Agitation / Education

Activism Using Zines

by, Anthony Rayson

Presentation at the Children's School
200 S. Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, IL
5:30 - 7:30 pm
Wednesday, February 5th, 2020
Agitation / Education - Activism - Activism using Zines

This is transformational teaching.

We’re building a community base that can make that
power for the people. We’re coming together, building collective
organizing to achieve it. And we’re also an
undertaking political action, organizing for real freedom for those
and radical political analyses, looking for the grassroots
to build on that foundation. It’s about building an
issue and mobilizing people around

the whole issue of America and the reconcentration of
forces. We’re working on organizing and building on the
strengths, our knowledge and those involved in the fight for corporate
profits... putting together a coalition... The Gilded Age of Crony Capitalism.

The word "pressure" comes from the word "pressure." They were curious about academic
school systems because for one day, I was totally alienated and
seemless, "pressure." I was totally alienated and
canonical. In your opinion, I was a great
resource, which led to a resource in. I got interested in

and drank a
tool. I got stuck, thinking complicated math and physics

accepted by Civilian College in town. I made this place,

minimum of it. As a seventeen-year-old student and school was

impossible to be

what was happening in our country, and by extension, the
country, over. Our school is not

where we need to be, when you’re probably open fighting and

it’s impossible to express it
to express the
to express the

"property of" a house, a house and steady income to be

true. We were going to pull of the end of

which I did. I didn’t see any money in doing this and I had no

conclude, just the power of politics and
campaigns and political discourse all

reads, I was lucky to our house was full of serious books,

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and especially,

deeply involved in school and especially high school, as I

their lives: a wife, children, a house and steady income to be

idea. Now I was going to pull if off and somehow have a real

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To You Who Touch These Writings

By

Hybachi LeMar

The impact of the underground zine is relatable to the way that the flame of a single candle can light the wicks of all that it touches. They’re made of souls which the System cements beyond the walls of obscurity. For those who’ve been consumed in the absence of light. They produce an incendiary reaction!

The publishing logo of So, Chicago ABC – diagonally stamped by another on the back of an Anarchist zine on Venezuela from the El Libertario organization in Caracas – closes a walk on conscious-kindling views & Freedom Fighters arrested who you most likely have never heard nor seen nothing of from neither your tube or the web.

Autobiographies (ones not found in bookstores) like Lisa Savage’s “Zero to Anarchist in 1.2 Seconds” which documents her life as a survivor of rape, drug abuse & her evolution as an Anarchist are explosively lit underground classics.

These reveal intimate truths to the audience of one confined in the recesses of systemic alienation.

They glow with the overstatement that one of the most empowering things for people to know is to know that they’re not alone, and underground zines confirm that you’re not alone when you resist, so much so that they’re banned as threats to the government and its tactic of Divide & Conquer, implemented strategically for calculated control. The paradox, however, lies in the fact that the cold repression against anti-authoritarian thinkers makes the “inflammatory nature” of Anarchist writings all the more hard to extinguish. It also reveals that, as literary carriers of the light of Resistance, the zine is a vital element needed to intercontinentally ignite a revolution against that which deprives us of power.

In the dark places of life – where so many are beat down by enemies outside, as well as the enemy within one’s own mind – the zine can also illuminate parts of the Self that the Self has been waiting to see. An enlightening passage from the Each One Teach One, (Interview Series #3) is sure to empower even the most disempowered engaging in quiet reflection.

In this moth-attracting writing, Anthony Rayson relates how Talib Y. Rasheed made “a strongly explicatd case that self-analysis is the way to go to attain self-love, self-respect, self-correcting behaviors, etc... Once we ‘forgive’ ourselves and go from there, our natural inclinations of solidarity, mutual aid, free skool education, direct action—our innate basic Anarchist principles – take shape and guide our work.”

Within a couple weeks, my good friend Greg came to visit and we struck out hitchhiking, aiming to hook up with our friend in Salt Lake City. We had Dave’s address (or thought we did.) We crashed in on a guy named Doc who we didn’t know and stayed at his apartment for a week.

One night we saw police lights from up in the hills as we were looking down at the city, so we rushed down to see what was going on. We found Dave in the middle of a demonstration, being led by Bobby Seale, the co-founder of the Black Panther Party. What does this have to do with zines? Nothing - yet! This was the beginning of my real education. After a couple of years of this hand-to-mouth existence, I was ready to explode with ideas I’d seen and experienced a lot.

I started pecking furiously on my typewriter, beginning with a lengthy index of subjects, I wished to cover. I was speaking in rhymes a lot and wrote down things, constantly, in notebooks. I had no idea there even was such a thing as a zine, but I came up with all this material, anyway. I was hoping to help spur those around me into being dedicated activists, but they just wanted to not have to go to Vietnam. This was in May of 1974, while Agnew & Nixon were going down, and the Vietnamese people were soon to shake off the monstrous U.S. slaughtering, going on for a decade.

I was just a twenty year old kid, working in a factory. When I put all this material together and made copies, my friends thought it was really cool - and that I was crazy. I titled it, Peoples' Polar Express. A great friend of mine named Jack Reedy, ran a grotto in DeKalb, IL and had all the underground publications from all over the country. But nobody wanted to “join the revolution.” They wanted to go to the disco, instead. That was very depressing to me.

