

'My hatred for these pigs has grown ten fold. I was dormant for a while in the casual adapted comfort I had allowed myself to find in my surroundings. It's been reignited as I'm reminded day after day what I'm fighting for. My eyes are wide open again.'

conditions of
content

casey brezik

Edited and distributed by Causerie
Publishing in November 2015.
For updates and case information check:
Kansascityabc.wordpress.com

mucus, noses running. LOL! The inmates just sitting on the bench, shackled there talking shit to these fools. He's been unaffected.

This comes as an added bonus to the wing giving the CO's some "act right" over the weekend. First thing this morning, as I said, they had sergeants, lieutenants, captains and fum in here going door-to-door asking if we had issues that needed to be resolved. This feels like the first victory I've seen the inmates win in a long time. Possibly ever. It's a significant moment. it shows that our sustained resistance has the effect of wearing them down. Further, this recent incident with the mace shows that it's possible to outsmart them and win victories that way too. I'm left inspired.

Those were my journal entries for the weekend of July 16th-20th 2015. I told you in the beginning, I don't feel the same about them now. Possibly, that's only because the intensity of the experience has dissipated. I do feel that it served to inspire and motivate me to put more work into the struggle. However, the significance stops there unless someone reading this is able to pull something from it.

Don't get me wrong because I still see it as significant in that it needed to take place. I just don't see it as significant in the broader scheme of things. It hasn't changed but in that moment, in that isolated place. The world continues on as though nothing has happened. it's just a moment in time. I can't pull any solutions out of this. Not even suggestions. Possibly, it can serve to inspire others.

In the meantime, I'll continue to struggle for solutions in here and hopefully you'll continue to do the same out there. No one knows where the answers might come from. Maybe it's you.

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*In solidarity comrades,
Casey M. Brezik*

july 20th 2015 (monday)

Things have already popped off early this morning. They sent a sergeant in early to go door-to-door checking with the inmates in every cell to make sure they were alright and to listen to our grievances and requests. Then they sent in the captain, a couple lieutenants and the Fum (the caseworker over the entire house) to do the exact same thing. While I was speaking with the Fum about my kites being ignored, another inmate was assaulted on the top walk. I didn't see it only the CO's standing around what seemed to be a body lying on the ground. Presumably he was in handcuffs because his cell door was open as well as his "chuck-hole" door. (They call it a chuck-hole because inmates chuck things out of it, LOL.) It's used to give us our food tray. They never let us out of our cell without handcuffing us, unless it's one of those willing to work for extra trays and the cigarette butts left outside by the CO's. Usually, that's also their snitch.

Ha! My neighbor across the walk just showed it to the CO asshole. Dudes always making stupid comments...I'm feeling it now (the mace)...anyway. He'd gotten into it with CO's earlier. Now as they walk to collect his tray he stuck his hand in the chuck-hole refusing to move it. This agitated the CO to mace him to try to get him to move his hand, so he could secure the door. Well, at the same instant the CO sprayed his mace the inmate removed his hands and put up a barrier. This caused the mace to repel back into the CO's face! LOL. However, this particular CO is full of pride at being better than us "worthless" inmates. Therefore, there's no way he's just going to let this inmate get the better of him. LOL. He tried to mace him twice more! LOL. Each time getting the same results! He had to call a code requesting assistance over his walkie-talkie. When the CO's responded, they all ran into the mace too! LOL. Now they're all coughing with their eyes watering, hacking up

from the editors...

Casey Brezik, an anarchist from Missouri, was arrested in September, 2010 for attacking and slashing the throat of the Dean of the Metropolitan community College-Penn Valley. This zine is a compilation of the personal diary entries that Casey wrote in July of 2015 surrounding the response to an assault on a fellow inmate by the CO's. The honesty and candor is rare amongst anarchist writings. Moments of revolt, however small, are written far too often without the depth of emotion they deserve. This text speaks of fear and confusion with a vulnerability we often lose in the overly glamorized and one-dimensional writings on revolt.

