

BATTLE TESTED

Solidarity with
anarchist prisoner
Eric King

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background

Eric King, a vegan anarchist, was arrested and charged with an attempted firebombing of a government official's office in Kansas, MO in September 2014. He is currently being held on 4 federal felony charges. The state alleges that he threw a hammer through a window of a government building and then threw molotov cocktails, which failed to ignite. He is being housed in the Corrections Corporation of America's Leavenworth Detention Center.

For the first 7 months of his pre-trial detention he was denied vegan food inside the prison. With the help of comrades both inside and out he was able to win access to a vegan diet. Along with this fight there has been a struggle to receive adequate medical care for a potentially serious condition. This will remain a battle for him, especially with his classification while at CCA Leavenworth. In July, marking his 6th month in solitary confinement, there was a hearing to determine his housing status where the prison decided that he will remain in solitary for the rest of his time at CCA Leavenworth.

As of this writing, his federal trial has been set for October 10th, 2015.

We put this pamphlet together, not as people working directly on Eric's solidarity campaign, but as individuals interested in spreading information about this, and other cases of state repression. The information and texts have been gleaned mostly off of his support site and materials. The charges Eric is facing are serious and the outcome of this trial could steal 30 years of his life on the outside. The state's attack on him does not just effect his closest supporters, but all of us who wish to fight against domination.

Below are a few ways that you can help Eric, we hope you understand that there are many more that do not fit on pieces of paper.

Eric King
27090045
CCA Leavenworth
100 Highway Terrace
Leavenworth, KS 66048

Envelopes with mail must include the his full name and number. He may receive photographs, but they must not show any nudity, penetration, crime, gang signs, drugs or drug usage. Polaroids are acceptable as long as they are not damaged and/or concealing any contraband. Stamps, blank paper, envelopes, blank cards, self-addressed envelopes, calling cards, credit cards, stickers of any kind, cards with sound and fake cash are not accepted and should not be mailed in.

Publications must be sent directly from a nationally recognized publisher or book store and must be accompanied by receipts. No used books or magazines are allowed. No more than three books and/or magazines many be received in any one shipment. Please remember Eric is pre-trial so do not ask him questions about his case or his charges.

For more information and all updates
please check out:
supportericking.wordpress.com

SOLIDARITY



ericking ^{with}

From Behind Enemy Lines: Statement From Eric King october 5th, 2014

My name is Eric. I've been an anarchist since about the age of 17; of course developing and maturing my views as I have grown. I am very active in the LGBQT, Earth, Animal, Antifa and other communities. I have organized Food Not Bombs, rallies against the Klan, and many others in support of human rights, anti-capitalism, animal rights, etc! I am an insurrectionist now. I believe that revolution starts in our own minds and once you are personally ready, then everyone has something they can do.

I value and support the solidarity and comradery received from the community now when I need it most. There is a warm feeling you get from knowing that you committed your life to something larger than yourself and getting warm wishes, kindness, and positive words which can really help someone out of a dark day. I am getting indicted this week and hopefully will be outside sooner or later. Books, stamp money, envelope money and letters would be greatly appreciated if your able and if not keep up the struggle. With love and support, EK (A) (///)

Eric King
27090045
CCA Leavenworth
100 Highway Terrace
Leavenworth, KS 66048

a word from eric king

december 12th, 2014

I endure my sorrows with my convictions which are stronger than all of this human vileness." That quote by revolutionary Spaniard Durruti sums up my current existence. Prison is a disgusting place meant to destroy hope and facilitate despair. Thankfully I find myself comforted knowing that to be a fighter is to suffer the consequences of revolutionary action, and to cowar as soon as things begin to suffer is to lose track of what matters most. There is no shame in being locked down for my alleged crimes. The state at every level has been complicit to the destruction of the poor working class both at home and abroad. American workers have forgotten that their time is precious, their labour glorious. So long have wages and benefits been cut, so long have the lower class been villonized that many forget that they are not "soon to be millionaires" but rather horribly exploited. Classism in the states is manifested by the rich and drilled into all of our brains until instead of disgust against a society that allows its brothers and sisters to toil for 7 an hour, we have disgust for the people doing those jobs! How backwards.

My life goal even back to the early priestly days has been to fight for the poor and exploited: both by fighting against classism, racism, sexism and all oppression. I have witnessed the state at the highest federal level down to the lowest meaningless commission act in compliance with corporate desires against humans, nonhuman animals and the environment. To ignore these actions is to put your own boot on the throat of the oppressed. So I await my trial for allegedly fighting against that which has always and will always use its tools to silence dissent and manipulate the masses. To fight

against this government is to do the most honorable thing a human can do, to sacrifice what you can, when you can.

