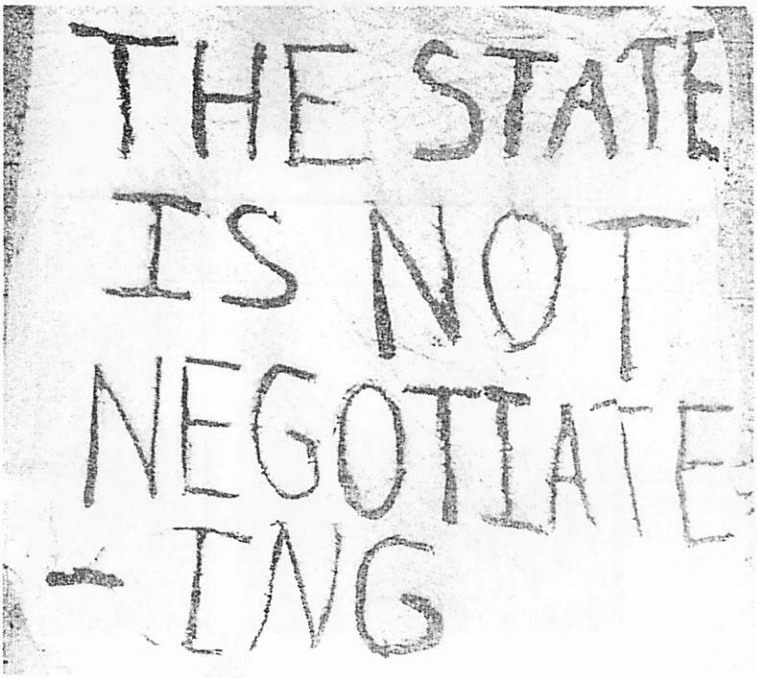
VOICES OF THE LUCASVILLE UPRISING VOLUME 1



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POWER TO THE PEOPLE



Written January 2011, following the successful hungerstrike.

Although on a very small scale (which by no means diminishes the deed), we, the people, have wrought a revolution—"a sudden and momentous change in a situation"—and accomplished in twelve days what the powers that be have repeatedly told us would never happen. Indeed, for the first time in sixteen years, I will be able to hug and kiss my family again! There are no words to express the profound gratitude I feel. The late, great, revolutionary leader, Che Guevara, once said: "A true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love!" Well, while I cannot claim to be a revolutionary in the strict sense of the word, it is a great feeling of love (for you, the people) that is guiding me right now:

even as I write this, tears of hope and determination are streaming down my face.

When one has been forced to live in a space no larger than a closet for sixteen years, 23 hours a day, not only does one begin to feel extremely insignificant, but the very world begins to shrink; and everything, even the smallest thing, seems impossible. Hence, never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined the overwhelming outpouring of love and support that came flooding into my cell after I cried out for help. People from all over the country and the world—England, Ireland, Serbia, Amsterdam—reached out and joined together with us to right an injustice; and surprisingly, miraculously, we succeeded! Everything we demanded was properly handed over (see attachment).

It would be great if I could say that the worst is over now, and that, with victory in hand, I can live happily ever after. Unfortunately, I don't have the luxury of living in a fairy tale; the people who are trying to take my life are real, not a figment of my imagination. In fact, not even a week after my piece—If We Must Die—was posted and we embarked on the hunger strike, a federal district judge turned down my appeal, which placed me even further in the balance. It would be naïve of me to believe that this was just a coincidence, an unrelated incident that just so happened to coincide with our peaceful, nonviolent demonstration. As you may recall, I said some very harsh things (all of them true) against the system; and I say them again: this system is bogus and sold to those with money. In other words, if you don't have the capital you get the punishment, and justice, like everything else in this capitalist nightmare, is nothing more than a commodity that is reserved for the highest bidder. Need I say more?

