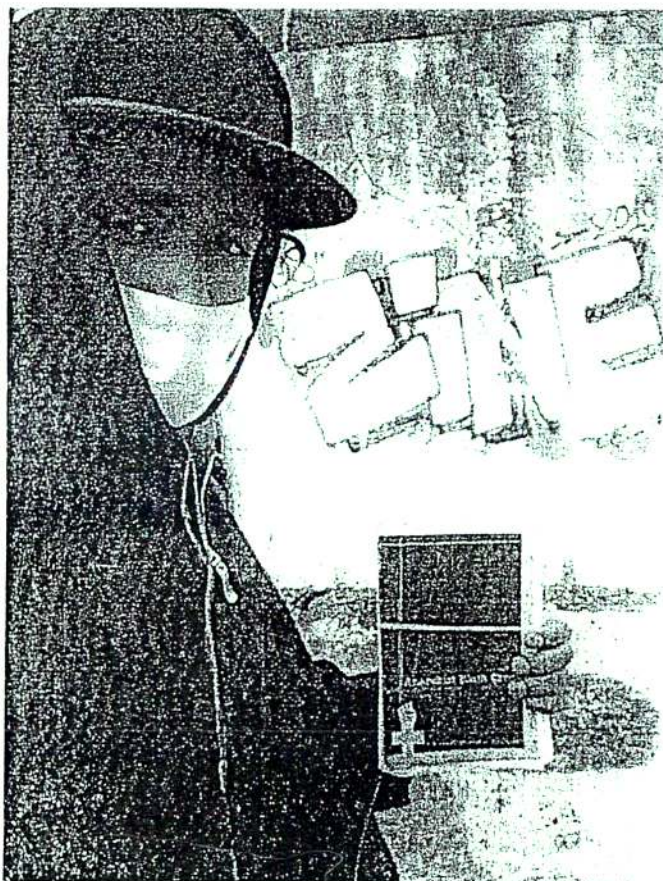


INCARCERATED LIVES MATTER

The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword



Collaborating with Prisoners Armed with Zines

By, Anthony Rayson - ALA Conference June 23-26, Chicago 2023

Dear Fellow Rant & Ravers

Please write your asses off. Don't tone it down. Blast out your thoughts any kinda way you wanna do it. Just strive to do it, mindblowingly intense. The harder you stay on it, the more potently you will express it.

If they don't dig it, or shouldn't "see" it, you must be bullshittin' and not telling the truth. The truth, laid out, is the most disturbingly effective as a jangler of emotions and hand grenader of thoughts.

You want people to not be able to stop thinkin' about it, right? No bull then! Go right to the point, using most effective words. Maybe it'll take a million, building slowly to an excruciating crescendo!

The way I think of it, is, I want to be able to read this stuff, and since it's not out there, I'm gonna have to write it, myself! When you go and reread your stuff after a while, you should get a legitimate rush off it! Come you gotta get rid of, because it's bad. Be a reporter and saturate yourself in music. I'm sure you know what I'm talkin' about.

It's enervating meeting some of you, sending and getting written matter. That's one thing this world is good for - thoughts - except most everybody claims to not want to hear it. Those guys in screen-staring sellout land are zombied out and have let themselves be robbed of their freedom of thought. They can't think, they can't write. They can't reason or express an original idea. The T.V. of their mind is on all day long. We'll have to tell them, lead them by the hand to get their heads together. All they got is - chase after money \$ and belief in lies! First, we get to relate to eachother and enjoy bouncing ideas off eachother. They can hand-wagon jump and be boring nuisances, later.

Hell, I'm writing this right now! It's three in the morning and I got a crappy typewriter next to me. But I write into notebooks, first. You pick the guitar of your mind with your fingers!

Thanks, gang. Dip your pen in the inkwell and let 'em have it with both barrels! I wish there was a "'zine scene" in 1974 when I came out with "Peoples' Polar Express" so I could relate to intelligent people. Instead of being grateful, those lucky enough to see it, were either pissed, ignorant or scared. So I blew the world off for a coupla decades and enjoyed hell out of myself! Now I have my own kids and I want to teach my children well. You're kinda stuck with me, now. I'm your basic can't shutup type guy. August Spies all the way!

This zine is dedicated to Hybachi Lemar (seen on cover) a brilliant zinester and organizer, author of two books and several zines available through my distro. He was supposed to table with me at this conference, but he has been re-arrested and awaits his no doubt unjust fate at Cook County Jail, under his birth name of . Free ALL the slaves!!! @nthonny

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Zine Collaboration With Prisoners

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How does one start doing this? Well, for me, it started very early in age when I decided I wanted to be a writer. I didn't want to "be" anything - except a free-thinker. I never expected to be paid as a writer, nor did I seek to be. However, I did want to collaborate with other writers. Where and how was I supposed to find these people?

This was back in the sixties, when everything seemed up for grabs when I came of age. I immersed myself in underground publications, street protests, challenging books, the counterculture of music and radio and of course, the mainstream media of T.V. newspapers, etc. At the age of twenty I exploded into writing all kinds of wild poetry and prose, slapped them into a big pile and made copies of them, which I showed to my friends.

This was early in 1974, when things had calmed down, the draft was ended and people seemed to forget about protest and decided to shimmy and shake to disco. I just finished two years of hitch-hiking, after dropping out of school my freshman year of college. My "zine" (I had no inkling such a thing existed) was titled: Peoples' Polar Express. My friends thought it was hilarious and that I was crazy. I was so ready to join the revolution, but when I looked behind me, everyone had vanished!

This was very depressing, so I abandoned my writing "career" and knuckled under to being a working stiff and see what life would bring me. I got married at twenty-three and divorced at twenty-six. I got married again at age thirty-two and am still married to my wonderful wife.

It took a while, but I was slowly able to crawl out of my shell. I never stopped reading and writing but that's where it ended. She persuaded me to go back to college and so I did. I became the valedictorian by winning an essay contest. My paper was entitled "Learn to Think." I realized I wasn't just a nobody and that I had something positive to contribute to what I consider to be, a very sick society. Everybody knows what I mean. All I have to do is

say the name of a few countries - Vietnam, Indonesia, Guatemala, El Salvador, Chile, Iraq, Afghanistan, AFRICA! Get it? 5

I finally hooked up with the zine underground and started writing my brains out, again. This was in the mid-nineties. I shared my work with all kinds of people who were writing zines or letters to zines and other radical publications. I decided to start my zine distro (1998) to make available not only my work, but that of others, I thought had something awesome to contribute. It soon dawned on me that the most insightful and thoughtful responses to my work were coming from Amerikan's prisoners...

Then, I came upon a wonderful mentor named Sean Lambert, a self-described prison-abolitionist anarchist bi-sexual. He opened up the world of prisoner zines with his intense and dense prisoner zines. Here is where I would find my collaborators! In the huge population of twenty-first century American slaves, I would find countless brilliant and talented writers and artists who would be willing to work with me on countless and often spectacular writing projects, which by then, I had self-taught myself to make.

I would write, I would edit, I would publish and I would distribute like nobody's business! I would learn from the source about the black hole of America - it's overflowing prisons, from some of the most courageous, dedicated and talented people in the country. And! All the zines would be free because I already paid for everything with time, money and effort and ideas have no price tag on them. They are free* It would be my life-long contribution to the "struggle."

There is a world of stored power, energy and creativity in every single one of us. Everyone possesses unique talents and interests. Just like everything else, you have to cultivate it and practice it to bring it to full flowering. You must rely upon yourself alone to make this all happen. Mentors and guides will cross your path and if you are smart and sensitive, they will help you. You have to "cross the fear line" and persevere in your efforts. Sure, you'll run into blind alleys, receive scorn and ridicule and languish in negativity and sneering voices - even from your own mind.

Just take life one day at a time and try to accomplish as much as you possibly can - even though some projects may take many days, weeks, months or years. Be resourceful and don't be afraid to ask for help. Everyone knows right from wrong and can accomplish incredible things. You have one person in your corner who will always be right there for you and that person is YOU! 6

I also got involved in co-founding grassroots groups in my area. I helped start STAND (Shut This Airport Nightmare Down) an anti-Peotone Airport group down in Eastern Will County. I was the Secretary and did a lot of argument crafting (zines!) I even put together several newspapers (Rural Life Standard) organized actions, did crop circles - all kinds of cool-assed stuff - using zines to help educate and organize people.

