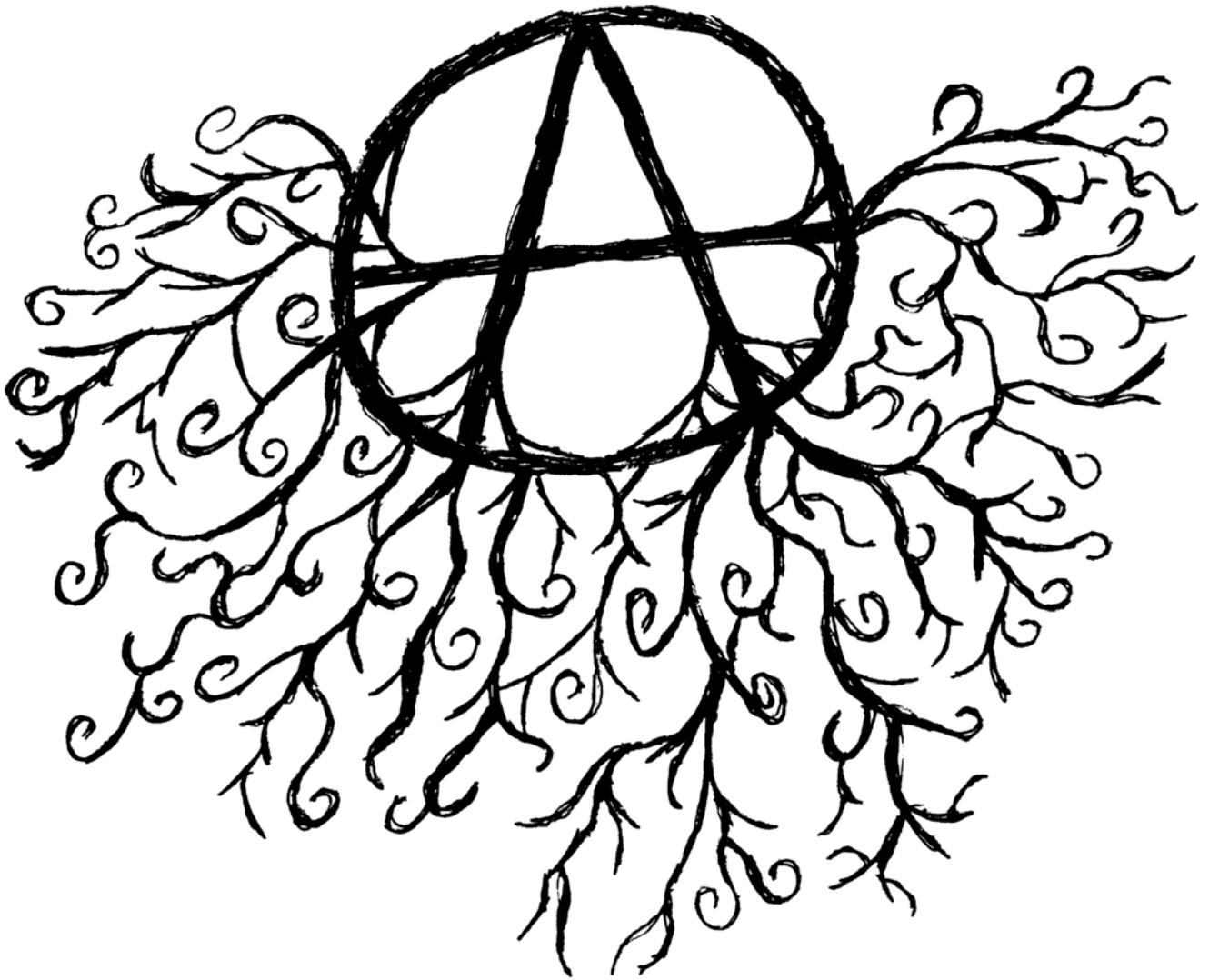


FIRE FRONT

ANARCHIST PRISONER
SOLIDARITY



We have an obligation to expose, confront and sabotage by any means necessary the system which oppresses and exploits us all. —Jeremy Hammond

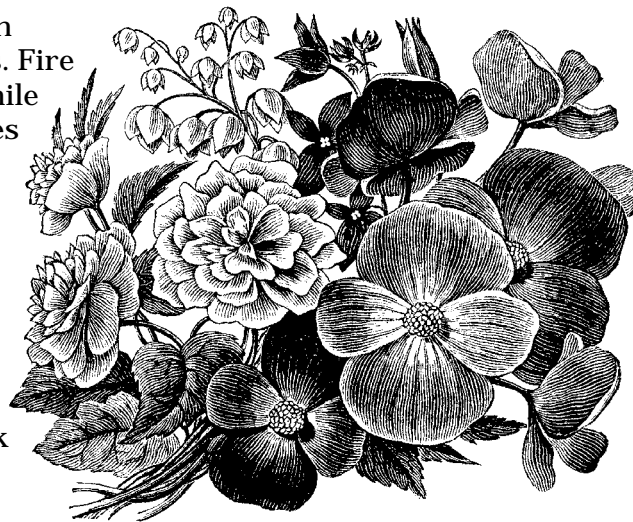
This is issue #2, Winter 2019. Fire Ant is a collaboration between anarchist prisoners and free roaming anarchists. Fire Ant seeks to raise material aid for anarchist prisoners while fostering communication between anarchists on both sides of the walls.

