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THE

SCROLL

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER FOR AN IN-SOCIETY

Bridgeport Correctional Center 1106 North Ave. Bpt.

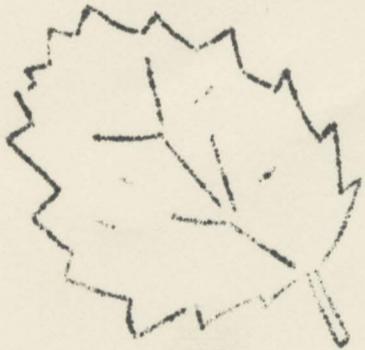
September 5, 1980



SEASONS

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HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

NEW ENGLAND: The winter will be milder overall, with about 20" below-normal snowfall, but with much variability. A cold wave at the end of Oct. will usher in a cold period until mid-Dec., with ample snowfall in the north. Thereafter, temperatures will be frequently well above normal through Jan., particularly along the coast and in central and southern sections. It will also be wet with considerable snow north. The first two weeks of Feb. will see more normal winter conditions, only to be followed by additional mild spells with very little snow. March and April: colder than normal, with much snow in the north; little in the south. May through the first three weeks of June: warmer and wetter than normal followed by cool, rainy weather through the first week of July.....
The Old Farmer's 1980 Almanac, by Robert B. Thomas



Bpt.-The Labor Day Holiday is behind us, the Presidential Election Campaign has officially begun, and the cooler nights bring the repentful chants and angry swearing that the next Summer will be spent differently. Sometime between the accident of the ingenious and prophet-Richard Pryor as he was free-basing cocaine and the just protest strike of the Polish workers, we realized that a season has passed us without our participation. Suddenly, we suffer less because of where we are at, and suffer more because of the places we have not been. The season is changing and it will not wait for us.

Ready or not, Autumn is upon us. If our plight was less urban we would be aware and possibly part of the great harvest that is the reality of our rural neighbors. So soon the apples will be plentiful and the cider in abundance at the welcomed outdoor fruit and vegetable stands. The leaves will change colors as in the changing of the flags on the speedtrack as to signal where we are in the lapping race.

Besides the greying of souls and the fermentation of splendid youthful spirits, we do bear witness to seasonal happenings. The jails and prisons reach their capacity maximum and far beyond in their harvest of souls in the ever extending season of selective Law and Order. A harvest of colorful flesh, plump frustrations, juicy anguish, tender erroneous disciplines, aged poverty, and seedless dreams-and the barbaric and wobbly bin over spills. 'Tis that season. Continue pg.5

THE SCROLL IS PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE
POPULATION OF THE BRIDGEPORT COMMUNITY
CORRECTIONAL CENTER - 1106 NORTH AVE - BRIDGEPORT, CT. 06604

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The Scroll is published weekly by and for the inmates
of Bridgeport Community Correctional Center.

The views herein are intended to be those of the
contributor with supervision by the staff supervi-
sor and do not necessarily reflect those of the
center administration or the Department of Correction.

We encourage participation and articles from inmates
for possible publication. Please include your name
and number with credit to author or source when
submitting articles written by others

EDITORIALS

At this time I'd like to take time out to enlighten you - the population of B.C.C., to the fact that we are in the process in revising "The Scroll". The Scroll is a paper for the population here at the center, and we're going to try and focus our attention more in the direction of the happenings in the institution, and things of interest to the inmates. However, I feel it would be impossible to put out a decent paper without the participation of the inmate population. So I am emphasizing the importance of participation. Letters to the editor or other articles wishing to be published in the paper can be submitted to Bill Alexander or myself through the same channels used to contact counselors. Also, I'd like to thank the people who have taken time out to write and submit items for publication to the Scroll - Thank you.

As of this week, I am happy to announce that we have three new members to the staff of the Scroll: William R. Freeman, Playwrite, poet and He brings with him an abundance of expertise in the literary field, and I am most happy to have him and the other two members aboard who are: Richard Carden and Francisco Martinez.

So, hopefully we'll be hearing from each and everyone of you in the near future, in assisting us in making this a decent paper, really worthwhile reading.

Ciao,

Charles Habershan
Editor-in-chief

COMMUNITY RETURNS

Community Returns is an organization designed to help offenders, and ex-offenders, in the greater, Stamford area, Dearien, Greenwich, etc.

