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 the inside artists are recognized for their contributions to this movement. Your stories matter!

Welcome Home Ruchell!

Ruchell Magee was just released from prison after 67 years caged!

by Claude Marks
Reprinted from SF Bay View Newspaper

July 28, 2023 – Ruchell Magee is 84 years old and has spent most of his life behind bars. Throughout his 67 years of unjust captivity, Ruchell has been one of the first and most consistent prisoners linking mass incarceration and the U.S. prison system to slavery. Ruchell Magee took the name Cinque from the enslaved African Sengbe Pieh, who led an 1839 rebellion to commandeer the slave ship La Amistad, arguing that Africans have the right to resist "unlawful" slavery. Ruchell maintained that Black people in the U.S. have the right to resist this new form of slavery, which is part of the colonial control of Black people in this country:

"Slavery 400 years ago, slavery today. It’s the same but with a new name."

"My fight is to expose the entire system, judicial and prison system, a system of slavery … This Ruchell Magee was just released from prison after 67 years caged!"

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ShatteRed Authority
by Valerie Nessler (Central California Women's Facility)

Who DO YOU think you are pressing around here doing as you please? Don’t you KNOW YOU HAVE destroyed so many lives? You are on punishment, a threat to society. What gives you THE RIGHT TO LIVE LIFE and why are you SMILING? I’ll teach you, turn around, I’m going to pat you down and take anything that gives you comfort as a matter of fact. LET’S GO! behind the curtain. I’m going to humiliate you. Coughing while squatting. That outta do the trick. When you walk out. I HOPE YOU FEEL “Less than” because I’m IN CONTROL OF YOU. YOU HAVE been stripped of your RIGHTS. It doesn’t matter if I was even born then, I’m still your authority. Why are you talking and laughing? Get to work, I’m the boss. No one knows I’m a crook, just like you. Do what I SAY or I’ll write you up. That feels great. I HAVE no CONTROL in my aspect OF MY LIFE, so I’ll take it out on you because you live in this place of human wreckage and YOU DESERVE IT.
As members of All of Us or None, we pledge:

To demand the right to speak in our own voices
To treat each other with respect and not allow differences to divide us
To accept responsibility for any acts that may have caused harm to our families, our communities or ourselves
To fight all forms of discrimination
To help build the economic stability of formerly-incarcerated people
To claim and take care of our own children and our families
To support community struggles to stop using prisons as the answer to social problems
To play an active role in making our communities safe for everyone

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During a war long long ago

by Mark G., AOUON member

During a war long long ago
I walked onto a high school campus, leaflets in hand.
Campus security told me, “Can’t do that, had to leave”.

So he returns in trail of two adults, one in uniform - no gun -
Now, mama still singin and dancin telling her tail to the judge, about a one pound can of planters peanuts waitin at the bench - with the judge

She turns this way, she turns that way, spinin round - round - round - tellin that judge where it’s at
Heads look on up - you see that - hear how she talks to the judge
Buzz through the court room feelin it build
You tell him sister!!!
Buzz through the court room feelin it build
She talkin like that to the judge maybe we can too!!!
Buzz through the court room feelin it build

Now mama still singin and dancin telling her tail to the judge, about a one pound can of planters peanuts waitin at the bench - with the judge

That’s right!
Amen!
You tell him sister!!!
And BLAMMMM!!! Down! Come the gavel

“One year, county work house, Next case!”

Artwork by Joe Widby (California State Prison, LA)
Jesse's Corner
by Jesse Burleson LSPC/AOUON In-Custody Program Coordinator

I want to keep ACA 8 and ACA 4 front and center. ACA 8, The End Slavery Act, would change the California Constitution and make it illegal for the state to discipline a prisoner for refusing to work. That’s huge! Many people don’t even know that prisoners are “coerced” into working. If an incarcerated person refuses to work, he or she will receive disciplinary actions and can be forced to stay in prison longer. If you work or don’t work while in prison you are still living in slave quarters. But if you are assigned a job then, whether you are Black, White, or Brown, you are an active slave. Why? Because you can’t say “no” to that job without being disciplined for doing so. The writing pen has become the modern-day whip. That law needs to change and ACA 8 would change it. ACA 8 would give you the right to say “no”. You would have the power to choose.