Allegedly, his original target was the Governor of Missouri, Jay Nixon, who had been slated to speak at the college that day, but had canceled his appearance last minute. Charged with two counts of first-degree assault and two counts of criminal action, Casey was found "incapable" of standing trial in February 2011. He spent the following 11 months locked up in a Missouri Mental Institution. In June of 2013 he was sentenced to 12 years in prison.

Since his incarceration Casey has seen most of the larger anarchist milieu turn their back on him and his case for a variety of reasons. While we do not implore people on the outside to support some amorphous group of "anarchist prisoners", we do suggest engaging in a dialogue with Casey about his life and the nearly 10 years he has cumulatively spent as both an anarchist and a prisoner. If you do want to help him transition to life outside of prison, please visit his support site or write unto donate to his release fund.

-causerie editing crew

introduction

This zine's purpose is to document and provide an analysis of an event for which I experienced while in segregation. I've been incarcerated several times in many states and even other countries. It's understood that the conditions of confinement do tend to vary from place to place. This is to say that what's possible in one place is not necessarily possible in another. At least not as easily. It's also thoroughly understood that even though someone in incarceration does not mean they're in the same position as everyone else.

Whether we're on the outside or we're stuck on the inside behind these razor wire fences, we're all imprisoned so long as our survival is dependent on conformity to the existing system. A survival that is complacent to the roles they would have us play in their society. Complacent to their will. This zine is for all of those among us whom are willing to say 'no'. For all of us who are willing to break their laws designed to keep us in line. For all of those that would bite the hand that feeds.

Of course, this zine alone is not enough to satisfy the fires which burn within each of us. These fires can only be satisfied when they're allowed to burn. We all must find our own ways to give our fires air to breathe and content to consume. This, nor any other zine, can grant us the freedom we so desire. This zine can only allow us to make our own analysis of an event that I felt was meaningful. My hope is that everyone can take something from it, whether that's inspiration or simply an honest warning of what it's like to be behind these fences to they might remember why security culture is so important.

These journal entries were recorded in real time. Originally I'd begun writing for a different zine with a different purpose. Afterwards, I'll give you my thoughts on the event. Enjoy!

the way I interact with others in ways I'm not able to recognize immediately.

I guess I've always been somewhat of a loner though. Not by choice. I guess those were just the cards I was dealt in life. We all make do with the hands were dealt.

Tomorrow is commissary day. We'll get our order on Thursday. I'll still be here. I'll get to see how they decided to pay me for my last month as a tutor. I wouldn't be surprised if they decided to pro-rate it and subtract pay for the 3 days I didn't work. I made \$20/month total as a tutor. \$8.50 of that is what they call state tip, an amount the state's been required to pay us for the last 30+ years. The base amount has never risen, despite the rising cost of our commissary items and the recent inclusion of sales tax to our orders. Wouldn't be so bad if maybe they had job positions for everyone, but they don't. Beyond that, anything over \$10 is deducted 10% and placed in side of our 'mandatory savings account' where they won't allow us to access it until we're released. All the while, they're collecting interest on the money they say is ours and will pay us eventually. Capitalist bastards.

For now I'm just going to ignore the few people rapping and yelling out of their doors and try and get some sleep. Hopefully they'll be pancakes in the morning.

The floods actually continued today. The CO's are visibly exhausted. So much so they've given up on attempting to clean them up, knowing that they're only going to start as soon as they leave the wing all over again. Now that their shift is coming to an end they're cleaning it up with the help of their snitch. They put down numerous small long green sandbags in front of the doors where the most water has puddled at. The back corner I'm in has remained relatively dry since the first night. I erected a barrier out of plastic bags I'd held onto. I was able to tear them and lay them flat. I positioned them to block the corners too. Then I placed towels and clothes on them to weigh them down. I thought it was somewhat ingenious that I should be able to recycle what would otherwise be trash to fortify my cell. Unfortunately, it seems like I won't get to test my engineering skills this time. Still, I'm proud of my craftiness.

In a sense, the wing has erupted into some degree of anarchy (if the word is to be taken to be synonymous with chaos)... possibly there's an alarm going off right now. From what I can gather, it sounds as though they might have popped the sprinklers in another wing. (Each housing unit has 4 wings. I'm not sure whether this was done in solidarity with our wing or not) I'm not sure it isn't just a train passing by on the tracks.

