

Updates for September 13th

### **24 Aug – Former Political Prisoner David Japenga Rearrested**

*Pittsburgh Anarchist David Japenga was arrested August 24th at a demonstration. The rally was being held in response to an August 23rd incident in which two women were harrassed for their sexual orientation and threatened with a gun.*

#### **MORE:**

According to police reports, at around 7pm August 24th a group of 100-150 individuals gathered at the location where the harassment occurred. The group reportedly answered the dispersal order with "anti-police slurs" and slowly made their way to a nearby park. From there the group continued moving down a street, allegedly ignoring police orders to clear the road. 5 arrests were made; all were charged with Obstruction of Traffic and Failure to Disperse and another was additionally charged with Resisting Arrest. David was apprehended after a brief foot chase and was charged with Obstruction of Traffic, Failure to Disperse, Resisting Arrest and Escape.

At David's August 31st preliminary hearing both his Escape and Resisting Arrest charges were dropped. He will continue to be held for trial. As you know, David is on parole from his earlier convictions relating to property damage that occurred at the G20 summit in 2009. If David is found guilty of these new charges, he will face another trial for parole violation. David has maintained his innocence.

David can receive mail at:

**David Japenga 153760**  
**950 Second Avenue**  
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219**

For more information or to donate to the Support the Friendship Five legal fund, email [abcpittsburgh@riseup.net](mailto:abcpittsburgh@riseup.net).

Regardless of the pleas the defendants take or the positions attributed to them by the media, as anarchists, we are always complicit in the struggle against the state and capital, their police and courts. May we further this conflict, not for David or the other arrestees, but in concert with them and all victims of the state.

DEATH TO PRISON AND ITS WORLD  
ABC Pittsburgh

### **31 Aug – The Holy Land Five Case**

*The daughter of political prisoner Ghassan Elashi has written a new article about her father, the case surrounding him, and the reality of modern-day intermnet camps.*

#### **MORE:**

As we approach the tenth anniversary of 9/11, and my father remains incarcerated in a modern-day internment camp, the time in which we live begins to feel less like 2011 and more like 1942. But this week could determine whether today's justice system is capable of rewriting the sad chapters of our history. I say this week because on Thursday, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals will hear the long-awaited oral arguments in the Holy Land Foundation case, involving what was once our country's largest Muslim charitable organization.

Meet my father, Ghassan Elashi. The co-founder of the HLF. Inmate number 29687-177, sentenced to 65 years in prison for his charity work in Palestine. He is an American citizen from Gaza City, who before his imprisonment, took part in the immigration rally in Downtown Dallas, joining the half a million people wearing white, chanting ¡Si, se puede! The prison walls have not hindered his voice, as he writes to me, heartbroken about the homes destroyed during the earthquake in Haiti, the young protesters killed indiscriminately in Syria,

the children lost to the famine in Somalia. Most frequently, he writes to me about the Japanese-American internment.

Now meet Fred T. Korematsu, who after Pearl Harbor was among the 120,000 Japanese-Americans ordered to live in internment camps. This was in 1942, when President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, which authorized the military detention of Japanese-Americans to ten concentration camps during World War II. Mr. Korematsu defied orders to be interned, because he viewed the forced removal as unconstitutional. So on May 30, 1942, Mr. Korematsu was arrested. His case was argued all the way to the Supreme Court, which ultimately ruled against him, stating that his jailing was justified due to military necessity.

Nearly forty years later, in 1983, Mr. Korematsu's case was reopened, and on Nov. 10, 1983, the conviction was overturned. Judge Marilyn Hall Patel notably said, "It stands as a caution that, in times of international hostility and antagonisms, our institutions, legislative, executive and judicial, must be prepared to exercise their authority to protect all citizens from the petty fears and prejudices that are so easily aroused."

Fast-forward six years. It's already 1989, when my father co-finds the HLF, which becomes a prominent American Muslim charity that provides relief—through clothes, food, blankets and medicine—to Palestinians and other populations in desperate need. Then, in 1996, President Clinton signs the Anti-Terrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act, giving birth to the Material Support Statute, a law that in time would come under fire by civil libertarians for profiling and targeting Arab and Muslim Americans.

Two years later, in 1998, Clinton awards Mr. Korematsu with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest citizen honor, condemning Mr. Korematsu's persecution as a shameful moment in our history. Three years later, the towers fall.

And President Bush declares a "War on Terror."

In 2001, President Bush signs the Patriot Act, which strengthens the Material Support Statute. The law's language is so vague that it gives prosecutors the authority to argue that humanitarian aid to designated terrorist organizations could be indirect, and therefore, a crime.

In my father's case, he is charged with conspiring to give Material Support in the form of humanitarian aid to Palestinian distribution centers called zakat committees. Prosecutors admit the zakat committees on the indictment were not designated terrorist groups, but according to the indictment released in 2004, these zakat committees are "controlled by" or act "on behalf of" Hamas, which was designated in 1995. Their theory is that by providing charity to zakat committees, the HLF helped Hamas win the "hearts and minds" of the Palestinian people.

The HLF case was tried in 2007, lasting three months, and after 19 days of deliberations, the jury deadlocked on most counts. The judge declared a mistrial and the case was tried the following year.

In 2008, after essentially the same arguments, the retrial ended with the jury returning all guilty verdicts, and in 2009, my father was sentenced to 65 years in prison, for essentially giving humanitarian aid to Palestinians.

In 2010, my father was transferred to a "Communications Management Unit" in Marion, Illinois—the aforementioned modern-day internment camp. The CMU received the nickname "Guantanamo North" by National Public Radio since two-thirds of its inmates are Middle Eastern or Muslim. The purpose of this prison—which has another branch in Terre Haute, Indiana—is to closely monitor inmates and limit their communications with their families, attorneys and the media. Thus, I only get to hear my father's voice once every two weeks, for fifteen minutes. And our visitations take place behind an obtrusive Plexiglass wall.

My father and his co-defendants—now called the Holy Land Five—are in the final stages of the appeal as the oral arguments approach on Thursday. In the Fifth Circuit Court in New Orleans, defense attorneys will urge the panel of three justices to reverse the HLF convictions based on errors that took place in the trial process.

According to the appellate brief, there's a major fact that undermines the prosecution's claim that Hamas controlled the zakat committees: "The United States Agency for International Development—which had strict instructions not to deal with Hamas—provided funds over many years to zakat committees named in the indictment, including the Jenin, Nablus, and Qalqilia committees," writes my father's attorney, John Cline. He continues stating that in 2004, upon the release of the HLF indictment, "USAID provided \$47,000 to the Qalqilia zakat committee."

Furthermore, defense attorneys will argue that the district court:

a) Violated the right to due process by allowing a key witness to testify without providing his real name, thereby abusing my father's right to confront his witness. They are referring to an Israeli intelligence officer who became the first person in U.S. history permitted to testify as an expert witness using a pseudonym.

b) Abused its discretion by allowing "inflammatory evidence of little or no probative value," which included multiple scenes of suicide bombings.

c) Deviated from the sentencing guidelines when they sentenced my father to 65 years.

When putting the lawyerly language aside, human rights attorneys have deemed the HLF case as purely political, perpetrated by the Bush administration. Likewise, the decision to intern Japanese-Americans was based on "race prejudice, war hysteria and failure of political leadership," according to a 1982 report by the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians.

I can only hope that my father's vindication won't take 40 years as it did for Mr. Korematsu. Let us learn from our old wrongs.

### **1 Sept - Pelican Bay SHU prisoners plan to resume hunger strike Sept. 26**

*The "San Francisco Bay View" received a letter from Mutope Duguma, one of the original hunger strike organizers, indicating that negotiations with the state have been disappointing and that the hunger strike is scheduled to resume on late September. We've attached the letter.*

#### **MORE:**

We had our last and final meeting with Undersecretary Scott Kernan on Aug. 18, 2011. Sitawa and the rest of the negotiators were very disappointed with the outcome because the undersecretary's horns came out for real!

All the same, we are going forward with our indefinite hunger strike, which will start on Sept. 26, 2011. We know they probably have manipulated some new attempt to deal with us, but what they fail to realize is that we were never playing. If these people think we are going to remain under this tortuous treatment, then they will get the body count that they seek or a bunch of hospitals filled up throughout the state.

This is the only way to expose to the world how racist prison guards and officials have utilized policy in order to torture us. And we have the material to expose them because many of us suffer from serious medical conditions or a lack of medical treatment, which we inherited right here in SHU.

We are being deprived of every basic human necessity in order to continue our suffering. For example, I suffer from "trigeminal neuralgia" – a nerve disease\* that hit me for the first time in January – and if you know anything about this disease, you will know it's the worse pain ever known to mankind.

I question how I even got this disease, because I've always been healthy and taken care of myself – but this quack doctor left me with an ear infection for eight months; then this happened. Do you know what these clowns gave me for treatment? Tylenol!

So, CDCR's dehumanizing labeling, where they say we are gangs or gang leaders, is only to dehumanize us to the world in order to treat us how they see fit.

They did this with the Natives when they called them "savages," they did it with our ancestors when they kidnapped them from the continent saying they were three fifths human being, two fifths monkey/ape etc. – which justified enslaving them/us for over 400 years and counting.

They did this to poor whites who were indentured servants; so we must realize that nothing has changed, only the process. So, I appreciate the time and love you all have given to us and you can believe that we will not yield until justice is achieved. We went into this trying to save lives, if possible, but we see now that there will have to be casualties on our side and we all know that power concedes to no one without demands.

So, I say we respect and love you all and, again, thank you all. And trust me when I tell you, we are dealing with criminals who run and oversee these prisons. They do not give a hoot about law and order.

### **3 Sept – New Hearing for Veronza Bowers in Ranger Killing**

*A federal appeals court says a biased U.S. parole commissioner, a onetime aide to President George W. Bush, worked behind the scenes in 2005 to thwart the release of former Black Panther Veronza Bowers, convicted of murdering a park ranger at Point Reyes in 1973.*

#### **MORE:**

Despite finding that Commissioner Deborah Spagnoli's misconduct had tainted the Parole Commission's 11th-hour decision to keep Veronza Bowers in prison, the court last month did not order his release. Instead, it ordered a new hearing before a commission that is much the same as the one that ruled against him, except for a successor to Spagnoli, who resigned in 2007.

"We believe Bowers will receive a fair and impartial hearing" when the remaining members reconsider his case, said the 11th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta, where Bowers is imprisoned. The 3-0 ruling was issued Aug. 26.

Bowers' lawyers are concerned about the commission's ability "to address the case fairly and impartially, given its track record," Charles Weisselberg, a UC Berkeley law professor and an attorney for the inmate, said Friday.

"But we're very grateful that Mr. Bowers has another opportunity for release," he added.

Bowers of Mill Valley was convicted of fatally shooting Kenneth Patrick, 40, who stopped a car of suspected bow-and-arrow deer poachers in a remote area of the Point Reyes National Seashore in August 1973.

