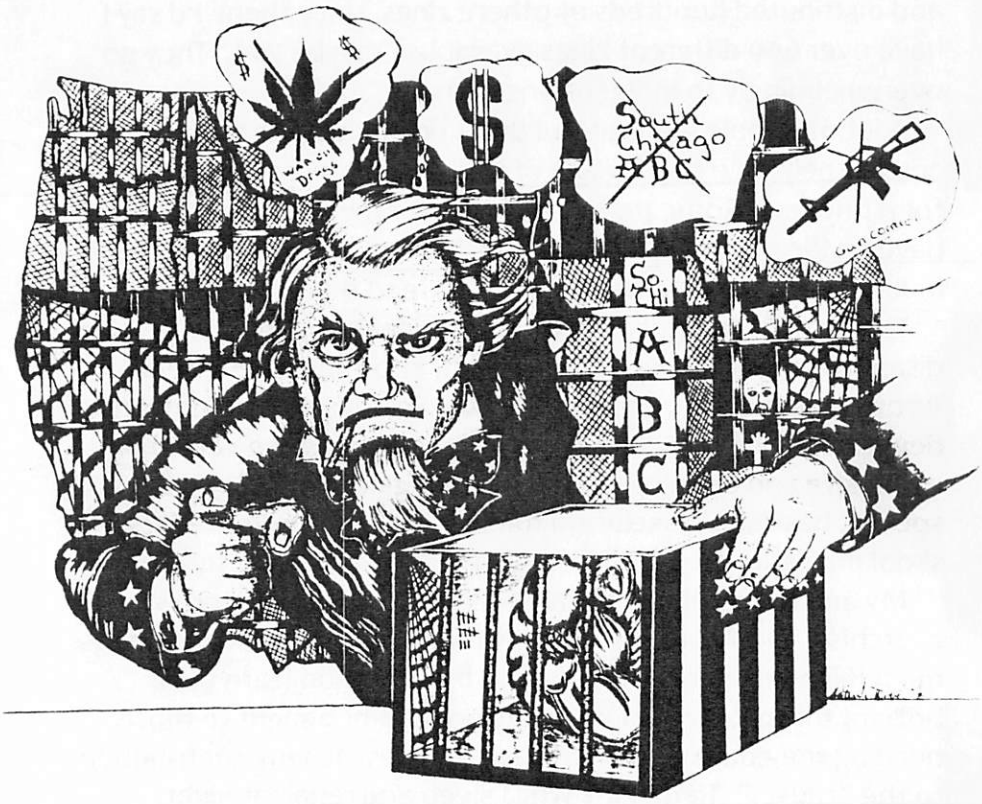
# THOUGHT BOMBS #31




By, Anthony Rayson

# Introduction

Greetings!

Well, it's been three years since I put a *Thought Bombs* together, although I've contributed to, formatted, published and distributed hundreds of othere zines, since then. I'd say I have over 600 different zines available – maybe 700. They go overwhelmingly to indigent prisoners.

A lot of people are grateful that I do all this, although hardly anyone helps me pay for any of this, or otherwise helps, except for a tiny few. Some people hate me for my efforts and many have no idea what this is all about, but react negatively or indifferently. Mostly, people who do read them, love them.

This work is fraught with frustration, pain, agony, disappointment, never-ending effort, enormous expense and frequent disruption, censorship, etc. So, why would someone devote their lives so wholeheartedly to such a time-consuming, expensive and draining project, working in the shadows of society, basically in seclusion for such a nebulous goal – free skool education? How did I avoid the kool-aid all these years?

My answer would be because as a self-defined "serious anarchist" this fits nicely with my talents and desires and brings me fulfillment. I collaborate with, befriend and learn from brilliant thinkers and know my efforts are of benefit to those needing the education this distro provides. It's my contribution to the "cause." To me, it's why I sleep and repair at night.

My question is this, why are so *few* people doing something like this in a nation of over 300 million people? We've but one life to live. It can end at any time. The days turn to weeks, months, years and decades. Before you know it, you're 58 years old! What is the fruit of our lives? What have we really accomplished? What have we helped others accomplish? What have we allowed others to help us become? What's the "payoff?" Why try to veer off the formula of "cry, buy & die?"

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Edited (and mostly written) by Anthony Rayson


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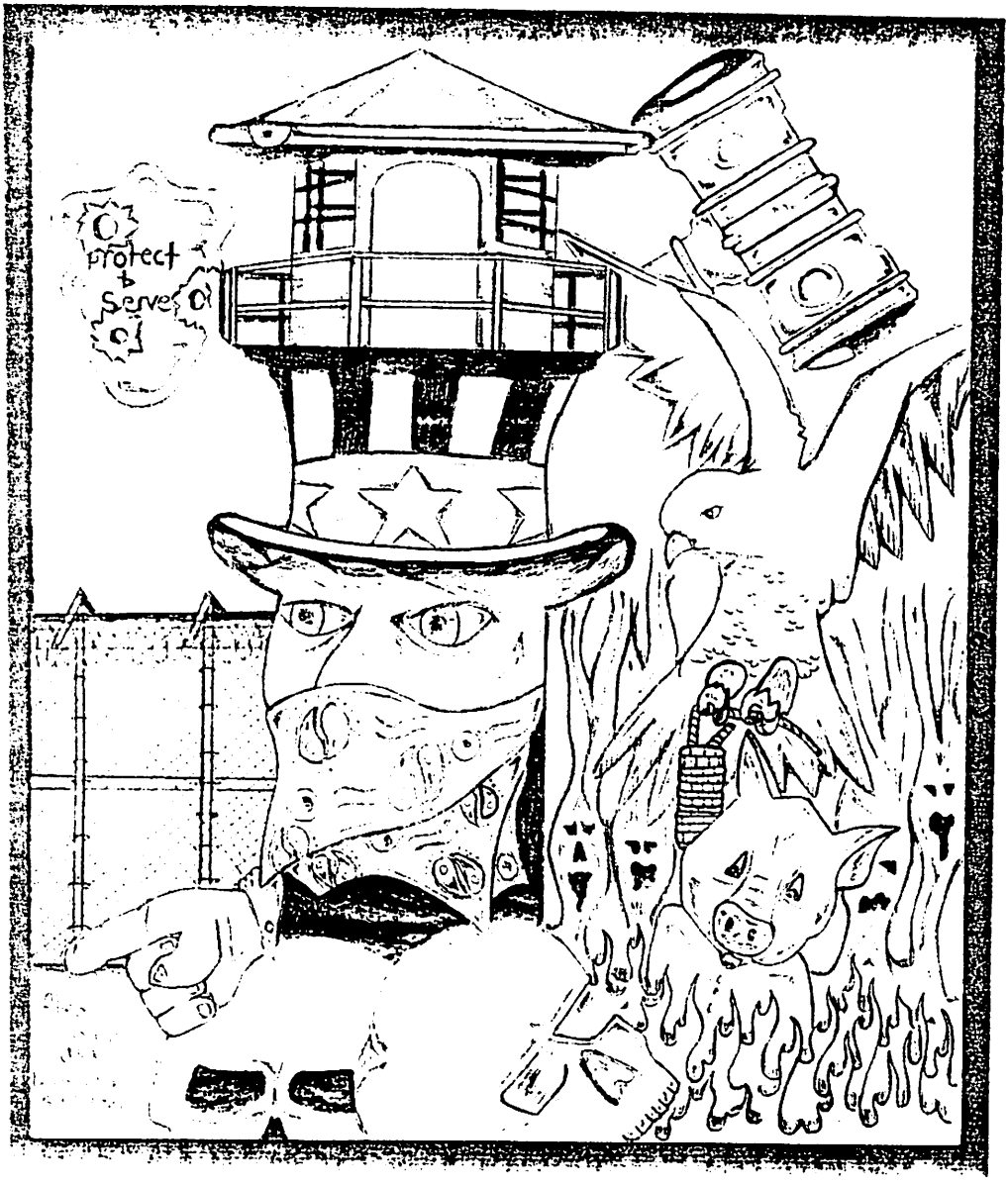
*This is zine is dedicated to Bob Peszek, who was my brother-in-law. He was a real big brother to me. He died on March 23, 2012, after a series of strokes, blood clots, heart and brain operations. Cancer overwhelmed his body and cut his life short at 64. Nothing is guaranteed in this life. We must go full bore so as to accomplish what we can.*


protect
&
Serve

# Shut This Authoritarian Nightmare Down!

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I was born smack dab in the middle of the Great Baby Boom,
Nineteen Fifty-Three, with the H-Bomb and Josef Stalin's death.
The fourth of seven children, for which I shared a room,
So the Sixties came on quick – Vietnam and crystal meth.

I went to Orchard Hill Kindergarten Farm School.
Now Oak Forest wants to raze their buildings,
So they can no doubt make a financial killing.
*My friends still live there! This isn't cool!*

I suppose it's time to start another grassroots campaign,
We'll have to fight the sprawl mongers all over again.
This ugly socio-economic pattern keeps repeating itself,
Greedy bastards are always putting farmers on the shelf.

Let's ease on down the road to today's nightmare situation.
We had "duck and cover," Camelot and near nuclear extinction.
Brains blown into the lap of our finely dressed first lady,
And then everything quickly got real, real shady.

While we were trying to groove on the Beach Boys
And find out what the Beatles and Stones were all about,
The war got hot and some of the older lads got deployed.
A thousand deaths a day made it sure look like a rout.

"Why were we in Vietnam?" That's a good question!
To kill lots of people, obviously, but for what?
The reason was never provided in our mainstream lessons.
*Anyone with a conscience was hit hard - right in the gut.*

We didn't know anything and we were in lily-white suburbia.
What were we supposed to do with our fragile young lives?
Well, we *could* sing "Up with People!" in glorious a cappella,
Or spit the bit, smoke pot, take acid and hang out in dives.

It's a helluva way to "come of age" but what are you going to do?
We divided our selves up into socialites, greasers, jocks and heads.
Everyone was alienated so we all ended smoking the Boo.
A few of us sought a real life education, to supplement the meds.

There was a "generation gap" against us, our parents and the cops.
Growing up in Tinley, I must say, we pulled out all the stops!
So when our campfires were rudely raided in our cozy woods,
Someone would toss some bullets down, which wasn't all that good.

Alcoholism, suicides and drug addiction would be the fruits.
For good measure the state would make us prisoners, too.
It was kind of cute, to see your friends in court without a suit.
But what about life and love and raising a family or two?

For a brief while, the city did give us some genuine direction.
We'd empty the high school and head down to the loop.
Gigantic anti-war rallies traded exhilaration for intoxication.
You don't feel so atomized amidst an anti-authoritarian group.

But even after the world watched the week-long battle of Chicago,
Where even my Dad got tear-gassed (and he was a delegate, too!)
Shoot to kill, shoot to maim, in the late-sixties, things got really dark.
It led to the horrific assassination of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark.

We had an Iranian exchange student, who we invited into our gang.
He was the son of a two-star general in the Shah's army, no less!
His name was Bahram Salimi, but everyone called him Sirhan Sirhan.
He got a helluva "education" because *everything* was such a mess!

I went to college in 1971, but quickly dropped out in the spring of 72.
Nixon and Kissinger bombed Cambodia (again) and all schools struck.
I stayed on strike, packed a bag and with a buddy, decided to truck!
"Higher education" at this time of turmoil, just wasn't the thing to do!

For two years, I lived in barns, in communes or in somebody's basement.
I'd sleep by the side of the road, with ants crawling all over my face.
I had to get the taste out of my brain of such a shallow, scripted placement.
I'd live my life for myself as a free-thinking man, at my own frenetic pace.

But I came back to the south suburbs of Chicago, the only "home" I knew.
I got a job and I got a wife. Then we got a house and a cat or two.
In Hazel Crest I would live from 1977 until 1990, in isolated angst.
I still wrote, while I played the game and hung out with my finks.

I switched wives in 86 and this one was a real live keeper!
We had a boy in 88. I still remember his baby blue sleeper.
So we moved to rural Monee so he could live in nature,
And that was the beginning of my ultra active future.

I quickly learned we had moved into a place called "The Footprint."
And that the state and various corrupt politicians wanted our land.
Of course, the sellers and the realtors gave us no hint,
But the deal was they were scheming on a gigantic airport plan. 7

The whole of Eastern Will County would be totally transmogrified.
Never mind about the several generation farms and rolling terrain.
These business and politicos wanted their own cash cow gravy train.
Another slight problem was that the airlines were absolutely mortified.

This had been going on since the late sixties – this target on our backs.
Thought up by a State Senator named Aldo DeAngelis and his hacks.
They wanted their own O'Hare / Tollway patronage bonanza, too!
A group called R.U.R.A.L. was ongoing to challenge these fools.

My wife got me to go back to college and I became Valedictorian.
During my speech I ripped the government and their airport plans.
Afterwards, a visibly pissed and shaken president seemed disoriented.
It took all he had to keep my throat from his sweating hands!

Then, in early 98, the shit just hit the proverbial fan.
The Crete-Monee School District had blundered into bankruptcy.
And two of our grade schools would supposedly, soon be closed.
A powwow of big shots, underscored this abject idiocy.

In four days time we quickly gathered a group of seventy-five,
To go off on these bastards, outside the Matteson Holiday Inn.
Gov. Ryan, Rep. Weller and Henry Hyde would shuck and jive
With the newcomer to this group – Congressman Jesse Jackson.

With our children and homes besieged at the same time
We were more than a little vocal, as you can well imagine.
At one point we barged into the lobby, to heat up the clime.
They made maids block our way to those political chickens!

We decided to up the ante and create a new, more active group
I named it STAND – Shut This Airport Nightmare Down!
I would now no longer be out of the anti-airport loop.
I would provide ideas, energy, action, sight and *sound!*

With a small group of other dedicated activists, we plotted,
To tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.
So, a detailed explanation was in order of how things rotted.
We became sources of information and set up a booth.

I used my d.i.y. ethics and a growing aptitude for the brochure
*Anti-Airport Alert #1* was hot off the press and available in quantity!
The church where the farmers bought them for a handshake and a dollar,
Had the lobby festooned with posters about all of this insanity.

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The three hundred families of R.U.R.A.L. were soon to grow
As we fanned out through these towns, holding teach-ins, you know.
Taking names and mailing newsletters, then our own newspaper,
I edited *The Rural Standard* – to catch up on the latest capers.

As we learned the issues and made the connections of those we met
We realized how this airport fight is but one point from this same set.
The Afrikan folks in Hopkins Park, fighting against a women's prison
With their Maroon consciousness (and newsletter) gave us the reason.

Just as they are stuck in a hardscrabble area because of their skin
So too is the rest of the area, Chicago, state, country and world.
Robbins, Markham, Phoenix, Ford Heights are poorest in the land.
It's a politically connected corporate assault on the boys and girls.

Chicago activists like to talk big, but accomplish little, or so it seems.
Seeing so many in the sixties, but few today, shattered my dreams.
I go down there and there are more ninja turtle cops than protesters.
New York has a half a million in an anti-war demo and we have 15,000.

We went to countless meetings, we organized and came downtown.
The Southside Punks would bang on buckets to create a ruckus all around.
We'd go to Springfield and barge in on the governor.
We weren't afraid to spit it out, here or there!

One night we brought two boxcar taggers to paint a mural over.
It was on the side of a trailer from a nearby milk farm.
A gorgeous piece of a little kid standing up to a bulldozer!
I read them anti-government poems and other calls and alarms.

I hooked up with some farmers and we made some crop circles
We cut out a giant airplane in a field – with a circle and slash.
"No Fly Zone Over Peotone" was the headline of the front-page article.
All it took was a thinking through, a desire and eight dollars cash.

Three of them, in hay, alfalfa and soy beans gave the world a look-see.
My Sister said "Hey, Tony! I saw your NO AIRPORT thing in the paper."
"It's great to hear your voice, Sister! Where might you be?" (Copenhagen)
I took some pictures in a powered parachute, to save for later.

