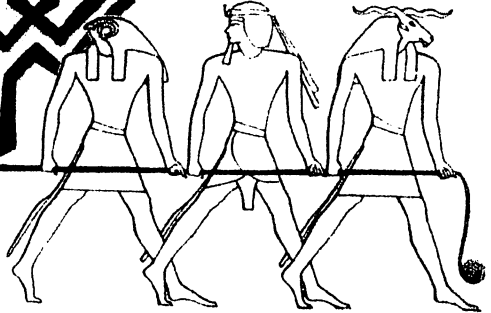


WRITE
OR
DIE

#4



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Write or Die (WOD)

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2014



3.

The New Political Prisoner

D. Howard

For the first time in California state history, A New Generation of inner-city youth housed on Death Row at San Quentin State Prison are taking matters into their own hands with an inspiring movement geared to educate the public, specifically the "next generation" of their youth, portraying ruinous patterns of social and economic gain for corrupt law-enforcement and justice system officials alike, redefining the words, "Political Prisoner".

Despite little journalistic acclaim and even fewer resources, this crusade emerged from a vision had by a wise young man who chose to assemble a creative writing group comprised primarily of condemned youth, dubbed Papyrus Collective (PAPCO).

Understood for generations, the term "political prisoner" has been predominantly (and respectfully) tied to revolutionary and freedom fighters everywhere.

PAPCO has begun publishing their own mini magazine (ZINE) now known as, "Write or Die". Their underground guerrilla-like periodical is fast becoming an innovative outlet to exhibit poetry, columns, essays, artwork, photos, and unedited shoptalk between themselves from inside Death Row in a popular section called "@Golgotha", made available both online at www.betweenthebars.org and in print, directed to the streets of America's inner cities, giving rise to the fight for true freedom while preventing illegal captures of our next generation, literally.

With www.deathrowinmate.org (DRI) graciously hosting the workshop efforts, PAPCO thrives online as a platform for society to consume relevant and valuable information slated to impart "reality" upon today's youth, before they (like us) fall victim to the deathtrap which anxiously awaits them. PAPCO's many voices aim to unmask the face of the new political prisoner behind the nation's every detention facility and penitentiary, compounds that warehouse generation, after generation of men and women serving unjustified sentences for "Street Level" offenses.

Death Row is no longer a place for the so-called serial killer, child molester, or media-born foreign bomber type. Read unending stories, solution-based ideas, and challenging calls for self-leadership amongst our youth --- forward motion without breaks. Join hands with PAPCO in our mission to keep the next

generation informed and out of prison, stand obliged to alert communities that inner-city youth are indeed, "at-risk". We challenge the public, specifically our local youth leaders, to make inquiries as to the many undisclosed benefits given to those who determine the fate of tomorrow's political prisoner --- our children.

Write Or Die: Zine Project

A free mind



PIANKHI

The person you're seeing in illustration is a man named TEHUTI, THŌTH. Tehuti is said to have invented writing. You'll find this scribe in hieroglyphic images and wall sculpture with a papyrus reed and stylus, and often holding in his left hand an ANKH (pronounced: āNGK), an object shaped like a cross for eternal life in ancient Egypt, and the source of my pen name P-ANKH-E (Piankhi).

I consider this ancient scribe the iconic representation of our writing collective. The introduction of writing to the world brought about revolutionary change in a truly fundamental way. The influence of writing and recorded history have carried with it, enlightenment and reflection in ways that transcend the limitations of geography and time. The inspiration of age-old stories of those who endured oppression and tribulation of all kinds before us, and those who've found refuge and redemption in expressing themselves through written word -- the pure weight of what they were able to articulate and convey had proven to be a force more just and powerful than the authorities who condemned them.

Not only that, but for the vast majority of those in prison, writing is the only consistent source of communication with the world beyond the very confines of cells. My years of reading and writing while in solitary confinement have also become of profound importance in changing the way I perceive the world around me. Simply writing letters to family and friends had become an introspective exercise in comprehending complex emotions and articulating complex thoughts. As I developed a practice of reading, and then, processing that information through notes and articles I've written over the years, the process of digesting these words gave me perspective and helped to determine my direction and interactions within and beyond confinement.



Those who write know that thoughtful and well-written words can have an effect on those reading them, and an even more profound effect on the writer, as the writing process itself is often transformative. The practice of exercising one's mind in a positive way invites new possibilities to ourselves as well as to others -- a most invaluable long-term life lesson.

The late Nelson Mandela wrote that "prison was a kind of crucible that tested man's character. Some men, under the pressure of incarceration, showed true mettle, where others revealed themselves to be less than what they had appeared to be." I like that, for me "true mettle" has come through the introspection and development of perspective that is inherent in any writing process. It has provided me with an understanding of myself, and more

importantly, my "place" in the world that transcends physical confinement. And, if it reads as if I'm romanticizing, it's just that affect I'm passing onto you through my words.

The last weapon in a prisoner's arsenal, is his/her pen -- that which only a free mind can wield to an effect.

This isn't just my story though, nor is it one anywhere near its conclusion. This is the story of Write Or Die.

Papco Distro

SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON

CALIPATRIA

AUGUST 2014

WRITE OR DIE

Special Issue

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A

by M.Y.Z.S.T

5



Interviews

South Chicago ABC Zine Distro
Box 721, Homewood, IL 60430

6.

Yeah You:

Spoken word piece
in honor of our
@risk youth



What to think
waiting is not easy to do
psychologically unmastered these emotions
resend to the ailses of my mind, about you
yeah you, young life source. my force of nature
heart skip, panic attack you, yeah you
The conclusion to what I need, but this aint about me
what about you? yeah you.
how do I provide
whatever it is that you need inside
to keep you alive and high,
high on this eternal vibe we call life, yeah you.
why is my heart racing?
brain erasing memories I aint even thought of yet
for what? lack of sleep and rest? thinking about you
you, hell yeah, you, just made me admit to worry.
I'd wish I can do more,
but wishing is for people that believe it.
I don't do hope either,
because hope is for people that need it
all I need is you, yeah you,
so, what about you? yeah, you
by XZYZST

betweenthebars.org/posts/6105/new-generation-rising



RECALCITRANT!

7.

Flashing back on life's journey - from the past to the present, reflecting on each path taken, and every foot step left - most bring a smile, yet a few I do regret! At the top of the list is all the jail time that I've spent. Such an ugly existence!.....yet more than half of my life has been confined to a cell within the system! "Held Captive!" I live on a concrete plantation; "where I'm considered **CONDEMNED!!!!**". Property of a nation that professes to be civilized and fair. A symbol for Justice and Freedom, she preaches to the world, expecting all to adhere! The heavy hand of oppression is always there - a constant reminder for the timid! But for those who see clear - **Racism & Inequality** are still ever present. Standing strong without fear has been a tool for resisting and rebelling, which is what I've done since seeing my Pops get murdered when I was seven.

Trauma: Inflicted by pernicious circumstances. **Poverty stricken!** To get rich was the main objective - **Ambitious!** It was imperative, in order to uplift my family from horrible conditions. Every night Moma prayed for our lives to become different - yet every morning I would awake to an empty belly and still feeling stricken! Fairy tales in the ghetto are something that rarely happens! I never saw a happy ending!

I grew up in the slums; dope houses; I spent most of my time chasing money avidly! - Something I learned from this avarice Capitalist System! - Don't judge me - you can't relate to my struggles unless you've actually lived this: Roaches and rats taking over your kitchen....Hot oil burning on the stove, in case the pigs enter!! In every ghetto; on the street, avenue, boulevard or block. There is a story with a similar twist - Black, White, Yellow, Brown.....we're all up against it! There is always crooked pigs out to get ya! - That's what comes with being **RECALCITRANT**; and bucking against their system!!!

Ever since I was an infant, I had no father to keep me in check. **He was killed by racist pigs** - 20 bullets tore into his flesh! I witnessed him bleed in the streets, as he took his final breath. I even saw his soul leave his body (like smoke)....through the holes left in his chest! A normal childhood? Yeah, I wish! The only thing normal about it was **another black family being victimized by the very system that took an oath to serve and protect them!**

Now you know my story, which is not much different from a lot of others who had to live it. So, am I being pretentious to believe someone 'outside' the system might actually have listened and have genuinely cared about what I've been through? Do I still have your attention?

