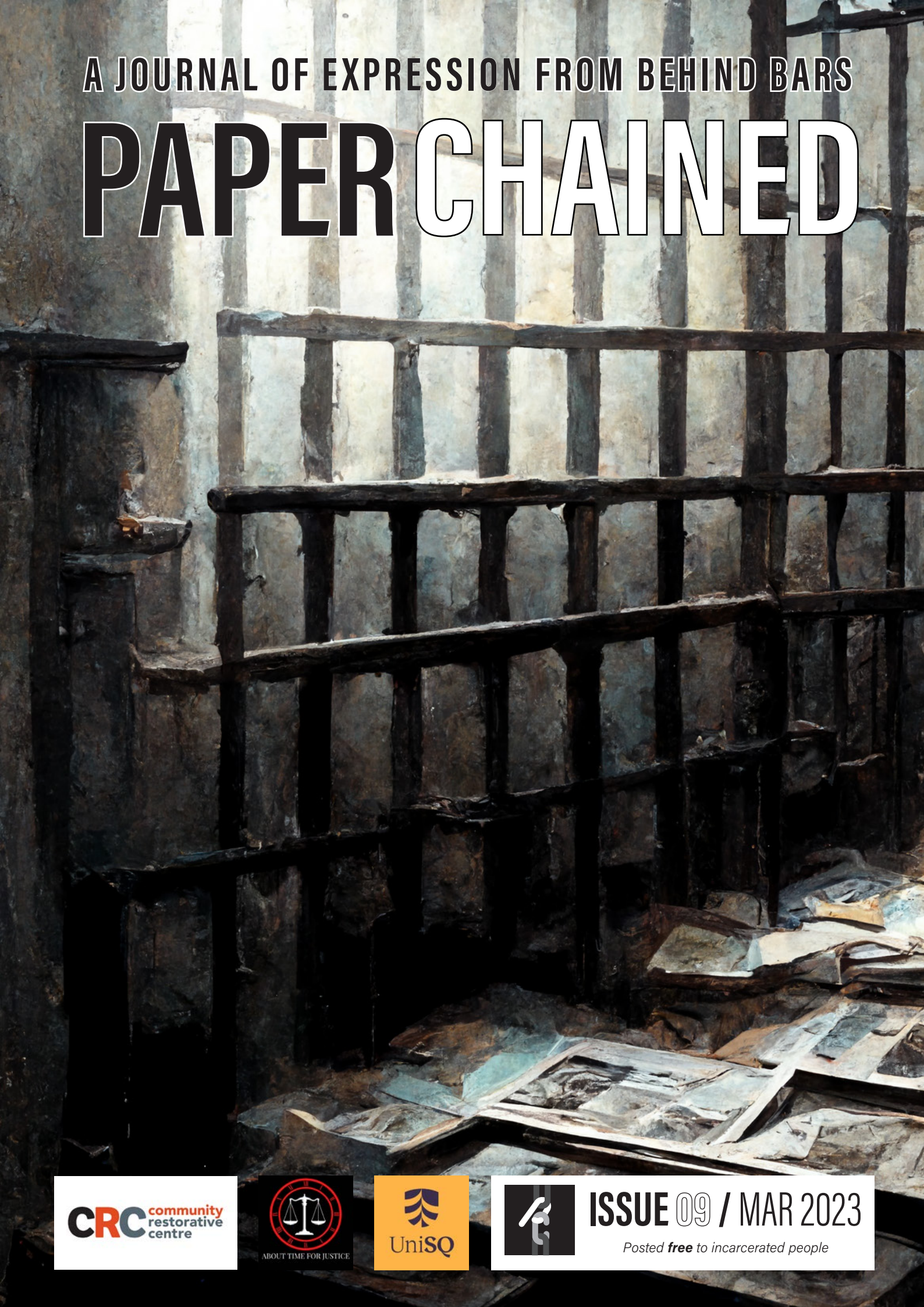


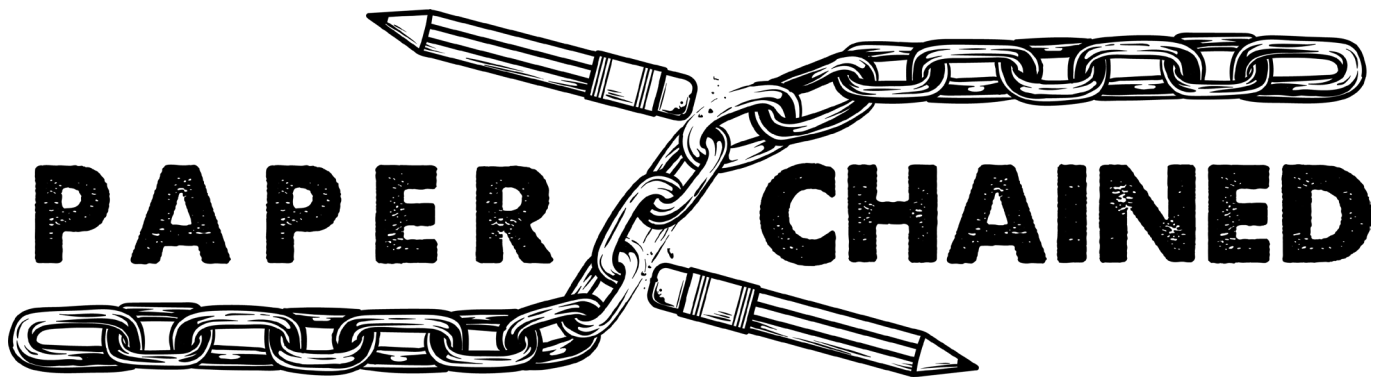
A JOURNAL OF EXPRESSION FROM BEHIND BARS

PAPER CHAINED



ISSUE 09 / MAR 2023

Posted **free** to incarcerated people



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.



"For crying out loud, bring the book *with* you, then!"

Comic by Dave Coverly of speedbump.com. Reprinted with permission.

WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE

Paper Chained is a not-for-profit journal posted free to incarcerated people, funded primarily by the Community Restorative Centre. This issue is also made possible through the generous sponsorship of 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, MIN/ID number, and postal address. 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 presented 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.

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WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

PRISONERS

EX-PRISONERS

FAMILY OF PRISONERS

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

LETTER WRITING PROGRAM

LETTER WRITING TO PEOPLE IN PRISON

IRL Infoshop Letter Writing to People in Prison is a monthly social get-together, where we write to friends inside. If you would like to be written to by this group please send us a letter to

IRL Infoshop
PO BOX 549
Sunshine
VIC, 3020

with your name, ID number, prison address and a little bit about yourself. Please include interests and anything about you that would be useful for us to know (eg are you LGBTIQ+ and would like to write to someone who is LGBTIQ+).

We are interested in supporting people inside through writing, literature & art and hope to provide solidarity and connection.

On stolen lands of the Wurundjeri & Boon Wurrung Peoples of the Kulin Nation



University of
**Southern
Queensland**

Supporting Incarcerated Students

At UniSQ, we believe everyone should have the opportunity to access higher education. To support our incarcerated students, we've developed a selection of programs that can be studied whilst incarcerated.

We understand that as an incarcerated student your needs are unique and internet restrictions will impact how you are able to study. UniSQ has developed learning materials in an 'offline' format which is available in the Offline Enterprise Platform or the Offline Personal Device. This means you will be able to complete your program without the need for online resources or internet access.

During your studies, 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 if studying a university program is right for you? We've developed a series of workbooks called *Unlocking a Future Career*, which is designed to help you with the decision to study at university and provide support for students soon to be released from a correctional centre. If you would like a copy of these workbooks, please ask your Education Officer.

The programs you can choose from include:

- Tertiary Preparation Program (TPP)
- Associate Degree Business and Commerce
- Certificate of University Studies
- Diploma of University Studies
- Bachelor of General Studies (Management, Journalism and Social Sciences disciplines).

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.

For further information, and to talk about enrolling, please talk to your Education Officer.

ABOUT TIME FOR JUSTICE



Todd and Jacob Little. About Time For Justice founders, former prisoners and survivors of institutional abuse.

About Time For Justice is an Australian family-owned and operated organisation specialising in assisting survivors of historical institutional child abuse and stolen generation members in seeking justice, healing and possible compensation.

Our passion is helping survivors who have been affected by abuse within private and public institutions across Australia. The team from About Time for Justice understands that taking the first steps towards seeking justice can be intimidating, especially for those who have had issues with trusting people, systems or organisations they have been exposed to in the past. Our experienced team, many of who have shared their own story and experience in this area, are trained to eliminate stress and navigate the complex process of approaching and dealing with the most appropriate legal representatives. They are trauma-informed and culturally trained to deal with the most complex stories.

We provide full support to our clients so they know all the options available, taking away the anxiety of having to tell your story to many people and assisting in liaison with legal firms and lawyers to minimise fears of the processes involved in taking legal action. We partner with legal representatives from some of Australia's largest firms, as well as smaller specialised law firms that provide targeted legal advice based on client needs. Our team have the skills to explain what is happening with your matter in simple terms and is available to answer any questions and work flexibly with each survivor based on meeting the best outcome for their individual circumstances.

Call or write to us on the details provided for an obligation-free chat.

About Time For Justice want to pay their respects to the elders of First Nations people, past and present, wherever this magazine is read.



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In bringing you the first issue *Paper Chained* for 2023, it's amazing to look back and see how far we've come. Its only been seven years, but it seems like a life-time ago that I was in prison myself, wishing there was a constructive creative outlet for artists and writers inside, not to mention some more entertainment to help pass the time. I became peripherally involved with *Paper Chained* in 2017, not long after my release, but when I was offered the opportunity take over as editor in 2021, I wasn't sure how practical it was for me to keep the magazine running on my own. Fortunately, I first managed to obtain sponsorship from the University of Southern Queensland and About Time For Justice, and then managed to obtain funding from the incredible people at the Community Restorative Centre, which allows us to now bring you the magazine more regularly, not to mention in a much more polished format.

I was half expecting to only get one issue out in 2022, maybe two if we were lucky, but due to our funding we were able to produce four issues, and look on track to be able to repeat this feat again this year. Our readership has expanded significantly, and while we have seldom been rejected by prisons when posted across the country, we also now find ourselves officially approved in several prisons, which are now printing and producing the magazine for incarcerated people directly within

their walls. Do us a favour and help spread our magazine to even more people in custody by asking your educational department if they are willing to do the same wherever you are. Education, as well as anyone on the outside, can download the magazine from our website.

There's been some trial and error with formatting and the content we run. We've unfortunately had to abandon our penpal program due to a combination of factors, but the incredible people at IRL Infoshop have a similar program running now for those of you still searching for someone to write to (*see page 3*). We've also settled on a length of 40 pages per issue, and we're excited to bring you some new features beginning in Issue 9, such as our ongoing serial *Australian Gunslinger* by Sokon, transcripts from *Jailbreak Radio*, and after it was requested by a couple of our readers, even some tips on drawing from me. As usual, you can also enjoy some incredible contributions from incarcerated people around Australia and overseas, and I'm particularly proud of this issue's interview with the amazing facilitators from *Sisters for Change*. Until our next issue, stay strong, don't let the system keep you down, and keep those contributions coming to us.

Damien Linnane, *Paper Chained* editor



Damien Linnane at Boom Gate Gallery. Photograph by Louise Kennerley.

JAILBREAK RADIO



Jailbreak Radio, a program run by the Community Restorative Centre, airs every week around Australia. Beginning in this issue, we'll share transcripts from the show. This episode, hosted by Dwayne Antojado, aired in August 2022.



Dwayne: Being gay in prison is tough. It's hard. You're in a place where there's toxic masculinity, in a place where masculinity is a desirable trait or character. It's hard not just for gay people, but for the LGBT community in prison. And if you are confident enough to go out there and tell your story to people in prison, you might just change their opinion about the LGBT community, about gay people. And the reality is, we're all different, but you might just give other gay men, other LGBT people in the prison system, the courage and confidence to come out.

Hey guys, I'm your host, Dwayne. Coming up, my story behind the walls of prison. How's your time going? If you're listening from inside, I hope your time is going okay. *Jailbreak* is about the lived experience of incarceration for listeners inside or outside the Australian prison system. It's coming right to your cell, wherever you are in the system across the country, across the world, sharing your stories that you can relate to. *Jailbreak* is one of the great projects of Sydney's Community Restorative Centre, supporting people post-release and families in New South Wales, for one glorious hour, Koori radio 93.7 FM, Mondays at 10pm. Some stories may be distressing and are unsuitable for young audiences, so call the prison's mental health hotline from your centre's call phone or speak to a counsellor if something upsets you. Listeners on the outside, call Australia's Lifeline on 11 13 14.

When I was behind the walls of prison, I came out. There was

a mixed response, but for the majority of people, they were incredibly supportive, they were incredibly understanding and, if anything, they respected the fact that I had the courage to be honest. And I think that's such a powerful thing to be able to do. No, I never felt frightened, I think because I was confident about that. Yeah, I've gone through a lot already. And this just wasn't gonna get in my way. For people who decide to not come out, that's their journey, and you have to do, as an individual, what's best for you.

The reason I'm telling my story to you today is I think it's really powerful to understand how people survive prison is through these narratives, you can kind of get understanding perhaps for yourself, for those listening out there, what you can take away from my story to make your prison experience better, but also how you can find positive light in what can perhaps be a very traumatic and unpleasant experience. And I think that's really important. I think it's really empowering for me to have this opportunity to share my story, but also learn each other's narratives or hear each other's narratives, to better understand ourselves and the society that we live in. And I think that's really powerful. I think if my mum listened to this programme, I would hope that she would feel proud of why I'm doing this, that my story can hopefully positively affect other people's lives that have been in the system. I'm very animated when I talk. So this will be a challenge. So, my name is Dwayne, I'm originally from the Philippines. I think I'm a very outgoing, very loud person. I came to Australia in 2003. So quite some time ago, nearly 20 years ago. I've lived here for the majority of my life. My heritage sounds quite strange, because on one side of the family, they're all quite traditional Malay-Indo people, but on the other side, on my grandfather's side, they're all colonisers as they like to call them in the Philippines, the Spanish colonisers and so it was really rare because traditionally you'd either have Conquistador family back in the day, you would rarely have this sort of cross intermarriage. So my grandmother left the Philippines in the 80s. I think there was a time in Australia when they were needing skilled workers and my grandmother was a high school teacher. Twenty years later, they asked my mum to come after she finished medicine. In 2003, it was easier to migrate to Australia than it is now. I was under 18 so I was like a freebie, you know? He's under 18 so bring him along. After that it costs extra. Yeah, so my dad came six years after, but it was very strange because he would go home every six months, because obviously I was like very close to my parents. And I was like, 'Where's my Dad?' I was seven years old, and I was like 'What's going on? I don't understand this.' And the Filipino culture is you live with your parents until you're married. And so it was such a massive family. And it was being near each



other every single day because my grandmother lived next door and my uncle lived two doors down. Coming to Australia, where it was just my maternal grandmother, who I don't really know, because she was to be in Australia all my life, it was just strange.