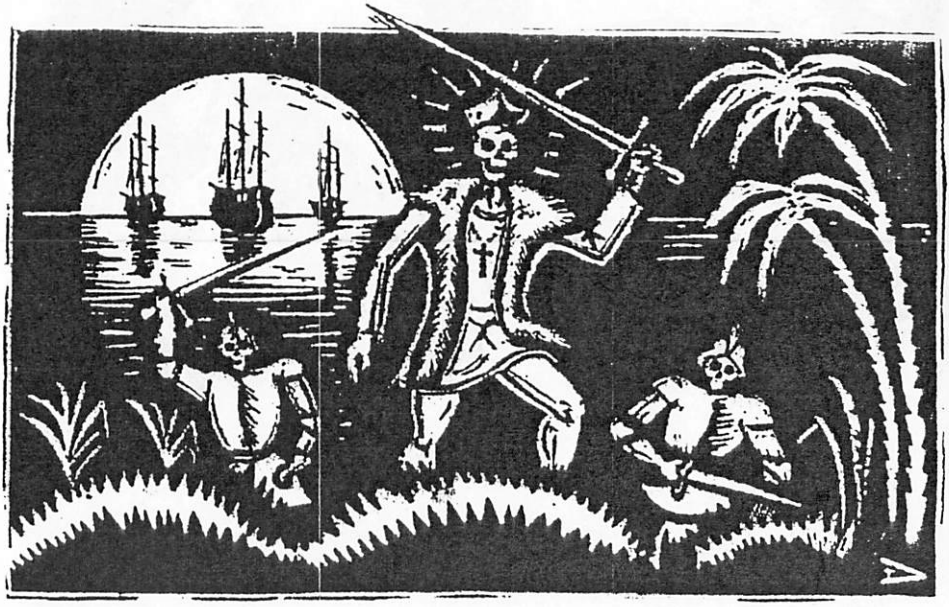
That amazing mural on wheels, we put in our parade, which was cool.
The whole town came out to tell the world how we felt.
We were showered with love all the way to the high school.
We explained again in a big assembly to all the children and adults.

Then we caravanned the truck and parked it in front of the capitol.
We rushed in and held a news conference, denouncing those around us.
Like people in the city, those in Springfield, have no Peotone clue.
The demagoguery of Jackson is what the editorialists and politicians trust.

We marched in solidarity with city folks being forced out of their homes,
As Daley and his plotters decided to destroy the miserable high rises.
We do know, because a lot of those people were forced down here to roam.
Chicago Heights, - you name it. The suburbs are mean, too! Drama arises!

With no money and no jobs and so many recently incarcerated
How are these communities supposed to function while they wait?
The "pie in the sky" airport with decent jobs is not to be actuated,
No matter how much money is wasted and how many are hated.

It's a stalemate situation, with the state taking a few plots of land
But we're still here and here is where we will continue to STAND!
Because the more you learn about a situation, such as this,
You develop a resolve against the state, not to be dismissed.




IN ORDER FOR CAPITALISM TO CONTINUE TO RULE, ANY ACTION THAT THREATENS THE RIGHT OF A FEW INDIVIDUALS TO OWN AND CONTROL PUBLIC PROPERTY MUST BE PROHIBITED AND CURTAILED WHATEVER THE COST IN RESOURCES..., WHATEVER THE COST IN BLOOD...
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
100
AD92211919W
NEW WORLD ORDER = GLOBAL APARTHEID
AMERIKKKA
UNIONS
MEDICAID
SOCIAL SECURITY
AFDC
JOBS
FOOD STAMPS
RASHID

## The U. S. Bombs Away, Then Slinks Out of Vietnam

Arnold R. Isaacs has written a clearsighted account of the ending of America's "involvement" in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, titled Without Honor: Defeat in Vietnam and Cambodia. He was a years long in-field reporter remaining literally to the bitter end (helicopter evacuation). This is intensely important history, giving air to both sides' views measured up against the reality of the situation, something Americans have striven to avoid. The lessons "learned" by Americans from Vietnam and the lessons taught the rest of the world are completely at odds. A thorough examination of this seminal conflict is in order.

In 1962, Ho Chi Minh said, "I think the Americans greatly underestimate the determination of the Vietnamese people." p. 491. America never even tried to understand Vietnamese realities either, always putting their plight in the context of the crusade against supposed world-wide communist expansionism. The Vietnamese however were blessed with brilliant leadership and a long history of struggle against foreign invaders. Whereas the Vietnam war was America's longest conflict, it was Vietnam's shortest.

Isaacs' story begins in 1972. After years of bloody fighting secret negotiations are going on between Henry Kissinger and the North Vietnamese chief negotiator, Le Duc Tho. Quang Tri City has been pulverized into rubble and the North's offensive has been blunted.

The North Vietnamese break the negotiating impasse by removing their demand that the Thieu regime must go. All American "objectives" are agreed to. By 1972 the specific concrete demands of the United States had been reduced to exactly one: American prisoners must be returned. Beyond that, for American purposes, the U. S. asked Hanoi only for restraint - that is, that it not take advantage of American disengagement to humiliate the U. S. Such were the goals of U. S. involvement! Two million dead, a subcontinent destroyed for not a noble purpose or even an evil one (anti-communism) but for no purpose whatsoever! It boiled down to a chimeral stab at retaining "Credibility."

Kissinger arrives in Saigon two days before he is to finalize the agreement in Hanoi. For the South Vietnamese, an English only copy is offered for their perusal and implied quick consent. In contrast, "The Communists were distributing and explaining it even to their low-level cadres in the field, while the Americans refused the same confidence to the president of the allied country whose survival was at issue." p. 39. South Vietnamese officials reacted to Kissinger's agreement anti-semitically, saying he had no interest in Vietnam and wanted more American aid sent to Israel, and that he only cared about the Nobel Peace Prize. Both of these opinions were not without factual merit.

murdered eachother mindlessly and died in the mud, almost without memory of why they fought. The land lay slathered in blood, but neither in early 1973 or later did the United States offer any plan or policy that promised anything but more fear, pain, and butchery." p. 211.

After the Paris Agreement there was virtually no co-operation between N. Vietnam and Khmer Rouge forces. From February 9, 1973 for six months bombing in Cambodia peaked and hit populous areas, particularly its heartland west of the Mekong River. Death from above was epidemic. Casualties were anonymous, yet enormous. "It was as if the bombers had sought to destroy the earth itself." p. 218. This bombing had no tangible effect on Communist gains, even though by the time of their entrance into Phnom Penh, the Khmer Rouge had suffered an astronomical casualty rate of 95%!

Lon Nol held to the pipe dream that "American B - 52's are killing a thousand enemy every day and the war will soon be over." p. 219. The U. S. refused to acknowledge the enormous civilian suffering. Instead of sending food and medicines, they bombed "the enemy" and issued statements claiming the victims were adequately cared for.

The explanations for this neglect are particularly galling. Pharmaceutical supplies were disallowed for fear of having them fall into Communist hands or because misuse by the needy could cause "a serious medical problem." They finally offered a few thousand "Chocks" vitamins. "The miserly relief effort coincided with the utter devastation of Cambodia's economy." p.224. As the infrastructure lay ruined, hyperinflation reigned.

The fury of the bombing and its aimlessness made the European community feel that the U. S. had gone "crazy." "More and more, the bombing seemed to take on a quality of rage, as if pure violence could succeed in achieving American goals when nothing else could." p. 226.

At the height of the climactic seige, Phnom Penh "for the privileged elite there were tennis matches, night clubs, expensive French meals, and opulent brandy-drenched dinner parties." p. 244. Phnom Penh was at the height of desperation when the Khmer Rouge entered. A truly massive relief effort would be needed to prevent mass starvation and disease (Mogadishu?) This would not be forthcoming.

The Khmer Rouge were spawned and nurtured in the crucible of Hell. When they brought their antithesis of life to the Cambodian people, it had a logical dialectic of unleashed evil. Rwanda comes to mind. The lasting image of Cambodia is shelves upon shelves of human skulls.

When Congress finally, finally! cut off all aid early in 1975, it hit the Thieu clique like a gigantic "concussion bomb." In March and April of 1975, during the collapse of the government, higher ranking officers were the first to run away. As usual, the original masterminds have access to an escape route. Some were captured and done justice to and some received refuge in America,

Canada and France with their ill-gotten wealth.

Vietnam was a people in anguish, who for a decade frantically wandered the country looking for family members. There was no let-up in their suffering. Only after liberation were basic needs met - life, food, the chance at stability. South Vietnamese society crumbled in the presence of upcoming Communist victories. In Da Nang, "the city was in an uncontrollable panic in which hundreds of people were killed not by the Communists but by their own rioting soldiers." p. 363.

The North Vietnamese took advantage of the South Vietnamese army's panic, chaos and collapse with bold improvised, yet massive, coordinated military action. They were under the command of the hardened leader, who was Nguyen Vo Giap's understudy at Dien Bien Phu, General Van Tien Dung. He wrote a candid insightful account of the campaign called Great Spring Victory. The Communists moved up their timetable - from 1976 to before the rainy season in May, 1975. Saigon was their ultimate destiny. Their army gained momentum accumulating massive quantities of war booty, which they incorporated into their final offensive.

With no relationship to its own people, the Thieu regime rallied no one to its defense. Everyone looked out for their own and their family's survival, only. To the bitter end Ford and Kissinger nursed the belief South Vietnam could be "saved" by the U. S. military assistance, somehow extracted from Congress. Thieu held on to this fantasy during the paralysis of Saigon's waning days.

The misinterpretations, the paralysis, the doomed, panic-stricken evacuations showed how clueless the U.S. really was all along about the realities of Vietnam. Without the awesome military might as a catch-all answer to its "foreign policy" the U.S. became paper tigers.

The refusal to accept the inevitable by Graham Martin in Saigon and Henry Kissinger in Washington served to leave thousands of compromised S. Vietnamese stranded. Their assurance of evacuation was but a final betrayal.

The Americans had hoped to sneak out of Saigon via helicopter after a radio signal (the playing of "White Christmas"). Their Vietnamese staffs quickly caught on. At the end, Americans would trample over the backs of Vietnamese, punching, kicking and shoving them away with rifle butts to board their flights.

The Vietnamese used and compromised by involvement with the Thieu regime and/or the U.S. had a hard time in "re-education camps".

Many suffered the horrible nightmare of the "Boat People" wandering the oceans acceptable to no one, unwelcome everywhere.

After a period of retreat in the mid-70's, the United States began to revise history and derive "lessons"from the war. Ronald Reagan said "We will never again ask young men to fight and possibly die in a war our government is afraid to win." p. 488. This protected the politicians from the fiasco, soothed military professionals who couldn't understand their failure to "win" and proclaimed that 16 America's "special moral standing" had not been tarnished. Any guilt was shaken off.Lethargy to act in the world would not be a problem. The war was lost, not by American timidity, but by Vietnamese tenacity and the legitimacy of their struggle.

The lesson taught the U.S. military was not to let Americans suffer even moderate casualties, as the U.S. people will not take it. An all volunteer army was instituted to better control the forces and massive use of air power is to be used in place of ground troops. Massive "enemy" casualties are nothing compared to one U.S. death (Shwartzkofp). Panama and Iraq were bombed massively safely from planes and- missiles.

Another method of destroying your enemy is to create and train local killing units ("Vietnamization"). This was done in Argentina, Guatemala, Mozambique, Angola, Chile, El Salvador, Nicaragua, etc. The School of the Americas is to their peoples The School of Assassins. The Phoenix program which targeted alleged "Vietcong" provided a training ground for many future American "advisors". This keeps the American public shielded from believing in anything but America's munificence. Going around the world killing people, destroying the environment, installing ruthless client-states is O.K. We (U.S people) do not suffer directly and are informed our actions are for their own good. Greatly limiting battlefield reportage is enforced to eliminate the unpleasant images and screams of those we have murdered.

To Richard Nixon, writing in his memoirs, the anti-war protestors (and Congress) are to blame for America's defeat. Anti-war protestors were painted as anti-U.S. soldier and the effusive "Support Our Boys" in Iraq served to sidetrack any discussion or protest to this vile bloodletting.

Kissinger absolved himself of any culpability by saying "We should never have been there at all. But now it's history." p. 485. Guilty of war crimes to rank with those hung at Nuremburg, he is a Nobel Prize winner, respected guest on Nightline and elder statesman of the Republican Party.

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The North Vietnamese party newspaper Nhan Dan characterized Nixon as "an extremely bellicose aggressor, an international pirate, a loathsome bloodthirsty man and a dangerous plotter." p. 20. Recently buried, he was acclaimed by the U.S. press as a foreign policy genius. As China and Russia left Vietnam in the lurch in 1972, cozying to Nixon, North Vietnam had this prescient appraisal of the socialist camp: "For a country to care for its immediate and narrow interests while shirking its lofty internationalist duties not only is detrimental to the revolutionary movement in the world but will also bring unfathomable harm to itself in the end." p. 21. Witness Russia today. It s people eating out of garbage cans, its economy in a free fall, adjusting to a "market economy."

The American public got stressed out from having nephews and cousins and neighbors and sons return from their one-year stint in Vietnam horribly altered. Surly, shell-shocked, drug-addicted, deeply traumatized, homeless spectres, injured or dead inside a box, they anonymously reappeared. Their localities were going through a nation-wide bad acid trip - Vietnam being its poison. The war had to stop. The American people cried "Uncle!"

Upon Saigon being renamed Ho Chi Minh City, a slow return to human society occured. The legacy of death remained and continues to haunt Vietnam. More Vietnamese citizens have died after the war from unexploded U.S. bombs than all American deaths during the war. Dioxin and country-wide ecocide has seared into the quality of life. Their birth-rates remain low, their cancer rates are high and hideous birth defects are common. As in Iraq, it's the children who today still suffer greatly from the result of massive American terrorism. Excuse me, I meant to say, "America's defense of freedom and respect for human rights."

- Anthony

(written in 1994)

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## *Field of Schemes*

I read in the Chicago paper *(Sun-Times)* today (Friday, Sept. 23rd) that Congressmen Jesse Jackson, Jr. and Bobby Rush are crying crocodile tears for the Hispanics of the state, who got pimped out of a Congressional district, thanks to the Michael Madigan-orchestrated redistricting.

Well, guess what? The farmers and other folks in Will and Kankakee County, do not want Junior and Bobby "representing" us, either!

For years, Jesse has claimed the "Peotone Airport" was in his district. That was a lie. Now, magically, it's right in the middle of his new, gigantic district. Jackson's home in Chicago is located at the very northern pinnacle of this vast district. It looks like he's a king on a huge throne! Bobby Rush's district has also seeped deeply into this area to the west of Jackson's panoramic fiefdom. Gee, who is crying "crocodile tears" for us? Who has the guts to go against "The Combine?"

Recently, the legislature has slashed Quinn's obscene $121 mil to allegedly "buy" land (forcibly, at collapsed market prices - not the tax levies - through the vile practice of eminent domain.)

Any other *legitimate* project slashed by 2/3 would be met with screams and howls by those affected. But this has garnered nary a peep! Could it be that this boondoggle project isn't necessary and a $40 mil bone is good enough for the voracious, politically-connected, pro-airport tax gobblers - for the time being?

Will County Chairman, Larry Walsh chimed in by saying he won't favor eminent domain on the 19 Peotone area farmers - *until* his crooked bunch gets the A-OK to run the show - as if these bumpkins know what the airline industry needs and would actually use *and* can build and run it, somehow. That's insane! But. It's been the only mantra.

Well, bully for him and his glassy-eyed "moral underpinnings." The vultures are circling...

Jesse is pressuring Governor Quinn to fork over the patchwork quilt of land already strong-armed from this area, for his contrived group, ALNAC, which is headed by one of his aides. Got to give it to Jesse! When' he's not consorting with his "social acquaintance" or trying to deny he tried to buy Obama's old senate seat, (for a cool $1.5 mil) he's busy trying to rustle prime farmland. Talk about a "working" Congressman! After all, why shouldn't Governor Jello cave? His election comes thanks to Junior's rolodex.

This is not to say that we are happy with the present Congressman, Adam Kinzinger, the photogenic, Special Ops, flyboy Tea Partier, who has, alas, had his common citizen sense desert him over the Peotone issue. Nor do we want to see a return of the double-dealing Debbie Halvorson, nervously biting her fingernails on the sidelines.

