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raggedy clothes, mattresses, describing how the food is terrible, how long they've been there waiting for court or being transferred to multiple detention centers. "There are many people suffering. We are being treated very badly... We are treated as criminals. We are mothers and our families need us... ¡Queremos libertad! ¡Justicial!"

2026 is on track to being the deadliest year in ICE custody since 2024:

Pejman Karshenas Najafabadi, an Iranian man who lived in the US since 1991, spent over a year in ICE detention facilities in Winnfield and Angola Louisiana before dying on March 1st.

Mohammad Nazeer Paktyawal, a man from Afghanistan who fought with US Special Forces and had been living in Texas with a pending asylum application, was arrested by ICE and died after just one day in custody. Please support his family's fundraiser.

Emmanuel Damas, a Haitian man who entered the US through a federal humanitarian program who had been in ICE detention since last September, died at the Florence ICE Detention Facility due to an untreated tooth infection.

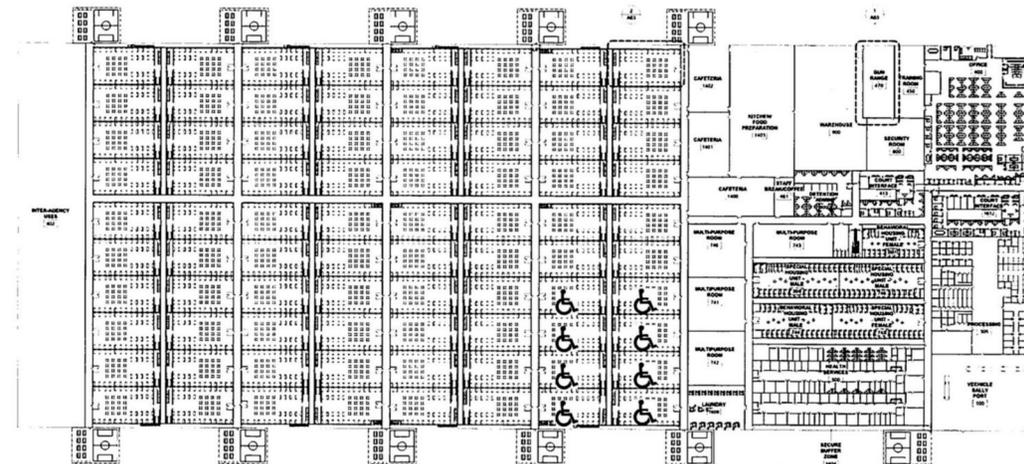
Daphy Michel was in Washington County Jail for six months before her misdemeanors were dismissed; she was found dead just days after being released into ICE's Alternatives to Detention program.

19 year-old Royer Perez Jimenez died on March 16 at the Glades County Detention Center, a scandalous prison that community had successfully fought to shut down but was reopened last year

The floorplan of the proposed Social Circle ICE detention facility, a dystopian vision of their fascist future if we do not stop it:

<https://incontempt.noblogs.org>

with whatever weapons at hand



At The Gates: Fighting Detention Centers

As the DHS hopes to continue expanding its network of detention centers, community resistance, legal efforts, and Kristi Noem's departure as secretary has stalled several proposed developments.

Project Salt Box has been investigating ICE property acquisitions: according to their current data, ICE has purchased warehouses for large-scale immigrant processing and detention facilities in Romulus MI, Tremont PA, Socorro TX, Hamburg PA, Salt Lake City UT, San Antonio TX, Social Circle GA, Flowery Branch GA, Roxbury NJ, Surprise AZ, and Williamsport MD; and is currently eyeing locations in Durant OK, Starke FL, McAllen TX, Port Allen LA, Holtville NY, and Orlando FL.

People have been successful in organizing against ICE opening concentration camps in communities; so far a dozen proposed ICE facilities have been scrapped after public pressure campaigns, including in Merrimack NH, Salt Lake City UT, Shakopee MN, Hutchins TX, Chester NY, Woodbury MN, Oklahoma City OK, Byhalia MS, Merrillville IN, Ashland VA, and Kansas City MO. The city of Social Circle Georgia placed locks on the water meters of ICE's recently purchased warehouse until they give answers how they intend to work with the city's limited infrastructure capacity; a federal judge put a hold on construction at the proposed Williamsport detention center while a lawsuit proceeds; dozens gathered in Marana Arizona to protest DHS's plan to convert a shuttered prison into an ICE detention facility.

Hundreds descended on the proposed ICE megawarehouse site in Salt Lake City; three youths were arrested as protest marshals were unable to stop the building from having the building tagged with "kill all nazis" and twenty windows were smashed.

