

Isolation
is our enemy!

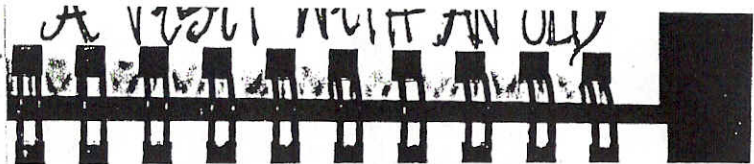
A VISIT
WITH AN OLD FRIEND x x



Please copy and distribute freely.

a true story x x + some prison statistics,
prisoner support & contact
info. for beginners...





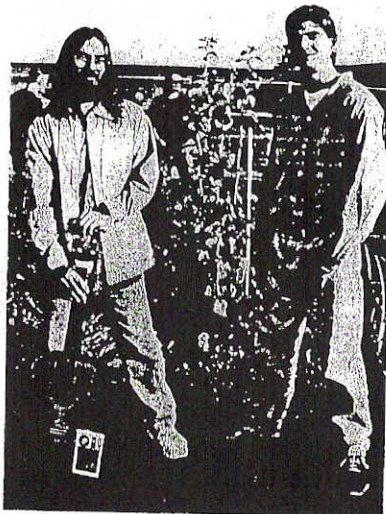
FRIEND...

Beeeeep.... The sound bounces off the white brick walls as all eyes are on me. The female guard says "try again." She looks faintly amused but mostly bored. Bored with her control. Grrrr... I pivot on my toe and it beeps again as I walk back through to prepare for my second run, all the dumb redneck jokes about what would happen if I ever tried to make it through a metal detector, are ringing triumphantly through my head. I close my hand around the bells wired to the end of a dread, pull my arms in close to my body, and as I walk fast I focus all of my will on making it through that evil machine. I sigh as barrier #1 between me and an old friend is passed.

I am the last to remove my shoes from the xray conveyor. The whole group waits for me to put them back on. There is a nervous tension in the air, and I wonder if maybe I'm not the only one who worries that it's all a big trick. Once they get me inside, behind the walls and

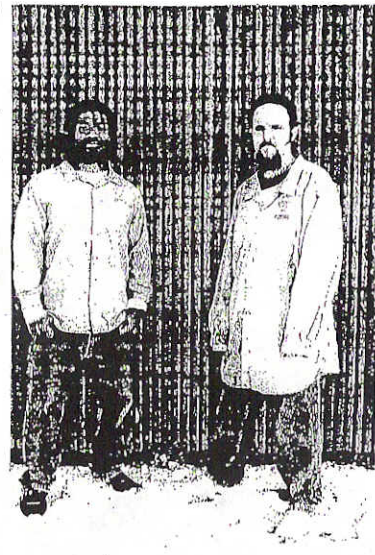
Thursday April 18th

A Benefit



Rob "the rick" thomas
Sole to a long term anarchist activist serving 7 1/2 years for throwing a rock at a cop on June 18, 1994.
His address is:
808 Thomas #171779
San
7840 acres st.
Salem, or 97339

Jeffrey "Red" Lewis
Free is a socialist activist and anarchist who has been active in the Eugene, or anarchist community for many years. In July of 1991 he was bonded on extremely long bail of 12 1/2 years for his participation in the destruction of several cars as well as other more serious charges. His current address is:
Jeffrey Lewis #1737971
San
2600 acres st.
Salem, or 97339



Anthony "Viper" Lewis
Another victim of the system. Tipped to serving time in the same institution as critics and was also with him at
Anthony Viper #17843145
San
777 Stanton Blvd.
Salem, or 97339

Ernie "critter" Marshall
prior to his incarceration for manufacture and possession of an illegal device and conspiracy to commit crime. Critter was a dedicated activist in the Fall Creek branch. Write Critter at:
Ernie Marshall #13787641
San
777 Stanton Blvd, Salem, or 97339

you could be the next political prisoner

Ahisma personal/political grindcore

Sbitch resale treated metallic hardcore from Texas

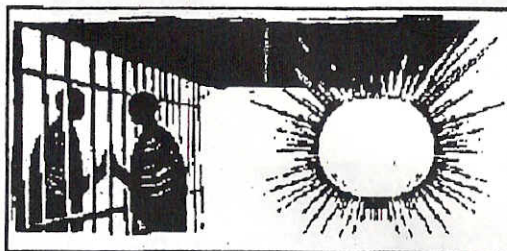
fuckgodintheface aggressive notorious cave metal
and one other band t.b.a.

they're in there for us.
we're out here for them

\$4-\$10 sliding scale admission
all ages

starts at 7p.m.

