

The
Weather
is
Changing

Jeremy Hammond

Patrokolos

Connor C. Stevens

Anonymous

Jean Genet

N.R. Snellgrave

Friedrich Nietzsche

*Against Vows of Chastity, for a Proletarian World
(Wide Web)*

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Letter to Everyone

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A Letter

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AGAINST VOWS OF CHASTITY, FOR A PROLETARIAN WORLD (WIDE WEB)

1.

In a bureaucratic society, how do we maintain our interest, from where do we derive pleasure? ...in a society whose institutions, even the family, serve only to corrupt our capacity for love / when it is only within its empty spaces that we can find poetry, our thoughts in-between / even our forms of language serve to reappropriate our lives, our struggles to pull out, as capitalism tries to suck us back in. For a book, you need only the staples.

In the heterotopic spaces we have our experiences, our thoughts, existential, as struggles against a neoliberal society which both creates and takes away any contexts within which we may want to associate. Those formats, shapes, we've tried to create for ourselves, taken away, privatized and institutionalized, as struggles against our self-organization, a framing of our freedoms in which we become, again, under control. The machine of education creates its own students, as subjects, under control. Now we don't see our teachers anymore, we see only education, we see the internet, a tube which privatizes our self-educations as a means of giving it back to us.

Whether or not we use, we remain under control. We give more of ourselves, more information, more possibilities of appearance, to exploit, with the only hope that we become illegible / an illegibility that can inspire each other, an expansion of our social imaginations, for an imagined society.

It is not the advertisements which we must block, it is not what the advertisements are able to do or not do to us, with us, for us, as us; but rather the unanswered questions of a society of totality – a totality of society – of all those for whom advertisements persist, of that which remains unblocked, for them, for us.

For us to slow down, to create a space, unblocked, which then expands... how do we live within a society, but retain our interests, to not become impotent, to become unblocked? What do we do with a power that is nuclear, a revolution which must exist in a time and space not just virtual, but nuclear? A military power which is nuclear, where the power itself is access, where its main virtue is that it is not ours.

Those virtues, those moments, those countries which we've called the Arab Spring, in 2011, all those seasons, in 2010, in all those places we couldn't quite locate... where the power remains... where the revolutionary situation remains, but it is control which gains strength, as the situation loses its revolutionary character.

It is these points of access that are the limits of our non-capitalist community – a commons that is simply beneath those satellites outside, above earth. Are we then forced to destroy those privacies we are unable to access? A resource the proletariat is unable to profane is a resource that simply cannot be.

A series of communications with the aliens, virtual, archaic, dots, beeps, symbols, signals sent out, like a call, found, understood, the imaginations, archaic – this is what is typical of a bureaucracy. This is the internet, the connection of the machine to the cosmos. To create those codes sent around becomes the life we call science fictions / as our reality is infected with a new presence, a surveillance manipulated, controlled.

When such a flight was conceived, airplanes, aliens, were a dream, but a dream smarter than these tiny devices we use to send our informations to space, with all of their imaginary legibility.

It is not the heterotopic spaces we will lose, but rather the experience of those spaces. As a child, our memories of being in the street, water flowing, its colors, movements, it is this that we lose. This is the autonomy of the territory which is in existential threat.

2.

The critique of social media includes within it a critique of the social, a moral argument, elitist, judging the ways in which we socialize, communicate, live. Capitalism itself is a form of both creating and controlling the sphere within which we're able to live, as a totality, in its forms of ownership, extraction of value, exploitation. To criticize those that live within capital--all of us--for being exploited, for producing value, for being owned, is to blame the victim. It becomes a form of foreclosing the possibilities within which we can socialize, communicate, live, a totality within which we cannot escape. We need to live, we will live the ways we can, until we can live the ways we want. We will struggle against capital, not simply struggle within it.

Life itself is something we produce--its substance, its content--through our labor. The world wide web is simply a receptacle, an index, an archive, for the lives we produce, the lives we are able to produce. We necessarily reproduce capital, as capital produces us. But to critique capital, to reject capital, to destroy capital, is not to simply be against ourselves, as a form of self-destruction, suicide, wherein what ceases to exist is not capital, but rather us.

We now live within a certain pace, a pace that evolves, shifts, as we are able to, as we feel we can keep up, until we stop. Our capacities for the production of ourselves exist within capital, but also despite it.

The ways in which we find to articulate ourselves, to announce ourselves, to represent ourselves, is our sociability, within capital, but despite it. It will not be just our sociability which destroys capitalism, so it should not be our sociability which we critique as a step towards non-capitalism.

The creativities we produce, just by being alive, just by having to exist, is not to be vulgarized, moralized, as capitalist production, reproduction, but rather the beauty of our survival, the romance of our being together as a social body which finds its own joys, pleasures, within but despite capital. To take away our lives as if it will take away capital is like encouraging an eating disorder as a way to stop factory farming. No matter how skinny, emaciated we consider it is worth becoming, the factory farms will remain, only our health will not.

