

Updates for March 31st

15 Mar - Krow's Response to G-TAC's 'Withdrawal' (From Behind Bars in Iron City Jail)

Krow is currently serving a nine month sentence in county jail for taking part in a disruption of mining activities in the Penokee Hills.

MORE:

After dedicating approximately five years of our lives to the struggle to stop the proposed 'Taconite' mine in Northern Wisconsin, and keep the Penokee Hills therein wild, myself and I'm sure many others are elated to hear that Gogebic Taconite (G-TAC) is closing their office in Hurley, Wisconsin; subsequently, they are withdrawing their 'forces' from the Penokee Hills. Due to insurmountable numbers of wetlands G-TAC has no economic desire to 'mitigate post proposed-destruction, they are seemingly disengaging from the project for now.... As a botanist and participant of plant surveys conducted within the Bad River Watershed and Penokee Hills area, along with several others, the power of plants and their surrounding ecosystems astounds me! In conjunction with direct action and grassroots organizing, the mine proposal is at least temporarily stopped—for a good deal of years! My spirits are rejuvenated in seeing that people can really make a difference. We must stay vigilant and never stop fighting; striving and preparing to be more on the offensive is always a good plan. The Penokees are not truly saved from the threats of industrial resource extraction, just like anywhere, until they are intentionally set aside for something other than slated destruction (whether it be mining, logging, etc.), or permanently 'looked after' by some kind of protectors/Ogichida, etc.

It should be noted that the Penokees are not temporarily saved due to simply "manifesting" protection; that surely cannot hurt and can strengthen actions, I believe, but it does just that—strengthens actions, it does not create them. The Penokee Hills are not saved due to folks sitting idly by in the face of potential deadly resource extraction. We must thank grassroots organizing that derived from **Indigenous communities** and the will to survive as well as honor old traditions of living that are and were paramount in fostering a continued relationship with the forest, outside of economic gain.

We should extend many thanks to all those that helped establish Harvest Camp in the Penokee Hills (opposing the world's largest iron mine proposal), those that have lived there and helped it survive, and/or those that continue to do so... It's been a long road, and we are not yet at its end. We must continue to support each other, and try to help each other embrace methods of existing that require less mining, wherever possible, whilst keeping in mind that the US military industrial complex will utilize more resources than any one individual and/or groups of people combined over multiple lifetimes... One cannot stop something such as a mine with the liberal guilt-trip idea of "voting with your dollar" it is not that simple.

So, in the midst of this daunting and eventually forced paradigm shift (due to lack of certain 'resources'), we must continue to oppose and disrupt business as usual for industrial resource extraction projects whenever possible, simultaneously recognizing **disparities between different groups and demographics of people** that effect their abilities to be involved with/help on certain issues... Whenever possible, resist by existing, never standing idly by—for those of you that have dropped off the face of the earth and started your "rad land project," and just want to be "done with it all," never forget all the folks that are less fortunate, and non-humyn creatures you've left behind. Use your privilege for "good"; and do not be a "rope puller." Some day, they may come for your land—"community" is never obsolete. Find balance between misanthropy and compassion for the currently living, humyn and non. It's always a lovely and harsh reminder that we need the Earth, the Earth does not "need" us, though.

16 Mar - Judge Rules Against Prisoners In 'Little Guantanamo' Lawsuit

A federal judge ruled against inmates who had challenged highly restrictive federal prison units, dealing a severe blow to their five-year attempt to close what are sometimes called Little Guantanamos.

MORE:

by Matt Sledge (*Huffington Post*)

For years, advocates have complained about the special prison wings set up in the wake of 9/11 called "communication management units." The units restrict prisoners' links to the outside world, severely limiting phone time and barring contact with visitors.

At first, most prisoners in the special wings were Muslims. Today, the inmates are more diverse.

In her opinion for the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, Judge Barbara Rothstein wrote that the Bureau of Prisons' units do not violate inmates' rights because the additional restrictions are "limited in nature" compared to ordinary prison units, and are far better than solitary confinement. She granted the government's motion for summary judgment in the case.

"In short, except where communication is concerned, (communication management units) function like a general population unit," Rothstein said.

Former prisoners like Daniel McGowan disagree. Sentenced to seven years for arson as a result of his actions with the Earth Liberation Front, McGowan was one of the few non-Muslim prisoners placed in the units.

