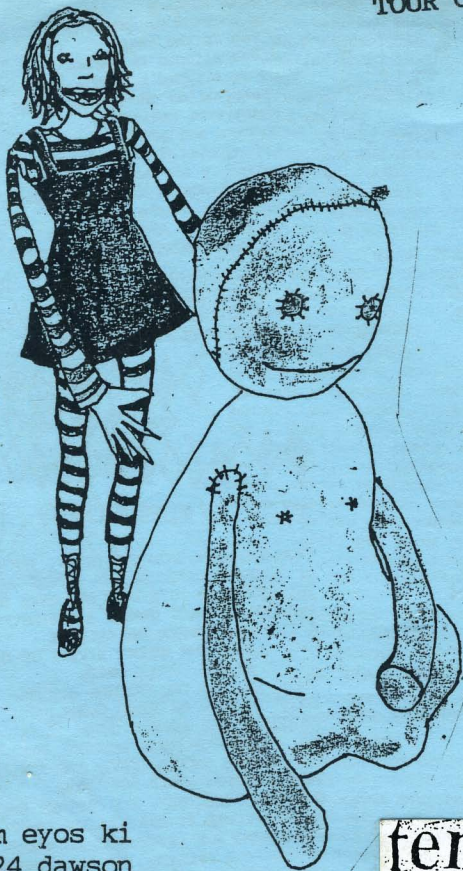


TOUR CDR 2001



OGONI  
drinking gourd  
tigris/euphrates  
letter to the  
U.S. marshall's

blind guardian  
stop action  
john parker's  
iron wheel

barefooted  
aluminaalkalyde  
grinding rogue honest  
kaput mortem

tem eyos ki  
4424 dawson  
nlr, ar 72116

tem eyos ki

## OGONI

OGONI! OGONI!  
OGONI is the land  
the people OGONI  
the agony of trees dying  
in ancestral farmlands  
streams polluted weeping  
filth into murky river  
it is the poisoned air  
cursing the luckless lungs  
of dying children  
OGONI is the dream  
breaking the looping chain  
around the drooping neck  
of a shell shocked land

KEN SARO WITA  
writer and political activist  
from Ogoni land, Nigeria  
executed for his beliefs

bombed under bridges  
hid in boxcars  
the secrets of networks  
a map in the stars  
codes slipped in phrases  
codes slipped in songs  
preservation through the ages  
short wave radios  
numbers and sounds  
transmitted through space  
telemetry the sear's grace  
connections of the human web  
centuries of the human web  
CONNECTION THE HUMAN WEB  
FREEDOM REACHED THROUGH SONG

THEIR VOICES LINGER STILL  
THEIR INFLUENCE RINGS OUT  
THEIR SONGS HAVE TRAVELLED FAR  
EACH NOTE HAS BEEN PLANTED



## TIGRIS/EUPHRATES

FROM THE DAWN INTO THE MIDST, THE RIVERS FLOW  
OF TIME AND CREATION THE WATERS PULL  
THE SOURCE OF LIFE THAT HAS BEEN SEEN  
AND THE GREENEST GRASS, A NATION FEEDS  
A TIME OF LIESURE AND CULTURE  
PROVIDED BY THE MIGHTY RIVERS OF THE CRESENT SUN  
JOINED BY THE COMMON GREEN  
YOUNG IN LOVE THE FRIENDS SUCCEED  
BOUND IN LIFE OF BLOOD SWORN PACTS  
BROKEN BY THE TEST OF TIME  
THE RIVERS CUT THEIR DEEPEST BANKS  
THE FRIENDS SHOULD TRAVEL THE RIVERS FLOW  
TOGETHER THEY WOULD NOT LEAVE  
THE OLDER THEY GET, THE FARTHER AWAY  
RIVERS FLOWED BY THE LONGING TEARS  
THE RIVERS RUN IN THOUGHT AND HEART  
WE MISS OUR FRIENDS, FOR SONGS OF LOVE  
AND SING TILL THE RIVERS MEET AGAIN

## DRINKING GOURD

the crossroads are made of hands  
secret passages  
freedom led by the old man  
reaching the headwaters of Tombighee  
quilted maps whisper  
whisper ones security  
desparate eyes question the night sky  
the north star. the drinking gourd  
THEIR VOICES LINGER  
THEIR INFLUENCE RINGS OUT  
seeds of survival solidarity's wit  
FOR A PEOPLE...NO LONGER FORLORNED

finger scratches in the sand  
trace a path to the promised land  
bombed under bridges  
hid in boxcars  
the secrets of networks  
a map in the stars  
codes slipped in phrases  
codes slipped in songs  
preservation through the ages

