

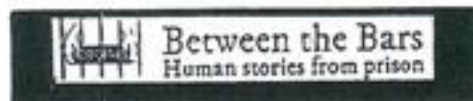
The VENT

featuring

NARMEER

PAGE 27

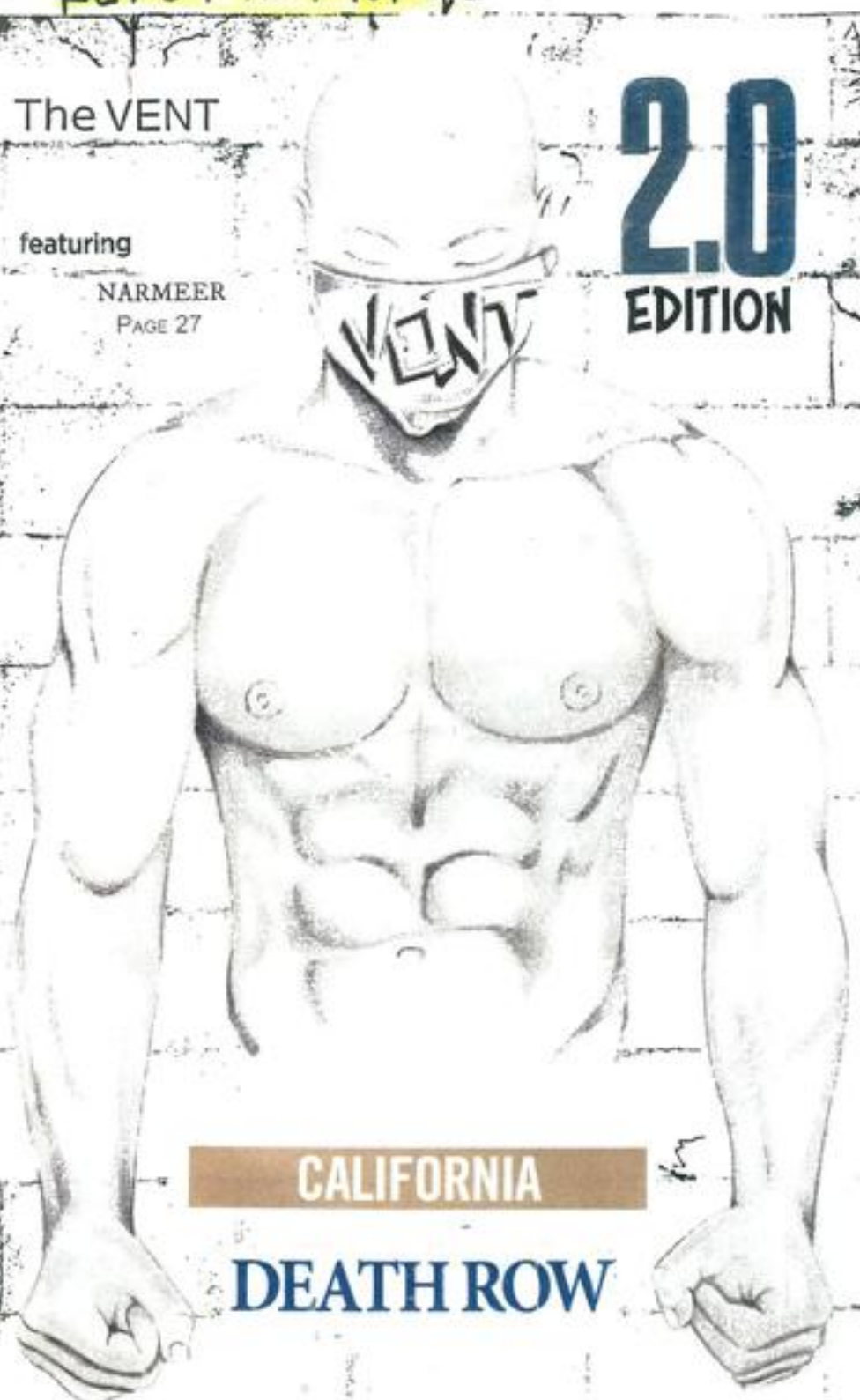
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EDITION



