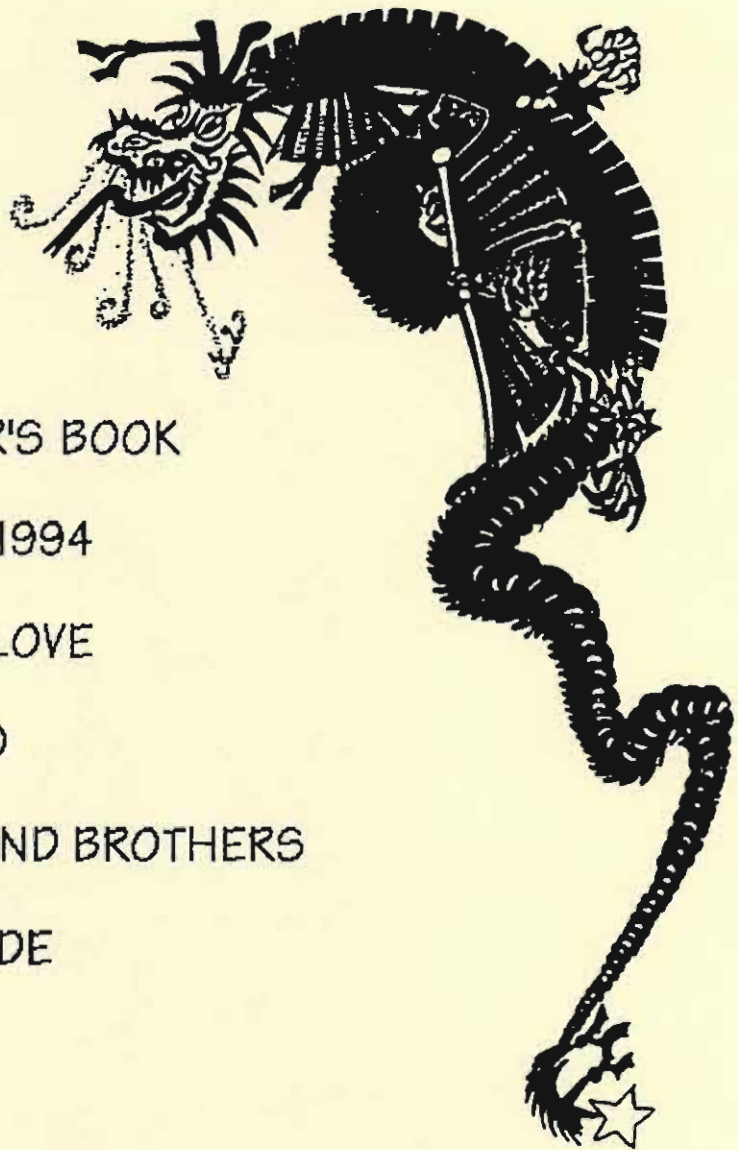


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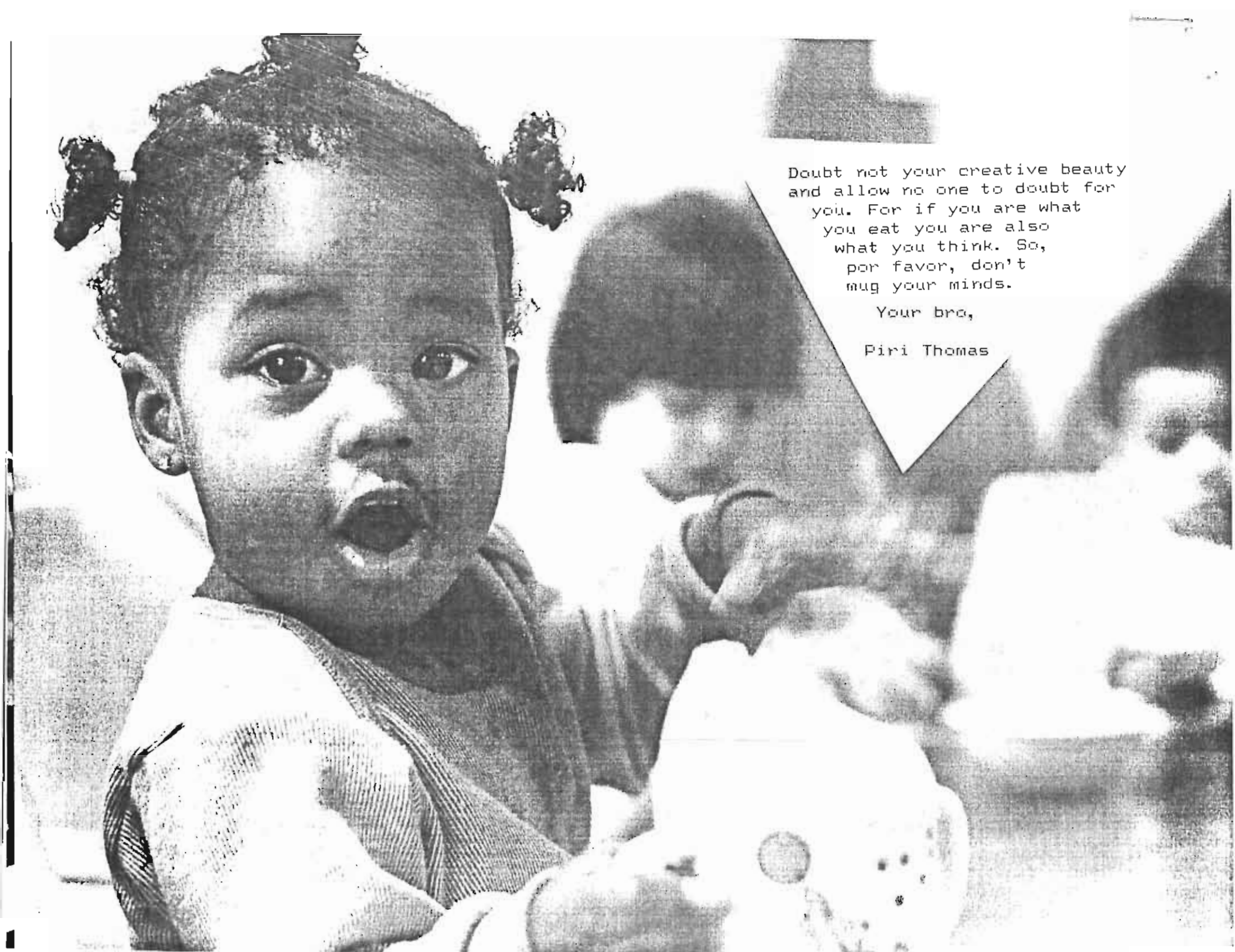