It's become all too obvious that *all* the politicians - county, state and federal are schemers, liars and crooks and deserve "three hots and a cot" with George Ryan and soon, Blago.

As always, the only really legitimate "leadership" comes from concerned local citizens, ourselves. For, the political system as it is constituted today, is a *complete* - I repeat - a C-O-M-P-L-E-T-E failure! For, if private citizens behaved like these self-glorying predators do, we *would* face a fate like Ryan - only in a much nastier prison! But their crimes are seen as "lawmaking."

As actually responsible (fiscally and otherwise) citizens, in this endlessly threatened Peotone area, we are stepping up to articulate the real issues and offering genuine solutions to these very serious problems these corrupt politicians and their controllers - the colossal trillionaire-wasters, (the big banks and corporations,) have so mired us in. And, they have further, declared class war on the workers and the poor, as if it is all *our* fault!

We invite one and all to our **Footprint Harvest Fest** on Sunday, October 9th, from 3 to 7 pm at Jim & Betty Verduin's threatened farm located at 1851 W. Church Road in Beecher.

Learn about what the real issues are, swirling around this area. Discover what the **Aviation Justice Movement** is all about. Find out how a tiny, impoverished community (Hopkin's Park) beat back *their* "economic salvation" (a women's prison!) They have practical solutions for their problems, and an economic plan that puts citizen's needs first! Plus, they're heavily into organic gardening, maximizing their soil usage.

People need to realize that genuine solutions to our problems can only spring forth from the people in the communities. Oh sure, the politicians will continue to promise the moon - full of jobs - while squandering our hard-earned tax dollars, by using them to *destroy* our communities! 21

To kick off our big day, we've created a new NO AIRPORT crop circle in a hayfield just north of the "inaugural footprint" that we are calling *"Field of Schemes."* What's more, we are bringing the Cubbie Billy Goat Curse down from the northside to, instead, hex this hideous airport scheme. We have a Billy Goat named Gary and a Zambrano scarecrow, driving a field tractor to make sure this thing doesn't get off the ground.

The struggle is a long one. After all, this airport nightmare was first dreamed up way back in 1969 in the mob-mentored mind of the late, great Aldo DeAngelis.

See you there!

- Anthony Rayson -

Anthony Rayson

co-founder of STAND

Shut This Airport Nightmare Down!

p.s. All opinions expressed in this piece are solely my own.

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# Divine Goat Absolution

It started to rankle my cockles a few months ago, when Governor Quinn "The Human Sausage" snuck a $110 mil bonanza for the hyenas howling for the Peotone Airport, buried in a multi-billion dollar road and bridges improvement bill.

No doubt Jesse Junior was in his ear and all over this. In fact, the criminals, oh, I mean "legislators" have sent the state several dozen billion into the red. This had no effect on their blithely rubber stamping the bill, although later they pared the bonanza down to a still outrageous $41 to force farmers out of their homes near Peotone. It had been held up in court for a while because it contained so many diverse pork projects stuffed into its casing and bills are supposed to deal with one thing at a time.

How was this showering of money via contracts to the main source of campaign contributions (the cement and asphalt outfits) to be funded? The "crack cocaine of gambling" (video poker) would do the trick! Soon, many towns and townships would opt out of allowing this longtime mob-ruled "industry" in their area. So, the wild expectations of huge piles of money coming in would have to be reassessed.

The legislature got to work looking for more ways to impoverish citizens and ruin families (I mean generate revenue) by crafting a bill to drastically increase the number of casinos in Illinois, including the godfather of them all, one in Chicago. But Governor Quinn had a fit of angst because this would negatively affect the "culture" of Illinois. The delicate wonder of grossly underfunding state worker pension systems for decades, having corrupt big shots "invest" the money in these systems, the parade of political convictions, the crocodile tears over the state war dead (Quinn's baby) and the already saturated gambling market - such as rip-off Lotto tickets, horse racing and several already existing casinos, would (apparently) suffer moral decline if slot machines found their way to area race tracks.

Another monkey wrench was thrown into their bi-partisan fantasy of creating an "economic engine" in the far south exburbs (this unwanted, unneeded airport) as the citizens in the area filed a lawsuit challenging the state's right to land-rustle (I mean "landbank") the productive, prime farmland in Eastern Will County. Shouldn't the state at least wait until the FAA finishes their studies to determine whether or not this is a viable (sane) project? 24

The head of IDOT is trilling about how wonderful a time it is to pull off this coercive heist, seeing as the housing market is in the toilet, so they could low ball these several generation farmers and have the state police and county sheriffs throw their possessions into the ditch.

Then they could bulldoze perfectly good homes, barns, crops, tens of thousands of trees, creeks, etc. and pour oceans of asphalt and concrete to create this economic miracle. The fact the airlines are dead set against being forced to relocate to Peotone is of no concern to the state politicians pushing for it.

This reminds me of a Texas death penalty case that went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court at the 11th hour because new evidence pointed to the man's innocence. The Supreme Court, in all its wisdom, ruled: "The facts of the case are irrelevant" to the particular legal mumbo-jumbo being dealt with at that stage of the case. So the condemned man was duly murdered, with all the solemnity those official brutes could cursorily feign.

But the Peotone pushers are sick of waiting. Junior is under a cloud or two and this is his whole obsession. His two main fundraisers, Indian pharmacists, have squealed to the Feds that they were set to pop for a cool $1.5 mil for Obama's old U.S. Senate seat on Junior's behalf and that he knew about it. Blagoyevich was just sentenced to a harsh 14-year sentence to attempt to do just that – sell the Senate seat to Jesse Jackson, Jr.! They had met the very day before Blagoyevich was arrested and Junior is referred to in court documents as "Individual A." Junior even testified at Blago's second trial, but was affronted at the very thought of his involvement in the whole scheme.

The U.S. House Ethics Committee, as "ethically challenged" a bunch of criminals as exists on this Earth, has renewed their probe of him over this matter and his allegedly arranging for his pals to fly around his "social acquaintance" on taxpayer dime. His wife, Sandi Jackson, who is a Chicago Alderwoman, has reportedly thrown him out of the family home. 25

This didn't seem to bother Illinois House Speaker, Michael Madigan, nor president Barack Obama. Madigan has controlled the legislative process in Springfield with an iron fist for two decades. This has been facilitated by the "reform" of reducing the House from 177 members to 118. the now Governor Quinn (Blagoyevich's Lieutenant Governor) spearheaded this change, during his outsider looking in, gadfly days.

Madigan oversaw the economic quagmire Illinois now wallows in. He also redrew the Congressional districts. Junior's new district has the plum of the Peotone Airport "Footprint" right in the middle. Before, it was south of his district. The belief is that the voters will re-elect him, despite his "troubles" because voters really dig bombast and demagoguery – Junior's forte.

Obama had earlier came out in favor of Peotone (like every other politician and newspaper in Illinois – except for Glenn Poshard.) Poshard actually came down to Peotone and listened to us. He ran against George Ryan for Governor. Ryan sits in prison in Indiana for his corrupt run.

Recently, Junior buttonholed Obama at a White House lawn function and wrested an assurance of support from the President, for his upcoming Congressional campaign.

Junior's being challenged by Debbie Halvorson, who had a term as Congresswoman in this area before the Tea Partying Adam Kinsinger beat her out, last go 'round.

Debbie has an interesting, yet double-crossing history in this area. She lives in Crete, one of the towns that border the "footprint." The others are: Monee, Peotone, Beecher, University Park and Goodenow. Years ago, she ran for state senator on an anti-airport platform against the entrenched and powerful, Senator Aldo DeAngelis. DeAngelis is the person who dreamt up this airport nightmare.

Much to everyone's astonishment, Debbie won the election! She promptly fell into line with the pro-airport crowd and stabbed her constituents in the back. Her big selling point in this election is that she is against giving control of the airport to Junior's 26 ALNAC group and instead, thinks the bumbling idiots that comprise the Will County Board should be given the administrative joystick.

Junior's been pressuring Governor Quinn to give his ALNAC group control of the state property already wrested from area residents. Junior claims to have the Canadian consortium SNC-Lavalin (now at the center of India's biggest scandal) and Procor, a developer out of Philadelphia. He claims these outfits can build the airport "privately" and it won't cost Illinois taxpayers a nickel. Not only that, it will create tens of thousands of benefit-laden, living-wage jobs! At one point, his jobs projection was the weird figure of 236,000 jobs. This ballooned to the figure of 250,000. Nowadays, it has free-fallen to the modest number of 15,000.

The state of Illinois has already spent well over 100 million dollars on this project. The jobs generated – that have not gone to the politically connected – are found in the range of zero!

Lately, Junior has been going around "his" new vastly expanded district to drum up support for this airport by his stock in trade – bombast and obfuscation (i.e. lying.) According to him, he's got the state's unemployment and transportation "solution." It will be solved with this airport. Farmers, church groups, local officials, they're all on his itinerary. Sneakily, to progressives dealing with transportation problems in the city, he comes off as supportive of their efforts, to burnish his (phony) image as a progressive himself.

Meanwhile, in the ever-threatened Peotone "footprint" area, the state, through the Department of Transportation, sicced hirelings from a company called Hansen. Their specialty is coercing landowners the state has targeted for "necessary" projects, such as a new Walmart, Walgreens or an unneeded mega airport, that they can squeeze under the umbrella of "necessary for the public welfare" which the Constitution gives the green light to land rustle for. The Constitution is touted as the most wonderful creation of Mankind – even though it is underpinned with human slavery!

But, the state doesn't have the go ahead to out-and-out force eminent domain, or even "quick take" for this airport. So, they use Hansen to send threatening letters, phone calls, surveyors and other obnoxious people to harass those not willing to sell to the state at rip-off prices. 27

I heard from a disgruntled former resident who did sell to the state a few years ago. He said the state hasn't paid him yet, although they did take over his land, bulldoze his house and barns and put up "State property / No Trespassing" signs. He said they told him they can't pay him because of our opposition to their damn project! So, he got mad at us.

IDOT took over a farmhouse a couple of miles south of my house and they use it as their on site headquarters. They fenced it off and put barbed wire on the top. They have a big spotlight on all the time and hired retired cops to patrol the footprint, as if we've become a "high crime area." They bought my next door neighbor's house and bulldozed that. Even the suburban papers saw that as an intimidation tactic, as my neighborhood is now out of the "footprint."

Anyway, they tried to hassle Anthony Rudis. His farm is right dab smack in the middle of this "footprint." He's got several hundred acres of beautiful farmland that is also heavily wooded. It's one of the top re-forestation projects in the state. He's also donated several hundred acres to Loyola University. He's been a real vocal thorn in their side. He's also 100 years old!

It really angered me to see them pressure this very elderly man who recently lost his longtime wife. He had no problem standing up to them and is still very articulate. His was the front page story in the south suburban daily, the *Southtown Star*. Even the Chicago papers had a short piece on it.

I'm always intensely busy because I do a lot of serious prisoner support work on a daily basis, among many other things. But, I felt I needed to do something about this.

So, I started gathering information and yes, making zines about it and thinking about what we should do about it.

About this time, I got an email from Jen Angel, who used to write a popular zine. Then she edited a well-respected 28 magazine called *Clamor*, which had a pretty good few years run. She now spearheads a service called "Aid and Abet." She helps coordinate activist tours.

She informed me that two environmental activists from the U.K. Were planning a tour of the U.S., focusing on aviation issues. They were part of a movement known as the Aviation Justice Movement. This was the first I had heard of such a thing.

John Stewart (from London) and Dan Glass (Edinburgh, Scotland) would hop the pond and go around to energize the groups fighting airport expansion and all the terrible things airports cause, such as air, water and soil pollution, horrific noise levels, congestion, etc. John and Dan were instrumental in cobbling together a broad-based coalition of environmentalists and affected residents to put the kabosh on the expansion of Heathrow Airport – the largest airport in Europe!

It sounded like a wonderful idea and I enthusiastically took up the challenge. I went to the next STAND (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) meeting, which are held monthly and brought up the upcoming tour and that we needed to do something to counteract the latest round of harassment directed at Anthony Rudis and others. It seemed to me that it was past time to engage in some direct action, instead of just responding to the scheming politicians and their dastardly designs.

So, I tried to figure out how to host these two guys. I called around to my activist friends in Chicago, looking to interest some student groups or environmental activists to host them for a talk, hopefully for the ever-elusive "stipend." But, nobody really seemed interested in aviation issues. People in the city care about the city and when they need to take a flight, they go to O'Hare or Midway. When you bring up "Peotone" they say: "Oh, I thought was over with!" Yeah, you thought... People in the city are very city-centric and feel nothing important happens in the suburbs. They're more likely to drive or fly to another city

than take a train or drive to an event in the suburbs. Sad, but true. Personally, I detest the city. I can't stand driving amidst gridlock with nowhere to park. I don't like all the buildings, 29 concrete, cops everywhere, etc. But I do like to hang out with certain city people.

At first, it seemed like Gene Spanos, who is part of a group of citizens who live near O'Hare fighting that monstrosity, would spearhead the tour, here in Chicago. He offered to pick the blokes up, put 'em in a downtown hotel and organize an event. He posted several emails.

It was suggested that I contact Gene, so we could coordinate our efforts. So, I called him and we had a cordial and interesting conversation. He said they had sent information to the Olympic Committee in Europe, before they would soon decide where the 2016 Summer Olympics would be held. Chicago was one of five finalists. They told them how the corrupt Daley regime stood to profit and how grossly inadequate Chicago's transportation system is. This intrigued me because I was aware of how some anarchists in Chicago were also trying to sabotage Daley's Olympic bid.

Daley pulled out all the stops and sent a super VIP group to Copenhagen to wow the committee. This included the super self-absorbed Oprah Winfrey (but not Michael Jordan, who adroitly refused!)

Shortly before the day of the big decision, two twin brothers, Jason and Jeremy, and a couple of other A's spontaneously decided to act. It was a bold, two-for-one protest. They'd embarrass the city about their Olympic bid and damn the war machine in one fell swoop!

They tore down the Olympic flag draped over the Picasso statue at the Daley Center and tried to light it over the eternal flame of the Unknown Soldier, nearby. It made the papers.

A couple of days later, they got bailed out – right in the midst of this huge anticipatory mass of humanity gathered in Grant Park, hopefully and joyfully awaiting the Olympic Committee's decision, which was to be announced that day!

The people pushing for it expected the committee to choose Chicago. The rally was peppered with anarchists opposed to it. Then the announcement came – Chicago was the first city to be *eliminated!* The crowd groaned and the anarchists cheered. The twins were hailed as conquering heroes! It was a glorious day to be a Chicago anarchist. This decision saved the people of 30 Chicago an enormous amount of displacement, gentrification, over-the-top security, money, inconvenience and grief.

So Gene must have been rejoicing at the news, too. For, Daley had also been spearheading the expansion of O'Hare.

Unfortunately, the forces fighting the expansion of O'Hare latched onto the idea that the erection of a mega-airport down near Peotone would somehow make the airlines and the Daley forces give up their plans for the expansion of O'Hare.

Peotone was (and still is) a purely political mirage airport, with no industry interest. Congressman Henry Hyde, who represented the O'Hare area, was a big pusher of Peotone. He's the one who got Jesse Jackson, Jr. to pick up this thing as if it were the Holy Grail.

Gene abruptly emailed the group that he was no longer a part of the Aviation Tour, without explanation. I figured that Jack Saporito, who heads ARECO, the largest, most sophisticated anti-airport group in the country, must have gotten into his ear. Jack hates STAND and the fact that we won't lay down and play dead, so that the pro-airport crowd can bulldoze our homes and farms and erect what would become a ghost airport, ala the unused Mid American Airport (Mascoutah) 25 miles east of St. Louis. Jack sent a couple of scolding emails to the group denouncing us as *anti*-environmental. Weird!

I didn't really know what the rest of the group thought of the conflict between the forces opposing O'Hare (yet pushing Peotone) and us hicks down here fighting Peotone. So, it was reassuring to learn they had kicked Jack out of the national group, years ago. No wonder her hates us!

