapsed instantly, falling straight down like a dynamited building. The spinal cord was severed. He nearly pulled Earl down on top of him until Vito's brogan thudded into his face. Then he screamed, a terrible, bellying sound that cut through the cellhouse hum and brought a sudden hush as hundreds of eyes looked for signs of another murder.

"Cut his throat," Vito said, "so he can't snitch." And he reached for the knife when Ron hesitated.

A police whistle shrilled alarm. "Split!" Paul said. "The gun bull's coming."

The whistle came again. The guard was rushing down the catwalk, levering a cartridge into the rifle's firing chamber. He couldn't see under the bottom tier. Earl shoved Ron and they started running toward the rear of the building, keeping under the tier so only their feet were visible. Paul and Vito were behind them. The cellhouse bulls would come from the front. When they reached the back stairs, Earl and Ron went up, disappearing before the rifleman could come around on the catwalk. Paul and Vito stayed on the bottom, circling the cellblock. The whistle still bleated, but it was falling behind.

Ron still had the shiv. Convicts on the tier fell back from them, giving them passage.

"Throw it," Earl said.

Ron reached through a cell's bars and dropped the weapon. Someone would get rid of it. They pushed along the third tier, heading toward the front stairs.

"They'll lock that door in a minute," Earl said. "We've gotta get out of here before that."

No guards were in front. They'd rushed toward the scene of the stabbing. Ron and Earl leaped down the steel stairs three at a bound, and in seconds were through the rotunda and in the dark yard. A hundred yards ahead of them Paul and Vito were already turning into the mess hall where the night yard crew was allowed to drink coffee. To the right, convicts were streaming out of the North cellhouse on evening unlocks.

"Go to Education," Earl said. "We might be okay. It was under the tier and not many saw it. Maybe we won't get



snatched on."

"I never thought I could do that—and it was easy. It just went in."

Earl draped an arm around Ron's shoulder. "If an asshole ever got his issue, it was that one."

Ron nodded, suddenly unable to speak, beginning to feel the squeezing fingers of fear in his stomach. If the act had been easy, the possible repercussions were not.

When they neared the gate, Earl patted him on the back and stopped. "Keep going. The colonel will see us together if we go much farther."

While Ron hurried on, turning through the lighted door into the school building, Earl loitered under the gate. Then he saw Captain Midnight and the third watch sergeant hurrying toward him down the road, en route to the East cellhouse stabbing. Earl sauntered toward them, passed with a nod to the sergeant, ignoring the lieutenant. He went into the yard office, glad to be hidden by darkness, for he was trembling from nervous tension. The colonel sat in the shadows. "Another stabbing in the East block," he said.

"Who was it?"

"Don't have his name yet. But it's a good one."

"Is he dead?"

"He was on a gurney when I got the call. . . so he's still alive."

Earl grunted, not wanting to appear too interested. He sat in his own chair, looking out at the prison night, wondering if they would get by. Five minutes later a cadaverous-faced doctor hurried across the plaza from the front gate, going to the hospital. He was a legend among convicts, especially with knife wounds. He'd saved men stabbed in the heart.

Earl stood up, too tense to sit still. He wanted to go somewhere, see Ron.

"Better hang around," the colonel said. "There'll probably be some reports to type when the lieutenant gets back."

"That won't be for half an hour. I'm going to the cell for some cigarettes. Call over there if you need me."

"Just so we know where you are," the colonel said.

"I can't go too far," Earl said, stepping out into the night.

As Earl neared the doorway of the education building, he met an older convict coming the other way. Red Malone was a friend, though they seldom saw each other. Red worked outside the walls in the employee snack bar as a night cook and lived in the elite West cellhouse. Red stopped as Earl approached, obviously wanting to talk, and although Earl's mind raced on other things, he stopped and grinned. Then, as Red stuck out his hand, Earl remembered that the man was going home—after a dozen calendars behind the walls.

"When is it, Red?"

"*Mañana.*"

"Good luck, brother."

"I'm scared shitless. I've gotta make it. I can't stand another jolt. My teeth are gone and my hair is going."

"You'll be okay. Just keep your shit together."

"We're getting old."

"We're younger than springtime, sucker." He slapped Red affectionately on the back and clenched his hand.

When Red was gone, Earl stuck his head through the doorway to Education. Half a dozen clerks were behind their desks around the room. Three teachers were picking

up their roll call sheets. Ron was in the glass-enclosed office of the supervisor of education, sitting on the edge of the desk talking to Jan the Actress. Mr. Harrell was also there—and Earl wondered if the man ever went home. It was best not to go in. They might provide Ron with a partial alibi if they thought he'd been there five minutes earlier than he was. He wanted to tell Ron not to say a word if he was picked up—not even a lie. He decided Ron probably knew that; silence cannot be impeached, whereas a lie can sometimes be refuted.

Earl continued to the yard. The mess-hall doors were locked and he didn't know if Vito and Paul were inside. The years of prison told Earl that it was likely he'd be picked up for the assault. Someone would fink privately, though it was most unlikely that he would testify. It was a good idea to get ready for the hole. He headed toward the North cellhouse, ducking through the door just before the guard locked it after the night unlocks had finished.

Buzzard had the cell key for the fifth tier. Earl found him working on a leather purse in his cell. "Unlock my cell, Buzz, and keep a watch on the door downstairs. I think the pigs might be coming for me."

They went quickly, and as Buzzard inserted the key, he said he'd heard something about a stabbing in the East cellhouse. He didn't punctuate the statement with a significant look; the words were enough. Earl didn't reply, but took off the pillowslip and began filling it with property that he could have in "B" Section—cigarettes, toiletries, paperback books. He took three twenty-dollar bills from the hiding place in the gallon can, rolled them up one at a time, and inserted each in a tube of shaving cream through the top. The guards checked the bottom of tubes for tampering, but not the hole. It got messy to squirt everything out, and the convict who had nothing could complain loudly about it. He looked at his cell furniture, the oil painting shutters, the lampshade, the glass-topped desk. "Give it all to T.J.," he said; then handed Buzzard the pillowslip. "If they slam me, give the sack to Lieutenant Seeman. He'll see that I get it."

"What about those cigarettes I'm holding for you in my cell?"

"Consider them a present."

Earl glanced over the tier and saw Captain Midnight and two other guards come through the door, carrying nightsticks. Earl momentarily thought of hurrying to one of the two hundred and fifty cells and hiding. They wouldn't find him until the last lockup, or later than that if he wanted to risk a charge of attempted escape. Instead, he went to the stairs and started down, feigning surprise when they ganged around him. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

Surprised, they hesitated, hefting the clubs nervously, and then Captain Midnight had him turn and lean against the wall for a weapons frisk. Then they jammed him close and the group went down the stairs where the cellhouse guard had the door open for them. One of the guards, an old-timer and a favorite of Lieutenant Seeman's, wrinkled up his face to show he was doing something distasteful in arresting Earl. The convict nearly smiled, thinking that after enough years in prison, everybody's values were distorted. The old guard didn't care about the stabbing; he was sorry to pick up a convict he liked.

The colonel's face was hidden in the darkness behind the window when the quartet went by; the old Army man didn't move his head. As they passed the chapel, nearing the custody office, Earl heard the voices of the choir. It had to be a tour, for the lights were also on under the fountain. Captain Midnight opened the door and Earl went in ahead

of the two escorts. The large room with half-glass offices along its walls was deserted except for two convict clerks and the sergeant in the control booth; and Ron was on a bench outside the associate warden's office, a young guard beside him.

Captain Midnight motioned Earl to keep going, wanting him as far across the room from Ron as possible. Earl stopped and the guards nearly bumped into him. "What's happening?" Earl asked.

"They won't tell me," Ron said.

"Keep moving and be quiet," Captain Midnight said, reaching for Earl's sleeve. Earl jerked away.

"Keep your hands off me, chump." He turned to Ron. "If it's serious, demand to see a lawyer."

"Knock it off!" the lieutenant said, raising a can of mace with his thumb on the button.

"Man, fuck you! What're you gonna do? Kick my ass? Assholes have been doing that ever since I can remember. You can't kill me. . . and if you do, you can't eat me. . . it's against the law." He threw his head back, the personification of defiance, and everyone froze for half a dozen seconds. "You ain't nothing," Earl said.

They sat in silence except for the clicking of the clerks' typewriters. Earl smoked and tried not to think about the future. Finally the warden came in, a big man almost never seen inside the walls. Now he wore slacks, sweater, and a ten-gallon hat, an unlit cigar between his teeth. He glanced at the two convicts and went into the associate warden's office, followed by the black lieutenant. Ten minutes later Captain Midnight leaned out and beckoned Earl. The guards stayed with him until he reached the door, and the lieutenant told them to wait outside.

The warden was behind the wide desk, his hat off and one cowboy-booted leg propped across the corner. He had a cup of coffee. His face was droopy at the jowls and his eyes were big behind his glasses.

"Have a seat," he said, waving expansively toward a chair across the desk. Captain Midnight stayed behind Earl's right shoulder, moving as the convict moved.

"No, I don't think I'll be here that long."

"Want some coffee?" the warden asked.

Earl shook his head, smiled softly.

"Boy, you shore got a mess of trouble," the warden said laconically. "That ol' boy Rowan says you stuck him. . . an' he's willin' to go on the witness stand. . . from a wheelchair, I might add."

"Who's Rowan?"

The warden flushed momentarily; then regained his fellowship. "Oh, he's a sorry ol' thing. . . and you know him. He probably had it coming."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I really didn't think you did. You're an ol' smartass. . . don't even know how to help yourself. . . tell your side of the story."

"I'd have to talk to my lawyer before I make any statement. Besides, you didn't warn me about my constitutional rights."

"Might as well put him away in the shitcan," the warden said, still not displaying anger—certain of his power.

When Captain Midnight ushered him to the door and opened it, the lieutenant said to the guard, "Make sure he's in a boxcar. Bring his clothes back to see if there's any blood samples on them, especially his shoes."

Earl looked at Ron seated outside the door. The young man was pale and drawn, but his eyes radiated strength. "You weren't in there long," Ron said.

"I didn't have anything to say. They think I stabbed some guy."

"They better watch what they're smoking."

A guard nudged Earl and the trio went out. He sucked deep on the clean air, looked up at the dome of night cluttered with stars, knowing he might never again be outdoors

A direct line to every winning case in the Federal Courts since "*Strickland v. Washington*" — all gathered together and summarized in this comprehensive text. A 70 page index leads you to exactly the right case with almost **800 examples** of ineffective assistance, with every reference to a winning case.