I helped start other groups, too! I'd always have literature tables chock full of pertinent zines, whether we were fighting racism, a pointless private tollway or a regional immigration detention prison. For zines can be focused on anything and can be cobbled together in a jiffy, so the issues discussed are up-to-date and relevant to ongoing, fluid developments.

Getting back to prisoners, they are the ones most in need of our help. Even today, 2023, they are slaves according to the horrible Constitution. The Thirteenth Amendment, which allegedly "abolished" slavery, merely switched it over to prisoners. By this reality alone, it is an absolutely terrible document, which is so revered by the monsters that rule over planet Earth today.

They are tortured in many ways, every single day. Their story is screaming to be heard, understood and championed by every last one of us! They don't trust people on the "outs" because by and large they are indifferent, gutless, totally ignorant, they lack reliability and usually want money, hide behind 501c3 status or don't really include them directly in their "support" activities. They assume there must be a "catch" because everybody else is trying to rip them off. Not only that, but the government and most everybody else having any kind of dealings with them are preying on them. For, "legally" they are considered as if they were dead!

Some "democracy" huh? 2.3 million people are in prison, more than several states full of people! Tens of millions are on probation or parole, where the system is set up to snatch them right back up for this despicable, guaranteed profit mass punishment industry. The saps known as taxpayers foot the endlessly inflated bills. Majority-rules "democracy" elected Hitler and Trump. When people are dummy-downed on such a colossal scale, ultra billionaires, dozens of trillions in off-shore banks, psychological pauperization and daily mass shootings is what you get. Did I mention Mother Earth herself is in her death throes??? Wake the hell up! Stop the steal - of life on Earth! 7

The great Leo Tolstoi said that the purpose of education is freedom. Nothing else really matters! Today's reality is unfreedom! Who would know more about all this than conscious prisoners? If you want to learn the truth and not hide from the truth but rather, deal with the truth, you have to go straight to the hell of thy nation's dungeons! There you will find the flicker of hope, the glow of enlightenment, the courage of a lion and the soul of a warrior. You'll marvel at modern-day politicized Picasso's, the writing chops of soaring Shakespeares and the humanity of a newborn baby.

It's not easy and it's getting harder. The devils running these gulags have only one argument - repression. They're banning books at a naziesque pace. They're throwing whole prisons full of people into perpetual solitary confinement and anything horrible they can think of. Them now, us next, right? It's an endless emotional rollercoaster for us on the "outs" but it's daily life and death for them. Which side are you on, here?

As you can tell, just thinking about this drives me crawling up a wall. Especially, as I must live amongst such a smug and sheeplized people. Well, as you can read, I'm still the same angry young man I was at age fifteen, only now I'm much more experienced and have honed my craft (the well-written rant) and refuse to swallow the goddam kool-aid! And folx, this is just the introduction. So, strap it down, don your brain plugs and try to finish reading this muther-hubbin' zine! Smile*

@nthony, over & out! P.S. Write angrily & often. Bye bye.

How Prisoner Zines Can Become Created

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Prisoners are deliberately warehoused and squirreled away in rural areas far from their loved ones, usually culled from the inner cities, to make what goes on there more anonymous and to punish them more, as well as their families. Of course, there are so many state and federal prisons, county jails, detention centers, etc. that "house" people, located in cities and towns, as well. People languish in these places, sometimes even for years before their trials. Almost invariably a sentence is plea bargained. These are little deals between prosecutors and judges. "Justice" is often based on the ability of the accused to pay for a lawyer or not and rarely has anything to do with what the accused may actually have done that was "illegal." The punishment industry is very profitable.

As well, the system makes it hard for people to find out where inmates are, moves them around like chess pieces, if at all "political" and makes visiting them, calling them or writing to them an ordeal. Sometimes visitors are searched and degraded in various ways. Sometimes they come a long way and are disallowed. They may arrive after traveling several hundred miles, only to be stuck a half a block from their loved one and forced to skype with them in a crowded room with other people shouting, as the communication link is so (deliberately) poor. They may get "lucky" and see their relative or friend through a thick pane of glass, while the prisoner is painfully shackled. Sometimes you can even sit at a table with them, inside the prison, heavily surveilled. This is all to discourage any kind of human warmth.

More and more they are restricting written correspondence, too. So how can you get through to these conscious prisoners and develop working relationships?

Like anything else that is accomplished, it takes resolve and the willingness to get off the dime. Everyone nowadays has a computer. It is very easy to google pretty much anything. Use your computer to find out where the prisoner support groups are in your area. Contact them and ascertain what it is they actually do.

Books to prisoners groups send books (and zines) directly to prisoners, so they have access to prisoner letters and their

addresses. Seek out prisoner support publications, resource guides which list dozens or hundreds of prisoner support groups with their contact information. Look for their newsletters, which often have prisoner letters, with their addresses. Contact people who actually have collaborated with prisoners and seek their advice on how to go forward with such a writing project. 9

It may sound like I'm coming from the Stone Ages, but the hand-written letter is the perfect medium to make your acquaintance with a prisoner. These letters are like God sends to them! They *will* write back to you! In fact, once you start genuinely corresponding with them, you will find stronger human relationships than even your own family, who more likely than not, will think something is wrong with you for wanting to have anything positive to do with prisoners, so vilified are they portrayed by society. After all, they are Constitutional slaves, to this day, and subjects such as prison rape are big jokes to guys like Jay Leno.

How do you even make a zine? Well, that has to be learned, too! Like anything else in life, we have to take that first step and forge into the future. Rely upon yourself to self-teach yourself how to blend your talents and interests to create these marvelous tracts. The prisoners themselves will help you! They'll provide the written material as well as incredible graphics. Many prison artists were former graffiti artists or tattoo artists who became politicized, while in prison, so their graphics are not only artistically excellent, but potently political and hip as hell! Let them have their say.

You may have to transcribe and edit (slightly, please) their work. You may have to become a "publisher." That, however, is quite easy. You don't have to get a degree. You don't have to pay a fee. All you have to do is think up a name, get a p.o. box, have a stamp made, stamp the address on the envelope and the last page of the zine and *bam* - you're a publisher! Be resourceful.

It is getting more and more difficult to do this sort of work as the scaredy-cat authorities are ramping up the oppression and censorship. Like anything else, the more you do it and practice it, the more knowledgeable and capable you will become. Just do it!

Prisoners, when found to have the courage and humanity to partner with those on the "outs" on these publications, often pay a

horrific price. Their personal belongings are destroyed. They face increased physical and psychological torment. They can be set up for assault by other prisoners. Their "privileges" are taken away. They may be shuttled about to other prisons, shackled to a bus seat for weeks, even. They may even pay with their lives. /0

This is very serious business. The idea is to collaborate with the conscious prisoners and make their expertise available to prisoners who sorely need this type of education. Just like in chattel slavery days, they do *not* want their slaves to be mentally liberated by the truth! For a slave who becomes aware and loses his or her ignorance and fear, is no longer zombified and will stop knuckling under to their regimen of daily humiliation and torment.

They want prisoners to feel hopeless and despairing. They not only want to waste their bodies, but also want to crush their hopes and dreams. In short, they strive to drive prisoners insane and to lose their humanity forever! We want them to know they are loved and desperately needed by society, because they have enormous contributions to make - to *our* well-being. Prisons solve nothing!

This type of endeavor is not just a walk in the park. It is a life-long commitment that will define your life's worth! Onward!

Zined up by Anthony Rayson, June 19th 2023 (Juneteenth*)

Zines Can Beat Back the New Censorship Regime by Jeremy Hammond

Thinking about zines as a medium for liberation, we must consider how the recent waves of censorship, both inside and outside of prison, is tied to the rise of fascism in the "United States". Police are doubling down with brutality and murder: prison populations on the rise as programming is reduced and solitary is the norm now. Right-wing culture warriors are escalating attacks on public libraries and schools, whitewashing history classes, imposing books bans, going after LGBTQ people, targeting activists and authors with doxing, vigilante violence, and criminal charges in an effort to maintain systems of white supremacy and capitalist hegemony.