I contacted Peter Hudis, who is a Marxist-Humanist, who has written a terrific book about Rosa Luxembourg, among others.

We've worked together on prisoner conferences and other projects. He hooked me up with another professor, who is head of the Philosophy Department at Lewis University in Joliet. It is located adjacent to the Joliet Airport and they even have an Aviation Department. I was even negotiating for a possible stipend for our U.K. Heroes.



Then it hit me. We should have an event in the footprint and invite *them* to be *our* special guests. I floated the idea around and people liked the idea, but it was quickly clear that I'd have to do the lion's share of the planning, organizing and actual work in order to pull it all off.

I came up with the "Harvest Fest" idea because the boys would swing through Chicagoland during the harvest moon!

I started asking around to find a nice farm in the footprint to hold the event, which would take place on the Sunday afternoon of October 9th. Luckily, the Chicago Bears were playing on Monday night that week.

I thought of the Tweitmeyer farm, where years ago we had a nice gathering. I stopped at their house but their house was charred and boarded up. I asked around and found out they had rented a house a few blocks from my house. They were willing to help but couldn't handle hosting the event. His wife's father recently died and they suffered a devastating fire at their house. So I said: "Well, how about another crop circle?" Bruce said: "Sure! We can do that. Anything to help the cause."

Back in 1999, we did our first crop circle together. It made the front page of the *Chicago Sun-Times.* The caption read: "No Fly Zone Over Peotone." It was accompanied by a sympathetic interview and article.

So, time passed and I set to work. Word came that Dan was having Visa problems. Apparently, the White House didn't like the fact that Dan managed to embarrass the then Prime Minister, Gordon Brown – in his home (10 Downing Street) by super-gluing himself to Brown. I guess Obama wondered how he would give a fake, do a cross dribble and go up for an easy

layup during a pick-up game with his political sycophants and toadies, with his hand stuck to the ball!? They'd have to call traveling! Man, I miss the NBA! 32

I knew then that Dan's visit was toast because I know how insane the U.S. Government is. And really, how could they allow such a brazen "terrorist" to come and stir up hornets nests full of embedded sleeper cells? Why our very oligarchy (I mean "democracy") would be gravely threatened. Dan would end up doing the Sixties draft dodger bit and do a satellite tour through Canada. Those hosers had no idea of the *risk* that they were assuming!

We'd skype Dan into our event, thick accent and all – hopefully.

Well, at least we'd have John, who was older, wrote books, wore suits, was a "coalition builder" and was voted the U.K.'s "most effective environmentalist" by a bunch of people.

I had to leave town for a few days to help my family. My Mom's house in Northern Wisconsin mysteriously burned down, or rather, was destroyed by an electrical fire the day after the person hired to "open" it came and did whatever he did. They claimed the house got "hit by lightning." Funny. It must have hit the electrical fuse box in the bathroom, too. There was no insurance...

While I was gone, George, who I started STAND with in 1998, and who is still the one and only president of STAND (even though there's never been any kind of election) found a place to hold the event. It would be held at Jim and Betty Verduin's 40-acre farm. They have a beautiful home, which Jim built. He's a former bricklayer by trade. They also have a huge barn, terrific yard, a pond and a cornfield that melts into vast wetlands. It is located in the southeast sector of the "footprint."

I went over and scoped it out and it looked great. My buddy, Billy Wachowski, who lives with his wife Mary, kitty-corner from the miserable "Compound" with the all-night searchlight and barbed wire. He's retired now and helps with the Friday fish fry at the Peotone American Legion. He lent me ten tables and two

port-o-potties. I schlepped them over in my son's Dodge Ram pick-up truck. I put gas in it and it took in $75 and it already had a quarter of a tank! Sheesh! You could almost see the needle go down as you drove it. It was like driving a heavy, wooden speedboat. You had to drive like a little kid – both 33 hands on the wheel, wildly swinging from side to side, just to keep in on the road in the right lane. One great thing about that monster was, it had a cassette tape player, so I got to blast a few of my hundreds of old school, back-in-the-day rock tapes. That sucker came in handy for three weeks before and after the fest.

I found a nice picture of our NO AIRPORT symbol and traced it on a piece of graph paper. This is the 4th crop circle I've done, but the last one was ten years ago. I wanted to make it real nice-looking this time. I wanted to make the body of the plane nice and tapered, with nice wings and tail fins. It's hard to get perspective when you're on the ground cutting it. It seems like you're cutting way too much. You don't really know what it will look like until you get an aerial shot of it.

So, Bruce, his farmhand buddy Jon Lisota (who also helped with the 1st crop circle, done in an adjacent field twelve years ago) and my South Chicago ABC stalwart comrade, Mike Ploski, scoped it out the day before we did it, set out center stake and left several lengths of twine, 20, 40, 80 & 150 feet.

The next day was the Autumnal Equinox, September 22nd – the perfect time for aliens to descend and cut out a crop circle.

By the time Mike and I came out to the field, Bruce and Jon had already cut out the circle, which took them about an hour. I had my drawing on the graph paper. Each tiny square on the drawing would extrapolate to 100 square feet in the field.

Earlier, we'd determined a center and banged in a metal stake. Then we tied the 150' length to it and drew it taut. Bruce followed Jon with his brand new John Deere tractor, which had a 60 inch cutting blade. After the first cut, he did several more rings outside the first one. It would now have a 350 foot diameter.

Next we set up the center line for the length of the body of the plane, about 280 feet from the nose to the tail. Then we determined the width of the plane from the nose to a width of thirty feet down to ten feet by the tail section.



Then we calculated each wing. I wanted big wings because this evil government is using monstrous planes and drone aircraft to rain death from the sky all over the world and I wanted to make it look more like a military aircraft. It's really bad to destroy irreplaceable prime farmland for a bogus airport scheme designed to gain brownie points (and money) from lied-to citizens, but it's the epitome of evil to go around the world raining death upon people. It's sinister their "philosophy," which is captured in one of the airmen's hideous little catch phrases: "Kill them all and let God sort them out!"

So, with an image of an attack aircraft with a circle and slash through it, it meant, yeah, "NO AIRPORT!" but also "To hell with this death machine and those taking their orders from the smiling assassin, Barack Obama."

So, we outlined the wings and as Bruce cut those out, we figured out the dimensions of the tail fins.

It took about 3½ hours to finish cutting it all out and another hour Bruce and Jon took to do the circle. But it wasn't done by a long shot.

The next day, Mike and I went back out there with a Toro lawnmower and a couple of rakes. It was a big mess. Cut hay all over, uneven ground, parts not cut evenly, straw, etc. Plus, we had to fine tune the cut all the way around. This actually took a lot of work.

Then, it rained heavily for seven straight days – the first time this had happened at this time of year since the 1930's.

So, when I got back out to the field, you could barely tell what was cut and what wasn't. I would have to re-cut the whole thing again with my lawnmower and rake it thoroughly.

This took three days of solid work from 3 pm until you couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

All this time, I was also working full-time at my stressful as hell job, doing several other projects such as being part of the behind-the-scenes support collective for the Cali hunger strikers, trying to organize the Fest, trying to interest reporters in our crop circle and upcoming Harvest Fest, trying to set-up other venues for John to speak at, run my distro, be a husband, brother, father and yadda yadda. So, sweating my ass off in the field was about as close to "relaxing" as I was getting. My arms felt like they were going to fall out of their sockets from all that raking.

I got a couple of Chicago reporters interested in checking out the drop circle, but their stupid editors were only interested in covering what the politicians said and did. They covered street crime, the corporations, fashion, sports and more than half the paper was advertisements. To them, what conscious, ethical residents were doing wasn't profitable enough.

I did do a radio interview with the super station, WGN – 720 AM. It was played several times during the day and their signal covers half the country and a big chunk of Canada.

The 2nd crop circle made The *Chicago Tribune* and *USA Today*. My sister saw it in Europe. The third one was cut into a soybean field and it was enormous! That poor farmer sacrificed $500 worth of soybeans. You could probably have seen it from the moon! It was 600 feet in diameter. A gigantic nearby barn looked like a Monopoly house. It was featured on the TV show, *Wild Chicago*.

The reporters said their editors refused to pop for a plane, but I told them I'd get them – for nothing – on a small private plane or a powered parachute. See, we already have two airfields in the "footprint." Bult Field is a small airport with a mile-long runway. They handle private planes and corporate jets. The powered parachute outfit is situated two miles south of the crop circle. Bill and Bonita Hunt run it. They used to be in the circus. Those rides are the most awesome thing – fantastic! But the reporters, having no real say in their assignments, wussed out, even the suburban freelancers.

I felt compelled to tongue-lash the guy and so I read him the "riot act" because this was starting to piss me off! I'd  apparently wasted time cajoling and informing these guys – making it easy for them, and all I got was a handful of nothing!

I said: "What the fuck!? You guys write about what the goddam politicians say or do concerning this but not what the people directly menaced by this thing are doing? Why is that?" Of course, he had no answer and that was the end of the conversation.

So, it was already October and I had hoped the crop circle would generate a nice buzz leading up to our event, set for the ninth.

I was also painting 4' x 4' ON AIRPORT plywood yard signs with Mike, making flyers, little brochures and plastering them around the businesses in the surrounding towns. I was also putting the squeeze on local pizza joints, the powered parachute folks and others to pop for donations for our raffle, asking other grassroots groups to come to speak and table, etc.

During this time, the Cubbies were in their yearly, end-of-the-season meltdown. They lost their ass off all through September. Their star(crossed!) pitcher, Carlos Zambrano, gave up four or five home runs in three innings and was taken out of the game. He kept on going! He cleaned out his locker and left the stadium in the middle of the game. He's thus become the latest poster boy for how pathetic the Cubbies are. He'd earned this honor before.

I came up with the idea to transfer the Cubbie goat curse off the Cubs and stick it on the Peotone Airport, to give it the kiss of death, once and for all!

Back in 1945, when the Cubs were last in the World Series, the owner of the Billy Goat Tavern, a Mr. Sianis, took his goat to the game. What could be more harmless, right? Well, the goat started eating the food of nearby fans and they made him leave the park because of it. This made him mad and he and his goat put a curse on the Cubs, and they haven't been to the World Series since.

They looked like a shoo-in in 1969, but a black cat walked on the field and they promptly collapsed and the hated New York Mets blew by them and gathered all the marbles. 37

In 2003, they were five outs away from the World Series (with a game cushion). They blamed that choke-out on a guy named Steve Bartman, who tried to catch a foul ball lofted towards him in the stands. Insanely, the "Bartman Ball" was auctioned off. The Harry Caray Restaurant paid megabucks for it and, in an elaborate ceremony, blew it up. They then mixed it into spaghetti sauce and charged brain dead Cub fans a pretty penny to consume it.

Of course, the Cubs hadn't *won* the World Series, since 1908! They were heavily favored in 1906, but the Chicago White Sox beat them, four games to two. I had to get that dig in there because I'm a White Sox fan. The White Sox won the World Series in 2005 – the first time for them since 1917. They should have won in 1919, but things got funky.

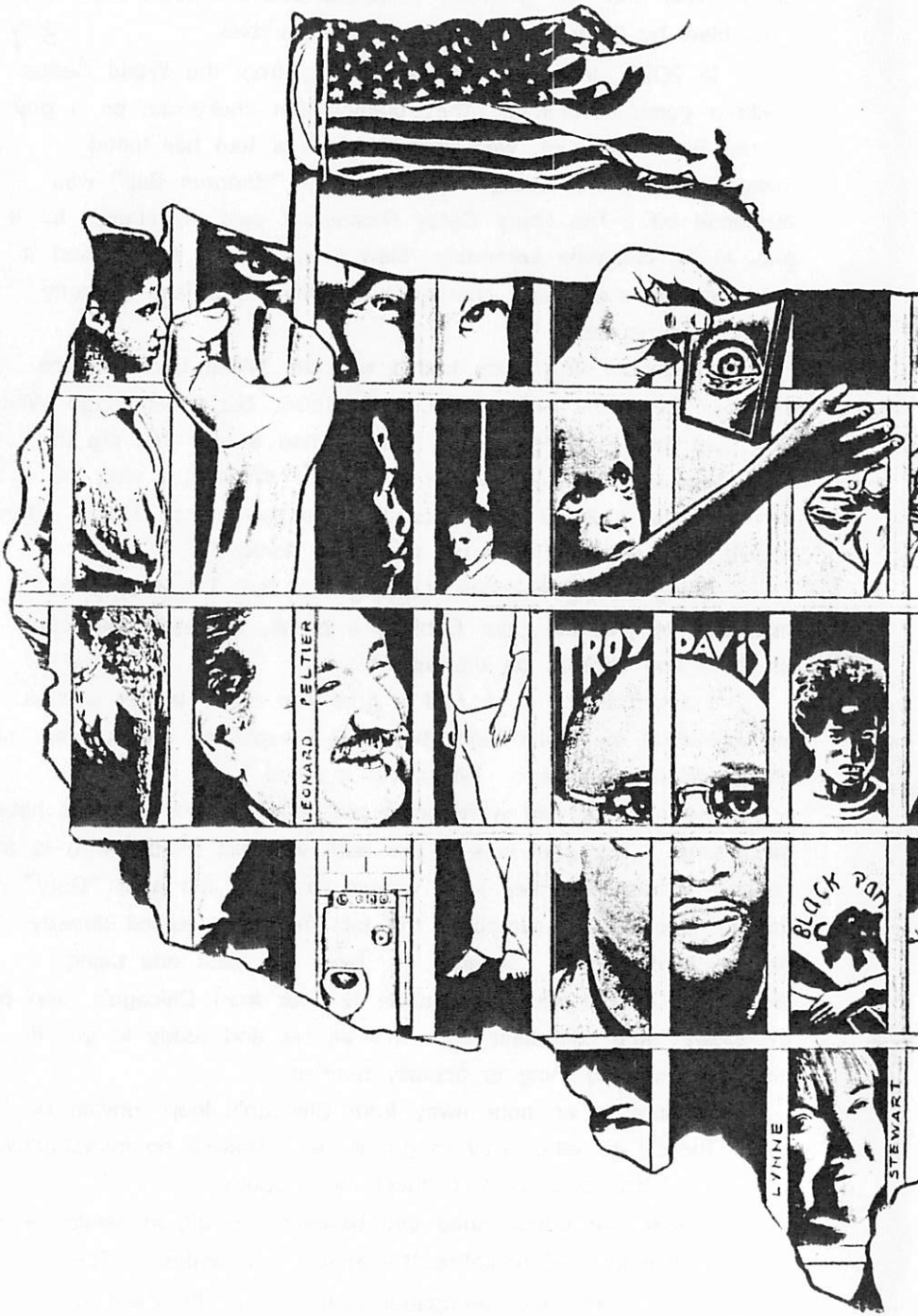
Being a magnanimous, gloating Sox fan, I figured it was high time to give the poor Cubbies a break, take the goat curse off them and stick in on the airport.

I asked Bruce if he had a goat and some farmer clothes. He looked at me kinda funny but after I explained my scheme, he shrugged and mumbled: "Whatever it takes."

He and his wife were going out of town, so he didn't have much time. The goat was in the barn with his buddy, who is a genuine jackass (donkey.) I wanted to name the goat "Gary" for our ceremony to symbolize the fact that Chicagoland already has a "third" airport (several, in fact) the best one being located in Gary, Indiana - a mere ½ hour from Chicago's loop by expressway and commuter rail. It's all set and ready to go, if and when such a thing is actually needed.

Peotone is an hour away from Chicago's loop, driving by car. There's no other way to get there. There's no infrastructure at all out here, even wi-fi connectivity is spotty.

