

Resistance Grows from the Strategy to Win!

LETTER FROM JUDY CLARK

The Coalition to Defend the October 20th Freedom Fighters is printing the following excerpts from a letter sent by Judy Clark, one of the October 20th Freedom Fighters and a member of the Revolutionary Armed Task Force under the leadership of the Black Liberation Army, to a comrade on the outside. We are printing this letter because we believe that Judy and the other freedom fighters who are resisting the state's line-ups and other "legal proceedings" attacking revolutionary forces, offer us clear leadership in what it means to resist u.s. imperialism, and how a movement can be built that will resist by fighting to defeat imperialism. We want to express our unconditional support and solidarity with all revolutionary freedom fighters waging war in amerika -- those behind bars, and those in the field.

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...We just came back from our battles over the line-ups. Interesting. I could not say that we completely succeeded in nullifying them, but we definitely resisted and thus exposed them as farces. And I learned some stuff, of course. Let me tell you about it. We got taken to Rockland County jail in the middle of the night, on Monday -- the line-ups were scheduled for Tuesday evening. I was, as always, put in isolation in a cell block that is cleared of the women who usually live there; with a guard specially stationed to watch me every minute. No books, no papers, with 12 hours to hang out and wait for this scene to happen. So I exercise -- many sets of push-ups, sit-ups, leg lifts, stretches, pacing through the day. Finally at 6 in the evening, Tip comes, with Judy H., and tells me that they are doing David that night and me the next -- what a bummer -- I feel the adrenalin swoosh out of me -- more waiting. There is a certain irony in it though -- since the next day is May 19! -- and also the day of the grand jury -- so thinking of all that helped me chi into it. The next day of waiting was easier. At 5 that evening Tip came and we talked for an hour. I found out more what happened with David; and about court that day, etc. At 6, they had her leave; strip-searched me and came to get me. I refused to go; was half lifted, half dragged to the elevator, where I was shackled hands and legs. At first I was more just not cooperating; then it became more resisting. By the time the "legal" formalities were over and I was being dragged into the line-up room, it was a fight -- uneven, to say the least. Their strategy was to use overwhelming force to enforce their position; not to particularly beat up -- but to use the ropes, chains, neck brace to tie me up such that I was completely immobilized, unable to breathe, in pain, with my limbs going numb -- and leave me there for an hour or two to break down my will and stamina. My strategy was to use the only thing I had -- I screamed, yelled, threatened. It was definitely a fact that the prolonged

discomfort and pain was much harder than being kicked around or punched -- I was most worried about the fact that all circulation to my arm was cut off; my hand was numb and swollen in 5 minutes and I didn't know how long it would take till that could have more permanent damaging effect. I did 2 things -- I made myself stop thinking about my body and I visualized Haydee in court that time and thought about what Ashraf says about even when the enemy has the physical advantage, that we must exert our moral advantage. So I started to scream, "I want my lawyer informed that you have deliberately cut off my circulation and breathing and that my hand is numb," etc., etc. I figured either they would get uptight and do something; or at least that my yelling gave me more strength and sense of resistance. Finally they came in, poked my hand which had indeed lost all sensation, and finally loosened one rope around it, tightening the others. I felt like I had forced them to relent; rather than them giving me anything, so that made me feel stronger to keep it up.

By now I'd been tied up close to an hour. Finally the other women were brought in for the line-up and they set up the scene -- When it looked like they were getting ready to send in witnesses (you can't actually see what's happening on the other side of the wall), I turned my head to the side (the only way I could still move), made faces, etc. The pigs came back and brought more of them -- one guy went behind each of us and then the one behind me grabbed my head, forcing it forward and pressing pressure points below my ears. I started screaming; he pressed harder; I screamed louder... we kept this up for a while, everyone looking more and more freaked. Then the d.a. came in to say to take a break. One of the women on the line-up started to faint. After a while, we re-commenced; only this time when I started screaming and making faces, the pig choked me. My scream became a gurgle; but I kept it up and he kept choking till I started to pass out; he loosened; I revived and started screaming and we did that round a couple more times. After that it was basically over, except for a few kicks and shoves. Tip said the witnesses were completely freaked out (of course they still identified me)...Anyway, I would love to find out more about Haydee's -- and how she actually stopped the line-up. But it was good to have some confrontation. I came out of it feeling stronger and more combative and understanding more where our strength comes from. And hopefully it can contribute to the fight for non-collaboration, which is obviously on-going and fierce in this case.

It's so strange being here -- in the country -- I have watched the seasons flow through the window, each day. This incredibly beautiful, subtle unfolding of spring; as the winter snows melted; first unlocking the flowing of the creek; then the greening of the fields; then the trees. Incredible beauty, right outside these concentration camp walls -- so close to the season, yet so far...

My visit is here -- so I will end for now. One other thing I realized from the line-up was that whatever power I had in that situation came from really struggling to think and be conscious; not panic and react. It was another lesson in how much consciousness and will are our greatest weapons.