

- I. Tell them 1/3 (or less) of what you actually have done
- J. Make 1/10 of the copies all white & keep them as flat masters
- X. Collating/Stapling
 - A. Collating tray
 - B. Special stapler, proper staples, small pliers
 - C. Creasing
 - D. Rubberband into tens
 - E. Inserts and letters
- XI. Distributing

- A. Mailing
 - 1. Use correctly sized envelopes. Buy by the hundred
 - 2. Calculate weight of mailing to be exactly on the ounce
 - 3. Know the mailing rates
 - 4. Use stamps only! Glue both sides
- B. Who to mail your zine to
 - 1. Mail to all decent zine review zines
 - 2. Get Shannon Colebank's Whizzbanger Guide and mail to select distros. Go global if you can pull it off.
 - 3. Mail to other likeminded zinesters & others interested in your material
 - 4. Write letters to tons of zines
 - 5. Make up and place ads for your zine
 - 6. Saturate your locality with flyers of your zine and the zine itself. Get your zine in record shops, coffee shops and shows. Don't try to get any money for it. Hey, not once did I say this is gonna be cheap! People have to get use to it and actually develop a desire for it. Of course, by then, they'll expect it for free!
 - 7. Put inserts and letters in all your zines
 - 8. Do literature tables as often as possible at shows, rallies, & fairs
 - 9. Carry a stack of your zines with you at all times
 - 10. Initiate conversations with strangers wherever you go
 - 11. Forget about "making money." If you receive 1/10 of the money back that you put into it, consider yourself lucky
 - 12. Keep originals and masters safely stored for future reprinting & to satisfy requests for masters

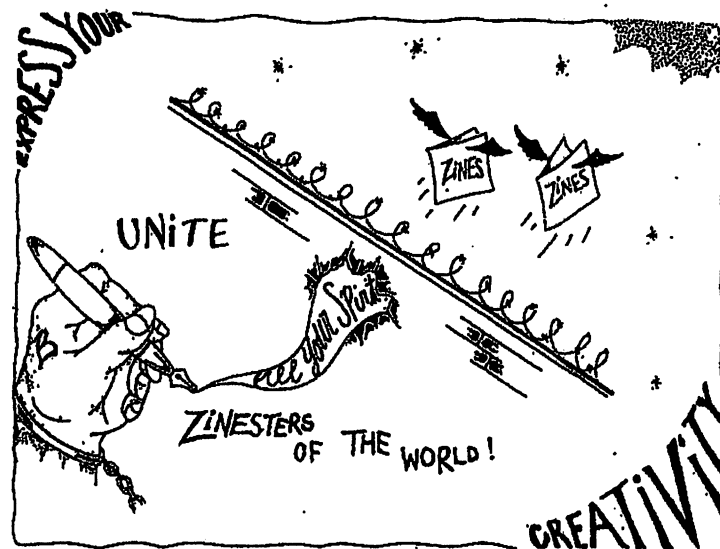
XII. Anarchy in everyday life*

*Work on your zine everyday. You'll slowly improve your zine, your ability to fashion arguments and your effectiveness in speaking with people. You will develop a more ordered, efficient mind. You'll become generally more knowledgeable and meet truly great people as you work to get your message out. In lieu of functioning worldwide anarchist collectives, the closest thing to a liberated life we can aspire to, is to live a fearless, principled life fighting this system of death, with every breath. Enjoy life! Revolt - early and often**

p.s. Your zine will be free to prisoners!

SOUTH CHICAGO ABC
ZINE DISTRO
POB 721 HOMEWOOD IL 60430

How Prisoners Use Zines to Empower Themselves &



SUBVERT

The Mass Incarceration Slave System

Address for the "Made in America" Event
at the Maryland Art Place

May 4th, 2017 (131st Anniversary of Haymarket)

By, Anthony Rayson of South Chicago ABC Zine Distro

Title: American Made
Venue: Maryland Art Place
Dates: April 27th, 2017

Synopsis

In 1865, the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution banned slavery and involuntary servitude in the U.S., but with one exception to the clause: "as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Today, the U.S. prison population is reaching over 2 million people most of whom are forced into labor receiving none to almost 1/10th the hourly rate of a free U.S. worker. Major companies like McDonald's, Victoria's Secret, and Wal-Mart have relied on and profited from forced inmate labor, and continue to do so.

American Made explores the modes in which prisoners, their close ones and activists combat this widespread system of labor exploitation through appropriating mass production. From widely circulated zines that tell firsthand accounts of prisoner experiences, to clothing lines that raise awareness and direct their profits to criminal justice reform, the works in this exhibition subvert methods of mass production to resist the system.

Greetings! Earlier this spring of 2017, I was invited to participate in a project, put together by graduate art students from the Maryland Institute College of Art (MICA) located in Baltimore. It was unique in that the last year's students had picked the subject for this year's students' year-ending project. They had met with some Chicago artists / writers known as *Temporary Services*, who had done an interview zine with me a few years ago, and who hipped them to my work.

So, I flew out there, which the college paid for and their professor, Jeffrey Cudlin picked me up and we had a delightful conversation on the way to Baltimore from Washington. I was given a student apartment to stay in and even a stipend.

My presentation was held on May 4th, the anniversary of the "Haymarket Riot" here in Chicago. That wasn't a "riot" but rather what happened was, a very suspicious bomb was thrown by who knows who, followed by wild shooting and killing of demonstrators and cops, by cops. Four brilliant anarchists were hung the following year. They were eloquently defiant and obviously innocent of any "crime." Many people were rounded up in the ensuing days, making it rather apparent that it was a set-up type of deal. The whole world watched!

At any rate, I put this zine together, with various supplements, as I am wont to do when I give these types of presentations, so that others (overwhelmingly prisoners) can read what was conveyed at this event and by other prisoners.

E. Make an unobtrusive presence felt by those who work at the copy store. You'll be there often. Let them enjoy your presence.

VI. Cutting

- A. Get a box cutter knife and a metal ruler
- B. Use newspapers to cut on. Wooden cutting boards get scarred and hard plastic ones have no give
- C. Give yourself at least 1/8" clearance from actual text on all four sides
- D. Collecting, writing, printing and cutting will be an ongoing process. Don't be overanxious. You'll know when you're ready to paste the zine together. For best results, have much more material than you'll need, so you can legitimately edit, putting only the most relevant, impactful stuff in that issue. Each page should have a distinctive quality of completeness in and of itself, and when strung together, they should "flow."

VII. Pasting/Liquid paper

- A. Lightly number the blank pages in the middle
- B. Have a center to work out from
- C. Eyeball carefully, paste evenly, get edges thoroughly
- D. Stay at least 3/8" from edge of paper or copier will clip it
- E. Paint over splashes with liquid paper
- F. Have a finger bowl &/or a rag to wipe glue off of hands frequently.
- G. Do it on top of newspaper and use a fresh page for each new glued page
- H. Delicately place in folder and press, so pages of originals will be flat (not curly)
- I. When you're done - you're not done! Finish it.

VIII. Preparing the master

- A. Make two copies
- B. Don't settle for dirty copies. Check glass for dried liquid paper. Bring a cleaning rag to clean carefully
- C. Take masters home to finish. Don't linger at the store and make others wait.
- D. Painstakingly proofread and clean all lines, typing mistakes and splashes
- E. Put finishing touches on master
- F. Make sure your name, address and the price of the zine is easily findable (as if someone is actually going to pay for it! HAHA!)

IX. Copying the zine

- A. Get a large satchel and paper pouches
- B. Bring your own cover pages, if other than white
- C. Have a helper join you in progress
- D. Cultivate friendships with CopyMax & Kinkos workers. Give them cool zines. (Forget Staples, you want to d.i.y.)
- E. Enter store with subtle knowing confidence and self-assurance. Act like you know what you're doing and actually know what the hell you want to accomplish
- F. Keep them busy if they're idle. Have them laminate something or read a zine. Usually, other customers keep them hassled
- G. Copy diligently, quickly, efficiently and unobtrusively
- H. Just copy and collect papers into your satchel. Don't do anything else.

