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Updates for August 6th

22 Jul - The Passing of our Comrade, Tsutomu Shirosaki

It is with a sad heart that we report the passing of Tsutomu Shirosaki.

MORE:

Tsutomu, a political prisoner and an alleged former militant in the Japanese Red Army, died Saturday while in a Japanese prison. Tsutomu died after choking during a meal. He was deeply loved and respected by members of the Los Angeles Anarchist Black Cross.

Tsutomu Shirosaki was born on December 5, 1947 in Toyama, Japan. In the 1960s, he went to Tokyo University, where he received a degree in engineering. It was during his college years, where Tsutomu began participating in the student movement, embracing a more left-wing philosophy. By the 1970s, Shirosaki participated in various underground activities, including a string of bank and post office robberies. These actions were fund-raising activities for Japanese radical groups. But in 1971, Shirosaki was arrested in Tokyo and sentenced to ten years in prison for an attack on a Bank of Yokohama branch office.

Flight 472 Hijack

On September 28, 1977, five members of the Japanese Red Army hijacked Japan Airlines Flight 472 in Dhaka, Bangladesh. They demanded \$6 million from the Japanese government and the release of nine prisoners held in Japan. The prisoners listed included radical activist and members of the Japanese Red Army.

On October 2, six of the nine prisoners were released and taken to Dhaka. One of those prisoners released was Tsutomu

Shirosaki. The released prisoners, the JRA hijackers and the remaining hostages then flew to Algeria, where the hostages were released. According to Shirosaki, the released prisoners and JRA members eventually ended up in Lebanon. After the drama of the hijacked settled, the Japanese authorities announced that the released prisoners should turn themselves in to the nearest Japanese embassy. With no response from the prisoners, the Japanese government placed the freed prisoners on the Interpol wanted list.

Tsutomu Shirosaki, while choosing freedom, had no idea where to go. He had never traveled outside of Japan and spoke no other language than his own. The other freed prisoners found themselves in a similar situation. According to Shirosaki, the Japanese Red Army assisted the freed prisoners in adjusting to the new region. Despite the generosity of the JRA, Shirosaki has stated that he never joined the organization. Instead, he became a volunteer fighter in the Palestinian revolution with the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP.) With the Palestinian movement being so strong in Lebanon, Shirosaki did not need a passport to stay in the country.

Tsutomu Shirosaki never took the stand at his own trial. He has stated he had no part in the attacks in Jakarta or membership with the Japanese Red Army or the Anti-Imperialist International Brigade. He has argued that his fingerprint had been placed at the scene. In his own words, "I did not know that planting a copied finger print from a file is easy work, even in the early '70s a corrupted policeman did, but a few years later it became clear. But I didn't know such information, as mentioned, I was in Japan's jail, then in Lebanon, then in South Asia, so no news about such activities."

Tsutomu Shiroasaki was sentenced to two concurrent 20-year terms, two concurrent 10-year terms. The 20-year terms were ordered to run consecutively to the 10-year terms for a total prison time of 30 years in federal prison.

1986 Bombing in Jakarta

On May 14, 1986, two mortar-styled rockets were fired into the U.S. Embassy compound in Jakarta, Indonesia. Then, two rockets were fired from a hotel room toward the Japanese Embassy. Also that morning, a car bomb exploded in the Canadian Embassy parking lot causing injuries to three people. A group calling itself the Anti-Imperialist International Brigade (AIIB) claimed responsibility for the action. The attacks were in response to the G7 summit in Tokyo.

Seven weeks after the incident, the Japanese government announced that they

had found a fingerprint of Tsutomu Shiroasaki in the hotel room where the rockets were launched at the Japanese embassy. They also claimed the Anti-Imperialist International Brigade was another named for the Japanese Red Army.

During the time of the attack, Tsutomu Shiroasaki was still in Lebanon. He was not in Jakarta and was not a member of either the JRA or the AIIB. Shiroasaki did not respond to the claims of his involvement because he felt they were so ridiculous. He was in Lebanon and thought that he was in a safe haven.

After the Oslo Accords, it became difficult for the Palestinian armed resistance to exist in Lebanon, so Shiroasaki decided to leave. Using a false ID, he traveled to South Asia.

In December of 1987, Italian authorities announced an international warrant for Tsutomu Shiroasaki and another suspected AIIB/JRA member, Junzo Okudaira, for an attack on the U.S. Embassy in Rome six months earlier. The attack, claimed by the AIIB, was committed in response to the Economic Summit taking place in Venice, Italy.

The Arrest and Deportation

On September 21, 1996, local police in Kathmandu, Nepal arrested Tsutomu Shiroasaki after he tried to contact some friends, whose phone was tapped by the US National Security Agency. He was handed over to the FBI and extradited to the United States to stand trial.

After arriving in the United States, Shiroasaki stood before a 15-day trial and was sentenced to two concurrent 20-year terms and also given 10-year terms on other chargers. The 20-year terms were ordered to run consecutively to the 10-year terms for a total prison time of 30 years.

He was released from the U.S. Prison system in 2015 after proving to be a model inmate. The same year, Shiroasaki was deported from the United States and arrested on his return to Japan by Tokyo police. In 2018, the Tokyo High Court upheld a lower court ruling that sentenced him to 12 years in prison for conspiring with a person to fire two mortars toward the embassy in the Indonesian capital. He has remained in a Japanese prison until his passing.

23 Jul - How to Survive Jail

Strategies from a Stop Cop City forest defender facing domestic terrorism and RICO charges.

MORE:

by Priscilla Grim (*Hammers & Hope*)

On March 5, 2023, 23 people, including me, were arrested and charged with domestic terrorism. It happened on my second day in the encampment in Atlanta's Weelaunee (South River) Forest that I had joined to

report on the protests against the building of a militarized police training facility known as Cop City. I am now one of 61 people threatened with up to 20 years in state prison in one of the largest state-level racketeering indictments in the history of the United States.

After my arrest, I was held in pretrial detention at DeKalb County Jail for 31 days without a bond, an indictment, or a hearing. Though I still have not been indicted on the domestic terrorism charge, whether I eventually will be could remain an outstanding question for the next few years. An additional 41 Cop City activists face domestic terrorism charges, though only a handful have been indicted so far. My indictment and arraignment on a racketeering charge months later put me in Fulton County Jail for 27 hours. Both jails in Atlanta were terrifying in their own ways.

Though I had been arrested before, I had never been given a significant charge or spent extended time in jail until I arrived in Atlanta. A former Atlanta resident, I had become curious about the Stop Cop City movement when I read about the City Council deciding to ignore the wishes of the people and move forward with building the Atlanta Public Safety Training Center, a.k.a. Cop City, pushed by one of the largest and most well-funded police foundations in the United States. After learning about the murder of Tortugueta, an activist with the Stop Cop City movement who was shot by Georgia state troopers over 50 times, I decided to fly down and document the movement's efforts on my Instagram. As a street and media activist since the 1990s, I understood how the punishment of activists at the behest of corporations had intensified since I participated in the 2011 encampment of Occupy Wall Street in New York City.

