

THE VENT 2.0 (prologue)

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 second installment of THE VENT, with operations systems powered up at 2.0. THE VENT, is a subterranean medium, in prisoner zine format. This, is a WRITE OR DIE ZINE PRODUCTION, written, produced and now distributed by a new generation of the California deathrow population, known as, THE PAPHYRUS COLLECTIVE.

With controversial rap lyrics, spoken word works and introspective reviews, THE VENT provides the intentional use of dialect and slang, which solidifies the transformative power, to engage the freedom of speech, and artistic freedom of expression, without compromising urban culture thought to be exposed to a deputed forbidden translation.

They say, that there is power in words, so we power up this this issue, by challenging everybody that enters THE VENT, to create a catharsis tonight, by including the words GOD, and OR SATAN in their contribution to this cipher.

In the last election, California voters voted to speed up the execution process, a recent court ruling on behalf of the voters, and prop 13 became law in the state. The irony is that, deathrow's population is growing younger, and younger, and with the rise in innercity youth being executed on the streets by militarized police officers, we became interested in posing the question of the concept of GOD, inside of THE VENT, from the perspective of condemned youth, a few honorable California prison mailers inmates and a few O.G.'s.

Welcome to THE VENT 2.0

Sniper AZANDE KYZZOT
Master of Ceremonies

THE VENT 2.0 Bleeding Heart

Good looking out brotha, I recieved my copy of THE VENT, and I'm impressed by the outcome. I give a big heads up to everybody's contribution. Y'all did good brotha, real good, perfectly titled "THE VENT".

As I read it, my mind was elevated, and I was allowed to enter the realm of everybody's personal space. I felt what they felt, I saw what they saw, THE VENT reads like an experience, a moving experience, and for that reason I'm compelled to thank you for allowing me to be a part of such an experience.

I just turned my peoples onto the addressed Blog Site, I don't know much about blogging, but never the less, I've turned my peoples onto it, get some more eyes and ears paying attention to the situation.

The different styles of communication showed major creativity; "TALK INTO MY BULLET HOLE" metaphorically speaking, spoke volumes to the afore mentioned. The back and forth dialogue raised my eyebrows. "PRESS SEND" took me back to moments when I would be Nurturing my loved ones on the streets by way of written word (texting), instead of a verbal convo, or talking on the phone, taking the advantage of being able to say all that you feel, you need to, in order to stress your point of view, press send.

And with "THE ROOT OF THE MATTER", and the expression of "ISM's" in a reference to the tree of life, I was able to co-relate that with my own metaphores for the tree of life or even my Family Tree.

But I think the most poignant for me personally was, "NARMIR'S LETTER", (Raw). The way the brotha expressed how his thoughts "Evil, white and plane" from the loss of his niece, that hit me because I'm one of those brothas that pray alot as well, and the expression of the inability to prostrate because of this new void growing in his spirit, moved me.

I was equally moved by the response of "SPEARS & SHIELDS" to a fellow struggling brother, in terms of dealing with tragedy, invaluable experiences. You know, FOR US, this is common place, we parallel in the experiences of tragedy. Death and destruction feast upon our bread, but for the world outside, to crack open our chest plates, and expose the power source to our misinterpreted emotions, is an experience worth the price of admission.

As I turned the pages, I could hear the bending and breaking, the snapping and crackling of each mans inner Will, erect itself to a height, that over shadows our circumstances, with a depth of substance by way of raw emotion and creative gene, I hear all of these brothers in THE VENT right now, venting frustrations, solving problems the world around, uplifting God and denouncing satan, balancing mental competence with insanity, sharpening evil, falling in love with pen pals, admiring milestones and achievements of those close to heart, exercising that hate the brother spoke of, treading water in an ocean of misery, deciding to live through these incomprehensible circumstances, educating the minds that had their growth purposefully stunted, awakening a love, for kin and kind.

I can hear them breathing, "We in THE VENT ALL DAY," "we in THE VENT right now, taking on a great responsibility of working loose that filter from our perception, or how the world has been led to perceive a condemned man, They think we are all a bunch of hallucinogenic Charles Mansons, or Grim Sleepers, so that society doesn't realize that the majority of the criminal element, or those convicted of crimes that are housed on deathrow are the less fortunate, that have felt the greatest effect psychologically of the evil it took to build this great nation that we inhabit.

From the near extermination of the Native Americans, to the enslavement of the African man, woman, and child, we are the seeds of those pains that the Willie Lynch letters prophesied "Would be broken for generations yet to come". This is the psychological effect of oppression, that along with the Stockholm syndrome, because not only have brothers begun to identify with our oppressor, brothers have begun to mimic their oppressor, and now brothers have been brought so low that they justify the methods of oppression as being not only tolerable, but acceptable in association with monetary gain.

The average man on this row is the subject of all those "ISMs" that the brother listed, turned inward, attempting to unite in the confines of our ghettos, only to be stagnated in great numbers.

See, the sick puppies is sick puppies, aint nothing we can do about that. We cant put a man back inside the womb and rewire him. The elements that damaged the pre-natal sick puppy are beyond our explanation, and those are questions to be answered by scientist and psychologist.

The elements that brought the black man to his knees are elements we all can identify with, "Racism-White Supremacy," and the problems that are depleting our ghettos of it's soldiers can be directly attributed to that specific mental illness. It's funny how they can diagnose everything else except diagnosing White Supremacy as a mental illness that it is.

Just thinking about this metaphorically got me in THE VENT right now, so keep on doing what you are doing Bro, my mind and my heart is always here for you, and I'll dip my pen in the ink of my blood anytime you need the world to hear my heart bleed. Sunhoop business. Respectfully, forever so strong I shall always remain.

— Negasi Kamara (squabbles)