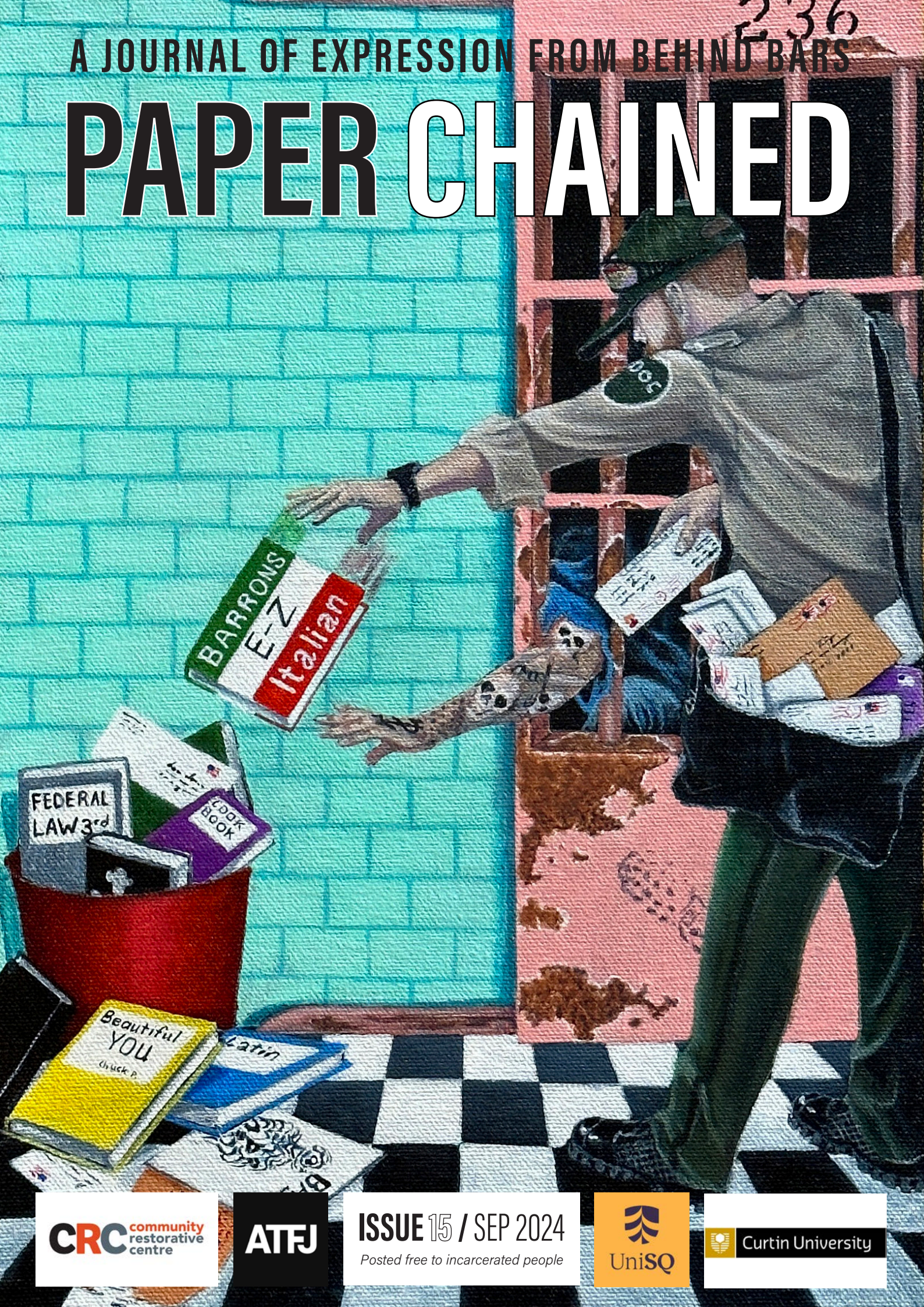


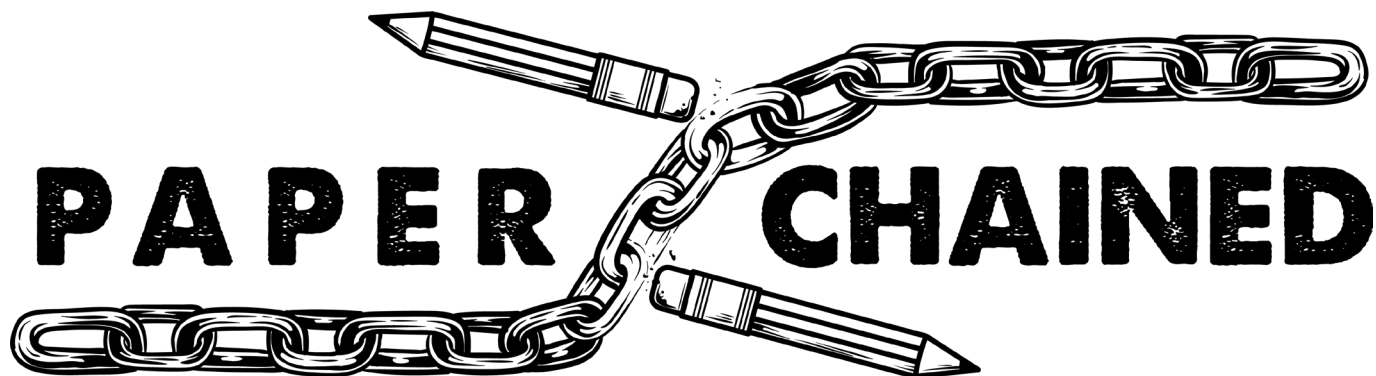
236

A JOURNAL OF EXPRESSION FROM BEHIND BARS

PAPER CHAINED



PAPER CHAINED



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Paper Chained is printed and produced on the
stolen lands of the Awabakal people.
We acknowledge the rightful owners of these
lands; sovereignty was never ceded.



A woman in Saudi Arabia openly breaking the law by driving a car, in violation of the ban against women driving in that country at the time. The ban was finally lifted in June 2018.

WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE

***Paper Chained* is a not-for-profit quarterly journal posted free to incarcerated people, funded primarily by the Community Restorative Centre. This issue is also made possible with the help of Curtin University, the University of Southern Queensland and About Time For Justice.**

If you would like to support *Paper Chained* through sponsorship, please contact us. Donations can also be made via our website.

If you are currently in prison, have experienced time in prison, or have a loved one in prison, we welcome your contributions to the next edition of this journal. Contributions from those supportive of prison reform will also be considered.

Submissions are accepted all year round. Contributions can be writings or artworks in any style. While exceptions can be made, we strongly prefer that submissions do not exceed 1,500 words. Please advise us if you would like submitted art returned.

Please also specify if you would like your contributions to be anonymous. If you choose to publish under your own name, please specify if you do not want the postal details of your prison published alongside your contribution.

If you are currently in prison and would like to receive a posted copy of the journal, please provide us with your name, ID number, and postal address, as well as your earliest possible release date (if you have one). Those outside prison may access the journal free online via our website, **PaperChained.com**.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

Handwritten contributions will be typed unless the author requests to have a scan of the original text in the journal. *Paper Chained* reserves the right to edit contributions for grammar, length, clarity, and to excise any stigmatising language. Please advise us if you are not open to your contribution being edited.

Copyright for art and writing is retained by the contributor. Contributors are free to have any work that is published in *Paper Chained* republished elsewhere at a later date. However, please advise us if submitted contributions have previously been published elsewhere.

Please be aware that due to limited printing space and other logistical concerns, accepted contributions may not necessarily appear in the next issue of *Paper Chained*, and may be held on file for subsequent issues.

We will not publish any contributions that are perceived to contain racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, nationalism, xenophobia, ableism, evangelism, or other forms of oppressive language, or any material that encourages violence or violates the privacy of others.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 06 Art and Writing | 29 Jailbreak Radio Transcript
<i>Hosted by Naz</i> |
| 18 Addiction
<i>By Mathew Hobbs</i> | 31 Paper Chained International
<i>By Damien Linnane</i> |
| 19 A Tribute to Russell Manser
<i>By John Killick</i> | 33 Bub, I See You: Being Seen, Being Love
<i>By Dwayne Antojado</i> |
| 21 Book Reviews
<i>By Giselle Coates</i> | 34 Australia's Stupidest Laws
<i>By Damien Linnane</i> |
| 22 CUintheNT Justice System
<i>By Adrian Slee</i> | 36 A Short Guide to Writing Short Stories
<i>By Kyle Zammit</i> |
| 23 Administrative Detention
<i>An interview with Jenna Abuhasma</i> | 37 Shout-Outs |
| 26 The Art of Resistance in Chile / Valparaiso's Former Prison
<i>By Damien Linnane</i> | 38 Next Issue Preview |

WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

PRISONERS

EX-PRISONERS

FAMILY OF PRISONERS

Post submissions to:
Paper Chained
PO Box 2073
Dangar NSW 2309
Australia



Curtin University

Study at Curtin from Prison

At Curtin, we want everyone to be able to access the benefits of higher education.

We provide a range of Curtin courses that our incarcerated students can study while in prison, helping them gain valuable skills, confidence and enhancing their career opportunities.

We know that as an incarcerated student, you have a unique study environment and may experience restrictions with internet access, accessing learning materials and undertaking assessments. So, we provide support and adjustments and flexibility to accommodate your student needs.

Courses currently available include:

- **Enabling pathways** - Uniready and Indigenous Tertiary Enabling Course (WA prisons only)
- **Arts** (History, Geography)
- **Construction Management**
- **Commerce** (majors in Management, Marketing, Business Law, International Business, Taxation)
- **Fine Arts** (Justice and Equity Through Art program)
- **Health Science, Health Safety and Environment, Health Promotion**
- **Indigenous Mental Health**
- **Science** (selected foundation units only)

For more information, speak to your prison Education Officer.

Curtin University Prison Outreach
GPO Box U1987 Perth 6845
Phone: 08 9266 5671
Email: prisonoutreach@curtin.edu.au



University of
**Southern
Queensland**

Supporting Incarcerated Students

At UniSQ, we believe in accessible higher education for all. To support incarcerated students, we've created a pathway and programs that can be studied offline using the Offline Personal Device, a repurposed DELL Education series laptop. This allows students to complete their programs without needing internet access. For further information, and to talk about enrolling, please talk to your Education Officer.

During your studies with us, Correctional Centre staff such as an Education Officer may be able to provide you with support throughout your program including:

- communicating with UniSQ
- applying and enrolling
- assignment submission
- coordination and facilitation of exams
- referral to a career development practitioner
- accessing resources that will help inform your career decision making

Are you unsure about studying at university? Our "Unlocking a Future Career" workbooks can help you decide and provide support for soon-to-be-released students. Ask your Education Officer for a copy.

The study choices include selected courses from the following options:

- Tertiary Preparation Pathway (TPP)
- Indigenous Higher Education Pathway Program (IPP)
- Associate Degree in Business (ADBZ)
- Undergraduate Certificate of University Studies (UCUS)
- Undergraduate Certificate of STEM Foundations (UCSF)
- Diploma of Multi-Disciplinary Studies (DMDS)
- Bachelor of Multi-Disciplinary (BMDS)
 - Majors in Business and First Nations Australia

Not all courses within these programs are available in a correctional centre, and unfortunately not all correctional centres can facilitate students studying at a tertiary level. Check the University Handbook for course and program specifications.

June 2024



About Time for Justice supports and advocates for survivors of institutional child abuse through peer-support, advocacy and mental health resources. Should our clients wish to initiate a litigation process to receive possible compensation for what they have been through, ATFJ provides support throughout what can be a confusing and difficult process to make it easier and to minimise the negative impacts this process can have. We want you to find justice and start healing so you can put it all behind you.

Testimonials

Thanks Jacob! Much appreciate what you've accomplished for the ppl! In saying this nobody else would talk out until you spoke out about your story! You're a true blue survivor who thought about others and not only yourself! This has been locked away since my younger days and I can honestly say that you've made me believe that I'm a better person today than yesterday :) thank you from the bottom of my heart and God bless not only my soul but others who have been affected by this. Because of you I'm nearly a full and complete woman :) Moving forward is the best medicine! Happy days Jacob!

Hi! To all the team at About time for Justice I thank you so much for taking me on, believing in me, and bringing me justice. You have changed my life, and I'm sure you will go on to change the lives of many more as I know there are many more victims just like me, please do. I love the work you do, you're heaven sent god bless you all and THANK YOU.

I don't know how to say this but seeing your post about things you talk about you genuinely inspired me, you're little bit of support has given me the strength to finally speak out. Finally after 13 years I'm getting justice. I appreciate you more than you'll ever know. I know we've never met but please know I appreciate you from the bottom of my heart.



The founders of About Time for Justice, father and son Todd and Jacob Little, are former prisoners and survivors of institutional abuse.

Hey I have just seen your Facebook page and I think it's amazing what you are doing. Although my experience was never in an institution but within the family, it's bloody good to see someone is out there making a difference :) and giving hope for others. We are who we are through the experiences we endure. I'm a single mum, ex drug addict and child sexual abuse survivor, but I'm also a student in my first year at uni thanks to people like yourself who motivate me xx have a good one mate.

Thanks very much for your kind words of encouragement you should be proud of yourself and how strong you are. You have made my day.

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AboutTimeForJustice.com
@AboutTimeForJustice

About Time For Justice is one of many organisations offering no-win-no-fee services for victims of institutional child abuse. Other similar organisations can be found on the National Redress Scheme website. A prison support officer may be able to print you a list of organisations operating in your state by visiting <https://www.nationalredress.gov.au/institutions/joined-scheme>

ART AND WRITING

ONWARD EVER SO SLOWLY

Steel and bricks surround my sight,
Bad nightmares they give me a fright.
Cold and dark was this place,
You couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

With someone to share the freezing cell,
Until we wake with the morning bell.
So we would stroll out for muster,
Most of whom gather in a cluster.

Wandering around one by one,
Gathering up rays of the morning sun.
So onward the day would go so slowly,
Onward and onward ever so slowly.

ULTIMATE TO ACHIEVE

Some people I have met come and go,
Some very warm, some as cold as snow.
The warm ones are willing to walk a mile,
The cold it seems they are in denial.

With a smile they can light up the night,
Even bring laughter to a tearful sight.
These people I find have a warm heart,
It comes from somewhere, maybe the start.