Outside MDC Los Angeles the feds erected a metal fence protecting the detention center but it has not stopped the near daily confrontations with protesters who recently locked the feds inside their own gates and vandalized a stranded Waymo.

Organizers in Merrimack describe how they were able to squash the planned detention center: *"Build pressure from the town to the state to the federal level. Let residents lead. They have credibility no outside organization can match. As an established organization, support the grassroots activists and the offerings of skills, talents, and creativity by newly activated leaders. Use every argument: human rights, cost, environmental concerns, community character."*

Hundreds marched outside the Adelanto ICE Processing Center to sing songs and show support with those struggling inside; relatives inside the facility were able to call in and be seen and heard. Two people have died at Adelanto in the past few months: Alberto Gutierrez who passed on February 27th and Inez Cruz Nape on March 4.

In video footage from inside Bakers County Detention Facility Florida, women in immigrant detention describe the abuses and horrible conditions, showing off the

"Through our ability to help one another articulate our suffering, we help one another to act. And in helping one another to act we help to demonstrate to those around us that something different, something other than what currently is, is possible. When we unabashedly grieve, fully, publicly, without reservation, we invite other to do the same. Every act of resistance sows the seeds of its own replication. When we resist as part of daily life, we sow the reproduction of a daily life of resistance. "

(From "If We Go, We Go On Fire", a zine presented as evidence during the Prairieland Trial)

We return, our hearts inflamed for our companions in struggle enduring the worst of state repression, with the latest *In Contempt*, a roundup of repression news, political prisoner updates, and prisoner rebellions. While repression may be inevitable for any movement for freedom, the future of the prison world is not. Until the day the cages are empty and the prisons are ashes, we must support those fighting inside for freedom.

*NO ONE WAY WORKS,
it will take all of us shoving at the thing from all
sides to bring it down.*

— Diane di Prima, Revolutionary Letter #8

Free the Prairieland Defendants:

Anarchism and Solidarity on Trial in Texas

On March 13, a Texas jury convicted nine of the Prairieland defendants in a precedent-setting trial marred by a fascist injustice characteristic of the Trump administration.

Cruelly and heart-breakingly, all defendants except Daniel “Des” Rolando Sanchez Estrada were convicted of Rioting, Providing Material Support to Terrorists, Conspiracy to Use and Carry an Explosive, and Use and Carry of an Explosive. Additionally, Benjamin “Champagne” Song was convicted of Attempted Murder and Discharging a Firearm During in Relation to & in Furtherance of a Crime of Violence; Maricela Rueda and Des were convicted of Corruptly Concealing a Document or Record.

For the full details, including daily court notes, please see the DFW Support Committee website: prairielanddefendants.com

What amounted to a typical noise demonstration outside the Prairieland Detention Center to show solidarity with those inside was instead criminalized as an “ambush” and dozens with the flimsiest association were arrested as part of a fictional “antifa terror cell.” As the trial unfolded, it became clear the government had no evidence and had to imagine everyday activity as such as wearing black, transporting zines, or possessing a firearm as evidence of a vast criminal conspiracy. Several who were convicted were not at any planning meetings, part of any Signal groups, and were not even present during the noise demo or alleged shooting at all.

While this is not the first or last time people face political persecution, the trial was a test of Trump’s “antifa” domestic terrorism designation: a dozen convictions from the most spurious of evidence will have major implications for those resisting against repression – already the DOJ is celebrating with warnings that future prosecutions will follow.

It was obvious from the very beginning that there would be no justice found in Judge Pittman’s courtroom. From the initial mistrial, seen as means for the Judge to draw a more cop-friendly jury pool, to imposing financial sanctions on defense attorneys, and formally prohibiting any of the defendants from raising any self-defense argument, the feds pulled every trick in their book. During cross examination, multiple cops denied ever having written or seen their own written statements which were presented as evidence. Skimming through powerpoints highlighting extensive text messages, photo libraries, cloud backups, cellphone data and physical evidence collected from the raids of people’s homes, prosecutors attempted to string together irrelevant anecdotes and lefty memes to concoct an imagined terrorist plot to attack

