

Wrongfully Accused
- Three Hundred and Twenty Eight
Days in America.



By Henrik Malappa

**Wrongfully Accused
Three Hundred and Twenty-Eight Days in America**

Henrik Holappa

This book is dedicated to all those individuals who have lost their freedom in America and for those who continue fighting for the civil rights of White European-Americans.

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PREFACE

I lived in America. That is an experience many Finns or Europeans dream about. I remember when I was a little boy and I talked with my father about the countries he had visited and I listened his stories of how he had been in Soviet Union – in Soviet “republics” such as Ukraine, Russia and Estonia. Back then it was still the Cold War and Finland was more or less dominated by this strong Eastern neighbor. Therefore, America wasn't favored by the Finnish tourists, at least not too much. According to Soviet propaganda, only the rich capitalistic businessmen visited America – “The Land of the Free and Home of the Brave”.

The Soviet Union was known as the *workers' paradise* and every worker in the world was supposed to come and see how well the Soviets were living and how great the Soviets were doing in all aspects of their lives. In the 1930's thousands of Finns chose to go to the USSR and find their place in the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, those who believed Stalin and believed in “progress” found themselves in the cruel camps, and by the year 1938 20,000 had been executed as spies or traitors. But America was known – and I am now talking about how back then in the 1980's America was famous in this part of the world – for crime, Hollywood and hamburgers. There really wasn't anything to see there. So, I think the reasons mentioned above were the reasons why eventually my father visited the Soviet Union. And besides that, travel to the Soviet Union was cheap and the expenses in the country were low when in America – as it was said – you needed to pay so much money that you'd get sick.

Also, there were other reasons to visit the Soviet Union; the language. Like my father, many other Finns had started to study Russian in the 1960's and Russian was the favored language, while English was still the language of the capitalistic world. My sister, who started her schooling during Soviet times, had to chose the language she wanted to study – it was of course Russian, the generally accepted language in Soviet-dominated Finland.

My Father was proud of that he had been in the Soviet Union before its collapse in 1991. After my Father had told about his visits in the East, he asked me which country I would like to visit when I grew up. I told him that it would be America. I could see from his face that he was honestly shocked and then he became worried. He was quiet but he told me; “My son, they would hurt you over there”. But I had made up my mind that some day I would visit America; it was my childhood dream. I wanted to experience the “American dream”, propagated so many times by so many people.

Of course, I belong to the generation which does not remember much about the times of Soviet-appointed president *Urho Kekkonen* who led Finland through the Cold War until his death in 1981. And when I finally was old enough to explore the world myself, the Soviet Union no longer existed, and Finland has always needed strong countries to look up to. In our history we were located between Greater Sweden and Imperial Russia – but at some point in our history, we had emotionally broken away from Sweden and Russia. A Finnish national author, *Arwidsson*, declared; “We are not Swedes and we shall not become Russians”. During the years of the First World War, Germany became our ally in our struggle for independence from the Russians. Until the years of the Second World War, Germany remained our cultural, emotional, political and military ally. After the Second World War this changed; Finland became an anti-fascist state and once again we were part of the East.

Russia appeared weak after the collapse of Communism, and the Russian Federation was no longer suitable as Finland's role model. More and more it came to be the United States of America. Suddenly, English replaced Russian studies at the schools, families started to go on vacations to the USA, TV companies started to show American movies, popular TV series, and several books were suddenly published about America. Now it seemed that everything we knew previously about America did not exist anymore, but we discovered an America that we had not heard of before. And I was one of them who found this America – there was even a popular phrase; “Find Your

America!” I studied American history, and I remember watching many Vietnam War movies with my sister, but I had my dream. I wanted to come to America.

I knew my parents would not take me to America. They had their reasons, but I wanted to wait and I was ready to wait for my dream to happen.

Years passed and I became a politically active citizen. After my active duty in the Army, I joined the patriotic party called “True Finns“, but more and more I felt alienated from their views. I realized that this political party was nothing more than a club which assembled every Wednesday night in some bar and almost always all they did was discuss how bad things are had become. Nothing could really activate them to do anything about it. So, I left the party. What I could not seem to understand was that they did not have enough courage to protest the ongoing rapes in our city (Oulu). They always insisted “this isn't the right time”, and they feared the media.

My protests against the gang-rapes on our womenhood finally aroused some attention, but mainly from the State Security Police (SUPO) – *Suojelupoliisi* – which literally means “Protection Police”. In January 2007, I was arrested and put into jail because of what I had allegedly written. During my days in jail, I was reminded by the female police officer in charge of my case that I would not have any role in society, if I continued to hold my views. Then she slammed my cell door and walked away. Eventually, I was released and I was informed that there was not enough evidence to keep me jailed. I sort of hoped that the case would be dropped and that they would not spend their time on something that should not even be a punishable crime by law.

Sixteen months later, while I was visiting in Estonia, I got a phone call from this police woman. She asked me to come to the police station to be interviewed because the State prosecutor *Mika Illman* was now interested in my case. I went to the police station to be interviewed. I was even expecting to be “picked up” again, but that didn't happen. I found out that there was a series of serious charges based on “violation of freedom of speech” against me. Altogether, if I had been convicted of all counts, these charges might have brought me over 4 years in prison time. I was sure that I would be convicted, and I am still sure I would have been. I wasn't sure what to do. Go to the prison? Try to fight and avoid the prison? I felt I had done nothing wrong. Only the bad guys go to prison, that was my opinion, but someone who has peacefully protested against gang-rapes, should he go to prison?

Leaving Finland came to my mind. Being on the run in the European Union might not be so easy, since the similar ‘Hate Speech’ laws exist everywhere and the European Union arrest warrant is valid in most European Union countries. I also understood that over the long term, being on the run that would be exhausting and I would need help for several issues. But on the other hand, for a young man, such an experience would be just exciting. I had decided that I would leave Finland, but I faced several questions for which I was looking for answers. One of the questions I had in my mind was *where would I go?*

Soon I found out an answer to that. After having several conversations with John de Nugent, an American friend of a friend, it seemed very likely that I could just take the plane to America and would have a chance for a new life in the country that I had admired since my childhood. Still, I went through many thoughts before I made my final decision. After considering all the other options, coming to America seemed to be the only solution. In Finland, I might lose several years of my life just because I opposed – and I still do – gang violence against Finnish women. I was now firm in my decision and I decided to fulfill my childhood's dream; I was going to America!
(Some of the names that appear in this book are changed)

Leaving Finland – Arriving in America

The 9th of July 2008 was one of the most unforgettable evenings in my life. I was sitting on the bench next to my girlfriend Mona at the taxi station near the *Hauptbahnhof* (Main Railway Station) in Rostock, Germany. Just a few days before this, I had told her that I was going to leave for America and that it was not known when I would be back or what will eventually happen when I will get there. Nothing was sure at that point. It was hard to imagine that I would not see my beautiful girlfriend for years or that I would not see my family or my friends, but I was in a situation where I might not be able to see or touch my loved ones for many years, if I had stayed in Finland.

My taxi finally arrived. The taxi would take me to the harbor of Rostock where a ship would take me to Helsinki, Finland's capital. I stood up from the bench and I took my last look at Mona, and by looking at her I could also see my own sadness. Her deep green eyes had been covered by tears and her eyes seemed a bit reddish. I picked up my big and heavy brown backpack and took a step closer to the taxi; the taxi driver grabbed my backpack and put it into the car. I looked at Mona and I kissed her for the last time. "Take care, Henrik", she said to me. I tried to stay strong, but I wept. "Don't worry about me, Mona", I told her. I opened the taxi's door and I felt that I needed to tell Mona something in her language, and I told her "Я кохаю тебе" (Ja Kohaju Tebe!). She smiled a bit and reminded me; "we will never say goodbye." Then the taxi left, but I wanted to watch the taxi station where Mona was still standing for as long time as possible, but the taxi went on and soon she disappeared from my sight.

In the next moment I found myself in the ferry that was now heading to Finland's capital city Helsinki. I was tired. I went down the stairs to Deck 6 where in order to find my cabin; I just wanted to fall asleep. Luckily, I was the first passenger in this big cabin which I shared with some other people. I sat down on the rest-seat and I closed my eyes. I fell asleep. The next day I was like a ghost on the ferry; I still had almost 20 hours before I would arrive in Helsinki. My next trip was already on my mind and of course I was thinking about it a lot. There was no doubt in my mind that what I was planning was the right thing to do. I believed in *free speech* and I believed that whites do have rights, too.

Finally the ferry arrived at Helsinki's West terminal and I got out of the ferry. My flight to New York City would leave in a few hours, so I had enough time to exchange currency and tell my friend who lived in Helsinki what I was about to do. I was thinking that I was leaving on a military operation, in some ways it was an operation. I often talked with my grandfather who had served in the 2nd World War if he experienced fear. He told me that he did fear and everyone did fear, but they learned to live with the fear and they did not let the fear overwhelm the soldiers. "We faced that which we had to do. We had fear, and we knew we feared, but what we feared more was that which the Soviets would do to our families, wives, girlfriends, sisters and mothers if we feared so much that we could not fight anymore"- I always admired my grandfather and I wished that on that day he would fly with me to the USA. Although excited, I managed to stay calm. I had decided to come to America and I had decided to face whatever was waiting for me there.

My friend Mika took me to the airport in Helsinki and wished me luck and a good journey to the USA. He asked me to call him when I am *on the other side of the world*. Now of course I was thinking that the Finnish Security Police might try to stop me at the airport, but nothing happened. I signed in and got the tickets; now it was just waiting. I found the terminal where I would depart to Iceland, and from Iceland I would have to change to the plane which would take me to New York City. I still made a phone call to Mona and told her that I am now taking the flight to Iceland; she sang me a song for my trip. Her beautiful voice took all my worries away.

I watched through the small window of the plane as it slowly rolled away from the terminal to the airport's runway. Then it took off and we were in the air. I looked down to the Earth to see the last parts of Finland and then I thought *when would be the next time I could see Finland and walk*

on Finnish soil? The plane was now above the clouds and in my mind I said goodbye to Finland, but in my heart I never left Finland.

It took little bit over 3 hours to get to Reykjavik, Iceland's capital. Iceland seemed to be a very beautiful country, very green and clean. From the air, I was amazed to see that there were not any trees, I just couldn't find any. Then the plane landed at Reykjavik's airport, I suppose it is the only airport in all of Iceland. I felt that I was really up North, but the truth was something else. Actually in latitude, Reykjavik is even further South than my home city of Oulu – so Oulu still remained the most Northern place where I had lived in my life. After clearing passport control, I was ready to continue my trip to America. I made a phone call to John de Nugent, just to let him know that I am on my way, were anything were to happen to me at JFK Airport. John sounded friendly and thrilled. “Young brother Henrik,” he said, “we are all waiting for you here, and if something happens to you at the airport, I will make sure that your story will be heard (...) Have a safe flight and let me know when you are in New York.”

Welcome to Iceland's Air Flight to New York City. We are estimated to arrive at JFK Airport at 19:00 (7pm). We want to welcome you. We were in the air and that was it, I could not go back anymore. The Atlantic Ocean was below me and the sky was very clear, almost all the time the sun was shining. I couldn't sleep, though I knew there is 7 hours time difference between the USA and Finland, and besides that I wasn't tired. Most of the time, I was watching the *Simpsons* on the plane's mini-TV they had placed on the back of the seats. Then it came to the point where I had to fill in few papers for the US Immigration and Customs. They gave me two sheets; a white sheet for the explaining the items I might have with me – which included laptops, groceries, play-stations and so on, and the other one was a green sheet, which constituted my visa at the same time.

The US Department of Homeland Security had issued so called “Tourist Visa Waiver“ for non-citizens who travel to America. Only 26 countries, including most of the European Union countries and Japan, have this special *visa waiver*. This allows the citizens of those 26 countries to stay in the United States of America for 90 days, and it is strictly for tourism. The US Border control and the ICE (Immigration and Customs Enforcement) approves (or might not approve) the visa when a tourist from one of those 26 countries arrives at a destination in the USA. These 26 countries are listed as “US friendly countries” or “allies” and these countries are not considered “unstable” or “threatening” to the “security of the United States of America.” All the other citizens outside of those 26 countries have to apply for visitor's visa at the US embassy. A white South-African friend of mine, who in that time lived in Europe, was denied a visa to enter the USA, because of “suspicion of planning to immigrate to the United States of America.“

Although the USA is famous for immigration, for its European immigrants who built up America, it is very hard to immigrate to the USA as a European citizen. “Looking for the American dream” does not exist for the Europeans anymore, which I was also to experience soon. Even marriage to an American citizen does not guarantee the right to stay in the USA legally, according to the Immigration and Customs Enforcement, as they do have the right to deport an “alien citizen” from the USA – even if the “alien citizen” is married to an American – if his paperwork is not legally correct. One of the problems with US visa policy is that every arrival is considered a potential citizen. The concept of foreign expatriate residence does not exist. Even British holiday residents can not overstay their 3-month stay, even if they own property in Miami Beach. Many of the white immigrants who come to the USA find out the hard way that their stay in the USA is not guaranteed. Later in the pages of this book, I will get back to this troubling visa issue.

After filling in the white sheet where I had to inform Customs and Immigration whether or not I had some items with me (I left my laptop in Europe, since the US border control and the Department of Homeland security has the right to seize the computer for investigation) I went through the green sheet – which is known as the *Tourist Visa Waiver*. The green sheet asks for information such as where the individual is planning to stay and everyone who comes to the USA through the visa waiver program has to give the address and the phone number where he can be reached; he also give the name of the person who will house him during his stay in America. On

the other side of the paper there are several questions on different subjects. They are simply *yes* or *no* questions:

- *Have you ever been arrested, been convicted of espionage or terrorism?*
- *Have you ever participated in acts of genocide (...) Did you have any role in the times of Nazi-Germany and the Holocaust?*

The questions go on and on and at the end of the form, it asks the signature of the “alien”; there, the “alien” signs the following statement – *I waive my rights to contest deportability before an Immigration Judge and the Board of Immigration Appeals, and to any judicial review of any and all the above decisions; (...)*

The long 8-hour flight finally ended. “This is your captain speaking; we will land at JFK International Airport in 20 minutes. Please, fasten your seat belts...” I was now in America, I had an amazing feeling, I looked outside through the small window and I could see New York City's suburban area with its buildings. A passenger next to me asked me if I was going to stay in New York, but I told her that a friend of mine was waiting for me at the airport and that I was heading for Baltimore. She looked bit surprised but wished me luck.

Finally the plane landed at JFK and I took my first steps on American soil. I remember that I had my heavy black jacket on and my old Army boots. I was bit nervous, but I stayed calm. Whether it was because of my excitement or that I had sat on at one place for the last 8 hours, but suddenly my boots felt heavy, as I marched in to the US border control office at JFK airport. The passengers were separated into two lines; citizens and non-citizens. I was waiting for my turn to get to passport control and the inspection officer. Then an Oriental officer from the Department of Homeland Security gave me a sign to come to his desk. Without even saying hello, his first demand was “Give me your passport”. I took my EU-passport and I gave it to him. He checked it and examined it to determine if it was a real passport, then he wrote some information from the passport into his computer and gave it back to me. Then he checked my return flight, which was supposed to leave on the 9th of October. “You have a long stay in America,” he told me. Before I could say anything, he started to interrogate me and asked; “What are you doing in America?” I told him I was invited here by my friend and that I came here to spend my holidays before my college studies started in the autumn. He was silent for some time and checked my green sheet.

He repeated his previous question and I gave him the same answer. Again he was silent as he read the green sheet I had filled out. He asked me the question again what I was doing in America, and I gave him the same answer. Then he looked at me and asked me to fill in the visa waiver application again. I got a bad pen which did not have even enough ink, and I wrote down the same information again. Then I gave the visa waiver application back to him. He looked at it and then he asked me to step back a bit so that he could take a photograph of me. Then, he took my fingerprints. He stamped and approved the visa waiver application that I had filled out. He gave me a look and told me; “Remember boy, it is 90 days... if it is 91 days, you are in serious trouble.” I told him I understood. Then another officer came and checked the approved visa waiver application and he said; “Nah, fill it out again!” -So, I began to fill the green sheet for the third time. Now it was approved the second time.

After this experience I had to go to a room which was called “welcoming room”. Although, no one welcomed me, I sat down there and waited for my passport to be given back to me. Then an officer yelled “Holappa!” and I walked over to his desk to get my passport. He asked the address where I was going to stay and when my flight would go back to Finland and that what I was doing in America. I again heard the same questions from about 10 minutes earlier, so I gave him the same answers. It seemed to please him. The next thing I had to do was to pick up my luggage. A female officer checked the content of my luggage and also asked the same questions, but she also asked how I was planning to subsist in America, and if I had enough money. After this I was free to enter the United States of America.

A friend of mine, Marvin from Baltimore, was waiting for me at the airport. Just two days earlier, I had called him from Hamburg, Germany, to inform him that I was coming to America. He had taken a day off from work and took his nice sports car to pick me up at the airport. He spent 7 hours driving from Baltimore to New York, which was very considerate of him. Now we had the same trip back to Baltimore. I still couldn't believe that I was in America, but it was real. I saw the yellow taxis outside and a lot of Americans. This was America, I told myself. Marvin eventually found me near the payphones and he smiled at me and said; "Hello Sonny! You are taller than I thought!" We hugged and he told me to take off my heavy black jacket and that I wouldn't need it before October.

"Be ready," Marvin said, "you're now in America!" He smirked at me and headed for the highway to Baltimore.

The First Shock: Baltimore

It had become dark already. The white shining sports car was accelerating on the highway to Baltimore. The traffic that was on the highway from New York to Baltimore was something I had never seen in Finland. Probably there were more cars driving in and out of New York than the tiny country in Northern-Europe, Finland, even has. "There are 8 million people here, sonny," Marvin told me and continued saying; "Aren't there like only 5 million people in all of Finland?" He asked. I had known Marvin for years already and so he knew quite a lot about Finland. Some Americans I met later had not even heard of Finland. I suppose among Americans, Finland is not in the list of the most visited countries. I thought that if all the Finns and Norwegians were put together, only then we could compete with New Yorkers in population.

We stopped by the Pizza Hut somewhere in New Jersey. The weather was still hot and seemed to me to be more like tropical weather. Now I really was among the Americans and I could use my English, which for some reason sounded to most of the service people at the Pizza Hut more like German. I might have picked up the German accent when I stayed in Germany, before I came to America. "This is real American Pizza!" Marvin laughed, and I had my first bite of an American pizza. Although pizza is not a part my or probably not even Marvin's every day menu, it was very tasty. My first cultural shock was finding out that in America, tuna fish is not used on pizza. "Yuck!" said Marvin and made a few jokes about the European pizzas. After our break, it was time to continue our trip to Baltimore.

It was already Saturday morning and still it felt like Baltimore was a very long way off. Without even noticing it, I had fallen asleep and to for my surprise I suddenly woke up again in front of Marvin's home. "Time to wake up!" And I quickly opened my eyes and got out of the car. "A couple of nights ago," Marvin said, "someone was shot right next to my car. You can still see the blood stains on the street. Don't worry about the neighbors." He took a few steps to his door and opened it. "You can sleep on the couch, and I am sure you will sleep well. I will wake you up in the morning and we can do something then." I said it is fine for me and I sat down on the couch and I just wanted to sleep. "Okay, good night", I said to Marvin and he smiled back at me and went upstairs.

I knew that Baltimore was built by Irish immigrants a couple of centuries ago. Somehow it reminded me of the workers' cities in the Soviet Union – just big complex complexes with many residents, sharing the house with families, their children and probably even with their grandparents. In the 1960's when the African-Americans started to move into the city, the whites slowly started moving out. Baltimore's crime rate is probably one of the highest in the United States of America. Just in the days prior to my arrival, at South Fulton Avenue, near where I stayed, four people had been killed, including the one next to Marvin's car. One of the victims was a young girl, whose throat was slit, obviously by her jealous boyfriend. Somehow I could imagine that those Irish immigrants who came to Baltimore centuries ago didn't quite plan that the city, which they built, would end up being one of the most dangerous cities on the East Coast. When I arrived in Baltimore on that dark morning, I had not yet been exposed to the city.

Marvin woke me up a little bit after 9 am. "I made you coffee, I hope you like it," and he then gave me the big brown coffee mug. More and more I understood that I was in America, although it was at first very difficult to comprehend. I still missed my girlfriend Mona, my friends and my family. I still had to explore *My America*. After having breakfast, Marvin told me that he would take me to the downtown area of Baltimore and I was of course very excited about it. I hadn't seen too much of America yet, mostly I had slept in the car on the way to Baltimore and I really didn't get to see New York either.

The whole truth about South Fulton Avenue was exposed when Marvin opened the door and we went to his car. I was simply amazed. The streets were dirty, young African-American males,

who to me looked like prison gangsters, were just hanging out on the streets and a couple of prostitutes were offering their *services* to the men who passed by them. I could not see any other whites living on South Fulton Avenue; but maybe there were, and they were working, I can't say. I also noticed that there were cameras everywhere and a shining blue light was on all the time. I asked Marvin about their purpose, and he told that because there are so many shootings in that area that cameras are only way to really see what happens and who did what. Also he told that most of these security cameras do have sound alarms in the case of a shooting. Another *world* had opened to me.

Baltimore, indeed, or just this one particular part of Baltimore, had given me a real shock of the true face of the *melting pot*. Just before I came to America, I had spent some time in Germany, in one of the most multi-cultural cities in Germany; Hamburg. Hamburg has almost 2 million inhabitants, and it is known as the “richest city“ in Germany. By rich, I mean that Hamburg is a multi-ethnic and multi-cultural city, which supposedly makes the city better than, for example, a smaller German town mainly populated by Germans. However, Baltimore – my being outside only for 5 minutes – looked unbearable to me. Germany's most multi-cultural city, Hamburg, was nothing compared to Baltimore. Helsinki and Stockholm could be considered to be heavenly paradises when compared to Baltimore. Maybe the difference between these European cities and Baltimore is how the cities are run. I would suspect that corruption is one of the biggest problems in Baltimore, which makes the city very vulnerable.

My cultural shock in Baltimore just didn't come slowly, it came immediately. After the sightseeing in the downtown area, I do admit I liked the city. It was very different than the cities I had experienced earlier. In Europe there aren't too many skyscrapers and therefore seeing all those big buildings was exciting to me. The old part of the Baltimore looked somewhat innocent, but a newspaper article ruined that image as well. The newspaper informed me that the police suspected that a mass-murderer was at large. This serial killer had already done in 5 prostitutes in Baltimore, some of the victims being found in the old town of Baltimore.

Naturally my friends back in Finland and Europe were interested in knowing what America looks like... how it feels to be among the Americans, if are they different and what they do. To be honest I couldn't answer all those questions – I had only been in America one day, and I knew there was still a lot to see. I wrote an email to my girlfriend Mona who was very interested in America. She was raised in the Soviet-Ukraine and still, even today, America is somewhat a taboo in Ukraine, only recently has the country started moving toward the West – which I might add, is not a good thing. Ukraine is probably one of the whitest countries in Europe; becoming a Western-oriented country, or even a member of European Union, would force the Ukrainians to open their borders and let in everyone, including ‘Third Worlders’. Of course, joining NATO is another story. Similar views about America still exist in Ukraine as like those existing during the Cold War era in Finland and even Mona shared a few of those views. I wrote Mona some of my thoughts about Baltimore in the many emails which I wrote to her during my stay there.

This is a new world, everything is different... and bigger. Basically, I can say that this is not being shown in the America tourist-guidebooks in Europe. At the same time I can see straight into the future. Just being here makes me sure about one thing; multi-culturalism will not work. Obviously it didn't work here, it will dry out everything that was once beautiful, many old buildings that I see here look like they are from the war zones of Palestine, people wandering on the streets looking for someone to rob or even worse; to kill. This makes me more convinced than ever before that multi-culturalism must be stopped in Europe. The melting pot does not make us different, it makes us all the same.

For a few days I stayed alone at Marvin's apartment while he was working. As a young man I needed to have my own adventure in the town and so I left Marvin's house. The weather was sticky and the heat must have been near or over 90°F, I took a bottle of water and left. At first everything seemed to be alright, but soon I noticed I was the only white man on the street of that

neighborhood, which was more or less dominated by black gangsters. A few blacks were staring at me, while I was walking on the street as I passed them. I cannot know what they had in their mind when they saw me. I had gone from a 95 % white country, Finland, to most or one of the most dangerous, non-White cities in the whole United States. I had never felt that feeling how it feels to be a part of a minority, to belong to a *white minority*. That feeling wasn't very appealing. I thought that some of those gangsters who were staring at me would have done ugly things to a white woman, probably nothing would have kept them from doing whatever they had in their minds, especially in the case of a white woman have passing them all alone by herself. They stood there as the *rulers* of the street.

Walking, it takes about 15 minutes to get to downtown Baltimore, and I kept walking in the direction of the downtown area. Soon, about 5 minutes later, after leaving the house, I heard shooting which came from behind my back on South Fulton Avenue. I suppose shooting is daily in that area, and any reason for using a gun is acceptable. Probably someone had been with someone else's girlfriend, causing the shooting, or hostile gang members had entered some certain street which is ruled by another gang and that caused the shooting. There could have been several reasons for the gunfire. I don't know if anyone got killed, but it didn't take more than 2 or 3 minutes before a police helicopter was flying over the shooting area and hunting down the shooters.

Just in the last decade, Finland has been targeted by African immigration. The first Somalis came to Finland from the Soviet Union in 1991, and already at the end of 1992, Finland had about 8,000 Somali refugees. Finland has experienced similar mass immigration as Sweden and Norway experienced in the 1980's by allowing in Muslim immigrants from Somalia, Iraq and Turkey. In the 1980's, Finland was spared from the mass immigration wave because of our close ties to the Soviet Union. Most of the Soviet states as well as its client states like Finland, were heavily controlled by the Kremlin and therefore those who were able to come to Finland as refugees or asylum seekers were accepted from the Soviet Union. This might be also one of the reasons why the immigrants did not feel that Finland would be a good place to be and therefore they chose to go to Sweden or Norway.

However, the African immigration to Finland increased near the end of the 1990's and early in the new century. As I wrote in my article, which led to my arrest in January 2007, that the massive immigration from certain African countries did lead to devastatingly high increase in crime. The crimes were more often violent and the victims were mainly women, therefore the rape rate in Finland also increased. Even though the immigrants make up only 3 % of Finland's population (which was in the end of December 2008 5,3 million), they are over-represented in rape rates; in all rape cases ,every third suspect has a foreign background.

Those immigrants who came to Finland in the 1990's with their families when they were still children have now adapted very hostile attitude toward Finns, and that is what I would call *true racism*. Especially immigrants of African descendant have not been able to assimilate into Finnish society, and therefore they have adapted the gang mentality and idolize African-American street gangs such as the *Crips*. The gang mentality can be seen in the nature of their crimes, which include severe violence and gang rapes as well as drug trafficking. In 2005, a gang of young Sudanese men kidnapped, assaulted and raped a young woman in Oulu – this is just a story among the others, but the victim was a *white Finnish woman* and her rapists were African asylum seekers that had formed a gang and being a member of the gang required taking part in a serious crime and committing severe physical violence. More often the rapes committed by the foreigners are carried out by several men and the victim is and has been a *white woman*. In other words, the gangsters do share a *racist* and *anti-white* world view and they select their victim racially. This is racism which no Finn has never seen or experienced before.

During the year that I was gone from Finland and from Oulu, my home town, I've observed that this gang mentality has continued. Now there are a lot of young African males who proudly show off their membership – which they have earned - in their gang. I have seen graffiti in gang areas which they simply mark as *East Side* or *West Side*. On the Internet, they have their websites and gangster rap music whose lyrics are vulgar and hateful. I listened to a few of their songs in

which they praised the gang rape of that young woman who was raped in 2005. Of course, the Finnish free speech law is bizarre. Finns who just mention such a crime – committed by these non-Finns - or write about it, *violates the freedom of speech laws* but praising the crime and inciting others to do the same or similar acts of violence does not violate *freedom of speech*.

Indeed I had seen straight into the future in Baltimore and the future of the Nordic countries in Europe – if the future continues going in its current way – looks frightening. Yet, I could luckily say that we are not there right now.

While I stayed in Baltimore, I had a chance to visit in Washington DC. John de Nugent had organized a meeting for me with his fellow colleagues of the *American Free Press*, the AFP.

Washington DC looked like an awesome city to me. I felt I as if I had entered the capital of the Roman Empire. The US capitol building stood out strongly on one side. It was an eye-catching building and quite impressive. I thought in my mind, if a Roman architect would have had suddenly appeared in Washington DC from his times a few thousands of years ago, would he have felt jealousy towards Washington DC?

In the afternoon I met my AFP contact Pete at the Union Station and he brought me to the AFP office. The office looked simple, but all the workers at the office were keeping busy, writing and editing new issues of the magazines and newspapers. I thought that a similar politically-oriented office in Finland might be targeted by the ultra-aggressive political police SUPO. I was impressed by the office, and I had not seen anything similar before, although I was more impressed by what the small office produced for the needs of *politically incorrect* people.