How it starts I will never know,
How they do feel like falling snow,
But to be very warm it should never leave,
It must be the ultimate to achieve.

UP TO THE SKIES

Out of all the poetry I have put to pen,
Even the ones that come from when.
Remembering when I would consult the birds,
There wasn't a lie in all the words.

Some were fact, some were fiction,
In all the words there were some mixin'.
Like the ones when I look in your eyes,
And tell you I love you up to the skies.

By Peter L
NSW



Art by Samantha Brownlow, D56930
SQCC, LMB 1008, Gatton, QLD, 4343



Art by ShadowArt

ONWARD EVER SO SLOWLY

What need have I
of the sun
The warmth of your love
satisfies me forever

What need have I
of its light
Your eyes and your smile
shine and brighten my life

A feast can never sate
the hunger I have
for your love

No water or wine
can quench
the thirst of desire
I have for you

As long as you
and I are together
that is enough for me.



UNTITLED

My crying days are done
I've shed all the tears I am going to
My dying days have begun
Very few know exactly what I am going through

Yes I regret the thoughts and actions
of the past
but I've had enough of interactions
with men whose friendships will not last

I have a life, or should I say
death sentence.
'cause now I'm old, my days
numbered no pretence.

My saviour will accept and not
reject me,
Other loved ones gone before
are waiting, and expect me.

Loving arms will surround
No more guilt or shame will I feel
Smiles and tears of joy all around
When I am finally in heaven for real.

Poems by David McGettigan, NSW

LOVE BREAKS THESE CHAINS

For my Babydoll

Oh how I miss the way love makes me feel
for now I am surrounded by cold hard steel
I can't stand these nights alone
Constantly wishing that I could go home
Never thought this is where I'd be
Always dreaming of being free
I pretend to go whenever I please
But then the sound of my desperate calls
Echo off these dungeon walls
I've crossed the line from mad to sane
A million times and back again
Should have known passing through the gate
That once inside I could not escape
Without you I don't think I'd find a way
To make it through the struggles of everyday
When everything just seems to be so wrong
Your love for me keeps me strong
Doesn't matter what is thrown our way
My love for you is here to stay
Let our love grow stronger as time goes by
Let our love last longer than the stars in the sky
So be my lover and I'll be true
Darling I'll forever cherish you
We'll share our dreams, you'll share my heart
And come what may we'll never part
Because baby, all I need sweetheart is you
So whatever of our lives remain
I know our love is stronger than these chains

MY HEART THROBS

Life surely would be very dull
Without a love affair
I have to have someone around
For who I really care
My heart's still doing flip-flops
And beating double time
It's full of many happy thoughts
For a dear sweetheart of mine
Continually I find myself dreaming
Of sending a loving dart
From the little bow of cupid
To pierce my lover's heart
And believe me there's no valentine
That carries love more true
Than the one I send my sweetheart
And baby doll that is you!

Poems by Malnight, NSW

SHOULD I LEAVE OR SHOULD I STAY

Here again and back again. I'm over this useless life stuck in a void, this lost mind of control, to carry on this lonely road, to a place of hope and happiness.

The loss of life is edging at me. To please just let me out. Freedom is what I'm looking for and freedom is what I seek. I just want to scream it out but also I just want peace and to find the zest of life.

My soul is screaming from out of my chest, for the crimes that have been done. But I hold it all deep down inside in a bottle that's locked away and as I look out these bars, I think about all I've missed.

I miss my friends, I miss my fams. It hurts from deep within. I know they suffer, I know they cry and I know they're dearly missed. I just hope deep down, they carry on their long and lonely life.

To live or not to live at all. That peace that comes to all. Our souls are deep and dark to all, but our freedom is ours no more. As the days draw near till the day I'm released, please just remember this face and save me a place at Thug's Mansion.

FINALLY BEEN CAUGHT

At last I've been found but before I was at large, tippy toeing through the house. I'd like to find the cash but all that's left was a bag of weed, a lighter, and a bong. I don't take drugs, so I burnt it down and now I'm on the run. So I'm running through these bushes as they stalk me from behind.

There's dogs and torches and flashing lights from deep in the dead of night. There's an old mystery in the old town that I live in. It states that at 12 o'clock, the wolves come out to play and all of a sudden, the dogs, the torches and flashing lights stop the stalk of me. And that's when I heard the howling coming from over the peak.

A pack of wolves came chasing me. So I climbed up this half dead tree and as I'm clinging to the branches. It snaps right in front of me. And all of a sudden I've fallen down and into a hungry mouth and as I'm dragged away, a blood trail is left behind.

When daylight rose, they found the trail and followed it until the end. There was no body, there was no limbs. Just a snow puddle full of blood. The police have come and the rangers have gone, but they finally found the den. They sneak inside and find my corpse and realise I'm still alive. But then I notice when I woke up I realised, it was all a dream.

*Poems by Samuel Daniels, #635444
Darwin Correctional Centre
PO Box 1066, Howard Springs, NT 0835*

KOSCIUSZKO'S SNOW

Toward the skies the big mountains rise
From the plains of Kosciuszko's snow
And to the roaring rivers the thaw delivers
A churning deluge to their flow
Across fertile ground the wildflowers abound
Adding rich colour to summer's presence
Billy-Buttons sway where the wallabies play
As they all become part of the alpine essence
Through thick scrub and grass the wild brumbies pass
Racing each other to their secret assignments
Their hoof-beats like thunder in a land full of wonder
Of high ridges and valleys of steep inclinations
There are glacial lakes even spiders and snakes
Where the snow gums and mountain ash grow
Summer blizzards are rare but the threat's always there
So take precautions whenever wherever you go
The snow can be deep where the rainbow trout leap
As they snap at the myriad insects in flight
But nothing can match if you happen to catch
The stars that crowd the heavens at night
The air is so pure it's almost a cure
Of those maladies for which modern medicines a failure
And for all that it's worth there's no other place on earth
Like this most magical part of Australia

PLANES OF EXISTENCE

Time is but a heartbeat
That throbs as a distant drum
We can never go back
We can never go back
From whence that we have come
We travel in a vacuum
Of deepest darkest space
With hostile planets and angry suns
And our earth the safest place
Past planes of existence
Beyond the light of day
Beyond the scale of galaxies
That exist so far away
We undertake an onward journey
With destiny at our side
To distant realms of creation
With hope and promise as our guide
There is a beacon in the distance
That shines a light so fine
But is that where our journey ends
For the future has no finish line

Poems by DeWitt B



SLR 5000



Art by LenPen, Victoria

LenPen



Art by Scott Darlymple 595982, Darwin Correctional Centre, PO Box 1066, Howard Springs NT, 0835

PITCH BLACK

I wish I had a bong!
Damn I just froze thinking how to compose this song
Am I just so out of it I'm constantly thinking about shit
Like how I'm still stuck in this place been away from
home so long not leaving any trace
Wish I never went down this road of destruction
Should have read the Bible more and followed those
instructions
Now it feels like I'm stuck in a dark place
Like I've been put on a shelf and pushed to the back
Where it's sometimes Pitch Black

How can they find me when I can't even find myself

Shit I got this
Been here so long I know it's time to put down my fist
But now all I got is time
Praying so hard trying to keep my soul from sinking
Wishing I never started that fight
Should have walked away and said I'm done
Now I'm sitting here doing a long time as if I had pulled
out a fucking gun
Yeah I know I've only got myself to blame.
Laying back here trying to let go of this shame.
But that's just the way it is and I've been here before
Should've got my shit together and followed the fucking
law
Yeah it's like I've been put on a shelf and pushed to the
back where it's sometimes Pitch Black.

How can they find me when I can't even find myself

So this is what its come to
Doing crimes sitting here in my cell trying to write my
next rhymes.
Now I'm stuck here in this jail trying hard to keep my
thoughts from slipping back into those dark places
And trying to figure out who I am
Might as well throw that into fucking unsolved cases
Maybe I should have stayed on that medication
Knowing it would have been better to fly through this
fucking incarceration
Shit I don't know why I keep beating myself up when I
know what needs to be done
Take a look a myself, find out what matters and get the
help I need and change my status
So go ahead and throw away that key

Cause everything I do from here I do for me
Fuck this place this Murrie runs his own race.
Yeah leave me here amongst the shadows here at the
back where it's sometimes Pitch Black
Because I know in my heart I'll be back on the right
track.

So how can you find me. Nah it's OK I'll find you.

By Miguel Love #490635, Darwin Correctional Centre



Just sit back and let me talk for a minute okay.

First off there is sooo much talk about drugs and stuff in this nation but nobody wants to talk about all this killing going on in our nation. In the United States women are having babies that die because of mental health issues and postpartum depression. Babies are dying here can someone wake up and smell the roses? Women can't get help from the government because women like us get put away for life because we don't have the proper help to care for a child. We get abused by the justice system being unfit or whatever category they want to put us in. It's not fair for us women to be put down because of mental health or put down because we go through postpartum depression. The system fails women in general, it don't matter what race we are, we go through it hard raising a baby all on our own and plus the baby daddy don't wanna be bothered or he in jail and can't support his family.

It's an emotional and mental adjustment to raise a child all on your own, nobody understands what a woman goes through with raising a child all alone or when you are the cause of the child's death there is no help out there, period. Something needs to be said about it. But don't get me wrong you commit a crime yeah you get punished but a life sentence is too much and something has to be done about it. It's crazy spending the rest of your life in prison wondering when you get out if you do. But no, rehabilitation is not in prison, there needs to be places where women can go and get help for stuff like this prison. It's crazy, no matter what, we as women need help period. I been locked-up for 13 years, since then I have forgiven myself its hard but it took work.

All I'm saying is people need to look at the heart of the problem when it comes to women, it's hard on us man and nobody wants to speak about it. The DA don't care as long as they get a conviction. It is sooo much death on babies in this world, it's insane and nobody even thought 'wait there is a problem here,' just saying...

Untitled piece by Quanitta Turner, 100093771/G1

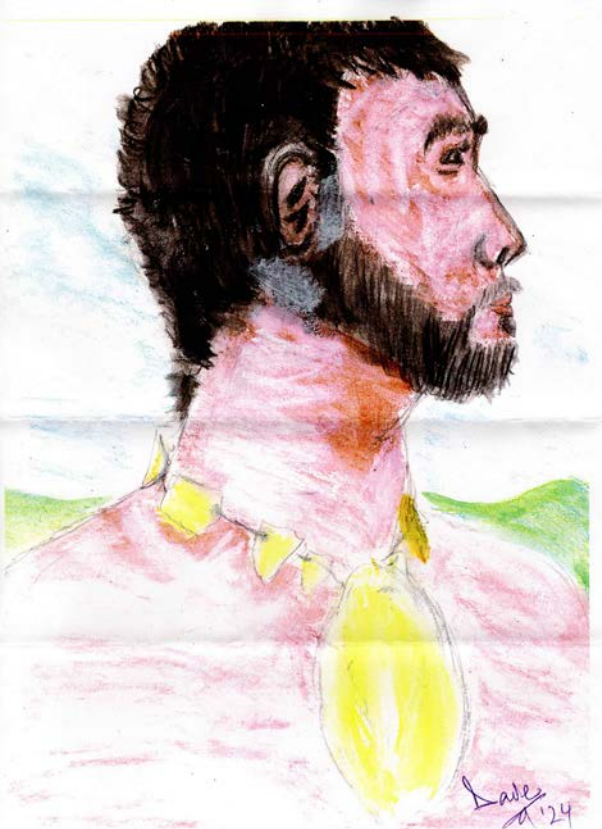
Lee Arrendale State Prison

PO Box 709, Alto

GA, 30510, USA



Art by Kelly Flanagan, 219454
 Dame Phyllis Frost Centre
 PO Box 497, St Albans, Victoria, 3021



Art by David McGettigan, NSW



Art by Preston, Brisbane Youth Detention Centre
 Approval has been obtained from Brisbane Youth Detention
 Centre to share this artwork

TRAPPED

Transfixed with an addiction that's worse than death,
Trapped in my thoughts of a life that's a mess,
When I die I wonder what kinda legacy is left.
A criminal record that spans two states,
A life of corruption and abandonment that's trapped me in hate.
Addicted and trapped by this life yet I despise this fate.
A gun in my hand and a rack on the bench
Jewellery store ram-raids then straight to the fence
Rental cars like Lexus yet I was only a kid
A fast-paced life I was addicted to sin
Then drugs took hold and dug the talons in
Hooked by a life you can't escape
At 16 squandered more coin than men twice my age
I never cared for the riches I was addicted to fame
Fuck all my enemies I'm expected to die young
My addiction wasn't the drugs it was the lifestyle I loved
I showed no mercy nor empathy
My emotions grew numb
When I reflect on this mess I always feel blessed
Survived that dog eat dog cause the lion came next
A game of survival where I'm always ahead
Grew up kinda rough in the lions' den
Addicted to power and gangs where I lead the cadre
I wonder if I go now would they call me a martyr?
How many at my funeral
Would they grieve for the departed?
It's not at all the drugs that trapped me
It was the life itself
Could I escape this nightmare and make a change
It depends on the help

*By Sheikh Jaxan Khalil Assad O'Reilly, E14572
Brisbane Correctional Centre
Locked Bag 13101
Archerfield QLD 4108*

YOGHURT

Pasteurised milk. To the bacterium, a soupy sea, so sweet,
so safe.

The microorganism flails its flagellum – its tail – and
bumps up against a protein chain trail.

The tiny creature, shaped like a tic-ta,c, does not oodle, it
slurps up the polypeptide through its outer membrane, like
a noodle.

The mitochondrion is the powerhouse of the cell.

The organelle breaks the chain down, digests the links,
and with that energy the bacterium stretches and kinks.

The shared membrane grows taut, it snaps and one
becomes two, the second tic-tac swims off, and the
process begins anew.

Mitosis. Two become four and four become eight. Eight
become a billion, become a trillion, and generation to
generation the bacteria build a nation that curdles the milk
and lumps the cream.

And when we pierce them with our spoons, and when we
taste them with our tongues, and when we digest them
in our stomachs, when we farm entire civilizations, as we
genocide them all, all those lives, to us, are no more than
a dream.

So when the sky above breaks open, and the great
spoon picks up the Earth, as we're raised up towards the
unknowable alien's mouth, just remember.

We're only yoghurt.

