

"ail mail"

LETTERS FROM A PRETTY GIRL WHO ENDED UP
IN PRISON

Introduction

I won't go into the details which lead up her incarceration as I believe these letters tell their own story. But more than that, they give you insight into what it was like for an attractive and successful young woman in her twenties to go from a comfortable post-college life to serving a 5 year prison sentence.

Despite being sentenced months earlier, Lauren was allowed to remain a "free" woman until she surrendered herself to authorities sometime in the fall of 1996. The evening before she turned herself in, we joined her and her family for dinner at an upscale Mexican restaurant. The entire event was festive and happy, almost like a wedding rehearsal dinner. It was easy to forget why we were all together until Lauren asked her young nephew, "What are you doing tomorrow?", to which he replied, "I don't know what I'm doing, but you're going to jail."

It was the end of the party.

2.1
housing Unit I-2
USP P.O. Box 206
Davisboro, Ga 31018-0206



WASHINGTON STATE PRISON

P.O. BOX 206, DAVISBORO, GA 31012-0206

THE ENCLOSED LETTER WAS PROCESSED THROUGH SPECIAL
MAILING PROCEDURES FOR FORWARDING TO YOU. THE
LETTER HAS BEEN NEITHER OPENED NOR INSPECTED. IF
THE WRITER RAISES A QUESTION OR PROBLEM OVER WHICH
THIS FACILITY HAS JURISDICTION, YOU MAY WISH TO
RETURN THE MATERIAL FOR FURTHER INFORMATION OR
LITIGATION. IF THE WRITER ENCLOSES CORRESPONDENCE
OR FORWARDING TO ANOTHER ADDRESSEE, PLEASE RETURN
THE ENCLOSURE TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS *

Ledge Tenace
Athens, Ga. 30605

30605/4336 3A



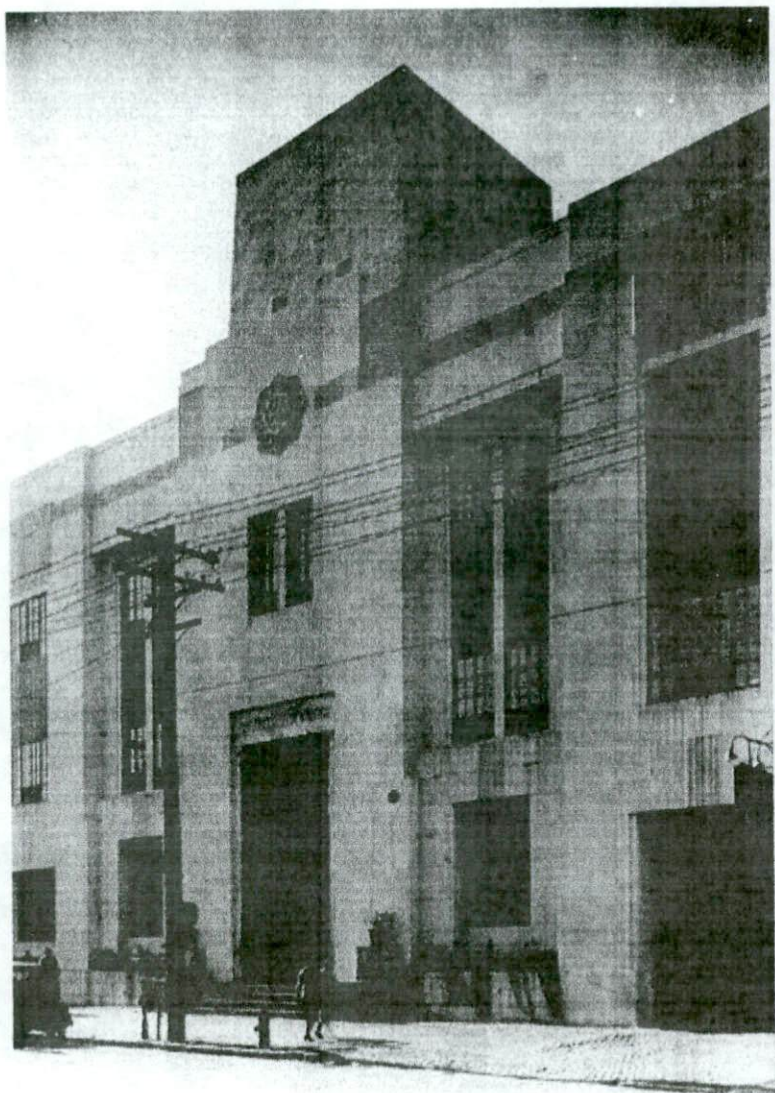
Example of un-opened prison mail

This is a collection of letters
received from Lauren to her friends
Phil and Skip.

Mich. J. Correctional Institution
1301 Constitution Road
Atlanta, Georgia 30316

The enclosed letter was processed through special mailing procedures for forwarding to you. The letter has been neither opened nor inspected. If the writer raises a question or problem over which this is the jurisdiction, you may wish to return the material for further investigation or clarification. If the writer encloses material, it should be forwarded to another addressee, depending on the nature of the material.

Mail from prisoners comes with a precautionary warning.



Fulton County Jail (Atlanta, GA)

11-14-96

Dear Phil & Skip and family (Abba, Bach, Gootsie),

I've been thinking about you for days - seven days I've spent here now - but I haven't had pen or paper until today. Thursday is commissary day, just like Christmas, when we can get the stuff we order. The order sheet consists of junk food, mostly chips and cheap little Debbie's individually wrapped shit, and legal pads + bic pens. So I've been looking forward to today, craving pen & paper. They are a precious commodity around here - people do not like to lend out pens. Now that I have one I'm sure to become obsessive and I am automatic having a paper attack because I only got one and what I will I do when it runs out ???

I know absolutely nothing about how the system is working or not working me through. So far I have asked questions about Jackson and the response has been "that's a men's prison, women don't go there". But in talking to my lawyer, that was the only place he'd ever mentioned and supposedly the info. on the inside is not quite all true or all there. So I am still mulling the exodus from this pit to Jackson. They told me five days but I've been here seven and I don't have a clue how much longer I will be here. In one way I would rather stay here, at least until after Christmas because I get to have visitors Mon, Wed, and Sat. Out of town -

situation is, I think, 2 days a week. I'm not sure about
at but you have to show your license to get in to see
nones. I can't receive anything except for white-socks,
dies, t-shirts, thermals, paperback books and magazines
imited to three total. Anything else they turn away.
I can't even get pen or paper from the outside, or
stamps. They open all the mail and read it before
we get it. If you write, don't send me anything
~~no graphics~~ ~~although~~ it certainly would give me
something to smirk at, they may come arrest you.
And they won't deliver anything without a return
address. Please write to me here; I have no idea
when I'll be moving on to Jackson if ever. I could
end up spending my entire sentence here in Dekalb.
When Tommy came to visit me the other day, he
sat down and said "Well Ms Hoffman, it looks like
we can keep you out of the electric chair". You know
that man was put to death at Jackson prison the
other day. Sounds like a lovely vacation spot to me...
So the only good thing about staying here would
be visitation rights. From what the women who are here
who've been in other facilities say, this jail is the
very worst. I'm glad to hear that, if it's true, because
I would be really afraid to get stuck anywhere
worse than this.

In seven days I have had two opportunities to
go to the "REB Room". This room is just a big room
with a basketball hoop and one ball and windows with
ash instead of glass. Considering that I am freezing
in the cell with a blanket, why would I want to
stand somewhere with cold air blasting in. It's just

ridiculous. Some women don't even have socks on and the temp in here has to be fifty - 60° tops. They have the AC on and claim its to keep the gums down. I doubt they need cold air streaming from the vents when the walls are nothing but concrete blocks separating the cell from the outside. Everything is concrete or steel. The bunk beds are just metal planks that you throw a 2 inch mat on. A sheet, a small army blanket and no pillow. It's the nevest in minimalism. The cell consists of bunk beds for two, a tiny sink and a toilet with no toilet seat. You're pretty intimate in the cell, shutting and sleeping and brushing your teeth.

Today I found out my roommate is leaving to go home. She was a nice, quiet girl. 25 yrs old, three babies, two jobs, on welfare. I'm glad she gets to go home. When I came here crying, continuously crying, she helped me to stop and calm down. I was probabll drawing her crazy weeping all the time but she was kind of comforting. I think my tear ducts just dried up for a while. I hope I don't get stuck with someone I can't stand or a thief. People are always swiping books, soap, shampoo, food, you name it. Sometimes I feel sorry for people because I know when I get out I have a much more comfortable existence than they do. I've given

away two pairs of socks already. My mom says to be wary of falling into a big pity trap. She's right but I just get more depressed living among all these sad, destitute women; most of whom have children and all these awful stories. One woman's brother has killed her husband and her 15 yr. old is pregnant and her younger daughter is living with the threat of being raped and her 18 yr old son is in prison for 22 years. Of course you never know when people are lying to you, wanting sympathy, wanting your socks...

Phil, you would laugh at the medical stuff here - of course I do, I cry, because they are so incompetent. A nurse yesterday handed me my insulin and 4 or five units were air. I said would you mind getting the air bubbles out and giving me the ~~corrected~~ dose? Half of them cannot comprehend a sliding scale to calculate my dose. And if my sugar is less than 150 they won't even give me my regular insulin because they don't want me to go low but it bounce up to 280 before lunch. They don't give a shit about my overall control, just so I don't go low and die and sue them. The other nite my sugar was 25. I bet they couldn't find an emergency glucagon kit if they had to. I am constantly paranoid about getting sick and going into a coma. The one nurse told me I couldn't get my sugar tested more than twice a day. I was frustrated and upset and all she had say was "if you're diabetic you should know to stay out of jail".

do you remember that song that goes "when I think of Laura, laugh don't cry, I know she'd wait it that way"?

I'm dehydrating between the scalding hot shower and nothing to drink but Kool-Aid and tepid milk and the ~~di-ah-ree~~ di-ah-ree-A (said it out). I am trying to drink H_2O but it doesn't taste too good from the tap. I'm also trying to do sit-ups and push-ups every day. Can't floss cause I can't have floss. What are some other good habits I can develop?

Since this is a non-smoking facility, I haven't had a puff in a week. And caffeine, my love. I haven't had any to speak of. I'm sure the shit water we sometimes get a breakfast is decaf and instant crystals you mix with H_2O . They serve it pre-made in a big dispenser and it smells and tastes like refuse water. I gag. I have no vices left. I don't even masturbate. I can probably enter right into a convent once I get out.

I have been to two church-type services. I figured it would break the monotony and maybe even make me feel better. Well the first little gathering was led by two elderly white haired bitties. They were very "Praise Jesus! Blessed Jesus!" "Praise God! Hallelujah!" Very vocal, not loud, just vocal, Intuxecting a Praise Jesus every other word. Some girls got up there and testified and were SAVED and the one oldest little lady started speaking in tongues. I am not lying. This little sweet woman asked if we believed.

acles and she proceeded with a story of her own
reasonal miracle. She had cooked two pork chops in a
frying pan in her apartment. They were so delicious;
she gave one to her neighbor and ate one herself.
Then she put a little bit of water in the frying pan
and turned the heat on low and went to check
her mail. Then she left for her work at the thrift
store and remembered the pan on the stove. When
he came home after eight hours the flame was
still on and the pan was not smoking. (Praise Jesus,
At this point this little woman says to us

"Now I have somethin' I want to show you all"
and she reaches inside her bag she brought with
her and pulls out this burned frying pan.
"I had to sneak this in" she says, "but I
wanted to show you all..." and she holds up the
pan with the greasy burned part facing us
and says "can you all just see the two eyes,
nose and a mouth?" She prefaced this by
saying she wasn't trying to be like the woman
from Congress But... Praise Jesus she says.

She fell to the floor weeping in her apartment
when she saw the pan & the flame and the
face of Jesus and realized her apartment hadn't
burned down. I don't know if it was her
conviction or what but she made me want to cry
with her story. Then somehow we got onto the
topic of "Lesbians". She asked if "anyone in here
is a Lesbian?" Then when some people raised their
hand she said I'm just hear to tell you the word
of God and God says its wrong. Then she says

"And ladies, let me just say that the penis goes only in the vagina, not the mouth, not the rectum." Well I almost fell out of my chair. She repeated herself several times on this necessary fact of the matter. Praise goes to the ~~three~~ ^{four} of those in too. It was crazy. So much for religious solace while I'm here. The next time I went because different women were leading the service and it was all about abuse and it was very depressing. Half the women are in here for drugs and prostitution and they have lots of kids whom the state take away from them and stick in foster care.

I am beginning to get the feeling that nothing exists outside of this place. Do you know how strange it feels to wake up in a locked room knowing you have nothing to do, nowhere to be, nothing really to take care of aside from maybe showering and seeing your mother from behind a pane of glass.

I feel myself dying up because I haven't heard music in over a week now, except t.v. commercials. I can't even remember the words to any songs, my mind is pretty much numb. I am almost ready to start praying but when I have that thought I feel weird

unnatural. Very surreal for me to sit in my cell praying -
I don't know what I would pray for but it seems
a thing to do. Please come see me and save me from
the hands of god.

These are my official visiting hours.

8am-10:30 12:30-4pm 7pm-10:30pm M-W-SAT.

If you come on a Wednesday you could bring me
three magazines. I would really appreciate it.
Wednesday is the only day I can receive stuff.
I would like the December Martha Stewart.

I hope you guys are keeping warm in that
big house with one vent. Everyone really
enjoyed meeting you at my brother's. Especially
Mike because he thought I was keeping you as secret
of some sort, like there was a mystery...
I need some ideas for the season of giving.
I could make some prison gifts...

I love you both very much and I hope I get
some mail soon. Maybe a photo of you guys with
the animals on Santa's lap...

Take care. Thinking of you
as usual,
Lauren

Dear Phil and Skip,

Thursday Dec. 5, 1946

You know it meant so much to see your smiling faces (and well-toned bodies) on visiting day. I am looking forward to another letter; it's been a while and you know I'm used to being informed at all times so how are things? Are you both leaving for the holidays? I imagine since school's out you Phil will not be working. Skip I hope you got time off. I wish I had some time off from this rigorous schedule. *I can barely drag myself out of bed in the morning.

Please note
sarcasm

I have been incarcerated for 30 days as of Saturday Dec. 7. Even more to go I figure. I hope I am wrong about that. The few people I had a rapport with have moved on and gone home. The batch of newcomers is slim pickings. And what's worse, I am now no longer allowed to receive packages as I have according to them exceeding my allowable items of reading material. I am only allowed to have three total in my possession at any given time. I have six or more books and I've lied so far but now they're cracking down on me. I am needless to say pissed. How can I snap out the old for new, I ask. They told me I couldn't receive any more. Period. This cannot be. I am filing a grievance. Of course it will take up to 15 days to be answered and I could be carted off to prison by then. You know I won't be able to see anyone for a

onth once I leave here for diagnostics. But I may
e going to Metro prison rather ^{than} down south to Jackson
Metro is in Atlanta or Maryland Ave. I am dying to
it out of here. I'm succumbing to madness. All this noise
and this shitty food. I have not shut for days. Where
it is green and stinks to high heaven. I have a
when my breath must stink too although my newest
pastime is brushing my teeth. I must brush 6 times
- day, whenever I get bored. And I brush for the
recommended 2 minutes. I'm trying to compensate for
the lack of floss. I will have no gums left when I
am released. I will need gum surgery and a high
colonic and a new hair color cut and style.
Maybe I will go to an expensive spa retreat and
be pampered when I get out. Of course not, I
will be destitute and indigent. I will carry
all that I own in a brown bag, a Macy's bag,
although I do have a rather sleek glossy Versace
shopping bag. Hmmm...

Please, if you will, since I can no longer receive
my publications, find me an article or two that has
tationary exercises with instructions and pictures of skinny
women in thong aerobic-wear in different exercise positions
and smiling faces. I need some new exercises I am
so burnt out on sit-ups and push-ups. It's like
having sex only in the missionary style for too long.
Give me some doggie-style, some Karma Sutra baby.
I must do alot of exercising to counter-act all this
fucking processed cheese they feed us. They pump me with
this shit. Every meal. Plus two slices as my bedtime protein
hack. Served with graham crackers and tepid milk. GAG.

If I have been here 30 days it is safe to say I have eaten 30 slices of imitation ultra process cheese singles. Not even the Kraft brand!!!

I am repulsed by this, as you my friends must be. However, desperate times call for desperate measures and I am hungry as hell damnit!

So, they give us cheese. I say, let them eat cheese. I am truly, truly sick.

I have been up, since our 4am breakfast writing letters. My father told me of a conversation between my aunt and my Gram Hoffmann.

She is the epitome of an 80 yr old grey haired Italian mafia grandmother. She whistles in the kitchen while peeling pounds of garlic with a white kitchen towel slung over her shoulder and a butcher knife within arm's reach which she waves around while she mutters and raves should the occasion present itself. My Aunt Marion told her she was going to send me a Christmas card and should she put some \$5 in it? My grandmother says "Don't you send her a god damn Christmas card, what the hell will she want a Christmas card for, what are you crazy!?" She doesn't need to know about that, you send her a "Thinking of you card" and that's that. That's what you do. What's she gonna do with a Christmas card locked up in there... mutter mutter.

As if my receiving Christmas cards is going to

allow me to put 2 and 2 together. "It must be Christmas".
Boy when I find out ~~then~~ I'll be really sad! That's
the way her mind is working. She's great.

Well do you guys have Cooney's address
because Herman has not responded to my letter.

