

*...We are the new chaotic virus, the ghost of freedom, the uncontrollable international plague of revolt.” -*  
[https://guerrillanews.wordpress.com/tag/conspiracy-of-cells-of-fire/?blogsub=confirming#blog\\_subscription-3](https://guerrillanews.wordpress.com/tag/conspiracy-of-cells-of-fire/?blogsub=confirming#blog_subscription-3)



“Psychiatry [is] a weapon of repression against a radical prisoner,” – a quote from Marco Camenish’s support web presence, coupled with Eva Contreras’ experience with the neglect of prisons complying with community healthcare recommendations for treatment & Em Sheppards psychological interrogations, show how prisons are working against green and gender anarchists in tandem with ‘healthcare.’

As a non-gender conforming anarchist, and one with a history of mental health experiences, it has come to my attention that a brief albeit significant stint history of hospitalizations and imprisonments in the past 2+ years warrants a response concerning where the for-profit-police, judicial, prison system intersect the for-profit mental health complex.

Not only have I been arrested and done jail time twice since 2013; I have been pink-slipped twice already this year. The process doesn't refer to losing one's job as the old slang would have us consider (tho I have been undergoing an unofficial 'for-currency' withholding of my time from the for-profit-labor system since spring of 2012). Being pink-slipped is a legal process of non-arrest in which the 'recipient' is detained because they are considered a threat to themselves or others. This process, from my experience with others while in the hospital (where they put your ass when you've been pink-slipped) is that this happens most to those who are suicidal. In my cases however there were root of deep misunderstanding of me as a person, socially, politically, emotionally, et al. In the words of one of Marco Camenish's support web pages, 'A political identity is not something that can be negotiated psychiatrically. Being an anarchist is not a psychological problem.'

My first mental health hospitalization occurred not on a pink-slip actually but rather as the result of a boating mishap. In the middle of the night I had decided against all odds to navigate the beautiful night via the Alum Creek and canoe in order to get to work. I didn't have a bicycle at the time and needed to traverse/transit from north of the city into town. The night was gorgeous March and the waterways summoned as I could travel to the independent news publication I was working to sell advertisements for and promoting. This to stay in line with my anti-petroleum ethics. Things started out wonderfully; as I drifted down the river in the night, the wildlife made itself known to me: robins, blue jay, sparrow,

turtles, blue heron, mallard ducks, water snakes, a red-tailed hawk, a couple fresh water otters...

Sometime in the night however the weather took a turn for the worst. Cold rain began to fall. The water levels rose as the temperature dropped. I ended up capsizing but continued on after a failed attempt to start a warm-up fire. After capsizing again, I towed my watercraft into a tributary and walked to a retired-nunnery nearby in order to make an emergency phone call. It seems that in that state of near (if not certain) hypothermia, I would make a dire mistake – I called someone I thought (incorrectly) could be trusted. What followed was the beginning of my recent journey throughout the mental health evaluation/treatment milieu.

\* \* \*

Chronologically, I should step back a moment and address a legal situation I was in the middle of during this boating trip (march 2014c.e.). I was then on probation for a minor misdemeanor charge that could have been arson. This is my communiqué concerning the nature of that legal process:

this is just to say that back on the solstice of 2013, i lit a newspaper stand on fire in solidarity with the rota flora squat being attacked by the fascist pig-state. i approached by bicycle and used a lighter to start the fire right at the front corner of the front lawn of the ohio state house (broad and high) in columbusx ohio united disney states of north american continent landia. i made sure to leave the lighter in the flaming shit-newspapers so it would make a minor explosion of the rage i felt as i rode furiously away on my bicycle. i did get caught and fought with everything to show those fucks a terrible time. it ended with 2 days in jail after a forced tranquilization shot in the ass surrounded by neo-nazi pigs (about 6 white officers) in the back of a paddywagon. i woke up in jail with a huge black eye but after kick-ass legal defense, i served a year non-reporting-probation for 'criminal mischief'. i am pleased to see this link <http://rt.com/news/hamburg-rote-flora-clashes-635/> at what happened the day i was released! solidaridad in full-hearted rage and love for free safe spaces - when they bring shields we show them fire; when they bring riot-cops, we bring the rj[[ot!