We're seeing the same sinister schemes in jails and prisons: their PR teams and counter-insurgency task forces feed copaganda to the complicit corporate media, exerting ever-increasing force to shield the truth about police brutality and the abysmal conditions behind bars. Mail room censors fight furiously to control the flow of information, to keep the public and those they cage in the dark, the cruelty of strangling plants in thirst for water and sunlight: a playbook of divide and conquer, silence and bury.))

So I'm humbled and inspired every time I pick up a zine written by someone in prison, because I know how difficult it is to put together from behind bars, and the risks of retaliation they took to publish it. That the most powerful carceral forces in the world work so hard to prevent these zines from even existing - as if they contain some secret that threatens the entire system and their precious "safety and security" - makes me want to read them even more.

If police maintain authority through a monopoly on the use of force, why are they so afraid of ideas on paper? We often say "they can take our bodies but never our minds". The goons come in to crush individual acts of rebellion with overwhelming violence, but an idea is something they cannot so easily tame, bought or sold, something that scares them more than anything is a free mind that can read and write, and think! Zines are more than just a tool of self education but of self liberation: it's not a spectator sport. they want us deaf and dumb, dead in a box, but our refusals, our defiance, our dreams and visions leap off the pages and into the real world. No wonder they craft so many twisted interpretations of law and court precedent to justify these petty rules and prohibited acts: "unauthorized communication with the public", cant operate a business, can't form a union, can't vote, can't correspond with other prisoners, can't file lawsuits without exhausting administrative grievances, it's just deny deny deny.

Let's set the bar high for a change: Why is it accepted as a matter-of-course that incarcerated people shouldn't have access to the internet, for example? So much for education and rehabilitation, people being released after decades without ever having used email or a smartphone. Never mind AI assistants to do your college essays for you, have you tried writing without a proper word processor or a search engine? I've written articles using the BOP's Corrlinks "email" system, doesn't even have basic copy-and-paste functions, no pictures or text-formatting, and it charges

you five cents a minute to use, and this is the best it gets: those in the hole with nothing but dirt, a stub of lead writing on toilet paper or some scraps of garbage wish they could have even that. Land of the free!

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Censorship lays bare the lie of rehabilitation and free speech, that bourgeois concept of constitutional rights and the American dream is all a fraud, and it's getting worse. In the past two or three years, jails and prisons are escalating their war against the written word through book banning and increased mail restrictions as a means to advance political censorship under the false guise of war on drugs rhetoric. They're blaming books and the mail for the drug problem they created, pushing restrictions and criminalization instead of resources and treatment. Now privatized digitization services deliver the mail on expensive tablets or poor quality copies. Books are often only allowed through monopolies like Amazon or Edward R. Hamilton, and groups such as Books to Prisoners are seeing ridiculous increases of used books being rejected for "stains", "odors", or just being banned entirely. These technical rejections are used as purportedly neutral disguise to content-based political repression. Since it's almost impossible to challenge legally through the thousand hurdles of the Prison Litigation Reform Act and a byzantine administrative grievance process, we're left with little recourse for justice through the proper channels, as we always knew.

It's going to take hard work to beat back the new censorship regime: fortunately, we can learn from the legends in prison history, not found in their sanitized history books but in photocopied zines passed through prison grapevines, we take to heart the lessons from the legends of those that stood up and fought back: whatever meager rights and reminders of our humanity we got in here, people had to fight for, had to die for, from throwing down at Lucasville and Attica, to the law libraries where jailhouse lawyers pushing pen to paper. Zines are the underground channel connecting a decentralized network of incarcerated freedom fighters, where contraband knowledge is shared through the cracks and forbidden alliances are forged in the trenches, hopping from person to person, prison to prison, creating a guerrilla communication platform to share experiences and develop strategies, and planting seeds of rebellion that catch like wildfire. We will free ourselves!

MR. King - Gilliland #F60435
R.J. Donovan A-5-115up
480 Alta Road
SAN DIEGO, CA
92179

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Cowboys in the old West, used to hang lanterns
on their saddles at night to help them find their
way home...
This was an early form of saddle light navigation!

Hi, "Big guy" 6-6-23 ①

To Analyze it's AMAZING AND HUMBLING for you 2
want my input for your PROTECT!! I imagine
The folks at the conference asking you lots and
lots of questions and I imagine them getting
more & more excited by the questions before
them... you may seem like a normal interjectional
gentleman Anthony, But when one hears you
speak instantly there a hint of Brilliance Hiding
in every act!!!! even though I am Confid
uncle Anthony I still see our world full of
wonder!!!! full of possibilities for your grand-
Babies! And full of question's that are EXCITING
TO PURSUE... Thank you for the Beautiful & I
inclusiveness in 2 your family! When you & I
met 15 years ago it was a life saving
intervention! you have opened my EYES AND HEART
TO the importance of Real genuine family and
Loyalty looks like with and unflinching Love
that came from your mother's selfless heart!

I was in a long line at 7:45 am today at the grocery store that opened at 8 for seniors only. A young man came from the parking lot and tried to cut in at the front of the line, but an old lady shoved him back into the parking lot with her cane. He returned and tried to cut in again but an old man pushed him back into the parking lot with his walker. As he approached the line for the 3rd time he said, "If you folks don't let me unlock the door, you'll never get in here!"

I gotta change The SubJect Anthony I'm At The Prison Library Right Now And I can't let The men see me with Tears in my eye's... (They are

Tears of Joy) But these predators see you crying And they make you their girl friend... literally... This is a Ab-normal world → their is shit that Happen's Here that would "Horrify" Some one like you Anthony... literally... But 2 me And every one else who see's it And experience it EVERYday its Just → Normal... if you was to send me a cellar phone that records video? I could secretly Record Officer, the Officer's who Have Anal sex with the Transgender's females in the Showers... And staff Restroom... That's Type of Activity is prohibited By Law... And yet it's a daily occurrence Here.. in exchanged these Trans-females, some who look Just like Real women or Better... get Free Televisions / Radio / Nikes shoes / Food / Hygiene / And OF COURSE → DRUG'S, Lots of DRUGS

③ The guards or Officers can → MURDER → you... And write the Report up as you tripped going Down the stair's... NO Body will question them Really About what Happen Because their police Officers The pigs set Fights up on The Prison yard, And Place Bets on who is going win... Anthony

You could not begin to imagine what they do to
child molesters here.. I will leave this up
to your imagination & figure out!! EVERYONE
has the capacity to do good, there is NO EVIL
people Anthony ONLY poor choices! we are all
neighbors on this tiny blue speck of a great
universe, I believe we are all equal all
lives matter, a person's race, ethnicity, gender,
identity, sexual orientation, age or know
consequence to me!! Labels like these¹⁵
are just a device EVERY human has worth!
it doesn't matter if one is poor, homeless,
sick, abused, incarcerated, EVERY human has
worth... indeed, it is sad that America

I took my suit to the cleaners, who wanted to
charge me \$15.00 So I gave my suit to the charity
shop next door.
They cleaned and pressed it and put it in the
window.
I bought it for \$4.50!

is 3rd in Human
History Behind (4)
Nazi Regime & in Prison Hitler's

such a huge percentage of (→ it's) people...
The United States is 4% of the earth's
population, and it houses 20 percent of
incarcerated people... Justice is not justice
until there's truly justice for all.. your un-
conditional love Anthony embraces the very
best of what it means to be human!
Thank's Big guy for acceptance & love!

And not defining me by my past!!

16

I listened 2 the French open of 2023 it was French Verse's the USA!! I had wish I could have watch these tennis matches on T.V. I would love 2 take you 2 San Francisco, Ca 2 have lunch on pier 39... Their lots of Asian forest that go 2 Marin County to play tennis, Marin County, Ca has the most luxury tennis courts!! I still have not gotten my T.V. yet.. still waiting patiently!!

I have a zine pavilion. what I'm going to do is make a zine to underscore my theme, which is "Incarcerated Lives Matter" this zine will be entitled,

uncle Anthony, please keep in mind I'm low functioning, so put into plain English what this above statement means? under score your theme incarcerated lives matter?

Hey you know what Anthony why don't I just send you a Big pile of shit... And you sort through my writings and take from it to publish or use in your zine or feel free 2 show other people... Hey Bigguy you already know I → O → you a Debt that can never be fully repayed... so what ever you want me 2 do...