*By Kyle Zammit #664903
Goulburn Correctional Centre
PO Box 264
Goulburn NSW 2580*

PUPPY IN A PET STORE

Yet another cold weekend morning
A day on the calendar to get through
No desire to crawl from a warm bed
Morning muster has been and gone
The brain swivels to the family
The children will still be asleep
But the love of my life will be up
With or without a new love, I don't know
As I have put up the walls
As a shelter from the pain
A voice cuts through the still air
Calling names to see their visitors
The hurt of being alone roars back
She won't visit nor will she write
Or send even a picture
Of your son with his new car
I hear the names of those
Called to see their family and
Unbidden comes the image
Full of sadness, pain and shame
And of being overlooked again
Curled up in the corner
A glistening tear in the eye
Is that unwanted forgotten puppy in the pet store.

By KCDC

BRIDGES BURNT, LESSONS LEARNT

In my cell at the hotel called Holtze
Looking back at life and all that was
The material things I thought of so much
All I want now is some human touch
The touch of a woman, her words in a letter
Could change what is hell to something better
To believe in tomorrow is actually worth living
Would remind me that life is all about giving
I've lived a life all about money to make
Life was just a hustle, always something to take
Didn't care who I hurt or the friendships I burnt
It took time in a cell for lessons to be learnt
Now alone in my cell, isolated and afraid
I know now life's not just about money to be made
Friendships to be made, love to be sought
Means more to me now than anything bought
18 years to get through and I might get the chance
To really learn to make friends and learn about romance
To share with another not just take from all
To help those I care for in event they fall
To get back on their feet living life as they should
Not waste their life like me wondering of "what could"
Could have been, could have loved, lived a life worth living
Knowing now that life is all about giving

CHANGED MY NAME

Conceived in fear and raised on shame
I was raised to hate my father's name
My older sister could do no wrong
I always felt I didn't belong
Attention and praise she always had
Only attention I got was when I was bad
I'd learnt young I wasn't worth love
No matter what I achieved it was never enough
I gave up tryin' for praise and attention
It's what I needed looking back in reflection
I became cold and distant, though always aware
Deep down inside me I really did care
For the things as a child that were never there
Now an adult in prison alone in my cell
Looking back at a life I've survived through hell
I'm wondering why I've survived and I live
Seems like I've got no more left to give
Alone with the demons, my lifelong friend
Struggling daily and wanting an end
To the hatred the demons my lifelong friend
This cell slowly changing me to never be the same
And all of it starting with hating my name
It fucks my head why I even care
The little boy inside me that needed so much
Would have settled for parents with non-violent touch
It is what it is and the past can't change
Unless something changes it just stays the same
I'm so fucking tired of hating my name!!!

*Poems by Jason Ryan 595683, Darwin Correctional Centre
PO Box 1066, Howard Springs, NT 0835*

DARK

The colours all gone the world is all black, sleepless nights
I'm falling off track. Hungry for answers this world can be
a curse, day by day if you let it this cruel world gets worse.
Drugs money drama, when will this shit end, most people
are fakes, don't know who to call my friend. I'm tired I'm
done I'm losing my mind. I just wanna run and leave it all
behind. Where'd that little girl go? Fuck I miss her smile,
changed broken lost she's been fucked for a while. I'm
done with the pain, the sadness and crying. I just wanna
change and trust me I'm trying.

FUCK THIS

These screws treat us crazy lockin' all day being lazy, want
to go outside and see the sun, lately I'm really regretting
what I done. It wasn't worth all the pride and time I lost.
But all crimes come with a cost. Fuck I miss my family.
I was always wasting time on people who tried robbing
and scamming me. I lost myself from all the meth, running
from the cops. I'm always out of breath. When will I learn
my lesson. It's only my life that I'm messing.

LOCK IN

All day lockin' and it's fucking with my mental, feeling
lonely as inside bland and boring like a lentil. It's lonely
and dark I can't remember what's sentimental, I just need
to be comforted by someone who can hold me nice tight
and gentle. I'm stuck in my head and I'm struggling to
get out, I don't believe I can, so I'll stay inside and doubt.
I wanna go home. I miss my freedom I'm going crazy. I'm
forced to ignore my energy sit segregated and lazy. Fuck
this place I'm losing the plot. I'm finding myself slowly
because I'm the only thing I got.

*Poems by Remy Leigh Girdler, #682713
Dillwynia Correctional Centre
Locked Bag 657
South Windsor NSW 2756*



Art from Dillwynia Correctional Centre

SIX INCHES

Six inches
That's half a foot
With hands like that
They weren't game to look
Now a tired old man
Just sitting in a bar
With a rep that was known
Near and far
His heart grown cold
Through the pain of too many years
Was memorised and brought the tears
He thought of the things
That he gave up
Not through choice
But because of a truck
Six inches
He heard from across the bar
He sat there looking
It's not that far
Them bloody hands
Had seen the years
And felt the pain
Of all that feared
In his heart was regret
There was no rain
As tears rolled
He remembered again
Of what he'd lost
What he'd pushed away
Not thinking of us
Grown up and moved away
His life so lonely
Lonely and cold
His body weak
He was getting old
Six inches
He heard, I'd like to see that
Dad used the bar
To help him stand up
Held out them hands
Said "measure them up"
"There'll be a foot from left to right"
"And they were tough"
"Harder than all"
But then he thought
They weren't tough at all
As six inches had pushed away
What he missed most
Having his wife and kids
Holding him close.

By Robert Perceval, QLD

THE FINAL CALL OF THE BOOJUM AND THE SNARK

"The light is fading from the sky" said the Boojum to the Snark
"See the golden orb descending for soon twill be forever dark."
"Whatever do you mean?" mused the Boojum's friend
"That orb descends every day to bring light's end."

A smile lit up the Boojum's hairy face, "Ah that is true.
My friend I wish you to be seated, sit down, please do.
You recall we have spoken of a human life lived alone,
Surrounded by people yet pain continued to have grown.

There are scholars amongst the humans", the Boojum quietly said,
"Who write 'A life lived lonely can hasten a human to be quite dead.'"
The Snark came to a stop, no movement save a breath,
"Do you mean a lonely human will be closer to their death?"

Its pendulous body shuddered, "I find it such a fright
That these poor and lonely humans so easily enter that endless night."
Downcast was the Boojum, as it gently raised a paw,
Tears welled in its glowing eyes, pointed with a claw.

"Love comes from within the heart, of that there is no doubt,
For some it is a struggle for that love to be let out.
It can be an illness deep within their mind.
Although company they seek, loneliness they find.

And the humans with a mind they know is well,
Coping with the loving but lonely can be what they call hell."
The Snark coughed sadly, a moody and harsh sound.
"I feel ungood", it said, and crumpled slowly to the ground.

"The talk of lonely humans, my friend, it has moved me so,
Moved me so, so, deeply I fear it is time to go.
You said the light was fading", spoke the quieting Snark,
"We have been together unlonely, and now I see the dark."

"It is I that will be lonely", the grieving Boojum cried,
"We feel the pain of these humans", as his friend, the Snark, died.
"The hurt can be so much, so overwhelming, and so great
From losing the love of she, the one once our lifelong mate.

That is why surrounded by others we are on our own,
In the midst of many for company we feel oh so alone.
Yet we must carry on, somehow, in this life,
Even though you are gone, my friend, companion, my wife."

The Boojum held his friend, tears dimming those glowing eyes
And turned his head to howl mournfully, mournfully at the skies.
Light shone upon them both as one journeyed to the dark,
And so ends the tragic tale of the Boojum and the Snark.

By Dave, NSW

Editor's note: This is part three of a series of poems by Dave about The Boojum and the Snark. Parts one and two were printed in issues 12 and 14. However, Dave has also written an alternate, happier version of part three, which will be shared in issue 16.

COWARD

Lay awake from the nightmare
 Pools of sweat in my linen
 Eyes wide in a blank stare
 Pinch myself "Yeah I'm still livin'"
 Do I live or do I just exist
 Floating in a sea of pain
 I truly miss the wife's kiss
 But I need to make a real change
 I seem to be a lost soul
 But truth is I'm just afraid
 Too scared so I just fold
 I fucked up I gotta wear the shame
 It's a combination of the time passed
 Mixed in with a fear of tomorrow
 Afraid to see the green grass
 So I stare into a logs hollow
 I'm still expecting all the worst
 Even though I'm aiming high
 Little crystals in a clear purse
 Stay awake for another night
 This'll keep the dreams away
 And I won't have to think about it
 Eyes open it's a new day
 No escape for the broken coward
 I need help so I can slay the dragon
 Help came from a special soul
 Came to help me build a wagon
 Stayed to help me gain control
 She came to take the nightmares
 You can't imagine the pain she's seen
 No other person on Earth compares
 The lucky coward has found a queen

*By Joel-Reid Roe, 218534
 Darwin Correctional Centre
 PO Box 1066, Howard Springs, NT 0835*

BLUE

Blue wind, blue sea, blue suits around, somehow blue is all I see. Right now I'm blue it can be said it's deep inside of me. Through these blue tinted glasses I see my world is not the same as yours, and when I am alone, and by myself this blueness is absorbed. I'm as blue as the blue sea is deep I fear that I may drown, at the bottom of this endless blue with no-one else around. The blue is endless like the blue sky how can it be overcome? The blue, the blue, the blue, the blue is everyone. I dream of green like grazing fields, the greenness of the grass, and only with this green at night can the blue days pass. I wish life was yellow shining bright the brightness of the sun, but I sit here all by myself with blueness in my heart. The yellow sun has warmth, but my blue sky is cold I see the clouds are coming grey, so the predication for my future is obviously rain. The yellow sun must not have liked it here where my blueness must reside? The grey clouds come with the stores of rain, the yellow has gone to hide. Blue, and grey, the black of night the coming time to sleep, this is of course the only time where I may see the green. Lush green fields of paradise with rainbow rays of pink, I just saw a purple unicorn, or at least I think? But eventually I must wake to days of blueness true, with blue within and grey outside, and nothing much to do. But to try remember the green acres of past that had a golden hue, where the colour inside my heart was never ever blue. So before the end when all is black I'd like to see the green, and gold once more, I know the greenness is right there on the other side of a dull cream wall. I hope it brings the golden hue, and the warmth of the sun, yes on this day of green, and gold I'll know my time is done!

*By Gareth Buck, 143272
 Loddon Prison, Private Bag 3
 Castlemaine, Victoria 3450*



*Art from Philip Galea, Ravenhall Correctional Centre
 PO Box 490, St Albans, Victoria, 3021*

FRIENDLY ADVICE

Come tell me your troubles, if you think that you must,
I'll sit and I'll listen, as a friend you must trust
But first some advice, you must put to good use,
Who knows my friend, you may have need of some truth
You can worry yourself, and put shit in your head,
Not that it matters, because one day you'll be dead
Now, when death comes, and it's to be your day,
Throw out a welcome, you'll be on your way
The real adventure will start to begin,
No more pain and deceit, and the lies life brings
It'll be your greatest and most exciting of tours,
There's no return ticket, or escape through back doors
The truth will be known, to us all on the day,
Whether there's a God or a heaven, or we just lay in decay
So enjoy your life, your kids and your friends,
You're a short time living, but a long time dead
Now I've learnt many things, of which I am sure,
But as far as I know, death just hasn't a cure
Now think again, of the troubles you've got,
Your future looks bright, so why get pissed off?
We all have our troubles, and days of no hope,
It's all part of life, no matter what happens
It only comes once, including the trappings
Now, the moral of the story, with a wish of good luck,
Is to go tell it to welfare, cause I don't give 2 shits or a fuck!

THE POEM

A friend of mine asked me to write,
A poem of love and its sweet song of life
I sat and I thought, for what seemed to be hours,
Was it a poem of people, of birds, or of flowers?
I found it to be the most daunting of tasks,
As in a disposable world, even love doesn't last
I thought of the earth and her love of the sun,
Her need of its warmth, for life's web to be spun
I thought of the birds and their love of the air,
Free to ride the high winds, with skill and great flair
I thought of the flowers, and their beautiful plumage,
The colourful splendour and medical usage
I thought of the mountains, covered over with snow,
And the moon on the river, with its silver, white glow
I thought too of children, with their big smiling faces,
To the song of their laughter, my heart gladly races
I thought of the bush and how it recovers,
From natural disasters, and of course there are others
I thought of the love, of woman and man,
And the simple sweet tenderness, of just holding hands
I thought of mankind, together in song,
And our emotional need for all to belong
I thought that a poem should show all that we needed,
Was a strong love of life, for the sweet song preceding
When life is prepared, with loving and giving,
The seed will sprout forth, the sweet song of living
A poem of love and its sweet song of life,
Now that is a poem that would take a lifetime to write!

*By Ken Monley, aka Kenoath. NSW.
Written in 1994*

NO MORE LABELS PLEASE

Hello world, as some of us sit here serving time for crimes committed, never denying we did it. It is asked how much time must pass before at last we may be accepted differently, if ever again at all?

Or could we be called more than just the mistakes of before we had the chance to grow and mature into the responsible adults we wish you could and would see today.

We are more than 'less than human beings' currently in prison for decisions which can never be taken back. Intact at the time the mind was not; abuses from or for our own relived trauma, physical drama beyond anyone's control.

Our past that robbed the soul of life itself, our punishment we've accepted, but still. Why must we be forever rejected when placed within the confines designed to change and rehabilitate?

Does it not matter how hard we collectively and especially individually strive while inside to be better today than the yesterdays we continue to apologize for?

What more must we do to be beyond the times you will not let us forget but encourage to move on? 'Stay strong' is said but each day is another way of rejection and pain from the same lingering perceptions.

Just another dirty stinking inmate!

Yet we rise above such names, for we remember our own even through decades of being identified at all times by a number like inventory in a hope-less filled warehouse.

Knowing without a doubt we are more than our past and long for the tomorrows we may not get to see. Joy in the day for we are somebody and today we live.

My name is Jeffery.

