

"Look not at the greatness of the evil past, but  
the greatness of the good to follow."  
- Thomas Hobbes, 'Leviathan'

Dear Readers,

Wed. 01/18/23

8:11A

Happy 2023 everyone! I hope this year is  
better for all of us! I've just finished all my work  
in the Kitchen. I don't have CSPD 'cause I loaned  
him to a hot co-worker so he could listen to "Discipline,"  
by Janet Jackson.

I noticed while writing my last post that it was  
mainly about the Kitchen. And although I have more  
Kitchen-related news, I'll put that off till later and  
catch up on other events which I've left out.

Going back to the end of October, I attended the big  
Samhain/Halloween Wiccan service. I haven't attended  
any other of their services throughout the year - I just don't  
like the group and don't want their bad energies. For one,  
my former cellie Nate - who stole everything I had back  
in 2019 - is a regular. And he's not the only thief or  
phony or slimeball who attends. I'll pass.

Anyway, the whole Samhain event was pretty screwed  
up. First, we were supposed to go to the Chapel at 9A or

(2)

so, and the Compound C never called the "move," so we got screwed out of that. Then, our big once-a-year holiday meal was scheduled for that day and unlike past years we got nothing special - it was the same meal that the whole compound ate.

For the evening service, I attended, but sat in a chair outside the circle and just visited with a couple of other guys who also declined to join in. Lastly, we were all signed up for the late "out count" where we were supposed to be able to stay late at the Chapel till 10-10:30p, but they screwed that up too and we had to leave at 8:30p.

They had a make-up out count for the following night, but I had already missed one night at the Library so I skipped it.

Which reminds me... we've had a lot of the Education staff leave recently. One quit in December, I believe, then that psycho As. T (whom I could've written a lot about but declined), left this month on the 5<sup>th</sup> and now there's word that another one will be leaving in a month or two. That will leave only one teacher. So far they haven't replaced anyone and they were short-staffed before all this. Other than sporadic GED classes (taught by inmates), there have been no classes offered at Education, and it's now only open one night per week - which will end when the next staff member leaves.

(3)

Some Education Department, huh?

I had previously written that my friend, Dakota, had "drunk the Kool-Aid" and become a transie. Well, at some point this Autumn he changed his mind and is back to being just a nelly guy with a beard who has a Power Puff doll.

I had also mentioned that they started selling pillows on Commissary after having taken homemade pillows from inmates and written them "shots" for destruction of property, etc.

Well... I left out one small detail. The pillows are inside a plastic case or shell (whatever) that would not be fun to sleep on. But... they don't sell pillowcases. So, if you want a pillow (and can afford \$15-\$20 for one), but would like to be comfortable, you're gonna have to cut up a sheet to make a pillowcase - which is against the rules and could earn you a shot for destruction of property. BOP = Backwards On Purpose.

There was some excitement (sort of) on Nov. 12. A drone flew over the Rec yard and dropped a package. One rumor said it was drugs and another claimed it was cigarettes. They promptly shut the Rec yard down that morning, and as I recall it was shut down all that weekend.

On Nov. 19 I had my once-a-year medical check-up

(4)

which was several months overdue. My "callout" (appointment) was for 7:30<sup>A</sup>, but the Doc didn't even show up till after 9<sup>A</sup>, and I wasn't able to get out until around 11<sup>A</sup>. Ridiculous. The only good that came out of it was that I was finally able to get a "bottom bunk pass" after many years of not having one. They don't do anything to help you here.

Fri. 01/27/23 9:36<sup>A</sup>

Howdy! More free time in the Kitchen with "Lacko Man" by Village People on C3PO (have I ever mentioned that my "claim to fame" is that I slept with one of the Village People?).

On the COVID front, this psycho Warden is still keeping us on a "modified lockdown." For a long time we weren't required to wear masks - except for Education because of that nut-job Ms. T who wouldn't let you in unless you had one. That finally ended sometime around Dec. 1 when Ms. T finally got the memo that they weren't required.

