

PAPER CHAINED

A JOURNAL OF EXPRESSION FROM BEHIND BARS

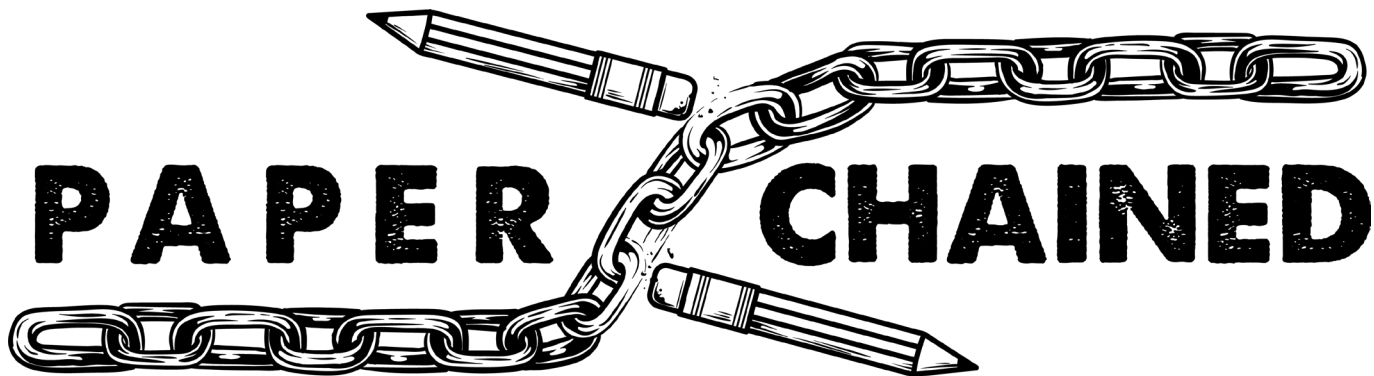


Mutugi



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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.



A woman arrested for peacefully protesting for the right to vote in London in the 1910s.

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, ID number, and postal address, as well as your earliest possible release date (if you have one). Those outside prison may access the journal free online via our website, **PaperChained.com**.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

Handwritten contributions will be typed unless the author requests to have a scan of the original text 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

ARTISTS WANTED FOR 2024 SYDNEY EXHIBITION

Paper Chained is excited to announce we are in the early stages of organising an art exhibition that will showcase the artworks of current and former prisoners around Australia, and also worldwide. We believe this will be the first exhibition of this kind in Australia's history. The exhibition will be held in Sydney at Boom Gate Gallery from May 1st till May 31st, 2024. We are currently accepting applications from artists in custody, as well as formerly incarcerated artists, who would like to participate.

In order to display your art in the exhibition, you will need to send us original artworks, not photos or photocopies. Once the exhibition is over, we can post artworks back to you or your family at our expense, or hold on to them until your release. While no contributor is expected to do this, you may also donate works to *Paper Chained* to help continue funding out magazine.

Artworks can be in any style, including drawings, paintings or sculptures. Where possible, please try and post art to us in a way that does not fold the artwork. If you can't order A4 or A3 envelopes or postage tubes on buy-up, you may be able to obtain them with the help of welfare or inmate request forms. If you are outside prison and are sending us a painting, please ensure it has a hanging system we can attach hooks to.

If you are interested in participating, please get in touch with us by our regular postal or email address to discuss what kind of artworks you would like to display. Unfortunately, there will only be so much space available at the exhibition, so we will not be able to accept work from all applicants. Please get in touch as soon as you can to make sure you don't miss out on one of our available spots.

CONTACT US TODAY FOR YOUR CHANCE TO SHARE YOUR ART WITH THE WORLD

Inside Out

Sistergirls, brotherboys & LGBTIQ+ prisoner solidarity network.

We send out a free newsletter every 3 months with writing and artwork by and for LGBTIQ+ folks who are (or have been) in prison, anywhere in Australia. All genders and sexualities are welcome to join the mailing list. If you want to read or contribute to the newsletter, we'd love to hear from you!

PO Box 2446, Footscray Vic, 3011



At UniSQ, we believe everyone should have the opportunity to access higher education. To support our prospective and current incarcerated students, we've developed a selection of resources that will support individuals make well informed career decisions and a suite 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 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 by communicating with UniSQ, applying for and enrolling you in courses, submitting assignments and coordination and facilitation of exams.

UniSQ has developed a series of workbooks called Unlocking the Future, which are 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.

Unfortunately not all correctional centres can facilitate students studying at a tertiary level. For further information, or to talk about enrolling, please contact your Education Officer.

Paper Chained is proudly co-sponsored by the University of Southern Queensland

CALL IT OUT



HAVE YOU SEEN OR EXPERIENCED RACISM?

Call It Out! on the First Nations Racism Register – an independent, secure and Indigenous-led tool to report any type of personal or institutional racism, including:

- IN PUBLIC OR PRIVATE
- WITH A SERVICE OR INSTITUTION
- IN THE MEDIA OR ONLINE



FIRST NATIONS RACISM REGISTER

HOW TO MAKE A REPORT

The info you provide will be logged as a report.

For your report to be counted, your letter must include:

1. If you are a:
 - a. First Nations person who experienced racism, or
 - b. Friend or relative of a First Nations person who experienced racism, or
 - c. Witness of racism against a First Nations person
2. Where the racism happened (eg in person, online, in media, as institutional racism), and
3. The type of racism that occurred (eg bullying, discrimination, negative attitudes or stereotyping, threats, verbal abuse, violence)

You can also include (but do not have to):

4. More info about the racism you experienced or witnessed (eg people and organisations involved, age and gender of people involved, when and where it happened)
5. How did it make you feel/impact you?
6. How did you react/respond?
7. What needs to be done to combat racism?

HOW TO SUBMIT YOUR REPORT

You can report multiple incidents in your letter.

In your letter, please tell us if you want a copy of your report/s, our privacy policy, FAQ or question forms sent to you, and provide your **full name, ID number and prison postal address.**

Post your letter to:

**Jumbunna Research
Institute - Call It Out
UTS
PO Box 123
Broadway NSW 2007
Australia**

WHAT HAPPENS WITH YOUR REPORT

Reports will be held safely and confidentially by Jumbunna Research to inform an annual report to help expose and address racism facing our communities.

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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NINTH INTERNATIONAL CURE CONFERENCE

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

I rarely say no to new opportunities these days, because you just never know where the next one will take you. In March this year, I was asked to speak about mental health in custody at the Reintegration Puzzle conference in Perth. After my talk, I was approached by Peter Olwal, the leader of Pan Africa CURE, asking if I would be interested in speaking at the international CURE conference he was holding in Kenya. Not wanting to pass up attending my first international conference, not to mention visiting the African continent for the first time, it wasn't a tough decision.

CURE, the Citizens United for Rehabilitation of Errants, is a grassroots organisation that was founded in Texas in 1972, based on the belief that prisoners should have all the resources needed to assist in their rehabilitation. CURE became a national organisation in the US in 1985. Since then, it has also opened up many chapters worldwide, the latest being Peter's branch in Kenya. And this year saw CURE's ninth international conference, which was attended by 95 people from 28 different countries, coming together to discuss how to improve conditions in prisons worldwide.



Peter Olwal, left, and Damien Linnane, right, on the first panel at the conference.

After the formal introductions, I had the honour of being the conference's first speaker, where I talked about conditions in the Australian prison system. Africans in particular were shocked to learn that Indigenous Australians are the most incarcerated people on the planet, and that Australia is also one of the very few Western nations to imprison children as young as ten.

As I listened to other participants from around the world, I was struck by the common struggles of people impacted by criminal justice systems worldwide. A speaker from Uganda talked about the issue of prisoners being released to homelessness, who then deliberately commit crimes so they are sent back to prison, where they at least have both food and accommodation. This is an issue that also undeniably occurs in Australia, albeit on a smaller scale. A speaker from Rwanda talked about how their nation only

FACTS ABOUT KENYA

Kenya has a population of 47.6 million, making it the 27th most populous country in the world. The modern borders of Kenya were established under British occupation, though Kenya gained its independence from the United Kingdom in 1963.



Kenyans consist of over 120 ethnic groups, such as the Kikuyu and the Maasai. The country's official languages are English and Swahili, and many people in urban areas will speak both fluently.

Kenya has around 55,000 prisoners, though only has capacity for about 34,000, leading to serious overcrowding. The death penalty is legal in Kenya, and though people are still sentenced to death by hanging, no executions have been carried out since 1987.

had a ratio of just one psychologist working in prison for every 15,000 prisoners. I can only presume this would sound terrible to any reasonable Australian. However, I suspect most Australians would be equally shocked to learn that the ratio of psychologists to prisoners in Western Australia, for example, is only one per 2,000 prisoners. Certainly better than Rwanda at least, though that's hardly something for a developed nation to be bragging about.

Issues in developing nations, not surprisingly, were worse across the board. And while I believe the Australian prison system has no shortage of problems, hearing about the conditions prisoners in other countries face was quite sobering. While many prisons are operating above capacity in Australia, those in Congo, for example, are overcrowded to the extreme. One prison designed for 1,500 people is currently housing over 6,000. Speakers from Kenya highlighted how many people are often forced to spend a week in prison, simply for being unable to pay a fine that is the equivalent of less than an Australian dollar.

The conditions in Kenyan prisons were also discussed, but I'd rather tell you what I saw myself. One of the conference speakers was Kenya's then Principal Secretary of Prisons, Mary Muriuk, who arranged for our conference to inspect Kenya's largest prison, located in the town of Naivasha.

NAIVASHA PRISON INSPECTION

The conference's second day consisted entirely of our prison visit, which took us a good two hours' drive from the Kenyan capital of Nairobi. Driving through the checkpoint into the prison grounds, the first buildings to come into view are made of stone, the size of small houses. Washing is seen hanging on lines and a handful of children are running around playing. I wonder if this is a minimum-security part of the prison which allows unrestricted visits from children, though I'm informed that the squalid accommodation is for the guards and their families. Driving along, tall concrete walls and guard towers quickly come into view, and I get an understanding of exactly how enormous this prison is. Our bus parks and we walk up to the main entrance. Entering the first gate, we wait in the reception area. An official poster on the wall states that COVID-19 vaccinations are safe and will not interfere with men's fertility or 'ability to perform'. Stupid conspiracies about vaccinations exist all over the world, though the ones that have made their way into Kenyan prisons are a bit different from back home.

A large blackboard several meters long occupies almost all of the left wall. It gives detailed information about the number of prisoners currently inside, and appears to be updated daily. It tells us there are 2,291 prisoners at Naivasha. 1,163 'lifers', 1,118 'convicts', 9 'special category' and a single person on remand. A large white cloth obscures a section of the blackboard. One of the men on our tour takes a peak behind. It's a list of escapees, complete with photographs and their details. There are about 20.

Entering the grounds, we're immediately confronted with what seems like every one of the 2,291 prisoners, crowded on our left-hand side. They mostly wear black and white striped pants and shirts, the prison uniform colloquially referred to as 'Zebras'. Some prisoners wear bright orange jumpers. Many of the clothes are dirty or have holes in them. A handful of prisoners, the trustees, wear considerably newer purple and dark blue tracksuits. Guards, by comparison, wear green military style uniforms, complete with berets. Most carry wooden batons. I don't see any guns.

Nothing separates the prisoners from us, other than a concrete footpath. It's clear they've been told to stay on their side. We are greeted warmly and there are many smiles, waves and thumbs-ups. My red mohawk seems to draw particular attention and excitement. Behind the rows of hundreds of prisoners are the cell blocks. I also spot a couple of faded murals on the walls. One depicts a zebra,

one a woman pouring water, another shows people playing soccer. One depicts Nelson Mandela, perhaps the most famous of all former prisoners. On our right are a variety of smaller buildings with well-kept gardens out the front. Walking down the footpath, with about a dozen guards escorting us, we're taken into the first of these buildings.

We crowd into a room with dirty floors and thick layers of soot lining the ceilings. Many of the tiles on the wall are broken. Eleven very large vats full of rice are being attended by prisoners. Some are being stirred with what I can only describe as a makeshift wooden oar. Welcome to the prison's kitchen. Everything is being cooked with firewood, which quickly explains the soot everywhere. We're told the prisoners get three meals of rice or beans a day. Serving sizes, I am later told, are ridiculously small. Those working in the kitchen are not paid, though are eager to volunteer as the job has privileges, namely being able to eat more.

Our next building inspection is the carpentry workshop. It's rather run-down, though clearly still in use as evidenced by the fresh sawdust everywhere. We walk past old and damaged work benches, band-saws, machine drills, and some incredibly impressive hand-carved furniture. At the end are two open-stalled squat toilets, offering potential users no privacy at all. A rusted fire-extinguisher that looks like it stopped working decades ago is mounted to the wall, as is an old sign. "Fanya kazi kwa bidii usaidie kujenga Kenya yetu!", it exclaims. A friend translates for me. 'Work hard to help build Kenya.'

From here it's off to the upholstery section, where we walk past many extremely old-fashioned Singer sewing machines, the kind I assume my grandmother may have used in her youth. Old, faded motivational posters abound, many in English. 'A candle loses nothing by lighting another,' one states. Around a corner, we see where the hand-carved furniture is then leather-bound. The Principal Secretary boasts about how the prisoners are learning valuable skills to help assist in their employment post-release. She insists they are paid for this work, though former Kenyan prisoners in our group tell us quietly as we leave that this is an "outrageous lie". Near a blackboard listing customer dates and orders, I spot something that grabs my attention. It's a series of hand-drawn pencil portraits that were affixed to the wall many years ago. A couple retain the evidence they were drawn using the grid method, a method I also used to make art when I was in custody. On our way out, we go past another working area, this one long abandoned. There are several old-fashioned printing presses, though a female guard tells me they broke down many years ago.



The Cure conference outside the entrance to Naivasha prison, alongside prison staff and then Principal Secretary (front, centre)

I catch a glimpse of a sports field in the distance as we leave the working areas, one of many places that don't feature on our tour. Our second last stop, however, is one of the cell blocks. And here is the point where it becomes immediately apparent the staff have done absolutely nothing to censor the prison or clean it to give us a false impression of what conditions are actually like. Stepping into the dark concrete building, we are able to look in but not enter the cells on the ground floor of the three-story building. The stone in the wing is old, the floor is filthy, the paint is chipped and flaked and the entire area screams depression and claustrophobia. Still, that isn't any different from my first cell block when I went into custody in Tamworth. The cells, however, are considerably worse than what was available to me. Slightly smaller than the two-out cells we had in Tamworth, the general manager tells us these ones house three prisoners. I ask a lower ranking guard how many they actually house. "More like three to five", he tells me. This is confirmed by what we see in the cells. Some prisoners have managed to obtain scraps of mouldy old foam mattresses. Others just sleep on scraps of cardboard. Each cell indeed contains about three to five spots where people compete for space on the floor to sleep. One cell I look in has a rather impressive painting of an AK-47, alongside a wall of text that I don't have time to read. All the cells have collections of yellow buckets with red lids. It's clear they originally were used to store food, and have now been re-purposed to store prisoners' property. We leave cell block E, walk past the identical looking blocks D, C, B and A, and head to an open area near the front gate, where about 200 prisoners are seated in the audience and waiting for us. Seats at the other end have been reserved for the conference members. The Principal Secretary sits at the main desk and tells the prisoners the good news.

I'm surprised at the instant warmth between the prisoners and the Secretary. Addressing the audience, she asks how they are, then asks how many of them are innocent of their crime. About three quarters of the prisoners put their hands up, to roars of laughter from prisoners and guards alike. After explaining who the conference members are and saying we have come because we want conditions in prison improved, she says that is exactly what she is going to do. A believer in prison reform, she is going to make sure each and every prisoner at Naivasha will have their own blanket and mattress. The news is greeted with thunderous applause. Unlike the statement about prisoners being paid for work, the former Kenyan prisoners in our group tell me they have no doubts this promise will be followed through, partially because they know their mattresses have already been donated, which means the prison doesn't have to spend a cent keeping the promise.