@ the lorax
1649 alder
eugene. or



support activist/
anarchist
political prisoners!
they're in there for us

NORTHWEST PRISONERS

POLITICAL PRISONERS

(These are Northwest political prisoners. They are in prison for crimes against capitalism and the state. They are political because they consciously carried out actions against this government to further their own political goals - goals such as freedom and equality for all, the abolition of capital and the state, and an end to industrial exploitation of the earth.)

Jeffrey Luers #13797671, OSP, 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310

Craig Marshall #13797662, 777 Stanton Blvd. Ontario, OR 97914

Robert Middaugh #6859467 P.O. Box 5000, Delano, CA 93216-5000

Peter Schnell #02005855, DR-8047, 885 N. San Pedro St. San Jose, CA 95110, USA.

Robert Thaxton #12112716, OSP, 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310

Thomas Tripp #12032560, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914

Matt Whyte #99477-111, Taft Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 7001 Taft, CA 93268

SOCIAL PRISONERS

(This is by no means a complete list of all the prisoners in the Northwest that deserve support. If you know of anyone who is not on this list and would like to be, please contact us. Also, most of these prisoners are not "political prisoners" in the sense that they are incarcerated for crimes against the government or for the liberation of animals or in defense of the environment, but all of them are politically-conscious prisoners who have an interest in the anti-capitalist struggle for social change. We at NPPSN are willing to send literature to all prisoners except for known sex offenders, white supremacists, and child abusers. In order to be listed in BTC, prisoners must be vouched for by at least one other listed prisoner.)

Chris Bellender #11934625, OSP, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310

Mike Burkhardt #11561497, TRCI 82911 Beach Access Rd. Umatilla, OR 97882

Randy Capps #704874, Washington State Penitentiary, 1313 N. 13th Ave. Walla Walla, WA 99362

Brad Davis #12379402, 777 Stanton Blvd. Ontario, OR 97914

Robert Elliot #718290, I.M.U. FNB-10, Stafford Creek Correctional Center, 191 Constantine Way, Sherden, WA 98520

J-Frazier CSP/SAC, A-1131/B-38808, Box - 290066, Repressa, CA 95671-0066

Jack Friend #H-39500, San Quentin Prison, San Quentin, CA 94974

John Gann #E-23852 D2-222, PO Box 7500, Crescent City, CA 95532

John Gann #E-23852 D2-222, PO Box 7500, Crescent City, CA 95532

Stephen Gassman #13175511, 777 Stanton, Ontario, OR 97914

Don Gobert #798261, W.S.U., 1313 N. 13th Ave. Walla Walla, WA 99362

Tim Handsaker #11957344, 82911 Beach Access Rd., Umatilla, OR 97882

Jason Hayes #11507807, 777 Stanton Blvd. Ontario, OR 97914

Daniel Holmes #E-72745, 330-2-4SL, PO Box 9, Avenal, CA 93204

Walter James #E-57775, 4A-7A-207 S.H.U., Po Box 1902 Tehachapic, CA 93581

James "Rio" Johnson #8952263, SRCI 777 Stanton BLVD. Ontario, OR 97914

Allen Jones #10966883, 3405 Deer Park Dr. SE, Salem, OR 97310

Henry Jones 13252685, 82911 Beach Access Rd., Umatilla, OR 97882

Mike Lane #10047394, 3405 Deer Park Drive, Salem, OR 97310

Siniva Langloss #11877278, 11250 SW Clay Rd, Sherwood, OR 97140

James LeVieux #12658724, 3405 Deer Park Dr. Salem, OR 97310

M.D. Mathews #00-13515, PO Box 22003, Santa Ana, CA 92702-2003

Robert Mathews #6629930, OSP, 2605 State St. Salem, OR 97310

Brian McCarvill #11037967, O.S.P. 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310

