

by Carol Crooks

OUR SISTERS, OUR BROTHERS ... ONE STRUGGLE

ELLISON WITNESSES ADMIT TESTIMONY WAS FALSE

Ella Ellison, poor black woman from a poor black neighborhood, is serving five life sentences without possibility of parole at Framingham Prison. Convicted on the basis of two state's witnesses who confessed to the same crime and who testified against her in exchange for lesser sentences, Ella is now seeking a new trial because those witnesses now admit they lied.

Even in the original trial, the state evidence against Ella was shaky to say the least. Ella was supposed to have been the getaway driver in a loanshop holdup during which three men went into the shop and one of them accidentally killed a cop. Two of the men turned state's evidence, convicting Ella and a third man. However, the testimony the two gave at Ella's trial was different than what they gave at the other co-defendant's trial, and it was also different from what they told police in their original confessions. All evidence points to the fact that the two gave Ella's name not because she was the driver, but because they had to give somebody's name in order to win lesser sentences for themselves. In exchange for their testimony, they got second-degree life sentences, with parole eligibility in 15 years.

Originally, the two had said the getaway driver was a "young girl" of about 18, that they had never seen her before, and

from -
NEPA NEWS
Box 2484
Boston, MA



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that she was "light-skinned" and that she drove a Chevrolet. Later, after they had been in jail for several months and were offered a deal, they changed their story to say that the driver was Ella, and that they had known her, and that she drove them to the robbery in her Ford Galaxy. Even in changing the story, however, they could not get it straight and conflicting facts were given by the two in Ella's trial.

Although it was always clear to Ella's supporters that the witnesses were lying, now it is certain. On that basis alone, Ella Ellison should be free.

As the move for a new trial progresses, other issues will be important as well. Among these are the morality of plea-bargaining, which was the pressure that caused two men to send an innocent person to prison. Also involved will be the prosecution's deceit in hiding the witnesses' original confession from her defense attorney in Ella's first trial and the racism of the prosecutor, Asst. D.A. Newman Flanagan. A more recent issue is refusal of the trial judge to allow Ella to change lawyers in the hearings now going on. He has forced the lawyer she wants, Margaret Burnham, to act as co-counsel to another lawyer whom Ella has dismissed from the case.



hired killer

dig!
did you
ever notice
or wonder
why victims
of the
ghetto
pay dues
to move
and be
re-ghetto victimized
and have
you dug
all ghetto
houses are
look-alike
like houses that
head start
children draw
and blind/man
ar shit ectural designs
listen!
have you
observed ghetto
life-styles
and how their
life-styles
stand erect
long after
yellow x
marks ghetto condemnation
and demolition



vera



Echoes of Rosa

One cold winter day
in New York city
Jeanette Washington
stood firm.
Black mother on welfare
refused to pay 30 cents
to ride the subway
She got on, determined to ride,
refusing to let bystanders pay her fare.
"I wasn't going to be locked
in the community
any longer.
I was going to use
public transportation
which should be free."
Police apparently thought
she was crazy.
They call an ambulance
and took her to see
a psychiatrist.
"He asked me why I
do what I do.
I asked him to think about why
society does what it does to me."
Police charged Jeanette Washington
Black mother on welfare
with "criminal trespassing
on public proerty."
The Judge set bail at \$15,000
and Jeanette was locked
out of the community.
in jail.
Later she got a bill
for the ambulance

Radio Free People
WBAI N.Y.

Gloria Seeks Justice

GLORIA is a poor, Black Woman who has been incarcerated at the Washington State Penitentiary (Purdy Treatment Center for Women) for the past two years. While she was on trial, she was too upset to appear in court and during that time her three children were taken from her and since that time she has not known the whereabouts of her children.

The charges against her were manslaughter and she has a mandatory sentence of approximately four years. Gloria shot her boyfriend in self defense while she was being threatened and faced with brutal violence. The man she shot had a history of violence perpetrated against Gloria. An example is that on one occasion he beat Gloria so severely that she was hospitalized at the U.W. facility. While being released he attacked her again while she was in the hospital waiting room. There were several witnesses, some of them pulled the man away from Gloria to prevent further physical injury to her person. A Dr. Echebach was one of the witnesses.

Gloria goes before the Parole Board in June. It is clear that Gloria did not have a fair trial. Please write to the Parole Board and Superintendent asking for Gloria's immediate release. Please send copies of your letters to Gloria (Gloria Faye Timmons (Zuri Dania Johuri); P.O. Box 17; Gig Harbor, WA 98335). Only people can help Gloria.

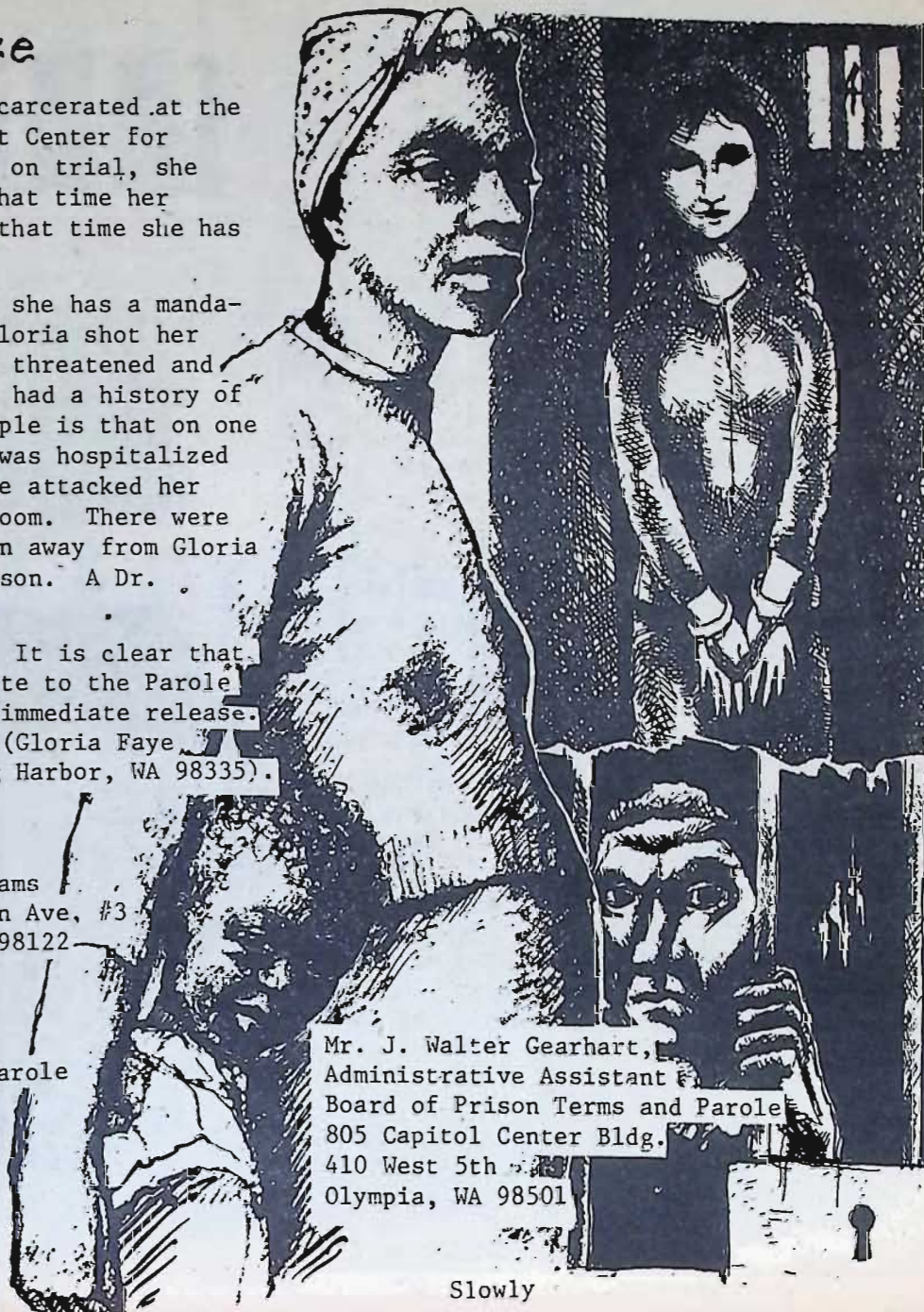
For more information contact: Teresa Williams
1816 Boylston Ave, #3
Seattle, WA 98122

