

# Testimony of Terror

statement of Morgan Katherine Hager

## State of Oregon. ss. County of Multnomah

I, Morgan Katherine Hager, being first duly sworn, do depose and say as follows:

The following is a summary of what I recall about the incidents of the morning of Sunday 22 July and the events that followed. Even though I was injured and afraid at the time, my memories are clear (although some minor details may be inaccurate). This statement focuses on what I directly experienced or saw. When I refer to events I didn't directly experience or see, I have so indicated.

Sherman Sparks and I, together with our friend Angeline, traveled to Genoa and participated in the peaceful protest marches there. We at no time engaged in any violence against persons or property. The G8 ended on Saturday 21 July and about 9.00 or 10.00 pm on Saturday night, Sherman and I went back to the school where we had slept the night before. We were looking for Angeline. Angeline wasn't there, so I checked my email and sent an

email to my parents, telling them that everything was fine, the protests had ended, we were safe, and we were going to leave Genoa first thing the next morning. We considered joining Angeline, who was sleeping at another location (one of many camps in and around Genoa), but by this time we were too tired to find another place to sleep. Anyway, we thought the school would be the safest place to sleep. The camps didn't seem to be safe because we had been told the police had visited them on a number of occasions and the encounters were not pleasant, although not violent. Also, the school was across the street from the Indymedia Centre and the clinic, so we perceived that the closeness gave the school some protection.

Sherman and I lay down in our sleeping bags on the first floor at about 11.00 pm. We fell asleep. I can't remember if Sherman woke me, or if I woke because of all the noise. Regardless, I woke to crashing and yelling outside. There was chaos everywhere. People were running around trying to collect their belongings. There was a great deal of noise. The police were breaking down the doors and smashing the windows. I later heard that someone had barricaded the

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face of Enron Corporation CEO Jeffrey Skilling in San Francisco, US, where he is scheduled to speak on "The Roles and Responsibilities of the Energy Industry". Agent Chocolate Supreme pies Skilling, saying: "This is for the millions you've stolen from California's real working people." The accomplished *entarteur* continued, "Mr. Skilling, who personally made \$132 million this year, creamed us – so I, Agent Chocolate Supreme, felt

obligated to cream him back."

>> **June 22** >> Municipal workers go on strike in Kakamega, Nigeria, to demand payment of their salary arrears. Workers say that without payment of salaries they cannot continue to meet family obligations and buy basic necessities.

>> **June 24** >> Unions and activists stage a celebratory march, having prevented the World Bank from holding

their annual meeting in Barcelona, Spain. World Bankers around the world regret the loss of the opportunity to snack on *tapas* together ostentatiously as they are forced to conduct their meeting online. A major scandal erupts in the following week as it is disclosed by the mainstream media that police broke windows, started fights, and instigated riots at the end of the march.

>> **June 26** >> Students stage a five-day blockade of

doors after the trouble started out in the street and at the media centre. I quickly began collecting my belongings, but I didn't manage to get my shoes on or collect my belongings before the police entered the room.

Sherman and I were sleeping behind a wall so we did not have a view of the main entrance to the school. People across the room had a direct view of the entry. The first thing I noticed was that they were getting down on their knees and putting their hands up in signs of peace or non-resistance, surrender. All of those across the room, about 15 in total, were doing that. Sherman and I immediately did the same thing.

The police rushed into the room. They were dressed in dark clothing, and may have had protective vests under their clothing because they looked exceedingly bulky. They wore helmets with plastic face covers, heavy boots, gloves, and carried batons. I am certain no skin was showing on any of them. I later learned that these police were part of an anti-terrorist force called the DIGOS. I know the Italian press has reported that 20 policemen were hospitalized after the raid on the school, but that is difficult to believe based on what I saw and experienced.

The first thing I recall the police doing was kicking a chair into the group of people kneeling on the floor. I could hear things smashing this whole time. A few police (between five and seven) ran into the room. One came over to our corner and, as I was kneeling with my hands extended, he kicked me in the side of the head, knocking me to the floor. Sherman and another man who had been

sleeping near us helped me back up to my knees. Another policeman came to where I was kneeling and started beating me with his club. I was up against the wall, and I curled over with my right side against the wall and my hands and arms covering my head for protection. I tried not to move because I thought he would stop beating me sooner if I lay still. I am not sure how many policemen were beating me. I looked up and saw Sherman being beaten. After they stopped beating us, Sherman and I lay curled up by the wall for about five minutes or so. I think at this point the police were bringing people down from the upper two floors.

