

Mail:

Page 1 of 2



Admin

Money

Mail

Video

Intel

Facility System

Sign Out

Welcome pshoemaker  
Last Login: 02/02/2015 2:32PM EST

<< Back Main Requires Approval Pending Security Censored Released

Mail

- Letter Delivery
- Inmate Filter System
- Sender Filter System
- Mail Reports
- Support Tickets Delivery
- Search
- Mail Graphical Reports
- Restricted Domains
- Inbound Mail Operational Report
- Mail Operational Report
- Stamp Usage Report
- Inactive Locations
- In Mail Discarded Material
- Out Mail Discarded Material
- Recover Deleted Letters

Released

Letter ID JPMSL 126177050

**Inmate Name :** SEAN SWAIN  
**Inmate ID :** A243205  
**Housing :** A711  
**Date :** 02/16/2015 6:10PM EST

Send To Sent To Security
Send To Censored
Mail History
Relocate Letter
Print Letter

**Customer :** ben turk  
**Customer ID :** 7449707

- Word(s) Found :**
- kill
  - boss
  - death
  - police

**Attachment(s) :**

Ben (1/3),  
 A recorded segment. This one is fun. My favorite parts are the shout-out to Carlos the Jackal in a French prison, and mourning the killing of the Colorado prisons director's dog... :)  
 Freedom,  
 Sean.  
 POLITICAL ASSASSINATION  
 I've been told by someone reliable that I'm the subject of yet another FBI investigation, adding to the 1297 pages of files they've already generated on me. The focus centers on things I've said in the public sphere, which now puts me in an awkward position, given that I know everything I say is monitored, that the fascist police state's shadow looms over my every word. I have to believe, on some level, consciously or otherwise, this implied threat has some effect on what I say and how I choose to say it. So, with that qualifying statement complete, this week's topic is POLITICAL ASSASSINATION.  
 Political assassination is both the ultimate form of censo supreme veto. It's often the method employed by the individual or small groups to impose political will on the majority.  
 If you live in the United States, your tax money has been spent on political assassination. The CIA sponsored the coup in Chile that assassinated duly-elected President Salvador Allende. U.S. arms to El Salvador fired the shot that killed Archbishop Oscar Romero to silence his criticism of government. And, the CIA helped take out Patrice Lumumba in the Congo. Those murders make every U.S. taxpayer an accomplice to political assassination. Since 1960, U.S. taxpayers have spent millions of dollars developing a whole spectrum of methods for assassinating Fidel Castro, including topical weapons applied to the skin, used to take out Hu Yaobang, Party Secretary of the Communist Party of China in 1989.  
 So, for Americans, the question isn't whether political assassination is appropriate or moral. THAT question is in the rearview mirror. Given the body count stacked at our

Mail:

Page 2 of 2

the feet, the question isn't WHETHER to assassinate but WHEN and WHO to assassinate.

Some have used the tactic to remove U.S. presidents. I'm not that great at history, but I know at least 4 U.S. presidents were assassinated-- Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Kennedy. Only one of the 4 was shot by a self-identifying anarchist. McKinley was killed by-- hope I pronounce this right --Leon Czolgosz, who was caught and executed for it.

But presidential assassinations, as a means of changing things, has proven pretty disappointing. McKinley's death, for example, led to a Teddy Roosevelt presidency-- and he was the target of a failed assassination, leading us to easily conclude that poor Leon took out the old boss just to create a job opportunity for the new boss.

Assassinating a president doesn't kill the presidency. To kill that, you'd need a LOT more ammunition. You'd have to pack a lunch.

I think many modern presidents got through their presidencies with their skulls intact largely because political assassinations in the past failed to really change anything. Hardly anything else could explain how some of these clowns never got shot.

George Dubya was a unique case, of course. He had a special life insurance policy. It was called Dick Cheney. The world knew if Junior bit the boot, we'd end up with a Darth Vader presidency.