de: <http://325.nostate.net/?cat=6>

eso simplemente a pone un vox a un action que yo hize en el solsticio. pone fuego a un estand de papels noticias por solidaridad

a la rote flora esquata que era en siego de los fascistos del estado en duetchlandia. era en la cara de los republicantes - directamente en la corozon de los fuertes fascistes en EEUU, estado ohio - la casa de capitalisimo. a ser confindente de un explosion, pone la luz (lighter) entre la estanda a mis sentamientos de arrebatu y furia del la ordenes y desde conducire la bicicleta aya lejos... cuando lxs policias porkos me arrestan luche con toda el cuerpo entonces ellos joderadores no saben lo que pasar y tuven un tiempo terrible! pinche madres me ponen en prision pero antes seis oficiales dime un injection a tranquilarme en el arso entre un truco del estado/policiax. me llevar con un ojo muy negro pero despues de defenso legal muy suave servi yo un ano de probacion sin reportenes por 'daños en propiedad ajena.' era tan felicidadx cuanto lei <http://rt.com/news/hamburg-rote-flora-clashes-635/> en la dia que era libre. solidaridad en tan corazon cabreo amor por squaters-rights, espacios libre y seguridad por anarchistxs@! cuando ellos traer escudos, nos traigamos fuegxs y furia; ellos ponen policias de riot (antidisturbios) a traer nos udxs a traer parrafadas! -eso traduccion desde (CONC)H ['Contra-0mne' Nihilist Circulo d'Hio'] collectivx & THE FEATHER-WEATHER ABOVEGROUND es en solidaridad especialmente con los conspircies of cells of fire, NO TAV, 'la tortuga', y todos que alimentxn la lucha anti-fascisimo global!

From that night I suffered very traumatic backlash from the treatment of law and enforcement. I took a stand with the cells of fire and had been haunted by nightmares. I had gone to some support meetings and was in community care via family and the radical community at the time but things weren't going well. Thus, part of the reason I had found myself in need of bike-less transportation from one safe haven in the exurbian north to the central part of the city.

Anyway, the phone call resulted in my waiting there soaked and frigged for a lift and relief. In the course of waiting for my father, two dispatches of two sheriffs each time visited me in the lobby/entrance of the 'Sisters of Mercy.' Each time they were fairly considerate however inquisitive and questioning. They asked name, why I was there etc... I told them I had been trying to get to my job but had fallen into icy waters and needed to make a phone call. They only allowed me 2 calls finally saying that was enough and that I had to wait for my

father to arrive. A nun brought me hot cocoa. After he arrived, we went to Ohio State and I checked in (upon his strong and somewhat coercive encouragement) for an 'evaluation.' That's when you lose your freedom. When you are in a crisis and you can't make autonomous healthy choices.

What followed was 2 days of emergency detention/evaluation followed by a week+ in Twin Valleys – an outpatient living quarters. For those who know what it's like to have no freedom of movement, no exposure to the joy of cooking your own food, making your own coffee, being held against your will behind foreign walls – under scrutiny and authority of others' (professionals') orders/power, of having to prove that you can be released, you understand what I went through that first hospitalization. I was finally released in time to participate in the last day of OhioOhio – a regional BikeBike event hosted by ThirdHand Bike coop and Sporeprint Infoshop.

\* \* \*

Nearly a year went by. I completed my non-reporting probation time. Unstable housing/shelter, continued poverty (eased by foodstamps and Medicaid – once I had time to work with the assigned case-worker), and a summer with an assigned counselor (whom I crushed on) resulted from that hospitalization. There were highlights, the first annual Cleveland Anarchist Book Fair, a trip to a regional FoodNotBombs summit in Indianapolis, a family camp trip on an island in lake Erie, and BikeBikeColumbus2014. All of it seemed shrouded in mistrust though. In a time of needing a warm fire and shelter – a change of dry clothes maybe – I had been convinced to make use of the medical system and I had been essentially locked up for it – just at a time when I had been working for a cumulative regional bike conference of months of organizing and hard work. I couldn't help but feel repressed and pissed-off; derailed. When March next rolled around I was coming out of a dark winter spent struggling to understand who were allies, what family is/was, where to live, and much time writing letters to political prisoners and poetry

[see *Black Diamond Collective collected Letters & An Empire – Y*].

I had been staying with family and recently gone through turbulent times amidst the coops/collectives I was a part of. My foodstamps benefits had been cancelled due to a non-filing of previous years' taxes. I had completed counseling and taken some medications but gone off them. Abilify, namely, which in tests has shown to cause blindness in test beagle dogs. That in itself was enough to make me stop taking it. Thoughts that I didn't need the shit were confirmed when I was diagnosed by incident as NOS (not otherwise specified) pycosis. That's what you get from the community at large when you take a radical action in line with your most deeply held principals. Next, I would learn how to take it a step further...

\* \* \*

By May I was gaunt and fierce. Having researched Contra Omne – inner arm, conspiracy of cells of fire, and embracing Nihilst anarchy as well as been in communications with several political prisoners – I was ready to give up my unofficial work strike. I took a temp gig to do flyering and text-book buy backs at Kenyon College. It was a decision that was difficult but necessary as I didn't even have the receipt of the social security disability payments for two months previous due to closing my credit union accounts. On the drive to the college the co-worker/cohort (J-bird) informed me that a week prior a man with apparent mental health history/issues had been beaten to death by sheriffs while in jail. I wept – I wept hard at the news...

