

"As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." - Karleen Koer, 'Low Face to Face'

Dear Readers,

01-28-20

Howdy! I'm still in the Hole & have a lot of time, so I thought I'd get a few thoughts in.

Some guy down the hall "held the trap," & they finally brought us a laundry bag to wash our clothes in & a change of bedroll. I can now wash my jumpsuit for the first time since I got here ~~in~~ on Dec. 21<sup>st</sup>, & this is our first change of linens too.

To explain "hold the trap": we have these slots in the door that they hand our meal trays & everything through. At some point after it's opened (like picking up trays), a guy will stick his arm out so they can't shut it. This, apparently, is a big deal & they either have to talk him into pulling his arm in so they can shut & lock it again, or they'll eventually have to call the Lt. to come down & talk to him.

I don't know if this guy is still holding it or not, but his doing that is the only reason they're bringing us this stuff. It's really crazy the way they've been treating us back here.

So... I'm now about 6 1/2 years from getting out of prison. I've been thinking that I need to start making plans for my eventual release. I am supposed to go back to live in the Southern District of Florida, which is a strip of land on the eastern side of Florida stretching from about Ft. Pierce down to Key West. I absolutely DO NOT want to go back there. However, in order to live anywhere else in this country, I have to have either a job or a place to live (mainly) - both of which would have to be approved by the USPO (probation office).



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I've been thinking that I need to start sending out "feelers" to all these different organizations I know of in various states and see if any of them could possibly help. There are some states that are better than others to live in regarding all the various rules + restrictions that I'll have to live under, + I'll need to take that into consideration. But, I have nothing but bad memories of south Florida + I sure as hell don't want to go back there.

What I want to do most of all is get the hell out of this horrible country + never come back. The laws here are absolutely insane. Plus, to be honest, I have supervised release (probation) for LIFE. I got a ~~life~~ life sentence in essence. I can't live like that. I'd rather die. Seriously.

What I don't understand is, why the hell does the U.S. "In-Custody System" want me to stay in this country so badly if I'm such an "undesirable citizen?" How does that make any sense? Just let me go!!

I really hate this country.

This long sentence has done NOTHING to make me a better citizen. If anything, I now have nothing but contempt for the laws of this country and the government as a whole. The whole "In-Custody System" is rigged for you to fail + supervised release is rigged to just send you back to prison.

And I'm supposed to be under these motherfuckers thumbs for the rest of my life?

01-29-20

Holy Fuckin' Shit.

Today, as usual on Weds., they had the staff "Walk Through." This is where all the senior staff: Warden, A.W.'s, Head of Education, all other departments, etc., ~~have~~ walk thru the "ranges" after their



weekly meeting to decide over various fates. And so... my unit manager - a real smothery bitch - tells me that I'm being transferred even though this past "shot" was expunged, due to that last shot from 2017.

Fuckin' shit.

I have been transferred from the Hole every single damn time that I've been transferred, except for that one "immediate" "pack your bags" without any notice from Butner 1 to Butner 2 & the very first time I left FOC - Miami, the detention center downtown. That's 5 previous transfers from the Hole. Saw 6.

Fuckin' shit.

"Coker" should be getting out soon - he only had 15 days & they usually cut that short 'cause it's so crowded in here, & I'm sending Rex, my former boss & also buddy, a "kite" (note) to let him know. I'm also giving him JT's manuscript that I had ~~been~~ been typing. I was able to get it out of my property.

JT is John Terrell, a real nice guy in his 70's who I firmly believe was framed/set up, who has written a couple of books that I've typed for him. One was "Lagui Dold," a western adventure set right after the Civil War - his great(?) grandfather, a Confederate general, is a small character. The other is "The Inca's Garden," a modern adventure set in South America. They're both good - very like many adventure books you could buy. I hope he gets them published.

I can't believe this shit. I'm going to be stuck in this shit-hole for at least a couple more months. This is seriously gonna suck.

02-02-20

Happy Imbolc! Happy Groundhog's Day also!  
Well, holy crap do I have a lot to report.



First of all, I was let out of the Hole later that night on Weds. Huh?

I spoke with my case manager - the guy who handles transfers - and he said that he hasn't heard anything about transferring me. That ~~some~~ smelly bitch unit mgr. got it wrong.

As soon as I got out I went up to Nate who immediately started saying, "I didn't steal your stuff!" We said a few words back + forth + I grabbed his glasses off his face + threw them on the floor. A lens popped out, but he was able to fix it. The rumor going around is that I slapped him, but I didn't. I want to do much worse.

#### EVERYTHING'S GONE.

I didn't even get the toothbrush back that I'd been using. So clothes, no shoes - including shower shoes - no commissary, no ~~hygiene~~ hygiene - not a bar of soap, no lotion, no shampoos, no fucking nothing! I am so fuckin' pissed.

How could this idiot fucking C.O. pack only paperwork + not wonder why I don't even have a toothbrush or a pair of shorts? I'm filing a complaint against the C.O. + I'm filing a tort claim for loss of property, but I've never won one of those. They're rigged too.

I was put in Cell 87, upstairs, with a total beer-out druggie loser (not that I'm one to talk, but I do at least have a brain). I will admit that I opened the dancefloor last night, so I guess Club 87 is open for business!