Patrick was the first federal ranger killed on the job in California. Bowers said he had been at home at the time and has continued to maintain his innocence, but he was identified as the gunman by a witness who said he had been in the car.

He was sentenced to life in prison in 1974 under rules that required release on parole after 30 years unless the inmate was shown to be dangerous or had seriously violated prison regulations. Current law bars parole for federal prisoners sentenced since mid-1984.

Bowers tried to escape from prison in 1979. But as his 30-year date approached in 2004, a hearing officer cited his spotless record for the past 15 years and found he was unlikely to re-offend.

A few days before his scheduled parole in February 2005, Spagnoli and another commissioner moved to reopen the case. The commission's 2-2 split still would have allowed Bowers' release, but Spagnoli, a 2003 Bush appointee, then asked Attorney General Alberto Gonzales to intervene, the court said.

Commissioners reopened the case again, at Gonzales' request, and voted 4-0 to deny parole in June 2005, citing the escape attempt and Bowers' insistence that he was an innocent political prisoner, which the commission said showed his attitude hadn't changed since the time of the murder.

The court said a document uncovered in 2007 showed that Spagnoli had written a one-sided memo to a Gonzales deputy outlining arguments against Bowers. After the final vote, the court said, she sent an e-mail to a Justice Department official that said simply "Victory."

Spagnoli "took on an advocate's role," violating her duty of neutrality, the court said. It said her actions also breached the commission's obligation to act as an independent agency, "impermissibly tainting the Parole Commission's decision to reopen" the case.

The court told the commission to reconsider the case as it stood in May 2005, before the vote denying parole. The current commissioners include two who took part in that vote, one who disqualified himself from the case, and a new member appointed by President [Obama](#).

### **6 Sept – Dr. Mutulu Shakur has been Transferred**

*Dr. Mutulu Shakur has been moved from the ADMAX prison in Colorado to Victorville in California. We haven't heard whether or not this is a positive move, but it would seem so. Mutulu's new address is:*

**Dr. Mutulu Shakur #83205-012**

**USP Victorville**

**Post Office Box 5300**

**Adelanto, California 92301**

### **6 Sept - Indigenous US activist Peltier wins rights prize**

*Leonard Peltier has received the first Mario Benedetti Foundation international human rights prize, the group announced on Monday, September 5<sup>th</sup>.*

#### **MORE:**

The group called Peltier, a Native American activist convicted in 1977 for the murder of two US FBI agents, the longest serving political prisoner in the Americas. The case stemmed from a shootout at a reservation in the US state of South Dakota.

"Leonard Peltier, who on September 12, 2011 will turn 67, has spent more than half his life in prison. He is a symbol of resistance to repressive state policies by the United States, where there are people in jail for ethnic, racial, ideological and religious reasons," a foundation statement said.

Ricardo Elena, a member of the foundation's honorary board, said Peltier's case "is one that is repeated over and over: violation (of rights); persecution, eviction, invasion and expropriation of the indigenous people from the time it was 'discovered' until now.

"It did not just happen in the United States; it is happening in southern South America with the (indigenous) Mapuche people, and with indigenous people in North America," he stressed.

Peltier, whose family is indigenous Chippewa and Lakota, fled to Canada after the shooting and was later extradited. He was convicted in part based on the testimony of a woman, Myrtle Poor Bear, who claimed she was his girlfriend and witnessed the shootings. Poor Bear however admitted later she was pressured to make the testimony, but a judge blocked her testimony.

Elena took a swipe at the United States saying it "likes to think it is the seat of democracy, but it has political prisoners just like a dictatorship might have."

The Mario Benedetti Foundation was set up to support human rights and cultural causes in synch with the work of the Uruguayan writer who died in 2009.

## **6 Sept – Philadelphia Human Rights Coalition Interviews Lynne Stewart**

*The Political Prisoner, Lynne Stewart, was interviewed by mail by Patricia Vickers, a founding member of the Human Rights Coalition (HRC) of Pennsylvania. Ms. Vickers is the co-founder/editor of The Movement magazine of the HRC. A former 1960s student activist, Ms. Vickers is an eco-feminist whose youngest son, Kerry 'Shakaboona' Marshall, is a wrongly convicted juvenile serving Life Imprisonment as a Juvenile Lifer in Pennsylvania prisons and, though incarcerated for 25 years, is a political activist.*

### **MORE:**

**Human Rights Coalition:** Hello. Welcome to THE MOVEMENT Sister Lynne. Thank you for granting me this interview with you. How are your health and spirits, and how are you being treated at FMC Carswell [Federal Prison]?

**Lynne Stewart:** My health is passable—the usual brushfires of aging, but good. My spirits are always high, especially with the mail I get to encourage me. I am being treated as well as can be expected. I receive heavy scrutiny—all mail, email and phone conversations.

**Human Rights Coalition:** There are people who aren't aware of your unlawful confinement and the government's repression of you for your legal representation of the Muslim blind Sheik. Can you enlighten the people about your situation?

**Lynne Stewart:** There are two aspects to my "situation," as you so gallantly described it. First, I was prosecuted for doing what I believe is the duty and work of an attorney—to represent the client zealously and conscientiously. In the case of the original trial (1995) of the blind Sheik, Omar Abdel Rahman, of Egypt, we wanted to keep his name alive so that we could eventually try to negotiate a return for him even if it meant jail in Egypt. In that spirit I made a press release public, and to *Reuters*, expressing his point of view on a unilateral cease fire then in effect in Egypt. I believed that this was part of salvaging him from the torture of his solitary confinement and also that it was part of the work I had sworn to do. I was tried and found guilty for materially aiding "terrorism."

Then, after I received a sentence of two-and-one-half-years, as opposed to the 30 years the government wanted, on appeal, the Second Circuit Court sent the case back for the Judge to give me more time. Without much ado, he sentenced me then to ten years, partially based upon on statements I made after the sentencing and before I surrendered in November 2009. That sentencing is currently on appeal and will be argued in the fall in New York City.

**Human Rights Coalition:** In the people's eyes, mine included for sure, you are our [s]hero and represent a long line of principled and committed warriors of the struggle. How do you take being a Political Prisoner of the American government?

**Lynne Stewart:** I believe I am one of an historical progression that maintains the struggle to change the perverted political landscape that is the U.S. It seems that being a political prisoner must be used as a means of focusing people's attention on the continuing atrocities around them. Nothing seems to be too shocking or corrupt to blast the complacency. Like my client Richard Williams used to say, I might think I hadn't been doing my utmost if they didn't believe I was dangerous enough to be locked up!

**Human Rights Coalition:** In April, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit ruled that Political Prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal's death sentence is unconstitutional. However, I am sure there are forces working behind the scenes within the Criminal Injustice System—like what happened in your case—to manipulate another death penalty outcome on Mumia. What is your opinion of the current news surrounding our brother Mumia?

**Lynne Stewart:** Mumia's case is our greatest challenge because he is the best and the brightest, and they know it too. We, the progressive revolutionary movement, and Mumia's lawyers, must create the strategy that forces the District Attorney to elect to try the death penalty issue. Then we get a chance in public, in court, to clearly present the overwhelming proof of his innocence. The worst thing that could happen is that the DA elects to give him life without parole—a living death that deprives our movement of one of its true leaders. I just hope that the blood thirsty Blue Line forces the issue and holds out for the death penalty so we are in the position to take

advantage and advance our cause, and Mumia's.

**Human Rights Coalition:** July 4th is widely celebrated as "Independence Day" in America, but the masses of people are experiencing their independence (freedom) taken away by the corporate American government, and by the big banks and mega-corporations that run them. Are the citizens of America truly free, or is their independence a grand illusion?

**Lynne Stewart:** I re-read Frederick Douglas' great 4th of July speech every year to just remind myself of how little the ultimate issue has changed from the founding of the nation to today's alleged "freedom." Racism is at the core of the empire; and we can never be blinded by all the fireworks in the world.

**Human Rights Coalition:** Can you describe the difference between Civil Rights and Human Rights?

**Lynne Stewart:** For me the difference is the same as between the Constitution's Bill of Rights and the UN Declaration of Human Rights. The Bill delineates the ways that Government may not encroach on our ability to operate freely. It is a prohibition on the Government limiting free speech, religion, the right to bear arms, and the right to free assembly. It delineates the rights within the legal system.

The Declaration guarantees fundamental human entitlements—freedom from hunger, freedom from fear, freedom to choose, freedom to live in an environment that doesn't kill us, and our children.

We obviously fight for more than the political guarantee to be free of government interference—it is to be able to live an open and generous and contributing life toward the betterment of people on the entire planet.

**Human Rights Coalition:** Sister Lynne, What are human rights to you? What do you make of the growing human rights movement in the U.S.? And how can people advocate their human rights effectively?

**Lynne Stewart:** Advocating for human rights must always delineate that our struggle is not one of "self interest." It is a fight for all of us. This raises the always-troubling question of the recognition that for some this may mean sacrificing their entitlements (i.e. skin privilege, class privilege) to better others' lives. Nobody wants to give up what they feel that they have achieved legitimately, "within the system." But without the recognition that one has benefited unfairly by the unwritten "code" that has favored certain groups over others, change cannot occur.

I also believe we have lost the sense that we enjoy the right of self-defense. Everyone is so busy announcing their "peacefulness" and willingness to be a victim for a cause, that we forget that a true measure of one's seriousness is to defend oneself, and others—to live; Che's observation that a revolutionary is moved by great feelings of love. This includes not only self-sacrifice but also daring to struggle, daring to win (to quote another hero, Mao).

**Human Rights Coalition:** What are some of the human rights violations that you see happening in the U.S. today that we, the people, need to eliminate?

**Lynne Stewart:** The most egregious and obvious violations are occurring in the prison system. Not only the obscenely long sentences but the torture holes of "Special Housing Units." These are the equivalents of Belsen and Dachau, resulting in living death and mental deterioration. When I think that so many imprisoned without current hope of redress are political prisoners and have been held so for decades, it not only brings tears but also a feeling of grim determination to make it change!

**Human Rights Coalition:** What are some of America's foreign human rights violations going on that people may not be aware of?

**Lynne Stewart:** I personally feel that the deterioration of the African sub Saharan continent and its descent into rapacious capitalism will ultimately translate into unparalleled destruction of people and resources. I include South Africa in this assessment. If the African National Congress (ANC) and Mandela had remained steadfast in the socialist principles that guided their resistance and not given in to the terrible temptations of compromise, greed and power, we might have seen the beginning of a different balance of power. Alas, this was not to be and instead we see the depredation of Africa, by absolutism and the American capitalist paradigm.

**Human Rights Coalition:** People seem to be oblivious or indifferent to the human rights abuses that occur daily in U.S. prisons against other human beings, women prisoners in particular. Can you shed some light on that human rights issue?