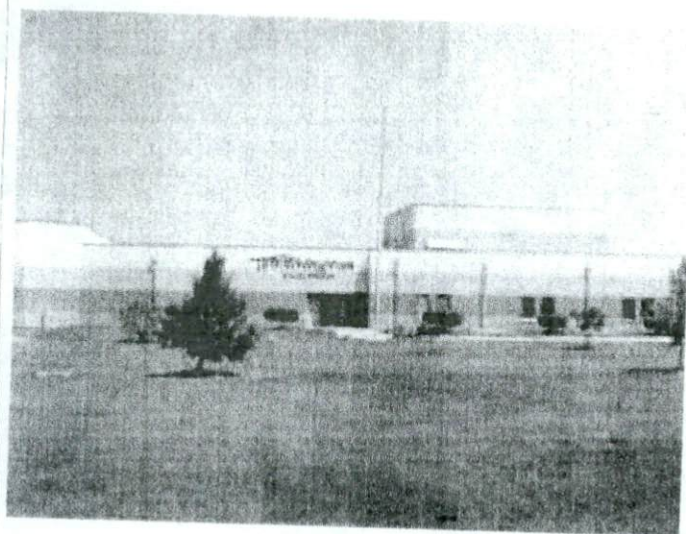
Cold-hearted man. He may be excused since he's
obviously in the throes of a mid-life crisis - or
maybe he's just practicing for one. At any rate -
get Cooney's address for me. Where oh where is all
my prison mail? I guess I have to wait til I'm
in the real Big house none of this county jail
bullshit. Kid's stuff.

How's about a letter guys, no kidding around here.
I miss youz so much. Please encourage me to do
something new with my life when I get out of prison.
Make suggestions. Go out on a limb. Speaking of which,
William Burroughs says that cats are psychic familiars,
that they represent people we've known from our past. So
tell me who Abba and Bacharach represent. This
is your assignment. Please complete and return face
down on my desk. You have three days.

I sure do love you boys and I hope with
all my heart to hear from you soon. I am planning
spectacular things for my future days of freedom.

Your faithful friend,
Lauren





Washington State Penitentiary (Georgia)

Dear Phil and Skips,

December 25, 1996

By the time you receive this letter, the New year will probably be in full swing. Today I closed my eyes and imagined each of you at your parents' opening presents with the family with snow outside on the ground. I didn't have the chance to send out any Merry Christmas legal tablet greetings so this is a belated wish to you. My only gift this year was my transfer to Metro State Prison, one week and three days ago - ah yes, and I saw the first snowfall against a backdrop of fence crowned with coils of razor blade dappled barbed-wire. It was lovely.

Well I thought I was miserable in jail. I thought the guards were assholes, I thought it was treated like shit, I thought the medical staff sucked hard, and I thought I felt more alone than possible, short of being in a coma. Now I know all this to be true and 1000x worse than county jail. I would not wish this on my worst enemy. I would not go through this again if I were given a fortune; I'm sure they don't mention anything about

diagnostics in "Prison Life" because they do anything which remains within legal limits to ensure you feel like dying while you're here. Diagnostics is in essence BOOT CAMP. We wear white uniforms and black combat boots and we are kept separated from the rest of the prison population. We can't speak to anyone in population or we'll be given a disciplinary report and that would keep you in this hell even longer and could get you thrown in lock-down -

lock-down in county jail just meant staying in your cell and was no big deal. Here you're transferred to a special building and you stay locked up for up to 90 days. It looks really bad when it comes time for the parole board to decide on your time. You guys will be able to compile my "Prison memoirs" from my letters to you - I only dish out the nitty gritty details to a privileged few.

So a typical day here is wake-up at 5AM, stand at attention at the foot of the bed until the officer comes thru for "The count". Then we get in single file lines with our hands behind our backs standing at attention. This is called formation. No talking allowed whatsoever. If you need to ask a question of the officer or any prison staff member, first you must ask "Permission to speak ma'am/sir?" They can say permission denied or even ignore you altogether if they please. The ma'am thing is very hard for me to remember and they chew you out by screaming in your face "Who do you think you are?!" or "When do you think you are?" You're not on the streets, get your hands off your hips!" blab blab blab. You can't even talk during meals - you sit down and have less than 10 minutes to eat, eyes forward, no talking. They love to scream "Shut up!" I said "Shut up!" I was horrified and scared at first but now that I'm used to it, I block it out. It's actually quite comical if you can remain detached enough to laugh about it - to yourself, rationally. It's so funny because here's this barely 20 yr old black girl, GED holder most

ily, since that's all that's required to be a correction
ticer. And she's literally screaming at you, her face red
nd - all you do is stand there staring at her, dumb.
use people get paid to harass and verbally abuse. It's
at. Once you're out of diagnostics the screaming stops
d. They're still assholes and you still walk everywhere
single file. In diagnostics we actually march 2 rows
king - singing like in the movie "Stripes". And we
on every day for a couple hours - you clean the same
rilet, sink, lockers, floor, desk, windows in your
om for an hour, then they say ok go back and clean
again. If your bed isn't folded down 12 inches from
top then they tear it apart and throw it on the
loor and you fail inspection. The warden inspects twice a
at. She looks like a big ole redneck type - Wildless to
ay. I am constantly stressed out and my face looks
ise than it did in prepubescent pre-season.

THIS FALLOUT F--- I'm really stressing me
t!!! Ooop Ass prison pen!

So here I am, no visitation for 6 weeks, only
10 minute phone call allowed to one number I
d to have programmed in the prison computer. I
ave to punch in my EF# (inmate #) after the
and if you try to call a number that you didn't
use last then it won't let you through. The phone cuts
ff after 10 minutes. By the time I stop crying and
I'm ready to talk, then my call is over.

This letter may not last long unless this pen cooperate
If I'm lucky I'll be out of diagnostics in a few weeks and
my immediate family will be allowed to see me in six.
Maybe I'll have brand new skin by then. I am
making a very attractive mess with this ink. I'm
chipping the tip of my pen like it is a quill.
It's walking better this way. Custom made
stationary. Nothing wants to go smoothly for
me these days. Merry Christmas to me I have
ink all over my hands. Today I was trying to
sing Bonnie while I was walking around the gym
after dinner. Contrary to popular belief there
are no pool tables, ping-pong & no weight room
NO NOTHING. We have a volleyball net and a
gymnasium where they force us to walk four
laps after dinner every day. Most of these women
try to avoid any physical education whatsoever and
they ball at 4 laps. It's my favorite part of the
day. I'm out there speed walking - 50% I have no
"friends" because I prefer not to get in trouble for
talking. I simply do not talk and if someone talks
me I ignore them. It's rather fun in a sick twisted
way. I am a lone wolf - except in my room I have three
roommates and I speak to them. I don't have any books
to read - the day room of our dorm only has three shelves
two full of romance novels and a third with two tattered
Reader's Digest Condensed and a host of other hardbacks from

least 1955. One of which is Jules Verne's "Around the
World in Eighty Days" and a book by Fowles "The French
Tenant's Woman" I think. Then there's "What We Must Know
about Communism". I hope the prison library has a better
selection. Since I have a medical condition I will probably
be allowed to move into the population here and serve my time
here instead of Washington C.I. or Folsom Prison, both of
which are hours away. So that's a plus I guess since it'll be
close to my family and my friends - if you want to visit it
it'll be for at least 4 months because only immediate family
is approved for the first 90 days. Visitation here is in a big
room with big round tables and chairs and lots of vending machines.
I have intimate lunch with family - serving those wrapped white bread
sandwiches and other rest-stop type goodies. Manum. The
prison food here is not as bad as county jail and the coffee
is a hundred times better, still far below good on the Richter
scale though and you can only have one cup. This is a very
restricted existence, prison, don'tcha know. I had an appoint-
ment with pre-parole the other day. I freaked out because the
woman who interviewed me gave me some really awful news
about my parole. According to her I am not eligible for
early release, as people who have 2 yr sentences or less usually
are. Instead, she thinks the parole board will bump me off
the program because of the severity of Mr. Corradale's
injuries. She thinks they'll parole me according to the grid
system as they do for people with three yrs or more. In
that case she says I'm looking at anywhere from twelve

to eighteen months in prison. I am praying that she's wrong. If not, I will pray to die in my sleep. Missing this Christmas was really hard, not just on me but on my family. My mom was crying and I was crying and I don't want to miss another Christmas. How shitty must things get before they get any better? I'm going to spend my 28th birthday in prison. And here I was thinking eight months was going to be the worst. I guess I better start assuming everything will be the absolute maximum worst and then I won't be disappointed. I'm left with the hope that this woman doesn't know what the hell she's talking about and maybe I'll find out the real deal when I go for my final interview which is all I have left in diagnostics except to watch a film about sexual abuse and the shit that happened at Hartwick, the women's prison that closed after inmates were turning up pregnant and being taken to midtown for abortions. Very nice. I'm not worried about any guards - I'm worried about all the shemen running around here with facial hair and a glint in their eyes. I've not seen a more unattractive group of women ever before, not all together like this. We went to a Christmas Eve "pageant" where several women dressed up and sang or lip synched bad music. The population was all there and it was UGLY. There's also no separation of violent & non violent offenders. I am in diagnostics with women who have murdered and are serving life sentences without parole - one woman broke both her baby's legs. One has

written children and is serving 25 yrs for child abuse. And then there's the woman in population who cooked her child and 'ed it to her husband. The little story they like to tell is that he asked where's the baby during dinner and she replied "you're eating it".

Everyone has a work detail once you're in population. You work this a day in ~~banding~~ ~~on the kitchen~~ ~~or trash crew~~. I think I'd choose the paint crew or the upholstery shop if I can have a say in it. The upholstery shop would be OK I think. It's right outside the prison gate and you get to work 4 10pm days instead of 5/8. It might be fun to learn. I will surely be this meagre sense of optimism if they tell me I have to serve years or more. I seriously don't think I can remain intact that long. I'm about to break down as it is. I need ^{motif} some MAO or something. First of all I need to get the hell out of diagnostics. I'm so sick of having to jump to my feet ~~everytime an officer enters the room~~. One just came in as I'm writing this and I didn't stand up soon enough so she yelled and asked me how long have I been here and "What are you, high?" And then she made a stand at attention for 15 minutes while she made her rounds. I should not let these things get to me but I always feel like crying - either out of anger or humiliation plain old missing. I mean, I should be happy, after all now that I'm in prison instead of county, I can have dental floss again and my my own toenail clippers. But that good will nice teeth and toes do me once they kill me by

only letting me test my blood twice a day on Tuesdays and Thursdays? I kid you not, that's how they want me to manage my diabetes. I had to beg this doctor and my mother had to call her and threaten them before they agreed to let me test every day twice a day - but only for my first two weeks here. Once they put me back on that ~~Tuesday Thursday~~ ~~shit~~, my mom is calling the governor and having my lawyer file a suit. Not that it will do any good but it's the thought that counts. These prison medical staff people are idiots. For instance, and this has happened at least 3 times. A nurse will draw up my insulin - not bothering to wipe the vials first with alcohol and shaking the insulin up instead of rolling it to mix it, but hey, at least she mixes - so she draws up my Regular and NPH, respectively and hands me a syringe with 48 total combined units when I only take 6 R and 42 NPH. When I inform her of her mistake she looks at me, says Oh and promptly dispels a few units until it reads 22 and hands the syringe back to me and I just stand there with my mouth open, hanging wide open agast - because she expects me to take this unknown dose of insulin. When I try to explain that I don't want to take it because it's wrong and I have no idea how much Regular + how much NPH is in it, she cops a huge attitude and says if I don't want to take it I can sign a refusal form. I start go in to the fact that once it's mixed she can't just push

me out and make it right but she doesn't get it or doesn't
int to get it. We're talking three different nurses here who
> not understand this concept. I want to say - Ladies
if I have a cup of water and pour it in a container,
and add to it a cup of milk and mix it up and
then I tell you I only want a quarter cup of milk
in there instead of a half - how will you remove that
extra 1/4 cup from the mixture? But I know they could
never answer this question. And they probably can't
cook either. One nurse tried to give me 16 Reg and 6 NPH
instead of the other way around. I would've ended up in shock
with a blood sugar of 12 or something. They're fucking idiots.
They take literally 10 minutes to record my blood sugar and
draw up my insulin. I can do it in 3 minutes while driving
my car and changing the station on the radio. I swear -
I will be here 2 weeks on Monday - incarcerated 60 days
of January to 4th. As soon as I get my final interview
will know more about how long I'll be here. Will you guys
write a letter to the parole board on my behalf? Make sure you
write my EF# after my name. I get to wear an ID tag here in prison
not like in the real world, clipped to my collar like a nurse's
badge. It has my little attraction mug shot with me holding one
of those black boards with white adjustable letters "Metro State Prison"
ffman, Lauren. I look like my brother with my jaw clenched. It was
fun right after we had to shower with Nix and comb thru our
webs and then get out + "squat and cough". Very nice.

Now you guys know I am expecting a letter soon. I am still

waiting with bated breath for the stories you promised in the last letter, which came on so very long ago. I know the rush and busyness of Athens life has you too busy for words. I did enjoy my TAB card. Perfect shade of pink I must say.

What are your resolutions this year? To eat more red meat? To wear less plaid? To listen to more Cher pre-Gypsies, Tramps & Thiers? To prepare more food using jello molds? I hope the kitties are doing well - no relapse for Abba. I had a dream and Magoo's was there. Send me a family portrait - if you don't have a group photo you better head to Sears, or better yet PetSmart will take pictures of you & your animals. I wonder if anyone has been photographed with fish or hamsters. I have time to ponder the most obscure and pointless - how nice.

I am anxiously awaiting a letter of considerable length. Don't make me enforce guidelines. Even Hannan has written me a letter in between loads of laundry - he came to visit one day after you guys got back from your little jaunt. I was so surprised to find him sitting there but it made me feel better than I had in a long time. "Yes Eugene, there is a Santa Claus."

I am thinking of you every day, daydreaming about trips to the beach and singing loud. I do not look like Eddy Veda anymore do I? What do you say about me while I'm not around now? They say absence makes the heart grow fonder... but I can't love you any more than I do now. I'm full.

Miss you much

bises,

Lumen

3. Inmates who experience acute dental pain and/or problems must sign up for Sick Call as outlined above; those inmates will be evaluated for urgent care rather than placed on the dental treatment waiting list.

PHARMACY SERVICES

1. The pharmacy at Washington C.I. fills doctor's and dentist orders for medication. All prescriptions are filled according to Georgia and federal laws. The Corrections Department provides an approved list of drugs to be used. If the doctor wants to use a drug not on the list, permission must be received on the state level.
2. Orders received by the pharmacy by 1:00 p.m. will be processed the same day. Those orders received after 1:00 p.m. will be processed the following day.
3. By state law, individual prescriptions last thirty (30) days or less. All medication blister packs older than thirty (30) days from the fill date (upper right corner of label) will be considered contraband.
4. The medical doctor indicates how long the Pharmacy can fill prescriptions. In order to obtain additional medication an appointment with the provider is needed.
5. If refills for chronic medication is required; a medication refill request form must be submitted by you.

GENERAL CONDUCT WHILE IN THE MEDICAL UNIT

1. You must be properly dressed when reporting to the Medical section. All inmates must maintain a clean and neat appearance. All shirts and pants should be buttoned completely.
2. Staff members will be addressed in a courteous and respectful manner using Mr., Ms. or their title. At no time is it permissible for an inmate to address a staff member by their first name. Also, no staff member is to address an inmate by her first name.
3. You are responsible for being at your scheduled appointments at the assigned time. Tardiness or repeated no shows are strictly prohibited and subject to disciplinary action.
4. You should report to pill call in a quiet and orderly fashion. There will be no loud talking or horse playing while in the pill line.

One letter was written
on the back of this

Dear Cepice -

January 13, 1997

Do I have to start calling you that ?? Actually maybe I'll just name my first-born Cepice. To answer your questions - Yes. Yes. No, not yet. No, not yet.

I bet you don't remember the questions. Please do mail what was RTS. Yes, I would love some photos. No books or magazines - I have to get them directly from the publisher if I'm not mistaken. Audio tapes are on the top of my list - I'll be able to have 20 in my possession and I'm hoping most of them will be mixed tapes custom made by you. Can't get stamps; can get Postal Money Order. They actually have Dut code on the commissary - although I'd prefer Tab. Guess that's considered a luxury, and understandably so.

I'm sorry your grandmother is in the hospital, hopefully you won't have the occasion to fly home any time soon. But it's good you communicated your feelings to her before she is no longer here - is this the grandmother that you didn't really have the best of relationships with? I guess you've broken in the Jett.

You know I'm still waiting for the "stories" you promised as per your last letter to me at County Jail. You couldn't elaborate on the "much fun" had by you and Ruth. And how fast were you going to get a ticket for \$142.00 I'm sure being the nurse that you are, I will get the full details of your illness - needless to say I hope you're much better by the time you receive this.

This experience is only serving to make me resent cleaning. I will never make my bed again. Nor will I ever use Tylenol. Please bear in mind that it was not

the pillow case but the pillow itself. It is a feather pillow I have had since early childhood and I do not intend to get rid of it, despite your insulting badgering. I think the smelliness could be attributed to the fact that everything was soaking wet. By the way, if we do not get the opportunity to use those boogie boards this summer I am going to bill you. Unless of course I am impeded by say, prison, then I'll take the blame.