I noticed that there was a lot of blood around us, and that blood was smeared on the wall. I think it was our blood because we were both bleeding from the head, and I was bleeding from my hands and wrists. About five minutes later, the police ordered everyone in the room to go over against the opposite wall. As I was walking across the room to do so, the policeman who told us to move struck me in the butt with his club. We all curled up against the opposite wall. At this point I noticed that my bleeding right hand was swollen, and my little finger was sticking out at a strange angle. Sherman's eyes looked glazed and he wasn't responding to questions normally.

We sat against the wall as more people were herded into the room and basically piled up with us against the wall. All had been beaten, and some had to be carried down the stairs by others who had also been beaten. I was shaking and couldn't stop. We stayed against the wall for five or ten minutes more until paramedics in orange suits started

arriving. By this time the original policemen who had done the beatings were gone and the room was full of different riot police wearing the *Carabinieri* uniforms.

Every once in a while, the police would take a few people out of the room, making them walk with their hands above their heads and shouting at them and pushing them out. The paramedics began laying the most severely injured out on sleeping rolls and covering them with sleeping bags. Eventually, they got stretchers into the room. All the paramedics did was pass around some rags with disinfectant because they were not equipped to deal with the number and severity of the injuries.

I smelled human excrement and blood in the room as I lay against the wall. The man to our left had a severely broken arm and I could see the bone ends pushing up on his skin. It was enormously swollen and he was in extreme pain. The people to our right – one man was bleeding from the head and wavering in and out of consciousness. A girl curled onto the floor and was shaking.

The paramedics told us that everyone who didn't need to go to the hospital was to move to one side. Initially I didn't

want to go to the hospital, so Sherman and I moved to that side of the room. The paramedic stopped us and told us we needed to go to the hospital.

People were being carried out on stretchers and, about 30 minutes later, we walked out behind the stretcher of the man with the broken arm. Outside the courtyard of the school, there were very large numbers of police, and they were lining up as if to create barriers. I saw some media people and saw flashes from cameras. I covered my face. People were in the windows of the media centre and behind the lined up police, and they were yelling *assassini* (assassins).

I had about seven X-rays: both hands, head, chest, ribs, legs, and back (as best I recall). The person who did the X-rays spoke no English; he would just grab me and push me to get into position. It hurt a great deal. When he was X-raying my hands, he wanted them flat on a screen and he tried to force them flat. I cried out in pain. Neither hand would go flat because of the injuries. Finally, his assistant stopped him and said *roto* (broken). After the X-rays, they pushed me back into the hallway.

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university and government buildings in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea in protests against World Bank plans to privatize national assets like the PNG Banking Corporation and Air Niugini. As they exit the university with their hands up, the police fire shotguns and M-16s at close range, killing four people and injuring twenty. The students' demands are the expulsion of the IMF and World Bank, the cessation of Government borrowing

from the Bank, and the resignation of the Government if this does not happen. After the refusal of local police to disperse them, Prime Minister Mekere Morauta transfers riot police from their usual job of protecting pipelines and gold mines owned by the US and Canada. A month later the Government's privatization plans falter and the students claim a partial victory.  
>> **July 1-3** >> Thousands manage to slip across the

militarized border and join Austrians in protest against the WEF meeting in Salzburg. Despite 5,000 police who threaten to shoot at protesters, and a ban on most protests, the main demonstration is quite lively until it is surrounded by police, penning people in for six hours.  
>> **July 18-19** >> Argentina's main union calls a two-day strike following President De la Rúa's public admission that the country is forced to implement IMF-

They told me one bone in my hand had two fractures and that my ribs were also fractured. After my parents arrived in Italy, I saw another doctor, had new X-rays, and was referred to an orthopedist: three different bones in my right hand were fractured. Both hands and my left forearm were terribly swollen. I was in pain during this time.

At this point, I really started noticing the police (they were the *Carabinieri*, which are paramilitary riot police). I went to sleep and woke up to see three police officers standing there staring at me from across the hall. I was told that police in the hallways were slapping their clubs into the palms of their hands as threats to those in the beds as they roamed up and down the halls, and also that they were tapping the beds with their clubs. After another long while, I was taken to have a cast put on my hand and was then returned to the hallway. I was semi-delirious at this point and drifting in and out of sleep.

