

Of Interest

- In January, the US Supreme Court granted a stay of execution to Florida inmate Clarence Hill just minutes before his execution was to take place. The next day, the Court made the stay permanent until they could hear Hill's challenge to the lethal injection procedures in Florida.

Hill had raised a civil rights claim stating that the chemicals used in lethal injection could inflict severe and unnecessary pain.

- Amnesty International recently reported that over 1000 men and women are on death row in Thailand, most for drug offences.

In a recent high profile case involving the rape and murder of UK national Katherine Horton, the speed of the prosecution has raised concern that the defendants may not have had time to mount an adequate defence. Wichai Somkhaoyai and Bualoi Posit were tried, convicted and sentenced in just over a week.

Many prisoners on death row in Thailand are held continuously in metal shackles, in contravention of international standards.

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President's Column

Intern Programme

Nine Reprive interns are about to finish up their work in Louisiana, Texas and North Carolina. They have spent their summer holidays researching, filing, photocopying, visiting prisoners and talking to witnesses and the families of clients. By all accounts they have had a challenging and exhausting time. Their assistance has meant that vital work was done that could not otherwise have been done. They have contributed the equivalent of one person working full time for over 2 years. For that, we, and the defence offices they assisted, thank them. We hope the interns also managed to enjoy themselves a little! You will hear from them about their experiences in this and coming newsletters.

Death Row Theatre - Lorilei and the BBC

Reprive members and supporters will remember the second of the death row theatre productions with which Reprive has been involved, *Lorilei - A Meditation on Loss*. The monologue is based on the inspiring story of Lorilei Guillory and her fight to save the life of her son's murderer, Ricky Langley. Reprive interns also assisted in the retrial of Langley in Louisiana in 2004, after which his sentence was altered from death to life without parole.

Following the success of *Lorilei* at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival last August, BBC North has agreed to produce it as a radio play. It will be recorded in Toronto, Canada by Anna Galvin later this year. This is great news, as it will obviously increase the audience for this work, and

extend the reach of its inspiring message.

Death Penalty Roundtable

In the wake of the execution of Melbourne man Nguyen Tuong Van, and the looming trials of other Australians in South East Asia, a **Death Penalty Roundtable** was held recently in Sydney.

Organised by the NSW Council for Civil Liberties, Reprive's Vice President, Rachel Walsh, attended, together with representatives of various other human rights and civil liberties organisations from around the country, including Amnesty International.

The group's aim is to develop and refine a co-ordinated approach to work that Australians do here, and overseas, in the fight against the death penalty. Reprive looks forward to being able to make a real and effective contribution in this forum, based on our experience and the significant work we've been involved with in Singapore and the US.

I thank Rachel for finding the time to go to Sydney.

Membership Renewals

As an organisation run by volunteers, remember that we rely on your financial, as well as moral, support. If you have not yet renewed your membership for 2005/2006, it's never too late! A membership renewal form is on the last page of this newsletter.

Nick Harrington

President

The Hanging Oak

On the way into downtown Houston, there's a colossal old oak tree. A sign below it estimates that it is more than four hundred years old and speaks of its role in Houston's history.

According to the sign, this tree even has a name - "The Old Hanging Oak" – since some "eleven criminals were hanged from its graceful boughs".

When I first arrived in Houston to work at the Gulf Region Advocacy Center (GRACE), this proud commemoration of lynching seemed a fitting symbol of the Texas death penalty. I believed that the modern death penalty was merely an extension of rough and ready frontier justice, kept alive by a proudly mulish conservatism. But it was travelling through Texas that told me that this isn't quite the case. One must look beyond the lynching tree and its successor, the small-town courthouse, to see what is truly at work.

Houston is ringed and segmented by enormous freeways, perhaps 6 lanes in each direction. There are complex interchanges at each of the ring roads, with traffic soaring many storeys high. Driving GRACE's little Honda, you feel you're at the mercy of the swarm of Texas-sized trucks and "SUVs" (otherwise know as utes and four-wheel-drives for Australians) that surround you.

Yet at a certain point, the freeways thin down to an old-fashioned two lanes in each direction, the strip malls thin out, and the countryside appears. There's a great deal of flat farmland, punctuated by the occasional oil derrick, and as you go west, this gives way to less fertile land with stands of thorny brush.

The little towns you visit are quite pretty, a refreshing break from Houston's concrete and strip malls, and often have handsome old courthouses, with leadlight windows, tiled floors and wooden halls. It can get very hot here, and you can imagine that in the days before air-conditioning, these places would have been havens of cool air as the oak

trees wilted on the square outside.