I think I may be shipped yet again. This time down South to Washington prison. They told me I'd be leaving in about 2 weeks but there's nothing set in stone. I'd rather stay here since it's so close. Either way I will be elated to get out of diagnostics. I can't take much more of this harassment. And the girl across the hall shook her baby to death. I just read in the paper how they are voting on whether to require all prison inmates to serve at least 85% of their sentences. I hope this doesn't apply to those of us already here.

When I get my cassette/phonograph tapes I want to hear your expensive new imports. I missed Everything But the Girl when they played Atlanta and Laurie Anderson and I am suffering a more severe withdrawal than you were in your state of Tab deprivation - music deprivation. I think it's eating away at my capacity for remembering lyrics to obscure oldies. I will never be quite the same.

I will be sure to write you immediately if I leave for a different prison. Hopefully they will be kind enough to forward my mail.

I heard from Mark. He's vacationing in New Orleans apparently for 2 weeks. Remember Hannan plays life "by ear" so you have to be tolerant. Did you guys have fun at Kelly + Michele's? What did they get you for X-mas this year?

I am not now or ever allowed posters - you're watching too many movies. If I were allowed posters, my first choice would be Bonnie and maybe a Persian cat with very blue eyes in a playful pose... or a black light poster of Joey Scarcia and one of those African American Afros in 100 sex positions. That would be a huge hit here.

You think you are sick - my complexion is ruined. I am going to have all my pores sucked at a day spa in Tahoe when I get out of here. I look like I'm 13 yrs old. How did you hurt your back? I recommend letting Skip rake the yard - that was your plot all along though, I bet. I have been reading Martha's column in the ATC. Not nearly as enjoyable as the zine. I will renew my subscription and be the only inmate with Martha Stewart's Living.

My roommates - 3 now - are o.k. One woman is from Dalton - the carpet capital of the world. She's cool and can appreciate my sense of humor + vice versa. Her name is Lina and she is divorced and has a 13 yr old son and her tubes are tied and she takes Paxil and Dilantin for seizures. She started getting after doing alot of crank. She is the only person I will speak more than 2 sentences to. The other girls are "sistahs" - one is 18 and 5 mos. pregnant.

its like a child and asks 1 million questions always prefaced by
have a question. " She enjoys aggravating me and asks me
kush continuously as it pee or shit because it makes her
When you flush the toilet her its enough to suck you
ugh the sewer line. She is always giggling and saying
it look don't look whenever she changes or has to use the
t. If she wasn't pregnant I would knock her on her
I have zero tolerance after 4 wks of being screamed
and knated. Everything irritates me. My third
mate just arrived so no critique on her as yet.
blend sugar are better. The pens still suck as you
tell from this letter. I will look forward to
letter from Ruth. Please give Abbe, Bach and Margot
love. Hello Skip! Don't let Phil watch too much
land. It's probably not healthy. I was so glad to
see from you. Can't wait to get "back-mail".
All I can do is think about future plans -
~~on trips, new jobs etc. School perhaps.~~
miss you very much, this you know. Happiness
a letter from Athens, Ga.

I love you!

Lauren

hello boys -

Jan 21, 1997

Yes it is back to pencil ~~now~~ I've just arrived today at Washington Correctional Institution. It is not in the romantically Deep south as I'd hoped, just about 2 1/2 to 3 hours out of Atlanta and more trailers with porch added on than anything resembling antebellum or sparrow mass. Did see a variable swamp thicket. This prison is vast - everything is very spread out and built on this expanse of very flat land. The sky and the sunset + moon tonight all reminded me of when it was during the Kansas at dusk on my way to Colorado a couple winters ago. It was jaw-droppingly beautiful. What a shame I am actually in prison. The interior of G-2 is uncannily similar to the facility in the old Stan Rem movie

BAD BOYS. You know the one where he leads the pillow case with sodas and bastes his inimical co-star. Speaking of, I have just seen a disturbing (or disturbed) looking woman with no teeth, and a glint of makeup. Yes sir. Here at Washington we are allowed to have makeup and even jewelry, providing it is a chain with some type of religious medallion. I'd like to get something in a pagan look. Maybe one of my old crystals...

I've run into quite a horrible stipulation with the cassette tapes. They have to be factory sealed - as in store bought with the plastic all. Think of a way to beat the security in that issue. I want custom Phil tapes, not something from Turtles. Unless it's the Carpenters greatest Hits which will probably be

currently located in the bargain \$3.50 bin.
I really just wanted to give you my new address - I
I'd write a long letter but ① I haven't been here long
enough to have any stories or details and ② I hardly have
paper left. I ran out of ink and coffee and I'm
on to 3 stamped envelopes and I have to wait 3 weeks
if my \$ is transferred over from Metro. I'm trying to get
dad to express some to me so I can make store calls.
I'd wait to be able to buy a cassette/radio! And in case
you're wondering (or interested) you have to fill out a form
and I have to fill one out first to get you approved
to be able to mail me a package. Cannot exceed 10 lbs
and I only get ① a month. More details later.
Just send me a letter. Damn it! And maybe a
photo or two?

Well they're locking down for the night. 11:30pm.
has out. I gotta close.

My pen is leaking so I will make this quick.
I am going to put your # on my phone list of people
I can call - I got 12 numbers I think.
Please don't feel obligated to accept the call.
I think it costs \$2.50 and then 26 cents
a minute... Can't tell you for sure.
I am slowly getting the swing of things. Promise a
big letter soon. My love to you and
the children (Maggie + the kids). Still miss
you and can't wait to see you hopefully soon.
Love Lauren

Phil "I balance, I weave, I frolic, I dodge and my bills are all paid" Ceplice
and Skip "I have been caller #9 and have won the week." DATE: Feb 7, 1997
INMATE'S NAME: DAFFODIL HARLOTSKY and passes: Gold STATE SERIAL NUMBER: lucky 7
INSTITUTION: THE PEN CITY: VEGAS

God don'cha just love my new stationary? I think this is state paper that we should be getting for free only they're turning it for profit at the Prison stop-n-shop. I had a horrendous^{sp} time trying to go to the store, thus the sojourn from writing. I've been stranded with no paper or stamps for the past three weeks and now I finally go and they give me this shit. Oh, I'm beginning to acquire a real gutter mouth. Maybe it's the company I keep. My ID card was missing a digit on my EF# and so they denied my store privilege. Had my dad give them a ring and lo and behold I went to the store this morning.

I received a letter from you Phil, it was forward to me from Metro. Lovely stationary you have as well Particularny that fetching closeup of a human mass cell and that gorgeous blue bouquet of Aspergillus, a bread mold. Asper Gillus - I think that's what I'll name my first born, or my next eat whichever comes first. Since you are under a seige of budget-cont I won't be calling you until you give me the 01. It's like \$2.50 for the 1st 2 minutes and 26¢ a min after that - the line goes dead after 10 minutes. Let's talk about Baltimore, shall we? Or did you just drop that location to tease me? In Baltimore you will thrive because it is truly a city and not a mock one like Atlanta. The level of pretentiousness is low, or rather only enjoyed by a choice few rather than milling indiscriminately about where any geek boy or ☸

lure magazine subscriber can claim to be hip. Atlanta is like otherwise attractive woman with excessive and poorly applied makeup. If Baltimore is guilty at times of the same image, at least it doesn't delude itself into thinking it can go any further in the front stoop of a rowhome or a corner bar that actually on the corner! I love Baltimore, but it is an

ep-seated love and it's in my blood. I love the way people talk and the way the air smells - the fact that they have it's run by Italians and Polacks and Greeks and all the eat food that goes with it. The best pizza and a big supporter of PBR ("I've got Pabst Blue Ribbon on my mind, more and more lately I find, I've got a task for livin', I'm inkin' cold blue ribbon, I've got Pabst Blue Ribbon on my mind")

I remember waking up on Sunday mornings at my grandmother's, grandfather "Pop" would be scrambling me some eggs, AM radio blaring out Polka music, my "Nan" would be standing next to the sink, drinking a PBR and smoking a Chesterfield filtered, ashing into one of those cheap black plastic restaurant style ashtrays. That's if it was past 11am.

Every year my whole family, not my father though, took Polka lessons in an old elementary school gym. (I'd love to hear all out the Barrel just once while I'm here ...)

Anyway, my favorite Baltimore is the "old" Baltimore. When I was growing up in the late 70's my grandma Hoffman let Uncle Junior run Hoffman's Lounge. It was her bar, on the outskirts of Baltimore City. My uncle turned it into a disco and had a D.J. spinning records and a disco ball and a big wooden dance floor with a stage beyond it. Prior to the disco craze we'd just had wedding receptions (Italian) with a live band playing. My gram cooked full course meals and the chairs were wooden with red stick-to-your-legs vinyl cushion covers and red & white tablecloths. Then the

Bart Simpson "I will not eat things for money" _____ ()
IK board Punishment _____ DATE: _____
INMATE'S NAME: _____ STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____
INSTITUTION: _____ CITY: _____

disco fever took over. I remember dancing with my cousin and ordering Shirley Temples, two cherries, at the bar from my other Uncle, Ben, who was bartender along with my dad. I used to sneak behind to use the soda gun. We even had a big Bingo hall in the back where sometimes we'd have indoor flea markets on the weekend afternoons or bullroasts on Sunday. My uncle sold the bar a few years ago, it went down hill when Disco died. I've never recovered. I would love to show you our family picture albums... Hoffman roots.

So today's Baltimore is even "cooler" than that of yesteryears. Especially downtown - lots of old bars, especially Fells Pail on the water. Old warehouses to live in, not too price from the quotes I got from friends. The cost of living is probably comparable to Atlanta, it all depends on what part of town - you've got the ritzy end Charles Street and close to Johns Hopkins and then you can go a little more towards the John Waters-esque side of town Camden and Eastern Avenue, row homes done in the grey fake brick with marble steps. Or you could live in Baltimore County close to the city but get a house etc. I am considering moving in with my grandmother in Rosedale - about 20 minutes or less from downtown inner harbour, right off 95, Pulaski Hwy. Close to my favorite restaurant - world famous Hausner's, featured in that cop show filmed in Baltimore "Homicide". Only women over 40 work there because

They've all been there for years. They have the best strawberry pie... And me, my mom, her sister, my Nan, and my great-grandmother (Great for short) always lunch there when we're in Baltimore for our yearly visit. Ladies luncheon it is a very good time. The food is akin to a Marylandly the Northern version, a lot of German influenced food. By far the best feature is the decor. The walls are lined, frame to heavy gilded frame. Art work all the way everywhere wall to wall. It is packed beyond gaudiness, the point that is beyond gaudy to a much more refined level. Not cheap art either. And they have an art gallery in the basement. It boggles the mind. Plus nude statues & various sculptures abound. I loved it as a little girl but there's a newfound appreciation as a grown person - just can't explain it well enough, you'll have to see for yourself. It's bizarre, these old women with white/blue hair dressed in white uniforms sitting together at some vacant tables folding white linen tablecloths and rolling silverware, gossiping in "oldtime" accents and wearing geriatric white nurse shoes.

Whoa... I am on some kind of zany romantic sentimental whiney back in time. My apologies for the meandering. To answer your questions in a forthright succinct manner - yes, plenty of cool neighborhoods - (Little Italy my fave - food, you know) and no, not overly expensive especially on a nurse's salary - you could work at J. Hopkins or one of the many hospitals or college etc. Or retire and we'll both freelance at my mom's. Is Skip going to come? He's not planning to abandon us for a stable Athens existence is he? He can come support with a highpaying design business... I am very pissed - got a notice to go to the matron because I had served contraband and it was from you Skip - I only got to glimpse my "illegal" "booklet" and I have to get my mom to pick it up when she comes to visit. I'll have her

+ I am not celliciously saucy."

DATE: _____

65

INMATE'S NAME: _____

STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____

INSTITUTION: _____

CITY: _____

Read it to me over the phone. My curiosity is piqued. Thank-you thank-you nonetheless. ~~66~~ & U.

And how is Ruth? What did you find when you went thrifting in Atlanta? And what did you eat at the Majestic? I really do hate when you spare me the juicy details. Glad to hear I'm not the only one with post-adolescent acne too by the way. Ask the third eye when I ^{will I} be reclining in your living room with an icy cold Tab, waiting for you to get your last minute items together so we can scot out the door, me, you, Skip + maybe Bootsie, off to the beach for a whole week!! I am seriously - and I mean that figuratively - literally and quantitatively. praying for an April release date. Want to be out for those showers, may flowers ... Do you know that people who commit murder are eligible for parole after 7 years? Here's some hot new phrases heard around "campus"

① You Kin belee'd'AT. (You can believe that). This is used to stress your point, back up your statement, show your level of commitment. Said in a very ominous, almost threatening tone of voice. Try it. It feels Good, go on, say it.

② Stay outta my bidn's bitch! Figure that one out on your own.

③ Fer real. (see #1) increase ominous tone.

④ That bitch was all up in my grill & shit. She's chokin' me -N Shit. (point to your teeth (grill) when you say this to illustrate. Grill as in the grill of your car, I think. Chokin' as in down your throat. Someone's in your bidn's.

1) Bulldag, bulldaggin. This refers to homosexual activity. A bulldag is the woman who plays the male role and pimps herself out, usually for something in exchange. The art of bulldaggin' includes "eatin' pussy" for several packs of cigarettes or numerous little Debbies. These women are particularly scary, several shave their faces regularly. I've never met (seen) such bizarre dykes. They call each other "husband" and "he". I'm not attempting any further research in this arena but I'll let you know what I happen to find. Several (disgusting) episodes have taken place here in this dorm that you would enjoy hear about. ~~I have not been approached by anyone - despite the fact that I've let my underarm hair grow out.~~ I am not disappointed in the least. I think I am officially a born-again virgin, I feel like a different person in so many ways, that being one of them - not that I was ever a sexual dynamo. I think a long period of abstinence is good for me because I'm not getting any gratification at all - aside from reading my mail, especially from you guys and one or two other people who have the power to really brighten my day. I think I'd rather get a letter from you than masturbate... Anyway there's really no privacy here except in the shower and... I'm giving too much of myself here, aren't I? No more sex talk. Speaking of which, who is this 21 yr. old "Crush" whom you dumped? It's fit to mourn her loss by the wayside, barely surviving the awful sting of rejection you inflicted upon her? I really want some more exposition in your letters, doc.

Here I am at the bottom of the page again. Handwriting's getting careless and frenzied, from order to disorder. Thinking about lots of things lately. All the mistakes I've ever ma

Part " I will not celebrate meaningless milestones."

DATE: _____

INMATE'S NAME: _____

STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____

INSTITUTION: _____

CITY: _____

and where I am today, what is my station in life "What's really gain' on in the world today." I think there something yet to come for me. I have a foreboding (similar to the Third Eye). They just called "Lights on and Lock down" so I better finish this epistle in the morning - Saturday and I'm off. I haven't even told you about my job. You're going to love this...

Saturday morning - wake up call at 5:30 am and now I am back from insulin + chow. Let me tell you, last week I met with the senile white-haired Doctor, who can't hear out of one ear and couldn't understand my sliding scale. Well the nurse who was assigned to take vital signs, apparently one nurse is responsible for an 8 hr shift. Well she actually fell asleep while taking my pulse - I was supporting her entire body with just my wrist! I was shocked speechless and even more so when she snapped awake and contentedly wrote down a number for my pulse she had been timing while her closed eyes noted her watch Hello? My mom was hysterical when I demonstrated that little scenario between me and my gold-toothed nurse.

I'll see my mom & dad together at visitation today. My brother was going to come but Susan, his wife and my nephew Joey are both in some Catholic rite of passage this weekend and he's really busy. And Joey will be 10 on Monday so they're celebrating Sunday. I miss my family more than I ever have and I've been away longer than this during my college years. It's different now because then at least I knew I always had the option of going home if the urge struck.

A woman died here two days ago. They found her in the m. in her cell. Full-blown aids finally killed her. I feel rangely grief-stricken, I can't imagine dying here away from all the people who love you, of course she probably didn't have anyone because she'd been granted a medical reprieve but no one wanted to take responsibility for her. At least here she got free medical attention, however she broke down and smoked a cigarette. Hope I can beat the habit after my little relapse. 99.9% of all inmates smoke. I'd have more of a chance of dying from 2nd hand smoke even if I myself smoke. Even though it's outside, smoking out is still a thick cloud surrounding everyone. When they cut it smoking for a year in the prison system, the black-market generic smokes were going for \$5.00 a cigarette. And people actually paid that. That's why I can't believe all these crack heads to say they'll never be back in the system because they'll never be a staff again. If they can't quit regular smokes, how will they get off crack? These women are nuts. Someone was charged with aggravated assault on another inmate and the parole board gave her 2 more years to live. Yikes! Rest assured I am well-behaved and don't plan on ending my visit.

Can't wait to wax and buff my floor tonight. We have room inspection every week, sometimes 2 or 3 times. "Sir. Good morning, sir." You are to say it like that when he says good morning. Then he comes and checks for dust or smudges on the window or lint on the floor under your locker (I never forget under my locker) Then he checks that the blanket is 12 inches from the top of the mattress with an inch fold of sheet over the blanket. What is happening here? Remember mind that they give us blood + piss stained mattresses... I've had enough. If you speak to Hannan tell him I say how-do and to please write me before he high-tails out of Georgia. I miss you guys and I await your next letter with keen anticipation. I was rudely interrupted before I could do this letter. Strangers descend upon you as soon as they discover you have been in the Prison mini-mart. Write soon! Nothin' but love...