The Secretary has a second piece of good news. I'm shocked to learn that we are the first visitors to the prison in three years. Just like the rest of the world, Kenyan prisons stopped visits during the pandemic. Unlike the Western world, for whatever reason, visits have yet to be reinstated in Kenya. This ends today, she tells the audience. From now, visitors will be allowed again. Not surprisingly, more enthusiastic applause follows. The Secretary asks if they have any other concerns. One man yells out 'The food is not enough', to some cheers from the prisoners, though this is only met with a brief silence followed by awkward laughter. The prisoners will have to make do with mattresses and visits for now.

We're treated to a theatrical performance from three prisoners dressed in makeshift guard's uniforms, who proceed to mock the staff. The guards, however, seem to find this as amusing as the prisoners. What happens next though, catches me off guard. Before I know what is happening, music plays and the Secretary is dancing and encouraging others to join her. There seems to be no hesitation from prisoners, staff, and some of our group as well. I turn to the man from our conference next to me, an American, who gives me a puzzled glance which seems to say what I'm thinking: 'It must be an African thing.'

CONFERENCE ATTENDEES

While nothing quite compared to our prison tour, hearing the stories of the various attendees, and their reasons for coming to Kenya, never ceased to amaze me. Having the rare opportunity of so many inspiring people in the one place, I resolved to interview as many of them as possible about why they had come to the conference.



Selam Kibret, left, speaking on one of the conference panels

Selam Kibret has come from Ethiopia, where she is a lawyer specialising in youth justice. She also works as the project manager of a criminal justice reform unit.

'I was asked to participate to give feedback on rights in relation to prisons in Ethiopia', she tells me. 'But criminal justice reform is a very new idea to Ethiopia and we do not have a lot of experience. I was hoping I could learn what others are doing in the rest of the world, so I can share what has worked when I return home. We also need to find expert consultants, and here is a great place to network, to find people who can help us, and people we can help as well.'

I ask Selam about conditions in Ethiopian prisons. 'Our prisons have very limited resources, their budgets cannot even sustain healthy diets. Sometimes it is challenging just to have three meals a day. Most prisons are not constructed properly, and there are a large number of people in makeshift dorms made out of corrugated iron. There are also issues with things like fresh water to drink. Our laws dictate that all prisons must have their own health centres, but we don't have enough professionals willing to work in them, or high enough budgets to employ enough people anyway. There are also a lack of vehicles, so sometimes prisoners have to be transported places on foot.'

'One thing we're advocating for is a separate justice system for children in Ethiopia, because currently children sent to prison are incarcerated with adults. Obviously, this causes a lot of issues.'

Anne Munyua, a lawyer from Kenya, also talks to me about her reasons for attending the conference. 'I do a lot of work in the criminal justice area, so I wanted to learn, interact and network with people, but also promote my organisation. It's called CELSIR, the Centre for Legal Support and Inmate Rehabilitation. We do legal support, teaching people who cannot afford legal services how to represent themselves in court. We also do public and civil education to give people a better understanding of what prisoners go through, and understand that people are not necessarily criminals, but may have committed a crime because of what they have gone through in their life. We try to change the perspective of what the criminal justice system is all about. We also take programs into prisons themselves to help reintegrate them, and continue to help them post-release.'



Anne Munyua meets with prisoners in Kenya.

FRANTZ MICHEL AND DREAM DEFERRED

There are many people like Selam and Anne at the conference, but I'm surprised to see the number of former prisoners also in attendance. The first one I talk to is Frantz Michel, who was sentenced to life imprisonment without parole for non-violent drug offences in the United States. His sentence, however, was commuted by President Barack Obama in 2015. Making the most of his time inside, Frantz completed many programs himself in prison, and then helped teach educational classes to others, gaining a lot of respect from prisoners and staff alike. I ask him about his Presidential pardon, and what has brought him here today.

'When it came time for me to write a petition to the President for release, I asked a couple guys inside to write letters of support on my behalf. And lo and behold, before I knew it, I got over 500 letters from men on the compound, about every single person. I also got many letters of support from staff, and I had a lot of support from the community too. Even the judge who sentenced me to life in prison wrote a letter to the President asking for my sentence to be commuted, also saying that he'd never done that before.'

'When I was in prison, I saw there were a lot of young, black men given very long sentences. What was interesting is that

most of the guys came from particular neighbourhoods, and it blew my mind that these neighbourhoods were targeted. So I said, when I'm released, I'm going back to the neighbourhoods to try and do something. One of the things I did there was start up basketball tournaments on the weekends. The tournaments were all free, and I bought juice and soda and snacks for everyone. I bought T-shirts for the men and kids to wear. A lot of them were gang members, and they really looked forward to the tournaments.'

'Shortly after the tournaments started, the shootings in the neighbourhood dropped so dramatically the cops wanted to know what was going on. The commander of the precinct and the councilwoman investigated and found out about me. They gave me an award, and the cops asked if it was possible for me to have the gangs play them. It was the first time the gang members played the officers. They didn't want to do it at first, but I talked to their leader, and I told him 'This is going to be the only opportunity you are going to get to whip these cops' asses fair and square!' And he looked at me and he said, 'I'm game!' It was one of the most exciting games in the park, because the cops didn't want to lose, but the gang members definitely didn't want to lose either. The cops lost in the end.

But the best thing was some of the officers came by the next weekend to thank me. One said he had worked in that neighbourhood for so many years and he couldn't believe one of the gang members walked right by him, gave him a high five and kept walking. He said that moment meant everything to him, because only then did he understand what needs to be done to stop crime. All the evidence shows 'Tough on Crime' approaches don't reduce crime. Its been proven over and over. Long sentences are no deterrence, neither is over-policing or the death penalty. If you want to stop offending, what you need to do is help people and build communities.'

'So I founded an organisation called Dream Deferred. We teach formerly incarcerated people computer literacy, because if they get those skills, they might be able to earn a liveable wage. We also have run a safe house for women. Women can stay there for 18 months as long as they're going to school or working, and then we help them find permanent housing. That's the goal, to get stability'

'What I'm hoping to get out of this conference is a better understanding of what's going on around the world, and to meet other people who have been through the system, like you. We have different backgrounds, we look different; however, we've suffered similar injustice and now understand what the problems are and how we can work together to come up with solutions. I'm hoping to work with people all around the world.'

'And it brings joy to my heart to know that you're taking these interviews to the men in Australia. Hopefully if they read that a man sentenced to life had his judge come around and support him to get a commutation from the President, and is now free to go home and work in the community, maybe it can give them hope. Maybe if someone isn't feeling well that day and decided to hurt themselves or someone else, and they read that story, maybe they can realise things could change for them to. If I had spent prison engaging in crime and activities that I shouldn't have, my sentence never would have been commuted, I'd still be in there.'



Damien with Frantz Michel and Teresa Njoroge, on the road trip to Naivasha prison.

'My daughter asked me once what was the moment I decided to change. My moment came when I was part of a program in prison called *Reaching Out to Provide Enlightenment*. We spoke to kids from middle-class affluent communities who had contact with the justice system. They were going in a direction where their school knew they needed help, so they brought them to us. There were 13 of us in prison hand-picked by the staff to mentor the kids about changing their lives, and we had a rule that no matter what the kids told us, unless it was threatening self-harm, we wouldn't tell the staff.'

'Every day at the program the kids got to pick someone they wanted to speak to, and one day this young girl said she wanted to speak to me. I started out saying what I always said to kids, 'You know, you can tell me anything because I don't know you and you don't know me, so you'll have an opportunity to tell someone anything you want and to have no backlash, I'm not going to judge you.' She started telling me about her life and I knew she wanted to tell me something more so I pressed a little, and she ended up telling me she was using heroin, and sleeping with older men to pay for it. She was about 14. And that blew my mind, because it made me think of my own daughters. Heroin was the drug I sold, but I never thought children that age used heroin. She started crying then I started crying. And I told her she needed to go home and talk to her parents about it so they could get her help, and she promised she would.'

'When I left the visiting room, I went straight to my room and laid down. People thought I was sick, because I never laid down before we were locked in. But I was thinking 'You know what? I'm done with this shit.' I'm not selling heroin ever again. And that was my moment. But what was more beautiful, about a year later, a letter came to the psychological department of the prison, from that little girl telling her story. She said she went to her parents and she got clean and that she wanted to thank me. You know the girl was white. I could have just said 'Fuck her.' Because everyone who prosecuted and sentenced me was white. I could have looked at her and said, 'What does your problem have to do with me?' But I didn't, and she got clean, and that was confirmation for why I was done with heroin.'

TERESA NJOROGE AND CLEAN START

Frantz isn't the only formerly incarcerated person at the conference to have started an organisation that helps prisoners' transition back into the community. Teresa Njoroge served one year in prison in Kenya. Her conviction was later overturned, but not until after her release.

'I worked as a banker here in Kenya for about a decade, until I got falsely arrested, maliciously prosecuted and wrongfully imprisoned. There's a lot of corruption in Kenya at every stage of the criminal justice system. Someone higher up at the bank was accused of wrongdoing, but they bribed the police to arrest me instead. This is very common here. I was sent to Langata women's prison, along with my three-month old daughter, who was allowed to come with me. Prison really opened my eyes to the injustices that women and children encounter in the criminal justice system here.'

'Being in prison inspired me to set up Clean Start, to empower these women because it was very clear that the criminal justice system is very harsh to the poor and vulnerable. Most of the women are in for petty crimes related to survival because poverty has been criminalised. So Clean Start exists to offer them hope and dignity and to ensure they get off the revolving door of poverty.'

'We go into prisons with peer-led programs. We begin at the level of the prison officers because if you want to see lasting change in prisons, you definitely have to work with the officers. So we empower the officers, we train them to understand our modules and models. We then train the women serving longer services, those on death row and life. We train people who are about to leave prison on forgiveness, trauma, healing, communication and entrepreneurial skills, and prepare them whichever way possible for their release. We do not end there though. We meet them at the gate on release and offer them housing as the first step to rebuilding their lives, and then eventually set up jobs for them. Decent, sustainable means of livelihood as most have gone into prison because of crimes of poverty.'

'One of the reasons I came to the CURE conference is that we are a community of 4,000 formerly imprisoned women in Kenya, and as the host county, we said this is a great platform to amplify our voices in advocating for human criminal justice systems.'

'When we went to Naivasha prison yesterday, I spoke in front of the men in Swahili. One of the things that kept me going in prison was when people came to see me, it would give me hope. So every time I go into a prison now I make sure I leave the prisoners with hope, and in a positive state of knowing things will get better. So I said to the men that these visitors have come from different continents to visit them, and this is not by sheer luck. They should take it as a sign that their cries are being heard, and that the gates will open one day. But while they are still in here, they should keep empowering themselves with various skills so that when they leave, they can hit the ground running.'

'My advice to prisoners anywhere is that everyone is worth a second chance. We are not the worst mistakes that we made.'

ART AND WRITING CONTRIBUTIONS

SHOW ME THE WAY TO EDEN

I've travelled long and for many years
The road became a trusted friend
But now that I've grown old and weary
In the distance I can see the end
Now I long for an easier life
And crave my place in the sun
Show me the way to Eden
My life's work has now been done
I will sit back then in my easy chair
And let my memories overtake the day
For I have more memories than my days left
I wouldn't want it any other way
I've seen the sun rise in an eastern sky
And watched it set in western sands
I've picked up soil flecked through with gold
And sifted it through my hands
I drank the water from crystal clear dreams
And enjoyed a beer in many a country pub
I've made many friends that I hold dear
From the city back out to the scrub
Show me the way to Eden
Let the waves of life wash over me
And I will wade in the shallows of yesterday
For it's yesterday where I long to be
I've lived and loved a life on the edge
Of adventure tinged with laughter and tears
And when I've finally found my Eden
That's where I'll spend the rest of my years

By De Witt, B

LOVE
LIFE

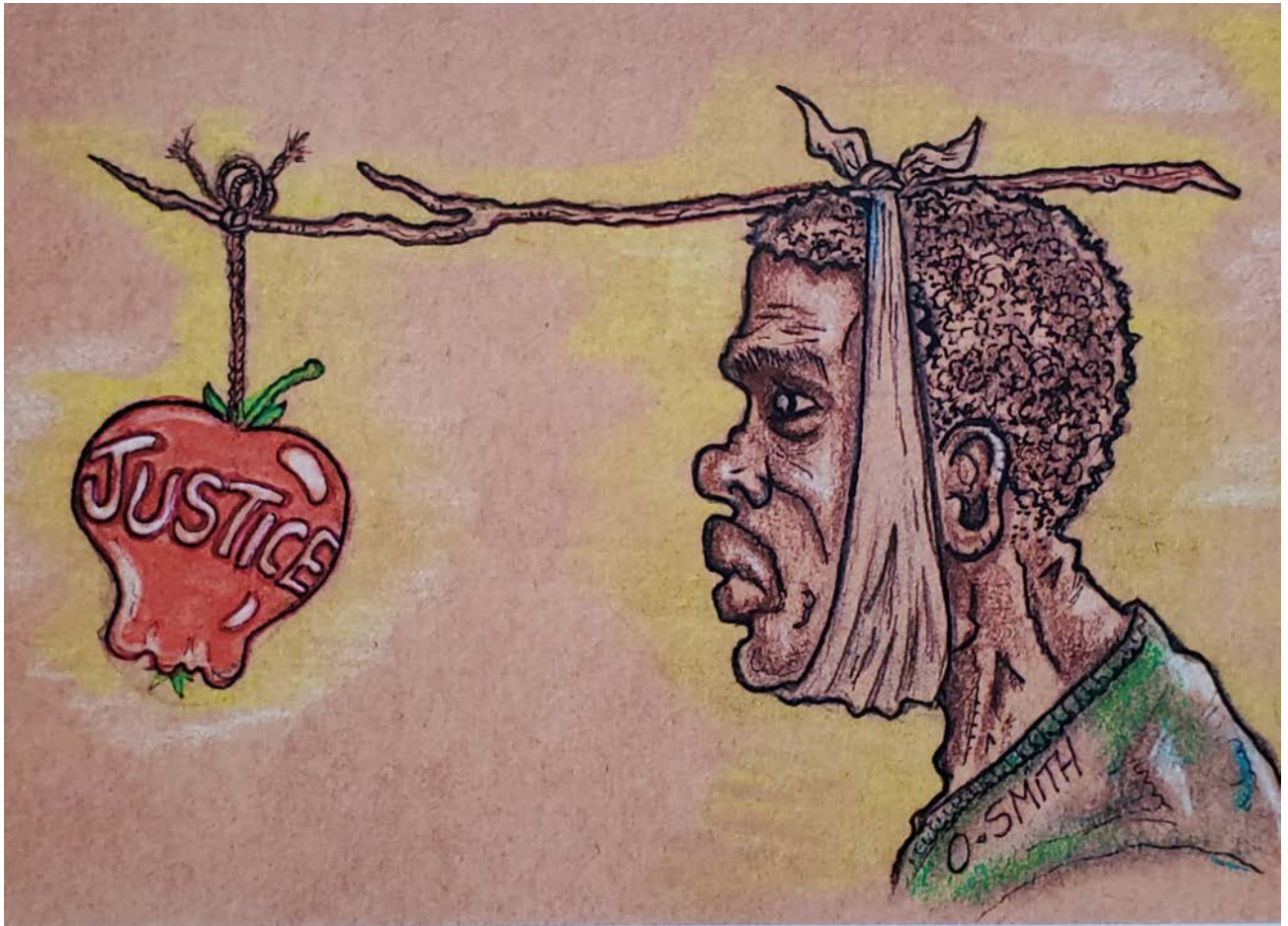
Art by Ojore McKinnon #P-32800
CSP-S.Q. 4EB31, San Quentin State Prison
San Quentin, CA, 94974, USA