Our arrests during the Stop Cop City Week of Action were a sign of greater political repression to come. In the spring of 2024, more than 2,000 people across the United States suffered violent arrests and were jailed on flimsy charges after calling for their academic institutions to divest from Israel and an end to the genocide of the Palestinian people. With ever-increasing investment in new detention centers, jails, and prisons alongside drones, robot patrols, and "digidogs" in the streets, law enforcement is innovating new ways to funnel people into the labyrinths of the prison-industrial complex, especially people of color, activists, people without homes, people suffering from untreated mental illness, and pregnant people miscarrying unviable pregnancies. As the criminalization of the crises of modern life intensifies, making everyone more visible to police, more and more people will be pushed into jail.

People use the terms "prison" and "jail" interchangeably, but prison is where a sentence of longer than a year is served after conviction for a "serious crime" — jails are very different and often much worse because people are meant to move through and out of them quickly. Jails often lack outdoor recreation, and many of the programs, such as libraries, found in the long-term carceral environment of prison.

I hope this guide never becomes relevant to you. But if it does, I want to see you survive the pretrial incarceration experience of jail. You could be placed there for a few hours, a few days, a few weeks, or even a few years without a charge, without hope, and in psychological freefall. You must survive.

Be patient.

When you are arrested, if you survive your initial contact with police, you will be handcuffed. The handcuffs will be very tight, and your body will be twisted painfully. Telling police how they are hurting you will probably not influence how they treat you; still, attorney Mo Meltzer-Cohen advises that you must do it anyway. Asserting your constitutional rights — in this case, the right to be free from excessive force or the right to have your pressing medical needs addressed — does not in itself function to constrain or influence the behavior of the police. What it does is enable your attorney to make certain kinds of arguments on your behalf. Suppose you do not tell the police you are being hurt. In that case, it will be impossible to argue later that they were deliberately indifferent to your serious medical needs or used excessive force against you in a way that violated the Constitution.

In the meantime, patiently waiting is most effective. Breathe deeply if you can. Find a happy memory and let it fill your mind. Shift your body as you can to find comfort. When you feel it is safe not to be fully present, rest your mind inside memory or fantasy.

Notice the people coming out of the jail as you go in. They once stood in your place and are now out. You must believe you, too, will survive and leave incarceration. Believing you will is part of the battle. Every day you are inside, you are closer to being outside. As someone wrote on the wall beside my DeKalb County Jail bed, “One day closer to home.”

When you enter the jail, you will at some point be relieved of your shackles and wait in a holding cell for processing, sometimes with many others and without a place to sit for hours. If the others are asleep or have closed eyes, respect their unspoken demand for solitude. Be patient. Do not yell at the guards. If you are screaming at them or making the communal experience difficult, your reality will become dangerous, potentially lethally so. They have all the weapons and power.

The guards will bring you into another room to change into a uniform and receive jail bedding. Keep your eyes away from the other people in the room. In DeKalb County Jail, I was brought into a room with six other forest defenders. We were commanded to strip and stood naked as the guards slowly handed us our uniforms. Looking away from our comrades during ritual humiliation became a necessary practice in the following days and weeks to maintain our collective humanity and sanity. One of my advisers, attorney Keegan Stephan, counsels loudly announcing that you do not consent if you are told to submit to a full strip search without probable cause. I wish I had known this before entering Fulton County Jail, where I was instructed to open my body for inspection and did as I was told. I would have said that I did not consent to this light sexual assault, however routine.

It may be very cold or very hot. In both DeKalb County and Fulton County Jails, freezing air blasted into the cells and common areas the entire time I was there. While in the holding cell, I kept placing my hands inside my armpits and sat as close as possible to others to try to get warm. I meditated on hot, wet summers in New York City, visualizing heat bouncing off the pavement and enveloping my body. Others paced; some slept.

You face unique dangers the moment you enter jail. From 2008 to 2019, *Reuters* reported more than 7,500 deaths in jails across the United States. You will witness life being threatened. Prepare yourself emotionally to meet the moment when it happens. Do not talk about the reason you were arrested. You are under surveillance at all times while you are locked up. Every phone call is monitored and recorded. The two largest prison phone companies use voice-print technologies funded by the Department of Defense to archive the voices of everyone who speaks on their lines. In every conversation with anyone except your attorney, anything you say can and very much will be used against you.

Check the vibe.

When you walk into the podcage — it may be a large common room with cells nestled into the walls and a glass wall in front, a kind of human terrarium — with your cell assignment, look at everything around you. The layout reminded me of a dingy yellow-beige Broadway set with a staircase down the middle. Notice the words scrawled on the walls and the smells. Look at the faces of the others being held — your comrades in this new unintentional community. Open your heart and be kind but not foolish. Think of your first few hours in the podcage as the first day of school or a job but without freedom of movement, speech, dignity, or humanity.

Watch the guards.

The guards are your only connection to food, water, phones, toilet paper, and other items necessary for a basic level of humanity and survival. They are complicated characters in this reality. I barely slept the first two weeks I spent in DeKalb County Jail; instead, I would stand at the door to my cell and watch the

guards all night. I wanted to understand the rhythm of the podcage. Over the month I was incarcerated, I learned there would never be a predictable schedule.

The guards I watched enjoyed looking at Instagram and playing games on their phones. They were less interested in performing their duties, especially bringing food to the podcage; calling in plumbers after water poured through leaking pipes, flooding cells, showers, and common areas; or moving forward with processes such as being booked into the jail or taking people to the medical facilities. Guards frequently withheld hygienic necessities such as toilet paper and menstrual pads. During the 27 hours I spent in Fulton County Jail, and the 31 days I spent in DeKalb County Jail, I learned the best way to deal with the guards involved working with others to collectively figure out how to do the guards' work for them.

A friend processed in Fulton County Jail told me they kept asking the guards why they remained in a holding cell after their bond had been paid. The main guard deliberately mispronounced their name and the names of everyone else being held while claiming she did not know where anyone stood "in the booking process." The group offered to write down everyone's names and the stage each had reached. Within thirty minutes, the guards released everyone with paid bonds. Always look for a third way with the guards. They are petty bureaucrats with weapons and very little oversight, and their primary power consists of their ability to do nothing or to say no to any request. One guard can single-handedly change your incarceration experience into a never-ending journey inside the bureaucracy, courtrooms, programs, and voids of jail, the entry point of the prison-industrial complex.

Make friends.

People are often sent to jail for the most minor reasons, so the likelihood that you will be in a podcage with others suffering the same confusion and anxiety as you is very high. Introduce yourself — think of it as an underground party with the worst theme possible. You will probably meet someone who has been in the podcage for an extended period. That person will have a lot of advice to help you adjust and become a good community member. Listen and use what makes sense.