ACA 4, Eligibility to Vote, would make everyone inside prison eligible to vote. That means if ACA 4 passes 90,000 new voters are born! There are over 90,000 persons currently incarcerated in the California state prison system. But there are also over 1 million (1,000,000) formerly incarcerated eligible voters in California who did state time. And, there are another 8 million formerly incarcerated eligible voters in California who did county time. Together, we have the numbers to not only engage mainstream politics, but to be heavy weights in mainstream politics.

It is with great sadness to inform you that Tommy Acosta was diagnosed with stage 4 liver cancer permanently altering his life path forward. We are reaching out and humbly asking family and friends and those of you in our community who understand just how devastating Cancer can be to one's life for your help. He has contributed over 18 years of organizing the All of us or None Chapter to improve and advance our communities. Since his diagnosis he has been quietly and bravely fighting this disease, enduring multiple doctor visits and receiving oral Chemotherapy once a week which has come with a cost of insurance denying a large portion of medical treatment. Donations are needed and appreciated and even if you are not able to donate to this cause, prayers will be incredibly helpful.

Donate at: gofund.me/bab9ac52

Prayers for Tommy Acosta

Tommy Acosta is a co-founding member of the first All of Us or None Chapter outside of California; 18 years ago in San Antonio, Texas. They say that everything in Texas is big and there may be some truth to that, the task of working in the community under any circumstances is no little feat, from the mission, to the people who carry it out, it takes big thinking and big hearts. That’s why he is the National Ambassador of the Carnalismo Brown Berets. Tommy has taken big steps in hopes of creating change in small communities with very big problems.

Tommy founded Big homie street mentoring/Ministry in 2017 collaborating with ministries throughout San Antonio mentoring people of all ages and helping those experiencing homelessness but primarily, focused on serving youth and young adults from underserved areas. From organizing families to empowering and educating at-risk youth he has fought on every corner of the city confronting many issues facing struggle all along the way.

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Deadman Talkin’
by Ojore McKinnon (San Quentin, CA)

Look who’s talkin’,
A deadman walkin’,
Coming live from death row,
Pavin a debt a jury says I owe,
My life, was decided by who put on the best show,
My innocence, never was an issue,
The D.A. said, “I’m out to get you,”
Now I’m waitin in the attorney line,
Behind the guilty, who admitted their crimes,
Where are the protesters for my injustice,
Where are the people I entrusted,
I’m a deadman talkin with disgust,
After this, they will want to censor my written talk,
They already scan my nuts
And eye my butt,
But I have no intentions on shuttin up.
Let me tell ya, the death penalty is no deterrent
When murder continues to be a reoccurrence,
Just admit, it’s revenge
A systems means to an end,
Sin begets sin,
Cruel and inhumane treatment is your trend
But I will bare it and grin,
Even when your torture makes me bend.
Sentenced under the anti-terrorism effective death penalty act,
My terror, my rights being attacked,
Suspending my due process and illegal search and seizure under your
Patriot act,
This has happened,
For talkin, I’m labeled an enemy combatant,
How do I fight against your terrorism
And state bred racism
And every other one of your isms,
My public tribunal was of your peers,
Judgin me not on evidence, but on their fears.
Instant terrorist,
And united snakes politricks,
The same Dick and Bush shit
They fuckin you and me
And got me communicatin with TV,
Respondin to the propaganda I see and hear.
A deadman talkin
Got to watch where he’s walkin,
I live under the gun,
Walk under the gun,
Patiently waiting on my execution date to come
And live TV, will be banned
But I seen the execution of a woman in Afghanistan.
Yes, they will execute the innocent,
They have done it before, what makes me different?
The same they, that professed the innocence of Jews
in Iran
And went as far as makin release demand,
DAMN!
And I’m a stipulated Amerikan.
Y’all don’t hear me,
Did I tell ya, most plead guilty?
Society I object,
To your legal right to inject,
Me with murderous poisons,
You already got me illegally in prison,
Told me ignorance of the law is no excuse,
You should’ve told that to the attorney you appointed
And addressed the government’s misconduct and abuse.
You make ‘em, you break ‘em,
They are your laws,
You raised reasonable doubt and won on probable cause,
I’m too black for you to see your flaws
And the nerve of you, to require me to sign the death certificate
Or it’s the choice of your wish,
Gas or electricity,
Isn’t this a crime against humanity?

