



november 2014

feedback 6

I don't have the means

It was nice to hear from you. First off, my bond got reduced from \$500,000 to \$50,000 with pre-trial release and House arrest. I don't have the means to make the bond. I was trying to save my home before my arrest 10-27-13. I have to have somewhere to stay on the house arrest monitor. My family don't seem to want to help since I have nothing to give them. When I had money to give away I was the best. The bond now a 5% with a bondsman is \$2,500 which I don't have. I've been trying to go back in front of Judge Bushfan to get my bond reduced to an unsecured bond with the house arrest. Judge Bushfan shows more concern than the no-good court-appointed lawyer that I have. — seems to be working with the drug DA Yates. These so-called court-appointed lawyers are sell-outs at the best. I'm just letting you know what is going on with me in here.

I don't have the best of health. I'm a diabetic, high blood pressure, glaucoma and I'm in need of surgery on my neck. This will be the 3rd surgery I've had on my neck. Well, that's all for now. Did you hear about the city council meeting on the police racial profiling the search and stops, also racial bias on the police's part. The drug enforcement unit that targets blacks and hispanics.

...I hope this bond gets unsecured. Sincerely, S.O.

Life is full of possibilities

How are you? I'm doing fine myself, sorry that I didn't reply to your last letter. I was in one of my darker moods and didn't feel like talking about this whole ordeal, which sometimes depresses me awfully. But, my lawyer has been visiting me fairly regularly recently. I'm glad that it seems like things finally started to get moving. Life plays jokes on all of us. I worked up my courage after 20 years to go out there and see the world and then I got locked up in jail for it. Sometimes it hurts so much thinking about it. I have to shut it out of my mind to live through the day. But don't worry, I ain't thinking about killing myself. I thought about it a lot a year and a half ago, when I worked for the sake of getting money. Life seems so pointless to me then. But now, after my short-lived journey I realize that death is so terribly final while life is full of possibilities. I can't wait to get outta here. I talked a lot about it with —, about the places we can go, the people we can meet, the helps we can give, the changes we can make. Although I may get deported, and with that in my record, I'll probably never be able to go another country for the rest of life, and Chinese passport is about useful as toilet papers in the first place. But it ain't gonna change a thing, I know that all I wanna do is to go places and help people and China is a big place, and it got lots of people. I guess I am a communist. They teach us in school that the reason why so many problems exist in our society is because we still are in the early stage of communism, but maybe we'll never reach the final stage, maybe true communism itself, like Utopia, is an impossibility. Anyway, bear with me, I know I talk a lot of nonsense. I hope to hear from you soon. Take care!

A Catcher in the Rye, G. V.

Disgusted and stuck in limbo

I'm doing ok in here, but I am a little disgusted though. They gave me 4 200mg Motrins three times a day for my tooth and backaches but I had to do a grievance on the medical staff to do that. One nurse even got mad with me because I wrote a grievance on her for messing up my medications. I have a health issue.... I have to go out to my doctor nearly once a month because the med staff seems to be incompetent. Anyway that's not why I'm disgusted. I'm disgusted because I have been in this jail almost 5 months and I have not been to court one time and my so called lawyer has not come and talked to me in 4 months. She hasn't got me a bond reduction or anything and I'm stuck here in limbo. I'm stressed about the whole issue but what can I do. The jail makes it worse with the lockback situation because if we don't catch our door in 2 pops the guards want to take an hour or 30 mins from us for a 1 mi mishap. Damn!! What kinda shit is that. Savage!!! If we're too loud (remember we have 60 people in this pod 5-A at a time) we get locked back. As a matter of fact, the day you guys had the protest they locked the jail down until the protest was over. They didn't let us out until 10:15pm and we normally come out at 9:00pm to 9:30pm. They didn't tell us why but of course we all know why, Security Risk is what they call it. Then this past Saturday, the elevators mysteriously stop working 10mins before we were to have V.I. (visitation). I'm speaking to more people inside about you guys and if you want I can send you names of people who are interested

in our fight for better treatment of inmates. I want to applaud you guys again on the protest even though it meant a few more mins. behind this door, it was well worth it. A lot of people started banging on the windows and screaming but a sgt. came and made everyone stop. After that the mysterious lockdown. Also thanks for the books you sent to me. I'm reading one and studying the electrical book as maybe a new field to explore when I get out, thanks a lot!!! If you volunteer again (at Prison Books Collective) remember me when you see how-to or religious materials. I hope to hear from you soon.

In the fight,

H.M.

The tray situation

Well the jail situation is still the same. We lock down 17 hours a day and the pod officers talk to you like a kid. It's not right but we need someone to come in to this place and see about the tray situation—see the reason I know that the trays that they feed us on ain't right cause I was doing time in Alabama and the Health Department had them to take the same trays out of the prison and came with some new ones! But I just want to speak of that cause I seen them trays they feed us off and seen the situation.

So are there any pen pal lists you have or put my name on a pen pal list. Thanks! O yeah, if you find any true crime books send them to me to read please. But I hope you have a great weekend and take care and pray.

Brandon

In struggle. God loves you!

What is feedback?