My first 24 hours in DeKalb County Jail were spent listening to Raja (all names have been changed) instruct me on how to care for the cell we shared. She had been there for almost two weeks. She managed to make it into an immaculate environment by cleaning it daily, slapping soap on the walls to fight gnat infestations, and saving every unused item. She had saved the little soaps given with rolls of toilet paper and placed them on the cell windowsill, where the sun would bake them and release their scent. Were it not for the scratchy wool blankets, lack of pen and paper, constant hunger, and unrelenting screams from those deemed too mentally ill to roam the podcage freely, I could almost trick myself into thinking I was in an under-resourced dorm room.

In the common area of the podcage, Bible verses and "Dulce is a lunatic" were written everywhere. I asked, "Who is Dulce?" She wound up becoming one of my closest comrades. Held in pretrial detention for a year and a half, she had become the podcage's mom and mutual-aid hub. People gave her the items they didn't need to take with them when they left jail. When I was arrested, my glasses were in my bag. I didn't know I would be held for so long, so I didn't ask for them — always ask for your glasses. If it had not been for Dulce, who gave me a pair of glasses a former resident of the podcage had left or forgotten, I would not have been able to read or see any details during my time incarcerated. For the first two days, I had to ask the other forest defenders to help me read my jail ID numbers so that I could use the phone and set myself up with commissary orders. Dulce also said, "If the podcage energy seems off, lock yourself in your cell." Her guidance saved me from violent encounters with people unable to regulate their emotions.

You will have only a tiny area available for movement. Many jails in the United States do not offer access to the outside to exercise, stretch, or simply walk. This was one of the hardest conditions of confinement for me. I typically walk miles daily between work, mothering, and friending to keep my mind clear. I tried to dissipate my anxious energy through bodyweight exercises I could remember: planks, wall pushups, tricep dips, squats, leg lifts, and glute bridges. Others did yoga sessions together. I had fallen and twisted

my ankle when I was arrested, causing a recent injury in my knee to swell, so no yoga for me. When in mental distress, exercise, even a little bit, can help.

Jails across the United States are filled with people suffering from mental distress, and that will complicate your effort to connect with others. Be sensitive and aware when people act in unpredictable and abusive ways. Stay calm, and remember you are dealing with someone who probably does not have access to therapies, medications, or tools to self-regulate and is, like you, dealing with inadequate food and sleep deprivation, the perfect storm of life-threatening dysfunction.

Waste nothing.

Every item in jail has multiple purposes. At DeKalb County Jail, the elastic loops from face masks became hair ties and held broken glasses together. Salt, purchased from the commissary in small packets, was used not only as a food seasoning but also as a cleaning agent for surfaces and mouths. Toothpaste served as a putty to stick things on the wall. Dulce taught me how to use threads that had fallen off our uniforms to remove facial hair. We offered to thread anyone who wanted a jail salon session. The plastic bags our lunches were delivered in became water containers to slide under the door for people on 24/7 lockdown in cells without running water. Most of the cells in the podcage had plumbing issues. Some had clogged toilets, others had toilets that would not stop flushing, and some, like mine, had a sink that would occasionally stop running or run so hot I could make a cup of hot chocolate straight from the tap.

Take note of the many names of corporations you see during incarceration. Jails are a world built by elected officials and the government in partnership with corporations charging fees on everything from commissary money to food and hygiene.

Eat.

Even if the food served to you seems inedible, find ways to eat around the edges, avoiding mold and insects. Focus on proteins more than carbs unless the protein is rotten. Eat slowly and drink as much water as possible to curb your hunger. Beware of the cookies. The sugars can upset your digestive system. When you feel hungry and angry, go to sleep, if you can, until it passes. Sleeping will help you conserve energy and avoid taking “hanger” out on your podcage comrades.

If you can afford the food in the jail commissary — the fare of gas stations and rest stops — buy it and share it with others. I held off from buying food because the way others made ramen with hot water from a dirty communal shower head disgusted me. But after being denied bond a second time, while abstaining from eating most of the food and becoming lightheaded and confused, I realized I had to start preparing myself to survive this experience differently. I had felt above incarceration in a way I am not proud of. I had known I would be getting out and that when I returned home to Brooklyn, my people would be ready to help me heal. I thought it would be maybe a week until my release.

I understood I had to commit to the experience to survive, so I needed to start eating. Myla, a podcage mate, had often offered me a taste of her food. I finally relented, and she showed me how to prepare the ramen with water from the shower, covering the top with a plastic lid to trap the heat and “cook” the noodles, lending me her bowl and an extra spoon. My hunger transformed the mixture of Cheez-Its, mayonnaise, and spices into cuisine. I prayed to the ancestors to protect me from the communal shower head bacteria that might also be present. Strong memories remain of my starvation-inspired love of shower water jail ramen.

Do. Not. Gossip.

Most jails do not have anything to distract you. Without books, music, or games, people are left with conversations. When talking about life on the outside loses its shine, the focus will shift to those in the

podcage. Don't do it. Do not engage in gossip or hearsay. During moments of boredom, fill the time with meditation.

Hearsay might be upsetting. The last time I allowed myself to engage, when I wanted to gather as many stories as possible about jail to bring to the public, I wound up horrified and deeply scared that I would not survive my stay behind bars. Someone returning from the medical unit reported she kept hearing screams. She asked a guard what was happening, and he told her, with a callous roll of his eyes, "Someone is being raped."

Since I could not verify the account, I decided to stop documenting what I had not witnessed firsthand. I went to my cell, locked myself in, cried, read a postcard from my daughter, and meditated on walking in my beloved Prospect Park, visualizing the old-growth trees, ponds, ducks, and swans — all of which I knew were still standing, still present, and ready for me on my return.

Live.

While in jail, you will experience moments that affirm life. For every person who is freed, shout encouragement as they leave. If someone has a birthday, honor it. When good news from the outside comes through, celebrate. Find ways to keep your humanity, even if it is reading and journaling before dawn when the podcage is at its quietest.

The crumbling buildings of jails and prisons are as ineffective in rehabilitation as policing is in keeping people safe. Safety and security begin with a home, food, freedom of movement, and connection to others. A better society is founded on respect for humanity, dignity, and belief in the potential of all. The punishment of incarceration lies in separating people from society, not a total violation of human rights, not cruel and unusual punishment. While jails exist, our responsibility is to spotlight how they fail everyone on every level while demanding their dismantling and decarceration for all. When you find yourself inside, remember your responsibility is to stay sane and alive until you are free and can join the struggle to bring everyone outside. Don't opt for silence after you are released. There is no shame in getting caught in a system designed to capture people. Remember you are loved, and your mission is to be released alive and able to tell the tale while fighting to close every jail.

24 Jul - The Rat: An anarchist's story of torture, imprisonment, and compassion

Russia: Ilya Shakursky was condemned to 16 years on trumped-up terrorism charges; in the midst of hell, he found compassion from a rodent.

