



ALL OF US OR NONE

NEWSPAPER

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Cover art by Nancy Larios. [Read more on page 3.](#)



Dancing Through Prison Walls

How does one embody freedom while caged, confined, and policed? For some, the answer comes from dance. In prison, dancing can provide a transformative reclamation of bodily autonomy. This potential has been realized with Dancing Through Prison Walls, a California-based dance and performance project whose mission is to "dance with, choreograph with, and tell stories within embodied carceral landscapes and beyond, amplifying voices of incarcerated folks, and addressing mass incarceration."

Dancing Through Prison Walls originated

within California Rehabilitation Center (CRC) in Norco, CA, where choreographer, cultural worker, educator, and activist Suchi Branfman teaches dance classes for both college & rehabilitative achievement credits. During COVID-19, these classes became virtual. Incarcerated dancers continued to take the class via correspondence, where their written dances were sent outside and performed in collaboration with dancers. The project has blossomed, and it now includes dances from prisons across the nation and the world: its most recent public iteration, entitled "Freedom Time," featured dances written in prisons in

Occupied Palestine and Puerto Rico alongside those written in California. The following conversation with Suchi Branfman and formerly incarcerated participants Forrest Reyes, Linden Sawyer, and Arthur Groneman, co-facilitated by Uma Nagarajan-Swenson, expands upon their experiences as incarcerated dancers and dreamers in the ongoing fight for liberation.



[Continued on page 4.](#)

A Hidden Legacy: Story of a Stolen Past

Written and Illustrated by Chase Doulphus

A long, long time ago, on the continent of Africa, lived a great and noble people.

These people were the Egyptians.

[Continued on page 2.](#)

ALL OF US OR NONE

NEWSPAPER

Our All of Us or None newspaper serves to link those of us who have been locked up, those who are locked up, as well as our families and allies in this struggle.

We want to ensure that the voices of our people inside are heard and that inside artists are recognized for their contributions to this movement. Your stories and artworks matter.

Read Online:
prisonerswithchildren.org/newspaper

Questions or Feedback? Contact us!
Editor: Uma Nagarajan-Swenson
uma@prisonerswithchildren.org

AOUON Newspaper Editor
4400 Market Street
Oakland, CA 94608

Are you currently incarcerated and have a child in the Bay Area?

REGISTER FOR THE COMMUNITY GIVEBACK

LSPC & AOUON will be hosting our annual Community Giveback on December 13, 2025. This is an event for children whose parents are incarcerated to receive a new bike or other gift from their incarcerated parent. Mail the form in this paper to "Community Giveback, 4400 Market Street, Oakland, CA 94608" by October 11 to register your child.

YOUR VOICE AND ART MATTERS

SUBMIT TO THE PAPER!

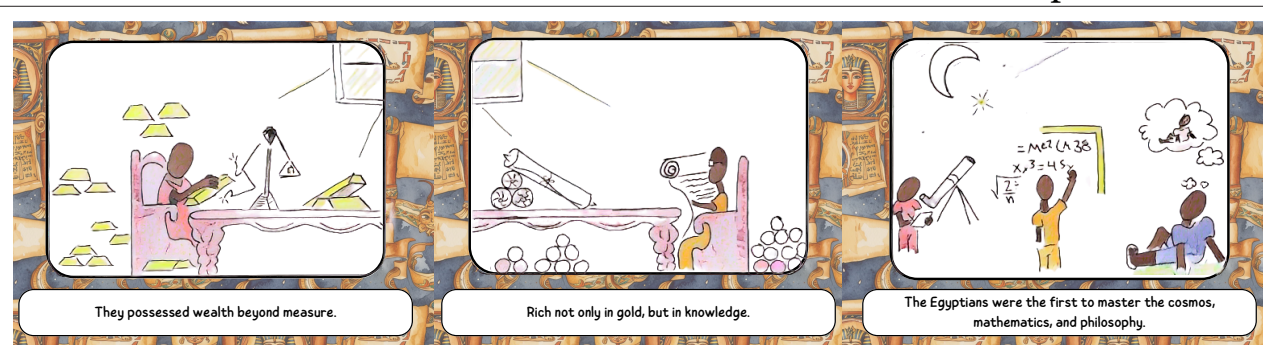
AOUON Newspaper Editor
4400 MARKET STREET
OAKLAND, CA 94608

Inside News Articles. Opinion Pieces. Reviews. Features:
Creative or exploratory. News Analysis. Poetry. Art. Comics
We can't wait to hear from you!

SELF-DETERMINATION PLEDGE

As members of All of Us or None, we pledge to:

- Demand the right to speak in our own voices;
- Treat each other with respect and not allow differences to divide us;
- Accept responsibility for any acts that may have caused harm to our families, our communities or ourselves
- Fight all forms of discrimination
- Help build the economic stability of formerly-incarcerated people
- Claim and take care of our own children and our families
- Support community struggles to stop using prisons as the answer to social problems
- Play an active role in making our communities safe for everyone.



Alligator Alcatraz

No More Cages: Comix from the Inside
by **Angel Garza**, Corcoran State Prison

ICE RAIDS VIOLATES OUR FREEDOMS
To Protest For Others in California
Who Are Our Neighbors From
Other Countries.

NO MORE CAGES COMIX FROM THE INSIDE BY: ANGEL GARZA 2025

Arrest ALL Alien SCUMS!