Parole Board's Address:
Mr. Bruce Johnson
Washington State Board of Prison Terms and Parole
805 Capitol Center Bldg.
410 West 5th
Olympia, WA 98501

Superintendent Burns
P. O. Box 17
Gig Harbor, WA 98335

Mr. J. Walter Gearhart,
Administrative Assistant
Board of Prison Terms and Parole
805 Capitol Center Bldg.
410 West 5th
Olympia, WA 98501

Slowly



INEZ

NEWSANCES

INEZ GARCIA WINS NEW TRIAL

Inez Garcia may yet win her battle for women's rights against attacks by rapists.

A California Court of Appeals reversed the second degree murder conviction of the 31-year-old Latino woman Dec. 29 on the basis of an "instructional error" by the judge during the trial more than a year ago.

The Garcia trial stirred a wide public controversy and many women's groups had rallied to her defense. Garcia's ordeal began on March 19, 1974, when Luis Castillo raped her, with the assistance of Miguel Jimenez, a 300-pound man who held her down.

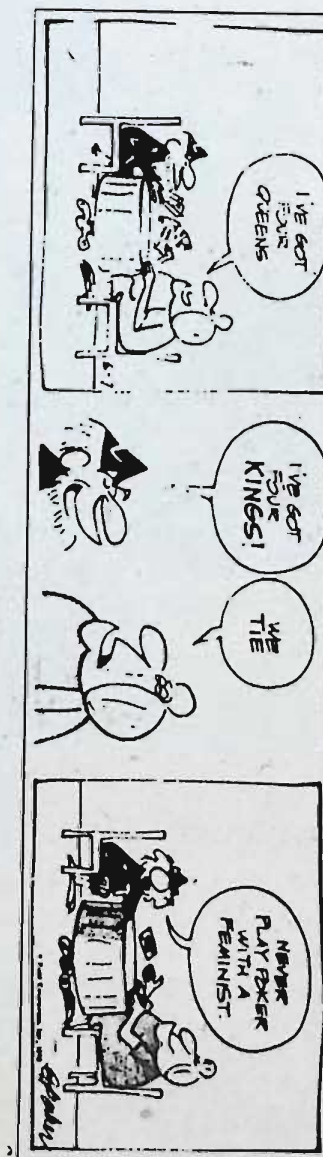
Enraged by the assault, Garcia got a rifle and went after the two. She found them 30 minutes later in an alley, beating up her roommate, Fred Madrano, who had gone for help. Jimenez then threw a knife at her and she opened fire, killing Jimenez but missing Castillo.

Yet it was Garcia who was charged with a crime and the judge refused to allow attorney Charles Garry to make the question of rape a part of the trial. Garcia's defense, Garry said, was based on the "unwritten law" that permits a woman "to take the law into her own hands to protect her integrity."

"If we were a society divorced of sexism," said one woman activist at her trial, "there would be no question that this murder was justified."

The judicial error in the case which led to the reversal was in the judge's charge to the jury on "reasonable doubt," which the appellate court said "was not harmless." Garcia will get a new trial as a result. She is presently serving a five-year-to-life sentence.

"It will give her a chance to right a wrong," said Charles Garry on learning of the appeals court decision.



lolita

Puerto Rican Nationalist Lolita Lebron has been imprisoned longer than any women political prisoner in the Western hemisphere.

Lolita Lebron, along with Irvin Flores, Rafael Cancel Miranda and Andre Figuero Cordero have been held in federal jails for more than 20 years for their attack in 1954 on the U.S. House of Representatives.

On March 1 of that year, in an attempt to bring international attention to the US control of Puerto Rico, Lolita Lebron and her three companeros stood up in the House visitors' gallery, and crying "freedom for Puerto Rico," began firing down at the House floor.

Sentenced to 16 to 50 years for assault with a deadly weapon, Lolita Lebron has spent most of her imprisonment in the federal women's penitentiary at Alderson, West Virginia.

Several years ago, Lolita Lebron turned down an offer of parole rather than accept as a condition that she abandon the struggle for Puerto Rican independence. She also made it clear that she will never accept a release unless freedom is simultaneously granted her three male companions.

woods, todd

Verdicts were returned on February 2 after the judge refused to accept a hung jury in a Hawkinsville, GA trial against Dessie X Woods and Cheryl S. Todd. The two Black women were charged with murder and robbery of a white insurance agent who tried to rape them.

Dessie X Woods was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter and armed robbery; her charges carry a maximum of 20 years. Cheryl S. Todd was acquitted on the murder charge but convicted of "theft by taking" which carries a maximum 10-year sentence.

Dessie X. Woods stirred the Pulaski County courtroom, packed with supporters and over 20 state troopers, as she responded to the announcement of the verdict. She walked over to the jury box and forcefully confronted the jurors and the court proclaiming, "You have let them trick you into sending us to prison



Carmen and Baby, 1972

Cont. on page 13

In Memory of TEMP

by: Emily Butler

Georgia Women's
Correctional Institution
Hardwick, Georgia, 31034

I watched Temp grab for life.
I didn't know why she was in such a hurry. . .
While I watched Temp grab for life.

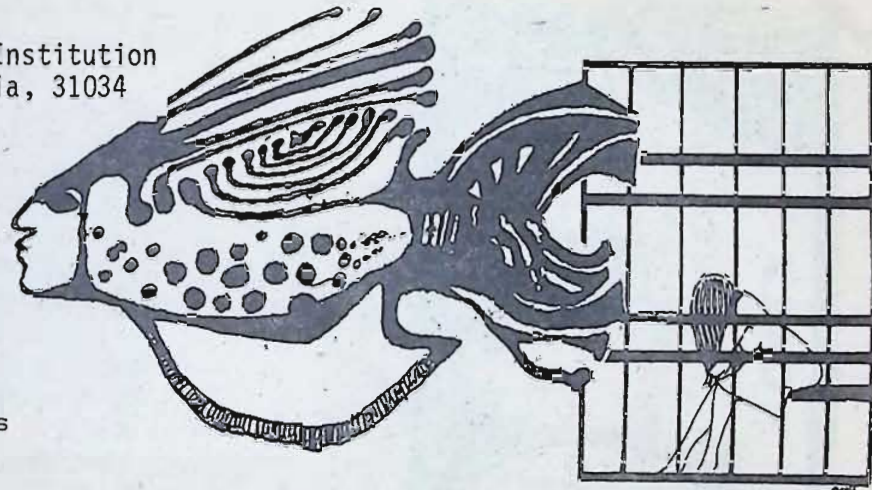
The dance floor was vacant.
Temp danced as if with all her soul; . . .
As I watched her grab for life.