MORE:

by Sean Patterson (*Freedom News*)

Franz Kafka's *The Trial* opens with the line, "Someone must have been telling lies about Josef K., he knew he had done nothing wrong but, one morning, he was arrested". Josef K. is subsequently thrown into a labyrinthine nightmare as he attempts to exonerate himself from an unnamed charge brought against him by a nonsensical shadowy court system. The lurid unreality of *The Trial* finds an all too real analogue in the ongoing systematic persecution and torture of anarchists and anti-fascists in today's Russia.

Ilya Shakursky — a 21-year-old local anarchist activist — was arrested in Penza (a regional capital 625 km southeast of Moscow) on October 18, 2017, and eventually charged with "creating a terrorist organisation" called the "Network." The Federal Security Service (FSB) accused the alleged group of plotting terrorist attacks timed to coincide with the 2018 Russian presidential elections and the World Cup.

Ilya knew he did not belong to a terrorist organization, but, nonetheless, he and ten others were arrested and put on trial. On February 10, 2020, seven defendants were condemned to sentences ranging from 6 to 18 years for a collective total of 86 years in prison. Ilya was sentenced to 16 years in a maximum-security prison.

Sadly, the Network case recently reared its ugly head once again. In 2023, Azat Miftakhov, an anarchist and mathematician, was accused of belonging to the non-existent “Moscow cell” of the Network. On March 28, 2024, Azat was sentenced to four years for “justifying terrorism”.

From the beginning, the Network case was mired in controversy provoking domestic and international outcry. A letter signed by over 3600 Russian academics, journalists, and professionals condemned the Federal Security Service’s (FSB) accusations as “entirely fabricated.” Amnesty International declared the Network “a non-existent terrorist organisation” and the trial a sham intended to “silence all dissent”. Russian journalist Andrei Kolesnikov declared the case “a scene from 1937” and “a return of Stalinist show trials”.

Most disturbing of all was the FSB’s extensive use of torture to extract false confessions. Defendant testimonies and physical evidence reviewed by Human Rights Watch revealed how the accused were beaten and electrocuted on numerous occasions. Ilya himself was tortured into a confession which he later retracted. His refusal to admit guilt during his trial resulted in him receiving one of the harshest sentences of the Network defendants.

Ilya is currently serving his sentence at the Federal Correctional Institution No. 17 in the Republic of Mordovia. From prison, he writes extensively about his experience, revealing a talented, introspective writer. In an excerpt from his future book, Ilya writes:

The FSB special forces knocked me off my feet, slamming me onto the asphalt. They didn’t just stop me; they rather disrupted the direction of my path. Like a barbaric-Bolshevik tribe invading my life, they brazenly trampled everything dear to me, calling some of it evidence of crime, mocking some, intimidating others, systematically destroying and discrediting my life. They tried to convince everyone around, even those who knew and loved me, that I was scum, a degenerate, and a fanatic. They even tried to convince me of this. In their eyes, I continued to remain as such because they had nothing else to justify their hatred and actions.

Yet, for all the Kafka-esque darkness that has enveloped Ilya’s life, he refuses to concede defeat or consign himself to the fatalistic malaise Putin’s authoritarianism seeks to impose on dissidents. He reflects,

This path is filled with martyr’s blood and firm handshakes, years of deprivation and the euphoria of unity, escapes and dances, the dust of roads and the ashes of bonfires, adrenaline and cruelty, love and freedom. But in order to understand how this path is born and where it leads, one must see it all.

The following story, entitled “The Rat”, was published by Ilya on June 26 for the International Day in Support of Victims of Torture. He describes in harrowing detail the torture he experienced in November 2017 and how, in the midst of hell, he found compassion from a lowly rodent.

And, indeed, is it not absurd even to think of justice when every kind of violence is accepted by society as a rational and consistent necessity, and every act of mercy—for instance, a verdict of acquittal—calls forth a perfect outburst of dissatisfied and revengeful feeling?

~ A.P. Chekhov, Ward No. 6

November 2017. Cold. Uncomfortable. Feduk’s “Rose Wine” is playing on the TV. I’ve just been led out of solitary confinement. My first and most horrible experience of isolation. Tomorrow will bring repeated investigative actions. Fear has paralyzed all feelings. I find myself petrified, afraid to speak, afraid to think ... I’ve lost myself, disowned my real living self, my thoughts, my people.

I trust no one, I don’t believe in God or man ... I don’t exist. A distressed wall, a dusty state mattress on a rusty iron bunk, standard-issue greying bed linen. Around me nothing exists, only fear and pain. I do not belong to myself. I am a prisoner of the system, a toy in the hands of sadists.

They control me. But somewhere inside me, a spirit still free and unmurdered tearfully cries: “Write! Write! Capture your condition. Preserve the truth”. I take a notebook and, with trembling hands, write about what is happening inside me, replacing “I” with “he”, as if all of this did not happen to me. I cover the pages from the prying eyes of the camera and the surrounding prisoners. I shudder at every sound and write as if not about myself, afraid to believe in the reality that surrounds me.

But all this was real. On November 3, 2017, I was sent to a punishment cell. During the transfer, FSB officers electrocuted me. After five days, I was returned to cell 117, where I would write a text called “The Rat”.

...

Autumn. A nasty, cold, wet, and gloomy time of the year that, together with the falling of leaves, brings a melancholy to life and an accompanying hatred of everything. More than ever, he hated autumn. He tried to avoid it, staying home to continue his struggle with depression. Drugs and alcohol didn’t help anymore but only further drowned him in the depths of his terrible condition. It seemed like things couldn’t get any worse—but it only seemed that way as that fall he was awoken in the deep darkness of a concrete sack.

His dry mouth demanded a taste of the bitter, stinking tap water. Lips stuck together and cracked. The foul odour of his breath mixed with the pervasive stench of urine coming from a hole in the corner. Dry vomit clung to the sink, clogged, and refusing to drain. He covered his face with a dirty waffle-pattern towel, trying to forget, to shut down. The smell, his surroundings, and pulsing headache pounded his temples yielding waves of nausea. The towel wrapped around his neck, squeezed, and with fear, released.

“Welcome to hell”! Devils peer through a peephole and reluctantly bring pills and bread.

The towel cuts his neck, the water is bitter, not enough air. He bites the towel knot and growls, furiously tearing the fabric with his teeth. From his eyes flow tears and all the remnants of life flow with them. He does not stop him. The devils watch, masturbate, eat fatty foods, and wipe hands on camouflage pants.

What is a panic attack? He lies trembling on dusty floorboards. He thinks all life is a panic attack, all life is a road to suicide because life is what surrounded him in that moment.

He is dead. The body lay on the floor by a concrete stump. The soul finds a way out of this space only through flowing pipes. Maybe this is madness? This is exactly how it happens. You just lose the life inside yourself.

