

**LETTERS
TO MOTHER
FROM
PRISON**

“LET MY PEOPLE GO”

I have just returned from England and Europe where I had the opportunity to meet with people from all over the world.

I tried to tell them of our struggle in the U.S.A. and since some of our laws and orders are different it was hard to tell them of our immediate struggle as people like to deal with names (Soledad Bros, Angela, Huey, etc.)

So I felt that in order to bring some of these names into the heart of our people all over the world and make them human again I could share some of the mail I received from these beautiful people, some of the ones that made me want to fight and struggle for every man and woman in these inhuman concentration camps.

Some of the warmest experiences from in that hole I've had.

After visiting with them and seeing the way they're shackled and chained yet so glad to see our faces and want you to believe they're okay, makes me very sad after complaining about small immaterial things. I hope that people who read this can visualize the burden the brothers and sisters are bearing and will come to their aid.

Inez Williams



FLEETA DRUMGO

Note I received when he and John Cluchette were in court Aug. 26, 1972 after giving the affidavit of inmates telling of their plight of Aug. 21 when Comrade George Jackson was murdered.

Second, on next page, a letter after I'd just returned from a tour of England and Europe.

Mother,

When John and I get back, they're going to vamp on us. I might get killed. They're talking about charging me with another beef. I'll be handcuffed with my hands behind my back when they vamp on me; so will John. When I left this morning, pigs kicked me in the stomach and told me they're going to get me when I return this afternoon, because of the information we let get out Tuesday. Stay in contact with Phil and tell him I love him. If we don't see the people anymore, know that we love them. I love you.

Your son,
Fleeta Drumgo

Fleeta Drumgo
B 10837
Sept. 24, 1972

My Revolutionary Mother,

Power to the People! I would like for you to know that I am very proud of you for being strong. We talk about a qualitative change that's taking place in the consciousness of the people, you have really made a qualitative change, and I am proud of you. All of your sons in the struggle for total liberation are very proud of you. You will succeed in heightening the consciousness of other mothers throughout the world. This takes courage, and courage you possess. Where there is self-respect and dignity, there is beauty, and we will win.

All your sons here in this gestapo institution send their revolutionary fervor and say, "Straight ahead." Gig and Earl have an appearance in the kangaroo court Friday and would like for you to attend if possible. You should take some more sisters if you go so that they may be inspired under those conditions.

I know that your trip was very educational, and that you have much to relate about the experience. I wait impatiently to share your experience, so do the other brothers. You can bring the pictures with you when you visit, the oppressor will allow us six. This is all I want. The other brothers would like the others. When you rest and are able to write you should, because they want to hear from you direct.

Give our revolutionary love to the people.

In chains physically but not mentally.
So don't worry that much. Stay strong,
we will win. All power to the People.

Fleeta

P.S. It was good to hear that you arrived back in good health and without incident. Our stand remains the same, unshakable. Though the body is imprisoned, the spirit soars beyond these prisons. The voice of revolution has increased in volume from a soft whisper to a thunderous roar. The insurgent is omnipresent.

Venceremos.

LARRY WEST

Once housed in S.Q.A.C. and worked very hard with Ruchell Magee during Legal defense for other inmates. He was transferred from S.Q. to Folsom. Later he was transferred back to B Wing in SQ for a short time. I was lucky to see him one visiting day for a wave of the hand.

Larry Manuel West
B-141, Tamal, Calif.
January 7, 1972

Dear Sister Inez,

You know I deliberately put off writing to you not because I did not want to write you, but because I didn't know what to say. I still don't. What really is there to say? We both know how the system works. We both have tasted frequently of its bitterness, and seldom, if ever, of its sweetness.

I wish I could tell you not to worry and you would stop; but that's fruitless. It's a mother's instinct to worry. When I was facing that direct ultimate I tried to keep my mother from worrying, but I failed.

So once more I must try again. So what do you want to talk about?

Today is January 8, the above is as far as I could go last night. When I awoke this morning before the sun came up, or the captor turned on the lights, or the babblers started their incessant chatter, I thought of you and that one fleeting glance I got of you. But even in that short span I saw your strength. I also remembered that Alicia said you were 17 when you had Fleeta. Is he your only child? I'm my mother's only one, that survived. Anyway, while thinking of you and about you and Fleeta and how you both grew together—I thought of a poem entitled "Dear Mother"—I hope you dig it.

"Mother, dear Mother, here's to you. A woman so sublime. This is how I think of you, and your love so divine.

