

Thought Bombs #17



"This here worm's the bait. They won't bite without bait."

Cartoon by Stanton Rayson

Anthony Rayson



Political
Prisoners
of War
Coalition

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LIST OF CONTENTS

1. Sanity Has Left The Building
2. Authority, Lies, Greed and Death
3. Kill A Muslim For Mommie
4. Missouri Prison Labor Union
5. Anarchy in the USA
6. Letter & Poems from Maurice Bush-EI
 - A. Young People Future
 - B. "American Corruption"
 - C. Night Before Christmas
7. Artwork by Todd (Hyung-Rae) Tarselli
8. Let's Start With the Letter "A"
9. The Violation: Domino Effects Of
Challenging Authority, by Angus E. Crane
10. New York City Anarchist Black Cross
11. Letter from Linda Caldwell
12. Letter from Mikel (and my response)
13. "War is Just a Racket" by General Smedley
14. Tinley Park Forum and Testimony
15. I Don't Feel Deprived

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It's terrible what happened to those people in New York. It's always terrible when innocents are slaughtered. Terrorism is pure evil.

It was mind-numbing when the World Trade Center buildings collapsed. It was terrible when the Serbian bridge full of frightened people crumbled from our air strike. It was awful when that bunker full of women and children in Baghdad was intentionally bombed by the U.S. Air Force. It was beyond sickening when columns of Iraqi conscripts were incinerated like "fish in a barrel." It was nauseating and repulsive to see the pictures of the bloated, hacked-up bodies strewn about Sabra and Shatila. Rwanda was absolutely horrifying as the world did nothing for several weeks! Bosnia... El Salvador... Guatemala... Haiti... East Timor... Vietnam... death and massive slaughter everywhere!

Often, the survivors and relatives of victims find evidence of the origin of the deadly devises used to kill them.

Mozambique children, many missing limbs, see a piece of scrapnel from a landmine which reads, "Janesville, WI." Or a Lebanese will find fragments of a cluster bomb with some U.S. company's name, such as Remington or some bombmakers. The Agent Orange? Dow Chemical. Planes? Martin Marietta and Boeing. On and on. The killers are trained and armed by the U.S. government at a tidy profit. We're even directly involved in a huge amount of the massive slaughter in Korea, Europe, Asia, Japan, South East Asia, Panama, etc. and we set up proxies of murderous dictatorships in Indonesia, Afghanistan, Argentine - you name it!

Air raids resume at night

Often, these rogue "monsters" like Noreiga, bin Laden - even Saddam Hussein, were trained &/or equipped by the CIA. They're our erstwhile allies! We love them when they slaughter their own people, or their neighbors, as long as U.S. political, military and business interests are being properly catered to. We give them chemical, biological and conventional weapons, wink at their narcotics empires and remain unconcerned about their genocidal rampages. Remember Rios Montt of Guatemala? Reagan said he got a "bum rap!" The contra butchers were "Freedom Fighters!"

The world's people suffer enormously and many know their misery is U.S. - dictated. For we usurp 5 - 6 times our share of all of the world's resources, pollute at will, maraud through the economies, societies and cultures of the peoples of the world, grow obscenely obese and *still* tens of millions of our own people live in squalor!

Yet, we're stunned when death and devastation comes back down on us. But now? And now, we're going to go throughout the world and mass murder people and really destroy things in our blind blood lust for revenge!

The German's were so deliriously overjoyed to march to their eventual slaughter, on the eve of World War I. We continue to have learned nothing and actually know less now than ever before. Dead, dying, corpses and a radioactive wasteland of a once beautiful paradise of teeming life on Earth. That'll be our legacy, if we continue to blindly support this horrible, evil, false greed-based system, grounded in slavery.

I wish the realities of the here and now were otherwise. But, they are not!

What can we do? We can strive to be the best, most loving person we can possibly be, be helpful to other people, educate ourselves and others and try to prevent as much senseless devastation as possible. For, our neighborhood (Earth) is being stalked by ruthless killers.

Don't get swept up in the Rwandization of America!

Molecules, atoms and the magic of life
Organic recombination, the love of a wife
Police violence and shooting during social strife
Planes hijacked & blown-up, with a one-inch knife!

People - American people! - falling & dying on live T.V.
Shown over & over again. It's all we seem to see.
Shock and horror, pain, fear and misery.
How in hell could this possibly be?

New laws, investigations to keep the system going
Check out all the hot air the pols are blowing!
Lay-offs and cutbacks and bombings are growing
To the rest of the world, the "ugly" we're showing.

"Oh God in Heaven! Have we not made the grade?"
90% of Americans support this deadly crusade
Many people listen raptly to bin Laden's tirade
Every situation has *always* been man-made!

Belief in God is a faith-based hunch
Earthquakes happen as tectonic plates crunch
Otherworldly "good" and "evil" aren't throwin' the punch
Economies and governments are what's blowin' lunch!

Sure, it's awe-inspiring to witness our childrens' birth
And it's scary to think what happens after we leave this Earth
Minds are molded during childhood's merriment and mirth
But social reality is explainable, for what it's worth.

I suppose it's more comforting to think in terms of "fate"
And that we'll be OK, if we believe that God is great
It's tough to see through the fog - the role played by the state
Top-down authority, using police and laws to perpetuate

Greed and lust for power, insanely drive some men
A plague throughout history, seen again and again
Perfecting lie-based systems, backed up by the gun
Millionaires and billionaires, these bastards are never done!

7
The truth of this world is what is feared the most
By the powers that be, in their sweatshop, designer suitcoats
Buzzwords like anarchy supposedly get our goats
There's war fever hysteria - from coast to coast.

Our enemies aren't the Muslims menaced by the U.S. & Israel
It's our own system that locks 2 million of us into jails
They poison the world and back dicators without fail
Holding our future hostage, as the freshly widowed wail.



New York Iraq Victims Of Terror

LIE HERE

HANOI 1972
BEIRUT 1982
BAGHDAD 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994,
1995, 1996, 1997, 1998...
NEY YORK 2001
AFGHANISTAN 2001...
- Stanton School project

KILL A MUSLIM FOR MOMMIE

Kill all the goddam gooks,
I mean the towel-headed camel-jockeys.
Kill 'em all! Let Allah sort 'em out!
We gotta go and nuke somebody about.

It's don't even matter all that much who.
We've gotta clamp down on security.
So we can keep our precious freedoms, too!
And that's a for surety!

We're all as one, we like to say.
Class divisions plain don't exist!
We've gotta bomb 'em, ev'ry night and day.
To blast whatever we might have missed.

Lay-offs and homeless on the rise,
So proud to be an American.
We've got our bombers in the skies,
Killing Arabs again and again.

God Bless America
And the college football season.
Trout Mask Replica
For whatever reason!

But, dontcha know? We must be tolerant.
We can't just lynch 'em in the streets.
But no one says the government can't!
If you want in, you'll have to join the fleet.

Shove those missiles in their tubes,
And paint bin Laden's face on.
Coordinated batteries in a groove,
Come on World War III - this game is fun!

U.S. launches

daylight strikes

We'll also bomb the poor with food.
Sensitive to their Muslim diet.
That bullshit don't taste no good.
That's all they got - what a riot!

We'll bomb and bomb and bomb some more,
To solve the world's problems.
It's not the people who we abhor,
Just the Taliban and that bum, bin Laden.

God Bless America
And the college football season.
Trout Mask Replica
For whatever reason!

The people wave their flags and cheer,
The shredding of all civil rights.
So what's to fear so near and dear?
Except the truth and what is right.

The skies are "free" over Afghanistan,
As if they actually had an air force!
Bushie nails state secrets in the can,
Making "free speech" an empty farce.

What's under your clothes, lady?
Must be some kinda pipe bomb!
Hurry up! Other people are waiting.
We can't let you blow us all to Kingdom Come!

We've other targets we long to hit,
Like Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines.
We're sure the good folks there won't give a shit,
'Cuz with our bombs, we'll also drop canteens.

God Bless America
And the college football season.
Trout Mask Replica
For whatever reason!

U.S. paused for
Muslim holy day

Murdered babies, bombed-out schools?

We don't even want to hear about it!

"Legitimate targets and collateral damage" - you fools!

Our war's "humanitarian." Don't you try and doubt it!

Lay-offs mount and the economy's in the tank.

Homeless shelters turn away whole families.

Social security money will prop up the banks.

So, don't go believe no goddam lies, please!

Just remember to love America, right or wrong.

My country 'tis of thee, of thee I sing.

Support the troops and just play along

Becuz the military offensive is now in full swing.

Don't even try and give us any of your fancy lip,

About history and consequences and opportunities missed

The truth is found in the bomb bays of our ships.

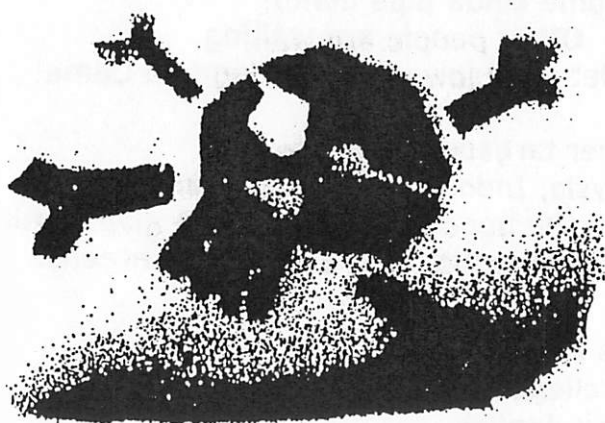
The future of our world has been goodbye kissed.

God Bless America

And the college football season.

Let's all just say "Duh?!"

'Cuz talking reason is now known as treason.



Pentagon planning for helicopter raids



Off The Hook

From Fort Sumter onward, Frederick Douglass campaigned ceaselessly for black recruitment. "The Negro is the key to the situation," he said, "the pivot upon which the whole rebellion turns. . . . This war, disguise it as they may, is virtually nothing more or less than perpetual slavery against universal freedom." When the all-black 54th Massachusetts charged into the guns at Fort Wagner, Douglass's two sons were among them—and survived.

MISSOURI

Prison Labor Union



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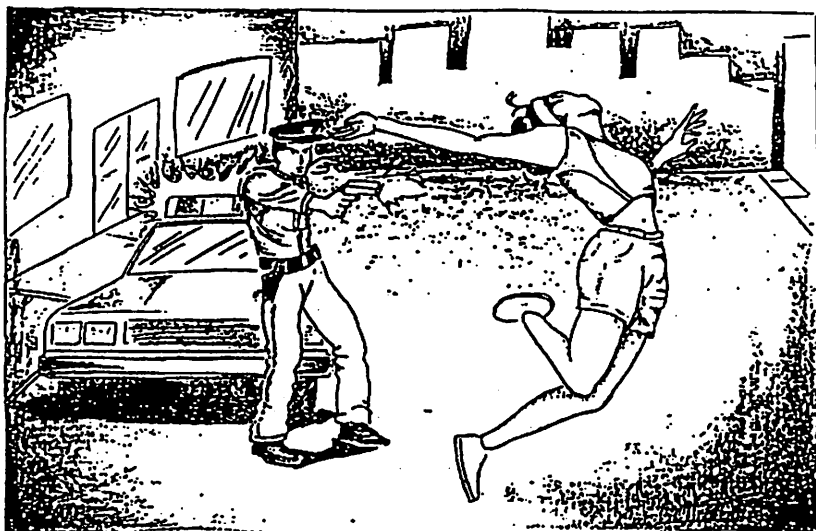
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YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT...FOREVER



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Comments & Questions
Welcomed

INSTITUTE FOR ANARCHIST STUDIES

WRITING CONTEST

The Institute for Anarchist Studies is offering a \$1,000 award for an essay that advances anarchist perspectives on the "new social movements" represented by recent international protests challenging globalization. Essays should address this movement in a fashion that links theory to practice in order to contribute to the emergence of new anarchist praxis.

Submissions should be between 3,000 and 10,000 words. Written work already funded by the IAS will not be considered. Excerpts from the winning essay will be published in the IAS newsletter. The deadline for the IAS writing contest is December 15, 2001.

Institute for Anarchist Studies, P.O. Box 1664, Peter Stuyvesant Station,
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I consider myself a serious anarchist. I live and breathe anarchy everyday and use the nights to rest and develop insights. But, I'm also Joe Normal.