The internet is a space of appearance, a platform on which, from which, we can self-organize. But self-organization requires us not to hate our selves, as those selves we have been will be part of the selves we wish to become. Our self-organization networked, within but despite capitalism, will not in itself create a new life, but rather the possibility for one, a potentiality. That self-organization will necessarily have to confront capital, not flee it, in order to destroy it.

Those spaces we use, those things we use, we share, as a form of visibility, appearance, is our communication, sociability, our social network, which we see virtualized on the internet, materially.

The internet will not be non-capitalist, for as long as capitalism exists, as long as it dominates, non-capitalism will be a fantasy in the minds of those within it. We fantasize to stay alive, just as capitalism does, it's just that our fantasies must be more wild, more uncontrollable, than capital can predict, foresee, anticipate. We

can become a virus within capital, become contagious, as we become wildly against it. We exist within capital until we are able to destroy it / until we get to the point where those forces of control are fleeing from us, rather than the other way around. This is the point, the space, of the urban commune, a reappropriation, a profanation of that which is sacred, from which those who fear us must flee.

The choice is not ours to make, as individuals, but rather as those dispossessed by capital, as those controlled by the state – as a class, necessarily, wherein there is no choice, but rather action.

Capitalism does not choose its forms of evolution, but rather evolves as it must – it uses our ways of living to extract value. But it is not simply new ways of living that will devalue capital. Value itself will have to be destroyed, abolished, without destroying our lives. Indeed, it was capital itself that destroyed its old forms of society, as it ran through its possibilities to exploit.

The internet has indeed created unforeseen possibilities of communication, information, knowledge, all to be accessed, shared, instantly, wherever we may be. If we consider these processes, results, to be non-capitalist, then to preclude our possibility of engagement because we disapprove of their carriers, owners, forms of property relations, remains simply a moral argument, almost religious, a set of principles which lack an analysis of capital, the classes which it produces, whose struggles will necessarily be its undoing.

To criticize the inventions of capital is to criticize invention itself, as all human activity within capital is, if you will, capitalistic. This vulgar totalization forecloses imagination, and its religious undercurrents impose their own austerity as a non-solution to our miseries.

That capital necessarily privatizes, commercializes, commodifies, legalizes, pacifies, centralizes, territorializes should be no surprise to us, like the frog who asks the scorpion why it was stung, “because it is my nature.” Our lives will necessarily be privatized, commercialized, commodified, legalized, pacified, centralized, territorialized, as long as capital exists – this is its nature, so it becomes indeed our nature as well. It can not be escaped, only destroyed.

Capital and the state are among those forces that produce our desires, but it is not our desires for which we should be ashamed. That which brings us joy and

pleasure is not what is to be abolished, but rather that which capitalizes from them which should be destroyed.

There is not some point of origin during which our joys, pleasures, desires, dreams, were natural, pure, good, whole, nor is there some moment in time in which we became perverse, deviant. It is indeed capitalism which must be seen as the perversion, not ourselves. It is not our responsibility to be pure, good, whole, nor to justify our joys, pleasures, desires to some would-be governor of our mores. It is rather our responsibility to destroy capitalism, as that which makes us feel ashamed.

We can not become professional chasers, creators, of the pure, good, as some religious cult, away from the blasphemers, heathens, heretics, infidels, sinners, unbelievers. Why would we be interested in a common with those for whom we have contempt, with those whose habits which disgust us, their ways of life we can neither comprehend nor accept.

To destroy our sociability is to destroy ourselves, to punish ourselves simply for being alive, at a certain time, in a certain place.

To attack our landlords, we do not burn our own houses down, rather we attack the relationship within which one of us is owner, the other consumer. We do not ourselves want to buy our own house as some act of autonomy, an autonomy legitimized by the state. Rather we move to attack the legitimacy of ownership itself.

The methods of control have in some ways become more impenetrable, obscure, secret, but their fundamentals remain consistent: crude forms of property relations, with the exchange and exploitation they necessitate. Class society remains. Some of the specificities of class war may have been different before we were born, before the internet was born, but it is not a matter of our return to the ancient specifics, but rather winning the present war.

If the move towards autonomy is to be seen as a form of self-organization, it must also function as a form of confrontation. Where the proletariat becomes a virus which destroys as it grows, where the self-realization of the proletariat as virus becomes its self-transcendence.

In March of 2012 there were 140 million Twitter users. Please visit twitter.com/internetunwork for more information.

STATEMENT (Jeremy Hammond)

Thanks for everybody coming out in support! It is so good to know folks on the street got my back. Special thanks to those who have been sending books and letters, and to my amazing lawyers.

I remember maybe a few months before I was locked up I went to a few noise demonstrations at the federal jail MCC Chicago in support of all those locked up there. Prisoners moved in front of the windows, turned the lights on and off, and dropped playing cards through the cracks in the windows. I had no idea I would soon be in that same jail facing multiple trumped up computer hacking “conspiracies.”

Now at New York MCC, the other day I was playing chess when another prisoner excitedly came up as was like, “Yo, there are like 50 people outside the window and they are carrying banners with your name!” Sure enough, there you all were with lights, banners, and bucket drums just below our 11th floor window. Though you may not have been able to hear us or see us, over one hundred of us in this unit saw you all and wanted to know who those people were, what they were about, rejuvenated knowing people on the outside got there back.