Sarah Millard #13860851, E.O.C.I 2500 Westgate, Pendleton, OR 97801

Brandon Mohr #7375746, 82911 Beach Access Rd., Umatilla, OR 97882

Chris Montgomery #12112201, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914

Dale Morris #7499304, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914

John Mundy #725019, W.S.P./I.M.U., 1313 N. 13th Ave., Walla Walla, WA 99362

Eric Pulzer #12852008, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914

Josh Rennells #11765912, O.S.P. 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310

Randy Resch #4473708, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914

Clyde Silvernail #12449454, 777 Stanton, Ontario, OR 97914

Ezra Stockman #12064006, CRCI, 9111 NE Sunderland Ave., Portland, OR 97211

David Valencia K-19949 CTF South 7-29-Low PO Box 690, Soledad, CA 93960

Steve Valley #11897003, 82911 Beach Access Rd., Umatilla, OR 97882

Anthony Vaughn #11543145, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914

Ray White #13771840, 3405 Deer Park Dr. SE, Salem, OR 97310

Brett Wilson #6400494, O.S.P. 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310

The iron gates, the plexiglass steel, maybe they'll decide to keep me.

"Everybody in single file & stay to the right," she announces as we round a corner passing through a doorway which leads to a downward sloping hallway. We all plaster ourselves to the far wall, inwardly conflicted between disgust & disease at her easily assumed air of authority. Even though I have no doubts to my status within these walls. ("visitor" or "prisoner"?).. it seems they know exactly who I am.

Across from us is a tinted wall of plexiglass covered with horizontal metal bars, & hiding behind that is a room full of various surveillance equipment and guards. They stare us down, following some routine protocols I haven't yet been able to identify. When they are satisfied, they

open the gate... whurr... whurr... whurr... whurr... CLANK!... "When you enter the room, keep to your left," we all crowd through the gate, passing through barrier #2 between us and an old beloved friend, and I am feeling a lot like a cow in an overcrowded slaughterhouse corral. The motor chums & the gate slowly closes, the guards stare us down some more,

some people crack the kind of nervous jokes that are meant only to divert their own sense of built-in guilt when under the scrutiny of authority figures, and then the gate on the opposite side of the room starts to crank & opens...



Break The Chains website up!
<http://www.breakthechains.net>
 A great website with info about Rob, Free, & Critter. More soon! Check it out!
JUSTICE FOR NW POLITICAL PRISONERS!

Whirring, whirring, like my tension building, and CLANK! The sound echoes off the walls into infinity as I pass through barrier #3 between me and an old friend. We enter a long hallway gleaming white with several doors at either side of it. I imagine unnameable horrors behind each one as she once again barks out, "single file! Keep to your left." We flatten ourselves against the far wall, everyone with a fake casualness about their motions, like we were all trying to convince ourselves that this was OK. This is somewhat like the idea of giving in to a rape to take the power away from the rapist... Like if we fear willing consent, the element of force is lessened. She unlocked a door on the end of the hallway, right side, and began ushering us through it one by one. Her face softened for a second as she caught me looking, "have a nice visit," she sez as I pass through barrier #4 between me and an old friend.

Inside the visiting room everyone is momentarily stunned. We are all deep-in-headlights taking it all in. The plastic starts everywhere, displaying

- Don't send anything that could be construed as being gang related...ie. ~~A~~ signs
- Don't discuss violence or illegal activities, or even the specifics of that prisoner's case unless they bring it up. Anything you say could be used against them.

★ Most importantly: DON'T GIVE UP!!!

If your mail gets returned to you... try to figure out why they rejected it... fix it... and try sending it again. If you give up, they have won! Isolation is our enemy! We've gotta stick together!!



Prisoner Support Groups:

Los Angeles Anarchist Black Cross Federation: PO Box 3671 Anaheim, CA 92803-3671/la_blackcross@hotmail.com

Anarchist Prisoners' Legal Aid Network: 818 SW 3rd Ave. PMB #354 Portland, OR 97204/aplan@tao.ca

Books Through Bars: C/O Bluestockings Bookstore, 172 Allen St. NY, NY 10002

Free Mumia Coalition: PO Box 751 Portland, OR 97207 (Publishes *Open to the Truth* newsletter, which features news about and writings by Mumia Abu-Jamal, as well as other prisoners).

