

A black and white photograph of a protest scene. In the foreground, a person wearing a hooded jacket and a mask is running towards the left. To their right, another person is running towards the right. In the background, several other people are visible, some running and others standing. The air is filled with a thick layer of white smoke or tear gas. The background shows a city street with trees and buildings.

THE COMMUNITY STORYTELLING COMPOSITION PROJECT

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**THE RIGHT TO  
TELL YOUR STORY**  
A CALL FOR JUSTICE



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The CSCProject's performance initiatives are less about putting on a show, and more about generating a conversation around racially charged social injustices in this country. The hope is that this conversation does not end with the presentation alone, but translates into long-term institutional, economic, and infrastructural policy change.

This Zine takes visual and poetic works contributed by 20 artists, each of which reflects, provides commentary, and/or shares personal experiences in relation to racism, inequality, systemic injustice, and the Black Lives Matter movement. We acknowledge that everyone receives, learns, and digests information and emotion differently, and so by creatively distributing this zine throughout the performance, we provide another medium through which more people might engage. The CSCProject believes the visual and physical medium of a zine will provide another access point to the dialogue, as well as diffuse the stereotypical relationship between spectator and performer. This gives people agency around the matters being discussed, as the conversation will literally be “in their hands.”



Angela Larsen  
@lovesomedove



Angela Larsen  
@lovesomedove



*Imagine the Revolution- print*  
Emma Ismawi



*Protect Our Community - print*  
Emma Ismawi









Emma Johnson  
@therealemmaj

# BLACK VOTE

9/23/2020

Charizma Simpkins

On this my 18th year I am asked to vote

White man vs white man,

where's Obama when you need him?

I really don't want to, in my eyes it's just another waste of my time.

They don't want us to vote anyways, they just want us to go.

I will vote.

Not just to be spiteful.

I will vote because it's my birth right. Besides, is it really gonna hurt? I can be an artist and vote.

Charlotte did it. Way back when black and white women were two different things.

Back when "Female" was only associated with kids and a ring.

Back when black was a burden and not a crown.

Back when black women were meant to be seen, never to make a sound.

Mary Ann was a lawyer I will be held to her standards and her standards ONLY. And voting is one of those. I wanna go down in history

It will read

Charlotte you trailblazer

Harriet you strong black attorney

And Charizma you teenage voter

-A poem by Charizma Simpkins





Annetta



Audrey



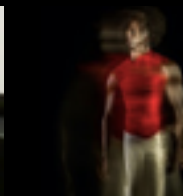
Carl



Chisomo



Deborah



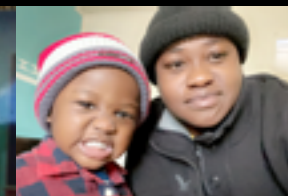
Deola



Earl



Heidi



Inno



Jason



Roderick



Annetta



Roderick



Timothy

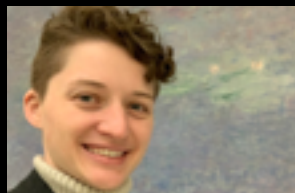


Tinika



Willie

# LET EVERY VOICE Our Soundscape Contributors



Jayson



Jaz



Joey



Kiran



Kynala



Lisette



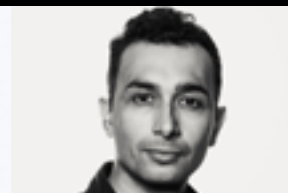
Marissa



Michael



Mimi



Robert

# WHAT RACES

What races thru the mind of Officer Pantelleo  
as he strangles the throat of Eric Garner?

Maybe something to the tune of  
Goddammit respect my authority!

And what races thru the mind of Eric Garner  
as he chokes on the arms of Officer Pantelleo?

Probably something to the tune of  
Dear Lord, can he just respect my humanity?

What races thru the minds of the grand jury  
as they decide not to indict the officer?

Maybe something to the tune of  
Well, he had to do it—he probably feared for his life.

