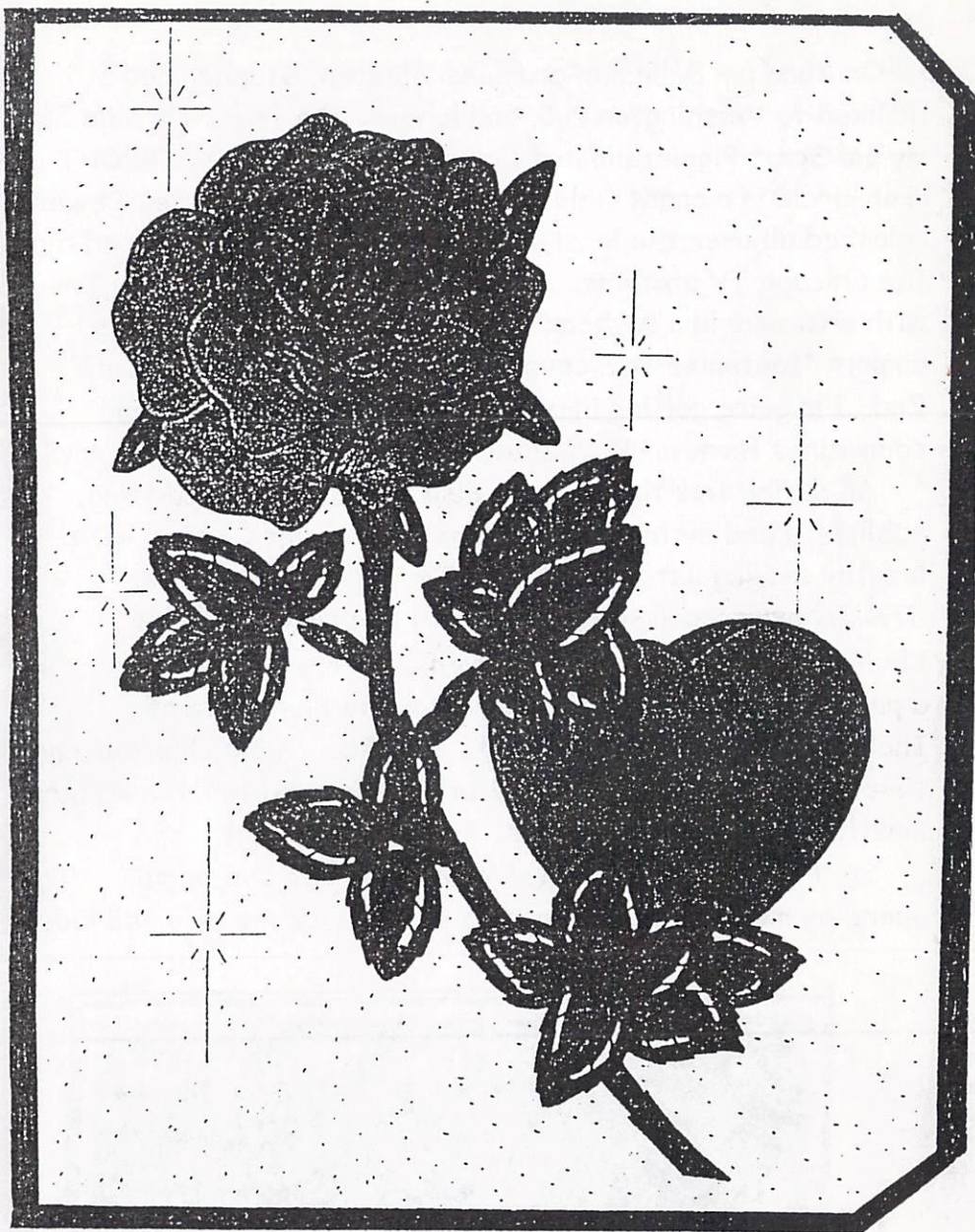
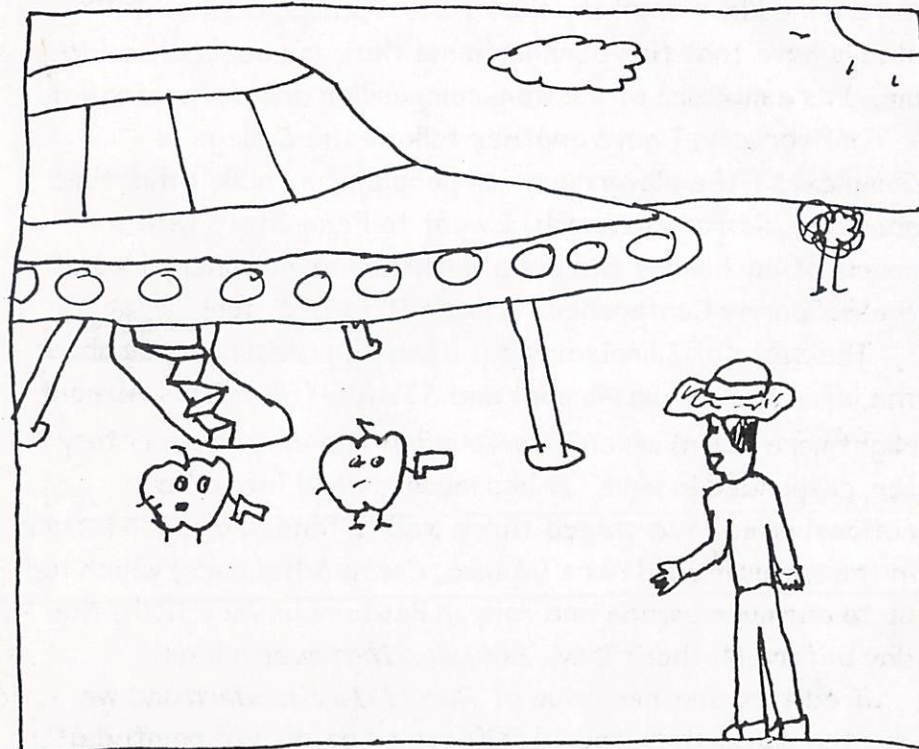




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Thought Bombs

Issue # 16



"Well, you can try to take over
the world, but I don't think
people will take you seriously."

Anthony Rayson

Introduction to *Thought Bombs* #16

Greetings! It's been a long time since I published *Thought Bombs* #15. I did that one before Christmas. Usually, I crank out about three a year. Maybe I'll do two more by January.

But, it's not like I've been slacking off! My father, Leland Rayson, became gravely ill and died on January 8th. I travelled to Florida in December to be with him and again right near the end of his life. He was a uniquely loving, gifted and important man and he is the reason why I am so determined in everything that I do. Thanks, Dad! I'll always have that fire burning in me that you bequeathed to me. It's a mixture of passion, compassion and determination.

In February, I gave another talk at the College of Complexes ("the playground for people who think") this time about my distro. In March, I went to Penn State with a couple of my homies and did a workshop on prisoner zines at the Solidarity Conference. I made it to UPC, too!

The state of Illinois has put horrific pressure on us about the infernal Peotone Airport and *STAND* (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) which I co-founded and am the secretary for, responded in kind. It has mushroomed into a huge national issue. We staged three well-attended airport forums in the towns around here (Monee, Crete & Beecher) which led up to our huge parade and rally in Peotone on May 12th, the day before Mother's Day. Boy, was *that* ever a blast!

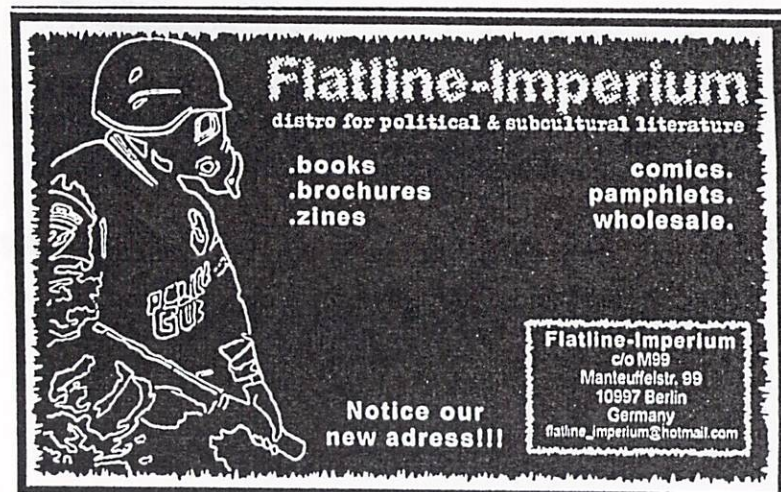
I edited another issue of *Rural Life Standard* and we printed and distributed 15,000 copies of it. We painted a semi - on both sides - and drove it down to Springfield and parked it in front of the state capitol. We also had a bus full of people, did a press conference in the "Blue Room" (complete with charts!) We tabled in the rotunda, hand-delivered comprehensive packets of information to every senator and representative, had meetings with wonks, etc.

*** Cover Art by STANTON *** BACK FLAP →

On June 6 - 8, Leslie, our sons Stanton, Stephen and I trekked to Washington D.C. and lobbied the feds. On May 31, my pal Scott Pigniatello and I cut out another NO AIRPORT crop circle in a grass field behind his and Deb's house. It was splashed all over the local and national papers and covered by the Chicago TV stations. I'll do another one (a *huge* one!) with a farmer in a soybean field right in the heart of this airport "footprint" in a couple, three weeks. Today is July 2nd. I'm going golfing in a little while with a troika of my compadres from work. Matter of fact, I'm leaving right now!

All during this time, I have also been crafting, editing, publishing and distributing dozens of new zines - some with lengthy mailing lists. Right now, I'm working on another *STAND* newspaper and a zine about the recent trial of Khalfani M. Khaldun, who was given 60 years for the murder of a prison guard by an all-white jury in the Klan state of Indiana, without the nuisance of evidence. A big chunk of my time every day is also devoted to writing hand-written letters, mostly to conscious prisoners. They're the best!

So, I guess I have been slacking off, 'cuz I've been spending more time enjoying the company of my wife and kids*



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Summer Of 2001

Thought Bomb's List of Entries

1. "It's Time"
2. Letter from Patty
3. Dad Lives in All of Us
4. My Tears Are Drying Now
5. College of Complexes Address About My Distro
6. Statement to the Solidarity Conference by Glenn Wright
7. Letter from Kebby Warner
8. Doctored Up Nursery Rhymes
 - (A) Mary Had A Murdered Flock
 - (B) Jack & Jill Got Shot
 - (C) Simple Simon Started Screamin'!
 - (D) Four and Twenty
 - (E) The Old Lady and The State
 - (F) Ol' Nat
9. PC Anarchy
10. Corporate Date Rape
11. Intro to My Solidarity Conference Worskshop
12. The Richard Flood Legal Defense Fund
13. Letter From Jerome White-Bey of the MPLU
14. "De Nature of Kkkapitalism" by Mangwiro A. Sadiki-Yisrael
15. Interview With Dan & Jason
16. Airport Medley
 - (A) We're Not Leaving
 - (B) Beecher Address (most of it, anyway)
 - (C) UP and OUT!
 - (D) The Pigniatello NO AIRPORT Crop Circle

Thought Bombs #16 was published on July 16, 2001.
*This is Stephen's 7th birthday! In one week
Stanton will be thirteen!!!

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Pair draws grainy epithet for Peotone proposal

By Guy Triggell
Transportation writer

Fun for Anthony Rayson and Scott Pignatiello on a recent day off was found in a ball of twine, a couple of lawnmowers and some beers.

With a sketch in hand, the two men created a 160-foot crop drawing to deliver a message about their feelings toward a proposed third airport near Peotone.

Their subject is the symbol embraced by opponents of the third airport: a circle enclosing an airplane with a slash through it.

See EPITHET, page A5



Joseph P. Meier/Daily Southtown

Anthony Rayson stands near the center of the crop drawing that he and Scott Pignatiello cut into a grass field in Monee Township.

Epithet

Continued from page A1

Their canvas is a five-acre grass field behind Scott and Debbie Pignatiello's Monee Township home.

"We just wanted to make a statement," Scott Pignatiello said. "We want peace and quiet. I just want to hear the grass grow when I come home."

The Pignatiellos and Rayson are members of Shut This Airport Nightmare Down, a local group opposed to the third airport. The drawing is a smaller version of one

STAND made in a nearby hayfield two years ago.

"Once you get the basic dimensions, it is just basic high school geometry," Rayson said. "It is actually a lot of fun."

Rayson initially charted the image on graph paper, then identified the path of the circle after measuring the radius with twine. Then the lawn mowers were put to work.

The drawing took about four hours to complete. Spray paint was later used to highlight the edges of the image.

The anti-airport rendering reprises the 1999 crop drawing that brought nationwide attention to the battle over the third airport. Photographs of

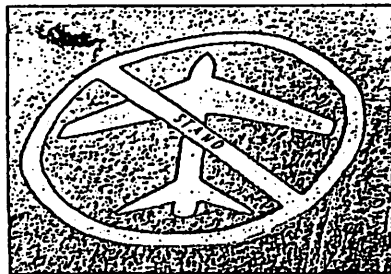
that version were picked up by wire services and published in newspapers across the country.

A picture of the drawing also was used by American Airlines, one of the biggest tenants at O'Hare International Airport and a third airport foe, on Christmas cards made for former Peotone Mayor Richard Benson.

The return on such a cheap investment warranted another visit to the fields, Rayson said.

"I figured at \$1.75 for a ball of twine and gas, why not?" he said. "We don't have tens of millions of dollars like our opponents, so we have to come up with these creative things."

STAND has pulled other quirky stunts to generate publicity for



File photo

Anthony Rayson and Scott Pignatiello cut a protest on a five-acre grass field behind Scott and Debbie Pignatiello's Monee Township home.

their cause.

A semitrailer was painted to grab attention in parades and rallies. Members also have picketed the governor's mansion in Springfield.

Rayson is planning another crop drawing this summer, one that will cover 400 feet.

"This sort of seeps into the public imagination. This shows people trying to stick it to government," Rayson said. "It show that the people around here are not going to put up with it. Plus, it's just fun to do."

Guy Triggell may be reached at gtriggell@daily-southtown.com or (708) 633-5970.

Daily Southtown - Thursday, June 28, 2001

On July 11th, Marshall Paul, his eleven year old nephew and I, did another crop circle in a 25-acre soybean field in Beecher. It is 6 times the size of this one - 125,000 sq. feet!

"It's Time"

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Jim called me at work. It was about 10 am, Saturday morning. He said, "Mom wants everyone to come down here, right away." "OK... See you soon. How is he?" "Bad. 48 hours, max. They took out the I.V."