Often, the court staff are nearly all female, and they sit at serried rows of desks in big rooms. There's a continuous flow of recycled jokes, and from time to time a cop or a lawyer might walk into the room and flirt a little. The court staff, like most Texans, are friendly and hospitable, and one wonders how a system run by such people can encompass the death penalty.

Yet these picturesque old courthouses are often literally overshadowed by the modern justice complexes next door - unsympathetic multi-storey concrete blocks housing new courts, bureaucrats and jails. For example, the criminal law functions of the Harris County courthouse, serving the Houston area, have recently been relocated to a custom-built 20-storey monolith called the "Criminal Justice Center". This courthouse, with an ostentatious Texas star on top and a memorial to murdered children in the foyer, is a better symbol of the modern death penalty in Texas than is The Old Hanging Oak.

Some statistics might serve to illustrate this. In the first ten years after the Texas death penalty was reintroduced (1982-1991), there were some 42 executions. In the next ten years (1992-2001), roughly corresponding to the Bush governorship, there were 214. This represents a significant acceleration, rather than the deceleration one might expect to see.

The death penalty today, and the criminal justice system which underpins it, are the result of years of pressure by opportunistic politicians and a symbiotic media that pumps out nightly stories of grisly killings and the capture of murderers. It's hard to tell which came first – is that paranoia inspired by the unjust system, or does the unjust system necessitate a media apologia?

Either way, the result is that almost all of the representatives of the state,

intended to be guardians of people's rights, unite against a suspect. Elected district attorneys, politically motivated and well-funded, prosecute the cases, and elected judges shepherd the cases through, using laws customized for the purpose by cynical legislators. That is, the death penalty here is not merely the uncontrolled mob 'justice' of a lynching, not the breakdown of a system, but the result of a deliberately skewed system in perfect working order.

GRACE and its sister agencies, like the Texas Defender Service, have been working to provide a coordinated and competent defence system, in which an individual can confront the political will and weight of resources of the capital punishment system. It does this by developing new practices and zealously using them, as well as sharing them with anyone who might need them.

I have been working on one particular case for the last month or so and as I write this we have, just a few hours ago, received news that may mean this client will not face the death penalty after all. This result, while far from certain, is highly encouraging. It has next to nothing to do with me, but I've never been so happy to 'waste' a month's work. With time and effort, perhaps the Criminal Justice Center will, like the old oak tree, be merely a historical curiosity.



Paul Lamb

Paul has spent his summer assisting at the Gulf Region Advocacy Center in Houston, Texas. He is studying Arts/Law and a Diploma of Modern Languages at Melbourne University.

Raj In Texas

This summer, my Reprive internship has taken me to Houston, Texas. I have been working with the attorneys of the Gulf Region Advocacy Center (GRACE) in the city that executes more people than any other in the US. A number of factors contribute to the execution: high crime rates, the political will to execute as many defendants as possible, and a degree of inherent racism in the system. But to me the issue that really stands out is the indifference of many defence lawyers to the fate of the poor defendants who find they are facing the ultimate penalty. This issue played a large role in the case that I was very heavily involved in, and which had the most impact on my internship.

As Houston has a large Mexican population, GRACE often comes in as an extra counsel on cases with Mexican defendants, standing in on behalf of the Mexican Government. Thus the case of one particular Mexican client, who had been accused of capital murder, was referred to GRACE. It was discovered that the client had only three months to prepare for his trial, with an unknown court-appointed lawyer. So our mission was two-fold: to discover whether this lawyer was capable of handling such a case, and to show that three months was really not enough time to prepare for a capital murder trial.

What we finally discovered about the lawyer really shocked us. This was

clearly somebody who had little regard for those he was appointed to defend. Not only had he not won a single capital murder trial, he had repeatedly entered motions late (if at all) and had clients complain about him and try to have him removed. He was even being sued by the Texas Bar Association for missing important deadlines. The State of Texas was ready to suspend him from the practice of law, but at the same time was allowing him to represent a man on trial for his life.

For the task of getting an extension on the trial date, expert evidence was brought in from many different sources: experienced investigators, attorneys and psychiatrists. All argued that three months was far too short a time to prepare for the trial. For example, the defence lawyer needed to spend at least a month in Mexico, interviewing the defendant's family and friends for mitigation purposes.

