

I can tell you about fall-outs, fights, stabbings, disputes and petty squabbles, but I'd rather tell you about every time one of these pigs got blasted, injured or attacked, 'cuz inmate on inmate violence doesn't impress me any more...

I can tell you about brutality and injustice and about cover-ups, abuse and retaliation brought down on us by those who are supposed to be "correctional officers", whatever that means...

I can tell you about how things once were back in the day, and I can tell you how and why each so-called privilege and luxury were taken away...

I can tell you about intelligent, creative, brilliant minds; people who could give and contribute so much to life, but who unfortunately remain behind these dense dungeons walls...

I can tell you about men who are warriors and about men who are saints...

I can tell you about being resourceful and ingenuitive, and how it can get you far in life...

I can tell you about those who have applied themselves and who have gone on to greater things...

I can tell you how to get organized behind enemy lines, how to start your own prison chapter, how to raise consciousness and flood the prison with books, literature and zines and how to get a book drive going for your library...

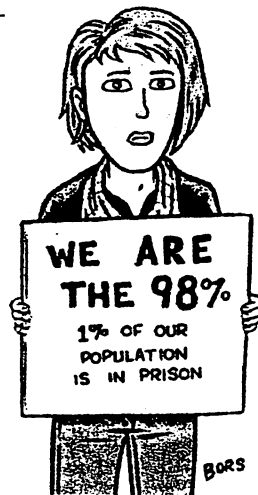
I can tell you so much, about so many things. My Heart has seen Joy, my Heart has seen Sorrow and Pain. If you really want to know, I can tell you so much about this lonely, wretched world, and what it's like to live down here on the bottom of the barrel...

What can you tell me though, that's what I want to know? Can you tell me about Freedom and what Life will be like for me when I gallantly step through these gates? Can you tell me about Love and Romance and what's it's like to be in a relationship? Can you tell me what I can do, and how I can make it through each day out there in that foreign, unknown world? Can you tell me ways that I can live and be free out there without becoming a robot? Please, tell me what you can, tell me everything I need to know about this thing called Freedom and this thing called Life, because I do not want to ever have to come back to this awful, dreadful place...

With Freedom in Mind,  
Coyote  
10-27-10  
ABC - Nevada Prison Chapter

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- From the Heart -



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### Nevada Prisoners' Newsletter

# 11 (NPN Vol. 3, Nr 1, 2012)

"Knowledge is power"

#### I am ashamed

You don't know me... and it's okay that you don't.

In a manner of speaking, I am the Ghost of Prisoners Past.

I am, the former raised fist of Solidarity in the Struggle.

I am, the Battered Survivor of a multitude of Oppressions.

And finally, I am one of the dying breed of Dinosaurs,

Who trampled down the dense foliage of sadistic Green

Oppression... Only to pave the road for today's Prisoners'

To complacently accept anything and everything.

I am ashamed.

The system of Honor and Sacrifice which once made

The Enlightened and Intent Prisoner an Unstoppable Force,

Has evaporated. Leaving a residue, aged and brittle

Window Dressings, and tantalizing wispy fragrances

Of former Magnificence. The Code and Conduct

Befitting, the both, Respectable and Respected Prisoner of Stature has dispersed like smoke in

a Turbulent wind. Blown to the nether regions. As the

Hearts of Fire, which burned ferociously, to acquire

The few amenities today's prisoner takes for granted

Is reduced to embers, in the Souls of a Sorrowful

And dying breed

I am ashamed

The drive and dedication, of the now fallen and forgotten;

Dinosaurs, if you will, who exhibited the standing tall through it all method of existence, Which knew no compromise. Who together in the unquenchable spirit of Sacrifice, Solidarity and Struggle, Steadfastly climbed... moved... or went through, the Hills, Mountains or Walls thought by many to be Obstacles to the tides of change... Woefully, These tired eyes have witnessed the drive and

Dedication become dissemination and discord Where the masses have become self-defeating. Willingly participating in separatism (divided) And, enthusiastically embracing defeat (conquered) Systematically pacified by Top Ramen and T.V. I am ashamed

This diatribe of a Dinosaur is instigated and inspired by the inquiry of a questing soul. As he, unable to recognize me, in my near extinction, [was] convalescing in my concrete tomb. Earnestly professing a cornucopia of intellectual conveyance. Expounding upon the desire to learn, and the need for the education of the masses. Alluding to the Each One Teach One-mentality, which to me has become a misty melancholy memory...

Waving the standards of solidarity. Trumpeting a vigorous charge, into the midst of the abyss This nightmare reality, where P.C.'s are calling Shots, child molesters are "Just one of the fellas,"

Snitching is called... "Getting off first." And the Guards have no respect. Because they have nothing To fear.

I am ashamed.

As an unwilling witness to character being Determined by the size of your lies

Where the honor is thought to be a disguise And it has become fashionable to pretend Not to see the fear in a coward's eyes...

I have become self-contained. In a tomb, where I just may breathe my last. Wearing my disillusionment like a cast... Handicapped in the

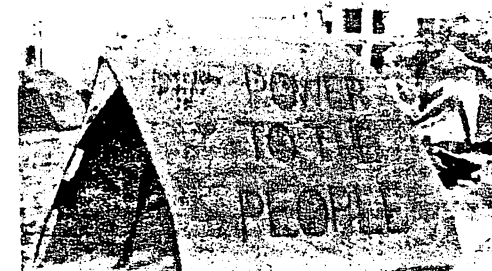
Most disconcerting way because, above all Else when I look at what it has all become...

I am ashamed.

You don't know me...

And it's okay that you don't

Wayne, 11/28/11



From the editors:

The *Nevada Prisoners' Newsletter (NPN)* is a forum for and by Nevada prisoners, made by volunteers outside and inside Nevada's prisons so that people inside are more informed about prisons, rights, about new ideas and initiatives; some articles by prisoners were already published in other media, but most are directly sent to us for publication.

All views expressed are those of the authors.

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For authors:

Please try and write no longer than 2 to 3 pages, or give us the possibility to divide your article over several issues. Thank you for your ideas, stories, reports, poetry, creativity!

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Forever We Resist

Ask yourself this question: who's crazier- the individuals that are forced to reside and rot in these so-called "prisons", or the individuals who first thought of such inhumane institutions of torture? How repulsive! I, TrayWay, am an anarchist radical currently confined and held against my will here at

Nevada's Ely State Prison (Nevada's department of repression)

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Adamantly am I forced to remain in a cell twenty-three hours a day, seven days a week, three-hundred and sixty-five days a year. And for some of us, those years extend beyond decades. Just recently an event transpired that I myself feel obligated to tell you (the reader) with hopefulness that you shall learn from it. For, the more we know, the more effectively can we change our world.

So, my story goes as follows: in the unit that I'm in, (4A), several corrections officers had taken it upon themselves to deliberately and blatantly make our lives (the inmates') worse than they already are. Personal property was being damaged during cell searches, the phone was hardly passed out, cleaning supplies were denied, and most appalling (and most despising), several inmates weren't being fed occasionally. Also, keep in mind that, in the unit I'm in we are not allowed to order food from the prison's commissary, so consequently we must depend on the food they provide us and the measly portions they serve. Portions that I might add are no bigger than that of a McDonald's Happy Meal for children (minus the small drink and a toy). Yes I know, my dear reader, sounds unbelievable. You may be saying-to yourself, "This coming from the mouth of an inmate".

Well let me assure you that I have no reason to make up such a story, for I myself was victim to those acts of coward cruelty on several occasions. And secondly, these types of acts aren't uncommon here at Ely State Prison, nor are they uncommon at most prisons in Nevada. In fact, most of these tactics (and many others) are implemented by the prison officials to produce prisoners submission; to show the inmate "who's master". Despicable.

Anyways, back to my story: On the night of August 3, 2011, corrections officer Rick Remington and trainee officer David Godoy were assigned to my unit (4A) as swing-shift floor officers. These two officers (Rick Remington in particular) were known to most inmates as trouble-makers. Trainee officer David Godoy was actually responsible

a good man at that, then how much more hopeful our future would be.

This is something I felt I had to get off my chest, just to say that love is all we need. To have people in our lives who actually care about us, so that we can start caring too! Not only about ourselves, but about others as well. I write this from somewhere deep inside of me, a new place that I didn't even know existed, with the hope that the minds of society will start to see that you can't just throw a broken man into prison for some time, thinking he's going to come out a better, fixed man. It doesn't work that way. Society has to start taking new approaches to this, or we're going to have to start tearing these walls down! I also write these words with the hope that prisoners will start taking a deeper, more serious look at themselves, and at love, trust and just at the way we're living.