Your hair is beautifully black to start, and your eyes show true understanding. And when you speak it's from the heart. Sweet even when you are scolding.

Your face is that of wisdom and knowledge, and you have only positive things to do and say. I know you've been excluded from the so-called schools and colleges—but you are my choice any day.

I remember when all my sisters and brothers would not visit me in my imprisoned hell; I remember how, if need-be, you'd have walked, dear mother, to visit me in my prison cell.

And I, dear mother, here's again to you, there's no one that can take your place. And I'll love you forever. I'll love you (if I live that long) to the end of our race."

Let me know what you think about the above. I am supposed to be transferred shortly. So check with Alicia to see where I am before you answer this letter.

Take care,
Maharibi

JEFFERY GAULDEN "Khatari"

Inmate that was transferred from S.Q.A.C. to Folsom after filing affidavit around Fred Billingslea's murder in Quentin. He was later charged with the murder of a hospital worker and went to Sacramento for a four day trial where he received 15 years. He is now back at San Quentin's Adjustment Center (A-C).

Jeffery Gaulden (Khatari)
Box-B 9053 A
July 23, 1972

Greetings Mother,

I'm affirmed in the above expression and make my claim of adoption with joy. Yes, being I suffered the loss of my mother within these walls, I adopt the mother of my comrades. I have been very lucky in that I now have a varied assortment of beautiful mothers, which in my eyes convey a courage and dedication to those having passed through them to life that is unsurpassed.

I wish to send my greetings of love and respect at your unwavering stand in behalf of yours. . .

Was myself convicted because I could get no real support. Therefore, however difficult and ineffective your actions of rallying the people around the various cases may seem to you, the peoples' mere presence in the courtroom makes all the difference in the world—especially when they are known to be for the defendant.

So on your front the watch-word is persistence. For all the other positive aspects are there.

So on your front the watch-word is persistence. For all the other positive aspects are there.

I remain, a cadre of the people.

All Power,
Khatari

JOHNNY L. SPAIN

One of the SQ 6 and one of the first to write me a letter after their indictment. My heart goes out to him for his courage and stance.



Dearest of Mamas,

I'll say only a little, for there is too much to do and little to say . . . but this note is to let you know I love you 10 million times more than always. You shine in our hearts as only a mother could, and only as a mother will.

The many changes they are taking us through is all part of our destiny; we won't cry however, we will win! (Venceremos!) And we surely have the people power to do just that! We only have to remain strong, and grasp other people as strong as yourself, as strong as us. I heard about the court ordeal, and I have a memory like an elephant (and when we win, we'll have hospitals for them, for they are truly sick!), and help will be afforded them.

Fleeta is as strong as ever (though sometime I may have to tell you about him—that will be between you and I!)

This situation looks dim as we look at it (that is, on the allegations against us), and even this we don't worry about. And we don't want you worrying either. If they can fix their faces to lie on us, we can fix ours to speak the truth. Sure, they are constantly giving us the worst time ever, and we expect no less, coming from maniacs as they are; but we can count on the people to assure justice, and then maybe we all can live. It is obvious what they've done, and what they're trying to do now (and especially how they try to us six to clean up!) . . . That's on the one hand.

On the other hand, there are going to be plenty of people on the streets who will try to use us also. We are working on a solution to that also, to try and put a halt to madness before it gets out of hand.

I imagine in so very many ways, the child always come back to his mother.

Loves you . . .
Venceremos
Johnny

Stay in touch with my mother (I've so many, but I'm speaking of the one)

HUGO ANTON PINELL

A Beautiful Brown brother. One of S.Q. 6 whose tooth the pigs pulled just for being Honorary Pallbearer of George Jackson. He was at that time accused of killing a guard at Soledad Prison and was convicted—received 15 years. Facing charges now of murder, conspiracy to escape and attack on prison guards.



June 25, 1972

Mother of Love,

It could be that the sun and the moon have collided to spark the obscure eclipse one would imagine. Yet in mind and spirit I see your flame of love. No need for electricity nor elements from above when there's you to cherish, to adore . . . to think of.

I have written you two letters and can't understand why my letters have not reached you. This stench is something like a beautiful feeling — to be hated. I would feel as a betrayal to our kind, where people fight hard for freedom, if this national - economical - mechanical robot-like force was to like me. There are two enemies in these continents. The rush neo-colonial-imperialistic focus octopus and the oppressive mass of our own cast reflections. This second one is the parasite which we must eradicate, uproot from every pore of our skin. I am referring to man vs. man—the oppressed! If we allow the continuation of this pestilence to exist without analyzing the ingredient of its making. Then we create a source amidst our beings which produces a sickness. Meaning, we are unable to propell the necessary energy to exhaust in our struggle. We refuse to extricate or excell in our process towards liberty and thus sometimes (many) we become our own worst enemy. The national and international exploitation will surrender to our press if we deal with the man, wisely. To attain a decisive victory, we must set out freely to fight insatiable and untiringly.

