by Larry Baker #35021

O.S.P. Correspondent



By Tony Capps

**Behind the Wall** 

David Crawford #39830 Assistant Correspondent

## OVER-CROWDING AT PRISON

Recently three inmates at the Oregon State Penitentiary commenced a class action suit in the United States District Court. This suit alleges that the overpopulated conditions at OSP constitute cruel and unusual punishment and violates their rights as provided by the Eight and Fourteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution.

The inmates, Tom Capps, David J. Sterling and Allen L. Eggsman are seeking an injunction to prevent the state Corrections Division from continuing to force inmates to sleep on the floor on mattresses spread next to an open toilet, or, in the alternative, from accepting any additional prisoners unil such time as the population is reduced.

Through this suit the inmates of the penitentiary cry out for recogni-

tion that there are presently 1600 inmates being housed in a facility designed and built for 800.

This class action suit is also an attempt to show the people of Oregon that what is presently happening is an attempt on the part of the Parole Board and the Corrections Division to force the building of a new penitentiary. Should the people of Oregon be hoodwinked into furnishing 100 million dollars for a new penitentiary? The answer is No!. There is no need inasmuch as there are approximately 100 persons in the Corrections Division doing time for driving while suspended. Another 300 persons are doing 5 years or less for nonviolent class C felonies. These people should be in community corrections centers paying restitution for their crimes or doing public service work. Why not? The 1977 and 1979 legislature have provided the funds for every county to



operate these centers. By not opening and operating community corrections centers you the public are going to be forced to fund and operate two penitentiaries where only one is need-

The inmates belive that the increase in potentially violent incidents are the direct result of these overpopulated conditions, and as the summer grows closer, these overpopulated conditions and the increased feelings of hopelessness will create an atmosphere of unrest and tension that will result in an explosive, violent reaction among the inmates at OSP

This same type of frustration, uncertainty, hopelessness and anger was fostered in 1968 which resulted into the riot of 1968.

We the inmates cry-out because we are suffering. But, we cry-out to the taxpayer who will eventually have to pay for smething that is not needed.

#### FROM A CELL TO ALBINA

by Azmar Abdul Seifullah 40404

The street is teeming with life: people rushing helter skelter; meeting deadlines with insurance policies; keeping dates with bookies, lovers, pushers and preachers, and in many instances just being out among the faceless masses of shining ebony

On one corner stands a stony face preacher, exhorting the ills of sin and calling for redemption -- his face gleaming with sweat and glowing with the spirit of the Holy Ghost; his arms outstretched; his hands large calloused balls of strength; his eyes filled with maniacal righteousness; his mouth tight in determination and his voice rising in monotones of soulfulness.

Only yards away stands the pimp in all his glory -- the epitome of a ghetto hustler: his clothes tailor made silk, molded over his muscular frame; diamond rings glitter on three fingers of his right hand; \$150 Gueci loafers encase his feet; a \$90 hom-

burg hat perches ace-deuce on his head. His eyes are pools of magentism, glazed by cocaine, marijuana and alcohol. "Yet he somehow stands pridefully confident -arrogant -- whoremaster!"

He's accompanied by a startlingly beautiful Blackwoman: skin the color of polished sapphire; eyes like brown silk shining in the night; wholesome, bright, caring, alive in newness. "The watcher is instantly curious." She's like a beached pearl waiting to be found; a rare antique in a pawnshop window; out of place, beyond perspective, nonparalleled -a woman beyond definition, born of Blackness as old as Africa, who now stands on the auction block of prostitution.

A junky shuffles into our picture: haggard, beaten down by the drug; his eyes don't focus properly; they're lifeless, dormant . . . faded . . . jaundiced around the irises, devoid of warmth or spirit like a dog that's been abused too often. His skin has the pallor of death about it, purulent sores run where he has scratched himself; while under the effects of

the drug he shambles in an irrevocable slouch, not knowing or caring for a destination.