Community Returns assist with: Housing, Vocational Counseling, Pre-trial, Drug counseling etc.

If you are to be released in the near future and you're from the greater Stamford area. Contact Robert Elliott - Executive Director, at; 66 West Main St., Stamford, Connecticut. 203-324-7790

Also,

Charles Haberman
Editor-in-Chief



The New Year begins on the academic calender and our children, brothers, sisters, and cousins prepare for the senesters.

3	3	3	3	3	3
x3	x3	x3	x3	x3	x3
3333	333	33	3	30	9
a	b	c	d	e	f

For those who have not lost hope in the educational experience or entrapped in the street-wise extra-curriculars, invest their bright-eyed confidence into this textbook season. And though we have allowed ourselves to be of such little influence in their many season changes, we extend our love, apologies, and resolutions to cease doing what led us here or to do it better and in the community interest.

In that every dog has its day, we too prepare for new seasons.

A historically successful method to resist oppression and poverty?

- a) spend a lot of time behind bars
- b) with sex, drugs, and rock-n-roll
- c) discipline, dedication and/or revolutionary struggle
- d) love songs
- e) prayer

Somewhere in between the cold toast of breakfast and the request for shower on the wrong shower day, our hearts yearn for an education to compliment the bullpen therapy and the just-us lesson of our ways.

Who discovered America?

- a) L. Erikson
- b) C. Columbus
- c) W. Tuthill
- d) Bigfoot

Short eyes mean _____

- a) near-sighted
- b) black-eyed peas
- c) nude magazine
- d) CO Scooba

Any season soon comes to an end for us when we are overwhelmed by our environment, and here, especially here we strive to maintain our decency and sense of humor.

This is our test, this is our survival.

Noon-chucks are _____

- a) a Chinese lunch
- b) Japenese Rock group
- c) Mr. Golson's tailor
- d) marshall art weaponry

What's a rush?

- a) girlfriend with a good job
- b) fairplay and logic at a D.R. Hearing
- c) a sudden thrust in pace
- d) getting to use the phone

It is really a new season upon us and we have begun to communicate.
freeman

Death By Words

So bountiful the majesty of the words,
each filled with history, sorrow and glory,
Great castles are built with the labor,
Of verbs and nouns. And poems and songs,
Can beautifully tell the pauper's story.

Words fill the day, supplicates the spirit
Seducés the body, and extenuates the mind.
A baby is just a word; love, peace, God, war,
Justice, woman and man are mere words.
Words; the thing, being, curse, poetry and idea
so cruel and kind

I, but one word, fuck you, but two, I love you
But three; surely their math is not there scheme
At their mettlesome best when they quietly dominate
In breezy interludes and substantiate the untangible,
undulating with inimitable nerve, leaving nothing as it seems

"Sticks and stones..." are one weapon true, period.
No, comma, for many souls pummeled and skewered
by the undeveloped, misinterpreted, ill-placed word.
Barely afloat in the chilly troubled waters of language,
rafting under the magnificent splendor, not quite dead, not
quite cured.

No unconfessed critic not meticulous autopsy
shall divinely uncover the dual bladed social swords.
History demands authority, so do not blame wife,
child, lover or butler, my work purse, nor color
Neither the cruel joke of corrections nor the farce of
Connecticut's courts...

Wm. Ray Freeman, carpenter, writer, death by words.

"For Better Or For Worse" - Editorial

Of all the forerunning tasks that will confront our American society primarily the working to middle class (the hub of the nation) in 1980, none should be higher than heading off efforts in congress to weaken wage earnings with an automatic rising cost of living mechanism.

For a sector of people who's jobs have been juggled by "economists" in hopes of cutting a spiraling inflation and solidify our commerce, over-all we have inadequately provided for the unemployed, the jobless many. Consequently the number and variety of social reform services provided during this "time of crisis", yes is exceptional, but the fact remains that virtually the needs of and staggerine numbers of unemployed has prodded faster than the growth of the systems monetary increases. Family units are already "scraping", where are supplement cost to be found? And what happens when the society becones totally dependent upon "hand-outs?"

With the 80's upon us and the livlihood of America facing financial strains, discourag runs rampant, "idleness" pays more than jobs, it is inevitable that morality will decay; that is whatever codes of ethics survived the 70's - the decade of "If it feels right do it". We can no longer afford to take lightly the escalation of crine. A sign of the times, crine that either inducts you or reduces you. Forin the past we have concentrated too much on the symptoms and not on the causes. Our social attitude has been to teach "maladjusted individuals" to adapt themselves to "society as it is", rather than to change those aspects of society that made or make individuals what they are by what they resort to.