NEW YEAR'S BOOK 1993-1994



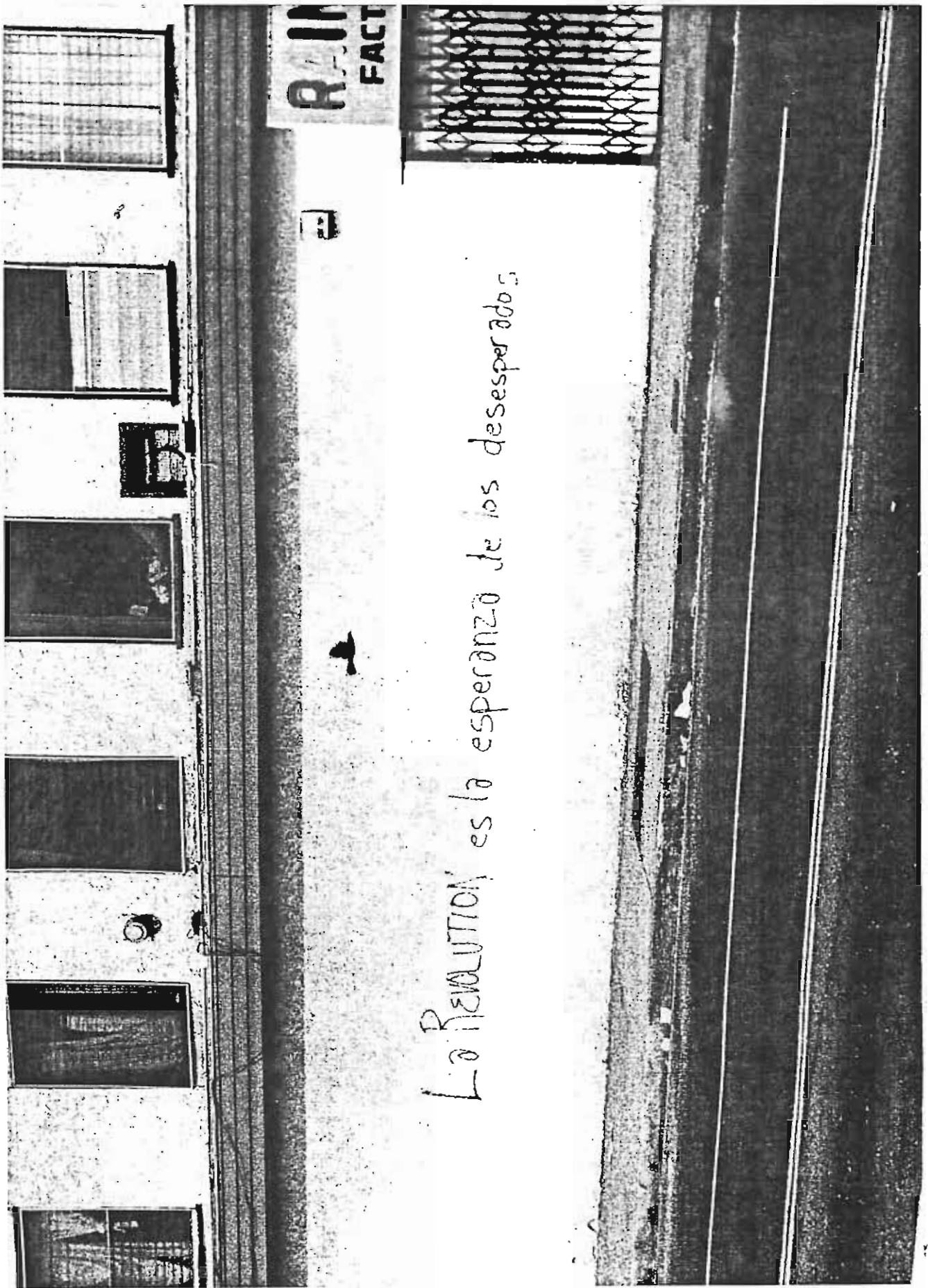
NEW YEAR'S BOOK  
1993-1994  
WITH LOVE  
TO  
OUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS  
INSIDE

"Those who fight injustice are people of true merit.  
When the prison doors are opened, the Real Dragon will fly out!"



Doubt not your creative beauty  
and allow no one to doubt for  
you. For if you are what  
you eat you are also  
what you think. So,  
por favor, don't  
mug your minds.

Your bro,  
Piri Thomas



La REVOLUTION es la esperanza de los desesperados

RAIN FACT



**T**he hottest places in hell are reserved for those who, in time of great moral crisis, maintain their neutrality.  
*Dante 1265-1321*

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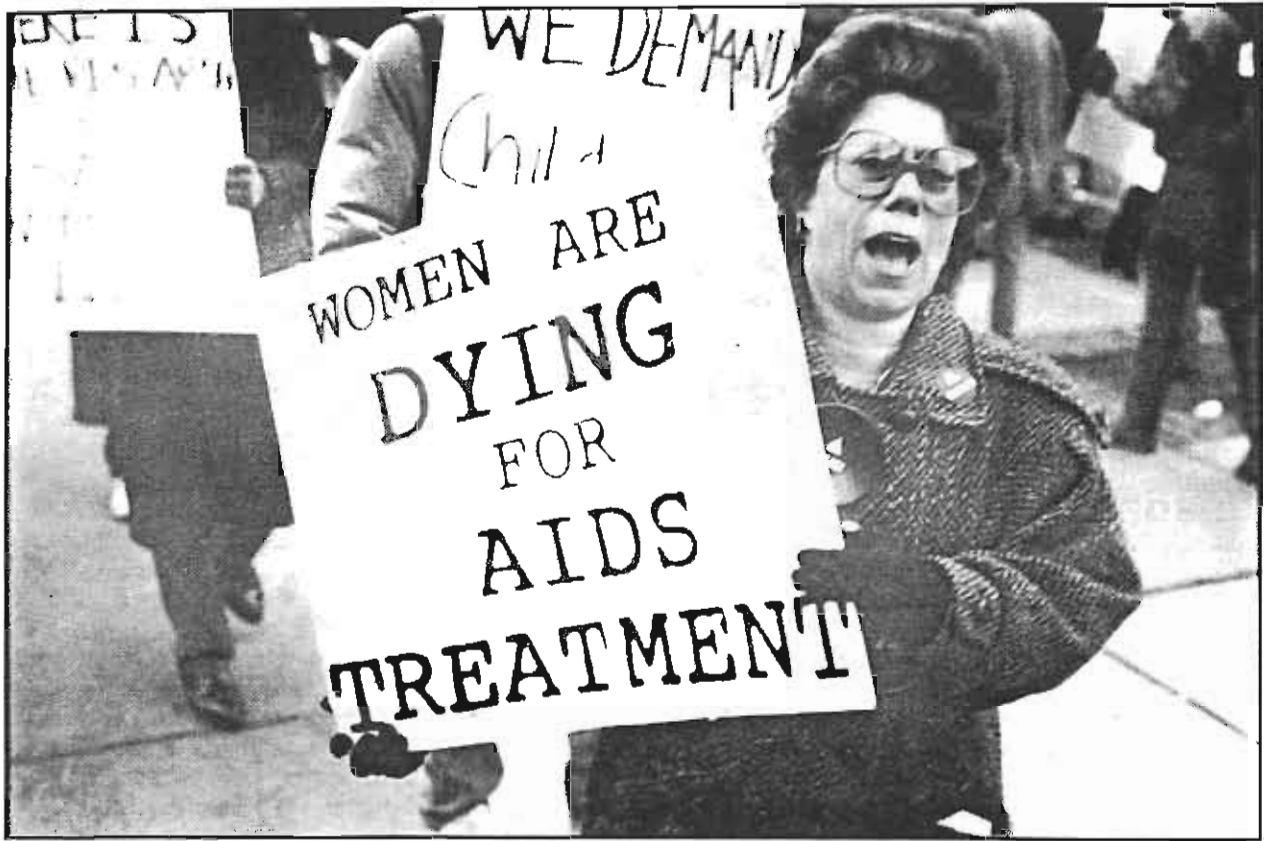


