

## The Prison Terrorist: "Wears the Badge"

by Timothy J. Muise

With all this talk of "home-grown" terrorists and ISIS "sympathizers" you would think that the prison system would be a breeding ground for these cowardly predators. And yes, it is. The prison system does in fact breed terrorists, but not among the prisoners. The terrorists in prison wear badges.

You see, here in Massachusetts, guards must work 32 years before they can "max out" their retirement benefits plan. What this creates is a lot of jaded old guards who were hired back when these jobs were not the high paying "stealing gold" efforts they are today. These dolts who were hired two to three decades ago were the bottom feeders of the employment seeking world. Not smart enough to get jobs which required real thinking and too physically weak to lug bundles of shingles or haul lobster traps, they took low paying turnkey jobs in the

prison system. They joined the "dregs of humanity and the scum of the earth" as Mark Twain once called them. Now, all these years later, these "scum" are making big bucks off the misery of others, and even worse they are turning into crime-creating terrorists.

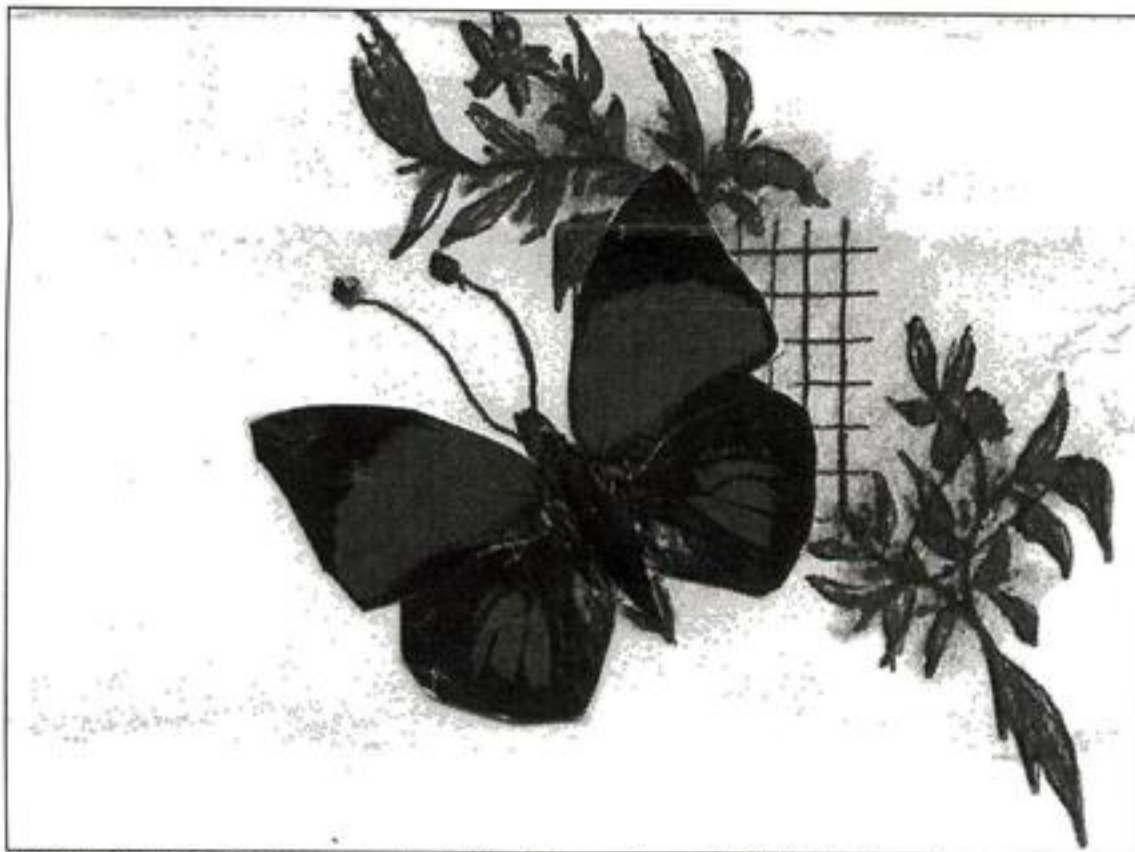
Men and women need to feel a sense of accomplishments in their work. A contractor builds a beautiful home for someone and is proud of it. A fisherman catches a lot of fish and feeds the community he is a part of. A guard does a "good job" of keeping fellow human beings in cages; this is what eats the guard from the inside out. He begins to hate himself and that self-hatred turns into shame. Shame hurts, cuts to the bone, so as a defense mechanism the guard imposes his anger, his self-hatred, onto the prisoners in his keep. Those prisoners become less than human and deserving of any level of abuse that can be visited upon them in the guard's mind. The guard feels that if he can "put us

down" it may "lift him up," but it never works. What happens is that this creates angry young men with lack of respect for authority and security's rules. It creates crime and is fully responsible for the 47% recidivism rate here in Massachusetts.