Over 300 cases decided since *Strickland*, and 200 before, are gathered together and indexed according to the precise factual issue considered in the decision. Defense attorneys across the country are using this book to save untold hours, and even days, of research.

If you have ever tried to find

INEFFECTIVE ASSISTANCE OF COUNSEL



WINNING CASES IN THE FEDERAL COURTS

GOOD case law to back up your ineffective assistance arguments, you know how difficult that can be. Here it has already been done for you. Every case in this book is briefly summarized, with emphasis on specific facts which

led to the finding of **Ineffective Assistance of Counsel**.

Seeking an evidentiary hearing? You'll find the case law you need to support your arguments in **Ineffective Assistance of Counsel**.

In a large looseleaf binder, this book is supplemented at least twice annually. The \$120.00 purchase price includes all supplements issued during the following 6 months. Supplement service is \$42.00 per year thereafter.

To order send your payment of \$120.00 plus \$8.00 S&H to:

**SOUTHWEST LEGAL SERVICES
P.O. Box 57091
TUCSON, ARIZONA 85732**

at night—even in prison. Certainly not for a long time.

When they crossed the yard they stopped while the keys to the South cellhouse rotunda were passed down from No. 2 Wall Post. At night the keys were taken from the cellhouses so it would do the convicts inside no good to overpower their keepers. Moments later they opened the door to "B" Section and the bedlam of the damned rolled forth. The yelling voices were an unbroken roar in the shadows of the honeycomb. Trash was ankle deep the entire length of the floor, and the stench of excrement and urine was overpowering. The cells broken up nearly a year before had still not been repaired. Earl looked up at the fence that sheeted the outside of the tiers. Two "B" Section guards were waiting for him, apparently having been called by Control.

"We want his clothes," an escort said.

Earl stood against the wall and stripped, handing over his clothes and going through the poses of a skin search. When he finished, they returned his shorts and motioned him to walk to the rear of the cellhouse. He kept far out from the tier and walked softly, carefully avoiding the shards of glass from jars discarded over the tiers. He could see shadowed faces behind the bars.

"Hey, Bad Eye!" someone yelled. "Earl Copen just came in!" The voice had to rise above the uproar, but Bad Eye heard, for in seconds an arm came through bars on the third tier and Bad Eye yelled, "They finally got your slick ass!"

"They think so!" Earl yelled back, still pussyfooting along, slowly.

"What they say you done did?"

"Some fool got stabbed!"

"I know you're innocent!"

They reached the "boxcars," five cells at the rear. They'd begun as regular cells but then concrete blocks had been extended between each out to the walkway above. A solid door was added, and when it was closed, a man screaming inside the cell was just a squeak outside of it. A tiny light, dimmed by the wire over it, was in a niche in the ceiling between the cell gate and the door.

Earl stepped into the cell, noting that the cast aluminum toilet and washbowl were still in place. Apparently, the occupant during the strike hadn't been able to break them. A grimy mattress and two blankets were on the floor. Wadding a blanket into a pillow, Earl flopped down. The smell was bad, like mildew. Water was leaking somewhere, perhaps in the service alley, maybe from the seal on the toilet. The floor under his bare feet was both gritty and sticky. "Just like home," he muttered. "I love it." He was still keyed up, his mind jumping and unable to focus. He knew from other situations that eventually the despair would eat through into consciousness. Hope would become an uncertain flicker, the candle wax melted, the wick bare. He'd know that suicide was really the one answer to the miserable futility of his existence, but he'd lack the courage of his knowledge. He worried about Ron, hoped the younger man would not feel obliged to confess to take Earl off the hook—and he wished he knew precisely what Buck Rowan had said. It would be very bad if he testified, especially from a wheelchair. Vito had been right: the fool should have had his throat cut. It certainly would have been no loss to the world.

The musings were broken by a rhythmic thumping through the concrete ceiling. He was wanted on the "telephone." He signaled back by standing on the toilet and

pounding with the heel of his hand.

Quickly he folded both blankets into squares, put them over the mouth of the seatless toilet, sat down and began jumping—forcing the water out. He scooped the last of it into the sink and kneeled at the toilet, his face in the bowl. "Hello!" he yelled. "Who's on the phone?"

"It's Rube Samuel. . . your man! The old ass sure looked smooth when you went by."

"Only 'cause it was dark. It's all wrinkled and hairy." Earl liked Rube, the half-Mexican who'd served twelve of fifteen years in the hole at both San Quentin and Folsom. Rube had come to prison for mistakenly entering the wrong apartment, while drunk, but when accosted by the irate resident, Rube had beat him up. The charge was first-degree burglary. Rube had then picked up new convictions for a stabbing and an escape and seemed to be getting wilder and more frenzied as the years went by. Earl liked Rube, even though they seldom saw each other. "Where's Bad Eye?" Earl asked.

"Too far away. You could probably hear each other if you blew your voices, but I'll relay messages."

"Are you above me?"

"I'm on the third tier, a couple cells from Bad Eye. That's Wayne, T.J.'s home boy, above you. He just came from Soledad."

"I heard about him."

"What's with you? I thought you were too slick to get busted."

"They say something about a sticking in the East block." Earl was aware that others could have their toilets empty and be listening. "Did they bring my partner in?"

"Who's that?"

"That youngster I fuck with."

"I heard about him. They say he's pretty."

"Nothin' happenin' there, sucker."

"You sure you ain't eatin' him up? You know how you old convicts are."

"You've been here a long time yourself. I ain't got caught if I am, so you'll never know if you should be jealous."

"How bad is the dude hurt?"

"He's paralyzed. . . everything but his mouth."

"Snitchin', huh?"

"Does a dog have fleas?"

"Who is he?"

"Some hillbilly fish. Been here a couple months and wanted to be a bully."

"Hold it! I'm signin' off. Bad Eye's calling me, these fools are screaming. . . I'll talk to you in the morning."

"Send some smokes and something to read."

"Got you covered."

"If you can send word out, tell our friends about how that fool is snitchin'."

"We'll send word first thing in the morning. I'll see you if they let you out to exercise."

"Right on!"

When Earl flopped back on the mattress, he expected to spend the night turning things over and over in his mind. He called it "squirrel-caging," the compulsive repetition of thoughts without conclusions. He felt the gritted dirt imbedded in the mattress and was chilled because he wore no T-shirt. He pulled the second blanket over him. In three minutes he fell asleep, both because he was utterly drained and because his unconscious said sleep was a means to escape reality.

Ron

Decker was in a more modern cell—in the adjustment center. It, too, was at the very rear, but on a solid floor rather than a tier, and instead of a toilet there was a hole in the floor beside the mattress. It was the floor where militant revolutionaries were usually kept, nearly all of them black, and when Ron had walked by with the guard they had stared out with silent, hostile faces. He could hear the sounds of voices beyond the double doors but could not decipher the words. Here he was doubly an alien, and he wished they'd put him in "B" Section where he might communicate with Earl. Buck Rowan apparently believed that Earl had stabbed him in the melee, and Ron was being torn apart by the situation. He was astounded that he felt so indifferent to Buck Rowan's condition; it was the death of something in himself, or perhaps the beginning of something new. But he was also crucified by guilt that Earl was in trouble because of him when he was basically innocent. Ron had gone into the building alone to avoid just such a situation. The warden had promised that he, Ron, would get favorable action from the judge if he turned on Earl. It was an insulting offer and he'd sneered, refusing to make any statement whatsoever without an attorney—but it also raised hope. Maybe they needed corroboration. Whatever happened, he wouldn't let Earl be convicted of the assault—fuck what Earl said. Yet his own freedom, which had been firmly in hand, was in danger of oozing between his fingers. Either Earl or himself convicted of the crime would face a life sentence or the death penalty, depending on what the jury decided. Even without that, if the judge in Los Angeles found out, he would deny sentence modification, which would mean five long, bitter years before he was *eligible* for parole, and the chances of getting it would be small even then. He'd already seen too many men psychologically maimed by the indefinite sentences of California. If one year made him capable of plunging a knife into a man's back, what would a decade do?

Actually, there was nothing for him to decide, not yet. He would simply wait until things became clearer. Maybe both of them would skate by—unlikely as it now seemed. He could take a few weeks in a bare cell. When it gets too tough for the average motherfucker, it gets the way I like it, he thought, grinning at one of Earl's expressions.



APPEALS

WRITS OF HABEAS CORPUS

FORFEITURES

NEW TRIAL MOTIONS

SENTENCE MODIFICATIONS

*Don't take anymore chances
with your future.*

Today you need a highly skilled research firm that utilizes state-of-the-art electronic research methods if you want to compete with the prosecution.

FREE CONSULTATION.

LAW OFFICE OF
JACQUELINE GOODMAN
800.515.0233

- Payment Plans Available
- Low income? We can help.

*DEDICATED TO INSURING JUSTICE AND
DUE PROCESS FOR THE ACCUSED.*

2201 EAST CHAPMAN AVE.
FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA 92631
714.879.5770



LIFE ON DEATH ROW

Prison Life is planning a
SPECIAL ISSUE on DEATH
ROW and the DEATH
PENALTY IN AMERICA

We want to hear from condemned prisoners: poets, essayists and fiction writers. Tell us your stories. How you wound up on DEATH ROW; how you feel about the death penalty; how you face day-to-day existence knowing you are to be put to death. DEATH ROW ARTISTS. Send us your work for possible inclusion in this SPECIAL DEATH ROW EDITION of *Prison Life*. Address all replies to:

DEATH ROW,
c/o *Prison Life*, 200 Varick,
Ste 901, NY, NY 10014

JUNE '94

Herby Sperling: A Look at His Own Mark **SOLD OUT!** Convict; Bubba's Debut ... and more!

OCTOBER '94

Former DEA Agent Michael Levine Debunks the "Phony" War on Drugs; Snitch 'n' Bitch: Confessions of a Government Rat; 3 Strikes, You're In—For Life!; Prison Fiction: *Lee's Time* by Susan Rosenberg.

JANUARY '95

PLM's First Cover Woman, Karen White—One woman's triumph over 18 years in hell; Ground-breaking journalism exposes the scam on UNICOR: The Economics of Imprisonment; Julie Stewart, founder of FAMM.

MARCH '95

Art Behind Bars—Winners of PLM's 1st annual Art and Writing Contest; Oliv **SOLD OUT!** ent Right **SOLD OUT!** oners by William Kunstler & Ron Kuby; **Gangbangers Speak Out.**

MAY-JUNE '95

Gangland USA: A Inside Look at Prison Gangs; John Gotti's Lawyer Bruce Cutler **SOLD OUT!** eds Wan **SOLD OUT!** ntract On America by Richard Stratton; Liberating Prisoners With Kindness: Bo Lozoff.