As prisoners in this police state – over 2.5 million of us – we are silenced, marginalized, exploited, forgotten, and dehumanized. First we are judged and sentenced by the “justice” system, then treated as second class citizens by mainstream society. But even the warden of MCC New York has in surprising honesty admitted that “the only difference between us officers here and you prisoners is we just haven’t been caught.”

They call us robbers and fraudsters when the big banks get billion dollar bailouts and kick us out of our homes.

They call us gun runners and drug dealers when pharmaceutical corporations and defense contractors profit from trafficking armaments and drugs on a far greater scale.

They call us “terrorists” when NATO and the US military murder millions of innocents around the world and employ drones and torture tactics.

And they call us cyber criminals when they themselves develop viruses to spy on and wage war against infrastructure and populations in other countries.

Yes, I am one of several dozen around the world accused of Anonymous-affiliated computer hacking charges.

One of many here at MCCC New York facing trumped up “conspiracy” charges based on the cooperation of government informants who will say anything and sell out anyone to save themselves.

And this jail is one of several thousand other jails, prisons, and immigrant detention centers – lockups which one day will be reduced to rubble and grass will grow between the cracks of the concrete.

So don’t let fear of imprisonment deter you from speaking up and fighting back. Silencing our movement is exactly what they hope to accomplish with these targeted, politically motivated prosecutions. They can try to stop a few of us but they can never stop us all.

Thanks again for coming out.

Keep bringing the ruckus!

freehammond.com

I WANT TO LET YOU INTO THE SHOWER OF MY HEART (Patrokolos)

After my friend Bobby died I had a dream that I was in his old house. I searched all of the rooms but could find no sign of him, until I heard the sound of the shower on the second floor. I went up the stairs slowly so as not to make any noise. The bathroom door was unlocked and I opened it a crack and called his name into the steam. He told me to come in but I was afraid. I knew he meant the shower and not just the bathroom and I thought that maybe he was joking and he'd get mad and call me gay if I actually joined him. That's the kind of guy he was, the kind we all were growing up, but despite my fear I stripped and stepped behind the curtain. We didn't talk at first, instead I took his head and ran my hands over his scalp to see if I could find the hole the bullet had made. I wanted to clean and bandage the wound but either it had already healed or it wasn't there yet. I let him go and we washed ourselves and if anything was said the words were lost when I woke.

I want to let you in to that hidden place, the place behind the curtain inside the tiny room on the upper floor of the locked house where it is safe to be naked, but I have to be careful because you could easily take advantage of me. Have you heard about the five people who were arrested in Cleveland? I don't know them but I think maybe they feel how I do sometimes and how my friend Bobby did: lonely and powerless and angry and sad. People who feel like that often do desperate things. Some drink a lot, or abandon their families, or marry people who treat them badly. Some kill themselves. These people in Cleveland allegedly accepted explosives from an FBI agent, who pretended to be a friend, and agreed to blow up a bridge with him. Now it looks like they will go to jail for a long time and with the charges they will likely be added to the eighty thousand people already in solitary confinement. They might never touch or be touched by another human being for the rest of their lives, aside from pat downs from prison guards.

You don't seem like the kind of person who wants to trick people but I'm still nervous because, even if you don't pressure me, after I let you in I might do something stupid. Not the embarrassing-stupid, like when I absentmindedly put ice cream in the cabinet instead of the freezer, I mean the romantic kind of stupid. You see, I already know that you are pretty and smart and if you come into the shower of my heart and I am uncovered and you are too and I learn about that info nit inside of you I think I will fall in love. When that happens I won't want to live in a world where we spend most of our time working or where you feel sad

enough to die or where some people have the power to lock us up. I'll want to give you a different world, one habitable for human life, and the things I do while trying to give it will probably be stupid. Other people have already failed and most were smarter than me. Yet still I hope that we will be different, that we can make love exist in an unhappy world. Do you want to see me?

I will leave the door unlocked.

patrokolosprojects.com

LETTER TO EVERYONE (Connor C. Stevens)

One who, in the days of April, enjoyed such simple Freedoms as sitting by a Flowing stream of water, smiling in the sun, or relaxing under a bridge with a friend under a bridge in Cleveland, drinking a beer, now, in May, has been thrown in solitary confinement. Here, in solitary confinement, I have never felt more connected to the People, whom I Love and am willing to lay down my life for.

As we band together, talk, debate, and organize, we are already moving closer to the world we are struggling to create. Who among us has not has the strong impression that this is but a dream, that these days and nights since April 30th are not but a nightmare? Yet who can deny that this dark dream that has been case, not upon the May Day 5, but upon our whole community, and indeed the world, has not been pierced by overwhelming rays of Love, of solidarity, of strength – in this warmth I do not require “hope” because here and now I am witness to and participant of the timeless Power of the People.

