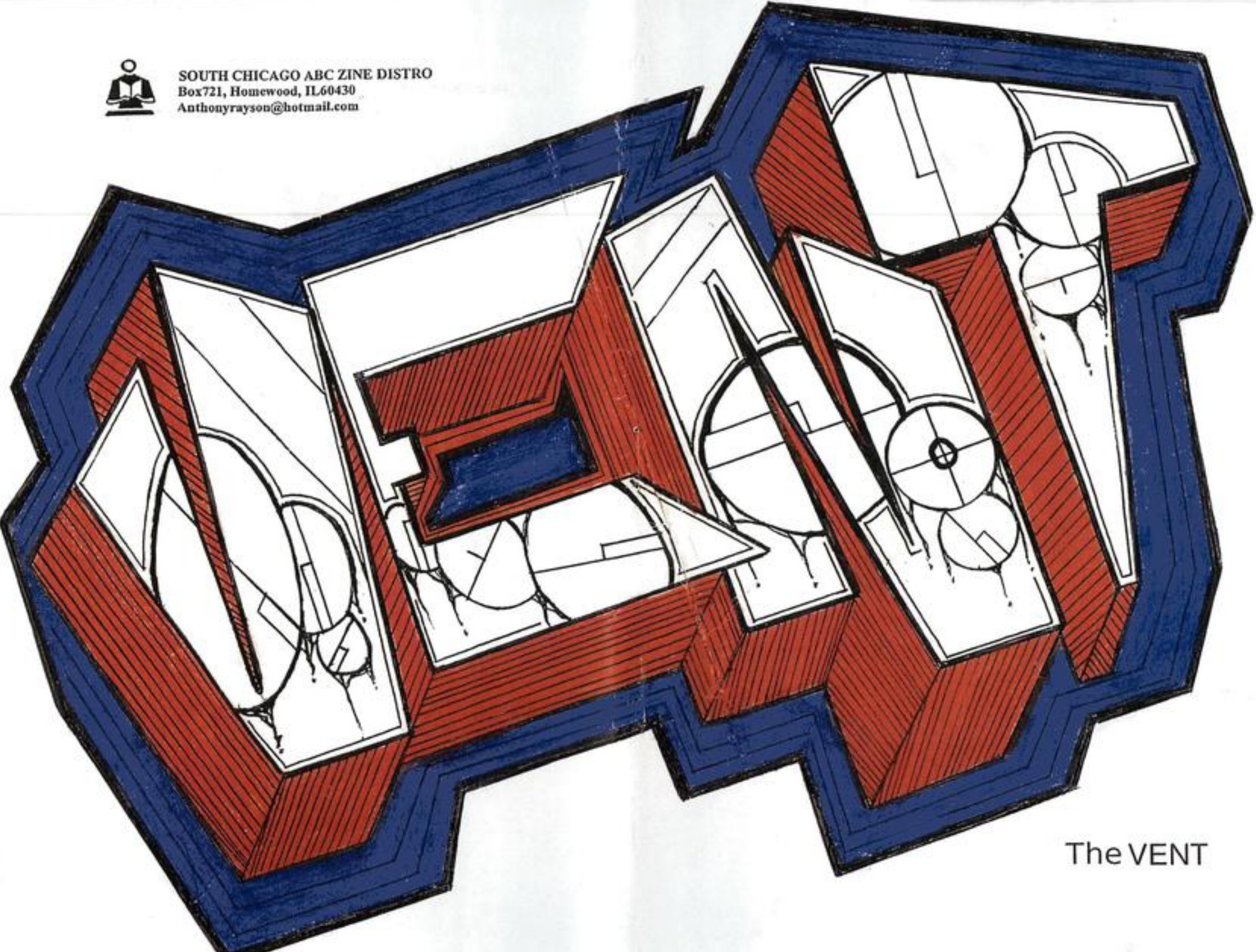




SOUTH CHICAGO ABC ZINE DISTRO  
Box 721, Homewood, IL 60430  
Anthonyrayson@hotmail.com



The VENT





2017  
Write Or Die

Special edition

## California On Blast

An ultimate supplemental issue to the NGR series. Be blown away by searchable facts of California being named for a succession of Black Women, and not deriving from Spanish origins. Discover the name of the U.S. Army major responsible for excluding the Black Queen's image from the State Seal, and allow this issue to escort you a brief history of recent, a step by step comparative, about the Who, When, and how mass incarceration was set in motion in the State, how this relates directly to legislative target practises that made innercity youth street culture Death Penalty eligible. The official blueprint invitation for others to produce On Blast zines in other states, California has just checked in with the last words provided by Stanley „Tookie“ Williams. (10)



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Between the Bars  
Human stories from prison

### ATTENTION BLOGGERS

Now you can be part of the raw production process of writing, designing, printing, and distribution of WODZ. For an exclusive behind-the zine look, and your access to this unique prisoner zine project, check out the PAPCO (PAPYRUS COLLECTIVE) group blog @BTB. (BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG)

### YOUR TRANSCRIPTIONS

This BtB feature of our blog enhances the editorial and text layout work that goes into the making of each WODZ issue. The transcriptions of handwritten posts can then be downloaded from BtB, mailed, and assembled into the next WODZ issue from scratch.

### YOUR COMMENTS

The comment and reply feature of our blog allows for you to comment on posts (articles, poetry, interviews, art) slated for WODZ issues, and for me to reply to your comments in turn. I like to use this interactive feature to connect your comments to the thousands of prisoners who read WODZ, as well as the contributing writers and artists here on California Death Row (San Quentin prison) who're part of the PAPCO group blog @ B+B Making WODZ a multi-media, prison-based publication.

XZYZST  
COEDITOR/PROJECT COORDINATOR  
PIANKHI  
EDITOR/GENERAL COORDINATOR

Visit our blog @  
[Betweenthebars.org/group/papyruscollective](http://Betweenthebars.org/group/papyruscollective)  
[Betweenthebars.org/blog/1916](http://Betweenthebars.org/blog/1916)



TRANSCRIPTION BY: JULES  
PAPYRUS COLLECTIVE (PAPCO) DISTRO CO-OP



PAPCO DISTRO CO-OP

Prisoner Zines

## Papyrus Collective

### Recent comments

emjalaben

To Byron and all the Poets, Rappers and Singers. Thank you for sharing your work with the world. Creating something to share with others is the most meaningful work a person can do and I am so glad that you have shared your work with me.

In Peace,  
Emilie

karakowski

Thank you all for sharing your creativity, your passion, and your power. I've only gotten a few pages in so far, but look forward to reading more. This is great artwork, and I'm happy to have found it.

With love,  
Kara

sbj

This is AMAZING!!!!!!!

Jessica

I hate this system and what it has done to our society. I'm so very tired of all the destruction and suffering it has caused all in the guise of so called justice. What is our boiling point? What will it take for us to rise as one against this system of oppression? Thank you for speaking up and sharing your stories. Stay strong and I wish you all good health.



### IN THIS ISSUE

The Vent Title

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What Does It Mean To Be Black?  
Audacious Demand  
@Golgotha w/Joker

No Clean Hands  
NARMIR'S LETTER  
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Man Up  
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#### VENT replies

J. KuL

#### VENT (Epilogue)

#### Oscar Grant

Sevyl Smith  
Tookie  
Mario Woods  
Raheim Brown  
Micah Johnson  
Tamir Rice  
Lavell Mixson  
Dante Parker  
Ezell Ford  
Alan Blueford  
Lin "Spit" Newborn  
Cary Ball  
Michael Brown  
Treyvon Martin  
Laquan McDonald  
Timothy Pride  
Larry Davis  
Terence Crutcher

#### PAPCO Group Blog Recent Comments

Piankhi -- editor

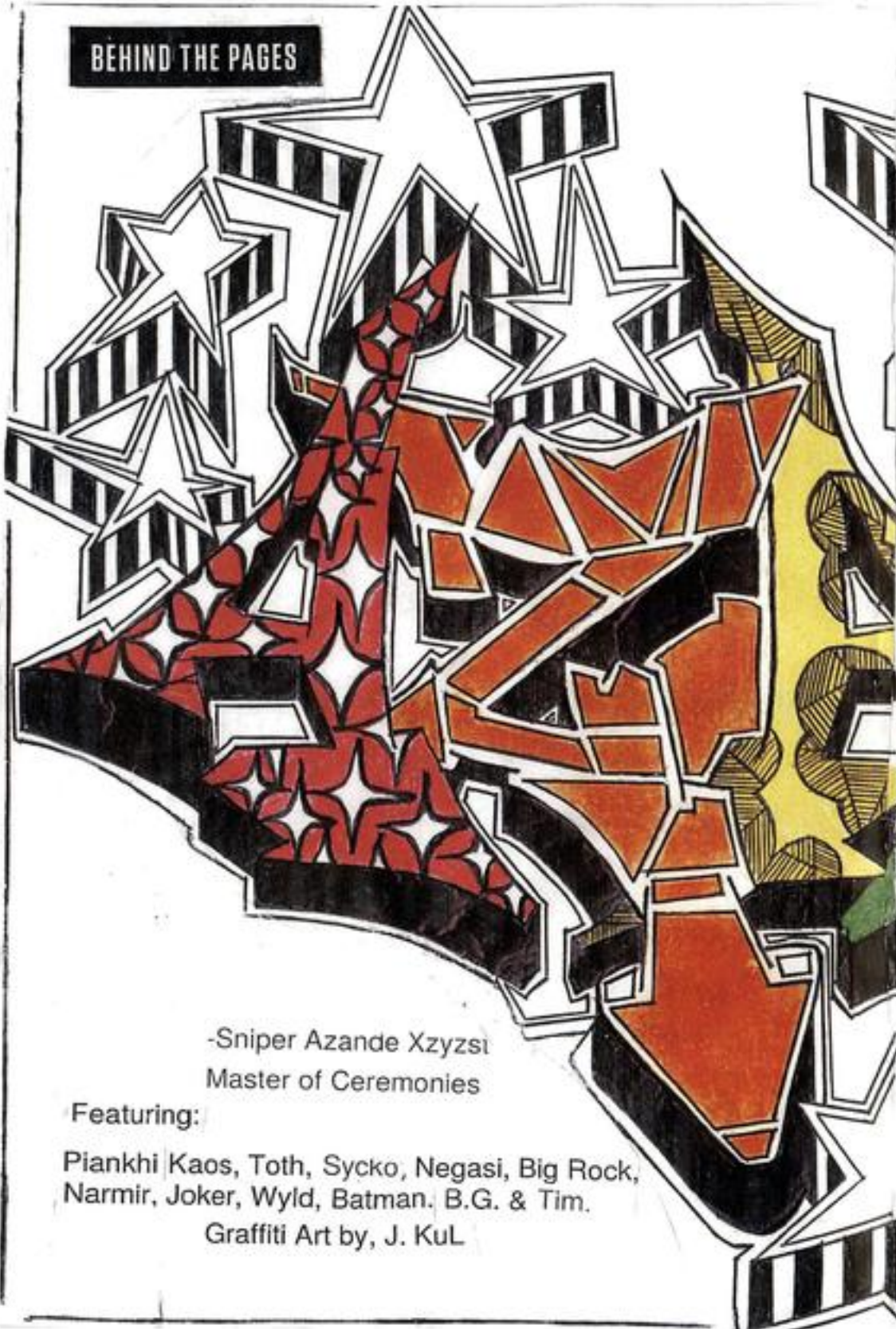
betweenthebars.org/posts/24061/vent

Anthony Rayson - Zine Publisher  
South Chicago ABC Zine Distro  
PO Box 721, Homewood, IL, 60430





BEHIND THE PAGES



-Sniper Azande Xzyzst  
Master of Ceremonies

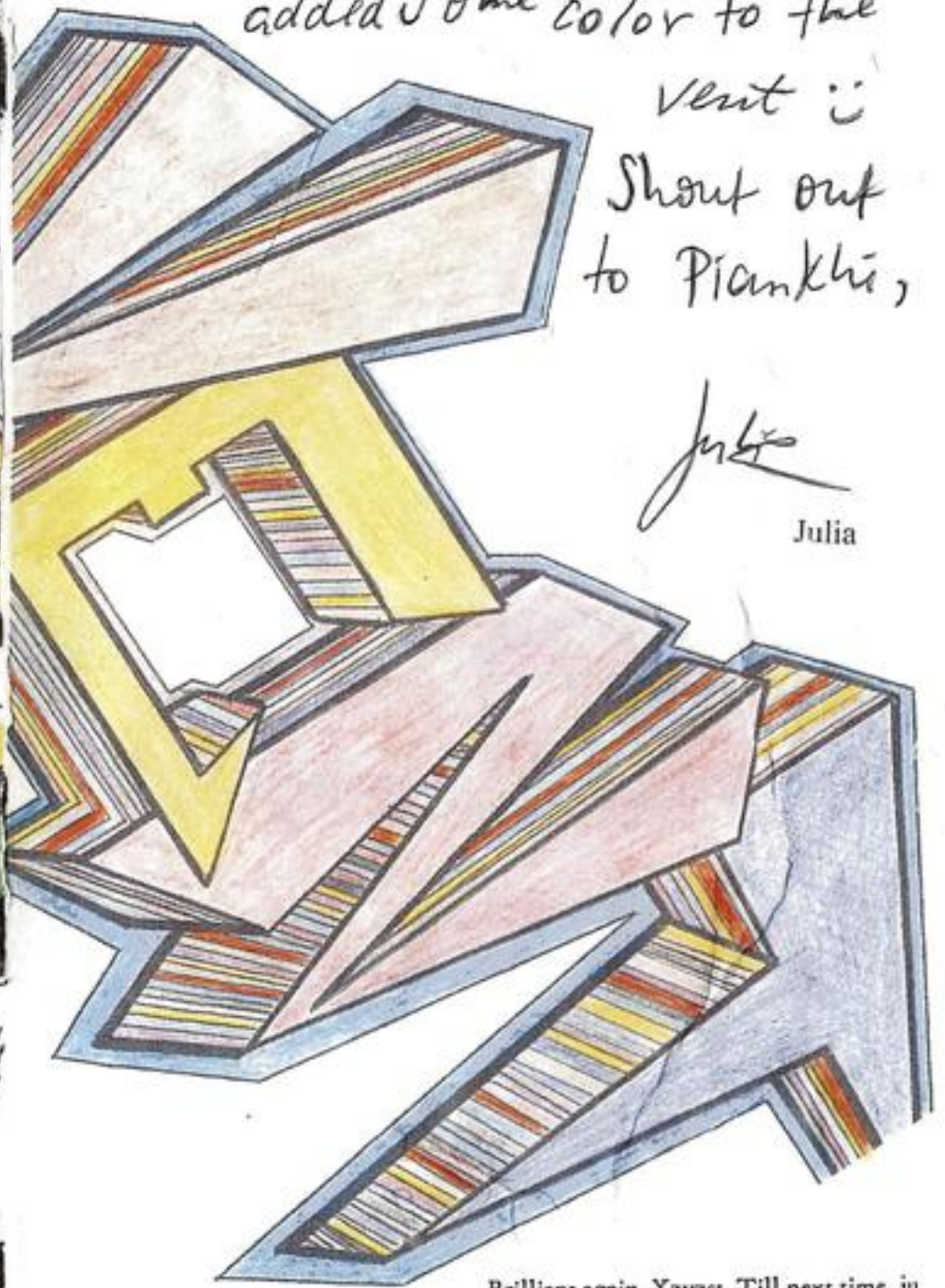
Featuring:

Piankhi Kaos, Toth, Sycko, Negasi, Big Rock,  
Narmir, Joker, Wyld, Batman, B.G. & Tim.