Today is also Super Bowl Sunday. I've probably mentioned this before, but this institution has a cool Super Bowl Sunday tradition which I've never seen elsewhere. They give us a "special meal" for lunch - we had chicken wings + nachos,



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and they give us a box meal for dinner - just like on holidays.  
It's pretty cool.

02.23.20 6:21p

Well, it's been a few weeks since I last wrote.  
I'm currently sitting outside by myself on a chilly  
Sun. evening & feeling depressed.

Things just aren't going well. I found out today  
that my new druggie-loser cellie, "Redbeard," stole some  
of my batteries. (They're allowing a short once-a-month  
purchase of batteries until May or so).

He already had a bad reputation, & when I moved  
in I asked him nicely not to steal from me because  
I've already had nearly everything stolen. But, as  
soon as I show him some trust & allow him to use my  
batteries, he betrays that trust & switches my new  
batteries for old dead ones. What kind of sick  
motherfucker does stuff like that?

And... there's nowhere for me to move. I'm still  
trying to maneuver some things, but so far no one  
is willing to move in with Redbeard 'cause he's a  
slimeball. So, I'm stuck.

I've been really busy at work, which is good, but  
that's also been stressful. I've had to deal with two  
guys giving me a lot of attitude about stuff not  
getting done (even though I explained clearly that a  
book, at 50¢ per page, goes behind legal work at \$1 a  
page). So one else is going to get their work done, so  
they're only hurting themselves.

I've lost all inspiration for my re-entry idea I  
had last Oct., & don't even feel like talking to the



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staff member, As. Dulles, about it.

Even my so-called "love life" has been non-existent.  
I am just in a total funk.

The staff here are also starting some new BS where we're only going to get copies of our mail from now on. This policy has been held up in various courts, so unless some Congressmen complain about it (which I've heard has helped), we're stuck with copies of everything from now on. (see memo enclosed)

Fucking insane.

02-25-20 7:40p

I'm in the Library & have stopped typing for tonight. I need a break. Things just keep getting worse & worse. I got back to the unit just after 10A this morning, to discover my locker open with my lock just hanging there. I took in to discover my shampoo, a new bag of razors, shave gel, coffee & creamer all gone. My fucking cellie stole from me again. I seriously want this guy dead. I could have sworn I locked my lock & I'm hoping I just made a mistake & left it loose (and not that he found the combination or something). Of course he denies it, but he never leaves the cell & he's known to be a thief.

I can't fucking live like this!!

I've already had everything taken from me & am just now trying to replace my property & then that stuff gets stolen!



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02-26-20 10:08 A

I'm sitting here in the cell this morning 'cause there was fog today so everything was shut down + that whole process that I'm sure I've described before.

I'm stuck in here with this fucking thief who never leaves the cell (so who else could have gotten into my locker?) + we're waiting for them to lock us down for a fog count.

After I got out of the Hole, I found out how few friends I have in this unit. Rex gave me a care package, his cellie Tom Scott was the only person to grab something out of my cell, which was my tarot cards.

C.C. just walked in. He's Redbeard's friend + I like him too. He's a black guy from DC (+ they have a bad reputation), but he's cool.

Anyway, I am paying another guy, Steve, for my crocheted frog + giraffe back. I owe him \$8 to buy back my property.

There were some guys whom I thought were friends of mine, + they just stole by + did nothing when they were raiding my property. Some even said I deserved it for "falling out" so much + there are those who even said they weren't my friend anymore (much like the "Christian" penpal).

I hate this fucking unit.

I've had a really tough year (the past 12 months). I would be very grateful for any good energies or prayers y'all could send my way.



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I would like to add that I hope all of you will contact your Representative to oppose the new mail procedures as outlined in the enclosed memo.  
Thanks!

Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a long horizontal stroke at the bottom.





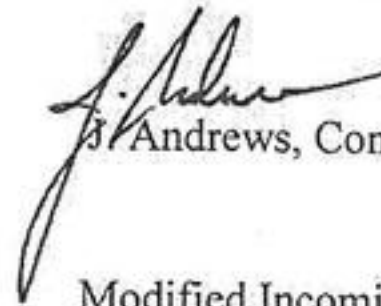
U.S. Department of Justice  
Federal Bureau of Prisons  
Federal Correctional Complex  
Petersburg, Virginia 23804

Office of the Warden

February 20, 2020

**MEMORANDUM FOR THE INMATE POPULATION, FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL  
COMPLEX PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA**

**FROM:**

  
J. Andrews, Complex Warden

**SUBJECT:**

Modified Incoming Mail Procedures

Effective March 23, 2020, the following mail procedures will be implemented to process all incoming mail to inmates:

- All general correspondence, to include personal photos, will be photocopied and you will be provided with that photocopy only.
- All incoming general correspondence must be single faced, 8.5 x 11 pieces of paper and may contain no more than 5 sheets per envelope. No card stock, construction paper, or postcards will be accepted.
- Hardback books will not be accepted unless they can be fully searched by Mail Room staff without damage.

As a reminder, all procedures enacted with the Notice to Inmate Population dated February 27, 2018, remain in effect. If you have additional questions regarding these procedures, please direct your questions to a member of your Unit Team.

(Rejected correspondence will be treated consistent with the applicable provisions of federal regulation and BOP policy. Should you have any questions, you may address them with the Case Management Coordinator or Supervisory Correctional Systems Specialist.)

JONES, KELLY 55835004