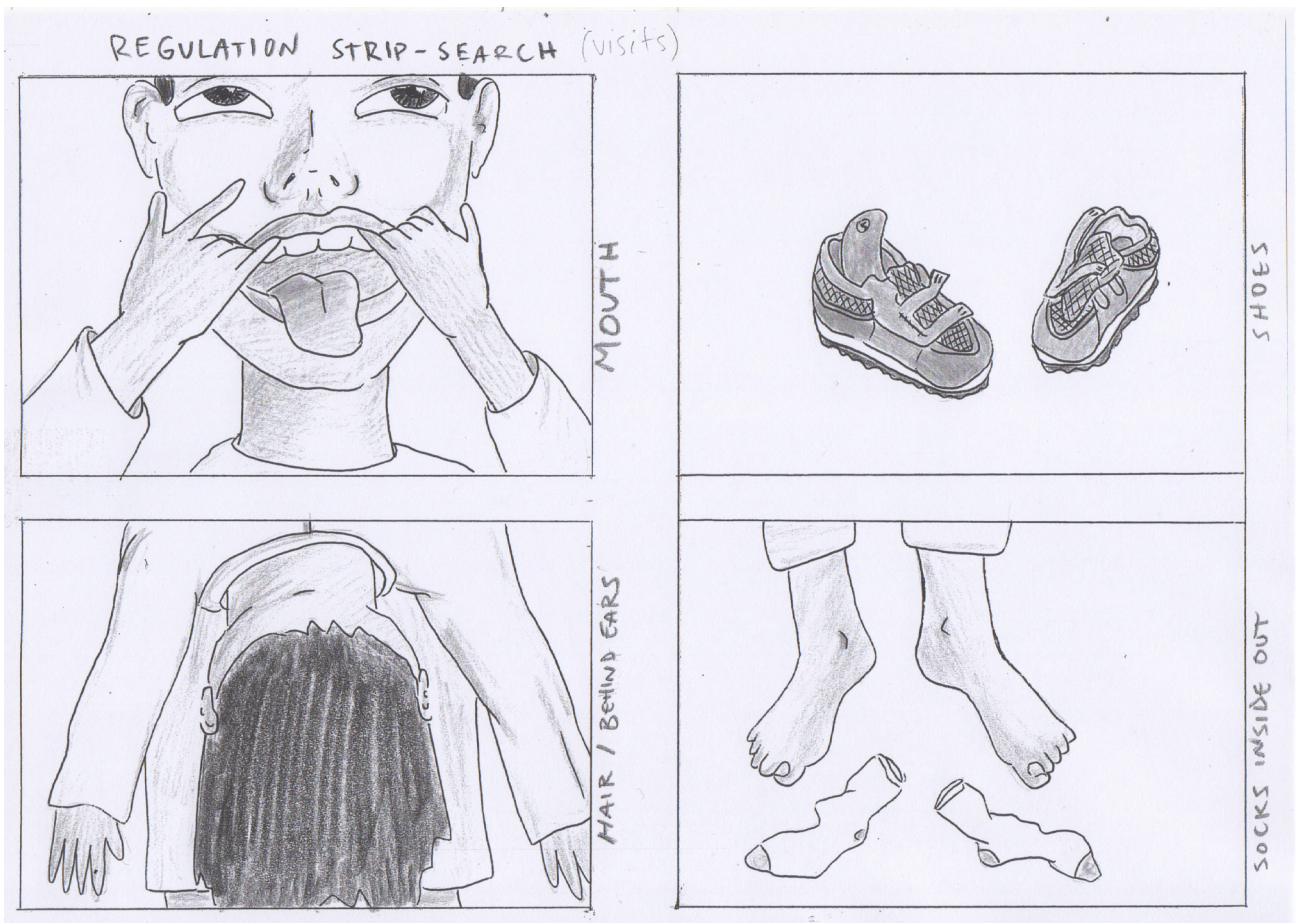
Anonymous



Art by Gemma Slater



Art by Orlando Smith #P-24614. San Quentin State Prison, San Quentin, CA, 94974. USA.



Art by Norma



Art by Phillip Lalea



Art by Jaxan Khalil O'Reilly, E14512. AGCC, Locked Bag 1300, Archerfield QLD, 4108

LISTEN

A call from jail to the system

When I ask you to listen to me
And you start giving orders
You have not done what I asked for
When I ask you to listen to me
And you begin to tell me why I shouldn't feel that way
You are trampling on my feelings
When I ask you to listen to me
And you feel you have to do something to correct my life
You have failed me, strange as that may seem
Listen! All I ask is that you listen.
Not take anything from me, or do anything to me
Just hear me
Advice is cheap, punishment is not worth 50 cents
Can you get it? It doesn't work, it never did, it never will
"I am the master of my soul"
"I am the captain of my fate"
Maybe discouraged and faltering, but not helpless
When you do something that I really need?
What you do is just contribute to my fear and weakness
But when you accept as a simple fact, that I do feel what I
feel, no matter what, then I will stop trying to convince you
that I am a good person
And we can get about the business of understanding
What is behind this irrational feeling
And when that's clear, the answers are obvious
And I do not need that you judge me anymore
Because I know and practice values like:
Respect, understanding, compassion, indiscrimination
and peace
Those are the basics of human rights
So please listen and just hear me
And if you really have to teach me something
Wait a minute and I'll listen to you



Poem and art by Sylvia Roberts

FIRST HIT AT THE NICK

First hit the nick at nineteen, now I'm twenty six
Couple of small sentences, then I got a fuckin' brick
Three years remand till I met my fate
Stuck in Covid, they kept adjourning my case
Supreme court where I copped my bid
Judge said eleven, it hit me for six
Four o'clock is my favourite time of day
When I get locked up, then I fade away
Jail phone savagery, remember days three deep hitting
burns on the batteries
Laughing it up as we walk the yard casually
Mad rhymes I'm dropping them naturally
They say true friends are hard to find
Must be blessed because I've got all mine
Me and False don't mind doing easy time
So if you talking shit we'll come break your spine
Much love to my boys Hern and Beemz,
and those vicious nights out in the jeep
We're family and the blood runs deep,
Twelve minute calls, they make my week.

Rap by Sket



Art by Ashley McGoldrick, QLD

STORM

Rolling over the earth's surface as if you own it, you show contempt for all. Hungrily, you devour the light and gorge on the blue of the endless skies. Twisting and heaving you flex muscle and sinew in a show of strength, all the while acquiring vitality as you feast upon the merchandise offered up by the oceans.

You are now gaining momentum like an out-of-control freight train. You groan like a disgruntled teenager, spitting out your savage array of blinding lights at random foe. You take whatever direction you please, there is no respect for authority. Your thunderous words deafen as you shriek in anger, they are directed toward any who dare to stand in your way.

The grin upon your bulging face is through gritted teeth. In a childish tantrum your featureless hands rent at the ocean's surface turning it into a boiling foaming bath. With fearful fury your rage is angled at any hapless sea bird or vessel captured within your path.

The feeble waters no longer hold, they are no challenge; thrashed and defeated they surrender to you. Now the emerging terrestrial mass ahead draws your attention. Though the shores are battered by mountains of raging liquid, shrub and tree alike are contorted from your howling breath; they shout back in censure at your approach.

The dry land stands firm and defiantly at your approach, embracing its self for the onslaught that is to come. Inhaling the last morsels from the now beaten ocean you raise yourself to full height. With the power of barbarian hordes you stand billowing in a frisson of fear to any who remain. No quarter is given as you crash head long into combat against this new foe before you. Violent winds lash at grass, shrub and tree trying in vain to rip them from their stronghold and toss them aside like feathers.

Ear piercing shrieks send the last to ground with ears covered in a frail attempt to block out this unearthly sound. The waters gathered up while you circled the oceans now bombard the once dry earth creating rivulets of silt and mud that hastily rush toward a destiny unknown.

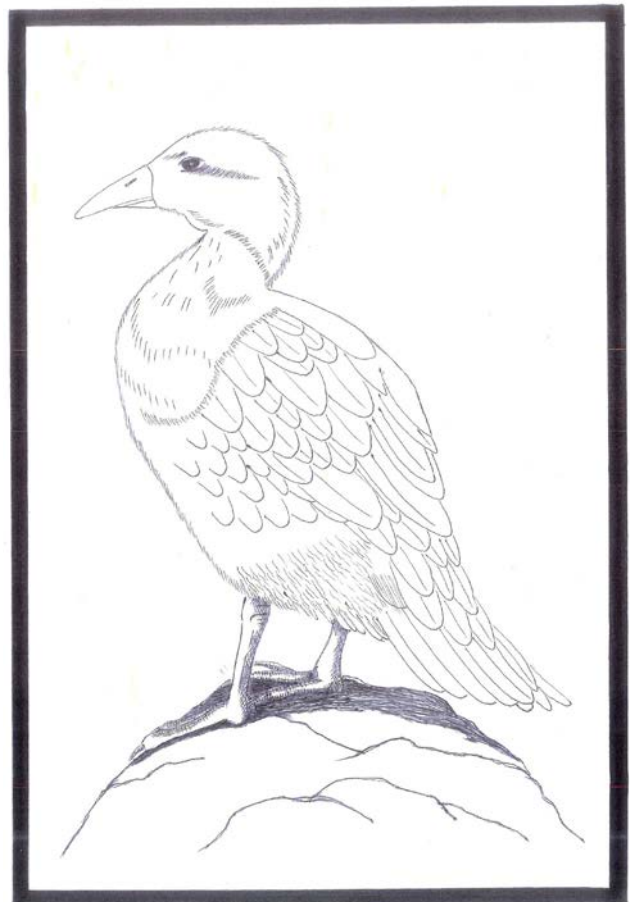
Mayhem and confusion you will bring upon this once tranquil setting. Many will battle you bravely, some will be overwhelmed uprooted or washed away to be left distressed. Your anger and frustrations will be released, the land will calm and pacify you. It is too much, you have found your match, though you have rained destruction you are now graceful in defeat and your foes hold no malice towards you.

Damage will be repaired, scars will fade, dwellings restored. In your wake there will be a purging; you have cleansed us all, watered the Land and renewed life. You are Storm.

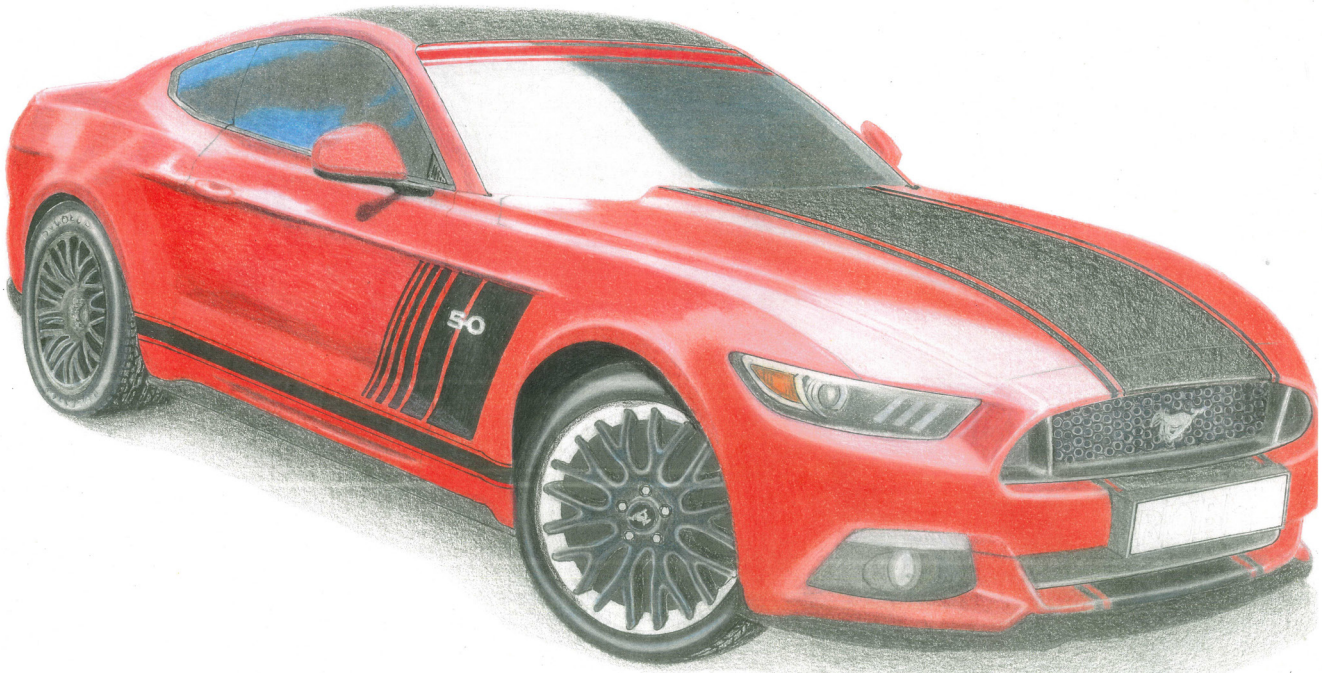
By Rod



Anonymous

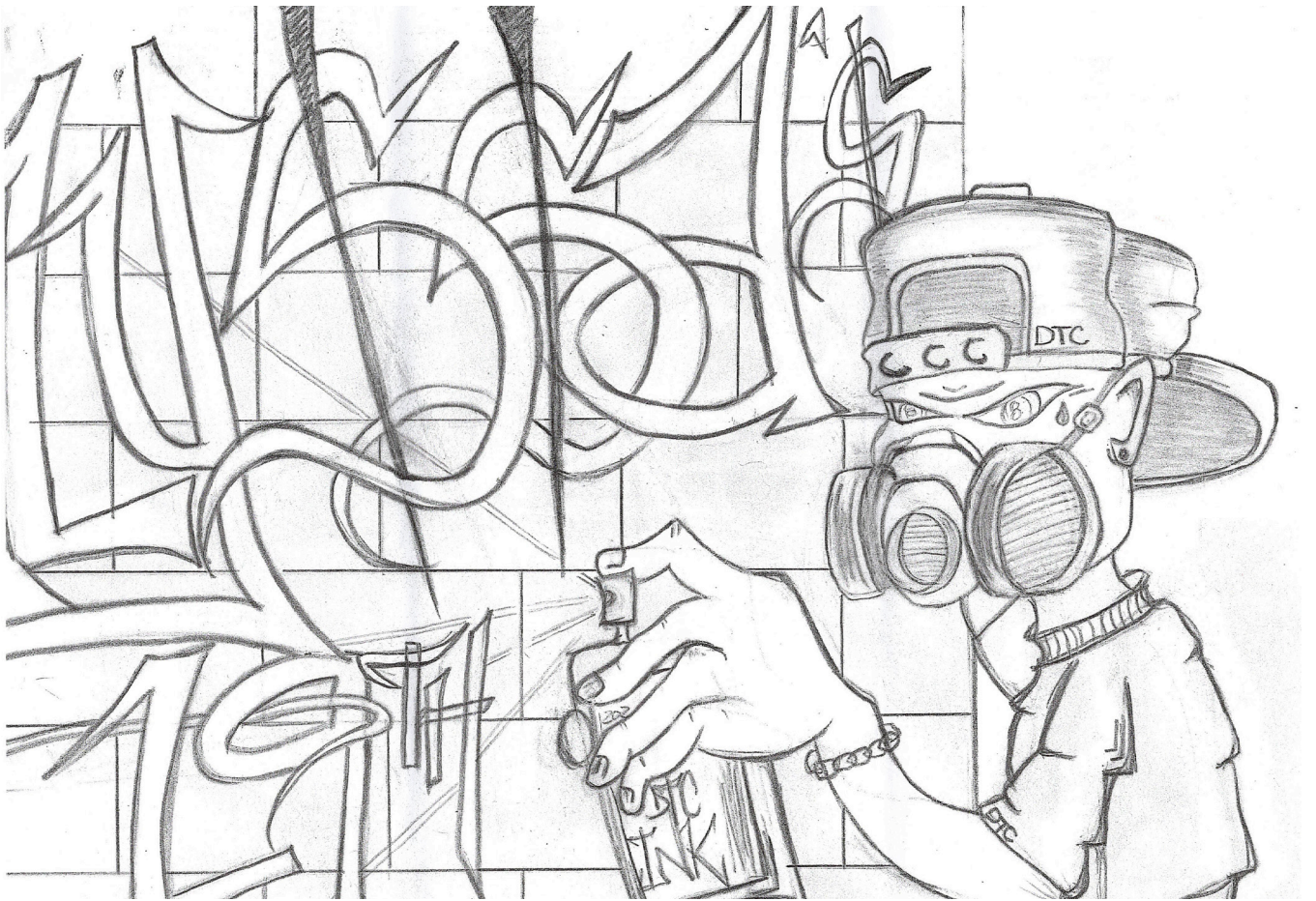


Art by Simon Evans



Lenpen
HCC 2022

Art by 'LenPen'