I'm 47 years old, I've had the same boring wage job for 26 years, I've been married for fifteen years (the second marriage for both of us,) we have two sons aged seven and thirteen and they both go to the local public school. We live frugally and generally as "normally" as any of our neighbors. We live in a two bedroom house and each have an older compact car. But, I'm as wildly anarchist as anybody.

Now, how and why is that and how can we energize the everyday Joe Blows and Jane Does into liberating anarchist ways of thinking ranging from their nuclear relationships to being able to lucidly analyze and act upon global phenomenon - and everything in between?

For, to have any real chance against this hell-bent monstrosity of U.S. dominated global capitalism, we need the vast majority of the world's population to be undebilitated by the relentless daily brainwash of the oppressive institutions and the mainstream media. People need to be de-programmed with anarchy.

Folks must traverse the fear line and be unafraid of capital's brutality, as the Spanish people showed was possible in the mid-thirties. We must attain genuine anarchist purposefulness. Let's recall that Spanish anarchy took decades of struggle and painstaking education to blossom into the magic of 1936. We have to somehow fast track this process on a global scale.

It's an insanely monumental task, like counting, categorizing and tracing the history of every grain of sand. But, that's the way things are, so we've got to roll our sleeves up, set to work and deal with it. We have to get involved in *everything* - within our own selves and everywhere around us!

Just because people profess to be anarchists doesn't make them any better a person than anybody else. It's a life-long process of self-betterment, developing tolerance, patience, compassion and overcoming societally instilled self-hatred, greed, bullying tactics, the alienating, demented quest for things, etc.

We must learn how to love and how to be loved. For, without love and a strong sense of self-worth, we're but shells of our potential selves. We have to live our lives in real time in full, often painful detail, questioning, analyzing and adapting every step of the way and not just try to sloganeer our way through it.

The mainstream can teach us a lot. We know society compartmentalizes and atomizes people. We can't box ourselves into only anarchist publications, groupings, projects, etc. Others will teach us a lot and often agree with a lot of our anarchist analysis - if we demonstrate a commitment to struggle and an open willingness to hear them out, really listen and incorporate the good ideas taught to us, into our ways of thinking.

I'm not saying we shouldn't scream and yell, rant and rave, go off, riot, assault oppressors or anything else. Sometimes, we must take the offensive as we're defending ourselves and our Earth. These globalization actions and the obvious courage and commitment of the anarchists to confront globalization's Darth Vader thugs, has made anarchy a real factor in social struggle - more so than anything else in decades. People respect and admire these anarchists and yearn to learn more.

Even the mainstream press has begun to print pieces on anarchy that aren't 100% lies. They aren't completely disinformational and dismissive like they were just a few months ago. We must step up our propaganda through cyberspace before it is shutdown and by printed means, which will never go out of fashion. We must also use the mainstream media to talk to and educate people, who will read between the lying lines of the daily rags and pick up on our message.

But, we should also be capable of the tenderest sentiments and be willing to expose ourselves to our most feared vulnerabilities. We'll need a full range of emotions in our personal arsenal during our anarchist lives, which we'll have to continuously recalibrate to fit all the unexpected changes we'll go through - like keeping your guitar in tune to play its best.

We must think, think, think, think think! Each and every one of us will have to learn how to think because the cold, cruel world of capital will be remorseless as it tries to rip the wonder from our souls, as we get big. We can't allow our minds to be stultified by limitations and lies or be pigeonholed into our rigid "anarchy." We can't try to suppress any ideas, even the most venal. Anarchy is capable of out-arguing all other belief systems, and that is part of the struggle - tearing their fascist arguments to shreds using the explosive insight of serious anarchist analysis.

I grew up in a bourgeois, liberal, very political environment. But, I never aspired to be the lawyer, doctor or professor that my siblings became. I never wanted to "be" anything - except a "Free Thinker." I dropped out of college (as a freshman) and hitch-hiked around the country for a couple years (1972 - 1974.) I went through hell sometimes, and little pieces of heaven, for I was determined to divorce myself from a life as a member of the bourgeoisie. I decided to become a narodnik - an "intentional peasant." I'd become a "working class hero" as John Lennon suggested. I felt it was necessary to go through this real life de-programming process. That's how strong societal brainwash really is. It takes a lifetime to fight against it!

Years later, I went back to college, mainly to please my wife. I became the valedictorian there in 1995 and I used the opportunity presented to me - seven minutes for a speech to a rapt audience of 500 - to share some of my insights and also to make a stinging attack on the government and by extension, the school authorities over

a burning local issue. In this case it focused on the Peotone Airport. I launched a tirade advocating for social justice. It stunned the crowd. It was the only time all day a speaker was applauded *during* his or her speech!

My essay was called "Learn to Think." We must all learn to think and do in a sincere, bold, inspiring way that ordinary people respond to. The language of revolt has to be taken to the next level. I think the English language is excellent for conveying ideas in a passionate, articulate, plain spoken concentrated way that people can be enthralled by and helped activated because of. And you never even have to utter the word "Anarchy" at all! It's the most villified word there is. You just have to speak the simple truth - with passion, conviction, anarchist clarity and feeling!

I guess my point is that we should go and forge ahead with our anarchist projects and be involved with other projects and infuse them with anarchy, with or without any kind of funding or collaboration. Everything starts up small and builds up. Don't let inertia, indecision, procedural obstacles, fear of the unknown or whatever, keep you from moving ahead. The hardest part is getting off the dime. How else do we learn how to become effective? We must be assured and not rest! Just plain GO!

STAND (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) was just a feeling between myself and another disgruntled buddy of mine, whom I worked with, collecting tolls. He and his wife and kids moved out my way and found out that the state of Illinois and a bunch of political and business interests were bent on building a mega-airport (3 times the size of O'Hare!) in this pristine farm country. We helped organize a demo to crash a meeting of a bunch of wonks huddling to divide up the spoils at a local Holiday Inn in February of 1998. We didn't know anything about starting a grassroots group. We just knew we had to. Three and a half years later, we have a well known articulate group with a history of challenging these pro-airport forces every step of the way.

We have a membership/mailling list of 2,400 17
households, produce a full blown newspaper called *Rural
Life Standard* which we print 10,000 copies of every few
months and we have the respect of citizens far and near.
We've elbowed our way into becoming a real force in this
huge, now national debate. The media - and our
enemies - know all about us.

But we haven't compromised our beliefs and aren't
 beholden to anybody but the interests of the people,
plants, animals, land, air and water out here. We answer
to our conscience. We've staged rallies, parties, forums,
actions, parades, countless meetings and turned them
into a sort of celebration of what we are - hard-working
country folks who won't let the almighty dollar and the
forces of greed bully us out of our communities. Again, it
started as just a desire to fight!

Did I plunk down thousands of dollars of my own
money and countless hours of my time to do all this?
Yeah! So what? It's for the cause! And, even though
this is a grassroots citizen's project, I feel it is anarchist
infused because I am an anarchist and I do a lot of the
argument crafting, organizing, writing and speaking. I
edit our paper, am secretary for the group, etc.

Now, what does this have to do with anarchy and
globalization? Well, although I don't yell from the highest
rooftops that I'm an anarchist to these people, I don't try
to hide it, either. Many of these regular people know I'm
an anarchist, but they certainly don't think any less of me
for it. They've rather seen me in action as a serious,
committed altruistically motivated and driven organizer
and some of them have developed a new-found respect
for anarchy, as embodied by me.

I tell them Henry David Thoreau was an anarchist
who also loved freedom and fought for the environment
against the thieves and criminals of his day. They see
the commitment and the quality of my work and slowly
start the process of questioning the lies they've been fed
about what anarchy is really about and who their real
enemies are. They're also listening to the plain spoken

truth I provide them about the government and the corporations. They know I'll never back down from them. They know they can call me up and talk to me about anything at any time and I'll have some information for them or will get it to them soon. 18

Plus, when I table for *STAND*, I also always have more seriously intentful anarchist publications available for folks who are interested - and vice versa. Actually, I run a floating Infoshop and have anarchist propaganda with me at all times, at home, work or in my car and pass it out freely wherever I go. I always try to push the environmental activism of *STAND* towards anarchist analysis and thinking and introduce other issues that non anarchists who fight the airport would not be able to properly articulate, such as how racism, corporate greed, the incarceration frenzy, governmental coercion, the role children can play, etc. I try to articulate it in a familiar to the area, easy to understand, adamant, well written way in everyday language people can identify with. I use sarcasm, humor, outrage - whatever!

Plus, I also write *literary* pieces, which is sort of a form of fictional agitation, which hits another chord in the hearts of my neighbors and friends. I think high quality writing improves whatever you are saying, even if it is just a recitation of facts or events. Use words like musical notes and play the hell out of them! People need to hear and read passion and eloquence and courageousness in the face of the money and bulldozers and shallow uncreative arguments of our enemies. I feel I am ready, willing and able to do this connecting effectively to my community type of work, *because* of my deeply held agreement with anarchist principles. It fuels my determination and improves the clarity of my analysis.

People respond to what I say because I speak strongly in plain english and don't get caught up in dogma or pat anarchist phrasing. I use the slang and expressions used by normal working people, which I'm

one of. My advocacy is driven by my adamant, anarchist understanding. If you look at the active and focused grassroots groups, it seems like almost invariably that one or more dedicated dead-serious anarchists have their nose to the grindstone doing all the meticulous, necessary things to build the thing up, such as argument crafting, organizing and increasing the membership - and doing it with joy in their hearts!

I think it is very important to speak from *amidst* people and not talk down to them or bark slogans at them. Often, the best thing to do is get people to speak to the group as they have a personal stake, have gone out of their way to be at this meeting and speak knowledgably about the specifics involved. I also make a point to encourage people to write down their thoughts and ideas and print them up in our newspaper.

I'd rather hear from a citizen who is joining a demonstration or whatever, for maybe the first time who chides me not to be "too radical" with the protest signs, than to hear from some anarchist who isn't close to the situation, doesn't ask pertinent questions, but derides the group's efforts as "not anarchist enough." We have to relate to people on their own level and inspire in them the *desire* to think with the infusion of empowering anarchist principles by our impressive demonstration of using them creatively in action and not by scolding, admonishing, lecturing or criticizing them for not doing things the way we say they should be done.

Frankly, I find many anarchist publications to be stale and dull and the subjects covered are boring - and I'm an anarchist! Just because it is anarchist and true doesn't automatically bequeath unto it acceptance and attention. People need to be thrilled and impressed by every aspect of the presentation. Anarchist insight is *exciting* and that has to be conveyed - all the time.

Another serious project of mine, which even takes up more time than *STAND* is my zine distro - South Chicago ABC Zine Distro. This is a seriously anarchist project, which allows me to fully explore my many interests and

write serious analysis, which I suppose, helps me "ride the brake" with *STAND* without undue frustration.

I live 45 miles south of the Chicago loop on the fringes of this three - even four state megalopolis, where the suburbs melt into the farming communities. There is no real anarchist presence down here, although I've run across a few anarchist individuals here and there. So, I don't have access to nearby anarchists to work collectively with, which I would dearly love to have available. So, I have to make due, as best I can. I go to the city for tablins, meetings, demos, actions, conferences, shows, to give talks, etc. as time permits, what with my work schedule, family and so on. I do work collaboratively with some anarchists and others on individual projects, such as October 22nd.

But, overwhelmingly I work alone, especially with this distro. It is a huge project, which provides approximately 250 pointedly political zines. I have taken the punk d.i.y. ethic and have run with it with unbridled enthusiasm! They are free to prisoners. It is broken down into four general categories 1)anarchism 2)feminism 3) anti-racism/abolitionism and 4) prisoner zines. I would say over 1/2 of them are prisoner zines. These prisoner zines afford me the most marvelous avenue to collaborate with some of the most brilliant writers and activists in the world, mostly anarchists and New Afrikans.

I look for powerfully written, educational, revolutionary and inspirational pieces that we can craft into effective zines. I write and edit many, many zines myself. I think it is of the utmost importance to work with these prisoners. The essence of global capital is slavery, which is what our two million brothers and sisters caged up in the American gulag system are - according to the U.S. Constitution. I feel it is ground zero in the worldwide struggle against capitalism, racism, sexism, homophobia, authority, greed, ecocide, violence, etc.