Feedback is a publication of Inside-Outside Alliance (IOA), a group of people trying to support the struggles of those inside (or formerly inside) the Durham jail, and their families and friends. We recognize that any of us can be outside one day, inside the next -- the revolving door of incarceration. We also participate in struggles against police harassment and brutality. IOA maintains a website called Amplify Voices Inside (amplifyvoices.com) that publishes the words of Durham jail inmates and former inmates talking about conditions inside and outside and how they see the world. The name Amplify Voices Inside comes from something a brave and rebellious inmate wrote in the fall of 2012. This publication, Feedback, is a sampling of recent contents of the website. When something amplified is redirected at the source of the sound, the effect is called feedback. That is what this is: the voices that have been amplified to the outside world being re-broadcast inside the walls of the jail. Writer's initials have been changed to protect identities and minimize repressive attacks and harassment.

Write to us or send us art: IOA, PO Box 1353, Durham, NC 27701.

Or, if you are not in jail and are able to, send an email: insideoutsidealliance@gmail.com

*** Se habla español. ***

'Undercover' Racist C.O.s

Let me introduce myself. My name is not important but they know me as Demon. The reasons I'm here are also not important. This letter only has one purpose.

Let me begin by telling you a little of Durham County Jail. There are 5 floors and each floor has 4 pods. A pod really contains 48 doors/dorms with #s. 16 of those dorms are double-bunked, meaning having two beds in it. The rest of the 48 are single-bunked. There is only one t.v. that the whole pod shares.

I'm 17 years old, and a Hispanic male. Durham County Jail (DCJ) offers only 1 hour of Hispanic television and only the news channel. I think that Hispanics should be able to watch more than 1 hour of TV throughout a whole day. Personally I don't complain since I'm bilingual, yet there are others who think that and I just thought this would be an opportunity to tell others of this.

I think that some of the c.o.s here are 'undercoveredly' racist. One example is the one of a c.o. name Cole, white male, looking fat, about 250-270 pounds and only 5'5" or 5'6". The incident that occurred was early in the morning when I happen to be watching TV. The channel was on the sports channel and everyone was tired of it. I got up and went to C.O. Mr. Cole to try and get the channel changed. When I asked "can you change it to 71" (and I quote everything verbatim) and he responded "change

what" with a sarcastic voice. Common sense that the only thing someone can "change" there is the t.v. Someone else overhearing us came and said "Can you just change it to channel 71, damn, why you have to be like that?" Soon as he was done he walked off and Cole said "you can't say please so I'm not changing it." I responded "Yo, just change it, please." He asked "Where are you from?" I said "Honduras" (yet I was born here). He said, "If you're gonna come to this country and speak English speak it right." I got irritated and said "Man, why you have to be racist?" He said "I'm not, I'm just saying you need to learn proper grammar to ask me to change the channel." I was so pissed off I walked away since I couldn't do anything about it. My boy J. P. was witness to this.

Denied medical care because I'm 'illegal.'

- Ramirez

TVs blast all night, we are deprived of sleep, each officer turns pods their way--no order to anything. - Butch

There is corruption from the police department to the jail house. How do you sell the food that we are supposed to receive. It's not fair that palms are being greased at inmates' expense. - Abdullah



4 out of 5 inmates agree: attorneys are ineffective

I am the 'jailhouse attorney' for inmates who suffer on account of poor legal representation from court-appointed public defenders. My survey says more than 4 out of 5 inmates have complained bitterly over the effectiveness of their counsel. The most common complaints and their questions:

1.) When will I see my attorney? In many cases, the first appearance provides the opportunity for the accused to request an attorney. Lawrence Campbell, who is chief public defender, appoints these attorneys. Some have no experience and are more frightened at court than the inmate.

The inmate usually does not meet his or her attorney until 2nd appearance at court, which is often months later. Requests for consultation with your court-appointed attorney are routinely ignored by your public defender, even if your family calls. Obtaining evidence from discovery takes months.

2.) Does my attorney work for the prosecutor? To most inmates, it certainly appears like it. Most of the public defenders are overly anxious to cooperate with the assistant district attorneys. The Durham court district boasts the highest conviction rate in NC. This results from plea bargains that are drafted by the assistant D.A. and 'sold' by the public defender.

I have seen and witnessed the public defender negotiating billable hours in court after these 'resolution.' The public defenders receive \$50/hour, which is a pitiful fraction of what a real criminal defense attorney would be paid. The adage is true: You get what you pay for, which is nothing.

3.) Is my attorney competent? Sadly, the answer to this question is often 'No.' I have talked with public defenders who didn't know what a 'terry stop' was, and who obviously weren't familiar with all the provisions of the Sentence Structuring Act. The range of experience varies widely among these attorneys. I have assisted many inmates in filing complaints to the NC Bar Association.

I have achieved moderate success by providing forms to inmates to file with the Clerk of Courts. These forms enable the accused to make motions. A simple motion to dismiss charges with an accompanying affidavit has resulted in successful outcomes at court for over a dozen inmates. I have provided the forms to the library. I am careful not to provide legal services to anyone, as I am not a licensed attorney.

My charges will be dismissed when I obtain a trial date. I am looking for ways I can benefit Inside-Outside Alliance.