Pete introduced me to the staff of the AFP, he shook hands with some of the editors, and I had a brief conversation with them. An older man asked me to sit down in a chair. He shook my hand and told me his name was Tucker. Pete told me that the AFP will interview me for their newspaper and that my story would be published in the newspaper in a couple of weeks. Pete asked before the interview, if it had my approval, because he had had several conversations with a friend of mine about whether or not it would be safe for me and for my intended longer stay in the United States to give that interview. I felt that the interview was the right thing to do. I wasn't concerned that the Federal authorities would give too much an attention to an interview – after all, the US laws were about freedom whether or not my personal political views were accepted or not, and as long as my political views would not cause any physical harm to anyone or put the country in any danger. The United States stands for freedom – and, of course, every time when the United States goes to war, it is always for “defending freedom”. Why should I have been concerned about giving an interview to a political newspaper in the country that fights for the freedom of all peoples?

I told Pete that the interview had my approval and that I am willing to give it. Pete then okayed me and soon an older man – whom I didn't recognize at first as Willis Carto– with a nice smile in his face, approached me and said; “So, you're the Finn?” – “Yes sir,” I said to him. “We are going to make this interview with you, and it will be published in our newspaper. It will go into next week's issue. Pete told me that it is fine for you to give that interview, which I am glad to hear.” Carto then left and another journalist, also an older man, came in and took a chair next to me. He started to ask questions about my case and about my possible prison sentence in Finland. I told him my story and those who were near me did listen to me intently. One of them expressed his amazement at the same time; “Are there blacks in Finland? In that tiny country in Scandinavia?” - I mentioned that like all the other countries in Europe, Finland also is now being “multi-culturalized”, and sadly we face exactly the same problems as nearly all the European countries, which suffer from the consequences of ‘Third world’ mass-immigration.

Recently I talked with a friend of mine, who is a British-born nationalist and resides in Finland, about the multi-culturalization in the United Kingdom having gone too far, and nobody claims anymore that multiculturalism really works. Finland might be maybe 15 years behind England's multicultural experiment and all the harm which this mass-immigration and multiculturalism caused in England is just being *ignored* in Finland. I could say that the ideology of multiculturalism could be compared to *suicidal behavior*. There are millions or maybe hundreds of millions of smokers on our planet, millions of them – after decades of smoking – have died of lung

cancer or other related health problems. Most of those who smoke are aware of this danger, but the danger of death – of one’s own death – is not an immediate danger, it will become serious in several years. Just like a smoker understands the possible fate of death, also a devoted multi-culturalist understands and sees the problems of multi-culturalism, but the total death of a nation is not a question of today or not even the question of tomorrow, but it will be a question of several years or decades. And yet, when the problems can be seen in England, Germany, Sweden and Norway (where the rape rates of the women are even six times higher than in New York City) – Finland has decided to have a taste of this multiculturalism, even if this means, in the long run, the destruction of the Finnish nation and culture.

After having a brief conversation with Michael Collins Piper and Willis Carto, it was time to go back to Baltimore. I was welcomed come back to visit at the AFP offices any time on whatever issues I might have or if I needed help. “You know where to find us, Henrik”, Carto said to me and said goodbye. I had a good feeling about the meeting and the interview. Pete took me to Union Station, where I took a train to the city, which inspired in me some very controversial thoughts. *Will this be Finland's future?*, I thought in my mind. The city that was built by the Irish immigrants didn't exist anymore; it now belonged to the history pages. In Baltimore, I had faced the dark side of the multi-culturalism.

It was raining when the train arrived. I watched through the window as the police cars chased down criminals. It just indicated that night had overtaken the city.

After a week of staying in Baltimore, it was time for me to get to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania. I didn't know much about Pittsburgh, but later I got to know the city very well. And, of course, I can say that it was better for me to see Baltimore first and to have this *shock* first – than to go to quite peaceful and white Pittsburgh and basically not have the *shock* that I had experienced in Baltimore. John de Nugent called me on my birthday and congratulated me – “Tomorrow we will see,” he said on the phone “at the picnic in Harrisburg. Margaret has prepared your room, and we are all waiting for you here. Please, give my best greetings to your friend Marvin – and very happy birthday to you; you have become a man now!”

I packed my big and heavy backpack and was ready to continue my awesome adventure in America. While I packed my belongings, I had a little smile when I took the big confederate flag with me which Marvin had bought for me when we visited Harper's Ferry in West Virginia. I just looked at the flag and I wondered what the boys in Finland would think now if they could see me already after a week with the confederate flag. I hadn't known then, but they had already given me a pen-name; “*American Henrik*”.

Meeting in Harrisburg

Marvin and I had agreed to meet John de Nugent at the bus station in Harrisburg. It took only an hour and half to get to Harrisburg from Baltimore. In my mind, I said goodbye to Baltimore, the city that represented to me the past, present and future – the *future* that remained uncertain for the beautiful cities in Europe and Scandinavia if the deadly ideology of multiculturalism would some day fully take over and crush everything beautiful that we *whites* have created for our nations. Baltimore for me was a living fact of the dying European-American society and dying White civilization.

We stopped at the rest area to have a soda drink. I saw a group of *Amish* people at the rest area. They were younger members of Amish society, if I shall refer to it as a society. They wore old clothes, refused to use cars or anything that was a part of the modern American society. They seemed to be happy among their own kind and yet they had been able to live very modestly throughout the centuries. There is a society inside the society; just one big family – everyone helping each other and working honestly for the society which they built. Obviously, their system did work and although it might be difficult to understand their way of living, those people that I saw at the rest area were seemed happy.

Finally we were at the bus station in Harrisburg. As usual, the day was hot and sticky. The bus from Pittsburgh arrived a little bit after 1pm. I was eager to see John again after over a year. I met him the first time in Germany, while staying at the home of Roy Armstrong – and later we both attended Manfred Roeder's *Springfest*, with John as the main speaker. After our meeting in Germany, we maintained our contact and later, when I found out that I was to be prosecuted by State Prosecutor *Mika Illman* – John gave a lot of attention to my case, making several detailed posts on the Internet and giving an interview with me on his radio show. All that and even more work which he later did while I was in federal prison caused the State prosecutor in Finland to back off and drop all the bogus charges against me.

“Oh, there you are,” John said to me and continued “Good to see you Henrik, and very welcome to the heartland of America!” We shook hands and John looked very bright and happy. “You must be Marvin, Henrik's friend” John noticed and shook hands with Marvin. The sun was shining and the weather was hot – especially for me. “Alright, gentlemen,” John said “what if we had a cold drink before we go the meeting.” That was fine for us, and Marvin took us to his car. John had his camera with him, and he wanted to memorialize the meeting with a few pictures. After having taken some pictures, we looked for a nice American bar to have a drink. I actually think it was an old saloon, not too far away from the bus station of Harrisburg.

“I went with Henrik to the oldest bar in America in Baltimore,” Marvin smiled and said “but he was thrown out of the bar!” I had to correct a little bit the violent expression that Marvin made “I wasn't really thrown out, I just didn't have my identification with me and they didn't believe I was 21 years old!” We had a nice chitchat about my first experience in an American bar, supposedly the oldest bar in America, which was built before the American Revolutionary War in the 1760's. “Well, at least you can say that you were thrown out from the oldest bar in America”, Marvin joked.

The atmosphere was friendly between us all. I made a note that in Finland, and probably in the other Northern-European countries, when people do meet – whether they are someone's friend's friends or other strangers, whom someone has never met in his life - people usually get a bit distant, and should I say, a little bit unsocial in a situation where two people who don't know each other, just suddenly meet. However, I learned that in America people somehow drop their “defense” and open up to each other. John and Marvin had never met before, but they talked like old buddies from high school times.

At first we had some trouble finding our way to the meeting place. If I still remember correctly, it probably took 1.5 hours to get there from downtown Harrisburg. Finally we found the

place and I had my first experience of political freedom in America. I was absolutely stunned about the peaceful meeting which would have been police-monitored in Europe.

Later, I wrote about my experience at the *Keystone State Skinheads* (KSS – later they changed their name to *Keystone United*) weekend meeting on my Internet blog:

I was invited by my friend John de Nugent to rendezvous with him in Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. He had gotten an invitation from the Keystone State Skinheads to attend, and as a European I was interested in seeing how things work in the USA.

The weather was lovely, sunny and warm, a perfect day to gather with friends, children, to listen to music, and to eat good food and enjoy comradeship. We arrived to the meeting place, which was in a nice park. The log pavilion displayed various white national flags of organizations and old German Kaisers. There were at least 50 people at the picnic, including many women and children. The atmosphere was extremely good, and even though nobody knew me (or John at first, or the two other comrades who came with us), I was warmly welcomed as a faraway Finn and European by the group. I was walking around the meeting making and answering many friendly questions.

I also was having many thoughts:

Would this sort of meeting be possible in Europe? What would be different in Europe? Answer: everything! ...before, during and after the event. harassment and physical danger at every step. Police openly show they hate you and act like masters over your freedom. So-called “anti-racists” ((who hate the white race) and anti-fascists (who hate your freedom of speech and assembly) show up to stomp you, as they did with Daniel Wretström, and make constant, loud noise to blot out your message.

But this picnic was very cool indeed. For the first time in my life, in these sort of meetings, I really felt that I didn't have to look over my shoulders and think that the “SUPO” or the “SÄPO” or other state-security police were about to grab me to question me as to what I was doing at such a picnic!

In Scandinavia, we like order and good planning, and I must say that here with the KSS in Harrisburg, everything was organized very well, with free literature, games, food and music. But no alcohol! The Keystone State Skinheads have a strict attitude towards alcohol. No alcohol at any public meeting!

As a free man I can say, looking back at Europe and forward at America: This is a lot of freedom! Use it. Keep it!

Marvin had to leave earlier and I said goodbye to him. Then I couldn't imagine that the next time I would see my long-time friend, I would be behind the bars of the *Detention Facility* in Batavia, New York. John, Pete and I, who had come to this meeting as well, stayed there little bit longer; although evening had already arrived and we still had 7 hours drive to Pittsburgh.

After having some conversations with the leading members of the Keystone State Skinheads, such as Steve Smith and Keith, I got a good impression of the American nationalist skinheads. All their tattoos had reminded me of *tribal* thinking. All the skinheads I met there behaved well were very polite and were interested in my case – and they all offered me their support in my struggle for freedom in Europe, which I later received very abundantly while being in Federal custody in Batavia. Eventually, I was invited by the group leader Steve Smith to be one of the speakers at their annual *Leif Eriksson Day* in October in Philadelphia. Though the Finns were not *Vikings* and actually the Finns fought against the Vikings in Finland and were eventually able to expel the Vikings from Finland, I thought it might have been a good idea to make a speech there, where I would also promote the alliance between the different white nations.

It was time to depart from Harrisburg. We said goodbyes to the comrades of the KSS and we were welcomed to come back to their events and some of the activists even lived near Pittsburgh and later some of them became good friends of mine.

Now John, Pete and I resumed driving to Pittsburgh in his car. After a while, traveling in the car and after seeing the beautiful nature of Pennsylvania, I understood why John had chosen Pennsylvania to start his new movement for the white people of America. Pennsylvania was amazing. Sometimes I just wanted to say – though we were on the busy highway – “stop the car, I want to go see nature!” If heaven existed, it had landed in Pennsylvania. This heartland of America, as John described Pennsylvania, made such an impression upon me that wherever I am, just by closing my eyes – even if I am thousands of miles away – in my mind I can clearly see Pennsylvania. Every now and then, I am still looking at the pictures of this beautiful country where I was honored to stay during my freedom during these 8 months, which was one the most beautiful but also *simultaneously* one of the most difficult times experienced thus far in my life.

Living in America

I. American Freedom

It was night when we arrived in Pittsburgh. Immediately, the lights of the city and its skyscrapers made a strong impression upon me. Now while writing this chapter, I am out at sea, traveling to Germany. The sea stays mysterious and when I am looking at the sea, I can see Pittsburgh creating its shadows on the water. The sea reminds me of the many bridges in Pittsburgh, a city of three rivers coming together, and I could imagine still being on one of Pittsburgh's steel bridges heading towards Sarver. Pittsburgh has painted its bridges in many colors, a startling yellow, red and gray.

One of the bridges we crossed was near the bus station. We also saw one of the buildings in Pittsburgh that changed my journey in America: *Allegheny County Jail*. It was a towering concrete building, probably holding hundreds of inmates. I remember asking John what that building was, and he told me it was the local jail in Pittsburgh. Ironically, I told John at that time I would not want to be *inside* of that building.

We took John's car from the bus station parking lot. John told me that he got his red Honda (1991) from a 103- year-old friend of his; though the car was almost 20 years old, it was seemingly in good condition. Pete followed us in his car, and we drove along the Allegheny River up Route 28 South to Sarver.

After 17 miles of driving from Pittsburgh, we arrived in peaceful Sarver. Night had fallen, and most of the neighbors on Ekastown Road had fallen asleep. It was quiet; only one house that night left its lights on – a big red brick house with a sturdy evergreen tree standing next to it. That house was John's house. We parked and stepped out of the car. I could hear the dogs barking. I thought these must be “Spike” and “Carmen.”

I followed John to the house's door and Margaret was waiting there. She smiled and gave me a hug: “Welcome, Henrik!” she said very happily. She started to tell her story about her shopping at the market when she had been there earlier in that afternoon. She had found out that there were no taxis and therefore “Margi” had walked from the market with her shopping bags over five miles back to Ekastown Road.

It was already after midnight and we were all exhausted from the long drive west from Harrisburg. I ate a little bit and then John said to me that I probably wanted to get some sleep. He guided me to the added, enclosed porch room, which had been called the Sun Room. But now it carried the new name: *Finlandia Room!* The Finlandia Room had a nice bed, table and closets. “This is where you can enjoy your exile, Henrik”, John said with a smile. John had also bought a small table-top flag of Finland that was decorating the green bookshelf. The room was full of a wooden, pine smell. Suddenly I felt I was not so far away from my home.

Around 10 am I woke up, and John, having gotten up earlier, had prepared some tea. “Do you like milk with your tea, Henrik” he asked. “Yeah, I do prefer to have milk. Thanks, John.”

It was a sunny morning – a beautiful Sunday. John told me that we would probably go and see the next town over, named *Freeport*. He and Margaret had been looking for some houses in this town, but they eventually had found this one on Ekastown Road in Sarver. Pete drove off to see one South-African family in Greensburg and stayed there most of the day on Sunday.

Now I had a chance to see how Americans live their lives. I remember my discussion with my father back when I was a little child and I expressed to him my will to move to America some day, and I was looking at this thick book about America that had several pictures about the American lifestyle and landscape. There was one picture which I also shared with my sister – it was a beautiful picture of the American countryside somewhere in the State of Kentucky. After seeing that picture, I just thought in my mind I really do want to get to America.

Now in Sarver, it was like that picture I had seen of that countryside of Kentucky. I was living my childhood adventure and dream.

Then the daily routine began with John and I taking the dogs for a little walk nearby. John introduced me to the local area and his neighbor, Wyatt. Wyatt had a son who was playing outside with his tools and his dog. Wyatt was working outside and we stopped by at his yard. "Hello, Wyatt," John said and they shook hands. "This is my friend Henrik from Finland," John said in introduction. "Nice to see you," he said. He looked quite surprised to see a Finn in his neighborhood. John continued saying that I had gotten into legal troubles back home when I had written an article about African gang-rapists. Wyatt seemed surprised then he told me in his very strong Pittsburgh accent: "In America you are allowed to say whatever you want." I wanted to keep that in mind.

Sarver looked quite as I had imagined, actually like Germany, especially the state of Hessen: high hills or even mountains, deep green grass, yellow fields, neat houses and very friendly people. Sarver was the place from which John intended to launch a new and unique "white civil rights" movement. We walked up a mountainside with the dogs and they ran free in the hills, obviously enjoying their freedom and energy.

"Do you know what is the best thing about this location, Henrik?" John asked. Soon he continued and said: "Everybody in this area agrees with my ideas and politics. I think that Pennsylvania is the best location in America to start the new white civil rights movement, which I will call 'Eternal Solutrea.'" Then he stopped walking and I stood next to him, as his hand swept out: "Look at this, how beautiful this is!" and he was pointing across the mountains with his fingers, and said: "When seeing something as beautiful as this, you have to enjoy it, remember it deeply to sustain you when the bad times come."

I noticed that John was very idealistic and full of fresh and original thoughts. Then he declared: "This will be the land of 'Eternal Solutrea', Henrik," and he sounded serious about that. Then he joked that in the beautiful, big house in such a nice Pennsylvania countryside, surrounded by nature, he felt like a millionaire. The dogs ran down from the hills near us and seemed very tired from jogging in the very warm weather. "The dogs seem tired, too. Maybe it is time to go back to the house, John," I suggested. "Yes, let's go back to the house, and have some ice cream," John said with a smile as he re-attached the dogs' leashes.

The next day John, Pete and I visited the next town over, Freeport. Freeport was an old town founded in the 1830's. I never got to find out why it is called *Freeport* until just recently; a man called David Todd had declared it to be a "free" port where no man would be *charged* to tie up his rafts, boats, or barges. The town of Freeport looked like a typical small American town with its little restaurants, a few bars and a local elementary school as well as the junior high school. John wanted to show us the beach at the Allegheny River located at a notch between the mountains – it looked gorgeous! On the other side of the beach was a steep mountain and in the distance, a high bridge named after a winner of the *Congressional Medal of Honor*, Donald R. Lobaugh who had died fighting in the Second World War in a battle in the Pacific Ocean. Later, I found out that the local library in Freeport had this very medal displayed in a glass case as part of their exhibition of the town's glories.

Of course I knew and felt that I was so very far away from home – but I was lucky, too. I did not think then what the future could bring to me in America; just being there and spending time in this peaceful area made me feel comfortable.

Freeport had also suffered from the cruel and gruesome wars between the Indians (or should I use the politically correct word *Native Americans*?) and the White Americans. One story especially stuck in my mind – the harrowing story of survival and bravery by one devoted mother.

Back in the 1790's when the open race war between the "Native Americans" and the White Americans was almost an everyday struggle in Pennsylvania – a mother of three children – two sons and one baby – were captured by the Indians from their cabin in Freeport in the cold winter night and they were brought to the Indians' camp, near Butler in Pennsylvania. The mother of these three

children Massey Harbison, had to witness the horrible slaying and scalping of her two children and she fainted.

Finally, she was able to escape from the Indians' camp with her little baby to avoid – literally – to be eaten by them. With her baby, only having her nightgown on, she ran 17 miles back to Freeport to report what had happened.

The story of this massacre became known and Massey was the human face of the survival struggle of the White Americans in those horrible days. Later she and her husband had eleven more children and she died in 1837. Sometimes in Freeport they perform the play of Massey Harbison's unbelievable will to survive and escape of the hands of the hungry Indians.

Her struggle and escape reminded me of a story from the Winter War in 1939, during the Soviet invasion of Finland in the Second World War, which I heard from my grandmother. When the Soviet invasion started, the Finnish army evacuated most of the villages that were located near the Russo-Finnish border which were possible targets of the invading Soviet Army. However, a woman and her child were left behind and for her it was too late to escape from the village. The woman gathered up her courage in order to protect her child, so she hid in one of the houses with her child – but armed with a knife. Finally the Soviets came to the village, but they were in a hurry to continue their advance because all they could find in that Karelian village were empty houses. But one of the Soviet soldiers came into the house where the woman was hiding with her child and immediately when the soldier intruded-- the woman attacked him with a knife and killed the invader.

Both these stories are almost unbelievable examples of the will to survive in order to protect our own kind. These actions, which of course in those times were necessities to survive, saved our nations' existence, our race's future and made future generations possible. When we think of our survival and the future of nations, we must keep in mind our glorious, past struggle for survival.

Days passed and I helped John in various matters, while he was focusing on creating the foundation of his new civil rights movement. Finally, a couple of weeks after my visit to the office in Washington DC, I found an article in the AFP newspaper entitled;

Henrik Holappa, 23, was forced to flee Finland for reporting a gang rape; Finland's Thought Police concluded that it was "insensitive" and politically incorrect to mention a gang of black boys brutally raping a white girl.

Holappa is in the United States to avoid charges in his native Finland. Finland now has a large number of blacks and Muslims among a population of 5 million; 2200 enter the country each year, Holappa said in an interview.

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This article about my proceedings made my case very well known in America, and it was even put on the Internet. The *American Free Press* newspaper has about 25,000 subscribers.

John and I usually went to the local gym in Sarver. The gym in Sarver is probably one of the best gyms I've ever been to; very clean and neat, smelling fresh, with shiny steel weights. That very first evening at the gym was quite interesting. Downstairs in the free weights area there were two white males doing some barbell leg lifts and John got to talk with them, initially, mainly about body building. John then introduced himself better and he tossed out remarks to see whether or not these two young men, both in their 20s, would be interested in his political and racial views. Actually, they both listened very carefully to what John had to say. Then John hit on the issue that most concerned one of the two young men – freedom of speech. John introduced me to him.

"Hey man," he said and shook my hand; "my name is Jeremy." He was very muscular and quite a handsome young man. "You know," he said looking surprised, "I am exactly in the same situation that you are...or almost." Then he said to me: "You know, I am studying at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, just about two hours drive east of here, and to finish my graduation at the university I had to go through this one course, which became a problem for me."

"What was the problem?" I asked.

“Well, our professor, who is, I think, a transvestite, forced us to believe her or 'his' nonsense that all white males are racists and that the whites are afraid to confront the black African-Americans, because they are better in sports. He (or she) said that after a black man had won the boxing championship, Jack Johnson, the white men felt sexually inferior so they invented General Motors!”

“I felt this was an insult towards me as a white male, and it was an insult towards my people, so then I sent a couple of emails to this professor where I expressed my disappointment with her lessons, which I had to take to get my degree... Maybe I used language that was a bit rough, but it wasn't insulting or threatening. I mean, I am paying for semester after semester to be insulted and learn nothing but leftist garbage!”

“What happened then?” I asked curiously. Jeremy started to explain that the professor had pressed charges against him for supposed “harassment” and Jeremy was not allowed to set foot on his own university campus anymore, before a disciplinary hearing convened to decide whether he could finish his final semester and graduate with a degree in political science.

Later, Jeremy gave me a copy of the email that he had sent to this obviously leftist professor. The message did not include threats or any insults, but she said she felt Jeremy had become very angry because of her insults against white people and white males.

Jeremy continued asking: “I know this might sound weird, but in two weeks my hearing takes place, and this is a case about freedom of speech. Could you think consider coming along and making a statement to help me, mainly just about your case and how crazy the situation is in your country?” I told Jeremy directly that I would do it and I could see from him that it made him feel better that he didn't have to go there alone. We agreed to meet again later in the week, and he gave me his phone number where I could reach him if I needed to know anything else about his case.

For Jeremy this was serious, to be banned from campus and have that on his record, and not be allowed to graduate. He had a job awaiting him in Washington DC in the fall. He felt his future was being ruined.

“Well, Henrik,” John said, “it seems this is your first freedom of speech case in America.” He added: “It will all go fine, I am sure of it.” I still think what a weird coincidence it was that I met this young man with a big “freedom of speech” problem at the gym on my first visit, but when he knew someone was there to help him, it made a big difference.

Of course, now Jeremy expected me to give a statement in a foreign country and in a foreign language, on an important issue, and that made me somewhat nervous, but I had decided to help Jeremy and give to the student disciplinary board of Indiana University a statement how an European country – Finland – herself violates the freedom of speech by shutting down the thoughts and the opinions of the free people of Finland.

II. The Assimilation

Never before my visit to America – which still was uncertain at this point for how long a time I would be staying in America – had I lived in a foreign country. I still was a strong, silent Finn who kept his promises and therefore I could be a trusted person. Actually, it even came as a little surprise to me when John often told about the study that had been done on the different nations' honesty around the world. He described what sort of tests this study included; for example a wallet on the street with money and identification papers in it. The test purely showed how many people in different countries would take the wallet to the police station or would keep it. The study also included different tests that had been done in shops, banks or in other related customer service fields. However, the honesty test of these different nations proved that Finland was the most honest country on Earth.

I understood – though I could not be sure how long my stay in America would last – I needed to understand more about the American culture and way of life. The Finns and other Scandinavians are not that outgoing and as open as the Americans are. What I do need to add is that a lot of *tribal thinking* exists in Finland; friends usually stay in the same circles – for example

creating friendly connections with people that they already know in their work environment. Usually a group of friends start some hobby based on the same or similar interest that they all view commonly – among their friends, and therefore becoming a *member* of a certain group of friends might be challenging.

And that what I had already noticed during my stay in the United States was that the Americans are very sociable – total strangers suddenly can become like they are the best buddies from their high school years. Of course, I knew that to get along with my new life in America, I would need to assimilate – in other words – to accept my new life environment. I often talked with my girlfriend Mona about this issue and I remember her saying to me; “Henrik, don't become an American.” She had her reasons for that advice, Mona simply wanted me to stay as I am and as she had learned to know me; as a Finn.

John was thinking that since my important testimony for Jeremy was coming up soon, he would lecture me in American-English. John had been teaching American accents to Japanese and Russian businessmen and therefore he was capable of teaching me, too. Of course, creating connections with Americans – or giving speeches – required understandable English, and still then I had the language barrier on my back. Now, with John's help, I was to find my way out of the language barrier that held me back from establishing connections with Americans.

I was in exile in America, because the State prosecutor of Finland, Mika Illman, had decided to prosecute me for *violation of Freedom speech restrictions* in which Illman was specialized as a prosecutor. Illman, although the investigative female police officer had told me there wasn't any evidence against me on the alleged *crimes* that took place in January 2007, wanted to prosecute me on 3 counts of serious crimes; *Incitement of racial hatred*, *Aggravated defamation* and *violation of copyrights*. All those alleged crimes, which I had – according to Illman – committed were based on an article which I had written in spring 2006; “Multiculturalism – An Impossible Vision”. The same article was later, in June 2006, published by an independent German publisher Wigbert Grabert in his magazine *Deutschland in Geschichte und Gegenwart*. Whether it was just a pure coincidence or a planned action by the state of Germany – Grabert's trial was held exactly on the same day I was arrested for *violation of Freedom of speech laws*. On that day when I was released from jail, Grabert was sentenced for publishing my article – he got 3 months in jail on probation and a 3,000- Euro fine.

However, my exile in America was not that bad – although I was separated from my family and my girlfriend, but I was still able to keep in touch with my loved ones by emails and various Internet programs – as it was for the Belgian 2nd World War hero, General Leon Degrelle. John often told me how Degrelle had escaped to Spain in 1945 and where he had lived in exile hiding from the Israeli secret service as well as from the Americans and his own countrymen. Degrelle lived underground till the 1960's when he finally came out and celebrated his daughter's marriage, wearing his hard-earned uniform on that day when his daughter got married. Now, I didn't have to live underground or avoid being captured by the Finnish authorities, because I was staying in the America that guaranteed freedom of speech and expression.

Meanwhile, as I was adapting to my new living environment with its differences and improving my English, John thought it might be a good idea for me to start my own Internet blog which I would present in Finnish and therefore I would not entirely lose my contacts in Finland and with my friends and supporters in my native country. Also the Internet blog gave me a chance to use my own language and write my views about America, since most of the Finns involved in the Nationalist movement are interested in America – after all, America is still the biggest white country on Earth.

Just a half century ago America offered a place for the former Finnish Army soldiers who had fought against the Soviets in the 2nd World War. Among those Finnish soldiers that came to America was also a man called Lauri Törni. He was the hero of the Finnish Army, a highly-decorated army officer and an SS-officer. Törni had been imprisoned for 2 years of his original 6-year sentence for treason, which at that time was punishable by death in Finland. For Törni, America was the only chance to have a respected life and therefore he joined the US Army after

immigrating and later became a member of the elite group of the US Army; *The Green Berets*. Törni's story inspired me and I felt it is my duty to write about his life in Finland and in America. I started to study his life, and I remember I spent hours and hours looking for pictures and finding information about him. Eventually, my huge investigation on Lauri Törni – or as he later became known in America, *Larry A. Thorne* – grew to be a 30-page article with numerous pictures. Through the article I wrote about Törni, I could relate to his life's story. Although Törni's and my situation were different, at least one thing connected us; love for our country of Finland.

Of course, what made my and Törni's situation different in America was that Törni's only connections in America were the Finnish community and some of the former Finnish army soldiers, and besides that, Törni barely spoke any English.

To improve my English even more, John organized a little get together with the local people in Sarver – I think it was also a welcoming party for me and John's way to show his appreciation towards me. At the evening of that meeting, I made an introductory speech for the local people – for friends and people that were very sympathetic towards John's political views – and I explained about the oppressive Finnish government that ruthlessly attacks people whom they think are violating the *freedom of speech* restrictions. When I fully told my story concerning my struggle with the freedom of speech laws in Finland – while reporting on a gang-rape issue in my home town – in that moment I could sense a bit of fear among the listeners; most of them thought of what democratic presidential candidate Barack Hussein Obama had in mind – what would happen to freedom of speech. Would Americans be allowed to report about a black for interracial gang-rape of their daughters, sisters and wives? Or would it become *illegal* and *violating* their rights, as it is in Finland?

