

★ **THE POLITICS OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** ★

PRISON LIFE

NOVEMBER 1996

\$4.95 USA \$6.50 CANADA



SUCK THIS!
SEX In PRISON

ART BY FA-Q

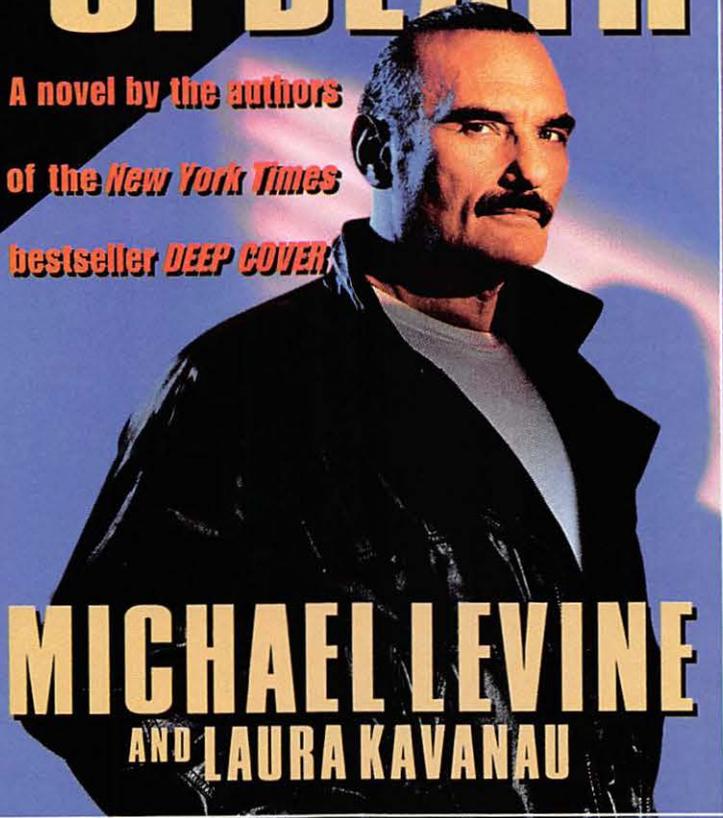


★ **FREE THE VOTE** ★
★ **HARRY BROWNE FOR PREZ** ★

**“AMERICA’S TOP UNDERCOVER COP”^{*}
BRINGS YOU A THRILLER SO VIVID,
YOU’LL WONDER IF IT’S REALLY FICTION.**

TRIANGLE OF DEATH

**A novel by the authors
of the *New York Times*
bestseller *DEEP COVER***



**MICHAEL LEVINE
AND LAURA KAVANAU**

Inspired by the most dangerous deep cover mission of Michael Levine’s illustrious career as a DEA agent, **TRIANGLE OF DEATH** is an intense and thrilling ride through the underworld of drugs, terrorists, Nazi war criminals and mafiosi — a gripping novel that will hold you spellbound until the very last page.

“READING MICHAEL LEVINE’S NOVEL TRIANGLE OF DEATH IS LIKE RIDING ON THE BACK OF A TOMAHAWK MISSILE, SKIMMING LOW AND FAST BELOW RADAR, AND EXPLODING DEEP BEHIND ENEMY LINES. HE IS A TRUE WARRIOR WHO’S BEEN THERE AND DONE IT... I COULDN’T PUT THE DAMN BOOK DOWN.”

-Richard Marcinko, Author of the Rogue Warrior series

^{*}60 Minutes

On sale wherever books are sold.
Visit the *Triangle of Death* Website at <http://www.bdd.com>

Delacorte  Press



STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD.

We will put you into the hottest, hippest specs out there. Look good, feel good, be distinctive. Attitude Eyewear will help you choose the best look for you in frame styles and lenses. We will send you a free easy step-by-step guide on how to choose eyewear for your facial shape and coloring.

You may select from a full line of eyeglass frames for guys and gals, including designer styles, metal frames, sun and sport shades. You can have your prescription ground and choose from many lens options including transitions and photocromatic lenses, ultra-thin lenses, fashion tinting, scratch resistant coating, UV filtering, single vision, bifocals, trifocals and invisible bifocals.

We will replace lenses for free within one year if scratched.

Attitude Eyewear guarantees that the glasses will fit correctly.

SEND FOR A FREE CATALOG

ATTITUDE EYEWEAR, P.O. BOX 4126, HALLANDALE, FL 33008-4126

**PRESCRIPTION EYEWEAR ★ SUNGLASSES ★ CONTACT LENSES
DESIGNER EYEWEAR ★ FACTORY PRICES**

PRISON LIFE

NOVEMBER 1996

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ FEATURES

22-ANIMAL FACTORY

by Edward Bunker

In the third and final installment of Edward Bunker's classic San Quentin novel, the animal wants out of his cage—but not as a domesticated house pet.



26-KEYS

by Jorge Antonio Renaud

Our 1995 Art Behind Bars third place non-fiction winner explores the poignant, sordid reality of the repeat offender.

29-HOW MUCH?

by Charles Huckleberry

Art Behind Bars tie for second place in the fiction category is an in-depth look at the machinations behind a parole hearing.

52-THE POLITICS OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The *Prison Life* interview with Harry Browne

by Richard Stratton

Prison Life talks with the Libertarian Party candidate for President, Harry Browne, and comes away convinced Harry is the man to save us from our headlong rush toward a police state.



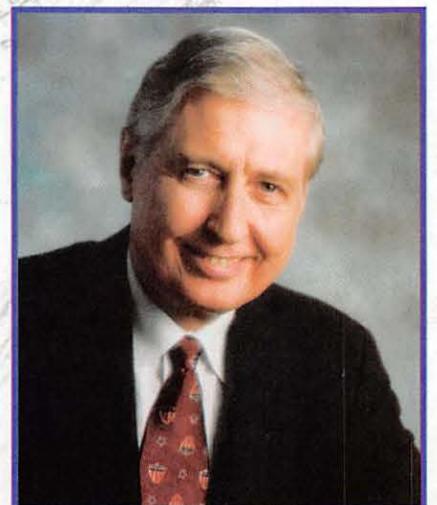
Cover Art by FA-Q

COVER STORY

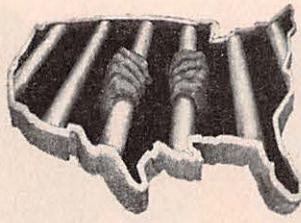
34-THE ART OF FA-Q

by John Ittner

Artist, dope fiend, Riker's Island habitu , FA-Q chronicles his life behind bars in bizarre, haunting images of prison life.



Prison Life ISSN # 1065-0709 October 1996. *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.   1996 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. \$4.95. Subscription rates one year in U.S. \$28.00 for 6 issues; in Canada, \$39; 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. Application to mail at 2nd Class postage rate is pending at Houston, TX and additional mailing office.



VOICE OF THE CONVICT

FREE THE VOTE

By Richard Stratton

The latest numbers are in: our prison population has now topped 1.6 million. Add the over 3.5 million who are on parole, probation, under house arrest, doing community service or in some way subject to control of the criminal justice system. Now add to that number (already over five million) the millions of ex-convicts who have paid their debt to society, survived parole and remain forever changed—radicalized—by the experience. Finally, add the family members, the loved ones and friends of prisoners who have seen our so-called criminal justice system at work up close and have learned to disbelieve everything they have been told about crime and punishment in America.

That's a lot of people. That's a lot of votes. More than enough to swing an election.

Here is the common wisdom on the subject: prisoners are powerless. Why do you think politicians have declared open season on prisoners? It is not only because prisoners make an easy target for their get-tough rhetoric. And it is not just because many Americans still believe the crime and punishment propaganda aimed at getting out the fear vote. There is another reason why tough guys like Dole and Clinton and the rest of the politicians beat up on prisoners: prisoners can't vote. It's that simple—at least in their minds. Prisoners don't vote. Not only that, in many states, ex-cons are not supposed to vote either. And why do you think that is? What are the lawmakers afraid of?

The strategists who plan mainstream political campaigns have missed a very important point. With more and more people going to prison for longer and longer periods of time—the majority for drug-related crimes—a vast new

constituency has emerged. There are millions of people in this country who know someone who has been arrested and sentenced to prison for an outrageous length of time for a non-violent drug offense. There are millions more people in this country who, every



Richard Stratton with Libertarian Presidential candidate Harry Browne in Los Angeles.

time they hear of another drug war casualty, cross themselves and think: *There but for the grace of God go I.* There are tens of millions of people in this country who occasionally smoke (and inhale) marijuana. In the six years I have been out of prison I have met a number of people who tell me, when they learn I went to prison for smuggling pot: *You suffered for my sins.*

We are talking millions of people, way more than enough to free the vote from the confines of a narrow two-party system that offers no real alternatives. But, conventional political wisdom has it, you will never be able to reach these people, never be able to organize them into a true voting block with the power to influence elections. Mayor Marion Barry of Washington, D.C. put the lie to that theory. He was re-elected largely by appealing to the families of the many

young Black men in D.C. who wind up in prison. He is the only politician I know prescient enough to have an ex-convict working for him as the head of his ex-offenders affairs bureau. Of course, Barry was set up in a drug bust, he did time in prison and he knows what I'm talking about. And Julie Stewart, President of Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM), has proved that loved ones of prisoners can be counted on to organize and lobby to change laws which have destroyed their families. Julie's brother, Jeff, did a five-year bit in the feds for growing pot.

Those who think the voice of the convict can never be raised to reach a chorus heard outside the walls are still thinking in terms of 20 years ago when there were a mere two hundred thousand souls in prison. The more people they lock up, the more they set the stage for their

own downfall. The prison industry may be one of the fastest growing businesses in the nation today, but it is a self-defeating enterprise because the product this industry produces—prisoners—have no stake in maintaining the status quo. Prisoners are disenfranchised. The more prisoners we create, the more we undermine society as a whole.

Who would ever have thought there would be the need—the market, if you will—for a magazine called *Prison Life* that bills itself as the Voice of the Convict? Yet we have seen our circulation grow 500 percent in the past year. We have seen the rest of America, from talk show hosts to political activists and organizers—everyone but mainstream politicians—pay heed to the rising voice of concern over what the proponents of lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key are doing to our country.

The time has come to free the vote. Prisoners must help organize the voting power of those who would listen to the voice of the convict. November, 1996 is upon us; another national election is at hand. Prisoners need to reach out to family members, friends, loved ones, people who understand what is happening to our country as a result of short-sighted, get-tough policies espoused by cynical politicians willing to trade our future for votes. Reach out to five people—more if you can—and make your voice heard by urging your people to vote for your freedom. *Free the vote.*

Who, I ask myself as the person who would articulate this discordant, urgent voice, who are we going to endorse? I never voted before I went to prison. I did not recognize the authority of my government for one crucial reason: I smoked marijuana and therefore I was an outlaw. When people ask why I am so obsessed with the subject of illegal drugs, I tell them it is because I see in this issue a metaphor for who we are as Americans. When I was a teenager growing up in the suburbs of Boston, a favorite weekend pastime was to cruise around drinking beer, getting "shitfaced," as we called it, and getting into street fights. Several friends of mine were killed in car crashes while out driving around drunk, but that didn't deter the rest of us. It wasn't until a friend gave me a shriveled up, hand-rolled cigarette, known in those days as a "reefer," and told me to try it when I got tired of what alcohol was doing to me, that I became aware of a different reality. I'll never forget that first toke; nothing has been the same since.

Marijuana taught me to question authority. As an American, I grew up believing I had certain inalienable rights. I have never understood how, in a free society, government is accorded the authority to tell me what substances I can ingest, what books I am allowed to read, what ideas I am free to embrace. So long as I am not hurting others by my actions, what I do in the privacy of my own home, or on my own property, is my business and should not be subject to government or police regulation. *Don't tread on me* is the political slogan I live by. I went to prison for my beliefs—not for the money I made, not for the tons of weed I brought in—but because I refused to denounce my brothers and sisters in the marijuana underground.

Bill Clinton and I are the same age, we lived through the same times—the '60s. But Bill didn't inhale. And if you believe that, you might as well vote for Bob Dole because it makes no difference which one wins and at least

Dole is a better liar. Bill didn't inhale, huh. Anyone who can tell a lie that weak needs to get high and confront the phony he thinks he is.

Dole is old enough to be Bill's and my father. I don't hold that against him, but it is a generational thing. Some people grow wiser, more tolerant, more concerned with truth as they grow older. Not so with the generation of rich white men who run this country and large parts of the world. They sold out the



very ideals our founders cherished and made fundamental to our system of government. The Constitution and Bill of Rights are not to be tread on by a bunch of black-robed elders who will not live to see the harm their trashing of these principles has wrought. Dole wants to militarize the borders, call out the National Guard to fight the domestic war on drugs. Send in the Marines. It worked in WW II. So what if it is in violation of the Constitution.

That's their answer to everything: more laws, more police, more weapons, more force—more government. Even as they mouth empty promises to stem the power of the federal government, both the Democrats and the Republicans seek to legislate morality by invading the private lives of Americans. And if you don't agree with their hypocritical, outdated views, watch out, they have a jail cell waiting for you. *One nation, behind bars.*

Enough. The time has come for the old guard to step aside, give up the helm. It's a shame Clinton doesn't have the integrity to live up to the ideals of our generation: freedom and justice for all, those quintessential American rights Clinton and his Republican cronies have trampled in the name of the war on drugs, the war on crime: the war on freedom.

Those of us who have endured a prison term know what it is like to live in a police state; I feel the encroaching security crackdown acutely. What they are doing in our prisons is a gross mirror image of what is happening in American

society at large. The government is using the drug war and the war on crime to tax Americans into poverty and to devastate the civil liberties not only of drug users and so-called criminals, but of innocent, law-abiding Americans.

I was introduced to the Libertarian Party while locked up in a federal prison in upstate New York. The prisoner who told me about the Libertarians and showed me their literature was serving time for refusing to pay taxes. I became a card-carrying Libertarian some years ago. This is the only party that has as part of its platform ending the war on drugs and granting amnesty to all those convicted of non-violent drug crimes. Not even Ralph Nader will go that far.

So when I heard the Libertarians had nominated Harry Browne as their candidate, I decided to contact Browne's people to see if I could get an interview. I had no interest in talking to any of the other candidates, and I'm sure the last thing they want is an endorsement from a convict magazine. The next day, before I got to the phone, I got a fax from Jack Dean, one of Browne's campaign managers, saying the candidate would like to do an interview with me. I was stunned. Talk about synergy.

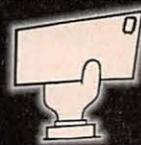
Anyone who believes in the ideals of liberty and justice for all needs to listen to what Harry Browne has to say: "Clinton has gotten into a bidding war with the Republicans to see who can repeal your rights fastest. Neither of the two older parties will defend the Bill of Rights. Only a Libertarian will speak out against this headlong rush towards a police state." And he backs up these statements with radical yet rational plans to halt the rush toward totalitarianism. Abolish the IRS. Eliminate income taxes. Do away with the FBI and the DEA. Get the federal government out of our bedrooms and our bank accounts.

Anyone who cares about the future of our country needs to free the vote from the clutches of a two-party system mired in bullshit and corruption. They tell us we need government to provide moral leadership as though we were ignorant, willful children. Politicians providing moral leadership? Dole's generation hammers back martinis and sucks up cigarettes and yet they want to lock people up for life for pot? Something is wrong with this picture.

Free the Vote. Vote for freedom. Vote for Harry Browne. Just say no to *One nation, behind bars*. End the insane war on drugs. Bring the drug POWs home. Vote for Harry Browne. Vote Libertarian. And if you are slammed down and can't vote, reach out to at least five of your people and tell them to elect Harry Browne. Our freedom is at stake.



MAIL CALL



THE RIGHT TO DEATH

Dear Editor:

I've been locked up in the prison system for around 16 years and it's time to state my feelings. I feel that society and the state of Ohio need to take a good hard look at the way they deal with serious crimes. I understand that my case is serious and everyone feels that people like me need to be dealt with harshly. I was sentenced to life in prison and in the state of Ohio this means I am eligible for parole.

I've been locked up since 1981. I've seen the parole board five times. Each time I went before them the board members made it seem like there was a chance I would get out. The parole board wants to give you this hope to keep you in control. The hope they give is false hope, and in a lot of ways can be construed as cruel and unusual punishment.

The prisoner and the prisoner's family and friends have to go

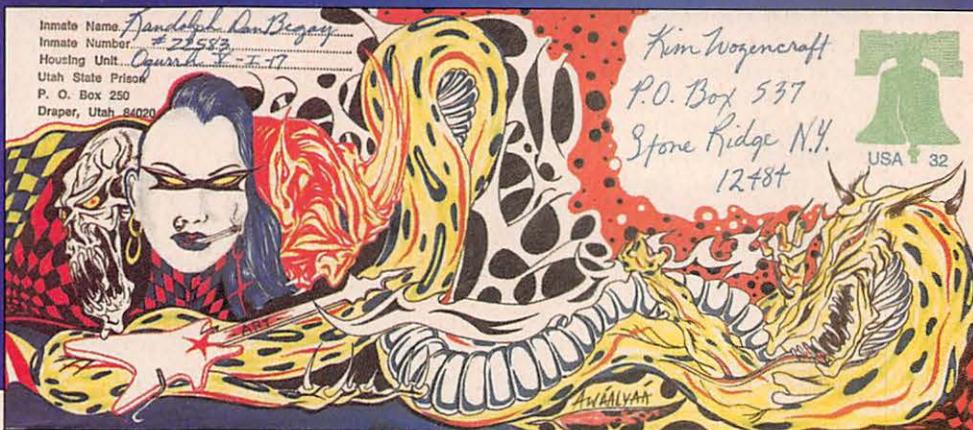
if society feels that people with cases like mine are monsters, then why not just use capital punishment to deal with this problem?

If capital punishment was used in cases such as mine it could solve several problems for society and the person convicted of the crime. I myself would rather be sentenced to death than to spend the rest of my life in prison. A person who is spending the rest of his/her life in prison is a waste. It's no more than pure cruel punishment.

The catch word used today in cor-

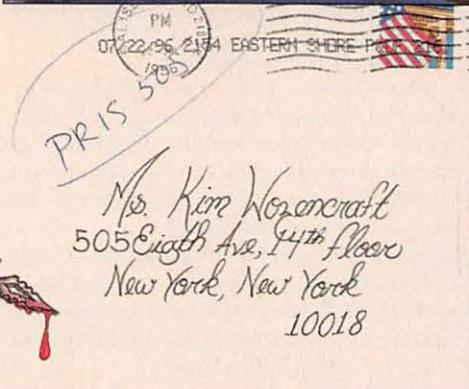
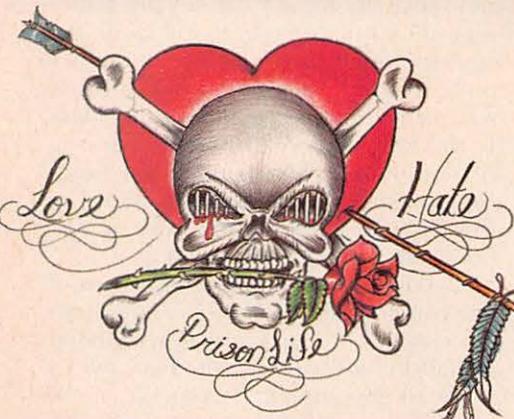
parole board the next time, I am not saying that I can't do the time or anything like that. These are just my feelings concerning serious crimes and punishment.

I strongly feel that capital punishment should be an option. It could be the solution in a lot of ways for victims, society, the growing prison system, and for the criminal. If a person is given life in prison, he or she could choose the option of being put to death rather than spending the rest of his or her life in prison.



Inmate Name: *Jandelek Dan Begay*
Inmate Number: *#23583*
Housing Unit: *Quarant 3-5-17*
Utah State Prison
P. O. Box 250
Draper, Utah 84020

Kim Wozencraft
P.O. Box 537
Stone Ridge N.Y.
12784



through emotional ups and downs each and every time he or she goes up in front of the parole board. Years and years of cruel emotional turmoil. Why put these people through all this and waste the taxpayers' money by holding all these hearings?

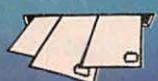
If society and the state of Ohio feel that a person with a serious crime such as mine should spend the rest of their life in prison, they should say this in the beginning. Better yet,

rections is "rehabilitation." That is the biggest joke of all time. What good is it when a man or woman is sent to prison, he/she does all that is offered and more to change their life, and still they waste away behind bars year after year for 20 or 30 years or the rest of their life? What good is this to the prisoner or society?

Being that I have done almost 16 years in prison and will have 20 years in prison when I see the Ohio

Sure there would be some technicalities to work out, such as a mentally ill person couldn't choose this option due to their state of mind. And of course this would have to be the decision of the person convicted of the crime. But think of what this option could mean to our society.

As I said before, I would be the first to choose this option. In thinking about this I feel I would want it for these reasons. First if I was put to death it would end my years of cruel punishment and I could finally be at peace. As for my victims, I'm sure that they would be happy if I was dead and see my death as justice. Society has shown over the years that they feel the justice system should be harder on criminals so I'm sure this would bring about no objections from the public. Now as for the prison system and taxpayers, this would make one more bed avail-



able for a non-violent criminal and put an end to the taxpayers having to support my life in prison. As for family and friends, this would be hard on them, but it would put an end to their years of emotional turmoil also.

These are just one prisoner's thoughts. Instead of a right to life campaign, it could be "The Right To Prison Or Death" campaign.

An angry and disgusted prisoner. (Name withheld upon request.)

IT'S UGLY, FOLKS

Great rag—keep it up.

After the Prez signed a bitch called the Anti-Terrorist Act into law, limiting the time to file federal *habeas corpus* to one year, I shot a kite to the state-paid legal eagles inquiring about when this time limit begins and who it applies to. The letter I got in return was, in a word, Duh?! It's ugly, folks.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't believe the Great Writ has ever before been suspended or limited by a standing government other than in times of war.

The Prez signed the Prison Litigation Reform Act, too. This statute of dictatorship eliminates *forma pauperis* in regards to §1983 actions. It's gonna cost \$120 to file even if you gotta get it from your burying money. So yeah, you can still file but they are gonna get theirs one way or another. There are some other goodies stashed in this law too, one being that after your third 1983 is shot down, you can file no more. Now I can see where such issues as coffee withdrawal, no creamy peanut butter, and broken cookies could be a problem if the point was that shit-eaters were just being shit-eaters and inflicting random acts of psych-warfare by stomping your cookies. Other than that, man, let it fuckin' go.

Brothers and Sisters, remember who we are up against. This government can manipulate numbers if nothing else. OK, a very small percentage of cons file any civil actions, a third of those who do file writs of *habeas corpus*. So, the odd bullshit lawsuit filed in haste makes up a great percentage of civil claims filed. It's starting

to hurt all of us, but what da fuck, right? I mean if you're just short-timing and don't know shit about the law but want to file on some

him turn the T.V. off during church services two or three years ago. Does this shithappen all over or am I privileged?

Great rag, keep telling it like it is and don't let the bastards get ya down.
S. "Gilligan" Guess
South Georgia (damnit)

RIGHT ON!

Dear PLM,
Hi, guys. I am in prison on this sentence since May, 1985, though only at this USP 3 1/2 years. My last incident report, for a homemade ice-pick type knife, has ended my stay here. I'm awaiting transfer to one of the other USP's in the federal system. My disciplinary segregation time (60 days) ends August 17, 1996, and soon afterwards I'll be shipped out. PLM is one hellava terrific magazine! I read it from cover to cover whenever I get it. Mike Montalvo was my cellmate for about three months once, so reading about his legal matters is RIGHT ON! I've known T.D. Bingham for about 15 years, so seeing him in print is great, too. Though I didn't see the HBO Special everyone seems to have hated, reading the responses tells me sometimes you can't air everything that really goes on in prisons. The Government still controls everything filmed and published. I'm in complete sympathy with all the pro-

ducers and writers of PLM and their publications and efforts.

I can't speak for everyone, I just know from my experiences in this federal prison system there are a lot of us older convicts being surrounded by much younger prisoners, under 30 years old, with sentences like life without parole or 99 Years. Even a sentence like 35 years or more under the new sentencing laws where 54 days a year good-time



guard who confiscated your extra toothbrush just on the G.P. of it. Get a life and spend a couple of decades in the bed you're helping to make. Here's an example of someone abusing the right of access to the courts. I'm in the law library and one of the homeboys is helping another with a state civil suit form. "Great," I think, "dude doing something to help his bro." Wrong. This inmate is wanting to file on a county jail for making





MAIL CALL

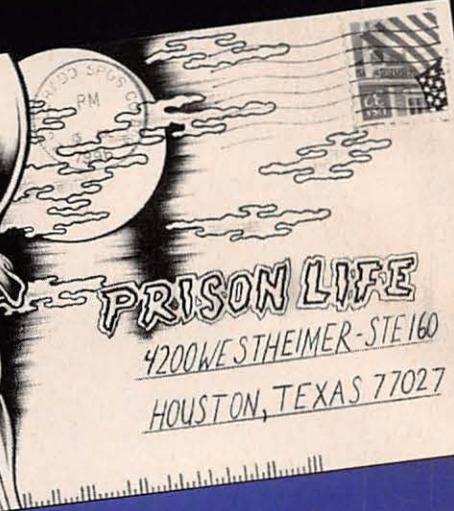


is the best you can get—less than a year off every 5 years—doesn't give much incentive to these youngsters to do right.

Though I'm an older man, I can still bench press my own body weight and can still kick some butt when I have to. The new gang-bangers are in trouble because most people in the federal system don't want to deal with physical confrontations all the time. I for one haven't been in possession of any weapon in years, but I found myself in need of one because going against someone who outweighs me and is 30 years younger and a different color, led me to believe the best way to win is kill first, rather than be killed or crippled for life. But I got told on, my locker was searched, and subsequently, my equalizer (ice-pick) was found, and I'm outta here. Maybe I'm better off, really. I don't care. I just wish I'd be left alone for the next 11 years till I'm free again.

Richard C. Nelson

JOSEPH FLORES 68903
PO BOX 10,000-SEG
LIMON, CO 80826



PRISON LIFE
4200 WESTHEIMER-STE 160
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77027

ART FROM THE HEART

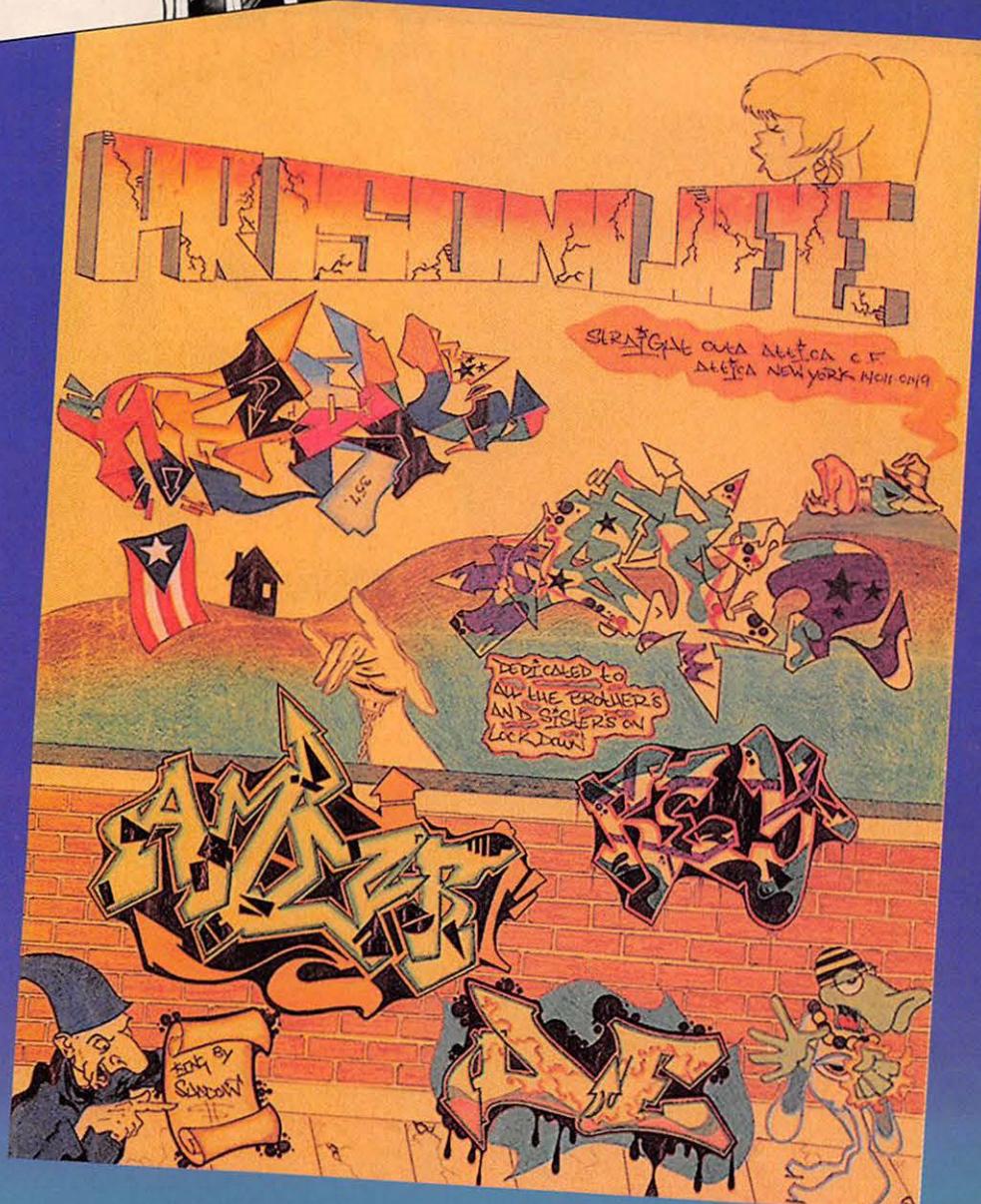
Dear Editor:

I'm a prisoner at Attica C.F., doing a 6-12, and I'm almost out. A friend of mine introduced me to your rag and it's on the money! I read the first one I picked up cover-to-cover and re-read it twice. I showed my friends and they pushed-up on me to do an envelope and dedicate it to all the good people behind bars. Believe me, after eight years I have met a lot of good and smart people in the pen. So I sincerely hope you like my envelope as much as I like your rag.

Peace and love and keep the rag strong!!!

Your friend,

Arturo Cortez, A/K/A SHADOW

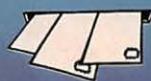


PRISON LIFE

STRATGUE OUA AETICA C.F.
AETICA NEW YORK NEW ORLA

DEDICATED TO
ALL THE BROTHERS
AND SISTERS ON
LOCKDOWN

EDIT BY
SHADOW

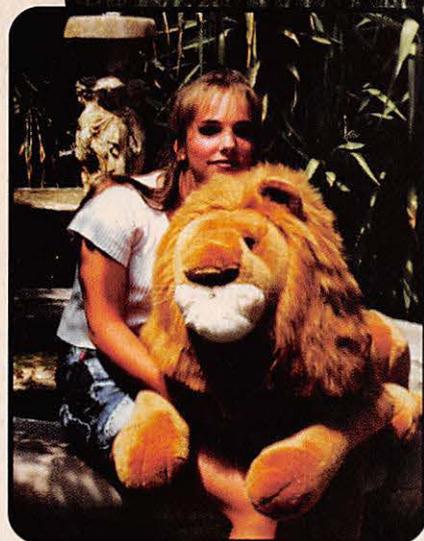


Send them a love letter they can hug!



Send your loved ones a plush stuffed animal from our extensive collection to show them how much you really care! We carry a full line of teddy bears, dogs, and exotic animals from crocodiles to hippos. These animals are made of the highest quality materials and are prize-winning designs. We gift wrap and ship in protective cartons, according to your instructions.

For color pictures, prices and full details, send three (3) 32cent stamps to:
CHARLYNN DISTRIBUTORS
Box 13003
Tucson, Arizona 85732



Contributors

Sadia Zoe Ali, who won first place in nonfiction in the 1995 Art Behind Bars contest, was recently released from Florence Crane Women's Facility in Michigan. She is currently enrolled in the honors program at Kellogg Community College and at work on an autobiography titled *Butterfly*. *Suck This!* marks her writing debut as a free woman.

Edward Bunker is the author of *No Beast So Fierce* and *Little Boy Blue*. His latest book, *Dog Eat Dog*, is just out from St. Martin's Press.

Charles Huckleberry is a prisoner in New Hampshire State Prison. His short story, *How Much?* tied for second place in the 1995 Art Behind Bars contest.

John Ittner is an artist and writer who works at the *New York Post*. He reports that the latest sighting of elusive jailhouse artist FA-Q had him back in familiar surroundings on Riker's Island.

Jorge Antonio Renaud's *Keys* took third place in the nonfiction category of the 1995 Art Behind Bars contest. He is currently in prison in Abilene, Texas.

Michael B. Ross has lived on Death Row in the Connecticut system for the past eight years.

James Moretti, Esq.

600 Reservoir Ave.
Cranston, RI 02910
(401) 946-7979

RESEARCH AND WRITING
APPELLATE REPRESENTATION
STATE & FEDERAL COURTS
REASONABLE RATES



Sadia Zoe Ali

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



Send for FREE CATALOG

prism
Optical, Inc.

P.O. Box 680030, Dept. PL1196
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.

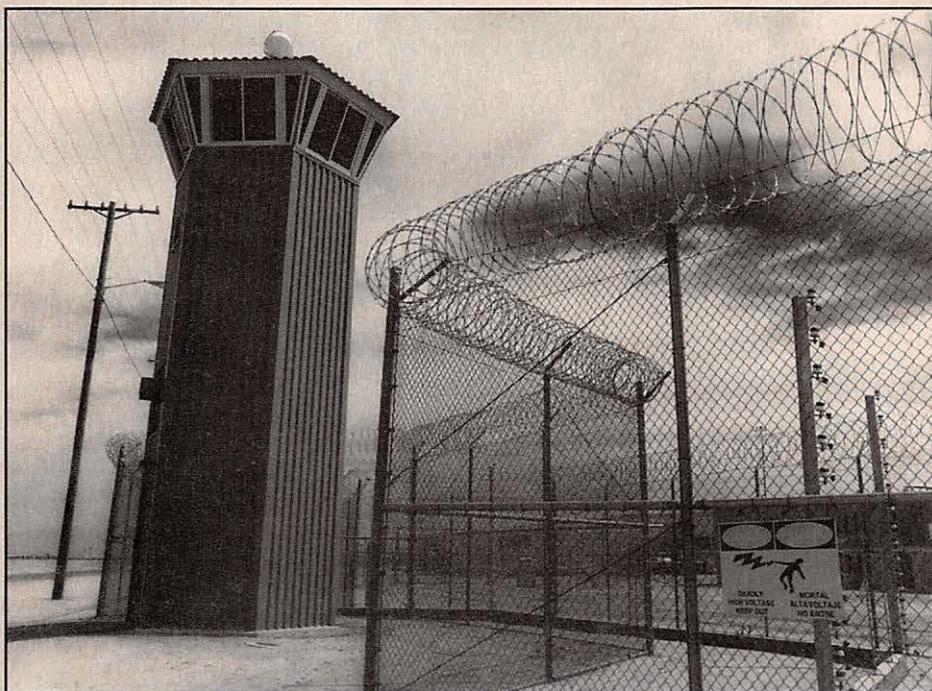
GLADIATOR DAYS

The *L.A. Times* reported recently that five officers at California's high tech maximum security Corcoran State Prison have come forth with stories of torture, killing and coverup by guards. Their accounts were backed up by internal memos and confidential prison documents. It was common practice, the officers said, for guards to put rival

prisoners have been shot dead by guards and more than 50 have been wounded, making Corcoran the prison with the most killings of prisoners in the United States except for killings taking place in prisoner uprisings such as Attica. Guards claim that they resorted to deadly force in each killing because they were attempting to stop prisoner fights from

prisoner was shot. "The only great bodily injury inflicted a lot of times was with our guns," a captain who remains at Corcoran, Tom Simpson, told the *L.A. Times*. Guards claimed they were confused by conflicting instructions and policies regarding how and when to stop prisoners from fighting, but by 1989 some officers suspected that there was more to the shootings than confusion. Officers say that "Gladiator Days" were held, rituals where SHU supervisors and officers staged fights between prisoners, sending known enemies into the yard together. Officers from other units sometimes came to watch and occasionally supervisors would delay fights until a female officer or secretary could arrive.

The FBI's civil rights investigation keys on the 1994 shooting of prisoner Preston Tate, an incident Rigg referred to as "a bad shoot." The investigation began after Officer Richard Caruso slipped out of the prison carrying documents that backed up his assertions that the Tate slaying was being covered



Corcoran State Prison, California

Photo by Bobby Adams

prisoners together for prizefights, complete with spectators and betting, and when a prisoner wouldn't stop fighting, guards would sometimes shoot him.

Another common occurrence was an initiation rite call "Greet the Bus," where arriving prisoners, handcuffed and shackled, were beaten by corrections officers and at times forced to stand barefoot on scalding hot asphalt under the California sunshine. Guards said the severe burns on prisoners' feet were due to the prisoners playing "barefoot handball."

Corcoran was built in 1988 and billed as California's most maximum security prison and houses 5,500 prisoners including Charles Manson and Sirhan Sirhan. Since the prison opened, seven

ending in murder.

DOC review boards constantly cleared officers of wrongdoing, but now the FBI and the Department of Justice are investigating the killings.

Steve Rigg, a lieutenant at Corcoran from 1988 to 1994, is cooperating with the FBI and says the "gunfire was ringing out nearly every day and many of these shootings were not justified. The fighters posed no imminent and serious harm to each other." Rigg stated that sometimes "the wrong inmate was killed by mistake."

Incident reports in the SHU shootings indicate that most of the time the prisoners who were fighting did not carry weapons or face imminent bodily harm. In five incidents, the wrong

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

up by his superiors and gave them to the FBI. Caruso has transferred to another institution after he and the several officers who are cooperating with the feds were virtually exiled by the other 900 guards who work at Corcoran.

Abuses at Corcoran's SHU (Special Housing Unit) are legendary. In November 1989 officers called for a SORT team to extract prisoner Reginald Cooke from his cell after Cooke allegedly spit on a male officer and exposed himself to a female officer. The team removed Cooke to the unit's rotunda, where more than twenty officers looked on as a lieutenant ordered Cooke's pants lowered and jolted the prisoner's testicles

with a Taser.

The worst violence seems to have taken place on the second watch (6 a.m.-2 p.m.) in an eight month period in 1994, after deputy warden George Smith became warden. Smith retired last July, citing poor health. "I'll admit that some of my staff have gone crazy," he told the *L.A. Times*, "but it was only a few who screwed up. We've got 1,700 good employees."

Smith called the employees who had gone to the feds "disgruntled."

The cooperating officers and investigators on the case say that Smith's nickname among staff members was "Mushroom George" because "mushrooms like to be kept in the dark."

Officers say the clan of guards who control an individual prison is known as a "car," and the car that took power after Smith became warden was an especially brutal one. New guards had to pass a loyalty test before they were allowed to climb in the car. One such test was participation in "Greet the Bus." The car at Corcoran was named "the Sharks," due to their willingness to attack suddenly and without provocation.

Though the matter is currently before a grand jury in Fresno, cooperating officers and attorneys believe it will be difficult to prove that prison officials conspired to put prisoners into deadly situations.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

Washington, (AP) — A new report paints a dark picture of capital punishment trials that featured drunks, drug addicts and characters who could not stay awake in the courtroom. They were the defense lawyers.

The legal help available to some charged with murder is a far cry from the "dream team" that helped O.J. Simpson, who did not face the death penalty, win acquittal, says Richard Dieter of the Death Penalty Information Center.

"Too many states encourage this malpractice by offering totally inadequate pay and resources, for death penalty defense," Dieter's report contends. "States allow elected judges to pick attorneys not on the basis of experience or merit but because they will cause the least 'trouble' in trying a case."

Most court-appointed lawyers, though underpaid and often inexperienced in death-penalty cases, are conscientious. But Dieter's report focused on some of the worst.

- John Young stood trial in Georgia while represented by a lawyer addicted to drugs. Shortly after Young was sentenced to death, his lawyer was jailed on drug charges. The courts rejected Young's contention that his legal help at trial was ineffective and he was executed in 1985.
- Jesus Romero's lawyer presented a 29 word argument to the jury at the trial's sentencing phase. "You are an extremely intelligent jury. You've got that man's life in your hands. You can take it or not. That's all I have to say," the lawyer said. The jury voted for death and Romero was executed in 1992.
- Larry Heath's lawyer failed to appear when the capital case was argued before the Alabama Supreme Court. Heath was executed in 1992.
- William Garrison's lawyer was arrested for driving to Garrison's California

murder trial while legally intoxicated. Garrison's murder conviction was upheld despite his claim that his lawyer provided ineffective assistance. His death sentence was overturned on other grounds, however.

- Texas death row inmate Calvin Burdine was represented by an attorney who, according to an affidavit submitted by the jury foreman, repeatedly fell asleep in court.

THREE STRIKES LAWS RARELY USED; CALIFORNIA MAJOR EXCEPTION

Washington, D.C.—The first national survey of "Three Strikes and You're Out" laws reveals that with the exception of California, these laws are rarely used by the states and the federal government. The survey was released by the Campaign for an Effective Crime Policy, a national coalition of criminal justice officials.

Despite the widespread political promotion of "three strikes" during passage of the 1994 crime bill, the law has only resulted in 9 federal convictions to date, with an additional 24 cases pending. In several states which have passed such laws, including Tennessee, New Mexico, North Carolina, and Colorado, not a single conviction has yet been obtained. The report attributes this limited use to the fact that the laws in these states apply to only the most serious offenders and that prosecutors and judges already use existing statutes to secure lengthy prison terms for serious violent offenders.

In dramatic contrast, the California law

includes any of the state's 500 felonies as a third strike and, along with its second strike provisions, has resulted in the incarceration of more than 15,000 offenders, creating a need for \$4.5 billion in prison construction over the next five years. The Campaign report finds that despite ongoing claims, the crime reducing impact of the law is unproven and that 85% of the second and third strike convictions have been for non-violent offenses.

Walter Dickey, University of Wisconsin law professor and author of the report, stated that, "Before policy makers jump on the three strikes bandwagon, they should consider whether these policies are being adopted because they represent good crime control or good politics."

The report also found that the California law is having a significant impact on court backlogs for both civil and criminal cases, since many three strikes defendants choose to go to trial. In Los Angeles, the three strikes cases account for 3% of the criminal court filings but 24% of jury trials. Because three strikes defendants are often unable to post bail, the law has also been found to crowd local jails as well as state prisons. The California law has been applied unevenly across the state as well, depending on prosecutorial discretion, and three strikes defendants are disproportionately African-American, raising concerns of racial bias.

The report calls on policy makers to assess the potential effects of three strikes laws before enacting them and to consider more cost-effective means of having an impact on crime.

The Campaign for an Effective Crime Policy is a coalition of 1,100 criminal justice and elected officials in all fifty states that was formed in 1992. Campaign sponsors have issued a "Call for a Rational Debate on Crime and Punishment," and work to develop criminal justice policy based on research and effectiveness.