V. S.

The jail has failed to provide any FRUIT! No apples, no pears, no bananas, no grapes, no berries, no melons, no oranges—in 3 years and 7 months. - Reinhardt

The officers beat you down in the hole. - Bull City

They don't want to provide hygiene products and are constantly out of supply. Have to go days without toilet paper. - Ronnie

Said my bond was too high to attend my grandmother's funeral. - Quadarius



Watch your backs

I've been trying to get my writ of habeas corpus or motion to dismiss...accepted, but all have been denied without actually telling a fact. Each one of my writs or motions have been held under my constitutional right, each effort has been denied, which violates my constitutional rights and also shows due prejudice of the justice system in Durham county. Why, because I'm black.

Each day I hear a person getting locked up for 2 grams of crack or heroin with habitual felon status and 28 grams or 14 grams with a gun and they got caught with the drugs or both and their bond is 50 for 14 grams of heroin no gun or 28 grams with a gun...I was never arrested around near any cocaine. By an informant. No arrest, still only accused. No lab work ever came back yet and now the charge is a year old. My bond was a million now for the last 5 months \$500,000 bond. 7th Amendment is no excessive bond, cruel and unusual punishment. That's why I asked your help and the Southern Coalition. My roommate and I watched your protest on the 13th of June, as we watched so did the same officers that accuse the lie on me and him. They watched all of you in the green Chevrolet, the Black F-150s, the white Ford work van, the black run down Crown Victoria

They don't care if we live or die

Let me tell you the day of August 10 they refuse to give me my insulin. I was sick all that night vomiting and peeing all night long, and it was all their fault. Can I sue them. I hope more people do get involved because people need to know the truth about what's going on and this is the second time they have done this to me. And they refuse to let me go to the emergency room. They don't care if we live or die till something really bad happens and they are in court being sued because of it. I am in pod —. Thank you for caring about us. I remember one time a man came in shot, his arm got infected all because of them. Thank you for the pictures and the compliments (on drawings). One guy got put in handcuffs then maced and tased and beat down. It's a jungle in here. People say prison is better, but can't wait to join the struggle. My mental health worker got me a place to stay when I get out....Thank you...hope that you like the pictures.

Z. T.

with the windows down as you guys have now got their attention. I pray you watch your back for the next 4 to 8 months for just as my charge of a lie got me sitting here, I hope you better luck, if not your bond will be 1 million. Best of luck to all of you and I hope you keep your eyes open for all they do is create lies of past charges, and set up, and if you have a record of any kind they're going to create a charge. So I ask again watch your backs you won't know anything till they run up on you with a search warrant or indictment for some charge you done 15 years ago, but you will see them again. Three of them are S.J. Newton, D.T. Rose, and T. Thomas. There's 18 in all, but you will learn they are a bunch of set-up artists and crooks. For I still don't have no receipt for the last \$150 they took from me when I was arrested on this charge by S.J. Newton. He still hasn't turned it in or he paid his light bill with my money. There was no drug taken from me when they arrested me so my money since I am Black is theirs. Their word is all that counts and I'm going to sit in their jail because they can do it as long as they want for I have no help to get anyone else to come see me.

- Y. B.



DCJ is sowing the seeds of its future

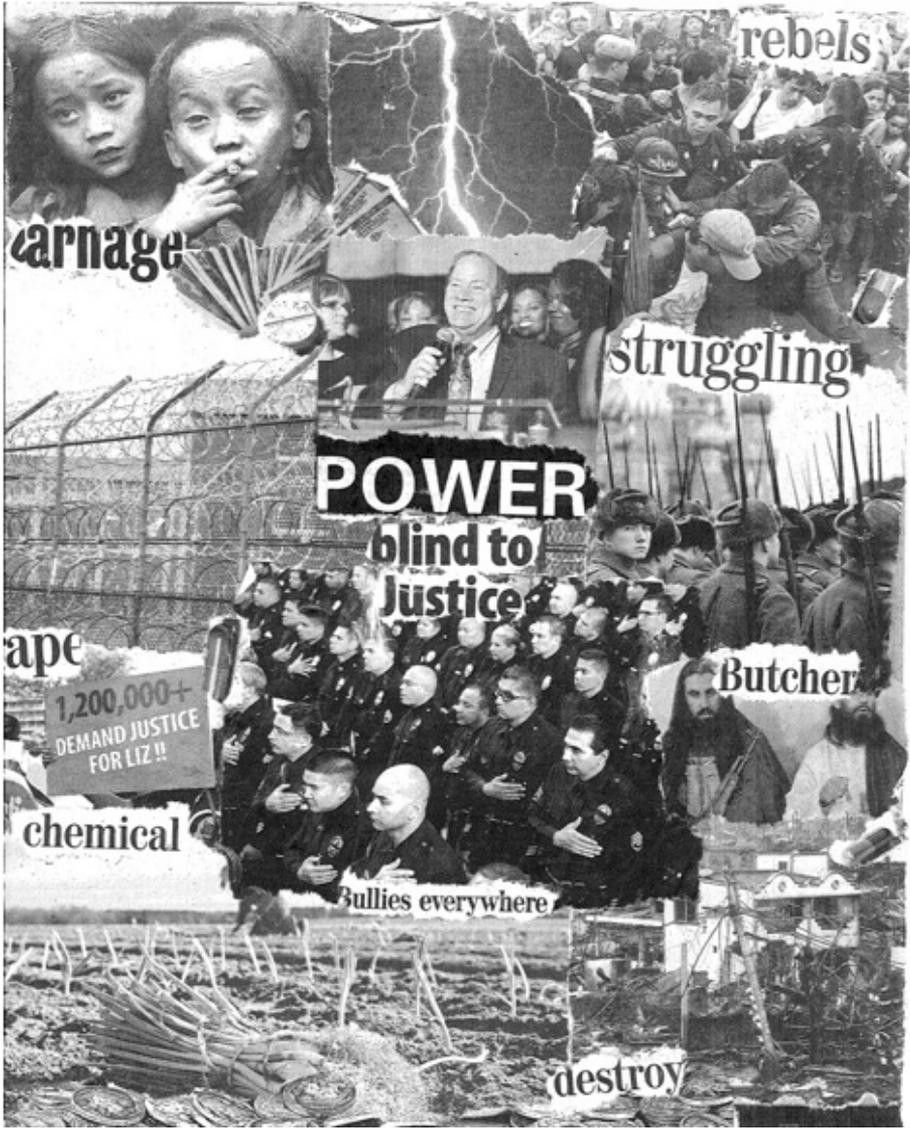
Thanks in part especially to the Dalai Lama's wise words.