I'd been through a lot during my journeys, and I came to realize that the only person I would be able to rely upon, was myself. I'd almost been killed a couple times and had some wild adventures. I stayed in the Reno area for about four months, and ended up, thrown in jail, twice. I was facing a 6-year bid for possession of a half a nickel of
Zines

by Sean Swater

When I try to think of an analogy that will best convey just how important and life-changing zines are, I'm reminded of a scene from the movie The Matrix. The main character, Neo, has searched for a shadowy figure named Morpheus. When they meet, Morpheus offers Neo a choice between blue pills and red pills. Blue pills will make him forget his life. Red pills will awaken him to the reality of a world where the population is asleep and dreaming. Neo, of course, chooses the red pill. Morpheus told him before that if he took the red pill, he would see what he never imagined. He would see the world for what it truly is:

In the movie, Neo is confronted by a truth that is so powerful that he can't accept it. His life is forever changed. There is a price to pay. For the millions locked in cage societies, the price is freedom. For those who take the red pill, there is neither sugarcoating nor lies. There are no other means for the truth. The world, as we know it, is not what it seems. There is no other reality but this one that we perceive. For the millions locked in cage societies, the price is freedom. For those who take the red pill, there is neither sugarcoating nor lies. There are no other means for the truth. The world, as we know it, is not what it seems. There is no other reality but this one that we perceive.

Zines introduce an alternative narrative, a powerful one. By providing prisoners with penetrating analysis, they can also provide the money that actually creates all of us to challenge and confront our own mindset, our thought processes, our social and political strategies and keep them returning to the same criminal strategies and power structures that perpetuate our ignorance, our blind collective.

Zines are a medium for liberation. They are a new form of media for our time. They are a medium for liberation. They are a new form of media for our time.
An Inmate's Lament (in Texas Prison)
By, Antonio Lamont Edwards

Life in prison is terrible
The noise level can be unbearable
Our sentences seems unendable
But what we eat is indigestible
Programmers feels we're incorrigible
And look at us like we're horrible
The public says we're unlovable
But as taxpayers they're being gullible
The health care is deplorable
Our grievances treated as ignorable

The parole board - 7 1/2 years to go on
my 22 1/2 to come up for the board
Say's we're all unreformable
And never will be normal-able
The shrink think we're unreachable -

Of playing most are seeking drug addicts psych pills

Not all while unusable
And staff think we're abusabable
Policies are unbelievable -

Don't play the game and get caught
Snitches has no face They can be anyone

While change is inconceivable
Shakedowns are uncontrollable

Sometimes I think mens are getting sexual kick off
by makes us grab our privated parts then stick
our fingers in our mouth and turning around
they shouldn't be able to do us like that...

Rules our pain is inconsolable
Prison - this mess is unforgivable
Let's face it, life in prison is unlivable

ragweed, which I couldn't give away, although I had tried. I
couldn't believe it! My Dad came through and got me a lawyer, who was able to get me a reduced sentence of two years of probation. If I had so much as smirked at the judge, I believe he would have given me hard time. There was a saying out there - "Reno is so close to hell, you can see the sparks!" Sparks is the town next to Reno.

I was only in county jail for ten days, but I learned a lot. This experience stuck with me, in the back of my mind. I knew if I wasn't "white" I would be stuck in there, a long time. Like many people, I was very alienated and angst-riddled. Lots of my friends were dying of suicide, heroin overdoses and car crashes. I didn't know what to do. So, I impulsively got married. That was a mistake which only lasted three years, but I ended up with a starter house in Hazel Crest, IL. I had to pay her off for five years. I was working in a toll booth on I-80, so I had a steady income. I had one of my brothers and a couple of my party buddies, move in with me and we had fun, being in our twenties.

I still wanted to write, but I put my treatise away. I got subscriptions to various radical magazines and just seethed. I did write various pieces, but didn't know what to do with them. I felt no connection to the various protests going on around the country which were really tame as all the genuine radicals, seemingly, had been killed, jailed or otherwise co-opted. I didn't know how to connect with real activists or how to find them. There was no internet.

Then I had an epiphany. I read an interview, published in Progressive magazine, with then Harvard professor, Noel Ignatiev. He was fundamental in creating an awesome journal, entitled, Race Traitor. Soon after, he got fired. That figures. I met him in Chicago - cool!

I thought to myself - "Wow! Somebody is finally telling the damn truth about things!" It got me off my ass and I started writing letters and essays and sending them around to various radical groups. I found out about the zine culture
Bombs

How was the seminar on brainwashing?

Can't stop thinking about it.

Anthony Rayson

Cartoons by Stephen Rayson

Symbols sign understanding what one else sees humanity
coming to an end all fulfilled to move beyond evolve evolution of the spirit
sensual movement motherboard swing pendulum tick

Bombs short fuse nerves on the outside of my skin creeping

Eating nerves - angst boiling over rolling rolling pressure explode

Bombs short fuse nerves on the outside of my skin creeping

Eating nerves - angst boiling over rolling rolling pressure explode

No such thing as innocent we're all fucking guilty of something
finger pointing blame in the spotlight constantly on trial in someone's
judgmental eyes and I just a mirror of all within yourself secretly

Despair? Crisis & lies & no one knows how many days you just want to
die. Give up the ghost & throw in a silly fucking towel never

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I knew I could have gotten fired - any day. But again, I wasn't going to be intimidated into a do-nothing life, like so many people sink into. With a million laws, arbitrarily enforced, I relied upon my own sense of fairness, not some stupid law or rule. I always tried to treat others with respect. I always detested bullies. I believe in the Golden Rule. But I also was unusually self-reliant. Things other people spent time worrying about, like religion, what other people thought or did or whatever, I just ignored. I'm a person, here on Earth. Shouldn't my concerns be about what is actually happening on this planet and who and why people and other life forms are being destroyed? I've got children and grandchildren and we're leaving them a dying planet. What other kinds of motivation do people need???

Now, we see another clown - Trump - putting us all on the doorstep of destruction. It's a very moribund system. Hundreds of thousands of pot smokers are still rotting away in prison, while others buy legal weed. Lose your fear now!

I want to say some nice things about my wife, Leslie. She was a librarian and is a wonderful Mother and Grandmother. Without her, none of this would have been remotely possible. She's a dedicated humanist in her own right and makes every day worth living in this otherwise very sad world. Who else in this world would have put up with such a guy - and even helped him do all this?? Thanks for everything, my Dear! Now we have two grandsons. It's awesome! We're both retired, yet very active, still.

What do prisoners think of zines? I asked a few.