Those tracks. They serve as a reminder of a freedom I once had but can never go back to. That was a time I considered my only responsibility to be staying alive. Sometimes not even that. Those were strange times. I often wonder why my acquaintances in ----- ---- treated me the way they did. Not that they treated me particularly bad, only that they seemed to merely tolerate my presence until suddenly they just stopped. It happened all at once and I still struggle to understand why. Possibly, I was too high to understand at the time. I just don't want to spend my entire life feeling like I'm on the outside looking in. I feel I've matured a lot since then, but I also realize that being incarcerated for as long as I have is bound to shape

july 16th, 2015 (thursday)

This is the first day of my supposed "break" from disciplinary segregation. I received a violation for writing my girlfriend in another institution a "sexually explicit" letter. In a sense, that terminology probably downplays it. They actually came to my cell two days ago and told me I was prohibited by the warden to write her anymore. Which is crazy because I love her and have 5 years left to do. She has 6. Maybe we can still get married while we're in here. I'm not sure, we'll have to see.

GROUND BREAKING NEWS!

I've waited for this moment for 21 days. Finally, there's unity in segregation!!! Everyone coming together! Two CO's just assaulted an inmate on the staircase! Everyone's coming together to assure they don't get away with it! Something is better than nothing, so now several cells have been flooded. This is bound to be a long night. I'll come back and write more about the days events. I need to assure these pigs don't confiscate this. A sprinkler was just popped.

---Alright, I'm back. So the entire wing was just flooded because an inmate was assaulted by the CO's within view of everyone. The strangest part or maybe the most inspiring is that for at least some, the injustice transcended the color barrier that's always present here to at least some degree.

I've wanted to see unity among inmates for some time and have witnessed it today in a bittersweet sense.

Here's how things played out after the cells were flooded and a sprinkler head popped. The CO's came in looking for an inmate to clean it up. They naturally went to the wing's walkmen (the ones paid extra food and cigarette butts from the CO's ashtray to "clean" the module on a daily basis). Which is a questionable

job to begin with, but tolerated because it provides a means for things (tobacco) to come into the wing occasionally. They were able to pull one inmate worker. Despite the entire wing opposing the police. His celly refused to allow him back into the cell until a captain came through and threatened to write a violation, I guess. He signed an enemy waiver and allowed the “snitch” to come back into the cell. A narrative took place and a fight ensued. The “snitch” is checking out right now (the other inmate, who lost, is on the bench- a a metallic grilled bench they handcuff and shackle us to for prolonged periods of time to cause us discomfort under the guise of convenience for them.) Several inmates were written up for major violations from “inciting a riot” to “organized disobedience”. The cells that have been flooded, whether the residents were flooding their cells or were victims of other people’s toilet water flooding into their cells, were left flooded. Only the day room was squeegeed by the CO’s and their pet. The water has been off for hours. Toilets can not be flushed. CO’s are laughing. Mocking. With their major violations that have been handed out, out-dates are going to be taken. Stays have been extended because they’ve dared to stand up against injustice.

This was a victory in that we challenged them as one and did not stand aside while they beat a handcuffed man in front of us, but a loss in that many of us are quite possibly here for longer, owing to the parole boards habit of pulling parole dates for major violations.

It was a truly amazing moment with penned-up frustrations culminating to a point and exploding all over the place only to leave us feeling depleted afterwards. We’ll be collecting ourselves for a while.

Now for a little backdrop into how my stay in ad-seg has been. To start with we’re allowed 3 t-shirts, 3 boxers, 3 pairs of socks, 2 sheets, 2 towels, 2 wash clothes, 1 pillow case and 1 blanket. We have laundry once per week, but if your lights

fucked up mentality that allows them to think they’re doing us some sort of favor by providing us with our most basic needs for survival. As though they’re somehow giving us more than what we rightfully deserve. It reinforces that they are our masters and we their undeserving captives. I can see this now and regret having taken the point so lightly in the past.

Another thing I do or don’t do, since the CO ignored me in my request for soap, because I feel far too often that I’m begging them for something in my repeated pleas that fall consistently upon deaf ears, is that I ask them for as little possible. Hopefully that can continue to be absolutely nothing as it has for the past few days now.