Well, Mamacita mia, I hope we can communicate on a consistent basis. Wherever you go, share my love with the people. I surrender not, I rebel, I refuse to give in. Freedom in struggle. Venceremos! Send me, when you can, some jazzy photos. After all, I am only human—smile. My health is much better. I even look kind of chubby now. With love from all.

Together,
Hugo Antorn

LUIS TALAMANTEZ

A brown brother that oozes strength, SQ 6.
He was charged earlier with inmate attack,
an all white jury found him innocent.



Dear I,

How are you? Hope this find you O.K. Guess you didn't recognize me with my short hair, huh? Don't know if this will find you there immediately as a I understand you're thinking of visiting your cousins in Inglewood in the near future. But as I haven't written in so long, I really wanted to let you know that I always think of you. I got your picture too. So how are you doing? You still working all over? Hey, do you know Lea? (She's cute) I just met her. I guess she knows you. She just wrote me from Spain. They went (she and her sister) to France, Italy and then Greece. So I hope they're careful, they're awfully short seezers. Anyhow, I just write to everyone and stay in touch and find out what is what and share happy moments with people. It is enough for me now to sustain me. 'Cept my sister's mad at me for now. Judi just saw her the other day. My sister's not really mad at me. It's only a pretext to cover her feelings of inadequacy and frustration at not doing much worthwhile to help me. But after a lifetime of living within the edge of poverty and insecurity the creative spark burns out and the passive syndrome becomes implanted, from which issues no more than negativism. Though I guess she otherwise still loves me. Anyhow, I got sidetracked on what I had been intending to say. I was rapping with your's truly awhile ago on the issue of Counsel. And just letting you know that I'm cool, as is, and nothing to worry about. I can deal with things the way they are as I'm not that much concerned for myself at this point. Anyhow, Irena's around in that area now — so sending all my love and warmest.

Yours in struggle,
Louie

Luis N. Talamantez
A 93537
Jan. 17, 1972

Dear Inez,

Hi, nice lady.

Felt I must write you tonight even if only a short note, so as to tell you that you sure are a nice mom to have.

That was nice of you, for when you saw my sister. If I had known, I would have written Anita and told her, except she's sort of far away, yet she's a good sister even if she's tied down alot. So, how was she?

You know what though? Well, I'll tell you the truth 'cause I don't mean you but I don't trust alot of people, I guess. Until I know what motivates them—then maybe still you can't trust them. Except I just want to tell you I like and trust you because it's plain to see in you that Love is what motivates you and keeps you keeping it together.

I wrote you last time but it's O.K. if you can't write back. Just tell someone to tell me you got this. I just wrote Marina. I like her too. And I just want to tell you that I saw you all those times you've gone to court for me and it helped me be strong inside even if nothing showed on the outside of me to indicate it. I don't miss too much that goes on around me.

Then it looks like things are going as best as presently possible within the given situation. They could and should be better but I feel that everything we're capable of doing in standing up is being done for now. It's certainly a mental strain. We hope that eventually we'll be relieved of some of the uncertainties and indecisions by having available the proper direction we don't have now. Guess everything revolves around the Buck so to speak.

So this is why alot of us feel as we do with alot of people and this is why you and others like you are so important to us all. We have faith in you all.

So I'm closing for now. As always I remain with you all "for real people" in Spirit.

Everybody else has to be dealt with on a different plane. Yet we will overcome it all.

Venceremos,
Love, Luis

DAVID JOHNSON (Jap)

SQ 6 inmate waiting trial. Very firm and direct. He too is depending on us to free him.



Greetings,

I received your missive yesterday along with the pictures. It was beautiful hearing from you, it has been a long time. It appears that some progress in our situation but it has not been solidified as of yet. I, along with the rest of the comrades, can do nothing but wait and see what develops, since we are in a virtually helpless position from our perspective. We cannot manipulate the court structure since it is controlled by racists in the extreme sense of the word.

What is happening with the struggle out there. Has everybody retired? I have the utmost confidence in you and your ability. I don't know any of those people out there, let alone what they are doing. I hear this and that. It's so much madness that my head is spinning. I just kick back and trip on the whole situation. Why are we always the ones to suffer? No, I understand, because we are a people of color who must contend with the most diabolical forces on the face of the earth. Heavy is the task of the freedom fighter, but heavier is the yoke of oppression. With perseverance and determination how can we lose?