John and I often walked several hours with the dogs and discussed political issues, and usually when we met new people, in one way or another, the discussion soon became political. All those people – whom we had never met – agreed that Freedom of Speech should be preserved in America and they felt that the democratic presidential candidate Barack Hussein Obama would take away their rights to have real freedom of speech.

I understood that my assimilation was rapidly taking place because of one very important reason, and that reason was my *location*. If I had I stayed my whole time in Baltimore or in any other multicultural, East-Coast city in the United States of America, I could not have felt any cultural connection to the people. My experiencing *Pennsylvania people* reminded me of my home and I could easily feel empathy toward them. John also made an important observation by saying that if I had come directly to Pennsylvania – without experiencing Baltimore first – I might have thought that all of America is like Pennsylvania and therefore I wouldn't have experienced my cultural shock, at least not in that larger way, which I did experience it in Baltimore.

However, I had met Jeremy two weeks before at the gym in Sarver, and it was my time to go with him now to the student disciplinary board of the University of Indiana and give my testimony on behalf of Jeremy on how important freedom of speech is, and how important it is to fight for it. After two weeks of having English pronunciation lessons, meeting the local people and making new connections, I now felt comfortable enough to make my appearance before the student disciplinary board. I knew that the audience would be demanding facts and therefore I had to be ready and take the step forward in the matter of freedom of speech in America.

III. “These Are the Words of a Free Man”

Jeremy came to pick me up at John's house early in the morning. I had woken up already at 5am and had prepared myself for the important testimony on Jeremy's behalf. I wore a nice dark suit and Jeremy thought I might not have to look that official, but the first impression this student disciplinary board of University of Indiana will get of me is how I am behaving and how do I look – do I look like a reliable person that can be taken seriously – or more importantly: can my testimony for Jeremy can be taken seriously?

During the whole time we traveled to the University of Indiana, Jeremy stayed calm. He didn't look like he had been nervous. "Henrik," he said to me, "I understand how serious this whole fiasco is for me, I really appreciate it that you decided to come and help me. Personally, I think this will be just fine, but if something goes wrong, I know that my future is ruined." Then he just remained quiet. I think Jeremy had been thinking about his own defense statement very carefully and was aware of his own strategy, and the best thing for him would be to stay calm.

Since Jeremy was not allowed to enter the university campus, he had to report us both to the campus police station and a police officer would escort us to the student disciplinary board. "Sir," the police officer addressed Jeremy, "I'll give you a ride, just follow me." I sat in the back of the police car and Jeremy sat up front next to the police officer. The officer inquired; "Well, guys, what have you done?" Jeremy answered quickly; "Henrik, he's my witness, and I am being charged with harassing a professor..." The police officer grimaced. Jeremy continued saying that he had only expressed disappointment towards this professor's course wherein she claimed that *all* white males are *racists* and that they are not ready to face the African-Americans in business life, because African-Americans are *better at sports*.

The police officer looked astonished. "Well, Jeremy, I wish you luck. Since this is my job, I can't say anything political, but I hope you will make it." We stepped outside of the car and went into the building where the hearing was scheduled to be held. Jeremy had to sign some papers and listed me as his witness. We walked through the hallway and went through the big doors into the waiting room. Later a woman came in and directed us both to a conference room. Everyone was there already, and they asked us to be seated.

The chairman of the student disciplinary board opened the hearing by asking everyone's name who is present in the room, and then it came to me, I stated my name and my position in this hearing and I referred myself as a *witness*. Besides the chairman of the disciplinary board, all the other members were women. I can imagine what Jeremy might have felt or thought when he entered the room and understood that all the board members are women and now this angry professor was about to attack him, claiming that he is a *chauvinist* and *racist* whom all women should avoid. The chairman of the board asked all the witnesses in the case to leave the room and that they would be invited later to give their testimony.

I sat down on a nice black leather couch and went through in my mind what I would say exactly and how I would make my testimony relevant to Jeremy's case. Of course, I had gone through my testimony already in Pittsburgh with John, but there is always this feeling that when you are about to do something important – a feeling of forgetting something, and not remembering it at the necessary *moment* but remembering it exactly *after* the moment. I seemed to remember everything I had planned to say on Jeremy's behalf. Now, I had to sit and wait so I could give my statement, it felt like a very long time. Each time the door was opened, I thought now it is my turn, but it was someone else's turn, or somebody just came through and went outside.

Finally it came; my turn.

One of the women from the student disciplinary board opened the door and looked at me; "Mr. Holappa, we are now ready to have your testimony for your friend, please, come in." - Now it started. How would all these women and the chairman react on my message? Would they start to call me a *white supremacist*? Or would they think that Jeremy's and my friendship was somehow related to possible *white supremacism*?

I stayed calm and walked into the conference room. Jeremy looked at me quickly and he smiled at me, expressing that so far his hearing had gone quite well. The armed police officer who sat next to Jeremy, was probably the *prosecutor* in Jeremy's case. I was asked to sit next to Jeremy, and the chairman of the board made his official statement on my testimony. He asked my name and I had to give an oath that everything that I say is truth and that my testimony is related to Jeremy's case. I noticed that the female members of the board paid close attention to me.

The chairman of the board asked a couple of questions, before I could give my testimony.

"I understand that you have known Jeremy for about two weeks, Mr. Holappa, is this correct?" – "Yes, sir", I answered. "How did you meet?" he continued and wrote notes on his

paperwork. "We met at the local gym, and we discussed about how or why I have come to America and then Jeremy told me about his experience..." The chairman looked at me the last time and asked; "Mr. Holappa, are you comfortable about giving this testimony?", without any doubt in my mind, I answered the chairman; "Yes, I am." - He noted me and said that my testimony will be recorded and that I could proceed.

"I arrived in America," I started, "a little bit over one month ago. I came here because a friend of mine invited me to visit him here. I met Jeremy a couple of weeks ago at the local gym in Sarver and we started to discuss the reason why I came here, and the reason why I am here is – very much – related to his current situation and that reminds me of my own *trouble* back in Finland. A year ago, I was arrested, because I had written an article about gang-rapes in my city of Oulu..."

The prosecutor interrupted me and asked; "What was the city you are from?", and I told him I am from Oulu, which is located in Northern part of Finland. He told me to continue with my testimony.

"The reason why they arrested me was because I had mentioned in my article that these gang-rapists are Africans and that the immigrants, especially those from African and Middle-Eastern countries have increased the rape rate all over in Finland, including in my city of Oulu. Therefore, I got charged for my article, and now I am facing at least 3 years in prison, because of this article. We don't have freedom of speech in Finland, and all that I did, was that I wrote an article where I only condemned the gang-rapists, not their race or different peoples. But, I am not all alone in this sort of case in Europe; there are several men and women waiting to be sentenced to prison for similar statements. The investigating police officer in Finland stated that they want to make me into an 'example' for other *racists* that the state of Finland does not accept similar activities by any other like-minded people in Finland." I just kept talking and I noticed that everyone is just listening to me very intently; I understood that Jeremy probably did have a chance to graduate from the University of Indiana.

Then I decided to hit hard. I knew that in America you can not justify rape in any way regardless how drunk the rape victim might have been or whatever clothes she might have had on, rape is always a rape, I introduced the Norwegian professor *Unni Wikan* to my audience. "According to the official state statistics of Norway, the rape rate is about 6 times higher than in New York City and that 75 % of all rape suspects have an immigrant background. This information can be easily verified by Google. A Norwegian female professor at Oslo University gave a statement in a public newspaper interview that it is the women's *own fault* that they get raped..." I clearly saw the women members of the disciplinary board were totally shocked and upset, and I continued on my path; "Unni Wikan's opinion concerning the rape trouble in Norway is that they are part of the multicultural society and that it is something to which the women should adapt. Now, I need to ask – why she is not being charged for her statements? Why is so-called *freedom of speech* protecting her? And you still have freedom of speech in America, but not when we across the line that we accept some opinions, but not *everybody's*, then we have a similar case that Jeremy has today; we can't suppress freedom of speech, otherwise it will cause trouble. I read the emails that Jeremy had sent to this professor, I don't say that I agree with the message, but I can understand him. He might have felt insulted by certain words that were said in his lessons, and when freedom of speech is abused, it will provoke more rough language. These words that Jeremy used were the words of a free man."

My testimony was over. I could see the women's faces so clearly, and I can still see their faces as I am writing about this testimony. They were totally speechless, they remained quiet, not a single word was said.

The chairman signaled that my testimony was over, and it had taken about 10 minutes. The prosecutor asked me then; "Mr. Holappa, have you considered applying for political asylum in America?" I told him that right now it wasn't in my mind, and that I am willing to come back to Finland and face my possible prison sentence. I was asked to leave the conference room and wait for Jeremy in the waiting room.

As soon as I reached the waiting room, I switched on my cell phone and the first call I got was from John. He asked how everything went and did I think my testimony helped Jeremy. I couldn't answer John, and even now I can't answer whether or not it helped. As soon as I finished the phone conversation with John, Jeremy's hearing was over and we were ready to depart from the university. "Thanks, Henrik", Jeremy thanked for my help. "I think everything went quite well and they probably believed me more than this professor and the main, important matter is that they listened to us both."

After this testimony I didn't see Jeremy anymore, except that one time at the local gym in Sarver just one week before my arrest. I heard two weeks later, after the hearing at the student disciplinary board at the University of Indiana, that Jeremy was allowed to finish his graduation and that he had gotten the job in Washington D.C. Everything worked out just fine for Jeremy, but I still had to make the decision whether or not I wanted to stay in America and if I choose to stay, on what grounds will I stay in America? Days were running by, and my eventual departure date was getting closer. I was about to try something that had not worked for several other Europeans – seeking political asylum in the United States of America.

IV. Becoming an Asylum Seeker in America

This part of the 5th chapter I dedicate to my beloved Mona, who inspired and taught me by her love for life, and who, despite the difficulties of her life, always had the courage to carry on and showed her utmost dedication, honor and enduring love.

My tourist visa for 90 days was about to expire. My time in America had gone very fast; I remember how I used to count the days till the end of my tourist visa, but not because I wanted to get out of the country, but because I simply wanted to be aware of the days I still had left and try to figure out a way to stay in America, if not forever, at least a few more months. I used to think that I only need a few additional months to see how badly the Finnish authorities really do want to make an example of me.

Naturally, I missed my country and Europe; I missed my beautiful girlfriend Mona, with whom I talked repeatedly about my stay in America. I knew she wanted the best for me, but she didn't know if it would be best for me to stay in America, or come back to Europe. Maybe she even had some selfish thoughts and she wanted me to return to Europe.

I knew I only had three different options to stay in America – except one of them really wasn't an option – and my options were; 1) getting married with an American woman; and concerning the time I had left before my returning flight to Finland, marriage might have looked suspicious in the eyes of the immigration authorities. Besides that; I felt loyalty toward my girlfriend in Europe and my heart would not have allowed me to marry anyone else. Marriage would have been an option, but rarely do people get married after only 2 or 3 days of dating, and I wasn't ready to consider this as a solution for my extended stay in America.

The second option wasn't an option, but still it was recognized as an option; 2) becoming an illegal in America. What if I had just disappeared somewhere and continued my *American life* somewhere else? When I asked that question of myself, I knew it was out of the question. It would have been just a question of time before I got arrested as an illegal immigrant, and I didn't have any interest in violating US immigration laws, if I ended up staying in America, then it had to be done legally.

Ironically, my third option made me *illegal* legally, and I was treated as if I had become an *illegal immigrant* purposely. Later, as I found out in my cell in Batavia's *Detention Facility*, I noticed that there wasn't any difference between the two last options; I was an *illegal immigrant* in the United States of America.

The third option was the option that John suggested to me already when I was still in Finland; applying for political asylum in the United States of America. From the beginning, I didn't feel comfortable with the thought of applying for political asylum. The fate of two British political asylum seekers – who had been taken into US Department of Homeland Security custody in California – still stuck out very clearly in my mind. I felt it was the US policy to *arrest* European political asylum seekers even though they did have real reasons to apply the political asylum in the United States of America. It was reasonable for me to doubt my chances for getting political asylum in America.

However, these were my options, and the time was ticking all the time. I had to make a decision soon.

It was already Tuesday night and my flight was scheduled to leave on Thursday, the 9th of October. John and I took one of our evening walks with the dogs, and we discussed my options – as it was time to evaluate realistically if I had any chance to stay in America. “Henrik”, John said to me “I am quite sure that if you will take the flight now on Thursday, you will get arrested.” “I am aware of the risk”, I told John, “but we have to understand, I don't have many choices, but maybe just to take that flight back to Finland.” John stayed quiet, he was thinking. “Tomorrow,” he said, “we will go to downtown Pittsburgh and we will meet this immigration lawyer; maybe she has some thoughts and ideas for this case.” I was convinced that I would not apply for political asylum, and I knew that John was not discussing it seriously anymore. I only could tell John that; “I guess that if this lawyer does not have any realistic options for my stay here in America, I will just take the flight... I am not willing to apply for political asylum.”

The night turned to be morning and the day changed to Wednesday. John, I and Margaret left a little bit after 12am to meet the lawyer in Pittsburgh. Honestly speaking, I didn't know what to say to this lawyer. I didn't know if I wanted to talk about my legal troubles in Finland; all that I wanted to know was if I, as a tourist, can stay longer in America than 90 days. Sometimes, things don't turn always the way you want them to, like following the laws of chance, things didn't go the way I had planned.

“The lawyer is now ready to meet you...” the young Russian-American secretary had received Margaret's reservation for my meeting with the immigration lawyer. The secretary was standing next to her desk, going through her papers, trying to find my name, when she finally found it; “... Mr. Holappa.” She smiled a bit and asked us to go to the last office on the right. The lawyer was already there waiting for me and my companions. She smiled warmly and shook our hands. “Well, what I can do for you?” she asked. John started saying and asking directly if I have any *rights* to overstay my 90 days visa – and her answer was that what I expected her to give; no, there weren't any *rights* for me to stay more than 90 days, since I had arrived with the tourist visa waiver program. Somehow the conversation with the lawyer came up to my case, and the lawyer was convinced that I do have a political asylum case and that she would be willing to represent me. She only waited for my consent, which I wasn't ready to give yet.

“John, I just need to go down to that café and talk about this with you and Margaret, I can't make the decision now.” John said it would be okay and he told the lawyer that we would be back in about an hour and ready to give the answer whether or not I will apply for political asylum. We left the office from the 13th floor and went down to the café that was located in the same building. Actually, I can't remember the details of our conversation anymore or how I eventually agreed with John to apply for political asylum, but after one hour discussing it, I was ready to fill out the paperwork for political asylum. We all went back to the law office and I informed the lawyer that I was ready to do the paperwork for my application for political asylum in America. I remember I filled out several papers, giving my personal information, giving information about my political involvement in Finland, giving names and dates.

The lawyer informed us that we would need to come back there the next day, on Thursday, with the affidavit for my political asylum and with some other papers that they can send them to the ICE officials in Texas, in time. I signed the application for political asylum in the United States of America. All the parts where I had to put my signature were marked with a pen. John was standing

next to me when I signed the papers, and after I had put my signature in all the marked spots, half-jokingly and half-seriously I told John; “I think, I just signed my arrest warrant.”

Just before we left, I wanted to ask my lawyer if there is any reason for *them* to arrest me and if my paper work will be done in time. She convinced me that there were no reasons whatsoever for which they could arrest me; she even said that you can apply for political asylum days after your visa has expired in America. “You have nothing to worry about, Henrik”, she smiled and convinced me that everything would be just fine.

Sometimes the tragedy of decisions follows later; sometimes it happens sooner than one might think. I had decided to stay in America, at least little bit longer and try out – as it had been a wrong decision for several other *Europeans before me – political asylum in America. I can only guess what might have been my decision if I had known* a day before, or even a minute before, I signed the political asylum application, that another tragedy was taking place far away from Pittsburgh, in Germany and that my beloved girlfriend Mona had faced a terrible tragedy very far away from me, while I had signed the papers for political asylum. I found out about her tragedy only a day after I finalized my asylum application papers and had missed the flight back to Europe. I still don't know what exactly happened on that day, and maybe I will never know what really happened. Maybe it was fate and maybe it happened for a reason, but as yet, I haven't found the reason for the tragedy.

The next day John, Margaret and I came back to the law office in downtown Pittsburgh, where we finalized the asylum application with my affidavit;

Henrik Holappa: Affidavit - Political asylum application

I have been persecuted by the government (army, police, prosecutors), the mass media, and an employer in my country starting on August 8, 2006, when the security police, the SUPO, visited my apartment, which I shared with my sister Natalija, and then my school, asking both her and me many questions and warning me to abandon my beliefs — or else I would lose my prospects of ever being a security guard, and also be “unwelcome in Germany,” a country I intended to visit.

Then the Finnish police obviously notified all Finnish security companies that I should not be employed even as a security guard. I found no one would hire me, although I had graduated from the security guard school on August 25, 2006. The security company ISS had verbally promised me employment guarding the University Hospital in Oulu, but at the end of October 2006 it suddenly had no record or file at all of my job application and two-hour interview on October 9, 2006. So I lost that career possibility. [...]

The police came to my apartment on Tuesday, January 16, 2007, at 3:20 pm and seized both my computers (returning them three days later.) They then went to my parents' home, where I was raised as a child, and the criminal police officer Sari Isometsä-Tihinen (whose business card is enclosed with my application) threatened my mother that:

- I was “in big trouble,” that*
- “Henrik might not come home for a long time,” and that*
- if I pursued my beliefs, I “would not have any part in our society.”*

I was in police custody for 24 hours at the Oulu police station that same day in a concrete cell with the lights burning day and night, on suspicion of sending a photograph or writing an article, both un-provable charges, and I was not allowed to make any phone calls. After the 24 hours I was told that I was now under arrest, and spent two more days in that cell with nothing to read or do [...] I was released without charges on the 19th.

[...] the main newspaper in northern Finland, Kaleva, had violated on the day of my detention, January 16, the Finnish press custom of never reporting the name of a suspect, even a murder suspect, under the presumption of innocence, until he had been actually convicted at the end of a trial. However, the article mentioned me by my name in the very first paragraph, and stated falsely as a proven fact that I had written a certain article in December 2006.

[...] On May 11 or 12, 2008 I received a phone call while visiting neighboring Estonia from the same Sari Isometsä-Tihinen, asking me when I could come to the police station in Oulu. She further informed me over the telephone that the top prosecutor in Finland, Mika Illman, had “dug up [my] case again.”

On Tuesday, May 20, 2008 this same policewoman further warned me, now at the Oulu police station, that I was to be indicted by the government of Finland on three serious charges so as to “make an example of me for other racists in Finland,” as follows: 1) two years imprisonment for “incitement of racial hatred” [sic]; 2) two years behind bars for “defaming the honor of the African community of Finland” [sic]; and 3) six months imprisonment for “copyright violation.” (I had merely scanned a photo of “multiculturalism” from a Finnish newspaper, and sent it as a private email attachment to an American friend. He then, unbeknownst to me, posted it on an American website.)[...]

Just on time, on Thursday, my application for political asylum was made. Nothing could have gone wrong, and I had suddenly gotten more time to spend in America. But, a new tragedy follows another tragedy, but this tragedy became real many months later. A day after my asylum papers had been mailed down to Texas, I asked John to check up my paperwork, and so he spotted the *missing signature*. The missing signature of course forced us to drive to Pittsburgh and sign the papers all over again, causing the cancellation of my previous political asylum application, and this newer application with all my signatures would be mailed on Friday, the 10th of October, but the Immigration and Customs Enforcement officials would receive the papers on Tuesday, because Monday was a national holiday, and this caused the fact that my application for political asylum arrived in Texas four days later – then, when my tourist visa had already expired. But the lawyer had her way to convince me and John that everything was *legally* correct and that I do have a *legal status* in the United States of America as a *political asylum seeker*.

On that Friday night I had a lot to think about, so I decided to have a walk by myself in the darkness of the night. I just walked along the Ekastown Road towards Sarver. I was thinking of my girlfriend Mona, trying to figure out what had happened, I couldn't get answers at that night. Every time my thoughts went back to that moment how we had met in Finland, on the ferry going to Germany, just a year before in March. In that moment I felt myself helpless, since there was nothing I could have done for her.

Obviously, my shadows in the dark had gotten someone's attention in the neighborhood, and therefore it wasn't surprising that a police patrol eventually stopped me in the middle of the road. Suddenly, I could see the blue lights of the police car shining in the dark, giving me a sign to stop. A young police officer stopped out of the car and asked what I was doing on the road in the middle of the night. I told him I just came for a walk, but this dutiful officer had the intention of body-searching me. “Mr. Holappa, it is just better I will take you back to the house where you are staying, since it is dark, and we don't want you to get hit by a car or truck.” So, I listened to the police officer and jumped into his car. “What is the address, where I am taking you now?” he asked, “213 Ekastown Road,” I told him. “What is the family you are staying with”, he asked curiously. “I am staying with John de Nugent and his girlfriend Margaret.” “De Nugent?” he asked and continued saying; “Oh, I see.” What he meant by his words, I can't say for sure. “You don't like Finland?” this police officer asked. “Well, I disagree with the freedom of speech laws.” The police officer had asked me to show my papers to him, since he could understand I am not an American, and with my passport he also saw the asylum application paper. He dropped me off at John's house and wished me a good night.

My 90-day stay in America had expired, and now I had an unknown time left in America. What else I would experience or see – I couldn't know. Three weeks after my asylum application, my lawyer dropped out of my case and refused to represent me any longer. Reasons for her decision were most likely financial. However, the US Department of Homeland Security asked me to report to Arlington, Virginia, where my case would be opened officially. That, of course, meant another trip for us three.

While I still went through my own personal and private issues, America's future was changing; The United States got its first *African-American* President, Barack Hussein Obama. Obama's somewhat *controversial* and *unspoken* past had gotten the attention by several respected white nationalist leaders, such as David Duke's. In the meanwhile when I was in Arlington, preparing myself for the first immigration hearing, Duke was making preparations for the International Euro Conference for the year 2008 in Memphis, Tennessee. Duke had invited me to be one of the speakers at his conference, giving me a chance to tell my story to all America – this time my audience would be much larger than what it was at the University of Indiana.

V. Speaker at David Duke's EURO Conference

John, I and Margaret finally arrived in Washington DC, at Pete Papa's house, on election night. The Television that was on at Pete's house could only confirm that what we all had been assuming how the election would eventually turn out. Barack Hussein Obama was now the elected US President. I don't remember that Pete, Margaret or John said much about Obama's election, I think they were all shocked, and I was mainly thinking how this *Obama fever* would influence the European Union countries – since he had been using his popularity among the European Union politicians as a tool to create an illusion of himself as a modern-time American president and a leader who has the keys to reach and make a *change* -or whatever change he has in his mind - possible.

However, I remember that the CNN reporter had said something that made us think; some 25 % of the *Democrats* felt that the *newly elected president, Obama*, and his *victory* in the election was *frightening*. Nothing more was discussed about the matter on television, and most likely it was taken out of later broadcasts and was never brought up during daytime programming. Otherwise, we might have been discussing this Obama win the whole night, but Pete showed us some of his new, beautiful and awesome paintings. Pete really was a skilled artist, and even if I do admit that I don't have much of an eye for art – I mean specifically for *modern art* – I was impressed.

I still had to keep fighting for my freedom, and now that I had become a *legal*, political asylum seeker in the United States for almost a month, I had to prepare myself for the first hearing. John and I had been practicing some typical questions the immigration officers might ask at the Department of Homeland Security office in Arlington. We left early in the morning and arrived there just on time. I needed to fill out some papers, and I suggested that John ought to be my representative now, since my lawyer had quit the case.

Most of the asylum seekers who were present in the waiting room, actually *all* of them, were black Africans – except one Southern-African family who told us they had been persecuted by the South African government and that they had suffered severe violence. They had a young son and two teen-aged daughters with them. As soon as their interview started, my name was called at the desk. The immigration official just informed me that I would not have an interview, but because my asylum application had arrived late, my case would directly go to the court. Finally she gave me a bunch of papers and informed me that my appearance before the immigration judge would probably take place within a month.

Of course, I thought it meant that I would be *an illegal immigrant* in America now and wondered what my legal status was now. I thought it was nothing *serious*, but later, of course, I learned that a missing signature was *something* serious indeed!

Also, another fellow Finn had ended up in Arlington, just 5 years earlier than I. The Arlington military cemetery had become Major Larry A. Thorne's last resting place in June of 2003. For several decades, the tough *Green Beret* officer had been missing somewhere in the jungles of North Vietnam, when finally in 1999 a special team was able to localize the crash site of the helicopter as well as Thorne's and his crews' remains. Thorne's long journey from the ice and cold of Finland through the ruins of Berlin and the soldier's fate that eventually led him to the United States of America – where he became known as the “*Legend*” – took him to Vietnam, where he

gave his life for the cause he believed in. Thorne's crusade against the Marxism, which had swallowed half of Europe, had now given him a place in the *military field of honor*.

After a brief visit at the AFP's office in Washington DC, John found out that David Duke's EURO Conference in Memphis was facing some troubles from the hotel owners, law enforcement and from the black supremacists, as well as from Jewish extremists. Some of the *anti-racists* had gone even so far as making threats of *terrorism, murder and violence* if the -supposed- *Ku Klux Klan* were to assemble in founding city of the *civil rights movement*. The black supremacists felt – supported by other leftist and Jewish extremists – that only they have the right to struggle for the noble cause of civil rights and that everyone else who might belong to a different race than *themselves* and struggles for *their people's rights* is actually violating the *civil rights of the African-Americans*.

It was not a difficult decision for John, Margi and I to go down to Memphis and show our support for David Duke and his conference.

“I just talked with David Duke on the phone and his conference is having some troubles in Memphis; everyone is so busy there to re-arrange a new location for the conference, and I think it is just better we go directly from here to Duke's conference in Tennessee.” John sounded worried when he let Margaret and me know that we were going to Memphis. I think John felt that it was the only right thing to do, since he was planning on establishing the white civil rights movement in Pennsylvania, and now possibly the civil rights of the European-Americans were being violated, and he did not feel comfortable with the thought of not going there at all.

Soon from Washington DC, we were on our way to Memphis – the city located right next to the famous Mississippi river. For me, the city itself represented the birthplace of ‘Rock 'n Roll’ and Elvis, of course; and, as I mentioned above – for African-Americans it represents the birthplace of *their* civil rights movement, where their icon and spokesman *Martin Luther King* got assassinated. And now, arrogantly and selfishly they have seized the whole agenda of *civil rights* for themselves, not only have they laid claim to the term, but they also allege that *European-Americans* could not seek their rights as a nation without *violating* the true meaning of such civil rights.

While I was incarcerated at Batavia's detention facility, I remember reading an article about civil rights in the local Buffalo newspaper. However, the article itself was rather controversial, since it was about the “right” of a *homosexual* couple to adopt a child, and the newspaper had asked an opinion from a black priest, whether or not his Christian church would accept a gay adoption. The newspaper also asked the priest's opinion on the couple's appeal, which claimed it was a matter of *civil rights*. Bluntly, the priest answered; the civil rights struggle is a *black* thing! However, the article was a perfect introduction to black domination and possession of the civil rights movement in the United States of America.

When we got to the location where Duke's conference was to be held, a young man in the breakfast restaurant's parking lot was expecting us. Kindly, he welcomed us and asked us to follow him to the hotel. Kevin was his name, and he was responsible for the traffic arrangements. Later, I found out that just a short time earlier, the hotel owner and a police officer had awakened Duke and had asked him to leave the hotel – because Duke's presence, according to the police officer and the hotel owner, had endangered the other hotel residents. Of course, for law enforcement it was far *easier* to get rid off someone who is being targeted by the violent multi-ethnic group than to actually defend the law and make sure that this hostile group is not able to cause a disturbance.

The conference room was already full of white activists. I had a quick look to the audience, and I estimated that around 150 people were participating in Duke's conference. At the back of the conference room representatives from the different European-American nationalist groups were selling their merchandise – including books, CDs, magazines, T-shirts, DVD-movies and many other useful items. Willis Carto had also given John a few new issues of *The Barnes Review* magazine, and I clearly remember that all those issues were bought by interested readers within a few minutes.

“There you go, Henrik”, Duke had a little smile and gave me a badge with my name. “Now, people can recognize you”, he continued saying. He also informed me that he was busy trying meet

his schedule and keep *the show on the road*. Due to the organizational problems the anti-racists, the hotel owner and the local police had caused for Duke and the other organizers of the conference, the conference had to be held on only one day, instead of on both weekend days, and therefore the schedule was somewhat tight.

One of the first speakers of the conference was a young Russian woman, Maria Valenchenko. She introduced Aleksander Solzhenitsyn's excellent and brave book *200 Years Together*. Solzhenitsyn's book shows us how fundamental a role the Russian Jews and international, organized world Jewry played in the 1917 revolution in Russia – the revolution that enslaved the whole nation resulting in the deaths of millions of ethnic Russians and others who were forced to live under the Soviet regime. Of course Russia became one of the most important topics of the conference.