I'm in one of the conference rooms here at work. So I'm in this very quiet room full of televisions and whiteboards and cupboards everywhere. It's in the meeting rooms here in the office and I'd like to respectfully acknowledge the traditional owners of this land here at work Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation, and I pay my respects to their elders past, present, and future. Here at VACRO is the Victorian Association for the Care and Resettlement of individuals that have been sort of entangled or involved in the criminal justice system and the main aim of the organisation is to help them transition back into normal life out of prison.

If you're listening now, my message to you would be that when you're in prison, things come up in the outside world that you simply can't control. Sometimes things that really affect you and really affect your time, but there's always an end and the best thing you can do is just try to find those positive aspects. And eventually, if it has an end date, just hang in there.

The hardest time for me in jail was finding things to do that would occupy my mind or just occupy my day in general. Jail is a really bleak and mundane place, you feel incredibly low and as though you're the worst of the worst, you're caged like an animal. And for me, overcoming that was really exerting myself into what the prison has had to offer. And in the prison I was in, I was able to go into these programmes, which I'll talk a bit more about later, but these programmes that not only inspired me to get out there and do something about what I'm feeling, but also I think it gave me a way of seeing my jail time as something more than simply just a negative horrible experience. To instead see it as something that can change my life in a really positive way. So I could walk out of those walls and feel better and feel like I've accomplished something.

The reason I went to prison was I was charged with white-collar offending, fraud charges, which look, I'm not proud of but I made that decision. It was a wrong decision. I learned from that decision. But now, what else are you apart from that charge? And I think so often people internalise things and think I'm just this charge, I'm just this horrible label. For those of you who are in prisons, it's probably very hard to at this present time to realise the power of how you can learn

from that experience and how that experience can actually be really transformative. I've used my time as best I can.

I spent just under two years and my first time in Victorian jail. It was a very interesting experience. I think interesting in as much that I didn't really know what to expect. I didn't really understand the cultural norms of how jail operates. You know, you have the rules of the institution, but you also have the rules of your peers. That was definitely a massive culture shock for me. So my case was a bit different. I was released on bail, pending sentencing. Here in Victoria, they have deferred sentences, which I guess allows the judge to see how you travel for a period of time, so I was out for six months, and at the end of that six months I would be sentenced. The negative aspect was media attention, which really caused a lot of personal issues for me and my family. Now this just wasn't about me and what I went through, and it was no longer just my story, it was now my family story. And that was really difficult. And I guess coming from a Filipino culture and heritage, going to jail isn't something to be proud of. I think in most cultures, it's not something to be proud of. And so that was really difficult for me. I had worked for a company for six months, I think a month after I left prison, I got a job straight away. After I got sentenced and the news broke that I was in prison, because I was advised don't disclose if you don't need to, I was terminated for my employment. So just think, I've done so much hard work in establishing myself, trying my best and because I went to prison, I was terminated. That was, I think, probably my lowest point. The feelings that I went through when all the negative publicity came out about me, the first thing that comes to mind was just this feeling of shame. I can link that up to when I first got arrested, that you know, your family has been contacted by the police or your friends, you're slowly calling your friends in prison, explaining yourself as to why you're in prison, that really potent and debilitating feeling of shame. And all of a sudden, all these news publications came out, publicity came out. And it was like I was feeling that shame all over again. When you were reading this news story about a person that's in prison, you don't necessarily think much of it, you know, and because you don't really understand you can't, I guess, sympathise but you can't empathise because you haven't been through their journey in their shoes. But I think for the first time in my entire prison experience, I was able to empathise with what those individuals that I saw in the newspaper. To this day, when I go on my phone and read the Apple news, whatever it is, and I see someone's face plastered along a storyline, it's really hard not to feel quite choked up about it. Because you can only imagine what they're going through. And I think having experienced that makes me better in what I do, in fact, grow better and how I understand people's experiences because I've gone through it myself. Living this debilitating shame, every single day. I questioned a lot about myself and my achievements. And what I'm doing, I question every grain of my being. The very close friends that I met in jail, who I talked to every single day without fail, just understood me. There was no judgement, there was no questions. It was just this empathy. All of them saw the news, because when I stayed in prison I watched TV all day.

So that was a massive source of support, because I think all throughout my prison experience when I had sort of insecurities or things I wasn't quite sure of. And so I kind of

looked at them for what to do now. It provided me with some really practical, realistic steps that I could take. The second thing was just kind of don't think about it. And it's so easy to say, but when you're in that moment, that is all you think about as soon as you wake up. That is the first thing you think about, you know, you would go and Google yourself? Those simple words of encouragement, were really instrumental in kind of, okay, I've had my one week of grief. Now it's time to move on. Now it's time to kind of rebuild and continue the work that I was doing. Getting through it. I wouldn't say I've gotten through it, I'm still getting through it. The impact that the news publication and the publicity had in terms of my parents were actually really negative. So my parents, family, friends, for some reason on a Friday night because I was sentenced on a Friday. I know I don't know if people watch news on a Friday night. I think that you'd be going out you know, enjoying their lives.

Anyway, my friends and family watching the news on the Friday and the news story came out that night on the 6.30 news on Channel Seven, I was out having dinner at eight o'clock at night, I get this phone call. It was my mum, and I ignored it, I was like, no I'll see you later but she kept calling. So, about the third or fourth phone call I finally answered. She just cried. And she said, I had three of my friends call me and said that you are on the six thirty news on Channel Seven. She was just so emotional. But what's worse was the next day and the day after two or three or four friends rang back again and said to my mum, I'm really sorry, I can't be friends with you anymore because your son's a criminal. The shame and disappointment and hurt that she would have experienced. And that was probably the most difficult and hurtful thing. It was just not about what was happening to me, it was my mum's friendship circle was now being affected. And I think my passion for advocating for change, not necessarily the system but advocating for change in the way we view people who have experienced the criminal justice system because they don't understand what it's like to have experienced the criminal justice system. We're not all horrible, violent, malevolent people. Advocating for change grew tenfold in that moment.

Whether you're in or outside the system, think about doing

an episode of Jailbreak. Jailbreak comes to you and visits any centre. Ask your SAPO or welfare to contact Jailbreak.

Jailbreak, one of the great projects of Sydney's Community Restorative Centre, supporting people post-release and families in New South Wales, getting through your time. I've done time myself. I'm your host, Dwayne. Jailbreak's coming right to yourself, wherever you are in the system, across the country, across the world, sharing the stories that you can relate to.

I had a really pleasant childhood. When I lived with my grandmother in the Philippines, my parents were both at university. My mom was at medical school. And so I was predominately raised by my paternal grandmother, who, unfortunately is no longer around, but I was very close with her. When I moved to Australia, I came out as being gay. I had no role models, I had no one to look up to. Because culturally, being gay is not something that is talked about in traditional Filipino culture, especially by my family, who are very devoutly Catholic. It's just not something you talk about. And so I felt that I needed to portray this certain image of myself to appease my family and this idea that, yeah, your kids can be successful, it's alright. Also, to fit in with the stereotypes of the LGBT community, of the gay community, they had to look a certain way, you had to wear certain things, you had to talk a certain way, you had to work in certain industries to be deemed accepted into this community.

Often underground communities like the LGBT communities can in fact be a lot more ostracising, they choose who fits in. Historically, they were ostracised, they were marginalised, and so they're quite selective in terms of who they let into the group. And so I had to try and portray this image of myself. And that costs money, right? And eventually, money ran out. And so how can I continue to portray myself in this particular image? And unfortunately, I chose the wrong path to sustain that. Do I regret it? Of course, I regret the offending. Do I regret the prison experience? I think that's a much more difficult question, because I don't think I'd be here talking to you, the listeners, out there today. If I didn't go through that experience, from buying expensive clothes and going to expensive restaurants,

JAILBREAK BROADCASTING TIMES AND STATIONS

Broadcast Area	Radio Station	Broadcast Schedule
Sydney	Koori Radio 93.7 FM	Mondays 10 PM, Sundays 11 PM
Melbourne	3CR 885 AM	Fridays 10.30 AM
Canberra	2XX 98.3 FM	Wednesdays 10 AM
Broken Hill	2 DRY FM	Mondays 9 PM
Bathurst, Orange and the Central West	92.3 FM & 94.7 FM	Thursdays 10 PM
Nowra Bay & Basin	92.7FM	Saturdays 9.30 PM
Kempsey	TANK FM	Fridays 11.30 PM
Castlemaine	94.9 MAIN FM	Sundays 11 PM
On Demand	2SER	Podcasts

from going to parties needing to conform to the sort of social norms of gay culture, which is heavily steeped in drug taking, in partying and drinking. Those are really expensive things that people can't always afford, but I felt that I needed to fit in. I felt that I needed to do this because this was now such a big part of my identity. I know that's what led me to the offending.

And now, a health message brought to you by *Jailbreak Radio*.

Brent: Hello, my name is Brent. I'm from John Marony Correctional Centre. It was a good experience, you know, getting all the boys together and saying a health message, just, everyone knows a little bit about being aware and how to not get Hep C and just yeah, be safe and when you're in jail, keep the young brothers out of using the needles and knowing about Hep C, so be aware at the start I wasn't aware and yeah, I ended up getting it. I'm just trying to make sure the young brothers know what's ahead of you. They're gonna go down that road. It's a blood-borne virus like a blood contact. If you're gonna do it you know I don't recommend doing it but if you're gonna do it, just make sure you're clean, use Fincol, it's in every jail, you can get your hands on it, it's not hard. Just be clean about yourselves, brothers and you know just be clean about stuff if you're gonna do it. There are new pills out now which it doesn't take long to get rid of you know, rather than the old stuff, which took 12 months. These days it's only a three-month thing. Just take the pills and if you do have it and you want to do something about it go see clinic and they will help you sort it out. It doesn't take very long for your liver to start failing, in a month mine dropped 25%. So it does attack it pretty quick if you don't look after yourself, you know, drink a lot of water and yeah just go see the clinic before it gets too bad, you know you're only cutting your life short.

Dwayne: In terms of drug and alcohol, for me, it was never an addiction. The addiction was that I need to be this person and drugs and alcohol just happened to be a part of that image. I don't need it to wake up in the morning or function in my daily life. It was more so as a sense of this is a part of my identity. And I need to do this. I guess it's a different story, you know, to listeners out there who have experienced addiction and dependencies.

When I got arrested, I was in my apartment in Collingwood and I had finished a dinner party. It was six in the morning. I'd just gone to bed. My friends had just gone home and my door just opened. I was like, no-one has a key to my apartment. I think it was six or seven men in suits who arrested me. I was literally in bed and my door was closed and I opened the door. And they said, 'are you Dwayne?' I was like 'Sorry', I wasn't quite coherent at that time. They explained to me that I was being arrested for these certain offences, that I had to get dressed. I sat in the lounge. And they went through my house, every single crevice of my apartment they searched through.

That was a really unpleasant experience. I was first of all told, 'Oh don't worry, we'll take you back home, you'll get bail. All good. Just come with us. Don't worry.' So I went to the police station, had my interview. And at the end of that interview, they said, 'Oh, sorry, we can't give you bail.' I said 'Why'd you tell me I'd be bailed.' 'No, we've changed our minds. We think you're too much of a risk to the community.' And I was in absolute shock. Because the entire experience I thought, 'This'll be an interview, I'd get bailed and I'll have my day in court.' That was my understanding of how the criminal justice system worked. I was distraught. So I spent my first night in prison. It was actually the police cells

in Broadmeadows. And it's probably the worst police cells you could ever imagine. It smelt weird. My bed was a concrete slab with a tiny bit of foam. I was in such a state of shock. I didn't know how to process. I was able to make one phone call and I called my Mum and said, 'Hey Mum, this is what happened.' She didn't ask why I was there. It was, 'What do you need?' She went to that ultimate mum role straightaway. And it wasn't until maybe, you know, two or three visits later that we started talking about it, it was more she was just there to support me. 'What do you need? You need clothes, you need food.' And in the Philippines, you can actually bring food to people in prison. So she came to Broadmeadows with these bags of food and I mean it was like her whole cupboard. And when she left the police officer made a joke. He says, 'Ah is this for us? Are you catering for us? You do not you know you're not allowed food right?' That really kind of in some respects strengthened my relationship with my mum. That was something I really appreciated.

The thought I felt on that first night was just fear. So I think it was just fear. And then maybe anxiety kicked in later on once I settled down, a bit of sadness and melancholy, but it was just fear.

There were many hard times that I experienced in prison. But this is gonna sound really odd. I actually really enjoyed my time in prison. I made some of my closest friends to this day.

I got to know myself in ways that I would have never been able to do if I didn't go to prison. I think I learned that I was a lot more empathetic and more caring than I thought I was.

And I think when you're, you know, in your cell and you have all these hours and days and months and years to reflect, I was in the remand yard, I was batshit bored and there was nothing to do. I was very lucky and fortunate. And this is something that I think made my time in prison, oddly enough, pleasant. Two months into my time in prison, I did this programme very early in my time, called the Inside Exchange programme. It's a learning experience where university students, researchers, or academics and incarcerated students learn alongside each other to study one subject called Comparative Criminal Justice Systems. It is run all over the world. When it was first explained to me I thought, it was going to be really hard. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to go through prison and do uni at the same time, that sounded like hell. And I had these expectations, but I sat there, from that moment on, I can speak to you in my head. And you could just see this excitement in the room of all these men who are in prison go, 'Oh, this sounds really fun.' And I think it was like this lightbulb moment of realising I was meant to be here.

And essentially, for one whole semester, you are in a university classroom, learning alongside students whether they're incarcerated or not, you discuss some really relevant and pertinent topics. It's really hard not to be interested, because all of these topics relate to you being in prison, relate to the whole criminal justice system, the system that you're living under. For me, this is what made my time in prison, not just tolerable, but an absolute blast. This is the experience that made my time in prison really meaningful and really powerful. So I'd now like to introduce Dr. Marietta Martinovic from RMIT University.

Marietta: So my name is Dr. Marietta Martinovic, Senior Lecturer in Criminology and Justice, Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology University. Inside Out is essentially about university students and incarcerated people undertaking a university course or a class together. So the two worlds

meet – university students bring their textbook experience and the incarcerated people bring their lived criminal justice experience. We don't care why they are there. We are all about having an ability to understand, having an ability to listen. They're all human beings, they learn from each other. And they understand the human side of incarceration, which inform future policy of correctional policies. I recall seeing Dwayne for the very first time in that classroom of the Inside Out class. I immediately saw potential in Dwayne to do so much more.