## LETTER TO THE U.S. MARSHALLS

a perfect job for reigning hate  
consequenceless violence, forced fate  
perfect evolution from gods to machines  
hands blood red, but slate always clean  
from fear. for fear. in fear. by fear  
from the fear of those in power  
using victims victimizing in endless cycle  
cowards forcing others to cower

STRANGLE US. ELBOW US.  
SLAM OUR FACES INTO WALLS.  
STRIPSEARCH US. SCREAM AT US.  
PLANT CRACK ON OUR CLOTHES.  
STRANGLE US. SCREAM US.  
SLAM OUR FACES INTO WALLS.  
STRIPSEARCH US. SCREAM AT US.  
PLANT CRACK ON OUR CLOTHES  
PROUD OF BEATING HANDCUFFED KIDS  
WHO CAME IN PEACE BUT LEFT IN FEAR  
BROKEN BACKBONES. BLOODY NOSE  
IN RETURN FOR THE PEACEFUL ALTERNATIVES  
WE PROPOSED

misinformed to perform your best  
trading consciousness for blind obedience  
and my terror was only a taste  
of the horror inflicted on those of  
different privilege and race  
INNER SECURITY IS THE ONLY DEFENSE

(i come home to find my hometown's  
in a police state. marshall law hangs  
in the air. is there no sanctuary from  
this paranoia? is there only repression,  
only slaves? self-righteousness is a  
disease which has costed the deaths of  
millions and the lives of billions.  
and this is all so that a few people  
can feed an insatiable desire that can  
only make them more miserable. than the  
day they decided that it would be a  
good idea to take from those that have  
almost nothing and give it to those  
who have more than they will ever need.)

## BLIND GUARDIAN

saving the ice crystals  
a little girl follows her brother's footsteps  
as he leads them crusading across a snow  
covered field  
in the grey countryside  
behind a frozen lake  
his old boots too large for her feet  
but comfortable in the carnage of winter  
DEATH HAS NEVER LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL  
AN OLD WOMAN WATCHES OUT HER WINDOW  
DREAMING OF PLACES WHERE THE SUN INTRUDES  
FOR LONGER THAN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME  
SHE SEES NOTHING BUT WHITE  
RECOGNIZING THE ABSENCE OF COLOR  
SHE CHECKS HER PULSE  
IT BEATS WITH THE HOPE  
THAT IN A MONTH  
THE BLIZZARD WILL SUBSIDE

In the city the snow falls  
on grey faces and back alleys  
filling sidewalk cracks and  
the purple lips of the homeless  
its pure and wet  
drifting above the gutter grids  
catch it before they do!  
catch it before they do!

FLAKES CONTAMINATE THE CITY STREET  
ONLY SECONDS AFTER THEY MAKE THEM GLEAM  
UNDER THE THICK WHITE CLOUD  
PULLED OVER LIKE DUSTY CURTAINS  
DANCING ELECTRIC CURRENTS  
LIKE CARDIAC ARREST  
FLATLINES RUN ACROSS HER MOTHER'S FACE  
AS SHE'S GROWN OLDER THE CREASES CATCH THE TEARS  
NO LONGER CAN THEY DRIP FROM HER CHIN  
BEFORE THE TRIBUTARIES DISPERSE THEM

when the first snow comes  
she runs outside  
to catch the largest flake on her chin  
the comfort and purity of the blanket  
laid over our cold bodies late at night  
SEEMS WITH ITS TUNE AND SWAY  
TO HIDE EVERYTHING THAT HAUNTS US.

