

PAPER CHAINED

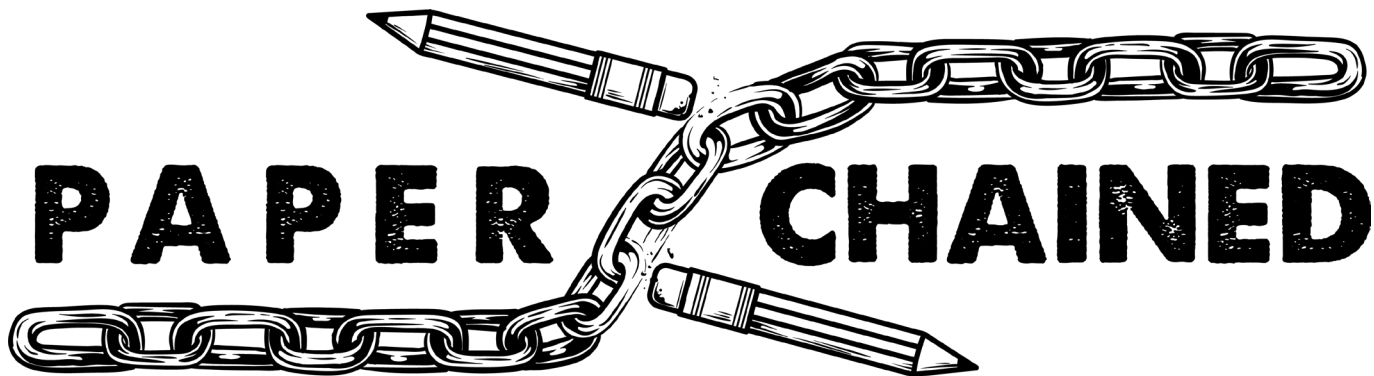
SYSTEM IMPACTED PEOPLE 8 LIFE SENTENCES WHO IS ORLANDO SMITH?
ACT INDEPENDENTLY SKULLTHUGGERY COMICS
THROW-A-WAY PEOPLE CANCEL CULTURE A.I ILLUSTRATION JOURNALIST
CODE OF ETHICS DISADVANTAGED BACKGROUNDS O.SMITH PERSPECTIVE THE GRUELLING REPORT
BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS FREEDOM
PERSISTENCE FATIGUE IS AGAINST THE ODDS LOVE THY ENEMIES WHERE I AM IS NOT WHO I AM
SAN QUENTIN OUTBREAK REHETORIC JOURNALISM IS THE FABRIC OF DEMOCRACY INEQUITY
ARTIVIST COVID FATIGUE RADICAL TRUTH GRATITUDE
DISEMPOWERED OVER INCARCERATION END MASS INCARCERATION JUSTICE
LAW & ORDER OR JUSTICE VISUAL REPARATIONS
SELF-AWARE CLIMATE ACTION YOUR NARRATIVE
HI, I'M NOBODY! SOLUTIONS JOURNALISM MENTAL HEALTH TELL THERAPY MORAL COMPASS
1619 GEORGE FLOYED STRUCTURAL RACISM
SYSTEMIC INJUSTICE REFORM
INFORMED SPECULATION
LEARN SELF-CONTROL HIGHER REASON: THE BLACK EXPERIENCE CULTURE WAR



ISSUE 12 / DEC 2023

Posted **free** to incarcerated people





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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.



Tasmanian LGBT rights activist Rodney Croome being arrested in 1988 for peacefully collecting petitions to decriminalise homosexuality.

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 with the help of Curtin University, the University of Southern Queensland, About Time For Justice, the Sydney Institute of Criminology at University of Sydney Law School and the University of Newcastle's Centre for Law and Social Justice.

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

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

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

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

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

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

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

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

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

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

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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



Curtin University

Study at Curtin from Prison

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

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

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

Courses currently available include:

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

For more information, speak to your prison Education Officer.

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



University of
**Southern
Queensland**

Supporting Incarcerated Students

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

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

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

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

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

The programs you can choose from include:

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

Not all courses within these programs are available in a correctional centre, and unfortunately not all correctional centres can facilitate students studying at a tertiary level.

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



ABOUT TIME FOR JUSTICE



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

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

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

appropriate legal representatives. They are trauma-informed and culturally trained to deal with the most complex stories.

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

About Time For Justice is a safe place. We want to stop perpetrator's violence by breaking survivor's silence. Return the emotions, embarrassment, shame, guilt and anger to its rightful owner — the perpetrator. Call or write to us via the details provided for an obligation-free chat. There are no silly questions.

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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AboutTimeForJustice.com

@abouttimeforjustice

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

"Men in jail do not talk of Christmas much. I think they will forgive me if I ferret deep into their motives and expose the reason. It is because in spite of a facade of cynicism, in spite of years of nonchalance over Christmas, they know that this event stands for Family ... they know that they are not there with their children. And that out there is a special wife and family that does not have a man and a father—at Christmas. That this unique and joyous celebration will be without joy because of them. That is tragedy."

I wish I could take credit for that incredible summary of Christmas behind bars. Alas, it is the work of a better prison magazine editor, 'Laurie C', who wrote it in the third issue of *Contact*, the magazine of Parramatta Gaol, in 1970.

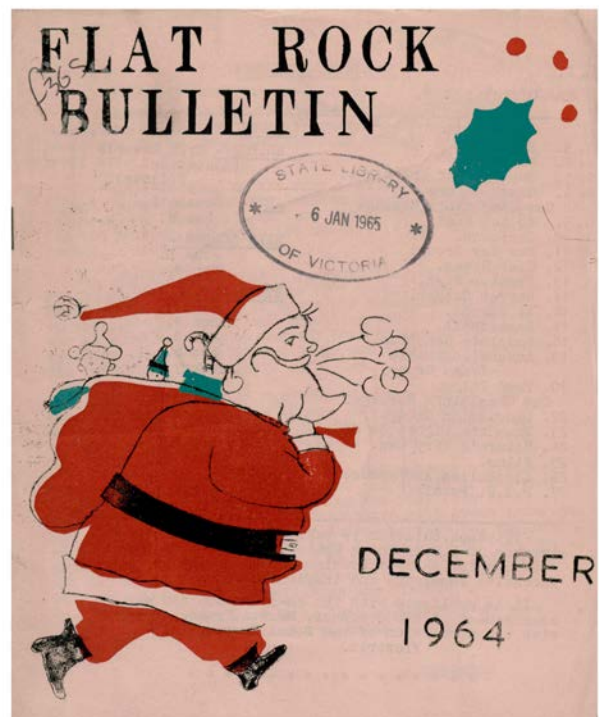
If one thing is clear, it's that Christmas behind bars has not become any easier in the last 53 years. I only spent one inside myself, though that was more than enough. Mine was depressing enough already, though it became one of my worst days inside. I was suffering from severe depression, completely unrelated to the festive season, and of all the days of the year, it was Christmas that was chosen to finally tip me to another prison, for a referral to a mental health professional. I spent hours on a transport truck, arriving late in the day at a new prison where I didn't know anyone. A jail dinner, alongside a jail desert, were they only things waiting for me on Christmas night. The dessert was one I'd never seen before, and hope to never see again. A Christmas themed cupcake, its sickly-sweet pink icing and glazed cherry ironically left a very bitter aftertaste as I lay on my bed alone, separated from my friends and family.

Remembering this experience, I didn't know how to cover Christmas for last year's December issue, so I just ignored it entirely, which was easy since the only Christmas-themed submissions I'd received by then were the two drawings you can find on page 8. While there's a handful of writing this year, it doesn't surprise me that the holiday period isn't something people want to talk about too much. The editors of prison magazines of past have made attempts to at least acknowledge the holidays (*examples pictured*), though its never been a subject that has really aroused the creativity and expression of those inside. So in the future, we'll only cover the subject with the submissions we receive from you.

Speaking of submissions, since I became editor, *Paper Chained* has always asked you, the reader, what you'd like to see in future issues. One suggestion we received was a *Letters to the Editor* section, which I'd be very supportive of. While I get letters almost every day, none so far have requested that I republish them in the magazine, which is probably my fault for never clarifying it is an option. So with that said, do you have any letters for *Paper Chained* that you'd like us to print? While we won't say no to praise, we are also very open to constructive criticism. This is your magazine, so let us know what you'd like to see in the future, what we could do better, or just send us a letter to say Hi or to share a message with your fellow readers.



The 1963 Xmas edition of *Tharunka*, the magazine of Geelong Training Prison from 1959 until 1969, and the 1964 Xmas edition of *Flat Rock Bulletin*, the magazine of HM Prison Beechworth from 1955 until 1966.



ART AND WRITING

XMAS IS CANCELLED

Santa doesn't fly high in the sky anymore.
He's two-out with me, serving six with a four.

He was eating a cookie, when a copper yelled "FREEZE!"
"Back away from the stockings, or so help me I'll squeeze!"

"No licence, no rego, you're some piece of work,
Plus breaking and entering; you're running berserk!"

He was tasered and booted and punched nearly dead,
While visions of sugar plums danced round his head.

Then all of a sudden, the reindeer broke free.
Dasher was gunnin', til she ran into a tree.

Comet was quicker, and reached the end of the street,
But the spikes fucked him up, taking out three of his feet.

Dancer was dancing, but didn't dance very far,
She chanced on a highway, and romanced with a car.

Blitzen was shittin', he was carrying pills
So he bit seven coppers, as he headed for the hills.

Cupid yelled out, "I'm a lover, fighting's not for me,
I got information, go easy on me."

Prancer just turned and said "Gary's my name,
I know none of these scoundrels,
and shan't take any blame."

Rudolph's red nose gave him away,
When a copper looked over, and said with dismay.

"There's a creature that's stirring, from under that house.
And I'm hereby concurring it's no fucking mouse."

Donner was slicker, in the garbage she hid,
But the silly old girl forgot to put on the lid.

She was ripped by the antlers, then thrown to the ground,
And then like all of the reindeer, was promptly put down.

The workshops where raided, the presents were seized.
The elves where deported; immigration was pleased!

"YAY", yelled the elves, as they read the sign on the door.
But if you pass Christmas Island, you'll hear them 'yay'ing
no more.

So poor Santa sighs, as he cries late at night,
As his belly does wiggle and jiggle with fright.

"To hell with the holly, the tinsel, the glee.
No-one gives a damn about what has happened to me.

They shaved off my whiskers, that's not very nice,
I tell them I'm Santa; they say 'get off the ice!'"

"I've lost 20kg; I've gotten on 'done,
None of the psych's will leave me alone.

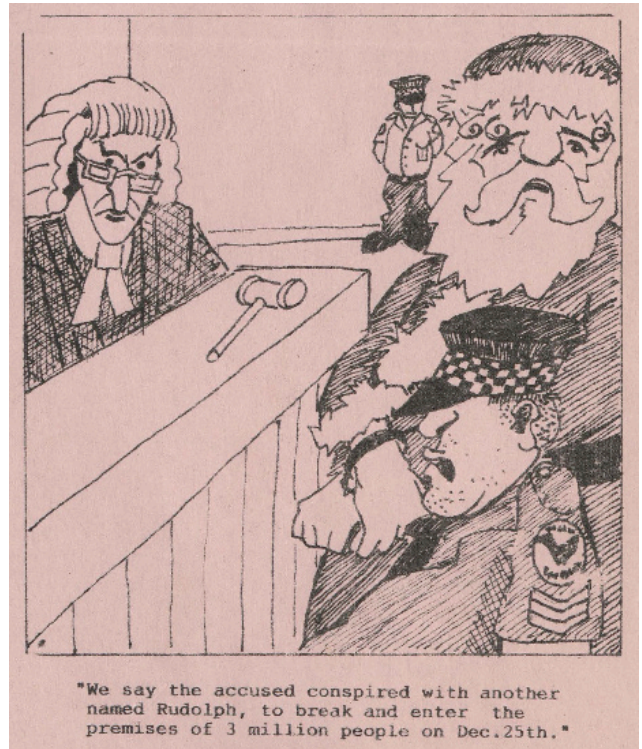
A screw was wearing my hat, as he disposed of my suit.
I wiggled my finger, he gave me a boot.

I yelled "NAUGHTY LIST!!"
Because that's what he gets!
He called in the squad
and announced "MAKING THREATS!"

They took out their batons; they took out my knee,
They took off the knickers my wife knitted for me.

They threw me in an ob' cell, and that really sucked.
So I say MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL,
But those cops and screws can get @\$%@#!"

*Poem by Darryl Dunbar, D2749791
Casuarina Prison
Locked Bag 1, Kwinana, WA, 6966*



*Comic originally printed in InLimbo, Volume 4, Issue 7,
December 1988. InLimbo was the magazine of Long Bay
Correctional Centre from 1984 until 1989.*

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE...

Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the prisons
Not a prisoner was stirring
Just paying the price for decade old decisions
Some mended socks hung on makeshift clotheslines for
those who'd dare
In hopes they'd dry in the circulated artificial air

The inmates were restless
Still locked in their beds
As visions of freedom did dance in their heads
Each in their brown T-shirts
And state-issued briefs
Some making promises, changing for keeps
While I on the other hand, unable to sleep
Sent out another submission to the PJP*
When out on the upper tier
There arose such a clatter
I set down my tablet to see what was the matter
The 10-6 shift Corrections Officer unlively and thick
I thought for a second "Is that St. Nick?"

While most still asleep throughout the compound
Just another day for many living in prison browns
On corrections officers, the occasional sergeant to see
Making sure the prisoners were secured in their keep
Better for all them not hearing a peep
Pepper spray and handcuffs on the ready around
In plain sight as the officers do their rounds
Along the top tier now some changing their pace
Their minds would wander as the count they did take

The count lights came on signalling the day
Excited in his love to my Lord I now pray
Standing to our feet, many without a cheer
I'm hoping others could be free,
instead of being here
I exclaimed in joy as the guards changed their shift
Merry Christmas to all, we've been given a gift.

