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PRISONERS DESCRIBE MIND CONTROL PROGRAMS

Napanoch

Eastern Correctional Facility Napanoch, N.Y.

Power and Greetings to You:

... We would like for you to put upon your lists of concentration camps: "Eastern Correctional Facility." This camp became 're-opened' during the early part (March) of this year-for the express purpose of housing "State Prisoners." On being transferred to this camp, we were led to believe that this facility contained the best programs that are to be mentioned, such as: it is (and was) an institution geared to and for those under 21 years of age. To be more explicit, we as prisoners transferred from other institutions are situated here, with an administration that has no interest other than capitalizing on our prison labor; nor are they in any way concerned with the academic betterment of this inmate population. ...

The population of the concentration camp is 642; thus 642 individuals are being drugged. The drugs that this administration is utilizing (possible-saltpeter, lethean, lithium carbonate, thorazine, etc.) have manifested the external effects of passivity and exhaustion; and those (we emphasize) are only the external effects, we cannot and will not say that these drugs do not affect the nervous system, the muscular system, the circulatory system, the respiratory system, the excretory system, the endocrine system, the thyroid, pituitary, or adrenal gland, the brain functions, or the reproductive system. We cannot simply imply that these drugs just merely calm our system down!

Listen to what we are relating to you: FACTS AND PROOF THAT SOMETHING IS

WRONG

On April 27, 1973 our diary reads: From our empirical observation we acknowledge that this facility is extremely unusual, we mean in the sense that the inmates on each gallery and others in all three cell blocks, sleep quite frequently. When the administration turns on the radio at 6:30 a.m., it is loud enough to be heard throughout the entire block, yet very few individuals are awakened by it. For when the puppet (correction officer) pulls the gate in each of our blocks to let us out for breakfast, very few individuals are awake, he must go around and wake up half of the gallery. At noon after we ate, we came back to our cages for the noon count. We noticed then also that individuals on each of our galleries rush and get undressed and jump back into their sleep, knowing that we will only remain in the blocks for a mere half hour. Throughout the entire day individuals complain about being tired and exhausted-we feel the same way, something is wrong.

On May 9, 1973 our diary reads: For several days now the water in the mess hall has been tasting quite funny. Brother Tate went to take the pitcher up to the sink to exchange the water, he was quickly stopped, and told that he was not supposed to leave his seat and that he (the officer) would get the water for us. But the officer did not go to the sink which is located in the eating part of the mess hall and get the water, but into the back of the mess hall. When he came back with the pitcher of water Brother Tate tasted it, and found it to be the same as the previous pitcher-possible coincidence???

On May 21, 1973 our diary reads: Today while sitting in the shop I (Brother Hicks) began to feel very exhausted and perplexed. I began to feel as though I was going to faint, and so I asked for permission to go to the hospital; on my way I fainted, and on this day so did several other brothers, to be exact, five-possible coincidence??? On June 17, 1973 our diary reads: Today we noticed that nothing has changed, everyone is still sleeping.

On June 29, 1973 our diary reads: Today we went around asking people how they felt, and did they feel any different than the way they felt when they were at another facility. In responding everyone said that they felt a little stranger than they felt when they were at another facility, that they were sleeping more than usual—another possible coincidence???

On July 7, 1973 several individuals went on a fast to see if they would be able to annihilate whatever it was that was affecting their systems. Through this process they realized that they were not feeling tired or exhausted as they were while they were eating in the mess hall, and they are losing weight rapidly.

We have brought the above conditions to you, interrelated with your desire to create some type of inflections upon the present structure of this society.



For in realizing that such inane and despotic institutions exist within this society, and that they are attempting to mentally sculpture the constituents of a future society. It would indeed please the administration of this facility, if you were to manifest an infinite lack of interest and laissez-faire attitude concerning these conditions, conditions affecting our very lives, physically and mentally—inasmuch as it would justify an even more deranged and archaic society than the one that we presently excuse ourselves for, for being in existence now!!!

> THANK YOU SALAMU WA QADIR

Sincerely, Noah Mitchell Robert Tate William Hicks

Matteawan

Attica, N.Y.