*By Jeffery A. Shockley - ES4796
SMART COMMUNICATIONS/PADOC SCI-FAYETTE
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TIME IS NOT FOREVER

Believe me I could never look my mother in the eyes
That's because all I ever told was lies
Yeah I look back at those times with despise
All those nights she cried
My life had no meaning at all
Thinking I was 10 foot tall
But really I was in denial
Newspapers and my crime file
Everybody judging me
For the junkie in me
Going to jail from the age of 15
Started off just smoking green
Then I went on to move into the scene
I could write a movie with the shit I've seen
You wouldn't believe it even if I told ya
All those nights spent in the cold huh
Stuck in jail all alone without a voice
Trying to change the system without a fucking choice
Institutionalised yeah they all call me that
But it's hard doing so many years when ya flat
Honestly I should pat myself on the back
Not many people could handle this attack
Your character shred to fucking tats
Your whole life gone because of rats
I never really thought about the game
Until it was too late in psychosis insane
Set up for a knock that was their plan see
Got me good there was no fucking plan B
20 years I copped from the judge yeah
Cunts looking at me with a blind stare
Couldn't hear nothing but only his voice
I had to cop it had no other choice
Sitting around all of the junkie scum
I started thinking to myself am I one of these crumbs
I was second guessing my entire life
Why that night did I take that knife
Why did I take advice from fuckwits
Coz in the grand scheme of things they didn't mean shit
I should've taken my own advice
I knew that night I should've thought twice
But when you're around these evil cunts
The devils got them doing stunts
I don't think I had any chance
The devil looked at me and I had a glance
I drank from the potent potion
Then I had the devil's devotion
I made a mistake that cost my life,
I can never take back that fucking night
You can't take back death
Sometimes I hold my breath
To see what it would be like to die
I start to think, but I start to cry



Would anyone think of me when I'm gone
Are there going to be people at my funeral to mourn
I guess you'll never really know
Until it's your time to go
I start to shed a tear when I think about last night
People assume what happened and that isn't right
I had a lot of anger in me at those times
I actually failed to see the signs
I should've picked up what was going on
Now I can see and its made me strong
I will never put myself in a similar situation
Because before that happens I will face them
I'm stronger for it now don't get me wrong
But part of my personality is gone
I used to be happy and fully of life
But I lost that, on that fateful night
My family cries and it hurts my heart
They lost a family member in part
But I'll be back and then they'll be right
They'll be holding me real tight
I've lost myself a little over time
But that was due to me and my crime
But I know I'll be sweet once I get out jail
I will never once again fail
I have good intentions I have a good heart
I know this time I'll have a better start
It has taught me resilience for sure
One day soon I'll be walking out the door
Time is not forever that's one thing I know
And one day soon it will be my turn to go
Don't ever think that this is forever
Turn your life around and never say never.

By Alicia, Victoria

ADDICTION

BY MATTHEW HOBBS

There are many addictions,
Of which we all know,
Whether the addiction to work,
To gambling, drugs or alcohol,
These are common place,
And as such are easily noticed,
Likely you have seen addictions such as these,
In yourself or people you know.

Yet many addiction there be,
Seldom heard of,
Less often seen,
Addiction to food, TV and games,
To love, sex or porn,
To name but a few,
And few easily recognised.

To those with the addiction,
It's harmless at the start,
Just a bit fun that's good for the heart,
Only from the outside,
Can the danger be seen,
The warnings from family and friends,
Seldom taken to heart,
Often driving them apart,
For the addict reasons to themselves that nothing is wrong,
They believe their actions are just,
A benefit in fact,
For they feel a sense of relief,
Having a false sense of control,
They believe they can stop whenever they want.

They don't realise,
Their seemingly logical reasoning,
Is but proof they have lost control,
For they have succumbed to addiction's trap,
Now they're on a downhill ride,
A terrible spiralling slide.

It matters not,
What they be addicted to,
For just as all roads lead to Rome,
So too all addictions lead to loss,
Be it loss of family or friends,
Loss of employment or opportunities of such,
Loss of money or health,
Loss of freedom and even life,
All they value can be lost,
For addiction's world is full of strife,
And for various reasons,
Intentionally or not,

One may commit a crime,
Hence why I'm sitting here,
Serving out my time.

For those with addictions common,
The ones often seen and heard,
Addiction is recognised as a disease,
One of which can be cured,
With help advertised on radio and TV,
And found on notice boards in the community,
Help can be readily found
Just waiting to be seized.

For those with addictions rare,
Those of which to the general public,
Are relatively unknown and seldom understood,
Addiction for these is not recognised as a disease,
But a sign of damaged mind,
A person broken and of no value,
Who should be discarded rather than repaired.

With this being the public's mindset,
No help is advertised,
And treatment nigh impossible to find,
With no encouragement and no direction
Of those suffering addiction,
And suffer they do,
This much I can guarantee,
Given time, without fail,
They either be dead or in jail.

Due to popular public opinion,
Unfortunately this is true,
Published as a disgrace,
And viewed as a danger, they're hidden behind bars.
Locked away in prisons like this place,
Out of sight and out of mind,
The outside world leaves them behind.

I was one that wanted help,
But such help I couldn't find,
The old and better me,
Buried deep in the furthest part of my mind,
I felt it was left well and truly behind.

I truly hate the person I became,
Filled with anxiety and depression,
My addiction I couldn't tame,
Turning into a full-on obsession,
My life became one full of fear and shame.
My fight was an epic fail,
And addiction was to blame.

I rarely see my family,
My daughter not at all,
No harsher punishment could I ever imagine,
At first I prayed to welcome death,
Believing it to be my only possible relief,
But new hobbies I have found,
To while away my day,
When drawing, painting and writing,
My addiction goes to ground,
And I start to feel somewhat okay.

But night is a story contrast altogether,
For when I lay my head and try to sleep,
When my mind is empty,
My thoughts begin to creep,
Thoughts impure and thoughts immoral,
Thoughts that once brought joy and satisfaction,
Now bring heartache and disappointment,
When in honest and brutal reflexion,
I struggle to sleep
And struggle to wake,
All for this addiction's sake.

I think of my mother and father,
Of my grandmother and all those I love,
My daughter foremost of all,
To whom my last words are,
"I'll see you this afternoon",
I can't tell her I love her,
Or how sorry I am,
All because addiction,
Got the best of this man.
I can't turn back time,
But I wish I could,
I'd use what I now know,
I'd kick this addiction out of my hood,
I'm better now than I was,
I have my fellow inmates to thank,
Those who've experienced what I have,
And in some cases worse,
All having struggled with addiction's curse.

Of this one thing I am certain,
For when I get out of here,
I will help others suffering addiction,
To help them kick addiction to the curb,
To offer them help and give them hope,
Before they give up in despair,
Believing help can't be found anywhere,
Help them see just what's at stake,
And teach them to fight for their lives,
Before it's destroyed in addiction's wake.

*By Matthew Hobbs, #190883
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A TRIBUTE TO RUSSELL MANSER

BY JOHN KILLICK

I met Russell in Nowra Correctional Centre in 2011. We formed a friendship that resulted in him asking me to write a book about him. In April 2022, we launched the book *The Voice of a Survivor: The Russell Manser Story*. Two years later, Russell unexpectedly left us. But his legacy will live on. In the ensuing two years after publishing the book he went from strength to strength. His podcasts were popular and some of his Tik Tok posts received half-a-million views. He was invited to England to do podcasts there.



Russell Manser, left, and John Killick, right.

Russell James Manser was born on February 24, 1968. His parents Robert and Helena are deceased. He is survived by his sons, Ky and Bailey, and his brothers Robert, David and William and his sister Pamela. Russell grew up in the working-class suburb of Mount Druitt. He often said that the most popular people in the area were bank robbers of which, at the time, there were many. A lot of fathers advised their daughters to hook up with a bank robber. They had lots of money, cars, dressed well, and were respectful to women whom they had no hesitation in spending money on. Eventually they had to go to gaol, giving the girls a well-earned break from the hectic lifestyle. (Continued next page)

A TRIBUTE TO RUSSELL MANSER

BY JOHN KILICK

Russell wanted to be a bank robber and eventually he became one. But his first stint into crime was petty stuff like stealing cars and breaking into shops. It wasn't long before he found himself in boys' homes. Eventually he was sent to the notorious boys' home, Daruk. The findings from the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse has shocked the nation. It exposed the systemic brutalisation of children, physically, psychologically and sexually. Russell, blue-eyed and blond and small for his age, became a victim on his second night there. The abuse continued until his eventual release. After his release, Russell dabbled in drugs to numb the pain and shut out the memory of what had happened to him. At this stage he wasn't using hard drugs such as heroin.

When he and a young mate stole a Porsche from Palm Beach the chase was soon on. With Russell driving they got as far as the Spit Bridge before a police helicopter hovered over them bringing the chase to an end. They were put before a biased judge who was outraged that a pair of hooligans from Mount Druitt would dare to come to the playground of the rich and steal one of their cars. Despite both of them being underage he sentenced each of them to 12 months in an adult prison. It was an illegal sentence but their court appointed lawyer was unaware of it.

Taken to the notorious Long Bay Gaol, they were placed in the protection wing which housed some of the worst paedophiles in Australia. Separated and placed in cells with two paedophiles in each they were subjected to a litany of sexual assault. Russell was also introduced to heroin and soon became addicted. After nine weeks of hell, the authorities transferred him to the boys' home at Mount Penang. But the damage had been done.

Released in 1986 at 18 he found the only way to deal with his pain and trauma was to take drugs, mainly heroin. How to pay for the drugs? A normal job wouldn't cover it. Not yet ready for bank robberies, he returned to breaking and entering into shops. It wasn't long before he was arrested and returned to Long Bay. This time he was sent to the MRC (Metropolitan Remand Centre) where there were plenty of old mates from the Mount Druitt area. No one targeted him this time. Especially after the gentle giant Gary "Caspar" Stokes befriended him and made it clear that Russell was his friend. Russell spent the next three years in Long Bay, Parramatta and finally Goulburn before being released in 1989. While in gaol he continued with his heroin habit.

Angry and bitter that the system had brutalised him both physically and psychologically, leaving him feeling worthless and empty, he tried to earn an honest living working with an electrician. But the wages couldn't support his raging heroin habit. He decided it was now time to

step up to bank robberies. Stealing a car in early 1990 he held up the Commonwealth Bank in Gordon, Sydney. With a rush of adrenaline and cash in his hand he knew he could do it again. Teaming up with two others they robbed the National Bank in Turrumurra. As they drove off in the getaway car Jimmy Barnes was singing Khe Sanh. They all started singing along with Cold Chisel: The last plane out of Sydney's almost gone. But they were soon arrested and as Russell later said: "We missed the last plane out of Sydney but we caught the last prison van into Parramatta Gaol."

In 1990, Russell added prison escapee to his resume when he and three others ran from Campsie police station after getting off an escort van. They used a copied handcuff key to shed their handcuffs. Russell and his mate flew to Perth then on to the Northern Territory. After robbing a few more banks they were arrested. They were both sentenced to nine years and were separated. Russell spent a total of 30 months in Darwin then Alice Springs before being transferred to NSW. He was released from Goulburn in 1998 after serving time in Long Bay, Maitland, Parramatta and Lithgow.

For the next six years he tried to live a normal life. He got married, had two children and worked hard in various jobs. But the demons inside him wouldn't allow him peace. He became an alcoholic and returned to drugs. He spent periods in psychiatric hospitals.

By Christmas time 2004 he was back in a cell. With brief periods outside and time in psychiatric hospitals and rehabs Russell spent most of the next thirteen years in various prisons in Queensland and NSW mostly for armed robberies that were unprofessional and committed while he was drug-affected. During his last robbery on the Gold Coast he was caught and bashed by a civilian.

When he heard about the Royal Commission into child sexual abuse he volunteered to testify. He then encouraged others to do the same. It resulted in him giving valuable accurate testimony. Released in 2017, he was given an apology for what had happened to him and a pay-out in compensation. He used the money to set up the charity, The Voice of a Survivor, which helped other victims to make claims. The firm helped hundreds take back control of their lives and receive a much-needed apology from the authorities as well as compensation.

Russell's remarkable Lazarus-like comeback is unparalleled in Australian criminal history. He wanted to help others who suffered as he had. And he succeeded beyond even his expectations. He will be greatly missed. But if he could say something to any of us now, he would tell us to "Have a cracker of a day."

ADIOS Champion.

BOOK REVIEWS

BY GISELLE COATES,
CRIMINOLOGY STUDENT

Outlaw by John Killick **Published: April 2023**

Outlaw by John Killick offers a gripping exploration of life in H Division, where brutality, riots, and trauma shape the daily existence of its inmates. Killick's unflinching account exposes the harsh realities of prison life, detailing relentless bashings and the struggle for survival. The narrative intensifies with Killick's audacious escape plan, leading to his transfer to H Division. The book masterfully weaves suspense, capturing the reader's attention as they witness the challenges faced by the author behind bars.

The pivotal moment arrives with Killick's release and the negotiation of a deal with Governor Grindlay, shedding light on the complexities of the legal system. *Outlaw* is not just a tale of confinement and escape, it is an exploration of resilience in the face of adversity. Killick's narrative prompts reflection on the broader issues within the prison system and the impact on those entangled in its web.

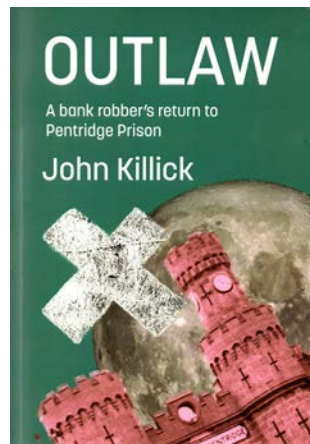
Outlaw is a compelling, thought-provoking read that provides a unique perspective on the struggles of prisoners, especially in the notorious H Division. Killick's gripping storytelling makes this book a recommended choice for those seeking a visceral understanding of life within the confines of the prison system.

John's books can be purchased from johnrkillick.com

Music-Making in U.S. Prisons: **Listening to Incarcerated Voices**

By Mary L. Cohen and Stuart P. Duncan
Published: November 2022

Mary L. Cohen and Stuart P. Duncan delve into the transformative impact of music within the U.S. prison system. Over a decade of collaborative efforts is distilled into this insightful book, which emphasises the creation of connections between incarcerated individuals and the broader community through song writing and choir activities. It is a valuable resource for various professionals, including music educators, facilitators, prison staff, and mental health professionals.



The book underscores the profound influence of music in promoting social-emotional well-being among incarcerated individuals. It argues for the enduring benefits of music education in prisons, extending beyond detention to foster relationships within the wider community. *Making Music in U.S. Prisons* provides practical insights into the challenges of incarceration, crucial for developing effective programs that enhance the quality of life and contribute to meaningful social connection.