Graffiti Art by, J. Kul

I've been transcribing also  
added some color to the  
vent ;  
Shout out  
to Piankhi,

*Julia*  
Julia



Brilliant again, Xzyzst. Till next time, ju



## THE VENT (Epilogue)

It's good to see more people from all walks of life in outer society contribute their voices, resources and skillsets to the movement against the crisis of militarized police terrorist killings of Black people, in the streets of America.

While recognizing laws associated with free speech, and laws against incarcerating people without adequate ventilation systems, we became interested in displaying what a new generation of California's Death Row's population of rhyme slingers, and ink spillers, had to say about this issue.

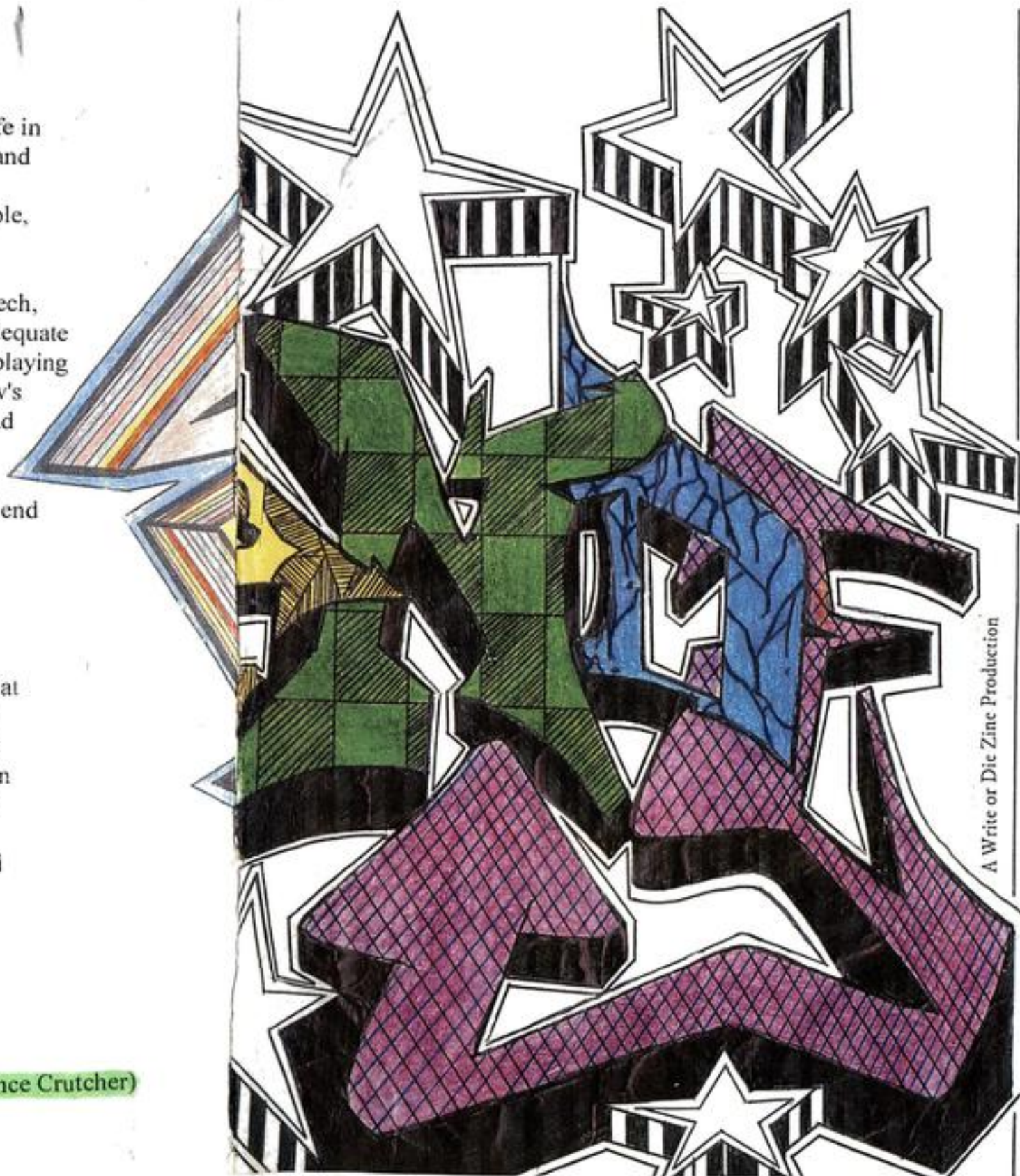
To no surprise, the coming election which could end the death penalty in this State, has created an environment of fear that has enslaved tongues, killed spirits, and has scared the living streets out of the selfproclaimed realest.

The overall take away from this work, exposed that each contributor is a true example that true unity is still achievable within our own community, no matter where we are, and that only real niggaz can step up to the vent and provide fresh circualtions of air, by having the courage to speak into a situation, that portion, of reality, that some would rather pretend doesn't exist, or, simply pass off as being nothing but a bunch of godamn noise.

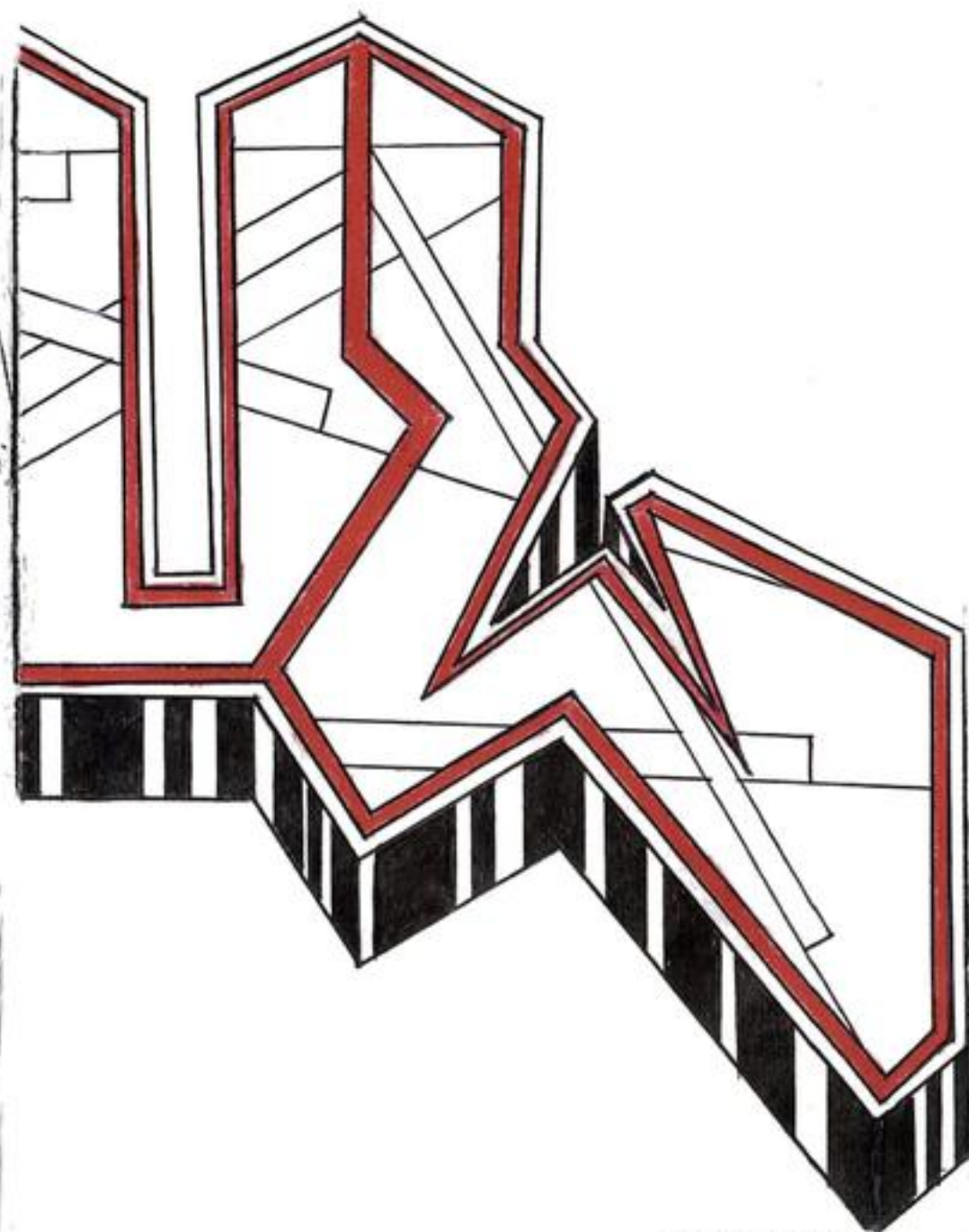
Sniper Azande Xzyzst  
Master of Ceremonies

Silence gives consent

(Terrence Crutcher)

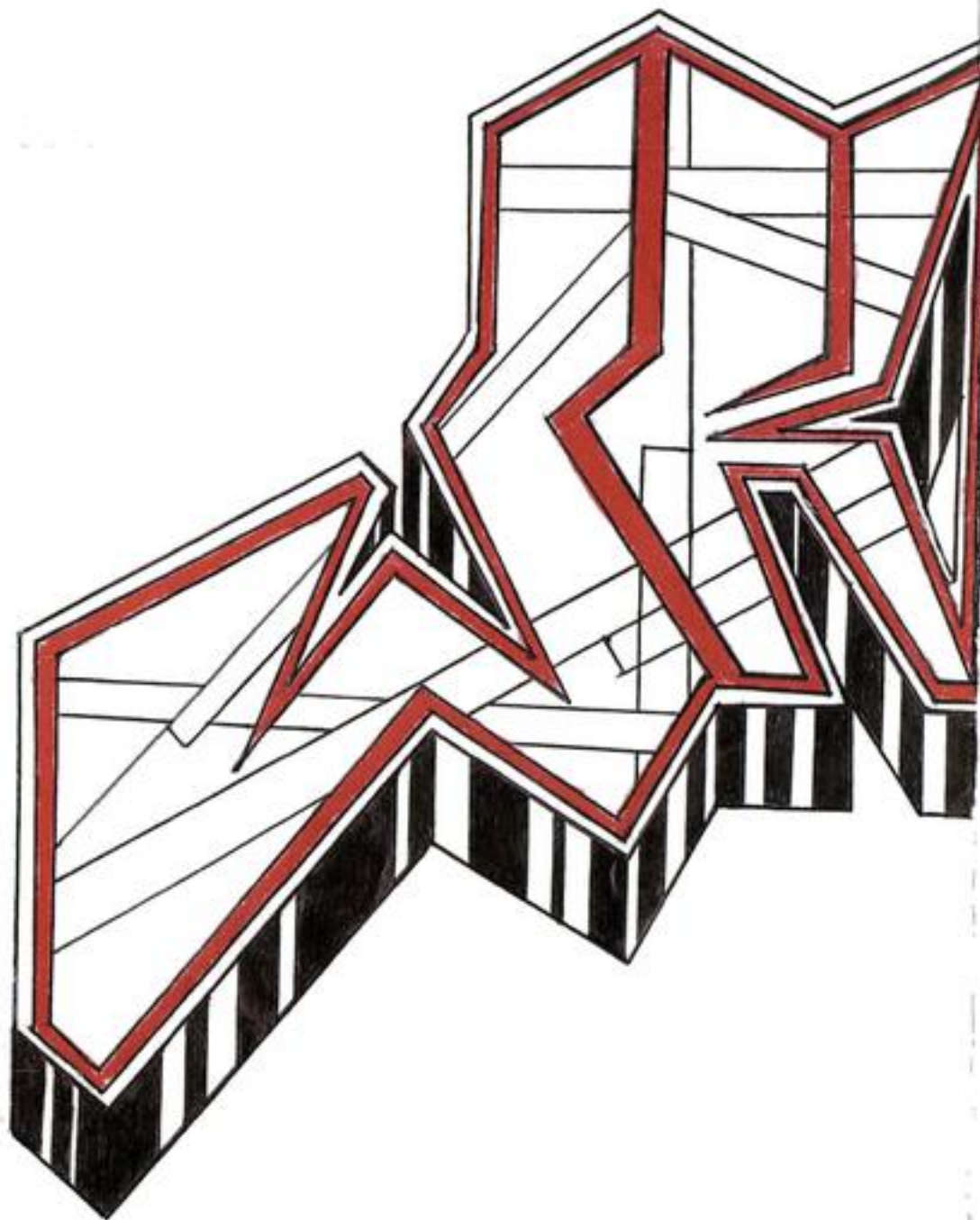






<https://betweenthebars.org/posts/24061/vent>

--add infinitum



Oscar Herrera Andy Lopez Alex Nieto Omar Abrego

## The VENT

Vent - to give vigorous or emotional expression to, an opportunity, or way of escape, or passage, or relief of pressure, to cause fresh air to circulate, so as to replace foul air.