Dear Comrades of the Rough Times Collective:

.. As to the history of Matteawan State Hospital, it is the same nut factory or the slaughterhouse known as Dannemora State Hospital. In the beginning of 1972 (or the middle thereof) they took all the patient-prisoners out of DSH and relocated them in a section of Matteawan. Now, Matteawan State Hospital has pre-trial patient-prisoners in one section and post-trial convicted patient-prisoners in another section. The convicted patient-prisoners are housed in what is known as the "DSH Side of Matteawan State Hospital." These two sections are kept strictly separate from each other. Matteawan also has a women's section separate from the rest. I have not been in Matteawan (at least not yet) but being that I was in the old "Bug House" Dannemora State Hospital, I keep track of what's happening in the "DSH Side" of the hospital.

I have been informed that the food is extremely bad in quality and quantity. On the DSH Side of Matteawan they have what is known as "Regression Wards"; they have what is known as "Extensive Care Ward," two of them I guess; and they also have "Working Wards"; they also have "Violent Wards" in which patients are kept most of the time in rooms better known as "isolation." The people housed in these rooms have a "shit bucket", a mattress on the floor, and they are not really "violent"—this violent nonsense is just a label employed to categorize rebel patient-prisoners which the hospital administrators do not want walking around helping other patients with some legal work or some good Marxist reality or radical therapeutic conversations.

I know this to be usual procedure in the state hospitals. I was in Dannemora three consecutive times. All three times I was there I conducted personal research-I played crazy and got classified, certified, and graduated as an expert bug!! The dumb psychiatrists knew I was not insane but being that I was playing the psycho game they concluded that I had to be insane to play crazy !! I remember from looking at the files on the desk of the bug doctor, that I had been diagnosed as "a pseudo-schizophrenic with an over-imposed psychotic personality." I still laugh at this non-existing psychosis. The stupid psychiatrist would place the files on top of the desk and would read the files from where I was sitting. Before the bug doctor could read half of the page I had already read the whole page upside down. However, the bug doctor was not even aware that I was reading the "confidential files" !! At times I would say to the psychiatrist: "And the sea horse at the bottom of the sea/moved his head at an angle of 90 degrees/and said 'One moment please' /while the doctor sat on a stool spinning his spool/and the sea horse would then say, 'Who then are the real fools?'" The psychiatrist used to write this stuff down and then ask me what it meant. I would tell him, "Take it to your master psychologist, maybe he can decipher the saying for both of us." This would get him actually mad (mind you, not angry but mad !!). At times it seemed like he might have a nervous breakdown behind all this. So that the bug doctors are actually the real fools. The majority of doctors who work in state hospitals are newcomers from other countries who have no experience whatsoever with American behavior patterns or the American reality or the way of life in the United States.

The prison struggle is part of the struggle of mental patients in hospitals also—we form a united front because we complement each other! Therapy means change and change comes through mental (theoretical) struggle and through physical (practical) revolutionary struggle for a socialist revolution. The wages of imperialism is oppression/depression/racism/sexism /and exploitation. But the gift of socialism is mental health, ideological struggle, life, peace, and happiness.

Advice to prisoners, mental patients, and all oppressed people: "Without the cold and desolation of winter/there could not be the warmth and splendor of spring./Calamity has tempered and hardened me/ and turned my mind to steel" (Ho Chi Minh). Advise yourself with the wisdom of great warriors and you will be a mental giant!!

Dare to struggle, Dare to win!

Salvador Agron Ministro de Propaganda del Partido Nacionalista - Boricua de la Republica Socialista de Boriquen

Rx Program

Attica Concentration Camp

Greetings RT,

Clarification on New York State's Prescription (Rx) Program has become an absolute necessity.

To begin, the program utilized no physical attack upon the brain. There was no leucotomy nor electroshock treatments. I know of no involuntary use of "mind-destroying" or other type of drugs. My qualifications to speak are 14 years continuous imprisonment-eleven weeks (from March 28, 1973 until June 14, 1973) in the Rx Program.