Aswad Pops aka "Toth"
California Death Row



first Stone

By Anthony Cain



It's alarming, the rate in which many seek to enervate others, while failing to look at themselves in the process! It's disturbing to see people so quick to cast stones at others, without taking time to fully reflect on their own past/personal behavior(s)! Everyone is entitled to their own "Belief(s) and Opinion(s)! This is why I'm exercising my Right to Opine. It's become common for Judgment to be passed without attempting to become educated on the Subject(s) in which the Judgment is reserved and/or prescribed! Many feel or believe it's "Harmless" to Judge others in their daily lives--not realizing that Words and especially Judgmental Actions have an undeniable impact on many in adverse ways. One example is this--How Society quickly Judges the Incarcerated. Some tend to believe, "If they're in there, they must've committed the Crime!" or, "Only bad people go to Prison!" These few words affect many and cast them into sometimes, an un-deserved light of Guilt! And, as the saying goes, "Everyone who talks about Heaven isn't going to Heaven!" Therefore, does this expression convey any Truth, "Everyone in Prison is not Guilty!"?

I do concede that many might be Guilty of putting themselves in a position to be blamed or accused of a Crime! However, that doesn't necessarily mean the person(s) are "Guilty" of what they're being accused of! This applies to every Prisoner on this Planet! However, it doubly-applies to the Men and Women who reside on the Death Rows around the world! Though difficult for some to believe, there are many people who are Incarcerated Unjustly! Men, Women and even children, have been literally kidnapped from their Families and Friends, because Law Enforcement Officials and Informants can appease their Superiors, and quickly close out Criminal Cases! It's sad when Factually Innocent people are sent to

Prison in this land of so-called "Democracy!" What's worse is the fact that they are often "Judged" Unjustly, in conclusion to everything else! Death Row Inmates are labeled "The Worst of the Worst", "The Irredeemable", and "Socio/Psychopathic Monsters!" People Sentence the occasional "Poster Child" for said "Crimes", and have them paraded in the Media for Victims of Crime to see, but, they fail or choose not to see that some of the Prisoners on Death Row are just as much "Victims of Crime" as the literal Victims of the alleged Crimes! And, all of this is due to False Imprisonment and Gross Misrepresentation of the Law!

If Judging others Unjustly were a Crime, I do believe there would be more Incarcerated persons on our Planet than there would be Free Citizens! This is a commonly used Adage, "No one is Perfect!", yet, many seem to think they are Perfect and exercise no Common Sense in their Judgment(s) of others! Therefore, it's to those people that I pose this Query; If you've never, in any shape, form or fashion, destroyed anyone's Character, Hopes, Dreams or Aspirations, I ask--Will you please cast the first stone? If you've always been Perfect--having done nothing in your entire Life-time, that could ever be deemed Wrong, Indecent, Immoral, Imprudent, Dishonest, Disloyal, Mis-interpreted, Misleading, and, but not limited to, Malicious, I ask you--Will you please cast the first stone? And finally, if "The Glass House" in which you currently live in, has paradoxically shatter-proof glass, then I sincerely implore you to, please cast the first stone!



a damn shame.

The inner division amongst fellow captives here at California's Death Row is cancerous and repulsive. In this struggle, we all have the same enemy that can't wait to hit us with that lethal injection while we live oppressed, waiting for fate.

We confusingly grow bitter towards one another, a waste of man power and valuable energy that can be better suited in the direction of our primary adversary. How is it that so-called killers, banger-minded proclaiming to possess ridah' attributes fail to be with "the business" at hand?

We have over the years egotistically competed against one another in conflict so unnecessarily, that for whatever reason, we remain in a state of denial even after incarceration in these modern day plantations, fail to find common ground or reason to collectively consolidate our energies and redirect our so-called "not give a fuck attitude" and expose this system for what it really is, a modern-day legalized lynching apparatus.

To choose to sit here and display contempt for one another without bustin' a grape under these oppressive conditions as warriors existing across enemy lines, constitutes a justified revocation of "warrior status", especially in the eyes of our New Generation, because we're faced with death row beneath these insane conditions of self-discrimination, off the inner-city streets and hoods, only to be tossed into this state of reckless division where known killers ace walking on eggshells around snitches and slave drivers whom we call "The Babylon", who've never in most cases seen or experienced the level of social, economic, spiritual, and cultural disadvantage. We were so defiant to the rules of our "Guardians" at home, not knowing they were trying to prevent us from experiencing this level of bias and corruption, and we have the audacity to literally hang on a cross beside one another, acting straight up stupid.

The hatred, confusion, and lack of unity we possess and display toward each other has created a stagnant environment where most (yes I said "most") have become so tame --- "a psychological secondary police force" in the name of insignificant material snit which pacifies the idiots who're too "hard" to address reality.

I'm just on of the many from the New Generation that was blindsided by the living conditions on Death Row.

1.) It's impossible for you to be bangin' hard, when you walk the yard each and every day with those same enemies that were chosen for you. Playing table games with known maggots that got baby blood on their hands, but it's all good because that's y'all homies? But at the same time, ostracize another brotha? For what?





2.) You give license for equal treatment and disrespect that comes with pedophilia when you maintained such security violations on these yards for years, long before the New Generation was even arrested. You expect the New Gz's to be subordinate to you in the conditions of confinement you've maintained?

3.) Most separations we are learning, stem from the old J. Edgar Hoover method of threat and fear that all those who revolt will be exposed from the foul, hidden in the files of the mind of the bully/wanna be somebody they're not, to a generation that can see a fake.

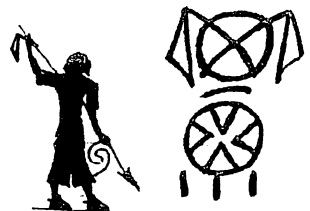
In conclusion, let it be known that the New Generation doesn't follow the unworthy into failure as we're grown-ass men who're capable of leading ourselves into success. The first action toward success, is acknowledging the wisdom and greatness in each other.

To ALL New Generation captives, The Discrimination Of The Self is NOT the direction we're willing to continue going behind these walls. Your first act of freedom is understanding your number one priority, "YOU". We encourage you to lead yourself into the diverse values in life, and share your experiences with the next generation as an obligation to yourself.

When the prison administration views you as "divided", they view you as easiest to be conquered. This New Generation encourages all of you to be aware that some people in the New Generation have experienced the exact same thing you're going through right now with the so-called "legends in their own minds". If you never cease discriminating against your own, it's impossible to not look and sound like a hypocrite when acting against a corrupt racist discriminatory Babylon agency. This has been done already, let's not repeat that version of history.

"Embrace The Worthy", that's the new road to unity for the New Generation.

DENT



12.

Until my last breath
where there's nothing left
if I can help in any way
I'll give you my best
and even though I'm locked away
they say, without a key
there aint no changin how I feel
on what choo mean to me
Despite the struggles it's the hustle
you instal in life
and all the drama that's gon come
when you willing to fight
cuz they judge you regardless
there aint no need to ask
guess I was Doomed from the womb
because of my past.

King



Dear Son,

My lil me, I write to you with perseverance in mind. Because, despite our separation, I pray that you succeed in all that you do in life. Because I love you, even if you stumble along the way and the only answers you hear are (NO), you still keep yo eyes on the prize. Champ, you work hard now, so you can play hard later.

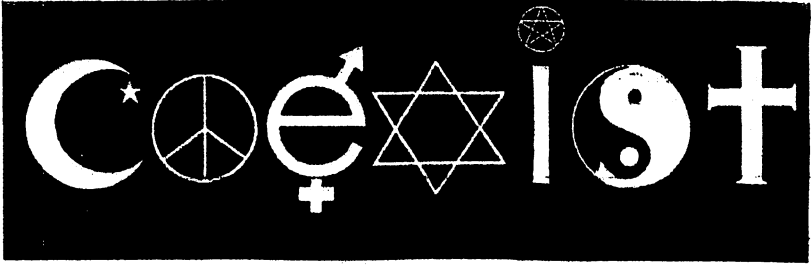
Because, he that is in you, is greater than he that is in the world, so I say to you son, (my seed), my twin... don't let nothing or (no one) knock you off yo pivot.