Stop We Are Americans!!!

TRUMPS orders!

TEARGAS!

Help Can't Breathe!

TO I NOW 99

THE DANGEROUS FEW

BY GHOSTWRITE MIKE
Valley State Prison

How do the dangerous few, earn, the right of return?
Turn the page—act our age—work, but not be slaves?
Not be slaves...

Forever purgatoried, tell yo story, text it through the ether—either

We record the history, or they deceive the reader.

See, we are praxis, for those who wield power

For the feel of it. Blessed, if you could deal with it.

Publish every testimony, witness account, to give account

For every syllable—poetry, for the real of it.

Poetry for the real of it...

Books for every word nobody taught us to spell, read, or

Speak out loud. Urchin kids in the crowd,

We talkin convict criminology, radical-type philosophy,

All of us pen-pushin this lifer cyber prophecy.

LWOPs who dropped off the edge a da world

Despite the frontal lobe brain science—

Check the cortex...

Forget not that next to reform, the deformed solutions

They speak of reek of status quo.

Abolition steelo. We know change when we

See it in the circles we form. Born convicted

With community. Nothin that they could do to me.

Could rob me of this dignity, discovered

In prison—despite prison.

So listen when I tell you:

We been free...

(above) Excerpt from **A Hidden Legacy: Story of a Stolen Past**
by **Chase Doullphus**, Valley State Prison

Get Ready For Some More Alien SCUMS, The Plane is Here From Los Angeles!

"NO DUE PROCESS"
Inside Aligator Alcatraz'

I'm an American Call The Embassy!

We Have No Rights Senor!

You Got No Rights Punk, Traitor, For Protesting With The Alien SCUMS!

Shut up!

Untitled

by **George Red**, San Quentin State Prison

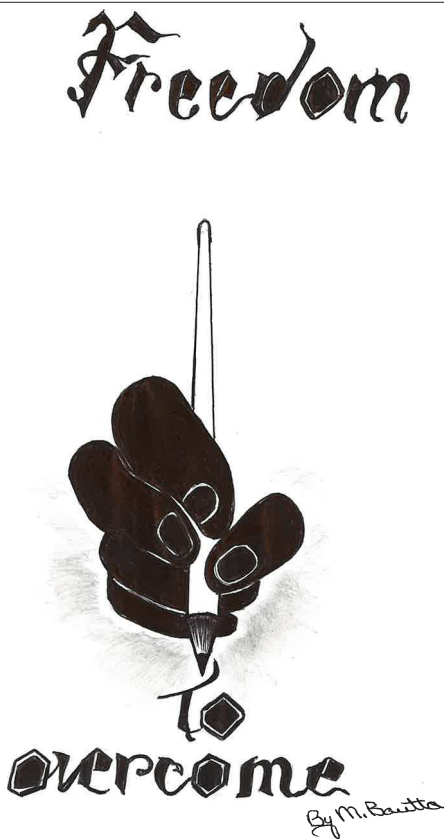
TO DAY

DEAR Sir/MADAM,

I'm enclosing The survey, along with a photograph of a skateboard, which was a project here at SAN QUENTIN'S ART CLASSES. I WANTED to illustrate both the power and fragility that WE AS MEN FACE daily. If you look on the FOREARM, you can see the TATTOO of ALL OF US OR NONE.

IN PEACE I REMAIN

GEORGE RED



Freedom to Overcome
by **Michael Boutta**, San
Quentin State Prison

One can speak the words of freedom, but the power of the pen will set you free.

The power of the pen set your mind free.

The power of the pen is your existence.

And the power of the pen is a group of people who share in the same interests.

All of us or None of us.

NO LONGER OPPRESSED
BY LOUIS BACA

Valley State Prison

Identify with my captors? NEVER. Stockholm syndrome ain't that clever.
DNA strand, tougher than leather. Ancestral roots keeping me tethered.
Mentally abused, tarred and feathered. Physically used, scarred and weath-
ered.
I rose above it, not completely severed. Elephant recall, that means forever.
PTSD, so you know my endeavor. Reparations for your granddaddy's what-
ever. What holds me together? Faith in God, hope for the future, against all
odds.
Against all frauds in this Land of Nod. Serving the most high, without the
applause.
Teaching young men about the laws; that, shackle his mind and lock his
jaws.
My generation don't spare the rod; we expose the lies, we scraped and
clawed.
Against all squads that try to rob; our culture and freedom, we are not
flawed.
This is not my job, but I write from the pen, I strike with the pen,
I fight with the Jinn, just to bare my soul and smite the devil within.
They envy my skin and claim it's a sin; study me in secret, upset when I win.
Scared of this sacred melanin; burned all our books, such insecure men.
Fake labels so doctors prescribe medicine; Prozac, Adderall, ZoloX, Ritalin.
Subduing the mind, so, let's not pretend; modern day slavery, don't fall for
that again!!
But...who can contend with updated schemes? Social media approval?
Smallpox on a screen.
Infecting the tribe by chasing a dream; paper idols with numbers painted
many shades of green.
I woke up in prison while still just a teen; read a few books, started feeling
supreme.
Connected some dots, but guess what I seen? Manifest destiny was NOT
clandestine!
It's in motion today, killing chiefs and kings; labeled as gang members, bal-
ancing life on a beam.
I questioned everything, not all's as it seems; they'll never come clean for
raping our Queens!
This is my silent scream, and I do detest; the tactics of a government that
openly expressed.
History's on repeat, and we might be next; unless we educate and pick up
the quest.
No fear of repercussion, no fear of death; no fear of being cancelled, no
reason to stress.
I'm on the frontline, no longer oppressed; cause if we don't engage, well, you
know the rest...

