

From: **appeal=democracynow.org@mail141.atl61.mcsv.net** on behalf of **Amy Goodman**  
([appeal@democracynow.org](mailto:appeal@democracynow.org))  
Sent: Wednesday, September 09, 2015 4:50:42 PM  
To: [garry.kennedy@ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:garry.kennedy@ns.sympatico.ca)

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Dear sir,  
Mr. Garry,

I am so grateful that this message finds you in good health, praise GOD. I have been trying so hard to get in touch with you because I know we share a special bond, even though maybe you don't remember my face, or don't know really know the real me or who I am. I prayed to GOD and finally He delivered with golden providence your email address to me, so I know that our destinies are woven together like threads that were meant to be united as one rope. Lately I have been desperate. In the winter I moved with my family to Canada and it was taking so long for our apartment to be ready by a deceitful landlord (eventually the kitchen floor had to be replaced after the heater leaked water and destroyed the old and broken tiles, and as we walked over it the disgusting musty water seeped up through the cracks, my pregnant wife was very annoyed). So we had no recourse but to stay at a friend's house on Christopher Columbus Avenue. It was a headache for everyone. My backpack was stolen one evening, this was in 2015 February, where I had been keeping my passport, along with my laptop and my hard drive. My whole history was robbed of me in that moment, I couldn't prove my identity to anyone, and I was met with doubt by those who didn't believe in me. The bank halted my cards, I could not pay for necessary expenses. They didn't even recognize my signature; I remarked matter-of-factly that it changes every day, the manager looked at me with hatred, as if it was I who was really the criminal identity thief!

My baby son's photographs, going back to his birth, were gone. My documentation, my wife's immigration forms, the photographs attesting to the veracity of our relationship, all of these things were in organized folders and ready to be submitted to the Ministry of Citizenship and Immigration of the Canadian Government, they vanished too. My intellectual property, including artworks, texts, important notes, digital library, many nice things you would have loved, they were all ripped away. All those ideas and their value, probably spirited away to the black market of concepts, leaving me bereft. The institutions wouldn't be able to accept me. I had no track record in Canada. How could I prove what I have done? Like many other marxists I don't produce the paintings for galleries or the public art for squares, I highlight art's labour conditions. But times have also changed, and one can't get around on reputation anymore, with memory reformatting every few months. If you don't have stuff to show, you get laughed out of the boardroom. The boardroom of your own mind.

I needed to start over, Mr. Garry, start thinking from scratch. I could not prove anything to anybody. Add to these trials (the LORD works in mysterious ways) the fact that my mental health has been up and down. I doubt what I am doing. I try to press down the knot protruding just under my hairline, squish out its obstinance before the hair recedes. I tore my meniscus while squatting in a Beijing public toilet, it felt hot and sharp, and then my knee clicked nauseatingly forever after. I suspect this is all related to the lefthand sciatic nerve that popped while I was stretching several years ago, and plagues me with periodic charlie horses (and moreover urges my nose to the left). There are small flecks of protein floating around in my right eyeball, perpetually sinking and tossing around, filtering through my eyesight like paramecia in a snow globe. Sometimes I wonder if I should have taken up another line of work, one that isn't so dependent on proving to people the value of something I myself don't necessarily believe in.

I know you, Mr. Garry, know how this must feel, because you have a good soul, I know this Mr. Garry, GOD has told me you would understand. You have seen booms and busts. And so you know that it isn't exactly true, I wouldn't change my line of work just because identity theft gets me down! I am just being dramatic old me. I bounced back, and came into some luck.

And I remembered those who didn't forget about me. That is why I want to extend my warmest wishes on this special day, and offer you this exclusive 2 for 1 deal—the Democracy Now! Mastercard ATM Card, which donates 2% of all your purchases to the not-for-profit news organization that brings you news from the perspective of those most affected by the stories we report. We shine a light on the often-silenced voices of those fighting for change. Right now, a generous donor has offered to double every donation — making your support today twice as valuable to Democracy Now!

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Best regards,

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