The mess hall was crowded.
The line was long and I felt Temp's restlessness
behind me.
No more potatoes, just ONE plate left.

Temp, grab for it.
I didn't know she was grabbing for life.

Thank you, Lord, I'm so glad that I didn't take
that last plate.

Temp liked hot pants . . .
Forgive me Lord, For just thinking it and never
offering her mine.
I thought I had more time.
If only I had known. . .
I was watching her grab for life.



TEMPERA MYRICK

"Gone but not Forgotten"

JUNE, 24, 1975-On this day around ten in the morning, a young and vibrant woman of nineteen made one last attempt for a release from bondage; she did not fail this time. She made her escape; a permanent one.

She tied a sheet to a grill, put one end around her neck, and escaped. Her close friends are hurt by her escape. Yet, even more hurt are the two children she left behind. So many of us tried to give reasons why she made this escape, but do we really know.

She made statements several times that she was tired of Hardwick, and if she could leave no other way, then she would leave in the only other way she saw left: self-destruction.

She is gone now, but not forgotten. Everyday there will be new TEMPERAS coming our way. If we can help them, they will not want to leave the same way our TEMP.

HOME SWEET HOME

- boston bail fund

THE BOSTON BAIL PROJECT/BAIL FUNDS

WOMEN IN JAIL

Every year hundreds of Boston area women from Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex counties are imprisoned in the Awaiting Trial Unit (ATU) at Framingham Prison. Unconvicted or awaiting the outcome of appeals, they are locked up because they lack money for bail. Many spend one or two weeks in the Unit, many spend one or two months, and some spend more than half the year. All are supposedly presumed innocent.

The Unit, one hall of the prison's hospital wing, is completely separate from the rest of the prison where sentenced prisoners do their time. The pre-trial prisoners have no access to the programs available on the compound. They have almost no outdoor time or recreation.

Medical attention is even scarcer than for sentenced women, and in the event of an emergency, ATU women have to be taken all the way in to the Boston City Hospital. With nothing to do, they sit, day after day, week after week, unable to affect their cases or work for their own release because telephone access to lawyers, families, friends, or bondsmen is severely limited. (Boston is 45 minutes away from Framingham by car. No public transportation is available from Boston to the Prison.)* Many times when court appearances are scheduled for ATU prisoners, they miss them because of bureaucratic mix-ups about transportation of "county prisoners" from a State institution to the courts.

Many of the women sent them to the ATU get out within a week; one fourth of them, however, remain week after monotonous, uncertain week, kept there by bails they are unable to meet.

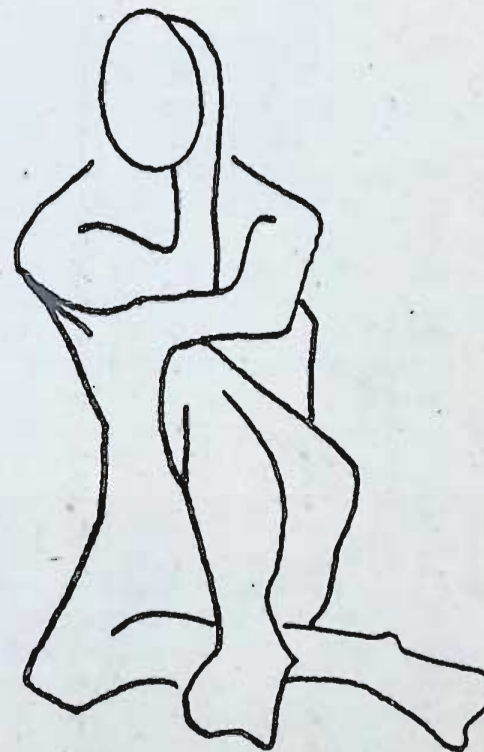


The problem of pre-trial detention is not a new one. In the late 60's many reformers became concerned over the number of people waiting trial in jail because of bail setting practices. Out of this concern came the Massachusetts Bail Reform Law of 1968. Its main provisions are for granting ROR (Release on Own Recognizance) to all defendants unless cause can be shown as to why it should not be granted; allowing for criteria and conditions in bail setting; and instituting the right to appeal a bail within 24 hours.

The criteria that the Bail Reform Law provides for judges to consider in granting ROR are: nature of offense charged, family and community ties, income, character and mental condition, and past convictions and defaults. Many judges misuse these criteria. They equate being arrested for an offense with being guilty of it; they ignore the fact that most of the women have lived in Boston most if not all of their lives and have families and children here; often they interpret the income criteria to mean that if a woman is on welfare or has a low income, she is a bad risk for return to court and therefore should have a high bail; they do not discriminate between willful defaults, when a person has purposely not returned to court, and the numerous technical defaults, when the court is responsible for the no-show, through failure to notify of court date, etc. Our work with bailing women (and men) on a first-come-first-served basis, as well as documented studies of non-appearance in court, reveal that these criteria have little if any bearing on who will return to court for trial. What these criteria actually do is provide a way of sifting out who comes closest to middle class standards. The woman most likely to be given ROR is the one most able to afford a bail anyway.

The situation for the defendant can be very arbitrary. If she happens to come before the rare judge who respects the provision that ROR is a presumed right, she will be released. If she comes before one of the many judges who allow racism and other societal prejudices to influence their decisions, or who believe that everyone the police arrest should be jailed, she will be locked up.

To counteract judges' bypassing the provision for ROR and their setting of unconstitutionally high bails, the Bail Reform Law includes the right to appeal to a higher court any bail that is set. This, however, presumes that a higher court judge will be more reasonable and just than a lower court judge.



* now provides a van that makes a trip to Framingham on Sunday afternoons.



"The very existence of the State demands that there be some privileged class vitally interested in maintaining that existence. And it is precisely the group interests of that class that are called patriotism."

Michael Bakunin, 1869

While the extremism of lower court bail setting is revealed in how many women are granted bail reductions by Superior Court judges (2/3 of the women who had bail appeals got some reduction), these bail reductions are often a farce. Even when bails are lowered, it is not always to a point where women can get out. Some typical examples of this are bail reductions from \$25,000 to \$12,500 and from \$50,000 to \$5,000. We have also seen six women whose bails were actually increased at bail appeal hearings.

In addition to these general problems with bail appeals, the women at Framingham have encountered special difficulties in exercising their right to appeal bail. No bail appeal forms are regularly provided by the institution as required by law. Bail appeals almost always take longer to arrange than the 24 hours required by law. 42% of the women seen by the Women's Bail Fund waited more than a week before their bail appeals were heard; and 18% waited more than two weeks. The lack of communication and coordination between the court and the ATU means that women are sometimes not brought into court when their bail appeals are scheduled. There have also been women who have been given defaults when the authorities to take them into court. When they go for a bail appeal hearing, having a default can prevent the hearing from happening.

