



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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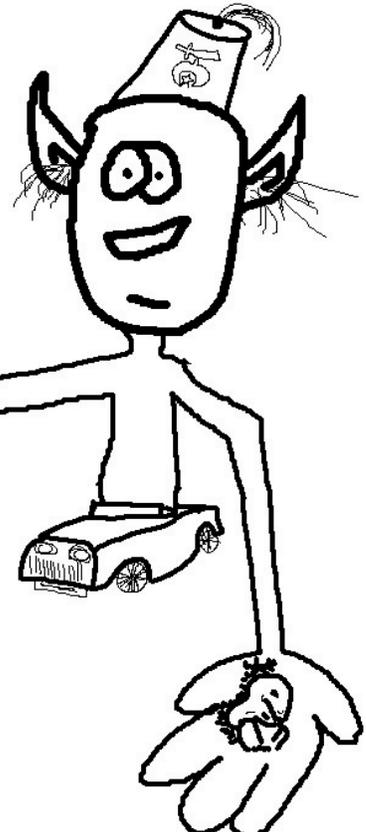
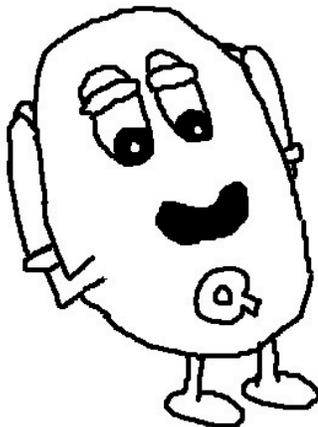
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Carpük the elf

Squirrel Robots Included.

PURE IRIDIUM
Reeses





**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

~ or ~

THE GUILTY ONES

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DRESDEN DOLLS - MISSED ME

The Day I Lost Faith in the Police

By Alex Kronchev

My friend Colin and I, August 31st, went to NYC for the day, to see people. And Colin needed to update his ID (he goes to NYU). Protests were light during the day. At night, as we were trying to leave, it was very different. We were around Union Square, walking around, looking. We sat down for a second and a group of about 20 walked by and a guy yelled to us "If you believe in our cause come with us!" We ask where they were going and they say they're heading to MSG, where the RNC is, and which is right next to Penn Station, where we were heading. We decide to FOLLOW them. On the way we were walking down the street, 2 by 2, in an orderly fashion, on the sidewalk. No yelling, no protesting, nothing. We get to a barricade, the guy in front asks if we can be let through. The cops say, "Okay, sure, get in a single file line on the opposite sidewalk and we'll open it for you." We do. As soon as we did they throw open the side, ride in about 30 cops on bikes, and surround and arrest us all. NO warning, NO "please disperse", nothing. Just arresting.

We were first taken to Pier 57... if you kept with the news, you may have read about it. Basically it was a bus depot they put a bunch of fences in and decided to hold people in. The ground was covered with diesel, anti-freeze, oil, and probably other automobile liquids. It smelled of fuel. The lights were very, very bright and never turned down. At this point we still were never told what we were under arrest for, we were never told what was happening. We were merely handcuffed, thrown onto a metro bus (yes they used real buses to haul people), and locked in there for 12 hours. The next day at 10, we were systematically driven to the Center Street lockup facility. There, we were told we would be allowed to make a phone call.

I eventually fell sick with a migraine. At first I thought it was just due to the lack of sleep (since the lights were NEVER, EVER turned down), but it developed to a full migraine. I threw up a lot. I could feel that I looked like shit. At first I just wanted aspirin when I started hurting and they gave responses from "we don't have any" to "sure I'll go get some" to "I would but we cant give you any". That's how it was with anything. Complete and utter misinformation. When I started throwing up they obviously couldn't keep me in the very overcrowded cell so they took me to the hospital... after about an hour outside, handcuffed and feet cuffed, lying on the ground throwing up (literally), with two guards. I basically had to lie down on the curb and throw up until the ambulance came. The EMS guys attempted to help on the way there by giving me oxygen. That only made it worse. The hospital people, however, were very friendly and accommodating. They gave me anything I needed, actually gave me a dark room to lie in (with 2 guards outside and handcuffed to the bed, feet cuffs still on). They gave me

some pain killing injection that hurt like hell but it did help. I was brought there when it was light and taken back when it was dark; that's the best time I can give since I don't have a watch and the cops refused to tell me anything.