**Prison Journalism Project*

Poem by Jeffery A. Shockley, USA



Art by Sonny Smith, New Zealand



Art by DeWitt, NSW

YET ANOTHER XMAS

It's yet another Xmas
Away from those once family
Stress, sadness and grief
Ride hard on my shoulders
With the knowledge that the woman I love
Has none to give in return
Does new love already knock on her door?
The candles of hope and joy are snuffed out
Although with others all in green
I am all alone with blackness in my heart
She says she is fine, she says there is pain
But no matter how hard I work
No matter what the changes or the growth
That light at the end of the tunnel
Is not the light of her
One day those gates will open
And I will be free
But with no chance of love again
And with happiness long gone
Stress, sadness, grief
Put their hands on my shoulders
And lead me into the darkness
Of yet another Christmas
Away from those once family

Poem by KCDC

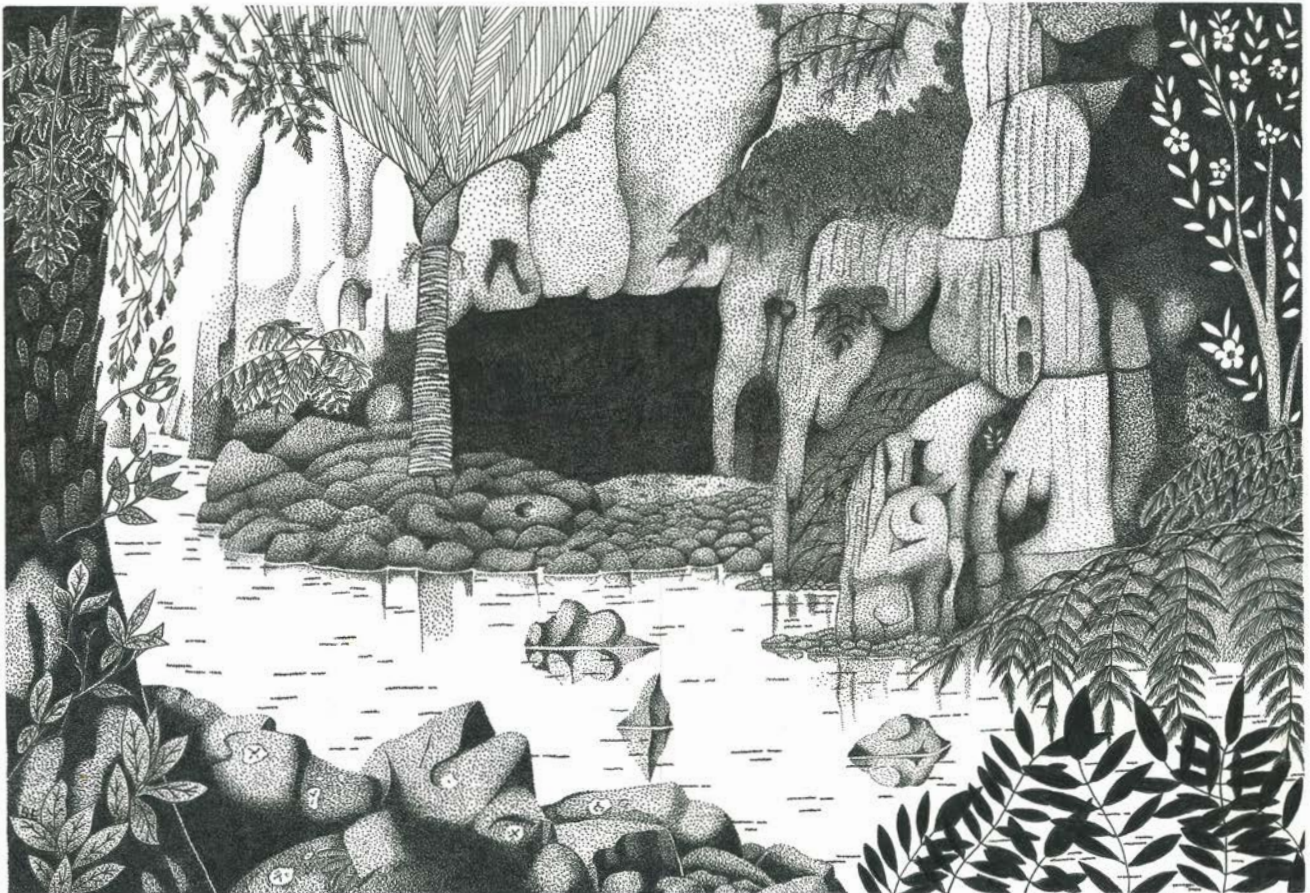


Torana



LePen

Art by 'LenPen'



Simon Evans April 2023

Art by Simon Evans, New Zealand

ODE TO A GENTEEL SOUL

Gan-gan you're such a genteel soul
All my life you've been a strong influence
Always calm among the chaos of children running around.
There are so many memories of you going the extra mile to
make me smile.

Singing to songs of old...
George Formby was my favourite
The cassette tape you made me eventually broke due to
playing it over and over.
Going on holidays to the beach
Your careful watchful eye on us whilst in the sea made me
feel so safe.

Christmas at your house was amazing
Sitting in the front room surrounded by gifts to open
Family all around, laughter in the air
What more could a child ask for?

Family is sometimes hard to keep together
However, your loving nature always made me feel secure
That all will work out in the end.

We've not seen each other for such a long time
But you've always been in my heart
Now that you're not with us physically
You'll still be by my side
Through all these amazing memories
Through the good deeds you have achieved in life.

Gan-Gan...
May you finally rest in peace
Watch over us all
As you have done in life
Keep us safe
And know that you will never be forgotten.

Love and respect from your grandchild.
Keep on singing to George Formby in the sky,

.....when I'm cleaning windows....
Love and respect forever more.

Poem by Luke Duxbury, United Kingdom

THE SURFER

The life of a surfer is one of his own
Just him and his board on a wave all alone.
How exciting it must be to use the oceans power,
To build up so much speed, to feel the salted shower.

When he's high on a wave, high all alone,
He feels he's much higher than a king on this throne.
With the wind in his hair and his girl on the beach,
He feels he's at his highest, highest peak he can reach.

By Peter Lamont, NSW



Art by Ojore McKinnon, California

I AM A WALL

I am a wall, I stand straight and strong.
I know while I am young
Nothing can go wrong
But let me get old and start to fall
Then I shall feel I have lost all

Even a wall like me feels a part of life,
The wall that is opposite I feel is my wife
Although she is there and I am here
She looks so far away but I feel near

I can feel the cold in the winters
I can see the sun in the spring
I can also see a robin when it sings
In this world I can see so much
But I am only a wall, I cannot touch

By Peter Lamont, NSW

DEEP

The world's deepest oceans
My thoughts
And my deepest emotions
The world's biggest jungle
My actions
And my biggest bungle
It has all led me here to this moment in time
To this moment of mine
To a self-realisation of life changing proportions
My core beliefs run deep, some sleep
Clearing out the static, the white noise distortion

At least I'm not shallow

By Belly, NSW

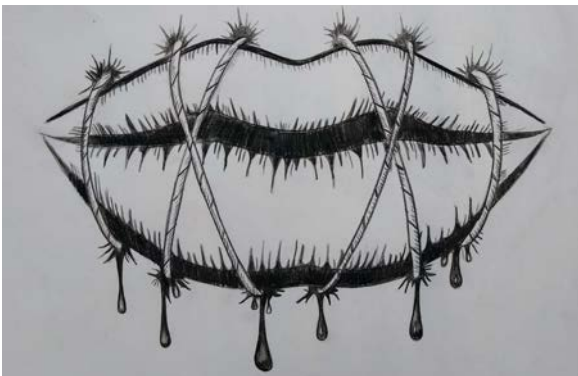
WOLF

I know you are there! I feel you. I sense your heart; it beats with mine. They are in sync, filled with the rhythm of anxiety and anticipation. You keep to the shadows timing your moves only when the moment allows. Your ancestors have walked this pad for many generations; it is in your blood. You watch with your curious yellow eyes. They are immovable, fixated; they know this place. Your gaze does not alter, your concentration does not waver. Your legs move you in silent stealth. With padded feet you tread lightly upon leaf, grass and needle. You place each paw with precision, lighter than a feather. Your ears, upright and alert, set with pinpoint accuracy. They hear the faintest of sound, listening for insect, mouse or the leaves in a gentle breeze. Your nose, moist and glistening black like the rocks of a stream, gulps in the surrounding air taking in all the scents, every single one of them. Your every breath tells you a story, a story of what has past, what is to come and who is present. Your coat complements your disguise, thick and warm. The winter coat furred grey blurs your outline, erases your presence from all.

You strike irrational fear into many hearts. Terror inspired by myths past, handed down from elder to child. Those who don't know you label you as a villain, hunt you down with prejudice and hatred. You are seen as evil, linked to demons of the deep. You are said to accompany the devil, you walk by his side. You have been out cast by the ignorant, banished into the halls of hell. Yet, you are held in reverence, worshiped and immortalised in dance. You are painted by mystics, acclaimed as a protector of the goddess. You are the chosen companion, the beautiful. You represent the duality of human fear drawn to unspeaking, unknown beauty and power. Your cry that was heard by the ancients is no longer a cry of strength and power, but the cry of the banished, the other. I feel your wretchedness, we shadow each other. We are both seen as good and wicked. We are now labelled through misunderstanding, judged by mistakes made. We are destined to live lives as exiles within this life, unforgiven. We are frowned upon, avoided as if diseased, covered in the sores of the wretches past. We are not how we appear, nor what we are labelled. Look deeper and see who we are.

I know you're there! I feel you. I sense your heart, it beats with mine. They are in sync, filled with the rhythm of anxiety and anticipation.

By Rod



Art from Dillwynia Correctional Centre



Art by Ashley McGoldrick, QLD

"TALK TO BUGGY..." 18/6/23

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DAY.
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DREAMS,
TELL ME ABOUT THE MAN YOU ARE
THE ONE WHO SMILES, BUT WALKS AWAY

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR GREATEST FEARS,
MAYBE EVEN YOUR BIGGEST SECRETS,
TELL ME UR MOST CHERISHED MOMENTS,
THE ONES THAT LIGHT YOUR DARKEST DAYS,

TELL ME WHY THINGS DON'T WORK OUT.
TELL ME WHY THINGS GET IN YOUR WAY,
TELL ME WHY IT STOPS YOU COLD.
THAT ONE THOUGHT YOU CAN'T LET GO,
LOVE BUGGY

Poem by Buggy, SA

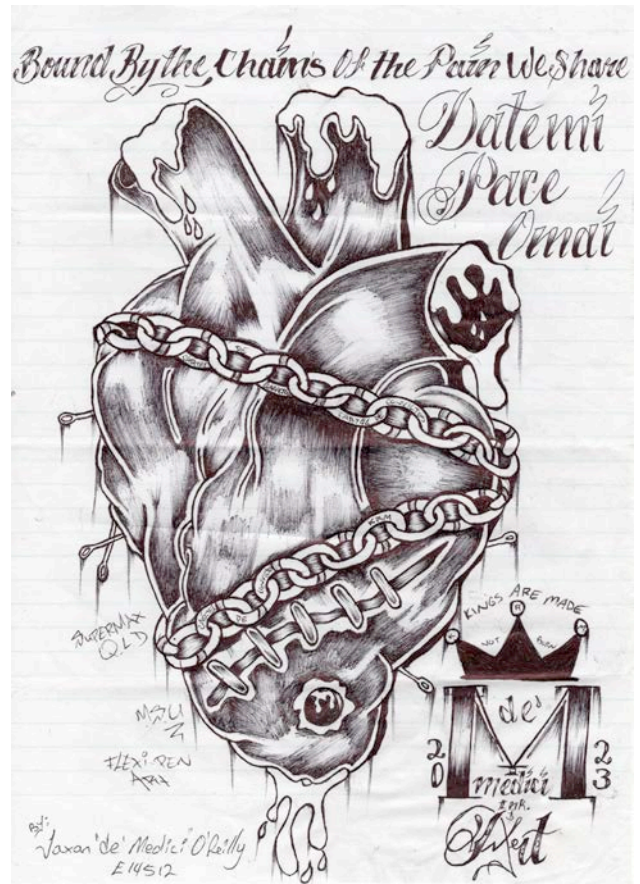
WALLS INSIDE THE MIND

'There is something strange about these humans'
 Said the Boojum to the Snark
 'Deep inside their mind is a place that is always dark'
 'Whatever do you mean?' Cried the Snark in deep distress
 'Oh tell me please do, I could not ever guess'
 The Boojum smiled and said 'It is something that they own
 For even in great company they can feel oh so alone
 With many all around them, with many in plain sight
 They still can feel alone like a single moon in the night'
 'I do not understand,' said the Snark in great dismay
 'How can they feel alone with others in the brightness of
 the day?'
 'Of that I am uncertain,' said the Boojum, 'But I am sure
 That feeling alone with others must leave them feeling poor'
 The Snark nodded in agreement, its face wreathed in sad
 'Oh woe for those poor humans, feeling alone is very bad'
 The Snark then grimaced 'So amongst many they feel single
 They find it hard to talk, to joke, mayhap to even mingle?'
 'Ah, that is so!' Said the Boojum with obvious relief
 'To feel alone with others, it can cause some such grief
 Yet for others it comes so easy, it's being human that is hard
 When surrounded by walls like those of a cold prison yard
 Being alone behind those walls, like walls inside the mind
 They've forgotten that to themselves they really should be
 more kind'
 The Snark clapped its paws with joy, 'They can brighten up
 the dark!'
 'And know they should not feel alone with others'
 Said the Boojum to the Snark.

Poem by Dave



Anonymous

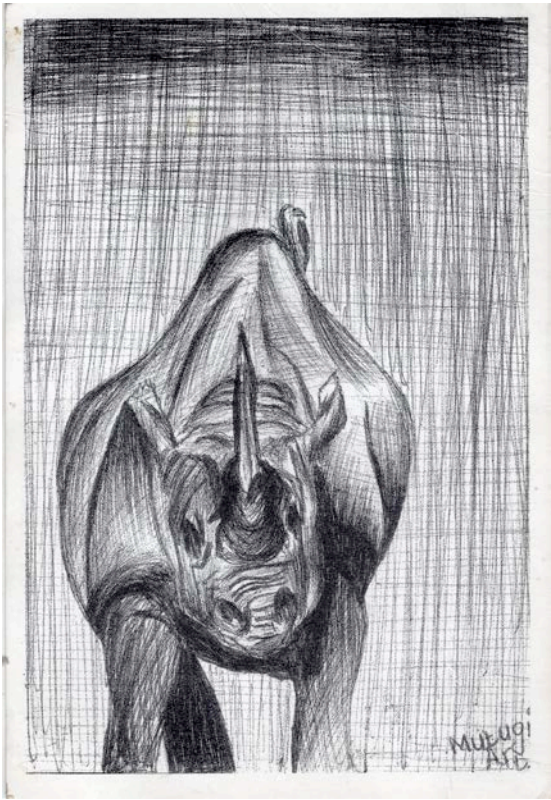


Art by Jaxan O'Reilly, QLD

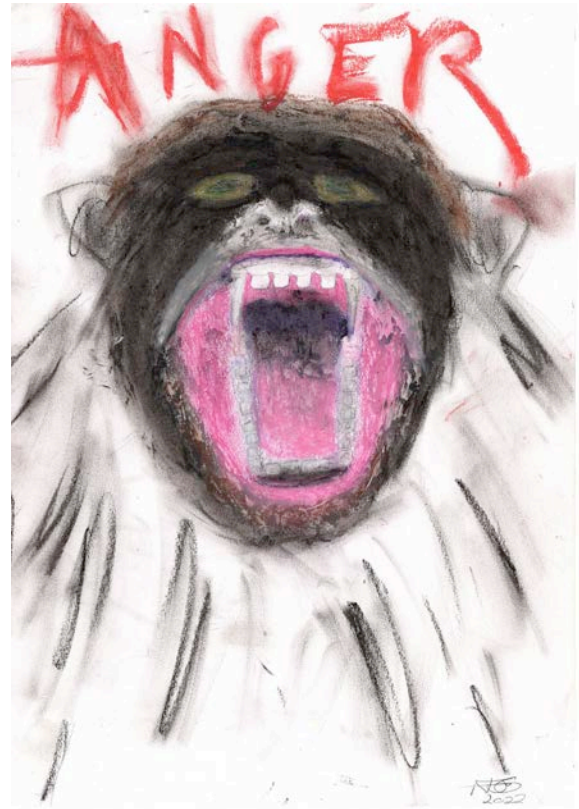
WHY IS IT

I ask myself why is it
 When I think of life's germane
 Why is it after bushfires die
 Only then it seems to rain
 Why is it the truth comes
 In guarded whispers quiet
 While lies rain down like deafening confetti
 And can incite those heeding to riot
 Why is it in the courtroom
 We must swear the truth so help me God
 And when you do you're not believed
 Sane people would call that odd
 Why is it our elected officials
 High in their corridors of power
 Promise the world then give you dirt
 And give themselves pay rises every hour
 Why is it in third world countries
 Children die of hunger every day
 While we who claim can feed the world
 Throw our excess food away
 Why in this world of paradox
 We say one thing and do another
 Some steal and cheat their way through life
 Then call themselves your brother
 Why is it then widely accepted
 That the innocent poor might rot in jail
 While the guilty rich pay their way free
 Then say the system does not fail

