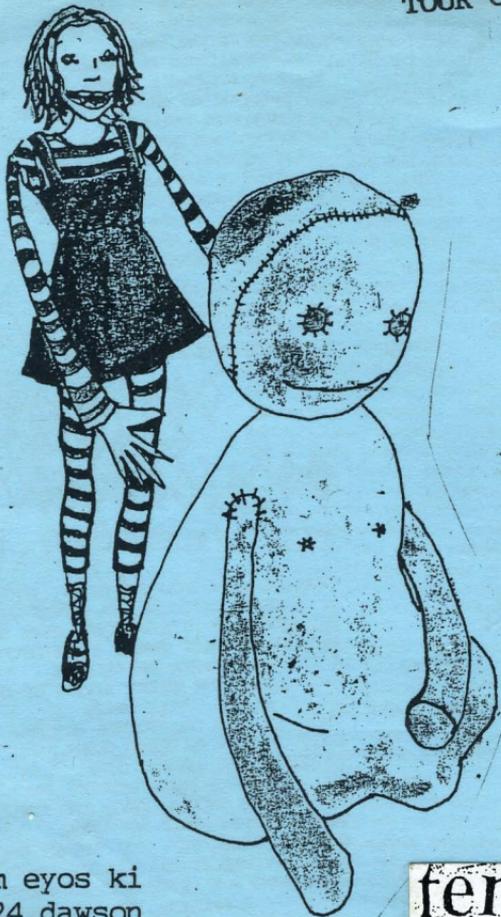


TOUR CDR 2001



OGONI
drinking gourd
tigris/euphrates
letter to the
U.S. marshalls

blind guardian
stop action

john parker's
iron wheel

barefooted
aluminaalkalyde
grinding rogye honest
kaput mortem

tem eyes ki
4424 dawson
nlr, ar 72116

tem eyes ki

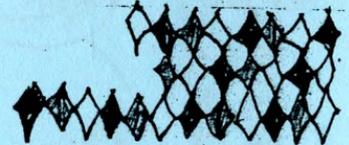
OGONI

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 WIWA
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 FEELS
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 FORGOTTEN

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, forfeafed 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. SCREW 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 ONE OTHER 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 TRIBUNARIES 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

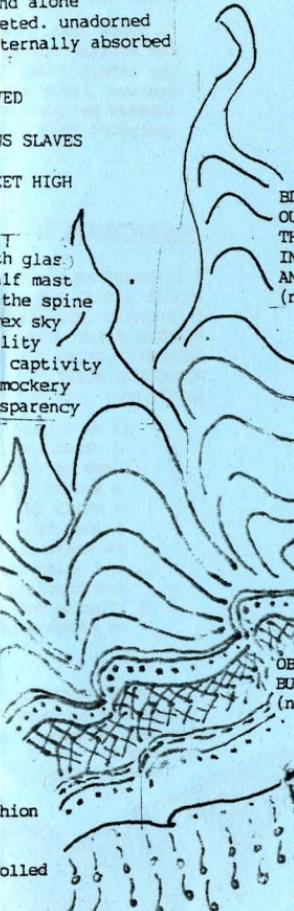
breathing dementia as lungs fill with glass
ventricles uprooted. poles cut at half mast
breathing dementia. stress shatters the spine
humility. mortality. reign in a convex sky
forever recollected in the eyes of futility
a dirge in silence meant for a woman in captivity
consumed by despair and still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

PLEASE EMBRACE ME AND TAKE ME AWAY
TEAR OPEN THIS COCON 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 school 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 surveillance

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, demystified
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 record
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." Instruct 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. Say "You did a terrific job," instead of "You look pretty."



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