Ice Watch

The “Bring Heat, Melt ICE” week of action brought hundreds into the streets of the Twin Cities to keep up the momentum of widespread anti-ice rebellion during “Operation Metro Surge”. Several dozen training/political education/discussion sessions were held, rapid-response networking and expansion, bike patrols, blockades, noise demos, student walkouts, home demos, multiple protests and actions. On the final day of the week of action, a protest was held at the Whipple Federal Building that resulted in a mass arrest of 40 people. On one side of the building, hundreds marched in the street, stopping traffic into the fenced-off facility, on the other side, a group of protesters held a blockade with a shield wall. At the march, state police and sheriffs declared unlawful assembly, using an LRAD to claim that “everyone is under arrest”, kettling and brutalizing protesters – on the other side, cops gave no warning to disperse, instead immediately attacking with bear-spray. Protesters countered with snowballs and rocks, with police giving chase. The week ending with a rowdy protest accurately encapsulated the resistance to the ICE machine and it’s collaborators – we are tired, but fight we must!



First of all, we must decolonize our mind. Through that process, it's a dialectical process, because remember the different colonial, neo-colonial system has always defined itself to erase our historical language. To dehumanize, to dehumanize us, first by taking possession of our ancestral lands and then and then conditioning us to be in the mentality of them. To think a certain way that celebrates capital, and I mean between individual rights. You know this vision of competition, because that's what that what capitalism is. You compete with individuals. You compete within corporations. The strong will survive. The big fish eats the smaller fish. That's what capitalism represents.

In my consciousness, it's freeing myself of that mentality, to embracing that mentality of revolutionary love for our community, for people who are oppressed, for people who are under siege. That's what I'm talking about. Love for community care for community health, for community unity, for community prosperity for independence from colonialism, capitalism. For establishing a right to autonomy or creating our own spaces. What this campaign is doing here, we are creating our own spaces, which is amazing. I mean, that's where people power grows. Creating this economy, creating this thing for our own self-determination, so we can, so we can, you know, own our own destiny. So, we can create our own destiny. We don't need kings, queens or fascists to tell us how to run our lives. We create our own community. We create our own system of justice. We don't need the capitalist state, we don't need the police state to administer justice to our people. We separate ourselves from the capitalist economy. We must create the economy that is helpful to our liberation to our complete liberation from freeing our mind to freeing our labor power.

This is the decolonization we have to go through. And we go through that, realizing our, using the word of Indigenous nations of "right power," to not only free in our mind, but to create bases—for example, this freedom campaign all of you have created.

This is political re-education—that's the most important key to our liberation. That's why this prison system hates me because they see the revolutionary love that I have for the prisoner class. Those who want to change their life, go through a metamorphosis. Go through a transformation of our souls, of our hearts, of our minds, to stop this state cycle of violence.



the detention facility. What was never presented to the defense was any medical records for Lt. Gross who was supposedly grazed by a bullet but was released from the hospital after just a few hours.

Five of the original arrestees who had plead guilty and agreed to cooperate with the government testified against the other defendants during the trial: Seth Sikes, Nathan Baumann, Lynette Sharp, Susan Kent, and John Thomas. Details of the extent of their snitchery emerged; the traitors turned over unlocked phones, identified people in pictures, and correlated real names to handles on Signal. John Thomas, who was secretary of the local Socialist Rifle Association chapter, had given prosecutors the membership roster containing names, emails and home addresses for over 100 members of the SRA. Despite these egregious betrayals, the DFW Support Committee noted that some of their testimony actually contradicted the government's narrative; mainly, that there was never any plan for violence and no one was members of any "antifa cell".

Prosecutors also brought on right-wing security consultant grifter Kyle Shideler from the Center for Security Policy, an Islamophobic think tank documented as a hate group by the Southern Poverty Law Center. Despite admitting his work is "not a hard science" with no academic credentials, methodology or peer review, the government recruited his help to craft the language to describe "antifa" in the original indictment. Even with such unbelievable and ludicrous testimony (such as "Signal is a hallmark of Antifa" despite using it himself), Shideler admitted that he hadn't seen any plan for violence or property destruction in any of the evidence. The government also called Nelia Quirina Meda Frias to testify about organizing the protest earlier that same day at the Prairieland Detention Center; prosecutors hoped to drive a "good vs bad protester" wedge showcasing how Frias collaborated with the police ahead of time to determine allowable times and routes for her demonstration organized through a 50501/No Kings-themed "DFW Peaceful Protest" Facebook group.

Throughout the trial the government hamstrung the defense's ability to fight the charges and attempted to isolate the defendants from any meaningful show of support. A week before trial the nine were moved to Tarrant County Jail and placed in solitary confinement; all their previous possessions including legal work was taken during the transfer. Supporters were frequently denied entry to attend court and the Dallas overflow room as excessive space was reserved for police and press. Outside the courthouse supporters gathered with zine tables, snacks, and even puppet shows; at times court officials came out to harass and threaten people with citations.