I stand behind the comrades in Ferguson, that they may accomplish the great deed of social revolution over a system of decades old institutionalized bigotry, and with the anti-government protesters in Mexico, standing up against the US backed government ran on violence and corruption. My only regret is that I am not able to join in those battles. For me my fight is on the inside now. Overcoming torturous solitary conditions and stimulation isolation. I take great solidarity from those who have came before me in this struggle and those who continue to show me love and remind me what this fight is for.

Please continue to support the causes that fight for dignity and empowerment of the oppressed and exploited over profit. Please support those who saw injustice and could no longer continue to struggle in a non-confrontational form, whose hearts had seen enough suffering to have to defend and lash out in the only ways they knew how. Thank you to everyone who has sent a letter, funds, books, posted on a website or shown support in anyway. Times like these you find out who your real friends are and what love really means. My spirit wont weaken, 20 years or 1 year, I will continue to give all I have for the liberation movement I cherish more than life. No gods, no masters, no justice, no peace!

Keep up the fight,
in deepest solidarity
Eric King (A) (///) (V)
NO STEPS BACK!

a poem from eric march 2015

I can still see it there, under the haze of the street light,
No one in the world but me and this street sign,
Been walking so long my feet got engaged to the pavement,
My rubbery legs must stop. I am sleeping at 31st & Charolette,
It's too perfect for a roof. I'll wear the stars as a blanket,
Brown eyes heavier than her words, I shoulda been stronger,
All I need is one good sleep, it can't hurt forever,
Two blocks down the road the now or later black power memorial
two shots up the road, we'll be having another funeral
Sirens sing me to sleep. I have nothing to be robbed of,
In the morning I'll be back where I god damn started comrades
only to have ice to eat, I'm anxious enough & too skinny, feeling
starving & weak. Will try the market dumpster this evening
cops half when they drive past, "damn hobo drunkard"
I know if I was black I'd probably exist no longer.
Guess I could try the collective. Worth a shot I reckon they still
haven't forgiven me for trying to be Texan.
My legs are still but my mind is a rollar coaster in motion,
Could try the eat spot they never mind seeing me coming,
Tonight is nice to reconnect with the gravel that holds me,
I let someone into deep despite everything my ethics told me,
Charolette was my grandmothers name, oh how she'd scold me
I'll box with the shadows until I beat down the memory,
My life is an explosion in reverse, some how that's soothing."

-Eric King (V) (///) (A)

the view outside april 2015

Blueberry colored lights, sky descending
tilting my head up, the universe presents itself
one more graceful night, dreams of worlds beyond

Did I see a shooting star, outside my wall?
No, it was a search-light echoing the violence
reflective glares blind so harmoniously
off the razor wire, gently withing my reach
steel asserts its might as it resurrects from hell
to gain an air of freedom, to stand coffin deep
doors shriek in tune, to keep me in, or keep “them out”?

All my dreams of peace have deceived me
Recreation in a cage, I have become a beast
10,00 volts is so cooley welcoming
the sparks they purr at me

Like a high I’ve never known, one touch & you’re hooked
stars run away, lest they be captured & sentenced

Prisoners in a war, did I ever enlist in?
Shine mimics beauty & holds a cold stare
shine entombs deadly, should you forget
uniforms may change but society will ensure
That you will never, be free from this burden

-Eric King (V) (///) (A)

demands won for a vegan diet

april 25th, 2015

eric wrote this poem when on hungerstrike demanding the prison give him access to a vegan diet

Withholding food from my brain

they attempt to starve

revolutionary minds

I will eat

fueling on solidarity

surviving on truth

the words they oppress

desserts of abuse

which they indulge

will make their stomachs

a larger target

steal my food

you will not steal my cause

on introspection

(A)

If this is my home, it feels broken into
where's my warm welcome?
the family before was beaten and evicted
hard to settle in, hard to get cozy
if this is my home, who's misplaced my dishes
the silverware is tarnished and rusted
shelves sit empty, books besieged
why are there bars on the windows
and empty bottles in the bin
this isn't mine
tear this house down

Its getting harder to recognize myself, and it isn't only because of the unkempt facial hair mess or the longer-than-comfortable-but-fuck-it mop on top. Every day I evaluate than re-evaluate my stances, beliefs and passions. Nothing else to do in here really. Sometimes I get so bored with myself that I force my brain to shut off, other times my views are so splendidly revolutionary that I swear I will remember them so no need to write them down. Fool. I'm no longer the bubbly jokester or even the positive morale booster, it hasn't even been a year yet. Or maybe I am and just don't have anyone to joke with. I steadily keep turning further and further inward, caring less and less about the outside world, minus a select few people and places. Thus I can see how the outside world views prison/prisoners. Not even out of sight out of mind, more; never in sight blinded to sight. All the more miraculous that there is still some who actually do give more than just predisposed mime concerns towards the plight of prisoners.