Resistance groups in the modern era have been a mixed bag as far as assassinations go. Groups like Direct Action in France and the Red Army Faction in Germany dabbled in it, but the Red Brigades in Italy body count that rivals a 'Walking Dead' episode. Then there was Carlos the Jackal, a one-man assassination machine. Carlos should be set to get released soon from a French prison, I think. Shout-out to Carlos! Hope you're listening.

Domestically in the U.S., we had the Symbionese Liberation Army, who assassinated a school board member in Oakland's city schools, if I remember right. They abandoned assassinations for bank robberies and kidnappings-for-ransom, which worked out much better for them.

Most recently, someone assassinated the Colorado prisons director, his family, and, I hear, his family dog. What a tragedy. That dog didn't hurt anybody.

But, the efficacy of political assassinations elsewhere, where governments are smaller, and the approach initially undertaken by the SLA leaves us with the interesting question of whether political assassination, as an instrument of radical change, would be more effective if applied on a local level rather than on a national level. Likely, those replacing a mayor or a municipal judge or a cop who was assassinated would be more acutely aware of public displeasure than their splatter-pattern predecessors. Just a theory here based on observations of human behavior, but I'd guess that if you shoot just a handful of local officials, the rest of them start acting right. Go figure.

And I suppose that works if you want a system of authority that's a bit more responsive and accommodating, but as Leon Czolgosz found out the hard way, to topple the whole system, we'll need more than just a few surgically-placed head-shots.

Although they are good, clean, family fun. This is anarchist prisoner Sean Swain from Ohio's supermax you're listening (and your first name isn't "Special Agent"), you ARE the resistance...

<< BACK

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Mail:

Page 1 of 3



Admin

Money

Mail

Video

Intel

Facility System

Sign Out

Welcome pshoemaker  
Last Login: 02/02/2015 2:32PM EST

<<Back Main Requires Approval Pending Security Censored Released

Mail

- Letter Delivery
- Inmate Filter System
- Sender Filter System
- Mail Reports
- Support Tickets Delivery
- Search
- Mail Graphical Reports
- Restricted Domains
- Inbound Mail Operational Report
- Mail Operational Report
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- Inactive Locations
- In Mail Discarded Material
- Out Mail Discarded Material
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- Word(s) Found :**
- kill
  - murder
  - blood
  - jack

**Attachment(s) :**

Ben (2/3),  
 I'm out of the dungeon. Description of shenanigans to follow. I'm broke, so no \$ on phone account to call. Thank you for everything. Sorry this is short, but I'm spent. Will write more later.  
 You rock.  
 Freedom,  
 Sean.  
 OSP PHYSICIAN DR. JAMES KLINE IS A FUCKWEASEL:  
 HOW A QUACK ILLEGALLY DISAPPEARED ME TO THE SUPERMAX DUNGEON  
 TO BREAK ME FOR THE REPRESSIVE GESTAPO HIGH COMMAND

Part I: "...Like Clowns Taking Pies to the Face..."  
 This past Friday, 13 FEB, Ohio State Penitentiary physician, Dr. James Kline got bored. He already sharpened and polished the pointed spike on top of the German World War I helmet he wore when marching around his basement, blasting Wagner from his stereo. He had run out of live frogs to staple to the rubber matting, and putting hamsters into the blender feet-first had lost all its excitement. So, he did what any upstanding doctor employed at a super-duper-max would do: He phoned in a regimen of state terror to silence protected protest, like Israel calling in a drone strike on the Gaza Strip. Lucky me.  
 But let's hit the rewind. It started when the Oppressive Department of Retribution and Corruption pulled the plug on the Skype rip-off video visits that Ben Turk scheduled with me to generate video at seanswain.org. Since Gestapo Gary and Trainwreck Trevor are already getting sued for past shenanigans, they couldn't block content to the site and stick it to me directly, so they got a hapless dipshit named Paul Shoemaker-- Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius --to investigate the video that never happened.  
 I started a stupid hungerstrike. Stupid. My last meal was Superbowl Sunday and if you ever saw this Aramark-Corporation-slon-vomit you know I'm not missing

Mail:

Page 2 of 3

anything. Likely, my exposure to radioactive isotopes went down.

