

Greetings from the graveyard...



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NOT ALL THERE

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This is the place
where demons drool
over petty rule
leaving you all alone
while your mind fades and erodes
between the thickness of steel and stone.

This is the place
where sadness stains
the looks on our faces
and where madness remains
in the hearts and minds of the opposite races.

This is the place
of misery and despair
locked down in a cell
with nothing to lose
and without a single care.
This is the place where we are all here
'cuz we are not all there.

Coyote 2008
Ely State Prison

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"Greetings from the Graveyard" is a 3 part zine I want to use as a tool to raise awareness about the oppressive struggles that prisoners here in Nevada's maximum security prison (Ely State Prison) have to endure. Hopefully in so doing, it will also shed light on the struggles of prisoners all over America. I want to use this 3 part zine, not only to raise awareness, but also to gain support from sincere, dedicated people and activists on the outs.

It is important that people on both sides of the razor-wire understand the struggles, atrocities, injustices, and oppression that people in prison face. In all honesty, this is a crooked, corrupt, and inhumane system where we are being warehoused. There is no rehabilitation in these prisons, no programs, no health care, no love, no support. This entire American Judicial System is foul and corrupt. It is designed to oppress the poor and people of color. Its just a cruel, merciless system where racism, violence, and sadism take place everyday.

I wanted to break this zine down to 3 sections, to shed light on 3 different aspects of the prison struggle. This first section is made up entirely of my latest writings. I write these pieces to give people a clear understanding of how barbaric and primitive this system on the inside is, and how most prisoners assume violent mentalities and predatory ways just to endure. Violence is glorified, respected, honored, and bragged about in this psychopathic environment. There's really no healthy, productive way for us to be reformed while living in this sadistic, oppressive environment.

I try to shine the spotlight on this type of violent predatory mentality in a couple of these essays, such as "Central PopuLockdown", and "Madness". I wrote those not as an imprisoned radical intellectual, but from the perspective of a convict who once took up the means of violence as a survival mechanism. I want people to see all different sides and different types of mentalities that we take up as the everyday "norm" in these dungeons,

Also, some of these writings were written as "Release Therapy" for me. These were instances where I was using the paper and pen as an avenue to release my frustrations, anger, and stress. This can be seen in essays like "Writings on the Wall", and "Dear Mr. Correctional Officer", just to name a couple.

I want people to understand that its hard for us to rise above this madness and to overcome these violent, predatory mentalities. Its hard, but its necessary if we are to hold on to a sense of what's left of our humanity. Its necessary for our communities, society and humanity. We truly and sincerely need outside support. We need people to get involved in our lives and in our struggles. We need people to give us genuine love and support. These warm rays of life are what keep us sane in here; keep us going in here; and keep us alive and human in here.

We need people to send us letters, accept our phone calls, come visit us, and most importantly, send us books so that we can use this time to educate/ re-educate ourselves and liberate our minds. It is through books, literature, education, and study that we become conscious. Consciousness is a saviour. It's what enables us to rise above this madness and change our ways of thinking from violent, criminalistic, predatory and unproductive thoughts to a more healthy, honest, wise, productive, and truthful outlook on life. With this outlook and a conscious level of thinking, we begin to understand on a more clear, truthful and active level. Conscious people don't do stupid things. Conscious people have a true appreciation and respect for life and humanity. This is why I'm always passing out zines and literature and giving books away to other prisoners in here. This is why I'm always writing zines and literature of

my own: to raise consciousness in the hearts and minds of my fellow prisoners.

So, I sincerely want for this first zine to help people on the outs to understand what we are going through in these graveyards called prisons. I need people to understand why we need help from from the outs and what kind of help we need. Love can conquer hate. Love can help and love can heal. And that's what we need: love, healing, and support.

I want this zine to inspire people to start getting involved in our lives and our struggles in real and meaningful ways. Help us help ourselves, because we cannot expect the people who imprison us to help us. If you are an activist, get involved in a real struggle. If you are not an activist, now is your chance to become one. We need sincere, dedicated, compassionate people to get involved in our plight.

As always, my writings are for people on both sides of the walls.

In solidarity and with respect,

Coyote

ABC-Nevada Prison Chapter



IN JUST US

*Edited by
Coyote*

NOTE FROM MY COMRADE MARCUS

To become aware of these atrocities, one must first become introduced to the 3 W's: World, War, and Warehouses. Once one becomes familiarized with these three, you'll then find that we are all prisoners with like struggles. Therefore, we are all subjected to the same institution and its forced mentalities of insane thinking. The relevance of this institution is it needs for us to become reliant upon its mechanisms. Like a clock ticking away and we're the sprockets turning its gears. It needs us to keep in tune to its tock. For without us, it cannot function. The clock takes extreme measures against all resistance.

These prison warehouses, for some, is the beginning of its extreme measures; and for others, it is the end. Those on the outs are subjected to wars and fighting for the continuous reign of capitalism. And some are just plainly confined to the world and its oppression, living as puppets till death, finding that in the end, it costs way too much to die. Lives pay dearly for war bullets, while the institution hails on and on. The warehouses destroy human nature with no compassion towards our well-being. And the institution hails on and on, biting its own tail for nourishment. And we come straight from its ass as its substance.

Ely State Prison is a so-called maximum security prison that was opened in 1989 out in the middle of nowhere, outside of a small miner's town called Ely, Nevada. This prison is surrounded by the mountains of Nevada's Great Basin. There are mountains on all sides of this prison. It is very secluded and a four hour drive to any of the nearest major cities.

There are eight units in this prison (not including the infirmary and the camp that sits outside of the prison) and all but one unit is locked down. When I came here in 1998 for battery on a correctional officer, this prison was still opened up, or less restricted I should say.

Units 1,2,3, and 4 are all disciplinary segregation units, also known as "the hole". There are 2 wings on each unit. "A-wing" and "B-wing". There is a control pod in between each wing (In ESP everybody calls the control pod "the bubble"). The officer in the control pod can monitor both wings and communicate with us (or eavesdrop on us) through the intercom.

Unit 3A houses all death row inmates, they get to come out together, in sections, for tier time and group yard (12 men at a time). Unit 3B is "the hole" or disciplinary segregation unit, that houses death row inmates who are doing "hole time" (or "D.S. time"). and death row inmates who are on protective custody status, and it also houses some of the regular inmates (non-death row) who are doing hole time.

All throughout these different disciplinary segregation units there are protective custody inmates, jail house snitches, and psych-patients housed on the same tiers as inmates who come back here from general population to do their hole time. This creates a weird atmosphere and a funny-style environment.

Units 5,6,7, and 8 are all considered General Population ("G.P."), but unit 8 is the only unit that is open. Unit 8 inmates get tier time and they all get to come out together on the big yard. Most of those inmates are allowed to have jobs that support and uphold the operations of the prison. They get to work in the kitchen, in the laundry, on yard labor crews, some are allowed jobs as barbers who come to the different units and cut the inmates' hair.

Units 5,6, and 7 were once General Population units, but now that this prison is slammed down I call it "General Populockdown". We are allowed a few extra "privileges" and accommodations that we can't get in the hole. Like, for example, we can wear our blues (in the hole we are only allowed t-shirts, socks, boxers, and an orange jumpsuit). We can order hobby craft and get items off the commissary that we can't buy in the hole. In order to get out of the hole and go to General Populockdown, the caseworkers say that we have to find a cellie. You have to have someone to live with. Someone that you will be locked down with in the cell for 23 hours a day. Its crazy. This place is a joke.

In the 10 years I've been here, I've seen this place go from bad to worse. Slowly but surely, they've taken so many things away from us and they're creating an even more hopeless situation for us. Every time things change around here, they always change for the worst.