A Brother wrote me, saying, “I feel they have taken my Freedom with yours.” And this is why we struggle – the fascists (federal government and corporations) have not merely imprisoned the May Day 5. They have, in effect, declared war on any life, which even questions, their hegemony. This is not the first case of this nature, nor will it be the last. As they accumulate their watch lists, tap phones, dispatch informants, rip apart families, friends, lovers, passing even more (unnecessary) legislation (NDAA for fiscal year 2012) in preparation for martial law, we must never forget we the people are infinitely more wise, more beautiful, more passionate, and more Powerful. When we fight, we do so in defense of all life, here and to come. The journey before us will be arduous, but we have run out of alternatives: if we chose life, we can no longer remain spectators and consumers. So, my great big glorious family, let us jump up and live again! Let us chose life!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE, IN ARMS,

From a Love that can only be expressed in action, your brother, comrade, Connor C. Stevens.

cleveland5justice.org

MY BOYS, THE CLEVELAND 5 (Anonymous)

This rant I hope you're about to read is an amalgamation of strong emotions and revelations regarding my comrades, the Cleveland 5, since this nightmare started. I would like to start by dispelling any misunderstandings folks may have of the boys. I call them boys because I'm quite a bit older than most of them. Except for Tony, most feel like sons to me. I never had the pleasure of meeting Tony but my entire family knows him well and vouches for him. Tony was going to fix my roof this summer. Tony, I'm going to just keep jamming old shirts in that hole in the roof. It will be waiting for you when you get out. Hurry.

These boys are not the college educated anti-authoritarian types I'm guessing make up the fantastic groups like ALF, ELF, or what have you. They are not the highly organized ones who have carried out actions that have dumbfounded the authorities for years. These boys aren't editing any zines. The boys were raised by working class folks with all the hardship that entails. Many came to meet through Occupy, being exposed to new people, ideas, and sharing their own beliefs. They are the gritty Anarchists. They are my comrades. I'm with them until the end. Period. No exceptions.

My son met Doug at Occupy. Both volunteered and had their responsibilities. Doug would many times stay up late and help my son. They became friends. Doug told my wife he thought of Gus as a younger brother and that he had his back. And he did. In my letters to you, Doug, I refer to you as son. And I mean it.

Skelly, you came to my house once to help my son with his bike. I know you mostly through photos and stories. Stories of your reputation to drop everything and help someone in need. My favorite story is the one where you were walking to an event and were jumped by two men. You single handedly fought off your attackers and continued on to your event. Black eye and all. Word is Skelly that you are not doing well in jail. I have no idea what you are going through. We need to get you help.

Connor, the poem writing, giggling young man who is apparently giving beards a bad name. You are an extremely talented young writer. Thank you for agreeing to attempt to write an ABC of Anarcho Primitivism with me. Though it now looks like it will be more of a Letters from Prison with a little Black and Green swirled in for good measure. It will be an entertaining read if nothing else. I will always be

amazed about the time you giggled through an entire plate of salad greens. I can see giggling through a carrot or a radish. But an entire salad!? Love.

Brandon, I've known you the longest. I remember the first time I met you. Walking into my kitchen and seeing this giant, shirtless young man sweating all over my counter top. You immediately shook my hand and engaged me thoughtful and enlightened conversation. Brandon, you always ate my experimental casseroles without complaint. And even had seconds. You're wonderfully extraverted, energetic, and it's an honor to call you comrade.

Brandon, I also want to take a moment to apologize to you. I have a lot of guilt. I'm not sure of the dates but there was that period of time where I was mad at you for a reason that seems quite silly now. I pushed you away and had nothing to do with you. I know now the FBI was pulling that Security Culture in reverse shit on you, but I feel that if I would have stayed in contact with you instead of pushing you away, I could have maybe picked up on something not being right. I'm so incredibly sad and angry all the time now. Please forgive me, Brandon. You're a good boy. You don't deserve this shit. Leftovers in the fridge.

I strongly advise folks reading this to think hard if they know of anyone who has recently drifted away. Anyone they have lost contact with who falls into the same category of these boys. If so, touch base with them. See how they're doing. How are they financially? See if they have made any new friends. And without being too intrusive, maybe just inform them of the thousands of provocateurs out there. That if someone pushy comes along promising them something that is too good to be true, advise them to just walk away.

The FBI and other agencies are actively entrapping the gritty ones (for now). And they are good at it. The FBI has to legitimize an 8 billion dollar a year budget. When Occupy was in full swing it was reported that the FBI sent out roughly 15,000 agents to infiltrate. There will be more Cleveland 5's .

The State is pushing hard and fast. They will not stop. The world is quickly running out of resources and we are witnessing the final feeding frenzy of what's left of it. Anyone or any group that is perceived as a threat to profit and or privilege will be prosecuted as a terrorist. Guaranteed.

My boys were entrapped to send a message. They were entrapped to further an agenda. That agenda includes the Final Empire's last desperate grab of what is left of planet earth.

What do we do now? What do I do now? All I want to do is scream. Scream for my boys. Scream for vengeance.