JULY-AUGUST '95—LIMITED!

Novelist Kim Wozencraft on the Controversial Case Of Mumia Abu-Jamal—Convicted of killing a cop, this outspoken journalist may have been framed; Revising the **Convict Code**; Prison Life Reveals the Truth About So-Called "Resort" Prisons; Prize-Winning Ex-Con Poet Jimmy Santiago Baca.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER '95

America's Greatest Living Convict Writer Eddie Bunker **SOLD OUT!** ath Row **SOLD OUT!** into the Alcatraz of the Rockies; Inside the Capital's Cage; plus fiction by Dannie Martin.

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER '95

An inside look at Alabama Chain Gangs; A CURE for Crime; Gettin' Out & Goin' for the Green ... Legally! 3 ideas for starting your own business; plus **Animal Factory**—fiction by Eddie Bunker.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY '96

Special HBO issue! Prisoners of the War on Drugs: King Rat by Michael Levine; Junk in the Joint; Women Casualties of the Drug War.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS—PRISON LIFE BACK ISSUES ARE SELLING OUT FAST!

Lock 'Em Up and throw away the key!

Due to swift back issue sales, many are sold out. If you move fast, you can still score our latest issues, packed with prison survival strategies and hard-hitting stories from the inside. Own a complete set of America's hottest magazine. Only ten smacks a shot while they last, and that includes postage & handling.

10 smacks a shot—while they last

Call 1-800-207-2659.

SEND ME BACK ISSUES OF PRISON LIFE!

Enclosed is \$10 per copy. Issue(s) wanted: _____

Check or Money Order Visa AmX MC

Card# _____ Exp _____

Signature _____

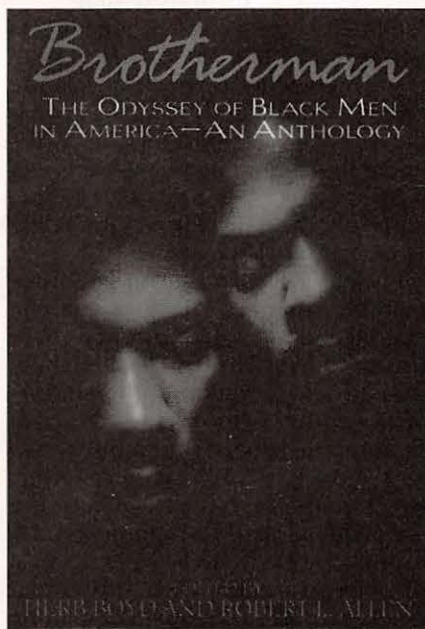
Name _____

ID# (if applicable) _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Send to: Prison Life, 1436 Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019-4946.



Brotherman: The Odyssey of Black Men in America
Edited by Herb Boyd and Robert L. Allen
Ballantine Books, \$19.95
Review by John Mack

Every experience that defines what it means to be a black male in America is explored in *Brotherman*, an anthology edited by Herb Boyd and Robert L. Allen.

When the African slave first set foot on this continent there was a total smashing of every psychic constellation by which the African lived and survived within his own culture and community. He had to make a new adjustment to a new and alien language, an alien religion, and a social and economic world that placed him on par with horses and cattle. Whatever definition he had within his African community was obliterated. The consequences have been a constant search for definition, for identity. Who are we? What is our language, our true religion? Who are our real ancestors? Where is our village?

There has been so much sexual intermingling between blacks and whites, between blacks and Indians for so many generations that it is understandable why our search for identity has been riddled with confusion. We have gone from "colored" to "Negro" to "Afro-American" to "Black" to "African-American" and with a movement among some neo-conservatives to go back to "Negro."

If language and acculturation are essential ingredients in defining who we are, there is no way black men in America can escape the fact that we are Westernized black men: We all speak and think in English, a Western language, and our education is grounded in Western culture and ideas. We are hybrids. And as much as we try to claim the contrary, there is no way we can escape the forces that have made us what we are.

And yet our experiences in America have made us different, and it is this difference that makes *Brotherman* such a fascinating and challenging anthology—an anthology which is indispensable to anyone who wants to know what it has been like for black males in America. Although it is difficult to buy into the fiction that the problem of identity and the condition of black men are unique in comparison to those faced by black women, *Brotherman* makes a convincing argument that they are by including only the voices of black men.

The anthology is divided into six parts, beginning with a search for our forefathers and concluding with the mythical bird from the Akan culture of West Africa—the Sankofa, a bird which "faces forward and looks backward." And between the forefathers and the Sankofa, we hear the voices of what the

FEDERAL SENTENCING EXPERTS

- * Plea agreements
- * PSI review
- * Guideline analysis
- * Appeals

RONALD E. SCHWARTZ

Attorney At Law

8060 Montgomery Road,
Suite 202

Cincinnati, OH 45236

(513) 792-0606

Fax 792-0606

**PRE-TRIAL &
POST-CONVICTION**

PRISON

101

See
Books on
the Block

Inside back cover

poet Sterling Brown referred to as "strong men getting stronger," recreating their experiences as sons "in the family" and in relationship to women, and their survival under racism, and the magic of their art, their songs, their poetry, their novels and plays, their music and sports.

Many of the pieces and voices are familiar, so familiar that they have become timeworn and clichéd and added very little if anything to understanding what the journey of black men in American has meant. Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery*, that glorious hymn to the virtues of Uncle Tom and Missy Anne, has grown stale and trite. Its only contribution is to remind us of the extent to which black men have had to debase and humiliate themselves in order to survive.

But the voice of W.E.B. DuBois is the starting point for every black person who has wrestled with the problem of identity: "One ever feels his twoness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body . . ." The voice of DuBois, as well as those of Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright, Claude McKay, Langston Hughes and James Baldwin never grow weak regardless of how many times we hear them.

And then there are new voices, some from whom we hear a lot of gibberish. Check out Ice T and *The Ice Opinion*, in which we are presented with the meaning of rap music, or what he calls "the art of shit talkin'"

and how it reflects his life and the world he grew up in and how it speaks to and for the "hip-hop generation." One finds little to celebrate, however. Ice T's world and the "music" that glorifies it are everything that a sane black person is trying desperately to get away from.

There are voices here who remind us that the forces of Western acculturation have had such an overwhelming impact that it has left a profound distrust among some of us for our own people. Shelby Steele has made the remarkable discovery that his position in academia has had everything to do with "the content of his character" and nothing to do with his inordinate and peculiar predilection to massage the egos of the likes of David Duke, whom Steele compares Malcolm X. Although Steele makes a good attempt to cover a conscience steeped in "bad faith," his liking for police who murder black suspects and his excuse for young white thugs who murder black people merely because they made the mistake of walking into a white neighborhood make it all too obvious on what side of the fence he's standing on.

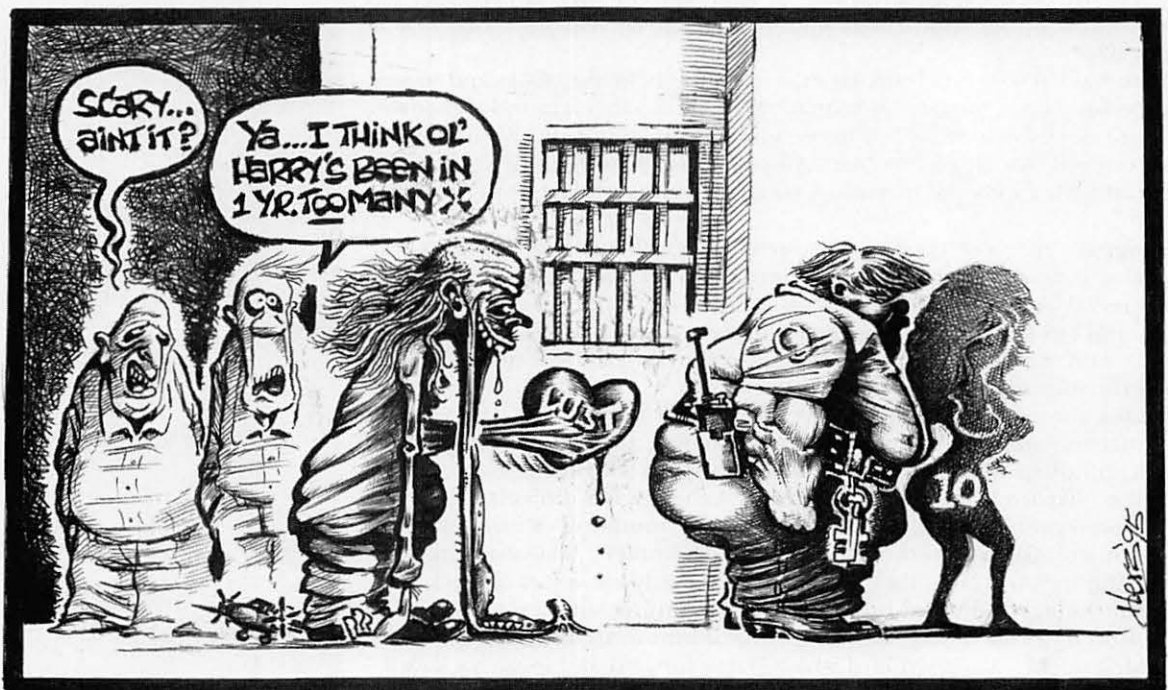
I also fail to see what Stanley Crouch contributes to the ideas embodied in the editor's concept of *Brotherman* other than his readiness to lend his mind and talent to any person or idea designed to demean his own people, as he did so splendidly in his piece defending Michael Jackson's pathological rage to be white. But then, every black conservative, from

Booker T. Washington to Clarence Thomas, knows instinctively that there's gold "in them there hills."

Of particular interest are the pieces about prison and the prison experience, mainly because prison and the criminal justice system have become the defining metaphors for black males in the inner city. Reading these pieces is like rubbing salt into a raw wound, especially the excerpt from John Edgar Wideman's *Brother and Keepers*.

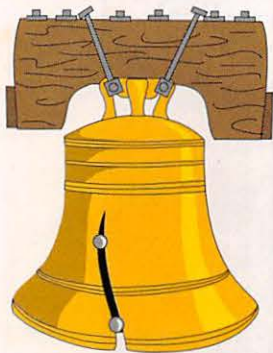
I found Dhoruba Bin Wahad disappointing, however. There's something painful and not a little pathetic about brothers like Dhoruba Bin Wahad, who are still locked into the mind-set of the sixties, who still think about "revolution," about the "movement," and who still believe that there's a big, sweet, juicy pie in the sky. Given the inevitable drift of the computerized, hypnotic world we're living in, a world of "virtual reality," of subliminal media control and manipulation, one is saddened by what prison does to so many good minds.