I told Ginger, "I gotta go." "Now, ya mean?" "Yeah." On the weekends, they give us a short crew. There's only two of us. During the week, we are three. I've worked compatibly with Ginger for a long time. We've been through the mill together. But I couldn't just leave her in the lurch.

It took about an hour before we were able to peel off one of the workers at a nearby plaza who had a slightly bigger crew. They understood. They felt for me and all had gone through similar times - like everybody else who's ever lived.

I called Leslie and told her. She and her two living sisters had lost both their father and then their mother in the last four years. She would start the ball rolling at home. We had to drop everything, start packing up and go! She had to run around town, cash a check, buy a few things, arrange to have someone pick up our mail and tell the schools the boys would have to skip next week.

I hurried up and drove home in a kind of daze. I figured I'd put gas in the car, check the fluids. I tried to brace myself for a brutal drive down to Florida of maybe 1,200 miles. I realized that I left my wallet at work. Great start! I stopped at home, anyway, saw Stanton, made a sandwich and went back to work. At least it was there.

I didn't know what to pack, so I just shoved some clothes from various drawers of my dresser into a suitcase and threw some papers and zines together into a briefcase.

I started calling airlines at O'Hare and Midway, trying to somehow catch an affordable deal. Fat chance! Even with the 50% "grievance discount" they were outrageous! Four hundred dollars apiece - one way! What a rip-off. It didn't help that it was the weekend and we were walk-up customers - desperate for a quick flight.

We continued getting ready. The boys were excited. They liked the idea of going to Florida, getting to go to the beach, seeing their cousins, flying in an airplane again and kissing the next week of school goodbye. This was tempered by their concern for their Grandpa.

My main concern was trying to figure out a way to get four people to Florida before my Daddy died, without going into debt. Then, I finally got through to Pan Am, which flies from Gary to Sanger, Florida, about 130 miles from Port St. Lucie. I really didn't want to

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on July 14th for both of them and will party on the circle! **STAND** is the acronym for Shut This Airport Nightmare Down!

It was cool looking, but kinda small. It only measures 160' in diameter, unlike the one Bruce Twietmeyer, Jon Lisota and I did in Bruce's 10-acre hayfield. That sucker was 360' in diameter! Pretty soon I'm gonna do another one with a farmer named Marshall Paul in a soybean field. That one will be 400' in diameter, over six times the size of this latest one. Scott and Deb's circle is in an alfalfa field, where rare birds nest - bob-o-links. They're beautiful!

My friend made several passes from different directions and I tried to take some snaps. But it's kinda hard, you know?

Before long, we headed back, maybe four or five miles away. There was a cloud and it started raining some. The wind picked up and slapped us around like a giant mosquito. The pilot was pretty nervous, but I didn't care because I had no control over the situation. We barely made it past the last ravine. By that time, we were safe because we could have landed in any old field and there weren't hardly any trees. We landed where we were supposed to, but no more flights would go out that night, even though I thought it was pretty calm.

I gave my man ten bucks for gas. They usually charge forty dollars for a 1/2 hour flight, but he didn't ask for anything because they respect all of the hard work I do fighting this stupid airport. Plus, I'm a glib guy, knowledgable and fun to hang with (if a tad vain!)

Footprint baby, Sarah Gaffney joins her parents, Chris and Lydia in the **STAND** Drumming Circle to help celebrate the summer solstice.

Then a guy drove up who decided he was gonna go up. Bill asked him if I could go up, too and take a run over to the crop circle and take shots of that, too. He was cool and said, "OK." I didn't catch his name, though.

I got in the back seat which is right up against the front seat, like a two-seat motorcycle, nice and cozy-like.

This thing is just a metal frame with an engine, a fan, wheels and a big parachute. We put on helmets that were miked to each other and strapped ourselves in. You put your feet on part of the frame.

We taxied over the field to the area where you take off. He gave it some gas and we picked up speed and lifted off. It can only go 35 miles per hour in the air, unless you have a tailwind.

Right away the beauty of this area - this targetted "footprint" - made itself known. A doe was lying down resting near a tree - not the famous "Jane Doe," but a doe none-the-less! The Earth looked so alive, not active, but sort of pregnant. Trees, fields and streams flowed naturally with minimal intrusion from Man (roads, pylons, buildings...) It was *fun*!

Our woods, Raccoon Grove, looked so majestic, so thick and dark green. Right next door was Monee Reservoir with the tiny fishermen, rowboats, dock and such. Languid ripples spread over the lake. Further west were more fields and scattered housing.

There it was! The NO AIRPORT crop circle Scott and I cut out a couple of weeks back. He and his wife, Deb, spray painted the edges of it - red for the circle and slash and black for the plane. They also wrote out in huge red letters *STAND* in the middle of the slash. I had a jar of red dye tablets a surveyor gave me. It is used to track field tile. It is highly concentrated and turns a rich blood red, when diluted. It is also biodegradable and washes away after three or four rains. But Scott & Deb decided to paint it and make it more permanent. They're having a 40th birthday party

have to drive. It's so long, takes forever and my car had a slow leak in one of the tires. Plus, we'd have to drive back, too!

We got real lucky! Usually their flights south are in the morning, but Saturdays, they also fly afternoons. It was about 2:30 or so by now. The flight was scheduled for 3:20 but was delayed until 3:50. Plus, it went directly to Florida, without the usual stop in southern Illinois.

The fares were much cheaper, but not "cheap." I asked about the grievance discount. He said "It only applies if the bereaved has already died." Once again, my compulsive affliction of instinctively telling the truth, gets me again.

So, we gave him our credit card number and bought four tickets that were non-refundable.

OK! The race is on! First, I had to waste a couple minutes being frantic and spastic, moving my arms, dashing pointlessly about and inducing panic in a pathetic attempt to hurry things up.

We finally shove everything in, jump in and take off. I figure we better take one of my patented "short cuts" to save time. At most, it would have cut a minute off our time. I take the wrong road and have to double back, trying to squiggle back over there to it. We end up at a dead end in front of some guy's house. Not good. That killed about ten minutes.

I get back on track, "save" my little minute and try to get there. Last time I went there was only three weeks ago and I got miserably lost. "Luckily," that flight was almost four hours late, anyway. So, at least I knew what I had to do to get there.

We finally get on I - 80. Oh, no! It's a truck parking lot! We only have to go maybe four miles on this, but that could easily take over an hour, at this nightmare rate! The kids are adding to the nerve fraying by asking if we're gonna miss our flight. That'd be a fine kettle of fish, wouldn't it?! Miss the flight, pay for it anyway and still have to drive all the way to Florida!

I see a guy drive the shoulder, so I follow him. I get off on the next exit and blindly grope my way in the general direction of the airport. I've never been here before and will never come back through this industrial wasteland of northwestern Indiana, west of Gary. Somehow, I guess right and take a crucially important right turn which puts me on Cline Avenue North, which is flowing freely, thank God!

Now, we may have a chance. It's already 3:35. We get there at 3:45. I park in front of the terminal grab the luggage and the kids and scurry in. Leslie parks the car. I repeat the frantic bit with the women behind the check-out counter. The flight's not delayed. We get our tickets and hustle through the metal detector.

There's only one problem. I keep setting off the alarm. I empty all my pockets and offer to take my belt off. They finally give up and let us go. We hurry onto the plane. They practically closed that big old door on my coat!

We had to walk almost to the back to find two rows with window seats that weren't over the wings. What a relief! Within two minutes, the plane is taxiing and then takes off. We got worried and asked a flight attendant to make sure they tossed our luggage on board. They did.

I tell you, Man, we flew down there! The whole flight couldn't have taken more than two hours! It seemed we got our "hot towels" our giant cookies, our cokes and our mints, one after the other. Those cookies can make you sick! Baked at some cheap bakery, somewhere, they freeze 'em, thaw 'em, freeze 'em, thaw 'em and then give them to you. We joked around about gremlins and tried to describe what the clouds going by looked like.

So all of a sudden, we were in Florida already! I told Leslie I'd walk over to Dollar, pick up a car and meet them back here. The guy said he didn't have any cars! I said, "What am I supposed to do?" "Where do you hafta go?" "Port St. Lucie." "Ew. Well, you might have to get a cab and spend the night in Orlando. There's Alamo, but I think they're closed."

Great! So, I marched down to Alamo. It looked closed, but I saw a guy inside and banged on the window. He let me in. I said I needed a car. He kinda winced. All of a sudden, a girl appeared and woke up a computer and I got hold of a car.

So, we shot over to my Mom's house in about two hours. Seemed everything we did took two hours that day. We burst in the door about 10:30 pm - the first wave of those called down from afar.

They were amazed that we got down there so fast. So was I! Jim was there and Bill, Guida and Miguel and my Uncle Glenn, my Dad's oldest brother. Everyone was pretty tired. My Mom insisted we sleep in her bed. She'd take the couch. So, we all hit the deck.

I couldn't sleep long, knowing I was in my Dad's bed, while he was a few miles away, dyin' in a hospital! I took a quick bath and woke up Jim. "Jim! Wake up! Let's go see Dad!" "Now?" "Yeah!" "What time is it?" "2:30." "OK. Let me get dressed."

Jim had been down for a while. Thank God! Mom couldn't have done without him. Dad couldn't move, anymore. They had to take him into the hospital. We pulled into the hospital parking lot and he parked by his favorite spot - "by the shed" - near a tree.

It felt so good to be with Jim. He's such a dear, sweet guy. He's the youngest of us. He knew the drill. He knew what to do, where to

There's a windsock out there. If it flaps around, they don't go up. They hang around and talk and hope the wind dies down. Bill and Bonnie Hunt used to be in the circus - Ringling Bros. Bonnie walks stilts in our parades and Bill drives one of his powered parachutes. They're right at ground zero, in the Peotone Airport "footprint."

I was foolin' around in my garage and I saw one come right over my head. He buzzed me! I thought that was the signal that it was a cool time to come over, go up and check out our crop circle.

So I told the boys I was gonna go parasailin' and asked if they wanted to come, too. It's late June and they just wanted to lolligag and play Gameboy or Nintendo or read.

I'd been there before a few times, hopin' to go up, but with only two seats, a scarcity of pilots and being so dependent on it being so dead calm, it hadn't happened. Plus, they only go up early in the morning or near sundown.

When I got there - it's only a couple, three miles away from my house - Bill said it was too windy. The guy that was up there and who buzzed me was a rogue - one of the Bonnema boys.

So we shot the breeze for a while and then I hiked it over to the Civil War cemetery which is nearby and took a bunch of pictures.

I've been taking a lot of pictures lately, of the "footprint." I bought a camcorder too and made a list of fifty people I want to interview. We're putting a video together and probably a website, of the people and land of the "footprint." We want to give a face and a voice to the people who live out here. Our enemies try to make everyone believe we're just a "green grass site" ripe for development. We want to counter the lies of these sprawlmongers who are trying to steal this land for their godawful airport.

May 3, 2001

Greetings! I know that the final episode of *Survivor* is on TV tonight. But, you know what? We've got our own surviving to do - right here!

The last couple of weeks we've been the victims of several back-stabbings. American Airlines has said they will no longer oppose the Peotone Airport if they get runways at O'Hare. Mayor Daley has said he'll even start writing support letters for Peotone, if his buddy, George Ryan, will allow for runways at O'Hare. Peter Fitzgerald, our silver spooned multi-millionaire Senator, says build Peotone and forget runways at O'Hare and George Ryan has had another one of his boys convicted of corruption. Pate Philip is also being touched by scandal.

These people don't care about us! They won't even visit or talk to us! All they care about is money and power. We must take our message to our fellow citizens - people who actually work for a living, aren't on the take and have to pay their way through life!

We must rely on eachother! We're the only ones we can really count on. But we must get involved for real. Lip service doesn't cut it! Write letters, talk to your neighbors, pass out flyers and newspapers. Become actively involved in *STAND!* Put a float in the parade, May 12th!

Do you want your children to be torn from their playmates? Are you willing to see your home that you've worked so hard on over the years, get bulldozed without an all-out fight?

There are some people bailing out and trying to sell-out. And there are plenty of outside speculators, with no ties to our communities, drooling to flash a little cash in front of their eyes. They want us to sign on the dotted line, so that they can make a killing, later.

Are you willing to sell your property to our enemies and let your neighbors do all the hard work to keep Beecher from being ruined? What if we win? How would you feel, then?

It's high time we show what we're made of! Are we righteous men and women who our children can admire, learn from and emulate? Or are we cowards, looking to slink out of town, with a little blood money in our pockets and our tails between our legs???

go, where the coffee was - where Dad was! You get so worried and nervous and anxious if you don't know anything, you know?

Dad had a sitter - a real nice, attentive caring nurse, who had a real soft spot for Dad, because he'd been so sweet, even while suffering so! He was sleeping when we arrived, but woke up soon upon hearing our voices. He couldn't "sleep" anyway, with his body shutting down on him!

He recognized me and even said my name! He still had a lot of strength in his grip, but he couldn't really talk. He also had pretty bad alzheimer's. I think he understood us, though. He'd smile and chuckle. He said "please" a lot. When we asked him a question, he could only say, "I don't know." Jim gave him water and ice chips. We hugged him and told him how much we loved him. We moved him around slightly, trying to make him more comfortable. Jim got a nurse to give him another shot of morphine. He was in pain.

It was a real relief to see him, talk to him, hold him, kiss him and hear his old, familiar soothing voice. At about five, we headed back. We went back to bed. I thought "He's still alive!" But, he was dying and going fast.

My Mother went to be with him, early in the morning. From then on, there was always at least one family member with him, often several. Leslie, Stanton, Stephen and I went over there about 11 am. Stephen looked at him breathing with difficulty, looking gaunt and such and told my Mom, "I think we should call the doctor." She appreciated that.

The rest of the day, we floated in and out of his room, hung out at the hospital snack shop and talked to eachother.

The hospice people came and we had a family meeting with them. But it didn't matter, because Dad only had a few hours, anyway. He wasn't going anywhere nor would he need any "care." It was all a formality.

Bill did some valuable sleuthing work and found out about a place called Molly's House. It was two blocks away! Families can stay there for \$10/night as their loved one hovers near death at the hospital. Molly was a delightful young lady who died of leukemia at age 19. Her dream was to have such a place for families and the dream came true.

My family and I stayed there the next six nights. It was beautiful and very quiet. Other people stayed there too - Bill, Miguel, Guida, Lee, my Uncle Del and Aunt Carol, Tom and his family. It was a real blessing for us.