By Haji-Tamara Askew

FREEDOM IS A STATE OF MIND, PART #1

Jailed in humility I have strengthened my self-dedication to the purpose of my art.

In this rawness my spirit is searching, testing.

I grow impatient at sentiment which tends to become external and strike attitudes. Turning my spirit inward, again my innerself flows, for probing my heart, I find a richer voice. I've always had my moments, surging of creative energies tending to be vibrant to the times and complete. But these were only moments, scattered where is momentum and the progressing solidity? Now I realize being subtle in a means to power, power to expansion and dramatic impact.

By Tamara Askew

Taken from the September issue of Ebony:

It was "Margaret Walker Alexander Day", in the state of Mississippi, and public officials and ordinary citizens, Black and White, pulled out all stops in a celebratory Jubilee for poet and author of the best-selling novel Jubilee. The story of the great-grandparents of Margaret Walker, written in 1965 (Before Roots).

The Jubilee Day, which was an unprecedented tribute to a living Black writer, was organized by the Jackson Urban League Guild to mark Mrs. Alexander's retirement from Jackson State University, where Mrs. Alexander served as a college professor for over twenty years.

Below is a poem written in July, 1937, when she was only twenty-two years old, she had captured the heartbeat of the Black experience. And it was this poem recited over and over on Margaret Walker Alexander Day, that underlined her true significance and the significance of her day.

FOR MY PEOPLE

For my people everywhere singing their slave songs repeatedly:
their dirges and their ditties and their blues and jubilees,
praying their prayers nightly to an unknown god, bending
their knees humbly to an unseen power;

For my people lending their strength to the years, to the gone
years and the now years and the maybe years, washing
ironing cooking scrubbing sewing mending hoeing plowing
digging plaining pruning patching draggins along never
gaining never reaping never knowing and never understanding;

For my playmates in the clay and dust and sand of Alabama
backyards playing baptizing and preaching and doctor and
jail and soldier and school and mama and cooking and play-
house and concert and store and hair and Miss Choonby and company;

For the cramped bewildered years we went to school to learn
to know the reasons why and the answers to, and the people
who and the places where and the days when, in memory
of the bitter hours when we discovered we were black
and poor and small and different and nobody cared and
nobody wondered and nobody understood;

For the boys and girls who grew in spite of these things to be
man and woman, to laugh and dance and sing and play and
drink their wine and religion and success, to marry their
playmates and bear children and then die of consumption
and anemia and lynching;

For my people thronging 47th Street in Chicago and Lenox
Avenue in New York and Rampart Street in New Orleans,
lost disinherited dispossessed and happy people filling the
cabarets and taverns and other people's pockets needing
bread and shoes and milk and land and money and some-thing-something
all our own;

For my people walking blindly spreading joy, losing time being
lazy, sleeping when hungry, shouting when burdened, drinking
when hopeless, tied and shackled and tangled among
ourselves by the unseen creatures who tower over us omnisciently
and laugh;

For my people (cont.)

For my people blundering and groping and floundering in the dark of churches and schools and clubs and societies, associations and councils and committees and conventions, distressed and disturbed and deceived and devoured by money-hungry glory-craving leeches, preyed on by facile force of state and fad and novelty, by false prophet and holy believer;

For my people standing staring trying to fashion a better way from confusion, from hypocrisy and misunderstanding, trying to fashion a world that will hold all the people, all the faces, all the adams and eves and their countless generations;

Let a new earth rise. Let another world be born. Let a bloody peach be written in the sky. Let a second generation full of courage issue forth; let a people loving freedom come to growth. Let a beauty full of healing and a strength of final clenching be the pulsing in our spirits and our blood. Let the martial songs be written, let the dirges disappear. Let a race of men now rise and take control.