THE PRISON CENSUS

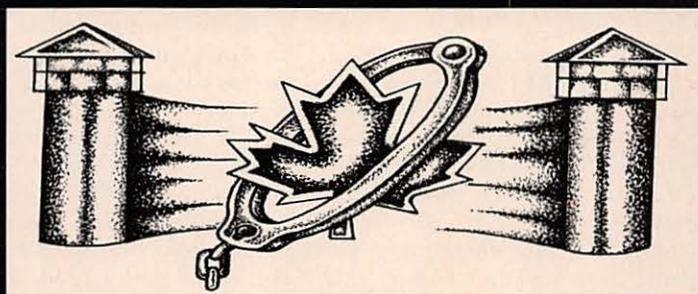
"If I win," Bob Dole vowed last week, "the lives of violent criminals are going to be hell." But nearly 1.6 million Americans already are behind bars: 1 million in state prisons, 500,000 in local jails and 100,000 in federal lockups. A new Justice Department report shows the prison count grew 6.8 percent last year. Here's how states rank according to incarceration rates (number of inmates per 100,000 population):

STATE	TOTAL	RATE
District of Columbia	9,800	1,650
Texas	127,766	653
Louisiana	25,427	568
Oklahoma	18,151	552
South Carolina	19,611	515
Nevada	7,826	482
Arizona	21,341	473
Alabama	20,718	471
Georgia	34,266	470
Mississippi	13,008	464
Florida	63,879	447
Michigan	41,112	429
California	135,646	416

Virginia	27,710	414
Delaware	4,802	413
U.S.Average	1,127,132	409
Maryland	21,453	404
Ohio	44,677	400
North Carolina	29,374	382
New York	68,484	378
Arkansas	9,401	360
Missouri	19,139	358
New Jersey	27,066	340
Alaska	3,505	339
Connecticut	14,801	318
Illinois	37,658	317
Kentucky	12,060	311
Colorado	11,063	292

Wyoming	1,405	291
Tennessee	15,206	287
Idaho	3,328	283
Indiana	16,125	275
Kansas	7,054	274
Pennsylvania	32,410	268
South Dakota	1,871	256
New Mexico	4,195	231
Hawaii	3,560	217
Washington	11,608	212
Iowa	5,906	207
Oregon	7,886	206
Montana	1,788	204
Wisconsin	11,199	201
Rhode Island	2,902	186
Nebraska	3,113	185
Massachusetts	11,619	175
New Hampshire	2,014	174
Utah	3,448	173
Vermont	1,072	143
West Virginia	2,511	136
Maine	1,447	111
Minnesota	4,863	105
North Dakota	608	85

THE CANADIAN SCENE



IN MEMORIAM CLAIRE CULHANE *Humanitarian, 1918 - 1996*

"She has a damn good head on her shoulders, and her representations on behalf of individual prisoners have had merit. But the trouble is Claire will not see the other point of view."

—Robert Kaplan, former Canadian Solicitor General

Claire Culhane, longtime matriarch of Canadian Prisoner Rights and Canada's most prominent Vietnam War protester, died on April 28, 1996.

Claire Culhane unselfishly dedicated most of her life to social change and was a dear friend to many. Her courage, strength of conviction, energy, and determination earned her not always appreciation, but certainly the highest respect from all, including her adversaries. She worked for reform in areas such as the rights of

the incarcerated, woman's issues, labor, freedom of speech.

Although best known for her prison reform and Vietnam War protests, Claire was a dedicated social activist all of her life. Raised in post-WWI Montreal, she worked in the local garment industry. Here she supported early labor reforms against exploitative sweatshops. Her next cause was the controversial Women's Rights Movement which was in its infancy in the rigidly traditional Quebec culture. She trained as a nurse

at Ottawa's Civic Hospital while protesting against Fascism in Spain during the late 1930's. This led to some of her earliest clashes with government officials as she was rounded up dozens of times for her participation in demonstrations. At this time she met her husband Gary, who was an early union organizer. Together they were instrumental in the establishment of the Maritime Labor Movement on the docks of Vancouver, in the 1940's.

The 1950's found Claire, a single-parent, working to support her family as a medical records clerk. Meanwhile she devoted as much time as possible to opposing the nuclear arms race as tensions grew between the United States and the USSR. Claire became a prominent Canadian voice of opposition to the death sentence of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

In 1967, Claire worked with a Canadian Medical Aid Team in Quang Ngai, South Vietnam, combating a tuberculosis epidemic. Then 49, she volunteered for the project sensing it

would offer adventure, social purpose, and a chance to serve the needy.

She recognized the deceit, corruption, political manipulation, and contradictions of not only the Canadian contribution to the war effort, but the greater senselessness of the conflict itself. She witnessed human carnage of every imaginable form from torture, maiming, and slaughter as well as a widespread disregard for the lives of the local population. She realized the Canadian government had no concern for the Vietnamese people and were reveling in the profit they were deriving from the war effort in return for maintaining a token role as an international ally of the United States. Claire denounced Canada's role in the conflict as "the butcher's helper."

After a year of service in Vietnam, Claire returned home determined to communicate to North Americans the realities of Vietnam, not the edited propaganda released by the government. She wrote an honest, hard-hitting report criticizing the Canadian role in Vietnam and submitted it, along with her resignation, to her superiors. The resignation was reluctantly accepted, but her report never acknowledged. It was suppressed by the Trudeau government.

The government's failure to communicate the truth to its citizenry infuriated Claire and encouraged her to publish much of her report in a book. In late 1968, she held a ten day hunger strike while chained in a replica of the type of solitary confinement cell used by South Vietnamese forces to incarcerate over 200,000 alleged Communist political prisoners.

Claire criss-crossed North America dozens of times, speaking as "The Voice of Women," with a mandate to incite North Americans to demand a stop to the Vietnam War. She often visited capital cities Ottawa and Washington, where she missed no opportunity to challenge politicians.

Claire provided the public with valuable information regarding the horrific My Lai Massacre, which occurred just a few kilometers from her Vietnam posting. The public was shocked when Claire informed them the My Lai massacre was an example of a common occurrence in Vietnam.

She became a popular guest speaker for the North American media, and was closely scrutinized by RCMP.

After the Paris Peace Accords of 1973, Claire was one of few Westerners invited to visit the City of Hanoi in the newly-recognized Republic of North

Vietnam. From there she went to Saigon just before it fell to Communist forces. She re-visited Quang Ngai and toured Canadian Medical Facilities which were still receiving funding, yet administering little or no aid. She sent seething reports to the Canadian government describing the corruption. The government's goals, though, appeared not to have changed. They were still strictly political and economic rather than humanitarian.

Claire would never forget Vietnam, and her exposure to government deceit and manipulation allowed her to be effective in her later battle for humanitarian treatment for Canadian prisoners.

She fought courageously for those who society often despises, dismisses, or discards. On Capital Hill, inside Canada's Parliament, and in the Warden's office of British Columbia Penitentiary, Claire chained herself to structures, refusing to move or eat until she was heard. She was at the forefront of demonstrations protesting prisoner concerns such as solitary confinement, capital punishment and prison conditions.

Claire witnessed mistreatment, deceit, and brutality first-hand during a BC Pen riot in the mid-1970's, where she volunteered to spend three days and nights behind the walls with the rioting cons. From that point onward she was a true friend and ally to the Prisoner Rights Cause. In prisons from the Atlantic to Pacific coasts, Claire Culhane supported, protested and made demands for the incarcerated. She was no stranger to police arrests, lockups, and courtrooms as a result of her efforts. She despised the bureaucratic manipulations so well known to all who have been incarcerated and for many years was banned from visiting all British Columbia prisons because of the effect she was deemed to have on prisoners. It is safe to say prison officials feared Claire's conviction to inform the public of the inhumane mistreatment Canada's prisoners were subjected to.

Claire treated all prisoners equally, regardless of their crime. She corresponded with hundreds of male and female prisoners offering words of encouragement and support. She attended the parole hearings of many who had no other support. If a prisoner or Inmate Committee reported wrongdoing by officials, they knew she would besiege officials with faxes, phone calls, and letters. She would muster rallies of support

whenever she felt it necessary in any province. She was without a doubt the most respected "citizen" ever to be involved with Canada's incarcerated. Few believed the atrocities occurring in Canadian prisons until Claire took up the cause. Most didn't want to listen about concerns of the incarcerated until Claire made them. She wrote three books denouncing Canada's approach to corrections.

In 1995 Claire was awarded "The Order of Canada" as recognition for her outstanding contributions to the country.

The work she started in Canada's prisons must be continued with her memory in mind. She didn't work for financial gain or glory. She labored relentlessly because she cared. She proved that an individual can make a difference in a complex world. She had faith that many who are incarcerated can change if society and the system give them the opportunity. She had the insight to realize the system and society perpetuate and often cause crime. She had the guts to tell it like it is and not believe the bureaucrats. She will be loved, missed, respected, and never forgotten.

Rest in Peace Claire.

—Tom Mann

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

**POST-CONVICTION RELIEF
IN ALL CIRCUITS**

Sisters in Struggle is a newsletter produced as a collective effort of federal women prisoners committed to educating communities about the injustices and absolute failure of "America's War on Drugs." Contact Ms. Hamedah A Hasan, #13847-047, Unit A, 5701 8th St., Camp Parks, Dublin, CA 94568.

Murder Victims' Families for Reconciliation, Pat Bane, Director, P.O. Box 208, Atlantic, VA 23303-0208. Phone: 804/824-0948. The name says it all. If you get in touch, please tell her that Michael Ross sent you (see Guest Editorial, this issue).

The Native American Brotherhood Church, Inc. is a religious support organization striving to address the needs of incarcerated prisoner practitioners of the Native American Religion. The NABC is looking to form chapters in other state prisons and outside prison walls to better educate, promote and assist in legal action for Native American practitioners who are being denied the God-given right to practice their religion. We seek to educate prison officials, prisoners and prospective outside supporters, and to provide practitioners with religious items. For more information contact: Native American Brotherhood Church, Inc., c/o Johnny Jarrell, #538412, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, TX 75884.

Fully Informed Jury Association (FIJA) is a national jury-education organization which both educates juries and promotes laws to require that judges resume telling trial jurors "the whole truth" about their rights, or at least to allow lawyers to tell them. If you wish to support FIJA, make checks payable to Dave Nicholson c/o FIJA Fund 96, PO Box 184, Fort Edward, NY 12828.

Retaliatory Transfers. Any federal inmate litigators who have a credible story of a retaliatory transfer for their having exercised their constitutional rights, and any attorneys who would be interested in representing such actions, either as a class action or as a Civil RICO matter, contact Ben Kalka through his attorney Christopher Cannon, Esq., 600 Harrison St., Suite 535, San Francisco, CA 94107.

HOW TO REACH US

THE EDITORS of *Prison Life* want to hear from you. Send letters, stories, poems, essays, and any items for Art Behind Bars, Mail Call or Block Beat to *Prison Life* Editorial, P.O. Box 537, Stone Ridge, NY 12484; Phone 914/687-0300; Fax 914/687-4099. Send e-mail to plmag@mail.netstep.net or visit our website at <http://www.prisonlifemag.com/>. We are, unfortunately, unable to accept collect phone calls, offer legal or medical advice, or piggyback correspondence between prisoners. All materials sent to *Prison Life* 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. Due to the number of submissions we receive, we cannot always offer personal commentary on manuscripts. If you do submit material, and we hope that you do, please be advised that you agree *Prison Life* magazine and its affiliates and licensees can reproduce, publish, display and distribute your material worldwide in all print and electronic media and in all other forms, manner and media now known or hereinafter devised. If you want your original material back, you must include a stamped, self addressed envelope. If you have a story idea and want to know if we're interested, send a brief summary to *Prison Life* Editorial, P.O. Box 537, Stone Ridge, NY 12484, and be sure to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

SUBSCRIPTION QUESTIONS/ADDRESS CHANGES

For subscription service questions, address changes, or ordering information, please contact *Prison Life*, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019; 800/207-2659; e-mail prilife@AOL.com. For back issues (subject to availability) contact that same office. *Prison Life* (ISSN 1065-0709) is published bimonthly by Joint Venture Media of Texas, Inc., 1431 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019. Editorial Offices: P.O. Box 537, Stone Ridge, NY 12484. *Prison Life* is printed in the U.S.A. and all rights are reserved. ©1996 by Joint Venture Media of Texas. U.S. subscription rates: \$28/non-prisoners and \$19.95/prisoners, \$39/Canada. Single copy price: \$4.95/US, \$6.50/Canada.

POSTMASTER: Please forward address changes to *Prison Life* magazine, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019. Application to mail at 2nd Class postage rate is pending at Houston, TX and additional mailing office.

COMPLAINTS ABOUT ADVERTISERS

Prison Life editors are not responsible for the contents of the advertisements in the magazine. But if you bought a product advertised in *Prison Life* and are dissatisfied and unable to work it out, please write to Ad Department, *Prison Life*, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77019.

PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS

Material in this publication may not be reproduced in any form without permission. Written requests for reprint permission should go to Eugenia Williams, *Prison Life*, 1436 West Gray, Suite 531, Houston, TX 77109 or faxed to 713/694-8131.

Visit the *Prison Life* website at:
<http://www.prisonlifemag.com/>

SEEKING RECONCILIATION FROM DEATH ROW

by Michael B. Ross

My name is Michael Ross. I am a condemned man on Connecticut's death row. When most people think of death row prisoners, I'm the one they think of. I'm the worst of the worst, a man who has raped and murdered eight women, assaulted several others, and stalked and frightened many more. And when I am finally executed, the vast majority of the people of this state will celebrate my death.

Sometimes, when I close my eyes, I can see the hundreds of people who will gather outside the prison gates on the night of my execution. I can see them waving placards, drinking and rejoicing, and I can hear their cheers as my death is officially announced.

I have lived here on Connecticut's death row for over eight and a half years now. I live in an eight-by-ten-foot unpainted concrete cell for 23 hours a day—24 hours a day on weekends. I come out for an hour of "recreation" five days a week. The only other times I come out are for a 15-minute shower five days a week, and for the occasional visit (one-half-hour, through glass, on a telephone). I eat all of my meals, brought to me in a styrofoam box three times a day, in my cell. I live in a single cell so I live alone, and because I can only talk to the two people on either side of me, I often feel quite alone.

One of the results of this almost total isolation is that, after a while, a person is forced to look at himself. I'm not talking about the cursory, superficial manner in which many people look at themselves, but rather a quite painful, unrelenting search of one's very soul.

Many prisoners, and many of those on death row, are able to lie convincingly to themselves, to see themselves as basically good people who are the innocent victims of a corrupt judicial system or of an unfair and uncaring society in general. Sometimes it is very difficult to honestly see ourselves as we truly are, and much easier to blame others in an attempt to justify our actions. I know this



to be true because for years this is exactly what I did. During this period I was angry—so very angry—at everyone and everything except for the one person I should have been angry with—myself. It took a very long time—years in fact—for this anger to subside and for me to begin to accept who I was and what I had become, and even longer before I was ready and willing to accept responsibility for my actions.

Two things primarily led to this transformation. Much of the credit for the first goes to Dr. Fred Berlin, a psychiatrist from the Sexual Disorders Clinic at the John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. He diagnosed me as suffering from a paraphiliac mental disorder and was indispensable in my fight to get the Department of Corrections to acknowledge my disorder and to treat it with the medication that I now receive. The drug, Depo-Lupron, clears my mind of the vile and noxious thoughts of rape and murder that plagued my mind for so long, and the

drug eliminates the previously uncontrollable urges that drove me to commit the crimes that put me here on death row. That monster still lives in my head, but the medication has chained him and has banished him to the back of my mind. And while he is still able to mock me, he can no longer control me—I control him; I am human again.

You cannot begin to imagine what a milestone this was in my life. Try to imagine a time that a melody or some catchy tune got stuck in your mind, playing over and over and over again, driving you crazy. The harder you try to push that tune out of your mind, the louder and more

persistent it becomes. Now try to imagine that instead of a harmless yet annoying tune, you experience filthy and despicable urges, desires and fantasies of the degradation, rape and murder of innocent women. Day in and day out. They fill your thoughts and fantasies when you are awake. They are in your dreams when you sleep. Imagine trying to control the urges, day by day, hour by hour. And try to imagine the self-hatred, loathing and abhorrence that you develop toward yourself when you fail. If you can imagine this then you will have only begun to understand what I have experienced, what I had to live with, what I had become. And only then will you begin to understand the true blessing that this medication was to me.

But the medication was only part of the story of my personal transformation. It gave me back my mind—a clear mind free of the malevolent thoughts and urges. And it allowed my humanity to awaken—giving me back something that I thought I had lost forever. But this was

The drug clears my mind of the vile and noxious thoughts of rape and murder that plagued me.

just the first step, and perhaps the easiest, for I didn't have to do anything—the medication did it for me.

Now began the more difficult part of my transformation, an examination of myself—a very profound, very painful, and ongoing examination.

Now that my mind was clear, for the first time, I began to see—really see. It was like a spotlight shining down on me, burning away the mist, exposing every shadow of my being. I began to see things as they really were.

I saw how weak and afraid I really was—I had always thought that I was strong and confident. I saw how I had allowed the monster in my mind to take control of me. I saw what I had become. And worst of all, for the first time, I saw the pain that I had brought to so many—such great and unceasing pain.

After my eyes were finally opened and I saw the truth of what I had become and what I had done, I began to feel things—unpleasant, disturbing feelings. I began

to feel the terrible agony and distress that I had brought to so many: my victims, the families and friends of my victims, my own family. And I also began to feel the awesome weight of my responsibility for my actions and of my responsibility to the people that I have harmed. And finally, I felt a profound sense of guilt. An intense, overwhelming and pervasive guilt that surrounds my very soul with dark, tormented clouds filled with a mixture of self-hatred, remorse, regrets and sorrow. All of which leaves me with a deep desire to make amends and achieve reconciliation—something which, under the circumstances, seems impossible.

Yet it is this sense of reconciliation that I yearn for the most. Reconciliation with the spirit of my victims. Reconciliation with the families and friends of my victims. And finally, reconciliation with myself and my God. This will be the final part of my transformation—and undoubtedly the

most difficult part. I am fortunate to have a good friend and guide for this part of my journey. A member of a group called Murder Victims' Families for Reconciliation, Reverend John Gilmartin, makes a six-hour round-trip drive to see me once a month.

I have traveled a great distance and have gone through quite a transformation since that day when I first set foot on death row — most of it alone. And I am very grateful and thankful for the help that Reverend Gilmartin has given me over the past 18 months. With his help, and if it is God's will, I will achieve that reconciliation that I so desire, and hopefully complete my transformation into one who is worthy of redemption and forgiveness. My journey is still far from over, but at least now I can see that there is a light at the end of the tunnel. May God give me the strength, perseverance, and moral fortitude to complete my journey before I am finally executed.

If you want to know more about victim-offender reconciliation, contact: Pat Bane, Director, Murder Victims' Families for Reconciliation, P.O. Box 208, Atlantic, VA 23303-0208. Phone: 804/824-0948. Please tell her that Michael Ross sent you.

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**

PRISON LIFE

VOICE OF THE CONVICT



SUBSCRIBE

PRISON LIFE T-SHIRTS

Call **1-800-207-2659**

or send check or money order
plus \$3 P&H made payable to:

PRISON LIFE

1436 W. Gray, Suite 53

Houston, TX 77019-4946

TX residents add 8.25% sales tax.



YEAH, GET ME SOME

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

CARD NUMBER: _____

SIGNATURE: _____

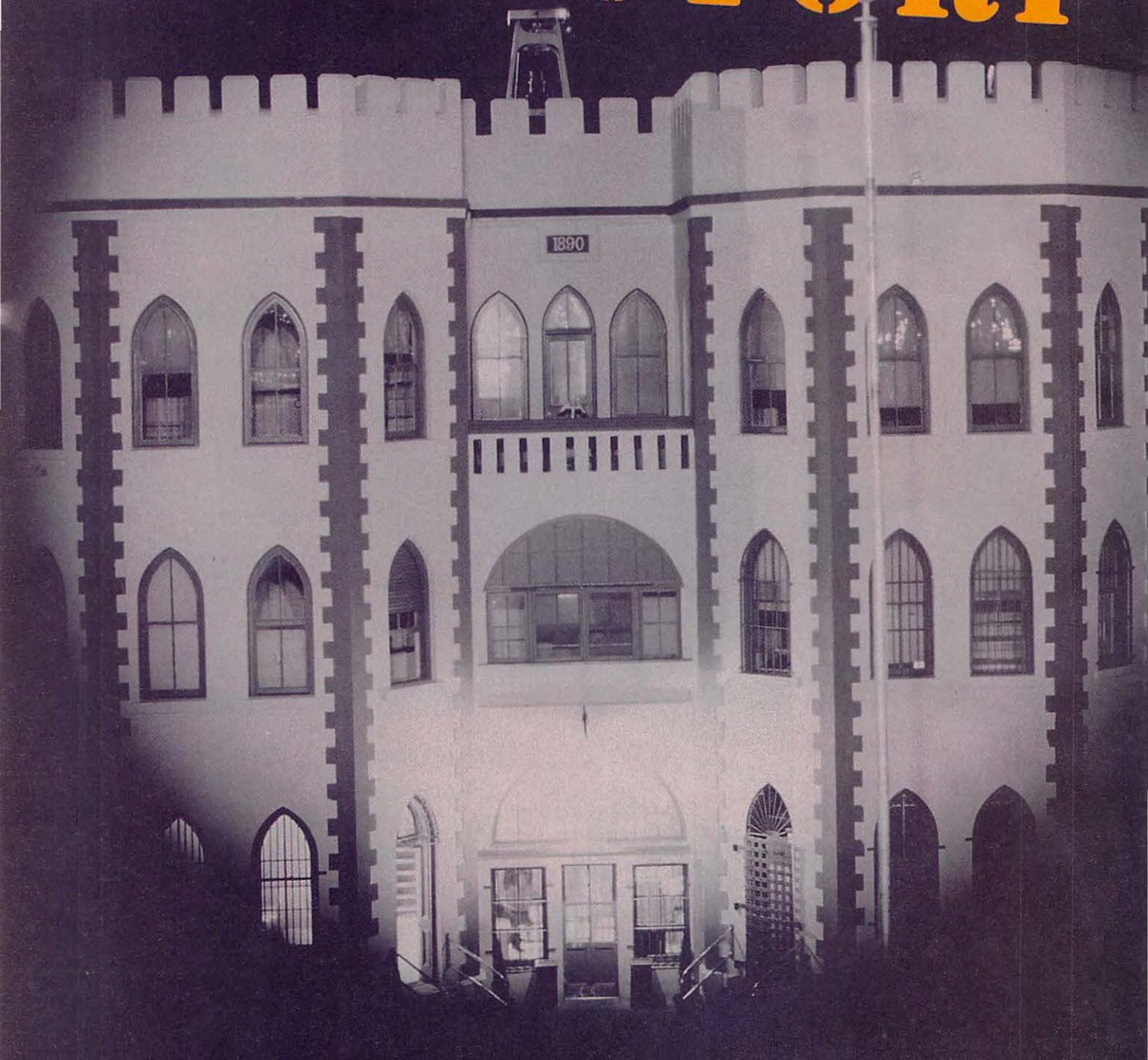
NAME: _____

ID#: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

ANIMAL FACTORY



BY EDWARD BUNKER

PART THREE

In the first two installments of Edward Bunker's classic prison novel (published in the Nov.-Dec. '95 and the March-April '96 issues of PLM) we followed Ron Decker, a young, white middle class dope dealer who has been given an indeterminate sentence and sent into the animal factory that is San Quentin penitentiary. Ron is befriended by an older, experienced convict named Earl Copan who teaches him how to survive the brutal day-to-day tightrope walk of prison life. When a predator-rapist attempts to turn Decker into his punk, Decker stabs him to death with a shank. The young man has been converted into a product of the system. In this final installment, when Decker is taken back before the judge for resentencing, the animal wants out of his cage, but not as the house-broken pet His Honor envisioned.

Beyond having more graffiti penciled and carved into its walls, the courtroom bullpen hadn't changed, nor had the human debris jamming it. The puffed, doughy faces and dirty clothes were those of the helpless and poor, not of criminals. But where Ron's attitude toward them had once been pity flecked with contempt, now contempt for weakness was uppermost. Also missing was the slight sense of fear that he'd known before. He leaned against a corner, legs extended along a bench, not letting a trembling wino sit down. When a husky young black began cursing the world, the rage trembling in his voice, Ron half smiled and felt bemused. Once the sight of such fury would have caused his stomach to knot up; now he knew it was probably a defensive bluff, noise to hide fear, and even if it was real, it was no threat. He'd learned that physical toughness didn't make for real dangerousness. Being a tough guy was in the mind, in being able to steal someone's life without a qualm. He now knew he was capable of that. What was it Earl said: "Rattlesnakes give off a noise, but cobras are silent."

On the heels of these nihilistic thoughts came realization that they were a reaction to the devastating news Jacob Horvath had brought to the jail's attorney room last night. Horvath's drooping lower lip and pained eyes signaled the reality even before he spoke. He'd gone to see the judge in the afternoon, to get the feel of the situation, but expecting no trouble. The judge had shown him an incident report about the murder (Horvath hadn't known), and a letter signed by the associate warden and the warden, saying that Ron Decker was a member of the notorious White Brotherhood, which group was responsible for at least half a dozen murders in California prisons within the past two years. Although the evidence was insufficient to prosecute him for this latest killing, a number of anonymous but reliable inmate

informants had linked Decker to it. Jacob Horvath's voice had risen from sad concern to near indignation, as if Ron had somehow failed him. Ron's first sense of deflation had been replaced by cold anger and contempt. He would meet the defeat with scorn; it diminished pain. And that had been his attitude all night long. He didn't even want to appear in court; it was all a ritual sham. The matter was already decided and he wasn't going to give anyone the satisfaction of showing that it hurt. He could be precisely what they thought him to be. Life was all the playing of roles anyway. All games; all bullshit.

When the deputy sheriff acting as bailiff called Ron to the gate and fastened the bright steel bracelets over his wrists, Ron felt a mild scorn, and a bizarre sense of pride or power, for if they were fetters, they were also symbols of society's fear.

The courtroom was totally without spectators. Just the clerk and court reporter were there, and Horvath behind a seated deputy district attorney. Horvath was leaning over, talking into the man's ear. Both of them laughed softly, but it sounded loud in the empty stillness. Ron felt a tug of anger. Not long ago he would have been benignly indifferent to such friendliness between competing attorneys, but now he thought it was traitorous. The prosecutor was the enemy, and war was never friendly.

Without being told by the accompanying deputy, Ron pushed through the low gate and sat on a chair inside the railing. The deputy hovered next to him. The clerk, a pudgy man in rimless glasses, saw the arrival of the defendant and went through the door at the left of the bench. This was the only case being heard this afternoon and he was notifying the judge that all was ready.

Ron was wearing khaki pants and shirt and prison shoes, the issue given men going to court. Once he would have felt self-conscious; now it didn't matter that he was branded as

different. Horvath waved but seemed ready to continue talking to the prosecutor until Ron beckoned with a peremptory gesture. Then Horvath came over, putting his attaché case on top of the counsel table en route.

"Anything new?" Ron asked.

"Nope. Nothing. I tried to talk to him in chambers, but his mind is made up. I don't understand what the hell happened to you up there. You knew—"

"Quit it. What's done is done."

"I'm going to make a pitch, but—" He shook his head.

"Don't waste your breath. I've got some things to say. In fact, you tell him I'm making my own statement. You don't have to do a thing."

"Instead of me?"

"Right."

"You can't do that."

"Bullshit! Just tell him—"

Before more could be said, the clerk came out, banged the gavel, and intoned, "Please rise. Department Northeast B, Superior Court of the State of California, County of Los Angeles, is now in session, the Honorable Arlen Standish, judge presiding."

It was the same as before, the few people getting to their feet as the blacked-robed jurist came out and gained majesty as he stepped up to the bench. That is, everyone stood except Ron. When the deputy tugged his arm, he leaned forward and raised his ass three inches from the chair. He wouldn't have

done that much except complete refusal might have brought a later ass-kicking. He managed thus to comply while showing how he felt. The judge, however, didn't look up until everyone was again seated.

"People versus Decker," the clerk said. "Hearing under Eleven sixty-eight of the Penal Code."

When Ron stood beside Horvath, he was assailed by the fragrance of the lawyer's aftershave; his awareness was magnified by a year of smelling nothing fragrant except farts.

"I suppose we have to...uh...have discussions on this matter," the judge said. As before, he shifted unseen papers. He put on glasses, read something; then looked over the glasses toward Horvath. "I imagine you have something to say, Counselor."

"Yes, Your Honor."

Before Horvath could say more, Ron poked him with an elbow and hissed from between clenched teeth, "Tell him."

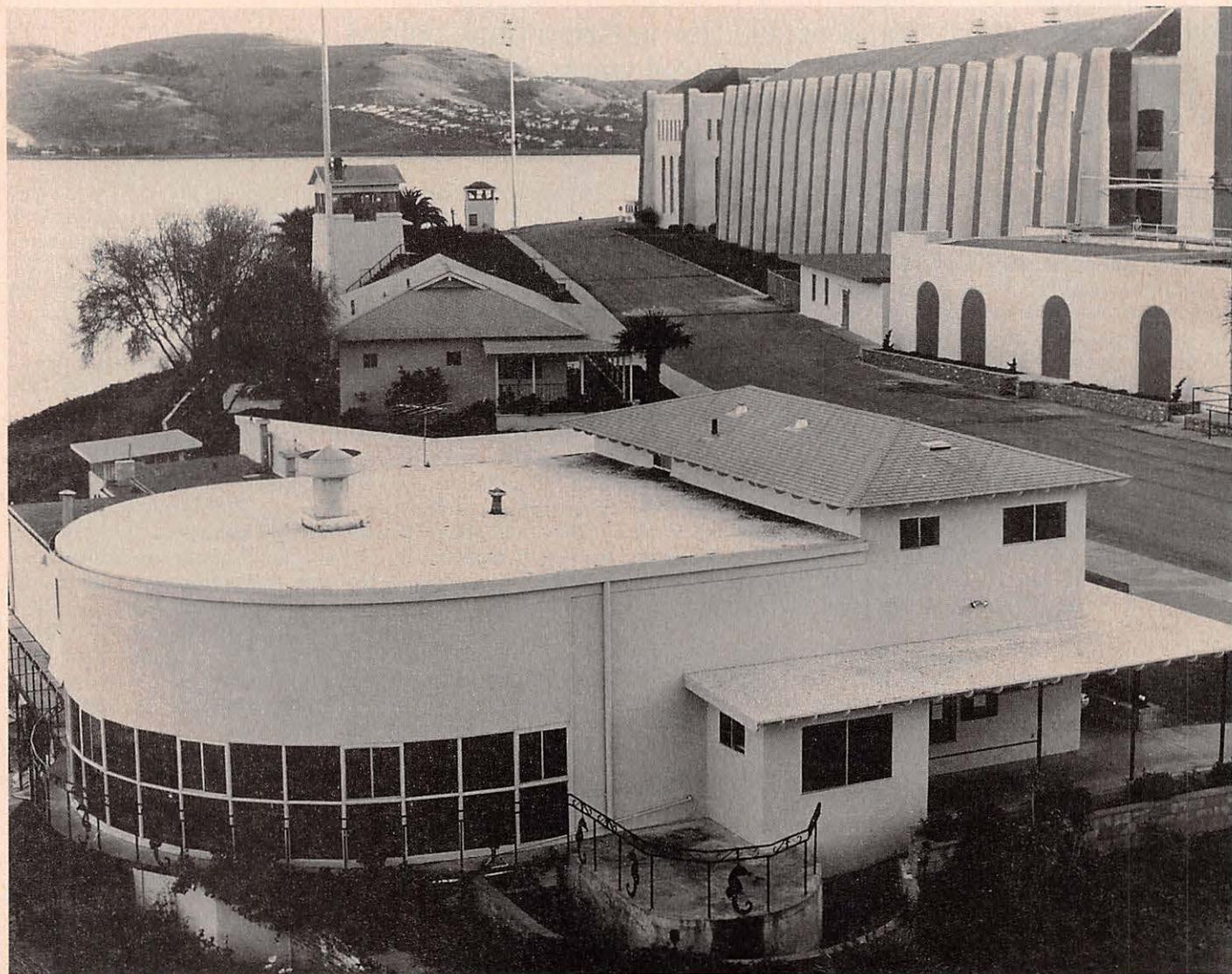
"Rrr-uh," Horvath stuttered, his articulate circuits jammed.

"Your Honor," Ron said loudly, even more loudly and more shrilly than he wanted, "I'd like to address the Court in this matter."

"No, no, Mr. Decker. You will speak through counsel. That's what counsel is for."

"In that case, Your Honor," Ron said slowly, "I wish to remove Mr. Horvath as counsel of record and invoke my right to proceed in propria persona."

The judge hesitated. "Are you dissatisfied with Mr.



Horvath?"

"That isn't the question. I simply want to represent myself at this hearing...and according to decisions, I have an absolute right to do so if I can make an intelligent waiver of my right to counsel. I believe the standard is that I know the elements of the offense, the defenses, and the penalties. It isn't necessary that I be a trained attorney. The first two are moot at this point...and I obviously know the penalties." As soon as he began speaking, the tension went away, and he knew he sounded articulate. It surprised him.

"Do you have any comment, Mr. Horvath?"

"It's a surprise...I...I've done my best. I have no objection. Mr. Decker is far from illiterate and he knows what's at stake."

The judge looked to the youthful deputy district attorney. "Do the People have anything to add?"

The prosecutor came to his feet. "The People would like to make sure this is an intelligent waiver...that the defendant doesn't double back later with a petition for habeas corpus claiming the waiver was invalid."

"I don't think that the record will reflect incompetency," the judge said mildly. "If we were in a critical proceeding where legal training...I would certainly make a lengthy inquiry before allowing a defendant to abandon the protection of counsel. But, as I recall, the decisions indicate the right to self-representation is absolute if the waiver is intelligent...and this defendant has recited the proper standards." The judge nodded to Ron. "Proceed, Mr. Decker. You are your own attorney as long as you maintain decorum."

Confronted with permission to speak, Ron was temporarily unable to. He'd intended to express disdain for the sham, but the avuncular judiciousness of the judge had ignited a flicker of hope. Perhaps it wasn't already decided. Yet he didn't want to show weakness, didn't want to snivel. He would take the middle course and play it according to the response elicited.

"Your Honor, there's no question that I sold a lot of marijuana and cocaine, but that means there were a lot of people buying it. In fact, millions of people don't see anything wrong with it. It's pretty well established that it isn't any worse than cigarettes, and less harmful than alcohol. I don't feel any guilt about doing it. I didn't hurt anyone. Getting caught was...like getting hit with lightning. Not just or retribution. Just an act of God.

"When you sent me to prison, I was afraid of it. But I didn't expect prison to change me...not for good, not for bad. But after a year I have changed, and the change is for the worse...at least by society's standards. Trying to make a decent human being out of someone by sending them to prison is like trying to make a Moslem by putting someone in a Trappist monastery. A year ago the idea of hurting someone physically, hurting someone seriously, was abhorrent to me—but after a year in a world where nobody ever says it's wrong to kill, where the law of the jungle prevails, I find myself able to contemplate doing violence with equanimity. People have been killing each other for eons. when I was selling marijuana, I pretty much had the values of society, right and wrong, good and evil. Now, after a year—I'm being honest—when I read about a policeman being killed I'm on the side of the outlaw. That's where my sympathies are turning. Not completely yet, but with seeming inevitability.

"What I'm trying to say is simply that sending me back isn't going to do anything. Prison is a factory that turns out human animals. The chances are that whatever you get out of prison will be worse than what you send in. I'll have to serve at least five more years before I'm eligible for parole. What will that do? It won't help me. It won't deter anyone else. Look around. Nobody will even know...so how can it deter?"

"I don't know what I'll be after a half a dozen years in a madhouse. And I've already lost everything outside. I think

I've already suffered enough punishment—" His voice trailed off. His mind searched for more words, but he could find none. "That's all," he said finally.

When he sat down, breathless and flushed from his loquacity, the judge nodded to the deputy district attorney. "Do the People have any comment?" As he finished the question, the judge's eyes swiveled almost pointedly to look at a clock on the opposite wall. The prosecutor, who was pushing back his chair to rise, let his eyes follow those of the judge. "Uh...the People...uh...concur with the letters from the prison officials and submit the matter."

The judge faced Ron again, and the visage of kindly patience seemed to harden, or maybe it was the timber of his voice that made his face seem like granite. "Mr. Decker, you originally came before this court and were convicted of a serious offense. Because of your youth and background, I tried to leave an opening to avoid sending you to prison for a long term. I wanted to give you a chance both to see what the future could hold and to help yourself. From the information sent me by the prison officials, you are a dangerous man. Whether you were already that or became so in prison is immaterial. The ultimate factor is not whether prison will help you, nor whether your imprisonment will deter anyone else. The main thing is to protect society. Anyone who can kill another person in cold blood—and you nearly admitted that you can—isn't fit to live in society. I know society will be protected for at least five years. After that the parole board, if they wish, can let you out. I'm not going to modify the sentence. Motion denied."

"Then fuck you!" Ron said loudly, unexpectedly, scarcely believing it himself. "Right in your old wrinkled ass!"

The deputy's fingers digging into his arm and tugging him stopped the words. "Watch yourself," the deputy said, his voice quiet but taut. "That's a judge."

"Yeah, okay." Ron was up, his eyes flicking over Horvath's astonished face. Then he was going up the aisle, the deputy reaching for the handcuffs. He stopped at the doors and put out his wrists. By head gesture and a hand on his shoulder, the deputy told him to turn. The outburst caused the handcuffs to be put on behind him, making him more helpless. He turned and complied, the shadow of a sneer on his face. He was wondering how long it would be before he got back to San Quentin.

The sanctuary of the psych ward was also a gilded cage. Earl luxuriated in the solitude, but he also fretted at the inactivity. Now that the murder charge was no threat he was ready to go back to "B" Section and do whatever punishment the officials wanted. It was a gauntlet that had to be run before he could get back on the big yard. The psych ward time didn't count toward the segregation term. And if he stayed too long in his "nervous breakdown," they would transfer him to the Medical Facility, where he might be given shock treatments—and rumors of lobotomies were sifting back. The old-fashioned brutality of "B" Section was preferable. Moreover, only two successful escapes had been made from within the Medical Facility during the fifteen years it had been open; both escapees had used the gamble of cutting cell bars and going over double fences in the shadow of gun towers.

Still he hesitated until word came that Ron was back from court and in "B" Section. The next morning he told the doctor that he was feeling better. Dutch and the other attendants marked the charts to show an end to his delusions. After a week, the doctor diagnosed a Ganzer syndrome, a form of psychosis that convicts call going "stir crazy." The following Monday the doctor discharged him. He knew the paper was signed within minutes and had his gear packed

Continued on page 69

KEYS

Jorge Antonio Renaud
Abilene, Texas

Bound again, I listen to the jailer's keys, brassy intruders clicking into their cavities with a well-oiled exactness. The sound soothes. It haunted my dreams during four years of freedom. Hearing it while awake is no less terrifying. After a six-month daze of guns, cocaine and strange, foul smelling apartments, I awaken certain of myself.

I drift into the routine. I am less fierce this time, more brooding and analytical. I gauge my fellow felons, looking for nuance and relief. I share the early newspapers with a teenager called Drive-by. He scans the obituaries each morning, searching for the deaths of fellow gangbangers. A scheduled burial of a rival makes him ecstatic; a brother's death reddens his eyes and coarsens his voice. I have to remind myself of his age.

Drive-by proclaims to the tank one morning that he has figured how to pick the lock of the massive door that keeps us from the world's throat; all he needs is a hairpin. He dreams of escape and lucrative notoriety. No one hoots him down. Pure-bred Texans, none of us are peaceful men. While the air here is usually just irascible, violence is but a perceived threat away. Besides, perhaps he can truly free us. I tell myself to hunt dropped hairpins during my visits.

Then there is Frankie, trading details of his misery for a shot of coffee. He says he was framed. The familiar refrain assumes a sad literalness in Frankie's case. He is charged with burglary, and his lawyer assures him the police have found his palm print on a window frame of the burglarized home. Frankie insists it is a misunderstanding—he has visited and partied with the owners of the home in question. He is unhappy at the cynicism of the police, who are reluctant to believe

that Frankie—with two priors for burglary—could, through sheer accident, leave a palm print on the shattered window frame of a burglarized dwelling. The prosecutor, also unmoved, has offered a 25-year sentence. Frankie is aggrieved, feeling betrayed by the whorls, lines and curlicues that stamp him as an individual, unique if only in his palm.

Frankie is like most of us here, accused of crimes committed in drug lust. We dream of needles and white lines. Awakening in the throes of withdrawal does little to sate our appetites or our fantasies.

One talkative acquaintance—a former math teacher and volleyball coach—grew so enraptured by heroin that he



Art by Fa-Q

took to holding up fast food emporiums to finance his opiate flings. Hamburger havens fell on alternate weekends; pizza palaces went down in between. He took a fancy to a seafood restaurant's time-lock safe and robbed three outlets on successive Saturdays. The timer gave him ample time, he says, to chat with the captive manager about the safe's intricacies.

He wanted the safe to help control his habit. He always shot up his dope as fast as he could buy it and thought that if he could stash his heroin in the safe and gain access only when the timer allowed, he would be on the road to recovery. He was defeated in this admirable yearning by the fact that the safe functioned only if mounted securely to the wall. This rendered it useless as a pawnable object, the primary consideration in any major purchase by a hardcore junkie.

To pass the time, the ex-teacher has devised a set of equations that figure how many hamburgers had to be sold, and the receipts then stolen, to satisfy a night of nodding bliss. He mumbles of side orders and peak flow hours. His scribbling resembles the chaotic tracks on his arms. He looks like a scarecrow in need of an opium-dealing Wizard of Oz.

But there is no wizardry here, and less truth. Time has killed one, and fear has put one hell of a hurt on the other. It is foolhardy to tell a man who is facing two life sentences that you think he is lying. Thus freed into fantasy, the truth gets embellished.

Take the windshield factor.

This, says a self-assured killer, is what the lacquer-haired, jolly, local weather person is referring to—it's what happens when cold meets car. According to him, a thermometer is attached to the windshield of a late model sedan—he recommends Mercedes—and driven onto the freeway, into the wind, and upon reaching 60 mph, a reading is taken from the thermometer. The resulting number is what convinced this gun-toting meteorologist to give Houston the points at Buffalo—too much cold weather driving for the warm-weather Oilers.

This murderer—I should say alleged, but he has spoken of his guilt, the complicated, ritualistic, almost inevitable dance of death between urban drug dealers—is the funniest man I have ever met. His crazed raps lighten the days. He is without rancor, seemingly incapable of holding a grudge. This is one of jail's ironies: you meet people before knowing what they are accused of, and then you find it difficult to calibrate your abhorrence to what conventional morality says it should be.

You notice the selfless gestures of a man with nothing to gain and then see him in irons on the evening news, the manicured voice of the announcer intoning the "especially brutal" nature of the crime and you think, "He did that?" and you doubt your judgment of people you've known all your life, and you understand anyone is capable of anything. Even you.

Which, as far as insights go, isn't bad. As irony, it can't touch the courtroom

where sentencing takes place.

Rarely quiet, the chamber vibrates with the murmur of attorneys consulting their clients, then scurrying to make deals with the prosecutors. At times the startled cries of family members rise above the babble as an unexpectedly harsh sentence is passed, a stone through the kidneys of Texas justice.