As a child, he lived not far from a mental hospital and sometimes, when meeting eyes with the sick individuals, he wondered what had happened to them. What stripped them of their mind and self-possession? Why did they become this way, how did this process unfold in their heads? Where does madness begin and end? Maybe science and medicine can explain all this in detail, but at the moment it seemed to him he understood it all without the need for books.

He wanted to go to that hospital, to the psychos, he was afraid of as a child but now felt he would be safe with, unlike other people.

Soon he stopped thinking. Thoughts fled his mind. Everything swallowed by emptiness. All that existed was the hell encircling him and its accompanying atmosphere. No emotion, no understanding, no sense of existence. No past, no future, no present.

He seemed to have forgotten who he was, and even after some time, he remained swaying in monotonous body motions, existing in soulless flesh.

It was only a sharp rustling sound that forced him to open his eyes and look at the source of the stench. There sat a filthy, huge rat, greedily devouring dried pieces of bread it had obtained. It did not pay any

attention to him whatsoever, as if he really no longer existed, incapable of causing anxiety or fear in this creature, no longer posing a threat to the rat, like a lifeless corpse.

He froze, looking into its little rat eyes. It felt his gaze and turned its attention to him. A monologue began not subject to any explanation.

As if with pity, the rat spoke to him: "You are a human, one of the strongest and smartest living creatures on earth, and now you are in a worse position than me and my relatives. Now, even I, such a vile and lowly creature in your opinion, look at you with my glass eyes in pity. I live every day in slop, eating your scraps, hiding because you humans want to exterminate us. You see, it is unpleasant for you to meet us, you pity us with your half-eaten buns, afraid that we carry disease, and so, according to you, we must die. And now you, that same human, sits in front of me so pathetic and defenceless, broken and lost, and there is no thirst for revenge in me. I see how you, too, have learned the fear of death, humiliating persecution, and pain. I don't want to exterminate you because I am a rat, I am an animal and not a human.

"What is this?! Hypnosis or hallucinations, a burst of madness"? he thought at that moment.

Only after some time, whether mirage or true vision, did he realise that basement rat saved him from true madness and loss of reason. A stinking long-tailed rat, having made its way through the sewer pipes, penetrated his hell and brought with it a sense of compassion that we would consider human.

But it was people who were the most frightening creatures of all to him because they did to him what they could do and wanted to do — what no one else would have done to him.

25 Jul - Federal Arson Indictment

Prosecutors say Casey Goonan tried to set the federal courthouse on fire in June. As always, please read the following with a critical eye.

MORE:

by Emilie Raguso (*The Berkeley Scanner*)

Troubles appear to be mounting for Casey Goonan, the activist and academic accused of setting a UC Berkeley police car on fire last month in solidarity with Gaza.

This week, a grand jury indicted Goonan on several counts: two related to the June 1 firebombing of a police vehicle and one related to the alleged possession of an unregistered firearm, court papers obtained by *The Scanner* show.

Each of those counts carries a possible penalty of up to 20 years in prison and a fine of up to \$250,000 in the case of conviction. Goonan, 34, is next set to appear in court Friday and may enter a plea at that time, an attorney for Goonan said this week.

Jeff Wozniak, who is representing Goonan along with attorney Sarah Potter, maintained his client's innocence during a brief interview Wednesday and said Goonan intends to enter a not-guilty plea when the time comes. Wozniak also cautioned that the federal case is just beginning and said he had seen "no direct link" between Goonan and online political writings that described the June 1 firebombing at UC Berkeley as a political statement.

"Trying to convict [Goonan] based on these writings make this a very political case," Wozniak said.

Casey Goonan initially faced criminal charges in Alameda County, but that case was dropped when the feds took over. Now, Assistant U.S. Attorney Nikhil Bhagat is prosecuting the case, according to court records.

When the matter changed hands, Goonan was transferred from Santa Rita Jail in Dublin to San Francisco County Jail, but is now back at Santa Rita, according to booking records.

Feds say Casey Goonan tried to set courthouse on fire

Aside from this week's indictment, there have been no major filings in the arson case in recent weeks, but a July 15 letter from the U.S. attorney's office contained startling allegations about Goonan's behavior in June.

According to the letter, Goonan showed up at the Oakland federal courthouse on June 11 carrying a bag of Molotov cocktails. The prosecution wrote that Goonan initially "threw rocks at the glass facing the street, intending to break a window and toss one or more lit devices into an interior office" used by the U.S. Railroad Retirement Board.

Goonan stopped throwing rocks when a security officer got involved, "but as he did so, he placed the bag with Molotov cocktails inside a planter that abuts the 12th Street side of the building and lit it on fire before fleeing," the U.S. attorney's office wrote.

On Wednesday, defense attorney Wozniak was quick to point out that Goonan faces no charges at this time in connection with the new allegations. "Casey has not been charged with this," Wozniak said. "They are innocent."

Wozniak said the broader context of the letter had been the possible recusal from the case of Chief Magistrate Judge Donna M. Ryu. The prosecution had argued against recusal, writing that Goonan's alleged behavior on June 11 had not targeted the judge herself: "The government does not believe that Your Honor's presiding over the detention hearing in this case would create an appearance of impropriety."

Ryu may take up the recusal question later, according to the letter.

25 Jul - Florida "Jane's Revenge" Case Results In Felonies

The following article is wildly biased and gross, but does indicate that folks accused of graffiti in defense of women's reproductive freedom have taken non-cooperating plea agreements. Strong solidarity with these comrades.

MORE:

by Maria Hernandez (*Tampa Free Press*)

Florida Attorney General Ashley Moody announced a significant victory in the case of Moody v. Freestone, involving activists who threatened and vandalized crisis pregnancy centers in Florida.

In March 2023, Attorney General Moody initiated a civil action against the defendants for their acts of vandalism and intimidation directed at multiple centers across the state.

The legal action and subsequent settlement have led to several defendants pleading guilty to felonies in federal court. These individuals will also be permanently banned from coming within 100 feet of crisis pregnancy centers and will be ordered to pay restitution.

"We will not allow radicals to threaten and intimidate women seeking help from crisis pregnancy centers or the counselors and healthcare professionals serving these women and their babies," said Attorney General Ashley Moody. "In Florida, illegal actions have consequences, and I am proud of the work our attorneys did in this case to make sure these extremists were held accountable."

The defendants, reacting to the leaked U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization*, vandalized at least three pregnancy centers in Florida. They spray-painted threatening messages, including "If abortions aren't safe, neither are you," on the centers' properties.

The Florida Attorney General's Office filed a civil action against Caleb Freestone, Amber Marie Smith-Stewart, Annarella Rivera, and Gabriella Victoria Oropesa for violations of the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act (FACE Act). The FACE Act imposes civil and criminal penalties against any person who "by force or threat of force...intentionally...intimidates or interferes with or attempts to...intimidate or interfere with any person because that person is or has been...providing reproductive health services."