Thus, like most court reform measures, the Bail Reform Law has not effectively dealt with the problem it was meant to solve: It has not led to a reduction in the number of people held pre-trial. This is due in part to inadequate implementation, but primarily because it failed to deal with the hidden purposes of the institutions it attempted to affect.

The entire criminal justice system is a mechanism for creating a criminal class made up overwhelmingly of the poor, the non-white and the rebellious. They become the focus for the fears and angers people feel when they are ripped off daily by the large institutions that control life in America. Bail is the court's first step in the process of creating this criminal class. In a carefully controlled study conducted by the Manhattan Legal Aid Society in 1972 it was found that people held in jail before trial were twice as likely to be convicted, and eight times as likely to be given prison sentences as their counterparts who were able to be out before trial.

"... The differences in the outcome between the two groups of people, the detained and the released, are accounted for only by the fact of pre-trial detention itself. ... "
(Manhattan Legal Aid Society Study)

A woman held pre-trial at the Framingham ATU is at the same disadvantage as the people in the Manhattan study. She is less able than her counterpart on the outside to prepare a defense, consult with her lawyer, round up witnesses, settle out of court, offer to make restitution, deal with drug or alcohol problems. Instead she is demoralized by degrading conditions, isolation from family and friends, fear of losing her job, apartment, or even her children. She is under pressure to plead guilty just to get things over with. And when she at last goes to court, she is seen as a prisoner and the presumption of guilt works against her.

So, in a broad way, the bail system and the ATU acts as a sifting-out place for those who will escape being sent to prison and those who will not.

In the past, variations from judge to judge helped mask much of the nature of this tracking system. However, increasingly we are seeing a trend toward making the tracking process more efficient and more blatant. The latest step comes in the D.A.'s office; a certain number of defendants are openly designated as "career criminals." Bails are then deliberately set unattainably high; bail appeals are more difficult to arrange and are practically doomed to failure from the start. Lawyers get discouraged from the outset of the case and make even less effort than usual to prepare a defense. The trials are supposed to take place within three months. These "speedy" trials will no doubt be used to justify the fact that people are only being held in preventive detention. This whole trend is toward increasing the repressive powers of the State. Because the use of bail setting is an intrinsic part of this process, it is a strategically important place for us to challenge.

When the Boston Bail Project/Bail Funds started 2 years ago, one of our goals was to raise enough money to bail all women out of the Charles Street Jail, where they were then being held, and use this action to make a statement against holding any person pre-trial. History and Judge Garrity's decision forestalled us. In November, 1973, in the same court order marking Charles Street Jail for closure in 1976, women were removed from the Jail.** After a few months of shipping women all around the



state, judges began to send women to Framingham Prison. The Prison itself has always resisted this move, and has done as little as possible in terms of providing services required by law to the Awaiting Trial Unit.

In May of 1974 we began to make weekly visits to the pre-trial women held at Framingham. We planned simply to bail as many women as possible, but we found that bails were incredibly high and that many women were unbailable for technical reasons. We soon found ourselves responding to the women's desperate need for support and para-legal assistance. During the past two years, the Boston Bail Project/Bail Funds has been the only group doing this. At the same time we've continued to raise money for bail and have been able, on a first-come-first-served basis, to help all women in need of up to \$250 cash or \$2500 surety.

These are only beginning steps. We feel strongly that the place to attack the problem is not in the conditions of any particular pre-trial jail, but in the existence of pre-trial detention itself.

**Garrity's 1973 court order was for Charles Street to be closed completely by 1976, and for interim improvements to take place immediately. One of these reforms was for only one person to be held per cell. The women were moved out of the jail so that the cells in that section could be used for men. In 1975 Garrity amended his ruling; Charles Street will now be open until at least mid-1977 while Deer Island is being renovated for pre-trial prisoners. He has also given permission for men once again to be doubled up in the cells, so that more men than ever can and are held at Charles Street.

- Boston Bail Project
1151 Mass. Ave
Cambridge, MA 02138



INVOCATION FOR INEZ GARCIA

12:

(Dedicated to Inez Garcia, to every woman who has ever been raped, or who has ever feared being raped. This was read as the invocation at the Ann Arbor City Council the day that Inez Garcia was sentenced to jail.)

No god or goddess
hear this prayer,
this is an homage
to women to power to women

I have laid down
beside the dark night,
laid down questioning
where is the rapist,
where is the man
who dares
to touch a woman

by force, by power,
by thick crude will?

I have laid down
beside the night,
asking where is he
who will grab and take
my mother
my sister
my sweet
soft daughter.

You must give me an answer.

Do not try to trick me.
I have the rage of all women
lurking in my breast.
Do not laugh
or think me silly,
the mind of a woman
is like the glistening blade
of a silver knife.
Do not stand in front of me.
For centuries
the legs of women
were twisted and bound,

Woods, Todd cont. from page 6

for something we didn't do . . . there is no justice for Black people from white folks."

The trial has been conducted in this rural town of 4,000 in an intense atmosphere of intimidation and terror, including school suspensions and threatened firings of local Black supporters.

The charges stem from an incident which occurred in June, 1975. A white man, Ronnie Horne, while posing as a detective, sexually assaulted the women. He was killed with his own unregistered gun during the course of their resistance.

Prior to this incident, both women had been jailed when Ms. Todd, who suffers from low blood pressure, had fainted in front of Reidsville Prison. They had gone to the prison to visit Ms. Todd's brother. State patrolmen arrested them for "public drunkenness," and they were held for three days in Glenville County Jail. During these three days Ms. Todd was denied medical care for a head wound which she received in the incident with the patrolmen. After money was wired for their bail, the two women tried to return to Atlanta. At the bus station they discovered that bus service to Atlanta had been discontinued, so since they had access to no other transportation, they had to hitch-hike.

Ronnie Horn, who was later discovered to be an insurance salesman from Rentz, Georgia, pulled up in a car with a long antenna, a police-band radio, and a holstered gun lying on the front seat, and told them he was a police detective.

After driving around for a while the women realized that he was going in the wrong direction. They demanded he stop. Horne threatened the women with arrest and began sexually assaulting them. He stopped the car, and pulled his gun, and Ms. Todd jumped from the car and ran. A struggle ensued between the armed man and the unarmed Ms. Woods. Two shots were fired and Horne was killed. The two women who had defended themselves from an armed rapist posing as a police officer were arrested for murder and armed robbery. The latter charge stems from allegations that Horne's wallet was missing.



Daughter, recite to me the litany
of how you were raped.
Mother, I can not.
I can not
count the times
I can not number
the ways.

My spirit was raped
when they said I should be lovely,
and I knew that I was not.
My soul was raped
when I hungered for ideas,
and they showed me pictures
of kitchens and babies.
My body was raped
when I was walking one night,
listening to birds
and the music of stars.
He came from behind.
There was nothing
I could do.

If this is done to one woman,
so it is done to all.
The cry of every woman
merging
to deafen the earth,
the cry of every woman
merging
to burn the sky,
the cry of every woman
breaking into song.

We do not ask for vengeance.
We demand
the world.

KATHY KOZACHENKO

Rehabilitation in Chile

14

Testimony of Luz Nieves Ayress Moreno: 26-year-old drama and filmmaking student, arrested January 30, 1974 by SIM (Servicio de Inteligencia Militar) in Santiago, presently held at the Tres Alamos concentration camp near Santiago.

