

rock on his pinky, silky drawers on his ass, one-hundred and fifty-dollar shoes on his feet, and a foul disrespect for all those who are not a part of his world. The words "sucker" and "square" jump out of his mouth when he is confronted by anyone who works from eight to five or works in the community for the people. About this we lay back and choose to do nothing! Nothing! Is it out of lack of knowledge, a lack of sensitivity, insight, or out of plain fear and cowardice? We hide behind bullshit reasons like it doesn't involve me. If them niggers wish to kill themselves let them.

Brothers and sisters, only the dead are not involved. Them niggers ain't just killing themselves, they're killing blackchildren in childhood; ripping off reproduction and killing the future of a black nation.

Can you dig on that? Or do you hide your cowardice by mimicing "Law and Order"? That might do until your son, father, mother, sister or daughter gets shot down in the streets of Blue Hill Avenue, ripped off on the pavement of Dudley Street, or kidnapped and thrown into prison, and you're left standing naked in the cold with that finger in your ass.

Must we wait for this to happen directly to us before moving? Or do we move now, overcome our fears and start to deal directly, face to face with all who threaten our lives, our future, our children's future and the future of our nation? The time for dialectical abstractions is over. It is time to move on the *pushers and merchants of death*.

We must clean our house *now!* Or the pig will destroy us at the hands of our own people.

Merchants and black pushers of death.

Whitefinger/BlackAss.

—bruce c. geary (Sayif)

Psychological Warfare At Norfolk Prison Camp

In the "democratic European settler society of North America" justice is considered to be blind, yet through its unseeing eyes justice is more than capable of differentiating between the color tones of people and the thicknesses of the linings of their pockets.

The state of Massachusetts provides a classic example of this double standard of justice, for it is here that the worn-out cliché "Blacks cannot obtain a fair trial in the colony of America" is not as worn out as some would like to believe, as evidenced by the disproportionate number of black people being confined and by the longer sentences handed out to them than to their "white counterparts."

The fact is that two-thirds of all black prisoners who go out on parole (or "wrap-up") are almost always spurned by white society and sent back — to become second and third offenders, sometimes even to the extent of being classified lifers.

The black population on the outside is entirely out of proportion to the swelling numbers of blacks who are confined. It is here in this state of God-loving, good-friday, fish-eating, racist, capitalistic, catholic inhabitants that I did my bit at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Norfolk.

Set back in the scenic countryside of Norfolk County in Massachusetts lies this prison, rumored to be the shining model of correct social rehabilitating refinement in the state. Of course whether or not this is a rumor is irrelevant, as the fact of the matter is that there is no other favorable contender that can dislodge the "record" it has established in the subhuman minds of a vast majority of perverted, corrupt, senile, racist and vulturistic politicians and judges whose avaricious appetite for money and power over other human beings far outweighs their desire to become humanized.

The prison itself projects the image of a small-town college rather than an institution designed for the specific purposes of confining "social misfits, rejects and plain old scum of the earth." Lacking the comprehension and maturity in dealing with human relations, the prison officials are devoid of the necessary attitudes required to produce an atmosphere of constructive changes within the individuals who are incarcerated, particularly black prisoners.

There are certain functions going on at Norfolk: Fellowship, Gavelmasters, Quiz Club, etc., but these programs are not geared towards the black prisoner. Even though he may attend some, they contribute nothing to his blackness that will provide him with a real sense of self, and thus they alienate him more from the colonial society.

A sense of racial esteem and pride can be developed only by informing the black prisoner of the wondrous accomplishments of the black race; then and only then does he grasp the needed love and respect for his people and understand the pressing urge for his personal commitment in the total participation of trying to solve the myriad problems of his community. Through this understanding, the disease of intragroup hostility (called "psychopathological fratricide" by Frantz Fanon) is completely destroyed and recycled into another channel, an outward one that will offer positive direction and action against the European settlers.

Concerning the black prisoner, the objective of this prison is relentlessly to attempt to rip off his blackness through the process of what has become known as psychological warfare. Sanctioned by the prison administration, psychological warfare is continuously waged against the black prisoner by those ever-loving bearers of racial prejudice the guard dogs, who find it not only stimulating but an integral part of their psychotic life-styles to break a black man down to the level of possessing no manhood (what is known as "taming a nigger"). This capitalistic method of social rehabilitation is more inhuman and brutal than actual physical beating. Now this doesn't mean to say that physical brutality is extinct, because it isn't. It does mean that there is a better and more efficient way to crush a man's self than physical abuse.