I started this book with the idea that I would read the introduction and skim the text. Although I was disappointed in not finding the names of Robert Hayden, David Bradley or Etherage Knight, I got hooked and ended up reading all 878 pages of a book I'm certain I will be drawn back to as long as I can hold onto a passion and a concern for the joys and sorrows of all people, as well as my own.



The Citebook

**A UNIQUE, PLAIN LANGUAGE LEGAL
MANUAL WRITTEN SPECIFICALLY
FOR THE LAYMAN.**



The Citebook is the only book written which contains solely positive case law. It gives you a clear and concise understanding of what your constitutional rights really are, how to work your way through the legal system, then obtain the relief you seek at a fraction of the normal cost. It is also the nations #1 legal assistance manual for both the layman and professional.

It is a **MUST HAVE BOOK** for any individual considering involvement in our legal system

YES!

Please send the books checked below:

Send us ___ "Citebooks" at \$24.95 each: _____

Postage at \$2.50 each: _____

Florida residents
add 7% sales tax: _____

Total enclosed: _____

For 2 Day priority Mail add \$5.00
For Overnight Mail add \$17.00

YEARLY EDITIONS.....

YEARLY EDITIONS ARE PRINTED AND SHIPPED EVERY OCTOBER. COST IS \$27.45 (\$24.95 + \$2.50 S&H)

QUARTERLY UPDATES.....

QUARTERLY UPDATES ARE ISSUED DURING THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, APRIL, JULY AND OCTOBER. COST IS \$109.80 FOR UPDATES AND MUST BE ORDERED ON A YEARLY BASIS.

- Check here for Quarterly Updates
 Check here for Yearly Editions

Send my "Citebook[s]" to:

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Call for special pricing on orders of 25 or more.

Send to:
Starlite Inc.
P.O. Box 20004 - Dept. 22
St. Petersburg, FL 33742

(800) 577-2929
(813) 392-2929
FAX (813) 392-6161



MAGAZINES BOOKS

We offer a complete selection of U.S. and European adult's only girlie magazines. We also have comic books, adult's only paperbacks, and selected other related reading and viewing periodicals. We ship all orders by insured parcel post. For a complete listing of our product line, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

**Paper-Wings
P.O.B. 4855
Baltimore, MD 21211**

"Standing outside we saw sinister clouds glowing in the west and the whole sky alive with clouds of ever-changing shapes and colors, from steel blue to blood red . . . Then, after minutes of moving silence, one prisoner said to another, 'How beautiful the world could be.'"

"Experiences in a Concentration Camp—Man's Search for Meaning"
by Viktor Frankl,
Beacon Press, Boston, MA.

ESCAPE!

To help you become more aware of the sky, we offer readers of *Prison Life* magazine the Cloud Chart. It's 17x23, premium laminated, and mailed to you rolled in a tube. This beautiful, educational cloud chart highlights 35 cloud formations.

The Cloud Chart was prepared in cooperation with FOR SPACIOUS SKIES, a non-profit foundation dedicated to increasing public awareness of the sky's beauty and wonder.

To order, send \$8.95 to:
Cloud Chart
c/o FSS Dept PL
P.O. Box 191
Lexington, MA 02173

This could be one of the most significant,
positive steps of your life!

Love a Convict?

Then show them with a card from Luvacon's fine line of greeting cards.

Inspirational • Devotional • Humorous • Religious

Luvacon Greetings produces two lines of fine cards . . . one for families to send to their loved ones, and one for convicts to send home.

Most of the artwork for our cards (which are produced in English and Spanish) is provided by present and former convicts . . . and speaks directly to the heartbreak and pain of forced separation of families.

For a color brochure and sample card send \$5.00 to: Luvacon Greetings Ltd., 1276 W. 3rd St., Suite 420, Cleveland, OH 44113

"Making a difference for convicts and families."

(Additional artists and poets needed.)

**PRIME
SPACE
AVAILABLE
CALL
212/229-
1169**

Albedino

Mail this coupon for a 10% discount on your first order. Or mention Prison Life magazine when you order by phone. See back cover for full details.

Name _____

ID# _____

Our Spring catalog is in the works. We'll be offering even more products selected especially for you. If you have suggestions, put them on paper and send them along to us. We'd be happy to hear from you.



LEGAL

PARALEGALGRADED CURRICULUM BY BLACKSTONE SCHOOL OF LAW.

Approved home studies legal training since 1890. Affordable and comprehensive. Free catalog: 1-800-826-9228 or write Blackstone School of Law, P.O. Box 701449 Dept. PL, Dallas, TX 75370.

MAIL ORDER

Say Happy Mother's/Father's Day, Happy Birthday, I'm Sorry, I Love You; gift certificates, perfume, candy, flowers. Serving prisoners exclusively. Free brochure. MAIL ORDER BLUES, 2767 So. Parker Road, Suite 188, Aurora, CO 80014. Telephone: 303/914-3955.

EXPRESS YOUR LOVE TO FAMILY & FRIENDS. Custom designed gift baskets shipped nationwide and to foreign countries. Gift Baskets By Mail, P.O. Box 610924, San Jose, CA 95161. FREE COLOR PHOTO & BROCHURE. Call or write today. (408) 254-4134.

CASSETTES & COMPACT DISCS DELIVERED TO YOU. Huge selection, great service, great prices. Catalog \$1, includes a \$2 discount coupon. Write: Miles of Music, Attn: Peter Benjamin 20929-47 Ventura Blvd., Suite 28, Woodland Hills, CA 91364.

T-SHIRTS & CARDS TO UPLIFT THE HUMAN SPIRIT! Beautiful, full color artwork inspired by Earth Philosophy, the Vision Quest and the Teachings of Tom Brown, Jr. Free Brochure. Wolf Pup Studios, 333 Prospect Road, Springfield, PA 19064 (610) 328-4504.

DESIGNER SUNGLASSES AND WATCHES. Oakley, all styles; Rayban, Bolle, Calvin Klein watches, Tommy Hilfiger, Tag Huier, sold only as replicas. Glasses \$17.50. Watches \$22.50. Call 517/796-1121 or write: P.O. Box 6593, Jackson, MI 49201.

PACKAGES FOR PRISONERS.

Name brand quality no generics. Call 800/386-5120 or write PFP P.O. Box 8213 Spokane, WA 99203 for our brochure listing our 4 basic packages. Custom packages done by arrangement.

BECOME AN EXPERT. Mastery of 97% of English Words without memorization.

MAGNETIC PATTERNS of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE has a new concept based on the relationship of music and language. This program covers word recognition for reading, spelling, speech and vocabulary.

ANALYZE-DON'T MEMORIZE: The program consists of 12 cassette tapes and 6 workbooks. A proven success in correctional institutions. Job Corps, Community Colleges, etc. **START NOW!! SEND \$45.00 TO WYNNER PUBLICATIONS 4596 HICKS LN. CHICO, CA 95973.** Literature on request.

RADIOS AND OTHER GOODS. Serving the prison population since 1984—We are the Conaid Company, Inc. We offer a variety of radios and other goods specifically for the prison population. Free Catalog. Write to: The Conaid Company, Inc., 2302 230th Street, Pasadena, MD 21122.

MEDIA

WRITER DOING RESEARCH FOR BOOK. Looking for people convicted of fraud, embezzlement, con games, scams, etc. Compensation for all stories published. For more information please write to: B. Philbrick, 853 Vanderbilt Beach Rd., Suite 212, Naples, FL 33963.

Filmmaker and photographer seek love stories: relationships that have started during incarceration (between inmates and partners or spouses on the outside). Write to: Gladsjo/Adams, 1072 Folsom St., Suite 238, San Francisco, CA 94103.

ARE YOU SERVING A LONG-TERM SENTENCE AND WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOUR STORY? I'd like to know your thoughts of life on the inside. Write me, I'll write back. PO Box 873, Pleasanton, CA 94566.

Tired of doing time you do not deserve? Have you given up on all possibility of any justice since your confinement? Please write: Freedom Press, Prisoner Support Division, P.O. Box 4458, Leesburg, VA 22075. Include a narrative and copies of your sentencing documents. Phone: 703/491-8725. Collect calls are accepted on Saturday and Sunday only.

BOOKS & MAGS

FREE CATALOG. Absolute lowest prices on subscriptions to 850 magazines. Examples; Newsweek 1 yr \$23.95; Esquire 1 yr \$7.95; Motor Trend 1yr \$9.95; Penthouse \$19.95; **FREE LIST**—Magazine Warehouse, 1243-48th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11219. (800) SAVE-SAVE.

OTHER STUFF

For God So Loved The World That He Gave His Only Begotten Son That Whosoever Believeth In Him Shall Not Perish But Have Everlasting Life. John 3:16. Jesus Loves You.

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD FACES? Join my pen-pal service and meet new people. For free information write to: M&D's Internationals, P.O. Box 361, Duncansville, PA 16635-0361.

CLASSIFIED RATES: \$75 for 35 words. Additional words are \$1 each. Prepayment required. Send to: PRISON LIFE Classified Ads, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019. 1-800-207-2659 or (713) 840-7801.

COMING

IN MAY

The Prison Life Bulletin Board

Announcements, programs of interest, important issues.

**2 NEW
CLASSIFIED
SECTIONS**

The Home Connection

Holiday greetings, special occasion messages and shout-outs to loved ones, family & friends.
Put it in print at reasonable rates.

Call 1-800-207-2659

Visa, MC or AmX accepted

Or write:

1436 W. Gray, Ste. 531

Houston, TX 77019

Rates

Bulletin Board: \$1.50/word

Home Connection: \$1/word

PEN PALS

One Angry Motherfucker looking to kill everyone on the staff of Prison Life magazine. He is "sick of us running a game on him like he's some kind of bitch," concerning his pen pal ad. Of course, if he had his original ad, we'd run it. Please write to this guy. As long as you're not working for PLM, he'll be nice to you. Write to: David Grillette, #114695, Camp J Shark 3/L #7, Louisiana State Prison, Angola, LA 70712.

White, 54, Blond hair, blue eyes. Likes to write poems, essays. Been down for 13 years, still have 12 to go. Need any and all pen pals to keep sane in here. Will answer all. Kenneth Gardner, #092244, DeSoto C.I., P.O. Drawer 1072, M.N. 212, Arcadia, FL 33821.