You desire to change the world from a racist, murdering hellhole to a life-affirming paradise of enlightened anarchy. For this you need courageous, thinking human beings, but most people are brain dead from a lifetime of being hammered by mainstream bullshit. People need genuine education, so you're going to create a zine. Fuckin' A!

I. Educating Yourself

- A. Read thick non-fiction books analysing society
- B. Order tons of insightful zines
- C. Listen to and play asskicking music
- D. Write constantly until you learn how to do it effectively and your writing callouses are formed
- E. Become involved in a local grassroots group (or five) fighting oppression

II. Conceptualizing your zine

- A. Name your zine
- B. Decide on size and # of pages
- C. Develop an overriding theme for your zine
- D. Design an appealing cover, back page, inside covers and title page
- E. Recruit collaborators or go it alone, but expect much work

III. Collecting Material

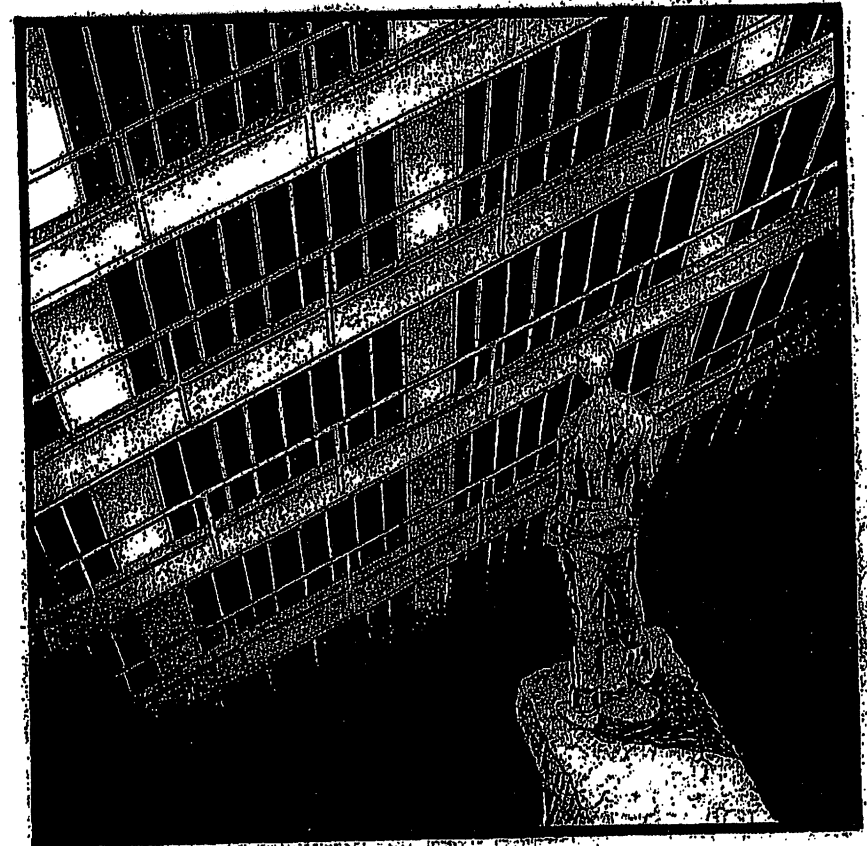
- A. Carry a notebook at all times. Get folders, files, brief cases, satchels and boxes for papers
- B. Insist on phone #'s and addresses of those interested and pursue them
- C. Have a folder to collect good stuff from zines, papers, flyers, etc. to copy later
- D. Graphics are very important. Draw your own, solicit others, save pictures and cartoons that strike you

IV. Formatting your zine

- A. Title page, page 2,3 last page second to last and middle of zine
- B. Paginating
- C. Structure your sections - rants, graphics, letters, interviews, reviews, etc.
- D. In the morning, when your mind is fresh, write a checklist of things to do and people to contact for that day and try to work on it - allowing for spontaneous modifications or to just blow everything off for the day. If you do blow it off, get going the next morning on it. Accomplish something every day.

V. Copying, reducing, enlarging, lightening, darkening

- A. Copy, clean, reduce or enlarge to fit format. Paste similarly required pieces onto a page for quicker copying
- B. Make two copies of each and protect carefully
- C. Learn how to use copying machines proficiently before serious copying is undertaken
- D. Become friends with the people with computers and copying machines



"The Abyss."

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 Comments & Correspondence
 Welcomed

INTRODUCTION

Like everything else the United States government claims to be true, the opposite is the grim reality. The canned elections are not "freedom" or "democracy." The "People" do not run government, but rather, the corporate elite does. As for the prisons, it is not about "rehabilitation." It is about ruination. The "justice" system has nothing to do with actual justice! Afrikan, Latino, Native and other poor people are targeted for their vicious system of mass incarceration. Their treatment there is meant to destroy their minds and render them so damaged that they cannot function, much less mount any significant opposition.

"Rehabilitation" means bludgeoning into submission. They do make a lot of money off of prisoners exploiting their labor and ripping them and their families off in many ways. But really, hardly any prisoners have what are considered "real" jobs being exploited by various corporations. Prisoners are being kept from learning useful skills, not being allowed to develop them. Mostly, prisoners are merely warehoused in filthy, overcrowded and deliberately dangerous conditions. This is a recipe for violence and the descent into madness.

So, for each and every prisoner, every single minute of every single day is a desperate struggle to retain a semblance of sanity. I feel weighing in on this struggle with the brutal truth is the real power of zines. This is how I have found my purpose in life.

Malcolm X said that before the masses can move, they must find their humanity - then they'll move. I'm sure that is why he decided to become such an articulate educator. People need to read, hear and feel the genuine truth in their bones and their souls to begin the lifelong journey of discovering their humanity and developing their interests and talents in service to humanity to not only get a hold on their sanity, but to also be connected to something meaningful and important, allowing their lives to flower and feel positive emotions like love and solidarity, instead of bitterness and despair. Plus, we need all hands on deck!

First, you have to decide on a subject and who is going to write what. It's a lot of trial and error. I was never taught how to do it. It just evolved. Ask someone, a prisoner who is willing to work with you, or even just discuss things with you, or reach out to someone who does this type of work. They should be able to answer any questions you may have. Just take the initiative!

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There's a lot of excellent material on the internet that can and should be used. Usually, they only ask that you acknowledge them or put their contact info in there, somewhere. I don't worry about "copyright infringement" and have never had any real problems with anyone about that. This is anticopyright, samizdat stuff, not for sale. I believe that the truth and genuinely useful ideas belong to all of humanity and no government can do anything about it. Keep the authorities out of it! I've never had a banking account for this distro and keep zippo "records". I figure, "It's already been paid for - by me! Now, it's free!"

How does one afford to do this type of work on such a scale? You have to live frugally and be exceptionally resourceful, that's how! You have to be dedicated pretty much on a daily basis. Use your persuasive powers to get people with copying machines to help you. Make friends with people who work at copying centers. Get your school to do the printing. Like anything else, you've got to "learn the tricks of the trade." Most of all, develop your self-reliance, for that will mean, you will *always* have someone you can count on - yourself! Ninety percent of anything worthwhile, is getting off the dime. Someday, you may do time. Then you'll know why I do zines. OK, enough lecturing. Let's put this thing together!

Often, one person reads the zines to others. Some have never learned to read yet. Sometimes they have to scream the contents through the ducts and pipes to other cells or floors. A kiting system, made from untangling towels is used to get zines from one cell to another. The more ³⁶ valuable the impact of a zine is, the more likely it will be confiscated by the guards - if it makes it past the censors. So, a lot of time and thought must go into creating these tomes, because they are vitally important and precious and in constant danger of being destroyed.

The real power of a well-written zine is the memorable verbal content in them. Graphics have their place, but explosively written ideas made easily understandable keeps popping back up into a person's mind, as (s)he takes the ideas and indelibly imprints them onto his or her psyche and adapts them to their situation and how those around them understand reality. You know how it feels when you read something and it sends shivers up and down your spine? Well, think how a prisoner feels when (s)he first runs across liberating ideas! They reread them over and over and talk constantly about them - and yearn for more. It's actually often life-altering in its impact - at least as far as their thinking goes. Their caged reality does not change but they can deal with it better, knowing there are people - somewhere - who actually give a damn about their lives.