The tenements stand like time abused vagrants against polluted skies, marked-defaced-defiled by graffiti -- "Black Power", "Mary Loves Anybody", "Malcolm is Jesus returned!". The hallways are graveyards of garbage and refuse, they reek of urine, wine, vomit sex and cancelled dreams. The dim absence of adequate lighting forbodes of assault, rape and mayhem. Mixed oders emanate from various flats: fried fish, neckbones, barbequed ribs and the smell of porkshops sizzling fills the air. A wino lies crumpled in a corner, the stink of his unwashed body invades the senses -- in sight, sound and smell.

The second floor is used by the whores: they turn tricks in the hallway and often times lead unsuspecting Johns to strong arm robbers who linger in the shadows. The smell of semen and blood are particularly overpowering in this hallway of vice, and death is exemplified.

Underlining the sights and smells of the ghetto night are the sounds that vibrate off the walls and into the streets: the sound of people making love, dancing, cursing, laughing, crying, dying more often than not. The sound of neon flashing red. green, blue whorelights tricking for dreams. The sound of a baby crying from hunger and neglect or of a rat scurrying across old newspapers, the moan of a junky, the rantings of street corner revolutionaries, the death of a Cadillac as it crashes in intoxication. Sounds like only the ghetto can produce -- Aretha singing the blues; Coltrane blowing his horn; Nikki's poet fire; Malcolm exhorting freedom now and Martin Luther King shouting, "Free at last. Free at Last. Thank God Almighty -- Free at

Sounds echoing -- reverberating in the night; children playing hide and seek, laughing carelessly as only children can, as only children will -until the end of time.

A kaleidoscope of sights, sounds, smells and vibrations forming many patterns -- colorfull -- dark -- cold and, all make up the ghetto -- the place -- the watcher calls home.

**EXODUS** 

## NCC supports political prisoners

Greenville, Miss. -- National Council of Churches President M. William Howard has begun a series of visits to political prisoners in the U.S. with a trip to Mississippi's Parchment State Prison.

There Howard met with Larry Jackson, a young Black prisoner serving a life sentence for conspiracy to commit murder. Jackson is one of four members of the Republic of New Africa, a Black nationalist organization advocating an independent Black nation in the South, serving prison sentences for their role in a 1971 shootout precipitated by a police raid.

The NCC Governing Board passed a resolution calling for the immediate release of Jackson and the others: Thomas Norton, Wayne James and Imari Obadele. "Eviden-

ce is now available which uncompromisingly demonstrates that in fact there was no conspiracy on the part of the Republic of New Africa. Further, FBI documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act revealed that the designed intent of the FBI was to 'neutralize and destroy' the Black Nationalist Movement."

Jackson, who was only 15 when arrested, had arrived at RNA headquarters in Jackson for the first time the night before the raid.

"The story of Larry Jackson is a good illustration of how otherwise innocent people can be caught up in a web of racist and negative police discretion of the kind that was prevalent in the South in 1971," Howard said.

### DO YOU NEED HELP?

Is the DEVIL working against your home, nature, job, church, money, children, sex, neighbor, health, sick, family, loved ones? Are there demons on your body or in your home? Have you been in a fix where you cannot keep or find the RIGHT man or woman? If you need help with any or all of these problems you should call me NOW!! Tomorrow may be too late!!! Does your luck pass you by? If so, I have lucky hands to help you be a winner in all GAMES OF CHANCE-Bingo, Reno, Tahoe, Las Vegas, Special, Miami,

If you are a spiritual seeker who needs help not promises - call me. I am a 'God Gifted" man. I can help you in a hurry.

#### **TESTIMONIALS**

1) Miss Joyce J.W., Portland, OR., was in a fix where she could not find or keep a good man. I, Rev. Hoskins, removed the fix and the jinx from her. NOW she can draw the man of her desire to her like a magnet.

2) Mr. & Mrs. C.P. of Compton, CA., could not win the BIG one. They called Rev. Hoskins and Rev. sent them a for-sure win blessing money hand. They went to Las Vegas and their luck kept on coming, winning more than

3) Ms. Barbara T., Inglewood, CA., had a man who left home for another woman. She called Rev. Hoskins with tears in her voice. She wanted him back!! Now he is back and eating out of her hand.