SWM, 44, 6'1", 275#, solid, brown hair & eyes, into a lot of weightlifting & shaping. Can do just about everything. Seeking women for pen pals or possible relationship. I'm lonely and need of correspondence, age/looks unimportant. Will answer all letters. Doug Orville, #03287-090, P.O. Box 1000, Oxford, WI 53952.

Not interested in pretentious, fantasy romance — been there, done that. Too many over the years and they don't last or they hurt too much. I need something real, something that will last. Looking for sincere, mature, intelligent women who want a good friend in a man they can write to share thoughts, feelings with. I'm a BM, 45, handsome, 6', 200#, vegetarian, sincere 7& intelligent. Been in prison 25 years. Bennie Demps, #030970, Box 221, A-1, 45-2216, Raiford, FL 32083.

I'm in prison on a burglary and D.U.I. charge and I've learned my lesson. I'm 6', 180#, 27, hazel green & gray eyes, pleasant, easy-going & lonely. Born in Jackson, Mississippi. Seeking pen friends to help ease the loneliness of prison. Race, sex, religion, taste and choices unimportant. Ronathan Adams, Unit 32-B, #82472, Parchman, MS 38738.

WM, 195#, 5'11", hazel eyes, auburn hair Christian. Would like to have a good Christian woman for friendship and to share the Word with. Will answer all letters. God bless. Kenneth Newby, #899257, D-202U, Okaloosa C.I., 3189 Little Silver Rd., Crestview, FL 32539.

Black youngsta from Colorado, in search of a cool female who is willing to work through hard times. Outside females preferably but will respond to all letters, in or out. Mr. Shane Davis, #84152, C.S.P. D2/23, P.O. Box 777, Canon City, CO 81215.

SWM, 40, seeking someone to write, to help ease the loneliness of being a convict. Serving 15 years in this federal concentration camp. Hope to be released by 2002. Looking for honesty, sincerity, caring, trust, open-mindedness, understanding: a person for friendship or possible serious relationship. Will answer all letters. No prisoners. Will exchange photos. Kenneth E. Sherry, #03328-027, FCI Pekin, P.O. Box 5000, Iowa 2, Pekin, IL 61555-5000.

SWM, 22, brown hair, hazel eyes, 6'1", 175#. Seeks friendship and possible love. Interests: reading, sports, movies, learning & everything that will allow me to have fun. Down since '93, min. date Jan., 2000. Photo for photo. Anthony Hartman, #CB-6931, S.C.I. Huntingdon, 1100 Pike Street, Huntingdon, PA 16654.

Death Row Correspondence: I'm looking for women, free to visit, for friendship, fun & excitement. Age & race unimportant, but must be over 18. A little knowledge of criminal law would help a heck of a lot, too. Must write so please do so soon. Henry Omar Brisbon, A-01072, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

SWM, looking for pen pals to write to. I'm into weightlifting and staying healthy. I love the outdoors and poetry, and people with a good sense of humor. Roger M. Chambers, #42-444, Ely State Prison, P.O. Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301.

Puerto Rican/Black, 5'11", 200#, 30, TX guy doin' time in NE. Seeking open-minded female correspondence. I enjoy reading, bodybuilding, writing, communication with others. ISO someone who is honest, intimate and sensitive. Race unimportant. No inmates, please. Robert E. McHanny, #47033, P.O. Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68542.

SWF, 41, 5'4", 130, brown hair, green eyes. Looking for friendship and possible companionship. I'm from Southern CA, out this year! Virginia Robinson, #W55103, CCWF C512-12-4 up, P.O. Box 1508, Chowchilla, CA 93610-1508.

WM, 35, kind, intelligent, accomplished author, financially secure sincere, ex-white collar criminal, ex-Wall Street wiz. Seeks special person to correspond with (maybe more). No gigolos, games or bullshit please. Smiles guaranteed. R. DiRose, #85C0773, Box 700, Walkill, NY 12589.

BM, 41, doing a 16-year bit. Been down 4 years, another 6-7 to go. Would love to exchange thoughts and ideas with someone who is beautiful as well as open-minded. F or M, it doesn't matter. Anthony Rancher, #18841, P.O. Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Seeking Helen of Troy. DHM, 45, 6', 200#, brown eyes & hair. Seeks honest, sincere lady, 25-38. Enjoys life to fullest: romance, music, dancing, sports & doing those special things. I offer honesty, loyalty and much more. John (Ringo) Castillo, #520514, Connally Unit, HC. 67, Box 115, Kenedy, TX 78119. I'm a white boy lookin' for letters. I'm 23, 5'8", 140#, brown eyes & long hair. If you can help me out, let me know. I have piggyback capabilities if your institution doesn't allow inter-institutional writing. See ya on the flip side. Ronald Barnum, #89523, ASPC-Perryville, Santa Cruz, P.O. Box 3200, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Peckerwood looking for featherwood to exchange letters, good times, friendship and more with the right lady. Brian Neilsen, Solano County Jail, 500 Union Ave, Fairfield, CA 94533.

SBM, 44, 6', 165. Seeks lively communication with sensitive female of any race, 30-45. J.H. Readus, H-05714/Rm.5256, P.O. Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8101.

Healthy, handsome NYC/SWM-Polish American. Never married, college-educated, blue eyes, 5'8", 160#, 50 (but look 30), somewhat financially stable, 1st time in prison, fighting to prove innocence. 3 years to parole, non-violent, non-smoker, non-druggie—just a rare glass of wine or cocktail. Loves jazz, classical, Cat Stevens, jogging, camping, theater, writing, poetry (Maya Angelou), politics. Seeking tender, caring, loyal and emotional supportive Italian, Hispanic, or Afro-Amer. mature female over 21. I'm not a hard-nosed gangster, I'm a soft-nosed sensitive prankster. Would also like to write to any Liberal-Democrats (if any are left), students, teachers, anyone who smiles, laughs and stops to smell the flowers while sipping cappuccino. Sam Solen, Jr. #85A4082, Box 2001, Dannemora, NY 12929-2001.

Love needs to communicate and mine is reaching out in spirit. Released soon. Californian, 35, adventurous & romantic desiring decent and caring women of any age. Could it be you? Contact Jorge Gutierrez, #477999, Stiles Unit, Beaumont, TX 77705.

BM, 33, 6'0", 205#, solid. Seeks women with sense of humor, intelligent and sincere about corresponding with a true brother. Will respond to all. Russell Dew, #085288, Liberty C.I., P.O. Box 999 (D1-46L), Bristol, FL 32321. *Outta here 12/96!

WM, imprisoned 15 yrs, 39, weightlifter, college graduate. Desiring correspondence with fellow LaVey, Satanists. Interested in conversing about different rituals & expanding relationships with fellow Satanists, and Churches of Satan on the streets. Would like to discuss humanistic, psychological vs. mystic, religious beliefs and concepts. At this moment, I have no belief in any personified God or entity. David Heaton, #14937, Box 400, Rawlins, NY 82301.

An unconditional friend. BM, 25, 6'2", 180#, very athletic with black eyes and dark complexion. Very understanding with a great sense of humor with H.S. diploma & half a semester of college. Very affectionate to one's needs, wants & desires. Seeking female, 22-32, who's very sensitive and loves to watch sports who is political, spiritual & social-minded. Love to write, sing, dance, read, play basketball, ride horses & motorcycles. Michael Bee, #B93613, U/32 E, Parchman, MS 38738.

Will answer all letters from those who were kind enough to read this ad. SWM, 42, 6'3", tall, 220#, lt. brown hair with blue-green eyes. Thank you very much. Kevin John Whisenhunt, #15787, Ely State Prison, P.O. Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301.

SWM, Italian, 39, 5'9", 165#, salt-n-pepper hair, w/ brown eyes. Looking for an honest lady, open-minded, uninhibited, naughty-but-nice lady to share correspondence, fantasies & maybe more. I love children and have a 5-year-old son. Love rock 'n' roll & fast cars. Write to: L.K. Papalia, #884491, B-254-L, Okaloosa C.I., 3189 Little Silver Rd., Crestview, FL 32539-6708.

SWM, 28, 6'1", 205#, muscular, brown hair, green eyes. Seeking correspondence with anyone. Kevin Porth, #40656, P.O. Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301.

BM, 38, 6'5", tall, dark, handsome, sincere with open mind to whatever comes my way. Caught up in the system with 3 1/2 years left. Seeking a good woman, 30-45, with a positive outlook on life who can cope until this good man is freed. Looking to fill my lonely nights writing to you. Will answer all letters, photos, etc. immediately! Any race, just be real. Gerald Shelton, #AP-8949, P.O. Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

My second ad. First ad was a very big success. Free world dude, 46, white, single, seeking correspondence with inmates from across this land full of "Hell's Kitchens." Ladies especially welcome to write. I answer all letters. Again, no fags! No games, no solicitation of any kind. I am not a preacher, I just care about my brothers and sisters who are locked down! Square business! Make 1996 a better year by receiving male for a change. Write: Gary R. Lee, 2418 Bayou Drive, League City, TX 77573-2702.

BM, 37, 6'1", brown eyes, black hair, light-skin, 195#. Seeking women, 30-55, but would write all women back who write to me. Very serious and honest and truthful. No games. Only 2 1/2 years before I'm out. Please hurry. Love kids. Jeremiah N. Brazile, #E885652, D-205, Okaloosa C.I., 3189 Little Silver Rd, Crestview, FL 32539.

SWM, 40. Looking for Christians to pen pal with. It's my second ad. Had great response to the first. Will answer all. I will not answer requests for sex letters. Write to: B. Neal Francis, Twin Rivers Correction Center, P.O. Box 888 (C-518), Monroe, WA 98272-0888. (Dianna D. in TX, please write again. Include your TDC #. I've gotten all letters back.)

Aquarius, 42, 5'11", 210# of sleek, chick medium built madman, black hair & beard or goatee, brown cat eyes, very bow-legged. Professional musician, Master's degree in percussion, music theory and compositions. Enjoys exercise, self-defense, reading, writing, Jazz, Gospel, R & B music. A true romantic seeking a professional sincere, loyal, dependable, strong, music-loving woman. All are welcome if sincere. Photos please. Age 21-75. Race unimportant. We're all God's children. Ronald C. Searcy, #210284, Marquette Branch Prison, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, MI 49855.

SWM, 35-65, no fat, cowboy seeking female, 30-45, who's honest, sincere and disease-free for friendship, possible relationship who enjoys dancing, swimming, movies, sports, long walks at night, fairs, country music & the outdoors. Bobby Davis, Jr., #954637, P.O. Box 601, 15B-4A, Pendleton, IN 46064.