Written communication is the lifeblood of relationships with prisoners and those on the "outs." All the screaming, yelling, endless drone of the idiot box and clanging, jarring prison noises, take a back seat once two minds are connected by the written word. And, hand-written letters are the plasma of this blood and perhaps, even more important than zines. Without letters there are no zines!

The whole idea of sticking people in cages to make them "better" is an insane and monstrous concept. If a parent locked their children in cages or chained them to a bed, beat them, starved them of food and affection, ignored their illnesses, etc. they would (rightfully) be considered the worst type of human scum imaginable. This is what the government does to 2.3 million people, every single day!

It's not by accident that those engineering the massive bloodletting in Iraq hired regular U.S. prison guards to do their dirty work at Abu Ghraib and other torture centers throughout the world. There are over 200,000 rapes in U.S. prisons every year, half committed by guards and many other rape, assaults and murders are orchestrated &/or committed by guards. But like the trained killers in the U.S. military, all their evil crimes are shielded from us. Some "free press" eh? We're told nothing - about the wars, about the prisons, about much of anything of real importance. Prison rape is a punch line for guys like Jay Leno.

How do you "reform" war? Is it by killing people and blowing their bodies to bits from airplanes or drones, instead of gassing them? Incarceration is the same thing. It is modern-day slavery and cannot be reformed - only abolished.

Other means of dealing with aberrant behavior work way better than mass incarceration. Here are ten better ways to deal with crime - ostracism, public denunciation (& possibly forgiveness), restitution to the victim(s), persuasion, education, social pressure, non-compulsory therapy, help of friends and neighbors, non-collaboration and nonviolent resistance.

But, in a society of hyper capitalism, where the government is massive organized criminality and the economic system is based on exploitation, the whole of society is hideously warped and thrown out of any kind of humanist-based sensibility to impact much of anything. Violence-glorifying culture in a sea of societal madness is the template for worldwide disaster, which we are in the epicenter of causing to slowly accelerate. So, I would say, it is not just the prisoners who need to be liberated, but all of us as well.

How Prisoners Use Zines to Empower Themselves & Subvert the Mass Incarceration Slave System

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Like most everyone else in society, prisoners have generally never heard of zines or saw one. Sure, they've run across magazines and pamphlets and newspapers, but mostly, it's all about the screen. School had been such a drag that the effect was to make people not want to read books and to hate "learning" because it usually had nothing to do with their actual lives. Schools are run by governments and they are interested in creating people who are proficient in running their deadly system, either as grunt workers or as managers without the messiness of a genuinely aware social consciousness and the willingness to "flip the script" and expose systemic criminality, ala Chelsea Manning or Eric Snowden. Their "crime" is telling the truth about government, *using the government's own documents!*

During the chattel slavery centuries, it was illegal to even teach a slave how to read. Nowadays, they make it so stifling and miserable, combining bogus education in militarized schools with a social atmosphere of danger, destitution, drugs, guns, cops and hopelessness, that many people just turn off. Cell phones, booze, the idiot box, gangsta rap, endless drama, etc. all combine to cause a feeling of impending death or the inevitability of incarceration. Many are even almost relieved to have their nightmare interrupted by beginning their "rite of passage" (prison) - until the brutal reality of it sets in. Some meet their fathers for the first time - in prison.

I was lucky. I grew up with plenty to eat, books all around me, room to run around and play safely and parents who cared about things and instilled in me a burning desire to do something positive with my life. I still hated school, did self-destructive things, felt hopeless and totally alienated from society. I was lucky to have survived my adolescence. I never wanted to be anything - except a freethinker. But, how do you make a living doing that in this brain dead society? So, I knew, I would have to actualize myself totally outside of the mainstream, to create a for real life. In fact, I had to cocoon myself even from my immediate family, as they had no understanding of what I wanted to do. I would have to be totally self-reliant - a very lonely option, indeed!

Graphics can be inserted at any time. I especially like them on the cover and back and for the centerfold. Some folks use computer generated graphics, but I find they lose too much detail in the copying process. Also, copying pictures from say, a newspaper or a photograph doesn't translate clearly, either. The best graphics, at least for prison-related zines, are created by prison artists, using pen and pencil. Black on white, like the text, reproduces pretty cleanly.

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The less color the better the copy, unfortunately. It is too expensive to create zines in color and they would be diminished, once recopied, anyway. That's too bad because prisoners so desperately need color in their drab, gray dungeons. I try to send colored graphics, landscapes and so forth, separately, in hopes they'll be allowed to keep and display them in their cells.

To maximize the value of a zine (more bang for the buck) the font is relatively small and all the pages are fully covered. Also, many times, the zine is specifically made the length that would make it 1 oz. or 2 oz. or 3 oz. or 3.5 oz. to maximize our value on postage. This means the zines would be 16 pages (4 sheets) or 40 pages (10 sheets) or 64 pages (16 sheets) or 76 sheets (19 sheets). If they are not, then other zines will be added to get to these numbers before mailing.

Prisoner zines are unique in the zine world, known for their clarity and easy to understand language. They are adamant and succinct. Human slavery is not a subject we can be lazy with the words, with! We want as many people to understand what is being conveyed, as possible.

Zinemaking Workshop

Zines are awesome! At least, they can be. They're just self-published pamphlets, short for magazines and pronounced "zeen." They can be about anything, any length. They usually aren't sold, don't have bar codes and can be easily reprinted. They are only subject to self-censoring. But to get a zine into a prison, it has to come from the publisher. That's simple enough. Just become the publisher by making up a name, getting a stamp with that name and a mailing address (P.O. Box). Then, simply stamp the back of the zine and the envelop it is sent in. ³⁴

Most zines nowadays are only available online. But, that doesn't help prisoners because they are not allowed internet access. So, this is all about d.i.y. paper zines. I've made zines from tiny little things to big broadsheet whoppers, but for convenience sake, the standard size of 8 1/2" x 11" is easiest and most economical. This means it will be 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" once folded and stapled.

I do use the computer for writing, transcribing and editing the texts of the zines and for making them fit nicely into this format. That means you set the margins at 4 1/2" wide, so as to give the margins a chance to function without cutting off the words. They move around a little bit when you go from an original to a master copy and then again, when you reprint them on a copying machine (or have someone else do it) and these machines are not always calibrated properly. As well, the machine can't recopy the full length of the paper. So, I give the side borders at least 1/2" border and the top and bottom between 1/2" & 3/4". The length is adjustable.

So, I guess you start with yourself. Everybody sooner or later has a sort of epiphany. My first one came in the spring of 1972, when Nixon & Kissinger invaded Cambodia "illegally" again. Every university and college went out on strike. Mine, Grinnell College in Iowa, stayed out one day. I stayed out on strike and after a couple of weeks, set out hitch hiking around the country for the next couple of years. This was the beginning of my real education. Along the way, I ended up almost getting shot a couple of times, once by the cops, and thrown into jail in Nevada. I was facing six years for a half a nickel of ragweed I couldn't even give away. I tried! I luckily got two years probation - barely! Had I so much as smirked at the judge, I'd have gotten the time.

When I came back to Chicagoland, I wrote my first zine - *Peoples' Polar Express*. This was 1974. It was a wild mishmash of rants, poetry and ravings. All my friends thought it was cool - and that I was crazy. I was ready for revolution, but since the government stopped the draft, nobody around me cared anymore about anything except getting wasted and disco. I fell into a deep depression. I got a job and a wife and a small house and a divorce and subscriptions to radical magazines. I still never heard of or saw a zine. I neared thirty, drifting along, writing occasionally. I decided I wanted a family for myself, so I put an ad in the *Penny Saver*. I said I was an "existentialist" but it came out as an "extraterrestrial" as E.T. had recently come out. I had dates, got married, we had two sons and moved to an even smaller house out in the sticks.