Betweenthebars.org/group/papyruscollective
Betweenthebars.org/blog/1916

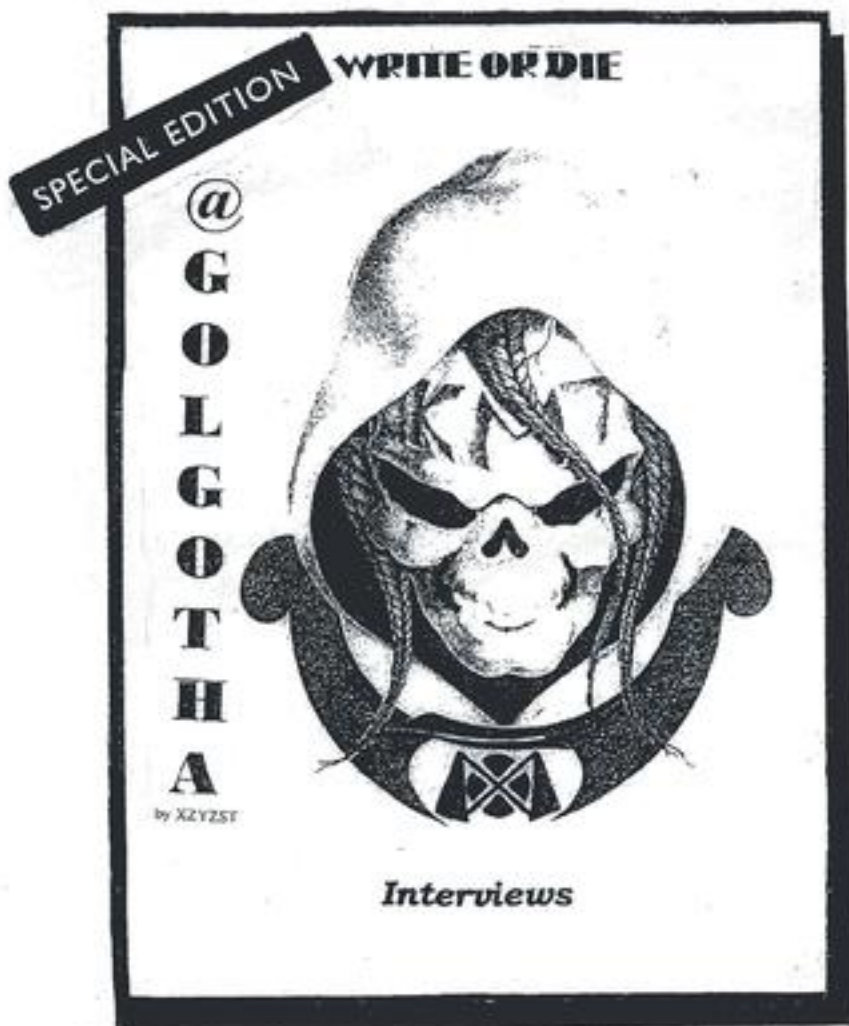


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CALIFORNIA

DEATH ROW



WOD#5:@GOLGOTHA

Interviews

By popular demand, all @Golgotha 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"



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Between the Bars
Human stories from prison

WODZ (WRITE OR DIE zine)

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
Betweenthebars.org/blog/1916

SOUTH CHICAGO ABC ZINE DISTRO

ABC zine distro is our publishing & distribution primary. (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/
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**FREE 2 ALL PRISONERS
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Forgive each other, for forgetting:

"And forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Then wonder why they're always against us.

Forgive each other for killing each other

Black on black descendants of God,

and forgive us our elders

for neglecting forgiveness lessons

as the ultimate form of Jihad.

The irony of this poetic analogical text,

in the form of this epilogue, is that,

the business of the funeral services

of both, slain black youth, and cops,

are often conducted at

the same Lord's prayer, chapter and verse.

Same video reflections,

same grave site motorcade processions.

Everybody singing the same songs,

crying the same tears, and wondering,

just who's side is God on?

God is commanded to be on the side of the forgiver,

Matt 6:12 is still there for you to view.

I'll start this conversation by forgiving myself,

and forgiving you too.

