

Well we all knew that it would not take long before Lt. Peckerwood let his new bar of power (he was promoted from dope smoking sergeant to kind bud puffing lieutenant) go to his abusive head. His first real act of assholery was quite a big one - and very disrespectfull - but after all this is who these people who wear the badge here are. During the "sign of peace" of our Cathloic Eucharistic service Lt. Peckerwood a/k/a "Peckerhead", waltzed down the aisle, went behind our Sacred Altar and used the Celebrant's microphone to call out the names of a couple of prisoners he could not "locate" (put down the bone and stare at the lights - it helps). The wise-ass smirk on his oxygen wasting face said it all: he relishes in any opportunity to harm any good here at the prison. Now I for one and not going to allow him to do this unchecked, not that I am confident anyone here - the Boot or Denied-Oh - would do anything, but I just like Peckerwood/Head to know he is not hidden away on the second shift like he thinks. I drafted what I thought was an effective letter to The Boot and hope she takes time from holding down her Ivory Tower to actually read it. Maybe she will bitch-check Lt. Peckerwood/Head, but you ca trust I will do more. It's too bad we don't have any religious leader here to advocate for us as our poor Deacon has his balls hanging off of Deputy Denied-Oh's belt like scalps on Geronimo's saddle.

If you could ever be a fly on the wall to hear how these out of shape, still looking for a win, layabout guards talk about just how tough they are you would get a real laugh. If you knew real tough guys, like I do, you would find their implausible professions real theater. It was so apparent this week just how cowardly they really are, you see this week was an "audit" which is some foolish prison inspection. These guards, from the lowest ranks to the highest, were running around like chickens (they really are chickens) with the heads cut off. They oversaw the buffing of floors while some Stockholm Syndrome victims here buffed the cops unmentionables. They ran from block to block with bottles of watered down cleaning supplies being chased by Lt. Whirlwind in all her glory. I could have swore that I heard her climb upon the high ground here and profess, "I love the smell of wax in the morning!", but I could be mistaken. There is no doubt that she loves issuing orders to her subordinates as much as she loves those Peperidge Farm cookies that are going straight to her hips. Deputy Denied-Oh and her patrolled the camp excoriating rookie cops who dared to let men hang a clothesline (I am very proud to say that as I type this piece, in my bathroom sized cell, my clothesline is flying like a battle banner, state issued garb drying in the stale ShirleyWorld air!). They went cell to cell seizing empty water bottles and peanut butter jars (while Frank S. #1 lays dying in Denied-Oh's HSU). They cut down clotheslines and confiscated TV speakers (while Billy E. #2 is suffering with an unknown neurological disorder in Denied-Oh's HSU - just months from release with no where to go and no money or reentry plan). They made cons paint over the mold in the showers and ensured that the grass which no one is allowed to ever walk on (that would be too humane) was neatly cut by drunken guard CO Salute-To-Ya's "walks and grounds" crew (while Bobby D. #3 suffers with untreated myesthesia gravis up in the SMU for no reason and has been there for months

as he refuses to come back out into general population and face the evil rule of Deputy Denied-Oh and Lt. Whirlwind any longer). Just so you know it is THEM - The Jailers - that have an "audit". I DO NOT have one - I am NOT participating and will do all within my power to help their audit fail. I fly my clothesline of rebellion proudly. I wipe my dirty feet on the freshly waxed floors and I fight to help #1, #2, and #3, get the care and freedom they so deserve. The DOC gives us number (I am #W66927) so I will also number my friends as they COUNT to me!