People are brainwashed into believing an airport would be a great job-creator and revitalize the abandoned rustbelt. The politicians convinced the newspaper editors, logic be damned!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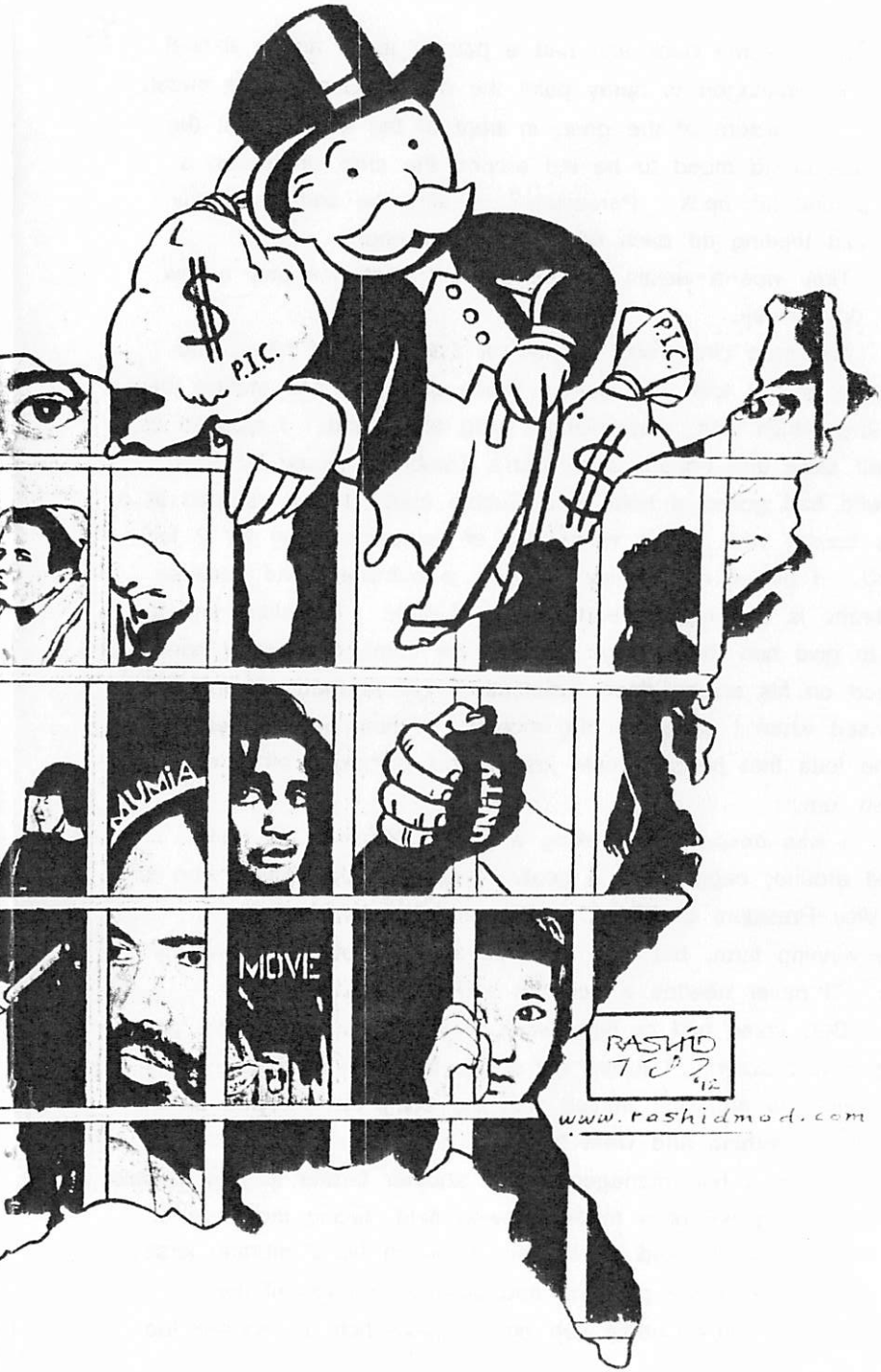
TROY DAVIS
BLACK PAN
LYNNE STEWART


P.I.C.
P.I.C.
MUMIA
UNITY
MOVE
RASHID
www.rashidmod.com

Bruce came back and had a pair of jeans and a flannel shirt. He managed to spray paint the name "Gary" on a sheet, and took a picture of the goat, in front of the sneet. But the goat was in no mood to be led around the crop circle with a rope around his neck. Personally? I think he and his buddy were just feeding off each others' negative energy.

Time was-a-wastin'! The Harvest Fest was only a few short days away.

The crop circle was freshly cut (again) and raked and ready to go. I took the clothes Bruce gave me and stuffed them with hay which was, conveniently, lying all around. I stopped at a thrift store and bought a children's Zambrano jersey for $.90. My wife had gotten a hold of a Cubbie cap. I also stopped at a guy's house, who had a wagon full of pumpkins going for 2 for $5.00. I picked out 2 nice ones for a pumpkin head because Zambrano is a pumpkin headed type of dude. I couldn't find the guy to give him the money. Finally, he came out after I had banged on his screen door, insistently. He seemed genuinely surprised when I gave him the money. I think he was resigned to the idea that people would just rip his pumpkins off – or smash 'em!

I was desperately seeking a goat! When I got home, I called around, begging for a goat. I called Judy Ogalla, who is the Vice-President of STAND. She and her husband run a prize-winning farm, but they don't have any goats... I told my wife: "I never needed a goat so bad in my *life*!"

But, come hell or high water, I was going to do this goat thing – and *soon*! I flailed my arms, ranted and raved, complained to my wife, fiddled with the computer, stepped on the cat, ate something and went to bed.

Earlier, I had managed to get another farmer to park a field tractor, coming out of a freshly plowed field, facing the cone of the airplane. I dressed up the scarecrow in his Zambrano jersey, cut out a face in the pumpkin and stuck in on top of the scarecrow, with his Cubbie cap on. I gave him a necklace too –

of a coyote skull. I sat him atop the tractor with one hand on the wheel and the other holding a very cool walking stick, which my brother Jim makes. I even gave him a spine – one of the metal stakes we used to map out the crop circle. 41

I was quite proud of my handiwork. It looked positively hallucinogenic from the street. Now, if I could only get me a goat...

The next day was angst-riddled with no goat to be had. Plus, word came that John Stewart was being treated like a 1-man al-Qaida invasion. They claimed he had made vague threats against Obama. This, of course, was a baldfaced lie. But then, that's what lie-based, murderous governments do – lie like hell and murder lots and lots of people.

They jacked him around Kennedy Airport for several hours, interrogating him about the excellent (and very effective) organizing work he'd done and intended to do in the States. The Obama thing was just a ruse, a canard – total b.s. It reminded me of how the government kept trying to prevent Ernest Mandel, a back-in-the day European Trotskyist intellectual from coming to the U.S. John was certainly more of a "threat" than Ernest, as far as clear-thinking and organizing was concerned!

Welcome to Amerika, John. Sorry you couldn't stay. How do you like us now? We're the land of the incarcerated, with 25% of all prisoners but only 4 ½ of the population. We usurp 25% of the world's resources, too! Yet we have plenty of homeless, destitute, poverty-stricken folks, despair, debt, obesity, hopelessness, pointless violence, psychosis, suicide and heavy drug addiction. To spread our "exceptional" form of government, we are also the world's #1 rogue terror state by far. Gee, maybe there's a reason anarchists are popping up like mushrooms!?

OK, so now we don't have *any* guests for our four events. Well, that takes care of the housing problem. And, I won't have to drive quite as much. I won't even have to take (much) time off of work.

I checked my email. We'd skype these guys into our gatherings. Oh, great! Computers! I hate computers as much as I hate the city.

I work with prisoners (writers and artists) and they're not allowed to have internet access. After all, according to the 42
wondrous 13th Amendment, which is credited with "abolishing" slavery, those with felony convictions are – to this day – legal *s-l-a-v-e-s*! It's illegal to educate slaves in this country and you can get convicted of a felony for smiling on a cloudy day, or for *nothing*! If your skull touches a billy club – felonious assault!

But, if you conjure up an evil, lie-based genocidal war that everyone in the world knows is total bullshit, orchestrate the slaughter of a million people, enslave the rest, destroy the infrastructure, poison the air, water and soil for the next several billion years, etc. - you're not even remotely considered for criminal prosecution or even a slap on the wrist. You get the V.I.P. treatment, instead. You get secret service to protect your entire life, you're a multi-millionaire and a popular celebrity.

Did I mention how much I loathe and detest this satanic country? How do you like the way they torture the whistle blowers, like Bradley Manning? We're supposed to be angry at the brave few who helped the brutal truth come out. Today in Amerika is Big Brother on steroids!

Two emails down, the philosophy professor at Lewis University in Joliet, canceled. Well, I guess there's not going to be a "stipend" after all. Sheesh. Oh, well.

I went by the crop circle to console myself and the tractor was gone! I didn't know where the scarecrow was, either. They were cutting the hay in the fields that were adjacent. I panicked! What else was I supposed to do? I called Bruce and told him not only did we not get a chance to do the goat curse ceremony yet, nor did we get any publicity, we didn't even get an aerial shot of the crop circle yet, or even a picture of the Zambrano scarecrow on the tractor! He said, he'd tell his farmer to "square" around the crop circle. Boy, I sure hoped so. It took an insane amount of time and work only to have them just erase it, with no fanfare.

These types of projects are a roller-coaster ride of emotional ups and downs. Many strands of activities must be woven together with all kinds of variables and personalities.

So, I did my usual – made faces, lots of noise, menaced the cat and hit the deck. Before I started counting sheep, I called Ann Baskerville. She does a terrific blog about Will County, including the actual truth about the predations on Peotone. I told her about the crop circle and that we were going to do the goat curse ceremony tomorrow night at sunset – around 6 pm. She said she'd try and make it. I started pulling on my face again because I still had no goat, nor any idea on how to get one. I read a few more pages from one of several books I'm always reading and passed out.



The next morning I went to work as usual, but bad things happened. I assumed responsibility for the plaza bank, but it was inexplicably $200 short. This was around 6 am. At around 11 am. The boss came and it was a very tense situation until we were pretty sure what had happened to the money. At the peak of this tense period, George called me and said: "Tony. Judy got the goat." I whispered: "That's great, but I'm in a real tight spot, right now." Relief washed all over me.

When I got home, I called around telling everybody that the goat curse ceremony would be happening that evening around 6 pm. I talked to Phil Kadner, who is a columnist for the suburban daily, the *Southtown Star.* I told him all about what we were going to do and answered whatever questions he asked.

I had a half of a dozen walking sticks my talented Brother, Jim, made from gorgeous pieces of wood. I got the scarecrow, spruced him up and stuck him on Bruce's John Deere tractor, which he positioned facing the cone of the plane.

I told Bill & Bonnie Hunt about it and they could *finally* go aloft with their powered parachutes. It has to be a real calm day – no rain and wind speed below 10 mph. They made two passes and took pictures, one at 4 pm. And again around 6 pm, while we were "with goat" around six.

I gang-pressed my son into helping me do this and asked that he wear his crazy court jester hat. He would lead the goat and the rest of us.

We started gathering at the crop circle. Ann showed up

with her camera! I passed out the walking sticks and told them what we were going to do. We'd walk around the circle, while I ranted, then walk down the slash and up to the nose of the plane where I'd recite a poem about it all, I had written just for this occasion. 

Still no goat... I went over to the parking lot to hurry up the arrival. Then this farm lady came with this delightful, female goat. We took her out there and I put a little homemade name tag around her neck. The farm lady was exhausted – from milking cows, I think, and just went over to lean against a tree to relax. The goat went straight for the clover. All she wanted to do was joyously bite off clover and chew it down fast. So, we had to let her have at it for awhile.

George came with another guy and they brought drums. It was getting close to six, so we got started. I had no idea what I was going to say, but I started jabbering, anyway. Ann started filming from a freshly mowed adjacent field.

Halfway through, a couple of powered parachutes arrived. They buzzed us a few times and took pictures. They spooked the goat and she went out of the circle for a while.

Before long, we were facing the tractor and I read my poem. The goat stood right next to me as if she had read the script and was acting her part like a professional actress. It was kinda funny because after each stanza, I read the refrain, which berated the goat for being so mean to the Cubbies all these years. I read it right to her face, but she wasn't flustered at all. She just had a sweet girl goat look on her face. She seemed happy and comfortable to be part of this weird, motley crew. At the end, I looked up and a big Cub fan was there, who I hadn't seen before, wearing a Cub jersey. He must have walked out from the cornfield! The curse is on!

The next morning, Kadner's whole page two column was about the goat curse ceremony. I had no idea he would write it up, especially the next day. So, that was cool. We got some publicity for our upcoming Harvest Fest, got the crop circle recognized and saved the Cubs, while damning the airport.

Soon after, the Cubs fired their miserable general manager, Jim Hendry and goofy manager, Mike Quade and hired the whiz kid from Boston, Theo Epstein, who brought his brain trust. 45 There was so much excitement over this hire, you'd have thought they had hired *Brian* Epstein! They even hired a promising new manager, Dave Sveum.

The city people heard about our crop circle / goat curse ceremony, from the WGN radio interview and Kadner's column – probably from the damn internet! The Southtown Star is also owned by the Chicago Sun-Times. Those city-centric editors can't keep info on the suburbs from leeching through, through this business arrangement and such annoying things as links!

The sports shows were talking about the goat curse, because it was funny and most people think the Peotone Airport is a ridiculous idea and the Cubbies were a hot topic at the time.

Rick Telander, who is a sports columnist for the *Sun-Times* and who has written books, for *Sports Illustrated*, etc. had a picture of a goat, covering the entire back page of the paper. His column suggested that if the wunderkid, Theo Epstein, couldn't make the Cubs a winner, they'd have to figure out a way to take the goat curse off the team.

I emailed him and said: "Too late, Telander!" Then, I put a link to Ann's video of our ceremony. He got a laugh out of it and surmised that the Peotone Airport would have grass runways with goats grazing on them.

Now, it was just a question of getting the Verduin place ready for the event. My wife is terrific at everything, including being a fantastic impressionistic painter. She especially enjoys seascapes and just being by water. I asked her to paint a harvest scene on a piece of 4' x 4' cedar plywood. We'd lean that on the Verduin mailbox.

I brought boxes of literature, protest signs, banners, pictures, cassettes, posters to color – all kinds of stuff. We had ten tables to play with and a huge back wall, to spread everything out on. I put some jazz on a tape deck and laid everything out.

Doing stuff like this is how I relax. I'm always working, so I only get to feel calmed and refreshed by not being interrupted.

Judy got a high school group to handle the food. They grilled up hotdogs and hamburgers and had other stuff. Other folks brought salads and cakes and other goodies to round out the fare.



My other son and his wife came and played sweet, acoustic music for us. They brought their dog, named Frank. He's a type of dachshund, who's curly-haired and calm.

The day was here! People began arriving, including six or seven reporters and photographers.

We sort of chucked the whole plan of having speakers, set off to the side. The whole thing was like a big family reunion. These people knew the issues. They've had to live them for decades! Folks just wanted to relax and catch up on each other's lives. So, we just "Let it Be."

Around 5:30, 100 year-old Anthony Rudis arrived with his caretaker. His farm is the biggest and most beautiful and is located right dab smack in the middle of all this land these bastards want to steal from us.

He hobbled over to the barn where we gathered everybody to listen to him. He spoke for a good twenty minutes. His mind is still quite sharp, but his body is (understandably) quite frail and his voice is but a hoarse whisper.

Then we tried to skype in John and Dan, but that didn't happen. Underscoring the lack of infrastructure for a mega-airport in this "footprint" area (much less anything else) there was no WI-FI connectivity. So, we couldn't skype. After several minutes of futility, we got Dan on an expensive phone call with a small speaker. We could barely hear (or understand) what he had to say. We couldn't even ring up John at all. We did our raffle and called it a day.

Then, the powered parachute armada came and buzzed our event. As the sun was setting, five deer pranced along the line of corn past the pond. Several species of birds began arriving to nest for the night in their homes in the vast marshland to the north. It was a gorgeous, stunning, panoramic nature picture come to life. It re-inforced how beautiful this area is, how well cared for, and how ecocidal and depraved our enemies plans are.