My hatred for these pigs has grown ten fold. I was dormant for a while in the casual adapted comfort I’d allowed myself to find in my surroundings. It’s been reignited as I’m reminded day after day what I’m fighting for. My eyes are wide open again.

I think when my comrade from ----- responds to my letter I’d sent her, I’ll ask if she might be able to hold a fundraiser on my behalf so that I can order a typewriter. That would allow me to write these dispatches on my own. I can’t expect my comrades to do that for me. It doesn’t feel right that I should ask for something so grand and only put in minimal work towards seeing that it becomes a reality. I’ll feel better about myself if i can do the brunt of the work.

I’m not sure that my ideas going to work , but hopefully I can adjust things as needed. Particularly, I’m concerned about the contents of my zine. It’s never really seemed like people have had much interest in what I’ve had to say. Possibly, I’ve just failed to hold their attention. I do have a few stories I can tell though. Those seem to at least make people laugh.

watch, then why should she trust it now? Why shouldn't she ignore us to the best of her ability?

There are so many different possibilities in here, it's difficult to come together collectively. It's rare. Possibly, it occurs once every 3 or 4 years or so. That's why I felt so inspired by what I saw. It has since finally fallen apart again and it's now inmates vs. inmates in their constantly misguided struggle for power and domination over each other. I've come to recognize this as each inmates respective search for significance in an otherwise meaningless life. Society has a way of brainwashing us into accepting that we're worthless. The only semblance of meaning many of us find lies in our accumulation of material goods and how many people we can manipulate. Every single day I hear someone bragging about how they max out on their spend limit every store day in order to belittle someone with less money. It doesn't matter that the money they're using was given to them by friends and family. Unless, of course they're trying to rub in the fact that they have people out there that love them and the poorer person must not. As though love were something quantified by money. Unfortunately, in many instances it is.

This whole ordeal has changed me personally in another subtle yet significant manner. I'd always felt compelled to thank the CO's whenever something was given to me or done for me. Regardless of whether that was handing me my tray or opening my cell door. I was raised to say "please" and "thank you" to everyone just as a basic decency to fellow humans, period. I believed everyone was deserving of some level of respect. For some time now I've been trying to break myself of that habit. I've been unsuccessful because the part of me conditioned to say these things held more power over me than my will to not say it. I couldn't justify my seeming rudeness until the CO finally made me snap. They owe me at least these things. I don't need to thank them for what they are supposed to be doing. If anything, that's just lending credit to their

are covered (because the florescent bulbs often illuminate our cells 24 hours a day and they come around for laundry around 1am) when they come around somehow that counts as a refusal. We're given one 2 oz bar of soap per week for both showers and washing our hands. We only have showers Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Again, if your lights are covered whenever they decide to come around in the morning it counts as refusal. There is no warning or notice given, you just find out when it happens to you. We have a very bright fluorescent light in our cells that frequently stays on 24 hours. Specifically, when they have an inmate in the wing that's on suicide watch. They're not supposed to house "suicide watches" in this wing because of the double bunks that provide a means for someone to cause themselves harm. However, for whatever excuse they have, they do so anyway.

They're trying to force an inmate into a cell that hasn't been cleaned out yet. He's refusing to go and claiming he's suicidal. He wants others to ride with him but the energy has dissipated. Often they ignore people's claims about being suicidal or even requesting Protective Custody (PC). Sometimes these claims are used as a means to switch cells or to do something (anything) to cure the restlessness. That's no excuse to ignore people though. They still have a job to do. There may very well come a time when someone isn't "crying wolf". In fact, the 2 murders that have occurred since I've been here were in segregation.

The inmate that was being forced into the cell was kept in the dress out cages until the wee hours of the morning when most of us are asleep. The toilets had been off for a while. There just so happens to be one cell next to the dress out cages that remains open and is used as a nurses' station. As soon as they came to move him to the suicide housing unit (8 house), he darted for the nurse's station, while in handcuffs and leashed to one of the CO's, he dropped his pants and took a big dookie in their toilet! The CO's weren't happy and ended up beating

him in there. The CO called code and others responded. The inmate was heard apologizing profusely. He was bleeding from his face as he was finally escorted to the suicide unit.