Art by Kaidi Ephraums

SHE CAME TO VISIT

She came to visit the other day,
I thought it was just to say hi
That's what I wrote to my son
Because it was really to say goodbye

She came to visit the other day
The first time in more than a year
She stood sweet and pretty in the visit room
We cried as we held each other near

She came to visit the other day
Looking tanned and fit and glad
Stupid me didn't know it then,
That soon I'd be in pain and beyond sad

She came to visit the other day
We talked like nothing was wrong
The sound of laughter and the warm smiles
Was just like hearing our favourite song

She came to visit the other day
She gave me a wave when she left
There was even a kiss on the lips
Before I was left feeling bereft

She came to visit the other day
My love, my life, my mate
Then came the bombshell letter
"Do your parole in another state"

She came to visit the other day
Not for the relationship to mend
But to see me one last time
And to break my heart in the end

She came to visit the other day
With hugs and a tear-filled hi
I smiled until the letter arrived
That confirmed she'd come to say goodbye

By Dave



Art by Nigel Gillard

INCONSEQUENTIAL

Dire disposition that cradles
Redfern's Indigenous icicles
Person's displaced
From Marble Bar
To Morwell
Catching cultural ties
Poverties peculiarities
Brotherhood in bondage
Neglect with needles
Trumpeting triumph
Like rehab renaissance
Centuries colliding
Eyesore indifference
Flags red, black and yellow
Suffice to a symphony
Alice Springs angels
Bad side of black
Lands in limbo
To courts and confusion

By David Seddon



Art by 'Tiny'

Bang, click, locked in tight
No loved one to kiss good night
No one to tuck me in
Life inside did begin

Shower? When
See an officer then
Greet the men in the yard
Some in for years doing it hard

Violence, anger, hatred abounds
Stone walls and barbed wire surrounds
There's a fine line between the blue and the green
The taking and sharing of drugs goes unseen

Loneliness and thoughts can kill you
Must obey those in blue
Whatever happens you'll get through
At the end of the tunnel is a light
Focus and keep it in sight

I promise you it will be alright

*Untitled poem by Mark Roberts
Mount Gambier Prison, PO Box 1498, SA, 5290*

SOLDIERS OF OUR SONS

Make war for the killing
Fill our children's hands with guns
Treat them just like numbers
Make soldiers of our sons

Furnace fires burn day and night
With the heat of a thousand suns
Out of crucibles molten steel flows
Churning out a million guns

Those big guns rumble in the distance
Steel and lead rain down in tons
The dead outnumber the living
The dead and living are our sons

Make war for the killing
Fill our children's hands with guns
Treat them just like numbers
Make soldiers of our sons

Where are those that start the wars
Do they join in and do they share
Or do they hide in safety
In a well stocked steel and concrete lair

And there they wait deep underground
Till the battles are all done
Then they creep out and take a look
To see if the war was won

We have learned no lessons
There are no winners in war
At the end we ask the age-old question
What were we fighting for

We must choose our leaders wisely
For they are the guilty ones
We must do what we can to stop them
From making soldiers of our sons

By De Witt, B

I love my baby girl
She's my entire world
Her name is Zahlia Marie
And she's as cute as can be
I don't want her to grow up like me
I want her to spread her wings and be free

Fuck I miss my mum
I wish she never got that gun
I didn't even get to say goodbye
And now she's an angel in the sky
And I love you mum
You raised one proud son

I lost you at the age of nine
And now you're in heaven drinking wine
I've still got the scar
From the morning we crashed that car
We were speeding
Next minute Grant was bleeding
Why am I still alive
I should have been the one that died

I have no love for cops
And don't even get me started on DOCS
My stomach used to grumble
Because I grew up in the jungle
And now I'm ready to rumble
But I'm still staying humble

I just want to be a good man
And yes Paper Chained I'm your biggest fan
All you haters better hide
You can't compete with my crew
We're all like lions in the Zoo

I grew up having bad dreams
And now I'm wearing greens
I've lived a life of crime
I guess that's why I'm still doing time

Untitled poem by Dale McGovern



Art by Jayde Farrell

EXPRESSIONS

It's been a long time since I've written a verse, every time I pick up a pen to write my head hurts, my violent acts have left me feeling like a dirty cur, I met the devil on the dance floor and began to flirt, next thing I know blood stains my hands and shirt.

I've always been alone, my parents, strangers, it was only when I was high was when I feel amazing, so I'd jack or grab a cup and begin that foolin', looking back at my past, it's all so fake I feel as though I was destined not to make it.

They got me up on charges of a crazy kind, from torture to dep lib and a stabbing I can see your eyes, I psych'd out over fuckin lies, coming down from a bender on that shabby pipe, distress depression crashed in overnight, broken bones stab wounds crushed hearts and teary eyes...

What kind of example do I set for my children, lad they are great kids, I have never been in their lives yet they ain't filled with hatred.

I grew up with hatred for my father cause he was never there, in the underworld by his mates they considered him a great man, they knew him well yet as a father-son relationship I never got that same chance, then in twenty-fourteen he drew his last breath.

You can judge me all you want for my drug intake, I give the standard excuse, Bud it buries the pain, I guarantee you if you walked in my shoes for a day, so these are my expressions from my heart to a page.

I used to cut myself coz the sting and the blood would partially distract me from the pain in my heart, then for a while my therapy was tattoos instead of a cut, what kind of example do I set my cubs, to replace pain with pain is no way to move on.

I can't say I'm any better wouldn't that all be a lie? How long ago did I give that left wrist a slice? Temporary release for that torment inside.

At a young age my mother dropped me off at the DOCS office, growing up like that mistake nobody wanted, the kids at school with their happy families, though mine was far from it.

Everyday a struggle to keep straight faced to my friends while I struggle silently with the demons in my head, talk about it, I've tried, but the pain don't subside or become any less, at the end of each day though I've gave it my best, and my lyrics are the way I express and get this shit off my chest.

I can't remember a time I've ever felt this way, now this struggle becomes fatal and is more than growing pains, I watch my mind fade, as reality slips away, its taken most of my life to forgive my mother, but I do now and I thank her for the birth of my two kid brothers.

So you can judge me all you want for my drug intake, I give the standard excuse lad it buries the pain, I guarantee you would trip if you walked in my shoes for a day, these are my expressions from my heart to a page.

DEEP BREATH

I'm feeling faded, from the drugs I've been taken, no hospitals or psych wards got a bed vacant. Serious violent criminal they claim, locked away from my little boy.

I'm 27, I turned it in a segro cell, all these years locked behind bars got me feeling like a kid still, my heart shattered from the absence of my new son, tell me kids don't kill, once a young lad with dreams destroyed in these killing fields. In you I see my heart cause you're everything I have and need, it breaks my heart to see those fuckin tubes that help you breathe, its been many years since anything could bring your daddy to his knees, but I'm sick with anxiety, every time I hear your machine beep, born into that chaos with your tiny squeaks, I love you baby boy, you and mummy set me free.

I feel this pressure in my chest, and everyone telling me to take a deep breath, anxiety that's killing me, my heads a fuckin mess, the photos on the wall a symbol of the pride I possess, I can never relax until you take a deep breath.

Mummy tries to comfort me and tell me that it's laziness, but I'm not stupid Daddy knows what causes death, so every night in the darkness of this prison bed, you're the last thought that goes through my head, my little lion-cub , you're the key to my heart, such a brave little boy you have all my love, I can't wait for that day I hold you in my arms, I pray for you and mum, my little prince with the tribal name O' Reilly, I promise the day comes when you'll be reigning king. All I ask is that you try to breathe.

I feel this pressure in my chest, and everyone telling me to take a deep breath, anxiety that's killing me, my heads a fuckin mess, the photos on the wall a symbol of the pride I possess, I can never relax until you take a deep breath.

For many years a thug roll deep with the crew, blood wet hands and red splattered shoes, no care or empathy for the victims as I broke their hearts in two. I cared for no man till I saw the pain you're going through, holding your breath and you're tiny body turning blue, fuck little cub, I wouldn't know what to do if we ever lost you.

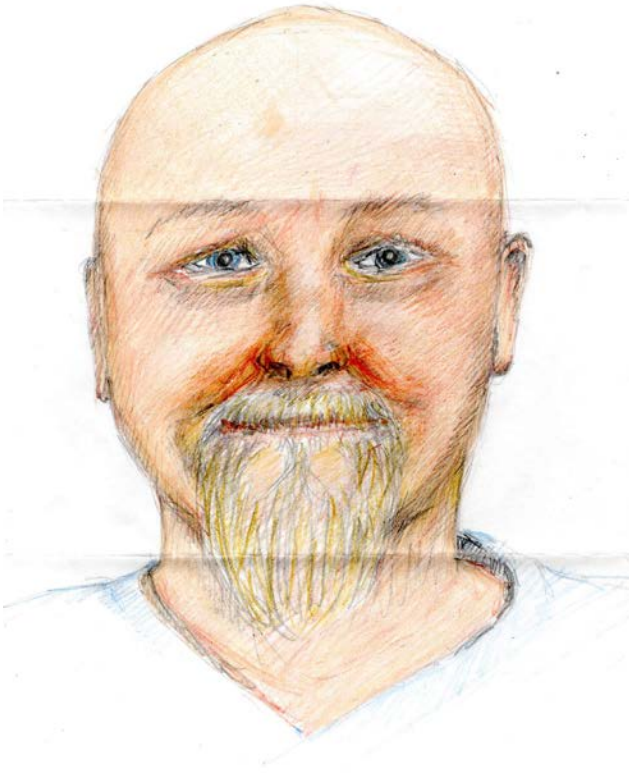
Breathe baby, take a deep breath.

*Songs by Jaxan Khalil O'Reilly, E14512
AGCC*

*Locked Bag 1300
Archerfield QLD, 4108*

Author's note: my baby is perfectly able to breath now but still has minor complications, due to a three-and-a-half-month premature birth. Praise God.

'Expressions' has been edited by the author to remove names.



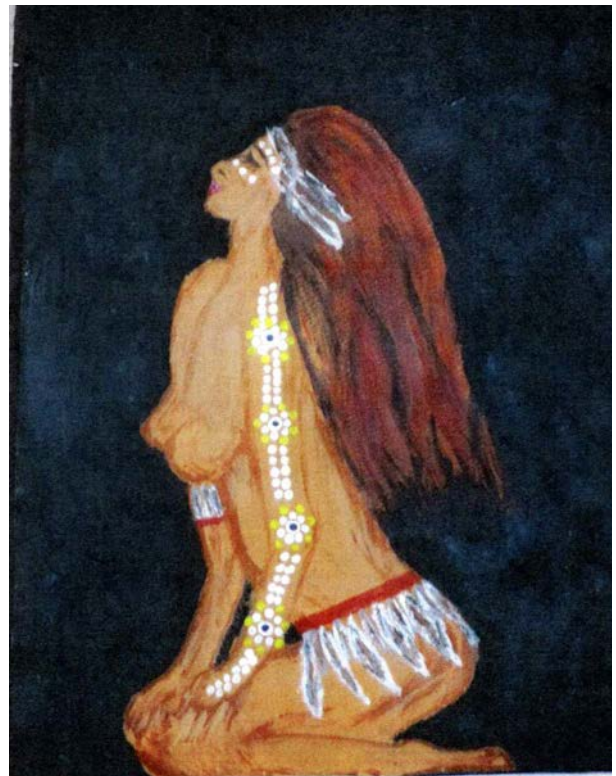
Art by David John Gay #1994511
Rolleston Prison
PO Box 45, Rolleston, New Zealand, 7643



Art by Cameron Terhune, AD0786
California Training Facility North
PO Box 705, Soledad, CA, 93960, USA



Art by Stanley



Art by Kelly Flanagan #219454
DPFC
PO Box 497, St Albans, Victoria, 3021

CHANGING THE NARRATIVE

BY JEFFERY A. SHOCKLEY

We cannot consider ourselves to be abolitionists, yet work to uphold the system we're said to be abolishing, especially when we continue to drain our communities every 15-minute collect phone call; messages sent, letters posted asking, often demanding JPays like the addict stealing Christmas presents from the children we claim to love.

If I may respond in my own words concerning accountability. Why must something devastatingly destructive have to occur in our lives before a better perspective of life and love is achieved?

From the beginning of time violence has been written of; warriors hailed for, nations and communities obliterated by and individuals and their families, as represented by the increasing numbers of men and women in Pennsylvania's prisons, continue to be negatively impacted in and by this sad affair. All to what end or benefit?

I often hear much emphasis placed on unjust laws, and I am not denying this, or denying that particular communities are targeted by the police. However, rarely is it that an individual takes responsibility or accountability for their choice made along the way. It's too often 'someone else's fault' whether it be 'I was framed' or 'the laws are not fair,' or the guy returning to prison who says, 'My parole officer had it out for me.'

Driving around in an illegal unregistered vehicle and getting pulled over by the police who sense something wrong does not make an unjust law the reason for someone being in prison. Being Black perhaps contributes to a heap of unjust, unfair treatment, our history has been impacted by and this forever. Consider that the out-of-date inspection sticker or absence thereof is what caught the cops attention. The destruction of the community is far greater impacted by the absence of strong mature Black men taking responsibility for the babies produced. A new generation is killing each other over trauma, which creates a feeling of disrespect to the elders who've overcome far greater odds than a current young mind could possibly fathom.

But who wants to hear such rational truth when it's easier to find fault with each other or blame someone else for the situation we find ourselves in? Why is it okay for you to do what you want or feel freely entitled to do but others can't or shouldn't? In or outside of prison there are rules, but we see individuals, myself included, who choose to ignore them for their own want or gain; then complain when the authority appointed over us has to do their job.

Because of COVID-19 the housing units remain in cohorts. I hear someone say, 'I don't want to give any of these people a reason to say anything to me.' However, observation shows some who take it upon themselves to disregard the rules and then complain when a misconduct is written for being in an unauthorized area. When you were not supposed to be out of the cell at that time.

Perhaps it is not fair that I speak on such things because if I was being responsible within my own life perhaps I would not be here myself. Where the narrative changes is where I am accepting responsibility for my actions, holding myself accountable to the very people who continue to invest in me. Blaming no one but myself.

It wasn't poor parenting, childhood assaults or racist police that caused my imprisonment. There were many things done in my young adult life I got away with, or so I thought. Talking with my mom on a visit, or my siblings, 'I knew that' managed to be said several times.