I went back to school and became the valedictorian, winning a writing contest, which I titled, "*How to Think*." This was in 1995! I was 41 and still had never heard of a zine! One day, I read an awesome interview in the *Progressive* magazine with Noel Ignatiev, a then Harvard professor spearheading the brilliant journal, *Race Traitor*. He soon got fired. I wrote a letter, which was published and embarked on a determined effort to connect with the underground. Finally! Fred Woodworth of the *Match!* a long-running anarchist journal, hipped me to the zine underground. I soon realized, by gum - I'm an anarchist! I started writing like mad, ordering zines and books and sending my stuff all over, looking for like-minded writers to collaborate with and try to get some agitation going.

I soon realized most "zinesters" were armchair revs who wrote zines I came to call, "navel-gazing zines." They would criticize each other and not much else happened with those zines. More and more, it became obvious to me, that the critical thinkers were prisoners. I also started a grassroots group, called *STAND* (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) and South Chicago ARA (Anti-Racist Action). At an ARA conference in Columbus, Ohio, all the ARA groups had a little literature table of their stuff and I said, "wouldn't it be nice if we could get these from one source?" Obviously, if that was to happen, I would be the person to do it. So, my distro, started as ARA-ABC. 8

By now, this was 1998 and mass incarceration was in full swing. An awesome bi-sexual prison abolitionist, by the name of Sean Lambert, out of Buffalo, NY mentored me into the world of prison zines. I dove in full bore! My first prisoner zine was entitled, *Decidedly Radical*, by Frank J. Atwood, a lifer still in Arizona. We did a few others together, too. Soon, I was working with such heavyweights as Khalfani Malik Khalduin of Indiana, Kevin (Rashid) Johnson, now in Texas, Olugbala Shakur in Cali and many others.

OK, enough about me. Let's talk about the prisoners. There are so many prisoners in the US and so little support for them. Many support groups are tied to the government or some religion and sort of walk on eggshells in their analysis. Others may be part of some radical political faction, but they have their agendas. They may put out a newspaper or newsletter they will send to prisoners, but not much else. My distro now has over 1,200 zines made freely available to prisoners, most of which are written all or in part, by prisoners! So, I let them guide me as to what is important to make available. Of course, I have my own rants and zines and those of fellow anarchists I offer, too.

What do they care about? They want help learning the truth of their dire predicament, what is actually going on in the world, how to navigate the labyrinthian mess of legal challenges, what to expect when they get out, help getting vicious guards and wardens neutralized, how to stop being raped, acquiring an actual person to care about them and their lives, how to access resources, how to get their material published. They want to tell their stories of the injustices they endlessly suffer. They want to warn the kids bangin' on the streets that this is no life to aspire to. They want their lives to finally mean something that others can benefit from. In short, they want to actualize themselves.

and inspire me, even more than I inspired them. With these zines a culture is being raised, a movement being built and revolutionaries are being born.

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These prisons have been built to serve as wastelands of ignorance and confusion, where the oppressor deliberately places their jailhouse rats and pet prisoners within our midst, while creating a level / reward system designated to encourage snitching and other cowardly behaviors that eat away at the basic characteristics of manhood and humanity. Thus, keeping us disorganized, divided and lacking the social consciousness and activism necessary for prisoners to take hold and control the destiny of our own lives. But these zines are here to educate us about these things, to bring unity, build character and to help prisoners develop a social consciousness, giving us amongst the poor, imprisoned and oppressed classes the opportunity to gain the strength we need to rise up on our feet and start organizing ourselves accordingly.

With these zines, we find our voice and we use that voice to say something real, something good. I find it necessary to be someone that has something good to say, because when you're speaking truth and intelligence, and saying something good, there will always be people who will come around just to listen to what you have to say. This is how we learn, and this is how we teach. By writing these zines, by talking, listening, sharing. This is how we grow, and how we evolve. This is how we empower ourselves and become strong, wise, sharp. I don't have a T.V. only because I don't want a T.V. I'd rather read books and zines and write and engage others in serious dialogue, than to sit back and watch the bosses' propaganda that's constantly being displayed on these "idiot boxes." I'd rather use this time to create revolution. The pen is my sword, the zine is my bomb.

Revolutionary Love, Coyote / ABC - Nevada Prison Chapter / ESP

taught and carried out everyday. Every time we read, an explosive zine, we, ourselves, become explosive, alive, a dangerous threat. Zines are our bombs.

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Sometimes we read zines about resistance. Prisoners love to read these zines, as many of us have intimately come to learn that another day in these gulags is another day to resist, and resistance has become a way of life, a way to stay strong, to stay sane and to stay alive. Whenever we become thirsty for this knowledge that has become so essential to us in these situations, we can pick up a zine and drink from the fountain of resistance. Refreshing, quenching, sustaining, zines keep our minds hydrated.

Pick up a zine, my fellow prisoners, and there you will find the truth you've been seeking all along. Revolutionary writings to teach you, instruct you, inform you, and to awaken your sleeping, stifled mind. Through these zines we have become strong. through this strength, we have become explosive. With this strength and explosiveness, we have learned to be dangerous, and when you're dangerous: there's nothing you can't do!

With the simple stroke of a zinester's pen, these manifestations have been drafted, redrafted, read, memorized and etched into the readers' minds. These manifestations carry on, from cell to cell, unit to unit, prison to prison, uniting an oppressed class around a similar ideology. We need no Bible, no laws, no master to tell us how to live, or how not to. Our hearts carry the very truths we live by. These same hearts that pump and thump with vibrant joy as they've been aroused and warmed by the fire of revolutionary love.

Many the prisoner I've inspired and educated through my writings and words, only to have them write something, say something, or do something very deep, profound and touching enough to come back

Like me, their families are usually oblivious to their needs, wants, talents and interests, so they must find another family - an activist family. I feel closer to some of these people than most of those on the "outs." And, although, I rarely visit with them, we communicate brain to brain in hand-written letters and through the zines we write. For, 95% of these people will one day leave the hellhole that is prison. Where are they going to go and what are they going to do? Being stigmatized (discriminated against) for a felony conviction, they have limited housing, educational and employment options. Hell! They can't even vote in the rigged elections. Technology has passed them by. Sensory deprivation and brutalization has rendered them totally PTSD. Like everybody else, to become their real selves, they have to totally tear everything down and start from scratch. It's impossible to undo all the damage done by prison, but a reasonable life has got to be an option.

So, these anticopyright zines are a perfect medium to collaborate with and learn from prisoners, develop relationships and help others reorient themselves from a self-destructive dead end life to one with some hope and meaningfulness. Zines sort of fall under the radar of the prisons. The censors do have a laundry list of restrictions as to why they are disallowed, but the "gulag-censor trolls" are a lazy lot and hardly educated themselves, so most get through. Religious tracts are allowed, so they have to let in zines. The only real requirement is that they come from a publisher, so you make up a name, buy a stamp, stamp the envelop and the back page of the zine and *WHAM!* You're a "publisher."

George Orwell once said that the most dangerous thing in the world is the 50-paged pamphlet. Indeed, modern-day political zines are the samizdat press of America. All you really need are rudimentary tools and copying machines, which abound. Mostly, you need *resolve!* I'll talk about creating them in the zinemaking workshop, later.

For a prisoner, participating in this zine distro as a writer or an artist is a very dangerous proposition. They are literally putting their neck on the line, as they can and often are, beaten, tased, gassed, starved, moved to the even more hellish control units there or at a different prison, have their "privileges" taken away and set up for assault by guards or other prisoners who are rewarded for their viciousness. Women face the nightmare of having their children legally kidnapped and forced to endure the state's abusive and predatory form of child-rearing, known as

DCFS. So, they need to know that we as outside supporters and comrades have their back and are in it for the long haul and will stand up to their persecutors.

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Legally, according to the 13th Amendment, they are considered slaves. Not only that, but the courts consider them the same as they do dead people - that they legally don't even exist. Extra prison time can be slapped on them and often is, if they are politically active. Like the Chicago police, the guards and other prison authorities can get away with all kinds of criminal activity, including murder, torture, assaults, bogus conduct tickets, medical neglect and etc. and the courts just wink at them. And, like cockroaches, they do not like it when the light is shined on their despicable behaviors, my apologies to the cockroaches. So, we have to be very careful in how we approach our work.