Mutual Aid Legal Fund: PO Box 95616 Seattle, WA 98145-2616 (Set up to support people arrested during the '99 WTO ruckus in Seattle and other mass-actions).

National Lawyers Guild Prison Law Project: 558 Capp St. San Francisco, CA 94110

Prison Activist Resource Center: PO Box 339, Berkeley, CA 94701

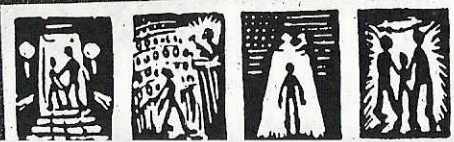
Prison Legal News: 2400 80th St., NW #148 Seattle, WA 98117

Santa Cruz Two Defense Group: PO Box 583, Eugene, OR 97440 (Contact this group to see how you can help the "Santa Cruz Two.")

South Chicago ARA/ABC: PO Box 721 Homewood, IL 60430 (Produces *Thought Bombs* 'zine and does an enormous amount of

Thundering Drums Native American Inmate Support Group:

P.O. Box 9545, Bend, Oregon 97708
Women Prisoners Book Project: c/o Arise Bookstore, 2441 Lyndale Ave., S. Minneapolis, MN 55405. Voicemail: 612-837-1762.



A FEW TIPS ON WRITING TO PRISONERS:

* Making sure yer mail gets in: *

REMEMBER that a prison employee will probably be reading yer mail before it gets to the prisoner, so here are a few do's & don't's...

* DO *

Write on plain paper, until you familiarize yourself w/ the specifics of each facility's mail restrictions.

• Write yer full name (as one that sounds legit) and return address both on the outside of the envelope, AND on the letter itself, if you wish to receive a reply.

• Consider carefully before mentioning anyone's name, address, places of interest, etc... Pretend you are having an indirect conversation with a fed. (cuz you may be!!)

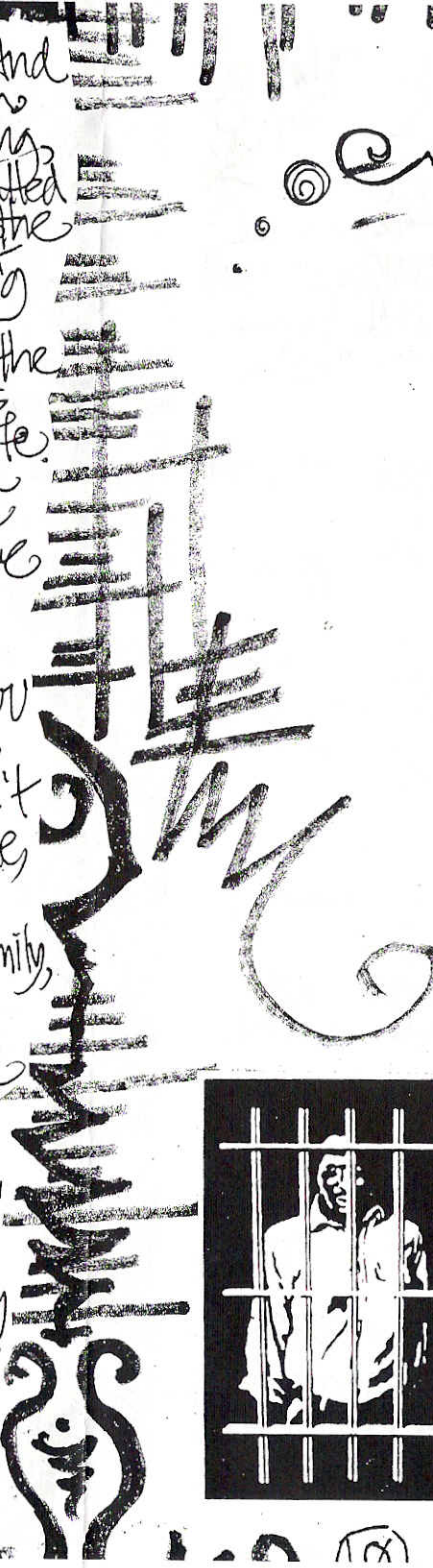
* DON'T *

Don't decorate the outside of yer envelope. (No nicknames!)