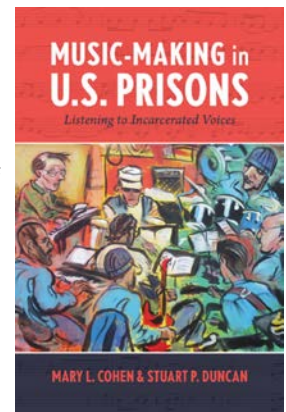
Across six chapters, the book weaves years of research, narratives, and lyrics to illustrate both the adverse effects of carceral contexts and moments of hope. The introduction provides a robust historical foundation for readers new to the subject of U.S. prison systems, framing music as a humanising force amidst the complexities of the prison industrial complex.

The book addresses vital questions for music educators, including the inclusion of diverse musical repertoires in formal music education within prison settings. Ethical considerations for facilitators are discussed, emphasising the need to identify and respond to complex emotional expressions beyond simplistic assumptions about music.

Exploring power relations within music-making courses, the book questions whether these programs inadvertently serve as a method of control. Drawing parallels with research in youth justice settings, it raises critical queries about the potential for resistance within the prison environment and the role of music program facilitators.

The book concludes by emphasising the ethical considerations faced by facilitators, particularly when cultural divides exist between facilitators and participants. It underscores the need for continual critical reflection, moving beyond mere reflexivity and empathy.

In a poignant moment during a performance by the East Hill Singers, the book illustrates the tension between music for incarcerated individuals and its potential to challenge the prison industrial complex. As music educators explore unconventional settings, *Music-Making in U.S. Prisons* stands as a powerful call to engaged music-making and research, reminding us of the complexities involved in making a positive impact through music education.



CUintheNT JUSTICE SYSTEM

BY ADRIAN SLEE

Serving time in jail doesn't really bother me, I can be content with little and adapt. What does bother me is time spent wasted accomplishing nothing and having done nothing meaningful with my time. I spent over four years last time in Darwin Correctional Centre when I was 19 and I told myself that I wouldn't waste it this time. Oh how ignorant I was to think that. I'm 31 now and have been remanded for well over two years awaiting trial and I'm still no better off than when I started. Here you're given what is available, not what is needed. Industries and Services here are like the organs of the facility, and the facility is in a coma, they function only to keep it alive. I shouldn't have to beg and plead. Bucking the system and being on the radar is not my style, but what choice did I have? Just one program relevant to my offending, just some kind of education to better myself, that's all I wanted.

I've written using logic, reason and common sense to every level internally and externally that I could think of: Official Visitors, Attorney Generals past and present, General Managers, Deputy General Managers, the Deputy Commissioner, Program Coordinators, Sentence Management, Offender Development, Prisoner Support Officers, Sector Chief Correctional Officers and the Education Coordinator/Administrator—all to no avail. We don't have a Remand Centre here in the NT, we're all warehoused together. You'd think it'd be as simple as me tagging along but because I'm remanded I can't access programs or education until I'm sentenced. The Education Coordinator tried to bat for me and get an exemption like they have with some other cases but was shot down. The most notable responses to my letters have only been shortened down, not altered, and are genuine as follows:

"Please be advised that this prisoner complaint form is being returned to you as you have not attempted to resolve this at a lower level first." (General Manager)

"This is a misuse of the confidential access complaint system and may result in misconducts however I will address your issue, please be advised of the following outcome." (Deputy General Manager)

"This appeal is not accepted as there is no new information that is required to be addressed. This matter is now closed." (Acting General Manager)

"I commend your enthusiasm to engage in programs and activities however at this time suggest that once your legal status is "Sentenced" that you apply again." (Offender Development)

"You have acknowledged that you are facing a significant sentence, therefore theoretically will have a lot of time to

engage in programs and education once sentenced. You are waitlisted but not on the highest priority at this time." (General Manager)

"I am sure you will have been told that as you are a remand prisoner, we cannot assume you are guilty and then make plans to prevent your offending, however there is no reason why you should not engage in education as a remand prisoner. You mentioned re-offending rates being high, it is an issue and I hope that you can help arrest that depressing picture." (Deputy Commissioner)

"After discussion with Offender Development Manager we will not be enrolling remand prisoners per the (SOP) Standard Operation Procedures I understand this will be a frustration for you. I have you on the waitlist and ready to commence once you have been sentenced." (External Education Coordinator)

"I can assure you that Northern Territory Correctional Services (NTCS) has well-structured pre-released pathways to assist long term prisoners in their rehabilitation and resocialisation to prepare them for release. I thank you for taking the time to write me on this important matter." (NT Attorney General)

I see it all the time, remandees getting time served after months or years without treatment that is meaningful. Talk about closing the gap. We've been constantly short staffed and over capacity for years. We're locked down 85% of the time, they give us as little as possible and everyone knows punitive measures don't work. "If you don't like it don't come here" they always say. Building this technically advanced jail failed. Cheap software is the blood of our comatosed facility, and runs everything from our showers and toilets, our TVs, education learning system, canteen, eye scans and our movement registry to name a few, but it's all broken or in a state of constant disrepair or even permanently shut down due to prisoner malice. It's a money pit here.

They come up with all these catchy names that try to address issues and create change like "Back on Track" or "Deadly Futures" that just pile up on each other and make the issues more and more complicated than what they really are. "Forward Together" is the most recent one here. I haven't seen or felt its effects yet. Maybe when I'm sentenced I will.

By Adrian Slee, #357126
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ADMINISTRATIVE DETENTION

HOW ISRAEL IMPRISONS PALESTINIANS WITHOUT CHARGE

For decades, Israel has frequently arrested and held Palestinian people in 'administrative detention,' a process where people are held in prison for months without even being charged with a crime. Since the October 7, 2023 attack in Israel, the process has increased significantly, and while it has been reported on sporadically in mainstream media, many people remain unaware of the issue at all, or how many people and families it impacts.

To learn more about administrative detention, *Paper Chained* editor Damien Linnane talks to Jenna Abuhasna from Addameer, a Palestinian human rights organisation that assists and advocates for people held in prison.

Can you tell me about administrative detention and what Addameer does?

Administrative detention is one of the biggest issues that we face as Palestinians, and one of the biggest issues that Palestinian lawyers face, because at the end of the day, it is detention without any charges given. We have our own lawyers that represent prisoners held in administrative detention. Their cases are held in military courts, which do not operate like normal courts in other countries around the world. Any evidence against the prisoner is kept in a secret file that only the Israeli prosecutor and the Israeli judge have access to. The Palestinian lawyer will be showing up to court and trying to find a way to build a defense case for the detainee. But without access to the file, ultimately there's nothing that can be done.

People in administrative detention may be held for six months, after which a review will take place where either the detention is extended or the prisoner is released. Most of the time the detention is again extended for another three-to-six months. Administrative detention is a tool used by the occupation to control Palestinians, and as a form of collective punishment against Palestinians.

Addameer also does advocating work, which is more my job. We advocate for the rights of prisoners on an international level, taking the stories and conditions that the prisoners are facing to raise awareness of the international law violations and human rights violations that has been occurring within these prisons, especially after October 7. We try to make sure that everybody is made aware of what really is going on within these Israeli prisons.

In Australia, if you can't afford a lawyer, you get legal aid, which is funded by our government. Who pays for the lawyers for these prisoners?

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PALESTINE

At the end of World War I, Britain took control of Palestine, and pledged to establish a national home for the Jewish people. Large scale Jewish migration, caused in part by Jews fleeing Nazism in Europe, saw the Jewish population in Palestine rise from 6% to 33% between 1918 and 1947, leading to ethnic tensions between Jews and Arabs. Members of the Zionist movement, whose goal was to establish a Jewish homeland in Palestine, formed militias and began attacking Palestinian people, forcing them to flee their homes. With violence escalating, and noting that Britain planned to end its control of the region, the UN adopted a resolution in 1947 to partition Palestine and give 55% of the land to a Jewish state, and 45% to Arabic people. Arab leaders rejected the proposal, and instead invaded the newly formed State of Israel, leading to the 1948 Arab-Israeli war. The war ended in Israeli victory, and Israel took control of the majority of the areas proposed for the Arab state. The remaining proposed Arab lands were divided into the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. While the Arab invasion was done in part to prevent further Palestinians from being forced to flee their lands, by the end of the war, over 700,000 Palestinians, about 80% of the Arab inhabitants of what is now Israel, were either forcibly expelled from their homes or fled due to fears of violence. Palestinians refer to this as the Nakba, Arabic for 'the catastrophe.' Today there are more than 5.6 million Palestinian refugees, comprised of originally displaced people and their descendants.

Addameer is non-profit, so we do not take money from the detainees or from their families. Most of our income comes from donations. Either individual donations or endorsements from other countries. Our government gives us no funding.

There are over 9,300 Palestinian prisoners, of which 3,400 are administrative detainees. So are there about 6,000 prisoners who have actually been charged with a crime?

Yes, but often these crimes could just be incitement, for example, 'inciting violence on social media,' which could just be sharing anything supporting Palestine and the Palestinian cause, spreading awareness of what's going on. Attending a peaceful protest could also be a charge. Any form of resistance is seen as violent resistance to the occupation. Any small action could lead to you being sentenced for over 20 years.

I note their number of detainees was relatively stable between 2011 and the October 7, 2023 attacks, with about 4,500 to 5,000 prisoners. There are now 9,300 prisoners. Is this increase due to mass arrests after October 7?

Exactly. Before October 7, there were around 5,000 prisoners in total, of which I believe around 1,200 were in administrative detention. Then after October 7, mass arrest campaigns targeting Palestinians were used.

And those 9,300 prisoners are just from the occupied territories and West Bank. This number does not include new detainees from Gaza. There may be around another 3,000–5,000 detainees from Gaza alone. However, there's no way to confirm these numbers because we have no information on the detainees taken from the Gaza Strip, because Israel is not sharing any of their information. Basically, people are subjected to enforced disappearance because we have no information on them whatsoever. We have no names. We do not know how many have died within these prisons as well.

Detainees from Gaza are put into two military camps that did not exist before October 7. They were actually military bases which have been transformed into camps. They're not equipped to hold the detainees, and especially not the amount of detainees they have.

From October 7 up until very recently when they began letting lawyers in, the detainees from the Gaza Strip were completely isolated from the outside world. They were not allowed any lawyer visits, no family visits, nor visits from the International Red Cross. So, it's very difficult to obtain accurate numbers on them.



A rally held by Addameer in support of Palestinians held in administrative detention.

How many prisons is Israel holding Palestinians in?

Across all of Palestine from the West Bank and occupied territories, there are twenty prisons, not including interrogation centers. There is a prison in the West Bank, and all the remaining prisons are illegal under international law because they're in the occupied territories.

Do these prisons house Jewish Israelis as well, or are they just for Palestinians?

They are just for Palestinians.

What are the conditions in the prisons like?

We've been visiting the detainees from the West Bank and the occupied territories because they are allowed lawyer visits. However, they are not allowed family visits. They have not been allowed any family visits since October 7. Many of these prisoners have not seen their families in months and they cannot speak to them over the phone either.

We have spoken to detainees who were previously held in these military camps and were then released back into the Gaza Strip. The conditions are terrible in both places. However, it's evident that there are some things occurring to the detainees from Gaza that are not happening to the detainees from the West Bank. For example, the detainees from the Gaza Strip are zip-tied and blindfolded throughout their entire detention, from the moment that they're arrested to the moment that they're released. They're forced to sleep, eat, move around, use the bathroom, all while being zip-tied and blindfolded, and these zip ties are very harshly tightened. Some Israeli doctor whistleblowers from these camps have come out and said that they were forced to amputate limbs off of detainees because of the effects of the zip ties and how harshly tightened they are. The ties leave lasting marks on their bodies, and of course, due to the torture going on and the beatings, they have other marks all over their body.

I'm glad those Israeli doctors reached out to the media to report what was happening; it helped bring the conditions in these prisons to my attention in the first place. What else happens in the prisons?

A starvation policy is being practiced by the occupation against all detainees, from both the Gaza Strip and the West Bank and occupied territories. They're technically being fed around three times a day. However, the quality and quantity of this food is very insufficient. Most of the time, the food is completely inedible—it could be contaminated with mould because of how old it is. Sometimes, it's leftover food from the prisons for Israeli criminals. The detainees from Gaza have said that when they're fed, the Israeli soldiers will scoop the food with their hands and then put it on whatever surface is in front of the detainee. These are completely dehumanising conditions and treatment. Children, the elderly and even pregnant women and all subjected to the same starvation policy.

The detainees have said they are forced to bark like dogs, as well as being forced to say all kinds of degrading things about themselves, their families and against Palestine in general. They're forced to chant 'Long live Israel!'

Detainees from the West Bank and occupied territories can be held in the same prisons of the detainees from Gaza, but they're separated and not allowed to mix. The detainees from the West Bank and occupied territories have said that they've heard the howling coming from the sections that hold the detainees from the Gaza Strip. They can hear the torture that's going on. They can hear their screaming almost throughout the entire night. The Israeli soldiers, the

Israeli prison service, as well with the Special Unit forces will come in multiple times a day for head counts, and during these head counts, in which they brutally beat the prisoners. The prisoners themselves have said that these special forces that enter will not leave the cell until they see blood or they hear a couple of bones cracking. The detainees describe everything going on in the prisons as a form of revenge, a form of revenge against all Palestinians for the events of October 7. Even though many of these prisoners were already in prison during the events of October 7, they are still being tortured and punished collectively. There have been 18 deaths in the prisons, confirmed by physicians for human rights groups in Israel that have been able to autopsies on the bodies and have seen the signs of torture. For the detainees from the Gaza Strip, it is said that there are around 35 deaths, but we have no way to confirm this number.

Many of the prisoners that are taken from the Gaza Strip are not even registered in any system. They are under the control of the Israeli military, not under the Israeli prison system, like the prisoners from West Bank and occupied territories. So there is no way to ask about the whereabouts of prisoners from Gaza as they are not registered. Family members from Gaza often have no idea where their loved ones are being held.

If you don't mind me asking something a bit personal, how do you cope dealing with this horrifying situation and trying to support these people?

I don't think I have an answer for you. During almost every single interview I've done about prison conditions, I have been asked this same question, and every single time, I still don't really have an answer. I don't do anything specific to cope. I do what I can for the prisoners and I focus on them. I don't really focus on what I'm feeling, and of course, what I'm feeling is helpless. Even though my job is to advocate for these prisoners and raise awareness, at the end of the day, despite all the advocacy and everything that we are documenting, nothing seems to be accomplishing anything, because these violations are still going on. The conditions of the prisoners are getting worse every day.