I'll carry out your orders no question's asked.. I got your back uncle Anthony wheather your wrong or right I'll always be in your corner either way I so lets see were should I start? The Researcher & writers at

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Your convention are going 2 Love This
shit.. Anthony shit By the way is
my favorite word it has a shitload of
meanings.. well this is how they treat us,
here at Donovan State Prison in San Diego,
CA... Routine Health care is denied I've
expressed much frustration with my 3 year

Attempt to get effective treatment for severe
pain in my lower L4 and L5, they always schedule
my appointments when I have a Law Library Session
School or Job/Vocations Training work classes, so my
inadaptable treatment gets delayed 90 days or more,
in earlier January 2023 I got a new cell mate a
Spanish gentleman from Mexico named Alex Machado
He suffered from chronic Asthma He ran out of his
inhaler medicine and requested help from a guard a
argument erupted Alex was tackled beaten brutalized
all the while severely coughing and trying to get a
breath Alex went unconscious while the officers
arm was around Alex's neck The alarm bells were
sounding Backup officers and medical staff arrived,
they carried Alex off to the clinic about 2 hours
later and Officer → Jose Lopez came to my cell #
115 with some plastic garbage bags and told me to
pack up my cell's property No one would tell me where
my belongings or if he's alright I apparently Uncle
Anthony Alex sustained fatal injuries.. He died
in police custody No charges were filed Against the
Officer.. The guard who murdered Alex got off scott
free It's a testimony to the incredible Racist
poison that the Building class has ever incarcerated
men & women.. Uncle Anthony a correctional sergeant
Jones came to my cell door the following day and
asked me what did I see or witness? Thinking
quick on my feet Anthony I told the sergeant →
That I didn't see nothing I was asleep when the
incident with your officer and Alex got into their
altercation... yesterday with current times looked at

me with a smile and said 2 me → (good answer) ..
 And then place his pepper spray back into its holster -
 And walked away.. I was overcome with fear that
 I would be next if I spoke out about the "Horror"
 that I witnessed or be placed in solitary confinement
 starved and beaten myself I am here all alone Anthony
 I have no family or friends the officers no this I
 can be very easily disposed of. And no one will
 ask any question as 2 what happen 2 me .. so for
 my survival Anthony its best 2 not make any
 noise and file complaint forms etc... Because
 when inmates file complaints against officers for
 just about any reason your personal property i.e.
 your television your radio, personal letters, family
 photos, shoe, wristwatch all of your belongings
 can be accidentally lost or confiscated by prison
 guards in and effect to teach you a lesson and the
 lesson is to keep your mouth shut and do what we
 tell you to do at all times! one can be transferred
 to a prison set up 2 be beaten and raped by your
 new cellie .. you can be re-housed and placed
 in a cell with someone who has HIV/aids and their
 orders from the officers are to infect → you ..
 by any means possible.. all kinds of shit can
 happen to someone who has no family, because no
 one will miss them being gone .. I have witnessed and
 seen numerous deaths during the last
 21 years of incarceration its common place here ..
 Trust me uncle Anthony you never get used 2 it;
 I have night mares about seeing people hanging
 from ceiling pipes etc... I and many others seen
 a man get murdered not 2 long ago in cell # 251 you get
 conditioned to act like it never happened.. you dont
 talk about it amongst ourselves .. and the next
 day its back 2 business as usual .. I dont
 want to continue to speak about this topic buddy ..
 I gonna change the subject back to health care ..
 many men and transgender male & females here at

Prisoners make up many different Backgrounds: most are people of color, many suffer from chronic health care conditions like heart disease, asthma, Diabetes, and the inadequate care in this prison results in premature death.. each visit 2 the Doctor cost \$ The inmate \$5.00 co-pay. Each prescription cost and additional \$5.00 This forces prisoners 2 consider seeking health care or using your money your friends and family sends you to buy food and essential personal care hygiene items Health in prison is a → crime it self.. failure 2 provide adequate medical care to us is a result of deliberate indifference this violates the 8th Amendment prohibition Against cruel and unusual punishment... → → →

(intermissions)
time!!

19

I have written a poem for the men & women at your conference!! Start → like a missile Anthony's voice hovered over the packed convention center, His words the pen is mightier than the sword split the atoms from their souls, an explosion of cheers as you said incarcerated lives matter swept across the room, consuming the audience in a firestorm of images of incarcerated men & women faces as uncle Anthony stood at a safe distance, He admired the emotion on librarians faces, wishing one day Lincoln would be in their places.. The end... Hope you will print my poem Anthony! ☺

poem #2 start → mighty pen dont fail me now, on my paper journey, 2 the (ALA) I'm a writer 2 be heard, see my Zines they got nouns, prefix & verbs These words I found them speaking my mind at these conferences, Because of King Gilliland I'm never at a loss, I asked 4 some words I

could Toss, I like to write the inmates
Letters, essays and storys in this endeavor
I'm in my glory, like librarians spinning
words around with the written word, wrong
or right prisoner zines I will continue 2
write, its all about the pen its mightyer
than the sword my Legacy!! 20

Hey Big guy I Hope you can Read 1 or 2
of my poems at your conference.. I spent
last night all the way 2 6:00 o'clock this morning
putting this shit together it takes an enor-
mous amount of concentration 2 Rime words 2
-gether.. Hey But you worth staying up all
night - for the only time its No. noise
is in the wee hours of the morning I still have
the little lamp you purchased me years ago so I'm
able to use that to write at night when my
cell mate is asleep.. well No luck today some
(non sense) assault took place at the package
line this morning on and Officer.. Finally
the inmates are fighting back!!! hooray:-
The only draw back is package distribution
got cancelled for every body, I over heard one
of the white skin heads tell his comrade that
package got Re-schedule because of the
incident + and now He can't pay His debts...
packages are a Big Big Deal Here Anthony
people are expecting food, toiletries, T.V's, radios
clothes, shoes, Etc... and when the pigs
play games with our stuff, prisoner get upset
easy and assault officers and stuff and in
turn they delay package distribution 2 the
inmate population.. So I have no choice
but 2 wait for the television.. I never make
a fuss I just wait patiently.. Love ya Big guy:-
uncle anthony Here's some more input for your pro-
ject!! 6-3-23 I like 2 do things 4 you Big guy
①

Becuz when your HAPPY → I'm HAPPY & JOYFUL ***
Start → The pen Being mightier → ~~than~~ * Than the
Sword can do a lot of Things, like ^{to} provoke a
Thought OR 2! This zine could make some one
Smile OR shed a Tear, Becuz incarcerated
lives do matter, I'm Hoping it will Sway your
View, This zine might be short, OR some
of mine are Long, some Rhyme, some don't, a
few may show up at this conference, some
Displayed & Bought, others may collect 21
dust on the shelf in my Garage, But
my goal 4 attending this panel is that
this subject in's up in your BOOKS, so years
later ^{your} grandchildren can ^{TAKE} a Look,
in short these zines are veratile, some may

Think it's Right & some wrong, Cause Here's
The Thing, who has The Right 2 Judge what
Content is good OR Bad, some may Not want me
at this conference at all... Another Reader
would, I am not Trying to win High Praise

(2) OR impress OR get success But I must
Stress The pen Reconfirms what my zines
are All About!

The pen is mightier than the sword 😊
I wrote this Just in case if your speaking on
stage and you ran out of Things 2 say!!
Feel Free to spice my poem up Anthony

Add or Subtract Edit & publishing share
freely with your listeners ☺ I freestyled
This poem custom fit with you in mind "Big guy"
Hey! Did you know the Rock N' Roll 25th
Anniversary Marathon is tomorrow...
I heard it on my CD player / FM Radio wow! 22
I love Rock N' Roll, some Hard Rock, Heavy
metal, Anthony when I'm writing putting thoughts
from my mind on paper I make a shit load
of errors so I just black them out like this →
so please overlook my black outs in prison we
don't have access 2 white out ☺ I like 2 continue
on with something for your zine about mental
health in prison → → → → →