- Sniper Azande Xyzst (exist)

--add infinitum

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A Write or Die Zine Production

The Vent 2.0 Edition

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TRANSCRIPTION BY: JULES
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NARMEER, REYON & BIG ROCK

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SCROLL - JOHNNY "BANDITO" ESPINOSA

Sniper Azande Xyzyst
Master of Ceremonies

Forgive pt.1

29

FORGIVE POTUS

for lacking the courage to
treat every American equal

FORGIVE VPOTUS

for walking out on unarmed
murdered innercity young people

FORGIVE EACH OTHER

for same race-on-same race crimes

FORGIVE HATEFUL RACISTS

for losing their minds

FORGIVE TERRORISTS

for spreading sickness so contagious

FORGIVE THE SOUL, for

killing our amazing souls in Las Vegas

FORGIVE THOSE

that disrespected you as a kid

FORGIVE YOURSELF

for whatever dirt you did

FORGIVE OUR YOUTH

for attempting suicide

for it just may be impossible

for everybody to experience

peace, love, and humanity on

a global scale when we

allow for our most precious natural

resource to just die.

1.800.273.8255 THE WAR ON SUICIDE

28

two-volume set

5



Papyrus Collective

XZY/ZOT

Forgive

Part I



A Write or Die Zine Production



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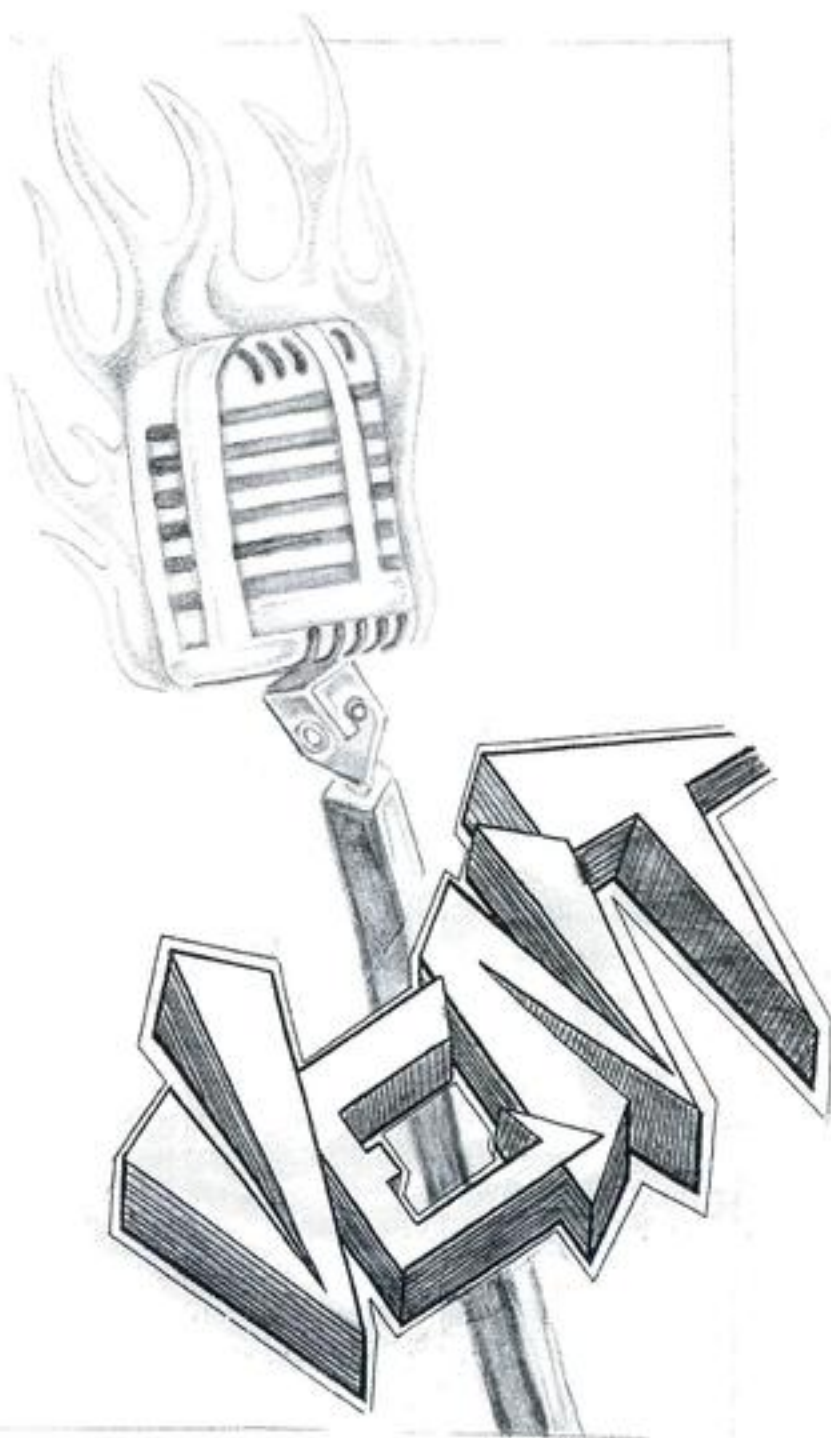
My Life of Sin