THINGS I DID IN SOLITUDE
BY ARTHUR GRONEMAN

Originally published in *Freedom Time*, Sming Sming Press, 2025.

Think of a memory.

Remembering the good. Sitting at the table with food all over my face as a toddler, encouraged with chocolate on my hands and face. The smell of rich chocolate frosting. Or pasta sauce. The oily pasta sauce squished in between my fingers and caked on my cheeks. The innocence of it all. The serotonin rush from just ingesting as much as possible. I remember just how it was just to be without judgement.

Remembering my defiance. Feeding my brother next to me in our highchairs any food I did not like, so as to make my way to be excused from eating some-thing I did not like. As an adolescent, storing food in my cheek to spit out later as I went to the bathroom. How I remember winning with quiet refusal.

I remember thinking I was a ninja and balancing across the rooftops and 6-foot-high wooden fences, tree limbs, and jumping from the roof into the bushes. Walking the fine line and taking the leap. Never could I have been defeated.

Think of a favorite place.

My favorite places. They were magical places. I would imagine I was there again. High up o na mountain pass or sitting on the rocks on an ocean shore-line. The crisp air running through my nostrils. The wind whipping through my hair, or snapping the loose parts of my clothing. The clouds always morph-ing and in motion. The ocean or glacial lake mimicking the wind and clouds, lapping the shoreline as if the loose parts of my clothes were flapping against me. Not unlike a symbol of a high-flying flag of freedom, or kite setting off to depart towards better conditions.

The flowers in all the many vibrant colors of the rainbow flew. And they grew in the cracks of the rocks with seemingly no water or nutritional value available to them. All the sea creatures burrowing in the sand, flying amuck, swimmingly searching while undulating together in this cosmic movement. And now even the mural on the wall on the yard that has a picture of a red rose next to a written letter messaging to us that we must keep growing with however little sustenance there might be available to us.

When I meditate in my favorite places, amongst all of the life and sensations of the water, sand, wind, rocks, snow, and lush green forest, I know that no matter how much they starve me from intellect, senses, imagination, my feeling grounded with all life, I will continue to grow past these dim, cracked, and bleak walls. My laughter pervades this space. It is I who transcends and breathes life into this experience. It could be whatever I want it to be.

I laugh in the delirium of it all.

Never to be defeated. I win again. I laugh. Go ahead and laugh. Laugh with-out knowing even why we laugh together. I laugh at all the bad food, feel-ings, bleakness I escaped. The danger and peril that may have been lying and waiting for me to steal my breath. I laugh about how I could be anywhere in my mind regardless of my physical location. I can be in my own fond memo-ry. I could be one with nature in the recesses of my mind. I could be defying all those who think I might be being punished or defeated while I grow out of the cracks of nothing. Scoffing at what they think, and still laughing at the absurdity of it all, the contradiction, countering with joy, and how my laughter prevails and echoes vibrance through the walls, above the ceilings, and beyond the guard towers.

I tell myself to "be the wind" and then laugh at the thought of telling myself to "be the wind."

About The Cover:

"...I'm sending you a copy of 1 of my colored pencil drawings from a series I've recently done of elderly prisoners (I'm 77) in their state muumuus...to get the word out about the ridiculous # of elderly prisoners in high-security California prisons."
Nancy Larios
California Institue for Women

Dear Editor,
I enjoy your paper & am grateful for your efforts. I am Nancy Larios. I have been in prison at CCWF for 10 years & CW for 11 years. I am an LWOP. I'm Sending you a copy of 1 of my colored pencil drawings from a series I've recently done of elderly prisoners (I'm 77) in their state muumuus. I don't know how well it will print in newspaper, but, probably ok. I've recently sent copies to people who have web sites that use them to get the word out about the ridiculous # of elderly prisoners in high-security California prisons. I hope my drawing will be useful to you. My PAC art instructor made the color copies for me. For years I've found it difficult to get colored copies here. So, I'm eager to share my art & my message. Thank you,
N. Larios.

Freedom Time: Dancing Through Prison Walls

Participants:

Suchi Branfman
Arthur Groneman
Forrest Reyes
Linden Sawyer



Uma: Tell me a little bit about your involvement in Dancing through Prison Walls.

Arthur: Initially, I just joined to get Rehabilitative Achievement credits. I was very apprehensive about dancing and expressing myself, I’m a little bit closed-off personally and in that environment it was difficult to open up already, but I found myself continuously supporting Dancing through Prison Walls through different projects after my incarceration. I can’t forget my experience with the dance class. After having been at CRC for 4 years, I didn’t feel very human. This felt like an awakening, I’m still human.

Forrest: I can’t agree with you more and you said it so beautifully, about giving your humanity. I just told someone else that the

most important thing you can do to another person is to treat them like a person. The world was not a good place and things were bad, and it was just like hey! Let’s dance! Dancing Through Prison Walls (and Suchi) gave me my humanity. We give it to each other, man.