The most oppressed know the most, and can teach us the most as they have to deal with the agents of fascist 2) oppression on a daily basis. It is imperative that we work closely with these educators, who often risk severe punishments for their vital advocacy work. Many are also incredible writers, poets, artists and organizers. It's extremely important, rewarding, fascinating often frustrating work and it behooves serious anarchists to be involved and right in the thick of things. Organize ABC's.

For, during these globalization demos, what happens? The police assault the citizens and drag them off to prison, where their education about this evil vicious system becomes painfully personal. But most all of the arrested demonstrators are released after a few days or weeks, unlike the other prisoners who are there for years and decades.

The prison administrators go to great lengths to isolate, punish and stomp out political insight, either coming from without or being organized from within. We must endeavor to educate ourselves with the help of the most brilliant and courageous prisoners - and return the favor. We must help them to educate their brothers and sisters who are likewise locked inside of these cages of despair. We must turn the prisons into schools of anarchy.

Prisoners have been greatly encouraged by the massive globalization demos throughout the world - especially the successful shutting down of the WTO in Seattle in November of 1999. It lifted the spirits of the downtrodden throughout the world as few things have for many years. They've read with heightened interest any and all exploits of anarchists throughout the world. Lately it always seems that wherever there is unrest - justified unrest, the anarchists are either there or you wonder how they might have influenced the situation. Anarchy has been thrust into the front, as it always has been and always will be in, in the face of the most serious life-threatening crises. The black bloc anarchists have forged ahead with an articulated militancy and

backed it up with actions in the face of this gruesome slaughterer - this monstrosity that wants to militarize space... It strikes a chord. We must be bold and principled - not just in the face of gun-shooting automatons, but everywhere we are. We mustn't be foolish and compromise our positions, but we can be alert, love life, love each other, live a real life in real time and fight for what we know in our heart is right. Life. Freedom. Justice. Liberation! As anarchists, anything is possible!

That's what prisoners want, too! They're in maximum or "supermax" and we're in minimum. We all must do what we can, under the circumstances. White privilege plays a role, too. We must use it to our advantage. You can swim like fish with minimal adaptation. Use the machines of death - for life!* Make copies of anarchist propaganda and act as if it is the most, natural, routine thing there is - because it *should* be!

Prisoners are very keen on learning what anarchy is all about, even, possibly especially, New Afrikan prisoners. They know it takes solidarity to defeat this evil Krol. They *know*! The trick is to get info in without it being confiscated and help organize cells of resisters who want to learn and fight. Not easy. But they are eager to learn, thirst for anarchist analysis and support us, as best they can. This red, white and blue new world order has so many black men and women in chains and cages! Globalize that!

Prisoners know that their only hope lies in massive Assata Shakurs. Their freedom lies in the toppling of this American Auschwitz of a system. They cry out for serious revolt, as do we all! For a complicated myriad of reasons, this is not presently possible, as our enemies are armed to the gills and have been able to brainwash and cattle-ize humanity to a great extent. But, we can damn well try! We have to, to protect the children of the future. We cannot allow Mother Earth to be exterminated!

That's why Anarchists, such as myself, are so vitally important in all of this. We are the trumpeteers of the revolt and we are freeing the Auschwitz Orchestra of U.\$. prisoners to sing the truth from the highest cell block! We're vitally important links in the modern day underground railroad between those strictly penned up like doomed monkeys in the experimental labs and the larger herd of people, guarded and watched on the outside. We need them and they need us.

Another important aspect in this is the contacts that can be made and spread. Hand-written letters offer the most personal and powerful truths of all. The art of the well focused, concentrated hand-written letter is an extremely vital one. Not participating in it, is like forsaking a native tongue as it becomes extinct, like so many species, daily. You learn so much, like how to articulate your thoughts, how to edit, how to decipher difficult to read handwriting, how to communicate with only your eyes, a pen, your hand and your brain. It's an incredibly useful activity.

I would say that all the experiences I've had and all the books I've read were certainly important in my development, but none of it was so concentratedly insightful as the education I've been accorded from conscious prisoners, which were mostly provided by handwritten letters. And, the political artwork I've been privileged to receive from talented prisoners such as Todd (Hyung Rae) Tarsell, Ana Lucia Gelabert, Zolo Agona Azania and others, has been of stunningly high quality!

What does all this have to do with the struggle against globalization? Well... There are many levels of struggle. We need the Voltairine de Cleyre's of today, such as Sarah Eaton and we need the Durruti's and also the Augustin Souchy's. We need the Malcolm X's and George Jackson's, too! We must work more closely with our New Afrikan brothers and sisters!!

People must find their niche that best provides their contribution to the struggle and maximizes their

particular talents. It might be as a demo medic or a 24
barricade builder or as a street tactician. We'll all learn
to assume many roles as the situation requires. Maybe
our role is as a writer, or a speaker, or educator, or any
of many, many combinations. Some people can raise
money and others can cook tasty food or find useful
resources. Our souls and hearts need to be nurtured
too, whether it is a beautifully written piece of literature
or a stirringly played song. Maybe the personal courage
shown by demonstrators or locked down prisoners will
gladden our hearts and push us forward!

A lot of people are making a lot of sacrifices for the
cause. We can all work harder, support each other better
and be more solidarity-minded.

We have to help our brothers and sisters overcome
their fear and resignation. A better world *is* possible!
People, like all other animals, are basically good,
nurturing and environmentally sustainable when not
coerced into being forced to exist wholly in a greed-
based, abomination of a sick system and society. People
will naturally gravitate towards a harmonious society,
where mutual aid is the obvious, desired choice among
social relations.

A full life can be lived, here and now, even amidst
such a death-glorying, lie-based tyranny. As Kahlil
Gibran once wrote:

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

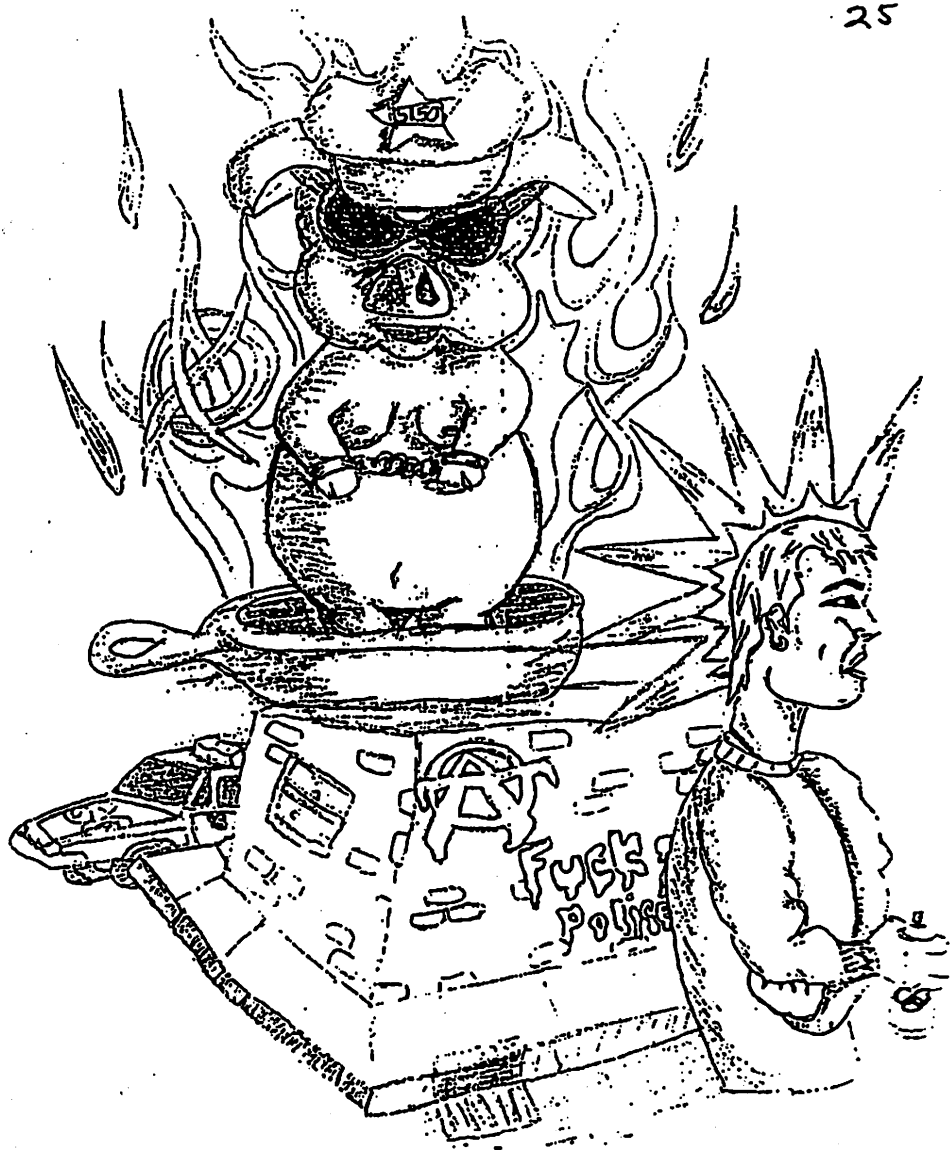
Anthony Rayson

Political Prisoners of War Coalition

South Chicago ABC Zine Distro

anthonyrayson@hotmail.com

P.O. Box 721, Homewood, IL 60430



AGAINST PRISONS

By Catherine Baker



ANARCHIST BLACK
CROSS INNSBRUCK

From, Bro. Maurice Bush-EI
Reg. No. 30961-120
P.O. Box 8500
Florence, Colorado 81226-8500

To, Bro. Anthony Rayson
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, Illinois 60430

Dear. Brother Anthony:

First of all, I do sincerely hope my letter will find you and your family in the very best of health. And secondly, I did receive all of the material you sent me concerning the "South Chicago ABC Zine Distro."

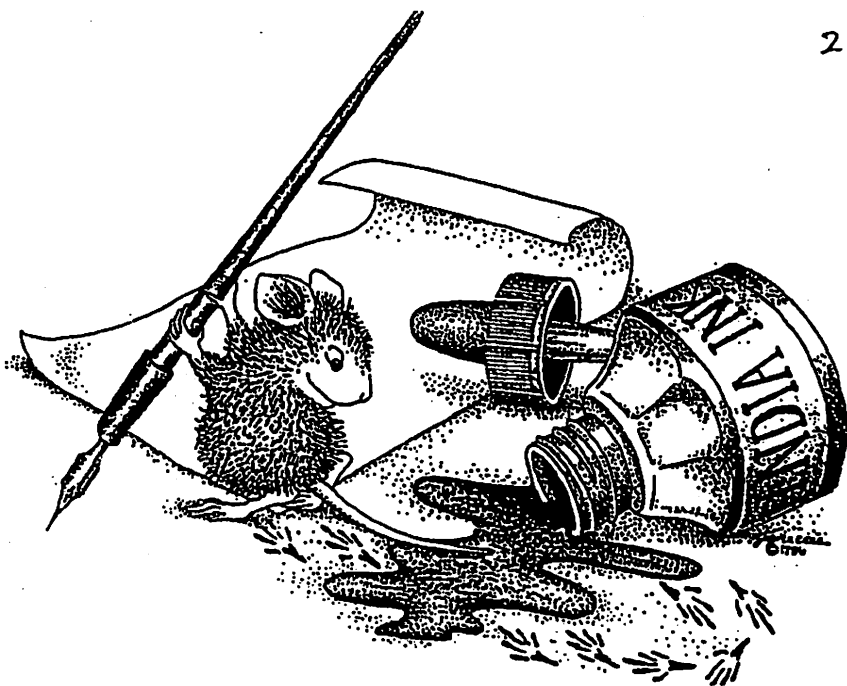
My Brother Anthony, I too believe in writing powerful literature. And, it's not easy under these conditions to maintain a very conscious self realization. But I am fortunate to keep my head up and stay motivated. I believe there isn't many people like us taking on the government, which are becoming a terrible people.

I was not satisfied with all the government corruption. And I've been in rebellion all my life. I also feel what I have to say is of extreme importance. So, I write poetry. I will enclose some of my poems to let you know what I am all about. Please feel free to write anytime and keep up the good work.

I placed my address in case anybody wants to write to me concerning my materials. I have so many more good poems which I have written and am trying to get published. Can you help me out with my materials? Please let me know when you have received this letter and poems.