Lauren "I repair electrical appliances free of charge"

Yes, I've run out of paper. I'm starting with this page torn out of my Prison Handbook. Could prove to be more interesting than anything I'd write. You get the added benefit of learning all about Washington State Prison - maybe you'll come be a nurse here, especially since I'm missing you so much. I'd have to you Mr. Cepice. Can you believe they were actually out of paper when I went to the store?

"And even as I wander, I'm keepin' you in sight, you're a candle in the window on a cold dark winter's night" Oh please don't stop writing because I don't have nice stationary! My mom is supposed to be sending me some in my package. I can't wait to get it - maybe by Friday. She's sending me an actual barrette - since I've been locked up, I've been wearing the elastic band cut from the top of a sock. Maybe I'll moo it for you one day. Oh better yet, this is so funny, I could get a Polaroid taken during visitation. These women flock to get a picture taken in this grotesque prison khaki uniform with an E plastered to your left chest. An inmate is the photographer. Actually poses the individual (or group, you can get your picture snapped with your family if they come to visit). I've seen some. They look like those cheesy glamour shot poses, hand-holding-collar, flipped-up-close-to-chin-looking-over-shoulder-with-sexy-eyes. A beach ball or large plastic margarita glass to pose. I would get one done just for you but I know I couldn't trust you to keep it a secret! Skip I could trust, but me you - you'd blackmail me or something. Anyway this predicament is not a laughing matter. It could be with that beach ball though, I fear. Well in light of my paper predicament, I will end this. Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Now they are doing strip searches. You must squat and cough, naked, over a mirror. The exercise never ends. I have not encountered this yet but one never knows. Where oh where is my photo of Skip, Magoo, Bach, Alvin, and you? Do not let of threatening me with a trade - beach ball for family photo. I will not submit. How about a snapshot, or should I say snatch-shot; me squatting + coughing? I'm losing my mind. Send for help. I want to come home. With love and kisses galore -
Lamer

WASHINGTON STATE PRISON
WASHINGTON COUNTY, GEORGIA

ADDRESS:
POST OFFICE BOX 206
DAVISBORO, GA 31018-0206

TEL.: (478) 348-5814
FAX : (478) 348-5613

ADULT FEMALE FELONS
CAPACITY: 856/150 MALE
CONSTRUCTED: 1992
OPENED: 1992
SECURITY LEVEL: CLOSE
RENOVATED:

Some facts about Washington State Prison

DATE: February 16, 1944

INMATE'S NAME: Blossom

STATE SERIAL NUMBER: 6666

INSTITUTION: Criminal Cosmetological Institute

CITY: Convict, GA.

My Dearest Andrew —

Please forgive me for forgetting your birthday it is on my calendar of occasions to remember but alas — I am without it here in PRISON.

That word no longer holds any mystery for me and hopefully soon will be just a bad memory.

Rumor has it that the GDC is preparing for a mass release of all inmates with sentences of 2 yrs or less in order to accommodate moving from this prison so it can become a male facility by July of this year. Supposedly we have 850 inmates here full capacity and only 400 beds at Pulaski prison open and 200 more near Florida in a divergent center (half-way house type setting). I hope I'm out before this big move — maybe I'll be home for my birthday and we will exchange gifts to honor yours as well. Does this mark 31 years for you? Kind of anticlimatic after your 30th, huh.

"Oh Mandy, well you come and you ...

something something without something la la la ...

Mandy is my aunt Connie's miniature schnauzer.

Just how "involved" are we talking here? Heavy petting, no penetration? Wet or dry kissing?

You're not making me jealous, either so just tell her "it's over". Then I can sing that Loveboy tune "I hope you're with me ..."

There truly is a song for all seasons.

Hey, why don't you just give me Ruth's address? You made it sound like she could use some. ♡

encouragement - what is her line of work to be under so much pressure that she would cancel a Scrabble get-together? She must be a sick woman. Does she have platonic relationships with you? I deserve to be nosy, 'm locked up remember.

I know you are not still perturbed with Mark over the deal with Luggage saga. But I'm guessing he forgot your birthday too and he's back on your shit list. Holding grudges not healthy, especially at your age. You frightened me for a minute when you wrote about Cooney, although I must admit I've been charged by him on a number of occasions - is an interesting and sometimes intriguing member of my circle of friends. I wish for you to give me his address - I've asked Hannan for it but to no avail. I wonder if they keep touch with each other?

I will allow you to give me a new pillow and I'll relinquish my childhood pillow - but it has to be a goose-down pillow so will you just work that into the Coplice/Go annual budget? I guess it goes under "extraneous/pirulous but necessary miscellany". I know you won't let me bring my old pillow along in the ~~bag~~ ^(curious?) getta. You know I found a whole new meaning when gazing at the Fonzie poster you sent. Sit on it!" How dare you mail that to a born again virgin like myself. I am so chaste and disciplined I can move right in to the convent from prison.

Nurse Phil is this tetracycline going to help my skin!!? and the senile doctor never told me I'm not supposed to be in the sun, I find this out after getting a severe sun/wind burn working outside for 8 hours hanging razor-wire on fencing. Am I scared for life? Please advise.

My newest roommate is a thief - she worked for an escort service in San Fran - and followed all the conventions. She'd pick up old men and sometimes she'd get them drunk enough to pass out and rob them. Well she drugged a man with Sodium something or other to steal \$6,000 and

DATE: _____

INMATE'S NAME: _____ STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____

INSTITUTION: _____ CITY: _____

was arrested when she nearly died. This current charge is theft by taking - she waltzed out of Home Depot with a chainsaw. Anyway, I drilled her about the life + work of a professional post- I mean escort. Very interesting. A man once paid her \$400 to strap on an and fuck him. Another man wanted her to whip him and all she had with her was an umbrella. Ouch! I can't decide how much salt to take with her stories - she a bit chunky for an accomplished woman, but I guess Toxics are not a prerequisite.

Oh what else is new? I am hoping you are serious abt Baltimore. Don't go visit with Sam, you need a native like me, someone born + raised and who knows plenty of other native Baltimoreans. Wait for me and I'll show you a good time. Have you been on-line to see if there's a Baltimore chat? Maybe thru the John Waters home page. You should start drinking PBR or Natty'Bo (National Beke). And maybe start playing BINGO, bingo halls are big up there and you can win lots of \$ and door prizes. Did you see the Roscenne bingo episode?

The test photo and the cat hair both survived into you. You know that hair reminds me of a woman I met. I had the occasion to discover why she is incarcerated. It went a little something like this.

"So why are you here, then?"

"Well I was arrested for child creatchy, but it ain't the way they think it wuz."

"How did they come to such a misunderstanding, who told on you?"

'ell ya see, Bubba's teacher saw a clunk a hair missin off
ie top a 'is head an Bubba toad 'er I done it"
But I ain't done it, I's just pullin 'im off 'is sister an' she
'asn't lettin' loose and I done got 'im by th' hair cuz I's
'agin' ss' hard ta yank the yungens part. An 'is hair done fell
t."

e - " Oh."

lep me an' ther pa both done got arrested but by Jesus my kids ain't
ever gone without. They ain't got NO reason to put me in jail, my
kids got ev'thin' they needs. Bubba's got him some rabbits, they's got
ice clothes, candy in th' freezer.

ikes !! This woman continues to talk to me every day.
I'll take Mandy over this one, you jes' lemme know

.Y.I. A postal money order is one you get at the Post office.

You get 5 prison points for getting that one with no help.

ell me what a "10-95" is and what "10-20" means
that's walkie talkie talk.

was wrong it's 10 cassette tapes. Factory-sealed. How can I get
ound that so you can smuggle me in a "mixed tape by Phil"?
ease advise.

- subscriptions to the magazines are surrounded by paperwork on
- and, subject to approval and they then withdraw the payment
of my prison account. This sucks because it becomes so much
sible to get a fuckin magazine!! Which one should I get? Don't say
isn't Life either. What's the one you get, British one, Q?
ybe I'll get Details since they don't have it at the library
I really like the Pottery Barn zine but we are under strict
less "NO CATALOGUES!" I wonder why?

I've missed too many garage sales, this is getting ridiculous
the way, usually a garage sale "bans garage" is called a YARD SALE
ummie!) Save me something good. Here's your slight
knowledge Phil. Happy Birthday!! Glad you're with us.

Love Always + Forever
Lauren

I love you boys so much it
makes me hurt right here -  (this is a heart
not big boob)

DATE: Feb 18, 1997

INMATE'S NAME: _____

STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____

INSTITUTION: _____

CITY: _____



Dear Phil & Skip -

Please stop mailing my letters with the provocative male nude stamps! I thoroughly enjoyed channel surfing with you, Phil. I'm excited because I got my radio today! One drawback - no tapes as of yet and the only stations that tune in clearly are Country stations. Once I learn all the lyrics I'll be ok. My mom was the privileged package sender this month, my dad has dibs for next month but if you have a choice cassette tape (factory sealed mind you), you could mail it to dad and he can enclose it in my "March" package. I'll take anything from the \$2.50 bargain bin, maybe they'll have some Stevie Knicks. I'm jealous upon hearing of the Lemonheads concert I missed - and appalled that you Phil would use a poor young impressionable girl such as Mandy. You let her hold your ticket and what else!!?? And now you're kicked her to the curb, even though you said, and I quote, "we've ended it", I'm sure it wasn't a we thing at all. "Cause you're a heartbreaker, love-taker..." A Pat Benetar greatest hits is perfect prison muzic come to think of it.

My dad bought a new VCR and Tommy is taping all the Seinfelds for me so I can spend about 5 days of straight Seinfeld watching (a case of Tab and microwave popcorn). Speaking of couples with problems... I can't believe what you told me about Kelly & Michelle! I assumed they were married and monogamous. How long has this been brewing? And do you think they'll continue living together? Sounds like a saucy soap opera. I'll need weekly updates of course.

2-19-97 Just got off "work"; did some heavy plumbing, changing diaphragms in toilets. On the wall in one of the toilet stalls (no doors) in the warehouse someone had written: ☘

"I love Duane, forever and a day." And underneath someone else scrawled angry letters "He don't love you!". That about sums up the friendliness running rampant around here. I've got my headphones on, holding my radio in various positions, maneuvering it around for the best reception. Through the static I can faintly hear the nasal Natalie Merchant. She's being dubbed into a country music song... the effect is rather unsettling. I'm sipping generic decaf from an insulated mug that says "Nescafé". Must've been a flop at Walmart and ended up in the prison commissary...

Well, once again I've moved. This time from the East side to the Westside. I'm a Westside girl now, so put Unit I-2 on my mail instead of G-2. The two sides of the prison are kept separate. A fence runs down the middle. So it's almost like old Berlin. Plenty of women are separated from their lovers and stand at the fence - there's a plot of land in between the two fences so they're actually about 200ft apart yet they stand and shout what really should be private conversation. Usually it's about who's cheating who etc. Lot's of "I love you's".

I'm getting depressed, again. I keep hearing contradictory rumours. I need to stop listening altogether. I have trouble maintaining this facade of indifference. I'm scared, maybe I'm better off treading on with no end in sight. Then I'll always be surprised, and never disappointed. Unless I find myself sitting in this same room, writing the same words come November. "Egypt was troubled by the horrible asp..." Take me out I'm done.

My new roommate says just put my faith in God. I gave my Bible away in county jail. She is about 40 and from Vidalia Georgia, home of the Sweetest onion. "It's so sweet, you can eat it like an apple." First carpets, now onions. When can I tell people I'm from? I'm tired of telling the truth. Let's have some fun. The only fun I have is reading your letters and secretly when I listen to the women at work talk. Today it was about sewer rats as big as dogs. "One climbed up under the bed on my daddy took to shootin' up into the springs with his little .22". Okay and "There's roaches that crawl outta the drain and them'n big too". Such scintillating, intelligent exchange. I am becoming an expert on meaningless, gratuitous banter. I'm so sick of this place! March 7. 120 days.

Dear Skip,

Feb 23, 1997

I truly enjoyed your letter from word
one - your trademark "honestly". I felt
my eyes swell with tears as I read.
Not so much the content, although the
familiar cadence of your voice filled
my ears, but more so the melancholy
I felt in knowing I am here and
not there is the trigger for tears. But
if I were there I would never have
received such a letter from you. I
think it's the first time I heard
your voice uninterrupted by Phil - a
vicious tiger in social circumstances
such as conversation. He is my favorite
host / hostess. Hostess despite the gender
has much more appealing connotations.
(I still fail to remember the difference between
connote & denote. *Please advise.)

I felt horrible, realizing I'd missed
Phil's birthday. I forgot this was the
month and he had dropped a hint

As I blame him. As much as he'd said
he wanted it to be internal rather than
external, I hope there was some rivalry.

As for me, I'm attempting to adjust
to my new room and bunkmate. I
sincerely cannot stand her presence -
physically she is the epitome of
middle-aged redneck, trailer dweller -
and that's doublewide not airstream -
she has badly bleached hair, half +
half (as is mine!) and a rough,
weatherworn face, permanent scowl,
bad teeth and the ugliest ears

I've ever seen. She is surprisingly
trim for a 40-ish woman. She's
recently boasted of her title as 1st
degree blackbelt. I couldn't have
been more nonplussed, or skeptical,
but I feigned awe. I made the
crucial mistake of letting her ramble
on once about her close relationship
with Jesus. He's my forgotten son,
and now she will read passages aloud
from the Holy book or worse, w.

"true story" about a man in the mob who found Jesus and turned his life around. Her voice. Ahh!! That awful, awful twang - not come pleasantly sweet southern drawl but fumbling, odd pronunciation in a belabored, almost whiny drawn-out way.

"CHRAHST DAHHD ahwen thuh crawss fer Ahhwer sayns."

She is oblivious to the fact that I am below her on the bank reading my own book. Once in a while I mutter "uh-huh". I'm going to get caught though and there's no telling how she'll react. She has such a holier-than-thou attitude because her best friend (only?) is Jesus Christ himself. I find secret amusement in her condescension and utter stupidity. I asked her what blasphemy meant and she couldn't tell me. As later we were both down in part of the

guard's desk and I'll be damned if she didn't ask for the dictionary and told me, "Look here". Of course she was pointing to the wrong word "blasphemy" instead of blasphemy. I was enjoying a private, inner chuckle at this. Who am I to laugh at another's mistakes / misfortune? But I can't help that there is nothing more to laugh about otherwise. I am constantly amazed at the level of ignorance. I've become adept at playing the fool and oh the stories and explanations I get, told with such an air of authority. I've stooped to new lows in pursuit of entertainment.

I, too, am exercising the power of creative visualization. Of course I'm inordinately restricted as far as acting upon my focus, which is of course finishing my prison time and starting anew. I think the action is the difference between fantasizing and visualizing. Usually once you visualize you take actual steps to realize your goal. All I can do is

stay out of trouble which means following all the same rules and proper procedure. We receive DR's (Disciplinary Reports) for things such as "unauthorized presence", "failure to follow instructions", "insubordination", "destruction of state property" - i.e. altered clothes. DR's are forwarded to the Parole board and typically increase your time here. Reason being that if one breaks the rules in prison, one is certain to break the rules in the free world. Needless to say I am maintaining a low profile and keeping my nose clean (in every sense of the word - I can buy my own Little Debbie's if you know what I mean).

I can relate to your younger days of glory, getting whatever you set your mind to. I had to be so much more fulfilled it seems, up until college. I don't know what distracted me from that Wonder Power mentality. Maybe it was the startling realization that I had "the world at

of feet" and with so many options I became paralyzed, overcome by this inertia that is with me still. Fear of failure or is it more like fear of success?

It is living with indecision that I've always hated. I am the type who spends 3 hours grocery shopping because there are definitely too many choices! I come close to panic/anxiety attack status. One thing I can say about prison - minimal decision-making. And when you have a choice it is usually A or B. Do I want to sleep or write? Eat or not eat. Wear my air jacket, not wear my rain jacket? Oh yes, dressing in the morning is a breeze. I've never before had only one pair of shoes!! Such freedom, liberation is my decision-free world.

"Sunday will never be the same." Today my parents are coming for a visit. I'm amazed at how well we communicate during our 9-3 visiting time. I don't recall a time when I had been with both my parents at once actually conversing.

Usually it was either-or. Especially growing up I would rarely be around both at once. We never ate meals together, except maybe a few Saturdays my dad would drag his ass out of bed more than likely after being out all night long. He worked downtown at the Playboy Club in Baltimore. Once he got Lee Majors' autograph for me and a picture. For years our house was full of "bunny paraphernalia" ^{sp?} - we had playboy cutlery in our kitchen, playboy mugs all stamped with the bunny emblem, t-shirts, earrings you know the entire marketing gamut. I've been to the yearly Bunny softball picnic - once we had all the bunnies to my grandmother's house for a cook-out. I know you'd love these family photos! I digress. As if my father was awake he would cook breakfast. To this day he is still known as the man who can make an

omelette out of anything. My brother always jokes about Dad's "leftover surprise" - these omelettes utilize anything found in the fridge. Once it was a squash and spaghetti omelette. You either love 'em or you hate 'em. It reminds me of a game my best friend (K-8th grade at St. Ursula) Jill and I would play: "Refrigerator Truth or Dare". One person asks the other "Truth or Dare?" and if they say truth you ask the most invasive probing question a fourth grader could contrive. If they say Dare you get to dip into the icebox and Dare them to eat something. Say a heaping tablespoon of mayo or horseradish, a raw egg, or the best would be, at my house, to open an anonymous looking Tupperware and dish out a spoonful of the contents. Jill hated to play at my house because we had, by her standards, a mysterious exotic fridge. Several times I dared her to eat mold, claiming it wouldn't kill her. We always had an impressive selection of leftovers and invariably a few with

marvelous bacterial showcases. This isn't quite a Baltimore story you had in mind, is it?

