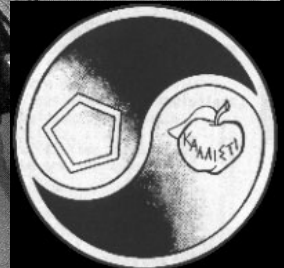


Green

Anarchy

A Quarterly Journal of
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\$2 USA, \$3 CAN, \$4 WORLD
Free to Prisoners!

#10
FALL '02 ISSUE



The price of Progress.
A planet plundered,
It's forests obscenely
slashed, clear-cut,
Man-icured and man-
aged. It's soil exhausted,
Disappeared, paved over,
chemo-therapeutized
It's water polluted, it's air
turned into a sulfurous
Poison gas, a charred
planet exposed to
deadly Radiation.
A garden turned into a
toxic cesspool.
A phoney civilized veneer
doesn't impress or
Deter me.
When it falls, I will spit on
the very memory
Of it and rejoice.

In this issue:

- *Repression of N17
movement, by Jim Awol
- *Interview with Ann
Hansen of Direct Action
- *myriad info-bombs!

Sean 94



Oregon, April 16: Political Prisoner Thomas Tripp's Statement to the Court:

Today you think you have won, today you find me guilty of turning your methods against you and today you steal away more of my life.

Today the state, rapist of the Earth, thief of years, murderer of innocents, has passed judgment on me - not for being criminally mischievous, nor for engaging in riotous behavior - but for battling against the tyranny of the state, in its most tyrannical setting: its prison system.

Today the state fancies itself as above the people because it is grown fat on the bloodstained dollars of capitalism. Because the state owns the prisons, the guns, the fences and walls. Because it has raped the meadows and murdered the forests and stolen the lands of the Native peoples. And you, the representatives of the state - the judges, prosecutors, politicians, and cops - also are grown fat on the bloodstained dollars and have built the electric chair and bought the guards to silence the dissidents and secure your positions as the representatives of a false power.

But do you know that a tide is rising - a tide of liberation, of which the actions of my comrades and I are only the merest hint - and that no guns, no prisons, no fences or walls can stem that tide? Do you know that the days of your illusory power are drawing to an end? Your two million prisoners know. The homeless, wandering the streets with only hunger in their bellies, know. The families and minds torn apart by your bombs and prisons and guns know also. I know. And soon you judges, prosecutors, politicians and cops will know too.

So, for today, you may think you have won. But a tide is rising, and someday we will all be free - maybe even you. Until that day, I remain openly defiant to this court and everything it represents, with a proud heart and a clenched fist.

- Thomas Tripp

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