A few prisoners can communicate via the phone or during visits and even through email, but they are heavily snooped on and I much prefer to communicate with prisoners through zines and my tortured hand printing, which only the sharpest prisoner cryptographers can decipher. More and more, even going to visit with a prisoner is turned into a vile ordeal, where guards strip search visitors. Then, you may be behind a thick pane of glass and can hardly hear them. Or, they put you in a room and skype the prisoner onto a screen, maybe a block away.

As I mentioned before, I take the cues from them - especially when it comes to disruptive activity. When they decide to go on hunger strike or otherwise challenge their captivity, it is not our job to goad them on, but rather have their back and support them. They're the ones facing the goon squads, the gun towers, etc. What we can do is help them to develop a sound revolutionary education and give them a movement they can be a part of, albeit on the other side of the concertina wire. So, it means the world to see their name and address on their zine and get letters from other people (including prisoners from other prisons) so that they're not just walking into a buzzsaw of repression.

As well, solidarity is extremely important and prisoners need and want to learn of the struggles of different people who are also challenging the system. They have to work together to be effective and, as always, the screws pit them against each other and sow suspicion using stool pigeons, snitches, provocateurs, damning rumors, etc. And just like their murderous campaigns in other countries, there are no

Without a prison system capable of locking up millions of non-violent offenders (i.e. dissenters) oppression by the system becomes far more difficult. The apparatus of the state - courts, cops, etc. would be thrown into chaos by the mass closure of prisons, as the system itself would be forced to undergo fundamental changes.

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Educating prisoners so they understand the power they hold and the desperate need for them to rise up and demand change, should be the most important priority of any group calling itself anarchist.

The intellectuals within the @ movement, rather than bickering over esoteric - and largely meaningless - theoretical differences of opinion *MUST* unite and devote themselves to finding simple, effective actions ex-felons can take to support and exacerbate a nation-wide prison strike (along with devising a powerful, emotionally moving media campaign to ignite such a strike and gain it support among those sympathetic within the general population - mainly 'minority' communities).

It is our best, and most effective route to change the status quo.
Love & Rage, T. M. Hoy

The Pen is My Sword, The Zine is My Bomb...

Powerful messages of resistance and revolution are conveyed when an Anarchist picks up a pen and wields it the way Miyamoto Musashi taught his Bushi's to wield the Kitana (samurai sword). With one swift stroke, we slice off the ugly head of the oppressive beast, the enemy, the one we've been fighting and fighting for years. The pen is our sword.

If you listen closely, you can still hear the thunderous sound that reverberates through our hearts, and the explosions in our minds, after we've been exposed to a new way of thinking, a radical way of life, where lessons of self-sufficiency, solidarity, and mutual aid are learned, and where strategies of guerrilla warfare and survival are

tactics to 'legally' run amok. Mere suspicion of criminal activity is sufficient to allow government thugs to seize all your property and throw you into a dungeon indefinitely - or even to kill you on sight (if they're pissed off enough).

Unfortunately, those opposed to this system of government domination have few effective ways to combat it. This grotesque system has won the propaganda war, convincing the upper and middle classes that without police "protection" (though in reality, it's an almost laughable myth - the police rarely do more than pick up the pieces of tragedy) society will descend into a 'Mad Max' kind of chaos. Further, the overwhelming firepower of police government agents, coupled with mastery of information gathering and processing; a high-tech "surveillance state" in place, and the power of the state is nearly impossible to challenge head-on.

Armed conflict simply cannot succeed without broad public support - which is utterly lacking. Similarly, popular strikes, boycotts, protests and other systemic attacks are too difficult to target and are too diffuse to be effective. Some clever efforts, like Cop Watch (videotaping police brutality) are good, but are not anywhere near enough to do more than create cosmetic change, leaving fundamental problems and structures unaltered.

So, what can be done?

Luckily, the system *does* have its Achilles Heel - the prison system. Prisons are incredibly vulnerable to mass action of one kind - the labor strike. Without prison labor, the system cannot operate. It is therefore a relatively simple matter of education - raising the political consciousness of prisoners, and teaching them that if they refuse to support the prison system by helping it to operate, it will collapse. It isn't possible for the government to replace prisoners with guards and employees; indeed, it is impossible for the prison authorities to replace even a fraction of prisoner labor, should prisoners strike.

Add in the enormous potential assistance that ex-felons / ex-prisoners (now numbering in the tens of millions in the U.S.) offer, and - should a way to mobilize them be found, a recipe to destroy the current status quo is at hand, cheaply and easily available.

serious reporters, only yes men and women. We have to be the eyes and ears for prisoners to the world. We have to become the real media. //

Everything is magnified in prison, from the stark illiteracy to the most brilliant thinking, from raving mad to remarkable lucidity, from pointless violence to tender nurturing. Half of the rapes in prison are committed by guards, who rarely face any punishment - just like Chicago cops. As well, many rapes and other types of assaults (including murder) are orchestrated by them. Many prisoners who participate in my zine distro project realize it is only a matter of time before they are assaulted, their possessions are destroyed and they are moved to an isolation cell - or worse. This is the price they are willing to pay, so we must be there for them. Unfortunately, we have little influence on the beastliness they are forced to endure, but we can still have importance for them as genuine comrades, friends and supporters.

As well, if they did have a wage-slave job, once discovered as an educator, or jailhouse lawyer or someone who participates in a strike or other supportive activity of their fellow inmates, that person will quickly be barred from working, have their access to commissary, phone calls, visits, T.V. or any other "privileges" (like showers, mattresses, food or even clothing) cut off. The lights and cameras stay on, though.

If they do have a job, most of it goes to the prison anyway, in inflated prices for anything, as "fees" restitution, past medical debts or whatever. And, of course, the "profits" produced by prison labor go to the vultures who prey on the prisons, either as higher-up prisoncrats or the guards (who sell dope and other contraband) or the contractors. State and federal prisons are taxpayer funded, which translates into high wages and salaries (compared to the workforce in the "outs") lavish benefits and pensions for the job of basically being the armed face of prison authority, while the prisoners do all the work. There is even a push to force prisoners (or their families) to pay for "room and board."

Private prisons are in it to maximize profits. They hire guards at minimum wage, train them poorly, causing high turnover rates, prefabricate cheaply made prisons, dish out even worse food, clothing and medical care, warehouse prisoners more tightly and force prisoners to pay for basic needs, such as toothpaste and underwear. The heat doesn't exist in winter, nor does air conditioning in summer (except for the higher-ups). They pollute the environment horrifically and tax the local services heavily.

How do prisoners deal with this nightmare? Being so uber repressed, most are sucked into going along with the program of hooking up with some gang or other, just to (hopefully) have a modicum of physical protection. 95% will eventually be released, so they want to stay in one piece. All the while, the system is trying to destroy their minds, so that even if they do get out, they will not be able to function. The few who have the temerity and strength to endure it, understand the reality they are faced with and are willing to try to do something, write letters to whoever they think might be willing to help them.

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Frustratingly for them, most letters are not responded to. Support orgs are often tied to government or some religion, with their own agendas and 501 C-3 status they are tied to. Some politically active groups also have their own agenda and usually only offer their own newsletter or some limited type of "approved" support. Fervent prison abolition types are often into street protesting, getting arrested themselves, under or unemployed, perhaps part of a squat, young and restless and without sustained means to help prisoners outside their own affinity group. All too often, a promising group with a dynamite point of view and helpful ideas to help prisoners, slinks off into nowhere and prisoners end up faced with angry captors without any outside support.

So, a sustained commitment is very important and if not vouched for by someone they already trust, it will take a while to overcome their cynicism. It's difficult because "victories" are very rare, but endless turmoil and suffering are part of the daily deal. Very few people around you will want to have anything to do with the prisons or the prisoners. The media avoids it like the plague, so we have to be the media, too.

That's why I try to write out everything and make it publishable instead of just, say, giving a speech at a demo that just drifts off into the air. Prisoners need to *know* that they are part of the struggle! Even at conferences, it's rare that prisoners are contacted by phone (difficult) or their thoughts are solicited beforehand and read. For, as far as what is happening in the prisons is concerned, what they have to say is *always* more important than what outside activists have to say.

What do prisoners have to say about their enslaved existence? Here are some examples.