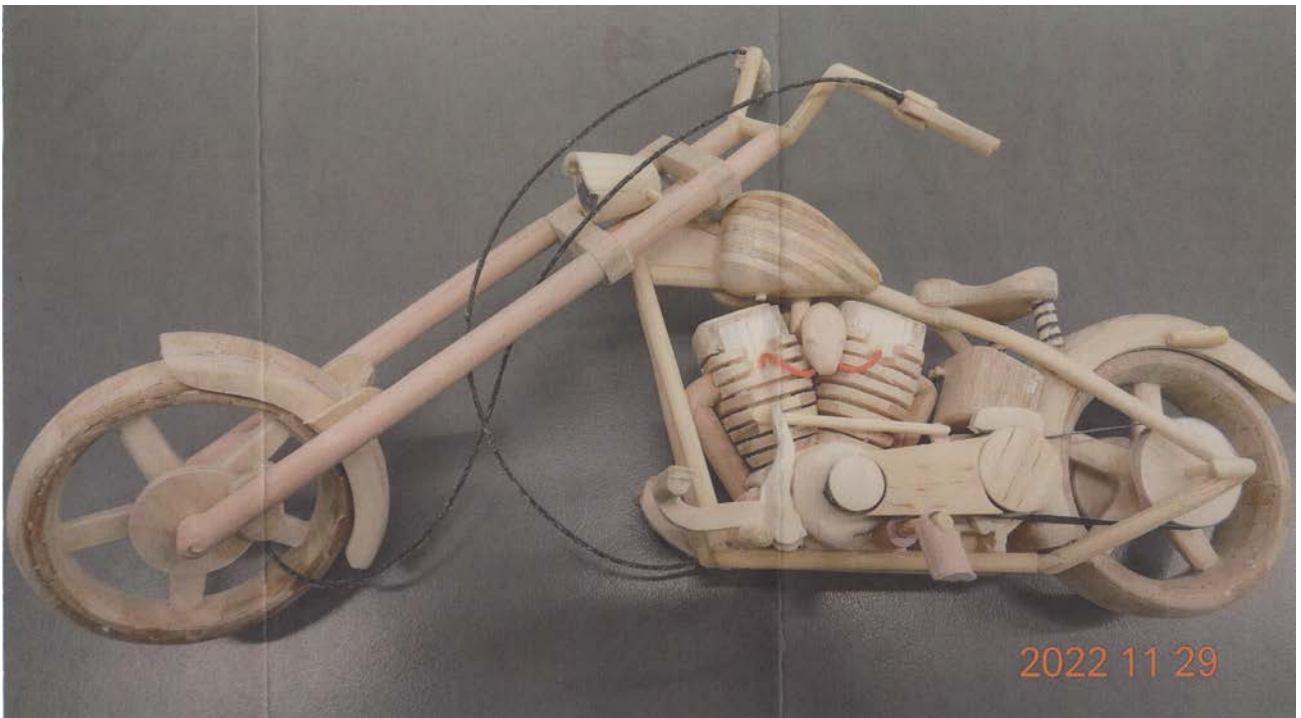
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Art by James Mutugi, Kenya
Follow James on Instagram and Facebook
@wangechijamesmutugi



Art by Nigel G, QLD

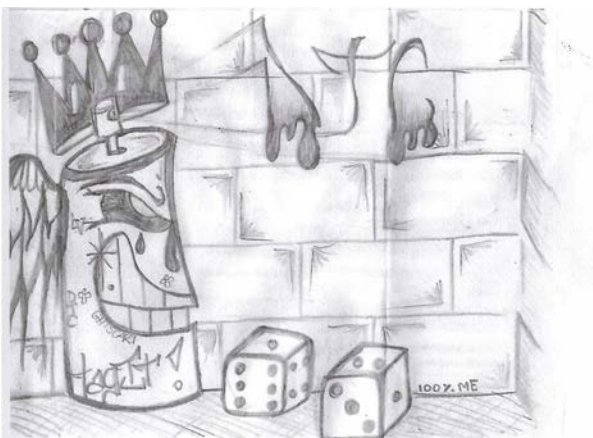


Art by David John Gay #1994511
Rolleston Prison. PO Box 45, Rolleston, New Zealand, 7643

ROCK TALK

Cold, but earnest of heart
Impassive, so it may appear
Strong, you stand your ground
Fragile, easy to break
We use you in many proverbs
Move you without thought
Crush you, mine you and rearrange you
Do with you as we please.
But have you ever taken the time to listen to a rock?
Engaged in conversation with them?
Just be seated, sit near in quiet contemplation
Enjoy their company
As they will yours
A rock speaks with wisdom
Taking their time in thought, constructive in what they say
Slow, methodical and conscious
Not wasting a word in gossip
There is no intent of malicious undermining of another
Self-praise over another, is not their way
You must be quiet
You must be patient
Listen carefully
Their words of wisdom arise without haste
Even the small have endless understanding
Knowledge accumulated since the foundations of time
Listen without distraction
For you may miss words that hold importance
The conversation will no longer make sense
A rock will not repeat itself
So heed to their words with intent
Take on the wisdom you have learnt
Use wisely the knowledge you have harvested
Use your new gained insight
Transport your words with honest resolve
Listen, hear and understand the words of others
Be contemplative with your reply
Endeavour to talk like the rock.

Poem by Rod



Art by Kaidi Ephraums, QLD

LEGAL DOGMA

Obey you must O' feeble citizen,
Do you dare to cross the line?

March in formation and resist temptation
Only in film can you live those golden lives

Transgress not the legal dogma, for it is not your place to
play. That arena is for the daring and the ones that got away.

It will burn away at your psyche that maybe you should try.
Or will you cower away from elation, the only true freedom
lies in alibi.

It's not without great stigma, and tormenting time away.
But will you only read of it in books? Or gamble courage
without delay.

Will you die a dim lit lantern, or blaze with fury for what you
believe? Because those that command you of their bidding,
are the ones who decree masks to deceive.

Make no mistake in knowing that the truth is rarely told. It's
those who break the rules, who have platinum, diamonds
and gold.

Incarceration builds character, you will wear it with pride
and glee. Know you would prefer it than to fade into
obscurity.

We are the noble outlaws, our moral compass free to roam.
Harm wished upon no one, except tyranny that mans the
throne.

Do not point your finger at us, for we are who you want to
be, true criminals evade your senses, while they tax you in
harmony.

A STANDARD MEASURE

Tick, tock around the clock, the days and nights go by.
Surrounded by perfidious people, who live everlasting lies.
I question faith, then harness hope.
My dreams I hold so near, clutched against my pounding
chest, so they never disappear.
The fourth dimension, a wrapped convention, that slays
away ones fears.
Of bitter nothing, there must be something, beyond these
gruelling years.
Pigeons fly, and rain drops fall, above the uncaged sky.
Soon again I will find my wings, a much desired high.

Poems by SKS 762, NSW

How is it that mass shootings, even of children in their classrooms, and police killings of unarmed citizens of color have become a feature of our days?



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Artworks by Silvia Roberts, QLD

UNLOCKING THE POWER OF EDUCATION

BY DWAYNE ANTOJADO



In a recent interview, Dr. Julie-Anne Toohey, a Lecturer in Criminology at Monash University, shared her insights on the transformative potential of university education for incarcerated individuals. Her passion for this topic is unwavering, and her message is clear: access to higher education for people behind bars is not just an option but a vital pathway to a brighter future.

One of the most compelling points Dr. Toohey made concerns the link between university education and reduced rates of recidivism. She emphasised that obtaining a university degree while incarcerated significantly increases an individual's chances of securing meaningful employment upon release. This employment, she noted, is crucial in providing individuals with the stability and purpose they need to stay out of the criminal justice system.

Dr. Toohey recognised a common challenge within prison education programs – the focus primarily on individuals serving long sentences. These individuals, despite having the time to pursue university education, often face greater barriers once they re-enter society. Their extended absence from the job market can make the transition to employment more challenging.

To address this issue, Dr. Toohey advocates for a shift in focus. She emphasises the importance of providing university education opportunities to individuals serving shorter sentences. These individuals are more likely to directly apply their degrees upon release, making them less likely to engage in further crime post-release. By giving those with shorter sentences the tools and opportunities to improve their lives, we can create a more inclusive and effective system for rehabilitation.

Furthermore, Dr. Toohey highlighted the glaring gender disparity in prison education. She underlined the need for more incarcerated women to engage in university education programs. Women behind bars should have the same access and support as their male counterparts, as education can be a powerful agent for change, enabling them to rebuild their lives and reduce recidivism.

Dr. Julie-Anne Toohey's insights shed light on the undeniable benefits of providing university education opportunities to incarcerated individuals. This is not just an academic endeavour; it's a chance for personal transformation and societal improvement. By focusing on short sentences and addressing gender disparities, we can pave the way for a brighter future for those who are paying their dues to society. Incarcerated individuals in Australia should know that there are pathways to education, hope, and redemption. It's time to unlock the potential that lies behind bars and invest in a better future for all.

THE LAW: RIGHT AND WRONG

BY STACEY STOKES

My 10-year tour of the justice system has allowed me to experience and observe many interesting sights, places and people. These experiences have made me wonder about the law and what is right and wrong.

I've seen a man with serious brain damage and extreme memory loss serving five years in jail for a crime he doesn't remember. And another man suffering from dementia, who had no idea where he is or why he is there.

I understand that society has an unquenchable thirst for vengeance. But why spend millions to punish such people. It seems wrong. But it's the law. Then I wonder, when I see a naked man dragged handcuffed by prison staff. Is that against the law? Is this wrong?

Is locking a transgender girl in a cell with multiple rapists right or wrong? This happened to me, and when I was receiving treatment for what happened by the prison's doctor, I was told I'd have to just get used to this sort of stuff happening. Is this right or wrong? Because it seems to be within the law.

No one in a position of power, or the doctor, got in any trouble. Or is it simply because I am scum and the law doesn't care?

How about locking an animal in a cage for years and years, only letting them out for an hour a day. Is that wrong? I think that is cruelty to animals. So why do we do it to people? Because it's the law? And if it's the law then it makes it right then?

Is human suffering okay as long as the law says it is? Is everything morally acceptable if it's allowed by law? Is that how our culture works? Passing a law to allow something makes it the right thing to do?

I'm not complaining, I'm just confused. How do I now stay out of jail? Do I do what's morally right? Or do I obey the law? Because they seem to be very different things entirely.

Should I be a lawful person? Or a good person?

Does right and wrong even exist? And if it does, then does this make society and its laws wrong? And if it does make society's laws wrong, then what do we do?

Or does right and wrong not exist? Are morals and values just Disney fairy tales made up to explain the laws to children and ensure we grow up to compliant little worker drones? And should we just abide by the social contract society sets forth: the law.

Or should I just chill the fuck out, sleep in, play Nintendo all day, and forget all about society?

By Stacey Stokes, Victoria

SCULPTURE LESSONS

BY ASHLEY MCGOLDRICK

My name is Ashley McGoldrick and I'm currently serving a life sentence in Queensland at Woodford Correctional Centre, and have done thirteen years so far. I spend most of my time either drawing or painting, but once in a while I like to pretend that I'm a sculptor.

The following is a recipe to make the base mix for sculpting if you're interested. It's basically a crude prison version of papier-mâché that I make with toilet paper and paint to bind it with.

Firstly, unroll a toilet roll into a container or containers and cover it with a lot of water. Stir it up then leave it overnight to break down.

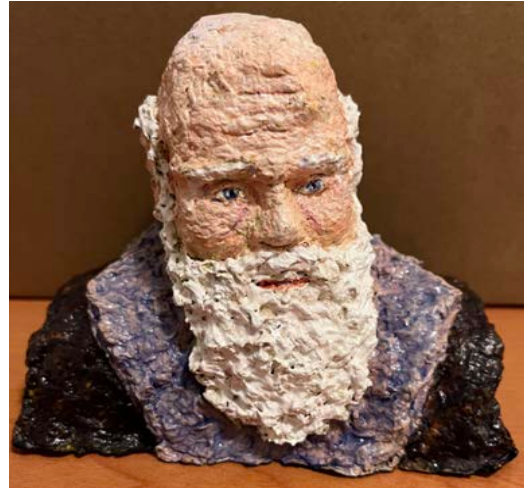
Gently drain about 98% of the water off the pulp mix the next day. Don't drain all the water or squeeze water out of the pulp otherwise it will clamp together.

Mix in about 300ml of paint and stir it around with your hands for about five minutes or so. Obviously, this is a very messy process. Getting this mix right will take a couple tries before you work it out. You don't want the mix too wet, or you won't be able to shape it properly, and you don't want it too dry, or it will crumble as it dries. In an ideal world you would use the same colour paint that will be the dominant colour in the sculpture, but I've never done this and just use whichever paint I have the most of.

Sculpt and shape the object you want to make, then allow it to dry for a week or so. It's important to note that it will take weeks or even a month to completely dry all the way through, but once it is touch dry you can then paint it.

The mix is very soft at first, so if you want to make a more complicated sculpture like an animal standing on four legs, you may need to rig up an internal frame (using matchsticks or wire, etc) that you can then mould around.

I'm still learning how to make sculptures and a lot end in disaster, but this is the best way to learn. Art is a great way to take back some of the power that has been taken from us. Stick with it and you will make something worthwhile.



CAN YOU HELP US FIND THESE PRISON MAGAZINES?



Sometimes we can only find evidence that a magazine existed, but not an actual copy. If you know anything about the following publications, or any others, get in touch.

THE EPISTLE

The Epistle, a publication by the Victorian Prisons Bible Study Groups, was founded by Victor Pedersen in October 1981, and was circulated among prisons in Australian and New Zealand until 1986. The 1997 book *Changing Criminals: The Business of Heaven* reprints selections of the magazine's content; however, this photo of the first cover is the closest we've come to finding an actual copy. **Note:** *Paper Chained* has no particular interest in religion, only the history of all prison publications, regardless of their message.

JAIL SCENE

Jail Scene was the official magazine of Maitland Gaol in NSW for a period in the 1970s.

A TRIBUTE TO KEN MONLEY

Kenneth John Monley was born in 1957 in Grafton. After his mother repeatedly suffered from illness, she put him and his brother into a children's home when he was five. When he was nine, his father agreed to take only one of the two boys, and chose his older brother.