This is just a basic rundown of what its like here at E.S.P. right now. But there's been widespread rumors that things are about to change in October of this year (2008). The rumors have it that they're going to shut down unit 8 and bring in campers from the outside to work the inmate jobs that keep the prison functioning. If these rumors are true, its gonna be all bad for all of us. No hope, just misery.

Coyote
E.S.P.
August 2008

There grows a kind of intolerance for injustice and cruelty and malice and capriciousness. There grows an inability to offer fake and fearful smiles to the insulting and petty pigs, to put your chin against your chest and pretend you don't see, and take it and take it and take it. You develop a sense of dignity and self-worth and none of the fascists' punishments or threats or sanctions can drive those things out of you.

Sean Swain

....We sit in these cells like dead bodies sit in cemeteries. Death fills our lungs, fills our minds, fills our hearts and fills our souls as it lurks and lingers and seeps through the concrete. Our minds go numb and our spirits fade into inactivity. We sit here waiting to waste away, erode, dissolve, and disappear into the cracks of the cement.

Solitary confinement. What an evil concept, what a wicked notion, what a clever way to destroy a man without even laying a finger on him. Solitary confinement -- the murderer of minds, hearts, and souls. The person who designed such an evil conception must've had murder on his mind and hate in his heart.

We die alone in these cold cells, as our hands stretch out to clutch concrete, but fail miserably to hold anything in their grasp other than the death-stenched air. We die alone -- a lonely, miserable, suffering death. We die alone.....

Changing systems is ineffectual not only because an opposite system is still a system but also, most importantly, only the political and economic structures are altered, while the fundamental paradigm -- one of control and domination, remains intact.

Carolyn Baker

They say you learn something new everyday, but do you really? I see people losing their minds everyday and sometimes it seems like the people who keep us here want our minds to stay stagnant while we are in here, but it's really not up to them, it's up to us. It's up to each and every one of us to take true strides to educate and elevate ourselves. It's up to each and every one of us in here to take true strides to liberate our minds, liberate our souls through books, through knowledge, through the connections we make with others. It's up to each and every one of us to get our minds right and our game tight. For those who choose to stay stuck on stupid while they sit here and dwell here, that's up to them. If that's what they choose to do, then that's on them. It's sad to see, and it's hard to be around people like that, but what can you do?

Man, I've been through so much, up here in E.S.P. for 10 years and I've been through it all. All the ups and downs, all the riots, conflicts and struggles, I've got the mail room officers hating on me, fucking with my mail and trying to make my life a living hell because of the zines that I create, zines like this one right here ("Greetings from the Graveyard"). I've got the officers appealing to the assistant warden trying to get me thrown on H.R.P. status (High Risk Prisoner) for my latest "assault" on an officer and for everything else I've been through in the past 10 years.

I try to do good, but when they see me trying to do good they try to make it harder for me; when they see I'm doing good they always try to find some petty offense to write me up for. So it's hard to maintain, after all the shit I've been through, and go through.

There's been many times when I wanted to do right and was making an effort to do good and then something would go wrong and I'd slip up and just like that I'd be back in the hole for another assault. It's easy for my family and friends to tell me, "just do good, just ignore them, just don't feed into it," but they could never understand the struggles that I go through in here. When you're living amongst all this foulness and misery sometimes it's hard to maintain your focus. It's hard to care about things when you're living in a world where nobody cares. It's hard to care when nobody around you cares about you and when some of these people don't even care about themselves. It's a struggle to do right when everything's going wrong. And it's even harder to get your people to understand it when you call them and tell them, "Man, I just slipped up again."

We sit here locked down in these cells, letting our minds go numb as every man is pent up within the limits of his own frustration and rage. I always speak on the importance of resistance, and I always speak on the importance of making real connections with people on the outs. I feel that when you try to elevate and educate yourself while living amongst all this stagnation and deterioration, you are engaging in a true act of resistance. Resistance isn't always about clashing with the authorities, or physically fighting the system, because under these circumstances you're only burying yourself deeper in a hole every time you get violent. I've been violent the whole time I've been incarcerated and sometimes it was necessary for me to be violent, but even though it's kept my head glued on to my shoulders it has prolonged my sentence.

So, when you take true strides to educate and elevate yourself while living under these dreary and gloomy circumstances, I'd say you are participating in a healthier act of resistance, because by doing this you're resisting intellectual death and you're also resisting spiritual famine. You are becoming conscious while dwelling in a contemptuous, disdainful, ugly nebula of ignorance and hatred. You are taking true strides to rise above it all.

It is important for us to try to make meaningful connections with people on the outs too, because nobody in here cares about you one way or the other. There's no love here. The love here is earned, not a given. Love shouldn't be earned, that's not true love. That's prison love. It's not the *good* kind of love. Prison love is artificial, it comes and it goes and then has to be earned all over again, it isn't given freely, there is no compassion in the type of love you'll find in prison. But we can get that from people on the outs, they

can help us, they can heal us, they can show us love, friendship and compassion. That's they type of love we need, that's the type of love that's going to help us endure and grow and develop and blossom and those are the type of people who are going to get us through this and beyond this miserable, lonely existence of prison life. We need love from the people on the outs, 'cuz that's true love, not like this artificial, condensed stuff you get in here. We need real love and real support.

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Maybe the people who keep us here want to keep our minds stagnant, maybe they just don't care one way or the other. But the fact of the matter is we, ourselves have to take true and healthy strides to rise above the madness and stagnation that we live and suffer through every day. I feel that having our minds stagnant while in prison is not only an injustice to ourselves, but an injustice to society (after we get out of prison) and an injustice to humanity. It definitely makes you question the role of prisons in America and it makes you question the intentions of those who are intent on locking us up and building more prisons. It is clear that they don't care about us. It is clear that we have to take it upon ourselves to rise above this madness.

I sit here in this cell trying to cultivate my mind and trying to encourage others to do the same. We use this time to get our minds right and our game tight, trying to rise above all of this mental and spiritual oppression. We try to make the best out of a bad situation, taking the good with the bad, making sure we get back on our feet after each time we stumble and fall, still striving to move forward, towards the imaginary light at the end of the imaginary tunnel, because it's all about perseverance and survival. And yes, you *can* learn something new everyday if you have the desire to do so. Just because they want us to stay stagnant in here, doesn't mean we have to. Staying sharp and staying strong is what we should aim to do. Don't lose your mind, use your mind! Apply yourself.

Just in here trying to stay on the sharp side!

Coyote

Ely State Prison, Ely, Nevada

October 27th, 2008

"Your way begins on the other side.

Become the sky.

Take an axe to the prison wall, escape

Walk out like somebody born into color.

Do it now" – Rumi, 800 years ago

Please write to me and send me letters of solidarity and encouragement:

Coyote Sheff #55671

P.O. Box 1989

Ely, Nevada 89301-1989

No other life-form on the planet knows negativity, only humans, just as no other life-form violates and poisons the earth that sustains it... Watch any plant or animal and let it teach you acceptance of what is, surrender to the Now. I have lived with several Zen masters – all of them cats.

Eckhart Tolle

AS I SIT HERE IN THIS CELL OR WHATEVER IT IS, I FIND MYSELF WISHING THAT THEY WOULD COME AND GET ME AND TAKE ME TO PRISON. I SAY THAT, BECAUSE ALL OF THIS WIERDNESS AROUND HERE AND ALL OF THE FOULNESS I SEE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M AT ANYMORE.