In between outbursts, as lawyers retreat to figure their fees, I feel the urge to genuflect and suddenly realize the



courtroom seating consists of worn church pews. I am stunned. What group of churchgoers would agree to have its highly polished pews desecrated like this?

The mostly illiterate graffiti etched into the wood yields few clues. Scholarly Catholics would surely lean more to Latin—*Morituri te salutamos*—and not resort to “This sucks!” Methodists would pen odes to the Buffys left behind. Their WASPish subtlety would lack the directness of “Mary, Mary, smooth or hairy.”

This leaves the Baptists, and I imagine a fine East Texas church, devoid of pews, echoing with Hallelujahs, fundamentalist flock on its feet, following the pastor in thunderous song. Their collective corns must ache but their hearts are pure, knowing that somewhere in a courtroom dedicated to incarceration, the heathen are seated on hardwood benches still haunted by the piety of God-fearing folk.

The hymnal racks of the pew in front of me are splintered but intact. The songs of salvation are missing, replaced by candy wrappers and two empty tampon boxes. This excites me, a desire I find almost blasphemous, considering I am under the glare of both church and state, condemned by God and conservative Democrats alike.

This confluence of judgmental power deeply depresses me. The intimations of inevitability—Huntsville, and thus Hell, is but a four-hour drive away—crack some branch within me. My will to fight crumbles.

The state has deemed me institutionalized. I confess. The prosecutor says my sense of morality, once merely somnolent, now lies dead. I concur. My integrity stands accused of abandonment. I agree.

I stand before the judge and can think only of rust-colored lips and weeping brown eyes. This is proof of my depravity. Courtrooms are where love, licking its wide wounds, goes to die. I whisper good-bye to mine: Aimee, aimee.

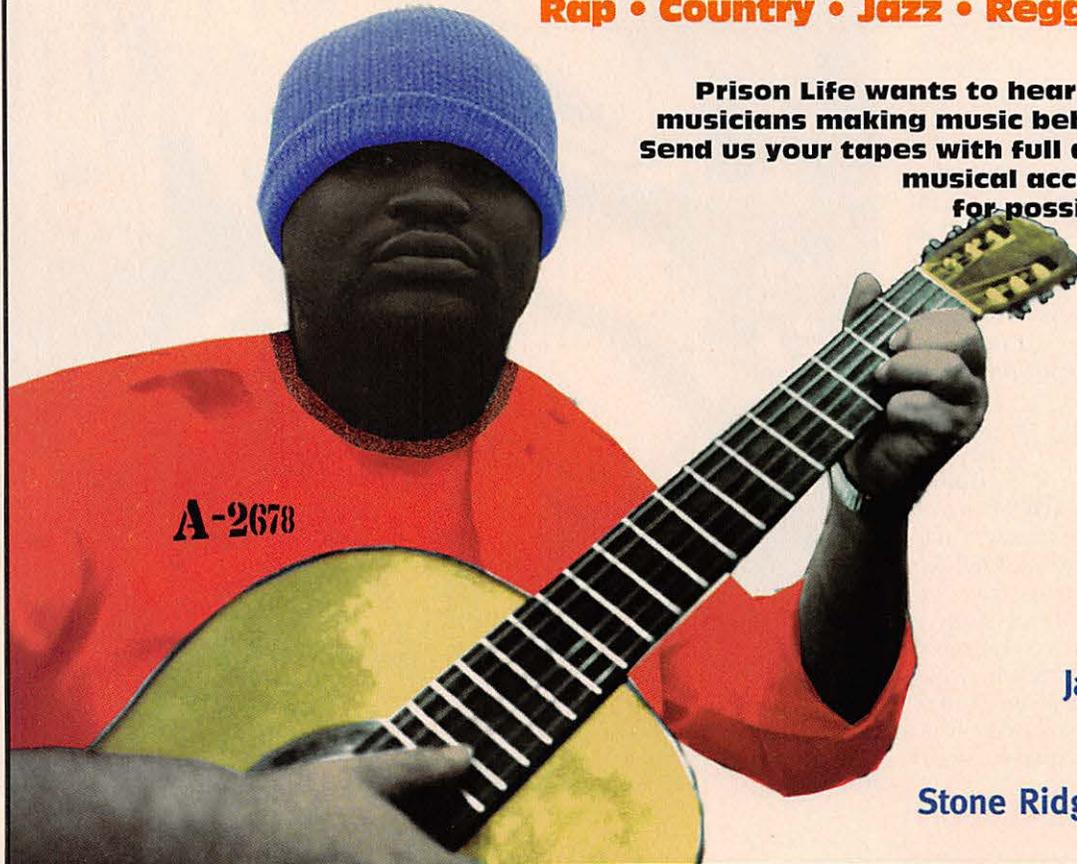
I am asked if I have comment on my sentence and I carefully spit on the gavel, ocher mucus dribbling down the ridged hammer. The bailiff jerks me away and I return to the land of thrumming keys, where the locks are commanded by others and starlight is impaled on the wires. 



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 PLM,
Box 537
Stone Ridge, NY 12484.

How Much?

by Charles Huckelbury, Concord, NH

*A pound of a man's flesh,
Taken from a man.
Is not so estimable, profitable either,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.*

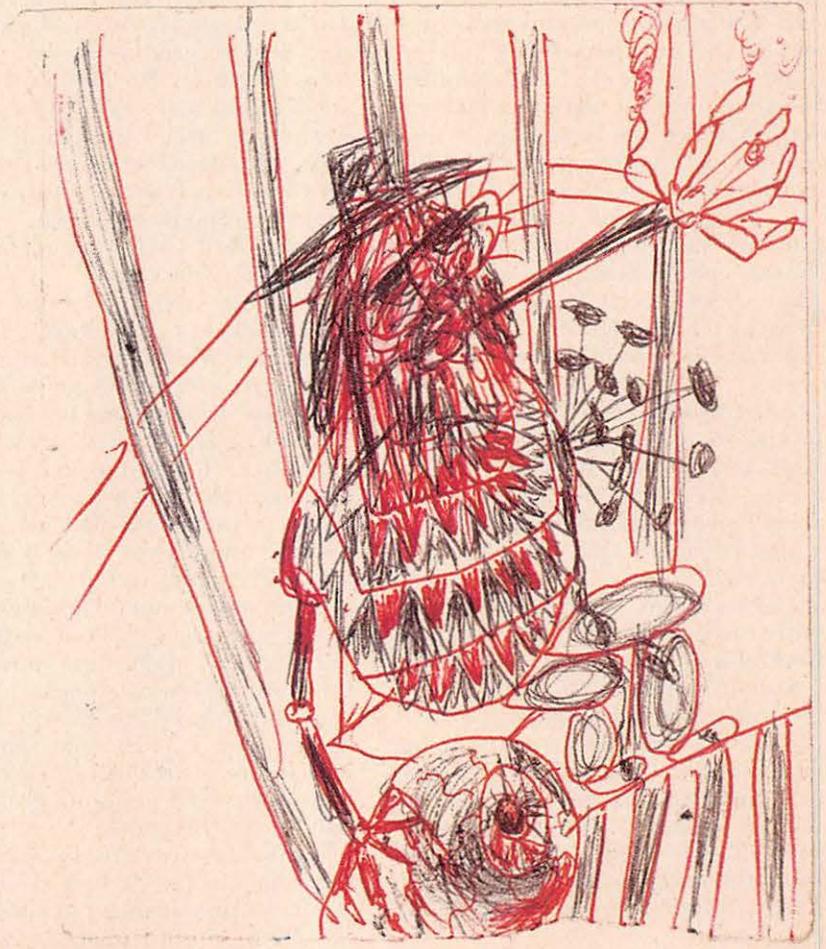
William Shakespeare,
The Merchant of Venice

Punta Trasera lay festering under the August sun, a running sore on the corrupting body of a state that functioned as the necropolis for the terminally bored of the other contiguous forty-eight. The town was one of Florida's Gulf Coast enclaves, the last bastion holding the line against the encroachment of civilization southward from Sarasota and northward from Fort Myers. Proud of their two stoplights and three Black families, the residents of Charlotte County spent their days ridiculing the tourists who wandered off Highway 41, and congratulating themselves on their good fortune in being born among the saw-grass and sand, dead fish and decaying foliage that gave the area its distinct smell. The nights were for sitcoms and domestic beer; there was no library.

Emmett Thomas was Punta Trasera's sheriff and had been for eleven years. Usually running unopposed, he justified his perpetual re-election by solving the one or two monthly felonies occurring in the town, usually a burglary committed by one of the local drunks or a wife-beating by a redneck with attitude. Once in a while, one of the town's teenagers would run his parents' car off into one of the canals.

In twenty years, the town had only had three homicides, all of them solved by informants.

At fifty-six, Thomas had grown comfortably soft, having neither the desire nor the need to



Art by FA-Q

exercise, trusting instead to the pistol on his hip and the cooperation of the town's citizens, all of whom knew him and invariably waved when he passed them on the street. He wore his professional smile beneath a Stetson as he pulled into the state attorney's office at 9:15 on Monday morning, but the heat blasted him as he left the car's air conditioning, making him wince and bury his eyes inside deep, doughy wrinkles. He groaned and tucked his pistol belt up under his belly as he shuffled toward the courthouse, choosing the elevator instead of the stairs to the prosecutor's office one floor above him.

"Hi, darlin'. L.T. in?" Thomas didn't bother to stop at the receptionist's desk as he walked into the office.

"Yes, he is, Sheriff," replied a tired looking blonde. "He said for you to go right on in."

The sheriff moved past her desk toward the open door behind her. He stuck his massive head inside and tipped the Stetson to the rear of his head.

"Mornin', L.T."

Luther Travis Anderson looked up from his desk and shifted the toothpick in his mouth to one side. "Come on in, Emmett," he said. Anderson was five-six and very touchy about his size since being cut from his high-school football team. Balding since his freshman year in college, he now parted his hair just above his left ear and combed everything over the top in an elaborate ritual that took the better part of thirty minutes each morning while his wife and three children snickered behind his back. He got up and concentrated on giving the sheriff a firm handshake, but Thomas's paw dwarfed his own.

The sheriff carefully eased his bulk into the chair offered. "What's so important it couldn't wait until after lunch?"

Anderson sat back down and shuffled through some papers on his desk before finding a powder-blue folder. He opened it and read for fifteen seconds before looking back at the sheriff.

"You remember a guy named Richard Rowland?"

Thomas shook his head slowly, the effort of concentration furrowing his shiny brow.

"No," he said slowly. "Should I?"

"Convicted of murder back in '73."

"Jesus. '73?" He looked at the ceiling for a moment. "Jake Barnes was sheriff back then, but I think I remember the case. Yankee from Illinois or somewhere came down here and killed a construction worker. That the one?"

"Ohio," Anderson nodded, "but yeah, that's him."

"Got ninety-nine years or life or something?"

"Life. I read the clippings. Kind of nutty. The guy he killed was a local bad boy, beat up some people and generally made a nuisance of himself until Rowland killed him. Judge Sherman tried the case, and lot of people around here wanted him to give Rowland the chair, but you know how Sherman was."

Thomas grunted and shifted in the chair.

"Goddamn liberal. I was glad to see the son of a bitch retire. Where's Rowland now? That what this is about?"

"Still in prison."

"You're shittin' me? Twenty-two years? Nobody does that kind of time."

"Well, Rowland has, and he wants out. That's what this is." Anderson tapped the blue folder on the desk. Hell, I was in the sixth grade when he committed the murder."

"So what's this got to do with me and you?"

"Parole board notifies the trial judge, prosecutor and sheriff whenever a prisoner becomes eligible, and they want our input. Rowland's lawyer sent your copy of the brief to this office, else you'd have it already. Pick it up from Margie on the way out."

Thomas was puzzled.

"It's an administrative rule, Emmett. The board notifies the jurisdiction where the felony occurred whenever a prisoner is up for parole. The victim's family also got the word, and they're invited to reply by mail or attend the parole hearing itself. The board wants our reaction to Rowland's parole, to find out if we support or oppose his release."

"But I don't know a fuckin' thing about him or the case."

"Doesn't make a damn bit of difference; it's procedural. The trial judge and prosecutor are retired, and Jake Barnes is dead. We get the job."

Thomas shrugged and belched.

"Seems odd, but if that's what they want, then I'll give it to 'em. It's easy; I don't want Rowland to ever get out."

"You've got to write the letter yourself. I'll have Margie type it up, if you want, but you've got to sign it. It has to be a separate document." He paused. "You might want to take a look at this brief before you make up your mind. Rowland's no ordinary punk."

Thomas waved his hand. "It don't matter none, L.T. The guy committed a murder here in Punta Trasera, and there's no way I'm gonna do anything but object to his parole."

"Even after twenty-two years? You know the guy's never had a disciplinary report written against him? Got an IQ of 136 and could probably work for

NASA if he wanted."

"Even after a hundred and twenty-two fuckin' years, L.T., and if they've never caught him doing anythin' up there in Raiford, it's because he's too smart. That's all. You got any idea what the people of this town would do if they found out I voted for this asshole's parole? I can't remember the name of the guy he killed, but the family'd have my ass just the same. Hell, I'd be out of a job, that's what." He leaned over the desk and pointed at Anderson. "And it's somethin' you need to think about, too, L.T. Elections are comin' up next fall."

"Yeah, I know all that, and I agree with you: we'll vote no when the time comes, but I think you should take a look at this brief. It's interesting reading."

Thomas hauled himself out of the chair.

"Don't need to look at it, L.T. I already know what I'm gonna say. All you have to do is get little Margie out there to fix it up for me and send it over to my office. Fuck Rowland and any other goddamned convict up there in Raiford. It's our job to put 'em there, and I'll be damned if I'll help the bastards get out. Any of 'em." He pulled the Stetson down on his forehead and adjusted his pistol. "Anythin' else?"

"Nope, that's it. I'll get the letter to you this week. We've got thirty days to respond."

"Next time you get one of these things, you don't need to bother me with it. Just copy the letter and send it on back to those silly bastards. Imagine that," he said, shaking his head sadly. "They thought we might want to vote for someone gettin' out after we worked so hard to put him in. Crazy." He touched the brim of the Stetson. "Be seein' you L.T." Anderson watched him disappear and heard him flirt briefly with Margie before leaving. He pulled his chair closer to his desk and went over the file in front of him once more.

"Gentlemen, we have a problem here." Judge Harold M. Ross lifted a blue folder identical to the one Anderson had shown the sheriff two days before and let it drop to his desk. Ross was known as the hanging judge, and was proud of his reputation. He did not care if he was reversed by the appellate courts; indeed, he did not lose any sleep because he was the judge with the most reversed cases in the state. He believed the rest of the circuit judges and many sitting on the appellate courts were simply too soft.

Judge Ross always handed out the maximum and often went beyond the statutory guidelines in imposing

sentence. Now he sat in his chambers with L.T. Anderson and Emmett Thomas in front of him. He was not a happy man. "This Rowland is up for parole again," he said now, "and this time he's got himself a hot-shot attorney out of Tallahassee. If we don't do something immediately, he damn well might make it. Any suggestions?"

The state attorney cleared his throat, but Thomas broke in.

"I don't see what's all the fuss, Judge. All we have to do is write letters sayin' we don't want the bastard to make parole, and that ought to do it."

Judge Ross looked at the sheriff over the tops of his glasses, his full head of gray hair gave him a lion's appearance. He spoke as if lecturing to a slow student.

"Emmett, form letters won't be enough this time. Have you read the brief you got?"

"I started to, Judge, but I got. . . ."

"If you had read it, you'd know what we're up against." He opened the folder in front of him. "Rowland's fifty-one now, and that puts him out of the

"Suggestions?" Anderson shifted the omnipresent toothpick.

"I've been thinking. His prison record is remarkable, and his accomplishments make any attack during the time he's been serving his sentence unreasonable. But if we could dig up something in his past, say some evidence to counter all these letters and certificates, then we might have a chance. We could show that he's misled all the people who support him without attacking them personally."

"LeBlanc," said the sheriff.

"What?" Ross and Anderson asked simultaneously.

"LeBlanc. Joe LeBlanc. He's a retired homicide investigator who must have worked Rowland's case."

Anderson frowned. "What possible use could he . . .?"

"Wait a minute, L.T.," the judge interrupted. "I think Emmett's got something here. You mean this LeBlanc might have something that doesn't appear in Rowland's file?"

"He might," said Thomas, "and if he doesn't, I've known him a long time, and

"People don't change," he continued, "and you'll never convince me that a felon will ever be anything else but a felon. They're scum, gentlemen, and it's our job, our holy duty, to keep them in prison for as long as we can to bring this country back to what it used to be."

Anderson stifled a yawn, and the sheriff fidgeted slightly. Both had heard the same speech during elections and Rotary meetings.

Ross replaced the bandanna and nodded to Anderson and Thomas. "I guess that's it then, gentlemen. Get back to me as quickly as you can, L.T."

"Right, Judge. Emmett and I will try to see LeBlanc tomorrow."

"Make it today."

"Right. Today." Anderson looked at Thomas, and the two rose together. Judge Ross didn't bother saying goodbye as they left his chambers.

"I hope you know what the fuck you're doing, Emmett." Anderson drove while Thomas searched the radio channels. "You know how Ross is when things

"Fuck Rowland and any other goddamned convict up there in Raiford. It's our job to put 'em there, and I'll be damned if I'll help the bastards get out."

dangerous age statistically. He has no prior record, so we can rule out the argument for a career criminal. He's done twenty-two years, so we can't credibly argue that he hasn't done enough time. According to all the letters of support he's got in his jacket, he's got a family network in place, job placement, even acceptance in graduate school. He's earned a B.S. and plans to go into counseling when he gets out, working with troubled teenagers." He closed the folder and looked up. "The list goes on and on. It seems that everyone who has met Rowland thinks he's the best thing since sliced bread. You see the difficulty?"

"You mean," Anderson answered, "we've got to actively oppose the parole this time."

"Right," said Ross. "The last time he was *pro se*, and it was easy to knock him down, just a matter of getting the objections on record." He nodded to Thomas. "This time it's going to be tougher. I think our Mr. Rowland has an excellent chance of walking out of Raiford."

I think I could convince him to"

"Good." Ross's voice stopped him. "We don't need to cover the details now. If Detective LeBlanc can help us out on this, I'm sure he will." He turned to Anderson. "L.T., will you coordinate things with the sheriff and let me know what develops? We need to get this thing in the mail as quickly as possible, so the sooner Emmett sees LeBlanc, the better."

"We'll take care of it, Your Honor. Anything else?"

The judge sat back in his chair.

"I think that just about does it." He laced his fingers over his paunch, only partially covered by the plaid shirt he was wearing. "You know, it really burns me up to see guys like this Rowland. They're so damned smart until they get into my courtroom. Then they get up there to Raiford, get involved in all these programs, and they really think it makes any goddamned difference at all. It's just a game for them, like we sent them up there to get educated." He sneezed and pulled a red bandanna from his hip pocket to wipe his nose.

don't go his way, and you just about promised him LeBlanc could shut the door on Rowland."

"Stop worryin' so much, L.T." The sheriff settled on a country station out of Port Charlotte and leaned back against the seat. "I know LeBlanc. He'll be glad to help us."

Anderson tried to talk over Travis Tritt, gave up, and turned down the volume.

"What if he can't? What if he doesn't know anything? Jesus Christ, Emmett, it's been nearly a quarter-century and the department didn't even have computers back then. I've already checked, and the file was destroyed right after Rowland lost his appeal, so LeBlanc can't have any notes left unless he kept them at his house, and I can't see any cop keeping notes on an investigation for two goddamned years, much less two decades."

Thomas patted the state attorney on the shoulder. "LeBlanc will be all right. Just relax and let me handle this. By the end of the week, we'll have everything we need."

"I hope you're right, Emmett. I don't want to go back in there and face Judge Ross if we don't come through." He squinted through the glare of the windshield, the beginning of a headache making itself felt behind his left eye.

"Rowland? Sure, I remember him. Killed Ronnie Dixon, used to live over off fifty three about a mile. Didn't seem like a bad sort at all when we arrested him. We heard stories from our snitch about all the guns he had, but all he did was open the door and put up his hands when he was arrested." LeBlanc took a gulp of beer and stared at Thomas before turning his attention to a couple of cats mating in the far corner of the yard. "Never did find any guns. I went to Cleveland with Jake Barnes and two deputies to extradite him back. Man that

and me. If we don't do our best to shoot him down, then it's gonna look bad come election time, and that's right around the corner."

LeBlanc smiled and nodded his head. "I still don't see why you came to me. All you have to do is write the letters to the parole board."

"Judge Ross says we need more this time. He says Rowland's record is so good that we have to come up with something real strong or else he's gonna walk on us."

LeBlanc turned his chair toward Thomas as the sheriff finished his beer and wiped his mouth with his hand.

"Such as?"

"Well, you being a cop and all..."

"An ex-cop, Emmett."

"Same thing, and you know it. You being a cop and all, we thought you'd do what you could to help us out on

long time before answering.

"Interesting," he said finally. "Suppose I did. How do you explain his life sentence instead of death? A dangerous guy like that would have been given the chair. Hell, he would be dead now, and you wouldn't be sweating his release."

Thomas grinned, his eyes beginning to shine under the influence of the beer. "Jesus, Joe. That part's easy. Sherman was the sentencing judge, and you know what people thought about him. A bleeding-heart liberal judge let a cold-blooded killer off when he should have fried him in Old Sparky."

LeBlanc nodded thoughtfully.

"So if I were to come up with something to indicate that Rowland was a real gangster, you guys could cover your end regarding his original sentence?"

"You bet your ass we could, especially

“And to job security.” He laughed and pointed with his beer as the cats in the corner of the yard began to wail loudly when the big male mounted the smaller female. “That’s what we’re gonna do to Rowland, Joe. Long and deep.”

was a long time ago. What about him?"

"He's up for parole."

"Parole? Hell, I thought he'd have been out by now. That had to be eighteen, twenty years ago."

"1973 to be exact, and he's still up in Raiford."

"Jesus, he must be a fuck-up to do that kind of time. I never would have figured it."

"That's the funny part, Joe. He's pretty much a straight arrow. No trouble, not even a disciplinary report in the twenty-two years he's been down. He's finished college and got a closet full of certificates. He's even got some preachers writing letters for him, but they're always easy. All you got to do is say a few amens, and they'll do whatever any son-of-a-bitch asks."

"So Rowland's up for parole. So what? After that kind of time, maybe he deserves another chance. I mean, he's got to be at least fifty now. How much trouble can he get into at that age?"

Thomas scratched his jaw. "The problem, Joe, is Judge Ross and L.T. don't want him to make parole. We got this fancy parole brief filed by some high-powered lawyer in Tallahassee, and we've got to answer it. The judge, L.T.,

this. No one wants to see a killer paroled, Joe. You know that. What if he does it again?"

LeBlanc shook his head. "Save that stuff for the courtroom, Emmett. It won't work. Murderers are your best parole risks, and most of their crimes are unique—one fuck-up in a pretty normal life. Rowland's a perfect example. Unless you can prove he's a danger, you don't have an argument." LeBlanc reached for the beer on the floor beside the chair.

Thomas sat up and tossed his empty beer can into the waste basket along with the other five. "What if we could do that?"

"Do what?" LeBlanc said after a sip.

"Prove that Rowland's a danger. Show that if he gets paroled, he'll go right out and do it again."

LeBlanc raised an eyebrow. "And just how do you propose to do that?"

"Didn't you investigate the case?"

"Sure, but what..."

"You must have found evidence that made you think Rowland was dangerous and would kill someone else if he's ever released. He might even have killed someone else before we caught him." Thomas raised an eyebrow.

LeBlanc looked at the sheriff for a

since you're the only one left with any connection to the case."

"Tell you what," LeBlanc said, finishing the beer and crushing the can. "I'll write the letter saying that my investigation turned up evidence to convince me that Rowland had killed before and would kill again if released. How about that? It's standard bullshit, but it might work in this case as long as they don't ask for specifics."

"Hell yes, that's great." Thomas bit his lower lip. "Wait a minute. What if they come back and want to know why he wasn't charged with any more killings?"

"That's also easy: there wasn't sufficient evidence. Don't you remember Bundy and all the women he was supposed to have killed? Every time they found a body, they gave it to Bundy. I'll make it sound like Rowland's more of the same. Besides, the parole board isn't going to take up a lot of time investigating what I tell them. I'm an ex-cop, they'll believe me automatically. It's Rowland's word against mine; he's got to prove I'm lying, and he can't do that because I won't give him enough."

Sheriff Thomas laughed and grabbed a beer for a toast. LeBlanc quickly opened another from the cooler sitting between

them and touched Thomas's can.

"To law and order, making the streets safe for widows and orphans."

Thomas nodded.

"And to job security." He laughed and pointed with his beer as the cats in the corner of the yard began to wail loudly when the big male mounted the smaller female. "That's what we're gonna do to Rowland, Joe. Long and deep."

Gwen Simmons had ten minutes to convince Florida's parole board to release Richard Rowland, and she didn't think she would need half that time. Her brief was comprehensive and clearly demonstrated what an outstanding parole prospect Rowland was. In her opinion, he was the best client she had represented in eighteen years of practice. She wished he could be there so the board could see him, but the rules prevented it.

"Ms. Simmons, are you ready to proceed?" the chairman of the parole board asked. Gwen glanced up from the table where she sat.

"Yes, Mr. Chairman. I'm ready."

"Okay then, this is in reference to the application for parole by Richard Rowland, currently serving a life sentence for first-degree murder. Mr. Rowland has been incarcerated since 1973 and has applied once before, three years ago. He was denied without a hearing. Let the record reflect that Mr. Rowland is being represented at this hearing by Ms. Gwendolyn Simmons. Ms. Simmons, you have the floor."

Gwen rose and walked to the podium in front of the seven members of the parole board, all sitting in a row on a raised dais.

"Thank you, Mr. Chairman." She looked at the six men and one woman. "I think you will recognize that Richard Rowland is an unusual man," she began. She spent eight of her allotted ten minutes reviewing what was in her brief, concluding with a list of Rowland's accomplishments and references.

"Thank you, Ms. Simmons," the chairman said. "As always, your brief was clear and very well done." He nodded to the assistant attorney general whose job it was to argue against each parole. "Mr. Brewster."

Brewster got up slowly, a serious look on his thin face. He spoke without looking at his notes, holding only a single page in his hand. "I will not take this board's valuable time by addressing each point counsel has made. Judging by the brief and counsel's arguments, Richard Rowland is singularly deserving of parole consideration." The parole board's members looked puzzled; such

an admission was totally out of character for Brewster. Gwen frowned and tapped her fingers lightly on her brief as Brewster continued.

"But, like so many other inmates, Rowland's record is a facade designed to conceal his real personality. That is what makes him so dangerous. I have here," he said, waving the paper, "a letter from Detective Joseph LeBlanc, the chief investigator during Richard Rowland's trial in 1973. Copies are available for the board and counsel. It is Mr. LeBlanc's professional opinion that the murder for which Rowland was convicted was not his first—and it will not be his last."

Gwen was on her feet immediately. "Mr. Chairman, I must object. We were never shown any kind of letter, and...."

"The State received it only recently and did not have time to include it in our response," Brewster shot back. He walked to Gwen's table and laid a copy of the letter in front of her, then passed each of the board's members a copy.

Gwen still protested. "Really, Mr. Chairman. This is prejudicial and out of order. I have no idea who LeBlanc is and no opportunity to rebut any allegations. May I have a minute to read this letter?"

"Certainly, Ms. Simmons. The board will do likewise." Five minutes later, the hearing resumed with all seven members of the parole board looking like morticians.

"Ms. Simmons, if you would like to address these allegations, we can allow you three more minutes. Mr. Brewster, we'll get back to you." Brewster nodded and sat down. Gwen's anger was visible as she approached the podium.

"Never in eighteen years as an attorney have I seen anything this flagrant. This is nothing but an attempt by an unqualified, retired civil servant to render a psychological evaluation from a distance of 300 miles and removed by 22 years. LeBlanc offers no corroborating evidence, nor does he indicate on what he bases his opinion. He has never seen or talked to Mr. Rowland—ever; how on earth can he say that he 'has no remorse or shame'?" She argued for her three minutes and sat back down, staring at Brewster, who refused to meet her gaze. When the board recognized him, he stood and took only two minutes to kill any chance of Richard Rowland's parole, using LeBlanc's letter as his weapon.

Outside the hearing room, Brewster waited until Gwen came out. She walked straight up to him, fury in her eyes.

"You're a disgrace, Ed. I've seen you guys pull a lot of stunts, but this is the lowest. You know what you've done?"

"I've kept a killer from being paroled, Gwen. I've kept him off the streets where he might kill you or someone you know."

"Don't feed me that bullshit. You've read my brief and you know goddamned well Rowland's an excellent parole risk. Now I've got to drive up there and tell this man he's not getting out."

"And that's part of your job, Gwen. You can't expect to win them all. You've got your job to do, and I've got mine. Today, I did mine better than you did yours. Next time, it might work differently."

"But that doesn't mean anything to Rowland. He's the one who's got to sit in that cell for three more years."

Brewster blew out a sharp breath. "What do you want from me, Gwen? You know how this is. I don't understand why you're so upset."

"Because you guys cheated, and you know you cheated."

"I don't understand you. It's my job to object to any parole, no matter how good the inmate might sound on paper. It's your job to get them out, no matter how bad they might sound. What's the big deal?" He looked at his watch and buttoned his jacket. "I've really got to run, Gwen. I'm sorry you're so upset, but what the hell? It's just a job. You shouldn't let it get to you." He tried a smile but got nothing back. He shrugged and walked quickly out of the building.

"Rowland, you've got legal mail in the control room." Richard knew at that moment that he did not make parole. If the news had been good, Gwen would have called him; bad news always came in the mail.

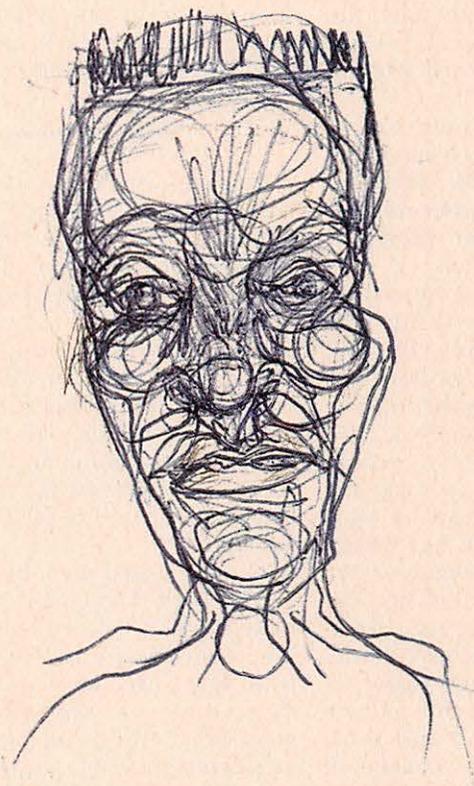
Back in his cell, he sat on the edge of his rack and slowly tore open the blue envelope. The message was short and apologetic, like they all were. She was sorry; she had done all she could, but the rebuttal was just too strong. Best of luck. Call if there is anything I can do. Et cetera.

Rowland tossed the letter on the floor and lay back. Three more years until his next eligibility date. That would give him twenty-five in, and he would be fifty-four years old. He was still in good shape; three years wasn't that long really, at least that's the lie he told himself, and he still might be able to get a decent job. He drifted off to sleep thinking about graduate school, about the feel of a real bed, about a woman and her two sons in Phoenix who were waiting for him. The four of them were having a cookout on the Fourth of July when the guard kicked the cell door and told him to stand up for count.

the art of

FA-Q

By John Ittner

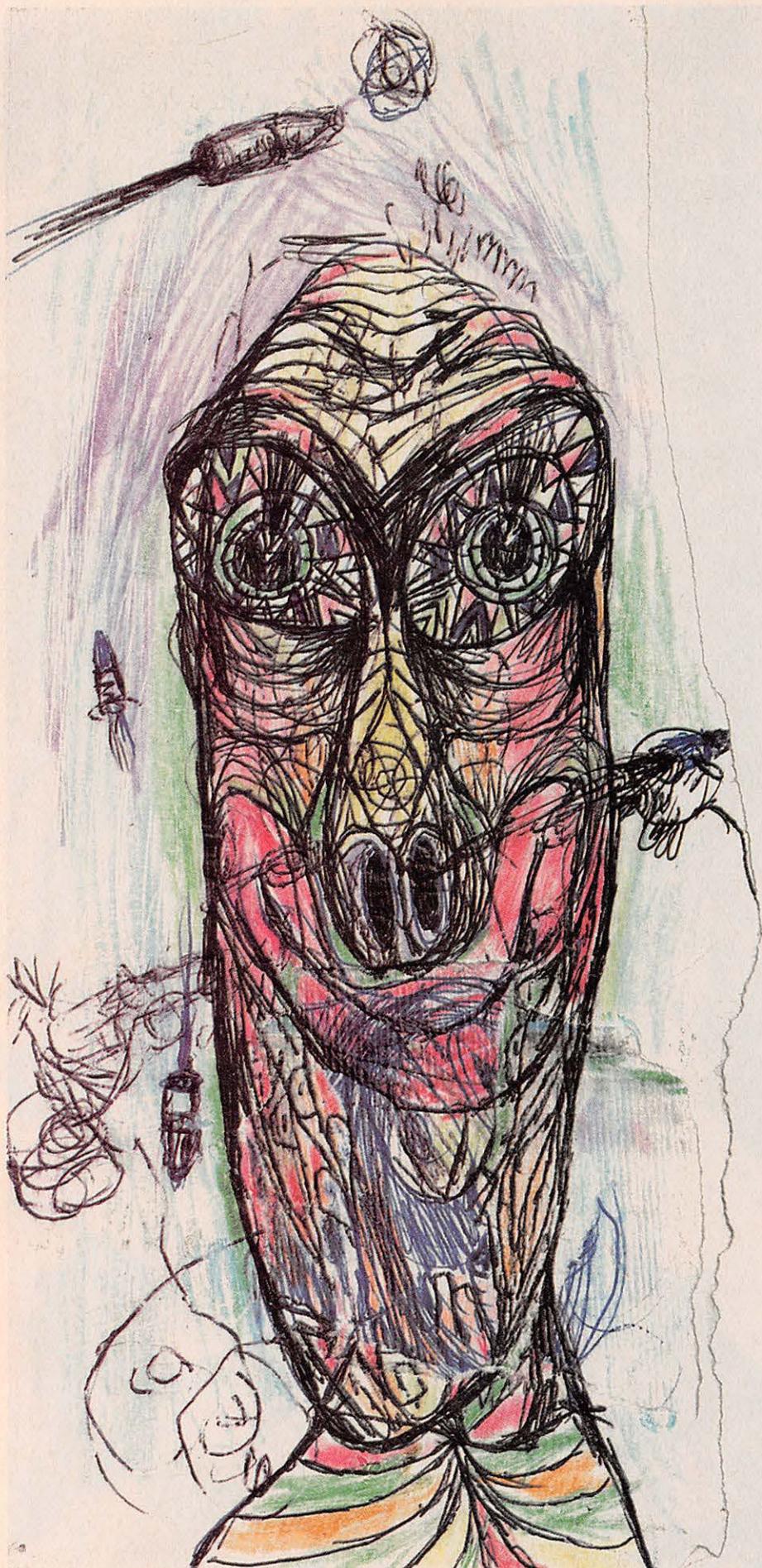


He's like a deer. When you're not hunting, they're everywhere. Pick up a rifle, they vanish. I'm on his trail and he's on the run. FA-Q got out of Rikers Island in May. Now he's homeless and hard to find. During the day he roams the bookstores and art galleries stealing expensive books, which he sells for one fourth of the cover price to street vendors in SoHo or around St. Mark's Place. This is his job; he's a professional shoplifter. If he doesn't make enough for at least three bags of heroin, he could get sick. He's busy stealing, selling, scoring and using.

When he sits still, he draws. His drawings are his diary. They track his life, prove he exists. It is the thing he does extremely well and the only thing other than dope that he must do. He never quits. Where drawing is concerned he is like an Olympic athlete, always in training. In prison or out of it he does three or four a day. When he is drawing he forgets where he is. This is very useful in prison. His Rikers survival kit is a ball-point pen and a torn envelope.

I have been looking for him for a month. I'm not having much luck, but I see signs of him, the way a hunter might notice a patch of flattened grass where a deer has lain. Sometimes he sleeps in the Rivington School Sculpture Garden on East Sixth Street. On the dirt floor is a foam mattress and some covers he found on the street. Though he is an original member of the Rivington School, he is not officially allowed there. No one gave him the key to get in the front gate. The way he is now, no one in their right mind would give him the key to anything. Late at night, after shooting his last bag, he climbs the fence and curls up on the dirt floor of the sculpture shop. The welcome he gets there is as thin as he is. His presence is tolerated





by Ray Kelly, the cowboy artist who runs the place. It's like the Robert Frost poem, *Death of the Hired Man*. "Home is the place that when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

His drug addiction makes him a criminal. It has stolen his life, which he buys back day by day through making art. FA-Q is his artist name and the attitude he puts on like a clown suit. He draws clowns often—insane, haunted, suicidal, leering faces—chronicles of a life in hell. Sometimes I think they are self portraits. That makes them even scarier. His thoughts take him places where I do not want to go. His world is frighteningly authentic. The bullshit was burned out of him years ago. His real name is Kevin Wendell. He's from Cleveland, Ohio and 41 years old.

Cowboy Kelly lets FA-Q stay at the sculpture garden, but gets angry if he brings other junkies around. They will give the garden a bad name. FA-Q is bad enough. Ray Kelly and Kevin Wendell go back a long way. Ray likes Kevin and respects his art. It's hard not to like him. Kevin is funny and down to earth and they used to be great friends and Kelly sticks by a friend. That's the way they do things in Amarillo, where he came from. Nevertheless, the sculpture garden is set up so that FA-Q can't do much harm. Anything of value is either under lock and key or, like the arc welder, too heavy to lift over the 10-foot fence. Since FA-Q's been around, though, my bicycle has disappeared. FA-Q swears he didn't steal it and I want to believe him, but it's best that everything is nailed down. I don't know if he took it or a friend of his took it. Either way, I blame myself more than I do him. I should have locked it up. He's an incorrigible thief and an addict. If it's lying around and he needs a fix, it's his. He's stolen from his best friends, people who were trying to help him. Once he even stole a police radio out of a fire house. It takes \$50 a day just to stay even with his heroin habit and eat. In the past eight years he's been arrested 28 times, mostly for shoplifting.

When I met him in 1987, he'd never been to prison. Then he was a rising star in the art world, getting as much as \$2,500 for a painting he could do in a day. He worked fast and the stockbrokers who bought his work made money even faster than that. The art market was booming in the 80s and he looked like a good bet to become famous. He had drive, talent and ambition. He was a star, a rough genius in the art hotbed that centered around the Lower East Side of New York City. He hung out with the Rivington School, a group of metal sculptors, blacksmiths, painters, performance artists, rockers,

poets, video artists and hangers-on who came together to work and play at a sculpture garden on a formerly vacant lot at the corner of Rivington Street and Forsythe. FA-Q stood out in that remarkable group. He worked constantly and courted chaos like a demon. His motto was "Make Shit Happen—FA-Q" and he meant it. He wrote it on the walls all over town with the thick black marker he carried like a gun in the back pocket of his jeans. A lot of shit has happened since then. And he has made a lot of shit happen.

Back then he was married to a tall, dreamy, red-haired German girl named Monica who had followed him to New York from Berlin, where they met. She was an artist too and called herself Miss Understood. She married Kevin for the green card. I remember seeing them together at a Rivington School event in October, 1987. An Austrian band called Fishmac was playing. FA-Q and Miss Understood—poetic, isn't it—were dancing. She was wearing a tall chartreuse velvet hat that looked like a caterpillar and made her look about seven feet tall. She wasn't wearing a bra and her tits were flopping around inside a flimsy blouse. He had his face between them with a three-day old beard and they were banging him in the ears.

After Miss Understood, he married Manon, a French-Canadian girl who played bass in an all-girl scum rock band called Blood Sister. They played places like CBGB. She was tough looking with short black hair bleached white like Andy Warhol except it wasn't a wig and the roots showed. Blood Sister was a pretty good band if you like noise. They were living in a sublet storefront on



Angel Louise, Manon, and FA-Q at the Avenue B storefront.

pregnant, FA-Q gave all the puppies away except one that they named Robo.

FA-Q supported the family by selling his work and shoplifting. Manon made a little with the band. But the puppy, Robo, was a problem. You never knew when he was going to bite someone. Kevin called him "a dog with attitude." Robo bit a 2-year-old Puerto Rican girl who tried to pet him. The child lived in the neighborhood and her parents were furious. Robo was declared an official menace to society and banned from the sculpture garden. It turned into a big controversy, argued about for days with

he was in and out of prison and doing a lot of drugs. The city tore down the old garden to build low-income housing. Kelly got a good lawyer who pushed the city for a new lot for another Rivington School. Kelly won but it took years and the old gang drifted away. There was no place to get together again until Kelly got a lease for a lot on East Sixth Street and started all over with Tovy Halleck, a blacksmith. The two put the Rivington School back together.

"If I build it, they will come," Kelly said. He was right. I came back. Freddy the Dreamer came back. New faces

He worked constantly and courted chaos like a demon.

Avenue B, doing a lot of drugs.

The story is a sad one. Manon got pregnant, they had a baby girl and named her Angel Louise. A few months later, they woke up one morning and Angel Louise was gone—a middle of the night crib death. FA-Q lost it. Since then he's been on the road to hell. When you add up his time in Rikers it comes to two years.