Friends, I beg you not to abandon me to this mockery; inasmuch as my life is not for them to take, I intend to fight them, and I (we) need your help. What they did to us can not stand up under the bright light of scrutiny. Because of who we are, they felt that doing a thorough job wasn't necessary. After all, who's going to give a damn about a bunch of criminals? With this as their attitude, they utilized a "first-come-first-served" strategy and ended up charging several different people

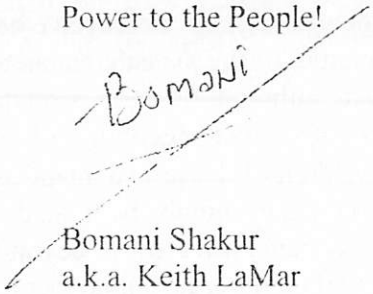
with the same crimes, using different theories; and, in some cases, allowed the actual perpetrators to point the finger elsewhere if they were willing to assist the prosecution in cleaning up its books. Simply put, what they did to us is a travesty of justice; and yet, our convictions have remained intact through the lower courts of appeal and are quickly making their way through the federal courts. In other words, if we don't do something to get out in front of this thing, they are going to kill us soon. And it may be that, no matter what we do, they are going to kill us anyway. Well, okay. But if that be the case, let us at least make sure that they not be able to call it justice. If they kill us, let us at least be able to call it what it really is: murder.

Friends, we don't have to accept this; we don't have to continue down the path of least resistance, allowing them to do with us whatever they please. If we stand together and speak truth to power, they will have no choice but to right this wrong. They did it in the current confrontation, and they will do it again, not because they want to but because they have to. Whenever hypocrisy is confronted by the truth, it must capitulate. Therefore, the key to fighting these people is to expose the truth and then hold it up next to what they claim to represent. If we can do this well enough, they will either have to practice what they preach or, as Malcolm X suggests, preach what they practice. Our job is to make sure they don't have it both ways.

Our friend, Staughton Lynd, has written a book about the uprising (Lucasville: The Untold Story of a Prison Uprising), and we need to encourage people to read it. In the coming days, weeks, and months, we need to formulate plans to reintroduce the play and launch the documentary, Dirty Little Secrets, all with the intended purpose of making as many people as possible aware of what actually happened during the uprising and its aftermath. Ultimately, the goal is to compose a petition, similar in scope to the ones that were recently circulated, which will then be presented to the governor with the demand that he either issue a general amnesty with respect to all of the Lucasville cases or, in the alternative, convene a panel of qualified experts to determine whether or not a general amnesty is warranted.

In closing, I want to thank each and every one of you for coming forward as you did. I am both humbled and uplifted by the support. When I phoned my eight-year-old niece, Kayla, afterwards and informed her that "uncle Keith will be able to touch her little hand soon," she, with excitement brimming in her voice, said, "that's awesome!" And I couldn't agree with her more: what we did was awesome! We came together and spoke truth to power and won! Imagine that!

Power to the People!



Bomani Shakur
a.k.a. Keith LaMar
January 2011

SUPERMAX

Bomani Shakur

According to the Department Of Justice, the word "supermax" is defined as "a highly restrictive, high-custody housing unit within a secure facility that isolates violent inmates from the general population." Sounds simple enough-- that is, until one delves into the true meaning of the word; then, of course, things tend to get a bit more complicated. It's difficult to know, for instance, what the human cost and consequences will be. There have been studies, and all paint a very disturbing picture of the psychic damage that this kind of isolation can inflict. Indeed, although the term is relatively new, the idea behind the supermax is not a new conception. It has been tried before, and the prevailing wisdom of the time demanded that human beings, including the most hardened criminals, be treated humanely and not tortured. But we as a society have, traveled far beyond the times when those on the "inside" were thought of as human beings; hence, what is done inside these places is of little or no concern to those on the "outside."

In his poignant piece on crime and punishment, Kahlil Gibran posed the question, "What penalty lay you upon him who slays in the flesh yet is himself slain in the spirit?" As human beings, we are taught to believe that there is such a thing as good and bad people, and even though we know from our own experiences that life is very seldom that simple, we allow ourselves to believe in this because it allows us to live more comfortably within the shelter of our own illusions.