*Ten days before  
Christmas a mother  
of three is arrested  
for allegedly taking  
two packages of  
ground beef from  
a Safeway market.  
(San Francisco Mis-  
sion district, 1991.)  
Brian Willey © 1993*

### A Christmas Poem

A homeless woman buried in bags limps down the street  
Dodging Christmas shoppers buried in bags of their own  
She sees the tired "I'm glad Christmas is only once a year"  
Look in their eyes and she remembers  
She remembers looking forward to the presents  
The cheek pinching relatives  
Pretending to believe in Santa.....  
Now she flinches every time she passes a store window  
Sprayed with corny Christmas messages and fake white snow  
As she passes bell ringing men in red felt suits  
A lump appears in her throat  
just once a year she wishes she could be part  
Of the bustling crowds  
And children with rosy cheeks and happy smiles  
She limps down the street  
And hides in her crevice between two buildings  
And closes her eyes  
To block out Christmas

Ona Kalima Mirkinson (Age 14)  
December, 1993



© Ellen B. Neipris



# DROP THE CHARGES!

Rally to Support Bruce Lee



Tuesday, May 11, 8 a.m.  
Courtthouse, 850 Bryant St., SF

Bruce Lee, a gay, HIV+ tattoo artist is facing four counts of assault with a deadly we for allegedly splattering four cops with his blood during a suicide attempt last fall. He was thrown in jail and charged with attempted murder. After spending four months in jail, a judge dismissed the charges due to lack of evidence. A week later, District Attorney Smith filed new charges of felony assault against Bruce. This prosecution is based on the fact that Bruce is HIV+ and it's part of the growing criminalization of HIV+. The DA has labeled HIV+ blood as a deadly weapon. If Bruce is convicted, it will set a dangerous precedent in San Francisco and around the state. These charges should be used against anyone who is HIV+. Rally to support Bruce Lee and demand a hearing!

## HIV IS NOT A CRIME!

Sponsored by Friends of Bruce Lee and ACT UP San Francisco. For more information or to get involved call 415-621-0201



# WHO IS MUMIA ABU-JAMAL and why is Pennsylvania trying to kill him?



Saturday, July 31, 1993  
Mission Neighborhood Center  
362 Capp Street, San Francisco  
6:30pm Reception  
7pm-10pm Program  
Donation: \$1-\$10, no one turned away for no cents please  
Childcare provided, wheelchair accessible.  
For information and childcare call 415-648-1505

## CLERGY-LED PRAYER VIGIL

Support Parole Release For GERONIMO JI JAGA (PRATT)



VIGIL GATHERS 7:00 a.m.  
FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1993  
At The Tehachapi Correctional Facility



Join This Important Demonstration for Justice! Support Geronimo's 11th Bio for Freedom in Front of the California Board of Prison Terms and Parole. The Vigil Will Be Led by Rev. Lorenzo Caniste of The Oakland Community United Church of Christ and Other Ecumenical Groups

Vans will be leaving The OCC (at 27th Street and Harrison in Oakland) on the Evening Before the Hearing: Thursday, May 20, at 7:00 p.m. Requested transportation donations is \$30.00 but no one will be turned away for a lack of funds. RSVP by May 14 by calling (510) 658-8604. Overnight Accommodations Are Still Being Worked Out.

Geronimo, a beloved leader of the Black Panther Party and the Black Liberation Movement, has been unjustly incarcerated for nearly 23 years for a crime he did not commit!



For further information call: (510) 658-8604 • Southern CA (213) 754-8882  
Sponsored by the International Campaign to Free Geronimo Ji Jaga and the Oakland Community United Church of Christ.

# INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY 1993

# STOP THE WAR ON WOMEN!

## WOMEN DEMONSTRATE

MONDAY, MARCH 8

GATHER AT 4:30 PM  
JUSTIN HERMAN PLAZA  
EMBARCADERO BART SAN FRANCISCO

SPONSORED BY THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY ORGANIZING COMMITTEE OF WOMEN'S ACTION CONFEDERATION AND WOMEN'S ACTION PARTY, SM NEWS AND LETTERS AND PRANKS FOR PROGRESS COMMITTEE

CHILD CARE AVAILABLE WITH LEGALS ADVISANCE NOTICE FOR CHILD CARE SEEDS, BIRTH DATES AND OTHER INFORMATION CALL 415-684-1512

WOMEN CONTINUE TO RESIST!

# On the

# THE WHITE COATS ARE COMING! THE WHITE COATS ARE COMING!

In late May, inside Moscone Center, thousands of psychiatrists from throughout the world will promote electroshock, forced psychiatric drugging, and deadly boring normality.



OUTSIDE WE WILL:  
LAUGH AT THEIR LIES  
FLAUNT FABULOUS DIVERSITY  
SPEAK PROUDLY THE TRUTH  
ABOUT US & THEIR ATROCITIES

Sunday, May 23, 1993 • 2 p.m.  
Moscone Center, San Francisco

You are invited to this  
NATIONAL PROTEST  
CELEBRATION OF ALTERNATIVES  
UN-COMMONER'S BALL  
outside the Annual Meeting  
of the American Psychiatric Association.

Your costumes, signs, noise makers, friends,  
musical instruments, creativity encouraged.

Music, displays of alternatives, speakers, street theatre.  
Keynote speaker: Sally Clay of Poughkeepsie, New York  
Electroshock survivor; President, Support Coalition International.