What races thru the minds of the Garner family  
as they're told the officer gets to keep his badge?  
Where in God's name is the justice we deserve?

And half a decade later without an ounce of closure?

a crippled system trying to maneuver on flat tires?

What races thru the American psyche when it sees  
a crippled system trying to maneuver on flat tires?

What races thru your mind when I raise the question of  
what race is in the Land of the self-proclaimed Free?  
*July 2019*

-From *Empire Sunsets* by Carl Gabriel Straut-Collard  
@carlgabriel.poetry

# WAKING DREAM

Fake battles in our hometown  
Creating wars all around.  
Counting sheep as they're blown from the ground  
By fake bombs touching down.

Fake battles in our hometown;  
Bodies dancing to the sound  
Of bassline bombings shaking the ground,  
And high-hats firing tri-pul-et rounds.

Fake bullets fill our newspaper-down,  
Bed and blankets on the ground.  
Detonations blowing shrapnel around.  
We're wide awake, but we keep our heads down.

Fake service when they tell us, "Get Down!"  
Hands raised to the sound  
Of clicked-cock, pop, and gun hammer pound  
Bleeding out, we're on the ground.

Fake kindness when they're scared that they've been found  
Off of their guard from the pistol redound.  
These fake battles have me wandering 'round  
Asking for pinches. "Won't you please wake me now?"