For McGowan, the difference between a regular federal prison and one of the CMUs was like night and day. The CMU left him feeling isolated and placed a deep strain on his marriage. He was originally a plaintiff in the lawsuit, but he was dismissed from the case after he was released from prison.

Rothstein's ruling "ignores the reality of what these prisoners are living through," said Rachel Meeropol, an attorney at the Center for Constitutional Rights who argued for the prisoners.

"We know that maintaining contact with one's family and one's loved ones is the single most important aspect of rehabilitation," she said.

The plaintiffs' lawyers had argued that while federal prisoners typically spend only about a week in solitary confinement, stints in the CMUs can last years. Unlike prisoners in solitary confinement, CMU prisoners are allowed to leave their cells. But their phone calls to the outside world are limited and heavily monitored.

The lawyers also alleged that the government used arbitrary and faulty procedures to place prisoners in the special units, although Rothstein did not address that claim.

Meeropol said the plaintiffs will decide soon whether to appeal the decision. "We'll be considering all of our options," she said.

In the meantime, she said she is heartened at least that the Bureau of Prisons has loosened some of the restrictions since their lawsuit was filed in 2010.

"Just the light that litigation has shown on the unit has resulted in some significant changes that we're proud of, even though we're experiencing this current setback," she said. "Prisoners are now moved out of the unit regularly. A normal stay is probably a year and a half, compared to prisoners who spent four or five years there."

Whatever the fate of the larger litigation against the special units, McGowan is still pursuing his own separate claim against the federal prison system. After McGowan wrote a blog entry for *The Huffington Post* in 2013 about the conditions in the CMUs, federal marshals picked him up from a halfway house and threw him in jail.

Only after the frantic efforts of his lawyers was McGowan released. His lawsuit over retaliation, filed in

September, continues.

17 Mar - Dante Cano Update

Dante was recently released, but while still in jail wrote a statement, and still needs support.

MORE:

March 17th - Keep the Struggle Alive!

To all those still keeping the fire alive, my name is Dante Cano.

I was arrested by the pigs on Friday the 13th, at a march “Against the Police State.” It was an international call-out against militarization of the pigs and police repression towards black lives in so-called “America.”

I was also out there that night for all those killed in racist murders and the killing of a woman that was shot by the Emeryville police outside of Home Depot.

I was violently attacked for supposedly breaking a Men’s Warehouse window. I was tackled and beaten by OPD, then put in a van and taken four to five blocks away. I was then asked if a bat and a black bag was mind. I said, “Fuck no.” Police beat me once more in the van and then took me to jail.

I’m facing a felony vandalism charge and another for failing to disperse.

I have been here in Santa Rita for 28 days, as of March 12th, in medium maximum security. I am going to court on Wednesday the 11th.

I am an anarchist facing repression by the State.

It is hard dealing with the racial conditions in prison as well as the racist comments made by other white inmates. I have almost got into a fight several times. And if I do, I will be jumped by other inmates and moved to another unit segregated from others in the jail. Most likely I will get into another fight and get jumped, but ‘fuck-em.’

I mostly have been reading and making spreads with the money on my books and sleeping by myself.

I want to show my love and support to my house collective called, ‘LA IDEA,’ and the (ARC), Anti-Repression Committee.

There should be a fundraiser soon for me. I hope friends and comrades can go. The money will go back to the ARC.

Please write me. It takes 10 days for me to get any mail. I will update if I get moved to another unit. Future information will be posted on freedante.noblogs.org.

Keep the struggle alive!

ACAB

March 21st - Dante Has Been Released! Fight Continues in Court

Dante has been released thanks to the hard work for friends, those who donated to the bail fund, and groups like the Anti-Repression Committee. The fight against his charges in Oakland will continue however, with another court date happening on Wednesday, March 25th, at the Superior Courthouse in Oakland (located by Lake Merritt) in Department 12. We ask all supporters to attend.

Also, while Dante has been bailed out, we still want to continue to raise funds to cover potential costs. We also want to stand in solidarity with the Ferguson 3, three young people who were arrested in the wake of the revolt in Oakland.

17 Mar - New writings by Mumia Abu-Jamal

We're including the transcript of Mumia's latest commentaries.

MORE:

March 17th - Words VS. Deeds

For now, the fraternity Sigma Alpha Epsilon is perhaps the most famous fraternity in America - for all the wrong reasons.