Respectfully submitted.
Brother Maurice Bush-EI





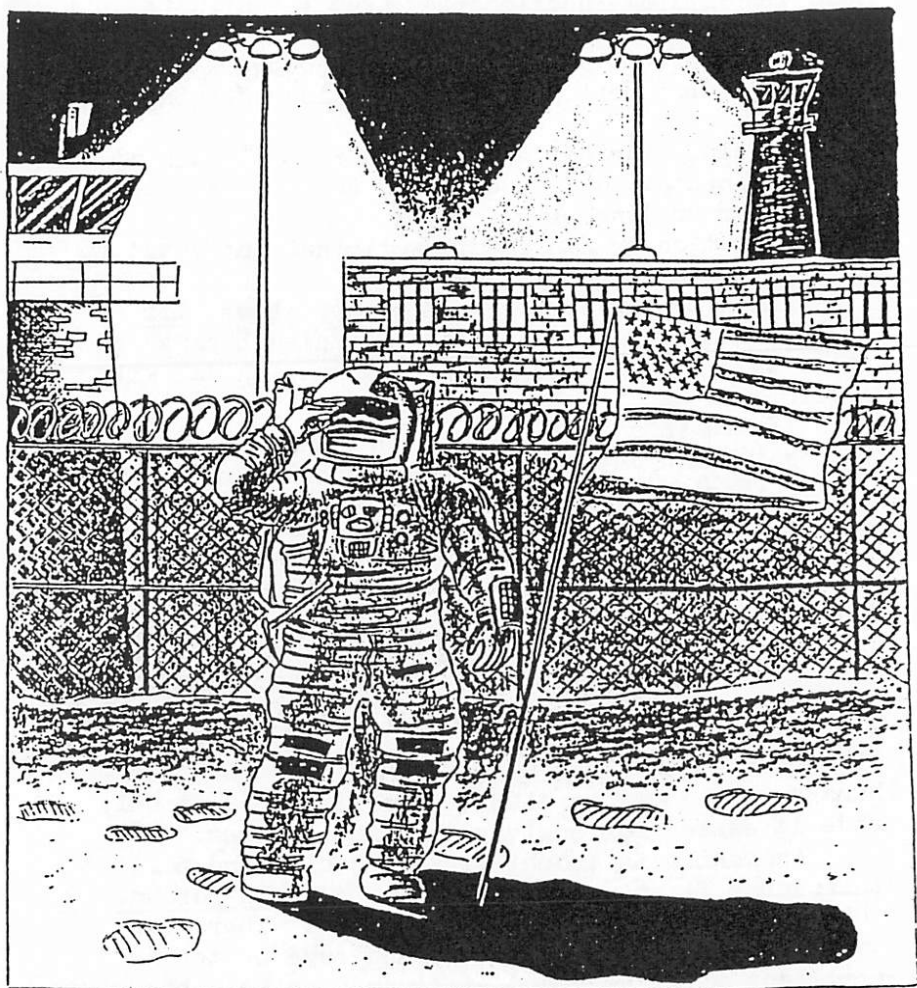
YOUNG PEOPLE FUTURE

Young people of the future, listen and take heed,
 Selling drugs and killing isn't what you need.
 You need a direction in which way to go,
 So why not start out by taking it slow.
 Taking that crack and making a sale
 Is gonna have you in SOMEONES JAIL.
 So why not stay in school and get a decent job,
 And stop hanging around with those fools who steal and rob.
 Being in jail is nothing but a waste of time,
 Most children say its just a school of crime.
 We all know the difference between right and wrong,
 Maybe we can be an actor or the singer of a song.
 Dreams sometimes they do come true,
 It all starts with you believing in you.
 Take that first step and get on the right track,
 And stop stealing and messing around with that crack.
 The reason I know so much about this stuff,
 Is because I ran the streets and thought I was tough.
 And now I'm serving time in a Federal Joint,
 So are you listening young people and getting the point?

It is Corruption in our world that destroys our lives,
It's hungry children and silent cries,
Fingers being pointed, but we all know who's to blame,
Many different people, but the story remains the same.
People bound and beaten, then thrown into cages,
We're all oppressed and so full of rage.
People dying on a daily basis, excuses that are lame,
But we all know American politics are the blame.
Homeless people flood the streets, but prisons remain jam-packed,
Spending millions on new jails, is why our education system lacks.
Our country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
How can this be, with two million people in cells next to me?
Land of the free, Home of the brave,
How about all this corruption and millions of slaves?
Destined to remain oppressed unless we become as one.
They say freedom is a constant struggle,
This is so sad but so very true!
Freedom is a must, we are fighting for our lives,
We are fighting for the people, please open your eyes.

The End...

It was the night before Christmas
When seven convicts decided to escape,
The whole state of Texas was in fear,
How could this happen all the people cry in tears?
The convicts knew the whole world was against them,
So this is why they armed themselves with weapons.
The Christmas evening TV shows were interrupted with the news,
How these seven convicts suckered the guards into some soul food.
Down town in Texas the gang needed more guns,
So they hit a sports store because they needed lots of funds.
Going back to prison was out of the question,
These convicts were heading for destruction.
Its been thirty days now since the gangs's been seen,
But the FBI was moving in on their needs.
They took a van and headed for Colorado's Pikes Peak
There they were seen at a restaurant getting a bite to eat.
The next day the FBI was moving in on there trail,
But one decided to kill himself, in fear of going back to jail.
Four decided to surrender to the FBI without a peep,
While two gave interviews and surrendered so the world would see.
So now the convicts are back behind bars once again,
But only this time they will all be executed at the end.



@Hyung Rae 2001



Dear Penological Functionaries (Functional Unit Manager &/or Designee) -

In pursuant to OAR 291 - 131 - 0050, I request an independent review of the rejection of this material.

To claim the letter "A" with a circle around it, is "detrimental to the security, safety, health, good order or discipline of the facility, inmate rehabilitation or facilitates criminal activity" is patently absurd on the face of it.

Taken to its logical extension, almost all publications would (or could) be denied because of this, as all email addresses also have an "a" with a circle around it.

I work in a toll booth. On weekends, the National Guard does training maneuvers nearby. One of these units, has this exact same symbol, a capital "A" with a circle around it sewn on their sleeve. So, to claim it as a "gang symbol" and as inherently "subversive" is ridiculous, although these guardsmen and women do use guns and tanks.

It is being so vilified because "anarchists" also use this symbol. This assumes that "anarchism" and "anarchists" are a violent gang of "criminals," etc. This is also patently ridiculous. Hitler also claimed that the Jews were "communists" and "sub-human" etc. But, it didn't make it true. It only made it easier for society to demonize them.

Anarchism is asophisticated social and political philosophy first articulated by the world renown thinker, Proudhon, in the mid 1800's. There are many, many schools of anarchy and some of the most brilliant minds have and still do consider themselves to be anarchists.

To lump all these schools of thinking as some sort of vaguely defined "criminal gang" is an abdication of critical thinking. Genuine criminal behavior is much more likely to be committed by someone who considers themselves a "democrat" or a "republican." Yet, you don't ban their symbols - the donkey and the elephant.

So, it seems like the suppression of this symbol is an attempt to suppress ideas and not actual "criminal behavior." It's also obvious that you don't even know what the "idea" involves that you are so adamantly censoring! Yet you bill yourself as a "correctional institution!"

Meanwhile, you allow television, which is a daylong screening of depictions of murder, theft - all types of criminal behavior - ad nauseum, as you drug many prisoners into a zombified state. It's beyond Orwellian. You guys are the criminals.

OREGON DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

Date: 8/18/00

MAIL VIOLATION NOTICE

Facility Address

Oregon State Penitentiary
2605 State St.
Salem, OR 97310

Staff: LA

Mail addressed to Inmate: THAXTON, ROBERT SID: 1212716 Unit/Block: E210
is in violation of the Department of Corrections (DOC) Rule governing Mail (Inmate). The material has been rejected and returned for the following reason(s):

YOU MAY NOT SEEK ADMINISTRATIVE REVIEW FOR THESE VIOLATIONS

- ☐ Outgoing envelope shall only contain inmate's committed name, SID number, return address, and the addressee's name and address, except for official or legal mail designations.
- ☐ Mail shall not contain correspondence from inmates other than from the inmate sender whose name appears on the front of the envelope.
- ☐ Inmates shall not request another inmate to forward correspondence beyond the immediate addressee.
- ☐ Inmates committed name and SID number must appear on the front of the envelope.
- ☐ Sender's complete name and return address must appear on the front of the envelope. (Exceptions for international mail)
- ☐ Incoming mail must be written with pen or pencil, or be typewritten or photocopied.
- ☐ New books, magazines, and newspapers must be received directly from the publisher.
- ☐ Packages and correspondence more than one-quarter inch thick require prior authorization from the Functional Unit Manager or designee.
- ☐ Unauthorized attachments or enclosures in or on packages:
- ☐ Other than the canceled postage stamp, address label, and return address stamp attached to the front of an envelope or package, no item shall be glued, taped or affixed to the envelope or package or its contents: _____
- ☐ Other than written correspondence, newspaper and magazine clippings, small pamphlets, photocopies, carbon copies, hand-made drawings, and photographs, no item shall be enclosed in the envelope (Not to exceed 10 pages or 10 items for each category): _____

YOU MAY SEEK ADMINISTRATIVE REVIEW FOR THESE VIOLATIONS

(Correspondence based on written or pictorial content)

- ☐ *1 Sexually explicit material is prohibited: _____
- ☒ *2 Material that threatens or is detrimental to the security, safety, health, good order or discipline of the facility, inmate rehabilitation or facilitates criminal activity is prohibited: "H" (A) SYMBOLS

YOU MAY NOT SEEK ADMINISTRATIVE REVIEW FOR THESE VIOLATIONS

- ☐ *3 Credit or deferred billing transactions are prohibited: _____
- ☐ *4 Unauthorized business transactions are prohibited: _____
- ☐ *5 Items prohibited from receipt by mail: _____
- ☐ *6 Outgoing mail has been restricted by the functional unit manager: _____
- ☐ *7 Material the Department deems to pose a threat or to be detrimental to legitimate penological objectives: _____

No money may be sent directly to an inmate. Pursuant to OAR 291-158-045, Trust Accounts, a cashier's check or money order, made payable to the Department of Corrections with the inmate's name and SID number on the face of the remittance, must be sent directly to DOC, Central Trust Accounting Unit, 2575 Center Street NE, Salem, OR 97310-0470.

HOW TO OBTAIN ADMINISTRATIVE REVIEW

Pursuant to OAR 291-131-0050, a sender who has received a Mail Violation Notice may obtain an independent review of the rejection of correspondence by writing to the Functional Unit Manager or designee at the above address, and requesting an administrative review. Administrative review shall be available to the Intended Inmate recipient only for rejection of correspondence based on its written or pictorial content. A request for an administrative review must be in writing and received within 15 days of the date of the notice, and should specify the reason(s) why the rejection should not be sustained. If the correspondence is returned with the Mail Violation Notice, the rejected correspondence must be submitted with the review request. If no review is requested, the sender may correct or remove the portion of mail that violates the DOC Rules and send the non-violating mail back to the inmate or proper monies to the DOC Central Trust Accounting Unit.

Sender: So. CHI ABC ZINE DISTR0

Address: PO BOX 721

*Items 1-7 see backside of form for details

HOMEBWOOD IT 60430

Distribution White-Sender / Yellow-Mail Room / Pink-Intended Inmate Recipient

CD 618a (12/98)

THE VIOLATION: DOMINO EFFECTS OF CHALLENGING AUTHORITY

By: Angus E. Crane

"THEY" will never let me out of here! Oh, I know. I can hear it already: "Who are THEY?" and "Where is HERE?" HERE? Well, I'll tell you. Here is behind bars. The slammer, the can, the pen, prison. You get the picture.

"THEY?" Now that answer requires a long-drawn-out explanation, but I'll keep it short for now. I don't know everyone who is "THEY." All I can tell you is that the "THEY" I know are the "THEY" who have put me HERE, and "THEY" will never free me.