The Alchemy of Forgiveness
by Bruce Swenson (California State Prison, Corcoran)

While it is recognized that the terms “forgiveness” are to be avoided in one’s remorse letter, still we do need to give way to the spirit of healing for all concerned.

Healing is a choice. And in any healing process the alchemy of forgiveness will be there in that process too. So, forgiveness does have its place.

When expressed appropriately, we may say we have forgiven yourself. In this way we are providing an example of past traumatic growth from within our own awakened being. we are showing our change is real.

Victims may also choose to accept their own healing. However, this can only occur when their embrace of forgiveness broadens enough to include themselves and others concerned.

Forgiveness is not to be expected of any victim. God’s hope is that they too will eventually find healing, in their own time, through their own choice for internal peace. In this way the alchemy of forgiveness serves in fullness for all concerned.
Ruchell Magee (Continued from page 1)

cause will benefit not just to myself but to all those
who at this time are being criminally oppressed or
enslaved by this system.”

“You have to deal on your own tactics. You have
eright to take up arms to oppose any usurped
government, particularly the type of corruption that
we have today.” – Ruchell Magee

Ruchell’s political stance and writings point out the
need for a prison abolitionist movement to seriously
address the historical legacy of slavery and slave
rebellions in order to truly be in solidarity with the
millions of people incarcerated in the U.S.

Early life
Ruchell Magee, was born in Louisiana in 1939. In
1956, he was sentenced to 12 years of forced labor
for the alleged attempted rape of a white woman
in August 1955. But all the circumstances indicate
that he was the victim of a racist and false
identification – at first the alleged victim failed to
identify Magee, but at a second opportunity, all of
a sudden, she did. It is clear that this was a case
of “Southern justice” – the jury was all white, the
trial lasted just one day and it took the jurors just a
fraction of that time to send Magee away for 12
years. Also Emmett Till was murdered in August
1955 for a similar unfounded accusation.

He spent almost seven years under a brutal labor
regime in the infamous Louisiana State Penitentiary
known as “Angola” and was released on parole in 1962. Ruchell
moved to Los Angeles. He got
involved in a quarrel about 10
doors worth of marijuana ending in a
kidnapping charge for which there
is very little evidence and
which he denies to this very day.

He was sentenced to a prison term
of seven years to life for aggravated
kidnapping which carried a penalty
of up to five years. This trial lasted
two days. He spent only a few
months in freedom after his release from
Angola.

Ruchell’s conviction appeal was
denied in 1965. He spent the time
after his conviction in San Quentin
prison where he started “jailhouse lawyering” and
he met prison activist George Jackson, who also
had a California-type sentence of one year to life.
The parole boards regularly denied their releases.
Ruchell became a major participant in the movement
for prisoner rights and continued the fight for
his release.

By Aug. 7, 1970, Ruchell had spent almost 15 years
in prison for charges that he continues to deny. That
day, he was called along with another prisoner,
William Christmas, as a witness in a prison murder
case. Suddenly, George Jackson’s younger brother
Jonathan entered the courtroom with a number of
weapons, which he distributed among the defendants
in the case – James McClain, as well as Magee
and Christmas. They took the judge, an assistant
teacher, and three jurors hostage, demanding
liberty for George Jackson and the guarantee of safe
conduct for themselves.