Welcome to The Vent,  
a subculture within a subculture. So, imagine, well, just those of you who haven't already experienced this, but imagine being arrested in America, oh lawd!

Yes, it's personal, and life just got real, on unexpected levels, you're sitting in a jail cell, prison cell, or Juvenile Detention cell, like so many of us, you hear sounds of rhythmic pounding; designers of institutions renders every captive blind, so there is no way you can see where the sounds are coming from, so, where is it coming from?

The sink? No, The toilet? yeah maybe, but for You, hell no, it's got to be the air vent, right? And by captive nature, you climb on top of the sink to press your ear against the air vent and discover an underworld, in real time, live sessions of other worldly spoken word performances, recitals of Poetic Asides, political dialogue, and commentary, All day, all night rap battles, and some of the best singing you've ever heard No busters allowed clause in full effect.

Massive euphoria, applause, oohz and awwhhz, laughter, and the thick tension of silence when you hear voices inside the vent calling out to you, mostly to see if the new homie got flows, as the vent craves new energy.

Now, for a few of the elderly, the haters, and racist cops, all of this ain't nothing but a bunch of goddamn noise, and even those brief Rude interruptive static moments seem to be a natural component to what happens inside of the Vent, locked up, and locked down, and yet, still free.

A human beatboxer, or Table D. J. are the first people in our generation known to have spoken about this subterranean history, of musical and social connective creative space, that incarcerated Americans experienced before, during, and after many Civil Rights Movements and eras dating back into the days of blatant slavery.

Same songs, different lyrics, same movement, different generation, same hateful enemy, new solidarity of love, where the killing of dead time, with the energy of live entertainment, from some of the youngest voices that can only be heard, when the souls of the innercity streets of America consolidate in true power, simply by breathing in the fresh air of the fresh circulation of Will, and determination, flowing through the ventilation system of incarceration.

For this demo, we requested each contributing scribbler to identify by street Tribal name only, to highlight and honor the names located on each page, of just a few, of the thousands of victims, of militarized police terrorist murders, of American innercity youth, hey, y'all ready for some grimy consciousness?

So, without further adulation, Ladies and Gentlemen, again, welcome to The Vent, in prisoner zine format, at California deathrow.

-Sniper Azande Xzyzst  
Master of Ceremonies

*Dialect and Slang*

(Oscar Grant)



Like They Use To  
Kaos

Man I can't even call it, it's scary  
this solitary confinement, no commissary  
to dine in, tryin hard to keep my thoughts str8  
God got a plan for me what is my fate  
I know it's not to sit here and rot in this place  
I'm cryin on tha inside but all you see is mean mugz  
having visions of my paper is what I dream of  
But what am I to do while I'm locked in this pit  
visualizing tha streets but I wake up staring at bricks  
I'm sick and tired of being tired, what's required of a Rider homie  
I'm not a sympathizer, I'll light a nigga ass on fire  
And they tell me don't ever fire a bitch while you in the penitentiary  
letters and visits is cool, but bread is what I really need  
For my Ndugus, c-walkers and Su-woops, who was makin boo coo  
bucks and they bitches fell out like loose tooths  
now she act like she don't know me and she know I was rappin Ru's  
situation got ugly not she don't love me like she used to  
She don't love me like she use to and now she found somebody new  
What is she gonna do, He don't love me like he use to  
yeah tha homies acting brand new what are they gonna do  
Family don't love me like they use to, I don't hear nothing but bad news  
What are we gonna do, damn man I been down for a minute  
Tell-Me-What-Am-I-gonna do  
I'm tryin hard to get out but still stuck in this predicament tryin to  
collect my dividends I was livin like a stick up Man, hit a lick again  
I will stick it in ya face and tell you open up the safe, I'm on a major  
paper chase for paper from the caper to the razor, pistol packin  
blastin shit even though I knew law and now I'm sittin in my cell  
in nothin but socks and draws, it's not the life for a gangsta man,  
never that, Babylons took my paper and I will never get that  
cheddar back. Easy come easy go they make it to where we can't  
stack it, you gotta learn don't put ya eggs all in the same basket.  
Always roll solo man I found out the hard way, now I'm stuck  
between a rock and a hard place, I'm deep in this game man, now  
in too deep to get out, my dick so deep in her mouth I feel what  
she thinking about. Now what am I gone do if I get out of jail  
knock a hoe and collect my mail, then build up my clientele, stop  
staring at me breakin ya keck, like I'm a fine hoe, when I get to  
bustin you runnin like I'm tha f.o, I'm doing time but you act like I  
died nigga I should shoot you out there claiming what's mine, why don't  
you love me like you use to.

(Sevyl Smith)

I thought it's the cops job to find out who did crimes, just because you didn't do it, dont mean you need to help the cops to find out who did, isn't that what they get trained and paid to do? This is for "No Mans Land".

-Yo Buz'n

So this is all good, talking about the "Resolution Of Power", but there is already Black Cops, Mayors, and political figures, and things are getting worse in the hood. I mean it's great to work with kids, but it would also be even greater to see love given to the young people already caught up.

-Trisha B.

If people aren't allowed to Vent, the U.S.A. could selfdistructt, so this is a cool starter idea.

-YoungSeven7

Im used to hearing Rap, but reading this stuff brings it home where nobody is listening but us.

-Word2tha

Unk, thanks for letting me see some of the artwork, savage on some savage. The words, is making me think about some shit tho.

-Da' Kid

A little too much cussing for an old man like me, but I did a DUI, in tha county jail and actually heard this, you guys did a good job with this, when the zine comes out, send me one so I can give it to my wifes young neff @risk, he needs it.

-Carl J.

We've all been sitting here looking at this, everybody likes it, I started crying because all of the writers are on deathrow, so much talent, we love you outhere, and my favorite is the one by Kaos, love you boo.

-Brig

Wyid and Joker got skillz, I see you still at it, this used to be us all day, I'll shoot you a lil somthin to putin the zine, tell Wyid and Joker I said save a few bars for me, I'm comin wit it.

-Striker8

Amadou Diallo



THE  
VENT

Replied

This is for "New Generation Rising" rap, it reads like a freestyle, never seen a freestyle written B4, and R these tha names of the homies on tha row? Major shit

-Terry

Hi lil Bro, "Where the Children play" is very good, it's just too bad that he was forced to write it while a black man was president.

-Man

Commenting on "Like They Use To", thats crazy because so many people are forgotten when they fall, my favorite out of what I've read so far.

-BabyMama

Narmir's Letter is the realest shit ever, the response letter is deep as well, never thought about it like this before.

-Cato

That "Angry BlackMan" rap is the truth about how they view all young blacks, you pretty much just wrote out all of their fears, good job, is this going onto your zine as well?

-Milo

Just read "What Does It Mean To Be Black?" Sorry for the loss of your father, they dont know about that side of all of this, nobody is talking about this, it's all one sided, but you sound strong, keep writing.

-Brenda

(Timothy Pride)

Like They Use To



Jordan Davis



## New Generation Rising

Smurf Bird Lil G. & AL-B  
Juvenile, Lukanoz & CharlieC  
KiKi & Tako, DannyBoy & Goldie Loc  
Rock Head, Scrappy Moja Time & Moe

G-Man & Cee, Javier & A.D.  
Shawty & Christ, B.G. & Y.B.  
J-Kul, Young Detroit & Mahdi  
Rusty & Chaka, Potatohead & Brotha E.

Kwesi Snake & Whacc  
Sugar Ray & Shaq  
Adisa & AJani Kerm Muatta Lil Jack  
Fee Tracy Nut & Spreg  
Mao Bone & Bay  
Ant Blank & Wiz  
Jawaun Boo & Valley J.

Tajirio USO BOBO, L.A. Tone & Solo  
Ken DOG\_E.DOG\_J-DOG\_N.G. & NONO  
Bandit Jab & Swoop, LocSicc & Chris  
Will Rocce Cain & Mal Knockout June & Element

Batman & B-Mo, T. Maxstar & E. Mo  
Dwayne Blaze Sanman Kelly lil Bandito  
SKwondro Squabblez Chunga Sonny Loko BowWow  
Sycko Two Crazy Bam Kaos C. John & Wyld

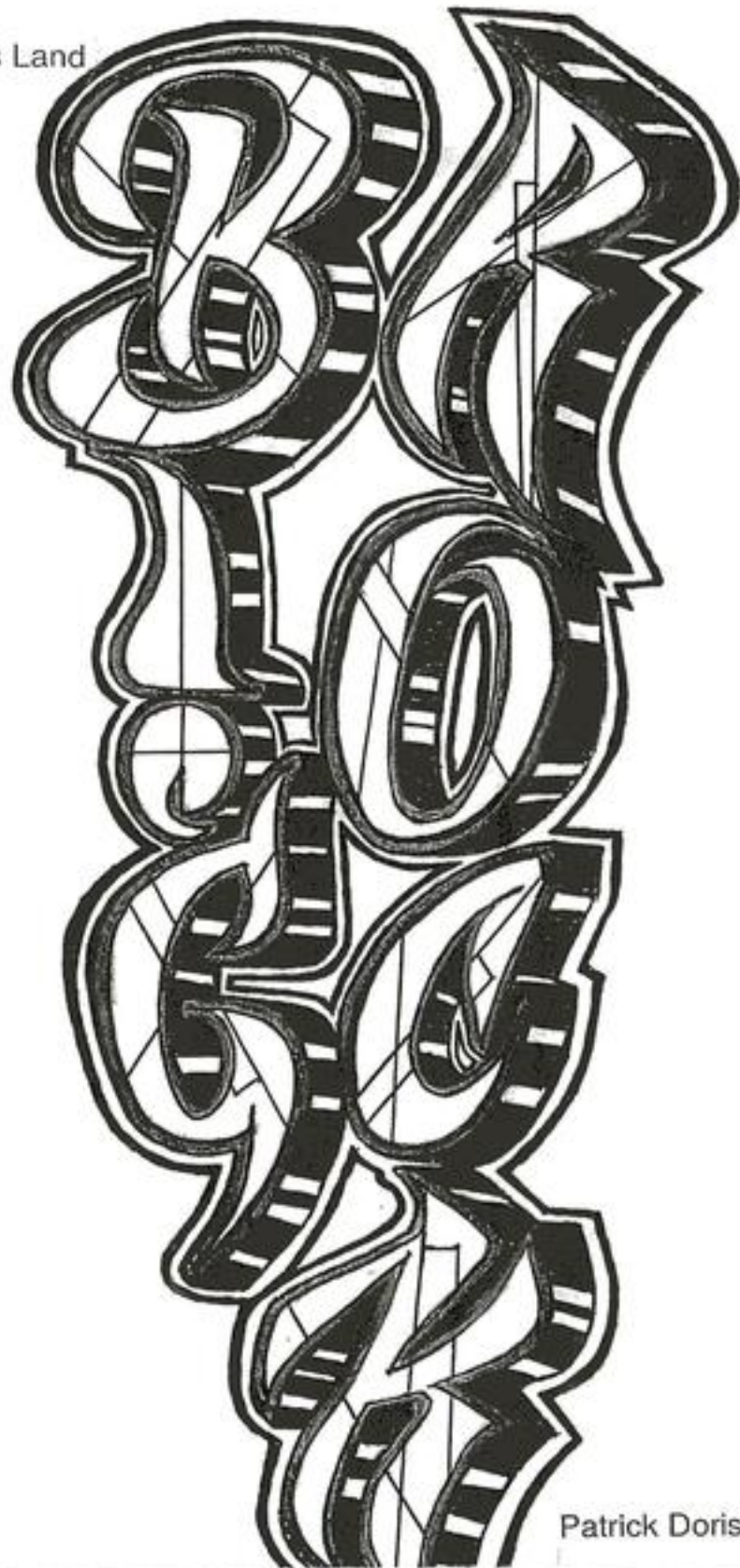
Nitty Jap & Hoova Ray, K-Sean La-Twon & Saint  
Reyon Big Rock & Ru P-Funk & Drew & Young G-Wayne  
Monsta Wrink & Shoez, New generation youth  
Caucasians Asians Natives Eses Usos & The Jews

New Generation Rising  
Kelsey, Pride, Jesse, Taco,  
Tookie, J.Rock, Moyo.  
New Generation Rising

Sniper Azande Xzyzst  
Master of Ceremonies

(Stanley Tookie Williams)

## No Man's Land



Patrick Dorismond



## No-Man's-Land

Coming from outta the 30s with an mentality of a beast. To be loyal to the streets, loyal to my family, tru to myself and to never become a snitch! I've banged, slanged, hustled, traveled the world over on a regular. I have been known to go beast on a nigga. but i've never harm a soul who didn't try to harm me! But how do i get back at the state for kidnapping me and destroying my family... The once athlete/gangsta turn hustler who transition into a family man and a great father. Who is now, a deep dark lost soul with a heart of rage & diabolical thoughts without an outlet outside of this tuna can of cell. Well the state was supposed to protect me, protect my family but instead. Because I refuse to become the DA's snitch bitch, I get railroaded to be executed for being what I was groomed to be, a real nigga! Dont punish me because I did what you couldnt do as a kid and not snitch on other kids. Do you hear tha hurt in my tone, the pain in my words? My mom & G-mom pasted recently without seeing their innocent son freed, my babies has graduated college and gone on to have babies without me.