**Lynne Stewart:** Human rights do not exist in prison. Aside from the obvious violations described above, I see day-to-day a brainwashing that teaches all prisoners that they are less than nothing and not worthy of even the least human or humane considerations. This is reflected in the lack of adequate medical care, the appalling diet, the steady diet of spoon-fed mediocrity—TV (Archie Bunker re-runs), movies, no access to the Web, etc. There

is an absence of legal advice or aid inside the walls. Law libraries with books have been eliminated; instead they have a computer program that is so anti-user that even I, an attorney of 30 years, have difficulty navigating it. Their goal is to keep us dumbed-down, docile and estranged.

The outside world is oblivious because they too have been brainwashed into believing that those locked away are less than human—based on differences of race and class. It is most difficult to struggle against the power if you don't have a belief that the struggle is worth the sacrifice.

**Human Rights Coalition:** Do you consider the legal practice of sentencing children to life imprisonment without any possibility of release (a *de facto* death sentence) for homicide, to be a human rights violation?

**Lynne Stewart:** I am 100 percent opposed to anything that does not have a factor of human redemption or at least of remediation. I guess it is part of a whole belief system. If you are, like I am, committed to "changing" the world it must be ALL of us, who deserve to live in a system that recognizes that terrible psychic and physical damage can be done to human beings, and has a plan to make people, especially children, whole and restore them to our community.

**Human Rights Coalition:** In Pennsylvania, being debated is whether sentencing child offenders to life imprisonment without parole should simply be "reformed" by leaving the legal practice intact and simply give the child offender a sentence of life with parole eligibility or should the legal practice be abolished entirely and a new sentencing scheme be developed for child offenders instead? What is your position on the matter—reform or abolish it?

**Lynne Stewart:** Your question really asks if "reform" is possible within an inhumane system? This is an issue revolutionaries have wrestled with always. Do we give the starving a crust of bread or leave them hungry to make the greater change. I, like Rosa Luxemburg, always made it my practice to minister to immediate primary needs but also to render the explanation for their predicament in political terms and with political (group action) solutions. At least in that way, the baby was no longer starving for milk and there might be a spark ignited for the next confrontation with the oppressor.

In the strict context of your question, we do need to struggle to save people from the most inhumane punishments. However, until we resolve the burning questions of race and class, we must not forget that these are palliative, Band-Aids on a hemorrhage.

**Human Rights Coalition:** What do you say about the illusion of democracy in America that the people are now witnessing from the domestic austerity program that the federal and state governments are imposing on the American people?

**Lynne Stewart:** Our job is how to smash the myth of America and we haven't really figured out as a movement how to blast our way past the sentimentality the media foists on us. We used to believe that if people knew the "truth," this would shake their faith and move us toward change; or alternatively, if their personal shoe pinched, they would act in self-interest. Now people seem to know only fear and rely on the myths of Big Brother government to assuage them. Our job is to keep on struggling, keep on raising the contradictions, create an atmosphere where we the people are ungovernable.

**Human Rights Coalition:** Any final comments for the movement out there, Sister Lynne?

**Lynne Stewart:** In this struggle, once you enlist, it is for life. There are no guarantees and you will be disappointed. But you will also be uplifted when there are victories and enriched by friendship and dedication of the comrades. Most importantly, you can look in the mirror every morning and be at one with the person there because you made the difficult choice and decided to fight for the people against the evil empires. It is the best way to live and I have been on the lines for fifty-plus years, living it.

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## **6 Sept - Sickening increase of surveillance cameras in Williamsburg, Brooklyn**

*The Surveillance Camera Players have really stepped up their game in the last few months, revisiting the neighborhoods they mapped up to a decade ago. Their latest revised map is of Williamsburg, Brooklyn.*

### **MORE:**

Williamsburg, Brooklyn, used to be the neighborhood centered around Broadway. Like its namesake in Manhattan, Broadway is a long, straight boulevard. It leads straight to the Williamsburg Bridge and passage over the East River to Manhattan. In the late 1950s, Williamsburg was devastated by the construction of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway (BQE), which cut right through Broadway on a north-south vector, and thus divided the entire neighborhood in half. While the eastern half of Williamsburg managed to survive this butchery, the western half -- the isolated stretch that lay between the BQE and the East River -- was virtually ruined and almost totally abandoned. For decades, the only people who lived on "the wrong side" of the BQE were poor immigrants, mostly from Poland, Italy and Puerto Rico.

In the mid-1990s, as the result of rising rents in Manhattan and the convenience of the "L" subway line, which connects Williamsburg with the [Lower East Side](#), this lonely and very polluted area started to attract all kinds of artists, musicians and hipsters in search of cheap housing. We ourselves lived there between 1997 and 1998.

In early May 2003, we made [a map of surveillance cameras operating in public](#). The results were striking. Though small, the area contained a relatively large number of surveillance cameras, at least compared to the other places we'd mapped. There were a total of 94 in Williamsburg: 90 installed on privately owned buildings; and four installed on buildings owned by the City of New York. Remarkably, there were no cameras in operation along Bedford Avenue between 12th Street and Metropolitan Avenue, that is, in the heart of the "hip" area. With a handful of exceptions (i.e., the cameras installed on brand-new buildings), the vast majority of the privately owned cameras are installed on or near old-style commercial loading docks and are obviously used to discourage or record incidences of theft. Given the bulk or "raw" nature of the commodities involved (sugar and spices, oil and gas, iron and other construction materials), it seems likely that the type of crime being fought or perpetrated here is *organized crime*, that is, Mafia-related activities. In some places, especially along Kent Avenue, where one finds elegant Italian restaurants located next-door to garbage-carting companies, the scene looks like something right out of *The Sopranos*.

Though one can't be sure, it appears that organized crime (of one sort or another) also plays an important role in at least one of Williamsburg's four city-owned surveillance cameras. Located atop a pole erected at the intersection of 10th Street and Kent Avenue, this camera appears to be operated by the Department of Transportation (DOT), which controls several lots and buildings in the area. In the case of the 10th Street camera, perhaps the DOT is trying to stop the mob from stealing cars from the city's impound lot, which is located on the west-side of the intersection. But then why do the cords coming out of this camera lead in the *opposite direction*, that is, away from the impound lot, across (and over!) the street and into an apparently unused building? Perhaps this camera is actually being used by the mob to watch the DOT, and not the reverse.

One other city-owned camera merits description. Clearly operated by the New York Police Department and not

the DOT, this camera is on the Williamsburg Bridge at precisely the point that it crosses over Bedford Avenue, which means it can secretly observe activity (the movements and identities of pedestrians, bicyclists and automobile drivers) on the bridge itself and on Bedford Avenue as far north as Metropolitan Avenue. The camera itself is hidden inside an "innocent-looking" globe-shaped housing, that is, intentionally designed to look like (be confused with) an ornament or a light. Unaccompanied by a sign that warns potential criminals and/or re-assures potential crime-victims that a high-powered surveillance camera is in operation, it isn't capable of producing any sort "deterrent" effect on crime. The only thing it is good for is *spying*.

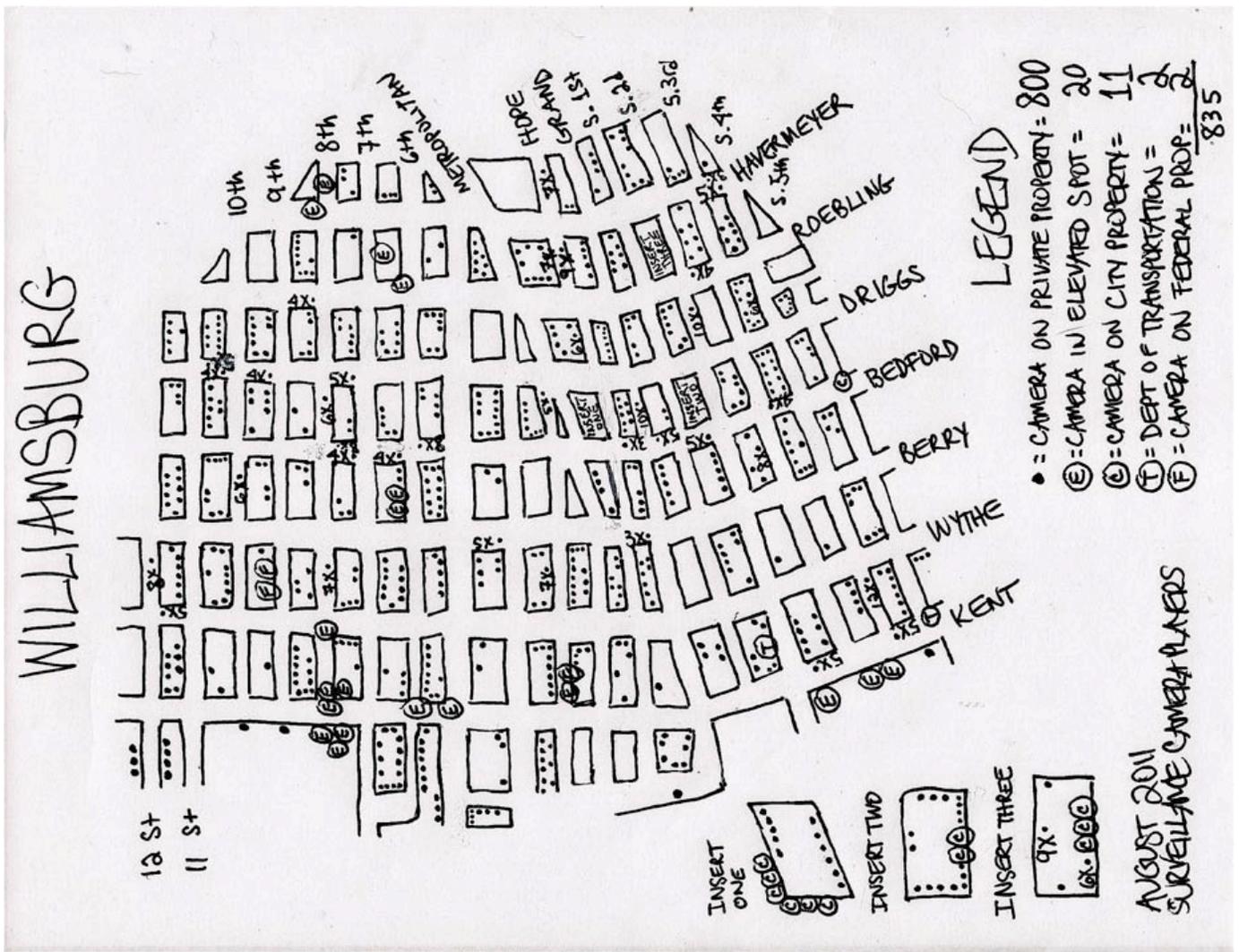
-- **May 2003**

In August 2011, we returned to Williamsburg and mapped it out for [a second time](#). But alas the Williamsburg of today is almost a completely different place from the Williamsburg of 2003. The gentrification of the area, begun in the mid-1990s, has almost been completed. The cement factories and waste-transfer sites have been shut down. Many of the old brick warehouses have been demolished, and have been replaced by condos, luxury apartment buildings, and steel-and-glass high-rises. The rents are very high, and the Latinos and Puerto Ricans who used to live in the area south of Grand Street have been displaced. The entire place is now almost completely filled with yuppies, rich tourists, hipster douchebags and students from affluent families.