After reading David Duke's *Jewish Supremacism*, I experienced my second *awakening*. Suddenly it was very clear to me what happened in 1917 in Russia, and *how* it actually took place. Later, after the event of the *Russian revolution* and the 2nd World War, the 20th Century's most poisonous ideology, *Bolshevism*, spread to most of the Eastern European countries with destructive results. After seeing and understanding the aftermath of Bolshevism's spreading throughout the Eastern part of Europe – it became clear that it was designed to destroy the European culture and racial heritage. Instead of being a *Russian revolution* it was a *cultural* and *racial* revolution led, organized, financed and eventually carried out by *Jewish extremists*.

During a short break between the speakers, I met an interesting Polish woman. She was an elderly woman who had a small book with her. I discovered the book was about the massacre of the Poles by the Bolsheviks before and *after* the 2nd World War. The shocking book had colored paintings, some were real photographs, of the mass-executions that were carried out on the orders of the Soviet commissars. The horrific book is not a part of European history classes, where Europeans throughout the world could learn the full truth – instead of being charged and attacked every single day with the historical myth called the *Holocaust* – about massacres and other horrible crimes that have been committed against *us* by *others*.

Just recently, I watched a Russian movie – The Admiral (2008) Адмиралъ - about the eve of the revolution in 1917. The movie was based on the life story of the Russian naval commander, Admiral Aleksandr Kolchak and his lover Anna Timireva during the years of the 1st World War and the time of the revolution. Kolchak, however, knew that the revolution would not bring anything good for the Russians or for Russia itself. Kolchak refused – as he still was a respected commander among the Russian naval officers – Kerensky's offer – Kerensky at that time served as the second Prime Minister of the Russian Provisional Government – to participate in his government as War Minister. Kerensky then allowed Kolchak's escape to the United States, while the other high ranking officers of the Russian armed forces were being shot.

Kolchak didn't go to the USA, but he formed an army of men and women who wanted to liberate Russia from the Bolsheviks. Kolchak formed an anti-Bolshevik government, and he became the Supreme Governor of Russia. The allied forces – who would soon let him down and leave him alone in the war – also recognized his government as the only official government in Russia. Kolchak and his army desperately fought, literally till the bitter end, and eventually Kolchak faced a *betrayal* which led to his arrest and execution by the Bolshevik regime in 1920.

Before his death, Aleksandr Kolchak expressed in a proclamation his vision of a liberated Russia. He wrote:

My chief aims are the organization of a fighting force, the overthrow of Bolshevism, and the establishment of law and order, so that the Russian people may be able to choose a form of government in accordance with its desire and to realize the high ideas of liberty and freedom. I call upon you, citizens, to unite and to sacrifice your all, if necessary, in the struggle with Bolshevism.

However, understanding and realizing the *true* nature of the *Russian revolution* reveals the first victims of Bolshevism to be the Russians themselves and the horrible fate eventually faced by most of the other Slavic nations in Europe, such as that of the Ukrainians in the 1930's, which the

Ukrainians call *Holodomor*. Regrettable mistakes were made in the tragic years of the 2nd World War which resulted in the ideology of Marxist *racial extremism* swallowing up half of Europe. As David Duke pointed out in his various speeches, there is hope in Russia, and our people – in America, Europe and especially in Russia – must find a common sense in the struggle for our freedoms. They say that *evil prevails* when *good men* fail to act; we ought to say – we will *not* fail to act this time!

The conference gathered a lot of media attention as well. Even a Television group from France had showed up, and John gave them an interview in French. Some local TV news reporters (from Memphis) seemed to have the same hateful attitude towards the European-American civil rights struggle as the *black supremacists* and other leftist and Marxist extremists. Repeatedly, they asked: why do *white supremacists* gather in the city of the *civil rights movement*? Of course, the media representatives could not answer the question why the European-American activists could not or would not be allowed to meet in Memphis or in any other city in America. I felt the media was totally misguided in their crusade against Duke's conference – they persisted in using derogatory terms to describe those who organized the conference and those who participated in it; everything from the *Ku Klux Klan* to “white supremacists” and the usual “neo-Nazi” slur were used.

However, the leftist extremists did not show up nor did they attack anyone. Somebody told me that there were a couple of protestors outside demonstrating against the ongoing conference, and I was curious to see if some of them really were there, but I could not see anyone. They probably had left the scene when they understood that they would not be able to cause trouble at the conference or intimidate those who participated in it.

Suddenly my time came up. While I was observing the media representatives and John was giving an interview for the Memphis TV News, Duke winked at me and asked me to prepare myself for my speech. “Henrik, you are going to be the next speaker after Derek Black,” he said. “Just speak about 10 minutes, tell about your case here in America and what happened to you in Finland. Just tell what you want to tell the American people,” he continued. I would be lying, if I said I wasn't nervous then. I knew that nearly 150 members of the audience would be listening me, and that it would be broadcasted live over the *Stormfront* discussion forum all over the world.

After Derek Black finished his speech, Duke made a short introductory speech. I still remember the words he used; ... “*He contacted me saying that Jewish Supremacism was a life-changing book for him and he's been reading my stuff on the Internet and he said 'would you let me to translate the book into the Finnish language' [...] And he put out some very fine material, not hateful, and the government of Finland is trying to prosecute him for 'hate crimes' [...] and he might become a political dissident refugee from the EU... I give you now Henrik Holappa...*”

I began my speech with a somewhat shaky voice. I had a look at my audience, whom I noticed was paying close attention to me. I had no notes and I felt I had not practiced the speech enough. I understood that – and later after I had participated as a speaker in some major conferences and demonstrations in Sweden and Finland – I feel I am a better speaker when I speak freely without notes or papers. When I stood in front of the 150 people, all looking at me, I knew I had to handle my *first* – ever made - speech in English well. I still can't say whether or not those who were present in the conference room noticed my nervousness, however, I did not let my nervousness take over. After a couple of minutes, I had gotten over my nervousness and got into the right mood for my speech.

As often occurs in various situations when you are excited and wish everything would be over very soon, you suddenly feel comfortable and literally warmed up, and eventually the feeling of certainty conquers your body and you feel you could be going on longer – the natural conclusion being that it is over sooner than you realize – and so it happened during my speech as well. My audience gave me a standing applause, something I did not expect to happen, but it did. David Duke then came to stand next to me, shook my hand and held my hand up in the air – which of course was a great expression of honor for me, and it was something I could not expect to happen during the first English speech I made to a larger audience. While I stood there in front on all those people,

I wished that Mona had been there to see me, and maybe I even imagined her to be somewhere in the audience.

After my talk several people came to talk to me and thanked me for the speech. Some of them were sincerely touched and wished to help me in some way.

The conference was about to end after John's speech and Margaret's singing. The last episode of the conference offered the possibility for the audience to present questions to the Euro Conference's speakers. The end of the conference meant that the trip to Memphis was over and it was once again time to get back to Pennsylvania.

Before we left Memphis, there was a park we all wanted to visit, the park was dedicated to the Confederacy's great Civil War general – to General Nathan Bedford Forrest. General Forrest was one of the most innovating generals during the American civil war in the 1860's, and he became General Robert E. Lee's most trusted commander. There he was – sitting on his horse and with a sharp look in his eyes. The statue dedicated to him had a matching proverb that made me to think of the sacrifices our peoples have gone through to keep their freedoms.

*Those hoof beats die not upon fame's crimson sod,
But will ring through her song and her story;
He fought like a Titan and struck like a god,
And his dust is our ashes of glory.*

VI. Calm before the Storm

By December, I had stayed in the United States of America already for 5 months. I still didn't have a clear image of my future in the country in which I had been assimilated already quite well. I understood that applying for political asylum in America was more of tentative way of staying in that huge country for little bit longer than I would have actually *believed*, if granted political asylum. However, the political asylum application, which I had filed and signed – twice – in October was a major factor for my prolonged stay in the USA. For such a long time, I would be a political asylum applicant – for this long period, I would be involved in the immigration court system.

Soon after David Duke's EURO Conference in Memphis, I got an invitation letter from the Department of Homeland Security to attend in my first immigration review at the Immigration Court in Philadelphia. My situation was now different, since I did not have a lawyer on my case or a legal consultant who would represent me.

On Tuesday morning, the 8th of December, I, John, Margaret and Joe Fields – a Croatian-American civil rights activist, who had together with John organized a successful *No More Wars for Israel* conference in California in the spring of 2007 – attended my hearing in the immigration court building at *1600 Callowhill Street* in Philadelphia. The actual court room was of course full of immigrants, mainly from South American and the African countries. Most of the asylum seekers had stayed in the United States for several years, some of them had overstayed their visa and some of them had no *legal* status whatsoever – they had just come there to be *legally* checked.

My case number for that day was number 6. What surprised me most during this hearing was that almost all the asylum seekers – who were interviewed before me – had criminal backgrounds; some of them had been sentenced for *racketeering* and other serious crimes. All that the black immigration judge could say was to advise those applicants to get themselves an attorney with qualifications in immigration as well as criminal law.

The judge then invited me to be interviewed. I stood up in front of the bench and she asked me to give her the invitation paper from the Department of Homeland Security – which had been forgotten in Pittsburgh. “Your Honor,” I said, “the invitation paper is not with me.” She then asked my whole name, and the government's prosecutor had already found my case paper – even without knowing my name, she raised her voice little bit and said; “Case Esa Henrik Holappa.” Everything seemed to be clear and I received permission to be seated.

John sat next to me as my *interpreter*. John was fluent in several languages, and therefore he might have very have served as my '*occasional interpreter*'.

The Judge then asked who John was and he replied that he was my '*occasional interpreter*'. At that moment the nosy African-American government's prosecutor scrutinized John, Joe Fields and Margaret. She asked; "Who are those people with you; your friends?" - she asked. "Yes, they are my friends", I answered. The judge told the prosecutor that it is not relevant for her to know with whom I had arrived there. The government's prosecutor probably wondered if we represented some sort of *Illuminati*, because we all had, except Margaret of course, and without even realizing it ourselves, dark suits and *golden ties*.

Later, I found out that some active Philadelphia *black supremacist* had sneaked into the court room and later reported about my asylum hearing on their websites. There might have been a chance that this lonely black *anti-racist* had "leaked" some hints into the government's prosecutor's ear about *Case Number 6*, and therefore the prosecutor had an additional interest in those people with whom I had arrived at the hearing.

The interview went quite smoothly. The judge was surprised that now she could actually talk with someone who understood English, and who did not have a *criminal record* in America. She asked a few questions, told me to swear an oath and since she was so surprised by a European asylum seeker, she forgot to tape-record the first part of the hearing, which then had to be repeated. The interview did not take a very long time, I received some forms and a list of immigration lawyers in Philadelphia, which I might have needed to use. The black judge also granted me plenty of time before my next hearing – which she ordered to be held on the 21st of July, 2009.

Philadelphia was historically very interesting. It was the city where American independence was first declared. I visited the very house where the American *revolutionaries* had plotted their independence from Great Britain just over 230 years ago. I also saw the famous *Liberty Bell*. That was the bell that George Washington and his followers had rung in the tower when they officially announced the *Declaration of Independence*. Like many other American cities, Philadelphia also had high skyscrapers. Since the Declaration of Independence the city itself had changed. Just like Baltimore, Philadelphia likewise had its dark side; *illegal immigration, gang violence, a high murder rate and a drug trafficking problem*. However, unlike in Baltimore, I did not have enough time to experience the dark shadows of Philadelphia, and I wasn't even sure if I wanted to.

After I arrived in Pittsburgh, and had seen that all the legal work for my political asylum case had been done correctly – or at least still had that impression – and had received 7 months before my grand immigration review, I traveled to Kane – to a small town North of Pittsburgh. A Lithuanian friend of mine, Aleksy, had invited me to help him to build a house. The small village, where he lived near Kane, seemed very peaceful. No soul there would likely cause any disturbance, and the snowy landscape with evergreen trees reminded me of Finland. I stayed there till Christmas, when we both went to celebrate the holiday season with our friends in Pittsburgh.

American Christmas did not seem to be much different from the European – or the Finnish – Christmas, except that the Americans had their Christmas dinner on the 25th, when in Finland and in other Nordic countries it is served on the 24th, and usually on the 24th, Christmas presents are also given to our loved ones. Of course, the typical American Christmas dinner has *turkey*, when in Finland the dinner has *ham*. Also, what was different and surely noticeable was that the 26th of December was *not* a holiday in America – unlike in Europe, and it is called there "*Boxing Day*". The first day after Christmas meant for many Americans a day to start a *shopping spree* or exchange unwanted presents.

I had befriended Joe Field's second-oldest daughter, Ingrid Fields. I stayed over at her home after the Christmas Day and instead of shopping, we went to see a movie. I remember I was interested in seeing Tom Cruise's newest movie – *Valkyrie*. Somehow, we ended up watching a "romantic" vampire story – *The Twilight*. It wasn't a typical vampire movie I had used to watch, but Ingrid seemed to be pleased by the story.

The New Year was also coming up fast – The New Year offered a new chance and maybe even a change. The year 2008 as a whole had been a difficult and heart-breaking year – however I

wasn't miserable, although Mona's fate still occupied my mind frequently. For the New Year, I hoped for a resolution of my political asylum application, the prospect of spending more months fighting for political asylum, I found to be somewhat frustrating. Sometimes I was even thinking of my possible arrest on the issue, since I was associating with the white civil-rights movement in America – but I always came to the conclusion that it is not *illegal* and America still had, unlike Finland and rest of the Europe, freedom of speech, freedom of expression and freedom of association.

Now, while writing this book in Finland, the Finnish Department of Justice has just introduced a new law bill which would make merely clicking onto a pro-white website – considered by its content to be ‘racist’ and ‘inciting’ – a punishable felony crime, under which an individual could be sentenced to 4 years (!) in prison! If all the government's anti-racist laws are carried out and executed as such, Finland has indeed entered into the new, very frightening, dark era.

Early in January of 2009, John's house on the 213 Ekastown Road got a new resident; a former United States Marine Corps major and Harvard graduate, William Fox.

William Fox offered an interesting addition to John's household. Fox together with a former United States Army intelligence officer, Captain Eric May, hosted the *Ghost Troops* program, which was dedicated to exposing *false flag* operations on US soil – by the US government. Fox, as well as May have spent several hours, days or even months uncovering what really happened on September 9th in 2001. They also worked on exposing other possible false flag operations which may have taken place in America.

At that time their interest was focused on President Obama's nomination to the presidency in January. The Secret Service – responsible of the security of the president – exposed two assassination attempts on Obama that were supposedly planned by *white supremacists*. However, Major Fox and Captain May did – and are still doing – valuable work to prevent *state-sponsored terrorism* in the United States. An interesting question is how many possible false flag operations these two former high-ranking armed forces officers have already been able to prevent.

Often at the dinner table, our discussions dealt with the history of the United States, especially during the time of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. From Major Fox and John, I learned many valuable historical facts about America – and its forefathers, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. William Fox also kept up his brilliant website “American First Books”, which has a large selection of e-books and other interesting information related to American history and the current political situation in America. One of the founding fathers of America, Thomas Jefferson, probably never thought that America would be ruled by the huge *federal government*. He feared that big government would take over – and later would crush – the individual rights of the Americans. Often John also stated that Jefferson was a supporter of *local rule* or *local self-rule*.

Thomas Jefferson believed that America could not be ruled by the ideology of *democracy*. His statement concerning democracy made his point of view very clear – *A democracy is nothing more than a mob rule, where fifty-one percent of the people may take away the rights of the other forty nine percent*. Jefferson, where he might have been right, thought that democracy will eventually ruin the constitution and therefore Americans’ God-given rights – such as freedom of speech – would be violated by *any* big government in the United States.

By February, the *harsh* Pennsylvanian winter had almost disappeared and it rather reminded me of typical spring weather in Finland. Most of the day, it was pretty warm, by my standards, and the sun was shining. Many times John and I took the dogs for longer walks out of Sarver. Later in February, I was invited to a nationalist rock festival. I had really never participated in any rock festivals – since many of them are closely observed by the State Security Police in Europe – but together with Ingrid, we decided to go to this rock festival near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. There were several bands playing, even some from Europe, but we both felt quite tired and therefore, we left the festival earlier than planned, and drove back to Pittsburgh.

My life in the country and in one of its Eastern states, which John said to be the heartland of a new *revolutionary* movement, seemed to have settled down. By March, 150 days had passed since my asylum application, which would now have allowed me to seek work. I still wasn't ready to

consider dating a girl or having a relationship – Mona's tragedy had become a part of my life in America and many times I thought what I would tell her now, if I had the chance, sometimes in my mind I told her the words I wanted to say, and I wished in some way that my words could find her.

John's landlord had finished the renovation of the basement floor – it was a refreshing and light-colored, new floor. John offered me the basement apartment for my use as soon as there would be more furniture. Sometimes, our cats would spend the nights in the basement chasing each other, and sometimes they fought over food, although there was always enough food for the cats.

March 8th was my mother's birthday. I had stayed in touch with my family regularly, and I remember calling my mother quite early in the morning (local Finnish time) and wished her a happy birthday. I think she was still sleeping at that time, but she became very happy upon hearing my birthday regards. I told her that I will call her again the next day and that I was just about to leave for a walk with John.

It was raining, and it was little bit windy. While I was waiting for John outside, I noticed the local Sheriff's car parked on the other side of the road, right next to John's house. It stood there for a while, and then it took off. I thought it was a strange spot for a police officer to be observing speeding drivers.

John and I had a walk with the dogs. Although it was raining, the dogs enjoyed the walk. We drove to another small town nearby; *Arnold*. We had a drink at the local restaurant and like so many times earlier, this time we also had a political discussion. We discussed the future of America – if America's fate is to become oppressive towards its own citizens under the new president Obama. I told John about the possibility of working at the local library in Freeport, since the workers of the small library had been positive toward hiring me there as a part time librarian. The rain had stopped, now it was just foggy, but we decided to leave Arnold and drive back to Sarver.

Margaret had prepared a nice meal, which we had when we arrived back. It was already evening, and the fog had become thicker. Margaret asked if I could drive her to Natrona Heights to another small town near Sarver to do some shopping. It started to rain again when we left. On Sunday evening, Natrona Heights looked very peaceful. I told Margaret I would wait for her outside while she did the shopping. The sky was dark, but it had finally stopped raining. Then all of a sudden the thunder hit us with its bright lightning. Three times the lightning lit up the sky, and three times it gave a long, scratching sound, but then it was silent again and peaceful. I looked up at the sky and thought it was the calm before the storm.

Jailed in America – Chains We Can Believe In

A Man Is Not Born Free, A Man Has to Fight For His Freedom

I. Arrest on the Country Road

The morning of March 9th was just like any other morning in peaceful Sarver. We had a nice breakfast that Margaret had prepared, and as usual the dogs were expecting us to take them for a walk. I needed to visit the ATM near the Giant Eagle shopping mall, and I asked John if I could use his car for this purpose. John thought we could take the dogs for a walk at the creek, just north of Pittsburgh, and then on the way there, I could withdraw some cash from the ATM.

The weather was sunny and pretty warm; no one could have imagined that the weather would become so nice on that Monday morning, when just a day before it had been raining for most of the day. In the meantime, while John was preparing his blog post of that day, I completed some of the letters, which I wanted to mail to a few political prisoners in America.

John stepped out of his office, he looked happy, and he said; “Alright, Henrik, I am ready to leave now! We will just take the beasts with us – for a w-a-l-k!” The dogs had learned the word “w-a-l-k”, and as soon as they heard someone mentioning the magical word, even if they were sleeping, they became so excited and active that nothing could stop them. The dogs, being awake and aware of the situation, meant we had to leave discretely. I – even though it was warm outside – wore my heavy black jacket, and for some reason, although we were just going for a walk, I took my wallet, my passport with the immigration papers, and I even took my rain coat. For some reason, I felt I would need them all that morning.

Sometimes subconsciously you know or you have the feeling that something will soon happen, but you cannot be sure if something is really going to happen. However, I didn't know what was to happen in a couple of hours as we left, but maybe something deep inside me warned and guided me. When eventually that which one expects to happen, does happen, it does not become a surprise, because at an unconscious level you knew it would happen.

A weird coincidence took place just a couple of days before the Monday of March, 9th. I received a letter from a political prisoner from the Corcoran State Prison, in California. He was placed in the SHU – Security Housing Unit – and he advised me to watch a realistic movie called “Felon”; and by watching the movie, I would get the impression of his everyday life in the SHU. Not yet did I know that very soon I, myself, would get the ‘realistic impression’ of the everyday life in the SHU. Also on that weekend, I met Ingrid and a couple of her friends. We spent time in the town, just walking and talking. Then, it was my time to leave, and before I left, Ingrid and we hugged. She asked when I would be back to visit her, and I remember, I gave her a somewhat correct answer. I simply told her that “I don't know.”

Finally John and I left, and we stopped by at the Giant Eagle, and it was a quick tour inside, and I gave half of the donation's amount I'd received to John. For some reason, we both were quite serious that morning. John drove us on one of the side roads that led to the creek north of Pittsburgh. Suddenly, John stopped at the local Veterans' Club. The Veterans' Club had a side road off the main road and a parking lot opened up when we drove in. We went in, and a nice, older man, having a “Nam Veterans” cap on his head, welcomed us. “Hi, how are you doing?” he asked, and shook our hands. John started saying that he had driven past several times and had never stopped to see what the Veterans' Club was. John then explained that he was a former marine, but had never served in war. John also introduced me, and mentioned my service time in Finland. The host of the club, this nearly 60-year-old Vietnam veteran, told us that we could both join the club, if we wanted. He mentioned that they were not officially open at that time of the day, but that they would open their doors at 12pm. John said to him that we both would come back after a walk.

John decided to turn off to the left from the Veterans' Club's road, and continue driving in the direction of the creek. We probably didn't even drive a mile, when I saw the local Sheriff's car parked on the side road of that country road. I turned to look at him, and I felt that something was

not right, and the local police officer was sure to have a look at me. I remember seeing the police car through John's car's side mirror, and in that moment the police officer hit the red and blue lights, giving us a sign to stop. "What now?" John asked before stopping, and he was bit confused; "I didn't drive over the speed limit..."

John stopped the car and I kept looking at the police officer from the mirror, I instinctively knew the officer would not want anything from John, but from me. He walked over to the passenger's side and knocked on the window, and I opened it.

"Do you have identification, sir?" he asked. I gave him my passport and included the paper from the Department of Homeland Security that confirmed I was registered as an alien resident in Pennsylvania. John was worried, and he asked the officer what is going on, but the officer refused to answer just remaining quiet. Then he asked; "Are you Mr. Esa Henrik Holappa?", which I confessed to be. "Would you please step out of the car, sir", he asked, and I opened the door and stepped out of the car. John stayed in the car, but became outraged at what the officer intended to do.

When I stepped out of the car, I saw two more squad cars, and one officer walking towards me. "Mr. Holappa, I've been looking for you", he said. "I am from the ICE...", then the local police officer asked me to lean onto John's car's rear so that he could body search me. Now the ICE officer was standing next to me, and I noticed he was armed with a 9-mm pistol. John had opened the window from his side, and he continued protesting my arrest. The ICE officer tried to calm the situation by saying that they will take me to the FBI building in Pittsburgh and that they only needed to check up on my paperwork. Of course, the officer was lying.

In the meanwhile the other ICE officer, who stayed bit behind us, had brought over handcuffs and leg irons. I was handcuffed, and the handcuffs were connected to a belt, so that I couldn't move my hands or do anything dangerous. Then I was leg-ironed, and the officer asked me to sit down on the front of his car's engine hood and he told me; "Don't try anything foolish."

There was a lot going on, and in that moment, I couldn't pay attention to everything that happened around me. John was yelling from the car, and I tried to give him a sign not to resist my arrest. The ICE officer then yelled at John; "Sir, if you don't shut up, I will put you under arrest for resisting arrest!" That shocked John, and there was nothing he could have done for me then.

I realized that my arrest was that which I had felt was going to happen imminently. The police car stopping me and the federal agent putting me in chains was the reality of that day, and it didn't surprise me. Maybe only one thing which surprised me was that I was ambushed on a country road, where I did not expect them to pick me up. A more logical spot for my arrest would have been at John's house or somewhere near John's house, but not in the middle of a country road. The ICE agent then approached me, and told me that I will be now taken – he opened his car's back door and was ready to seat me inside his car. At that moment, when I looked at those three men who came to arrest me, and the sheriff coming from the local town, I felt nothing, my heart did not even beat faster. I simply despised my captors.

The last words I could hear John yelling at me were; "Henrik, I love you, man!" I quickly nodded my head, expressing to John that everything was "o.k." Then the arresting officer slammed the car's door on my face and closed me into his world. I became the prisoner of the US government.

I didn't know what was going to happen next; I even imagined that I might be released later on that day, but the handcuffs and the leg irons meant something else. Also, the car's door was locked, which clearly expressed that they really weren't going to let me go. I didn't have a watch with me, but I sat there on the backseat of the car quite a long time alone. I didn't know what was happening outside; I tried to see what was happening but I couldn't see anything. Then suddenly the ICE officer opened the car's door and asked me to show my handcuffs to him and he touched them. He looked like someone who'd just been promoted, and he was proud of his job catching *illegal immigrants*, which I had become 5 months earlier. "I just wanted to see if you're one of those guys who try to do tricks with the handcuffs", the officer told me, and shut the door. Then, I waited some

more. I don't know what they were doing for such a long time before we finally left. I thought maybe they talked with John or they were planning to arrest John for some reason.

The arresting officer then came over to the car, and we waited some more. What was going on, I had no idea. The sheriff walking outside asked the ICE officer to open the car's driver's side window and he said; "We better leave, this guy may be a little maniac... He just took out his pistol." The sheriff sounded worried, and the ICE officer took his warning seriously; "Alright, we will leave now." I don't know if John ever took his pistol out and actually threatened to do anything with it. However, the pistol that John had made the sheriff and the two other Federal agents nervous. We left from the country road, and I tried to watch where he was driving me.

"So, you are former military?" He tried to open a conversation with me, but I remained silent. "Okay," he continued, "you don't have to talk to me, but we will have a long trip together."

He drove somewhere north – about 30 miles – beyond the city of Butler, and we arrived at a police station. First I got the impression that I would not be brought to Pittsburgh at all, but that I would be placed in a small cell in some local police station. Of course, I had no reason to believe anything that the Federal agent had told me during my arrest. However, soon I found out that he just needed to pick up another *illegal* immigrant who had been arrested a day earlier by the local police. Juan was his name, a small Mexican from New York City; but I couldn't figure out how he had ended up in Pennsylvania. He spoke English with mixed Spanish, so that the officer couldn't understand him. "Juan, don't be a piece of shit", the officer told him while he cuffed him and placed him in the car. Juan didn't seem to like to be under arrest and on the way to Pittsburgh, he tried to get out of his handcuffs, when the officer pulled off the highway.

The officer stepped out of the car and checked his handcuffs. "Don't you try to do anything stupid, or I will make sure you'll be in big trouble!" Obviously, the officer didn't like Juan's thoughts. We arrived in Pittsburgh; I felt it was my last view of Pittsburgh – and what was going to happen next captured my mind. As soon as we arrived at the FBI building in Pittsburgh, at East Carson Street, we were both put in cells, and the security guard at the building took off my leg irons and handcuffs. Once again, I didn't know how long I stayed in the cell, but the Department of Homeland Security agent questioned Juan first.

I was offered a warm meal, and I was pretty hungry, since I hadn't eaten anything for several hours. The meal wasn't too filling, but it satisfied my hunger. That was the least meal I had that day. As soon as I had finished the meal, the officer then opened my cell door and asked me to come out. He told me to sit up front at his desk. "I've read your case, Mr. Holappa," he started saying. "The next thing that I am going to tell you is not something you will not like to hear me say, but the special agent in charge of your case, has ordered us to take you into custody for visa violation..." I interrupted him saying; "Visa violation?"

"Yes," he continued. "Your application for political asylum arrived four days late. This doesn't change your status at all; it will actually speed it up." He made my arrest sound like they had been thinking only the best for me and that they only wanted to help me. He went through my papers, checked my wallet, and took out my driver's license and made some copies of it. He also found the pictures of Mona I had kept in my wallet. "Is she your girlfriend in Europe?" he asked, but I didn't say anything. "Not anymore?," he asked, and said, "well, it isn't my business."

"Until Thursday, you will stay in Allegheny County Jail, in Pittsburgh, and on Thursday you will be removed to York State Prison."

"York State Prison...?" I asked, and then he gave me a short guide book about the prison.

"Of course you won't be there with the criminals, you will be there with the other immigrants." Everything that I had experienced in the last few hours, the dutiful ICE officer made it sound like a *normal* thing, and that it wasn't a big deal. I even got the impression I could keep most of my personal items, such as my cell phone.

He gave me the printed copies of the order for my removal from the United States of America, as well as the copy of the order for my being taken into custody – which were signed by the special agent in charge, *Kalias Muhammad*. The ICE officer told me that I should keep the copies of my paperwork for later use for my asylum review. However, I had to ask something

which bothered my mind. “How come this didn't happen in December after my court hearing? I was even given a new court date for July.”

The officer seemed to be a bit surprised by my question; for a moment he looked like he didn't know the answer himself. “Yes, it should have happened already in December, but I don't know why it didn't happen... However, this will speed up your case, you don't want to be in custody longer than is necessary, and we don't want that either.” Everything the officer told me was lies, but at that moment, I didn't know more, except what had happened, and that I will be removed to a prison in America by the order of *Kalias Muhammad*, whose signed paperwork I held in my hands.