I woke up being pushed on a stretcher down a hallway into emptier parts of the hospital. It frightened me because I didn't know where I was going. I asked the orderly in Italian several times where we were going and he ignored me. I remember being afraid that I was being taken somewhere to be beaten again. They put me into a room at about 6.00 am. I slept, but kept waking up and realizing that I was in different places. I remember that they took blood. When I woke up everything was gone from my pockets except my wallet, which had been emptied of everything except the money and my identification. They also took the card the American consul had given me. At all

times, our room was guarded by *Carabinieri*, who prevented us from moving around or looking out of the window, and eventually ordered us to sit on our beds. Basically, the hospital had been turned into a prison.

A Canadian girl and I were taken to get a CT scan. We were then fed. I was not offered pain medication. We were told to dress, and then escorted from the hospital room and handcuffed together. In the hallway, we were turned over to detention centre officers. When I shifted around in the handcuffs to try to get them off the cuts on my wrist that was not in a cast, the detention officers tightened the handcuffs. They grabbed us by the handcuffs and pulled us to the transport van. When we arrived at the detention centre, they pulled us out of the van by the handcuffs. As we were being led through the lobby of the detention centre, an officer came up and grabbed me by the back of the head. He pushed and held my head downward and yelled something in Italian. We were never told we were under arrest and never told that we had any rights.

We were put into a detention cell (a square room with a stone floor and no furnishings at all) with about seven or eight others from the school, both male and female. We were all very afraid that we were going to be beaten again. Eventually they came and took the males away and brought in about 20-25 females, all of whom had come from the school.

During this time, they came and took people out one by one for fingerprinting and processing. They told me to sign some papers when I was being fingerprinted, but I refused.

The papers were in Italian.

Some girls who had been in there since the night before had not yet been given water or food. About four hours later, we were each given a ham sandwich and water. At about midnight, they gave us four or five blankets for all of us (we numbered about 31 by then). The windows of the cell were covered by bars and screens only, and the wind was blowing. It was very cold in the cell, and we were trying to sleep on stone floors with our various injuries.

During the whole time, we were repeatedly told differing stories about what was going to happen to us. Sometimes they said we'd be free the next day; sometimes they said we'd be in jail for at least a week; sometimes they said they were going to start taking each of us out individually for "interviews" to see if we would go free; sometimes they said they were going to take us to a different jail that night to sleep and shower.

In the middle of the night, they started taking people out of the cell one by one again. I don't believe anyone was brought back. My turn came around daylight. I was taken into a room where they took my belt by cutting my belt

loops. (They had returned my clothes at some point before this). They told me to take out my earrings, so I took out the ones that I could given the fact that my hands were too injured to do much. They made me take my clothes off and stand in front of a man who then asked me if I did drugs or had any health problems. I was taken to another room where they again demanded I take out the rest of my earrings (the ones that remained were thick metal that I could not bend to take out), and all I could tell them was that I could not and gesture at my cast. A guy came in with a knife and gestured that he would just cut them out. Eventually, the two guards bent the earrings enough to take them off and threw them in the garbage. Then they used scissors to cut my hair off (they left a ragged inch or so all over my head).

At this point, differentiating the days is very difficult. Basically, I spent one night in the detention centre, two full nights in Voghera Prison, and was transported from Voghera to Pavia Prison at about midnight on the third night. The first night at Voghera, the Italian prisoners were released.

During one of the recesses in the yard, a priest came to us

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imposed austerity measures because the country's "sovereignty is limited" due to difficulties in repaying its \$128 billion debt. Outraged at proposals to cut public salaries by 13 per cent and cut pensions benefits, tens of thousands of workers take to the streets, blocking roads, shutting banks and government offices and marching on Congress.

>> **July 19-21** >> Global Day of Action, Genoa G8.

>> **July 25** >> Ten million Indian state employees go on general strike against privatization plans and call for a halt to IMF, World Bank, and WTO policies. A union spokesperson said that the government policy of backing globalization is selling the country to the transnational companies and foreign interests, adding that: "This will serve as a warning to the government against their anti-worker policies."

>> **July 31** >> More than 500 Nepalese protesters denounce a 40 per cent electricity price hike by the Nepal Electricity Authority, which succumbed to pressure from the Asian Development- and World Banks to raise prices as a precondition for fresh loans on water resource development.

>> **August 6** >> In Maputo, Mozambique a strike by the railway services and dockworkers at the port brings

with information about charges being made against us, and a list of weapons the Italian police claimed were found in the school. The weapons listed that I remember were things like Swiss army knives, wallet chains, helmets, sticks (I know there were sticks there that had been taken from banners), and metal poles (the Canadian girl I was with said she saw police cutting open backpacks and taking poles out of the frames). They also said they found two Molotov cocktails. [Later revealed to have been planted by the police].