The other night, outside my window, the shift supervising lieutenant yelled into a young prisoner's face: "I'll f\*&ing punch you in the face you piece of s\*!t!" The prisoner's offense? He was running on the walkway trying to get in the showers ahead of the others. This same lieutenant, the quintessential "scum of the earth," pulls stunts like this every night. He terrorizes prisoners because he hates himself. He knows he is the "dregs of humanity." Now these young prisoners, they turn into time bombs with "random" timers; no one knows when they may go off.

Prisoners like me attempt to expose these prison "terrorists," but it is an uphill battle. Just today I was called to the warden's investigator office due to my complaint filed about the incident I just described. This young investigator, still wet behind the ears as far as I am concerned, asked the obligatory questions, but in the end they will "high five" each other, squash the investigation, and find my claim to be "unsubstantiated." My claims will be fully "substantiated" when the angry young prisoner returns to some community and kills some innocent victim in a senseless act. Someone will ask, "where did it all go wrong?", and the answer will be: with the prison terrorist.

*Timothy J. Muise is a prisoner at MCI Shirley and a frequent contributor to Mass Dissent.*



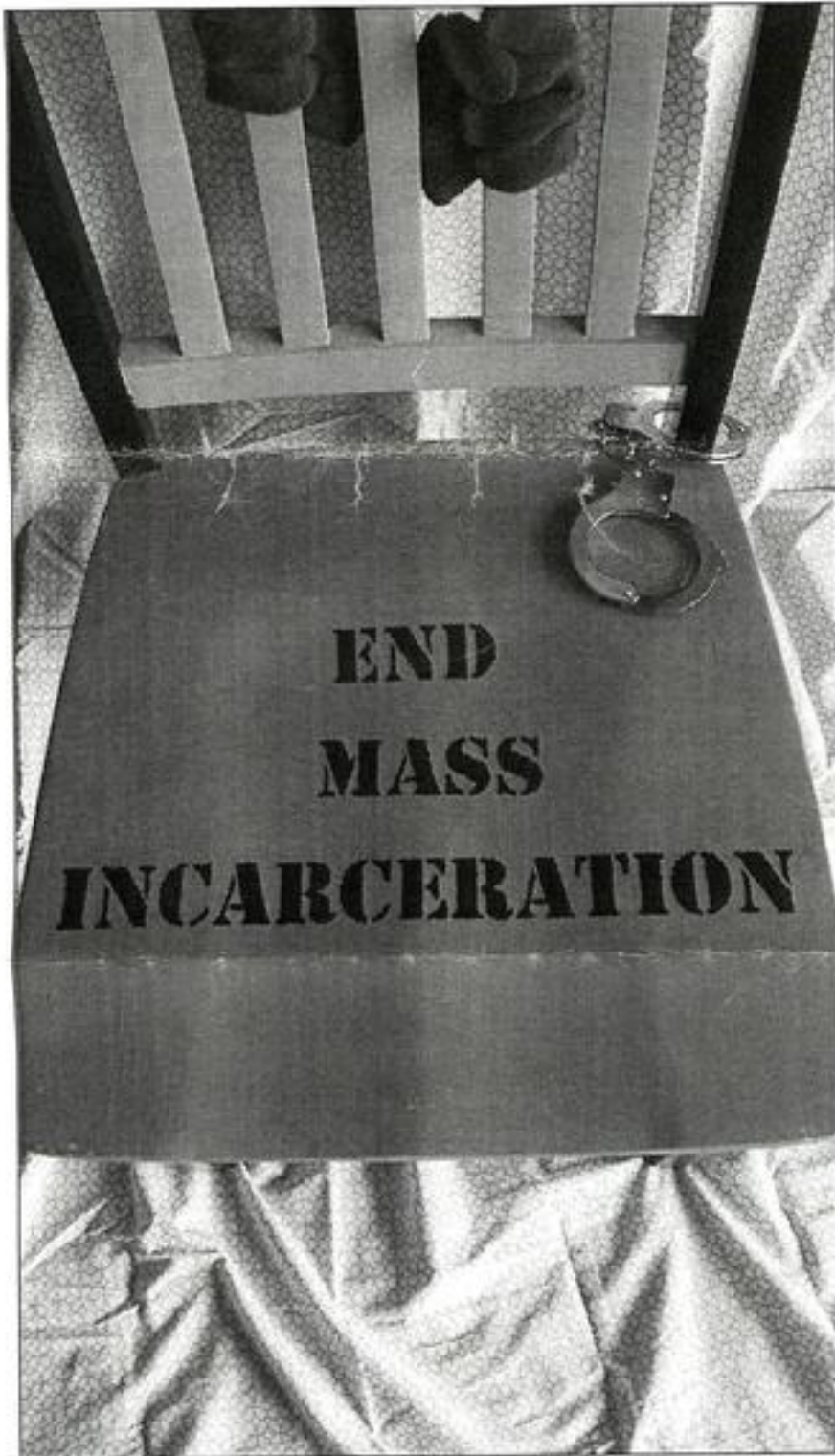
"Butterfly," a collage by Luis D. Perez from NCCI in Gardner.