Thirsty for retaliation against the state fills every micro-fibers that dwells through my cells throughout my body. Can anybody hear the beast battle cry for help. I've been abandonned disscarded and even used as a political tool. For a nigga that bang 30s all over the world this is the thanks I get locked in a box with the key thrown in the eastbay sea. Blood I didn't sign up for this. A man with no country, no family, no friends, no hood, no specific stimulate love for nothing! This all stems from not becoming a worthless snitch. Can't respect it, but I understand it, how the once righteous jumpship, but not I! Thank you for leaning me your ear so i can vent.

Big Rock

(LaQuan McDonald)

## What Does It Mean To Be Black?

Police murdered my Pop's when I was seven  
they all can go to hell, cause aint no way in hell,  
they can co-exist in heaven.  
Police stole my youth,  
a Fatherless child is all I knew,  
and sadly, how a lil nigga grew.  
Beautiful mother, so young and naive,  
left to do it alone, no job, with four kids to feed.  
We weathered many storms,  
freezing, and hungry nights  
with no heat to keep us warm.  
Too young to be King, but this was my thrown,  
the eldest at seven, strong, and playing grown.  
They say black lives matter,  
but the cops cant erase these visions of His blood spatter,  
So, tell me, what does it mean to be black?

Toth



(Mario Woods)



## Audacious Demand

Tell me, is there nothing left?

First you relieved me of my native land  
then raped, pillaged, and plundered every grain of sand  
so please forgive me, if I don't understand.

You have enslaved me in every way  
broken my back and crushed my will every single day  
but this is not enough, so much more there is to say.

You have torn my kingdom from my bloody hands  
robbed my palace, and savored the fruit of my lands  
so forgive me again, if I fail to understand.

You have placed a veil over my eyes  
denied my right to claim all that lay beneath the stars  
but to even the blind, the truth is still clear to see.

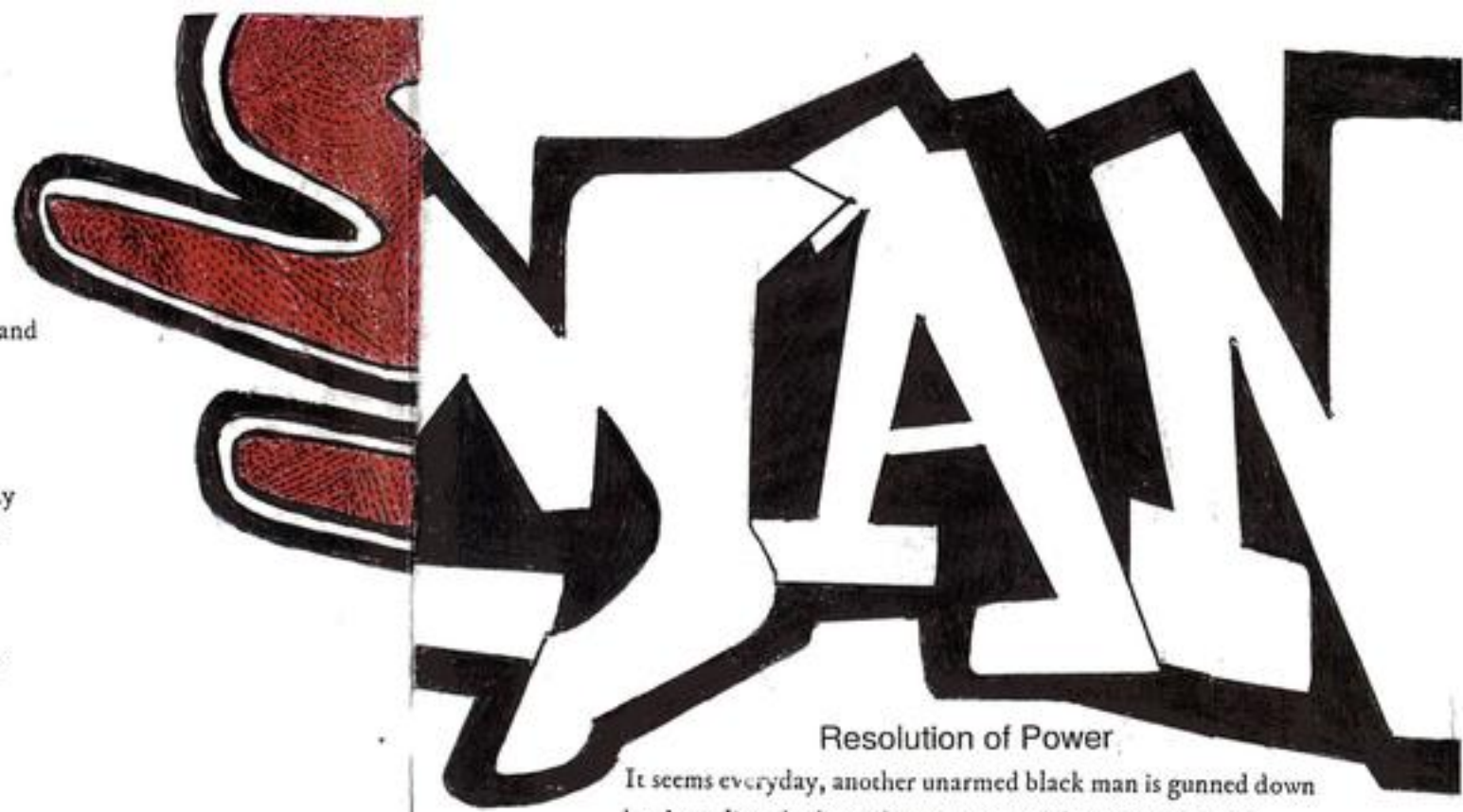
You have sought to seize all that I had  
look with disgrace, as if to say, I, drove you mad,  
victim of such fates, I should be anything but glad.

How could you hide what stood before,  
yet you still retain the arrogant audacity,  
to cup your hands, and demand that I give you more?

Tell me, what fresh hell is this wretchedness,  
that continuously persisted throughout the years,  
yet has failed to extinguish it's burning desire,  
to terminate every single trace of my existence?

"Sycko"

(Raheim Brown)



## Resolution of Power

It seems everyday, another unarmed black man is gunned down by the police. And everyday, someone picks up a mic, or get online and rant about the injustice going on, but wheres the change? The bible says: "Faith without works is dead", and I agree; "Protest without action is dead". You can march all you want, you can riot and loot, boycott, or even take a knee, but then what? Wheres the follow up? Wheres the action? Though I do admire those who want to do things to start a "conversation", my question is, how much "conversation" are you going to have before you actually get up and do something? Let me be clear, when I say do something, I dont mean violence. I know some want to "fight fire with fire", but that won't cause anything but more of what we're mad about.

I truly believe nothing will change until we as a people are ready to start putting action into faith, instead of believing, or having faith that if we can start a "conversation" with the police, they'll, all of a sudden, start to hear us.

BatMan

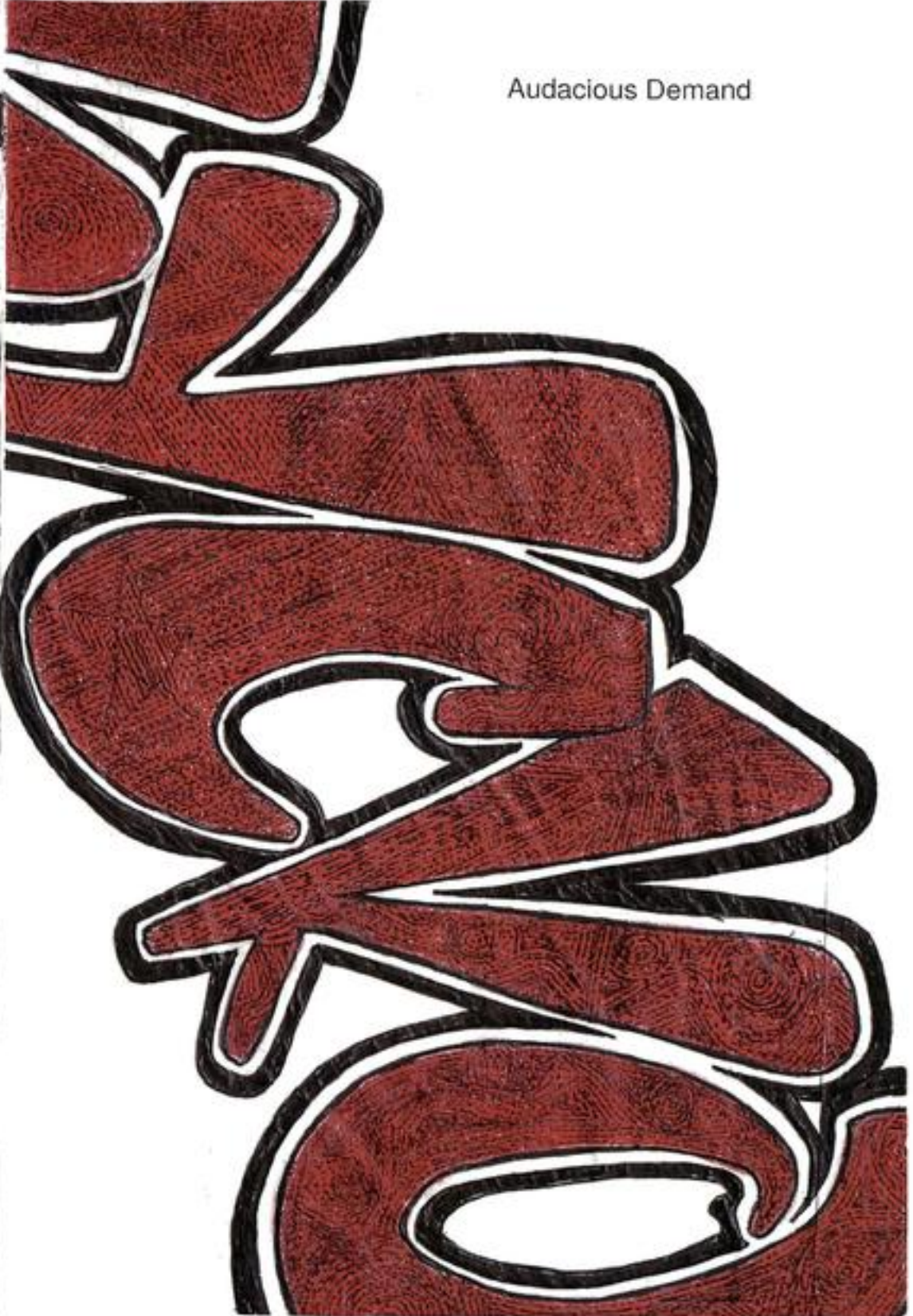
Michael Brown



Resolution of Power

Audacious Demand

Emmit Tili







## @Golgotha w/ Young Joker

### (Anatomy of a Zine)

Prison yards are full of the usual divided pockets of subcultural groups, the burpie dudes, the table gamers, the dialoguers, and then there's the prison tribes, and street tribal cats, racial thing is also noticable. And then there's Me and Joker and the rest of the rappers and a few singers, beatboxers, tables DJ's, yall know, Prison HipHop Society, separated, together.

### (The Tone)

Deathrow's Rhyme slingers and ink spillers will pop a verse at eachother, on site, in passing, it's just what we do, so for this ventilation ceremony, I caught young joker at yard recall, walking past the cell I'm in, and shot at him with one of our 30 second spit fire freestyle ciphers, because yard recall is a quick step around here, and, the officers be tripp'n about stopp'n at the homies cells. The following is titled:

### (The Book of Micah)

Date: August 28, 2016

Time: 11:15am, yard recall

Location: cell front, unit eastblock, California Death Row

Format: Cell front freestyle, Hand documented by: Xyzst

Page count: 6 pages

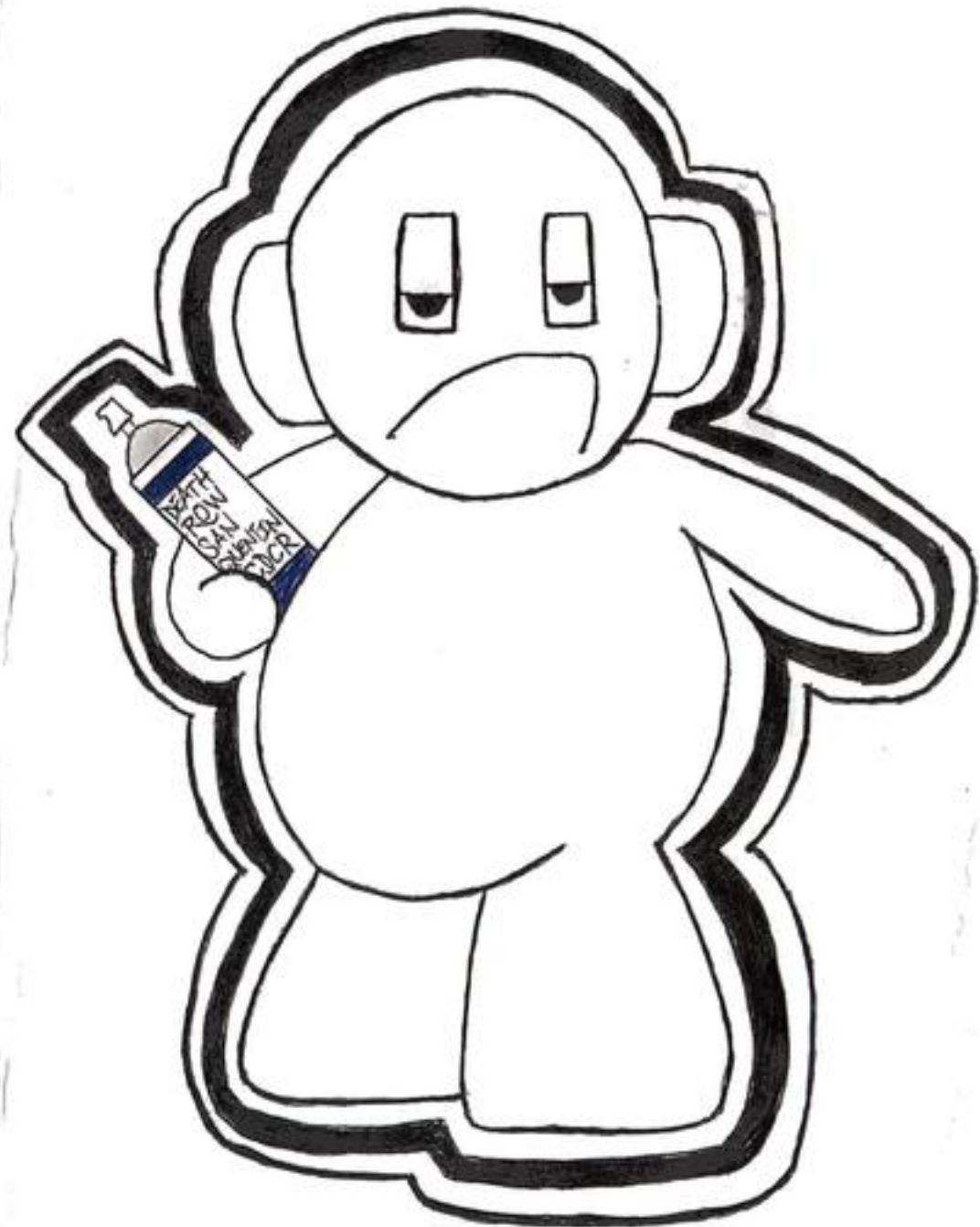
Contributors: 2 Xyzst (exist) and Joker

Any and all additional written works

contained in this segment, are soley

written, produced, arranged, composed

and performed by: Joker





Press Send

piankhi

An amalgamation gradually blend  
into each other, press, send  
Merging our lips away from slavery songs sung  
dabble into freedoms where our tongues  
meet at a new spoken word, where rapping  
spirits and science collide creating new suns.  
Freestyle slow dancing, we dance with each other  
family, mothers, and brothers,  
fathers, daughters, and lovers  
that merged into our warring species, sunrise