Continued disregard for others and the law when I was older sent me to prison more times that I care to admit, this is the first state bid, a life sentence. So I do not claim or propose to be better than anyone and certainly not perfect. Who among us is?

It is through the trials and tribulations, not in my own life, but which I have caused to many others that compelled change. Witness life changes when one accepts responsibility, accepts accountability, for the actions they alone take and become free to grow through their own traumas to better impact the world around.

No matter how small it may seem to be or how wide you wish it was, a prison cell does not have to dictate or limit the greatness one can achieve, or set boundaries one can or cannot go beyond. Our past got us here, but from here the future can be much brighter than for someone not bound behind these prison gates. The only limitations we have are those we impose upon ourselves.

In 23 years in this controlled environment of incarceration, I have received one misconduct resulting in 30 days in the Restricted Housing Unit around 2008.

This is not to boast, rather to demonstrate that as the environment is conducive to violence and negativity it is upon oneself to rise above such and have a life free from its consequences. I try to honor others in the way I live my life today.

Some may not agree with such humility, that it is prison and I should be more radical. I put myself here. Prison can be the platform on which excellence can be achieved and performed by renewing of the mind and surrendering to the reality.

Acknowledging 'I placed myself here' changes the narrative and accountability on my life.

*By Jeffery A. Shockley - ES4796
SMART COMMUNICATIONS/PADOC SCI-FAYETTE
Po Box 33028, St Petersburg, Florida 33733, USA*

HIDDEN AGENDA

BY SKS-762

'You can never start a sentence with AND,' said my English teacher. 'AND why not?' was my wry reply. Maybe that is where it started. My father called it the 'exuberance of youth,' the courts would later refer to it as the start of 'antisocial personality disorder.'

'I was born in the wrong country,' my uncle would say, Australia really isn't the place to be if you have a genuine passion for shooting sports. What other sport is so political, so polarising. A birth in Texas may have led me to legitimacy as opposed to becoming a down-right outlaw. Weekly shooting competitions at school and army cadets every Friday night galvanised my beliefs. Perhaps that is why it's so hard now. Doing time in jail is just boring, the real struggle is rationalising how I got here.

A career in the military seemed apt at the time, back when I knew little. I think as we age and a lot of us look back, that's when if we are honest, we regret. I regret being so ignorant. Iraq and Afghanistan. What a monumental cluster fuck. A lot of us went in bright-eyed and bushy tailed, just like every other brainwashed gunman that went before us.

In between giving diabolical local warlords hard US currency and helping them traffic their heroin across the country, it's no wonder that most of us began to question ourselves and our core purpose of being there. 'The ends justify the means,' was the quiet axiom that was spoken. My government paid me to run guns and drugs, because 'all is fair in love and war.' Another pithy platitude. So I sit here in prison for doing the exact same things in my homeland. Seems like the old crown doesn't like it too much when you apply your training in the civilian world.

Hindsight. What did I really learn about truth? About human suffering and indignity? I learnt that we are the children of warfare, our genetic pool stands on the shoulders of those most violent. I am who I am through bellicose bloodshed, my distant forebears slayed many that I should live. Lands were seized for me by force of arms. I was gifted what is not rightfully mine.

Yes, murder still crosses my mind. Who are they to tell me the days of conquest are over, thou shalt not kill, unless it is *en masse* and government certified. Praised will I be in victory, or remembered in dignity through death. Yes, pin another medal to my chest.

I miss the bolt slamming closed. An intertwined belt of steel brass copper and lead. Powder sparks like symphony in slow motion, cutting down the enemy in *Tarin-Kowt*. Time stops, metal compounds shred flesh and bone in majestic flames and cataclysmic thunder. Glorious.

I will tell you the truth. Truth was our enemy was determined, the rules of war were over, there is no room for second place in battle. Gas was deployed in breach of conventions. Don't worry it will only make you cry. Its ethereal grey mist suits the sombre slaughter. Yes, I'll choke the life out of these

animals I thought. I've been indoctrinated to hate them, you are not human, lesser beings. Suffocate and die. We love to hate. So that is war. That is what we did. But the question is, How do I feel about it all now from inside this cell?

Well, I survived and at the time I thought I'd won. Victory was ours we were told. We were the righteous, we were the brave. Our way of life was honourable, and of course the enemy's way was not. God has ordained it so. Or so some of us were led to believe. Especially the Yanks. But I feel naked, suddenly. My uniform is gone. They won't give my rifle back. I'm military surplus with an itchy trigger finger. My hands clutch for it, crave it. They made it an extension of me, then banned me from possessing it ever again. Give me just one more 30-shot magazine. Let me hear that melody again, and smell the nitro-cellulose burn.

So we sit now together, the jaded 'winners,' how happy we were. We drink and smoke, some of us inject heroin through our vicious blood. Chemicals we once helped smuggle, that same blood we now wish we spilt. We will remember them, lest we forget.

My regret grows, pain becomes melancholic numb. Empty vessels deleted. Obsolete men past their used by date. It's hard for me to rationalise it all now, but in truth, as time passes in here things become clearer. Jail will grant you clarity if you let it. I don't blame anyone for my choices. I made executive decisions at the time when I thought my actions were justified. Those choices led me to prison.

I tried to fit back in when I left the military. Made a few attempts at adapting to what is deemed the normal life. But nothing is ever normal again after you have shot a man at point blank range through the face and you learn to celebrate such a feat. Combine that with the numerous other rotten things I had done, is it any wonder that a life of crime was inevitable. Crime felt natural, homogeneous even. You would think that a life of regiment and taking orders would have set me straight. In reality it gave me the tools I needed to wage my own private war against the system that took my innocence from me. The irony is that the underworld is really an honest life, because you are taken purely on your merits. Your word is your bond, no messy contracts required. Bullets are bonds in this world.

Drugs are funny things. It's crazy how we are all conditioned to be repulsed from illicit substances from a young age when, once again, the truth is that it is all an act of social engineering. Drink all you want, take your antidepressants, but cocaine? I worked out over time what another war really was. The 'War on Drugs' once you cut away all the bullshit, it's really an excuse for the elite to maintain a paramilitary intelligence agency in society that can be morally justified. Legalise drugs and a lot of powerful people will suddenly be unemployed.

By 'SKS-762', a NSW prisoner

ARTIST INTERVIEW

WITH JAMES MUTUGI

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

It's the day before the Cure Conference is set to begin in Nairobi, Kenya, and I'm sightseeing at the National Museum. In the museum's gallery, I notice a striking painting of a prisoner working underneath a truck, under the watchful eye of guards. 'Mechanic Prisoner' the piece is called, by James Mutugi, a former prisoner. 'I want to tell the stories that die inside the walls of prison that would otherwise not have emerged to reach out to ex-convicts to heal,' James' profile next to his painting reads. His Instagram handle is provided, and I send him a message.

James meets me at the museum's cafe. He brings a huge smile and a package of paintings with him. Some are of Kenyan wildlife, but not surprisingly, many are prison-themed. 'This one is an escapee,' he tells me, referring to a man in 'Zebra' the standard Kenyan pinstripe prison uniform. 'He is on a bicycle and he doesn't know where he's going, but freedom is better than silver and gold. The painting is called Escaping.'

I've never been quite so keen to buy a painting, immediately knowing it's going to be the cover art for our next issue. James tells me his story over lunch. 'I went to prison in 2008,' he says, telling me he committed a minor robbery. 'But the police officer said that I had a knife, which was fiction, so [the charge] became robbery violence section 296. If I was found guilty I could be sentenced to hanging, but the case went well and I was sentenced to 10 years.'

Corruption is high in Kenya. As I saw myself, police will ask for bribes just to allow you to continue down the street you were driving on. The more serious charges the police can bring, the earlier they are eligible for promotion. I'm amazed James considers 10 years for minor theft to be a positive outcome, though I remind myself that half the people in prison here are serving life-sentences for crimes that would only attract the punishment of a few years in Australia. It's my first time on the African continent, and while some areas are affluent and don't look much different from home, the poverty and desperation of many people is often in plain sight, and also reflected in James' art.

'This one is of someone resisting the police and protesting due to the high cost of food,' James continues, showing me a painting of two police officers in blue dragging another man away. 'One of my friends was demonstrating and was caught by the police.'

James has had a long history of making art, and surviving poverty. As a child he lived on the streets after his parents separated, but was taken into a missionary centre, where he began drawing at the age of nine. He won an art award in 1995, and used the proceeds to pay for his own high school education after he left the centre to live with his aunt.



'Life became harder then,' he tells me, 'I started snatching things from people because I could not bring myself to tell my aunt I needed things.' James eventually went to live on his own, and got his first job as an office messenger.

'The job was not in my heart because I didn't love it, I loved painting. I didn't do anything wrong at my job, but payment was slow and there was no annual increments [in pay], so I left and started taking people's things by robbery instead.' After he was caught, he was sent to Kamiti Maximum Security Prison.

I'm keen to hear first-hand what the conditions in Kenyan prisons are like, and James is happy to talk. 'There might be 13 people in a room made for six. Maybe you get a rug in prison, and you sleep on the rug. If you have money, you can buy a mattress. There are no toilets, only buckets. You get porridge in the morning, maybe this size,' he tells me, pointing to a small round salt-shaker on the table. 'For lunch they will give you a bit of flour and warm water. For dinner, you get a few beans. They served the beans to us on a palette knife, like they use in masonry. This is not good, the beans drop everywhere.' He mimics the ordeal with his hands and we can't help but laugh at the absurdity.

'There are problems between the prisoners and guards. The guards make maybe 10-15,000 Kenyan shillings a month (\$110-165 Australian dollars). How can you live on that if you have five children? The guards don't live in good places and they are often angry. Most of them are not friendly.'

While there's clearly some disparity between our prison systems, some things sound disturbingly familiar. 'Healthcare is not good, they do not care. Any problem you have, they just give you aspirin. They don't give you the right treatment to fix the problem. There is no time for psychological treatment or counselling. They only want you to work.'

I'm reminded of my own time inside, where paracetamol was the only thing given to me for 10 weeks of a severe toothache, and where I worked six days a week in a sawmill, though was denied mental health treatment despite repeated requests for it. Unfortunately I learn things are considerably worse for Kenyan prisoners after James shows me his next painting. It is of a prisoner who has climbed up a lamp post. I have to ask what is going on.

'This was someone at my prison who had an ulcer, but the doctor would not help him,' James tells me. 'He has climbed up the post to attract the attention of the prison warder. He needs to draw attention to himself, otherwise he will just be ignored. The prison nurses or doctors aren't interested in helping him, but he hopes maybe the prison warder will take him to the national hospital. I paid 1,000 shillings (\$11) to be taken to the hospital myself once. If you have money, you can get good healthcare, you can get anything.'

Despite a lack of many basic resources, art supplies at the prison were available for a time, but not because the prison provided any. Supplies were provided by the Faraja Trust, a local charity, and James introduced painting to many other prisoners. After about three years inside, James became the first prisoner at Kamiti to paint murals on the walls. Since his release, Faraja Trust has paid him to go back into Kamiti to make more murals. There was no pay for his work while

he was incarcerated. We share a joke about the irony that he is now paid to go back and add to the murals he worked on for free while incarcerated.

Painting is now James' full-time job. 'The only days I don't paint is when I'm going to other people's exhibitions to learn new styles. My advice for people wanting to paint is not to think about the money or how you will sell something. Don't worry about the market, worry about materials. Once you get materials, work slowly so that you do something beautiful that has a message for people. If the message is good, people will come from all over to meet you, even from other countries,' he smiles. I ask him where his art will take him next.

'I'm about to start a series about the slums here. A lack of job opportunities leads to people living in the slum, where there is crime and prostitution and poverty. I was born in the slum, but I'm painting prison because I have lived there too. Now I want to start a series about the slum. Everything from how people drink in the slums, work in the slums, bring bread and food in on bicycles and motorbikes. How the rivers are polluted. Prisons and slums are both my stories and I want to share them.'

'I'm also planning to volunteer to teach art in prison as well, but that is very expensive. The prison does not provide materials, I have to bring them.' As we part ways after lunch I'm again reminded of the things we take for granted in Australia, even in prison, and I hope I can find a way to help James bring art to more incarcerated people in Kenya.

James is on Insta and Facebook @wangechijamesmutugi. Please get in touch to buy a painting or donate money for art supplies in Kenyan prisons.



AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER

BY SOKON

Part three of the story of Angus Watson, following the debut of this ongoing series in Issue 9.

I said, "But if you tell me who he is I'll be sure to drop in and see him later."
"Get out of the bath." He said. "A bit of privacy." I said, gesturing for them to turn around. "Get out of the bloody bath!" He yelled, pointing his gun at me to remind me that he was serious.

The woman ran out the door. One of the men walked over to the chair and snatched up my gurbelt. "Don't want you getting any clever ideas." He said. "I don't think with my gurbelt." I replied.

How was I going to get out of this one, I asked myself. My guess was that these two men were part of the Chandler gang, and I had a feeling that the boss didn't want to do too much talking.

I scoped the room in hope of finding a weapon, but no luck. "Hurry up!" Yelled one of the men. I got out of the bath and got dressed. As I put my coat on I could feel that it was heavier on one side. "Move it." Said one of the men gesturing toward the door with his gun. I reached in to the right side pocket of my coat to see what the weight was. Durcan's gun.

I slowly walked towards the door and aimed the gun up towards one of the men's head. I didn't want to risk a body wound and get shot myself. Bang! Splat. Bang! Splat. The two men fell to the floor leaving blood, hair and brains to slide down the wall on either side of the doorway. "Thank you Durcan." I said to myself. I put Durcan's gun back in my pocket, picked up my gurbelt and put it on.

The door flew open and slammed against the wall. Bang! I drew my gun and aimed at the doorway. "Woe woe!" Yelled the sheriff with his hands up as if to block the shot. "I don't think your hands are going to stop a bullet." I said as I holstered my gun. "I see you're still making friends." He replied.

The Asian woman pushed passed the sheriff and hurried in through the doorway. "Such a mess. Who clean mess up?" She looked up at me and pointed. "This your mess! You clean up mess!" She then hurried back out the door mumbling something I didn't understand. "I'll get

someone to clean this up." Said the sheriff. "And if you're going to keep taking out the garbage for me, we're going to get to know each other pretty well, you may as well call me Mitch. Come on I'll buy you a drink."

As we walked up the street I said. "I'm not going to keep taking out the garbage for you Mitch." "Why not, you're so good at it." He replied. I smiled and then explained. "I'm heading out of town first thing in the morning. I have to catch up to the murderer I'm hunting." We both stopped walking and Mitch took on a serious tone. "Angus, a friend is riding in to town tomorrow and I think you should meet him, can you stay a bit longer?" I thought for a moment then answered. "If I stay alive long enough I'll hang around to meet your friend, but then I'm moving on." "Fair enough." Agreed Mitch.

I noticed that we were standing at the front of the hotel. "I'll have that drink with you another time Mitch, I think I'll get some sleep instead." I said. "O.k." Replied Mitch. "Come over to the office when you wake."

A moment after I stepped into the hotel, the lady behind the bar yelled out to me. "Do you want a drink handsome?" "No thanks." I yelled back and headed up stairs.

I woke to the sun hitting my face through the window. To my surprise I had a good, uninterrupted, night's sleep. I wanted to ride out of town but I told Mitch I would meet his friend, and I always stick to my word. When I got down stairs I saw the same woman behind the bar as the day before. "Do you want a coffee handsome?" She yelled out to me. "No thanks, and my name's Angus, not handsome." I replied. "Are you staying another night?" She asked. "I'm not planning to." I answered as I walked out the door.

Up the road I could see Mitch rocking on the two back legs of a chair at the front of the sheriff's office. I started walking towards him but then stopped. Further up the road a figure came into view, a man riding a chestnut horse. He was wearing a black hat and a long black coat. He had a gunslinger look to him, maybe another one

of the Chandler gang, definitely not a farmer.