To support the anarchist prisoner war fund, please email bloomingtonanarchistblackcross@riseup.net. All money will go directly to prisoners. The fund currently supports Michael Kimble, Jennifer Gann, Eric King, Sean Swain, Andy H, and Marius Mason.

To download this publication, please go to bloomingtonabc.noblogs.org.

Thanks to the Bloomington crew, for all their hard work on this project! Thanks also to Michael, Jennifer, Marius, Eric, Sean, Rochelle, Jeremy, Peter and Fifth Estate, the Squashed Crew, Cal, Owl, Mini, and Baba Yaga.

-Fire Ant



Support Tamara Sol

Tamara Sol is an anarchist serving a 7 year prison sentence in Chile. On January 21, 2014 she entered a bank and fired multiple shots at a security guard, shouting "this is for revenge!" for her comrade Sebastian Oversluij, who was killed a month prior at the same bank during an attempted expropriation. She took the guard's gun and fled, but was arrested shortly after, and sentenced to 7 years imprisonment by the Chilean courts. Tamara's family, having both participated and lost relatives in the struggle against the Pinochet regime, consistently defend her actions and vocally attack the system that imprisons her and killed her comrade Sebastian.

In January 2018, Tamara attempted to escape from Valparaiso Prison, and was injured by both the fence's razor wire and the guards who beat her after the attempt. She has since been transferred between prisons multiple times, and is currently being held at the notoriously brutal Llancahue prison in Valdivia.

For more information:

Publicacion Refractario

Address:

Tamara Sol Farias Vergara
Complejo Penitenciario Valdivia
Av. Ramon Picarte 4100, 5101516
Valdivia Los Rios, Chili

Disclaimer

This publication is for entertainment purposes only. All opinions and views belong to the individual writers and do not represent other writers or anyone involved in the production or distribution of this publication.

To contact Fire Ant collective, write to:

Fire Ant
PO Box 164
Harmony, ME
04942



These are statements from Michael Kimble and Jennifer Gann for a benefit on their behalves at the Squashed warehouse, in Windsor, Maine. The benefit raised \$400 from many generous people.

10/9/18

Clenched fist salute,

My name is Michael Kimble and I'm being held captive by the state of Alabama at the Holman maximum security prison. I've been held hostage for 31 years. November 12th will make it 32 years. I was convicted of killing a homophobic racist who attempted to assault or kill myself and a friend while walking together. I was sentenced to life in prison and have been here ever since. I've been considered for parole numerous times, but denied each time. My last parole consideration was a year and a half ago. Obviously, I was denied and hit with another 5 year parole consideration date. The given reason for my denial was "the nature of the offense". Meaning that I will not ever be granted parole since the nature of the offense will never change. In reality, my only crime was the defense of myself and my friend.

Two days from now on my birthday I will be 53 years old. Prisons and the whole entire criminal justice system is a farce and is erected by the rich and powerful to protect their property and social control through coercion and the instilling of fear in the populace. And let's not forget slave labor that reaps huge profits for the powerful. All with the silent consent and complicity of society.

I am an anarchist and abhor the devastation of the land, the pollution of the air and water, and the killing off of our animal cousins for sport and profit. As an anarchist I believe that people can and are able to make decisions about their own lives without government and bosses. I do not accept that because things are the way they are that they have to be this way. Just a month and a half ago, a call was made for a national prison strike for August 21st to September 9th. Many prisoners answered the call and others ignored the call for many different reasons. Here at Holman prison I had been organizing for the national prison strike through conversations with my fellow captives, posting posters about the strike and the reasons for the strike. But then on July 19th I was singled out and assaulted by the riot squad and thrown in lock up without any regards to my so called "due process rights". My mail was delayed coming in and out, or outright destroyed. Actually, I began writing this statement while in lock up. We can't allow fear of repression to set in and stop us from fighting to make this a better world. We must build relationships based on non-coercion, mutual aid, solidarity, cooperation and love for each other, and the environment and a hatred for slavery, super exploitation and domination. We must fight oppression wherever we find it, even if it's in our own heads. We must find new ways of attacking the state other than through reform. A beautiful victory in a world which remains intact is always just a new reform that solidifies it.

We have to model the world we envision internally in our affinity groups, collectives, organizations and relationships. This means that we should bring our values into our every day decision making. Each day should be lived on purpose. We should find joy in destroying this miserable world.