Too late for a history lesson of your truth, sir  
My generation is the imagination  
between the present and the future.  
Merging White knights with Black lights,  
Natives and Asians, South Pacific amazing  
New reality, new facts, new fantasies, new Black  
Equal hearts, anointed, equal face,  
equal parts, DNA of every race,  
every space, equal time  
This is a worldwide merger of the mind.

What value then is unity when one isn't included?  
Forward motion in love becomes impossible and deluded.  
Merging thoughts with actions evades no genius  
with one mind, wickedness they cannot bring us.  
There is no question, we leave no answer.  
There is no love that's incapable of curing cancer.  
We merge, we merge into a new decision,  
merging into one another must be our new religion.  
Diversity absorbs our will, culture, and passion,  
Music, food, arts, and fashion,  
An amalgamation we gradually blend.  
Now uploading this new merger.  
All in favor, say press send.

(Treyvon Martin)



@Golgotha w/ Young Joker

XZ:  
Society fak'n like they don't comprehend  
a lil nigga'z passion  
so now where do we begin  
at the constitution, or where  
the star spangled banner iz lack'n?

JK:  
When politicians sat down on the floor  
they called it a major civil action  
when a black football player sat down  
because that song aint about lil  
niggaz next door, they called him a  
major distraction.

XZ:  
For every action theres a reaction  
all of a sudden those wordz don't  
apply to Micah in Dallas that went  
Kenneth Cole on they asses  
and got unlisted reaction crack'n.

JK:  
Anglosaxin'z killin Latin'z and Blackz and  
gett'n paid leave, maxin and relaxin  
don't appear to me, to be an equal transaction

XZ:  
Kill'n nigga'z da chase iz on, dogz track'n  
squeez'n trigga'z at my blackness,  
99% police corruption practices.

JK:  
Pulse on some Bolt shit  
bullets in my back  
police body camera broken, shit,  
nobody captured that  
runnin to my sista'z house  
where everybody iz black  
we're almost where dem nigga'z fire back  
gotta go, here dey come.... (small crowd broken up with ooh'z & aaah'z)



JK: Its easy to write about police brutality cause its what we have been and continue to be faced with along with a host of other things but there is a phrase being used that leaves me to question if "Black Lives Matter" see thats the phrase I'm refering to "Black Lives Matter" but who do they matter to? Now how can we stop the police from killing us when blacks kill just as many blacks as they do. Don't get me wrong, I love my people but I have to ask how does anything change if we can't respect and treat our own as equal so we can stand together and fight the greater evil as much as I hate the fact we are constantly mistreated the simple truth is we must get our own house in order before we can point the finger. I've oftern had this image that has me seeing this vivid vision where every black person is on the same page and we are moving with military precision like Micah in Dallas. Now be some casualties and even some resistance but I'm willing to bet we will reach an understanding with our oppressor and police brutality will no longer be our reality. I have turned my pen on us as a people so we can begin to be my brothers keeper and that has to start with the man in the mirror. It's as simple as this, united we stand, divided we continue to fall.

Young Joker

No Clean Hands



Tamir Rice

## ROOT OF THE MATTER

"Struggle" typifies a thousand branches  
jutting from one tree,  
Each limb an "ism"  
Deriving from one seed.

Racism

Sexism

Fascism

Capitalism

A thousand and one "ism's"

Propagate like a plague

Complicit are those

Who allow them to spread.

Purge or be ruined

Uproot

Fertilize

Plant anew!

Tim



(Cary Ball)



I dont even call it violence I call it common sense  
 instinct of self preservation is self defense  
 Dey on a kill a nigga campain we rally and complain  
 dey wont get it thru dey brain till itz a even exchange  
 how can we achieve change repeatin dat old game  
 stole da stigma from nigga whips and chainz  
 America taught us we were ugly of ourselvez to be ashamed  
 now dey walk into da doctor tell'em make me look da same  
 begininn in tender stagez played by affliction  
 told da only thing we'll eva be iz dead or in prison  
 divided instead of united by oppression and circumstance  
 where lack of optionz make everything worth a chance  
 time to borrow against da promise of tomarrow wit da equity of yesterday  
 wuz da use of breathin without a reason to give your breath away  
 In da scope of history da 60'z iz like yesterday  
 we disrespectin those who died for shit dat we expect today  
 shoutout to Freddie Gray dis shit iz everyday  
 how much talkin iz too much what else iz left to say  
 should I even need to explain everything iz not ok  
 if so do you think dey would have it any otha way  
 shoutout to Kendre still hear da hurt in ya MaMa voice  
 Shotout to Oscar Grant shoutout to Treyvon  
 Shotout to Jordan Davis the list continues on  
 Shotout to Emmit Till yeah we remember still  
 Bacc against da fence so in defense we present endless will  
 shoutout to Mike Brown what betta time den right now  
 Black Lives only Matter when each iz armed witta hunnit roundz  
 Kicked aside disenfranchised aint nobody concerned  
 so we dont need no water let dat muthafucca burn  
 before liberty comes violence we sufferin in silence  
 no overlord has ever been overthrown by politeness  
 gotta stand for sumtin we done fell for everything  
 worst part of dat city dey dedicate streetz to Martin Luther King  
 wonder how would he feel his name attached to a battlefield  
 all in da line of duty young blacc blood iz spilled  
 on dey rod shit extended clipz pistol on P.E.D'z  
 if we could only see da P.D'z az our enemiez?  
 We cant relax we gotta react 8 shotz in da bacc  
 Walter Scott died az dis Cat covered hiz traccz, enough handz up  
 it'z beyond time to stand up, everybody wanna be da Man, nobody wanna Man Up

@Golgotha w/ Wyld

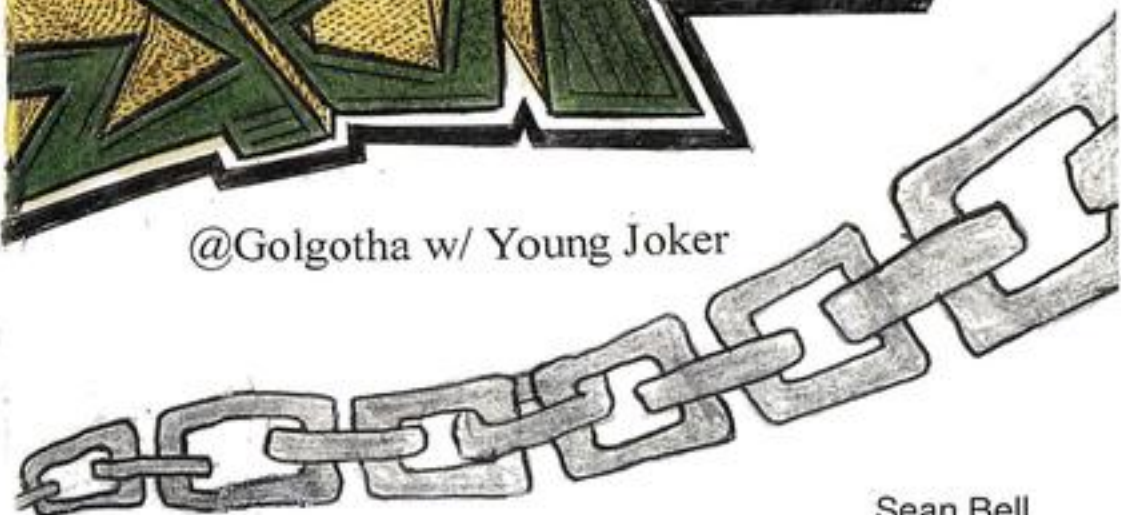
Lin "Spit" Newborn

Man Up

**WYLD**



@Golgotha w/ Young Joker



Sean Bell



## NARMIR'S LETTER

A Beautiful Day!

Raylon & Comrade Bird September 11, 2016

Peace & Gods blessings Be upon you first and most important I extend my respects to both you brothers. I keep yall as well as you alls kin in my prayers. It is my hope 2 stice around and maintain but you both know the nature of our surroundings, I'll try 2 make it bacc 2 (fyard). The situation with comrade Ray has been resolved and we have been cleared to be bacc on yard 2gether so that should not be a problem...

Bro Im heart broken my writing spirit has been crushed last year while I was housed in a/c, my eldest niece was killed in some gangbanging shit. Bird you remember her I used to show you all her pictures.

Well she got caught up homie she was gang banging (Hoover) she got caught up in a murder & the dudes got bacc., taking her & her baby Daddy. Devastated me & my family. I've tried to write on some positive Blek unity & Im lost homie. My thoughts are (evil) white & plane. I hope 2 find my way bout right now my spirit aint in it. I still laugh & clown Im still the same wiz but somewhere deep lies an ugliness & its blocking my shine... On the real Raylon / Bird yall both know how much I use to pray its been a minute since my forehead touch the ground. Im angry, shit homie I quit smoking weed... I cant even enjoy being high because of my memories...

In the mean time I got a lil work out routine. I dont do it to work the hat anger out. I do it to give the hate & anger something to hold on to. Its crazy Im 40 been on Death Row 20 years my niece 19, been on earth 19 years & gone but Im still here. Got to be a reason but its over my head...

As I opened comrades I shall close Peace & Gods blessing be upon you I extend my respects to both you brothers. Peace to all the Lavells growing in the Hoods (Lavell killed 4 Oakland pigs) Sincerely with honor & love

Michael

(Lavell Mixson)

of 100% of those that took oath to protect & serve all communitie'z equally, aint nobody talk'n bout dat tho,

@Golgotha w/ Wyld

You got tha last word, hit tha people wit someth'n my nigga, from yo archive.

WLD: I really appreciate the opportunity, and I really enjoyed trading bars with you. Everyone may not agree with or subscribe to my views or others featured here, but I would like to salute you brothaz for creating a platform to give us a voice... speaking of which, I got one more for you, and anytime you need one, Just holla.

XZ: Vent Son.....



@Golgotha w/ Wyld



XZ: Herez i fo ya, dey say it'z because  
we say nigga, wont do calm & peacc,  
not wait'n on da lawd, dont give a  
fuk about no hope, like niggaz need hope?

WLD: Dey gave a nigga bible told niggaz to hope/  
fuce what dey called us, dey didn't give a nigga soap/  
If nuttin else niggaz have an amazing ability  
to cope/ Dey left a nigga broke den dey  
blessed us wit some coke/ Nigga used to  
have to pass just to stay afloat/ Now  
everybody wanna be a nigga, yeah nigga Imm'a  
gloat/ Im done talkin my thoughtz in fuce it  
mode/ Tell dem muthafuccaz talk into my  
bullethole

XZ: Whatta ya say to idiot'z that blame it  
On poverty, poor schoolz & tha  
need for Jesus to save our soulz?

WLD: I gotta agree wit'em da system so cold/ born  
into a chokehold so survival supercedes goalz/  
We need Jesus to save us from cops on patrol/  
or turn dis bitch into Dallas, talk into my  
bullethole/

XZ: Good look'n out young gun, it'z been an  
honor to spill dis ink wit cha, tha country  
iz full of cop-outz, excuses, and convo  
deflector'z rightnow, too many expertz iz  
talk'n loud & aint say'n shit.

"Stop Kill'n Us" iz all that needz to be  
said, dey need to explain the smoke screen'z  
to all tha black inner city youth thatz  
already shot up, or dead.

And since we all know, that cemetarie'z &  
urn'z dont do hope, purhap'z the cop'z  
need to start talk'n to eachother, or  
else talk into tha bullet hole'z of us all,  
az tha youth of America call for gun  
control of the weapon'z in the hand'z

@Golgotha w/ Wyld

Vonderitt D. Meyers Jr.

## The VENT



John Crawford



Letter (response)

## Spear's & Shields

Michael,

Blessed one, we send our'z to you and the fam, and we talked about your powerful words because most people in "The Struggle" dont realize that there is another struggle going on within the hearts of those of us outthere in street tibal warfare.

Bro, I questioned my own positive youth development work when I learned that two Black, and biological Brothers, no 'older than 23 years old, killed my dad in front of a store, he was 63 years old.