With these words written, I just want to let it be known that until I can really get some real love, I'm still going to be ... Coyote who howls in darkness, just an anarchist trying to open up the hearts and minds of the poor, imprisoned and oppressed, with my full extension of respect to the people in this world who actually do care about us in here. Maybe someday someone will come along and really teach me, and show me or help me find out what love really is. My heart has been hardened to this world I've lived in for so long, and now I know that the only thing that can save me is love. Solidarity and Respects, "The Hopeless Romantic", Ely State Prison, 3-14-12

I Can Tell You

I can tell you what it's like to be embraced by the scared, unloving arms of Misery...

I can tell you all about agony, torment and loneliness...

I can tell you what it's like to struggle from day to day, and I can tell you, even, how to stay strong and true through it all...

I can tell you about all of the men who I thought were strong, and how I've seen them fall...



HOWARD ZINN

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE IS NOT OUR PROBLEM. OUR PROBLEM IS CIVIL OBEDIENCE. OUR PROBLEM IS THAT PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE OBEYED THE DECREES OF THE LEADERS OF THEIR GOVERNMENT AND HAVE GONE TO WAR, AND MILLIONS HAVE BEEN KILLED BECAUSE OF THIS OBEDIENCE. OUR PROBLEM IS THAT PEOPLE ARE OBEDIENT ALL OVER THE WORLD IN THE FACE OF POVERTY AND STARVATION AND STUPIDITY, AND WAR, AND CRUELTY. OUR PROBLEM IS THAT PEOPLE ARE OBEDIENT WHILE THE JAILS ARE FULL OF PETTY THIEVES, AND ALL THE WHILE THE GRAND THEIEFS ARE RUINING THE COUNTRY. THAT'S OUR PROBLEM.

I can tell you about what it means to be a man whose every heartbeat thumps and pounds to the uproarious rhythm of resistance...

I can tell you about how a warrior's spirit is what guided me through so much insanity, adversity, heartache, and how it kept me strong through each and every trial and tribulation I've faced, and I can tell you that it's either something you have, or you don't... 19

I can tell you about old friends I once knew, before I was shuffled, stifled and suppressed inside the cold and callous confines of this morbid world, and I can tell you about all the ones who slowly but surely stopped writing and faded and fizzled out of my life...

I can tell you about the aching heart as it melts away every time my beautiful, beloved mother has to visit me behind 3 inches of Plexiglas, unable to kiss, hug, or touch me, seeing me in belly chains and shackles...

I can tell you about how the days endlessly drag, and about the sleepless nights, tossing and turning, trying to shut out the venomous noise as time slinks on...

I can tell you how through years and years of constant degradation, madness and despair, some of us have become hardened and immune to it all; none of it affects us anymore. Is that good, or is that bad, you wonder? Well, it's probably good for those who have to stay here; and bad for those who have to leave...

I can tell you about futility, capitulation, and all of those forgotten, rotten souls who have committed suicide, as the guards just smiled and laughed...

I can tell you about all of those who have endlessly resisted for years and years; the Hugo Pinell's of Ely State Prison...

I can tell you about the deprived and the deprived; the ones who have straight lost their minds after only a few months of this solitary life...

I can tell you about those who have lost their lives here in this graveyard...

I can tell you about all of those who have gotten out of here, only to come right back, usually within a year...

I can tell you about loss, depression, bitterness, hate and hopelessness...

From reflecting on my many years in prison – and from my many years of reflecting while in prison – I've come to realize that many men in here have a misogynist nature; whether consciously or subconsciously, they hate women. At one time in their lives they've been hurt by women and many have never taken the steps to try to let those wounds heal. They've come to look at love as "weakness" and to those who seek it as "suckers." Females are derogated and characterized by the infamous "B-word", or worse. There's a lot of hurt inside and that hurt is directed towards women in a negative way. I know this because I myself have been through some very painful moments in my life at a young age where I felt hurt, abandoned, neglected and betrayed by the person I loved and trusted the most in my life: my mother. And because of this pain I felt inside, I grew up to be a mean, mad, violent man, never opening myself up to love, not caring much about it others and having a deep resentment towards authority as well.

It has taken me years to heal from these wounds and truth be told, I'm still trying to fully recover and let the scar tissue subside, but even this can be a struggle. Sometimes I feel so alone like no one really cares, and I become so hostile inside towards those who come into my life pretending that they care, when really all they have is ulterior motives, and sometimes I feel like this illusory thing called "love" just wasn't meant for me, like it's my destiny to live a lonely, loveless life as a revolutionary, dedicated only to struggle and anarchy. My story is kind of sad, I've only been with three females, sexually, and that was about 15 years ago. I've never been in a relationship, never been in love and don't even know what love is. I really do want to get out and find a good woman, one that would compel me to want to be a good man to her, but after living in a miserable world of hate and mistrust for so long, I don't even have the foggiest idea how to go about doing this. I don't know how to trust a woman, to let her get close to me, letting her into my heart without having to worry about her playing with it like it's a toy. I don't want to be a possessive, controlling type of man, and yet, I've never really been in an experience where I've been tested in these regards to see how I deal with such things like commitment, jealousy, trust and just being able to really care about someone other than myself.

I'm afraid that my heart will break a thousand times in my search for love, or for a good woman. And after coming out of a despicable world of prison madness, I don't even know how

I'll be able to deal with heartbreak. Will I end up killing myself? Will I kill her? Or will I find the strength inside me to heal and move on, and if so, will I dust myself off and try for love again, or will I be jaded and ruined by the whole experience.

You don't learn these things in prison. This is a place where it becomes hard for you to even maintain a truthful, significant relationship with a woman, let alone your own family, no conjugal visits with your spouse, cut off from those important social ties that we need so much in our lives. Visits are rare due to the distance and the outrageous prices, phone calls are too expensive, and letters are more of a third-rate form of communication that it doesn't give us a chance to really experience and feel what it's like to actually be in a relationship. We get locked up in this gloomy world of anger and hopelessness, sitting in these cells for years, deteriorating, not knowing how to love a woman or treat her right, and then get released back into a world that has become foreign and strange for us, not even knowing what to do. It's no wonder people get out of prison and turn to drugs and alcohol to cope. I don't want to turn out like that. My problems in life haven't been drugs, nor have I been much of a criminal, my problems have been with anger and violence, which all stem from the pain I feel inside from not being loved.

One of my closest comrades always teases me, calling me a "hopeless romantic." This is someone I consider to be a real friend, someone I've always been able to count on and who will have my back when I'm right and who isn't scared to let me know when I'm not, and I feel bad, because there were times when I felt I couldn't even trust him, and it's not his fault, but mine, because I have serious trust issues, after all the times I've been betrayed, and from living a meaningless, destructive life for so long. But he calls me a "Hopeless Romantic," and now it makes me wonder if there's actually some merit to that. Is it really hopeless for me? Or will I be able to get out and actually learn how to be good to a woman and treat her right? I don't want to go back out into the world not knowing these things; not knowing how to trust a woman, not knowing how to make love to a woman, not knowing how to care about a woman, not knowing how not to be demanding, controlling and possessive towards someone that I've ended up becoming so close to that I don't want to let go or lose. If only we could learn these things in prison, if only they'd send us back into the world knowing not only how to be a man but

for not feeding several inmates a couple of days prior to the aforementioned date. Around 8:00pm that night, these two officers were escorting a lower tier inmate back to his cell after conducting a cell search. During the process of having his handcuffs removed from behind his back, the inmate inquired about an item taken from his cell. Corrections officer Rick Remington ignored his inquiry and began to forcefully and roughly remove the handcuffs from the inmate; at the same time bending the inmate's wrist upward causing the inmate to have to bend forward at the waist. After the handcuffs had been removed, the inmate then turned around and quickly captured his flap while proclaiming that he needed medical attention and that he would not surrender his flap until otherwise. The two officers began to close the flap on the inmates' arm while at the same time I and other inmates began to verbally protest against the precarious actions perpetrated at the hands of the two officers. At this same time, senior officer Jesse Cox, who was located in the unit control room, came to one of the control room windows and yelled these exact words to his floor officers: "Break his arm if you have to"; and I quote. It was at this very moment that I myself became enraged beyond measure. It was by these very words that I came to the conclusion that further protest needed to be taken beyond the verbal level.

I then began calling out to other protesting inmates on the top tier, and after two minutes of debate (direct democracy), we came to the unanimous decision that we would all begin flooding the tier simultaneously. During our rebellious and somewhat humorous demonstration, the two floor officers had given up in their efforts to reclaim the flap. We continued our demonstration and after ten minutes of simultaneous flooding, one of the floor officers came upstairs and immediately after seeing the water everywhere, yelled to the senior officer in the control room to cut the water, supply to the tier. This was the end of our demonstration. But believe me, my dear reader, that was far from the end of our rebellion.