"Me tomaron prisionera junto a mi papa y mi hermano de 15 anos. . . . Fui sacada violentamente con los ojos vendados y las manos amarradas y me llevaron a Tejas Verdes (torture center). Me desnudaron, me sentaron en una silla, me abrieron las piernas, y asi me amarraron los pies y manos. Me tiraron al suelo donde habia much agua y sin parar de flagelarme y hacerme toda clasa de vejámenes. Entonces me aplicaron corriente en todo el cuerpo, pero mayormente en los senos, ano, ojos, boca, nuca. Como estaba toda mojada, la corriente era mucho peor. A la vez me pegaban punetazos en el estomago y bofetadas por todo el cuerpo. Luego torturaron a mi padre y a mi hermano delante de mi."

"Luego comenzaron a tajearme el cuerpo, me tiraban brutalmente los pezones. Por la vagina me metian sus manos inmundas, los dedos, y palos y cosas de metal, luego los golpes electricos por largo tiempo. Fui amarrada de otra manera: los pies y manos juntos, me atravesaron un fierro entre los pies y manos, y me colgaron cabeza corriente, balanceandome con toda fuerza. Luego me tocaron por todos lados, eran alrededor de cinco hombres. Nuevamente me trajeron a papa y a mi hermano, now querian obligar a tener relaciones sexuales. . . ., yo gritaba, gritaba. . . ."

"They took me prisoner along with my father and my 15 year old brother. With eyes blind-folded and hands tied togher I was taken violently from my house to the Torture center. They disrobed me, sat me down, spread-my legs apart and tied my hands and feet together.. They threw me to the floor where there was a lot of water, and whipped me. Then they ran an electric current through-out my body, but primarily my breasts, anus, eye, mouth, and neck. Since I was soaking wet, the current was all the worse. At the same time they punched me in the stomach and slapped me all over my body. Then they tortured my father and brother in front of me.

Then they began to flog my body, my nipples were totally enlarged. They stuck their filthy hands in my vagina; and with their fingers they struck me and then with metal objects; then electric shocks for a longer time. I was tied up another way: feet and hands together



with a piece of iron stretched between them, and my head suspended backwards. They stuck a metal thing in my anus, and applied the shock again. It balanced me with all its force. Then they touched me on all sides - there were about 5 men. Again they dragged in my father and my brother. They wanted us to have sexual relations together. . . . I shouted, I shouted

- translation: J. Weinrott

Contact: Office for Political Prisoners in Chile
339 Lafayette St. and Action for Women in Chile
N.Y., N.Y. 10012 Box 57
Cathedral Station
N.Y., N.Y. 10025



FACES

I see faces of sadness, perplexity and hatred. There are faces with no emotion at all. There are the expressions of understanding and hope each night as I lay down, the inn is filled, yes, filled with vibrations of losses and hate . . . where does it cease, or better yet, how? They told me I must be rehabilitated for the crime, yes, the crime which I committed, but not once was I told of crimes which I must suffer, and that all must suffer along with me, disguised and hidden by the name of rehabilitation. But as time goes on each day I watch the crimes being perpetrated under that disguised word known as JUSTICE!!

I ask myself, would not a firing squad be more humane? This slow death which creeps upon us all, is known as civilization and the ones who sentenced us to this slow death are known as civilized, but so was Germany, ask any Jew. Fire burns, razors cut, poisons kill, but your "REHABILITATION" tops them all It destroys Slowly

Slowly..

15



Roberta Seefeldt
Clinton Correctional Institution
Drawer E
Clinton, New Jersey 08809

ONE YEAR LATER

FROM THE HOLE

One Year Later

"FROM WITHIN THE NORTH CAROLINA CORRECTIONAL CENTER"

FOR WOMEN OUR QUEST FOR FREEDOM, JUSTICE, MUST

"COME BY ANY, AND ALL MEANS AVAILABLE TO US"

Greetings Sisters/Brothers--Outside.

After we (the Sisterhood of the North Carolina Correctional Center for Women), could no longer submit ourselves to the enslavement and corruption inflicted by the racist/sexist/sadistic keeps of the N.C.C.W., we organized a peaceful demonstration at the front area of the kamp. Our only possessions were blankets/pillows/and the determination of strong minds.

The prevailing conditions in dire need of change were:

1. Oppressive working atmospheres;
2. Inaccessible and inadequate medical facilities and treatment;
3. Racial discrimination, and many other conditions at the prison.

The five day demonstration in June of 1975, warranted the demonstration population many physical injuries—ranging from minor cuts and bruises—to broken bones—to miscarriages, illegal transfers, to the men's unit in Morganton, N.C., punitive punishments at the center's lock-up placements, and charges of "insighting a riot" were also initiated, after the unprotected/unarmed women were attached by male-guards, armed with loads of riot-gear.

Twenty weeks later; after all sistas were back at the Bragg St. Prison, punishments were still being activated by their keepers, which Louis Powell (the



present Superintendent)-quotes:-(this is my committed staff, and together we shall take you there."

On 29, September 1975, after three (3) officers were found entering the Security Building (commonly the Hole) (where one disturbed female was housed) while the female officer was signaled to remain outdoors, suspicion arouse immediately, as inmates previously housed alone have been beaten. Sistas in the "C-Dormitory" lock-up could only see the building, not what was occurring inside. . . so to their miss-deeds, we began to sing We Shall Overcome witch rang thru-out the C-Dormitory till the officers made their exit out of the Security Building.

Louis Powell and Max Barbour (the assistant to Louis Powell, and once a Captain at the N.C.C.C.W.) entered the Dorm C-Lock-up shelter, where they signaled out three (3) sistas who appeared to be somewhat louder than the rest. Just as he stated I'll take you there," his goons surely took us. . . First, they took Comrade/sista: Anne Willette, Arms jerked up behind her back, the guards (7) took Sis. Willette to the Security where later we learned her left arm was dislocated totally from the shoulder blade, . . . Secondly they took me there dragging me over the sidewalks to Security, my feet were sprained, and the skin burned off raw. . . . Thirdly, they took Comrade/Sis: Alice Wise there, to isolation she was taken, where the next nite Sis. Wise received a visit from Louis Powell and one Max Barbour and Sgt. Sally Sattewhite, an all but pleasant visit it was Max Barbour pulled a knife on Sis. Wise, and stated - Alice, you see to much, and you hear too much. With this, he then cut a piece out of her mattress. The piece was shaped as a heart.

Since then Sis. Wise has been brought to Security with Sis. Willette and myself, To vaguely describe these lock-up shelters would be as follows.

Dormitory C: a jail type building, with 20 cells, each cell to accomodate 4 persons, food trays are passed on the floor over dirty drain holes that run over quite frequently, Matrons there 24 hours, yet the sistas needs go unmet.

Cont. on page 21

Acquit two BLA members

Two alleged members of the Black Liberation Army (BLA) were acquitted of frame-up kidnap charges in New York State Supreme Court in Brooklyn Dec. 20.

The two, Joanne Cheslmard (Assata Shakur) and Ronald Meyers, were indicted along with three other alleged BLA members for allegedly holding James Freeman, a bar owner, for \$20,000 ransom after his bar was robbed in December 1972. Two of the suspects were killed in an early 1973 shootout with police. The other suspect is still to stand trial.