The amount of true despair, pain, disillusionment, confusion & rage behind these walls is earth shaking, and this is just a federal holding facility! The horrors that await inside county, state & federal prisons is a nightmare that society denies its having, a monster it continually sweeps under the bed hoping the kids never hide under there. It's a pirate's treasure chest filled with forgotten and abandoned souls who have been shown no other way to survive than through violence. We tell kids to listen to the police, the good guys. So when our kids pull guns and fire hopeless and senselessly into another, should we not award them with badges and promotions, like they've seen their role models receive? How can we expect to stop things like rape when we teach boys that they're strong and in control and that girls exist just for sex, then use the media to instill that same worthlessness into young girls so much that they're brainwashed to believe it? I don't recognize myself anymore because I used to love calling girls babe & bitch because "It's a term of endearment" I would lie to myself. I had no problem telling someone to "quit being a fag" using the Eminem definition of detachment. I used to buy Nike shoes buy plain black tees, buy fucking everything to form an identity, never made anything though, especially an impact. Consumer tool, like everyone else. "I'm different" I would say to myself, railing molly off the bathroom counter at a hipster bar "I talk politics while fucked up, I see this is wrong I am just doing it ironically." moronically more like. Everyone loves being a weekend warrior, showing up for the rally or protest, fuck up some nazis' or a brick through a window or two. Then race home to brag about it on tablets and social media. The reason I don't recognize myself much these years is because back then I didn't have a personality of my own. Like many I just reflected back on what I thought about being morally, socially & class conscious meant "am I doing it right?" When you look in the mirror and the thing opposite you is ashamed to look back, or too high, it's time to re-evaluate yourself and do it quick. I am proud of who I was before my arrest and now after. The mental, social and physical changes I began making

years ago were beginning to manifest. Was I still a tad too emotional? Probably. Was I still a hypocrite? It's a human paradox. But my everyday life had evolved, my relationship with oppressive personality traits have matured, the way I was living was my views actualized, put into action. That felt good, real good. Everyone can benefit from some hard evolution. Calling yourself out is hard, yet rewarding, like most difficult things. Nothing feels better though than knowing you were living life the way YOU wanted instead of living the way you thought you should. Lots of improving. Having people around who share ideas, visions of the future, and affinity in reality and not just the obscure ideas, helps make me more honest, more introspective and more happy.

Eric King (A) (///) (V)
NO STEPS BACK!

battle tested

This poem was written in solidarity with the Baltimore rebels

They couldn't take the heat
egos as fragile as their power structure
bones break, convictions never
they think the lions been put down
more thorn in the paw
they strike what they fear
murderers and brutes, for our safety
our skulls are crunched
you are not the victim
you are a revolutionary
battle tested joining good company
confused pig bastards
forgot that you're the shark
and the blood is in the water
their violence validates further
the struggle that forces the beast
to view its true self
reflections of hatred and spite
battle tested, keep holding that mirror

poem about darkness

june 11, 2015

This poem was written by Eric in solidarity with all of the long-term eco, anarchist and trans prisoners, it was inspired by his solitary confinement experience.

I may never open these eyes again
who knows maybe I'm already dead
three inches of sunlight sure feels nice
when the sun goes
so do my eyes
traces on the walls shifting
can't tell if I am falling or lifting
no reading
no thinking
thoughts of a vacation underground
always mad, always broken
is this actually happening
or did something snap
one phone call a day
drags me out of this cellar
what if tomorrow it doesn't
break this darkness

un-titled poem

june 2015

There's more to life than Judgements
And gavels
Dogmas and logos, division and
Squalor

There's more to love than ego & control
Connections between beating hearts
And the rain that feeds the soil.
Existence is observance
And love can mean just learning
Either we let go or we grow

- EK

a poem about freedom

june 2015

One day the water that feeds
the grass
Will wash away the stain
of captivity off me
The clouds will open their arms in a
Warm embrace
Years of hurt and abstract existence
will be wiped clean
I can't smell freedom but one day
we all might
Days can't be bought on the free market
But they can be stolen at gun point
Trees can't grow in a day, but we clean
out forests in mutilating seconds...
One day the water that feeds the world
will purify my soul

-EK