I attempt to leave the confines of this A-C in my thoughts but like always I must return to face the raw reality of it. There is no escape from it, we must resist and resist until the objective we desire is achieved. Yes, it is a cold phenomenon that beautiful people are drawn together under the most bizarre of circumstances, but we must expect them, and do what we can to better the circumstances. I am glad that our mothers had the chance to meet, one day we will all be together. Until then we will remain.

Venceremos,
David

P.S. Love from triple Max to the People.

WILLIE TATE

One you want to defend at once. He stated that the attorney that was court appointed to him was not of his choice and he asked that he be given counsel of his choice. This court appointed atty then asked that he be able to defend himself. Something he didn't ask. Whereas he didn't have representation he was brought into court where the pigs put into file tell the world how low his IQ and incompetence. I just wanted to scream "Give him to me, I don't care how dumb he is. I will care for him."



Just got back from Court
Dec. 13, 1971

Comrade Nell,

Hi. It was good seeing you and all the people today.

Sister, all of you (especially the women) really made us feel the spirit of love. Can you visualize six of us "pimping" back to our cells — smile— we all had extra moves and a fancy style to our walk. I told F. to tell you you're dynamic and "screaming"! Smile.

I am in a state of euphoria. Maybe I shouldn't be writing you now. I have women on my mind and it may carry over into my writing. Smile.

Comrade, the way you withstand the porcines' intimidation attempts has really inspired us. We relate fully to our comrades, Sisters who are intrepid and refuse to submit to the diabolical savagery perpetrated against us by the nefarious and avaricious capitalists.

Nell, we are going to triumph over this monster. It will take sometime and some severe losses but we shall conquer! Believe that!

We are the beautiful people who deserve a beautiful life: we cannot have this as long as the animal stands in our way. Therefore, we have to eradicate those who obstruct our path to freedom and a new way of living and relating.

If only I could vividly describe the joy and spreading warmth you — the people — arouse in us each time we see the people, you would clearly perceive the state of joy I'm in as I write to you. But I cannot describe these feelings. They're pure and warm.

The little baby really made us identify even more with all of you. We love y'all!

How can we who love so beautifully allow these fascists to control our economic, political and social life? Blackwoman, we would be betraying ourselves if we dare not to raise our struggle to a higher level. The monster is not invincible; he has links in his armor — the Vietnamese people have strikingly made this clear — we must exploit each link of weakness and turn it into our strength. We must conquer! Smile.

(Continued)

Let me return to a more relaxed state. Smile. Is there any way you can possibly send some stimulating reading material in? I like to study and advance my consciousness to a higher level. Break down dialectical materialism to me — okay?

"A." was screaming as usual. Why don't you and her get together and take some pictures and send them to us — me especially. Smile. Seriously. But do send us some. We all enjoy gazing at the beautiful people. Let me stop!

I'm going to close and try to sleep it off. It may be impossible as I am exhilarated to an extreme. I have hardly slept in three days.

Love from all of us to all of you.

Power and love.
Sundiata

While on my speaking tour through Europe on behalf of political prisoners, I was invited to appear before the Biennial Conference of Communist Women. They responded very warmly and wished to send the following pledge to political prisoners in the United States.

MESSAGE TO ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

This Biennial Conference of Communist Women honours the fight of Inez Williams, mother of Fleeta Drumgo, one of the Soledad brothers, for the life of her son.

We greet her as a leader of the international movement for freeing all political prisoners, which secured the release of our sister Angela Davis from her United States jailers.

This movement is growing in power amongst all people who love justice and freedom. It will ultimately be able to break open the fascist jails in all countries where such prisoners are held. We pledge ourselves to give it our full support.

The Friends of San Quentin adjustment center needs your support and participation. We ask you to fill out the following coupon and send it to FRIENDS OF SAN QUENTIN ADJUSTMENT CENTER, 3169 16TH STREET OR PHONE US AT 626-0690.

☐ I WOULD LIKE MORE INFORMATION, PUT ME ON YOUR MAILING LIST.

☐ I WOULD LIKE TO VOLUNTEER SEVERAL HOURS A WEEK, I CAN DO:

☐ PHONING

☐ TYPING

☐ I DRIVE A CAR

☐ OTHER

☐ HERE IS MY FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTION OF \$_____ TO HELP FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

MY ADDRESS

PHONE