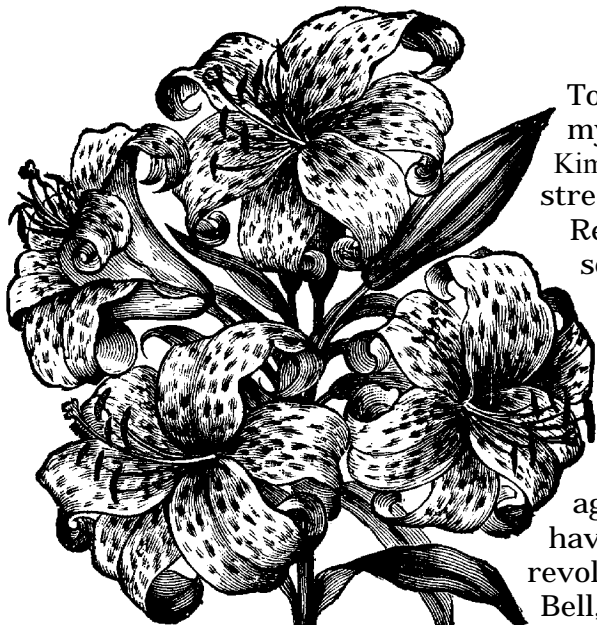
Just recently I've begun to set up a defense committee to attempt to gain my freedom by way of the courts through hiring an attorney to represent and petition for post-conviction relief, preferably, a sentence reduction. So I will be needing everyone's support in hiring an attorney. And last, I want to give a big thanks to all who have shown solidarity and support to myself and those held captive by the state.

Long live anarchy!

Check me out on Facebook at [FreeMichaelKimble](#) and [anarchylive.noblogs.org](#).



-Michael



To the dedicated comrades of Maine Anti-Racist Action, and my imprisoned anarchist comrades, Eric King and Michael Kimble, as well as all those who act in solidarity with us in the streets.

Revolutionary greetings! I send my heartfelt love and solidarity from behind enemy lines in California (occupied Chumash territory). I'm proud to be part of this new project, the Fire Ant collective, which just put out issue one of its newsletter! Our primary goal and purpose is to build anarchist prisoner solidarity and give voice to us imprisoned anarchist rebels.

In spite of the asshole Donald Trump and his fascist agenda of consolidating power for white nationalism, there have been many exciting developments for the resistance and revolutionary people. The release of political prisoners Herman Bell, Robert Seth Hayes, and Debbie Africa gives us hope that all political prisoners may be released eventually. We must never

surrender and never give up the struggle for our freedom!

The national prison strike this year, though lacking mass movement participation in many states, was at least successful in getting media coverage and raising public awareness of the problem of mass incarceration. To the riot squad pigs who beat our comrade Michael Kimble and threw him in solitary confinement —fuck you! You didn't stop the strike, and you can't stop the resistance! We will never stop until all are free! Even the 1927 execution of anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti, never stopped the workers' struggle against capitalist exploitation.

October 22, 2018 is the 23rd national day of protest to stop police brutality, repression and the criminalization of a generation. Every month has days like this where activists can mobilize and become involved in street demos. So get up! Stand up! Stand up for your rights! Fuck Donald Trump!

-Jennifer

Support Giyas Ibrahimov and Bayram Mammadov

The students Giyas Ibrahimov and Bayram Mammadov were arrested on 10 May 2016 in Baku, Azerbaijan, after the authorities claimed that police had "discovered" heroin in their possession. But the fact is they sprayed graffiti "Happy Slave Day" & "Fuck the System" on the statue of Heydar Aliyev, the former President of Azerbaijan and father of actual authoritarian president Ilham Aliyev, and posted a photo of this political graffiti on Facebook.

Giyas Ibrahimov and Bayram Mammadov said that the drugs had been planted on them by police, and then "discovered" in the presence of "witnesses" who work for the police. Bayram Mammadov and Giyas Ibrahimov say the drugs were planted, and during questioning they were only asked questions about the graffiti.

The drug charges against Giyas Ibrahimov and Bayram Mammadov have been fabricated with the sole purpose of punishing them for their political protest. They have complained of torture and other ill-treatment in custody, including severe beatings and threat of rape, aimed at forcing them to apologise publicly for insulting Heydar Aliyev. They were subjected to severe beatings by police officers when they refused to apologise.

Giyas and Bayram were sentenced to ten years for their political graffiti.

For more information go to:

Insurrection News



In the Box –Eric King

10/4/18

Five days, four nights. That's the time I spent in that box. Some people have done years. I don't know how. This box that had no window, no books or reading materials, no radio, recreation or mail delivery. This box where everything was made of stone, except the shower and toilet. The shower only worked a third of the time, the toilet was filled with someone else's shit when I arrived, wouldn't even flush. I arrived at 9ish, within minutes plumbers were outside my door snickering. I asked them "What the fuck was wrong with them?". They laughed back that I get what I deserve, their faces are saved in my memory.