My life of sin, where did it begin?
Surely not when I began to slang rocks.
around the block
So my hunger would stop.
And surely not when I said "Fuck the cops"
because they beat us until they seen blood and snot.
So where did it begin, my life of sin?
I remember going to church paying bribes
I mean tithes
I remember telling the truth and shaming the devil
I grew up vibing with Christ on all levels
There's nothing you can tell me about the gospel
I been trying to help myself.

So where did it begin, my life of sin?
I never knew hate until my sister explained rape
I know you can't escape your fate
I come from humble beginnings,
but I'm not too sure about a peaceful ending.

So where did it begin, my life of sin?
Can it be my skin
or where my life begun?
The rush of the seed, the falling of the egg
I just can't believe the curse is on my head
from my Pop's bed

-NARMEER The King.



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 America 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 zint format, at California deathrow.

-Sniper Azande Xyzst
Master of Ceremonies

Dialect and Slang

Aiyana Stanley-Jones



PRISONER-CONVICT-INMATE-INCARCERATED KILL THE 13TH AMENDMENT



WHO KILLED SAM???

DAMN I'MA ANOTHER NIGGA WITH OUT A COUNTRY
MOMMA TOLD ME NOT THAT MAN.
I WAS LIKE FUCK SAM, WHAT THA FUCK HE
EVER DO FOR US MAN, BUT PUNISH AND PURSUADE US,
THE BITCH IS STILL TRYING TO INDOCTRINATE
THAT WILLIE LYNCH SYNDROME BULLSHIT.

SHOULD'VE BEEN KILLED HIM!!!

THAT BITCH HAD THE NERVES TO EXPRESS HIS GOALS
TO USE THE MOTHER OF OUR KIDS AS A EXPENDABLE PIECE OF MEAT.
RAPING, MENTALLY DESTROYING THERE WILL,
WHILE INFILTRATING OUR INFRASTRURE TO FREEDOM
BY THOSE WHO WE CALL KIN RATHER THAN MASTER.
THEY SAY WHOEVER KILL SAM, HE'S NOT A MAN HE'S A TERRORIST.
JUST BECAUSE HE WANTS TO LIVE AMON THE FREE,
AND MAKE HIS MONEY LIKE THE REST OF YOU
SAM SENT THE ALPHABET BOYS THA ATF, CIA, FBI,
TO HUNT US FOR GETTING IT HOW HE SHOWN US.
DAMN SAM, WHEN WERE YOU GONNA STOP PURSUING PERNICIOUS
MURDEROUS HABBITS TO RE-ENSLAVE US? WITH AN UNCLE LIKE
YOU WHO NEED ANOTHER ENEMY. THATS WHY I KILLED
DEAR OL' UNCLE SAM!!!