Left alone in state care, Ken was arrested for truancy at the age of 13. He was taken to a boys home, though stole a car and absconded, only to be arrested again shortly thereafter. After his troubled childhood, Ken did several short sentences at Long Bay, Cessnock and Maitland Gaol, where he created poetry and art under his pen name Kenoath. He is pictured at the visitor's area at Cessnock in 1994. Ken died in 2010. *Paper Chained* is printing two of his poems from 1994 in this issue, and will continue to print more in the future.

WELCOME TO THE 'NOCKS'

Welcome to Cessnock, the gaol that's the pits
Where the days seem like months
and the food tastes like shit
To many screws we're just filth, of the lowest order,
Their thoughts very narrow and never any broader
You'll be shaking hands with your best friend,
late in the night,
Or maybe get lucky, and stabbed in a fight
The time will pass slowly, you're not alone in that task
Just remember you'll leave,
and they can kiss your sweet arse
You can forget the memories, of being treated as human
Now you're a number, to complain will cause movement
The sun shines bright, and it never ever stops
A bit like the mind games, of the screws and their lot
But try not to worry, you're never really alone
Plenty have come here, and some even went home
It's not all that bad, or even totally lost
Even a few more have been known to piss off
Do your time easy, don't ever lose touch,
And try not to scratch the rash in your crotch
For its all got to end, the light is in sight,
It may be dull now, but it'll someday burn bright
So welcome to Cessnock, you sorry arse bastard
Try not to worry, or you'll do it the hardest
Be patient with your crim mates,
through your daily routines
And watch out for blue, the good guys wear green!

By Kenoath, 14 September 1994

LOVE COMES

I sit in my cell,
Overwhelmed with confusion
Listening to the song 'Stairway To Heaven',
And its peaceful illusion
Love comes to visit me today

The escape that love provides,
Like a raft of compassion
Upon the sea of turmoil of life and despair
Love comes to visit me today

The time speeds by, like a runaway train,
Moments gone forever,
Never to live again
Moments of love, the worlds forgot
Forgotten for ages,
From all men's clocks
Love comes to visit me today

At peace I'll be, with the world,
With all its hatred and fear
At peace with the knowledge, that helps me with cheer
Love comes to visit, to visit me today!



RAW

BY DAMIEN LINNANE

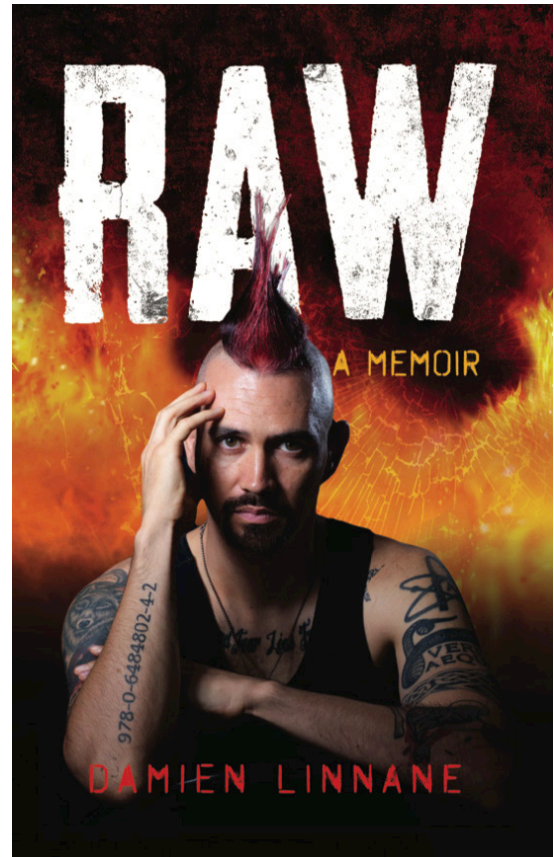
Being the editor of a magazine comes with a few fringe benefits, one being that when I publish a new book, I get to shamelessly self-promote it. I'm very pleased to announce that my second full-length book, *Raw*, has now been released by Brolga Publishing and is available for purchase. While my first book was a crime novel, this one is my memoir. Do me a favour and go bug your education department to order a copy for your prison library. And in the meantime, enjoy the book's prologue, included below.

PROLOGUE

It's after midnight. I'm standing out the front of his house in Armidale—a lone figure on a dead quiet street in a country town. My heart is racing, my left fist pumping open and closed, my chest dripping with sweat. It's November, and the temperature is still quite cool, but the bulletproof vest I'm wearing doesn't breathe well. The rest of my ensemble—combat boots, tactical pants, hoodie, ski mask, Kevlar gloves—isn't helping either. Still, the heat is only a mild inconvenience. Everything I'm wearing and carrying has been carefully selected for a reason.

I rest the petrol bomb on the front lawn and reach for the lighter in my pocket, my hand brushing one of the knives I'm carrying. There's one on each side of my belt, plus smaller knives strapped to each of my ankles. I figured if he managed to tackle me to the ground, no matter which way I was pinned, I'd be able to reach at least one of them and stab him. I've always been overly prepared for everything. I've got a second lighter in case the first one doesn't work, and two boxes of matches spread between my multitude of pockets as well. And my handgun, of course. The knives are just for tonight, but I rarely leave home these days without my handgun. Unfortunately, you can never prepare for every variable.

By this stage I'm supposed to be standing over his badly beaten body and deciding the best thing to do from there. When I left my house tonight, I still wasn't sure if I'd kill him or not. I figured I could make that decision when the time came. Only it didn't. After months of my accomplice gathering and passing me intelligence, I knew his flatmate was out of town for the next few days. This was my best chance of catching him home alone, but fate was not in my favour.



The empty paddock behind his house was the perfect observation point. From behind a shrub, I watched them through the kitchen window. There was no way they could see me. The dogs, however, could smell me. Every now and then they started barking in my direction, and I threw them another few biscuits to shut them up. As the hours rolled by, the only activity I saw in the house was my target and his friend taking turns to get another couple of beers out of the fridge—just two unremarkable men in their mid-twenties passing the time. Kneeling in the dirt, I felt the little patience I had left drying up. A year of repressed anger curdled in my stomach as I waited for his friend to leave.

When they ended up leaving together, my hatred turned to despair. They'd no doubt gone to a pub, and I bitterly wondered if he'd ever realise the schooner he's probably drinking right now might have saved his life. I didn't know when he'd be back, or if he'd be alone when he returned. The only thing I knew is I couldn't go home empty-handed. I do, of course, have a plan B. The rag on the petrol bomb roars to life. For a few seconds, I hesitate. One voice asks me if I'm actually going to do this. The other asks if I'm actually going to let this scumbag get away with what he did. The wine bottle and its payload of petrol smash through the front window, the thin pane of glass offering no resistance at all. The dark little house bursts into life. The smoke alarm's shrill cry pierces through the night only a split second after I hear the bottle smash inside. I run. I have no desire to watch it burn. The fire is just a means to an end. Anything that will get him out of our lives.

It's barely more than a kilometre back to my place. I take the route I planned, first through the vacant strip of land next to his house, then I head down to the bike track, which takes me the rest of the way, ditching the ski mask and the gloves down the first drain I go past. It would be quicker to cut down my street the first time the bike track traverses close to it, but there's less chance of being seen on the track, and I can always duck into the scrub if anyone is here. But the night is empty—just me running into the wind and the shadows. I reach home before I know it, catching a glimpse of flashing blue and red lights in the far distance as I cross the street in front of my house.

'Kain, Missy,' I repeat in a loud whisper as I run up my driveway, hoping not to startle our dogs and have them rouse the neighbourhood. Thankfully they recognise my voice. I scale our locked driveway gate to save time fiddling with my keys and land on the other side. I collapse against the back wall of our house, and Kain starts licking my face. Normally this would annoy me, but tonight I'm too exhausted to stop him.

After several minutes of getting my breath back, I empty my pockets, take off my vest and put the rest of my clothes straight on cycle, mixing them in with the assorted laundry I deliberately left in the washing machine earlier. In the unlikely event the police come to my house in the next few hours, the wash will hopefully remove any forensic evidence I picked up, and the fact there's a full load of clothes on will make it look like I wasn't just cleaning one odd-looking outfit. I wash the boots in the sink and put them by the back door; I'll take them and the clothes I was wearing to the local dump in the morning. I step inside, making sure the dogs don't sneak in behind me like they always try to. I take a shower then crawl into bed next to her. She stirs and looks at me expectantly, her beautiful brown eyes appearing black in the darkness.

'It's done,' I tell her.
'What did you do?'
'He wasn't home, so I burnt down his house.'
She pauses, mulling it over. 'Good,' she says.
I curl against her body and she kisses me.

I don't sleep very well that night, but then again, I rarely do. My mind always becomes more active once my body slows down. Usually I think about a hundred different things. Tonight I'm only thinking about one. How did it ever come to this? To answer that, I guess I have to start at the beginning.

Continue the story by reading the book.

Raw by Damien Linnane
Publisher: Brolga Publishing
Released: 1 November 2023
ISBN: 978-0-645815-2-5

Available in paperback, Kindle and most eBook platforms

ALSO BY DAMIEN LINNANE

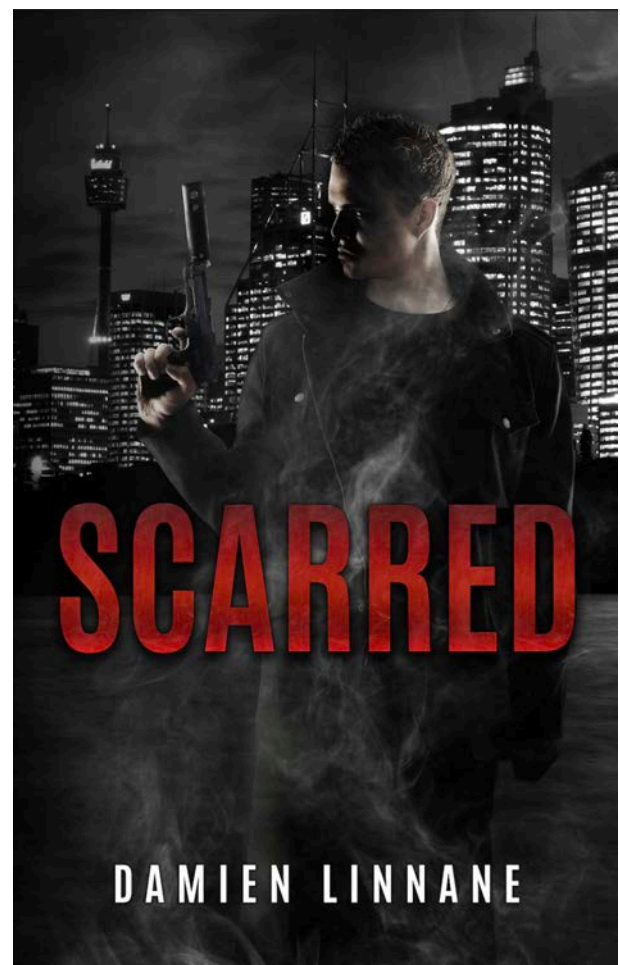
Scarred

There were five now. The mugger, the sex offender, the wife-beater, the drug-dealer. And of course, Peter. Jason hadn't needed a gun to kill Peter.

Jason Ennis doesn't understand why the world is such a confusing place. Why it's so difficult to read between the lines, so hard to understand what people want, such a struggle to fit in. Not that he isn't trying as he works a dead-end job and chips away at a degree that's going nowhere. But good things come to those who wait. Sometimes, when he least expects it, he gets a chance to make a real difference. To make the world a better place. By removing someone else from it. Someone who doesn't fit in with his standards of behaviour, someone who reminds him of how they scarred him as a child.

Publisher: Tenth Street Press
Released: 28 November 2019
ISBN: 978-0-6484802-4-2

Available in paperback, Kindle and most eBook platforms



MY UKRAINIAN CORRESPONDENCE

SAVED MY LIFE

BY CAMERON TERHUNE, PRISON JOURNALISM PROJECT

When I was 25 years old, I finally decided to stop trying to kill myself.

I had already been in prison for several years at that point, chipping away at my 100-years-to-life sentence. It was, perhaps, the darkest time in my life. I had just landed back in a regular prison cell after bouncing around among various suicide cells, prison mental health wards and other places that I shudder to remember even now, a decade later.

If I were going to live, there ought to be some purpose for it, I reasoned with myself. I knew I had plenty of reasons to die — hollow, selfish and self-serving as they were — but I'd never considered any points to the contrary.

It was tricky. I didn't even know who I was, apart from being a barely sober ex-drug addict who had shot two people for absolutely no reason at all. Living a life and doing things for no purpose had never served me well, so I decided I should get a sense of who I was before I committed myself to any course of action.

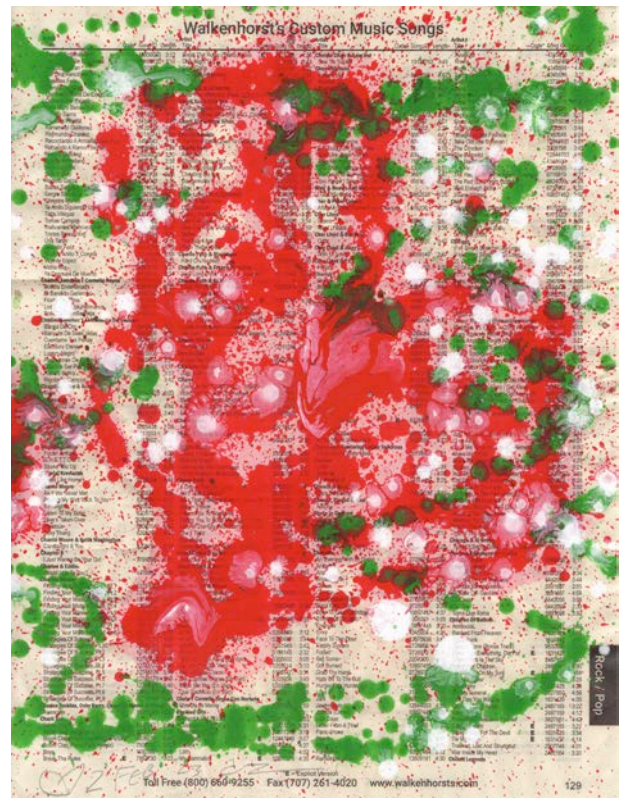
I started with my most basic interests: reading and writing. I didn't yet have anything to say, but I read anything I could get my hands on.

I read everything from fiction and true crime to science fiction, newspapers, legal work, cheesy romance novels and hardcore anarchist magazines. Somewhere — I believe it was in a mail art magazine called Node Pajomo — I saw an ad for the Museum of Mail Art. The address was in Ukraine.

Mail art originated as part of an artistic movement in the 1960s, centering around the circulation of small-scale art through the postal service. It was a form of art that diverged from the commercial art market, museums and galleries. Artists from all over the world would send their work to recipients. The craft continues even to this very day.

I answered the Museum of Mail Art's call with some terrible poetry and some collages I cobbled together from hacked up issues of Maximum Rocknroll and other used magazines. I used anything that could be used as glue, including soap, tape and toothpaste.