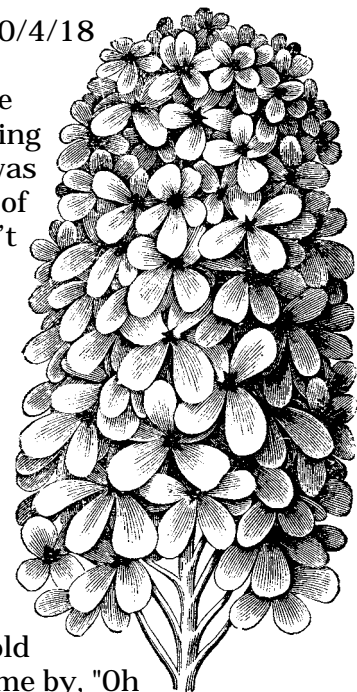
The bed was a concrete slab, with four clamps at the corners, in case they needed to chain me spread eagle to the bed again. Only a half a mattress remained, this sucked. My entire left side was swollen and outrageously sore from the beating at the FCI. Left eye swollen, left temple felt cracked, my headache lasted the entire stay. I asked the nurse for anything, before she could respond, the cop at her side said "Don't talk to him, he's mean.". Every time I had to roll over my breath would catch, pain streaking through me. They got me good.

Day two I asked for a pencil, it was listed on the property sheet. A officer told me "We aren't supposed to talk with you, but I'll get it." Two hours later he came by, "Oh hey, you still need that pencil?". Another two hours, "Was that you needing the pencil?" I'm ashamed it took me so long to figure out his antics. Every moment felt like a battle for my self-respect, or dignity. Every day we get both hot and cold trays for meals. These became my toilets, sent right back to them with the lid slightly ajar. Only Lts were allowed to bring my meals to me, it would be hours after others had already ate. Once they served me about 2 spoons worth of spaghetti with no spoon. I refused to return my tray until one was given. The C.O. called the Lt. down, demanded I return the tray. I asked him to come get it himself. Eventually the spineless coward brought me my spork. I took an hour to eat those 2 bites, then returned the tray to them, refilled.

Days and nights were combative, long, hard. At night they would do the usual tricks, turn on the lights, bang on the door...sometimes they would set the overhead light to strobe, to disorient me, it fucking did its job. I would just sit and wait for them to relent, blanket over my head counting my breaths. Other convicts would try to kite me things, but there was a padding in front of my door, it felt so good knowing they were trying. Normally in seg a solid work out routine is a great way to kill the time. My body couldn't handle it. Instead I would sing my favorite songs, try to remember funny movies or shows. Other times I would take bits of saved food and paint slogans on the wall. We got powdered milk for breakfast. I would make white paint with that, decorate my green door, anything to feel in control, to feel alive in any way. Boredom is one of the B.O.P's most powerful tools. Real soul crushing boredom. But let's not forget anxiety. Like having all of this happen the day after your partner's cancer surgery. No letters to write to check on them, no phone to call home, it's barbaric and fucked up. I still haven't seen her.

This lasted five days, but I may never forget even a second of it. Putrid, rancid shit polluting the air, captains and Lt.'s coming in while I am chained to a bed like a human X in nothing but my underwear, yelling how they would ensure my getting beaten and raped at my next spot. Some have endured this sort of severe isolation and taunting for months and years, my heart aches for them. One positive about it all, when they turn it up, you really see what you're about, what you can handle. Never did I sway or regret any ideas or actions. They can't break me. The B.O.P have no qualms with their staff threatening, mocking, beating us, but they hate when we fight back. I made a very personal choice to defend my body and my dignity, to not stand limp and be another victim getting fucked up, I paid for it also, my family is paying for it, and will continue to pay for it as we wait to see what discipline or actions they take. I've been in seg now 49 days, had 30 minutes of phone time during this stretch so far, it's not ending any time soon. This is the price we pay in here for refusing their hate, for demanding our humanity. For me this fight was worth it. ACAB. No regrets.

Until all are free. Welcome home Seth and Debbie.



Support Imprisoned Mexican Anarchists! —Jennifer Gann

Fire Ant Collective,

Congrats on the premier issue of Fire Ant! You all did a great job! The goals and focus explained in the introduction are on point.

In the next issue, under Anarchist Prisoner Contact info, please include the following imprisoned anarchists in Mexico:

Miguel Angel Peralta Betanzo
Fernando Barcenas Castillo
Luis Fernando Sotelo Zambrana

Letters sent to the prisons will not be received, so they should be contacted through the ABC—Mexico site:

abajoslosmuros.org, or by email at: birikota@riseup.net

Anarchists in Mexico are targeted by the leftist government of Nieto for persecution and smeared in the media as "terrorists" simply for organizing autonomous spaces or book collectives. The three comrades above are falsely imprisoned for alleged crimes they didn't commit, and denied a fair trial.

However, they have continued to organize inside the prisons, by claiming autonomous space, creating a collective, and doing workshops on music, health, etc.

They seek to connect their struggles to ours in the U.S. and welcome any support or solidarity. For more detailed information, see the zine "Anarchists Organizing and Solidarity Inside and Outside of Mexican Prisons- An Interview" available at: itsgoingdown.org

For a world without police or prisons!