You were right about the blue collar class; I myself have a penchant for men of such persuasion, something about rough hands wrapped around a domestic beer and playing on the local bar's softball team. Oh god suddenly I have the Cheers theme raging in my head. Baltimore is way cooler than that. I hate Cheers. If Cheers were filmed in Baltimore the bar would be darker, dirtier, older - like looking through a few years worth of film on a window. People drink beer out of the can unless you're my great-grandmother. She pours hers into a highball glass or better yet a short fat juice glass. The same goes for her Martischnitz. I can't spell it but it is blackberry, cardinal wine, flavored by Jewish + Polish alike. I hope when we are in Baltimore (positively

thinking) we get to go to Pimlico, the horse races. We can do some betting and soak up the local culture. The Preakness is a huge event / party. Gambling in general is a fundamental in Baltimore. Everyone plays the Lotto religiously and everywhere you here talk of "numbers". If you see the same set of numbers twice in one day then you day that ticket. My gram has these little booklets like the ones at the supermarket check out line, devoted solely to lottery numbers - how to pick them based on numerous superstitions, coincidental factors in life - birthdays, your mom's maiden name, birth, death time ...

Just came back from visitation. I cry every time they leave even though I know they'll be back next weekend. We talked and laughed - they had the chance to see my bunkmate who was visiting with her husband. My mom was seated facing my dad and my chair was facing them in the middle. My mom had a perfect view because I was seated behind my dad and eventually my dad got

afraid of hearing my mom + I make
 observational remarks. He jumped up
 and said "I better go get you some
 popcorn." He checked her out on his
 way to and from the vending machine.
 As I predicted, my mom said "she
 looks rough" and my dad said
 "she looks like Miss Dot" He's
 always using other people to describe
 another.

I also discovered some tidbits about
 my family history on my dad's side.
 The Italian side. My grandfather
 changed his name from Bosso to
 Hoffman. He said he changed it
 to get into the country as a young
 boy but my father said he changed
 it because of the mafia. So I am
 really supposed to be Lauren Bosso!
 *Please research - what does "Bosso nova"
 mean? What does Bosso mean? Bossy?!

I am hoping to get you and Phil on my
invitation list in April - I can't add
anyone until then. I am still trying
to visualize freedom in April.
My gram is going to see her city
councilman to ask him what he can do
to get me out of prison. She is so
funny, naive but determined as hell
so who knows what she'll accomplish.
She told me "He's Italian". I'm home-free?
She said "Lair". I'm taking your picture
with me and I'm gonna show that
bastard. Does she look like a whore to
you? She don't belong in there."

She'll probably terrify the man! She is
crazy - she said "He thinks I'm
gonna to see him about my water!"

She gets very proud when she thinks she's
pulling the wool on someone. I love her.
Gram Hoffman will cook as the best
pizza in Baltimore. Please, please
write again soon. I was about to
personalize a letter, a Dear Skip letter so
I guess the Karma was right. That's
Karma, as in chameleon. I ♡ U 2. Love

All shaded portions on this application need to be filled out by the inmate. The address box on the back side of this application must be filled out, or the application will be returned to the inmate.

INMATE SECTION	Inmate's LAST Name		Inmate's FIRST Name																					
	Inmate Offender Number	Inmate USP Number	Inmate's Housing Unit / Cell Number																					
	Visitor's LAST Name		Visitor's First Name	Visitor's Middle Name																				
	Visitor's Relationship to the Inmate		Inmate's Signature																					
Has this visitor previously been on your visiting list? ☐ NO ☐ YES When?																								
Does this Visitor need an application for minors? ☐ NO ☐ YES																								
VISITOR SECTION	Visitors Maiden Name and A.I. Previous Names																							
	Visitor's Social Security Number		Visitor's Date of Birth																					
	Visitor's Driver's License / State ID Number		State	Visitor's Phone Number (including area code)																				
	Visitor's Street Address		City	State																				
				Zip Code																				
	(Check One) Visitor's Gender: ☐ Male ☐ Female		Visitor's Marital Status: ☐ Never Married ☐ Married ☐ Divorced ☐ Widowed																					
			Visitor's Signature																					
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Prison Visitation Form

Dearest Philip,

February 26, 1997

Congratulations on your successful
YARD SALE! Can't wait to see the exciting
footage. I just received my successive 1-2-3
letters. Like reading a short book, three
exciting chapters.

Just talked with you on the phone last
night. Oh yeah, as opposed to in my dreams.
It is Wednesday - the middle mark, the
sign that reads "just up ahead - 150 ft"
on the side of the road. I live for
Friday. It means a half-day of work
because quitting time is 11:30 instead of
3:30. Unfortunately I do not have the
room to myself as my ogre roommate
has Friday's off. I have figured out
who she looks like. This is true. She
is Herman Munster sans make-up. Whoever
that man who plays Herman is, she is
him in drag. The resemblance is so
very uncanny, it makes my stomach
churn. We have hardly spoken 2 words.

since she told me she's trying to deport me out of HER room. This could become hairy. Speaking of hairy I finally broke down and shaved my legs, the legs I've neglected to shave for 4 months now. I was bored - bored enough to spend 40 minutes in a stinky shower using a piece of shit prison issue razor. I turned it back in with long brown hairs poking all out the blade. Looked like a pet moustache or a Chia razor. We have to give our I.D. to the guard to get a razor and return it to get our ID back. She keeps a big plastic jig under her desk for us to squeeze our spent razors into. Crude sharps container - it would be a great souvenir / conversation piece. I'll try to swipe a full one for you before I leave. Right, now then.

You had touched on the open nerve, the perennial question - What am I going to do? Do I move to Baltimore? Do I stay in Atlanta? Do I resume dating. Mike when I get out? Do I get married and have a baby? Will I ever go back

to school like I've said for the past 6 years?
 I am trying to figure something out.
 I'm trying tell you somethin' bout my life,
 maybe give me insight between black & white...
 Well with my luck I've probably been singing
 the wrong words to that lyric all my life.
 Well, ever since The G.I.s showed up in my
 life. I'm just very confused. I can honestly
 say I have very strong feelings for Mike -
 I love him. But, and it's a big butt,
 I am not recovered from my relationship
 with Mark. I still love Mark and it's an
 irrational, superceding kind of love,
 "more like a bronkin' bull" as Michelle
 Shocked tells it. At any rate, it makes it
 hard to let anyone else into my life
 romantically, because I don't have
 the emotional freedom - I'm still
 waiting for Mr. So-Right-He's-Wrong, Mr.
 Impossible, my Raging Bull.

I know what you're going to say,
 what you'll remind me of, all those

times I called crying and distressed,
feeling like hell, like a fool, hurt
and afraid. I have not forgotten any-
thing he and I went through but I
can also say I've clung just as
tightly to our best times. And yes I
know relationships are made up of more
than intermittent good times after the
initial whirlwind of love leaves town.
I'm just trying to say that I don't
think I'm capable of ^{maintaining} a close relationship.
I will just have to see how I feel as
a free woman after this ordeal ends.

Herman just came in from her job-
she chuffed a sigh and through her
"house" slippers down then walked out
and SLAMMED the door. I'm trying to
decide whether to remain silent as I've
been doing for days, or to tell her
glibly, "I doubt if Jesus ever slammed
doors." I know that'll get her goat.
She is a big ugly toad and her attitude
sucks. I'm not going to take any more
of her shit. My ears are ringing from
the force of the slam. She needs to pay.

Chances are I'll still be writing this when he gets back. We will be locked in here together from 4:30-5pm for the official count of all inmates. She's out on yard call right now and they just announced it's over.

I'm tingly with nervous anticipation.

I'll give you the play by play - if she starts talking I'll try to write it down as it falls from her big, dumb mouth.

Until she gets here, let me change the subject. Oh, wait, I hear footsteps.

You whispering outside the door. This is going to be a real soap opera. Speaking of soap operas, what's up with Michelle and Kelly? Tell me how Michelle met this married woman, this wife of a vacuum cleaner mogul?

I tried to get some answers about my damn radio, to no avail. My counselor hasn't told me how I'm supposed to return it & get another so you can hold off on the groovin' cassettes until

Do you ever say to yourself - one exclamation mark is sufficient? Does using two or more designate greater excitement or emphasis? Well, does it ???

I guess I didn't emphasize how great it felt to hear your voice. "Yes, Virginia, I regained a little of my old self. I had to call you yesterday because I had an omen. Some girl was singing and came out with Bonnie's Total Eclipse. She, however could not sing. What's more, she had no idea whose song she was ruining. I would fight to defend Bonnie. BONNIE RULZ !!!

O.K. so as soon as the count clears, I bolt over to medical to get my pm inside and go straight to chow. Then I have to return and face Herman. Maybe I will sit in front of the t.v. for a change. I don't want her to think she's won the battle, though. Do I sound like a woman obsessed by her tormentor?

Maybe I'll start to enjoy aggravating her. She wears her pants too tight and thinks she's a sexy Christian cl bet. Trashy is an apt description. Bad frosted makeup, too. Oh you would love her. Last nite she asked me - "Did you brush your teeth in this sink?" With this cranky scowl on her face. I said "No, why?" "Because there's toothpaste all in the sink." She was washing her socks and (gus) panties in the sink. She is looking for things to complain about. What do I do? Please advise.

"I say my hell is the closet I'm stuck inside." Dave Matthews.

I'm going to drop this in the mail tonight at 10-11 so it'll go right out in the morning. Tell me some more stories... I eagerly await your timely response. Remember - someone in prison loves you! What about a + shirt - "My friend when to prison and all I got was this t-shirt??"

Love XOXOXO,

Lauren

Dear Skip,

March 5, 1997

Funny, the only flowers on the prison ground are daffodils, hence daffodil is my prison alias (in very limited circles.) I guess it proves these little sunny blossoms can thrive even in the very worst environment, oblivious in their little yellow bonnets. Reminds me of Fantasia. I sometimes am privileged to go beyond the gates to the front of the prison where the free men come and go, visitors and staff. Of course there stands a flag pole, flying both the American and Dixie flag. Brings a tear to my eye, standing in its shadows in front of such a fine correctional institution. The walkway is amasssed on both sides with that hardy favorite - the pansy. And several skeletal bushes with no sign of life waiting to bud, merely rooted there dead and brown. Thank god for pansies.

Birds & boxes... you know my friend Amy, who resides on top of a mountain in Marshall, N.C., also has footed her

origami horn in my direction. I fear I'd (2)
feel as if I were in a certified mental
ward if I were to engage. Although I
m delighted by paper and balloon animals
like. They certainly are at opposite ends of
ome creative spectrum.

I am deliberating whether to call home
ight now. I am harbouring an intense
ope for good news and I can't decide
whether or not to burst into anticipation's
ttic. It is gnawing at my intestines, like
fat rat on a taugt rope.

Of course no news. The computer recording
till says Under Investigation for my EF#.
y father says the senator won't get involved
ecause I have a charge involving alcohol -
nt he did say he had favors owed to
im by members of the board - could all
e heresay or bullshit, a father telling
hite lies to console his daughter, a wretch
ike me. I am becoming increasingly
essimistic. I'm tired of flip-flopping
round in flops that are 3 sizes too big.
will not want to wear flip-flops ever
gain because I will be reminded of this

place + time in my life, instead of the beach and the tourist, it's the prison and the convict. Attire is always a memory-trigger for me. My closet is full of clothes I no longer wear but have an inordinate sentimental value. When I get home I plan on purging my closet, my existence. I will jump on your bandwagon, pledging allegiance to sparsity. The minimalist in me will emerge triumphant. I really don't miss my "stuff" - except maybe my coffeemaker, felt-tip pens, stereo + cds. Oh yeah, and my stinky pillow. I have an eerie feeling that when I'm finally surrounded by my 27 yrs worth of junk, I'll feel a detachment, a vague disenchantment with all I've accumulated, as if it was the contents of some eccentric stranger's estate sale. Leg-warmers went out with the Flashdance craze and contrary to my deep seated desire, I will never get around to fashioning a beaded curtain using Mardi Gras

necklaces. Tragic reminders of my laziness or ⁽⁴⁾ lack of perseverance, focus as it were, surround me in all my junk drawers, closets, piles; rooms of ideas in transit and isolated repose. All of this reflecting my inertia.

"Happy Thursday". (one of the great taos of pooh, as it were) I enjoy Thursday only in light of the fact that the next day is Friday, a 1/2 day of work for me and one day closer to a weekend of visits. I am utterly amazed that my father and I can talk for 5 hrs straight when a few years ago 5 minutes was like having a tooth pulled, sans novacaine.

Point of interest: One of the women in his dorm had her death row sentence commuted to a life sentence. She is approx. 27-28 yrs old. Her crime was collaborated with her boyfriend. He was also sentenced to die but beat the system by hanging himself in jail. As the law library makes crimes, certain cases, public news everyone knows about this woman. Her and her boyfriend kidnapped a girl, sodomized her w/ a hot curling iron, raped and butchered her in a hotel room. This woman's toddler was

in the room as well. I share this because I think you must have some of the morbid curiosity I have. But do you know what gives me the sickest feeling is that she will spend the rest of her life here in prison doing what I'm doing now. Doubtless, she will never taste an Apple Jack, never drop her favorite blouse off at the dry cleaners, never get a strawberry off the pile in the supermarket and pop it in her mouth when she reaches the end of a produce aisle. I cry for her beyond the flash of pain I feel at the thought of her victim. I guess I wouldn't be able to dwell on such a brutal death without making myself too distraught to continue with the thought. People are unusually cruel, I don't get it.

I've been working on a letter to Mr. Coverdale, the man I hit. It's the hardest thing I've had to face besides seeing him in the courtroom. I have no words for this, it all sounds inadequate

(6.)

ren clicked to say I'm so sorry, I'm
sorry with everything I am I am so
sorry. How sorry is so sorry? Are there
degrees of sorry? I don't feel comfortable
with this at all, that's how I know
I need to write it. I have never
had this feeling of guilt before - nothing
in my life has felt like this, I have
no instance to draw on as comparison
this is an isolated, horrible thing I'm
trying to apologize for. How does one
do this? I mean, he probably
doesn't want to hear how I feel,
I can only imagine how he feels but
he's the real victim and I don't
even believe I deserve his mercy -
I think he deserves to hate me.
Then why I am hell bent on writing
to him - to make me feel better?
again I don't deserve to feel better,
or to make him feel better? - how
can I have the gall to try this after
putting him in a wheelchair to begin
with?? I'm lost. Help! Please advise.

Thursday is drawing to a close. I've decided not to call home tonight or tomorrow because whatever news, if any, I'll hear at visiting time. I am driving my family crazy, I'm sure. The wind is whipping through my horizontal window. It carries the voices of young boys marching and shouting at the Youth Detention Camp directly behind our prison gates. From a distance I can sometimes see them running and falling to the ground to do push ups and various grueling knee-bending exercises, meant to discipline and punish their arrogance and aggressive behavior. Some of those boys are 8-10 yrs old. The officers force them to shout "I love my momma!" This is meant, I'm sure, to demean & embarrass them in front of their peers who can stand back and snicker. Me, I cry. It strikes me as inherently sad, pathetic.

Why do boys try so hard not to cry - (8.
It's like if they shed tears they are
ridiculed, so the ultimate defeat is
to let some square-headed sergeant
make you, a 12 yr. old boy, cry.
I've never seen my dad cry. And I
can't remember the last time I saw
Joseph, my older brother, cry.

Well, well. The roommate just
came in & busted me for some scuff
marks on the floor. Rat's Ass. Now she
will have to wax tonight. Life is not
very fair, is it? Also she said she
made Trustey and her husband happened
to come by the prison and the
Deputy Warden let her see him. There
must be something she's not telling me.

I went to another church service
last nite. The preacher was an immortal
looking, ageless black man, very slender
and a small oblong head. He has
the voice, personality and looks of

Gemmy Cricket! What a revelation -
it was nagging at me all night "Who
does this being remind me of?" I wish

you could see him for yourself - it is
 amazing. He spent most of the service
 saying things like "I'm getting a feeling,
 it's on my my, my, my right side, yes.
 my right side, somewhere right around ...
 here. Now God's not telling me what it's
 called, it's a pain of some sort, maybe of
 the breast, I don't know now it's a man
 and you women, you have breasts but god
 just tells me where, sometimes he don't give
 it a name now ... " And then someone in
 the crowd raises her hand and he'll say
 "It's you, is it you. OK ma'am come right up
 here ... " Then he shouts and commands
 Sickness be gone! And don't come back in
 the name of Jesus In the name of Jesus, in
 the name of JESUS! And then He blows
 a breath in her face and she commences
 to scream Thank you Jesus! over + over
 and goes into hysterics. There are variations
 but always screaming and clapping. Reminds
 me of my first concert with prepubescent

nils. Substitute Shaun Cassidy for Jesus and it's the same bedlam. We love you Shaun!! I do love Wednesday nite service 'cause I am always entertained and occasionally I end up crying because these men are so emotional and believe. The faith of some of these black gills is thunderous. Everyone is sweating and fanning themselves. And of course we get to sing (loudly) and clap and sway. I just love it. Jimmy Cucklet plays a mean piano.

Before this letter gets to thick, I will close. What does Natalie Merchant mean when she sings "dull torpor"? And have you ever read any Samuel Beckett? 'The mistake one makes is to speak to people... I considered kicking her in the cunt.'