It's also been disbanded from the campus of the University of Oklahoma, at Norman, for all the wrong reasons.

Despite what you may believe, it's been disbanded because it got caught on tape, and it embarrassed the university.

Period.

Consider this: a silly, racist chant among teenaged college students lands several of them with immediate expulsions - and the closure of its house.

In neighboring Missouri, an entire city targets, oppresses and exploits millions of dollars from a Black community (Ferguson) - and lest we forget, kills them, on a whim - and who gets fired?

No one.

Oh, there's some resignations, yes - but not one firing! There's a world of difference between the two.

In Oklahoma, the most powerless people on campus, the youngest, are handed the most extreme sanction: expulsions.

In Missouri, politicians and police, who criminally conspired to loot, exploit and bleed an entire community -- and no one gets fired.

What's worse - racist words, or racist actions that hurt thousands of people - for years?

The University of Oklahoma, founded in 1890, could have used this as, well, a teaching moment, about the way racism moves from one generation to the next, and how closed systems - in groups - perpetuate these ideas.

The University, while disclaiming these ideas, could've used its history department to teach the roots of these ideas in American - and Oklahoman - history. If it has an African America studies program, it could've been a time to shine, by providing a study program for SAE members.

But, first and foremost, it could've defended the First Amendment principle of freedom of speech, and used the light of reason to flush out the power of racist hatred.

Instead, a 19-year-old is marked, perhaps for life, with the brand of racism, for being drunk and stupid - and mean. After the shock wears off, bitterness will fill his soul.

College, of all places, can't jump the gun for PR reasons. It must use opportunities to teach, to enlighten, to broaden consciousness for all students.

Even those - especially those - who love to sing about hanging niggers.

March 26th - Justified

After the roaring summer of 2014, of angry youth protests that shook over 200 cities on the issue of cop violence

and official impunity in the use of state violence, it's worth our while to look this situation in its face.

The cops do what cops do because a machinery of protection and whitewashing exists around them. From politicians to politician-controlled grand juries which do the whitewash and cover-up work.

We all know (or think we do) the case of Fred Hampton, the eloquent, brilliant young leader of the Black Panthers in Chicago. Shot in bed (in the head!), after having been drugged by his own man, a rat for the feds.

Did you know a Chicago Grand Jury labeled his murder "justifiable homicide"?

In other words, killing a sleeping man, is cool?

I may've known it when I was a teenager; I may have forgotten this horrific fact.

But reading a few days ago, *Up Against the Wall: Violence in the Making and Unmaking of the Black Panther Party*, by Curtis J. Auston, reminded me: "justifiable homicide".

"Justifiable Homicide."

Think of that when you think of Mike Brown, Tamir Rice, Eric Garner...or yourself.

Think of what grand juries meant then -- and today.

18 Mar - Here's What the Feds Were Investigating Before 9/11. And It's Not Al-Qaeda.

Just three months before the September 11th attacks, U.S. anti-terrorism resources weren't focused on Al-Qaeda — they were also being spent trying to build a case against environmental activists for "weapons of mass destruction" based on website posts.

MORE:

by Will Potter (*Green Is the New Red*)

New documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act show that the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms opened an investigation to determine whether Anarchist Cookbook-style booklets posted online violated a law against distributing information related to weapons of mass destruction.

The booklets were posted on EarthLiberationFront.com, which was the public website operated by above-ground supporters of an illegal, underground group called the Earth Liberation Front, or ELF. The ELF uses property destruction, including arson, to inflict economic damage on businesses they say are damaging the environment.

The group has used arson to sabotage logging companies, ski resorts, and genetic engineering research, but they have never injured a human being.

I have reported extensively on how the FBI has classified animal rights and environmental activists as the "number one domestic terrorism threat," but these documents show for the first time that, in the lead-up to the worst terrorist attack in U.S. history, multiple law enforcement agencies were aggressively trying to prosecute protest groups with no history of bloodshed.

Is Burning a SUV a "WMD"?

The zines, titled "Arson around with Auntie ALF [Animal Liberation Front]" and "Setting Fires With Electrical Timers: An Earth Liberation Front Guide," are exactly what the names suggest: crude instructions for homemade incendiary devices.