Eventually a sergeant was called to the unit (due to the inmate having captured his flap and our solidarity demonstration), and after

five minutes agreed that he would have medical staff come to the unit if the inmate would voluntarily surrender his food flap. Medical staff came and checked out the inmate and hence the issue of the captured flap was resolved. I say that once more: the issue of the captured flap was resolved. Not the sadistic oppression we have been subjected to at the hands of these fascist pigs for several weeks prior to this day: That issue was not resolved, and it is because of this reason that our indignant acts of rebellion would not come to an end. To show their solidarity with those of us on the upper tier that had demonstrated earlier that night, several inmates on the bottom tier organized a massive flood that was to take place later on that night.

And once this demonstration took place, indeed it was a massive flood. The amount of water was so abundant that it covered the whole bottom tier and began pouring out into the unit hallway and into the other wing. Us rebels on the top tier unfortunately were not able to assist the massive flooding only because our water had been turned off individually earlier that night. But nevertheless, sabotage comes in many different forms. So, to add to the sabotage that was taking place on the bottom tier, I began pushing tons of trash out the bottom of my door and onto the top tier. Once the unit officers noticed the chaos that was taking place on the tier, they immediately shut the water off to the whole tier and called the sergeant. Thus was the end of that demonstration. But once again I say: not the end of our rebellion.

Now, once the sergeant had come onto the tier, as planned, us rioters began voicing out the door all the injustices and atrocities that have been perpetrated against us at the hands of several cowardly officers. But as expected, the sergeant acted as if he didn't care what he had to say and adamantly denied that his officers were doing such heinous things. I say this to you (my reader), that this type of denial is to always be expected; for you can never persuade a corrupted officer to persecute another corrupted officer. Your efforts will be futile. After I and several other comrades had given speeches out our doors urging all inmates on the tier to stand up for their rights and come

together in solidarity with the rest of us that were rebelling, this particular sergeant (Sargent Lightsey) came upstairs and stood in front of my door as if waiting for me to say something; and I did. And this is exactly what I told him word for word, I quote: "This is going to happen every day. All we ask is that you treat us like human beings and stop using food as punishment. You can stop this. Every time you disrespect us, we'll disrespect you. You hurt one of us, we'll hurt one of you." At these words he walked away from my door and I came to find out later that he had written me up on a notice of charges claiming that I told him I was going to "stab him". Cowards never cease to amaze me. The next day no one was allowed to take a shower, nor was anybody offered one-hour yard time. It did not matter anyhow, for most of us slept all day from having rioted all night.

That night while mail was being passed out, the same inmate that had captured his flap the night before was given a letter that had obviously been withheld from him the day prior. But that is not the only thing. The letter he was given was soaking wet and the contents inside were completely destroyed. Need I not have to say what happened next. For I am positive that you (my reader) have already postulated that the beautiful ballad of rebellion serenaded the tier that night to the anarchist drums of solidarity. My ears have heard no sweeter sound. Infallibly the more and more we rebelled, the harder and harder the enemy repressed. Eventually things escalated to a physical confrontation when on August 5, 2011, an inmate on the top tier attempted to head-butt an officer while being escorted back to his cell from the shower. He was slammed on the floor in handcuffs and the shift sergeant was called. Once the lieutenant entered the tier, several inmates including myself began the usual proclaiming of all the oppression we have been subjected to. To our protests he replied, and I quote: "We're trying to find a way to fix this". Well I have a suggestion: treat us like human beings and we shall act as such. Minor floods and protest occurred after that incident and later on in the afternoon the unexpected happened. The assistant warden and the sergeant showed up to our unit to serve our dinner and make sure everyone got fed. I'll say that again: the assistant warden and the

lieutenant showed up to our unit to serve our dinner. I pity those of you who believe revolution shall be brought about through non-violent endeavors only; I assure you that both are a necessity. Anyhow, moving on. 4

Later on that same night, a certain anarchist comrade of mine was moved to the infirmary without regards to why or even how long. This was expected. We predicted this move would happen days before it actually did.

The following is the reason why: this particular inmate (Coyote Sheff), is an anarchist radical that has been exposing the atrocious agenda of this corrupted prison inexorably for years. And because of his revolutionary activities (i.e. creating solidarity and awareness among prisoners, telling the unmitigated truth, and overall standing for what is right), he has become an interference to the fascist administration and their nefarious agenda. So, by removing him from the unit, the fascist believe they will have snuffed the flickering flame of rebellion which burns from the perpetual candle of autonomy. In this they are wrong. For you cannot cut the head off a headless beast. And war does not cease because one of our warriors falls. This act of dividing is typical of the prison industrial complex. They fear unity. For they know that there is strength in solidarity; that groups cannot be easily bullied or subdued; and it is far more difficult to predict the movements of ten individuals than it is to predict the movements of one. So, it is essential to their endeavor of maintaining dominance that they suppress acts of immense prisoner solidarity.

The level of suppressive actions implemented by the fascist varies to some degree and are dependant on several factors. But understand this and never forget it: the fascist shall always retaliate, *always*, more so if there is a possibility of public exposure. Some of their suppressive/repressive actions include, but are not limited to, the following: abrupt transfer to another prison, tampering and withholding of incoming and outgoing mail, false accusations, extreme sanctions for minor infractions, planting of false

responses from the ACLU refer to the Riker case and avoid answering the letters addressing serious issues no matter how critical they are. Part of the settlement stipulation was that the appointed monitor give a 3 week notice prior to any visit... to give the NDOC 3 weeks to set the stage for that dog and pony show. So, who's on death row? If you are a warrior trapped in Ely State Prison and your eyes read upon these words... you better hope not to get sick on the watch of the bloody hands of E.S.P.I. How many more of us have to die? God bless the dead, as I tip the rose and close how I opened. For any words or encouragement, support or leads to legal assistance, feel free to hit me up... and I'll catch you on the rebound. 2-9-12 Stay Lethal Triple Six

#### The Warrior In Me

You may have seen me bow my head  
As I said my prayers today,  
Asking God to give me courage  
And faith to lead my way.  
You see I am a Warrior  
I fight a war that's deep inside,  
And when you are your enemy  
You can never run and hide.  
There's no shelter on the battlefield  
And war is always close at hand,  
But I refuse to be defeated  
So today I take a stand.  
I will honor those who love me  
And have heard my battle cry,  
And I will pray for all the others  
Who lost the will to try.  
No flags will wave above me  
No one will march at a parade,  
There'll be scars that no one sees  
To show the price this true warrior's paid.  
So if you see me bow my head  
As I say my prayers today,  
I'm asking God to give me courage  
And faith to lead my way.

Triple Six - Public Enemy #1

#### "I don't know what love is"

Love, love, love. Some want it, some don't, but I think it's safe to say it's something we all need. Some people think it's a "cheesy" subject to talk about, and then, some people, like myself, really don't know what it is at all... Before I venture any further and really delve into all of this, I just want to point something out right quick... Maybe, out there in the Free World, there are many people who have ways to "escape," or

they have things and ways to take away the pain that they feel deep inside their hearts - things like drugs, alcohol, medication, etc. But for me, I've been living in this hard, hostile world of misery and despair for nearly 15 years with no drugs to take to escape and with nothing to do but face myself and deal with every difficulty that arrives, just being strong while doing hard time and dealing with the agony inside, the best way I can. Needless to say, this pen and paper has significantly been one of the best ways for me to cope and deal with the anger, the aches, the pains, and the soul-destroying torment that comes from the loneliness that has lived the edges of my cemented heart. So even though some might think that the words I'm about to put down are "cheesy," I'm still confident, nevertheless, that most will understand that these words that I'm about to propitiate to my readers come from somewhere deep, deep down inside, where they were discovered only after really taking the time to explore those depths and to feel what I feel, rather than try to escape, reject or conceal the real.

We all know that there's no love here in this cold, heartless world of concrete walls, steel doors and plexiglass windows, and while we take so many pains to keep our emotions contained under a steel surface, unrevealed, the more dehumanized we become. I'm not just talking out the side of my neck, but know this for a fact, as I have been living in this volatile world for so long; a world where the ways of violence, revenge and honor have predominated my environment, shaped my thoughts and has corrupted my heart.

This way of life, this world, is such a place where one feels it necessary to always keep their guard up, never truly being able to trust others, always watching your back, and if you have a sensitive side, it's to stay way down inside, never to be exposed to the light of day, because in this cold world of darkness, it will be taken as a weakness and most likely exploited by the heartless, the manipulative and the corrupted. We all know the scandalous types that I'm talking about, some of us have once been like that ourselves at one time or another, assuming the ways of a predator as a so-called survival tactic; to keep from becoming the prey. So instead of opening up and trusting others, we stay suspicious and we learn to keep our defenses up, building walls around us, becoming hard, mean and cold inside. Emptiness is all you'll find in a mad man's heart. This is what happens when you live so long in a world without love.

the people he helped. He looked past the dramacydal ignorance and only saw, helping another human being in need of his help. Breaking through barriers and walls of diversity in a cumulative way as he did, is so very rare, especially in this diminishing multicultural environment where hate is harvested all year around.