• Don't use glue, tape, markers, a stapler, or try to send pictures, books, cash, etc. UNTIL you are familiar with each prisoner's specific mail restrictions..

various rules, the guard elevated, up on a platform higher than my head, staring smugly down upon us... We, the poor, deadbeat peasant workers... he, the ruffian American master, servant to the King. The same sick quality played out for centuries, using skills of mind torture gleaned from the Inquisition, with that predictable socio-economic/political trust that is prevalent in our modern day prison system. I catch his eyes and look away onto them, subtly refusing to acknowledge anything but his humanity... possibly a bad idea, but I have psychological warfare skills of my own. He is painfully aware of me.... I let him go. Clutching my tokens that I got in the waiting room, I walk carefully around the edge of the room, looking for my friend. He's still not here. Who knows what barriers he's going through on his side of things, trying to get here, to this institutional middle ground, to me. I find a spot on the other end of the room to wait, aware of all the male eyes on me, my body, picking apart my every move, every curve, every gesture. The two guards, placed on separate ends of the huge fluorescently exposed room, are talking on their telephones to each other. And they're talking about me. It's easy to see in their shifty arrogant eyes, looking quickly away from my gaze.

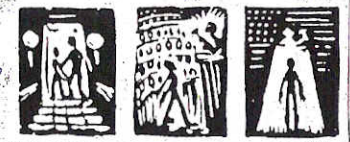
in that Jr. High cafeteria sort of way. And this is startlingly similar to my Jr. High Cafeteria; the same untidy bright lights, with it's omnipresent buzz, the same junk-filled vending machines lining one wide wall, the round white clocks ticking on each end of the room, the same grating feeling of being watched constantly. Except different from Jr. High coz the clock isn't ticking out the time until the last bell of the day, it's ticking out the time of my friend's stolen life. How many times do the hands go around a clock in 20 years?? And they seem to be going so agonizingly slow as I continue to wait for them to bring him to me. I overhear bits of conversations of those around me. "I love you, I miss you so much." "I can't take it anymore. I just sit and stare at the walls." "You don't even wanna know what they feed us here, man." Talk of suicides, lost love, sorrow, insanity, mistakes made, lost friends/family, racism, abuses from the guards, isolation... Finally they bring out my friend and he looks tense.. upset. We had a surreal hug, sit down in a chair. "I thought they were taking me to the fucking hole," he sez. They here tell them anything, like to keep them guessing and constantly fearing the worst. Classic prisoner-of-war mind control techniques. We sit through a strained visit, clutching each other's clammy hands, trying to be



PRISON STATISTICS:

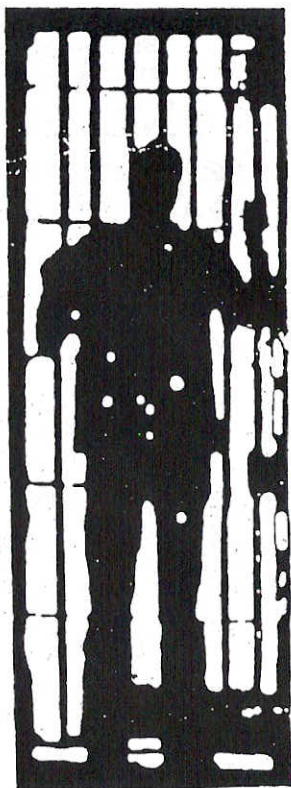
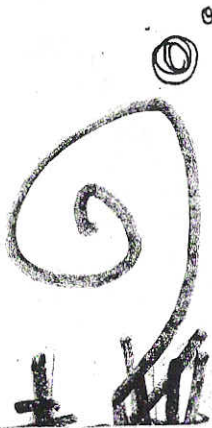
- *The U.S. has the highest incarceration rate of any other country.
- *There are currently 2 million people incarcerated in the U.S.
- *Although the nation's crime rate dropped 30%, the prison population has tripled, with 84% of newcomers being NON-VIOLENT offenders.
- *Last year Wall Street executives made over \$4 Billion in profit from the Prison Industry.
- *Number imprisoned in U.S. per 100,000 residents, by gender and race (1997):