However, when the group went to a waiting van
that Jonathan Jackson had brought with him
and tried to leave the Marin County Courthouse
premises, the Marin County police and San Quentin
guards opened fire. When the shooting stopped,
Judge Harris was dead, Judge Jonathan Jackson, William
Christmas and James McClain lay dead. Ruchell
was unconscious and seriously wounded as was the
prosecutor.

As the sole survivor of the group, Ruchell was
charged with simple kidnapping, aggravated
kidnapping and murder, along with Angela
Davis, who was alleged to have provided
Jonathan Jackson with the guns. The
trials against Angela and Ruchell were
then separated, Davis was acquitted
of all charges in 1972.

According to an affidavit by the
judge foreperson, Ruchell’s own
1973 trial ended with a hung
jury and then voted unanimously
to acquit him of the aggravated
kidnapping charge, voted 11 to 1
to acquit him of the murder charge,
and found him guilty of simple
kidnapping. During the trial, an
autopsy of the judge who had been
killed clearly showed that Ruchell
had not been responsible for his death.

Even so, parole commissions deciding
on Ruchell’s release and the media have
regularly mentioned his responsibility for the
murder.

Even though there isn’t the slightest piece of
evidence that Ruchell Magee knew anything about
the planned liberation of prisoners in the court in
San Rafael at any time before Aug. 7. On Jul. 23,
1975, Magee was sentenced to life in prison. After
his conviction he was moved from San Quentin
prison to the high security Folsom prison.

Ruchell secures his freedom
On July 15, 2023, Ruchell was denied
parole for the 16th time. In 2023, Ruchell
Magee signed a petition for compassionate
release after incessant work to challenge the
legitimacy of his imprisonment.

It’s important to note that the specific way
Ruchell is being released is through the
new California compassionate release law,
Assembly Bill 960, which many prison justice
organizations worked to put through. AB 960,
which went into effect on Jan. 1, 2023, added
Penal Code §1172.2 and changed the basis
for compassionate release from six months
left to live to someone who has a serious and
advanced illness with an end-of-life trajectory
or who is found to be permanently medically
incapacitated.

Also, it created a presumption that the
person is entitled to release unless there is
an unreasonable risk that the incarcerated
person will commit a new violent felony. The risk has to
be based on the person’s actual capacity and not
just speculation. The new law takes the decision
for release recommendations out of the hands of the
punitive prison system hierarchy and gives them
to the prisoners’ medical executives, who at least
for now are more humane than the guards who’ve
worked their way to the top of the system. Finally,
the new law lets prisoners or their family ask
the top doctor at each prison to review their case and set
things in motion.

These small reforms proved to be the pathway
for freedom for Ruchell, along with a lot of organizing
work and a great lawyer.

“But even with the new law, it was a pitched battle.
We had to see the prison bureaucracy to force them
to ask the courts to release Ruchell, and then we had
to fight the Attorney General, who lied about Ruchell
and clearly wanted him to die in prison,” said Mark
Kleiman, Ruchell’s lawyer. Significantly, there are
many other people in California’s prisons who should
also be able to win release through this new law,
according to Kleiman.

The Coalition to Free Ruchell Magee and other
supporters are raising money to ease Ruchell’s
transition from prison. Please consider making a
Elegy
by Ojoere McKinnon (San Quentin CA)

I cry:
To cleanse my psyche and thoughts of resonating pain and regrets that haunt me. This natural baptism, purging my soul of hate and demons, opening the way for healing those festering wounds and spoiled thoughts. The deluge from tear ducts allow new growth to unfurl and my empathy to reconstitute.

I cry:
Due to my past immaturity and irresponsibility, that mischaracterized my manhood and hampered my fatherhood. The result of my decisions is the cause of the chasm that’s continually widening, becoming a longing absence between my daughter and I. Mirroring the chasm between my father and I. My only relief from my betrayal, my lamentation and making amends for forsaking her. I sob for duplicating the actions of my absent father.