The settlement secured by the Florida Attorney General's Office results in a civil judgment and a permanent injunction against the defendants.

Restitution will be ordered to compensate the victimized clinics, with one defendant being ordered to pay a \$10,000 civil penalty. Those who pleaded guilty face up to 10 years in prison.

26 Jul - Support for comrade Jesse Cannon (Tall Can)

Jesse Cannon is a militant anti-fascist serving a five-year sentence for two separate cases.

MORE:

The first relates to the defense of his community against far-right and white supremacist groups. The second relates to Cannon's alleged defense of his community from another credible outside threat to the safety of park attendees during an event at which elders and multiple families with children were present.

Cannon is a hip-hop artist, writer, and photographer who goes by the name "Tall Can" or "T.C." He is also a long-time community activist, anarchist, and park defender. In recent years he has been involved in the campaign to push back white supremacist's encroachment into Barrio Logan, a predominantly Latino area of so-called San Diego, occupied Kumeyaay land, and to protect Chicano Park, a historical landmark that represents generations of political struggle for the Chicano movement. It also has the largest concentration of Chicano murals in the world. In recent years, it has been the target of the American Guard, Proud Boys, and another white supremacist group by the name of Border Town Patriots. They have gone to the park with the goal of antagonizing or attacking the local community, which has been able to mobilize in opposition to their presence.

On January 9, 2021, three days after pro-Trump rioters stormed the U.S. Capitol building, the former president's supporters in California organized a "patriot's march" in the Pacific Beach area of San Diego. Groups organizing the march included the American Guard, Proud Boys, and another local right-wing racist group called Defend East County.

Local community activists and anti-fascists groups organized a counter protest. For several hours the two sides clashed with one another. Police attempted to separate the opposing sides but focused their brutality on the anti-racist protesters. After nearly seven hours of protests and street brawls, the area was eventually cleared. Local government, media, and right-wing activists placed the blame for the incident on the "Antifa Movement." On December 6, 2021, after a grand jury hearing, the San Diego District Attorney Summer Stephan announced the indictment of eleven anti-fascist activists on 29 felony counts, relating to the incident in earlier in the year. The indictment stated that 15 to 20 members of Antifa from San Diego and Los Angeles organized and executed acts of violence against participants of the Patriot March rally. The Antifa activists allegedly used rocks, glass, mace, sticks and other weapons to assault at least 16 victims. The indictment stated that a criminal conspiracy began with individuals liking and sharing social media posts that called for a counter-protest against the pro-Trump rally. Others allegedly entered into a conspiracy by showing up to participate in the anti-racist protest and engaging in violent actions.

Cannon was one of the indicted and was charged with felony conspiracy, felony assault by means likely to produce great bodily injury and two counts of assault with a deadly weapon. The indictment also pointed out that Cannon was out on bail for a prior case for his role in community activism.

After the indictment was announced, community organizers vocalized their outrage over the one-sided prosecution. Even though both sides engaged in the clash on January 9, 2021, the District Attorney chose to only prosecute those who were labeled as members of “Antifa”. Numerous individuals, who were victims of unprovoked assaults perpetrated by members of the American Guard and Proud Boys, witnessed the District Attorney turn a blind toward these attacks.

The DA also failed to inform both the grand jury and the defense witnesses for the eleven defendants that many of those who were labeled as “victims” were members of the American Guard and were aggressors during the conflict. While the DA’s office went to great efforts to hunt down the alleged “victims of Antifa,” they avoided interviews with numerous victims of the right-wing extremists because that would undermine the DA’s agenda.

San Diego District Attorney Summer Stephan’s action should be of no surprise since she previously built her entire election campaign for her position on fearmongering against Antifa and George Soros. In 2018, Stephan used images of black bloc with Antifa flags with captions such as “San Diego Public Safety is Under Attack” as part of her campaign for election. Her campaign also accused her opponent of being supported by George Soros, the Jewish philanthropist who is often used by the far-right in their coded antisemitic rhetoric. While Stephan had no problem villainizing Antifa or George Soros in order to further her campaign, it also seemed like she had no problems taking money from white supremacist or using her position to protect them from prosecution.

One of those who donated to Stephan’s campaign was San Diego Republican Party leader and self-described local Republican “king-maker,” Tony Krvaric. Weeks before the January 2021 incident, Krvaric tweeted that police should be focused on “Antifa terrorists.” It should be no surprise that Krvaric disliked anti-fascists. In 2020, a video surfaced of a young Krvaric and friends giving white power salutes, drawing swastikas on their bodies, with a photo of Hitler bouncing across the screen.

One of Krvaric’s sons, who was a reservist, was investigated by the Marines because of an application to the Patriot Front, another neo-Nazi group. His other son worked for Trump’s Office of Personnel Management, participated in the January 6 insurrection, and had profiles on neo-Nazi websites where he praised Hitler, backed deportation of non-white people, and expressed disgust of the LGBTQ+ population.

This is not Stephan’s only connection to the local white supremacist community. In May 2018, just weeks after the DA launched her conspiracy campaign website, she accepted a campaign contribution from Kristopher Wyrick, the President of the Southern California chapter of the American Guard. Six months prior to the contribution, when Summer Stephan was acting as the interim DA, Wyrick and several other members of the American Guard assaulted several victims in a vicious attack. Despite numerous videos of the attack, the DA chose not to file charges against the white supremacists. This was not an isolated incident. In September 2020, members of the American Guard attacked racial justice protestors, including a man in a wheelchair. In July 2021, Wyrick and several other members of the American Guard attacked pro-Palestinian protestors during a rally, using weapons that included bear spray. Despite media reports documenting the incidents, the DA’s office yet again refused to prosecute. In total, there are at least five documented incidents where Stephan’s office chose not to prosecute Wyrick and his American Guard for violent assaults. To add insult to injury, many of those individuals they chose not to prosecute, were the alleged victims in the January 9, 2021, incident and prosecution witnesses.

In late 2023, Cannon was involved in another action in defense of his community against an outside threat that led to further charges, including alleged vandalism, and assault and battery. The mounting charges and potential sentencing enhancements led Cannon to make the decision to take a plea. In February of 2024, Jesse Cannon took a non-cooperating plea agreement where he received a two-year sentence for the

January 2021 case and three years for the additional charges from late 2023. In total, Cannon was sentenced to five years in state prison for defending his community against fascist and racist aggressors.

28 Jul - Running Down the Walls 2024 – the 25th Anniversary!

Since 1999, prisoners and supporters throughout Turtle Island, and recently in the UK, have participated in the annual event known as Running Down the Walls (RDTW) often running or walking simultaneously in many cities and prisons at once.

MORE:

RDTW is a non-competitive 5K run/jog/walk/roll to raise awareness and funds for political prisoners as the primary fundraiser for the ABCF Warchest Program. Over the years, we have raised *tens of thousands* of dollars and lots of awareness around the struggle to free political prisoners. Many places will be hosting RDTW 2024 on Sunday, September 15th with a portion of funds raised also supporting local groups of the organizers' choosing.