There was another couple that we talked to on our floor during breakfast. Their forty year old son had a terrible accident at work

and he'd had several operations on his brain. But they thought they were beginning to see the light at the end of a long, dark tunnel. He was gonna make it! That put joy in our hearts for them.

More family kept arriving and coming into Dad's room. After Jim and I saw him in the middle of the night, he couldn't talk at all. We talked to him, held his hand and forehead and gave him ice chips. He grew more frail, gaunt and unrecognizable.

Monday was like Sunday. Tom, one of the doctors of our family, stayed with Dad all night. He had had a very rough, painful night.

We all came in the morning, not knowing what to do. By the afternoon, his condition was very grave. A nurse gave him a strong shot of morphine.

I found myself on one side of him, his hand in my hand and my other hand on his forehead. And I was whispering to him, "Daddy!... I will Daddy!... I know Daddy!" Tears were streaming down my cheek



Lee and Barbara Rayson were married for 56 years, from 1944 - 2001

and off my chin. My Mom was on the other side and so was my uncle Del, Dad's other brother. He was talking one-on-one to Dad about when they were kids, brothers growin' up together. Maria was there. She's a nurse. She was always there - so helpful, like another daughter. She was another daughter. She's Jim's wife. A lot of people were there. I thought he might die, right then!

I let go to let someone else be near. Soon, like it was scripted, we all decided to break for dinner. We gave ourselves "shifts" to be there, regardless of whether anybody else was there or not. I got the 3 am - 6 am. slot. Mom stayed with Dad first.

We got back maybe an hour and a half or two hours later. But Dad died about ten minutes earlier. Only Mom, his wife of 56 years and Mother of his seven children was there with him, at the very end. It seemed somehow fitting.

2. The nightmare may be over but the reality is setting in. People now know we gotta put the mouthpiece in, throw the towel down, get off the stool, put 'em up and duke it out!
 3. Our children are looking up to us to show some courage in this - unlike almost every politician, state and local. After all, it is their future out here that we are fighting for! Our parents and grandparents made sure things would be nice for us. Now it's our turn to do the same for the kids today.
 4. We'll learn about each other and become a real community as we battle together, under seige.
 5. We'll find out who our friends are - what groups are for real - and also who our enemies are. Maybe this debate will be the catalyst for real/citizen input on a whole wide range of issues. It's time we stop letting the politicians and their campaign-contributing cronies make all the decisions that affect our lives!
 6. We'll *finally* get our side of the story out, as we speak for everybody who's sick of being pushed around by bullies in pinstriped suits and briefcases!
 7. Maybe we'll find out who's hiding behind all the blind land trusts out here! Right, Aldo?
 8. We'll learn about ourselves and gain valuable self-awareness. It's a powerful thing to realize that yes! we *are* the masters of our own lives, as we wake up from our apathy. We'll learn how to speak up and defend ourselves and show the world what a wonderful thing we have going, down here.
 9. We'll leave a legacy of ongoing social history of bravely fighting for our principles, our families, our neighbors and our communities, as we insist upon our sovereignty and liberty as U.S. citizens. We're not leaving!
 10. Perhaps most important of all, we will discover, develop and nurture talents we never thought we had! We'll make wonderful new friends and have a joyous time doing it all!
- Life is meant to be lived with passion and involvement. Let's go all out for May 12th and do our Mother's proud!

Anthony Rayson, Secretary of STAND

P.O. Box 433, Monee, IL 60449 rural_stand@hotmail.com
http://members.xoom.com/S_T_A_N_D/



I want to thank everybody for coming here tonight in this rainy weather. It shows you care about what's happening.

My name is Anthony Rayson and I live with my wife and kids down in Racoon Grove. If the airport comes, we'd be gone, too. They'd make it a forest preserve "buffer zone." So, I suppose I could have a picnic in my yard, but I'd have to leave by sundown. Wouldn't that be pleasant, with planes screaming directly overhead?

Before we open it up to questions and allow you folks to say what's on your mind, I have a few things I want to say.

STAND (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) is working on several projects. Now, we don't have tens of millions of dollars of taxpayer money to argue our case with. Everything we do is completely voluntary and donated for the cause. We will be at several conferences, parades, fairs and speaking engagements. We're sending a delegation to Washington and Springfield. We're doing another forum in Crete, at the library on April 5th, also at 7 pm. Another group called FRAME (Footprint Residents Against Mandatory Evictions) is being formed. But the big project we want everyone to gear up for, is our parade and rally in Peotone on May 12th, the day before Mother's Day.

Starting at 10:30, we will begin assembling at Beecher Road, just off of Route 50. We want farmers to show off their antique tractors, kids riding their bicycles, Moms pushing their babies in their strollers, haywagons, people walking riding - whatever! We want the school kids to get creative and express themselves colorfully with their signs and posters. This is going to be a celebration of our area, not just a protest against the never-ending airport.

At noon, we will parade through Peotone and wend our way to the high school, where we'll put on a rally in the gym. We'll have some music, refreshments and hopefully, some home cookin'. We'll have a line-up of knowledgeable speakers, who will talk about things our enemies won't go near, such as how the Kankakee River would be ruined, as would the Monee Reservoir, our farms, prairies, streams and towns. They'll explain about air, water and noise pollution, congestion, the enormous taxpayer expense and how it would degrade a huge area north, south east, and west of us - and who would stand to profit. We need to get everybody out for this important event, so that the media can let the whole country know how we feel about all this.

Ever since George Ryan ordered IDOT to begin buying our land and Weller and his bunch went to Washington to push for this airport, people have finally come to realize that what we've been saying all along is true. The gloves are off and they are coming after us. Here are ten reasons why this can be a good thing.

1. We're in a unique position. We live here! We know all about what's going on. People have to learn from us! But we can't rely on anybody but ourselves. This is our home that we have to fight for - nobody else's.

He wasn't immortal and he was now still. He didn't look anything like himself. He'd suffered so and complained but little. He was gone! Taken from us, by that scourge, cancer! We'd have to pick up the considerable slack. He had lived one monumental life!

He wanted to be cremated, which was just as well, because he certainly didn't look like himself and Mom didn't want to "show" him. Mom will have a regular casket burial and she'll tuck his ashes in with her.



Leland H. Rayson and family, 1962
(From left to right, back row) Ann, James, Leland, Barbara, Thomas, John (front) Anthony, William, Lee

It was decided that the memorial service would be on Friday at one pm. at a church in Port St. Lucie. More family arrived. Tom's wife Mary and their boys, Colin and Billy came, as did Mary's Dad, Bob. My sister Ann, her husband Buddy and son David came - from Hawaii! John, Kathy and their children Jessica, Chloe, Bobby and Bradley all came. Mom's brothers and their wives George, Phil, Margaret and Dorothy were all there. Bill's daughter Vanessa came and brought her baby, Alexis - my Daddy's one and only great grandchild. Unfortunately, a few couldn't make it. Ann's son Danny and daughter Sarah were missed, as were Jim's sons, Chris and Jimmy. My Father's sister Rohana and her husband couldn't make it, either. I know they all really, really wanted to be there, as did all of the rest of us. They were with us in spirit.

On Tuesday, my Mother and I made the rounds to the funeral home and the cemetery. We hashed out the details of the service, what cards and statements to use, the music, how to arrange

7. The last two-three years that I've known you, you've had a rather rough, roller coaster of a ride - moving frequently, living in your van, scrapin' along. But, you've maintained your d.i.y. projects - your 50 bands, and distros despite no money, postal hassles, the pigs, landlords, etc. Tell me, what do you really think of "Officer Friendly?"

7. OH...HA HA.. YOU MEAN LIKE ANDY FROM MAYBERRY? THE LOVABLE SHERIF WHO TEACHES HIS CHILD THE WAYS OF THE WORLD WITH A GENTLE HAND? OR ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT THE COP WHO DEALS DRUGS TO YOUNG POOR KIDS ONLY TO ARREST THEM TO FILL THEIR QUOTA? ITS A FUCKED UP WORLD WHEN MOST PEOPLE ARE SCARED OF THE COPS MORE THEN THEY ARE OF THE "ROBBERS" DID YOU KNOW ITS ILLEGAL TO BE HOMELESS? BREAKING THE LAW BREAKING THE LAW!!!!

7.EVERYONE SHOULD TRYING LIVING IN A VAN IT BRINGS PERSPECTIVE AND MAKES YOU APPRECIATE THE LITTLE THINGS YOU TAKE FOR GRANTED.

I HAVE BEEN INCARCERATED BEFORE FOR DRUNKEN DISORDER, ASSAULT (BONEHEADS) AND MY OPINION OF OFFICER FRIENDLY IS JUST THAT, AN OPINION.

8. Now that we've all been "Bushwhacked" things'll go swirlin' down the sewer like they did under Clinton and all the other bastards that have held that office. How do you see things getting worse and how are we gonna shake people into giving a damn to try to put an end to this broken record reign of social debauchery?

8.FIRST OFF..RED IS THE COLOR OF BLOOD, RED IS ALSO THE COLOR OF WHOSE FUCKING REPUBLICANS IM KINDA SCARED FOR THE FUTURE, WAR SHOULD BE RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER. I REMAIN IN CONTACT ONCE IN A WHILE WITH A FRIEND WHO HAS CHOSEN TO BE A PART OF THE MILITARY. ON OUR LAST CONVERSATION, SOME TIME AFTER THE ELECTION OF BUSH. HE HAD SAID THAT HE WAS IN AWE AT THE NEW PAY INCREASE THAT THEY HAD BEEN GIVEN..AND HE SPOUTED NEW BRAIN-WASH ABOUT " WE WILL HAVE A WAR...TO BOOST OUR ECONOMY!" CHENEY? THE HITLER OF AMERICA? HAS ALREADY BEEN INVOLVED IN WAR AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER FUCKING BULLSHIT. AT LEAST WITH CLINTON. HE WAS A PEACEFULL REDNECK THAT WANTED JUST TO GET LAID.. BUSH SEEMS LIKE HES ALREADY PLANNING A WAR ON THE PEOPLE AND HE HASN'T HAD BREAKFAST YET!!! I HOPE HE LIKES CORPSE WITH HIS CEREAL..WE MUST CONTINUE ONWARD INTO OUR OWN REALISATIONS WE LEARN FROM THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE AND THE CYCLE MUST CONTINUE.. THE SYSTEM IS HOW MANY GENERATIONS STRONG? ANT VICTORY IS STILL A VICTORY AS LITTLE AS IT MAY BE..

8.I HOPE THIS PLACE TURNS INTO A WASTELAND LIKE MAD MAX (THE MOVIE) I SURVIVE VERY NEANDERTHAL LIKE NOW SO NO LAWS WOULD BE A HELPFUL ADDITION TO MY DAY. I HAVE ONE CHILD A 5 YEAR OLD SON NAMED SAM HAIN WHO IS LIVING IN HIS MOTHERS CARE, ID LIKE TO HAVE ANOTHER ONE SOMEDAT TO BE ABLE TO CORRUPT HIS YOUNG MIND WITH MORBID VISIONS OF ANARCHY, AS MY MOM LIKES TO SAY.

9. As you know, the only hope is with the children 'cuz they haven't been all fucked up yet. I don't think we have a helluva lot of time left before we're gonna be wearin' gas masks and carrying around big, thick knives. What are your aspirations for the future? Do you want to get married, have children, be able to breathe?

9.ACTUALLY THATS THE MOST INTELEGENT THING TO DO. THEY PROGRAM OUR CHILDREN EVERYDAY FROM THE AGE OF PRE-SCHOOL. AS FOR THE UTOPIAN IDEA WE WILL ALL BE KILLING AND WEARING GASMASKS... BRING IT ON... MAYBE THEN AFTER WE COULDN'T BREATHE IN THE AIR WOULD PEOPLE START TO QUESTION THIS SYSEM. I DONT TRY TO THINK OF NORMAL COMFORTS OF LIFE LIKE MARRAGE, CHILDREN BECAUSE IM FUCKING CRAZY AND COULDN'T HANDLE IT...JUST KIDDING.. ANY WOMEN LEFT OUT THERE? ha ha ha

After we'd all spoken, the three Navy people solemnly strode up the aisle, carefully unfurling a big flag, then refolding it. Then Taps was played. Then the woman, I think she was a Lieutenant Commander herself, received the flag and presented it to my Mother. Her words were strong and clear and stirring. Several grown men lost it at this point. I thought "We got the Navy, Mom!" //

Then it was over and there was a small coffee and rolls reception. We all headed over to Mom's house for a sort of reception / banquet. We picked up a bunch of food waiting for us at a nearby store and a neighbor's refrigerator. We ate and talked and took a lot of pictures.

People began to filter out, some having to catch flights that night or the next day, including us. It was the first time I'd been with all my brothers and sister in a very long time. It was a once-in-a-lifetime situation.

The next morning we drove back to the airport. Once again, I set off the alarm. They figured out that it was my shoes. They'd manufactured a metal strip into them.

We came home to a mountain of mail and newspapers. It was nice to be home. My Dad's dead! I think about him all during every day. Condolence cards and letters poured in and I could hear the voices of the people whose words I was reading. That helped. I'm still on the verge of tears. I'm gonna be more kind to people and make a constant effort to check my temper. He was the consummate gentleman. Like Tom said, "He was a great father!"

My Mother has decided on having a memorial service for him on June 9th, up here in Chicagoland, as well. After all, this is where he really made his mark and many people knew him and loved him. I was able to make some arrangements to ensure that we could have it at the Unitarian Church in Park Forest. It's a beautiful little church, set in a wondrous piece of land in the woods. It will be gorgeous in early June with all of the wildflowers, leaves and other greenery.

It will be a sort of celebration!



Lee Rayson enjoying his great granddaughter, Alexis Marie Jones, at his home in Pt. St. Lucie in April, 2000

March, 2001

Dear Barbara, Tony, Leslie, Bill, and Guida,

It started decades ago, if the truth be told. Tony has always been to the left of me – and that's *really* saying something. Back in high school I'd talk about the war and he'd talk about Mao. He'd give me literature to read from PLP. For years, now, he's been sending literature to Charlie and me. Far out stuff. Good stuff. Some of it written by him. More recently illustrated wonderfully by his son. The literature, "zines" I guess is the correct term now, is very healthy for me to read. I can read "traditional" leftist lit, but that only serves to inform and confirm my already strong biases. I have to reach pretty far to be challenged by someone whose views are more extreme than mine. I *would* have to reach pretty far, that is, if it weren't for Tony and the 'zines.

I have a reading box. When something comes my way that I want to read, it goes in the box. Actually, it's an old milk crate. When I feel like being challenged, having my gray matter neurons recircuited, clearing out the conceptual cobwebs, I reach for the latest zine and figure that's the time to read it.