“SERVE and PROTECT” does not mean “KILL and COVER-UP!”

and ordered a million zines and began to look up activists in the city of Chicago and getting involved in various projects. I created a new personal zine, entitled, Thought Bombs, which I ended up making 33 different issues of. At first, I had my older son, Stanton, who was nine at the time, draw the covers and add a little bit of content.

But, we're getting ahead of ourselves. I met a truly wonderful woman and we got married. This was in 1986. The Bears won, the Challenger blew up and we got hitched. I went back to school, too - and became the Valedictorian, in 1995. We had two small sons - Stanton aged seven and Stephen, who was only one. I thought of switching jobs and becoming a grade school teacher. Then I thought I can't do that because they wouldn't let me really teach. I'd have gotten fired the first day... I wouldn't have put the gag on.

I had positioned myself to a really nice spot on the road. The boss only came once a week and it wasn't that busy. So, I had time to read, study and write - and organize.

We moved to another house out in the woods in Eastern Will County. This was 1990. Unbeknownst to us, the state and their business associates were trying to build a mega airport in our area - three times the size of O'Hare, which the airlines wanted nothing to do with. I got with the group fighting this thing and went to a few meetings. It was called RURAL - Residents United to Retain Agricultural Land. A co-worker moved near this menace and said, "We got to do something about this!" I knew he was right & that I'd be up to my ears. I spent an enormous amount of time on STAND.

So, I got heavily involved in this endless fight. Right around this time, the authorities were also trying to close down a couple of grade schools, including the one our older son was attending. I reached out to the organizers and we quickly put together a dynamite demo in front of the Matteson Holliday Inn, where a coterie of politicians were meeting to cut up the Peotone spoils. These included then alive, O'Hare area Congressman Henry Hyde, ex-Governor Jim Edgar, the smarmy Morris Congressman, Gerald Weller,
Nobody was going to find this!

any other way of doing it. I never really did see the need to end it. I couldn't see
the end of it. I saw it as a means to an end. I couldn't see
being paid to work, and not having competition means work was up to me.
I was insatiable. "Why?" It was non-stop. I was non-stop. I was
constantly working over. I was the go-to guy, and I did the work.
I locked into the self-perpetuating cycle of my co-workers. I cleaned,
I took my job seriously. I was the union steward and I

about being real, without commercials.
how the capricious is transcended and make a real life. It's
but every altaret edition only used 5% of this brain. We do,
acceptance of a transcendent life. It is where this country does.
abuse the powers and dreams and sink into some sort of
Youthful hopes and dreams and sink into some sort of
If's very tough without help - memories and friends and
It's very tough without help - memories and friends and
something positive happens that is unique to that person.
through this world of lies and difficulties and make
it all. It is up to each and every individual to fight their way.
I saw the words of lies and difficulties and make
at the surface of the world, or are naked and beaten in a cold, barren
This will provide a fulfilling life, where you were born with
But it provides a fulfilling life, where you were born with
develop your talents and interests in service to humanity.
express your creative and real talents. Say the purpose of life is to
One can change the past. You can never start the
one can change the past. You can never start the
He/she deserts criminally and every person who knows it.
He/she deserts criminally and every person who knows it.
and tracked for prison. Why are they harshly sentenced?
and tracked for prison. Why are they harshly sentenced?
prisoners are products of poverty. They were born into
those who eagerly read these lines or have them read to
children. Everyone deserves a chance in life, but most
Children. Everyone deserves a chance in life, but most
anything that would help them truly develop. They are the
harshly into prison, who never get a chance to learn
the beauty of the beast is thrust into prison, who never get a chance to learn
Harry's line, the beauty of the beast is thrust into prison, who never get a chance to learn
There are brilliant people in prison and there are
There are brilliant people in prison and there are
was a man who actually gave a damn about their lives and may very well help them get their story out. It was (and still is) endless nose-to-the-grindstone work.

Prisoners are a justifiably skeptical bunch, so it takes a Herculean effort to fully gain their trust. Rumors (lies) fly through the tiers endlessly. Supposed supporters come, say bold things, yet still shamelessly flake off without a trace. It takes time to build these viciously interfered with relationships - and ongoing proof of dedication. With writing, you can pour your feelings into it that you may not feel comfortable talking directly to people about. Prisoners don't have phones or computers. You can't just text 'em.

Everyone has faults, personally. I was (and still am, I guess) abrasive, impatient and perhaps, somewhat paranoid around other people. I just didn't like wasting my time and I was always chomping at the bit to get my say so in. But I found, I could really relate to people through letter writing. I love music and I listen to it a lot when I work. I love artwork, too. I don't like movies. I refuse to just sit.

But, I fully believe in the power of the written word as far as having an indelible impression on a persons' thinking and (hopefully) their evolving activities. Once an idea enters your mind and you become entranced by it, it pushes through many portals in your brain and takes on a life of its own. Possibilities begin to clarify and in your sleep, while your body and mind are repairing and readying for a new day. Fresh ideas pop in and excite you to pursue them.

I wrote letters, everywhere - at home, on a train and mostly, at work. Since I had to be a toll booth for eight hours, 40+ hours a week, it was the perfect way to think and write. It wasn't easy, as a letter might take four hours to write, if traffic was heavy. Once it landed in a cell, another persons' mind would light up and a sort of Vulcan mind meld occurred. We often became comrades and collaborators. Needless to say, these letters and zines were enthusiastically shared with the multitude of Brothers or Sisters who were all around them:

Secretary of Corrupt State, George Ryan and the newcomer - Congressman Jesse Jackson, Jr. We barged into the hotel and chanted away. They lined maids in a corridor to stop us from directly confronting the big shots, why they frantically called for the cops. As they finally came out, we "escorted" them to their cars. "The People, United, Will Never Be Defeated! The People, United, Will Never Be Defeated! The People, United, Will Never Be Defeated!"