How could I continue to spill ink on behalf of a generation of youth that just stomped, and kicked the brains of my hero out his skull? Man, fuck them niggaz.

Im not Jesus, so forgiveness, and forgetfulness is not my position on the issue of black on black crime, Black Lives what?

However, like your niece, my hero loved deeply, and demanded the real from society.

So, what real? We sometimes forget that African's had shield's and spear's long before enslavers set foot on the Continent, and they used them for more than just hunting for food, and protection from wild animals.

So, if no manner of tribal warfare constituted an excuse for others to enslave, rape, and murder us in or near to 1619, then it must not be, and cannot be used against us today; for there will always be tribal conflict in our community.

We grieve with you out of love and respect, yet, in our past life, even we was enemies to eachother, and we are the only reason I just wrote the word, "was".

I want to bless you with the following words that helped me regain my ballance and continue this work, and pray that these words help you to struggle the concept of continuing not your amazing work.

(Dante Parker)

@Golgotha w/ Wyld

@Golgotha w/Wyld  
an interview by: Xzyyst

XZ: What ya say 2 blined-eyed politicianz always talk'n bout, vote'z & pole'z?

WLD: Dey dont give a fucc about our hopez and goalz / Dem politicianz pimpin, what dat make us hoez? / Im done talkin my thoughtz in fucc it mode / Tell dem Muthafuccaz talk into my bullethole

XZ: Whatta bout manipulator'z talk'n bout, tha system & race, az if tha system aint human controlled?

WLD: Da system waz designed to defend da liez dey told / stacc'n da decc against us to ensure dey neva fold / Im done talkin my thoughtz in fucc it mode / Tell dem muthafuccaz, talk into my bullethole

XZ: How bout, house niggaz talk'n bout no more bright color'z, nappy hair, hoodie'z, white T-shirtz, skinny Jean'z, saggy pantz, urban sportswear, stop resist'n & do what ya told?

WLD: How can we tell a muthafucca what he already knowz / how come we da only muthafuccaz dyin ova clothez / number one problem wit what you muthafuccaz propose / no matter what you wear muthafuccaz ya skin shows / Im done talkin my thoutz in muthafucc it mode / Tell dem muthafuccaz talk into my bullethole.

XZ: Whatta ya say to deflector trader nigga'z talkin bout, black on black crime, dis excuse is gett'n old, huh?

WLD: Tell'em boit dis green blacc, white, brown, yellow, young or old huh/ Blacc on Blacc 9 ski mask but it aint cold huh/ Im done talking my thoughtz in fucc it mode/ Tell dem muthafuccaz talk into my bullerhole







## @Golgotha w/ Wyld

### (Anatomy of a Zine)

Fresh off the inner city streets of America, enters a new wave of young people to the condemned population at San Quentin State Prison, here in California.

One of these young men is known as Wyld, as his popular street tribal name is associated with his emcee skillset, so we had to catch up with him, shot a back issue of the Write Or Die Zine Project at him, as we assumed he would, he shot back, with a photo and a verse that we published in our Poetry, Prose & Condz vil, 2 issue, see it online @: [betweenthebars.org/Group/Papyruscollective](http://betweenthebars.org/Group/Papyruscollective): post titled: WYLD

### (The Tone)

For this unique ventilation ceremony, we had to feature this young prolific hood rhyme slinger in our @Golgotha interview segment, as we formatted the session in, rhyme exchange cipher mode, so engage the voices of American innercity youth, in what organically became titled:

### (Talk Into My Bullethole)

Date: August 28, 2016

Time: 11:50am, (at Yard Recall)

Location: Unit East Block, 4th Tier, Yardside, Calif. Condemned Row.

Format: Hand documented by: Xzyzst (exist), & Wyld (wild).

PageCount: 5 pages

Contributors: 2

Any and all additional written works contained in this segment, are solely written, produced, arranged, composed and performed by: Wyld

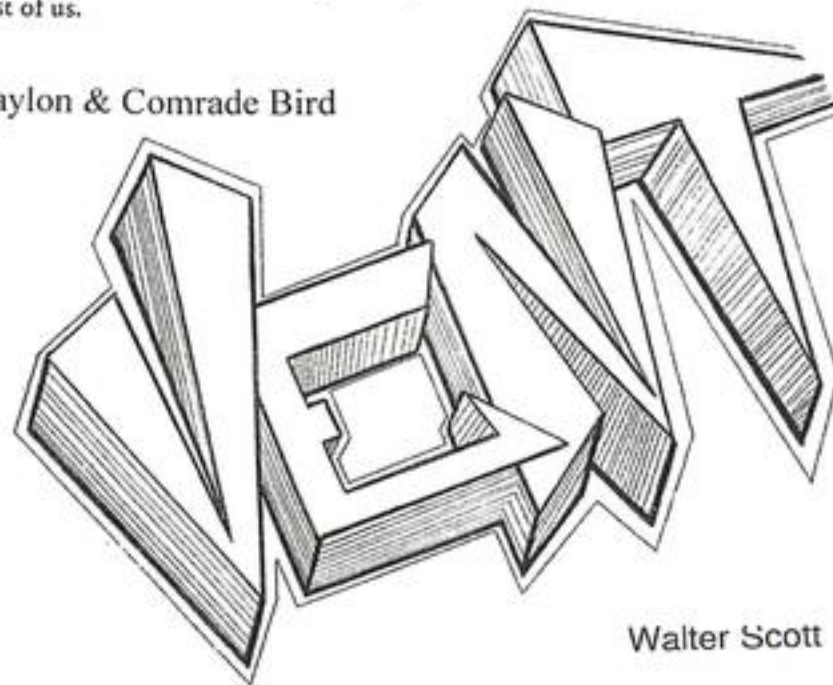
Alan Blueford

"The search for security in conditions of oppression, the quest for personal harmony in circumstances of social violence, or the wish for private success at the cost of betraying collective aspirations, require little originality, and risk, because such efforts accept the status quo of oppression as immutable. Freedom requires new courage, new vision, and new commitments. The dehumanizing master without must be killed, at least psychologically, just as the slumberingslave within must be ejected. Neither can occur without willed, organized action. Both entail risking a psychological crisis and even physical death. For then and only then can a given generation of the oppresses effect change and reclaim their history."

-Frantz Fanon

Bro, we are with you, this work needs you, and we will not allow anyone to use our own shield's and spear'z against us, not even our own hearts, your leadership is required, along with the rest of us.

Raylon & Comrade Bird



Walter Scott



## Where the Children Play

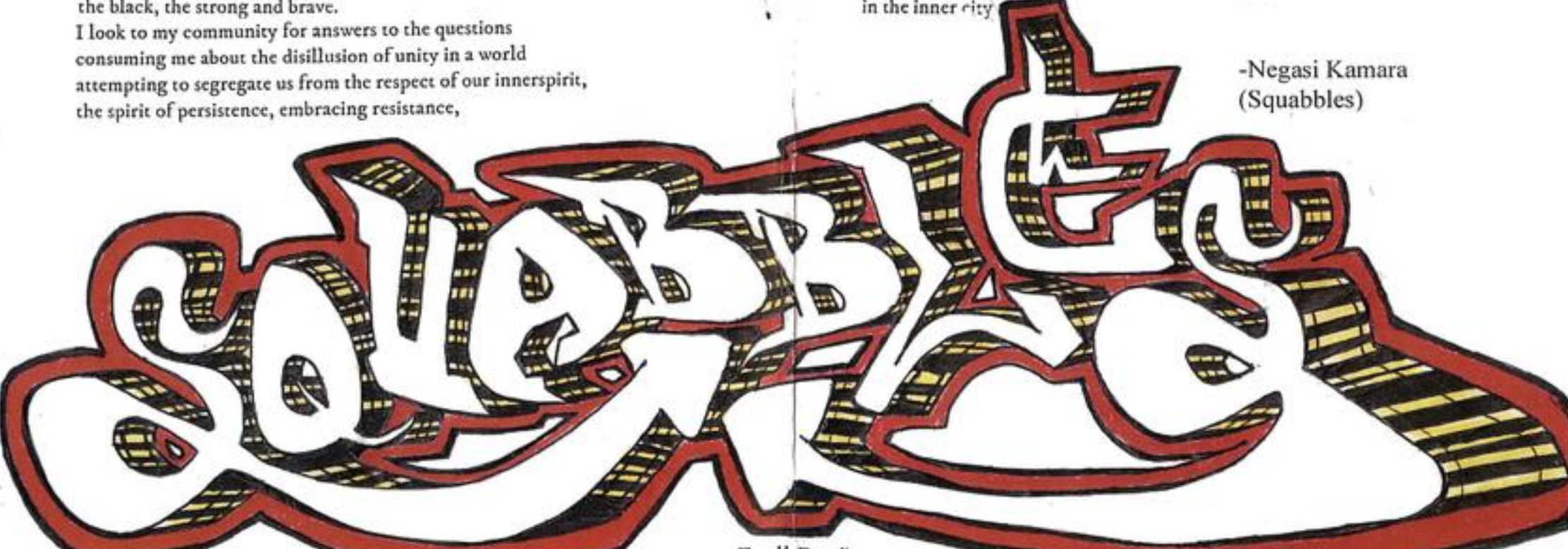
The dreams of the democracy that we inherited  
echos the sounds of freedom that have been parroted  
by our surrogate fathers, filling the voids that  
fear has left in our subconscious, by an authority  
that has no concious, and is unable to express remorse  
So what course of action must we partake in, as we  
we take in, the continuously ridiculous number of  
dead black men, leaving our mothers to bleach  
the concrete clean of blood, scrubbing and scouring  
with the strength that remains of this love, that we  
feel for our fallen son's.

What new level of degradation and demoralization  
must we accept in the process of dehumanization, what  
new low must we allow to embrace us, before we  
wake up, looking city to city, and state to state,  
as hate falsifies its credentials, and murder's  
deemed coincidental, live out conclusions that justify  
the means of their illusions, making irrelevance  
of the victims that testify from the graves, the young,  
the black, the strong and brave.

I look to my community for answers to the questions  
consuming me about the disillusion of unity in a world  
attempting to segregate us from the respect of our innerspirit,  
the spirit of persistence, embracing resistance,

How do we console our parents, when it's  
apparent that our every declarant will remain  
unacknowledged, while our children acknowledge  
their own mortality, what reality can we boast of,  
what pride shall raise our chin, when the  
very color of our skin is an accusation that  
not even our wildest imagination would accept  
as an association with sin, my mirror dont lie,  
so the pain dont subside, when the reflection of  
the image that I see, staring back at me,  
mean mugs me with the recognition that I will more than  
likely die, at the hands of corruption and deceit,  
from the inner city police, leaving more mothers  
to reach, for the bucket and bleach, that they keep  
benieth the kitchen sink that they mix with tears  
as they clean the concrete of another brotha's blood,  
scrubbing and scouring with strength that  
remains from the love that we feel for our fallen son's,  
trying to wash the pain away, because no matter what,  
the inner city children still need somewhere to play,  
in the inner city

-Negasi Kamara  
(Squabbles)



(Ezell Ford)



# READING BETWEEN THE BARS

IN CANADA AND THE U.S., ZINES ARE THRIVING IN AN UNLIKELY PLACE: PRISON

BY  
ASHLEIGH  
GAUL

For most zinesters and small presses, editorial meetings probably don't start with the removal of handcuffs and a security guard's demand to empty the pockets and take off the bra. But for Sara Falconer and David Gilbert, collaborators on international prisoner zine *4StruggleMag* and calendar *Certain Days*, sometimes they do.

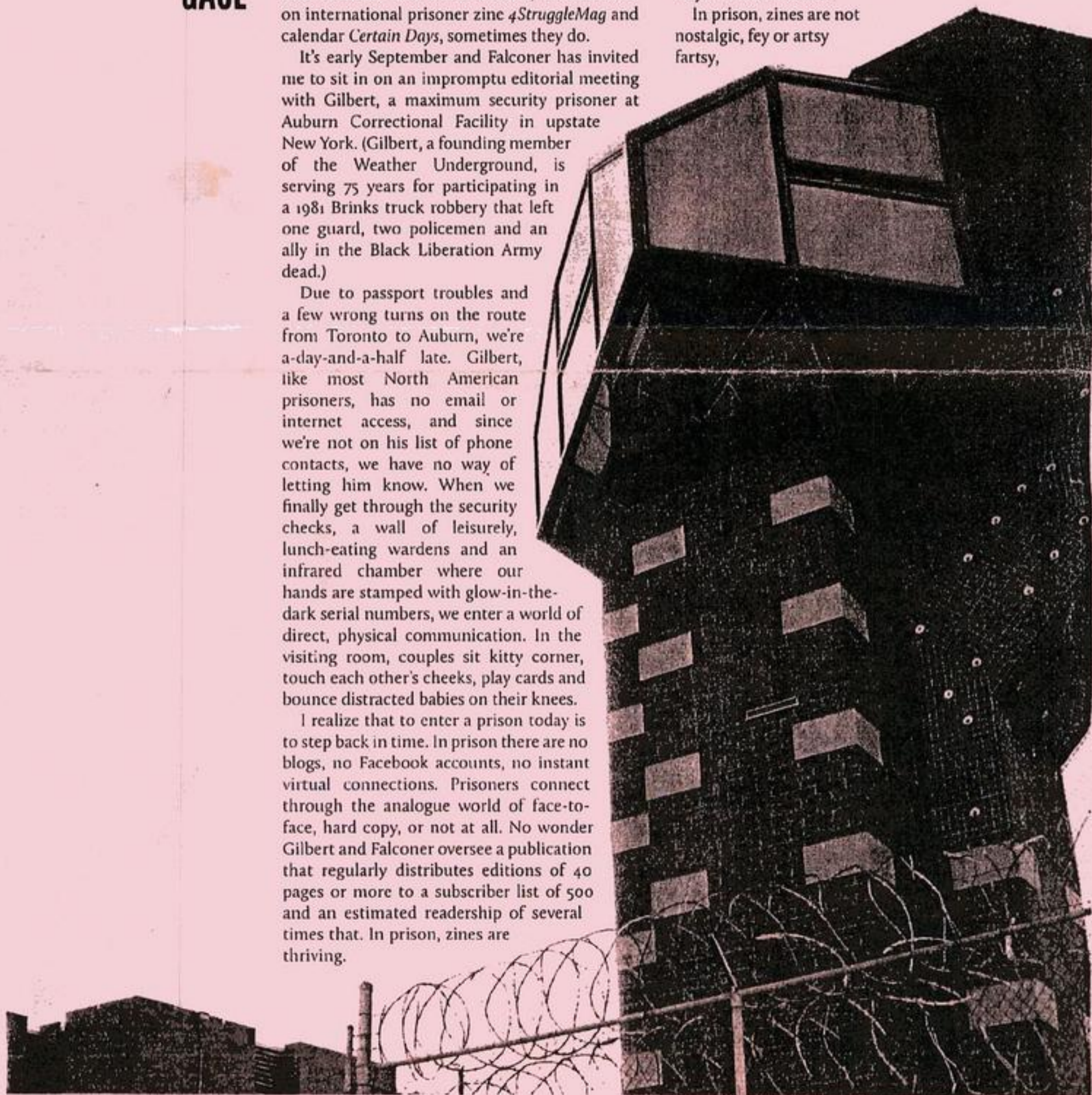
It's early September and Falconer has invited me to sit in on an impromptu editorial meeting with Gilbert, a maximum security prisoner at Auburn Correctional Facility in upstate New York. (Gilbert, a founding member of the Weather Underground, is serving 75 years for participating in a 1981 Brinks truck robbery that left one guard, two policemen and an ally in the Black Liberation Army dead.)