How did I get along for so long without letters from you? Just got one tonight, can't wait to open it. I make a huge production of it, getting my cup of instant Maxwell House with bits of Creama and settling down on my so comfortable pallet. Rock Steady
20X0X0 Lauren

Dearest Pepé,

March 6, 1997

I will not be able to preserve your letters for posterity if you favor the pencil over the pen. There's nothing like a good felt tip pen!

I yearn for one - ballpoint is a definite 3rd choice. ① Fountain pen ② felt-tip (fine) ③ ball ④ pencil ⑤ crayon ⑥ blood + a sharp stick ⑦ feces on fingers, of course you'd shun that last resort.

I luxuriated yesterday writing to Skip drinking Maxwell House (I love the crunch of the spoon thru the flavor crystals). Tonite I sit pen in hand, devoted to you (taxless!) and drinking ice water. I need to cut down on the joe, only because I must finish off an entire canister of Cremora every week. 10 cal. per serving, approximately 170 servings per canister - that's a disgusting 1700 empty calories. Yes, I'm counting. I wish prison served piroghis. Is that plural like fungi or what? At any rate, I want some. I like mine fried.

And speaking of Girl Scout Cookies... Thin mints
rock my world. Especially when eaten along side
a cup of Hot english breakfast tea with milk.
Try dipping... mmm. Once at this huge
summer street festival in Asheville, called
Bele Chere, held every July - I was drunk
in Milwaukee's Best Light and found myself in
front of the Right to Life booth, plastered with
ethus posters. I walked, swaggered, stumbled up
and commenced arguing, railing against them
and the right to choose, a woman has the
right to decide what to do with her own body
blah, blah, blah. Throw in several, plenty of
expletives and then watch me coolly slide
across the street to the Girl Scout booth
to sign up to be a Troop leader. I don't
know which group of women was more
offended, they both seemed shocked +
palled - so I am told, the beauty of this
situation being I was too far gone to
realize the impact I was having. My
Asheville friends have never let me forget
that civic enthusiasm I demonstrated so
aptly. This festival is a tradition among
some of my college friends and is always

3

a good time. The last time I went, my younger brother came with me. We toted our beer around the streets in bowling bags. If I'm out by July, we're going. I want you to meet Amy & Marc and see the house they built. Amy & I are both survivors of the Grateful Dead phase, we were roommates in college, shared an apartment during the summer. She's the closest thing to a sister I'll ever have. Something tells me you would enjoy her. We'll see. I don't know why I feel as if all my friends should like one another. I just figure if I like them, and they all can tolerate me, then they all have at least one common denominator (me!) and should thrive as one big happy family. (I think I developed that idea right after St. Elmo's Fire or some other brat pack flick...) I think I have an eclectic group of friends. The Baltimore folk are so different from the Atlanta pack (All 3 of them?), and then there's you + Skip in a class by yourselves, and the

Asheville folks, who are by far the most (4)
insane, eccentric pioneers. The Baltimoreans
are the most down to earth, blue-collar. My
best friend Karen is a nurse, J. Hopkins. Funny
thing, her dad + mom also separated, divorced
because dad's gay. Her husband, Gerald, has
his own produce store, a stand, in the summers.
Our vegetable connection!! Joey + Jill, twins,
own a liquor store called Genie's Liquors,
Melissa is a new mom and a bank teller who
has a row home down by Fells Point (Camden).
Craig is married (to a diabetic nurse) and he's
a cop. Jamie is opening a cafe. They are
real, genuine - sometimes good, sometimes bad.
They are to me, naive about things beyond
their own Baltimore microcosm, work + play.
They work hard and play even harder. Oh wait,
am I writing commercials now?...

Will you be mad when your letter is not
as long as Skip's? Is there any rivalry over
prison mail at your house?

I live in the midst of a Booty Call -
I hope the movie sucked. I'm tired of
the black culture craze - hip-hop is
tired and mundane - I spit on Keith

sweat. Genuine "Pony" makes my head hurt - please stop this madness.

I'm the one who needs a stress reduction workshop!! And all you can tell me about is the tail you were scoping out. Honestly, trying to meet women at self-help meetings.

You are sick, aren't you? Forget the librarian (big tits, sharp wits) and tell me how to get rid of stress in this difficult period.

Speaking of periods, mine was 3 wks late and lasted 2 days. Something is wrong here. And I am not focused on looks alone - I've dated plenty of ugly people.

The thought of Sam makes me horny... he is like Clark Kent. Too bad he is so obsessed with his mother.

Had it out with Herman, my roomie. He is completely self-absorbed. I was sifting thru some letters, rustling pages and he freaks "What are you doing down there?"

explain. (Why?) "Well I hope you hurry and find what you're looking for."

This is Sam. Thinking of Him made Lauren horny.



Well it's not like I'm intentionally trying to
irritate you", I say. She goes into the whole
I need peace + quiet blah, blah, blah.

Then she "I'm gonna blow! I'm just fixin'
ta blow!" So I say "Go ahead and blow,
I wish you would, I'm sick of hearing it".

er: "You ain't gonna like it". me: "Are you
threatening me?" Her "I ain't gotta threaten
anybody." "I just want you out of here."

me - "Well go ahead + do it, get it done, I don't
give a shit - you take care of it cause I'm
not doing anything". Silence. It could've
been alot worse but I was exercising a great
deal of restraint. Now today she's being
unusually nice. Although she keeps calling me
Laura or Laurie. Pisses me off.

I'm venting. Feels good. Anyway, no more
is. Nice-guy - Lauren "the Boss" Bosso is
here to stay...

I talked to Hannan tonite. He was off
to Nashville again. It was good to hear
his voice, I was a little tongue-tied.
I hate that 10 minute bullshit. I'm expecting
a post card from Opreyland.

A new girl works with me now. She is

⑦

a habitual violator, DUI. She has 14. She got 8 in one year while on parole and is serving 2 yrs. (5 do 2) same as me. She said between her, her mom, + her dad, they have over 40 DUI's. Why would someone make that up? Anyway, she is scheduled for August release. 8 months time served. Is there hope for me? She told me she was married at 14, and divorced 6 yrs later because she thought she saw him pick his nose + eat it, he farted all the time, and never brushed his teeth. Now she's married to a Spanish guy - he looks italian, wears loafers, and he religiously wipes down the shower after every use to prevent mildew. Guess she lucked out this time but it seems that 1st guy wasn't too hard to improve upon. People are strange.

Well, it's almost time for "lights out".
11:30 p.m. Thank god it's Friday. I'll be thinking of you + Sam, rouselling. Makes me wet just to say it. Hope you have a good time. Tell him hello for me.

Dear Skip -

MARCH 19, 1997

These March winds are blowing, whipping around the strategically located buildings of this Girlz Camp. I'm sitting outside on the Blacktop behind the kitchen near the Warehouse loading dock where the various work crews convene and where I got to sit for an hour waiting for my maintenance man to return from the shop, which is outside the rear gate where I'd rather not go because I'd get strip searched and as far as I'm concerned twice a week after visitation is enough for me. The last search I succeeded to was over the boundary - she made me squat and cough AND wanted to investigate my "purse" asking me to spread my lips and bend over. Hello? I think that's grounds for sexual harassment... I was hoping with the Resurrection of Christ would also come my emancipation from this place. I guess I was lucky enough to be assigned to another room, leaving Herman to be alone with Jesus. Well not only was I moved once, but after just settling in to my new cell I was ordered to move again 4 days later. So finally I have been thrown to the lions. I live with a 40-ish mental health, asthmatic woman with a bad perm and a subscription to Vogue + Vanity Fair, her one redeeming asset. She is a brutish personality; loud and brassy. I've yet to find out what exactly her crime was,

but I do know she's been locked up for six years ② and will not go home until 2006 - a 15 yr sentence. She is a hardened veteran of the prison system. However, she does not scare me; she amuses me. And I pity her. I think she's a storyteller - so it goes, she's married to a man for his money, however he's serving two life sentences and she says he is considered a mass murderer; he killed 8 people at once according to her. Now you can imagine the type of woman she is to brag about this. I gather she went to the school of Hard Knocks.

Well grandma Hoffman is down from Baltimore, staying with my dad and she's coming to visit this weekend, to eat with me from the vending machines - it will be gloriously amusing, me and mama Bosso.

I cannot wait to see the lush landscape at your house. I've had my fill of the barren prison grounds - no trees, no grass to speak of and the flowers and shrubs they have planted in front are desolate looking, out of place. I am dreaming of a sandy beach and some boardwalk french fries... the spirit of Tybee beckons. Have actually been trying my hand with OOB pointus. Seems I'm just having more lucid dreams than usual. This atmosphere is not conducive to anything requiring concentration. Even my Scrabble game suffers. Lost by one point last nite 271 - 272. Through Scrabble I've made a friend of what had been my first "foe". Her name is Felicia and she's a black

Woman with a superiority complex. Her dad is @ white and looks like George Carlin. She frowns upon Ebonics. But she cheats at Scrabble, looking up words to use in the dictionary.

I am getting unsightly sun spots on my upper lip. It reminds me of when I was younger and me and my cousins would go swimming in Middle River. The water was Brown and would leave a dirty film moustache. I guess now I will need some Porcelana Fade Cream.

If I were there I'd film you + Skip for our own version of Dream House. What could be better for t.v. - "Our House", the opening track compliments of Madness... shots of bontenware and magoots, flea market finds, choosing paint for the porch at a hardware store and buying an armload of the "last minute" novelties at the checkout counter (key holders, color coded...)

I'm glad you are planting marigolds - we had those in Baltimore - also hydrangea those big pink and blue "Snowball bushes", we called them.

I wish I could get a Baltimore Sun but I can't get any newspaper unless I have a subscription. Same with magazines. I ~~hesitant~~ hesitate to subscribe because I don't plan on being here that long. Keepin' the faith.

Is this one of the most inane letters I ④ have written, the 8-fold - To make you squint and disrupt the natural progression.

Maybe I'll watch the Lundquist story tonite - unless the white girls are outvoted. I'd planned to read a self-help type book, something about life is unfair but God is good. I have a book out from the library, two weeks overdue - hope I do not incur another charge for this impropriety.

I was sitting on "the yard" and the girls wanted to read your letter so it was the center of attention. I was amazed that these few women actually realized your wit and laughed as I did. I guess I've found a couple half-decent minds. I sit with the same three or four, all very non-threatening, countrified women who have kids and husbands + boyfriends named Bubba. Yes Bubba is a popular name, I swear this. If it were a clichéd catch-all name I wouldn't use it but it is a quote.

I'm afraid I'm noticing the slight swell of saddle bags on my lower thigh-hip region. I felt a wave of nausea - time to do leg lifts and stop eating Ramen Noodles. I think since I've left county & come to prison I've gained a few lbs. If I could just grow ^(open)

a few inches taller...

What is my fascination with the ellipse? ^⑤

INMATE'S NAME: I am the three dot woman

I like the feeling that my words just trail
INSTITUTION:

off into infinity. It means "the rest is
open to interpretation." It means I am
too confounded to continue. It means I've
just written a sentence but am pausing to
figure out if it made any sense at all.

I am glad tomorrow is Thursday, my
last full day of work this week. Friday is
a half-day and I can enjoy a few hours
reading + writing. I have this feeling of
overwhelming stagnation - I am being swallowed
by the scum on the surface. Your muscles
may be atrophied but my brain is shrinking
like a raisin, rather like a grape fallen from
the vine. I am like the boy in the
plastic bubble (John Travolta movie).

Living on the outskirts of life. I'm
spacing out and what's worse, I will
never catch up on learning the words to all

the new songs! "If I could save time (6)
DATE: 95

a bottle" actually has significant meaning
STATE SERIAL NUMBER:

for me now. I can relate to Jim Croce
CITY:

what is happening to me. A fight just
broke out downstairs in the utility room -
2 women beating each other with broom
handles. I'm not sure but I think
they were arguing over the hot water.

~~We~~ have one H₂O fountain for 96 women.

It's equipped with one of those instant
boilers and an added spigot for the
boiling water to use for coffee or soup etc.

It only heats so much at once, then it
puts out tepid water until the boiler

can kick in again. So very hot water is
a commodity around here. To some it
is so coveted as to warrant a skull

bashing. It makes me shudder.

I did receive the letters out of ^⑦ order. Today I read your letter enclosed with Phil's. Put him on room restriction each evening until he scribbles me a letter before bed. Consistency is Key - I was so accustomed to my daily read. I cannot bear another disappointment.

I also received a letter from the kitchen manager at Alon's. Gene, the man who is in love with me despite the fact that he is 47 and married with a 13 yr. old son. He sent me \$\$\$\$. Does this mean I have a Sugar daddy? He honestly thinks one day we "will be together".

He writes me poetry that sound like ⑧
popular country music songs and he is
relentless. I do not really want his
money because he'll get the wrong idea
and think he has torn down the
barriers between us - he just is so
positive I will learn to love him.

Please advise. Oh yeah, and I am
~~keeping the money!~~ Call me the happy home-
wrecker. How much is the beach ball photo
worth?

I don't need yer' money boys!
Love NOT Money. (one of my fav ^{EBTG} songs)
I love you, canker sore.

Ciao -

L. Bossa ♻

Phil -

March 20, 1997

Where have you been, my darling, my precious, my angel of the morning. (Kick in the Juice Newton) So you fell off the wagon. You just climb right back up there and Fight the good Fight. I need to have mail from you and if you take that away I have little else. You are my bread and butter. You're the bread and SKip's da'butta' cause I know you have this aversion for FAT. What kind of pants did you buy? I want the plaid bootleg pants from the GAP, I saw them in my roommate's VANITY FAIR or Vogue, one. She's the new one, my Third roommate since I've been in I-1. I am a social outcast, a misfit even here in prison.

I'm sitting in the Dayroom watching big Women eat lots of junk food. Here is a classic Prison Recipe. You can make this at home, too. You don't even need your own propane torch to do it.

- one bag Ramen noodles
- " " cheese puffs (crushed)
- " pack cheese + chives crackers (crushed)
- " Summer sausage (chopped in bite size pieces)
- one sleeve saltine crackers

Pour hot H_2O over brick of noodles, let sit for several minutes while crushing up crackers and chz. puffs. (Keep snacks in bags and smash with fists on tabletop) Tear bits of sausage, add to soup. Add crushed items and stir vigorously. Now enjoy with saltines. Calories: about 700 give or take a few.

Of course with your fat restrictions... These women are huge and they have no problem polishing off a sleeve or two of saltines, plus a little Debbie Honey Bun or two, a bag of chips or fritos and some cookies, a candy bar - the list goes on but all these women do is eat and when they run out they go get more items from the "Two for One" lady. She's the woman in the dorm, they all have one, who runs her own little "store". Everyone gets what they want but they have to pay her back 2 for 1. She is the most hated and the most loved.

Oh, poor Georgie girl. You really should refrain from leading the hapless woman on: Honestly. But more importantly don't become involved in any torrid love affair that could possibly deter you from the big move. Or that could compromise your time with me when I am set free. "You give me hope to carry on... and fill my nights with song"

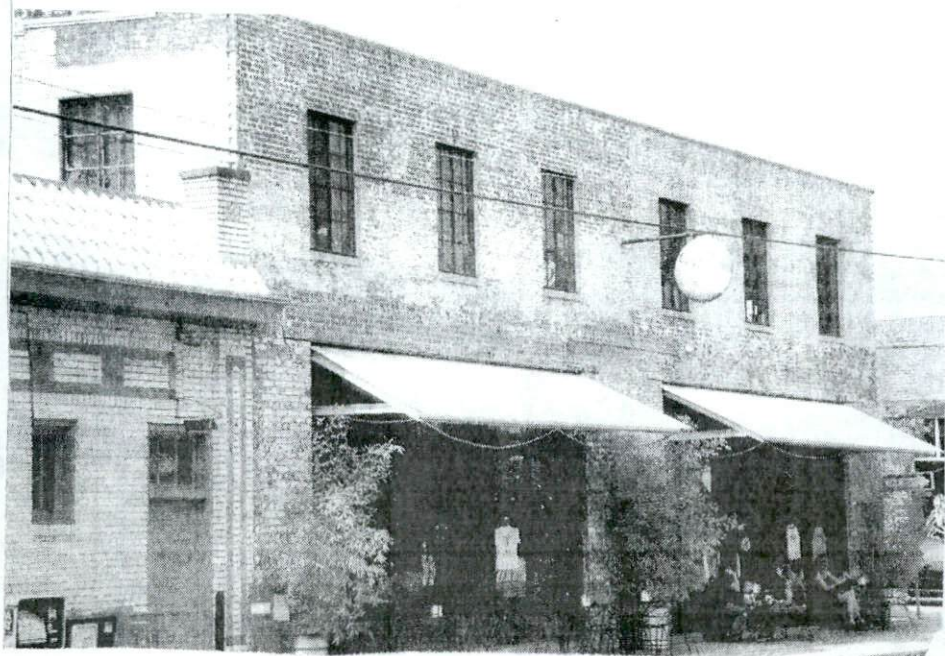
I received a letter from Derek - it was a mystery because I was sent a notice of "contraband" in the mailroom for me to pick up. It said "stamps from Erdman". I was racking my brain "Who is Erdman?" Has someone I know married and taken on a new surname? His letter was super - I like him already without meeting him. He sent a few candid photos and I know we are meant to be friends because his bedroom is as disheveled as my own and his cat looks like my "Peaches" (who ~~know~~ lives w/ my mom). I'd like to go to Chicago. I went once when I went to see The Dead in Wisconsin. It was the summer of my 20th birthday and we went to eat at UNOs Pizza, supposedly famous Chicago pizza, on my bday. I saw the restaurant and the train station - it rained all day so we didn't do much sightseeing. I went to Milwaukee that same trip and we toured the Miller brewery. Derek sent me a picture of Weaver D's Delicious Fine Foods "Automatic for the People" and him in a trash can, and him + friends. Cool.

this is Derek



I was surprised to hear from you that Mark's ⁽⁹⁾ grandmother had died. I haven't heard from Alix in a while but the letter I wrote her last week was something to the effect of "don't worry, your mom will be just fine blah, blah, blah" and now I can't believe she's dead - I am no good at those kinds of letters. I hope Mark is o.k. with it. He never really talked about her much but I got the feeling he was closer to her than to Alix. Haven't heard from Mark in a while. What's going on with Kelly & Michelle these days? I want to hear stories of turbulence and sordid affairs.