The case was given a big boost when we discovered the schedule of our defence lawyer for the months leading up to the trial. As he was a court-appointed lawyer in a number of different counties, this lawyer was constantly busy. He was so busy that in the three months before the trial, he had less than 20 free days when he had no court appearances. He was handling around 40 different clients, and on the day of the next pre-trial hearing for our client he was supposed to be appearing in three different counties for four different clients. It

seemed clear that he would have precious little time to spend preparing to defend our client from being executed.

All the assembled evidence was to be presented at the next pre-trial hearing. The day before the hearing was the longest day of my life, as we scrambled to put all the evidence into one killer set of motions that would persuade the judge and potentially save our client's life. In the end, we worked 21 hours straight - an experience I will certainly never forget!

Happily, everything went according to plan. Not only did the judge agree to delay the trial by more than a year but the evidence convinced him to enter a ruling that would stop the lawyer from ever becoming appointed by a court again. We had not only saved our client's life for now, but the lives of any future clients this lawyer might have represented.



Raj Bhattacharya

Raj will soon complete his internship at the Gulf Region Advocacy Center in Houston, Texas.

"See Ye To It"

Before I signed on for a *Reprive* internship, my opposition to the death penalty was largely an unthinking response. Like my un-Australian dislike of Vegemite, I disagreed with capital punishment because it just didn't "smell right". Surely this proposition was so obvious that it required no further explanation?

So, just as I was surprised to learn that there exists a certain segment of humanity that actually enjoys noxious

yeast substances on their toast, I was also surprised – or more accurately, challenged – to come to a society where the death penalty is not only accepted, it's championed. This widespread acceptance, which includes support from some ostensibly intelligent and decent people, forced me to consider again my opposition to the ultimate penalty.

And I've come through the process convinced that the death penalty is

immoral, because among other things, I've come to see the pettiness of the entire process.

Through the work that I've done over here, helping to formulate pleadings for Court where the goal is to tortuously contort the arguments and legal precedents to support life, as well as in the day-to-day activities (like collecting copious records to scour every litigable point), it becomes

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“See Ye To It” (cont’d)

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obvious how small-minded the entire system is.

For these actions are the result of the systemic pettiness of the State in challenging, even fighting tooth and nail, the defence’s petitions for extensions of time, requests for adequate financing, resources and the like.

This aggressive attitude may be acceptable, laudable possibly, when dealing with corporate acquisitions, prosecutions for misleading and deceptive conduct, even perhaps when conducting suits for a fixed term of imprisonment. But for me, when there is something as important and precious as another’s life tipping precariously in the balance, a more generous attitude must be required.

But instead, the system fights every inch of the way and ultimately seeks to trade someone’s life on the emotional currency of the horror of the crime that has occurred, and how repulsed a faceless gang of twelve might be by the defendant. Of course, reading trial testimony is necessarily gut-wrenching stuff. It is impossible not to be repulsed by what occurred in some of these cases. It challenges you to wonder how and why the person who committed these crimes got to where they are. But ultimately even this can’t be enough to warrant fighting and obstructing mercilessly to ensure that someone else dies.

This, albeit tangentially, brings me to a second observation. It is something that has struck me deeply in reading over trial transcripts and through the other work that I’ve done. It’s something that I think ultimately makes possible the pettiness I’ve

mentioned. It’s something that I’ve dubbed, probably not very originally, the ‘Pilate Effect’. Without it, I don’t think that there could be such a thing as capital punishment, and its attendant aggressive and petty pursuit of death by the State.

You see, in the context of capital punishment, the Pilate Effect is the process of the constant shifting of ultimate responsibility for the death of the person sentenced to die. The reason that the State and the people who represent it can fight so aggressively and belligerently for death is that they do not see themselves as being ultimately responsible for killing the defendant. Indeed, there is *no-one* who is ultimately characterised as ultimately responsible for this death; hence there is no one person to bear the onus of the guilt.

“When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, “I am innocent of the blood of this just person: See ye to it.” – Matthew 27:24

Not the jury, a faceless gang of twelve who can hide behind the veil of collective responsibility, and who anyway are merely doing their ‘civic duty’ in passing the sentence as *required by the law*.

Not the prosecutor, who merely presents the case.

Not the judge, who merely enters the jury’s verdict.

Not the Appellate Court, who merely affirms what has happened below.

Certainly not the federal courts, who should *always* give deference to State

Court decisions, or the US Supreme Court, some of whose Justices are reluctant to even acknowledge that death is a different form of punishment.