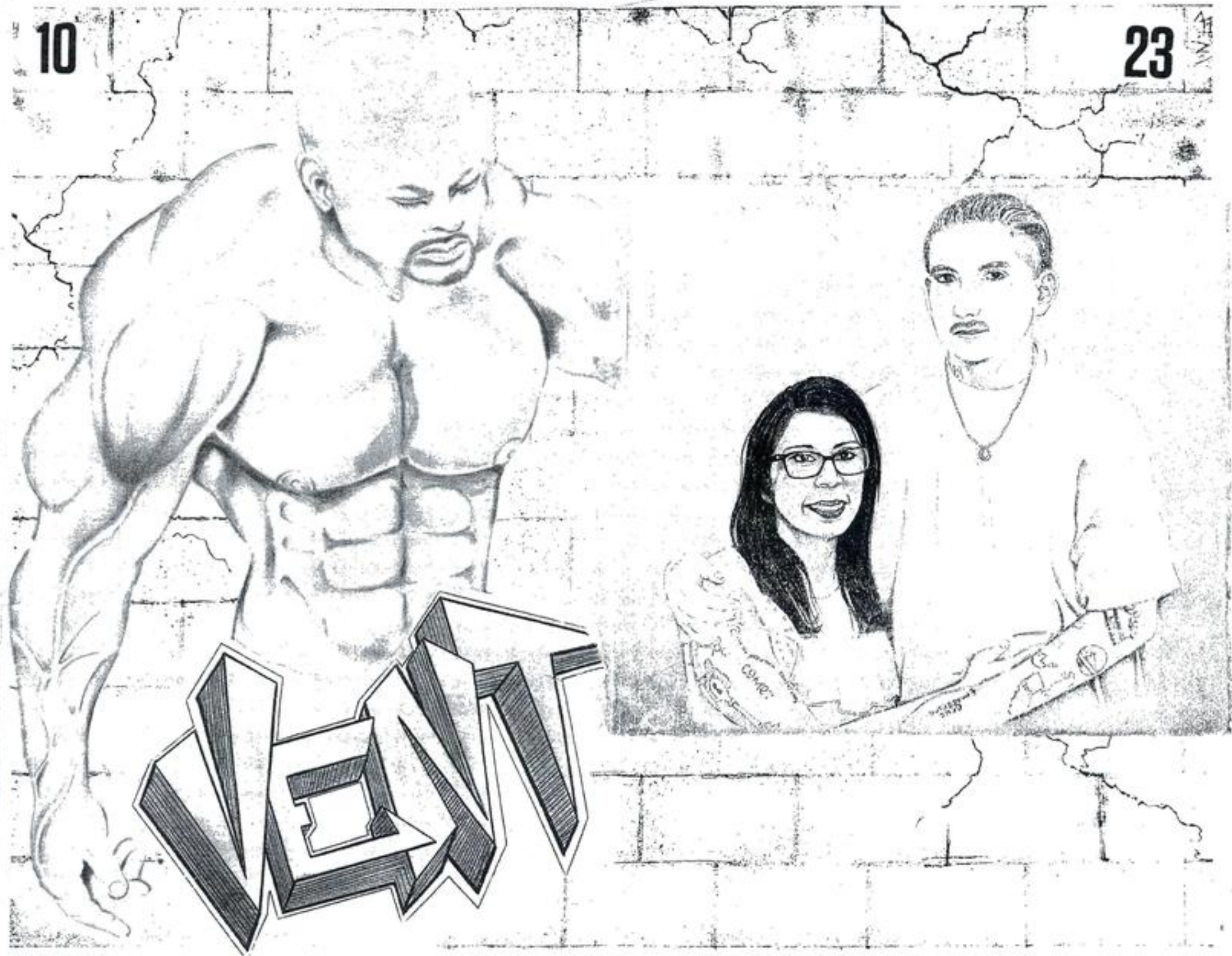


Kendra James

We be on some new new shit
that new generation for expectation
boy, we operatin' on dedication
to them young intellectz
on that new confrontation
yellin' put the gunz down
pick up an ink pen
fuck where you been
civil rightz to defend
for the next genz
never treated like kidz
tried az adultz
runnin' hittin' fencez
hit 'em with the bolt
doggin' urban stigmaz
Red and bluez choose revolt
We be on that new new
new generation risin' from deeper crewz
turnin' this pain into art
anger into wordz
peelin' pagez off the heart
N.E.W, No Enemy World
galaxiez away from you
We be on that new new shit
grimy since birth
created by the truth
Americaz Most Hated
inner city Youth
Americaz Most Hunted
but only Godz to use