SWM, 21, 5'8", brown eyes & hair. Looking for a female pen pal of any race. Brian McFadden, W-54990, MCI Norfolk, Box 43, Norfolk, MA 02056. Certainly sincerely... BM, 33, 6'1", 215#, light skin, brown eyes, looking to make a heart smile. All races. James Coney, #387453, Okaloosa C.I., 3189 Little Silver Rd, Crestview, FL 32539-6708. D-225.

SWM, 35, blond hair, green eyes, 6'1", 240#, heavily-tattooed, attractive & well-built man. Seeking true friendship with for real, stand-up white gals with stout heart & soul. I've been down 9 yrs. on this 45 agg. and have a ways to go—I need something real! I'm into health & wealth, rock 'n' roll, blues, jazz, Harley-Davidson's, guns & I love sex!!! Photo for photo, will answer all. Curtis R. Nolen, #474467, Robertson Unit, 12071 FM 3522, Abilene, TX 79601.

Open-minded male desperately seeks real friend. I'm on Death Row and my life is very lonely. I need a true friendship and perhaps, more. So, if you're heart is full of love, please share some with me. Gary Hart, #2-518, 7-D-11, Holmon 3700, Atmore, AL 36503.

Chef's Special of the Month:

The Big House Pasta—To Go

- 10 cans V-8 Juice
- 1 garlic bulb
- 1 medium onion
- 1 green pepper
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. parsley
- 3 tsp. olive oil
- 3 cans Tuna (or squid, octopus, sardines)

Brown garlic and onions in olive oil. Add V-8 juice, parsley and oregano. Salt and pepper to taste. Add green pepper and simmer for 2 hours. Add tuna, squid, octopus or sardines 15 minutes prior to serving. Serve over pasta or Ramen Noodles. Serves 4.

*Pete Huf
Lewisburg, PA*



Texas Frito Pie

- 1 can Roast Beef
- 2 cans Chili with Beans
- 2-4 Jalapeño peppers
- 1 pickle
- Corn chips
- Cheese
- Hot sauce
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- Salt and Pepper

Put corn chips in bowl. Heat roast beef and chili, then mix in chopped up pickle and Jalapeños. Add a little hot sauce, the teaspoon of mustard and salt and pepper. Put on top of corn chips. Top it all off with cheese. Feeds two people or one Bubba.

*Thomas Weathers
Tenn. Colony, Texas*

The Slop Saver

- 1 container (10 oz) Salsa
- 1 can Jalapeños, drained
- 1 Hot Pickle, drained
- 1/2 container (4 oz) Cheese Spread (optional)
- 1 packet or single serving Ranch Dressing

Cut up Jalapeños, onions and carrots from can, and hot pickle. Mix with the salsa. Mix in cheese and ranch dressing. Shake it, stir it, whatever, but use it on anything you want to make the slop edible and help to keep you from barking at the moon! Stays fresh around three days without refrigeration. Enjoy.

*The Mrs. Buggs Badman
Utah State Prison*

Wanted: In-Cell Cooking Recipes.
Are you a convict cook? Creative with commissary cuisine? Got something you want to share with your down brothers & sisters? Send us your recipe!

How to get a Pen Pal ad: You get one free ad with your subscription. After that, they're \$9.95 a pop. If you want to include a picture of yourself, they're \$19.95.

**Prison Life Magazine, Editorial Office
200 Varick St., Ste. 901
New York, NY 10014**

23-year-old, 5'8", 185# Chicano from Califas who got caught up in the Rocky Mountains. I have 2 years left on my sentence and I'm looking for a down-to-earth female to write to. Josh Medina, #81437, CSP C-7-21, P.O. Box 777, Canon City, CO 81215.

SWM, 30, 5'9", 200#, blond hair and bitchin' blue eyes. Teutonic beliefs. Likes: progress, intelligence, true justice, and independence. Dislikes: two-digit IQs, authority, political scum and religion. Looking for like-minded females to stir up the establishment with, and possibly, romance, if the ingredients mix compatibly. Will answer all responsible inquiries, no exceptions. Mario Gambino, #610527, Coffield Unit, S-406, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75884.

SWM, 40, 5'7", 200#, eligible for parole Christian Lifer. Relocatable, drug/disease-free, honest, compassionate, unique style seeking sincere, dedicated WF or Italian/Latina lady for friendship/relationship, age/weight/handicap unimportant. Send photo. Pen pals of all races/sex welcome. All answered. Send SASE to H.M. Byrne, #X56453, MDOC Unit#24-A, Parchman, MS 38738.

Artist. 6', 175#, green eyes, long brown hair, free spirit. Would like to hear from warm, intelligent women, 28-up. Tom Connolly, B38619, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Black/Indian guy needs a pen pal. I'm 32, 5'10", 230#, easy going and open-minded. Hobbies include reading, writing and music. Write to: John Garrett, CA Men's Colony, H-397110 6389, P.O. Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8101.

Special Bulletin! Pen pals wanted! I'm an inmate. I'm a BM, 160#, 5'11", and I'd like to make you smile and laugh. Write me, I'll answer all. Carlton Smith, #710354, Union Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 221-011, Raiford, FL 32083.

SWM, 43, 6', 280#. Been down 4 yrs, got 13 to go. Looking for female pen pals. Will answer all letters, race/age unimportant. Isaac L. Strobe, #06618-067, L.S.C.I. Allenwood, P.O. Box 1000, White Deer, PA 17887.

DWM, 37, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'8", 160#. Looking for sincere friendship, honesty very important. Please, no games! Age not an issue; honesty is. Females only! Photo for photo, if you desire. Will answer all. Mark Estes, #614108, 9601 N.E. 24th Ave. (Clements), Amarillo, TX 79107.

Strangers are friends. Me: just turned 37, 6', 190#, open-minded, confined for the past 12 years with two more to go. Enjoy meeting new people, reading (mostly law) and writing. ISO woman who's intelligent but willing to learn, seeking a friendship that's just that. Promise to answer any/all who write. Send photo for quick response, but not needed for response. Bruce Gaynor, #186312, 901 Corrections Way, B2-423, Jarratt, VA 23870-9614.

Death Row Correspondence: I'm looking for women, free to visit for friendship, fun and excitement. Age and race not important, but must be over 18 years old and have a little knowledge in criminal law would help a heck of a lot. Must write so please do so soon. Henry Omar Brisbon, A-01072, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Attractive SWM seeks a sultry female with a great sense of humor. I'm 34 and full of passion. I'd like to meet someone before I see the parole board this year. Write to: Craig Robinson, #34141, PO Box 311, El Dorado, KS 67042.

SBM, 33, 6'4", 174#, attractive, energetic, tender-hearted & strong-willed. Seeking beautiful princess, well-educated, stable, physically fit, sexy & passionate; one with self-esteem, soulful eyes, a classic nose & sensuous voice; who's not afraid of commitment and building real dreams together. Must be marriage-minded, romantic, faithful, know how to treat a man and love children. Age and race unimportant. Raymond Pickett, #C-21520, PO Box 7500, Rm. B1-214L, Crescent City, CA 95531.

SWM, 40, looking for Christians to pen pal with. It's my second ad. Had great response to the first. Will answer all. I will not answer requests for sex letters. Write to: B. Neal Francis, Twin Rivers Correction Center, PO Box 888, C-518, Monroe, WA 98272-0888. *Dianna D. in Texas: Please write again! Include your TDC number. I have gotten all letters back.

NOTE: All Federal and some state prisons prohibit correspondence between prisoners. All such mail will not go through.

The nonprofit and volunteer-run agencies in this list are all working to help us, but they can't help us without your help. If you want to contact one or more of these organizations for information, self-help materials or for their newsletters, then do the right thing—enclose some loose stamps or an SASE. Better yet, send them some money (that's right, some of your hard-earned, hard-time prison money.) Even one dollar can help.

SOCIAL SUPPORT AGENCIES

- American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215/241-7130): A Quaker organization that works for peace and equality. Their criminal justice branch can provide literature on a variety of prison issues. There are six regional AFSC offices in the U.S.: CA, MI, NJ, MA, OH and NY.
- Canadian Association of Elizabeth Fry Societies, 251 Bank Street #600, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2P1X3 (613/238-2422): Provides services and programs for women in Canadian prisons, through 19 local offices.
- John Howard Association, 67 E. Madison #1416, Chicago, IL 60603 (312/263-1901): This organization is mostly involved with prison reform and criminal justice issues in Illinois, but they can provide materials of interest to all prisoners. There is a separate JHA branch in Canada.
- National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), Criminal Justice Prison Program, 4805 Mount Hope Drive, Baltimore, MD 21215-3297 (410/358-8900): Offers referrals and advisory services for prisoners who want to break the cycle of recidivism—especially among minorities. These projects operate through regional offices and are not available in every area. Write for local contact addresses.
- Offender Aid and Restoration (OAR), 301 Park Drive, Severna Park, MD 21146 (410/647-3806): Provides post-release assistance for prisoners in IA, MD, NJ, PA and VA, through 12 local offices.

ADVOCACY ORGANIZATIONS

- CURE, P.O. Box 2310, National Capitol Station, Washington, DC 20013-2310 (202/789-2126): Organization for prison reform, with state chapters and special groups for veterans, lifers, sex offenders and federal prisoners.
- Citizens for a Safe America, 635 Slaters Lane G-100, Alexandria, VA 22314 (703/684-0373): Works for a more progressive and human crime policy.
- Campaign for an Effective Crime Policy, 918 F St. NW #505, Washington, DC 20004 (202/628-1903): This agency works for effective criminal justice reform. Ask your warden to join.
- Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM), 1001 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, #200, Washington, DC 20004 (202/457-5790): Works for the repeal of federal mandatory minimum sentencing laws.
- Justice Watch, 932 Dayton Street, Cincinnati, OH 45214 (513/241-0490): Works to eliminate classism and racism from prisons.

PUBLICATIONS & MAGAZINES

- *Fortune News*, ATTN: Inmate Subscriptions, 39 West 19th Street, New York, NY 10011 (212/206-7070): A publication of Fortune Society.
- *Inside Journal*, c/o Prison Fellowship, P.O. Box 16429, Washington, DC 20041-6429 (703/478-0100): A publication of Prison Fellowship.
- *National Prison Project Journal*, ACLU National Prison Project, 1875 Connecticut Avenue, NW #410, Washington, DC 20009 (202/234-4830): \$2/year for prisoners.
- *Outlook on Justice*, AFSC, 2161 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02140 (617/661-6130): A newsletter of the American Friends Service Committee; \$2/year for prisoners.
- *Prison Life Magazine*, 200 Varick Street, Suite 901, New York, NY 10014 (800/207-2659): A national magazine by and for prisoners (\$19.95/year).