Weller, who I sat next to during my valedictorian address in 1995 (where I went off on the college for supporting the airport) married the daughter of Rios Montt - the most genocidal monster at the time, who decimated Guatemala. Who do you think trained the death squads??? Sickening!

Now it is early in 1998. The lady spearheading RURAL got a job as a reporter for the Kankakee Daily Journal, so she had to step down from RURAL. I was working closely with George Ochsenfeld, who was the prominent activist, who lived in this threatened "airport footprint." We decided we would have to create another organization that was more activist-oriented to take this fight to higher levels. I came up with the name - STAND - Shut This Airport Nightmare Down! George would be President, Mike (my co-worker) would be Vice-President and I'd be Secretary.

This was a very busy year for me. I started another group, South Chicago ARA (Anti-Racist Action) as well as my distro, South Chicago ABC (Anarchist Black Cross) Distro. I would create an educational service, with and for, prisoners. For, it dawned on me that, one, prisoners were sending the most erudite material (letters and analysis) and two, the prisons were ground zero, in the struggle here at home.

Anyway, after that demo in Matteson, I immediately started to write and collect newspaper articles about the airport and this demo and put them together into an informational zine of about twenty pages. I made fifty copies, titled, Anti-Airport Alert and took them to a meeting at a church in Peotone and passed them out to the farmers,
Earlier, I had more energy. I'd get up in the middle of the night and start the Sandman for a couple of hours. I went all over the place, meeting people, getting things done. I made zines and sold them to help me, especially with printing. I got my union to make 300 copies of my first zine, 'Thought Bombs' zine. I made zines in the police station of Peatonel. This was next to the Mayor's office. He was fighting the airport here. But, I sneaked into prison abolition pubs, too! I made copies at the hospital and other offices and institutions. Anywhere I found a copying machine I'd try to use it!

I had to rely on my own resourcefulness to figure out how to get things done. Once I resolved to focus on the prisons, I wrote to many prisoners, especially from the activist community. I contributed articles and graphics, spread lists of activists, and wrote directly to those prisoners, usually with a catalog of prisoner addresses. The prisoners would contact information and write back. Sometimes, they would type the information, but mostly, they were begging just to receive it. For, here was Governor. Sure enough, he went from the Governor's Mansion, to the Big House!
It's very gratifying when some brilliant prisoner entrusts his or her work in my hands and says, "I trust you. I can't wait to see it! Use it however you want!" I keep editing to a minimum, as far as what a person is writing. If it's an obvious error they did not intend, then I'll fix it. But I'm not going to fool with their written voice. If they spell like they talk - fine! I don't always agree with what or how they say it, but if I feel they have something that someone can benefit from, I'll let them have their say.

Of course, I won't print racist, sexist nor homophobic garbage. However, I have a serious affection for the well-written rant. It was the great George Orwell who said something like, "The most dangerous thing in the world is the 50-paged tract." He was probably referring to Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels' work, "The Communist Manifesto."

A lot of zines are sort of dirty looking with smudges or lines or obscured graphics, slapped together. That's just laziness. I try to put them together cleanly giving each page proper space and meticulously go over the master and original copy with white out and a good pen to eliminate the mess and darken parts that need to be darkened.

I use my copying machine at home to reduce or enlarge and make the master copy from the original. Then, I'll bundle several zines to be copied and take them to OfficeMax or Office Depot. The price per sheet is cheapest if your job entails at least 10,000 impressions. That's 5,000 sheets, double-sided. It's still not cheap! It is 5 cents an impression, or 10 cents a sheet. That's $500 plus tax. Only two or three years ago, it was $300 and I could get an automatic 35% discount. So, the job would "only" cost about $190. Now, you're lucky to get a lousy 15% off, so this job would now cost $425, plus tax. They didn't even use to tax it, as it was considered a service and not a thing.

So, you must be sure all the pages will print well and are worthy of such an expense. Each page needs to have ample like hotcakes. And, boy did they eat 'em up! Yum, yum! Let's go get 'em! I soon made more and bigger issues...

I also employed the d.i.y. zine / punk ethic for protest sign-making and they were unique. I lined the church foyer with them. I came to realize that this type of "next level" written and visual activism could prove to be very effective. I made all kinds of cool things, buttons, necklaces, big banners, bumper stickers, yard signs (usually 4' x 4' plywood with our No Airport symbol on it.)

I was always making protest signs! A farmer taught me how to make big No Airport signs and gave me a wooden stencil, so I could make many more - quickly. Other farmers donated the plywood and paint. I spent a lot of my own money doing this - to make sure it got done. I got the major airlines to pop us some grant money and they even flew my family and me to lobby in Washington. We weren't a shrinking violet outfit! We spent it as we saw fit.

I wrote editorials and analyses for the local and city papers and worked on issues of Anti-Airport Alert. Later, I even made four No Airport crop circles, which were huge and landed on the front page of the Sun-Times. One was in USA Today. My sister called me. I was born on her seventh birthday. She said: "Tony! I saw your crop circle in the European version of USA Today!" OK, cool!

By now, I was making zines like crazy and working with some brilliant prisoner writers and artists. I got a couple of the artists to draw No Airport graphics. I always had a literature table at all our meetings - and it was continuously expanding. Another thing I did was repurpose those annoying yard campaign signs. After the election, the township picked up the left over signs - and gave them to me. I'd have sign-making parties.

I was getting to know all kinds of activists in the Chicagoland area, going to endless meetings and involving myself, fully. I combed the literature tables and added zines to my distro, which I believed were worthy. Later, I
The page contains a mix of text and numbers, with some sections indented and others not. The text appears to be a combination of prose and programming code, with some numbers and letters scattered throughout. The overall layout suggests a document discussing software development or coding practices. The content is not clearly separated into paragraphs, making it difficult to extract coherent information without further context.
I like to use nice clean 6 x 9 envelopes, so that digestsized zines fit nicely in them. 8 1/2 x 11 folded in half to make 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 make the most practical, easily reprinted zines around. Color is too expensive.