I cry:
Due to the obstructions. The obstructions that prevent me from living up to family status and solidifying that kindred love to my abandoned love one. Simultaneously, I’m denied the outpouring of affection from their open hearts and arms that extend from my young admirers. Yet, many of them regularly console me and make me feel loved; infusing me with vigor and sincerity. In my solitude, my shuttered eyes regularly console me and make me feel loved; infusing me with vigor and sincerity. In my solitude, my shuttered eyes

Tattoo tears that permanently mark my face, denoting the scarification of my seconds and decades of incarceration; and reveals the pillage of my freedom and the pilloring of my mind and body. The consequence of injustice, and the inability to weigh rectitude, opposite my birthmark on the scales of justice. Instead I’m burdened by the ever present thumb on the scales; blindfold shielding the sight of my grimace and the blood in my eye.

I cry:
For the identical reasons I write, To release what excites me; and to express what ails me. My tears scorch over flesh streaking emotions that can only be read like the scrawls on my palms. Tear drops imbue on paper; to be absorbed only be read like the scrawls on my palms. Tear drops imbue on paper; to be absorbed only

Ase’ Ase’ Ase’
I salute you with Black Love!
I salute you Ajamu
You discovered cosmic wisdom while facing your fate in life where the stars twinkle bright
Unified in aim, purpose and cause…
Preserved by our ancestors
As my comrade marching in unison to a destined place that is
I salute you…

Convicted of felony murder (SB 775/SB 1437). Elder parole and reviewing and modifying excessive sentences. And it has shown growth and rehabilitation. They lean into it

Another recent bill allows resentencing for certain people serving a sentence for a felony (AB 256).

Artwork by Selina Finny (Jackson, CA)

Legal Corner
by Debra Stone, LSPC Staff Attorney

Last Thursday, I attended a panel on Progressive Prosecutors, with Alameda County District Attorney Pamela Price & Former San Francisco District Attorney Chesa Boudin.

As a former defense attorney myself, and seeking liberty and freedom for all of us, I am not a big fan of DAs. But when they are reasonable, and try to do the right thing, they can limit some of the harms imposed by the system on our people. Progressive District Attorneys understand that excessive sentences do not increase public safety, but rather destroy hope for those incarcerated long after they have shown growth and rehabilitation. They lean into implementing the resentencing laws passed by the legislature and reviewing and modifying excessive sentences. And it has proven successful; despite the significant increase in the number of paroles granted to incarcerated persons serving long sentences (8,000 parole grants in the last 10 years), the recidivism rates for these formerly incarcerated persons remains very low, at 2-4% percent for general recidivism and less than 1% for recidivism involving felony crimes against persons.

But because progressive DAs are trying to do something good, they are facing important pushback. Chesa Boudin was recalled last year, on the same day that DA Price was elected--and less than a year later, a recall effort for DA Price is underway too. Los Angeles DA Gascon faces similar headwinds, as do a few other progressive prosecutors around the State, elected by voters who live with, and those who understand, the effects of over-policing, crime and over-sentencing.

But the work to reduce excessive sentences will not end with the recall of progressive prosecutors. While reviewing and modifying excessive sentences is not universally supported, legislators continue to respond to voters’ demands to remedy excessive sentences with new and amended laws offering more access to resentencing.

For instance, the Racial Justice Act will soon expand relief eligibility for people serving a sentence for a felony conviction in prison, county jail, or the DJJ no matter when they were charged or convicted (AB 236).

Another recent bill allows resentencing for certain people convicted of felony murder (SB 775/SB 1457). Elder parole also allows for people 50+ years old who have served at least 20 years to be eligible for an elderly parole hearing. SB 483 requires the court to review cases with sentencing enhancement for certain prison terms and SB 567 requires the court to impose the middle term of a sentence under certain circumstances. These laws are retroactive, meaning they apply to criminal cases no matter how old they are.