*Copyright, 1937, 1942, 1968,
Margaret Walker

To Love Forever And Ever

Dreams are for real

Fantasies they all come true

Life becomes warm and beautiful

Whenever I'm around you

You give me such a great feeling

That makes me feel good inside

And all that I ever hoped for

Ooh, baby I'm glad that you're mine

To love forever to love forever

To love, love, love, love, love

Forever and ever

Girl, my whole life's been completely changed

Since I've first met you from the start,

And it's you who makes it worth living for

= Since you've taken great hold of my heart

The love of joy and you by my side

makes it all so plain to see

That it's you, your love and all that is real

That makes me feel all of this need

BY WAYNE GREEN

To love forever and ever

Problems are for real

Realities they all come true

Life becomes warm and beautiful

Whenever I'm around you

You give me such a great feeling

That makes me feel good inside

And all that I ever hoped for

Oh, baby I'm glad that you're mine

To love forever to love forever

To love, love, love, love, love

Forever, forever, forever

Mr. Clever

Hey! Mr. Clever, awkward and lame,

Don't think you can perceive my thoughts,

Because you must have a brain.

Ineffuious in heart, no ambition to achieve,

Not knowing wrong from right, not having a need.

For in order to challenge my thoughts of intellect,

Would be too far advanced for you to collect.

So, think before you act, and remember to finish what you start,

Cause you'll never know again who will confront you as being smart.

By Wayne Green

BY WAYNE GREEN

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

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BIG ONION, little onion Department

freeman

Bpt.-In this issue we are proud to introduce our investigative and/or interview department. This week we have the honor of sharing a few in-depth and off the cuff exchanges with Mr. Goose DeCool the Third.

Mr. DeCool is the founder and philosopher of the newly established 'Take It Easy Trailer Park Halfway House and Mini People Carnival' The SCROLL, having heard that Mr. DeCool was soliciting State funds and encouraging participation from the Fairfield County Correctional apparatus, sent, via emergency furlough, one of our reporters to talk to this people-entrepreneur or progressive social worker.

SCROLL: Hello sir, I'm from the Scroll.

DeCool: That's okay with me, but if you join the program you will have to learn how to write.

SCROLL: Not so fast sir, as a reporter for the paper, I would like to ask you a few questions.

DeCool: How do I know that you are from the Scroll?

SCROLL: My card, sir.

DeCool: Okay, what would you like to know?

SCROLL: Do you believe in rehabilitative therapy?

DeCool: Why not? People in California believe in anything. Got a cigarette?

SCROLL: Is that where you are from?

DeCool: I was from there year before last, now I am from Poughkeepsie. Got a match?

SCROLL: Why a trailer park, isn't that a rather unstable image, and does a carnival encourage healthy concepts?

DeCool: Why shouldn't a halfway house be allowed to move around, we're dealing with people, not a cornfield, mobility is a right and a good way to know a variety of people. And what's wrong with a carnival, why scheme, steal and carry on, when you can have the suckers come right at you? A carnival does not violate parole.

SCROLL: What are your credentials?

DeCool: I have to leave now, suppose to meet two guys from the Hartford jail that can whistle a symphony and juggle at the same time. But I got papers to do what I do. I find that people are afraid of change.

SCROLL: One last question?

DeCool: Yes.

SCROLL: What would you change about halfway house in general?

DeCool: Well I think that all halfway house should be some kind of business or enterprise so that money is not the hassle and the men and women, yes coed, can better concentrate on getting their act together. Need some hip workers of course, but the program should ease up on the control for discipline shit, I mean stuff. Look sweetheart, I gotta go.

SCROLL: Thank you for your time.

DeCool: De nada, just don't step on the mushrooms on your way out.

We have extended our imagination in this writing, but it is the Scroll's objective to report on real people programs, and events that is related to our in-society-next week an interview with a counselor here, for real.



DeGool: My shoulder's halfway
house he liked to move around,
we're dealing with people, not a
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director of the newly establish-
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way House and Mini People's University'.
The DeGool, having heard that Mr. De
Gool was soliciting state funds and
encouraging participation from the
Hartford County Correctional Insti-
tute, sent an emergency telegram
one of our reporters to talk to this
person-in-charge about our progressive
social work.

JOANNE DUZIK
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HARTFORD, CONN.
06115

DeGool: What's your report if you
join the program you will have to
leave her to write.
DeGool: Not so fast sir, as a report-
er for the post, I would like to ask
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DeGool: Now do I know that you are
from the DeGool?
DeGool: Yes, what would you like to
know?
DeGool: Do you believe in rehabili-
tive therapy?
DeGool: My nephews in Delaware
believe in anything, but a cigarette.
DeGool: Is that where you are from?
DeGool: I was from there years before
last, now I'm from Fort Lauderdale.
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