-A poem by Michael James Haley  
@nomaspar

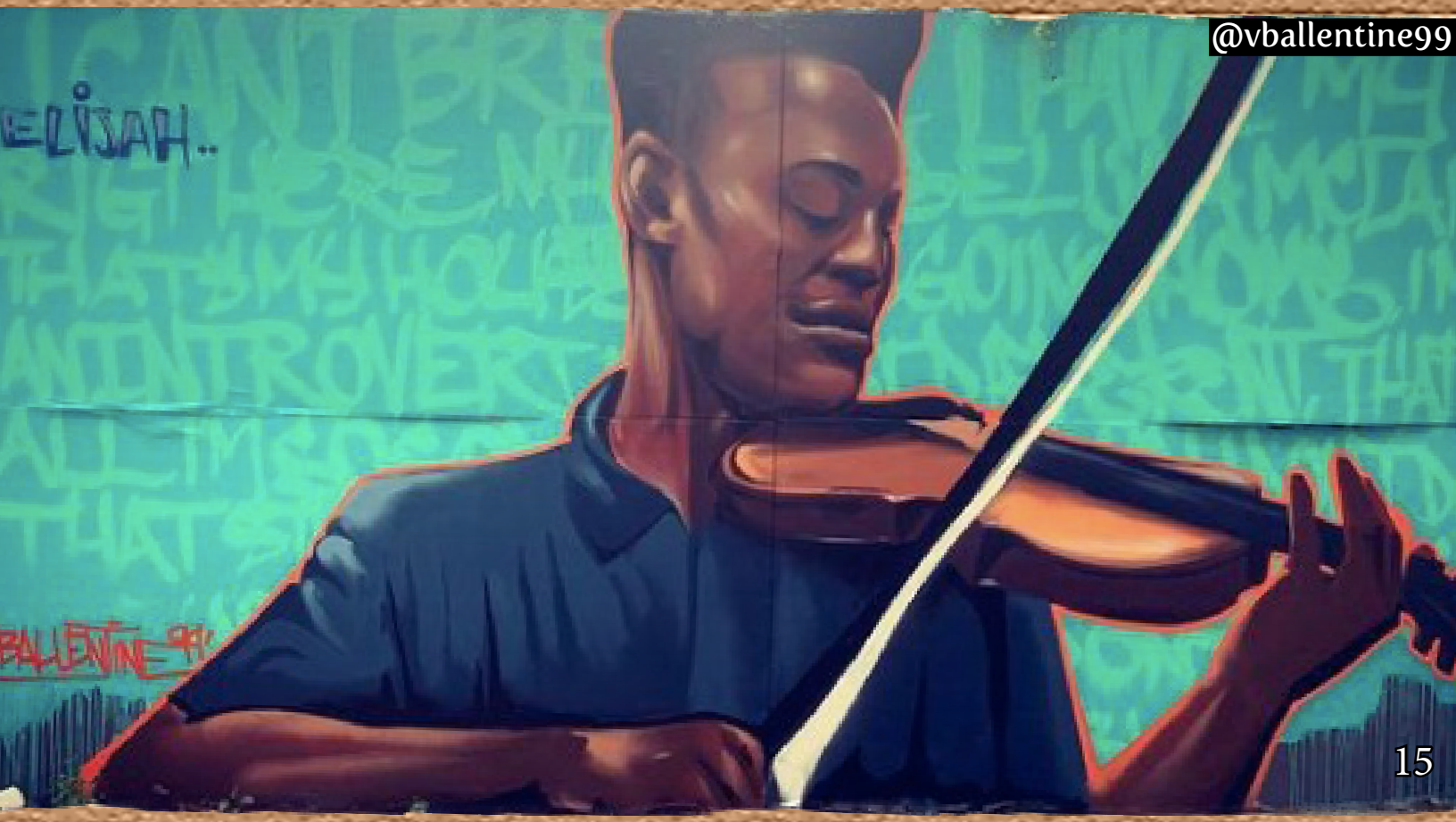


LIVES  
MATTER

@twinwallsmuralcompany



@vballentine99











Bottom Left: Sharon Virtue (@shabanackle)  
 Middle: @bayareamuralpro  
 Bottom Right: Lisette Soto (@lissycreates.art)







Marco Santini  
@\_Marco\_Santini\_





# I LIVE IN A LAND

*For The People, Who Hold This Land With Both Hands,  
Eyes & Hammers*

I live in a land where history is the first casualty  
Where specific voices of past and present still struggle to breathe  
Where truth is silenced, and justice buried alive  
Where dreams are sold beneath capitalistic white lies

I live in a land that creates a blistering void for its youth to fill  
Ask my generation about overdosing on profitable pills  
We're programmed to sensationalize weapons of sex and death  
We're taught to worship clean green paper bills for basic needs to be met

But the cheap thrills come at a cost you see  
In a land that laments the day away in utter defeat  
In a land whose only company is an irregular heartbeat  
In a land that pursues in sinking the corporate tax rate  
But can't overcome the spewed race class hate it so masterfully exonerates  
Discharging derogatory slurs to somehow make itself again great  
While maxing out credit cards on higher incarceration rates  
Instead of subsidizing those same boys and girls from the hood who can't afford books  
And then dares call out at them  
Damn hoodlums, bums, degenerates, crooks!  
I live in a land that tells the boot-less to hike up their boots

A land that points its rifles at the Southern border  
Proclaiming for ultimate security  
That New World Power, same Law and Order  
A land that rounds up the undesired and throws them in cages  
The rage in my mind runs through never-ending mazes

I live in a land that strips away the culture  
And puts it up in malls for further torture  
But only rings the alarm bells  
When profits and property are in jeopardy

A land that beats innocence to a pulp  
A land that places red targets on my black and brown and poor folk  
A land that puts their devalued time high up on a forgotten shelf like a product for sale

Was meeting the quota worth it, Sarge?  
You say the streets are now safe, but I see the unseen lying behind bars

The nation's scars may look minor from a far  
But what if you took a closer look at the price we must pay?  
Did you know residential segregation thrives to this very day and  
Institutionalized racism still guzzles blood on the pavement way?