That's what happened Thursday, March 8. I groped through the reading pile until I found the 'zine, and opened it on the train on the way to work. It wasn't a 'zine at all. At first my good old Irish Catholic trick of denial kicked in when I saw the picture of Lee Rayson on the front. So did he send out *Wartime Experience Remembered* again? Is this another installment? But no... this was a narrative clearly written by Tony. I settled in and started reading.

I only got through the first few pages. People were staring at me. Sometimes I think I'll never learn. WHY do I persist in leaving the house without Kleenex? I had to put it away, to resume reading later, when the tears streaming down my face could be wiped by something besides a sleeve.

Good God. My old friends had lost their Dad. I didn't even know. It's over two months ago. I'd seen Lee a few years ago – maybe more – at a bash at Tony & Leslie's. It was fairly clear that Alzheimer's was happening, but he looked good. He looked peaceful. I felt good about that. I don't know if he had cancer then. But I do know that I never knew he had it. Until that day I picked up the 'zine.

I had to go to Springfield last Friday. I still hadn't finished the commemoration 'zine. I kept thinking of Lee Rayson on the drive down and back. How often had he made this drive? He must've been about my age when he was doing it. Late Friday night, after a ragged drive home, I sat in the kitchen and finished the 'zine while I waited for Charlie. When Charlie got home, I read him Tony's entire narrative. It was so unbelievably moving. It was ok. We keep multiple boxes of Kleenex around. We used them liberally. Pun intended.

It's funny, you know? Five days before Lee took his journey outta here, on January 5, I was supposed to go to Springfield. It was a filthy day but I'd made no arrangements for a flight so I just set out, figuring that once I got past Chi-town and further south, things would clear up. I ended up getting caught in a terrible ice storm and stopped after 5 hours, having not even achieved Bloomington/Normal. On the return trip, being exhausted and frazzled, I decided to get off at I-80 and let Mom and Dad coo over me. I'd call Charlie to let him know I was safe.

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5. I don't play music - but I sing! What I do is write! I'm a loudmouth, can't shutup, zinewriter, propagandist, editor and distributor. You 49 guys also take zine writing very seriously. You've written several zines and distribute those of others with a true d.i.y. ethic. You sell tapes for what \$2 stinkin' dollars? No zine is over a dollar?? I have two questions. Explain what your motivation is with your distro and what do you hope to accomplish with your writing?

5.ONE. MY MOTIVATION IS SIMPLE.. I BELIEVE THAT THOSE WHO TAKE THE TIME TO DOCUMENT CERTAIN TIMES/BANDS/ACTIONS/ ARE DOING THE SCENE THE BIGGEST FAVOR IT COULD EVER GET. ACTUALLY MORE THEN IT DESERVES SOMETIMES. WHEN I FIRST READ A ZINE FROM OVERSEAS. I THINK IT WAS ANGELHEART ACTUALLY. I COULDN'T BELIEV THAT THE PUNKS WERE FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY. IT REALLY BLEW MY MIND. THEN IF YOU TAKE THAT AND PUT IT INTO THE FACT THAT WE AS USA IAINS HAVE ALL THE MEANS TO MAKE A ZINE AT LITTLE OR LESS STRESS THEN MOST COUNTRYIES. YOU WILL SEE THAT I AM BARLY DOING ENOUGH TO PROCREATE PUNK AND THE ETHICS BEHIND IT. NOT EVERYONE WILL GET INTO A PUNK ZINE BUT IF THE SYSTEM HAS MILLIONS OPUN MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CONTINUALLY FALLING THROUGH THE CRACKS . THEN WHAT IS THERE FOR THEM TO BE A PART OF? SERIAL KILLING? SECONDLY. I CAN ONLY HOPE I EDUCATE PEOPLE TO WHATS GOING ON AROUND THEM. OR MAKE THEM ESCAPE FROM THERE BORING LIVES TO THINK ENOUGH TO READ SOMETHING THATS SHORTER THEN A FULL BOOK. I KNOW THAT THE PUNK SCENE AND ZINE READERS HAVE A LIMITED CHOICE ON THERE OWN ECONOMY, I UNDERSTAND THAT SELLING A PRODUCT IS CAPITOLISM BUT, TO WITHHOLD VALUABLE MENTAL FOOD SUCH AS THE MUSIC AND THOUGHTS THAT EXPOUND FROM ZINES FOR A LANE EXCUSE LIKE "OH, SELLING THINGS IS NON-PUNK" IS ALSO COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE SO IN THE MEANWHILE I TRY TO DISTRIBUTE ZINES AND TAPES AS CHEEPLY AS POSSIBLE. ALTHOUGH IS IS A HARD THING TO DO..WHY SHOULD SOMEONE GETTING INTO PUNK FOR THE FIRST TIME HAVE TO WRITE ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE GLOBE WILST UNSURE OF WHY, WHEN THEY CAN REACH ME AND I CAN GIVE THEM A IDEA OF WHATS OUT THERE SO THEY CAN UNDERSTAND AND BEGIN TO GET INVOLVED MABYE A LITTLE AHEAD OF THE GAME.

5.MY MOTIVATION WITH THE DISTRO IS OF COURSE TO PROMOTE,SKULLKRUSHER, AND OTHER PROJECTS,AND TO EDUCATE INSPIRE AND PROVIDE THE SOUNDTRACK TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS SICK WORLD. WITH MY WRITING I ALWAYS HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH WRITING STUFF PEOPLE CAN UNDERSTAND,AS WRITING IS NOT MY FORTE,I SING FOR SKULLKRUSHER AND PLAY BASS IN THE REVENGE.

6. I enjoyed doing the split zine with you *The Blood Runs Red / Thought Bombs #13.5*. It was cool, kicked ass and everything else. I noticed a deeper commitment on actual writing by you guys and the fact that you two are turning into good-assed writers. How much writing do you do, what writers do you respect and can we look forward to more of it in the future?

6. THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND WORDS.. AS YOU CAN SEE IF YOU READ RPB#3 NOT EVERYONE SHARES THE SAME VIEW OF OUR WRITING. HA. I MYSELF WRITE CONTINUALLY. I WROTE AS A KID, I WROTE WHEN I WAS A CHILD AND GODDAMNIT I STILL CAN'T SPELL WORTH A SHIT! AS OF WHAT WRITERS I RESPECT? THATS A GOOD QUESTION.. I WOULD HAVE TO SAY ROBNOXIOUS AUTHOR OF THE FALL OF AMERICA BECAUSE ITS PURE DIY. NO FRILLS.. SILKSCREENED COVER ON THE BACK OF RITZ CRACKER BOXES. IT SHOWS THAT EVEN IF THEY TAKE EVERYTHING FROM YOU YOU CAN STILL MAKE A BOOK WITH YOUR MIND. PAPER, AND A FUCKING PEN...OTHER "AUTHORS I LIKE ARE.. RODJER ZELANY, THOUSANDS OF ZINE WRITERS ARE MORE IMPORTANT" .THOUGH THEY ARE NOT YET AUTHORS?...AS FARAS WRITING GOES AWAY FROM THE ZINE I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A BOOK OF SORTS BUT ITS NOT FINISHED SO.....

6.ONCE AGAIN I DONT WRITE AS MUCH AS DAN,BUT WRITERS I RESPECT ARE, HP LOVECRAFT,EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS,ROBERT E HOWARD(CONAN)FRANK HERBERT SERGIO,ARAGONES(GROO)SAIRA DIMINUTIVE RAGE,AND FEW ASSORTED FANZINES AND COLUMNISTS. YOU CAN LOOK FORWARD TO A BOOK DAN IS WRITING WHICH I HAVE PROVIDED THE ILLUSTRATIONS,OR YOU CAN WRITE ME A LETTER.

UNFORTUNATE HOST TO THE CRETE NAZI YOUTH (CNY) BUT AS QUICKLEY
AS THEY APPEARED WE STEPPED FORWARD TO PUSH THEM BACK INTO
SECLUSION...NOW I COULD GO ON FOREVER BUT I DONT WANT TO PUT
ANY MORE BONEHEADS INTO PRINT. THE SITUATION IS ALMOST THE
SAME IN 2001, WE STILL SEE SKINS ON THE STREET THAT WE DONT KNOW,
HERE STORIES OF NAZIS LURKING, BUT THE GREAT THING IS THAT THAT
IS ALL THAT EVER HAPPENED, WE HEARD...THEY ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH
TO COME OUT WITH FORCE, WE OWN THESE STREETS. I (WE) HAVE BEEN
AFTER BONEHEADS FOR A LONG TIME, SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY WILL ALWAYS
BE AFTER US, OR ANYONE ELSE WHO WANTS A NORMAL WORLD FREE OF ALL
FASCIST, INFLUENCE, PROPAGANDA AND THUGS.
THTS AS FAR AS I CAN GO IF ANYONE WANTS MORE INFO CONTACT ME.

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DAN & JASON of Slaughter Attack
(formerly of Raw Punk Bastards)
152 Gostlin, Hammond, IN 46327

4. Another thing I find most interesting about you guys is the fact,
that, yeah you go to the city (don't we all!?) but you also have
strong connections to the scene in the hinterlands - like Champaign,
Peoria and Danville. Give us an idea of the flavor of those scenes.

4. WELL, PEORIA FIRST OF ALL. WAS A LARGE SCENE. THE FIRST TIME WE HAD PLAYED PEORIA
WE EXPECTED THE USUALLY BORING COLLEGE HARDCORE KIDS TO COME AND BE BORED. BUT, TO
MY DIS BELIEF WE FOUND TIAMAT RECORDS AND A THRIVING HARDCORE PUNK SCENE! LEANNA THE
WOMAN WHO RAN THE RECORD SHOP/SHOWSPACE WAS A MID TO LATE TWENTY YR OLD AND WAS DOING
FINE THINGS WITH THE SCENE THERE. THE KIDS ALL GROUPED TOGETHER TO CHECK OUT THE BANDS
THERE WAS A DIFFERENT SENCE OF UNITY THERE LIKE I HAD NEVER FELT BEFORE. MUCH TO OUR DISMAY
THE CLUB TIAMAT HAS BEEN SHUT DOWN FOR SOMETIME.. AND THE LEGEND OF PEORIA LIVES ON..
THE FEW PUNKS AND KIDS WHO ATTENDED THOSE SHOWS ARE STILL AROUND TRYING TO KEEP IT
ALIVE PEORIA BEING THE WORST RACIST PRONE CITY IN ILLINOIS I THINK THE PUNKS WHO ARE
STILL THERE HAVE DONE AN EXCELLENT JOB. ASIDE FROM THE NUMEROUS BONEHEADS THAT FUCK
UP ALL THERE STUFF, CHAMPAIGN.. AH I REALLY LOVED LIVING IN THAT TOWN.. THE SHOWS
WE HAD IN CHAMPAIGN WERE BY FAR THE MOST INSANE AND FUN SHOWS, USUALLY WITH LITTLE
OR NO TROUBLE AT ALL! THE ONLY PROBLEM WITH CHAMPAIGN WAS THE WINTERS AND THE FACT
THAT A LOT OF THE PUNKS WERE FROM OTHER PLACES JUST GOING TO COLLEGE.. BUT FOR THE
REST OF US IT DIDNT MATTER CAUSE WE HAD ALL THE FUCKING FUN ANYWAY!!!

4. WE HAVE LIVED ALL OVER ILLINOIS AND GOT MEET AND HANG OUT WITH? PLAY
WITH/DRINK WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF INCREDIBLE PEOPLE.
PEORIA IS A TOWN FULL OF THE RACIST RIGHT WING ELEMENT THAT KEEPS US FROM
SECURING BOOKING FOR SKULLKRUSHER. PEORIA IS A SICK EXAMPLE OF WHAT HAPPENS
TO MIDWESTERN KIDS WITH TOO MUCH TIME AND BAD INFLUENCE ON THEM.
CHAMPAIGN IS A STOP FOR TRAVELLERS, PUNKS, HIPPIES, HC KIDS AND BANDS.
I MET A LOT OF PEOPLE THERE WHO OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE NEVER MET.
RACIST POLICE ARE ABOUND IN RANTOUL, CHAMPAIGN/URBANA AREA.
DANVILLE IS A RELATIVELY QUIET, SMALL TYPICALL MIDWESTERN TOWN WE HAVE
NEVER HAD TROUBLE THERE, BUT IT ECHOES THE FLAVOR OF PEORIA.
I WISH THERE COULD ALWAYS BE A STRONG AR PRESENCE EVERYWHERE, BUT AS
ANY ACTIVIST CAN TEEL YOU, IT WONT GET DONE UNLESS YOU DO IT YOURSELF.

I found myself driving toward Oak Park Avenue. I turned. Wow. Tinley Park. It
seemed like a scene from a previous life. I slowed down by the old Rayson law office.
I hadn't even thought of that office in many years. I stopped, and just sat and looked.
For some reason, I just wanted to look. That's all. (Charlie would say that's proof
positive that I'm some sort of psychic. But actually, come to think of it, he encouraged
me to get involved in some sort of psychic experiments on line. On most of the tests, my
odds ratios were at the lowest percentile of the thousands of people who had taken the
test.... what are the odds of that?)

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No, I think all the baby boomers are feeling the cycle. We've either been through it or
we're anticipating it.

I never knew Leland H. Rayson well. I met him as a teenager. I was in awe of him.
Awe, like just about every other feeling, was not a comfortable one for me back then, so I
tried to avoid having feelings around him. Another Irish Catholic trick. I have a
discontinuous set of memories about him that don't add up to a whole person, but which
make him memorable, nevertheless. So why was I so moved? Other friends have lost
family members - friends who are in my life in a more current and regular way. I
haven't reacted nearly as strongly. Well, Raysonites, I don't know, but, as usual, music
does shed light. Like the song goes, "*friends are diamonds, and trouble a diamond
mine.*" In the late 60's and early 70's, whether I used a telescope, a microscope, or my
own rather dysfunctional but perceptive eyes, there were two classes of things that could
be counted on to appear in the field of vision: trouble and Raysons.