The rapist who was molested as a child, the murderer who was bullied, the thief whose childhood was stolen; we don't become who we are on our own. At certain stages in our development we are vulnerable to various imprints, pivotal experiences that stamp themselves on our psyches and form for us a self-concept. And self-concept is destiny.

To lock someone up and throw away the key is the easiest way not to see the truth. And what is this truth that is so shameful, so scandalous, that the prison population in the United States has surpassed 2.5 million? At some point we have to stop and ask ourselves what is

being hidden away inside these places. We hear terms like "the worst of the worst' and blindly assume that we are being told about the worst murderer, the worst drug dealer, the worst rapist, etc. It never really dawns on us that the framers of the term, are, in actuality, talking about the worst human beings: the ones who just couldn't cut it (so to speak).

Yes, there are murderers here, but they aren't the same kind of killers that are sent to Iraq. There are drug dealers here as well, but, as far as I know, none of them owned the planes that brought the drugs into America. And, yes, unfortunately, there are rapist here, too, but only a few fit the description that is portrayed by the media. In point of actual fact most of them are victims of some type of rape or molestation themselves and, as perverted as it may be, were pursuing a pattern that was forced upon them. These are not evil people. I've talked to them; I know their stories. The vast majority of those who are thrown into these places are shattered beings, people who lack the nervous equipment necessary to survive under the cutthroat competition of a capitalistic society.

When we hear the word "criminal" we think of someone who has been found guilty of a crime. However, for the purpose of the present writing, I'd like to suggest that guilt and responsibility are two very different things. For example, a person can be guilty of selling drugs but not at all responsible for creating the conditions wherein selling drugs is a viable option of survival. Indeed, when one lives in a country where profit takes precedence over human potential and almost all of the "legal" avenues to security have been blocked in order to create more wealth for the rich, one's very existence becomes a crime; and whether this takes on the form of prostitution, selling drugs, or stealing cars, the goal in every instance is to stay alive. This does not make one a bad person.

If living in the freest country in the world demands that large portions of the population be sent to prison, then there's something missing in that freedom. Likewise, if being the wealthiest country in the world means 50 percent of all the wealth and resources have been hoarded by the wealthiest 1 percent, while 30 million people live below

the poverty line, then there's something criminal in that accumulation. If the United States is the freest and most wealthy country in the world, there shouldn't be 2.5 million people behind bars (not to mention the millions on probation and parole), and there most certainly shouldn't be a need for supermax prisons.

In his essay on "Capitalism and Incarceration," Richard D. Vogel points out that, "the widespread practice of mass incarceration is a result of the deindustrialization of the nation during the past twenty-five years and the consequent social and economic dislocation that disproportionately impact minorities." In thinking about this, we can begin to understand why so many people have been left for dead in a kind of economic no-man's-land where, in order to survive, "alternative economies" (to borrow a phrase from Angela Davis) have had to be created. Under the current social structure, then, prisons have become the "dumping grounds" for the poor and no-longer-needed. Indeed, it wouldn't be extreme to compare what is happening now with what was happening in Germany (1940s) when Hitler was rounding up all the Jews and throwing them into concentration camps. The only real difference (and it's a very clever difference, I must say) is that those who are presently being thrown away are considered criminals which, let's face it, makes it a whole lot easier to accept. But just as Hitler created the justification for the mass incarceration of the Jews, so, too, has the U.S. government, through systematic deprivations, created the justification for the mass incarceration of the poor. The analogy is perfect.

It was during the Regan-era (1980s) that we began to see the deindustrialization of the nation and the subssquent proliferation of prisons across the American landscape. And to fill these prisons, the US government allowed huge amounts of cocaine to be dumped in to the inner cities (DARK ALLIANCES by Gary Webb). Sounds crazy, doesn't it? The US government would never do something as sinister as this; and we believe this, eve though we know about slavery and what happened to African Americans in this country; we believe this, even though we know about Japanese internment, and the almost total annihilation of Native Americans. But that's just the thing, according to

Noam Chomsky: "If you have been 'properly educated', you can't understand facts like these: even if the information is right in front of your eyes, you won't be able to comprehend it." And yet, the math tells the story.