Dwayne: Because I was experiencing prison, because I was right there in the moment, I was able to channel a lot of my time into what I thought and what I still think to be really meaningful things, or very relevant to me. I lived and breathed and saw every single day, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. It was like this lightbulb moment of yeah, I'm meant to be here. This is exactly where I'm meant to be, in prison, it's a pretty good experience. Now I'd like to introduce Tarmi who works at Latrobe University and now, MIT University as well.

Tarmi: What Dwayne was saying about how the energy in the room lifted, I think that's something that is always such a beautiful moment. I remember Dwayne, we would have a break halfway through and grab a cup of coffee and it was a really nice time to sort of just have that more casual engagement. I remember listening to him talking to Marietta and I thought, 'It was his passion and desire and willingness to engage.' It was just that sort of engagement that lifts everybody through the programme because it does get challenging, but knowing that there's that passion to learn and things. Yeah, I remember listening to Dwayne talking to Marietta. I'm thinking, 'Oh, this is going to be a great class.' The message I would like to suggest to everybody is that we need to start with how we use language, whether it be to people who are incarcerated, so calling them *prisoners*, *inmates*, *convicts*, you know the words, or whether how we talk about staff, so *screws*, students are referred to as *students*, or they're *inside* or *outside students* if we need to differentiate. And it's all very much around respect of being human,

Dwayne: I can vividly remember this and it's something that to this day, I still get very upset about. It was Christmas Day at the prison I was in. The staff were talking about, you know, what was going to be the Christmas lunch and whatever it was, and I can remember one of the managers at this prison asked, 'So what are all these crims going to get for lunch?' That moment, on Christmas day, I and all my peers were referred to as *crims*. I found that very difficult to kind of get over because it was like this was a day I just got called a *crim*. In some respects, you're taught to suppress things – don't attack an officer, your feelings don't matter. And I experienced that the thousands of listeners that are going to be listening to this programme have also experienced. To this day, I still feel a large sense of hurt from the amount of names, ranging from *you're stupid*, *you're gay*, *you're an idiot*, *you're just a criminal*. *You're an offender*. That is something that I experienced in prison and I remember telling Tarmi and Marietta, 'Well we can't use the word *offender* because that's a horrible word.' There is no single word to use for *people in prison*, because we're all just offenders but all just this negative connotation.

There was always this positive response for the people who walked into the classroom. When you're in prison and you feel alone, that's so important. That is such an important commodity that someone out there, who you don't know, cares about you as an individual. And there was always this attitude like, 'Yep, that's a great idea. This is how we should do it. This is how we should turn it in no matter what academic or intellectual ability you had when we talk about that room lighting up.' No other programme does that in the prison system, not in my experience.

My experience of being in *Jailbreak* has been really great. In terms of prison radio, the first thing I can think of is in prison, there are no iPods, there are no Spotify or Apple Music or YouTube. So you either buy CDs which are expensive, or you buy a radio. Prison radio, and music through prison radio, enables individuals who are still incarcerated to feel that sense of connection to the outside world. That's really valuable. Radio that's directed towards incarcerated individuals can play a role that is like this conduit between the outside world and prison.

I want listeners to be able to listen to this radio programme, hear the music, whatever it may be, any education that stimulates your mind that takes you out of the bleakness of the prison environment. If you're able to find yourself something that makes your time in prison meaningful, I think that is the most important and key thing you can do and feel proud of yourself, could be as simple as picking up a book and learning how to read. It's going to make your time valuable. It's going to make your time meaningful and feel a sense of achievement. There are so many things that need to change. But I think above everything else, above lowering rates of recidivism, above all those KPIs that governments talk about, if I had to choose one thing, it would be humanising prisons, making prison more humane, because it isn't humane, where people can grow and become better people, better than when they first walked into prison.

Write to *Jailbreak*, care of 2SER, PO Box 123 Broadway New South Wales. 2007. *Jailbreak* is produced by Kate Pinnock on the traditional lands of Sydney's 2SER and pays respect to the Gadigal people, Aboriginal Australians of the Eora nation, and First Nations people everywhere. You can listen to *Jailbreak* on the 2SER website on demand.

GETTING IN TOUCH

**Inmates can write to:
Jailbreak, 2SER PO Box 123 Broadway NSW 2007**

**Welfare and Family can also email:
jailbreak@2ser.com**

ART AND WRITING CONTRIBUTIONS

Custom lighter holders by:

Shannon Norton 1418240
Acacia Prison, Locked Bag 1
Wooroloo, WA 6558

Editor's note:

Cigarette lighters and smoking-related items are not contraband in Western Australian prisons, where these artworks were created.





Artwork by Kaidii Ephraums, D82947
 TWCC, PO Box 5574
 Townsville, QLD 4343



Artwork by Crandell Ojore McKinnon, #P-32800
 CSP-S.Q - E/B
 San Quentin, California. 94974, USA



Artwork by Garry Davis, NSW

FORGOTTEN SOULS

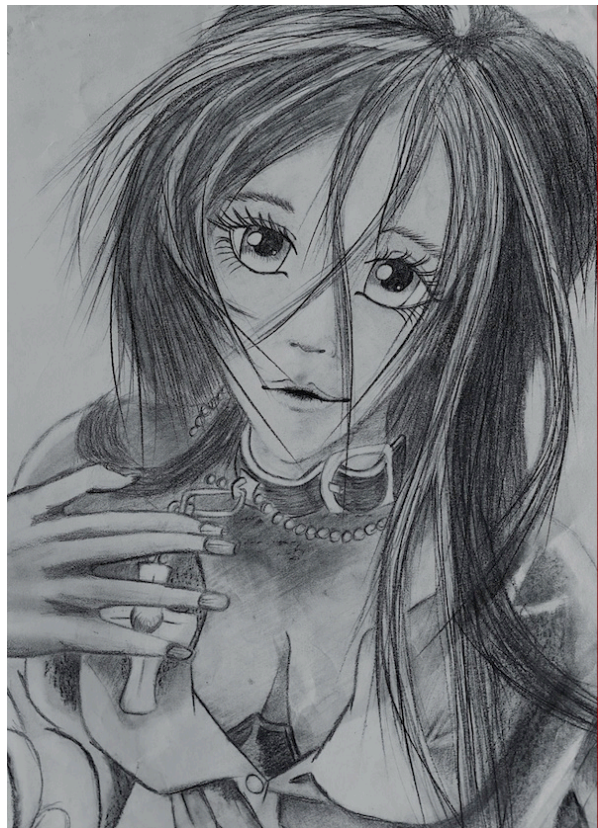
I want to say goodbye
To the ones that we've loved
Taken by your Gods

The memories we never got
Stolen by your Gods
And what of the world
That could never be
A world of nobodies

How do you live with this?
Burning, we all die
So, I ask one more time

Day by day, we live with the pain
Knowing it could be our last day
Our land, our history lost
Taken by your Gods
Of materialism, greed, dispossession
Colonisation's shame

You can run, you can hide
But you can't escape what you know
Take hold of it, our oblivion
And don't be afraid when
One day
Your God takes it away



MY BEAUTIFUL REI

You sleep over a thousand days
And wake to the dead of night
Then fly on broken wings
And see nightmares and frozen dreams
Of a broken identity
Today feels like yesterday
And the winds of change
Have missed you again

What do you do when things go from bad to worse?
How do you deal with it?
Run blind and forget it?
Becoming lost, and you've been lost for so long

What if you lose someone you love?
Do you dare love them at any consequence?
And continue to care for them in any circumstance

You're left questioning the world that stood still
How far from grace I fell
Fear is ruthless, it's a parasite
It eats you through the night
Making you feel worthless

So, leave with me to a world
I've torn from a dream
Then we can make reality



*Poetry and art by Zak Grieves #424544
Alice Springs Prison, PO Box 56, Alice Springs, NT 0871*

THE BUCKET LIST

When I close my eyes and contemplate
Opportunities lost and missed
Tis when I feel a strong desire
To achieve my bucket list

It's not as long as it once was
And to others it may pale
It's a simple list with a recurring word
The title is 'Just Sail'

I often dream and fantasize
What I'll do when I get free
It's easy to romanticize
About being on the sea

With purse and scrip and not much else
I'll forgo every possession
I don't need much, just wind and sail
To fulfill my great obsession

We'd first sail north towards the heat
Where World War II was fought
And stop in native villages
Doing service work that's sought

From the Marianas to Micronesia
Now let's not be specific
Dive on wrecks in Chuuk lagoon
Then through the South Pacific
When sailing the lower latitudes

Either calm or sailing quick
We'll give Neptune our gratitude
To stop us getting sick

I know the clouds and weather fronts
I can read them all by sight
Know when she's playful
And when she's mean
And when she wants to smite
We'll swim with turtles, dolphins, whales
And many sorts of fish
Just being at one with nature
That's another thing I wish

I hope we don't encounter pirates
They tend to spoil the party
But if we do, I'll slice them through
And say, 'Cop that, me hearty'

Through the Panama to the Caribbean
We'll stop in there a while
Then across the great Atlantic
To the Greek and Turkish isles

Then once we circumnavigate
The world to the very end
We'll hoist our sails and steer a course
And just go round again

Now some may wonder what it is
That draws me to the ocean

I'm inspired by ancient mariners
Who relied on wind and motion

To not have the need of motors
No petrol or the fumes
Just pure wind driven energy
On a gust or gale she zooms

That's when I know I'm living
When I look down at the bow
And I see the bubbles bustling by
With no artificial sounds

I've ticked off much of my bucket list
I know I'm very blessed
I'm a man of simple pleasures
I think you might have guessed

I feel the wind, see the clouds and think
It's a sailing day today
Then I'll turn to my wife, give her a wink
It's time to get away
And we'll be off on the wind and tide again

And we'll be off on wind and tide again
I think you get the gist
And then I'll add another tick
To my shrinking bucket list.

By D Scott

PARADOX

The government in Victoria removed remissions for well-behaved and rehabilitated inmates. In return, we were given parole periods. But unless you have an address on the 'outside' you will not get parole. You can be the most rehabilitated person in history, but without an address you will not get parole. Then, upon release, you will go in to crisis accommodation that have drug issues, or a hotel room. Eventually, you may end up homeless.

Now, if you're lucky enough to have an address but it's where you offended, or say your addict brother lives there? Then you won't get parole either. Because they believe you will re-offend if you live at that address. So you will be refused parole, then be released to that address anyway at the end of your sentence. So they know you are at risk of re-offending when they release you. But instead of releasing you on parole, where you have conditions and are monitored, they release you with no oversight at all, knowing that the risk of re-offending is high.

Then there are federally charged inmates in the state system. They have a family, an address, and a job waiting on the outside. They have done all their programs and never had any incidents in prison. But parole is denied. Why? Because their charges are too controversial. It would look terrible if they got parole and re-offended with charges like those. So no parole.

So this is the paradox. This is justice. This is the justice we are afforded at least.

Does the community know these things? I doubt it. These paradoxes all make the statistics look great! No one has re-offended while on parole in Victoria for a while. Parole is working, they say, "Look at the results, we have the right balance!"

But how about the people denied parole and then knowingly released to a high-risk environment? How many of them re-offended? How many people denied parole due to no address became homeless and re-offended to come back to jail? Just for a roof over their head, a warm bed, and three meals a day. What are the stats on these?

Or how about the stats on the people denied parole because their crimes were too controversial? Did any of them get out on straight release and ever re-offend? Or did the government rob these people of a few years for nothing? To avoid the possibility of a terrible news headline?

Is this just a big public relations campaign? Are we even people to them? Why even bother with parole when so many aren't even getting it? Is this justice?

But I'm an inmate, so no one will listen to me. I'm forever tainted and now no one cares. I'd try and call someone who cares, but phone calls in Victorian prisons cost \$9.00. Yet another paradox as we're told by corrections that community ties and contact with loved ones is important, but it's just not affordable.

Even the prison officers' computer system in Victoria is called Paradox!

By Stacey Stokes, Victoria



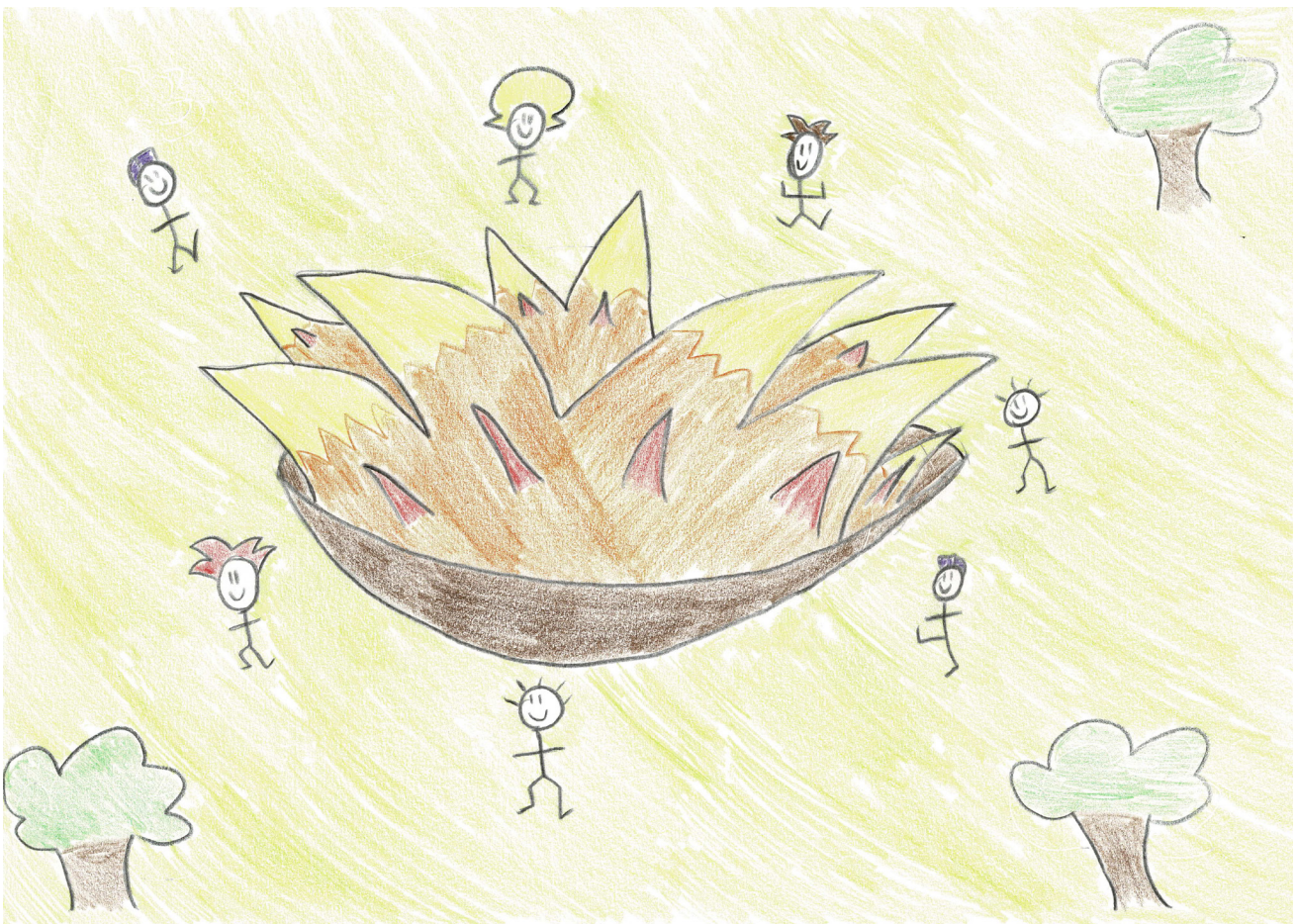
Origami by James Brown, NSW



Comic by John E. Sacks, creator, writer, and illustrator of 'Diary of an Incarcerated Cartoonist' © @john_e_sacks