And unbeknownst to me, as I push 50, the patriarch of the latter had passed. Leland H.
the only person I've ever known who read *The Pentagon Papers* cover to cover.
The athlete who played tennis so zestfully with all his sons. The music lover who
enjoyed Jack Jones. The music appreciation instructor, and the look in his eyes when he
tried in vain to impart the importance of Jack Jones appreciation to his children. The
time he introduced me - as part of a gaggle of youth that included several of his kids - to
Adlai Stevenson. The way he had to argue with one or two of his kids to get them to go
to the Stevenson fundraiser. The only father I knew when I was a kid who was concerned
about so many of the social issues that helped to define my young years. And later -- the
excitement with which he anticipated going to see *The Bridges of Madison County*. He
wouldn't conform to the male stereotype of stereotyping it as a chic flick. The look on
his face when he visited after my nephew died. And then there was the smile. Awe,
anxiety, or not, you couldn't help but like his smile. It was always accompanied by a
light show in his eyes.

My dear friends, I hope and pray that the intensity of your grief gives way to equally
intense and cherished memories. I believe that when we lose someone they often become
more a part of us than was the case when that person was with us. If there's any truth at
all to that, I am certain that all of you will be emotionally richer when the path of grief
recedes into the distance and you take stock of yourselves again. Meanwhile, may your
journey of grief be a gentle one for you all.

Love,

Patty
Patty

We all love Dad for the special way he treated each and every one of us. Great family adventures invariably had Dad in the thick of things. He enlivened all the fun. The way he carried himself with other people taught us how to be righteous and moral and principled and tough.

He let kids run around, scream and yell, have fun and go nuts. He played along right there with us. But, when something had to be said or done, he made no bones about it and didn't fool around.

We all emulate him in the way we live our lives. We have a unique ability, resolve and confidence in the way we feel what we must do and how that should be done. Dad accomplished a helluva lot, but he absolutely refused to compromise his beliefs. He was a fearless, articulate, eloquent crusader for social justice amidst a sea of bigotry and ignorance.

He worked hard. Played hard and took care of us – especially when we needed him the most!

Dad now lives in all of us and I say we use that strength to become more compassionate, more caring and more committed to advocate our beliefs in our own way, that in our hearts we know to be the right thing to do.

Goodbye, Dad! Thanks for everything.

Anthony Rayson

MY TEARS ARE DRYING NOW

I still think about him every day - many times. But, that tumbling feeling in my heart, the sensation of being cast adrift, the quickness to want to cry... has subsided.

Like a little boy, who is almost involuntarily starting to smile and even chuckle through the waning moments of a cry, as the tears are being wiped, soothing words are spoken and the subject's being changed to something cheerful.

The pain does not hurt so very much anymore. Life is worth living and his familiar, knowing and loving voice is right there in my head - like Obi-Wan Kenobi.

I'm not happy about it. Nobody in our family is nor is anybody who knew him because he was a kind man, a loving man. He was a great man! He was my Dad*

The bitterness of winter, what with the ridiculous heavy snows of December, the black January, the waves of stubborn sickness, are losing their grip. The days are getting a little longer. Each day, the animals can be seen scurrying about, the birds are hearkening the spring on the distant horizon. It's a little warmer. People seem friendlier - less frozen and bundled up.

- February 25, 2001

2. Another thing I didn't know anything about, but had a rude awakening about, was this whole "City vs. Suburbs" thing. It seems to me, that to most "activists" the suburbs and what transpires there is beneath contempt and not worth being seen publicly at (as if the city isn't at least as miserable!) What are your thoughts on that?

2. FIRST OFF, CITY LIFE SUCKS. IT IS BASED ON THE POPULAR IN HIGHSCHOOL CONCEPT. THAT YOU ARE COOLER, AND MORE IN TUNE WITH THE WORLD., BASICLY THERES NOTHING WRONG WITH CITY PEOPLE BUT THEY MUST REMEMBER HOW EASY IT IS TO LIVE AND BE YOUR SELF IN A LARGE CITY WHEN YOU ARE ONE OF A HUGE NUMBER OF DIFFERENT CULTURES AND ETHNIC RACES.. WHEN YOU LIVE IN THE "SUBURBS" THERE ARE A LOT OF MISCONCEPTIONS OF HOW PEOPLE LIVE. THE EASIEST WAY TO COMPARE IS HAS ANYONE EVER TRAVELED AND GOTTEN OFF THE EXPRESSWAY LOOKING LIKE A DISCHARGE COVER AND VISITED A TRUCK STOP WHERE TWENTY OR SO TWO HUNDRED POUND TRUCKERS ARE STARING AT YOUR CLOTHES AND LOOKING AS THOUGH YOU NEED TO GET BEATEN WITH A LARGE STICK SO YOU CAN "WISE UP"? THIS TYPE OF ATTITUDE IS PREVOLENT IN THE SUBURBS, STANDARDIZED BARBIQUES AND FOOTBALL PARTYS ARE THE WAY OF LIFE. BUT THE BRAINWASH OF EVERYDAY LIFE IS SO STRONG THAT THE KIDS CAN NOT GET AT , OR COME ACROSS ANY TYPE OF REAL THINKING INFORMATION. THERE ARE NO VEGETARIAN ONLY SHOPS OR WHOLE FOODS STORES AT LEAST THE SOUTH SUBURBS. IT IS A HARD LIFE FOR ANYONE NOT OF THE REGULAR WAY OF THINKING. IT TRIES TO BREAK YOU DOWN CONTINUALLY WITH ALMOST RIGHTWING TENDENCYS WHEN YOU LIVE IN THE CITY AND THINK THAT A ACTIVIST FROM THE SUBURBS HAS LESS VALIDITY THEN ONE OF YOUR CITY PALS, YOUR JUST PLAIN COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE AND CAUSING MINDLESS DIVISIONS THAT HURT THE VERY IDEALS YOU STAND FOR.

2.MY FEELINGS ON THAT HAVE NO LONGER BEEN ABLE TO BE CONTAINED TO MERE WORDS ON THE SITUATION. AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF DEALING WITH THAT IL SUBURBS VS CITY MENTALITY,MY ONLY RESPONSE NOW IS TO PHYSICALLY AND SOMETIMES MENTALLY PUNISH THOSE PERPETUATING THAT SHIT.

3. South Chicago is a brutal, racist hellhole, alright. You guys have been after boneheads for a long time. Can you give us a sort of history lesson about it, say the last 10 - 12 years?

3. THATS A GOOD QUESTION I LET SOMEONE ELSE ANSWER THIS ONE.

3.WHEN I WAS A YOUNGER MAN I WAS WHAT THE LABLE HAPPY IN-CROWD WOULD LABLE A SKINHEAD. AFTER MEETING LARGE AMOUNTS OF THE WRONG PEOPLE AND RUNNING FOR MY LIFE ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS,I DECIDED THAT IT WAS SUICIDE TO LEAVE THE HOUSE IN THE AFOREMENTIONED GARB. MY TENURE AS A SKIN HELPED ME REALISE THAT THERE ARE MANY INJUSTICES IN THE WORLD,AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH IM GLAD I HAVE MADE MISTAKES IN THE PAST OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE NEVER LEARNED ANYTHING. IN THE LATE 80S RACIST SKINHEAD GROUPS WERE ON THE RISE HERE. THE POPULAR IDEA WAS HATE BLACK PEOPLE AND BE ASSHOLES. CASH (CHICAGO ARYAN SKIN HEADS) RUN BY CLARK MARTEL AN IMMIGRANT EXPENDING THE WRONG ENERGIES IN LIFE,WERE BASED IN MIDLOTHIAN IL. OTHER FRINGE GROUPS FORMED BY NAZIS AND JUST WPS(WHITE POWERES)OR EVEN ULTRA DODGY "TRADITIONAL" SKINS BEGAN EXPANDING AFTER THE INITIAL SHUTDOWN OF CASH IN THE EARLY 90s...WE ALL FEARED THIS EXPANSION WOULD BROADEN THE SCOPE OF FASCIST INFLUENCE,BUT INSTEAD A REVERSAL TOOK PLACE. THESE ASSHOLES DISSAPEARED AND IN THEIRWAKE A REVIVAL OF AN ANTI RACIST PRESENCE TOOK PLACE AND DROVE MOST BONEHEADS INTO SECLUSION. GROUPS LIKE USOAR IN MATTESON AND THE CHICAGO CLASS WAR SKINS AND OTHERS WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN SECURING A UNITED STRONG ANTI-RACIST/FASCIST PRESENCE IN IL AND THE SOUTHLANDS OF CHICAGO. THE BATTLE DID NOT END THOUGH, IN THE EARLY 90s CRETE A SOUTHERN SUBURB OF CHICAGO(TOWN AWAY FROM ANTHONY)WAS THE

Greetings, fellas! I've been tossing around some questions to ask of you for awhile. So, now I'd like to lay them on you, OK?

1. I sort of dove into this whole "Chicago Scene" thing just a few years ago, without ever knowing anything about it. I was never a punk and I'm still not a punk. You guys were punks from the moment you had a chance to be. Now, you're in your mid to late twenties. What was it like to you as young kids, and what is it like now that you are sort of "elder statesmen" of the scene?

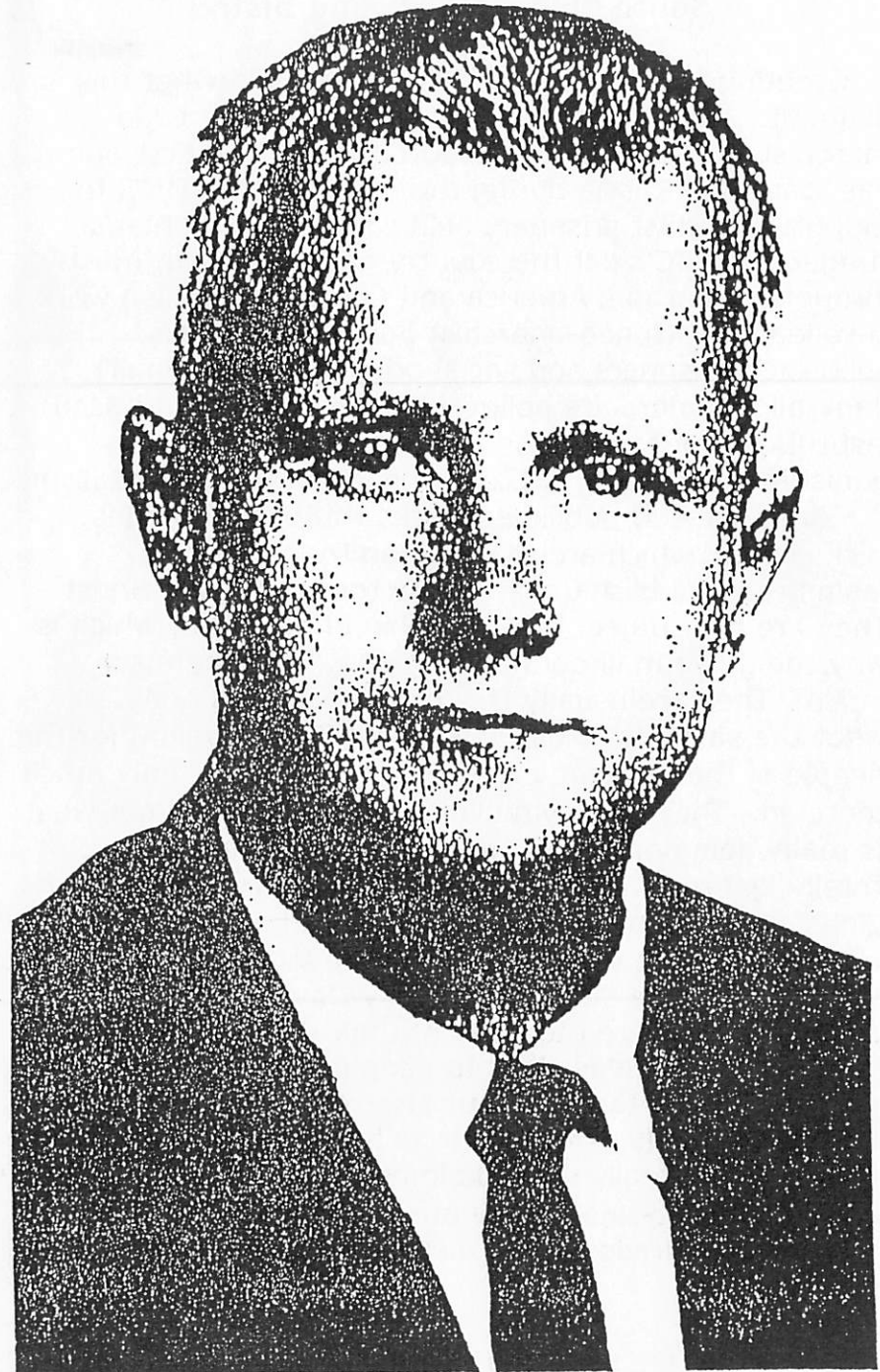
DAN

1. WELL AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER. WE WERE ALWAYS INTO OUR PROJECTS. WHEN WKX I WAS YOUNG ID GO TO LOCAL SHOWS AND JUMP AROUND TALK TO PEOPLE NOT KNOWING MUCH ABOUT PUNK AS ANY OTHER KID.. THEN IT WAS A SORT OF NATURAL PROGRESSION INTO MORE POLITICAL PUNK AND A NEW PERSPECTIVE ON PUNK AND ITS CULTURE...PUNK TO ME WHEN I WAS YOUNG WAS A STATEMENT ABOUT ME. I WASN'T GOING TO JUST BE A "INSERT CARRIER HERE" I WANTED TO USE MY BRAIN AND BE SELFISH ABOUT IT.. I WAS TIRED OF TEACHERS/COPS/AND CERTAIN ADULTS PLANNING WHAT THEY WANTED WITH MY LIFE. THIS GREW TO UPHOLDING CERTAIN ETHICS THAT LATER CAME WITH THE TERRITORY. AS A YOUNG KID I CAN SAY THAT I DID NOT ONCE FEEL ANY SORT OF REAL UNITY FROM ANY PEOPLE I MET THROUGH PUNK SHOWS..MOSTLY BECAUSE OF WHERE I AM FROM. THE SOUTHSIDE HAS A LONG HISTORY OF BEING THE FORGOTTEN.. BANDS THAT RULED BANDS THAT WANTED TO REALLY CHANGE THINGS AND BRING A COMMUNITY TO IT ALL. THESE BANDS ARE LONG GONE BECAUSE MOST OF THEM WERE NEVER CONSIDERED TO BE COOL ENOUGH OR SIMPLY DIDN'T HAVE THE FINANCES AND SUPPORT TO SEE IT THROUGH. AS I SEE THINGS TODAY? I SEE BANDS WHO CARE ENOUGH ABOUT THE PEOPLE THAT COME AROUND TO HELP EDUCATE AND SPREAD A POSITIVE MESSAGE WHILE STILL BEING THE FATHERS OF INSANITY. IF A BAND PLAYS A SHOW AND TALKS TO NO ONE BUT MAYBE THE PROMOTER THAT MAKES THAT BAND VERY INWARD-FOCUSED AND STALE. PEOPLE CAN TELL THAT YOUR ONLY OUT FOR YOURSELF. AS MOST THINGS IN LIFE HAVE GOOD AND BAD POINTS. I TRY TO TAKE THE GOOD WITH THE BAD AND HONESTLY TRY TO PROVIDE A EXAMPLE OF A PUNK WHOS NOT ABOUT BEING A COOL PUNK IN THE COOL SCENE BE MORE HONEST AND ACCEPTING. OF COURSE ..NO ONE IS PERFECT. AND WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.. I KNOW THAT IN THIS STATE THERE ARE SOME KIDS WHO FEEL THE SCENE HAS FORGOTTEN THEM ALSO. AND TO THEM I TIP MY HAT AND LIGHT THE WEED AND HOPE THAT THEY COME OUT OF LEFT FIELD AND BLOW THE FUCK OUTTA SHIT AND REALLY LEAVE A IMPRESSION.....