It wasn't all tragedy with FA-Q and Manon, but strange things happened to them. Soon after they met, before the baby, Kevin and Manon found a white pit bull bitch on the street, abandoned after a fight and all ripped up, covered with sores and eating garbage. I think FA-Q identified with the dog. They took her home, named her Lucy and nursed her back to health. When Lucy got

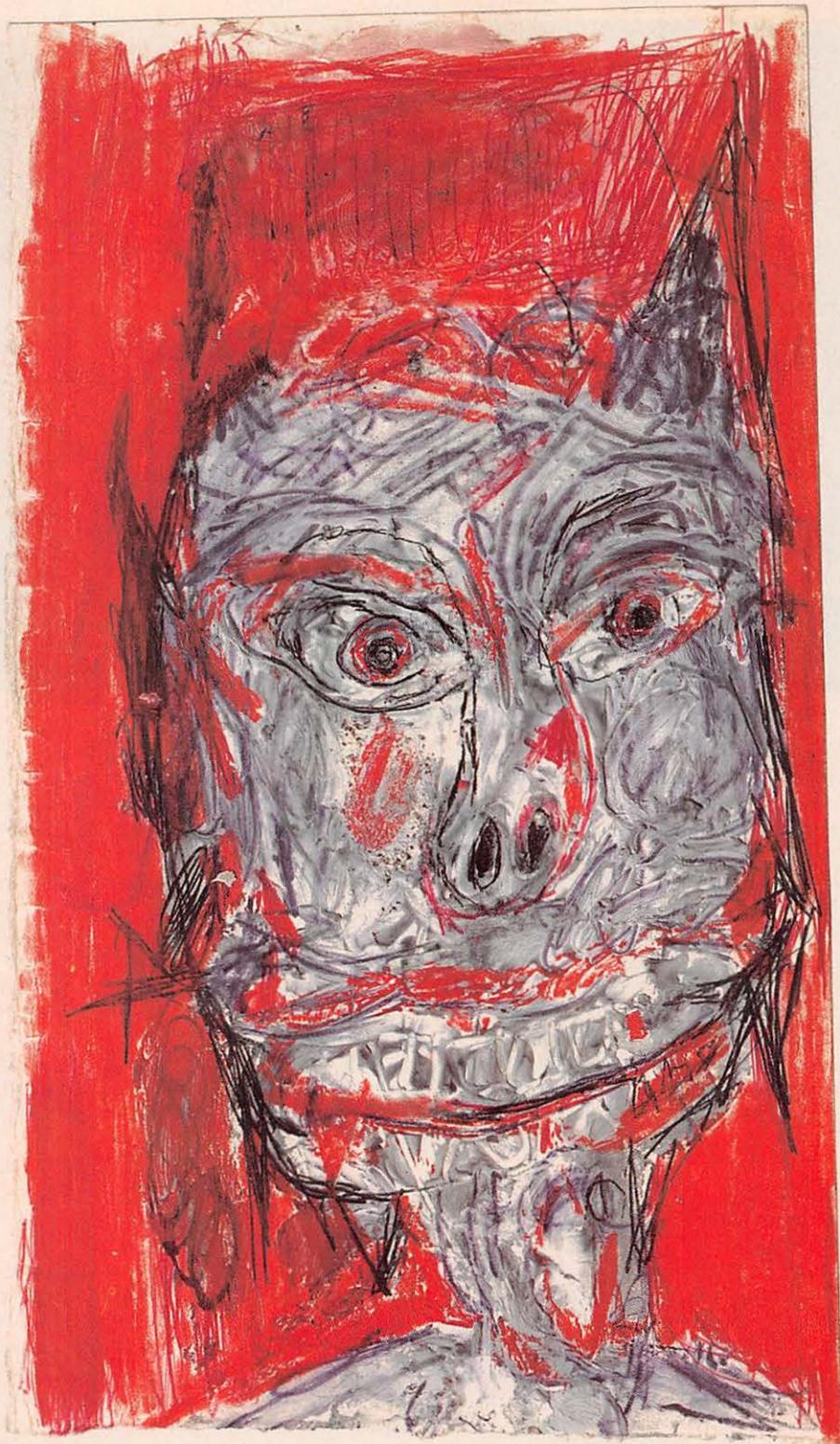
Manon insisting that it was alright for Robo to bite people because he was only following his nature which every living being had a right to do. Ray Kelly said that may be true but that he should follow his nature somewhere else. Robo had to go.

Kevin walked Robo out to the middle of the Williamsburg Bridge, picked him up and threw him over the rail. He watched Robo sail downward. The dog made a small splash when viewed from that height, but Kevin watched in amazement as Robo swam ashore to Brooklyn. We pitied the poor people of Brooklyn when we heard the story, but laughed our asses off: Robo Dog, too mean to die.

I lost touch with FA-Q. Whatever news I got was from Kelly. All I knew was that

appeared. The place is a magnet—all that iron, I guess. It's a place to make art and be inside of a work of art. But it's more that draws people to the Rivington School: it's freedom, a crazy chemistry of art, friendship, laughter, madness and work. It's a place where people who don't belong any place else feel completely at home. You can always find somebody crazier than you are there—someone like FA-Q.

I found the Rivington School in 1987 when it was already established and thriving. I had leased a storefront on Rivington Street to live in and use as a studio. Across the street was an art gallery. This was at the height of the East Village art scene and high rent had pushed galleries down beneath Houston Street. If the East Village was the cutting



edge of outsider art, Rivington was the sharp point of that edge.

One day I noticed a wrecked motorcycle on the sidewalk in front of the abandoned building next to my storefront. It didn't have any wheels and was painted day-glo orange and pink. I was wondering what this piece of junk was and noticed that directly across the street there was a gallery being filled by a crew of determined maniacs. I went over to see what was going on, and met a

Japanese fellow who was sweeping up. His name was Mako. I was thinking about complaining about the day-glo junk next door to my place, but held my tongue when I stepped into the long narrow gallery. There was art all over the walls, covering the floor—art more interesting than any I'd seen in a long time.

A show was being hung with a controlled anarchy oddly directed by a fellow in a straw cowboy hat, smoking a Marlboro. The guy reminded me of an

iguana, but handsome. He appeared in charge, yet not in charge. I could see immediately that no one could be in charge of this crew. Then he stood a .22 caliber bullet upright on the floor and dropped a forged steel penis-looking thing on it. The cartridge went off with a loud bang. God knows where the bullet went, but he looked like he knew what he was doing and the rest of them seemed to take the whole thing in stride like, "He just dropped a 20-pound piece of steel on a bullet in a room full of people, big deal." I was intrigued. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Mako introduced me to the cowboy and to my surprise, he was friendly.

"Welcome to the Rivington School," Ray Kelly said. Somebody came over and asked if I wanted to contribute to a beer run. I gave him a dollar and a few minutes later I had a tall boy. Kelly opened his and poured a sip out on the floor, "For the spirits of the dead," he said. Some kind of Texas thing, or Puerto Rican—I liked it. When the beers were gone but for one, a tall, curly-haired guy shouted, "Hey, fuck you, you didn't pay for a beer. That's my beer. I paid for it." FA-Q yelled back, "Fuck you too, Higgins." Higgins did not take it lying down. There was a beer at stake, not to mention honor if you want to call it that. Higgins tried to grab the 16-oz. Bud out of FA-Q's hands and it went all over the floor, foaming up. "Goddamn it, fuck you," he shouted and went for FA-Q's neck. But FA-Q was quick. Higgins chased him down and pretty soon had him on the gallery floor. They rolled around and the can got squished and the beer spilled out. FA-Q pulled out his marker and drew on Higgins' forehead while they wrestled. Higgins had his own marker and the battle turned into a contest over who could turn the other guy into a drawing and not get beaten up. They were pretty well matched and before long they were both too tired to continue. By the time it ended they had put black lines all over each other. Higgins retired and got himself a beer, the place calmed down. That was the first of many beer-fueled fights between those two painters.

Despite all the commotion, when the show finally did get hung, it looked great. The opening a few days later attracted a big crowd that spilled out onto the sidewalk. It was a good scene. There was an auction afterwards to benefit the school and I bought several pieces at prices that ranged from \$10 to \$50. Some of them were by FA-Q. Others were by Ray Kelly, Ed Higgins, Linus Carragio, Robert Parker, Toyo, Rolando Vega, Jeff Perren, Tovy Halleck, David, Gizmo, Winny, Monty Cantsin. I walked

away from that auction with a terrific collection. Over the next three years, I became a regular collector of FA-Q's work. I never knew when he would knock on the door of my Rivington Street storefront with a handful of drawings to show and sell, never more than ten bucks each. That was all he needed to buy a bag. His habit wasn't so expensive then.

This was the highest point of FA-Q's success. He had been to Japan twice with the Rivington School, making huge paintings that were part of installation art shows sponsored by department stores. The shoppers watched him paint giant paintings, so big he had to use rollers. He even dipped his hands into the buckets. FA-Q was a hit. The Japanese were paying the tab.

He was on a roll until 1990. Then the baby died. His addiction spiraled. He went to Rikers. Manon left him. The sculpture garden was razed.

One day I was drinking beer with Kelly at the new place when he handed me a clear plastic bag full of drawings that FA-Q had done while he was in Rikers. It wasn't a very large package, but it was packed with little pieces of paper covered with FA-Q's nervous signature style. Nearly all the drawings were figures dominated by large heads. Because I knew they'd been done in prison, the drawings seemed to have an extra edge. FA-Q's forced confinement seemed to intensify the images. Strange how the people who seem to love freedom most often lose theirs.

In prison FA-Q's only freedom is art. The drawings were done on little pages from a spiral notebook, torn pieces of envelopes, the backs of signs ripped off the wall of Rikers bathrooms, whatever was close at hand. I took them out of the bag and put them in my lap. I had not seen FA-Q for six years. Now I was seeing him again. I peered into his dark, yet somehow radiant soul. These scraps of paper seemed eerily alive and suffering in my hands, stripped of ambition and pretense. I had to look at them all, intensely, individually, each a world apart. Kelly waited until I was finished before saying, "Kevin gave these to me and asked me to see what I could do with them. What do you think?"

"They should be a book," I said, "FA-Q's Rikers Drawings. They're amazing. He's even more intense than he used to be."

"Why don't you see if you can find someone to publish them?"

"I don't know anybody, but I'll try."

FA-Q has no home or telephone, no fixed address. He lives like a wild animal. I had to track him down. I knew he slept sometimes in the sculpture garden, but he was never there when I



Manon and FA-Q with one of Manon's paintings in background.

was. I wrote my number with a note to call me on the wall of the shop near where he had been sleeping. I left word with Kelly that *Prison Life* wanted to put him in the magazine. Most artists get excited if a magazine wants to do a story on them, but FA-Q never called. I started going to the garden in the morning. He was never there but he left tantalizing signs in his wake.

One day I find a lurid, frenzied drawing of frantic heads, all within one large demented head, surrounded by indecipherable writings, obviously a FA-Q. It's lying on the trod-down path to the shop where it has been both rained on and walked on. Part of the Rivington School's style is to not make a big deal

out of art, even though art is the heart of the matter. The colored pencil is melted into the paper like watercolor. A dirty footprint finishes it. The footprint is too well placed to be an accident. I see Cowboy at work. He would do something like that, finish a drawing by stepping on it. Cowboy the collaborator. He's like FA-Q in that he works all the time and in strange ways. The rain has given the drawing a patina of age. The footprint says something about the fragility of art, a message in a bottle. FA-Q was here. I want to take it, but I leave it there in the dirt subject to the elements, cast to the wind like Kevin. Next time I go there it has vanished.

I begin to feel some pressure to find

him. The magazine needs photos and I have to talk. So much has happened. The gaps need filling in. Finally, I resort to the hunter's oldest trick, bait. I tell Kelly to tell him I have fifty bucks for him. Money is the best bet when you're looking for a junkie. I write it on the wall next to my telephone number. FA-Q, \$50, call John. The next night at 11:00 p.m., I get a call at work

"John, it's FA-Q. Hey, can I have 20 bucks? I can come get it. Where is your office?"

"Don't come here," I say. I don't want to have to explain him and it's almost time for me to leave. "I'll meet you at midnight at the Sidewalk Cafe. Do you know where that is? I have \$50." The place is a popular bikers' hangout half a

better than I expected.

"Kelly's downstairs," he says. I follow him down the steps. It's noisy and crowded. Ray Kelly is there playing pool with a guy named Tom. I've got to get FA-Q out of there. It's too noisy to talk.

"Let's go to the sculpture garden," I say. We leave Ray and Tom there. On the corner I stop in the bodega and buy a six-pack of Budweiser. He asks if he can get a grape drink. He doesn't drink any more. That's funny because I just got my hands on old pictures of him and there is a Bud in every one. I can't quite believe I've found him at last. Actually, he found me. The hunter is hunted. I unlock the gate and we go into the yard. The street lights make it easy to see. The rusted metal is silhouetted in the glow.



FA-Q in Japan with some local kids.

block from the Rivington School. He obviously needs to score. He will definitely be there. I borrow a camera from the photo department and stop at home for my tape recorder. I don't know when I'll see him again.

I get to the Sidewalk ten minutes early, look inside. He's not there. I take a table outside and wait. I have mixed feelings about seeing Kevin. I don't want to see what he has lost, the hardened junkie that he has become. I'm waiting to order when a gaunt figure in a hunting jacket and black cap suddenly walks out of the bar. It's him. He doesn't see me.

"Kevin," I shout. I don't want to scream out, "Hey, FA-Q," in this crowded cafe. He turns and comes over, smiles. His missing teeth give him the air of a jack o' lantern. Other than that he looks

Time has slowed down, moving backwards to a happier time. It feels good to be with Kevin again. Everything is new, yet familiar. He's essentially unchanged in spirit. He's been out for two months now.

I ask him what they busted him for.

"They charged me with robbery. They say I pushed the guard. I was only shoplifting. But I didn't really push the guard. What it was, the guard tried to grab me and I pulled away from him. He hit his hand on a door frame and cut his hand. When the police got there they said, 'Oh, your hand is bleeding. I hope you're all right. Did he push you?' The guard said, 'Uh yeah, sorta.' That's it. The New York, New Jersey cops they're really strict. So I was hoping for a DAT to be released right away, right."

A Desk Appearance Ticket would have meant he could walk until his court date.

"I never show up for those," FA-Q says, "and it ends up turning into a warrant."

Did he get convicted each time he was arrested?

"No," he says. "No, most of the time there'd be like three or four arrests. Then I'd go through Central Booking or get taken downtown. I'd get a DAT and wouldn't show up for court. It takes 30 to 90 days to come out. During that four months I might be arrested three times. By the third arrest there's a warrant out for the first one. So when they find the warrant they can't give me a Desk Appearance Ticket. I have to go through the system. So I go through the system and everything pops out. They find all the—you know—so even while I'm locked up for 60 days, a warrant would pop up while I'm in jail and I'd have to go back to court again from in jail."

I ask how many times he's been arrested.

"I have something like 28 arrests," he says. "Eight years, 28 arrests, something like that. The first 22 years I lived in New York I had no arrests."

When I first met him, in '87, he'd never been arrested. I ask what he thinks of this new sculpture garden.

"Great," he says. "Doesn't seem so disorganized. The old one was like sort of haphazard. Not as many rats either, right. Not as many spics hanging out—not supposed to say that. Niggers, spics we're all—it doesn't matter. Like the old black man told me one time, 'Yo just a nigga like everybody else.' It made me feel comfortable."

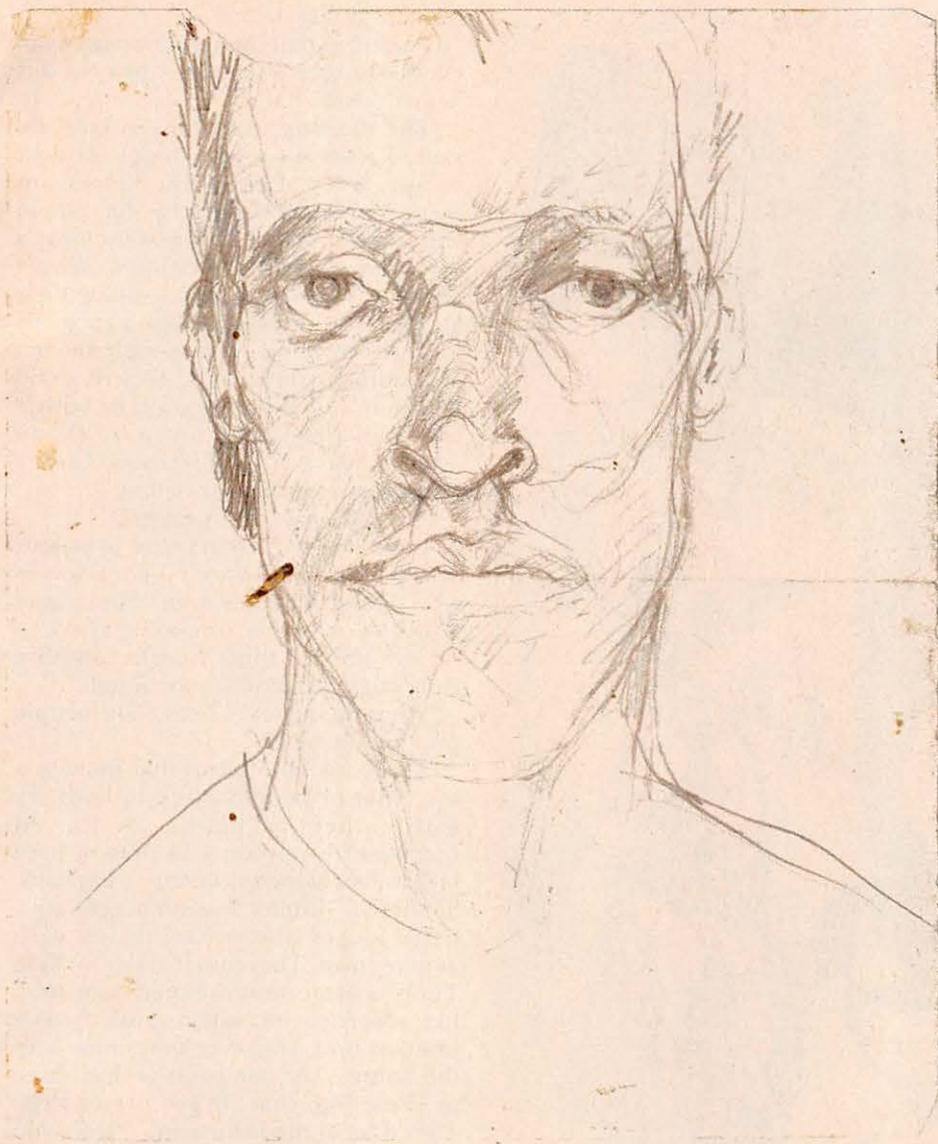
He draws every day when he's inside, on whatever he can get.

"Like backs of flyers," he says, "even the rulebook is the first place I start drawing on cause they have a couple of pages for notes. The prison rulebook. They take your photo when you get there and you hold the book up so that you can't deny ever being given a rulebook. Let's say they make a mistake and don't give you the rulebook to hold up for the photograph and you get a ticket like for fighting or something. You can say you didn't know the rule."

On the inside, he usually lived in a dormitory.

"It's like a huge room," he says, "almost like a shelter or something with 58 beds. The next bed is like 3 feet away. You got a locker, your bed, one right next to you. It's just a big room filled with beds, no privacy. You go to take a shit, the CO's can look out the window and see you, you know."

"The first time I went in to Rikers, uh, the first time, like the first hour was the



worst, the mental thing about being trapped like an animal. That drove me nuts. I felt like punching walls or breaking out, whatever. Now I go to sleep right away. That's what I try to do the whole time I'm going through the process. Central Booking you're handcuffed all the time. Your hands are handcuffed in front of you, fuck up and you're handcuffed behind. So I usually just try to sleep."

"You don't seem to be that changed to me," I say, "but you've been through a lot of shit since I've seen you last time."

"Everybody changes, but they can lock up your body, but not your mind. That's the thing that keeps me going. When I'm drawing or reading I'm not even there. That's what I...I try to live in my own world. The difficult part is the privacy, not having any privacy. The first thing I enjoy is being in a room alone, or taking a shit alone. That drives you nuts after a while, being around people all the time and most of the people

you're locked up with are not the people you want to be with. Especially in the beginning. About 8 years ago I'd be the only white guy in the house. I guess the only thing—it helped me learn how to fight better."

"Did you have to get in many fights?"

"Years ago more than now. Now no. You get a reputation too. You get in one fight and everybody talks. They're a bunch of old ladies. They all talk. Don't fuck with this guy—you can't push him around. That's the thing. Once you step back once or pussy out. They test you. People test you. Once you're willing to fight, then they back down—usually."

"Do you get any special status for being an artist? Do people look at you with any more respect?"

"Some people do because they want portraits drawn of their girlfriends, or envelopes designed which I don't do. You know, like when they send a letter to their girlfriend they like to have some customized drawing. They're impressed,

actually. Toyo sent me some photographs of the Rivington School and Japan when I was there. They were impressed with that, definitely. They hear you talk. Everybody talks, but they all lie. You hear people in there talk about how they wear clothes from Saks Fifth Avenue, or whatever. Then you see them on the street and they're bums, you know? You see the clothes they go home in—the same as the ones they came in. They're all fucking disgusting. People talk a lot better about themselves than they are. So they don't believe a lot of the things I talk about like being in Japan and all that stuff. But the photographs, I show 'em and they say "What are you doing here?" Drugs is the reason I'm here. My daughter died of crib death and I started doing drugs. No excuse but that's what happened."

"Do you ever hear from Manon?"

"Yeah, she calls the Emerging Collector, but I don't really get along with the owner. So I get messages from other people. Manon robbed me too, you know, she kept all my paintings and never paid me, told me that the show in Paris was canceled when it wasn't. She has auctions and sells my pictures off and keeps the money."

Fa-Q's paintings could fetch \$2,500 back in 1988.

I ask him if he watches much TV in prison.

"No," he says. "Well, there's a day room with a TV, but nobody will shut up. You know what I mean. There's always some asshole gonna tell you the end of the movie. It's ridiculous. I never go there. I had a bed that was close to the day room. There are windows so I can watch the TV from my bed. I saw one movie. It was a good movie, *The Professional*. It's about a professional hit man and he hooks up with this 14-year-old girl. That was a good one but otherwise? Maybe watch the news once in a while, sports is a big thing, ya know? There's a lot of arguments about the TV too. The guys who knock the TV down. You know, people who are going to destroy—people in jail will like kill each other over the TV, telephones, like that. That's the big thing, telephone. Some guys want to be on the phone all the time. This last time when I did eight months I made one phone call to home and that's it. Even on the street I don't use it. I don't have a family. I don't get along with my mother that well either. I never had no help financially, or any other way. Only criticism and that's about it."

"Is your mother still in Cleveland?"

"She moved to California with my stepfather. I've never been to California. I call my mother when I get married.



Africans doing it."

I comment that his new drawings seem even stranger than the ones he did before prison.

"The drawings that I do in jail," he says, I wasn't on any drugs. It's an escape. A lot of crazy shit happens in there, you know? Like petty shit. Stupid shit, somebody stealing somebody's underwear. It's ridiculous. Who's cleaning, who's dirty, who's wiping their ass clean. It's a lot of gossip. Everybody watches everybody. Some people can get away with anything cause they're afraid of them and other people nobody's afraid of they come down on them. They're bullies, a lot of assholes. There's gangs that control some of that."

"Are you a part of any gang?"

"Nah," he says, "I don't want to be part of any boys club. I wasn't a boy scout so why should I be one now? Sometimes you have to be a one-man army to survive which I think is right. Another gang might agree with you though."

"What about sex?" I say. "Do people prey on others?"

"There's a little bit of that but not a lot. A lot of people agree to have sex with others. There's a lot of homosexuals who dress in drag or have breasts, hormone injections or implants. So there's—I think Spanish people are a little looser about having sex with another man. They find it easier to do it. There's some homosexuals who look like a woman, you would think it was a woman. And whenever they come into the house.... At one point we had three of them like that. It got pretty wild. They'd be in the bathroom.... Yeah, you know they hit 'em off for cigarettes, things like that. Some guys go in and out so much it's like their life to be in jail. Those guys that are nothing on the street, but in there. This guy that was across from me—he was like Macy's. He had all the jewelry, watches, comic book collections, a lot of valuable stuff in jail. Cigarettes are like money. Like you take one pack and pay two back. Things like that. They make money doing that. Gangs do that kind of thing too. This one gang had like all their profits on the floor, showing off. Security came in and confiscated it all."

"So what do you think this time? Are you going to be out for a while?"

FA-Q assumes that as long as he's doing drugs, he's going to be in and out of jail.

"But it gets longer in between," he says. "It takes longer for me to get caught. I learn where not to go, what not to do, like I don't end up as desperate and also my habit is smaller. I don't do as many drugs as I did."

His habit is mostly heroin and cocaine.

I've been married three times. I have a baby or something like that."

"Since Manon?"

"No. I'm still married to her, legally I guess, but not practically. She can't even come to this country. She has to get a wedding license or something. They told her if she tries to come across the border again she'd be banned for life. She has no proof that she's married to me, her fault. But I don't know. She wasn't faithful to me anyway. I got locked up for 30 days. First time I got locked up I was with her getting money for both of us. She cheated on me while I was locked up."

"Do you always do the same thing, stealing art books?"

"Sometimes I get CDs. But I've even gone into a fire station and stolen a police radio. Whatever pops up you know. But mostly books, laser disks, something like that. I sell them right away, but I look at them on the way,

riding the train. I look at them a lot of times in the store. Sometimes you have to go through every page to find the alarm."

Where does he go?

"There's a lot of book stores in New York," he says. "Also galleries—any place that has books, you know, a lot of galleries have books, a library on the wall, nice to look at but nobody ever touches them. I just dust 'em off. They're brand new but they got a lot of dust on top. Nobody ever uses them. I redistribute books. In Germany there were two major stores. I used to steal from one and sell them to the other. Like about a month later I would take the same book back to the store I got it from. I'd go back and forth, same book. But in New York I usually sell them to the guys who sell them on the street, around St. Marks, SoHo. Originally it was all Koreans doing that, selling books. Now it's a lot of

A conversation with FA-Q

FA-Q and I are still in the sculpture garden when Ray Kelly arrives with Tom, an artist and film maker.

KELLY: What's that you're drinking?

FA-Q: Grape juice.

KELLY: You're sitting in my seat. Get up.

FA-Q: Hey, I spilled your beer.

KELLY: Aaah, go ahead. You don't drink anyway. Aaaah. Aaagh!

FA-Q: I feel like I've talked a lot, get to the point.

KELLY: Tired? You read the magazine. Give me a break. You know what the deal is. You're going to be on the fucking cover of the magazine, published. Are you proud of it?

JOHN: How old are you Kevin?

FA-Q: I'll be 41 the sixteenth of July.

JOHN: Cancer.

KELLY: What is that?

JOHN: Crab.

KELLY: What does it mean?

JOHN: I don't know.

FA-Q: I like home.

TOM: Hard on the outside soft on the inside.

JOHN: You go sideways.

KELLY: You read all those astrology books? Do you believe in that?

FA-Q: I don't believe in nothing.

KELLY: Kevin, here's an ex-junkie, Tom.

FA-Q: How're you doing, Tom?

KELLY: Both beautiful guys, so we're all beautiful guys.

FA-Q: Homos.

KELLY: Boys, let's just all hug each other.

FA-Q: Put that dress on first, Ray.

KELLY: Put that dress on over there.

FA-Q: Where are those pants?

KELLY: Let's all dress up?

JOHN: Where are those red pants?

KELLY: Let's be real. Let's be cool.

FA-Q: Motherfuckers never wipe their ass on the street. They come to jail and talk about hygiene.

TOM: Talk about what?

FA-Q: Hygiene.

JOHN: Is race a big thing in prison?

FA-Q: Yeah. I think I got more racist for being locked up. When you're white you're an underprivileged minority in there. It used to be the COs were mostly white, but now they're mostly Black or Hispanic. Lot more white people, more and more. We had 15 out of 58 one time. Fifty-eight guys, 15 were white. That's the most I ever encountered. Eight years ago I was the only one.

JOHN: What are most of the guys in for?

FA-Q: Drug-related charges, which is the biggest problem in the system. For victimless crimes like that I can't think anybody should be locked up.

KELLY: Har-har-har-har.

JOHN: Do you think anybody could rehabilitate you?

FA-Q: Yeah. Possible. Send me somewhere nice. Har-har.

TOM: Fuck it man.

KELLY: Like ah, Bahamas.

FA-Q: Make drugs legal. Amsterdam.

JOHN: When you're in prison, what kind of guys give you the most trouble?

FA-Q: Five presenters, Muslims. I get along with those Spanish guys better than I do Black guys. Spanish and White get along pretty good. A Rasta can get a white girl. Black guys from Africa are different. For Black Americans racism is the first excuse they use for everything. Some motherfucker wouldn't give you nothing for eight months and all of a

sudden you're going home and he expects you to give him something. You're giving it to the guys who looked out for you. He says, "What about the Black man.?" What about him? You're going home and everybody crowds around your locker.

JOHN: Everybody gives their stuff away when they leave?

FA-Q: Yeah.

KELLY: They may be Afro-Americans but I still don't want them to fuck with my daughter. I'm sorry I can't be that liberal.

FA-Q: What about the prosecutor in the OJ case? Darden, what's his name, Dryden.

JOHN: Was that thing going on when you were in there?

FA-Q: Everybody was cheering when he was found not guilty. I thought he was guilty, still do.

KELLY: Thought? Everybody knows.

FA-Q: I guess Blacks were happy a Black got off one time. He's got enough money.

TOM: That's like a weird thing.

FA-Q: In America, if you're not rich, or a cop, you're pretty well fucked.

KELLY: Kevin, I don't think we're interested in your prison thing. Are they guilty. You're guilty. Of course you're guilty. You did it.

FA-Q: You cop a plea. They say admit you did this murder and we'll give you ten days and it's on your record. That's extreme but that's the way it works. If you don't cop a plea you have to get up at four in the morning and sit in an eight-by-eight room with fifty guys all day until midnight the next night. It's ridiculous. So fuck that. You cop out so that you can go get a bed. Or they put you in a paddy wagon and leave you there for hours. You pass out. That's the worst part.

KELLY: You're guilty.

FA-Q: You're drunk.

KELLY: Not drunk. It's okay. I'm not drunk. You're guilty. System wants you out. Like OJ, like you and everybody else. System's got so many catch...

FA-Q: Catch 22.

KELLY: You beat the system.

FA-Q: You beat the system.

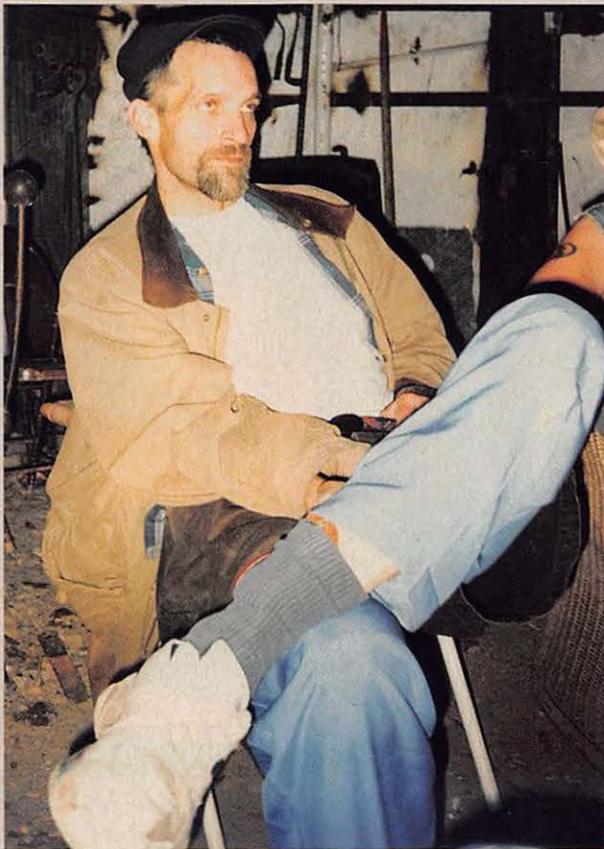


Photo by John Ittner

KELLY: I don't have any crimes. I haven't done any crimes. He hasn't done any crimes.

FA-Q: That's bullshit, you've done crimes.

KELLY: He's an ex-junkie. It doesn't mean junkie, you're a criminal. It doesn't necessarily go together.

FA-Q: You do a crime every day. You get behind the wheel of your truck when you're drunk, you're doing a crime. You take a piece of steel off a construction site.

KELLY: I don't have a truck.

FA-Q: I'm sure everybody does a crime every day.

KELLY: I totally agree, but your fucking friend comes in here and steals his bike.

FA-Q: He didn't steal it. He wouldn't do that.

KELLY: He did it.

FA-Q: I know he wouldn't do that, but there's a lot of people that would. Ha, ha.

KELLY: Maybe you did it.

FA-Q: They see an unlocked bike inside a fence. They'll jump over and get it.

JOHN: Where do you stay most of the time nowadays?

KELLY: Here.

FA-Q: No set place. I move around.

KELLY: His last known address is Rikers Island.

FA-Q: Third park bench on the left. I still give the address 172 Forsythe.

KELLY: What if somebody wanted to write you.

FA-Q: 172 East cardboard box.

JOHN: How many names have you got?

FA-Q: About 10, McKabe, Kelly.

JOHN: You call yourself Ray Kelly?

FA-Q: Kevin Kelly.

KELLY: (Pulls up his shirt sleeve to show his tattoo) Kevin, Kevin look at this.

FA-Q: This guy's got a tattoo of a six o'clock on his right arm. Mine's on the left.

(FA-Q pulls up his sleeve and puts it next to Kelly's.)

JOHN: I'd forgotten you had that thing.

FA-Q: Tovy probably stole the bike.

KELLY: You know who stole the bike Kevin?

JOHN: Sit over next to Kelly and let me get a picture of your six o'clock tattoos.

FA-Q: Is that your brand or your vaccination?

JOHN: Let's see those teeth.

KELLY: Naaah.

JOHN: Do they work on your teeth when you're in there?

FA-Q: They wanted to put me to sleep and work on them. I don't care.

KELLY: Put you to sleep. (Laughs)

FA-Q: Yeah. My mouth is fucked up.

TOM: I've got trouble with my teeth.

FA-Q: I can see your teeth ain't like mine. I look at myself in the mirror. There's hardly any mirrors on Rikers Island.

KELLY: I hate mirrors.

FA-Q: In jail the mirrors are fucked up, right. There's a piece of Mylar on the wall. You see a real mirror and you go Oh man.

KELLY: I never go in front of mirrors. It'll make a grown man cry.

JOHN: What are those heads all about that you draw?

FA-Q: I just doodle around and see what comes out. A lot of times they say that the work looks like the artist.

KELLY: I see heads all around.

FA-Q: Why do you wear goggles all the time?

KELLY: Safety, safety first.

FA-Q: Where'd you get your haircut. I did mine with a lighter. Burned it off. It don't hurt.

JOHN: Did you go to art school?

FA-Q: Yeah, Cooper School of Art, Cleveland.

JOHN: What were you doing then? Same thing?

FA-Q: Nahh, I had a grant and a loan.

JOHN: I don't mean that. (Everyone laughs.) I mean the same kind of heads.

FA-Q: I went through all kinds of shit there. Realistic, kind of a Van Gogh style maybe. Abstract Expressionism.

JOHN: What artists did you like?

FA-Q: Back then? Van Gogh.

KELLY: Kevin cut his ear.

FA-Q: I liked Dali for a while. I liked de Kooning, Motherwell. I liked 'em all. Rothko.

KELLY: All the people who killed themselves.

FA-Q: It's too late. I'm too old now.

KELLY: Curt Cobain or somebody like that.

FA-Q: You gotta be famous to kill yourself.

TOM: They got a cool show at the Whitney, Keinholtz.

FA-Q: Yeah, he's good.

Photo by John Ittner



Fa-Q and Ray Kelly show their Rivington School six o'clocks, at the New Rivington School Sculpture Garden

KELLY: You gotta be like Jim Morrison.

FA-Q: He did like that taxi cab and a bar.

TOM: Yeah, he did all that shit.

KELLY: (Points to Tom) He's got a show at the Whitney. You never had a show at the Whitney. He's gonna be in a show at the Whitney.

FA-Q: So what? I don't want to be at the Whitney. I'm not in the Museum of Modern Art or The Metropolitan.

KELLY: You're gonna be on the cover of *Prison Life*. Pretty good rag, right.

FA-Q: I don't know.

KELLY: Shut up! Like Billy the Kid.

TOM: You write at all?

FA-Q: On my drawings, I write.

TOM: This movie I'm trying to work on, like a hell movie, like a bunch of different people who are doing shit like if you want to work on that.

FA-Q: You know what they say. Drug addicts don't have to go to hell. They're already there.

"Heroin is the one that's necessary," he says. "You get sick. At one time I was doing about eight to ten bags a day. Now I do about three. That's 30 dollars. I can make 60 to 100 in one trip. To get a hundred, I have to get special, or out-of-print books. On the street you get one quarter of the price. I've done some burglaries."

"You go in somebody's house?"

"No," he says. "Usually I'm a lookout, stand around and see if somebody is coming. Sometimes somebody will go down in a basement for shrimp or alcohol, like in a bar. I never went into someone's house."

I ask him what he thinks is the worst thing he ever did?

"That I ever did?" he asks. "Child abuse." He laughs. "Stealing from my friends maybe. That's the worst. What I feel the most guilty for."

"How does art help you?"

"It helps pass the time. Takes my mind off the negative things in my life. It seems like the one positive thing I can offer mankind. The rest of my life. Otherwise my life is useless. If I had the choice I might not have chosen to be born."

Many of FA-Q's drawings have subtle or not-so-subtle suicide references. "The suicide thing?" I ask.

"Sometimes I wish I was dead," he says, "but I guess I don't have the guts to do it. Not yet anyway. Yeah, I don't know but there are mornings I wake up and I wish I didn't have to. I wish I could sleep forever sometimes."

He does three to five drawings a day, whether in prison or out.

"Is it easier to do them when you can't get any drugs?"

"I have more time to do them I guess. Not really though. It doesn't make any difference. I still do them a lot. What it is, in jail I read more. On the street I still have time to do them but I don't read that much. Reading time I spend running."

"I guess in prison everything is taken care of, you don't have to do any running."

"Get ready for chow. Go and eat and come back to your bed. They fuck with you on purpose too. Like a meal that you need salt, they don't put out any salt. A meal that you don't need salt, they put the salt out. They also have a menu that's what you're supposed to be getting right? You get half of what's on there, another part of the corruption. The COs all steal. They take the food home to their kids. You never get Frosted Flakes cause the cops take them. The good meals like roast beef, they just never show up. You smell the good meals cooking like from the captain's office. They got a microwave



and they're cooking. They eat them. They get all the juice. We never get juice. Sometimes they give you bananas that are so hard you gotta throw 'em. You can't eat 'em."

"So where do you keep your stuff, your private stuff?"

"A locker, nothing's private. When they have a search they look through everything once a month or more often. Say if they find a weapon. Then you're going to have a search, or too much contraband, or if people are wearing clothes they're not supposed to have, or if people are acting up and they have a lot of fights. Strip search, anything, squat."

"How are the guards?"

"It's just like anything else. Some of them are OK. Some of them aren't. The old guys are better. I get along better

with them. Some of the young guys are too gung-ho. When the captain is around, they're trying to impress him. They're trying to step up the ladder. They'll act different when they're in front of a captain than when they're not in front of a captain. Actually, other prisoners make it worse for you than the guards."

"What kind of prisoner makes it bad?"

"Like a guy that works in the storehouse and you go into the storehouse and want to take some coffee or sugar and he acts like he owns it and he wants you to pay him to take it. It's jail stuff, but he works in there and he acts like it's his."

He gives me a look.

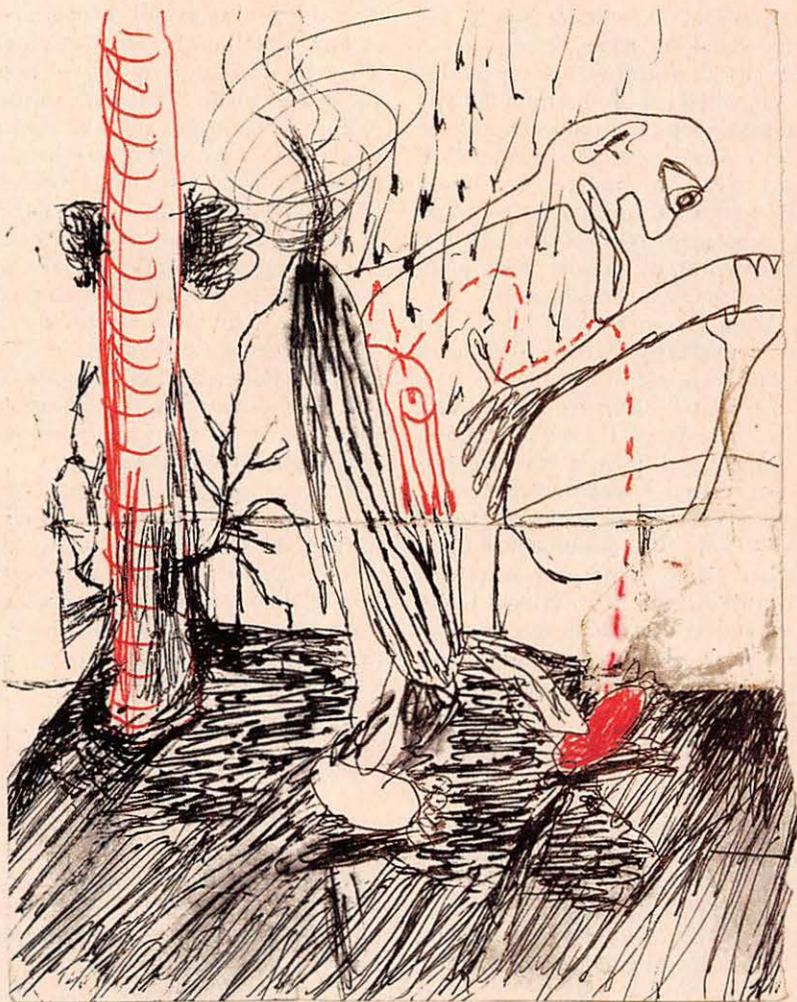
"Sometimes," he says, "after I get out I feel like it's not much different out here than it is there."





Art by Virgil Barfield

VB



By Sadia Zoe Ali

I always feel like somebody's watchin' me.

Michael Jackson

The fastest growing population in this country is women in prison. There are almost 95,000 of us locked up now. That's a lot of pussy to be had. And those who are employed to keep us under tight lock and key are doing everything they can to ensure that pussy doesn't go to waste or catch dry rot as it slips through the cracks of the injustice system here in the good old USA.

There is mucho fuckin'—not limited to unauthorized sexual intercourse between prisoners—going on inside the womb of the beast.

There are women child-abusers and murderers doing time, but they are rare. Most women in prison are serving time for nonviolent, drug addiction related crimes. We live in prison and some of us

die here. More than 500 women and girls have been put to death at the hands of the state in this country. There are at least 47 women in 16 states awaiting execution. Many of the female convicts who are released emerge from a hell that not only strips them of any opportunity to be rehabilitated, but literally rapes them and rips their bodies, minds and souls to pieces.

I am finishing up a three-to-ten-year sentence for going into my bank and cashing one of my own checks. The fact there was no money in my account at the time was the little glitch that got my ass here. I wonder if the bank teller who gave me the money—\$2,785.00 in cash and money orders—even though the electronic ledger read \$0.00, still has her job.

SUCK THIS!

SEX IN PRISON

I wouldn't want anyone to think I was a little bitter about my sentence, but on the same day that I was given three-to-ten, a well educated, employed drug dealer with a long history of criminal activity (not represented by a court-appointed attorney) was given six months of weekend-only reporting to the county jail. He had no dependents and was wearing a designer outfit which cost two times as much as my damned restitution, and that's with court costs figured in.

New York, New York, big city of dreams, everything in New York ain't always what it seems.

You might be bobbing your head when you hear Dogg Pound's rendition of the song, but I bet the State of New York wasn't when it awarded 85 female prisoners at Albion Correctional Facility \$1,000.00 each. The women had been video-taped while being strip-searched. The complaint, filed by Prison Legal Services, stated that "Male guards had forced [the women] to remove their clothing and touch themselves in

faced 17 counts—three of which were first degree criminal sexual conduct charges which each carry a maximum of life—involving five prisoners, was allowed to plead because, as prosecutor Arthur A. Bush put it, "The victims are convicts...a jury might not believe them." So Bond, who faced three counts of first-degree rape, nine counts of gender intimidation and five counts of fourth-degree criminal sexual conduct, was given an "atta boy plea" and sent on down the road. Will somebody tell me why the fuck it's so hard to believe these women? They risked taking some serious sanctions—including disciplinary action which could result in their getting more time—by exposing the guard.