Several months later, my life changed. I got a big, fat envelope from a man named Lubomyr Tymkiv, curator of the Museum of Mail Art. He had enclosed several half-completed pieces of art which he asked me to complete and return or share with others.



He also enclosed some random bits of Ukrainian ephemera — book receipts, magazine clippings, stickers, calendar pages, doodles, trading cards and so on. The envelope was covered in canceled Ukrainian stamps and postmarks in Cyrillic. I was enthralled.

Lubomyr also sent me a note encouraging me to continue contributing to the Mail Art network. I learned that this was a global, interconnected web of artists, woodcarvers, painters, stamp makers, zine writers, sculptors, bookbinders and so on. Using the addresses he provided me, I sent art and mail to everyone.

Over the months and years that followed, I made new friends in countries all over the world: Germany, France, Canada, Argentina, Spain, Australia, Lithuania, Denmark, South Africa, the Netherlands, Italy, Russia, Taiwan and even Iran.

I asked questions, learned about other countries, built lasting friendships and embarked upon a campaign to acquire at

least a working understanding of other languages. Because of my mail art contacts, I am now reasonably proficient in German as well as French, Dutch, Afrikaans, Russian, Danish and Polish.

Lubomyr and I continued to correspond at the pace of the postal service and the prison system — a letter every few months or so, jam-packed with art. The ironic thing is that Lubomyr does not speak English, and I don't speak Ukrainian but over our 10 years of friendship, we've found ways to communicate, mostly through his judicious use of Google translate. I also pick up my Russian dictionary from time to time and manage to write in Russian, which he can read.

Our primary vehicle for communication, however, was art.

I learned and am continuing to learn how to express myself via art by being open and honest. Lubomyr gave me a deeper understanding of the wider world, including when he was recalled to military service when Russia invaded Ukraine in 2014.

I've made lifelong friends, explored my other interests and finally got over myself and wrote seven novels and counting. He also personally introduced me to the woman who would become my wife.

Now we are weathering a global pandemic and at a time many people inside of prison and art are feeling more isolated than ever, I feel as if I'm at the center of a great confluence of empathetic hearts and deep-thinking minds.

Mail Art allowed me to move beyond my past and find enough self-worth to embark upon a journey of healing. Engaging in the self-help programs available to me; finishing college, even planning for my parole as laws shifted to give me a glimmer of hope for freedom — these are just a few of the many gifts I found when I sent a letter to Ukraine, and someone saw me.

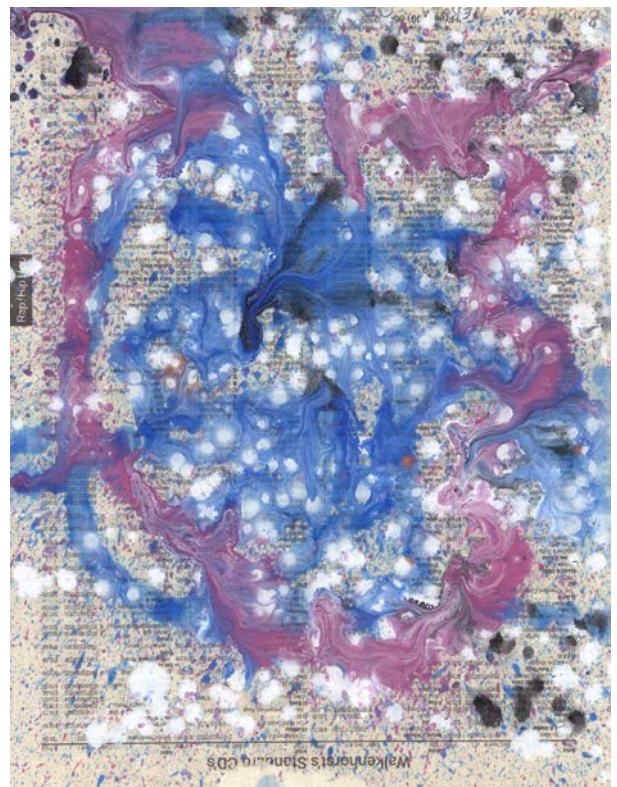
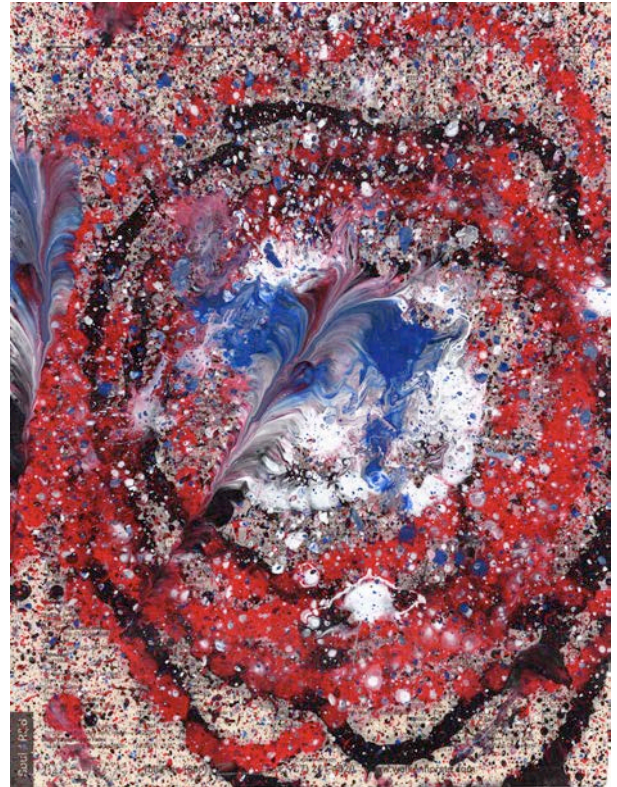
Lubomyr gave me a path to regain my humanity, and I'll be forever grateful for that first letter, which became an impetus of change and forward movement in my life.

This story was originally published by Prison Journalism Project on February 28, 2022:

<https://prisonjournalismproject.org/2022/02/28/my-ukrainian-correspondence-saved-my-life/>

It has been republished in *Paper Chained* at Cameron's request. The Prison Journalism Project is a non-profit, non-partisan US organization that aims to empower incarcerated journalists to be a vital voice in criminal justice reform.

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



ARTIST INTERVIEW

WITH ORLANDO SMITH

For this issue of *Paper Chained*, we reached out to Orlando Smith at San Quentin State Prison in California, who was kind enough to design us a custom artwork specifically for our cover. The following interview was done via mail.

You describe yourself as an artist who happens to be incarcerated. Were you an artist before you came to prison or has it been a skill you've developed in custody?

Actually, I call myself an ARTIVIST, but yes, "An artist who happens to be incarcerated". No and yes; I was born an artist. Back in the middle 80's I worked for Freeway Rick's Auto Body Work and Paint Shop. First, doing air-brush t-shirts, and then mural work on custom show cars. I developed my skills as an illustrator on a level 4 [high security] yard out of boredom from long lockdowns in the 2000's. Being an illustrative reporter was never my plan, it just happened.

Tell me about being an artist in prison. How do you feel when you're creating something in your cell? Does making art offer any sense of freedom for you?

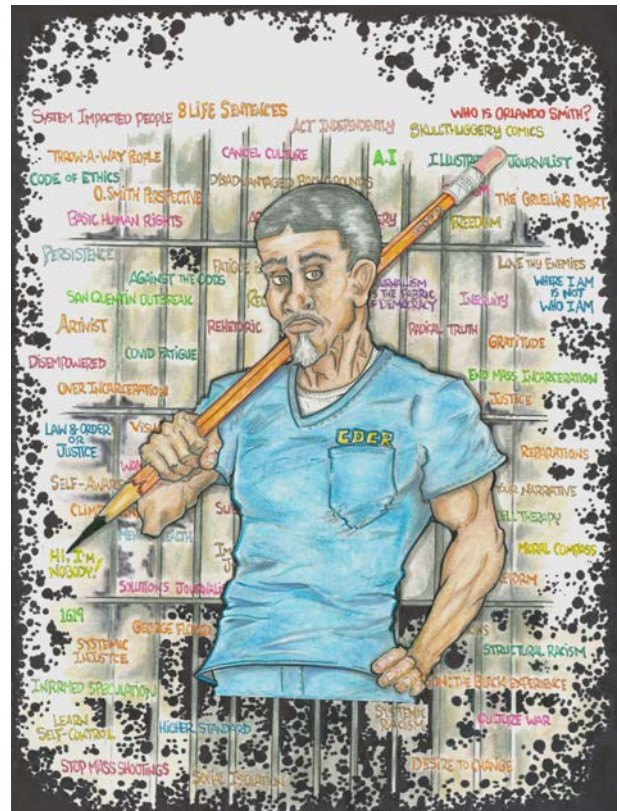
Like the Goodie Mob rap song goes, it's 'Cell Therapy.' Art helps me navigate challenges in prison. It gives me emotional agility, and plus, as an artist and comic book creator, I have crafted entire universes.

Do you only do drawings or do you also use other art mediums?

I only do illustrations. I was blessed by the Heavenly Father with special intelligence. I haven't painted in two decades, and it's been even longer since I did air-brush work or tattooing.

What struggles do you have creating art in prison? Are there any art supplies in particular that you do not have that you would like?

One of the struggles is getting my art out without it going missing. Using regular mail, shit disappears like Houdini. So I'm forced to use UPS (United Parcel Service), which costs a pretty penny, and even with that I have to keep my fingers crossed. Interruptions are another problem. Art supplies are a problem on level 4 yards, which is a higher-level prison, but here at San Quentin, there's very little violence so I'm able to have more art supplies in my cell, plus I work in Arts-in-Corrections under the William James Association as part of the mural crew.



Can you describe a typical day for you in prison? How much time do you spend making art?

I'm up at 6:15am, with a cup of coffee in my life. I do one hundred push-ups. Roll up my mattress, set my drawing board on top and my art studio is open from 9:30am, then I'm off to Arts-in-Corrections to work, I get off at 3:pm, shower, eat, power nap till 6pm and it's back to work till 8:30pm. I put in work, but it's not for me, because I love what I do. I take what I do very seriously—it's why I achieve so much. I've had like 18 exhibitions since 2020. I had my solo exhibition last year at the Manna gallery, as well as countless commissioned work and a bunch of publications and projects.

How many graphic novels have you made and where can people read them?

I have created over 65 graphic novels, with 17 titles and over 700 characters. Most are at my brother's house and about 11 of 'em are under my bunk in a box. I haven't published

as I have to be free to promote my work at Comic-Con. Running a business from prison is tricky. Here's why: Under D.O 51080.5 "inmate civil rights", incarcerated people have a right to sell their art and writing; however, under penal code 2601, CDCR may take away that right if they feel the intellectual property is being sold for a business purpose. According to title 15 (3024), a business purpose is any career or profession that generates revenue. This clause undermines incarcerated people's rights and is arbitrary and nonsensical. This is why I limit myself to doing just commissioned work. Once I gain my freedom, then Skullduggery comics will be in full swing.

We don't have three-strikes laws in Australia. Can you tell us about your crime, your sentence, and how long you've been in custody?

Sure, the three-strike law is a racist slave law, and a bunch of justice organisations are trying to eradicate it. Here in America black people are deemed throw-away-people. Just look at its history, look at its laws. None of its laws have to do with justice. Why am I still in prison after all this time? I came to prison at 29 years old, I'm 57 years old now. I didn't kill anyone; I didn't rape a child or anything. What I did was bad, I robbed eight people at gunpoint to support my drug addiction. My criminal conduct in society was irresponsible, reckless, and very dangerous. My verdict was 'just', but my sentence of eight life sentences WAS NOT! On February 21st, I met and talked with Governor Newsom about this. On St Patrick's Day Governor Newsom came back to San Quentin with an on-suite delegation, speaking about change, so we'll see if I'm still here this time next year. Who knows?

Can you tell us about your campaign for freedom and how people can help?

It's simple, you sign my petition:
www.change.org/freeorlandosmithcomicbookcreator

You can also write to:

ATTN: Legal Affairs / Support of Clemency
 Governor Gavin Newsom
 State Capitol Sacramento
 California, 95814 USA

And also:

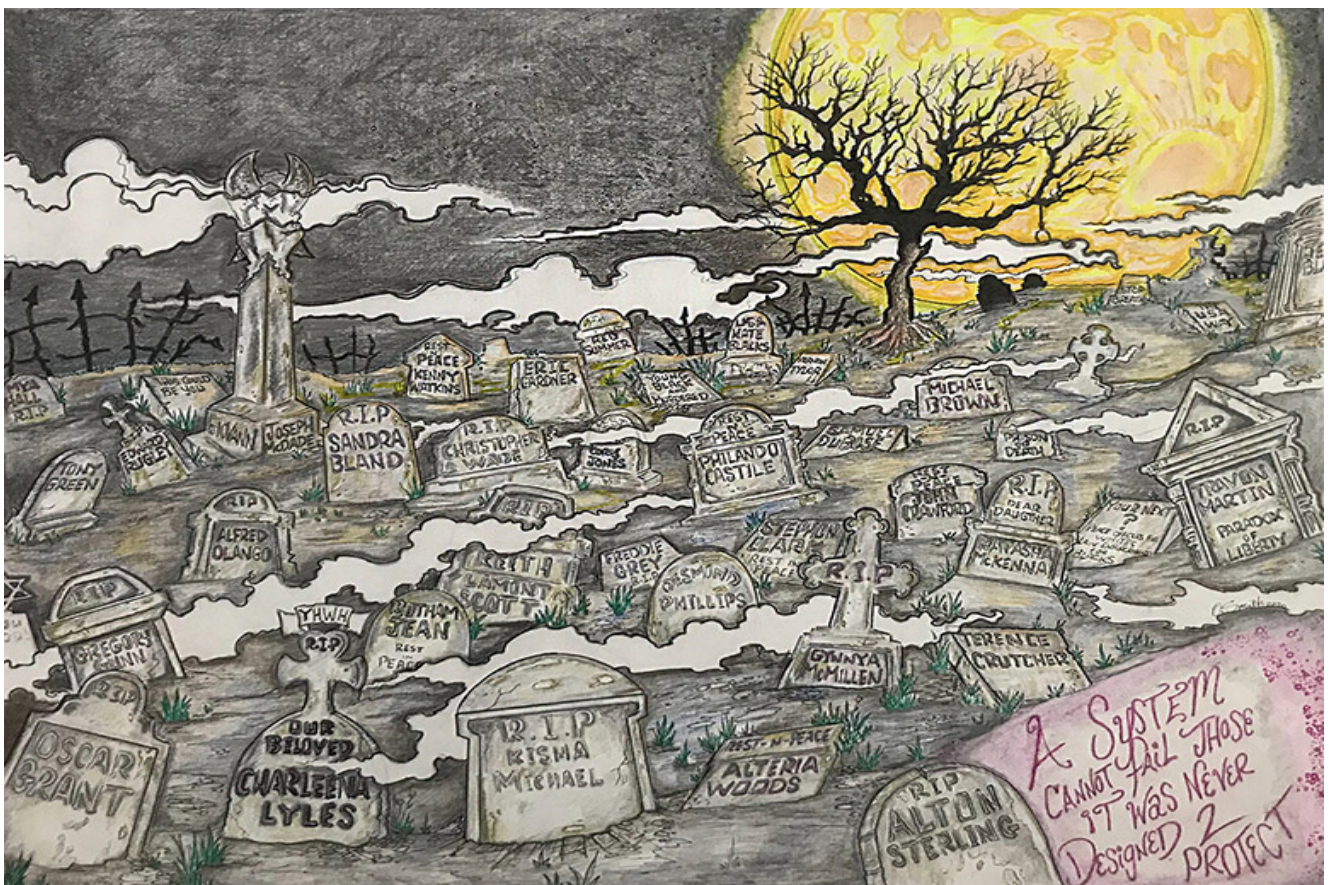
George Gascon
 District Attorney Office/Re-Sentencing Unit
 320 West temple street
 Los Angeles, California 90012 USA

How many art exhibitions have you had?