We are living in an epidemic, the disease being DCJ. Symptoms are oppression, injustice, and inequality. (Do you fit the criteria?) The cause...is acceptance. Acceptance to exploitation. Inaction is the wrong response to this injustice, and with our failure to act we become nothing more but enablers to our own misery. How long are you willing to passively tolerate the every day trials of this disease? This disease has only one cure: unity, patience, and love, AKA interdependence. The time for battles amongst ourselves is unproductive. We must realize we all need each other. We need to start changing these challenges we face into opportunities, for a better tomorrow. How do we accomplish that? Simple. We actively resist it. Want to know the real reason we lock back. It's not for security reasons or a head count, no. It is to instill in us a feeling of engaging in the same repetitive task, to the point where we lose our habit of exertion. Think about it, no matter WHAT you do you know at 12:45, 6:45, and 10:45 that you will lock back and to try otherwise instills a fear of inactiveness upon us. As quoted in Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* when we lose our habit of exertion we "generally become as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become." They want to program us for society. It is not wrong to change and become a benefit to society, but they are dampening us into submission to the point where ambitions are lost. We have become a generation of free thinkers. Read that carefully now, free 'thinkers' not free 'doers.' Too many have given up their face and are waving their white flag, laying in inferiority as one dog does another. Isn't that what this is dog eat dog? This jail is unified, that's why they run it so casually. The d.o.s know other officers got their back. Can you say that about the guy sleeping next door to you? If not, maybe it's time to start reconciling. Finding interdependence in a time we need it. The expression of warmth and affection is effortless so start reaching out. We all have a sense of meaning, and for a lot of us, if we start acting, that sense of meaning can start in here and carry on into the world on the day you're free again. Next time you need encouragement picture your children and remember who you really doing this for. Realize the indirect benefit you will be to others by unifying. Inspiration, hope, example of a better future.

This can be you. You can be a general, a leader in this war against oppression. Think of it this way, you can act or, what is your other option, just hanging around? Don't be the stereotype the jail depicts you to be. A better tomorrow, for our seeds start here. We undermine the stability of our children's future when we let destructive forces like DCJ run the scene. Don't forget you have the same thing DCJ has. Human intelligence, which we can use to accomplish many things. Don't stray from reality. Don't say 'it could be worse.' I remember I said the same thing once when I was homeless. Then one day a guy said, 'It could be better.' I had no answer. So remember that. It could be better, but we have to try. The closer we stay to this reality the more motivation we will experience. Recognize your role in this making of history. This will happen eventually. Don't you want to be the one with your name in a history book? To inspire generations? We need to start helping ourselves and others, or at least stop harming them by enabling this. If this place wants you to be a productive member of society, then use that against them. Being productive is to have a positive goal and implement it into the world. So unify, and implement freedom against the failed 'leadership' of this place. If you're blind to any of this then you should truly start reshaping your attitude and outlook. Don't let this place fool you. You may have committed a crime, but they've turned you into a modern day slave for it. We can be happy here, despite these objective circumstances and deplorable conditions. We can achieve this happiness, once again, through interdependence. There is an interconnected relationship through everything, ours at DCJ is, at minimum, better standards. Want to start today? Then start with concern for your fellow inmates, a pat on the back and a smile can go a long way. Don't procrastinate, take the first step and ask if they need help. I speak by example as I do try hard every day to help others. Know that true power is the result of the respect people give you. Real power has to do with one's ability to influence the hearts and minds of others. Does this sound like DCJ? No! This place is powerless. Yet we don't have to be. Give each other power by giving respect. DCJ is sowing the seeds of its future with its misdeeds. Remember your fellow inmate is subject to suffering as you are and that is a basis on which we can all connect. It takes 1 person to change the atmosphere of an area. Imagine what 100 could

do. Take heart if we don't get immediate response. Now is the time to plan, unify, multiply. Your main purpose right now is benefit your fellow inmates. Don't get angry, transform the mental energy into something constructive. Be prepared to confront inequality. Hell, I just got locked back last night for doing it. We all have problems to deal with, but DCJ is one we all share. Remember our forefathers had it harder and they fought for change. Don't let them down. Fight outwardly, cope inwardly. Don't damage yourself with hostility or anger. Stay patient and nonviolent. Violence is met with

violence, but nonviolence is met with change. As quoted by the Dalai Lama, 'Every individual has to change, and the only way to do this is for ordinary people to have greater awareness of the bigger problems, an understanding of what creates the problem and a desire to change things person by person. So as a member of society you are as qualified as anyone else. Live by de oppresso liber, which means to free the oppressed. If you're truly committed and ready then write me and kite me a letter pod 5A address it to Domeka. Others are taking hold. Are you going to join the ranks? - Domeka



