

Daniel,

Your letter's question made me feel like Bill Murray in The Razor's Edge. "What are my plans?" "What am I aiming at?" My plans are to take over the world and I'm aiming at the warden's head (with a rubber-band gun) — wanna help?

Seriously, you do realize that I'm in prison & the swine running this place have no festicles, are scared of their own shadows, hate those who sue & write about them, and are constantly trying to set "resistant" prisoners up to either be assaulted by another prisoner or to discipline him for assaulting & would be assaulters, then put me/keep me in solitary confinement.

I've been in solitary conf. since 2015, this time. All I can do is read, write & draw in here. I can't publish anything without outside help & only Camiller is helping, so far, with that. Dear mother, who testified against me, has been no help, especially since an essay I wrote about her abuse was published. No one in La Crosse cares; no one in America cares, other than for their own agenda.

My plans are to find outsiders who care for & will help me, and, hopefully, I can help them in return by giving them royalties from what they help me publish.

I have no idea who the Polish writer Jerzy Kosniskit is, nor do I know what happened to him — I can't access the internet Dan. (I've read a collection of Nabakov's stories & Kafka, translated into English — my closest grasp of Polish writing, & they're not Polish.)

Sorry I'm not cheerful. Lots of frustration; years of being lied to/about, deprivations, empty promises.

I'm doing what I can to connect with genuine people, and I've found they are very rare.

Wish you the best with your children & family.

If you want to help me, you can order me 25 stamped envelopes from JL Marcus Wisconsin.com