

Those drawings . . . were submitted. The state's attorney had their own psychiatrist examine the torture drawings. And their own psychiatrist said yeah, sorry to say that this happened. No man could be this detailed if it didn't happen. We had international psychiatrists that had been all over the world interviewing torture victims. They had two different specialists come and see me at separate times. Both of them said yes, Darrell Cannon was tortured. They diagnosed me with post-traumatic syndrome. And they say I still have it today because of the fact that I get so doggone mad every time I think about it. . . .

The judicial system tortured me because they placed me in front of a judge that was an ex-state's attorney. So his allegiance was to the state's attorney's office. He turned me down on everything. He refused to allow my lawyers to cross-examine any of the cops on the witness stand about police brutality. He said it was insignificant and they didn't need to do it. So I was found guilty. I have never had a single witness, a single shred of evidence against me in this murder case, only my signature on a piece of paper that they later on filled out the way that they wanted to fill it out, and they called it a confession. It was my word against three detectives. . . .

Now the reparations are something that I'm very proud of, and I'm thankful, but the mission is not done. Those that are coming back now for new hearings, we will pack the courtrooms to say to the judge and prosecutor that it will not be business as usual; we're here to see to that. And because of that I say that the mission is partially done but it can never be totally done until justice prevails for all of those who are in prison. And that's where all of you come in. By all of you getting the education about this, you will be more informed. And now you are the voters. You make the difference. . . .

In Supermax, I've honestly seen people who were tough guys that came down there and tried to kill themselves because of the isolation and sleep deprivation. The whole nine years, they come in the evening time, they hit a main switch, the light come on in your cell. If that doesn't wake you up at nighttime, then when the officer leaves the wing, the door is designed to slam and that echo throughout your entire unit, so it's going to wake you up. And this is all by design.

. . . Other guys who did less time than me is crazy. Some have bad habits. I don't drink coffee, I don't smoke. . . .

This is my mindset; this is how I think. I want it to be known, I'm grateful but I'm not content. I can never be content until justice prevails for all the people who are still in prison . . .

That's why I go around the country. It's been a blessing and an honor to be around such dedicated people, because of the support that they have given us continually. Sometimes I don't feel like talking about this but I have to. Normally, I have to drink a lot of Pepto because I get nauseous when I talk about this. But it's my duty to speak up, it's my duty to be an advocate for justice.

Source: *Reparations Now, Reparations Won*, edited by Alice Kim and Jennifer Scism Ash (Chicago: Chicago Torture Justice Memorials, 2015).

Testimony of Anthony Holmes

On May 30, 1973, former Commander Jon Burge and Detective John Yucaitis repeatedly electroshocked Holmes and suffocated him with plastic bags while subjecting him to racial epithets and threats. Holmes testified at the 2010 trial of Jon Burge; Burge was convicted of perjury (lying under oath). Below are excerpts from Holmes' testimony in January 2011 at Burge's sentencing hearing.

BURGE electric shocked me and suffocated me and he forced me to confess to a murder I did not do. And, I had to accept that I was in the penitentiary for almost thirty years for something I didn't do. It has been hard on me and my family. It put them through a lot of changes. The fact that I did not do what they said I did hurt my family because they had to live with it. Everyone believed what the police said, so I had to deal with what people were saying and so did my family.

It caused us all stress. Being incarcerated prevented me from having a relationship with my children. . . . My wife at the time, took the kids with her to Texas right after I was convicted and she divorced me while I did time on the murder. Burge also threatened her and said they were going to take our kids away from her when this happened. Eventually one of my sons, Anthony, Jr. visited me in 2002 or 2003 and he brought my grandchildren. He is the only one I was able to keep up with. I have eleven children. The hardest part of being convicted and doing all the time was the effect it had on my family. They were left with no source of income from me and it was really hard on them. It was also really hard to lose family members while I was incarcerated. I lost my auntie, Juanita Sawyer, before I had the opportunity to get out. She stood by me through my sentencing hearing and my parole hearings. If I had been home it would have been easier for me and my family to deal with the death of my brother, three cousins, two nieces and a nephew. ...