These psychological pressures have manifested themselves in such forms as "baby-type attitudes" that the guard dogs display in their contact with the prisoners. You can detect this when a guard dog approaches you and, as if mildly scolding a child, asks you in his most innocent voice to "tuck your shirt in." Some of them actually do it for you. Others have polished and expanded their techniques to include discussing your mail with you personally when it's not officially subject to censoring, merely to provoke you into an act of aggressiveness against them which results in your automatically acquiring five years in addition to whatever you already have. Many black prisoners have felt this psychological onslaught by having the prison administration label them freaks, homosexuals and black racist fanatics. (This last label appears on my prison record and will follow me

into civilian life.)

A black prisoner can counteract, can call into question this type of racist slander only by stating, without verbal threats or physical force, that his level of tolerance has diminished and that that line of sadistic harassment will cease to exist. Once a guard dog comprehends that there are certain prisoners he cannot coerce into jeopardizing their parole, or wrap-up, time, the odds are that he will discontinue his infantile behavior with such prisoners and transfer it to others, who must bring into play the full usage of their intellectual development. Now this may seem like a cop-out to some people; but what man who has formulated constructive plans should throw them to the wind by letting a guard dog manipulate him into losing his chances to bring them from theory to practice, when he can project his manhood, defend it, and win, and get for this slight deviation only a small bit in the hole or a ship-out back to Walpole (the heated prison)?

Strength and power lie not only in the muscles of your body but also in the dexterity of your mind. The black prisoner must always stay two steps ahead, for the prison administrators are constantly devising stumbling blocks to frustrate him, break him, to render him rehabilitated according to the image white society has of the timid nigger. When a prisoner has been broken through this process of criminal psychological pressure, he returns to the community either back in that same stereotyped bag of a primitive animal or as a true "white value-loving, incubator-bred humanoid."

These psychological shock waves do not limit themselves to the inside of the prison as a separate space, but exist also in the visiting room. For example, a white prisoner was in the visiting room with his family one Sunday when a guard dog broke through the crowd of visitors and leaped on his back in full view of everyone there. Calling out to some of his brother employees, this guard dog brought him to the floor. One of the guard dogs was shouting, "Look in his mouth!!" And the guards proceeded to do just that. After thrusting their fingers into the prisoner's mouth they discovered to their apparent dismay that there was nothing there. Turning him loose, they put on their most "I'm very sorry" look and retreated back to their stations.

Or take the case of brother Frank Smith, who was and still is illegally charged with being mentally unbalanced and was therefore harassed by the guard dogs and administration on a very sly scale. After it took twelve guard dogs to extract brother Smith out of "his room," he was promptly transported down to the Department of Segregation (DSU) section of

Bridgewater State Hospital, where it is a normal occurrence to encounter physical brutality every hour. Brother Smith never even had a psychiatric hearing. But then, brother Smith probably knew there wouldn't be one.

These incidents are only a few in the long line of abuses that go on here, and the prison administration condones them by remarking that "The guard dogs are only doing their job for security measures." Very convenient. The fact remains that whenever a black prisoner is accosted, "security measures" are always used as justification — just like justifiable homicide. It is commonly known here that until very recently the chances of a black prisoner's making a parole were more than slim — almost to the point of nonexistence. This is another episode in the life of the black prisoner, and it only reveals to him that white society's prisons are no more geared to improving than that society itself is.

On the whole prison population, both nonwhite and nonblack inmates, this cancerous psychology pursues all the prisoners in their dealings with themselves. First, you're assigned to "your room," emphasizing the possessive tone. Soon you actually think possessively, so that when someone other than you or a guard dog is in there you proceed to exercise the so-called "right" to get physical with this person. But in reality, it isn't "your room," because what's yours you have control over, and there is no way in prison you can have any type of control over "your room," for the guard dogs making a shakedown cannot be ejected. Therefore, when you start believing in the possessive sense of owning that assigned space, then you've just accepted your captivity. (Of course, you can always say that when you allowed yourself to be taken alive you accepted your defeat; but then again, others will argue the point that self-preservation becomes the forefront of the picture.)