LATELY, I HAVEN'T BEEN TALKING ON THE TIER ANYMORE. I KNOW THAT THERE ARE AT LEAST 20 PROTECTIVE CUSTODY INMATES LOCKED DOWN ON THIS TIER RIGHT NOW, SITTING IN THE HOLE WITH ME. WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS HOW MANY OF THEM ARE INFORMING FOR THE PIGS OR HOW MANY OF THEM ARE SITTING BACK AND LISTENING TO EVERYTHING WE SAY. SO, LATELY, I'VE CHOSEN TO STAY QUIET AND ALONE. IT WOULD BE NICE IF THERE WERE A COUPLE CONSCIOUS PRISONERS CLOSE TO ME, THERE WOULD BE PLENTY TO DISCUSS, BUT, THEY'VE GOT ME STRANDED AND STRAINED UP RIGHT NOW AND I DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO PROVE, THEREFORE, I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

THE PRISONERS ARE SO FRIENDLY WITH THE POLICE AROUND HERE, IT SCARES ME. THE FOULNESS DISGUSTS ME, DISTURBS ME, MAKES ME SICK. I HATE THIS PLACE. THIS PLACE USED TO BE MY STOMPING GROUNDS. I'VE SENT MANY PIGS AWAY, EITHER BLEEDING OR COVERED WITH FECES, AND YES, THEY HAD IT COMING! I'VE DONE DEEDS THAT COULD BE BRAGGED ABOUT FOR YEARS IN THIS SETTING, THIS PLACE. BUT I KNOW IF I HAD A REASON TO LASH OUT AND DO SOMETHING TO THESE PIGS RIGHT NOW, THE PRISONERS AROUND HERE WOULD LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M CRAZY. THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE CONCEPT OF STANDING UP TO THE MAN, NO, NOT ON THIS TIER.

I SIT UP IN THIS CELL AND I READ, I STUDY, I WRITE, I KEEP MYSELF BUSY AND I APPLY MY KNOWLEDGE AS OFTEN AS I CAN. FUCK THIS PLACE, THESE PEOPLE, FUCK WHAT THEY THINK, FUCK WHAT THEY DO, I GOTTA SHAKE IT OFF AND CONTINUE TO BE WHO I AM. I CAN'T EXPLAIN HOW MUCH THIS PLACE FILLS ME WITH DISGUST. IT HAS BECOME SICKENING TO BE HERE. I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, I NEED TO CLEANSE MY SOUL, OR GET HIGH, OR SOMETHING, CUZ IT IS BECOMING VERY VERY DIFFICULT TO DEAL WITH THIS MADNESS.

IF THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO'S READING THIS, SOMEONE WHO CARES, PICK UP A PEN AND WRITE TO ONE OF THE PRISONERS WHO HAS PLACED AN ARTICLE IN THIS ZINE. SHOW US SOME LOVE, GIVE US SOME ENCOURAGEMENT, SEND US SOME BOOKS, HELP US RISE ABOVE THIS MADNESS. WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT. WE NEED TO HAVE REAL CONTACT, COMMUNICATION, AND TRUTHFUL RELATIONSHIPS—MEANINGFUL CONNECTIONS WITH PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE. WE'VE BEEN CUT OF FROM LOVE, SOCIETY, LIFE, COMMUNITY, FAMILY, AND FRIENDS, AND BEEN CONFINED TO A CORNER OF COLDNESS AND DARKNESS. WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT. WE NEED YOUR COMPASSION.

FROM THE DEPTHS OF THESE DREGS
COYOTE
ELY STATE PRISON, NEVADA
2008

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO WRITE ME, I CAN
BE CONTACTED AT THIS ADDRESS:
COYOTE SHEFF #55671
P.O. BOX 1989
ELY, NV 89301-1989



BLINDED JUSTICE

Your heart turns into stone, your soul turns into ice, and your mind turns into jelly. That's what happens when you sit and sit and sit in one of these cells, that's what happens when love leaves you, its what happens when you stop trying. Its a constant cycle of torture. Its a constant battle, a never-ending struggle. One day you feel good, the next day you feel bad. You go through so much conflict and turmoil with yourself, it nearly kills you. You can feel a deep sense of mental anguish and a deep sense of spiritual torment. It hurts so bad, it tears you up into little pieces, it scars you, and it destroys you inside.

You're filled with hate, rage, and vengeance. You want to kick the pigs head in, the same way they kick on your door. You become suspicious of others, and paranoid. You begin to think they're talking about you, you think they're out to get you, out to rob, steal, or cheat you. You're losing your fucken mind.

That's what happens when you sit and fester and marinate in one of these cells for hours at a time, days at a time, months at a time, years at a time. That's what happens when your heart stops finding a real reason to beat, that's what happens when you quit resisting. Your heart breaks a thousand times, you lose your cool. You lose your mind, your soul freezes and you die inside, you fucken die.

My name is Coyote and my heart
still beats with love and
resistance. But there's been times
when it would skip a beat or two, or
three...

January 22, 2008

The caseworkers here at Ely State Prison have become so good at lying that it scares me. They're always out to give us the classic run around, just to see us running in circles like a dogs chasing their tails. I've trained myself not to believe anything they say and never get my hopes up. I am able to live with the understanding that there isn't very much I have coming from them. I know these people don't care about me, they don't care about my problems in life or what the hell I'm going through. They're not going to help me, they're not here for that. These lying caseworkers are so full of shit, they can keep on walking past my cell to the next one. I'm cool right here. Fuck 'em.

The Spirit of Resistance

Those who live in fear of authority, live in slavery. Mental slavery, psychological slavery, and even physical slavery. Those who live in fear of authority are in a prison all of their own. A prison of their own making.

I am a prisoner to concrete and steel, but I am not imprisoned by fear. I do not conduct myself with those who are in fear of authority. We who live in prison are sure to not allow the walls to chip away at our existence; but with our spirit and attitude of resistance we chip away the walls and barriers that presume to behold us.

The thoughts that seep to the strengthened center of our well-being were created from the sheer will to survive under drastic circumstances. We are refined by hardships when befriended by darkness and we come out strengthened in the center and sharp around the edges, ready to cut through our bonds with a diligent ease.

It is will power that guides us through these sloppy situations. It is the spirit of resistance that keeps us alive and well. We are not imprisoned by our fears, we are determined to perservere.

El Coyote

ABC - Nevada Prison Chapter

June 7th, 2008

At the time of this writing, I've been here at Ely State prison for a solid 10 years. I've been through all the motions, all the ups and downs, all the trials and tribulations. I've been in fights, I've sent officers to the hospital, I've been sent to the hole for alleged stabbings, I've fought with the goon squad on cell extractions, I've participated in riots and I've demonstrated all kinds of acts of real resistance. I've been shot, gassed, tazed--you name it, I've been through it all.

Wherever I go in this prison, I am locked down. There's only one unit in this prison that isn't locked down and the caseworkers and wardens say that I am not eligible for that unit because of my history of institutional violence. All of my visits have been behind glass for almost 9 years now. They won't let me have contact visits with my family or friends because of my history of institutional violence. So I am stuck, whether I am in the hole, or in "General Populockdown", it doesn't matter, they will not give me any type of breathing room.

So, other than the fact that I will one day be released from prison, I have no incentive to do good, or follow their petty rules. I have no hope, nothing to look forward to. I'll be here in Ely State Prison until I go home, stuck in a cell, on 23 hour lock down, trying to maintain and keep from losing my cool. It's hard, sometimes it's a real struggle. When you're confined to these cells for long periods of time, your thinking gets a bit distorted and it can take one little thing to set you off. When rage and aggression set in, you go flying off the handle before even thinking twice about it. It's a psychological struggle and we are up against great odds. This place has the ability and the tendency to do great amounts of damage to our psyche and our minds. We are living in a real-live man-made hell.