The total adult population under correctional control exceeds 6.6 million. Between 1982 and 1997, expenditures on corrections increased a whopping 381 percent, police cost jumped 204 percent, and disbursements for judicial functions expanded 267 percent. Total direct spending on the criminal justice system in the United States (during the Regan-Bush-Clinton era) rose by 262 percent. The total outlay for criminal justice in 1997 approached $130 billion. (Richard D. Vogel)

These numbers reflect the maximum utilization of the criminal justice system as a weapon of class warfare, as funds have been siphoned away from social services and education and reallocated to support the expansion of the prison-industrial complex. In other words, we have arrived at a crossroads, at a point in human history where we as individuals must decide whether or not we are going along for the ride or going to stand up and speak truth to power. Howard Zinn said, "You can't be neutral on a moving train." Well, this train is moving, my friend, and the supermax prison is but a signpost to indicate where we as a nation are going. It's a preparation, then, a moral gut check (if you will) to see if the U.S. citizenry is willing to sit back and allow the virtual entombment of its fellow citizens. And so far it doesn't took good.

Instead of addressing the issues that create the conditions that spawn poverty and violence, those in a position to speak have conspired with those in power and decided to blame the victims for their own victimization. In the meantime, the United States has the highest incarceration rate in the world, and one of the highest of any country in history.

When future generations look back on this era of human disposal, they are going to wonder how did this happen, how did so many "good people" sit back and allow those who crave money and

power to repeat a history that had already been proven to be faulty. And we are going to have to tell them that we were afraid, that we allowed our fear and cowardice to dominate our decisions.

And for those of you who feign ignorance and pretend not to know what is really going on while you live lives of luxury, I say to you in the words of Francis Jeanson: "If you succeed in keeping your hands unsullied, it is because others dirty themselves in your place. You hire thugs, and, balancing the accounts, it is you Who are the real criminals: for without you, without your blind indifference, such men could never carry out deeds that damn you as much as they shame those men."

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As I write this, I'm sitting inside a cell at the Ohio State Penitentiary, listening to the strange sounds of those who, like myself, have been discarded by humanity. The majority of them are watching the football game, oblivious to the fact that their days, like mine, are numbered. Every now and then I hear a scream, but, since the game is on, it's difficult to know, from whence it came: the game, the pain, or the constant strain they are under. I hope it's the game, but I know better. I know what this experience has done to them; some of them will never be the same again. And not all of them are doing forever; some of them will be going home soon, returning to a community near you, broken and battered... and ready to do violence!

WRITE TO BOMANI:
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AN INTRODUCTION TO SIDDIQUE ABDULLAH HASAN



Siddique Abdullah Hasan

Imam Siddique Abdullah Hasan
Ohio State Penitentiary

By Dennis S. Boatwright, January 10, 2009

This introduction is about Siddique Abdullah Hasan, a man who has stood for human principles and dedication to God. This is to tell you one man's story of challenging and protesting inhumane conditions in a Midwest heartland state and being condemned to death for standing on principles of human decency to one another, and an unquenchable belief in god to see him through this. But now I ask you, shall his life be taken or spared? That is exactly what is at issue here—putting a deeply religious man to death because he fought for freedom from persecution

of his fellow man just 18 years ago and the state of Ohio and your country want to put his life to an end for the same principles that establish our country and our Constitution. Has our country dropped the principles that establish it and made it great—human rights? No, so please read on.