Love and solidarity in the struggle, Jennifer

P.S. I may be transferring soon to Mule Creek State Prison.



Support Jeremy Hammond

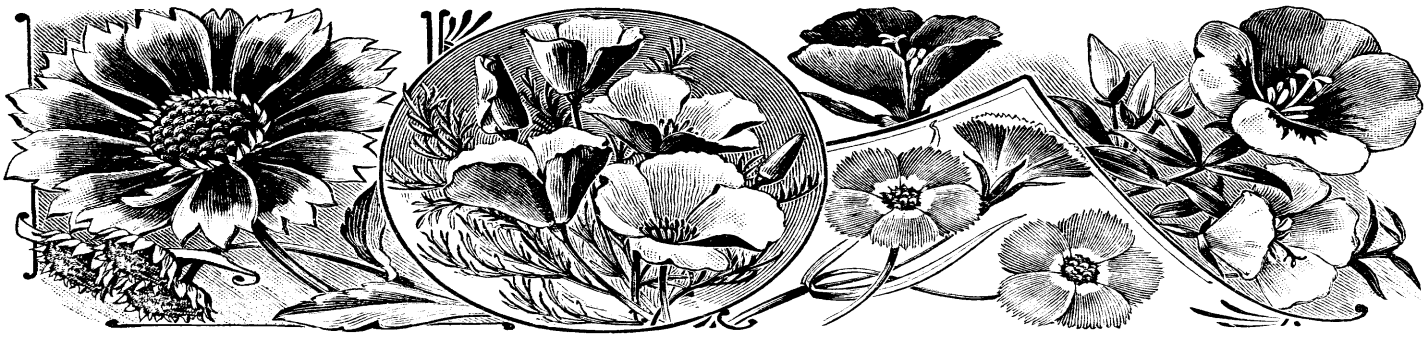
Jeremy Hammond is an anarchist hacker serving 10 years in prison for leaking information about Strategic Forecasting, Inc. (Stratfor), a private intelligence firm engaged in spying at the behest of corporations and governments.

The documents, published on Wikileaks, show Stratfor's collaboration with corporate and state institutions against individuals and movements for change. Corporate corruption, US government spying on foreign leaders, the Department of Homeland Security's report on Occupy Wall Street and its plans for infiltration, spying on activists in Bhopal following the DOW Chemical and Union Carbide gas disaster in 1984, and a hidden indictment against Wikileaks founder Julian Assange were all exposed by Jeremy's action.

In November 2013, Jeremy was sentenced to ten years in federal prison. He has repeatedly been punished with long stays in solitary confinement for his outspoken beliefs and intransigent attitude. As Jeremy continues to struggle behind bars, let's give him all the support we can!

For more information:
FreeJeremy.net





Hunger Strikes are Stupid –Sean Swain

I stepped onto the scale on day 29 of a hunger strike and weighed in at 157 pounds. I was down from 220 when I first came back to the hole.

I was 71% of who I used to be.

That same day, prison administrators responsible for orchestrating the torment and repression that I attempted to challenge were eating pizzas and donuts and small kittens. Except when they received calls or emails, they did not spend a moment thinking about me or how I was slowly withering away in the cooler behind the medical clinic.

My fourth hunger strike in my 3 years here at Warren Correctional will be my last.

Previous hunger strikes resulted in limited successes for limited time. In December 2016, I undertook a 50 day hunger strike that ended with prison officials restoring my communication mediums that had been suspended for 14 months without any stated cause. I even received a written statement from ODRC chief council Stephen "Spanky" Gray.

Communications were again suspended 15 months later, written agreement notwithstanding. Why? Because fart goblins are fart goblins and state terror is in their nature. Spanky Gray and the sociopaths for whom he provides legal advice just cannot help themselves.

My second hunger strike, after 10 days, resulted in a favorable disposition to nonsensical and flagrantly unconstitutional targeting of my outgoing mail – providing a "verbal reprimand" for non-violations of rules based on content of my private correspondence. But, despite the official sanction of verbal reprimand, ODRC chief inspector Antonio Lee suspended my communications. Thus, after 60 days of hunger strikes the ODRC had returned to silencing me, despite the official agreements that ended two hunger strikes.

My third hunger strike earned me release from the hole on a bogus frame-up... for 2 days. Then the frame-up resumed.

And my communications remained suspended.

So, it should come as no surprise that after 29 days on the last hunger strike, no one in any official capacity was even interested in knowing what my demands were. Whatever they were, even if they ever met them, they would take back whatever they provided and more.

Hunger strikes are useless.

The ODRC now has a hunger strike "policy". By their "policy", a hunger strike is recognized as official after refusal of 9 consecutive meals. After 18 meals, the hunger striker is admitted to the medical clinic. By policy, each prison has a hunger strike committee. At Warren, deputy warden Robert Welch runs the committee. The major, who is chief of security, is on the committee; so is the prison physician and medical director; the head of mental health is on it, as are several other department heads. I think I even saw the King of Denmark and the UN General Secretary.