BOOK AND READING PROJECTS

- Books Beyond Bars, P.O. Box 4865, Hialeah, FL 33014 (305/444-0120): A for-profit company that offers a book-ordering service for prisoners.
- Books for Prisoners, c/o Left Bank Bookstore, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101: This volunteer program provides up to three books at a time.
- Prison Book Program, Redbook Store, 92 Green Street, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130: No books can be sent to prisoners in KS, NE, IA, MI, OR or CA.
- Prison Library Project, 976 W. Foothill Blvd #128, Claremont, CA 91711.
- Prisoner Literature Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA 94117: Free books for prisoners.
- Prison Reading Project, Paz Press, P.O. Box 3146, Fayetteville, AR 72702: Free books for women prisoners.

PAROLE & PRE-RELEASE INFORMATION

- American Correctional Association, Publications Dept, 8025 Laurel Lakes Court, Laurel, MD 20707-5075 (301/206-5059 or 800/825-2665): Publishes a parole planning guide, "As Free as an Eagle," and sells other self-help books.
- Interstate Publishers, 510 North Vermillion Street, P.O. Box 50, Danville, IL 61834-0050 (217/446-0500 or 800/843-4774): Sells a parole planning manual, "From the Inside Out."
- OPEN, Inc. (Offender Preparation and Education Network), P.O. Box 566025, Dallas, TX 75356-6025 (214/271-1971): Sells "99 Days & a Get-up," "Man, I need a Job!" and other great pre-release guides—for \$4.95 each.
- Manate Publishing, 4835 North O'Conner St. #134435, Irving, TX 75062: Sells "Getting Out and Staying Out," a parole-planning manual, for \$22.45.
- CEGA Services, Offender Referrals, P.O. Box 81826, Lincoln, NE 68501-1826 (402/464-0602): CEGA offers pre-release referrals for prisoners for the area they will be paroled to (such as housing, employment and substance abuse treatment programs.) \$15 fee for each city. CEGA also sells the "Survival Sourcebook" and "The Job Hunter's Workbook."
- Vietnam Veterans of America, Veterans Incarcerated Liaison, 1224 M St. NW, Washington, DC 20005 (202/628-2700): Publishes "From Felon to Freedom," a pre-release guide for imprisoned veterans.

PRISON AIDS RESOURCES

- Correctional Association AIDS in Prison Project, 135 E. 15th Street, New York, NY 10003 (212/674-0800): Offers resource information concerning AIDS in prison, especially for inmates in New York.
- HIV Prison Project, NYC Commission on Human Rights, 40 Rector St., New York, NY 10006 (212/233-5560).
- National Prison Hospice Association, P.O. Box 58, Boulder, CO 80306-0058: Helps develop hospice programs for terminally ill prisoners.
- National ACLU Prison Project, AIDS Education Project, 1875 Connecticut Avenue NW 410, Washington, DC 20009 (202/234-4830).
- Oasis Project, c/o Susan K. Meadows, Prison Program Director, 923 S.E. Bay Blvd, Newport, OR 97365: Provides a peer outreach support network for those infected with HIV or diagnosed with AIDS.
- "One Day at a Time," c/o Richard H. Rhodes #05353-018, U.S.P. Leavenworth, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048: An AIDS newsletter for prisoners.
- People With AIDS Coalition of New York, Inc. (PWAC-NY), 50 West 17th Street, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10011 (212/647-1415): Publishes *Newsline*, a monthly magazine by and for people with AIDS, in which they provide a space for prisoners living with AIDS.
- Prison AIDS Project, Gay Community News, 62 Berkeley Street, Boston, MA 02116 (National AIDS Gay Task Force: 800/221-7044).
- Prison AIDS Resource Center, P.O. Box 2155, Vacaville, CA 95696-2155; or 926 J. Street, #801, Sacramento, CA 95814.
- Prisoners with AIDS/Rights Advocacy Group, P.O. Box 2161, Jonesboro, GA 30237 (404/946-9346): Offers support, educational materials, referrals and political lobbying for prisoners with AIDS/HIV.

MISCELLANEOUS RESOURCES

- Families in Action for Incarceration Reforms (FAIR), 309 Mamaroneck Ave., Suite 293, White Plains, NY

10605 (914/946-2734): A volunteer group that assists prisoners with the following: locating a non-legal aid lawyer, reaching the media and finding pen pals. They also provide how-to books below cost and legal items and gifts at cost.

- Infinity Lifers Group, c/o Julie Travers, Chairperson, P.O. Box 772, Station B, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 5P9: A volunteer prisoner's rights and political advocacy group.
- International Legal Defense Counsel, Packard Building, 24th Fl., 111 South 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215/977-9982): An advocacy agency for American citizens incarcerated overseas.
- League for Lesbian and Gay Prisoners, 1202 East Pike St., #1044, Seattle, WA 98122: A project of Gay Community Social Services.
- James Markunas Society, 245 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 (415/775-5445): A resource for lesbian, gay and bisexual prisoners.
- Mothers Opposed to Maltreatment of Service Members (MOMS), 8285 Black Haw Court, Frederick, MD 21701: Advocates for prisoners in military prisons and disciplinary barracks. Can provide a pre-release booklet entitled "New Beginnings."
- The Prison Chess Program, P.O. Box 44419, Washington, DC 20026 (301/530-4841.)
- Native American Indian Inmate Support Project, 8 Dallas Dr., Grantville, PA 17028: A Native American group that supports the introduction of Indian religious ceremonies and programs in prisons.
- Native American Prisoners' Rehabilitation Research Project, 2848 Paddock Lane, Villa Hills, KY 41017: Offers many services for Native American prisoners, including legal and spiritual support, tribal and cultural programs and direct contact with prison administrators.
- Packages from Home, P.O. Box 905, Forestville, CA 95436: Sells mail-order food packages for prisoners, at around \$20/pkg.
- PEN, Writing Program for Prisoners, 568 Broadway, New York, NY 10012 (212/334-1660): Offers a great resource booklet for prison writers. Also sponsors an annual writing contest for prisoners.
- Prisoners of Conscience Project, 2120 Lincoln St., Evanston, IL 60201 (708/328-1543): A religious-based agency that works for the release of prisoners of conscience/political prisoners in the United States.
- Prisoner Visitation and Support, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215/241-7117): Provides institutional visits to prisoners in federal and military prisons nationwide.
- Project for Older Prisoners (POPS), c/o Jonathan Turley, Director, The National Law Center, 2000 H Street NW, Washington, DC 20052.
- The Safer Society, Shoreham Depot Road, RR 1, Box 24-B, Orwell, VT 05760-9756 (802/897-7541): Self-help materials for sex offenders.
- Stop Prisoner Rape, Inc., PO Box 2713, Manhattanville Station, New York, NY 10027 (212/663-5562); e-mail: sprdon@ix.netcom.com; Web: <http://www.igc.apc.org/spr/>. Information and advocacy on sexual abuse and exploitation of prisoners; support and advice for victims and targets of both sexes including info on psychological and health consequences, legal action and survivors' options.
- The Poetry Wall, Cathedral of St. John, 1047 Amsterdam Avenue, New York, NY 10025: Displays poetry written by prisoners.

CHILD & FAMILY RESOURCES

There are many organizations that help prisoners who have children. These agencies provide literature, information, advice and support on how to cope with family problems while in prison. Direct assistance is usually available only in the local areas that these programs serve.

- Aid to Imprisoned Mothers (AIM), 599 Mitchell St., SW, Atlanta, GA 30314 (404/221-0092): An advocacy group for incarcerated mothers. Although social services are only provided in the Atlanta area, AIM can provide helpful information for all women in prison who have children.
- Center for the Children of Incarcerated Parents, Pacific Oaks College, 714 W. California Blvd, Pasadena, CA 91105 (818/397-1300): Provides free educational material for incarcerated parents and their children.
- Family and Corrections Network, Jane Adams Center M/C 309, 1040 West Harrison St. #4010, Chicago, IL

60607-7134 (312/996-3219): Provides information about programs serving families of prisoners.

- **Fathers Behind Bars**, P.O. Box 86, Niles, MI 49120 (616/684-5715): A by-prisoners, for-prisoners agency that helps to set up institutional parent groups for incarcerated fathers. Only the serious need apply!
- **Legal Services for Prisoners with Children**, 474 Valencia St., #230, San Francisco, CA 94103 (415/255-7036): Legal services are provided in California only, but some general information is available.
- **National Institute of Corrections**, Information Center, 1860 Industrial Circle, Suite A, Longmont, CA 80501 (303/682-0213): Provides the "Directory of Programs Serving Families of Adult Offenders."
- **National Resource Center for Family Support Programs**, Family Resource Coalition, 200 S. Michigan Ave., #1520, Chicago, IL 60604 (312/341-0900): Provides information about family programs, including prison projects.
- **Parent Resource Association**, 213 Fernbrook Avenue, Wyncote, PA 19095 (215/576-7961): Support for child/parenting programs in prison; offers referrals and information to incarcerated parents.
- **Prison Family Foundation**, P.O. Box 1150, Auburn, AL 36831 (205/821-1150): Works to support family education programs in prison. Sells pre- and post-release books and other publications; works with prison administrations to form institutional family support groups.

LEGAL RESOURCES—FEDERAL/NATIONAL

There are many agencies that provide legal services for prisoners; most of these organizations dispense information or offer reference material. Note that these agencies do not usually handle personal legal services such as filing appeals, post-convictions or lawsuits—with the exception of for-profit companies (not listed here) that charge large fees.

Federal

- **U.S. Department of Justice**, Civil Rights Division, Special Litigation Section, Washington, DC 20530 (202/514-6255): Enforces the "Civil Rights of Institutionalized Persons Act" through lawsuits against state or local prison officials who deprive prisoners of their constitutional rights or who practice racial discrimination.
- **U.S. Supreme Court**, Public Information Office, Washington, DC 20543-0001 (202/479-3211): Can provide up to five Supreme Court decisions per term. Supreme Court slip opinions are available through the Government Printing Office. Contact: The Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402 (202/783-3238).