Violence against and sexual violation of women and children is dealt with unfairly in the courts; violence against women prisoners is rarely even dealt with at all. Perhaps if the perpetrators of such crimes were pursued and prosecuted as zealously as crack addicts, then the guards and administrators who

this had happened to her." The official reply to the grievance: "Officer X does not admit to conducting an improper search of your person. No further evidence supports your contention. Officer X has been trained in the proper technique for prisoner shakedowns and has the right to perform a patdown search of your breast area. Personal observation of the personal shakedown technique of Officer X...do not indicate any improprieties. Officer X will be asked to review the training module on search technique. Grievance denied." How many women does the officer get to feel up before he is reprimanded?

I don't get it. If there wasn't anything wrong, why the hell does he need to review the freakin' module? Moreover, did they really think this guy was going to fondle the woman's breasts in front of his superior officers—who, by the way, have both had sexual harassment grievances lodged against them? In fact, the officer in question has a history of

"The victims are convicts...a jury might not believe them."

sexually provocative ways," while "other male guards were watching through a partly-opened door." New York DOC spokesman James Fleteau said in response to the claim, "There was no feeling that anything inappropriate occurred." Prison Legal Services countered with: "Then why did they settle?" We all know if the state ain't got to, it ain't gonna give up shit, especially to a bunch of cons.

I'm not talking about some middle-class Black heroines who are "waiting to exhale." I'm talking about incarcerated women, the majority of whom are poor and minority, and are more likely waiting to throw the fuck up.

Here in Michigan, the Flint Journal reported recently that "Former prison guard, Randy A. Bond, pleaded no contest to one count each of fourth degree criminal sexual conduct and gender intimidation. He was sentenced to three years probation and 90 days in jail." Randy's jail term was to be served in cooperation with the Work Release Program so he wouldn't lose out on any of his livelihood. Mr. Randy Bond's "no contest" plea and his sentence may seem like a pretty fair deal. After all, the women in question are convicted felons and we all know that the American injustice system does not protect women, the poor, or the unpopular. In fact, former guard Bond, who initially

commit these crimes behind the walls would be exposed.

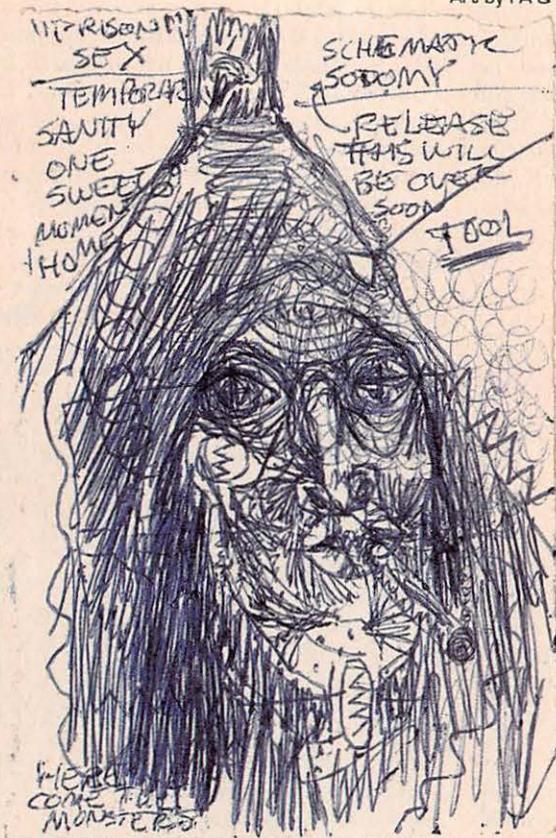
John Truscott, spokesperson for Michigan Governor John Engles, told the Flint Journal, "Federal investigators had no hard evidence of the sexual abuse and intimidation in the Michigan prisons....All they have is hearsay from a couple of prisoners."

Being as I am a convicted felon with a history of theft-by-check and credit-card fraud, I may not be the most reliable source. So let's hear it from a credible, tax-paying law-abiding attorney-at-law, who, in a letter to the Warden at Florence Crane Women's Facility, wrote, "As early as 1988, this officer [Randy Bond] has been the subject of allegations of physical and verbal abuse against women prisoners....In 1988 [he] was not disciplined despite an allegation of sexual assault which was substantiated by a polygraph exam....The department stated that they '...did not recognize prisoner testimony, nor do we recognize results of polygraph examinations.'"

They don't recognize prisoner testimony? Prisoner testimony did seem irrelevant when a Florence Crane prisoner initiated a grievance alleging that "during the shakedown Officer X cupped each of my breasts in his hands and lifted them up." The staff response to her claim was "Other prisoners were also interviewed and only one said that

allegations of sexual harassment grievances lodged against him. How does he avoid employee disciplinary action? He retaliates with major misconduct charges, which can be pretty intimidating. Officer X charged the woman who lodged the above complaint against him with an 026 insolence. She was eventually found not guilty, not because the hearing investigator disbelieved the officer's allegations, but because a hearing on the charges "was not rescheduled in a timely manner....Accordingly, the charge is dismissed without findings of fact as to the allegations." It would appear that they deliberately let the time expire in order that no ruling would have to be handed down. However, one prisoner did not escape major misconduct disciplinary action in retaliation for her claims of sexual harassment against Officer X. The prisoner had won local acclaim in Michigan State University's annual Art Behind Bars contest, entering a collage which included a major misconduct ticket from Officer X. The prisoner, having just taken a shower, returned to her cubicle wrapped in a towel. The officer claimed he was making his rounds. However, Ms. Neal claims that the officer stood there and observed her in her towel and attempted to engage her in conversation, even after she asked him

Art by FA-G



to leave. His 032 Creating a Disturbance states, "At 2150 hrs, 11/20/95, [Prisoner] #221115 was loud and abusive at this officer's desk. She was given three direct orders to quiet down and return to her area of control. She went back to her area yelling in the Long Wing hallway 'You can't kick me out of the shower,' bringing the Long Wing area inmates to their respective doorways during a critical count time. She continued yelling in her cubical area and upon investigation, I found her yelling "He can't kick me out of the shower. I'm not a dog!' from a distance of no less than four feet. [Prisoner] #221115 was again given a direct order to quiet down and keep her opinions to herself. At that time Neal replied, 'If you don't leave me alone right now, I'm going to press sexual harassment charges on you.' This was said loud enough for the whole of the Long Wing population to hear in an attempt to humiliate, embarrass and intimidate this officer and impede his effectiveness in the unit at a critical count time."

When the prisoner was asked to give a statement at the time of review for the charge, she simply said, "I grieved Officer X on that night for sexual harassment and he is retaliating." The prisoner continues to pursue the matter with outside agencies. She is distraught that prison

officials refuse to relocate her from the unit, where Officer X frequently works.

"Some days it is very difficult," she confides. "I am angry, but still I just cry some days, realizing that whenever they want, they can fuck you, squeeze you, touch you, watch you and, even though there is at least one female officer at this facility who has gotten positive court action in a case involving co-workers who she alleged sexually harassed her, the female officers just go right along with it. Talking to a woman staff member about sexual harassment is just as intimidating as talking to a man and just as degrading."

The New York Times reported recently that Felita Dobbins, doing time at Bedford Hills Correctional Facility in New York State, was awakened one morning by someone tapping on her shoulder. There was a guard standing next to her bed, stepping out of his pants.

Dobbins told prosecutors that the guard demanded oral sex and left her with a warning, "You tell anyone, you know what I'll do." The prisoner kept her wits about her, saving the guard's semen in a perfume bottle so it could be used as evidence. But she didn't think anyone would believe her.

"In their eyes I was a criminal," she said, "so why not go with the officer?"

The state of Illinois, like many states, has no grievance procedures or policies forbidding prison guards from having sex with prisoners. The Chicago Sun-Times reported that "National Human Rights Watch Women's Project is expected to blast the Illinois Department of Corrections for a lack of oversight and blame the system for alleged massive sexual misconduct at its facilities.... State prison officials deny a problem exists, but last year there were 51 complaints of sexual assaults in Illinois prisons, and administrators could not say whether they involved prisoners against prisoners or employees against prisoners, nor could they provide statistics for prior years."

A 1995 report titled "Rape of Incarcerated Americans" states that "the only data on sexual assault against female prisoners derives from [a] survey of a midwestern state's women's prison which found that 7.7 percent had been

'pressured or forced...to have sexual contact against their will' in that prison."

Some of you may be thinking: those women have been convicted of crimes such as solicitation, possession of drugs, theft, even murder, including the murder of children. So what if some guard wants to get his thing off on them, so fucking what? You can't expect the State to protect every woman who claims rape as the result of a prison guard's action or inaction. Well, boys and girls, I even have a little somethin' for you skeptics. Prison Legal News reported: "In September, 1995, a jury held that a prison guard who was raped by prisoner Eric Davidson should receive \$995,093 in damages. The jury held that another guard, Roosevelt Sherrod, prodded Davidson into committing the rape by making sexual jokes with him and placing a bet as to who would be the first person to have sex with the female guard. Davidson won the bet on January 27, 1993, when he grabbed the guard, dragged her into his cell and raped her repeatedly for 90 minutes during a standoff with prison officials. It is unclear who will pay the jury award, Sherrod or the State. Davidson was transferred to a Control Unit, and two weeks later was 'discovered' hung in his cell, an 'apparent suicide.'"

Perhaps it is too much to expect the public to be appalled by the sexual violations of women behind bars, those who reside there and work there. But could somebody please tell me how we can ignore a visiting room sexual assault against a child? The American Friends Service Committee reported in its newsletter that prisoner rights groups were outraged after the sexual assault of a three-year-old at a Muskegon facility. "Since the assault on April 3, 1994," according to the article, "no fewer than five official investigations have been conducted: three by the MDOC, one by the legislative corrections ombudsman, and one by the Muskegon County Prosecutor's Office. These investigations reveal that the highest-ranking prison officials at the facility admit that they knew in advance of the plot to assault the child, but did not know the options available to them to ensure the child was protected."

The news that even child visitors cannot avoid rape behind prison walls (even when high-ranking prison officials know it is about to happen) should get some asses moving, phone calls made, and serious activism happening.

More and more prisons are being built every day. More and more women are

SEX IN PRISON

being warehoused in these prisons. Many, like me, have painful histories of some type of sexual violation against them. I'm not trying to make women in prison out to be victims, but I think we have an obligation to help those who cannot help themselves. Many women "don't tell" because they are afraid.

Let me tell you about a woman who was

bulldagger women to fuck a pretty young thing like you, and you and I are going to watch." Every day that he worked, he came by her cell, grabbing his dick and asking her if she was ready to "suck this." She would cry and not talk to him. She prayed every day to just die. Well, she didn't die. She moved on to the general population and she got schooled on her

has ever patted me down and felt me up while doing so. I wrote it for every guard who has looked up my ass in search of contraband, for every time I had to shake, grab and raise my breasts as some flat-chested, silicone-wantin' female guard commented about the "largeness and nice size of my nipples" or wanted to know pertinent information about my 36D's like, "Does your man miss those?"

I wrote it for all of them, because I wanted to say, "Suck this!" 

I wrote this story for every guard who has ever patted me down and felt me up...

sexually violated starting at the age of three, who lived a careless, emotionally-wrecked life that led to criminal behavior, which landed her in prison. While she was still in quarantine, a guard harassed her for 14 days straight. During his shift he would call her out of her cell to shake her down. He fondled her breasts, pinched her vulva lips through her pants and would stand behind her erect, whispering things like, "You are so pretty, I'm gonna have to make you my pretty lil' bitch," or of having a guard walk by every day and ask him "Are you ready to suck this?" as he exposes his erect penis.

I wrote this story for every guard who

rights. Before she could file a grievance, the same officer, who became a sergeant, was arrested on murder charges. Somewhere in some prison that former guard might be reading this. He might even know the humiliation of some stranger whispering in his ear on his first day of prison, "You are so pretty, I'm gonna have to make you my pretty lil' bitch," or of having a guard walk by every day and ask him "Are you ready to suck this?" as he exposes his erect penis.

I wrote this story for every guard who

FOR MORE INFORMATION:

Stop Prisoners Rape, Inc. is devoted to battling against the rape of incarcerated persons of all genders and ages. Reach them on the Internet at:

<http://www.igc.apc.org/spr>

or write:

Stop Prison Rape

P.O. Box 2713

Manhattanville Station

New York, NY 10027-8817

Human Rights Watch is currently doing research into the problem of prison rape: when it occurs, why it occurs, how it occurs and how to stop it from occurring. They are at: Prison Project, Human Rights Watch, 485 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10017, Attention: J. Mariner.

Mark R. Lippman Appellate Practitioner

Federal Criminal Appeals

White Collar, Drug, Fraud, Bank Robbery, and other federal cases

- ▲ *Briefed two cases and argued one before the United States Supreme Court*
- ▲ *NACDL white collar criminal defense committee member*
- ▲ *Advisory panel member of "The Champion"*
- ▲ *Represent clients throughout the federal system*

Mark R. Lippman

Attorney at Law

8070 La Jolla Shores Drive, #437, La Jolla, CA 92037

(619) 456-9228

IN CELL COOKING

PASTA PRESO

- 1 medium onion
- 1 jalapeño pepper
- 1 tomato
- 1 can V-8 juice
- 1 bag Ramen noodles (Texas beef or chili flavor)
- 1 beef salami
- 4 teaspoons lemon juice (or to taste)
- salt and pepper to taste

Slice up the tomato and onion into fairly thin slices. Dice jalapeño pepper. Cook/microwave these items for two minutes. Add Ramen noodles seasoning packet. Once these items are tender, dice up the beef salami into bite-size chunks and add to the vegetables. Cook for another two minutes. Boil the Ramen noodles and drain. Add the V-8 (3/4 of an 11.5 oz can or 3 small cans) to the noodles. Mix the meat and vegetables in with the lemon juice and sauced noodles. Stir and set aside for five minutes. Enjoy!

Tip: Serve hot—goes great with tortilla chips.

—Ortiz
FCI Phoenix

MRS. MOORE'S ENCIL-LOT'A-BURRITOS

- 2 or 3 three oz cans white chicken meat
- 1 five oz summer sausage (or substitute hot links or bacon)
- 2 pkgs cheese (2 different kinds)
- 1 six oz can olives
- 1 six oz tub salsa
- 1 bottle Ranch dressing
- 1 pkg tortillas
- 2 tbs butter
- jalapeño and garlic powder

Chop chicken, sausage and jalapeño (to taste). Combine in hot pot or bowl for microwave. Season to taste with garlic powder. Heat.

Chop olives and grate one of the cheeses. Add both to meat mixture.

Butter one side of tortillas, steam one at a time over hot pot.

Spoon heaping amount of mixture onto tortillas. Top mixture with Ranch dressing to taste. Roll up like a burrito.

Top burritos with second package of grated cheese. Spoon salsa on top to taste.

Heat burritos in microwave 1 1/2 to 2 minutes (till cheese melts).

—Sara Harder
Nevada Women's Correctional Center

BODACIOUS BURRITOS

- 8 flour tortillas
- Half a bottle hot sauce
- 1 six oz can white chunk turkey
- 1 hot beef summer sausage, diced
- 1 eight oz jar jalapeño cheese spread
- 1 fifteen oz can chili with beans
- 1 sandwich bag shredded lettuce
- 17 crushed saltine crackers
- 2 jalapeño peppers, diced

Mix hot sauce, turkey, sausage, cheese spread, peppers and chili in crock pot and cook for four hours. Stir thoroughly every 30 minutes. (Add crackers at last stirring). Boil a 3 qt. bowl of water with stinger till you get a rolling boil. Then stretch a clean T-shirt over bowl and secure it with a rubber band. Keep water at a rolling boil to steam tortilla shells (one shell at a time turning every 15 seconds till soft). Add 4 heaping spoons of mix to shells, adding chilled lettuce. Roll and eat. Wash down with frosty chilled sodas.

Clean-up Note: use left-over boiling water to soak crock pot.
—Brent A. Ellis, MCC Moberly

SLAM DOWN TAMALE

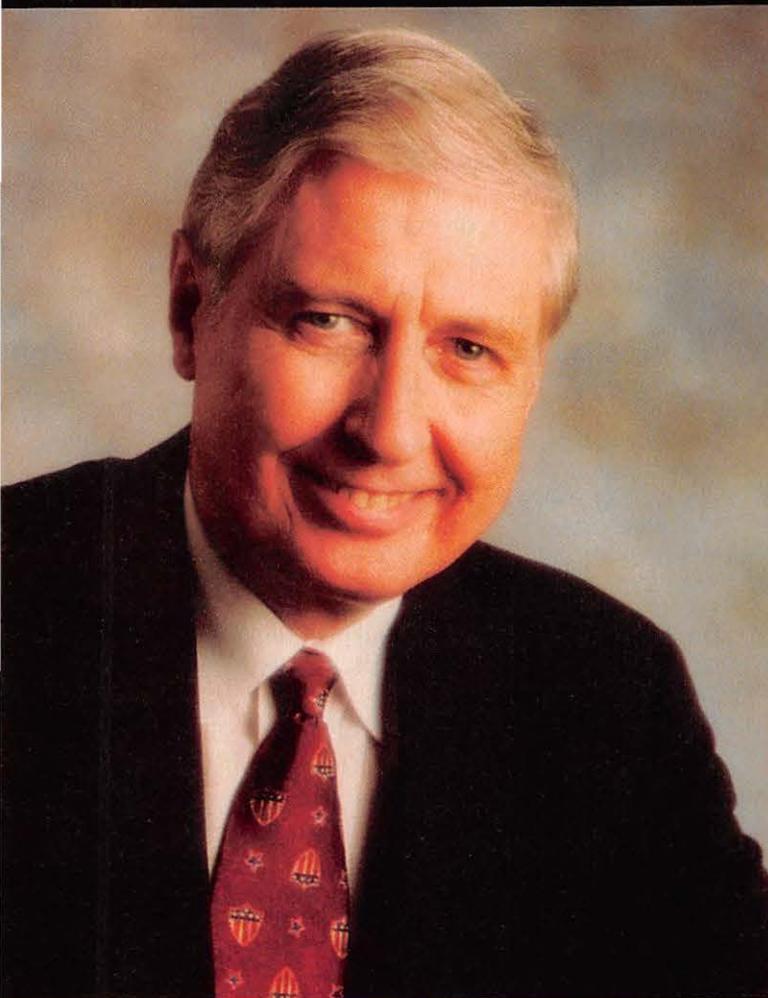
- 4 Ramen or Marachuan soups, 2 beef and 2 chili
- 1 can roast beef drained and cut up (you can substitute summer sausage)
- 2 boiled eggs chopped
- 1 jalapeño optional, cut up
- 1 large bag chili Fritos
- 1 large bag crunchy Cheetos
- 1 large bag hot pork skins
- 1 trash bag small
- 1 newspaper
- 4-5 cups boiling water

Open soups halfway to remove flavor packets. Crush the packages of Ramen or Marachuan. Crush Fritos, pork rinds and Cheetos in their own bags. Add 1/2 bag of crushed Fritos, 1/2 bag crushed pork rinds and 1/2 bag crushed Cheetos to trash bag. Add crushed soups. Mix all dry ingredients together until mixed well. Add beef, egg, pepper and mix up some more. Add flavor packets to 2 cups boiling water; mix up and add to bag of dry ingredients. Mush up "really well" adding next: two cups of boiling water. The consistency should be thick, not soupy. Roll into a loaf, tie bag and wrap in newspaper for approximately 5-10 minutes. Open up and Pig Out. Feeds 3-4.

Note: Remember you've got enough Fritos, pork rinds and Cheetos for another round.

—David R. Egbert
E.S.P.

THE POLITICS OF CRIME



The Prison Life Interview with Harry Browne by Richard Stratton

Freedom means different things to different people. To the average American, who has never been locked up, never had his or her liberty curtailed much beyond being told how fast they may drive and how much of their pay check they must turn over to the government, freedom is taken for granted. We live in the United States, land of the free and home of the brave. We speed and cheat on our taxes, or we obey the speed limit and pay Uncle Sam every cent of his blood money. We are not in prison, therefore we must be free.

Even if the government—and, by extension, the police, who are merely the strong arm of the government—has gradually asserted more and more control over the day to day aspects of our lives, most Americans still believe we are a free people. They have forgotten, or never knew, the words of Thomas Jefferson, who told us that liberty requires constant vigilance.

To many of the readers of *Prison Life* magazine—those who are serving time, those who have been in prison and were forever changed by the experience, or those with a friend, family member or loved one locked up—freedom is as real and as felt as the relief from pain. To be in prison, to have a friend or loved one in prison, is to be in pain, to feel the

constant gnawing ache of loneliness and separation, and to feel acutely the loss of liberty and the humiliation of captivity. We know all the better what freedom means once it has been taken away from us. But by then it is too late.

Harry Browne, the Libertarian candidate for President, bases his platform on the theory that the unwieldy, expensive bureaucracy we know as the federal government not only does not work to preserve our liberty but actually subverts the fundamental premises of our system of government by intruding on matters that should not be subject to governmental control. In the name of defending us against Communism, which collapsed of its own bureaucratic weight, and now drugs and crime, the federal government and the huge corporations that own it have destroyed the great experiment that was American democracy. What we have now is a nascent police state run by increasingly powerful federal agents. If you want a look at the America of the future, enter a maximum security federal prison. Technology and government have mutated to become a beast called Security. Security has become the commodity the government sells best. The idea is that if we can just build enough prisons, we will all be secure. We will become like the *Prison Life* logo,

AND PUNISHMENT

one nation behind bars.

I met with Harry Browne in Los Angeles. Harry was on the West Coast making a number of campaign appearances. We arranged to get together in Hollywood where I was hanging with some ex-con friends. When the candidate arrived, Danny Trejo, whose striking visage—a face that would stop a runaway train—graced the cover of our March-April '96 issue, opened the door to leave just as Harry and company arrived. Can you imagine what Bob Dole or Bill Clinton or even Ross Perot would have done if they had showed up for an interview and been greeted by Danny Trejo? They would have run and had the Secret Service guys bust Trejo just for looking like such a bad dude. Harry Browne took it all in stride. We sat on a patio at the rear of my friend's home and the man who should be the President did not seem the least bit uncomfortable at being in the presence of ex-convicts. He looked me right in the eye and I had the feeling that he believes what he says, and, if elected, he would carry out his party's plan to preserve our liberty by dismantling the federal government.



Richard Stratton: We're interested in what you have to say about releasing non-violent drug prisoners and non-violent, victimless crime offenders. You're probably aware that around 70 percent of the people who are locked up in federal prisons are there for drugs and drug-related crimes. Clinton has promised to continue on the present disastrous course. Dole wants to escalate the war on drugs, bring in the military. What is your position?

Harry Browne: We don't need tougher sentences. We don't need more prisons. We don't need higher taxes. We don't need more invasions of our civil liberties. What we need is to get the non-violent criminals out of prison. Get the victimless crime offenders out of prison and make room for those who really are terrorizing people in the streets. Those people are very often getting out on early releases or by plea-bargaining simply because there's no

room in the prisons because the cells are taken up with pot smokers and other people who are no threat to anyone else. The typical politician sees the only solution to any social problem as more government, when actually the real solution is less government, to get the government out of the social arena. And, in this case, to let people out of prison.

RS: How do you feel about the escalation of law enforcement by federal police agencies?

HB: The founding fathers would be aghast to know that there are any federal police forces at all, because they warned against the idea of a national police force. That's what they had in Europe, and the idea of having a national police force was anathema to them. But today we have the DEA, the BATF, the FBI, and all these other police agencies. Even FDA agents go into vitamin stores carrying guns. It makes no sense at all. And it leads to events like Waco and Ruby Ridge, which, while spectacular examples, are not exceptional examples at all. Things like that are going on all the time; those were the most egregious examples, the most violent examples. But that kind of intimidation and that kind of aggressiveness has been going on for years and years with federal police forces. And those police forces are too far removed from the people and from any kind of control or any kind of public censure whatsoever. If a local sheriff gets too tough on people and starts creating problems, he's brought down by the people in that community. But nobody can bring down the federal police forces except the politicians, and the politicians don't want to do it.

Any time we turn something over to government it becomes a political issue. And it then becomes a case of who's got the most political influence to determine how something is going to be decided. And in the case of crime, the political influence is mainly coming from law enforcement agencies, from bureaucracies who administer these things. Who is there to stand up for our rights? There's the ACLU and people like that. But they are often dismissed out of hand as simply, "Oh, here comes

the ACLU again. They object to anything," when in fact what they're doing is trying to say that the innocent need to be protected.

The question is always framed in terms of, "Should we suspend civil liberties for the guilty? We are not going to be able to catch them unless we do." But when we suspend civil liberties for the guilty, we're also suspending them for the innocent. And no law enforcement agent knows for sure who is innocent and who is guilty. We are giving the policeman the power to make that decision; to search and to seize, to hassle somebody. He's making the decision in advance. The Bill of Rights was designed to defend against that.

To continue in this vein, my only litmus test for a federal judge will be: Do you believe in the Bill of Rights as an absolute, unqualified, unexceptional document? That means that Americans have the right to free speech, even if the government doesn't like what we say, even if the government can demonstrate a compelling interest in stopping us, we still have the right to speak freely. We have the right to keep and to bear arms, even if some lunatic shoots up a restaurant in Texas. We have a right to be safe from search and seizure, even if a DEA agent thinks you or I fit the profile of a drug dealer.

The Ninth and Tenth Amendments say that the federal government should not be involved in anything that isn't spelled out in the constitution, that isn't specifically delegated to the federal government by the constitution. If a federal judge agrees with that, then I'll probably nominate him even if I disagree with him on other things. But if he doesn't agree with that, I wouldn't nominate him even if I thought he had the wisdom of Solomon.

RS: Do you see any role at all for federal law enforcement?

HB: No. All crime is local. It takes place in the jurisdiction of a police department, a sheriff's department, somewhere. And that's where it should be determined, that's where the criminal should be chased, that's where they should be prosecuted, that's where they should be judged. And that's the only place that those things should take place.

If somebody crosses state lines, we already have all kinds of facilities for cooperation between law enforcement agencies. They extradite criminals back to the state where the crime took place. And of course local law enforcement agencies can subscribe to a data bank or anything else that provides fingerprint information, all of that.

We need to get away from relying on somebody that we can't get out from under the thumb of. And this applies to all kinds of things in government, like the FDA and other regulations that are supposedly for our safety. Let us choose whom we put our trust in.

RS: There's a case I'm sure you're aware of, the case of federal judge Harold Baer in New York. He threw out some drug evidence because he said it had been seized illegally and the cops had lied. From Clinton, right on down from the President, the politicians exerted such pressure on Judge Baer, threatened to remove him from the Bench, that he reversed his own ruling.

HB: Which is a good example, once again, where it's become a political issue—not a scientific issue, not a criminal or forensic issue, not a medical issue or an educational issue. It's a political issue. And it always will be when you turn these things over to the government. That's why we Libertarians don't look to manage government better, or to try to reform it, but to get as much out of the hands of government as possible. Everything having to do with drugs should be out of the hands of government. People who are going to ruin their lives with drugs are going to have to rely on their family and friends. The police can't stop drug abuse, all the police can do is make all of our lives miserable by trying to stop those people who choose to use illegal drugs.

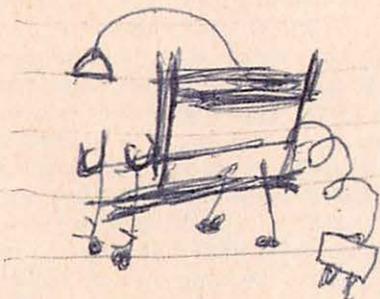
The point is, we cannot turn this over to the government because government has made a mess of it. Crime and drug use have both escalated tremendously since the war on drugs started in the 1960s. The crime rate and the homicide rate from the end of prohibition to the early 1960s went down year after year until the war on drugs started. And now, it's been so long, 30 years, we don't remember what it was like to walk the streets. I'm 63 years old, I grew up here in L.A. and I can remember what it was like to walk to the movies in Sherman Oaks on a Friday night. Come home at 10:00 at night, there were no muggers on the streets, there were no pushers, no gangs, none of this existed. But I wouldn't walk through there now, I don't know that I'd even do it at 10:00 in the morning.

All that has changed because of the war on drugs creating this black market and this illegal enterprise with huge profits that give everybody an incentive to get into the business.

RS: What about prisons? How do you see prisons being managed? I think if we did what you're proposing, which certainly we advocate too, you'd empty out the prisons.

HB: You would need, at the very most, one federal prison, which would be about the size of this house. Because the only federal crimes are treason, piracy and counterfeiting. So, what would you need federal prisons for? The first thing we'd do is sell the federal prisons to the states and let them use them for common crimes. There are a lot of things that could be done to improve

ELECTRIC CHAIR



prison conditions. But those would be state matters and local matters; they shouldn't be dictated by the federal government because the federal government will just make them worse, as it has with everything else it stuck its nose into.

But as individuals, we can't help but think that there are a lot of things that the states could do to improve prison conditions. The way it's set up now—obviously I don't need to tell you this—somebody who is not a criminal goes in there and he comes out a criminal. Somebody goes in because he was caught with marijuana, or whatever it may be, but when he comes out a few years later he is a criminal. He's lost all his self-respect, he's lost the ability to get a job, he's lost all these other rights. And he's also become bitter and cynical, because the people who are supposedly protecting him in prison turn their face away and let the prison be run by gangs and corrupt guards. The prisoner has no faith whatsoever in any kind of a system when he or she comes out, and the only thing that makes any sense is to go into crime, start getting into stick-ups and things like that. I'm not saying everybody, obviously, but this is where the pressure lies.

It's a very bad system. And it's made worse by putting in one pot all of these different people whose conditions are so drastically different. A pot smoker is not a repeat violent offender, and he shouldn't be punished like that. A tax evader shouldn't be in prison among violent offenders. I mean, an accountant who has defrauded somebody shouldn't be there either. Now, some politician will say it will teach him never to do it again, but the fact of the matter is that the punishment is supposed to fit the crime. And the way it is now, it doesn't.

RS: What you have said about making criminals repay their victims is what we call restorative justice. As the system now operates, if you steal someone's car, then the state takes over and the whole process has nothing more to do with the victim; whereas, with the concept of restorative justice, the community would say, "You stole this person's car, now you owe that person for the car, and you have to repay them directly." The person who was injured by the crime is recompensed.

HB: I agree with that. And if you have someone who just keeps doing these things over and over again and never does make restitution, then you may have to take more drastic steps. But to imprison people as a matter of course—to lock them up in prison and throw away the key for minor crimes—makes no sense whatsoever. Not surprisingly, we have this enormous prison population as a result. The only answer we hear from the other candidates seems to be more prisons, more police and higher taxes and more bond issues and on and on and on.

RS: What we hope to do with this magazine is to get prisoners—non-violent drug prisoners by and large, but all prisoners who are interested in these issues—to reach out to their family members—at least five people—reach out to people who can vote and tell them to get in touch with local politicians and let them know they're not going to vote for these people unless they change their policies on crime and crime control.

HB: Great. That's a good plan.

RS: I think it could become a very powerful voting block.

HB: Oh, yeah. The prison population is getting to be the largest minority in the country.

RS: A million and a half people locked up.

HB: And all of their families who are concerned about them.

RS: It's amazing how quickly the families of people who go to prison get radicalized as far as the criminal justice system is concerned.

HB: Good. I'm glad to hear that.

RS: It happens almost overnight. The next day they are saying, "This isn't right." Before they see one of their own family members get locked up, many people have this notion of criminals being another breed of people; but once someone they know goes to prison, their ideas about crime and punishment change drastically.

HB: In my interest, one thing I would like those people to know is what I say in my book, that on my first day in office I will pardon everyone who has been found guilty of a federal non-violent drug offense, and everyone who's been found guilty of a non-violent gun control offense, and everyone who has been found guilty of every kind of victimless crime. I will get them out of prison immediately.

We could get laws through congress, we could do a lot of things, but that would get all bogged down, it would get watered down, all kinds of undesirable things would happen. So the easiest and

really violent, it's just because there was a gun involved, even if the gun wasn't used in the commission of the crime. If there was a gun on the premises where you were arrested, you are considered a violent criminal.

You are the only candidate who's even close to saying what we believe is the right course for America. This drift toward a police state is terrifying. Having been in federal prison, I know what it's like to have cops constantly controlling every aspect of your life. And as you say in your book, and we have said in our magazine, if we can't keep drugs out of maximum-security prisons, how are we ever going to keep them off the streets?

HB: It's crazy.

RS: The war on drugs is insane. Except it makes sense from the politicians' standpoint. It's a great rallying cry because they can talk about our children being corrupted by drugs. When really, if it's taught at home that abusing drugs will ruin your life, kids get the message.

instead of adults. And it will just go on the way it was before except it will all be aimed at children. So one way or another, they'll do it badly. When the reform finally comes, like all other government reforms, it will be done badly. Instead of just simply wiping the drug laws off the books.

On the other hand, if I'm President—if somehow or other that happens—then maybe it will be done correctly. Because I won't allow it to be done any other way; I won't sign a bill that will foolishly just redirect all of these energies into some other channel.

RS: What is your position on gun control? I consider myself a Libertarian, but because of what the magazine stands for, often there are liberals attracted to our issues, and I get into arguments with them about gun control. They say, "It's the guns, stupid." And we say, "No, it's not the guns. It's the laws." Criminals, as you point out in your book, don't buy guns legally; it's a big black market. No criminal is going to get on a waiting list

On my first day in office I will pardon everyone who has been found guilty of a federal non-violent drug offense.

simplest and fastest way to do this is on the first day in office to pardon these people. A blanket pardon for all of them. Maybe in the process of pardoning half a million people, there may be one or two, or five or ten, or a hundred or a thousand who get out who maybe for some other reason shouldn't have gotten out. But it will be a small price to pay for getting back into society half a million people before they're corrupted beyond redemption by being in prison. And also it will free up prison space immediately, which we would then turn over to the states to use to lock up the real thugs, and they would have no excuses anymore for letting the violent thugs out on plea bargains.

RS: There are so few irredeemable criminals. Our experience is that less than ten percent of the prison population are violent, predatory criminals.

HB: Really?

RS: Yes. You see, what they term "violent criminals," are often not really violent people at all. For instance, I know a woman who's doing 66 years in federal prison for cocaine possession. They called it violent because there was a gun in her car—not her gun, it was her boyfriend's gun—but the gun made the crime violent. She can't get parole, she's treated like she was an armed robber or some really violent criminal. So a lot of these so-called violent criminals are not

HB: One thing I will say is that in the last two years, since I've been running for President, the public attitude on this subject has changed visibly. You can see the difference in the calls to talk shows. It was hysterical two years ago. People would call in and say, "Oh, you're going to have heroin machines in the rest rooms, everybody's gonna get high!" and so forth. Now, at worst, what we get is polite disagreement. And you don't get locked in the issue, with people screaming, "How could you possibly advocate this!"

The attitude to the drug war is changing. And I think that in the next two or three years there will be a change in the laws. But the problem is that it will be some kind of a weasel change; it will be some kind of a compromise that really doesn't solve the problem. And as is so often the case with such a compromise, the change will get blamed for whatever problems ensue after that. It will be something like, it'll be against the law to sell drugs but not to use them, or something like that, as though that is going to solve the problem. You're still going to have a black market, you're still going to have criminal enterprises, you're still going to have a war on drugs.

Or it will be something like, that we will make it legal for adults but not for children. Well, then all the criminal enterprises will be focused on children

to buy a gun.

HB: [laughs] Before he pulls his liquor store job.

RS: What's interesting about the Libertarian position is that it attracts people from both sides of the political spectrum.

HB: What we ask people to do when they come in to the party is we say, all right, you understand the principle involved here, now apply it consistently across the board. Don't just apply it in this one area that brought you to us, whether it's civil liberties on one hand or economic freedom on the other. If freedom is better than force in government in that area, it's going to be in all these other areas too, where you wanted to use force, where you said the government has to do this or do that. Well, why is the government going to work any better over there than it did over here where you see how badly it's working? And it's a hard job sometimes to get people to see that, that it has to be across the board. But at the same time, when people say, "You go too far," I simply say, "All you're saying is that I'm being consistent." I'm not going up to a certain point and then throwing my principles away. Government doesn't work. It simply doesn't work. So let's quit pretending that there are areas where government can do a good job.

RS: Right. And if you believe that government doesn't have a right to tell

people how to behave in their homes, in their families, then you have to be consistent all the way down the line with that, like your position on abortion. I was impressed by that.

HB: Good.

RS: I don't agree with abortion, I wouldn't want anyone that I was involved with to have an abortion. But by the same token, I think it's every woman's right to make that decision for herself. Or every family's right.

HB: Well, government certainly won't make it correctly.

RS: What's got to be done now in order to get you into the debates?

HB: Everything that we're doing now is based on whether or not it will get me into the debates. I've been on a lot of talk radio shows—over 300 since the beginning of the year. And so far, 125 talk radio hosts have endorsed the idea of my being in the debates. And actually, probably almost all 300 of them would, but I just started making note of it in just the last six to eight weeks, so we're going back to all the other ones before that and getting them to identify themselves on this. And probably we will have well over 200 names to submit to the debate commission.

Then there are people like Hugh Downs and David Broder at the *Washington Post*, and others who have come out and said that I should be in the debates. And we're mounting letter-writing campaigns to the debate commission, the news magazines, to all these places. Getting people to call in to radio shows, to write letters to the editor, all of these things. To keep the pressure on. And it seems like every day some piece of news comes up that makes us closer. I would have thought it was a long shot two months ago, but right now it seems to be getting close to even running.

RS: I have a feeling you're riding a growing wave of discontent with government.

HB: Everybody knows about us this time. Four years ago, nobody knew who we were. Now, nobody has to ask, "Who's Harry Browne?" You don't hear people saying "I don't know anything about the Libertarians, I don't know what support they have or anything else." They all do. And every day they know more and more about it. We've been completely shut out by the national media, and the only way, I think, that we'll break through is if we get into the debates without the national media. Then if I'm invited to the debates, my picture might be on *Time* magazine next week: "Who is this man?" And then we will break in, we'll be on the evening news, all those things.

But those things don't really get you votes, they just give people confidence

in you; that you are a credible candidate, that you're respectable because they're talking about you. But a ten second sound bite is not going to convince anybody to go out and vote for Harry Browne. There are too many questions involved, like how are you going to finance the government if you repeal the income tax. Isn't that the only revenue that they have? Things like that. But it would lend credibility.

In the meantime where we're getting the support is through these radio interviews; I'm doing press interviews all around the country, daily newspapers, local television and so on. And you're probably aware of the Internet polls.

RS: The Internet is potentially very



powerful.

HB: All the politicians know about the net. They know that I'm winning the CNN Time poll, and these other polls. So they're aware of this going on. It's just come down to a case of whether we have enough obvious public support that they would be embarrassed not to invite me to participate.

RS: It seems that if the Reform party can get in, the Libertarians should not be kept out.

HB: Well, there is a lot of talk this time that Perot would take more votes from Clinton than he would from Dole. And if that's the case then Clinton would want me to be in there, thinking that I'll take votes from Dole. If the race gets closer, then Clinton would be anxious to have me in the debates, and might refuse to participate unless all four of us were in.

RS: How do you feel about the Reform party?

HB: All Perot is saying is I can manage big

government better. You know his famous expression, "I want to look under the hood and tinker with the engine." And my attitude is I want to throw out the engine and replace it with a smaller motor. But the point is that he has no feelings about government itself, about what government is. In his speeches lately, he's been railing against big government in the early part of the speech but the last part of the speech is all of the things he's going to do to make government more efficient. A Perot presidency, if it ever happened, would be little different from a Clinton or a Dole presidency. And now that he's accepted the \$29 million of taxpayer money for his campaign, he really is discrediting himself. Especially as he is trying to make the national debt a big issue. In his acceptance speech, Perot said it is ludicrous to think about cutting taxes. He said, "Suppose you went to your boss and said I've got all these bills to pay and I'm not making enough money, and your boss said all right, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll cut your pay. Well, that's what they're talking about by cutting the pay of the government by cutting taxes when the government has all these bills to pay." So he's saying we can't have a tax cut because the government owes too much money, and here he is taking \$29 million in taxpayer money to fund his campaign.

RS: What role do you see for the federal government?

HB: Just what's in the Constitution. National defense; the judiciary, which would be far smaller than it is now, because you wouldn't have all these federal cases being called forward because the federal government wouldn't have anything to do with that. Especially if we get rid of all these regulatory laws, like the American Disability Act, the Family Leave Act, the Civil Rights Act of 1990, the Clean Air Act. All these things that are the basis of lawsuits brought in federal court. So you would have a much smaller judiciary.

And then, minting coins and things of this sort, that are really very trivial in terms of being a drain on the federal budget. But it has to be limited to what's in the Constitution. The moment you step over the line for any reason, you eventually wind up with a trillion and a half dollar budget and a five trillion dollar debt.

RS: Your position is like the position of our magazine. People note that if we had our way with what we're advocating, there wouldn't be any need for our magazine any more. And if you had your way, we really wouldn't need a president anymore.

HB: Virtually. I'd love that. I plan after the first couple of years to have a lot of two hour days.

RS: Education. That is the other issue I



FREE THE VOTE



PRISON LIFE MAGAZINE

ENDORSES

HARRY BROWNE

LIBERTARIAN PARTY CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT

ONCE ELECTED HE WILL:

- ★ **END THE WAR ON DRUGS**
- ★ **FREE ALL NON-VIOLENT DRUG WAR POWS**
- ★ **ABOLISH THE IRS**

AND ELIMINATE INCOME TAXES

PRESIDENT HARRY BROWNE WILL APPOINT ONLY JUDGES WHO PROTECT THE BILL OF RIGHTS AND GUARANTEE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS TO FREE SPEECH, FREEDOM OF RELIGION, FREEDOM TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS, FREEDOM TO BE SECURE IN YOUR OWN PROPERTY



VOTE FOR FREEDOM VOTE FOR HARRY BROWNE

wanted to talk to you about. You'd like to see the federal government completely out of it.

HB: Definitely. The most important thing we can do for education is to repeal the income tax. When we repeal the income tax, then you will have the resources to put your child in any school you want: religious, secular, private school; any kind. If you want prayer in your school, you simply take the child to a school that has prayer. Or no prayer. Whichever it is you want. Sex education, no sex education. Progressive education, traditional education. No fighting with your neighbors or the school board, no writing letters to congress, no lobbying, no anything. You simply take your own resources, which you will now have a 30, 40, 50 percent increase in take-home pay, and use that to buy the kind of education you want for your child. You don't even have to apply to the state for a voucher. You just do what you want to do and you

those charities say that they couldn't take an increased strain. Of course they can't. Not when people are being taxed to death; but cut that 48 percent overnight to 25 percent, can you imagine the generosity that would be unleashed. But more than that, the need for that generosity will diminish, simply because the jobs will be available.

The day that I'm elected President, immediately on that day, business people all over America are going to start thinking: "A trillion dollars a year. All the new markets that are going to develop; the demand for new products and services. I'm going to have to gear up for that, and do it now to get the jump on my competitor. I'm going to need more people. There's going to be a great shortage of labor when this thing happens, and I better act now to find the best people." And they're going to start trying to recruit from government workers, from welfare people, and the

the need for it. Because the government wasn't really involved. But once the war on poverty started, it was like the war on drugs. In the 1960s the war on poverty started and suddenly we had a permanent class of people on welfare, people who would spend the rest of their lives on welfare and bequeath this to their children as the only legacy that they had to offer. This is how you pick up your check every month. Those people have been destroyed. They have no self-respect, no dignity, they don't believe that they can possibly survive without the government.