Some nights are harder than others, especially hearing everything that is being done your own people, and then you have nothing to help with or aid with, and then you yourself can be subjected to arrest as well. All of us here can be subjected to arrests and detention, and then nothing is going to change. No one can stop it if it does happen.

Our office was raided two years ago and then Israel designated us as a terrorist organisation, along with five other Palestinian human rights organisations, just for the work that we do advocating for the rights of Palestinians and making sure that they're treated humanely in these prisons.

Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch and experts from the United Nations have condemned Israel for designating you as terrorists, noting Israel had still not provided any evidence for these claims several months

after making them, but the designation limits other countries from continuing to provide Addameer support. Thankfully, many European countries have rejected Israel's designation of you and the other groups as terrorists. However, if Israel regards you in this way, are you afraid they will arrest you?

They've already arrested workers and human rights defenders and lawyers from other organisations, however, thankfully, no one from Addameer has been subjected to arrests yet, because there is no evidence. They raided our offices and couldn't find anything, because we have nothing to hide. All of our work is public. But Israel considers "terrorism" to be any form of advocating for human rights or resisting the occupation.

How can people support what Addameer does?

By educating themselves on the conditions of prisoners, reading all the material that we have available on our website, all of our reports that document all of these violations and more, because there's so many that I haven't even gone into here.

And also just by opposing administrative detention without charge. Do whatever you can to advocate for the rights of these prisoners and making sure that these military courts and these illegal prisons are completely dismantled. We can only hope that raising awareness will help.



Jenna Abuhasna, a 22-year-old Palestinian woman living in Ramallah, works for Addameer, advocating for the rights of Palestinians held in administrative detention.

THE ART OF RESISTANCE IN CHILE

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

Since I taught myself art in custody, you might make the assumption seeing others do the same would come as no surprise. But the creativity of prisoners who set out to make something beautiful during their sentence never ceases to amaze me.

South America has been on my list of places to visit for as long as I can remember. The only place you can fly direct from Australia is Santiago, the capital of Chile, so I started planning my South American vacation from there. Seeing anything related to victims of imprisonment under Chile's military dictator Augusto Pinochet was high on my to-do list, which meant the Museum of Memory and Human Rights was one of my first stops to visit. Located in Santiago and opened in 2010, the museum hosts everything from torture devices to video testimony of survivors of the regime. What gets my attention pretty quickly, however, is the considerable display of art and handicrafts made by people in custody.

I'm sure you'd rather see some of the incredible works of political prisoners rather than read my writing about them, so here's a small sample of what you can see on display if you ever make it to the museum yourself.



Above: Artwork painted on wood from Talca prison.

Right: Yarn painting by Rosa Figueroa Gomez, made at Quillota Prison, 1985.

Below: Wooden earrings made at Concepción prison.



MORE ABOUT CHILE

The long and narrow country of Chile has a population of nearly 20 million. It was colonised by Spain in the sixteenth century, though achieved its independence in 1818. Spanish is spoken by over 99% of the population.



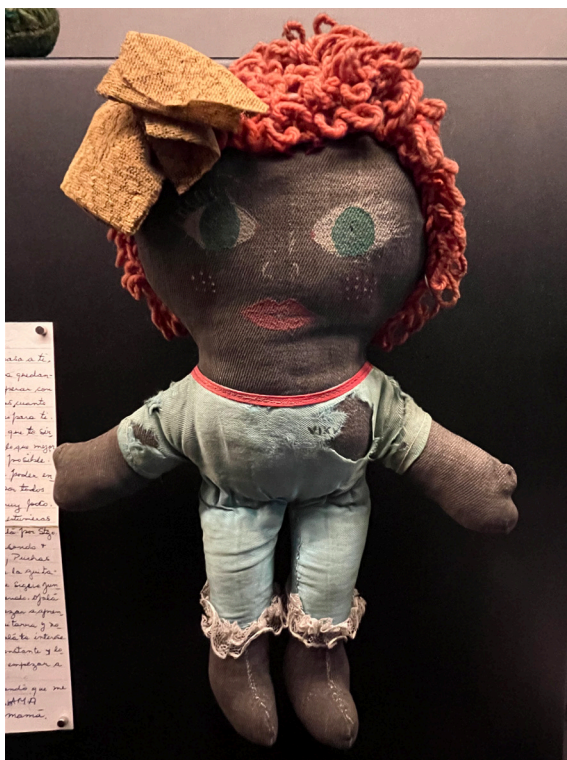
After a period of growing democracy in the twentieth century, the country went into political turmoil in the 1960s, and in 1973, the democratically elected left-wing government was overthrown by army officer Augusto Pinochet.

Pinochet ruled the country under a right-wing military dictatorship for over sixteen years. During this time, tens of thousands of the government's political opponents were imprisoned despite committing no crimes, and over 3,000 were murdered. The dictatorship ended and democracy was restored in 1990. Today the nation is one of the most stable in South America, though the ongoing impacts of the dictatorship are widespread.





'Our Bedroom in Chacabuco' by Toscana Sáez, Chacabuco Prisoners Camp, 1973



Rag doll by Luz de las Nieves Ayress Moreno, 1974



Woven bag from Villa Grimaldi prison camp

VALPARAÍSO'S FORMER PRISON

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

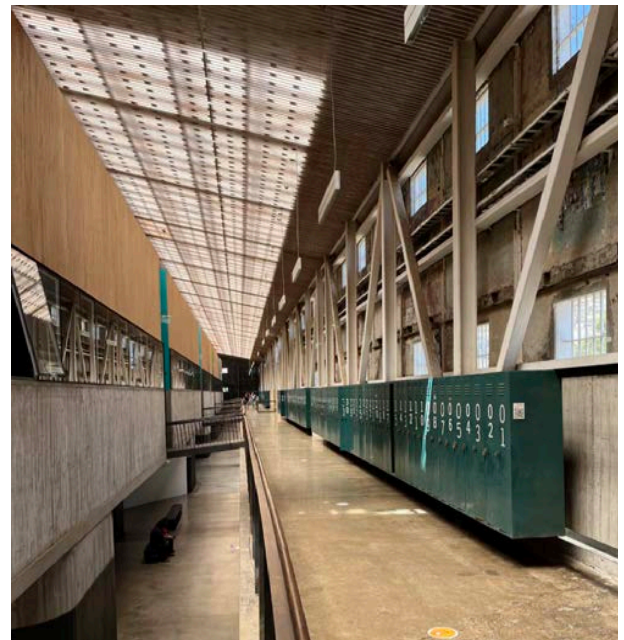
My second stop in Chile is the seaport town of Valparaíso, about 120 km from Santiago. Valparaíso is most famous for its artists, bohemian culture and street murals, and while I intend to experience all of that in time, I'm also quite keen to see their former prison. I've visited a few former prisons now operating as tourist attractions in Australia, and all the ones I've seen have something in common. They've been preserved close to how they originally operated. So I'm quite taken aback by seeing what Valparaíso has done with their former prison.

The site on which Valparaíso prison stands was first used as a temporary prison in 1843, though the main building, completed in 1935, also began housing political prisoners under the Pinochet dictatorship. As many as 1,600 were placed into 200 tiny cells. The prison was closed in the 1990s, and stood abandoned and relatively empty for years. During this time it was the site of illegal punk rock concerts, which were eventually shut down by the police, and even housed a circus. In 2009, the city announced a competition for the redevelopment of the site, though clarified that the designs would have to leave the exterior of cell blocks intact.

Four former classmates of a local university put in their proposal for the site, and ended up beating over 120 other groups. The group's proposal included maximising the prison's open space, with a goal to turn a former place of misery into a friendly area for the community. The 200 cells were largely dismantled to create space in the former cell block, which now houses studios for dancers and artists, and also recording studios for musicians. A community garden was established, and the former prison yard is now a park where soccer is played.



The former main cell block, as viewed from the old prison yard, which is now a park open to the public.



Inside the former main cell block. Rooms on the left are now recording studios for musicians.



Parts of the community garden. Original prison murals can be seen on the left, and the outside of the former cell block on the right.

JAILBREAK RADIO TRANSCRIPT

Jailbreak Radio airs every week around Australia. In this issue, we're featuring part of the transcript of the episode hosted by Naz at Shortland Correctional Centre, which aired in December 2023.

I'm your host, Naz, 633761. I'm an artist, coming to you this week from inside jail. If you're locked up and listening, my message to you is, get a pen, get a paper, maybe write down what you're feeling. Jail's not too hard unless you make it so. There's always a light in the tunnel and just keep on pushing.

Jailbreak's coming to you this week from Shortland Correctional Centre on Wonnarua land. Around me, there's a white room with a table and all the recording equipment in front of me. They use this room usually for programs. There's razor wire to the right of me on top of the building, around me there's windows. One of the boys looking through the window, eating toast, watching us in green. They're probably wondering what's going on.

I was at Silverwater. Not much was going on, you know, I was a bit carried away with jail. I kept on getting adjourned heaps. I was on the iPad seeing that *Jailbreak* has a place to write to. And I thought, why not? You know? The reason I reached out to *Jailbreak* was an opportunity to send them a bit about myself and, you know, help myself, help others. So I got a letter from *Jailbreak* saying they listened to one of my songs outside. It brought me a bit of light, you know, I was happy. It was kind of like a sign for me, that I haven't been forgotten. It was good. I started writing more and stuff. I'm blessed. Now I'm at Shortland Correctional Centre, and you guys were able to come here. I'm very thankful for this opportunity. It's good, you know, gives me a chance to talk about my music.

If I was to describe myself, I have long hair, olive skin. I think my best mate would describe my personality as positive, maybe creative, resilient and caring. I'm trying to look at the bigger picture. Always trying to push my friends to do good. I only want good things.

I come from a family of four. My Dad's Palestinian and my Mum's Lebanese. I have a little brother, James. Me and my Dad and my Mum, we're very close. I had a good upbringing. My parents weren't very strict. I think I tried to rebel. I ran away from home for a little bit when I was a bit younger, I just couldn't handle what was going on at home. I was getting a bit in trouble. My little brother was only little at the time. I was trying to get away from them, but my dad always was trying to find me. When I was younger, my Dad was around more, but then he started working a bit more. Maybe I needed him a bit more around, I'm not sure. I haven't been there for my Mum since I've been locked up. Both her parents passed away, my Grandpa and Grandma. I speak to my little brother James sometimes. I was out for four months last time. This time we got close. I was out of trouble. I was doing good. Then I got locked up again. You'd have to speak to him about it. I'm not sure how he felt about it. It's my fault. It's not his fault. I've obviously hurt him a lot.

HOW DO I LISTEN TO A JAILBREAK PROGRAM IF I'M INSIDE?

If you have an analogue radio you may be able to tune into one of the community radio stations nationally listed below. If you have a digital radio you will be able to tune into most of these stations.

Sydney - 107.3FM 2SER - Sunday 9:30pm & Monday 4:00am
93.7FM Koori Radio - Monday & Sunday 10:00pm, everyday at 2am
Melbourne - 3CR 855AM - Friday 10:30am
Canberra - 2XX 98.3 - Wednesday 10am
Bathurst - 2MCE - Thursday 10am
Nowra - 92.7 FM - Saturday 10:30PM
Broken Hill - 2DRY FM - Monday 8pm

Addiction is a constant battle with me, actually. My first experience of drug taking was about at twelve. And that type of lifestyle, you know, led to my offending. I was in a bit of trouble when I was at school, even in primary school. I'm not proud of it. I've always been a little bit different; I didn't always fit in. I needed to be accepted in a way outside of school and I met all these people that make you feel accepted, but it's in a negative way. Drugs and crime – I really think that was my problem and I just got so hooked on feeling like a part of a group, feeling wanted and needed. I just lost myself. When I was a bit younger at school sometimes I'd steal from people's bags. I found weed in someone's bag and I didn't know what it was. I showed my friend and he knew it was weed. That weekend we went down to the park to smoke it. It went from every weekend to every day. And then to hardcore drugs, MDMA, then LSD, Xanax, Ice. At the time I was doing it for the thrill; it was fun. I kept on trying to take drugs to numb who I was, trying to keep up with this character, numb out what was really going on inside my head. I knew deep down this wasn't for me. I was kind of lost from twelve; I'm 22 now. It just made me lose who I was.

I got diagnosed with ADHD in high school. I was always in the principal's office. I used to get into trouble a lot in primary school. But then in high school, as I was getting into a lot more trouble, I just think I was just a bit immature at the time.

Every time I've been arrested I've been on drugs. The first time I got locked up, I was about 16, and I went to Cobham Youth Justice Centre. I couldn't really understand what was going on. I was very actually scared, to be honest. I used to be very isolated. I wouldn't want to talk to anyone, I'd sit by myself. I started becoming a bit more aggressive in juvie because everyone around me is aggressive. I'm not an aggressive person. Juvenile justice made me into an aggressive person. I got out and actually became worse. I started doing worse things. It wasn't good at all. We should have had a different option. Juvenile justice doesn't benefit kids. I got out, got on drugs again. And then I was hanging around people who were doing the same thing, so it became a bit more normalised. I got so used to it. You think it's a game. I didn't know how to say no, really. I just ended up going downhill again.

It was a rough time. I forgot about my family. They were very upset with me, they couldn't understand and probably thought what's going on was their fault. It's not their fault. I just didn't know how to deal with a lot of things. I just kind of had that gangster mindset. I wouldn't take shit from anyone. I was just very aggressive and very obsessive, not myself. It took me hard times to realise what was going on.

You're about to hear stuff about suicide, you may find it distressing and it may be unsuitable for younger people. When I came into jail this time I was on Xanax. I was coming down from it a bit. When I first come in I was smoking a little bit of bupe. It stopped me from being depressed, but then when I ran out of that, that's when I became very depressed, actually contemplating killing myself.

I know a lot of you listeners are doing it hard sometimes as jail is not an easy place. It can make you very vulnerable, depressed or suicidal. My advice for you guys would be, exercise to release that type of feeling. It will go. It's just there for a moment. I actually told one of my friends at the time. If you have a cellmate, you talk to them about what's going on. Talk about things. It's always good to get things off your chest. Lighten your load a little bit. It might feel like there's no hope, but you will feel better. Realise that there's more to life. There always is.