A week after "Setting Fires" was posted in June of 2001, the government opened the investigation and considered whether public ELF spokespersons could face criminal charges.

The documents were released to Leslie James Pickering through the Freedom of Information Act. Pickering was once an ELF spokesperson; now he is living with his family in Buffalo, New York, running a radical bookstore, and frequently speaking at universities. He and his attorney, Michael Kuzma, have been fighting to obtain his 30,000-page FBI file, and an explanation for the government's continued monitoring of his mail.

The ELF's underground actions are clearly illegal. The group knows this, and so do its aboveground supporters. Pickering says he knew that his public support of illegal tactics years would put him under surveillance, but he was surprised to see what law enforcement was actually considering.

“Firmly against that kind of horror”

“Back in the '90s I would never have thought they'd be investigating me for something like weapons of mass destruction,” Pickering told me. “I'd never even heard of a WMD until the U.S. invasion of Iraq, years later, and have always been firmly against that kind of horror. If you think about it for even just a moment, you'll realize that its this government that stockpiles and detonates WMDs, not us.”

Posting this information online is controversial, and it's not surprising it would create a serious law enforcement investigation. But it's the same information published in books like the Anarchist Cookbook, which has been lawfully available for years. Amazon lists the books as a “bestseller” and sells the “Starting Fires” booklet as well.

The booklets include instructions for setting fires with the kitchen timers, incense sticks and sponges—not to harm human beings or attack the government, but to sabotage SUVs, logging trucks, and lab equipment used for animal experimentation.

Opening a counter-terrorism investigation like this is “insulting to the countless victims of nuclear weapons and other WMDs,” Pickering says. “Nobody has ever even been hurt by the Earth Liberation Front's incendiaries. You couldn't even begin to say that about of the weapons wielded daily by federal agents of the FBI and the ATF.”

19 Mar - The Barrett Brown Review of Arts and Letters and Jail: A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Prison

We're including Barrett's latest writing below.

MORE:

by Barrett Brown (*D Magazine*)

The seven guys with whom I recently spent two months living in a small room at the Kaufman County Jail while awaiting transfer were in the distressing habit of compulsively watching local TV news, which is the lowest form of news. They would even watch more than one network's evening news program in succession, presumably so as to get differing perspectives on the day's suburban house fires and rush-hour lane closings rather than having to view these events through a single ideological prism.

One day, there was a report about a spate of bank robberies by a fellow the media was dubbing the Lunch Money Bandit after his habit of always striking around noon, when tellers were breaking for lunch. Later that week, there was another report on the suspect, accompanied by surveillance footage — and then, shortly afterward, he was actually brought in to our cell, having just been captured when the cops received a tip from a former accomplice who'd been picked up on unrelated charges.

Lunch Money was an affable twentysomething guy from New Orleans who'd lost his two front teeth fighting off a couple of assailants who'd tried to rob his family's motel room after Katrina and had already done four years in federal prison for other bank robberies. He would have gladly taken a real job if he'd been able to find one, he said. Still, he conceded, “I just love robbing banks.” I couldn't imagine what there is to love about such a career; this isn't the old days when a bank robbery entailed brandishing a Tommy gun, dynamiting a safe, and tearing off in a stolen Model T roadster with your hard-drinking flapper girlfriend and a dozen cloth sacks adorned with

dollar sign symbols. These guys today just sort of walk up to the teller and hand over a note to the effect that they have a gun (which they don't — going armed carries a more serious charge, and there's no point in bringing a gun to a bank that's federally insured, even in Texas).

Drug dealers find bank robbers to be fascinating eccentrics and tend to pepper them with questions. One cocaine entrepreneur asked Lunch Money, "What if, like, when you handed her the note, the bitch just laughed in your face?"

"Man, that'd be fucked up," he replied thoughtfully, visibly shaken by this potential revolution in human affairs.

One night, as we all lay in our bunks discussing the wicked world, Lunch Money proclaimed that Magic Johnson had never actually had HIV and that the whole thing had merely been a plot by the CIA, which had paid him handsomely to fake it so that he could later pretend to "recover" and the U.S. medical establishment could take credit for having developed such effective HIV treatments. As evidence, he noted that Johnson was inexplicably worth over a billion dollars. I debated with him about this for an hour. I'm not too bothered by my five-year prison sentence, as it will be neat to get out when it's over and see to what extent video game graphics have improved while I was away, but I sure would like to get back the hour I spent arguing about Magic Johnson's HIV status with the fucking Lunch Money Bandit.