Not surprisingly, the new super-gentrified Williamsburg is also packed with publicly installed surveillance cameras. According to our research, where there once were only 94 cameras (90 on private property and four on city-owned buildings and street poles) there are now a staggering 835 cameras (800 on private property, 15 on buildings in which either federal or city business is done, and 20 in elevated positions). That means, over the course of the last eight years, the number of cameras in Williamsburg has increased *nine hundred percent*. Indeed, there are now so many cameras in Williamsburg that our map required three inserts to portray the complete picture.

The making of this particular map, which took 10.5 solid hours of walking, looking and notating, has reminded us that our objections to the video-surveillance of public places aren't simply political (the threat to civil liberties), behavioral (incitement to conformism) and economic (the waste of money). We object to surveillance for *social* reasons, too: we don't like to be around the people who "don't mind" or even like to be watched by surveillance cameras. They creep us out.

-- **August 2011**



## 6 Sept - I Was a "Domestic Terrorist": Tales From a Post-9/11 America

In August 2008, Brad Crowder and David McKay, now known as the Texas Two, traveled to St. Paul, Minnesota, to protest the Republican National Convention. After a trailer full of their supplies and homemade shields were seized by St. Paul police, the two sought retaliation.

For months an older activist, who turned out to be an FBI informant, had been goading Brad and David to take stronger action, telling them he was going to St. Paul to “shut the fucker down.” The night of Aug. 31 Crowder and McKay assembled eight Molotov cocktails in the building they were staying in near the convention center. The next day they decided not to use them, but failed to dispose of the devices before leaving for protests.

On the morning of Sept. 3 McKay was awakened by a cop’s rifle pointing at his face. Labeled by officials as “domestic terrorists,” they found themselves the subject of a high-profile government case meant to justify tens of millions of dollars in security expenses for the convention. Crowder was sentenced to two years in jail and was released last year, while McKay was sentenced to four years.

The following is Brad Crowder’s first published account of his experience.

**MORE:**

It began with the sound of the cold metal ratchet, the pressure gripping my wrists and squeezing all the way up to my heart. A brief, almost flippant sentence uttered by Special Agent Christopher Langert signified my terrifying new reality: “Mr. Crowder, you are under arrest by the FBI.

Five days earlier, I had been arrested by the cops in Minneapolis for “Failure to Disperse from an Unlawful Assembly.” We had been rounded up en masse. I had just seen David surrender to the police and witnessed another cop wield his baton like a bat across the head of a photojournalist. Another comrade, whom I knew from antiracist and antifascist organizing, was with me. Tears were streaming down his face; he was screaming at the police, his voice a poignant mix of rage, indignation and helplessness.

“Noah, come on man, we’ve got to go.” I pressed against his chest, trying to keep him from being separated from the herd to be picked off by black-clad jackals who carried their fangs in their hands and on their belts.

But it was too late, and we had been corralled into a parking lot. The ranks closed ahead of us as we ran, turning to see another line of professional violence block each avenue of freedom. The dark noose quickly began shrinking, choking us off. I had seen protest videos before. I knew what was coming.

“Noah! We gotta get down!” I grabbed him by the shoulder and we went belly down on the asphalt amid the chaos. I looked up at the sky and saw it fill with black. A boot came down on my back, pinning me. I turned my head in a pathetic attempt to escape the spray. A stinging cloud soaked my long, blonde hair, hit the asphalt and splashed across my face and eyes. I felt the oily, peppery stench of capitalism, of the state, clinging to my flesh and burning it.

I managed to look up and see a riot cop barreling toward a videographer. He was backpedaling, camera in one hand, press credentials in the other, pleading, “But I’m press! I’m press!” It seemed naïve: a sweet faith in goodness and reason regardless of the batshit craziness going on all around.

That cop never missed a step, plowing into the journalist with a full head of steam, leaving him splayed across the parking lot and his camera destroyed. Let this be a lesson to those inclined to reason with the state. It contains no reason; it has only command, obedience and violence.

## **HARD TIME**

My hands were zip-tied and I was bundled onto a bus to be taken to Ramsey County Jail. As far as I knew, I was looking at a petty misdemeanor charge that carried a \$300 bail. I had been arrested before for a \$20 sack of weed and various traffic fines that I had refused to pay due to a combination of poverty, principle and irresponsibility. Jail wasn’t a new experience for me, so I was nervous but relatively light hearted.

That changed two days later, when I heard the door to my unit slam shut. I was in a cell by myself at the time, laying on my bunk and trying to block out the burn of the pepper spray that still soaked my hair and clothes. Ultimately they held me for about five days covered in pepper spray, unable to escape that god-awful burn. My hands were beginning to crack due to my incessant hand washing. I held them to a vent to blow the pepper off. I doused them in milk. Without a change of clothes and a shower, it was all just a practice in desperate futility. I still really fucking resent those assholes for that.

Anyway, I heard the door slam. I saw David being led into the unit by a pair of men who wore their credentials on chains around their necks and clearly shopped at Men’s Warehouse.

David was wearing completely different clothing from the protest. This confused me and I became very scared. What I didn’t know at the time was that the building where David and the rest of us were staying had been raided by the Joint Terrorism Task Force.

I became scared because David and I had made eight Molotov Cocktails the night before the protests began. The firebomb of the poor, they consisted of motor oil and gasoline poured into wine bottles that were duct-taped

closed, with cotton tampons rubber-banded to the sealed necks. When the tampon was lit and the bottle thrown, the shattered glass would release the accelerant to be ignited by the flame. We were stupid for making them, but smart for not using them. When we woke up the next day we decided not to use them and to destroy them when we had the chance. What had gone wrong? Something had clearly spiraled out of control, but I had no idea what lay in store for me.

## **WHO'S THE TERRORIST?**

I learned soon enough that our faces were all over the papers, television and the internet. I was now a “domestic terrorist.” They were serious.

I wasn't allowed a phone call for a week. All my family and friends learned of my fate via the media. My mom saw it on the local Midland news. Two close friends saw my mug shot plastered across the big screen TV at a club in Austin.

I couldn't process any of it. The term domestic terrorist sounded so melodramatic. I could never build any sort of connection between my identity and the term itself. Hell, as far as it seemed to me, David and I were the only ones terrified.

## **IN THE PIT**

When Special Agent Langert ratcheted those cold metal cuffs on my wrist, it was to transport me from state to federal custody. When I arrived at the intake, the booking area was stuffed with bodies, around 70, all coming in from anti-immigrant ICE raids. Processing was going to take a lifetime.

They split David and me up into isolation cells consisting of a concrete slab on the floor and a metal toilet/sink combination that lacked hot water. What I thought was a frosted window turned out to be a mind-numbing light that never switched off, totally disorienting me as to the passage of time. The walls were covered with a repulsive greasy paste. I never figured out what the substance was, but I didn't investigate because of a fear of what it might have been.

I sat on the concrete slab, disgusted but thankful I was only going to be in there while they processed all the immigration raid victims into the general population. Hours seemed to pass before a guard cracked the door to have me processed. At long last this included a shower and change of clothes from my street wear into jailhouse oranges. They processed my paperwork and I was anxious to move from the dungeon in which they had housed me.

When the guard placed me back into my isolation cell, he looked in, paused, and then asked why I hadn't gotten bedding. My heart sank because I then realized I was stuck in this disgusting pit on 24-hour lockdown. Two days in I received a paper from the prison administration, stating that I was being held in isolation for “my safety and the safety of the institution.”

After a few days in the pit, I was transported to my first federal court hearings. I sat in the Chief Justice's courtroom with my attorney Andrew and looked back at the galley to see reporters scattered around. I turned to Andrew and asked in a quiet, shaky voice if this was a high-profile case. He pursed his lips and bobbed his head. Yes, it was a high-profile case. At first these were terrifying, surreal ordeals. Eventually they became another numbing routine of incarceration.

## **THE TRIAL**

Prison was bad, but court was worse. In prison, the monsters in the room were generally the minority and much less dangerous. More honest, too. I can't recall the number of times I watched police testify in damning detail of anything that could hang me or David, while conveniently being “unable to recall” anything that might paint us as halfway human. The most enraging example was the “wooden baton” issue.

One officer testified under oath that during a warrantless raid of our travel group's UHaul trailer, he and his team had seized a large number of wooden batons that were to be used to attack cops during the protest. I wanted to stand and scream, to demand to see one "baton," one photo of a "baton," for God's sake, one witness to one of these "batons." It was pure fiction. Nothing approximating a "wooden baton" existed. All I could do was sit in my chair and stare dumbfounded around the courtroom. I knew, abstractly, that the system was crooked, but this was concrete reality.

The same officer was asked why they had conducted the raid without a warrant. His answer pissed me off as much as the manufactured evidence. He said that given the protests the department was in "disruptive" and not "investigative" mode. Since they were more interested in disrupting protest activity as opposed to prosecuting under due process of law, there was no worry about "tainting" any evidence. The only check that was supposed to prevent illegal raids was tossed out the window, with total legality.

## **TRUTH-TELLING**

What needs to be said about my trip through the gantlet that is the Federal Criminal Justice System can never be properly articulated in a book or a movie or a miniseries. The truth won't fit into those boxes. Corners and edges of the story must be clipped.

I want, desperately, to write about what I learned from inmates. I want to write volumes, inspirational volumes, extolling the humanity of those I met inside the god-awful human warehouse that is prison, that these men are neither angels or demons, in all their fucked up, contradictory glory. I want to defend David against the sloppy misstatements and outright lies and attacks leveled against him. I want to put his one lie against the wall of lies built against him by this system that postures so self-righteously over the bodies it jails and buries.

But I can't in any medium. There can be no representation of the truth. It can only be leveled by the historical movement of myself, of David, of Cowboy, Ghost, Peanut, Bob, and all the others, inside and out, slammed by a twisted and historically irrelevant system. The truth can be told in only one way, through the revolution of this system, this shit. The truth of racism can only be articulated in the revolution against it. The truth of prisons, of terrorism, of State violence, of poverty, of war, and hopelessness can only be articulated in their negation.

Am I a domestic terrorist? It is a question I often asked myself, and others asked me how it felt to be labeled as such. The truth is it didn't mean anything at all. The term is fundamentally absurd and deeply politicized. Kicking in people's doors at 3 a.m. and raiding their home at gunpoint is terrorism, whether in Baghdad or Baltimore. Building bombs may be really stupid, but at least David and I had enough of a moral compass to choose not to use them, as opposed to dropping them on civilians and cities.