After 9 meals, I got called out to the Hanibal Lecter cage to talk to Deputy Warden Bracie (sp?) and Major Somebody-or-Other. Ms. Bracie did all the talking. Major Somebody-or-Other spent the time staring at Ms. Bracie, undressing her in his mind and drooling on himself. Whatever you do, don't tell his wife.

Ms. Bracie, using interpersonal communication skills that Major Somebody-or-Other's erection clearly did not know, told me that if I did not accept a tray, they would toss me in the hole. This is because the ODRC fuckweasels demand that you protest exactly as they demand, and then punish you for it. With a straight face, Ms. Bracie repeated the official position written by some sociopath at Gestapo Headquarters (probably Trainwreck Trevor), that tossing me in the hole was NOT punishment, even though everyone else in the hole is being punished.

When you're protesting and they chain you naked to the wall upside-down and pull out your fingernails with rusty pliers before throwing darts at your penis (or vagina), they are NOT punishing you like the naked, upside-down guy with bloody fingers hanging next to you with dart holes in his dick. Thank you Deputy Warden Bracie and Major Drooling Boner for that insightful clarification that punishment is not punishment.

Torture is not torture. It is "enhanced interrogation."  
Execution is not murder. It is "protein recycling."  
Tyranny is not tyranny. It is "aggressive management."  
Genocide is not genocide. It is "selective population pruning."

State-terrorists are so cute with vocabulary.

So, I accepted a tray and therefore, according to the fuckweasel OFFICIAL DECREE, my hungerstrike was no longer a hungerstrike, though I knew it was and the REST OF THE WORLD knew it was. That made the State irrelevant to the protest process.

The State is an irrelevant moron.  
Fuck the State.  
Twice.

That robbed them of the chance to isolate me and cut off my communication to the outside world while throwing darts at my penis, which is what they were eager to do, almost as eager as Major Drooling Boner was to get a peek down Deputy Warden Bracie's blouse.

So the hungerstrike continued and after a week of the fuckweasels unable to do anything about it (my counsel, Richard Kerger, has a lawsuit filed), I also refused blood pressure meds.

A med strike.

Quitting the meds could cause my blood pressure to spike, which could cause heart attack, aneurysm, or stroke. That meant without those meds, I could quickly fall over dead.

Of course, I didn't really want to die. I refused the med refill, but I still had a few pills stashed away from the previous refill, and I could get by on those for weeks. I mean, I'm not stupid.

But fuckweasels had to assume I had no meds, which gave them the choice of either killing me or surrendering and giving me video access. A catch-22. Both options are bad for them. If they relent, they face the proposition that soon, just like Oprah, I would have my own channel.

All Swain... All day... All night...

But killing me to silence me could be seriously problematic. Fuckweasels know who follows my work; it's not the hold-hands-and-sing-Cumbayah crowd. That's why state terrorists at ODRC Gestapo High Command at 770 West Broad Street in Columbus, when they leave work in the evening, sprint from the door, through a protective security line in the parking lot, and to their cars - to avoid getting snatched by swainiacs in the shadows. Fuckweasels know the savage lunatics who regularly peruse my site are hiding in the bushes with lug wrenches, ready to pounce and drag these state-terrorists behind the building... To eat them alive. They believe that. For good reason. The Government Accounting Office survey confirms that approximately 33% of frequent visitors to seanswain.org are likely full-fledged cannibals. Fuckweasels are certain that if they kill me, bomb-throwing cannibal swainiacs across the globe will converge on their parking lot and no security known to humanity will save them from the flurry of bloodlust, a maelstrom of raw meat blood-spatter discarded shoes and

Mail:

Page 3 of 3

run freely, blood splatter, discarded shoes and unanswered car alarms.

As it should be.

All of us savage maniacs have to stick together, you know. But, that being the case, prison fuckweasels really don't want to kill me... even though they really, REALLY want to kill me. With the hungerstrike they can't recognize and med strike they can't control, their phones rang off the hook and their email inboxes boiled over with angry protest, and I was closer and closer to blowing a gasket and falling over dead (or so they thought), and they sat there perfectly powerless, like clowns taking pies to the face.

