



Retrospectives

and

Visions

**Mongoose Distro
PO Box 220069
Brooklyn, NY 11222**

by Dan Baker

To Serkeftin!
(to victory!),

Dan/Alishare

Dan Baker 25765-509
FCI Memphis
PO Box 34550
Memphis, TN 38184

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Revolutionary Greetings and Regards,

'Silav u rezen soresgeri' – That's Kurdish for “Revolutionary Greetings and Regards. Another greeting I'll extend to you all is 'Roj bas hevalno', which means “Good day, comrades”. I hope you are individually and collectively healthy, happy and free!

I'm writing this to make clear my plans for when I go home from prison. I'm doing this for many reasons. One reason is to make a statement to friends, and also to enemies. Many traumas in my life have made me paranoid, so I find it difficult to trust people. The same traumas, from homelessness, political displacement, hunger, front-line combat, fist fights, and disillusionment, have left me both angry and exhausted. So, I write the most vitriolic things I can in order to make clear the danger we all face as fascism and global war intensifies due to games played by the wealthy, fanatical patriots and religious zealots. I will now elaborate on the dangers I've seen and then describe what I will do about them. I'll try to be brief.

I grew up in Jupiter, Florida, a swampy rural community that follows the Loxahatchee River to the ocean in central/south Florida, on the east coast. It's a racist town where violent hate crimes still occur. For example, a black man was dragged to death behind a truck, and white men from Jupiter farms go to town in Jupiter's Guatemalan community to "Guat hunt", which means murdering people for sport. The more ambitious white christian nationalists from my Dad's church, "Church in the Farms" (yes, really), recruit people to go to the Texas/Mexican border to shoot people who are crossing from the Mexican side. They have described plans for "The Race War", when they believe "the south will rise again", in which they plan to use homemade explosives to blow up the I-95 Highway overpass, which would "block the minorities in town and on the highway from entering Jupiter farms via Indiantown Road". They recruit current and former military and police for these plans and actions. This brings me to the man who raised me.

Glenn Baker was a Palm Beach County Sheriff Deputy and veteran of the Panama Invasion. He had been in the National Guard, and the Coast Guard as well. As a deputy he became a helicopter pilot for police "work" and as an air ambulance for the trauma hawk. He was also racist, Republican, killed civilians and covered-up for other cops who also killed people. He told me about all these things, under the impression that I thought like him. He told me the same jokes about black men's "last words" and sex workers that were raped by deputies. The Bakers also collected

surrounded myself with trusted friends and we refused to fall for their clumsy tricks. So I will go home, feed the hungry, treat the sick and wounded, grow food and build community. If the feds, fascists, neo-nazis, jihadis, or white supremacist Christian Nationalists, and their Turkish military intelligence dogs, want to kill me then I will die with food and medicine in my hands, and love and peace in my heart. I don't believe in heaven or hell after death, but I believe we become one with all, and I'm happy with that, and prepared to sacrifice my blood and life for the people, plants, animals and earth that are precious to me - all people, plants and animals, in all worlds. May all beings everywhere be happy and free!

In order to create that life worth fighting for, I need your help. The deadly culture I described is rallying for another war under the banner of Trump's "American Freedom" rallies. His fascist coup attempt is not over, but we will succeed where the Germans failed to stop the Nazis - at home!

widespread culture of racism, sexism, rape, murder and oppression in North Amerikkka, and that attempts to escape it and pursue truth, beauty and liberation will be harshly punished by the U\$ government. Even if you join U\$ allies like the SDF and YPG/YPJ you will be targeted. In Syria I saw Turkey using U\$ jets and missiles to support ISIS, and Turkey supplies ISIS with weapons and equipment. Anna Campbell was killed by Turkish airstrikes in Afrin. I met her father as he searched for her body. This is how the U\$ profits from war: playing both sides. If you try to escape you will be captured, and if you speak up they will try to silence you. Even fighting against ISIS is not enough to earn their respect. These people rape, murder, and steal children to brainwash them, just like ISIS. We might as well fight for what's right.