4) Mr. Paul, Los Angeles, CA., was in a fix and rooted by this woman. As a result he lost his nature for other women, but through Rev. Hoskins' work, Paul regained his nature and became luckier than ever with women, money and his business 5) Mrs. O.I., Long Beach, CA., had demons in her body, and in her

home, causing all kinds of bad luck, and unnatural sickness. She called Rev. Hoskins and in 72 hours her home and body were free of unclean spirits. (The names in the above testimonies have been changed for the protec-

tion of the individual.) I guarantee to do what I say I can do. I have a big reputation to protect. I know the power of the SPIRIT. Don't put it off. Don't let distance keep

you from calling. Call now!!! You will be glad you did. Tell a friend where to get HELP today

RESULTS GUARANTEED

### REVEREND CLAUDE HOSKINS 553 GLENVIEW AVENUE OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94610

TELEPHONE: (415) 444-4883

Paid Advertisement

# Lucid Walls of Time

Julius Snowden 38013 Editor

UNTITLED: BECAUSE DEATH AIN'T GOT NO NAME

Through the years down through the ages ever since Jamestown its become apparent obvious, clear, too real way too real! that blackfolks, niggers, colored people know how to die to die relaxed . . . passive

soundless deaths lacking screams, or protest, or indignation or anything conducive to the norms of dving unsatisfied on the way to America we died in the middle passage the screams and protest and indignation

was there but then the race was pure and the uncertainty was ever present since then we've become more settled less resistant accepting our lot and death all in one short breathe of semi-life everyone protested died

or were ran out of the country evers died malcolm died king died hampton died stokely escaped

rap was arrested which is worse than death cleaver escaped and came back and died channy died

huey's killing hos elijah died naturally (mysha allah) george assinated and still we wonder if murdered we died in korea for what? we died in jonestown

for what?

we died at jackson state we die in ghettoes drunk, hooked, poor and hungry we die from high blood pressure, low blood pressure, no blood pressure. . . . dead!!!!

for what? we die quicker for nothing than we live for something

> by asmar abdul seifullah Aka Joe Carellus West #40404

Childwoman Walking

Gracefully, Alone on the beach, Her curly black hair blown in the breeze-

Her hands in her jacket pockets. strolling the sand just as not so long ago did her own lost brother.

Well, the time did pass as they said: Have I grown wiser and accepting as they said I would?

Screams from within the voice that cries. 'gainst the flame called frustration: "Never!"

And she lingers on the path he once took-Only this time it's a different strand and different waters lap the shore.

But sand is sand and prints it takes and really no one else has made these I leave behind.

> The memory is evidence of one form and I leave another.

They are both treasures.

by Robert Benjamin Franklin

LEGACY

I don't know where I'm going, And almost know where I've been -

But the moment that the world stopped for thee And went whirling on for me -has made the difference, for time cannot stop, and not leave a part of me;

To linger and swell in memories: This, then is the legacy . . .

Robert Benjamin Franklin

The House Of EXODUS Alcoholism Educational and Treatment Center

> 1518 N.E. KILLINGSWORTH PORTLAND, OREGON 97211

**NOVEMBER** 

# **FOLLOW - THROUGH**

Knowing Follow-Through Keys is Important

Life is a succession of order.

Did you know that when you learn the Follow-Through Key to SUCCESS your sense of happiness will increase over 75 percent; and when you learn the Follow-Through Key to HAPPINESS your state of health spiritually, mentally and physically will improve; and when you learn the Follow-Through Key to HEALTH your chances of gaining wealth will improve; and when you learn the Follow-Through Key to WEALTH your chances of having all the money you need will improved over 90 percent; and when you learn the Follow-Through Key to MONEY your respectability will improve over 95 percent; and when you learn the Follow-Through Key to RESPECTABILITY your rate of successes will improve at lease 60 percent over what it was before learning and using these six positive Follow-Through Keys.

Each individual's acceptance and application of these Keys is as different as fingerprints, no two individuals are the same.

> **Thomas Boothe** Author of the Follow-Through Concept