I'm lounging on "Cracker Beach" - this is the pavement next to the sandbox volleyball court in front of J-1. Cracker beach because all the white girls lay out in the sun and the sisters play volleyball. It's 3:15 and jets just screamed overhead, blasting my eardrums. No bigger thrill than a pass over the women's prison. My friend Angie goes home on Monday. I'm envious but try to sound enthusiastic. And tonight's dinner is Liver & onions with mashed potatoes (synthetic tasting). I want the Brit!! I forget what fresh vegetables taste like. I will eat all the squash in your patch, baby.



The Grit (Athens, GA)

⑤

From scratch - I have no idea, never thought about it. From just standing there thinking, scratching your head wondering "What shall I throw in next?" My urge to cook is almost as strong as the urge to copulate. Maybe I can combine the two.

I'm enclosing your visitation sig. other form - copy it and both you and Skip respectively must fill it out + send it back A.S.A.P for approval. I guess March is out, on its way out, fairly quickly. April will be a painfully long month - I hate missing Easter - all those eggs and I can't paint n'er a one. Although we are served two boiled eggs once a week for breakfast here. Maybe I can paint them with fingernail polish and observe Easter like the rest of the pagans.

Yours was my only letter today - you write the most - You win!!! You get to visit Washington State Prison as #1 prize. Only if you bring lots of change for the

vending machines so I can eat junk and ④
talk shit. I will notify you as soon as
you are approved. No sweat. It may take a
week or so - there's no telling though, this
place is very inconsistent. Have you heard of
Neil Hannon and The Divine Comedy - I read
a review in Vanity Fair ... I'm in the mood
for Kate Bush right now Hands of Love.
Sure wish my damn radio worked. That is my
priority for next week if my grandmother sends
me \$40.

I'm stopping right here so I can mail
this - mail goes out Friday morning and then
Monday starts again. I'm hoping you have
a letter coming to me tomorrow - I'm such
a glutton for your love! You are not my
Landscape hero but you are a heroic
figure. Should I recognize Paul Heaton?
Do not use allusions a prison inmate
cannot assimilate, please. I have been
locked up for 5 months for cryin' out loud.
I'm nervous (PAT Benetar is haunting).
All I want is a date, the story of my
life. Pray it is in April.

So much love it hurts - Laura-loo

Dearest Philip,

March 27, 1997

Whatever gave you the idea that I am in need of the large print edition? I am in prison, yes, but my eyesight has not suffered so considerably that you would feel the compulsion to occupy 2 full lines as you write. I felt as if I were reading a school note carefully pinned by my 7-year-old classmate. My attenuated conclusion is that you ~~were~~ so exhausted, you needed to write large enough to be able to decipher yourself what you had just written, you weary nurse, you fatigued caretaker of the sick and wounded. I Caraway you were self-satisfied with your 4 page letter, which in reality (in a common size print) was a scant page.

I am eating the crumbs at the bottom of a bag of Bud's Best Butter Flavored cookies. Cholesterol free. 140 calories per 15 (min) cookies. 50 cal. from fat. If something is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ its calories in fat, I deem it O.K. to eat. More than $\frac{1}{2}$ qualifies it as Junk Food. These cookies are proudly made in U.S.A., owned and operated by Americans. With a name like Bud, who'd have guessed! And it is printed on the bag "Our cookies are not touched until YOU open the package". That's nice, isn't it? That Bud, he knows to keep his dirty, grubby little American hands off my cookies.

Today is Thursday. Like you, I've really no great plans for the weekend. Friday I will work 7:45 am until 11 am and then I will nap until count clears at 12:30. Then I will go to lunch for a white-bread

deux

sandwich. Then I will sit outside on Cracker bread for roughly an hour and let the sun do its damage, compounded by the tetracycline I am taking which gives me the feeling I am being broiled alive. The sun hurts my skin after 5 minutes and I have brown sun spots all over my face. I look aged beyond my years. Then I will go in and be counted once again after mail call. Followed by a shower and maybe a game of scrabble unless I decide to write letters and/or my roommate lets me listen to her radio. She has a few cassette tapes, namely Melissa Etheridge, some country like Allman Bros, a black male vocalist, and two K.D. Lang. Slim pickins'. Saturday morning I am off work til Monday. I still must rise at 6am and get my insulin. Then chow, then an hour in the yard then I get showered + ready to greet my visitors for the day. Usually Mike or my mom + dad. My parents will probably come on Easter Sunday. Don't know what Mike's plans are. He's pretty tight with \$ and his truck is not made for journeying outside of Snellville. I look forward to seeing my mom, she's been awfully depressed, more so than usual. She is the only woman in an all-male group, therapy group. The therapist kept begging her to join his group because he wanted a woman's perspective, thinking it would help the men considerably. She likes it but I told her she needs to be in a women's group because these men are no validating her feelings as a woman, they are the opposite

trois

really, always commenting that she shouldn't let herself
- treated that way", "be walked on" etc. They tell
c she sets herself up for disappointment etc. Anyway,
u'd have to know the context within which these remarks
- made to really understand. I think part of her
ally enjoys these group sessions because she is overcom-
- and has the attention of men, ~~at~~ albeit men who
need therapy! Bad place to get a date, if that
is even permissible in the first place (It is not.)
2 sincerely hope she meets a man, she deserves to be
happy and I think she is wonderful and funny and
so so much zest + zing. She should be having sex
and ~~be~~ romanced. When I get home I am going
- gym with her so she can exercise + feel better
and maybe even feel sexy if she loses a few pounds.
That goes for me too! And you, you big lug. No
more complaining about working out. I would love to
have aching muscles + feel the burn but I am
deprived of this glorious experience. I daydream
about step aerobics class. I am going to treat myself
with a pair of hi-tech cross-training athletic shoes.
Definitely by Nike or some other equally obnoxious
athletic conglomerate with a cool icon for my feet.
They will have scientifically designed shock absorption
and maximum spring and be multi-colored with
cool air ventilation and a complicated lace-up velcro
miss-cross securing mechanism. I can't wait. You
can come with me while I try on a myriad of shoes

quatre

Right now I have my ear cocked for Library Call. They call it out by terms. I-2 should be next. Then I get about 20 minutes up there and can check out 3 books. Or I could leaf through a magazine I wish they had Details. I want a subscription. They have GO in the library of all magazines. I guess Dykes had GO? I'd prefer Ms., a politically correct Dykes' magazine. Of course these women are only gay by sexual standards. They just love to eat, snatch and talk about it. I think they are just so co-dependent that they cannot function unless they are validated by a sexual deed - either performing it or receiving and also unless they feel they are supporting or being supported - money on the books, store food items, someone to iron their clothes, get them ice or hot water for their drink, go to meals with, sit with in the yard. These are the women on the outside who probably can't function without a man. I have however preappointed one or two women who are truly gay - not by conscious choice. Coincidentally they are long times or lifers and they are in long-lasting, committed, monogamous relationships, prison relationships of 6 yrs or sometimes more. Oh I sound like a woman on an undercover research assignment. Like that woman with the apex! I'd rather be with apex, honestly.

My dad sent me a pair of earrings in my last package and I think my ears are becoming infected -

Cing

It's been 5 months since I've worn any jewelry. Hope the tetracycline will stave off any infection. Does it work like that? Unlike you, I get my pharmaceuticals for free - of course they are generic. Do you get a discount since you must have good insurance? I am really nervous about affording auto insurance when I get out. That is, if and after I get my license back. I won't have it for at least 60 days after I'm released. You will have to come see me at my dad's. You've not met my father or Tommy yet, have you? I think you will like both of them - you might even too much like Tommy to enjoy his company - he shows your sarcasm and cynical viewpoint for certain things in life.

You seriously do need to stop lying. Honesty is so rare, think of how unique it can make you. You have lied to your friends, this you've confessed to me. But have you also lied to me before? As therapy and to help you conquer this vice of deceit - I want you to write, no less than 1 page about the time or times you have lied to me and I will forgive you. It will be so good for both of us! Do not blow this off; I am so curious.

This letter is entirely too long especially after your travesty of a letter. I will draw to a close. Soon. What else can I tell you? I wish I could say I'll be home —. But alas I am ever

Waiting. I hope someone wonderful is performing when I get out and we can go have a night out on the town - Atlanta or Athens, or hell I'd drive to New York if we could. Could we? Or fly really cheap for a long weekend? Then I'd have no money to go out - I have a friend in Jersey we can stay with. I might even have a friend still in New York City. She used to work on that program TV Nation. Who knows what she's doing now...

Did I tell you someone from my gradatory class, highschool, called the house about my 10 yr. reunion and Tommy told them I was travelling overseas and I probably wouldn't make it. He loves telling a tall - I think he embellished it but I don't remember the details. Either way, prison or Europe I'm sure someone will be gossiping about me. I never liked those people anyhow. The ones I did like I love, and ~~they would never go to that stupid~~ nostalgic elbow-rit anyways. "Shit on that."

Gotta go now. I missed the damn library. Oh well, I need to throw a blanket down and do some crunches. If I only had an ab-roller. My mom bought one for my younger brother. After he woke her up one night and gravely announced "Mom, I think I have a tumor." He then pulled up his t-shirt to reveal a massive, hairy protuberant stomach. I miss that little Wolf-boy.

And I miss you too. Waiting for letter #2. XOXOXO me

Dear Skip,

March 28, 1997

What began as a hopeful, almost contentedly manageable Friday has crashed and burned, lying smoldering at my feet. I knew yesterday that I would be seeing my so-called counselor today for my "monthly session". Secretly I hoped she had news from the parole board. Instead I got berated for going over her head to the warden about my awful (former) roommate. That had been my father's doing, unbeknownst to me. She was put-off by this. Then she gives me my new schedule and I have to take Substance Abuse 101 - 12 wks long. She informs me that completion is not necessary for my release. That's good news, I think. Then she brings down the hammer on my head. She says "You may get guidelines from the parole board, you may not." Guidelines mean that your time is based on a grid sheet according to the severity of your crime as well as past history etc. Usually 2 yrs and under do not go by guidelines, however, and there's always a fucking however, sometimes they do give guidelines for lighter sentences of 2 yrs + under. Well this really tells me nothing, as I expected. But then she says "Well if you don't get guidelines, they may very well just ask you to max-out." Maxing-out means do your whole sentence to the door, every last day of it. No one wants to hear those 2 words. Max-out might as well be "death sentence" as far as I'm concerned. My max date is Nov. 7, 1998. Needless to say, this small dose of pessimism is

taking its toll on my morale. I came up to my cell and
cried for about an hour. Then my room mate comes in and
says - "What would you do if your ~~man~~ out was 2006,
like mine?" I cocked the 2 finger gun and placed
it on my temple. So not only did I feel terrible
to begin with, I felt even worse for my self-pity
I am not coping well. I can't shake this listless
feeling of my mind and body atrophying with each
passing day. I can't stand myself. I feel a
morbid self-loathing creeping this way. I am in
no mood to see anyone this weekend. The thought of
my parents coming here to this prison to be with me on
Easter Sunday leaves me sickened. I want to feel
bad by myself, I certainly do not want anyone
else bearing any of the helpless, hopeless, haplessness
of me. I need that paradigm shift you were referring
to. You said "There is alot going on that matters
more than what we're going through". You may trust
me. You may just be the salvation I need to deliver
me from this prison - if only on an ethereal plane
I don't even know how anyone can relate to me
anymore. It's not like I'm in the East, you're
in the West. I'm in Siberia, I'm in a room with
no windows, a door that only opens from the outside, in a
hole 12 feet deep and the rope's been yanked, I'm in
row boat, no cars in the middle of the lake in the lost
world, the river Styx. This can't be happening, I
tell myself. I'm awake, I've pinched myself. This is

for real". I have gone for days without seeing my own face; when I happen to catch my reflection in the mirror I have to look away as if I've noticed someone and I don't care to give them the time to analyze it, like running into a high school acquaintance. Here's that behind the eyes instantaneous glimmer of cognition that one of you, sometimes both, quickly draw the shade on, shroud it. "I thought that I heard you laughing, I thought that I heard you sing, I think I thought I saw you try."

Another shitty Friday nite. I will perhaps sit for a minute in front of the television. Somehow we are receiving Cinemax and it remains on this station so whatever feature is on for tonight will be the Friday the 13th. It might not be half bad if only one could actually hear it. The louder the tv gets, the louder the Snake pit gets. The escalation, pointlessly ends in disaster - a fight on the withdrawal of television privilege. I am luckily ~~apathetic~~ ~~this does not ruffle me in the least~~. I have long since given up television. The less I have the less I can be deprived of. Tonight I will wash my clothes in my sink with a sprinkle of Clorox II. I paid an outrageous price for it at the mate store. Shopping there is equivalent to doing your household shopping at a gas station mini-mart. Prices are ~~exp~~ exorbitant sp? I need a freakin' Dictionary! I'm going to order one from Walden Books since I can get it approved. I have to have the title

Written down before I can order books. But the problem is, if I've never read it, how do I know the title? I have no idea what books I'd like to read unless they are books from my own personal library and I don't want to buy a book I already have. Can you ~~Recommend~~ ^{How many c's? m's} ~~Suggest~~ a book or two so I can order from the bookstore instead of scrounging through the prison library? Or is there anything you could snatch from the Internet that gives book reviews I'd love that.

This letter has exhausted itself - I apologize for the wallowing in my self-supplied moroseness. It is raining. I don't care if it stops. It feels right. I do hope it is beautiful & mild in Athens, perfectly sprung. The latest news is that this prison has renewed its contract to remain a women's facility for three more years. I won't be going elsewhere - I'll stay right here, sans air-conditioning, all summer. It will be the Summer of Sweat and will really improve my tolerance for multiple discomforts. Not quite as horrific as Day, being tortured until you are barely alive, yet kept conscious enough to experience the maximum severity of the pain. I will edify myself by always thinking of something worse. Often I hear women saying "God is good." and the reply is "All the time." I'm still considering this anachronism (ys?) I breathe in, I breathe out -
Laurie LFTII

This is not an April Fools Day to remember
Phil - Skip the brothers Carmudgeon 4/1/97 (2)

" And now that my life
is so prearranged
I know that it's time
for a cool change ... "

Yes and the Albatross & the whale, they are
my brothers. I know. In fact, yes they
are at this point, in the metaphysical sense.

I have an albatross around my neck and I'm
in a situation, one might call "a whale of a"
situation. I feel like utter hell.

I'm telling you ~~for~~ now - I may get
religious on you - I think I've reached that
pinnacle, or low, whichever, in my desperation
I can't count on anyone except the one
who can't be named, the one who refuses to
sign his/her name when he sends flowers and
the same one who won't take off the mask before
he lets the execution begin. I am going nuts
you see. Because ultimately this cannot be felt by
anyone save myself - everyone else goes about
business as usual and I am climbing the
walls in my mind - I want to wait interminably
in line at the supermarket, I want to get a
flat, I want to order Chinese and not feel
full after I eat 4 Happiness or Princess Prawns
I want to pay the phone bill again, feed the

dog, clean the cat box for Christ's sake!

I'm being honest I can't live like this. I am going to donate my body to this place but the mind needs to go somewhere while this is taking place - How do I totally remove myself from this - because I've already tried the "be here now" idea, live each moment "one day at a time" bullshit.

My next attempt is "Let go. Let God." Serious. We are not joking. Oh yeah, that's it! I develop multiple personality disorder and Lauren Bosso escapes while Hoffman rots away like the debris at the bottom of a back-alley dumpster.

FUCK this fucking Place!! **IM** sick of being here. I know I'm whining. I fucking paralyze someone and I'm whining. I disgust myself at times like this and so it goes.

You guys I'm worried + scared to death. Please think positively for me.

I love yous,

Lauren

Dear Phil,

April 30, 1997

Wednesday evening, sitting up on my bunk with the Sunday ASC thrown about, letters, empty diet coke bottle, half drank cup of coffee in my spiffy Murmo - mug, crossword puzzle books, wet socks hand washed in the sink hanging on the bunk rail to dry. My roommate is tossing + turning, shaking the bed like a freakin earthquake is collapsing the room. I think she's irritated because I'm up and she's trying to sleep. These close confines can get ugly - I feel uncomfortable but pissed because she's irritating me with the bed moving. I am using her radio though, which she very begrudgingly let me listen to. I am ordering one for myself, that's it. Then the whole world can kiss my ass. Except you. I like you.

Well last nite the parole board called my dad to verify the info - that I can indeed parole out to his house and I have employment upon my release - he got the pres. of his company to write a letter saying I could have a job there.

