

In The Name of Allah, Most Gracious, Most Merciful  
to: Tony Evers, Governor/Governor's Office  
PO Box 7863; Madison, WI 53707

From: Kamau T.Z. Damali #279380  
A.K.A. Raynell Morgan  
Columbia Correctional Institution/2925 Columbia Drive/PO Box 900/Portage, WI 53901

December 13, 2018

RE: Commuting my life Sentence to 25 years time served because I was a juvenile in 1993 and 1994  
when I received life.

Governor Evers,

My name is Kamau T.Z. Damali, born Raynell D Morgan, I'm 42 years old now, but was seventeen when I was arrested for 1<sup>st</sup> degree Intentional Homicide November 2<sup>nd</sup> 1993 and seventeen going when I was sentenced to life June 27<sup>th</sup>, 2019, Insha Allah (God willing).

I caught my case in Racine but I was born in Gary, Indiana September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1976. I became a member of the Black Gangsters Disciples at the age of seven, October 21, 1983. I came from a broken home. Most gangs are comprised of individuals from broken homes, lost outside of themselves and looking around to be part of something. I spent most of my childhood and teenage years in and out of mental institutions and psychiatric group homes. I was molested by a relative from the age of seven to eleven, witnessed my best friend Super Kool gunned down in front of me in November of 1982, while I was six years old. I have seen death and destruction up close and I was numbed by the social ills of society and consequently had no regard for human life.

As a kid I seen all the older Black males going to jail, to prison and subconsciously believed that was natural for Black males to be incarcerated and thus engaged in criminal activities on the strength that prison was my true destination. The criminal-colonial mindset is a by-product of chattel slavery has the effect of preparing young black males to accept the certainty of incarceration. Sad but true.

I had a very troubled childhood, attempted suicide twice when I was nine years old, once 4 days before my seventeenth birthday (September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1993). 3 weeks after being released from a psychiatric group home in Lajunta Colorado Boys Ranch (I was sent there from St Margrette Mental Health Hospital in Dyer Indiana January 13, 1993). August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1993, a friend told me he was robbed, that a lady and male companion took his money. He wanted me to help him get it back. We confronted the lady. Things got out of hand and we murdered her. At the time I felt nothing, at that time it didn't occur to me the Black woman is the essence of who I am, that in killing her I killed my mother, grandmother, aunt sister, daughter, wife etc- I essentially killed myself.

When I was sentenced to life it felt like a death sentence and instead of becoming a typical convict, I began to study myself, Afrikan history, world history, politics, economics and became a Revolutionary.

In 1995, before my 19<sup>th</sup> birthday, I began to yank off the psychological chains of slavery and became touch with my Humanity. Once I became in touch with my humanity, I was able to feel and I was no longer numb to the pain and suffering of others. I became an activist and began to speak out against very things that once defined me as a thug.

I began to write about the social realities of Black Amerika and would preach to the masses about importance of returning to the community as pillars and rebuilders instead of cancers and destroyers. I went through the Black Nationalist stage until I realized that we are all in this together, that poverty, HIV/AIDS, heartache etc doesn't discriminate, communities are affected by it.

Once I became politically aware, I began to focus on the dismal conditions at GBCI and wrote articles and essays about it. I departed from the Ganster Disciples in 1998 and became a Muslim, to which I still am to this day. My politics, religious views and prison activism in general rubbed the prison administration the wrong way, and the next I knew I was in solitary confinement. This was June 24, 1999 and I was released from solitary confinement/Administrative Confinement April 4, 2013. Yes, I spent fourteen years in solitary confinement, 11 of which was in from W.S.P.F. (Boscobel).

I've never stabbed anyone while in prison, only been in three fights (January 1995, December 1995, April 1998), none were brutal. I have never assaulted prison staff, I have never sold or used drugs, never been in the hole for any of those things.

I was in the hole of being an activist, which to them is a gang member. Prison activism is described as group resistance and petitions by the prisoner administration to justify violating our first Amendment rights (freedom of expression).

As a child I heard voices and had psychological issues my whole life, but solitary confinement brought upon new psychological issues. The (CIA) experimented on me in Boscobel with diseases and microchips.

Mr Evers, in 2003 they injected me with some type of disease that makes my skin crawl with bugs crawling under it. I can see the bugs crawling, my skin bubbles when they crawl. It's important to understand that before Judge Crabb got involved, the lights were bright, cameras in the cell, they didn't dim the lights til 2002. Sleep deprivation, paranoia, OCD-all of those things effected (and still does) me greatly.

I hear voices- the voice of my victim and of people who are no longer living. IN 2010 I began to hear snap, crackle and pop noises that I believe are caused by the microcomputer chips the CIA implanted in my brain through institution food. Every time I attempted to eat institution food I became because they are poisoning me and I will not eat unsealed institution food even when I am without commissary ( food canteen items). This is reckless but the government is trying to kill me because of my politics and desire to help rebuild a community that I once played a role in destroying .

I see psychological services and psychiatry but all they do is call me delusional, that I'm not in touch with reality when I believe I am. I take medication for PTSD, OCD, depression and psychosis. If I ever release from neoslavery ( prison) , I will seek better psychological treatment and I plan to be a positive integral part of the community.

I write a lot of poems and essays and I plan to share five with you to give you some insight on the man I have become. I haven't received a major conduct report since May of 2010 and I never returned to solitary confinement after being release from it April 4<sup>th</sup> 2013. I achieved my GED/HSED in 2002 while on AC and graduated from MATC in vocational custodial services December 18<sup>th</sup> 2017 and I received diploma in March of 2018. My goal besides being a community activist when I am released, Insha Alla god willing) is to start a janitorial business/service and to start a community kitchen and to own my own whole foods store.

You speak of creating a policy that forbids trying juveniles as adults and I support that policy because the brain is not developed fully and a teenager, much less one under the age of eighteen should not be held to the same standards as an adult. Punishment is necessary so is treatment and wholesome rehabilitation.

Warehousing people without rehabilitation is certain to have the prisoner return to prison after he or she is released. I was seventeen when I was sentence to life and I have been incarcerated for 25 years and eligible for parole June 27<sup>th</sup> 2019 but it's not going to be granted and I'm asking you for a second chance, Governor Evers. Please commute my sentence to 25 years and make June 27<sup>th</sup>, 2019 my release date instead of my parole hearing date. I am contrite, rueful and remorseful for taking a life, and as I have done in prison I want to make amends for past wrongs by talking to the youth, giving back through community gardens and speaking out against all crimes but especially Black on Black crimes and crimes against women.

Thank you for listening and please commute my life sentence to 25 years, making June 27<sup>th</sup>, 2019 my release date, Insha

Allah

Respectfully,

Morgan- Damali #279380

Enclosures: 5 essays:

A Word to the People

The Psychology of the "N"Word

When a Black Man Kills Another Black Man

Kumoyanne Kanuni Daraka ( 14 Principles of Responsibility)

It's Time to Stand UP!