J-bird and I arrived at Kenyon after checking into a hotel. At the hotel we decompressed from the drive by drinking coffee, watching part of Iron Man (the trial scene), playing some guitar, and I took a swim in the whirl pool. The campus was getting ready for finals and graduation. The local coffee shop was closed but we found a public restroom in the basement near the campus radio station. I took a walk around. Checked out the campus commons and asked a group of

students if we could play some table-tennis. The commons rec-room was closed and I mentioned that I thought it should be opened. It seemed to me important and one student mentioned that sometimes they open it up for people. I pinned a blue and yellow pin on the community bulletin-board in lieu of flyers for the buy-backs as I noticed I didn't have any flyers before meandering into and coincidentally playing the juke box at a nearby restaurant/bar and getting a glass of water. I asked about prep-cook and dishwashing gigs to no avail. Then I walked the main strip of wooded and wild flowered campus to the old hall. After examining and paying respects to a massive dead tree (probably struck by lightning), I delivered a poem.

I placed a portable table-tennis set on a concrete table, then held a crimethinc 'shadow of the past' poster in the wind. "The feather-weather above ground' is now on campus." I found my way to a group of students near the common ostensibly studying and co-mingled. I sat, then kick-flipped my legs in parkour fashion over a flower-bed of brick. "Does anyone mind if I smoke a cigarette?" I asked noticing several other smokers. No one said a word. I gave a monologue while smoking - the words I don't recall but the essence of which was content concerning the recent beating of the man named David who had mental health issues and had died in the hospital after being jailed. Almost all the students got up to leave; finishing my smoke so did I. I found my way back to the van.

At the food/general store across the street from the van, I sat finally meeting back up with J-bird. I had a stomach ache and my blood sugar was probably pretty low. I went into the store to purchase something for my ailments/condition. J-bird gave me a couple cookies and just as I was about to take \$10 to go purchase a tincture I had selected, a campus security guard approached and asked for my ID and info. That's when shit got weird.

We waited an hour as security informed us that we had to wait for the sheriff. In that time people lived life all around us as we

(later to find out were being illegally detained – as the private security had no right to detention) smoked cigarettes and chatted with the security guards (2 women) near the van. We asked to leave. They said, ‘No.’ When the deputy finally arrived I greeted him as he approached saying, ‘Hi, what’s up?’

He started grabbing for my body. He said you’re being pink-slipped. He said you’re either going to the hospital or jail. I said, ‘don’t handcuff me.’ He started yelling, ‘Stop resisting.’ He grabbed me, slammed me onto the asphalt in an arm twist. While the other security held my right arm and legs down he cuffed me, tearing lacerations on both wrists. They started pulling down my pants and I grabbed to pull them up and cover my genitals. In the pain, I shat my pants in two turds. He tased me in the back and I screamed. I yelled for help. We had asked if we could just leave. J-bird had offered to drive me to my home with my family, or even the hospital. No – I was going to jail...

\* \* \*

There have been two campus publication write-ups on the event: [<http://kenyoncollegian.com/2015/05/04/man-tased-outside-market-sunday-charged-with-assault/>] (March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2015) and <http://kenyoncollegian.com/2015/05/10/student-witnesses-comment-on-arrest-tasing-of-man-in-village/> (March 10<sup>th</sup>, 2015)]. I ended up spending 9 days in county. I was denied information about my pink-slip. I was denied phone calls. I was for 2 days in an isolation cell then moved upstairs around back to a shared confines with another inmate. That guy was a meth-lord of sorts and even though I helped him write legal request help letters, gave him food from my chow-tray and treated him with as much respect and kindness as I could, he threatened to tie the phone chord around my neck, ‘do something about that nose’ (I have a broken nose and it’s kinda big), and to box me. I lost weight and didn’t shit for a week. I was allowed 2 visits to the barb-wired, brick walled on all sides basketball court that week. No other outdoors exposure, very little contact with the outside. My complaint form was returned with the note, ‘only one complaint per



form.' I had been denied other forms though I asked for them several times. Finally, J-bird and Charlie came to bail me out – that was the day after I finally had a chance to meet with the county behavioral health counsel and given a brief physical exam by the medic.

\* \* \*

To compare this treatment with what happened a couple months earlier when I was pink-slipped by my parents in March in Delaware county. It's important for understanding the brutality that I experienced in Knox county. In the March incident, a sheriff actually came into the home and met me along side my mother. We stepped out the back door into the lawn and talked for about a half hour. The sheriff was clearly trained in crisis intervention (C.I.T. training) and convinced me that I would be going to a pyciatrist for a couple hours of questioning. Ok...