When I was released, I went to St. Leonard's House. I was never able to get any psychological counseling because none was provided to me. I just slipped through the cracks. I got no help. I have had to help myself. I have survived. I only had a couple bruises on my arm and a busted lip. But the rest of the injuries were internal from the electricity shot through me with the black box and Burge choking me with the plastic bag. He tried to kill me. It leaves a gnawing, hurting feeling. I can't ever shake it. I still have nightmares . . . I wake up in a cold sweat. I still fear that I am going to go back to jail for this again. I see myself falling in a deep hole and no one helping me to get out. That is what it feels like. I felt hopeless and helpless when it happened, and when I dream I feel like I am in that room again, screaming for help and no one comes to help me. I keep trying to turn the dream around but it keeps being the same. I can never expect when I will have the dream. I just lay down at night, and then I wake up and the bed is soaked. I still think I shouldn't have let Burge do that to me, but there was nothing I could do. I keep thinking how I can get out of it, but there was nothing I could do. I remember looking around the room at the other officers and I thought one of them would say that was enough and they never did....

I still get nervous when I see police. I worry if this can happen again. There is always this inner fear that I will get tied into something I didn't do, and they will tie me up with something. . . . That is why I no longer live in the City. I always have the fear with police — oh boy here they come. I am just a little or a lot paranoid. It [being tortured] hindered me from getting a decent job. It hindered me from going to school. It prevented me from taking care of my family. Let him suffer like we suffered. If it had been one of us, we would get the maximum without batting an eye. I am glad I got my chance to have my say and I thank the Court for that.

Source: *Reparations Now, Reparations Won*, edited by Alice Kim and Jennifer Scism Ash (Chicago: Chicago Torture Justice Memorials, 2015).

Testimony of Mary L. Johnson

Mary Johnson is the mother of a survivor of violence at the hands of the Chicago Police. She worked tirelessly in the effort to resist police torture. She described her early life, growing up in Chicago and being taught to love all people. But her life changed when her son was beaten up by the police.

... my son was beat up in the park. He came and told me about the police jumping on him and I saw his face scarred up. And I went and filed a complaint. I learned then that the police don't only get you when you're bad, the police can get you when you're good, and you better not say anything about it. So by me reporting to the police what they did to my son, they targeted him after that. See that's the lowdown way they can destroy him, and all of us.

So I was feeling very bad. I started disliking all them white folks that I liked so much. 'Cause everywhere I went I had to give my story to a white person. I saw all of them as being in charge. And I resented them so 'til I rode the bus and I'd see a white person looking at me and I'd roll my eyes 'til they'd turn their head. I said to myself, *Don't you even look at me, all the stuff you is*. But then I came to realize that if I was a person of color and I didn't realize what was going on why do I think they knew? They had been brainwashed also. They separated us so we wouldn't know what was happening to one another. I got a lot of white friends. They like me, but they don't live near me. They march with me and talk to me, but when we go home we part our ways. So that keeps us divided.

So I learned to speak up and talk about what was going on because I was really mad with white folks. Police, Santa Clause, and Jesus. All of them. Because they had hurt my son and it was constantly going on. They told him they was gonna jam him, that's what they say. And they put a case on him, put him in the penitentiary 17 years old. See, everybody in control is people that don't look like me.

So, I started feeling sorry for myself, but I was driven by my love for my son. I say, *I'm gonna expose these sons of a guns*. If there's anybody out there with any kind of backbone they gon' have to learn, until you overcome your fear you're not even living. It's not a good feeling when you can't help your young ones. . . .

I got an invitation to go [visit] death row and I got in, in spite of the rules. I was walking up and down death row. And when they saw me, they said I reminded them of the mother they hadn't seen in years, I remind them of the sister they left behind. It was such a feeling for me 'til I couldn't miss going. I was going every month. I got addicted to it because I saw the good that I was doing for those guys. I couldn't help my son, but I could help somebody else's. . . .

We're in a battle to be fair. I don't want you feeling sorry for me because I am Black and strong. I want you to have empathy for me. Put yourself in my position. How would you feel if this was your son? How would you feel if they took your child? You know, just like they did during slavery. Take them right out of our arms.

They take our sons, they beat them, and what can we do about it? Tell them to stay in the house and don't go out. That's not fair. That's not right. Sympathy, no I don't need sympathy, but now empathy. When we work together we can do beautiful things.

Source: *Reparations Now, Reparations Won*, edited by Alice Kim and Jennifer Scism Ash (Chicago: Chicago Torture Justice Memorials, 2015).