We need people on the outs to show their concern and get involved in our lives and struggles. We need people to send us letters and books and give us hope and something to look forward to. We need people on the outs to accept our calls and give us good, healthy, productive conversations to get our minds off of this sick, demented place for a little while. We need people to care about us and about what we're going through in here. We need support from people on the outside.

The psychological torment that takes place in this prison can be unbearable at times. If our souls are out of tune and our minds aren't strong and if our hearts are in the wrong place, then we are lost to this cold, desolate darkness. It takes a lot of strength and a good amount of resistance to get through this.

Listen up! There's nothing cool about this place, there's nothing cool about being here. This place sucks.

Coyote 2008
Ely State Prison.

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THERE'S NO LOVE HERE

In the depths of these dregs where our souls dwell in darkness as our minds dwindle like dust in the wind, we sit here with sad looks on our faces, waiting for a letter in the mail or a hot meal to be served. Waiting, waiting, waiting, always waiting for something, but it seems like nothing ever comes. Nothing good, anyways.

There's no love here. Not in this artificial world of concrete and steel, surrounded by razor wire, and gun towers, which are enclosed by mountains on all sides. There's no love in these confinements, just a lot of hate, anger, agony, hopelessness, loneliness and despair. The closest thing you'll find to love in here, is pain.

There's no love here, no sunshine, no fresh air. But if you open your eyes long enough to see, you will find that there is plenty of destruction, depression, aggression, torment, suffering, and death. The coldness that permeates the atmosphere seeps through our skin to our bones and chills our soul. We've been discarded by society, separated from our families, left to sit, suffer, rot, and die. They don't care, so we don't care. There's no love here.

Coyote, 2008
Anarchist Black Cross, Nevada
Prison Chapter E.S.P.

When we rise we fight, all day, all night, we fight. We fight to overcome, we fight to live, we fight to survive, we fight to win, we fight to prevail. Everyday is a fight, a struggle, a challenge, everyday is a battle. We fight and fight and fight. Struggle, and strive and thrive to survive. We fight with one another, we fight against our captors, we fight the system, we fight oppression, we fight hunger, we fight agony, we fight depression. We train, spar and prepare. There's no breaks, no time-outs, no tapping out, no quitting, no giving up. Fight, fight, fight. We fight to change, we fight to rise above the madness, we fight to make it through. Man-up, handle-up, face up to every challenge and to every challenger. It's a mental kumite, it's a spiritual kumite, it's an emotional kumite, it's a physical kumite. We fight with God, we fight with the Devil, we fight with our own restless souls, we create enemies and fight them too. We fight with all our hearts and we fight with all our might. Strength, endurance, speed. We fight one battle after the next, we feel no pain, we have no fear, we just keep fighting to persevere. Focus, we need to focus, we must stay focused, can't lose our focus. Like an eagle we swoop, like a tiger we strike. We strike back when struck, we swing when swung upon, we initiate and engage and we combat, the battles we lose only to inspire us to comeback and fight harder and harder and harder. Punch, kick, strike. We fight and we struggle and we resist. Everyday is a kumite, step into the arena, step into the ring, step into the dojo, step onto the mat. Come out to the yard, step onto the battlefield. Gladiator, samurai, soldier, kyokushin, warrior, guerrilla, prisoner. Fight! Fight! Fight!

El Coyote

BUT UNTIL THEN

The mindless minds in these endless times do not want to think, because thinking is too real. The heartless hearts in these lonely, miserable times, do not want to think. We do not want to have to feel or deal with reality or face life, because it's all too much, it's all too real.

So we nullify, dull, deteriorate, and dumb ourselves down with television, magazines, gangsterism, fantasies and day dreams. We let our minds fade away with our lives, silently hoping and watching for something to come along and shake us, awaken us and snap us back into reality, causing us to take charge of our situation before it's too late, causing us to take control of our lives, with that long, forgotten fire burning and raging in our hearts and minds once again. We sit and we pray and we hope and we wish that one day, some day, we may reawaken to the passion of life and be able to deal with reality, once again.

But until then, we turn our minds off and our televisions on. We put our books down and pick up magazines full of fakeness and materialism and we sit here and fade away, until a rainy day, fuck the world, we say.....

The Writings on the Wall

"Fuck the Police". These 3 words can be found everywhere in these madhouses. Fuck the police, scribed on the walls, fuck the police, scratched into the desks, fuck the police, carved into the bunks, fuck the police, etched into the doors, etched into our minds. Fuck those slimy, greasy bastards, fuck them pigs.

That is the first commandment that we live by in here, the golden rule, as we live in these volatile situations, hostility towards our captors is the fuel that keeps us going. The correctional officers are the police, they work for the system, the government, so they're pigs too. The rats, the snitches, the informants and the inmates on protective custody, they are the police too. They work for the man, cooperating and operating against other prisoners, though they are prisoners themselves. In this world, that makes them the biggest pieces of shits around these shit-filled sewers. Not even the pigs respect them, they're cowards, and they are the police too, so fuck them.

This in prison, this isn't Disneyland. People aren't playing, not everybody is friendly around here, there are some people around here who would stick some steel in your neck, without blinking an eye, then go walk back to the table, sit down and eat their meal, or your meal, like nothing happened. This is prison.

Fuck the system, that's what we say when we pray, cuz that's what we feel in our hearts. We know this ain't right, we know it's foul, we know we're being screwed, cheated, manipulated and deceived. We know it in our hearts. Fuck the system.

We live with so much hostility in our hearts, it's what motivates us to stay alive, but it's a double-edged sword as we continue on the path of SELF-DESTRUCTION cuz we do not truly understand how we can actually rise above this madness, we do not truly comprehend how we can escape these chains and live truthfully.

All we know is piracy, banditry, hoodlumism, thuggery, and gangsterism, that's all we know as we sit here and say fuck the system. We don't ask ourselves, or each other, how can we organize ourselves in here? We don't ask ourselves, or each other, how can we elevate ourselves in here? We don't ask ourselves, or each other, how can we live truthfully, how can we get free and rise above this oppression? We don't think about these things, because we don't see the possibility of these things, as we are blinded by our own ignorance and blinded by our own violence towards one another, we can't see past our own futile situations, all we know is that we have to survive, so we don't get cheated or shorted or knocked off by the next motherfucker.

But the writings on the wall, for those who want to read it, it's right there, etched, sketched, scratched, scribed, carved or written, it's right there. Three words, fuck the police, it's right there, written on the wall, desk, bunk, ceiling, floor, it's right there.

El Coyote

Fables,
Leo Tolstoy,
1828-1910

"THE EAGLE AND THE SOW"

An eagle built a nest on a tree, and hatched out some eaglets, and a wild sow brought her litter under the tree, and the sow rooted around the tree and hunted in the woods, and when night came she would bring her young something to eat. And the eagle and the sow lived in neighborly fashion. And a grimalkin laid her plans to destroy the eaglets and the little sucking pigs. She went to the eagle and said: "Eagle you had better not fly very far away. Beware of the sow, she is planning an evil design. She is going to undermine the roots of the tree. You see she is rooting all the time."

Then the grimalkin went to the sow and said: "Sow, you have not a good neighbor. Last evening I heard the eagle saying to her eaglets: "My dear little eaglets, I am going to treat you to a nice little pig. Just as the sow is gone, I will bring you a little young sucking pig!"

From that time the eagle ceased to fly out after prey, and the sow did not go any more into the forrest. The eaglets and the young pigs perished of starvation, and the grimalkin feasted on them.