RS: And that makes them very bitter.

HB: Yes. Oh yeah. I mean, you think of the scandal of the billions of dollars that have been wasted, but the real tragedy is the millions of lives that have been lost in the process. People whose lives have just been ruined by welfare. Today, the welfare laws, the income tax laws, the minimum wage law, all these regulations

The government is good at one thing, and that is: it knows how to cripple you and then hand you a crutch and say, "See, you couldn't walk if it weren't for the government."

don't have to answer to anybody.

That would improve education tremendously. Because once the parents are controlling the money, then the parents are not going to put up with any kind of mediocre education, they're not going to take excuses.

RS: So many people I've talked to say, "I really feel like I'm a Libertarian, but—" There's always this "but." I think that for most of the people I know, the but is: what about the poor people? People see Libertarianism as being an elitist view, because it doesn't take into consideration the kid who grows up in the ghetto, who doesn't have the opportunities that the average white, middle class American has.

HB: It's actually the opposite. The elitist attitude is the idea that government and experts can end poverty. And we've seen what a ridiculous notion that was. If we repeal the income and social security taxes, we're going to leave a trillion dollars a year in the economy that's currently being sucked up by those taxes. And that's going to buy a job for everybody that can work, and it's going to buy charity for everyone who can't work.

Today, with 48 percent of the national income going to federal, state and local taxes—48 percent—half of what we earn, in effect, going to government, still there are hundreds of thousands of churches in this country that are supported entirely through voluntary donations. There are all kinds of charities that exist. And of course the answer always is, well, but

welfare mother who's got four children and doesn't want to put them out to child care. Somebody's going to put a computer in her home and teach her how to enter data and telecommute. Because that's the only way they're going to get the people to do the job.

But the important thing is that the transition will start the day I'm elected. It won't start the day the bill is passed that repeals the income tax and all of these other things. That may be a year later. But there'll be a year for the economy to adjust to what is coming. Because the future always gets pulled into the present in business, because you are always looking ahead to what you have to do next year. The price of the stock doesn't reflect the company's value today, it reflects the anticipated value of the company a year away. Business people are always thinking a year in advance.

The point is that the transition will take place in the private sector and not under government supervision, so it will be natural and right. There will be jobs for everybody. How old are you, incidentally?

RS: Fifty.

HB: Fifty. Well, that's a little young. In the 1950s we never even used the word "welfare" in conversation because welfare was just churches, charities, service clubs and foundations and so on. Welfare was some little department in the back of city hall that took care of some little things that nobody really knew, just occasionally an indigent or somebody. There wasn't

conspire against those people ever getting off of welfare, because they're going to have to take a 30 or 40 percent loss in take-home pay if they go out and get a job. No more food stamps, no more this, no more that. So everything is working against them ever getting off of welfare. And so we have a permanent welfare class that the government has to take care of.

The government is good at one thing, and that is: it knows how to cripple you and then hand you a crutch and say, "See, you couldn't walk if it weren't for the government." It's done it in everything. It's run up the price of health care and then said to old people, "Without Medicare you'd be dying in the streets." It's run up the price of education and then says to young people, "If it weren't for student loans you couldn't go to college." And then of course it's created this welfare class and said if it weren't for government these people would be living in the streets.

RS: I like your point about how the government takes the money away from us in taxes and then they dole it back out like an allowance to kids. They treat the citizens like they're kids who need to be looked after.

HB: Dysfunctional children. That's us. [laughs]

RS: When really they're the ones who are dysfunctional. I mean, when I think of Bill Clinton running my life, it's scary. Bill and Hillary.

HB: Ah, yes. Those moral authorities. 

ANNOUNCING PRISON LIFE'S 3RD ANNUAL ART BEHIND BARS CONTEST

PRIZES

1st Prize—\$250 and 2 subscriptions to *Prison Life*.

2nd Prize—\$150 and 2 subscriptions to *Prison Life*.

3rd Prize—\$50 and 2 subscriptions to *Prison Life*.

CATEGORIES

WRITING:

Fiction—short stories or excerpts from longer works; limit 20 pages.

Nonfiction—essays, memoirs or articles; limit 20 pages.

Poetry—limit 2 poems, 5 pages.

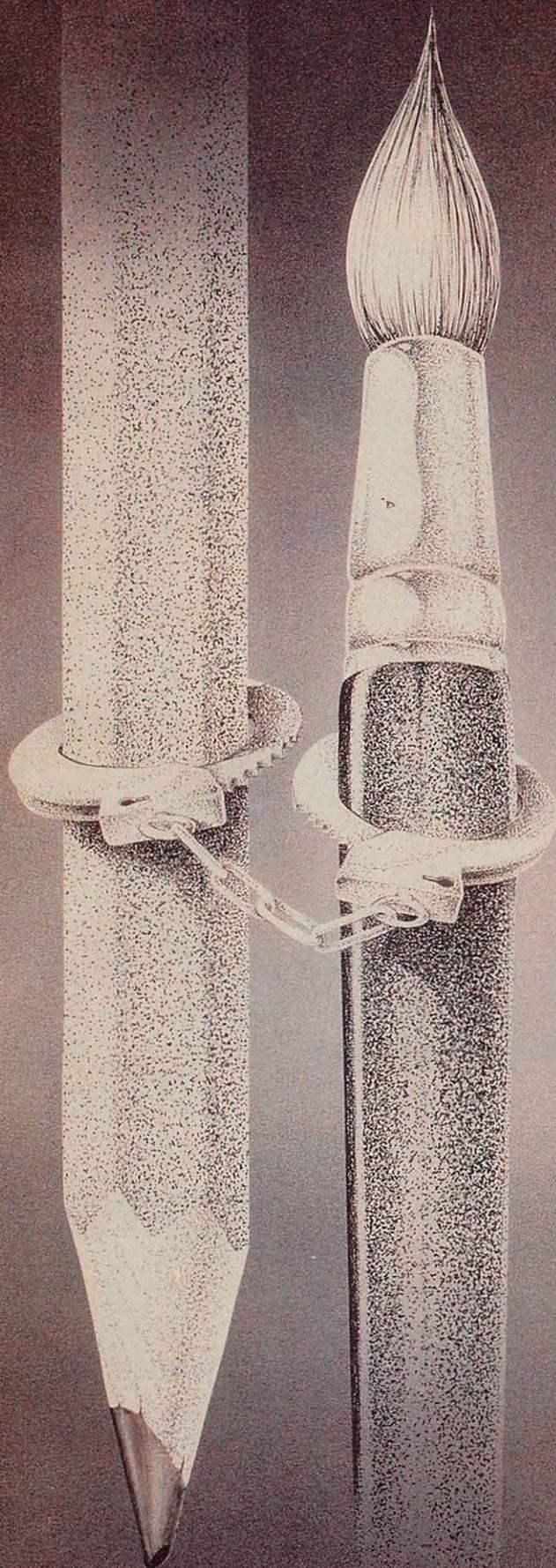
Drama—excerpts from plays or screenplays, limit 30 pages.

VISUAL ARTS:

Paintings, drawings, collage, sculpture, photos—any medium.

Contest Rules: Entries accepted only from incarcerated contestants. YOU MUST BE IN JAIL OR IN PRISON TO ENTER THIS CONTEST. Manuscripts must be typewritten or legibly handwritten in English. Name, prison ID number, name and address of institution must be on front page of all entries. Contestants may submit only one entry in each category. Entries will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Only unpublished manuscripts and art will be considered, with the exception of pieces that have appeared in prison publications. All entries become the property of *Prison Life*, and the winners will be published in *Prison Life* magazine. Send entries to Art Behind Bars Contest, *PLM*, P.O. Box 537, Stone Ridge, NY 12484.

Contest Deadline: December 31, 1996.



gino von
94

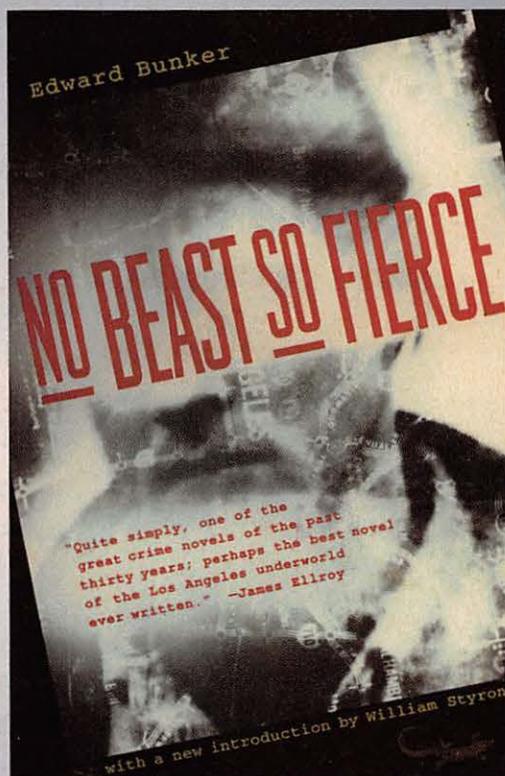
"America's Greatest Living Convict Writer . . ." Prison Life magazine

"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.

Books on the Block



THREE NEW BOOKS EXPLORE THE POLITICS OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN AMERICA

DOG EAT DOG

Edward Bunker
St. Martin's Press
\$22.95, ISBN 0-312-1434-1
Reviewed by Ann Nocenti

TOUGH LOVE

Mad Dog McCain, a wife-slaughtering child-murdering thieving racist sexist coke-fiend maniac, acts as if he's got a hotwire rigged to his brain. And he'll stab you just for noticing. Big Diesel Carson is self-described as "a two hundred and fifty pound grizzly bear armed to the teeth," a mob contract man with a preference for sweet, clean, in-and-out jobs such as arson. Topping this gang is Troy Cameron, a distant, cool mastermind who feels the daggers were sunk deep into the heart of God way before he was born, and that means all bets are off, the world itself is up for grabs.

Imagine tossing these three—a short-fused grenade, an M-80, and a slow ticking detonator—into a cocktail, and you're on the road, DOG EAT DOG style. Complex and hard-hitting, Eddie Bunker's new novel chronicles three ex-convicts as they enter a world alien to them: civilian life. All three newly released from long stints, they hook up to do a few major scores; honorable boosts by thieves' standards. They only rip-off scum worse than themselves: pimps, dope dealers, wannabe gangsters, and other "assholes who can't yell copper."

The genius of Edward Bunker is that he not only rockets you along on a great breakneck roller-coaster of a crime novel, but leads you to the startling discovery that out of the lives of such hard-ass criminals rises a transcendental, compassionate love story, depicting a kind of love unique to criminals. Diesel would follow his main man Troy through hell for a good score. Or as Mad Dog, the unique whorls of his cruel fingerprints forever stained in dried blood, says to his crime pal, "You're the only real friend I got in the whole fuckin' world."

Seamlessly woven into this tale of love and robbery is the awakening political consciousness of the thieves themselves, an understanding that they may be hot-headed kamikaze missiles, but someone

else built the rocket launcher. Bunker has taken his own understanding of the unredeemable criminal and crafted it into a modern odyssey—one that forces the reader into the revelation that until the lowest of criminals can find his way out of the darkness, we all have a hand in his execution. This is when you begin to get the sense you are on new terrain; new to your life, new to crime fiction.

The American prison system is a waking nightmare this country's populace is still naive enough to dream they can keep hidden behind high walls. As Troy describes Pelican Bay, a lovely high-tech prison that's added lasers, stun belts, and Thorazine to the usual round of bars and barbed wire: "It's unbelievable. They inoculate 'em with hate. They're makin' monsters up there...and then they turn 'em loose on the public. It's like they're growing maniacs in hothouses." Bunker's portrait of prison has it overflowing with a new type of man, so redundant because of the fast track that gets them there: Ghetto born to unwed mother, absent father, life in the projects on welfare, or in an orphanage and juvenile hall, failure at school, early arrest for some form of delinquency, a stint in a militaristic reform school, a few more arrests and another boy's fate is sealed—set in the stones of the prison system, that lukewarm bath of resounding boredom, sprinkled with the sadism inherent to any man putting another in a cage. And now that education programs are abolished, there's no way out, no way to change yourself or get off the hotline to hell.

In DOG EAT DOG, Troy alone has managed to read and self-educate in prison, but only because he had a few years in an upper-class home, born to a wealthy doctor and his Homecoming Queen bride. Inside the picket fence of this idyllic suburban life was actually a wife-beating alcoholic father, who Troy eventually shot. The mother betrayed the son by denying the abuse, thrusting Troy onto the fast-track usually reserved for the dirt poor. Early "psych" profiles labeled him a sociopath. He was different from everyone else in reform school, and ostracized as a "bad boy" when he came out. Troy's voracious

reading (like Bunker's own experience) almost saved him. But unlike Bunker, Troy stopped short of articulating his rage; he never picked up a pen. Instead, he formed a bitter philosophy to live by, based in an understanding that the Christian myth of forgiveness and redemption was bullshit, and that the ex-con, if he was lucky, was doomed to menial labor. Troy took his cues from the natural world and made a choice to become "a predatory leopard" in a world of "domestic house cats." Ultimately, he borrowed from one of the literary classics of Dostoevsky: "If there is no God, then all things are permissible."

The hotline to criminal life was quick work for Mad Dog, as his mother tortured him from childhood into premature madness. At the core of Mad Dog's self-loathing is his earliest memory of his mother trying to drown him in a bathtub. Born into a cradle robbed of love, his early torments gave him an unquenchable taste for blood. Mad Dog exploits his own madness, enjoying the wide berth other humans give him. In Mad Dog logic: "a little paranoia is a valuable tool in the land of the snakes." A few minutes in Mad Dog's brain and you'll start packing yourself.

As for Diesel, a Christian indoctrination sealed his fate; "Them nuns got my ass right from the start...planted it so deep, I can't get it out no matter what." Stuck in a cycle of crime and guilt, after a few months in the free world, Diesel has a moment in the sun, thinking to himself that he's "outgrown" jail, content as he is in his picket fence life with a son and a wife he lusts after when he isn't hating her for her nagging. Gloria's so-called "nagging," by the way, involves legitimate questions like, "How many days will you be gone, dear?" and "Why are you packing your arsenal this morning, honey?"

These three are fresh from that moment all ex-cons know: standing with your Greyhound ticket, your pissant gate money, marked by blue India ink tattoos and prison issue shoes, standing poised before civilian life, a dimly remembered thing, about to enter a world where all despise you, fear you, and ache to slam you back into the cage, wrapped neatly in a stone box and tied up in barbed

wire bows. On the spaciness of re-entry, Bunker chooses a few brilliant details to place you right there on that alien landscape. Feel Troy's discomfort when he realizes his last decade in close proximity to a toilet has relaxed his abilities of restraint. Or walk with the ex-con as he steps onto soft carpet after ten years of only knowing cold, bare concrete floors. Another released man notices that entire skylines and landscapes have changed, cities sprouted — and on a class note, whereas when he went in, the rich drove Cadillacs and the poor Fords, he now sees the rich are driven in limos and the poor push market carts. Instead of the old and indigent panhandling, it is now the young and Black.

Bunker's prose puts one right in the skin of the ex-convict, and once we're there makes us squirm. But there is

even a score, goes foul, that the gang begins a spiral into chaos. For looming over them is awareness of the three strikes law; an idiotic ruling that turns all crime—writing a bad check, shoplifting, credit card scam, all crime no matter how small and non-violent into an offense that carries a mandatory life sentence. Painting angry men into corners has never been a good idea. The only guarantee three strikes gives the populace it's supposed to protect is that there will be excess civilian death. And when the cops close in, there is no choice but freefall. Hold on tight, because Bunker doesn't let up till the dog eat dog end.

To anyone out there sick of the bullshit that pours out of the mouths of politicians, the media, "authorities," "experts" and other demagogues when they talk of crime and prisons, DOG EAT

A few minutes in Mad Dog's brain and you'll start packing yourself.

nothing cavalier to Bunker's intent—he wants his reader to be uncomfortable, for beyond this discomfort lies understanding. His characters' conversations are peppered with a practical, matter-of-fact racism. "Niggers" are blamed for everything. On gun-crazy Blacks: "They think killing makes the man. Just ignorant-ass niggers, all they know how to do is sell dope and hurt people. They learn that shit from the TV." But his "racism" is actually a complex compassion, as the white convicts Bunker writes about find themselves torn between a fearful hatred and an uneasy camaraderie with their Black brothers. "They can't write laws that say for niggers only, can they?" Besides, now "anybody with a record automatically becomes a nigger."

We follow Troy, Diesel, and Mad Dog through a series of harrowing heists that lead us to one last score arranged in a Mexican prison. That prison is La Mesa, a Tijuana joint where you can buy yourself a better cell, and eighty grand gets you the penthouse. A prison that may be a shithole, but it's a shithole with an enlightened philosophy; they have the ironic understanding that incarceration is enough punishment, and beyond that, you are allowed to remain a human being. A prisoner can have his wife visit, run a business, get "ahead" in life, and actually be prepared to re enter society.

It's when this last gig, a kidnapping to

DOG is a must read. To anyone who understands that "power" has become devalued to mean just any reigning authority, be it an absent father, a cop, a guard, a politician, all the various manifestations of "the man," DOG EAT DOG is a familiar song.

Anyone half-awake in the last two decades must have noticed that, since slavery times certainly, but most obviously in the 80's Reagan era, a certain class of people have been deemed worthless and systematically ghettoized and incarcerated. To a man or woman with a prison record, the notion of redemption has become as distant a piece of bullshit as heaven itself. A large percentage of this 'worthless' class will be released onto the civilian populace, and a hard rain of human bombs is gonna fall.

Bunker's DOG EAT DOG is in a sense beyond literature, as at its core is an impassioned moral force, an unspoken plea for the compassionate notion that humanity starts with the criminal. If people opened their minds to forgiving the lowest of men, it would open up the whole notion of humanity. But forgiveness is a hard lesson, and as Troy cries out, trying to explain his own criminal mind: "What the fuck can you expect after twelve years in the garbage can?" And Diesel, speaking about the world he sees: "When it's all fucked up, that's when we fit in."

SMOKE & MIRRORS: The War on Drugs and the Politics of Failure

Dan Baum

Little Brown

\$24.95 ISBN 0-316-08412-3

and

SEARCH & DESTROY

Jerome Miller

Cambridge University Press

\$24.95 ISBN 0-521-46021-2

Reviewed by Michelle Stoddard

TIME OUT OF MIND

Dan Baum conducted over 200 interviews with people involved in the massive transformation of American society brought about by the War on Drugs. The book opens with depictions of Democratic and Republican responses to the 1967 riots in the cities and chronicles the changes in government policy over the past three decades. Its great usefulness is that it provides much-needed historical perspective on what Baum calls the "lunacy" of current policy.

The riots, the economic plight of the inner cities, and the growing resistance to the war in Vietnam led Lyndon Johnson to fund two new law enforcement agencies. The issue of crime, magnified by the bright light of television, rapidly became an indispensable weapon in electoral campaigns and in the image-shaping of candidates. In 1967, prominent Democratic policy-makers still thought that "warring on poverty, inadequate housing, and unemployment is warring on crime." Richard Nixon's "law and order" platform in the 1968 presidential campaign was a calculated Republican effort to discredit this "root causes" argument, a public relations weapon so stunningly effective that, 30 years later, it continues to annihilate meaningful debate and a chance of finding solutions to America's social problems. At the time, it was one aspect of the Republican's Southern Strategy to bring the Dixiecrats over to the party by advancing an image of the cities and the African Americans living in them as pathological. In a concerted way, as Baum describes it, campaign committees and the media provoked and shaped the fears and resentments of suburban and working class whites. Beneath the shadow of an increasingly large and destructive engagement of American soldiers in Vietnam, the Republicans chose crime as a substitute inflammatory campaign issue which would resonate conservative Americans' views of hippies, radicals and Blacks.

Baum stresses that until the Crime Bill of 1968, the federal government played

only a very minimal role in drug enforcement. Americans feared being robbed and mugged most but these were local crimes over which the federal government had no jurisdiction. Declaring drugs, which crossed borders, responsible for crime became the means of asserting federal jurisdiction, laying the foundation for vast increases in the federal law enforcement budget. In an all too familiar way, the "law and order" platform pushed President Johnson and lawmakers to repudiate liberal positions. The Crime Bill was pushed through.

As budgets increased, so did experimentation with law enforcement techniques: wiretaps, "no-knock" laws, preventive detention, variations of 3-strikes laws, urine-testing, and forfeiture—most of which became law. Until the late 1960s, drug use was not seen as significant even as a public health problem, much less as a law enforcement problem, despite the ravages wrought by heroin in minority communities. A key innovation was media identification of marijuana with heroin. Pot, smoked by millions of Americans, was suddenly seen as leading directly to heroin use, and heroin was the cause of crime. Debate on these emerging "crises" was still wide and public policies were in a state of flux. Baum shows the openness in the mass media and the public legitimacy of organizations such as NORML, founded to legalize marijuana in 1970. But disquieting signs abounded. A *60 Minutes* poll of Americans elicited the opinion that the government should be able to curtail the Bill of Rights in the form of censoring unfavorable news stories, eliminating demonstrations and abusing the rights of suspects, leading Attorney General John Mitchell to remark that "Americans don't like the Constitution." The period was marked by a dramatic change in electioneering tactics and in American political culture as candidates from both parties began upping the ante with wild figures on the costs of crime. Meanwhile the law enforcement budget (minuscule by today's standards) increased twelve-fold in five years.

A quarter century ago, a complex bureaucratic architecture crystallized, consisting of a reinforced executive branch, legislators, party officials and handlers, multiple executive law enforcement agencies with new relationships to state and local authorities, media conglomerates and personalities and polling firms, conservative foundations and think tanks, university researchers, industry associations and lobbying firms, and a more conservative Supreme Court and judiciary. Within this interlocking and

By the early '80s, though crime rates were already dropping, the nightly news claimed crime was an "epidemic" and "the biggest threat to our national security."

mutually-reinforcing architecture, the rewards, both material and symbolic, were enormous, and the sanctions for not playing the game severe. Once this formidable machine was put in place, there was little liberals could do to stop it. Moreover, Baum says, their own nearsightedness on issues such as the rise of cocaine and pot use by children left them open to condemnation, scandal and popular repudiation. The War on Drugs was a shotgun blast which could take out multiple targets—the other political party, the poor, minorities, the Left.

The criminal justice system changed profoundly. By the early '80s, though crime rates were already dropping, the nightly news claimed crime was an "epidemic" and "the biggest threat to our national security."

Under Reagan, all these chickens came home to roost. "Beefing up federal law enforcement wasn't so much an exception to Reagan's small government revolution as it was a facilitator of it. To the extent that criminals could be portrayed as a distinct population of inherently bad individuals, the easier it would be to justify cutting the social programs Reagan wanted eliminated or diminished." Any variant of a "root causes" argument—unemployment, poverty, lack of education or family and community support—was viewed with ridicule and derision and denounced as grossly insensitive to the victims of crime. Vengeful measures calling for the termination of rehabilitation programs filled the void. Politicians claimed they were responding to the desires of citizens by passing "tough" laws while eliminating due process for the accused. Despite this, law enforcement did and still does little to assist the victims of crimes.

Of the many destructive aspects of the drug war—in addition to sweeps, use of

informers, plea bargaining, the dismantling of civil rights and monstrous levels of incarceration for low level drug offenses—Baum singles out forfeiture and government confiscation of citizens' property as the cog in the criminal justice machine which has converted the war on drugs into "one of the top growth industries in the 80's and 90's." The seizure of citizens' assets is a cash cow ploughing huge sums back into law enforcement and prison construction at a time when government social programs are being systematically gutted. And 80 percent of the citizens whose assets are seized are never charged with a crime.

Throughout *Smoke and Mirrors*, Baum details egregious assaults on the life and liberty of American citizens: the judge who balked at the sentences he meted out to 2,500 people, three quarters of them African American, imprisoned for less than a gram of cocaine each at a combined cost of \$322 million a year; the 25 years of hard time given for \$40 worth of crack; life sentences for pot; the framing and shooting of a rancher whose property was a desirable asset.

Smoke and Mirrors is a necessary and accessible chronological review of the policies which have brought the federal government into every aspect of American life, converting whole sectors of American society into a branch of the state and putting people by the millions in prison under conditions calculated to destroy their self-esteem, their future life prospects, and their sanity. It is also a sober-minded appeal to comprehend and hopefully dismantle the architecture and reward system sustaining criminal justice as an industry on the one hand and a "lunatic" form of social policy on the other. The book is a carefully footnoted and indexed map of the inner landscape of our national nightmare.

The outcome for the African-American population in the U.S.—obvious to anyone who has ever set foot in a visiting room or been incarcerated—is practically invisible to America at large.

Baum's subtitle, "The War on Drugs and the Politics of Failure," in sum, might actually be misstated. He brings home in no uncertain terms that for a considerable segment of this country's elites, this war is a blinding success.

A different kind of book, equally essential, but one which homes in on the drug war from a different angle is Jerome Miller's *Search and Destroy: African-American Males in the Criminal Justice System*. President and founder of the National Center on Institutions and Alternatives, Miller worked for several decades as a commissioner of family and youth services in several states and as a court-appointed monitor of jails and prisons in Florida. His basic premise is bluntly stated and reinforced by the systematic use of empirical studies. "Despite its pretension, modern criminal justice is no more about crime control than it is about rehabilitation. Nor is it about deterrence. None of that matters." The war on crime is about managing unruly groups who are disadvantaged and excluded by the operation of both economy and polity. The war on drugs in the U.S. is "racialized social policy" and the numbers say it all. AFDC, the welfare program just eliminated by Clinton, cost the government about \$25 billion. In 1993, the drug war cost \$30 billion. At present the system is spending more than \$200 billion to fight crime. Miller directly confronts the prevailing assumption trumpeted by media, law enforcement, and politicians of all stripes that Black Americans are incarcerated at higher rates because they just happen to commit more violent crimes and use more drugs. He challenges this assumption on two grounds, using a range of studies to substantiate his claims. He shows the

rapid rise of activities and behaviors (such as drug use) which are defined by the system as "criminal" and the degree to which those activities are engaged in by huge sectors of the population. In addition, Miller observes, the crimes for which most people are incarcerated are usually non-violent, with motor vehicle violations, DWI, car thefts, shop-lifting, petty larceny, public disturbances, drug possession and drug selling topping the list. He also shows that the legal definition of a "violent" crime has been extended to such a degree that in 68% of crimes classified as violent, there was no physical injury to the victim. The game played within the system between felony charges and misdemeanors is such that of 400,000 arrests for aggravated assault, only 54,000 resulted in a felony conviction. Yet in the United States, and only here, crime statistics are based on arrests, not on convictions, so an increase in police activity—more arrests—can be made to seem like more crime, just as a decline in crime is often attributed to increased police presence even when the two are unrelated. Most people in prison are there for offenses against property. Some 60% of all people in prison are there for non-violent drug related offenses.

Though this situation affects Hispanics, Asians and whites, and the poor in general in dramatic ways, the functioning of the criminal justice juggernaut affects African-Americans in special ways.

In Miller's view, the criminal justice system has been the major contributor to the breakdown of inner city communities, in particular the "social disaster" of incredible magnitude which has been visited on African-American men and, through them, on the entire

community. Miller terms what has happened as a case of "iatrogenesis"—the process by which social policy creates and exacerbates the very pathologies it was formulated to eliminate. This occurs because the "crime-control industry" continually generates a new clientele to validate its existence and promotes the exponential rise in the numbers of police and corrections personnel, bureaucrats, as well as arrests, convictions, prison cells. This dynamic precludes efforts directed toward rehabilitation and alternate settings and ways for dealing with crime.

In addition to the erosion of civil liberties and basic protection this represents, Miller evokes the devastation and despair spreading to whole areas of the country. Once again in American history, racism does not just permeate the criminal justice system but is the fulcrum around which the whole logic of the system turns. The War on Drugs is itself a "criminogenic intervention" because it virtually assures rearrest and incarceration for longer periods. The processing of a juvenile through the system—from the treatment by the police; the conditions and length of pretrial detention; charges which dictate stiff penalties for small offenses; escalation of charges in the prosecutor's anticipation that they will be bargained down; the non-narrative character of the police report and legal records which don't include information on family, education, mitigating circumstances yet become a permanent rap sheet; elimination of the right to trial and the absurdities of plea bargaining; the imbalance in legal representation; the choice of incarceration over supervision; the adversarial position of parole and probation officers—involves racial bias at each point. As released prisoners are acutely aware, the process stacks the deck in significant ways, most importantly by eliminating job possibilities. The mere fact of having been charged, even without a conviction, permanently alters employment, educational and credit opportunities. This, when there are now some 50 million criminal records kept among a population of 130 million American men. Another crime causing anti-crime measure is the widespread use of snitches and the reduction of charges in return for ratting, which completely destroys social relations and provokes a violent settling of accounts.

The outcome for the African-American population in the U.S.—obvious to anyone who has ever set foot in a visiting room or been incarcerated—is practically invisible to America at large.

Miller asks why these punitive attitudes

with their manifestly counterproductive effects, have come to dominate America in the 90s. A Scandinavian observer in 1930s Germany linked the emergence of these "punitive inclinations" to the economic insecurities of a middle class whose fortunes are declining for reasons they can no longer make sense of. Miller also examines the profound influence on current policy and politics of genetics-based arguments about the sources of crime in race, "breeding," and DNA. He describes the present and future use of "managerial" techniques in incarceration. These bring the author directly to the prediction that very soon America will be covered with supermax prisons and internment camps employing horrific punitive technologies to control those living inside while marketing the vital organs of the many prisoners who are condemned to die. Miller is "gloomy" over the prospects of the survival of any semblance of American democracy given the present spread of totalitarian forms of social control. The fact that these developments are extremely profitable to a growing number of crime control corporations makes them difficult to block or reverse. Miller concludes with three pages of concrete proposals which he thinks could slow the process of rendering whole segments of a

population "disposable."

The general public has little awareness of how the current criminal justice paradigm actually operates. These two books offer analyses and remedies. Both see the politicians use of the crime issue as a case of "bait and switch" away from social problems, and suggest that demands for retribution are not grounded in a realistic understanding of the broader causes and effects of crime. The numbers make no difference. The intense identification with defenseless victims on TV and the front page are not very effectively contested with subtle arguments about American history or the use of statistics. Neither author tries to explain the fierce emotional attachment many Americans have to notions of retribution and revenge, an attachment which leads to demands for harsh punitive measures, no matter what the consequences.

Emotional appeals and investment in the plight (or success) of an individual victim (or celebrity)—as any public relations expert knows—funnels and shapes sympathy and resentments (or hope). Most people would agree that education pushes people to sort out and clarify their personal experiences, a condition for rehabilitation. But confronted with the dismantling of schools and the huge increases in the

cost of education, many people outside the walls who can't afford it for themselves or their children ask, "Why should convicts get what I can't get?". Their anger at their own situation is such that it doesn't matter to them that Pell Grants for prisoners take nothing away from freeworld students. To confront and change such sentiments requires getting to the heart of the feeling, not to the logic behind the argument.

As to the political and economic rewards of the war on drugs and crime, neither author gives many suggestions on how that crucial system of profits and payoffs could be braked or eliminated.

Both books, vitally important in what passes in the mainstream for public debate, adopt a vantage point outside, looking at society as a whole. They do not address how being incarcerated specifically affects the people inside and reshapes the lives of families. In focussing on men particularly, Jerome Miller pays little attention to the enormous increase in women prisoners, the majority of whom are mothers.

However, in sounding loud, clear voices of opposition, and in showing how State violence begets violence, both authors bring their readers one step closer to the experiences of the 1.6 million men, women and children now behind bars in the "land of the free."

**Criminal Defense
Lawyers' Resource Center &
Second Opinion Service**

A Professional Corporation

401 Broadway, Ste. 1101
New York, NY 10013
212-966-3816

Toll free: 1-888-SOS-4-YOU

FAX: 212-219-9212

sos4you@dti.net

**Criminal cases are like major surgery,
so getting a second opinion can help
you do the best you can with your case.**

SOS assigns a team of experienced criminal defense lawyers to each case, and as needed, investigators and experts like forensic psychiatrists. Because **SOS** does not take over your case, but just gives you the information you need, its fees are very reasonable. **SOS** is available for federal and New York cases at this

*The more you know,
the more you can get out of the system.*

Managing Attorneys

- **Kenneth D. Wasserman** and **Siri Averill** are members of the Bars of the State of New York and the Southern and Eastern Districts of New York. Mr. Wasserman has had extensive trial experience in state and federal criminal cases, including complex federal cases such as the nine month "plot to blow up New York" trial in the Southern District of New York (**U.S. vs. Rahman**). Ms. Averill has worked with Mr. Wasserman since 1994.

Retained Experts

- **David Barrett** has been a private investigator since 1981. He has worked on over 2600 criminal cases, including hundreds of homicides, and capital cases in Georgia, Alabama and New York. After serving as a medic in Vietnam, Mr. Barrett worked as an investigator for the New York County District Attorney's office, and then as Assistant Director of the New York State Career Criminal Prosecution Program. He has taught at workshops for the Neighborhood Defenders Service of Harlem and the Assigned Counsel Plan of the First Department, State of New York, and he is the author of that Plan's Investigation Manual.
- **Peter Schmidt** founded *Punch and Jurists* while incarcerated at Allenwood Camp. A former Wall Street lawyer, Mr. Schmidt brings a particular passion and expertise to the field of legal research. *Punch and Jurists* is a weekly newsletter containing a lively yet thorough analysis of the latest significant federal criminal cases; and its data bank is a valuable research tool.

REPEAL THE DRUG LAWS AND RELEASE THE PRISONERS OF THE DRUG WAR—unless you'd rather do the time.

by Michael L. Montalvo, Drug War P.O.W.

Drug War prisoners must face the fact that the courts are not going to give relief, and that repeal of drug laws may be the only way home. If a mere six percent of the 1.6 million prisoners or two percent of the total number of people under justice system control get their family and friends to register to vote—and to call candidates, to demand repeal of these vicious and wasteful laws—we could bring our drug war prisoners home. Public protest and voter mandate ended the illegal Vietnam war and can also end this illegal drug war. This election year may be the best opportunity to force the legislators and candidates to listen.

THE FACTS

The extremely addictive drugs that cost society most in terms of human lives are legal. These drugs are not seized, and the manufacturers and traffickers are not prosecuted or incarcerated. The ingestion of tobacco, perhaps the most addictive drug—licit or illicit—currently available, kills approximately 425,000 people per year. The drinking of alcohol kills about 100,000. But instead of locking people in cages, at enormous expense to taxpayers, for possession or use of either of these deadly and addictive drugs, we offer counseling and treatment. There is no sin or shame attached to seeking help to end one's addiction to alcohol or tobacco.

About 180,000 people die each year from ingestion of prescription drugs. According to the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Administration's sampling of 43 metropolitan area hospitals, a total of about 8,500 people die each year from taking illegal drugs.

Do the math: Deaths from tobacco, alcohol, and legally prescribed drugs equals 705,000. Deaths from all illegal drugs combined equals 8,500. There have been no reported deaths from ingestion of marijuana, yet more than eight million people have been

processed through the justice system, prosecuted, and often incarcerated and given criminal records for possession or sale of this substance.

The number of deaths and injuries from all illegal drugs is about the same each year as the number of deaths and injuries from household accidents.

According to a preliminary report released by the FBI, serious real crime fell in 1995 for a fourth straight year. Reported incidents of crime overall fell by 2 percent last year compared to 1994's statistics. Violent crime dropped by 4 percent (USA TODAY, June 5, 1996).

The 60 percent increase in prosecutions and incarcerations across the country is due to drug prohibition—a reminder of the 1919 to 1933 alcohol prohibition era which had high numbers of arrests, incarcerations, and forfeitures and which resulted in frequent gangland violence generated by competition, high black market prices, and turf wars. When the laws were repealed, the violence and crime associated with alcohol prohibition dropped to zero.

PROMINENT PEOPLE AND ORGANIZATIONS CALL FOR REPEAL OF DRUG LAWS

The drug laws have completely failed to handle the perceived drug problem. Scarcely a week goes by in which a leading conservative economist, politician or medical professional somewhere does not publish a new report calling for the end of the "Drug War" and release of the drug war prisoners. The similarities of the anti-Vietnam war public protests in 1968 before the Democratic National Convention and today's anti-drug war outcries are strong. When the public and the voters started telling candidates for office and current legislators to "bring our men home from the war," it took less than six years to end that illegal war. We are again in an election

year, and there are again public protests to end another war and return our men and women to their families.

On February 12, 1996, the headline in the most prominent conservative magazine in the United States, *The National Review*, boldly announced that "The War on Drugs is Lost." The writer was none other than the Editor-at-Large and respected conservative author, William F. Buckley, Jr. Mr. Buckley does not write very kindly about "liberals," but gathered seven prominent persons to support his conservative statement that the drug laws must be repealed: Ethan A. Nadelmann, director of the Lindsmith Center, a drug policy research institute in New York City; Kurt Schmoke, mayor of Baltimore; Joseph D. McNamara, former chief of police in San Jose, California, and Kansas City, Missouri, currently a research fellow at the Hoover Institute; The Honorable Robert W. Sweet, Federal district judge in New York; Dr. Thomas Szasz, Department of Psychiatry of Syracuse University, and Steven B. Duke, Professor of Law of Science and Technology at Yale Law School.

These seven prominent writers differed in methodology and analysis as far as the grounds for abolishing the drug laws, but there was no difference among them on the primary findings: (1) the drug war is not working, (2) crime and suffering have greatly increased as a result of prohibition, (3) we have seen, and are countenancing, a creeping attrition of authentic civil liberties, (4) the direction in which to head is legalization, whatever modifications in kind, speed, and variety commend themselves in study and practice. The response to this article in a conservative magazine caused Mr. Buckley to write another article on July 1, 1996 entitled "Is the War on Drugs Really Lost?" The bottom line was the same. Prohibition of alcohol from 1919 to 1933 did not work. It created only waste and corruption,

the same conditions currently resulting from the new (1970-1996) prohibition and ongoing war on drugs.

Now dozens, if not hundreds, of local, state and national organizations advocate abolishing drug laws, freeing drug war prisoners, and putting the money wasted on incarceration into education and counseling, like we do with alcohol and tobacco abuse problems. All groups condemn the sale of drugs to minors, but advocate the taxation and legal sale of marijuana, cocaine, heroin, methamphetamine, and other currently controlled substances. This would wipe out the black market, criminal gang turf wars, dangerously impure drugs, and crimes committed by addicts seeking quick cash to support their expensive drug habits. Educational institutions, from day care centers to universities, could use some of the money currently wasted on drug prohibition to teach about the very real dangers of drug addiction and about personal responsibility and choice in a free society.

TO ENCOURAGE FAMILY AND FRIENDS TRADE THEIR VOTES FOR YOUR FREEDOM

There are hundreds of local, state and national groups fighting the drug laws (see inset p.66). Ask your family and friends to contact and support them in the repeal of the drug laws.

The Libertarian Party is on the ballot in every state, and part of their platform is the repeal of drug prohibition in order to reduce crime and black marketeering. The Libertarian Party has been gaining recognition and members over the years because its platform is based on common sense and individual rights and does not change every year like the Democratic and Republican platforms do. A Libertarian President, Congressperson or Senator would aggressively lobby to repeal the drug laws and release drug war POWs.

The Libertarian Party Special Report states that the Libertarians would end "the government's price support program for drug pushers...otherwise known as drug prohibition, or the war on drugs." "The party position is that drug prohibition makes pushers rich by driving up the price of drugs, makes everyone less safe by fostering gang violence and theft and can't end drug abuse any more than it could end alcohol and tobacco abuse.

The party notes that the repeal of drug prohibition will end most of the street violence that now plagues our cities. No more innocent people will die in shoot-outs between drug dealers. No more teenagers will be corrupted by the lure of easy money from drug sales. Addicts

won't break into your house to fund their high-priced habits. Police will not be corrupted by bribes from drug dealers. No more rapists, murderers, or child molesters will be released from prison to make room for drug offenders.

Libertarian candidates state that it is not the place of our government to police and regulate our personal lives, no matter how badly we may choose to damage ourselves with alcohol, tobacco, caffeine, fat, or cocaine. Government's function is to protect our lives and property from assault or threat from others, and to hold people responsible for the consequences of their harmful actions against others.

One phone call or one letter will not get you out of the absurdly long drug war sentence. But five million calls and letters every week until the election might just make politicians pay attention to prisoners of the drug war (P.O.D.W.s). Politicians like to keep their jobs.

Almost three out of every 100 American adults were in prison or on probation or parole in 1995 according to the Department of Justice—that's 5.3 million people. Approximately 1.6 million people are in prison, and about 3.5 million are on parole. That is a huge and powerful lobby that could turn an election if the power of the vote was used to bargain with candidates. Although incarcerated persons and felons without restored rights cannot vote, they can influence their family and friends to get out and vote on this most critical issue to our freedom.

Don't put too much hope in a "fair trial," appeal or *habeas corpus*. The laws and punishments are getting more severe than ever, and politicians are using criminal defendants as punching bags and objects of scorn to get votes. There is not going to be any judicial relief for any defendant or prisoner who is not a rat. Sure, sometimes the courts throw a bone of hope to us, but that is one in a hundred cases. Then the other courts find a reason why that new break will not apply to your case. No judge is going to guard your constitutional rights at the risk of being called soft on crime. A convicted person has about a 2 percent chance of relief from the courts. The only hope of freedom for 98 percent of drug war prisoners is to change the law.

Take an hour a day, write, phone, tell the drug war prisoner in the cell next door and get all your family and friends to call the candidates and tell them to repeal the drug laws and release the POWs. Get everyone you know to tell the government that they're sick and tired of this insane, corrupt, and politically-motivated so-called war that is

robbing Americans of their cash and costing us our freedom.

PRISONERS CAN CHANGE THIS LAW

Prisoners' families and friends are a potentially large lobby of powerful voters. If the 5.3 million persons now under some form of judicial restraint each encourage four or more family members or friends to register to vote in this election, there will be over 20 million voters telling the candidates and current politicians to abolish the drug laws and to release our men and women from drug offense sentences.

Probably 60 to 70 percent of the people now incarcerated, on parole, or probation, have drug law sentences. If you are one of those drug cases, and you want to get that sentence off your back, seriously think about repeal of the drug laws as your most likely method to succeed. Here are some suggestions:

- Educate yourself. Learn the facts about the effects of drug prohibition on the country.
- Educate others. Make copies of this article and give it to others and ask them to do the same.
- Ask family members and outside friends to register to vote and to let their congressional representatives, senators, governor, and the president know that they will not vote for a

Penn-Pals

Park yourself on the Internet

The first inmate penpal service on the World Wide Web. Your ad is on line 24 hours a day, in color and accessible to anyone on the WWW.