# The Visiting Room

by Joe Labriola

Amidst the drab walls  
of yellow-brown interior  
decorated with steel doors  
of gray  
lay years of whispered conversations  
saddened hours  
of hands held too tightly



"Seat" - an art installation by Barb Dougan, Massachusetts Project Director at Families Against Mandatory Minimums.

of smiles  
lost to hearts and souls  
that long to soar  
in freedom  
years of struggle  
to maintain  
a quiet serenity  
in a room created  
for human tears  
screaming outrage  
in silent agonies  
and in eyes that no longer sparkle  
dying slowly from too many good-byes  
Heartbreak is written  
like graffiti on city streets  
as souls, too weary, fall  
exhausted  
from all the sessions of sadness  
and loss  
they have been witness to...

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*Joe Labriola is incarcerated at MCI Shirley.*



## A MAN REDEEMED: DELIVERANCE FOR IKEY

by J.D. Frandsen, #27561, SCI Wyoming State Prison

Sitting in contemplation, I watch the subject of my interview buzz about the unit going from table to table, joking, horse playing, talking about art, music, and the politics of the day. "Ikey" is a very charming, charismatic convict, and a very talented artist. However, if by chance you happened to meet Ikey in a dark alley, charming might not be the first word that comes to mind. Six feet tall, with head-to-toe tattoos that crawl across his face, and the cold unblinking stare of a hardened convict — let's just say that I'm glad that he's my homie. Ikey has more friends than anyone I've met in this prison, because Ikey was raised by this prison. Although now, after serving more than 20 years of a life sentence for a murder he did not commit, there may be redemption for Ikey.

In 1995, Edwin "Ikey" Mares was convicted of felony murder as a juvenile and sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole. He was 16 years old, a dumb teenager who made a big mistake. Prosecuted and condemned in a McCarthyesque jury trial based on unsupported allegations, and presumed guilty by association, the wild little Mexican kid never had a chance. Ikey's time behind these walls and inside some of the nation's most violent penitentiaries began.

Prisons are violent microcosms of the "free world" environments that create criminals. As the years progressed slowly, Ikey was relocated abruptly from prison to prison across the nation due to over-population and the crumbling conditions of the state of Wyoming's old facilities. Ikey did time in Nevada, Virginia, Oklahoma, and multiple facilities in Texas. He became a legal adult in an environment that often breaks grown men down to the point of mental despondency, and often suicide. He grew to become what his surroundings dictated: a dangerous convict.

*"Years crawl by and the outside world is forgotten like a black and white film from a vague, dirty, opiate dream" - Granmah*

Most every convict is a skilled jailhouse lawyer. In 2013, Ikey filed a motion to correct an illegal sentence. He contended that his brutal sentence was unconstitutional, given the U.S. Supreme Court 2012 decision in *Miller vs. Alabama* 567 U.S. 132 S.Ct.2455, 183 L. Ed. 2<sup>nd</sup> 407.

Is it an Eighth Amendment issue to sentence a juvenile to life behind bars? Does this constitute cruel and unusual punishment? Scores of educated and "au-fait" citizens believe so. A teenaged man thrown to the razor wire wolves is doomed from the gavel to the grave. The younger a new guy is, the more likely he is to be raped, beaten, extorted, sexually enslaved, and sold to other inmates for goods and arrears due. This soul crushing environment is no place to grow up, Ikey was lucky, his warrior mindset and a small community of "shot callers" and old-timers refused to see him ruined.