However, for some reason, this past Thurs. the 19<sup>th</sup>, Q/ we were headed to our one night at the Library when Ms. Woody (another stupid bitch) was working. She said that there was a memo on the computer (which most of us hadn't had a chance to read) stating that we were

(5)

back on Code Red and she turned away anyone who didn't have a mask - which was most of us. A nice guy in a wheelchair had an extra one which he gave me or I wouldn't've been able to go myself. Most guys had thrown theirs away and none had been passed out (they were the following day). Then, also without notice, we were back on Code Green the following Monday. B.O.P.

On Wed., 12/28/22, the staff put out a staggered visiting schedule through the end of June, so the three blocks of units each have separate weeks when they can have visits.

On Wed., Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> was when we got our yearly Xmas goodies bags with various treats, plus they handed out eggnog and cookies that same day. The Xmas bags just keep getting smaller every year.

Which brings me to Kitchen news. During the last week in December, my ex Doug got caught making egg sandwiches to sell (i.e., stealing) while he was working in the Bakery. <pause to wipe that lone tear> And... on Thurs., Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> I was able to finagle a job in the Bakery - which includes a small raise! Yay!

At first my "Dining Room" boss (staff) didn't want to approve it 'cause he wanted me in the Dishroom, but I played the "it's a step up and I'll make more money" card and he was forced to relent. I officially started

(6)

on Jan. 2.

I had to get the Bakery's "#1" to approve me first, and I was concerned about that since I'm good friends with "Drandpa" - who is his "Lortal Enemy" - but he went ahead and okayed it.

I knew that things would eventually come to a head between Ramsey (the #1) and Drandpa, but I figured it would take a couple months first. Nope. On Jan. 13<sup>th</sup> Drandpa suggested waiting till the following day to do Sunday, the 15<sup>th</sup>'s, bread, which I went along with 'cause there's no reason to do work for two days in advance. Ramsey did not like that. He blew up and insisted to stuff that Drandpa get a job elsewhere. So Drandpa is out wiping tables while I'm doing his old job. We just ended up switching jobs.

For the record, we don't actually bake anything in the Bakery. For the most part we just put the bread (or tortillas) for the following day's breakfast or lunch into pans and put it in the cooler. We also crack all eggs (for scrambled eggs - which the Cooks make) and make up the French Toast or pancake mix for the Cooks for the following days.

It's really easy and I get paid more! What more could I ask for?

(7)

Sun. 02/05/23 9:17A

Hey y'all! I'm back at work - thankfully alone, since it's Ramsey's day off - plus it's my "Friday" for which I am grateful. I failed to mention that when I switched jobs I had to switch my days off - again - back to Mon. + Tues. It's unfortunate, but Ramsey gets the weekend off since he's the "#1."

Ramsey is a "khaki cop," so I have to be very careful around him. I feel like he's watching my every move, and it doesn't help that I'm good friends with Grandpa.

I signed my first pay sheet as a "Trade 3" this week, and I'm only making about \$10 more per month than I was as a Trade 4. It's not much, but it helps. I'm trying to save up for a tablet - which most guys have now but I can't afford. It's going to take me about 3-4 more months to afford one at this rate.

On other news... there have been several changes going on at Club 54. As I recall, I left off last time with me, J.T. and Wolf. On Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup>, Wolf moved to one of the Unicorn units (either B-North or -South) 'cause he got a job there. The next day a new guy was moved in who just arrived "off the bus." His name is John, and he's gay and from Houston, where I lived in the '90s. He's a nice guy and I like him a lot.

However, he admitted to J.T. that he has HIV, and since J.T. is ignorant, he felt the need to move out 'cause

(8)

he was afraid he'd catch it (which is impossible). Unfortunately, John told J.T. that my former cellie, the slimy, user tranny Stevie, also wanted to move, so they traded. And I had just gotten rid of that nasty bitch the month before. Ugh. So Stevie moved back in on Jan. 17<sup>th</sup>.

In even worse news... two days after Stevie moved in, on Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> some black dude showed up and they were gonna move him in. Of course he was one of those guys that "can't live with a tranny and two fags," but there were no other open bunks.

