

315 WEST GORHAM STREET



MADISON, WI 53703 (608)256-4146

22 December, 1988

Dear friend of Bonnie Urfer:

The following letter has been received from Bonnie. Because she is likely to be transferred at any time to a federal prison, you should write her until further notice c/o The Stone House, 4201 County F, Blue Mounds, WI, 53517. Her mail will be forwarded.

-- Sam and Ericka
for the Bonnie Urfer Support Team (BUST)

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15 December, 1988

Hello friends -

It happened, it finally happened and I'm so tired.

As is my habit here in the Cass County Jail I stay up all night, it's quiet and calm, then spend my days sleeping when I can.

This morning as I was just curling up and preparing for my first segment of rest a deputy came around yelling "is anyone awake?"

I ignored him. He yelled again so I said "Yes" -

He responded, "Who said yes?"

"Bonnie."

"Well, I need the phone." The telephone is removed everytime someone is transported out of here so ambushes cannot be planned in advance or while a prisoner is enroute.

I jumped down from my bunk, went over, detached the receiver and handed it to him.

"Nick wants to talk to you," he said, "so get ready."

I wearily stumbled over toward my rest pad to find my shoes. It was the only preparation I needed to make for an audience with the jail administrator. The doors were already opening so I didn't even bother to tie my shoelaces, and out

I went heading for Nick's office. As I passed a door on my left I was instructed to turn there, not the way to the right place I knew but then I figured may be Nick moved around some. As I was escorted through the door I ran right into one of two federal marshalls. I knew immediately the meeting with Nick was a lie. I was on my way to court to be sentenced.

My hair wasn't combed, I hadn't had a shower, my funky jail sweats were dirty and baggy, my teeth weren't brushed, and I didn't have my glasses. I was told to tie my shoes. I asked if it was cold out. The marshall said, "Yes, very cold."

By this time the leg shackles, waist chain and handcuffs were already well on their way to being locked in place - I said, "I have a jacket here." - I hate being cold! - and was told "It's warm in the car" - the temperature outside was near 0.

Usually a person going to court, especially for sentencing, dresses in their own clothes, has plenty of time to prepare and take a shower, apply makeup, and generally have a chance to look presentable.

Not this morning.

Into the car I went and off we drove. I struggled between the choice of sleeping the 40 miles to Kansas City or looking at the world. I hadn't seen it for 2 months and opted for the view. Along the way I had cravings and visions of rolling in the dirt, squishing bunches of leaves in my hands, climbing a tree and falling out. Anything to touch the earth, I miss it terribly. As I've also been stationary for 2 months, travelling 60 miles an hour was a real carnival ride, I felt every bump and slight sway, my heart raced with the joy of seeing the grass, animals, and the curves of the earth's surface. My heart raced in terror at the speed in which we were travelling.

I saw the city skyline crop up on the horizon and not long after we pulled into the parking lot of the federal building - I was escorted through the freezing air to the freight elevator that would give me a ride upstairs.

During the entire trip neither of the marshalls said a word to me - as I knew the way into the building and they knew I knew the way no conversation ever took place.

I spent the morning dazed with tiredness locked in the holding cell or speaking with my attorney getting the non-info about when during the day/if during the day I would be sentenced.

At 1:15 p.m., handcuffed, the marshalls and I took the elevator down to the court room. For one hour and 15 minutes, aside from a brilliant appeal by my lawyer Delaney Dean, the Judge went into a hard core tirade about my actions. He read my complete pre-sentence report including every arrest, fine and time I've ever done. It was all I could do to stay awake. He told me how arrogant I was, how I showed no remorse, had no respect for the law, clearly would not stop my actions nor refrain from hanging around with people who encouraged and engaged in unlawful activities. I'm sure he had said a lot more but I am already too accustomed to blocking out such bullshit so I missed some of what he said.

In the end though the outcome was 19 months, no parole for Bonnie, no responsibility for the court complicity in genocide for the judge.

The breakdown of my charges goes like this: I have 3 trespass and 2 damage to property charges - I got 6 months consecutive on 2 of the trespass charges - save one for later, 7 months for each of the damage to property charges, to run consecutive with the trespass charges but concurrent with each other - total time 19 months, three years probation, and \$2,625.00 in fines. If I don't successfully complete the probation, and heaven forbid I should! I'll do the remaining 6 months on the last trespass charge that was a stayed sentence to be used as weight for me to be good for 3 years and abide by all laws and live my life with permission by a federal probation agent. I'll do 2 years and 1 month of time for sitting 3 times on a nuclear missile silo lid.

Over all I'm way too exhausted tonite to fully comprehend the impact of the sentence on my life. But the little bit of coherent thinking and talking I've done so far clarifies for me some of the good points and some of the bad.

On the good side, I'm more committed than ever to resistance of nuclear weapons, intervention, support of apartheid, homelessness and all of the issues that keep everyone down and slaves to a fascist government. I hope it serves to encourage others to recognize and act on the injustice of our entire governmental structure and expose the courts as co-conspirators in our inevitable destruction.

On the bad side, I'll miss my friends and family more than I can express for the next two years. And I'll loathe the structure and militarism of the prison system.

As I was on my way back here to Cass County Jail with the silent marshalls, I concentrated on the beautiful blue sky and sunset. It was a mildly cloudy sky but no rain, yet, there to the north of the sun was a bright, broad rainbow. I couldn't help but smile at my luck.

Love,

Bonnie