(See Redeemed, continued on page 16)

## DO A RIGHT AND TRUE INVESTIGATION

by Marty Dunbar, CM-9649, SCI Smithfield

I must say that it's a shame and a cowardly act on the part of the prison administration at SCI Houtzdale over an incident that happened in the yard.

Where you have a few prisoners who were fighting each other in the yard, to keep the institution locked down for almost a month was crazy. And the staff members who came up with this idea should be dismissed.

How can you keep 2500 men locked down away from seeing their families on visits, calling their loved ones, and going to school and doing their programs over a small incident like a fight?

The first thing the DOC put out in the press to the public was that there were five officers injured, and that the institution will be locked down and searched because of that small disturbance. Excuse me! It doesn't take a month to search an institution. It doesn't take a month to search every state institution in the state of Pennsylvania. This lockdown was done to place fear in the community, but there was never any fear or danger to the community where the prison is located. This was just something that a person who never had power in their life needs to happen so that they can be seen. That night, the prison administration transferred all of the prisoners involved in that incident. How do I know this? Because one of them came to SCI Smithfield and I also received letters from outside groups about the situation.

Who are the staff members assigned to do the investigation and what is their relationships to any of the officers who were supposedly hurt?

We know that the SCI Houtzdale security office will do their best to take the officers' side of the incident, and will call those officers to interview them, and tell them what they need to say.

But we also know that the security office will call their CIs (prisoners) in and tell them what to say. And after the CIs tell their lies they will be paid for those lies with other prisoners' commissary that was taken from other prisoners by the security office. Some will get transferred to SCI Smithfield, which is the witness protection program for the Pennsylvania DOC, and those same prisoners will come here telling big fat lies, like there were gangsters there.

We need to look at those five officers' records working for the DOC, and see how many grievances have been filed against them. How many misconducts had those five officers written? I am sure that you will find a lot of dirt in some of those files. The same ones who are crying wolf need to stop playing games. No more lockdowns of 2500 men for almost a month for a small incident. We need to have the whole prison administration replaced!



## MALICIOUS RETALIATORY ACTS TOWARD POLITICAL PRISONERS

by Muwsa Green, HV-5362, SCI Fayette

Greetings to you. I am a prisoner at SCI Fayette. I am one of many political prisoners who the government repeatedly retaliated against to deter us from exercising our First Amendment rights to petition the government agencies within the state. A prisoner should not be punished for using the grievance system. The system is based on preserving the dysfunctional, discriminatory, and unjust status quo surrounding mass imprisonment.

Make no mistake about it; this is a contest between harassment and stress assessment in order to produce changes in the behavior of political prisoners. They find it necessary to weaken and undermine the thinking, writings, and attitudes of political prisoners by removing their books about politics and history, and family support of those who offer close emotional ties.

However, the last thing the system wants are prisoners that are conscious, who can challenge COs' malicious corruption, brutality, and unconstitutional policies that are used to oppress prisoners of color. The DOC claims they use fairness, justice, and equality while they prevent any communication with other inmates inside the special management unit (SMU) with isolation. Prisoners are denied to go into the law library with each other or loan legal material to other prisoners. They are trying to make political prisoners anti-social so they can prove to society that prisoners are uncivilized, and that there are no political prisoners in Pennsylvania's state prisons. Keep in mind that if prisoners stand up against the system the system will claim these tactics are considered "disruptive" behavior. Therefore, such inmates fear a loss of commissary privileges, or being placed on long term discipline for exposing the brutality within the system.

Therefore, the SMU is not a program because we prisoners are being treated like restrictive housing unit (RHU) prisoners: the SMU doesn't have daily counseling sections, group activities, or rewards for good behavior in Phase 4 or Phase 5. The SMU is housed on the same unit with the RHU. There is no separation between the SMU and RHU.

A Pennsylvania federal court struck down a law written to prevent incarcerated persons in the state from communicating with the outside public about injustice during the trial period. The April 28, 2015 ruling was a victory for worldwide political prisoner Mumia Abul-Jamal. The "Silence Mumia Act" that the Pennsylvania General Assembly called the "Revictimization Relief Act," exists no more, thanks to Mumia's lawyer Bret Grote. The ruling by U.S. Middle District Chief Judge Christopher C. Conner said the law "betrays several constitutional requirements; the enactment is unlawfully purposed, vaguely executed, and patently overbroad in scope." Judge Conner determined that the Act violated the First and Fifth amendments of the U.S. Constitution.