IOA: YES WE CAN

Put my whole name. I have gotten the letter you have sent me and I like the fact I know that god has answer my prayers to send me someones that understand the struggle a young black man has been through and is a target to the system and fear that I can be beaten by the police and no-one is willing to hear my voice and side of the story. It's really not the system, it's the DA and the system WE is up against. They give us court-appointed lawyers and they make us sit so long that when it is all said and done we take pleas for something we have not done just to get free and it is jotted down on our record. And on July 3, 2014 Durham County Sheriff's have beaten me for something that wan't mine and was mad I didn't confess to it. Now I here hopeless not knowing what going to happen. Not once have I seen my lawyer or spoke with her about my case or side of the story. On July 7, 14 Durham County police has targeted me and beaten me and charged with something wasn't mine. I might have the date wrong about that case. A lot of people in here fear for the worst and the system in Durham County is a threat to our freedom. They wonder why blacks have a rage in the world we live in. They target the color of our skin and where we live and that's not Justice, but Michael Peterson get a slap on the wrist for killing his wife. Where is the justice in that? The place I call home we don't put our brother or sister in jail or harm's way. Thank you — for the books you have sent me and the hope and the understanding that the struggle is not over and we need a better justice system and DA office. My court date is July 28 14 and July 31 2014. I'm praying for the best and hoping for the best to be heard in my case. I weigh about 120 and it took over 7 grown men to jump on me in front of the public in court and said that something was mine. It was not me or mines. If you can show up in court and pray for me and the best to come. Write back my brother and thank you.

A BLACK MAN with a RAGE. IOA Black Panther & White Panther
- Da'Quan L. Lewis

We want Justice, Hope & Freedom: BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!

How is you doing my friend? Me, still standing up/holding my head up high to the sky. Taking everyday slow and one step at a time. I have come across a Malcolm X book, it's called "By Any Means Necessary." And it breaks down the struggle and fight that we currently living today as I write. How he sought as he put it, to "internationalize" the fight against racism. How the republican and democrat is destroying the Afro-American by capitalism and racist political structure. "We want freedom by any means necessary." "We want justice by any means necessary." "We want equality by any means necessary." Far as I concern now I learn my background on these things that United Snakes are just a bunch of criminal they self. Shame the world we live. They have been raping us out of hope and freedom and kidnapped us from our motherland to become slaves to they system. We must recapture our heritage and our identity if we are ever to liberate ourselves from the bonds of white supremacy. —, we must launch a cultural revolution to un-brainwash an entire people. Our community must reinforce its moral responsibility to rid itself of the effect of years of exploitation, neglect, and apathy, and wage an unrelenting struggle against police brutality. Point blank I know I didn't have any drugs on me when I came to court on July -, I still get punished for it. My lawyer is no good. October 1 will make it

3 months I been here no court date. Damn, but I know god is good all the time. I had a plea offer but I turned it away. I don't want it. I'm going to fight these lying ass officers that trying to frame me. They jump on me, beat me, while in handcuffs. They lied and said that I was moving in handcuffs which is a lie. I get no justice for that. They searched me twice. Still got a dumb ass lie saying that while I'm handcuffed that I had drugs in my shirt and was some bullshit to get the judge to look at me different. This my last stamp —. I'm just writing you man to keep up with the love and fight no matter if I'm inside or outside we don't play. White, brown, black, yellow, don't matter the skin color we all are human beings. And should be treated as one. And the only way we can do this is by internationalizing it and taking advantage of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. Malcolm says: "Armed with the knowledge of our past, we can with confidence charter a course for our future. Culture is an indispensable weapon in the freedom struggle. We must take hold of it and forge the future with the past." Thank you — and IOA for understanding the struggle we facing in these days we live in. Salaam Alaikum.

We want Justice.	It don't matter
We want Hope.	If you inside
We want Freedom.	or outside.
IOA. We don't play.	IOA. We don't play.
- Da'Quan L. Lewis	

Power of a piece of metal

The power of a piece of metal
As it's held in your hand
One spontaneous act of hate
Can choose the fate of man
Feeling the surge of power
That should only be left to a higher divinity
Holding the puppet strings you're the master
To destroy all your enemies
One false move and a scene change
And you're surrounded by american lights
but now it's time to face the consequences
No matter how hard you fight
Now the powers taken
And the metal that you see
Is on the chest of an officer

Who thinks he owns me
Now the puppeteer has come
And you have no freedom of your actions
You wonder why but dare not question
For your fear that consequences that come if
you ask him
Your tongue is stilled and fear runs deep
Is this what you did to others?
Reality sinks in as you finally realize
The ones you were killin were your brothers
Now the man who wears the metal, is one
whom you obey
You realize he has no real power, but you're
in here and now it's too late.
-Ryan W.