Letter from Jean Genet

When you live with friends in intimacy, in both literal and figurative nudity, and with a real try for directions of feeling — when you have shared jobs and goals with them that help you all keep focused on the same target and moving together in a common rhythm — when the many weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of you come floating to the surface in an everyday context (not just "at work" or during a planned meeting) when all these different parts of oneself are explored by those around you because it affects them, because it affects the quality of our daily life, our work together, our sanity, because they must be explored, because in reality our very lives may depend on having analyzed and understood or even changed a way of behaving — when we manifest our "love" this way (and I put love between quotations because it takes so many new and unexpected forms!) and keep showing our determinations to be there and to continue together — when all this happens, the densest sorts of bonds can be created. New and different ties between

isolated individuals. They are born out of effort, striving. They happen. They can make you weak with wonder! A tissue of relationships that make you see many other, more official, legal, sanctioned, inherited bonds seem fragile and arbitrary. Their law holds you together in their image. After all, that's what sheer law is, the reflection of power behind it.

So when I think about my experience of these kinds of rich relationships, and then I read about the history of revolutionary and resistance movements, I am puzzled. It seems that, in general, there is too much emphasis put on the roles of "ideas", on theory, principle, ideology, as the web that holds movements together and "explains them." Have I misunderstood something? Does something happen in the process of writing? Is it words themselves? Of course I don't mean ideas aren't important. Perhaps they are why we get together in the first place; the light that draws us there rather than to a religious movement or any number of other possibilities. I'm not putting down "thinking" - do I put down apples or

breathing or the sky? And especially in resistance and revolutionary movements where ideas, the life of ideas and the exercise of thought in general, has a freer and a more dynamic play, a more critical role, than anywhere else within the frightened and dying society outside.

No, I am not putting it down. I am only saying that the new bonds created among combatants, the loyalties, the very new history they make together, all this goes a long way to explain a mystery: why people put up with it, how they hang together through so much, even so much "betrayal" of the very principles they are said to motivate them. People put themselves into a meat grinder, a washing machine, a roller coaster. People try to turn themselves inside out. They go off knowing (even if only in their deepest heart) that definitions of "success" are uncertain, ever-changing, and probably not measurable within their lifetime. For an "idea", sure. And day to day?

Resistance has isolation inherent in it. You are opposing yourself, your fragile mind and delicate body, to the enormous weight of things-as-they-are, conditions systematically defended by vast power. As an individual you crash into all the traditional bonds and codes and networks that are the matrix of things-as-they-are. If you are alone (I'm sure we will be alone from period to period - this right now is a lucky time!) it takes every ounce of will to survive, to stay sane, ~~to~~ to not break (or foolishly try to break out!)

And in this context the bonds among resistors grow and deepen. They have to. It is the secret glue, the secret fire, it is a source of energy that unites and sustains the drivers. Sometimes I feel the ideas ~~are~~ such are sitting on top of this volcano.

We cannot as yet formulate and systematize the first raging deep inside this land. They manifest themselves directly in the behavior, in feeling. But the time will come when we understand what is happening here, and see that what we have given

birth is a whole, a different way of seeing and experiencing things; that we have given birth to a new body of ideas.

SUBJ: BOOKS TAKEN FROM THE CELL OF GEORGE JACKSON, A-63837, FOLLOWING ADJUSTMENT CENTER INCIDENT AT SAN QUENTIN. S.P. OF 8/21/71

TO: L.S. NELSON, Warden, San Quentin State Prison,
DATE: September 3, 1971
FROM: N.R. SNELLGRAVE, SA/CDC