## THE SCALDING OF DB

by Timothy J. Muise, MCI Shirley

DB is 84 years old and has spent 46 years in prison. No one ever asks "when is enough, enough?" They just keep these old dying men in their cages. In DB's case, he is wheelchair bound; a wheelchair he cannot push himself. To keep an 84-year-old man in prison for 46 years, no matter his crime, brightly displays the failure of our criminal justice system. It also says so much more about our core value system. We must look at ourselves when we read of such "punishment" and ask "what end does it serve?" The tragedy of DB does not end there.

DB is housed in what they call the Assisted Daily Living (ADL) unit here at the state prison in Shirley, Massachusetts. This unit is run by a long-standing deputy superintendent who is known for her heavy-handed abusive treatment. The men in the ADL live in long hallway-shaped corridors that hold 16 beds and three TV sets to be shared. Last Wednesday, DB thought he would watch the news at noontime. One of the mentally ill prisoners he is forced to live with — forced by that abusive deputy who did not care about screening for suitability — did not want to watch the news on the TV. DB persisted, from his wheelchair, and a verbal argument ensued. A few minutes later, the mentally ill patient threw a pitcher of scalding hot water into DB's face. No guards in sight, no security cameras monitoring these dying prisoners, no "companions" as this deputy likes to call her workers, and no chance for an 84-year-old man to defend himself from being scalded.

DB needs someone to advocate for him. When I have advocated for other men in the prison hospital who were being abused, the superintendent of the prison wrote to me assuring me that the men were receiving 24-hour care and their needs were being met. This 24-hour care allowed DB to have scalding hot water thrown in his face. This 24-hour care allowed for the mentally ill to be housed with the weak and infirm. This 24-hour care is managed by a deputy who takes pen and paper away from dying old men if they don't heed her warnings to follow her rules; this way they cannot advocate for themselves. The great correctional abuser places her jackboot across the throat of the octogenarian. People are resistant to my brutal accusations, to my telling hard truths, but I must do so. For too long these abusers have been able to distort the truth, to make false claims that men like DB are still "dangerous" and need to remain locked up in a cage. The truth is sometimes very ugly.

DB sits in his wheelchair in a dirty pair of jeans and a dirty shirt, as the laundry in the gulag does not clean clothes unless you "pay" someone to clean them. He is unable to push himself, and must nurse festering boils on his face from the scalding. One deputy sees his dirty clothes while she asks him about the "accident," and says nothing. She sees an 84-year-old scalded man and cares

(See Scalding, continued on page 15)



**Sloane, continued from page 2**

bers of a diverse group are more lenient towards black criminal defendants. This leads to the conclusion that the benefits of a diverse jury are broader than just the information exchange between members of a diverse group.

The U.S. Supreme Court has held that a potential juror cannot be eliminated from serving as a member of a jury because of his or her race, gender or ethnic origin. Here in Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court recognizes that a citizen-juror has a right not to be discriminated against and when purposeful discrimination occurs, relief may be granted regardless of whether the discrimination produces an "unfair" jury. *Commonwealth v. Hackett*, 956 A.2d 978 (Pa. 2008) When the defense suspects a prosecutor has used a peremptory strike to remove a juror based upon that juror's race, gender or ethnic origin, then the defense must raise a "Batson Challenge" which is aptly named after the landmark U.S. Supreme Court case of *Batson v. Kentucky*, 476 U.S. 79 (1986). The Pennsylvania Supreme Court recognized in *Commonwealth v. Sneed*, 45 A.3d 1096 (Pa. 2012), that it is the defense's burden to show that the prosecutor "purposefully struck potential jurors based on their race [or gender or ethnic origin]." If the defendant makes what is called a *prima facie* showing, the prosecutor must then provide a race-neutral explanation lest the objection be sustained and the juror seated.

It is important for attorneys to understand that racial identity between the excluded juror and the defendant is not required to challenge a prosecutor's use of a peremptory strike. *Powers v. Ohio* 499 U.S. 400 (1991). In other words, the juror and the criminal defendant do not have to be the same race, gender or ethnic origin for the defense to argue that the prosecutor's use of a peremptory strike was unlawful.

