

"Please don't talk to me about isolation. No one has to tell me how it changes a person. I have lived it. I am isolation...."

- Delia Owens, 'Where the Crawdads Sing'

Dear Readers,

Fri. 12-24

7:48 A

Howdy! I'm currently in the Library (quietly) listening to Willie Nelson sing "Stardust" on C3PO.

I thought we were gonna be locked down (again) today 'cause they brought our breakfasts in paper bags to the unit. I had heard a rumor that might happen due to weather, but I suppose the storm has passed.

I'm not sure if I mentioned this, but I've been coming to the Library every morning on the first "move" to "establish my presence." You don't get typing jobs if you don't show up. I even utilized the required mailing labels for all outgoing mail to use as a business card. ("The 'Liberia' is code-staff will never figure it out!" <wink>)

5835-004 ⇄

Need Something Typed
Come See Kelly
At The,
Liberia

(2)

I left off last time with my being put in the SHU - again - for a week with Chris, formerly of Petersburg, and getting out on Nov. 29th.

I'm going to go back to the 22nd - the day I got here - to give you a foreshadowing of what I'll probably have to deal with here.

During the hours-long intake, at some point you see Medical and they give you any self-carry medications that were sent along with you from the last place. One of mine just happens to be for a chronic illness which I have to take.

When I was taken to the Hole, all my self-carry meds were taken from me, the CO saying, "You can't have those in here." "OK," I thought, "perhaps that's some weird rule they have here and they have Medical bring everything on pill line." But, when Medical came around for pill line, they didn't have anything for me 'cause all my meds are "self-carry," not pill line.

Can you see where all this is headed?

Since I got here the day before Thanksgiving, this fiasco went on for days. After a few days, they started bringing me my meds during pill line - if they thought about it and if it wasn't a new person working who wasn't aware

3

of this whole fuck-up. My stuff still wasn't on pill line, so I think they kept my meds on the Medical cart that they left in (or brought to) the SHU, and they were loathe to leave the range and bring it back if they forgot. I think it took until the following Tues. - the day before I got out - before they finally decided that I could actually have my "self-carry" meds as self-carry, and gave all of them to me. Yay! < sarcasm >

On Mon. the 27th, Chris became the SHU orderly and I was left alone for most of two days. They would come and get Chris before breakfast, and he wouldn't be brought back till about 8p at night.

I will verify this, but I'm pretty sure all the SHU orderlies gets is leftover food trays and any extra treats (mainly food) the CO's might pass on.

That's over 12 hours per day of cleaning, folding clothes, etc., for some extra food. To thank you.

I'll pass. I'd rather lay on my ass all day and read.

Tues. 01/16/24 1:10p

Howdy! I'm back in the Library again. I had to come up this afternoon just to type some

(4)

guy's inmate number on two sheets of paper - which couldn't wait until tomorrow 'cause he really needs it done today. I will bet you any amount of money that he doesn't get the stuff I typed in the mail tonight.

As I mentioned last time, I got out of the Hole on Nov. 29th. For some reason, they didn't save any of the "bus clothes" that I came in, so before I was let out they had to bring me clothes and shoes from R+D (Receiving + Discharge). The pants they gave me were way too short (I have long legs), and the shoes I had to wear 'caused bruises on the ball of my right foot and were very painful to walk in. And, to top it all off, they lost my ID.

Unlike the current standard model for many prisons (like P-burg) - which is kind of like an enclosed "U," Arianna is more like a capital "L" with the verticle line going out about 120° instead of 90°. (L) The short part of the "L" has Rec at one end, then Union, etc. to the Chow Hall at the junction. The long part of the "L" is where the housing units are strung out, with mine being at the farthest end.

There are four ~~units~~ unit-buildings, with two units on each side (A+B). The units are named

(5)

after Native American tribes: Apache, Creek, Mohawk, and Navajo. You would think I'd be in Mohawk since it was one of the Iroquois Nation tribes (as is Oneida from whom I am ~~descended~~ descended), but no, I end up in Navajo - which was the tribe my former psycho cellie, Protie, was from.

The inmate population is about half of what it is at P-burg, with the same type of population: a lot of gays + transies, 50's, and gang drop-outs. However, there are a lot fewer blacks here and a lot more latinos (strangely, there was not one black guy in the group of 16 that I came with. Also, there was some rumor at P-burg that before I got there, there had been some (gang-related?) incident with latinos and so they were rarely sent there). I had heard that the DC blacks in P-burg had started assaulting and stealing from inmates, and they were always the loudest and most disrespectful. I sure don't miss them.

The units are in a triangle shape like at P-burg (the standard model), but they're smaller and are set up differently. There are two sides of the triangle on the bottom, then you go up half a flight of stairs and there's the third side. You walk up

(6)

another half flight and there's the next two sides of the triangle, and another half flight for the last side of that triangle. There's a row of windows facing the highest tier, so some natural light gets in. The windows in the cells are also bigger. Instead of a 6-8 inch wide slit, the windows are full-sized, and in the two upper tiers they're set sideways near the height of the top bunk.

The best part of all is... there's a flowerbed right outside my window! Yay!

As I mentioned, when I got out of the Hole, my first cellie was Maddy, a tranny who also got out of the Hole, but later than I was.

When I first got to the unit, I went to the Counselor to find out what cell I was in. Instead of automatically assigning me a cell, he told me to "go find one."

