The 'love tapes', a series of 3mm video-tapes, were made by participants of various ages and ethnic backgrounds sitting alone in a room talking about love while sentimental music ran in the background. The three following participants are from L.A., Calif.

KATHERINE, 55.

I just came from the therapist and I think it was the last time. He asked me what’s going on, as a matter of fact I had to go to him. I had a deep depression, but it’s over, and I said to him everything is fine, the only thing is I wish I would be in love again, really really deeply in love. And of course as the years pass and I get older, it’s not as easy as it was when I was 16 and 18 and fell in love all the time and thought that was the real one, the big one. And funny enough when it’s over then you think it can never happen again, and you are terribly sad and think it’s over, never again. And there it is, around the corner there is someone else, and you think I was never as much in love as this time. No it wasn’t that many times, of course, and it doesn’t change as one gets older. I get older. I wish I would be 20 or 30 years younger, but I have the same feelings and the same longings, maybe even more so. And I think gee wiz maybe this time I won’t make this or that mistake and, and ah, but where is he? Where is he? Oh I can’t complain I have a lot of friends, good friends some who like me and love me but that passionate feeling that is so important, that I would like to have. It’s not enough to love it’s even more important to love, that is a fantastic feeling, that just makes you community. It is also what former warden Ralph Aron meant when he testified at the 1975 Bono vs. Saxbe trial (to close the Control Unit) that "the purpose of the Marion control unit is to control revolutionary attitudes in the prison system and in the society at large". What the "groders" fail to realize is that even as "therapists" they will remain under observation long after their release from prison—under what is euphemistically called "post-release follow-through."

CHEMOTHERAPY: THE MISUSE OF DRUGS

Chemotherapy is conducted four times daily at Marion. The loudspeaker announces: "Control medication in the hospital... pill line." Valium, librium, thorazine and other "chemical billy-clubs" are handed out like gumdrops. Sometimes the drugs mysteriously make their way into the food. For example, the strange month of December, 1974, recorded five unrelated, inexplicable stabbings. During the same time, eight prisoners suffered from hallucinations in the "hole" and had to be treated (with thorazine injections). Drugs are often prescribed for minor ailments and are commonly suggested to prisoners as a panacea for all the psychological ill-effects of incarceration. Some drugs such as prolixin make prisoners want to commit suicide. Some attempt it; some succeed.
Here I am getting to talk about love and I’m getting a little nervous cause it’s a hard topic. There are many ways that I feel love. I feel love for my children, I feel love for my women friends. I just experienced a nice new affair. That experience was “LOVELy”. It made me be in touch with old, old romantic feelings of being in love, feeling happy and anxious and excited, a time when I wasn’t thinking of anything in particular, but I just had this wonderful feeling. And it’s like exhilarating. Exhilarating. It’s a nice feeling. And all of a sudden you get a feeling from the other person that it’s over. And I’ve experienced a collusion with me and my fantasies and my illusions. And the reality is that his feelings ended before my feelings ended and it was hard to deal with, it was very hard. But because I have other love relationships with women, other men, my children, older people, flowers, trees the sky, I guess just feelings, I was able to work through with some anxious feelings of depression and sadness. And love just does create all of those wonderful wonderful feelings that we dream about, that we read about, that we see in films. There’s that old song I remember about a stranger across a crowded room, and I still have that illusion that someday I’m going to meet that stranger and he’s going to appear. It’s that old Cinderella story, it is. I really bought into the fantasy of what newspapers and magazines and films have told me that I should feel about love.

And my real feelings when I express them, especially my last affair, that person I think was supposed to be love, she said to me love is not right for me. It was a wonderful time, 2 wonderful months with him, different feelings, different emotions. It was very nice and I hope to find someone else again soon.

ELIOT, 30.

You know I cry in movies sometimes over the weirdest things, but then when I want to, you know, when I really want to feel something I can’t, and I know I should, and I want to, but I’m locked in, you know. It’s like with your family, you know, you love them because somehow they’re your family, but I don’t really like them.

The weirdest things, but then when I want to, you know, they’re your family, but I don’t really like them. I’m locked in, you know. It’s like with your family, you know, you love them because somehow they’re your family, but I don’t really like them.
You know, somehow would I really love 'em if I just ran into them on the street, nope. But there are people that I want to love, but somehow I just can not let it out. I'm still not at the stage where I can feel love. And I really want to. And so people come and they go and you want to love them, but you never could tell them that. And so they leave and they never know that you loved them. So people end up thinking that you're something you're not. Because you never could express yourself. You couldn't love them and you couldn't hate them. Because when you love them you can hate them. It's the same way, I couldn't love them—I have a problem hating them. So then you say, what the hell do I really feel? So you let it all out in a movie, over some made-up situation, when you get tears in your eyes. Because you wish you could at least be like the movie.

In essence, the Unit is a Death Row for the living. And the silent implications of Behavior Modification speak their sharpest and clearest ultimatum: CONFORM OR DIE.

1. Write letters urging that the Marion control unit be closed completely to: Judge James Foreman, U.S. District Court, 750 Missouri Avenue, E. St. Louis, Illinois 62202. Information: National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers 4356a Oakland, St. Louis, Missouri 63110