I had stopped at the front of the general store. My hand had instinctively dropped to my gun and my little finger was twitching. I looked around to make sure I wasn't getting ambushed, and I couldn't see anything that could have been a threat.

The gunslinger stopped at the sheriff's office, got off his horse, walked over to Mitch and shook his hand. It must be the friend Mitch told me about, I thought. They talked for a few minutes and then they looked over at me and Mitch gestured for me to go over.

I walked over to them and before Mitch could introduce the man I recognized who he was. "Your Mideast Mick, the sure shot Bounty hunter." I said. He held out his hand and I shook it. "And your Angus Watson. You've got a reputation of never giving up on your bounty." He said. "And you never miss yours." I replied. "Now that the introductions are done, let's go inside." Said Mitch.

When we got inside Mitch poured us each a glass of whisky. "Never too early for a heart starter." He said and then we downed the drinks and he poured us another one. "Mick, tell Angus why your here." Said Mitch. "Mitch got word to me that he was having troubles with a gang. When I looked into the gang members I found out that there were a few in the gang that I was chasing, so I thought I would come and give Mitch a hand." Then Mitch added. "And seeing as your here..." I interrupted Mitch knowing what he was about to say. "It's not going to happen Mitch, I'm several days ride behind my bounty and I've got to make up some time." "Maybe not." Said Mick. "I know your hunting Clarke and I know why, Angus. Word is, he's joined their gang."

I had no idea of how Mick knew who I was hunting or how he knew that Clarke was part of the Chandler gang, but the news changed my plans. Mick continued. "By helping us, you help yourself." He had a point.

I downed my whisky and sat on a chair facing Mitch's desk.

At that point I noticed that the two cells in the room were empty.

"Where's Duncan?" I asked. "I let him go this morning." Answered Mitch. "Are you nuts?" I snapped. "He's part of a gang that wants me dead and you just let him walk out the door?!" Mitch shrugged his shoulders. "He's only here for disturbing the peace, I had no reason to hold him."

"We don't have time for you to blow your nose Angus." Interrupted Mick. "Dry your eyes. I hear that the gang has 31 members and at least 10 of them are hardened gunslingers." "28." Said Mitch. "Angus has killed 3 since he rode into town." "Couldn't wait for backup?" Asked Mick sarcastically. "I didn't plan on killing anyone, I just wanted a bath." I answered.

Mick turned his attention to a plan. "I know where they are but thanks to you Angus we may not have to chase them, I think they will be coming here." "Sure Mick, I don't mind being bait." I said with a sarcastic tone. "I don't want anything to happen in town, I have to protect the town's people." Said Mitch. "Fair enough." Said Mick. "So we set Angus up in a hut out of town."

I was about to argue the point of being bait, but we all went silent when we heard several horses coming into town. "Sounds like 5." Said Mick. "Some more of your friends Angus?" Asked Mitch. "It sounds like they stopped near the hotel." I said. We looked out the windows and saw five men on horseback facing the hotel. "Spot on 5, you've got a good ear Mick." I said.

One of the men yelled. "Gunslinger, get out here now!" "Do you think he's referring to you?" Asked Mick. "I'm not the only gunslinger in town." I answered. "You're the only one they know of." He said. The man yelled again. "Get out here now or we're com'in in after you." "I don't want anyone in that hotel getting hurt Angus." Said Mitch. "O.k, I've got an idea." I said.

Not really happy about the idea I had, I walked out the door and on to the street. Facing the direction of the five men, I yelled out. "I'm over here stupid!"

CHAPTER FOUR CONTINUES IN ISSUE 12, DUE FOR RELEASE IN DECEMBER 2023

A HISTORY OF PRISON NEWSLETTERS: THE GRADUATE

From 1968 till 1975, Ray Mooney was incarcerated at Pentridge Prison in Victoria. Damien Linnane talks to him about his experience as the editor of the prison's short-lived magazine, *The Graduate*.

I've been told you were the first prisoner in Australia to complete a university degree while incarcerated, can we start there?

I think that's actually what led to me eventually creating *The Graduate*. So I was the first person to both start and complete university. There was a guy about four years before me who started a degree with Melbourne University, but he only did one subject; the prison didn't want to get lumbered with helping him do the course by correspondence. When I went inside in 1968, there was no courses that allowed prisoners to study university by correspondence.

But my attitude was that I should do as much study as possible because when you're assessed for parole, that was one of the key factors they measured, so I set out to find a degree by correspondence. There was nothing in Australia in 1968. The only places I could find doing degrees by correspondence were the University of London and the University of South Africa. I applied for London first, but it was clear they didn't really want crims studying with them, but they also couldn't officially tell me that. So first they said my qualifications weren't good enough and I'd have to complete the British O Level, which was their equivalent of the HSC. So I did, I studied for a year, completed the O Level with a top pass, and then I applied again.

And then they said the only degree I was eligible to apply for was law, which was fine with me. But then they told me I would need to be approved by one of the Inns of Court to study, and one thing they judged approval on was your moral character, so they'd never approve me as a prisoner. By that stage I'd already started applying through the University of South Africa. They weren't very keen on letting me study either. They said I could study, but only on the condition I completed the exams in Afrikaans, the version of Dutch that the white South Africans spoke. I said that was fine, but then three months later they told me the only place I could complete the exams was in Canberra, and obviously I couldn't attend exams there. So in the end I couldn't do anything through either of them. Eventually, I found a social science diploma I could do in Western Australia, then I was able to upgrade that to do an Associateship, and finally a bachelor's degree through La Trobe University. It took me five years in total to get the degree.



Ray Mooney outside B Division of Pentridge Prison in 2017. Photo by Rupert Mann, shared under CC BY-SA 4.0 licence.

That's really fascinating for me to hear, because I wanted to start a degree in prison too, but I couldn't as there was no internet and next to no computer time available, and courses are only run online these days. I assumed correspondence courses would have been much easier in the 60s and 70s.

No I was fighting a real battle to study, nobody wanted to open the door to help prisoners back then either.

So how did *The Graduate* come about?

I used to work in a section in prison called Amenities. We arranged all the hobby materials for the prison, and all the entertainment and activities. My job was to organise, arrange activities, and to make certain anyone coming into the prison could get what they needed without any hassles. But no matter what you arranged, there were screws in the prison who always wanted to make things as hard as possible. It was really difficult to get things happening on an organised level because back in my day, we were always fighting what we called 'ball and chain' energy. Pentridge in those days was split up into different divisions, and it was individual divisions that determined what would be available to inmates. I was first put into A division, which had access to all the educational facilities. It was comprised of mostly first-time prisoners or long-timers who never rocked the boat. Opposite us was B division, where the recidivists and heavies were. They were the people who probably needed help and rehabilitation the most, and they

were denied access to it, whereas in A division, which was full of people who were most likely never to return to prison, we had access to everything available. I always thought that was madness, a complete paradox.

But that's how it works, and as a result of being involved in activities and organising prisoners entertainment and all the hobby materials, I got a really good overview of how the prison worked because I had access to everything, and I could see that prison was set up in a way that almost reinforced the status that if you were sent to prison you were more likely than not to return after your release. That ongoing state was reinforced by the way the actual prison system itself operated, and no one was prepared to get in the way of that. And during my time there was that 'ball and chain' attitude displayed by a large group of screws who set out to try and prevent anything that interrupted how things operated. So it was really hard to get anything happening that would be accessible to everyone in the prison.

There used to be a prison magazine at Pentridge called *Stockade*, which had been run by the education department. It was full of religious people talking about how you were only going to become a good person if you started believing in what they were preaching. It was just a mouthpiece for the prison system and religious fanatics. The prison had complete control of it and the crims absolutely hated it. It shut down not long before I went in, partially because it was so unpopular with the crims, but the educational teachers also found it a burden to make, and the screws had always been against us having any voice whatsoever, so there was no encouragement to have it continued. But the governor at the time, Ian Grindlay, was always disappointed that it shut down, because its existence had been such great PR for the prison.

So in 1968–69, there were disputes within the prison about conditions like food, medical facilities, and the parole

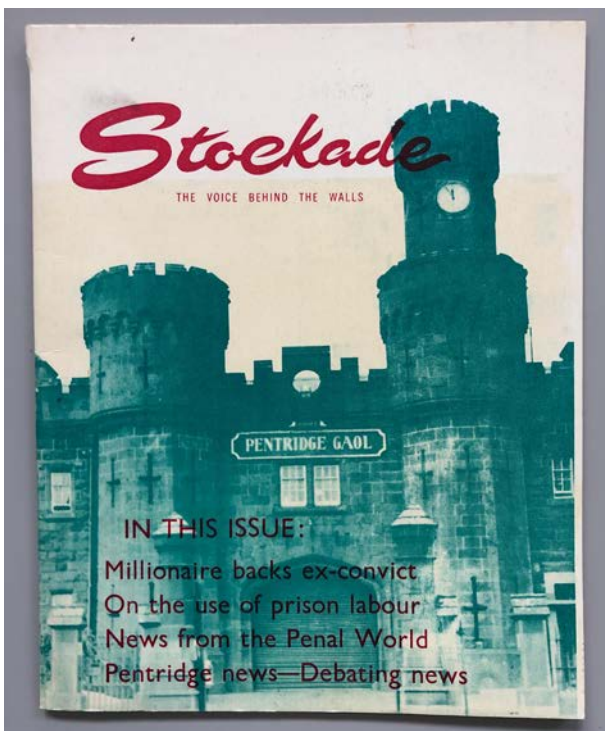
system. And of course, the one thing we were never allowed to talk about, which was brutality in H division, which was the punishment division. Everyone who went through H division was brutality beaten by the screws. H division was probably one of the worst places on the planet in terms of how you were treated. Now, in 1969, I was voted by A division to be one of two prison representatives on the Prisoners Representative Committee (PRC), which met once a month with Grindlay, the governor. Prisoners could only make complaints through a PRC representative. Among my job roles was recording the minutes for each session. The minutes had to be sent to Grindlay for approval before they could be sent around to all the division noticeboards.

Grindlay got to know me. He knew I was the only person studying at university, and he asked if I'd be prepared to resurrect the magazine. Because I was then into the degree in social science, that was my third or fourth year, I liked the idea of working on a magazine so that I could transfer what I'd learned studying into something constructive. But I was hesitant because I knew why the old one had been so hated. So I told Grindlay I'd only do it on the condition I had editorial control, which he agreed to.

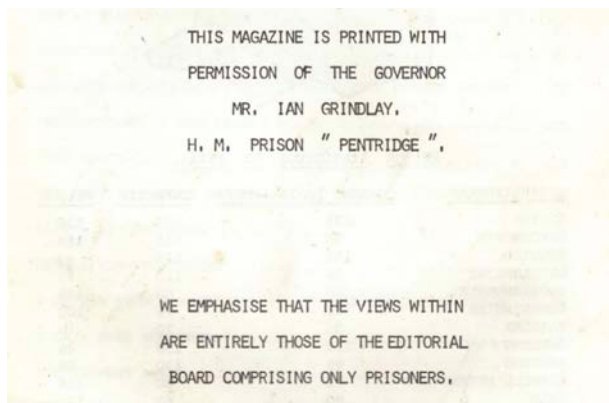
The biggest concern among prisoners at the time was the parole system, so that's what I decided to focus the first issue on. It was a terrible system. For example, if you were paroled and had three years to serve, and you successfully serve two years, 11 months without committing any breach, if your parole was then cancelled you'd have to serve the whole three years again in prison. You weren't given any consideration whatsoever for the two years 11 months parole you'd successfully completed. So there was a lot of hatred for the parole system, but I knew if I wanted to criticise it, I'd have to be very careful about how I went about it. You had to know how to write about it in a way where it didn't look as if you were complaining against parole, but rather you were discussing it in a way where your concerns would be relevant and taken into consideration.

Simultaneously there was an issue at Pentridge that just offended me as a person, and that had to do with the way our psychiatric prisoners were treated. Psychiatric prisoners were housed indefinitely in G Division, and needed approval from the prison psychologist to be released. That psychologist was Allen Bartholomew. He died back in 2004, but he started the *Australian and New Zealand Society of Criminologists*, which is still active today. He was also known for the now-discredited theory that violence was related to males who had an extra Y chromosome. He believed people convicted of violence should be tested to see if they had XYY chromosomes. So he was running tests in G division of all the people who had been found not guilty on the grounds of insanity. Technically prisoners in G division could refuse to partake in his tests, but since he was the only person who was able to sign off on their release, they did whatever he wanted. Bartholomew had unbelievable power over prisoners. He was also brought into H division to deal with any prisoners who were not being compliant. The prison used him to certify anyone they wanted to get rid of as 'insane', at which point they would be transferred to J Ward, the institute for the criminally insane. Time served in J Ward didn't count towards your prison sentence.

Bartholomew was one of the worst people on the planet. He kept so many people in prison unnecessarily if they didn't



The Spring 1965 issue of *Stockade*.



Page 3 of the only remaining physical issue of 'The Graduate'

do what he wanted. So I thought, what can I do about this? So I found a guy in prison, Malcolm, who said Bartholomew openly told him he cancelled his parole because he didn't approve of the way Malcolm was treating a medical condition, which was not a legitimate reason for cancelling parole. The official reason Malcolm was given for parole violation was failing to update his address.

Malcolm wrote an article, 'Past Shock', which I put in the magazine. I went down to the printing shop and told them to print 200 copies as I had the governor's permission to do so, which I did. I then sent the magazine to all the prison's divisions. The next thing I hear is that Bartholomew is tearing his hair out after reading the magazine. He gets in touch with Grindlay and threatens to resign unless all the copies are destroyed. Simultaneously, the parole board aren't happy with the fact I dedicated the first issue of the magazine to criticising them, and the screws all threatened to go on strike on the grounds we shouldn't have the right to a magazine. The crims loved it though, I told them the next issue was going to be about police brutality, which really got them all excited.

Anyway, I get called into Grindlay's office, and it's all very confrontational because everything I printed was very well researched. Nothing was made up, all the research on parole was done from the social welfare department files. There was nothing in the magazine that you could really contest, except for the Bartholomew story by Malcolm. But I did that though having a prisoner outline what happened to him as a personal story, and it didn't mention Bartholomew by name. Essentially, the article was just a case study, so it was very hard to actually get our magazine in trouble because all we had done was report exactly what had happened to Malcolm. But they ended up sending screws around to all the divisions to confiscate and destroy every magazine, and obviously I wasn't allowed to make another issue. I secretly kept my original copy, which is the only one that still exists today. Unfortunately my remaining copy didn't have a cover though. The original cover was just white with *The Graduate* and the date written on it in blue.

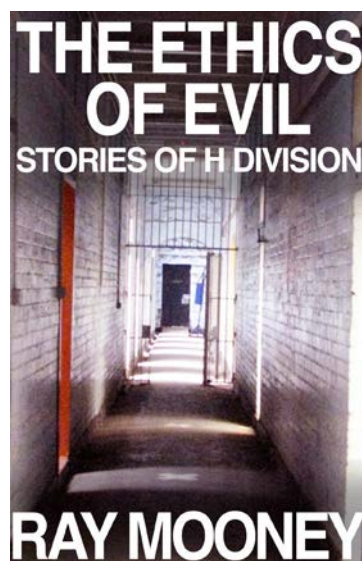
Even though he backed down to pressure and confiscated the copies, I've always had respect for Grindlay. I think he was a genuinely good governor. But he was hamstrung by the screws union, which prevented a lot of the changes he wanted to make. But he was a genuine reformist, and was able to bring about some really good changes, like introducing a lot of night education classes. Ironically, they

ended up starting up a prison magazine at Pentridge again years after I got out. This time they just called it *Stockade* again. Pentridge Stockade was actually the original name of the prison itself.