Surely not the Governor, who can’t interfere with the justly settled decisions of the judicial system.

Nor the politicians who enact the laws of capital punishment, as they are merely representing the popular will.

“I am innocent of the blood of this just person: See ye to it.”

At every level and at every stage there is always someone else to whose responsibility or authority we can defer. Each cog in what Justice Blackmun called the ‘machinery of death’ has a Pilate instant when they can absolve themselves from the fact that they are causing the death of a fellow human being.

But then if no-one is responsible, then aren’t we all?

See ye to it.



Ben Kiely

Ben Kiely, a law student from Melbourne Uni, has been working at GRACE, in Houston, Texas.

Contradictions and Challenges in New Orleans and Angola

I didn't expect Angola to be so beautiful. But here it is, nestled deep within acres of green Louisiana countryside, complete with fog spilling out of valleys as though it's a movie set, and picturesque trees dotting the endless rolling hills. A fellow intern almost utters, "Wow, I wish I could live here", but, with horror, stops herself mid-thought. Angola is also among the uglier places on earth. The tumbling country road ends with a start, and the words 'Louisiana State Penitentiary' – the formal, less pretty name for Angola – loom into existence. Its photogenic beauty, I think, only makes this place uglier. All you really need to do is scratch the surface.

New Orleans was the last city I expected to be for my internship. In the weeks after Hurricane Katrina hit, everybody assumed the worst – that The Justice Center, which houses a handful of organisations that specialize in death penalty litigation, was flooded with the toxic soup that filled the rest of New Orleans.

In an act of grace, however, The Justice Center was spared the full extent of that fate. It's in an area that some call 'the island' – a long and narrow strip of land that includes the French Quarter, the CBD and other more built up areas of town. The masses of boxes containing vital files and evidence were not, thankfully, transformed into a pulpy mess.

When we first arrived, New Orleans was a comparative ghost town. The Justice Center, which is usually a-buzz with investigators, attorneys, interns and others, was dark and almost empty. We spent our first few days engaging in the near impossible exercise of finding a place to live in this post-catastrophe city, and our nights getting very lost exploring a town that was slowly awakening from the dead.

It's easy to be mesmerized by New Orleans. Even its surface, touristy charm has a way of getting at you, with the endless party of the French Quarter which spills from one bar to

the next. As you stay longer and get to know people, it quickly becomes a home. I was impressed by this crazy black sheep of the South.

The prison is pretty much how I imagined it. It's a maze of heavy doors that don't shut without slamming, and sterile floors that amplify every brisk footstep and every rattling chain. The guards aren't particularly hospitable here. The only way I know where to go is by the metal grates that grind open when I approach them. A window provides a glimpse of a blue sky unadulterated by even a cloud. Then I notice the razor wire. This is deathrow.

It would be nice to be able to blame that butterfly in Africa for flapping its wings and causing Hurricane Katrina. However, that poor insect cannot be held responsible for the flood that came and robbed the majority of the citizens in New Orleans of everything they ever owned. For that, I'm afraid humans must accept blame.

New Orleans, as we all now know, is below sea-level, and is kept dry by a series of pumps and the now-infamous levees, that hold back the water. When Katrina hit, the levees didn't overflow. They broke. Breaches in several places meant that Lake Pontchartrain and the Industrial Canal literally drained into the city.

The levees have been disintegrating over time, at the hands of administrations that have never invested in keeping them secure. The Bush administration has been cutting funding for flood control in New Orleans every year since 2001. Even now, the Federal Government won't commit to ensuring the levees survive a Category Five storm. It was only ever a matter of time. The residents of New Orleans lived with the knowledge that one day, the big one would hit. It was preventable, but perhaps the poor people in the flood-prone areas weren't worth the investment.

The visiting area is a concrete box divided into booths. Each booth is petitioned by a mesh screen clogged with years of dust and grime. One side

for us, one side for them. A set of keys rattles, and I wait for the murderer I'm about to spend two hours with. He never arrives. In his place is a boy younger than me, with chubby cheeks and a shy smile. The chains around his ankles clink as he shuffles to the chair provided.

New Orleans is probably one of the poorest cities in the USA. Beyond the sparkle of the French Quarter and the white splendor of the Garden District is a much less tourist-friendly reality. New Orleans is one of the busiest seaports in the US, and the many oil rigs of the Gulf of Mexico have created an important industry.