Sponsored by: Support Coalition International, an alliance of 15 advocacy & self-help groups, including: National Association of Psychiatric Survivors • National Association for Rights, Protection & Advocacy • Berkeley Drop-In Center • San Jose's Community for Independent Living • Santa Cruz's Psychiatric Inmates' Rights Collective & Mental Health Client Action Network. And more!  
Endorsements include: SW Earth First, Queer Nation, War Resisters League, SW Greens, Berkeley City Council

Local contact:  
Network Against  
Psychiatric Assault  
Phone: Simon  
(510) 652-7153  
Further info:  
Support  
Coalition  
International  
P.O. Box 11284  
Eugene, OR 97440



# Front Line

## INAUGURATION DAY MARCH AND RALLY

TELL CLINTON  
**STOP  
THE  
ATTACK  
ON  
IRAQ**  
WED, JAN. 20  
5:00 PM  
POWELL &  
MARKET, SF  
INITIATED BY  
EMERGENCY COMMITTEE &  
INTERNATIONAL ACTION CENTER  
2489 MISSION ST., #28, SF 94110  
(415) 821-6545

## JOBS & HOMES, NOT WAR!

- SAY NO TO U.S. MILITARY INTERVENTION AGAINST IRAQ, SOMALIA, HAITI, YUGOSLAVIA, AND CUBA.
- MONEY FOR SCHOOLS, AIDS, AND HEALTHCARE, NOT REPRESSION ABROAD.
- FIGHT RACISM, SEXISM AND HOMOPHOBIA.

PARTIAL LIST OF ENDORSERS: MIDDLE EAST CHILDREN'S ALLIANCE, IF WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND PERSONAL PLEDGE OF RESISTANCE, WORKING COMMITTEE TO END NON-MILITARY SANCTIONS AGAINST IRAQ, ALL-PEOPLE'S CONGRESS, PEASANT FOR ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, INTERNATIONAL CENTER FOR PEACE & JUSTICE, PALESTINE SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE

## Stop the Executions of Immigrant Workers!

It is time for the people to stand up against the death penalty - a practice which the political, social, and economic systems have tried to convince us would deter crime. People should know the death penalty has always been an unjust and discriminatory practice. The Committee in Defense of Ricardo Aldape Guerra and the Direct Action Alliance (a group fighting police brutality in San Jose) challenges you to rally against this cruel and unjust system.



Accused of raping an Anglo girl in Santa Cruz, some 11 immigrants were hanged without a trial in the east 1940s. Inevitably, the sort of killing will occur today, but aimed not by the U.S. courts.

The Committee in Defense of Ricardo Aldape Guerra began as a support group for a young undocumented immigrant from Mexico, Ricardo Aldape Guerra, who became the scapegoat for the murder of a Houston police officer. As a result, he was sentenced to die by lethal injection. While we still work to stop Guerra's execution, we've expanded our focus to include the support of other immigrant workers on death row. We are also participating in the growing international movement to stop unjust executions.

**Protest Unjust Executions  
and Police Brutality**  
Friday, March 26, 1993 - 12:30 pm  
Plaza Park, San Jose  
(Market and San Fernando Streets)  
For future information regarding this event,  
call: The Committee in Defense of Ricardo Aldape Guerra (408) 723-9652



## SEEKING JUSTICE FOR THE IMPRISONED a symposium on The Costs of Confinement

Saturday, May 1, 1993  
Westminster Church  
Sacramento, California

- PROGRAM**
- 9:30 - 10:30 am **Roundtable:** (Laura Magnani, Facilitator) *Defining the hopeful and troubling aspects of criminal and juvenile justice in the 90's*
  - 10:30 - noon **Introductions** by David Magni, Master of Ceremonies  
**Keynote Address** by Wilson Rules, Jr., Executive Secretary, American Friends Service Committee/Pacific Region.  
Topic: *Talking About the Real Costs of Confinement*
  - noon - 1 pm **Lunch:** **Caucuses**
    - ♦ Families (Barbara Saffez, host)
    - ♦ AIDS/HIV (Judy Greenspan, host)
    - ♦ Pelican Bay (Corey Weinstein, host)
    - ♦ New Drug Policies (Dale Gieninger, host)*(no childcare)*
  - 1:00 - 2:00pm **Disparate Voices on the Costs of Confinement:**  
Naneen Karraker, Moderator, James Park, Former Associate Warden of San Quentin and presently criminal justice consultant; Martin Veal, Chief, Institution Programs, Institutions Division, California Department of Corrections; Vincent Schiraldi, Executive Director, Center on Juvenile & Criminal Justice
  - 2:00 - 3:15pm **Workshop Session I**
    - ♦ **Less Costly Options** Barbara Bloom, Co-moderator; Deborah Haffner-Doll, Executive Director, Elizabeth Fry Center/Volunteers of America; Joe Luciani, Executive Director, C.U.R.A.; Erroll Nasse, Executive Director, Allied



For The Straight Folks  
Who Don't Mind Gays  
But Wish They Weren't So BLATANT

you know some people  
got a lot of nerve.  
sometimes, i don't believe  
the things i see and hear.

Have you met the woman  
who's shocked by 2 women kissing  
& in the same breath,  
tells you that she's pregnant?  
BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

Or this straight couple  
sits next to you in a movie  
& you can't hear the dialogue  
Cause of the sound effects.  
BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

And the woman in your office  
Spends your entire lunch hour  
talking about her new bikini drawers  
& how much her husband likes them.  
BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

Or the "hip" chick in your class,  
rattling a mile a minute —  
while you're trying to get stoned  
in the john  
about the camping trip she took  
with her musician boyfriend.  
BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.



You go in a public bathroom  
And all over the walls  
there's John loves Mary,  
Janice digs Richard,  
Pepe loves Delores, etc. etc.  
BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

Or you go to an amusement park  
& there's a tunnel of love  
& pictures of straights  
painted on the front  
& grinning couples  
coming in and out.  
BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

Fact is, blatant heterosexuals  
are all over the place.  
Supermarkets, movies, on your job,  
in church, in books, on television  
every day and night, every place —  
even in gay bars.  
& they want gay men & women  
to go hide in the closets —

So to you straight folks  
i say — Sure, i'll go  
if you go too,  
but i'm polite —  
so — after you.

FROM "MOVEMENT IN BLACK",  
POETRY BY PAT PARKER

**LOCKDOWNVILLE**

**SUPPORT  
THE BROTHERS.  
END THE  
LOCKDOWN.  
INVESTIGATE  
THE GUARDS.**

## A POEM BY LUIS TALAMANTEZ

read at Prisoners' Union annual dinner,  
Ft. Mason, San Francisco, 1993

In the quietest heart  
In the deepest part of prison  
Beats the heart . . . of the loneliest human . . .  
The forgotten felon. They are there . . . eternal . . .  
Alone in themselves. . . Holding on . . .