But then again I'm "red-blooded" white American. Yes, I was targeted for my activism, but not for my name, for my faith, or the color of my skin. I wasn't targeted because I have family being crushed in the desert on the other side of the world. I'm not Muslim. And that is who is being targeted, spied upon, egged on, entrapped and then destroyed en masse. Domestic terrorist is an absurd term, and in its absurdity it is terrifyingly dangerous.

Despite the danger the term poses, I see only hypocrisy. Would you take Bernie Madoff seriously if he called you a crook? Why should I take the Feds, the most bomb-laden, destructive gaggle of lost souls on the planet, seriously for calling me a terrorist?

My life today is fine, except for knowing how many great people are in prison: David in particular. I'm in college studying economics. It's terrible, but for some reason I love it. I work at a local sandwich shop, the same one I worked at before I was arrested. I still organize and will continue to do so until I'm dead. I look at the Arab Spring, the European rebellions, and the rumblings of working people in the U.S., and I see clearly on whose side history rests.

They say I'm a domestic terrorist. I say they are on their way out. Let's see who's right.

## **6 Sept - Keystone XL protests end with more than 1200 arrests**

*The two weeks of planned protests against the Keystone XL pipeline ended this weekend with 1,252 people arrested outside the White House in an attempt to convince President Obama to reject a permit to greenlight the project.*

### **MORE:**

The group that organized the protests, Tar Sands Action, calls the arrests phase one of a larger movement to convince the U.S. government that the pipeline would harm the environment too much to be approved. The group [says](#) it will announce phase two this week.

## **6 Sept – New Spirit of Freedom**

*The Earth Liberation Prisoners Support Network released the new issue of “Spirit of Freedom” recently and we’ve pasted it below.*

### **MORE:**

"The whole experience has been tough, but all the kind and strengthening words and wise thoughts from strangers made it much easier!" (Former Swedish Animal Rights Prisoner)

Welcome to the September 2011 edition of Spirit of Freedom. Firstly ELP would like to apologise for the delay in the production of this newsletter and our last newsletter. Over recent months ELP has lost a number of our volunteers including the person who used to maintain our website. We won't name the person, as they know who they are, but we'd like to thank them for everything they've done for ELP over the past 7 years that they've been working with us. ELP wishes them and all our former volunteers all the best with their new ventures.

Since our last newsletter quite a lot has happened. An anonymous animal rights activist in Gothenburg, Sweden, has been arrested for alleged animal rights activity against the fur industry. ELP is unable to provide any further information at this moment in time but should people wish to send messages of support to the prisoner please e-mail [S.GBG.VEGAN@gmail.com](mailto:S.GBG.VEGAN@gmail.com) and the messages of support will be passed onto the prisoner.

We've also heard about two Finnish animal rights activists who have been arrested for filming inside a pig farm and they are now being threatened with two years imprisonment!

ELP has also heard of police raids in Germany where activists have been accused of anti-fur activity. In an unrelated four Dutch people are also awaiting trial for alleged anti-fur farm activity (liberating mink).

And in Spain a large number of people have been arrested and are facing trial for alleged animal rights activity.

Elsewhere in Europe, due to changes in the prison system, some British prisoners are having their prison numbers changed. Therefore please be aware of this and make sure the prisoner number you are using is up to date (you can check this out via the ALF.SG website).

Leaving European news, in America, Green Scare defendant Justin Solondz has been extradited from China back to America where he is now held pending trial accused of both ELF and ALF activity.

ELP has also heard the shocking case of American environmentalist Tim DeChristopher who has been jailed for two years for making fake bids at a land auction to disrupt the activities of the oil and gas companies. We don't know his address, but if anyone has it please let ELP know.

But despite the bad news, there is good news. Scott DeMuth, who was jailed for an ALF action in America, has been released. Also released is Kevin Kjonaas of the American SHAC 7.

And some brilliant news. The American traitor and police informant, Jacob Jeremiah “Jake” Ferguson has been jailed for five years on drugs charges. Ferguson is personally responsible for a number of activists being inside. One of his victims committed suicide in prison whilst awaiting trial.

As this brief editorial demonstrates, animal & earth liberation occur around the world. Remember, prisoner support is international. Support all the eco-prisoners wherever they are in the world. And no compromise in defence of Mother Earth!

If anyone notices any of ELP's prisoner details is out of date or we do not list a prisoner who we should list, please let ELP know as soon as possible. ELP is run by a small group of volunteers and although we try to ensure our lists are accurate, we admit we do make mistakes. So help us help keep the lists accurate by letting us know of any changes we need to make.

### **7 Sept - Walter Bond Update**

*Animal Liberation Front “Lone Wolf” Walter Bond is facing sentencing for two Animal Liberation Front arsons: Tandy Leather Factory and Tiburon (foie gras restaurant), both near Salt Lake City. Sentencing is set for Monday, September 19 and Walter is requesting you write a letter to the judge. There is more information on how to do that below. Also, Walter is quickly running out of money. He’s been reluctant to ask for help and hasn’t done much in terms of rallying folks to financially support him. As a result, he’ll soon be unable to buy from the commissary. While provided meager vegetarian meals, as a vegan Walter needs to be able to buy supplemental food, such as peanut butter and ramen, in order to survive. Information for how to help is also provided below. Finally, Walter has written a new article that we’ve also pasted below:*

#### **MORE:**

##### *Writing to the Judge*

Write a letter today to Judge Stewart, requesting the minimum sentence for Walter Bond. Your letter will help to give a more 3-dimensional and personal perspective on the positive character attributes Walter possesses and how highly he is valued by his friends and associates. The judge who handled Walter’s case in Denver made a point to say that she read over 50 letters people like you and me sent her way before handing down the minimum penalty.

Address a formal business letter to:  
The Honorable Judge Ted Stewart  
United States District Court  
District Of Utah  
Chamber #148  
350 South Main Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84101

Include your address and the date. The salutation is, “Dear Judge Stewart:” and the reference is “United States of America v. Walter Bond.”

**IMPORTANT: DO NOT MAIL YOUR LETTER DIRECTLY TO JUDGE STEWART.** Please send this letter to Walter’s public defender, who will deliver all the letters to the Judge himself.

Nathan Crane, Esq.  
Stirba & Associates  
215 South State Street, Suite 750  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

Finally, please mail a copy of your letter to Walter as well, to keep him informed:

**Walter Bond #2011-03339**  
**Davis County Jail**  
**Post Office Box 130**  
**Farmington, Utah 84025-0130**

Tell Judge Stewart why you think Walter Bond deserves his leniency. By doing this, you will actually increase Walter's chances of a receiving the minimum.

### *Financial Support*

Since my arrest in July 2010 I have been incarcerated in county jails in Colorado and Utah. The county jail I now am being held in is in Farmington Utah. I am now and will forever remain Vegan. However, in order for me to remain that way costs me money. While I am fed a vegetarian diet, it's not Vegan. I had to get a court order just to be fed that. I am able to supplement my diet by buying Vegan food items from the jail commissary which is expensive. A Ramen Noodle that costs twenty cents outside of these walls, costs me \$1.10 and the price for all other food items such as peanut butter, jelly, tortillas etc. is equally exuberant. Also for me to make two 15 minute phone calls to my parents once a week costs me thirty dollars. In short I need some funds as I am quickly burning though what little I have. It embarrasses me to ask this. I have never even tried to raise money for my own legal defense even though I desperately should have. I receive printouts occasionally from my Facebook Fan Page, where hundreds of people network often. I see on that page that lots of people like to say things like "Support Walter" and "In solidarity!" Most of these people never write me. They just support me on their keyboards when others are watching. I have been through a lot, and I have given everything of myself that there is to give for the animals, Please support me now.

Thank you.

You can donate online through <http://supportwalter.org>

Mail a check, cash or money order to:

Elizabeth Tobier

8602 Ft. Hamilton Parkway, Apartment 3D

Brooklyn, New York 11209-5322

(any checks or money orders should be made out to Elizabeth Tobier)

### *New Article*

**A.ways L.ooking F.oward** by Walter Bond

Since my arrest I have been asked a couple of questions frequently by supporters. The two most asked questions are, "What was it like being in the Animal Liberation Front / Underground?" and, "What's it like to be in jail or prison?" In this article I will answer both of these questions to the best of my ability.

But first, I must admit certain experiences in life are initiatory and as such cannot truly be conveyed accurately through the medium of words. This has its good and bad points. For me, as an individual, I am very grateful that this is the case, for it has shown me that certain things are sacred and secret. I am reminded that sometimes word jugglery is simply inadequate no matter how elegantly stated.

When I think of the Animal Liberation Front, the first thing I feel is a feeling, not a thought. It's a feeling of true solidarity with every other A.L.F. warrior. The fact that I do not know any of them does not weaken it -- it strengthens it. The fact that we come from different countries, speak different languages and may hold different beliefs on a myriad of other issues doesn't weaken it -- it strengthens it! Because all that is truly and deeply important in this sisterhood and brotherhood is our actions and animal liberation, no matter what the obstacles. We are the woe of all animal abusers everywhere. And we are self-liberated, more than most. When I think of my tour of duty in the A.L.F., I recall the most triumphant, free and intensely tumultuous times of my life. So with that said, here are my answers to...

“What was it like being in the Animal Liberation Front / Underground?”

Being an A.L.F. warrior can be a life of duality, extremes and often opposites. Before I went underground, I worked as a manager of dry goods in a health food store. I never attended any seminars or workshops on how to become an animal rights ninja or pyrotechnic professional. This is reality, not an action movie where you need to have some dramatic climax of events and a bunch of training. All that is needed to begin an underground campaign is the desire to act more than talk or posture. Unfortunately many animal lib activists never so much as make this crucial step. We seem content to play the pacifist victim role: “I’m crying all the time for the animals,” and, “I wish I had the courage to do what needs to be done” are common themes amongst the so-called compassionate.

My transformation from a legal activist to a clandestine one came on the day I finally decided that I couldn’t stand one more hollow conversation about ‘The Big Picture of Our Movement’ or anymore rhetoric about how cruel this or that person or practice is. At that point I decided to quit my job. (I’m not suggesting that’s necessary... it was just my path to the underground.) I had no vehicle so I knew that anything I did would be local. I also knew that sooner or later someone would want to talk with me about the actions I had in mind. Therefore, I thought it would be best to not be so accessible as to be in one place, day in and out, forty hours a week.

The first reality check I had was about practicality. Being homeless for me was no easy task. I honestly was not good at it. I had passed the age where hipster anarchists would want me as a part of their neatly manicured communes and squats. For all the talk about diversity in such circles, most collectives I encountered were small cliques of 20-somethings that had nearly identical backgrounds and worldviews. I, as a 30-something vegan straightedger wasn’t exactly a natural fit.

So, during my time in the A.L.F., I couch surfed when I could, and slept in parks when I had to. I stole my food when I had no money. (I’ve always felt that quality vegan food tastes better stolen.) I began to settle into a life of drifting. I found that after the arson of the Sheepskin Factory in Denver, I no longer had the urge to talk about animal lib issues incessantly and to no great effect. Nor did I need anyone’s approval or denial. This is how I knew I was on the right track.