People in jail, you know, we're given all these labels: criminals. I'm not a criminal. I just got lost for a long time. I just didn't know who I was. I was taking drugs and I became a different person.

I've only been here at Shortland Correctional for a couple weeks. I got sentenced on my current charge and got classified to this jail to do programs. And I've learnt a lot since I've been here already, now that I'm sober and I'm coming to realise a lot of things. Not knowing how to care about myself, find out what's going on inside, the underlying problems instead of just taking all these drugs to numb it down. It doesn't really work, it just still sits there.

I'm really passionate about my music. The first tracks I started listening to were Pharrell Williams, Dr Dre, when I started getting into the hip-hop scene. Then when I was twelve years old, maybe, I remember, I'd just sit there and just be rhyming. I made my song, and I started really working on myself. One of the teachers here, he tells us we shouldn't settle for less. We're not the best that we could be doing. By that he means push for bigger things—one step at a time obviously. See what fits for you, helping the community, doing things that count. Not just doing some job, just to make money, you know, doing something that you care about. This time that I've come in, I have to care about myself and move forward. There's still a lot more to discover but that's what I've come to realise so far.

Life can get hard sometimes. Hard times have made me who I am. In life you gotta really put yourself out there and, you know, just keep on pushing.

These are my lyrics from inside jail.

Acapella strange endeavour, never never say never, taste change worse or better, face hang, strive or end up down flat, another statistic that's sadistic futuristic, armour bender earth caresser, she he no gender any strainer DNA loves my setup, naturally enhanced chromosomes simulator dance, modification disarm and warning notification, straight injections Naz addicts in every direction, lethal weapon diffusers not yet invented.

This is the first song of my album. It's not fully polished yet. It talks a little bit about me sitting in a cell.

Pain, laughter, defiance. Roaring soaring climbing. Ordinary to the eyes. Crazy what lies in between those eyes. Sell hell recovery trips. Temporary stints in a ditch. Life's a big compiled bitch urinating on the streets. No place to live, runaway kid. Complexity transformed into a simple storm. It's calm now. Wait till it rains, definitely not a boring gorging story. The key is form and pay attention and locksmith is walking, walking. Ink staining a bleached paper. Cells trapping a dangerous vapor.

Charging innocent shattering curse it seems although blessings keep whispering to me. Drug battles smacking the devil with the paddle back and forth. Not sure I can't stay on shore. Bored bending the law is becoming an obsession, graffiti, rebel and excel in school accepting the fool. Concerta is the tool, ADHD diagnosis. Didn't think we would be here, did we Mum?

Depression, aggression, rejection I feel a lot progressing. We merry devilish leaves in the rolling paper. Intrigued by the green I'm smoking papers. Yellow blue dollars, stealing backpacks under attack. Not managing, mannequins surround the premises. It's evident. In my actions I'm hesitant to really be myself. Aggression overwhelms my health. A song for a beautiful girl.

Jailbreak visits any centre, so write to us if you'd like us to visit you. *Jailbreak* is one of the great projects of Sydney's Community Restorative Centre, supporting people post release and families in New South Wales. It's coming right to your cell, wherever you are in the system, across the country, across the world, sharing stories you can relate to.

Jailbreak is here to help people in jail, by relating to other people. Listening to what they're hearing and maybe helping them in a tough time. Or maybe to give people a bit of a purpose in jail, reintegrating them and just showing them that people do care outside, you know, about us and we're not forgotten about. If you're thinking about getting in contact, do it, it's worth a try. It can bring families a bit closer together, as a way to reach out for them to know that you're doing something positive.

Jailbreak is produced by Kate Pinnock at Sydney's 2SER on the traditional lands of the Gadigal people. First Nations people of the Eora nation. *Jailbreak* pays respects to elders' past, present and emerging.

If you're locked up and listening, my message to you is get a pen, get a paper, maybe write down what you're feeling. Maybe draw a little bit. Just do something to just express what you're feeling. Jail's not too hard unless you make it. You know, there's always a light in the tunnel and just keep on pushing.

You can find Naz's latest collaboration, *Bad to the Bone*, on Spotify and YouTube, recorded under the name 'Sacrificial Naz'.

GETTING IN TOUCH

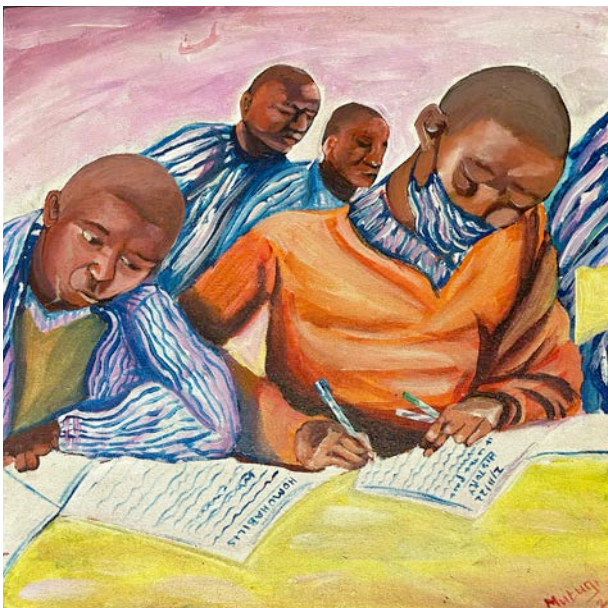
People in custody can write to:
Jailbreak, 2SER
PO Box 123 Broadway NSW 2007

Family and people on the outside can email or call:
kate.pinnock@crcnsw.org.au
0420 946 709

PAPER CHAINED INTERNATIONAL

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

It was May 2023 and I was in Nairobi, Kenya for the Ninth International Cure Conference on prison reform. I wrote about both attending the conference and meeting Kenyan artist and former prisoner James Mutugi back in Issue 11. Something I didn't write about the time, however, was a suggestion James made to me. After explaining that *Paper Chained* received art from current and former prisoners all over the world, James asked if I'd ever had an art exhibition to show all those works. The thought hadn't crossed my mind yet, but that same month I also received an unexpected package of paintings from Cameron Terhune in California, who unbeknown to me had been receiving *Paper Chained* after it was printed and posted to him by a friend in Arkansas.



A painting of Kenyan prisoners completing education in prison, by James Mutugi, which was featured in the exhibition.

James' suggestion and Cameron's paintings got me thinking about exactly how many contributions we've received over the years from prisoners in New Zealand, England, the United States, and of course, Australia, just through the natural course of running the magazine. And with the addition of two paintings from James Mutugi, I now had prison-related artwork from five different countries. I decided to put some feelers out and see how many more I could get. Over the next several months I reached out to groups like Koestler Arts, a charity that teaches art to former prisoners in the UK, Empowerment Avenue, which supports artists in the United States, and La Cana, a group that goes into Mexican prisons to teach women



Paper and clay sculptures made by prisoners in Bolivia.

in custody skills including craftworks and embroidery. Several people in custody also reached out directly to me after I put out a callout for works for the proposed exhibition in Issue 11 as well. For months, packages of prison art were turning up at my house and gathering in a pile in one corner of my kitchen. I ended up with 108 works, from 45 different people in eight different countries. Two of those works are the ones on the covers of this issue. Special thanks to Alvin Smith in Michigan for our front cover, and Jayde Farrell in NSW for the back cover.

I'd been part of eight group art exhibitions by this stage, and also had six solo shows myself, including one in San Francisco. But *Paper Chained International* is the first show I've ever curated. It turns out that curating an art exhibition, especially one involving art from around the world, is a pretty difficult task. I was having Zoom meetings with people overseas at all times of the day, and we ran into one logistical issue trying to import some artworks, with delays at customs. It was also hard for individual artists in prison to get their work to us in some cases. If they couldn't give it to friends or family outside on visits, permission had to be obtained to post us some of the larger works. We also had to obtain permission from Queensland Corrective Services to display the works of Ashley McGoldrick; only half way into collecting art did I learn there is a law in that state against displaying artwork from people in prison or on parole without prior approval. Once we'd received all the artworks and paperwork, installing the works at Long Bay Correctional Centre's Boom Gate Gallery was a full day's job, but thankfully the gallery staff have done this many times before and were very helpful. As is customary, 75% of the money from artworks sold at Boom Gate goes back to the artist, which gave some of our overseas and interstate contributors the chance to earn some money while participating in our show.

With the art on the wall the main thing left was the launch night. I think every curator worries their show won't get a big enough launch party. My fears, however, practically disappeared when NSW Governor Margaret Beazley offered to open the exhibition. Listening to the Governor's speech and then addressing a crowd myself certainly made the months of work all feel worthwhile. An interview I did on ABC Radio Sydney the weekend after the launch also drew a big crowd of visitors. *Paper Chained International* stayed up for the entire month of May at Boom Gate. It was a huge honour to put together the show, and I can't thank our artists enough for participating.



Boom Gate Gallery is located outside Long Bay Correctional Complex in the Sydney suburb of Malabar, NSW.



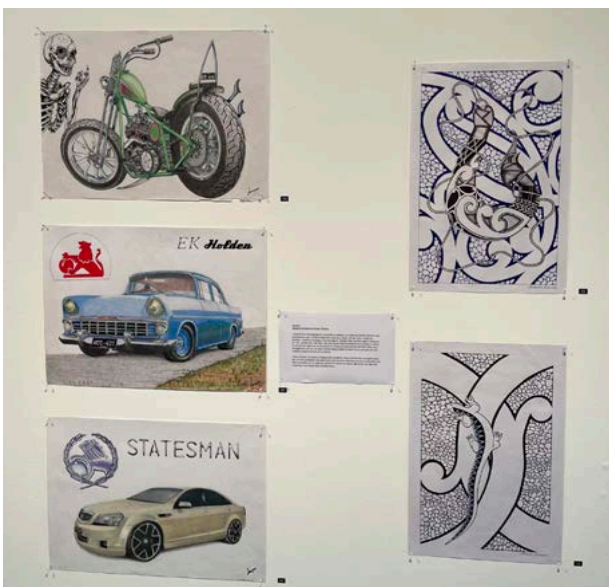
Painting by Paul Wilson at Casuarina Prison in Western Australia.



Embroidered artworks from women at Chalco Penitentiary in Mexico, sent to the exhibition by La Cana.



Paintings by Colin Burke, who served time at HM Prison Usk in Wales and is now involved in Koestler Arts.



Drawings by LenPen in Victoria (left) and Simon Evans in New Zealand (right)



Sculptures from various artists in Queensland, New Zealand, Texas and Bolivia.

BUB, I SEE YOU: BEING LOVED

BY DWAYNE ANTOJADO

When this article is published, it will have been nine months since I shared my story of heartbreak and the challenges of dating post-prison. I revealed my most raw self, my deepest fears, and my hardest-fought battles. This platform has been therapeutic for me, allowing me to express myself to readers who might understand my journey. For this, I thank you, my readers, for granting me the bravery and courage to share my story. I will always be grateful that you've given me space and time in your hearts and minds. Every quarter, I aim to share something meaningful and profound with you. Something you can relate to, something you can hold on to, something to think about—transporting you out of prison, even if only for a few moments, into a different world. This short reprieve is a shared experience, a journey we both traverse. So thank you. You'll all always be a part of my life.

If you recall, I shared with you how I found it difficult to date people who would accept me for who I am, rather than for my past, splattered across tabloids and the labyrinth of pages on the Internet. I wanted to be seen, to be heard, and to be recognised for who I am and what I bring to the table—not for what I've done, the mistakes I've made, or judged by the contours of my colourful past. Recently, I found that. I found someone who saw me for who I am, who recognised the value I bring to people's lives, who listened to my story with empathy, care, and compassion, and who loves me for the person that I am – my mood swings; my imperfections; my loud personality; my penchant for shoes and shopping; my enthusiastic appetite for food, travel and adventure; my fervent and loud efforts on the keyboard; my favourite book – *A Little Life* by Hanya Yanagihara; my favourite little restaurant – Super Inn; and most significantly, the work that I do that has stemmed from my time in prison. He not only accepted it but he empowered it, he saw it as a strength, saw me as someone capable of achieving my dreams, hopes and desires. We didn't always see eye to eye, we engendered different approaches, prospects and perhaps even different futures. But in the short time that we've been together, I never felt less than, or subordinate. I was always given a platform to be heard and seen. And as people who have been through prison, that's not always easy to find. We're always 'invisibilised', excluded from social discourses, and left out at every seat at the table. We're spoken to, about and on behalf of. And if we are to be empowered to use our lived experience for good, we need a community of people, including the one we choose to share our life with, to see us and recognise us.

BEING SEEN,



It was interesting; when we first dated, he Googled me. He bore witness to my past without me having any control or input in the narrative. For most people, this clouds their judgment, allowing our stories plastered on the pages of the Internet to dictate their perception of who we are. On our second date, he told me he had seen the news articles and read the very article I wrote for this magazine nine months ago. But from the start, he empathised, understood, and gave me a chance to share my story, my narrative, and my reality from my perspective—not that of others. Not for one second was his judgement clouded by the label of 'fraudster' haphazardly given to me by those I don't even know. I appreciated that immensely, as it showed me the calibre of person that he is. From that point, I saw a tenderness, an innocence, and a benevolence in his heart. We had the opportunity to travel, to share memories—a capsule and a repository of shared experiences forever etched in the recesses of my being. I'll always have that; it'll always be a part of me and our story—our learning, experiences, and wisdom. As a colleague and friend once said, "the act of creation is to a greater or lesser extent, an act of disclosure, of literal obscenity – making visible that of which is hidden." By being courageous through these words, I hope to make it easier for you and others, who might for a moment join my company, through my writings.

As you might have already guessed, this story does not have the happy ending we all want. I pen this article as he leaves my door. Perhaps not now, but soon ready to take the next adventure that life brings him, as I do too. There'll be a period of healing, a time in which we reflect, consider, and repair. It is not surprising that I am sad. I've not just lost the person that was there by my side, although short but meaningful, but I've also lost a friend—one that I knew I could count on, for good and for bad. I know that a part of him will cringe, feel a slight hint of discomfort at the contents of this article, not

because he is fearful of judgement by those who read these words on this page, but perhaps by the realities and gravity that this publication might engender in his heart. I aim not to elicit a change in his heart towards me, I aim not to convince him otherwise and plague doubt in his mind for the decision that he has made, for the door of my life will always be open to those that I love and care—and if ever there is a register, he will always grace its summit, in company with my best friends, my family, and the lived experience colleagues I get to share this stage with. Maybe it's not the right time for us to be together, maybe that temporal dimension might never come, maybe it will—only those celestial, heavenly beings know, and I shall leave it to their hands for now. But one thing I know for sure is that through this experience, for the first time in my life, I got to feel, see, and be that person who's 'seen.' And if ever there is one thing I can take away from this experience, it's that at least I now know it's possible. I know that there will be people who'll see me for me. I miss him, I thank him, and I love him, not least for the possibilities he's shown me, but for being a part of who I am, today. I will always be grateful for that.