These iron bars denying me freedom of movement were planted as a consequence – indirectly – of a criticism of Ms. Malan, my Freshman English teacher at a state college. While discussing Edgar Allan Poe, my favorite author, I pointed out that some of Poe's more, shall we say, bizarre writing collides with the normal mindset because it is a drug-induced distortion of reality. Miss Prim and Proper Malan, Miss Conventionality and Orthodoxy Malan went ballistic. Of she had a canned speech ready to spew out all over the class: "Poe was NOT a drug user! He suffered from a serious illness . . . medical science failed to diagnose him . . . falsely accused . . . no narcotics. Today . . . science . . . understands Poe's physical ailment . . . despicable people. . . decadent . . . hedonistic . . . suggest narcotics . . . deliver muse's inspiration. . ."

"Cut the Crap, Malan! That's an absolute lie. This is not Nazi Germany! Why suppress open discussion? Can't drugs be a possible influence on Poe's vision? Censorship smacks of the Third Reich and Goebbel's Ministry - - -."

"How dare you compare me to a Nazi . . ."

33

"Compare? No, I am not comparing. I am accusing you of being a Nazi! "

"Class dismissed!" Malan screamed. "Mr. Triska, you will stay here."

Mr. Triska? That's me. Nice how she pretended to have respect for me, don't you think?

"You have NO right to accuse me – even hint - that I am a liar in . . ."

"You're telling lies, Malan . . ."

"Mr. Triska, a basic respect for authority is lacking . . .

Malan feared my rebel words might detonate the domino effect. What's the domino effect? You see, a teeny weenie challenge to authority, even brusque rudeness counts, could propel THEM into chaos, like tipping that first domino over collapsing the orderly dominos into disorder. THEY dread all questions that deactivate their power's potency, so THEY squash every form of rebellion.

"Hey, Malan, if it were a crime to impersonate a teacher in this state, you'd been busted long ago. You don't teach, baby. You distort, propagandize, . . ."

"SHUT UP, Triska! Enough! . . . I don't want to see you again. GET OUT"

I laughed at her typical and predictable reaction. Any opposition to established order scares THEM so THEY silence conflict through exile. "GET OUT," she repeated. Instead of exiting, I scrutinized Malan so deeply that she felt exposed, naked. I violated Malan when I peeked into her inner being and discovered braces on her brain and a soul set in conformity's pandemonium.

OK! I hear you, and I say, "FUCK OFF, already!" You sanctimonious conformists whimpering about a teacher's right to respect bore me! A teacher gets my respect when she teaches with conviction of heart and soul, her instructions

enlighten or instruct, and she makes me think. Ignorance, incompetence or laziness in a teacher, like Malan, deserve my contempt.

34

After I'd split campus, I cruised on my Harley until a cop's siren, flashing lights, and loud backfires from a cycle arrested my attention. A cop's face, painted in that haughtiness reserved exclusively for those armed with deadly weapons, stared me down. Fear and loathing of authority lurched into high gear. and I asked, "What the fuck is this about?"

"You think you're pretty hot today, don't you?"

"Why'd yaw pull me over? I sure as hell don't know, so I hope you do."

"Shut up or I'll shove the wrong end of a night stick where sun don't shine."

Hey, all you police defenders crying about some thin blue line that maintains order, your apple polishing, backslapping for Cops only preserve abuse of discretion among law enforcement. You advise me to "swallow my pride, cooperate." You advocates of spineless conformity promise me that "Go with flow is easier." Look, rebelliousness runs deep through my veins; it's so deep as to qualify as a principle. I won't roll over for any questioning by the Gestapo, and, in defense of freedom, I fight abuse of power, not power, through defiance. Besides, noncompliance grates against the powers that be like fingernails scraping across a chalkboard, so I derive perverse pleasure from it, too. Watch and see!

"Hey, do you know why the Police are called Pigs?" I query with mock interest for conversation. "Have you ever read George Orwell's *Animal Farm*? He won a Nobel Prize, you know?"

"Shut the fuck up! Goddamn, you ARE a smart ass."

His "ARE" possessed hidden meaning. It marked me as a target, but why me? "He's Malan's lover," I finally envisioned the two lovers on campus. 38

"Smart? That no doubt, intimidates you. Why'd you pull me over?"

"Failure to show respect to an authority figure of this State."

"Fuck that! Sir. Galahad. . ."

He picked me off the ground by the lapels on my leather jacket, and, with one fluid motion, he lifted me off the Harley. Through gritted teeth, he hissed:

"Look, asshole, I've never liked your kind. Keep your trap shut."

With hand of practiced dexterity, he threaded his nightstick underneath the fastened strap of my helmet and pried the strap loose by lodging the tip of his club into my throat until the pressure slowly released the leather from its metal clasp. I froze. One funny move and this bastard would rob me of my last breath. The cop smirked as the strap eased into an unfastened position. Now my helmet loosened, he whacked the helmet tip with a ferocious wallop of such strength that the bright red helmet whirled off my skull, spun into orbit, tumbled into a burrow pit, and buried itself in tall prairie grass.

"Haven't you heard, we've got a helmet law in this state. Where's yours?"

"Gee, I don't know. Some prick of a cop just knocked it off my head."

"You know, boy, you need to learn some respect," he bellowed into my face.

"So I'll issue you a citation for . . . failing to wear . . . driving motorcycle . . ."

A book of blank tickets, pulled from some secret slit in his uniform, set him scribbling and cursing. He ordered me to sign the ticket. "Fuck that," voiced my refusal. THEY counteract insolence most effectively through group intimidation - a posse. Soon, four additional squad cars circled my cycle - now known as the

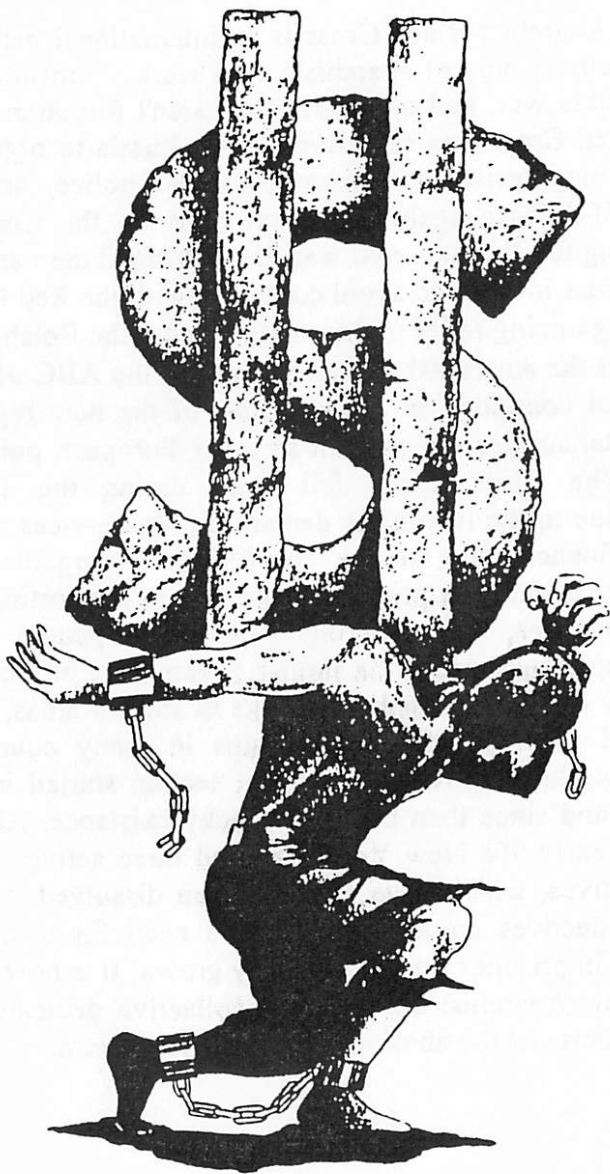
crime scene. If police honor any rules, top of that list must require brutalization of citizens to be carried out by multiple-cops. 36

No surprise, I landed in jail. I rotted in some municipal hellhole for more time than I care to remember before I finally appeared in before a judge. With an armed guard hovering near, though the constraints of handcuffs and shackles made bullying movements next to impossible, I eagerly divulged every horrible detail of my nightmare. Broken bones, visible facial lacerations, bruises covering the entire body surface, or other bodily exhibits of police brutality evoked the court's curiosity or concern, nor did it prompt an inquiry into possible police impropriety.

The court atmosphere felt like proceedings in that French novel, *The Stranger*, I think, by Camus, where a murder trial never gets down to the defendant's guilt, but the court's concentration rivets on the accussed's rather cavalier attitude about his mother's death and all the rigmarole that followed. That poor French sucker ends up convicted, despite his innocence, because the jury despised his lack of reverence for motherhood. In my case, the court failed to address the helmet law, but totally fixated on my "misbehavior or uncontrollability" recommending incarceration, ignoring the basic facts that my conduct cannot be considered criminal, or, indeed, criminal like.

I've been in the can for over six years now. FUCK!. Talk about the domino effect! When options for parole arise, THEY never accuse me of criminal conduct, but rather depict me as a threat to the ESTABLISHMENT. Breach of protocol, lighthearted ridicule of some silly ass rule, or challenge a person of authority, like a red herring, diverts the parole board's focus. They conclude that my viewpoint on authority remains disloyal and treacherous. In reality, I don't break the damn

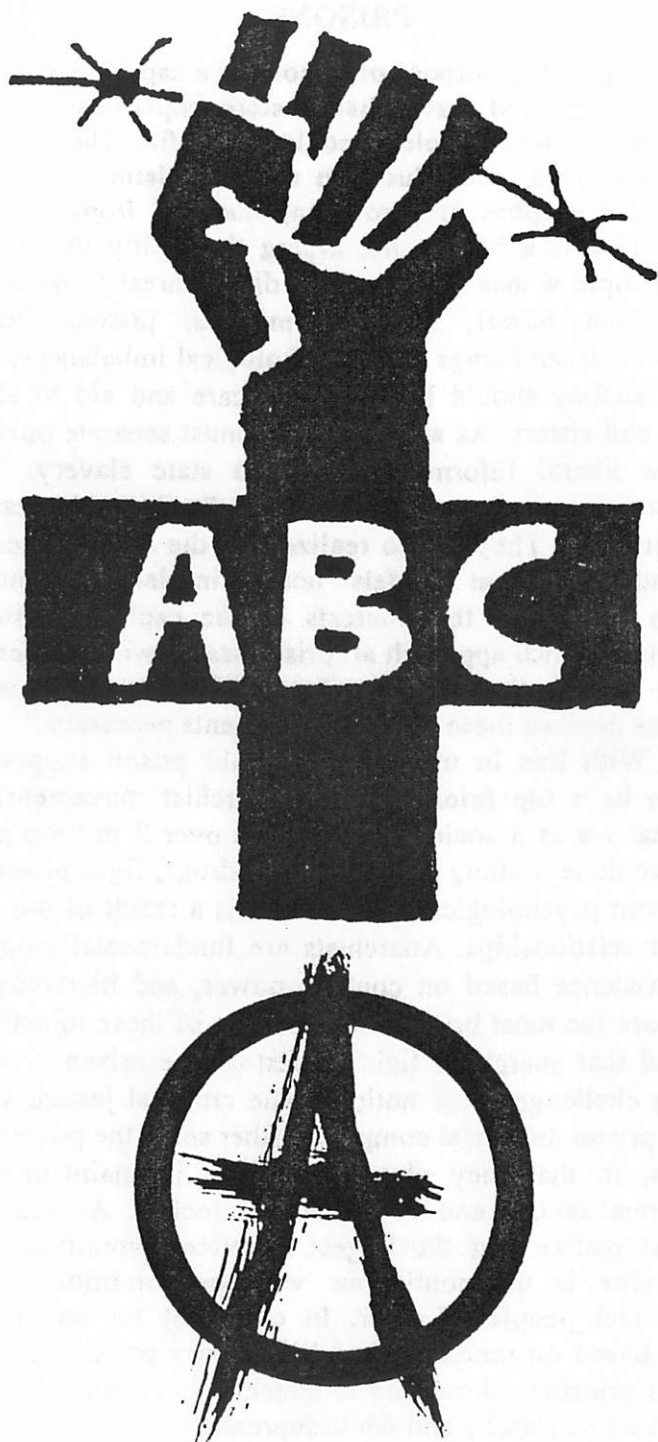
rules, but I'm pathologically incapable of silencing objections against THEIR
tyranny, no matter how petty, so my "objectionable conduct" chains me to these ³⁷
bars. Since I won't impose "self-censorship" to permit tyranny to flourish
unopposed, I accept that "THEY" will never let me out of here. I will never find
an asylum or sanctuary as long as THEY rule.