They never offer us cleaning supplies to clean the cell with. I was very lucky to come in here with one and a half bars of dial soap. I've been able to use it as a disinfectant of sorts. Others aren't so lucky.

We order commissary every other week. Surprisingly, we're able to buy some snacks, but only junk food. We'll go next week. I'll need to buy some more soap and toothpaste. I'll probably hold out on the deodorant and use soap and a washcloth instead. I'll have to buy what i can in food, junk or otherwise. Ramadan just ended*. Somehow they got away with feeding us only 2 meals per day. They'd give us an early breakfast and a sack lunch at nightfall. Sometimes the bag didn't even contain a full meal. Often bags were shorted. I say something, but am always ignored. I write kites to the caseworker, but again, I'm always ignored. (Kites are essentially notes or requests to the caseworkers) He'll talk with us when he makes his rounds as though he's done something, but he doesn't. It's frustrating. I've been missing laundry for weeks now. My bag came open after the CO failed to tie it properly. Now, I run the risk of being charged for it. They actually tried to write me up for it, but i was saved because i took the time to hand write copies of every "kite" I filed. On top if it all, I've lost about 10 pounds during the fast.

I try to keep track of everything and write it all down. Maybe there's some way in which I can fight them eventually to bring about change. I don't see it right now, but that doesn't mean I give up hope. I'm afraid to even consider what that would be like, although i often feel it becoming my reality. This is a dark place meant to destroy ones hope and render them both helpless and hopeless. It's designed to "break" you.

july 19th, 2015 (sunday)

A third round of flooding occurred last night. Now, as participation has dwindled, I'm starting to see a pattern where people are just acting up. No longer is there unity aimed at a common cause. Now it's merely individuals trying to assert who's the "hardest" or "realest". However, I did notice something spectacular. Subtle, yet spectacular. As far as I know, no one else has noticed. After the third round of flooding, the CO's came in and were silently doing their job of cleaning up our mess. They even had the CO that started all of this in the first place cleaning up the water. What's spectacular was that, at least for that night, they stopped ignoring us. If someone needed something while they were in here, they'd go to their cell door and hear them out. It's a small concession, but it seemed profound in the sense that at least for a few hours they treated us with some dignity.

It's so frustrating when they ignore us. Some people have legitimate issues that need to be tended to, while some only want to jeff around, curse at the guards, or the worst one, flash their penises at the nurses. That one gets to me. Those are sexual predators living in a delusional state where they've convinced themselves that these nurses and female CO's actually want that, despite being written up for it time and again. Collectively, these issues probably lead the CO's to feel it's alright to ignore us all the time. Most of the time it's not something important. I don't think it should require that someone be dying in order for them to come to our assistance, but I see why they feel justified in implementing a policy of ignoring us. If a nurse walks into the wing to give out meds and every third cell is jacking off in their window calling her all sorts of names, how is she able to hear the soft spoken one trying to get his meds? The one she's skipped over. Further, if even that approach has been used repeatedly to get her to

paying job in order to take some courses. But was surprised to find that despite my jumping through their hoops in order to obtain the privilege I was still looked over...repeatedly. It was frustrating to the point I was giving up, but then my mother read on-line about a program being offered by St. Louis University at Bonne Terre, another Missouri prison. I went to the case worker to ask whether I was eligible and was told I'd have to get there and ask them. So, I'm trying to transfer.

My plan, along with my girlfriend, is to move to Albuquerque upon our release I'll attend UNM. They have a doctoral program for nanoscience and micro systems engineering I'm trying to pursue. That's such a vital part of our world today, I imagine it will be of vital important for activists to have at least some knowledge in. I've been studying computers in conjunction with mathematics. However, I've placed the priority on math because it serves as a bridge.

Many have already broken. It seems like they have no hope for the future and therefore, only live in the immediate gratification of the present. The here and now that exists in this very moment. Sometimes i wonder if that isn't the best and fullest form of freedom. For I feel in order to retain hope for something better far off in the future, i have to pacify myself in the present. A lot of times I feel that I've got to let an injustice go unaccounted for because I know the fight within these fortresses of theirs is frivolous. I just like to know that people are still capable of banding together and we haven't been "all the way" pacified. Rebellion is needed from time to time, but it's difficult to get away with.