1. TO BE FREE by Herbert Aptheker
2. AFRICA: THE WAY AHEAD by Jack Woddis
3. THE EMPIRES OF OIL by Harvey O'Connor
4. A HISTORY OF PAN AFRICAN REVOLT by C.L.R. James
5. REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST by Camilo Torres
6. BLACK SKIN WHITE MASKS by Frantz Fanon
7. THE NEW INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC ATLAS AND YEARBOOK - Editor Dan Golenpaul
8. THE MYTH OF BLACK CAPITALISM by Earl Ofari
9. WHO RULES AMERICA by G. Williams Donhoff
10. MAO TSE-TUNG - Foreign Languages Press, Peking, 1967
11. A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES - Edited by Herbert Aptheker
12. ANTI-DUHRING, REVOLUTION IN SCIENCE by Frederick Engels
13. THE POVERTY OF PHILOSOPHY by Karl Marx
14. FIDEL CASTRO SPEAKS - Edited by Martin Kenner and James Petras
15. HOME TO CATALONIA by George Orwell
16. READER IN MARXIST PHILOSOPHY - From writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin
17. THE AGE OF IMPERIALISM by Harry Magdoff
18. AMERICAN NEGRO SLAVE REVOLTS by Herbert Aptheker
19. MATERIALISM AND THE DIALECTICAL METHOD by Maurice Cornforth
20. DIE NIGGER DIE! by H. Rap Brown
21. INSURGENT MEXICO by John Reed
22. PHILOSOPHY OF WORLD REVOLUTION by Frank Marek
23. PRE-CAPITALIST ECONOMIC FORMATIONS by Karl Marx
24. HISTORICAL MATERIALISM by Maurice Cornforth
25. SOME CHANGES by June Jordan
26. THE TRUMPET OF CONSCIENCE by Martin Luther King, Jr.
27. THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF GROWTH by Paul A. Baran
28. SELECTED WORKS by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels
29. FANSHEN--A DOCUMENTARY OF REVOLUTION IN A CHINESE VILLAGE by William Hinton
30. BLACK REVOLUTIONARY by James R. Hooker
31. THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD 1905-1917 by Philip S. Foner
32. HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, Volume III by Philip S. Foner
33. KWAME NKRUMAH--CHALLENGE OF THE CONGO by International Publishers
34. 12 YEARS of U.S. IMPERIALIST INTERVENTION AND AGGRESSION IN LASOS by Neo Lao Haksat
35. MONOPOLY CAPITAL by Paul A. Baran and Paul M. Sweezy
36. KARL MARX CAPITAL - Edited by Frederick Engels
37. A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES - Edited by Herbert Aptheker
38. THE UNITED STATES POLITICAL SYSTEM by David Cushman Coyle
39. BLACK RAGE by W.H. Grier and P.M. Cobbs
40. SEARCH FOR A METHOD by J.P. Sartre
41. MAN'S FATE by Andre Malraux
42. AFRICAN GENESIS by Robert Ardrey
43. THE SURVIVAL BOOK by Nesbitt, Pond, Allen
44. THE ANCIENT CITY by Fustel De Coulanges
45. BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL by Friedrich Nietzsche
46. NINE HOURS TO RAMA by Stanley Wolpert
47. THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE by M. Cornforth
48. THE ROLE OF FORCE IN HISTORY by Frederick Engels
49. FREDERICK DOUGLASS by Philip Foner
50. DE MAYOR OF HARLEM by David Henderson
51. BLACK MAN'S BURDEN by John Oliver Killens
52. VIETNAM! VIETNAM! by Felix Greene
53. KWAME NKRUMAH--NEO COLONIALISM--THE LAST STAGE OF IMPERIALISM
54. NOT YET UHURU by Oginga Odinga
55. AMERICAN NEO-COLONIALISM by W.J. Pomeroy
56. HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, Volume I by Philip S. Foner
57. SOLEDAD BROTHER by George Jackson
58. WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY

59. THE PORTABLE NIETZSCHE-VIKING PRESS by Walter Kaufman
 60. THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK by W.E. Burghardt
 61. SELECTIONS OF KARL MARX, FREDERICK ENGELS, V.I. LENIN, JOSEPH STALIN--THE WOMAN QUESTION by International Publishers
 62. THE PILLAGE OF THE THIRD WORLD--MODERN READER by Pierre Jalee
 63. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X - WITH ASSISTANCE OF ALEX HALEY - Grove Press, Incorporated
 64. WILLIAM J. POMEROY--THE FOREST - International Publishers
 65. ANTHONY JAY--MANAGEMENT AND MACHIAVELLI - Bantam Books
 66. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.--WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE - Bantam Books
 67. JOHN WOMACK, JR.--ZAPATA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION - A Vintage Book
 68. AIME CESAIRE--RETURN TO MY NATIVE LAND - Penguin Books
 69. DONALD L. WIEDNER--A HISTORY OF AFRICA, SOUTH OF THE SAHARA - A Vintage Book
 70. AXIOMS OF KWAME NKRUMAH--FREEDOM FIGHTERS EDITION - International Publishers
 71. KARL MARX--CAPITAL, THE PROCESS OF CIRCULATION OF CAPITAL, Volume II - Edited by Frederick Engels
 72. NEIL SHEEHAN, HEDRICK SMITH, E.W. KENWORTHY AND FOX BUTTERFIELD--THE PENTAGON PAPERS--A NEW YORK TIMES BOOK
 73. THE AFRICAN COMMUNIST--WHEN TALK IS TREACHERY, Number 45 - 2nd quarter, 1971
 74. KWAME NKRUMAH--CLASS STRUGGLE IN AFRICA--LITTLE NEW WORLD by International Publishers
 75. KWAME NKRUMAH--DARK DAYS IN GHANA by International Publishers
 76. RALPH ELLISON--SHADOW AND ACT - Signet Books
 77. J.V. STALIN--THE FOUNDATIONS OF LENINISM - Foreign Languages PRESS
 78. EUELL GIBBONS--STALKING THE BLUE-EYED SCALLOP by David Mc Kay Company, Incorporated
 79. EUELL GIBBONS--STALKING THE HEALTHFUL HERBS by David Mc Kay Company, Incorporated
 80. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON--THE ROBBER BARONS - Harvest Books