In my first meeting with Mr. Welch, I gave him attorney Pam Starsia's phone number and indicated that she would be dealing with the reasons I was abstaining from food. After 3 weeks, they still had not called her. For the last 2 weeks of the hunger strike, I indicated a willingness to eat so long as any item of food they provided would meet Islamic dietary restrictions. Their response? "OK talk to you next week".

No kidding. The hunger strike committee essentially refused to give me any food.

I began calling them the hunger games committee.

The whole hunger strike process now is absolutely pathological. The fart goblins have a "policy" on hunger strikes, which means that even when you are resisting them, they have a policy for you to follow in order to resist them.

They assume the authority to manage and regulate how you resist them.

To me, that is like a rapist having a policy on how his victim fights back. As others have argued that colonial domination is the analogy to rape, it would seem that states and rapists have a great deal in common.

At any rate, I am sceptical that anything can even be accomplished by following your enemies' policy on how to resist.

My own experience reminds me of a quote I read from the Tupac Amaru guerrillas in, I think Bolivia: one of the guerrillas said that you cannot trust those in power to keep any agreement unless you have a method for "holding them in your hands". The state is inherently dishonest, ruthless, relentless, and vindictive. Striking a "deal" with the state is a lot like reaching an agreement when locked in a room with a cannibal.

The deal only holds until you fall asleep.

So if you have no method for enforcing the deal, for keeping the state to its terms, then the deal is useless. And when dealing with the state, there exists only one method for enforcement, and that is political violence.

As a simple matter of practical reality, states understand only one language – violence. States are fluent in violence, have perfected violence, and have no regard for anything other than violence.

For all effective purposes, the hunger strike as a tactic died in 1980. That summer, Margaret Thatcher, Prime Minister of Britain, let Irish Republican Army prisoners die on hunger strike, one after the other. The British Empire did not crumble. Old Maggie Thatcher did not lose a minutes sleep. The world outcry and moral bewilderment were irrelevant to the efficient continuation of the hierarch death machine. Apart from the weekly funerals and an increase in the availability of cell space at Long Kesh prison, it was business as usual.

Any prison fascist can do what old Maggie did.

Governments no longer care about popular opinion, or moral indignation or public sentiment. Governments now wage wars their entire populations oppose and protest. For every single strategy and tactic short of violence, governments have a 2 word response: "So what?"

And that includes hunger strikes.

It should also be pointed out that, contrary to what many pacifists advocate, a hunger strike is not non-violent. No pacifist would ever advocate withholding food from their enemy as a means to achieve their aims. To starve another would be an act of violence.

To starve oneself is also an act of violence; it is merely a form of self-inflicted violence wherein the person suffering the physical injury is the person directly inflicting it. Self-inflicted violence is still violence and it does not lose its violent character simply by being self-inflicted.

A self-inflicted gun shot wound is violence.

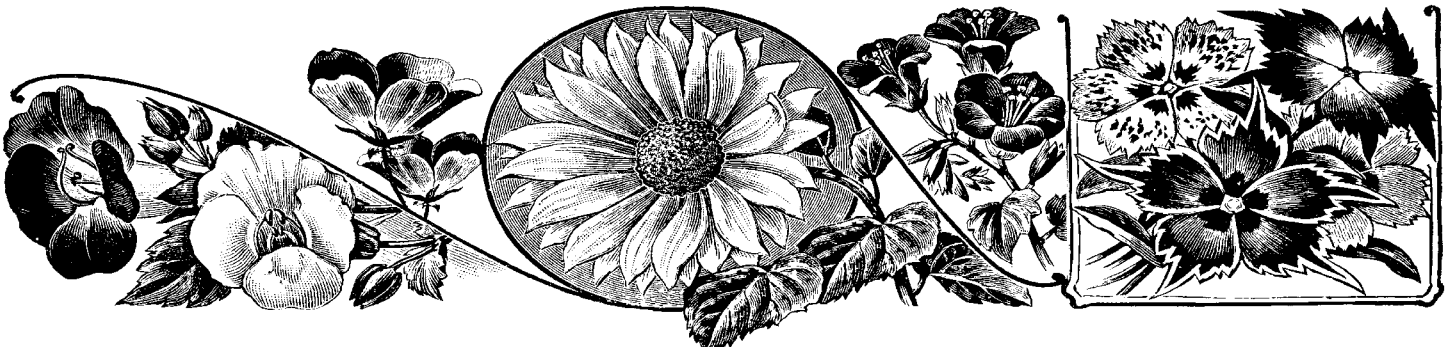
Self-inflicted starvation is also violence.