That's it for tonight y'all. I'm exhausted. Hopefully I can make this into a daily diary entry and keep everyone updated. Goodnight.

*Editors note: Casey decided to fast for Ramadan in solidarity with other prisoners in the jail.

july 17th, 2015 (friday)

Today I'm left reflecting about what can really be done to stop these incidents like last night's assault from occurring. This morning after they turned the water back on for our showers, and so kindly allowed our cell to fill with shit water again while we were away (there was still flood water in the day room), I was left thinking about what I could do to demand I get some soap from them to use on my floor. There's really nothing. Throwing a tantrum only gets you ignored, as does not throwing a tantrum. Checking into PC, demanding medical attention under false pretenses, or claiming you're suicidal might get you out of your cell, but you're likely to get a cdv (conduct violation) to extend your stay and it's definitely not going to get us any soap.

Eventually, I was forced to accept that there isn't anything I can do about it. Even the filing of an IRR (informal request for remedy, the required step before filing a formal grievance and the official process of our expressing our complaints) seems frivolous. They make the process take forever, they never admit they're wrong, and even if we take it all the way to court our claims are likely to be turned down if we haven't phrased it just right. Doing so requires that we know exactly what our rights are and aren't as defined by the courts. However, we're not allowed to request any legal material unless we've already been granted a Qualified Legal Claim from the court (in other words, the courts have to say we need them). The legal process seems so long and drawn out that it doesn't seem worth the effort or the money (\$300 is quite a bit). Especially, considering how often we're shut down as inmates. So it seems hopeless from the inside.

However, when I think about the fight from the outside, things don't seem any more hopeful. The possibilities for action are

Currently I am studying mathematics. I've come a long way since I arrived at this camp. This is the first place I've been since I caught my charges that has an actual library. I was ordering books on electromagnetism, electrodynamics and so forth while I was in county but they were beyond me. I needed to fill in the gaps of knowledge I was missing. I ordered a math book, but it too was beyond me. In diagnostics (where you first enter the prison system and await transfer to a permanent camp) I washed inmates laundry everyday and muled contraband for stamps. I did everything I could to get stamps to send to this company to buy some books I'd read about. I was successful, but these too were beyond me. Although, I've at least been able to hold onto them.

Upon arriving here I was able to gauge where I was mathematically and build from there. It turns out I was somewhere in what would be considered algebra II, requiring a refresher on quadratics. I've been able to build on it. Surprisingly, this was already beyond most inmates, so it made sense for me to become a tutor. Math being the main struggling point for most. Mine being English, specifically writing. Well, I was lucky in that on my arrival here, the library ordered a textbook on college algebra and shortly after a textbook on trigonometry and then finally a book on calculus! So I've been able to further my studies fairly drastically. In order to study the physics books I worked for in diagnostics I need to complete calculus III. I'm currently in segregation, I'm able to study from a calculus workbook that emphasizes bare bone essentials to understanding calculus I. It's not a far stretch of the imagination that I should be able to test out calculus! Once I've finished this workbook.

I worked 16 months as a tutor helping others receive a higher education. I spent a considerable amount of time and effort inquiring about correspondence courses, only to find they were all too expensive to obtain a degree on any wages I'm capable of earning in here. Still, I'd resolved to try to obtain a better

I'm not participating because I want to attend the Associate of Arts program at Bonne Terre. I've been waiting for a transfer since mid-June. I'm not sure how long it will take, or if I'll even go to Bonne Terre. I could only request it. I feel as though I've been pacified into my non-participation. I see the futility, yet I see the importance of our giving voice to our complaints and realizing a sense of unity among the inmates. Still, I want my fight to be on the outside. I've fought on both the inside and out. Many times I've flooded my cell, been maced, and occasionally tazered. At times I've even attacked the guards. Once in defense of another inmate they were beating and once in an attempt to escape possibly the second worst conditions I've ever found myself confined in. Second only to the small jail in the mining town of Hidalgo Del Parral in Estado Chihuahua, Mexico. I could easily argue it was worse. Other times my acts of protest were merely an act of defiance accompanied by a speech to other inmates of why i felt it was so desperately important.