The other day I was woken up at 4:30 am, escorted to a small, bare room, strip-searched, put in handcuffs and leg shackles, had a heavy chain wrapped around my midsection, and placed in the back of a dark and cage-lined van that looked like something from one of those Saw movies. But this was good news. It meant that, having recently gotten my ludicrous sentence, I'd now been "designated." A crack team of specially trained federal prison picker-outers had chosen a facility for me. I was now to begin the multi-stage pilgrimage to the particular compound where I'll be spending the next one to two years, depending on whether I get into any further trouble (so, two years).

For the majority of federal defendants, this Prisoner's Progress, as I'm pleased to call it, entails "catching chain," or being put on the weekly prison bus and taken to the federal inmate processing facility in Oklahoma, where the federal government has been sending its victims since the Trail of Tears. They'll spend a week or so there before being shipped in turn to their designated prison. Prisons being far more humane than the amusingly horrid little detention centers where most inmates facing charges are kept until they inevitably give in and plea to a crime, this journey is viewed with fond anticipation by federal prisoners, who thus constitute the only population in human history among which it is common to be excited about the prospect of going to Oklahoma.

As for me, I'd rather rip off my own balls and mail them to Stratfor as restitution than set foot in a third-rate state like Oklahoma, regardless of what wonders may lie at the end of that particular rainbow, so it's a fine thing that I was just going down the road to the Fort Worth Federal Correctional Institution, which will be my home for the next, er, two years. I know little of Fort Worth other than that it's a lawless haven for half-caste Indian fighters and shiftless part-time cowhands looking to blow their greenbacks and Comanche scalps at one of the town's countless Chinese-run opium dens, nor am I bothered by the possibility that what little I do know about the town may be 130 years out of date and racist. But I specifically requested that I be sent to this benighted city's federal prison. For one thing, I'd already "toured the campus," as it were, shortly after my arrest, when I spent two months at FCI Fort Worth's jail unit so that the resident psychologists could subject me to a competency evaluation. (Based on their report, Judge Sam Lindsay declared me competent to participate in a trial, which is more than I can say for Judge Sam Lindsay.)

Fort Worth is also the only federal prison aside from FCI Seagoville that's located near Dallas, and I'm pretty sure I'm still banned from that one, as noted in a prior column, and naturally I want to be close to my parents so that they can visit me with some regularity. My mom, a writer and editor and former flight attendant and South Texas beauty queen who once took me on a vacation to see a swimming pig at a place called Aquarena Springs, is a valuable fountainhead of media gossip, including which outlets are currently going down in flames (The

New Republic, as it turns out), and always makes sure to let me know whether and to what extent my haircut is inadequate. Sometimes, if I happen to have a pimple, she insists on popping it right then and there in the visiting room, right in front of the other criminals. Note that I am 33 years old and, arguably, a hardened convict.

Likewise, my dad is my chief source of information regarding plot developments in what I gather to be a popular television program called *The Blacklist*, new episodes of which he details to me at great length at every opportunity, although I have never asked him for these reports or expressed any interest in the show whatsoever. Incidentally, when I was a kid, he took me on five different occasions to see a film called *Hard Target* in which the protagonist, ably portrayed by Jean Claude van Damme, finds himself hunted for sport by a wealthy fellow and his mercenary squad of professional trackers, all of whom he ends up killing in turn. My dad also gave me a promotional poster for this movie and, for years afterward, would turn to me and solemnly proclaim the film's tagline, "Don't hunt what you can't kill," which I suppose is as good advice as any.

