Welcome to the first issue of Beyond the Bars!

You are holding the first issue of a new paper for Maine prisoners and friends called Beyond the Bars. This is the first newspaper in some time that has no fixed agenda but is here to receive your news, letters, poems, essays, short stories, art or “shout outs.” For this paper to work WE NEED YOUR HELP! How you can help:

- Please pass around the newspaper and encourage others to get on our mailing list
- Please send us your thoughts, letters, writing, art, prayers or any material that can reasonably fit within space constraints
- Please send notices of any prison groups or meetings, allow a lag time of a month or six weeks ahead.

-- Since we are individuals not financed by any one, please feel free to donate as you are able including stamps for postage

We hope together to be producing an every-other month newspaper which will increase communication among prisoners themselves as well as family members, friends, allies, and others concerned about the prison system, primarily here in Maine!

Kristine
Calvin
Forrest
Dave
Beyond the Bars by Harold Sanford Carter III (Inmate MSP)

Away from this place are things that I claim.  
Romance and dance, this wine with the lover.  
Kinship and music a celebration  
In time I will fill my lost hunger.  
The notion of hope fades everyday  
I hold on a platter the desire  
But will I submit to the wrong of glance?  
My will to do good; but I the liar.  

Further from this razor wire jungle  
Is a world I am in, yet still apart  
With religion, help me not fall evil  
Wise and content now, substance could lurk dark.  
In the distance is the good life of bane.  
Beyond the bars, heed my walk: State my name!

Don't Judge Him Until You've Walked in His Shoes by Gene Trundy (Inmate MSP)

Many years ago, darkness came into his life  
It took everything that meant anything to him.  
The Darkness overtook him, causing stress and strife  
The lies they told and their abuse towards him  
Made trust in the law grow dim  

If he maulers and seems a little confused  
Don't judge him till you've walked in his shoes  
I used to know him when he was a young man  
He was always happy as could be  
But the lies they told and their abuse towards him  
The cynicism made him mean and  
His hair of brown has slowly turned to gray  

When he's angry, it's best to stay away  
When he's lonely, his heart is filled with rain  

Nine Miles of Maine by Harold Sanford Carter III (Inmate MSP)

Josh Bullock left the chow hall at the Maine State Prison returning to his dormitory just like any other day. The color of his hair had changed in the past twenty-three years. However, the daily agenda had not.  

The convict had adapted to prison life quite adeptly. His daily routine could be achieved blind folded. Josh is what prison administration called, a role model inmate. The warden and the administration of the prison were pleased with the notion. Josh Bullock, in his prime, was the most dangerous inmate in the state.  

Josh had been serving time longer than most of his peers. In some ways, he had more pull then some correctional officers. He was respected. His shirt was your shirt. His heart was gold. Even more, he set the pace for the entire prison population.  

Josh returned to his cell block. On one particular spring evening Josh was troubled. His long time friend, and fellow prisoner by the name of Charlie (Rocko) Nightingale met his demise. His death was unexpected. Like any large population in humanity, there are murder, heart attacks, and solemn old age. At any rate, no one, including administration could justify Rocko’s passing.  

Like a lion, Josh smoked his contraband cancer stick laying
on his prison rack looking above at the high ceiling.

Knock-knock-knock

Josh looked past his feet to see Peter Smalls. Josh met his fancy three years prior when a well known security threat group kept extorting him. It is just, to say he is now winged by a friendly tiger. “Come on in little buddy” said Josh. Smalls lightly walked into Josh’s cell and sat by his feet. “Um-did-do you know anything about Rocko?” asked Peter.

“Nope, I ain’t heard squat! One day, me and him are playing a card game of spades. The next day, he’s rolled out of here on a gurney. The screws don’t know nuttin, and none of the cons are taking credit for a hit.”

“What the hell is that crawling on your floor Jay?”

“Mother moses and mary. It’s a damn king size ant!”

Both cons now standing, watched a huge monstrous ant creep across the cell floor. “Tha’tha-the thing is as big as a rat,” said Smalls.

Josh had had enough. He picked up a piece of paper from his desk, and quickly scooped the grotesque freak of nature up, and tossed it into his toilet, giving it a quick flush.

“I-I-I, thanks Josh, that damned thing looked like it could clip your toes off.”

“No problem,” said Josh “Hey, why don’t you and me go to the yard and get some fresh air?”

Pete Smalls gave a nodding of his head and the two cons made their way to the recreation yard.

The yard had a horse shoe pit, softball field, workout stations, basketball court, and a track that circled everything. Josh and Pete walked the track. Another convict named “Worm” tagged along.

“What it do worm,” asked Josh.

“Nothing much Player. The strangest thing happen though, I was lifting my iron on the morning yard like I do every day. Except when I was working out my chest I say- I saw, a damn eagle flying in the sky as big as a car.”

“I think worm is back on the stupid sticks again” said Smalls.