SB 1209 provides for resentencing for veterans who suffered trauma. The RISE Act (SB 483) authorizes courts to retroactively reduce a 1-year prison prior and 3-year drug prior enhancements. AB 540 requires counsel to be appointed for a defendant requesting resentencing within 30 days, and most importantly, creates a presumption favoring recall and resentencing for the defendant. SB 567 provides for resentencing if the middle term is not applied without aggravating circumstances on the record. AB 966 made significant changes to the compassionate release procedure as well.

We at LSPC, along with many of our allies, are working to pass laws that will help to reduce long and unfair sentences for people who are more than ready to come home.

Defiance
by Michael-Patrick Brian O’Connell
(Pleasant Valley State Prison, CA)

Beautiful memories fade
Hope becomes illusive
The weary body whispers torment
Yet, hidden in the dark caverns
Behind the man’s heart
A candle flame flickers
The spirit refuses to yield
Burning brightly in defiance
The surrounding darkness
Will not touch it

Jailhouse
by Tequarius Bush
(Elmera Correctional Facility, New York, CA)

In cell, 4 walls, one gate
Caring in
In a cell thinking to myself how
I got here again?
Jail food, jail rules, ignorant fools
And dept I got to listen to
But in my mind it’s misconceive
Through all the foolery, games, lies
And court times ‘cause every second it breaks time
Commissary to phone time everything cost money now
I got dreams in my mind of everything
I think of people signing in like
What are they scared of?
I see shit hear shit politics everywhere
But I’m built strong enough to be here
They ask me what do jail stand for?
I say Just Another Ignorant Lie
But I got one more chance to break this cycle
’Cause this jailhouse ain’t my life!...
This memory is based on fact. My body remembers. I just fear white men in gloves and white robes. They want to hurt me. My Mama said they that the world is illuminated. I still have no language to talk about this. There was a way I felt connected in the darkness I no longer feel now. A danger we have to face this time alone.

I see channels the relationships the chains the enveloping red landscape that not the many. We vowed to remember. No words. No audible memory. Is our amniotic fluid cell block. We cry holy. We cry for a mother who avoids umbilical cord spirals out detached. Lips puckered body encased by an freedom. There is so much red. Is blood the color of life then? Shared esophagus escape routes mapped and uncharted territories. Freedom for Mama. There is no time for thought.

Silence greets our attempts at logic. Feelings leak into the toxic bath. We try not to swallow as hands reach in and yank us out. Battered by the journey, bright lights are blinding. It is cold now. Still wet. We blink our eyes. They knocked me down. I was on top. They can't keep me down. I'm hurt but not dead. I'll be back around. But I'll stand back up. I've taken a fall. Please don't forget me. Because I did the crime. I now pay the price. One day at a time.

I do too for you. It does make a difference. Everything a bit smoother, a bit kinder, with laughter closer than not having patience as hard time pass.

It will take practice. Perfection is impossible. But a journey cannot be made without taking steps towards a goal.

My love for my mother is like no other. Thank you for always being a wonder. One day I hope to repay. So thank you for always... And for the blessings. For helping me see through things. True love is your love. Thank you. Mom. Love, always.

Charity Hospital for Mama
by Wanda Sabir, AOUON Member
Previous published in "The Town", an anthology of Oakland poets, Nomadic Press, 2023