The next day, I got up at 3 am to go around and pick up all the signs I had put out. The *Southtown Star* had our Fest on a good part of page 1 and all of page 3. It was also reported in the *Indiana Times*, the *Kankakee Daily Journal*, and online with Ann Baskerville's *Will County News* and Carol Henrich's fine blog down in Arkansas. The Chicago city dailies ignored it. No 47 wonder the big city dailies are going down. Who wants to read that corporatist crap? Good riddance!

Later that day, I took off work two hours early, so I could race downtown to the Kent Law School to participate in their event. This was also Columbus Day.

It was a wild scene on the streets of Chicago. The traditional Columbus Day Parade was competing with a big Occupy Chicago demo and march as well as the Anti-Columbus Day festivities. Yep! *Anarchists!*

We got a nice chance to speak and listen to both John and Dan, via skype, with no problems.

These young, bright law students gave one hope. They were genuinely interested in the struggle at Heathrow and down in Peotone. They were a stark change from the pompous bastards you see in the court rooms across the country who go through a canned routine for megabucks that greases the assembly line of young "offenders" into the massive Amerikan gulag archipelago.

I spread John's book around and talked about what was happening forty miles to the south of them. I gave them more literature and we posed for pictures holding up pictures of my crop circles.

The next night, there was a gathering in a southside Latino neighborhood known as Little Village. It was held at a community (activist) center. Mackel is a Chicago-based anarchist organizer, specializing in urban transportation issues, such as advocating for adequate bus and rail service in the poor neighborhoods, such as Little Village. There are safety issues for pedestrians and bicyclists. These neighborhood issues open the whole can of worms of problems inherent in a dog-eat-dog capitalist, urban

environment. For, this society is more concerned with keeping the profit-motive protected (and subsidized) than addressing the needs of the vast majority of people. 48

Mackel is a conscientious anarchist and takes these issues very seriously. I've seen him around town before at organizing meetings, conferences, demonstrations, etc. but hadn't really had a time to sit down with him, talk over common issues and get to know each other better. Plus, a few other activists and interested citizens were there to share and impart their wisdom.

John and Dan were again, successfully skyped in and shared their stories and strategies. Poor John! It was 3 am for him back in London! Again, I brought plenty of material about the Peotone Airport and copies of John's terrific book detailing how and why the Heathrow Airport struggle was fought and won.

Mackel related an interesting story of duplicity on the part of Jesse Jackson, Jr. He said Jackson has been solicitous of his group's efforts to improve public transportation, access to them by handicapped persons and so on. Mackel was surprised to learn, that this same guy is the bulldog pushing to wipe out our farms for an airport. He said he would confront him about that the next time he sees him.

Hopefully, we can build on these events and interest more people on the importance of a clear understanding of how the aviation industry (and the politicians, who try to push airports as job-creators, etc.) play a prominent role in the whole picture. This is true whether the topic of discussion is the environment, the allocation of public resources, transportation solutions, the need to protect farmland, global climate change, etc.

After the tour through town, two dreadful developments came to light. A sixteen year old Peotone girl, who helped serve food at our Harvest Fest, committed suicide, throwing herself in front of a train.

The other thing was, we learned the autocratic mayor of Crete, Michael Einhorn, was finalizing the details of a deal to have a huge (70 acre) 750 – bed Immigration Detention Center (prison) become a reality on the outskirts of the airport "footprint" - run privately by CCA (Corrections Corporation of America.)

We hastily organized a meeting at a house in Crete. Forty people showed up! We intend to challenge this new evil in our midst. Faith-based immigration activists came down from the city, in a rare show of solidarity. They know all about the countless people who are dragged off the streets every day by the bullies from ICE.



Tonight, STAND has our annual Christmas party, which will be held at Brian's Place in Monee. Brian is the Township Supervisor in Washington Township, in the heart of the "footprint." I had a dozen posters made of the latest crop circle from four different pictures. I'll pass them out to those who will display them prominently.

In a few weeks, we'll get an important legal decision. The state will either move more aggressively with their "landbanking" or have to take a step back. We'll have to be on our guard and ready to act, no matter what happens because this is a long struggle and the forces preying on our area aren't just going to fold up their dog-and-pony tent show, just because a judge told them to hold their horses for a while.

*It's now February 12th, as I (finally) proofread this piece for this issue of Thought Bombs. The court decision has still not come down about landbanking without FAA approval. We held an informational meeting at the Crete Township Hall January 9th. With a seating capacity of 72, about 170 people showed up! I ran a literature table and damn near every piece of paper was gone by the end of the night! Fifty people marched over to Village Hall, where Einhorn was having his meeting with his little group of Trustees. They shouted "NO CRETE DETENTION CENTER" over and over. Einhorn and crew hid in a back room and wouldn't come ou – like scared rabbits.*

*On January 9th, we packed the Village Hall, demanding answers. Folks were outside in the cold, chanting away. We now have hundreds of yard signs. The media was there in force. Our next move is a big event at the gym of the Crete Elementary School. We'll invite the politicians and ICE and demand of Obama that he pull the plug on this evil plan. I'm working on preparing a real sweet literature table for that night, too!*

# R.O.T.T.E.N

## Residents Opposed To This Evil Nightmare




*"We know what is good for you. No need for you to know the details. Prosperity is just around the corner. Enjoy becoming a prison town!"*

It sounds alarmist, but it is based on fact. A wake-up call is in order, anyway. The 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which is credited with "ending slavery" made one exception - those convicted of a felony are still - to this day - legal slaves! Those held in Immigration Detention Centers have even fewer rights because they lack citizenship, which, although a civil violation, is nowadays treated as a criminal offense. 51

Obama, painted as some sort of "liberal" has stepped-up the capturing, incarcerating and deporting policies of George W. Bush. Four hundred thousand individuals are deported each year - and it's growing. Several new detention centers are planned all around the country, in places like Texas, Florida and Illinois...

Here's the deal. ICE gives Einhorn & Crew, say $90 per head, per day, to "house" these people, arrested from throughout the Midwest. CCA, which runs for-profit prisons and detention centers (basically the same thing) then cuts a deal with Einhorn to do the dirty work for say, $70 per head, per day.

Great deal, right? No, it's a horrible deal and here's why. Crete will be turned into a "prison town." This is the last resort of a failing farm community throughout this country. Sadly, more often than not, the forlorn town that agrees to such an arrangement, regrets having made that decision, or more honestly, not being willing or able to stop local officials, who've basically assumed all decision-making powers for the towns, they're mayors of. The Trustees rarely even want to challenge his or her agenda. It's how (un) democratic local politics plays out in this country.

So, this would now mean a sort of generalized heightened *policization* of the community and the surrounding communities. Cops will be ubiquitous, as would buses full of shackled prisoners ("detainees") going to or from the Crete facility, to court or to be deported. The meager services, such as the police, fire and ambulance service, would be basically, at the mercy of any and all problems at the "Center." The residents won't see any of the dirty money, supposedly collected and would instead, be stuck with stressed-out, limited services. They would use lots of water. electricity and the roads, etc.

With approximately 750 people shoved into this facility, underfed, poorly clothed, easily susceptible to disease and despair, problems would be constant! One of the ways CCA makes their obscene (for the big shots) profits, is to pay the

guards and other workers poorly. Training suffers, corners are cut, the turnover rate is high and danger is increased, even from government-run joints, which are also dreadfully and dangerously administered. 52

Property values, already devastated by the greed and avarice of the Wall Street Bankers and other junk bond / mortgage money-packagers, will be further eroded by having a large detention center dominating the area.

Being on the edge of the endless threat of the "Peotone Airport" will give more impetus for this unwanted, unneeded airport.

Lately, the Will County Board, Jesse Jackson, Jr. and Governor Quinn have stepped up their efforts to force eminent domain down the throats of your farmer neighbors in this contrived "Airport Footprint."

Even though they can't agree on which group of incompetent boobs will "run" this airport, they still are in a hurry to destroy these productive, many-generation family farms. This, even though the FAA has yet to even rule on the need for it! Illinois politicians are about the looniest!

If Einhorn signs this deal, the ball begins to roll. He has also incessantly pushed for this airport (which all the airlines want nothing to do with) - as well as the "Illiana Expressway" (read: tollway.)

So, lovely Crete will be thrust in the epicenter of 1) a hideous prison, 2) an unneeded airport & 3) a superhighway (toll road) roaring through the area.

All of this will be orchestrated from *outside* of Crete. CCA will "privately" run the Crete Detention Center from their office in Tennessee. Jackson's weird ALNAC group, or Will County politicians, or some combination, making sure not to allow any local input - will "run" the airport and the Illinois / Indiana Tollroads will "run" the Illiana Expressway.

The Indiana Tollroad was privatized a few years ago. It is not even American-owned anymore, but is rather, owned by a Spanish-Australian consortium.

The Illinois Tollway is looking for ways to ditch their workforce, go completely I-Pass and probably before too long, the State Legislature of Illinois, which has sunk the state to 50th out of 50 as far as economic solvency goes, will sell the Tollway, as Daley sold the Skyway. The Tollway is by far the biggest and really, *only* big asset it has left. If that happens, service will plummet, danger will increase and the tolls will skyrocket - like the Indiana Tollway has.

Einhorn is being wined and dined and soon they'll shove a contract in front of his face to sign this town's future away. The only thing that can stop this madness is if enough people in the area find their morality and courage to stand up to him and the creeps preying on our community. 53

I don't live in Crete. I live in Monee and have since 1990. My younger son, like his older brother did, goes to Crete-Monee High School. I have been fighting for our area for a long time, as many of you must know. I want my children and their friends to have a real future in this area. For generations, our forebears have sustained this lovely area so that we can now live here and enjoy this pristine, bucolic wonderland. We cannot allow these scheming politicians and their drooling "business partners" to bulldoze away our future and replace it with asphalt, concrete, cages, endless lines of diesel-spewing trucks, police, helicopters, prisoner transport buses, barbed-wire fences, cameras everywhere, noise, air, soil and water pollution and the end of a real quality of life.

We don't have much time. Einhorn has never given a damn about Crete residents. He has to be forced to do the right thing! Each one of us has to make pulling the plug on this vile project a top priority.

*Many* people are being menaced more and more in this increasingly dismal country. Mass incarceration in this country is a horrific reality - and growing worse. The sad reality is that locking all these people up is not making us any safer, but it is sucking up all of our tax dollars, which we so sorely need for useful projects, like safer buildings (removal of asbestos), better parks, schools, opportunities, such as job-training, help with funding education, drug-rehab programs instead of automatic and fruitless incarceration, better senior care, child care, smarter, eco-friendly transportation solutions, such as bicycle lanes, sidewalks and bike paths, better bus routes, expanded commuter rail and high-speed rail.

We need our tax dollars spent on infrastructure and programs people actually need! These include better nutrition programs, youth activities, affordable housing, etc. Our taxes get confiscated by government and seem to go into a black hole of waste and corruption. Only the interests of those rich enough to "buy" the politicians seem to get these monies lavished back upon them. The rest of us have "cuts" - pay cuts and service cuts, while taxes and fees and the cost of everyday life continues to go up and up! We do not need our tax money spent on prisons - *especially* if they are privately

run! Why make obscene profits for a bottom-feeder corporation, who preys on the exploitation of human misery? Many of these draconian laws that send minor violators to prison are created by CCA-type private prison corporations and then spoon-fed state legislators, who enact the legislation. The only thing most legislators really care about is getting re-elected. There's no accountability and failed policies and huge wastes of tax money never are pinned on them, for the crimes that they truly are. We just have to suffer from their awful decisions, while they enjoy thick pensions. In fact, there's no accountability in the whole prison industrial complex (PIC) from the cops on the streets, to the smarmy lawyers, to the exempt from scrutiny prosecutors and deified judges. The crimes that occur in the prisons by guards, administrators and other prisoners are pandemic and a national abomination! Jay Leno jokes about prison rape - *"haha!"* Families lie in ruins and lives have been destroyed!

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We don't need a huge, unusable airport. We don't need endless wars and we don't need more toll roads!

Learn the truth of this complicated, inter-connected situation. Your neighbors who are doing the research are where you will find answers. It won't come from the lying government, scheming corporations, nor the bought-and-sold mainstream media!

Here's an eye-opening comparison. From 1960 to 1980, 253 new community colleges were built in 247 rural counties in the U.S. While 77 new prisons in 69 rural counties were also built. That's 253 colleges & 77 prisons.

From 1980 to 2000, 31 new community colleges were built in 31 rural counties, while 434 new prisons were built in 340 rural counties! See what I mean? From 3 1/4 colleges for every prison, we have gone to 1 college for each 14 prisons!!! The number of new colleges was reduced by over 800%, yet the number of prisons rose by almost 570%! We're rapidly turning into a sort of homegrown Stalinist Russia, with an American version of his hideous gulag archipelago!

The politicians and their corporate paymasters don't care about what you say or think. They'll lie to you and put you off and hope your anger dissipates. The only thing they will respond to is direct action! For the people united are stronger than their dirty schemes. Like cockroaches coming out in the dead of the night, they rely on us to remain politically asleep!

We are the caretakers of our communities. We have an historical and desperate mission. We are the stewards of Eastern Will County.

Never before has this area been under such a vicious, perilous, in fact, three-pronged assault. We have to step forward and assume our grave tasks. For, not only is this beautiful land and these sweet towns under the gun, but if we fail and barns and homes are destroyed, trees uprooted, creeks choked off, a prison built and our children's future out here ruined for the greedy profit of the politically connected, this will act as a model for the destruction of other, similar rural areas throughout the country. 55

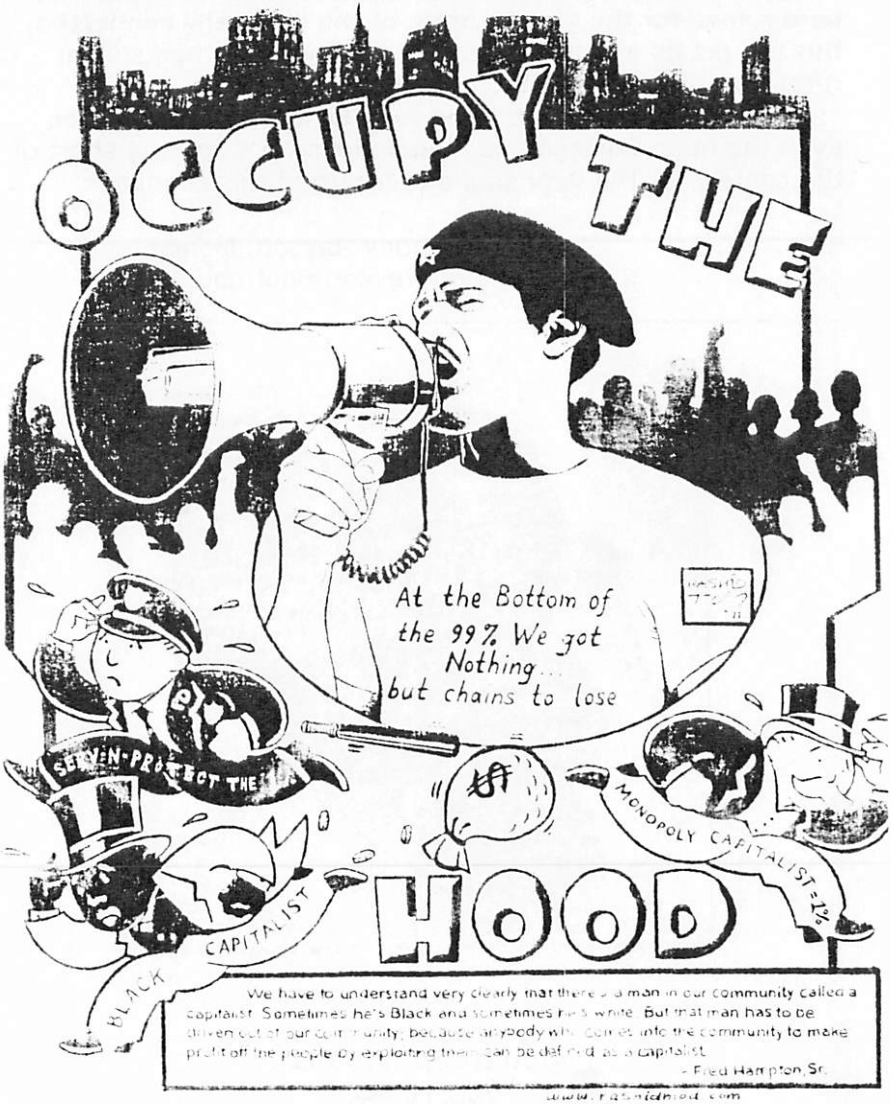
It's not just about Crete or even Eastern Will County or even the huge Chicagoland megalopolis. It's nothing short of the contest for the very *soul* and future of this country!