Because, you was born THE HEAD and not the tail, to lead, to provide fur, to protect and profess... cuz you're a king.

Love Dad

By: Jawaun

New Generation Rising



THE WALL

BY
GLEN C

REPTILIAN HYDRIDGS, DEVOID OF SYMPATHY, FEEDING ON BLOOD. FEAR AND DARK ENERGY. INTER-DIMENSIONAL, ASSUMING HUMANITY.

HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE. EMPATHY DELETED VAMPIRICAL TYPES, GAINING STRENGTH FROM HUMANITIES STRIFE.

UNDERWORLD BEING, LIVING IN HIGH PLACES. LOVING ONLY EMPTINESS OR DARK AND LONELY SPACES.

HUMAN SACRIFICES, FROM YEMEN TO IRAQ. GLOBAL ECONOMIC SYSTEMS UNDER THEIR ATTACK.

HOODED ROUND THE FIRES, FLAMES INTO THE NIGHT, NORDIC HYDRID NEOCONS. CURSE ANY PEACE OR LIGHT.

MANKIND BENT TO SERVE THESE BEINGS, "BABIES ARE THEIR FOOD." THOSE OF US WHO KNOW THE TRUTH, BRANDED AS THEIR FOOLS.

M/K-ULTRA SEX SLAVES, AWAKENED STILL I SHOCK. LEGAL EXECUTIONS, ALL AROUND THE CLOCK.

MILLIONS DIE AROUND THE WORLD FROM ALL THEIR DARK BEHAVIOR. AS THEY STAND ON TALL PODIUMS, ACTING LIKE OUR SAVIORS.

SINCE NO ONE KNOWS THE WHEN OR WHERE, OR IF THEY'LL EVER FALL. ATLEASE I FEEL THAT WE SHOULD KEEP OUR BACKS AGAINST THE WALL.

be careful out there

14.

CURSE OF THE GANG GOD

I am the Gang God,
pledge your allegiance to me, I will give thee
a gang you can call your own
a hood you can claim as home
and wars you can desert-storm.
I'll give you an identity and rep for the streets but first,
forsake everything you know including your beliefs,
but heed this warning my price is steep.
I am the Gang God,
suckle my poison let it corrupt your soul
become my obedient servant bound to my code.
Come, let me engulf you in my darkness and blind you from the
truth,
turn you loose in a city of madness where you're despised for
what you do.
Go forth, do my bidding, let my destruction reign supreme,
and when anyone ask why you do what you do, tell 'em, 'cause you
don't give a fuck about thing.
I am the Gang God,
I'll satisfy your psychopathic thirst,
to do dirt, to do hurt, and what's worst, here's my curse;
I demand blood, chaos and crime, and everything I give you, I'll
take back, because I always change my mind.
I am the Gang God,
I'm gonna make sure you get betrayed by someone close,
to demolish all your trust, faith, and hope.
I will have you believing in nothing but the seven deadly sins,
and while you're thinking you are the architect of your life I'm
the demonic force within.
I am the Gang God,
let's get something straight,
the only thing I want from you is your violence and hate.
You're nothing but a pawn to me, while you talking about keeping
it real,
I'm plotting with your enemies.
Fool, you think loyalty is the answer but it's the riddle to this
game,
do or die is not a paradise but a hell that follows your fame.
You wanted in, now you having doubts, so-call love ones took the
stand against and struck your ass out.
I am the Gang God,
only one of us can rise the other must fall,
you're my sacrificial lamb so I'll let you rot behind the walls.
Yeah, I'm gonna be the first to greet you when you get paroled,
here's a blunt, here's a gat, you know how it goes.
You won't dare reject me because we're of one mind,
and after all you been through you'll still throw up my sign.
But I'll turn my back on you faster than you did Christ,

you seen me do it once, you'll know I'll do it twice.
 I love watching you suffer, seeing your family brought to tears
 your meaning of staying down means you got to always live in
 fear.

I am the Gang God,

the antithesis to life because I crave death,
 the only future I promise is no peace - no rest.

I don't give a fuck about prayers, save them for a priest,
 you want out, you got to answer to the beast.

Redemption is not sold, redemption is earned, and it's not about
 the mistakes you made but the lessons you've learned,

but I shouldn't be telling you this because it's too much like
 right,

so if you thinking about changing the oath you're on you know you
 got to fight.

I am the Gang God,

I'll do anything to keep you in my vicious tomb,

kill your love ones, turn homeboy against homeboy causing
 unforgivable wounds.

I'll take you and spit on your story;

an OG banger still searching for glory.

And when all is said and done, and judgement comes,

put the barrel to your temple and let regret be the gun.

BY:
 AJANI



Visit Our Blog @

BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG/GROUP/PAPYRUSCOLLECTIVE

LOST IN THE SHUFFLE

I, sit here in prison, with a book and pen in my hand. Daily, I find myself trapped within my thoughts, trying to capture the very essence of life and the worth of my existence. Within myself, a battle seems to occur at times between my ego, pride, and the demons of my past. This is a three headed monster, that lives in all of us and plays a part in our shortcomings, as people. There's only one formula when it comes to putting a giant to sleep, and that would be the sleeping pill of knowledge.

Sharing my journey and the things that I've learned over the years, has become a mission of mine. In doing so, I hope to save someone from being burned of their freedom, parenthood, and sanity.

Every morning when I awaken inside this dark and cold cell, I'm slapped with the reality of my life being lost in the shuffle of misfits. But I still think of the future as an astonishing door opening for any/all possibilities while learning from the past, but not allowing it to decide the future.

BY: Young Boo



ENCOURAGE YOURSELFENCOURAGE YOURSELF

In this life you need more than hope.
 Hope is a good thing; probably the best of things.
 But hope alone has no power to undo your circumstances,
 or change your future.

In this life you need more than a dream.
 To dream is to imagine a better life for yourself.
 But without blood, sweat, and tears,
 dreams become fantasies that eventually disappear.

In this life you need more than a prayer.
 The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.
 But sitting around everyday waiting for the heavens to open
 will get you no further than where you are right now.

In this life you need more than things.
 Things can accessorize and adorn your life.
 But things can never make you great.
 Greatness is in you. Become someone in life.

In this life you need more than encouraging words.
 We all need our spirits lifted from time - to - time.
 But the more you rely on others for encouragement, the
 more you set yourself up for disappointment.

Know your self - worth. Believe in yourself.
 Be determined to win. See yourself succeeding.
 Be willing to sacrifice and pay your dues.
 Most importantly learn how to encourage yourself.

By: Twon

Letting Go

By

Robert R. Williams Jr.

I came across a passage "Hagakure: Book of the Samurai" that states:
 Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily.
 Every day and mind are at peace, one should meditate on
 being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears, and swords,
 being carried away by surging waves, being thrown in to the
 midst of a great fire, being stuck by lightening, being shaken
 to death by a great earthquake, falling from thousand foot
 cliffs, dying of disaster or committing seppuku at the death of
 one's master. And every day without fail, one should
 consider himself as dead.

At first I thought, "Wow, how depressing!" and tried to forget what I had just read. Yet, to my bewilderment, this passage would not leave me: it became like one of those nagging songs that somehow just gets stuck in ones head. So, since it seemed bound to persist in my head, I determined to indulge it and do what the book said: I meditated on death to see where it would take me.

Being incarcerated, and on death row, constantly watched over by a guy with a gun, surrounded by signs that say "No Warning Shots" in big bright red letters, this idea of thinking about death wasn't very lard at all. But it was last part of the quote that really impacted me, the part that says, "And every day without fail, one should consider himself as dead."

In Japan's warring medieval times, the practice of meditating on death served to prepare the samurai to die a painful and violent death, and also to fight fearlessly, always facing the enemy. But to consider myself already dead seemed alien and strange to me; after all this isn't medieval, feudal, warring Japan; and what about life, love, compassion and happiness—all the good stuff in life?