This is not a philosophical matter. It is a question of whether you are ready to join others to help free Imam Hasan, or will you allow your inactivity to be used as an instrument of the state to kill him. Saving his life makes us worthy citizens, a sacred title that entails enormous duties. Our claims to U.S. citizenship comes with sacrosanct responsibilities; that is, ensuring that laws of this land are administered fairly and not maliciously used against those presumed to possess no rights. Our patriotism is constantly challenged and tested, and is measured, in part, by how we safeguard the spirit of the Constitution. Imam Hasan is an innocent man. It is our patriotic duty to make sure his life is not cut short. His exoneration is our freedom, in that it frees our conscious of the shameful guilt that would forever trouble our minds had we remained neutral. Our collective voice and efforts will send a disquieting signal to the criminal justice system that it cannot ignore exculpatory evidence in the Imam Hasan's capital trial.

Supporting Imam Hasan's case is not merely about freeing an innocent man, his plight and case has much broader and lasting implications to our society and future generations. We are not only saving the life of an innocent freedom fighter, but also protecting a special legacy that runs through the likes of Thomas Paine, Frederick Douglass, Malcolm X, George Jackson, leading up to Imam Hasan. He represents an endangered species of man whom we cannot allow to fall into extinction. Will Imam Hasan live or will we allow his life to be ended tragically and prematurely like that of Martin Luther King, Jr.? Our actions hold part of the answer.

Courageous people like Imam Hasan are rare occurrences. They are one-in-a-million, once-in-a-lifetime, individuals whom many only get to know through reading books. The most amazing characteristic

about Imam Hasan is how resolute and dignified he has been since being sentenced to death. Most would respond differently.

When confronted with overwhelming odds or impending doom, many people will moderate their stance or tone down their rhetoric within the logic of self-preservation. This change can be swift or stretch across an entire lifetime, or span one's academic or professional career, depending on the dimension of the threat. In the realm of politics and social movements, this transformation can be most astonishing and dramatic, sometimes occurring instantaneously, overnight or after the latest Zogby opinion poll. The more sudden of these transformations are usually explained away by beneficiaries of the status quo as an intelligent response to danger. Supporters of this view often conveniently discount the precursors to this unexpected conversion to bolster their claims that the chance occurred without external pressures, i.e., as the result of innate human pragmatism. But since time immemorial, threats and looming danger have proven to be powerful influences that help decide the basis of one's behavior. This makes sense, considering that the outer environment causes individuals to respond accordingly, in many cases without regard to preexisting convictions. A few common examples will elucidate this point.

Some facing summary execution or long-term imprisonment will modify their posture in favor of interrogators in an effort to save their own lives, even if their betrayal comes with an unconscionable price—destruction of organization or certain death of key members. Another example of induced change occurs when a former dissident intellectual's tenure is endangered by university regents because of outspokenness, or the professor is offered a more lucrative post within another institution wherein the educator is expected to align his/her political philosophy to mainstream expectations. A final illustration is that of politicians, people whose livelihood and quest for power and prestige rely heavily upon voters and taxpayers. Opinion polls and public perception cause many "pragmatic" public servants to campaign against their own position, switch political parties, or oppose dear policies when politically expedient to do so. There are plenty of examples that fit into this parasitic category. In the praxis of

humankind, these often shamefully opportunistic behaviors are not at all uncommon.

Most people fearing danger or seeking career advancement find it easy to compromise their stance. Conversely, there are others whose position remains constant no matter the enormity of the threat. No amount of reward or punishment can cause them to cave in or violate principles they stand on, because to do so would entail a fundamental restructuring and reevaluation of their own value system. But there are few who not only remain firm in their position, but who actually harden their position commensurate with the degree of danger. It is learned that this exceptional group has predetermined that hardships and dangers inevitable will be encountered for exposing views out of favor with those possessing coercive power. Still there are even fewer who actually ratchet up their denunciation of injustice upon facing inescapable peril, even while being driven to the gallows. They manage to maintain their defiance and dignity until their last breath when most of society would find it extremely difficult to hold together. This defiant composure is remarkably illustrated by a captured rebel slave, informing his captors who asked what he had to say during the "trial":

"I have nothing more to offer than what General Washington would have had to offer, had he been taken by the British officers and put to trial by them. I have ventured my life in endeavoring to obtain the liberty of my countrymen, and am a willing sacrifice to their cause; and I ask a favor, that I may be immediately led to execution. I know that you have predetermined to shed my blood. Why then all this mockery of a trial?"