EMILY HIEPLE  
short fiction author  
and women's prison activist

## STOP ACTION

kill another fantasy with broken knees  
and broken dreams  
age denying faith  
faith defiling race  
all resigned to sealing a futile fate  
SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS?  
BETTER ASLEEP THAN DEAD  
BETTER UNCONSCIOUS THAN BITTER  
INVITING PESTILENCE INTO OUR HEADS

bitter asleep and right  
too comfortable to fight  
privileged, paranoid and stubborn  
RISE AND FALL. STOP ACTIONS LAST

OUR VICTIMS  
HAVE BEEN SILENCED  
SO TOAST TO  
OUR VICTORY

## JOHN PARKER'S IRON WHEEL

spoken as if it were of old ideas  
female artists sought masculine aliases  
and we've learned it wasn't quite to unique  
of the arts  
fields of science, math and medicine  
politics and psychological developments  
tugging war with history's script  
examples drop like flightless bricks  
redemption shotput into ignorance.  
the same discouraging beast that  
forced black inventors to sign their  
creations to white males for public acceptance  
perpetuating superiority complex stained  
theories of underrepresentation  
equals evidence of intellectually inferior  
skin and sex. attempt at shaping  
what fears and power will come next  
spoken as if it were of old ideas  
spoken as if it were of old ideas  
if spoken at all.

SURRENDERING ALL WE MAY LEARN  
TO JUSTIFY FEARS

my brother set me down to ask about John Parker  
well into college and never heard his name  
mentioned before  
the iron wheel represents his courageous existance  
a slave who worked discreetly  
for others who would pay him  
saving money, coming closer to buying his freedom  
once he payed his master off  
he didn't stop there

HE INVENTED THE IRON WHEEL  
IT TOOK SOME STRAIN OFF THE SOWER'S BACK  
AND ALLOWED THEIR WORK TO BE FINISHED FASTER

in hopes that remaining slaves would do as he  
and abolish any so-called reason for slavery  
why hadn't i heard of this man before?  
instead, fancy stories of the cotton gin  
entered my grade school curriculum  
insisting that Eli Whitney acted in compassion

## BAREFOOTED

I REMEMBER AS A BOY LOOKING OUT  
ACROSS A VAST FIELD OF GOLDEN FLOWERS  
I REMEMBER JUST TAKING OFF  
RUNNING BAREFOOTED RUNNING FREE  
WITH BLUE SKIES ALL AROUND ME  
WITHOUT A WORRY IN THE WORLD  
BAREFOOTED AND IN LOVE WITH LIFE

(i am here cold, alone, and in the dark  
i reach out but all i feel is the rough-  
ness of stone, steel, and concrete  
a spider dances naked across my back  
a chill runs up my spine  
i open my eyes and i close them  
is there any difference between this  
and being blind  
i'm reaching out  
groping for something to hold on to  
or someone to hold onto me)

poetry by JASON BALDWIN, a teenager  
wrongfully accused of murder in West  
Memphis, Arkansas, serving life with  
no parole  
www.wm3.org

## ALUMINALKALYDE

most solid sound from suffocation in stone  
unchiseled but weathered. undisplayed and alone  
relinquished. devalued. abandoned. depleted. unadorned  
the hungry mouths siphon until she's internally absorbed

A HEART DEEP ENOUGH FOR A GRAVE  
A FOREST COVERED AS OUR PATHS ARE PAVED  
LOCUSTS SWARM IN 30 YEAR WAVES  
LEAVING CONSUMED VICTIMS AS TRADITIONS SLAVES  
NEVER ALLOWED TO TOUCH THE SKY  
AND IF SHE LOOKS UP NOW ITS ONLY 8 FEET HIGH  
CLOSING IN ON AN INDIGNANT HIGH TIDE  
BURIED ALIVE. BURIED ALIVE

breathing dementia as lungs fill with glas  
ventricles uprooted. poles cut at half mast  
breathing dementia. stress shatters the spine  
humility. mortality. reign in a convex sky  
forever recollected in the eyes of futility  
a dirge in silence meant for a woman in captivity  
consumed by dispair and still given to mockery  
breathing dementia, glowing silent transparency

PLEASE EMBRACE ME AND TAKE ME AWAY  
TEAR OPEN THIS COCOON OF DECAY  
LOVE ME UNTIL I CAN LOVE MYSELF  
CHANNEL ME THROUGH THE HEAVENS AND  
EVERY BRIGHT STAR  
THE EDGE OF THE WORLD ISNT FAR  
IF SOMEONE WOULD JUST HOLD MY HAND

breathing dementia  
shining through steel  
choking oblivion  
but her heart will not yield.