Her heart . . . the sound of a distant drum . . .  
His heart . . . the sound of a distant drum . . .  
One Without the Other.

Drum . . . Drum . . . Drum . . . Beating for Me . . .  
Beating for some . . . For you . . .  
In one . . . same pain.

The Drum beats for everyone  
Everyone . . . Who's heart beats true . . . to itself  
What more can we ask . . .

In the darkest pit of life  
Beats a heart in despair  
Beating year after year  
Before losing its sound.

The prison pit . . . made by society . . . for society  
And from where . . . Many prisoners are heard from . . . no more.

We remember our friends and family  
Someone we knew from long ago, that went to prison  
And was seen no more.

We are sometimes. . . unforgiving . . . with our memories  
Sometimes . . . we show a compassionate heart.  
Many of us who know of . . . **an act of injustice** --  
**Of inhumanity** . . . and our hearts open . . . slowly  
Before again . . . clamping shut . . . .

The prisoner is truly the most hated and feared of individuals  
Before searching our hearts . . .

Somewhere in the deepest of holes  
Of a life gone sour . . . of a life with no more purpose  
Inside a heart . . . racing with worry . . . trying to survive  
And to get home someday . . .

### **Life has stopped.**

From one side to the other side  
Year after year . . . Life is not the same.

We are as forgotten Women and Men, behind bars  
We were not perfect in life . . .  
But we will not give in . . . while we can still hear . . . that Drum . . .

Has life stopped?  
Or are we just dreaming we have fallen here?  
Fallen to our depths . . .  
We dread waking-up at any hour  
Only to find prison is really true.

We pray . . .  
That the drumbeat . . . of that heart alone  
Not stop beating . . . never have to beat for a deadman  
For a dead woman . . . still alive  
And living in a tomb . . . with no life.

In the deepest heart  
In the deepest dungeon  
Where many . . . are already forgotten

The Drum beats for me . . . Inside Someone's heart . . .  
And that Heart will help set me free . . . despite what I've done

When no one remembers . . . Who they are

What would we say . . . If society . . . puts you or me there?  
Do we cry now or later? Do we holler where no one can hear?  
Or do we ask . . . family and friends . . . to remember us . . .

What do we say . . . when there is no more sound . . .  
No drum that beats for us  
Our hearts turned to stone.

For all our long ago friends and family  
Inside the walls . . . Behind barb-wire  
Tonight . . . We call out . . . **Your names.** . . . to remember you . . .

I ask you people in the audience  
And when I finish my poem  
I ask you to raise your voices  
And say your prisoner's name out loud

We stand with you . . . and hear you beat the drum . . .

First off . . . We remember our sister . . . and native american woman  
**Norma Jean Croy** . . . at Chowchilla state prison in California.

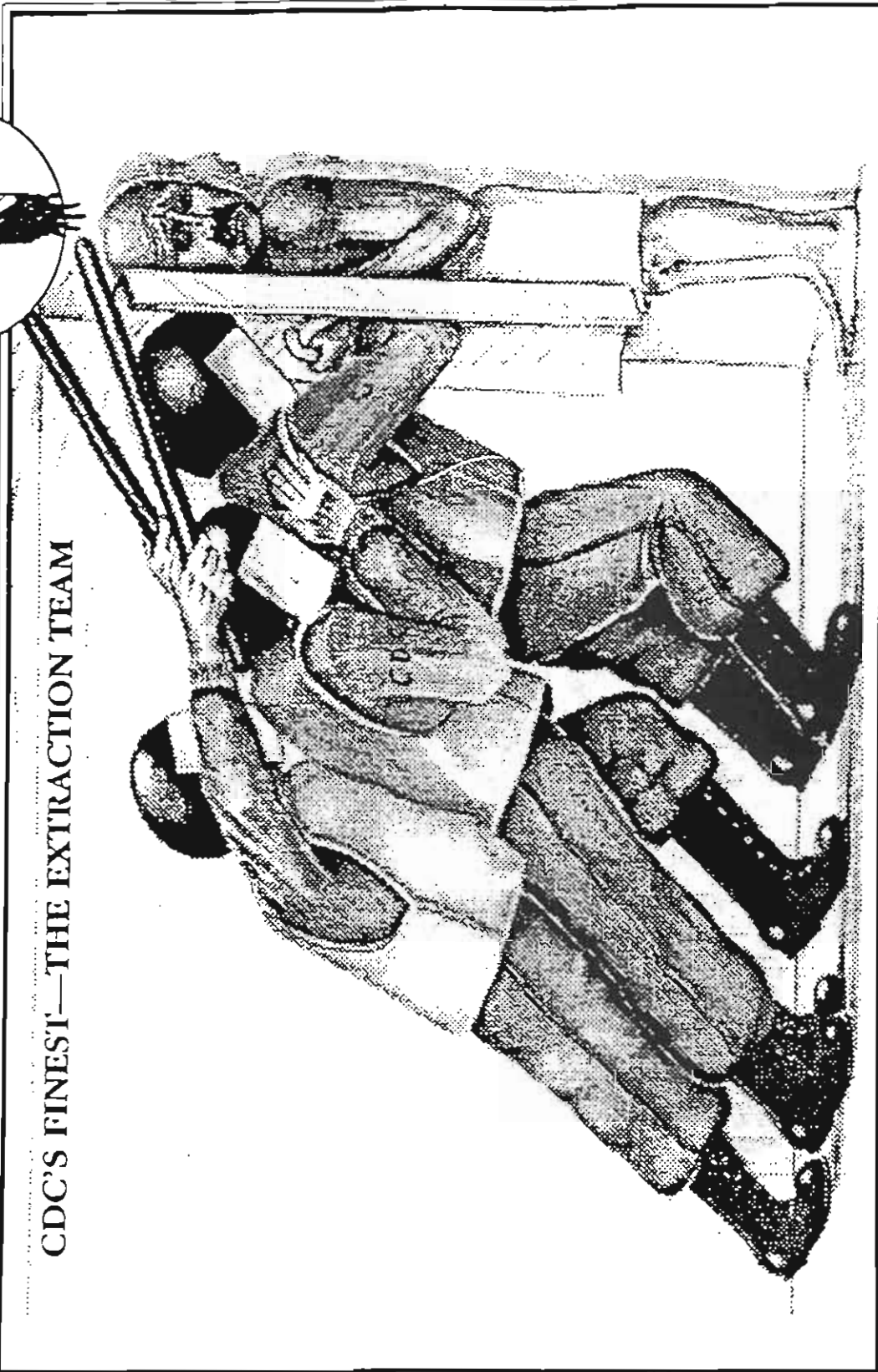
We remember . . . AIM leader **Leonard Peltier** . . . at Leavenworth

I want to personally remember my long ago co-defendant **Hugo Lyon Pinell** . . . And my nephew . . . **Johnny Arviso** . . . and **Louie Lopes, Steve Castillo, Ruchell Magee, Luis Rodriguez, Paul Jones** and **Paul Redd**, and all the other Political Prisoners at Pelican Bay.