New Orleans should be paved with gold. For most of the people who live in the city, however, New Orleans seems anything but a thriving industrial town. Instead, profits have a tendency to go directly into the pockets of the out-of-town headquarters of the companies that have stakes in the industry. The people see very little of it – surviving instead on a limited tourism industry.

The rich of the world count the profits of mining petroleum – an industry whose environmental consequences are rarely taken into account by the accountants of these companies. However, it's the people in low-lying areas like New Orleans that count the costs. Not only do they miss out on the money that such industries could bring to a city like New Orleans, but they must mop up one of the inevitable consequences of industry-induced climate change – bigger and more frequent hurricanes.

The boy's big, almond-shaped eyes stand out against his dark skin, even through the mesh that I squint to see him through. He tells me that he's got a bit of native American in him, and also some French. He is softly spoken, and I am conscious that I am talking way too much. The conversation joints from topic to topic, as we attempt to figure each other out and find our balance. Eventually we both relax and start to enjoy our time together.

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Contradictions and Challenges in New Orleans and Angola (cont'd)

(Continued from page 5)

Blatant segregation still exists in New Orleans, although it's restricted more to the odd all-white gentleman's club that occasionally dot the French Quarter and beyond, and the continuation of 'Black' Mardi Gras and 'White' Mardi Gras.

The biggest form of segregation, however, is the result of poverty. Pre-Katrina, 70% of the city was African-American. Most lived in the outer-suburbs, where home-ownership was plausible and rent was cheap. Many lived in public housing projects. These all-black neighbourhoods see some of the worst poverty in the States. New Orleans prides itself on being the birthplace of jazz – the language for marginalized African Americans. When I go to Frenchmen Street to see some live music, however, it's a rarity to see a black musician. The crowd is white and the musicians are white. Black people are elsewhere – making their appearance on a postcard or two, and then disappearing back to the suburbs.

Like a lot of the guys here, the boy is from New Orleans. We chat about the places that we like to go out to, and the beer we like to drink. After a while, I realize that what is missing from this conversation is exactly that – beer. We could be sitting at a bar anywhere in New Orleans right now, talking about everything from music to football to religion. He might even offer to buy me a drink. Then again, I think, maybe he wouldn't – it's been a rarity that I've sat at a bar with a black guy in New Orleans. There doesn't seem to be many around. But the dynamics are so different here – I'm from a law office, taking some time out of my busy schedule to do a social visit. I've got two other guys lined up to talk to next. There's no beer here.

These all-black neighbourhoods had their own set of problems. Poverty and crime rates are often related, and this was certainly the case in New Orleans. Poor neighbourhoods were a breeding ground for turf warfare and other criminal activity. New Orleans had a population of 500,000, and was expecting 300 murders in 2005 – about seven times the national average. Ironically, Hurricane Katrina made New Orleans one of the safest places in the USA. Police have been reported as saying that they often don't have to search out the perpetrators, because in a few days they'll be shot in revenge.

Police indeed have a tentative relationship with the people of New Orleans. They are widely mistrusted as being corrupt, incompetent and racist. Many people get acquitted of crimes simply because the jury does not trust the police to tell the truth. In the aftermath of Katrina, there were allegations that police made off with wide-screen TVs from Wal-Mart. That, combined with other stories of abuse and brutality, has done little for their reputation.

The New Orleans Police Department, however, is simply a product of its city. New Orleans has one of the worst crime rates in the country, but nothing is simple in this city, and it's hard to lay blame with any one entity. Every social ill you can think of seems to be the product of another.

I purposely didn't read his file before I came up. 'What's the worst thing you've ever done?' is not usually the first question you ask someone when you first meet them. However, for most of these guys, this will be the introductory point for whomever they meet for the rest of their lives. I was to visit for social reasons, not legal reasons, so I figured that I didn't need

to be introduced in this way. We don't speak about his case while I'm there. When I get home, however, curiosity gets the better of me. It turns out it was a botched car-jack.

Without the kind of poverty and racial problems that exist in New Orleans, Adam* would probably not be in Angola at all. These problems also filter into the court system, so that without organizations such as the ones Reprieve interns are sent to, Adam has little hope. The blatant racism and prejudice against the poor that exists within the legal system that put these young men behind bars is only a product of greater social ills. These problems were well ingrained in New Orleans before Katrina hit, but perhaps it took a Category Five Storm for the world to notice.