A Call To Action: New York City Anarchist Black Cross

ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS HISTORY

The Anarchist Black Cross is an international network of autonomous groups of anarchists who work to ensure that Anarchist, class war, and other prisoners aren't forgotten. The Anarchist Red Cross was started in Tsarist Russia to organize aid for political prisoners captured by the police, and to organize self-defense against political raids by the Cossack Army. During the Russian civil war, they changed the name to the Black Cross in order to avoid confusion with the Red Cross who were organizing relief in the country. After the Bolsheviks seized power the Anarchist movement moved the ABC offices to Berlin and continued to aid prisoners of the new regime, victims of Italian fascism, as well as other European political prisoners. The Black Cross fell apart during the 1930s depression due to the incredible demand for its services and a decline in financial aid. In the late 1960s the organization resurfaced in Britain. Its primary focus was in supporting the Spanish resistance, and offering support to people who remained imprisoned under the fascist government of General Franco. Now it has expanded and works in several areas, with contacts and other Black Cross groups in many countries around the world. The North American section started in the early 1980s and since then has had a rocky existence. At one point in the early 90s New York City had three active Black Cross collectives, which have all since then dissolved. While the three collectives no longer exist, the need for anarchist participation in prisoner support has only grown. It is now time to start a new Anarchist Black Cross collective dedicated to prisoner support and the abolition of the prison system.



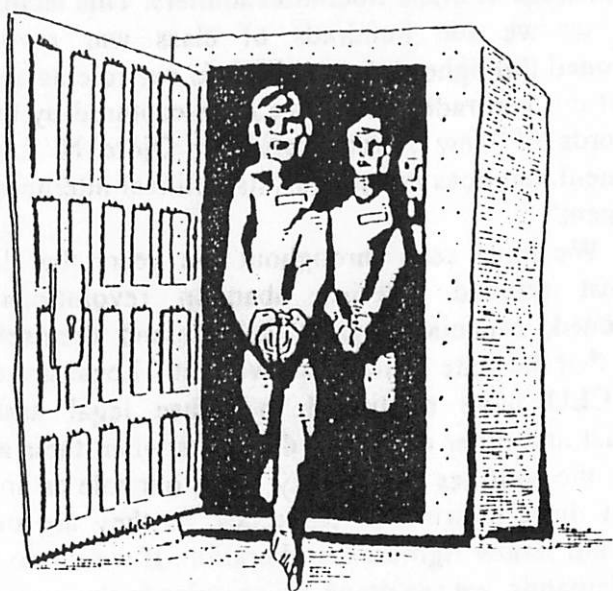
WHY ANARCHISTS SHOULD GIVE A FUCK ABOUT PRISONS

40

The primary purpose of prisons in a capitalist society is to maintain the rigid castes that western imperialist countries depend on in order to exploit people for profits. The corporate media, politicians, and education systems claim that prisons exist for the purpose of "protecting society" from "criminal threats." This is a blatant lie, hiding the reality that prisons enslave people whose actions are a direct threat to notions of property and power. Aside from this, prisons brutally warehouse human beings with psychological imbalances, when we as a society should be providing care and aid to all our brothers and sisters. As anarchists, we must separate ourselves from the liberal reformist answer to state slavery. These reformist groups at best call for "humane" prisons dedicated to "rehabilitation." They fail to realize that the entire concept of crime and punishment is a false notion, in place only out of a necessity to protect the interests of the capitalist elite. As anarchists we must approach all prison issues with the desire in mind to abolish the prison system, and destroy the society which has deemed these slave encampments necessary.

With this in mind, why should prison support and abolition be a top priority of the anarchist movement? The belief that we as a society can enslave over 2 million people who have done nothing more than use drugs, fight poverty, or suffer from psychological imbalances, is a result of our entire basis for relationships. Anarchists are fundamentally opposed to an existence based on control, power, and hierarchy, and prisons are the most brutal manifestation of these injustices. It is crucial that anarchists fight to destroy the prison system in order to challenge these notions. The criminal justice system and the prison industrial complex further serve the power elites' interests, in that they play a key role in maintaining the institutional racism and sexism in our society. As anarchists, we must realize that the largest injustice committed by the power elite is the continuous violence committed against women and people of color. In our fight for an anarchist society based on mutual aid and liberatory principles, one of our first priorities should be to attack the elements of society that uphold patriarchy and white supremacy.

The prison system is the most vicious tool used by the state in the violent repression of women and people of color. Continuing the practices of ante-bellum America, the prison system places people of color in cages for the purpose of profits, and as an answer to actions of resistance in the ghettos of America. Like the plantations before them, women's prisons depend on an atmosphere of misogynist relationships and sexual violence, as a means of maintaining the hierarchy necessary for institutionalizing poor women and women of color. Prison guards, the captors, use violence, sexual assault, and threats of further incarceration in order to maintain control over their captives. The sexual violence and brutality found in all prisons is combined with existing institutional racism and sexism, making collective organizing and resistance in prisons nearly impossible and extremely dangerous. In the spirit of John Brown and Nat Turner, we must stand in solidarity with all our brothers and sisters held captive by the state, aiding their struggles for liberation, and demanding with no compromise that an end be put to the enslavement of our fellow human beings.

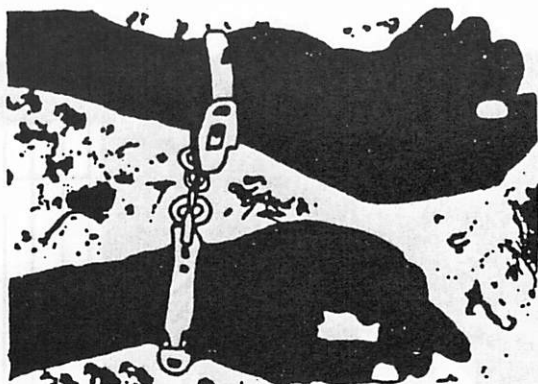


NY ABC Box 20449 Tompkins Sq. Station NY NY 10009
347 - 742 - 5403



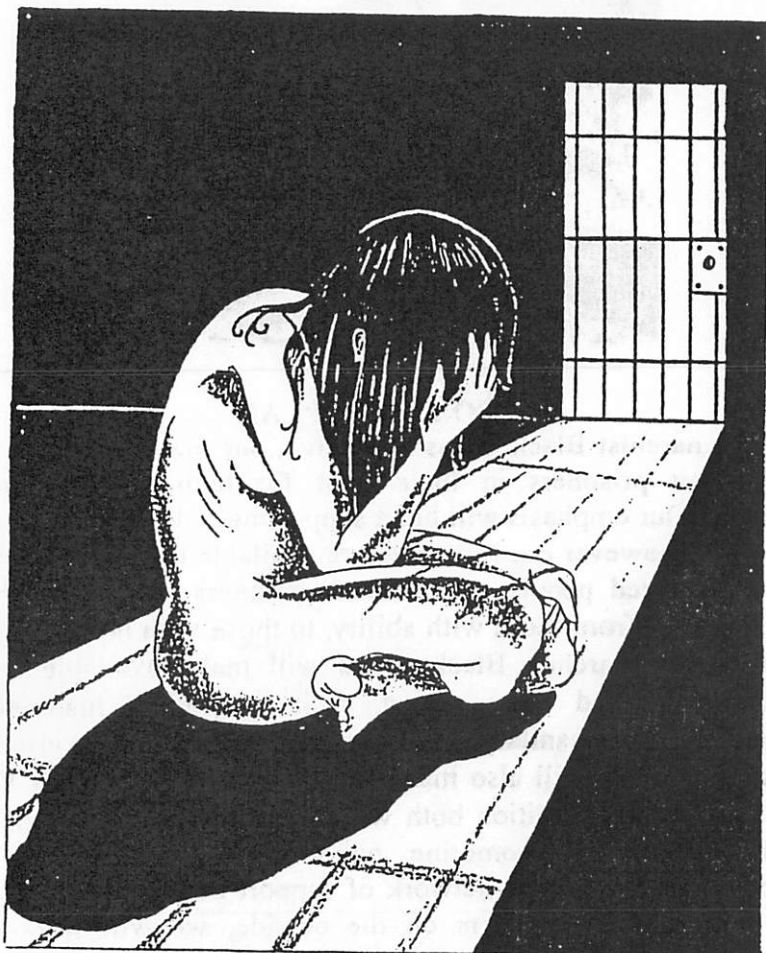
All prisoners are class war prisoners, in that they are casualties of the classist police state we live in. However, it is important that anarchists build a network of support for comrades who the state has actively attacked, and imprisoned because of political activity. Since the formation of the state, governments have used police repression and assassinations as a means for silencing dissent. The first formal police departments were established in order to enforce fugitive slave laws, and since then we have seen such horrid incidents as the Palmer raids, cointelpro, the Haymarket martyrs, and the assassinations of black liberation soldiers. This tactic continues today, as we see hundreds of class war revolutionaries imprisoned throughout the world. It is our role as anarchists to support our comrades who have been captured by the state. In the words of New Afrikan prisoner Ojore N. Lutalo, "any movement that does not support its political internees is a sham movement".

We have seen throughout the years that liberal and reformist minded activists abandon revolutionaries once imprisoned, especially when they defend themselves using tactics that the state declares as "violent". Legal groups such as the ACLU have continued to refuse legal assistance to anarchist and other class war detainees when their actions fall outside the confines of "legality". It is our role as anarchists to support these imprisoned comrades, as they are our friends, allies, and fellow fighters for liberation. If we do not live up to these demands, we are doing a disservice to the movement, and failing to achieve the mutual aid of which revolutionary anarchism is supposedly based.



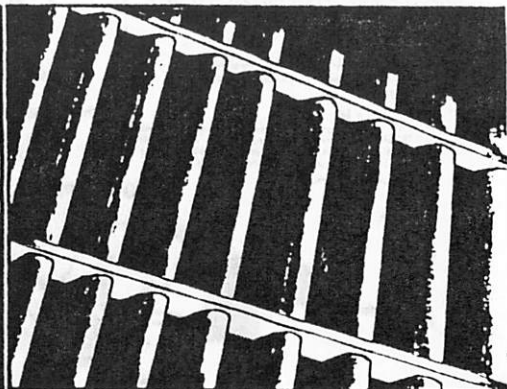
PURPOSE AND PLAN

As an Anarchist Black Cross collective, our main objective is to support prisoners in their fight for human rights and freedom. Our emphasis will be in supporting political class war prisoners, however our resources are available to any prisoner, as all enslaved people are political prisoners. Acting on the principle of "from those with ability, to those with need," New York City Anarchist Black Cross will make available any resources needed by prisoners, such as reading materials, public support, sanitary napkins, toiletries, companionship, money, etc. We will also make it our objective to further the cause of prison abolition both within the anarchist movement and beyond. By promoting public education, and more importantly fostering a network of support between people on the inside and supporters on the outside, we will work to achieve the immediate goal of freeing captured allies, and the eventual goal of prison abolition. Other support crucial to prisoners is the securing of jobs and places to stay, hastening the process of parole and making the transition from prison life easier. Along with prisoner support and public education, New York City Anarchist Black Cross sees it necessary that direct action tactics be used as a means of attacking the growing prison industry, both public and private. While making life miserable for politicians and corporations who profit off the prison industrial complex, we also feel that it is crucial to fight the prison system pro-actively by sponsoring legal workshops and self-defense trainings so that the cops have a harder time locking us in cages.



TORMENTED

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Todd (Hyung Rae) Tarselli
BY-8025
175 Progress Drive
Waynesburg, Pa 15370-8089



IN JUST US

*Byung-Rae Lee
World (Byung-Rae) Taisell*

PPWC Midwest Coordinator
c/o Anthony Rayson
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, IL 60430

Dear Mr. Rayson, Brother in Struggle:

I am writing you as I have just finished "Thought Bombs #11" that you sent me. Many people wrote a part of my life into their articles.

Would you please send me one of the complete listings of publications? Of course, as a POW myself, I am primarily interested in your "prisoner zines." It somehow helps to see my own story placed in print. Now I know I am not delusional (nor a liar) as DOC will try to make it all out to be. Thirty years later, the KKK is ever-present in prison scenarios still chasing Black women and sexually assaulting us - even though they say they "HATE" us! Ain't nothing changed since the days of slavery. They try to rob us of our dignity, our self-esteem and any hope. However, it is prophesized that a "scorned woman" is nothing to contend with. And presently, I am that woman.