I've had 18 exhibitions including two for the University of Derby, in England. In fact, those two in Derby are permanently on display.

What advice do you have for other people in custody regarding using their time constructively?

Stay reading. Educate yourself, even if it isn't in a classroom setting. More importantly, don't put limits on yourself. Oh, also ... stay the fuck out of prison politics.



THERE WAS A HOLE IN THE WALL OF THE YARD

A SHORT STORY BY KYLE ZAMMIT

"Narcos, I ain't gammin you." The twitching man's eyes bulge even as they sink. "Straight up." He ceaselessly karate chops the air with his left hand.

"The boys are over there now. The boys are over there now. Look. Look." Having taken a step back to regain your personal space, you look over in the direction that your new friend's right arm is doing its best to indicate.

It's the least used corner of the yard. The kind of corner that hasn't been touched by Sol's nuclear warmth in eons. The kind of corner with the rickety drain that expels the choking fumes of some alien mould.

It is not the kind of corner that the boys would all hang around in, especially not silently, with all their backs turned. Unmoving. The absolute stillness reaches out through the overcast morning and stops your heart, your mind.

"Looky, looky, there." Your friend's talent of a pointer finger flips back and forth, pointing at the backs of mullets, buzz cuts, and bald spots. Hot breath spills over your neck. It smells of plum jam, margarine, and a lifetime of grief.

"Go suss it out."

The guard up on the medieval prison wall stands hunched over like a vulture. He's absent-mindedly stroking the strap of the re-purposed World War II carbine on his shoulder. His eyes track you as you inevitably fall into the psychic gravity well that's taken the rest of the pod.

The crowd parts before you without a word or a glance. You see the hole. It's hardly a meter in diameter, yet nonetheless it shines with the power of 100 polychromatic stars. Despite the light, you don't turn away. In fact, your pupils dilate.

Through the hole in the wall of the yard, you see yourself older, greyer, wrinklier. He's looking right at you, into you. He's smiling and he's crying. He's holding the hand of the most beautiful woman you've ever seen.

All the prismatic light is radiating from her and from so many others, all gathered about and peering out at you, waving at you.

Then lock-in muster comes around.

Some champ sacrifices his jacket to cover the hole from

the screw's eyes. Everyone forms up. An officer calls out the obligatory, "Hat, sunnies off!" Not a word is spoken by those wearing green besides the mandatory affirmative to their names.

That night you lay awake in your insufficiently insulated cot, doing head miles. You're not mulling over the hell behind you. No, you're thinking about the heaven ahead of you.

The next morning, the vulture on the wall is grinning as everyone rushes over to the dark, grimy corner of the yard with the hole in it.

But this time, instead of awed silence, you hear the furious mutterings of dogs and rats. Your twitchy friend turns away, shaking his head whilst wearing an expression more pained than if he'd just been told he's going on escort to Parklea.

His left hand has gone still. You let out a tired groan when you see where the hole is, or where it used to be. Its been paved over with still half wet cement. On the wall, a bit of paper has been stuck up. On the top of the page, the Corrective Services NSW logo lets it be known to everyone reading what power the default Calibri font text below has been imbued with.

The bit of paper reads:

It has come to my attention that there was a hole in the wall of a yard in this correctional centre.

This is a correctional centre. Holes are not allowed in any of the walls, so the hole in question has been sealed.

Thank you for your understanding in this matter.

The Governor.

There was a hole in the wall of the yard.

No, I'm not gammin you.

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

Editor's note: 'Gammin' is a word widely used by First Nations people. It is usually used to let others know they are joking or pretending.

THE AWABAKAL PEOPLE

BY KENJUAN CONGO JR

"In less than twenty years we have nearly swept them off the face of the Earth. We have shot them down like dogs. In guise of friendship we have issued corrosive sublimate in their damper and consigned their tribes to the agonies of an excruciating death. We have made them drunkards, and infected them with diseases which have rotted the bones of their children as are born amongst them a sorrow and a torture from the very instant of their birth. We have made them outcasts on their own land, and are rapidly consigning them to entire annihilation." — Edward Wilson, Argus, 17th March 1856.

The Awabakal people are Aboriginal Australians who identify with or are descendants of the Awabakal tribe and its clans. They are native to the coastal area of what is now known as the Hunter Region of New South Wales, Australia. Estimates show that the Awabakal territory covers approximately 2870 square kilometers.

The Awabakal people defended their culture, land, and waterways in the Hunter region against British colonizers throughout the 1800's. The British occupation in this region was primarily along the waterways including the Hunter River and Lake Macquarie, with heavy reliance on military force. The Indigenous people have a long history of fighting against the dispossession of their land.

Colonization started at the mouth of the Hunter River in 1804 with the establishment of a penal settlement, then eventually extended along this waterway to around Maitland. What followed was the opening up of Hunter Valley for civilian occupation after the transfer of the colony to Port Macquarie during the 1820's. From 1822 to 1826, the land, waterways, and rivers of the Awabakal people along the Hunter River came under direct threat from British colonists with the occupation of the crown land grants. These grants gave over five hundred thousand acres to nearly a thousand colonists, who became landowners in the Hunter Valley under English common law. When the British began occupying these crown land grants, conflict erupted with the Aboriginal people who actively defended themselves and their land.

In August of 1826, Governor Ralph Darling was given a petition from British occupants along the Hunter River. It was a request to receive military assistance to combat the resistance by Indigenous people. Darling agreed by sending military forces and instructed civilians to use force if necessary. Around the same time Reverend Lancelot Threlkeld wrote of a war against the Indigenous People of the local Hunter River Districts.

There was conflict at Lake Macquarie with Indigenous people in the early 1830's, when more colonists came to the region to occupy crown land grants around the lake shore. Indigenous people defended themselves and their land

from colonizers; and just like the land holders of Hunter River, the colonists requested military assistance to combat Indigenous resistance. Once again, the governor obliged by sending military forces, and in the official record several Aboriginal people were shot and gaoled.

For two hundred years Indigenous people suffered from military conquest along the Hunter River and Lake Macquarie. Their entire way of life was changed as a result of this malicious land grab. These people saw their population devastated by disease and violent conflicts that came from the British occupation of their land and waters.

Before British colonization, Australia was inhabited by more than 500 Indigenous groups, representing approximately 750,000 people in total. Europeans say that Indigenous cultures have developed over 65,000 years, which makes Indigenous Australians the world's most ancient living culture. Indigenous people's belief of dreamtime, however, only speaks of coming from Australia, not coming to Australia. It has been their land forever. They were self-sufficient, harmonious, and assembled in tribes traveling the land in accordance with the seasons. Each group lived in close relationship with land and water.

British colonization of Australia began in Sydney January 26th, 1788, with the arrival of captain Arthur Phillips at Sydney Cove. That is when everything changed. The history of the Hunter River and Land Macquarie is another case of British colonization and land grabbing.

*Kenjuan Congo Jr #ND7568
Smart Communications/ PA DOC SCI-CHESTER
P.O. BOX 33028
St. Petersburg FL 33733, USA*



An illustration of an Awabakal corroboree by Joseph Lycett, painted around 1818. In 1811, Joseph was convicted of forgery in England. He was transported to Australia in 1814, where he became a renowned artist.

AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER

BY SOKON

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

"I'm over here stupid!" I yelled out. At this point I wished I had used the dunny. The five men turned and trotted over. "Are you the gunslinger that shot Duncan?" Asked one of them. "I got told I missed." I answered. "The boss wants to talk to you." He said. "I'll. Tell him to come on over at anytime." I replied. I knew I wasn't going to talk my way out of this, I was just buying some time waiting for back-up. "You're coming with us now!" He said.

By now the men had half circled me and the odds of a successful outcome were against me. My right hand hung by my side and my little finger twitched, but I was hesitant to draw first. Could this be the first time I back out of a fight, no way. "I'm not going anywhere." I said. The man looked to the ground and shook his head. "The boss said I can't kill ya, but he didn't say I couldn't put holes in ya legs." He said. In a way it was good to know that they weren't aiming to kill, but the holes in the legs idea was a bit of a downer. I drew a deep breath and said. "Well, I like my legs how they are, but I'm not"

Slam! The Sheriff's office door slammed open. I dived for the ground as I drew my gun. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! I heard in lightning succession. Five men dropped to the ground as their horses bolted off. I looked over and saw Nideast in the doorway with a gun in each hand.

I got up and dusted myself off. "What were you waiting for?" I asked. "Only a fool enters a gun-battle without going to the dunny first." Replied Nideast as he reloaded his guns. "I noticed you fired six shots, did you miss one?" I asked. "No. The second shot was for the coward on the roof across the street." He answered, and then turned and went inside. I turned and looked at the roof. "What? The second shot?" I asked. "Get in here, there's no time to admire the sky!" Yelled Mitch. I went inside.

"This is too risky them coming into town. Some innocent towny is going to get hurt." Said Mitch. "On me." I said as I poured myself

a whisky. "Mideast, you said you know where they are?" asked Mitch. "Yeah." Replied Mideast. "Are you thinking of taking the fight to them?" I asked. "I think it's safer that way." Replied Mitch. "What's the plan?" asked Mideast. "Ride up guns blazing." Said Mitch. "Hang on, that's not a plan." I objected. "It's as good a plan as any, unless you have a better one." Said Mideast. "No, we can just go with Mitch's suicidal idea." I answered. "Good. Grab a couple of rifles off that rack." said Mitch. We gathered some supplies, got our horses and rode out of town.

"Every member of the Chandler gang has a bounty on their head." Said Mitch as we rode. "Each one of us will be able to build our own homestead with that cash." Said Mideast. I thought about that idea and didn't like the sound of it. I liked the idea of money but I wasn't ready to settle down. I wasn't really sure what I wanted to do, but I had to live to see the next day first.

We rode for a couple of hours and then stopped at the top of a hill. "Down there." Pointed Mideast. Down in the valley was a couple of cabins on the bank of a stream. There were men carting timber and some working on what looked like the frame of another cabin.

"There's no cover down there." I said. "There's a stack of timber, that's all we need." Said Mitch. "And there's not much around so they can't flank us." Added Mideast. "O.k, so we make the charge to the timber stack and fight it out from there." Said Mitch. "Ride in hard!" Yelled Mideast as he took off down the hill. Mitch yelled "Yeeka!" and we both followed Mideast.

I could see the men pointing at us, not sure of who we were or what we were doing. Some of them starting running for the cabins, others, looking a bit confused, reached for their guns. Mideast drew his gun and started shooting, Mitch and I done the same shortly after. The men started shooting back while running for cover. I saw one of the men drop to the ground and

one of them started limping. We made it to the timber stack, jumped off our horses and dived for cover.

"You two o.k.?" Asked Mideast. "Yeah all good." I answered. "So far the plan is good." Said Mitch. I poked my head up to see what was going on. Tak! Ping! A bullet ricocheted off the timber near my head. "Crap!" I yelled and quickly ducked. "No one's coming." I said. "So we wait." Said Mitch. "They'll be coming soon, they know we are out numbered." Said Mideast. We re-loaded our guns.

After waiting for a short while a man yelled. "Is that you sheriff?" "It's a distraction, get ready." Said Mideast. "Yeah!" Yelled Mitch. "What are you doing?" Yelled the man. "Catching up on some sleep!" Answered Mitch. "What do you want?" Asked the man. "All of you men are wanted by the law for crimes!" Answered Mitch. "So what!" Stated the man. "So all of you come out with your hands in the air so we can take you in!" Said Mitch. We heard the men laughing and Mitch looked at Mideast and me and shrugged his shoulders. We knew they weren't coming out to surrender, but we needed to get them out in the open. "You're a bit out numbered there sheriff so you better get back on your horse and go back to down." Said the man. "I'm not going without you men!" Said Mitch. "Come and get us then!" Yelled the man.

A barrage of bullets hit the timber stack. "I don't think they are going to surrender Mitch." I said. "Well maybe we will have to go and get them." He said. I looked around sarcastically at the open space and then counted, one, two, three, pointing to each of us. "How?" I asked. Mideast laughed, "They can't stay in there forever." "And we can't sit here forever either." I said.

"We have to smoke them out." Said Mitch. "Two of us can lay some cover fire while one runs to the first cabin and lights it up."

Splat! A splatter of blood hit the timber and Mitch slumped.

Zak! Ping! A bullet ricocheted off the timber. I swung around and saw two men running toward us. Bang! Bang! I rattled off two shots. One of the gunslingers dropped. Splat! I saw a puff of pink mist and Mideast fell. Bang! Bang! I rattled off another two shots and the second gunslinger fell. Bang! Bang. I swung around and saw two men fall on the timber and then slump to the ground and Mideast laying on his back with a gun in each hand.

"So much for not being able to flank us!" I yelled. "They didn't flank us, they weren't here in the first place." Said Mideast. I poked my head up. Zak! Ping! "That's it for now." I said as I ducked. Mideast was holding his shoulder. "You o.k.?" I asked. "Yeah." He answered. "The bastard just took a chunk out." I looked down at Mitch's lifeless body. "Nothing we could do." Said Mideast. "This was a bad idea." I said. "It was our only idea!" Snapped Mideast. "We could risk them carving up the town!" "No we couldn't," I replied. "How bad is the shoulder?" "Not bad enough to stop me." He answered.

I didn't know how long Mideast had known Mitch but I could tell he was a bit upset about his death. "Sorry for your loss." I said. "We have to get close to that cabin." He said, ignoring my condolence. "One of us can still make a run for it." I suggested. "That's not going to work now." He said.

A voice from the cabin interrupted our planning, a voice I recognised. "Is dat you out dere Angus?" "Yeah Clarke, it's me!" I yelled. "Jeremy Clarke?" Asked Mideast. "Yep. I've been hunting him for a long time." I answered. "I aint seen ya for so long I thought ya gave up!" Yelled Clarke. "I'll never give up hunting you Clarke!" I yelled. "Ya gunna die today Angus." Clarke yelled back. "Come out and fight like a man then." I said. "I know ya quicker den me Angus, but ya not smarta." We heard him laugh and then zak! Zak! into the stack. "He's planning something, get ready for it." Said Mideast.