Last time he came for a visit, he began to relate to me, apropos of nothing, the nature and potential killing power of some sort of subterranean supervolcano located at Yellowstone and the general circumstances under which it will someday explode and kill a great majority of North Americans, an event which he prophesied with obvious relish. It's not that he's one of those ecological mystics who despise humanity and long to see Mother Earth fight back against the ravages of industrial sentience or some such irritating thing. Quite the contrary. In my younger days, he would often drag me around East Texas and command me to assassinate deer and wild boars with rifles he would supply for the purpose, even though I had no ideological differences with any of these animals, and one time, when I was 17, he took me to East Africa to help him exploit the resident natural resources alongside a group of ex-military adventurers with whom we had somehow managed to attach ourselves (this expedition failed rather spectacularly), and lately he seems to have gotten involved in fracking. So he's certainly no partisan of Nature. It's just that he's fond of power in its rawest forms, and if he smiles at the prospect of 400 million deaths, it is only because he feels that man is insufficiently reverent of this particular supervolcano, this god-made-manifest, which therefore has no choice but to lash out against us as punishment. He's also a longtime pillar of the Dallas Safari Club and on at least one occasion of which I am aware was literally almost eaten by a lion. I could go on and on. Thankfully my parents are divorced, and so I usually only have to deal with these hyperactive Southern Gothic archetypes one at a time these days. Occasionally, though, they set aside their differences in order to come harass me together, and I eventually emerge from the visitation room looking haunted.

I wasn't taken straight to Fort Worth from Kaufman County, as that would be too quick and easy and cost effective, the prison being less than a half-hour's drive away; rather, I was taken to the federal courthouse in downtown Dallas to wait for another ride to the Mansfield jail, where I'd already spent much of 2013, and from which I'd eventually be taken to Fort Worth next time a U.S. Marshal happened to be going in that general direction. At the end of the day's no doubt majestic federal court proceedings, I was placed back in the chew-your-arm-off-and-only-then-shall-I-give-you-the-key van for the ride over to Mansfield. In the rusty cage next to mine were two girls, shackled like I was, who had been to court that afternoon. One had been crying; she'd just been sentenced to eight years for conspiracy to distribute marijuana despite having originally been given reason to expect considerably less time, as she'd cooperated with the FBI. The agents had clearly found her testimony helpful, as they'd met with her a second time, but nonetheless they'd neglected to ask the judge for the sentence reduction they'd promised her in exchange. Like most drug dealers, this girl was in the habit of making and keeping bargains on the strength of her word and expected others to do likewise, but then she'd never dealt with the FBI before.

Just as she finished sobbing out her story, something rather incredible happened: the U.S. Marshal who was driving us back to the jail, having been listening to this account, apparently decided that he was sick of serving as another cog in a fascist system that literally places females in chains and ruins their lives over consensual non-crimes like selling marijuana, because he pulled over, stepped out of the van, came around the back, unlocked the girl's cage, removed her chains and leg irons and handcuffs, gave her all the cash he had on him, kissed her on the forehead, and advised her to hitchhike to Mexico and then catch a flight to Europe, where she'd have another chance at life, far away from the all-seeing state that had sought to deprive her of her youth and freedom.

Just kidding. Actually he drove us to the jail while the girl cried in her cage.

20 Mar - An Update From Dr. Mutulu Shakur

Our comrade was recently bitten by a brown recluse and gives an update on his health.

MORE:

Dear family, friends, and comrades,

I just got out of the hospital today. I had two operational procedures on my foot. Thank God that they saved my limbs. I am on the mend, which will take about three months. Please send out the word for those who have been trying to contact me by email or otherwise.

What happened, I was bitten by a brown recluse; unbeknownst I took a shower and caught a staph infection. The medical staff, leaning towards a diabetes condition or gout, failed to administer antibiotics upon my first examination. It took them weeks trying to eliminate all the possibilities to their satisfaction for them to send me to the hospital.

I spent approximately 18 days in the hospital, they were leaning towards amputating my leg above the knee. We pushes for a 24 hour, 5 day intravenous regime. It pushed the infection down to the foot and operations began to save the foot.

I also found out while in the hospital that I was being over medicated and was misdiagnosed no the status of my diabetes.

Like I always say, I am an alligator, I live in mud or water, and the fire is still burning in my belly, but I can't lie this was a rough one. This is one time I thank Allah for these slave feet (*_~).

24 Mar - Why You Can't Bomb Your Way To Peace – Poem by Marius Mason

Here's the latest poem by Marius Mason.

MORE:

Why You Can't Bomb Your Way To Peace

Imagine

A steel-walled room, enclosed and full

Of children playing, grandmothers and the wash and
angry young men with an ax to grind.

Oh yes, and a single shooter.

The loaded pistol raised,

What moral authority will pull the trigger?

And if it does, if judgment issues vengeance, eschews logic,

Directs the bullet outward

To the metal wall in a spirited trajectory

Behind their heads, they turn to look,

What then?