To act with extraordinary dignity and to speak with penetrating clarify while facing imminent death is something to marvel. But, most people will reflectively change their position when facing a demonstrative ending. Not so Imam Hasan.

Imam Hasan is among a small percentage of people who do not succumb to human capriciousness. He is an embodiment of fearlessness and forbearance in the face of savage consequences. He has been sitting

on death row, in solitary confinement, since he was convicted of being the mastermind of the deadly 1993 Lucasville prison uprising which ended in the deaths of ten people, including one prison guard. Since then, Imam Hasan has been sequestered in the most harrowing confinements, virtually without human contact; all the while a looming death sentence shadows his existence. Despite living under an unmythical sword of Damocles, Imam Hasan displays a mystifying calmness that continues to baffle, as well as inspire, this writer and numerous supporters, especially his loving wife, Saadiqah, and his stepdaughter, Nadia, who find it easy to carve a smile on the face of this very serious yet compassionate man. Condemned to death row has not caused a qualitative decline in his dedication to Allah (God), nor the belief in the moral legitimacy of his actions. In fact, Imam Hasan has not budged from his principled stance to try to curry leniency from his tormentors. His ordeal has only caused his obedience and faith in God to ever increase. The Imam has kept his composure, and is not only putting up a gallant fight to save his own life, but he is endeavoring mightily to change legislation that may help save the lives of others. This point is not a trivial notation. Most people's faith suffers decline in trying circumstances, to the extent that they wonder about the very existence of God, or the legitimacy of the Cause they are being persecuted for. Specifically, they question why Divine help is not around when it is needed most.

Not unlike many other great thinkers and leaders, Imam Hasan is a man before his time; a throwback to the 60's form of direct radical progressivism. Had the ethos of that day been present today, Imam Hasan would be heralded as a hero within certain segments of U.S. society. Unfortunately we are in an age of undiscovered purposes, wherein no one seems to stand for anything or know what to stand for; a time wherein bluster is confused for substance and authenticity. This confusion allows for many pretenders—that is, people who place no limits on promoting their self-interest—to pass as real leaders. These putative grassroots leaders, had they been in Imam Hasan's situation, would say or do whatever the authorities wished to save themselves. They would not hesitate to disavow their own principles, or shamefully

throw themselves on the mercy of the court. Those who visit or speak to Imam Hasan detect no signs of capitulation.

Imam Hasan has been described as a monster by mainstream media. He has been falsely blamed for starting that bloody prison uprising. Corrections staff do not want the public to know that oppressive prison conditions cause riots to flare up. Deplorable prison conditions at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility catapulted Imam Hasan into our lives. Had prison conditions not fell below human toleration, we may not have been introduced to Imam Hasan under such violent circumstances. But this supposition goes without saying. We can also surmise that, had Britain not insisted that America remain one of her colonies, or had Western nations not enslaved people of color, we would never have know George Washington, Nat Turner, Gandhi, nor Ho Chi Minh. The social physics of human interaction dictates that heroes, statesmen, and the great thinkers are spawned from the throes of resistance. These extraordinary personalities seem to have a flair for crisis management and a reassuring calmness when mere mortals are engulfed by panic. For this is why we place them such high pedestals. Ironic as this may sound, peace-loving people whom we have grown to revere are most often by-products of war and struggle. Many of our heroes have fallen on the battlefield. But their military failure does not stop their courage from enchanting the hearts and minds of those who know no victory, but who understand and respect their sacrifices. The hero of this article is alive, and there is a movement underway to keep living.