The prosecution has particular implications for radical printers and zine distros, as zines were introduced as evidence, the feds had raided the Sotos' house a second time to seize their copy machine and binding equipment, and Daniel Sanchez Estrada was convicted simply for carrying a box of zines.

Sentencing and appeals will be a long road, and several Prairieland Defendants still face separate state charges. This moment is for grave reflection and re-strategizing, but instead of retreating in fear, let's refuse criminalization and continue fighting for a world free from their cages and borders. Never let them take comrades away without a fight; take action in solidarity with those behind bars and those targeted under the Trump administration.

The DFW Support Committee offered these inspiring words on the verdict:

“Everything about this trial from beginning to end has proven what we have said all along: this is a sham trial, built on political persecution and ideological attacks coming from the top.

The state never had a case. The state only has its intimidation, torture, and suppression. The federal government came out in force: using repression, terrorism charges, home raids, multi-million dollar bails, and torturous jail conditions.

What they wanted to do was to isolate the defendants, to control the public narrative. But people came together, spoke out, fought back, and set the tone for what's to come.

We have a long journey ahead of us to continue fighting these charges along with the state level charges. What happens here sets the tone for what's to come. We are here and we won't give up.”



control. Moreover, organizers of work stoppages must navigate the different groups: gangs, shot-callers, influencers, and dope boys—and believe me, each of them has their own agendas.

You have to get past the “pig thinking” in some of these guys who see any challenge to their captors as merely a provocation for the guards, riot squads, and CERT teams to search and confiscate their cell phones, drugs, and weapons—and to incite further harassment and beatings.

That's how they ultimately control prisoners: through their fear of losing something. And it can get violent for those who attempt to break the strike and report to their slave jobs. These people are regarded as strike-breakers (scabs), and rightfully so.

For those out there in minimum custody, you can play a part by doing what's in your capacity to do. You can make donations and phone calls demanding that slavery, the death penalty, and life without the possibility of parole be abolished. You can take to the streets. Or you can get creative and do what the George Jackson Brigades did in the mid-1970s in support of striking prisoners.

Check out the radical histories in the U.S. and you just may find yourself. Here in Alabama prisons, we are going on a work strike starting February 8, 2026, to protest forced labor (slavery), the Habitual Offender Act (three strikes law), Life Without the Possibility of Parole, and ultimately call for the total abolition of the system of caging people.

We are exercising our agency and our right to fight back. What's wrong with that?

On Revolutionary Love

After an ongoing phone zap and two weeks cut off from communication, his lawyer, and his property, Xinachtli was transferred back to the Carole Young Unit with restored access to communication and his belongings. Read his most recently shared piece of writing:

In celebration of Valentine's Day, which is always on February the 14th, I understand the meaning of that celebration of love between two individuals to two persons, that part of the love that we had, when we joined unions, when we join marriages and so forth, it could be even of our friendships, that's okay with me.

But the thing is, what I'm looking at on tomorrow, February the 14th is that there's also another element to LOVE, in the sense of not being connected to the capitalist markets, not being connected to the capitalist ideology that we have all been indoctrinated with. All liberation movements and oppressed people should look into the revolutionary love that we must nurture between people who love the struggle. People who understand the necessity, especially now in these times of fascism.

Fascism is here, as George Jackson said. People are living butchered lives. Not only that but people are dying for taking the stand in defense of the oppressed, in defense of immigrants, in defense of prisoners, in defense of the poor, in defense of LGBTQ+ community, you know, on and on and on. You know what I'm saying? I mean, you see the brutality, the brutality that's going on the murderers of innocent people who go into the streets like in Minnesota, like in Los Angeles.

“We Are Striking A Blow at the State”

Michael Kimble has published an article in Scalawag Magazine about the ongoing prison strike across Alabama DOC: “We Are Striking A Blow at the State”:

When prisoners rebel and demand to be treated as human beings, we are not just fighting inhumane living conditions and shitty food. We are striking a blow at the state, which maintains the situation of slavery and super-exploitation—by which each of us are robbed of the fruits of our labor every day.

Work strikes or “shutdowns,” as we like to call them down here in Alabama, are also geared toward consciousness-raising of prisoners as an oppressed class; and by refusing to work for free (which is slavery), we are asserting our power as workers and as human beings, thereby challenging the view that prisoner labor is free and exploitable.