I've seen him get a handful of life sentences reversed and thrown out, cut time off of other people's sentences as well as commence tons of lawsuits. He loved, ate, drank and breathed law and, though many of us resist in the physical form to strive to bring change to the struggle of darkness we all endure. He was very much on the same page, except... he was doing it with a pen, a torch to bring light to our path and, with the only language this system understands. Randal: you are very much appreciated and will be missed, loved and in our hearts, thoughts and prayers. From the cradle to the grave you will never be forgotten, Rest in Peace and sleep with the Angels.  
"Triple Six"  
Public Enemy #1

**In Loving Memory  
Of  
Randal N. Wildeman**

God saw you were getting tired  
And a cure was not to be, he put  
His arms around you and whispered  
"Come with me." With tearful eyes we  
Watched you fade away,  
Although we loved you dearly we could not  
Make you stay. A golden heart  
Stopped beating, hard working hands  
At rest, God broke our hearts to  
Prove to us He only takes the best.  
It's lonesome here without you  
We miss you more each day, Life doesn't seem  
The same since you went away.  
When days are sad and lonely and  
Everything goes wrong, we seem to  
Hear you whisper, "Cheer up and carry on."  
Each time we see your picture  
You seem to smile and say "don't cry  
I am in God's hands, we'll meet  
Again some day!"

Triple Six  
Public Enemy #1

**Stranded on Death Row**

I first and foremost open with Revolutionary Greetings, all my utmost Bigtime Bulletproof Respect in Solidarity and, A true venomously warrior salute! With all due Respect to the Row

and the stretched out: keep your head held high above water and never allow anyone to robb you out off your peace. Trapped in the shadows of the murderous, through the valley of mischievous darkness and, from my grave to yours, welcome to death row.

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On October 19th, 2011, a dear friend Randal N. Wildeman exclaimed to me that he was not feeling very well. The following morning on the 20th he pleaded and requested to be seen, along with the evening pill call to no prevail. Both times the nurse told him to fill out and send in a medical request kite, of which he had already done so previously and, again at that time. A repetitious occurrence of events took place on the 21st, with the same reference to submitting a medical kite, of which by this time he had compelled 3, with no response. In the afternoon of the same day Randal pressed the alert button and asked the officer to call medical and demanded to be seen. When the officer came on the tier several hours later, he told Mr Wildeman that medical did not even respond to him. So Randal once again commenced another medical kite and again advised the nurse at pill call of his diminishing condition, who continuously only insisted on putting in a med. Kite. The following day on the 22nd, it wasn't till a nurse came through handing out nailclippers that the same officer who called the previous day, told the nurse out of concern of Randal's deteriorating condition. The nurse took one glance at him and 15 minutes later, they were taking him out of here in a wheelchair to the infirmary. On the 23rd during morning pill call I asked the nurse how he was doing and he said: "He's doing real good and just resting." At 11:00 AM count time, the officer counting stopped at my grave and said he passed away an hour ago.

If responded to accordingly, I know his inevitable "[m]urder" could have been prevented. Today is 2-9-12 and, 3-4 weeks ago another inmate passed away in the infirmary... don't know who or how but, I'm certain we all know who's behind it. I myself obtain serious medical deficiencies and, due to several lawsuits, I can't get a nurse to flip me off... let alone acquire any adequate medical care, treatment or education. The list is long of all the human beings who have lost their lives in the hands of the injurious, malignant, ideological, hipocracy that we call Ely State Prison. During, before and after the Riker case settlement, I have continuously written Amy Fettig who was the head counsel from the A.C.L.U. on that case. Though the plaintiffs received no money, Amy Fettig received a \$325,000.00 check from that case. Now all the

evidence, spreading rumors intended to cause alienation and division, visitation complications, food and heat deprivation, physical violence, lengthy periods of stripped-cell isolation, destruction of personal property, and sometimes the fascist shall even resort to cold-blooded murder. If you were to inquire about the tactics I have mentioned beforehand, I assure you that the fascist administration would deny them; predictable. But, ask yourself this question my dear reader: who is more likely to tell the truth concerning cruelty and oppression - the individuals that being beaten (the slaves), or the individuals that are doing the beating (the masters)? My point exactly. Nobody knows the Master better than those that serve him. And I, TrayWay, am one such servant that has come to realization of the Master's atrocious ways of operating.

Anyhow, back to my story now. Despite prior intervention by the assistant warden to temporarily bandage the situation, the coward officers continued to retaliate and repress. Showers were being denied, mail was being withheld or tampered with, food portions were being shortened and occasionally completely withheld, request for cleaning supplies were being thrown away or unfilled, and on one occasion, a particular officer by the name of Anderson, attempted to skip my cell and not pick up my outgoing mail that was sticking out the bottom of my door. Had it not been for my neighbor and I calling him on his cowardly actions, I am sure he would have gone through with his plan completely. On a second occasion, I had woken up to find that a roll of soaking wet toilet paper had been dropped into my cell earlier that night while I was asleep. I had woken up when the toilet paper was initially dropped into my cell, but I was under the impression that it was nothing more than the routine twice-a-week handout, so I paid it no mind and went back to sleep. Upon finding this roll of wet toilet paper, I began laughing more than anything. I find the actions of some of these coward fascist quite humorous. I would like to make it clear to you (my reader) that everything that I have mentioned beforehand directly involved me or was observed being perpetrated against another inmate by my own two eyes.

Although, I am positive other events took place during the times I was asleep; precisely do I recall several times having been awoken from the noise caused by protest taking place amongst the tier. 5  
Demonstrations continued for several more days 'til eventually the administration decided to implement bed moves. Myself and two other prisoners were the only ones that were not moved, while everyone else that had been a part of the disturbance (or believed to be so) was moved to another unit or placed in the infirmary. Thus was the end of our solidarity demonstrations and group rebellion. But I assure you that the flame of resistance still inhabits the heart of those of us who refuse to consent passively to oppression and injustice. A heart that knows no such thing as submission is a heart that beats forever. This was not the first time an event like this transpired, nor shall it be the last. As long as the prison administration and its lackeys continue to psychologically and physically oppress prisoners, rebellions such as the one I have depicted will continue to take place. For, though some of us have succumbed to our degenerative conditions, there still remains those of us who have come to the understanding that we are human beings and deserved to be treated as such; despite being labelled a "criminal". We've come to the realization that life is worth living and we intend to live it, and hence, forever we resist!

**Part II: Operant Conditioning**

Apparently, Willie Lynch's methods for "controlling slaves" have not been terminated; on the contrary, they've only been revised by the prison industrial complex and the fascist United States government. And since I dwell in this vile concentration camp which is known as Ely State Prison, I shall depict to you (my reader) several of the tactics utilized by this fascist administration and its puppets (guards) to control its slaves (inmates) and manipulate their behavior. Take heed dear friend. Today, in the world of psychology, there is a basic and fundamental term known as "operant conditioning": a type of learning in which the consequences of behavior are manipulated so as to increase or decrease the frequency of an existing response or to shape an entirely new response. So, in simpler terms, operant

conditioning means to create certain conditions in assuming that those conditions will cause an individual or individuals to be have a certain way. Still do not understand? No worries, I shall give you an example: imagine for a moment that you have captured and imprisoned an individual because you wish to obtain certain information from that person. Well, let's say that this particular individual refuses to give you the information that you seek. Subsequently, from your deeply learned tendency to "dominate", you relate to this individual that they will not be fed until they give you the information you seek.

Several days pass by, and as you forewarned, you continuously deprive this individual of food until they meet your demands. In this, my dear reader, is operant conditioning. You have created two conditions: 1) hunger; and 2) fear of starvation which inevitably leads to death. You created these conditions in assuming that they will cause the individual to give you the information that you seek. Thus, if the individual gives in to the conditions you have created (imposed), you will have succeeded in manipulating their behavior from refusing, to submissive (operant conditioning). But please dear reader, I ask that you do not make the honest mistake of assuming that power is given to he who imposes conditions on others. L assure you that assumption is wrong. For, though one may have the power to impose conditions on others, you do not obtain the power over that other individual until they have surrendered to the conditions you set forth. Precisely! So you see, in all actuality, the oppressor does not inevitably obtain power over the oppressed by imposing conditions on them, no; it is the oppressed who give the oppressor power once they have, consciously or unconsciously surrendered to the unnatural conditions set-forth. Yes indeed. Authority of any kind (i.e. government, police, bosses, correctional guards, etc, etc.) can only obtain power over human beings insofar as they are willing to give it to him (or her).

Operant conditioning is a method utilized by all forms of unnatural authority to keep its victims subordinated.