So as a practical question more so than a moral one, I think we have to ask: does it make sense to inflict violence on ourselves rather than on our enemies? I would suggest that rather than withholding food from ourselves, we find a way to withhold it from the fascist fart goblins who are destroying our world. We have to make them feel discomfort, hunger, pain and injury. We need to abandon the impractical and ineffective strategies and tactics that turn our violence on ourselves and develop practical, effective methods for directing our violence at those we don't like, at those who are subjecting us to their violence, the violence of state oppression.

Since coming off of my final hunger strike, my weight has increased from 157 to 174. I've been working out with particular intensity— push ups, sit ups, squats, lunges, pull ups, crunches...

I'm almost back up to my fighting weight.

-Sean Swain





Theocracy – Marius Mason

No disrespect to Detroit's brilliant,
Beleaguered, and recently drug-martyred poet –
But Gil Scott-Heron was wrong, wrong, wrong.
The revolution Has been televised

And trivialized,

Made almost antiseptic, it's apocalyptic attempts
Co-opted, contained and commoditized.
Now showing, an exhibit at the MOMA,
A thrilling documentary about

Just plain folks in far away places, maybe,
Coveting our conventional "democracy"
Surely these young people in tents knew that
Last year.

Not far away, but here,

They are serving Ben and Jerry's,
And endlessly updating their Facebook pages,
Considering the subjugation of women and discussing
brands..

Where are the anarchists, now,
As billions change hands and borders flex,
And bodies go to ground (blood being the most productive crop
this year)

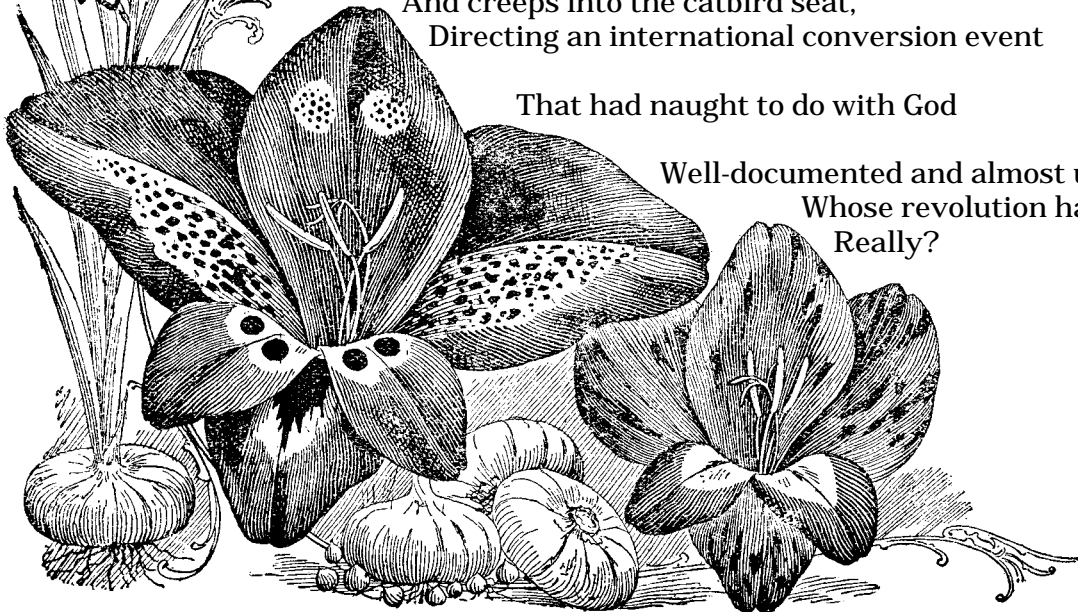
The shadow of Theocracy
darkens, sinister, solidifies

And creeps into the catbird seat,
Directing an international conversion event

That had naught to do with God

Well-documented and almost unseen.

Whose revolution has this been,
Really?



CERT Outta Holman —Michael Kimble



In October 2016, the Corrections Emergency Response Team (CERT) was assigned to Holman Prison in Atmore, Alabama. There are 3 teams of CERT that are assigned to Holman on a rotating schedule. Each team consists of about 12 CERT members. CERT is notorious for their sadism, brutality and their gung-ho swagger. Many of them are members of the military or former military.

Since CERT's assignment at Holman, they have beaten many prisoners.

But on July 19th, 2018 at approximately 7AM the entire CERT, about 60 in all entered Holman supposedly to do an institutional search for contraband. But in actuality it was an excuse for them to trash our property and to assault prisoners. They came in full gear (flak jackets, shot guns, gas guns, etc.) screaming "On your bunk face down, hands behind your head and legs crossed". If one didn't move fast enough they were hit with batons and/or fists.