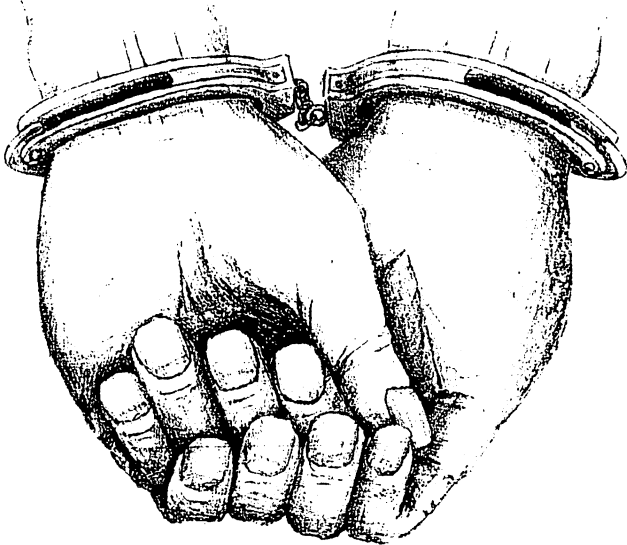
After about two weeks it all hit me like a sword strike to the throat! We are all going to die; that is a simple fact of physical existence. As for me, I'm already on Death Row, which puts death—my death—right there in my face. Why not just accept it, live life like a dead man, and simply let go of life?

I did just that. It didn't mean grabbing a sheet and hanging myself, or shutting off my feeling and becoming some soulless, emotionless zombie or anything drastic. No, living as dead man, and realizing that I die a thousand times a day, did something most amazing. My mind became clear and focused, my hearing intensified, the sense of smell increased, vision became alluringly acute, all this resulting in more beautiful and

melodious sounds, brighter colors, amazing scents. I was suddenly freed from prison, transported to this awesome world I didn't even realize existed, where the constant noise of restless convicts became exquisite music of nature: once dull, drab, muted colors became airy, bright splashes of artistic expression. It was like I had been reborn to the world—or the world reborn to me. In death I had found life, peace, happiness, and contentment. A great burden was lifted from my shoulders and every single moment became new and exciting, so much worth living for, worth dying for. The next moment of existence no longer mattered; all that did matter was this one precious everlasting nano-second in time, living each and every heartbeat for all that it was worth, like it would be the last—because it was / is the last.

I had spent fifteen years exploring the world's great religious and spiritual tradition, and in giving up life, in living as a dead man, it all came together in this strange, profound, contradictory . . . something, where I yearned for the serene release that death brings, even though I am already dead . . . yet alive. I yearned now for life with a newfound love and passion for just living as a simple spiritual entity in this vast, wonderful and magical universe, surrounded by peace and in perfect harmony with it ALL . . . as a dead man.

I guess that the message which I am trying to pass along to those of us who are locked away, to those imprisoned by mental restraints, and surrounded by the chaos that incarceration fosters and breeds, is to simply LET GO, embrace each and every dying moment, and in that death, find newborn vibrant life. If you can find that behind violent walls, the anything you turn in this life (and the next), it can be found. You will die a honorable death a thousand times a day, mindful of all things, smiling at everybody, everything, smiling even at death.



The Jewelry I wear

"Mr. Officer Part II: The Dream"



Mr. Officer, I see I have to hit you with this Pen again!
Effective Dialogue starts with "Respect" on our end!

Mr. Officer, refusing to be Oppressed is what we pushing!
Grievances, Hunger Strikes & Civil Suits to meet our "Demands" is what we
"Cooking!"

Mr. Officer, we've been told that Cats in County Jails can't receive no Letters.
Now how we gone Heal broken folks when you won't help them get better?

Mr. Officer, didn't you hit this Rock on a boat singing "In GOD We Trust", trying
to be a trend-setter--

But teaching one Generation after the next to put each other in some Fetters?

It seems to me that the "Dream" that's suppose to be is a Nightmare of Despair!!!

Mr. Officer, let me spin my Oratorical Roulette Wheel and start another Slurp-
Fast!

I'm imposing verbal squabbles with my Social Aptitude Test!
How didn't you fail to find Jaycee Dugard at her Family's Request?
Half-hearted ass searches through a sexual predator's Love Nest--
Quick to cover up yo crime with a 22 Million Dollar Check!

Mr. Officer, didn't you kill Trayvon Martin and called it "Self-Defense"?
You on the Internet in disguise collecting Chips in Pretense--

With 250 G's stashed saying, "You ain't got a Pence!"
But you better believe folks gon loot & burn the City if his family can't get no
Recompense!

It seems to me that the "Dream" that's suppose to be is a Nightmare of Despair!!!

Mr. Officer, are you feeling me spitting the plain Facts?

You out yo damn Mind if think folks giving up they Gats!
Watching you drive Cats like Timothy Darnier "Mad" until he had to get Strapped--
While holding combat in a Shack over twisted Theocrats!

Mr. Officer, what about Oscar Grant?

You had him spread out flat on a Mat and put a bullet in his back!

Mr. Officer, what about them Illegal Search & Seizures--

Just to Rob & grope them Women at yo own damn leisure?

Putting Dope in the Hood, but we see things crystal clear;

And you say "It's All Good, as long as you don't bring them Drugs to the places
we hold Dear!"

It seems to me that the "Dream" that's suppose to be is a Nightmare of Despair!!!

Mr. Officer, how many unarmed folks you gone Expire and call it "Justifiable
Homicide"?

How many Disinfranchised gone have to die because of yo Pride?

The same Offense you accusing Gang Members of is yo form of Genocide!!!

Yeah, you quick to fill them Coroner's Offices with that Formaldehyde!

Mr. Officer, wasn't that you caught on Video beating down a 14 year old at a Gas
Station--

You and several of yo Cohorts assaulting someone's "Baby" over Work related
frustration--

At them Rallies touching up the Citizens over Legal Demonstrations?

It seems to me that the "Dream" that's suppose to be is a Nightmare of Despair!!!

Mr. Officer, let me hit you with another Historical Retrospective.
 Remember Rodney King in 92' from our Perspective?
 You beat him down to pump "Fear" was yo Objective!
 Another sad case of Hatred by yo Collective!
 Mr. Officer, you've been trying to keep these Prisoners silent for about a
 hundred years;
 I'm a give my Peers the Truth--make sure they hear in my Sphere;
 Trying to steer them to the Light & keep their ears on Tiers.
 I'll Write or Die until I'm gone--Hope my words bring a Cheer!
 Stay on point for Zine Five & watch them Haters with their "Sneers!!!"

It seems to me that the "Dream" that's suppose to be is a "Nightmare of Despair!"

Clifton Perry

A Threat to be Feared or a Future to be Cherished?



D. Howard

JJ: That I know of? Hell NO, everybody ended up back in prison or dead, you see, people don't even realize this.

XZ: That's crazy because I was showing my folks those boxing tournament videos, and the camera was pointed at the door before the bouts started and one by one, line by line, we watched youngsters from every unit walk in a line to be seated inside the auditorium; everybody with me was watching the beginning of a boxing show, but I was watching a funeral. I even cried because Keith Davis, "CL" Curtis Lawrence, I mean, it was just so many homies had trade skills, but got let out to the same streets and, fuck man....

JJ: They did everybody like that, see look, most of the trades they was offering certifications for didn't translate into employability skills because nobody could find a job because they was outdated we had 1990's skills, but not 2000 job ready. (both LOL.)

XZ: Valuable shit you just said, what about family?

JJ: My family is real tight, you gotta have a strong family or else when bad things like this happen it's those tight family units that's extremely important.

XZ: So after checking out the Write or Die Zine project issues #1. and #2, what do you think? Outside of a few typos not bad huh?

JJ: Hey you know what, I thought they was pretty good, let me tell you, not only did both of them have like a positive energy to them, but what I like the most, was that it shows, or let me say, send out a look from the inside, rather than that same old outside stereotype view because whenever people see things about this place they always show fools here for crazy ass things....

XZ: Man they even be showing, what's that fool Charles...

JJ: Yeah huh? And he hasn't been here on deathrow since 1973? Or something like that? And you probably wasn't even born back then (both LOL:)...I'm just saying man.

XZ: Do you know Piankhi?

JJ: Yeah man, tell 'em I said this is real cool and I saw it as interesting as Readers Digest LOL.

XZ: Man, you be reading everything, Readers Digest?

JJ: Hell yeah, they be having some feel good stuff in there, and I do, I do read a lot, that's how you learn, observe everything.

XZ: So that means you know about the African Proverb: It takes a village to raise a child, so trip, outside of your family, I'm talking community here, name that one thing that you always wanted to you never got before coming to deathrow?