The 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution made slavery and involuntary servitude illegal unless one has been duly convicted of a crime and ratified by Congress on December 6, 1865, which merely removed the ownership of slaves from the province of the individual citizen to that of the state, which then became the sole owner of other human beings (or slaves).

Alabama was the last state in the South to end convict leasing in 1928. Before ending convict leasing, the state hired out prisoner labor to the lumber yards, mines, and cotton mills. In 1883, about 10 percent of Alabama’s total revenue came from convict leasing. In 1898, almost 73 percent. In 1922-1926, net profits from leasing and state-run mines exceeded \$3 million.

In order to continue to exploit Black prisoner labor and profit from it, Thomas E. Kilby, the governor of Alabama, ordered the construction of the Kilby prison and even named it after himself. This new prison was to be the most advanced prison in the South, with the exception of the federal prison in Atlanta, styled as an industrial prison.

It was intended to house prisoners from the lumber yards, mines, and cotton mills, which would all eventually be moved inside the prison itself. The prisoners manufactured cotton to make shirts that would then be sold on the market.

Just as slaves in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries challenged their dehumanization and exploitation via work stoppages and slowdowns, letting the crops rot in the fields, so too do prisoners in this day and time. Alabama has a long history of shutting shit down! In the 1970s, we had Inmates for Action (IEA), which organized a number of work stoppages to demand an improvement to their conditions.

We see work strikes as a weapon to be used to hit ‘em where it hurts. There are many different strategies and tactics that prison rebels use, and work stoppages are just one of them. We organize around the knowledge that prison is slavery and super-exploitation of our labor power. Work stoppages are often violent due to the arena and conditions that prisoners are forced to maneuver in.

Prisons are, by nature, violent places. The guards are armed to the teeth with pepper spray, batons, sticks, knives, handcuffs, gas, and guns, and they use extreme violence as a mechanism of

A Rat Is a Rat

The snitches testified that they were coerced into cooperation by abusive investigators who threatened them with life in prison; Baumann even testified that his attorney advised him he “had to snitch, even if I had to make something up”. But these types of dishonest threats are standard interrogation tactics that people should know and be prepared for beforehand. Now is the time to have these frank conversations with comrades collectives and affinity groups before the feds try to break our resolve again: discuss risk levels, needs and expectations upon arrest; review No Justice No Pleas, Midnight Special’s Court Solidarity Manual, and A Titled Guide to Being a Defendant.

We can also look to J20 and Stop Cop City for how court resistance and joint defense agreements can keep people collectively safe.

Richard Hunsinger, a former political prisoner who did time for protesting outside an ICE facility in Atlanta during the George Floyd uprising, has offered these comments on dealing with snitches in the movement:

We may say that people cooperate and have the right to, and that we also have the right to exclude them from our supportive efforts. The mutual hostility of right then barely conceals a real antagonism that has not been addressed in practice. When left to the choice of individuals, any ethics of non-cooperation is ultimately left to a matter of moral qualities absent the consideration of the conditions and social relations within which they are cultivated. Without this, the question of whether or not people can withstand the blows of repression has no content beyond their shapeless fears of what is to come.

This then leads the betrayals of cooperators to be excused by any number of factors in the situation, as if anyone would be susceptible to cooperate if they had to endure the experience of the rat. The rat then becomes a tragic figure. Having to face their betrayal tugs on our heartstrings, and the tragedy then merely reflects back a farce upon us. We then cringe from the specter of responsibility that hangs over us. When we flinch before the facts of what must be done, anything becomes excusable, and basic facts of a situation become distorted. What is a typical night in jail for the many people who never talk instead becomes “torture,” because we must feel empathy for the coward who cannot stomach their own discomfort. The actions of the state to compel such equivocations from the captured lead to a horror of any means of coercion at all, yet this is precisely the necessity with which we are confronted. It is then not a matter of abstract individuals possessing more or less intrinsic qualities, but the contention of a balance of forces in struggle.

It cannot be said then that the rat deserves “nothing.” Such actions require responses for our own protection, for our own longevity. The baseline hatred and disgust for the rat is the ambient recognition of this necessity of survival in a struggle against a society of hostile relations. This task cannot be managed by any mutual respect for the rights of individuals. In a political movement, we

simply cannot do whatever we want. For any concerns of authoritarianism, there is no greater assertion of the authoritarian personality than the singular and unilateral declaration that one's own life is worth more than another facing repression and deciding instead to send others to prison to save your own skin. The rat makes a wager: "maybe the state will take less of my life-time if I give them the means of taking the life-time of others." It is the very logic of competition that emanates from the essence of capitalist social relations. The rat then creates a situation in which a contrary force must match this threat. Authority is then not the problem in itself. It is rather a problem of an antagonistic relation that must be confronted.