How can one possibly predict or calculate the collateral damage done

As that shot explodes in lethal fragments,

Ricochets

Around the room,

Seeking something soft.

“The rain falls equally upon the guilty and the innocent”, we have been told

A war like this, like weather flows

A flood that brooks no peace

Forever

24 Mar - PBS features Chelsea Manning art exhibit

STATE OF THE ARTS, a program on the public broadcasting station NJTV, featured an exhibition of Chelsea Manning art on display until July 30, 2015 at Rutgers University in Newark, New Jersey. The exhibition features the artwork from Clark Stoeckley's graphic novel, *The United States vs. Private Chelsea Manning*.

MORE:

Drawing and writing in real time from inside the courtroom, artist and WikiLeaks activist Clark Stoeckley documents the court-martial of Chelsea Manning in *The United States vs. Private Chelsea Manning*. Stoeckley's sketches from inside the court and beyond are paired together with carefully selected transcripts of the proceedings and trace the arguments as they move back and forth between the defense and the prosecution.

In his *STATE OF THE ARTS* appearance, Stoeckley comments on the lack of media presence that inspired him to document the trial:

"This was the first time anyone going to a journalistic organization was being charged with aiding the enemy, and it was one of the few times anyone was charged with espionage for going to a journalistic organization. But, when it came to covering the trial, the mainstream media just fell flat... The courtroom sketch artist was not regularly attending. I felt something needed to change that. That there needed to be images coming out everyday of the proceedings."

Stoeckley's work will be on display in the Criminal Justice Gallery of Rutgers University until July 30, 2015, and copies of *The United States vs. Private Chelsea Manning* are available for purchase at <https://orders.couragetoresist.org/shop/the-us-vs-pvt-chelsea-manning-book>

24 Mar - Carlos, Amelie and Fallon have been released

According to a report by ABC Mexico, anarchist prisoners Carlos, Amelie and Fallon were released March 13th.

MORE:

Amelie and Fallon were transferred directly to an immigration prison to be deported back to Canada. Given the condition of the place: restricted visits and lack of information, the situation of the companions was unclear until March 23 when they were deported.

Recall that the comrades were sentenced for an incendiary attack with molotovs against a Nissan dealership and the Ministry of Communication and Transportation in Mexico City.

25 Mar - Notes From Jalil Muntaqim About Two Lawsuits

About a month ago, the New York Post, the Albany Times-Union, and some other media outlets carried a story mocking Jalil Muntaqim for what they characterized as a frivolous lawsuit. The media described the suit as a demand for access to premium cable channels. When asked to describe the suit, here is what Jalil wrote.

MORE:

On February 5, 2011, I arrived here at Attica from Auburn, and was no longer able to receive monthly food packages. That is because this is a "TV facility," which means there has allegedly been a vote by the prisoners to trade their monthly food packages for in-cell TV's. I investigated and found there was no record of such a vote ever being conducted.

Also, in terms of the TV program, the Inmate Liaison Committee (ILC) is supposed to ensure the programming is what the inmate population wants. This includes the contract with the cable provider being able to offer "premium stations."

However, there are two problems with this arrangement:

1 - There is no elected ILC here; rather, there are prisoners who have been appointed by the administration to be ILC representatives. This is in violation of the specific Department of Corrections and Community Supervision

(DOCCS) Directives on the election of ILC members.

2 - The cable provider ripped off the ILC for \$3,000 when it declared bankruptcy, abruptly cutting off "premium channels" without notification after the ILC had paid for that service.

I further learned that the cable provider had not gone bankrupt, and that money used from the inmate fund was allegedly used to renovate the former superintendent's office. I obtained a letter from former ILC members, written to a lawyer at Prisoner Legal Services in Albany, requesting them to urge the Attorney General to conduct an audit of the inmate fund account. I also obtained two sworn affidavits stating there had not been an ILC election here in years.

Essentially, the administration is in violation of several Directives, which were made part of the lawsuit. Of course, the only thing the newspaper journalist focused on was the argument about the cable premium stations. They did this to vilify and demean my character. The journalist only needed to submit a Freedom of Information request to get a copy of the petition filed with the court--that is public record. Needless to say, the court ignored the sworn affidavits and exhibits attached to the petition exposing the extent of misappropriation of inmate funds at Attica.