I've spent over 7 years total incarcerated. That's small in comparison, even for those my age. Being only 27 , this means I've spent over a quarter of my life incarcerated. If I include the time I've spent under their supervision(probation/parole), that number becomes 10 years. That's all of my "adult" life, although I realize that I never came into "adulthood" until recently.

Most of my life has been spent avoiding responsibility and doing what I wanted. That meant fighting against injustice, but always in small ways. I want to fight on a grander scale and be more effective. I want something more than a sense of euphoria to come from my activism. I'm not extraordinarily educated, or very sociable. I know that my hearts in the right place, I just don't possess the ability to struggle as meaningfully or effectively as i would choose. I want to get to that point. I choose to educate myself.

more numerous, but what about a means to an end? There seems to be none in sight, nor in mind.

Today was the first day I've been able to go outside in 3 weeks. It was hot and I was still dehydrated from the Ramadan fast. I managed to get some much needed exercise in the 4'x8' rec cages they have. I was able to work on a nice little sweat even. I even did some more after lunch. I don't have any excuses not to be exercising anymore.

july 18th, 2015 (saturday)

I was expecting action last night but none occurred however. In the aftermath of everyone's disappointment last night, floods have occurred once more today. Everyone that's flooded their cells has done so to take a stand against police brutality as perpetuated by a CO named Beasley 2 nights ago against an inmate.

I've spent the morning and last night reflecting on my role in all of this from several perspectives. Most pressing is my lack of participation in these demos. They've been minimal, at most, despite my supporting them 100%. Frankly, I feel as though I'm a coward.

The first night me and my celly saw our cell flooded. The CO's refused to allow us to clean up. To be clear, this was not our doing, but due to our lack of planning. The water from others toilets flooded into our cell. It's dirty water and smells of sewage. They refused to do anything, and as seems to be policy, ignored us. I hated how they were able to treat me in a way that wouldn't even be acceptable for animals. So, it seemed the options I was poised with...well let's just say there were a few options, but none were appealing. The consequence of participation is being treated as though we were nothing, and helpless to do anything about it. It's frustrating especially considering that I wasn't to blame. I'm left to account for others actions. It's just another item to add to the list of things that serves to reinforce that it is "us vs. them."

If further proof was needed, I heard a CO holding a discussion with a neighbor yesterday. The inmate was getting onto the CO for letting their "snitch" back into the cell in order to get whooped after assuring the man his safety. The inmate stressed the CO's job of protecting the inmate. Strangely, I believe him to have meant it was his job to protect him because he's an

inmate, not because he's their snitch. However, the CO went into a long hate-filled speech about how he didn't give a damn about us inmates. Particularly whether or not we died. He said the world was a better place without us and expressed a sense of pride at being able to look at our dead corpses with indifference, as he had in the past. Again, it's frustrating to be so powerless.

So despite every fiber in my being crying out for justice now, I refrain. My aspirations require it and i know in the larger picture this is a small demo, although the significance is great for us here and now in our frame of reference. I have to wonder if i won't regret it.

They've kicked off a second round of flooding now today. The CO's are at this point ignoring it. Although I'm not participating, I understand their frustrations...there's so much to write about, I really don't know how to organize it all. Our world is framed by abusive repression at every turn. There is injustice everywhere. We feel helpless to do anything, but destroy what's around us. Our "homes". For which our captors don't care about anyway. We've been rendered powerless, helpless and hopeless.

I don't see the fight as taking place in here behind their walls. There's only so much we can accomplish here. The reason for our fighting them needs to be limited to our not allowing them to treat us just any sort of way. Whenever they get out of line, it makes sense that we should let them know it. But aren't they all the way out of line for holding us in these cages and treating us whatever sort of way with impunity. Further, our fighting back every time they hop out of line, is, in all reality, only slowing the transition of a progressively oppressive and increasingly unaccountable system. We're screaming with all our might, but we're already out of earshot.