There is then the necessity of creating the actual means of developing behavior that successfully reproduces revolutionary movements, and suppressing that which threatens this development. The means of effecting this in a conscious and directed manner in our lives and relations is then a clear necessity. Against the asymmetrical force of the state, there is no room to maneuver if the actions of the cooperator are tolerated to any extent. Even the expression of empathy for their ordeal communicates a weakness that will be exploited either immediately or in the near future and simply wastes time that no one has. We then become enamored with the tragedy and turn away from the reasons of those who never cooperated to remain steadfast as they have, an immensely more enriching source of education than can be found in the motivations of a rat. In this very differentiation we find the foundations for a movement that will be resilient to repression.

A movement cannot tolerate any hesitation on this matter. We all must take note of who does balk in the face of the necessity of non-cooperation and insulate ourselves from their presence and influence. The means of support in the face of repression have to cohere into a definite political front and be leveraged to deter cooperation. A rat must not only receive no support, but must be subject to actions that demonstrate to all those who bear witness that betrayal has consequences. Anything less than this fails to recognize that the repression that faces individuals is but a single front in a struggle that pervades throughout the whole of social life. Supporting each other against this very repression negates that which separates us through conscious action upon these interdependent relations. As such, support is then never unconditional, for it creates a series of reciprocal obligations between partisans. Solidarity is the cohesion that arises from the recognition of this necessity put into practice."

“A ‘rat’ is a traitor, a conceiver, planner or physical participator

He doesn't sell secrets for power or cash

He betrays the trust of his team or his family hoping to save his own cowardly ass”

– from “Snitches & Rats” by 21 Savage

A nurse who continues to work at the hospital, saving lives after losing all of her children. Wives separated from their husbands, families torn apart, which is something that happens often in detention, too. An Immigration judge has now twice ordered my release on bond, but ICE used procedural loopholes each time to keep me confined. Throughout history, women have been taught to stay quiet and shrink our power. The longer they hold me, the more I am reminded how important my story is. Our voices must matter. Why else would they be so afraid of what we have to say? DHS insists they are targeting criminals. But all I see here are mothers, sisters, daughters, grandmothers. Some have active green cards. Nevertheless, they are transferred from detention center to detention center. It is human trafficking, by another name. Women are forced to stay for days in an intake room with no mattresses, no blankets, or pillows. Those who ask for water are told to drink from the bathroom sink. Once they arrive in the dorm, they are already exhausted and hopeless. My friendships with the women here help me get through this otherwise unbearable ordeal, both figuratively and literally. When I first arrived, there was no food for me. I was told the kitchen was closed. If it weren't for the women who shared their meals with me, I might have starved. Now, I pay the kindness forward. During Ramadan, I get a small luxury: an apple. Each day, I give my apple to a different woman. Yesterday, I gave one to a pregnant woman. Though her English was difficult to understand, I knew that she was craving it. Just a piece of fruit. But she doesn't have access. She almost cried. This year, I have a Muslim friend to observe the holy month with me. We pray together, we make Dua together, we break our fast together, and we fight for our religious rights together. Neither of us should be here, but selfishly, I'm grateful not to be alone. During the holidays, women made small Christmas trees and put them on every bunk. I turned 33 in December. I told everyone not to celebrate my birthday, but – despite that – they gave me a beautiful card. Not just a regular one. They actually spent time making it. We have each other. We only have each other. We laugh together. We cry together. When somebody is crying, everybody is crying. When somebody is laughing, everybody is laughing. We try to do anything to make anybody happy. If someone is having a problem, we solve it together. We explain paperwork to each other. Many women here can't afford lawyers. In a place where any of us could be taken away in the middle of the night without warning, we keep each other's family phone numbers. Just in case. We have each other. We only have each other. Today, if you want to honor the strength and resilience of women, remember those of us locked behind these walls. Listen to our words. Demand accountability. We are still here. No matter how hard they fight to erase or silence us, we will not be forgotten.



On March 16, Leqaa Kordia, the last remaining Columbia student protester in detention, was released from the Prairieland ICE Detention Facility after a year long campaign to free her.