-----  
*Luis Talamantez spent many years in San Quentin and was one of the San Quentin 6. He is now a prison reform activist.*

2489 MISSION ST. 28, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110 (415) 821-6545

## CDC'S FINEST—THE EXTRACTION TEAM



BY B. CASTELLANOS PB 1993 ©

# Final points delivered in Pelican Bay case

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) — A state lawyer, defending California's toughest prison against accusations of physical and psychological abuse of inmates, has cautioned a judge not to second-guess prison officials.

"The practice of corrections is an art. It's not a science,"

Deputy Attorney General Peter Siggins told Chief U.S. District Judge Thelton Henderson in closing arguments Wednesday in a suit over Pelican Bay State Prison.

Siggins derided "20-20 hindsight" by "the lawyers and the professors" and said Henderson was not entitled

to rely on his own "subjective standard of decency" to order changes at the prison.

But lawyers for Pelican Bay's 3,700 inmates described the modern, high-tech fortress as a place of isolation, brutality and official lawlessness.

It is "a place where no man

should ever go, no matter what he has done before," said attorney Donald Specter.

Another lawyer for the prisoners, David Steuer, said prison officials routinely whitewash staff violence and regard discipline of guards as "a sign of weakness."



# INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S DAY ★

3/8/93

## The Mother

has changed her clothes.  
Her skirt has turned into pants,  
her shoes into boots,  
her pocketbook into a knapsack.  
She no longer sings lullabies,  
she sings songs of protest.  
She goes unkempt and crying  
a love that envelopes and frightens her.  
She no longer loves only her children,  
nor does she give only to her children.  
She clasps to her breast  
thousands of hungry mouths.  
She is the mother of ragged children  
of little children who spin tops on dusty sidewalks.  
She has given birth to herself  
feeling--at times--  
unable to support so much love on her shoulders,  
thinking of the fruit of her flesh  
--far off and alone--  
calling her in the night without answer,  
while she responds to other shouts,  
to many shouts,  
but always thinking of the one and only shout of her flesh  
one more shout in that clamour of the people who calls her  
and pulls from her arms  
even her own children.

Gioconda Belli / NICARAGUA



Dear Breachthrough sistas,  
A warm and positive Woman's  
Day salute and greeting to you  
all. True free will come when women  
are truly free. A mandak waan huaman + all the Ohic-7

Comrades: My Afrikan strength goes out to you and the fulfilling  
work you've done for many years. Kojo Bomani Sababu N.A. POW

PASS BOOK

"white south africans?"  
how does one contort the lips  
to deposit such words into common parlance  
how does one make  
such thorough withdrawals  
from the memory banks  
to leave the vaults so empty of history  
accounts so overdrawn of truth  
like the natives of the land  
so robbed of their sovereignty  
the mines so embezzled of  
their gold and diamonds  
how does one say this  
"white south africans"  
does the marauder become  
an unobtrusive guest  
a foreign usurper lose the alien prints  
of murderous and thieving hands  
simply by linguistic decree  
a clever turn and twist of phrase  
to bring invaders' wrongs  
and native rights  
into a counterfeit equivalency?

Wopashitwe Mondo Eyen we Langa



LIVING LIFE

Live your life flat out,  
But not wide open  
Keep control of doubt  
And never stop hoping.

Gregory Adams



PHOTO - WILLIE MIDDLEBROOK



**A TRIBUTE TO THE  
PEOPLE OF HAITI**

## FOR SACCO AND VANZETTI

*"Everyone who knows these two arms knows well that I did not need to kill a man and take money. I can live with my two arms, and live well... In all my life I never stole and never killed. I have struggled, since I began to reason, to eliminate these crimes from the earth."*

*Bartolomeo Vanzetti's statement to the jury, New York, 1927*

For all I know of shoeleather and fish,  
maybe two men who hungered for bread would speak  
to turn away a feast, and the heated core  
of noonday thirst would seek and find the table  
where crystal glasses are poured  
with vinegar and salt.

For all I know the ship would choose the fog  
and never want for the harbor bell  
that peals, through the thickness  
of a dying man's dishonor, its only song:  
to erase these crimes from the earth.

But what can I do with this ocean  
in the sockets of my eyes? Not for  
the loss of two good arms, for Sacco, for Vanzetti,  
if there were only sea enough; nor the Rosenbergs,  
Ethel, her two babies torn  
like knots from the cloth, screaming.

We have been dying all our lives.  
My tears are just for morning, washed up again  
on a shore of pounded bones, and I must hold this day  
as a mother holds her dark-eyed infant son  
and empties herself like a river,  
teaches him life by his hands,

my tears are because I have to love this day  
as the sweated air of the shop leans toward  
the precious scent of leather,  
as the fish thrown up wide-eyed on grass  
bites on empty air and loves  
its dream of watery moss,