The interests of the State and those of the individual differ fundamentally and are antagonistic. The State and the political and economic institutions that it supports can exist only by fashioning the individual to their particular purpose; training him to respect "law and order"; teaching him obedience, submission, unquestioning faith in the wisdom and justice of government, above all, loyal service and complete self-sacrifice when the State commands it, as in war. The State puts itself and its interests even above the claims of religion and God. It punishes religious or conscientious scruples against individuality because there is no individuality without liberty, and liberty is the greatest menace to authority.

Emma Goldman

"BEWARE OF THE GRIMALKIN"

True seekers of knowledge would probably appreciate the fact that there is a lot of wisdom and knowledge to be found in fables. Practically every culture has their own fables, there is so much that can be learned from fables, things like strategy, wisdom, practical ways of living, counsel and instructions on various themes of life. How could one not appreciate a good fable every now and then right? So, I wanted to share this particular fable with you, because there's a lot of truth in it, truth that applies to our everyday situation as prisoners. 18

The strategy of the grimalkin in this fable is very similar to that of the "Divide and Conquer" strategy that our oppressors use on us today. When we become mistrustful of eachother, when we fight eachother and kill eachother, we are giving our oppressor (the grimalkin) - our true enemy - absolute power over us. As long as we are going at it with eachother, they don't have to worry about us trying to rise up against them.

How can we be eachothers enemy when we are in the same communities, prisons and in the trenches together, going through the same shit, suffering from the same type of poverty and the same afflictions together? No, brothers and sisters, we are not eachothers enemies, we need to stop hating eachother and come to realize that it's the grimalkin who is profiting off of our self-destructive behavior, the grimalkin is our true enemy.

The sooner we realize this the sooner we will be able to reach some type of middle-ground between us and eventually we can try to come together and run the grimalkin down. There's a couple lessons that can be learned from this fable of the "Eagle and the Sow." But one of the most important one is one of the oldest, "Know your Enemy."

HAYMARKET



Coyote, 2006
Ely State Prison

Dear Mr. Correctional Officer,

19

All I want is what I got coming and for you to leave me alone. There's no need to stop at my cell and ask me how am I doing today, you don't care how I'm doing, you don't really want to know how I'm doing, you only ask to see what kind of state of mind I'm in, if I'm on some "fuck the police shit", or if I'm safe for you to be around, that's the only reason you ask how I'm doing today, to make sure you're safe, not cuz you actually care, so don't even ask. No need to stand at my door smiling, being nice, trying to hold a fake ass conversation with me about this, that or the other, if I need something I'll let you know, if not just give me my meal, or my mail or whatever and move on.

I don't want your little extras, the last thing I want is to be spoiled by the pigs, so you can keep your little extra this and your little extra that, take it and give it to one of your little rats. I don't want it, I don't need it, just give me my full issue of what I'm supposed to get and roll on to the next cell. Just leave me alone and I'll leave you alone, but if you go out of your way to mess with me, then I'm going to go out of my way to mess with you. And this is going to be an unsafe environment for both of us.

Thank you. Have a nice day.

Think about these prison environments for a moment. People screaming day and night, rape and the spread of serious diseases, such as AIDS, hepatitis, venereal diseases and everything else is epidemic, as if deliberately cultured in a Petri dish. Violence, longing, bitterness, hopelessness, self-loathing are coupled with the schooling of criminality. Useful programs, under this madhouse environment, have been gutted. There's no real rehabilitation, no re-entry programs. They are left to live or die in this minimalist warehouse situation... In Amerikkka, they torture and try to kill the spirit of people, whereas in El Salvador, the U.S.-trained authorities were allowed to go all the way - torture and kill and leave the mutilated bodies for the vultures to pick over at the dump sites - just like the U.S. perfected in the Phoenix Program in Vietnam. For, a community cannot live without spirit - without hope of genuine humanity.

Anthony Rayson

The Thoughts of an Exile

20

While I sit, stand, lay here in this cell, exiled from American society and confined to 4 gruesome walls that were intentionally designed to break me all the way down, my heart beats furiously, yet proudly with resistance and I try to keep my mind open, heart open and eyes open, reaching out for truthful knowledge and for deeper understandings of self, love and life. I read, I study. I write, I contemplate and reflect, I hold discussions, I have conversations and try to engage others.

In these dungeons we are cut off from family, cut off from the world and cut off from a real education, but the people in here who linger, lurk and fester in these graveyards seem to love to learn all they can about their own history, culture, heritage and traditions, even though they're usually considered lower than dirt in the eyes and minds of society, they still carry their pride of who they are and they hang on to that very tightly. I really dig that.

There are definitely some powerful and dangerous minds lurking in some of these cells, people who have taken true means to let the shackles, chains, cuffs and restraints from their minds. I feel blessed to have been able to come in contact with people in this clandestine world who could be so intelligent, artistic and resourceful, even while confined to a cold, hateful, primitive place like this. It's because of these experiences and because of meeting these people that it feels good to be lower than dirt, it feels good to be so close to the earth. I appreciate the blessings and the lessons of being an exile

While I write this, I'm on the second day of a 4-day fast with a native comrade of mine. He told me he was going to go on a fast for a few days, to set things in order with himself and that he'd holler at me in a few days. I said, "Hey, wait a minute! I'll do it with you." So, here I am on the second day of this fast, trying to stay strong and focused, no talking, no eating and no masturbating; and trying to keep negative thoughts out of my head. My native comrade Xemo has his reasons for going on his fast, which are mostly spiritual, and I have my reasons and objectives.

First, I wanted to show him solidarity, as he is someone I feel connected to in meaningful ways, so I wanted to encourage him to keep going and to get his mind right, heart right, soul right. Prison isn't the most positive or productive place, and we sit here amongst all this hate, madness, violence, gangsterism, materialism and corruption, it's hard not to get caught up in it, it's hard not to think like all those around you, it's hard to rise above it. So, I knew if I were to go on this fast with my native comrade, it would inspire and motivate him to hold strong. Secondly, I felt the need to do this for myself, to back up off the door, take my mind away from this place and tune in to myself and mostly to challenge myself.

To me, fasting is an act of enduring pain and coming out of it stronger, it's an act of sacrifice. It calls for me to will myself to keep going under desperate situations, to keep fighting, to keep resisting, to keep holding on, to stay focused, to stay disciplined and to stay strong. Of course, there are deeper spiritual meanings attached to it. But I'll have to admit that this fast isn't really for spiritual purposes for me, other than sacrificing my food, conversation, urges and desires to will myself to endure and overcome anguish, pain and torment, and I'm doing this to prepare myself for future hardships. Those are my reasons for taking up this fast.

Xemo tells me stories, sings me songs in Crow, sings me songs in Lakota, sings me songs in Shoshone. He sings songs about the eagle, he sings songs about the bear, he sings songs about the determination of the wolf. He taught me how to sing a healing song and he taught me how to sing a unity song. He tells me something good about the coyote, he says a coyote can adapt to any situation, you can take a coyote out of the Nevada desert and put the coyote in Africa and the coyote will find a way to survive. I will always remember that.

I believe we become stronger through our pain, we become wiser, with a clearer outlook on life, a keener insight, and more compassionate and understanding after overcoming, or enduring struggles and painful situations. I believe we need to be challenged by life, every now and again, and it's through these challenges that we grow (spiritually) and develop (mentally) and transform our thinking into higher states of consciousness.

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It's about the mind, body and soul. It's about atonement. It's spiritual, mental and physical, it's not only about being a warrior, but it's about being alive. This is not my first fast, but I've learned a lot from Xemo, 'cuz he was kind enough to take the time to reach out to me and teach me things about his culture, which isn't much different from the Yaquis, Aztecs and Mayas, and I am very appreciative for my friend's time and kindness, and it felt good to hear him sing his songs, he sings from deep in his soul.