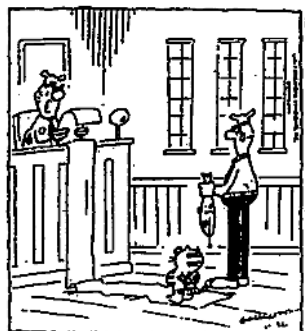
The punishment of individuals with psychiatric
problems in prison might affect the perception
of society that's impacted by this mass incar-
ceration, where I am here at R.I.D. I am
on A-Yard its strictly for inmates who
suffer from mental and emotional disorders
every one here is forced to take antipsychotic
drugs during their stay / trials / etc... most
all are forced 2 take medications against their
will, men & trans people are being put into a
medication induced stupor, this is how the
pigs maintain physical control over a mentally
ill person, while not able to control body

functions, some inmate become victim's and get victimized from the harden convicts who are predators.. while you are heavily medicated your vulnerable to being attack in the shower while naked /sex assaults/rape's/ by these homosexual predators, early on in my incarceration I was a victim of sexual assault.. it happens alot to the new guys.. saddly!!!! for years I was full of shame Embarrassment Humiliation Etc... → 23

I struggled with questions like Did being Rape'd in prison make me gay!!!! I never had a same sex experience before... I struggle with the fact that if I was 2 acquire a girl-friend I'd have 2 disclose what happen 2 me... I still have a attraction to females being Rape'd By a man didn't make me gay because its a choice I guess... some folks are forced to take antipsychotic medication when they are released from prison, often we are threatened by parole officers if you don't take these meds you will be returned back 2 confinement.. I refuse to take the meds because they turn me into a walking zombie not able to defend your self against someone's attack!!!! And nowadays you can become attacked with out provocation.. we are forced to remain

dependent on the state & maintain access &
Therapy services and the care is Haphazard
They utilize Treatment methods that don't
Bring about a functional Recovery... 24

HEATHCLIFF



(poem) OF a TRUE !!! 4-27-23

STORY ... → my Experience

4-21 → years I've been Behind a
locked door, I've known you
for 15 ~~of those~~ years uncle
Anthony. ~~all the while~~ I've
lived in a cage mostly full
of Rage, forgotten and
Heart Broken, sad angry
Bleeding from Being Raped

Crying, Broken Bones From Being Jumped
On by the pigs, deprived Frustrated Hungry
Dehydrated Afraid Fearful worried cold and
Sick, Hot Ashy itchy skin From Bed Bugs, I've
been listening Cleaning Organizing Analyzing,
Reflecting Remembering - imagining, meditating,
yoga programming, Beaten, ~~maled~~ Tased
Violently Restrained ~~and~~ I've been
Cut, stabbed kicked punched Black eyes. I've

Been Tricked lied too' prayed on by 'Homosexual
predators in the Shower, learning Bitterness
Trust destroyed But trying to stay connected
Building Rehabilitating missing out on Holidays
Stuck Behind a Fence mad & Restless Awaken
Dirty worried Cautious of strangers Aggressive
Been Hurt Broken Developed a mental illness
Bipolar and Schizophrenia Disappointed
Determined Focused Fighting stressed losing
weight paranoid That the Prison food is
poisoned, Praying

wishing Hoping
Some Thing good
will finally come my
way so I'll have
enough to shake with
all the other victims
Here ... The End!

woody Allen's Exit Strategy
It's not that I'm afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens.

On the plus side, death is one of the few things that can be done lying down.

Steven Wright's Exit Strategy
How young can you die of old age?

When I die, I'm going to leave my body to science fiction.

Those who welcome death have only tried it from the ears up ... Wilson
Mizner

Sleep is lovely, death is better, still not to have been born is of course the
miracle. -- Heinrich Heine

25

Hey!! Big guy good After Noon!!! 6-8-23

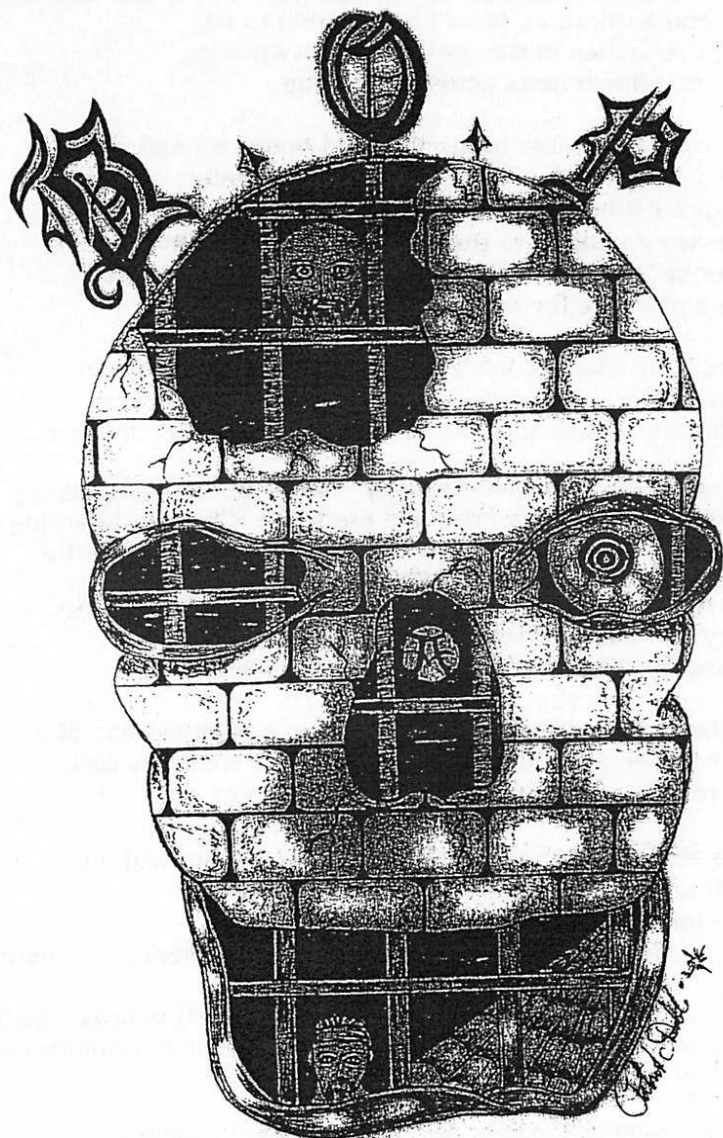
I have been doing some more thinking for your project
I think for many of the reasons people end up being
held in prisons and jails & detention centers
could be alleviated first & foremost by getting
rid of capitalism ... and 2 do this shit Anthony
we need to actually put our differences aside and
collectively unite this means building social support
we need 2 have a world without enslavement
camps i.e. prisons! Because this structure that
I am currently housed in does not keep people safe
from violence but it fosters violence.. you
being a African American man your self Anthony
you would not be able 2 function here at R.I.D.
Because they 2 pigs 2 see Black people as property
these folks face extremely high rates of harass-
ment and actual physical assaults frequently
denied routine health care and are at high
risk of being sent 2 solitary confinement if
you make complaint forms or try 2 expose
their evil normal ways of standard operation
amongst the African American population here
many Trans / & Heterosexual / Bi / straight / Etc.. / Homo /
gays they are caged up like monkeys at the
zoo literally .. They have been confined so long
that when released they actually act like
animals .. their full of Bitterness, Rage, & Hate ..

EVERY 1 And 4 men Here is armed with a Knife,
Razor Blade, Rock in a sock, That is utilized
as a clubbing device They HAVE other very creative
weapons that They manufacture And most are
doing life sentences as They in essence HAVE
nothing 2 lose And They Dont mind TAKING →

26

Your Life without provocation.. Nowadays
uncle Anthony you can be simply minding your
own Goddamn Business And still Become a
Victim of Violence.. case in point look At all The
mass shootings in The world innocent women And
Children, men get Killed for ZERO Reason At all..
Now dont get me started on gender Based op-
ression Anthony.. Just 4 Being gay OR Bi/trans
The pigs got all "Kinds of Tactics 4 Deal with
These folks.. None of it is pretty.. Some perform
sexual favors for the guards 2 garner extra...
privileges if I had a video camera I could expose
enormous amounts of Blatent corruption... some
shit that you would find shocking And Be Horrified
EVERYthing get swept under The Rug by The cops
The general public will never Be informed
About what Transpiring within prison walls!!
Nothing will ever be Advertised... I'm not
sure if you are aware of where I am uncle Anthony?
R.I. Donovan is The worst of The worst prisons
in all of The California Department of Corrections
it a Level 3 And 4 penitentiary. The yard im
on is Level 3 → A-Yard its Basically The psy-
ward for mentally ill inmates These predators
with a Bagde I cops prey on inmates on This
Yard.. Because I was the only one That didnt par-
ticipate in the group complaint form I Believe is
the Reason why I was the only inmate in my

Building to get called to pick up a package today!!!
Hooray! I finally got the television from union
supplies. "Big guy." I am over the moon with it 27
The T.V. works perfect EVERY thing functions
properly :) I'm super dupel excited. waw! waw!