On the third day, I had a preliminary hearing at the prison. This is the first time I saw my lawyer, and was allowed a two minute session alone with him only after I asked for it. I answered questions from the judge and made a statement to the judge about what had happened to me at the school, the detention centre, and in prison. I was formally told the charges against me, which the judge said were resisting arrest, being part of a criminal organization, causing bodily harm to the police, and possession of weapons. I understood that according to Italian law, after the first appearance before a judge, I was entitled to a phone call, which I didn't get. I was taken back to my cell.

Later, we were brought down one by one to hear the verdicts in our cases. I was told that I was free to go and would be released in one to two hours. There was no mention of deportation. We waited for many hours in our cell for the anticipated release. Finally, they took us downstairs where they gave us bags with what was left of what was on our persons when we were taken to the hospital. They had us sign a paper saying everything was

**“[The G8] are in a position of all ruling elites, who must preside over the flow of wealth from poor to rich, without appearing to do so.” – Jeremy Seabrook, *The No-Nonsense Guide to Class, Caste and Hierarchy, New Internationalist/Verso, 2002***

there. My Italian money that had been in my wallet was gone, and they explained that it had been taken to pay for anything I wanted to purchase in the prison. (I purchased nothing). My friend Angeline recovered my backpack, boots, sketchbook, and coat from the school after the police had finished searching; however, all of my other belongings, including \$200 in American money, \$300 in travelers checks, and my return airline ticket, were missing.

We were put into another holding cell and then taken one by one to a police van and driven to Pavia Prison. On this ride, the police talked loudly in praising terms of Mussolini and Pinochet. They took us into Pavia Prison and put us into a small room where eventually the German consul came and informed the German citizens of their deportation. Nobody ever told me I was deported. I didn't know what was going on at this point, but we stayed in Pavia for five to seven hours. One by one, we were again photographed and fingerprinted and told to sign a deportation order. We were taken to a small airport in Milan (no US flights) and left there by the police. I heard a

rumour that we had 24 hours to leave the country, but was never told that directly. The deportation papers actually said (as translated by the American consul) that we had been taken to the border and were to leave the country immediately from there. This was not true, but we would not have been able to prove to the police, if we had been stopped, that we were left at an airport in Milan with no money, not at the border. None of us had any money, and some had no passports. Two volunteers from a human rights group offered to take us to a safe house to sleep and to try to make arrangements to leave the country. We went to the safe house for the night. Sherman and I were reunited with our parents at the American Consulate the following day, and I flew home with my parents on 28 July.

Although I am grateful for the large amount of media attention the beatings have received in Italy and the rest of Europe, because I am sure the attention hastened our release, I also realize that the focus has been drawn away from the overarching issues and reasons for our presence in Genoa in the first place. I sincerely regret this.

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the south of the country to a standstill. The workers protest plans to cut the work force, one of the largest in the country, by half under a World Bank restructuring program. In the third week, strikers fire their union leaders and set up an independent negotiating team. The few trains that continue operating do so under armed guard.

>> **August 7** >> Frustrated by failed attempts to

persuade the government to give subsidies and to end food imports, Colombian farmers join rural communities in setting up roadblocks across the country. Two protesters are killed by police. Meanwhile, labour unions in Bogota go on solidarity strike in support of bus and taxi drivers, who are protesting increased taxes. Hector Fajardo, Secretary-General of the United Workers Federation says: "We [are out in] the streets to support

## Will A Death in the Family Breathe Life Into the Movement?

by Richard K. Moore

Seattle may have been some sort of watershed, but Carlo's killing in Genoa is a turning point for the anticapitalist movement (if we can call it that). How we play it from here will have repercussions far beyond the blood-stained streets of Northern Italy. It was no freak cub-cop overreaction that left one mother mourning and several others preparing to, as the sun hit the sea on Friday night, but a deliberate act of terror, in the most basic sense of the word.

The snowball that's been gaining weight and speed as it rolled through Geneva, Prague, and Gothenburg has become far too jagged a spike in the side of those steering the planetary carve-up. So bullets meet brains, and young people are shot dead for daring to think there can be another way.

The message from the world's authorities is clear: go back to your homes, do not meddle in what doesn't concern

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Bogota's drivers and protest against the neoliberal program emerging in Colombia." Meanwhile, in Sydney, Australia, a group of 25 Colombians take over the Colombian consulate, demanding an end to US influence over Bogota.

>> **August 13** >> Strikes and protests gather momentum in Argentina with a nationwide mobilization of *piqueteros*, the militant unemployed movement, which