Yvette Smith

- Loutah



Oh say can you see

Jose did you see

DACA being murdered, you are not allowed to dream

Presidential propaganda, opposite of Dr. King

He is not our leader, so we stand to take a knee

This is the new Anthem, hashtag when we tweet

Black Lives Matter, looking at my skin

I ain't black, but it don't matter

Equality out the window, so broke, looking shattered

By the leader of the Klan acting like a madder hatter

White House cyber bully key pad pitter patter

Done made his way to sports, working down the ladder

Collins out of work, Billy Bush, what's sadder

Proud when he brags, "I don't ask, I just grab her"

Won't shame a killer cop, or Nazi and he'd rather

Spew hate and divide, using words like daggers

Speech ain't free when it cost the jobs we gathered.

Still we take a knee, career suicide

Land of the free is only freedom when you die

Thank her for her service, put her life on the line

Protecting freedoms and the flag that we fly

Made her useless and revoked all her rights

Cause she was born to He, transcend a girl from a guy?

Watch 'em all unite and take a knee for their PRIDE

Homophobic slurs

over-compensating, you hide behind your words

Scratches on your back and the lowest selfworth

Cause the things you hate the most, is the love you prefer

Take a knee for your shame

Slave to your own brain

Take a knee in your chains

You full of fear, we could never be the same

And no matter what you say

You are not the leader of the home of the brave

- Loutah

Damesha Harris

"Born a black man, born to be proud.
born to stand up, and sometimes fall down.
Born to be the best
but get looked at different from the Rest.
Born to have the American dream,
but up against the odds, is what it seems."

But today, in our society, we are living in a world where
being a black man or woman seems to be a crime.
Discrimination is a factor in our inner cities. It has
manifested in ways that's unexplainable,
and unacceptable to human nature

-Reyon



Between the Bars
Human stories from prison

betweenthebars.org/group/papyruscollective

Malissa Williams



Papyrus Collective

Our editor, Plankhi, as most of us already know, has been dropping WRITE OR DIE ZINES (WODZ), for 8 years, yeah seriously, 8 years of layouts, designing, assimilations, hustling content, and contributions for production and distribution.

With limited to no resources, Plankhi has provided WODZ readers, and Papyrus Collective Group Bloggers @Betweenthebars.org/group/papyruscollective, full exclusive and unedited access to the youngest and largest condemned population in the United States of America. And for 8 years of his work from inside California Death Row, Plankhi has never asked anyone for one dime.

Y'all already know the business. The state of the struggle requires that wherever you are right now, to get active in our micro-fundraiser for the support for independent publishing, and the prisoner zine vision of this wise young man by picking up your gadgets right now, and go to Jpay.com, and rush a donation of any amount to:

Byron P. Wilson #P.76622
San Quentin State Prison
San Quentin, California 94974
USA

And thank you for your support,

Write Or Die: Zine Project



VET

PIANKHI



PAPCO DISTRO CO-OP

Prisoner Zines

Black Jewelz

Once again the pain runs deep no goodnight sleep, the hurt and pain and sadness runs deep in my veins bringing tears to the forefront pouring from my eyes, down my cheeks as the breath of life is exiting another Black man, Delron Small, Alton Sterling, Philando Castile, murdered by another officer in blue, firing the fatal shot's, flames from the barrel of the gun, tearing into the flesh of the human life, black man, black woman, down, laying in the streets, breath slowly departing their body, "Help Me Please", Eric Gardner cries out, "I can't breathe", not a care in the world do they have. license to kill, gunshots rang out in the blink of an eye, a family torn apart, forever changed, a mother, father, son, brother, husband, daughter, gone, all because of your insensitivity and direct cruelty, hate in your eyes, as you lie, "I was being attacked", is a mother-fucken lie, you just stole another brother's life, how can I not cry after what I saw on world news, couldn't even hide or deny a world of hate and war against us, where is our place beyond the basketball court or football field, entertaining you, making you laugh is how you see me and my people, our minds you fear, but is it the mirror of your own brutality, madness and chaos, causing you to fear that another Micah Johnson will come forth, yet, you trained him in your military to kill, now you degrade him and demasculate him. The rivers of blood that stains America bears your handprint of hostility, fear, anger and suffering. Unchanged you are, where is our place that you so want to erase? What are we to do just allow you to abuse us, and disregard our lives? It is not our hate for you, but rather the hate of your abuse and brutality of us, devaluing our lives. Your lives aren't more valuable than ours, we all were born of the womb of a woman, equally. of worth, a mother, child and family, pained by the loss of their loved one that you caused. Precious we are Black Jewels, Kings, Queens, Prince, and Princesses we are.