Since it was out of the question to conform to their own laws and policies and provide me the same video access as every other prisoner on my level (all SWAIN... all DAY... all NIGHT...), they had to find some contrived justification for chaining me to a wall and throwing darts at my penis until I break and give up the med strike. They would have to develop an excuse for doing that, especially since U.S. District Judge Benita Y. Pearson is already looking, and she's no dummy (unlike Judge Jack Zouhary, who fucks dogs behind the Masonic Lodge on bowling night).

Part II: "...A Game of Chicken with No Good Way Out..."

First came the shrinks, asking questions in hopes of turning my med strike in defense of anarchist expression into a "suicidal gesture." But, I can articulate my zealous love for life and my political motivations, and they already know about the lawsuit; so while they were previously willing to put false diagnoses in my file to fuck around my chances of release, they are hesitant to continue the reindeer games... not due to any new-found integrity, but due to cowardice and self-interest.

Next came the nurses, the male ones to threaten "admitting" me "downstairs," and the female ones to sweet-talk me into take the meds. The threat to admit me downstairs is a reference to taking me down to the medical isolation cells in the basement-- in many ways far worse than the hole. At MANCI, a lower level security, prisoners dropped like flies in the same area where I left sleep-deprived and hallucinating.

If prisoners died like flies in MANCI's medical dungeon, imagine the one at the super-duper-max. They would chain me to the wall and shoot CANNONBALLS at my penis.

"Medical admission" was the very last option for the fuckweasels to take me out of commission and mind-fuck me into silent submission, breaking my med strike and my will to resist their illegal repression. Without medical admission, without this last resort to force me back on my meds, the fuckweasels were in a game of chicken with no good way out.

<< BACK

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Admin

Money

Mail

Video

Intel

Facility System

Sign Out

Welcome pshoemaker  
Last Login: 02/02/2015 2:32PM EST

<<Back | Main | Requires Approval | Pending | Security | Censored | Released |

Mail

- Letter Delivery
- Inmate Filter System
- Sender Filter System
- Mail Reports
- Support Tickets Delivery
- Search
- Mail Graphical Reports
- Restricted Domains
- Inbound Mail Operational Report
- Mail Operational Report
- Stamp Usage Report
- Inactive Locations
- In Mail Discarded Material
- Out Mail Discarded Material
- Recover Deleted Letters

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**Word(s) Found :**

- investigator
- kill
- blood
- stash

**Attachment(s) :**

Ben (3/3),  
The adventure continues.  
Freedom,  
Sean.

The fascists would have to surrender and allow me on video. In so doing, they'd implicitly be admitting that they were harassing my communication for no good reason in the first place-- while getting sued for harassing my communication. So, Thursday, Day 4 of my med strike, Gestapo Gary, Trainwreck Trevor, and Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius had a game of naked Twister in the conference room. They wiped off the baby oil and sent Investigator Wylie to my cell. Trainwreck went back to his office so agitated, he ripped the heads off of 3 unsuspecting puppies beyond his normal daily quota.

Investigator Wylie (not to be confused with the coyote of the same name who chases the roadrunner, though there is an uncanny physical resemblance) told me I had to get my blood pressure checked at the A-block nurse's station or else I would be admitted to medical. I had no problem allowing an assessment anyway-- with my secret stash of blood pressure pills, I could keep my blood pressure below the "admission" threshold forever.

Wylie told me the warden had been ordered to send him to get me but would say nothing further for fear I may quote him. He then returned to the task of assembling a ridiculous, giant mousetrap that came in an ACME box. No idea what that's about.

Nurse Practitioner Nicole Carter took my blood pressure under the scrutiny of Investigator Wylie, a deputy warden, and a whole entourage of desk-monkeys who were forced to pretend they cared about my medical status, when really they hoped for an excuse to toss me in the dungeon.

My blood pressure was 150 over 82, below the 160-over-90 threshold for medical admission. Nurse Carter said that so long as I submitted to 2 assessments per day and I stayed below the threshold, I was fine and administrators could do nothing to end my med strike.

