



SERGEANTS MALEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

CENTER STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10000

Signatures:

Ed "Chokehold" Jones
*NYPD Police Officers'
Entitlement Association*

R. Ferguson
*National Association of
Police Abuse*

Ronny "Rubber Bullets"
Johnson
*Affirmative Action
Director, Police Abuse
Enabling Association*

*American Nazi Party,
Police Officers Division*

"Brat" Bratton
*National Association of
Police Brutality,
New York Division*

K. Pigalow
*International Torture
Liaison Division, NYPD*

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE SERGEANTS MALEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

We face danger from within and from without. We need law and order. Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive.

Our streets are choked with squeegee people, "rappers," beggars, and criminals selling loose cigarettes. Disrespectful minorities threaten police with obscene gestures and taunts like "Hands up! Don't shoot!" Unruly young people infest public spaces exhibiting disrespect for authority. Foreigners, with foreign accents, openly walk the streets presenting an ongoing and imminent terrorist threat. So-called protesters, infiltrated by if not led by outside agitators, stage constant riots – particularly when beaten and fired on with massive levels of rubber bullets and tear gas.

Why are we lurching into the abyss? The answer is simple: The officers on the front line are the victims of constant abuse. As a cop who has walked the beat in every part of this city, I can testify that I and every other cop understands fully well that periodic statements by public officials promising to investigate so-called "police overreach" are for public consumption only. But still, those statements are offensive.

When we "stop and frisk" hundreds of thousands of minority youth, and implement well-established appropriate levels of racist insults, physical threats, illegal searches – we're called "racist"! And simply because we facilitate the violent mass removal of whole sections of "people" from society based on their race, we are called agents of "genocide"!

When we apply cutting-edge policing techniques developed by our military and those of our allies, in Afghanistan and Gaza, to teach so-called protesters a lesson they will never forget, we are called "militarized fascists."

When we infiltrate religious institutions and persecute an entire religious community as terrorist we are called "Islamophobes." Or, violators of an alleged "Bill of Rights."

The simple, appropriate, and entirely routine act of sexually abusing a woman for venturing near an "Occupy" protest, and then sending her to jail, was all some needed to call us "pigs" and claim there is something wrong with violently suppressing dissent in public places.

That's not all. Does anyone appreciate the emotional trauma of having a video or Facebook posting of one of your closest associates posing in his KKK outfit, or bragging about being a white supremacist mass murderer, ending up on the news? It is hurtful and painful for police officers to go on TV and pretend to be "taken aback" that a fellow Klansman or Nazi who got exposed was a Klansman or Nazi.

And when, on a typical day, carrying out the standard protocol for dealing with an unarmed Black man suspected of selling loose cigarettes, officers choked him to death, leaving him to die on the street, we have to endure abusive rhetoric from the very riff-raff we are assigned to kill, along with traitors from other sections of society. It is at moments like this, when the shouts of "murderers!" ring in our ears, that the special camaraderie that bonds the policing community and our supporters is so appreciated.

I remember the good old days, when a cop could choke a young Black man to death for selling loose cigarettes and smile for the cameras, grab a beer, get a pat on the back from his supervisors for ridding society of subhuman vermin, and get assigned to a desk job to celebrate.

Don't get me wrong, that's still the case. But it is unacceptable that so much of society sees us as murderers. Some even claim the violence we use is "illegitimate." That must stop. We are the thin blue line protecting the American Way of Life. Nothing less is at stake.

Sincerely,

Nathan "You Can't Handle the Truth" Jessup