

"Dear Taxpayer"

Dear, Taxpayer:

You should be delighted to know that you receive not that which you pay for in regard of your right to public safety. You have been under the impression that your tax dollars are used to provide for the structure and rehabilitation of convicted offenders (prisoners). So that once they are released at the completion of their sentence they will positively and successfully transition back into your society posing less of a threat to no threat at all of reoffending your society.

Be advised, and question to discover the validity of my report, that your State allots an annual fiscal budget to the Division of Adult Corrections for the above stated purposes. Let us figure in our minds that one incarcerated offender requires \$XXXX amount of tax dollars a year to house inside of a prison. That would be allotment for food, shelter (water, energy, supplies, health care), clothing, and rehabilitation/anti-recidivism programs. Most of those needs are outsourced by the prison itself in the form of enterprising. The prison, under prisoner/offender labor (prisoners build the prisons!), farms, mills clothing, manufactures supplies, and out contracts every possible benefactor (private companies/contractors) of your State and only winds up spending \$XX-XXX amount of tax dollars on each individual prisoner. The audit system is steeped in cronyism, and while making "Big prison" richer, they are constantly releasing prison-made zombies right back out into your society, therefore virtually guaranteeing that recidivism rates remain high enough for them to leech off of. That's why you hear in the media about overcrowding and budget cuts and raised taxes. Big prison is not concerned about your earnings, nor

your public safety. This is the definition of # The Prison Industrial Complex.

Welcome, to Maury Correctional Institution here in Hookerton (small town), N.C. of Greene County. At this High security (Close custody) / ~~Low~~ ^{Medium} security prison, there are just as many crooks in positions of authority that there be found among the prisoners themselves. Even all the way up the chain of command, even including the Warden himself (Administrator), Dennis Daniels. Why, you ask, would any of these prison staffers, including the administrator and his associates, resign to corrupt activity? Shouldn't they be getting decent salaries, and if not, shouldn't they suffice from their fruits of embezzlement? Does that not make them happy? Well, being an Administrator of any kind requires a certain level of intelligence and a capacity that very few who hold the position actually have to offer. Therefore it is much easier to disregard dutiful obligations especially when society is empathetic to victimized prisoners, democracy is void with office holdings and appointments, and cronyism among prison staffers runs high, way up to the top levels of command.

However, there are two recognized deterrents to the foul behavior of prison staffers. 1) Public opinion and awareness, and 2) the threat of violence against prison staff. The public ^{life} ~~lives~~ that these corrupt prison staffers live are affected by what and how people think of them outside of the prison setting. Many are members of philanthropic Fraternal self-professing ~~societies~~ social clubs, and ex servicemen/women, often fancying themselves as good people, when the reality is that they live double lives. Sanctioning the maltreatment and oppression of helpless prisoners, while altern-

ately having the [supposedly] audacity to parade around as altruistic philanthropists amongst their fellow socialites.

Another question that arises, is would not the prison staffers who aren't involved in, nor found in approval of the corrupt activity do something to discourage foul behavior of their coworkers and/or employers? What is herein⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ apparent is that the Warden himself is as arrogant, vindictive, despotic, disrespectful, volatile, and partial ~~to his~~ toward his own subordinates themselves as he is with regard to prisoners. The warden's subordinates themselves are often underqualified for much else besides ~~work~~ ^{prison} work, and rely heavily on their employment here. Their lives and financial situations ~~and~~ preclude the possibility that they should end up fired on account of "whistle-blowing" and/or rights-demanding. Officers can file grievance/complaints too, but they don't. Furthermore, many staffers cannot suffer being socially ostracized from the club of fraternal misfits. The culture amongst the majority of these adults involve many decadent misgivings of the taboo - adulteries, swappings, blackmarket basket/trader benefits - the "Secrets" Society: "you don't tell, we won't tell." Once the prison staffers give in to the forbidden fruit, then they constantly live in fear of being ostracized.

Let me tell you a short, ~~story~~ but true story. One day here at this prison, during the season of the Muslim Ramadan, right at the apex event of the religious observance, the great Feast, the yearly institutional preparations were being made in order to facilitate the feast and participation. This requires the services of food management and facility Chaplain. Food Management is responsible for the obvious, the storage, the providence of supplies, and the sanitary serving of the food. The Chaplain, whose

name I will denote as "Mrs. H.", was responsible for ensuring that the usual variety of sacred and traditional foods are secured through approved sources. Mrs. H. would also be responsible for ensuring that the food that finds its way delivered to the facility is cared for in the usual Islamic religious manner, and also free of any contraband that may threaten the safety and natural order of the institution.

This Mrs. H. had been given directives by a non-understanding and non-religious administrator/associate warden to require that any and all food delivered to feed approximately 300 people, was to be delivered contained only in clear plastic containers. However, in reality some of the food was delivered wrapped in aluminum foil. Mrs. H. found that a lot of the foil wrapped food was of the choicest portions of the feast, some of the largest and probably "superior" containable foodstuffs. So, therefore to satisfy the interests of both parties - Muslims & Associate Warden, she had ordered and participated in a thorough search of any and all food items found to be contained in foil wrap. With no contraband of any kind having been found, she allowed for the muslim Ramadan Feast to be conducted. It should be noted that Mrs. H. was a certified and experienced chaplain, decidedly christian in religious preference, and although not a custody nor operational staffer, she did care and demonstrate her concern for institutional safety. We can presume that, with her religious orientation, she did not participate in the decadent misgivings and taboos of the "secrets" society. It did notice that she didn't fraternize much, if at all, with the "secrets" of prison staffers.

