

whiz, whir, spin
flow melt fly

float
blend

become

be . . . but not until

the people are free

not until there is time

to take time to be *free*

if that makes sense

free to exchange energy

communicate

productively create.

i must not forget that i can

not love everyone now, that putting

the real truth into practice now will only

disillusion those who take it for its verbal value

i must wait to really smile inside and pass it on

i must reject the silly feeling to jump, scream, enjoy the cosmos

disoriented as it is now—not until we have all evolved more

not until there are no more incarnations of hitler unevolved

not until the racism/oppression that has raped our souls

has been destroyed then we can all whiz, whir, spin

flow, melt, fly

float

blend

become

be . . .

. . . the words that I use, the way in which I speak,
would be termed inflammatory if these words are
ever written down. Words that I have written
down have been labelled controversial and undesirable
in the institution.

-from Ericka's testimony in the suit
which Ericka and Bobby filed against
the State of Connecticut protesting
prison conditions.

41-CC

noises
sounds
unspoken words
feelings repressed because

the prison walls are also

soul walls

barriers

if only all barriers could be removed

and we could walk/ talk/ sing

be . . .

free of all psychological, spiritual

political, economic

boundaries

all of us all the freedom lovers of

the world but especially

right now—prisoners.

41-CC

"don't let those silly
fascists pluck at your
nerves . . . smile and
know that they are
sad and completely
void of the love that
people like you possess."



love, power, strength

venceremos!

ericka

21 december 1970
7 pm niantic

for paula:
(who ran from the camp
and was eventually caught)

hopes that render me speechless
fly through my soul
the reality of now is
too much to accept the
racism, fascism and oppression
we suffer / have suffered is
numbing my soul
if it is true that they
have stifled your attempt
to breathe air and see
life and be a part of the
chaos that is the streets
then i cry inside
because no one will
understand outside tears
for you—or those like you—
strange it is for you for i only
know your face and soul personalities
sometimes
don't matter . . .
but that's good enough you are a
part of me sister-love the part of me
that has been and will one day be . . .
every door is not locked.

29 december 1970
after 9 pm

love spelled the same but meaning
spiritually much more
meaning that we realize the creative
forces to be energy and that we as a
part of that must
come together
come
together
wow—there are tears in my laughter

On Sunday, the 13th of December, the
New Haven Women's Liberation Rock Band
played a concert at Niantic State Prison.

17 december 1970
6 p.m.
niantic prison

reflections on Sunday:

sounds that come from the soul are always
the same
free
open sounds
giving
the kind that reach out and touch—

that's what our sisters did / minimum
touching maximum / showing oppression
and the wish for its
removal . . .

feeling those sounds
seeing them felt on others
watching faces smile
really smile for the first time in months—
getting high—on the natural power of the
people to resist/to smile/to laugh/to sing/
shout/love/give
ever here!!!

wild hair, funky guitar
long hair funky voice (someone said
bessie smith came to mind)
hair—all lengths, legs, arms, smiles, music—
SISTERS—and us. . .
raggedy peacoats, cotton dressed, rocking,
swaying
screaming

enjoying it—
crying too—even if not too many
let the tears fall free
. . . us—black/brown/white/poor—SISTERS
and it was all a total exchange
of energy

communication
even if we did not share words
we all knew their soul-sounds were
saying
we understand
we know
we can see what amerika is doing
to you—mother/daught/child/woman
of oppression—

we can see, they sung
and our voices answered their guitars,
horns flute-voice-cowbell-tambourine de-
mand for freedom with an unspoken right on
. . . a feeling there that one day—soon—
all people will be free . . . and
we left
stronger
able to smile (for a moment) . . .
till we returned to
rules that degrade
schedules that destroy sanity
racism that they cannot see
sexism that rapes us of our womanhood . . .

and the locks, keys, windows, walls, doors,
threats
warnings
bribes that harden our hearts and
chain our souls . . .
the time
must be
seized
venceremos!

the oldness of new things
fascinate me like a new
feeling about love about people
snow, highways that
sparkle at night, talk,
laughter . . .
that old longing for freedom
that this place constantly
renews—it all makes
me know that humankind
has longed to be free ever forever
since its break from the
whole

maybe the longing for
freedom will soon make
others homesick for our
natural state in / with
earth, air, fire, water
not dead
but living
not asking for freedom—
but free—

for connie, a rollingstone

if there is cosmic beauty
then your face holds it
if there is human understanding
then your soul is capable of it
if a mind ever thought of freedom
yours has flown to where freedom
lives and has drifted back
here to tell your body about it
and you long for it

i can see it in your eyes
aquarius sister-love
i can see it . . . you
must know that one
day we will all
be
FREE