When I came around the back lawn to the drive way what I saw astounded me. The driveway was blocked by 3 sheriff cars and another arrived while I gathered my things. I packed up the tent I had been preparing and was allowed to pull myself together, even taking a few minutes to lay on the gravel and say, 'so this is what you want, another dead anarchist.' I knew they were going to take me away. But I talked with them and they convinced me it would be ok. I negotiated terms to have one of my neighbors who had come and stood on the road as a witness to be the one driving me to the hospital instead of going in a cop-car!

They drove me laying in the backseat of a green Volkswagon Jetta to Grady Memorial in Delaware county. When we stepped in the hospital peacefully, all shit broke out and I was swarmed by big white men telling me to get on a gurney and strip all my clothes off. They encroached aggressively and I had to assure them with all my peace-power that I would comply but to just fucking give me a second. I couldn't believe they wanted to take me away. I feared I would be locked in another Twin Valleys for another week. Rest assured I was correct.

After several hours in an embarrassing gown, having vitals and blood drawn, and being observed even while peeing, I was put on a stretcher and given an ambulance ride to Mansfield where I spent 9 days in another psyce ward. I didn't sign any voluntary stay papers work though. I refused hospital meals there; had 2 forced injections. That terrible experience ended in me being ordered released by the probate court – I had won a legal release. At least there I was allowed to receive outside food support and randomly watched a lot of television including sports – even witnessing my favorite tennis player Andrea Petkovic win a match!

\* \* \*

About two weeks after I had been bailed out of Knox, I sought counseling at Southeast in Franklin county. I was allowed to leave the initial evaluation there but went to Netcare after a brief cup of coffee at Briosso with friends/supporters. I was transferred to Netcare west then onto Riverside Hospital. This time, I signed voluntary paper work and went through a 2 week treatment. I put on a lot of weight, had daily visitors of loved ones. I am given a diagnosis of psycosis from emotional trauma and am taking medication for schizophrenia. The recovery is going well as I have a stable living place and company, food, disability benefits for back pain are back, I have a social worker at southeast, have been making amends with the coop and collectives of which my life and destiny is so inter/ra-wound. I have applied for food stamps again and even an Obama phone. I have attended peer support meetings in the hospital and now at the PEER center, a local resource on Broad Street. Things are well on the whole but I have a continuing legal battle as I address the police brutality I faced in Knox county – the place where a week before I was beaten and arrested during a pink-slip, the same sheriffs beat another man with mental health issues to death.

\* \* \*

I went to see a Melvins show. Then went to a Clippers game and a Crew game. Have been seeking dental care. Have kept appointments with psyciatrist, even got a physical. Will be

keeping on psyce and nightmare (even vitamin D for a better mood) meds and got a referral for physical therapy. Saw Anti-Flag and the opening act was Homeless Gospel Choir – a one man acoustic singer-songwriter. Before playing his final song of the night (the third of three protest songs in a row he dedicated to mental health) he stalled, paused, said ‘um’ a few times and tapped his guitar before continuing, ‘Freddy Gray...Freddy Gray woulda been 13 years old today.’ Someone in the crowd asks, ‘Who’s Freddy Gray?’ Freddy Gray was a boy killed by racist cops. Derek continued in obvious passion, ‘there’s a thing called white-supremacy and it’s not a media spectacle. It’s alive in this country and there’s something we can do about it; there’s something we have to do about it!’

After his set, we talked at the merch-booth. I purchased his self-published book entitled, *Existentialism – the Musical* and an Anti-Flag t-shirt on which the back reads, ‘FUCK POLICE BRUTALITY’. Mya it should also be mentioned was a trans woman of color killed weeks after Freddie. I want to expand the national dialogue that haunts us all. Please do what you can to kill the cop in you head and never-never pink-slip me nor imprison/force-hospitalize me nor your neighbor – even when ‘guilty’ of solidarity/revolt-ist/resistance action.

I have pretrial dates for late July and August and a pending trial in Late August. This will be taken care of before I turn 34 but the effects are life-long. They have already dismissed a trespassing charge; been offered a deal to take guilty to ‘Disorderly.’ I will fight to have ALL criminal charges dropped! Justice lies more deeply though in being understood.

**See also:** ‘Ohio’s prisons hold 10 times as many mentally ill as its psychiatric hospitals do.’

<http://www.dispatch.com/content/stories/local/2015/04/19/mental-prison.html> (April, 19th 2015)



A rebel and insurgent spirit is a serene spirit, a spirit without time because it lives in a continuous present made of solidarity. Solidarity which by definition unites generations, unites efforts, unites action, unites our lives, unites our hearts, as different and physically distant as they may be, they have lived, live, and will live!

-Marco Camenisch

Π black flag

blahbloblackship@gmail.com