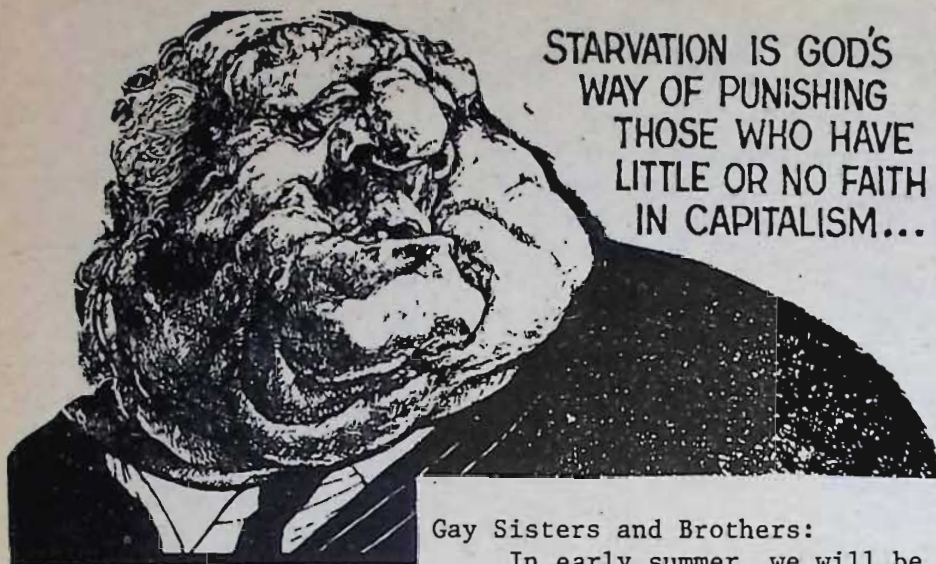
Cheslmard, who bore a child in prison, was also acquitted in December 1973, along with Fred (Jamal) Hilton, of bank robbery charges. Indictments against her for the ambush shooting of two police officers were dismissed in October 1974 for lack of evidence. She still faces two charges: one for another bank robbery, and a murder charge stemming from a 1973 shootout on the New Jersey Turnpike with state

troopers. During that shootout Zayd Malik Shakur, a former member of the New York Black Panther Party, and a police officer were killed and Cheslmard was wounded. Another former Panther member, Clark Squire, was convicted of first-degree murder in the death of the police officer.

Cheslmard's case was severed from Squire's because she was standing trial on the bank robbery charge in New York.

Since 1972, New York police officials have laid nearly every unsolved bank robbery and attack on policemen at the door of alleged BLA members, most of whom were ex-members of the Black Panther Party.

At the time of her arrest in 1973, Cheslmard, also a former Panther member, said, "I am a Black revolutionary woman and because of this I have been charged with and accused of every alleged crime in which a woman was believed to have participated."



STARVATION IS GOD'S
WAY OF PUNISHING
THOSE WHO HAVE
LITTLE OR NO FAITH
IN CAPITALISM...

BAR NONE has submitted a proposal for \$1,200
to the Haymarket Foundation - a leftist ¹⁸
foundation based in Massachusetts. We have
been turned down by them once before. Since
we receive little money from outsiders, if we
are not granted money, the next issue may be
months in coming. Your help is needed.
Please send letters to Haymarket on how you
view Bar None.

Haymarket Foundation
2 Holyoke Street
Cambridge, MA. 02138

Please send copies, if possible, to us at
Bar None. Thank you.

Gay Sisters and Brothers:

In early summer, we will be putting out a special "Gay
In Prison" issue. We're seeking articles, poetry, and graphics,
on your gay experiences prior to prison, and while in prison.
Anonymous contributions are welcome. Send to:

Bar None
P. O. Box 124
W. Somerville, MA 02144



Of all the things we do,

The way we are,

The things that are us

The most incomprehensible mystery

Our optimism

In the face of

reality



Roberta Seefeldt
Clinton Correctional Institution
Drawer E
Clinton, New Jersey



would i . . . or . . . ?

if the twins had lived
being colored, young, unaware
would i . . .
send them to sunday school
to learn
mary and joseph didn't fuck?
jesus!
mary had to fuck somebody!
would i
straighten woman-child's hair
royal crown smother man-child
kill afro
would i . . .
yes, there's a santa claus
or
boost, creep, armed/unarmed
rob, who?, b & e
true miracle on 34th st
would i . . .
deceive with snow white and
little black sambo satire
or remain silent, patient
until
revolutionary writings/george jackson
nikki giovanni/soul poems
imprisoned/voices from the big house
camp screams/over the wall
irony/hurricane's 16th round
angela davis
malcolm x/autobiographies
would i . . .
insist (on) my country tis of thee
pledge allegiance
or



graphic : Kathi Maio

play fair, run the
capitalism rip-off and
shitass bestsy ross with her
red, white, blue toilet tissue
would i . . .
gold is at the end of the rainbow and
the cow did jump over the moon
frighten with spooks and boogie-man
or
be for real 'cause the
only spook is the one who sat
by the door
would i . . .
history ended at washington's cherry tree
or
slave revolutionists/harriet tubman
john brown/let my people go
would i . . .
we are americans with
equal opportunity
or
the real descendants of the
man without a country
reveal the essence of why
cotton candy/salt-water taffy/hot dogs
an embrace
akissin/ puzzlement from brows
shower love
crate-box scooters
roller skates
i
wonder . . . ?

- vera montgomery



«NORMAL?»

Mental institutions are prisons. The "treatment" given in all institutions consists of denying psychiatric inmates our rights and granting these rights as "privileges" for good behavior. Normally, anyone has such rights as communicating freely with other people, going where one chooses, smoking, bathing, or going to the toilet whenever one wants. In mental institutions, these are "privileges." In state institutions where poor people are put, people are tied up with wet sheets or leather straps (sometimes for days), locked up in seclusion, drugged with dangerous "medication," given shock "treatments," and forced to live in filthy overcrowded facilities. There is not even the pretense of talk therapy. In a few state institutions (Mass. Mental, Metropolitan State) and especially in private institutions patients are tied up, locked in seclusion, dangerously drugged, given shock; but the facilities are physically nicer, food is better, and there is talk therapy, which amounts to a subtle form of getting people to conform to society's inhuman rules.

Some of us end up in mental institutions because we're committed through the action of relatives, strangers, the police, or transferred from prison. But even those of us who sign in are trapped because on the one hand, once you are in an institution the threat of commitment is always there, and, on the other hand, there are no alternatives for those who go through extreme pain in a society that causes most of us to suffer so that a few can maintain their wealth and control. Those of us who "go crazy" are fighting against and attempting to break through the dehumanizing roles this society requires.

Growing up as an Asian woman in a poor family, I had to deal with racism, sexism and poverty. As a woman I was expected to center myself on a man--to be heterosexual, monogamous, defer my needs to the "right" man, etc. I found many people, particularly

men, expecting Asian women to be more feminine than white women--i.e., more servile. I broke down 20 because I could not live under these rules. When I was confused and in pain the only place I knew to seek help was a mental institution (and basically that's the only place this society provides), where I now know they were trying to adjust me to the roles I needed to break away from. That is the way mental institutions have to operate, because if mental patients are not convinced we are sick people who have to adjust, but realize that we are unhappy because of our lack of power in our lives inside and outside of institutions we will fight back against those who have power. This is beginning to happen collectively. We have always fought in various ways individually.