That's an incredible story, unfortunately a lot of prison magazines don't last very long, but most do get more than one issue. Can you tell our readers what you do now?

I'm a writer. I write every day. My book *A Green Light* is based on my experience in prison, everything from the activities such as the debating club to how security worked. And one of my other books, *The Ethics of Evil*, covers the total history of H Division, including the findings of the 1972 Jenkinson Inquiry, which uncovered a lot of the abuse that prisoners had been subjected to.

I'll definitely have to add those to my reading list. Thanks so much for talking to us today.



Ray Mooney's book about H division of Pentridge prison.

XYX MALES IN A MELBOURNE PRISON

The title of an article Allen Bartholomew co-wrote for the *The Lancet* in January 1968, regarding tests he was performing on incarcerated people at Pentridge prison. His study found that out of 34 tested prisoners, four had XYX chromosomes. Two had been charged with murder and one with attempted murder. The article stated these findings "strongly support[ed]" an association between XYX chromosomes and criminal behaviour.

However, in 1976 a major study was published by renowned psychologist Herman Witkin, which concluded that the XYX chromosome did not have any impact on aggression. It noted major limitations and bias of earlier studies was testing for XYX only in selected areas like prisons, and drawing conclusions from a small number of cases.

In 2015, journalist Estelle Caswell wrote an article in *Vox* about the myth of XYX genes being associated with violence, noting that while the media sensationised initial reports, the theory was later disproved. Caswell concluded that "most scientists, psychologists and criminologists don't place any value on this outdated research."

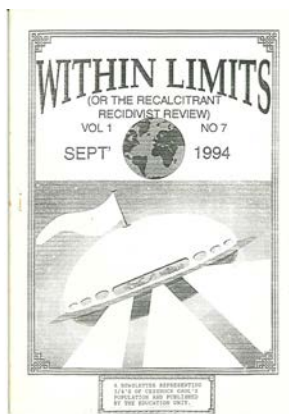
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANY PRISON NEWSLETTERS?

It's often challenging to find information on other prison newsletters, as many produced entirely inside prisons are not distributed to the outside world. So if you know of any prison newsletters, historical or current, have any inside information, or any copies you can send us, please get in touch. The following are the prison newsletters in Australia we have obtained at least one copy of. We are still interested in hearing from you if you have any information about the following, as our collections are often incomplete. We are particularly interested in trying to find a copy of *The Sinking Ship*, a publication at Long Bay in the mid-2000s.

- *The Compendium (NSW) 1912-1945*
- *Welt am Montag (Trial Bay, NSW) 1917-1918*
- *The Centenary (WA) 1929*
- *Stockade (Pentridge, VIC) 1955-1966*
- *Flat Rock Bulletin (Beechworth, VIC) 1955-1966*
- *The Jarrah Post (Freemantle, WA) 1960-1973*
- *Chainbreaker (Yatala, SA) 1963-1965*
- *Neptune / Hesperus (McLeod, VIC) 1964-1968*
- *Academus Jaycees (Freemantle, WA) 1968-1978*
- *Contact (Parramatta, NSW) 1970-1981*
- *The Graduate (Pentridge, VIC) 1973*
- *Verbal (Risdon, TAS) 1973-1980*
- *The Outlet (Wacol, QLD) c. 1973*
- *Inside Out (Long Bay, NSW) c. 1974*
- *Alternative Criminology Journal (NSW) 1975-1981*
- *Vision (Yatala, SA) 1975-1982*
- *Step Ahead (TAS) c. 1976*
- *Prisoner's Voice (VIC) 1976-1979*
- *Time & Life (NSW) c. 1977*
- *InPrint (Long Bay, NSW) 1977-1981*
- *Through the Looking Glass (Alice, NT) 1978-1979*
- *Inside Out (Pentridge, VIC) 1978*
- *Chit Chat (TAS) 1979*
- *Jail News (NSW) 1978-1985*
- *Inside Out (TAS) 1980*
- *Gunn Point Farmer (Gunn Point, NT) 1980*
- *Behind Bars (VIC) c. 1980*
- *Broken Bars (ACT) c. 1980s*
- *The Epistle (VIC) 1981-1985*
- *Goulburn Link (Goulburn, NSW) c. 1981*
- *InLimbo (Long Bay, NSW) 1984-1989*
- *Jail Notes (VIC) 1985*
- *Behind Closed Doors (Fairlea, VIC) 1985-1989*
- *Loose Ends (Long Bay, NSW) est. 1986*
- *Inside Out (Dhurringile, VIC) est. 1986*
- *The Insider (Risdon, TAS) c. 1986-Present*
- *The Magazine (Parramatta, NSW) 1987-1988*
- *Just Us (Beechworth, VIC) 1988-1992*
- *Framed (NSW) 1989-2004*
- *Rogues (Long Bay, NSW) 1989-1990*
- *Gunn Point Gazette (Gunn Point, NT) 1990*
- *Barwon Times (Barwon, VIC) 1990-1993*
- *The Prison Record (VIC) c. 1992*
- *The Rattler (Long Bay, NSW) 1993-1996*
- *Key's Newsletter (Wacol, QLD) c. 1994-1995*
- *Time Out (Long Bay, NSW) 1994-1997*
- *Within Limits (Cessnock, NSW) 1994*
- *The Plainswoman (Emu Plains, NSW) est. 1996*
- *Away (Cessnock, NSW) est. 1996*
- *Baywatch (Long Bay, NSW) 2000-2012*
- *The Insider (Bunbury, WA) 2003-2006*
- *The West Acacian (Acacia, WA) c. 2004*
- *The New West Acacian (Acacia, WA) c. 2004*
- *Just Us (NSW) 2004-Present*
- *Inside Out (VIC) 2016-Present*
- *Insiders News (NSW) 2017-Present*
- *Paper Chained (NSW) 2017-Present*
- *The Inside Scoop (Hopkins, VIC) 2019*
- *Kirkaroo (Kirkconnell, NSW) 2019*
- *The Inside Drop (Hopkins, VIC) c. 2020*
- *Glenhope Newsletter (Ravenhall, VIC) c. 2021*
- *The Razor Watch (Mt Gambier, SA) c. 2022*



The Centenary, 1929



Within Limits, 1994



Kirkaroo, 2019

PAST SHOCK

BY MALCOLM

Editor's note: Considering the extreme lengths Allen Bartholomew went to ensure this article from *The Graduate* in 1973 was never seen, *Paper Chained* has decided to reprint it in its entirety, exactly 50 years after its original publication. Readers are advised the article contains language reflective of the time-period, which may be considered offensive by modern standards.

The following is a story that may shock many. In our attempt to collect empirical data on the workings of the parole system, we sought information from many people who had come into contact with the parole system. Malcolm was one. His story seemed interesting so we asked him to write it. This he did and gave us permission to print it. Although he has been denied parole he thinks that the Board may reconsider his case. In view of this, it was a courageous decision on Malcolm's behalf. When we read it we experienced the drama and sorrow of his tragic story. His story has a lesson and we hope that if you read it, it will help you to recognize similar "screams for help" and it will make you determined to do something about them. The grammatical structure is unaltered, except for a few spelling mistakes, and while we cannot vouch for the validity of the facts we know that Malcolm has made a genuine attempt to tell "his" story. Read his story and look for the lesson. - Ray Mooney

I first came to Pentridge in 1953 after a government psychiatrist recommended a severe sentence. In his report he claimed that I showed no remorse for the terrible crime I had committed against society. The offence; indecent exposure; the sentence three months.

Later I suffered a nervous breakdown due to the traumatic effects of homosexual attacks due to my first stay at Pentridge. As a result of this nervous breakdown, I committed a serious crime for which I was sentenced to six years imprisonment. This was a straight sentence that would normally be served in four and one half years. In 1957 the Parole Board was formed and they imposed a four year minimum on this sentence.

I was transferred to Geelong Prison and it was there I read an article in The Age newspaper that a psychiatric division was almost completed at Pentridge and would soon be opened. I volunteered to be transferred there but was sent back to "G" division after the prison doctor told me that under no circumstances would I be sent there. I accepted his decision at first, but I later became extremely depressed and attempted to castrate myself.

I was in hospital for sixteen days and upon my return I was sent to the labour yards, now "H" division. After I was there two months I asked the prison governor to release me. He told me he could not do this as the prison doctor has placed me there. I requested of this doctor to be released but he angrily refused me. A few days after this I was given a Christmas parcel from my church. It contained a jar. I broke it and slashed my testicles. I was sent to G division on the orders of Mr. Whatmore, the Director of Prisons at the time.

I was given a release date in July 1959, but due to the question being raised as to what guarantee there was of my continuing to take Estrogen tablets, given to me in G division, upon my release, I was given a six months postponement. It seemed such a stupid question to raise, especially as I had volunteered for the treatment in the first place and had endured two months of mental torture in the sincere belief that I was in need of treatment.

I had already reached the breaking point and attempted to cut my throat about two weeks after I received this postponement.

I was released on the 6th January 1960 - a physical and mental wreck. I weighed nine stone and four pounds. I went to the Blood Bank to have my blood tested. I felt something was seriously wrong with me as I had given a pint of blood just before my-release from Pentridge. The woman that tested my blood called in the Blood Bank Doctor: "Have a look at this"; she said. He looked. "You should be dead. How do you feel?" I told him I felt OK, especially after being released from Pentridge after nearly five years.

"I have a good mind to have you put in hospital", he said. He told me I had iron deficiency and lack of male hemoglobin. He gave me some tablets and told me to come back in four weeks. I returned in four weeks and my blood was perfect when tested.

I had, upon my release, started to take Stilboestrol tablets. They were given to me by a sympathetic chemist after I told him how gravely ill I had become after having been given Estrogen injections at Pentridge as a result of the question being raised as to whether I would take tablets voluntary. In actual fact the Parole Board had placed me in a position where I had to take a drug as a condition of my parole. Failure to report as directed for an injection of Estrogen would result in a "breach of parole"; this could easily have suited me had it not been for my own observations of my rapid mental and physical deterioration, also my action upon release to immediately have my blood checked.

It may be suggested by certain people that I am unreliable or untruthful or uncooperative. I suggest that I am none of these things. As to the question of my untruthfulness I would reply that I had no need to tell my parole officer that I had started to take Stilboestrol tablets upon my release, nor did I have to tell the prison psychiatrist. Yet I did tell both of them. Perhaps the reason I did so was to prove that I was reliable and could be trusted to take tablets voluntarily; tablets that did not in any way jeopardise my health and life. That these Stilboestrol tablets in no way affected my health was proved by the fact that in the four short weeks after my release the condition of my blood improved from a state that warranted hospitalization to one of perfection, according to the doctor at the Red Cross Blood Bank.

The actual facts occurring in April 4th 1960, the day my parole was canceled are as follows.

I received a phone call at my work requesting me to attend a meeting of the Parole Board at 10.00 am, 4th April. I did as requested punctually, thus giving the lie to any suggestion that I might be uncooperative with the authorities.

As I stood before the Parole Board my Parole Officer told the Chairman that in his opinion I was living beyond my means. He said, "This man has been out of gaol only eight weeks and he is driving a big Jaguar car".

In my defence of the subtle suggestions behind this accusation, I attempted to tell the Parole Board how I had come to acquire this "envious" piece of transportation honestly and legally. I was given no choice to do so however. I was ejected from the room. A warrant was signed for my return to Pentridge for the unserved portion of my sentence, one year and four months.

On my arrival at Pentridge I was returned to "G" division. I immediately requested to see the prison psychiatrist. He informed me that it was he who had my parole canceled because I was treating myself with Stilboestrol tablets. He made no mention of my address change, the actual "legal" reason for my parole cancellation. It was true that I changed my address and I had a very good reason for doing so. My appointed psychiatrist told me I was a fool to be working twelve hours per day. He also told me I could have another nervous break-down if I continued with these long hours. I tried to explain that I had only been given this job on the understanding that I would work twelve hours each day, I was on parole I could not just flit from job to job as it would appear that I was unreliable. He would not listen to reason and became very angry. He called me a fool and hung up on me. I had telephoned him to let him know how well I was going on parole. I certainly did not expect to be abused. I was afraid, in spite of my efforts to please him, I had done something wrong. Afraid that I might jeopardise my parole, I immediately left this job that required working twelve hours a day and obtained another job that worked a normal eight hour day. Jobs were extremely hard to find due to the credit squeeze in 1960, but I did manage to find a good, clean, light job, working with friendly people in a better suburb. However, it paid only half the wages of the former job and was about twenty-four miles from my parent's home. I had a car, but soon realised that the time spent in heavy traffic in peak hours, through the heart of Melbourne, twice a day, was too time consuming and very wasteful on petrol. I changed my address to one almost opposite the factory where I worked. I had no need to use the car at all. I walked to work. How, in view of my reasons for changing my address, my parole officer could accuse me of living beyond my means is beyond my comprehension.

If I had been allowed to speak in my defense the day I was called before the Parole Board, I would have let the members of the Board know exactly how I came to purchase the second-hand Jaguar car that my parole officer had obviously concerned himself with. The actual reasons are as follows.

I had for the full period of my sentence not purchased a weekly canteen spend. I do not smoke or eat chocolates, so I did not need to spend my prison earnings. It was with these earnings that I purchased a second hand motor car. The express purpose being to restore it to an almost new appearance, so as to get the highest possible allowance as

a trade-in on the Jaguar, I was accused of living beyond my means for this.

It could also be suggested that I changed my address to avoid the authorities. That I was contacted at work by telephone and voluntarily attended a meeting of the Parole Board the following morning would eliminate any doubts that could possibly be suggested along these lines.

According to a booklet given to me entitled "Parole and You" it states clearly that any parolee who through an oversight had forgotten to notify a change of address, is usually dealt with by a reprimand. I served one year and four months. I committed no offence while on parole. I worked so hard in the first two months that my appointed psychiatrist feared that I may have a nervous break-down. In actual fact I very nearly had that when I was brought back to Pentridge.

I was released on the 9th August, 1961. My morale was extremely low. I went back to my former employers who gave me back my job in spite of my sudden disappearance 16 months previously. I had only been there four weeks. Prior to my release I was again placed on the Estrogen hormones, that made me so ill on the previous occasion. I tried to explain this to the psychiatrist but he said take them or leave them. I took them in spite of the risk to my health which at that time was very poor indeed.

I took this treatment voluntarily upon my release, yet I was not on parole as, by this time, I had served every single day of the original six year sentence.

As a result of this treatment I became extremely ill again. I was so ill that on one occasion I had to break my train journey from the city to go to a doctor. I told him I was on Estrogen. "Who the hell has got you on that", he said. I told him and he added, "Any wonder you are sick." He prescribed a tonic and told me not to take any more Estrogen injections, under any circumstances.

Shortly after this I was arrested again for indecent exposure. I told the court the whole story and was placed on two years probation. A condition of this probation was that I regularly visit a Parole Officer, a psychiatrist and the same doctor who told me not to take any more Estrogen. It was this doctor who wrote a letter to the judge who placed me on probation.

I kept this probation and shortly before it was completed, met and married a woman who worked with me. On our wedding night she commented on the unnatural formation of my breasts due to the hormone treatment. I was extremely embarrassed and upon the completion of this probation made no further attempt to obtain hormones. I fear now that it may have been a subconscious fear that prevented me from seeking further hormone treatment. After all I had been severely punished for obtaining it and administering it on the occasion my parole was canceled in 1960.

Over the years in prison I have fully realised that all my attempts to castrate myself and seek hormone treatment are nothing more than a manifestation of a deep guilt complex brought about by the "treatment" that was recommended for me by a government psychiatrist in 1953, for the trivial, childish offence of indecent exposure."

