

Nate's News - 8 June 2014

Hi-diddly-ho Header-inos,

I found out I'm to be sent across the street to ^{U.S.P.} Coleman 2, a yard where former gang members and rats are sent. If you read my ^{recent} previous posts you'll understand why. I'm cool with this, give me a chance to focus on my art (paintings + drawings) + writings, with much less intense politics. Yet fics - as cutthroat + dirty as can be imagined! - pervade even the most laid back B.O.P. yards, flames fanned by some staff who deem themselves to be morally superior to prisoners, thus send-off some suck prisoners to attack other prisoners, which empowers staff and....

Anyway.

I recently sent two essays to the American Prison Writing Archive, viewable at: www.dhinitiative.org/projects/apwa. They're titled "No Place to Run" + "Sons o' Bitches I've Been Celled Up With". Check 'em out.

One of these s.ab.s wrote the accompanying posts. We had to part ways. He checked into p.c. because he's gay (more accurately, he'll have sex with anything, including animals), which I could give a f*xk about. But the dude couldn't stop talking, didn't know how to do his own time + was unable to cope with me ignoring him + focussing on my art + writing. At 1:30 in the morning he kicked on the door + told staff to put him in another cell.

I've had a spate of truly twisted cellies since I dropped out of the Aryan Circle. I'm stuck between dope-fiends, snakes + weirdos. In the accompanying post you get the tip of the bizarro iceberg that is my last cellie.

Alrighty all you girls reading this, take care, I miss y'all + thanks for your nice comments + letters

With Love + Respect,

Nate