I am looking for more enlightenment, shared struggles, encouragement and hope. Got any in those zines?

Another POW in the struggle
Linda Caldwell #B07089
P.O. Box 5001
Dwight, Illinois 60420-5001

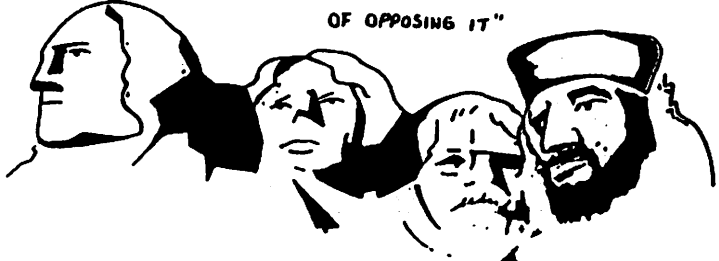
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Letters

"THE ONLY limit TO THE OPPRESSION OF
GOVERNMENT IS THE POWER WITH WHICH
THE PEOPLE SHOW THEMSELVES CAPABLE
OF OPPOSING IT"



46



BRO: RAYSON, Tony

Anthony,

I received "War is Just a Racket" and "Sanity Has Left the Building." They are good reading.

I don't know if I ever told you, but after my Mom and Dad died, more like murdered and suicided, and I ran away from the foster home, I became very violent. A way to cope with all that was happening, I guess.

Well, I've done some bad things. To those who didn't understand to leave me alone, and to innocent people. I held everybody in contempt. All I needed was a reason.

Around X-Mas '98, I received a revelation. I concluded that no one's to blame but me and even though I've had a crappy life, I know better and should act like I had a clue. For awhile I had to fake it and I'm proud to say that my cluelessness was well hidden.

It's said that if you do something over and over again it becomes a second nature. Little by little this became fact. Last year around July 2000, I woke up and am now on a path of peace, love and grooviness.

I don't eat meat, I'm non-violent (as much as possible, and only if it's a last resort,) anti-war, pro-life and 100% Earth and 100% altruism.

My life now has meaning. When I look back I see a stranger who was scared and lost in a windstorm that wanted to get out of the cold rain. It's like I didn't exist before X-Mas of '98.

I'm one credit away from getting my Master's in Religion. As soon as I get the last amount of money to pay, I'll do the last class and Wa-la. ٠



DEDICATED TO THE SWEET
 LIKE THE REVOLUTION!!!

I just finished my schooling for my "honorary Doctrine of Divinity" and if I get at least 75% on the over allgpa, which will be a 3.0 or a (Ct average?)... I'll get it. I think I passed.

I just started my Theology classes with the Theosophical Press University in Pasadena, CA.

I'm going to go for my Ph.D in Religion, my Wiccan schooling, and on and on it goes.

It's like the world has stood still for me and it's patiently waiting for my enlightenment. My path seems clear to me now. There are a few foggy places, like 48 friends that might be left behind, taking an active role in this or that, just the little things that can be decided upon when I get to it.

Oh, you're famous! 😊 The CUS (The Unit Supervisor) asked me how long I've known you. I said "for a while" and then she asked how good did I know you. I said not too good as an "individual person" but I watch your sermons on the weekends and think of you as a "religious guru who'll change the world!" 😊 She looked at me funny and walked off. I sent her a "kite" (a slip of paper we use to contact D.O.C. officials with) only saying "We Love Forests!" 😊

Later, I asked her why she asked and she said some guy wrote in his blood "Anthony Rayson ABC" on the wall and one of the c/o's saw that I had gotten mail from you. But not to worry because she understands now after I told her you were a preacher, because the dude who wrote that on the wall was always talking about Jesus.

So, Rev. Rayson, I'll spread your holy word and keep on watching your tv show! 😊

On the news today, they said the evidence against bin Laden is clear and solid. We need to do something, but to what extent?

I'm sad at the horrible things that happen in the world and I'm sad with the thought that I contributed to it (and still do) even if it's only looking the other way and not saying what needs to be said.

Well, I sign off with love in my heart and prayers for better days.

Blessed be,

Mikel

P.S. The Amish may be a little behind on technology, but they don't need a T.V. because the Revolution won't be televised!

We attacked Afghanistan today 

Dear Mikel - Greetings! I received your letter, post-marked Oct. 9. Thankyou.

Sorry to hear of the sad fate of your parents. I appreciate you feeling comfortable enough with me to talk of these painful experiences. Your reaction could hardly have been much different. Unnecessary tragedy causes more problems. It never "solves" anything, which is why this latest U.S. hyper war is so tragic. A lot of innocent people are going to lose their lives all over the world and the two principles - the U.S. & the CIA-created Taliban government are both wrong, as all governments invariably are when they embark on their wars.

I'm glad to see that you've found a way out of the "no exit" life you'd been leading. Personally, I do not ascribe to any religion, per se. I do believe in spirituality & that it emanates from each & every one of us. Although I don't feel the need for a "religion," I do respect them all & those who sincerely try to practice them.

My focus is on history, politics, etc. - what is going on in the here and now, on this here Earth. There is so much cruelty, greed, ignorance - evil - in this world, but it is all caused by human beings, regardless of the motivations & justifications they have built for themselves. People have free will. If they claim their actions are the results of "God's Will" whether it be to live an altruistic life helping others or as a murderous "crusade" or "jihad" doesn't make it true. It is the determination of that person - the product of human reasoning. So, I focus on what people say, think and do & the effects it has, not on some otherworldly influence, which none of us could possibly have a real handle on. We may "only" be humans, but we are not dogs or other animals or life forms & as humans, we have tremendous capabilities which only a few even scratch the surface of.

I encourage you to explore your potential. The past is the past & we can't alter it. We've all made mistakes. But, we can determine the present and point ourselves to an increasingly productive & meaningful future.

You express yourself well & you have a compelling story to tell. I'd love to see you develop into a serious writer. You've got a lot of insight, common sense & a hard-won purposefulness that, if shared with others, can offer encouragement, strength, inspiration and even enlightenment! ☺

Take care, my friend.

Anthony 10 - 13 - 01

'War is Just a Racket'

50

[Excerpt from a speech delivered in 1933 by General Smedley Butler, USMC. General Butler was one of the few Americans to be twice awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.]

War is just a racket. A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of people. Only a small inside group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few at the expense of the masses.

I believe in adequate defense at the coastline and nothing else. If a nation comes over here to fight, then we'll fight. The trouble with America is that when the dollar only earns 6 percent over here, then it gets restless and goes overseas to get 100 percent. Then the flag follows the dollar and the soldiers follow the flag.

I wouldn't go to war again as I have done to protect some lousy investment of the bankers. There are only two things we should fight for. One is the defense of our homes and the other is the Bill of Rights. War for any other reason is simply a racket.

There isn't a tick in the racketeering bag that the military gang is blind to. It has its "finger men" to point out enemies, its "muscle men" to destroy enemies, its "brain men" to plan war preparations, and a "Big Boss" Super-Nationalistic-Capitalism.

It may seem odd for me, a military man to adopt such a comparison. Truthfulness compels me to. I spent thirty- three years and four months in active military service as a member of this country's most agile military force, the Marine Corps. I served in all commissioned ranks from Second Lieutenant to Major-General. And during that period, I spent most of my time being a high class muscle- man for Big Business, for Wall Street and for the Bankers. In short, I was a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism.

I suspected I was just part of a racket at the time. Now I am sure of it. Like all the members of the military profession, I never had a thought of my own until I left the service. My mental faculties remained in suspended animation while I obeyed the orders of higher-ups. This is typical with everyone in the military service.



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I helped make Mexico, especially Tampico, safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefits of Wall Street. The record of racketeering is long. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909-1912 (where have I heard that name before?). I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. In China I helped to see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested.

During those years, I had, as the boys in the back room would say, a swell racket. Looking back on it, I feel that I could have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate his racket in three districts. I operated on three continents.

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DISCOVERING AMERICA AS IT IS

Sun
dreaming
the American
dream?

Valdas Anelauskas

Tinley Park Airport Forum on August 27th, 2001 52

Back in late May, *STAND* made arrangements with Springfield officials to have Rocky Batterman's semi, which we painted on both sides, parked in front of the state capitol, which we did. We wanted to bring it to the Tinley meeting, as well. The Governor's office, which we contacted about this, requested that we not bring it. Then we learned that no trucks are allowed at the Convention Center. I see. I wonder how they bring in supplies?

We had another vehicle which we decorated with *STAND* posters and "footprint" cornstalks. Mr. D uses this to do his magic shows from. The police wouldn't allow his vehicle, which I think is a 1948 "Woodie" into the parking lot, either. They said that no trucks were allowed, even though this antique beauty had RV plates, like many vehicles already parked in the lot. Hmmm.

When folks did begin arriving, we were told that no signs would be allowed in the building, unlike the other such forums around O'Hare where signs were everywhere, inside and out. I see.

Overhead, an airplane flew a banner that read, "Gary Airport is ready now." Governor Ryan can traipse around the world and hang out with Fidel Castro and Nelson Mandela, but he simply cannot meet with Indiana Governor O'Banion or Mayor Scott King of Gary. OK...

After a group of pro-Peotone airport people formed a wedge and pushed their way into the building, the police abruptly disallowed hundreds of NO Airport people from entering, cutting them off from this meeting, which they had gone out of their way to attend. Yeah, right!

As people became angry because they were denied access to a meeting concerning the future of their own families and communities, a line of state police was formed to try and coerce and intimidate them into acquiescence. So now, regular citizens menaced by the never-ending Peotone airport threat, are to be considered potentially "dangerous." That figures.

After a while, they allowed some people in and herded them into a second room, so they could listen to the proceedings on a poorly functioning speaker system, 53 without anyone else knowing that they were there. This included Peotone area residents and a contingent of union people bused down to clamor for both the expansion of O'Hare and the plundering of Peotone. "Jobs!" Did they really understand the issues involved? No! But they were inculcated with the jobs mantra. Brother!

At some point, the police decided to block off the one entrance to the Convention Center, at 183rd Street, a little east of Harlem Avenue. They told people it was "to capacity" which denied them the opportunity of attending this meeting, altogether! And this is known as an "open meeting in the land of democracy." Good grief!!

I entered with the initial crowd, but discovered that I'd left some important papers in my car. I was one of the last people admitted, most likely because I had a suit on and I was carrying a briefcase. As I scurried in, an officer shouted, "No more!" It didn't really register on me at the time, what a disgrace this whole spectacle would soon become. Man!

In the room itself, Governor Ryan was flanked by IDOT head Kirk Brown and Tinley Mayor Zabrocki. The first two or three rows were reserved for the honchos. Cameramen were set up in back and reporters were roaming around. Even with this poorly disguised attempt at bringing "balance," it was obvious to everyone there, that the No Airport folks greatly outnumbered the pro-airport wonks and that they were genuine citizens and not somehow lied to this boondoggle, through IDOT, some business interest or some politician. The No Airport people were very vocal all night long in an honest display of their exasperation.

The reporters did their usual lazy, bored desultory job, focusing on the pro-airport mantra and pretty much ignoring what actual citizens had to say or why people were even upset.

We had to suffer through a lengthy parade of uninspired pro-airport demagoguery for well over two hours. Yuck!

The citizens, outraged by this never-ending pro-Peotone airport nightmare by outsider political and business interests, catcalled whenever a speaker tried to push for their precious airport. Governor Ryan kept chiding people to be respectful to those who were advocating for the destruction of our homes, neighborhoods and communities, but never castigated them for proposing such anti-citizen outrages. Just because the state has declared war on us, our way of life and the futures of our children, doesn't give us the right to comment on what our enemies are proposing to do to us! Tsk, tsk! It's "blame the victim" time!

By the time real citizens got the chance to *finally* say a few words, the press was pretty much long gone to write up their oblivious, slanted, shallow stories for their pro-airport editors and many people had filtered away. After all, this was held on a Monday night, which is a school night.

This pathetic Dog - & - Pony Show is the closest thing so far allowed as far as getting citizens input in this decade-long sprawl offensive is concerned. Ryan, Brown and all the others will continue to try to shove their agenda down our throats, usurp our land and clamor for this unwanted airport, using Illinois taxpayer money, of course.