29 Jul - Will Leonard Peltier Die In Prison?

After being denied parole yet again, one of America's longest-serving political prisoners is running out of options.

MORE:

by Sarah Baum (*The Nation*)

Leonard Peltier, one of America's longest-serving political prisoners, could have been a free man today. He could have gone home to the little plot of land waiting for him in North Dakota that Indigenous groups and elders had prepared for him. He could have hugged his son, Chauncey, who he hasn't seen outside the walls of a prison since Chauncey was 10. He could have lived out his final days in peace, or at least the approximation of it, after a lifetime of violence at the hands of the United States government, starting with his boyhood at the notoriously abusive, state-sponsored Indian Boarding Schools.

Instead, the US Parole Commission decided on July 2 that the ailing soon-to-be-octogenarian would spend the next 15 years—if he lives that long—in a federal penitentiary.

"They didn't sentence him to death," Nick Tilsen, an Indigenous activist who aided in the Peltier release efforts with the South Dakota-based NDN Collective, told *The Nation*, "But that's what's happening to him slowly, every day."

The announcement came three weeks to the day after Peltier's June 10 parole hearing, his first in well over a decade. It was a lot like his other legal proceedings, which is to say, highly unusual.

Many of the people who had led the charge to put Peltier behind bars in the first place, such as District Attorney James Reynolds and a top federal officer, were among those advocating for his release. But neither of those men—nor most of the character witnesses requested by Peltier's legal team—were permitted by the government to take the stand. Only Tilsen, who had been coordinating Peltier's release plan, and Peltier's doctor had made the cut.

Most of the eight character witnesses Peltier's legal team brought to speak on his behalf were deemed "inadmissible." The Parole Commission didn't give reasons as to why, but such quirks—to put it lightly—in the judicial process are not new for Leonard Peltier, a man who has spent nearly 50 years incarcerated for a crime he likely did not commit, thanks to a trial rife with prosecutorial misconduct and state-sanctioned violence.

To use that district attorney's words: "[T]he continued incarceration of Mr. Peltier was and is unjust. We [the FBI] were not able to prove that Mr. Peltier personally committed any offense." To use Amnesty

International's words, Peltier is a "political prisoner"—jailed simply for being part of the American Indian Movement, or AIM.

Thirty sitting members of Congress (and countless former ones) have also called for Peltier's release, as have the United Nations, Nelson Mandela, Pope Francis, the Dalai Lama, Mother Teresa, Human Rights Watch, and the Democratic National Committee.

But Peltier's defense committee told *The Nation* that the roster was stacked against him at his hearing. In contrast to Peltier's two allotted witnesses, nearly a dozen people were brought in to speak out against him. The current FBI director, Christopher Wray, wrote to the commission calling Peltier a "remorseless killer." Testimony also included the families of the two FBI agents at the heart of the Peltier case: Jack R. Coler and Ronald A. Williams. The pair were killed in a shootout at the Raging Bull encampment, located inside the Pine Ridge Reservation, on June 26, 1975.

Hundreds of thousands of pages of evidence have since been uncovered to suggest that Peltier's conviction was the end product of unconstitutional tactics and surreptitious violence perpetrated by the feds. The Raging Bull shootout occurred in an era dubbed the "Reign of Terror" by Indigenous traditionalists who were routinely brutalized by the FBI, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the paramilitary faction of the US-installed tribal government, known as the Guardians of the Oglala Nation, or the Goon Squad. There were reportedly upwards of 60 unsolved murders across the reservation in one three-year period at this time. The FBI was known to turn a blind eye to, if not actively arm, the GOONS.

Peltier's AIM codefendants were acquitted on homicide charges by an Iowa jury on the grounds that it was rational and necessary self-defense in the face of the government's ongoing terror campaign. But Peltier, who had fled to Canada, had to be extradited, so his trial came later. This time, the FBI took the case to a federal judge who was "notoriously anti-Indian" and who barred all evidence pertaining to anti-Indigenous violence from the GOONS and the federal government. Key witnesses were blocked from the stand, or threatened and coerced into false testimony.

The jury found Peltier guilty of two counts of first-degree murder; he was given two consecutive life sentences.

Today, Peltier cannot even walk unassisted, let alone be a "danger to his community," which is one of the considerations the Parole Commission must take into account. His lawyers told *The Nation* that for an incarcerated person, it can be near-impossible to access quality healthcare.

"The only consistent feature of his medical records is the near-universal lack of follow-up," Moira Meltzer-Cohen, of the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee, said. "Even when it's the prison's own doctors recommending care, it just doesn't happen."

Moreover, in a maximum-security prison, inmates are often thrust suddenly into lockdown—making reliable, routine care seemingly impossible, Meltzer-Cohen said.

But Jenipher Jones, a cocounsel on the case, said Peltier's plight goes beyond the typical pitfalls of prison healthcare. "To withhold care from that political prisoner often means that attention is being diverted from advocacy, from pursuit of release," Jones told *The Nation*. "It is forcing them to fight for their lives instead."

Meanwhile, the FBI has leveraged its political power to keep Peltier locked up. Under the Clinton administration, The White House allegedly all but promised to free Peltier. His defense committee bought him clothes and his grandson prepared a bedroom for his homecoming.

Then, thousands of current and former FBI agents swarmed to Washington to protest Peltier's clemency. Suddenly, and without warning, Clinton released his list of clemency grantees on January 20, 2001—without Peltier's name on it.

Chauncey Peltier, Leonard Peltier's oldest son, was with his father on the reservation on the day of the shootout. He recalls the long, winding road trips in his father's orange Chevy van, fishing out on the lake, traveling with AIM demonstrators. He also remembers being 10 years old, entering the courthouse for his father's trial—and being slammed against the wall by FBI agents who told him his "murdering dad would never walk free."

It was just one more chapter in what the junior Peltier described as a lifetime of FBI harassment and violence on account of his last name, and a lifetime of loss.

"So many people tell me I sound just like him," Chauncey Peltier told *The Nation*. "I feel like I've been robbed in this situation too, because my father's been wrongfully incarcerated and he ain't been there for us kids when we needed him."

But Peltier's reach has also spanned far beyond the prison walls—not just his story, but his words, his poetry, his art and his activism. From his cell in a supermax prison, Peltier has helped organize Indigenous-led mutual aid initiatives such as toy drives, collaborated with scholars to craft Indigenous-focused policy, and funded humanitarian initiatives by selling his artwork.

The elder Peltier was not available for interview at this time, impeded by both his declining health and the communications roadblocks of incarceration—phone calls and visits are severely limited. But in his 1999 memoir, he stood up for continued Indigenous resistance, and emphasized the importance of preserving the culture and heritage of his people.

"I am guilty only of being an Indian," he wrote. "Being who I am—that's Aboriginal Sin."