National

- **ACLU National Prison Project**, 1875 Connecticut Ave., NW #410, Washington, DC 20009 (202/234-4830): A branch of the national ACLU that works on prison legal issues. Sells resource directories, criminal justice statistic books and legal aid manuals; also offers a prison newsletter for \$2 per year and sells the "Rights of Prisoners" handbook for \$5. Doesn't handle individual cases; they only litigate large-scale state or national prison reform legal actions.
- **Americans for Effective Law Enforcement**, 5519 N. Cumberland Ave #1008, Chicago, IL 60656-1498 (312/763-2800): Sells monthly legal update publications, including the "Jail and Prisoner Law Bulletin." Although this bulletin is meant for corrections officials, it includes excellent resource material on the latest prison-related court cases nationwide. Annual costs are \$168; perhaps your law library can subscribe. Other bulletins include the "Liability Reporter" and "Security Legal Update."
- **Columbia Human Rights Law Review**, 435 West 116th Street, Box B-25, New York, NY 10027 (212/663-8701): Sells the "Jailhouse Lawyer Manual" (JLM) for \$30 a copy (\$13 for prisoners).
- **Correctional Law Reporter**, Civic Research Institute, 4490 Route 27, Box 585, Kingston, NJ 08528: Case law newsletter; \$125/year.
- **Georgetown University Law Center**, Criminal Procedure Project, 600 New Jersey Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20001. (202/662-9468): Publishes the *Georgetown Law Journal*, the annual "Criminal Procedure" issue costs \$30.
- **Freedom Press**, P.O. Box 4458, Leesburg, VA 22075 (703/866-1446) or: (800/370-7052): A prison project run by volunteer paralegals. They offer legal services at reduced rates, sometimes on monthly payment plans; they also offer ministry and counseling services.

- **Inside/Out Press**, P.O. Box 188131, Sacramento, CA 95818: Publishes self-help legal guides. *Inside/Out* is the mail-order business for the Prisoners' Rights Union, which focuses on California prison issues.
- **Lewisburg Prison Project**, P.O. Box 128, Lewisburg, PA 17837-0128 (717/523-1104): Sells low-cost literature regarding constitutional rights, due process and other legal issues of interest to prisoners.
- **National Lawyers Guild**, Prison Law Project, 558 Cap Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 (415/285-5067): A national legal agency with an interest in helping jailhouse lawyers.
- **National Legal Services**, 710 Lake View Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30308 (404/874-9553): Post-conviction specialists; fees for service.
- **Oceana Press**, 75 Main Street, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522 (914/693-8100): Sells prison-related legal books, including "The Prisoner's Self-Help Litigation Manual" (\$30) and "Post-Conviction Remedies" (\$20).
- **Paralegal Associates**, 209 S. Broadway #246, Baltimore, MD 21231: Offers a case-laws summary news service; \$30 annual subscription.
- **Prisoner Legal News**, P.O. Box 1684, Lake Worth, FL 33460: A magazine published by prisoners in Washington that covers nationwide prison legal issues. Subscription rates are around \$12 per year/12 issues.
- **Starlite**, P.O. Box 20004, St. Petersburg, FL 33742 (813/392-2929 or 800/577-2929): Sells the CITEBOOK, which is a collection of positive federal and state case law, both criminal and civil. The CITEBOOK is updated quarterly and costs \$28 (\$112 annually). Although this is fairly expensive, perhaps your law library can subscribe; this company also sells other books regarding business, consumer and legal issues.
- **West Publishing Company**, 610 Opperman Drive, Saint Paul, MN 55123-1340 (800/328-9352): Publishes "Corrections and Prisoners Rights in a Nutshell" and "Criminal Procedures in a Nutshell," at \$17 each.

PARALEGAL PROGRAMS

- **Blackstone School of Law**, P.O. Box 701449, Dallas, TX 75370 (800/826-9228): Offers a well-known correspondence program.
- **Southern Career Institute**, 164 West Royal Palm Rd, Boca Raton, FL 33432 (800/669-2555 or 407/368-2522): Offers a complete paralegal course that costs \$1595 to \$1977; monthly payment plans available. This school is accredited by the D.E.T.C.
- **The Paralegal Institute**, 3602 West Thomas Road #9, Drawer 11408, Phoenix, AZ 85061-1408 (602/272-1855): Offers paralegal courses for fees ranging between \$1290 and \$2750. Monthly payment plans and an Associate degree program available. Accredited by the D.E.T.C.

MINISTRIES & BIBLE STUDIES

- **A/G Prison Ministry**, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802: Offers Christian ministering programs.
- **Emmaus Bible Correspondence School**, 2570 Asbury Rd, Dubuque, IA 52001 (319/588-8000): Offers free Bible courses for prisoners.
- **The National Convocation of Jail and Prison Ministry**, 1357 East Capital St. SE, Washington, DC 20003: A national agency for prison chaplains.
- **Good News Mission**, 1036 Highland Street, Arlington, VA 22204 (703/979-2200): A Christian organization that provides support, witnessing and spiritual counseling to inmates in 110 prisons across 14 states.
- **Guideposts**, 39 Seminary Hill Road, Carmel, NY 10512 (914/225-3681): A Christian organization that publishes *Guidepost* magazine. Also sponsors the FIND information network, which provides information referrals: FIND Network, P.O. Box 855, Carmel, NY 10512.
- **Hope Aglow Prison Ministries**, P.O. Box 3057, Lynchburg, VA 24503: A nationwide religious organization that offers Bible study courses.
- **International Prison Ministry**, P.O. Box 63, Dallas, TX 75221.
- **Liberty Prison Ministries**, P.O. Box 8998, Waukegan, IL 60079: This Christian ministry publishes the *Liberator* newsletter.
- **Liberty Prison Outreach**, 701 Thomas Road, Lynchburg, VA 24514 (804/239-9281): Provides religious assistance to prisoners, mostly in central Virginia; Bible correspondence courses available.
- **Prison Fellowship**, P.O. Box 17500, Washington, DC 20041 (703/478-0100): A nationwide ministry that sponsors spiritual activities in prison.

- **Prison Ministry of Yokefellows International**, The Yokefellow Center, P.O. Box 482, Rising Sun, MD 21911 (410/658-2661): A religious organization that offers information and literature to prisoners.
- **Prison Project**, c/o Tom Toomey, SYDA Foundation, 371 Brickman Road, Hurleyville, NY 12747-5313. Offers a correspondence course in meditation upon request.
- **Set Free Prison Ministries**, P.O. Box 5440, Riverside, CA 92517-9961 (909/787-9907): Provides an extensive Bible study course.
- **Southern Prison Ministry**, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306.
- **U.S. Mennonite Central Committee**, Office of Criminal Justice, P.O. Box 500, Akron, PA 17501-0500 (717/859-3889): Offers many publications concerning crime and religion—most are free to prisoners.

ISLAMIC ORGANIZATIONS

- **Islamic Prison Foundation**, 1212 New York Avenue NW #400, Washington, DC 20005: Mostly works with Muslims in federal prisons.
- **The National Incarcerated Muslim Network**, c/o Maurice Taylor, #476837, Route 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583: A prison-based organization that networks with incarcerated Muslims for support and educational purposes.

JUDAISM ORGANIZATIONS

- **Aleph Institute**, P.O. Box 546564, Surfside, FL 33154 (305/864-5553): A full-service Jewish advocacy agency with regional offices.
- **International Coalition for Jewish Prisoners Services**, 1640 Rhode Island Avenue NW, Washington, DC 20036-3278 (202/857-6582): Offers support, referrals, guidance, educational and religious programs, and pen pals.

BUDDHIST/MEDITATION GROUPS

- **Human Kindness Foundation**, Prison Ashram Project, Route 1, Box 201-N, Durham, NC 27705: Provides reading material for spiritual living.
- **Iskcon Prison Ministries**, 2936 Esplanade Ave., New Orleans, LA 70119.
- **Prison Dharma Network**, P.O. Box 912, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123-0912: Offers Buddhist meditation literature.

DEATH PENALTY RESOURCES

- **American Civil Liberties Union**, Capital Punishment Project, 122 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002 (202/675-2319): A branch of the ACLU that deals with death penalty issues.
- **American Friends Service Committee**, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215/241-7130): A Quaker peace organization that works to ban the death penalty as one of their Criminal Justice projects.
- **Amnesty International**, Project to Abolish the Death Penalty, 322 8th Ave., New York, NY 10001-4808 (212/807-8400): Works to abolish the death penalty through public letter-writing campaigns.
- **Capital Punishment Research Project**, P.O. Box 277, Headland, AL 36345 (205/693-5225).
- **Catholics Against Capital Punishment**, P.O. Box 3125, Arlington, VA 22203 (703/522-5014): A religious organization against the death penalty.
- **Death Penalty Information Center**, 1606 20th Street NW, Washington, DC 20009 (202/347-2531).
- **Death Row Support Project**, P.O. Box 600, Liberty Mills, IN 46946 (219/982-7480): Offers pen-pal services to death row inmates.
- **Endeavor Project**, P.O. Box 23511, Houston, TX 77228-3511: A magazine produced by and for prisoners on death row.
- **Friends Committee to Abolish the Death Penalty**, c/o Charles Obler, 802 West 3rd Street, Farmville, VA 23901: Publishes the *Quaker Abolitionist*; subscriptions \$6/yr for prisoners.
- **NAACP Legal Defense Fund**, 99 Hudson Street, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10013 (212/219-1900): A legal branch of the NAACP that supports minority rights; also has an anti-death penalty project.
- **National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty**, 918 F St. NW #601, Washington, DC 20004 (202/347-2411): Works to abolish the death penalty. Also provides a booklet listing anti-death penalty resources in each state ("The Abolitionist's Directory," \$2).

Changes, additions and new information should be sent to: Prison Life Magazine, Resources Department, 200 Varick St, Suite 901, New York, NY 10014.

BOOKS ON THE BLOCK

Send me these books:

___ The Dishwasher	by Dannie Martin	\$19.95
___ Committing Journalism	by Dannie Martin	\$12.95
___ Soledad Brother	by George Jackson	\$14.95
___ No Beast So Fierce	by Eddie Bunker	\$10.00
___ Bad Guys' Quote Book	by Robert Singer	\$ 2.50
___ From Behind the Wall	by Mansfield Frazier	\$17.95
___ Notes From The Country Club	by Kim Wozencraft	\$19.95
___ " " (softcover)	by Kim Wozencraft	\$ 5.99
___ Rush (hardcover)	by Kim Wozencraft	\$ 19.95
___ Smack Goddess	by Richard Stratton	\$18.95
___ Hauling Up the Morning	by Blunk & Levasseur	\$15.95
___ Prison Literature	by H. Bruce Franklin	\$12.95
___ Marijuana—Laws & You	by Rosenthal, Logan, et.al	\$19.95

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PLUS \$2.50 P&H TO:
JOINT VENTURE PUBLISHERS
200 VARICK STREET, #901
NEW YORK, NY 10014

NAME _____

ID# _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____