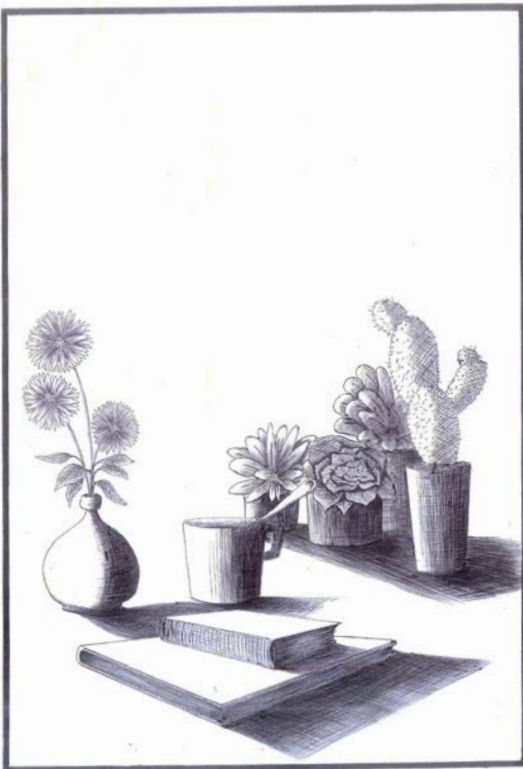
Crochet by James Brown, NSW



Artwork by Ryan Welsh, NSW



Artwork by Warren J Gordon. Maryborough Correctional Centre, Locked Mail Bag 1950, Maryborough, Queensland 4650



Artwork by Simon Evans. Auckland Prison, Te Piriti Unit (Unit 8), Private Bag 50-124, Auckland 0752, New Zealand

STARRY LOVE

As I wait behind bars so far away from you like the earth is
when you look up at the beautiful stars!
My eyes, well up with angelic tears
Just realising how long its going to be until
we have that dance I promised you
as it won't be for not months but years
But proudly I will wait patiently without fear,
my pen pal, my dear
As I know in my heart you're always near
And just knowing your love for me is real
Is enough to keep this bear strong
As what we have is fate and the real deal

DOWN THE WABBIT HOLE

As darkness falls across the lands
Time shows what's passed in the palm of his hands
Lifelong dreams soon forgotten as the clock ticks and tocks
No turning back the hands of time!
Wishing that life was a wonderland nursery rhyme.
Trying to achieve what's to become
And not to let my dreams be brought undone
Walking, falling into the cracks of time
The whirlwind of pain picks up my fleeting feet
As they pitter patter along your street.
Being lost down the Wabbit Hole!!
Is where I want fate to take my soul!
Living life as I want it to be
In the land of wonderland for all to see!
Where my heart is not blackened and full of malice
Where I know I will find thee, the real Alice!

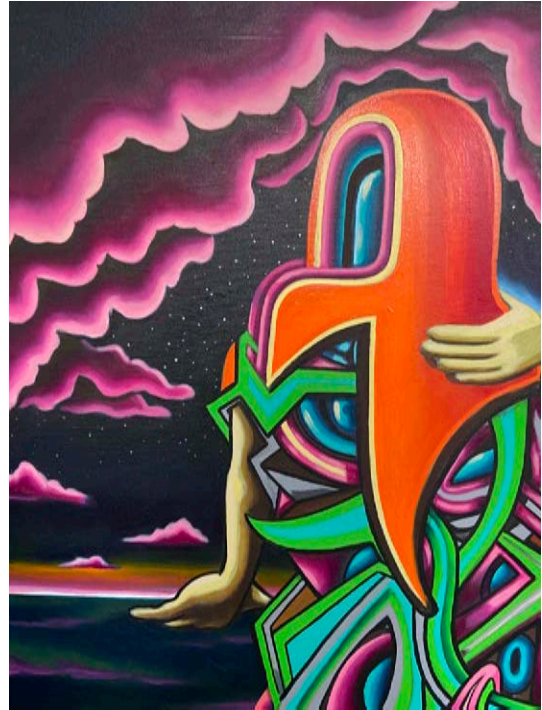
*Poems by Mark Allwood
Melbourne Assessment Prison
317-353 Spencer Street
West Melbourne, Victoria, 3003*

THE SUDDEN IMPULSE

I saw a bug fly in the air,
I thought, I'll crush him, I don't care.
I took one grab with my hand,
He kept flying then did land.

I tried to make him fly again,
But then I thought of hurt and pain.
The Sudden Impulse I do not know,
I thought to myself, I'll let him go.

Poem by Peter Lamont, NSW



Artwork by Jayde Farrell, NSW



*Artwork by Garry Trestrail
Mt Gambier Prison
PO Box 1498, Mt Gambier, SA 5290*

JAIL MAIL

True bravery can only come from the pusillanimous
Self-awareness, indignation and gratitude can never be taken
from you
It's your choices, your inner voices
It's every one of you who has the right to be positive toward
the negative
That is where you will find the true emancipist within
You!
Us!
And them!

Poetry by 'Belly', Cessnock, NSW

THE FALL FROM THE TOP

There are those that have their god
A deity that gives them inner piece
And the strength to face the day

There are those that choose the bottle
Liquid medicines of scotch or beer or wine
To cope with life in their own way

Hammerings of self-doubt and worries of the dollar
Fight with the love from children and the ex wife
And the winner is the siren call of the drop

Life's benefits of happiness and delight
Lovemaking, cuddles, a lap-full of purring cat
Are lost in that soul-rending fall from the top

Gone is the life replete with support and smiles
The 'G'day mate how ya going' and the 'love you, Dad'
The goodnight kiss from her when the day is done

To shivering in that cold and barren cell
Hearing the voices of the bitterness and hate
Truly getting 'you don't know what you've got till it's gone'

All because of the love of the drop
It's a long way to fall when you're at the top

Anonymous

ON THIS RIDE CALLED LIFE

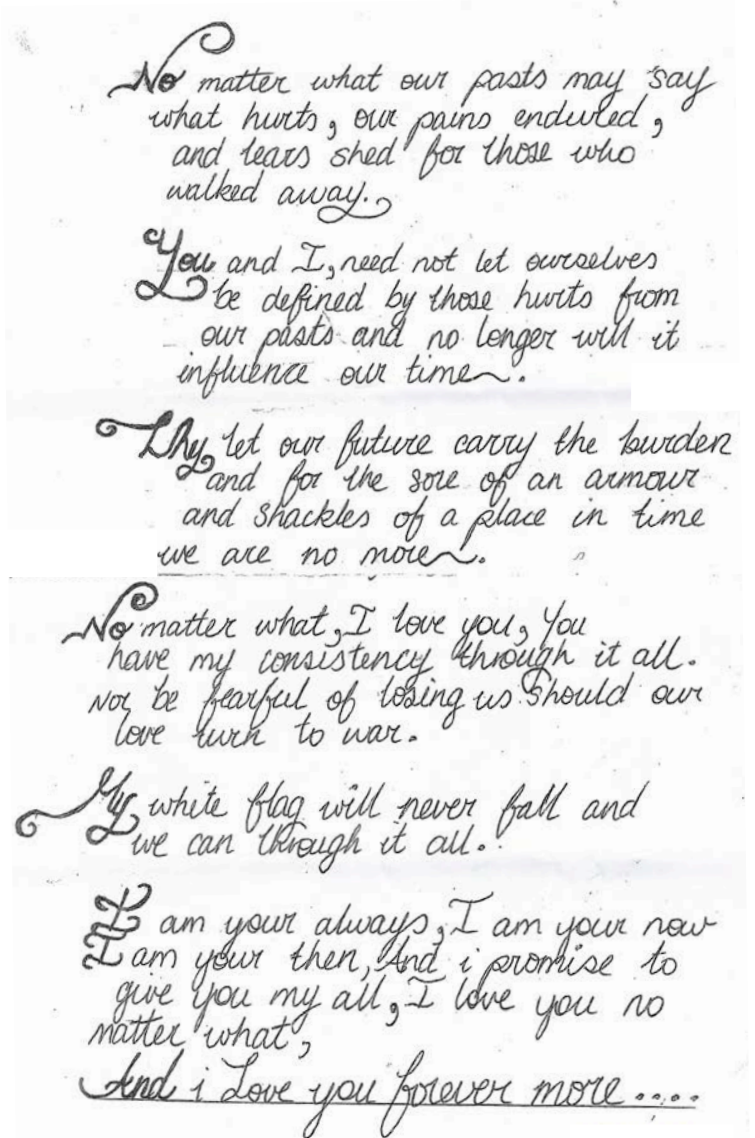
You gotta take the good with the bad, smile when ya sad
Love what ya got, and remember what ya had
Always forgive, but never forget
You gotta learn from ya mistakes and never regret
People will change, and things go wrong
Just remember that the ride goes on

Anonymous

UNTIL

Until you've been arrested and spent endless days in jail and
walked a hundred miles without ever leaving your cell
Until you've lost your family and you're utterly alone, you try to
seek comfort, realising who was left at home
Until you've faced a Judge and entered your guilty plea and
have heard the works that you won't be going free
Until your day's turn into months and months turn into years,
you lie awake at night shedding endless tears
Until you've lost all hope and every dream you've ever had,
you fight to keep your sanity and fear that you'll go mad
Until you've gone through all these things and lost all human
will, how can you look and me and say you know just how I
feel?

Anonymous



No matter what our pasts may say
what hurts, our pains endured,
and tears shed for those who
walked away.

You and I, need not let ourselves
be defined by those hurts from
our pasts and no longer will it
influence our time.

Why let our future carry the burden
and for the sore of an armour
and shackles of a place in time
we are no more.

No matter what, I love you, you
have my consistency through it all.
Not be fearful of losing us. Should our
love turn to war.

My white flag will never fall and
we can through it all.

I am your always, I am your now
I am your then, And i promise to
give you my all, I love you no
matter what,
And i Love you forever more....

Poetry by 'Loz', aka Pegasusaurus

ODE TO FINCOL

BY RICHARD HORSLEY

(Tune: "Love Potion Number Nine")

I broke the law and I was duly caught

I copped a sentence from the District Court

But there was a terror on top of doing time, The last thing we needed:—

CO-VID NUM-BER ONE-NINE

I got a talk from a SAPO I just met:

All the diseases you don't wanna get

But take these precautions, you may escape just fine

Hep. A, B, and C and—

CO-VID NUM-BER ONE-NINE

She made up a potion that she said would work

(At least for eight hours) to see off germs and dirt;

A foul-smelling bucketful of yellow murk

I held my nose, I shut my eyes ... I took a squirt

I started Fincolling both day and night

I had to Fincol ev'rything in sight

But when I Fincolled a screw, they said I'd "crossed a line"

At least Segro's safe from—

CO-VID NUM-BER ONE-NINE

CO-VID NUM-BER ONE-NINE

CO-VID NUM-BER ONE-NINE

ODE TO FINCOL

(Tune: "Love Potion Number 9")

Lyrics by
RICHARD HORSLEY

Music by
JERRY LIEBLER
and
MIKE STOLLER

Em A7

I broke the law and I was du - ly caught,
I got a talk from a SA - PO I - just - met:—

3 Em A7

I copped a sen - tence from the Dis - trict Court... But
All the dis - eas - es you don't wan - na get. — But

5 G Em

there was a ter - ror, on top of do - ing time: the
take these pre - cau - tions, yhou may es - cape just fine Hep.

7 A7 B7 NC

last thing we need - ed: CO - VID NUM - BER ONE
A, B and C, and CO - VID NUM - BER ONE

9 1. Em A7 B7 B7 2. Em

NINE. NINE. She

2 13 A7 F#m

made up a po - tion that she said would work. (at least for eight hours) to see off

16 A7

germs and dirt, — A foul - smel - ling buck - et - ful of yel - low_ murk, I

19 B7 N.C.

held my nose, I shut my eys, I took a squirt.

21 Em A7 Em

I star - ted Fin - col - ling both day and night, I had to Fin - col ev - ry -

24 A7 G Em

thing in sight; but when I Fin - colled a screw, they said I'd "crossed a

27 A7 B7 N.C. Em

line.". At least Seg - ro's safe from CO - VID NUM - BER ONE NINE

31 B7 N.C. Em B7 N.C. Em

CO - VID NUM - BER ONE NINE CO - VID NUM - BER ONE NINE. —

LOOKING UP HERE

LOOKING DOWN THERE

Imagine me sitting in a maximum security prison yard serving 241 years, looking at the minimum security prison across the street wishing that I could one day get there. But the question was, how would I ever get there? At my sentencing hearing the judge told me, "Bobby Bostic, you will die in the The Department Of Corrections." Twenty five years later, I was still sitting in a maximum security prison serving 241 years. In order to be at a minimum security prison in the State of Missouri a prisoner must have six years or less to serve. Theoretically, that meant that I would never again step foot on the grounds of a minimum security prison.

So again, imagine me sitting on the yard of a maximum security prison just wishing that I could be across the street at the 90-year-old minimum security prison: Algoa Correctional Center.

Although I was sentenced to die in prison I never gave up hope that I would one day get out. Yet the question remains: how? Every time I tried to open a door to get out, the door would slam shut really hard in my face. I was incarcerated at the maximum security prison Jefferson City Correctional Center which sits directly across the street from the minimum security prison Algoa Correctional Center. Both prisons sit on a street named "No More Victims Road." Jefferson City Correctional Center is a Level 5 prison, the highest security level prison in Missouri. It was built in 2004 and holds 1,996 inmates. Algoa Correctional Center is the lowest security prison in Missouri. It is a Level 1 prison which was built in 1932 and holds 1,600 inmates.