Early morning police raid and assault recounted

To the IOA family: In October of 2011 I was being investigated for a break-in out of Alamance County. They were upset that there was no evidence linking me to the crime and refused to allow them to search my vehicle. So they went under oath and stated that they had received an anonymous tip that I possessed numerous guns inside of the apartment that I was living in with my girlfriend off of Leon St. in Durham and received a "no-knock" search warrant. So members of Mebane Police, Durham Police, and Durham S.W.A.T. started an assault on the morning of Oct. 21.

Earlier in the week some neighbor(s) and I had been involved in a heated argument, so when I awoke to the sound of shattering glass I thought that it was (them). I jumped out of bed, raced through the living room, and tried to go out the back door and jump off the balcony. But as I grabbed the door handle, the front door burst in. A swarm of black suited, masked men came through the door aiming shotguns at me and screaming, "Durham SWAT! Get on the ground!" I instantly dropped to my knees and threw my hands up in the air as an act of full surrender. They yelled at me to lie on my stomach, which I did, but as soon as I did an officer began to beat me in the face while screaming in my ear "Quit resisting!" After about 10 blows, the same officer wrapped an arm around my throat and began to choke me. I then felt a kick in my groin.

Just as I was about to pass out, the officer released his hold, jerked my arms behind my back, handcuffed me—then began to choke me again. Once again just as I was about to pass out pressure was released, I was jerked up from the ground and pushed outside onto the walkway where I was pushed into sitting on my butt.

The officer spat in my face "Don't let them call me and tell me you're giving any trouble or I'll come back and give you some more," pushing my head down to emphasize his point and maybe so I couldn't identify him.

As SWAT left the scene, Mebane and Durham officers began to search the apartment. After about

an hour of exhaustive search all the officers turned up for all of their trouble was about 2 grams of marijuana, and paraphernalia (scales, pipes, bongs, papers, etc.). I was given two criminal summons for this. I was then taken in handcuffs to Mebane Police Department where I complained of groin pain. They took me to Alamance Regional Hospital where I was treated for two black eyes, lacerations in my mouth and elbows, a bruised esophagus and testicle.

When the captain of Durham SWAT was called by my mother and asked why they beat her son, the captain stated "because he resisted arrest." That is strange when they didn't have an arrest warrant! All they had was a search warrant! So I was assaulted, cuffed and kidnapped basically. I am trying to sue Durham SWAT but the attorneys that I've contacted won't touch it. ...

When police must commit criminal acts to be able to arrest and prosecute criminals our constitution becomes just another scrap of paper. But beware all ye corrupt law enforcement...you are being watched. Justice may be blind...but she can see in the dark.

IOA family I appreciate all that you are doing to raise awareness, but you must also know that they have paid psychologists to analyze and come up with the best incarceration system to make us as passive as possible. When I was in prison in 2008 I saw certain black men in dark green suits with official markings come on the camp. When I stopped one and asked who they were he said that he was prison guard from Ghana here to see what North Carolina was doing to make their prisoners so passive people from overseas have noticed!!!

I would ask that there be a group of lawyers set up to hear the stories of injustice and be ready to fight Durham County. Durham is too beautiful! Durham needs change!!

Thank you again for all that you do.
Sincerely,
Your brother behind bars,
B. B.

When you stand for nothing you'll settle for anything

First I wanna start by saying I'm sorry I haven't been responding to letters, they're greatly appreciated and probably the most supportive feedback I've got since I've been locked up, and I just got to say thanks, it means a lot being in my situation. Now, regarding your letter, I bet my good friend S. V. told you I was a cornerstone or key part to the inside resistance. I wouldn't go as far as to say that. I'm a bouncer for bars and night clubs out there in the world. I've been doing that since I was about 15 years old, so I've got a chance to meet and get to know a lot of people. Maybe that's why S— feel I'm important to the struggle. Hey, maybe I am and just don't realize it.

See the things about a lot of the young black guys in here, they have very little motivation from the beginning, so when they're met with an opportunity like the one the IOA gives they let it slip through their fingers. I hate to say it, but they have no determination to strive for making their situation better. They're content. (note: the writer is a young black man.) And when you stand for nothing, you'll settle for anything. Even I sometimes feel there's no hope for me in my situation, even when there's no evidence just my co-d saying I helped her. With just saying that I've been locked up for almost a year and a half. That kind of thing take motivation away. But I'm a person that believes there's strength in numbers, and I'm all for your movement dog. I just wish it's more that I could do for it. Send more ideas and me and S— will do our best. In one of your letters you mention you could help me with some books. I've been

reading a lot of urban but I'm getting tired of filling my brain with that stuff. Anything educational will be greatly appreciated. Oh, yeah, a dictionary. I've really been wanting one of those (Webster) if possible.