That night, I participated in a live radio interview with a very cool radio show in Montreal. Then, I emailed Ben a 30 second short video, heckling Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius

second short video, receiving shock from Superheroes, the fascist banning my video access. Given their reaction, I can only guess that the Gestapo High Command did not share my sense of irony.

Part III: "...One More Pile of Swirling Hamster Chunks in His Blender..."

Friday morning, nobody asked to take my blood pressure. Something was amiss. Late in the morning, a male nurse asked if I would be admitted into medical. My answer was an emphatic NO, that I refused medical care. An hour later a guard told me medical called for me to be admitted. I declined.

My blood pressure, supposedly their medical concern, was climbing.

An hour later, a lieutenant told me I had to go and get admitted in medical whether I wanted to or not. I told him that, legally, they cannot override my medical decisions and coerce me to accept "care" that I refuse. After that argument, my blood pressure was really thumping. Not that fuckweasels ever follow their own laws, but I have a right to refuse meds whether James Kline likes it or not, for whatever reason I refuse, whether James Kline likes it or not. Nobody had any legal authority to override my medical decision, take me hostage, and hold me until I stop my med-strike.

Lieutenant King came to my door at about 4:00 on Friday, after courts are closed and the warden had gone home, telling me I would be admitted to medical (i.e., dragged to the dungeon and held indefinitely without phone, email, or snailmail). I was being disappeared like a Chilean leftist labor organizer under the Pinochet regime.

While Lt. King stood there, I yelled to the prisoners who could hear that I was being taken hostage and isolated from prisoner witnesses, that the only conceivable motive was to hold me where they could deny my meds even after I agreed to start taking them again; that isolating me was part of a plan to kill me.

Lt. King left.

By this time, my blood pressure, supposedly their principle concern, was soaring. I don't know if they intended to kill me, but they were doing a damn good job of it. If not for the meds I had squirreled away...

I took one last pill and prepared to get dragged away-- maybe to die... But for my own good, of course. A hostile stand-off was brewing, possibly a repeat of the close-quarters blind-fighting recounted in "Days of Tear Gas, Blood, and Vomit," and I could use the same tactics again since we all know fuckweasels can't read. This time it would be seven-on-one. But I would be wearing a pair of hi-top black Chucks, which makes it seem almost unfair.

Lucky for them, the nurse came to talk to me. She asked me to let her take my blood pressure at the A-block nurse's station. I agreed. Out of the cell, Lt. King and his fuckweasel sidekicks walked me out to the hallway. As I turned, I saw fuckweasels circling around behind, others at strategic points. The whole prison was on lockdown and the entirety of available security staff was there.

Fuckweasel Team Six was escorting me to the nurse's station and intending to toss me in the dungeon indefinitely. My blood pressure, which was supposedly their principle concern, was off the fucking charts. Worse, once in the dungeon, I had no access to the stash of blood pressure pills. I considered, this medical intervention might really kill me.

At the nurse's station:

Nurse: Dr. Kline ordered you admitted and no one can override until Monday.

Me: I'm not going. I did what Nurse Practitioner Carter said I had to do and I refuse medical care; this is illegal.

Nurse: They WANT you to resist. Just walk down there. I'll call Dr. Kline.

Me: Let him know, if I'm up here, I'll let you take my blood pressure. Once I'm down there, that's it. You won't know what my blood pressure is until I'm back up here. So, if his concern is really medical, he can monitor me up here, or he's flying blind all weekend while I'm in the dungeon. Fuckweasel Team Six moved in with a video rolling and cuffed me behind my back, then put leg irons on me. The whole time, I yelled, "I refuse medical treatment. I do not consent. I am being taken hostage. I am being silenced. This is illegal..." And down the elevator we went, on the called-in orders of Dr. James Kline, resident fuckweasel. I became just one more swirling pile of hamster chunks in his blender.

I prepared for a weekend of state terror

EXHIBIT 5(K)

I prepared for a weekend of state terror.  
TO BE CONTINUED... I WILL SEND THE EXCITING  
CONCLUSION WEDNESDAY...

<< BACK

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EXHIBIT 5(K)