Algoa Correctional Center sits up on a hill while Jefferson City Correctional Center sits down in a valley that used to be a swamp land. Therefore I use to sit on the yard in Jefferson City Correctional Center and look up to the yard of Algoa Correctional Center. I would see prisoners walking in the yard at Algoa and I would say to myself, 'Man, if only I could one day get a release date and end up at that prison,' or, 'Man, them dudes up there don't know how good they got it just having a date for release.' Yeah, that is a big dream when you are serving a 241 year sentence without a chance of ever being released. I guess I am a dreamer, because nearly every single day when I came from lunch and dinner, I would look up at the Algoa yard and visualize myself one day walking that yard.

Meanwhile, at the maximum security prison, I kept chasing my other goals, such as publishing my books and getting my Associates of Science degree. I did accomplish both in 2020. As I started on my Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology, I continued to dream of freedom, Algoa Correctional Center was right across the street within my sights but yet freedom was so far away. Yet I kept looking up there.

I never gave up on my freedom. Logically, everything was against my ever being free or making it to a minimum security prison such as Algoa Correctional Center. Nevertheless, symbols are powerful for the human psyche. Algoa stood for something I could see and strive for. I saw it with my own eyes. To someone who has never been to prison, I know it seems insane to dream of making it to another prison. But for me, Algoa Correctional Center represented freedom. It would be a step away from going home.

Enter 2021 and shadows of freedom began to shine on the horizon. In May 2021, Representative Nick Schroer was able to get pass legislation in Missouri that allowed juveniles offenders like me to go up for parole after serving 15 years of their sentence. By this time, I had served over 25 years, so I was immediately eligible for parole. My parole hearing was scheduled for November 9, 2021. The judge who sentenced me to 241 years was my advocate/delegate at my parole hearing, and she told the parole board that she had given me too harsh of a sentence and that she hoped that they would release me immediately. Thirty days later, on December 9, 2021 the parole board gave me a release date for November 9, 2022.

A year release date automatically meant that I would be moved from a Level 5 maximum security prison down to a Level 1 minimum security prison. I would skip over all the other 4 custody levels. I was almost free. Before I could go home though, I had to spend my last year at a level one minimum security prison. Where would the Missouri Department of Corrections send me? I had no idea. Now when I walked the yard and looked up toward Algoa Correctional Center my dream had real substance and meaning.

Fast forward 3 months and I transferred directly across the street to the Level 1 minimum security prison Algoa Correctional Center. Dreams come true. It was all surreal to me. Now I am actually on the Algoa yard, looking down at the yard of Jefferson City Correctional Center. I still have a life sentence of 241 years. But with a close release date I am months away from freedom. Sometimes is it hard for people to fathom that I am here at this prison. Remember that all the guys at this prison have less than six years on their sentence. So I am a lifer walking among the short timers. My vision has come full circle. It is no longer a dream because, I am living it. Now I am up here looking down there.

So again, imagine me...

*By Bobby Bostic
Missouri, USA*

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

BY JEFFERY SHOCKLEY

Hello Friends,

Have you ever had one of those days where you aspired to live life, but nonetheless hurt as if dying on the inside? Finding oneself standing in a crowded room and yet consumed by a deep loneliness? Agonizing about how you got to where you are; unsure of who you are supposed to be in the midst of the hell raised around you.

The past 23 years of my life sentence can be intimated as one of those days. A wild emotional roller coaster ride wherein I strive to climb upwards and out of the O' Poor Me's for such a reality caused by my own undoing.

Then to ride higher above past addictions, shackles that had me bound, now catching glimpses of a hope-filled future. A second chance that hangs ever so close. However, still just a tad out of reach. Hearing that familiar rickety chain sound as the wooden coaster climbs upwards, again. Causing wonder as to what's next.

Funny that I am but a small cog in the wheel of life, floundering within the confines of a penal institution to be the best one can be under the circumstances, irrespective of my past. I am merely one of countless others inside who mostly through our own initiative are working to rebuild akin to society outside working to recover.

Dare my complaints above the devastating events having occurred over the past few years: COVID-19; Omicron, supply-chain issues, and unending concerns around inflation. Hurricane Ian which has impacted so many. People continuously adjusting, collectively and individually.

The current political climate and endless scenes of violence is not helping to establish balance, some semblance of normalcy, either. As the case may be, somewhere another is wondering what is there to be thankful for when you have to work doubly hard for the same end?

There are times in the midst of a storm when it can be quite difficult to see the ability to stand, to make it through. The question remains, though, how does one make sense of it all?

Here in prison, there is a system designed to be corrective, rehabilitative even. Notwithstanding, there are certainly degrees of chaos not unlike having too many cooks in the kitchen or too many chiefs. Not everyone every day on either side of the "Us versus Them" line gets along inside. Living in tight spaces and confined quarters affirms in time over time there will be difficulties.

I have learned through this experience, by the pains inflicted and tragedy imposed, that if I look only at myself, the world will skip on by and opportunities that are often few and far between here, will be missed. Chances to be a better individual today for

an unknown future is no excuse to remain the same.

If you take your vehicle to the mechanic to have a problem fixed; an adjustment is made, but when that vehicle is returned nothing has been corrected. The initial condition remains unchanged. Nothing has been improved. Do you blame the vehicle or the mechanic?

People are sent to prison to serve time for an alleged offense committed against the moral and social decency of humanity, in order to be corrected. Rehabilitated. In fact from personal experience, when someone enters the prison system, they are first sent to a classification facility. State Correctional Institution (SCI) Camp Hill.

Wherein the individual is evaluated by the Psychology Department, Medical Department, and other particularly imposing factions, like a first day at military Boot Camp or visit to the strict grandmother's house. The answer to any question is "No!" and "Don't touch nothing!"

Through these evaluations, it is determined what is or will be required of you regarding programing to be rehabilitated, corrected, and essentially sufficiently able to return to society as a changed individual. This is called your "Prescriptive Plan", which entails the programs strongly advised for the inmate to take.

If the individual has not completed high school or otherwise acquired their General Education Diploma (GED) prior to the incarceration, they would be mandated as a mandatory student. Also, barred from certain skilled labor jobs but able to work part-time at other employment opportunities.

However, there is compensation when in class, and they receive a \$10 incentive upon successful passing of the GED test and thereby acquiring attributes that can be a help in the individuals future in or out of prison. Taking into consideration the charges the individual has been incarcerated under, certain programs are mandatory. These include Violence Prevention, Drug & Alcohol, Sex Offenders Group.

For those studious enough, there are several vocational classes available that are voluntary, having a 25 cent hourly rate; pennies above a regular job which starts at 19c an hour. Some additional skills can be acquired through working in the Maintenance Department or the Dietary Department, i.e. the kitchen.

The design, as one can imagine, is to get the incarcerated men and women to change old behaviors, deter from a criminal mindset. The authorities also encourage one to stay out of trouble. That is remain misconduct free, as well as other conduct and attitude changes that are pretty basic but no less importunate in order for the chance of going home through parole or being granted the elusive commutation. Before the conclusion or max date of time given by the administering court. Be that as it may, the

"Prescriptive Plan," though tailored by the assessments of for the individual's institutional life, past history, criminal or otherwise, and the goals the particular institution strives for is also impressed upon the persons serving life sentences.

So what happens when one has complied for decades, literally, with this system and yet one is and perhaps shall remain in perpetuity, not only in the eyes of the general public, but also the very collective authority charged with correction and rehabilitation, as a *bad person*. The worst of the worst. Contradictory to any and all of the personal efforts made during the term of confinement regarding institutional record, work history, and the many accolades pouring in from peers and staff members.

These men and women who have literally contributed to society while residing within the place(s) we have been sent to die in. Organizing groups inside that address among other issues and concerns, trauma. The generational impact it has had on ourselves, our families and much of our impoverished communities represented by toe tags and bodies in prison.

Men and women who have grown emotionally and psychologically. Learning of ourselves and why what was done was done in effect to not repeat such impositions against ourselves and fellow human beings.

In political commercials, people in prison are portrayed as monsters, collectively. No acknowledgment of the many positive changes an individual has made over the course of time inside. Or participation in fund raisers that donate funds to local community agencies, which is essential because of the very people within these horrid confines.

Perchance the better question would be that with such perceptions being touted politically or general consensus otherwise about the individuals housed within these institutions, what does it say about the system itself when you lock a person away to be corrected, rehabilitated ostensibly bearing no fruit?

Do you blame the vehicle or the mechanic?

The individual got me here, the individual has made the decision to be better today. Not solely because of some prescribed plan or program. Rather on account as I reach out to help another not have one of those days, perhaps my day will be brighter as I look beyond myself. Moreover, there can be a freedom within not had before by way of addition, abuse, street mentality. Having worn so many masks, a true identity had been lost.

We are human beings and things often hurt; anyone can have one of those days. It is essential and life-giving to make it past yesterday, deal with today so that tomorrow, that is not promised, is still hopeful through the emotional roller coaster life can and often does take us on. In or out of prison.

As we are awakened each morning, there must be one that believes we can make it through the day. Perhaps we should believe it also.

It's just one of those days.

DO YOU REALLY MATTER?

Where does one stand in the grand scheme of the prison industrial complex? In context, some guess a place to hold some, mold one, in this space of correction where the corrected, formerly rejected return to society a changed figure.

Is it possible to excel beyond the confines we too often find ourselves in? Can we rise above the stuff we may have fallen prey to through situational conditioning while resembling everything the news views as distorted thinking while inking just another name across the headlines our people fear to see?

Can society see me, embrace me, for a chance possibility while being a model inmate on the one hand, yet a man they can't stand because here I am in the midst of this never-ending always changing stream of internal rules that are not laws that hold as much weight as public policy?

Some democracy in society where hypocrisy propels only expectation of a prison cell for those who dare not conform to the norm of some assimilation.

Whatever happened to the Constitution?

Just another illusion creating more confusion towards Black Masculinity or the Cultural interpretations thereof. Because, how many more tears and years must we take on to awake on some other side of thinking negatively within this society, when my own actions created distractions too ashamed to face in the reality of being too weak to see that man I never quite learned to be?

The "hardened criminal" tag has been placed upon me and some say "I will never be free", but freedom comes for some in this time behind the bars of scars discarded by precision decisions and elections of corrections to be the best today that I have always been able to be no matter who may disagree.

As I see the possibility to believe beyond the yesterday that had me bound down to the underground of self-doubt without a hope of anything other than failure.

But how do you hold on to the hope that as you do the right thing, everything will work out well when dauntingly the past is hauntingly held on the precipice of suspicion when decisions are made because you are here in the midst of everyone else?

There is a wealth of good within the system should the system take time to define the elements of its own biased mentality; blackened transparency, negligent accountability. Making their inadequacy my responsibility that creates so much disparity within the confines called their home of CARE, CUSTODY and CONTROL.

Another soul that yearns to be regarded as more than just some inmate with distaste in the dictates of the past..

I am a Black Man. We are Men. A Man.

A Man that matters. We are men that Matter.

By Jeffery A. Shockley - ES4796

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INTEGRATED FROM A DIFFERENT WORLD

BY JONAS BLACK

It's pretty insane to think that the 'justice system' believes that they can just rip someone out of 'normal society,' process them like an animal, force them to reside in an environment of fear and frustration, then expect them to be somehow altered in a positive way, ready for reintegration into 'normal society' again.

I base this paper on my many observations over my current three-year journey, as I have endured arrest, deceptive police interrogations, and investigations. Being bullied and victimised by police and court procedures. All while being subjected to clinical, undignified, unsympathetic prison processing and frightening prison integrations while witnessing other peoples failed integrations. Being assaulted, being compelled to assault others, seeing other people assaulted. Being on remand and then forced to reside with sentenced inmates. Having inmates beg and steal from me and one another. Witnessing the lack of respect for other people, including prison officers, both male and female, other inmates, and their environments. Witnessing inmates with IDS (intellectual deficit syndrome) being bullied and taken advantage of by fellow inmates, prison officers, police, medical staff, the court system, and their own lawyers.

To be strip-searched hundreds of times, during which, we are forced to show police and prison officers our anus during the process. Being lied to and spoken to by prison staff and police like we are subhuman or stupid. To often climb the walls at night (figuratively speaking) with the realisation that we are far away from my loved ones and mourn alone for our old life. To experience fear and panic attacks with the thought that we will never get out of prison, often seeing other inmates crack under the same ideations. To regularly see everybody accept all of what I am now saying as a normal existence, only to repeat the same flawed processes every day, for years, in a hellish "Groundhog Day" scenario. To experience suicidal ideations, while having apprehension of disclosing the suicidal ideation's, for fear of being placed in a wet room (observation cell) with only a canvas smock to wear. During which, a 24-hour camera will watch you every move while you suffer your depression alone, cut off from all support. To see and hear of other inmate's suicide attempts and suicides. To be constantly surrounded by negativity, drug users, and sex offenders talking about their drug use and antisocial misadventure as if it were a good thing. Enduring the constant frustration of missed opportunities for the implementation of positive social rehabilitative tools to be offered to inmates. When politicians say that they are offered. To be a silent witness to the systemic misuse of

funding on useless infrastructure alterations and countless pointless courses, which are no doubt exorbitantly expensive.

To see many of us, inmates endure dodgy back room court deals made between our lawyers, prosecutors, and the Courts, leaving our legal outcomes to be pre-determined by secret brethren deals and the media, set on rails, leading to their further incarceration. To discover that many sentenced inmates are financially shut out from appeals, as we are lied to by the legal brethren over our entire legal journey, of which they are held, or can be held to no accountability for poor legal practices. Being coerced into guilty pleas by lawyers under the promise of significant sentencing discounts that may not even be given by the Court.

To be subjected to changes in legislation that detrimentally affects the intentions of our original sentence long after we are sentenced, legislations that effect our liberty, such as the Serious Violent Offenders Act 2018 & Serious Sex Offenders Act 2018, which serves as a retrospective sentencing pathway, potentially keeping prisoners incarcerated indefinitely. Every study that has been done in regards to the escalation of the recidivism rate suggests that the current prison system is not working.

The 2015 Ombudsman report on rehabilitation and reintegration highlights Victoria's prison shortcomings while offering positive statistics on Nordic prison practices.

The only change that I saw come out of that report was a scheme where First Nations people could sell their art and that the money be held for them in a trust for their release, despite them having no financial education to coincide with it. Without this education, it is a logical assumption that many would squander all that money or spend it on antisocial activities such as alcohol abuse and drugs when they received it.

To remove early release incentives such as "good behaviour" (Remissions) under the guise of "truth in sentencing" and then replace it with a parole system that seldom grants well behaved inmates their earliest date directly goes against the controls of the Parole systems purpose and the intentions of the sentencing Judge, which was to monitor released prisoners after release.