Another incident. Some months ago, I witness some of the most bullshit I've seen here. A riot almost took place because of this asshole lady. A friend of mine, really tough guy come out for breakfast one morning and hit the floor crying in terrible pain. He had kidney stones passing through his bladder. Well, after we got the female officer she acted nonchalant about it and refused to call a nurse. Finally, after everyone in the pod started making a fuss about it she called for back up, they came in and shut the pod down after about 20 minutes of standing over him, questioning him, we watched these bastards make him crawl to his room, they half helped him, laid him down back on the floor and shut his door. It was a bout an hour before they got him some medical help. It was a fucked up scene to look at, man. I mean this guy has spent a lot of years in prison and nothing soft about him, to be crying and begging and pleading for some type of medical help. And these people to just act as if it didn't matter to them if he got it or not was pure wrong. I really hope to leave this place soon. This place and these people will really take you somewhere else mentally.

Well, till next time, —, thanks for your letter in support. Hey, maybe I can put you on my list one month and we can meet in person. If not, the letters still mean a lot. —T-T

It's all a ploy to leave you struggling, penniless and prone...

I sincerely apologize for the tardiness of my response to your letter. I've been in sort of a "funk" here lately. It comes with the territory. This place can make you lose who you are if you allow it. I sometimes stay inside of my head too much wondering, 'Why me? What if, what could/should I have done to avoid this... Thoughts of my daughters and family matters can be overwhelming at times and I go into this sort of "funk"

...I'd really like to leave prison with some money saved and also begin to work on depleting this \$50,000 drug tax that they've fined me. I also have an IRS tax that was assessed but I don't know the amount. How do they expect us to pay this stuff? It's crazy how the state levies

these fines against you, and you have no income coming in. It's all a ploy to leave you struggling, penniless and prone to commit crime(s) to survive. A person just being released from prison and working a menial job can't afford to have his check garnished due to fines, taxes and probation fees. This will only cause him to get a job "working under the table" (tax-free), or sell drugs where there are no terms of income reported. These are just a few of my concerns. (I'm not planning to sell heroin again, or any other drug for that matter.) I'll be at least a half-century once my sentence is completed and I can't/won't spend my remaining years in places like this.

In struggle,
L. N.

News from Outside:

A Timeline of the Ferguson Rebellion (from Anti-State STL)

Saturday 8/9/14 - Michael Brown [an 18-year-old black man] is shot and killed by police officer Darren Wilson [in Ferguson, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis]. Brown was walking home from a convenience store to his grandma's house, when the officer stopped him for jaywalking and a scuffle ensued. Witnesses say that the officer shot Brown as he fled with his hands up in surrender. A crowd quickly grows, shots are fired into the air and a dumpster is set on fire. Police respond with an armored riot vehicle, a helicopter, dogs and assault rifles. As anger on the streets grows, the police are forced to retreat from the scene. Later accusations are thrown against Brown that he was a suspect in a robbery earlier in the day.

Sunday 8/10/14 - In the evening crowds gather for a prayer vigil held at the site of the shooting, in the Canfield apartments. The crowd starts a march down to W. Florissant where police have massed. The protesters confront the police line, yelling insults and throwing things at the police. Three or four police cruisers attempt to drive through the crowd. Quickly they are surrounded and people kick and smash out the windows of the cars. After the police make it out of the crowd, the street is free of police and people begin to celebrate. The mood is incredibly festive. Some people march down to the Quick Trip, while others attempt to march to the police station, but are met by a wall of police. The QT [gas station] has its windows smashed in and people flood in to loot the store. Quickly the outside is covered in "RIP MIKE MIKE," and anti-police graffiti. A few celebratory shots are fired into the air. People openly drive cars onto W. Florissant and fill them with looted goods. Police respond with tear gas, but for the most part remain clear of the crowd. The festive crowd remains in the street late into the night. By the time things dwindle down the looting has spread to twelve businesses, with multiple dumpsters are on fire. A fire completely engulfs the QT and reduces it to rubble. Two police have been injured by rocks and bottles.

Monday 8/11/14 - Crowds attempt to gather at the looted and burned Quick Trip. As soon as people begin to block the street they are attacked by riot police with armored personnel carriers, tear gas, rubber bullets and a variety of "less lethal" weaponry. The cops set up static lines on either end of W. Florissant while neighborhood residents and others yell and throw stones in an effort to force the police to withdraw. Neighborhood residents come to the aid of those from outside the area, giving them directions and leading them through the surrounding neighborhoods. Mild street fighting continues late into the night as protestors discuss the need for continued determination, more supplies (gas masks, molotov cocktails), and a mutation in tactics such as strikes and walkouts.

Looting threatens to spread as smash and grabs occur or are disrupted in South St. Louis and the Galleria Mall in West County. Police are preemptively deployed in dense commercial districts downtown (Washington Ave.) and in University City (the Delmar Loop).

Tuesday 8/12/14 - Again people attempt to stage a protest at the QT and are attacked by militarized riot police. Some of the crowd marches to a rally at a local church where Al Sharpton is speaking. Outside the mood is tense. Hundreds of people are milling around the yard of the church, the side walk and the street, holding signs, yelling, and talking amongst each other. Cars drive up and down the street honking their horns in support. Without the presence of a visible enemy, some protestors turn on each other increasing the underlying racial tensions. Fueled by a vocal minority, white protesters are scapegoated for the conflicts of previous nights though later in the week the individuals involved reconcile their disputes. Late in the night, five people are shot, one by the police.