Linden: Your experiences are mirroring mine, but for me it was even much more. I’d been inside a long time, starting from a level 4. You look at that environment with constant violence and masculinity–the definition of violent masculinity

was just saturated. As I gradually got down to Level 2 and got to Norco, I was amazed when I first met Suchi. First it was during COVID, going through the class program through writing. People say writing and literature has a long-lasting, in-depth impact. Reading every response she sent, the encouragement, the warmth and connection, all the inside/outside classmates connecting even though we’d never seen each other. Moving forward, I had the opportunity to see her and to actually dance together. The class happened and it was incredible. I was able to take her spirit, her love for change and second chances, through words that moved me. That was just like a fire inside me. Forrest was saying it gave me a touch of humanity that wasn’t lost. It was there, despite all the darkness that was around physically and emotionally. That dancing brought a spark of life, hope, resilience, activism.

Uma: Tell me more about dance as the medium for this.

Linden: It peeled off layers of filth—you felt you were alive again. I’m an avid salsa dancer, cumbia, merengue. Imagine not having that in your life anymore. It makes you feel alive,

your heart beating, sweating, I had a smile that was radiating inwardly coming out. It’s moving historically across each nation. Dancing has been an essential part of humanity and culture, and Dancing Through Prison Walls just caused me to say “okay, everything’s gonna be okay.” It was a spark that’s missing. It was like you were hugging yourself. That’s how dancing is a reflection for me. It makes me alive. It’s intoxicating.

Arthur: My first four years of prison was rules upon rules upon rules. Prison rules, rules amongst us, rules between different groups and races. Everything was so restrictive: you can’t step in someone’s driveway, you can’t talk to so-and-so. All the movement was restricted. Then there was all of the violence and alarms and having to get on the ground for safety. The restriction was so claustrophobic-feeling: all these rules and walls are closing in and you can’t move, you can’t be free. But when you’re dancing, all of a sudden you matter. You can breathe a little. Just being asked a question, like what do you think? How do you feel?

Basic things like that open up the space and open up the feeling from constant constriction.

Instead of the space tightening around you it’s opening and you can express yourself, you can smile without having someone think you’re laughing at them. Like Linden was saying, it’s very hyper-masculine because everybody is all on guard. In class, you didn’t have to worry about those things. How would you move your arm or your body to say something or express yourself?

It’s those cues that make you feel more free and alive instead of having to monitor everything. **Forrest:** When COVID was going down and people were dying, they took a bunch of our veterans and elderly people and knowingly mixed them together, healthy and with covid. This is what we’re doing to traumatized bodies: you’re literally making a decision to kill people. The whole prison is isolated and aggravated, the little that you have is taken away. Men don’t know anything, they’re angry about everything. We fought as hard as we could but there was nothing we could do. Everything that was inside of me that was human was just dying because there was just no humanity anymore. When Suchi came, she had created a dance based around the numbers [of incarcerated people killed by COVID]. I thought, this is soul weaving, this is kindred, this is to the people who believe in humanity and who cry when it’s stripped away. Dancing Through Prison Walls reminded me that people are good.

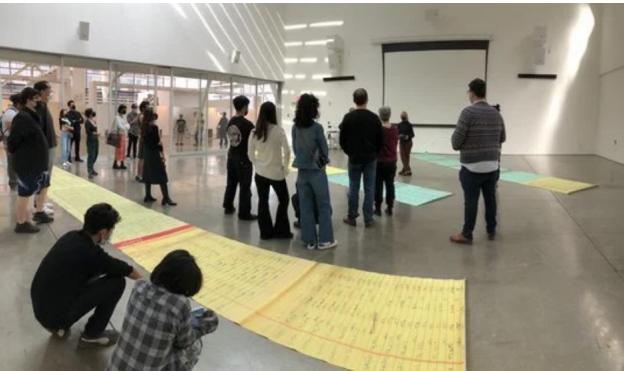
Suchi: Why did you take this [class] in the first place?

Forrest: You take what you can get.

Arthur: RAC for me, I didn’t know about

dance but it was the only class I could take.

Linden: When I even heard the thought of dancing, and I heard “modern,” I was skeptical but I’d give it a shot. In modern dancing, you let go—you’re free. The class was called “Choreographing Our Stories,” and I said you know what? Lemme venture into that. And oh my god! I didn’t know that a few months later, COVID was gonna hit. The class encouraged us to visualize a dance we wanted to create, to share with others and the world about our own stories. It was so rewarding. It brought all the cultures together. All the men that wanted to but couldn’t interact with everyone could. The whole objective in prison is for us to be divided and conquered. The dancing gave us an opportunity to come together—it was like a gumbo. We all brought a seasoning.



Attendees read a list of incarcerated people killed from COVID at DATA or 7 Ways to Dance a Dance Through Prison Walls. California College of the Arts, 2022.

**I AM YOU
BY FORREST REYES**

*California Rehabilitation Center, Norco, CA
I Am You was the basis of and narration for DATA or 7 Ways to Dance a Dance Through Prison Walls 2022.*

1. You can't see me
(Wave hand in front of face)
2. You think you do
(Tilt head around hand and look out with eyebrow raised)
3. But you know not what you do
(Hands bound, we drop to our knees)
4. You can't see you
(Stare at palms in disbelief)
5. You built this place
(Place bricks on a wall)
6. Forgetting it was there in you
(Heart hands cuffed over chest)
7. And so it grew
(Break heart hands out until holding up walls)
8. Into you, your home, your schools
(Sit and write furiously)
9. Taught me to lose sight of you
(Hands out feeling around as blind)
10. You see you can't see me
(Stand tall with head cranked up)
11. Because I am you
(Head down, slump to the ground)

Uma: Do you remember any specific moments from your class?