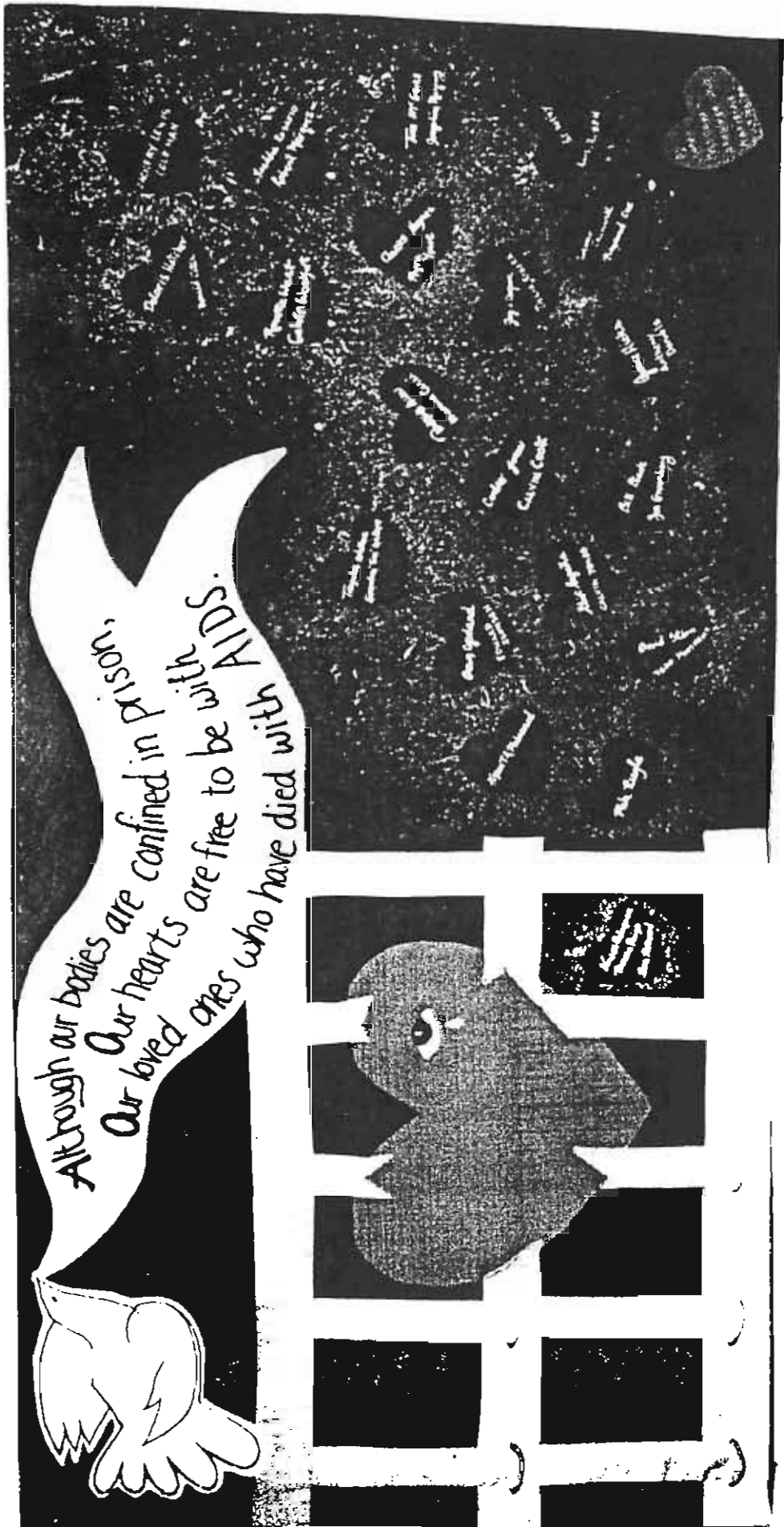
as a dying man loves the things he touched  
with his good hands, though by nightfall  
they will be limp knots  
torn from the cloth.  
This is the price exacted from  
the dying who love their lives.

---

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a shoemaker and a fish peddler, were Italian immigrants executed in 1927. At trial they were questioned mainly about their labor organizing and anti-war activities, though ostensibly charged with a robbery and murder to which two other men eventually confessed.



by **BARBARA KINGSOLVER**  
from her collection *Another America* (Seal Press, 1992).



QUILT SEWN BY WOMEN AT MARIANNA, FL. CONTROL UNIT

## There Are Black

There are black guards slamming cell gates  
on black men,  
And brown guards saying hello to brown men  
with numbers on their backs,  
And white guards laughing with white cons,  
and red guards, few, say nothing  
to red inmates as they walk by to chow and cells.

There you have it, the little antpile . . .  
convicts marching in straight lines, guards flying  
on badged wings, permits to sting, to glut themselves  
at the cost of secluding themselves from their people . . .  
Turning off their minds like watertaps  
wrapped in gunnysacks that insulate the pipes  
carrying the pale weak water to their hearts.

It gets bad when you see these same guards  
carrying buckets of blood out of cells,  
see them puking at the smell, the people,  
their own people slashing their wrists,  
hanging themselves with belts from light outlets;  
it gets bad to see them clean up the mess,  
carry the blue cold body out under sheets,  
and then retake their places in guard cages,  
watching their people maul and mangle themselves,

And over this blood-rutted land,  
the sun shines, the guards talk of horses and guns,  
go to the store and buy new boots,  
and the longer they work here the more powerful they become,  
taking on the presence of some ancient mummy,  
down in the dungeons of prison, a mummy  
that will not listen, but has a strange power  
in this dark world, to be so utterly disgusting in ignorance,  
and yet so proudly command so many men. . . .

And the convicts themselves, at the mummy's  
feet, blood-splattered leather, at this one's feet,  
they become cobras sucking life out of their brothers,  
they fight for rings and money and drugs,  
in this pit of pain their teeth bare fangs,  
to fight for what morsels they can. . . .

And the other convicts, guilty  
of nothing but their born color, guilty of being innocent,  
they slowly turn to dust in the nightly winds here,  
flying in the wind back to their farms and cities.  
From the gash in their hearts, sand flies up spraying  
over houses and through trees,

look at the sand blow over this deserted place,  
you are looking at them.

## Oppression

Is a question of strength,  
of unshed tears,  
of being trampled under,  
and always, always,  
remembering you are human.

Look deep to find the grains  
of hope and strength,  
and sing, my brothers and sisters,

and sing. The sun will share  
your birthdays with you behind bars,  
the new spring grass

like fiery spears will count your years,  
as you start into the next year;  
endure my brothers, endure my sisters.



2 poems by JIMMY SANTIAGO BACA  
from his collection *Immigrants in Our Own Land* (New Directions, 1990).  
Jimmy Santiago Baca served many years in prison in the Southwest.



Listen to the Elders  
Listen to the Children  
Honor the Earth

## Litania por la paz

Jesucristo	Poder de la Caridad
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Quetzalcoatl	De la guerra
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Alah	Del petroleo
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Buddha	Del odio
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Martin Luther King Jr.	De las mentiras
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Mahatma Gandhi	De la locura
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Madre Theresa	Del amor propio
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Madre Tierra	De la venganza
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder de justicia	Del materialismo
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder de la verdad	De la sobrectitud
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder de la razón	Del miedo
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder de la humildad	Del enfado
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder del perdón	De la sospecha
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder del amor	De la ingenuidad
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder de la Fé	De la ceguera
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
Poder de la Esperanza	De la muerte
Ruega por nosotros	Líbranos Señor
	Amén.



## Litany For Peace

Jesus Christ	Power of Charity
Pray for us	Pray for us
Quetzalcoatl	From War
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Alah	From Petroleum
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Buddha	From Hatred
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Martin Luther King Jr.	From Lies
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Mahatma Gandhi	From Insanity
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Mother Theresa	From Self Love
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Mother Earth	From Revenge
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Justice	From Materialism
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Truth	From Righteousness
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Reason	From Fear
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Humility	From Anger
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Forgiveness	From Suspicion
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Love	From Naivete
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Faith	From Blindness
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
Power of Hope	From Death
Pray for us	Liberate us, oh Lord
	Amen.