Wednesday 8/13/14 - A familiar scene plays out on West Florissant. Crowds gather and are attacked by police. This time some protestors come prepared. A small number of molotov cocktails are thrown at the police lines along with rocks and tear gas canisters. This change in tactics (the use of firebombs) represents a dramatic escalation that threatens to push the situation past a tipping point.

Thursday 8/14/14 - As President Obama references the events in Ferguson, Missouri Governor Jay Nixon removes the County Police from control of the protests and puts the State Highway Patrol in charge, led by Ron Johnson, a black officer. Johnson promises a less heavy-handed approach to dealing with the demonstrations. Protesters fill W. Florissant early in the day with cars, barbecues and bodies. Since the QT was burned, it has been a gathering point, but today is the first day it feels like the epicenter of a movement. It has transformed from a gas station, to a burned building, to a thriving park where people exchange ideas, make friends and prepare for the coming fight once the sun goes down. The mood is incredibly festive, cars blast music, some loaded down with people screaming and shouting out of the windows or on the hoods. The half mile strip of W. Florissant is transformed into a victory parade ground.

Three separate times the police attempt to enter the crowd and are chased out. Even the commanding officers are surrounded, aggressively shouted down and chased to their cars and out of the demonstration. One can smell the fear from the officers and see the sweat pouring from their foreheads. Despite to efforts of wannabe politi-

cians, the presence on the streets lasts long into the night while people celebrate winning the streets from the police.

Friday 8/15/14 - The Ferguson Police Department releases surveillance footage of the “robbery” Mike Brown allegedly participated in at Ferguson Market. During the day, the scene on the street is incredibly festive again. By evening the mood

Jailhouse Anthem

A hell of a way to live our days
Waking up each morning when somebody yells ‘trays!’
Police telling me when to eat and sleep
Now they saying I can’t have a pencil to keep!
Man all of this is more than I can take
In the cold of the nights, I get the shakes
Pod preacher man says love and peace
But he ain’t cured my homicidal tendencies
Look at the bright side, some of them say
And I in my abject misery
Kneel on the floor of my cell and pray
That someday I can return to society
I promised God a better man I would be

has shifted as a confrontation unfolds between protesters and police guarding the store. Tear gas and flash bang grenades are used by the police in an effort to disperse the rowdy crowd. Instead of running away, protestors fight back and shoot into the air. A group of about 100 confronts police lines, throws bottles and rocks and holds ground against overwhelming numbers of police. Ferguson Market is the epicenter of renewed looting. ...

And to lie to Him is the worst of sin
Time to be the man mom wanted to see
And be a father to those children
One day coming I could have it all
Using the talents God has given me
But right now I just stare at cinderblock walls
Wondering if or when I’ll ever be free
I say the facts show I am innocent
But my public defender says that they’re irrelevant
Yeah I’m locked up but don’t offer me a plea
That is just going to annoy the hell out of me
A plea that I will have to refuse
Because I’m stuck in jail wrongly accused.
-Eric

Already being treated like a slave

I’m very honored to hear from you. My name is S. B. I’m interested in your newsletter and would like to receive some books and any other materials you have to send (pod —) I support Inside-Outside Alliance due to the struggle we go through behind the revolving doors of incarceration. I haven’t been incarcerated that long and already feel as I’m being treated like a slave. Guards disrespect inmates because they feel as they carry around badges they in control. Bad, nasty, cold, non-nutritious food to make us buy high commissary canteen so guards can walk around asking ‘where the hell the cookies at?’ (that happen to me). Paytel phone rates to where I talk to my family for five minutes then we have 60 seconds left. SMH. Everynight for dinner we only get 2 sandwiches to eat, my one year old niece eats that in no time. Half sharpened pencils with no erasers as I’m using now. This is a little of the neglect and struggle Durham County make us go through and I’m with the support of the existing struggles of inmates to change the conditions. I also shared your information with my roommate and we hope to receive and hear from you soon. Take care be blessed. - S.B.

Saying ‘Hi’ to the people we love

Hi, I just received your letter about 2 days ago and I want to thank you all for giving me someone I can vent to. OK, so check this out. On 9/2/14 I was written up in pod — by officer Johnson for Charges A1, A5, B4, B14, and C16. So here’s what happened. My aunt’s boyfriend was in the visitation booth, at the time I had just seen my Aunt for the first time since I was 3 years old, so they called me to the V.I. booth. I didn’t go in. I just put my head in the door to say Hi. Now the officer tells me to lock back due to lock back time. I say “alright just let me say I love you to my aunt.” He says “no lock back now before I put paperwork on you.” So as I walking to my cell I tell him to “calm down you about to go home in an hour.” So I get in the cell and as I’m closing the door I hear him say “It’s over for you.” About 20 minutes later the Sgt comes to my cell with a write up. I tried talkin’ to him and officer Johnson but they still wrote me up. Now my question is did I really have to get 25 days disciplinary lock back for telling my family I love them—cause I do have a family even tho I’m in jail—and for speaking up for something that the Officer could have let ride. That just shows you how much these people care for us inmates.

I have been here 11 months on a murder charge and I am looking at 11 years (only because I’m 17). I feel as if even tho that was not my visit I still should have been able to say “Hi and I love you” to my Aunt. Do they think just because we are locked up we don’t have people we love or that love us? - L.A.