I had spent three months in 1969 watching my mother die of cancer while she was in the hospital. As she was dying I kept up with my regular life while visiting her six days a week. I was 19-20 years old and in my fourth year of college. When she died I became very depressed and began to live with a man I had been involved with on and off for about a year. I was hoping to get some sort of comfort out of this relationship with Arthur. However, I was really worn out and he began to very effectively pressure me into becoming his conception of the "perfect" woman. He didn't want me to see any of my friends, including my father; wanted me to spend literally almost all my time with him; harassed me about not having been monogamous, constantly criticized me for my weight, clothes, way I walked, etc. We were constantly fighting. Soon he was physically abusing me. Once he attempted to scare me by pushing me in front of a moving car. Alternately, I felt I had to put up with this or deserved it since I was at times convinced I hadn't been good enough to him in the past. I was always nervous, constantly afraid he would hit me. Still I felt that I was obligated to spend my life with him, if I left him that I would have nobody.

More and more I lost my sense of self until I felt like an empty shell. During one fight Arthur had ripped off the posters from my walls (among other possessions he destroyed) and I just couldn't fix up the room again. I woke up seeing nothing but blank white walls in a barely filled large space. That's the way my life seemed—blank, bland and no future. Then I began to get worried about getting poisoned, primarily by touching various things. Eventually, I became overwhelmed by this fear of being poisoned. My entire life began to revolve around it. But I was ashamed to tell anybody about these feelings, so great is the stigma of being "crazy." Finally, in desperation, I went to find psychiatric "help." I was advised to sign into a hospital and I was in such pain that I did. I was in the mental ward of St. Luke's (6 weeks) and New York State Psychiatric Institute (8½ months) in 1970-71.

At first, I simply thought of myself as a very sick person. In a few months, without any help from the staff, I began to realize that I had been brutalized by my "lover." But I still thought that my situation was unique. It was only by getting out of the grips of the psychiatric establishment, by listening to and uniting with other women, that I realized that the situation I was in before my breakdown was not unique, but typical of the way women are treated. Wife-beating and rape and other forms of physical brutality are very common; and emotional, psychological brutality a constant. Moreover, we're trained to accept this. I felt poisoned before I was being "poisoned" in that relationship and by the values of this society.

However, the institutions did not help me see any of this, and, in fact, their goal was to prevent me from seeing this, simply to get me into shape to

Cont on next page

ONE YEAR LATER CONT



Security: a building with two (2) sides, each side made with 4-cells each cell is for one person. A roach/rat infested building, no full-time staff, only periodical checks ranging from 1-to-5 hours, between those checks, mattresses are urine/blood stained. Meals have sat at the guard house 2 hours before reaching the sisters here.

Yes Louis Powell and Max Barbour have surely taken us there. We've been taken there, and also left there. It's now in the people's hands to see that we received relief, and are taken out of these savage hands, and with mass unity, "take all the Louis Powell, And Max Barbour's, THERE!"

PAMOJA TUTASHINDA UHURU SASA

From: SIS: Tarishi Tamas Maisha
s/n.

Shirley J. Herlth
1034 Bragg St. [Security]
Raleigh, North Carolina 27610

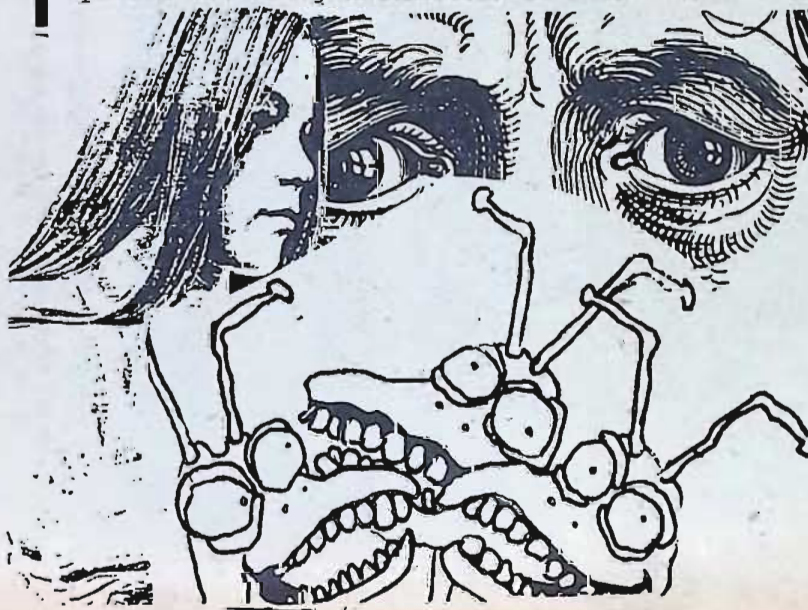
perform as a worker, as wife, as mother. I ended up in the institutions because I was powerless and I was feeling powerless. The institutions put me in a position of powerlessness as well, instead of helping me attain power. The privilege system (taking away rights and granting them as "privileges") was, of course, in effect, and I was pumped full of drugs (Thorazine, Haldol, and Valium). I had such side-effects from the drugs as extreme sleepiness (at first with the Thorazine), extreme restlessness to the point of having to walk constantly (a later side-effect of Thorazine), being unable to read anything beyond the first word because I couldn't concentrate, holding my body extremely stiffly, etc. I did not feel any better from being on these drugs. It was years before I learned from other ex-patients that these were reactions from the drugs and not signs of my sickness. My doctor did not tell me this. Some of the side-effects, however, were so severe (gagging and shaking severely for three days, a bad rash from being in the sun) that the staff had to acknowledge it was the medication and they put me on another medication.

I discovered that either the staff couldn't tell how I was feeling (they certainly could offer no guidance as to why I was feeling so bad) or didn't care as long as I kept up appearances and obeyed the rules. For example, every Saturday morning a group of varied staff people would walk down the long room in which 25 or so women slept and ask stupid questions of us as we sat on our beds. I really felt like an animal in a zoo during these inspections. At one point I was criticized for keeping my laundry someplace "inappropriate." At another point when I was asked what I thought my major problem was and I replied that I was too dependent on men, I was laughed at. Still, I remained in the institution because I had the same problems that had made it difficult for me to get along outside in the first place. Finally, after having seen clearly

that there was no help to be found in that place and after having learned the lesson of not letting anybody (outside or inside) know how much pain I was in (because it does no good anyway), I was ²² discharged by the staff, who thought, as usual, that they had greatly helped me.

Patients, myself included, always fought against the oppressive rules in various ways as individuals. There was a rule against patients touching one another at all, but people would find secluded areas. People would attempt to escape (even if you were a "voluntary patient, you had to write a letter three days in advance of leaving--and then the staff could commit you). Patients would "tongue" their meds (pretend to swallow the pills, but instead hide them behind the tongue).

A couple of times I became so enraged about constantly being watched and told what to do, that I hit a nurse. The second time I was put in seclusion and told I was going to be transferred to the ward for "violent patients." I was very scared of this, but when I got there I found that the patients on that ward had been "warned" that a violent person was being transferred to their ward.