JJ: True unity, you said what I wanted?

XZ: Yeah you.

JJ: Ok, time unity then.

XZ: I love this question because you never know what people will say, it's like even though most answers are different on the surface, so far, you have been the 1st one to just come out and say what every answer really is on the under, unity.

JJ: That being said, the reasons for the lack of unity differs because like my Latino community for instance, unity is there in the setting, but in the end it's never there, you know what that is?

XZ: Why?

JJ: Because in these times people just get up and move, it's not like before when whole families settled down.

XZ: Aww yeah, I'm feelin that, thats a trip, elab...

JJ: Man, people move so often now, they don't even know who lives 5 houses down the street no more, or which old lady is The Homies G.Mom's, Man, the inner city youth are growing up where the true comfort of a real community or village is lost in these times.

XZ: I mean, bring it, you got a reason for all that?

JJ: The economy for one, if you go back in time, you will see society as a whole was self sufficient, the people was stronger, plus they broke the fabric of the way society was for them, because, man, if you really look, you can see how capitalism killed the villages.

XZ: Real fuckin talk, dog, even females are looking for dudes with \$, so if you ain't showing material shit, or racks, you ain't nobody.

JJ: Capitalism killed communism, and communism was good.

XZ: Ok, hold up, because since you used the word communist, and since WOD has a younger demographic readership, I'm going to write out, at least one dictionary meaning of the word communist, because as you know, that word alone in America, especially in politics, pisses people off.

Communism, _____A theory of social organization advocating common ownership of means of production and distribution of products of industry based on need.

JJ: exactly, hence the word, community. So if 1 guy don't work for that day, he still eats, everybody always eats because everything belongs to the community, everybody gets skinny jeans (both LOL :)

"This conversation was interrupted by a capitalist pigeon, that took about a half of 2 cups worth of shit that came within inches of XYZYST LOL; It's well known that the exercise yards on deathrow are under 2 metal chicken farm like covering, and birds rest and lay nests high above the yards, so this happens more often than most think."

"XYZZST being the nature freak that he is simply cleaned up the contaminated papers and explained to the pigeon that although he was forgiven of the bombing: not to expect a tight fresh pair of skinny jeans in pigeon size when the economy bounces back here in America (everybody LOL. :)"

XZ: New topic?

JJ: OK, I'm ready, come back over here, don't trip, I can see them, I'll watch out for you (LOL. :)

XZ: Yeah right!

Andre: (in the distance) I told you younsta, they got bra yesterdays, but you went over there anyway (LOL. :) and you're going right back, alright, alright...

Any, I've spent my life in war zones, JoeJoe, next topic. As you know, in the Black community, we have always said that prisons are now filled up with a lot of people that was targeted back in the 1990's, especially by the Los Angeles police department. From your experience, as a Latino, did they do y'all the same way, or are all black people that make court complaints lying, crazy or trying to come up off the system? "as they say."

JJ: No, look, these people always deny what they do and try to make it seem like the black youth or latino youth are like all crazy wild animals, but to answer your question, hell yeah they dogged us out as well, man, they even had a protocol to look for people that dressed the same, but everybody dress the same in the hood because that's what was being sold to us in those areas. Those clothes was affordable and, oh yeah, so now that people is wearing these skinny jeans, the cops is all confused now..LOL. (everybody LOL. :)

XZ: You hella crazy, but that's true tho, that stop and frisk shit is even, awh man, let me say this, I was on the phone with my son and he was saying the LAPD took his cellphone and his friends phones feel me, after they came up to the high school because of a melee in the cafeteria, anyway, Young Prince said the cops said they would all get their phones back when they show up for court, which was like 5 days away. SO IF YGz is reading this, don't take those phones back because they doing all kinds of shits to those phones, including waiting for them to ring so they can pin a dope case on kids feel me, so heads up, go hard, but also go smart.

JJ: They got this new protocol called curbside searching, you see, they can now "pat them down only," that's if they look suspicious, oh yeah, tell them to look up a case called Paul vs. Ohio, the cops can't take or open something if it's sealed, so if they do this, that person can use Paul vs Ohio to help them out, no matter what's inside the sealed item, remember that.

XZ: I'm saying, the cops is just out here pulling kids over, and taking stuff from them and don't get me started because....

JJ: You see that's what I'm trying to tell you, this person named Paul beat the charge because it was an illegal search and seizure of how the cop obtained the item that got Paul locked up, so if a person is reading this zine, and is locked up for something like this, they can appeal it because most people don't understand the wording of laws. I'm not just talking about the search, or pat down, I'm also talking about the word "seizure," for example anybody under the age of 18, if they use a 6 pack

photo line up against them they can beat the case because of how the cops seized the photo of the minor.

NZ: Ok, now I get it, no adult...what if the kid signed that paper?

JJ: If the kid was already a ward of the court at the time, yeah, but we are talking about kids like your son and daughter that ain't never been in nothing, a minor can't represent himself, it takes a parent or guardian to sign for permission for them to even take a photo of the kid, hell, schools can't even take kids to Disneyland on a school field trip without a par....

NZ: a parent's signature, real shit, go on.

JJ: And they got cops pulling kids over, asking them what their name is, and taking photos of them so the cops can put it in what they call a blue book, so when something happens in the hood, they show victim's the blue book and say, which one of these kids was it? And that's a violation of the minors constitutional rights under Paul vs Ohio because those are illegal photos because of how they was seized; I know some kid in Juvenile Detention is reading this right now and is like, "oh hell yeah, I'm outta here" LOL.

NZ: All up at the park flexing, what the? all posing and shit!

JJ: Yeah, in a line showing off tattoos, my homie snoop was the 1st one they did this to, most my homies are lifers now, but they had us in a condo structure, garage door as the backdrop, and flicking it up, I was like, what the fuck is wrong with you foolz?

NZ: OMG, you know what you just said? Dog, right now as we speak, the cops is out there taking photos of the next generation that they are planning to fill up the very prison cells that we all live in right now, on the row.

JJ: That's some sick ass shit huh? And they parents don't even know about it, because kids don't know man, I mean, we was all just kids man, do parents read WOD?

NZ: I hope people read this shit and realize that child porno dudes ain't the only ones out here taking photos of inner city youth.

JJ: Unbeknownst to parents and guardians, and they be all like, accept responsibility for your own actions but how do you tell people that when the whole thing is a trap, and don't get it twisted, 9 times out of ten; most victims just be pointing out photos of people that ain't did nothing, man, we all look alike too, to them.

NZ: That's why I love my nigga Tyler the creator for that Mountain Dew commercial because they can put a billy goat in a photo line up and they still going to pick one of us. Boot lickin ass, Uncle Tom, ass fools out here acting like they don't get that commercial.

JJ: I couldn't hear your last question because it got hella loud out here, repeat that last one..

30.

XZ: Nawh man, what you just said was so valuable, it made me. oh yeah, hold up, I got one more of our routine questions for ya. If these cops walked a tour of juveniles already locked up, in here, right now.....

JJ: It'll never happen, they don't want them to see this truth, but what do you mean like positive?!

XZ: I'm saying, What, if anything, would you say to them, period?

JJ: you know you plan to say stuff, but your words change when you're in the moment? I don't know, oh, become a nerd because he starts last but finishes first (both LOL:)

XZ: Where in the hell do you be coming up with shit LOL:

JJ: No, think about it, in every community, nobody likes the nerd, They get beat up and all kinds of shit, but they are the ones that become pillars of the community, some become politicians, or own major companies, and others become, like, they get at us and in the end become law makers. I saw all of that as a joke, but being serious. I am saying that they get to be smarter now than we was when we was their age because now they can see more than we did.

XZ: Good shit dog, I want to say my usual 4th Millennium B.C. ending but you really hit on a good point that, here we are, as a society, worried about sickos taking photos of our youth, but totally missing the cops doing the same exact thing, I mean, right now, as we speak.

JJ: Things that make you go hummmm!

The End!