And the first step to overcoming one's circumstances is awareness. For, how can an individual desire freedom if they are unaware that they are not free? They can't. And similar an individual (or individuals) cannot come to

combat the conditions that have been imposed on them effectively if they do not understand the totality of why those conditions have come to be manifested in the first place. I place emphasis on the word "effectively". For though opposition at any moment may give us temporary satisfaction (and indeed it does), we as the oppressed should always strive to annihilate oppression in its entirety. Thus, a profound understanding of our situation is essential to our overall desire for liberation. But understand this comrades: awareness and understanding are not enough to bring us (the oppressed) liberation. Most certainly not. For once we have come to understand our unfortunate situation, it is up to each and every one of us individually and as a collective whole to make the decision to act upon our enlightenment; to resolve to change, or at least attempt to change the deplorable situation we find ourselves and others trapped in. Knowledge not put to use is useless. And knowledge put to use without persistence is futile. Therefore, once awareness and understanding is achieved, one is left with two options: to utilize what you have learned by deciding to take action; or to disregard what you have learned and accept complacency. Truthfully, though they may be the masters, it's your choice to continue being the slave. Everything I have mentioned beforehand (i.e. operant conditioning, transference of power, awareness and understanding, etc.) can apply to life in general. but as I mentioned earlier, since I am a captive of this vile institution known as Ely State Prison, I wish to give you (my reader) a moderate (but insightful) depiction of how the fascist administration and its lackeys attempt to manipulate the behavior of its victims (the inmates). That which I have mentioned beforehand correlates to the depiction I am about to give.

Thus I begin. For those readers who are not familiar with the inside operations of the unit in which I am confined (I'm sure there are quite a few of you), I'll take a brief moment to describe those operations. As I mentioned in part one of this essay, inmates are confined to a cell twenty-three hours a day, seven days a week, three-hundred and sixty-five days a year. One-hour individual yard time is offered occasionally throughout the week but most inmates refuse this for reasons of their own. Since the entire unit is locked down twenty-four hours a day, consequently this

come out together for yard in units 7 and 6? They won't allow law clerks to come back here to the hole because they say it's a threat to safety and security, but they'll let the barber come back here and cut a cuffed and shackled prisoner's hair with a pair of clippers that weighs about 5LBS? Speaking of shackles, these shackles cut into our legs, causing us to bleed, the blood gets on the shackles on another prisoner and then we get Hepatitis C. They don't even want to ~~take~~ us we have it, let alone treat us for it.

If you act up in unit 8 or if a hater doesn't like you and throws your name in the mix of something you have absolutely no involvement in, you end up coming back here to the hole faced with many different levels of barbarity and brutality, subjected to the wrath and insanity of mentally ill prisoners and sometimes even PC's, while they kick on the doors, tap on the windows with their cups, bang on the bunks, yell and scream all day and all night. Over a period of time this can weigh heavy on the strongest minded comrade.

We've all heard how they try & knock us off with their lack-of-healthcare tactics. We've all read Dr Noel's report, Lorraine Memory's Statement, we've seen the ACLU come up in here but we still can't figure out exactly what has changed as a result of all that? But everybody wants to settle for being able to go to unit 8 rather than trying to get units 7 and 8 opened back up. Let's take a look at other states' prison struggles for strength and example - you have 33 prisons in Cali, only 12,000 participated in a rolling hunger strike (Round 2), that's a very small percentage of the overall Cali prison population, but that small percentage was still able to bring nationwide attention and rally a strong level of outside support around their plight, pushing the director to finally bow down and say Okay we'll do what we can to meet your demands. So that tells us that we don't need everybody to come together to make changes, we just need a small percentage of dedicated comrades who are fed up with the abuse, injustice and the maltreatment of prisoners.

These are just things on my mind as I broil and brew in this cell with nothing but a pair of boxers and my shoes. They've got me here trying to break me. But I have a warrior's heart and a strong mind with clear thoughts and a paper and pen to generate these thoughts to the rest of you. Let's see what you do with them...  
Bulletproof Respect,  
Mashaka I Afua  
Dec 26, 2012

**We need a Real Prisoner Advocate on the ACAJ 03/10/2012**

From: NV-Cure:  
Anyone wanting a NV-CURE Board of Directors Member to be appointed as the Prisoner Advocate on the Nevada Advisory Commission on the Administration of Justice (ACAJ) should express that desire by writing a letter and sending it to:

Legislative Counsel Bureau  
Attn: Director's Office  
401 S. Carson St.  
Carson City, NV 89701-4747

The ACAJ membership should include a real prisoner rights advocate.

Be sure to send a copy of your letter to NV-CURE. Thank you.

### Hope for Freedom

John Witherow  
26 years of experience  
in Nevada prisons  
Pardons Board applications  
Parole Planning  
Research/Writing of pleadings of interest to prisoners  
Call or write: 702-900-8958  
P.O. Box 4023  
Gaylord MI 49734

### Blessing in Disguise

7-9-49 - 10-23-11  
Randal N. Wiedeman #22306, Rest in Peace, was the Grandson of the late great Charles "Lucky" Luciano, who was inevitably taken from us on October 23, 2011.

*Blessing in Disguise*  
7-9-49 - 10-23-11

He was, is and has been nothing but an uttermost, divinely blessing to me and,

upon many others who have had the honor and opportunity to cross paths and rub shoulders with him. He had a really big heart of gold, a beautiful spirit and was very knowledgeable, with the energy and drive that would make you believe that he was truly half machine. I've never met or encountered anyone my whole life who was as surgical and lethal as he was with legal work. Making the impossible a handreach away, giving hope to the hopeless, the world to the havenots, while being detrimental to the N.D.O.C. and court system. He was colorblind to race and would help anyone without judging them. Some of us "convicts" would look down on one, for some of

connection with a couple of the truest, most active rades who have been putting forth a solid level of growth and unity then I'd still be living in a foggy dark world of death, destruction and deterioration. Now I'm here to keep the good stuff going, the torch has been passed and this wheel keeps turning.  
Bullet Proof Respects,  
Trouble aka MaShaka I Afua  
Last time signing off as Trouble

#### Ely State Prison Reflections on Unit 8

I stew and marinate in this cell with nothing but a pair of boxers and my shoes, but someone sent me a pen and some paper so now I'm armed and dangerous, as I take these few minutes to symbolize my thoughts into words. So that these words can manifest into actions. From my personal experiences and internal struggles (with myself) over the last 5 years going from mainline to the hole back to the mainline, and back to the hole again, I've been able to get a broader sense of what's going on inside this beast belly and my eyes have been opened to the cruel design of unabashed barefaced wickedness that we are all being subjected to. While they keep this place slammed, Unit 8 seems to be the only destination that most prisoners here strive to go, but I'd like to shed some light on all that... Unit 8 is the only open unit here at ESP. There's two wings: A: Workers' side, B is the non-workers side. To subdue the workers they give them 3 extra hours of their time, and this alone has been enough to get these prisoners to jump through the ringmaster's hoop, just as a circus animal would do. The Workers side ruins the kitchen, laundry, yard labor, porter jobs and barber jobs. If these workers would stand up & would come together & not work, this yard would not function. Just a few reasons to stand up are: cold meals being served to the mass population every day; police brutality mentally and physically; and we all know about this foul-ass grievance process we have up here. It's a complete joke.

I've heard all the excuses: "Well if we refuse to work, we'll go to the hole & there's 100 more inmates that will fill our positions." That's what these pigs want us to think. They want us to think we are all broken. We must take a stance and infect the rest of the Ely State Prison population with strength and unity. Looking at our situation here at ESP, and after reading countless articles of what's been going on in other prisons across the nation, like the Georgia prison strikes, the Lucasville 5 hunger strikes in Ohio, and most recently the California

hunger strikes, I don't see much of a difference in what's going on over there and from what kind of mess we're stinkin' in over here. And ever though I see us faced with the same injustices and maltreatment here at ESP, I find it odd how nobody has much to say about it or how no one even talks about Georgia, Ohio, Calif. Because they're more focused on the NFL, CD's and pictures of naked women. They're peacefully protesting in Cali over things like STG validation (due to a debriefer's testimony) and group punishment. Isn't that the same type of shit going on out here? This whole prison has been slammed down for almost 8 years taking one item and one privilege away after another, punishing us all over something someone else was accused of doing.

Look this is a common divide-and-conquer technique they use on us. They want us to blame each other, get mad at each other when someone was careless enough to fall on something sharp, while they sit back and punish us all. Comrades have told me stories of how before I got here we used to be able to buy chilli in a can and other canned foods; we used to be able to buy Jalapenos and typewriters off the canteen. And these comrades have told me how they took all this stuff away and why? I've heard stories about how when a prisoner falls on something sharp, the pigs come in and tear up the whole tier looking for knives and weapons, trying to get the other prisoners to turn against the prisoners the pigs have accused and taken to the hole. And it's sad how it's actually working, when a hater says, "Oh fuck that dude, he gets all kinds of dudes caught up." But we ain't listening to that bullshit propaganda. Because we know how these pigs try to turn us against one another we can't be hating on each other for the actions the pigs take on us. Ya feel me? We have to see it for what it is: group punishment.