No Return,
No Escape!

"ZINEOPHOBIA"

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.

28

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 we 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.

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:

29

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 unhushed whisper of a pencil moved in the silence of a hollow cell.

~ Hybachi Lemar,

anarchist

From: Hybachi LeMar <hybachil@gmail.com>
Sent: Saturday, May 27, 2023 5:49 PM
To: Anthony Rayson <anthonyrayson@hotmail.com>
Subject: Re: "The Pen & The Sword, By Hybachi LeMar for ALA Conference Zine"

30

Please use this edited version, if you do. (Thanks :)

The Pen and the Sword by Hybachi LeMar

The pen and the sword: two weapons the revolutionist has
at one's disposal.

One, ready to drip with ink; the other ready to drip with
blood.

One, able to penetrate the mind; the other, able to pierce through flesh.

The revolutionary understands the necessity in keeping them both prepared & ready for war
against the Oppressor.

There's a common saying in prison that the pen is mightier than the sword.

While both can be used defensively as well as in an offensive attack - the unlearned may ask how
the pen can be used as a weapon, while the trained revolutionary recognizes
the significance in honing both for combat against the state; in particular, the Capitalist Empire!

The Pen as a Weapon.

Just as it's important for a Warrior to keep sharp the blade of a sword; it's also vital for the
revolutionary to not leave dull the blade of the mind. The pen - as an extension of the mind - is
more flexible in use than the sword.

Whereas the sword is primarily used to attack within close combat - the pen can also defend,
inspire and reach distances which the sword cannot.

The revolutionary recognizes the pen as an instrument not only to organize with, but to also use
in rousing the flames of dissent Within the heart of the slums & within the Penitentiary walls.

It can poison as well as appeal.

The pen in motion is a scenario-maker and the mind is its immaterial canvas!

While it is true that actions speak louder than words, the written word is also a motive force, and
the revolutionary can illustrate with the point of a pen what they cannot articulate with the tip of a
sword.

The energy of love is an indestructible force, as well; the pen - which is able to express it in
words - is by no means impotent and the revolutionary comes to intimately understand its
powers.

The revolutionary realizes that the pen (as the sword) comes with responsibilities and Discipline.
The Purpose (whatever it may be) is the responsibility; and learning the ways it could be wielded
is its discipline; its craft.

Both come with their consequences. The revolutionary strategist prepares for them before using
both, and can effectively study their uses by trade.

The revolutionary is moved to invoke the Spirit of Liberation into the minds of the marginalized with the pen and uses it as a device for uplifting the suppressed of the world.

31

Once the Oppressed recognize their personal worth & relevance in the Struggle against Oppression, they constitute a collective threat against the oppressor & the oppressor class, as a whole!

The oppressor class - with its standing army & prison guards - bites its nails in fear of the written word more than blood dripping from the swords of its slaves! The pen in motion is an outlet of purging for the oppressed - one which can release light from the darkness of a Prisoner's innermost being - and it is able to unite the divided and divide the united!

The pen that encourages Liberation is ever at odds with institutions that struggle to warden the thoughts of their prisoners & which stands guilty of systemic oppression.

And likewise - institutions which struggle to warden the thoughts of their prisoners are ever at diametrical odds with the pen that encourages Liberation!

With the pen, the revolutionary is able to draw a chessboard replete with numbers in the corners of its squares and anticipate the moves of the State, calmly detached.

It can direct as well as mislead, and is able to infer indirectly as well as sow confusion among enemy forces, while cultivating a level of understanding among the misunderstood.

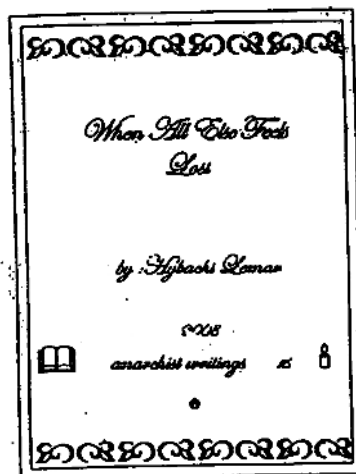
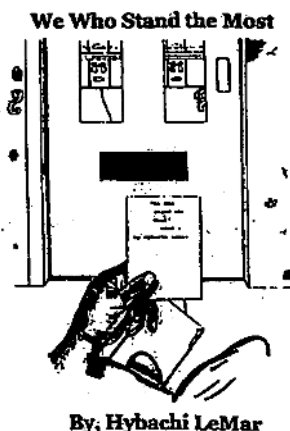
With the pen, the revolutionary is able to breed chaos as well as bring about a sense of togetherness in the inter-communal atmosphere of ideas.

It serves as a weapon which is able to offend as well as uplift.

To defend as well as attack.

To build with as well as destroy!

On Thu, May 25, 2023 at 3:49 PM Anthony Rayson <anthonyrayson@hotmail.com> wrote:
I'm putting a zine together entitled: The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword - Collaborating with Prisoners, Armed With Zines. Please come up with a contribution for this zine. I've already written a killer intro. See you soon. @nthonny



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 awakened 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

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. 33

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

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

34

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

Coyote Acabo was released
after 12 years of imprisonment.
He now lives (and is active)
somewhere in Washington
state. I believe he and his
partner, have two children.

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

35

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 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



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.

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. 37

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) *Aztlan 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

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. 38

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.

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!

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

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'

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 40
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.

Without a prison system capable of locking up millions of non-violent offenders (i.e. dissenters) 41
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.

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 Miyomoto 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

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

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.

43

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. Covote / ABC - Nevada Prison Chapter / ESP

The oppression of pen - versus - the injustice of sword. They battle it on - as pen will never concede. Sword, harkened by pens persistent thrusts - corruption - injustice - perish and thrust. A prisoner fights organized crime - governmental corruption - that masquerades as the law. They say pens harassing honorable men? Slanders no suit - as all pen is doing - is telling the TRUTH. Pens only goal - is to prove he was framed - the documents show it - yet injustice sustains. The oath of ones office - is to stand against fraud - it isn't a free pass to spite all the laws. Rebuked by a prisoner - exposing their lies - the injustice of sword yells "Its pen that who lies!". Around and around - hark, perish and thrust - the sword of injustice taunts pen with its guff. The soul of corruption - fights pen and its ink - who supported by facts - affirm - its the STATE, who that stinks. Kneek deep in the muck - sword hopes pen will just drown - closing this case - for good - this time around. Over and over - pens at it again. Swords bullying tactics - ain't bringing an end. Passion and prejudice - perversion of facts - blind eyes and bias - winks and back puts - the wicked, corrupt - intent to deceive - as justice for all - isn't all that it seems. They pick and they chose - who or not it will be - to put under their thumb - and squish as they please - Cloaked as the law - injustice prevails - their con - stat - vents certainly won't give them hell! A Knot of collusion - in spite of the truth - if so and so said it - we'll back it as truth. Hell or high water - concrete and bars - distorts, conventions - pen reaches out far. Sword places pens papers face down on their desks - showing contempt to pens legitimate claims - as they cant see them - they smirck and deny it the same - one good ol boy - will cover the next. Persistant oppression - an ignoble cause - what the hell kind of Government - breaks its own laws!? How is blind Justice good for us all - when the blind cant see - the injustice - that railroaded this ^{man} man! With

corruption at work - Justice must see - if Justice
cant read this - what hope has pens pleas? 45

This poem is by and concerns;
COREY VONBERG 170019 - PO Box 165300 - SLC UT 84116

SILENCE IS CONSENT



JAIL OUR CORRUPT OFFICIALS

VONBERG V- THE STATE OF UTAH Case No 031501000 (2003)
Case No 230500059 (June 2023) is before Judge Matthew Bell
for an impartial review. May it play out right, once and for all.
The men behind Railroadng me are; Sheriff Mark Gower,
Sheriff Kenneth Carpenter, Detective Jody Val Edwards, Prosecutor
Scott F Garrett, Troy Little (now a Judge), Judge G. Michael
Westfall, "Defense" attorneys; J. Bryan Jackson, William Leigh,
Keith Barnes (argued for the state - now a Judge, Jack Burns,
and more. May the system hold them accountable at last.

