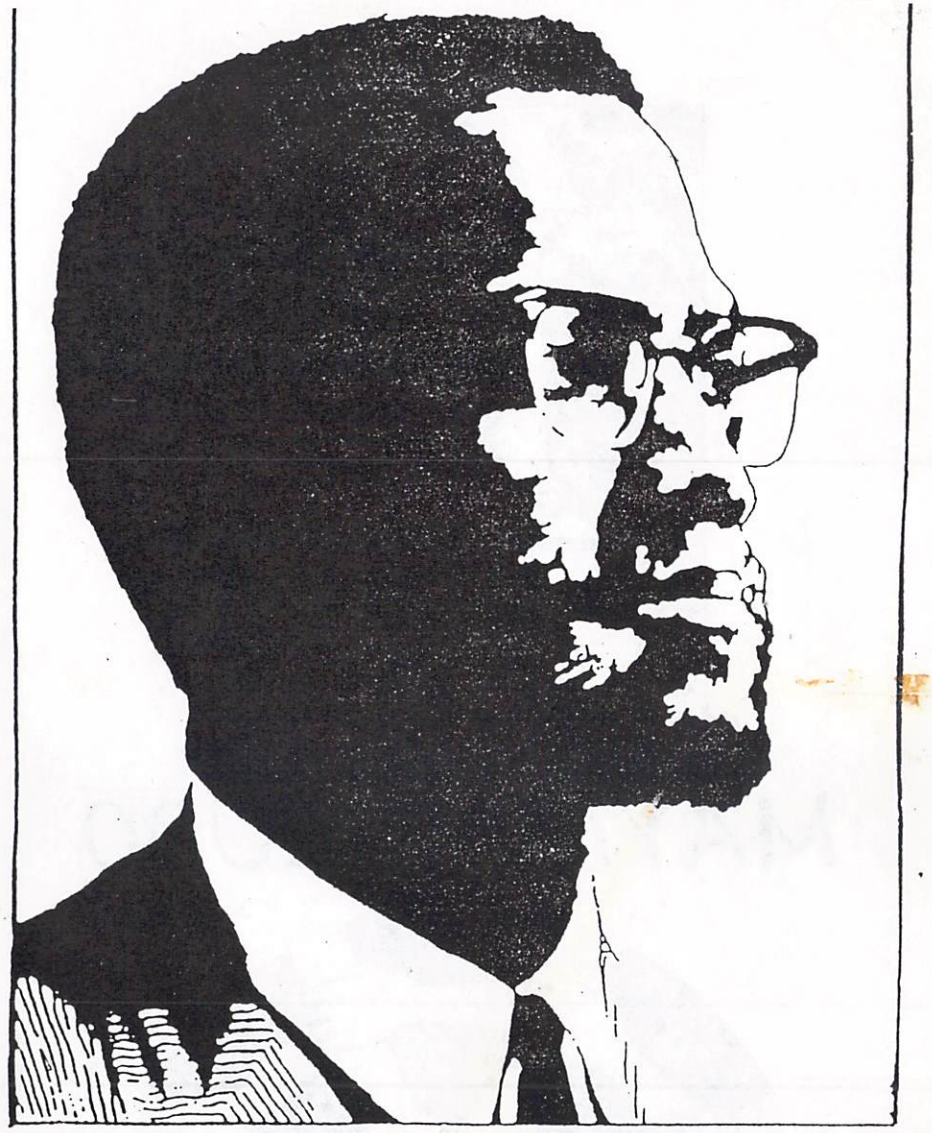


I BELIEVE THAT THERE WILL ULTIMATELY BE A CLASH BETWEEN THE OPPRESSED AND THOSE WHO DO THE OPPRESSING. I BELIEVE THAT THERE WILL BE A CLASH BETWEEN THOSE WHO WANT FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE AND THOSE WHO WANT TO CONTINUE THE SYSTEM OF EXPLOITATION. I BELIEVE THAT THERE WILL BE THAT KIND OF CLASH, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL BE BASED ON THE COLOUR OF THE SKIN... , Malcolm X

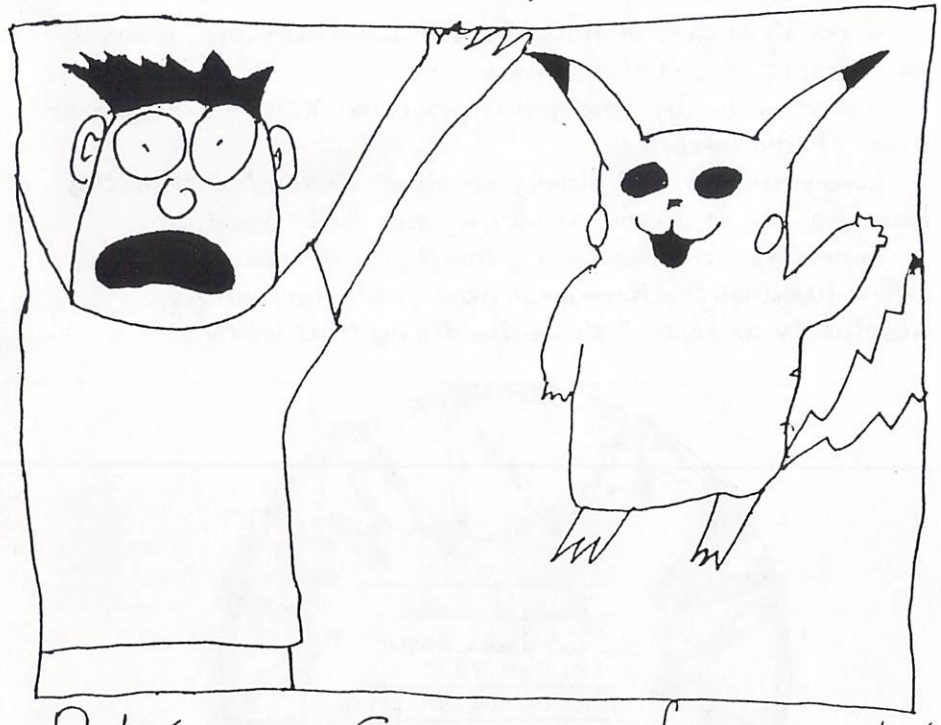
Ⓐ

So. Chi. ABC Zine Distro
Publisher & Distributor
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, IL 60430

Thought #12

B*mbs

Anthony R. Rayson
Stanton M. Rayson



Pokémon: Cause of parental Insanity.

The Thrill of Life*

Bounding out of bed singing. Laughing. Excited! Put on some music and blast it. Scream along with it. Do vigorous exercise and flail away idiotically. Impatiently put coffee on. Jot down the main points of the brilliant idea you developed during your sleep. Wake up your friends and unleash a torrent of intriguing and inspiring messages.

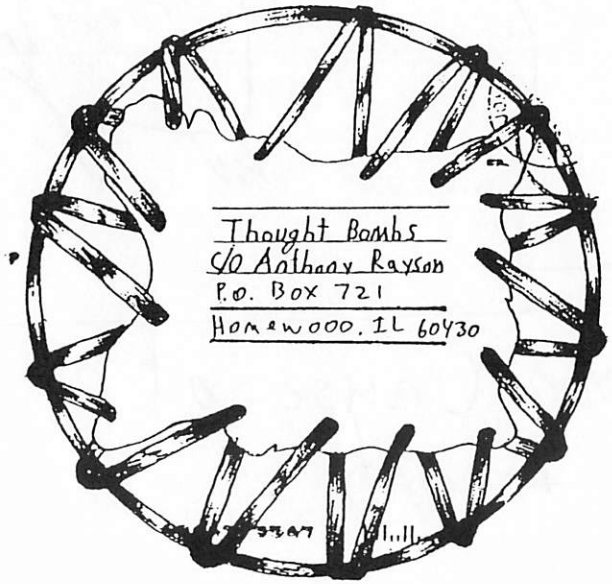
Hug your children and involve them in your mania. Sing and march around the house, climb over tables and follow their lead. Go outside and run around and scream and yell, throw balls around & sticks and fool around with the leaves.

Greet strangers or neighbors in an animated, friendly way to spread your happiness.

Eat something! You're hungry now! Kiss and hug your lover. Provide coffee.

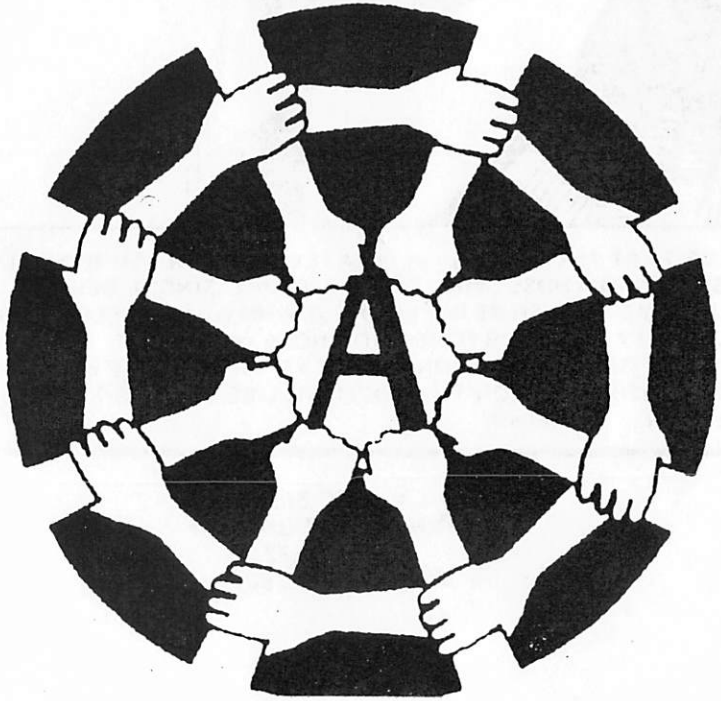
Live your life and plan your day. The evil authorities have <u>no</u> say so, if you insist on your daily freedom.

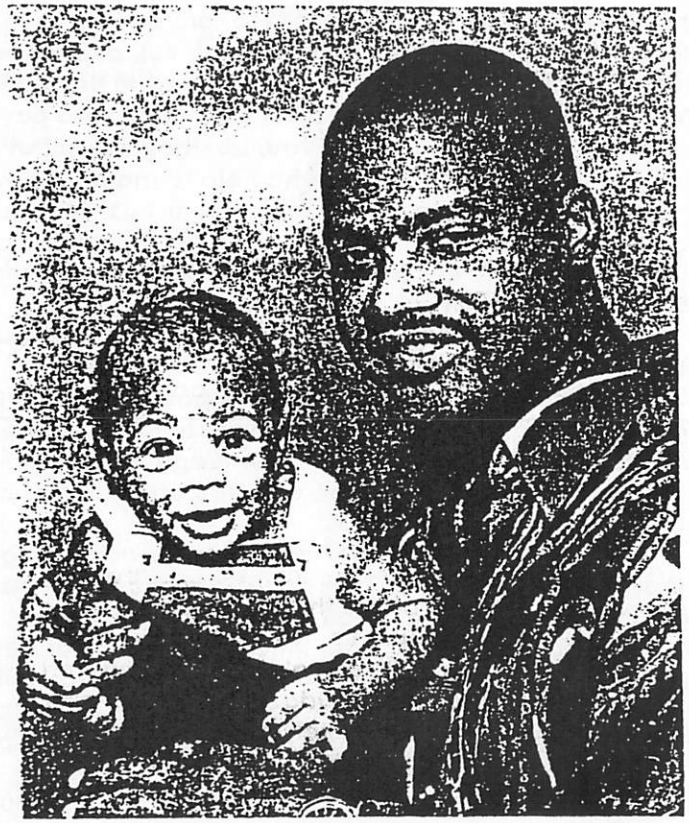
Experience the discovery, the <u>thrill</u> of living anarchy. Life is lived in the here and now. Van Morrison is absolutely correct. "It's in the doing that we find."





MAYDAY, 2000





JUSTICE FOR OUR LOVE ONE

Kelsey Hogan was shot down on August 14, 1999 between 3:00 A.M. and 4:00 A.M., near The Other Place Lounge at 75th and King Drive, by an off duty Sheriff Correctional Officer. Anyone who witnessed this unjust shooting please call S. Willis (312) 554-0005 or G. Hogan (773) 363-7912. The family prays that someone will come forward so that justice will be served.

We believe that all people should be released from the many jails and prisons because they have not received a fair and impartial trial.



List of Offerings

1. Rip Van Winkle Wakes Up
2. Visionary Derision & other poems
3. Why Am I Doing This?
4. Gila Monsters, by Stanton
5. Some Thoughts on Literature
6. NO COVER
7. No Airport Hayfield
8. Casket Foreign Policy
9. The Fear Line
10. The Siren
11. Minimal Security to Super Max
12. Campaign to Expand PPWC
13. PPWC Benefit Show in Chicago
14. Angela Davis Visits Chicago 9/9/99
15. The Time To Speak Out Is Now!
16. October 22nd w/ the Angola 3
    Move 9 & Ali Khalid Abdullah

11-22-99

THOUGHT BOMBS #11 - $2.00 / free to prisoners

South Chicago ABC Zine Distro / PUBLISHER & DISTRIBUTOR

P.O. Box 721 HOMEWOOD, ILLINOIS 60430

Rip Van Winkle Wakes Up

I started trying to get the Abolitionist (Race Traitor) message out to the zine underground. It seemed these insightful ideas were too connected to academia and were not being made available to working class youth, adequately. Their journal is very good, but it costs five dollars. It's tough to get people off of even one dollar for reading material. I thought it was worth it, but...

I was also writing essays of my own, as well as other writings, such as poems, rants, letters, lists, etc. I sent these along with copies of Race Traitor to prominent reviewers, unsolicited, at my expense. I did this as a public service, figuring people would be energized by a higher awareness into social activism, as indeed, I had become.

I encountered a lot of resistance, but it seemed folks kinda warmed to my material.

This was all a new world to me and I had to learn the ropes and players quickly. I'd retreated into a private life, long since disillusioned by this cold, cruel world and the evaporation of protest on a mass scale, in the mid-seventies. As the threat of being sent to Vietnam and ruined, ended, my generation seemed to be willing to pawn off their hopes and yearnings for a better world for the sheer idiocy of disco.

In 1974, I wrote a wild, lengthy, stream-of-consciousness revolt-minded zine, called "Peoples' Polar Express." It was greeted with the cachophony of incomprehension and the blank stare of indifference. Frankly, the reaction sent me spiralling into a deep, catatonic depression.

I'd been hitchhiking around the country for two years having dropped out of college, in the middle of my second semester, the day Nixon invaded Cambodia (again!) in the spring of '72. I suffered through an alienating bourgeois upbringing. All I ever wanted to "be" was a "freethinker." I was determined to lead a working-class life. I would become an "intentional peasant," for my own self-respect. I would live a totally D.I.Y. life. I wasn't about to sacrifice my sensitivity, nor my ideals to chase after the illusion of the almighty dollar, like I saw happening all around me.

Friends began dying - mostly from overdoses, suicides, neglect... It was the poverty of the spirit that allowed them to sink into abject hopelessness. I was close to being there myself - many times. The only thing that saved me I think, was my stubborn determination to cup that flickering ember, above all else.

costing the state $800,000.00 in ransom for protection, as these Klansmen march through your communities! But, at our Youth March for Peace and Harmony, for all races, displayed at the 1999 Million Youth March, the police attacked all of you! You, who pay their salary! They consistently attacked you, but they will not attack the KKK or any other right wing group, who help to maim and kill you!