Suchi: We did the lifting, where eight people would lift up one person. I guess the first time I did that in a class, we finished it and I asked how everyone was doing and everybody just stared at me, like do you understand what we did? They were like Suchi, you have no idea what we’re talking about.

Arthur: There was a simple exercise of sitting

in a circle and celebrating each others’ gestures that we shared. We were breaking a subtle rule, but a powerful one.

Forrest: While all this is happening, these big tough men are in there and they’re scared. It’s this whole new environment. Not everyone’s just gonna let down their shields, but they do. You see these big tough macho men like wait, I can do this? You see the normal, more dominant behavior suddenly become timid and playful and creative.

Linden: Yeah, it just turns down the aggressive masculinity that society expects males to follow. The dancing just peels it off. Once they get into it, they realize how supportive the community can be. That’s how the seed was planted: the idea that even within this oppressive community, there’s possibility. That’s how change starts to happen. Then it’s like a positive virus: someone who wouldn’t have spoken to me at all, after being in class together, we’ll walk past each other and they’ll stop like “Oh how you doing?? Still practicing?” And we connect.

Uma: Tell me about the dances you wrote. What inspired them? What was your process like?

Forrest: We did so much. At the time, I was really into philosophy, this context of how we’re all connected to each other. Not just metaphorically but how our actions have consequences. What does that mean for the self? Especially when you’re incarcerated? I was working on those thoughts in poetry, and that’s when Suchi came. The poem grew into a dance and Suchi used it, and everyone that’s touched it has continued to grow with it. Before I even had the thought, it was a living thing. Here’s this thing, and it’s beautiful, and it’s making lives better, and I’m a part of it.

Linden: I looked at it like building a house, where you have a moment of comfort and getaway. You can put what you like into your home. I was initially concerned—How do I do this? Do I mimic others? Does it matter?—but came to realize that what’s important is what I bring to the house, and the welcoming of the guest. People come in and see the house. They can sit down, feel comfortable, eat a good meal, get some rest. That’s what my dances were.

Suchi: Another thing we did with CR, we put together a packet of prompts for dancing in solitary. We started getting all these responses from all over the country. We invited people to imagine and write prompts about dancing or moving in solitary.

Arthur: I remembered having been in solitary myself, either in the hole or in a one-person cell. Just remembering that and what I thought about was freeing. I went through a lot of childhood memories, the feeling of delirium and wanting to feel some sort of change through thoughts. I wanted to try, through the delirium, to transgress or transcend that small room.

Arthur's piece, "Things I Did in Solitude," can be read on page 3.

Forrest: When I was at San Quentin, on my third day there, three people

tried to jump me on the stairs. It didn’t work out well for them, and the guards told me they would only protect me if I signed a form saying I was friends with the guards, or I could go to the hole. I happily went to the hole. I lived there for six months. I wrote my first book. Compared to county jail and the gladiator school that is reception, the hole is hell, but at the same time, it was quiet. It was a place I was okay with, but it degrades you and it breaks you down: you become habitualized to nothing. The

**CONFINDMENT
BY BERNARD BROWN**

Originally published in Freedom Time, Sming Sming Books, 2025.

From a seated position, stand. Occupy more space.

Like a giant redwood tree, make rings around your center that expand outward.

At each ring's edge is a memory of a loved one or a dream of what's yet to come.

Make as many rings as you can.

The rings burst through the walls of the space you are currently in...

Your memories and dreams know no bounds. Become more than the space can hold.

Expand.

Rooted down. Fly high. Vision far.

The two biggest lies you’re told are that you deserve to be in the hole, and that everything that happens is out of your control. I wanted to give people that back.

Arthur: I remember the first prompt was to think of a childhood memory and your favorite place. Then the humanity part: once you come into yourself again, laugh at the delirium of it all, as long as you have those memories and places in mind that you’ve been they can never take anything away from you.

Linden: Right before I received the invite to come to this, I wrote a poem ("*Then and Now*") regarding my experience and how the dancing and Suchi impacted my life. I didn’t visualize it as a dance physically, but writing now sparks me as a spiritual dance.

If you would like to send dances, ideas, or responses, or if you want to receive prompts for dancing while in solitary confinement, write to:

Dancing Through Prison Walls
2720 Neilson Way, Floor 1, #5550
Santa Monica, CA 90409

**MU'TAQALA / DETAINEE [EXCERPT]
BY MOTASEM ABU HASAN**

Nablus, Palestine
Originally published in Freedom Time, Sming Sming Books, 2025.

SCENE 3

Transformation: The prisoner suddenly jerks. This jerk is not only from pain but from a complete rejection of the reality imposed upon her. She stands, gazing at the prison gate where the jailer stands, her eyes carrying a mix of defiance and hope for escape. Driven by the desire for freedom, she rushes toward the door, as if feeling that liberty may be within her reach.