VISION: AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN KILLICK

In 1999, John Killick made nationwide news for six weeks after his infamous helicopter escape from Silverwater Correction Complex. Long before that, however, he was one of the editors of *Vision*, a magazine produced at Yatala Labour Prison in South Australia. *Paper Chained* Editor Damien Linnane speaks to him about *Vision*, prison, and what he is doing now.

So why don't we start with *Vision* : when did you become the Editor?

I took over in late '79. It was pretty stuffed when I got it. It had been a good magazine then it fell down and deteriorated. They just weren't doing much work on it and nobody was contributing. One of the screws has strict control over it. He would look at what you wanted to print, and guys wrote some pretty heavy poetry and articles. It was hard to explain to them that we had to modify their work, because the screws wouldn't let us print it otherwise. You had to compromise to get stuff printed. If you didn't, you'd get shut down. But a lot of guys inside couldn't understand that, so they just got the shits and stopped contributing anything. But I knew that if we compromised, we'd get through and gradually we'd build it up, and the bigger we got it, the more power we'd have to be able to publish things. And that's what happened. We built it up to about 96 pages an issue. By the time we finished up, we had judges and lawyers and people interstate on our mailing list. It started to gather momentum and then it just went from strength to strength.

The Deputy Governor and others were against the magazine though, and they did try and shut us down around 1980, so I reached out to the Ombudsman's office. The Assistant Ombudsman came to Yatala to see me and one of our regular contributors, Len Lehman. He was on our side and he went in to bat for us, and he got the ban overturned. My last issue as editor was in late 1981. After I won my appeal and was released, my sub-editor, Marcel Spiero, took over. He was a good editor and he had the brains to put it all together, but he got badly into drugs. I'd gotten him off drugs in the first place, but he got back on them after I left.

Do you have any memorable moments as editor?

So my trial leading to my imprisonment at Yatala had been an absolute farce. It was later overturned at the High Court, who said I should never have been found guilty in the first case. I thought the judge who originally sentenced me was very biased. So when I became editor I wrote this story called "The Trial of Billy Goat", and I was Billy Goat. She was Justice Unicorn. The cops were pigs, the lawyers were weasels and the jury were sheep. I had an artist draw up



Paper Chained editor Damien Linnane with John Killick

the whole thing and I sent her a copy of the magazine. She wrote back and said, 'It's a wonderful magazine : keep me on the mailing list', but she didn't mention the story. She was too smart for that.

Tell me more about your trial, and why it was called the 'Perfect Alibi' case?

I was framed by Roger Rogerson, who was a decorated police officer at the time. He said I robbed a bank in Adelaide, but I'd actually been in Sydney the day of the robbery. Seven people, regular people with no criminal convictions, had seen me in Sydney. But the judge said to the jury, 'Who are you going to believe? Police officer Roger Rogerson, or bank robber John Killick?' So they believed Rogerson. Look, I think that the average cop is actually pretty decent. But it was the old school ones like Rogerson that used to run the city. They had total control so they could do whatever they wanted. When the conviction was quashed, it was the first time anyone had beaten Rogerson. He was so used to just verballing everyone and getting away with it. Anyway, I wrote an article about it called *The Perfect Alibi*, which was published in Norway, and also over here.

Rogerson is now in prison himself for murder. How do you feel knowing he is locked up for the rest of his life?

The last time I saw Rogerson he was a crippled old man. And I know this sounds ridiculous since he set me up, but I feel a bit sorry for him, because he's never getting out, and I never want to see anybody locked away for life, not even a cold-blooded murderer.



Issue 25 of Vision, which contains 'The Trial of Billy Goat'

So people always want to ask you about your then partner Lucy helping you escape in the helicopter, and the escape itself has been covered to death, but I do have one question. I was always surprised you got away with it for as long as you did. What was your long-term plan for staying out of prison?

We wanted to get overseas. I had someone get false passports for us. If I didn't have them I wouldn't have tried escaping. But I just didn't expect the extent of the manhunt the police carried out. They knew everyone I'd ever contacted in the last seven years. The guy that supplied the false passports, he was in jail but his wife had the contact for us to get overseas. I called her and she just said 'John, we're bugged,' so Lucy and I were completely on our own. I really have to give the cops credit for the extent of their manhunt.

To be honest with you, I've always said it was a mistake. If you escape from prison and you can't get out of the country, they're going to get you eventually. And they were getting 300 reported sightings of us a day. Someone even reported a sighting of us over in Hawaii in a church, which was just ridiculous, right? It was just idiots, you know, people who wanted to get their 15 minutes of fame. But with 300 sightings a day, eventually somebody's got to be right. And that's what happened. Somebody recognised Lucy.

Hip-hop artist Urthboy wrote the song 'Long Loud Hours' in 2015 about the escape. How do you feel about it?

I didn't know about it when it first came out. My niece eventually told me about it. At first I didn't like it, I'm not into rap and that stuff, but after a while it sort of grew on me. I think it's quite clever — that guy's a good artist. I think it's more a tribute to Lucy than me. But everybody seems to like it. I'd like to meet Urthboy one day.

You've recently published a new book. Is writing what keeps you busy these days?

I'm currently writing my sixth book. I'm a bit behind on it

because I keep travelling for talks and conferences. The first book I did was just my life story up until the 70s and I deliberately left the helicopter escape out of it because I didn't want to capitalise on that.

We're always having mini-launches for books and stuff like that, so I meet a lot of people. There's a minority who will always sort of hate you because of what you did, and I never argue about it. I say 'You're entitled to your opinion,' but overall, I've made a lot of good friends. It's easy to be wise in retrospect. We always say 'If I had my time to live over again I wouldn't have done it,' but you would, because you'd be the same person.

Sometimes I think the greatest thing you could ever do would be to go back to just one day in your life, knowing what you know now, and change it. But we can't do that. So you just gotta live with what the past is. I wouldn't change anything now anyway because it's made me the way I am today. Prison has made a lot of people.

I normally end interviews with former prisoners by asking what their advice is for people getting through a current sentence, so what's yours?

I did 30 years, but I'm not even sure I'd survive prison now with the gangs that are running in New South Wales. In the old days, if you got into a fight, everyone stepped back. You just had your fight and later on you'd shake hands and go and play cards. These days, if I have a fight with somebody and beat him, I'm going to get stabbed later on in the shower. It's pretty heavy. People don't realise how heavy it is, but at the same time half the guys are on protection and it's mainly over drugs. They get drugs and then they can't pay for it.

But jails are totally different now, because of drugs and gangs. I never had any trouble when I was inside, because I'm not into drugs, and I think that I earned respect because I was always against the system, I was one of the few guys that won a High Court appeal, and I never gave anybody up.

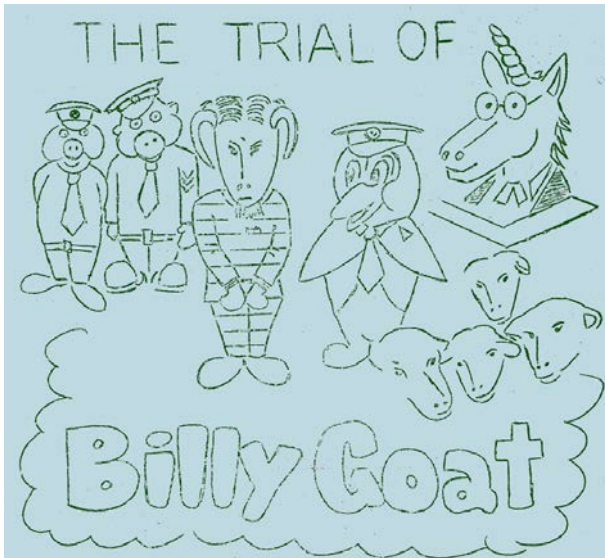
But I nearly got in a fight in Goulburn once. We were talking about paedophiles. And I said in front of a lot of heavy crims, 'If I knew the guy next door was molesting his daughter, I'd give him up to the police.' And one guy said 'You don't give anybody up!' I said I'd be giving paedophiles up because he's ruining that kid's life and I still say that today. If I knew about any paedophiles I'd go to the cops about it.

Some parts of prison culture disgusted me. I never saw or heard of a rape happening when I was inside, but I was always sickened by the fact that if someone was raped and made a complaint, some prisoners would crack down on the person complaining more than the rapist.

Oh, absolutely. When I first went into jail, I had a friend who was a really good-looking kid. And they put him with a couple of heavy guys and he was getting raped every night. I heard about it and I approached him. I said, 'You've got to say what's happening to you so you can get out of here.' And he said, 'No, I can't because then I'll be a dog.' So he just suffered in silence. And it's just a sick concept that rapists anywhere would be protected by silence, because rape is one of the worst crimes there is. It ruins lives.

THE TRIAL OF BILLY GOAT

BY JOHN KILLICK



Originally published in Issue 25 of Vision, April 1980.

Note: The characters in the following story bear no resemblance to any goats, sheep, penguins, pigs, chameleons or weasels either living or dead. As for unicorns, well, unicorns don't exist---do they?

Billy Goat's trial had been a long one; now, having finished his summing up, Justice Unicorn sent the twelve sheep out to consider their verdict. The guard, Percy Penguin, led Billy back to his cubicle.

"Gee, the judge sure murdered you in the summing up," the penguin said.

Billy didn't answer. Until Justice Unicorn had summed up, he'd been confident of the jury returning a Not Guilty verdict---now he wasn't so sure.

Charles Chameleon, his lawyer, came to the cubicle. "It doesn't look good, Billy"

Billy nodded. "There's something I don't understand", he said. "I thought a judge had to sum up both sides of a case?"

Chameleon shrugged. "He did. It's the way he did it that was objectionable. A meaningful pause here, a mocking smile there, certain annotations in his voice ... these things can sway an ordinary jury much more than actual words spoken. And smiles and annotations don't go down in the depositions. They can't be objected to, and they can't be appealed against. Add that to the over-emphasis of the important points of the prosecution, and the skimming over of the strong points of the defence, and you've got an almost certain guilty verdict."

"But you missed 26 points for the defence in your final address to the jury, and the judge missed eleven. Where does that leave me?"

"In gaol," Chameleon admitted. He tried a smile thought better of it, and went on: "Look, I told you I'm sorry I missed

those twenty-six points. I got a bit blustered by old unicorn---he wanted me to finish summing up by lunch. Anyway, the points I made were good ones."

"And I get the benefit of any reasonable doubts," Billy said hopefully.

Chameleon shook his head. "Not with sheep on the jury, you don't. The much hackneyed phrase, 'beyond reasonable doubt' acts as an appeasement to the conscience of society when it sends you to gaol. When you are found guilty beyond reasonable doubt, whatever they do to you is legally sanctioned and condoned. Sheep usually bring in whatever verdict the judge has implied he or she desires. If you had twelve owls on your jury it would be different."

"Well why don't they allow owls to sit on a jury?"

"Oh now and then one or two get on--- that's why they brought in the ten to two majority verdict. Owls are academics; they're intelligent and they are thinkers, they have the capacity to accept, reject or reason with the facts. They don't hang on to every word spoken by the judge as if God himself has spoken. They arrive at their own conclusions from the evidence put before them. Even if an owl probably thinks you are guilty, he or she will acquit you if the crown hasn't proved it beyond reasonable doubt.."

"So they put useless sheep on the jury," Billy said, failing to keep the bitterness from his voice.

Chameleon shook his head. "Don't underestimate the sheep," he said. "Sheep are the most powerful animals on earth. This odd fact comes about by their sheer weight of numbers. Let's face it: at the moment they are deciding your future; even the leaders of our country, be they Hawks, Don Doves or Gough Ducks, are forced to conform to the wishes of the sheep.."

In the jury-room, the jury had almost agreed on a verdict. One stubborn sheep held out.

"If he is guilty," the stubborn sheep said "why have the pigs been caught out in so many blatant lies and contradictions?"

"The pigs weren't lying," the foreman contradicted, "they just made honest mistakes. There's a difference."

"But you just said the five goats who testified for the defence were lying," the stubborn sheep persisted.

"How do you know that when they made their contradictions they also weren't just honest mistakes?"

The foreman was becoming impatient. "Because they are goats aren't they? Goats will always stick together. Besides, why would the pigs lie?"

"To ensure a conviction?" stubborn sheep suggested.

"Oh, come now," said an old lady sheep who had been asleep throughout most of the trial. "We all know that the pigs wouldn't purposefully perjure themselves. They wouldn't be on the pig-force if they did."

Ten other sheep nodded their assent.

"Well what about the three goats hairs on the sheep's

clothing?" stubborn sheep asked, "Two of the hairs were white and only one was black. Yet Billy goat is a black goat. He only has a few white hairs around his chin."

"You heard what prosecutor weasel said about that," the foreman said, "The hairs around the goat's chin fall out at a faster rate than any other part of a goat."

The old lady sheep nodded. "There you are. And, besides, why worry about an unimportant point like that when the pigs have told us he confessed to the crimes; and the judge obviously thinks he is guilty. What more do we need?"

"But he didn't sign the alleged confessions," stubborn sheep said.

"The pigs signed it didn't they?" the foreman asked. "They couldn't very well force him to sign it if he didn't want to."

Stubborn sheep gave up. "I guess you're right."

"So he's guilty on all four counts," the foreman said.

"Wait a minute," the stubborn sheep said. "I agree he is guilty on one, but surely there isn't enough evidence to convict him on the other three?"

"If he's guilty of one, then he's guilty of all four, as far as I'm concerned," said a fat sheep.

"No doubt," another said.

"He wouldn't be up there in the dock, if he wasn't guilty," another said.

"But where is the proof?" the stubborn sheep asked.

"Well, he certainly hasn't proved he was innocent, has he?" said the old lady sheep who slept through most of the trial.

"And another point is I can't sit here arguing all day—I have to be home to cook dinner for my husband," a young lady sheep said.

That raised a few laughs.

Penguin unlocked Billy's cubicle. "The jury is coming in," he said.

"It's too soon," Billy said.

"Maybe they can't agree," Chameleon said without conviction; he avoided Billy's eyes.

"They're bound to acquit you on three of them," Penguin said.

Billy stood in the dock as the jury filed in.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," the foreman said. We find the accused guilty on all four counts. Our decision was unanimous."

Despite having braced himself for what was coming, Billy felt his knees buckle; it was like someone had hit him in the gut with a baseball bat. Guilty on all four? He couldn't believe it. He sat down.

Justice Unicorn looked solemn. Even he had expected the jury to acquit two or three of the charges.

"Stand up goat," he commanded, "You have been found guilty on all four counts of disguising yourself in sheep's clothing and entering the folds of innocent sheep. Then, while they looked on in shocked bewilderment, you rapaciously devoured every blade of grass, every plant and flower that they possessed. These are serious crimes and must be discouraged, the community is entitled to demand of me the handing out of a harsh penalty. In fact I..."

He hesitated, and Goat looked into his eyes, openly, defiant, unrepentant and bitter— yet somehow hoping not to be crushed. In that split instance of time, an incredible thing happened. It was almost as though the mind of

each-the Goat and the Unicorn—was transilluminated to the other, permitting instant insight and rapport.

"You crucified me in your summing up," Goat was saying and Unicorn understood and silently acknowledged his accusation.

"The pigs lied, the prosecution lied," Goat silently screamed, and this too was silently acknowledged.