#HANDSUPDONTSHOOT

<http://betweenthebars.org/posts/6105/new-generation-rising>

California ON BLAST

THE NEWS

California launched a "secret mission" to swap some of it's muscle relaxant for vials of Arizona's sodium thiopental in 2010. A team of California guards, picking up "the package" from Arizona, shuttled it North on Interstate 5, handing it off in the San Joaquin Valley to a second team that took it to San Quentin's death row. Scott Kernan, then a California's prison official, exulted over the trip's success in an e-mail that became grist for comedy central's... Colbert Report: "You guys in Arizona are life savers. Buy you a beer next time I get that way." Excerpt from an article in the USA Today Newspaper titled: "Supporters Of Death Penalty Blame Politics." Dated: 3/18/2014.

#WTF



NOTICE OF DEATH

 By
T. Cain

Summertime on Death Row here at San Quentin State Prison is notoriously deceptive. The sunshine that beams in through the stained and dirty windows is inviting, but when you venture outside, there is often a chill in the air -- a chill so bone cold and haunting, that no multiple layering of clothing can save you.

June 24th was one of those days, and for whatever reason, this day epitomized the incertitude of just being "on" death row. Though there was the regular routine of chow, yard, showers, visits, and the repetitive cycle of movement one might find in any prison, on the row there's something more -- the obscenity of waiting.

Fast forward to approximately 3:00 p.m. (mail call) where in the atmosphere there's a toxic anxiousness that exudes human need, and like most others, there I was hoping babylon would stop in front of my cell to slide me a letter through the bars and mesh covering from a loved-one, friend, family member, etc.

Come to find out, this was "legal mail" that I was forced to sign for. I flipped the envelope over, ripped it open and saw in big bold letters that the sender was none other than the "California State Office of the Attorney General". As my eyes raced to meet the contents, I felt that unwelcomed bone-cold chill eerie sensation -- straddled between two worlds the realm of the living, and the realm of the dead. This was no letter. This was a copy of the order for my execution, a notice of death.

I sat down on the bunk -- I think I closed my eyes -- I think, and layed back, resting my head against the cell wall, I think. This reality check-wedged me between complete helplessness and absolute rage. My mind skipping the replay of one word, "execution" over and over, shutter-speed needle to the record scratch mode, silence.

Flashing back to reality again, I had just been put on notice that someone had officially set a date to smoke me, kill me, dead me, my pending demise, snatch my birthdate, my very breath, spirit, life force, decapitate my emotions from my body, causing me to take a closer look at my need to pay closer attention to words like, oxygen. I mean, this one piece of mail had just brought me into a sharp focus of just how much I existed in the miasma of death row and how much up to that point I had neglected the gravity of my situation.

Let's not get it twisted, I'm not afraid to die, death is not only inevitable but I've come to realize that a certain type of death has always stalked my life just as closely as it does now, like some ominous stranger lurking just beyond my peripheral vision as it arbitrarily kills those most closest to me as well, crazy? I don't believe so, but now here's the thing death and I are now face-to-face, again, I can actually see its grotesque grin, its fathomless eyes, and I can literally smell and feel stygian breath, hot and insistent upon my skin like a dry rotten wind exposing the frailty of my mortality, okay, temporary insanity? That's some cold hate mail, huh?

Then, as with any human being, my entire mind and body shifted gears into survival mode, and from out of nowhere, I began to remember a movie I once lost in my consciousness, the movie was about a man who spent his entire life trying to teach his son not to make the same mistakes and poor choices he had made when he was young. Though in the end the man died knowing his son would infact make those very same mistakes and poor choices, and yes, there's a difference between the two.

This notice of death was not just about me. I began to regain my sanity by thinking about my next generation, my seed, my son. I was told that I'd never have the opportunity to have any place in my son's life, mostly due to baby-mama drama and a host of other entities that failed to daunt my efforts for the past fourteen years [ten from death row] to be a part of my "Y.C.'z" life.

Before my own father died, he encouraged me to never stop searching for my son, and just recently I located his mother, have opened a line of communication with her in spite of the obstacles, but I've come this far and this may be the last real thing I do in life because I know that any possibility of having a relationship with my son overshadows this notice of my execution.

That notice of execution was unable to scramble the pre-imagined dialogue going on in my head, anticipating what he will say when we meet. I welcome the honor to face him, especially now that he is at a crossroad, trying to find himself, testing the rage at the center of his being, caught between young manhood and a hostile society that has made his entire generation targets... I feel his struggle! I am his struggle -- growing up without a father and of having to know me as a footnote in some distorted storyline. I have an idealistic hope that perhaps my demand that things will be different for him and all of you "N.G.'z & Y.C.'z" ou there, that none of you will ever have to feel this version of cold.

New generation. "Y.C.'z" ou there in those streets, up in some juvenile detention center, down in the belly of a slave ship prison, or just doing your thang, let me share with you this reality... all of you still got action, all of you are still very much in control of your future... for example: Yes, it's true that death is inevitable to everyone. However, being killed is not something that you want other to have control over in your lives. You are not out of control over your own lives until you surrender that control. Lace up your boots, lace up your own youth, you "Y.C.'z" of all races need to continue to stick together -- what you youngsters are out there doing right now, deserves much respect, but never forget that while y'all are going hard, remember to also go smart!

Choose your own friends, but most importantly, don't ever permit anyone to choose your enemies for you... Rise N.G.'z, rise! Rise Y.C.'z, rise! When you begin moving in an opposite direction, no one will have the authority to send you a "Notice of Death"!



THE BIG SLEEP

By:

Michael Flinger

Contemporary society has begun to notice what so many in prisons around this nation, the impoverished, and the disenfranchised have known for so long -- the "have nots" are not as foolhardy and ignorant as some might wish to believe. In fact, let me illustrate if only for a moment for those of you who have their facts twisted, what happens when bureaucracy takes the wheel only to replace the will, best interests, and genuine needs of the people it purports to serve. I'm gonna do so, from right here on Dear Old Row at San Quentin State Prison -- sharing with you the truth about manipulation of powers, wealth, and privilege which maintains the bloodflow within the State of California's machinery of death. Well, up until recently that is.

Oddly, even with the 40+% of the nation's population being vehemently opposed to capital punishment, the afore-mentioned bureaucracy somehow has quite some time has managed to hijack one main component of survival while fighting to keep ones' voice and visibility alive -- unity. These unrepentant thieves do so in the name of prison interest lobbies, political greed and the tyranny that feeds upon the brittle bones of condemned prisoners everywhere.

In California for example, we have a death penalty that continues to raise fiscal eyebrows far and wide, one with an astounding budget in place a budget that has been hung out to dry in the face of justice for the people, yet at the end of the day, the only real monies spent are allocated to bureaucracy. California has only executed 13 people since 1978 and yet it comes at the expense of those who least afford any of it. When the budget ax swings aimlessly here in California, it's the poorest of the poor who absorb the first chops of the blade. Such "cuts" in social services, health care, education, and keeping cops out on "their" streets has been argued again and again by local governments, dragging the controversy into departmental while knowingly milking the cash cow with impunity. So gross in appetite politicians have summoned their conspirators (with tax-payer cash) to fall alongside them avariciously upon financial resources with glutony, long before the fruit on the vines ever ripen, mapping out the total demise of those whom even today can hardly afford to eat from McDonald's Dollar Menu.

If there's a single point of consensus in this heated political environment for all, it's that the application of death as otherwise understood by those who pay their dues (by design) into the economic climate as the voting majority, remain unaware of the degree to which bureaucracy has insulated the voices and decisions of those elected to federal and state government. The Big Sleep as it currently stands, provides some semblance of rationalization to the commoner. Y'see, there is but one sound alternative to justice in its final form -- ambivalence.

Pity the modern executioner as his/her professional capacity has found its way beneath a United States Supreme Court microscope, the very same court who stands on the premise that executions must be conducted with so much degree of finesse whereby torture or lingering death and/or substantial risk of serious harm are forbidden.

Capital punishment has, in the past, been practiced by most societies; currently 58 nations actively practice it while 97 have abolished it (the remainder have NOT used it for at least a decade, and may only choose to do so in exceptional circumstances). The Gas Chamber first came into use in 1924, and despite the court's 1890 ruling, both said gas as well as electrocution from the late 1800's methods were riddled with malfunction. In a 2008 court opinion, the Chief Justice wrote that "the firing squad, hangings, the electric chair, and the gas chamber have each in-turn given way to far-more HUMANE methods, culminating in today's consensus on the use of lethal injection."