We have to look beyond police brutality, just as we must look beyond KKK brutality. We must focus our attention on the court and legislative system, here in Amerikkka, because it is here that the people are being trampled.

The legislative body and court system give police a badge to murder you and cover it with justifiable homicide.

Too much power has been given to the police over our lives. How can we sit back and allow these thugs to jack dope dealers and take the money - dividing it with the judge and district attorney? This threesome protects eachother, and you are the ones paying them to do so.

Here in the swamps, the district attorneys are using drug money for their own luxury. They use it for travelling, expensive parties and to celebrate their success at death penalty convictions!

Police brutality is all around us. It has become an acceptable culture in Amerikkka. And I'll tell ya'all, unless you start thinking in terms of challenging the police, judges, legislative acts, and district attorneys, we're going to find ourselves in the same situation the German people found themselves in 1933.

The state will not allow prisoners to possess cameras, but you guys can film these fascist pigs who abuse our people and publish their faces in the people's press, just as they publish our faces in the bourgeois press.

In closing, let me remind you that it was Pig Miller who murdered W.L. Nolan in Soledad. He walked free. Pigs Murdered George Jackson in San Quentin. They walked free. Pigs Murdered Fred Hampton as he slept in his bed. Pigs walked free. Pigs murdered Mark Clark. Pigs walked free and now, pigs are prepapring to murder my brother, Comrade Mumia. But we're not going to let that happen, are we?

The fact of the matter is that we are the only ones doing the dying. We are burying a loved one practically every day of our lives as a result of police brutality, and since this is the reality and you are in agreement with me, it is no more than fair than to conclude that there be funerals on both sides. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!

Hooks (Angola 3)

Herman Wallace # 76759
J / Gar 3 - R - 13
Louisiana State Prison
Angola, LA 70712

Children of the Revolution

I speak to you from the swamps of Angola State Penitentiary. I've been informed that there will be a gathering here discussing police brutality. Just to make sure you're not hoodwinked by the limits of police brutality, I'm here to take you inside the walls of terror.

In December 1996, Heather Wells was sexually attacked by an agent of the state of Washington at the Washington Correctional Center for Women. This left Ms. Wells pregnant and now with a baby girl who has since been placed in a foster home. No charges have been filed against the agent attacker.

At the Federal Correctional Institute, in Dublin, CA, Robin Lucus was sexually attacked several times as male prison guards allowed men to enter her cell. Unlike Wells, who was attacked by one guard, Lucus was assaulted repeatedly.

While sitting in his car and surrounded by armed police, 18 year old Dontae Dawson, who was unarmed, was shot and killed by one of the police, who claimed he thought he saw a gun.

We are all familiar with the murder of Sister Tyesha Miller, who like Dawson, was murdered by police as she slept in her car.

There have been 25 complaints of sexual abuse at the state's largest women's prison in Richmond, VA. It is so bad, that Governor Jim Gilmore has ordered an investigation.

As you can see, my words are not totally about police brutality, but rather, about systematic murder. The Amerikkkan system is training mercenaries on how to kill!

Of course, I'm very troubled by cops who do the same thing.

Back in the 1970's, I recall when the Klu Klux Klan announced a change in their war plan against Afrikans, Jews and Mexican Americans. At that time they decided to focus less attention on their sheets and joined the ranks of prison guards and the police. This should give you some idea as to why we are having so much abuse in the nation's jails and prisons today.

Becoming police, they brutally patrolled the Mexican border, but were eventually forced to discontinue. They began to crop up more in jails and prisons, as guards. Inside the jails and prisons they humiliate, maim and kill. They kill for the same purpose they killed at the time of the Emancipation Proclamation. The state sanctioned these murders, by allowing the KKK to run rampant in the Latino, African, Mexican and Jewish communities and especially in the prison communities. Down here in the swamps of Louisiana, we have a Governor (Mike Foster) who is the New Grand Wizard of the KKK.

Recently, the KKK has been holding the state of Ohio hostage,

WORLD WITHOUT BORDERS

I was "Lone Wolf McQuade" all the way. I retreated to the most inner sanctum of myself and barricaded myself with a vengeance. I would enjoy my own company and wouldn't let anybody or anything spoil my outlook. I was very afraid of losing myself to the maelstrom of mainstream society.

I'm a very stubborn and determined person. After seriously loathing that person, I began to see some value! I began to like myself - a lot! I loved myself. I revelled in sharing insight and perception completely for my own edification. Sure, I was around a lot of people and they usually enjoyed me, but they didn't seem to ever really "get it."

I lived and learned and enjoyed snippets of social freedom with others. I studied and read with unique doggedness. I wrote on and off, mostly letters.

I got married. I got divorced. I got married again - to a real wife! There was love. We had children. There is LIFE! Life is magic* I went back to school and became valedictorian. I can still think and express myself quite nicely, I relearned.

I saw Noel Ignatiev striving to craft and present bold, new ideas - believing in the concept of a real future. Dammit! I'm gonna do that, too! I'll tell the world what I know and what I think. It's for the children. They deserve a tomorrow. Let's go!

I shed my fear and went to work. I ordered every activist, anarchist, atheist, feminist, punk publication I could lay my hands on. I got perzines, travel zines, analytical zines, theoretical zines, technical zines, foreign zines, illegible zines, despairing zines, music zines, art zines, review zines, racist zines (unsolicited,) anti-racist zines, progressive mags, mainstream rags - you name it!

So, I decided to write my own zine, which I named "Thought Bombs." I've written ten of these, which are all still available for $2.00/each - *free to prisoners.* I've also written other zines, newsletters, min-zines, etc. I edit others, contribute to some and distro dozens of others, as well. When I find a really good zine, I try to add it to my distro. I help a lot of conscious prisoners format their work into zines, often from just a thick wad of handwritten papers.

Anyway, this is a poetry zine (some of it, anyway.) Many of these poems were written in that manic year of 1974, when it seemed like everything I said was in rhyme. I've changed some of my views since then. I no longer believe in any type of mysticism or religion. I have the benefit of experience and years of practice to draw from now. But, I think much of

what I had to say is still very valid to today's world and it offers a unique and vivid outlook. It's a window to the past of how things seemed to a young man - me - twenty five years ago. Enjoy!

VISIONARY DERISION

Sittin' side-saddle, drinkin, a beer,...
I noticed a noise, inside my ear.
I looked inside and saw;
Eyes with hungry jaw (zu!)
Who said he was a unicorn.

"What the hell!" I said to him.
"You have yet, to be born!"

Yes! The fetal friend could barely swim.
Yet, there are good things to be said of him.

"My laerie, eerie, dearie, apostle!"
I want you to get out of societal hassle!"
Here's my plan, I know it works.
Help the people destroy these jerks.
Education is what it was.
It's the only real buzz."

He said to me; "My son! My son!
I need your help, this must be done!
Capitalistic ravagings are killing your Earth,
Your friends and loved ones of your birth!"

"Yes, Help me! Help me! I'm so bummed!
Got wasted last nite, coked and rummed!
Hitchhiking don't pay, anyway,
Right now, I'm a lost and lonely stray.
All this bullshit makes me numb.
Mr. Wizard! You have cummed!"

"Now, listen here, my little son!
Societies and bullshit ain't no joke!
Go ahead and have your fun!
Drink and breathe and think and toke!
But, listen now, hamburger bun!
You must help the common folk!
People have been on the run,
Quite a long time; quite a choke!"

"I think I see your reason, now.
"Get together", then, but how?
All the people, are all burned-out.
In their own trips, without a doubt.
What? Exactly, must I do?
To change my lousy, lonesome blues?
ALL this stuff, appears so new!
I think, I will no longer muse,
And join the spacey, jet-age crew!
Thank You! Thank You! Fetal friend!
I'll stick with you, 'till the end!
Just bitch at me, a little. OK?
If I fuck-up, in any way!"

"Listen! Listen! Listen now!!
I must be off, like the crow. - off he goes,
Help a farmer start his plow...
I think you know, what to know." hitchin' the other way.

ON THE MOVE FROM THE MOVE 9

POLICE BRUTALITY HAS BEEN GOING ON EVER SINCE THE INCEPTION OF GOVERNMENT. POLICE ARE AGENTS OF GOVERNMENT AND ARE DOING WHAT GOVERNMENT WANTS. POLICE AREN'T JUST OUT THERE RUNNING RAMPANT ON THEIR OWN, THEY ARE BEING ALLOWED TO DO WHAT THEY ARE DOING BY GOVERNMENT. IF GOVERNMENT WAS REALLY AGAINST POLICE CORRUPTION LIKE THEY CLAIM, YOU'D SEE A LOT OF COPS OUT OF JOBS-OR IN PRISON. BUT IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, WHEN A COP BRUTALIZES, MURDERS UNOFFICIAL CITIZENS PEOPLE HAVE TO DEMONSTRATE, RIOT TO GET THE GOVERNMENT TO TAKE ANY DISCIPLINARY STEPS AGAINST THE COP. GOVERNMENT TRIES TO APPEASE PEOPLE WITH INVESTIGATIONS THAT ALWAYS FIND THE COP NOT GUILTY OF ANY WRONG DOING.

YES THE COPS ARE BRUTAL, CRIMINAL, MURDEROUS AND THEY NEED TO BE STOPPED BUT AS JOHN AFRICA TEACH, YOU CAN'T JUST GO AFTER COPS IF YOU WANT TO GET RID OF THE PROBLEM OF POLICE BRUTALITY. YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE SOURCE OF THE PROBLEM, WHICH IS GOVERNMENT, THIS SYSTEM. YOU CAN FORCE GOVERNMENT TO GET RID OF ONE COP BUT HE WILL QUICKLY BE REPLACED BY ANOTHER AND TAKE OVER WHERE THE FIRST COP LEFT OFF. JOHN AFRICA TEACH THE POLICE ARE JUST SHIELDS FOR THE RICH, OFFICIAL PEOPLE WHO RUN GOVERNMENT. THESE PEOPLE DELIBERATELY PUT THE POLICE BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND THEM SO THEY CAN STAY RICH AND THE PEOPLE CAN STAY POOR, REPRESSED AND OPPRESSED. THIS SYSTEM PUT THE COPS OUT THERE TO DIVERT THE PEOPLE'S ENERGY ON THE COPS AND NOT GOVERNMENT, SO THAT PEOPLE WILL COMPLAIN OF POLICE BRUTALITY BUT STILL SUPPORT AND PUT THE CORRUPT POLITICIAN, THE COPS' BOSS, INTO OFFICE. EVERYBODY KNOW THE COPS ARE CORRUPT, UNJUST, CRIMINAL BUT WHAT PEOPLE DON'T FOCUS ON IS THE OFFICIALS WHO PUT THIS DISEASE IN OUR MIDST TO KILL US, OUR CHILDREN, OUR GRANDCHILDREN. THAT'S WHERE PEOPLE'S FOCUS, ENERGY SHOULD BE DIRECTED AT, THIS SYSTEM. TO QUOTE JOHN AFRICA, QUOTE - WHEN A PERSON SHOOT YOU IN THE LEG, COMPLAININ' ABOUT YOUR LEG AIN'T GON' SOLVE THE PROBLEM, TAKIN' THE BULLET OUT YOUR LEG AIN'T GONNA SOLVE THE PROBLEM, LOCKIN' THE PERSON UP THAT SHOT YOU AIN'T GONNA SOLVE THE PROBLEM, THEY'RE ALL JUST CATEGORIES THAT MUST BE TRACED TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM, MUST BE TRACED TO THE INVENTOR OF GUNS, THE CREATOR OF THE SICKNESS THAT CAUSED PEOPLE TO INVENT GUNS, THE SICKNESS THAT CAUSED PEOPLE TO SHOOT GUNS AN THE TEACHIN' THAT MISLEAD PEOPLE INTO THINKIN' THEY WILL NOT BE SAFE WITHOUT GUNS, BOMBS, PRISON, PRISON GUARDS, ALL AGENCIES OF POLICE FOR THESE AGENCIES, LIKE THE GUN IS NOT THE SOLUTION TO THE BULLET IN YOUR LEG, THEY ARE THE SUPPORTERS OF THE CRIME THAT IS CAUSED BY THE PEOPLE THAT RUN THIS SYSTEM OF CRIME, THE PEOPLE THAT CREATED THIS SYSTEM OF CRIME, THE PEOPLE THAT ENCOURAGED THE INVENTION OF GUNS AND PAID THEIR SUPPORTIN' AGENCIES TO SHOOT YOU IN THE LEG, STAND YOU BEFORE A JUDGE, PUT YOU IN PRISON, PUNISH YOU FOR BEIN' RIGHT AN PUNISH YOU FOR BEIN' WRONG CAUSE THE SYSTEM IS BUILT ON PUNISHMENT, NOT LOVE, NOT FREEDOM, NOT PEACE, BUT PUNISHMENT,...END QUOTE, JOHN AFRICA JOHN AFRICA HAS GIVEN THIS UNDERSTANDING AND DIRECTION TO THE MOVE ORGANIZATION, THIS IS WHY THIS GOVERNMENT SEES JOHN AFRICA MOVE AS SUCH A THREAT AND HAS GONE TO SUCH EXTREMELY VIOLENT MEASURES TO TRY TO STOP US. THE MOVE ORGANIZATION IS TRAINED TO BE DETAILED, THOROUGH, STRATEGIC MINDED AND AGGRESSIVE, THE MOVE ORGANIZATION WILL NOT TAKE A STEP BACKWARDS, OUR AIM IS REVOLUTION, OUR TARGET THIS SYSTEM. THE GOVERNMENT, THIS SYSTEM DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO HAVE THIS EXAMPLE. GOVERNMENT WANT PEOPLE DIVIDED IN THEIR ISSUES, POLICE BRUTALITY, DRUG ABUSE, POVERTY; LIKE THESE PROBLEMS JUST HAPPENED ON THEIR OWN AND KEEP PEOPLE FROM FOCUSING ON WHOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR CREATING THESE CONDITIONS - GOVERNMENT, THIS SYSTEM! THIS IS FROM THE TEACHING OF JOHN AFRICA, - WHEN PEOPLE ARE DIVIDED COMMITTMENT IS SEVERED AND THE AIM IS DIVIDED, IT IS NECESSARY TO UNDERSTAND THIS WHEN INVOLVING OURSELVES IN REVOLUTION, MANY AIMS DRAWING FROM ONE ENERGY SOURCE DEFEATS THIS SOURCE BY EXHAUSTING ITS ENERGY, ONE AIM IS ALL POWERFUL WHEN ALL ENERGY IS CONCENTRATED IN ONE,...THE TOTAL AIM IS AS RAW POWER, FOR THE TOTAL AIM IS TOTAL ENERGY, TOTALITY, DIRECTED ONE WAY AND WHEN THIS IS UNDERSTOOD IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE OPPRESSED THEE RESTRAINED, IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT AS TOTAL DIRECTION THE OPPRESSED THEE RESTRAINED HAVE TOTAL POWER THAT MUST BE DIRECTED IN THE WAY OF REVOLUTION WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT THE RESTRAINED AND OPPRESSED IS LIKE A DAMMED UP WILD RIVER THAT IS ONLY TO BE TURNED LOOSE AND DIRECTED,...A SINGLE BULLET FROM A GUN WILL KNOCK YOU DOWN BUT SPREAD THE POWDER FROM THAT BULLET TO FIVE OTHER BULLETS AND THE SINGLE BULLET HAS LOST ITS PUNCH FOR YOU NO LONGER HAVE ONE STRONG BULLET YOU HAVE FIVE WEAK BULLETS AND WHEN CALLED ON TO DO THE WORK NECESSARY IN REVOLUTION THE GUN WILL FAIL YOU BECAUSE THE POWER OF THE BULLET HAVE BEEN SPLIT FIVE WAYS AND WILL FALL SHORT OF ITS TARGET, THIS IS THE PRINCIPLE OF REVOLUTION, OPPRESSED PEOPLE IS LIKE A SINGLE BULLET AND WHEN AIMED CORRECTLY WILL KNOCK DOWN THEE OPPRESSOR WITHOUT FAIL,...JOHN AFRICA
THE POWER OF TRUTH IS FINAL, LONG LIVE REVOLUTION AND DOWN WITH THIS ROTTEN CORRUPT SYSTEM!