My appreciation of these gifts leads me to write this brief report on it and include it in this zine, to give people a small peak into the life and mind of an exile. We prisoners are exiles, because we've been exiled from life, exiled from society, exiled from real, human relationships, exiled from culture and traditions and customs and celebrations, but as long as we choose to keep the things that are most important to us in our hearts, then we are still thriving and surviving.

There's a difference between living and maintaining, people in prison aren't living, we're maintaining and some of us aren't even doing that. Times are hard in prison, this place can make your heart hard like cement and your soul cold like steel. This place breeds hate and anger. A lot of people are influenced by racism and prejudice ways of thinking. Some prisoners read and study their culture and history and use it as a tool to hate, hate and hate. They learn to hate other people and other races, 'cuz they're not like them. They don't understand the true lessons, ways, teachings and understandings of their ancestors. They don't understand that when you take things back to their roots and origins, you see that we all come from the same place, and in so many ways, we are all related. People who embrace the true understandings of their ancient cultures aren't haters, but have a true appreciation and respect for their own culture, as well as others.

I see all this hate around here, and to me it's ignorance. It breaks my heart to see and experience all this madness every day. People who talk out of hate (in my opinion), usually speak with ignorance, people who talk out of love, usually speak with the intelligence of their hearts. If you're someone who claims to love your people so much, then they take true strides to do real things for your people, instead of using all that energy to hate on the next man, or the next race, just because he ain't like you.

I sit in my cell and do my fast, Xemo is in his cell, a few cells down from me, doing his fast. We are both locked down, but we are resourceful enough to find ways to communicate with each other and still keep people out of our business. I sit here in solitude, with no one or nothing to fear but myself and I let these thoughts pour out of a heart that's been broken a thousand times, but comes back and beats stronger and stronger each time. I feel the pain in my stomach, but I keep going. I don't eat, I don't have the desire to eat, only the desire to keep going, and that's what I'm going to do, I can endure the pain, I'm a warrior, I am ready for whatever challenges that await me...

From the depths of my restless heart,
Coyote
E.S.P. 2008

Sure, if a prisoner totally submits and kisses the guards asses and snitches on other prisoners, he may better his treatment, but this is spineless behavior.

John Phillips

Though I am loved, I am alone, left to sit and suffer in a cold, desolate cell of confinement. On the other side of these prison gates I have many people who love and care about me, who are touched by my courage and compassion, and who are moved by my love for them and by my love for life, freedom, and justice. The sad reality, though, is that they're out there and I'm in here, alone

I am surrounded by people who like to think that they're my enemies, surrounded by foulness and perversion, and blanketed by sheer coldness. I have no friends, just a few people that I talk to from time to time, people who share no true feelings of connectedness with me; their conversations might be good sometimes, and comforting, but there's no camaraderie between us. People in here will talk to you one day and then decide that they don't want to talk to you ever again; that's just the way it goes in here. It's something that a prisoner has to deal with, knowing that the only person in here that you can truly depend on is yourself.

We have to find ways to deal with this loneliness so it doesn't take us under. Overcoming loneliness is a huge part of survival in prison. Loneliness is painful. It's agonizing to my soul. To know that I could be in here, in this world, with other people around me, in cells next to me, above or below me, and still feel unconnected to anyone, and still feel like I don't really know someone, or that nobody really understands me, and to feel like I cannot truly trust another man in here – it defines the feeling of suffering. To be alone is to suffer.

In solitude I suffer. My heart dies, my blood turns cold and the spark of life leaves my eyes; when you look into them now all you can see is anger, pain, loneliness, and suffering, and all I can do is sit here and ask myself, what have I done to deserve this? What did I do to have to be forced to live in such torment?

For I know in my heart of hearts that I'm a good man. I know in my heart that I live by the principles of righteousness, respect, honor, integrity, fairness, equality; and I know that I am a man who has stood up for my beliefs and who has stood up for my rights, and who has also been beaten down for standing up for them. But still I am left to live in solitude, like I am some kind of piece of shit or something.

In prison that's the price we have to pay for being a man who stands up for himself and for what he believes is good and right. We have to pay for that by sitting and

suffering in solitary confinement until the authorities feel that they have broken you down. They try to break your will, break your spirit and your determination, and they try to destroy you. The things that we see as good and the things that we see as being right are the things that we are being punished for.

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I sit here in solitude, feeling so alone. Tormented by my loneliness, and even though another man lives in the cell to my right, and another man lives in the cell to my left, and a man lives in the cell right above me, I feel no connection with any of them; there's no trust between us and absolutely no sense of camaraderie, and it kills me inside.

I understand that all of this is by design, and I want to be strong, I want to resist, I want to overcome, because I know I can't give in, I know I can't surrender, I know I can't let my oppressors break me; but deep down inside I know that no matter what I do, I cannot win, for either way they are slowly destroying me; whether I fight or surrender, they have already won. But I just can't give them the satisfaction in letting them know that they've destroyed me with loneliness, so I continue to fight and I continue to resist, because anything less would be suicidal

From the depths of my restless soul,

Coyote

Ely State Prison, Nevada

October 25, 2007

The State is force. Nay, it is the silly parading of force. It does not propose to win love or make converts, if it puts its finger into anything, it does so in an unfriendly way, for its essence consists not in persuasion, but in command and compulsion. However much pain it may take away, it cannot conceal the fact that it is the legal maimer of our will, the constant negation of our liberty. Even when it commands the good, it makes this valueless by commanding it, for every commands slaps liberty in the face, as soon as the good is commanded, it is transformed into evil in the eyes of the true (that is, human, by no means divine) morality, of the dignity of man, of liberty; for man's liberty, morality, and dignity consist precisely of doing the good not because he is commanded to but because he recognizes it, wills it, and loves it.

Mikhail Bakunin

Free your Mind

24

Let us abandon our restrictions and live freely from the truth of our hearts. Let us love life as we love our children, and let us love our children as we love life.

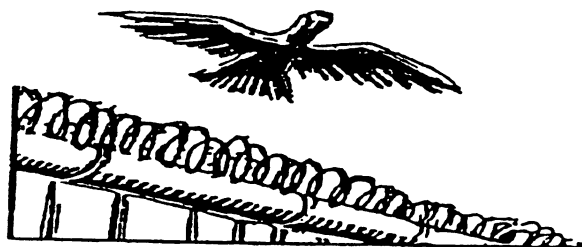
The walls of these prisons can only keep our bodies contained for so long, but cannot close in on our minds when we live with resistance in our hearts. I encourage you who read this to learn how to think for yourselves.

In these cells of seclusion we learn to embrace knowledge in its rawest form and when you have become accustomed to embrace what is real and what is true, you naturally reject all that is false and untrue.

Let us abandon our falsehoods as we embrace knowledge and let us share our knowledge to those in need of it, so that the mind of the prisoner can abandon his shackles once for always.

The seeds of resistance have been planted in the soil of the prisoners' heart and bears fruit in the prisoners' mind. Consciousness is forever sweet and so full of soul. It should always be shared and enjoyed. Hold on to it, but pass it on...

No love for authority,
Coyote
June 4th, 2008



On Heart

Resistance is in my heart and it stays in my heart. As humans we grow, we develop and we change, but some things never change. Resistance has always been in my heart and always will be. The things that are in our hearts are the things that keep us going, what's in your heart stays in your heart, unless you lose your heart, and if you lose your heart you pretty much die. Your heart is like your lifeline, when you lose your heart you lose your life. I take this literally, 'cuz I'm a soldier and I know what's in my heart, and what keeps it going. It's not hate, it's love. Love for yourself, love for life, love for freedom, justice and equality. My resistance comes from love, not hate, and it's what keeps me going, it's what is in my heart. Love, resistance, truth.