Another damaging thing about psychological warfare is the use of non-decision-making policies concerning the prisoners as a whole. The simplest decisions aren't his for the making. All these things are interrelated with the needs of the black prisoner, for it is on him most definitely that the pressures of the prison system weigh the heaviest. The black prisoner at Norfolk is confined within a prison camp that strives diligently to break him through any means necessary. For example, the "mind-snatching gifts": having TV's and radios and other psychological privileges. Doesn't this also apply to the white population? Yes, it undoubtedly does. But in relation to the black and the so-called black prisoner it has a very deep significance. The black prisoner can utilize the 11:30 lights-out during the

week to continue his writing, his music, his rap sessions with other brothers. Television and radio, however, can afford him more coverage of what's happening outside. For the so-called black prisoner, all of this represents more time to plan and converse on self-destructive patterns such as pimping, Cadillacs, and other nonessential things. Are these things psychological inducements? Of course they are, because the prison administrators use these "privileges" as pacifying weapons, and a vast number of the "black population" rely on these so-called necessities to help relieve the duration of their time.

By possessing the distinct knowledge that they're permitting you these comforts is a psychological coup in itself, but it is important to add here that these privileges can function at their maximum effectiveness only by the total domination of the mind. So as long as the black prisoner resists by avoiding the trap of depending on these privileges, he is relatively safe from becoming abstract and obsolete to his commitment.

The black prisoner who willingly submits to this pitfall is dangerous, but the one who unknowingly exposes himself to it is not, for he can be resurrected. Most of the black population reneges on its own commitment to attempt to secure a corrective change in its dealings with the prison system, but this is brought about primarily through the racist attitude of the "omnipotent administrators" and the lack of support in the black community without.

There is no program other than Elma Lewis's here that is working towards attaining some degree of thinking and a positive direction that will relate to the confined black prisoner and offer him a productive analysis needed for self-awareness and racial awareness. This is where the frustration and chaos come into being.

Clearly the administration is thinking in terms of "let them niggers put on some plays describing their condition to each other or write poetry that no one gives a damn about, but under no circumstances whatsoever let them produce anything with any political overtones." This is what the European settler's prison system is bent on beating back into the furthest regions of the black prisoner's psyche, for it is here that the black man encounters the extreme in white racist persecution. Here the guard dog is in an environment that refuses to check his racism unless there is one of those "mild investigations" going on.

Another thing that is not uncommon to the prisoners incarcerated here

(nonwhite and nonblack) is to experience the terroristic tactics of the storm troopers in the early evening hours. Or after work to return to the unit and discover everything in the locker and desk disarranged and your "worldly possessions" scattered about in lunatic fashion so that you will know that the unit has been raided. This is the cold, calculated practice designed for the specific purposes of shocking, which it does pretty well under the guise of searching for contraband.

Items that are approved, certified and endorsed by doctors, scientists and other people of untarnished credibility are banned from the institution merely because the administration doesn't wish to go through the pains of appropriating these goods. (And the orders are secretly passed along down the chain of command from that fiendish conference room of conspiracies and denial of human rights in prison, the Massachusetts Department of Corrections.)

The prisoners are constantly subjected to the childish and wholly senile whims of the administration, who whenever they decide that it's time for another mass shakedown, turn their heads and eyes from the old grudges some guard dogs have against certain individual prisoners in the hope of securing a bust or a ship-out. This is usually compounded by the guard dogs planting weapons, drugs and other noninstitutional goods on the premises of the sought-after prisoner.

It is a workable safety factor to arrange things in "your room" in such a way that only you can detect in one glance whether anything is out of position, and then make a quick tour and discard any foreign objects before the guard dogs can return and claim their dupe for the kangaroo disciplinary board.

The black prisoner must post an ever-alert sentinel at the gateway to his mind in order to defend and launch a counteroffensive at the opposing forces mounted against him. For the black prisoner there is a never-ending engagement of minds with the enemy camp (the administration).

The difference between shaking down the assigned room of a black person and shaking down the room of a white person is that the guard dogs are only half as ruthless with a white person, who is white, even though he may not respond according to the specifications of the colonial society, but they brutalize the black prisoner for his blackness (not his poverty), and therefore he is vulnerable to the irrational attacks of racism. However, when a higher official than a guard dog makes a visit to the prison, every-

thing is put on an equal footing.

These unnecessary shakedowns are as much a part of the prisoner's life as eating breakfast and going to work. But this stink of colonialist oppression, racism, and madness will cease to linger in the corridors of the black prisoner's mind, for as long as the black prisoner can survive the constant storms of this "European settler's" racism, then national liberation has more than a chance, for with him lies the passion of the struggle, and he shall make sure that America's dying will be long before her welcomed *death!!!!*

Note: This essay, written before the "peaceful demonstration" during the month of November, 1971, in no way seeks to imply that everything in its contents is the same as it was before then, nor does it attempt to suggest that nothing has been modified to fit a new thing with the administration.

—Juno Bakali Tshombe/Craig Dee Anderson

October 11, 1971