

# Voices of those cast off by the system

Revolution issued a call in August to our readers to respond to the 3:16 quote from *Basics*, from the talks and writings of Bob Avakian, "An Appeal to Those the System Has Cast Off." (See page 7.) We received many responses written by those the system has cast off, as well as from many others. In this issue we are featuring responses from prisoners, an ex-prisoner, and high school students in an oppressed community. Go to [revcom.us](http://revcom.us) for many more responses—and we will be publishing more in future print editions of *Revolution*. We've made every effort to preserve the voices of those who have written to us, making changes only in cases when not doing so might be confusing to the reader.

## "Its' possible...to lead a life with real meaning"

TX, Sept. 12, 2011

Dear Revolutionary Family,

I first started getting into trouble with the law when I was five or six and I've been in jail, on probation or parole, or "at large" for the past fifty years; I learned early this system holds no hope for me nor should I hold any hope for it. And yes, I've tried to play it straight and follow the rules, but you know the game is rigged so there must be a steady percentage of losers in order for the "house" to stay afloat. I have "Enemy of the State" tattooed across my breastbone because I came to realize I'll never be one of the lucky few Bob Avakian spoke about in *Basics* 1:11 who manage to slip through the meatgrinder of this capitalist system.

I have come to believe Bob Avakian and the Revolutionary Communist Party are the only true friends of we who are forced to live beneath the belly of the beast. Everyone else blames us for our circumstances: We don't wear our pants at the proper height, or our hair's too long (or too short)—all these hoops we must agree to jump through in order to succeed in life—and these are all excuses why *we failed and the system didn't*. And it's all a pack of lies!

The truth is the government won't save us regardless of how we dress or act. Jesus won't save us no matter how often we pray; nobody is going to save us from this predatory system if we refuse to rise up from the muck and save ourselves. To hope and pray (and vote!) for an 11th hour rescue from above, divine or otherwise, is quite simply a fool's errand.

But it's not necessary for us to live like swine, focusing all our energies on muscling our way up to the trough so we can scarf up more than our brother and sister swine. It's possible to lead a life of dignity and respect—a life with real meaning!—outside of the framework of the present system by dedicating our lives to something greater than ourselves: genuine communist revolution.

I'll be in superseg until I've finished this 25-year-sentence in late 2014, but as soon as I'm released you can be certain I'll be dedicating the

## "We can bring forth a new world"



Photo: AP

remainder of my life to getting the word out about Bob Avakian and the Revolutionary Communist Party because, frankly, nothing else has as much meaning.



Photo: AP

I have nothing but love for my brothers and sisters: Black, white, red, yellow, or brown; and I envision a world in which we truly treat each other like the brothers and sisters we are. But I know that world will never come to pass without revolution, and so I'm sending out a plea to everyone who really cares and has the courage to hope (not Obama hope—which is bourgeois hope—but genuine *revolutionary* hope), please focus on supporting the Revolutionary Communist Party and the truly amazing work of Bob Avakian. If you think about it, I believe you too will find nothing else has as much meaning.

Together we will make it happen...

Yours for the revolution!

P.S. Hope you're able to use this heart-felt letter to promote your most excellent cause. I have nothing at the present time but empty words and a deep and abiding love, but I'm forever at your service.

## "We can be the 'gravediggers of this system'"

Dear Revolutionary Comrades,

I am writing this letter in response to your letter encouraging us to respond to the quote from *Basics* 3:16. I am proud to be able to respond and hopefully my words will become part of the October 9th issue.

We are the downtrodden of society—prisoners, ex-convicts, homeless people, poor folks, and minorities. We are the people the so called "Statue of Liberty" called to America "send me your poor...your huddled masses," this so-called promise of freedom for all.

What freedom? The freedom to be beaten, spat upon, called names, discriminated against, incarcerated in record numbers, and killed everytime some cop gets the urge?!? That is the "freedom" we are offered in capitalist-imperialist America.

While the imperialists continue to proclaim that America is the "land of the free," the great bastion of equality, and the land of opportunity: cops somewhere are murdering an innocent, Neo-Nazis are rallying in West Allis, Wisconsin and around the nation, American soldiers are murdering civilians—men women, and children—in countries across the globe, children are going hungry

in the streets and ghettos across America, and hate crimes are being committed by people who consider themselves "patriotic Americans." If this is the freedom, quality and opportunity America offers, the Imperialists must have a different dictionary to define these words.

It is time for the down-trodden masses to rise as one with one voice and proclaim "we are done! we are done being victimized by this system, done being beaten, spat upon, name-called, discriminated against, imprisoned and murdered! Done!" This one voice, the voice of the masses is Bob Avakian.

We can be the "gravediggers of this system." We can be the ones who bring real freedom, equality, and opportunity. We can bring forth a new world, a new society, a communist society. We can! we can and we must.

Thank you for this opportunity to respond to the *Basics*. Thank you for all the work you do on behalf of all of us. I look forward to continuing to stand with the RCP and Bob Avakian after my release later this year.

In Solidarity,



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