So yeah we hear about what's going on in other states but we don't need to hear about it. When we can look at what's going on right here in front of us and see that it's the same shit, the only thing different is our appreciation to this shit: while others protest, we accept it. We've been hearing about tie flooding and burnings etc that have been going on in unit 4 in response to the pigs not feeding inmates, not passing-out kites, refusing to do anything except for come in and tear your cell up every time you gone out for a shower or rec. All of this going on while we are all being mistreated and yet everybody's trying to get to unit 8 so they can do what? Work at a job that upholds this death machine? For what, a couple of nickels and dimes and extra tier time? Why can't we all

means the correctional officers are responsible for providing us inmates with any necessities one may need (i.e. showers, phone time, legal forms, request forms, cleaning supplies, laundry, food trays, etc, etc). In this lies a significant problem comrades. By the prison administration's myopic decision to assign these tasks to the unit correctional officers, one must assume (and hope) that these individual officers will be responsible enough to fulfill the task given to them. And not only fulfill the task, but proceed in a consistent, fair, and respectful way. Hal Let's be honest with ourselves; can we honestly expect such diligent behavior from officers who, veritably without doubt, think of us as nothing more than animals who deserve to rot in these cells for all eternity? One would be foolish to think so.

Occasionally, particular officers do come along that carry themselves with humanist dignity; but for the most part, these officers are rare. Secondly, it has become my observation, that new officers tend to become more like their co-workers over a period of time. And unfortunately, the majority of their co-workers have the robotic fascist mind-set of a tyrant! Just recently, I've noticed an enormous growth in the utilization of operant conditioning by unit officers in order to manipulate prisoners into refusing a shower; consequently leaving the officers with "less work" to do. I shall explain further. We (the inmates) are offered showers every three days and if we accept, must submit to wrist and leg shackles before we are escorted out the cell by officers to the showers which are located at a varying distance depending on what cell you're in. Once the inmate is secured in the shower, the officers then conduct a cell-search which I have heard several of them term a "compliance check". Heed, this "compliance check" is where they implement their tactic of operant conditioning. They'll intentionally and blatantly begin to destroy the inmate's cell with absolutely no regard for personal property such as appliances, letters, writings, legal work, and photos of loved ones. No regard, none whatsoever.

This act of coward cruelty is intended to discourage inmates from accepting a shower, thus giving officers less work to do.

The officers know that not only will this tactic discourage the individual who lives in the cell that has been destroyed, but it will also discourage other inmates from accepting a shower out of fear it will happen to them (operant conditioning). Just as the U.S. government and its capitalist crime partners disregard human life in their endeavor to obtain more money and power, so do these officers disregard humanist respect just to make their job easier (like master, like funky). And sadly, most inmates will not speak out against this atrocious (but clever) behavior exhibited by the officers, out of fear of even more retaliation.

Though I don't condone one succumbing to that fear, understandably it is justified. For those of us who do courageously speak out against the injustice, inevitably end-up facing more repression such as further damage to personal property, withholding of or shortening of food portions, relentless harassment, verbal disrespect, and other acts of retaliation intended to discourage one from speaking up again in the future. Thus, as you can see dear reader, more injustice is committed in order to suppress the individual who speaks out against an injustices just like the U.S. government resolves to solve crime by committing another crime (operant conditioning). I repeat once more what I said earlier in my discourse: all forms of unnatural authority utilize this tactic to keep its subjects subordinated; to keep them compliant; to keep them silent. Ponder this for a moment and you will find what I say is true. This tactic of conditioning an individual (or individuals) can be used individually or as a collective whole. The depiction I have given above is only an example of how the correctional officers utilize operant conditioning individually.

Now I will give you an example of how the fascist administration here at Ely State Prison utilize it as a whole. Once again comrades, take heed. The segregation units (which I reside in) are intentionally designed to be a most dehumanizing, degrading, despairing, and torturous experience. Inmates are prohibited from ordering such items as appliances, books, winter clothing such as thermals and jackets, nutritional vitamins, and food of any kind.. One phone call is allowed every month,

and to add insult to injury (in my opinion), inmates are not allowed to barter, lend, or trade amongst themselves. Yes, but be not disgusted just yet. Because inmates are locked down twenty-three hours a day, inevitably they become subjected to what is known as "long-term sensory deprivation", which consequently causes mental disorders. Moreover, majority of the inmates will live under these conditions for years. Dutifully I put emphasis on the word "years." These conditions will only produce two things (with exceptions occasionally): 1) highly anti-social individuals and 2) the mentally insane.

And of course, there is a third option that is quite uncommon but nevertheless plausible: us!!! I must ask am I the only one who finds this treatment of human life horrific? Veritably though, this is my reality; and there is a reason for it, which I will now attempt to explain.

The fascist prison administration has created these dehumanizing conditions, confident that they will produce two things: 1) disunity among inmates; and 2) conformity and passiveness without question. The anti-social complex developed in an individual due to long-term sensory deprivation will consequently make it difficult (if not impossible) for that individual to unite in solidarity with other inmates; even more so, those he does not know personally. Thus, the natural human tendencies of mutual aid and solidarity become impaired (not completely removed), only impaired. Subject enough inmates to this form of dehumanization and one can almost guarantee disunity, consequently making it easier for the fascist administration to oppress and rule over them. Moreover, inmates are more likely to conform and remain passive towards injustices committed, due to their fear of returning back to the inhumane atrocious segregation unit they were once subjected to. In liberty's dismay, sadly such is the case not only in prison, but even within that morbid reality we so blindly proclaim as the "free world!" Once the double edged sword of fear successfully penetrates the throbbing heart of direct action, the body and mind is left inert, impotent, and subdued. Thus, the oppressor's goal is achieved (operant conditioning).

### Part III: Parallels

Reflection upon our morbid reality is not only a means by which we come to better understand our existence (and the significance of it), but in

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itself is also a clandestine form of defiance. For, by reflecting one dares to think. And when one dares to think outside the conventional "circle of certainty" imposed by the fascist elite (i.e. the government, the church, etc), one does exactly what the oppressor does not want you to do: think for yourself! For you radical thinkers (those that think for themselves) I offer the following as a gift to reflect upon, if you wish:

"My current reality (that of the prison industrial complex), was birthed from within another reality (that of the so-called free world). So logically, one can only deduce that it would tend to resemble that which it came from. If life in prison is one of exploitation, slavery, and oppression; then life in the free world must be somewhat similar."

That is reality, dear friends. Prison is only slightly different from the society in which it was birthed. In one, individuals are enslaved, oppressed, and told they are not free; while in the other, individuals are enslaved, oppressed, and told they are free. One allows a wider range of movement and material possessions, while the other does not; but both realities are controlled by a minority few and limited. And lastly, just as prisoners are forced to obey through violence or fear of violence; so are the individuals within society forced to follow laws through violence or fear of it. But be not surprised; we the anarchist have been saying this since time immemorial: no unnatural authority can sustain itself without the use of force, which in essence is violence.

Comrades: oppressed women and men of all mankind; reflect upon this, understand it, fight it! For your liberty and mine depend on it. Abolish slavery, viva la social revolution, Victor TrayWay

### Classic Quotes

"Who could be set free while he imprisons anyone? A jailer is not free, for he is bound together with his prisoner. He must be sure that he does not escape, and so he spends his time in keeping watch on him. The bars that limit him become the world in which his jailer lives, along with him. And it is on his freedom that the way to liberty depends for both of them... Therefore hold no one prisoner. Release instead, for thus you are made free. The way is simple. Every time you feel a stab of anger,

of 3 years double cell confinement 23/7. Coming to a whopping 16 years in confinement (this does not include juvenile time). I can compare this to only a few my age and we can compare this to men twice our ages. Meaning? What exactly is it you people want from us? You've taken away all my liberty. Most of my humanness like social skills & interaction. I haven't touched grass in 10 years. I saw a dog last year & nearly wet myself with excitement - the handler says "don't talk to my dog," and my first thought was to kill him so I could pet his dog!! So what exactly is all this solitary confinement teaching me? What lesson do you want us to learn? You give us no classes or groups or human social interaction. And then you wonder why some of us go home & flip out!! Am I supposed to use these Administrators as Examples on how I'm supposed to behave? Okay - I'm gonna push you and poke you - beat you and abuse you & Yes I'm gonna kill you until you catch me - then I'm gonna get a million \$ lawyer and walk away scot free!! Wait! That's why I'm here minus the high dollar money right?! Oh well, if that's what you want us to learn the hell - let me out - I'm cured! (yeeee-haw!). You'll never break me though - I', a convict with nothing left but my Pride - Honor - and Brothers in Arms. You can never have these things - not even for the feel of the grass upon my feet or a million dog kisses. You can beat me - but you will never beat me. This is my life - my fight - my never-ending war!! For now I've said enough, I hope I've said something to strike a nerve, and allow you to see the truth for what it is: stark and naked. For now Pig Pin Away.