- B.G. (Demetrius Howard)

The force of havoc blame traumatic'z
 yall cant touch me
 Im not yo god, godammit
 and I advise yall not to trust me
 Kemetic active thug inside my mind (?)ull get yall fuk'd up
 extremeley black wit slug'z inside diz shine U Niggaz cuffed up
 fuk any counter pressure get'z da stretcha from deez slug blowz
 traumatic'z got'z my mentalz tast'n death,
 now test da blood flow'z
 Young Micah inter Dallas sip da chalice fool whatz up
 Kemetic boyz mass choir fuk it up.

Hut 8 commission to position
 yo existence come up missin look behind u
 forget yo shoulder dont look over, cause it'z over
 black bandanna'z boutz to blind u
 now yo shit iz ova, my peoplez got some getback
BLACK INTERNAL GOD
 but yall dont seem to get dat
 yo systematic structure
 cant save u from my mentalz
 a black muthafuka wit diz barrel at yo temple
 get acquainted wit rigor mortis demise u
 surprize u, blacktize u
 now cant nobody recognize u, ooooh.

by: Xyzst and Joker

Alesia Thomas



The pressure is constant the pain unreal
 I've killed too many I don't know what to feel
 Those souls are haunting me I can't sleep without these pills
 In my dreams it's a struggle to see light
 even with this rock on my back I continue to fight
 What's worst being a killer or the one murdered
 I don't know which to choose
 with either choice I seem like I lose
 I love my son with all of my heart
 I hope I shed light on Him so He can shine in the dark
 Yes I want to change my ways is it too late?
 I've been on death row seven whole years
 I lost count of all of my tears
 My name rings bells so many heard of me
 Some show me love but most want to murder me
 even if I change will it change how they feel
 probably not if I just keep it real
 Karma has handed me a cold death sentence
 I try to block out the pain but I still feel it
 I was born black that's two strikes against me
 when you're dirt poor a life of crime is so tempting
 Mama I really love you you stepped up to the plate
 You always kept it real you ain't never been fake
 I ain't never felt this love so it's hard to relate
 in my dreams the other night I saw your beautiful face
 You held me tight in your arms to block away all the danger
 told me you still love me even though I'm a gangsta
 You ain't never judged me that makes me want to change
 it's a constant struggle for me I'm lost in the game

Shantel Davis

Me and Joker have been exchanging verses like this for years, and covering all topics, I must say that there is an element of horror associated with the need to express the reality of the conditions of America that people will view as negative or inciting, or both, when the truth is, that these words are the reality of inner city youth in this country.

How about this, Micah is one of the 66 books of the Bible, a prophetic book written by Micah himself.

The irony for America, is that the Micah in Dallas was called a mentally ill, lone wolf, with no true direction of his critical denouncement of how American innercity youth are being killed by police.