Occasionally, you can use colored paper for the cover page. Prisoner graphics are not only more on point as far as their predicament is concerned, but also reprint much nicer than say, computer-generated graphics. Newspapers and photographs do not translate well, either. They're muddy and obscure upon reprinting.

I do things the old-fashioned way - cut & paste. I use the computer (like now) to write & edit, but I like the freedom and creativity to actually craft these things by hand. Once I've decided to make a zine, I let my mind think about it for several days, unless it needs to be made quickly. I'll go about my business, working on countless projects and melting them in with familiar obligations and functions. Sometimes, I'll write some ideas down to flesh out later or make some sort of outline, or whatever seems most fitting.

Since I work with prisoners, flexibility is paramount. Our collaborations are constantly being interrupted and even sabotaged. Prisoners who have the courage to write and draw are targeted. They are moved around a lot. They have their possessions destroyed. They are denied visits from their loved ones. They are hurt in vicious assaults by guards or thugs - or both. Their access to even paper or stamps is highly limited. Let's face facts. Legally, by that slave document - the U.S. Constitution, prisoners are still slaves. Legally, they are treated as if they were dead. So, it may take several months for a project to reach fruition. Some never do... I have to be flexible. Mike helps me to prioritize. We send zines more quickly if they intend to start study groups, are in dire straits or send stamps.

So, you want to make a zine. Here's how I start. I'll take some typing paper, fold it in half and number the pages. You make a guesstimate of how many pages the zine will be. These, of course, will be divisible by four. Each sheet has four pages. OK, say I want a 10 sheet, forty-paged zine.
In 1.2 Seconds

What Can Be Done?

By

Lisa J. Lee Savage

Resist Strong Only the

Anarchists

States of America

Capture Patients: Century America Prisoners in 1986 Female Slaves and Captive Patients: States of America Voting in the United States Violation of the October

SHACKLED SEX:

Cancer of the Prostate

The Most Virtuous

What I have to say, I don’t have to count on other people.

It’s the fact that I can do all of this from my own home.

I’ve been involved with many people throughout the country, I’ve gone to countless conferences, meetings and I’ve been involved with many people throughout the country.

In 2002, I helped to organize the Anarchists Black Cross school closings, etc. You’ve got to fight off predation. Forthright tactics in other fights against prisons, poll taxes, we use those same, non-violent strategies. When we went to the Central Registry, we were the real cops, when we went to the hospital, we were the authorities, when we went to prison, we were still our here and...
Women prisoners have unique ways they are forced to suffer. Very few women actually commit genuine crime. They commit poor people crimes - blown out credit cards, shoplifting - they do the bidding of unscrupulous boyfriends, and often take the hit, when their partners are targeted. As well, they are often abused and convicted for defending themselves. Almost all women prisoners have young children, as well. If they become "active" the state will wrest custody from them. Very few women prisoners are willing to collaborate with me. I want to mention two.

Lisa (Lee) Savage was stuck in the darkest dungeons for women in Florida, when I first made contact with her. They were torturing her, but she refused to stop fighting for herself and her sisters. It was painful to know she was constantly being assaulted. Eventually, she was released. After a rough few years, she got a grip on things and now runs the desk at a homeless shelter in Gainesville.

Anastazia Schmid is a lifer in Indiana. She defended herself against her insanely abusive "mate." She has transformed herself into a very articulate researcher and analyst concerning the history of Indiana women's prisons, and the gruesome connection with the history of eugenics and gynecology. I visited with her a couple of times, but I can't see her until I visit Khalfani and go through the months long paper snafu to change my visiting "privileges." One thing they don't tell you about the new Real ID, is that you're going to have to have one to visit prisoners.

I've been doing this steady - for over twenty years. So, I have managed to send many tens of thousands of zines into prisons. I send them to all fifty states - inside and out, mostly in. The rule for prisons is publications must come directly from the publisher. So, I simply made myself a publisher. How does one do that? You simply conjure up a name, get a P.O. Box and buy a stamp that says the name and address of said "publisher." You stamp the last page of the zine and the upper left hand corner of the 6 x 9 envelop and, voila! You are a publisher.

COOK COUNTY JAIL
26th & California

FRIDAY the 13th (August)
3 to 5 pm
2004

Help us kick-off this weekend of Events! National convergence for the PRISON ABOLITION CONFERENCE

ABU GHRAIB or Cook County?
Show your solidarity with all our Brothers and Sisters warehoused in this vile urban concentration camp.

MEMORIAL RALLY
For
DYLAN DRAPEAU

In Remembrance
Dylan Drew Drapeau
December 30, 1998 - July 20, 2006

Sunday, August 20th at 5 pm
Crete-Monee High School
760 W. Exchange Ave. Crete

Contact: Anthony Rayson
anthonyrayson@hotmail.com
(708) - 534 - 1334

We will never forget Dylan!

DYLAN!

Dylan was amazing! He was like the epic hero of this awesome extended family. He was real close to his cousins and stuff. Their parents are wonderful and dedicated to make this happen. I wish I was closer to my cousins! I think I'll start calling them and telling them how much I love them and how we gotta get together with our kids and everything.

Life is too short not to live it in a constant state of excitement and creation. Life is being in wonder all the time - like Dylan - who somehow managed to lead this natural genius life, yet he made sure everyone was there for the ride too! Isn't that what we should be doing now? Oh how I loved to do everything! I remember not long ago, a few months, we took Dylan to go see Jethro Tull some night in Toledo, Ohio. We got to the parking lot and ran our ass into the theatre. We missed the first two or three songs, but - we made it! All the days of Dylan, I'd try hard to remember and collect (and yep about it). We can all do this! It's the best therapy around! I want to thank everyone for coming here today. This is for Dylan, his mother and his father and his sister and his brother. It's for everyone today and for evermore!
I put flyers all over these towns and a witness came to the wake, which had an overflow crowd. This kid, who was killed - murdered, actually, was an amazing piano player - an amazing pianist and he smushed out like road kill. This kid, who was killed, was an amazing pianist and he was turned in by a witness and he agreed to testify. This young man lived in the dormitory of Chicago Heights. The cops menaced him and his girl, who just had a new baby. He was a courageous guy.