### The Wheel Keeps Turning 12-28-2011

Before I proceed to put these unconfined thoughts on paper, let me jump this off with a prologue of my bulletproof respects to all the active comrades here at Ely State Prison who are standing strong in this struggle to raise awareness and uplift the people in these dark dungeons of doom. Well I'm back in the hole now, back in solitary confinement cell alone with my thoughts, but close enough to rades to reach out, if need be this cell was designed to break me, but I've never been one to capitulate. All the weak shit they try to propel at the strong, it doesn't work, and it won't ever work, not with me anyway. I use this cell - these 4 walls, the bunk, the desk, the sink - to facilitate myself into a machine, because the wheel has to keep turning ya feel me?

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I just came from unit 8, and sheesh! What a sickening sight to see I can't even lie it was disheartening to be up there, to see so many broken men obedient to the torrent of the whip. The last trip up there was the worst yet. Mostly what I've seen I'm saddened to say was a population of spineless individuals who it seems would rather crawl on their knees instead of standing tall on their feet under the weight of these atrocities we face daily while stranded behind these enemy lines. I'm ashamed to have to bear witness to the mentality of defeat and submission, the weakness that resides in many of these men's hearts around here. They got my folks in the hospital and me in the hole for something I had nothing to do with, while haters look at this as an opportunity to dig my grave, but they don't play by grown folks' rules so it aint nothing on me, but for me to ride it out, making the best of this situation however much time it takes me to get back to the main line this time it doesn't matter, because every hour every day back here will be used to my benefit, so when my toes do touch back on that line, I'll be a more viable asset to those that walk that same path. Their attempts at breaking me were immediately smashed on because as soon as I hit this tier back here in the hole, I reconnected with one of the most active rads here at ESP and immediately sent me the Bayview Newspaper and stocked me up with hella zines and other powerful literature, and only good fruit will grow from this reunion. Assuring that I will emerge from this cave as a wiser & stronger and more effective comrade in this never ending war and that's a pledge from me to all the rads here at ESP! So it aint like Im back here suffering, no Im back here learning, growing and finding ways to put this knowledge to greater use. So you see, on one hand, we've got the strong and the unconquerable while on the other hand we've got the weak and defeated people who have to start opening their eyes and find their place in this struggle. Because there's more going on than the eye can see. Anyways this is just one of two articles that I wanted to send to the NPN to let my readers know that I'm still active in this fight. My writings didn't get published in the last NPN for whatever reason [note from editors: we did not receive them] but I'm here now so it's all Charlie this is just to let it be known that the seeds my comrades have planted around ESP are definitely growing in the hearts and minds of the shackled and caged, people are starting to wake up and become empowered by the strength and the realness that's being channeled and rechanneled through these walls and steel doors, I'm living proof. If it weren't for my

the price." And if that makes me a monster to you society, then Grrrr! You people turned your back on me & my siblings when I was a child – you put me in a cell!!! No matter the furnishings & the "play time"- it was a cell!!! You locked me within your mind – now I am a man – you raise your pitch forks & torches & call me a danger - a wolf – a monster! You lock me in a cage? Psssh! 'Tis but a trifle. Gather about you the swine – make them fat & lazy with your treasures to keep the beast within his cage – for when you see me & my brothers you see your own failures. You see those you abandoned – and forgot. But what makes you lay so much trust in a broken system?? (bewildered frown). You began a war on crime – then on drugs – then & now "terrorism." Truly people – my countrymen – are you really so blinded? You cry over Gitmo & what the government does to those Arabs. But you turn a blind eye to what goes on in your own country to your sons & daughters within the system you pay for. Wow! Your system is breeding hate, malice, anti-social behavior, psychological retardation. They/You are taking away what is human & humane.

I speak of a silent war – a never ending war – that you pay for with your sweat & the future of your children. Do you not read the papers or watch the news? Are you so tamed that you have bred out your freedom? You're paying the system to shoot a Native man whittling on a stick of wood, and to shoot unarmed kids at a train-stop, in the back. They are tazering a man to death before your blinded eyes & it barely stirs your self-induced slumber. The system, your system – invites politicians to abuse your children by lining them up – binding their hands as they sit in protest against your system – and then empty riot mace on their beardless faces. You fuckin pigs, how dare you call yourself civilized? Our Fore Fathers wouldn't roll over in their graves – they would bear arms – shoot all you cowards & sheep – march on the capitol and behead those swine you call your leaders and replace them with a warning: "You do for your country or you will meet the same fate."

You have left us in the gutter people and we are at war. We within the system are fighting for our lives. Not so much from each other but from the administration. They have discarded the rod (that spoils the child) and use the whil & ring (that tame the lion). And it is solitary and double cell confinement. All know the saying: "While the Master is away – the Slaves will play." And all you do is talk. You need to open your eyes and focus them on the system into which you

pour your hard-earned dollars into! Look, Education has been reduced some 30% average. Oh My GA, you people are so stupid you want your kids to be that way too?! Holy Shit!!!

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But hey! There's good news – when their poorly educated selves go rob a bank because there's no jobs, you can be assured the system has a place for them, because while education is being cut, Prison Industries expenditures have risen (hysterical laughter - haha). You got these things springing up all over the country. Well, there's your jobs you dumb smucks! That's what they tell ya – why are you mad at me for saying it?

They'll teach you to really beat on – starve out – and humiliate your own sons & daughters! (Because remember what I just said? They're dumbsmucks too; because you've allowed the system to take away their education & give it to some politician to build a prison you help build and pay for, to put that poor kid in when he's too stupid & robs the bank!)? Remember?!

They'll teach ya how to gain 20-30 Lbs (because there's no physical standards) after your first year – serve food to the good – subdued broken girls & boys! And starve the ones who are still "spirited"(like a wild horse). The system will teach you how; as long as it protects you with the finest lawyers (AG – Attorney General) and those lap dogs ACLU then you can beat your children and kill them with mace and strangulation ("Just keep yelling: 'Stop resisting!'").

They'll teach you we're all scum – sex offenders and deserve it. But that's a contradiction isn't it folks? If we're all sex offenders & child molesters you'd all call us "sick" and give us probation "as long as you keep going to counseling!", you'd say with our dick in your hands. And if one of us wolves gets & hurts the pervert? Well he's a "victim" now right? Because that's what the system teaches you. If the wolf howls, lock him in his kennel, beat him, electro-shock therapy (that's the shield they use on us). Line up 5-6-7 deep, shut the camera off so the wolf can't sue, now roll in and pile on him – crush him. But don't forget "Keep yelling 'stop resisting!'"

This is our war – never ending battles. We see shit that leaves a scar. Sometimes we have bad dreams. I've had PTSD almost my whole life. Not just from childhood events, but from shit I've seen (and done) in the system. They recede back to the light that faded and was gone out of sight before I was an "adult."

Remember a few lines ago I said you locked me in my mind? I've spent 13 of my 18 years in adult prison in solitary confinement – add a total

realize you hold a sword above your head. And it will fall or be averted as you choose to be condemned or free. Thus does each one who seems to tempt you to be angry represent your saviour from the house of death. And so you owe him thanks instead of pain."

- From "A Course in Miracles," *foundation for Inner Peace, Workbook for Students*, p. 365.

"While there is a lower class I am in it. While there is a criminal element, I am of it. While there is a soul in prison, I am not Free."  
- Eugene Debs

Life's most persistent and urgent question is, "What are you doing for others?"  
- Martin Luther King, Jr.

Be careful how you think; your life is shaped by your thoughts  
- Book of Proverbs 4: 23

Liberty has never come from the government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of it. The history of liberty is a history of resistance.  
—Woodrow Wilson, during the 1912 elections

How wonderful that no one need wait a single moment to improve the world.  
- Anne Frank

"Our problems stem from our acceptance of this filthy, rotten system."  
— Dorothy Day

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#### Here's an Ideal

I've been hearing a lot of people complain (and these complaints are justified) about the outrageous prices the store-lady has been putting on all of the canteen items & here in Ely \$350.00 for a defected T.V., that's not even a name-brand item, and which has been known to blow out after 6 months to a year. The latest scam are these burnt c.d.'s First off they are \$2.50 per song. Then we're only allowed 10 songs per c.d. and the limit for c.d.'s in our possession is only 12. We are getting robbed. This is not even mentioning the prices of food, the bullshit hygiene and all of the items they are restricting us from buying in segregation...

I know a lot of you feel as though you can't live without a couple of honeybuns every week. Or some solids & beans every day. Believe me I know what it means to be hungry. Anyone who's ever been on D.S. in Ely knows what it's like to be hungry.