Inmate Corey Vonberg
number 175064 !!!!!!
housing 6H1106A
Utah State Prison
PO Box 165300
SCL UT 84116

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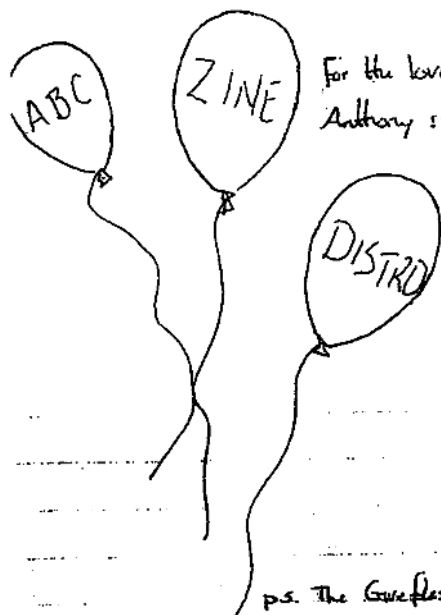
H: Anthony ♥

It took your letter 10 days to get in.

I did what I could in a day and a half. It has a couple rough spots - but isn't lacking in getting my point across - I hope it's what you had in mind.

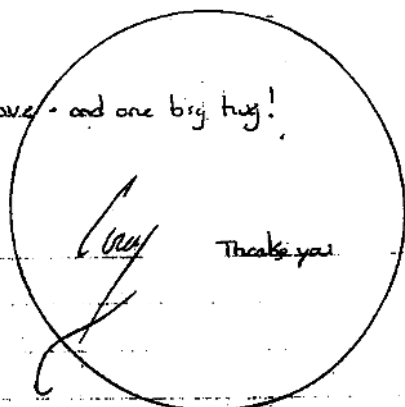
THANK YOU for thinking of me - giving me a spot at this massive convention center - and another chance to spread the word!

June 23-26 I'll be imagining what in the world all the human is about - I can't even imagine so many people... wow.



For the love of Joe Hill, Lewis Lirigg and the best Anthony is the best ♥

All my love - and one big hug!



p.s. The Griefless4justice.com web site isn't anymore

Let's talk about freedom. There's nothing more American than freedom, right? We have a whole cultural mythology with this idea of freedom right at its foundation. Land of the free, all that.

So, what is freedom? Everyone I meet, particularly here at the super-duper-max, is a great advocate for freedom.

But it seems nobody quite knows how to define it. Someone will tell me that smoking pot is freedom... or drinking... or a hotel room with a sex worker. But that doesn't sound to me like definitions of freedom so much as it sounds like a list of things that those particular people want to do when exercising their "own" freedom.

Sometimes, people will rattle off the guarantees listed in the Bill of Rights—freedom of religion, freedom of the press, the right to bear arms, the right to counsel, and so on. Again, these don't feel like definitions of freedom so much as they are a laundry list of varying "kinds" of freedom. These lists are only marginally helpful for understanding freedom. If you ask me what ice cream is, and I give you a list of flavors of ice cream, you're no closer to understanding that ice cream is a frozen dairy product often eaten as a dessert. Right? It's like that.

Hard for us to really value a thing if we don't know what it is. Lots of time I hear people advocate for freedom and then describe physical possessions they want to own and it seems to me that they have confused freedom for comfort. You can possess all of the creature comforts your heart desires and still be a slave if you lack freedom.

I have a definition for freedom. I stole it from Ward Churchill, a really smart guy. He said that freedom is "the absence of external regulation." Yeah. The absence of external regulation. I like that. I think that's an excellent working definition of freedom that is both concise and very general. The "absence of external regulation" is a big enough umbrella to include the guy who wants to smoke pot and the folks who defer to the Bill of Rights.

Wherever you have an "absence of external regulation," the absence of someone or something dictating the rules to you, you're free. Where there's an "absence of external regulation," you have the choice of doing what "you" want. You're free.

Let's refer to a graph, so we have a visual image for our minds to grab:

SEAN'S WIN. ORG

IF YOU'RE LISTENING, YOU ARE THE RESISTANCE

ASHEVILLE FM. ORG/
THE FINAL STRAW



FREEDOM, EXTERNAL REGULATION

(absence of external regulation) (absence of freedom)

We have a definite, absolute point, freedom, a point where we have an absence of external regulation. At the opposite end of the spectrum, we have a point where we can imagine an absolute absence of freedom, a point where every aspect of life is under absolute control.

Where you have freedom, you have an absence of external regulation. Where you have external regulation, you have an absence of freedom.

Then, connecting those, we have a line that represents the varying degrees of interplay between these two opposing forces, the interplay between freedom and external regulation, a sliding scale that represents the practical reality in which we reside. If you live, for instance, in some totalitarian country, you might place yourself on that line not far from the absolute point, "external regulation." If you live in one of the liberal democracies of the west, perhaps Belgium or Iceland, you may place yourself much closer to the other absolute point, "freedom." Okay. So let's dive a little bit deeper. Let's consider for a moment the opposing force to freedom, "external regulation." This can take many forms, innumerable forms. Anything or anyone outside of yourself dictating the terms to you is an external regulator. That could be a boss or a teacher or a cop. Whoever it is that is assuming the right to rule you is regulating you. Right?

So, what is the most common "external regulator"? I would suggest "government." Government governs. It's right in the name. And to govern is to regulate, to dictate the terms. Governing and regulating are the same thing. And, to be clear, it doesn't really matter what kind of government we're talking about, whether it's a totalitarianism, government or a socialist democracy, whether it's run by people you don't like or by people you do. Government governs. It regulates. So, wherever government exists, you have an external regulator... and that "external regulator" is "externally regulating."

You know what this means? This means that wherever government exists, you have non-freedom. And wherever you have the absence of government, you have freedom.

Think about that. Contrary to what we're taught to believe about government, it is "not" the source of our freedom. Even where you have Bills of Rights, the government is not the source of freedom, but is the source of their regulation. The government lists the freedoms you have (and omits the ones it doesn't want you to have) and then defines them, limits them, decides what those freedoms really mean.

Not you. What "you" say the freedom of religion is... that's sort of irrelevant. Government decides what it means. So, wherever you have government, you have non-freedom. Wherever you have freedom, you have an absence of government. We should probably update our graph to reflect these realities:

Your Mother

T. M. Hoy

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"Après moi, le deluge."

Louis XIV

Some monsters have kidnapped your mother. She's bound and gagged, lying naked on a cold, concrete floor. They are taking turns raping her. They laugh at her moans, at the blood dripping from the wounds they've inflicted by beating her.

Eventually they tire of trying to outdo each other in sexual perversity. They decide to get down to business.

First, they strap her down to a gurney and cut out valuable organs, being careful to keep her alive. They strip off some of her skin, cut off her ears, gouge out her eyes, leaving her bleeding and mutilated. They ignore her screams as just so much meaningless noise.

Having taken everything of value they wanted, they're still not done torturing her. They inject poisons that cause agony in her veins, force open her mouth and pour in pesticides.

As a final insult, they bury her alive in toxic waste and garbage, and walk away nonchalantly, pleased with their day's work.

This is what we've done to our mother – the biosphere, that intricate, tightly interconnected web of beings that sustains us and gives us life.

Through greed, viciousness, and uncaring stupidity we have murdered the great family of living things of which we are one small part. And we have forgotten, or purposely ignore the fact that what affects one of us affects us all.

Between catastrophic climate change and human toxicity and destruction of the environment, ecological collapse is imminent – no more than 15 to 20 years away.

Worse still, it is inevitable. Unless human sources of pollution are radically curtailed immediately (which we know will not happen) nature's living systems will simply dissolve; they are already well on their way.

This is not a "wake-up call" or strident demand for action. It's far too late for that. The scale, the enormity of what we've done is scarcely imaginable. The earth is in her death throes – at least, a world that will support us. Consider for a moment the desolation we've inflicted upon nature, and what this folly has produced.