White Female:	32
Black Female:	192
White Male:	491
Black Male:	3,253



- *In 1995, 1 out of every 3 Black men aged 20-29 were under "justice system" control on an average day.
- *78% of women in prison have endured the trauma of childhood physical or sexual abuse.
- *75% of incarcerated women are mothers.
- *A larger percentage of the mentally ill are in prison than in mental health facilities.
- *70% of all inmates are illiterate.

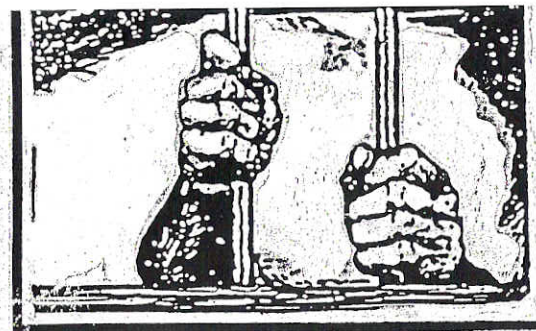




TH
2

Once you realize it could've been you in there, you shouldn't need any suggestions from me. Just imagine that it is you... imagine your life stripped away to a pitiless routine, a cell smaller than your bathroom, and the whims of some stupid cop jocks with guns and all the time in the world to get paid to fuck with you... just imagine... How would it feel to be forgotten? ... and ask yourself, What would I be hoping that people would do for me???

I welcome any correspondence regarding the issue of prisoner support.
 1330 Oak St.
 Eugene, OR. 97401



cheerful under the glaring lights, the staring guards. It is hard to look into the tired eyes of someone you love and force a smile onto your face, knowing full well you may not see them free until you are both almost 50. I don't even know if I'll live to be 50. I'm sometimes surprised I have even made it to 26.

We push our way through an hour of choppy conversation until the guards give the call... "Five minutes!" ... We stand and hug each other tightly. - Kiss with a little tongue, as much as we can get away with. Then we are both taken through the whole process in reverse, through our various locked doors and dates, behind our various degrees of separation.

Back outside I can think of nothing but him. Are they strip searching him as I walk to my friend's van? They like to do that a lot, apparently. You think they fuck with us punks on the street, just imagine how it is on the inside, where resisting will get you nowhere but the hole. (6)

All that day and the next few days after, each thing I touch, every small menial task, is shrouded in a new sort of morbid appreciation. He can't listen to this old Rorschach album, he would love to eat this fried tofu, to sit in front of this fake, to lie reading Samuel in my bed, to have the freedom to be intimate with another person, to walk to the store, to drink a beer, or any of the numerous things we all take for granted every day. I wonder if I'm gonna feel like this every time I go see him... like my heart is breaking over and over and my small little world disintegrates piece by piece by fucking trivial little piece.

Let's get this straight, ok? I don't go there for me. I go there for him. I hate it in there, the consequences of the guards, the exposure, the mind games... but I do it anyways.

REACH

Worker bees can leave

Feel like h



Not out of some warped sense of duty, but for the simple knowledge that I would want the same were I in his position.

So why am I writing this? What am I trying to say to you? What is my fucking point? Just this... just that I can think back to other times in my life and other ways I was living and see how easily it could've been me. There are a lot of awesome people sitting forgotten in a cell right now... people just like you or me. The only difference being that they got caught and we didn't.

Once we stop seeing ourselves as the helpless victims of society, we will stop being so limited by this definition. Yes... it could've been you in there who I went to see the other day. Think about that for a minute. We're all done some dumb shit we're glad we didn't get busted for. Right? But it wasn't you, so what are we left with? Hopefully with this awareness of our daily freedoms will also surface the realization that even though we live in a police state there are still lots of things we can do to either help get people out, or to improve the daily lives of those who are in.

★⑧★

BEWARE!

Fee
SOM
JOB
NO

Emih
alm

ED & LEADER

DIVL
ED

DISP

h

DIVL
ED

BEWARE!

ONLY