But I'm asking you all to think about what I'm about to suggest - & then discuss it with your people & your neighbors. If you think it'll work – let's get the ball rolling.

My suggestion is that we all boycott the store until we see some serious improvements. If a large portion of this population quits spending money – the store-lady is going to shiver in fear. Just a couple weeks of this will bring tears to her eyes & make her ready to except our demands & if she tries to play hard-ball she'll go broke!

Two things I know I want to see:

- 1) Lower prices on all items
- 2) Better quality items that don't burn out after a couple of weeks.

If we want to see some changes, we must start taking action. Hoot like an own if you feel me?

#### Prison Officials Say Computer Adds Crimes to Inmates Records

From: News4:

Reported by: Joe Hart

March 2nd 2012

Some Nevada prison inmates tell us computer errors have added crimes to their records they never committed – and prison officials confirm that's it happened hundreds of times in recent years.

Our Fact Finder report found the prison system switched over to a new computer program in 2007 which it turns out regularly added false convictions and even additional life sentences to inmates records.

Prison spokesman Steve Suwee told News 4 there's a glitch in the system because its designed to process sentences of specific durations... Say 10 or 20 years. But when an inmate has a life sentence the glitch may add additional crimes to that inmate's record.

Suwee says it may have happened as many as 1,300 times since 2007. Those are the cases they know about.

One former prison inmate who was serving a life term told News 4 the system added multiple life sentences which his case worker spotted and corrected before he went to the parole board.

In addition, Don Helling, the former deputy director of the Nevada Department of Corrections indicated there were problems when he testified in a lawsuit last year about discrepancies in inmates' records. Helling's sworn testimony stated, "Speculating, we converted over to a new system in

'07, and when all of the information was flipped over into the new system errors occurred."

Prison officials say the problem continues to happen once or twice a month. And now that we've brought it up they are going to try to run the numbers and find out exactly how many mistakes have been caught since 2007. We'll follow up next week as we learn more about this glitch and its possible impact on prison sentences.

<http://www.mynews4.com/news/story/Prison-Officials-Say-Computer-Adds-Crimes-toYa&mbKLPSEadmHJS08FwBQ.csp>

#### News from NV-CURE

By Natalie Smith, Secretary, NV-CURE

By now, many of you are aware that Nevada Cure (NV-CURE) has been reorganized under new leadership and we are taking a proactive approach to problems within the Nevada prison system. Our new president, John Witherow, spent 26 years in Nevada's prisons and is acutely aware of the problems prisoners face.

#### NV-CURE's Investigation into Abuse of Prisoners

As the NPN is going to press, NV-CURE is sending out seven (7) more cases of excessive force/abuse of prisoners to Director Cox.

At our meeting in December, Director Cox expressed an interest in disciplining bad guards, the ones whose names repeatedly make their way to our mailbox as the perpetrators of cowardly acts of violence, sometimes against chained and shackled prisoners, some of whom are old or sick, handicapped or mentally ill. We have to give the department the first opportunity to correct the problems, even though that method has failed in the past, before we go to a higher authority to force them to correct the problems.

Abuses addressed in the mailing to Cox include a 70 year old prisoner who has tumors and a pacemaker beaten inside the medical unit of NNCC, guards using force only before the video camera arrives, five guards attacking a restrained prisoner while yelling racist slurs and acts of brutality in retaliation for prisoners "seeing" guards committing other atrocities. Another case involves a prisoner having his face bashed into the wall, and even after his face split open guards continued to bang his face into the wall. This behavior must not be tolerated. Please continue to provide NV-CURE

with affidavits of any such incidents you are a victim of or witness to.

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According to correspondence we have received, some prisoners condone the actions of the abusive guards, perhaps because the mentally ill are irritating, perhaps because it makes some people feel safer to be on the side of the guards; or, perhaps those prisoners are receiving "favors" from their sponsoring guards; however, remember that not all our correspondence is from mentally ill or "weak" prisoners. Once the floodgate of abuse is open, and all prisoners may fall victim to vicious attacks. Speak up when you see an act of abuse committed against a weak prisoner or someone with a mental illness. Remember, guards are not your friends and condoning their abuse only leads to more abuse. You may be next on the list of prisoners disfavored by guards!!! The old boy system of protecting abusive guards must STOP, regardless of whether you personally like or dislike the prisoner being abused. Join us in the struggle for JUSTICE AND FAIRNESS FOR ALL!!!

#### Free! Jailhouse Lawyers Handbook!

The Center for Constitutional Rights offers FREE copies of their "Jailhouse Lawyers Handbook". It can be downloaded by family and friends from their website at [ccrjustice.org](http://ccrjustice.org) or you may order it directly by writing to CCR at: Jailhouse Lawyers Handbook c/o The Center for Constitutional Rights 666 Broadway, 7th Floor New York, NY 10012

Order it, read it, know your rights! The Jailhouse Lawyers Handbook is a primer on how to bring a federal lawsuit to challenge violations of your rights in prison via a section 1983 civil rights lawsuit

#### Become a Member! Invite your family and Friends to Join us!

NV-CURE invites all prisoners to become members. All we ask is a \$2.00 donation of stamps. Please send your name, number and address and \$2.00 in stamps to:

Nevada Cure  
Law Office of Gallian, Wilcox, Welker, Olson & Beckstrom, LC  
540 E. St. Louis Ave.  
Las Vegas, NV 89104  
702.347.1731 - [nevadacure.org](http://nevadacure.org)

Conference Call Number and Code  
712-451-6000  
Code: 493815 #

Please ask your family and friends on the streets to become involved with NV-CURE. There is a lot of work to do and we need as much help in the struggle for justice and fairness for all. Nothing will get done without typing, mailing, attending prison commission meetings and more. NV-CURE meets on the last Wednesday of each month at the above address and we invite the attendance and participation of all. For family and friends not in the LV area, they can call in and join the meeting on a conference call by calling conference call number listed above and entering the code.

We welcome any and all suggestions from prisoners. Write to us with your ideas and issues. We will present your information at the monthly meetings.

Unfortunately we do not have the financial resources to accept collect calls or to copy and return documents. We will, however, accept pre-paid calls at the above number.

#### Poetry

Dragonson—  
Piercing eyes, scorching truths,  
Soaring among the people,  
Teaching them to rise  
And to dream,  
Attracting the slayers and naysayers,  
These envious, fearful falsifiers,  
Seeking to extinguish your flame,  
Clip your wings  
And shame your name.

Wise serpent in the sky,  
Companion of the birds,  
Drinker of the sun's fire,  
Symbol of life and change.

Your flame burns  
What's already burned out,  
Opening the way to new arrangements,  
Ever transforming and transcending,  
Bending, never breaking,  
Wise enough to compromise,  
Confident in your aim.

Serpent in the sky,  
Keeper of the flame,  
We welcome you — change.

Kasi

#### Dear Society

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Dear Society,  
It's me again, let us talk of war, shall we?  
I entered the war in '85 as a small, spindly, scrapper boy. Now these 27 years later, I have spent 22 inside — fighting my war. I've tread the war path with many warriors and soldiers. Most fading now; from my memory like drifting haze! More than a few, I know; fighting their own battles with the Man and his Machine we call the System. From cradle to grave right boys! ☺ This generation, my generation — seems to always be the one stuck in the middle. "Change" seems to come before us and always one stop behind! I speak of the generation everyone seems to forget, like shame for an unforgivable act! We are the ones after the Baby Boomers and before the ones screaming Teen Spirit Spirit? What spirit lies with the material the System feeds you in your f@#kin' shoes & baggy pants, children? As you sow — so shall you reap.

We are the generation that put into action the ideas of the OG's! They taught us to manipulate & think on our feet! While running from the sounds of gun shots & whizzing rounds in the war. We are the violent ones! Battered and callused now, those of us still alive that is. It once dawned upon me; during a conversation with an older convict (my last hitch) who is now one of my dearest friends (hails to you Smiley). He said: "Our generation is so violent because we haven't had our war like our Fathers and Fore Fathers," upon contemplation of my shit hole of a life up to that point; I laughed and said, "Bullshit! Our war is on the streets & inside the walls, we're fuckin' P.O.W.'s homes!"

Of course I was younger — and we were with 'Runt' who is also still in the system; fighting the war! And of course: we were stoned to the bone! But it struck down, like a two ton heavy thing! The truth of it! Eureka! We are the forgotten generation. And now? Our/my war is still with the system; but here in E.S.P. it's psychological warfare. Each day I can awaken & look at my ugly ass mug in the mirror, I say a prayer to the Gods and laugh at the system that has not broken me & if I die this day — I have won! Every day I live as a free man — I win! Freedom is within people. And I still choose to live & learn & fight. Don't give in — Never Surrender — Die with your boots on!

And if I am killed then like those I have killed, I am not and they are not victims. They / we are all players of the Game. "Play the Game — pay