~ Anthony Rayson, Monee
anthonyrayson@hotmail.com



The city is paying $193,461 for 3,057 new face shields. The FOP chief says more are needed

South Chicago ABC
Zine Distro
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, IL 60430


OCCUPY THE
At the Bottom of the 99% We got Nothing... but chains to lose
SERVE-N-PROTECT THE
BLACK CAPITALIST
MONOPOLY CAPITALIST
HOOD
We have to understand very clearly that there's a man in our community called a capitalist. Sometimes he's Black and sometimes he's white. But that man has to be driven out of our community because anybody who comes into the community to make profit off the people by exploiting them can be defined as a Capitalist.
- Fred Hampton, Sr.

Ken Richardson with the CEDP chapter in Chicago wrote this excellent review of Michelle Alexander's new book:

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Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness. The New Press, 2010, 352 pages, $27.95.

POSTED AT SOCIALISTWORKER.ORG

JimAmerica's Jim Crow Gulag

Alexander Michelle Alexander argues that there's nothing "colorblind" about the U.S. criminal justice system. Ken Richardson reviews her important new book.

September 10, 2010

The United States is a country that was built on a foundation of racism. Historically, racism has taken many forms and served different purposes for those at the top of U.S. society. Whether it was chattel slavery or Jim Crow segregation, structural and overt racism have been a major feature of American life for many generations.

Chattel slavery was defeated by the Civil War, and Jim Crow was defeated by the civil rights movement, but even with these monumental victories, racism is alive and well in today's so-called "post-racial" society.

The criminal justice system and especially the so-called "war on drugs" are the tip of the iceberg of racism in today's U.S. society. Michelle Alexander's book The *New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness* makes the argument that mass incarceration is a modern system of control that has many similarities to Jim Crow, a system of racist, segregationist laws developed in the post-Civil War South that relegated African Americans to second-class status.

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ALEXANDER DOCUMENTS the birth of mass incarceration in the U.S., beginning with the "law-and-order" rhetoric of populist bigot George Wallace and later Republican President Richard Nixon, who declared drugs "public enemy number one."

Reacting to pressure from the civil rights movement and shifting social opinions, racist politicians began to distance themselves from an overtly racist agenda. According to Alexander:



Although law-and-order rhetoric ultimately failed to prevent the formal dismantling of the Jim Crow system, it proved highly effectively in appealing to poor and working-class whites, particularly in the South, who were opposed to integration and frustrated by the Democratic Party's apparent support for the civil rights movement.

The Nixon administration consistently and consciously used coded racial language in an attempt to appeal to racist, white voters—the "Southern Strategy"—but the Reagan administration perfected this tactic. Under Reagan, incarceration rates skyrocketed, and the main vehicle for the dramatic increase was the "war on drugs." Alexander explains:

In his campaign for presidency, Reagan mastered the "excision of the language of race from conservative public discourse," and thus built on the success of earlier conservatives who developed a strategy of exploiting racial hostility or resentment for political gain without making explicit reference to race.

Condemning "welfare queens" and criminal "predators," he rode into office with the strong support of disaffected whites--poor and working-class whites who felt betrayed by the Democratic Party's embrace of the civil rights agenda...His "colorblind" rhetoric about crime, welfare, taxes and states' rights was clearly understood by white (and black) voters as having a racial dimension.

A few years after Ronald Reagan was elected, his popularity dropped as a result of an economic recession, which had disproportionately affected inner cities. Alexander writes, "In the early 1980s, just as the drug war was kicking off, inner-city communities were suffering economic collapse. The blue-collar factory jobs that had been plentiful in the 1950s and 1960s had suddenly disappeared."

Against this economic backdrop, the Reagan administration revved up the "war on drugs," and within a few years, federal funding for anti-drug enforcement increased astronomically. According to Alexander, "Between 1980 and 1984, FBI anti-drug funding

increased from $8 million to $95 million. Department of Defense anti-drug allocations increased from $33 million in 1981 to $1,042 million in 1991."



Drugs and anti-drug enforcement, however, were important issues to only a small number of Americans. So the Reagan administration had to legitimize its massive federal funding of anti-drug enforcement by launching one of the most racist media offensives in modern times. Alexander writes:

Determined to ensure that the "new Republican majority" would continue to support the extraordinary expansion of the federal government's law enforcement activities and that Congress would continue to fund it, the Reagan administration launched a media offensive to justify the war on drugs. Central to the media campaign was an effort to sensationalize the emergence of crack cocaine in inner-city neighborhoods.

In a few years, drugs--specifically crack--went from being a non-issue to the front *page of* Newsweek magazine. "The articles typically featured black 'crack whores,' 'crack babies,' and 'gang bangers,'" writes Alexander, "reinforcing already prevalent racial stereotypes of black women as irresponsible, selfish 'welfare queens,' and black men as 'predators'--part of inferior and criminal subculture."

Before long, the federal government began to change the criminal code to reflect the so-called "epidemic" of drug use. Draconian laws were passed, such as the Anti-Drug Abuse Act of 1986, which enacted mandatory minimums, including a much more serious penalty for distribution of crack than for cocaine.

After Reagan, the administrations of George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton further institutionalized the "war on drugs." The Clinton administration introduced a repressive 1994 crime bill and supported "three strikes and you're out" policies, which imposed strict, mandatory punishments on repeat offenders.

"The bill created dozens of new capital crimes, mandated life sentences for some three-time offenders and authorized more than 16 billion for state prison grants and expansion of state and local police forces," Alexander writes of the Clinton crime bill.

Building on the "tough-on-crime" policies of the Reagan and George H.W. Bush administrations, Clinton's crime and drug policies caused the biggest boom in the prison population in U.S. history.

AMONG PEOPLE on the left, it's not a controversial idea that the war on drugs and the criminal justice system are racist. Many criminal justice activists know the statistics of incarceration rates, drug arrest rates and sentencing disparity.

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What Alexander uncovers is the logic of mass incarceration, and how the war on drugs is administered by police and legitimated by the U.S. court system. Alexander's analysis of mass incarceration focuses on the logic and consequences of the war on drugs. She dismantles commonly held misconceptions about how the war on drugs operates and who are its primary targets. As Alexander writes:

The first myth is that the war is aimed at ridding the nation of drug "kingpins" or big-time dealers...In 2005, for example, four out of five drug arrests were for possession, and only one out of five was for sales...

The second myth is that the drug war is principally concerned with dangerous drugs. Quite to the contrary, arrests for marijuana--a drug less harmful than tobacco or alcohol--accounted for nearly 80 percent of the growth in drug arrests in the 1990s.

The police play an important role in administering the war on drugs, between the courts and the prison system itself. Law enforcement is the institution with the most power, argues Alexander. And its power is legitimized and expanded on the basis of the denial of constitutional rights and civil liberties. Alexander explains how several constitutional amendments have been dismantled in order to legitimize the war on drugs:

Virtually all constitutionally protected civil liberties have been undermined by the drug war. The Court has been busy in recent years approving mandatory drug testing of employees and students, upholding random searches and sweeps of public schools and students, permitting police to obtain search warrants based on an anonymous informant's tip, expanding the government's wiretapping authority, legitimating the use of paid, unidentified informants by police and prosecutors, approving the use of helicopter surveillance of homes without warrant, and allowing forfeiture of cash, homes and other property based on unproven allegations of illegal drug activity.

Many people would agree that racial profiling is used by law enforcement in a lot of instances, but some might be surprised to find out that racial profiling isn't necessarily against the law. Writing on the U.S. Supreme Court case *of United States* v. Brignoni-Ponce, which defended racial profiling, Alexander writes:

Because the Supreme Court has authorized the police to use race as a factor when making decisions regarding whom to stop and search, police departments believe that racial profiling exists only when race is sole factor. Thus, if race is one factor but not the only factor, then it doesn't really count as a factor at all.

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The war on drugs and mass incarceration have had a devastating effect on Black and Brown men, including legalized discrimination, political disenfranchisement, exclusion from juries and racial segregation—all hallmarks of Jim Crow. Alexander argues:

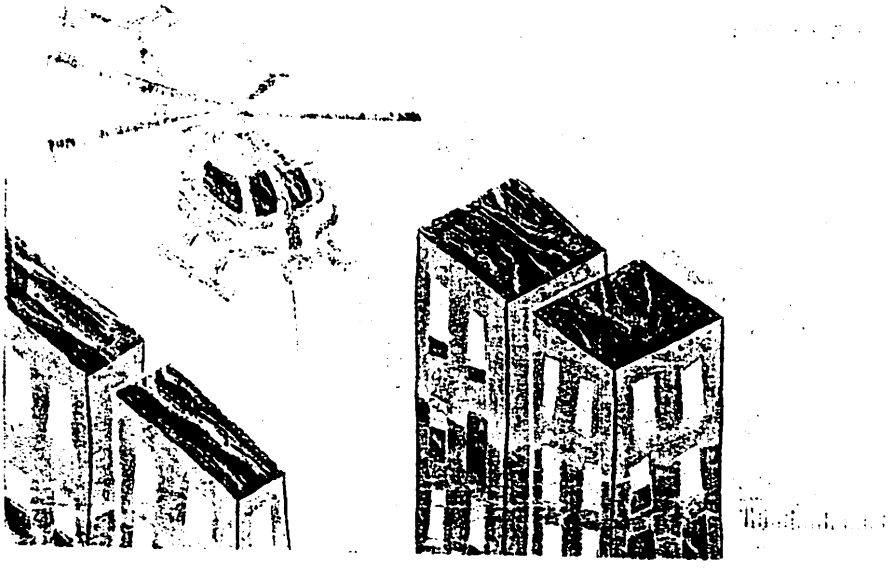
In the era of colorblindness, it is no longer permissible to use race explicitly, as a justification for discrimination, exclusion and social contempt...Once you're labeled a felon, the old forms of discrimination—employment discrimination, housing discrimination, denial of the right to vote, denial of educational opportunity, denial of food stamps and other benefits, and exclusion from jury service—are suddenly legal. As a criminal, you have scarcely more rights, and arguably less respect, than a black man living in Alabama at the height of Jim Crow.

Challenging mass incarceration is an arduous task, since the war on drugs and the logic of mass incarceration have been institutionalized in law enforcement, the courts and the media. As Alexander argues, it will therefore take a massive social movement to confront it. "We must flip the script," she writes. "Taking our cue from the courageous civil rights advocates who refused to defend themselves, marching unarmed past white mobs that threatened to kill them, we, too, must be the change we hope to create."

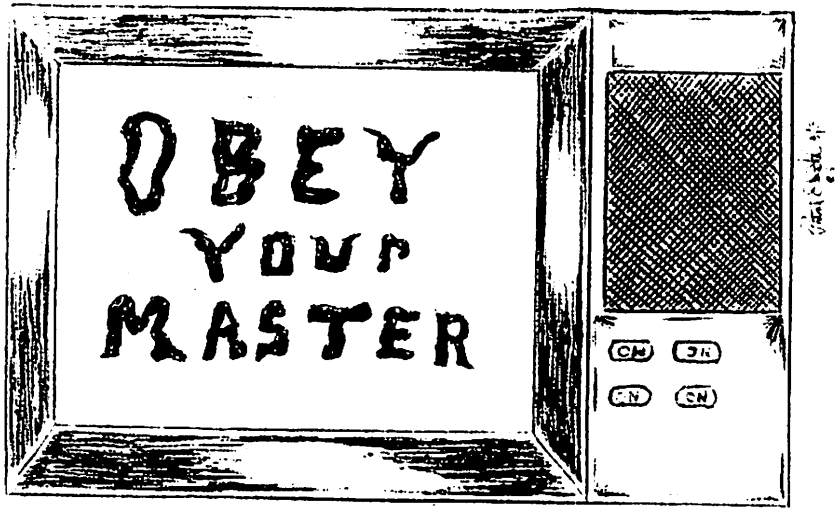
Alexander uses the example of Martin Luther King's Poor People's Movement of 1968 as an inspiration to build a multiracial, class-based, principally anti-racist movement to confront mass incarceration.

Many people have filled churches, auditoriums, small bookstores and universities to hear her timely message, even though her book was printed by a small publisher. Clearly, Michelle Alexander has made an important contribution to the fight against racism--her timely book should be required reading for anti-racists, criminal justice activists and anyone interested in social change.

Michelle Alexander. The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness. The New Press, 2010, 352 pages, $27.95.



# MEDIA



# The Fascism of Everyday Life



The alarm goes off at 4:01. Sounds like it's time to drag myself off to my miserable job, again! I make some coffee and get going. For, if I don't arrive consistently on time, I'll get suspended and then fired.

My talent is as a writer, but nobody will pay me and print what I have written! For, this is a fascist country and I happen to be a blurt the truth out, in your face, anarchist!

I stop by the gas station to buy a newspaper, but they haven't arrived yet. No matter, I'll buy yesterday's. It's all the same - except the sports is a day old.

We're supposed to be ever-so-worried about a far off land, known to us as "Iran." They're working on their nuclear technology and possibly, developing nuclear weapons. Meanwhile, in the last few days, we have bombed Pakistan, Iraq, Somalia and Afghanistan. Pakistan already has nuclear weapons.

The real threat in that area, is Israel. They bristle with nuclear weapons and other types of weapons, which they've used often to kill those around them. But, they are our "allies."

Our fascist government has troops stationed in dozens of countries throughout the world. These are our sons and daughters, trained and brainwashed into being U.S. capitalism's armed enforcers, lured by the chance at a "job." They're offered a "future" and an "education." They learn how it feels to murder someone based on lies! They learn to loathe themselves, based on recurring nightmares about despicable acts they allowed themselves to be forced to commit.

Some are gung-ho! They take the patriotic bait and run with it. They swallow the killer kool-aid in one gulp and toss the cup aside. Fresh off the high school football fields, they have learned that "life" is about being a bully - a trained goon that has no "business" - other than following orders.

# Tryin' To Cope



A lot of people are reeling badly during this tsunamic period of economic and social immiseration. The government, ordered about by the banks, is foreclosing our future. Stepped up repression, arrest, brutality on the streets, the increase of the rounding up of "illegals" the gutting of safety nets for the sick, disabled and poor - you name it, every facet of contrived society is going straight to hell in a hand basket! Many have suffered through beatings and brutal incarceration, usually both.

I saw in the paper this morning that researchers have concluded that spanking hinders a child's develop and even *lowers* his or her IQ! This is intrinsic and obvious - if the population is not otherwise conditioned to believe that brutalizing children is a good idea. There's a lot of psychological damage done through beatings, verbal and physical abuse, the abuse of systemic poverty, and many other factors that have disturbed and often ruined, people's opinion of themselves and others, their very lives.

The subject of how to cope in the insanely cartoonish madness of today's society, is fearfully never broached. For, it's a "joke" - see? Well, a lot of people knew what this government and economic system is all about - most all *poor* people, anyway. Many new people are learning the nasty truth of the situation, yet often still cling to an unshakable belief in the veracity of government, no matter how corrupt and brutal. Government is Syria - brute force if lying, incarcerating and bullying aren't enough.

The country finally gets a "minority" guy in the White House and he steps up everything bad - genocidal wars, repression and economic warfare on the residents at home, facilitates the consolidation of the big banker's controlled international enslavement. People can't believe all of this is happening and can't figure out what it means, how it can be dealt with, who to turn to, what to do, where to go - whatever. It's like we're all seeing each other swirling through the dangerous and poisonous waters of New Orleans, blamed on Hurricane Katrina, but really caused by racist, ruling-class policy.