From the depths of my lawless heart,
Coyote
Ely State Prison 2008

DESPAIR

25

These walls were built with hate and I imagine that they will be destroyed with hate. In a sanitarium we live, we struggle, and we die. How do we overcome this?

They call it ELY STATE PRISON, I call it Ely State Zoo. Come watch us and see what we do while we sit in our cages. Listen to our beastly roars and our soul-wrenching howls and our lonesome chirps. We live in cages called cells. We live in hell where despair pervades the atmosphere of our hearts. We live in institutions where the air is stale and the walls are pale. We live in agony.

Listen to the sound of dread as it enters your cell through the ventilation system. "Fuck the system, buck the system": words that still ring in our ears, even though some stopped trying a long time ago. We don't care any more, and when you stop caring, you begin to go numb and your mind deteriorates, crumbles, fades.....

We are the wretched, the little people with broken souls, holding on to death, refusing to let go. This is my profane existence as I sit here and try to explain resistance. When my soul gets cold, the hate unfolds, and onto a path of destruction I go.

Despair fills the air in here, another day, another year. When she thinks of me, she sheds a tear.....

Coyote
December 20th 2007

With each zine, you have no idea how many self-hating and incapacitated zombies you have plucked from the fascist's garbage dump. You have no idea how many untamable and uncontainable freedom fighters you shaped who will never again submit to slavery - psychological or otherwise.

Sean Swain

They've got us confined to these cells, where we are intellectually suffocating, in desperate need of literature, books, love, compassion and support. Being in this graveyard is like walking down an endless, dark tunnel, with no end, no light, no hope in sight, trapped in a box with no visible exit. We have to be soldiers in these circumstances where the means of survival go beyond guerrilla warfare: this is a battlefield for the mind.

Looking at my situation, I see myself confined, locked down in the darkest layers of a dungeon cell, surrounded by animals: human animals. Animals who were once human, but who have been stripped of their sanity, and who have no control over their own mental capacity. These beasts have lost their souls and there's nothing nobody can do about it, and they try to inflict their insanity upon me so that I can be miserable like them. Call it paranoia, but I feel like the administration has intentionally put these sick motherfuckers next to me, above me and around me, just so they can show me what type of 'weirdo' they want me to be; what type of sick monster they want me to become.

But on the contrary, the more I'm subjected to these miserable "mind-torturers", the more love I have for myself, and the more I love myself the more I hate these pigs, 'cuz I see what they're trying to do to me. I strive to be stronger, mentally, physically, spiritually and emotionally. The harder I strive, whether it be for strength, for unity, for solidarity, or even self-education, it seems; or feels like the more these pigs are trying to knock me to my knees. They try to knock me down and tear me apart, they try to tear my soul apart, my mind, they try to tear me apart from friends, family, comrades and fellow convicts. This is how I feel as these walls seem to close in on me, I feel like these pigs are trying to destroy me, I feel like they're trying to bury me alive in this graveyard.

We sit here and rot in these chambers of torture, designed to murder our wills, break our hearts, devour our spirits and bury us in our own agony, in attempts of transforming us into animals like the weirdoes who are caged in the cells next to us, above us, and all around us.

So many youngsters get locked up in this foul ass system, and it seems like consciousness has died in the hearts and minds and spirits of many of the incarcerated youth. There's no inspiration, no direction, no worthy cause to believe in, no reason for them to come together and settle their disputes, no reason to put their guards down and unite. I don't see it, I don't feel it, except in my own heart. People around here are lost, confused, mislead, and it's a tragedy.

To shift indigenous religions with Christianity is a rape – a violation that has led us to where we are now.

Carolyn Baker

I want to encourage the prisoners at Ely State Prison who read this to start studying the law and find ways to buck the system, beat and cheat the system that's beating and cheating you. Study anything you can study, whatever interests you. I want to 27 encourage prisoners to start taking true strides to pick themselves up, to move forward, to better themselves, and to buck the system that contains you and holds you captive to this ongoing madness. I want to encourage prisoners to start turning their televisions off at least twice a week and spend the day reading, studying and writing. Do something to benefit and strengthen your mind. Do something to benefit and strengthen your position in life. Just 'cuz they've got our bodies held captive, doesn't mean we should let them hold our minds captive. Once we start taking serious strides to improve ourselves and improve our conditions, once we start doing something real with our time, then we can start doing something real with our lives.

Because they're trying to bury us alive in these graveyards, leaving us to sit alone in these suffocating cells until our mind goes crazy, deteriorates, or until we are so messed up that all we can think about is murder, violence and revenge, because that's what this long-term isolation does to us, if we let it.

I'm still alive, in good spirits and my mind is intact, so I must be doing something right. They try to knock me down, but I'm still standing. I have one mind, one heart and they can't strip me of my soul, I'm too strong for that. The more they try to break my will, the stronger I have to be. It's all about resistance, it's all about keeping the mind, body and spirit in good shape. I'm sitting here doing things, elevating and educating myself, engaging others, talking and listening and there are people in here like me, just trying to maintain their existence. We're living it the only way we know how. I live in struggle and I struggle to live, and this all I know! They want to bury me alive, but I'm plotting on ways to take that shovel out of their hands and beat them over the head with it! That's what's happening.

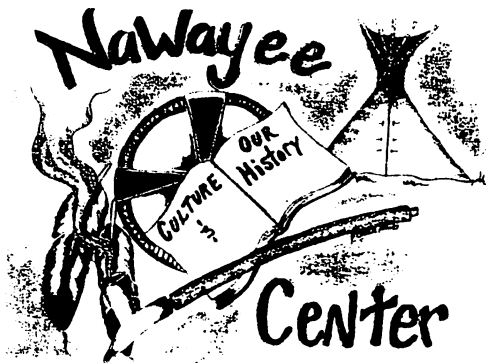
From the depths of this darkness,

Coyote

Ely State Prison, Nevada

For letters of encouragement, please send letters to Coyote :

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



Minds evaporate in these prisons, life becomes redundant after sitting in these cells day in and day out. Doing the same thing over and over again, your brain begins to deteriorate. We are like water in a pond; there's no flow in our lives, so we slowly become stagnant, and just like stagnant water we build up with all kinds of bacteria and we becomes poisonous. We need to flow, we need to stay active, we need to stay productive, or else we become stagnant and poisonous; we become dull and senseless and our lives become miserable and pointless. Stagnation is misery and in these conditions, misery is death. Feed your mind, tune your intellect, read, study, and learn new things. Apply yourself, apply the new knowledge you learn. Grow, develop, create and transcend. Rise above the dirty pool of stagnant water, breathe, let your mind flow until it develops into a beautiful mind, a dangerous mind, a brilliant mind, a powerful mind. Let your mind flow.

Coyote 2008

Ely State Prison

TODAY IS A GOOD DAY TO LIVE

Sitting up in these solitary confinement cells, for years on end. I used to always wake up and tell myself that today is a good day to die. But, today is different: it's a good day today. I am pleased with the things I am seeing today. The good spirits and cheer of the convicts around me definately seems to be resonating with me. Today is a good day to live.

I recieved a letter in the mail last night and its always good to know there are people out there who actually care about me, about my struggles, and situations and about wha's going on in here. It's definitely a good thing to maintain a solid connection with people on the outside.

Here, where I'm at, the pickle-suits do not pass out the mail until night time, so we have to wait all day and all night, just to see if we get something or not. Its always uplifting to our spirits to recieve a letter from someone or a piece of mail. For some of us, its the only thing we have to look forward to each day in here, so that's one of the things that has me feeling real good about life right now.