JASON

1. YOU'RE NOT A PUNK...ANTHONY I PERSONALLY CONSIDER YOU(AS IM SURE THE REST OF US SHARE THE SAME OPINION) THAT YOU ARE PUNK AS FUCK, HARD AND CORE. IVE ALWAYS BELEIVED IN THE THEORY THAT PUNK IS JUST A WORD THAT DESCRIBES A FEELING. ALL THE ASPECTS THAT GO ALONG WITH BEING A "PUNK" YOU HAVE CONTINUALLY SUPPORTED ALL THROUGHOUT THE TOUR OF DUTY I HAVE WITNESSED YOU ON. US BEING PUNKS FROM THE MOMENT WE COULD BE IS THE MANIFESTATION OF ULTRA ANALYTICAL POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ADVANCES THAT WE COLLECTIVELY HAVE MADE IN ORDER TO MANTAIN OUR INTEGRITY THROUGH THIS MESS CALLED LIFE. "ELDER STATESMAN" I CANT REALLY SEE, ELDER ENFORCERS OF POSITIVITY AND PUNISHERS OF THE IGNORANT IS MORE LIKE IT. CHICAGO/ILLINOIS IS A WEIRD PLACE TO LIVE LET ALONE A WEIRD PLACE TO BE A "PUNK". THERE SEEMS TO BE NO FORM OF TOLERANCE FOR PUNKS OR ACTIVISM IN IL. NOT ONLY IS THERE A ZERO TOLERANCE, BUT THE OSTRACIZATION FACTOR IS VERY HIGH AS WELL.

YES, WE HAVE TO SOME DEGREE "DONE OUR TIME" BUT THERE IS STILL SO MUCH WORK TO DO. OUR STATUS WILL NEVER AFFECT SOCIAL/POLITICAL CHANGE SO HOPEFULLY THE EXAMPLE WE SET FOR OTHER PEOPLE WILL AFFECT SOMETHING.



Greetings, folks! First, I'd like to explain what this is all about. An ABC - **Anarchist Black Cross** - is an anarchist-fueled prisoner support group. The first one was started in Russia during the revolution of 1905 to support anarchist prisoners held captive in the Tsar's dungeons. ABC's dot the country and the world, mostly throughout Europe, America and Canada. We also work in solidarity with non-anarchist political prisoners, politicized prisoners and social prisoners. Personally, I think all prisoners are political because the class-based institution of incarceration is political. It's the punishment industry of U. S. - headquartered capitalism.

Zines are self-published works without bar codes, slick covers, which aren't beholden to advertisers, mainstream publishers or distributors - the *real* zines! They are not subject to censorship of any kind, which is why the gulag mailroom censor trolls hate them so much! They are usually free or very cheap. They are what the samizdat press was to the Soviet Union, for the people of the extreme capitalism of the West, only much more so. They are a vital link of information about what is really going on in this world that the mainstream totally ignores. There are thousands and thousands of zines on any subject imaginable. But the best ones, in my opinion, are very political and revolutionary. Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* and Henry David Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience* were the zines of their day.

A distro provides zines to people who want them, mostly through the mail, but also online. I deal in paper zines exclusively. Not everyone has computer access, in fact very few really do and almost zero prisoners do! You can't read an e-zine on the bus or at work! Here's a zine that lists hundreds of zine distributors throughout the world.*

Leland Homer Rayson

~ August 23, 1921 - January 8, 2001 ~

Kkkapitalism is like a
blood sucking parasite.
When it has no more blood to suck
then it loses it's life.

In order to prolong the survival
it begins feeding on itself.
It's always trying to change the ugly face
to avoid an inevitable
DEATH!

Whenever you see
Kkkapitalism
declare protracted peepoes war
on its very nature.
B'cuz de nature of kkkapitalism
will declare war on you
and brutally exploit the land
de peepoe,
and their labor!

Uhuru Sasa
Mangwiro A. Sadiki



We want an end to robbery by the
Capitalists of our Black community.



work will never end until the day we die. I 44
love you, Brother! You are a shining example of
the power of anarchist love and reason in the
face of the fascist enemy. We will set to work.
love, Anthony

JULY 12, 2001

Dear Director Kempker,

Greetings! I am writing to you today in reference to a
prisoner being held in the hole over in Moberly. His name is
Jerome White-Bey. He is the founder of a group called the
MPLU (Missouri Prison Labor Union.) He has already faced
massive amounts of punishment because of his advocacy
on the behalf of his fellow prisoners (workers.)

This group is a very well-respected, well-known group
who is advocating for basic rights for prison laborers,
minimum wage and rudimentary health standards and
treatment. He has been interviewed by several
publications. This will continue to be an important subject,
as the prison population and the prison labor population
continue to increase at their unprecedented levels.
Suppressing a courageous messenger of this situation on a
trumped-up conduct ticket will only bring more attention to
this whole issue, Jerome's particular case, Moberly, the
Missouri prison system, and indeed, the whole incarceration
industry in America.

I would like to urge you to honestly investigate the
situation that Jerome has been subjected to. We feel that
he deserves to be treated fairly. To me, Jerome represents
to the prison laborer, what Cesar Chavez did for farm
workers. This is still America, remember.

Thankyou for your consideration,
Anthony Rayson, editor and curator of
South Chicago ABC Zine Distro

My distro, South Chicago ABC Zine Distro now has 17
about 225 different zines available and I'm adding new
ones all the time. These are pointedly political, many of
which I write myself, edit or otherwise contribute to. I
sort of specialize in helping articulate prisoners conceive,
format, edit, publish and distribute their work into zine
form.

Now. Why do I do this? Well, like the Beatles once
said, "The world is a bad place, a bad place, a terrible
place to live." For many many hundreds of millions of
people this is absolutely true, in the immediate physical
sense. For everybody else, it's terrible because we are
being forced into a truncated, sinisterly motivated reality,
whether it is anywhere near fully understood by us or
not.

Once I was able to overcome my own self-hatred and
fear of Big Brother to a certain degree, I felt it was my
responsibility as a citizen of this Earth to give forth my
testimony, as I've made it a point to be extremely
observant to political reality all during my lifetime. I was
very fortunate to have a very conscious, political
upbringing. Hopefully, as my writing and editing
improves, these efforts will increasingly educate,
motivate, empower and inspire people to attempt to
attain their own self-realization and work for social
justice.

Another practical reason to launch this distro is that
prisons insist literature must be sent from the publisher
for prisoners to receive them, so I became the publisher
myself. And, I make it a point to provide literature by
and for prisoners that they want, can use and share with
their cohorts. Also, I was not satisfied with the level of
rebellion being voiced by others and felt I could do
better, because I also want to read something seriously
powerful and well written, even if I must write it, myself!
I never claimed to be a self-deprecating say nothing! I
feel what I have to say is of extreme importance.

Permit me to recite a couple of quotes about this
society of ours.

"What is the existence of the average man today? 18
Almost all your time is given to earning your livelihood.
You are so busy making a living that you hardly have
time left to live, to enjoy life. Neither the time nor the
money. You are lucky if you have some source of
support, some job. Now and then comes slacktime:
there is unemployment and thousands are thrown out of
work, every year, in every country.

That means no income, no wages. It results in worry
and privation, in disease, desperation and suicide. It
spells poverty and crime. To alleviate that poverty we
build homes of charity, poorhouses, free hospitals, all of
which you support with your taxes. To prevent crime
and to punish criminals it is again you who have to
support police, detectives, State forces, judges, lawyers,
prison keepers. Can you imagine anything more
senseless and impractical? The legislatures pass laws,
the judges interpret them, the various officials execute
them, the police track and arrest the criminal, and finally
the prison warden gets him into custody. Numerous
persons and institutions are busy keeping the jobless
man from stealing and punish him if he tries to. Then he
is provided with the means of existence, the lack of
which has made him break the law in the first place...

Crime is the result of economic conditions, of social
inequality, of wrongs and evils of which government and
monopoly are the parents. Government and law can only
punish the criminal. They neither cure nor prevent
crime. The only real cure for crime is to abolish its
causes, and this the government can never do because it
is there to preserve those very causes."

That as you probably recognize, is Alexander
Berkman. See if you can guess who said this.

"Government is not reason, it is not eloquence - it is
force."

Johann Most or Enrico Malatesta perhaps? Try George
Washington!

Jerome White-Bey #37479 (2C-531) 43
Moberly Correctional Center
P.O. Box 7
Moberly, MO 65270

July 12, 2001

Dear Jerome - Greetings! It's good to hear from
you, as always. I'll write Mr. Kempker. I've
already had a nice, long conversation with
Robert Hopper and have sent him back issues of
Off the Hook, along with other great prisoner
zines. We're going to work together on this.
He'll put it together and I'll distro it to the
mailing list and have it available to others,
through my distro. Prisoners can also send
material to me or Robert. I'll forward
contributions to the next issue, letters etc. on
to him. I haven't heard from Mike in quite a
while myself. We had been in pretty close email
contact, so you may be right about him being
held prisoner somewhere.

Let me know what else you might need and
I'll see what I can do. Take care of yourself
and we'll get MPLU back up to snuff and put
pressure to get you out of there. Keep
fighting, Anarchist Brother.

Ali is doing better. He is being treated
for his condition and trying to do all he can
analysing this sick system and keeping fellow
prisoners on the ins and outs, informed. PPWC
just mailed out the latest UpDate. Did you get
yours? It's tough to do all this work and foot
all the expenses, but the few of us who are
committed to PPWC, believe in it's importance.
Anarchist ideas and serious analysis is
important for people to absorb and learn to
grasp. It is a labor of love & solidarity!

The truth is a mighty weapon and that's why
the gulag censor trolls have been so active
against us, lately. Slowly but surely our
message of serious anarchist determination and
understanding is getting through and fueling
discussions and new cells of activists. Our

Greetings Comrade,

I received your letter and the article on the crop drawing STAND. I like that. It is creative.

Anthony, once again I am sitting in the hole on another prison frame-up case and I am pending a transfer, but I am holding stand. I am requesting supporters to write protest letters to the Director, demanding an investigation into my situation, by his office. (We have a new Director here.)

Gary B. Kempker - Director
Missouri Department of Corrections
P.O. Box 236
Jefferson City, MO 65102

Anthony, yes I need help with our next issue of *Off The Hook*. Recently, I heard from Robert L. Hopper, from Evanston, IL and he is thinking about taking over Mike Lee's position as our national Communication Office and help with *Off The Hook*. So, let's wait and see what he is willing to do. Then, we can organize ourselves on this. I sent him your address already, for he wants to order several *Off The Hooks*.

Anthony, I believe Mike Lee is locked up somewhere. I'll keep asking around, for somebody might know where he is at.

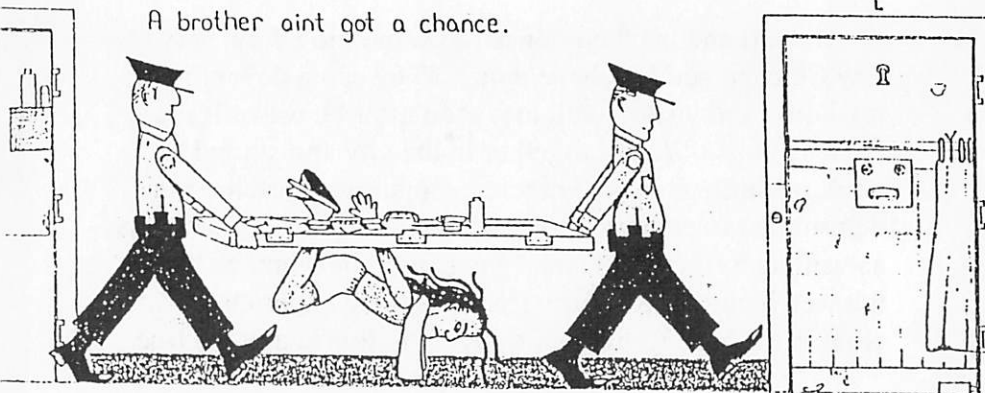
How is the PPWC and Ali doing? I heard about Ali's medical problems. So what's up there?

I'll keep you posted on my situation here, Comrade.

Well, I'll close here. So, until then, take care and stay strong. Write soon.

In Struggle,
Jerome

A brother aint got a chance.



Let's take a quick look around us at what is happening today. We've got two million prisoners in this country, many hundreds of thousands of which are in prison for possession of pot! The Incarceration Industry - the punishment Industry - is a wildly profitable multi-headed hydra of profit-taking. It's raw capitalism whose product is human misery! Each inmate has a price tag on him or her, which explains why parole is no longer an option. It's modern day slavery, pure and simple!

Our lives are controlled by coercive institutions, so seamlessly and completely that many don't even question or know it and if they do, think they are better off because of it - even people already in prison! Most people enjoy the comforts of their cage.

You have the miserable schools that teach kids how futile it is to think for themselves. All they feel comfortable caring about is the clothes and games they think they want! Reality is too frightening to deal with. Thankfully, growing numbers of them are beginning to realize that if they don't fight for their lives, they won't have one! As they get older, they must enter the seething workplaces with the danger, alienation, pollution and wage-slave subsistence. It's not a life but a lived death!

On Sunday, you go to the churches to get a dose of shame and plous patriarchal pie-in-the-sky nonsense! I'm no Christian, but even Jesus Christ was a tortured, wrongly accused, deathrow inmate who was killed for his beliefs by the dominant government of his day. Rome then, The U.S. today!