In conclusion, this web page (http://www.facebook.com/siddique.hasan) is not for curious web browsers excavating for prison oddities for entertainment. It is a page/site that presents the facts in Imam Hasan's case and introduces visitors to an incredible person whom the state of Ohio is bent on executing, despite exculpatory evidence. He represents the last of a dying breed of men; people who stood up for truth and justice for those who are less assertive, knowing that they may not realize the fruits of their efforts in their lifetimes.

Visitors to this page/site are commended for their curiosity and courage for daring to read its contents. You are the special people who make legendary people great, because without your support, they would not be able to do the things that succeeding generations honor them for. This is only the introduction to a source that is full of fascinating information, charts, and audio and written commentaries of Imam Siddique Abdullah Hasan. What follows guarantees to fascinate as well as intrigue readers. This is a rare chance to enter the mind of a freedom fighter to get a better understanding of the thoughts of the likes of Malcolm X and George Jackson. Hopefully all of the forthcoming pages will clear up any misconceptions you have of his case, and this new information will encourage you and others to join in obtaining his freedom. As alluded to above, one of the most saddening aspects of history is the fact that most great men and women are scorned and/or unappreciated during their own lifetime. Edification and admiration usually come belated, years after they have passed away. We are trying to reverse this tend.

WRITE TO HASAN:
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ART BY JASON ROBB



Jason Robb doesn't like to write, he prefers drawing and painting. Like Siddique and Bomani, he's on death row for his involvement in the Lucasville uprising. He represented the Aryan Brotherhood faction during the uprising and is still a member, but does not consider himself a white supremacist.


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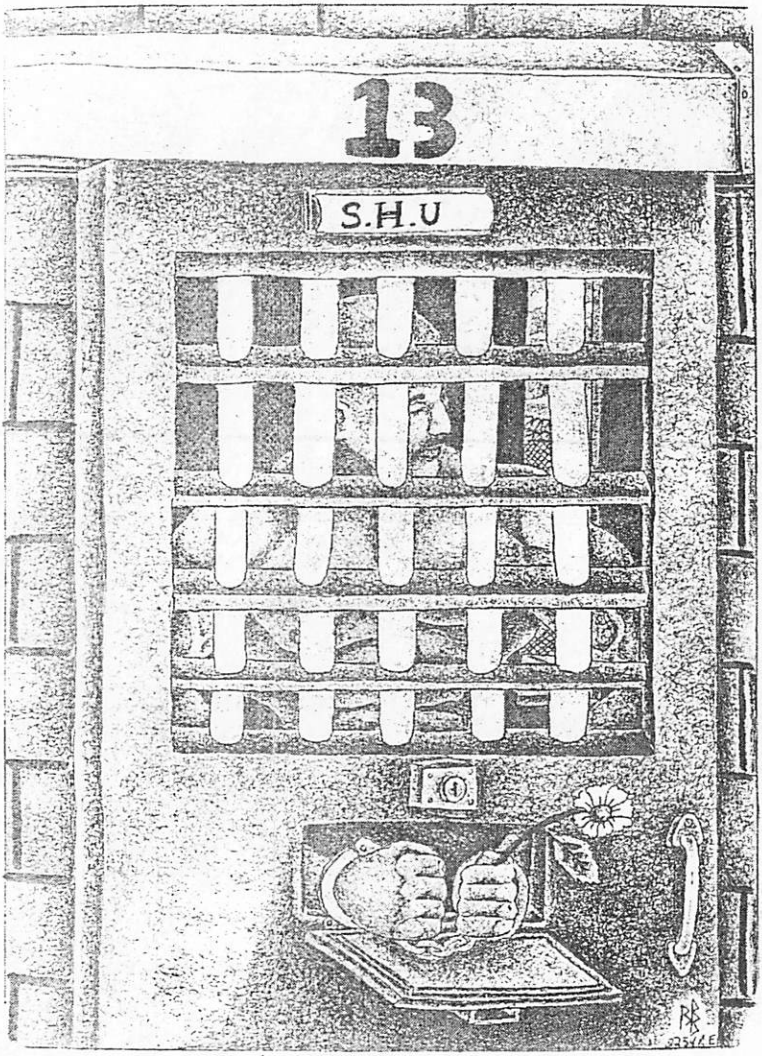

WRITE TO JASON ROBB
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WHY DON'T WE KNOW EACH OTHER?