I'm not sure how to say goodbye to this guy. I want to end with something encouraging...I end up saying something stupid like, "Chin up". Chin up? Is that all I can muster? What I really want to say is this: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry that you're there and I'm here. And I'm sorry that I get all the credit and glory for having 'made it', and you get all the blame for having 'failed'. The reality is that I was born in white middle-class Australia, while you were born in a poor black neighbourhood in New Orleans."

I leave Angola feeling heavy-hearted. I guess sometimes life is about as random as a hurricane.

Andreana Reale

Andreana has almost completed three months' work at the Justice Center in New Orleans, Louisiana.

** Adam is not the inmate's real name.*

Surprise Decision From New US Supreme Court Justice in Missouri Death Penalty Case

In a surprise split from the US Supreme Court's other star conservatives, new Bush appointee Justice Samuel Alito recently refused to let Missouri execute a death-row inmate who was contesting lethal injection.



Justice Samuel Alito

In his first case, Justice Alito sided with inmate Michael Taylor, who had won an urgent stay from an appeals court earlier that day. While Chief Justice John Roberts and Justices Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas supported lifting the stay, Justice Alito joined the remaining five members in turning down Missouri's last-minute request to allow the proposed midnight execution.

Justice Alito had only been sworn in

earlier that day. During the ceremony at the White House, President George W. Bush hailed Alito as a man of "steady demeanor, careful judgment and complete integrity."

The divided vote on 1 February was the culmination of a frenzied day of legal manoeuvres. Lawyers for the State of Missouri had twice asked the justices to intervene and permit the execution, while Taylor's lawyers had filed two more appeals seeking delays.

An appeals court will now review Taylor's claim that lethal injection is cruel and unusual punishment, a claim also used by two Florida death-row inmates who won stays from the US Supreme Court in January. The court has agreed to use one of the cases to clarify how inmates may bring last-minute challenges to the way they will be put to death.

Justice Alito replaces recently retired Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who had often been the swinging vote in capital punishment cases. Commentators had expected him to tend to side with prosecutors, although as an appeals

court judge, his record in death penalty cases is mixed.

On the stark side, however, Scalia and Thomas have consistently sided with states in death penalty cases, and have been particularly critical where there are long delays in carrying out executions.

Taylor was convicted of killing a 15-year-old girl in 1989. Taylor pleaded guilty, claiming he was high on crack cocaine at the time.

Taylor's legal team had pursued two challenges - claiming that lethal injection is cruel and unusual punishment and that his constitutional rights were violated by a system that discriminates against black defendants.

The earlier court, acting without Alito, had rejected Taylor's appeal arguing that Missouri's death penalty system was racist. Taylor is black and his victim was white.

Pia Di Mattina

Former US Ambassador Highlights Impact of Death Penalty on Foreign Relations

In a recent piece in The New York Times, Felix G. Rohatyn, the US Ambassador to France from 1997 to 2001, has commented that during his tenure "no single issue was viewed with as much hostility as our support for the death penalty."

Rohatyn has urged the US Government to consider the impact of maintaining capital punishment on his country's relations with its allies. He also claimed that consideration of international trends is appropriate when cases are reviewed by the US Supreme Court.



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PLEASE VISIT OUR
WEBSITE AT
WWW.REPRIEVE.ORG.AU

RepriveAustralia was founded in Melbourne in April 2001 by a group of Melbourne lawyers with the intention of assisting in the provision of effective legal representation and humanitarian assistance to impoverished people facing the death penalty at the hands of the state.

It is a sister organisation of *Reprive (UK)*, a UK based international human rights charity which was launched in December 1999 by Clive Stafford Smith OBE. *Reprive (US)* was also established in 2001 to assist in the placement of volunteer interns supplied by *RepriveAustralia* and *Reprive (UK)*.

RepriveAustralia's primary objective is to provide effective legal representation to impoverished people facing the death penalty at the hands of the state, by assisting a body of volunteers from Australia to travel overseas to work on death penalty cases and issues.

Reprive Membership Form

Name: _____

E-mail (very important!): _____

Mailing Address: _____

Telephone – BH: _____ Telephone – AH/mob _____

I wish to become a member/renew my membership of RepriveAustralia for an annual fee of **AUD \$40.00 full/\$20 unwaged/concession**

I wish to make a donation to RepriveAustralia in the sum of: AUD \$ _____

I enclose my cheque [] or money order [] in the total sum of: AUD \$ _____

Signature _____ Date _____

**Please return with your cheque or money order to:
RepriveAustralia, GPO Box 4296, Melbourne, 3001.**

Many thanks!