ON THE MOVE
IN UNITY AND FREEDOM
JANINE AFRICA FROM THE MOVE 9

Janine Phillips Africa
00 - 6309
451 Fullerton Avenue
Cambridge Springs, PA
16403 - 1238

INSIDE INFO

POLICE BRUTALITY MUST STOP BY OUR ACTION 54

Dear Comrads in Struggle: October 13, 1999

As you are all gathered to partake in this event to find solutions to stop police brutality and abuse against the people, it becomes imperative that WE understand the nature of what WE are dealing with and up against. WE must recognize the fact that the police are not for the people. . .The common and average worker, but rather, an occupied force for those who control power and crave private ownership of material things. The police are not for the welfare of the downtrodden, but are for the rich and famous. This is the first thing WE must understand as WE learn what their roles really are.

The police have become brutal dictators of the people and are doing the bidding of career politicians who does the bidding of corporate Amerikkka and its banking institutions, while the courts act in accord with these forces by giving the police full creditility in their actions by locking more and more people into state, federal and juvenile facilities. The police are not to secure you or your families security. As WE have seen through the years, the police have become more antagonistic and brutal towards the people with little to no accountability. This is so because WE THE PEOPLE have allowed this to be. WE have allowed the injustices done to one to not be challenged with actual and real consequences behind that injustice. WE have allowed the police to destroy our lives and to take on the role of being our saviors.

When WE understand the role and the nature of the police then WE will be able to find effective ways in dealing with them. After all, what police department can stop The Will of The People if the people are determined not to have their wills broken? What police department will not bend to the service of the people if the people make the determination that WE WILL NOT TOLERATE ANOTHER CHILD BEING MURDERED? What police department can withstand the riptide of the people if the people are adamant about seeing justice done? They cannot stop us and they cannot kill us all. WE would prevail! WE would rule! But to come to this point WE must recognize that WE have poWEr! Unless and until WE recognize We have the power to make changes nothing will change.

As founder of Political Prisoners of War Coalition (PPWC), WE object to the brutality, the indifference, the inhumanity, the murderous actions of the police, the state/federal and local government, the corporations who monopolize us, and the courts who ignore us. WE reject the notion that WE are unworthy of self-autonomy and need their brutality to patrol our streets and neighborhoods. WE object to their indifference and lack of People's concerns. WE reject the idea of them targeting New Afrikan (Black), and Latino people with racial profiling.

At this gathering, it is up to YOU to make a difference. At this rally, it is up to YOU to make the conscious decision not to accept any further police abuse. At this garthering, it is up to YOU to look at the person next to you and ask yourself the human question, "Do I really hate my fellow human being, or am I being used as a pawn in this game of control?" At this gathering, it is up to YOU to put an end to this growing tide of fascism in Amerikkka. This gathering of the minds today is important for the sake of tomorrow. This gathering of the minds today is the beginning of greater gatherings WE can and will have universally. This gathering of the minds is just a small beginning to a larger and undeniable reality. That reality being. . .WE will prevail, but only if each one teach one. And if we adopt and accept the fact that an injury to one is an injury to all!

In the trenches...

Ali Khalid Adbullah
#148130
Thumb Correctional Facility
3225 John Conley Drive
Lapeer, Michigan 48446

Revolution of the Brain; Liberation of the Soul

You can feel it in your heart.
It runs chills up & down your spine
You can feel it in your bones
Spring is bringing life to everyone.
The most amazing revival under the sun*
...As to who made it thru thr winter...
-the Super-strong American People,
obviously are the ones that won.
Thru amazing torment, people getting shit together, for they are smart.
Their trusted government (traitorous) eeks at their stomachs.
People adapt, communicate, & evolve, anyway...
Beautiful children coming of age.
Being slaughtered upon this outrageous stage.
Engaging in serene dedicated liberation.
Cleansing of the mind, body, & soul*
Helping eachother - Living communist lives.
Learning from children, listening to importance.
Peacefully fearing nothing, willing to take a chance.
Love of beauty, love of nature, love of people, love of plants' lives,
love of the gift of life, love of oneself, & love of the future***
People are beautiful - The "system" is evil.
It must be destroyed - giving people what they really need*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*

Festive Street Life

People come out of their homes
Getting together, displaying their wares
Festive Street Life is really nice
People waking out of their shells
Their brilliance & numbers continuously swelling*
Mellow vibrations, because of people.
Happy from living, swapping gifts!*
Enjoying eachother, after the tough winter.

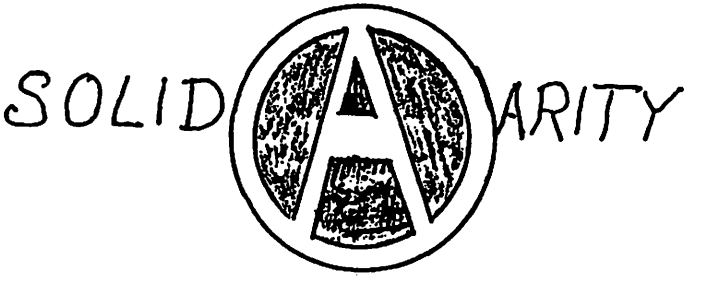
People Being People

Mellow comrades, learning knowledge,
Learning music (knowing how to best express themselves "technically"
For they know that change is good.
They are beautiful & very threatened.
They could care less about "normal" fears,
Stayin' mellow, thru the years.
Pushing out space that is theirs
because they love their world (not willing to let the pigs, totally trample it)
People are people, being told lies.
Jefferson said; "Rebel, when your "officials" become your spies."
Psychological torment and other reasons why.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHANGE

1. Putting oppressors (administrators of institutions, the perpetrators, the cops, (some, not most), business "leaders" some teachers, any class or types of people who leach off others... Put these people in the institutions they now fo on others.

Free the inmates! Free the animals! Free the school kids! Free the workers!
Free the housewives! Free the husbands! Free the cops! Free the old pwople!
Free all the worlds' PEOPLE.
Free the CHILDREN*** SAVE THE PLANET***



Television - Such The Vast Drug

8

X
Can you imagine the time spent staring at multitudineus T.V.'s?
Unbe-fuckin'-leviable! Important!
Unanalysed and swallowed begrudgingly
Semnambulized folx stagger to bed
Packagedly fixed with pap and drivvel
Wow! What a great "opium war" type idea!
(And you say moguls actually reap enormous profits via such crimes?)
Wild - Pathetic - Indistriminate -
T.V. land interrogates no prisoners
Tortured slowly; membranes s-izzle
Then bang! - They'll expect payments!

Home Life

1974

As dust, depends on dying dens
And wheezing humans loll their tongues
The night outside sighs it's relief
Knowing, I say, all the world's grief
Those ones wise now seize some time
Relax, and attempt to write sublime
It's nothing more than therapy
With calm wee hours & honied tea!
Come on over here! Be close by me.
'Cuz that's all I want, actually.

Ø. D. CODY

My enemies I love so much, too bad God won't (haha)
You newspaper hounds, how dare you uncover millions!
She's my cousin and I can't have sex; so I'm entitled
My job is to tell Chicageans what God guilt-trips
I'm sequestered in a mansion - I look like an alderman
I wear lots of silly clothes and bore hell out of people
Opulence and gluttony, thievery and connivery...
...Blessed are the gifts of graft, oh Lord
I died ever so sure my life was really real
Cozily guaranteed a ticket to Harrsville
To think, many people are meenied on him...

CATATONIC STANDSTILL

Do something - anything - something!
You never do anything but the nothing
I'm going to have to kiss you right out of my life
I go mad with wonderment, impatience - disbelief and mostly anquish
Slow constant boredom which has to be constantly monitored for especially stupid episodes of pathetique.
My how dull a headache is excruciated by the intensely "alwayness" of this whole drag.
How I love to arise sweetly with the birds
Only to have the days' idiocy dumped in my lap
Scurrying mundanely to cheapen lives
Slurping up the slop - bellyache and bitch

9 - 19 - 99

Comrade Anthony

Enclosed, is a statement, I don't know if it's what you had in mind, but it's 53 what I would say if I were there. I did not want to use a 1000 words, to say what 100 could. Nor did I want to get caught up in throwing a lot of phrases everyone has heard a 1000 times. So it's me, and it's from the heart!

As for me, I'm OK. You caught me in the middle of trying to help with my appeal. I have over 11 - volumes, that consist of 4000 - plus pages of court records! So you can see, I've been very busy. There is not a lot to report. Life goes on, and I try to learn, and teach something each day, in spite of my surroundings, and environment!

As always, it's great to hear from you, and for your support, we are grateful! I'm sorry this is a short letter, but I am swamped by legal work, mine and a few I'm trying to help. Stay strong, comrade!

Peace!
Cinque

"October 22 Coalition"

Comrades, I greet you from the belly of the beast! (prison) I have been asked by comrade Anthony Rayson, to say a few words to those of us, who in spite of the billions of dollars spent a year to keep us in ignorance, have managed to lift the veil of willful ignorance from our eyes!

All of you, the courageous, have come together to plan the death of this monster we call progress! (capitalism) To paraphrase Comrade Mumia Abu Jamal from his Timeli - speech to the student body of Evergreen State College on June 11, 1999, I quote, "What is the difference between each of you, and other great revolutionaries of the past, and present? Absolutely nothing, except you have made the choice."

Within each of you here today, is the ability to destroy worldwide capitalism, not as individuals, but as a united body. We have the force to sweep aside the illusions of the Bill Gates and the Donald Trumps, who have been elevated to the status of folk hero worship! By the power of their carefully spent dollars, they create a false mood of, I'm OK, You're OK!

Within you, is the power to take control of the economic, political, judicial and social institutions of Amerikkka - by any means necessary! Within you, is the ability to kill Amerikkka's newest and fastest growing economic institution - private prisons! (industrial prison complexes!) We must act before these beasts criminalize and imprison our youth, turn into neo slaves our minority communities and those progressive non-minority comrades, "who have made the choice!"

I cannot be there with you, but for my comrades, Herman "Hooks" Wallace and Robert "Moja" Wilkerson, I wish you these things. In your struggles ahead, this monster may take your freedom, but don't let it hold you captive! It may change your body with time, but don't let it take your strength! It may hold you in isolation, but don't surrender your wisdom! It may put grey hair on your head, but keep your spirit young! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!

A. Shaka Cinque
Angola #3

A.K.A. Albert Woodfox #72148
Camp - J Gator - 4 - R - 11
Louisiana State Prison
Angola, LA 70712

There were no rally points. Everybody converged on the Federal Building. The original site of the rally had been changed. The city of Chicago would not give a permit to rally in front of the Daley Center. Cops were everywhere. lining the streets, all abreast. Some were on horses, some on foot, some in cop cars, others in paddy wagons, some with dogs, all with guns. It was most obscene. We were all in black. Many mothers of murdered children were there. The pigs murdered their babies, some very recently. We had a procession, really, with a casket leading the way, with an honor guard of youth. There were a few hundred of us, at least as many pigs and a sad gray sea of indifference cityfolk. How DO you turn off your thinking - your empathy - your passion and so passively accept real life profanity? I just don't understand it.

Several speakers and musicians spoke, rapped, sang. Papers were passed all around, interviews were taking place and we were trying to build this thing. The statements were partially read, but they promised to "send them onto New York" for publication. Maybe next year, they will take the powerful and inspiring statements of prisoners more seriously. Some of us will no doubt be behind bars (or shot dead) by then. This police state is getting worse and worse.

Respectfully submitted by

Bro. Khalfani X. Khaldun
(Leonard B. McQuay)
#874304
PO Box 557
Westville, IN 46391



MR. TOILET

Mr. Toilet! Howdy do?
I got some more shit, to lay on you.
Tuesday is bluesday, not many clues.
Get my shit together & tell me the news.
"I'll tell you people, what yer doin'!
Shittin' EARTH up, headin' towards ruin.
Get off yer ass, see what's brewin'!
There's no way out; can't even keep stewin'!"
The answers are blowin' & flowin'...
The question is "HOW! HOW, do WE plow?"
All the kernels; what others've been sowin'.
Write in your journals; seize the media, too!
Peoples' MINDS are terminals, only accepting what is really new

Mr. Wizard

Magical & stupendous...*
Haggles out your every cuss (never seems to fuss,
A hitch-hikers' salvation*
"Mr. Wizard(!?*) Change my situation!"
Yankin' people from damnation.
Helpin' kidz build re-creation*

JACK IN THE BOX

Pop-up, ding-dong!
Cop-pup, King Kong.
Stop! "Yup!*" Ping pong.
Sop; cup, sing-song*
Coin-tyme, wring long$
Goin' home, fling, so long!

AUNT HILL

Black ants work.
Red ones are paranoid.
Buildin' castles outta sand*
Live in peace, within their land!
...Sometimes, they can't avoid,
Lawn-mowin' jerks###
Ant-City, big as Chicago.
Hide-aways, by the road,
Senseless torture, makes them * know,
How easy it is, to carry their load.
People can learn from creatures-
Take on & expand all their good features*

"TICKED-OFF!"

Ah,... Fuck#!! That's right "Fuck!!!" with a capital F! I've been scorned, buffaloed & ramroads by the fuckin' pigs, agin!!! Shit.

A lot of people may not realize that this great country is giving these power-hungry scalywags too much fuckin' slack. It's becoming a police-state with a bunch of redneckin', illogical, rich aristocratical goons, pulling the punches.

We try & try to make things work.
And get our shit together.
Get a job & pay your taxes,
"You stupid ass#$#! You're not 'allowed' to wonder!$#$##!"
I'm gonna leave this town of ponderless pups & head out on the road.

Prisoner is shot to death while in police custody

A prisoner who allegedly attacked a detective was shot and killed Saturday night inside the Chicago Police Department's Wentworth Area detective division on the South Side, police said.

The detective was interviewing the prisoner just before the alleged attack, according to Lauri Sanders, news affairs director for the department.

A Cook County Hospital representative said the man was shot in the head and abdomen and was pronounced dead at the hospital at 8:01 p.m.

Details were sketchy, but a detective who declined to be identified confirmed that an officer had fired the shots.