Irena Klepfisz (#21, 1982)

from *Bashert*\*

**T**hese words are dedicated to those who died

These words are dedicated to those who died  
because they had no love and felt alone in the world  
because they were afraid to be alone and tried to stick it out  
because they could not ask  
because they were shunned  
because they were sick and their bodies could not resist the disease  
because they played it safe  
because they had no connections  
because they had no faith  
because they felt they did not belong and wanted to die

These words are dedicated to those who died  
because they were loners and liked it  
because they acquired friends and drew others to them  
because they took risks  
because they were stubborn and refused to give up  
because they asked for too much

These words are dedicated to those who died  
because a card was lost and a number was skipped  
because a bed was denied  
because a place was filled and no other place was left

These words are dedicated to those who died  
because someone did not follow through  
because someone was overworked and forgot  
because someone left everything to God  
because someone was late  
because someone did not arrive at all  
because someone told them to wait and they just couldn't any longer

These words are dedicated to those who died  
because death is a punishment  
because death is a reward  
because death is the final rest  
because death is eternal rage

These words are dedicated to those who died

*Bashert*

These words are dedicated to those who survived

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because their second grade teacher gave them books  
because they did not draw attention to themselves and got lost  
in the shuffle  
because they knew someone who knew someone else who could  
help them and bumped into them on a corner on a Thursday afternoon  
because they played it safe  
because they were lucky

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because they knew how to cut corners  
because they drew attention to themselves and always got picked  
because they took risks  
because they had no principles and were hard

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because they refused to give up and defied statistics  
because they had faith and trusted in God  
because they expected the worst and were always prepared  
because they were angry  
because they could ask  
because they mooched off others and saved their strength  
because they endured humiliation  
because they turned the other cheek  
because they looked the other way

These words are dedicated to those who survived  
because life is a wilderness and they were savage  
because life is an awakening and they were alert  
because life is a flowering and they blossomed  
because life is a struggle and they struggled  
because life is a gift and they were free to accept it

These words are dedicated to those who survived

*Bashert*

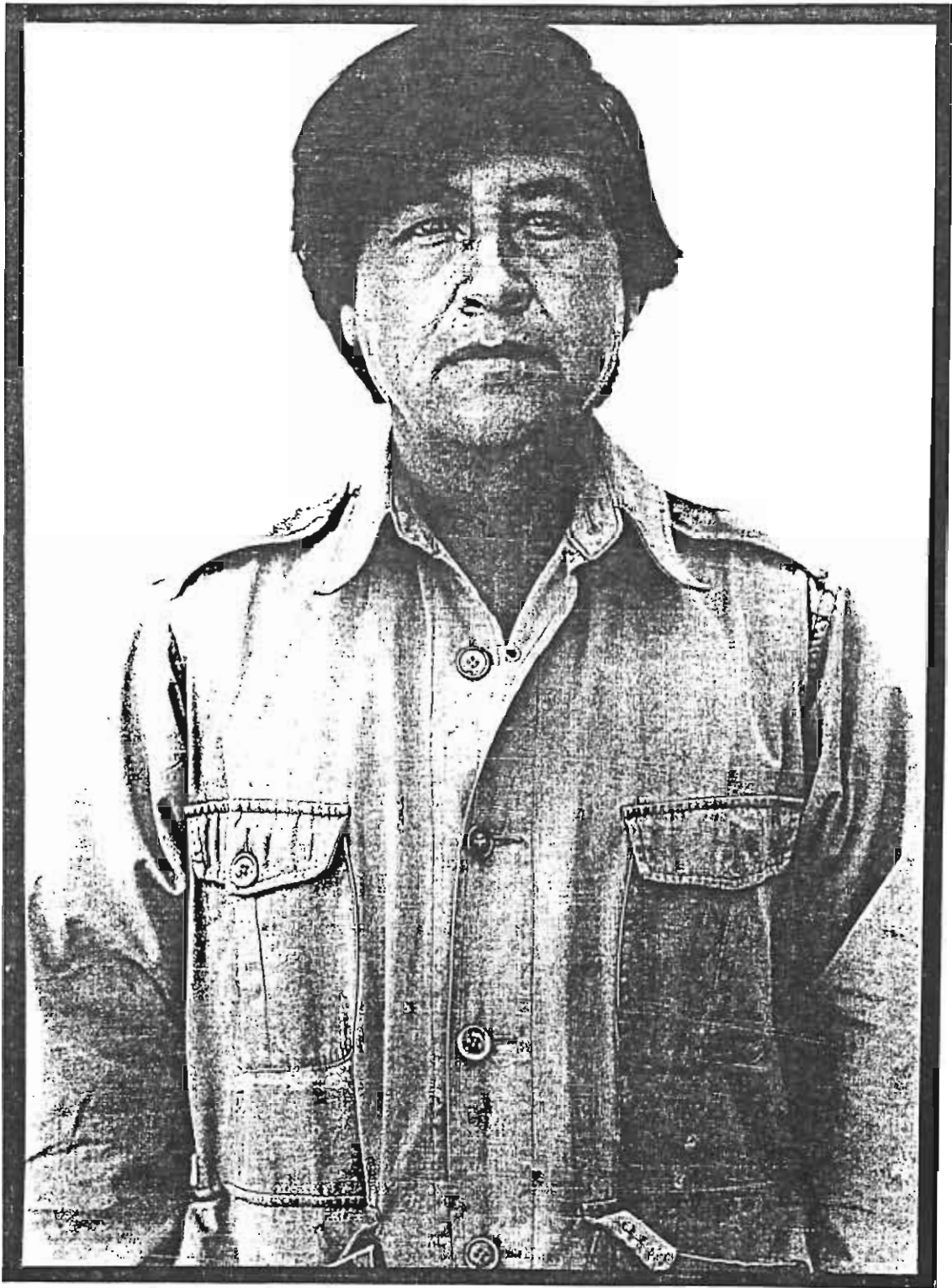
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\* *ba-shért*: inevitable, (pre)destined

This is the introductory section to "Bashert," the entire text of which can be found in Irena Klepfisz's *A Few Words in the Mother Tongue — Poems Selected and New (1971-1990)*, available from The Eighth Mountain Press, 624 SE 29th, Portland, OR, 97214.



In memory of Cesar Chavez



*Cesar Chavez, photographed by Richard Avedon in Keene, California, June 27, 1976.*

1927 - 1993

Carry it on!

# CELEBRATE

Ahmad Abdur Rahman

Brian Fleming

Richard  
Thompson-El

Carol Manning

Roy Bougeois

Sue Leon Africa

Margaret Millet

Ed Mead

# THEIR RELEASE!!