Leqaa Kordia also recently released this statement for International Women's Day written from the Prairieland Detention Center:

On this International Women's Day, nearly a year after I was first detained by ICE for speaking out for Palestinian freedom, my thoughts are filled with the women who, like me, are living – surviving – in immigration detention. Women who wake up every morning unsure when they will see their families again. Women who hold each other up, because sometimes it is the only support we have. A woman who gets her period while being transferred to a detention center, while her hands, waist, and feet are shackled so tightly she can't even lift her arms to scratch her head. The bus doesn't stop. There is no bathroom. She sits for hours, unable to move, as blood soaks through her clothes. I think about the woman who is six months pregnant, barely sleeping because of the pain in her back and body. The only "nutritional" food the facility gives her to sustain the new life she carries is a "salad" made of just lettuce. She is afraid to seek medical attention. "Medical is not good." All you do there is sit on a cold stool in a smelly room until they send you back. Pregnancy becomes a higher risk here. We are haunted by the knowledge that one of the women before us lost her baby in the bathroom. They deported her the next day. There are women of all ages here. One grandmother told a judge she would accept never leaving her son's house, if it meant she could spend her last years with family. "I don't want to die alone," she says. Another woman, in her late 60s, cried every day because she was being deported to a country where she had no address, home, or anyone waiting for her. I tried to tell her it would be okay. Her son and sister would take care of her, send her money. Don't worry. But at her age, she doesn't know how to use technology. Her family told us it was really difficult to contact her. A girl with me hasn't even turned 18 yet. She's so innocent, quiet. She doesn't speak. Another young woman, who has since been deported, was grabbed by an ICE agent from her classroom in front of fellow students. One woman here was taken while driving her daughter to school. She had a pending asylum case and work registration. When she asked what she had done wrong, the agents would not answer her. She asked to call her husband and let him know he needed to pick up their daughter. They refused. The school called him at the end of the day when she couldn't be reached. This place makes women sick. Those with serious medical conditions are not given proper treatment. I spent 72 hours chained like an animal in a hospital after experiencing the first seizure of my life. A woman coughed for 10 days straight until her chest and bones hurt. One night, she coughed so much that nobody slept. Facility staff refused to give her cough drops. One screams in pain every night, "I'm dying, I'm dying," only to be told by a doctor that there's nothing wrong with her. Next week, I will have spent a year in Prairieland Detention Facility, because I attended a protest and called for an end to the ongoing genocide in Gaza – which has killed nearly 200 of my family members. Throughout history, women have been taught to stay quiet and shrink our power. The longer they hold me, the more I am reminded how important my story is. . . . Why else would they be so afraid of what we have to say? The struggle of the Palestinian woman is never-ending. There is no way to measure the grief.

Free Jack Mazurek

After years fighting his case pretrial in jails and on house arrest, Jack Mazurek was sentenced to 10 years probation after accepting an Alford plea to reduced charges related to the torching of several police motorcycles during a week of action against Cop City. Supporters held a rally and released a summary timeline of the case; Jack did an interview with The Guardian and has posted the following statement:

This morning, after much deliberation with family and friends, I chose to take a non-cooperating plea agreement to reduced charges. Rather than face trial for arson carrying a potential 20-year prison sentence, I entered an Alford plea, which allows me to maintain my innocence while avoiding trial. I have been sentenced to ten years of probation with credit for time served in jail. While this is not an acquittal, it is an outcome I can live with, one that allows me to remain here with my community.

The case against me was built up around a single piece of alleged evidence, a bit of touch DNA found on a bottle cap at the scene of burned APD motorcycles. Due to the flimsy nature of this single piece of alleged evidence, the state sought to use my political views and activities to bolster up their case. When they raided my home on February 8, 2024, they hoped to uncover an explosives factory. Instead, all they found was the banal horror of their own disgruntled constituency.

Although the case concocted against me was weak, and I believe that would have been evident at trial, risking 20 years of my life in our current political climate was no small decision. After two years of waiting, the state ultimately agreed to all of the terms that we had asked for in order to even consider accepting a plea: non-cooperation, an Alford plea, first offender treatment, and no prison time. I have never been much of a gambler and so, after careful consideration, I chose the sure thing. Only about 2% of cases in the US ever make it to trial and that only speaks to the brokenness of the court system.

This case was never about bringing so called justice to a perpetrator for an alleged crime. It was about instilling fear in a strong movement that shook this city to its core and exposed its dirtiest inner workings.

Cop City will forever be a stain on the pages of this city's history, marked indelibly by the courage of those who resisted it.

The glow of red dots scanning my living room before finding their home on my forehead still haunts me. Many nights I still hear the flash bangs. I think of the masked men who charged into my dining room and how they went home to have dinner after, that it was just another day at work.

The depravity of the world is held up by those who are just following orders.