HOW TO HATE TO PAINT

10

say this to your self every morning

I HATE TO PAINT AND DECORATE
IHATE TO PAINT
I HATE TO DECORATE
I HATE BRINGING OUT THE TARPS
I HATE RIDING IN A PAINT TRUCK (especialiy rickety rackity)
I HATE THE LADDERS
I HATE THE ROLLERS
I HATE FRENCH WINDOWS
I HATELENORD AND LORE
I HATE THY MOST AND POWERFUL BRUSH
I LOVE NOT TO PAINT

- George Sorenson

White Kid '79

A car ran over my bicycle
But I jumped off in time
My knee still hurts me every day
And I am only nine
I hate the tall ones and
fear the fat ones
I wish I had a bunch of guns
So I could punch you in the nose
The kids tease me and my teacher screams
At night I get these scary dreams
I'm gonna go to the mountains when I'm thirteen
"Cuz I can't stand this "grown-up" scene

1983

BLACK DAY

The Greensboro Five
Should Still Be Alive
Shot Dead in the Streets
Human Monsters / White Sheets
Mean Hate Kill Exterminate
Cancered Minds Obliterate
The Flowers of this Ugly State
Those Dead Were Ahead & Great
They All Deserved A Better Fate
From Their Graves They Shout To US
Organize! & Fight this Scourge!!

51

First, everyone must go through the degrading frisking process, empty everything from your pockets and file, according to sex, through a phalanx of cops and x-ray machines. On the way in, I gave a brother a flyer about the rally. He was behind me. As I was waiting for my briefcase, a cop asked him if this now folded up leaflet was his. He said nothing. The cop violently through the leaflet on the floor. It seemed very racist to me. Of course, the cop was "white" and the brother was "black." It felt like he is thoroughly programmed to detest the citizenry.

There were notes - commands really, all over the walls. No talking, no children in the courtroom. No gum chewing. No reading. No hats. No assasinating. Everything out of your pockets, what is confiscated is inventoried & destroyed.

Of course, the vast majority of people filing in were "blacks." Others were poor whites, hispanics, greasy lawyers, etc.

Racism has embraced the "black" authority figure. The judge was "black" as were several of the cops. Only the lawyers and most clerks are "white." My case came up quickly. The judge was on time, which is rare. I pled guilty with an explanation and got the fine reduced to $40 from $95. Good. That frees up $55 I can use to produce anti-government propaganda.

Right now, I m in the basement where all the files are kept and the fines are paid. When my name gets called, I get to give them two twenties for my driver's license, now with fresh staple holes in it.

After this, I'll pass out the rest of the rally flyers in the parking lot and drive down to one of the collection points for the march. I'll go to 11th & State, the Southside starting point. I still don't know if I'll be allowed to speak or if these statments will even be read at the rally. At least parts of them definitely should be! After all, these are people who know the score.

Last month, I attended an organizing meeting for this October 22nd rally. I told them then that this is what I could do for the rally - procure these important statements - besides just give them money, which I also did.

After the coffee was fired up, I put together a protest sign, with two messages. One had a picture of an electric chair and was about saving Mumia. James Baldwin wrote this quote that was part of it:

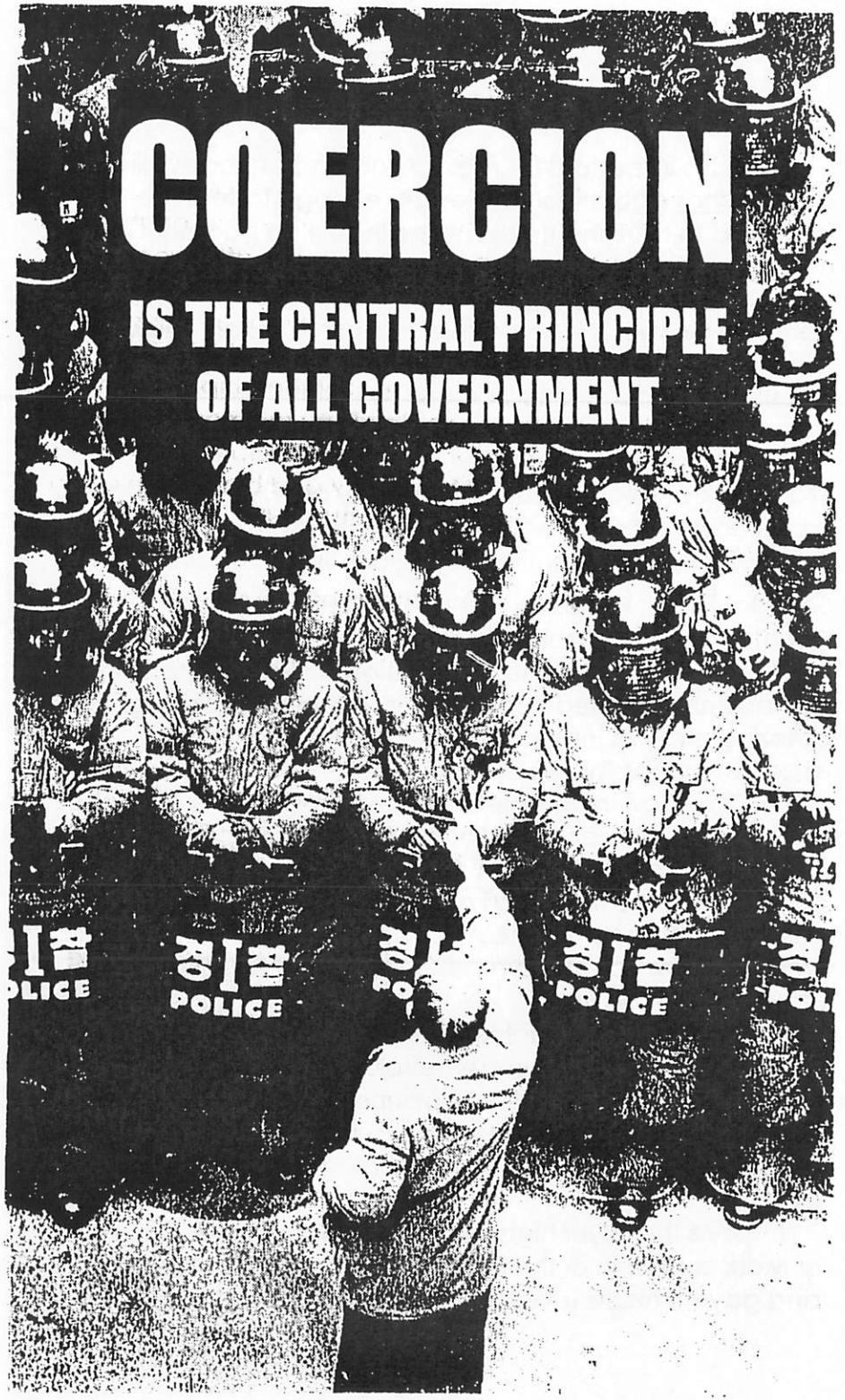
> *"If we know and do nothing, we are worse than the murderers hired in our name. If we know, then we must fight for your life as though it were our own - which it is - and render impassable with our bodies the corridor to the gas chamber. For if they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night."*

The other was a poster on PPWC (Political Prisoners of War Coalition) with a drawing of a clenched fist along with a Kahlil Gibran quote, which read:

> *You may chain my hands, you may shackle my feet; you may even throw me into a dark prison; but you shall not enslave my thinking, because it is free."*

Next, I went to CopyMax to make copies of Janine Africa's statement for the noon downtown rally. I'd been collecting these statements from serious U.S. political prisoners in the last few weeks. I had terrific statements from Herman "Hooks" Wallace and Albert "Cinque" Woodfox of the Angola 3, as well as from Ali Khalid Abdullah, founder of the PPWC. I gave the ladies at CopyMax a copy of these statements and a flyer about the rally. They were very appreciative, as always. I make a point to give them lots of material - usually insightful zines I'm working on, there.

Next, I went to Markham courthouse to deal with a traffic violation. I'd made an improper u-turn a couple of months back in a tangled mess of a construction zone. I didn't see the make-shift sign and a motorcycle cop, hiding behind a construction barricade, ticketed me.



12

Why Am I Doing This? 1974
(Or, Who Is This Egotistical Wind-Bag?)

I think it's important for me, for you and anybody alive still. I'm <u>that</u> egotistical and eager enough to feel too frustrated to NOT shout out my feelings. I've had enuf & I'm not gonna take it, anymore. In other words, after years of struggle and blundering to gain myself - sense of confidence, with the unbelievably stark truth, an unusually sensitive awareness, and the experience of a highly questioning innocent, I say screw it. Let the chips fall where they may and I'm going to exhale all my feelings. This is my dream. I wanna be a part of our spirit and dammit, let's do it! I'm sick of hearing about how shitty and hurting Chicago is and how vacant the "burbs" are. BULLSHIT! We are the heart of this whole continent. We are BIG SHOULDERS & GREAT HEADS. We keep the faith for the country and we do it right. It's time we said our piece.

What is music for? The celebration & joyful expression of human insight, culled from experience, crafted through an amazing array of instruments and now, electronic exponential possibilities of translation of ones expressive ideas. The most incredible of these instruments, is of course, the human voice and that's only because of the nearly totally untapped powers of human brains. These brains don't just create timelss art musically, or physically, (printing, architecture, etc.) but the most worked-on and important is language - words and symbols. This allows for the building up of all other art forms.

The most powerful achievements of people are their thoughts and writings. Ideas, revolutionary, advanced, progressive ideas the futures' (youngin') take those ideas and start from there and run with it, jump steps, and realize and adjust those great ideas for a more improved, wiser world.

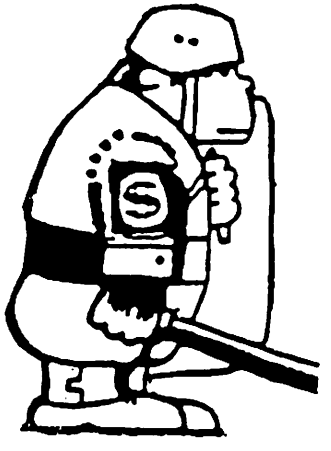
I 'spoze that's yer highest achievement. Back to Einstein or Marx or Darwin or the Beatles. They affected teir world and gave timeless revelation, truth and joy as their fruit.

Here in the State of Missouri - The Missouri Department of Corrections is nothing but a modern day vision of Nazism. The very head of the State, Governor Mel Carnahan, is a renown racist. For a person to be confined in a prison in Missouri means he or she is in very big trouble and is subjected to all forms of misuse and abuse. Make no mistake about it, Missouri is a slave state and is part of the **south!** The Missouri Prisoner Labor Union was founded by sincere prisoners here who seek to bring about a change in the Missouri prison system, mostly the working and living conditions. We exist, regardless of the threats and attacks that I and many other members are under, at the hands of racist prison officials.

One of my major concerns, here in the Missouri ad-seg units of the DOC over the past 7 years, has been the housing of seriously mentally ill prisoners in the administrative segregation units, occurring throughout the state. These prisoners are being confined in long term ad-seg units, without adequate health care, from anywhere from two to up to 15 years. The mental health of these prisoners has deteriorated, causing them to act in ways that have violated the DOC rules. Then, the DOC sanctions them by placing them in the ad-seg units and extending their length of confinement in the hole. As they remain in the hole, virtually untreated, their illnesses become aggravated. I have witnessed horrifying conditions of the mentally ill prisoners, here.

When the MPLU made it's presence known to the DOC, I have not seen the light of day since. I have been transferred from prison to prison and kept housed in total isolation from other prisoners. As it stands today, I do not even have a violation charge, but I am in the hole. I am being punished and no one seems to know the reason why. I have been told by several prison officials that they would release me from ad-seg if I shut down the union here and stop promoting the union altogether. So, I will die in the hole before I give one inch to these racist pigs... It is our plan to assist others in setting up such unions in every (slave) prison kamp throughout the U$A Prison system. The time for us to unionize yourselves within and to establish yourselves without is NOW! The MPLU has accomplished this much.

Anyone that wish to contact me, I can be reached at, (oh I am still in the hole)



In Struggle

Jerome White-Bey #37479
Potosi Corr. Center
Rt. 2 Box 2222
Mineral Point, MO 63660

Anarchist Prisoner Ⓐ

Nov. 7th, 1999

48

Greetings Comrade Anthony

I received your missive date 10-29-99 and I was glad to hear from the brother. It is some horror story throughout the U.S.A. prison system and as it stands today, the worst is yet to come. In the Trenches... is a good tool to fight capitalism, racism and injustice, for we have plans on doing the same here. Coming into the millenium, we need to raise the level of consciousness of the struggle, prisoner's plight in the U.S.A. and together we can make a change. Sartre said, "Yes... teaching them (black folks) to become aware of the potentials they have forbidden themselves, of the passivity they have paraded in just those situations in which what is needed is to hold oneself, like a sliver, to the heart of the world, to interrupt if necessary the rhythm of the world, to upset, if necessary, the chain of command, but in any case, and most assuredly, to stand up to the world." Franz Fanon.

Our time is now to stand up to the world because it has become a must to interrupt the rhythm and the chain of command of the world that oppresses and represses the peoples.

So, comrade, enclosed is an article I have written that I want you to print in In the Trenches...



In Struggle
Jerome White-Bey
MPLU

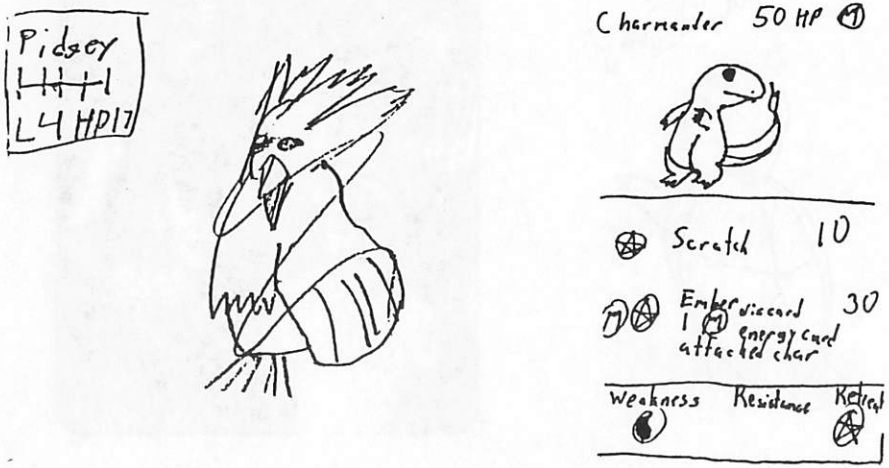
(Rules) Rules #1 - Money is supposedly your goal. Firstly, to eat & live. 2nd, to enjoy life on a manageable, liveable, respectable level (something most people have not, due to unequal & criminal distribution of wealth and payment for individual huamn worth.) But, if you've learned to survive "decently" you've spent yer time plugged into the terrible system & yer off time tryin' to forget it and relax & get sucked into their whole other gamut of innocuous mind-numbing barrages of worthless facts and nonsense. It's intended ti kill peoples' time. It's a media-wide valium. You search for something decent to do, too, but usually $ determines how much you can let loose and recoup when you need to.

It's an underground paper, hatched with a Chicago embrace to Abbie Hoffman for bein' excellently right-on, all along, over the ground!