So instead Stevie comes up with the brilliant idea of moving her "pansexual" buddy from another 4-man cell in with us so that other guy could move in there. So we ended up with a fourth cellie. This guy is also black, but he seems educated... except for the fact that he goes by "Rock Star." <burp>

On the second night after Rock Star moved in, sometime around 1 A.M., I was awakened by a splashing sound. I then felt my blanket and there was a wet spot. It turns out that Rock Star smoked so much "deuce" (K2) that he was sitting up in bed in the bunk above mine and started puking. At 1 A.M. when I have to get up at 4 A.M.

Not cute.

I was so pissed. Not only were we crowded and I



had to deal with that lying thief Stevie again, but now I have a guy living above me who gets so high he puked. Fun times.

Dat. 02/11/23 8:41 A.

Here I am on the day before Super Bowl Sunday listening to Donna Summer sing "I Feel Love" on CBS, which I may only be able to do for nine more days.

Until recently, we only had two computers where you could revalidate your MP3 (required every 14 days). But one of the cords is messed up so it won't connect (I've heard it can be rigged with a piece of paper but so far I don't know how). Then, some asshole cut the cord on the one remaining computer so now that can't be used. (Staff have a policy of not replacing cut cords which is aggravating but understandable).

So, I may be screwed if I can't figure out how to rig the remaining connector. Most guys don't care 'cause they have tablets, but those of us who are poor still rely on our MP3s. I hate these people.

I wanted to mention another incident which occurred last month. On Tues., Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> I was on my way to the Library carrying my legal supplies in my gym bag when I was stopped by Ms. Arrington of Computer

(10)

services. She questioned where I was going and said she wanted to search my bag, which only contained legal papers and my typing supplies, plus a "Black and Pink" newsletter which had some legal cases referenced in an article.

To show you the stupidity of this bitch, following are some of the things she said with my response:

A: (when looking through my typing paper) "This is all blank!" He: "It's typing paper." A: (when she saw a motion I was typing) "Why isn't this marked 'legal'?" He: "Because it's not in an envelope being mailed out, it's being typed." A: "What color typewriter do you use?" He: "They're all clear."

So, she saw my "Black and Pink" and went through it and confiscated it, plus all my printwheels and correction tapes - both of which are required to type. She said she was going to "look over everything" (how long does that take?) and return them to Mr. Spears (the Education Supervisor) - which never happened. She screwed me over on typing that day.

The following day I saw her standing outside the Chow Hall during lunch and approached to ask about my stuff. She saw me and said, "Oh, here's your stuff." I took the bag everything was in and turned around to go back in the Chow Hall. Then she says,

"Uh, you're welcome!" all smooty-like. I just thought (but didn't say), 'Fuck you bitch, I'm not gonna thank you for giving back my property which you had no right to take.'

After lunch we had Commissary, so I went there and got a few things I needed. When I got back to my cell, I found my locker completely empty with all my property scattered throughout my cell, and my bed and everything under it trashed.

I learned later that Arrington and one of her co-workers in Computer Services came over while I was at Commissary - which they had no business doing, ~~and~~ just to trash my cell.

Are you fucking kidding me?

I'd never spoken to this dumb bitch before or had any interaction with her. Since she went through - and took - my 'Black and Pink' newsletter, it seems obvious that she has a thing against gays and the only reason for this was discrimination, harassment, and retaliation (I had asked Mr. Spears to call her to return my property).

This woman has no business being in a position of authority over inmates, and no one from Computer Services should have any reason to go to a unit just to trash an inmate's cell in the guise of a "search" - which was unjustified and unwarranted.

(12)

Although this is a bit self-serving, I would encourage any of you who are willing to contact the Director of the BOP (see BOP.60V) to complain about Arrington. I've filed complaints on her, but complaining to the BOP doesn't matter since they police themselves (or don't).

This woman has no business working for the BOP. Also, last night during count, my cellies and I were told to leave our cells and the CO trashed mainly mine + Rock Star's beds + lockers. Again, for no reason except possibly more retaliation for filing complaints.

This needs to stop.

Until next time, I wish you...

Love + Blessings,

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several loops and flourishes.

#GONKLONGENOUGH