I can tell you that anyone who has spent time in prison becomes changed by it and it is these changes that often leave former inmates feeling ostracised from society. Antisocial behaviour usually follows by way of depression, anxiety, drug taking, violence, or crime, leading to recidivism.

I personally believe there is a subconscious Stockholm Syndrome ideation that pulls some inmates back to prison, sometimes with a promise of rekindling a mateship that few can achieve upon their release. The other minority is those who want to be left alone after their release, which is also a failed reintegration outcome and offers little benefit to society. Institutionalisation is a well documented condition among inmates and usually becomes a precursor to obsessive compulsive disorder (OCD), yet we just push on with the flawed system. Men with this condition have little intolerance to others and do not integrate well.

Over my time in prison, I have witnessed groups of paedophile inmates discussing past encounters with children and plotting future encounters, a friend of mine even saw an inmate masturbating over a baby crying on the TV while the doors were open on muster/count. Are we leaving self-serve rehabilitation to him?

Many drug related offenders plot to seek and acquire drugs upon release. Has the lesson of incarceration deterrence and rehabilitation been taken by them? I don't think so.

In the 2014-15 Auditor General's report on the administration of parole it was found that ex-prisoners were 10 times more likely to die an unnatural death upon their release. The median time of death was 16 days after release. I put that down to another failure of Victorian Corrections system's rehabilitation and reintegration's programs again.

Placing prisoners under long term isolation regimes (the slot) for years is plain torture. I once met an inmate who spent 10 years this way and I can testify that he is one scary guy. I have met several inmates who have spent over a year in 'the slot'. I personally spent 2 months in a cell after a riot. I still get triggers that take me back to that traumatising time. What type of damage is the Corrections system creating for the inmates who are released back into society? Scary damaged people with hang ups that few will ever understand.

If society thinks that prisoners are sitting around gaining positive rehabilitation in jail they are sadly wrong. In fact, many prisoners dwell on the things that I have mentioned above and eventually come to resent society's prejudice and ignorance. I can tell you that inmates become immune to the stick after a year or two and our isolation only compounds the resentment of our torture, thus failing rehabilitation's/reintegration's goals and intentions again.

To see grown men bouncing tattered tennis balls for hours while pacing inside a prison pod unit on a sunny day is a crying shame and will lead to no positive outcome for them or for society. More inmates are following this status quo every day. Even though I have witnessed the cycle for over four years, it still appears surreal and troubling that it goes unnoticed by the powers that be. All is fine here.

Ignoring, warehousing, and mentally torturing inmates by way of lying and antagonising them in a mentally stunting environment is not an effective path to reintegration. I would challenge anybody who says that it is.

*By Jonas Black
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Artwork by 'Anslem'



Artwork by 'Tiny'

AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER

BY SOKON

In this issue of *Paper Chained*, we're proud to present our first serial, an ongoing original story written by a NSW prisoner, 'Sokon', that will be shared in installments for the next few issues.

Angus Watson - Australian gunslinger. #1 by Sokon.

I had just rode into town, tied my horse to the shop rail and some drunk fellow had accused me of shooting his brother and stealing his pocket watch. I tried to explain to the fellow that maybe a case of booze had led him to a case of mistaken identity, but he didn't want to listen.

He was a tall muscular fellow dressed in all black and I wasn't too keen on taking him on in a fight, but I've never backed down from a fight in my life and I wasn't going to this time either, so I pressed the issue and told him he was wrong.

So here we were, standing in the middle of the dusty street, fifteen meters apart, squinting at each other, ready to draw our guns. Welcome to town, I thought to myself. Do I kill this fellow? By this time tomorrow he will have forgotten about this. "Draw your gun yellow!" He yelled, dribbling on his black shirt. I waited, hard to my right side ready to draw my gun. My little finger twitched as it always did in anticipation and readiness.

He drew his gun and fired a shot that disappeared down the street some where. My hand still hung by my side but my finger was no longer twitching. "Stand still and draw!" He snarled as he straightened his arm level with his eye and aimed at my head. Now at this time I would like to say I had nerves of steel, but I have to be honest and say I think I dropped just a tiny bit of mud. I heard a bullet whiz past my left ear and then a gunshot. Maybe a bit more than a little bit of mud. For a drunk, this fellow was a good shot and things were getting serious. My little finger began to twitch again. I drew my gun and pulled the trigger. The fellow swirled to his right as he let off another shot that hit the post of a shop veranda.

"That's enough!" Yelled a burly man dressed in dark grey as he walked over to the fellow. He grabbed him by the arm and led him off. "He shot me in the shoulder Mitch." I heard the fellow say. "We'll fix it up Duncan, after you have a sleep." Replied Mitch.

I walked 15 meters up the street and picked up Duncan's gun. It was well used on the trigger which explained his drunk accuracy. I placed the gun in my pocket and turned to check my horse. She wasn't fazed by the commotion, she had grown used to the sound of gunshots.

"Hey mister, you missed!" I heard a voice say from behind. I turned and saw two young boys no older than nine years old standing at the edge of the road. "Yeah I know." I replied. "I'll have to practise some more."

I turned back to go to the pub and saw a beautiful brunette watching me. I could tell she was a farm girl, roughly my age, late twenties, with a slim figure. She invited my eyes and I was tempted to say hello, but after my welcome to town I needed a drink. Besides that, I didn't have time for a woman.

I entered the pub. There were only three people sitting in the pub and neither of them looked to be any trouble. I approached the bar and a tall thin man standing behind the bar asked me what I wanted. "Whisky, straight up." I replied. He poured some whisky into a glass and sat it in front of me. Before he had the cork back in the bottle I downed the whisky and sat the glass back on the bar. He poured some whisky into the glass and sat the uncocked bottle next to the glass. I dropped some money on the bar, enough to cover the cost of the bottle and more, scooped up the glass and bottle and went to a vacant table.

I sat on the chair with my back to the wall, facing the rest of the pub, and the door. The other three sitting in the pub appeared to be farmers, probably came into town for supplies and stopped for a quick refreshment.

I downed my whisky and thought about what I had to do before the sun went down. It was already late in the afternoon and my horse was probably hungry so I wasn't going to finish the bottle of whisky now.

The pub door opened and the brunette from the street walked in. Suddenly there wasn't such an urgency to find some where to feed my horse. I dropped my head so as to cover the top part of my face with the brim of my hat. She was very attractive and I didn't want to embarrass her by staring.

Within seconds she was standing by the table I was sitting at. "May I sit down?" She asked. She was softly spoken with a homely voice. "I'm not in the mood for company." I replied without lifting my head. As pretty as she was, I was determined not to engage in conversation with her. I was no good for her, I didn't have time, and I was only passing through town.

"I only need a minute of your time." She insisted. I raised my eyes to meet hers. Her dark brown eyes were soft and inviting and I felt myself weaken to her plea. "Mister, I really need your help." She said.

"Angus." I said. She looked at me with a bewildered stare and said "Huh?" "Angus, my name is Angus not mister." She smirked. "Your

named after a cow?" She chuckled. "What do you want?" I snapped. She pulled a chair out from the table and sat down. I knew it, I thought. I knew I should have kept my mouth shut and ignored her. Now I had a beautiful brunette begging for my help and I knew I wasn't going to be able to say no.

"My name is Andrea. Two days ago my brother went into the bush to find some escaped cattle and hasn't come back." I poured myself another whisky and then replied. "It sounds like you should be talking to the sheriff." "I've already spoken to Mitch but he just thinks that Bret has found a girl and he will be back in a day or two." "Nothing to do with me." I said and then downed my whisky. I was trying to get myself out of the mess I had just got myself in to.

She put both hands on the table in front of her and leaned forward. "I may only be a farmgirl but I know a gunslinger when I see one, even if you did miss Duncan. Both you and your horse look well travelled so you know the bush and probably know how to track."

I didn't want to get involved but I was enjoying hearing her soft voice and her scent so I wasn't in a hurry for her to leave. "Which way did he go?" I asked. "West." She answered. "I'm heading east." I

said. She put her hands in her lap and looked down at them. "Please mister Angus, please help, I can pay you for your time." That got my attention, the universal motivator, money. It was a different kind of bounty then I was used to but it was still a bounty, still in my line of work. "Lady, all I can do is keep my eyes open for him but I can't promise anything." "Thank you." She said, and left the pub.

I stared into my glass watching a small insect slowly die in the whisky dregs at the bottom of my glass. Good way to die, I thought. I walked over and put my bottle on the bar. "Put this away for me, I'll be back for it later." I said to the barman. He nodded his head and I heard him cork the bottle as I left the bar.

I untied my horse and walked her down the street to a stable I

had seen when I rode into town. The stable doors were open and I could see a teen boy mucking out a stall. "Can I have my mare looked after here?" I asked him. He looked me up and down and then looked at my horse. "You're the gunslinger that can't shoot straight." He said. "Do you look after horses or not?" I snapped. "A buck for the night and another buck if you want me to feed her." He said. "I'll give you three bucks if you give her a groom as well." I said. "Deal." He replied. I tied my mare to a rail and gave the lad three bucks.

As I was leaving the stable the lad yelled out. "Hey mister. I'm going to need a name!" "Angus." I answered. "Your named after a cow?" He laughed. I ignored him and kept walking. The sun was going down and I had to find some where to stay for the night and then get back to my bottle of whisky.

The shop keepers were closing up their shops and the street was a lot quieter now. The gunsmith was already closed so I headed for a building with a 'hotel' sign on it at the other end of the street.

Roughly half way up the street I heard a voice to my left. "Are you the fellow that shot my mate Duncan?"

To be continued.

CHAPTER TWO CONTINUES IN ISSUE 10, DUE FOR RELEASE IN JUNE 2023

SISTERS FOR CHANGE

In this issue of *Paper Chained*, Editor Damien Linnane talks to Rachel Montgomery and Glenda Duffy from Sisters for Change, a Red Cross program run at Townsville Correctional Centre in Queensland.

Thanks for talking to me today. So tell me about Sisters for Change? And is it mostly run by the two of you?

Rachel: Glenda and I are facilitators of the program which is all about improving prison health, wellbeing and safety. The important thing is that the priorities and activities are led and designed by incarcerated women, not us. Red Cross trains, resources and supports women interested to join the Red Cross family as special status volunteers, a network of women inside dedicated to creating change in the prison to improve conditions. It is the women themselves who are at the heart of the program. It is their lived experience and understanding of issues, problems and how things work, that makes the projects they come up with successful. We supply training in harm reduction, mental health first aid, first aid, cultural competency, communication and health needs. The women combine this with their lived experience understanding to identify the health, well-being and safety risks and needs of women in prison, and design solutions and improvements that they then roll out. They are an amazing group of women. They've recently trained 140 women in sexual assault prevention within the centre. They understand what happens inside, and they want to improve women's safety. They shared definitions of sexual assault and rape and sexual touching. They talked about the impacts, and importance of bystander action. They explained supports available to women, and safe women to talk to inside. We're uniting women to stand up and say no, we're all here together. We're gonna look after one another. Another project they developed was a visitation roster to visit women in solitary confinement in the 'Safety unit'

The prisoners are visiting the other prisoners?

Yes, up here if you're identified as being at risk of self-harm you get put into solitary confinement. The centre reduces risk by separating women and observing them 24/7, but the women said, 'look, the isolation just makes it worse.' You are removed from your supports, stripped, surveilled and kept alone. Yes, reducing risk is important, but taking us away from our mates and supports makes it harder. How can we take care of mental wellbeing and enhance support? Women need more compassion and supports when they are in a bad head space, not less. The psychologists we have here assess people, but they don't provide any treatment or interventions.

The typical 'treatment' for severe depression is just being placed in isolation. An auditor general actually



condemned this back in 1999 but it's still happening all around the country, not just in Queensland. It's so ironic that the people who probably need mental health treatment the most don't get any.

People need a safe person to talk to and open up with who can hear their worries without judgement and help them process or develop strategies to move forward. While Sisters for Change are not professionals, they have time and compassion and lived experience. They've got a deck of cards, some drawing stuff, and other resources to help break the ice. The women can choose to have a chat with the Sister for Change or if she's not feeling up to it, she can decline. Most woman want that interaction, and appreciate having someone to talk to who understands, doesn't judge, and isn't going to share her story all over the prison. The Sisters for Change are really proud of that project. There have been a range of improvements to the Safety unit. Murals, coloured furniture, chalk paint, music and more. They also do working bees to clean up the solitary cells, which get terribly graffitied and there's food and toilet paper chucked on the cameras and on the walls and ceiling. Cells may not be cleaned in between prisoners. The women say that its dehumanizing and makes them feel worst of all, like they're



Rachel (left, red shirt) and Glenda talk to incarcerated women in the Sisters for Change program.



not worth anything, so the girls have decided they're gonna roll up their sleeves and do something about it, and they get in there and clean it from top to bottom. That's what Sisters for Change is all about. It's grassroots prisoner-led change.

The Sisters for Change identified the lowest points of a women's stay in prison. Staying in solitary was one, but another low point was prison 'reception' where you first arrive. You've been separated from your kids, you are in shock, dirty, scared, and have just spent a long time in multiple watch-houses where there is no clean underwear or clothes and access to sanitary items depends on the officer. Women just want to wash and feel human again, but there is no roll-on deodorant, toothpaste and shampoo provided. These need to be bought. So for women who arrive without money it was hard. They could 'book up' toiletries on credit, but that then meant they then couldn't use the phone to call their kids until they repaid it, which could take weeks. The Sisters for Change thought women shouldn't have to choose between washing their hair and calling their kids, so what they did was partnered with local community groups who pledged to donate the items for free. They wrote a book for women to reduce fear, 'The Guide to Inside', which explained how things work and everything women need to know for their first week inside. They sewed toiletry bags put the toiletries inside. These dignity packs were given to women on reception by officers and it took some of the fear away, and made women feel more human, less afraid and less alone. The project has been a real success, and we got some positive media coverage where Sisters for Change explained the problem and the solution they had come up with. Now all centres in Queensland are providing basic toiletries for free on entry. They're an amazing group of women.

A key part of the program is to build positive working relationships between Corrections and Prison Health and prisoners. Red cross is known for its neutrality and ability to work with 'both sides' in conflict and this helps in prison where you are working with two groups on either side of the fence. We establish a reference group that puts everyone around the table together, builds a sense of shared purpose, and a new way of working together. We provide a platform for the women to explain the problems, pitch the proposals, and negotiate solutions with management and prison health so they can be approved. Not everything gets approved, but the sense of empowerment that women

experience when they do get approved is what it's all about.

Tell me more about how the program started?

Red Cross around the world is dedicated to improving the health, wellbeing and safety of people around the world, including in places where there is poor health infrastructure.