Peltier's lawyers told *The Nation* they will be filing an appeal. There have also been continued demands for President Joe Biden to grant Peltier clemency—demands that will likely increase now that Biden is set to leave office in January.

29 Jul - Warzone Distro Interview With Susaron 4

Chile: Our comrades at Warzone Distro have produced a very nice interview with the people imprisoned for Caso Susaron.

MORE:

via *UNOFFENSIVE ANIMAL*

The interview is too long for a short post, but it can be found as a reading version in the Anarchist Library, or as a print version on their website. Both links below.

Reading version:

theanarchistlibrary.org/library/warzone-distro-more-than-just-a-diet

Print version:

warzonedistro.noblogs.org/post/2024/07/04/more-than-just-a-diet-a-conversation-between-warzone-distro-the-susaron-4

30 Jul - Reflections from Koblenz Open Prison

Germany: Please read the following by imprisoned anti-nuclear activists Susan Crane and Susan van der Hijden.

MORE:

Greetings from the open prison of Koblenz. Since July 30th, we have exchanged the Rohrbach prison desert, where most women are locked up alone or in pairs for 21 hours or more a day, for the relative freedom of a so-called open prison. Did the devil tempt these activists in their desert, you may wonder? True enough, we did not apply to move but were offered it by a person with power in Rohrbach prison.

And all power is given by the devil, the bible says. (Lk 4:6)

It was not an easy decision to accept this offer and it might have been a mistake that we will have to rectify in the future. However, this offer also seems an attempt from the German justice system to rectify their mistake in finding us guilty. What kind of peacemakers would we be if we denied this gesture, even if they are not fully aware of making it?

We gratefully accept the offer from the German justice system to give us a few months of food and lodging while allowing us to work with the people who suffer the most from money going towards war preparations instead of education, health care or social housing. And holding regular vigils and talks about nuclear disarmament. Who are we to refuse this attempt of redemption? Perhaps it is a first step to recognizing the value of war resistance and more positive court verdicts?

Soon it will be the 79th anniversary of the atomic bomb attack on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We intend to use those dates, August 6-9, to start our peace work in Koblenz, either behind bars or on the streets. We hope many of you will join either alone or with a local group (of which there are many!). Fold cranes, hang up a banner, join a vigil, but most importantly talk to your neighbours, express your fears for war and longing for peace and build community!

We too shall use the month of August to speak about the horrors of war, the cancers and birth defects still caused by depleted uranium in Iraq (1), the cancer-causing pollution of the Mississippi River in the USA by tritium (2), the huge increase in CO2 emission by the arms upscaling of NATO (3), the hunger in Sudan, the return of polio in Gaza because of the destruction of health care and sanitation (4), the 10,000s of amputees in Ukraine (5).

Let us work together for a world with more peace, justice and freedom!

(1) NIH 2012

(2) Nukewatch Summer 2024 "NRC apologizes, admits: Monticello's leaked tritium reached the Mississippi River"

(3) Climate Crossfire: How NATO's 2% military spending targets contribute to climate breakdown" Report Okt 2023

(4) TAZ 23/7/2024

(5) TAZ 17.07.2024

31 Jul - Cyprus Hartford released from federal subpoena

We're really happy to report Cyprus' release from a federal subpoena and their commitment to grand jury resistance. Please read her statement below.

MORE:

On July 26, after a nearly two-month long ordeal, I was released from my federal grand jury subpoena by the South Carolina U.S. Attorney's Office. I'm so relieved that I don't have to appear in court. This would not have been possible if a supportive community hadn't had my back through all of this. I'm incredibly grateful for all the love I've received.

The State seeks to tear us apart because they know how strong we are when we stand together. The feds saw the show of solidarity you displayed for me and chose not to test our resolve. When we reach out to each other instead of isolating from each other, we have the power of community. Our support structures rival those of the State. Through generations of struggle, we have built dual power in this way.

If they come for you and your community, I expect to be able to show the same support, love, and solidarity that you've shown me. Subpoenas can and must always be challenged. The coercive power of the

State pales in comparison to the power we have when we stand together. We can maintain a wall of silence that keeps all of us safer. We are stronger when none of us cooperate. I've been fortunate to receive a lot of support from past grand jury resisters, and now that my ordeal is over, I'm hopeful to be able to pass on my experience to those who come after me.

On August 12, there will still be a bonfire held near Charleston, but it will be a celebration. There will be s'mores and other traditional bonfire activities. Please consider acquiring an American flag for this.

We are living in a new Green Scare. The federal government jumped on an opportunity to tear apart a target it perceived as weak, and when it faced even a hint of resistance and solidarity from across the country, it backed off. We have to be reaching out to each other, building connections across state and international lines. We win by putting our resources together. Our greatest strength is in our networks. We keep us safe.

7/14 Aug - Summer Liberation School

WHAT: Political Education

WHEN: 7:00pm, Wednesdays, August 7th and 14th

WHERE: TBA. RSVP For Address: tockify.com/mlsupport/detail/394/1719442800000

COST: FREE

MORE:

Come study anarchism at the intersections with us this summer, as we sharpen our ideas and tools for the moment and the long haul. Together we will collaboratively build our knowledge and practices of anti-capitalist, anti-state, intersectional liberation that is focused on strategies towards freedom and building the worlds we want and need. We will meet every week for 12 weeks, with each week focused on a different topic and having different discussion leads. Each session will be conducted less as a run-of-the-mill reading group, and more as a practice of the kind of multi-directional and horizontal education, including opportunities for relationship-building, music, food, and fun, to the extent people want to participate!

Course topics include: Black anarchism and autonomism, Indigenous anarchism and autonomism, Black feminisms, women of color feminisms, decolonial feminism, anarcho-feminism, queer anarchism, disability justice, and anarchisms and autonomisms in Latin America and the Caribbean, Asia, SWANA, and Africa, as well as other potential topics to be decided collectively. Multiple ways of learning/processing/sharing information will be included, incorporating art, drawing, small group discussions and zine-building. Will build a collective zine to share our learnings with each other, other MACC members, and beyond, and have a final project that focuses on strengthening our material commitments to and praxis of the topics we're studying. If you have any questions about the school, please e-mail us at macc_summerliberationschool@protonmail.com

9 Aug - Jail Support Training

WHAT: Training

WHEN: 5:00pm, Friday, August 9th

WHERE: P.I.T. - 411 South 5th Street, Brooklyn

COST: FREE (\$5 for a dinner ticket)

MORE:

Part of the ARMOR Collective ARMAT Summer Series, this training will provide information on effective and caring jail support processes--how to create an effective jail support plan in advance; how to respond once a comrade has been arrested; and how to support comrades after arrest. Food will be served after to raise money for PAL-Humanity! Dinner tickets are \$5 for all who have the capacity to give at this time, but EVERYONE will be fed. Register at bit.ly/ARMATSummerJSForm