“Now what do you see Worm?” asked Josh.

“No jokes man, the bird must have had wings as long as my sentence, holmes”

“That’s odd you talkin’ like this,” said Josh. “Smalls and I saw a fricken ant as big as a rat in my cell about fifteen minutes ago”

“Rats huge,” snorted Worm, “The only rat I see is on second base out on the ball field. “Something ain’t right around here, man. The prison garden is exploding with weeds waist high. At the same time, the vegetables are gigantic this year. The guys who work in food service keep talking about it. Worm saw a huge eagle, and me and Smalls are flushin killer size ants down the toilet.”

Josh took a deep breath, and stared at the ground while the trio made a few laps around the track. “Let’s not forget about Rocko” said Smalls.

“Yo, there something going on” said Worm.

The loud speaker declared the recreation yard closed. The group of friends lightly punched each others’ knuckles, and parted ways. When Josh got back to his cell his daily newspaper was on his bunk. Josh picked it up and read the front page:

Nine Miles of Maine

University scientists from Orono, Maine have been busy in Knox County for the past week. The ecosystem there seems to be exploding with growth. The team of scientists {who wish to remain anonymous} have reported majestic plant life, gigantic trees, imposing insects, and colossal animal life. The bizarre ecosystem stretches for about nine miles in the woods in Knox County, Maine. Classified reports show proof that this particular malfunction of nature will not turn into an epidemic. It is contained in a nine mile radius. The cause for the disruption of Nature is unknown at this time. However, there are theories:

+ the abandoned landfill in conjunction with toxic mutation seeping into the ground, reaching water supplies in a nine mile area.
+ a rare salamander in the ecosystem
+ mutation of algae from a bad dose of algicide.

In addition are more outlandish ideas that aliens are behind the event.

The public is urged to stay clear from the nine miles. On the other hand, county politician, Mark Blair, stated, “Be not alarmed! The epidemic of nine miles is fully contained. It might very well be a positive discovery, and asset to Knox County”

For further details, the public is welcome to visit our website {Jenifer scribe: Knox Times reporter}.

Josh set his paper back on his bed and started to think about the epidemic called 9 Mile. In a rush it hit him. The notion was enough to stop his breath for five seconds. The Maine State Prison was in the middle of the woods. The rat sized ant in his cell. The huge
eagle that Worm saw. The oversized vegetables in the prison garden. Josh picked up his Knox newspaper. “I am right in the middle of 9 Mile” Josh said, “this whole prison is in the middle of it.”

“Mr. Bullock” said the warden.
Josh turned around and was startled by the administrative officer.
“Yes, sir” said Josh.
“I wanted to come and talk to you about
Prisoner Nightingale”
“Who, Rocko?”
“Yes, Rocko, if that was his nickname. At any rate his death is a bit of a mystery. At least it was until we found out about the nine miles thing. We think it might be 9 Mile related”
“We are right in the middle of 9 Mile” said Josh.
“I had gathered that much! The epidemic could be dangerous. The Commissioner has ordered all prisoners to be transferred immediately. An evacuation of the prison will take place in the morning. Also, it’s a breach of security but I wanted to tell you how your friend died.

“OK” said Josh.
“A daddy long leg spider bit him. Because of the 9 Mile the spider was able to penetrate human skin. The daddy long leg spider has the most poisonous venom in the world. Because of 9 Mile, the spider was big enough to pierce Mr. Nightingale’s skin, and kill him”
“Unbelievable” said Josh.
“I don’t know what the media is going to cover up the evacuation of this prison, considering the institution is right smack in the middle of 9 Mile.”
“What is going to be said about Rocko?”
“I don’t know Mr. Bullock. What I do know is, I have been warden for over a decade, and I wanted to thank you for helping me control the prison through the years.”
“Um-yeah-OK!”

The warden left, and shortly after, the prison was on night-time lock down. Josh picked his newspaper up and read the 9 Mile article again. He soon fell asleep

Around 3:30 the next morning the entire prison was infested with national guard. The prisoners were all handcuffed and shackled and put on blue bird buses. There was ten busses total. Every bus had a different destination.
Four days later after all the prisoners had new cells in various states. A nationwide manhunt started. Josh Bullock never got on his bus in Maine. The last person to see him was the warden.

Some say Josh Bullock jumped on a giant eagle during the prisoner roundup. Other say the warden gave him the keys to the front gate.
The disappearance of Josh Bullock baffles many in the corrections world.
Moreover, the true enigma is the origins of 9 Mile.

Today, twenty pound frogs swim, giant birds soar, trees are bigger than mountains, and bears and deer block the sun. But only for 9 Miles of Maine.

Prison By F. Scott Perkins
(Inmate Martin, C.I.)

To an outsider, Prison is a place of punishment for law breakers. For a person behind bars it is an experience that eludes description. To some, it is a necessary evil. To others it is plain evil.