While living homeless was a new tribulation in my life, the empowerment of direct actions more than made up for it. My worldview shifted from the philosophical and theoretical to the tactical and actual. And here entered the beginning of extremes in my life. By night I was picking targets and burning ‘em down. But by day I played the part of goofy overgrown straightedge kid just out for a bit of travel.

I made my way to Salt Lake City, Utah. My reasoning for doing so was that Utah has been one of the most targeted states in America for A.L.F. activity and also has a large and often extreme straightedge community. If there was anywhere that I could blend in and not stick out (as much as you don’t stick out with half your face tattooed) it would be there.

Once in Utah I had a couple decisions to make. First was if I was going to continue my campaign. Looking into the recent history of animal and earth liberations I know that once the FBI was on the hunt they would use their resources for years to discover or frame someone. I also knew that sooner or later when they began questioning or infiltrating activist circles in the Denver area my name was bound to be at the top of the hardcore vegan list. My next thought following was that once they discovered I suddenly left town, I would be more of a person of interest. So the reality struck me that I had crossed the Rubicon and in examining my thoughts and feelings about that, I decided that it was time to proceed further.

The next decision to ponder was organizational affiliation. I had not yet claimed the arson at The Sheepskin Factory in any communiqué. I had in my possession the manifesto “Declaration of War” authored by Screaming Wolf. I felt then as I do now that it is the best book ever written as pertains to the reality of animal liberation and

the tactics that must be employed. And my own personal philosophy on radicalism and militancy is definitely more in keeping with clandestine groups like the Animal Rights Militia and Justice Department.

However, I became an underground illegal direct activist in part because I was sick of posturing. And the truth is I would never seek to do personal and actual violence to anybody, unless it was in defense of myself. So if I'm not gonna go to that level, why portray or posture as if I would? Also the reality thus far is that with all the great actions of underground affiliates such as the A.R.M. and J.D., and contrary to their threatening and 'violent' communiqués, many of their actions are of a certain shock value.

Don't get me wrong... I understand that evil unpunished and un-avenged will be continued without end. And I am in no way a pacifist. Sometimes it takes force to stop violence -- that is the reality of the world in which we live. But at the end of the day the Animal Liberation Front is the only group that's been as continuously active globally, has rescued several thousand animals under cover of darkness and caused several millions of dollars' worth of retribution to animal users and abusers everywhere. That's why I chose to become an A.L.F. operative.

My next two targets were the Tandy Leather Factory in Salt Lake City and the Tiburon Restaurant in Sandy, Utah. I choose Tandy Leather for many of the reasons I torched The Sheepskin Factory in Denver. They are a business that profits from animals being skinned, often alive, for no other reason than to take up hobbycraft with their dead bodies.

Tandy also sells the dead skin of many other once vibrant and living creatures, such as ostriches, snakes, lambs, etc. When I broke into Tandy Leather, I lit the bolts of leather and cash register on fire to show my distain for the practice of profiting from the blatant murder of not just the Animal Nations, but also Mother Earth, which is daily poisoned with cancerous and hazardous chemicals from the tanneries that supply Tandy Leather stores nationwide.

This sick capitalist system wants to always concentrate on these perpetrators, as if they were victims. I don't buy that, not for one minute. Because if they are the victims of injustice, it is only the same 'injustice' that the slaveholders suffered when robbed of their slaves. It's only the same form of 'injustice' that the Nazis suffered for just going along with orders and being 'good Germans'. And it's the same 'injustice' that Christians perceive is out to get them even though they run the entire western hemisphere of the globe!

The victims are the piles of dead and broken bodies that wanted to not be skinned alive for a buck... not their task and slave masters.

Next I went after Tiburon Fine Dining. This was a restaurant that sold the notoriously cruel product foie gras, which for the uninitiated is bloated goose or duck liver that is obtained by forcing an 18-inch feeding tube down the victim's throat. The other end of that tube has a trigger on it that shoots the food into the stomach, much like a garden hose would water. Of course no animal wants to be force fed to death, so they are kept in cages that confine all movement, so there is no chance of escape.

I lit Tiburon on fire on July 2nd of 2010, but I had meant to do it two days earlier. However, when I showed up there were a few cars in the parking lot and I could not be certain that there was no one inside, so I left.

By this point the stress of my lifestyle was beginning to catch up with me. I went to bed that night wondering if I should just call it quits for a while and put my own life back together. That night I had a very vivid dream that protested against that notion.

I dreamt that I had gone to the Tiburon Restaurant just to see the inside of the place and when I went in I saw a dining room packed with well-to-do rich people eating other people! They were gluttonous and relishing their cannibalistic urge for flesh. In my dream I was scared and sickened almost to the point of nausea. I awoke that morning partially amazed that these issues weighed so heavily on my subconscious and also struck with the realization that if it were people that were the victims of Tiburon, I would not so readily abandon my campaign.

So I found my reserve and went back to finish what I had started.

After the arson at Tiburon, the stress of the lifestyle was wearing me down. I knew I needed a break.

I had recently contacted my brother through Facebook and had talked to him a couple times via a payphone. (My phone was off -- apparently you have to pay the bill every month.) My brother was concerned about why I was roaming around the country homeless. For once the roles were reversed. Even though my brother is exactly one year and two days older than me, I have always been the one to have my shit together. That said it felt good to be the one in need. And my brother, now married and with kids, seemed to have some assistance to offer.

It must also be said that my brother had a very drug addicted, violent and criminal past. With these things in mind, I made a fatal flaw. I told my brother, my flesh and blood, what I had been doing. My exact words were, "Google 'The Sheepskin Factory'... That's what I've been up to." The first website that came up on his search was an animal rights website. From there he looked up accounts of the arson from the mainstream media and found out there was a cash reward for any info leading to the arrest of the person or persons involved.

48 hours after that phone conversation, my brother was a federal informant. Over the next 3 weeks, the FBI taped my phone conversations (my brother had wired me money to get my phone turned back on) and followed me around Salt Lake City. My brother wanted me to go back to Iowa, the state of my birth and the same state he still lived in. I can only guess that this was where the feds had originally intended to take me down. My brother once again wired me money for a bus ticket to Iowa. I decided to go back to Denver so that I could keep a couple bucks. My intuition was telling me that something was not right, but I had surmised that after setting fire to two animal exploitation businesses in just under a month that it was paramount that I leave Utah quickly. It never occurred to me that I was running into a trap.

Looking back, it should have been obvious, but hindsight is 20/20. In any event, when I arrived back in Denver, I contacted my brother and told him of my change in travel plans. He told me that our half-brother, who I know of, but have met only once, was living in Denver (which I knew was true), and that he would be coming out to help him move. He told me we could meet up, then catch up on old times, and of course he would have a few bucks for me.

For two weeks I lived in a park in downtown Denver while searching for temporary employment. At this point let me say that the authorities have done their job well – and I'm not talking of their arrest of me. What became evident to me living in the underground is that there is no actual support for the A.L.F. When I first began my campaign, I approached a well-to-do 'militant vegan activist' in Denver and alluded to the fact that I was now underground as evidenced by the news on The Sheepskin Factory arson. This was a person that liked to brag about how much money she had to support all the "real and hardcore animal liberationists in the struggle." But when it came down to it, I was not only denied a single penny, but I was also no longer welcome. The "animal rights community" is so scared to be green that they've become yellow!

In the 80s and 90s, there were networks of aboveground support and actions in North America took place much more frequently. Now to be in the A.L.F. is to be a leper and to be found out by other "activists" is to be shunned and forgotten. Welcome to "militant animal liberation" in current day America. A whole lot of tasty food, conventions, big talks, large books and cowardly bullshit!

But I digress... back to the story. So I met my brother at the Ramada Inn in downtown Denver. The first thing on my mind was that it was nice to be in the hotel instead of the park. My brother was calm and cool, no hint of anxiety. We began catching up on old times and he began speaking to me candidly about past criminal activity that he had been part of. With my defenses down, weary from the road and the street, tired and hungry, I made another fatal flaw.

I gave my brother a detailed account of my campaign. He asked me if I was gonna stop to which I responded, “No, not until they catch me or kill me.” I told him of my plans to leave the country and then come back at a later date to resume my campaign. Everything was being taped by the FBI.

After we talked I asked my brother to drive me to the northern suburbs so that I could talk to a former employer about some work. On the way to Northglenn, we talked about family affairs and such. I was happy to be with my brother I hadn't seen in over a decade, I was happy that I would be sleeping in a hotel that evening and I thought everything was starting to look up. My brother dropped me off and gave me a hug and a kiss. As I happily exited the car my last words were, “See you tonight bro... love ya!” He drove off and I went to talk to my former employer about construction work.

There didn't seem to be anything immediate but there would be some drywall work coming up in a couple weeks. I headed off on foot towards the bus stop. Northglenn was the suburb of Denver I had spent my teenage years. My grandmother used to own a house just a few blocks from my former employer and two houses over from him was a house that my aunt lived in for many years as well. She had since moved and sold her home to the Robbs, a family that also had roots in Northglenn. As I walked by my aunt's old house, the Robbs were having a barbeque of dead animals. They said hello and I walked up into the front lawn to talk for a few moments. And then, as fast as lightening, the ATF, FBI and Joint Terrorism Task Force descended upon me, guns drawn and ready to shoot... I was under arrest.

“What's it like to be in jail or prison?”

The ATF drove me to Glendale to be booked in. That is in South Denver. Before we arrived at the police station, the ATF took a detour by the burned out remains of The Sheepskin Factory. The thing about being arrested for arson is that everybody assumes you are a compulsive pyromaniac. I'm sure the vehicle I was being transported in had cameras in the cab. Unfortunately, the sight of a burned building doesn't make me laugh hysterically or even start rubbing my hands in excitement.

Once at the police station I was put in a small interrogation room with two detectives and an FBI agent. I was told, and I quote, “You will now be given the opportunity and privilege to talk to the FBI.” My response was, “I have nothing to say.” The agent then threatened to arrest my brother (which he knew was their number one snitch) simply for having talked to me. I said nothing. Then he had some dialog with the detective in front of me about how, “it looks like he doesn't want to help himself.” I stared at the wall behind their heads and remained silent. And that was it: five minutes of not talking. And no other agent has ever questioned me again.

Next came what I like to call the system and the media fucking with me. First I went through booking in Glendale for 3 hours. Then I was transported to Denver City Jail and sent through booking for 13 hours. Then I was allowed to sleep 2 hours before my initial court appearance and moved again to Golden, Colorado for 8 more hours of, you guessed it, booking.

For nearly two days I barely ate (nothing is vegan except fruit in the sack lunches you get when you're in Receiving). I got 2 hours of sleep and kept getting passed from one deputy to another at various County Jails, and aside from fingerprinting me and processing me in, they kept up with the questions which I refused to even acknowledge, let alone answer. Then finally, a cell and sleep.