Due to passport troubles and a few wrong turns on the route from Toronto to Auburn, we're a-day-and-a-half late. Gilbert, like most North American prisoners, has no email or internet access, and since we're not on his list of phone contacts, we have no way of letting him know. When we finally get through the security checks, a wall of leisurely, lunch-eating wardens and an infrared chamber where our hands are stamped with glow-in-the-dark serial numbers, we enter a world of direct, physical communication. In the visiting room, couples sit kitty corner, touch each other's cheeks, play cards and bounce distracted babies on their knees.

I realize that to enter a prison today is to step back in time. In prison there are no blogs, no Facebook accounts, no instant virtual connections. Prisoners connect through the analogue world of face-to-face, hard copy, or not at all. No wonder Gilbert and Falconer oversee a publication that regularly distributes editions of 40 pages or more to a subscriber list of 500 and an estimated readership of several times that. In prison, zines are thriving.

When Gilbert arrives, gaunt and in bi-focals, I ask him what he did while awaiting our arrival. Flustered, he pauses. "I would have pulled out the typewriter, but I knew you must be on your way...." And trails off.

In prison, zines are not nostalgic, fey or artsy fartsy,





although they often feature art and some of them are quite beautiful. Between prisoners, who are generally forbidden to write directly to each other, zines are still a basic and practical communication tool. And for better or for worse, as both Canadian and American prisons continue to cut services and communication privileges to a growing inmate population, the need for prison zines is likely to grow.

Meet Anthony Rayson. Take a bus to Crete, a suburb of south Chicago, and visit him in his woodlot bungalow with a wall of handmade protest signs ("Say no to the Crete penitentiary," "Say no to the Crete airport") spiking the front lawn. You will leave with garbage bags full of prisoner zines from his 700+ title collection. Since 1994, Rayson, an ex-toll booth operator who "didn't do a damn thing in there besides make zines and organize my booth," has been writing, editing, hand-copying, hand-stapling and personally addressing tens to hundreds to thousands of zines to inmates in every state except Alaska and some Canadian provinces — free of charge.

Aside from a high school fascination with the student press and an early stab at his own newsletter in 1974, Rayson knew little about home publishing until he created his own anarchist zine, *ThoughtBombs*, in 1990. "But I wanted to collaborate," he says, "so I sent it around, looking for some like-minded thinkers and writers. And the more I reached out, the more I realized that the deeper, more serious thinkers were in prison. And then I meticulously went through *Factsheet Five* and *Zine World* and noticed that a lot of times, the better letters were from prisoners — and a lot of them had addresses, so I started writing to them."

Soon Rayson was getting "incredible manuscript after incredible manuscript" spilling out of his study and into the family living room, attic and garage. Rayson's collection includes practical guides, such as directories for gay, lesbian and Native American support groups and release packages for newly freed prisoners, comic books, reprinted essays on political movements and figures such as the Black Panthers and George Jackson, book-length interviews with some of his more prolific collaborators, a three-part allegory of prison life called *Last Act of the Circus Animals* (modelled after *Animal Farm* but written like a Socratic dialogue), Rayson's own zine on the importance of zines as an educational tool, and even a guide for starting your own zine distro in prison. He started printing a yearly catalogue and distributing that to prisoners with their zine shipments. U.S. prisons allow inmates to receive most literature directly from a publisher, so Rayson bought a \$15 address stamp and called himself a publisher. Once inside, the zines follow their own distribution networks from prisoner to prisoner, through bars, inside distributors, or placed between the books in

thriller and Harlequin-bloated prison libraries (where libraries exist at all).

But as much as Rayson loves his collection — he clearly revels in my amazement, asking me to pick a genre and rushing to a section of unmarked spines to pull out an exact title — he says the rawness of prisoner writing is what keeps him passionate. "When you work with prisoners," he says, "everything is from the ground up. This is what's going on at [the] bottom of America, told from the people who are living there. So it's got a unique clarity and plainness of language. Whatever phoniness is, it's not there. These people can't spell their way out of a paper bag but they have a lot of important things to say."

Though Rayson offers paid subscriptions to readers outside of prison and has donated much of his collection to Chicago's DePaul University library, he doesn't see a huge market for his catalogue in the free world. "It's an underground thing and that's where it's going to stay," he says. "Prisoners like my zines because I'm consistent, not fly-by-night. And if you can pass muster with the most cynical bunch of people in the world, which is American prisoners — if you can get *their* confidence and respect, you know you must be doing something right. But it takes a Herculean effort."

Gilbert and Falconer can attest to the enormous energy a prison publication requires. Soliciting all submissions by snail mail makes for a far-sighted publishing schedule, and Gilbert says he's missed opportunities to write for more than one mainstream magazine because the editor's request came days before the deadline. "They can't understand that trying to get something accomplished in prison is like running a marathon with hurdles," he says. "Slow."

Falconer, who works with free editors in Toronto (her home base) and Montreal, and imprisoned ones in the U.S., searches for different metaphors: "Herding cats? Goat rodeo?" Twice a year, she and her Canadian co-editors tour through three New York prisons to meet Gilbert and their collaborators, Herman Bell and Robert Seth Hayes (two former Black Panthers, both separately arrested in 1973 for the murders of New York City policemen). Together, they produce an annual calendar, *Certain Days*, that features writing and art by imprisoned political activists. Falconer also founded *4StruggleMag* in 2002 with prisoner and convicted bomber Jaan Laaman. For both the calendar and *4Struggle*, prisoners suggest themes, content and writers to solicit, and outside collaborators take the editing, design, bookkeeping and production duties.

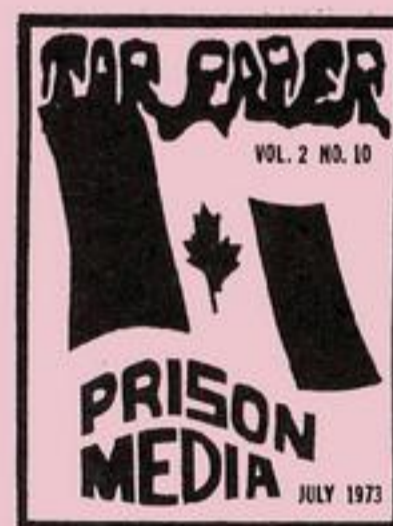
If it sounds more regimented than Rayson's pamphlets-with-staples operation, that's because Rayson's more focussed on process — getting prisoners writing and giving them something to read — than impressing readers on the outside. Even though he and Falconer both work through Anarchist Black Cross, a prisoner support group



Issue 11 Fall 2008  
**4STRUGGLEMAG**  
From the hearts and minds of north america's political prisoners and allies



10 pages • 10" x 10" March • 2008 Electronic • For Prisoners • Black Panther  
1 penny • 4 Stars • Inmate's tool to plan local and National Meetings





**"PRISONERS LIKE MY ZINES BECAUSE I'M CONSISTENT; NOT FLY-BY-NIGHT. AND IF YOU CAN PASS MUSTER WITH THE MOST CYNICAL BUNCH OF PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, WHICH IS AMERICAN PRISONERS — IF YOU CAN GET THEIR CONFIDENCE AND RESPECT, YOU KNOW YOU MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT. BUT IT TAKES A HERCULEAN EFFORT."**

inspired by Russian *emigrés* who organized New York fundraisers for political prisoners in Tsarist Russia, their aims are quite different. Falconer and Laaman originally envisioned *4StruggleMag* as a website, not a zine, and it was only after Falconer says "we realized we had this huge interest from prisoners who wanted to read it and write for it" that they printed hard copies as well. She adds: "I started getting letters from prisoners saying 'I just got the new *4Struggle*,' and they were coming from institutions in cities that we don't even send the zine to. Despite the physical barriers, it gets into a lot of hands."

Still, both the calendar and *4Struggle* focus on outside politics, events and people, and editors solicit outside donations. So, rather than cramming as much content onto each page as humanly possible, *4Struggle* and *Certain Days* benefit from a layout editor, full-colour pages and heavy-stock paper. "We've come a long way, design-wise," says Falconer, "and part of that was explicitly realizing that people are not going to engage with material that looks like we've photocopied it ourselves terribly — basically what everyone was doing in zines for the longest time." Though punks and activists were comfortable with the format, she noted in her Masters thesis on prisoner media that "even hardened anarchists gravitated toward the glossy materials on our table rather than the photocopied flyers when we fundraised."



Mark Neeveem and Anthony Rayson in Rayson's library

Falconer, Gilbert and Laaman are also choosier about the writers they publish. Many are jailed activists with publicized liberation campaigns, like Gilbert and Laaman themselves. Besides the obvious benefit of added exposure, Falconer says, "I wanted to show that when people go to jail for political reasons, they don't become martyrs. They're still really committed to their struggle; they're still reading the newspapers, they're still watching the wider world and trying to analyze it too."

Gilbert, who subscribes to the daily *New York Times* and distributes it through his own chain of borrowers, agrees: "it's not easy to write in here"

— that is, at a table or Rubbermaid tub dragged to his bedside. "A lot of noise and a lot of tension get in the way of concentration," he says. "But writing is the only way I feel I can contribute to what's going on outside." 3

Prison administrations understand the therapeutic potential of prisoner writing and publishing — or at least they used to, and for a time, governments on five continents supported the International Penal Press (IPP), an exchange network and also a censoring and standard-setting body, run jointly by prisoner editors, institutional administrators and, occasionally, outside volunteers. IPP members could trade content and it distributed to prisoners and a paid subscriber lists of up to 1,500 households.

And prisons paid for it. Though prison-sponsored publishing officially began in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century with the New York broadsheet *Summary*, its Canadian equivalent didn't appear until 1949, when the federal government made attempts at vocational rehabilitative programs. Prisons organized sports and recreational committees, as well as editorial staff who often worked on in-house printing presses.

The experiment was short-lived — most federal prisons in Canada had stopped financing prisoner publications by 1968 — but the zines that did persist into the '80s and '90s were tightly designed and surprisingly irreverent. A 1973 issue of B.C. prison monthly *Tarpaper* fabricates a letter to the editor from then-Parole Board Chair Earl Hastings:

"The real news in Canadian prisons is that there are thousands of men in here who have long since paid for their crimes — by any criteria. The Chairman of the Parole Board has said that 50% of men in Canadian prisons should not be there. Then he flies back to Ottawa and reduces the amount of paroles to be granted. The real news is that this is a penitentiary where vast chunks of men's lives are being torn off. This fact is well-forgotten by many in the face of architectural cosmetics, paper programs, and euphemistic terminology that prevails."

A cartoon in the same issue depicts one guard shooting another in the next sniper tower while two prisoners look on. One prisoner turns to the other and says, "It seems they can't agree on how we are to be rehabilitated."

Of course, with jokey pseudonyms like "Felonius Convictus" and features modelled on schmaltzy '60s humour magazines, it's clear the Canadian penal press didn't always reach a representative convict demographic, and only rarely did publications — such as the Kingston Prison for Women's journal *Tightwire* (1973-1994) — address aboriginal, multicultural or gender



issues. *Tightwire* printed its last issue as the Kingston Prison for Women closed in 1993, and the IPP disbanded soon after.

*4Struggle* and *Certain Days* collaborator Karen Suurtamm says getting zines into Canadian prisons today is harder than ever, which is part of the reason she and Falconer work mainly with Americans. "The Canadian system has a happier face," she says. "But it's way more bureaucratic. In Canada, it's very difficult to send people literature and a lot of prisons just don't allow it whatsoever, even if it's direct from a publisher." Instead, prisoners must order their reading material from a central commissary or travelling bookmobile. And Suurtamm says "the commissary would never take our stuff." (For a prisoner perspective, read G20 protester Alex Hundert's three-part blog post — alexhundert.wordpress.com — on the dismal state of one Ontario prison library, written from the Central North Correctional Centre.) Falconer, who started *4StruggleMag* while pursuing a Master's degree in alternative media studies at Concordia University in Montreal, presents a comforting alternative for why Canadian prison zines have never thrived independently and likely never will: "In Canada we have different challenges. People don't usually spend as long in prison. They'll go back and forth to jail for like six months at a time, but they don't settle in like Americans do. Unfortunately in the States," she adds, "people are serving 20 year sentences for random property crimes, so they have this long period of time to settle in and start reading us."