We do have our false culture based on buying, the malls, the endless cars and trucks, the canned scripted and laughed at shows, the violence glorying movies with all their phony sex. The mainstream media are basically forums for advertisers and think tank churned out pundit apologists for corporations, shameless, mainstream political wonks! They offer *nothing* new! The "news" is unanalyzed, superficial daily factoids!

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Then there's the nauseous corporate farms with their gene-altered Frankenfoods and the profit-making horrors reserved for the animals who are bred in excruciating confinement, only to be murdered and butchered, stripped of their pelts and packaged to be eaten. But you can go to jail for "cruelty to animals!" Justice and morality worship at the altar of profit.

The drug industry is another abomination, causing the deaths by experimentation of millions of animals to keep people zombified and "functional" in this sick society, with a hideous assortment of psychotropic drugs. Two million children are on Ritalin - speed - to "calm" them! Some whose behavior is being controlled are as young as six months!! Yet you can go to prison for decades for smoking a joint! The Soviet Nurse Ratchet's had nothing on us! Who are the brain police???

The world itself is dying! Even mainstream ecologists give us what? Twenty years? You could drive a trillion Mack Trucks through the ozone hole! Earthquakes, famine, mudslides, forest fires, genocide, tidal waves, nuclear waste, global warming, species extinctions, the choking off of our lungs - the rain forests - and all the other forests... the plutoniumization of space - are all slowly accelerating! We can't just up and leave and move to Mars or the Moon because people are fragile and delicate and will die anywhere except a healthy Earth! Ah, but who cares? I've got tickets to a ballgame and those kids out in the streets deserve to be clubbed like baby harp seals by the Darth Vader goon squads for bringing up such unpleasantries! Right? How dare those "rioters" clamor for a future than celebrates and includes life!

You know society is like a porno flick. You've got these hot babes ever eager to perform sex acts on men. What they don't show you is the fact that the whole thing is a degrading profit-making mafioso meat market, and the women came or were hustled up as lonely 18 year olds, overwhelmingly victims of lifelong sexual abuse!

FACTS SURROUNDING THE INCIDENT IN QUESTION 41

On March 24, 2001, (Richard's birthday) while in route to a meeting with leaders from several of Chicago's "street nations," (in which a definite revolutionary socio-political program was to be voted on) Richard and his wife Rebecca stopped at a gas station. Richard returned from inside the station to find his wife being viciously attacked by three armed persons. Richard, himself unarmed, disarmed one of the attackers, and during the course of the struggle, two of the attackers were injured. And although Rebecca herself was seriously injured, she was denied medical treatment by authorities, who also not only refused to arrest the three attackers, but arrested Richard instead on charges of attempted murder. The circumstance and timing of this incident is clearly suspect, however, it is not yet known if it was a set-up. Nonetheless, Richard is once again fighting for his life. He has no bond while awaiting trial.

THE RICHARD FLOOD LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

Richard needs competent, incorruptible legal representation and we need your help. Do not allow the system to once again bury alive this veteran freedom fighter. Monetary contributions to Richard's legal defense fund are immediately and desperately needed. Please make a check or money order payable to:

Rebecca R. Flood
c/o The Richard Flood Legal Defense Fund
3649 East 106th Street
Suite 123
Chicago, Illinois 60617

Letters of support can be sent directly to Richard at the following:

Richard Flood
#01-2374
WCADF
95 South Chicago Street
Joliet, Illinois 60436

In Solidarity,

The Richard Flood Legal Defense Fund

Richard and his then fiancé did something very, very few Chicago activists have done. They came down to my home and visited with me, soon after he was released from Tamms. We got together in the city and started to work on strategy for the crucial, dangerous work he was determined to embark upon. We met with various activists as well as former Panthers, "gang" members etc. well into the wee hours. So, I know from firsthand experience that what Richard & Rebecca are saying in this leaflet are true.

- Anthony Rayson -

THE RICHARD FLOOD LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

HELP SAVE RICHARD FLOOD

WHO IS RICHARD FLOOD?

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Richard Flood is a former political prisoner, who after serving a lengthy term within the Illinois State Prison System, (during which time his long history of committed political, legal and social struggle for prisoners landed upon him every conceivable form of torture that the system could muster) was only the third prisoner released from Tamms "Supermax" prison in March of 2000. His legal work has helped at least two innocent men gain their release from Illinois' death row and many others to receive new trials and/or reduced sentences. His underground socio-political programs have gained wide support throughout the Illinois system, with particular emphasis on "re-educating" so called "prison gang" members by introducing them to revolutionary political consciousness while steering them away from criminal behavior and mentality, much in the spirit of the late Black Panther Party leaders Fred Hampton and George Jackson. His leadership qualities and respect from other prisoners allowed him the unique position of negotiating several peace treaties between so-called rival prison "gangs". Since Richard's release, these programs have showed much promise with Chicago "street nations" as well, with steady decreases in "intra-nation" aggression and drug-trafficking. He is also a union Ironworker (Local #1, Chicago), grassroots organizer and paralegal.

Anthony Rayson

Political Prisoners of War Coalition

South Chicago ABC Zine Distro

anthonyrayson@hotmail.com

P.O. Box 721, Homewood, IL 60430

And the sad sacks watchin' this stuff, lead virtual lives of voyeurism because their real lives are atomized, 21 compartmentalized daily treks of lifelong agony, where truth, beauty, honesty and hope are all a sick mockery. It's where people settle for one or usually more various addictions, such as gambling, porno, drugs, food, the idiot box, compulsive criminality or whatever, in a vain attempt to avoid dealing with the brutal realities of this world and their lives.

To some people, that is just not good enough, but rather thoroughly and totally revolting! Boy, "some people!" eh?

What are some of our other wonderful institutions? How about our military, which degrades and humiliates recruits into blind obedience. The School of Assassins teaches foreign thugs the fine art of torture and murder of their citizens to keep their rich comfortable and U.S. corporations dominant. The massive, deadly U. S. hardware threatens the whole planet with any minute annihilation! A lot of these military men who've gone overseas and committed sanctioned by the U.S. government - murder! - in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, El Salvador, Africa, Asia, South America, etc. come home and get jobs on police forces, corporations and prisons where they can get paid further for their institutional sadism. They're our "heroes!"

The tax man takes 1/3 of what's left of a paycheck, after the employers have taken their do-nothing rip-off cut. The police selectively enforce the rich-lawyer written laws. The cesspool of the political system, the welfare agencies who snatch the children of those kidnapped for incarceration, the housing "authorities" with their corrupt, rathole vertical prisons... all are very vile and cosmically and morally most unacceptable.

But the worst of all the systems - at least domestically - is the judicial system, with its unsavory, although *human-like* lawyers, judges, prosecutors and prisonkrats and the massive system of decades-long caging and brutalization of human beings. There are

hundreds of these human warehouses all over this country!

What an affront to life and living creatures! There is more *dire* U.S. - orchestrated evil in this world, such as the massive infanticide being unleashed on the children of Iraq, for example. But as far as complex, systematized, daily, massive, governmental criminality, the U.S. gulag system is right up there.

This is a class-based punishment industry, where everything evil about the system - racism, sexism, homophobia, xenophobia, torture, isolation, medical neglect and experimentation, forced obedience to fascist bureaucracy, ritual murder and all-around injustice, predation and corruption, etc. etc. is magnified, yet hidden from the public eye.

That is why I concentrate on getting the word out of there, because you're sure as hell not going to read about it in the mainstream rags. The government wants this information suppressed and every prison censors all incoming and some outgoing mail and often denies my publications entry, ala Hitler's Germany. Freedom of the press is a big fat lie! The U.S. Nazis make Hitler look like a Vienna choirboy!

But, my distro isn't just about the prisons. I started writing about growing up in the racist south Chicago suburbs, the Vietnam War, the sexual suppression and sexism, the "generation gap," music, the Civil Rights Movement - all kinds of things. I wrote my first zine, *Peoples' Polar Express* in 1974, after dropping out of college and hitchhiking around the country for a couple of years, in the wake of Nixon's second not-too-secret invasion of Cambodia, when all the colleges and universities went out on strike. I just stayed on strike!

SOUTH CHICAGO

ABC ZINE DISTRO

P.O. Box 721 Homewood, IL 60430

<http://members.xoom.com/lthoughtbombs/>

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system has to be utterly destroyed, for there to be any kind of viable future for any kind of life on this Earth! That's a 39 frightful reality, but one we must understand and deal with.

Our enemies are very strong. They are armed to the gills and have millions of people brainwashed into obeying their orders - oblivious to the danger this bodes for all of us.

The way I see it, a very important and necessary task for us to attempt to do, is to educate, motivate, inspire, empower and *thrill* people out of their ignorance, lethargy, apathy and fear, so that we can all begin to wake out of our thorazine-like political stupor, and learn to think for ourselves. We must take the bold steps to live their lives based on humanitarian principles and begin to experience life as legitimate, contributing members of a mutually beneficial and interacting community. We can't *not* do this

Once inertia is overcome and true education and participation occurs, a wonderful world will open up to us. Talents will be realized, nurtured and developed that we never thought we were capable of. All facets of human existence then become realizable. We don't have to merely live our one and only life as a cog in the machine of profit. A world of wonder will open up for us, even amidst such a tragic reality. Passion and joy and truth and beauty and kindness and understanding are our birthright! But, in this sick system, we have to fight for everything, every step of the way. It's a helluva challenge that every generation is given. We owe it to ourselves and the children of the future.

Before I talk about these prisoner initiatives, I would first like to show the video I mentioned earlier. This is what is going on in the streets of America. Imagine what is going on in Iraq or Colombia or throughout the gulag archipelago.

Prisoner Zines, Newsletters and Collectives

This will explain how prisoners and outside activists coordinate protests, such as the MPLU (Missouri Prison Labor Union), what these prisoner initiatives are all about, what is really going on in the gulags today, and how we can become more involved in these struggles.

hosted by: Anthony Rayson

Anthony runs the South Chicago ABC Zine Distro, which now has 225 pointed political zines available, which are very cheap and free to prisoners. He writes the zine *Thought Bombs*, while contributing to, editing and carrying out many others. He specializes in working closely with articulate prisoner activists on zines and prisoner support projects.

tumultuous sixties and beyond. He died January 8th. I have a zine I wrote about him, here. It's a melt-your-heart zine. 38

I am an anarchist propagandist, writer, editor, publisher, distributor and organizer. I see my main role in the struggle to collect, help craft, publish and disseminate the most powerfully written and informative material I can find, on a wide assortment of subjects. But, I concentrate on prison abolition. I consider it ground zero in this worldwide struggle. It is quite aptly named the "belly of the beast."

Moloch is devouring people at a horrific rate and new prisons are being built and planned by the hundreds! There is now a huge population of women prisoners, mostly mothers of young children. They are overwhelming convicted of victimless crimes. Their children are then kidnapped by the state. Children are prisoners, too.

Parole is routinely denied, access to recreation, literature, libraries, lawyers, visitors, telephones, decent food, adequate medical care, etc., etc. are diminishing. Conditions are getting more overcrowded. More and more of the prisons are privatized, prison (slave) labor is on the increase and the barbaric dehumanizing conditions are getting worse, such as isolation, deprivation, assault, rape, torture, murder, etc. as profits are maximized and the evil of the system is manifested. New techniques of crowd control, developed in prison, spread to the outside communities.

It's a complex factory, with human beings being the raw material. The product produced is human misery and massive suffering. The largest "mental health facility" in Illinois is Cook County Jail. In New York, it is Riker's Island.

As my Chicago prison abolition collaborator Jane Doe so aptly describes it, we are dealing with "super predators" who feast on the food chain of the lives of human beings. It's like a foxhunt to them - the lawyers, prosecutors, judges, police, politicians and jailers. The incarceration industry is the fastest growing industry in America swallowing up young, poor people of color (and so-called "whites" too.) We're supposed to think nothing of the fact that rural communities, who've also been victimized by rampant, unrestrained corporate greed, can only find redemption by "winning" the awarding of a monstrous maximum security prison for their community! It's pure evil and the whole

But, it wasn't until 1996 that I started writing my 23 personal zine, *Thought Bombs*, which I've now written sixteen of. I've written several other sort of theme zines on racism and the prisons for conferences or presentations I gave, plus tons of essays. I've contributed and edited many, many zines and have worked with some very good writers, most of whom are prisoners. I've put together catalogs describing each zine in detail, put up a website and make a point to make all my zines free to prisoners. It's a very expensive, work-intensive, stressful as hell project!

I've done all this with next to no help from anybody, zero grant money, several other activist projects, such as STAND (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) amidst a very busy family life. For, I believe this system deserves nothing less than a full-blown commitment to rebellion! And this literary and activist project seems to be the best outlet for me, based on my abilities, circumstances and temperament. Plus, I see a crying need for this type of advocacy. It takes total concentration and dedication, but luckily I have motivation to burn and I don't have a lazy bone in my body.

I've broken my distro into four main categories 1) anarchism 2) feminism 3) anti-racism/abolitionism & 4) prisoner zines. I would say over 1/2 of them are prisoner zines.

Let me show you some of them from each category.

First and foremost is my own zine, *Thought Bombs*. These are wild collections of essays, rants, letters, poems, graphics and contact information. My son, Stanton, who is now twelve, draws all the cover art and usually a few pages inside each issue. My little guy, Stephen, who is six, has started to contribute his drawings, too.

I melt the personal in with the political in these. They sort of chronicle my life and thinking as an activist and as a husband and father.

Anthony Rayson

Solidarity Conference
Penn State
April 6-8, 2001

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"I want to tear down the walls
that keep me in,
I want to reach out and
touch the fire."

U: 2 "Where The Streets Have No Name

In a country where communications are gods, with the internet, e-mail, fax, cell phone, PDA, text pagers, and who knows what all, with our CNN, NBC, ABC, CBS, Fox, and other mega-media 24 hour news, and with the daily newspapers on every corner, we must be a well informed nation, the people of this country must know it all. But the truth be known, we are the most uninformed people ever. The corporate run media has the average person so snowed, and believing the pretty-boy P.R. man in front of the camera, that most of us would trust them if they said it would snow on the Penn State Campus in August. If it wasn't for the independent press, for zines, for flyers, and conferences like the one you're attending, the truth never would be known. One of the biggest lies we are told is about crime and punishment, about prisons.

America today has the highest concentration of prisoners out of all the world's countries, we are the only country that locks-up children, that will sentence them to life and death sentence as a routine act. We are a country where public housing for the poor has been transformed into a prison, where the quality of justice you get depends on the quantity of your bank account.

mega-conglomerates, presents the corporate view at every turn. The undiluted truth of this world is only to be had 37 through the underground. Those who suffer the most, know the most and can teach us the most. Television doesn't cut it, nor do newspapers, movies, radio and most school books.