We will continue to do the tedious, necessary organizing of the citizens in our area and reach out to other citizens far and near who are interested in the truth of this mess and may be willing to join forces with us and fight for the rights of all citizens. We intend to make this a bellwether case of citizens fighting unnecessary and wasteful sprawl.

We will host our own forum in Peotone, probably in late October. We'll invite representatives from Indiana, experts on high speed rail, airport spokespersons, the politicians running for Illinois governor and others. We will demonstrate what a *genuinely* open meeting looks and feels like. For, we have no hidden agendas, have nothing to hide, speak from the heart and tell the truth. See you there in beautiful, quiet, rural, friendly, besieged Peotone.

Tinley Park Statement
August 27, 2001

Greetings! It's nice to be back in Tinley, my home town. My father, Leland Rayson, was a state representative from here for twelve years in the sixties and seventies. I wondered why this meeting wasn't being held in Peotone, but then I realized that's too far! Even IDOT can only make it down as far as Matteson.

The Peotone Airport is a colossal mistake for many reasons. Let me list ten of them for you.

1) It is not needed. There are several existing airports throughout Chicagoland that can be expanded, besides O'Hare and Midway. These include Gary, Rockford and Milwaukee. Kankakee has a nice sized airport fifteen miles from Peotone and Joliet also has an airport with a mile long runway, just like Midway. The folks around O'Hare knowingly moved near the busiest airport in the world. Destroying the farmland and livability around Peotone will not really improve their situation.

2) It's not wanted. The people from Eastern Will County are vehemently opposed to it, as are probably the majority of citizens in Illinois. The airlines want nothing to do with it, will not pay for it or use it.

3) It has no funding. Illinois taxpayers would be forced to pay the enormous sums a mega-airport build from scratch, far from the city, would require. This would be at the expense of all other state projects, such as rebuilding depressed southside communities.

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Anthony Rayson". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with some vertical lines extending from the letters, possibly indicating a specific pen or a decorative flourish.

4) This is sprawl at its worst. It is the opposite of smart growth. Destroying farmland, woodlands, prairie, homes, streams and poisoning the crops, air, soil and water is a crime against man, our children's future and nature herself. It is in the migratory path of thousands of sandhill cranes. It would also doom the Kankakee River. 56

5) More people die from pollution than car accidents. Serious health problems for the people in University Park, Crete, Beecher, Monee, Manteno, Richton Park, Park Forest, Steger, Manhattan, etc. would be dramatically increased.

6) It is a politically connected landgrab. This area is checkered with blind land trust holdings, no doubt held by wealthy speculators without ties to these communities, looking to exploit the land for money. It's pure and simple greed!

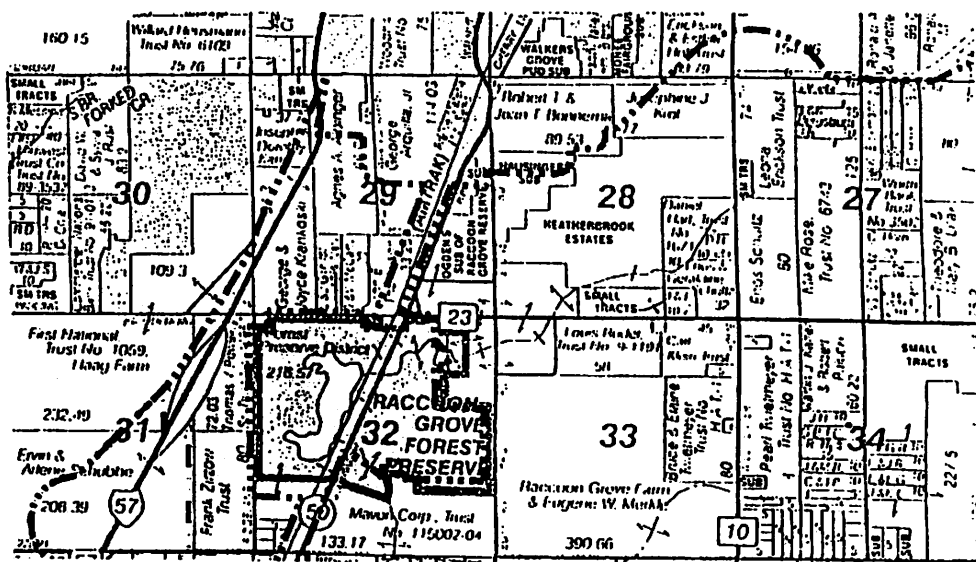
7) There is no available water. This site is outside the Lake Michigan watershed and would need the unanimous approval of eight states and two provinces of Canada to receive Lake Michigan water. It would choke off five streams that flow into the Kankakee River and play havoc with the area's drainage. It would poison our wells and ruin the aquifer.

8) This elevated, hilly morainal plain of Eastern Will County is a rich source of barely studied paleolithic archeological sites that deserve legitimate and careful study.

9) It will not help depressed black communities several miles away. O'Hare does nothing for Maywood, a mere ten miles away. Trickle-down is a cynical, false premise.

10) The stewardship of this pristine area is the responsibility of the citizens who live here - not a raw piece of meat to be grabbed and chewed up by outside political and business interests. You don't have our permission to ruin our communities - especially for such a suspicious project.

Stop holding us hostage! End landbanking. Utilize the plentiful airport infrastructure already available and prioritize high speed rail. Stop this insider, anti-citizen boondoggle! Peotone is not Palestine. You cannot overrun our land and bulldoze our homes. We won't stand for it! We're not leaving!



SOUTH SUBURBAN AIRPORT

Illinois Department of Transportation

[] Inaugural Acquisition Boundary

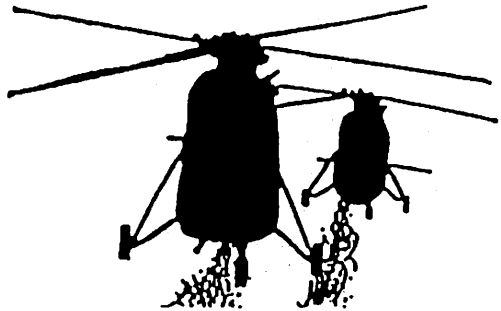
[] Ultimate Acquisition Boundary

Source: Will County Land Atlas & Plat Book 2000

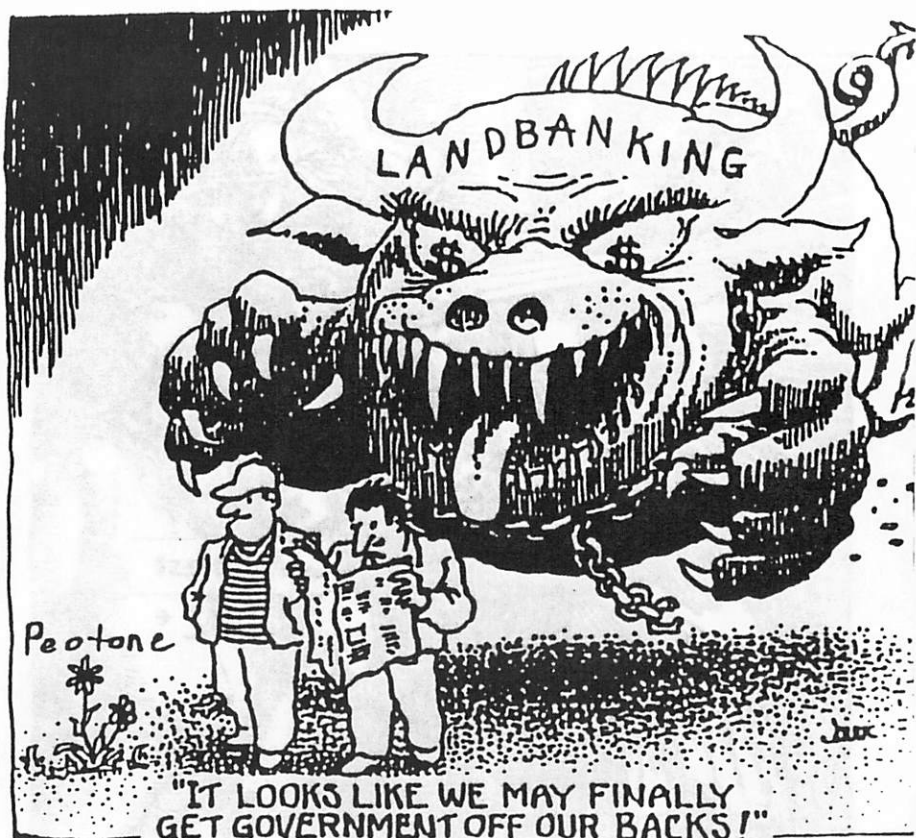
I don't feel deprived because my area isn't crisscrossed and gridlocked by major expressways, with a huge airport nearby. Hearing the endless roar of truck traffic and the jarring, ear-splitting thunder of airplanes isn't better than the clear, sweet singing of the birds in the morning.

I can live without a Starbucks, Wendy's, McDonald's and WalMart within spitting distance. I like to walk and ride my bike and not be in my car all the time, except to walk from a parking lot to some business. I like to watch the open sky burst with color, heralding the setting sun, rather than bear witness to the dull monotony and yellowy haze pollution offers. I like to hear the crickets and cicadas at night and watch the stars light up the sky, rather than huddle in my sound-proofed house, glued to my idiot box.

Take your sprawl and your engines and your asphalt and your "progress" and keep it! I'll gladly "suffer" through a natural life, every single glorious day.

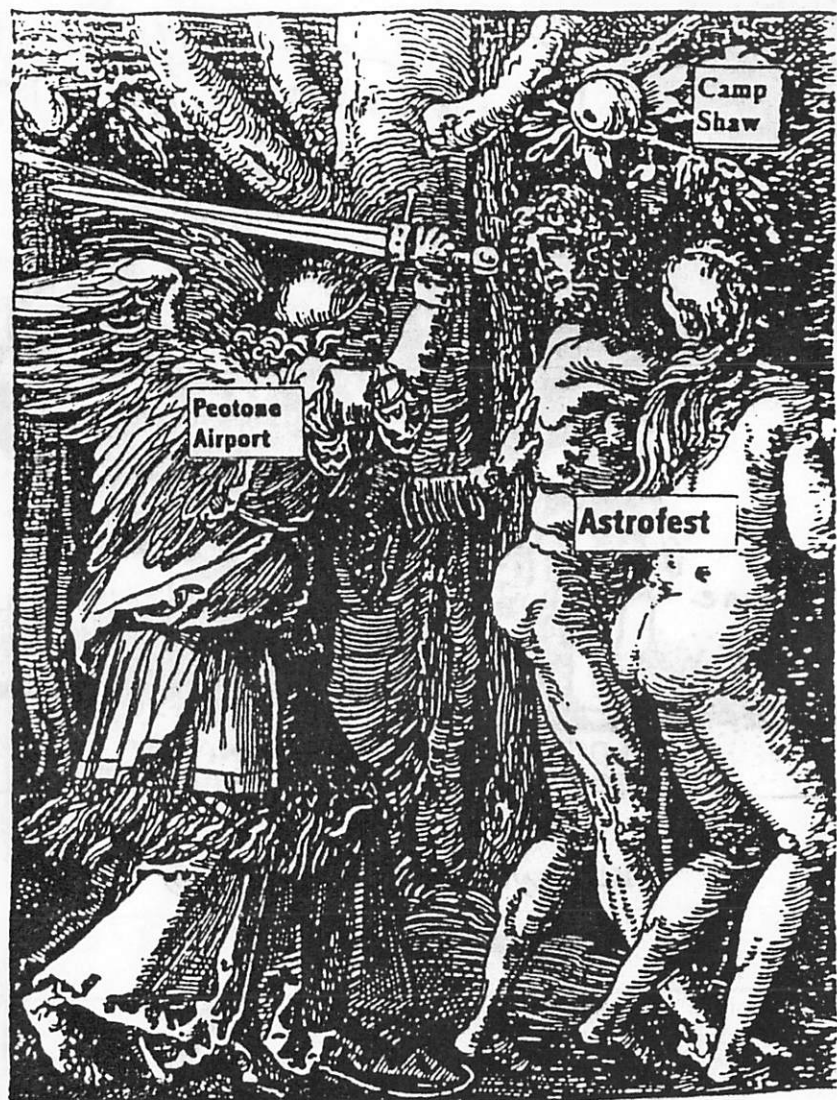


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many zines available





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