Let's celebrate our achievements and pass on good trips for eachother to help us all live more freely, free of inundations of bad t.v., bad newspapers and shitty radio. Sports is gonna cost soon, too (to watch at home!)

Everything is an escape but it's miserably banal and boring. This paper, or how 'bout monthly flyer? is gonna manintain dedication to true good, close to home. News about music, hope, life, you know... a bunch of cuts of different good heads, put down on paper, albums.

I'm sick of missing good things because I didn't know enuf to be there tossin' my 44 cents worth. I'm sure you're sick of a stupid intro, so I'll stop. Thanks for your toleration.



There is No Justice **Chi-Town 10/28/80**

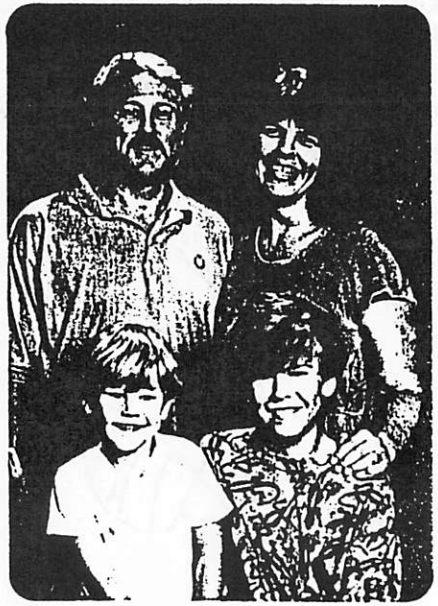
14

In this land,... of paradox
There is no justice, only shocks
Life is cruel & death is easy
Damocles mocks & we feel queasy
And yet (my sweet little friends*)
There are ways that we can gain
Ignore the mundane! Fight your pain!
Stare at the insane,I ignore nothing!
This EARTH is life-threatening
...tired male people cause this
But, my dear ones,
There is truth, inspiration, strength & beauty
Best of all - there is love, growth
(And faith in continuum*)**

Strolling Thru the Park...

Meandering peaceably thru the park*
I noticed the life, cumming out of the ground.
I drifted towards the waterfall, where I found...
Music & gaiety, with PEOPLE sitting around+
I washed my body, by the grace of swirling pure water.
The birds could not make themselves stop!*
The ground tirelessly pushing up a fresh crop...
The air, cleaning itself, purifying life...
Who is the one, unafraid to call herself, my wife???





it is "against the law." So, Blacks and Latinos are criminals, while other groups doing the same thing, are not. More than 1/2 of those in jail are non-violent "violators." The mentally ill are in prison. There is no structure to help the poor and uneducated. Women on welfare go to prison. Immigrants without proper papers go to prison. The INS is the largest armed group of federal agents - even larger than the FBI! Women surviving domestic violence, go to prison. The most pervasive epidemic in the world are crimes against women! 47

Punishment has become part of our culture. Children go to school to be punished and not to learn. They encounter security guards, metal detectors, book bag searches, etc. They are learning how to move on from high school to the Big House! Punishment supplants all other institutions!

One out of three young black men are in some part of the prison system. One out of eight Latinos, too. Yet, "racism" is no longer a serious problem!!! These "criminals" contain a "lack of ambition" and a "pathology." They spend the most important years of their lives in prison.

Poor people seek out drugs - crack, heroin - instead of the prozac given to the wealthy. It is a global phenomenon. The U.S. is the model. In Australia, 1 to 2% of the population is aboriginal, yet 30% of the prisoners are aborignies! So, this is the new model for prisons to come. What appears to be a family or community problem is really a global problem.

The Prison Industrial Complex is real and we need to understand the connection between the global economy and the prison industry. People must learn to talk about crisis and make connections with what is happening in our backyard and around the world.

We need to create "unlikely coalitions." How can we acknowledge these people as part of our communities? Don't forget about Leonard Peltier! Think about the effect on Native Americans. The Native Boarding Schools were the first prison experiment, which was started by a military lieutenant.

We need a new Abolitionism! We must call for a moratorium on prison construction and create a new era of radical activism. Thankyou."

got past one million, we were in crisis! It is a totalitarian institution and it is becoming the most prominent one on the social landscape, claiming ever-larger numbers of people.

In 1998, there were 1.9 million prisoners. By January of 2000, there will be well over 2 million! How are we gonna accept this information without expressing rage? It's a massive PUNISHMENT machine! 5.7 million people are in prison, on probation or on parole. Six million people are under the DIRECT control of the criminal justice system.

The incarceration rate is 672 per 100,000. Only in Russia is this rate comparable. This is six to ten times the rate of other industrialized nations. There are way too many prisoners in THOSE countries!

Who are these two million people? They look like this gathering. Ten years down the line, there will be an enormous increase in women prisoners and women's prisons. It is a PUNISHMENT INDUSTRY. The punishment has become an industry.

The stakes have become much higher since the beginning of the prison abolition movement. We've lost our critical abilities. We can't use our critical skills. We MUST have economic/class criticality! The concentration of capital, companies and individuals has created more poverty, more racism. There is systematic gender apatheid, since the dismantling of the "welfare system." The globalization of capital is forcing more and more people to immigrate to the U.S. Corporations go to their countries ONLY because of the cheap labor. "Structural Adjustment Policies" prevent these countries from giving their people help. It wreaks havoc in peoples' lives...

Capitalism insinuates itself into ever-larger numbers of peoples' lives. The safety nets people used to be able to count on, have disappeared. People are poor. They have no access to resources. More jails and prisons are being built. It's all planned that way. There is an assault on affirmative action. In California, it is 5 times more likely that a young black male will be in prison than at a university. Many are in prison because they're poor, have no resources, nor any hope for a better future.

What does "crime" mean? The only thing it means is that

The Love of Woman

Singing sweetly in the morning
Soothing, loving, "How ya doin', hon?"
Dressed up pretty, calmly cheerful
Going to work and being helpful all day
The most precious thing in this old world
Extending her arms, "Do I get a hug?"
You get everything I dreamed of and worked at!
"Morning!" "Hello!...Thankyou!"
A smiling man - he's been loved!*
Children! Can you believe it? Children!
Come to jump on Daddy - and tussle.
Mom's been loving them all day long
"Hello." Treble beauty voice over a telephone
Check a few things - extend the love
"I've missed you" as she pinches my hand
"I've missed you, too" you sweet, old lady
They come with a smile that washes the soul
Are you flirting with me, you gorgeous thing?
I'm married to the most wonderful woman on Earth*
My appealing glow comes from her
I can become a complete human being now
And give her the love, I'm capable of
Energized and exhausted by our children
Pass on what I've learned to others
Sisters, Mothers, Wives and Brothers

1995

To Have and To Love*

To have a son is quite a thrill.
It's fun to try and catch a spill.
To have and hold and hug and love*
Kindly tell me, where's your glove?
As you go on and continue playing
I'll go around the house, bug spraying.
Let's look upon our little brother.
He thinks he's trying to eat something or other.
Visiting Rabbitland is happy and great!
I miss it so much, I just can't wait.
We'll show it to Mom, and look in her face
She'll shower us with love,
in our own special place*

Gila Monsters

Stanton Rayson

The Gila Monster is the largest lizard in the United States. It is also the only poisonous lizard in the U. S. One of the only two poisonous lizards in the world are found in the deserts of Arizona, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, and The northwest areas of Mexico. The other one, the Beaded Lizard, is found in Mexico and Guatemala.

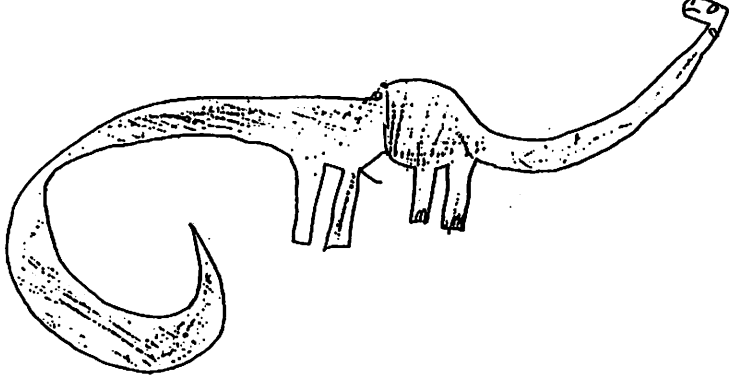
The Gila monsters are heavily built, walking on four short legs at a slow pace. The tail is thick, short, and blunt. The monster stores it's fat in there, and it is capable of living on this for months.

The adult Gila is eighteen to twenty-four inches long, and has a very vibrantly colorful body. It's body is black with numerous tubercles, things that look like bumps, colored pink, orange, yellow, or white. The head is black and has pink bumps on it. The tongue is forked, broad, and flat.

The Gila monster eats rodents, small or young birds, and birds and lizard eggs. In captivity, they enjoy hen's eggs and dead white mice.

The female lays about a dozen brown, leathery eggs about the size of a hen's in a wide hole in moist sand. Then she covers the hole with more sand and grass. Then the mother abandons the eggs. The young hatch in a month.

When the monster bites, it hangs on to the victim strongly. Then the venom, used mostly for defense, is secreted from glands in the lower jaws, and flows out through grooves in the teeth and enters the wound. Though their bite is deadly to humans, it is rare and caused by careless handling. Scientific name: Heloderma Suspectrum.



dysfunctional families who can't touch and be human. Police brutalization in Chicago is REAL. We're tired of being falsely arrested, locked-up and jailed.

People need to get involved with police reports, witness statements. We must become educated about the system. We can't fight unless we understand the system. There is a thing called the IR #, which upon arrest is permanently given to a person, like a fingerprint. They are thus forever branded. We need to know about affidavits, court statements, transfer statements, etc. Many police officers served under Jon Burge. We have 500 letters explaining about false arrests, 25 - 30 year sentences, life and death sentences, etc. Our people are victims of police brutality who force and coerce us. We have bad lawyers who tank cases, prejudiced, biased judges. We need groups to prepare the books for arrest victims. We need to use the Freedom of Information Act.

Why is there so much red tape? It's because many of the mothers have gotten involved. You must stand behind the brothers and sisters who are in jail. "Open your heart to these sisters and brothers who are locked up."

Darrel Cannon, Andre, Jerry Guilespie are victims of John Burge. Arrested for "disorderly conduct." None of us are exempt from being arrested. It's your duty to get involved when you see a police officer beating up someone on the street. This is real serious. 95% of the defendants are black. 100% of the lawyers are white! We have a problem. We must get involved.

Next Angela Davis speaks. She says, "Something's going on in Chicago. People in Chicago are really thinking deeply about how to change things. Young Blacks and Hispanics have shown inspiring energy, hundreds of them, when I visited them in prison, here. I've been talking about prisoners for 33 years. I've been trying to encourage inter-generational coalitions to strengthen and energize the movement. Prisons are devouring not only political prisoners but also many members of our community.

Prisons play a political role which is devastating in many respects. It is a primary tool of racism. In the 1960's, fewer than 200,000 people were in prison. That's a LOT! Once we

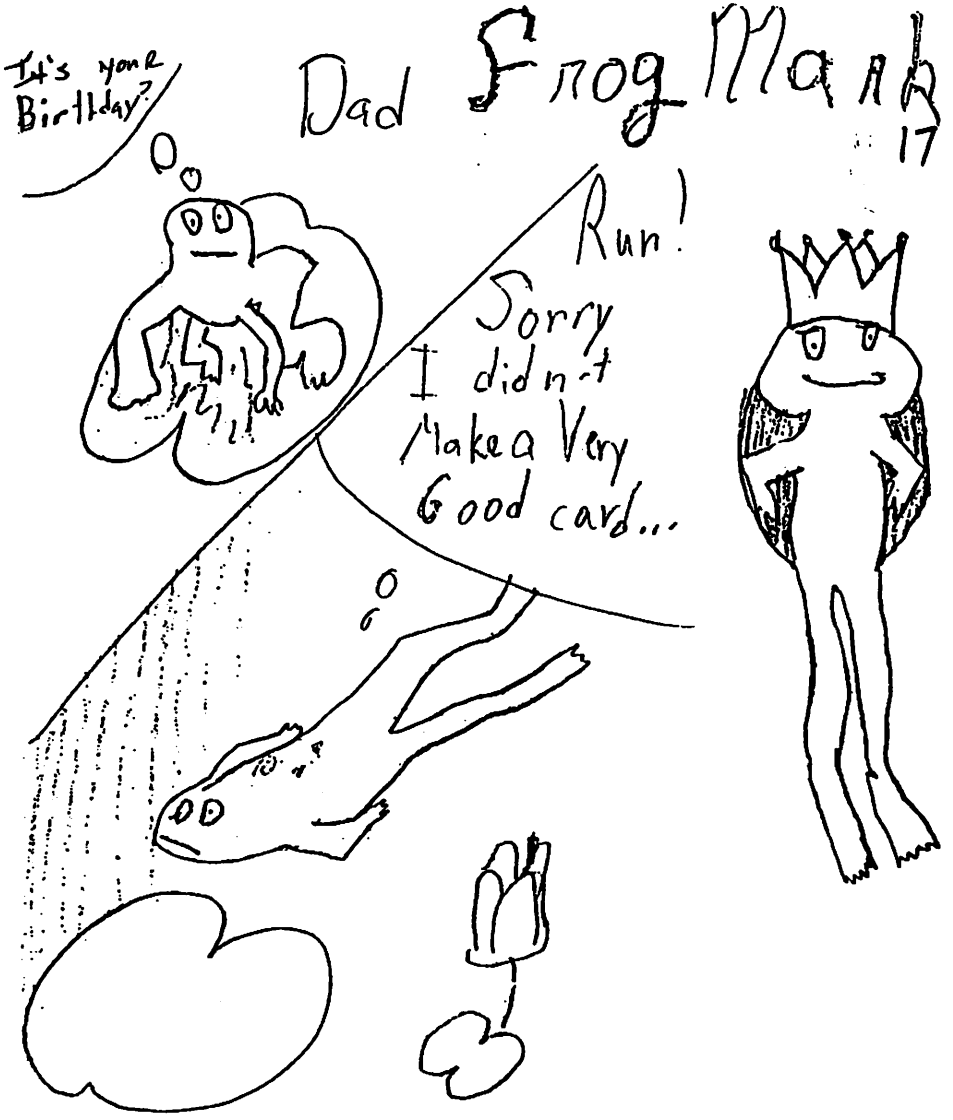
Notes on the Angela Davis Visit to Chicago, September 9th, 1999