This program is known as the 'Community Based Health and First Aid (CBHFA)'. It is all about equipping everyday people with knowledge and skills that can help them make change at the local level. The program is run around the world training people on the ground to educate others about health issues impacting them and implement changes to reduce risk. It was the Irish Red Cross took the program and first applied it in a prison setting, the logic being that prisons are places where needs are high, but resources are scarce, where you haven't got health infrastructure to meet all the needs of the community. In prisons there is potential to mobilise people who have a lot of time on their hands to be part of the solution. It started in Wheatfield Prison in Ireland, and now is in every prison in Ireland.

There are some YouTube clips you can watch about the Irish CBHFA program called 'Journey of Change'. There's videos about what projects they came up with to improve prison health and safety. One of the neat ones was a weapons amnesty. There was a lot of homemade shivs and things, and a lot of the violence in the prison involved slashings. The guys came up with this proposal for a weapons amnesty where everyone on the same day disposed of all their weapons without being prosecuted for having them. The prison went from 97% of assaults involving a weapon down to only 6% in just one year. And that's good for everyone, for the prison and for the prisoners and prison budgets.

Australian Red Cross saw the great work they were doing and trialed the program in a few states, to see if it was effective in the Australian context. We can now say yes it is! CBHFA is now at Townsville Women's Correctional Centre (QLD), Saint Heliers (NSW), Risdon and Mary Hutchinson's (TAS), Acacia (WA) and Adelaide Women's (SA), with plans to expand.

In Townsville, the girls said, 'That program name is crap, no-one can remember it', so they came up with 'Sisters for Change' instead. Its really stuck and it's much catchier. The program in Ireland won the World Health Organisation award for best practice in prison health, and here in Australia, Flinders University found the program improved prison health and safety and that the women who are involved are more hopeful. It gives people involved a sense of hope and agency to make a change not only in the prison, but in themselves and their friend and family networks.

What made you want to work in prison?

For me, it was the opportunity to learn from and work alongside people inside a powerful system to push change from the inside out and bottom up. It was a chance to prove that the program could work with women, and work with first nations women in prison to create change about things that matter to them. The program in Ireland showed great success with men, but there were no stories from women. So it was a chance to see and show what women's

priorities and projects look like. What impacts them and how is it different for First Nations women. This program is not about having two experts come in and tell everyone what to do. It is about an exchange, two-way learning. I have learnt so much from the women inside, not only about how things work but how they don't work and the shared humanity regardless of the situations in which we find ourselves. There's no way Glenda and I could design or come up with these projects. Neither Glenda nor I had never stepped inside a prison before. Without the expertise of the women, we would have nothing. Our background is community development working with people and communities to make positive changes, to be a part of a change and leave things for the better. But the women have been our teachers and we have gained so much from their stories and strength, perseverance, persistence and power.

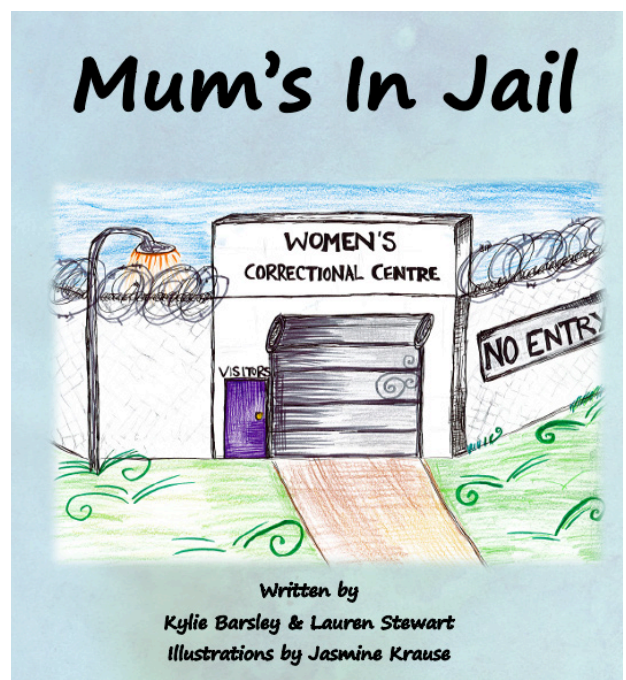
Have there been any particularly rewarding moments?

Glenda: When we first started the women said they needed more cultural supports, more cultural safety, more validation of their culture. A group of elders came together in response to the women's call. They called themselves 'Elders for Change' and they come into the prison and sit down with the women. They do grief and loss counseling in a cultural way. They do yarning, dancing and storytelling, and writing classes. The Elders for Change work hand in hand with Sisters for Change to respond to women's need for culture inside. Some of the Elders work, some are semi-retired, some are pensioners, but there is shared passion, energy and commitment to helping mob inside and getting our mob out of the justice system. They come from all over and are united by common purpose, just like the Sisters for Change are. That's probably been the big highlight for me, bringing community in through prison walls, and now we have a very inspired and motivated group of Elders working across the justice system in Townsville being a voice for women on the outside. They are doing restorative justice conferences, joining up to the justice group and helping people at court, working to design better programs for mob, and getting involved in supporting and helping women inside.

There's so much energy and passion. Seeing people come together with shared purpose. Native title can be divisive, but all of our cultural group are over-represented in jail, so that provides a reason to come together across differences and be there for people whose family and communities



A hand-print banner made by Sisters for Change



are very far away from here. That's what's good about Elders for Change is that the membership is open to any elder, its inclusive. The only thing you have to have is a passion to see justice. The focus is on the system itself and elevating the voices of prisoners and their experiences too. The Elders look at the system itself and say, 'What are you doing that's funneling all these people in here?'

A lot of the programs I saw run in prison by Corrections are really meaningless, and you essentially pass them just by turning up. So what do you think makes Sisters for Change different and successful?

Rachel: Women participate by choice. That's important. Also, the program is long term. It is there for the length of women's stay inside. But most importantly it is not a program that treats the women as problems or their behaviours as problematic. Rather the women are a valuable asset with knowledge, experience and skills that can't be taught or found in textbooks. The women say that it gives them purpose, and that helping others helps their own healing. It is rewarding and provides an opportunity for women to put their knowledge and skills to good use and better the system for those around them. I guess the team of volunteers that meets each week also really becomes a source of support and guidance through the highs and lows of prison. There are shared values, principles and shared purpose. No one is perfect and we are there to help each other get back on track when needed. The women are striving to do better and be better, and to help those around them.

I've found some of the most successful education courses in prison are ones that don't have tests. Rather, where a teacher just sit you down and teaches you how to read and there's no formal assessments.

Definitely! It takes all that pressure off from learning. It helps people relax and creates more meaningful connections.

Can you tell me about the 'Mum's in Jail' book?

So most women in prison are mums, and sadly many kids are tipped into care arrangements or the child protection system when their mums go to jail. The book came about from one Sister for Change who was a mum to young boys. Her young son thought she was living in a cage. All children know about prison they learn from what they see on TV, so their understanding of was really out of touch. So she said, 'Sweetheart, I've got a bed, I've got a desk where I write my letters to you, I've got friends, I have a job and I go to school just like you do.' So that's where this *Mum's in Jail* story came about, and it really told that story in pictures and words, because a lot of child protection type placement arrangements don't necessarily explain where Mum is or Dad for that matter, or nobody talks about it because there's a lot of shame around it. The women wanted to do something about that, so they wrote this little storybook, to help improve the well-being of their children, but also for themselves as well. And it also helps prepare kids for the visiting process and what to expect. You know, they're gonna go through these scary corridors and be sniffed by a dog. And everyone looks big and scary with their black boots. It really helps prepare the kids for the visit by saying, 'The guy in the uniform, he's there to make sure that you're safe.' It prepares them to not be afraid in that situation and let them know what the visit will be like.

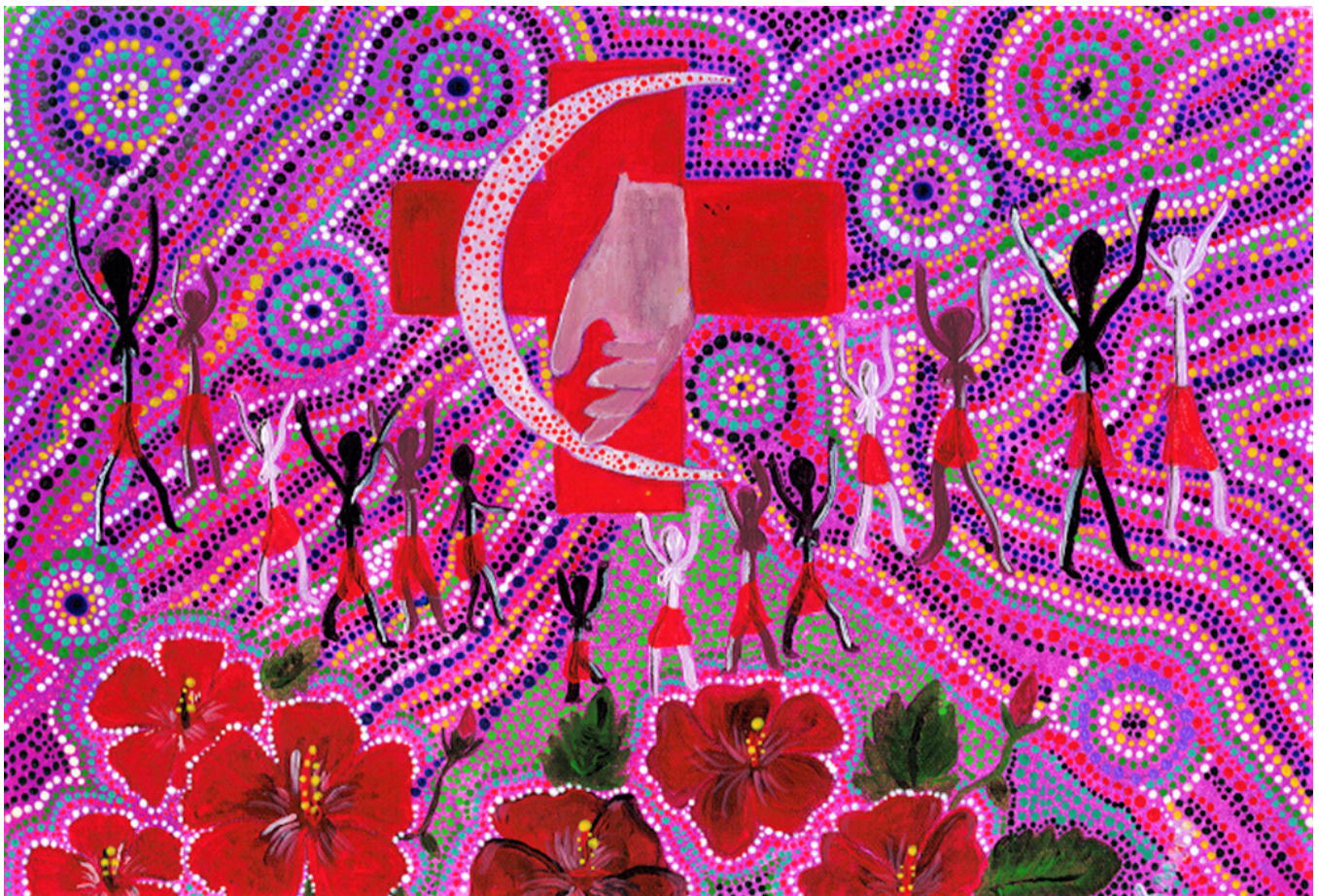
We got approval from corrections to print it and provide it to every mum coming into the prison, so they can send it out to their kids. They also wrote another book to go with it. It's called 'Information for Parents, Families and Carers,' and it explains everything that a parent needs to know to

help maintain connection with family on the outside. How the phones work, how to organise a visit? What forms you need? Did you know there's a parent liaison officer? Did you know that if you want to have baby photos or kid photos sent it, they can't be this, that, or the other. And if your kids send glittery drawings in to you, well, that's gonna get mailed back. It lets people know of all the ins and outs and crazy rules in custody that everyone falls foul of.

It's read by Mum and then it's posted out to family along with some cards that she can send to her kids to immediately reconnect. Because if you don't come in with money, you can't make a call. You get a little allowance but that doesn't kick in for about four weeks here. Any parent knows that if you can't connect with your kids, it sends you a bit out of your brain. So the cards are there so mums can immediately write to their kids. Queensland Corrections and Queensland Health have come on board and have been supplying prepaid envelopes for the women to send out at no cost. The Sisters for Change are very proud of that and they get good feedback from the mums and from the kids and carers as well.

We'd love to really publish it, make it that little bit jazzier than what it is now, which is just printed A4 and run off the photocopier here. Jasmine has done a beautiful job with the drawings. They look like Anna and Elsa from Frozen with the big eyes, and she's got women of all cultural backgrounds reflected and different scenes from the prison.

Hopefully we see it published and made available at other women's prisons soon. Thanks for sharing with us!



Sisters for Change painting by Lynneil Kahn

DRAWING TIPS

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

There weren't a lot of art supplies available when I was in prison. Fortunately, I didn't need many to become an illustrator. Part of me is now glad I was forced to learn the hard way, since working with fewer resources made me a better artist. In any case, let me share some of what I learnt with you.

Originally I wanted to draw with colour, but the coloured pencils available to us was simply a children's 12-pack. Trying to draw realism with only 12 shades of colour is all but impossible. If I wanted to draw a realistic green apple now, I'd want at least six different shades of just green pencils. Fortunately with graphite, fewer pencils are required.

Graphite drawing has existed since at least the 1500s, following the discovery of a large deposit of graphite in England. Initially, the substance was incorrectly thought to be lead. The pencil core was accordingly referred to as a 'lead', which resulted in graphite pencils originally being referred to as 'lead pencils'. The popularity of graphite for drawing comes from a combination in the variety of shades that can be created when varying the pressure applied, its ability to be sharpened easily and also erased, as well as its versatility for use in different paper surfaces. Coloured and charcoal drawings often need thicker paper to be used effectively, and also fixatives to be applied afterwards to prevent smudging. Graphite, however, adheres just as well to smooth thin paper as it does to thick, and also smudges less than other mediums. Essentially, this means that all you need to do a graphite drawing is a pencil, paper, a sharpener and an eraser.

A good graphite drawing can be completed with only a 2B pencil, which is lucky, because I recall only being able to order HB, B, and 2B pencils in prison. There is, however, a much larger range. 'H' pencils are harder, making them better for technical drawings and line-work, and also easier to erase, while B pencils are softer, making them better for shading. Numbers on H pencils indicate they will be lighter, while on B pencils, they indicate the opposite. HB and F pencils are very similar and fall somewhere between the two main types.



A range of contrast and hardness between pencils.

There are no right or wrong ways to draw. However, I can show you a few techniques to help you get started on your way.