"Of course they lied," Unicorn silently told him, "And you lied also, a little more skillfully, perhaps, but you lied, nevertheless. So did your goat friends, and your counsel, and even some of the crown witnesses. In fact the whole trial was a charade from start to finish. Everyone else knew everyone else was lying—except the jury. It was all far too complicated for them, so they turned to me for help. My job is to wade through all the lies and decide the only really relevant issue— whether you're innocent or guilty. And I've decided that you are guilty on at least two counts— probably all four. Oh, I know it was the pigs that planted the goats hairs on the sheep's clothing; I realise that they perjured themselves, but if we were to send to prison every pig that perjured himself in court then we would not have a pig-force. But the important point is that you are guilty; you know it, I know it, the pigs know it and obviously your counsel knows it; even the jury suspects it, I realise that this may seem all so unfair to you, but to me it's Justice, and that is what I am here to dispense.

"It will never be justice while one side is as bad as the other, yet only one is punished," Goat said.

But Justice had tuned out. This silent rapport has passed between judge and victim in a split second. Now the judge was speaking out aloud:

"I'm not going to crush you," he said, and the pigs frowned in disapproval.

"You are a goat, you always have been a goat, and you probably will always be a goat. However, because of your Kid, Billy, I'm going to give you one last chance to reform. You're at least an intelligent goat, and hopefully you can help your Kid, by your mistakes, to become more than a goat. I certainly hope so. I sentence you to nine months confinement, and upon your release, a further nine months off grass. Take him away."



THE TRUE STORY OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

BY JACK HOLLON

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a young man who, through an unfortunate accident that one day happened to his Father, was left as the sole support of his Mother. Now this young fellow was a fine upstanding citizen and a credit to the community in which he lived, but he was a little short in the brain department and was finding it hard to make ends meet. One day he woke up bright and early to find his Mother weeping in the kitchen. Son, she tells him, it looks like the end has about got here. We are out of everything and you know that I can't stand this milk all the time so take the cow to town and see if you can sell her and get us some goodies. Don't forget the wine, either.

So Jack like the good son that he was, went out to the pasture and slapped a bridle on old Bossy and took off for town and the local stockyards.

Going down the road he met a fellow and stopped to find out the latest news. Now this fellow, an old geezer, sized up Jack and seeing that he was not the brightest boy in the world figured that he could beat him for the cow. Look boy, he tells him, I sure hope that you are not going to try to sell that cow in town. Why the market went bad on cattle and they are almost giving them away today. This little statement shook our Hero up no end and he says what am I going to do? My poor Old Mother is about to starve to death and worse than that she is out of wine and this milk is about to do her in. The old sharpie seeing that he has the fish hooked good, says, lookie here son, I have with me some magic beans and with them you don't have to ever worry about food again, they will grow anything and what you don't need yourself you can sell and get your Mom all the wine she can drink. Jack says, Boy, that's just what I need. How much do you want for them. Well, son, says the old man, tell you what I will do. Seeing as how your old Mother is about to starve to death I'll just trade you for that worthless cow that you have got. Good deal, cries Jack and makes the trade. The old man quick grabs the cow and takes off for town and a good time and Jack heads for home to tell his Mom all about the good deal that he made.

Now when Jack hits the door the first thing that his poor feeble old Mother says is, you didn't forget the wine, did you son? Well, Mom Jack says, and proceeds to give her a run down on the good trade that he made and how she will soon have all the wine that she can drink. The old lady not being a lame brain like her son blows her top and tottering over to him proceeds to pick him up and toss him and the bag of beans out the window without bothering to open it.

After the old lady went to sleep Jack figured that it was

safe to go back in the house, so leaving the beans where they were he snuck in and went to bed hoping that the old lady would cool down by morning. First thing next day the old lady is screaming in his ear, get up you lazy Jack and go get rid of the tree that is growing outside the window. Jack goes out and looks and sure enough there is this tree growing clear up out of sight. Now Jack being a curious fellow decided to climb up and see how far the tree really went. Climbing all day he finally gets to the top of it and starts to look around. Off in the distance he spies some thing that looks like a house and wondering who would live clear up here he goes to investigate. He gets to the house and going in he sees this Giant sitting on a chair playing with a goose. Now Jack almost lost his uppers when the Giant tells this goose, lay or in the pot you go and the goose lays a big golden egg. But even though Jack's a real nut he can see that is a better deal than a sack of beans so he starts to figure how he could get the goose. Well, luck is with him as the Giant after making the goose lay a couple more eggs falls asleep. Jack right away runs in and puts the snatch on the goose and makes it for the tree.

Now this goose not knowing Jack starts to scream stop thief, put me down, help Police and all that kind of stuff. All this commotion wakes up the Giant and he takes off after Jack full blast. Well, our Hero is no slouch and he gets to the tree and is half way down it before the Giant gets out of the house. Getting to the bottom he grabs an axe and starts chopping away and not a minute too soon either as the Giant and the tree hit the ground together and I guess you know that the sudden stop puts the Giant out of commission. Seeing that he don't have to worry about him Jack slowly saunters in the house, and says Look Mom what I got. You don't have to join AA now. The old lady seeing nothing but a goose is about to throw him out again when Jack says to the bird, man, get with it or in the pot you go. Bingo, the fowl comes out with a solid gold egg. At this shot the old lady's eyes light up and she forgives Jack for being such a beetle-brain. Now the old lady not knowing when all this will end keeps the goose busy all day knocking out eggs and when she has a barn full of them, off to town she goes not to buy a jug of wine as you might think, but the whole winery.

Now everything is going smooth for a few days and the old gal is really living it up and Jack isn't doing too bad himself, when there comes a knock on the door one morning. When the old lady opens the door the fellow standing there flashes a badge and tells her, I'm from the Internal Revenue Service and I would like to talk to this guy named Jack. What about, says the old lady. Well, this fellow says,

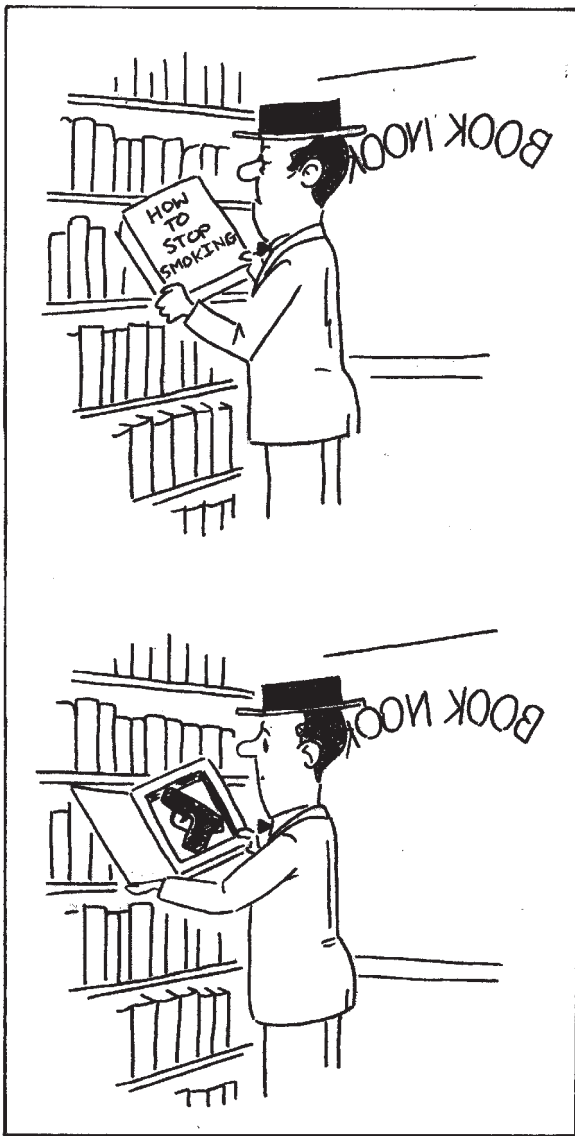
we got a report from one of your neighbors that a couple weeks ago Jack didn't even have a pot to put the milk in and now he is making the scene like John D. and we want our tax money. Well, the old lady makes a deal with him so that she won't lose the winery and tells him that Jack is down to the local pool hall. The IRS man calls the sheriff and down to the pool hall they go and put the arm on poor Jack for income tax evasion. Well, Jack as big a fool as they come, tells them all about the goose and the golden eggs and has him knock out a few to pay the taxes. This makes the IRS man happy but the sheriff wants to know where he got the goose and Jack like an idiot tells him all about the Giant and how he got him from the Giant and how he had to chop the tree down to save his life.

Well, the sheriff goes out to Jack's place and digs up the body and quick as a flash he arrests him and charges him with Grand Larceny and Murder and to top it off they confiscate the goose for evidence. Well to cut a long story

short, poor old Jack got the electric chair when his Mother turned states evidence and the goose died from overwork when the Government tried to get him to lay enough eggs to pay off the National Debt. The only one that came out of the deal with anything was Jack's Mother. She got to keep the winery and not being a lame like Jack she had several eggs stashed away for her old age and never ran off the mouth about them to anyone.

There is a moral to this story and that's this: if you are left to support your Mother don't sell the cow for beans. Go to the unemployment office and get Mom a job scrubbing floors or something, and whatever you do, pay your TAXES!

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Originally published in *Neptune News*, the magazine of McLeod Prison Farm, Victoria. June 1957.



Originally published in *Flat Rock Bulletin*, the magazine of HM Prison Beechworth, Victoria. August 1957.



Comic by Bob Matlock. Originally published in *The Forum*, the newspaper of Nebraska Penal Complex, USA. April 24, 1965.

CHAMPIONING CHANGE IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM

A CONVERSATION WITH TARMİ A'VARD

BY DWAYNE ANTOJADO

In the multifaceted domain of criminal justice, certain figures emerge as trailblazers. Tarmi A'Vard, with her two-decade experience, is an exemplar of such. Currently a lecturer at Bendigo TAFE, her work in the field has been extensive and impactful.

Q: Tarmi, your career spans community corrections, youth justice, Aboriginal corporations, and academia. How has this diverse experience shaped your perspective on the criminal justice system?

A: Each of these roles provided me with unique insights into different parts of the criminal justice system. Starting as a case manager, I supervised parolees, then supported volunteer firefighters after the Black Saturday fires. I later returned to the criminal justice system, working with Njernda Aboriginal Corporation, which I deeply loved and learned from. My subsequent roles, including a Youth Justice Worker, Family Support Worker, and a lecturer in Criminology at La Trobe University, broadened my understanding further.

Q: Can you tell us about your role at Bendigo TAFE and the courses you teach in Justice and Community Services?

A: I feel deeply privileged to share my experience in the criminal justice system as an educator at Bendigo TAFE. My courses in Justice and Community Services aim to prepare future practitioners, focusing on solution-based approaches rather than punitive, reactionary methods.

Q: You've expressed a deep belief in the power of education. Can you share any experiences that have particularly inspired this belief?

A: There was this powerful experience at Graterford Prison (in the USA) where men serving life sentences described education as their "catalyst of hope and escape." It was an eye-opening moment that inspired me to adapt my teaching methods and make education more accessible for all.

Q: What motivated you to work within the criminal justice system?

A: I remember a school excursion to the Old Melbourne Gaol. The stark contrast between the lifeless prison and the bustling city outside left a lasting impression. Despite the frustrations, I firmly believe that highlighting the realities of the carceral space can lead to significant societal changes, such as humanising the way we operate prisons.

Q: How has the criminal justice system evolved during your two decades in the field?

A: The changes are significant. On one hand, punitive sanctions have increased. On the other hand, I've observed



growth in the support services available for people willing to engage. Additionally, incarceration realities have become more visible through podcasts, documentaries, and personal narratives, and I hope it continues, allowing the public to see what it's like to be incarcerated, and hopefully meaningful systemic change ensues.

Q: What are your hopes for the future of the criminal justice system?

A: I envision more transparency within the carceral space, along with enhanced educational and employment opportunities for incarcerated individuals. I also advocate for policies reducing the incarceration rate of First Nations People, as the current rates are systemic and unacceptable.

Q: Lastly, what message would you give to those currently incarcerated?

A: I want to assure them that there are many of us striving to become the best practitioners to support their future. I encourage them to seize every opportunity, explore the possibilities of education as a path to self-improvement and better understanding of themselves.

Tarmi A'Vard's journey attests to the transformative power of education and potential for systemic change within the criminal justice system. Through her teaching and advocacy, she continuously challenges the status quo, inspiring a new generation of criminal justice practitioners.

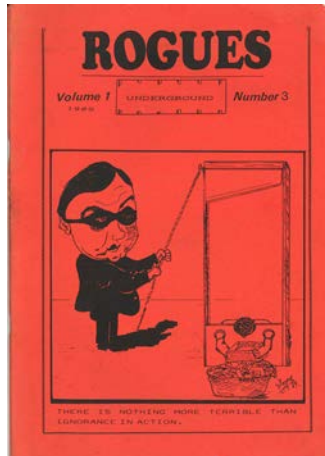
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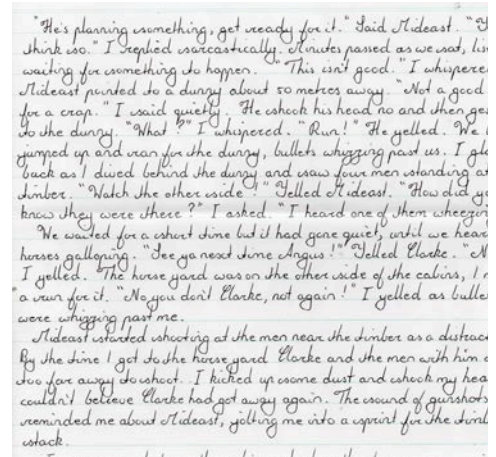
INTERVIEW WITH SARAH TUCKER

Paper Chained interviews Sarah Tucker, an artist and former South Australian prisoner who now teaches art therapy programs in custody.



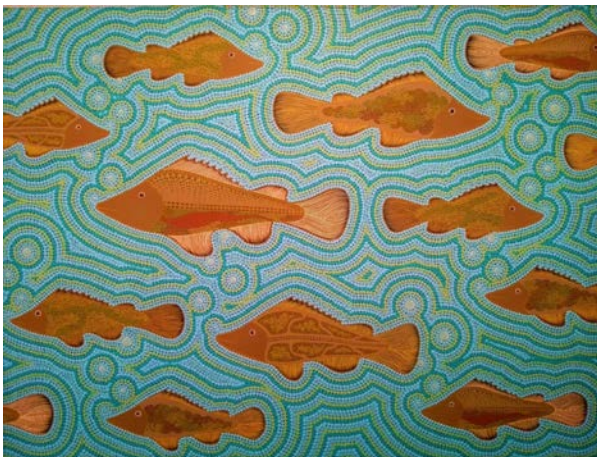
A HISTORY OF PRISON MAGAZINES: ROGUES

We'll also interview Phillip Player about his time editing the prison magazines *InLimbo* and *Rogues* at Long Bay in the 1980s.



AUSTRALIAN GUNSLINGER PART 5

The second last installment of our ongoing series *Australian Gunslinger*, written by Sokon, a NSW prisoner.



Artwork by 'Tiny'

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!

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