In the case I referenced above, in which three African-American women were removed as potential jurors by the prosecutor, I argued that the prosecutor struck two of the three women based upon race. Erie Common Pleas Judge John Trucilla agreed that the prosecutor failed to provide a race neutral explanation and sustained the objection for both women.

In an unrelated trial, a welfare fraud prosecution of a white defendant prosecuted by a different assistant dis-

trict attorney, I again challenged the prosecutor's use of peremptory strikes to remove two African-Americans from the jury. The prosecutor provided what he argued was his race-neutral explanation, "She is a single parent with three children. That is the reason I struck her." The prosecutor continued, "I was concerned about bias because there's a possibility that she [the African American single mother] is on food stamps or some other form of welfare." Unimpressed by the young prosecutor's assumption that the African-American single mother was likely on food stamps and would therefore be biased against the prosecution, Erie Court of Common Pleas Judge John Garhart ultimately sustained the *Batson* challenge for both African-American jurors in that case.

I want the reader to know that making a *Batson* challenge is not always easy for a criminal defense attorney to do, even when it is clearly the right objection to make, both for the criminal defendant as well as the juror who was removed. It was an especially difficult objection for me to make in the first case described above, in which the three African-American women were removed. You see, the prosecutor in that case is an individual who I know and respect, having been involved in numerous cases with him. In alleging that he had removed the women from serving on the jury because of the women's race, I was in essence accusing him of being "racist," at least when it came to jury selection. I suspect that the awkward displeasure that I felt may be why so few attorneys properly raise *Batson* when a juror is struck for what appears to be no other reason than the juror's race, gender or ethnic origin. Nevertheless, I set aside my personal feelings about my colleague and I made the objection. I did so because it is my job to protect the right of my client to receive a fair trial and according to the studies referenced above, selecting a diverse jury makes it more likely that my client will receive a fair trial.

It appears that the prosecutors learned their lesson from my successful *Batson* challenges. Last week during a trial with the same assistant district attorney who previously struck three African-American women, we were presented with a jury pool that included two African-American men. I am happy to report that both men successfully served as members of the jury.

**Consequences, continued from page 6**

suggesting that all internally implemented rules need to be abolished, but I wonder when issues like the one raised above will be appropriately addressed.

Do hearing examiners not comprehend that there are consequences to the consequences they impose? This man, he understands. He received his response to his appeal and ran to my cell. "Dey do let me in school again," he uttered, showing the response to me. I read it and told him what it said. He stared at me like I've failed him. "Why dey don't wanna let me learn," he asked, turned away, and walked back to his cell.



**Scalding, continued from page 8**

not to help him seek release. Her gulag is forever. Her scalding will come in hell.

DB will not ask, so I ask: "When is enough, enough?" When will you contact your legislator and ask that compassionate medical release for prisoners be implemented? When will you disavow the abuse of the gulag jailer and seek to refresh our kind and caring nature as free people? Look in the mirror; the day is today!



**Redeemed, continued from page 7**

Sadly, this is not the case for 90 percent of the young men condemned by the criminal justice system to a bleak, painful, agonizing existence. It is not in the interest of the DOC to aid in maintaining the humanity of the men, women, and children in their care. Justice and humane correction are nonexistent in "the system." The prime directive of the system and the DOC is to exploit the fears of society and the voting public in order to sequentially contain the impecunious, desperate masses inside a warehouse that sustains a for-profit-only enterprise.

After filing the motion to correct this illegal sentence, after more than 20 years served, Edwin Ikey Mare's sentence was changed from one of life imprisonment without the possibility of parole to one of life with the possibility of parole in 25 years. This past March, after giving high praise to Ikey's latest works of fine art, the parole board stated that his parole was "imminent" within the next few years.

I sat down with Ikey this April to ask him some questions about his deliverance and his plans for the future.

Q. What's up Ikey? How are you today?

A. Just livin' the dream man, one day at a time.

Q. I'm just going to come out swinging with the big questions, OK?

A. Lets do this, Granmah.

Q. Did you ever think you were going to die behind bars?

A. I had hope in the beginning until my appeals ran out. Then I guessed that death in this place was just my fate. I accepted it.

Q. Do you feel that the criminal justice system has stolen from you a life that could have been?

A. I feel like if the cops and lawyer had done an honest job instead of running on hearsay, maybe I coulda had a good little life. Like a happy one, wife, kids, dog, career, ballgames, barbeques.

Q. Are you worried about the less than fair conduct and opinions of parole officers and the biased public?

A. A part of me, yeah, but I'm going to do everything in my power not to come back. I'm going to get my tattoo career up, and just focus on my art, you know? Make love, make my masterpiece!