HATCHING



Hatching is an easy way to add shading and depth to your drawings. It involves simply drawing a series of close parallel lines. For additional shading and depth, cross hatch your drawings by adding a second set of lines going in an opposite or different direction to the first. Here, an apple has been drawn using simple hatching and an outline only.

BLENDING



Blending is a way to create smooth gradients in the shade of your drawings. Blending can be done with just your finger, but for better results, use either a cotton bud or a small paint brush. Outside prison, more specialised devices like a paper stump or a tortillon (both pictured) can be used. In this image, a sphere with very rough shading has been half-blended for a smooth finish.

THE GRID METHOD

Using a grid is a great way to learn how to draw, and a simple yet more creative alternative to tracing. Our brains are designed to register objects as a whole, which can make translating them into drawings overwhelming. Breaking a drawing down into squares allows you to focus more on smaller details, and reduces anxiety about trying to draw more complex shapes.

Step 1: Choose an image. I'm going to choose one I actually drew when I was incarcerated.

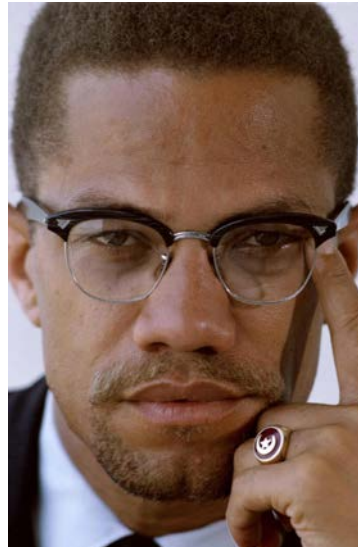
Step 2: Using a ruler, draw a grid over the image. While the grid squares should all be the same size, you can make them as large or as small as you wish. For an A4 image, I recommend making each square 3cm x 3cm. While smaller squares will allow you to focus on finer details, they also make the drawing process considerably longer. You may need a pen rather than a pencil to make lines over the image you want to draw stand out.

Step 3: Once you've placed an even grid over your image, make a second grid of exactly the same size on a blank sheet of paper. Make lines thin and in pencil so you can erase them later.

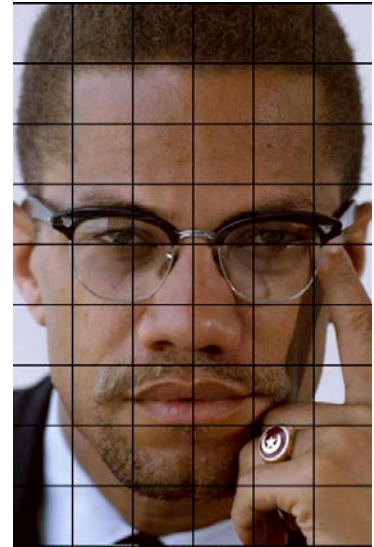
Step 4: Copy the image. Start copying using the grid on the image you are drawing as a reference. I find it best to begin with a basic outline of the entire image, then coming back to add in more detail later. Before long, you will see the drawing start to take shape. Remember, the point of using the grids is so that you don't have to worry about the entire drawing, and can just focus on one part at a time. Think of it as a large puzzle. If you try to make the whole puzzle at once, it can be overwhelming, so just focus on one square at a time. Make sure you take your time and be careful not to draw the wrong square by accident. If you draw the entire outline of the image first, like I have, it's unlikely you will make a mistake later. Once you finish your outline, continue colouring in each square with more detail. Apply more pressure or hatching to make certain parts darker. Once you're finished shading things, try and blend things in for a smoother finish. And don't forget to erase the grid once you no longer need it!

The most important thing to remember is that practice makes perfect. Don't be discouraged if your first attempts don't turn out as well as you'd like. On the left is the actual drawing I made from this image while I was in prison in 2016. On the right is my attempt of the same drawing about two years later. Improvements in shading, blending, and contrast like this will naturally develop in time. A common beginner's mistake you can see in my 2016 image is I have not applied enough pressure, resulting in my image being far too light. So don't be afraid to experiment and to keep learning as you go.

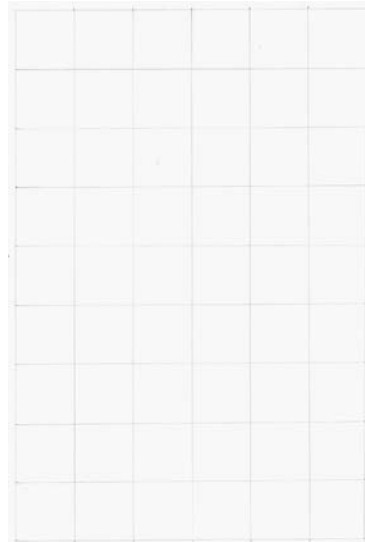
STEP 1



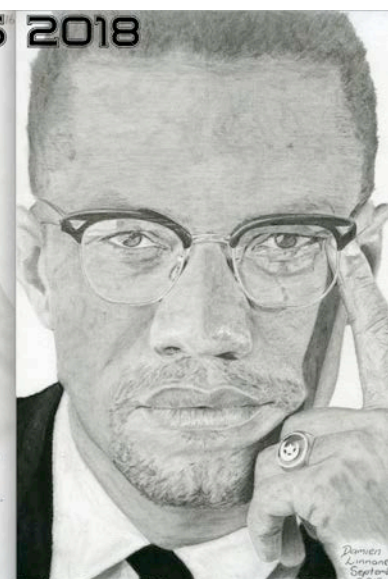
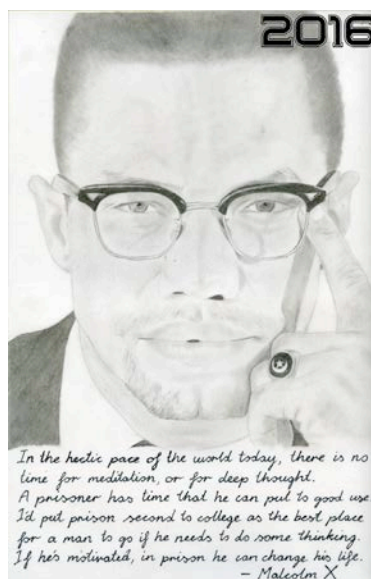
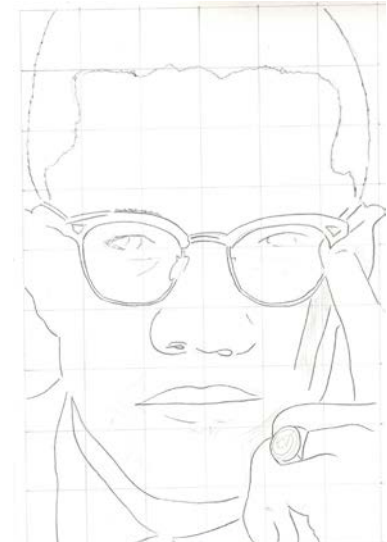
STEP 2



STEP 3



STEP 4



BOOM GATE GALLERY

ART FOR SALE

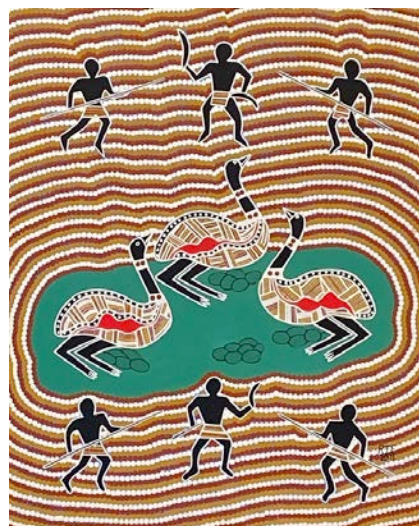
Boom Gate Gallery is the only gallery in NSW solely dedicated to the promotion, exhibition, and sale of inmate art. The gallery is located outside the security boom gates at Long Bay Correctional Complex, allowing members of the general public to enter the gallery without entering the gaol. Visitors can view paintings, sculptures, hand-painted clap sticks, and didgeridoos, as well as videos showing inmate artists discussing the making and meaning behind their practice.

The gallery displays the work of current Long Bay inmates, and former prisoners from all over Australia. Inmates currently at other Correctional Centres can have their work displayed on the gallery web-page. Prices are arrived at through collaboration between the artist and gallery staff. 75% of the sale price goes back to the inmate, which they use to buy more art materials or send home to their family.

Members of the general public can purchase in-person in the gallery, or via their website and Instagram page.

© @boomgategallery

www.boomgategallery.dcj.nsw.gov.au/



Hunting Emu Eggs

By Richard

\$700

60 cm x 75 cm, Acrylic on canvas



Two Yongas

By Mervyn

\$400

60 cm x 75 cm, Acrylic on canvas



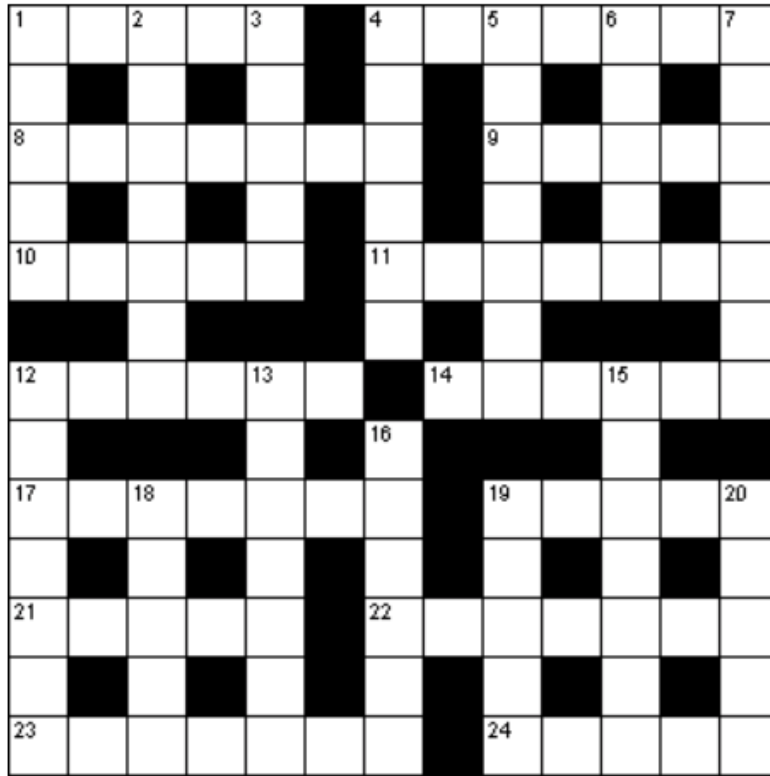
Young Warrior

By Jamah

\$750

80 cm x 80 cm, Acrylic on canvas

CROSSWORD



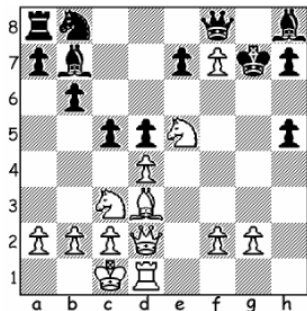
Across

- 1 Dock (5)
- 4 Sore (7)
- 8 Rubbish (7)
- 9 Sacred song (5)
- 10 Boulders (5)
- 11 Sincere (7)
- 12 Real (6)
- 14 Blemished (6)
- 17 Ancient Japanese warrior (7)
- 19 Concur (5)
- 21 Ashen (5)
- 22 Before (7)
- 23 Least difficult (7)
- 24 Viper (5)

Down

- 1 Bet (5)
- 2 Fruit (7)
- 3 Emblems (5)
- 4 Fragments (6)
- 5 Endanger (7)
- 6 Fire (5)
- 7 Restricted (7)
- 12 Relieve of blame (7)
- 13 Abbreviate (7)
- 15 Concerned (7)
- 16 Straightforward (6)
- 18 Relocates (5)
- 19 Main artery (5)
- 20 Mistake (5)

CHESS

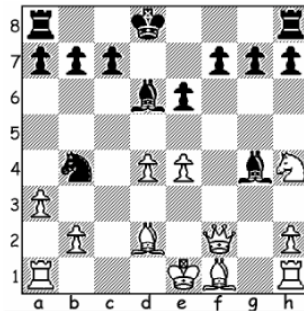


Mate in One Move- White to Move:

1. _____

Get the nominated colour to a position of checkmate in only one move.

Answers on page 40.



Mate in One Move- Black to Move:

1. ... _____

SHOUT-OUTS



If you'd like to give a shout-out to a friend or family, send it to us!
We will not print ID numbers or overly personal information.

"SHOUT OUT TO"
SIMON ANAU, CLOUDY,
FABIAN ALLEN, HESTO,
EMILIO, STAUDY
SWITCH ON
BOYZ = MUCH LOVE
& Affectionness
ALWAYS YOU MAY
BE THERE BUT WE
GOT YOU ERE
♥ HAMI & Mariah-P

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 10 DUE FOR RELEASE IN JUNE 2023



JAILBREAK RADIO TRANSCRIPTS

In the next issue, we will feature the transcript of *Paper Chained* Editor Damien Linnane hosting an episode of *Jailbreak Radio*.



AUTHOR INTERVIEW

Paper Chained interviews actor and writer Marcus Proctor about his memoir *Happy Traveller*, and his encounters with the law while being a sex worker in the United States.

ANGUS WATSON - AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER - BY SOKON
 "Ave you the fellow that shot my mate Durcon...
 ead use as to hide my eyes with the brim of my hat, and
 y head locked to my left, where the voice had come
 ia?" Asked the man, raising his voice. The index of
 hand was already clutching the hard grip of my gun, b
 nd my little finger was twitching. "According to some
 used." I replied. "That's not what I hear." He said
 I turned my head so where the voice was coming from
 till twitching. We were only a few meters apart and I ca
 ind ready for the draw. I was side on to him so I he
 get a good shot if I had to. The odds were against me, s
 me
 "Fella, I don't want any trouble, I just want to find
 y head for the right." I said as I slowly started turn
 You asked for trouble when you shot my mate." He
 ur mate should learn to control himself when he's drink

AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER PT 2

Follow the adventures of Australian Gunslinger Angus in part two of this ongoing exclusive story written by 'Sokon', a NSW prisoner.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

W	H	A	R	F		P	A	I	N	F	U	L	
A		P		L		I		M		L		I	
G	A	R	B	A	G	E		P	S	A	L	M	
E		I		G		C		E		M		I	
R	O	C	K	S		E	A	R	N	E	S	T	
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A	C	T	U	A	L			F	L	A	W	E	D
B				B		D				O			
S	A	M	U	R	A	I		A	G	R	E	E	
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V	E			G		C		T		E		O	
E	A	S	I	E	S	T		A	D	D	E	R	

CHESS ANSWERS

White Queen to G5
 Knight to C2

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