I am now appealing the dismissal of the petition. This appeal goes to the New York State Court of Appeals.

That's the real deal: me fighting the system from the inside with no help. I have five petitions in the courts, a claim on appeal and a lawsuit I have been fighting since 2003 on appeal at the U.S. Court of Appeals, with oral arguments calendered for APRIL 16, 2015. Please mark this date on your calendars, as I would like to have a few folks in Court (at Foley Square) for those oral arguments. This appeal is represented by an attorney at Hughes, Hubbard, and Reed, in NYC.

As you can see, I am fighting on several fronts.

2 Apr - Political Prisoners, Resistance, & Mass Incarceration

WHAT: Race and the Criminal Justice System: Political Prisoners, Resistance, and Mass Incarceration Part II

WHEN: 6:00-9:00pm, Thursday, April 2nd

WHERE: Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture - 515 Malcolm X Boulevard New York, New York 10037

COST: FREE

MORE:

"From Ferguson to Staten Island, the #blacklivesmatter campaign has put the treatment of Black people in the criminal justice system front and center in public conversation. Police brutality and the unequal treatment of Black people in the criminal justice system have a long history in the United States; as do campaigns to challenge it. Join us for an exciting two-month conversation where we explore this bigger history of mass incarceration; the racial inequalities of policing, prosecution and sentencing; the long history of political prisoners; and the campaigns of resistance built by black communities and prisoners themselves from the civil rights era to today.

We are joined by six authors of important books that are must-reads for people interested in the long history of racial inequality and Black resistance in the criminal justice system: Bryan Stevenson (Just Mercy); Dan Berger (Captive Nation: Black Prison Organizing in the Civil Rights Era), Vikki Law (Resistance Behind Bars: The Struggles of Incarcerated Women) in March; Ruth Wilson Gilmore (Golden Gulag: Prisons, Surplus, Crisis, and Opposition in Globalizing California); Laura Whitehorn (The War Before: The True Life Story of Becoming a Black Panther, Keeping the Faith in Prison, and Fighting for Those Left Behind) and Arun Kundnani (The Muslims Are Coming: Islamophobia, Extremism, and the Domestic War on Terror)."

12 Apr - Jake Conroy On Activism, Repression, and Imprisonment

WHAT: Former Political Prisoner Jake Conroy

WHEN: 7pm sharp, Sunday, April 12th, 2015

WHERE: The Base – 1302 Myrtle Avenue Brooklyn, New York 11221 (directions below)

NOTE: The Base is on the ground floor, is wheelchair accessible, and has a gender neutral toilet.

COST: FREE

MORE:

NYC ABC is happy to co-sponsor this event with the National Lawyers Guild's NLG-NYC Animal Rights Activism Committee, who, among other things, provide legal support and resources to animal rights activists.

Jake Conroy is a long-time activist, designer, and writer based in San Francisco, California. As a co-founder of Ocean Defense International, he helped lead the first ever disruption of a whale hunt in US coastal waters, putting himself between the hunter and the hunted. He also helped build the foundation of Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty USA (SHAC USA), one of the most successful grassroots animal rights campaigns in history. Due to his involvement with SHAC USA, he was a co-defendant in the SHAC7 case and was sentenced to 48 months in federal prison. Jake is currently working at an international environmental non-profit campaigning against corporate polluters. He can also be found speaking around the US, and working on the projects he helped co-found— Bite Back Magazine, the Animal Defense League San Francisco, and the blog Plant Based on a Budget.

Jake will speak about his involvement in SHAC USA and the repression they experienced from the US government and corporate investigators, as well by the Bureau of Prisons while incarcerated. He will discuss being the target of a multi-agency terrorism investigation, learning he was on a high-profile prisoners list, and navigating living a life branded as a terrorist in post-9/11 society.

16 Apr - Pack the Courtroom For Jalil Muntaqim

WHAT: Court Support

WHEN: 9:30am, Thursday, April 16th

WHERE: Thurgood Marshall U.S. Courthouse - 40 Foley Square, New York, New York 10007

MORE:

There will be oral arguments in Bottom v. Pataki in Room 1505 at 10 a.m. Although Jalil will not be in court himself, he would like people to turn out and show community support. Be there by 9:30 a.m. at the latest in order to be in the courtroom on time. nycjericho@gmail.com - 917.544.1577 For more info: freejalil.com