Kalias Muhammad had signed the following order;

**ORDER OF REMOVAL
SECTIONS 217 AND 241**

To: Esa Henrik Holappa

File Number: A 087 361 909

Having determined that:

1. You are neither a citizen nor a national of the United States and,
 2. You were admitted to the United States on July 11, 2008 at JFK Airport in New York under section 217 of the Immigration and Nationality Act, and authorized to remain in the United States until October 10, 2008.
 3. You have violated the conditions of that admission in that:
 - a. After admission as a nonimmigrant visitor under Sector 217 of said Act, you have remained in the United States without authorization beyond the time authorized, under Section 237 (a)(1)(B) of the Immigration and Nationality Act;
- and
- b. You have waived your right to contest any action for deportation, except to apply for Asylum, having been admitted under Section 217 of the Immigration and Nationality Act.

By virtue of the authority vested in the Attorney General of the United States and/or the Secretary of The Department of Homeland Security, in me as his delegate, by the laws of the United States,

I HEARBY ORDER that you be removed from the United States of America

KALIAS MUHAMMAD
Acting Assistant Special Agent in Charge

March 9, 2009
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The order of my custody and the removal from the United States were not the only subjects that Kalias Muhammad had in mind for me; later, I found out – which I will reveal in this book – he had reserved a *surprise* for me that certainly did surprised me.

I got permission to make a phone call to let my *hosts* know what had happened. I only remembered two phone numbers which I hadn't written anywhere, but had kept the numbers in my mind. I tried to call John first, but the number was busy – then I tried to call Ingrid, but from the FBI phone, I could only make phone calls inside the state of Pennsylvania, and Ingrid's phone number was registered to Texas. After three attempts, I had lost two chances, and I wished somebody would answer at the third attempt. I tried to call John again, and he answered the phone. “Hi, John, it's Henrik here...” I couldn't continue saying anything else, but John became pleasantly happy to hear my voice; “Where are you now, Henrik? Will they let you go?” I told him my whole

situation, and I gave him the address of the York State Prison, where they were about to take me on Thursday.

“Henrik,” John told me, “never give up, I will make sure that all the comrades in the movement will know about your mistreatment by the US government.”

John's words made me feel good, but soon my thoughts were already on my up-coming imprisonment in America. The path I had taken, in order to avoid imprisonment in Finland, brought me to America to seek freedom, but in my prison cell in the SHU, I learned that one cannot always avoid the inevitability of events in one's life.

II. Inmate of Allegheny County Jail

It was now clear that I was going to be sent to a prison in America. My first stop would be Allegheny County Jail near downtown Pittsburgh, and eventually York State Prison where I would be *detained* for an un-specified amount of time until my immigration review hearing.

Juan was also transferred with me to Allegheny County Jail. He had stayed in America already for 11 years, and prison for him was not a new experience; in fact, his story was somewhat a typical *Mexican story*. He had entered the United States illegally at the end of the 1990's, and had committed a felony crime for which he had been sentenced to prison. As there are so many other illegal *border-jumpers* in prison, some of those illegals – when they are eventually freed from prison – do not end up being *deported* from America, *but are allowed to stay in America*. The government is too busy to check everybody's background and how they have entered the United States; therefore, the government skips the personal background check of those inmates who are not considered a “high-security risk” for the United States of America.

Juan belonged to those illegal immigrants whose background wasn't checked by the US government when he was released from prison. What had caught Juan was speeding and not having valid identification and a legal visa for his stay in America.

Sometimes an illegal immigrant in America may easily get away – even if he committed a crime – after his conviction; but for my “crime”, for not having a signature, a technical reason was enough to lock me up.

A transit van drove to the waiting yard of the FBI building, and 4 officers from the Allegheny County Jail stepped out of the van. “These are the illegals?” the officer asked the ICE officer. “Yeah, they are the illegals”, he said, sounding tired. “Well, boys, we'll have to lock you up” the officer told us. I think Juan still had some desperate escape plan in his mind; he knew that he was going to be sent back to Mexico, which he really didn't want. He blinked his eye for me, giving me some sort of sign. That told me he wanted to get away, but I pretended not to be aware of his gesture and he told me; “Amigo, I will tell you soon.”

We jumped into the van in our handcuffs and leg irons. It made walking difficult, since I could only take small steps, and for sure any escape – which I still think Juan had in his mind – really would have been suicidal. All the 6 officers that guarded us were armed, so they would not have thought twice about shooting us both, if anything had happened. What Juan wanted to tell me, he never got to say, so maybe he realized his chances for escape were very slim, although he knew he would one again end up in Mexico after 11 years in the United States.

Allegheny County Jail was like any other American prison I had seen on TV and in American documentaries. What made the difference between jail and prison was that the men already being in prison had no chance to get around their sentence, but those in jail, still had the chance of being released.

An African-American security officer was waiting for us at the processing room in the jail. “Maggots, turn your backs against me and put your hands up on the wall!” he yelled at us. There were maybe 4 other men waiting to be body searched. An officer checked my pockets, my pants, my jacket and my boots. “Did you serve in the army?” he asked. “Yes, I served in the Finnish army”, I told him. The other officer raised his interest towards my military service and asked the inspecting officer about what I'd answered. “The Finnish army, eh...” he said.

“Now, you can turn around, and you will take all your clothes off”, the black security officer commanded us. One of the detainees asked if it really meant *all* clothes, and he got the answer from the security officer; “You don't have to be afraid that I will fuck you up, just take off the goddamn clothes and we'll get this done.”

There were four naked men standing in front of the wall and waiting to be inspected by the security officer. An officer approached me and started to give me instructions on how to get through with the inspection. “Just do what I will tell you to do”, he told me.

“Put your fingers through your hair.”

“Show me your mouth.”

“...Roll your tongue from side to side.”

“Put your finger along your gum line.”

“Show me behind your left ear... behind your right...”

“Show me your pits, arms up!”

“Show me your dick... balls...”

“And now, turn around...” the orders continued.

“Your right foot... move your toes... your left foot... move your toes...”

“I want you to squat three times, and on the third time cough.”

The comprehensive security check was done. “You're alright,” the officer told me, “just dress up.” I still had my civilian clothes to wear. I was asked to stand in front of the wall until they called my name. Juan stood next me, and he was silent. It wasn't his day, and so it wasn't the day of any other inmate of Allegheny County Jail, either, who had been brought there. “Mr. Holappa,” an officer called my name. “We will now remove you to the custody room with the other inmates of this jail.”

I was inside the walls and I remembered something a friend of mine, a political prisoner, had once told me, who has served over 20 years behind bars. The laws that exist outside the prison, stop existing *inside* the prison. There are only two laws that exist in prison; the law of the security guards and the law of the inmates. The very first moment when a detainee steps into the *closed world of the prison*, he defines what sort of impression the security guards and the other inmates will get of him.

Juan and I were put into the same detention cell. The cell was quite small for 3 detainees; it seemed to be dirty and smelly. I sat down on the bench and looked through the window of the cell. “They just gave us the food, I would have left you some, if I had known someone was coming.” A detainee who already was in the cell was a 31-year-old former US Army soldier and a veteran of the Iraq War. “My name is Mike”, he greeted us. “What's your name?” he asked me, and I told my name was Henrik. He exchanged a few words with Juan, but Juan didn't care to talk much.

“What brought you here?” Mike asked.

“A visa violation,” I told him.

“Oh, Hell, man... aren't you an American?” He seemed quite surprised.

“No, I am a Finn...” And I held up the papers the ICE officer had given me at the FBI building.

“Can I have a look at your paperwork?” Mike showed some interest in my case.

He read through my paperwork and was totally astonished. He then stood up from the opposite bench of mine and walked over next to me. He had developed an interest in the name of the special agent in charge of my case. He pointed to the name of Kalias Muhammad with his finger and told me; “That is not an American name.” We discussed Obama, and he told me that he didn't trust Obama, but he didn't trust George W. Bush either – actually no one at all in the White House. Mike felt that the Army and the government had betrayed the soldiers who came back home from Iraq and Afghanistan. He admitted that after the war he had a drinking problem and some other mental and behavior problems that got him into the trouble with the law. The Army had dishonorably discharged him for assaulting a senior officer on duty, and he had spent some time in military prisons – because of assaulting the officer, Mike had lost his pension from the army, since he hadn't completed his 4 years active duty; he had “only” served 3 years.

What had brought Mike to Allegheny County Jail was an assault. He told me that his girlfriend's brother had attacked him with a knife, and they had fought. Mike had gotten furious with him, and he had beaten his girlfriend's brother so badly that he eventually had to go to the hospital.

"I will be released tonight, I will get on bail... My sister will pay \$ 2000 for me, otherwise I would spend weeks here, and that I don't want." I knew I couldn't get released, though I wanted to keep that little bit of hope in me. It was probably already quite late in the evening, we all were wondering what time they would actually transfer us "upstairs" - to the jail. The guards opened the cell door and all the detainees from the other cells were also released to the *time off* room. I tried my luck calling John again, but I couldn't get through – I should have had an account to make a call or make the call *collect* to John's phone, but unfortunately his phone contract didn't accept that sort of payment.

I was asked to come to the registration in the county jail's database. My finger prints were scanned, photos taken and I had a simple medical check-up. One of the female security guards asked that why I was detained, and I told her because of *visa violation*. I told her then my whole story beginning from Finland. At the end she said, "I wish you luck."

A majority of the inmates of Allegheny County Jail were young African-American males. Most of them had been caught for drug-related crimes or for being involved in gang violence. The whites mainly stayed by themselves, the few Mexicans stayed with each other and the Blacks stayed with other Blacks. In the county jail everyone knows how it will be in the real prison – you stay with your own *race* and separate from the others, the prison does not know the term *multiculturalism*; it doesn't exist – you don't trust anyone who is not from your own race.

"Yo, yoos the illegal?" One of the young African-American gangsters asked.

"Yeah, I'm the one." I answered.

"Where ya're from?" I told him I was from Finland, which he thought would be some town's name in Mexico, and I explained it is in Europe, but he had no idea of the map of Europe, so his final thought was that Finland is somewhere in Russia.

"If ya gets out'a here, ya hasta get an American *ho*..." he gave me his final advice.

All the inmates were put in the custody cells before being removed "upstairs". I guess it was already 9 pm. There were maybe 20 inmates in the cell where I was. Mike had already been released. The young African-American inmates kept the show going on, laughing and joking about the crimes they had been committing in the previous days. I just wanted to fall asleep, and put this day behind me, so I did lay down on the floor, and made a pillow out of my rain coat. Soon, I fell asleep.

As soon as I fell asleep on the floor, the inmates in the custody cell got the wake-up call. I had slept so deeply that it felt like I had slept only a few minutes. The clock on the time-off room's wall showed it was 3am in the morning. I had been at the Allegheny County Jail's processing room, in the custody cells, and at the time-off room since 4 pm, and I hoped that I would actually get to a real cell, if they were planning on keeping me there until Thursday. My hopes were answered soon.

"Mr. Holappa, Mr. Holappa..." I heard the officer calling my name, and I approached him. "You are Mr. Holappa?" he asked, and I confirmed it. "You're the illegal", he smiled a bit and continued; "Well, there aren't too many Finns who are illegal. Don't you have like your own 'state' somewhere up North?" He joked a bit and he seemed to be a fair officer. He told me that I will be removed to a cell and he asked me to go to the processing room where I could exchange my civilian clothes for the jail's orange jumpsuit.

After receiving the jail's jumpsuit and the underwear, I had a chance to have a quick shower, and that indeed felt refreshing. On the shower room's wall was a mirror. I looked at myself having the jumpsuit on me and I realized that it wasn't a dream I was having; it was reality – I had become a prisoner in America!

"Officer, I am ready." I notified the officer on duty. "Officer McKenzie will pick you up soon, just wait for him there", he advised me.

It maybe took 30 seconds until officer McKenzie came. "Okay, let's go then." I had my pillow and the blanket in my hands and walked along the long hallway of Allegheny County Jail. "You're fuckin' lucky..." officer McKenzie commented. I didn't know what he meant by that.

I was brought to the prison wing in the 4th floor. "You have the cell ready for him?" McKenzie asked the officer in duty. "Yeah, I got it ready... Put him in Number 17." He walked with me to the cell and opened the door. "Welcome to your new home", and closed the door as soon as I had stepped in. I prepared my upper-level bed and I jumped on top of it. The cell had a small window from which I could see outside. Ironically, I could see the same bridge over which I had passed on my first day in Pittsburgh, and when I had told John, after asking what building I could see from the bridge, discovered it was the same one I had stated "I would not want to be *inside* that building", which carries the name Allegheny County Jail.

III. Interrogation by the F.B.I

The automated shining lights hit the cell at 6.30am. I wasn't alone in the cell; I had an African-American cell-mate – or "*cellie*" in prison slang – who introduced himself as Larry. He was a 45-year-old, divorced alcoholic, who had been fired from his job. Alcoholism did not promise him much success in life – he had been in the county jail numerous times and now Larry was waiting to be sentenced again for aggravated drunk driving.

"How long time you gonna stay here?" Larry asked.

"Till Thursday..." I answered.

"This unit is pretty clean and cool... Just follow me and yoos gonna be okay."

It was time for breakfast and the cell's door was opened. All the inmates of the unit had lined up in the breakfast line. The breakfast seemed to be quite simple; honey nut *cheerios*, white bread and scrambled eggs with milk and strange-tasting coffee. I sat down with Larry next to the round table. Most of the inmates, as well as the correctional officers, were African-Americans.

I ate a few bites of the scrambled eggs and the bread. The coffee I left. Another black inmate came to sit in front of me, and he was obviously hungry. "I haven't eaten for three days", he told us. Larry had finished his breakfast, and I didn't feel like eating. "Are you done?" the other inmate asked. "If you want to have some extra food, yeah, have this one. I don't feel like eating anyway right now." I told him. "Thank you, man", he said, showing some gratitude.

As soon as I got back to the cell, the officer on duty called my name through the intercom. "Mr. Holappa get your stuff." I then picked up my pillow, blanket and sheet. "They are removing you now" Larry said. "They shouldn't..." I thought aloud. I reported myself to the officer on duty and she said; "You will be removed. Leave your stuff on the cart and the officer will take you to change your clothes." I only thought, what is going on – I should be staying in the County jail until Thursday.

Once again, I was waiting to be sent somewhere in the jail. Then I was asked to follow another officer, who asked me to go to the exchange room where I was given my clothes back. "What is going on?" I asked from one of the officers. He simply answered; "I don't know, but you are not on our books anymore." Suddenly, I didn't exist for the Allegheny County Jail anymore.

I was put in the custody cell with the other men who were waiting to be transferred or released. One older man came over to talk to me. "You're pretty young to be here, what brought you here?" That was probably the most-asked question put to me by the other inmates, and I always told I was detained because of *visa violation*. "You should have a green card, do you know of that, or get married", this older man advised me. However, it was not that simple to stay in America. Another Frenchman had forgotten to apply for the *marriage visa*, and he thought he could stay in America just because he is married to an American citizen. It took 8 years for Immigration and Customs Enforcement to arrest him on a *visa violation* charge.

The custody cell was a full of men just waiting. There was one 20-year-old black male who held a bible in his hands, read it aloud, and quoted the 'message of God'. I think someone even

asked him to stop, but he continued reading the bible. An officer opened the door of the custody cell and pointed me out, saying; “Mr. Holappa, there is someone who wants to see you.”

There was a man standing in front of the interrogation room. I even thought quickly that he might be a lawyer, but I was wrong. He shook my hand and said;

“I am from the F.B.I... maybe you know the FBI from the movies?” He then showed me his patch – special agent Amon Silverstein from the anti-terrorist unit. “Shall we go into this room?” Silverstein asked. He opened the door, and asked me to sit down on the chair. The interrogation room was small, no windows, only a wide-screen television in the room's corner. I noticed the camera on the wall and the red light on it was blinking. He had a brown bag with him and took some papers out of it.

“Alright,” he started, “I will read you your rights for this interrogation. This interrogation is confidential, and only I work with it”, Silverstein stated. He read my *Miranda* rights from the sheet of paper:

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand each of these rights I have explained to you? Having these rights in mind, do you wish to talk to us now?

After reading my rights he continued; “This is just a formal thing I have to do... Everything will stay confidential, unless, of course, you confess a murder or something.”

There are some conversations that you can not forget, and this interrogation by the FBI's special agent from the anti-terrorist unit is one of those conversations, which I still do remember from word to word.

“Do you know why you were detained and why you are here?” Silverstein asked calmly.

“I was told of visa violation.” I seemed to be surprised. I had a suspicion that the FBI does not go around to everybody who is being detained for alleged ‘visa violation’.

“The ICE told us that you were detained because you are a *white supremacist*...” This came like out of the clear blue sky - Maybe I was naive, but I wasn't expecting to hear from the special agent that the real reason for my arrest was my political views – and that my alleged ‘visa violation’ was not the real reason for my arrest after all, but it was just a means to get to me.

“Are you a white supremacist?” Silverstein asked.

“No, I am not a white supremacist, I simply believe that the whites do have some rights such as freedom of speech. That does not make me a white supremacist, if I do love my nation and my race.” I told Silverstein what I thought. And I continued; “It is not right that people get imprisoned just because of their opinions.”

Silverstein then continued saying that he understands my point-of-view and he expressed that also he did not accept the imprisonment of individuals who may have a different opinion about certain issues. However, the anxious special agent from the FBI kept prodding.

“What do you think about Jewish people? Do you believe in conspiracies and that the Jews run the media, the banks and the government?”

“I don't believe in conspiracy theories – but some things can be proven to be facts, and therefore claiming there could be a conspiracy is not a valid issue. Just as there are bad *Christian leaders*, there are also *bad* leaders among the Jewish people.”

“I see...” he said and threw another question at me. “What do you think about the Holocaust?”

“I am not a revisionist, and it does not matter whether or not I do believe it happened, but of course as any other even recorded in history, it should be investigated, and people should not be put behind bars because of their historical inquiries or findings.” I knew that Silverstein asked some of the questions from his personal perspective – questions that he had personalized for himself.

“Let's talk about your friends. How would you describe... John de Nugent?”

I found it weird that I was detained and was about to be sent to State prison for visa violation, and here I was being interrogated by a Federal agent who was seemingly interested in my

views about the Jewish people and the legally over-protected *Holocaust legend*. He asked a couple of other questions about John, and then he hit the fan.

“John de Nugent is a former marine, and then William Fox is a high ranking former marine officer, and you were also in the army. What is going on – do you think it is natural that all these ex-soldiers are living under the same roof?”

“I don't find anything weird in it, John served almost 30 years ago, and William Fox has not been in military service for over 10 years – I do not choose friends because of their military background. I would say it was just a pure coincidence that we all lived at the same house.”

Agent Silverstein then asked a few questions about Captain Eric May – whom I didn't meet – but he assumed that I knew him very well. After asking a few questions about John, William, Margaret and Captain May, he showed me a few pictures of the *EURO Conference*. “Do you recognize these people in the picture?” he pointed out with his pen David Duke and Don Black.

“Yes, I do recognize them”, I told him.

“What are their names?” he continued asking.

“David Duke and Don Black”, I answered. Then Silverstein asked; “What can you tell us about David Duke?”

“He has written two books, is a former member of House of Representatives of Louisiana... I think there is an article about him on the Wikipedia, and there isn't anything else (or more) I could tell you about him.”

Silverstein was interested in knowing whether or not I have discussed acts of *violence* with anyone. “What do you think about the Obama assassination?” Silverstein asked, as if it would have been a normal question to ask from someone who is applying political asylum.

“It would be horrible if something happened to him”, I answered. Agent Silverstein made some remarks concerning the assassination of Obama; “For people that may think the same way as you do, having a first African-American President is a tough thing.”

Nothing else was said, and he told me; “Alright, this interrogation is now over. I wish you best of luck in your case, and I have read your case, if there is a need, I will get back to you later.” I didn't see or hear from agent Amon Silverstein ever again. Maybe he thought he might have found a *revolutionary* conspiracy to overthrow the US Government, and could have played the ‘hero who prevented it from happening’.

I was back in the custody cell all alone and waiting to be removed elsewhere. My escort came alone. “I will take you to another county jail that is closer to your final location”, the ICE officer told me. I was only hand-cuffed, and he did not put leg irons on my legs. I still had a thought that I would be transferred to York State Prison, but between the next night and the following day something changed – it changed so much that it had a permanent result on the eventual outcome of my imprisonment in America.

IV. On the Way to Batavia

I arrived at a small county jail somewhere to the north of Pittsburgh. The journey there did not feel very long, although I did not know the time, since I had no watch on me. I thought it took about 1,5 hours. Strangely enough, I forgot the jail's name or what sort of facility it was.

When I arrived there, I was photographed, my fingerprints were taken and again I went through the same body search I had experienced in Allegheny County Jail. I was given orange trousers and an orange shirt. The trousers were too big for me, and I had to hold them with my hand so that they would not fall off.

I was placed in the open jail population and I got a small cell where I was alone. I had no idea what time it was, but I thought it was around 6 pm. I got served dinner in my cell, and then I got out of the cell and had a chance to watch television. I tried to make a phone call, since I had obtained the code that allowed me to call, but I couldn't get through. Then suddenly the officer on duty told me that I had to go back to my cell; he didn't give any reason why I was placed back in my cell.

It was hard for me to believe that I was imprisoned in America and that the reason for my arrest was political. I didn't want to think about what had happened and how it had happened, I didn't want to think at all – not even about what will happen next. The situation was unfamiliar to me, I had never been in prison, and I only thought of why I was being treated like a criminal. I fell asleep.

Sometime in the middle of night I was awakened. “Mr. Holappa”, I was asked. The officer on duty and two other officers stood behind my cell door. The officer on duty held a paper in his hand and he started saying; “The Department of Homeland Security has asked us to put you in *Administrative Custody* which means that you will be put into the *hole*.” I knew what it meant; it meant isolation. He asked me to take my stuff with me and he opened the cell's door. “Would you turn around?” he asked kindly and said; “I have to handcuff you.”

I didn't know what *they* knew or thought they knew about me. However, I realized the Department of Homeland Security had changed their plans for me – whether the FBI's interrogation had any influence on the changed plans or not – the governmental security administration somehow felt I posed a *security threat* to the county jail's security. But then, perhaps, it was lies from the very beginning, and their plan was never to send me to York's State Prison.

The hole's cell wasn't different from the open population's cell, except there were certain rules. Those who are incarcerated in isolation do stay there 23,5 hours / 7 days a week in their cells. Before the officer left, I asked him a question; “For how long do I have to be here?” He said; “I don't know, maybe just for a few days.”

I was awakened again in the morning for breakfast. The breakfast was slightly better than it was in Allegheny County Jail. All that I could do in that cell, isolated from my friends and loved ones was to think where I will be sent next. Everything had just happened a little over 48 hours ago, and I couldn't think straight. I still had the thought that maybe I will be released sooner or later, but on the other hand, the FBI's special agent Amon Silverstein from the anti-terrorist unit had made it very clear: I was being detained because of my political beliefs, which they considered *racist* and based on alleged *white supremacy*.

My situation felt unrealistic for me, and I didn't know anything, no one gave me any information and I didn't know what was going on outside. I just wanted to deny everything, put my detention out of my mind, and I just wanted to sleep – And I slept very well, until I was woken up again.

“Mr. Holappa,” I was told again, “you will be removed”. I was asked to leave my pillow, blanket and sheets in the cell and follow the three officers to the processing room. From a distance, I could see that 6 officers with combat trousers and boots, vests and helmets, armed with pistols and submachine guns were standing in the line at the processing room. I knew those men weren't just *normal* police officers or escorts; they were from the *Joint Terrorism Task Force*.

The officer on duty who picked me up from the cell told the squad leader; “This is your man”, - “Alright”, he said. Once again, for the 3rd time, I went through the security check. “Take off your clothes”, he ordered me. He gave me a new orange jumpsuit, which, of course, was extra large size. I was handcuffed and leg-ironed, again, and I got the vest as well. I couldn't see myself how I looked, but I got the feeling my next stop would be in Cuba, in Guantanamo – I felt like I was a *terrorist* or that was how they treated me as a *high security threat*. I wanted to try my luck and I asked the squad leader; “Where are you taking me?” He sounded serious and answered shortly and simply; “I can't tell you.”

The Special Forces picking me up from the County Jail north of Pittsburgh to take me to my next location only told me it was the US government's *tour de force* on me; I couldn't believe that they – the Department of Homeland Security – regarded me as an *extremely dangerous* person and a security risk. However, if they did regard me as a high security risk, I never got to know on what they based my classification, since I didn't have any criminal record in America, neither had I any convictions for violence.

Three lightly armored white transit vans were awaiting me. I was asked to get into one of them. Then the car's engine was started and I spent the next 2 hours in the van, sitting and just

wondering. I could see a little bit outside, and I saw road signs to *Niagara Falls* and Buffalo. Although, I didn't have US maps with me, I knew we were heading towards the North – I only thought that if they want to keep me imprisoned in the USA, they will not probably send me to Canada.

Soon I was in the small town called *Batavia*. Batavia looked empty and what I could see through the small window was a couple of hotels, a restaurant and a gasoline station – And, of course, the prison. The van drove through the gates to the parking hall. One of the officers opened the back door of the van for me and helped me to step out of the van. This was my final destination, I thought. I even thought they might be transferring me from one place to another, but, on the other hand, it would have cost them a lot more money.

I was taken inside, and a cell was waiting for me at the processing room. I was placed in the *administrative custody* cell. The officer who brought me there only took my leg irons off but left the handcuffs on. He closed the door, and I sat on the cold concrete bench. The cell had a bigger window and I could observe what was going on. There were also other inmates that had just been brought to the facility, but they were in *open cells*. I figured out that I would not be put in one of those cells.

I was quite hungry, and I noticed the other inmates were being served their food. An officer opened my cell door and said; “I will take your handcuffs off now; don't do anything stupid”, he warned me. I remained silent. “Have you gotten food?” He asked, and I replied I hadn't been given food since the morning. He closed the door again and came back soon with a brown paper-bag and said “There you have something.” I thanked him. Just when I had finished eating another officer came to check up on me.

“Do you know why you are here?” he asked.

“For visa violation”, I answered, though I didn't believe in that explanation myself anymore.

“White supremacist?” he asked.

“No, I have applied political asylum”, I explained.

“Yeah, that doesn't matter. Are you in any gang, like Aryan Nations, the Aryan Brotherhood?”

“No, I am not in any gang”, I denied my involvement in any prison gang.

And surprisingly the officer told me; “Not that I would care about it.”

Then again, it was just waiting. The custody cell was so small that I could barely sit, my feet touched the wall and the smelly toilet was next to me. I could see the time, and it was running quite fast. I think that was the last time, I really knew what time it was. For the next 5 hours, I sat in the cell before I was finally asked to come out. I was photographed, body-checked, my finger prints were scanned and finally after all that, I was asked to do the necessary paperwork.

The officer in charge asked me to sign a few papers and showed me a pink paper where I had to write down the names and phone numbers of people with whom I want to stay in touch. He was kind enough to allow me to check the needed phone numbers on my cell phone, but I wasn't allowed to make a phone call that night anymore. “Maybe tomorrow”, he said to me. The paperwork was completed.

“You're going to the SHU”, the officer notified me. He didn't have to explain me what the ‘SHU’ meant. Of course, the whole truth wasn't told me on that Thursday night the 12th of March, and the truth I soon found out the next morning.

I was escorted to the SHU from the processing room. The SHU had no lights at that time and it was silent. I had become an inmate of the *Security Housing Unit* – the unit that housed the most dangerous men of the prison. My thoughts were still closed in my mind and my future in America was located somewhere on the edge of darkness – I was surrounded by *nothingness*.

Eighty-Seven Days in the SHU

Freedom is not Self-Evident, Preserving Freedom requires Sacrifices.

I. Detainee # 087-361909

The SHU – Security Housing Unit – has many names among those placed in it. ‘*The Hole*’, ‘*The Walls*’ or ‘*nothing*’ – simply because there is *nothing*. The SHU's roots can be traced back to medieval times in Europe, when unwanted people and prisoners were left alone to die in the *dungeon*, and often the dungeons were just big holes in the ground which were covered by soil or metal bars.

The definition of the SHU says the following;

The Security Housing Unit (SHU) is a prison-within-a-prison, reserved for what the [US prison system] calls “the worst of the worst.” SHU prisoners are kept in windowless, 6 by 10- foot cells, 23½ hours a day, for years at a time.

People held under these conditions develop what is known as “SHU Syndrome” – the degradation of mental faculties caused by extreme isolation. Conditions in American SHUs are routinely the target of international human rights campaigns.

In 1996, a team from the United Nations assigned to investigate torture described SHU conditions as “inhuman and degrading.”

The California Department of Corrections [for example] operates four Security Housing Units in its system. Pelican Bay, Corcoran, California Correctional Institution, and Valley State Prison for Women hold 1,292, 1,204, 458, and 44 inmates respectively.