Many of the brave and brilliant rebels of today - the George Jacksons and Malcolm X's of today, have either already been murdered or are incarcerated, often in the most Dantesque fashion - in clinical torture chambers. They are kept well-hidden and silenced by the authorities. All means are used to try to gag these people, including internal flops (adding time to their sentences, administratively, without court) framing them on serious charges, deprivation, loss of privileges, assault and even outright murder. It takes a unique resolve to challenge it.

The poverty, despair and hopelessness of the ghettos and barrios are the waystations to prison. Poor people and especially poor black people are nuisances &/or dangers to the system to be rounded up for the wildly profitable punishment industry, to be turned into modern day slaves. Indeed, the constitution still authorizes slavery for prisoners.

The most vocal and those unwilling to submit, either due to severe, often prison-induced psychosis or conscious rebelliousness, are marked for the unique cruelty of the supermax hellhole dungeons. That are proliferating at a terrible rate. Josef Mengele would feel right at home.

The government gets away with this massive daily criminality by a combination of factors, especially fear of involvement by those on the outside and the inside, threats, intimidation, demonization of "criminals" the noise and distraction of the dog-eat-dog rat race of every day life, severe censorship and internal punishment.

The drug war is a one way class war from the top down that can only be understood and analyzed correctly from those prisoners who suffer most and have the courage and ability to analyze and explain this ongoing holocaust from the inside. These are the brave people I work closely with.

I come from a political family. My father was a uniquely principled crusader for social justice and he exposed me and my brothers and sister to many things during the

Before I get into describing various prisoner publications and groups trying to educate and organize prisoners and supporters, I'd like to give a bit of an overview of the system we are dealing with. I want to explain my intentions and the goals of this work. I also have a twenty minute street video of the police assault on last autumn's October 22nd march & rally, in Los Angeles. It's a remarkable little film.

This country is at a stage that I think is best described as extreme capitalism. The corporate domination that extends throughout the world, the rapid deterioration and destruction of our earth's environment, the accelerating extinction of species, the ongoing fascization of U.S. - supported governments, the naked U.S. - led aggression seen as "Hyper Wars" in Iraq and Serbia, the decade-long infanticide in Iraq, the training of death squads, the incarceration frenzy in this country, the regimentation of schooling and work, the increasing police brutality, racism, sexism, class divisions etc. are all increasing inexorably.

This society is very sick. It is a false society based on greed, power and the acquiring of money, backed up by fear, ignorance, intimidation, coercion and lies. A genuine society is people - based, where communities cooperate with each other and work for their mutual benefit, in a non-exploitative way. That has not been allowed to develop.

Many people have been bludgeoned into despair, apathy, aggression, hedonism and a wide variety of self-destructive aberrant &/or addictive behaviors, in a vain attempt to cope with their lives and the world around them. People have not been taught how to think lucidly and act responsibly, amidst a blizzard of societal obfuscation. They grope along with no idea of what is really happening around them and what the future holds, mostly trying to provide for their families in a draining, day - to - day ordeal.

On the surface, things seem sort of "normal." America is a huge and bountiful country that has only been ravaged for a couple of centuries. Per capita, we also bogart five or six times our share of all the world's resources. We are awash in goods. The mainstream media, owned by a few

But, more importantly, we are a country never told what conditions those we lock up face on a daily basis, we are not told of the mental, physical, and sexual abuses, they suffer on a regular basis. Those are not the stories your mega-media giant will bring you tonight.

As I write this, I'm sitting on a metal stool, in a 7'x9' cell, with a bunk bed, sink, toilet, and shower. I am kept alone, away from all others, in solitary 23 hours a day. My mail is screened, delayed, and sometimes even lost, depending on if the guard likes or doesn't like what it says. The reason I live like this is because I've been labeled a ~~man~~ "threat to the security and orderly operation of the institution," simply for trying to inform and enlighten those on the outside through my zine Our Netherworld. I'm now facing a transfer to a prison where there is someone who wants to harm me seriously awaiting me, and the federal bureau of Prisons knows it. This is their way of silencing the truth, silencing what they don't want you to hear.

One of the articles I wrote over a year ago foretold of how the feds would limit our calls to twenty a month, less than one a day. This month the new limit was put in place. I caused a stir when I pointed out the Federal Bureau of Prisons misled the public with statistics on racial make up, claiming there were nearly twice as many whites as blacks in custody. They did it by counting Hispanics as white. And, I'm constantly getting into hot

water for talking about this prison's \$23.5 million budget. In FY 2001, the budget increased to \$26 \$23.775 million, apparently to compensate for the 200+ new beds, yet all budgets for the prisoner related services and programs, except medical, were cut, including food service, education, and clothing. These were all stories neither prisoners nor free world people would have otherwise read about.

An oft overlooked area which needs your help and support is the prisoner and prisoner-help organizations. A lot of news and info gets put out in the form of zines thanks to the efforts of Anthony Rayson, the over worked, under appreciated, activist, from South Chicago ABC Zine Distro in Chicago. Through his efforts many prisoners are given a voice and the chance to be heard. I urge you to support his efforts and read prisoner zines. But even more important, I urge you to act on what you read, tell others, write letters, become an extension of the fastest growing form of truth, the zine.

Prison is not fun, and far from an easy place to spend 5, 10, 20, 100 years of your life. But, knowing I can tear down the walls and reach out and touch the fire of activists, of people who care about people, makes my time easier to do. Please don't pass by this opportunity to make a big difference in someone's life. Today I'm in here, but tomorrow it could be you.

Glenn Wright #40494-004 Federal Correctional Institution
P.O. Box 6000 Florence, Colorado 81226-6500

There's been a snag, we'll need more dough 35
It's really but a trifle
We'll put your mayor on our board
Complaints, you'll have to stifle

*You need us bad and can't resist
this opportunity
It would be sad, if you all missed
a chance prosperity*

We'll buy reporters fancy lunch
And show 'em lots of slick brochures
"None too bright" is our best hunch
Writing blind about your future

Sorry 'bout the tax base thing
With the heavy bond you took
Parents always think of "something!"
That's the deal - remembner, we shook!

If and when we have to pay
And you might see some money
We'll up and leave and go away
To court another honey

The streams are dry, the trees are dead
Farms but bitter history
Tell me why you made this bed
Profit-taking misery

*You need us bad and can't resist
our gross pomposity
It'd be so sad to co-exist
without a mutiny!*

March 18, 2001

We want to bring development
And think our future's here
Please put out for our commitment
It won't hurt at all, my dear

Your land is being wasted now
With crops and streams and trees
Let our lawyers show you how
We'll help you off your knees

*You need us bad and can't resist
this opportunity
It would be sad if you all missed
a chance prosperity*

To be a player in this game
You'll have to raise the stakes
The town cannot remain the same
It's an "investment" for land sakes!

We'll need the deed, don't you concede?
It's but a small concession
Wave fees, the market must be freed
So folks can stop recession

The roads please build, right over here
For shipping and receiving
These heavy loads are hard to bear
"Jobs, jobs, jobs!" keep saying and believing

Dear Anthony,

I hope these words find you and family
in the best of health and spirits. As for me I'm
finally back from a trip far far away.

Allow me to explain. I saw the spowle board
on January 31st I received another year from them.
They didn't tell me when I saw them, but sent it
to me in the 'Mail'. I think it all just became over-
whelming for me. Losing my daughter, my father, already
receiving the flop from them. It seems like everything
came crashing down on me and all the pain and disa-
pointments of this time in prison finally caught up.

I detached myself from myself and lived one
around. It was like I was watching everything through
a movie screen. I actually wanted to die, but was too
much of a coward to kill myself. I had to search inside of
me for all the strength I had to continue. I'm not going
to get into all that, I'm okay now. Like I said I'm back.
And in a better frame of mind. It took a lot of prayer and
spiritual understanding.

So, now here I am responding to your last missive.
I apologize for the delay. Ali thought I had dropped from
the face of the earth. I hope you understand.

I'm also getting a better understanding of Anarchy.
I can understand what you are saying. I was sent some
addresses of Mother's Rights groups. I wrote them this
weekend. Ali told me of this group in California
and I think he's sending my stuff there also. I would
like to receive those zines you speak of also. This truly
needs to be voiced. I know that losing my daughter.

has caused me severe mental anguish. I'm sure parents are feeling me who have been through the same situation. All also spoke of writing a letter to the U.S. Senate. These laws need to be changed. I couldn't do nothing to help my case, but I can keep fight against the kidnapping of future children. That's exactly what they did, the courts forcefully kidnapped my daughter.

Yes, I received the money you sent. Thank you so much Anthony. That was really appreciated. It truly helped me a lot. I do appreciate and respect the support that you have given me.

I'm sorry to hear about your Dad. I can feel your pain as mine died also since I have been there. That paper you sent me truly touched my heart and brought tears to my eyes. You have been in my prayers and I know that your father is proud of who you've become. You are a true humanitarian. A true Anarchist.

I have thought about the group I want to start. Actually thoughts of that have helped me come out of my slumber. I even thought of a name: PACE (Parents Against Court Kidnapping) what you think? It would not only be for Mothers but for Fathers also. I know a

Brother here in Michigan who is deep in the struggle now, fighting for his kids. Have you spoke to that lady Jessica Katz? What I'm thinking of is an organization that

writes letters to the courts in the name of the parent, maybe even being there at hearings to show support. This may be a long term goal, but it's where I'm headed. As for as right now, just getting like minded folks together to launcer it. You know what I'm saying? This is what's making me move forward Anthony. And I will continue to fight and struggle until it's started. I have a mission, a purpose!

PC Anarchy

Got my nose ring and tattoo
Now and then, I'll say "Fuck you!"
Only read the zine's that cool.
Politics is just for fools

PC Anarchy

Know the hands and shit like that
Only know but one black cat
Got my clothes and a coupla patches
Even got some fancy matches

PC Anarchy

Don't wanna read no paragraph
Those hard ideas make me laugh
My hair got spiked for twenty bucks
I'm lookin' to be liked and hopin' to git fucked

PC Anarchy

I sit all nice in folding chair rows
As the band goes off - about what? Who knows?
I read Emma Goldman, but not Kom'boa
'Cuz Blacks are "nationalists," don't you knowa?

PC Anarchy

I'm pure and nice and quiet and all
'Cuz the anarchy brain police lurk in the hall
I don't write, but do repeat
The tired crap typed on this sheet

PC Anarchy

I don't know no prisoners
They're mean and bad & too hard core
Have I thought of anything that's new?
Nah, too busy hangin' with my crew.

PC Anarchy

Peter Piper Picked a Pack
of Pickled Peckers

Four and Twenty

4 & 20 blackbirds sitting in a row
Killed and shoved into a pie, you know?
But it wasn't fully cooked,
So the worms within survived.

The prince and princess got real sick
Their intestines exploded and they died.
The silver spoons didn't do no good
They shouldn't have et, such fancy food.

The Old Lady and the State

There was an old lady
Who lived in a shoe
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

So state agents raided
and threw her in jail
And rounded up her babies
for a living hell!

So much for by the people
for the people
and of the people

These days it's by the corrupt
for the corporations
and of the connected.

Ol' Nat

Ol' Nat King Cole
Was a merry old soul
Who died of lung cancer
Becuz he smoked cigarettes



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You're right on the biggest obstacle of starting a
zine is getting started. Ali said something about doing
one called Kebby L. Warner vs. the State. Which sounds
good to me. He really, along with you has been a
true encouragement to my life. I'm waiting now to hear
back from you.

I must tell you something about myself that
has changed. I don't know if this will cause a obstacle
between the communication that we have. I truly call
you my comrade and friend. So I must be honest
and up front with you.

I saw in your Zine Catalog, a zine called Jesus
Shaves and your comment on that zine. Well in my
spiritual search I found my place in the Bible and
have become a born-again Christian. This is not
going to stop me from being who I am, nor am I going to
be a Bible Thumper. It just made me a better person
and Jesus is my strength to do all I can in the
struggle for justice. I just needed to let you know this.
I still love ya Ant! :)

Well I'm going to end this here. I also enjoy
hearing from you. And hope to hear from you soon.
I always keep you in mind :). Until then....

Love,

Kebby

p.s. What's up with the zines you said you would
send. I know you're busy, but I still put knowledge :)
Shoot I'm only 21 I have a lot of mind to fill :).
Have you did any more Thangz Bombs?

Kebby Warner #259737
47500 5 Mile Road

Scott Correctional Facility
Plymouth, Michigan 48170

Mary Had A Murdered Flock

Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow
Mad cow scare plus hoof & mouth
Slaughtered carcass - there you go!

And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb's stare haunted her
The rulers bulldozed massive pits
Techniques learned in the Gulf War

The price of ribs has gone way up
They seldom grace the plates
Of U.\$. gluttons with milky skin
The swine the poor love to hate.

Jack & Jill Got Shot

Jack & Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Israeli snipers shot them dead
Their family screamed of bloody murder.

Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill cried out in Death's Agony
The young threw stones at armored tanks
Planes shot missiles for "security."

Back home the papers only blamed
"Arab terrorists" and "gangs of criminals"
Arik Sharon of Shatilla fame
Will soon be up for his Nobel.

NURSERY RHYMES

Simple Simon Started Screamin'!

Simple Simon was a Pie Man
Of the Anarchist Baking Brigade
He pried George Ryan
For all his lyin'
Made of lemon meringue.

Six months time he was paid
"A local hero!" they all said
Simon merely blurted out "Gol Dang!"

They took him down to Statesville
Which is extremely hate-filled
And in a cell he stayed.
To eat his slop
He pushed a mop
And worked on litigation.

The execution was fast approaching
And for the dignitaries
The eggs, they were a-poaching

The Warden came to talk to Simon
"Inmate Simon, you're a Pie Man
We need one baked today.
The Governor's wife is coming
So, there's no time to delay."

"Go to Hell, you evil pig.
I will not bake a pie, dig?"

The goon squad came
And made him lame
With cuffs and gas and clubs
The First Lady dined
On porcupine
And assorted pastry puffs.

They strapped him down
And shot him up
To finish up the show.
She picked her teeth, and
Watched him turn purple
As she sat in the front row.

Meanwhile, Simon was dragged outside
And beat some more
He just couldn't hide
From all the gore.

He woke up the next day
On the cold hard floor
Of a filthy isolation cell
Piss and blood were everywhere
And he could hear muffled screaming
From somewhere else in Hell.

His ribs were broke
And He couldn't breathe
The pain wouldn't go away.
But he tried to scream anyway
As he thought of Victor Arante
In the Santiago Stadium.