Action: In that same moment, the jailer reacts to her speed. He raises both hands, as if issuing a command to stop. The prisoner abruptly halts in her tracks, responding to his signal to turn around. She moves slowly in a circular manner, then is pushed back into the cell. There is no physical contact between them; everything occurs on the level of signals and subtle bodily control. This movement repeats three times, with the prisoner becoming increasingly determined in her attempts to break free, yet each attempt brings her to a more confined space. On the fourth attempt, the jailer stops signaling, signaling his complete control over her. However, the prisoner continues trying, her speed and momentum growing. This act represents her determination to break her chains, but to no avail, as she cannot escape.

**THEN AND NOW
BY LINDEN SAWYER**

"Walls Don't Whisper, They Roar"
(For the veterans, the broken, the reborn)

I marched in as a Marine—
trained for battlefields,
never expecting the war to follow me home.
But home became a cage
and the cage became a battlefield
where silence exploded louder than bombs.

CDCR—they say it’s for correction.
But we were warehoused in forgotten corners,
boxed-in bodies
drenched in depression,
haunted by the ghosts of what we once were.

Guards patrolled with eyes that feared
our rage,
our pain,
our questions—
but never our humanity.

I saw men break under the weight of shame,
folded into themselves like letters never read.
Hopelessness dripping from the ceilings,
anger baked into the concrete.

But then—
a breach in the darkness.
A dance.
A poem.
A voice echoing:
"You are still here. You still matter."

Dancing Through Prison Walls
taught us that our bodies could still speak truth.
All of Us or None reminded us we weren’t alone.
The Prison Education Project handed us back our minds,
sentence by sentence,
page by page.

Within that war zone,
some became warriors of peace.
We taught each other how to feel again—

how to forgive ourselves,
how to remember our names.
Not inmates.
Not numbers.
Not lost.

Veterans.
Fathers.
Brothers.
Dreamers.

And when we walked out,
we carried with us the sparks
lit by those few brave souls
who dared to believe
that redemption was real.

All pieces in this spread, other than "Then and Now" by Linden Sawyer, were originally published in Freedom Time: Dancing Through Prison Walls, published by Sming Sming Books in 2025.

Image credits:
Page 1: Cooper Bates
Page 4: Mokhtar Ferbrache
Hummingbirds: Forrest Reyes



In Loving Memory of David Johnson: Freedom Fighter & Beloved Comrade

April 7, 1947 - June 7, 2025



On a sunny August Saturday, dozens of movement elders, leaders, and comrades gathered in the Freedom & Movement Center to honor beloved comrade David Johnson. David, known by close friends as “G’iap” in honor of the Vietnamese revolutionary leader, died on June 7, 2025 in Texas. His revolutionary spirit will live on in all of us as we walk in his footsteps in the fight for liberation and justice.

In the Adjustment Center at San Quentin State Prison on August 21, 1971—the day of the uprising that culminated in George Jackson's murder by prison guards—David was one of the six Black and Brown prison activists baselessly indicted and charged for the murder of three guards and two incarcerated brothers, coming to be known as the San Quentin Six. Numerous

comrades honored and recognized him with beautiful tributes, including the two surviving members of the San Quentin Six, Willie “Sundiata” Tate and Luis “Bato” Talamentez. He was memorialized as a fiercely loyal, wise, and tenacious brother in the face of extreme state violence.

David embodied radical solidarity, epitomizing the complex history of Afro-Indigenous solidarity: as AOUON co-founder George Galvis said in a message to the memorial service attendees, “He had indigenous and Mexican roots from Tucson AZ and African roots, so in many ways, he epitomizes and really reflects the history of the struggle we’ve had fighting against the PIC. David continued and his legacy will continue.”

David inspired and joyfully participated in the Bike Giveaway, now the Community Giveback, as a proud member of the Timers. All of the work that we do today stems from the courage, defiance, and dedication of David Johnson and the revolutionary leaders by his side.

Rise in power, David. Your legacy will live on.



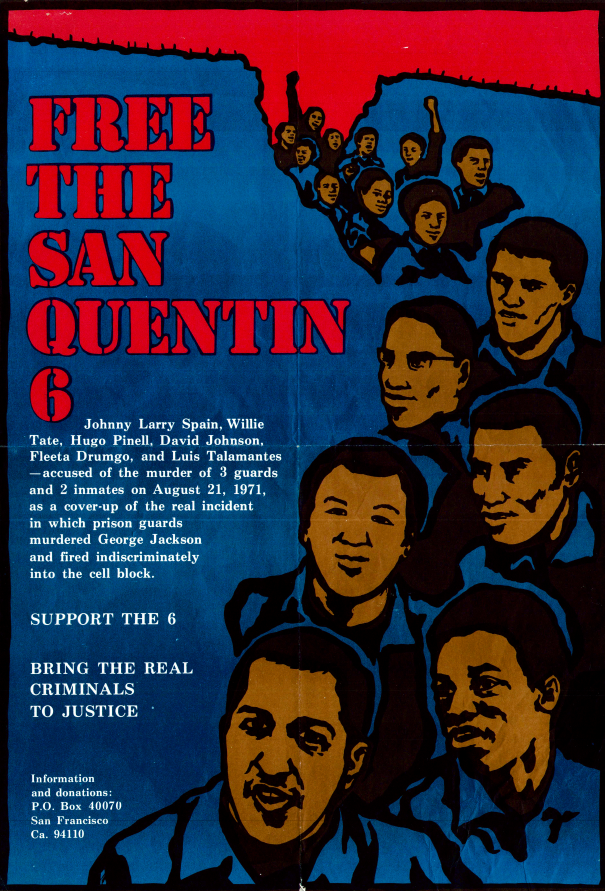
L-R: Willie "Sundiata" Tate, Luis "Bato" Talamentez, and David "Gi'ap" Johnson. Image courtesy of Freedom Archives.