81. LOUIS FISCHER--GANDHI, HIS LIFE AND MESSAGE FOR THE WORLD - A Mentor Book
 82. ANTONIO GRAMSCI--THE MODERN PRINCE AND OTHER WRITINGS - New World Paperbacks
 83. AN EYE FOR AN EYE by H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer, Art Powers, Ed Tromanhauser - Pocketbook
 84. SELECTED ARTICLES AND SPEECHES by Ho Chi Minh - Little New World Paperback
 85. PRISON DIARY by Ho Chi Minh - Fourth Edition - Foreign Languages Publishing House
 86. THE WORLD AND AFRICA by W.E. Burghardt Du Bois - New World Paperbacks - International Publishers
 87. HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES by Phillip S. Foner - Volume II - International Publishers
 88. DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY, CHE GUEVARA'S LAST MISSION by Richard Harris and W.W. Norton and Company
 89. THE PRISON LETTERS OF GEORGE JACKSON, SOLEDAD BROTHER by Coward- Mc Can, Incorporated
 90. SOUL ON ICE by Eldridge Cleaver - A Ramparts Book
 91. MALCOLM X SPEAKS - by George Breitman - Grove Press, Incorporated
 92. THE NATURE OF DEMOCRACY, FREEDOM, AND REVOLUTION by Herbert Aptheker - International Publishers
 93. ENEMY OF THE SUN by Nasser Aruri-Edmond Ghareeb - Drum and Spear Press
 94. INVISIBLE MAN by Ralph Ellison - A Signet Book
 95. SELECTED WORKS, Volume I, II, III by V.I. Lenin
 96. THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTIONARY by Crane Brinton - A Vintage Book
 97. CAPITAL, THE PROCESS OF CAPITALIST PRODUCTION AS A WHOLE by Karl Marx - Edited by Frederick Engels - New World Paperbacks, Volume III
 98. THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS by Albert Camus - A Vintage Book
 99. AND WHY NOT EVERY MAN by Herbert Aptheker - International Publishers

Total number of books taken from cell of George Jackson and listed, ninety-nine (99).

bhr, cc: Sgt. Kankins

THE MADNESS LETTERS (Friedrich Nietzsche)

Turin, January 3, 1889: Letter to Meta von Salis-Marschlins

God is on the earth. Don't you see how all the heavens are rejoicing? I have just seized possession of my kingdom, I've thrown the Pope in prison, and I'm having Wilhelm, Bismarck, and Stöcker shot.
The Crucified.

Turin, January 3, 1889: Letter to Cosima Wagner

They tell me that in the past few days a certain divine buffoon has finished the Dionysus-Dithyramps...

Turin, January 3, 1889: Letter to Cosima Wagner

To Princess Ariadne, My Beloved.

It is a mere prejudice that I am a human being. Yet I have often enough dwelled among human beings and I know the things human beings experience, from the lowest to the highest. Among the Hindus I was Buddha, in Greece Dionysus—Alexander and Caesar were incarnations of me, as well as the poet of Shakespeare, Lord Bacon. Most recently I was Voltaire and Napoleon, perhaps also Richard Wagner... However, I now come as Dionysus victorious, who will prepare a great festival on Earth... Not as though I had much time... The heavens rejoice to see me here... I also hung on the cross...

Turin, January 3, 1889: Letter to Cosima Wagner

From Bayreuth you must let the word go forth, breve, to all mankind, under the heading THE GOOD NEWS.

Turin, January 4, 1889: Letter to Georg Brandes

To my dear friend Georg! After you discovered me, it was no great feat to find me. The problem now is how to lose me...
The Crucified.

Turin, January 4, 1889: Letter to Hans von Bülow

Herrn Hanns von Bülow..

Considering that you started out as and have been the first Hanseat, I, in all modesty, merely the third Veuve-Cliquot of Ariadne, I may not have already ruined the match for you: rather I condemn you to the "Lion of Venice"—who may devour you...

Dionysus

Turin, January 4, 1889: Letter to Jacob Burckhardt

My highly honored Jacob Burckhardt,

That was the little joke on whose behalf I bear the tedium of having created a world. Now you are—thou art—our great greatest teacher: I, together with Ariadne, need only be the golden mean in all things, having in every respect such superiors...

Dionysus.

Turin, ca. January 4, 1889: Letter to Cosima Wagner

Ariadne,

I love you.

Dionysus

Turin, January 4, 1889: Letter to Paul Deussen

After you have irrevocably risen to the position that I have really created the world, it appears that friend Paul will also be provided for in the world plan: he shall be, together with Monsieur Catulle Mendès, one of my greatest satyrs and festival animals.

Dionysus

Turin, January 4, 1889: Letter to Peter Gast

To My Maestro Pietro,

Sing me a new song: the world is transfigured and all the heavens are joyous.

The Crucified.

Turin, ca. January 4, 1889: Letter to Umberto I, King of Italy

To my beloved son Umberto

My peace be with you! Tuesday I shall be in Rome. I should like to see you, along with His Holiness the Pope.

The Crucified

Turin, ca. January 4, 1889: Letter to Cardinal Mariani, Vatican Secretary of State

My beloved son Mariani ..

My peace be with you! Tuesday I shall be in Rome, in order to pay my respects to His Holiness ...

The Crucified

Turin, ca. January 4, 1889: Letter to Franz Overbeck

To friend Overbeck and wife.

Although you have so far demonstrated little faith in my ability to pay, I yet hope to demonstrate that I am somebody who pays his debts—for example, to you. I am just having all anti-Semites shot.

Dionysus

Turin, ca. January 4, 1889: Letter to the Illustrious Pole

To the Illustrious Pole

I belong to you, I am more a Pole than I am God, I shall bestow honors on you such as only I am able to bestow ... I live among you as Matejko...