But to the existential question that plagues all academics, researchers and scholars, "So what? Why does this matter?" I share this with you openly and honestly because I want to instil hope in you. Although life might be tough now, and you may see no end to your suffering, know that someone, somewhere, out there, will see you. They will value you and love you for who you are. So don't change yourself or morph into someone you think you need to be. You are good enough, you are loved, you are valuable, you are meaningful, and you are important. One day, that person will come into your life and remind you of that, just as this person has reminded me. Chin up; you have a life to live, and through these words, I am here for you. As he would affectionately call me, 'bub,' I leave you with that. You, my readers, have been my 'bub' for the past two years. So, with heartfelt gratitude, to you and to him, thank you bub, I love you.

AUSTRALIA'S STUPIDEST LAWS

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

Most if not all people in prison probably have strong feelings about some of the laws in our country. There's a solid argument to be made that many laws that end up putting people behind bars are, shall we say, counter-productive, and not evidence-based. For example, there's an overwhelming consensus among legal and health experts that drug use should be treated as a health issue, rather than a criminal one. In 2017, a group former state premiers,

former police commissioners and even former heads of corrective services called for drug decriminalisation in Australia, as did a government-commissioned inquiry in NSW in 2020. Evidence consistently shows that policing drug users is not effective in reducing drug use, and ignores underlying reasons for use such as child abuse, domestic violence and poverty. In places where personal drug-use has been decriminalised, HIV transmission, overdoses, prison sentences and strain on emergency health services have plummeted. But to date, Australian governments have declined to implement such progressive reforms.

While many of our laws in Australia are not exactly smart, today we'll be going state by state to look at some examples of current and recent laws that are particularly stupid or unnecessary.

Victoria

Starting in Victoria, Section 4(d)(i) of the Summary Offences Act 1996 states that 'Any person who flies a kite in a public place, to the annoyance of any person, shall be guilty of an offence.' If found guilty, you could be fined up to \$826.



A harmless child's toy, or a criminal device? It depends on whether it's annoying someone in Victoria.

The reason why this law was introduced was to uphold the 'good order of towns.' It aims to stop a kite's interference with power lines, houses and people. Exactly how annoying your kite has to be in order to break the law, however, is not entirely clear. So next time you plan on visiting Victoria, make sure you fly your kite away from any grumpy individuals.

You may not want to start your cleaning too early in the morning either. Under Section 48A of the Environment Protection Act 1970, it's illegal to make unreasonable noise with a vacuum cleaner after 10pm, before 7am on weekdays, and before 9am on weekends. Noise is classified as unreasonable if it can be heard in a bedroom of another house. If you ignore a police direction to stop your vacuuming, you could face a fine of \$18,655.

Under Section 49A of the Summary Offences Act 1966, it's also still illegal to beg in Victoria. The maximum penalty is 12 months in prison. While the law is still actively enforced, the punishment is now typically a fine. Obviously, giving someone a fine for being desperate for money hardly solves the underlying issues. There are also anecdotal reports that police in Victoria have confiscated the money people have collected from begging, classifying it as 'proceeds of crime.'

Queensland

It is illegal for both the driver and the passenger of a car in Queensland to play a noisy instrument. So you can't play a trumpet while you drive, not that I see how that would be possible anyway, and if a friend with a trumpet wants a lift, tell them to store it in the boot in case they're tempted to play a tune. It should be clarified that this law only applies to instruments considered noisy. If your passenger can somehow manage to play the cello softly while you're driving, this is apparently still legal. Under Section 292 (2) of the Transport Operations (Road Use Management — Road Rules) Regulation 2009, the maximum penalty for breaking this law is \$3,096.

Under Section 18 of the Tow Truck Regulation 2009 Act, a tow-truck driver in Queensland must also be "neatly dressed" while working. The maximum penalty for breaking this law is also \$3,096. So make sure you wash and iron your uniform before operating a tow-truck in the sunshine state.

Tasmania

Has someone insulted your honour recently? Well if you're in Tasmania, you may wish to settle the matter without resorting to violence. Under Section 81 of the Criminal Code 1924, it's illegal to challenge someone to a duel in the apple isle, or to participate in a duel. This is also illegal in Western Australia, but as you'll see, there are even weirder laws there.



Challenging someone to a duel will probably get you a fine in Tasmania. Shooting or stabbing someone during the duel will probably get you in a bit of trouble as well.

New South Wales

Regulation 291-3 of the Road Rules 2014 stated that motorists needed to avoid splashing mud on people waiting for a bus. There were two particularly interesting things with this law. Firstly, it only applied to mud, and it only applied to people waiting for the bus. It was perfectly legal to splash water on people waiting for the bus, and mud on anyone else, but mud on people waiting for the bus could have resulted in a fine of \$187. Those who elected to challenge the fine in court could have had it increased to \$2,200. Secondly, the fine applied to circumstances where splashing mud was entirely unintentional. Simply not slowing down enough to avoid splashing muddy water, or not swerving out of the way, could have gotten you a fine. It isn't difficult to imagine that

swerving out of the way to avoid a muddy puddle in heavy rain and traffic may have caused much bigger problems than mud on someone's clothes.

This law was repealed in 2020, meaning that accidentally splashing mud on people at a bus stop is no longer a fineable offence. Going out of your way to do it on purpose, however, will quite possibly still get you a charge for negligent driving.

South Australia

In South Australia, under Section 58B of the Summary Offences Act 1953 it is illegal to sell a fridge with a capacity of more than 42.5 litres, unless all the doors can be opened easily from the inside. This law was likely enacted after a child became stuck in a refrigerator. Prior to 1953, fridges did not have the modern seals we have today that can be easily opened. Nevertheless, the law still remains in effect. And the penalty for dealing in illegal fridges? \$750.

You can get off a little cheaper by ringing a door bell without a reasonable excuse in South Australia. Under Section 50 of the Summary Offences Act of 1953, disturbing someone by knocking on their door or ringing their door bell without a valid reason will only set you back \$250.

Western Australia

When it comes to stupid laws, both current and former, Western Australia is clearly the winner. In WA it is illegal to clean or collect seabird or bat droppings without a licence. You could be imprisoned for up to a year for committing such a heinous crime as per Section 387 of the Criminal Code Act 1913. So how do you obtain such a licence to clean or collect these droppings? I have no idea; there is no relevant information online. So if a seabird or bat decides to crap on your car in WA, to stay safe you may have to cross the border before you can wash it off.

A mention must be made to Section 22 of the Marketing of Potatoes Act 1946, which made it illegal to possess more than 50kg of potatoes in WA. The law was enacted due to food-security issues after World War II, though quickly became unnecessary. But the law wasn't repealed until 2021. Until then, the penalty for a first offence of having more than 50kg of potatoes was up to \$2,000. Repeat offenders could face a fine of \$5,000. Under Section 22A of the act, police also had the power to stop and search a vehicle suspected of having more than 50kg of potatoes in it.



Potential fries, but also a potential fine until 2021.

A SHORT GUIDE TO WRITING SHORT STORIES

BY KYLE ZAMMIT, GOULBURN CORRECTIONAL CENTRE

Is a picture worth a thousand words? Maybe, but a thousand words are worth everything. Other artists wield the brush, the pencil, the chisel, but the author wields language and with it they may paint the sea, not as a frozen image, but as a fluid feral thing, waves crashing, foam flying, seagulls wheeling overhead, the sun burning your skin, the sand crunch-crunch-squeaking as the author walks up behind you and pushes you into the shock-freezing water where you drown in the bottomless depths of someone else's imagination. You will need: A pen (an eraser and pencil are better for editing) and paper.

Ideas as Waypoints

So, you've got a sheet of paper in front of you, and just like a painter staring down a blank canvas, your heart flares with stress, your mind goes as empty as the page – what to do? You're experiencing choice paralysis. The solution? Stop trying to consider every idea all at once, filling your head up with noise, and come back down to Earth.

Look around. What objects do you see? Maybe a kettle, a book, a carton of milk. Now, what's something cool or crazy that could happen with one of these objects? Well, a kettle. What does a kettle do? It boils water. What if it never stopped boiling? Steam would be billowing out, filling your cell, making the air hot and humid, hard to breathe, but try as you might, the kettle can't be turned off.

There's the idea for how the story starts, but what happens next? Don't overthink it. Maybe the vapor fills up the whole pod. Everyone would yell, kick their doors, knock up, and then officers would come in. They can't stop the kettle, so the whole building is evacuated. Done. That's the story in summary, and you now have waypoints to work towards.

Beginning: Kettle won't stop boiling. Middle: Steam fills the pod. Ending: Everyone is evacuated.

Once you've got your waypoints – the central events of the plot – writing the story simply becomes a matter of picking up your pen and filling in the gaps between A, B and C, walking the protagonist to the next event, the next waypoint. This cutting up of the whole into clearly defined pieces is reminiscent of the grid method used in drawing recommended by the Editor in issue 9.

The Pen is Fuelled by Flame

Starting something is one thing; finishing it is another. The key to finishing your short story is to enjoy writing it, and you do that by putting your pen to paper immediately after you've come up with your waypoints, whilst the whole thing is still piping hot out of your brain's creative oven. Because the sure-fire way to douse that creative heat is to burn it all out thinking about everything that's going to happen between your waypoints, instead of actually writing it. If you do that, you'll end up with an amazingly intricate story mapped out

point-to-point with every action and detail accounted for, all up inside your head, instead of on the page. And you know what that's called? A daydream. Don't daydream your stories away, write them down.

As the ancient philosopher Slim Shady once postulated 'Would you capture it or let it slip?' Mum's spaghetti. By the way, listening to music at a low volume as you write can help tremendously with focus.

Turn the Phrase until it Glints

As a prospective author reading this, what you probably want to know the most is how to actually, literally, write. As in, how to describe a place, an event, a conversation. How do you fit the words together? To put it simply, you imagine something, and then you just tell the page what you're imagining, the exact same way you would tell someone a story in the yard.

But how do you make it sound good? Through experimentation. You write out a sentence, and then you turn the phrase until it glints:

The man ran over the road and climbed the fence. The man ran across the street and jumped the corrugated fence. The man darted over the tarmac and vaulted the fence. The man high-tailed it over the highway and hopped the wall.

Which one glints for you? The first? The fourth? None? What do I even mean by 'glint'? What I mean is what feels right. As the author, it's up to you, and you get to play around with the language of your story like this, turning and tweaking sentences in your mind or on the page until you feel them catch the light and glint. What if you can't get a part of your story quite right, and it refuses to glint? Don't frustrate yourself. If it's not working, that's fine. You can go back later, just move on. The pen is fuelled by flame.

You can make your endings more impactful if the last line contains, or is, the title of the story. In doing this, you will send your reader's mind back to the beginning and from there they will naturally reconsider everything else. This won't work for every story, and if it feels like you're shoehorning it in then the reader will feel the exact same way. Don't force it. Turn the phrase until it glints.

An important point to remember is to keep your short stories short. It's easier than you'd think to get lost amongst the pages, only to look up and find that the sun's gone down, and that instead of a short story, you've accidentally written the beginnings of a confused, sprawling, and unfinishable novel. Stick to your waypoints.

In conclusion, prison sucks. Trust me, I know. So, if you're having a hard time, or you just want to get out, pick up a pen and tell the paper a story. Because whilst you're writing about another world, you escape this one.

FUTURE DREAMING

**25th October –
23rd November 2024**

An exhibition of 250+ artworks created that dream a future, by First Nations artists who have been incarcerated in 2024 across Victorian prisons.

The Torch Gallery
146 Elgin St Carlton
thetorch.org.au
Tuesday to Friday 1-5pm
Saturdays 11am-3pm

SHOUT-OUTS

HERE IS A SHOUT OUT 2 MY
BROTHERS MITCHELL SANDEN
AND TROY DRURY. FITS
BE REAL, STAY REAL
AND 2 MY GIRL CHANTELL
BUDBY @ B.W.C.C
TAKE IT EASY
M.G. Sanden

I'd also like to do a shout out to
William Darcey Reed in one of the
Brisbane jails & also to Jaxonically
to Both of You my Little Brothers

From Jordan

Big shoutout to my girls Chaye
Dadlan, Hollie, Stacey, Izzy, Ayeisha,
Alyssa Stockton, Rachel, Georgee and
Kasharna at twcc

Shoutout to my big brother at
TWCC Ayden McLennan.

love, loyalty & Respect
Emily Green

I would like to do a shout out
to my fav bearch's in T.W.C.C
JULY 2024 — EMILY GREEN, HOWIE WATTS,
TRACY PERRY & CHAY POOLAN.
LOVE & RESPECT
STACEY CIFUENTES

Could I also put a shout out to my wife TRUDY JONES who's
at TRANSVILLE WOMENS FIRM,
Happy Birthday my love, LOVE AND MISS YOU FROM MY MISTH
AND DEMO.

From Andrew

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 16 DUE FOR RELEASE IN DECEMBER 2024



ART FROM PALESTINE

Paper Chained interviews a former Palestinian prisoner about life in an Israeli prison, and the artworks that he made while in custody.



XMAS CONTENT

We'll also be sharing Christmas-themed content. If you have any you want printed, post it to us by early October.

A TOUR TO HELL.

(By "FRANK THE POET.")

FRANK THE POET

We take a look at the life and work of Australia's first renowned convict poet, Frank MacNamara, better known as Frank the Poet.



INTERVIEW WITH ANTHONY PRINCE

The US media dubbed him one of the 'Dumb and Dumber' bank robbers, after they were identified in minutes. *Paper Chained* talks to Anthony Prince about the failed robbery and his subsequent imprisonment in the US.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IN THE NEXT ISSUE?

IF YOU HAVE SUGGESTIONS ON WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE IN PAPER CHAINED PLEASE REACH OUT AND LET US KNOW!

Post suggestions to:
Paper Chained
PO Box 2073
Dangar NSW 2309
Australia