FROM THE VAULT: HISTORICAL WRITING

MISS HEROIN

So now little man you've grown tired of grass
All that damn acid, that cocaine and hash
And someone pretending that he is your friend
Said "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin"
Well honey before you start fooling with me
Just let me tell you how it will be
For I will seduce you and make you my slave
Believe me I've sent stronger men to their grave
You think you could never become a disgrace
And end up addicted to poppy-seed waste
You'll start by experimenting one afternoon
And end up asleep in my arms very soon
Then once I have entered deep in your veins
The craving will drive you nearly insane
You'll need lots of money as you have been told
For darling, I'm more expensive than gold
You'll swindle your mother just for a buck
And turn into someone who's vile and corrupt
You'll mug and you'll steal for the narcotic charms
Then feel so content when I'm in your arms
Then you'll realise the monster inside you has grown
And you'll solemnly swear to leave me alone
But if you think that is easy and you've got the knack
Then sweetie, just try getting me off your back
The vomit, the cramps, your gut in a knot
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot
The hot chills, the cold sweat, the withdrawal pains
Can only be saved by my little white grains
So now you return (just as I foretold)
And I know that you'll give me your body and soul
You'll give me your morals, your conscience, your heart
And now you are mine—Till death do us part.

Editor's note: I first found this poem printed in *Rogues* Volume 1 Number 3, which was released in 1989. *Rogues* was a prison magazine produced at Long Bay's Central Industrial Prison.

This poem, however, has earlier origins. It is read as the title track on the 1970 record *Turning Point: Testimony of Joe Lee Kirkpatrick, Former Heroin Addict*. Kirkpatrick was a former prisoner, though the author of the poem is not given on the record. It appears to have been printed in the 1960s, and many people have claimed authorship over the years. In some cases it is titled 'Take Me in Your Arms.'

A REFLECTION ON THE EFFECT OF IMPRISONMENT

We want them to have self worth,
so we destroy their self worth.

We want them to be responsible,
so we take away all responsibilities.

We want them to be part of our community,
so we isolate them from our community.

We want them to be positive and constructive,
so we degrade them and make them useless.

We want them to be non-violent,
so we put them where there is violence all around them.

We want them to be kind and loving people,
so we subject them to hatred and cruelty.

We want them to quit being the tough guy,
so we put them where the tough guy is respected.

We want them to quit hanging around with losers,
so we put all the losers under one roof.

We want them to quit exploiting us,
so we put them where they exploit each other.

We want them to take control of their own lives,
own their own problems and quit being parasites,
so we make them totally dependent on us.

Written by US District Court Judge Dennis Challeen.

In 1972, Dennis Challeen became the first US Judge to sentence people charged with non-violent crimes to community service instead of prison. Such a practice was unheard of at the time, and while it was initially met with strong opposition from conservatives, the concept proved effective at reducing crime and eventually became commonplace worldwide.

This poem, originally untitled, appeared in Challeen's 1986 book, *Making It Right: A Common Sense Approach to Criminal Justice*.

GIVING VOICE TO THE UNHEARD

THE HUMANS OF SAN QUENTIN STORY



BY DWAYNE ANTOJADO

When one hears the term 'San Quentin,' a number of associations might spring to mind, many of them likely tinged with fear or disdain. San Quentin State Prison in California has long held a notorious reputation as a bastion of some of America's most "hardened criminals." However, one person who worked within those imposing walls saw not just the criminal records, but the humanity beneath the labels. Her name is Diane Kahn. Inspired by the work of Brandon Stanton, who had gained a substantial following with his 'Humans of New York' project, she established 'Humans of San Quentin' (HoSQ). It was an audacious idea, intended to echo the spirit of Stanton's initiative, capturing snapshots of the lives of people within a very different environment. In 2017, during her time teaching inside San Quentin, she was moved by the profound vulnerability of her students – men burdened with trauma, mental illness, and stigmatisation. Each of them had a story, experiences that made them far more than the sum of their crimes. She recognised that the narratives of these individuals were not reaching beyond the prison walls and was determined to address this failing.

Yet, just as humans are not confined by geography, so too, the founder of HoSQ realised that the stories within prison walls were not exclusive to San Quentin. Although its origins were in this single institution, the initiative has grown to encompass a vast network of individuals and prisons. Today, HoSQ maintains contacts with over 1,400 incarcerated individuals in 130 prisons globally. Its reach has extended into prisons in Guatemala City, Medellin, Oslo, Leicester, Dublin and more, corresponding with over 260 prisons worldwide. This breadth is indicative not only of the significant need for such a platform but also of its resonating impact amongst its participants. HoSQ's purpose extends beyond merely chronicling the experiences of incarcerated individuals. It provides a tangible platform for healing, growth, and the potential for change. By sharing these narratives, HoSQ aids in the reintegration process for recently released persons. It also influences communities surrounding each prison to be more understanding and empathetic upon their return.

Jose, a 50-year-old man incarcerated for 28 years in Valley State Prison in California, commented on the powerful impact HoSQ has had on him, saying "Not many people have empathy for those incarcerated for not abiding by rules of society. For most of us, normality was not normal as we come from broken homes, drug-addicted parents, gang-infested and crime-ridden neighbourhoods." This poignant statement underlines the significance of HoSQ's mission, to share the humanity within us all. The act of storytelling can lead to transformation, not just for the storytellers but also for those who engage with these

narratives. Looking forward, the visionaries behind HoSQ have several ambitious goals. They are currently working on the roll-out of their Humans of San Quentin podcast. This medium will delve into community justice initiatives, highlight outstanding San Quentin community members, and bring experientially-informed perspectives regarding criminal justice reform to the public's attention.

In addition to the podcast, HoSQ plans to launch a project called SQ Eats, sharing recipes created by people inside. Regardless of whether these recipes were introduced to them while incarcerated or not, they hold sentimental value. The act of preparing and sharing a meal can bridge the gap between people in and out of prison, fostering connection and understanding through a universal avenue – food. At present, budgetary constraints limit the organisation to a small staff, but the hope is that this will change. With increased funding, the founder aims to expand staffing, providing job opportunities for released individuals. In keeping with its mission to celebrate the learned expertise of those who have spent time inside, HoSQ recognises that employment is a critical factor in successful reintegration and reducing recidivism. HoSQ's core mission is to give voice to the unheard, to challenge attitudes and beliefs, and to inspire change on individual and community levels. It serves as a potent reminder that the act of committing a crime and being incarcerated doesn't strip individuals of their humanity. The experiences and perspectives of incarcerated people are unique and varied, and the act of sharing these stories can foster a deeper understanding and empathy in the wider society.

HoSQ is much more than just a storytelling platform; it's a beacon of hope, a tool for healing, and a powerful agent for change. As we move forward in our collective efforts towards effective criminal justice reform, it's crucial to remember that change begins with understanding. By acknowledging the shared humanity of us all, regardless of our circumstances, we are one step closer to realising a more compassionate and equitable society. HoSQ invites us all to be part of this transformative journey.

Anyone incarcerated and their families can write to HoSQ:

Humans of San Quentin
P.O. Box 417, San Rafael, California, 94901, USA
hi@humansofsanquentin.com

Dwayne Antojado is the inaugural Research Director for HoSQ. Like many of the HoSQ team, he has lived experience of the criminal justice system, having been incarcerated in Australia. He has led HoSQ to conferences globally including in Brussels and Oxford in the United Kingdom, as well as written scholarly papers on the work of HoSQ.

RECIPES

BY THE WOMEN OF SOUTHERN QUEENSLAND CORRECTIONAL CENTRE

Apple & Pear Crumble

Ingredients

- 3 Granny Smith apples
- 3 pears
- Butter/margarine - 1 1/2 large spoons
- Oats
- Yoghurt
- sugar optional

method

- Core apples & pears
- Put in bowl and add water
- microwave pears & apples until soft
- Remove fruit from microwave
- Mix fruit until puree consistency
- Refrigerate fruit whilst making crumble
- Add oats to bowl and add butter/margarine
- Quickly microwave oats for 45 seconds until butter melts.
- Mix butter through oats
- Warm up fruit puree in microwave
- Spoon fruit puree into dishes
- Put oats on sandwich grill to toast
- When toasted add oats to bowl on top of fruit puree
- Add sugar & yoghurt to top of crumble
- Enjoy

• Recipe by Murney
22B 22CC.



Peppermint choc slice

Ingredients

- 1 Packet Oreo biscuits
- 1 Block Cadbury Peppermint Chocolate
- Butter/margarine (2 spoons)
- Greek Yoghurt

Method

- Crush up oreo Biscuits
 - Heat butter/margarine in microwave
 - Mix butter through Biscuit mix
 - Add biscuit mix to base of container
 - Add several spoons of greek yoghurt on top of biscuits
 - Melt peppermint chocolate until runny
 - Add chocolate to top of yoghurt
 - Place in fridge to set
 - Enjoy
- Recipe by Jamy
22B 22CC

Bubzi's Jail Cheesecake

Ingredients

- 4 Choc chip cookies
- 1 spoon margarine (melted)
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 3-4 spoons yoghurt (greek or yoplait vanilla)
- 4 squares chocolate
- 1 spoon sugar
- 1/2 spoon peanut butter

- Crush choc chip cookies
- Melt margarine in microwave
- Mix margarine into crushed up cookies
- Place cookies into a dish to make Cheesecake base
- Add oats on top of cookies
- Add peanut butter and sugar to yoghurt
- Spoon yoghurt, peanut butter and sugar mix on top of oats
- Crushup chocolate squares
- Add chocolate to top of cheesecake
- Enjoy

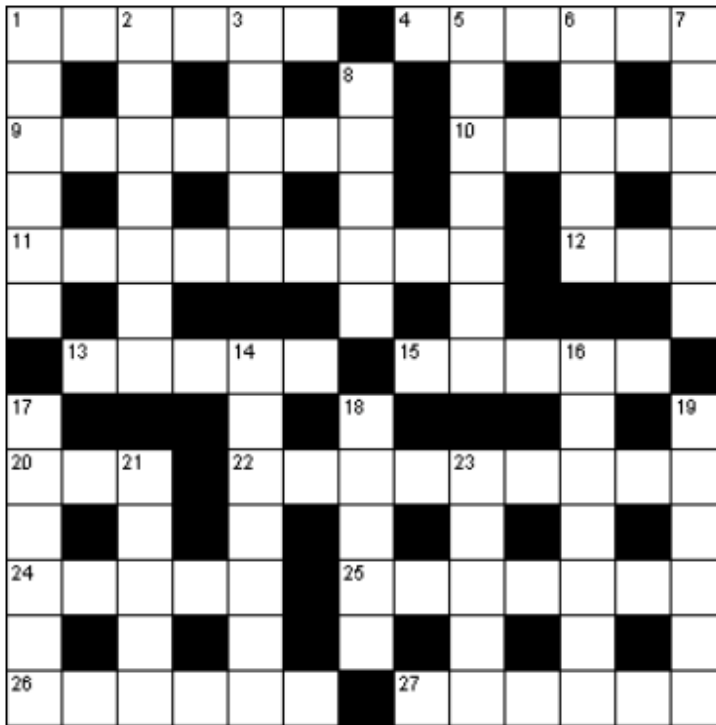
• Recipe by Bubzi
22B 22CC

SEND US YOUR PRISON RECIPES, AND YOUR PHOTOS OF COOKED RECIPES!



If you've got a prison recipe, please send it to us for future issues. And if you're on the outside and are able to make one of the recipes at home, feel free to send us a photo. Pictured is an employee of the Community Restorative Centre, the organisation that funds *Paper Chained*, making Abdul's Gourmet Gaol Pizza, as featured in Issue 10.

CROSSWORD



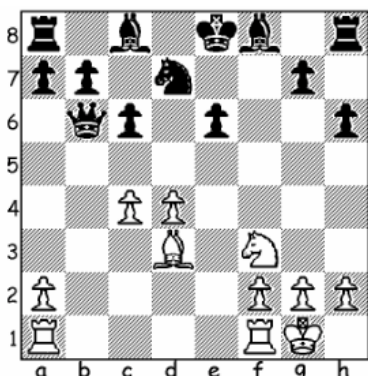
Across

1. Pub (6)
4. Take for granted (6)
9. Weird (7)
10. Take place (5)
11. Expiation (9)
12. Sense organ (3)
13. Stage whisper (5)
15. Paragon (5)
20. Sphere (3)
22. Vortex (9)
24. Tine (5)
25. Ameliorated (7)
26. Cure (6)
27. Extremely bad (6)

Down

1. Tropical bird (6)
2. Asinine (7)
3. Ambit (5)
5. Yelled (7)
6. Relative (5)
7. Mistakes (6)
8. Varieties (5)
14. Injured (7)
16. Foreshorten (7)
17. Barrel maker (6)
18. Wild and savage (5)
19. Blot (6)
21. Flower (5)
23. Part of a play (5)

CHESS

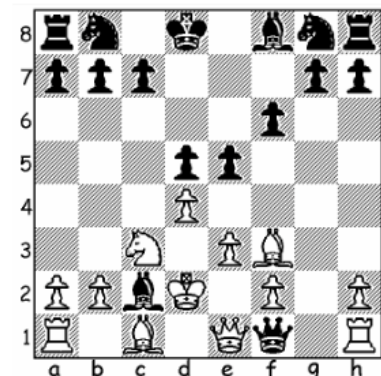


Mate in One Move- White to Move:

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. ... _____

BOOM GATE GALLERY

ART FOR SALE

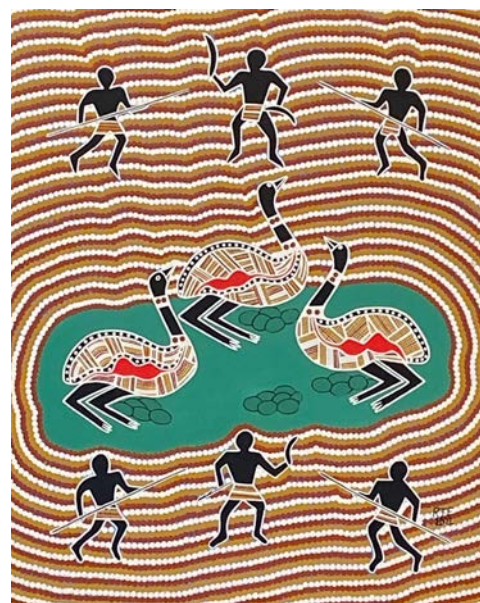
Boom Gate Gallery is the only gallery in NSW solely dedicated to the promotion, exhibition, and sale of inmate art. The gallery is located outside the security boom gates at Long Bay Correctional Complex, allowing members of the general public to enter the gallery without entering the gaol. Visitors 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, while the rest covers gallery fees.

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 x 75cm, Acrylic on canvas



Seikatsu

By Ross

\$1200

90 x 120cm, Acrylic on canvas



Butterfly Wirajuri

By Jai

\$800

60 x 75cm, Acrylic on canvas

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 12 DUE FOR RELEASE IN DECEMBER 2023



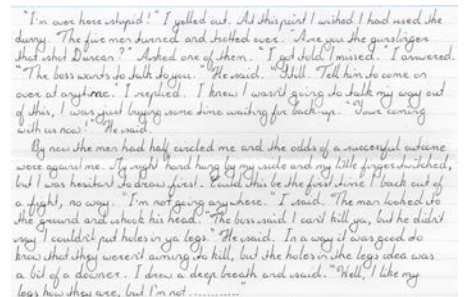
INTERVIEW WITH JOHN KILLICK

Damien Linnane talks to John Killick about his time as editor of *Vision* magazine at Yatala Labour Prison in South Australia, and his infamous helicopter escape from Silverwater Correctional Complex in 1999.



BUT WHO'S GOING TO MAKE THE GRAVY?

We'll be sharing some Christmas-themed content in our December issue, so if you have any you'd like to see printed, please get it to us by mid-October at the latest.



AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER PT 4

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

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

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

CHESS ANSWERS

Bishop to G6
Queen to D3

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



1921 Mutugi