Well, shortly after the feast was facilitated, Mrs. H. was very vehemently summoned (over the P.A. system for all to hear) to the associate warden's presence and was reprimanded in so very a verbally abusive way that she responded by quitting. I tell you this story because I want to demonstrate how far in between and few there be people employed by a prison who value their own self-worth, and retain enough professional skill to know not to stand abuse of any kind by their employers and supervisors. Mrs. H. was a very strong and intelligent black woman. She was very articulate, observant and had a heart of gold. The light within her did not at all mix with the darkness of others, including her co-workers. I'm sure that she has another job somewhere. And I'm sure that she conscientiously works only where she is needed, in terms of her worth.

I'll tell you another story, as briefly as I can, in order to drive home my point. One day very recently at this prison, after hearing of the daily moans and groans of the decidedly powerless prison population, I took it upon myself to petition on their behalf, channeling my writing skills and drafting a polite letter to the warden requesting that he exercise his power and put an end to the circumstance that was making everyone upset. The very next day, after having submitted the letter/request, I was summoned by one of the warden's designees and ordered and escorted to an office of one Assistant Warden (Asst. Superintendent). The room was quiet. There were no offered formalities, amenities, and no politeness. Just dead silence and waiting.

It felt like waiting for an execution. As I, often do in tense situations, I observed my hands for overt nervousness or uncontrollable shakiness. For my own consciousness sake, I relaxed myself, and for my own dignity, crossed my leg and waited quietly and politely ~~by~~ while peering at ^{my} small walletted photographs of my Pacific Island girlfriend. It had become apparent to me that the two other occupants of the room - the designee assigned to the unit that I sleep on, and the assistant warden himself, who was busy pecking at his own computer, were awaiting a third unannounced presence.

Shortly thereafter arrived the warden, Mr. Dennis Daniels himself, he strode in awkwardly with a malicious-looking demeanor and reddish-brownish eyes where there should have been white, while stating, threateningly, in response to his asked choice of seating - "I think I'll sit right here just in case I have to get up out my seat." (sic) Dennis Daniels - "I got your letter, now I already know what my decision is, but I'm going to give you a opportunity to explain yourself, and I know you won't change my mind." (sic) I began speaking, mistakenly taking this person for a reasonable and fair individual, and reiterated in quick, short order what I had written in the letter to him the day before. Dennis Daniels - (cutting me off) "Well, let me tell you something (pejorative), everytime there is a meal period, I have to have my unit staff leave their post and report to the dining area, and so therefore it is necessary for me to have all inmates locked down. And furthermore, the Director of Prisons (boastingly) is aware of this procedure, and unless ^(s) he tells me otherwise, it will remain so (challenging

ing). Now what you got to say about that? (sic) I responded by stating that "I cannot say that I disagree with your rea-". Dennis Daniels ^{responded by} cutting me off as if already in anticipation that I would respond in disagreement. He even went so far as to threaten that I should be sure to comply with the procedure that I was requesting to ^{have} be disbanded/revised, and that I had better never write to him on behalf of other prisoners again. He seemed to be upset at the fact that I was not upset. I agreed with his reasoning, (even though I knew that what he said, was not the way things occur)

I was then rudely and promptly dismissed, and as I made my way to exit the room, I was stopped and examined. The meeting had turned into a calculated harassment in retaliation for my having the audacity to write to the warden and to have done so in fearlessness and dignity [&] without a drop of subservience. Right then, the warden questioned the legitimacy of my footwear (specially sized shoes) and my prescription eyeglasses (designer frames) and ~~then~~ ordered that, right then, the items be confiscated from me until the point at which the legitimacy of the items of property could be verified.

So this is what I suffered, digressing from the goal of rehabilitation and improved morale; after having produced all manner of paperwork so that it may be discovered that my paperwork will prove the legitimacy of the confiscated items of my personal property. However, in response, all involved parties demonstrated a fearfulness and reluctance to be proven that they were wrong in their unreasonable seizure

of my property. What they constantly do in all situations is become deliberately indifferent toward all manner of policy and regulations that protect prisoners. These types of occurrences happen everyday behind these tax-funded houses of deception. There is no individual liability; only the taxpayer suffers. The monetary damages awarded to prisoners in response to lawsuits brought by prisoners are tax-payer dollars. The expenses paid to the attorney general's associates for representing the individual who is the cause of action are tax-payer dollars.

Furthermore, it makes the one so subjected to staff arbitrariness feel disenfranchised, denationalized, and dehumanized. Then, the psychological nature changes to a permanent impression that there is no justice to live up to nor uphold. We learn the lesson that the prison staffers teach so well - prey on the weak.

If I had my way, watch-dog agencies would be all over this place, mitigating the embezzlement of tax-payer dollars ^{and} ~~and~~ the tempering of the daily injustices committed by this warden, Dennis Daniels, and other like-natured wardens including their compliant ~~as~~ ~~subordinated~~-associates. The press would be given their free reign of terror, journalizing the experiences of prisoners of social warfare and the even would-be whistle-blowing prison staffers (in their anonymity), changing the corrupt operation of this hell house. I know that the public opinion is like the cracked whip of a jury, a myriad ~~of~~ light of speculative eyes peering inward and diminishing the darkness within. Light up the Darkness Tax-payers; get your Money's worth. "Light up the Darkness" - Bob Marley.