The next morning I was awakened by an inmate pounding on my cell door, telling me, “Come out here (the commons area outside our cell), you're on The News!” I stumbled out into the pod and watched myself on T.V. All I remembered from that new story was that mugshot was the worst picture of me on earth! The next media I saw about my case they said I was arrested at a BBQ eating beef burgers! I was pissed off that the media had sought to make me look like a hypocrite and joke, with their lies. Looking back now I can see that I've grown. I no longer care what the media says about me, or anything for that matter. But upon arrest, it was a big deal to me.

As far as what my time was like in jail in Golden, Colorado, it was difficult. County Jail is the worst part of doing time. Since most people that come to county are going to leave within 30 days, it's not set up with much to do. In Jefferson County I was locked down 19 hours a day in a two man cell the size of a small bathroom. Most of my cellies were detoxing heroin addicts or petty criminals.

Another part of County time that sucks is all anybody wants to talk about is their charges or their case, which, when you're facing serious time, you spend a lot of your day wishing you could focus on anything else.

Here is another truth about doing time. Whether you are in County Jail, prison or the hole, there are things about that facility you will like or dislike (in comparison to other jails that you get carted around to). For instance, although I was confined to my cell a lot in Jeffco (Jefferson County), they fed me a vegan diet! My meal trays came to me with a computer printed sticker that said "BOND, VEGAN" in big letters! And I also had an amazing view of the mountains.

As far as dealing with the inmate population, that was not difficult either. First off, whether inmates agree with you or not, they tend to respect a person that stands up for their beliefs. Secondly, jail and prison work by a kind of pecking order. Part of that pecking order is related to the severity of your crime. The only true outcasts in prison are sex offenders and snitches. So as the new guy when I'm asked, "What are you in for?" and I respond, "3 federal arson charges with domestic terrorism enhancements," it immediately puts me in the class of serious criminals. Third, I'm outgoing and good with people. Jail is full of people, so it's a trait that serves me well. And lastly, I am admittedly somewhat of an alpha male with an abrupt temper (it's not my fault... I'm an Aries).

I guess the best advice I could give anyone that finds themselves in prison or jail someday is this. Walk with pride, be respectful and don't be eager to buddy up with people; let them approach you. And most importantly don't make a big deal about it. Yes, it sucks. Yes, I would rather be anywhere else. But millions of people are in prison and they cope and survive. It's all just a part of fighting this evil empire. Or being poor, or black, or native, or "illegal" or a pothead, or... you get the idea.

There are however additional stresses to being a prisoner of war or political prisoner. The first letter I ever received in Jeffco was from some anonymous person accusing me of being a hypocrite and joke to all "real animal rights activists". As the weeks went on I began getting printouts from the internet about all the movement chatter. People seemed upset that I had too many tattoos and rumors abounded.

The first interview I granted was with some 50ish academic establishment animal rights welfarist creep. He showed up to the jail, started poking fun at my tattoos and began his interview by saying, "I'm wearing a leather belt. If you could, would you choke me with it?" I said, "Only if I thought I could get away with it." He actually scooted his chair back a little. Next he told me that his mother's house had been burned down by an arsonist and that he strongly disagreed with my tactics to which I responded, "Then don't employ arson as a tactic." Once we got into the issues of animal liberation, I debated him with savvy until he admitted that I really did know what I was taking about.

I left that interview with a bad taste in my mouth. Instead of allowing the system's media and divisive elements within the A.R. community to pick me apart, I decided to fight back with my pencil. The first article I wrote was entitled "Why I Am Vegan". In it I detailed my path to veganism and animal liberation. Having built two slaughterhouses as a teenager, I saw firsthand the grotesque evil that happens to animals in food production. I'm happy to say that internet article was posted far and wide and well received.

The support mail began rolling in. If there is one thing that I look forward to every weekday in jail, it's mail call. I cannot stress enough how important it is to write prisoners. When I am fatigued or overwhelmed, it's supportive mail from like-minded people that keeps me going. It also reminds me that I'm still someone to somebody out there. Prison is geared towards stripping down your sense of worth. As time rolls by, it's easy to give up on everything and just become part of the prison politics.

So I began to write more articles and my supporters, etc. Not only has writing been an effective way to stay active in animal lib, but it's been a great coping mechanism. The courts always try to scare you into not speaking out along with their lawyers. The idea is for you to just sit there quietly, let the media vilify you, let the system use you to scare any other would-be militants and of course grovel and beg for mercy as if you were in front of God Almighty.

What a crock of shit! Many people have asked me how I am able to remain defiant through all this and that's a simple answer. I care more about the animals and my beliefs than I do about myself. All the big talk you hear about how much we vegans care about the animals no matter what the price, well I actually feel that way. Plus I guess I just don't feel like kissing anyone's ass, be they business owners or the U.S. government. I'd rather go down swinging than degrading myself. But that's just me, that's how I roll.

That said, I wrote my final statement to the court in Colorado about two months before sentencing. It took me about 45 minutes. I sat down at the desk in my cell and just let it rip. My thought process was, "What would I say if I had no fear and nothing to lose?" Writing it and speaking it in court were two different things. On my day of sentencing I was a nervous wreck. Saying my final statement felt like looking down the barrel of a gun and saying, go ahead shoot me! To my surprise I received the mandatory minimum sentence of 5 years.

Great news to be sure, but unfortunately there's another shoe yet to drop, and that shoe is called Utah. Early on in the court process I tried to have my Utah charges dealt with all at once while in Denver. Being as all my charges are federal and not state, meaning that my crimes are not legally seen as crimes against Colorado and Utah, but against America, I can be tried for any of them in any federal court in America. The word that my attorney and I received from Utah was a definite no. I was to be tried in Utah separately.

After sentencing in Denver I began my three weeks in transit to Salt Lake City. Denver and SLC are a nine hour drive from each other. But before I was to go west, I was flown east to the Transfer Center at Oklahoma City. Upon arrival I was separated immediately from the other forty or so inmates. I was told I would be held in the special housing unit or SHU, which is just a way of saying the hole. In the SHU you have a shower in your cell and you are locked down 23 hours a day. When I asked why I was not going into general population, a corrections officer came over with a clipboard and said, "You are part of the Animal Liberation Front. That is a security threat group to the United States of America. While you're here, that's where you'll be."

For five days I was in a cell in the SHU by myself. But for my last two days I had a cellie, a small Hindu political prisoner from Singapore. He had basically been kidnapped by the CIA and brought to America because he gave a friend a ride to the airport and that friend was under investigation for gun running to Al-Qaeda. My feelings were mixed. While I was happy to not be alone in my cell and my cellie was an educated and interesting man, it really began to strike home that they (the FBI) seriously think I'm a terrorist.

A couple days later I was in the air again, but instead of landing in Salt Lake I was taken to Nevada Southern Federal Detention Center. During the booking in process it looked as if I would be going to general population and then the gang coordinator took me to the side to ask me some "routine questions". His first question was, "So are you some kind of terrorist?" I said no. His second question was, "Are you some kind of activist?" I said, "I am affiliated with the Animal Liberation Front." And so I was taken to "administrative segregation" – another fancy way of saying "the hole". I was kept there for ten days this time with no cellie. But I did have an interesting neighbor that was a high ranking member of the Mexican mafia. On our hour of recreation outside in the kennels (narrow fenced in cages for U.S. convicts in the hole to pace in for an hour a day) we would exercise vigorously together.

As far as my vegan diet was concerned, both federal facilities worked with me on it. Hole time is more boring than anything. But once again, there is an upside. In prison you are hardly ever alone, so I took advantage of the solitude and did some meditation and stretching practices and a lot of exercising. Then back on the plane once more and on my way to Salt Lake City.

At his point, I had been doing county time for 8 months and after going through an entire court case in Colorado and transit to Utah, I was getting very tired of county jail and court proceedings. Upon arrival at Davis County Jail in Farmington, Utah (which is where I am currently awaiting sentencing as of the time of this writing), I requested a vegan diet, which is usually my first priority entering a new facility. I was told I was not even allowed a vegetarian tray for spiritual reasons (which is standard at any jail or prison I've been in). I had to fast for my first two days, until my lawyer could get a court order to make the jail feed me vegetarian meals (I am still vegan, but I must pay out of pocket for vegan commissary items to supplement what I can't eat on my vegetarian trays.)

As expected, Utah has been a different experience than Colorado. As far as the jail itself, it's not bad. I have more freedom of movement than in Denver and I am able to receive books from the publisher, so I've been reading a lot. I also have more time outside, which is nice. But that's where anything positive ends.

As concerns my court cases in Utah, the U.S. Attorney's office wants to turn my current 5-year sentence into a 15 year sentence and perhaps more. Apparently, it's a big deal that I gave a heartfelt and provocative statement in Colorado. Since my extradition to Utah, I have been made aware on more than one occasion that my beliefs and words are far, far more damning than my arsons. Instead of the system being focused on my "crimes" which did about 60,000 dollars-worth of damage, as compared with the 500,000 dollars-worth of damage done in Colorado, the focus is on scaring me into shutting my mouth at what may be my only opportunity to open it.

Given that everything is "terrorism" these days, I am under no illusions that the prison system is going to house me in some fluffy Club Fed. So I speak out not only as one that defends, fights and cares for our Earth Mother and her Animal Nations, but also as a man whose pride will not allow himself to be bullied by the powers that be. The decisions I make and words I speak are for the future, with the hopes of an upsurge in activity, activity that truly liberates animals and permanently stops their exploiters.

Usually this is the point in my article where I write my inspiring and radical high note to leave the reader feeling empowered. But in this article I will end on a note of distress. My apologies in advance.

I am not your hero, or your mascot. As long as that's what you're looking for, that's all you will ever find, and I promise you that you will always get let down. Every time you find a Keith Mann, Barry Horne, Rod Coronado, Peter Young or Walter Bond, all you have found is a person that decided to take matters into their own hands. And we cannot teach you how to do that, because that's your decision, alone. At times I am embarrassed by what I see. Animals suffer and die and we do nothing. The real heroes of animals are those who work at sanctuaries or otherwise directly impact an animal's life for the better. The only "militant animal liberation community" is the A.L.F. and the underground. Of course there are many things that must be done and doing something is always better than doing nothing. But why settle so small?

A gangster will protect his evil enterprises with violence and his own life is ready to be sacrificed at any moment. But we self-proclaimed betters won't even risk social alienation. Cowards, fakes, frauds! If you care then prove it! Not to me, but to yourself! No matter where I end up or what happens to me, my cell, for however long I'm in it, will have a mirror, and I will always be able to look in that mirror and know there's a real motherfucker looking back at me! And there is no potluck, convention, conversation, website, flyer or workshop that will ever compare to that!