The Crucified

Turin, January 4, 1889: Letter to Erwin Rohde

To My Growly Bear Erwin..

At the risk of enraging you once again by my blindness as regards Monsieur Taine, who formerly composed the Vedas, I hereby deign to transpose you to the gods, with the most beloved of goddesses at your side...

Dionysus.

Turin, January 6, 1889: Letter to Jacob Burckhardt

Dear Professor,

When it comes right down to it I'd much rather have been a Basel Professor than God; but I didn't dare be selfish enough to forgo the creation of the world. You see, one must make sacrifices, no matter how and where one lives.— But I did secure a small room, fit for a student, opposite the Palazzo Carignano (—in which I was born as Victor Emmanuel), from whose desk I am able to hear that splendid music coming from below me, in the Galleria Subalpina. I pay 25 frs. including service, make my own tea and do all my own shopping, suffer from torn boots, and constantly thank heaven for the old world, whose inhabitants were not simple and quiet enough.— Since I am doomed to entertain the next eternity with bad jokes, I am busy writing, which leaves nothing to be desired, is very nice and not at all taxing. The post office is five steps away, I take the letters in myself, handling the great feuilletoniste of the grande monde. Naturally I am on terms with Figaro, and so that you will have an idea of how harmless I can be, here are my first two bad jokes:

Do not take the case of Prado too seriously. I am Prado, I'm also Prado's father, and I venture to say I'm Lesseps too... I wanted to give my Parisians, whom I

love, a new concept—that of a decent criminal. I'm Chambige too—also a decent criminal.

Second joke. I salute the Immortals. Monsieur Daudet belongs to the quarante.

Astu

What is unpleasant and a strain on my modesty is that in fact I am every historical personage; and as for the children I have brought into the world, I ponder with some misgiving the possibility that not everyone who enters the “kingdom of God” also comes from God. This fall, blinded as little as possible, I twice witnessed my funeral, the first time as Count Robilant (—no, he's my son, insofar as I'm Carlo Alberto, unfaithful to my nature), but I was Antonelli myself. Dear Professor, you really ought to see this edifice; since I am quite inexperienced in the things I'm creating, you have a right to make any criticism, I will be grateful, but can't promise that I'll profit from it. We artists are incorrigible.— Today I looked at an operetta—ingeniously Moorish—and took the occasion to ascertain, with joy, that now both Moscow and Rome are grandiose affairs. You see, my talent for landscape is undeniable as well.— Think it over; we'll have a really fine chat, Turin isn't far, no serious professional obligations tie us down, a glass of Veltliner could easily be procured. Négligé of dress is de rigueur.

With heartfelt love Your

Nietzsche

I go everywhere in my student coat, now and then slap someone on the back, and say: siamo contenti? son dio, ho fatto questa caricatura... Tomorrow my son Umberto is coming here with lovely Margherita, but I'll receive her as well only in shirtsleeves. The rest is for Frau Cosima... Ariadne... From time to time we practice magic... I've had Caiphaz put in chains; I too was crucified last year in a long, drawn-out way by German doctors. Wilhelm, Bismarck and all anti-Semites done away with! You may make any use of this letter which will not lower me in the esteem of the people of Basel. —

LETTER WRITING TO POLITICAL PRISONERS

There are those events which one never leaves - a single moment, a miscommunication at a meeting, a misstep on a march. Say the wrong thing to a cop or a judge, and you lose one hundred days, years, imprisoned. As you find yourself taken from your home, your friends, it is then when our affinities, solidarities, and self-organization are most challenged.

We propose that we spend the time together identifying and locating those which will not be left behind, forgotten, sacrificed, ignored, in our collective pursuit of communism. If we take seriously our opposition to the organization of this world; if we take seriously our struggles to change it; then we take seriously the consequences. These consequences are material--economic and social--but also emotional, psychic. What we can share with those imprisoned are our thoughts, our care, our interest, our desires to be together again, to be together in a different world. We can share our commitments with them.

For the August 13th event at the Turnahlle in Kassel, Germany, we focused on some specific cases and individuals as points of departure: the Cleveland 4; Jeremy Hammond; and, in recognition of Black August, Ruchell Cinque Magee & Hugo Pinell. Here are their addresses, as of August 2012:

Baxter, Brandon #57972060
2240 Hubbard Rd.
Youngstown, OH 44505

Jeremy Hammond #18729-424
Metropolitan Correctional Center
150 Park Row
New York, New York, 10007

Ruchell Cinque Magee #A92051
C-2 107L CSATF/State Prison at Corcoran
P.O Box 5242
Corcoran, CA 93212

Hugo Pinell "Dahariki" #A88401
SHU D3-221
P.O. Box 7500
Crescent City, CA 95531-7500

Joshua Stafford #57976060
2240 Hubbard Rd.
Youngstown, OH 44505

Stevens, Connor #57978060
2240 Hubbard Rd.
Youngstown, OH 44505

Douglas L. Wright
150 High St. NW
Warren, OH 44481

We also screened two short videos:

--*Death of a Revolutionary* - World in Action, 1971, 25 minutes

--*The Package* - Dara Greenwald & Ona Mirkinson, 2010, 12 minutes

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