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET

- Color Photo scanned in your ad
- 120 words for Your Message
- Listing for Hobbies & Interests
- Vital Stats charted along the side
- Your Direct Address listed in ad
- Tips on writing a good request
- 30 days w/photo - \$25.00
- Additional only \$5.00 per month
- Free change of address if needed

Write to Penn-Pals for an application

Penn-Pals

**Prison Inmate Services Network
P.O. Box 609360
Cleveland, OH 44109-0360**

**THESE ORGANIZATIONS
ACTIVELY OPPOSE THE DRUG WAR:**

Drug Reform Coordination Network, 4455 Connecticut Ave.
NW, Suite B-500, Washington, D.C. 20008

Criminal Justice Policy Foundation, 1899 L Street NW, Suite B-
500, Washington, D.C. 20036

NORML, 1001 Connecticut Avenue NW, Suite 1010,
Washington, DC 20036

Amnesty International, 322 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

The Libertarian Party National Committee, 2600 Virginia Ave.
NW, Suite 100, Washington, D.C. 20037 (ask about local chapter
in your state)

Concerned Citizens Making a Difference, P.O. Box 1716, El
Cerrito, California 94530

The Portland Free Press, P.O. Box 1327, Tualatin, Oregon 97062

The Anti-Prohibitionist League, 3125 SE Belmont Street,
Portland, Oregon 97214

There are many more groups dedicated to fighting the unjust
drug prohibition laws, some of which may be found on the
Resources page of this magazine. These groups are run by good-
hearted volunteers, mostly without any pay, so donations for our
cause of freedom are always appreciated.

continuation of the drug war. Ask them to call every politician in their voting district who is seeking office and pledge a vote if that politician will repeal the drug laws and return the prisoners of the drug war home. If that candidate will not clearly promise to abolish the drug laws and bring our POWs home from prison, your family and friends should tell the candidate that they will give their vote to the candidate who will—like the Libertarian Party candidates. Do the legwork and research to make it easy for your family and friends—give them an easy, one paragraph script to read over the phone, and write the letters for them. You can look up the names, addresses and phone numbers of your current politicians in phone books and the American Jurisprudence Desk Reference Book in the Law Library. After all, this is for your freedom.

- Write letters weekly, and ask your friends and family to do the same, to current legislators in Washington demanding an end to the failed drug war, repeal of all drug laws, and release of all non-violent drug war prisoners now.
- Join political groups that advocate the repeal of the drug laws and release of all the drug war prisoners.

Start now, and spend at least one hour or more every day, urging every person you know to tell everyone they know that this nation is going bankrupt on the failed drug war, the educational system is decaying because of the wasted money on the drug war, that the drug laws must be repealed and the drug war prisoners must be returned home to join the job market to bolster the economy and that the solution to a drug problem is education and personal responsibility for one's actions. Education, not incarceration.

SAMPLE LETTERS

Here is a sample letter a prisoner can write for his or her mother, father, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, former employers, neighbors and everyone else he or she knows who will help:

Dear [candidate, senator, congressman, etc.]:

I am a taxpayer and voter who is fed up with the drug war. Drug prohibition causes violent crime, robberies, mass incarcerations, corruption of the police and justice system, and it drains the dollars needed for education. You cannot stop drugs, be it alcohol or tobacco or the illegal ones. If you want my vote, repeal the drug laws and drug

law sentences of prisoners—bring them home. Otherwise I'll vote for someone who will.

Sincerely,
[Name]

Write one for each member of your family or friend, every week, so that all they have to do is sign and mail the letters.

The final thing I suggest is that you make ten copies or more of this article and send a copy to everyone you know who wants you home, and ask them for their help and vote to end the failed drug war and release the POWs. You must be dedicated and able to accept some rejection if you really want your freedom, and it may take some time. If you are willing to make the commitment to this cause and to winning your release, now is the time to start your letter-writing or telephone campaign. Do not stop until the war on drugs is abolished—and it will be, like all prior unjust laws and "wars." We can use the power of the vote to win back our freedom. When it will happen depends on us. Alcohol prohibition laws and the Vietnam war were turned around by public and voter pressure. We can and will end the War on Drugs.

**H & H Federal
Charters**

5849 Okeechobee Blvd, Ste. 201
West Palm Beach, FL 33417

**SERVING PRISONS IN THE
SOUTHEAST REGIONS**

Over 20 years experience bus
transportation!

Convenient pick-up locations
in Broward, Dade and Palm
Beach counties. Rates include:

- Hotel
- Transfers to & from prison

ALL BUSES HAVE:

- wide-screen TV's
- VCR
- fully equipped restrooms
- cellular service

RESERVE EARLY
FOR ASSURED SEATS!

Broward Co.: 954-419-1884
Dade Co.: 305-957-1555

ANIMAL FACTORY

Continued from page 25

when the guards suddenly appeared.

"Get your shit together, Copen," one said. "The vacation is over."

When the "B" Section door was unlocked and the noise and the stench poured out, Earl's stomach turned queasy. Fuck it, he thought stoically. You've gotta know how to take a loss or you can't enjoy winning. He walked in, carrying a pillowcase with all his worldly possessions.

The chunky sergeant in charge of "B" Section was an old-timer who liked Earl. "How's it going?"

"I'm okay."

"I thought you might not make it when they took you out."

"I wouldn't cheat the state out of a minute."

"There's a cell near your friends up on the third tier. That's where you want to go, I'd guess."

"Is Decker up there?"

"Two cells from Bad Eye. You'll be on the other side. You'll all be close enough to talk."

"You mean close enough to scream."

Earl jerked his head toward the tiers where the voices were a magnified babble. "We exercise together, huh?"

"Same program, one tier at a time."

Because they took Earl upstairs at the end and then down the third tier rather than along the bottom floor, nobody noticed his arrival. He looked into the cells as he walked by, especially those near where he was going, but everyone seemed to be asleep. As the sergeant turned the huge spike key in the lock and motioned for the bar to be dropped, Earl threw his pillowcase on the bare mattress on the floor and looked around. One wall was charred and blistered from a cell fire, but the toilet and sink were still on the wall; and the mattress and blankets seemed cleaner than usual. He began setting things in order; this would be his residence for a long time.

Not until lunch, when the hurricane of noise slackened temporarily, did he call out to make his presence known to Bad Eye and Ron. Even then it was necessary to yell, and it was impossible to hold a real conversation. He was glad the doctor had continued his Valium prescription. He hated noise and this was the World Series of chaos twenty-four hours a day. It was never entirely quiet, though near dawn only two or three men held screamed conversations. Every few months someone committed suicide by hanging, and half the men were on the edge of insanity. Bad Eye

had been in here for nine months and awaiting transfer to Folsom, seething with hatred at the world. Earl remembered when Bad Eye had been merely a wild kid; now viciousness and evil had permeated the marrow of him.

"B" Section had its own exercise yard, actually outside the walls of San Quentin. A doorway had been cut into the outer cellhouse wall—facing the Bay. The hospital ran beside it, an area one-hundred yards long with a fence topped by concertina wire, outside of which was a gun tower. Another rifleman was perched just over the door from the cellhouse. Nobody was going anywhere. Except for an intervening headland a mile away, the Golden Gate and Alcatraz would have been visible.

Each tier had a special classification and was unlocked separately for two hours twice a week, morning or

**"I'VE BEEN
DOWN SO
LONG A
SNAKE'S
BELLY
LOOKS LIKE
UP TO ME."**

afternoon. The bottom tier was the hole, men serving short punishment sentences, most going back to the big yard afterward. The second tier was militant blacks. The third tier was for militant whites and Chicanos, mostly members of the White and Mexican Brotherhoods. The fourth tier was a mix, men locked up for rules violations who weren't affiliated or expected to start trouble. The fifth tier was protective custody, full of queens and informers, and very few of its occupants came out to the yard to exercise, for as they passed the other cells they were cursed, spat upon, and splashed with piss and shit.

Most of Earl's friends were on the third tier, some of them having been locked up for years, and during the first exercise period, a bright, cold morning, he was engulfed at the outset by a dozen men. There was laughter, embraces, handshakes, pats on the back. Bad Eye was the most effusive, squeezing Earl in a

bear hug and lifting him off the ground. Bad Eye was going on the next bus to Folsom and was glad to be able to say goodbye in person. He was happy to leave, hoping that he could get a parole in a year or two. "I'll never get out if I stay here. I need a new ballpark. I've been down so long a snake's belly looks like up to me. My fuckin' crime partner has been out for six years...and he was five years older'n me when we got busted."

While the rites of camaraderie were going on, Ron Decker stood aside from the throng, smiling softly. He liked watching Earl handle people, enjoyed the knowledge that Earl changed façades easily, being whatever his particular audience wanted. Nor was it merely to manipulate them; rather it was because Earl really liked them and wanted to make them at ease.

Soon the group broke up, Bad Eye going to play handball on the small court where the winners kept playing challengers until beaten, the others of the crowd having nothing more of importance to say. Then Earl slapped one on the back and said that he had things to discuss with his partner, indicating Ron with a nod. It was understood and accepted.

"Man, I'm sorry about Court," Earl said as the two embraced. It was the first time Ron had used the gesture without embarrassment.

"It's a bummer," Ron said, "but what the fuck..."

"We didn't handle that move the best way."

"Hindsight is always wise. I don't feel bad about it."

"Naw, that asshole had a good killin' comin' to him. Still...you would've been on Broadway, and he wasn't worth that."

Ron shrugged. The pain was gone, the wound turned into a scar that sometimes itched but didn't hurt.

"Let's walk," Earl said.

Nearly all the two score convicts on the small yard were near the looming cellhouse where the handball court was. The fenced end was open to the wind, occasional gusts of which shivered it. The dark water of the Bay had tips of white. Ron had on a coat and turned up the collar, but Earl was in shirtsleeves and jammed his hands down inside his waistband and hunched his shoulders, jerking his head to indicate that they should walk the twenty yards along the fence.

"What'd your mother say?" Earl asked.

"She couldn't believe it...and she's ready to go broke if it'll do any good."

"Been to the Disciplinary Committee?"

"Uh-huh. They gave me a year in here. Jesus, it's an insane asylum. Nobody

would believe a place like this."

"If I found a way out of here, out of San Quentin, would you want to split?"

Ron contemplated just a few seconds. "If you had a way out—I don't really want to do five more years to the parole board...and then not even be sure they'll let me out. Do you have a way?"

"Naw, not right now, but I can find a hole somewhere. I know that. The secret of busting out of one of these garbage cans is to keep your mind on it all the time, keep thinking, watching. I do know what won't work, and all the ways that've worked before. But even if we get out, that's just part of it. It's a bitch staying out. We'll need somewhere to go, someone to help—and really a way out of the country. Everybody in this country is in the computer. The only place a fugitive is safe here is herding sheep in Montana or something. Shit! That's worse'n being on the yard."

"If you get us out, I can get us some help. My mother...and I know some people down in the mountains of Mexico—Sinaloa—who run things. They've got all the guns in the hills. The authorities don't go in with less than a battalion. I know some people in Costa Rica, too. If you get us out..."

They stopped at the corner of the fence and looked out to where cloud-mottled sunlight danced across the tops of Marin's green hills. A highway came between two of them, angling in a slight grade, the myriad windshields sparkling like jewels. "Yes," Ron said, "I like some of what this place has done for me, but I don't like what a lot of years will do."

Earl slapped him on the back. "Yeah, you'll start jackin' off over fat-butted boys." He laughed loudly as Ron made a wry face and shook his head.

Their attention was attracted by Bad Eye calling for Earl; then waving for him to come play handball. They had the next tally. Earl held up a hand and gestured for him to wait. "I'd better go. You know how sensitive he is. Anyway, we damn sure can't escape from in the hole—though a couple of game fools did it a few years ago."

"From 'B' Section?"

"Yeah, just cut their way out of the cells; then cut their way out of the cellhouse—and nobody saw 'em. Not the gun bull in the cellblock, not the gun tower outside, nobody. Naturally they got busted in a hot minute when they started running amok outside. Anyway, we'll just cool it in here, do the hole time, and get back on the yard. A sucker doin' time has to be patient...but not too patient when it comes time to move."

"I've noticed that," Ron said. "After a man gets a few years invested, he's afraid

to move, and even if he isn't afraid, there's a sort of inertia that's hard to overcome."

Bad Eye had now moved fifteen feet from the spectators at the handball court and was calling and gesturing. "Better go," Ron said. "But I don't see why he wants you...bad as you play."

"Fuck you," Earl said, wanting some horseplay but remembering the rifleman at each end of the yard. Horseplay was forbidden, and fights were broken up with bullets, and sometimes the guards couldn't tell the difference. As Earl walked quickly—even playing the clown by skipping a few times—he thought about Ron's words concerning the changes wrought by San Quentin. He himself was already permanently maimed, but Ron wasn't. It was important that he not serve a long sentence.

"We're next," Bad Eye said. "Wanna play the front or the back?"

"Front. I can't play the back."

Two Chicanos from the Mexican Brotherhood, both friends of Earl's, had won the previous game; they stood waiting in sweat-dampened T-shirts. "C'mon, old motherfucker," one called. "You can't play either place."

Earl was taking off his shirt. "You might have to turn in your Mexican card when this old peckerwood runs you off the court." He borrowed a red bandanna and wrapped his hand in it in lieu of a glove.

Earl and Bad Eye lost, but the game was close and they would have won except that Earl was winded long before the last point. The stripped cell and the inactivity of the psych ward had taken its toll. While he was cooling off, the steel door opened and a guard banged a large key against it, signaling that it was time to get back to the cages. The convicts formed a ragged line and filed slowly inside. Within the door half a dozen guards waited in a row, frisking each convict to make sure no weapons had been tossed down from the hospital windows.

Earl and Ron settled into the routine of "B" Section. Bad Eye was in the cell adjacent to Ron's, and when he was transferred (despite three guards he started at one end of the tier and stopped to shake hands with all his friends), Earl moved into the cell. They could talk without yelling most of the time. At exercise unlock they were closest to the stairs, hence first on the yard to get the handball court. Earl talked Ron into playing, and they invariably had the first game, invariably losing for the first month, but then beginning to win at least half the time.

They'd play until they were beaten and then walk and talk until lockup was called. Though the method of escape was still unknown, they talked about what they would do. Despite Ron's assurances that his mother would give them refuge and money and transportation out of the country, Earl wanted to make some robberies to be independent. He knew two banks ripe for heisting, and he had a simple type of armed robbery, one that didn't require planning, that had been successful in the past. "It's as easy as stickin' up a fuckin' liquor store, and you're a lot less likely to get blowed away by some asshole in the backroom with a shotgun. Just pick a high-class jeweler, not Kay's or a junk place, but something like Tiffany or Van Cleef. Go in and ask to see some Patek Philippe's or unset two-carat diamonds. When the clerk brings 'em, just open the coat and show 'em the butt of the pistol. Workin' alone, without much planning, a dozen two-grand watches is a pretty sweet sting."

"We don't have to do that," Ron protested, voice rising in exasperation, wondering if Earl had an obsession with taking risks that would bring him right back.

"You don't have to. Maybe I don't either. But I ain't leanin' on nobody. I carry my own weight, brother."

"Okay...okay. We'll see what happens when we get out—if we get out."

"Have some confidence in me, kid."

"Then show me something."

The "B" Section clerk went to the San Quentin main line and Earl got the job. From 7:00 a.m. until evening he was out of his cell, doing a little official typing and running the tiers. When drugs were smuggled in from the yard, he invariably got an issue no matter who received them. In another week he used his influence to get Ron assigned as "B" Section barber. It was shaky for a few days, Ron scarcely able to tell the difference between clipper blades and shears, but the solid convicts simply refused to get haircuts until he'd practiced on the fifth tier protective custody inmates. Necessity is a brilliant teacher; in a week he could give a passable haircut.

As the months of winter passed, two events broke the basic routine. In February, Earl was near the door to the exercise yard when the second tier, filled with militant blacks, came out. His usual caution had lapsed, because there had been no race wars for nearly two years, and he was "all right" with several blacks on the tier. Suddenly one leaped from the crowd and stabbed him with a sharpened bedspring, a piece of wire

similar to an icepick, though not so straight or sharp. Thrust into the stomach, it could have done considerable harm, but the blows were overhand and Earl got up an arm; the rude weapon punctured his bicep and then, as he ducked away and ran, sank into the flesh above his shoulder blade and was stopped by bone, causing superficial holes. The gun rail guard saw the flash of movement, blew his whistle, and loosed a shot that sounded like a cannon inside the building. The guards closed immediately on the black.

As Earl sat on the hospital gurney while peroxide was poured into the holes, he told Captain Midnight that he had nothing to say about anything or anyone. He was told by other blacks that the assailant was deranged, and thought that whites were trying to put a radio in his brain. When word came from the

riflemen would shoot if trouble started, disbelieving Earl—who went to the cell of the Muslim minister and told him there would be no repercussions—until the tension oozed away, leaving just the normal degree of paranoia. Then he had the respect of some of the leaders of the blacks, they knew that although he would “get down” in a war, he was not an agitator.

The second important incident was Stoneface’s retirement and the arrival of “Tex” Waco from Soledad as the new associate warden. When Earl got the news, he began popping fingers and doing a dance. Ron, seated in the barber chair, asked him what was up.

“Well, bro’,” he began in a heavy Southern accent, the kind where every phrase becomes a question, “this heah new ’sociate warden? He was a rookie heah? He was a-goin’ to University of

he let his hair grow out. A shaved head would be conspicuous when they escaped. He discovered that he was gray at the temples.

Lieutenant Seeman also had influence with Associate Warden Waco, having been a sergeant when Waco was just a guard. The new A.W. agreed to review both Earl and Ron as soon as he got settled.

It was a month, and Ron was released to the general population one day ahead of Earl because of a paperwork mixup.

Bedding under one arm, shoebox of personal possessions in the other hand, Earl Copen came out of the South cellhouse rotunda into the big yard. A dozen friends were waiting, though some of his closest were gone. Not only Bad Eye, but also Paul Adams, transferred to camp, and the Bird to another state where he had a detainer. But T.J. Wilkes was there, grinning like a Jack o’ Lantern (complete with missing tooth) and stretching a huge sweatshirt taut across his chest and arms. Vito was also on hand and took the bedding from Earl so T.J. could hug him and pat him on the back. “Ol’thing,” T.J. said. “I was sho’ nuff worried they wasn’t ne’er gonna let you outta there.”

“Boy, I ain’t gonna let nobody mo-lest you. ’Cept me.” He reached around and squeezed Earl’s rump. “Still firm.”

“Easy on the hemorrhoids, chump...and show some respect. I’m the senior citizen since Paul split.”

The gathered convicts laughed. Baby Boy shook hands and patted him on the back, as usual less effusive than the others. “Need anything?” Baby Boy asked. “I’ve got a full canteen draw.”

“I’m all right. Thanks, bro’.”

Next Vito gave a “brotherhood” handshake, interlocking thumbs so it was two clenched fists—and whispered, “I’ve got a paper of stuff for you.”

“That sounds like a winner.”

T.J. put his arm around a square-jawed, lean convict that Earl didn’t recognize. “This is my home boy,” T.J. said. “Name of Wayne.”

“We talked through the shitter,” Earl said as he clenched hands with Wayne, knowing that he’d been convicted of killing a black with a roofing hatchet during a Soledad race war—and that he was in prison for a crime he hadn’t committed. A car was identified as being used in a robbery, and the car salesman identified Wayne as having bought it. Actually, it was Wayne’s brother who had purchased the car and committed the crime. So Wayne had parlayed a miscarriage of justice into murder and a life sentence.

“Ronnie’s working,” Baby Boy said,



yard that the White Brotherhood planned to retaliate by indiscriminately stabbing blacks, Earl sent T.J. a long note, telling him that such stupidity would make him want to stop talking to them; that it would start a race war needlessly; that just one crazy man was responsible, and Earl wouldn’t even take revenge on him because he was crazy. Though he didn’t add it, Earl had never approved of race war—and when he accepted that fighting was necessary for survival because the other side had declared war, he still disapproved of indiscriminately murdering people because they were available. Indeed, both sides did it, and the uninvolved were usually the casualties; the warriors watched themselves and stayed out of bad situations.

For several days the blacks in “B” Section were wary, knowing who the

California at Berkeley? Well, this ol’ convict heah did that ol’ boy’s term papers for him? In other words,” he dropped the accent, “I’ve got long juice with this dude.”

“Think he’ll help us escape?”

“No, smartass motherfucker! But I’ll bet that I—me—get outta the hole in the next couple of months. You better act right if you want out.”

“No, you can’t give me no head and you can’t fuck me.”

Earl leaped forward, put a one-arm headlock on Ron, and then rubbed his knuckles hard across the scalp. “What about beatin’ the shit outta you?”

“C’mon,” Ron protested; he really disliked horseplay. “Quit fuckin’ around and find us a way out of here.”

Earl was searching through his knowledge of San Quentin for exactly that, and in anticipation of the discovery

reading Earl's sweeping glance. "They assigned him to the textile mill."

"Aw, fuck!" Earl said in disgust; but he was confident that he could arrange a better job for his friend.

"Where'd they put you to work?" Vito asked.

"Sheeit! You know I don't do nothin' but work for Big Daddy Seeman."

"He's already got a clerk."

"Well, I'm the ex officio clerk."

"Ah don't know what that is," T.J. piped in, "but it goddamn sure sounds good."

"When you goin' back to the North block?" Vito asked; it was a sardonic question; the regulations called for a year of clean behavior.

"It'll take a couple of weeks," Earl said, winking broadly. "But me, I've got a single cell...even if it is in the ghetto with the riffraff."

"Let's get your shit into the ghet-to," T.J. said, taking the bedding from Vito. "You can't get in. You don't live there."

As they crossed the yard, heading toward the barred gates to the East cellhouse, T.J. confided that the parole board had given him a release six months away, but he kept that fact hidden except from his closest partners. A man scheduled for parole was vulnerable; enemies would be all too happy if he did something to have the parole taken away—and others might figure they could take advantage of him in some manner because he wouldn't want to lose the parole. He wanted to know if Ron would send him to people across the border so he could start trafficking in drugs at a good level. "I can make a lot of money in Fresno, believe it or not. And I've got to stop robbing people. The fuckin' parole board told me that they'll bury me if I bring back another robbery. They're serious about robbery."

"About dealing dope, too."

"Yeah, I know, I'd go to work, 'cept you know how lazy I am. Fact is, they make you lazier in here. Hellfire, when I was a sprite I could pick cotton—"

"Quit lyin'! Goddamnit, if someone listens to you for five minutes, you gotta start lyin'. You talked to Paul too much."

T.J. gaped his mouth and saucered his eyes in a parody of innocence; then became serious. "Why don't you talk to him? If I could deal for six months, I'd buy me a cocktail lounge and retire."

"I'll run it to him. Are you gonna have any bread to invest or do you want it fronted?"

"I could pull one robbery."

They were on the fourth tier and the sound of the security bar being raised broke the conversation. A guard was coming down the tier with the spike key



to unlock the cell gate. The floor was gritty with dirt and the fluorescent tubes had been torn out for some other cell. Otherwise it was in good shape. Earl's gear was put behind the bunk where it couldn't be fished out. The guard locked the gate and dropped the security bar behind them.

When they exited the cellhouse, Earl decided to go to the yard office. T.J. walked him as far as the yard gate; then turned down the stairs toward the lower yard and the gym. Earl felt good walking down the road between the library and education building. The warm sun was out and the air was fresh. Coming from the hole to the main line was similar to going from prison to the streets; he experienced the same exhilaration.

A week later the Catholic chaplain needed a clerk. The old-line convict who had had the job had always been "solid," but one night he was secretly

taken out to testify at a grand jury about a Mexican Brotherhood killing. Word got out immediately, and he foolishly went about his business. Late the next afternoon, while the priest was visiting Death Row, a pair of Chicanos slipped into the chapel office with shivs and began carving. Miraculously, the victim lived despite thirty stab wounds. He was never again seen in San Quentin (and he didn't testify at the trial).

Ron Decker got the job. He had talked to the chaplain often when getting books before the Buck Rowan stabbing, and Lieutenant Seeman was a staunch Catholic and recommended him. Ron was happy to escape the cotton textile mill (every day he came up the stairs with cotton lint stuck to his clothes and his hair and the rhythmic noise of looms ringing in his ears), but he really wanted to escape from San Quentin. Earl had implanted the idea, and it grew to dominate everything else.

A smuggled letter to his mother brought a reply—in veiled words—that she would be on hand whenever he needed her; she would hide them and help them get out of the country, whatever the cost. This was kerosene on the flame of Ron's desire. And because he had arranged for the all-important outside help, he felt no qualms about hounding Earl to find the way out. When Earl asked him if he wanted to move back to the North cellhouse, Ron answered that it was all right for now, but he really wanted to move to Mexico.

As for Earl, the more they hashed it over and the more he reflected, the more certain he was that they needed a truck. He excluded other ideas. He'd hoped that they could use the laundry truck, a route taken fifteen years earlier without the officials learning how the man got out. The laundry foreman watched while the panel truck was loaded with bundles of free personnel clothing, and then he rode it to the sallyport gate and gave it clearance. But there was a thirty-second weakness. After the truck was loaded at a vehicle entrance, the foreman locked that from inside and walked fifteen feet to come out of the building through a pedestrian door. Then he got in the truck. While he covered the fifteen feet, there was time to burrow under the bundles being taken out to the prison reservation. The scheme required cooperation from the convict truck driver—and when Earl checked on this one he found, to his chagrin, that the man was suspected of being a stool pigeon. Earl contemplated having the driver bashed in the head with a pipe—hurt but not slain—to get him out of the way. He decided against it because nobody knew who would get the job and because he didn't want to get any of his friends in trouble.

False gas tanks and false seats were also run through the mental grinder. The former could be made in the sheet metal shop, the latter in upholstery. They might work, especially a false-bottomed gas tank, but just one body could go out.

The trucks easiest to use were those loaded with products, mainly furniture, in the industrial area. A guard stood on the loading dock watching everything and then locking the truck. It was good security. If the procedure was followed diligently, nobody could sneak into a truck and through the walls. The flaw was human nature. After months or years of uneventful routine—what could be more dull than watching trucks be loaded, unless it was sitting all night in a dark gun tower watching a wall?—any guard lost his concentration, and many could be distracted for the few seconds

needed to duck into a truck. Earl knew of two successful escapes from San Quentin under exactly those circumstances. Naturally they were years apart, for after one happened, the security was intense for a year, two years. It had been eight years since anyone had used it. Besides having a phenomenal success percentage, this particular way required no commitment until the actual moment. The guard was "turned" or not turned. It was different from cutting the bars or digging a tunnel (the last was impossible because the prison was on bedrock and the walls went nearly as deep into the earth as up into the sky) where the convict was committed the moment the hacksaw blade made a groove.

The insurmountable problem in using industrial area trucks was an inability to reach them. Even Earl couldn't go there without a pass or a phone call to the guard on the industries gate. Even industries clerks couldn't loiter day after day on the loading dock. Just a few convicts—those on the dock itself and, perhaps, those working in the shipping room—could wait and watch for the chance. If he, Earl Copen, got a job change to loading trucks in the furniture factory, he might as well announce his plans in the San Quentin News. And if Ron also got a job change...sheeit! Even if it was possible, the chance to go might be months away, and Earl's life was much too easy to exchange it for blisters, splinters, and a sore back.

Easy as his existence was by convict standards, something happened to herald that it could become even easier. One afternoon he was crossing the plaza toward the chapel when Tex Waco came out of the custodial offices en route to the front gate. The new associate warden was as plump as Stoneface had been cadaverous. His not-quite-fat physique was the same as the last time Earl had seen him, but the hair was thinner and fashionably longer, and where his uniforms had once been patched and his shoes resoled, now he was garbed more fashionably than any other official. It was something convicts talked about; and as a group they gave a few points to a sharp dresser. Earl nodded and smiled. Why not? He'd known the man for a dozen years, had even covered for him on New Year's Day when he came to work still reeking of gin and staggering, his thermos full of scotch for his keyman (it was a while before he learned that he couldn't trust convicts and couldn't afford to be too "good" without being betrayed). New Year's Day was a show in the mess hall; nearly every nightclub in the Bay area

sent its show. Those who didn't go to the show could watch the Bowl games in the gym. The few who wanted to do neither had to stay locked in their cells. The cellhouse tiers were empty. Earl was the South cellhouse clerk, Seeman was cellhouse sergeant. Correctional Officer Tex Waco had sneaked into a mattress storage room for a drunken nap. A lieutenant came around, asked for the officer. Earl told a lie that Waco was on the fifth tier searching a cell, and when the lieutenant said he wanted to talk to him, Earl had volunteered to get him, waked him, and straightened him out. The lieutenant's nostrils flared and his eyes narrowed, but nothing was said. Nor did Officer Waco ever mention it. He'd gone up the promotional ladder quickly, moving from institution to institution, and now was associate warden where he'd started. He recognized Earl and beckoned him. "When the hell're you gonna stay out, Earl?" he asked.

"When they stop catchin' me."

Tex Waco shook his head and made a clucking noise. "My clerk is going on parole in four months. If you want the job, you can have it."

When Earl mentioned the offer to Seeman, who still had a good clerk so that Earl actually did no work, the lieutenant told him to take the job. Seeman grinned. "Hell, I need a friend in high places. And it could just get you out in a few years—even with that unfortunate incident."

Earl wanted the job, knowing Waco was a poor writer in an executive position that required lots of reports, memorandums, and administrative orders. The associate warden would be dependent on his clerk. Earl could take up the slack, just as he'd done with the term papers years ago, and by doing the work, he would have access to some of the power. Even under Stoneface, the associate warden's clerk was treated respectfully by lieutenants and deferentially by lowly guards who didn't want to spend a year in a graveyard-shift wall post. The clerk could arrange cell moves simply by asking the control sergeant to do the favor—a dozen a week at five cartons apiece was a nice income. Job assignments were even easier to arrange. Even getting a man—all other things being equal—a transfer to a minimum prison or camp wasn't impossible. Waco was easygoing, had a conscience, and could be manipulated. Earl would certainly be a whale in a fishpond. He'd be able to patronize Lieutenant Hodges, the Christian, and Lieutenant Captain Midnight, the undercover racist. The average clerk working so close to officials suffered the

suspicion of yard convicts. They might ask and pay for favors, and the mere fact of the job wasn't enough to brand a man, but usually there was a question mark after his name. Earl wouldn't even have that problem, except to fish and fools. His friends were the most notorious white clique in San Quentin. He'd known the leaders of the Chicano clique since reform school, and the meanest blacks respected him. Everything in the prison world would be his, and it was neither more nor less hollow a triumph than anything else—especially considering that it was all Vanity, or so said Ecclesiastes (sic). And what had Milton's Satan said when God hurled him from heaven to the abyss? Something about it being better to reign in the pit than serve in heaven.

But when Ron heard, the younger man made a flatulent, disparaging sound with his mouth. "Earl, brother," he reproached, "Let's get out of here."

"We're gonna do that. I'm just runnin' it down. What the fuck. You want we should just go kick on the gate and say, 'Let us out, cocksucker?' Is that it?"

"Don't ridicule me with that phony country twang. You're the one who said that people want to escape when they get here, and then settle into a routine and the fever dies. They get too comfortable, don't want to put it together, don't want to take the risk." Ron shook his head for emphasis. "I'm not going to let you rest until we're sipping Margaritas in Culiacán."

"Fuck! I raised a monster. Maybe we should think about having somebody subpoena us out to a small county jail. The gimmick is to take the tools with you from here—handcuff key, hacksaw blades between the shoe soles. We can get it done in the shoe shop."

"Do you know anybody to subpoena us?"

"Not offhand."

"The principles—or theories—are wonderful. I agree about the trucks. I agree with what you just said. But let's put theory into practice. Can you dig it?"

Earl sighed. "Yeah, I can dig it. Say, why don't you find the hole?"

"I'm trying, but I wasn't born here."

"Thanks, smartass motherfucker."

They grinned at each other.

The revelation came two nights later when Earl was somnolent on heroin. He was on his back, naked, a sheet over him, a cigarette in one hand while he lackadaisically scratched his pubic hair with the other, savoring his ultimate euphoria. He wasn't really thinking, but images of the day's event floated through his mind. Big Rand had looked

from the yard office window; then said he'd like to put troublemaking niggers in the Dempsey Dumpster. Earl had grunted and looked. The huge year-old trash truck was halted in front of the education building. The swampers were dumping barrels of trash in it. The guard sat in the cab of the flat-nosed vehicle. Earl had already thought about and discarded the dumpster for the same reason that the guard could sit in the cab instead of watching. Where the old truck had been double watched, and probed with stakes at the gate, and watched while dumped, the new truck protected itself...anyone climbing into the dumpster would be committing suicide: a crusher inside applied tons of pressure. Earl didn't know how many tons, but probably enough to turn a convict into a pancake.

Except...

If...

His heart pounded with his excited thoughts. He tried to calm himself by looking out at the night and the lights twinkling in the hills across the Bay. It looked so easy that an inexorable pendulum of doubt swung back through the certainty. Yet doubt had no facts, while his inspiration seemed to have all the facts. Ruthlessly he throttled enthusiasm, and stifled his impulse to wake Ron and tell him as soon as the cell doors opened. Earl would check it out first.

Too excited to sleep, feeling too good because of the dope, he smoked cigarettes until his mouth was raw. Near dawn he dozed off without expecting to. And dreamed of escaping from Alcatraz, or trying to; he was running up and down the shoreline, unable for some reason to plunge into the water and swim for freedom.

When Earl came awake, the cell doors were open and everyone else had gone to the mess hall. He dressed quickly, not bothering to wash or comb his hair, wanting to get into the mess hall before it closed.

A guard was starting to close the steel door, but held it when Earl called. Once inside, he went through the line, but abandoned the tray the moment he reached the table. Instead, he went back up the aisle into the kitchen. It was out of bounds, but convict cooks, pot washers, and other workers were everywhere and provided cover. The free stewards paid not one glance to yet another convict. He circled the huge vats, tiptoed through sudsy water, and turned down a short corridor toward wire double doors. This was the vegetable room, its air heavy with the odor of peeled potatoes soaking in

barrels, of grated carrots and onions. When Earl entered, the crew of half a dozen Chicanos was shucking corn, chattering Spanish, and listening to Mexican music on a portable radio. They were a clique of braceros who spoke no English and stayed together for mutual support. The vegetable room was their domain. When one left, they selected another of the brethren to replace him. They looked at Earl expressionlessly, neither questioning nor hostile. He motioned that he wanted nothing from them and went to a large double door at the rear, made sure it was unlocked, and peered out through mesh wire at a small yard behind the kitchen. It was the loading zone for trucks. Empty crates were stacked against a wall next to empty milk cans. Two convicts in high boots and heavy rubber gloves and aprons were using a steam hose to rinse garbage cans. The road to the small yard came up a ramp through an archway in a wall—though beyond the wall was only the lower yard. A guard tower sat on top of the wall. This was the first stop the trash truck made every morning, the beginning of its route, and Earl knew it was also the most secluded. It was the best place to see if what he thought was true, and if it was true, it would be the best place to make the gamble.

A quarter of an hour later the truck came up the ramp, its flat snout high until it reached level ground. It swung around and backed to the loading dock—ten feet from the vegetable room door—where the trash barrels waited. Two convicts stepped off the rear and began dumping them. The guard stayed inside the cab. The convict driver waited until signaled by a swamper and then threw a lever. The compressor whined as it crushed the trash.

Earl bounced and popped his fingers in a dance. It'll work. "It...fuckin'...will...work," he said, and actually felt dizzy. He'd seen a prayer answered with a miracle. He and Ronald Decker were going to break out of San Quentin.

The work whistle had blown, the yard gate opened, and convicts were streaming out when Earl went against the flow toward the North chellhouse rotunda. Ron was coming down the steel stairs, still bleary-eyed, when Earl leaped at him and squeezed his neck in a headlock. "Gimme some asshole and I'll tell you the way out of here."

"Naw, you'd burn me."

"If I tell you, you'll burn me,"

"That's the chance you take." Then Ron saw the elation glowing on his friend's face. "You jivin'?"

"Not jivin'. It's the trash truck." He

started shadowboxing, bobbing and weaving and throwing hooks into thin air. "Hear me, brother! It's a winner. They don't watch it 'cause they think a chump would get killed. But...the play is to dive in with some kind of brace, like four-by-fours, or a couple of Olympic-size weight bars. Put them against the back wall. Believe me, that motherfuckin' crusher ain't gonna bust no weight bar."

Ron was incredulous. "It can't be that easy."

"I checked it out this morning."

"How could they be so dumb?"

Earl shrugged.

"Or nobody else noticed it before this?"

"They weren't looking. Like the bulls. The crusher stopped them."

"When can we go? Tomorrow?" The last was obviously in jest.

"C'mon, fool. We gotta find out where it goes, where they empty it, and arrange for your mother to pick us up...or somebody. If she can't make it—"

"She can—"

"—we'll wait until T.J. goes out in a couple of months. We can't just wander around like lost sheep. We wouldn't last three days. Man, you've got heat when you split from inside the walls. It ain't like runnin' off from camp."

"I'll get on my end right away. The padre will let me make a phone call home. I'll get her out here."

"No, no. You don't want a visit. That'll put heat on her. We'll smuggle her a letter. She's gotta make it look like she never left home."

"How long is it going to take?"

"Two weeks. We've got to check out the swampers...make sure they aren't stool pigeons...and get'em out of the way if they are. I know it uses an outside dump somewhere. We might have to run when we get out of the truck. I think I'll start jogging to get in shape."

"When I see you jogging, I'll have a heart attack."

"Maybe I am being too extreme."

The preparation to escape, once begun, went swiftly. A clerk in the maintenance office found the truck's manual and confirmed that the crusher would never break a four-by-four, much less an Olympic weightlifting bar; and there was enough room for several men within the truck. The reputation of the two swampers was okay among convicts. Earl then had Seeman look at their files to find out if there was a recorded taint in their backgrounds. He told the lieutenant he needed to know to stop some trouble and Seeman didn't question further. The records showed no

prior snitching, and one had an unidentified crime partner still loose, which really indicated staunchness, for both the police and the parole board exerted pressure and threatened penalties in that situation. Ron talked to his mother on the chapel telephone and got the reassurance; then they smuggled the letter with detailed instructions and she confirmed with a telegram. She would rent a car, change the license plates, and follow the trash truck on three consecutive days from the moment it left the prison reservation, ready to

HE'D SEEN A PRAYER ANSWERED WITH A MIRACLE. HE AND RONALD DECKER WERE GOING TO BREAK OUT OF SAN QUENTIN.

rescue them whenever they made their move. She would have money, clothes, and a second car. Ron knew where to get phony I.D., but preferred to get it himself when they were out. She balked at having firearms waiting, which both Earl and Ron had expected, but Earl had insisted on asking. It didn't really matter. He knew where to get shotguns and pistols as soon as they reached Los Angeles. Baby Boy, in paint-splattered white coveralls, pushed a handcart up the ramp to the kitchen yard. Under a tarp, amidst buckets of paint and thinner, were two weightlifting bars, and wrapped in dirty rags were two shivs. T.J. had stolen the bars from the gym. It was after lunch and the vegetable crew was gone for the day. Baby Boy climbed on top of sacks of potatoes and stashed the equipment next to the wall. Despite the promise from Ron's mother, they gathered civilian shirts stolen from the laundry and sixty dollars in currency—just in case.

The escape was set for Tuesday. On Monday evening Earl was so tense that he couldn't eat. Pains squeezed his chest. He spent twenty dollars of the escape money on two papers of heroin and they erased the anxiety.

Just before lockup in the South and East cellhouses, T.J. and Wayne cornered one of the trash truck

swampers, Vito and Baby Boy the other, and told them what to expect and how to react—by acting normal and going on with their job. Telling them so late wasn't to forestall them from snitching, but to keep them from gossiping to other convicts, who would gossip with yet more, until somewhere down the line a stool pigeon would hear.

After lockup, both Ron and Earl finished disposing of what was in their cells, giving away cigarettes, toiletries, bonaroo clothes, and books. Ron tore up letters and legal papers and put his photographs in a large manila envelope that he would carry inside his shirt. Earl kept two packs of cigarettes, a spoon of coffee in an envelope for morning, and one squib of toothpaste on the brush. All he was taking with him was three snapshots in a shirt pocket. "Sheeit!" he muttered, "I travel light as Mahatma Gandhi." He was soundly asleep before midnight, while Ron never really got to sleep. Ron had quit smoking months before, but that night he puffed nearly a pack.

The moment the security bar was lifted and North cellhouse convicts came out for breakfast, Ron went to Earl's cell and found him snoring. The honor cellhouse door was unlocked and Ron pulled it open, tugging his friend's foot through the blanket. Earl's eyes opened immediately.

"Hey," Ron said, uncertain if he should laugh or be indignant.

"What're you doing still asleep?"

Earl nodded in slow, dramatic patience. "Look, this is the first cellhouse out. The swampers and driver don't even leave their cells for half an hour. It's at least an hour before the truck starts rolling. What should we do, go to the vegetable room and cut up string beans until it gets there?"

Laughter won inside Ron. "Okay, but sometimes I can't believe you. Sleeping!"

"Ain't nothin' better to do. But I'll get up if you get me some hot water for coffee."

When Ron came back from the hot water spigot at the end of the tier, carrying a steaming jar of water wrapped in a towel, Earl was buttoning the blue jail shirt over the candy-striped civilian one. Ron sat down on the end of the lower bunk, back against one wall, feet on the other, while Earl brushed his teeth, drank coffee, and hacked up the gummy phlegm of a heavy smoker.

Through the tall barred windows they could see the yard, the prison's drabness even more monochromatic in the gray morning light. A line of convicts was starting to emerge from the East cellhouse at the far end, while below them North cellhouse residents were

coming back.

"Shouldn't we go say goodbye to our friends?" Ron asked.

Earl looked at him, smiled, "Yeah, we should—and I didn't even think of it."

They went downstairs, against a flow of convicts, and out into the still nearly empty yard—empty for the long line of convicts stretching from mess hall to cellhouse. The yard would fill as the mess hall emptied. Now only a dozen convicts were standing around or pacing back and forth. Ron and Earl walked through and scattered a flock of pigeons waiting to be fed, and went to the concrete bench along the East cellhouse wall.

Moments later a pair of convicts came from the mess hall line—T.J. and Wayne, the former hugging Earl and shaking hands with Ron, the latter shaking hands, in reverse order, with both of them—and wishing them good luck.

"Yeah, good luck, brothers." T.J. said. "We took care of that with that fool on the truck last night. He's all right."

"I'll see you out there in a couple of months," Earl said. "I've got your people's address. I'll get in touch when I think you've raised."

"If you don't make it, Wayne said, "we'll send you a care package into "B" Section, smokes, coffee, and shit."

"If we don't," Ron said, "send me some arsenic."

"Ain't that bad round here," T.J. said. "Hell, there's lots of excitement." Then to Earl: "Send us a package of dope as soon as you can."

"I'll run off in a Thrifty drugstore for you."

From the corner of the South mess hall, Vito and Baby Boy appeared, cutting through the lines and angling over.

"Glad we caught you," Baby Boy said, shaking hands. "Sure wanted to say goodbye and wish you luck."

Vito was more demonstrative, goosing Earl and giggling. "Say, man," Earl said, slapping the hand away. "I'll be glad to get away from you."

The last of the mess hall lines was nearing the door.

"We gotta go," Ron said.

The clique gave quick pats on the back, and then they crossed the yard and got in the end of the line.

"When we get inside," Earl said, "follow me about ten feet behind."

As they stepped within, Earl bypassed taking a tray and stepped out of the line, walking along the rear wall where off-duty kitchen workers were standing. They gave cover. He glanced back and Ron was following.

It was the same in the confusion of the

huge kitchen. Nobody even looked curiously at them.

Just two of the braceros were still working when Earl opened the vegetable room door. They were using hose and squeegee to clean scraps from the tile floor. They glanced up and kept working; they were nearly done.