There are two sides to each dorm with 114 beds in all. I was sleeping in bed B-1 and the search began from the back, so I was the last prisoner to be searched. As they were working their way to the front they were escorting each prisoner out the dorm's back door. Eventually they made it to my bed, and ordered me to strip naked. I did so and was told to walk with my hands behind my head with my elbows in. As I was approaching the back door this big 6 foot 4 inch, 200 plus pound CERT member stepped in front of me, blocking the aisle and told me to say "excuse me". I went around him and was immediately punched in the face by another CERT member, then hit in the back of the head. I turned around and defended myself against my assaulters. They eventually picked me up and threw me to the floor and started kicking and hitting me. Others joined in. I was then taken in handcuffs to a holding cell where there was 6 other prisoners from other dorms who also had been assaulted by CERT. We were placed in this holding cell without any mattresses, sheets, etc. Some of us didn't even have shoes on, so were barefoot. We were made to sleep in this holding cell on the floor overnight and then taken to the lock up unit.

Whenever a prisoner is placed in lock up, according to administrative regulations they are to be afforded "due process" rights. First, by a written notice notifying the prisoner of the charges and that within 72 hours the prisoner will receive a disciplinary write up or release back to general population.

I have received none of this protection. I was denied my property, my mail has been delayed coming in and going out.

Before being assaulted and placed in lock up I was organizing for the August 21st–September 9th national prison strike. I had been talking to guys in industry (Tag Plant) and around the prison about the strike. I had also placed posters and articles on the bulletin board explaining details about the strike.

I was released back into general population on September 4th. But before I was released I was taken to the warden Cynthia Stewart's office and told not to be pushing, organizing any strikes or I would be placed back in lock up and never let out.

Thanks to all of you who have made calls to the warden and commissioner demanding my release from lock up. Without the calls I would no doubt still be in lock up.

And since the call-ins, they have started bringing cleaning supplies around to the cells so we can clean them out.

**FIRE 2 THA PRISONS!
CERT OUTTA HOLMAN!**

-Michael

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock —Noah Coffin

Second by second, each heart beat after the next I am broken..I am splintered and shattered, then ground into a heap of dust..My essence remains there clinging to each fiber of my vessel refusing to free. So sweat and tears as binding I rebuild..Day after day I gather that dust and laboriously apply that hard earned sweat-n-heartfelt-soul emptying tears to those pieces of me and rebuild what's to be broken again...once complete, with the burning heat and passionate fire that is my love, myself is fired as the potter's clay to await those hammer blows.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock!!!



My love is pure as a raging furnace and so my vessel holds like stone. Blow after blow that hammer falls upon me with the weight, such terrible weight of distance and I crack, splinter then crumble to dust..the deafening collisions echo off the vast empty spaces of this tiny cell. "Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock"!! And though my vessel is broken and my soul cries out reaching, grasping yet finding emptiness reaching back, it's my raging love alone that remains...

It has always been my love. A love strong and terrible that carried me on wings whenever you called. A fiery inferno, my love raged into the face of Any - defiant, unshakeable, out of control. Unmatched. A love with no duplicate, no equal and so I am set apart...Alone in a world where love is a word and the word is misunderstood and frightening...A terrible fear in the heart of the enemy of my friend. A force of nature in the face of a foe. And to the one that I love a fiery forge where all doubt, fear or insecurities are purged leaving the purest, perfect you...

I'm not perfect. I'm no one's role model. I carry ink and scars and wounds too deep to be seen. Wounds that hurt like nothing that bleeds, blisters or breaks..I forgive but never forget and my trust comes with the cost of integrity..losing one means they're both no longer yours..

But love conquers All. Love is my conquest and in order to succeed I must overcome...

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock!!

-Noah



Support the Clarion Book Project!

Prison seeks to isolate our friends behind walls both physical and psychological. Separated from loved ones, anarchist prisoners are removed from the daily dialogue and exchange of ideas that give birth to liberatory projects and experiments. Imprisoned anarchists will find very little in prison libraries and network television to keep them informed on outside struggles, and, in absence of comrades on the outside mailing in magazines and books, they are left without access to subversive literature of any kind.

Since 2014, Bloomington Anarchist Black Cross has been sending monthly packages of literature to a handful of anarchist prisoners in the United States. These generally feature recently-published anarchist periodicals and zines, historical texts, and articles on current events. In addition, we send packages of books every other month. The project has fostered dialogue on current struggles, enabled US anarchist prisoners to express solidarity to anarchist prisoners around the world, and led to sharing of anarchist literature throughout the prisons where our friends are held captive.

While we have been happy to quietly work on this initiative without publicizing our efforts, we would like to expand its capacity. While we are able to print zines, we lack the funds to regularly purchase quality anarchist books for our imprisoned friends.

If you are an anarchist publisher who feels affinity with this project and would like to send us books for distribution to anarchist prisoners, please email us at [bloomingtonanarchistblackcross \[at\] riseup dot net](mailto:bloomingtonanarchistblackcross[at]riseup[dot]net).

We are in this for the long-haul, and appreciate the help.
with toner in our DNA,
Bloomington Anarchist Black Cross
bloomingtonabc.noblogs.org

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FREE ERIC KING



"This whole court's a farce. I stated what I did. I'm happy I did it. The government in this country is disgusting. The way they treat poor people, the way they treat brown people, the way they treat everyone that's not in the class of white and male is disgusting, patriarchal, filthy, and racist."

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