Fucking great. Do you know what a hassle it is for someone like me who is obviously a Huge Fag (in fact, most people here assume I'm a tranny), to just walk in a cell and ask if I can move in?

Fortunately, someone took pity on me. At the time, Chuck - the biggest crackhead in the unit - lived across from the Counselor's office, and he saw the lost look on my face and helped me out. I

(7)

told him I had a bottom bunk pass (it had followed me everywhere during my transfer), so he just helped me find an empty cell. I ended up in the last cell in a short hall off the main triangle, right across from two of the showers. Maddy showed up an hour or two later and the Counselor put her in with me.

For a while, Chuck was my "best bud" and hung around, flirted, and even wanted to move in with me. He later borrowed ten stamps that I was paid and I never heard from him again. I think that's his usual M.O. He moved to Mohawk-B with a bunch of other guys last week, so he's their problem now. At one point, Chuck sold his blanket for a book of stamps to get high, then complained about how cold he was. His nickname is "2-buck Chuck." I'll leave that to your imagination.

Fri. 01-19-24 8:00A

Hey y'all... I'm back in the Library listening to Michael Jackson sing "The Way You Make Me Feel" on C3PO. Sadly, I only have one earbud now 'cause my earbuds broke and I had two people look at them and no one could fix the broken one. That sucks. Since I only had one

(8)

typing job so far this week, it'll be a while before I can replace them.

On my first night here, Chucky took off at dinner without me and I was left to navigate the Chow Hall by myself. This can be an awkward situation in prison. There are tables where it's okay to sit and others where it's not.

When I walked in, I saw a guy I came with sitting at a table by himself. He's middle-aged and seemed mild-mannered, so I went over and asked if it was alright if I joined him. He said "sure," so I went ahead and sat down.

Ironically, I found out later, (when I typed something for him), that this guy is an SO - so he sure doesn't care about politics. However... he finished a short time later and all these other guys started sitting there and I was getting a definite "awkward" vibe off of them, and eventually one of them did ask me to move.

Welcome to Marianna....

My first full day, the 30th was a busy one. During lunch I had to go to R+D and get a new I.D. to replace the one staff lost, then go to Laundry and get my clothes, then get back to the unit in time to go to Commissary and

9

buy all my toiletries, typing supplies, etc. Both Laundry and Commissary here absolutely SUCK.

As for Laundry, they don't have a lot of stuff that they should have, and the staff member in charge is a complete asshole. The pants I was given are a little big on me and they don't have belts (which are required at P-burg). Another big thing at P-burg is the use of clothing labels with your name and number on them which are non-existent here. Also at P-burg, you were required to wear the institution shoes (unless you had a "soft-shoe pass"), and they don't give out shoes here at all so I was stuck wearing those painful "bus shoes" until I was able to borrow a pair of tennis shoes two sizes too small (they're better than the only other pair I have, so I "bought" them by trading six massages for them).

In addition to all this, all they give you here are t-shirts - I previously wrote about P-burg's requirement that we wear their khaki shirts even in the heat of summer - ASD, it took two or three weeks before I got a jacket.

Now, I know you're thinking, "Why is this dizzy bitch complaining about only having a t-shirt to wear in Florida?"

(10)

Well, folks, this is far north Florida - not Miami. We are near the borders of Alabama and Georgia, and far enough west in the panhandle that we're in the Central Time Zone and not the Eastern like most of Florida (thank goodness - I prefer Central Time).

My point is: it does freeze here. There were several mornings when the temps were in the 30's ($32^{\circ}\text{F} = 0^{\circ}\text{C}$), and all I had was a t-shirt. Last week we got that cold front which swept across the country and had a hard freeze here which - sadly - killed the plants in the flowerbed outside my window, and many of the newer guys didn't have coats to wear - just t-shirts.

And Commissary ... the Commissary is so bad here that I was told a lawsuit was filed against them which (they said) expanded to other issues and got mired in the court system. For a bag of coffee which costs $\$3^{30}$ in P-burg, you pay $\$7$ here! It cost me over $\$35$ just to get the typing supplies I needed to get started.

Needless to say, any funds I had prior to my transfer were quickly depleted. I don't know how they can get away with gouging inmates who have no choice but to pay or do without, but

they do.

Another difference here is that they don't announce the "moves" over the intercom system. It can be confusing at first. I had to learn that when the C.O. yells "Facilities and programs" in the morning, that's the move to the Library. And on Saturday morning when he calls "Rec" after breakfast, that's also the time to go to the Chapel.

I mentioned that I've run into a few people I knew at P-burg and Butner, and unfortunately, Rusty Mann - the drama queen troublemaking transie (whom I refuse to refer to as "she") - is also here.

The one time I went to the Wiccan service at the Chapel to check it out, he and his boyfriend were the only two to show up (I'm told he's run off a few people). I haven't gone since, but may give it another try.

Well, I suppose that's a good introduction to Marianna. By now I've been here almost two months and am starting to get into a routine and get settled. It's not easy being the new guy in a strange place, but I am adjusting. I've been told that the warden at P-burg has continued his reign of terror, and I'm glad I don't have to deal with him.

12

Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a long horizontal tail.

PS I've written all my penpals who read this.
If you haven't received a letter from me, it's
probably being held up by the Royal Mail again!

5835-004 ↔
Kelly Jones
#55835-004
F C I - Marianna
P. O. Box 7007
Marianna, FL 32447