They were frightened of me at first because of this. This was a typical divide and control tactic. I got along fine with the other patients on that ward, once we got through the barrier the staff had placed between us.

Now I feel bad that instead of fighting individually we didn't join together, and that I and the other women patients didn't look more to each other for support, understanding, and validation of our feelings. We would have discovered that our pain was related to powerlessness--to our oppression as women and, when we then sought help or it was forced on us, to our oppression as psychiatric inmates. Instead, we held on in varying degrees to the hope that the "experts" could help us (while we also fought against the "experts" in varying degrees individually). All the experts were doing was convincing us that we were sick and that if we showed anger (particularly at them) it was not justified.

In recent years a mental patients' movement against psychiatric oppression has emerged around the country. Several years after getting out, I became involved in that movement and in the women's movement. My participation has been instrumental in my finally feeling better, in my understanding of why I was feeling so badly, and of how and why I was oppressed by Psychiatry. MEntal Patients' Liberation Front (a group of patients and ex-patients in Boston fighting psychiatric oppression) has a women's group of ex-patients. I've learned that the ultimate solution to the pain I've suffered in and outside of the mental institutions is to unite with other women and fight back against those who would keep us powerless.

Arlene Sen
P.O. Box 156
West Somerville, Mass. 02144

solidarity with cataracts

at 3:25 yesterday mornin'
i awakened to staccato wails of
a sister in sky-high pain and
the camp was sister packed
i screamed
i shouted
i banged
i yelled
i hollered
i cursed and
the sister of yesterday's wails.

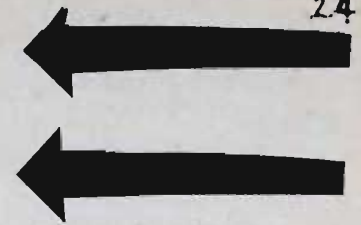
carry surgical scars today all camps install a
all the while stool pigeon snitch box
i wondered as the box is never idle
i screamed 'cause louise stole an
i shouted extra slice of bread
i banged jeanette is high
i yelled how can dotty go on
i hollered a furlough when she
i cursed has walked on the grass
where was solidarity? ann bought
commissary for
rose 'cause they
play chicks
rita stole a pair of
chartreuse state sneakers
vivian smokes in bed
how can kisha go
home to attend her
dad's funeral while
not-in-good standing'

one afternoon
a sister wept and
i wept inside for the
wreckin'-crew sisters
i can't erase this scene:
a water-soaked mountain of
broken/empty toiletries
shredded literature
cut up garments and
atop the heap
our sister's love one's
pictures hate torn
to bits
all the while
i stood and wondered
where was solidarity?

love+power+peace

vera montgomery
Clinton State Prison
Drawer E
Clinton, N.J. 08809

REFUSE



24

by Nancy Wechsler

TO

Somerville, Mass.- Ellen Grusse and Terry Turgeon were released from jail Dec. 19 after much public pressure. Jill Raymond remains in Madison County Jail. She has been there for over ten months for refusing to testify before a Federal Grand Jury convened in Lexington, Ky. She could be in jail until the grand jury expires May 4 unless we do something to have her released sooner.

I knew Jill many years ago-we had both been active in Peoples Party. When I heard she was in jail my stomach filled with anger, sadness, righteous indignation and disbelief. Jill Raymond in jail? Jill in jail??? We have been writing letters back and forth for ten months now-glad to be back in touch, angry and frustrated by the circumstances, sometimes paranoid about who else reads our mail. I spent Thanksgiving down in Lexington, driving to Richmond, Ky., everyday to visit with Jill.

She looked pale, and has suffered from mild colds and sore throats on and off for months. Despite that, she still has her sense of humor, and was eager to learn about what was happening in Boston. Considering what she has gone through this past year, FBI harassment and imprisonment, she was in good spirits over Thanksgiving.

Her "home" is on the third floor of a fairly old jail-the heating is irregular, the bars are thick, there is not much sunlight. In the ten months she has been imprisoned she has been outside only when being transferred from one jail to another, or when she has had to appear in court for a hearing. Sunlight, fresh air, and exercise are not a part of life in Kentucky county jails. Isolation is. Most of the time Jill has been in jail she has been by herself. At times there have been one or two other women in jail for a week or two, and then they leave and rarely does Jill see them again.

BOW



To all Prisoners - Black Market will provide a general packet of anarchist literature on request. If you desire specific anarchist literature Black Market will do its best to meet your request. If interested, please write:

Black Market
Box 306
Cambridge, Mass. 02139



Subscription Rates:

Free to all incarcerated - be it prisons, mental hospitals, halfway houses, or whatever.

\$5.00 - outsiders

\$12.00 - institutions

These rates are flexible - and Bar None remains available to all who desire it.

If Jill is lucky, they don't lock her in her cell. Then she is "free" to walk around the small third floor, looking out the wire meshed windows, opening and closing them to moderate the temperature a bit, watering the plants friends have brought. If she is really lucky she has someone else to talk to on a down day. Otherwise she reads, writes some, watches TV, listens to the radio, waits for letters and visits from friends. And when the visit is over and the visitors go back to Lexington, Jill climbs back up three flights of stairs.

It is time the Movement help get Jill out of jail. All legal maneuvers through the court system have failed. Jill will be in jail until May 4 unless we pressure the U.S. Attorney in Lexington to release her. The Lexington Grand Jury Defense Committee feels that U.S. Attorney Eldon Webb, because he is newly appointed, is susceptible to public pressure. They urge everyone to write him and urge him to release Jill. Jill has requested that people also urge him to transfer her to a federal prison (FCI in Lexington), if he refuses to release her. It is easier to do long time in a prison where there is a stabler population, a chance for recreation and exercise, and maybe some fresh air.

Picture yourself in Jill's position. Take a few minutes and picture yourself in a Kentucky county jail. And then get out a piece of paper and start writing. Write to Eldon Webb, U.S. Attorney, Federal Building, Lexington, Ky. Let him know you think Jill should be released, or at the very least transferred to the FCI. Send a carbon copy of your letter to John Conyers and Michael Harrington (U.S. Congress), and the Bureau of Prisons, Washington, D.C.

I know writing letters is a drag . . . but the Lexington Grand Jury Defense Committee thinks it will help, Jill thinks it might help . . . and you know along with other actions it might just get her out. And wouldn't it be just fine to see Jill Raymond out of jail???

If you want to send Jill a letter or a note you can write her c/o Lexington Grand Jury Defense Fund, POB 1733, Lexington, Ky. 40501.





26
For all women in prison on International Women's Day, 8 March 1975. From a song by Viglietti, Uruguayan, and a police photo of Jessie Macchi, a leader of the Tupamaros

the woman with clipped hair
the woman with the steel gaze
the woman with the resolute mouth
staring from the paper
she is wanted
by the uruguayan police
by the argentine police
by the chilean police
by the paraguayan police
by the bolivian police
by the brazilian police
by the seattle police/
what is her name

i don't know
i never knew her name
i called her compañera

she was a student
who cut class and went
to learn from the streets
from electricians
from secretaries
from drivers
from key punch operators
from sweepers
from machinists/
what was her name

i don't know
i never knew her name
i called her guerrillera

a woman who knows each alley
and intersection
behind the facade of buildings
a woman whose path

3ar None
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