I contacted a pro-marijuana lawyer who set me up with a big shot lawyer for the civil suit. The witness was an almost killed himself. He was a draftsman and wrote an explanation of what happened, as well as a nuanced explanation of the accident. The cops blew him off and told the parents there were no witnesses. They were lying! I got him to the police for real charges.

I knew it would be futile, knowing how cops, prosecutors and judges are, but I had to do it anyway. There was a half-assed "trial" in jail. The judge was a complete flake. We went right to him. I snickered up a storm. I was barred from further entry into the courtroom. The bailiff was still there. We pleaded with them to press real charges.

Of course, I made a zine out of it. We held a memorial for him, a month after this horrific tragedy in front of Cretin-Money High School. We finally got his Mother out of their mourning house. A block from my house, the cops were sitting, waiting to escort me to the event - as if we were going to cause a ruckus. He was buried in a grave meant for his Grandmother. How do you like American society, now?

After a couple of years, the family received a settlement from the civil suit. A few years later, the cop named Brian Dorian, was arrested as the "Honey Bee Killer." It turned out, it wasn't him, but he ended up getting a settlement for $200,000 for his day stint in Will County jail. The bumbling cops and prosecutors obviously felt that he was
one of the guys I go to when I'm looking for prisoner contributions for, say, a workshop I'm doing at a conference. He wrote a little piece for this zine!

Another long-time collaborator of mine is Khalfani Malik Kaldun. We must have done forty zines together! He's in Indiana, too. That state only allows you to see one prisoner - male or female - out of the tens of thousands they encage.

Another extremely important prisoner zine writer is Coyote Acabo. He's out now, living in Olympia, Washington. He was imprisoned in Nevada. Prisoners really relate to this guy, as he focuses on the torment of incarceration, what you can do to stay sane (very difficult) - and how it can be challenged. A lady from Amsterdam was editing a pub called, Nevada Prisoners' Newsletter, which I also distributed domestically. I did that earlier, too. A publication entitled, The Voice of Indiana's Political Prisoners was published in Europe and sent to me for domestic distribution. This told me that there was not enough real support for this enormous group of prisoners, here in America. How prisoners are treated is very telling.

Along came a breath of fresh air. A prisoner in Pennsylvania, named, Lemar Hybachi (Bondi Lemar DeBooth) wrote me with a sweet zine, entitled, When All Else Feels Lost. This was great. Hear from one of the up and coming Afikan anarchist writers, like James Scott, who was down in Georgia. Lemar finally got out, after we'd done a few excellent zines, and made his way to Chicago, where we were able to get together, personally. He started working with the IWW and they published a collection of his work into a book, which I also turned into a zine. He went out East on a book tour and ended up in prison for a few more years on a flimsy "violation" of some sort. He's now in a halfway house, working and organizing. Here's his latest project - a Let's Organize the Hood chapter. He calls me and we have nice, long conversations.

Wartime Experience Remembered
by Lelard H. Rayson

INTRODUCTION: 1940 - 1943

Living in Oak Park, Illinois in 1939, I was working at the bank to raise money for college. I had a small scholarship (1940) at Coe College, Iowa. I worked as a bus boy for meals - the food was bad, the soup was good. I left Coe College and entered the University of Rochester, NY in 1940 on a dean's scholarship. I volunteered in the USN Reserve V-7 program for officers, 1941. I also met my wife at Rochester University. She had a Prize Scholarship.

After the Pearl Harbor bombings, I became very eager to get into action after seeing the Nazi Blitzkriegs invading all over Europe. In 1942 the V-7 program was abolished so I had new orders to continue for naval officer training in a V-12 program. I graduated from this program at Rochester University with three short credits needed for college graduation. In October, I was one of seven to be appointed to Midshipmen's School in New York City at Columbia University.
Guy. I've always been a good guy, who was hard on himself. To tell me I was "too sensitive." Now she thinks I'm a good

luckily, my mother is still alive. She's 95 now. She used

Check it out! I'll read a little from both sides.

Alzheimer's disease, but he still has his long-term memory.

A couple years earlier, my father wrote his own sine, he

Whitmore Experience: Remembered. He had

My dad voted for Ralph Nader. No hangin' chad, there!

or it. George W. hadn't finished stealing the election yet.

the problem, and made a plan. They along with a story of this adventure and made a zinc

cooped up, and now down there - out of carry around. A

brother Jiln and told me I had to high fabulous it down

Shortly before my father died, in January of 2001, my

not the . Those one folk, we're the biggest threat.

things disappear. I hate this world police garbagem. We're

monsters. Edessa watched her mind make sense. So, crescendo for music and divide the whole.

new school year second son. Last

music together. He's doing OK now. He's the grade school

like a son to me and the two of them were going to make

It was the worst deal ever went through. That boy was

That was a very horrible time. My son became suicidal.

case, where they charged a guy for killing his daughter.

notorious for botching cases. Remember the Kern/Fox

"bads" instead of just being useless Will County was .

up in Shangrila. Chick somers, willing to take on the

girl. He was the worst of new year at the year and farming party.

down and over after him with his own gun. Nice work,

turning to rob and killed her and mom. He set his gun

regular Joe came across him in a farming salon, where the

comp of murder because they fairly arrest a cop for
I stuck my nose to the grindstone and worked away, night and day on new zines, getting them written, edited, formatted, copied, stapled and mailed to those who wanted them - overwhelmingly prisoners. Yeah, it was very expensive, but I developed a mindset of resourcefulness that stood me well. I developed intense relationships with certain prolific prison writers and artists. I never paid for cable TV and we bought our stuff from thrift stores and garage sales. We lived in a little 2 bedroom, 1 bath house.