Vikki Law, outside editor of one of the only longstanding women's prisoner zines, *Tenacious*, notes that either way, when prisoners get their hands on zines and other literature, positive things happen. She started sending books to prisoners in 1996, after a high school career spent riding the bus back and forth to Riker's Island, visiting friends. "And I noticed that all of them — none of whom had ever picked up a book on the outside — started reading. And they all got their GEDs and started going to college and getting bachelor's degrees. For me, that was an eye-opener to the transformative power of the word."

Women prisoners, like Canadians, tend to serve shorter prison terms, but that doesn't stop them from contributing poetry, drawings and stories to *Tenacious*. Women tend to be harder to solicit than men, though. "I have to really develop relationships with them first," Law says. "A lot of women in prison have grown up in social conditions that go a long way toward guaranteeing they don't feel like they're entitled to have a voice or have something worthwhile to say." In contrast to Rayson and Falconer's material, the pieces in *Tenacious* are more abstract, poetic, visual, often untitled and less rant-laden.

Still, given that men far outnumber women in prison, *Tenacious'* steady subscriber count of 75-100 is impressive. And for Law's subscribers and

contributors in solitary confinement, it's the only conversational outlet. "To talk, one contributor told me they have to yell through their cell doors at each other," she says. "I'm sure that doesn't promote a lot of meaningful discussion. For those women," she adds, "and in an increasingly punitive prison setting, *Tenacious* is a lifeline."

Literally. Rayson devotee and in-again-out-again prison zinester Mark Neiveem argues zines can save lives. "When I first get in [Chicago's Cook County Jail], a lot of people don't know what the hell I am," Neiveem says. "I'm white; I'm covered in tattoos but I'm not gang-affiliated, and all these black urban gang members, they don't really like me. But then I start giving them literature that makes sense to them. So in the day room, we stay away from each other, but then they come to me on the sly and they're like, 'Hey, do you have any more of this, do you have any more of that?' And it's the same thing with the queer prisoners."

I ask Gilbert whether he thinks zines are capable of crossing long-standing racial and social divides behind bars. He wrinkles his nose sceptically but concedes that spreading literature starts conversations in prison, and that conversations can be more peaceful than silence. He tells me about a technological development threatening to destroy that conversation in his own prison: television. He says in New York State most of the maximum security prisons are finally starting to bring in TVs, and "people are reading less, talking less and passing stuff around less." He says there was a period of time, just after he arrived in 1981, when there was a high level of political consciousness in most prisons. Now, as the pages of *4Struggle* mourn the loss of a new hippie or revolutionary each month, Gilbert says "It's getting harder and harder to find young activists from in here."

With 20 minutes left for visiting hours, the one white page the guards allowed us is overfull. Throughout the afternoon, Gilbert, Falconer and I covered it in pencil and black crayon scratchings. The other two discuss how to get the calendar to Gilbert now that Auburn has introduced new size restrictions on mail, and it's agreed they'll cut it in two and mail the pages in separate envelopes.

Gilbert asks Falconer to Google a few things for him, including an explanation for why his eyeball feels watery and obstructed, the guard announces that visiting hours are over and the room erupts in a chaos of kosher hugs. Falconer and I are herded back into the infrared chamber. I look back at Gilbert, who faces ahead with all the other prisoners, one to a table. In a minute, the guards will escort him back to his cell where he'll push his table back to his bedside, mount his typewriter and be free to write again.

Ashleigh Gaul gratefully acknowledges the financial support of the Ontario Arts Council's Writers' Reserve Program.

"I STARTED GETTING LETTERS FROM PRISONERS SAYING 'I JUST GOT THE NEW 4STRUGGLE,' AND THEY WERE COMING FROM INSTITUTIONS IN CITIES THAT WE DON'T EVEN SEND THE ZINE TO. DESPITE THE PHYSICAL BARRIERS, IT GETS INTO A LOT OF HANDS."

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Papyrus  Collective



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**CALIFORNIA DEATH ROW**  
**WOODS**  
CATALOG

"THE VENT"  
THIS ZINE WAS  
TRANSCRIBED  
BY : JULIA  
@P+B

2 0 1 7



## WODZ PAPYRUS COLLECTIVE DISTRO

In August 2014 we created our own distribution co-op of WODZ (WRITEORDIEZINE) as a way to meet the growing number of request from our contributors and other California Death Row prisoners in east block by putting together and printing new releases of WODZ annually. Working together with our lead contributors we combined our limited resources and man-power to keep WODZ in the hands of those here at San Quentin prison who want it.

Here we are in 2017. After writing, designing, printing, distributing, and funding WODZ along the way, the creation of our first catalog of ALL WODZ issues.

The following WODZ exhibits the work of papyrus collective contributing writers, artists, coordinators, and the new distro co-op. Consistant and committed.

## SOUTH CHICAGO ABC ZINE DISTRO

ABC zine distro is our publishing & distribution primary. If you have this catalog (whether you're on the row or @ a prison other than here) and you don't know who to get @, you can write to the ABC zine distro addy and request WODZ by title or #. It cost you nothing, but please, cover your own postage or sase. WODZ is free to all prisoners, copyleft and free to duplicate and distribute. So do your part in order to keep this thing going. Write or die.

Piankhi,  
Editor/general coordinator  
[BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG/BLOGS/1916/](http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/1916/)  
[betweenthebars.org/papyruscollective](http://betweenthebars.org/papyruscollective)

\*THE NUMBERS IN PARENTHESES (#) ARE HOW MANY SHEETS OR PAPER EACH ISSUE HAS:  
4 SHEETS IS ONE OUNCE, 10 IS TWO. ANYTHING OVER FIVE OUNCES REQUIRES ANOTHER (7x10, 5x8) ENVELOPE.



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TRANSCRIPTION BY: JULES



Between the Bars  
Human stories from prison

## ATTENTION BLOGGERS

Now you can be part of the raw production process of writing, designing, printing, and distribution of WODZ. For an exclusive behind-the zine look, and your access to this unique prisoner zine project, check out the PAPCO (PAPYRUS COLLECTIVE) group blog @BTB. ([BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG](http://BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG))

## YOUR TRANSCRIPTIONS

This BtB feature of our blog enhances the editorial and text layout work that goes into the making of each WODZ issue. The transcriptions of handwritten posts can then be downloaded from BtB, mailed, and assembled into the next WODZ issue from scratch.

## YOUR COMMENTS

The comment and reply feature of our blog allows for you to comment on posts (articles, poetry, interviews, art) slated for WODZ issues, and for me to reply to your comments in turn. I like to use this interactive feature to connect your comments to the thousands of prisoners who read WODZ, as well as the contributing writers and artists here on California Death Row (San Quentin prison) who're part of the PAPCO group blog @ B+B. Making WODZ a multi-media, prison-based publication.

XZYZST  
COEDITOR/PROJECT COORDINATOR  
PIANKHI  
EDITOR/GENERAL COORDINATOR

Visit our blog @  
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TRANSCRIPTION BY: JULES  
PAPYRUS COLLECTIVE (PAPCO) DISTRO CO-OP



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### NGR, VOL. 1 (2017)

So here it is. Our long anticipated and first ever full multi-media zine titled NGR (New Generation Rising). This high volume series promises to deliver new studies and new perspectives that're engagingly articulated, and Xyzst at the helm of this first volume, from cover-to-cover, taking on the highly controversial and criticized use of the n-word, law enforcement - excessive use of violence, and among other really unique writings and art/illustrations, xyzst interviews Piankhi for the first time on record in the pages of WODZ. Written, edited, and transcribed online, NGR is the product of the WODZ editorial blog @BtB (betweenthebars.org) and incorporates the interactivity & visuals from the BtB blog site into the zine. (11)

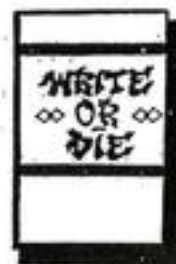
### CALIFORNIA ON BLAST (2017)

**Special edition**

An ultimate supplemental issue to the NGR series. Be blown away by searchable facts of California being named for a succession of Black Women, and not deriving from Spanish origins. Discover the name of the U.S. Army major responsible for excluding the Black Queen's image from the State Seal, and allow this issue to escort you a brief history of recent, a step by step comparative, about the Who, When, and how mass incarceration was set in motion in the State, how this relates directly to legislative target practices that made innercity youth street culture Death Penalty eligible. The official blueprint invitation for others to produce On Blast zines in other states, California has just checked in with the last words provided by Stanley „Tookie“ Williams. (10)

### NGR, VOL.2 (2017)

The Awakened have paired the names of the many victims of today's American Blue on Black Bloodshed epidemic, with invocative eulogistic verses, totally inspired by ancient Egyptian text to create this ground breaking neo-ancient opus from California Death Row. A new generation catharsis of more than six chapters of spiritual remedials, complete with an Encomium.



### WOD #1 (2011)

This collective presentation by California's young "condemned" prisoners marks a historic compilation.

The first (of an ongoing series) @GOLGATHA interviews with California's Death Row's youngest new condemned, this issue represents an insight & perspective from the lives of a New Generation who're the hidden face of California's dysfunctional death penalty system in a way never before articulated and compiled. Introduction by prominent anarchist, activist, author, & editor of South Chicago ABC Zine Distro, Anthony Rayson. (10)

### WOD #2 (2012)

An intimate & empowering expression of love, encouragement, and reconciliation put to words through letters, articles, and poetry to women at home & behind bars. Beautifully illustrated, this SPECIAL EDITION is dedicated to all those women on the front as well as behind the lines. Fella's, share this zine with those special women in your lives. (10)

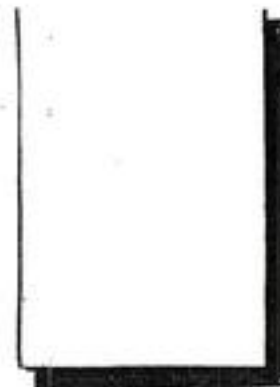
### WOD#3 (2013)

This issue is full of commentary, articles, reviews, interviews, and information that gives a broad and in-depth view of California's Death Penalty system, the laws, policies, & bureaucracy that lives within the "Just Us" mindset, a place beyond our abilities to ignore. With multiple (@GOLGATHA) interview segments, this zine features a lengthy interview by Piankhi with Anthony Rayson about WODZP, prisoner zines, and their underground culture. (14)

### WOD #4 (2014)

From cover-to-cover, art and imagery guide readers through awareness based commentary in an era where California is aggressively seeking a one drug cocktail for use in executing an entire New Generation of inner city youth currently housed on Death Row. Get an up close and personal look inside at how Cain was affected upon receiving a "Notice of Death". Plus, a "California On Blast" article that is sure to sway death penalty supporters to reconsider their vote. (12)





### WOD#5:@GOLGOTHA

By popular demand, all @GOLG (THA interviews. Learn the backstory, view the exclusives, and journey through the conversations with this New Generation of young men currently awaiting execution on California's Death Row. This modern "Place Of The Skull". (GOLGATHA) (11)

### Interviews

### POETRY, PROSE & CONDZ, VOL. ONE (2015)

This compilation of poetry and prose displays a new and unique style and subject of expression from some of California Death Row's articulate wordsmiths. The inspiration came from San Quentin's Mental Health Program poetry group for the "condemned" (now cancelled due to budget constraints) and its respected facilitator, Pam. XYZST conducts this @GOLGATHA interview with the group inside the mental health wing of the prison's hospital. (8)

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### POETRY, PROSE & CONDZ, VOL. TWO (2016)

San Quentin prison officials finally reinstated the poetry groups for the new condemned (hence: cond'z) population, and with direction of a new facilitator named, Ms. Bell. So goes this sequel, in rare form WODZ elected to publish a new zine of many first, including our first all handwritten issue, our first full page photo & art displays (cover-to-cover), and first ever live audio poetry slam of these works via our new audio link feature to this growing WODZ project. (12)

### POETRY, PROSE & CONDZ, VOL. THREE EDITION (2016)

With what began as a surprise B-day issue for our editor, Piankhi, sadly was overshadowed by the mass shooting in Orlando, Florida. Xyzst reached into the @GV (@Golgotha volumes) archive for the very first interview circa 2010, which captures this moment in history, in motion, toward strength, and pride for the LGBTQ community. With facts, spoken word, art & images. Xyzst reaches out to his own... in rare form. (10)

### CAL DIRTY (CALIFORNIA'S DIRTY LITTLE SECRET) CAL DIRTY, PARTS ONE & TWO (2013 & 2016)

This brief article exposes the California Supreme Court's (CSC) faulty and illegal capital appellate process that has maintained a 100% affirmance rate of all capital appeals for the past 36 years, making it virtually impossible for even the most blatant miscarriage of justice to ever prevail on appeal. From victims rights groups and police organizations to those at the top of California judicial and executive branches, it's the politics and policies of the California Death Penalty system that has granted the States highest court the power to exercise the world's lowest standard of justice. Family, friends, and those men and women on California Death Row, this is a should read. (2)

This (part two) article identifies the specific ways in which the CSC illegally promulgated policies (known as policy 3) that interfere with appellate attorney's effective assistance, eliminate collateral challenge/habeas corpus from the appellant process, creating delays, and defraud the federal Government out of Billions of dollars. This analysis continues what looks to be an on-going series of articles from California Death Row inmate, Kenneth Gay. (3)

### SUN2SON'S (2014)

Sunlight deprivation on California Death Row. A written documentation that exposes what torture looks like at San Quentin prison, where prisoners are denied access to direct sunlight for years. The results, physical & mental health illnesses amongst the majority of prisoners who're subjected to this "walk-alone" status. The above the law prison officials, attorneys, medical information & research findings, it's all here. Directly from the center of the struggle to bring the sun to the son's of society. (3)

### SOUTH CHICAGO ABC ZINE DISTRO CATALOG (2015)

This catalog lists 918 zines, in 15 categories. Prisoner zines, interview zines, artists and cartoon zines, native zine, information and analysis, support and resources anarchism, LGBT, zines by and about women... and the rest. This catalog covers Anthony Raysons entire collection, and is also archived @ Depaul University's special collections library. (5)