The "treatment" consisted of mental attacks upon the intelligence of those within the program through use of the honor-point earning system. This means that if one volunteers to sweep and/or mop the tier he can spend the morning hours (8:30-11:30) and afternoon hours (1:00-4:00) watching such progressive educational programs as soap operas, Romper Room-type kiddy shows, or sucker give-away shows. As the average age of the Rx men was 30 years old, these TV shows were clearly an indication that the whole idea behind Rx was containment. This is not to say that physical intrusion will never be used-it merely means none has been used thus far.

As an extra bonus-the "worker" is permitted to shower every day. The non-worker can be restricted to two showers per week. Both worker and nonworker receive the enormous pay rate of twenty cents a day, five days a week. That is mind-destroying, slavery at its best. There are NO opportunities to expand one's mind through education. The second stage of this program was to seek participation in a battery of tests designed to determine one's I.Q., personality, memory, and mechanical aptitude.

- and Day

The third step is a meeting with a "Panel" to discuss what type of program will be recommended should the Rx'er be returned to the General Population at a Slaughter-House different than the one which transferred him to Rx-with the new program based upon the test results and prisoner's desire.

The fourth step is to receive approval from the Master at Albany, N. Y. for the recommended program and transfer.

The fifth step is the transfer in order to begin the new program under sanction by the leader of the Blue Boobs. Then---the---bomb---hits.

Upon arriving at the new location the following occurs: John Fernandez-transferred to Green Haven Prison; placed in indefinite keep-lock within two weeks of arrival. Frank Boehme-transferred to Auburn Prison-placed in keep-lock within ten days of arrival. Myself-transferred to Attica Death Camp -placed in H.B.Z. (The Box) less than 24 hours after arrival. If this pattern was followed in every Rx case I can't say. However, the deception is clear. "Promise them [Rx] anything to show the Public that the program works but give them harassment, keep-locks and segregation."

The danger here is that the public only hears about the "Honey" given out, i.e., TV, hours of recreation, pay regardless of whether you work or not.

The public is not told of the extras after leaving the program, i.e., keep-lock with no pay rate; segregation and frustration.

Obviously, the State is hoping that the "Rx" graduates will rebel so that reports can then be given to the news media that "You can't satisfy some of these guys. We give them every chance and still they rebel." (Attica officials told me I'll go to the Population when I learn to "behave." Yet I am in H.B.Z. for nothing.)

The Rx Program, according to newspaper reports, was terminated after 35 inmates were processed (news release from State Correction Commissioner Preiser). What was not said is that the program will continue under another name and that its sole purpose is to keep the large force of pigs on the state payroll while the tax-paying public receives nothing for its money.

I have written this lengthy scribe to show that the state is still wasting funds under guise of rehabilitation and doing nothing to prepare the inmate for his eventual freedom; and to clear up the belief that drugs, operations, etc. were used at the Rx Center. Maybe in the future drugs or operations will be attempted but, right now, everyone should know that no such treatment was given.

> Frank Bloeth Attica, Dachau-H.B.Z.

[Note: Since receiving this letter, we have learned that Frank Bloeth has now been transferred to Auburn-RT.]

GOING THROUGH CHANGES

I used to get very big. I used to be in rooms full of strangers and questions made me into China and Russia and Cuba ten thousand teenage draft resisters the history of the Communist Party a lone terrorist in Oakland the entire black population and Marx and Engels. I got so big there were miles from my mouth to your ear. Today, in my small natural body, I sit and learnmy woman's body like yours target on any street taken from me at the age of twelve like Venezuelan oil with the same explanation You are ignorant let me show you then sold back drop by drop in pink-frosted bottles by tiny merchants with big shadows sitting behind the screens of Oz and buying armies with the profits. I watch a woman dare I dare to watch a woman we dare to raise our voices smash the bottles learn.

-Jean Tepperman

From Words Among America, a book with poems by Daniel Berrigan, Leroi Jones, Pablo Neruda, and others. Profits go to the Nonviolence Center of the United Farm Workers. To get a copy, send a contribution to Words Among America, 525 E. 5th St., New York, N.Y. 10009. Make checks out to Glen Gersmehl.