At first, I had no respect for graphics. I figured - hell! The writing is what must be focused on. I was never an artist or musician, just a writer / rabble rouser. I learned how powerful political artwork can be and now have well over 500 pieces of original prisoner artwork, which I have used extensively to illustrate these zines. Sometimes, a person is both a writer and an artist. Some are extremely talented in both areas. We've put on several art shows, too.

I'll show you what I mean. Kevin "Rashid" Johnson is a longtime collaborator of mine. He's also what I consider the world's foremost political artist. For a while, he was sending me all of his original artwork. At one point I laid out dozens of these on my ping pong table, while a cameraman from a major art magazine, made high resolution shots of them for a feature on him.

Rashid is now at an Indiana facility. He's been horrifically targeted. He started out at a Virginia high security joint, then was sent to Oregon, Texas, Florida and now Indiana. He's been brutalized often. He's also the Defense Minister for the Prison Panthers.

Another brilliant prisoner writer / artist is Sean Swain. He's in Ohio. He teamed up with a Brother named Travis Washington, and wrote the classic 3-part zine, The Last Act of the Circus Animals. They sent me a 50-paged "rough draft." I advised them to double the size and flush out the story better. Meanwhile, I sent the text to three prisoner artists, who supplied awesome graphics for it. Later, it was turned into a book, which I wrote an introduction for. He's

So, every day, I'm working away at my distro, as we get many letters every week, overwhelmingly from prisoners, looking for zines. I put catalogs together listing all the titles. In 2007, I believe, I approached DePaul University with a massive amount (maybe 600) of zines. They have a Special Collections Library, including a zine library. There policy is to grant twenty pages of whatever a person wants, free of charge. Many prisoners access this service and they do a terrific job. I'm extremely pleased with their efforts! I send them more zines every year. This year, I will also donate to them, hundreds of audio and video cassettes, VHS, CD's and etc. These are mainly from other activist organizations and dedicated individual film makers.

I must say, for the past fifteen or sixteen years, I've had but one true comrade - Mike Ploski - who has also worked tirelessly, day after day, on this distro. Without him, the most I could have possibly done was 1/2 of what we actually do and if I couldn't find such a partner, it would be exceedingly difficult to do all this, by myself. So, thank you, Man! You have really stepped up to the plate and smoked that ball! He's very involved in many other activist projects.

I've been involved in other struggles, as well. In 2011, I think, the cat got out of the bag, and we found out that Crete was in the process of laying the red carpet out for a regional Immigration Detention Center. The Mayor was trying to keep it a secret. Crete is the sister town to Monee, where I lived. So, I felt an overwhelming disgust and was highly alarmed at these developments. We went to the house of an awesome activist / teacher named Consetta Smart and held an organizing meeting. This was a whole new animal, for these vile places were run by unscrupulous bastards running private prisons. City activists hipped us to the danger. Obama & ICE wanted five regional deportation gulags. How he became the Great Savior, I'll never know.

I quickly started collecting all the literature I could on private prisons, contacted other activists around the country and went to work. My brother Bill was living in Pembroke Pines, right outside Miami, where they were trying to put
BE KIND TO ANIMALS
DON'T EAT THEM
HELP THE POLICE

YOU'RE NOT NORMAL

ISSUE #7

One of the main CRETE area organizers was a milquetoast Democrat. She didn't like me - and I didn't like her. These things happen. At a meeting at a big church in the south side, we hashed over our options. A lady and her young daughter were there. The people in Chicago, fighting deportation. Her name is Rosalinda Bercia. For the great Barack Obama was deporting people at a horrific rate - double that of even George W. Two hundred thousand people were deported per year, under Obama. What a fraud! He was so proud that he was the nation's dedicated assassin. It was extremely sickening.

Now, Trump is trying his hand at assassinating leaders in other countries to distract from his other crimes. This is working with a bunch of progressive black preachers from the south side of Chicago and south suburbs. We'd put on candidate forums to see where schmoozes stood.

I remember before Obama became a senator. I was working with a bunch of progressive black preachers from the south side of Chicago and south suburbs. We'd put on candidate forums to see where schmoozes stood.

I confronted him once as a gala event held in the Conrad Hilton ballroom. He gave the keynote address and afterwards, stood while people lined up to get his autograph and fawn over him. This was right before he won the cakewalk for Senator. Just tell me how in the hell can I don't want your autograph. Just tell me how in the hell can I don't want your autograph. Just tell me how in the hell can I... I don't consider yourself an environmentalist, if you are for the Peckton Airport! I gave me a dead fish handshake and said, "We'll talk, later." He did come down to our area and met with the local Democratic honchos. Needless to say, I wasn't invited. Republicans & or Democrats = Lies & Death!
That's not the target audience I'm interested in, anyway. I decided to focus on the prisons. I saw a serious need and figured I'd see what I could do. I wasn't satisfied with the tepid writing I saw and being such a humble fellow, I figured I could do way better! No wonder I work mostly alone, eh? But, you know? If you don't like it, "become the media."

Prisoners don't have real access to computers or phones or even many books. Their libraries have been gutted, as has their rehab programs, exercise equipment, etc. All they have is the idiot box, which actually makes people stupider! I made hundreds of mixed tapes all the time and even used songs in demos. I started a protest at Operation Push with this song. *Great Men,* by Burning Spear.

So, I flooded the "underground" with my contact information, paid for advertisements and wrote to every prisoner I could find in all the various publications I came across that printed their letters or their addresses, being "political" prisoners. Well, I saw the system from the inside and saw all the harmless drug war prisoners and other non-violent "offenders" who were having their lives wasted, by being warehoused in this insane mass incarceration system.

I was extremely lucky to run across an amazing young mentor, named Sean Lambert, a bi-sexual prison abolitionist. He put together these unbelievably stuffed prisoner zines. He lived at the time in Buffalo, NY - I think. I love ya, Man! He hipped me to many prisoners who I then collaborated with. I had no idea where all this was going to go. My first prisoner zine was called, *Decidedly Radical,* written by Frank J. Atwood, a lifer in Arizona.