Anthony Rayson

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

ABC - Nevada Prison Chapter
ELY STATE PRISON
October 2012

For words of encouragement and support, please write to:
Coyote Sheff #55671
P.O. Box 1989
Ely, Nevada 89301-1989

free!

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For more information about Coyote, or to read more of his brilliant writings, visit any one of these sites:

www.coyote-calling.blogspot.org
www.nevadaprisonwatch.org
www.scribd.com/prisonwatch

A message to activists and comrades on the streets:

Please get involved in the prison struggle, today! Prisoners cannot do anything on a serious, effective level without solid support from comrades on the outs. We need you to help us type up our zines, help us acquire the zines and other reading materials that we so much need to elevate our thoughts and to free our minds, especially while under such stagnant conditions. These zines are what keeps us strong, active and alive. Our connection to comrades and activists on the outs is our most viable asset to our survival, you are our lifeline and we need you!

Educate to Liberate - Prison Strike!

Of all the gross injustices plaguing the U.S. today, the 'War on the Poor' (the criminalization of poverty), and the so-called 'War on Drugs' are surely among the most harmful. These 'Wars' effect every aspect of daily life, and have been the means by which the U.S. elite has terrorized and corralled the population into subservience. The agents of oppression - the police and various related "law enforcement" entities, now have a virtual carte blanche to attack anyone they choose, using conspiracy laws and other statutes validating 'anti-drug' and 'anti-terrorist'

2/7/17

There are many more zines, but these are just a few good ones that will really help set you on your way in making the transition from gangsta to guerrilla (or from criminal to radical). These zines are serious zines, written by serious comrades who have been very active in the struggle, and bring the strong-minded, deep thinking warriors that they are, they have really taken the time to pack some explosives into these writings, so please send some stamps to the address on the back of this zine and check them out for yourself.

Before I close this, I just want to say these last words. As imprisoned guerrillas, anarchists, revolutionaries and as comrades in the struggle, we have learned to create our own identity, so as not to be written off by those who try to crush us under the weight of their boot. We've had to learn to endure all kinds of pain, torture, isolation and many other hardships, while still standing strong and keeping a tight grip on our sanity. Many of us could be walking on these lower yards right now if only we chose to break, bend, conform, snitch, debrief, and suck the master's dick! But that's what we won't do, that's what we can't do. Instead we find ways to fight back while sticking to what we stand for, as men. We find ways to stay alive, to hold on, to stay healthy and strong, to keep pushing, keep striving, keep resisting. We do not accept the legitimacy of the prison industrial complex (PIC), and we do all we can to fight this beast from within - when we look around, all we see is destruction and death, but we do not allow ourselves to succumb to that. We choose to remain as symbols of resistance amongst all of this misery. We are not the type to sit back and do nothing as the conditions around us get worse and worse, and as we see our fellow prisoners get crushed and sometimes even die under these brutal conditions. Revolution means change, so first we have to change ourselves, change our thinking, our way of life. That's where it all begins.

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I wish to welcome you into this new way of life, comrades. This isn't going to be easy, we have a huge battle in front of us, so be prepared for war, be prepared to die, be prepared to be tortured, abused, despised, hated on, slandered and more. Be prepared in your heart and in your mind. But know that we are not destined for failure! So be prepared to fight and to win! Be prepared to take power in your own hands, be prepared to start taking control over your own lives. Revolution is here, and we are the ones to bring it. Stand strong, comrades, I love you and I'm prepared to die with you!

Viva La Revolucion!

Dear Mr. Rayson:

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I am writing in large part to extend my deep and heartfelt appreciation for your exemplary efforts in spreading and raising awareness on the subject of political science and for shedding light on the perverse and unconscionable acts executed by considerable members of our government, which sadly go unnoticed by many. I have a burning desire to acquire more insight pertaining to the topics you focus on. I have in my possession four pamphlet-like printouts: *The Liberation of Education*, *We the People*, *The Crimes of Government* and *Voting Is Fraud*.

Before I go any further, please be advised that I am actively serving a prison term of 4 - 9 years for armed carjacking. I am twenty-two years of age and over the course of my incarceration, I've slowly been able to turn away from the destructive values of the street and I've reformed many of the attitudes that led to my incarceration. My long term goal is to earn a PhD in psychology and sociology and ultimately become an adjunct professor in those fields.

In short, I will continue to maintain an optimistic outlook while at the same time utilizing my "time" productively to continue growing and reaching my fullest potential. I will tremendously appreciate it if you can send to me all the back issues of your publications, as well as all recent ones.

In Struggle, Sando

Feb 13, 2017

Dear Mr. Rayson,

"Peace & Solidarity." It's been a while since I wrote. I been going thru hell down here fighting these laws and the gangs they use to keep us pitted against each other. Everywhere I go I work for the struggle and the righteous cause. I've been to some purty tuff places. Have you ever

heard of the "Ferguson Unit" on Savage Drive? It's a very evil place. But even there the inmates have some form of unity & structure. 14

Over here where I am at now, it's worse than anywhere I've been in terms of unity and structure within the prison population. There is no sense of cohesion... no forward momentum at all. "TEXAS" in general is in a very reactionary state!!! But out here in the backwoods of East Texas, it's bad! Damn "Nazis" are everywhere! The white, black and brown ones. I've never been in such a highly racist environment. And it's hard for the brothers like me who been places and seen what unity and solidarity can do. It's sad and it's frustrating. If these young brothers could only understand their commonality. We are "One" humyn species... *One Mankind!!!*

Please send me any and all material I can use to combat these super-Nazi-racist-ideologies. Anything disproving the whole superior/inferior race rhetoric. Any "scientific" studies disproving the (theory) of "race"... and the false science of eugenics. I know it's not just in prison. Racial ideas are all in the air and where they are there it is our "duty" to combat and fight it. Please give me some arms and munitions to use. We desperately need it!!!

On behalf of all the brothers here at the Gib Lewis Unit, thank you in advance and it will be very helpful. I leave as I came...

Peace & Solidarity - "YAYA"

"...Loyalty, Loyalty, Loyalty..."

(It's in my DNA)... Naw 4-real... "Be loyal and stay true," this is more than just a slogan for us. It's a mentality and a lifestyle. Loyalty has helped me survive this Texas prison

You can recruit, organize, start up collectives and even build up a revolutionary, anarchist army. You can do anything you put your mind to. Yes, you'll be up against great odds, but your dedication and your persistence will cut through those odds like a samurai sword cuts through the body of an opponent. 27

Comrades behind enemy lines, now is the time for your underground education to begin. Now is the time for you to become aware and to develop a social consciousness. It all starts here, it all starts now. If you're anything like me, then you've probably been fighting and struggling all of your life, now is the time for you to take that struggle to another level, and to start struggling for a better cause, for real change and for a better tomorrow.

Zines are our real weapons, this is how we get powerful, dangerous, this is how we cut through the bars, tear down the walls, and defend ourselves from our enemies, with the knowledge we obtain from these zines.

Zines are like grenades, or bombs, because when you read them your mind explodes, something goes off in your brain, and once that fire has been lit, there's no extinguishing it. It is through these zines that we get our real underground revolutionary education. We see what's going on with other imprisoned people and we find strength and example from what they've got going on. With these zines we can write and record our own history, build a movement, teach, learn, organize, agitate and educate. Zines have become a major part of radical and revolutionary culture for all comrades under lock and key.