Today in late 2014, stands the fourth straight year in which fewer than 50 executions NATIONALLY have been perfected since 1999 from a peak of 98. Some 315 sentences of death were handed down in 1994; compared to only 78 in 2012. During this same provocative period where the statistics depict a dramatic shift, the national murder rate also plunged, rendering hollow the traditional argument that the death penalty serves as a deterrent to crime. That is unadulterated bullshit! To paraphrase the Eighth Amendment, "executions have always been cruel; now they are seemingly unusual, too". People, while you're reading this, wrap your brain around the oxymoronic absurdity that exists when you search for humane executions in this civilized society. Today with lethal injection at the forefront of demand, there remains an essential fact about progress being humane; where the court's have ordered that executions fall within a scope of palatability, there's little to argue when simply modifying one's method of death -- afterall, the chair and the current lethal injection gurney are both equipped with leather straps to restrain a HUMAN BEING so that the state can KILL them.

Significant to note is that those who seek life and love life, receive death; and that those who hate life and seek death, somehow receive life. What the hell is the difference as it relates to execution of an innocent by a government, whether it's Oscar Grant by a cop's bullet, a child due to the lack of a life-saving organ transplant, or the condemned inmate by lethal injection? The cause and result are unequivocally identical. Shouldn't justice be served to one and all from the same damn dish? And why are tax dollars funding the ever-fluid criminalization of each and every New Generation through legalized terror at the expense of the vulnerable? When's enough, enough?

For 2016, California State Senator Cathleen Galgiani will author a state senate bill which will seek legislative protocol for every prisoner in this great nation (starting with California) the ability to become willing LIVING organ donors. You can learn more about this in short order online at www.inmateorgans.org.

And well... if that wasn't quite enough to assist me in closing this missive, just last month here in California, a Federal District Court Judge (Cormac J. Carney) "ordered" in the case of Ernest D. Jones (petitioner), that due to Jones' continued confinement since 1995 under his sentence of death, that said post-conviction capital confinement which is fraught with uncertainty and protracted delays, the court believed that the state of affairs asto petitioner's grave uncertainty in whether or not he'll ever be executed, that his death sentence remains a product of arbitrary infliction and unusual cruelty as a result of the federal and state appellate process. As such, Judge Carney appropriately ordered the DEATH PENALTY for a myriad of related reasons in the state of California is thereby "UNCONSTITUTIONAL" and as such, Jones' sentence of death was VACATED. Simply put, someone finally stood up to the bureaucracy and opened the door to the requisite reform that has been long overdue for so many of us.

36.

"revolution"

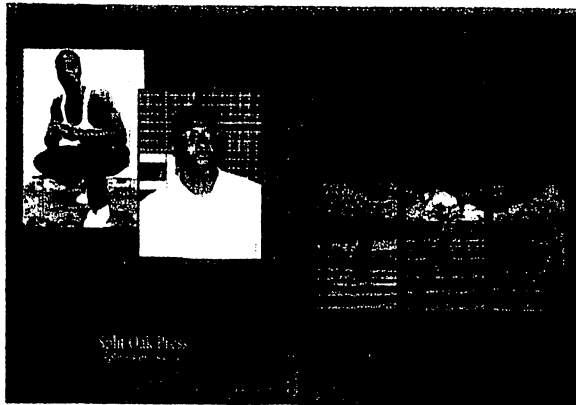
Everything I love
is dead or dying.
Everything I owned
has been stolen or destroyed.
Everything I want
I must fight and bleed for.
Everything I am
I must struggle to be.
Everything I need
I have earned and deserved.
Everything I trust
has been challenged and tested.
Everything I believe
is strong and firm.



And
Everything I seek
lies with Revolution!
Revolution!
Revolution!



By Adisa Kamara



Steve Champion is on California's death row at San Quentin. Send our brother some love and light: Steve Champion, C-58001. San Quentin State Prison. San Quentin CA 94974. And read his book, "Dead to Deliverance: A Death Row Memoir," available at amazon.com or [Split Oak Press, splitoakpress.com](http://splitoakpress.com).

Stand

Take a real stand! Take a stand not for religion, for it kills with an obligation, but take a spiritual stand. If, we embrace a fruitful relationship with the heavenly father, it shall enable us to have compassion for those deemed as sinners.

We are acquiescence to God's plan only because we have been shown his abilities through our mental state of prayer, meditation, faith... slowing down our minds and opening our ear, to his teachings. God's plan for us, was established well-before the exit of our mother's womb. Wake Up!

Elders, use your mature third leg of wisdom to save our lost youth. Share with them the many life treasures and the very love that God has revealed to you, as this became your foundation. Speak to them and not at them, for its the key to a message being receptive. Respect their fragile minds, and we shall uncover their needs, wants, desires and appetites... for knowledge, love, and guidance. Cherish any/all trust, because the first hint of deceit, insincerity, or untruthfulness, could be detrimental.

Church isn't a playground, fashion show, to mock, or hide your shame. Stand Up! Lead the way, with the spirits of Moses, Joshua, and John The Baptist... a walk on the red carpet of glory, that leads to the second coming of, salvation.

Cross over to where the grass is greener and our 187's are washed away, by the blood of the lamb. Fight-the-good-fight of faith, for it's finished. Embrace the grace and power, for iron sharpens iron... stop, the destruction and extermination of our younger generation, by sharing the deepest/greatest testimony, that victory is ours. We don't have to die alone!

Discern the time and people, be watchful and pray for the mercy seat of judgment. It shall be a day of joy to hear, "well done my good and faithful servant," or it can be a day of gnashing teeth, with regret and shame. Endure and stand, putting on the armor of God. Peace be with you, till we see the "New Jerusalem... Lets Stand! Acts 4:9-10.

By: C-Los..B

A Dead Career Move

Since my inception into San Quentin in 1997, I've often heard that (mere) incarceration and the death penalty itself, is racist and applied to those who are financially challenged.

Well, guess what? That's only a very small portion of what the elite "THINK TANK" has in store for common folks who have spent a day in a state of involuntary isolation, have no concept as to what's really going on. Usually, such a perspective has already been displayed for all those who claim to be interested in "CHANGING THE SYSTEM," but when there's media presence or an audience incarceration becomes a side-street for political prostitution. Because of the corporate takeover, in the arena of law; and the corporate reign in everyday life, via endorsements and its involvement in the stock market, you'd be a fool to believe that crime is not only by design.

Prisons are nothing but warehouses for the storage of goods and "chattel" under "commercial" law. The Warden is a Bailee or Warehouseman (before the term admiral was used he was called "Custos Maris" = Warden of the Sea) (In some ancient records he was called "Capitanus Maritimarum" or Captain or Tenant in Chief of the Maritime) who receives personal property (your "re-possessed" body) from another (the county) as "Bailment."

Prisons are also repository institutions or facilities for securities (prisoners) as collateral for the public and national debt. The prisoners represent asset or repository money for Bid, Performance and Payment Bonds. The prisons are referred to as credit facilities, institutions or repositories. They function essentially the same way that a Depository Bank does under 17 (Code of Federal Regulation = (C.F.R.) Section §450. The prisons are acting in the capacity of a fiduciary or custodian over government securities or otherwise for the account of a customer, and they are not government securities brokers or dealer, as defined in Section §3(a)(44) of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934 (15 U.S.C. §78(c)(a)(43)-(44)). In addition to being a repository bank with prisoners being the assets, collateral, or securities for the bid, performance and payment bonds, the prisoners are the actual reinsurance or surety and their sentence represents the valued and marketable risk involved with the materials, supplies and cost factors involved with the guaranteed performance, and payments relative to the bonds.

This is termed "assumed risk" in insurance and represents a present peril hazard, or danger of lose, due to their dishonor and default judgement in court. that is why there is a penal sum or clause attached to each bond for non-performance and payment of the bonds.

The reason why the (corporate) State, in which we live is able to capitalize off of our incarceration, is because you and I have been unjustly convicted of a crime or have fallen into the psychological trap, that was called, "a come up." The only way to reinforce slavery, is through the exercise of the Thirteenth Amendment, so the replacement word slavery is involuntary servitude. Coupled with a Social Security Number, the "You knighted States" has to protect its interests, so they have to put their most prized possessions somewhere (allegedly safe, right? We are placed into a prison (a safe deposit box), so that the prison guards (bank security guards) could keep an eye on us. pay attention -- The Social Security Number on the front of your Social Security Card is assigned to the debtor, strawman/alter ego, or corporate self, the red number on the back of the card is your exempt priority prepaid account number and is assigned to one of the (12) Federal Reserve Banks, designated by the letter in front of the number. There is (1) letter and (8) numbers after the letter. The letter designates which Federal Reserve district or bank is handling your account, the (8) digit number is your account number, all charge backs should be to

this bank and not the Secretary of the Treasury, who in reality is the Secretary of the Treasury of Puerto Rico.