Crime is often described by the news media, social scientists and ambitious politicians as some cancerous growth threatening the very fabric of our nation. They say it must be stamped out by any means necessary, including caging and death. Punishment is offered as the only viable solution to the problems of crime.

The average person thinks of prisoners as criminals who are receiving their own just desserts. Their crimes are despicable and they deserve to no sympathy. They behave like animals and should be treated no better than animals. Give the, food, clothing and shelter, but keep them isolated from civilized people. Justice is served.

Prisons go beyond punishment. They torture the minds, bodies and souls of people who are still children of God regardless of their deeds. The stress generated by fear, isolation and humiliation goes beyond the ability to articulate rationally. Violence and drugs may be its only medium.

Those who care, suffer from an inability to
understand. They want to know but cannot without going through the experience themselves. Those who claim to know are charlatans posing as experts for their personal gain.

Prisoners are people. People make mistakes, big and small. Torture does not correct mistakes. It only creates confused, alienated and sometimes dangerous individuals. It inhibits a person’s creativeness and loving nature. The world is viewed as a lynch mob.

Once in prison, the prisoner is no longer a victimizer. He or she is a victim; the fear of being raped, extorted or beaten to death is ever present. The longing for a friendly face never ceases. Arguments become riots. It is against the rules to have dignity.

The walls are not up just to keep prisoners in. They are also up to keep the public out. Prisons are the nation’s best kept secret.

Seagull Feathers by Ken JoonDeph (Inmate MSP)

There is a rookery of seagulls every year on the North-East corner of Industries, Laundry, Kitchen and Chow Hall buildings, and in July and August there is a flurry of molted feathers on the ground there. I’ve had my eye on two, twelve to fourteen inch black with white and gray wing tip feathers. I’ve told other guys where they were if they happen to be around said locales. One was inside the zone fence just a foot or so away from where I could reach out and get it. The wind from the storm had almost put it within my reach!

Yesterday, officers cut the grassy areas for the last time this year. Yep, said feather was mulched in just one pass of the mowed...Vrrrr, grind, Vrrrr...so close and patiently waiting five weeks! But alas, it wasn't destined to be mine (sob, snort, BIG SIGH). :

Feather number two was a beauty! The only thing it was on Industries and Chow Hall’s accessible side of another zone fence. I’ve been telling those in my POD that go to Medical’s escorts (PM insulin, blood sugar tests and ice bags) exactly where it was (eight sections of chain link fence or four concrete pillars from where close’s gate and sidewalk are). Well. Over the past one and a half weeks I’ve told them to look for it and get it when they go, as it was in a green strip of grass where security is during meal times.

Tonight I went with them to refill and reset my insulin pump. I picked the feather up and put it in my back pocket. In just a few steps further, into Medical’s waiting room, low and behold, no feather in my pocket (followed by a Charlie Brown-esque, “Auuuggh!” as when he tries to kick the football that Lucy was so deviously holding for him). I had it in my hands, I had it in my pocket! An even BIGGER SIGH! I'll look for it in the morning, again, maybe it wasn't meant to be mine, as with the first feather. C’est la vie.
Calvin Dube's Tips For The Newly Released

1. First stop DHS to apply for food stamps & Maine Care. This documentation needed for General Assistance rental voucher.
2. State wide 211 number offers help for unknown services not listed by community agencies.
3. Four food pantries with excellent choices that require only one or no ID.
4. Getting personal ID is more of a challenge, but not impossible; working on simplifying the process.
5. The prison picture ID is not accepted as a legal document for a state photo ID, and some agencies.
6. Medical appointments can be made before release if you send a request to Calvin Dube PO Box 631 Lewiston, ME 04243-0631
7. Two reliable resources for good used clothing at no charge.
8. New shoes available with gift card to JC Penney.
9. General Assistance gives housing vouchers for rooming house & one bedroom efficiency with just stove/fridge.
10. Further information on reentry needs in the Lewiston/Auburn area can be addressed by writing to Calvin Dube.

YOUR EDITORS ARE:
Kristine Catalogna - Has been working with homeless populations for five years and has worked with incarcerated women in Massachusetts; worked with pregnant women while incarcerated and reunification with children after prison.
Calvin Dube - Directed Trinity Soup Kitchen for 12 yrs. Involved in inmate reentry program to help inmates and homeless on release; other community resources linked to inmate needs for hygiene items, clothing, medical care, psychiatric counseling, and job searches. Today, three churches in the Lewiston/Auburn area are involved in our reentry work.
Forrest Lancaster - Holds a BA in Anthropology, and English. They previously wrote for The Other Side. Was active in Prisoner Reentry Program.
David Wagner - A professor of social work and Sociology at USM who works with groups of homeless and poor people.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>November 2011</th>
<th>December 2011</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SUN</td>
<td>MON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUN</td>
<td>MON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>