I was escorted by three security officers to my cell in the SHU – cell number 106. “Open 106”, one of the guards yelled at the officer on duty who sat in the observation room. The physical contact between the inmates of the SHU is limited to 30 minutes of recreation. The food being served to the cells and the inmates' contact with the officers is limited only to escort duties inside the prison.

The cell door was opened for me, and my hands were handcuffed behind my back. I was asked to go in and not to turn around. The officer closed the door and gave me commands;

“I open the slot, put your hands through the slot.” And I did what I was asked to do.

“I will un-cuff your right hand and grab the food port, do you understand?”

“Yes, sir, I do understand.” I answered the officer.

“I will un-cuff your left hand, and step away from the door, do you understand?” he kept asking.

I was inside the cell, and I turned around to see the officer. He continued saying to me; “You stay 23 and half hours in the cell, you get 3 showers a week and that's it. Welcome to the SHU.”

Later, the same officer brought me the list of attorneys and a paper which explained why I was placed in the SHU. It said; “Administrative custody – for safety and security reasons [...] Security level 3.” This meant that all the detainees in the Buffalo Federal Detention Facility were classified from security level one to three. Those who were lucky to have level one, were placed in the *open population* of the facility, and those who were classified with security level two and three were placed in the SHU. In the Federal prison system level three security classification is the highest. The paper which classified my security level said the following; “Detainee # 087-361909 is considered a high security threat to the safety and security of the Buffalo Federal Detention Facility and for himself.” It was signed by the SHU Captain Carter.

The cell looked empty. I prepared my bed and I didn't want to think what would happen next. I knew, however, the SHU will be a place where I will have a lot to think about. To be honest, I didn't even know where I was – What Buffalo Federal Detention Facility even meant. For me it

was not different from a prison, and it was a prison. I was called a *detainee* in the *detention facility*. What the word detainee meant? Or what 'detention facility' meant?

Buffalo Federal Detention Facility is a part of the Department of Homeland Security's Immigration and Customs Enforcement facilities. The facility in Batavia houses both; illegal immigrants, detainees and criminals – both alien and American citizens. However, the facility had about 600 detainees. 'Detention facility' was just another name for the prison, just like a detainee was another name for an inmate or a prisoner. The only slight difference between those terms was that those who were in prison were already convicted of a crime, when those who were incarcerated in the detention facility may not have been convicted of any crime, but they were detained because of suspicion of a crime. The detention facility also housed US marshals (those who had been in the US penitentiaries) and detainees from foreign countries.

The US Government does not recognize *detention facilities* as prisons or *detainees* as inmates or prisoners. Probably the most famous detention facility in the US penal system is located in Guantanamo Bay which was established after the US-Afghan war in 2001. The detainees do not have the same rights as, actual prisoners do have. The government is not obligated to give *legal* help to a detainee – such as finding a lawyer for someone who does not have funds enough to hire a lawyer. The government is only subjected to provide a list of lawyers that may represent the detainee in his case. A majority of the detainees are alien citizens; some of them do not have a contact in America, especially if they have entered the country illegally. Since the government is not offering help, many of the detainees have spent several years in custody – and some of the illegals may not even know how to start the deportation process going without legal help. For every day of custody, one detainee costs for the penal system \$ 800 of taxpayers' money.

The US Government has too many names and terms for those who are in custody, and sometimes its workers are not even aware of the meaning of the terms. Some of the officers refer to the detainees as inmates – going therefore further than the US government itself.

I understood that the facility director, the security officers, the Department of Homeland Security and all the others who may have been involved directly or indirectly in my imprisonment would pay close attention to me. The fact that I was placed in the SHU and given the highest security classification did not seem to be a joke, it was grim reality! Nevertheless, I could only think of the next day, not the next week or next month. In the SHU you live only day by day.

"Are you finished with your preparations?" An officer asked. I nodded and he switched off the lights. I covered myself with the thin blanket and closed my eyes. I drowned myself into sleep, escaping the alien world surrounding me.

II. The First Weeks

The lights of my cell were switched on in the morning, it was breakfast time. "Breakfast", the officer knocked on my door and opened the slot. I got two food boxes that included milk, cheerios, white bread and an apple. After 20 minutes, the officers came back to collect the food boxes. I continued sleeping.

I still don't remember much from those two first days, I spent in the SHU. I slept all my sleep away and then I had to wake up to my situation; I couldn't run from it anymore by sleeping. The SHU routines were simple; breakfast, lunch, dinner and lights off. I never knew what time it was, but I could guess that breakfast was served at 6.30am, lunch at 11am, dinner at 4.30pm and the lights were switched off at 9 pm.

Finally on Friday afternoon, I had a chance to make the phone call and let my friends know where I was – and that I was not in York State Prison. All the phone numbers I had saved on my phone list did not work, because my account was empty – and none of the numbers accepted incoming pay calls. I fell into despair when I tried the last phone number I still had in my account. I thought I can not get the message out of my location, and my 10 minutes was running to out, the precious minutes I could spend on the phone talking with someone.

The last option I had was Ingrid Fields' home phone number. I would have been crushed, if the last number on my list turned out to be invalid. I got through and it took a while before it connected, a voice on the phone reminded; "This phone call is being monitored and recorded." Then Ingrid answered the phone, "Henrik?", she said. Small things can make someone happy, like hearing Ingrid's voice. "Yes, this is Henrik, do you have paper and pen?" was my first question, as I wanted to act fast. I gave her my address with all the required information and I asked her to give my greetings to everyone. "Will they let you out of there?" she asked, sounding worried. "I'm afraid not..." I answered.

I was told that I didn't have to ask permission – by using the request list – to make a phone call by the SHU captain, but I was only allowed to make one phone call a day. The next day, I had a chance to call John. He had set up an account for my phone calls, and therefore I could get through. During the four previous days, I was totally cut off from the surrounding world. I didn't know that already on the very first day I was arrested, John, William and Margaret had taken action to protest my arrest, which John called *kidnapping*. I was worried about my family, and I wanted to know that they knew I was fine in these confusing circumstances. John told me that a lawyer would be visiting me the next day – which, of course, made me glad.

The whole Sunday, I was eagerly waiting to meet my lawyer. Then an officer came to my door and said; "Your attorney is here, get yourself ready." I needed to wait another 5 minutes until the escort officers came. "Ready?" he asked, and for sure I was ready. "Alright, you know how it goes", he said and opened the slot. "Put your hands through the slot, I will cuff your left hand, and with your right hand, grab the food port: do you understand?" I was handcuffed and the three officers escorted me to the visiting room. I was directed to go into one of the closed rooms. I sat down and I waited for my lawyer.

Soon a young and nice-looking man, wearing a gray suit, came to the room. I stood up and we shook hands; "Nice to meet you, my name is Alex Carmichael." Alex Carmichael – as I later learned to know him in my proceedings – seemed to be an honest, trustworthy and dedicated attorney. He was someone that no one could bribe. We discussed my situation, and basically he wanted to know everything from the moment I got arrested and transferred to Batavia. I told him also about the FBI interrogating me, but not accusing me of any crime – the FBI's interrogation however confirmed the notion that I was arrested because of my political views. Carmichael told me he would be back the next day and that a couple of his friends would like to see me.

"It was a pleasure to see you, Henrik, and I am honored to have your case", Carmichael told me before his leave. He also advised me to keep a diary and to write down my thoughts about the prison.

Monday came, and it seemed to be very much similar to the other days. I asked the officer to bring me some envelopes and paper, despite the fact that I could not send letters, because I didn't have any postage stamps. I wrote a few letters which I planned to mail later. Monday afternoon, I met with Alex Carmichael again. He had gotten my paperwork from the Department of Homeland Security, and carefully he explained to me what was going on: "All these sections mean that they want to deport you very soon, or they want to make it possible." Carmichael then told me that he is not going to let that happen very easily, and he knew that he had the whole Department of Homeland Security would oppose him. That same afternoon, I also got my two first visitors; Lauren and Chris. The 30 minute visit took place in the no-physical-contact phone booth. They both encouraged me to stay strong, and Lauren had donated \$20 to my inmate's account for postage stamps.

I could not see the other inmates, but I could hear them. I didn't want to become close with the security officers, and I didn't talk to them, unless it was necessary. I always addressed them as 'officer' or *sir*. Some of the officers were friendly and maybe they were even favorably interested in my case, but I could not trust them.

The two first weeks, I was like a ghost. I was not allowed to get letters, read newspapers, have books or watch television. I stayed in my cell 24 hours, except the times, when I had the chance to take a shower or make a phone call – for which I had to apply for permission with SHU

Captain Carter. They had changed the rule, and therefore I needed to use the request sheets every time I wanted to make a phone call.

The Department of Homeland Security had written a motion to change the venue of my case from Philadelphia to Batavia. Carmichael wanted to keep it in Pennsylvania, because I had applied for political asylum in the State of Pennsylvania, and the last 8 months I had lived there. I got the paperwork on the Homeland Security's motion to change the venue to Batavia, and of course Homeland Security had forgotten to send the paperwork to Carmichael. Communication with Carmichael was probably made difficult by them intentionally. I had informed the SHU captain that Carmichael represents me and that his phone number should be on my phone list. Thrice I had informed and filled the request sheet to add Carmichael's phone number to my approved phone number list, but no action was taken.

I had to call Ingrid and asked her to let Carmichael know that the Department of Homeland Security is planning on changing the venue to Batavia. The information shocked Carmichael and he had to deliver his motion in Philadelphia personally. Only after 11 days, when Carmichael officially had become my attorney, was I allowed to call him. Carmichael's motion to keep the venue in Philadelphia was overruled, and the Department of Homeland Security got its victory. I also learned that Homeland Security had denied my release on bail – on what grounds, I never was informed.

I had been in the SHU almost three weeks, days went by, I existed, the SHU existed, the world around me – essentially the rules and routines of the SHU – existed. The SHU meant total isolation, and because of my high security level, I was isolated from the other inmates. I didn't know who was in the other cells, I didn't see them. I knew that I could not let my emotions take hold over me – whether it would have been depression, sadness, misery, bitterness or even fear – because right in that moment, if any of those emotions had conquered me, I would not have been the master of myself any longer. I couldn't take charge of my situation, since my situation was in the hands of my lawyer, the Department of Homeland Security and the *Buffalo Federal Detention Facility*.

The SHU was punishment, the purpose of isolation is to emotionally break the inmate of the SHU – and it may take several months or even years, before it would have success in its mission, but later I did see what the SHU can do to a man. I still believe the first days and the first 2 or 3 weeks are critical for anyone in the SHU. Whether the inmate breaks down and can no longer take the isolation, or he will be able to endure it. Although I didn't have much in my cell, actually nothing, I was creative. I made a calendar for myself from which I could see what the date and month, and every time when another day passed, I crossed out the date and waited for the next day.

Naturally, I wanted to escape from the SHU. Physically, it wasn't possible, but considering the fact, I could see beyond my cell and had a little visual access to the world I wanted, it was understandable. That was my only way to escape from the SHU. I remembered when my beloved girlfriend Mona had told me on the phone if I ever missed her and wanted to be with her – and we didn't know then when we would see the next time, if at all, and if I wanted to remember the time we spent together – I would only need to remember it all and those memories would always stay with me for as long a time I wanted to have them, and only by remembering could I live the shared moments again. I imagined being with her, I talked with her, and her words that I remembered in the SHU, helped me to keep my sanity.

Later when the mail poured in to me and I had gotten a letter from John, I asked him to mail me a photo of Mona. I wasn't allowed to hang her picture on the wall, but I kept it on the small table I had in the cell. Her picture reminded me of the reason why I had committed myself to the Cause to struggle for our freedom and existence. Although I could not see her, nor touch her, her picture helped me – and although *angels* did not visit me in the SHU, Mona had become my angel, the only woman I loved.

The best way for me to escape from the SHU was the letters I got and my own world which existed in my mind. Sometimes, I even imagined I heard some music, the music I wanted to hear. I just let my imagination run free. I imagined conversations that I would have with my friends, or I

even imagined the place I would travel next time. I kept thinking positive things, I did not give space for despair or depression, although this was difficult to avoid in the SHU.

One Wednesday morning, the facility director came to talk with me. "Good morning, Holappa", he said to me. "Good morning, Sir." I greeted him. The facility director was an older man, he seemed to be fair, and I didn't think he had any double standards in his mind what came to me. "How are you doing?" he asked curiously. "I am doing fine, Sir." Then he continued; "I really don't like keeping you here..." He didn't have to say any more when I understood he tried to say that the decision of my custody in the SHU was out of his hands. "It is very respectable for you to call on me *Sir*." Then he walked away, and naturally the other inmates of the SHU did not refer to him using such *respectable* terms.

April brought several surprises with it. The security guards of the SHU kept changing; No one really wanted to be in the SHU. I had kept my distance with the security officers, I knew they knew the real reason I was there. I was the only inmate in the SHU who was kept 24 hours in his cell and this for over 4 weeks already. The only thing I eagerly awaited each day was the mail. It kept me up-to-date with what had happened; sometimes I got nearly 20 letters a day. "You get a lot of fan mail", the officer smiled at me as he handed me the letters. "You have a lot of people outside who support you..." He then walked away. Officer Gutherie probably felt some sympathy towards me. He never said that I didn't belong in SHU, but he had read my files, and he probably thought that my arrest and my high security classification were an over-reaction. Sometimes he gave me extra food, and he mailed my letters without inspection.

In the SHU, conflicts could not be avoided. Usually it was yelling, but it rarely got physical. "I will go back home, but you will stay here! Live with that!" One of the officers yelled at one of the inmates.

"But you will be here tomorrow, you will be here tomorrow, you motherfucker!" The inmate yelled back at the officer. It was a cold fact and it made the officer silent. He couldn't run away from the SHU, even if he wanted. The next morning he had to come back, and the inmate was right – *he had to come back*.

On one Tuesday morning in mid-April, I got a very surprising letter from a friend of mine, who had heard the latest news. His letter said that my mother in Finland had gotten a letter from the State Prosecutor *Mika Illman* saying that all the charges against me had now been dropped. Suddenly, the alleged crimes I had committed and for which I been prosecuted, were dropped and the investigation regarding the matter was also stopped. The police officer in my hometown of Oulu and the state's top prosecutor had been convinced of my guilt and that I would eventually be sentenced to prison. Now, when I was in prison in America, the prosecutor expressed his sense of humor by dropping the charges. Later, I got copies of the letter Illman had sent to my mother, and it was dated April's 2nd. He had made his decision just 3 weeks after my arrest and detention in America. I can not know for sure what Illman had in mind, but maybe he thought I'd already gotten enough punishment and he did not feel there was any need for prosecution in Finland any longer.

However, just a few days earlier I had been given a new date for my immigration review before the immigration judge. It would have been the 6th of July. I knew that now I had to make a decision to drop the asylum application and facilitate my being deported from the United States of America. I discussed the new situation with Carmichael and my decision, and we both agreed that Illman's decision should first be investigated and confirmed to be an authentic decision. After a couple of days, I received the confirmation that Illman's decision was genuine. I decided to withdraw my asylum application and ask to be deported. Carmichael launched the legal procedure for my deportation, and the process required several weeks, which I would have to spend in the SHU.

On the 30th of April my asylum application was officially withdrawn, and I was ready to be deported from the United States of America.

I wrote a statement;

Almost two months have now passed since that morning, March 9, 2009, around 11:45 am, when US federal agents arrested me – three squad cars – on a country road east of Sarver,

Pennsylvania for a “visa violation.” As it quickly became known to me, in fact already during the car ride to the downtown Pittsburgh federal jail and even more so later in questioning, my arrest was politically motivated. [...] Since that week, now almost two months ago, I have spent my time, 23.5 hours a day, in a cell in the “SHU,” the “Special Housing Unit.”

[...] The SHU is meant for those whom the facility considers to be “dangerous” or a “threat to the facility's safety.” [...] On Thursday, April 30, and at my request, my October 2008 application for political asylum was withdrawn before the Federal Immigration Court in Buffalo, NY. This step also means that the federal order issued by the Department of Homeland Security for my “removal,” that is, my deportation back to Europe, will not be blocked any longer by my lawyer, and my expulsion from this beautiful America will go ahead.

[...] Why did I drop my asylum application?

After being assured by the criminal policewoman in May 2008 that I was about to be indicted by the top prosecutor, Illman himself, to “make an example of me” and to “crush racism” in all Finland, and show by my prosecution and severe punishment that the state now had a serious program in effect to eliminate all white racial solidarity, and with my lawyer warning me that I therefore I could expect 4.5 years in prison --- all three charges – “racial incitement,” “defaming the honor of the black community” and “copyright violation” - were now DROPPED and I was told “the case is closed”!

[...] They wanted to silence me and they want to silence you, and most of all silence the truth. They want to paint us as “evil” and “haters.” [...]

The state is seeing that there are those who do not wait defensively to be arrested and submit to prosecution and chains on their wrists and legs. They now know there are those who proudly stand up and say to the Power: “You are a tyrant and you are a liar!” [...]

[...] My days in this extraordinary country called America are rapidly coming to an end. I may be gone within two weeks, but almost certainly by the end of May. [...]

Henrik Holappa

April 30, 2009

still in captivity in Batavia Detention Facility

After having served 7 weeks in the SHU, and staying 24 hours in the cell, the facility director came to talk to me again. “Are you sure you want to stay here?” – “Yes, sir, I am sure.” He offered to release me or at least to remove me from total isolation. “Ok, then,” he said, “I will keep you here.” Two days after his visit, the security officer informed me; “Mr. Holappa, you will be removed, take your stuff... You will be removed to cell one hundred fifteen.” I also got a copy of my security classification notice, which showed my level had been lowered to ‘level two’. I still remained in the SHU, but my removal to another cell offered me a chance to experience the everyday life in the SHU, which still had been unknown to me.

My removal meant that I no longer had to spend 24 hours in my cell, I could have a shower without an observer, I could read the newspapers and have 30 minutes in the recreation room. However, my rights or privileges were not expanded tremendously. From that day, I only focused on getting released and being deported back to Finland.

III. The Last Weeks

My removal to cell number *one hundred fifteen* meant I would see the other inmates – the inmates that I had not seen before; only heard. I had created an image of the rest of the SHU inmates, and in my thinking, I noticed I hadn't been very mistaken in my speculation. When I walked to my new cell I was “welcomed” by one of the SHU inmates. He yelled at me; “New fresh meat!”, I didn't let it bother me, but surprisingly, I also heard another voice, which sounded orderly and demanding. The voice said; “Nobody fucks with him, he's okay.” I wasn't sure who the inmate was who said it, since it all happened quite fast and I was already inside my cell by then.

There were six other inmates in the SHU in its 15 cells. From my cell I could see who was in whatever cell.

Cell 110's inmate was a black supremacist and Muslim extremist. He called himself Malvo, although his real name was Jamal. Nobody in the SHU liked him, but he was a dedicated Muslim and prayed 5 times daily, reading and quoting from the *Qu'ran*. When he did not pray or read Qu'ran verses aloud, he yelled racist and *anti-white* slurs. The guards were *white beasts*; the white inmates were *crackas*, *honkeys* or *devils*. He quoted some proverbs from the Qu'ran that (for him) proved that white people will perish from the Earth when *Allah's will takes place*. Malvo, as he called himself, had immigrated to America from Haiti 15 years earlier, and for most of his adult life he had been in different correctional institutions in America. He had finished his sentence for a rape, and was sent to Buffalo Federal Detention Facility to wait for his deportation. He probably wanted to portray himself as *criminally insane* to avoid deportation back to Haiti.

Cell 114's inmate was gangster rap singer or ('rap artist') Alvarez from Puerto Rico. He had been in the SHU for over 2 years. He was from New York where he had committed an armed robbery. He had entered the USA illegally, and in reality he was not from Puerto Rico at all, although he claimed this. He knew that if he was deported back to his country – where ever it was – he would not get the health benefits, since he was also HIV positive. For Alvarez it was better to stay in the SHU and not to reveal his true identity.

Cell 118's inmate was a black gangster and a leading figure of the black organized crime organization – The Crips. Will Johnson was born in a Christian Jamaican family in Buffalo, 35 years earlier. His family had come to America looking for a *better life*. Johnson's criminal career had started at the age of 15 by a car theft; later he committed more serious crimes such as drug trafficking and racketeering. His membership in the black street gang had brought him a reputation and he was respected among the other inmates. He was sentenced for the murder of a fellow gang member to life without possibility for parole. For being a respectable gang leader, he wasn't tattooed or muscular, but his voice had even more character. Often he intimidated security officers, and sometimes even the facility director, by his words; *I will break every bone in your body or when I was imprisoned, Buffalo's murder rate went down*.

Cell 122's inmate was a Mexican, but I can't remember his name. Most of the day he whistled and therefore everyone called him '*the whistling Mexican*'. I didn't know why he was in the SHU.

Cell 121's inmate was an older black man, who never talked to anyone and never said anything at all; he just remained silently in his cell.

Cell 117's was an African asylum seeker from Ghana. He had violated his visa terms and had resisted arrest; also his previous behavior in the detention facility had been violent. Moore had been in the SHU over 8 months, and obviously he had made several bad mistakes and therefore he wasn't favorably seen by the SHU officers. No one ever saw Moore having a shower or cleaning his cell. Rumors had it that he had not taken a shower for 8 months – during the whole time he had spent in the SHU.

Every night after 9pm, Alvarez performed the songs he had written. Most of his songs were about sex, women, drugs and money. Half of the songs were in Spanish, and the other half in English. He was sure he was on his way to great fame. "Hey listen you," he said to the guards; "I will become rich when you will have to stay here on your little shitty jobs and someday you will see me on television with many women and new cars..." Women and cars filled Alvarez's world; his disease, being ill with HIV, did not seem to bother him, or if it did, and he avoided the reality of it by dreaming of things he could not achieve outside the SHU. After singing a few songs, he always ended his *concert* with a prayer;

God Bless America

God Bless New York City

God Bless every father, mother and sister

God Bless everyone who has HIV

God Bless all the men that are locked down in prison right now – In the whole world!

Then he yelled something in Spanish and ended his every night ritual.

Every day in the SHU was the same, every day was different. I read, wrote letters, and when I didn't have anything to read, I read the letters that I had gotten during my weeks of imprisonment. William Fox had sent me a copy of *William G. Simpson's* book '*One Man's Striving*'. Since I could not possess books in my cell, Fox had printed it and sent it to me in several letters, 10 pages in each letter. I could relate to Simpson's story, though I had never been involved religiously, but I did find something in common in his book. I felt that I had also been striving to find a reason for my life, and that the noble struggle for our peoples' freedom and preservation was the higher reason for my life.

I knew that my deportation process was in the hands of the bureaucracy, and I couldn't do anything to speed it up nor could Alex Carmichael. The days slowly went by under the SHU routine and rules; wake up, breakfast, recreation, lunch, dinner and lights off. Nothing ever happened in recreation; all seven men were in harmony and peace, although everyone was separated by their *race*. The Blacks might not have liked each other, but their skin color was more important than the personal or private differences they might have had – therefore, the blacks stayed with each other, the Hispanics – Alvarez and the whistling Mexican weren't buddies, but in recreation they stood together – and whites, I being the only white, stayed alone.

In prison, the ideology of multiculturalism or *race-mixing* does not exist, it is a struggle of *Lebensraum* in its fullest sense. Most of the inmates of the SHU had spent their whole lives in gangs and living on the streets, the prison did not make much difference to them; they still had the gang mentality and lived the struggle of the *strongest*. The Hispanics and the blacks knew, they are overly represented in the US prison system, that the *race* which rules the drug trafficking and the drug business in the prison, rules the prison. Everyone else is working for the ruler of the prison and is slowly becoming a slave – a fact, which for these non-white gangsters is extremely important.

In prison this way of thinking seems to be the only accepted way of thinking; the prison system or the authorities do not intervene, and also they think the racial segregation in the prison is only a good thing. However, in the *free world* – promoted by the Jewish extremists and haters of mankind – forced multi-culturalization and race mixing is acceptable if the even favored policy. For example, in the dining room of the Allegheny County Jail – most inmates separated themselves by their race; Blacks, Whites, Hispanics and Asians – and each dining table represented the continent of their race, their *living space*. The Jewish extremists attack this natural law of racial preservation by saying it is not a *modern* thought or that it belongs to past history and races should mix, while these same Jewish extremists teach their people *not to mix with anyone outside their own people*.

One evening when I came back to my cell from the phone room (after calling my attorney), Johnson – whose cell was front of mine – said to me; “Hey, *one-fifteen!* I know who comes in.” I simply told him “Okay.” And went in to my cell. Later, the next evening, he continued his weird conversation; “Why are you here – in the SHU?” As always, I kept saying; “Because of visa violation.” Johnson seemed to be surprised and he couldn't believe me. He said; “You've been here now for several weeks... how come your security classification is so high?” I didn't say anything, and he continued the quite one-sided conversation; “You know, I've been here for too long a time, and the way you were brought in, no one's been brought in the way they brought you here.”

Johnson's thoughts were the somewhat typical way a long-time gangster thinks – a new, and much younger, inmate comes into the SHU, stays in the 24-hour isolation tract for 7 weeks and for a mere visa violation? Of course, it did sound crazy to him. I knew the other inmates' backgrounds simply by listening to what the guards and the other inmates were discussing; it might have been possible that Johnson got his information about me by listening to the guards or having an informant who told him who I was. I cannot know what Johnson thought about me, I can only speculate. For him I might have been a *ghost* who did not exist, whom no one knew. He had been from his teenage times on the streets in different gangs in Buffalo committing crimes, so he had a reputation and name – therefore, he could only respect a man's reputation and toughness. He had to face someone whose security classification was higher than his, or was, for 7 weeks before my removal from 'level one'.

After that conversation in the SHU hierarchy, Johnson passed the daily newspapers to me after when he had finished them. The only last words he told me were; “I don't know if you've ever done time, probably you haven't, but you look like someone who's not doing this for the first time... Trooper.”

However, my experiences in Buffalo Federal Detention Facility had proven that different peoples and races can cooperate and retain respect towards one another, but all peoples and races do need their own living space and they do all have a need to stay among the people who share similar racial, cultural, historical and national heritage – still having the ability -if necessary- to cooperate and respect the lives of the other people from different backgrounds. When a small detention facility is filled with peoples from several racial backgrounds, and forces them to share the same rules and living environment for years, the inmates inside the facility prefer to separate from the other racial and/or national groups rather than assimilate. These 600 inmates – all from various racial backgrounds – choose to be with their own kind, people who look similar, behave similarly and share common values.

If this multicultural assimilation does not work in a small community, how could we expect it to work in larger communities – communities that are being built and developed by a certain group of people, sharing the same racial background and heritage - such as different countries? No matter how much ‘people- unifying’ ideology of multiculturalism is promoted, different ethnic groups in a larger society generally populated by people of other ethnic background will eventually lead to isolation of the majority, and therefore the community or society built by the ruling ethnic majority will suffer from having several racial ghettos inside it. The whole situation will expand to a bigger problem, and the majority will realize they are no longer a majority, but part of a power-struggle, where the biggest and fastest growing minority strives to take over the community it had not itself built; but the minority wants to be a majority and the ruler of the community and will enslave the people who originally populated the community.

By the middle of May it had almost been three weeks since I withdrew the asylum application, and I had no idea when I would be deported. I made some notes on my calendar, and I circled the 6th of June as the day when I would have been in the SHU for three months. Carmichael wasn't given any information either, no dates or anything concrete. The Department of Homeland Security had only said that in my case it was a question of ‘national security’ and therefore they could not tell me or Carmichael anything about my deportation date. I kept living with the uncertainty of not knowing.

Alvarez and Johnson sometimes organized scenes in the SHU. They were not pleased with the food served, they claimed it wasn't theirs but someone else's; the medication they got was different from the sort they had received earlier. The young female nurse tried to explain that the medication was the same as it had always been, but Alvarez didn't listen; he kept carrying on and accusing the nurse of trying to poison him. Obviously Alvarez had tried to seduce the nurse earlier during his medical check-ups, but it hadn't worked, and he was bitter about it. He got furious and took off his clothes and held his penis in his hands, starting to yell at the nurse; “Watch this, you stripper!” he called her and kept going on; “Suck this you bitch!” The nurse wasn't surprised at Alvarez's behavior, and left him without medication. “Hey, hey, hey, where do you go? I need my medication!” He screamed after her. The officer who was with the nurse said; “She can't help you if you act like that.” The situation escalated that Friday night, so far that Alvarez tried to hang himself without any success in this attempt.

Everyone was always talking about the SHU, I stayed at the SHU, but I stayed in my world which I had, surrounded by my letters, print-outs and my memories of Mona of whom I was thinking every day. I was far away from my friends, but my friend Marvin from Baltimore drove up to Batavia to see me just before I was to be sent away. I didn't expect to say goodbye to Marvin behind the glass and through the phone. We had a nice meeting, and we discussed the things we still should have done. He poked fun at me; “Well, Henrik, I would have taken you to see the sports car races, if you hadn't been arrested... Next time, plan your arrest better.”

I still got a visit from William Fox, Margaret and Ingrid. I was glad to see them all, although I knew it would be the last time I would see them. Saying goodbye to my closest friends wasn't easy. Fox made an interview with me which was later published in 'Lone Star Iconoclast' on May 20th 2009.