Boy the super-oxygen wasting union (MCOFU) representatives here are pissed off! The Boot did away with the "gaff" that they have been running on the weekends here for years. You see afternoon "movement" (that is when they let us out of our cages) is supposed to be 1:PM on the weekdays and 1:30PM on the weekends (now I say supposed to be not because I agree with their times, but because that is the time they schedule but it is ALWAYS late) which no one could ever understand why. Myself and my associates knew why: it is because they could get away with it. It gave the drunken guards and extra half hour to nap and there was no administration here on the weekends to stop them. Well one of the recently blessed juvenile life-without-parole-offenders, let's call him Gloucester J., wrote to the new director of security here, who talked it over with the boot, and they agreed that the scheduled movement time should be 1:PM EVERYDAY! This sent the oxygen-wasters into a real tizzy! The Boot took away their bogus 2:30 informal "lock ins" they used to have, make two guards patrol each section of walkway when they only used to use one, and now has cut into their "nap time". The Union scum are huddling up and may start to follow her around with an inflatable rat like they did former DOC Commissioner "Chatty" Dennehy. The Boot better hire security as she is dealing with real coward who are NOT going to come at her head on: they will do whatever they do like the backstabbing cowards that they are. I paint them all, guards and suits, with the same brush as they all work in a field were you keep men and women in cages: that equals SCUM, and I hope they annihilate each other. No "Art of War" shit, as the enemy of my enemy is NOT my friend: they are both my enemy, but I will assist them in ensuring each others demise!

Some good news to report, and it is the result of the sweat of many prison activist's brow. Father Michael O'Hara was in fact let into the prison Chapel to Celebrate Mass with us last night. I attended and it was an excellent service. I reported here previously that Denied-Oh and the Boot had denied him access to our Chapel (the Chapel WE built) three out of the four times he came here. Our Community, which is a super strong faith community, went on a letter writing campaign to expose the evil of Denied-Oh and The Boot (and we are not done) and last night The Boot issued an "Order" that the Chapel was to be open for Father O'Hara. She knew that her ass was on the line if she messed with this guy as he vowed not to let the prison administration disrespect the Catholics here any longer. Our group of truly redeemed men rallied

together, wrote the Diocese and other Catholic organizations, climbed up onto the heap of ashes that is our prison Chaplain's heart (Denied-Oh castrated him and tore his heart out long-ago - we call him the "Artfull Dodger") and shouted our needs directly to God! He answered our prayers!

My hopes are that they days of wine and roses for these layabouts is coming to a close. The costs are getting too high and now even the Attorney General of the United States, Eric Holder, has had to come out and speak about the prison industrial complex our system has turned into. Massachusetts is a prime example of the true and utter failure of mass incarceration. The Boot at \$105,000.00 per year, Denied-Oh at \$90,000.00 plus per year, Whirlwind at \$80,000.00 (and more for overtime) per year have all afforded you a system from which one in two men go out to YOUR community and commit another crime. They tax the public with their divorces, adultery, domestic violence, and soul depleting ill psyches while the new police state takes your pockets with ever new "law enforcement" jobs and ever decreasing social support for children and families. When is enough, enough? When will you shoot Denied-Oh's broom out of the night sky? When will you sink The Boot's ship of fools? When will you derail Whirlwind's train of immorality? Old helpless men lay dying in a prison hospital at an exorbitant price to your pocket book as well as to our social structure, all so the Denied-Oh's and Whirlwinds can cash fat checks and increase fat hips. Send them packing so that the door will hit their abundant arses on the way out!

The battle for social order has only begun here at ShirleyWorld. It is catching fire as I write. More and more men seek guidance each day as to how they can battle Denied-Oh's lunacy. Less men are drinking the kool aid. More and more folks on the outside are questioning Denied-Oh's methods. The story of the "Whirlwind" is being told at community meetings. The "price" of The Boot is being questioned. We are getting the message out that the money these failed human beings steal from the state each year would be much better spent in the Big Brother or Big Sister programs. The Boys Clubs and Girls Clubs could save children from a life of misery if they had the funding. Why pay Whirlwind to create crime when we could pay those worthwhile organizations to prevent it?

I want to thank "Moe" from The Stanley Jones Clean Slate Project for coming out to the prison to meet with the men here. Moe and I go back a ways and knew each other in a real down time. It is good to see him doing well and making a difference! Keep up the good work and I will be in touch soon.

More To Come....