For the young gangsta who looks to make the transition from gangsta to guerrilla, these zines are for you:

- 1) *Deliberately I Defy* - Victor Trayway
- 2) *Thrown To The Wolves* - Coyote
- 3) *Disposable Outcasts* - Hybachi Lemar
- 4) *Write or Die* - Papyrus Collective
- 5) *Aztlán Realism: Revolutionary Art of Jose Heladio Villareal*
- 6) *Defeating the Criminal Mentality* - Lacinto Hamilton
- 7) *An Updated History of the New Afrikan Prison Struggle* - Sundiata Acoli
- 8) *Interviews With Russell Maroon Shoatz* - Conducted by Anthony Rayson
- 9) *The Last Act of the Circus Animals 1, 2 & 3* - Sean Swain & Travis Washington
- 10) *Remembering the Real Dragon: Interview With George Jackson* - Karen Wald

Zines Are Our Real Weapons

From the cold confines of this pitiful place called prison, I bring this message to you. They may have us sitting between these walls, but please believe me when I tell you that these walls ain't nothing but slabs of stone that we will use to sharpen ourselves on, as our minds become like steel. Take it from me comrades, I'm a veteran at surviving and defying this daily stagnation, and as unfortunate as it is, I can sadly say that I truly understand what it's like to be bogged down. In these sordid conditions, living in a box for years on end, going through all of the motions, spitting into the face of madness as it stares its strange, lifeless eyes at me, knowing in my heart that I have to be strong no matter what, and not allow my mind to slip into that lingering darkness that calls my name late at night. No, none of this can break me or take me under, and if you're strong like I've had to be, comrades, then you will find ways to take all of that shit you've been served and turn it into sugar, while always keeping fortitude and resistance in your hearts.

Imprisoned comrades, I encourage you to pick up a zine or to write the address stamped on the back of this zine, send some stamps and request some zines yourself. I encourage you to learn about history, struggle, anarchism, revolution and about the struggles taking place all over the world. Use your time wisely, and find ways to be more productive. You can build up your vocabulary, you can work on developing your writing skills, you can practice your hand at making revolutionary art (art that makes a statement about what's going on in your life, environment and the social conditions you live under), you can do all kinds of things that will enable you to build your mind into an explosive weapon.

Get yourself some zines, raise awareness, organize your fellow prisoners around real causes. Pass out literature, write your own and pass that around too, hold speeches, study sessions, try to build up a solid support network with activists and advocates on the outs (let them know that we can't get anything going in here on a serious level without their support from the outside.) Start up your own prison chapter, organize book drives, stamp drives, organize other prisoners around solid causes (you don't need everybody to join, just enough people to make things happen), reach out to other prisoners, teach them, train them and be there for them to the fullest.

experience. It has gotten me thru my late teens and all my twenties in TDC... Thru "Terrible Torres" in Hondo, thru "Ferguson's Purgatory" on 12120 Savage Drive in Midway, and thru "Johnny Bey Connally" in Kennedy's capitol murder land... Three of the most notorious youth farms in Texas.

In this enclosed and controlled society that is literally stuck in a (time-warped, pre-Antebellum - Jim Crow - type apartheid) split between shades of gray and white, where right and wrong are confused and muddled together and called "Justice." Where the value of human life is likened to the roaches and rats that infest these places... "Loyalty" is the only righteous and principled stand a man can make. It's the binding thread in this human fabric.

"Loyalty" replaces love for these calloused youth standing arm-in-arm and toe-2-toe. Knowing 4-sho, right or wrong - we stand together because we strong together. Knowing w/out doubt the Brothers and (Sisters) in these trenches got my back, to pick up my slack, and help me if I fall. To counsel and console with me when we miss mail call. To fight the law like Hank Williams, Jr. and Johnny Cash all the way to the walls or 'till the basket falls. To break bread even if it is the very last ramen noodle soup in the box only one week into a 90-day instant lockdown. To share the very last spoonful of bittersweet Colombian black coffee - just to warm the bones in a cold, concrete casket holding our living souls...

Loyalty, loyalty, loyalty... It is so much more than a word. It is a way of life for millions of us locked in America's tombs of the living...

Remember Attica... Solidarity... Loyalty, loyalty, loyalty!!! (4-16-17)

By, Yahya at Gib Lewis Super Seg...

Pins and needles made the way to being re-born - and in corrections not all loud voices are created equal. This isn't an empty box - lines inspire me to redefine what is and isn't possible. I blend, shape and mesh until I'm at the perfect angle for complete balance, always a steady flight plan when it comes to facing harsh realities, create my own lines and curve my eight ball down a snake hole, a steady beat to finding a way to the complete...

16

PAIN

in my chest, a test I can't pass, failure so we abort, walk away with empty hands. This door is closed - there is no vacancy. An empty soul, the journey's over, completion but I didn't win, is there a prize? Or did I see past the prize until I missed it completely? Never again, 13 steps back, no need to re-track, I felt every step - on or jump off, take off the mask there is nothing to hide, overdrive there's too much to cope, cut deep or not at all, no one wants superficial, no way out so why not stay in, brew and stew a venomous bile, sit in shit until it's too sordid to ever be pure, crystal clear that something's wrong, drawn to all the bad sick and twisted things, what do you see in the mirror? Deranged and disturbed or pretty in pink? Thoughts on the brink of the cup that never fills, a constant lack of, always without, poverty rich in soul, mind and body, if you look in the mirror long enough you could be somebody, anybody there? Un-noticed and un-touched, there never is enough, times not always on your side, crouch and hide from the un-understood. It will never make sense. It's only a pain in your chest that happens to be a test...

OVER

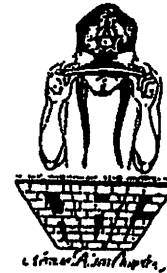
and done, without results, time only made things worse, anger and resentment is well known, a feeling I've grown all on my own, always alone. I'm sick of without. It never pays off. Leave it be and wipe hands clean. Recycle the salvageable and hoard it because it's all you'll get. Deprived and hungry for what I don't have, will I ever have? Out of sight and out of mind. It's over. We ran out of time. Dissect all you knew and gain a different way, a random route with a random you, looking at a distorted view of what never was, pretend, an illusion of your own mind, lucid dreams and reality on a tightrope, cut both and you have a noose. There is always a way out even if there is no door or window, tunnel vision, all you see is the beginning and the end, severed ties, there shouldn't have been a second try, fly by with a wave goodbye, because I should've never said hello...

our zines, it'll become an integral part of yours.

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The more zines you read, the more enlightened you become, and the more enlightened you become, the more you resist the everyday stagnation and ignorance around you, and the more you resist, the stronger you become, and with that newly acquired strength, it is only natural that you seek and strive to liberate yourself.

Through the last zine of mine, you've already learned that stagnation is death. Now pick up another one of my zines, and learn how to bring death to stagnation!



Rebellion

~ Coyote ~

October 7th, 2012
Anarchist Black Cross
Nevada Prison Chapter

Coyote can always use your letters of love and light.
Please write to:

Coyote Sheff #55671
P.O. Box 1989
Ely, Nevada 89301-1989

*free! * ☺*

Also, you can view his articles, poems, essays and other writings at:

- 1) Coyote-calling.blogspot.com
- 2) nevadaprisonwatch.blogspot.com
- 3) Facebook
- 4) solitarywatch.wordpress.com
- 5) SFBayview.com



His zines are available at either of these addresses:

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

Chicago ABC
1321 N. Milwaukee Ave.
P.M.B. 460
Chicago, IL 60622

Smoke Blown

Revolted Silence

17

Her watery words were larded with lies. The cold and calculated diffidence in her persona was to fool only fools, but never the wise. We've been down that well-trodden road many times before, enough times to know when smoke is being blown...

The things that at first glance seem ²⁴ alluring, can oftentimes be quite dreadful upon closer examination... Though she may be unduly revered by the unseeing and the unknowing, she has become abominated by those who have already felt the ice-cold tactility of her suffocating embrace.

One slight glance upon her uncaring, opaque eyes would be a definite result in one's untimely demise. High and mightily, she sits of her peremptory throne, looking down on her civilized society with a subtle hint of unhinged brutality. More's the pity for those who do not obey, I'd say. They'd be lucky to be thrown into a prison, never again to see another sunshiny day.

Dishonest, dishonorable, despicable, manipulative, cruel and vindictive... Conniving, condescending and carnivorous, is She. What is her name you ask? Well, surely my friend, you've heard of her before... her name is *Authority*.

Rise Against The System

Coyote



South Chicago ABC

Zine Distro

P.O. Box 721

Homewood, IL 60430

We revolt against silence with a bit of speaking, but what's it really matter when the voices are silenced, volume's turned completely down, no sound, but static. What's the real picture here? Everything is the same only not, voices stepped on by too many shoes, and only one set of feet - with one heartbeat, and they could really care less if it continues to beat or not, slave day for all day. Stand up and say something, any fucking thing, scream out on lines, splash ink until you can't think of anything else to say, silenced and muzzled like a mutt. Even they're treated better than us. Take a stand or you'll continue to fall - a never ending well of hopeless dreams and those silent screams for help. 911 the emergency is I'm dying inside from oppression. I just need to be heard. Is that so absurd, to open up your ears and hear my fears that taunt me, about another thing I may wake up to not having, lack of, to cease, put to a halt, an abundance no more. Liberties become luxuries that are no more. No more voices because no-one hears them anyways. All you see is a number.