The following shows a part of the 'Lone Star Iconoclast' story about my detention in America;

[...]We visited Holappa at the Batavia facility on May 12. He confirmed that shortly after his arrest, an FBI interrogator told him that according to an ICE official, Holappa was arrested because he is considered a white supremacist. This confirms his de facto political prisoner status.

Holappa told the FBI he is not a "supremacist." He is mainly interested in defending the survival of his own people, which does not necessarily imply a desire to oppress other races. For the first few weeks following his arrest, Holappa was not permitted to make phone calls to certain individuals. Holappa told us that only three out of eight letters mailed to him by his sister in Switzerland got to him.

He was forced to stay in solitary confinement in a "Special Housing Unit" for many weeks, without being permitted to receive books or magazines.

Regarding the first Holappa article the publisher W. Leon Smith, stated that he was not so much concerned about what Holappa's beliefs as the fact that he has been jailed for stating his opinions. Holappa's treatment suggests a pattern of growing repression directed at dissidents of ideological stripes.[...] (William Fox, May, 20th, 2009)

It was already June's 2nd. I had agreed with my lawyer that I would call him on Wednesday, on the 3rd, if I still hadn't been deported. The Department of Homeland Security had refused to cooperate in sharing information with me or my lawyer saying that it was a matter of *national security*. I wrote a few letters on the night of June 2nd, and I wondered if I would be awakened into the new day at the same SHU. I was lying on my concrete bunk, and I was looking at Mona's picture that John had mailed to me almost two months ago. I looked at the picture and said "*thanks for being here with me*".

The Deportation

The Buffalo Federal Detention Facility was also known as the *last stop* for the immigrants that were going to be deported from the United States of America. My attorney Alex Carmichael had found out that the deportee will receive information and the actual departing date *seven* days before the deportation will take place. However, in my case that did not happen. Marvin, who was Carmichael's paralegal assistant, told me in one of our phone conversations that the ICE will probably just wake me up in the middle of the night and tell me to get ready for my deportation. "Probably your deportation is not much different from those they deport from Guantanamo", Marvin told.

Everything that Marvin told me happened as he had predicted. Around 4am, the security officer hit the lights on in my cell. I thought was it already breakfast time and was it already morning. I usually woke up 15 to 20 minutes earlier before the breakfast is served, and it confused me that I did not wake up that morning. The officer roared at me; "Pack up your stuff, you're being removed!" Then he left without saying anything else. I wasn't sure if I had heard it right, would they really deport me now – I thought.

I had been expecting my release and deportation for the last 5 weeks without knowing anything about it, and now I was woken up and told I would be removed. I was wondering if they send me to some other place or would it really be the deportation back to Finland? I didn't know how much time I had left, and therefore I started packing my "stuff", consisting of letters and pictures – everything that I was allowed to have in the SHU.

Then I waited and I sat down on my bunk and contemplated. I carefully looked at every corner of my cell and I wanted to remember it all in detail. The SHU had become the climax my time in the USA and my most lasting impression of America.

After two hours of waiting, three officers arrived, and one of them opened the slot. "Mr. Holappa, this is for the last time... You know what to do", he told me. "Yes, sir, I do know." I said. I turned around and put my hands through the slot to be handcuffed. "Okay, you're ready", and he yelled at the officer in the observation room; "Open *hundred-fifteen!*" – "You're happy to get back home?" the officer asked. My answer probably didn't surprise him, he had heard the same answer from dozens of SHU inmates. I had three letter bags which I wanted to take with me. "Is this all you want to have?" he asked and I confirmed it, then he joked a bit; "Alright, we're not going to send your stuff from the SHU to Finland."

For the last time I walked through the SHU hallway, and I knew I would never return there. The officers took me into the processing room and one of the officers took off my handcuffs. "I'll put you in the custody cell", he said and closed the door. There, I was in the cell where I had been the first time 87 days earlier. It took about 20 minutes, then I received a visitor; the visitor was the facility director. He came into the cell and greeted me in a friendly manner.

He started asking; "Do you know what will happen now?" –

"No, sir, I don't know what will happen now, except I think I will be deported."

He then asked; "Do you have any idea how your deportation will take place?"

Of course I didn't know, since the Department of Homeland Security had not given me any information. "I think I will be sent to New York City from where I will board a flight to Finland."

"There are two airports in New York, do you know to which airport you will be taken? Do you know how you will go from Buffalo to New York?" He asked curiously.

"I would suspect I will take the flight from JFK, since my flight will be an international flight," I told him and continued; "I don't know how I will be sent to New York, maybe by car".

"You haven't heard anything about your deportation from your lawyer? And this early wake-up came as a surprise to you?" The friendly facility director asked.

"No, I have not been in touch with my attorney since Monday, and neither did he know anything about my deportation schedule."

"Of course... You served in the army in Finland?" He uttered.

“I did, like every man in Finland, but I volunteered after my active duty...” I shortly told him about my military service.

“I can see that from you that you have served in the army”, he said respectfully.

“Do you know why you were in the SHU?” He asked and then rapidly continued; “You don't have a criminal record in the USA.”

“Well, I sort of figured it out”, I told him with some irony.

He walked towards the door and looked at me; “You are controversial for some... but not for me.” He then left, leaving the custody cell door open. His words surprised me. I thought and I still think he was honest with his words. The impression I got of the facility director was of a fair and honest man. I interpreted his words as an apology and by coming into the custody cell, he showed that my high security level was *exaggerated*

“Mr. Holappa, you can come out of the cell”, an officer said to me. “Just follow the other officer and you can change your clothes.” Three other officers, wearing civilian clothes, waited me in the exchange room. They were special agents from the anti-terrorist unit. They brought my bag with my civilian clothes and asked me to open the bag to be checked. For the last time, I was body-checked. “I've never been to Finland”, the officer said. That raised my interest and I asked; “Are you coming to Finland, too?” He looked at me and said; “Yes, we are all coming with you to Finland.” The special agents from the anti-terrorist unit did not look very intimidating, their appearance looked quite normal, although they were all armed.

“In case if you wonder why three of us are coming with you, you probably know the reason.” he said calmly.

“Yes, I think I know why...” I sighed.

“*The Obama Administration has a special interest in your case,*” he told me. My missing signature on my asylum application papers had made me a *national security* threat for the United States of America and a high security threat for the detention facility where I spent 87 days. Amazingly enough, the Obama administration had gotten into the picture. They never told me the reasons for my high classification and why I was considered such a threat – the FBI had told me in March that the Department of Homeland Security busted me because of I was allegedly a *white supremacist*, but I had never committed a crime in America or caused any trouble for law enforcement in the United States.

However, my political thoughts and activities both in America and Finland were the reasons for my arrest. Of course, Homeland Security could not explain my arrest officially that it was because of my political views, and therefore they preferred use the *technical excuse* in their explanation; a missing signature that *delayed* my asylum application and made me an *illegal immigrant* and a *visa violator* in America.

The tip of the iceberg in my case was, however, just coming. The last and final paperwork, all signed by the special agent from the Pittsburgh branch of Department of Homeland Security, Kalias Muhammad. By Muhammad's decision, I could never to set foot on the soil of the United States of America again, and if I did – ramifications would follow, as stated in the final paperwork;

Warning: Title 8 United States Code, Section 1326 provides that it is a crime for an alien who has been removed from the United States to enter, attempt, or be found in the United States without the Secretary of Homeland Security's express consent. Any alien who violates this section of law is subject to prosecution for a felony [...] could result in a sentence of imprisonment for a period of from 2 to 20 years and/or a fine up to \$250,000.

After the paperwork, it was time to wait again, when the officer in charge told me; “Mr. Holappa, we are ready to leave.” He handcuffed me and put the vest on me, which he had mentioned; “This is just for your own safety.” However, I did not know where we were going or how we would be going to New York's JFK airport. They refused to tell me any specific information by saying; “We are not allowed to tell you.”

My removal from the detention facility seemed to be a small operation, a well planned mission. Six officers joined the convoy of three lightly armored, white trucks. We drove through the detention facility's gates, and I looked through the window. It was already summer, a beautiful day

and the sun was shining. Everything was very green. I had not been outside, felt the breeze, seen the sun and daylight for 87 days. Almost three months spent in total isolation, in solitary confinement, had isolated me from the surrounding world, and even though 3 months is a relatively short time, it had succeeded in its purpose.

The departing officers did not tell me anything about where they were taking me. Nevertheless, they considered me a *threat* and took my *removal operation* very seriously. Maybe they thought that some armed *white supremacist* group would try desperately free me and keep me in the United States of America. If that was what they feared, it didn't happen. The mystery of my first stop was soon revealed; it was at the Buffalo International Airport.

The driver stopped the car at the parking lot of the airport. One of the officers opened my door and said; "I will release you now from the handcuffs and the vest, this is just training." I then came out of the car and followed the officers to the airport. While we were walking to the check-in desk, he said to me; "We are all adults, and I think we know how to behave." The officers took care of the tickets and then again it was just waiting for the flight to JFK. After 2 hours of waiting, the flight finally arrived, and I was removed to the plane. It took off and landed on at JFK's airport about 55 minutes later.

We walked through the entrance to the terminal and two other officers were waiting for me at JFK international airport. The two officers armed with pistols were Kalias Muhammad, who had come from Pittsburgh to make sure I'd be deported and put on the plane, and an Asian ICE police officer. Kalias Muhammad was a shorter man, bold and in his late 30's. He probably was from Pakistan or Saudi-Arabia, and his accent still could be heard. His Asian partner did not seem to speak very good English either.

We came outside where a white van was waiting for me. "Cuff him", Muhammad said to one of the departing white officers. "He has behaved well, I don't think we need to cuff him", he said to Muhammad and I was asked to get into the van. All five officers and I were in the van and the Asian officer drove us to the JFK international terminal. The check-in for my flight to Helsinki took one hour, and consequently we just waited in the car. I remained silent and calm.

The time came when it was possible to check-in for the direct flight from New York City to Helsinki – the capital of Finland. After the check-in, I was brought to the gate number 21. I sat down on the chair while 5 officers were guarding me all the time. Muhammad had his pistol in his belt and sometimes he was holding it with his hand, sending me a message that if I tried anything, he would be ready to use it – and had I tried anything, there was no question he would have pulled out his pistol and used it in order to save America from a *dangerous white supremacist*.

Three guards were with me constantly if I needed to go somewhere. "Officer, I'd like to go to the restroom", I said. I got permission and they followed me. One came with me inside the restroom and the other two waited at the entrance of the restroom and prevented other people from going inside while I was there. I believe these overeager anti-terrorist unit officers wanted to play it safe, and did not want to give me any chances to cause trouble, such as hostage-taking in the restroom of JFK international airport.

The time finally came when my flight arrived and other passengers had arrived to board the flight to Helsinki as well. There were also some other Finns, I heard them speaking in Finnish. I had not seen any Finn or heard anyone speak Finnish for several weeks. However, this Finn was privileged to be the first one to enter the plane. Five armed officers escorting one white male to the plane for sure was something that the passengers had not seen too many times in their flying histories – neither had the Finns.

Kalias Muhammad then took me to the entrance and showed his Homeland Security patch. "Special escort to the plane", he said. The woman who was responsible for checking the tickets and passports said quietly, looking at me; "I still would need to see... er... his passport." One of the officers gave my passport and the dark red passport's shiny cover displaying the Finnish coat-of-arms revealed that I indeed was a Finn. I could hear slight coughing among the Finnish passengers, who were now my audience. I thought what my countrymen might have been thinking about my *special escort* to the plane.

The deportation flight by the Department of Homeland Security had its own advantages as well. I was the first passenger on the plane, I didn't have to pay the flight costs as it was totally covered by Homeland Security in the *business class* which guaranteed two nice meals for me during the flight. On our way to the terminal gate to the plane, Muhammad and his Asian colleague followed my escort squad. "Good luck", he said, but he didn't include me in his words.

On the plane two officers sat on my right and left side, seating me between them. The other third officer sat on the far left seat in the same seat row. "If you have to go to the bathroom here, you will let me know, and I will take you there." The officer told me. I don't know whether he was just doing his work or he thought that I might try to do something desperate on the plane, escaping through the bathroom or hijacking the plane. None of those possible security threats belonged to my plans.

The Finnish Captain of the plane welcomed everyone on board also saying that the flight would take 7 hours, 25 minutes. We were up in the air, and I looked through the small window of the plane, as I had looked almost a year earlier when I first arrived to America, but now I was leaving, knowing I could never return to the United States of America. In my mind, I said; *Goodbye America.*

Coming back to Finland felt almost as strange as it felt when I came to America. I felt I would be coming to a new world, which in reality wasn't *new* to me. I couldn't sleep, I watched the TV that was front of me and was displayed in front of the seat. It was daylight all the time. The sun was shining very beautifully for most of the time. The officer told me 30 minutes before the landing that the Finnish authorities would be waiting for me at the terminal. "They only want to check your identity and confirm we brought the right man."

I was in Helsinki again, and after leaving the plane, the American officers followed me. Of course, the Finnish authorities were standing in the line at the terminal, I wasn't sure if they wanted to arrest me there for some reason, but it didn't happen and the arrest never came. They only checked my passport and helped me to go through customs and the border control. A female and a male police officer eventually joined me at the luggage line. The female officer asked if I had studied in America. I thought they knew why I had been in America, and I didn't feel comfortable attempting to explain about my year in America to them. "Ma'am," I said to her, "Yes, it was a helluva studying year and I didn't quite get the scholarship." They didn't laugh, and I didn't expect them to laugh at my sarcastic joke.

It was raining in Helsinki. It looked the same as I had left it a year earlier.

My amazing year in America was now in the past. I stood a while outside in front of the arriving flights' entrance gates and just wanted to feel the air. I was at home.

I want to thank all and everyone who supported me while I was incarcerated in the solitary confinement of Buffalo Federal Detention Facility from March 12th to June's 3rd. I salute each and everyone who took an action for my release and protested my illegal custody by Department of Homeland Security agents and who motivated me to struggle for the freedom of our people. Special thanks and admiration, I dedicate to my courageous attorney: Alex Carmichael.

Epilogue

“They will hurt you, if you will go to America” my father told me, when I was a young boy dreaming about living in America. I remembered his words, while I was in the detention facility and it made me think that perhaps America did hurt me. Would I now tell my father that he was right and that America had hurt me and I would not want to go through the same that I did when I was in America?

The honest truth is, I didn't get hurt. It would hurt me if I could not look back and remember. The political persecution by the State of Finland – and the political persecution by the state is a tangible threat to any *politically incorrect* Finn – this had brought me to the United States of America, where I realized that I cannot run or hide from the inevitabilities of my life. The truth is that we are captured by the actions of our lives.

America raised me, and during the year I spent there, I grew emotionally and this made me see the world we are living in differently; the struggle for the existence of our nations and race must be the priority we set in order to save the world and a future for our people from those who are dedicated to harm us, using whatever means possible. The future, as I often thought what it may bring for the nation of the Finns, did not look encouraging in the suburbs of Baltimore, and there in Baltimore it enlightened me that the slow trap of multiculturalism, and multiracialism itself, is another, and more deadly form of genocidal *Bolshevism*.

Nevertheless, I carried the feeling of hope with me – and the hope for a better future for European-Americans and Europeans in Europe. In America, I also could see how much the diversity among our peoples enriches us; Celtic, Slavic, Germanic, and Scandinavian people – all having different national heritage, but all sharing the same cultural and racial heritage, people who had built up America's cities, fought in America's wars and defended the American rights. This diversity among our people makes us *beautiful*.

Why Should the Beautiful Die? - A song that was performed by Margaret Huffstickler at David Duke's International Euro Conference in November 2008 – crystallized the concept of our peoples' right to exist. Why should the beautiful die and forever disappear and stop existing? I put that question to myself, as it became the reminder of everything beautiful that our race represents and has in it; the music and the culture, science and technology, the ability to create and build, our beautiful women and children – the securers of our future and our race. I understood that this poetic question made me even more dedicated and committed for our sacred cause of survival. A question it is that should be asked of one's self once in a while, when thinking of our own personal commitment to the cause.

Prison changes anyone who has been there; the prison defines who you are and prison changes the perception of time. For a political prisoner, prison may be *creative* or *destructive*. Logically thinking, a man can come out of prison only in two ways; isolated and unwilling to continue the struggle, or more dedicated and committed to the cause than ever before, only becoming further convinced of the righteousness of our cause. My short time in prison, however, did make me more committed and stronger, though the SHU's purpose was to break me and make me to feel *guilty* of being a pro-white activist. However, I felt that my time in the SHU was refreshing; it gave me a valuable lesson and time to think – to travel deeper inside me and meet myself.

I came to ask myself a question: What kind of a man have I become? A man who loves life! Despite my brutal arrest and custody, I did not feel bitterness or anger. Almost a decade ago, when I joined the white cause, it was clear for me that some day and some time, I might face a prison term because of certain political and racial views I may have. I had accepted it as being a part of the struggle and knowing the danger of losing a personal freedom, I had prepared myself for being arrested and sent to prison. Therefore, my arrest on the 9th of March, 2009, did not come as a complete surprise to me.

Hate should never be the motivation for joining the white cause and the struggle for our survival. Those who are dedicated to harm us and destroy our national and racial heritage and pride

do hate us and all the beautiful values which white Europeans represent. It is correct to reject those who are forcing our people in Europe and America to accept the alien values and role models - including mass-immigration from non-European countries whose purpose is nothing less than to kill and vanquish all *beauty* from the world – and always keeping in mind that our love for our race is the very key that motivates us to act for the benefit of our race and its survival.

In May of 1945, Hitler's favorite architect, Albert Speer, said to his American captors that *only the end can be remembered*. It is not always true. My arrival to America in July 2008 was a continuation in the chapter of my life which had begun in January 2007. Finally, the long chapter of my life ended in June 2009, opening a new chapter in my life. The end of my America tour brought about a new beginning, not the end, and despite the fact of what eventually happened to me in America, my year in the United States of America will always be a part of my life – and I can't ever forget.

In the SHU, I remembered a story that was told about survival. One officer who had served at West Point military academy told us about training the young cadets what to do. The platoon of cadets had to across a body of water only by using a rope. The officer candidates were told that if the student fell off the rope – they were equipped with full combat gear – the trainee could not scramble and try to swim to the beach, but would sink down to the bottom, and only when the student is on the bottom, can he push himself back up to the surface of the water and swim to the beach. Therefore, the student will not lose his life, but he will survive and push on to the next stage.

Here is an important lesson for us, too. We have to remember to push back to the surface from the bottom and proceed to the next stage. Many will sink and will remain at the bottom, because they do not understand this lesson of life.

I. Resistance in the North

In ten years, by then the ten-year-olds will be twenty, the fifteen year olds will be twenty-five; to the hatred inherited from their parents, they will add their own idealism and impatience.

Someone will step forward and will put the unspoken feelings into words, someone will promise a future, someone will make the demands; someone will talk of greatness and sacrifice.

The young and inexperienced will give their courage and their faith to the tired and the uncertain, and then there will be a revolution. In ten years, no more.

Those people will create a new society, unequal in world history. The old society was based on extremely romantic ideas of man's goodness; it was all very complicated, since the ideas didn't match up to reality. The new society will be based on a realistic judgment of man's potentials and limitations.

The Northern European countries – often referred as the *Scandinavian* countries in America – do all have a unique history, culture and way of living. Finland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark were populated – however some claims do exist that the Northern countries had population even during the Ice Age - at the end of the last Ice Age, almost 10,000 years ago. The Northern countries then went through the Viking times and Christianization, which led to the long battles of survival between the pre-Christian religions and Christianity. However, Christianity took over and united the Northern countries under the same religion.

Finland became part of Sweden in the 1150's, and the Swedish-ruled era in Finland lasted until the war between Greater-Sweden and Imperial Russia 1808-1809, when Russia annexed Finland. At first, Finns assimilated very well under their new ruler, but towards the end of 1890's, Russia became more like a ruthless tyrant and motivated many Finns to join the German Army during the First World War and in December of 1917, Finland declared its independence from Russia. However, Finnish Bolsheviks weren't pleased and wanted Finland to join the *worldwide* Bolshevik revolution. That attempt did not succeed in 1918, but the Soviets and the Finnish Bolsheviks were not totally beaten down, and they renewed their attempt to carry out revolution so that Finland would become one of the Soviet states in the years following Finland's involvement in the 2nd World War 1939-1944.

Finland lost the war, but had secured her independence. Certainly Finland's struggle had saved the rest of the Northern countries from Bolshevism. Finland entered the years of the Cold War dancing on the thin red line with the Soviet regime and the United States of America. Years passed, and the Soviet Union collapsed, the ultimate threat to Finland and Scandinavia didn't exist anymore, but the changed world after 1991 brought new, and never-seen, threats on the daylight – in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, the first steps of dangerous multiculturalism had been taken, and unlike in Finland, the other Nordic countries had followed the policy of open borders several years before Finland did.

In the years of the Cold War, Finland remained neutral – been a small country between the East and West, adapting ideas from the West and the East. However, a century ago a Finnish national author, *Arwidsson*, had declared: “We are not Swedes and we shall not become Russians.” Be that as it may be, Finland was culturally and historically connected to Sweden and Scandinavia, including the judicial and governmental system, which came from Sweden. I began to think – when as a young boy I studied the history of Finland – that Finns and Swedes, as well as the other Northern Europeans may be slightly different, but I felt uneasy at the thought that these small nations populating the North should be separated because of minor cultural differences and language. I realized that instead of *separateness* based certain national differences; we should think of that which actually *unites* us.

I started corresponding with a well known American political prisoner with whom I – over the years – shared my thoughts and opinions about the future of Finland and the Northern countries. After my compulsory military service, I became more politically active and my American mentor

wrote to me in one of his letters; “I would like you to get in touch with some of the Swedish activists, who share similar point of views like yours.”

For the first time I heard about the Swedish Resistance Movement, or *Svenska Motståndsrörelsen*. After several emails corresponding with the representatives of the movement, I was invited to their meeting in Stockholm – the capital city of Sweden - just a month before my trip to the USA. I took part in the Mid-Summer festival which was organized by the movement. It was very nicely organized, involving games, speeches and sports activities. I was warmly welcomed by the movement and its leader Klas Lund.

I felt that the Swedish Resistance Movement represented the healthy values and political aims which were similar to my thoughts. Finally, I had found my *political home* in the movement, and it was decided that the brother organization of the Swedish Resistance Movement would also be established in Finland and would bear the name of “Finnish Resistance Movement” – *Suomen Vastarintaliike*. While I was in America, the groundwork for the movement was founded and built, and after my return to Finland, the young movement had been taking its first steps toward the struggle for our freedoms.

The founder of the Swedish Resistance Movement, Klas Lund, had dedicated his life to the struggle for the Swedish people already when he was in his 20's. After serving a prison sentence as a political prisoner, he established and founded the Swedish Resistance Movement in 1995. During the past decade, Lund had drawn the blueprints for the growth of the movement and the reasons for its existence. The movement had grown rapidly by its uncompromising policy of not *giving up* the rights of the Swedish people; that inspired – as it still does - others to join and give their total efforts for the cause through this movement.

The Swedish Resistance Movement was dedicated to defend and protect the culture and history as well as national heritage of the Swedish people from the threats it faces from *modern multiculturalism* and often from a *hostile government* which opposes the best national interests. Together the Swedish, Finnish and Norwegian – possibly in the near future the Danish – Resistance Movements will form the Nordic Resistance Movement – *Nordiska Motståndsrörelsen / Pojoismainen Vastarintaliike*.

Just as the Swedish and Finnish Resistance Movements are both dedicated to defend the national interest of their homelands, the Nordic Resistance Movement is dedicated to defend and protect the proud history and culture as well as the ethnic nations of the North – against any threats endangering the existence and the future of the North.

The Resistance Movement as a whole represents the thoughts I shared while I was a young boy as I wondered then how efficiently the North and the Nordic countries could be saved from the fate of mass-immigration. However, I understood that Finland – since it was not possible for Finland alone to withstand the Bolshevik onslaught in 1918 and 1939-44 – could not alone defend herself against the Zionist-controlled media which repeatedly pushes for the multi-culturalization of the North – but to unite in the struggle for the freedom of our peoples and their rights to self-rule. The idea of a united struggle for the North became vital to the Finnish Resistance Movement from the very moment it was established.

The media monopoly in Scandinavia is owned by Jewish extremists – such as the Bonnier family, who remind me more of a gangster family – and through their control of the media in Finland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, they in reality rule these countries. The media owned by the Bonnier family is ruthlessly using its power to dominate and enslave the nations of the North. Aatos Erkko of Finland, may or may not be Jewish, but his media (Alma Media) is openly cooperating with the fellow media-gangsters of Scandinavia, to offer insulting and twisted material in their agenda for brainwashing the minds of the people. To counter the mainstream media and its agenda – controlled by international Zionism – the Resistance Movement has its own media called the “National Resistance” - *Nationellt Motstånd / Kansallinen Vastarinta*.

The ‘National Resistance’ through its websites can offer instant information on current themes, and by its books and literature it can offer an alternative outlook on history and ethnic culture.

In October of 2009, the Resistance Movement organized a conference in Goteborg in Southwest Sweden, which was dedicated to the values of our Northern heritage and culture. There in Goteborg, I made my second speech after David Duke's conference and was heard by almost 100 activists of the movement. Klas Lund, the leader of the movement, introduced the *Nordic Manifesto* to the Swedish, Finnish, Danish and German audience – represented by the guest of honor, Manfred Roeder, and his assistant Wolfgang – where he stated that the Resistance Movement will struggle in unison in the Nordic countries in order to resist the current stage of oppression by the state of Sweden and the so-called ‘European Union’.

Lund also introduced the vision of a *Nordic Republic* – ‘United North’ – which shall include the countries of Sweden, Finland, Norway, Denmark and Iceland – still, however, the countries would remain independent of foreign, alien values and influences. The Nordic Republic would dedicate its existence to preserve the independence, culture, heritage and history of Nordic peoples, and therefore to secure the continuation of the ethnic peoples of the North.

If even one Nordic country stops existing and it is being mutilated by one or several descendants of alien heritage – by non-European values – if the development can not be prevented - - slowly it will take over *all* Northern countries, destroying and harming tremendously the *ethnic-cultural* basis of the North. Narrow-minded nationalism, without an ideology and vision, cannot work as a whole, if the only purpose is to struggle for the benefits of *one* nation, and to forget the surrounding nations and countries that are of the same race. Unity and cooperation – these will be the keys to keep the future secured for the white Europeans in America, Europe and in the North.

On November 28th, 2009, the Swedish Resistance Movement gathered in Stockholm to honor the soldiers of the Swedish king Karl XII. Just as in the 17th Century, when Finnish and Swedish soldiers fought side by side for the continued existence of the North, for their families, wives and children. Now, the Swedish and Finnish activists of the Resistance Movement marched through the Old Town of Stockholm, showing the same fighting spirit that the *Karoliner* soldiers exhibited several centuries earlier. It was a message to the traitors and enemies of the nation: the Resistance Movement will ceaselessly struggle against the oppression of our nations at all costs and will never surrender!

Attachments

1. Pictures



John de Nugent and I visiting downtown of Pittsburgh in August of 2008.



Margaret Huffstickler, de Nugent's fiancé, pictured near Ekastown Road in late 2008.



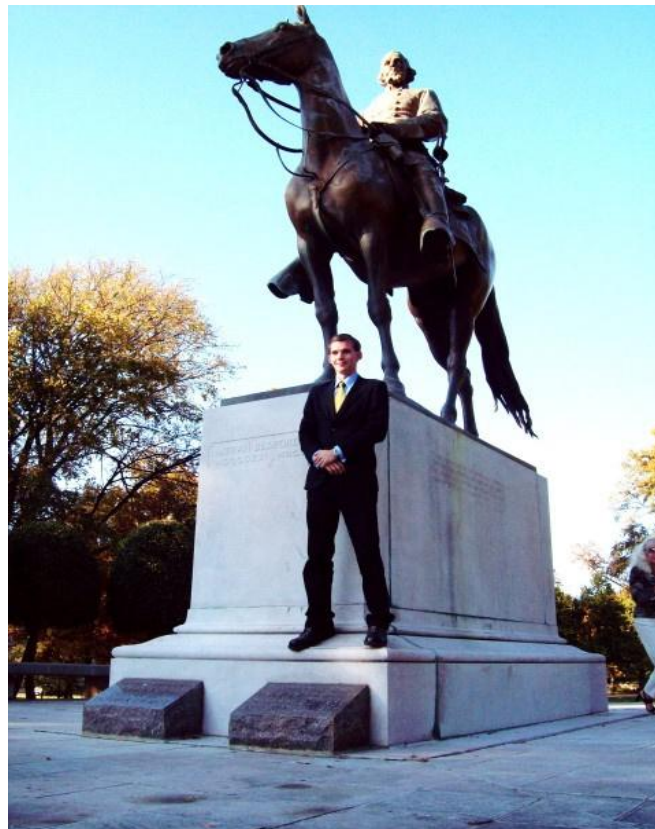
At Henry W. Oliver Building in Pittsburgh on the 9th of October 2008 after completing my application for political asylum.



Giving a speech at David Duke's Euro Conference in Memphis in November 8th 2008.