Earl held the door until Ron ducked through. Then Earl told him to keep lookout down the hallway and scrambled onto the sacks of potatoes, retrieving the weightlifting bars and shivs. The braceros still said nothing, but hurried to scoop up the scraps and get out of the room.

Earl handed one shiv to Ron and put the other under his shirt. He propped both weight bars next to the loading dock door and leaned forward, staring out at the kitchen yard and the top of the ramp. Ron stayed, watching the corridor.

The sound of the truck came before it was visible, but the time lapse was just a few seconds. Ron heard, and felt as if something that should have been in his chest had worked up into his throat and was trying to gag him. He could hear the truck growling loud as it strained in low gear; then it stopped and the gears shifted. He could hear it backing up.

Earl watched the gun tower on the wall against the gray sky. The guard had his back turned, as usual. The truck backed in less than ten feet away. The swamper bounded off, going for the trash barrels.

"C'mon, Ron," Earl said, his words punctuated by the crash of the first barrel.

As Ron moved, the tension dissolved—burst and went away. He was as calm and detached as any time in his life, and so keyed up his senses captured every impression intensely. He even noticed that Earl's cheek was twitching.

They each held one of the long bars, pausing just momentarily at the door. "You get in first," Earl said. "Push the bar ahead of you...and don't drop the fucker." He opened the door and Ron went out onto the dock, nearly bumping into a barrel, causing Earl to step on his heels.

The swamper looked at them with wide eyes and stopped work, stepping back to give them room.

Ron put his head down and plunged into the hole, running into a stench like a wall and instantly starting to breathe through his mouth, thinking that he had to get a handkerchief out to breathe into as soon as he was seated. His knees waded through the trash, and he pushed the bar ahead of him.

The moment Ron's head and shoulders went in, Earl heard the truck's

cab open and he knew the guard was getting out. He couldn't stay where he was, and he wouldn't have time to follow Ron. Both of them would be caught. All of this took one second to register, and then he stepped around the rear of the truck and jumped down from the loading dock, angling as if heading toward the kitchen door, appearing just a few feet from the old guard. "Hey, Smitty," he said as if mildly surprised.

The guard's head came up but there was no suspicion as he recognized Earl. "Copen. You're a little out of your usual run, aren't you?"

Earl held the weightlifting bar. "Yeah, somebody carted this out of the gym to the kitchen—who knows what for—and Rand sent me to get it." As Earl finished the sentence, he heard a barrel being dumped and knew Ron was safe.

"Goddamn convicts would steal false teeth," the guard said.

Earl nodded, said nothing, and walked away.

In the darkness Ron heard the voices, recognized Earl's without the words. The fact of any talk was terrible. Ron's hopes withered, he knew they were caught. Then a barrel of trash flew in, sending dust toward him, and he dug for the handkerchief. Another barrel came. There was no alarm. His thoughts and feelings were tangled. Something had made Earl back off. He couldn't think further because the truck's motor started and he heard the clunk of the crusher. He braced the bar against the wall and held it with both hands like a lance. The trash crept over his feet, but when the crusher hit the steel brace it stopped. Everything held for a few seconds that seemed like minutes, and then the crush receded and the square of light reappeared.

Ron's confusion and terror evaporated in soaring elation. He was going to be free in a few minutes. The half-dozen stops were routine; he was over the hurdle. In the smelly darkness his thoughts had already left prison and were on life.

In the shadows of the kitchen doorway Earl Copen watched the high, ungainly truck roll down the ramp. His lips were pressed together but drawn as far back as possible, and his eyes were squinted into slits to suppress their stinging. His friend was gone and he was left behind, but it was better that one should be free than neither. Still, the hurt was deep—but when the truck had disappeared, Earl turned away, then snorted an ironical laugh. "Aw, fuck it. I run something around here. I'd probably starve to death out there."

It was as good a way to look at it as any other.



RESULTADOS OBTENIDOS POR BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ

Gabriel Hernandez

Gabriel Hernandez había sido acusado de posesión y conspiración envolviendo multikilos de cocaína y posesión de arma de fuego. La evidencia en contra de Sr. Hernandez era abrumadora. El Juez Federal impuso una sentencia mínima mandatoria de 120 meses. El Sr. Hernandez pidió su transferencia a través del Consulado Mexicano. Luego de esperar casi dos años, el Departamento de Justicia le negó la transferencia al Sr. Hernandez sin razón. El Sr. Hernandez contactó las Oficinas Legales de BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ y pidió nuestra ayuda. El Sr. Hernandez fue transferido a Michoacán, México, a su mismo pueblo, en solo ¡CUATRO MESES!

Juan Manuel Aguilar

En diciembre de 1994, el Sr. Aguilar fue acusado en Corte Federal de posesión de 22 kilos de cocaína con intento de distribución. El fiscal contaba con el testimonio de 2 informantes, cintas de video y audio. El abogado privado del Sr. Aguilar no investigó el caso y le dijo que lo único que podía hacer es ponerlo a testificar en contra de los otros acusados. Luego de correr a su abogado, el Sr. Aguilar contrató a BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ para que peleara su caso. Durante el juicio, los dos informantes testificaron que el Sr. Aguilar bajó de la cajuela de un carro 22 kilos de coca con sus propias manos. El fiscal presentó además las cintas de audio y video. BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ logró desmentir el testimonio de los informantes pues a través de la investigación BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ averiguó que los informantes fueron pagados miles de dólares por el gobierno. Gracias a BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ el Sr. Aguilar fue hallado inocente del cargo de posesión de cocaína con intento de distribución por el jurado.

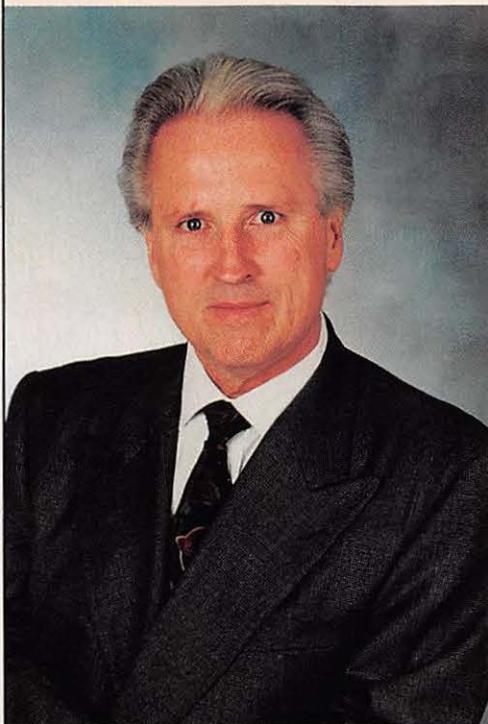
Daniel Arredondo

En diciembre de 1995, el Sr. Arredondo fue acusado en corte del estado con un tercer strike al amenazar de muerte a su esposa e hijos. Por ser su tercera ofensa, la única sentencia posible era 25 años a vida. El abogado de él, le dijo que no podía hacer nada por él. Luego de correr a su abogado, el Sr. Arredondo contrató a BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ quienes inmediatamente comenzaron a meter mociones en corte y poner presión sobre el fiscal. BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ logró forzar al fiscal a eliminar la aplicación de los tres strikes en contra de el Sr. Arredondo y le consiguió una sentencia de solo 6 años, en vez de 25 años a vida.

Sotero Sanchez

En 1972 el Señor Sotero Sanchez, prisionero federal, entró a los Estados Unidos y en 1988 aplicó para ser un residente legal. Por cierto, el Sr. Sanchez vivió continuamente en los Estados Unidos por mas de 25 años y le fue concedida su residencia legal y permanente según la amnistía. En Octubre de 1993, el Sr. Sanchez fue acusado de posesión y conspiración involucrando multikilos de cocaína. La evidencia en contra del Sr. Sanchez era abrumadora, pues el Gobierno contaba con testigos y agentes del DEA. El Sr. Sanchez, siendo representado por abogado particular, se declaró culpable de la ofensa. El Juez Federal le impuso una larga sentencia de 12 años y 6 meses. A mediados del 1993, el Sr. Sanchez pidió su transferencia a través del Consulado Mexicano. Luego de esperar nueve meses, el Consulado Mexicano no pudo ayudar al Sr. Sanchez y el Departamento de Justicia le negó rotundamente la transferencia. En Octubre de 1994, el Sr. Sanchez se comunicó con las

BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ y pidió nuestra ayuda. BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ apeló al Departamento de Justicia alegando que el Sr. Sanchez debía ser transferido a pesar de que el Sr. Sanchez era un residente permanente de los Estados Unidos y también a pesar de que el fiscal federal que llevó el caso del Sr. Sanchez trató de obstaculizar la transferencia. Después de apelar y ejercer presión vigorosamente sobre el gobierno por veinte meses, BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ obtuvo la aprobación de la transferencia del Sr. Sanchez! El Sr. Sanchez fue aprobado para traslado hacia México a pesar de que era residente permanente y que su sentencia era de 12 años y medio!



Lic. CHARLES BENNINGHOFF

Macario Zarate

El Sr. José Macario Zarate había sido sentenciado a una condena de 15 años por ser culpable de tres cargos (1) conspiración para poseer cocaína con intento de distribución; (2) posesión de cocaína con intento de distribución; y (3) posesión de arma de fuego durante transacción de drogas. Cuando el Sr. Zarate comenzó a servir su sentencia, él pidió su transferencia a través del Consulado Mexicano y le fue negada rotundamente debido a seriedad de su ofensa y posesión de arma de fuego. En Septiembre de 1995 BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ le consiguió su aprobación de transferencia para Culiacán, Sinaloa junto con su familia.

Jesus Barajas

El Sr. Barajas. había sido sentenciado a una condena de 10 años por conspiración para poseer cocaína con intento de distribución, esta era la segunda vez. Cuando el Sr. Barajas. comenzó a servir su sentencia, él pidió su transferencia a través del Consulado y le fue negada rotundamente. Cuando él contrató los servicios de BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ, nuestra oficina le consiguió su transferencia para Uruapan, Michoacán para estar junto a su familia en menos de cuatro meses.

Esequiel Montijo

El Sr. Esequiel Montijo había sido sentenciado a una condena de 60 meses por conspiración para poseer marihuana con intento de distribución. El había estado en la prisión anteriormente por droga también. Cuando el Sr. Montijo comenzó a servir su sentencia, él pidió su transferencia a través del Consulado y se le fue negada rotundamente. Cuando él contrató nuestros servicios, BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ le consiguió su transferencia para Ciudad Juárez para estar junto a su familia. Esta transferencia fue aprobada en menos de siete meses!

Juan Campos

El Sr. Juan Campos recurrió a nuestros servicios tan pronto que él fue sentenciado. Su sentencia era de 10 años por posesión de metamphetamine (cristal) con intento de distribución. La oficina de BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ consiguió la transferencia inmediata del Sr. Campos para Colima, junto con su esposa e hijos. Esta transferencia fue aprobada en menos de once meses después de ser sentenciado!

Luis Enrique Zazueta

El Sr. Zazueta fue hallado culpable por posesión con intento de distribuir metamphetamine y sentenciado a siete años de prisión federal. BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ consiguió la aprobación de su transferencia a Culiacán, Sinaloa, en solo 8 meses!

Jose Luis Amezola

El Sr. Amezola, de El Aguave, Mich., fue hallado culpable en Corte Federal por lavado de dinero envolviendo el envío de dinero hacia México. BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ consiguió la aprobación de la transferencia del Sr. Amezola hacia México en solo 8 meses!

Thomas Babis

El Sr. Babis, oriundo de Grecia, fue hallado culpable de varios cargos serios, incluyendo serias violaciones a las leyes de armas de fuego. El Sr. Babis trató infructuosamente de obtener su traslado a Grecia para estar cerca de su familia. BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ obtuvo la aprobación del estado de Nuevo York de la transferencia del Sr. Babis para Grecia en solo 6 meses!

SI USTED QUIERE RESULTADOS INMEDIATAMENTE

Escriba a:

BENNINGHOFF & RAMIREZ
31411 Benninghoff Law Building
San Juan Capistrano, California 92675

Su Familia Nos Puede Llamar al:
USA 800-ENCARCEL (362-2723)
MEXICO 95-800-ENCARCEL (362-2723)

Los resultados aquí discutidos no constituyen una garantía ó predicción acerca del resultado de su asunto legal. Todos los casos varían dependiendo de las circunstancias y las leyes aplicables.

© Charles F. Benninghoff III 1996

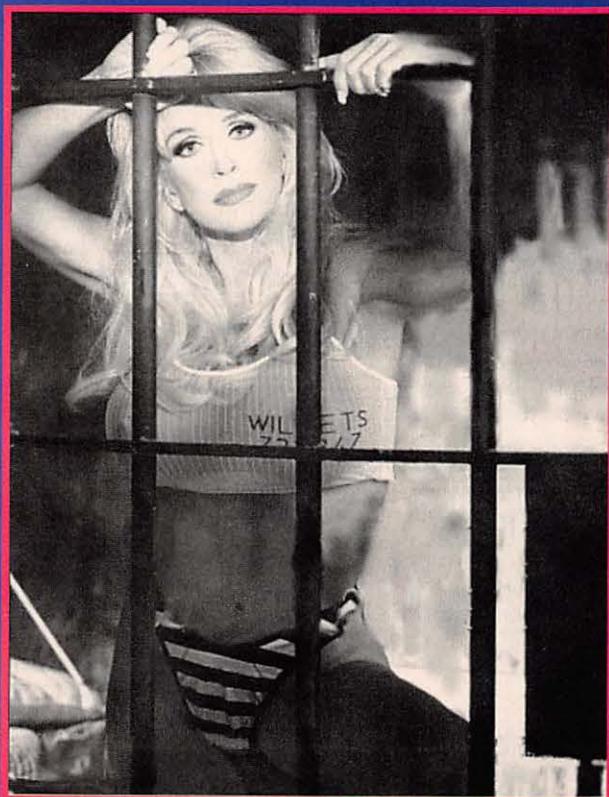
MAIL ORDER MAIL
FIEND FIEND FIEND FIEND FIEND

MAGAZINES & BOOKS

We offer a complete selection of U.S. & European adult's only girlie magazines. We also have comic books, adult paperbacks, & selected other related reading & 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



CELLBLOCK PUBLISHING COMPANY

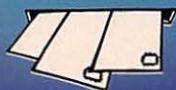
**DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE
PARTY'S OVER! CLAIM YOUR
40% SAVINGS NOW!**

**SEND FOR YOUR FREE ADULT
CATALOG WITH THE MOST
OUTRAGEOUS XXX TITLES AT
OUTRAGEOUSLY LOW PRICES!**

**WHITE-HOT XXX MAGAZINES
FEATURING SEXY SUPERSTARS
AND AMAZING AMATEURES...
ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES!**

**ALL XXX HITS!
WRITE US TODAY!**

P.O. BOX 488, BENSALEM, PA 19020



PRISON LEGAL AID

- POST-CONVICTION AID
- PRO SE ASSISTANCE
- CRIMINAL APPEALS
- \$2254 / \$2255 MOTIONS
- HABEAS CORPUS PETITIONS
- OVERTURN PRIOR CONVICTIONS
- DEFENSE PSI REPORTS
- PAROLE / PROBATION ISSUES
- \$ 1983 / BIVENS ACTIONS
- MONTHLY NEWSLETTER - \$48

MR. BRETT FENSTER
PRISON LEGAL AID NETWORK

1521 ALTON RD - SUITE 366
MIAMI BEACH, FL 33139
305-673-2738 (NO COLLECT)
305-673-1367 (FAX)
EMAIL:
LegalWhiz@aol.com

NEW PREPAID TELEPHONE CALLING CARDS

**LOWER LONG DISTANCE
RATES THAN CREDIT
CARDS OR COLLECT CALLS**

SIMPLE AND EASY TO USE:
\$10 CARD = 45 MINUTES
\$20 CARD = 90 MINUTES

***NO MORE HASSLES WITH
LOOSE CHANGE AND
COLLECT CALLS!***

ASK HOW TO RECIEVE BONUS POINTS

SEND PAYMENT TO:
PRISON BOOK SHELF
346 FIRST AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10009

WE SHIP FAST

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
PO BOX 90609
HOUSTON, TX 77290

Classifieds

LEGAL

BECOME A PARALEGAL

Attorney instructed, accredited diploma and degree distance education programs. Credit awarded for life experience. VA approved. Payment plans available with co-signer. NO Financial Aid Available. NIPAS, P.O. Box 2158, Boca Raton, FL 33437

PARALEGAL GRADED 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

Opportunities for Newly Released Offenders, written by Josh Hockstra, is an outstanding reference book for those in prison or jail, on parole or probation and seeking employment opportunities. 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.

ESCAPE. Dreams are free, be sure yours are good dreams. We have nude photos and short stories and other things to help. Age, signature, SASE, and \$1 for info. Alfresco, Box 14191-BB, Tulsa, OK 74159

Special Interest Videos

8000 high quality, comprehensive titles Exercise/fitness, computers, shorts, childcare/parenting, academics, personal growth, hobbies, etc. \$12.98 & up. Money back guarantee. Sample full color catalog \$3.00 (refundable with first order). Millenia Exports, 1328 Broadway Ste. 756-88, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Are you a guy that never receives reply on introduction letter? Now available is 3 page letter that will capture every woman's heart, interest. Send SASE, 5 unused stamps: Sherrell, Box 86594, Phoenix, AZ 85080

Being released in the next 30 months? Recruiting for world voyage. We offer opportunity to escape returning prison by working as crew on our sailing vessels. Will help get you passport, clearance from P.O. and courts. Send SASE, 10 unused stamps: Sea Voyagers, 1007 North Federal Highway #58, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33304

Packages for Prisoners: Send today for our new order form. Name brand products at market prices. New flexibility in ordering just what you want. Call 800-386-5120 or write PFP, P.O. Box 8213, Spokane, WA 99203.

Express your love to family & friends. Custom designed gift baskets shipped nationwide and to foreign countries. Gift Baskets By Mail, PO Box 610924, San Jose, CA 95161. Free color photo & brochure. Call or write today. (408) 254-4134.

Free Gospel tracts, write for samples. We will include a sample of our monthly paper *The Liberator* (\$5.00 per year), published for incarcerated Christians. Liberty Prison Ministries, P.O. Box 8998, Waukegan, IL 60079. Jesus does care!

Sexy California Girls want to write to you! All letters personal and confidential. Don't be alone. Let us keep you company. Send name and address to: PenMates International, 505 S. Beverly Dr. #944, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. Please include a \$14.95 check or m.o. for 10 hot letters (one per week)! Makes a great gift!

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.

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.

SENSUAL, EROTIC FANTASY encounter created personally for you according to your own specific desires and fetishes. Letter or audiotape. Photos and specialty items also available. Send S.A.S.E. for details: MISTRESS GODDESS, P.O. Box 69A24, Los Angeles, CA 90069

Jewish Spirituality. Audio or video tape "Chicken Soup for the Jewish soul." 30 min. songs, readings, stories. Audio \$18.50, video \$52.50 (includes S&H). Send check: Chicken Soup, 1861 Clairmont Rd. #412, Decatur, GA 30033

MEDIA

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, PO 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.

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.

Classified Advertising

To place a classified ad: call, fax or write to PRISON LIFE Magazine at the location listed below

PRISON LIFE MAGAZINE

1436 W. Gray, Suite 531 ♦ Houston, TX 77019-9896 ♦ 713/694-3131 ♦ fax 713/694-8131

Pen Pals

SWM, 36, 6', brn hair, green eyes. Seeking correspondence from someone special for sincere & honest friendship. Very openminded w/ a positive outlook on life. Into running, staying healthy & C & W. Age not an issue: honesty is. Will respond to all. James H. Powell #317639, V-C-I, PO Box 310, Valdosta, GA 31603

Young white/Mexican male looking for something real! Been hurt & betrayed by plenty of so-called women since I've been down. Looking for sincere, mature, compassionate, REAL woman to create relationship or a good friendship. I haven't given up hope-I know there's one out there for me. Age, race doesn't matter. Very sincere! Homer Whisler #54209, L.C.F., PO Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043

DWM, 57, 5'8, 150#, blue eyes, gray hair. Doing 25 to life, eligible for parole 9/96. Tired of being alone. Will respond to all women (no facsimiles please) over 45. Jerry Daniels B-94097, C.M.F., PO Box 2000, H-120-U, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000

Lonely 44 yr old White Christian Patriot, 5'10, 155#, brn hair, eligible for parole 5/97. Would like to correspond w/ white ladies proud of their heritage who may be lonely & in need of a true friend, preferably those w/ Christian Identity beliefs. Will answer all. Namaste! James Gary Whittington #623245, PO Box 4500, Tennessee Colony, TX 75886

SWM, 34, 6'1, 195#, looking for a special lady to share some lonely times with, age, race, looks unimportant. Down 6 yrs w/ 4 to go. Easy-going & understanding, into romance, outdoors, dancing, movies & quiet evenings at home. Please write soon, I'll answer all. Benny J. Ray #562984, Ferguson Unit, Rt. 2 Box 20, Midway, TX 75852

French/Indian, 25, 5'11, 175#, built like a brick house. Looking for someone who likes to write letters & poetry. I'm sincere, funny, honest & easy going! Looking for down to earth people of any race, sex & age. Will answer all. Danny Stierwalt Jr. #46336, E.S.P., PO Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301

WM, 35, 5'9, blue eyes, dark hair, born in Portugal. Warm w/ love

experience, need mature woman for fulfillment of dreams & sharing of private desires. Will exchange photos. Marco Da Costa #638351, C. C. I., 33123 Oilwell Rd. Box 55, Punta Gorda, FL 33955

Good lookin Aryan, college educated, single, 33, 190#, 5'11, blond, gorgeous green eyes. Searching for that one special lady who is mature & looking for a meaningful friendship. I won't be locked up forever, so write soon. Jeff Fields #653160, Price Daniel Unit, 938 South FM 1673, Snyder, TX 79549

European, Professor Cardiac surgery, 42, bright, creative, adventurous spirit, honest, decent, selfless, supportive. Impressive karate, scuba diving, ski teacher in excellent shape & health. Falsely accused, on death row, expect complete vindication. Seek correspondence w/ lady, preferable physician or atty. B. George Bakalov #20907, PO Box 250, Draper, UT 84020

BM, 33, 6'2, 210#, very honest & looking for same in a female, any age, size as long as you keep it real. Hobbies include body building, reading, running & real people. All serious minded females need apply. Will answer all. Elliott Williams #481914, Robertson Unit, 12071 FM 3522, Abilene, TX 79601

WM, 39, 6', 200#, brn hair & eyes. In need of friendship/relationship. Any & everyone welcomed. Will exchange photos. Sitting on death row 8 yrs but have hearing soon that will show innocence. Need someone to guide & support me & just be there to love & be loved. James Dockett #112232, PO Box 221, 42-2075-A1, Raiford, FL 32083

WM, 38, 6'2, 200#, brn hair, hazel eyes. Hometown is Cloverleaf, TX. Interested in corresponding w/ mature ladies, age doesn't matter. No blacks/mud ducks please. Will answer all letters in/out of prison. Billy Wayne Gilliland #479412, Eastham Unit, PO Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851

Hello handsome. I'm single, 35, 5'9, 183#, no fatty tissues. Very beautiful black female inside & out, looking for a lonely male who wants to spice up his life. My biggest turn on is to fulfill a man's desires & I'm confident I can

fulfill yours over & over again. Joyce Jones #566003, 1916 N. Hwy 36 Bypass, Lane Murray Unit, Gatesville, TX 76596

Puerto Rican, 27, 5'10, 175#, blk hair, brn eyes. Looking for female penpals to write in Spanish. I will answer all letters. Mario Correa #643019, 2101 FM 369 North, Iowa Park, TX 76367

SWM, 36, 155#, 5'8, brn hair, green eyes, looking for women to kick it with. I give great mail, write soon. Jimmy Sherlock #674556, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583

SHM, 27, 140#, old school gangsta! Hispanic causing panic! 50 yrs agg. for jaywalking, been down 8 tight. ISO any Hispanic females who aren't afraid to write someone a lil crazy but far from dumb. Pachucas/Cholas a plus. Will answer all, pic 4 pic. Rigoberto "Kito" Flores #586007, Mc Connell Unit, 3001 S. Emily Dr., Beeville, TX 78102

BM, 32, 5'9, brn eyes, blk hair, lt skin, 190#, looking for a wild sexual relationship w/ decently built, well hung white or black woman who loves passion, dancing, swimming, movies, sports, rock n roll, blues, jazz. If you fit the description, please write. David Lee Burns #426457, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75884

WM, 43, down 4 yrs, out in 14 months, Don't want money or material things. In need of one sincere, openminded woman to correspond w/ & possibly start a permanent relationship. Looks, age don't matter: your heart does. James Stone #25997, Brooklyn C I, 59 Hartford Rd., Brooklyn, CT 06234

SBM, 25, 6'2, 210#, seeking pen friends for intelligent & honest conversation. Sincere & openminded women respond only. Gregory Smith #955620, 1830 Eagle Crest Way, Clallum Bay, WA 98326

Animalistic-Norwegian/Cherokee mixed up caged biker, down 5 on a 10 w/ one to go. Brn & gray hair, brn eyes, 180#, 5'11, born 1/4/55. In need of letters & photos from kinky featherwoods who think they can tame James "Thor" Thornton #631439, Stevenson Unit, 1525 FM 766, Cuero, TX 77954

Pen Pals

WM, 31, 5'9, 185#, hazel eyes, brn hair. Solidly muscled body w/ solid loyalties to family & friends. Looking for special lady to touch my heart that's interested in sharing respect, adventures, desires & laughter. Garrett Linderman #288749, W.S.P- IMU, PO Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362

You...yes you! Looking for a special friend/soulmate to grow w/, love & adore? SBM, 6'3, 45, prays for companionship/special love from a God-fearing woman who will stay by her man. Robert Nathaniel Olds #036638, Moberly C. C., PO Box 7, Moberly, MO 65270-0007

Conscious Moorish American man, 34, accomplished mind, inviting a caring woman w/ soft manners who can demonstrate love unconditionally to build a mansion of happiness w/ truth as cement. Deron Darrell Webb Bey #83029-020, M-Unit, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436

Irish/Cajun, 5'6, 148#, 35, seeking correspondence w/ honest, open & real ladies. Enjoy redheads, brunettes, brash ladies suffering from bad boy syndrome, riding bikes, gourmet dining. Share your life w/ me: platonically or otherwise. Michael Farrill #100144, PO Box 97, Mc Alester, OK 74502-0097

SW convict, 42, 165#, 5'11, lt. Brn over hazel, down 9, 2 left & still true to the life. Financially secure, seeks female conversation. Intelligence & honesty a must. No games please. Pic for pic, convicts welcome. Ronald Kelly Sutton #3433844, O. S. P., 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310

SWM, 23, blond, blue eyes, doing time for armed robbery. I'm a leather & chains man, heavy into my Scottish heritage. Looking for all solid white brothers & sisters to correspond with. Really love to hear from any Scottish kinsmen out there. Out in Fall/97. Ronnie Clarke #8551006, O.S.P., 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310

BF, paper sack brn, 21, 5'4, 160#, honest, sincere, loving, athletic, in good health/shape. Love music, cooking, watching sports. Single parent of precious 7 yr. old. Serving 20 yr. sentence & looking for a special gentleman who can be everything to me. Age, race unimportant. La

Rhonda Kay Satchel #682617, 1401 State School Rd., Gatesville, TX 76599

SWE, 26, 5'5, 130#, long blondish-brn hair, never married, no children. Doing a 12 for forgery. ISO a caring, loving, supportive, easy-going man. No head games. If interested in a down to earth woman, feel free to write. Hope to hear from you. Cary Reeves #630837, 1401 State School Rd., Gatesville, TX 46599-2999

SWM seeking SWE. I'm 5'7, 140#, 35, brn hair, hazel eyes, not hard to look at. Seeking good-hearted, openminded women interested in writing a down to earth gentleman who is sensitive, kind, understanding & honest. I'm an easy going man yearning for life's simplicities, so let's explore happiness together. Charles Brannon #297598, Racine C. I., PO Box 900-1, Sturtevant, WI 53177-0900

DHM, 32, 6', 200#, seeking female to correspond with, age & race unimportant. Sincerity & sense of humor a must. Send photo. Will answer all. Ventura J. Rivera Rios, Halawa C.F., 99-902 Moanalua Rd., M-C, Aiea, HI 96701

Chicano, 23, 160#, young, short, light in the ass but still a man & still real. I'm out real soon. If this is good or bad who knows? 9 months, maybe 16- whatever these bitches decide. I have 3-way hook ups in case you're in a situation like mine — "no correspondence between inmates." Fuck 'em! I say we write. Carlos M. Perez #42054, E.S.P., PO Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301

BM, 5'11, 195#, 35, golden eyes, Colgate smile, very handsome, muscular, God-fearing, a hedonist, & vivacious. Into R & B, reggae, blues & old rock, drug free lifestyle. I'm a professional musician w/ a Masters degree & BA, own my own business. Very savoir-faire. Would like lasting friendship, perhaps romance. Will answer all. Reuben Ross #14680, Box 250, Unit U-4, Draper, UT 84020

SWE, 37, 5'2, 135#, long, straight hair, hazel eyes. Considered attractive. Sorry, not allowed to write inmates. Wish to correspond w/ gentle caring man, any age. Perhaps you can fill this lonely void in my heart. Or a smile to my face. No games, please.

Marsha Mc Cabe #153485, Jefferson C. I., PO Drawer 430, G-A 11-B, Monticello, FL 32344

WM, 5'11, 190#, blond hair, blue eyes. Down doing time Texas way. Looking for featherwoods doing time or free, willing to correspond. I'm 29 years young. Michael Rose #585726, Rt. 4 Box 1200, Rosharon, TX 77583

38, white, death row inmate. Been in possession of (since '79) forensic evidence, medical ex. report, witnesses, records proving me undoubtably framed. Petition to governor starting. I need friends. Good hearted women, too. Publishers, media especially! 6', muscular, attractive inside, outside. Please write. Paul W. Scott #071615, Union C. I., Box 221- N.E. Unit A-1-43-11-73, Raiford, FL 32083

Attn: all single ladies. This Harley man is 25, 6'4, 215#, Irish, secure & handsome. ISO soul mate. Must be a real lady, no fakes should apply. Bryan "Red" Steckel, 1110 Broadway St. Suite 69, Bethlehem, PA 18015. Include photo if possible.

I'm 35, salt & pepper hair, hazel eyes & look like a big old teddy bear. I enjoy a good game of chess, music, art & sports. I will enjoy answering all letters or cards. Robert Crouse #37788, PO Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301

SWM, 32, 5'10, 180#, Musician, writer, pierced, tattooed, into underground/alternative culture. Educated, well-travelled, politically active & aware. Seeking a like-minded woman for correspondence, inside or out. Will answer all, photo for photo. I have a lot to offer if you're the one. Tom Hutchins #8393156, 2500 Westgate, Pendleton, OR 97801

Single Puerto Rican male, 23, 6'1, blk hair & eyes, good looking, great sense of humor, likes sports. Looking for female pen pals. Please write! Don't be shy. J. Anthony Zapata #J 48689, C.S.P. Fac. D- Bdg 2-216L, PO Box 931, Imperial, CA 92251

31, Mex-American, 5'9, 152#, blk hair, brn eyes, down 7 yrs. Desperately seeks soulmate: a good lady (free world or short timer) to help me thru the next couple of years. Seek straight up long term

Pen Pals

correspondence, friendship, poss. marriage w/ honest, considerate woman, 20+, kids OK. Will relocate w/ the right woman. Richard Mauricio #582648, Telford Unit, PO Box 9200, New Boston, TX 75570

Lonely Chicano left out in the cold w/ this life sentence in the federal system. Looking to penpal w/ any women out there. No games. I'm 34, 5'6, 185#, brn eyes, blk hair. This is my sisters address, she'll redirect my letters. B. Villareal #03367-078, Box 7460, Alamo, TX 78516

SWM, 36, 6', 195#, green, brown, genuine, affectionate, athletic, loyal true heart. Fighting death penalty. Seeks friendship, companionship, supportive person who knows what a true friend/companion really is. Tommy Wilson #14805, E.S.P., POB 1989, Ely, NV 89301-1989

Former owner of Slave Master Tattooing, seeks righteous partners for love & lucre. Militant right wingers also sought. 29, 6'2, 25, 8 tats, have thousands of designs & give good pen!

No complexes, hangups or headaches, please. Perfumed paper, flash traders grab my attention quickest. JW Karr #189197, 1576 Bluewater Hwy, Ionia, MI 48846

Chicano, 22, 5'10, 180#, brn hair, grey eyed huero from Fresno. Released in '98, ISO a firme woman in need of a down vato to share a lil of her time & thoughts with. Alan Avila #11330621, O.S.P., 2605 State St. SE, Salem. OR 97310-0505

SWM, 5'10, 190#, 31, brn hair, misty gr eyes, Virgo. Looking for a sensitive/romantic man? I'm the one to fulfill those desires. I want nothing more than sweet dreams of life, love, friendship & the right woman. Letter w/ pic gets same. Love is in life. My life needs love. Any age/ race fine. Edward M. Dettinger, Box 351-169167, Waupun, WI 53963-0351

SWM, 5'11, 185#, 37, blond, blue-eyed hunk of burning love seeks financially secure, down to earth female to share lifes experiences w/ an open-minded free spirit. Nevada's

gotten 16 yrs. of my life/ 4 to go. My interests include lit., health, life, music. Share your feelings & life w/ me. Paul R. Hill #15508, E.S.P., PO Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301

SBM, 30, blk hair, brn eyes, 215, open minded Muslim, looking for correspondence. 1 yr. to go & I'm an electronic & weat press operator seeking entrepreneurs. Knows the value of a good woman. Ulysses Roberson #227784, Al Burruss C.T.C., PO Box 5849, Forsyth, GA 31029

SWM, 6'1", 198#, black hair, hazel green eyes, financially stable, well-educated, open and straight forward, tired of games people play. Looking for compassionate lady who knows what she wants and where she is going. Must be healthy, financially stable, well-educated, and good looking. Heading back to Southwest Hopuston soon with great resources and unlimited possibilities. Please include photo with letter if interested in living the American Dream: Lewis D. Triplett, 381079, Wynne, Huntsville TX 77349-0001

UNCLE GIMPY SUNGLASSES



Name, I.D., Institution, Address, & Style/Quantity. (classic and popeyes specify black or tortoise shell frames)
Mail with check or money order for cost +3.99s/h to: Uncle Gimpys, P.O. Box 99203, San Diego, CA. 92169

These are nonprofit and volunteer-run agencies. Do the right thing—enclose some loose stamps or an SASE. Or contribute. 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 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) is 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. 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.
- Community Education Outreach is an educational/life skills organization providing information to anyone and free instruction to people in Colorado. The CEO offers essential academic and life skills assessment and instruction for disadvantaged people at risk of incarceration who want to succeed in living productive, independent lives. CEO, P.O. Box 7957, Boulder, CO 80306. (303)447-3353 Fax (303)444-3872.

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 prisons.
- 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.

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 to Prisoners, c/o Left Bank Books, 92 Pike St.,

Box A, Seattle, WA 98101 is a volunteer program that sends free used books in politics, history, literature, legal materials (when available), education. No religious materials or mass market fiction. Please specify subjects. Limit 1-2 pounds per package.

- 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): offers a parole planning guide, "As Free as an Eagle," and sells 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 pre-release guides—for \$4.95 each.
- Manatee 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) offers pre-release referrals for prisoners (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.
- The Graduate Group, P.O. Box 370351, West Hartford, CT 06137-0351 sells a book entitled Opportunities for Newly Released Offenders for \$27.50.

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. (PWACNY), 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 Hawk Court, Frederick, MD 21701: Advocates for prisoners in military prisons and disciplinary barracks. Offers a pre-release booklet entitled "New Beginnings."
- The Prison Chess Program, P.O. Box 44419, Washington, DC 20026 (301/530-4841) provides chess books and magazines for prison libraries and institutional chess groups; they do not send materials to individuals.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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 jail-house 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.

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.
- 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.
- * Jewish Prisoner Services, an outreach/advocacy program of Congregation Pidyon Shevuyim, offers referrals, information, pre- and post-release counseling, learning materials, and marriage enrichment seminars that assure a smoother, permanent return to the real world. Contact Sid Kleiner, National Coordinator, 10188 Winter View Drive, Naples, FL, 33942-1520.

BUDDHIST/MEDITATION GROUPS

- * The Engaged Zen Foundation, P.O. Box 700, Ramsey, NY 07446-0700, publishes a newsletter for incarcerated Buddhists entitled *The Gateway Journal*.
- Human Kindness Foundation, Prison Ashram Project, Route 1, Box 201-N, Durham, NC 27705: Provides reading material for spiritual living.
- Iskon 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.

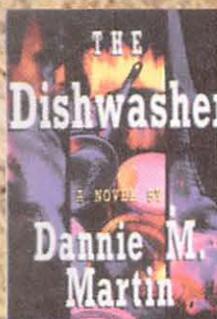
The SYDA Foundation offers a correspondence course in meditation, free of charge and available in Spanish translation upon request. Write to: Prison Project, 1132 Stanford Avenue, Oakland, CA, 94608, Attn: Tom Toomey.

DEATH PENALTY RESOURCES

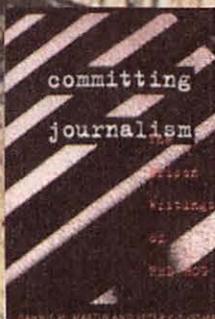
- American Civil Liberties Union, Capital Punishment Project, 122 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002 (202/675-2319): A branch of the ACLU that deals with death penalty issues.
- American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215/241-7130): A Quaker peace organization 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



1. **The Dishwasher:** Dannie Martin's novelistic journey into the world of the ex-convict told honestly by a man who's been there.



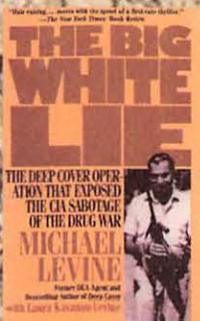
2. **Committing Journalism:** Dannie "Red Hog" Martin's essays. Solitary confinement and diesel therapy did not stop him. This is the book prison authorities didn't want published.



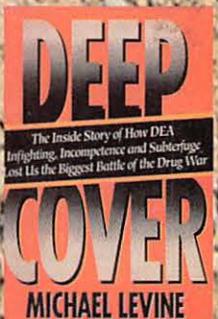
3. **Hauling Up the Morning,** edited by Tim Blunk & Raymond Luc Levasseur: Writings and art by political prisoners and POWs in the United States.



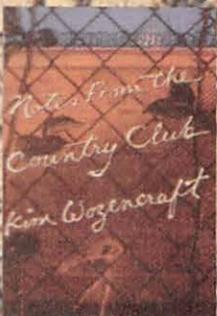
4. **No Beast So Fierce:** From Eddie Bunker, "America's greatest living convict writer," with an introduction by William Styron.



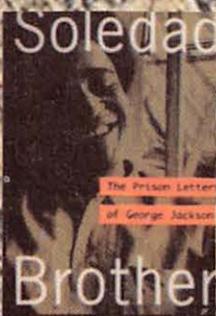
5. **The Big White Lie:** From ex-DEA agent Mike Levine, the inside story of the deep cover operation that exposed CIA sabotage of the drug war.



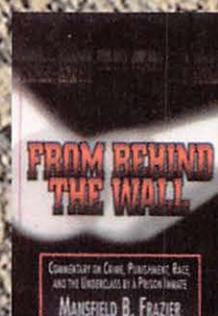
6. **Deep Cover:** Also from Mike Levine, the inside story of how DEA infighting, incompetence and subterfuge lost the biggest battle of the drug war.



7. **Notes From the Country Club:** Kim Wozencraft's gripping tale of a battered woman's struggle to survive in the psych unit of a federal prison.



8. **Soledad Brother:** By George Jackson. The classic collection of prison letters by the sixties Black revolutionary leader



9. **From Behind the Wall:** Ex-convict Mansfield Frazier comments on crime, punishment, race, and the underclass.

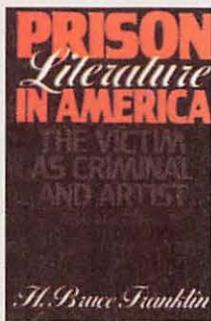
THE BLOCK



10. *The Bad Guys Quote Book*: compiled by Robert Singer, here are the vicious comments, pulverizing put-downs, rotten riposts—and great one liners—from history's worst at their wicked best.



11. *Rush*: ex-cop, ex-con Kim Wozencraft's novel about undercover narcotics work. Entertainment Weekly called it "a classic of street lit."



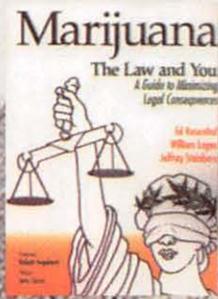
12. *Prison Literature in America*: H. Bruce Franklin explores the relation of crime and art in this ground-breaking study of prisoner literature.

SEND ME THESE BOOKS

<input type="checkbox"/> 1. <i>The Dishwasher</i>	by Dannie Martin	\$19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 2. <i>Committing Journalism</i>	by Dannie Martin	\$12.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 3. <i>Hauling Up the Morning</i>	by Blunk & Levasseur	\$15.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 4. <i>No Beast So Fierce</i>	by Eddie Bunker	\$10.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 5. <i>The Big White Lie</i>	by Michael Levine	\$12.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 6. <i>Deep Cover</i>	by Michael Levine	\$17.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 7a. <i>Notes From the Country Club (hard)</i>	by Kim Wozencraft	\$19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 7b. <i>Notes From the Country Club (soft)</i>	by Kim Wozencraft	\$5.99
<input type="checkbox"/> 8. <i>Soledad Brother</i>	by George Jackson	\$14.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 9. <i>From Behind the Wall</i>	by Mansfield Frazier	\$17.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 10. <i>Bad Guys' Quote Book</i>	by Robert Singer	\$2.50
<input type="checkbox"/> 11. <i>Rush</i>	by Kim Wozencraft	\$19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 12. <i>Prison Literature</i>	by H. Bruce Franklin	\$12.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 13. <i>Smack Goddess</i>	by Richard Stratton	\$18.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 14. <i>Marijuana—Laws & You</i>	by Rosenthal, Logan, et.al.	\$19.95



13. *Smack Goddess*: Richard Stratton's underground cult classic takes us into the convoluted and fascinating world of a drug dealer to the stars.



14. *Marijuana, The Law and You*: Ed Rosenthal. Pot expert "Ask Ed" tells you all there is to know about getting high and staying free.

Send Check or Money Order plus \$3.00 P&H TO:

Joint Venture Media
1436 West Gray, Suite 531
Houston, TX 77019

Name _____
ID# _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make Checks payable to: Joint Venture Media.

Or call 800-207-2659 with your order. Visa, Master Card, Discover and American Express cards accepted.

Call Your MOUTHPIECE

PRISON LIFE

VOICE OF THE CONVICT

\$50

**Telephone
Calling Card**

**Available in
\$50 and \$20 denominations**

\$50 \$20

Check or Money Order AmEx

Mastercard Visa Discover

Card no: _____

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address _____

Cty: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

CALL 1-800-207-2659 or send check or money order to PRISON LIFE, 1436 W.Gray, Suite53, Houston TX 77019-4946
TX residents add 8.25% sales tax