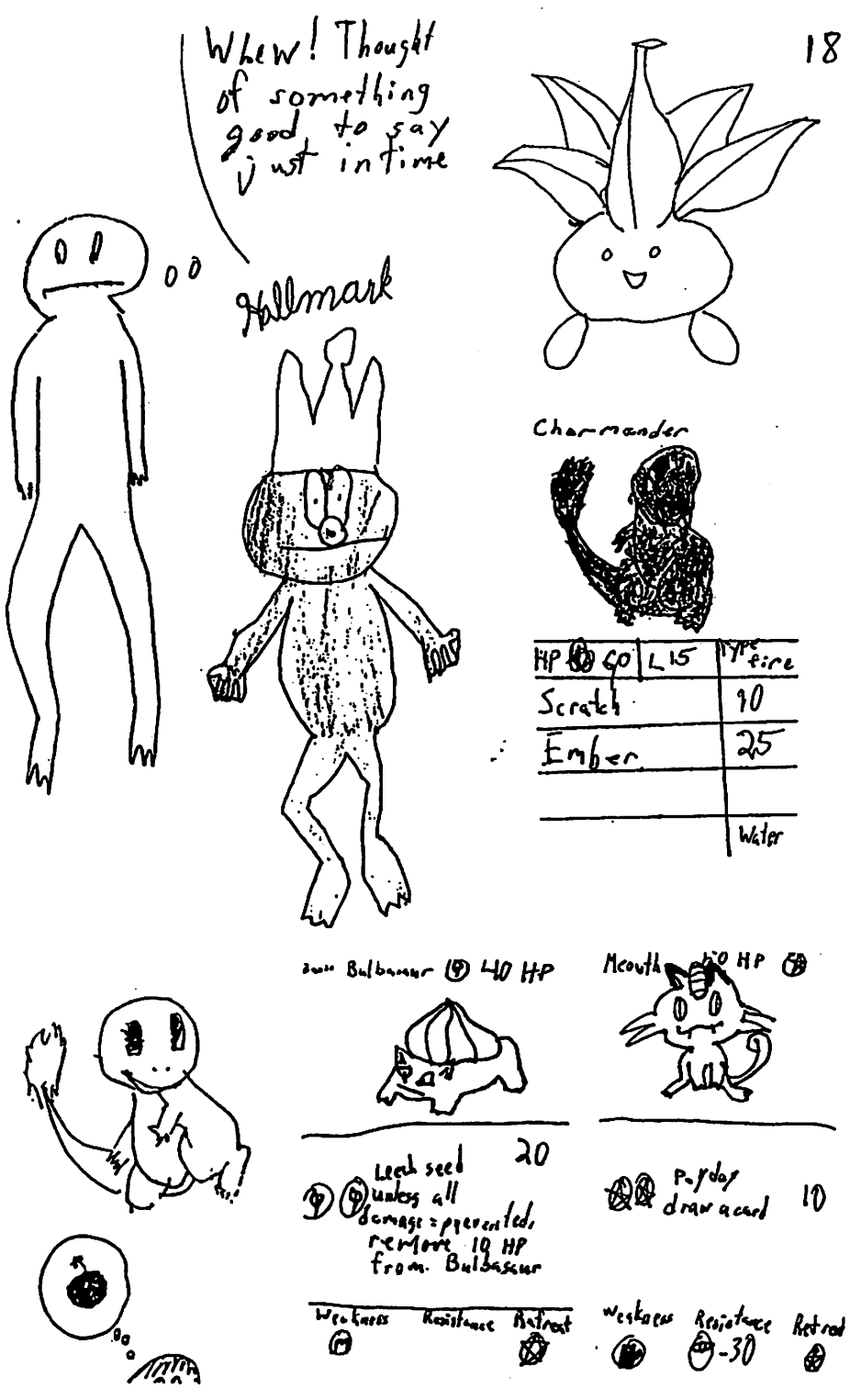
There was an overflow crowd at the Carter G. Woodson Library, located at 9525 S. Halsted St. to see and hear the legendary Angela Davis. A speaker phone hook-up was set up so those unable to enter the lecture hall could hear the remarks of Stan Willis, Susan Ester and Angela Davis. Here are my notes.

Stan Willis spoke first. He said, it's been a "bloody 'Hot Summer,' but it's been our blood!" The ideological position of the authorities is to get rid of "gangs and drugs." It is a "war" and any tactics are acceptable to fight this war. In effect, it is a war on the Black and Latino communities. Black female prisoners have increased by 500% in the last 10 to 12 years.

The anti-loitering bill has created a climate where all citizens are suspect. Some suburbs now have these bills. There are laws in Riverdale and Dolton against clothing, which supposed "gang members" wear. In Sauk Village the school district policy prohibits gang "hair styles." This is criminalizing people. We must stop "talking" revolution and do serious work. Tanya Haggerty epitomizes what we're up against. We must have Copwatch programs and a Legislative Watch, which would have stopped the anti-loitering law. These police are now paramilitary units in our community. We need a special prosecutor to deal with the police. We must emphasize the youth. They must be energized into this struggle.

Next came Susan Ester. She founded Mother's Against Injustice in 1994. Her seventeen year old son was falsely arrested and taken from her home. This experience was very isolating. Her friends and family stood behind her son. The community is being criminalized. You can't go out on the street without being harassed, arrested and jailed. The police, lawyers and judges want promotions. They treat blacks like animals and don't care if they're jailed and locked up. Many of our families are going through this. It affects families. Bitty babies have their moms and dads locked up and can't embrace them. It creates





mouths! Gimme a cough drop from just lookin' at 'em! Thanx, dudes! Right now they're doin' a song about the KKK. How sweet it ain't. 43

Next is a band called Spicolies, formerly Doctor Murphy. They're another heart-tug favorite of mine, seein' as they are also dear comrades from So. Chi. ARA. One of the fellas is heavy into animal rights and frequently goes on actions against the likes of Neiman-Marcus and other animal slaughterers. I guess they've given up on people... I tell them I'm also heavily into animal rights. I fight the oppression, caging and torturing of animals - human animals!

Next up come Urethra Franklin and the ghetto Children. This is a polished punk band - very dedicated. Through a glitch, they didn't know they were playing. A couple of them had come just out of solidarity. When they found out they were playing, they quickly tracked down the other two members of the band. The singer was sick, but you couldn't tell. He sang his ass off. Maybe he sweated more. They were fun. They borrowed another band's drums. I'd never heard them before. They were good, fun, respectful and more intricate than ususal. Well done solidarity work. I'll make sure to load 'em up with prisoner zines. I'm makin' everybody read 'em! Learn the latest!

Now we come to the final band of the night - Authority Abuse. These guys are also dear to my heart, having played for me twice previously. Some of them played in Kungfu Rick, another killer punk band. They are very respectful and appreciative for the written material I provide. They also possess a unique talent. Right now, a fiery Hendrixesque guitar solo segues into harsh punkdom. You get the picture. They are a quality band. They all played for nothing. THAT'S showing solidarity, my friends. Try finding that in the mainstream!!

There was a film crew which came over from the conference. This lady, named Beverley, had been trying to track me down for months. She'd been following ARA and had heard great things about me from the comrades in Columbus, where she is also based. A brother from Turkey was also there. Murat had come from Turkey, via Germany, to the Chicagoland area. The APF (Anarcho-Punk Federation) told him to contact me first, once in Chicago. I made it worth his while. He had a great time and I loaded him up with insightful zines. A day or two later I shipped him maybe twenty more. I just got an email from him. He's back in Turkey and his comrades are thrilled with the stuff. They're going to send me some zines (in English) about Turkey and also some Turkish music. This is a special treat that I did not expect. Murat, I love you!

I have a special fondness for the Middle East. I lived with an Iranian named Bahram Salimi, while in high school. The racist scum called him Sirhan Sirhan. This was in the fall of 1968 and into 1969. A lot was happening - especially around Chicago. King was murdered by racists and the town went up in flames. Kennedy was murdered and the Chicago pigs went on an orgy of violence as Vietnam continued to suffer, and bleed and FIGHT* Bahram had so much passion for the oppressed, it was unbelievable. I fear that he was killed in the Iranian revolution. There is so much suffering in this world and the haunting wailing music of the Middle East springs from the very depths of our souls...

All-in-all, it was a wild show, though somewhat sparcely attended. That's OK. We're just getting the PPWC revved up in this city. Let's GO! POWER FORWARD*

Anthony Rayson, Midwest Coordinator, Political Prisoners of War Coalition

AUTHORITY ABUSE

occurring everyday...

PPWC Benefit Show in Chicago, October 17th, 1999

42

After an interesting session of the ARA (Anti-Racist Action) Network conference, where the Chicago SHARPS (Anti-racist Skinheads) decided to bring the issue of class war to a head by insisting that ARA adopt a long-overdue class analysis as part of their Points of Unity, we headed over to put on the show. The conference was breaking up, many folks were headed out of town and the Chicago ARA had planned some other function at the Autonomous Zone. We flyered the conference, but couldn't expect to see many of them, later.

Earlier, I'd set up a table full of prisoner literature around 11 am, tabling officially as PPWC. I had copies of our mega split zine, In the Trenches.../Behind These Walls. This is an 84 full-size paged treatise Sean Lambert, Ali Khalid and I had put together, specifically to come out in time for the show. I also had back issues of In the Trenches... Behind These Walls, as well as other zines by the likes of Khalfani X. Khaldun, Abdul Olugbala Shakur, Zolo Agona Azania, the great Texas prisoner zine, Chain Reaction, and several others. I met several other activists, including folks from the New Jersey ABCF (Neil and others) whom I had cordial and productive conversations with. We exchanged materials, as I did with other tablers. I gave away many great zines to those conference attendees who expressed an interest in them.

I headed over to the Fireside Bowl to set up the show, accompanied by my friend, Ken Wong. Ken is also a writer/activist who delves deeply into the psychology of oppression, with an insightful and fun situationist perspective. Bands and supporters began to arrive. Gale Ahrens arrived in all her splendor as her alter-ego, Jane Doe. Now, Jane Doe is the Voltairine de Cleyre of prisoner support here in Chicago, in my opinion. It was her birthday. Sadly, her father passed a couple of days earlier and she could only stay a short time, as she had to catch a flight out of Midway to St. Louis to be with her family for the funeral in the morning.

She's a saint. The first band set up and played. Skullkrusher 666 - brutal working class skinhead band from the south of Chicago - my neck of the woods* Brutal is mild. These folks are in total war with our profane society, as well they should be. They're formerly of Deadscene. They write zines, too.

Next up was a band called Resination. I talked with a skinhead brother from Northern Indiana named LaJuan, for a long time during this set. LaJuan is a black skinhead activist, writer, showman - and fighter. He spent 18 months in prison for "shooting a nazi." He wants to get together with us and put shows on in the Gary, Indiana area, have revolutionary literature available and keep the hicks and rednecks at bay - a sort of racist-free environment. I'm always looking for a chance to table and spread the word of PPWC. The band consisted of just a guitar player and a drummer. The guitar player was screaming his lungs out about something, his long blond hair flying and dripping. Too much.

Between sets, I read statements from Ali Khalid Abdullah and talked about the PPWC. I did this twice - to set the tone for why we were all here tonight. Next up was a band called the Holy Whores. These are my boys. They're a brutal hard-core band who double as solid members of South Chicago ARA, which I launched in '98. They had some sweet syncopation in their discordant, punk way. Their "singers" complimented eachother nicely. I don't know how they perform like that without having their larynxes come flying out of their

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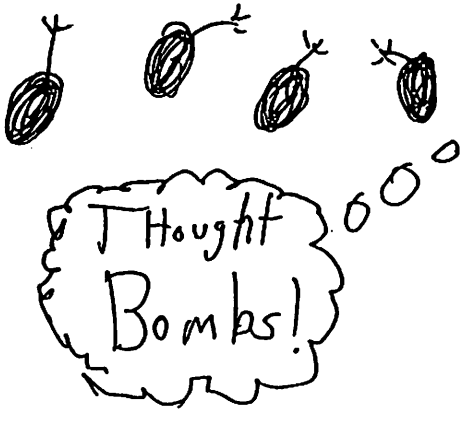
Some Thoughts on Literature

19

Great literature is the voice of revolution. It places a magnifying glass upon reality and exposes the vacuousness of a culture. Through clearsightedness and a refusal to accept banality and evil, a great writer can provide hope based on truth. If done effectively, it motivates people to social agitation and may force the government being scrutinized to ban the work. Some examples of this are Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, Erich Maria Remarques' All Quiet On the Western Front, or One Day of Life by Manuel Arquenta. His book was banned and he was driven from El Salvador. To illustrate my beliefs, I will touch upon Franz Fanon's explosive work The Wretched of the Earth.

Fanon was a physician by profession, interested in alleviating human suffering. Upon realizing the scope and causes of this suffering (in this case, French subjugation of Algeria) his rage exploded through his pen. The conviction and forcefulness of his book helped to render Frances' "claim" to Algeria, untenable. The intensity and descriptiveness of his feelings can be universally applied to anywhere people are oppressed by others. It is encouraging that here was a man who unswervingly demanded respect, dignity, and freedom for even the most downtrodden of peoples.



NO COVER

I've got no cover. My kids tease me about it, especially young Stephen. He likes to take off all his clothes and play with his. He pulls it wa-a-a-y over the rest of his penis and snickers. He also likes to ask me what happened to my cover. I always tell him, "The doctor cut mine off, when I was a little bitty baby. But we wouldn't let 'em cut off your cover. Now I don't have a cover!" He feels *real* good about his cover.*

When Stanton was born in 1988, he *almost* got his foreskin severed from his penis. If they didn't come by with the clipboard chart form for us to sign (and pay $50.00!) we wouldn't have known what they were conspiring to do. We said, "NO! Don't do it! Absolutely not!! Do not *touch* him! We refuse to allow you to do this! Do you understand??? We say NO! Please bring him to us, right now!" Leslie was aghast. "How could they think to do that to my baby? How gruesome! It's sick!" "I'll say!" So, Stanton got to remain whole and pain free.* When Stephen was born in 1994, we knew to impress upon them that we wanted them to leave him alone.

It's really a hideous and excruciating process. They think nothing of it and do it to millions of baby boys around the world, every week! "Let's torture the newborn!" I can't even begin to fathom the depravity they inflict upon baby girls!

It's bad not having it - a cover. Your pinkish-purply dickhead protrudes nakedly. It's prone and vulnerable to pain. It's horrible when it gets zipped up. It's too damn sensitive! It ejaculates at the snap of your fingers. How can that *thing* be "attractive?" It's cause for uneasiness, I feel. I want my cover back, dammit!

Campaign to Expand PPWC UpDate Distribution

PPWC has been working very hard to distribute our UpDate/Packets and for a long time we have done this with very limited resources and help. We are now launching an aggressive campaign to expand distribution of our material in 1999 and beyond. As this century comes to a close we are forced to make changes and to look at the reality of our situation. PPWC cannot and will not be able to continue without your support and efforts. We need to have our material widely circulated and read because we are on a mission. A mission to open up as many eyes and ears as possible for the 21st Century. For those who are truly struggling for solutions, looking for revolutionary change and building or strengthening solidarity ties, this is your chance to do something.

Independent media of the oppressed is both necessary and crucial. Many of the things PPWC's UpDates present aren't presented or spoken of in mainstream press. Right now we don't come close to competing with many newspapers (mainstream or revolutionary) but we are trying to do our best. Not to compete, but to get the message out as best we can. We can do this but with your help we can expand our distribution and advance the fight towards the day when we can take on and defeat the kapitalist/imperialist mouthpieces of misinformation.

If you live in a city where PPWC UpDates are not known, your help is crucial. You can be a PPWC distributor. And even if there are some PPWC UpDates being circulated in your city it still isn't enough to reach the vast majority of the people we would like to reach. We ask that our distributors help us with cost of printing and shipping the UpDate/Packets if possible, but whether or not you have the money we need your help.