I'm also glad to see that other prisoners are on top of their game. There's a guy in the cell a few doors down from me, to my left, who is doing his work-out routing right now. I can hear him counting his sets: "one, two, three: ONE. one, two, three, TWO. one, two, three, THREE". There's another prisoner in the cell a few doors down from me, to my right, who's working on his case—legal work. That's some hard stuff to figure out. It takes a lot of time, study, and practice. It's never easy when you're trying to go up against a system that owns the law, writes the law, and makes the law. But, we all know those people don't play fair. There's always gonna be some kind've dirt on them, so its always possible to beat them at their own game! Its definately good to see people on the grind in here, its good to know that they're trying, its good to know that they still have some fight left in them, and its always good to know that they haven't given up.

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There are other prisoners all around me, in their cells, who are either exercising, reading, writing, or who are deep into their studies. One of my neighbors, who I often have study sessions with, was talking to me about different styles of study; how someone could really get a good study program down if he was truly serious about his studies. He said there are all kinds of things a prisoner can study if he really wants to learn something and not only learn, but apply it too. I told him I feel him on that. There's a lot of people who read, but don't really take the time to think about what they read. They don't absorb it, they don't try to memorize it, and they don't try to apply it. They just read to pass the time, which is cool, I guess, because its better to be doing something productive to pass the time than to be on a path of self-destruction, or to even be wasting ticks on a bunch of irrelevant nonsense. He said that he agreed with me and that sometimes he'll spend 2-3 hours reflecting on one sentence. He'll take his etymological dictionary out, he'll break out his encyclopedia and other reference materials and he'll look at the root word to find out where the word originated from, what it means, and when it came into use. Then, he will just sit back and really think about the entire sentence, to see what was underneath the surface. All I could say to that was, "WOW." I definately appreciated his conversation, and that's another thing that has me feeling good about the day today.

So far, there hasn't been any negativity today, nobody yelling or screaming out the side of their doors, calling other prisoner obscene names. Nobody's tripping on the pigs and they aren't going out of their way to mess with any of us today. Even the psych-patients seem to be quiet today. No banging on the desks or kicking on the doors – and they haven't been yelling and screaming at all today, like they often do.

The morale amongst the prisoners on this tier seems to be pretty good. The conversations have been productive and uplifting. I can definitely sense that everybody's feeling pretty good about themselves today. Everybody's joking, laughing and nobody's stressing, nobody seems to feel the need to be a tough guy or prove themselves to the next man. There's a sense of community on the tier today. It's not something you see around here often so its always a good feeling when it shines forth.

Today is a good day to live. I say that from the solitary confines of a prison cell, so I must be saying something! They haven't killed me, they haven't stripped my spirit or my joy for life. My love for freedom still remains strong. They can't stop me from loving life or from feeling human. I'm alive and it feels good to be alive. 30

EL COYOTE

E. S. P. 2007

ABC - NEVADA

PRISON CHAPTER

30

WE MUST KEEP RESISTANCE IN OUR HEARTS

As we swim through the gloominess and murkiness of the treacherous waters of prison life, we must stay focused, we must stay determined and we must keep resistance in our hearts. Resistance to death, resistance to boredom, resistance to stupidity, resistance to stagnation, resistance to insanity, resistance to ignorance, resistance to inhumanity, resistance to oppression and injustice--because resistance is the truth.

We must really look out for each other, as much as we look out for ourselves, because the way we are living in these graveyards is beyond foul. You gotta keep your head above the water, you gotta keep your mind right and be careful of bitter people. Stay away from miserable, hateful people and be cautious of those who want to forever remain stuck on being stupid. Be careful of those people standing at their doors, talking out the side of their necks, trying extra hard to advertise themselves as real motherfuckers, hard motherfuckers, bad motherfuckers. Its usually people who go the extra mile to advertise themselves as this and that, who are not only insecure of who they are, but are also untrustworthy and probably under-cover informants, or cell thieves. Don't be like that and don't fall into that trap. Keep resistance and truth in your heart and fakeness can't and won't touch you, or even come near you.

Sitting in a cell, with 4 walls to keep you company on cold, lonely nights, is a perfect time for us to take a deeper look into to ourselves and to take a deeper, more critical look at our lives. Use this time as an opportunity, look at it as a blessing. Don't let others define what real is for you, Take a hard, critical look at things, question everything you hear and everything you see and let yourself find your own conclusions and definitions of what real is; of what truth is.

Try to use this time to take a deeper, harder look at who you are and a deeper look at what you stand for. Are you influenced mostly by your environment? Are you mostly influenced by your comrades and peers? (If so, is this good or bad? Why?), or are you mostly influenced by what beats in your heart and what flows through your veins?

Take a deeper look at what makes you tick and at your reasoning's, 3/
judgments, and motives of why you do what you do. Use this time to
really get to know yourself, because people who are true to themselves
know who and what they are, and they are apt to be resistant towards
anything that isn't true. We must be true to ourselves under these
circumstances, or we will drown in these dirty, treacherous waters of prison
life. Don't be a follower, fuck being a leader—just be true to yourself and
to those who are true to you.

Resistance is a truthful way of life. Resistance is absolutely necessary and
absolutely mandatory in these graveyards. Its good to seek truth, its good
to be true. Watch out for fakes and snakes—they're everywhere. Watch
out for people who are trying to pull you under the rip- tide, just to keep
themselves from drowning. Be true to you, keep resistance in your heart.

Coyote
ESP 2008

LIFE IS GOOD

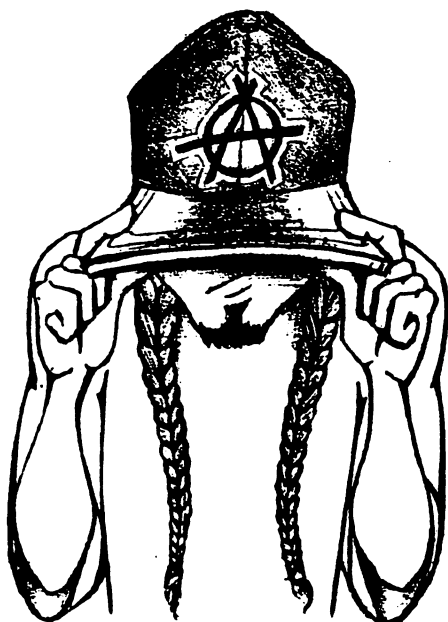
If you love life, you're going to live life. You're going to find a way to
prevail, you're going to keep pushing, keep striving. You're going to find a
way to survive, to shine, and to make it through each difficult situation.

Those who love life are going to live life, no matter where they're at in life:
jail, prison, a broken home, stuck in a bad relationship, stuck in poverty, the
ghetto, on the reservation, in the projects.... Whatever, wherever, you're
going to find a way to keep existing, because you love life too much to let
yourself fade, break, wither, and die.

I love life, and I'm living my life. I'm here, stuck in this hell hole, but I'm
still alive, and I'm going to stay alive because I'm thankful to be alive. I
wake up everyday feeling good, because I know I'm a good motherfucker. I
wake up everyday feeling thankful cuz I know I'm blessed.

I deal with the struggles of being in prison and I keep moving. I deal with
the despair, I deal with the agony, the suffering, the misery, and I keep
living. I deal with the depression, I deal with the destruction and I deal
with the hate. I keep loving life and I keep living my life. Life is beautiful,
I'm thankful to be alive. I live in a graveyard, but I'm not dead, I'm alive
and well.

El Coyote
May 2, 2008



RISE AGAINST THE SYSTEM!



Nevada Prison Chapter



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