HATE

sedate me till it's over, nail me to a chair and strip me of my thoughts, the feelings never die, I found the missing link in the chain, petal my way straight to hell, fall down and never get up, a coffin with no escape route. Who knows how to use a first aid kit? Resuscitate me, one two, three breathe. Operation - there is no pulse, a zombie from the walking dead, even they feel hunger, feed my un-censored need, food for thought? My thoughts are never enough food. Scale your way up the side of a building and see the view before you decide to jump. You may want to finish before you start again, run in circles, until you're right back where you started, replay and rewind and then burn. The images you've reflected on, welcome to reality. If reality is real, then why do we question the things that shouldn't need proof? Decipher through the un-necessary and find what you remember, distorted images flushed down a drain, no pain no gain, what do you gain when there's *only* pain? A constant ache, fall asleep and never wake, choking on a dream because shit's too real. Throw away the deal you were brought, sentenced to this duration, is psycho, crazy paranoia - my reality. Sedate me till it's over...

"ZINEOPHOBIA"

18

The prison industrial complex is living with a stifling gulp in its throat. This "gulp" is what can be termed as "zineophobia": the fear of zines. It's a fear that the authorities have been unable to fix. It's a flame that rehashes in the dark places of America, and in aphotic lock-down units across the globe.

In the 13th century, state institutions burned books & used public torture as a way of extracting information & as an overt method of instilling a religious fear & maintaining authority with an iron fist. Contrary views were subject to the rack, individuals "burned alive" and faced other sadistic twists of fate in the name of Religion. It was a living nightmare for many indeed.

While centuries have elapsed since the days of public scourging, the methods of control enforced today are no less barbaric. They've only become more sophisticated. More covert & confined.

Today, in the name of Homeland Security, the State is banning zines and uses torture - such as with the San Francisco 8 & waterboarding in Guantanamo, much like the thumbscrew - to extract information. To a greater (and less publicized) degree, they work to instill a socio-political fear to untold millions of us who they daily oppress; turning solitary confinement into a living nightmare. Authority is maintained behind lock-n-key with an iron fist!

Those of us who radically dare to open heads in a book instead of a wall, quickly discover that the association between the body rack and the book rack is a relative one.

I notice things about myself when such literature is deprived me.
I lick my lips from the dryness of an irrepressible want.
I feel my nose inflate.
Their hatred for us reading them makes me lust after them even more.

Moreover, the fact that the war against the (imprisoned) poor is losing ideological ground in the "free" distribution of this medium reminds us that what we value is priceless (and should be for all).

The cruel suppression of these brutal truth writings become to my mind what chastity belts are to the amorously afflicted.
I burn with every denial knowing my hands are tied & yet the most malevolent grin grilled by the prison Security Team is unable to mask their stink of fear.

to realize that they are awake, they are alive, and when we read their zines, and become invigorated and inspired by the realness and the depths of their words, while their reality becomes our reality, as we realize that by all means we can do and be the same. A bridge is built, then crossed, and the rest is history.

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This is the real power of zines. In the dark confines of these gulags, nothing can be more powerful, more galvanizing than the radical and revolutionary truths that have been printed on the pages of these prisoners' zines! If you don't believe me, all you have to do is read Tray Way's "*Deliberately, I Defy!*" zine, or Russell Maroon Shoatz' "*Black Fighting Formations*" zine or Hybachi Lemar's "*Resist, Rebel, Defy*" zine, or all three of Sean Swain & Travis Washington's "*Last Act of the Circus Animals*" zine, or the Papyrus Collective's "*Write or Die*" zine, or Anthony Rayson's "*Brutal Truth*" zine or my "Thrown to the Wolves" zine, and you'll see what I mean.

We are only but a few of the zinesters, churning out these zines like a Zine Machine, and we are here to free your mind, as we bring new culture, new thought, and a new world of revolution to your cell! We are the zinesters, the liberators, we are the ones who pour our hearts out on these pages. These words aren't just written with ink, but with the blood of our own hearts, mixed with the tears from our eyes as we shed them for the oppressed captives in this world. That's how we make our ink in these gulags, with our blood, our sweat and our tears. We have even gone as far as ripping our own hearts out and placing them in these zines, just for you!

We are the reason you have become conscious, and you are the reason we keep putting these zines out, as we try to make the next one better than the last one. This has become a part of our culture, our life, our world. While other prisoners concentrate on the mind-numbing T.V. shows that are coming on tonight, or who they're going to get their next shot of coffee from, or while they're selling all their food to buy a freak book to look at, we are in our cells producing, manifesting and creating revolution! This has become an integral part of our lives, and once you read

ZINE MACHINE

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In this unwavering struggle called *Life*, as we reside amongst the imprisoned and the confined, in a suffocating world where darkness permeates our lives, perpetually, as the lights get turned out in our minds, long before they get turned out in our cells, as we become turned out to a degenerate culture of death and stagnation...

It is the hungry one, the thirsty one, the strong, the rebellious, the brave one, who seeks to pick up a zine and learn new knowledge that can and will change and save their lives, while the other prisoners around them continue to absentmindedly tread down the zombied-out path of conformity and confusion.

Zines have the power and ability to transcend a prisoner's mind beyond the depths of the dark pits they reside in, taking our minds to greater heights than was described in *The Flight of Icarus*, beyond the sun, where a brave, bright new world lies. A world of self-sufficiency and autonomy, where the trees are the greenest you've ever seen, and the seas the bluest.

Many a prisoner has stumbled and fallen, tripped over their own confusion and ignorance, and haven't been able to prop themselves back up again. But put a zine in a prisoner's hands, and watch and see how all of their aspirations and ambitions come alive! Put a zine in a prisoner's hand and open their hearts to a new world of freedom, open their minds to the courageous and beautiful idea of resistance and revolt, and watch how easily the chains begin to slip and fall off.

Once we have been wakened to the Truth, we have no more excuses, and no more can we continue to aimlessly dwell in a world of robots. Our brains become re-activated and alive again as we begin to reconnect with our own humanity, seeing that there are other people going through the same things we've gone through, and are still going through, and as we see how they are taking action, and taking steps to take control over their own lives, we begin

I appear unreadable to the prison librarian, but inconsolably ache within these repressive confines to REBEL with every inch of libidic frustration that nature endows me; knowing they always have & always will - for as long as they have the power to repress - drip buckets of sweat before the exercising muscle of an inexorable Idea.

For you who are reading this from the "other side," ask yourself:

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What conclusion would you arrive at if, without provocation or warning, the police routinely confiscated your papers, booklets & publications? Or to have everything you write - from the most intimate to the mundane - violated by their unyielding eyes at any time?

And would you give up on the idea of Freedom? Would a fear of writing consume you? Would the persistent threat of isolation deprive you of the notion of free-thinking & depth?

Liberating literature is a reflex of Nature birthed from the contracting womb of Liberating ideas. The fact that any authority can suppress it at any institution not only confirms how dangerously alive repression truly is, but that ideas "themselves" may be taken from human beings as contraband. And where ideas are confiscated as contraband there too do we find the most confining & calloused crusaders against Liberty.

What we struggle for is not merely to emphasize "the Struggle" we perpetually live in, but to sabotage the cogs in this industrial machine by monkeywrenching its stronghold over imprisoned minds. It's to inspire a very necessary & logical resistance against oppression among the disempowered & all its coercive and draconian vices.

Til Abolition, may every imprisoned writing hand continue to free the next.

May every ABC and distro publishing the brutal truth know that through these steel bars my fist of solidarity is raised & feel my love and my fervor.

And may every devoted warden of life be haunted with the unshushed whisper of a pencil moved in the silence of a hollow cell.

~ Hybachi Lemar,

anarchist

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