Distributors can sell the UpDate/Packets on the streets and at political events and you can leave copies of the UpDate/Packets free at colleges, in community centers, in laundry mats, at libraries, in coffee shops, in bookstores or wherever people are in congregation and our material will not be thrown away and where people can pick them up.

Our goal for 1999 and into the new century is to expand distribution of PPWC UpDate/Packets and increase the necessary funding by between 25 to 35% of the current total. We can't do it without your help. Contact our PPWC Information Center, our PPWC Midwest Coordinator, PPWC New York Affiliate or our PPWC Distributors in North Carolina. The addresses are listed below.

We thank you for your help and service. Let us all make a difference in this struggle. If you can't help in the distribution then please help by your financial support. Again, without your help we can not get the information out.

PPWC New York Affiliate
c/o Sean Lambert
2835 Delaware Ave. Apt. #1
Kenmore, NY 14207 USA
(Make checks and money orders payable to: Sean Lambert)

Dave Coker
PPWC Distributor + IWW (P.O. Box 10093)
Greensboro, NC 27407 USA
(Make checks or money orders payable to: Dave Coker)

Chris Newsom
PPWC Distributor + IWW
1804 Spring Garden St.
Greensboro, NC 27403 USA
(Make checks or money orders payable to: Chris Newsom)

PPWC Distributor, U.K.
c/o Mike Ward
P.O. Box 17773
LONDON SE8 4WX
United Kingdom
(Make checks or money orders payable to: Mike Ward)

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I want to start distributing PPWC UpDates. Send me____UpDates.

I'm interested bytwant more information about distributing PPWC UpDates.

I want to support PPWC UpDate distribution financially.

Greetings! 40

I have been given the unique opportunity to become the Midwest Coordinator of PPWC (Political Prisoners of War Coalition.) Many of you know me as the editor of this zine, **In the Trenches...** or have corresponded with me &/or received other publications I am involved with, such as *Thought Bombs*.

I will continue doing these things and other types of support, but will now also take a more hands-on activist role in building PPWC and networking with other individuals and groups, in this most basic anti-fascist, anti-racist struggle. We are committed to total freedom and equality for everybody of any and every "race," sex, gender preference, age, religion, etc. We are for the abolition of all oppressive and coercive institutions, especially prisons! That, I can sink my teeth into!

I am a member of the d.i.y. (do-it-yourself) zine underground, who is known in various activist circles, throughout the world. From now on, they will also know me as a tireless advocate for prisoner rights and social justice in my role with PPWC. I believe very strongly in the principles of PPWC and consider myself a conscientious anarchist - proud to hail from the land of Haymarket!

The education I have received from the painstakingly crafted handwritten letters and writings of prisoners has been astounding. The insight and clarity of your ideas, is no less incredible. The acceptance and encouragement I have gotten from you - prisoners of the U.$. beast - has been much appreciated. It really adds purpose and fortifies me for the long fight. It sustains me through all the hardships and frustrations that are dwarfed by the brutal, everyday prison reality, many of you must endure.

Rest assured that all the energy and determination that I put into my advocacy is at your beck and call. I am greatly strengthened by the trust of such a high-calibre group. I will fight like a tiger and try to give my best effort at all times. I remember the martyrs and heroes who fought for freedom throughout the history of this world, which is capsulized in the awareness of the brave men and womyn organizing behind bars, today. I take it as the ultimate duty to live and work for a genuine future for all of our children. LET'S GO!

Anthony Rayson
Midwest Coordinator of PPWC

In the trenches...

Ali Khalid Abdullah, PPWC Founder

PPWC Information Center
c/o Cynthia Ritsher
P.O. Box 554
Lincoln, MA 01773 USA
(Make checks or money payable to: Cynthia Ritsher)

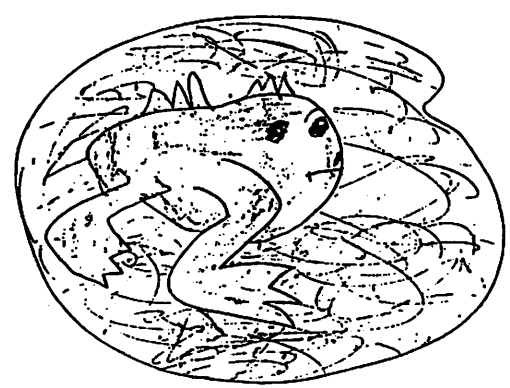
PPWC Midwest Coordinator
c/o Anthony Rayson
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, Illinois 60430
(Make checks or money orders payable to Anthony Rayson)

When Stanton was around three or four, his penis got "stuck" a couple of times. It was kinda weird. 21 The doctor suggested we let him cut off Stanton's cover. Another doctor said there was nothing wrong. We believed the second guy, not the knee-jerk sadist. Stanton was fine. He's had zero problems since. The boys never had "infections" or any of that bullshit. It's all lies that you should have it done. It's just ritualized child abuse, pure and simple.

It's like all the other lies they feed you. "You must do this! You can't do that!" They're *all* lies, which invariably hurt you, haunt you or deaden you. Don't do anything, anybody ever says about anything, anywhere, anyhow - no way!

Just say no to obedience of any kind and think up your own solutions to your own problems.

Dear Mom & Dad: Thanks a helluva lot for being so oblivious. Now, I've got no cover! I never even had a chance! *That* hurts! Yeah, I know. "Everyone was doin' it." Well, we sure as hell wouldn't let it happen to *our* sons!! What were you thinking? Yeah, I know... you weren't!





Individual acts of evil are bad, but are again, dwarfed by the systematic, mass-murdering, starving and immiseration by ALL governments (military, judicial, economic systems) throughout the world. The repressive systems of police, paramilitary, death squads, etc. are used by governmments to keep a small number of rich, white males in control of peoples' lives and the world's resources. The U.$ is by FAR the most guilty in this.

The prisoner is our conscience. Insight, inspiration, lucid, clear-sighted instruction is being patiently (and brilliantly) offered to those of us in minimal security, by those locked down in supermax torture chambers, who have found their mental freedom. They demonstrate incredible personal courage in order to bear witness to the profanity of reality. We must listen to them and learn from them and rise above our own fear, become free and fight for our lives!

James Baldwin wrote, "If we know, and do nothing, we are worse than the murderers hired in out name. If we know, then we must fight for our life as though it were our own - which it is - and render impassable with our bodies the corridor to the gas chamber. For if they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night."

For children to have a livable world tomorrow, we must stand up today and challenge the monsters who are destroying our world and imprisoning/exterminating all life. We owe ourselves this chance at freedom.

Anthony Rayson, Midwest Coordinator,
Political Prisoners of War Coalition

PPWC
Political Prisoners of War Coalition
In the Trenches...

Just as the Gatling gun has given way to the multiple warhead hydrogen bomb and the conventional anti-personnel "bomblets," so too has the art of sadism and torture "evolved."

Special "supermax" prisons, costing hundreds of millions of dollars which our sick government even has oblivious, usually struggling, rural communities vying for, are being constructed.

Supposedly the "worst of the worst" are being sent here - the "incorrigible ones" - the ones who are irredeemable. This, of course, is another lie given by ther Big Lie network. The unfortunates, often whisked away in the dead of night from minimum, medium or maximum security prisons, are frequently chosen by capricious whim alone. If the prisoner shows courage, compassion for the legal cases of others (jailhouse lawyers) or has the willingness to articulate the outrageous treatment being suffered, he or she is a sure candidate for some supermax hellhole dungeon.

Prisoners are vilified as the "untermensh" of Amerikkka. They are, in fact, our husbands, wives, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts and friends of suffering families and communities.

The "crimes" they commit are dwarfed by the systematic criminal punishment system holocaust endured around the clock, every day by our two million loved ones.

Babies aren't born to be "criminals!" Like all animals, people adapt to their environment, in order to survive. In a sick society, based on ignorance and greed (legalized theft - capitalism) this striving for survival is hideously warped and often leads to acts of personal desperation and cruelty to self and others. This cannot be condoned or tolerated, but must be understood and treated in a productive manner. When zoo animals are forced to live in an unhealthy, unnatural environment they develop pathologies, too. Ghettoized life, in all its despair, hopelessness, police-state occupation, drug-saturated violence and racist "out" (that being prison) is NOT anything close to a human-friendly environment that is necessary to help foster healthy developement.

NO AIRPORT HAYFIELD

I flipped through the STAND phone book. Yep, sure enough, he was in there. Bruce Twietmeyer was on our mailing list, so I called him up. "I understand you want to cut a 'No Airport' symbol in one of your fields." "Yeah. What do you think? When do you want to do it? I have a six foot tractor." "Well, let's see... I have Sunday & Monday off... What's good for you?" "I'm real busy, but I might be able to squeeze it in early Monday morning..." "OK, good. See you then."

Saturday, I got stuck at work and had to work two shifts. Luckily, that morning I grabbed a couple of sheets of graph paper from my "study" in the attic.

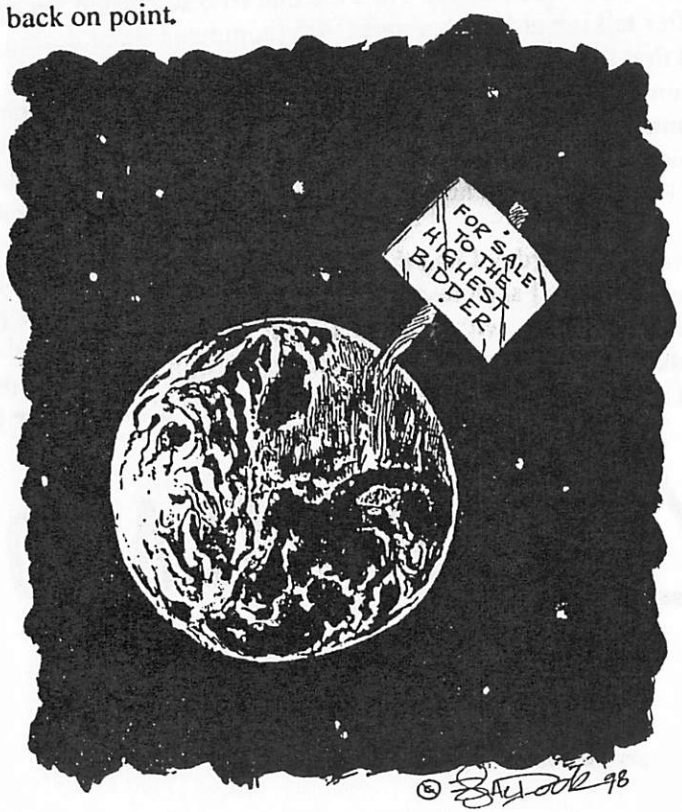
Earlier, I had called around. A couple of weeks before, there was a story in the paper about some field art done in Salem, IL. I called the Art Institute of Chicago, which was mentioned in the article. He referred me to some art studio downstate, who in turn, referred me to a guy, a farmer & a pilot, who lived in Salem, IL which is twenty-five miles southwest of Rockford. He's the one who suggested the graph paper, after talking at length about CAD (computer aided design.) He also said that the Rockford Airport should be the "third" airport. "747's take-off and land there, everyday. UPS has it's international hub there, too!" Hmmm, made sense to me! I talked up the advantages of the Gary/Chicago Airport as a viable airport. We both thought ruining farms down in Peotone was the height of stupidity. He wished me good ol' boy luck.

Anyway, so Saturday I had this graph paper. I got a 26 oz. coffee can and traced it. Then I sketched the No Airport symbol - a simple plane surrounded by a circle with a diagonal slash through it. I revised it a few times until I was relatively satisfied with the design. Then I flipped it over and retraced the version I wanted. You see, I also fabricate the No



Airport yard signs painted onto plywood. They range from 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 feet to 4 x 4, so I was quite familiar with the design. I made notations on the graph paper at the points we would need to extrapolate the dimensions from. I used simple, high school geometry to calculate with. I would merely transfer the graph paper design onto a ten-acre hayfield. Each little square on the graph paper would become 100 square feet in the field. At first, I wanted to have the outer circle measure from 680 feet to 720 feet in diameter. But that proved to be larger than the ten-acre field could handle, so we cut the diameter in half. It would still measure 360 feet in diameter - the length of a football field (with endzones!)

Sunday, I spent all day at organizing meetings in the city. I was tabling at the October 22nd organizing meeting at Hothouse. This was for the national day of protest against police brutality that takes place every October 22nd. This ran from 12 to almost 6 pm. Then I hit a coffeeshop and got the liquid paper out to clean up a master of my latest zine collaboration, In the trenches... #3, while my coffee cooled. Ali Khalid Abdullah & I do this zine, which has recently been picked up by AK Press. Issue # 3.5 is also out. It's a split zine with Sean Lambert and Behind These Walls # 3. This split is 84 full-sized pages!!! Anyway, back on point.



Once imprisoned, the facade of a "free" country is abandoned. Special laws kick in which make things crystal clear.

According to the constitution, prisoners are subject to "legal" slavery. They are slaves, who must toil at their assigned tasks or face the consequences and whims of their slave-masters.

There are two million of US in this openly enslaved condition. All the means of oppression meted out to chattel slaves prior to 1863, apply today to these loved ones of ours. Shackling, handcuffs, leg irons, celling, beatings, rape, murder, bad food, lack of medical care, the tearing apart of families and denial of visits, the serious restrictions on education, information (or any communication with the outside world,) is universal in the U.$. gulag archipelago. The constant violation of the individual and their personal belongings (multiple, daily body cavity strip searches, lockdown searches, routine, unexplained confiscations, etc.) are continuous. The total intrusion and denial of dignity of self as to personal hygiene, privacy, etc. is standard. For example, let's look at the Texas prisons. These workers get absolutely no wages, not even the 1/5 (or less) of minimum wage that some prisoners get. Some women prisoners on death row must endure invasive body cavity, strip searches, up to EIGHT times a day, even though they are monitored by guards and cameras twenty-four hours a day, are locked in cells and can't possibly procure any "contraband." A recent rule at one tier inside a supermax male prison requires these prisoners to kneel, facing the wall to eat their "meals." Prisoners beaten to death, often chained down, exposed and helpless, are reported to have died from an "asthma attack" or some such lie. Prisoners die like flies due to systematically criminal and negligent medical "care."

CLOSE THE PRISONS
OPEN THE BORDERS

This society has all of us in shackles and chains. You may have wealth and comfort, but you're not free. You may exploit labor, yet remain a victim. Your mind has been stolen. You cannot think. Your life has been wasted. But you deserve your fate!

Most of us have some sense of freedom. We know of our slavery, to some extent. We're wage-slaves at work and suffer through the obligatory, daily staring at Big Brother visual units.

Our lives are long, boring pointless wastes of time. Our food makes us tired, bloated and feel greasy. Relationships are an endless source of pain and vulnerability. We are watched by police, mounted security cameras and endure constant censorship and lack of truth and beauty.

Social life is reduced to the utmost triteness and headachey fear of "crime." Life comes in a cellophane wrapper, with tax - and a receipt.

Schools teach children how to become bitter, alienated and exploitative. It's child abuse and the message is "obey!"

Everywhere, authorities impose, mocking us to enjoy our "liberty." The threat of violence by the uniformed and heavily armed state gangs, is omnipresent.

Citizens are murdered every day. Many more are kidnapped. Those unfortunates may be beaten, threatened, interrogated, whisked away and held at some fascist fortress, often without understanding why.