Ms. Daphne Muse pouring a libation at the 8/16 memorial service.

“These brothers taught me. What I didn’t have was the mental toughness to deal with what I’d be faced with in the later years. I had to go through 31 years in solitary confinement, that took mental toughness that I learned from David.”

Catfish, comrade and friend



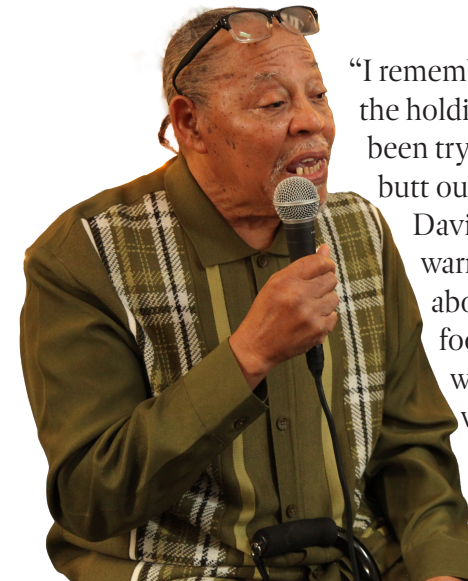
"Heavy is the task of the freedom fighter, but heavier is the yoke of oppression. With perseverance and determination how can we lose?"

David Johnson

via letter published in Letters to Mother From Prison. Quote and images (L & R) courtesy of Freedom Archives.



Image courtesy of Freedom Archives.



“I remember once, David being knocked out in the courtroom. We was in the holding cell and they opened the holding cell door. Me and David had been trying to decide who was gonna be in front. David moved my lil butt out the way, and they hit him in the head with a club and knocked David out. David is gone, and it’s just real sad... David was a very warm person in a lot of ways. David was somebody that did care about people. He was a good cook—I used to really enjoy eating his food. When I think about him, I miss his smile. He had a big smile when he smiled. Sometimes he’d like to lean on my shoulder when we talked, just put one elbow up there and talk to me. Just intimate things that make you appreciate knowing David.”

Willie "Sundiata" Tate, lifelong friend & member of SQ6



Letter from David Johnson c. 1972
From the Archives of Ms. Daphne Muse at the Oasis in the Diaspora

Greetings Comrade Sister,
I received your most vibrant missive a few days ago, and I must say it was a pleasant surprise hearing from you. In these most critical of times it provided me with a uplift to my spirits, the enclosure on the Tupamaros was informative. We have been hearing alot about them since the Uruguayan government has initiated a thirty day campaign to crush their liberation movement.

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With the transition of time, the struggle for liberation from the tenacious clutches of imperialism waged by Third World countries will become more intense, because the people are no longer content with carrying the burden of oppression imposed on them by the nefarious elements of imperialism.

The book you mention by Padmore is one I have heard much about. I am hoping to read some day since it might provide answers to some questions which keep popping up.

We are swepted into the maelstrom of revolution out of our undying love for the people, our objective is understood by all but the course we should take is not firmly established. Therefore it requires constant study and action, these are the only ways we can determine if we are moving in the proper direction.

But we know the victory of the people is inevitable, then we will gather our people feast and dance in the sun.

But we know the victory of the people is inevitable, then we will gather our people, feast, and dance in the sun.

The poem was mellow, I use to hear it on the earphones before they tookthem from us. Now I listen to my comrades thoughts, because the opposition cannot vanquish my spirit to fight and win.

What is the title of the book you are writing the review on, if I may ask.

Hey that scene you run about the ocean is beautiful, before I came to these camps I use to live in San Diego and that was right on the ocean. There is nothing more beautiful than to walk along the sea on a warm night, that is a nice trip I use to do it all the time. Some time I lay back and trip on those days, and look forward to the day when I once again can do this.

I look forward to hearing from Jean, she is a beautiful sister. I hope when this missive reaches you are enjoying good health and blessed with the courage to encounter adversities and overcome them.

Well I guess I have rambled on long enough so I shall conclude this missive for now.

Yours in Struggle,
Comrade
David

P.S. Give our love to all the people, the love of the people will overcome and prevail against fascism.

Yours in Struggle
Comrade
David

P.S. Give our Love to all the People,
the love of the People will overcome
and prevail against fascism.

Honoring Those Who Died in
CDCR Custody • August 2025

Though we do not know their identities, we mourn every life taken in a carceral facility. The below data is from CDCR and represents the individuals who died in custody in California prisons.