The office of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States was done away with in 1926. The international Monetary Fund (I.M.F.) has replaced the office of the Treasury of the United States. The letters below designate which district or bank is handling your account:

(A) Boston; (B) New York; (C) Philadelphia; (D) Cleveland; (E) Richmond;
 (F) Atlanta; (G) Chicago; (H) St. Louis; (I) Minneapolis; (J) Kansas City;
 (K) Dallas; (L) San Francisco; (M) District Head Quarters Washington D.C.

When they execute the debtor (you) to eliminate the debt, they also collect the insurance money; you are actually worth more dead (debt) than alive. Why do you think the police are so quick to shoot people? This is all Karmic and involves the laws of Karma, which in physics involves the laws of Cause and Effect. this is also the occult or hidden meaning of the scriptures in regard to salvation and redemption.

Anybody who tries to run from the police is called an "absconding debtor" in admiralty maritime law and may be shot or captured under the law of "prize "

Now, who's the real player?

Jamal

Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning; they want the ocean without the roar of its many waters. The struggle may be a moral one, or it may be a physical one, or it may be both. But it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand; it never has and it never will.

-- Frederick Douglass.





THE WISDOM OF AGE

By
Ankhtifi



Listen New Generation, for what I hear is food for your soul. Time brings about wisdom that can't be explained by words. You have to live it to understand it. No amount of academics can bring you to the understanding of experience. Trial and error is a bitch, but it is the most perennial process of learning how to live and how to survive. Time gives its own intuitive understanding, but it is more so what you do with it that determines the quality of your life. Age in and of itself is only a measure of time. It may tell you how long you've been on earth, but not what you've learned. Therefore it could never make a man, like so many are fooled to believe. "I'm 21 and therefore I'm a man!" Not necessarily so! Boy, man, stage, and God are states of consciousness that each individual must reach in his own time. Age and time is needed and values for the opportunity and process to move from one stage of development to another. It is important to not only understand your individual experiences, but also the experiences of the collective.

The wisdom of age is passed down from generation to generation. We do not have to make the same missteps, nor experience the same misfortunes of those before us. Yet, it is important to pay careful attention to both their honors and their errors. Each misstep of the past provides us with wisdom of what not to do. Each disappointment or misfortune strengthens our will to do better. Just as all the honors of our forebearers are capstones that inspire us to achieve the same.

The New Generation stands on its own merits. Yet, it's a continuation of the same struggle. It inherits the same struggle along with the same honors and accomplishments. Without this recognition we lose critical lessons, collective memories, and spiritual ties that bind us together as one people in one struggle. We must be keenly aware of the divisive measures the beast continuously use as a weapon to render impotent. Remember "How to Make A Slave" by Willie Lynch, he advised his fellow slave owners to:

"Pitch the old vs. the young black male, and the young black male vs. the old black male. I assure you that distrust is stronger than trust, and envy is stronger than adulation, respect, or admiration... My plan is guaranteed, and the good thing about this plan is that if used intensely for one year, the slaves themselves will remain perpetually distrustful... The black slaves after receiving the introduction shall carry in and become self-refueling and self-generating for hundreds, maybe thousands of years."

Division has been the number one tool used to keep us subservient, or under the power of others. The most devastating things about our division is that we accept and perpetuate it! The program of Willie Lynch is still in effect. It is evident in our distrust and maltreatment of each other. Yet, these psychological chains can be broken by deprogramming and by prioritizing and placing emphasis on the survival and power of the people.

Chicanery, on all levels, is more available than genuine speech. Never mistake the loquacious babble, even among our own people, as "genuine". The smoke from all falsehood makes it difficult to see truth, but the vision that never fails is the one that promotes self-development, cultural adherence, and unwavering unity.

The generation is a torch bearer for the future. You are the beacon of light that shines forth for all warriors, the path of victory and triumph. Time to exemplify the power of unity. Time to set a new pattern of steps that toil the corridors of self-determination, self-reliance, and self-empowerment. This is the great work of the present and New Generation. Age stands on the mount of posterity, seeking redemption and abundance. It is saying, "listen to the elders, redeem the ancestors, and take control of fate."

WHAT'S GANGSTA

41.

Is it the often projected image of the Al Capone type figure sitting atop an empire of booze, gambling and prostitution? Or is it their modern day counterparts like Lony Montana or Nino Brown? Or could it be the Glock packing, braid wearing O-Dog made popular by the Menace to Society movie? No! It's neither of these. Instead It's the Brooks Brothers suit attired, briefcase in hand, "harelless" lawyer. Do the math... In 2000 the president of the United States was installed by a panel of judges(lawyers) who sit on the Supreme Court. The highest court in the land.

Nothing moves without the law. Lawyers have access to everything that goes on within our society and abroad. They make major decisions involving business, politics and legal issues that effect our everyday lives by advising government leaders, corporations and world banks on how to use the law to support their interests or get around it all together if need be.

Lawyers know all the secrets. Which off-shore accounts all the money is stashed in and where all the bodies are buried. In fact they are usually the ones who set up the accounts and help bury the bodies. And at the end of the day if something goes wrong they walk away clean.

Just ask O.J. or P Diddy how important lawyers are. Choose the wrong one to handle your case and you could very easily end up doing time. Lawyers play both sides of the fence so it's often hard to tell whose side they are really on. They communicate in an ancient language that only a chosen few completely understand. In fact the entire courtroom is full of masonic symbolism. Of which the average individual has no knowledge. And all lawyers are officers of the court bound by a sacred oath. And the majority of them belong to secret societies.

I challenge you to name a situation that lawyers don't have their hands in. From the low-level crack dealer on the corner to multi-billion dollar corporations. Which provides them with a broad scope of influence that cuts across all areas of people activity.(economics, education, entertainment(media), labor, law, politics and religion) Lawyers set the tone and pull strings behind the scenes. And they always get paid. Win. lose or draw.

So the next time you are watching the news and see one of those hi-price lawyers speaking on behalf of one of his or her clients attempting to control the sway of public opinion remember..

That's Gangsta!!

Skool Boy '14

Visions of dis-ease with those who are schemers;
Visions of integrity to those who are dreamers;
Visions of suffering with those who love strife;
Visions of beauty to those who love life;

Visions of hate with those who love fight;
Visions of love to those who love right;
Visions of lies with those who destroy man;
Visions of truth to those who understand;

Visions of failure with those who stray;
Visions of success to those who pray;
Visions of death with those who are weapon builders;
Visions of life to those who are hope givers;

Visions of lack with those who deceive;
Visions of abundance to those who believe;
Visions of conflict with those full of blame;
Visions of peace to those in God's name;

Visions;
Just Visions

By
Alphonso



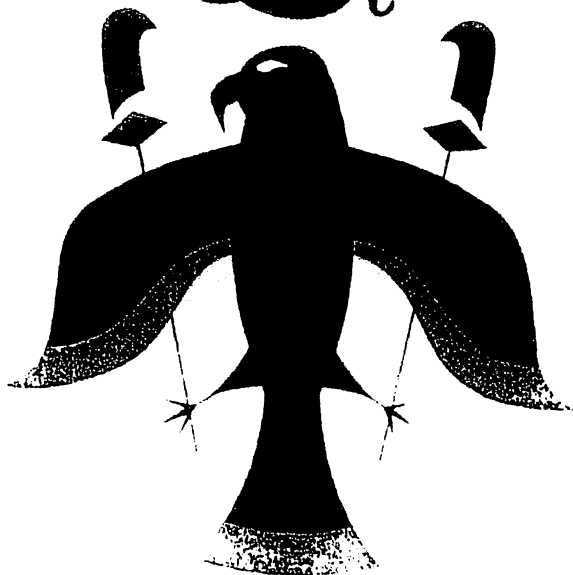


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