These events have defined the past 2 years of my life: the uncertainty, the dread, the fear. I spent time in one of the most notorious jails in the country. I watched my home transformed into a prison which I could not leave, the very same home that masked men stormed into with guns drawn. I have had a camera disguised as an electrical box placed on a lightpole outside of my home, been followed in my vehicle, and had my movements constantly tracked by ankle monitor. I have had my picture

blasted all over the news and was featured in a special press conference with Mr. Andre Dickens. I have had the ATF call my lawyer to threaten me ahead of protests, to attempt to scare me and those around me into silence. Cops have sat outside of my home and blared their sirens in the middle of the night. One night I awoke to a lit flare placed in the bushes against my house.

And yet, despite all of these attempts to break me, I stand here before you with my head held high. I stand here because when I stand here, I know that it is not just my flesh and bones that hold me up, but something much bigger. A body stronger than any I could ever inhabit. I know that I am not alone. I know that my friends, family, and comrades hold me up, and I know that I come from a long line of brave people who have fought, died, and been imprisoned in the struggle for a better world. I stand here strong because I owe it to them.

Repression is designed to break us, to weaken our commitments to one another. It is designed to individualize us, to instill fear and mistrust. Throughout this process, at times, I have felt scared, and I have felt alone. The prospect of losing 20 years of my life, the violence of a life stolen, is not a small thing to bear. It is heavy. It weighs on you. It is to be presented with your own mortality, to be forced to face it head on. This is a sobering thing, and yet, in many ways, it is the most human thing. I have done my best to grow throughout this experience, to understand the fragility of life, and to appreciate every moment I have, no matter where I am. This reckoning with life and mortality is a stark reminder that a life worth living is something worth fighting for.

Much of what the movement against Cop City assumed has already come to pass. Today, Minneapolis and other cities across the US act as training grounds for federal agents to practice unleashing terror on migrants, political opponents, and random citizens alike. Cop City in Atlanta was only one stop on the incessant march to a cop nation. The movement was always about something bigger than one training site, and I am confident that the wisdom forged by the movement against Cop City in Atlanta will continue to inform a new generation.

There is no doubt this empire is caught in the tightening coils of its own death spiral. While the task may seem insurmountable, the future will belong to those who are brave enough to organize and act against seemingly impossible odds.

In closing, I am immensely grateful for the support I received during the time I spent in jail and on house arrest, for all of the letters, the donations, the books, and the words of encouragement. The horror of the state was eclipsed only by the love of comrades. Seeing highways and trains painted with free jack, receiving letters of solidarity from children in New York and Atlanta; friends who popped over for a game of chess while I was stuck on house arrest, local diy spaces and businesses that showed up for me with food and fundraisers, artists who donated art, musicians who played shows, inmates who slid an extra peanut butter sack under the cell door, shared books and newspapers, and who taught me how to sew with a staple and turn ramen packets into a dozen other meals. These things all kept me alive. I spent hours reading letters on the jail kiosk every day, I could not have made it through without them. I will forever be grateful to the movement that held me up and supported me through these dark times. While the world appears to only be getting darker, it is an honor to know such a great light. Please continue to support the RICO 61 and all those facing charges. Long live the spirit of Tortuguita.

Free Them All!

Finishing a 5 year federal prison sentence, Brian “Peppy” DiPippa was released to the halfway house. Peppy released this celebratory statement “Unwavering Faith in Collective Power”:

Some years ago, Krystal and I departed downtown Pittsburgh with a farewell kiss. We know love when free is liberating and when held in defiance of oppression is revolutionary.

We left with an unwavering faith in the collective power accompanying us through the hardship of an all-too-common journey, in the clutches of the carceral state.

Now I return to the point of departure, having fared well with your hands at my back every step of the way. I return to my comrades’ arms for a moment to pause and breathe; we are still not free until all are free.

I took a ride along the contours left by the wounds of a system fixated on war. What these 971 days behind the walls have gifted is attunement to the shadowed sorrow that state, capital, and alienation are so committed to.

I exited the closed prison today for the open prison of “community confinement”, a half-way house. From within and against these prisons, it is clear that abolition is only rational if we seek war’s end. Beyond idealism is the practical matter of placing hurt people with other hurt people in battle royale ghettos. AI will not resolve social inequities.

My eyes saw ingenuity and cleverness, hallmarks of determined people to find a way. Your letters and shared stories, from Minneapolis to Gaza, upheld this heart in which our new world is carried.

May we find many ways together!

In Solidarity, Pep