I live in a land that rings the neck of labor and places monopolies as its wager  
A land that makes peace with suppression by the state  
Big brother I have seen your big fat ugly face!  
You feed on my people's swollen cheeks handing them empty plates  
And reward the bosses who deny their workers a living wage  
What a time to be alive I have no other choice but to say

I live in a land where my mind is subject to hypercommodification  
The mass marketers tried me with their weak persuasion  
Come purchase your fallacy for only a few bucks  
With an asterisk they said don't you dare shake things up  
Cause that ain't polite but I say the hell with being nice  
While you spit and step on basic human rights

I live in a land who tells inferior lands it can make war as it pleases  
In the All Mighty Name of Christ! Jesus  
He sneezes at a land that bombs indiscriminately  
And doesn't bother to keep a body count  
I can barely believe this!  
A land that terrorizes the indigenous!  
A land that rips babies from their own mother's hands!  
Lady Liberty, she desperately wheezes!  
Electing bombastic goons, looney toons and small-handed buffoons to lead us  
Oh, gimme a break! I may be younger than you, but I can see straight  
Our true leaders come from the bottom up, not the other way

I live in a land that bends over face down for a fluttering flag  
But loves to finger wag when we say we aren't all free  
A land that sees Colin Kap as a complainer with no right to speak or knee  
Remember when they said the same about The Champ Mohammad Ali?  
What they see is just another stupid ball-playing uppity  
Some folks will agree to disagree, but I tell it like I see  
Another trigger pulled Another badge to protect  
The killer goes uncharged for choking out dreams dead  
Another big-bank scandal  
Another bail out by the feds  
Another family table trying to get fed  
Damn I live in a land that truly  
Puts the word hypocrisy to the test

I live in a land where some of my own people will choose to ignore these lines  
They'll convince themselves that I hate this confusing troubling land of mine  
They'll tell me to leave and find a new home  
Because that's what unfettered patriotism can do  
Glue your eyes shut and break down your bones  
I'll tell them hold up, hold up bro!  
This land is my home, and so help me Mother Earth  
I am not afraid to set her record straight  
I am not afraid to use my hands and to dream for her to wake up  
Every single day

Are you looking in the mirror?  
This land is trying to stay awake,  
Can you hear her?

A new America is waiting in the wings  
And I want you to set sail and discover her  
Not like Columbus  
But like the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King  
Who understood his enemies from the perils hidden  
within  
Who believed in people power  
Who called out hate and greed for what it's always been—  
The weakest of sins, when we know how to love  
King said The Bank of Justice don't go bankrupt  
And while his body was taken from us  
His vision for our new day still sings the fucking chorus  
So when I say this land was made for you and I  
Let's aim high  
Past the swarms of bullets and drones in our polluted skies  
Because you live in a land called the United States  
And it's impossible to spell the U.S without us & united  
You and I

*September 2018  
Brooklyn, New York*

-From *Empire Sunsets* by Carl Gabriel Straut-Collard  
@carlgabriel.poetry

Bold Intelligent  
Beautiful  
Black Indigenous Inspiring  
Important  
PEOPLE  
Of  
Color  
Creativity  
Concern  
Collaboration  
Contribution  
Community  
Compassion  
Courage



Jarret Robertson  
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Lawrence Lopez  
@lwrnc.lpz









Dante Violette  
@danteviolette



Dante Violette  
@danteviolette











Deb Fong  
@deb\_fong\_photography



Deb Fong  
@deb\_fong\_photography



# STRAIGHT FOR THE BULLET

Straight for the bullet  
Releasing a trigger does nothing once you pull it  
What happened to electric charges?  
Man, I ain't even hear no charges before you went  
Straight for the bullet

My ethnic history razed  
And now you're crying foul because your precinct is ablaze?  
We'll make our country greater once we send yours to the grave  
Since you've forgotten how to taze  
Nah, you go  
Straight for the Bullet

Fascism on display  
White noise screaming  
"Race, rats, race!"  
Toe down on tail holding my race in place,  
And more white noise laughter:  
"It's a Race Rat Race!"  
Runners on their marks,  
Keep those splayed hands raised,  
Get set! He's  
Go--  
Straight for the bullet.

Tired arms from past times cracking that whip, huh?  
Cramped up hands from all that nightstick grip, huh?  
Water's jetting hard from heavy hose;  
Try not to slip.  
"Your arms tired?  
    (mine too)  
I better lighten up this clip"  
Straight for the bullet

-A poem by Michael James Haley  
@nomaspar



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