So this is my plan. I'm getting too old to fight with violence. I did my part in Rojava and the 2020 George Floyd Uprisings. Now it is time for you, the next generation, and everyone who has not been captured, to rise up and carry the torch. I will give advice and become a paramedic and a herstory teacher. You kids are badass. Don't worry if you are young – the U\$ uses child soldiers in Syria to fight against ISIS (I have pictures to prove it). My plan is to go back to Tallahassee, lay low, continue emergency medical rescue training and wrestle with my friends. To be honest, I expect that I will be murdered at home for speaking the truth. But if I run, they will still kill me, only legally. They tried to kill me when I was arrested on trumped up charges, but I had

German knickknacks and Nazi memorabilia, learned German and made me march and count in German as a kid. They went to Germany for their honeymoon ...for some reason. I was terrified my entire childhood. I didn't think like Glenn Baker, because I spent half my time with my mom, who had divorced him. She was a nurse who worked in black communities, and she took me to work. I saw through Glenn's lies. She also told me that she had cheated on him with a man named Wesley Jolly, who was my real father.

Glenn couldn't get my mom pregnant, or my stepmom later. My stepmom confirmed my origin and I read documents from the divorce and custody battle in court that also verified these facts. But, Glenn got full custody because he had given my mom drugs he took from evidence at work and she got addicted. He also refused to take a DNA test. My mom eventually killed herself by overdosing on fentanyl years later. Glenn made me shoot in competitions, run, train in grappling and martial arts and fight in tournaments, as well as other sports, like swimming. He made me hunt, kill and eat animals, despite my desire to be a vegetarian. He punished me with spankings, and once knocked out my adopted brother with a hardcover bible for talking back. This childhood shaped my aversion of Christianity, racism, hierarchy, patriarchy and authority. It is also my reason to embrace non-violence for rest of my life going forward, despite my belief that future generations should also be militant leftists. The upbringing that shaped me led me to join the YPG International because I was trying to restore my

“honor” after a “dishonorable” discharge from the U\$. military. These decisions were all part of my attempts to earn the love of a man I despised. I never did meet Wesley Jolly; Stepmom took me out of the will.

I ran away at 17 and ended up joining the Army Airborne Infantry in an attempt to impress Glenn, because had had been on a mortar crew in Panama. The men in my unit bragged about the rape, pillage and murder they committed in Afghanistan and told me I'd be expected to participate in such things in Iraq when we deployed, or at least to cover up for them. Lewindowski, Camp and Lindon, all team leaders and sergeants in my platoon, separately confirmed that they had shot a civilian trucker in Afghanistan on Christmas Eve, then smothered him to death because “He was dying like a bitch” and “He was ruining our Christmas”. They regularly referred to people from the Middle East as “sand niggers” and “hajis”. I decided I would not deploy with these rapists and murderers and I went AWOL (absent without leave) when my unit, 2/504 Parachute Infantry Regiment, C Company, 2nd Platoon, 2nd Squad, deployed in Iraq. I was kicked out with a “general discharge under other than honorable conditions, for serious misconduct/offense”. That unit went on to commit the “Mahmudiyah Gang Rape Massacre” in Iraq. No one listened to my warnings and they raped a teenage girl and killed her whole family. All of this can be confirmed. While I was being kicked out, Sergeant Gagnon was accused of raping a female soldier in the barracks. That is the culture of the U\$ military and I was

happy to get out with my honor intact. I only regret not being able to help that woman in the barracks, but Gagnon tried to throw me off the third floor balcony when I spoke up, and I was not there in the locked room when it happened. This is the typical experience of U\$ soldiers and they often return from war crimes to become police and federal agents, like FBI agent Marty, who arrested me.

My “family” was embarrassed by my discharge and put me out on the street after I declined to join the white supremacist gangs that run Jupiter Farms. I became a Yoga teacher, a vegetarian, and tried competing in martial arts (with mixed and mostly disappointing results), as well as working as an armed and unarmed security guard at gated communities. I found the same racist, sexist culture in the security jobs and eventually gave that up, with a few half-hearted re-attempts over the years. I saw systemic oppression towards minorities and could not be part of that. Give anyone a golf cart and they will be a tyrant with just that much authority. I went to live in the woods with the Rainbow Family, a hippy gathering, and I was seduced by the Hare Krishnas, though now I wish I'd stayed in the woods and rejected all religions' lies and masters, as I do now. After these adventures I was homeless and unemployed, mostly in Tallahassee, so I joined the YPG. All this time I did my best to avoid any unnecessary violence and stay within the limits of the laws. Despite trying to “redeem” myself and stay out of trouble I was arrested.

I'll wrap this up now. I have tried to show that there is a