Black folks traveling through a passage. A womb. The middle passage as birth canal. Hum. In vitro. Mishapen. Elbows high. Fists up. It is contorted. A light uncomfortable space. There are too many of us. Dying to live. Some of us swim by. We don't breathe. Breath memories. Toxic shock syndrome operates in this narrow landscape we cannot escape. A rite of passage for some, a death chamber for siblings we forget to remember to push through. Survival instinctive. Death its opposite. Darkness surrounds us. How long? There is only silence. Pain in its own vocabulary. Its own language. Later, we do not remember this. The procession. The ship. Conceipt. Rebirth. The dead we left behind. The dead we carry in our faces. We are their presence and if we survive, their tomorrow. We lie hidden in fallopian tubes. Urinary tracks. Esophagus escape routes mapped and uncharted territories. Freedom not a conscious goal. We have no words just an urge to stay alive. Knowledge that darkness is not forever that red is not the color of freedom. There is so much red. Is blood the color of life then? Shared umbilical cord spirals out detached. Lips puckered body encased by an amniotic fluid cell block. We cry holy. We cry for a mother who avoids us. Where is she? How did we get here? "There is no time for thought."

Silence greets our attempts at logic. Feelings leak into the toxic bath. We try not to swallow as hands reach in and yank us out. Battered by the journey, bright lights are blinding. It is cold now. Still wet. We blink our eyes. The pain of the sorrow. I'm locked in a prison. I did it to myself. On top of the world. Now I'm on the shelf. I've been to the high. I've been to the low. But right now I'm trapped somewhere. I'm on the brink of destruction. I walked over the edge. I lost my balance. I lost my edge.

I'm all by myself. One day at a time. I pay the price. Because I did the crime. Please read my letter. Please take my call. Please don't forget me. I've taken a fall. I'll be back around. I'm hurt but not dead. They can't keep me down. I was on top. They knocked me down. But I'll be back soon. I promise you.

A Mother's Love
by Nathan G (Pleasant Valley State Prison, CA)

I'm at the podium. I bare my soul. I spend a day. I pay the toll. Every night. I retire to my cage. I'm finally starting to show my age. Gray around the edges. Dirt on my face. My shirt is now ripped. I'm such a disgrace.

But still I go on to a better tomorrow. I go through today. The pain and the sorrow. I'm locked in a prison. I did it to myself. On top of the world. Now I'm on the shelf. I've been to the high. I've been to the low. But right now I'm trapped. Anywhere to go.

I'll be better than ever. When I come back. I'll take you by storm. A whirlwind attack. For now I'm down. I'm totally in the dumps. I fucked up hard. But I want give up.

This time I won't stop. I'll be back on top. I'll do it again. And this time I won't stop. But this is not for long. Some think I'm a villain. Some call me a fool. Some take me for granted. But I'm nobody's tool.

On the brink of destruction. I walked over the edge. I lost my balance. I lost my edge.

I lost it all. I destroyed my whole life. I sliced it to bits. With a drug laced knife. Buy I'll get it back. All that and more. I've not been destroyed by that girl from next door.

I go through the motions. Each day is the same. I hope I survive. This sick twisted game. I miss my kids. I miss my friends. I miss my mom and dad. I miss the girls. I miss my dogs. I miss them all so bad.
ALL OF US OR NONE

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All of Us or None Membership Form

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Yes, I want to become a member of ALL OF US OR NONE!</th>
</tr>
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<tr>
<th>Name &amp; Number:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Institution:</td>
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<td>Address:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Country of Origin:</td>
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<td>Do you have children? YES / NO</td>
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<td>Do you need support with family issues? YES / NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earliest Parole/Release Date: __________ County of Parole/Probation:</td>
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AOUON is a grassroots organizing project of Legal Services for Prisoners with Children (LSPC) fighting to restore the civil and human rights of formerly and currently incarcerated people and our families. Started in California in 2003, AOUON currently has chapters all over the country advocating effectively to Ban the Box, restore voting rights, increase access to housing and education, and end mass incarceration. We demand a voice in building healthy communities.

LSPC organizes communities impacted by the criminal justice system and advocates to release incarcerated people, to restore human and civil rights, and to reunify families and communities. We build public awareness of structural racism in policing, the courts, and prison system, and we advance racial and gender justice in all our work. Our strategies include legal support, trainings, advocacy, public education, grassroots mobilization, and developing community partnerships.

Scan to Join AOUON