Take industrial agriculture, for instance. Tens of billions of tons of pesticides, herbicides and other lethal chemicals are poured into the land around the globe every year, an invisible holocaust. Hundreds of billions of tons more of petrochemicals (mainly fertilizers) add their deadly load to the soil, with terrible effects. Few people realize or care that soil is a living thing; aerated by worms, enlivened by microorganisms, fertile only because of the contribution of these tiny beings. Pesticides and fertilizers destroy soil and humans are unable to replace it at anywhere near the scale with which it's being destroyed. Thus, soil erosion has become a terrifying problem – hundreds of thousands of square miles of

farmland are lost each year to it, resulting in massive desertification. Scarcity of fertile farmland creates famines, food riots and wars.

This murderous chemical assault on life seeps into aquifers, poisoning groundwater, and then pours out into rivers, and thence into the seas, killing everything it encounters along the way. There are now over 400 "dead zones" (where nothing can live) in the oceans, some as large as continents, caused by pesticide runoff.

And industrial agriculture produces dozens of such horrors; from animal cruelty and disease in factory farming to the wipeout of 3rd World farmers and economies due to 1st World agribusiness dumping of subsidized commodities, like corn and wheat.

Or consider the effects of industrial manufacturing and its related activities of mining, oil and petrochemical production and energy generation. In every industry, the extraction process is almost always toxic (and/or horrifically destructive to nature), produces toxic wastes, and the end product itself is most often poisonous as well.

There are the grotesque effects of plastics, slowly killing us with PCB's, phenyls, phthalates, endocrine disruptors and carcinogens. Yet its most destructive aspect is the way it's choking the life out of ocean creatures and birds consuming plastic garbage. On land, plastics leach dioxin (among the most deadly chemicals known to man and that's saying something) into the soil via dumps, and into water supplies.

Then there are the effects of mining operations and metal processing wastes, such as the unspeakable practice of "mountain-top removal" mining for coal that is laying waste to parts of the South Eastern U.S. Mercury poisoning and pollution, are the result of the burning of that coal for electricity.

It goes on and on

There's the collapse of food chains in the ocean. Fish populations have crashed from over-fishing, made worse by the massive plankton die-off of over 90% in the last 50 years from the heating of the seas from industrial wastes, oil spills and pollution. Plankton is the foundation of the entire oceanic food chain. The Deepwater Horizon spill, which basically killed off sea life in much of the Gulf of Mexico, was merely one of thousands of oil spills that occur every year (though less dramatically). In short, the seas are being rendered lifeless.

There's the (quietly ignored) crisis of urban and suburban sprawl; the burying of the landscape under concrete and asphalt, paving vast regions for auto and truck traffic. And all of the side effects of this "development" - natural habitat destruction, deforestation, the staggering load of pollutants and dangerous wastes produced by cars, cities and "average consumers." Half the world (3.5 billion people) live in cities, and the numbers are rising. The garbage dumps alone produced by this urbanization pose a health crisis of monstrous proportions.

Then there are the effects of nuclear waste from thousands of nuclear reactors (impossible to safely store for the 100,000-year half-lives of their radioactive elements), and that far more dangerous waste from nuclear weapon production and storage. There are the wastes from biological and chemical weapon stockpiles. There are the wastes from

pharmaceutical manufacturing and the toxicity of the "products" themselves.

Consider the entire process of producing chemicals for thousands of industries – paints, "cleansers," electronics, technology in all its guises, spewing countless tons of toxins onto earth, sea and sky. This is not to mention the toxic impact of those industries' use of these chemicals.

Can the sudden, catastrophic increase in cancer and immune system diseases over the last 40 years, be attributed to any other source? We eat, drink and breathe these poisons every single day.

There is the specter of "Peak Oil" haunting industrial civilization. Officially passed in 2006, as announced by oil and energy spokespersons at the International Energy Agency, "peak oil" means that just as our demand for oil continues to skyrocket, supplies are rapidly being depleted. The cheap, easy to get, high-quality oil is gone. From here on out, oil extraction gets dirtier, more destructive of nature, more expensive, difficult and dangerous. And, we depend on it utterly. Petroleum-based nitrates and chemicals for farming; as fuel for land, sea and air transport; in millions of consumer products – like the endless uses of plastics, in medicines, in cosmetics, even in food itself. It will be gone within 25 years, if it lasts that long. There are no adequate substitutes, and we will ravage the earth further in pursuit of the last precious drops.

Dwarfing the impact of the crises in this far-too brief list, we must face the catastrophes that are accompanying climate change. Forget the rhetoric and the political screaming matches; whether man-made or not, no one is arguing about the fact that the climate IS changing; the oceans and earth ARE heating up, and the consequences are too dreadful for almost anyone to bear to examine closely.

Like the simple, hideous fact that in less than 30 years, over 80% of the Himalayan glaciers will be gone. These glaciers are responsible for the monsoon cycle that waters Asia, and are the source of all the great rivers – the Yangtze, the Ganges, the Mekong (just to name three out of millions), that Asia depends on for drinking and agricultural water. Will Asia be without water in a generation? Yes. Lack of clean water causes wars, hundreds of millions of illnesses and needless deaths. The atrocious conflict in Darfur, Sudan, is a drought-induced war. Imagine, that sort of vicious fighting spread across the world's largest land mass!

And, there's worse. Islands sinking beneath the rising seas and coastal cities inundated (over 30% of major urban areas will suffer severe damage from rising sea levels. New York, London, Tokyo, Los Angeles – these and thousands more will slowly drown over the next two decades. This will be accompanied by increasingly violent, extreme weather, harsher droughts and floods, more intense and frequent hurricanes, tornadoes and so on, driving human, animal and plant populations further over the brink into mortal crises.

Everywhere you care to look, the ecological systems we rely on for survival are dying.

The species vital to human health and life, and that are indicators of the health of the air, water and soil are dying off in massive numbers

Bats, which keep insect populations in check, are threatened by *51* extinction from an exotic fungus of unknown origin. Bird species, crucial for keeping down crop pests and for keeping plant populations healthy, are being wiped out by pollution and climate change. Half of the bee populations studied, vital for agriculture and plant pollination in nature, have decreased by 96% in the last three years! Snake species, which keep rodent populations (and thus diseases) down, are vanishing. Frog species – who are the “canaries in the mine” for earth, are disappearing, wiped out by contaminated water and habitat loss. These are the plants and animals we depend on for our survival and we are massacring them

The end of the whole, evil mess is clearly in sight. But no one is slowing down. In fact, the process is speeding up as the 3rd World industrializes. As difficult as it is to believe and as insane as it obviously is, the socio-economic system controlling the planet is racing to murder every last living thing in its absurd quest for “profit” (as if money was anything other than a man-made symbol, of no value beyond human exchanges), and worshipping its cult of growth/development at any cost. It is a system that seeks to exploit every existing bit of nature, were it possible; every inch of arable land planted with bio-engineered crops, every habitable acre covered by buildings and subdivisions, every mountain containing metals reduced to ore and slag, every forest reduced to timber, every able-bodied person in bondage to corporations (excepting corporate shareholders, of course), their labor churning out “goods and services” until there is nothing left but a barren, poisonous wasteland, dead rivers and oceans and empty, lethal skies.

Those that oppose this evil design become targets of military force or police/security attacks. To try and impede the machine from devouring nature and enslaving the masses is to earn the title “terrorist”, an Orwellian mutilation of language, as the corporations and governments who crush life and create terror, falsely accuse their opponents – using fear as a weapon.

The machine will die, but it will not die quietly. Industrial civilization is about to be swept away, and it will take the natural world along with it.

We were the last generation that was able to do anything about it, and we just sat there and played with our fucking toys. And to think we fancied ourselves as “environmentalists!” Ha!

I wish I could change it. I wish that with all my heart. But I can't. No one can.

So terribly, terribly sad; to witness the death of a planet; indeed, be the cause of its demise.

So get angry. Fight the good fight, in spite of it all. Pick your targets and make every shot count.

All I can do is do my best, regardless.

You do the same.

Thomas Marc Hoy is now “free” and publishing in Tucson, AZ

Remember the prisoners *as if chained with them..*

#Incarcerated Lives Matter



LETTERS

Scott Zirus 1640002

Robertson Unit

12071 FM 3522

Abilene, TX 79601

The most dangerous superstition is the common belief that "government" is indispensable. Rather, it is massive organized criminality. No crime is too heinous if perpetrated and orchestrated by government - genocide, famine, kidnapping, mass incarceration, slavery, you name it! *A sane society is possible!*



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