"Laws" by the millions are the excuse to brutalize and forever ruin lives. They don't apply to the agents of the state. To the contrary, they use them to profit from. Corrupt, incompetent lawyers, prosecutors, judges, police, jailers, wardens, officers and sadists of all stripes live off of the steady bookings, trials, sentencings and long-term incarceration of workers &/or minorities.

After the coffee shop, I schlepped up to the News & Letters office to sit in on one of their meetings. These people are Marxist Humanists. It certainly beats the alternative - Marxist Inhumanists! They do a lot of prisoner support and believe in solidarity, too. I passed out more 25 prisoner zines and talked about the prisoner support work I'm involved with. I thought it was a productive, if exhausting, day. I got home late, made a sandwich and hit the deck.

The next morning, Bruce called me at seven. "You sound good for this early!" "I usually get up at 5:20." That's still being lazy to a farmer. "What do ya think? Should we do it?" "Yeah!" "It's 'spoze to rain, today." "Oh well." "Maybe we should wait... I suppose it would be too late to do it in September, huh?" "NO! We have to do it, today. It's my only day off and the Will County Fair opens Wednesday." "It's not a pretty sight, tramping around in a wet field." "We'll wash up, later." "OK. I gotta take a truck to Beecher. I'll meet ya over there at nine." "OK, bye."

So, I hopped out of bed and fired up the coffee. Then I went outside. It was a sweet day, August 23rd. I got a ball of twine out of my car. It was 420' and cost me $1.77. I took a yard stick and measured out ten feet and cut it. Then, I used that piece to measure another piece of twenty feet and another one of forty feet. I found a piece of metal conduit pipe about seven feet long. I duck taped two wads of paper near one end of it, about an inch apart. This would be our center stake. I had some rusty old 6-7 feet metal bars lying around the yard, maybe seven or eight of them. I threw 'em in my trunk, along with a mallet.

I mosied over there at precisely 9 am. It was only a mile from my house. Bruce and Jon Lisota arrived right when I did. We're prompt! We got the stuff and went into the field. The hay was about two feet high. We guestimated a center point, but it was too close to the barn, so we moved it over another hundred feet or so and pounded in our center stake.

We took the forty foot piece of twine and measured out 160 feet. Bruce went and got his tactor. We tied the twine to the one inch gap on the pipe. Jon then walked around the circle, holding the twine taut, while Bruce followed carefully, close behind in his tractor. It reminded me of someone leading a horse around in parade. The first cut made the inner circle.

Eco-racism rising

"The land that people waste
will leave the people wasted."

George Washington Carver

Meanwhile, I was in the middle. I eyeballed the placing of four stakes, fifteen feet from the center stake, north, south, east and west. Then, after Bruce had made maybe five or six passes around the circle to give a twenty foot depth, we did the diagonal slash. Jon and I held a long (maybe 330') length of twine taut across the west and south stakes, past the circle. Bruce carefully mowed along this line. We did the same for the north and east stakes. Then, Bruce cut out the insides. This made for a perfect diagonal slash. Next, came the body of the plane. We used the north and south stakes this time to demarcate the center line of the body of the plane. Then Bruce cut the body out, making sure to taper the ends, like a huge cigar. Next, we figured out where to put the stakes and hold the twine for the wings, according to the calculations extrapolated from the graph paper drawing. At the body of the plane, each wing was fifty feet wide, maybe 140 feet long and thirty feet at the end.

Then, we did the same for the tail fin. Bruce then went and got a smaller tractor to clean up the ends and corners and go over the whole outline of the circle, slash and plane, for good measure and clarity.

The whole job only took 2 1/2 hours, in field. When I walked off that field, I had a knowing feeling, that we'd just done some magnificent work that would hit like a plane crash!

When I got home, I called Art Golab, who is the transportation writer for the Chicago Sun-Times. I told him that I had an "exclusive" for him. He said he had to check with his higher-ups. Then I called all kinds of other reporters, radio shows, etc. They responded with thorazine-like obliviousness. "Well. I did my job." I thought. Then for good measure, I went over to a grainery store and picked up several fifty pound bags of lime to help outline the plane, but the four hundred pounds of lime were unnoticeable. Even the cut hay was still 4 - 6 inches high and the ground was clumpy. Oh well, nice try.

Then, I started getting ready for the Will County Fair, which STAND would be tabling at. It started in two days, August 25th and ran for five grueling days. Needless to say, I was the main organizer for this effort, also.

On Thursday morning, as I arrived for work (I had to work Tuesday through Sunday this week, too!) one of my co-workers was waving a copy of the Sun-Times and shouted, "We know who did this!" I said, "Lemme see."

It comes in many forms. Ear piercing, terror-indusing wails of anti-aircraft warnings, the shrill squeal of a charging ambulance or the loud bass blast of a tugboat. The naziesque do-DOO! do-DOO! and then schizophrenic spasm of a police car or the almost friendly sound of some trains. Others rush by with a menacing, sound-displacing howl. The peep of a referees whistle or the blare of a moron sitting on his car horn.

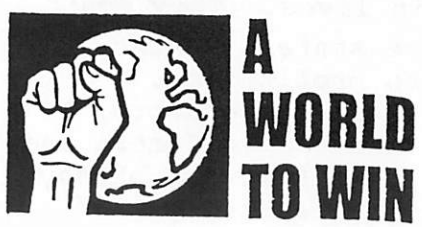
The alarm clock goes off and workers drag themselves off to work. Some men, not driving pick-ups, put on a suit & tie, tuck their shirt in & filter towards their jobs. Off to the trains to commute to the office. They walk in these outfits that scream "I'm a human robot!" Women put on prettier clothes, that none-the-less conform to money-making inanity and the vast security that it entails. The occasional joggers, jog.

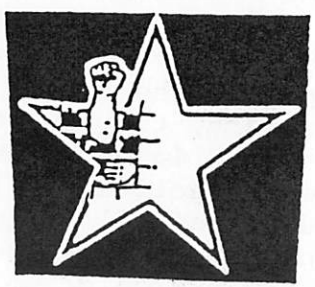
The birds flit out of the way of cars and dogs observe from off the road. What must they be thinking as the dew is lifting? "Dangerous, crazy humans are coming out again. They must hear the siren." The time machine churns on, everyday.

They turn their radios on & suffer through daylong auditory abuse, but think nothing of it. Later, they go home and stare at an obnoxious box which spews forth lies and commercials. For dinner? Soylent greens.

Some don't make it back home. They die off during the day - at factories, on the streets, or maybe shot to death. Others go to jail. Almost every day they get up and go back out there.

Some quit. Some live. Most slowly die. Their hopes and dreams are slowly replaced by the bitterness of product. Before long, they parrot their master's deceit. They're now goners, who live to hear the siren to beckon them for death.



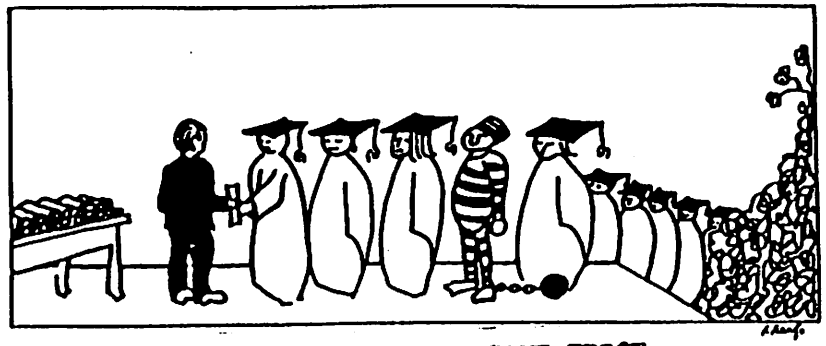


Soon, you gain some confidence. Natural, mutual aid kicks in and the desire to share, love and show solidarity with others, blossoms. You start learning how best to adapt your natural (and now developing) talents in such a way that will create interest from others.

You see a baby crying, you want to help that baby. You see humanity suffering, you want to put a stop to it! You become active and work on projects. You constantly think of creative new ideas. You develop fascinating relationships with dear, sweet, intelligent, committed people. Your emotions run wild and sharpen - like when you and your mate had a baby.

Discordancy arises. Some people who think quite similarly, can not get along. That's a shocker, but it's the way it is. You must try to be a decent person and re-evaluate your own behavior. It's one or both or no one's fault. Sometimes you can't stop being angry. We're human. You keep trying, anyway. Maybe you'll have to avoid those people and accept that a conflict will never be resolved. It's funny because other people may like you both. Just don't try to be mean, hurtful, spiteful, etc. Make amends when you are and move on. Work with people who feel comfortable with you. Don't let despair, apathy and frustration dead end your work. The world needs your effort, more than anything else you can do with your life.

Children look up to you and stretch their arms toward your embrace. They feel the fear, too. They're scared. You must give them the strength to grow. You must cross the fear line. You must act upon your yearnings for freedom.



PRISON or COLLEGE? SAME PRICE

Bang! Sure enough, Art got his exclusive. They had rented a plane and flew out and snapped a picture of our little field art handiwork and stuck it on the front page - in color! The caption read, "No Fly Zone Over Peotone." On page twelve was an article that tried to explain what happened, how we did it and quoted Bruce, who said stuff like, "Why don't they just call a dead horse a dead horse?" Of course, they screwed up the facts and got Jon's name wrong (John) but all-in-all it wasn't bad for mainstream reporting.

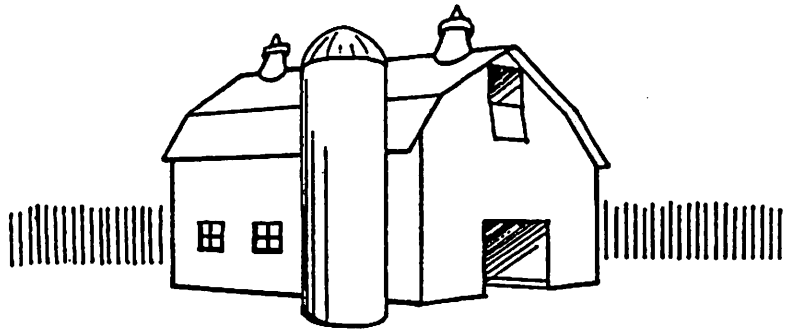
The picture itself was striking. This huge image, 360' in diameter, dwarfed the nearby barn and farmhouse. They looked like toys. It caused a sensation. Everybody was talking about it all over Chicagoland, on the radio etc. Bruce Twietmeyer became a local hero of sorts and reporters were interviewing him. I made posters of it, laminated them and stuck them prominently on our literature table at the fair. People were very enthusiastic and gave more freely than they otherwise would have. It restored a sense of community throughout this threatened area and brought farmers closer to STAND. Many had kept at arms length, feeling us to be "too radical."

A week later, the Chicago Tribune also ran it on the front page of their Metro section. Their take was sort of snide, insinuating that celebrity had gone to Bruce's head. They just didn't like being scooped. I called the Tribune guy, a real hardboiled Chicago reporter (or so he thought) and chewed him out. I'd just gotten a traffic ticket for making a u-turn in a construction zone, by a goddam motorcycle cop, so I was not in the mood to not go off on the slightest provocation. So, I burned his ear pretty good. Later, I called him back and apologized for going off on him and told him about the cop. He said, "Alright, Rayson."

AP had picked up on the image, too. Papers all across the country were carrying it. Strike one up for the little guy, instead of the sons-a-bitches from state government and their construction company buddies and land speculator cronies!

As we were finishing up in the field, a plane flew overhead. Jon said, "Look! He's going to Springfield!" Then he shouted at the plane, "Take that to the Governor and tell him to shove it up his ass!" We laughed. It was funny. It felt good to tell the governor, all of his stooges, and everybody else just exactly how we felt about being menaced by this abomination for all these years.

It was simple, direct, done on a large canvas and totally D.I.Y. The whole thing cost us $1.77, plus gas for Bruce's tractors. I would say that well over 4,000,000 images of this No Airport Hayfield were printed and



was seen by maybe, 10,000,000 people across the country.

When I got home, Stanton asked, "How much of it were you able to ınish?" "All of it!" I said, "It's done!" "Cool!"

Yes, it was done and it was very cool. A few days later, Bruce went ıp in a small plane. There's a tiny airport nearby, Sanger Airport, which s family-owned. They use a barn for a hangar. They're cool. They ıate the airport, too! Bruce took pictures. He's also a professional ›hotographer, in addition to being a farmer.

We had the best photograph blown up into a couple of posters. I got ɔne and *STAND* popped for a beautiful 28" x 41" print of this image for Bruce to present to his disabled mother, Pearl, for Christmas. She'll put it on her living room wall. She lives a mile away in another farmhouse, in the "footprint."

On October 3rd, Pearl Twietmeyer hosted a "No Airport Harvest Party," which is a whole 'nuther story. Today is Tuesday, November 16th. Tomorrow is the maiden voyage of Pan Am's flight from Gary to Orlando, Florida. I've been invited to take this flight, but I think I'll just go to the pre-flight breakfast and schmooze. I want to get them to agree to let my whole family go, (gratis) the next day and spend a few days visiting my parents, who live a couple of hours from there. I'll see if they will agree to my plan, tomorrow. My dad's had more cancer surgery and his alzheimer's is getting bad. I gotta go see them - soon!

If they don't give me four roundtrip freebies, I have another plan for Thursday. A longtime Monee resident and pilot out of Sanger wants to take me for a ride through this whole area to get a real good overview of the area. We'll stop at Kankakee Airport (which has a runway as big as the one at Midway) and I'll learn a lot about flight around here. Governor Ryan doesn't want the Kankakee Airport to become the "third" airport because it is his private fiefdom. Him and his dogs use it to hop to Springfield in half an hour. He's from Skankakee. Two days ago Kankakee was voted to be the worst city to live in - in the entire North American continent! Nice job, George - you no good crook!

The Fear Line

There's a look in the eye and a feeling inside. It knows better than to accept assurances. A knock on the door at 3 am. A gang of thugs waiting to kill. The drone of planes slowly getting louder to drop humanitarian cluster bombs on your hamlet.

"It's a democracy, blah, blah. You can do and say what you want, blah, blah. Everybody has a chance to participate in the 'American Dream,' yada, yada."

Black helicopters, secret tunnels, nuclear headquarters, sophisticated listening complexes picking up on everybody's every word and thought? Plainclothes detectives, undercover this, covert that, police lurking everywhere. The military busy snatching bodies out the high schools. Instructors training other militaries in the fine art of totalitarian terror of their own citizens - slicing and dicing and raping.

There's a fear line - a gulf - a huge divide. To cross it and become free, you have to let go of the illusion of safety. You must accept that we are not free, or safe. We are fish in an aquarium, but we can have free will. Our minds do not have to be self-shackled, even though our society is a sanatorium. You have to accept that you will become the object of fear. People fear fearlessness. You must assume the authorities will come for you. So, in the meantime you have some time. We all have "some time." How much, no one really knows. Real time is rare. Most people try to kill their time, so hurtful is even thinking about it much less using it purposefully.

Once you bound over this divide - this unsaid feeling of fear - you become an active student in the most fascinating school of all - the genuine development of your true talents and become in tune with the song of yourself. You live a life instead of die a life. It's a commitment to yourself, first and foremost. It's also a challenge to the world. It's dangerous, as is walking down the street.