

Dear Marion,
For Felice and Jack, and Kelly and Lindsay Jan. 15, 2023

This month has three important political anniversaries, anti-war and anti-nuclear holidays if you will, events I'll celebrate privately for a change, since I'm temporarily cooling my heels in a German prison on the west end of Hamburg. It's not that I killed or robbed very many people, but I have acted contemptuously toward the court system here and have refused to cooperate with its deeply corrupt and thoroughly dishonest protection of the nuclear weapons establishment.

Because Susan Crane and I had the gall to occupy the top of a nuclear weapons bunker that holds U.S. hydrogen bombs here in Germany, and then refuse to apologize by paying a fine for trespassing, the court has decided that seven weeks in this modern prison ought to mend my ways, or at least discourage other abolitionists.

The three war-weary events are Martin Luther King Day, Jan. 16, the second anniversary of the Entry into Force of the Treaty on the Prohibition of Nuclear Weapons, Jan. 22, and the yearly setting of the "Doomsday Clock" Jan. 24 — that weirdly formulaic gag of nuclear armageddon's likelihood concocted by a group of scientific nuclear eggheads.

The establishment of the MLK Holiday and of the TPNW were both monumental achievements made against fierce, wealthy, bigoted and colonialist forces of reaction. Advocates of nonviolent action and campaigners for a world free of nuclear weapons this Monday and next Sunday, then get back to work Tuesday when the alarm goes off again on the Doomsday Clock. Of course the clock's "up one year, down the next" assessment of nuclear war risks has been ignored as a worn out rewrite of the Chicken Little tale. Yet the five metric tons of plutonium dust