Eventually Colin and I, who were split up fairly early on, ended up in crowded cells across from each other, waiting for our lawyers and hearings. I had acquired somewhat of a mythos since I was so heavily chained and guarded. I had to inform everyone that at that point that I was in no condition to run; the shackling was simply overreaction and suppression, like the rest of the whole ordeal. We were in these cells for about 20 hours. I was in a group taken before Colin, yet he made it out long before me. The lawyers were very, very nice and helpful and as honest as they could be. I took an ACD, which basically means, they drop the charges in 6 months and everything - fingerprints, everything - is destroyed if I don't get arrested again. The only thing is, I can't sue for wrongful arrest; I couldn't plead not-guilty (Colin did, he tried to fight it but his lawyer said that the state was intent on not looking "bad" so they were going to fight as hard as possible) because I would never be able to come back for the trial; too far away. However, I can still be part of the upcoming class action lawsuit about the way we were treated as a whole.

The cops acted like the stereotypical police who serve the rich. They were clearly pawns and didn't even really know what was going on. They were either really sympathetic to us (a few would talk to us, loosen our cuffs so we didn't lose circulation, etc) or they were mad they were there and were assholes to us; it was random. My AO (arresting officer) was mostly indiffer-

ent but a few times she did let my cuffs off when no one was around. One of the guards when I was sick was a really nice guy. He lead a group I was in (the group you were in was changed around constantly), and he asked if I was feeling better - he did care.

A few guys tried to talk to us. Everyone at the hospital was really nice and I could tell they were on our side, but couldn't really do anything unless like me, they became ill. The most helpful, however, were the Lawyers' Guild people. They were people who were supposed to be just be observers in all of this but, the dumb-ass cops arrested a bunch of them with my group; big, big mistake. First off, now they had witnesses to the shit we had to deal with. Also, they then were able to give us all kinds of advice which really did help. After we were released, we had to wait in line for property (with about 3x more cops than people surrounding us - it reminded me of terrorism) and they passed out water and talked to everyone. These guys are awesome and I want to see about donating to them, I can't thank them enough.

So what this comes to is: 42 hours of imprisonment for walking down the street and having the "bad" political view, 6 hours standing in line for my property, all the time nervous as fuck that the cops were going to descend on us without warning and arrest us all over again. We were LIED to, and I question the direction of this country, then, and now.

Find out how it ends

SUBMIT

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g

Jacob Chinn - Poetry in Action

submit poetry to gdt@hellskitchen.org

5/15/05

Sand

To Hide

Sometimes I hide
Myself
To the world I lie
about me.
To myself I lie
about me.

At times I hide
Emotion
The brag, to hide
the shyness.
The happiness, to hide
the pain.

To hide I use
Masks
The sunlight, to hide
the rain.
The rock, to hide
the mud.

Why do I hide?
Why do you hide?

Warm December Morning

I am lying on a beach
and all around me brilliant pearl-white sand
in the millions, in the billions.
But every grain I grasp for
goes flying like a bird -
I could gaze, I can see them
in the millions, in the billions!
But each one just burns my eyes
with a chill
rustling down my spine
the sun sets, the evening dressed
in beach and cold and me.
Every pocket, every dune, all the sand -
that's all that comforts me -
in the millions, in the billions,
in the end, that's all there is to see.



Illustrators!

We're looking for an artist or two to illustrate our magazine.

Must hunt the Narwhal in a wooden canoe in your spare time.

Please submit to gdt@hellskitchen.org