Q. Do you have any regrets about the self-preservation type of survival tactics you utilized while doing your time?

A. Not all the time, but it's like a dog-eats-dog thing, you know? When you see someone getting stomped or stabbed up you think, "Better them than me." If you have to go to war to protect your own, or make a point, you get your knife wet and you never look back. That's just the way this life is.

Q. What do you say to the thousands of kids who are stuck in the same position that you were in?

A. No matter what you're up against, keep some kind of hope, believe in yourself, and remember that there isn't a hard time that you can't get through. I did it, so can you.

When the day finally comes and Ikey walks out of this barbed wire file cabinet that has held him in a Twilight Zone type of bad dream for his entire adult life, he will be walking into a world that has not known his face since it was that of a child. He will be greeted by an unfiltered sun, and his lungs will breathe air that is solely his. Society will regard him as a third class citizen, if that.

His place in the free world will be valid, and the fascists will scramble fervently to take this away. Nevertheless my friend will be free.

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**Planning, continued from page 1**

reading. Laws have changed for the worse, yet none have been put in place to help any of us get out. There are so many lifers now. Is this what you want for yourself? I should hope not!

Time has rolled on and will keep on rolling, with or without us, while we continue to go back and forth to prison. Family members have passed on. Our children had children. Nothing we knew is the same anymore. If you and I don't make the choice to do something different and make a plan while we're here, our futures are bleak, and we will return again. If nothing more, our purpose in planning should be that we live free and not deliberately give away our freedom to this system.

Personally, I came in illiterate of the law and still wild at 46 years old, not knowing society was tired of my bad self. Their plan was to lock me away for a nice period, where they hoped I'd get old and gray by the time I came up for parole. I was sentenced five years ago to 11-20 years on a third strike. I was lucky that I had determination and the will to fight. I learned the law, realizing that I was about to grow old in this horrific place that I know to be a mental institution and nothing more.

Here at SCI Mahanoy, the younger generation has a saying about oldheads like myself. They say, "You're a finished oldhead!" At first, I began to say, "I'm not finished!" Then I stopped to think about just what they were saying to me. I should be finished, it's really not a bad thing. If I am finished, that should mean that I won't be running in and out of prison anymore. So, I humbly accept this "finished" role in criminal activity. I will hold on to the attribute to my end as you also should, if you're anything like I am perceived to be now. My message is clear: Let's all use this time not to complain about all we don't have, but relish the time to learn from our actions and to stop making the same poor choices many times over. Look into yourself. I know you all have a skill or a benefit to our society. Let's use those tools and skills locked in your mind to stay free. Plan, plan, and plan again. If nothing changes, nothing changes!



Note, the above paragraph doesn't use title of "Qualified Examiner" in referencing independent psychologist. The DOC, an omnipotent agency, has authority to bestow the title of "Qualified Examiner".

Question: why was the DOC awarded such authority? What credentials awarded them such power? What purpose is accomplished?

When diagnosing sexual dangerousness of sex offenders, DOC appointed "Qualified Examiners" are sometimes less educated than independent psychologists. The title of "Qualified Examiner" purpose is the power of words to influence the human psyche. As jurors hear the

Commonwealth's witness state, my name is Dr. \_\_\_\_\_. I am a Qualified Examiner... I hold a PhD in psychology... educated at \_\_\_\_\_ college... Next each independent psychologist states their name, the degrees they hold and where they were educated. Who sounds more educated and whose statements would jurors closely listen to? The title "Qualified Examiner" brings a connotation of higher learning and a bias against a fair and impartial trial. Next, news media have citizens brain-washed into believing all sex offenders are the same. That the level of violence is equal in all offenses. The truth is like any violent crime. The degree of violence is different in every case. Yet all sex offenders are

pre-judged by society partly due to media.

Ask yourselves what thoughts come to mind when FOX 25 reports a rape. Not knowing the facts, most believe a great deal of violence was used. While the media reports only the very violent rapes. How does this day after day reporting help the victim or their family?

Are we to receive a fair and impartial trial? When citizen jurors have subconsciously filed away news reports of only very violent rapes. Along with this, the Commonwealth, DOC and justice system, everything is functioning against us. A fair trial? I think not, what do you think?