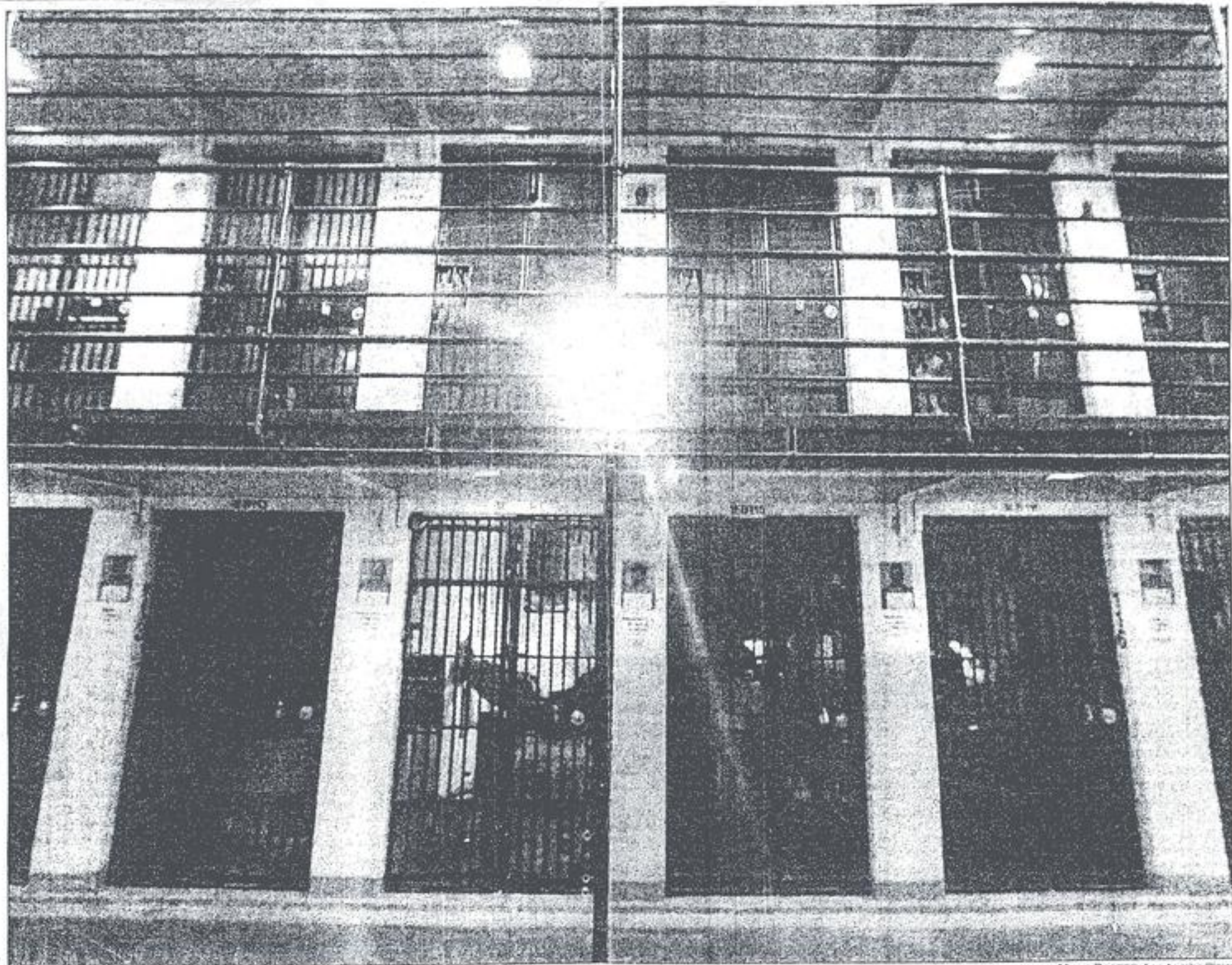
Yet, the Micah in the bible also openly denounced the social injustice of the Kingdoms, with a clear message of Judgment, based on the violence, and greed of the wealthy, who do not care for the poor. I'm no bible thumper, but even this moves me to consider the word "care", through Micah's disposition. New Generation Rising; as one.

Bible dictionary and concordance:

The Book of
MICAH

Micah, book of, a prophetic book of the same name. The first section is about the judgment of the Lord upon Samaria and Jerusalem (1:1-9). The judgment is based on the violence and greed of the wealthy, who do not care for the poor (2:1-13). The second section (3-5) continues to charge the guilty. Zion is to be "plowed as a field" (3:1-12). But the prophet also has hope for his chastised people (4:1-5:1). He looks to the Deliverer (5:2-15). In the last section he exhorts to repentance.

Sniper Azande Xxyzst
 Master of Ceremonies



Photographs by MARK BORTER Los Angeles Times

THE EAST BLOCK at San Quentin State Prison, where more than 700 inmates are on death row. Officials are grappling with how to deal with the gravelly insane.