Even people still with jobs are having their duties significantly increased, with lowered pay, more taxes and payments for health care, and other types of insurance, gas, utilities, rent or mortgages - everything! Plus, the one with the job now has to support all those who *don't* have one. Uncle Sam is using our tax money to fight wars and militarize the police, gut needed programs and make *not* getting arrested and incarcerated more and more difficult. This is, even while states are being told by courts or whatever, to reduce the grossly overcrowded prisons. It's more and more an untenable situation. Homes foreclosed everywhere. The "Miami Model" of brutal street repression used to shut down any and all street protests they deem at all a "threat" or even a nuisance. I saw where "Reporters Without Borders" were rating the countries for "free speech." The U.S. Came in 47th! Obviously, they didn't bother to look behind the razor wire...

So, how *does* one cope? Everyone is damaged and many are preoccupying their minds, and thus, behavior to unproductive, even counter-productive, addictive, avoiding or otherwise not helpful to themselves activities and mindsets. This goes for many things we all do, due to our coping mechanism, confusion, lack of helpful education, surroundings, lack of money, nor a place to stay, people to be able to rely upon, when needed.

Depression is a serious problem. So is violent self-abuse or abuse of others. I remember being so depressed, I was catatonic! I thought I'd never get out of it! But, what's the "alternative?" Death! A lot of people opted for psychological death, but not the physical. They've drunk the Kool-Aid and rationalize doing nothing, 'cuz "You can't!" The problem with that is, it's only a poor excuse for doing nothing, not actualizing your life or even helping anybody, including yourself. So, to get mentally healthy, you have to be pro-active about learning about it and finding real people to help you deal with it. Getting bitter and angry, bottling it up and maybe, going off on somebody, is a bad modus operandi and could lead to prison, reprisals, whatever. It's not cool, or hip - just bad. It could set you back for many years!

I kept hope alive that one day I would snap out of it, straighten up and fly right! Well, I never intended to "fly right." I would always endeavor to be a fierce, *Free Thinker!* I did slowly come out of it and begin the struggle to gain my love of life and ability to positively interact with others. That's what makes life satisfying - the effort along the way of striving to be clear-minded about your most closely held beliefs and how what you actually accomplish, reflects those beliefs. What makes it rewarding is seeing one's efforts positively affect others.

Wanting to be lucky enough to be in such a position, does not make it possible. It's more frustrating than anything. And almost all people who have the means to be in such a position, don't use their opportunity their life presents for them. On average, people watch five hours of television, every single, bleary-eyed, miserable night! Can you imagine what everybody *could* do - if they put their minds to something productive? But, what *is* it?

It's the quest for a personal resolve and an understanding of why things are the way they are and an ability to reconcile your life amidst a world of such suffering, brutality, tyranny and beyond Orwellian, lying!

The gnawing self-doubt, the frustrations and disappointments with people and events, the inability to acquire the resources necessary to work on projects... The hardscrabble streets, the drug-filled social settings and endless surveillance, cops, laws, rules, courts, judges... Got to see my parole officer. I smoked pot, what am I going to do? My test will be "dirty." I'll skip town. Before long, you're arrested somewhere else and have to pay the piper twice - or ten times!

People at work are getting fired, suspended. Grievances mount up and are ignored. It's *like* you're in prison! Co-workers are pitted against each other. The boss wannabe snitches someone out. "Summer temps" are forced to confess being harassed with their jobs hanging over their head. They came in at a low wage-scale. Friction is constant. Drama and stress ruler the roost, every single, exhausting day. And you're just treading water - or going "*under* water!" But, they tell you, "Be thankful you have a job. You could be under a viaduct!"

Yeah, thanks a lot for that! Vote for the "lesser of two evils, too - right?" What do those types of bastards care? They make money, not by actually working, but by shuffling money around electronically. They do the day-to-day thieving that has cascaded trillions from poor to rich in the last 3 - 4 years! Like oil, pretty soon, there won't be anything left for the "Poor." It'll be like living outside of Mexico City, only without the longstanding cooperation among people.



So, a clear understanding of the class offensive being waged by government and business is a fundamental necessity for personal as well as psychological health, safety and welfare.

Our various phobias, anxieties and mental pain won't really vanish just because we're getting smarter about things. Along with better knowledge should come a greater care and sensitivity to our our longings and needs. We need to focus our own innate humanity and "looking out for" judgment on every aspect of our own selves. Look closely at every aspect of your life and find ways to improve it! Sometimes, it's fun and easy, like when you figure out better ways to streamline and accomplish certain tasks. Or, you can develop rationales that help compel you to do things no one really wants to do - like basic cleaning, or whatever. Try mind over matter, rather than procrastinating, whining and wasting time.

It reminds me of the lady with terminal, and very painful, cancer. Once she started smoking some good weed, she said that the pain and suffering didn't go away, but the pot helped her not to care about it so much, which helped make living more bearable.

A lot of people get sucked into using pills or drinking, smoking cigarettes, shooting junk up - whatever. Those are detrimental coping mechanisms. As well, the whole pharmaceutical industry is making their billions drugging the country to death for real and imagined "mental illnesses" and physical ones, too! Just remember to sign-up for the Walgreen's drug plan - blah, blah, blah. Soon, you too will be a sleep-walking zombie with a fannie pac full of pills. Sheesh! Lots of those drugs, especially to actual psychological patients, forcibly addicted to powerful psychotropic and horrifying drugs, like Haldol, Stelazine, Thorazine, etc. chemically react to the poisons in tobacco smoke, leaving them extra and hopelessly addicted to (usually) cigarette smoking, leading to a shortened life.

I don't like driving in traffic and I don't like being in crowds. I don't like being on a Tilt-O-Whirl and I don't like unsafe heights. I don't like having to rely on somebody else for my personal 10 safety, like when *they* are driving! I get anxious, displeased and angry, sometimes. Sometimes, I'm not that nice to people! I'll over-react to something and have to apologize later. Sometimes I don't like somebody &/or they don't like me. We can't expect to be perfect, but we can think about these things and always try to improve our behavior. Like anything else, practice can be helpful if approached in a way that is open for it being helpful. You shouldn't do anything without a purpose.

I used to get extremely frustrated because I wanted to try to be a part of something I could feel I helped make happen and that it had a positive, hopefully lasting, effect on others. This was so hard to do! Everyone else also has their own lives and complicated bundle of nerves, coping mechanisms, angle of approach, take on things, other activities, etc. In this smart phone, instant access to information age, getting folks to work on long-term projects is like trying to hold water in your hand. What doesn't slip through your fingers, will soon evaporate, anyway! So, self-reliance is a big key to lessen anxiety - at least it has been for me. I have *myself* to rely upon!

After failing to satisfyingly glom onto others' projects, I decided to develop my own. After failing to interest others in *my* project, I started to be more selective. I had to figure out a way not to get frustrated and apathetic, due to the lack of interest in others. I had to accept the fact that people are so beat down, they can't connect with other people productively, even though they know it would do them a world of good. So, I redoubled my efforts to make my project more succinct and useful and meaningful for those I was trying to interest it with. I had to learn and become more sensitive and so I stumble-bummed my way to better approaches and clearer solutions.

I'm actually thinking about my zine distro at the moment, but I was fortunate to have gone through a similar experience, with STAND. This is the anti-airport group I co-founded in 1998. It took a few years for things to get really going and for people to realize and appreciate my contribution to the whole thing. I figured the zine distro - focusing on prisoner issues - would take even longer to catch on. There's such an isolating reality about each and every prison. Add the intense censorship and danger

posed if a prisoner gets involved, say as a writer, artist, organizer or all three, and you have endless interruption in this work and the ability to connect with people. Plus, they move guys around like chess pieces, particularly the ones they feel "threatened" by, i.e. - those courageous and brotherly enough to challenge the system.

Let's not forget women are prisoners, too, and in fact, asrethe fastest growing group of inmates. But men (and boys) comprise 94% of America's 2.3 million+ legal slaves/prisoners.

Prisoners see "support groups" come and go. So often they write and don't even get a response. Mail call is their life blood connection to the outside world. It's pretty much our only opportunity to communicate and have human relations with those being held captive by the state. Visits are difficult and expensive. Phone calls are rare and costly. Even the rare email is impersonal and heavily monitored. It really behooves us to write letters to these Mothers and Fathers, Sisters and Brothers who languish behind walls.

It's important for our own psychological health! Who is going to help pick us up when we're down, if not a prisoner who is sensitive to *our* needs? Who is going to genuinely understand and care about what we are thinking and doing? Our own families are off on their own tangents, strivings for meaning, acceptance - enjoyment in life, while having the same daily challenges to cope with.

Where's the money going to come from and what'll I have to do to get it? Since I must sell my very life, my time and my effort to procure this money, how am I going to find time to accomplish something actually meaningful and important?

It takes a willingness to calculate, that it *will* happen, in time if the effort is put in, in full, all the way down the line, every single day. It takes an overriding resolve that will continuously compel you to stay on task, every single day, or close to it. Once people see the consistency of the effort, you will have the apprehensive cloud of suspicion and suspended judgment of doubt replaced by critical respect. Consistency is very important. Serious things need a lot of time and consistent effort to be fully covered. Even if disagreements occur, and they are inevitable, the consistency can always be agreed to and respected.

How do you get to a point where you can develop yourself, practice and work up your talents and interests so as to positively affect the world, gaining loving comrades and insightful mentors along the way? Well, you have to have your basic requirements met. You need a base, you need loving relations, you need psychological and physical health. Failing to get all we need, we still have to cope and try to be productive, with what little we have and can get. You need to be resourceful. You need to think outside the system. Use what is free. Seek out the discarded and reuse. Settle for less. Pool your resources with others. The more you unplug yourself from the consumerist toxic waste dump of popular culture, the better off you are going to be! Entertain yourself and those around you. Read aloud to others. Write, sing, play - live! Challenge bullies wherever they threaten people. Be the voice of reason and courage. Stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the oppressed!



I can't really tell anyone anything about how they should live their lives. I can only speak for myself. But, I have found a rapt audience and many comrades who respect my efforts and value my opinions, so I must be doing something right. Do I have an ego? Yeah, well, who doesn't? Whether you want to seriously ponder what I have previously said, or am saying in this piece, is of course, entirely up to you! For those who are interested in what I have to say, I feel I should try to be as forthwith and honest as I can be. I claim to be a guy who champions the "brutal truth" so I should give continuous examples of my attempts at conveying it. Thanks for any and all interest and feedback!

Lastly, I would like to introduce a new project I am working on with Lorenzo Komboa Ervin, who wants to start a solidarity-minded partnership with ABC - Anarchist Black Cross and Black Autonomy. Lorenzo is an expert in both these areas, as he practically single-handedly brought both up to snuff with his ground-breaking book: Anarchism and the Black Revolution.

We are looking for Afrikan anarchists, whether in prison or in the 'hoods, who want to work with us on this. We will develop a serious journal in order to help launch Black Autonomy organizations throughout Babylon - inside and out. We want to add to such movements as the Black Panthers, APOC (Anarchist People of Color) and try to bring a more direct connection by and for our anarchist Brothers and Sisters, who are most targeted by this system.

Anarchism is meant most importantly for the enslaved, the lumpen, the criminalized and marginalized. Who would know what suffering humanity is going through, other than the articulate and courageous voices in their very midst? 73

ABC can, should and will go shoulder-to-shoulder with these comrades! We believe people need their own collectives, driven by their own history and present reality. We can show solidarity and mutual aid. We can have each other's back! Anarchist Black Autonomy Cross! I *like* it!

"Black Autonomy" takes the word *Black* in its anarchist sense. Black is the color of the anarchist flag. It signifies all inclusiveness. All colors together make black. Oppressive society uses "Black" to distinguish "Black" from "White." Neither types of people actually exist! It's a semantic bone, from the term "Negro." It's a contrived construct to keep people apart and at each other's throats, instead of dealing with common problems and understanding and acting upon class distinctions. True, America is uniquely "racialized" due to an ongoing history of Constitutional human slavery. Everything needs to be up front and out there on the table for all to see.

Meanwhile, while the "Civil Rights Movement" allegedly ended discrimination - the mass incarceration of these "liberated". Blacks has become the new slave system, the "New Jim Crow" that Michelle Alexander has recently analyzed.

Anyways, here's a clench-fist salute! To your *health!*

It's time that genuine peoples' coalitions are forged and the desperate work of helping people cope is creatively and practically implemented. Autonomy! ***Black*** **Autonomy!**

~ *@nthony Rayson*

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Life is a journey of discovery. We live, we grow, we experience life, we emote, love, hurt ourselves and others and (hopefully) redeem ourselves and realize our humanity. How effective we are at realizing our innate humanity and expressing our love is the ultimate determinant of the quality of our lives.

"Happiness" is experiencing life with loving resolve in response to present-day social conditions. "Contentment" is the weather-worn weary smile one gives oneself upon reflection – *knowing* that, once you figured out your destiny, you gave every ounce of energy to bring forth that innate humanity and feeling how those who understand, love you for it.

And, of course, we have acute problems with Earth herself threatened with death. Humanity is suffering and dying, starving, being tortured and murdered and subjected to every form of bondage and slavery possible – physically, mentally, psychologically, socially, economically – you name it.

Greedy, evil bastards rule our sad world and the biggest monsters operate right under our very noses.

So, the whole world, the future of life on this planet is reliant on our ability to end the madness. For, the government will kill everything to "lay down the law." And, as Michelle Alexander explains, the linchpin of the Constitution has always been the "legality" of human slavery. Our "knowledge" is a pack of lies!

My personal zine gives me an opportunity to write, which is like a luxury to me. I do get around and participate in the social struggles that are going on all around us. The airport fight is still on, with farmers being close to being forced off their farms, because the corrupt state of Illinois is angling to implement eminent domain – another horrible part of the Constitution.

The town next to me, Crete, Illinois, is being targeted for a privately-run, immigration detention center – a hideous idea that the miserablist mayor is scheming to sign onto.

Today, I have two meetings, one at a bar in Crete to speak with folks interested in getting involved to help pull the plug on this and another in Little Village, a Hispanic neighborhood in Chicago, where people threatened with deportation are planning a march from Chicago to Crete, March 30 – April 1st.

# Immigrants Walk to Crete

## March 30th -April 1st
## No Borders! No Cages!

**We walk** from Chicago to Crete to resist the Immigrant Prison planned by ICE. **We walk** to affirm that borders and cages do not create a safe and just world. **We walk** in solidarity with all those the system seeks to exclude, scapegoat and criminalize. Our families are being torn apart, so **We walk** together as one large family.

***Who is walking:*** *Immigrants and our families, groups committed to immigrant justice and* ***YOU!***

**Will you walk a mile with us?**

**This action is organized by: Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Moratorium On Deportations Campaign, No Name Collective and other organizations.**

For info on how to endorse, support, or walk with us visit: MoratoriumOnDeportations.org
MoratoriumOnDeportations@gmail.com
773-632-9992 / 813-789-0123

**MARCH 30TH**

Reunion: 3:30PM
In front of Cook County Jail
26th St. & S. California Ave.

- Back of the Yards
- Wrightwood
- Evergreen Park

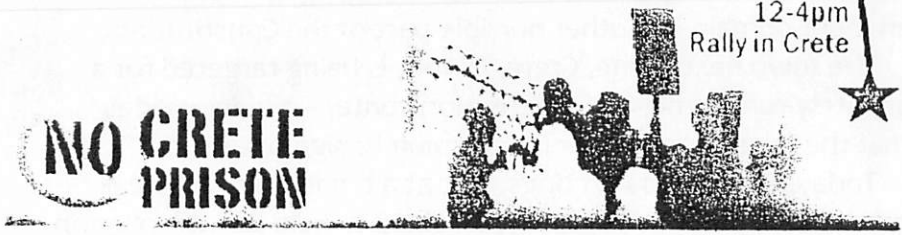
**MARCH 31ST**

- Beverly
- Blue Island
- Harvey
- Homewood
- Chicago Heights

**APRIL 1ST**

- Steger

12-4pm
Rally in Crete



**NO CRETE PRISON**

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