Written July 2011, shared at the North American Anarchist Black Cross conference in Denver.

Is it because I wasn't involved in the Hough and Watts riots of the 70s? Perhaps it's because I didn't march on Washington, or "sit in" at various lunch counters throughout the South to end segregation? Or maybe it's my self-destructive past that has prevented me from becoming a part of your awareness?

I admit, until coming to the penitentiary, I was more part of the problem than the solution and, in my ignorance, caused a lot of pain and suffering. However, since coming to this massive employment vehicle that has been inappropriately named The Department of Rehabilitation and Corrections, I met and was mentored by some very conscious individuals who taught me how to be less of the problem and more of the solution. They shared with me books like The Miseducation of the Negro, Blood in my Eye, and 100 Years of Lynching (to name a few). Through these scholarly investigations, something which had hitherto lain dormant inside of me was awakened and I immediately sought to

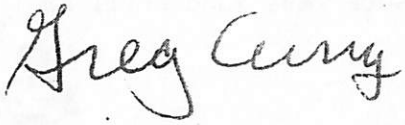
share my newfound awareness with those around me in hopes that we, together, could change the oppressive environment that we were living in. Some would insist that by becoming aware of my surroundings and challenging the policies of those in power I became a "political prisoner." I would say that I was simply living on the knowledge of my experience. If that makes me a political prisoner, I can neither confirm nor deny it. It is what it is.

In 1993, a major prison uprising erupted at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility (SOCF) in Lucasville, Ohio. In its aftermath, I and several of my comrades were indicted for allegedly orchestrating, ordering, and, in some cases, participating in the hands-on killing of several inmates who were suspected of being informants. However, as the trials got underway, it very quickly became apparent that certain people were being singled out, not because of our actual involvement in crimes committed during the disturbances but because of our political views and the potential danger we represented. Unbeknownst to us at the time, we were singled out and used to form the basis for the building of a new supermax prison in Youngstown, Ohio.

Although this is not the proper forum to rehash the particulars of our situation, it should suffice to say that the miscarriages of justice that occurred during our collective trials and appeals were so flagrant and egregious that several books (namely, Lucasville: The Untold Story of a Prison Uprising), a play, and a full-scale documentary (Dark Little Secrets) have been created to expose our plight to the public. I encourage each and every one of you to seek out these sources of information and acquaint yourselves with the reality of our situation and then decide whether or not we are political prisoners deserving of your support and recognition. In the meantime, understand that whether or not we win your allegiance, there are thousands of men and women inside these places who are right now rising to the occasion that confronts all of us who, as human beings, are living under a totalitarian government. Through trial and error, we are engaging in work stoppage (Georgia), hunger strikes (California and Ohio) and various other forms of civil disobedience designed to challenge and change the status quo.

With this in mind, I end as I began, by asking: why don't we know each other?

Freedom first,



WRITE TO GREG CURRY
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The Lucasville Uprising was a rebellion against oppressive and racist policies at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility (SOCF) in Lucasville, OH. Nine inmates and one guard died during the uprising in April of 1993. Today, many people are serving time or condemned to death by the state of Ohio in relation to the uprising. We demand amnesty and freedom for all of these inmates. The conditions at SOCF were (and still are) intolerable and unconscionable.

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The distributors this zine do not support the various alleged affiliations of the prisoner contributors to this site, but strongly support their stand against government oppression, and will do what we can to amplify their voices. As shown by prisoner resistance nationally there is a need for to look past individual beliefs and alleged affiliations, to stand together. Unity takes away the power of their captors to play puppet masters and places power back to those enlightened prisoners who choose not to be puppets. These prisoners' united stand across challenging divisions and under the most trying of circumstances should be an example and inspiration to us all.

FREE ALL PRISONERS