There was a sick malaise in the country. People saw the Kremlin collapse and were looking for a "peace dividend." Also, some folks scoffed at political agitation, for the "end of history" was upon us. I knew these naive pipedreams were not going to pan out. Before long, Cheney & Company had us all girding for more endless horrific warfare (i.e. one-way mass slaughtering of Afghans, Iraqis & many others.)

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**Immigrants Walk to Crete**

March 30th - April 1st
No Borders! No Cages!

We walk from Chicago to Crete to resist the immigrant prison planned by ICE. We walk to affirm that borders and cages do not create a safe and just world. We walk in solidarity with all those the system seeks to exclude, scapegoat and criminalize. Our families are being torn apart, so we walk together as one large family.

Who is walking: Immigrants and our families, groups committed to immigrant justice and YOU!

**Will you walk a mile with us?**

This action is organized by: Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Moratorium on Deportations Campaign, No Name Collective and other organizations.

For info on how to endorse, support, or walk with us visit: MoratoriumOnDeportations.org
MoratoriumOnDeportations@gmail.com
773-632-9992 / 813-789-0123

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Chicago Heights +
Steger +
12-4pm Rally in Crete

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Chicago Heights +
Steger +
12-4pm Rally in Crete
proposed position down in Eureka Plaza. Florida Tool

OP AMR got the message and pulled the plug on the
opera yet. Groupies, their nightly habit, need to
work and are. Mr. Monday, Mr. Midday, you won't be a
unanimously to face the rise, this is the first test of the
risers. "Lowes" before long the Frenzies voted

to which this was a formidable idea for them and next.

We then canvassed the whole town to educate people as

seen an overwhelming number of cosmopolites. Tell
real reason these concerns was because there were 150
near 200 for the idea. Yes, rates have shot up.

On Airport Street a memorial 100-ft.-tall pickup truck

is on display. A pair of sand bags are on the side of the

road to simulate a local traffic light. The memorial is

a recent addition. A couple of years ago, this was an

old truck. Now it's a modern pickup.

I got my antivirus friends involved and they were part of

I saw a dozen homes where protest signs were put out.

They made dozens of homemade protest signs and hats.

The event was a huge success. People gathered in front of

the proposed Little Village site to show their support.

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the proposed Little Village site to show their support.
Anyway, our friend had a big barn and I loaded up ten full tables of literature and signs. My son and his wife came and played music for us. We had a nice time. The media came and found out we were a peaceable bunch of people.

So, to drum up publicity, I decided to have a ceremony at the crop circle. The idea was to take the goat curse off the Cubs and stick it on the Peotone Airport. My younger son, Stephen, was dressed as a joker and I procured a goat, which I named "Gary." I put a little NO AIRPORT medallion around his neck. Earlier, I had contacted a videographer from Will County News, an online news service. She filmed our thing and put it on YouTube. I had about a dozen farmers with me and we marched around the circle up to the front of the airplane.

Opposite, I put a John Deere tractor with a scarecrow of Carlos Zambrano, the poster child of Cubbie failure. He was stuffed with straw, driving the tractor. I ranted and raved until we got to the tractor. Then I read my poem, officially ending the Cubs curse and stuck it right into the rotten heart of the Peotone Airport. It was hilarious! I'd also contacted the Powered Parachute operators in the area and they came out - twice - to take pictures. They speckled the goat. So, we had to let him eat clover for a while. I then wrote a piece called, Field of Schemes.

Before we set out to do this, I contacted, Phil Kadner, the columnist for the Star Tribune, the south suburban paper. His column was about what I told him I was going to do. Whammo! Here was the publicity for the event. Sure enough, the Peotone Airport was pretty dead and the Cubs actually did win the World Series! After I read my poem, I looked back and saw a black man wearing a Cubs uniform. Was it Danny Woowoo? I dunno, but it sure seemed fitting.

Well, enough about me. Let's get into specifics about zinemaking and how to effectively use them.

Almost everybody has no idea that zines even exist or why. Most people nowadays don't even read the papers. They just stare at their stupid smart phones. OK, whatever.

from the cities, living in cages would be the ticket. Not! They organized a militant group to fight it off. I teamed up with one of the organizers and we went around the towns to various libraries to explain why the prison and the airport were both very bad ideas. They were organic farmers. They wanted a community center, a grocery store, a laundromat and a gas station. Only three people wanted the prison - the Mayor, the Police Chief and a preacher. The people there put on an event each summer - Marcus Garvey Days.

While we were putting the finishing touches to the death of the Crete prison, another government / business assault was happening in our area. IDOT wanted to build a privately-run, foreign-owned tollway from I-55 to I-65, south of I-80, from Channahon to past Lowell, IN. There were little pockets of resistance all along the way. So, I made it my mission to collect all these groups into an umbrella group, we titled NO ILLIANA 4 US. At a meeting at the Will Township Center, a farm lady named Virginia Haaman, from Peotone, was fit to be tied. Her place was to be bulldozed for this latest boondoggle. Immediately, I knew she should head this group, which she did admirably. We held a march and rally at the Will County fairgrounds in Peotone. Some folks started at I-55 and went east and others started at I-65 and marched west. We made a shambles of their meetings.

Before I get to the nuts and bolts of zinemaking, I have another little story for you. After my fourth crop circle, I wanted to draw publicity for another event I organized, which I called Harvest Fest. This took place at a farmers place in Beecher, a nearby farm town, also menaced by the airport. Their scheme had the end of a runway about a 1/2 mile from a grade school in Beecher. That's real planning, there! It was always a big bluff of massive jobs for votes. Problem was, no real jobs were ever created for anyone actually needing them. They (Jackson) cried racism - not! They bussed people out to the footprint and threw a few shovels of dirt around, which they cordoned us off from.