So this is my last, unsolicited internet article that I will be writing for a while. Of course I am always open to interviews and will always respond to support mail. My next stop is sentencing on October 13th of 2011 in Salt Lake City, Utah. After that I will make the transition from county jail to federal prison where I will begin writing a detailed and definitive book about the vegan hardline, a syncretic philosophy, program of action and way of life that can and must succeed.

Until the next time remember... don't sing it, bring it! And don't talk about it, be about it! As for me I will continue always looking forward.

Animal Liberation, whatever it may take!

Walter Bond  
A.L.F. – P.O.W.

### **7 Sept - New “Informant Tracking” feature on the Earth First! Newswire**

The *EF! Journal's* editorial collective has posted a featured page on the EF! Newswire website that allows people to learn details about those who are known informants in the government's effort to monitor and repress Earth and animal liberation activists.

#### **MORE:**

While a recent report by investigative journalist Trevor Aaronson states that the FBI has recruited a network of informants that today numbers around 15,000 (many of whom focus on Muslim communities), we can only know for certain the informants who are revealed through official court documents (often in the plea agreements of cooperating defendants.)

The point of this new page is to allow others a chance to know if they are associating with informants (for example, two individuals now working in the computer security field: Justin Samuel and Darren Thurston) who have a bio listed there.

We hope that this site may also serve to neutralize the effectiveness of these people and discourage individuals who would consider cooperating with the state as an option. To this end, we also feel it is also important to stress that active support for non-cooperating political prisoners is a critical tool in stemming the turncoat tide that swept the nation in the past five years. Check out the EF! Journal's prisoner page for a listing of who to support.

More information at: <http://earthfirstnews.wordpress.com/informant-tracking>

### **9 Sept – Political Prisoner Lefty Gilday has Died**

*It is with regret and rage that we report that imprisoned revolutionary William “Lefty” Gilday has died while held captive by the State of Massachusetts. Friends have notified us that Lefty passed on September 9<sup>th</sup> in the prison infirmary at MCI Shirley.*

*He will be remembered as a comrade, freedom fighter, father, and grandfather. Lefty was 82 years old.*

*We will remember our dead, and fight like hell for the living.*

### **9 Sept – Nuclear Resister Activist Helen Woodson Released After 27 Years in Prison**

*In November of 1984, Helen Woodson was part of the Silo Pruning Hooks action. She went to a Missouri nuclear missile silo with others and, with a sledgehammer and jackhammer, attempted to destroy nuclear weapons. All were convicted and sentenced to varying numbers of years in prison for their action.*

*With the exception of a few days, Helen has been in prison ever since. A couple of times in past years when released, she immediately engaged in an action that resulted in arrest and being returned directly to prison for violating parole.*

*She was released from FMC Carswell on Friday, September 9th after 27 years behind bars. Let's all welcome her back.*

### **9 Sept – Tim DeChristopher Has Been Transferred**

*Tim DeChristopher, sentenced to prison for two years for making fake bids at a land auction to disrupt the activities of the oil and gas companies, has been transferred to FCI Herlong. Tim's address is:*

**Tim DeChristopher #16156-081**  
**FCI Herlong**  
**Post Office Box 800**  
**Herlong, California 96113**

For more information, visit <http://bidder70.org>

### **15 Sept – Ghosts of Attica at BAM**

*This is the definitive account of America's most violent prison rebellion, its suppression, and the days of torture that ensued.*

#### **MORE:**

Using exclusive, newly uncovered video of the assault, interviews with eyewitnesses speaking on camera for the first time, and footage of inmates and hostages throughout their battles against the state, the film unravels one of America's deepest cover-ups, demonstrating the transformative impact of the riot on the lives of its survivors.

**WHEN:** 4:30, 6:50, 9:30pm, Thursday, September 15<sup>th</sup>

**WHERE:** BAM Rose Cinemas (30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, New York)

**COST:** \$12

There will be a panel discussion after the 6:50 showing. The panel will be moderated by Attica lawyer Michael Deutsch and the panel will include Brad Lichtenstein (Filmmaker), Elizabeth Fink (Attica Lawyer), and Michael Smith (Attica Guard).

### **18 Sept - 6th Annual Benefit Book Sale for Daniel McGowan**

**WHAT:** 6th Annual Benefit Book Sale for Daniel McGowan

**WHEN:** 11am to 7pm, Sunday, September 18th, 2011 [rain date: TBA]

**WHERE:** [Bedford Avenue at North 6th Street](#) in Brooklyn

**COST:** There will be books priced for any budget

It's that time of year again. With so many folks going back to school, books are on our minds. And what better way to get some great books than to also financially aid a political prisoner? We've had great success and good times with these book sales [in the past](#) and this year will be no different.

Why a fundraiser now? While you may not realize it, life in prison can actually be really expensive. From making overpriced phone calls and e-mail access, to having to buy basic necessities from the commissary at prices many times that of retail, Daniel's living costs have add up. For that reason, even if you can't make it to the book sale, please consider [donating to Daniel](#) today. Without donations from friends and supporters, Daniel would be unable to buy the minimal goods that provide a small amount of comfort while he is imprisoned. Not to mention the staggering amount of money he still owes for the legal representation during his trial.

On Sunday, September 18th, [Book Thug Nation](#) and [Family & Friends of Daniel McGowan](#) will be having an all-day book sale to raise money for Daniel's legal defense and commissary fund. The sale will be held at the Book Thug Nation book tables on Bedford Avenue and North 6th Street in Williamsburg Brooklyn. Along with great books at inexpensive prices, there will be music, a table with [Daniel t-shirts](#), merchandise and literature and maybe even some free food!

To make the sale happen we NEED your book donations-- preferably ahead of time. Please see the list of guidelines below for what to donate. The best way to donate is to bring your books to the Book Thug Nation storefront at [100 North 3rd Street](#) (between Berry and Wythe Streets) from 12-9pm any day before the sale. Please be sure to tell whoever is working that the books are specifically for the Daniel McGowan Benefit Sale. You can also bring books to North 6th Street and Bedford Avenue the morning of September 18th or contact

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[krazdale@gmail.com](mailto:krazdale@gmail.com) to make specific arrangements for donating.

### DONATION GUIDELINES

#### BOOKS WE WANT:

-Contemporary and Classic Literary Fiction (e.g. Murakami, Nabokov, Plath, Safran Foer, Hemingway, Didion, Poe, Bolano, et cetera)

-Non Fiction on topics such as:

History

Sociology

Women's Studies

African American

Latino/a

Art

Eastern Religion

Alternative Health/Nutrition

-Dictionaries and Thesauruses (these books will be donated directly to NYC Books Through Bars)

Books we DON'T want:

-Pulp fiction (a.k.a drug store paperbacks, best-sellers, e.g. Danielle Steele, Michael Crichton, Anne Rice, Tom Clancy, et cetera)

-Cook Books

-Self Help

Books that aren't sold on the day of the sale will be held for future benefits or donated to [NYC Books Through Bars](#).

Brought to you by [Book Thug Nation](#)

### **22 Sept 2011 - Celebrate Cisco Torres' Victory!**

**WHEN:** 6:00pm, Thursday, September 22nd

**WHERE:** Saint Mary's Church - 521 West 126th Street, New York, New York 10027

**COST:** FREE

We invite you to join us in the celebration of Cisco's and our movement's collective victory. We choose this moment to also bring the political prisoner work in closer collaboration with the struggles of the general incarcerated population. In that light, we are planning the following program called: CELEBRATE CISCO'S VICTORY! FREE 'EM ALL! STOP THE TORTURE! Finally, following the Jericho-led conference in Washington, we would like to have this event reflect a higher level of collaboration and unity among those of us who do political prisoner work.

We are showing the Angola 3 documentary (to highlight that horrific case which never quite gets enough attention), and will have the following speakers:

#### Cisco

**Larry White**, spent 32 years in prison, leading prisoner advocate at the Riverside Church Prison Ministry, Fortune Society, and so much else. Eddie Ellis, when receiving an award a few years back, said he thought Larry should have gotten it instead of him as he learned so much from Larry while in prison.

#### Ramona Africa

**Raqibah Fatimah Basir** released from Bedford this past Spring after 26 years of incarceration in different hell

holes, and subjected to endless harassment and beatings

Free 'em all,

**The Free Mumia Abu-Jamal Coalition  
International Concerned Family & Friends of Mumia Abu-Jamal  
MOVE**

**30 Sept – Black Panther Film Festival**

The third annual Black Panther Film Festival kicks off and has showings on September 30<sup>th</sup>, and then three days in October—the 1<sup>st</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup>, and 8<sup>th</sup>. Check <http://www.mayslesinstitute.org/cinema/bpp.html> for details.

**9 Oct – Benefit for Black Panther POW Sundiata Acoli**

*In Recognition Of The 45th Anniversary Of The Founding Of The Black Panther Party for Self Defense; The Safiya Bukhari-Albert Nuh Washington Foundation Presents a N.Y.C. benefit for 38 year long held panther political prisoner of war Sundiata Acoli. All proceeds to benefit the Sundiata Acoli freedom campaign legal expenses and the "A Power Sun" film project.*

**MORE:**

**WHEN:** 2:00-6:00pm, Sunday, October 9<sup>th</sup>

**WHERE:** The Brecht Forum, 451 West Street (between Bank and Bethune Streets) New York, New York 10014

**COST:** "Free Will Donations" (Please Bring Your Check Book)

The event will include

- a panel with members of the Sundiata freedom campaign & Sundiata's Former Black Panther Party/BLA Comrades
- Spoken Word By: Autumn Ashanti
- Film Preview: "A Power Sun - The Sundiata Acoli Story" Starring M-1 of Dead Prez
- Live Musical Performances

**Directions:** (A,C,E,L) Trains to 14th Street (walk south on 8th Avenue, right at Bethune Street, west toward the Hudson River, left on West Street)

**Information:** (212) 242-4201 or (212) 650-5008

**Organized By:** The Safiya Bukhari-Albert Nuh Washington Foundation & The Brecht Forum

**13 Oct - Attend Walter Bond's October 13<sup>th</sup> sentencing in Salt Lake City!**

*It sounds really stupid, but popularity counts in courtrooms. It is very important that people show up in person to these hearings to show support for the safety of the accused...The lawyers who have been interviewed... said that judges do not like being watched... and if you show they are being watched, they behave differently...pack that courtroom with family and friends to make the judge know he/she will be watched every step of the way. Lawyers interviewed about this also said it was important to pack the courtroom to humanize the accused past an identity solely reliant on the accused crime. In court, they automatically label the plaintiff the "victim," etc. and it is very manipulative language use.*

**WHEN:** Thursday, October 13, 2011 at 3:00 pm

**WHERE:** Room 142, 1<sup>st</sup> Floor, U.S. District Court, 350 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

**MORE:**

Join other supporters in the Salt Lake City courtroom where Walter Bond will be sentenced for A.L.F. actions targeting 2 businesses that profit from animal torture and death!

This is an opportunity to stand by prisoner-of-war Walter Bond, observe courtroom proceedings first-hand, and show the press that abolitionists support Walter 100%.