Date	Age	Gender	Race	Facility	Cause
08/02/2025	81	M	Black	CMF	Homicide
08/03/2025	70	M	White	CHCF	Undetermined
08/04/2025	64	M	Black	CHCF	Undetermined
08/05/2025	65	M	Black	CMF	Heart Disease
08/05/2025	77	M	White	CMF	Undetermined
08/07/2025	60	M	Hispanic	CTF	Undetermined
08/07/2025	74	M	White	SATF	Undetermined
08/09/2025	27	M	Black	WSP	Drug Overdose
08/11/2025	26	M	White	WSP	Drug Overdose
08/11/2025	57	M	White	CCI	Homicide
08/14/2025	29	M	Black	PBSP	Drug Overdose
08/16/2025	44	M	Mexican	MCSP	Undetermined
08/18/2025	87	M	White	CMF	Infectious Disease
08/19/2025	55	M	Mexican	LAC	Infectious Disease
08/21/2025	43	M	Hispanic	RJD	Undetermined
08/21/2025	50	M	Hispanic	HDSP	Undetermined
08/24/2025	73	M	Black	CMF	Undetermined
08/25/2025	69	M	White	CMF	Undetermined
08/25/2025	29	M	Mexican	MCSP	Undetermined
08/25/2025	70	M	White	CMF	Undetermined
08/26/2025	42	M	Hispanic	SAC	Undetermined
08/27/2025	68	M	Mexican	CHCF	Undetermined
08/27/2025	48	M	White	CMF	Undetermined
08/27/2025	44	M	White	SVSP	Undetermined
08/27/2025	62	M	White	HDSP	Undetermined

If you would like to recognize an AOUON member who has joined the ancestors, please send their obituary or a piece honoring them to:
AOUON Newspaper
44000 Market St
Oakland, CA, 94608
or uma@prisonerswithchildren.org
for publication in an upcoming newspaper.

IT'S ON US
BY ROBERT "FLEETWOOD" BOWDEN
AOUON In-Custody Coordinator

Thangs sho change when they cooked dat Coke in the Glass
and the way we killin each other
tell me how we gon last
This what the world made
They want our babies state raised
Uncle Sam don't give uh damn, he stay paid
The new Crack that's fentanyl bars and X
they somewhere working on what's Next
You every really tripped on why they keep on fixing up the
Projects
its Money in that Land
Like the war, it was planned
And I wouldn't be surprised
If Trump Punk azz
Ran the Taliban
The government been crooked
What they got they took it
From the Natives and the Slaves
And they still ain't changed their Wayz
We got to save the lil Homeys
The ones the world left lonely
Trapped in uh machine
Waiting to Serve uh Dope Fiend
if it seem like uh scheme
to them it seem like uh dream
just to Grow up In Amerikkka and see 19
They don't Care About Us Mayne



ALL OF US OR NONE

Slave, who is it that shall free you?
Those in deepest darkness lying.
Comrade, only these can see you
Only they can hear you crying.
Comrade, only slaves can free you.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.
One alone our lot can't better.
Either gun or fetter.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.

You who hunger, who shall feed you?
If it's bread you would be carving,
Come to us, we too are starving.
Come to us and let us lead you.
Only hungry ones can feed you.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.
One alone her lot can't better.
Either gun or fetter.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.

Beaten one, who shall avenge you?
You, on whom the blows are falling,
Hear your wounded comrades calling.
Weakness gives us strength to lend you.
Come to us, we shall avenge you.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.
One alone his lot can't better.
Either gun or fetter.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.

Who, oh wretched one, shall dare it?
We who can no longer bear it.
Counts the blows that arm our spirit.
Taught the time by need and sorrow,
Strikes today and not tomorrow.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.
One alone our lot can't better.
Either gun or fetter.
Everything or nothing. All of us or none.

Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956)

Survey for CA residents: In order to support advocacy for AB 1279, please fill out this survey if you have been impacted by juvenile adjudications and "strikes." The form, once filled out, should be mailed to Assemblymember Sharp-Collins.

Juvenile Data Collection Survey

Thank you for participating in this confidential survey. This information is rarely collected and difficult to find, but it's essential to understanding how juvenile strikes continue to impact people. Your responses will help us better advocate for AB 1279 (Sharp-Collins), a bill aimed at ending the practice of using juvenile adjudications as "strikes" and petitioning for resentencing. By submitting this form, you consent to the use of your responses for advocacy, social media, and policy work. **All questions are optional.** Please return the form to the legislative office listed below.

First and Last Name:

Contact Information:

Age:

Were you ever arrested or detained as a juvenile (under 18)?

Were you ever charged with a felony as a juvenile?

Did you receive a 'strike' under California's Three Strikes Law for a juvenile offense?

Was your juvenile strike ever alleged against you in your adult case?

Was your juvenile strike later used to enhance a sentence as an adult?

What was the final sentence you received after enhancement with the juvenile strike?

We invite you to share your story. How it happened, how it has shaped your life, and what you want others (including lawmakers and the public) to know and understand about your experience:

Would you like to remain anonymous?

Assemblymember Sharp-Collins
1021 O Street, Suite 4130
Sacramento, CA 95814

ALL OF US OR NONE CHAPTER CONTACTS

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	Greater Cincinnati, Ohio Zaria Davis: CincyAOUON@gmail.com	

All of Us or None Membership Form | Yes, I want to become a member of ALL OF US OR NONE!

Name & Number:

Institution:

Address:

Country of Origin:

Do you have children? YES / NO. Do you need support with family issues? YES / NO

Earliest Parole/Release Date:

County of Parole/Probation:

- I can organize & facilitate group meeting

I can help with membership outreach

I can distribute materials & resources

I can address & pass along feedback

Mail this form & any questions to:
AOUON
4400 Market Street
Oakland, CA 94608