## GRINDING ROGUE HONEST

it was only a ploy for the perfect prison  
the panopticon was created in holistic fashion  
for the utopian community  
regarding human beings as machines  
whose actions could be monitored and controlled

circular formation, a central tower  
sentries watching over all  
no prison escape plan  
no cheating shool children  
no theft  
no spread of infection  
no idle workers  
panoptic society doesn't wait for offenders to act  
it classifies and situates before any event occurs  
producing not 'good' citizens  
but a 'deviant docile' population  
now these features are digitally inscribed  
intensified in computer run surviellance

BLEEDING THROUGH DORMANT EYES  
OUR CRIES HOLLOWED BY SEPARATED SKIES  
THE GAZE SO BOLD, WITHOUT SHAME  
INTERROGATES THE MIND  
AND FABRIC OF HUMANKIND  
(now out of human hands)

as earth swallows whole, we evacuate our lives  
constantly surveyed, overtly spied  
carceral punishment, in age old disguise  
the distant roar of battle, demistified  
bar-coded library books, caller ID  
ATM, e-mail, reality based TV  
debit, credit purchases, personalized advertising  
thumb-printed checks, magnetic strips,  
cards at gas stations and grocery  
always alone, yet never unwatched  
awaiting instruction, robbed free of your thoughts  
succumb to the terror, not far yet never nearer  
but beware...  
cause complacency molds and slowly dies  
so stand up to your fear  
endure the endeavor  
we'll fight this forever

OBSERVERS TRACK OUR DIGITAL FOOTPRINTS  
BUT THE VOID BETWEEN WATCHER AND INMATE HAS BLURRED  
(no one is unmonitored)

it is no longer the four horsemen of the apocalypse  
and the everyday worms. our new system of checks and  
balances enslaves everyone into the Leviathan's entrails  
a society based on this control will never come to a  
moral understanding of what it means to be good  
or honest. a completely monitored society might be  
efficient, it might be safe, but is backwards  
in the progression of the human mind and soul.

## KAPUT MORTEM



mostly recorded by CHUCK the gentle  
giant in march 2001 in fayetteville,  
arkansas in his lovely home.  
stop action and aluminalkalyde recor  
by dwight chalmers  
ogoni, barefooted, and kaput mortem  
recorded by tim scott

thanks to mary and tree of knowledge.ch  
tui.nate.justin.tim.krist,ne.emily.seth  
them of delphi.the beautiful people of  
rock and north little rock,arkansas.and  
friends and families.

KEVIN.....drums and voice  
JAY.....bass and swollen ankle  
ELI.....guitar and 12 string  
MIKE.....guitar and voice  
MARALIE....vocals and accordian

and JUSTIN CROOKS on cello

this tour demo cdr was copied individually  
by us, and listening to all of them would  
have been impossible, so if your copy is  
defective in any way, please send us an  
e-mail and we will be  
glad to send you a new one.

maps within song. poems for the eye and action  
performed outside of the simulacrum of life  
popular culture so avidly participates in.  
desires plain and precious. stitched by hand  
and shared with friends. communities built on  
bicycles, food and city buses. ideas stronger  
than concrete. busting sidewalk seams into a  
living green.

# **TIPS FOR PARENTS**

■ **Avoid rescuing girls.** Encourage them to get dirty, disheveled and sweat climbing trees or playing in the grass. Allow them to take risks.

■ **Debunk the myth of Prince Charming.** Teach girls that most women will work for pay for most of their lives. Every girl needs to be prepared to support herself.

■ **Teach girls to watch television and movies with a critical eye.** Discuss what you've seen together. Look for strong, smart women not limited to traditional roles.

■ **Use television to start a discussion about body image.** Consider how girls are portrayed on television. Are heavier girls shown as unpopular? Do they go out or dates? Are they used as comic relief? Are girls with voluptuous figures shown only as sex symbols? Do they seem smart?

■ **Give girls more opportunities to be leaders.** Let them choose the activity, make the rules, settle the dispute. A girl who has learned to lead is better prepared to take charge of her education and career.

■ **Give girls opportunities to experience science, math and technology.** Girls are eager to explore but often haven't had enough exposure or encouragement. Girls can attempt simple household experiments such as making vegetable dyes or learn to repair their bicycles.

■ **Help girls get beyond "yuck."** Instill calmly that girls hold a snake, dissect a worm, get their hands dirty discovering the world around them.

■ **Praise girls for substance, not only for appearance.** "You did a terrific job," instead of "You look pretty."