### **Train of Life** **Author Unknown**

Some folks ride the train of life  
Looking out the rear,  
Watching miles of life roll by,  
And marking every year.  
They sit in sad remembrance,  
Of wasted days gone by,  
And curse their life for what it was,  
And hang their head and cry.

But I don't concern myself with that,  
I took a different vent,  
I look forward to what life holds  
And not what has been spent.

So strap me to the engine,  
As securely as I can be,  
I want to be out on the front,  
To see what I can see.

I want to feel the winds of change,  
Blowing in my face,  
I want to see what life unfolds,  
As I move from place to place.

I want to see what's coming up,  
Not looking at the past,  
Life's too short for yesterdays It moves along too fast.

So if the ride gets bumpy,  
While you are looking back,  
Go up front and you may find,  
Your life has jumped the track.

It's all right to remember,  
That's part of history,  
But up front's where it's happening  
There's so much mystery.

The enjoyment of living,  
Is not where we have been,  
It's looking ever forward,  
To another year and ten.

It's searching all the byways,  
Never should you refrain,  
For if you want to live your life,  
You gotta drive the train!

### **What is Your Name** **Bill Simpson**

In life your first gift is your name, when you die, how will this gift be remembered? You have control of that, even right now in prison. Instead of just serving time, help yourself in serving others. Oh, we all hold many labels, or titles placed upon us by others. Such as solid con, stand up person, badass, tough guy, trouble maker, player, hustler, pimp, selfish



one, then of course there is the other side of the coin rat, snitch, punk, sissy, bitch, skinner. Again, others give these labels to us and we put them on others. Yet when in front of the parole board or whom ever we ourselves do not want them to judge us by a label or our crime. It is alright for us to do it to others. Being in prison, you would think you would like your name attached with freedom. Do not attach your name to the labels you are more than, honor yourself and others by not getting involved in the label game. Our first gift was your name, how will you use that gift, for even in prison you do have control of that, you are not a label or a number!

\* **A Chance**  
\* **Tim Muise**

A man hangs from a sheet in the hole,  
The warden sticks his head in the ground like a mole,  
The guards laugh and joke, "It's what he had coming."  
Their harps up in heaven the angels cease strumming.  
No man's life is worth less than another,  
Don't think it's true? Just go ask his mother,  
Evil boils hot in the pot of prison stew,  
Equally among prisoners and the men wearing blue.  
The warden drives drunk, but still rules the roost,  
Who turns his key? What's his excuse?

Prisoners just asking to be blessed with a chance,  
No longer wanting to sway to the warden's evil dance.

**by Julius Caesar**

"Beware the leader who bangs the drums of war in order to whip the citizenry into a patriotic fervor. It emboldens the blood, just as it narrows the mind. And when the drums of war have reached a fever pitch and the blood boils with hate and the rights of the citizenry. Rather, the citizenry, infused with fear and blinded by patriotism will offer up all of their rights unto the leader and gladly so. How do I know? For this is what I have done. And I am Caesar."

**Under the Shadows of Justice**  
**David Jones**

Some of you may remember that I wrote an article for the July/August MPV titled "When is a juvenile a juvenile?" I received a lot of positive feedback from most of the convicts that were able to read the article. What I am writing about now is another aspect of the conniving judicial loop holes that hinder our constitutional progress as people convicted by our peers and sentenced by our judges. As I had mentioned in my previous article, I was handed down a 19-20 year sentence for manslaughter, under the old law

for a juvenile homicide from 1975. I was arrested in 1997 at the age of 38, on a fugitive from justice warrant. I was not on probation or parole. So how I was a fugitive from justice was beyond me. I was married and living in Georgia when I was arrested, and had no idea a charge was looming, and would eventually end up with me sitting in a Georgia jail fighting extradition to Mass. on a fugitive from justice warrant, for a death that was deemed natural causes in 1975. I hired a very good attorney who fought very hard on the fugitive warrant not to have me extradited. This process took 10 months. At the end of those 10 months, a Georgia judge ruled that I was not a fugitive and was to be released from jail in Georgia. The Mass. authorities were notified. They asked the Georgia judge to give them an extension on my release to see if they could secure a Governor's warrant charging me with murder. The Georgia judge gave Mass. 72 hours to secure a warrant. 48 hours had gone by and we heard nothing from Mass. I had 6 hours left to go before I was to be released and low and behold, a state police and local police from Mass. showed up with a Governor's warrant signed by Paul Celucci. This sealed my fate. I was taken from Georgia and brought to Mass. and arraigned in juvenile court on murder charges, 1 count.