Euro Conference 2008 speakers pictured from left to right; Henrik Holappa, John de Nugent, Paul Fromm, Euro Conference host David Duke, Maria Vallenchenko, Knud Eriksen, James Edwards, Derek Black and Don Black.



I and several other attendees of Duke's Euro Conference visited at General Nathan B. Forrest's statue in Memphis.



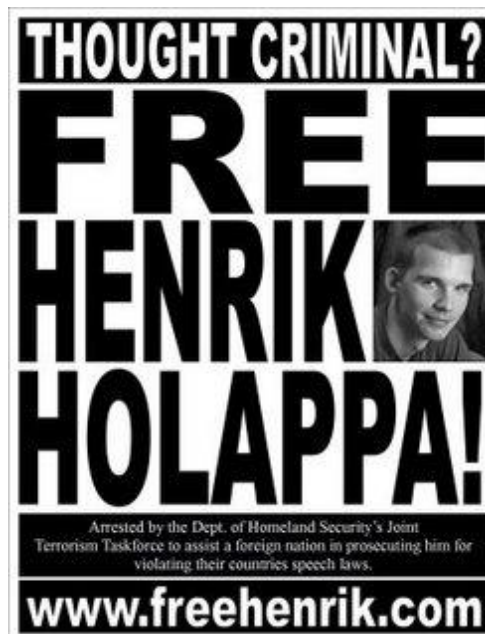
Still in American freedom with some of my best friends, Spike and Carmen near Sarver in January 2009.



Winter fun with Margeret.



The Last Stop – Buffalo Federal Detention Facility in Batavia where I was taken into the Department of Homeland Security custody in March 2009.



Thought Criminal – was one of the many fliers that were produced by the White Civil Rights activists to protest my illegal arrest in the United States of America.



Despite my location some of my friends visited at me in the detention facility in May 2009. Ingrid Fields (left), former US Marine Corps Major and writer William Fox, and Margaret Huffstickler.



II. Documents

START HERE - Please type or print in black ink. See the Instructions for information about eligibility and how to complete and file this application. There is NO filing fee for this application.

NOTE: Please check this box if you also want to apply for withholding of removal under the Convention Against Torture.

Part A. I. Information about you.			
1. Alien Registration Number(s) (A#s) (If any) N/A		2. U.S. Social Security Number (If any) N/A	
3. Complete Last Name Holappa		4. First Name Esa Henrik	5. Middle Name
6. What other names have you used? (Include maiden name and aliases.) N/A			
7. Residence in the U.S. (Where you physically reside.)		Telephone Number (724) -353-1054	
Street Number and Name 213 Ekastown Road		Apt. Number	
City Sarver	State Pennsylvania	Zip Code 16055	
8. Mailing Address in the U.S. (If different than the address in No. 7) In Care Of (If applicable):		Telephone Number (724) -353-1054	
Street Number and Name		Apt. Number	
City	State	Zip Code	
9. Gender: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Male <input type="checkbox"/> Female	10. Marital Status: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Single <input type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> Divorced <input type="checkbox"/> Widowed		
11. Date of Birth (mm/dd/yyyy) 07/18/1985	12. City and Country of Birth Oulu, Finland		
13. Present Nationality (Citizenship) Finnish	14. Nationality at Birth Finnish	15. Race, Ethnic or Tribal Group Finnish	16. Religion Christian
17. Check the box, a through c, that applies: a. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> I have never been in Immigration Court proceedings. b. <input type="checkbox"/> I am now in Immigration Court proceedings. c. <input type="checkbox"/> I am not now in Immigration Court proceedings, but I have been in the past.			
18. Complete 18 a through c.			
a. When did you last leave your country? (mmm/dd/yyyy) 07/11/2008		b. What is your current I-94 Number, if any? 269223855 15	
c. Please list each entry into the U.S. beginning with your most recent entry. <i>List date (mm/dd/yyyy), place, and your status for each entry. (Attach additional sheets as needed.)</i>			
Date 07/11/2008	Place New York, New York	Status visa waiver	Date Status Expires: 10/10/2008
Date _____	Place _____	Status _____	
Date _____	Place _____	Status _____	
19. What country issued your last passport or travel document? Finland		20. Passport # PU 6872563 Travel Document # _____	21. Expiration Date (mm/dd/yyyy) 05/20/2013
22. What is your native language? (Include dialect, if applicable.) Finnish		23. Are you fluent in English? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
		24. What other languages do you speak fluently? English	
For EOIR use only.		For USCIS use only.	
		Action:	Decision:
		Interview Date: _____	Approval Date: _____
		Asylum Officer ID#: _____	Denial Date: _____
			Referral Date: _____

Form I-589, Application for Asylum and for Withholding of Removal. This nine page document was dated Oct 10th, one day before the deadline of October 11th. (page 1 of 9)

Part D. Your Signature.

I certify, under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America, that this application and the evidence submitted with it are all true and correct. Title 18, United States Code, Section 1546(a), provides in part: Whoever knowingly makes under oath, or as permitted under penalty of perjury under Section 1746 of Title 28, United States Code, knowingly subscribes as true, any false statement with respect to a material fact in any application, affidavit, or other document required by the immigration laws or regulations prescribed thereunder, or knowingly presents any such application, affidavit, or other document containing any such false statement or which fails to contain any reasonable basis in law or fact - shall be fined in accordance with this title or imprisoned for up to 25 years. I authorize the release of any information from my immigration record that U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services (USCIS) needs to determine eligibility for the benefit I am seeking.



WARNING: Applicants who are in the United States illegally are subject to removal if their asylum or withholding claims are not granted by an asylum officer or an immigration judge. Any information provided in completing this application may be used as a basis for the institution of, or as evidence in, removal proceedings even if the application is later withdrawn. Applicants determined to have knowingly made a frivolous application for asylum will be permanently ineligible for any benefits under the Immigration and Nationality Act. You may not avoid a frivolous finding simply because someone advised you to provide false information in your asylum application. If filing with USCIS, unexcused failure to appear for an appointment to provide biometrics (such as fingerprints) and your biographical information within the time allowed may result in an asylum officer dismissing your asylum application or referring it to an immigration judge. Failure without good cause to provide DHS with biometrics or other biographical information while in removal proceedings may result in your application being found abandoned by the immigration judge. See sections 208(d)(5)(A) and 208(d)(6) of the INA and 8 CFR sections 208.10, 1208.10, 208.20, 1003.47(d) and 1208.20.

Print your complete name. Esa Henrik Holappa	Write your name in your native alphabet. ESA HENRIK HOLAPPA
-------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------

Did your spouse, parent or child(ren) assist you in completing this application? No Yes (If "Yes," list the name and relationship.)

(Name)	(Relationship)	(Name)	(Relationship)
Did someone other than your spouse, parent or child(ren) prepare this application?	<input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes (If "Yes," complete Part E.)		
Asylum applicants may be represented by counsel. Have you been provided with a list of persons who may be available to assist you, at little or no cost, with your asylum claim?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Yes		

Signature of Applicant (The person in Part A.1.)

[X Esa Henrik Holappa]
Sign your name so it all appears within the brackets

10/10/08
Date (mm/dd/yyyy)

Part E. Declaration of person preparing form, if other than applicant, spouse, parent or child.

I declare that I have prepared this application at the request of the person named in Part D, that the responses provided are based on all information of which I have knowledge, or which was provided to me by the applicant and that the completed application was read to the applicant in his or her presence.

FedEx US Airbill
Express

FedEx Tracking Number 8673 2345 7023

0200 Sender's Copy

1 From *Please print and press hard*
Date 10/9/2008 Sender's FedEx Account Number 309 442 881
Sender's Name May Law Group Phone (412) 291-4400

Company
Address 535 Smithfield St, Suite 908
City Pittsburgh State PA ZIP 15222

2 Your Internal Billing Reference
ESa Henrik Holappa

3 To Recipient's Name USCIS
Company Texas Service Center
Recipient's Address 4141 St. Augustine Rd.

Address
City Dallas State TX ZIP 75227

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Simplify your shipping. Manage your account. Access all the tools you need.

4a Express Package Service
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4b Express Freight Service
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 FedEx 2Day Freight
 FedEx 3Day Freight

5 Packaging
 FedEx Envelope
 FedEx Pak
 FedEx Box
 FedEx Tube
 Other

6 Special Handling
 SATURDAY Delivery
 HOLD Weekday at FedEx Location
 HOLD Saturday at FedEx Location
Does this shipment contain dangerous goods?
 No
 Yes

7 Payment Bill to:
 Sender
 Recipient
 Third Party
 Credit Card
 Cash/Check

Total Packages 1
Total Weight 0
Total Declared Value \$ 0.00

8 Residential Delivery Signature Options
 No Signature Required
 Direct Signature
 Indirect Signature

RETAIN THIS COPY FOR YOUR RECORDS.

520

FedEx Sender's document. Proof that Valerie May, Esq. sent the first package on Oct 9th to USCIS Texas Service Center.

Track Shipments/FedEx Kinko's Orders
Detailed Results

[? Quick Help](#)

Tracking number	867323457023	Reference	ESA HENRIK HOLAPPA
Signed for by	P.BURRELL	Delivered to	Shipping/Receiving
Ship date	Oct 9, 2008	Service type	Standard Pak
Delivery date	Oct 10, 2008 9:07 AM	Weight	3.0 lbs.
Status	Delivered		
Signature image available	Yes		

Date/Time	Activity	Location	Details
Oct 10, 2008	9:07 AM	Delivered	
	7:58 AM	On FedEx vehicle for delivery	GARLAND, TX
	7:22 AM	At local FedEx facility	GARLAND, TX
	4:50 AM	At dest sort facility	DALLAS, TX
	4:27 AM	Departed FedEx location	MEMPHIS, TN
Oct 9, 2008	8:37 PM	Left FedEx origin facility	PITTSBURGH, PA
	8:06 PM	Picked up	PITTSBURGH, PA

[Signature proof](#) | [E-mail results](#) | [Track more shipments/orders](#)

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Your name: Your e-mail address:

E-mail address	Language	Exception updates	Delivery updates
<input type="text"/>	English	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="text"/>	English	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="text"/>	English	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="text"/>	English	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Select format: HTML Text Wireless

Add personal message:

Not available for Wireless or non-English characters.

By selecting this check box and the Submit button, I agree to these [Terms and Conditions](#)

http://www.fedex.com/Tracking/Detail?fc_start_url=&totalPicceNum=&backTo=&temp... 10/10/2008

FedEx Track document. This documents how Henrik Holappa's asylum application was originally picked up by Federal Express at 8:06 PM on October 9th, and delivered at 9:07 AM on October 10th to the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services (USCIS) Texas Service Center, one day in advance of the October 11th deadline. Therefore, Henrik Holappa acted in good faith in a timely manner, and any errors were in all likelihood the fault of his lawyer Valerie May, and not himself.

Note that October 10th was on Friday, therefore the USCIS offices were probably closed on the deadline date of 11th.

FedEx US Airbill Express		FedEx Tracking Number	8673 2345 7045
1 From <small>Please print or type name</small>		Sender's FedEx Account Number	SEN 309 EDE 4402 881
Date	10/10/08	Sender's Name	Valerie L. May Phone 412 291-4400
Company	May Law Group, LLC	Address	535 Smithfield St, Ste 908
City	Pittsburgh	State	PA ZIP 15222
2 Your Internal Billing Reference		Esa Henrik Holappa	
3 To		Recipient's Name	USCIS
Company	Texas Service Center	Address	4141 St. Augustine
City	Dallas	State	TX ZIP 75227
Store your addresses at fedex.com Simplify your shipping. Manage your account. Access all the tools you need.			
4a Express Package Service		Sender's Copy	
<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx Priority Overnight	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FedEx Standard Overnight	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx First Overnight	
<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx 2Day	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx Express Saver	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx Next Business Day	
4b Express Freight Service		Packages over 150 lbs.	
<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx 1Day Freight	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx 2Day Freight	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx 3Day Freight	
5 Packaging		<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx Tube	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FedEx Envelope	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx Pak	<input type="checkbox"/> FedEx Box	
6 Special Handling		<input type="checkbox"/> HOLD Saturday at FedEx Location	
<input type="checkbox"/> SATURDAY Delivery	<input type="checkbox"/> HOLD Weekday at FedEx Location	<input type="checkbox"/> HOLD Saturday at FedEx Location	
7 Payment Bill to:		Enter FedEx Acct. No. or Credit Card No. below.	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Sender	<input type="checkbox"/> Recipient	<input type="checkbox"/> Credit Card	
8 Residential Delivery Signature Options		520	

Fed Ex Sender's document. Evidence that Valerie May, Esq. resubmitted the package which corrected the signature block error on October 10th.

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Resubmission of Timely Filed Asylum Application Due to Signature on Incorrect Line

Re: Mr. Esa Henrik HOLAPPA.

Resubmission of Timely Filed Asylum Application. Cover sheet with letterhead of Holappa's attorney Valerie May used with the document that corrected the signature technicality in the first submission.

IMMIGRATION COURT
1600 CALLOWHILL ST., SUITE 400
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19130

HOLAPPA, ESA HENRIK
213 EKASTOWN ROAD
SARVER, PA 16055

FILE: A087-361-909

RE: HOLAPPA, ESA HENRIK

NOTICE OF ASYLUM-ONLY HEARING

PLEASE TAKE NOTE THAT YOUR ASYLUM-ONLY HEARING HAS BEEN SCHEDULED/RESCHEDULED BEFORE THE IMMIGRATION COURT ON Dec 9, 2008 AT 09:30 A.M. AT THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS:

1600 CALLOWHILL ST., SUITE 400
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19130

YOU MAY BE REPRESENTED IN THIS PROCEEDING, AT NO EXPENSE TO THE GOVERNMENT, BY AN ATTORNEY OR OTHER INDIVIDUAL AUTHORIZED AND QUALIFIED TO REPRESENT PERSONS BEFORE AN IMMIGRATION COURT. IF YOU WISH TO BE SO REPRESENTED, YOUR ATTORNEY OR REPRESENTATIVE SHOULD APPEAR WITH YOU AT THIS HEARING.

IN THE EVENT THAT YOU ARE RELEASED FROM CUSTODY, YOU MUST IMMEDIATELY REPORT ANY CHANGE IN YOUR ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER TO THE IMMIGRATION COURT ON THE ATTACHED FORM EOIR-33. IF YOU FAIL TO PROVIDE AN ADDRESS, YOUR SCHEDULED HEARING MAY BE HELD IN YOUR ABSENCE.

FAILURE TO APPEAR AT YOUR HEARING EXCEPT FOR EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES* MAY RESULT IN ONE OF THE FOLLOWING ACTIONS:

1. YOUR HEARING WILL BE HELD IN YOUR ABSENCE AND YOUR APPLICATION MAY BE DENIED BY AN IMMIGRATION JUDGE.
2. YOU MAY BE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY AND HELD FOR FURTHER ACTION.
3. YOU MAY BE REMOVED FROM THE UNITED STATES WITHOUT FURTHER HEARING.

*EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES REFERS TO EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES SUCH AS SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE ALIEN OR DEATH OF AN IMMEDIATE RELATIVE OF THE ALIEN, BUT NOT INCLUDING LESS COMPELLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THE STATUS OF YOUR CASE, CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-898-7180 OR 703-305-1662.

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

THIS DOCUMENT WAS SERVED BY: MAIL (M) PERSONAL SERVICE (P)
TO: ALIEN ALIEN c/o Custodial Officer ALIEN's ATT/REP DHS
DATE: 11/28/08 BY: COURT STAFF
Attachments: EOIR-33 EOIR-28 Legal Services List Other
U6

Notice of Asylum-Only Hearing for 9 Dec 2008. Here, the government scheduled a routine immigration court appearance. Holappa appeared as required, and was then issued another appearance date in July 2009.

IMMIGRATION COURT
1600 CALLOWHILL ST., SUITE 400
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19130

HOLAPPA, ESA HENRIK
213 EKASTOWN ROAD
SARVER, PA 16055

FILE: A087-361-909

RE: HOLAPPA, ESA HENRIK

NOTICE OF ASYLUM-ONLY HEARING

PLEASE TAKE NOTE THAT YOUR ASYLUM-ONLY HEARING HAS BEEN SCHEDULED/RESCHEDULED BEFORE THE IMMIGRATION COURT ON 7-21-09 at 4pm AT THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS:

1600 CALLOWHILL ST., SUITE 400
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19130

YOU MAY BE REPRESENTED IN THIS PROCEEDING, AT NO EXPENSE TO THE GOVERNMENT, BY AN ATTORNEY OR OTHER INDIVIDUAL AUTHORIZED AND QUALIFIED TO REPRESENT PERSONS BEFORE AN IMMIGRATION COURT. IF YOU WISH TO BE SO REPRESENTED, YOUR ATTORNEY OR REPRESENTATIVE SHOULD APPEAR WITH YOU AT THIS HEARING.

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1. YOUR HEARING WILL BE HELD IN YOUR ABSENCE AND YOUR APPLICATION MAY BE DENIED BY AN IMMIGRATION JUDGE.
2. YOU MAY BE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY AND HELD FOR FURTHER ACTION.
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*EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES REFERS TO EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES SUCH AS SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE ALIEN OR DEATH OF AN IMMEDIATE RELATIVE OF THE ALIEN, BUT NOT INCLUDING LESS COMPELLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THE STATUS OF YOUR CASE, CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-898-7180 OR 703-305-1662.

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

THIS DOCUMENT WAS SERVED BY: MAIL (M) PERSONAL SERVICE (P)
TO: ALIEN ALIEN c/o Custodial Officer ALIEN'S ATT/REP DHS
DATE: 10/9/08 BY: COURT STAFF [Signature]
Attachments: EOIR-33 EOIR-28 Legal Services List Other
WG



Fin Atty

Notice of Asylum-Only Hearing for 21 July 2009.

U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services

I-797C, Notice of Action



Fingerprint Notification			NOTICE DATE October 17, 2008
CASE TYPE 1589 Application For Asylum			USCIS A# A 087 361 909
RECEIPT NUMBER ZAR0800028430	RECEIVED DATE October 14, 2008	PRIORITY DATE October 14, 2008	PAGE 1 of 1
APPLICANT NAME AND MAILING ADDRESS ESA HENRIK HOLAPPA c/o VALERIE L MAY MAY LAW GROUP LLC 535 SMITHFIELD ST STE 908 PITTSBURGH PA 15222 ..lll..lll..lll..lll..lll			
You have been scheduled to appear at the below USCIS Application Support Center (ASC) to be fingerprinted and photographed (biometrics collection) during the 14-day period specified below. Completion of background identity and security checks is required in order to process your application.			
Address	14-Day Period	Hours of Operation CLOSED ON FEDERAL HOLIDAYS	
CIS PITTSBURGH 800 PENN AVE. SUITE 101 PITTSBURGH PA 152223615	10/20/2008 to 11/03/2008	Sun, Mon Closed Tues-Sat 8am-4pm	
Failure to appear as scheduled for fingerprinting and biometrics collection during the 14-Day period may delay eligibility for work authorization and/or result in an asylum officer dismissing your asylum application, and/or referring it to an Immigration Judge.			
When you appear for fingerprinting and biometrics collection, you MUST BRING THIS LETTER . Even if you are scheduled at the same time as your family members, each individual must bring his or her own notice. If you do not bring this letter, you will not be able to have your fingerprints taken. This may cause a delay in the processing of your application and your eligibility for work authorization. You should also bring photo identification such as a passport, valid driver's license, national ID, military ID, State-issued photo ID, or USCIS-issued photo ID. If you do not have any photo identification, please expect a minor delay, as you will need to be interviewed by a USCIS officer regarding your identity. Note: Asylum applicants are not required to present identification documents in order to have fingerprints and biometrics collected.			
Please note that the staff at the ASC will not be able to answer any questions about the status of your application. We appreciate your patience during the process.			
Pursuant to Section 265 of the Immigration and Nationality Act, you are required to notify the USCIS, in writing, of any address changes, within 10 days of such change. If you were placed in removal proceedings before an Immigration Judge, you are also required to notify the Immigration Court having jurisdiction over your case of any change of address within 5 days of such change, on Form EOIR-33. Include your name, signature, address, and USCIS A# on any written notice of change of address. The USCIS will use the last address you provided for all correspondence, and you are responsible for the contents of all USCIS correspondence sent to that address. Failure to provide your current address as required may result in dismissal or referral of your asylum application, institution of removal proceedings, the entry of a removal order in your absence if you fail to appear for a hearing before an immigration judge, and removal from the United States. If you have any questions or comments regarding the status of your application, please contact the office with jurisdiction over your application.			
If you have any questions regarding this notice, please call 1-800-375-5283.		REPRESENTATIVE COPY 	

Form I-797C (Rev. 01/01/05) N

U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services I-797C, Notice of Action for Henrik Holappa, Case type: I589 Application for Asylum, Received 14 Oct 2008. In this document, the government provides a receipt for Holappa's application. Please note that Oct 11th and 12th were Saturday and Sunday respectively. This probably explains the delay in the USCIS Texas Service Center office officially receiving and acknowledging the package.



VALTAKUNNANSYTTÄJÄNVIRASTO

1 (1)

2.4.2009

Dnro R 08/35

Arvoisa Raili Holappa

Oheiset päätökset on lähetetty pojallenne Esa Holapalle hänen väestörekisteristä ilmenevään osoitteeseensa. Posti on kuitenkin palauttanut kirjeen ilmoituksen, ettei hän asu sanotussa osoitteessa. Tämän vuoksi lähetän päätökset Teille pyynnöllä, että ilmoittaisitte asiasta Esa Holapalle. Asian käsittely Valtakunnansyyttäjänvirastossa on päättynyt. Jos Teillä tai Esa Holapalla on asiaan liittyviä kysymyksiä, voi ne esittää minulle.

Valtionsyyttäjä

Mika Illman

Liitteet

Kaksi päätöstä asiassa R 08/35.

Agreement by Finnish state prosecutor to drop all charges (Finnish). Signed by the State Prosecutor Mika Illman and addressed to Henrik Holappa's mother Raili Holappa.

1

VALTAKUNNANSYÖTTÄJÄNVIRASTO
PL 333
00181 HELSINKI
Puhelin 010 3620 800 Fax 010 3620 888

PÄÄTÖS
syyttämättä jättämisestä
31.3.2009
Asianro
R 08/35

Syyttämättä jätetty HOLAPPA ESA HENRIK
18.07.1985
Asianomistajat KALEVA KUSTANNUS OY

Tutkitut tai epäillyt rikokset ja lainkohdat

TEKIJÄNOIKEUSRIKKOMUS
5.1.2007 OULU
6550/R/0000605/07
Tekijänoikeuslaki

Tapahtumatiedot Esa Henrik Holappa on leikannut asianomistajayhtiön julkaiseman sanomalehden eräästä numerosta kuvan ja toimittanut sen sähköisessä muodossa Yhdysvaltoihin, jossa kuva on julkaistu internetissä. Kuvan uudelleen julkaisemiseen ei ole ollut asianomistajayhtiön suostumusta.

Päätös Jätän syytteen nostamatta, koska epäillyn rikoksen syyteoikeus on vanhentunut

En nosta syytettä.

Perustelut Mahdollinen tekijänoikeusrikkomus on tapahtunut 5.1.2007 tai hiljattain sen jälkeen. Syyteoikeus on siten vanhentunut 5.1.2009 tai jonkin aikaa sen jälkeen.

Allekirjoitus Valtionsyyttäjä


Mika Illman

Jakelu Syyttämättä jätetty
Asianomistaja
Poliisi

State Prosecutor Mika Illman's decision not to charge Henrik Holappa of violation of copyrights.

VALTAKUNNANSYÖTTÄJÄNVIRASTO
 Apulaisvaltakunnansyyttäjä Jorma Kalske
 Valtionsyyttäjä Mika Illman, esittelijä

PL 333
 00181 HELSINKI
 Puhelin 010 3620 800 Fax 010 3620 888

PÄÄTÖS 09/52
syyttämättä jättämisestä
 31.3.2009 Asianro
 R 08/35

Syyttämättä jätetty HOLAPPA ESA HENRIK
 18.07.1985

Asianomistajat MEIR MERJA ANNELI
 MEIR AVI
 MEIR JONATAN

Tutkitut tai epäillyt rikokset ja lainkohdat

TÖRKEÄ KUNNIANLOUKKAUS
 5.1.2007 OULU
 6550/R/0000605/07
 Rikoslaki 24 luku 10 §

KIIHOTTAMINEN KANSANRYHMÄÄ VASTAAN
 5.1.2007 OULU
 6550/R/0000605/07
 Rikoslaki 11 luku 10 §

Tapahtumatiedot Poliisi on tutkinut, onko Esa Henrik Holappa syylistynyt asianomistajiin kohdistuneeseen törkeään kunnianloukkaukseen. Asianomistajia loukkaava kuva oli julkaistu eräällä yhdysvaltalaisella internetsivustolla. Kuvan oheen oli laadittu asianomistajia loukkaava teksti. Tekstin sisällön johdosta asiassa on myös tutkittu, onko Holappa syylistynyt kiihottamiseen kansanryhmää vastaan. Tämän vuoksi syyteharkinta on toimitettu Valtakunnansyyttäjänvirastossa sananvapauden käyttämisestä joukkoviestinnässä annetun lain 24 §:n nojalla.

Päätös Asiassa ei ole todennäköisiä syitä rikoksesta epäillyn syyllisyyden tueksi.
 En nosta syytettä tässä asiassa.

Perustelut Asiassa on selvää, että julkaistu kuva yhdistettynä tutkinnan kohteena olevaan tekstiin on asianomistajien kunniaa loukkaava. Teksti sisältää myös eräitä kohtia, jotka sinänsä täyttävät kiihottamisesta kansanryhmää vastaan annetun tunnusmerkistön.

State Prosecutor Mika Illman's decision not to charge Henrik Holappa of aggravated defamation and inciting for racial hatred.

03/11/2009 WED 14:01 FAX 7178407735 DHS/ICE/DRO/YRK

030/032

**ORDER OF REMOVAL
SECTIONS 217 AND 241**

To: Esa Henrik HOLAPPA
213 Ekastown RD
Sarver, PA 16055

File Number: A87 361 909

Having determined that:

1. You are neither a citizen nor a national of the United States and,
2. You were admitted to the United States on July 11, 2008 at JFK Airport in New York under Section 217 of the Immigration and Nationality Act, and authorized to remain in the United States until October 10, 2008.
3. You have violated the conditions of that admission in that:

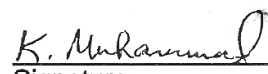
a. After admission as a nonimmigrant visitor under Section 217 of said Act, you have remained in the United States without authorization beyond the time authorized, under Section 237(a)(1)(B) of the Immigration and Nationality Act;

and

b. You have waived your right to contest any action for deportation, except to apply for asylum, having been admitted under Section 217 of the Immigration and Nationality Act,

By virtue of the authority vested in the Attorney General of the United States and/or the Secretary of The Department of Homeland Security, in me as his delegate, by the laws of the United States,

I HEREBY ORDER that you be removed from the United States of America.


Signature

March 9, 2009
Date

Kalias Muhammad
Acting Assistant Special Agent in Charge
Name and Title

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Place

Order of Removal. Explaining sections 217 and 240 for Holappa's deportation from the United States of America. Signed by the Special Agent in Charge, Kalias Muhammad, in Pittsburgh March 9, 2009.

03/11/2009 WED 14:01 FAX 7178407735 DHS/ICE/DRO/YRK

031/032

**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY
IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT**

**NOTICE OF INTENT TO REMOVE/DEPORT FOR VIOLATING THE TERMS OF YOUR
ADMISSION UNDER SECTION 217 OR THE IMMIGRATION AND NATIONALITY ACT**

To: Esa Henrik HOLAPPA
213 Ekastown RD
Sarver, PA 16055

File Number: A87 361 909

The Department of Homeland Security, ICE has determined that you entered the United States pursuant to Section 217 of the Immigration and Nationality Act. Accordingly, you executed a Form I-94W, Non-immigrant Visa Waiver Arrival/Departure Form that explained to you the conditions of admission under the Visa Waiver Pilot Program. When you signed Form I-94W, you waived your right to contest deportability before an Immigration Judge and the Board of Immigration Appeals, and to any judicial review of any and all of the above decisions; except for the filing of an application for political asylum.

The Department of Homeland Security, ICE has determined that you have violated the terms of your admission under Section 217 of the Immigration and Nationality Act on the grounds that:

You have violated the conditions of that admission in that:

a. After admission as a nonimmigrant visitor under Section 217 of said Act, you have remained in the United States without authorization beyond the time authorized, under Section 237(a)(1)(B) of the Immigration and Nationality Act;

Accordingly, the Department of Homeland Security, ICE has entered an order that you be deported and removed from the United States.

K. Muhammad
Signature

March 9, 2009
Date

Kalias Muhammad
Acting Assitant Special Agent in Charge
Name and Title

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Place

United States Department of Homeland Security and Immigration and Customs Enforcement's notice of intent to remove / deport (Holappa) for violating the terms of admission under section 217 or the immigration and nationality act. Signed by Special Agent in Charge, Kalias Muhammad, in Pittsburgh, March 9, 2009.