FUCK FUCK. FUCK FUCK. FUCK. I need to let off some steam. I really hope my roommate goes to lock-down because, overnight, I can't stand her anymore! She tossed + turned me right out of the room. Now I am, unbelievably, down in the over-popular "day" room, common area. Ugh. Look at all these commoners! I am so irritated I could spit.

What was I saying before I was so rudely interrupted
annoyed, probably as much by her as she was by
me + the light on in the room, out of my own
room. Stupid old bitch.

So yes, my file is now considered "complete",
ready to be pulled, to go before the almighty
Parole Board to be scrutinized and finally for
them to pass judgement upon. This could take
weeks or months, and then it could be even
more weeks or months before my actual release.
I can be ready at a moments notice. I will
leave everything behind and take the J.C.
Penney outfit, provided by this fine institution,
and splash my fat ass out the door. Then I
will strip in the car and let the clothes fly
out the window. Can't wait to put on Lexis
and a comfy shirt. Go braless! pantiless!
Wear classic black once again. Pys my hair.
I am thinking of acts of rebellion, legal
acts of rebellion. Oh I could just spit.
So when are you coming to C.M.E.? I am
going to call you, run up a fat phone
bill - I need to give you directions?
or at least get a commitment for a
visiting day all to yourself you & Skip
collectively that is, sans mom + dad.

I'm not even tired, but I think I'll
go up and make alot of noise looking for my

tooth brush and brushing my teeth. Maybe I'll gargle. Jump around on the bench a little. Heave sighs around the room like sacks of flour. Or behave considerately and pray for all these evil thoughts to leave my head.

Why did you hold out with that "story" of Thanksgiving weirdness with Mark? And why did you not elaborate? That anecdote has been bothering me and if I am sworn to secrecy then by God you'd better tell me what that was about. Just the aimless misguided wanderings of a drunk man's tongue? I find that hard to believe. No provocation. No buildup. No insinuation. No fluting. No nothing then boom a lapping of the ankle. Please!! Of course I should not find it hard to believe that Hannan + Hoffman have the same taste in men and both seem to get carried away under the influence. I think I was much more cautious. Mark is going to come see me. He says so anyway.

Oh what if you guys come on the same day. I'm sure it will be a good reunion. I will sit between you two.

So I'm going to hit the bed - it's 11:15 past my bedtime. I just had a 30 minute one-way conversation. This woman sat down at my table and launched into a long story &

her arrest record, giving head to a cop for 70¢ one,
her stepfather setting her up to get busted for crack
her future plans of having her own "room" in a
boardinghouse when she gets out of prison and
no refrigerator but when her mother comes over
they will buy just enough food for them to
eat on and do I have any food in
my locker she can have as she has no money
on the books. All the crack heads have the
same story. It is really sad. But I only
support three people - me, myself, and I.
So there!

Well goodnight fair prince.

"For you are a magnet . . .
I am steel."

Love, unfaltering
and pure,

Lauren

Dear Phil & Skip -

April 11, 1997

Joint letter, not enough stamps & envelopes to personalize. I talked to my counselor today. Felt a grip of fear (that gotta shit feeling) when the officer said "Ms. Mickens wants to see you in Counseling". I was afraid she'd received my papers from the board. Felt like I was ready to hear the results of a AIDS test, just ready to puke ~~and~~ tears burning in the back of my eyes. But low & behold she just wanted to tell me that my visitation list can be revised but not to be changed again until October. So when are your forms!!! Send them in today ASAP so you can come visit - I'll be upset if I can't see you until October that's another 6 months. Hopefully I won't be here then, but I am not too hopeful. I'm beginning to resign myself to the fact that my summer vacation will be here at Washington. As soon as the parole board gives me papers with a tentative release date, I'll need you to write a letter for me.

Oh the days are longer now, it can't get any worse. Did you win the House Beautiful award? What is the prize besides the prestige. You must get a yard sign. **BEAUTIFUL**. Take an actual photo please. Your rendering was lovely, just lacked color, vibrancy.

(2)

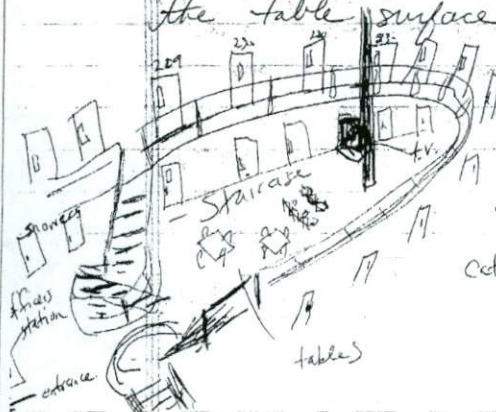
I don't know how well I can depict this living space. Let's try it.



Dull off-white (rotten eggshell-ecru) walls; lockers, desk, bunk (all metal) same as walls - aqua door, dull grey painted on baseboard around walls.

NARROW WALK AREA 2 FT.

My picture sucks - this all sucks just as bad. The tables & chairs in the dayroom are like cheap bus terminal seating. ~~you~~ you know those plastic molded seats all ~~are~~ oriented. Then tables ~~are~~ All bolted to the table with an ugly ~~thing~~ brown wood veneer on the table surface. What else can I draw?



Looks like a ship - upper deck and lower deck. upper deck is referred to as the "CATWALK". "Ladies, get off the catwalk".

(3)

Well today, Friday, begins the Bill Glass Weekend of Champions. It was like a big field day - everyone had the day off. Then at 2:00 we were escorted to the East side yard where the Christian motorcycle club, ministering to prisons, had parked several bikes Harley, Goldwing Hondas all checked out, some custom painted with "Jesus Saves", some with those fish emblems and one with the face of Jesus painted on the tank. They were standing by their bikes wearing leather chaps over bad fashion and had leather vests upon which hundreds of Christian pins were displayed. Then we heard a famous boxer who had given Mohammed Ali the hardest punch he'd ever felt, and a ventriloquist (who was actually quite amusing) and lastly a football star, Collie, of the 49'ers who had 2 superbowl rings and a \$15,000 Rolex given to him by Joe Montana. He told the story of his career and how he came to know Jesus. I sat in the grass (read dirt) and thought to myself:

"What am I doing here, what's going on?" I became thoroughly depressed. I overheard someone say "Where's the beer? Who brought the 8-ball? What kind of party is this?" It's true. There were no refreshments. But I heard tomorrow they're breaking out the "weenies, chips and a soda". Too bad I'll be in visitation. Tomorrow a

(4)

woman named Sandy who played guitar with Jimi Hendrix's band years ago. From her picture she looks like a very tan bleach blonde - hey, that's my description. I am getting really brown and my hair is getting bleached by the sun. Miss DUT, the blonde on my work crew with 14, she smuggled in Sun-In and asked me if I wanted to use it. Christ, am I on vacation with the girls, in Panama City or am I in prison. I can't tell.

Why is every other song "Freshmen" by Verve Pipe? I mean, I like it, but it is on every other minute. "FOR THE LIFE OF ME". My room mate, Deborah, is going to lock-down next week (homosexual activity). Did I already tell you this? Anyway, so I can't wait to see who my next cohabitant will be. I will miss having the radio - we put the big 70's headphones propped in the window and turn the volume up full blast and it sounds like a small cheap portable radio circa 1978 from Radio Shack, GE Brand, monotone, lots of treble but music none-the-less and I can't complain.

Well, for the record I should give you the rundown on Visitation Rules + Regulations. First of all, dress conservatively. That means no graphic

(5)

on obscene T-shirts. Seriously, if you wear a plain white t-shirt, the officers may not let you in. Tommy + my brother both had this problem but they relented and let them in. Their logic is that you can't wear any item the inmates may be wearing (we get to wear plain white t-shirts). I guess in case we decide to smuggle your shirt onto my body during the visit. Huh?!

You may not bring anything in with you - especially pennies. All silver coins are allowed. I encourage you to bring a roll of quarters so you can get soda (and get on a vending machine luncheon. (Very crucial)). They will make you take the pennies back out to your car and then you have to wait in line again. Also your car must be rolled up and locked. You have to give them your tag # and keys.

Visitation is from 9-3 Saturday + Sunday and State recognized holidays. You have to get here before 11:15 if you don't want to sit and wait for me to get out of the 11:30 count which lasts til 12:30 roughly. So either get here by 11:15 or wait til 12:30 so you're not up in the visitation room waiting for me to get out of my dorm.

So once we're in the visitation area, I can't leave my seat but you can. You

have a great responsibility there because I have to trust you to get me something edible from the vending machine. I will not eat bologna or chicken salad or jello with fruit. Keep that in mind. Oh we'll have some fun, I can't wait. I think you'll enjoy it if purely for the pursuit of different life forms. I'll write down the directions in a future letter, closer to the fatful day.

Oh what a lovely rainy Saturday. The last weekend before taxes are due! I know that's why you haven't written lately - you are overwhelmed with W2 1040EZ etc madness. At least you'll be getting a refund, I fear I owe. My brother did mine but he mailed them to me so I could mail them and he sent the envelopes stamped and the mailroom is now holding them as contraband. Fuckers will make my taxes late! I wonder if being in prison is ample excuse?

I'm just sitting here, lucky enough to be tuned in to Rick Deez Weekly Top 40. Hardly any static. Life's little, very little, pleasures... Ahhh. Instant coffee shared with Rick Deez. And it's drizzling, puddles collecting all over the dirt yard, worms' paradise, birds' paradise. We have the

(7)

cutest little finches flitting around, tortoise colored and squat + fat. They've been having babies and building nests.

E-mail Rick at Rick.com and tell him he's a big fat geek. Oh I need to get some Samn cassittis. MORPHINE has a new one so I hear. And I want the Cardigans - they are quoted as being the new "Abba." Please tell me you've heard the new B-GEEs. Saturday Night Fever was on last nite but those Negroes did not care to watch it. What superseded SNF? Hellraiser III. Please.

I ordered some tennis shoes, finally. A \$20.79 pair of white (off) all-star converse low tops. Classic. Hip yet completely unpretentious. \$24.79 including shipping + handling seems a little under priced to me - watch them be 'irregulars' or something. Two left shoes ... ersatz converse... previously worn DAMAGED GOODS. Unsightly stain on the tongue.

Celine Dion's lungs are quite large! You know she has remade "All By Myself" It lacks the original weepy quality. Now it is an angry female anthem.

She abstains from Dairy Products to keep her vocal chords ~~from~~ phlegm-free. Thank-you.

Well I was actually going to let a girl "DO" my hair this morning. Now I've

P.S. What's wrong with you - some one.
Who the fuck is Molly Dodd?
"Cephiro" stands alone; it works.

"All day long wearin' a mask of False Bravado..."

For years I've mispelled
"Ellipsis"!!!
Oh well ...

⑧

reconsidered, chicken-out and I'm hiding out in my cell. It would probably have been harmless and here I am shucking a mere gesture of goodwill but "I choose not to participate". That's a question women often ask. "Do you participate?" i.e. Muff dive.

It's 9:30 am and already the smell of chicken flavoured Ramen Noodles is in the air. The Weekend Binging has begun. These women are disgusting with their consumption of food. Honey buns, soup, crackers, Swiss rolls, candy bars, a few sodas, bag of mini cookies, straight chopping spoonfuls of peanut butter, plain pork skins that smell like fecal rot. I'd hate to see these gals at an all-you-can-eat-buffet. Hungry Hippers. You can see the pounds developing, layer after thick layer. All AS and bloated necks. I can't talk about it any more.

OK, I'm ready for my third yumbo insulated mug full of coffee. I'm going through a jar of Folgers Instant per week. Does this make me a good candidate for breast cancer? I know I will leave this place with a new disease. My karma is that bad.

Fill out the forms. Mail them. Come visit. Alas we cannot play scrabble but maybe we'll sing a song or two. It's been a while...
"Baby, I can't wait..." I love you Lauren.

INMATE'S NAME: _____

DATE: _____

STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____

INSTITUTION: _____

CITY: _____

Skip -

April 20, 1997

Happy Birthday! I know this is belated but you know I really had forgotten until Phil reminded me in a letter last week and I had already used the stamp ration thus did not mail you and I had considered calling you on Saturday but thought what kind of present is calling someone collect from prison? = "happy birthday remember me when you see the phone bill" - plus I knew your folks would be in town, or was I misinformed. ???

Any ways - I thought of you a little extra on your day. I wish I could've baked a cake or sang a special dedication at your side. Next year I'll make up for my absence with an anthology of song and dance. I hope you had a memorable day and know that I love you - and I'm thankful you were conceived + made an entrance into this wonderful world. "God is Good."

Lately I've been consciously trying to rid my mind of linear thinking because this stretch of time as I'm "seeing" it is becoming increasingly unbearable. I don't even have the words to describe it, but it's kind of that birthday thinking, "one more year gone by, another year older" or "one year closer to the end of my life, hurry up and DO something before I'm 40 (insert "30", "35", "45").

Oh Christ I am writing a morbid Birthday card here! You know what I'm saying, like life is a stretch of number-line

I've used #lines in grade school.

low the mental image is engraved in my head.

Birth 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 DEATH

can't imagine
life after 50?

I wasn't even very good with the Number line (math never having been my forte) and here I am trying to talk about metaphysics, the theory of relativity, unified field theory? more like the Buddhist concept of the identity of time and space, or the Hopes who never separate the two, then aren't any Hopes words or expressions referring to time or space as separate from each other. I am looking for a way to transcend my fear of meaninglessness, this sense of losing "time", losing my life. If I could get rid of my Ego, change my perception, like you do with OCB. When you told me about that it made me think of shamans who practice dream travel.

I've certainly missed your letters. Phil masqueraded as you - I opened the familiar Skip typed envelope and it was from Phil. Not that a letter from Phil was disappointing in any way but I was geared to read your prose. A Rick Springfield song is on the radio - after this Tuesday I will be deprived of music once again since my roommate will move out to go to lock-down for her "homosexual activity" ticket. She was nice while she lasted. Who will be my next contestant? I'm really being challenged as far as adapting to living in a confined space with a stranger. So what's this I hear about you moving back to finish up in Ohio? I'm sure you've weighed the pros + cons and whatever you decide I still say "best of luck". I feel like a mother making that statement - "as long as you're happy, I support the decision you make". But that's true. Nothin' but love baby.

DATE: _____

INMATE'S NAME: _____

STATE SERIAL NUMBER: _____

INSTITUTION: _____

CITY: _____

So far my Substance Abuse class has been cancelled so I've yet to see what it will be like for the next ten Thursdays. It's mindless from what I've heard. We watch movies, that could be good. I don't think my participation level will have any effect on my parole so I'll probably write letters during class. Everyone will admire me - they'll think I'm taking notes on the evils of drugs. I'll try to contain my insouciance.

I finally wrote a letter, a short one page letter, to Mr. Corudale the man whom I injured, over a year ago I can't believe it. And I mailed it. I have a nagging feeling I will receive it stamped REFUSED, RETURN TO SENDER. But I do feel a small relief in following through with my apology which since the accident has been gnawing my insides like a dog with a particularly stubborn bone. I did not include a return address so I wonder... I will never know if he reads it or not. The envelope will get stamped, identifying it as prison mail so he will know immediately who it's from. I just have to forget about it now. I wasn't expecting a magical absolution or even acknowledgement. I do hope it makes a difference in his heart and consequently in my karma.

I won at Scrabble tonight, even broke 500. Now I must retire so I can mail this first thing tomorrow. I hope to see you soon.

Yip, can't wait for you to "meet" all my friends
I will probably cry for the first ten minutes and
the last 15. It makes me cry just thinking
about it! Oh, thank god - Cyndi Lauper tune
just came on. Girls Just Wanna Have Fun.

Ain't it the truth...

Hang tough at work, hope it's on an upswing
I won't even ask about the yard - it must look
fabulous. I'm waiting for my color photo.
Tomorrow is another glorious Monday. Or how
I hate it. It's like a slow burn starting
out my week. Hoping relief is in sight - I'm
asking my dad to visit the parole office, for the
second time, to check on File 368136. According
to the computer my file has not been pulled for
review by the board yet. Why, I do not know
The board has no rhyme or reason...

I anticipate the arrival of your visitation
forms this week, yes? If I don't hear from
you via mail I will call at the end of
the week. Give my love to the kids. My cat
had kittens a couple weeks ago. Growing up
without me. Tonight I watched a Cheryl Sadd
movie about women in prison. They had bars on
their cells. What an inaccurate depiction - they
had egg nog at Christmas and she got clemency from
- governor! We're always envious Cheryl Sadd!

Love, Lauren

Dear Skip,

Let's hear it for May

Another Saturday night

I called a few nites ago and talked to Phil. I told him to check and see if the forms made it to the mail. I am anxious to visit with you! Double check with Ceplice - I can send new forms and you could fax them in I think. The mail-room here is awful. I failed to receive my Sunday paper this week, I'm almost afraid to subscribe to a magazine.

Lately I've been in a deep funk, not writing letters or even reading much - but funny I've been obsessively solving crossword puzzles. It's a sick sickness. Speaking of sickness, I don't know the medical term but your lovely friend Claudia, does she save her scabs + toenail clippings etc in a mason jar at home? Or check her desk drawer one day while she's away. That is a legitimate condition - maybe just a manifestation of obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Talked to Mark tonight. He said Phil was supposedly in Atlanta to see Jenny + Donna - did you partake in this adventure? It was 10pm and Mark was dismayed that Phil hadn't called. I said he was more than likely in Athens in front of the tube with a tall ovaltine, straight up. Is Jenny moving to New York City?? Why do so many people migrate there, surely that is not still a prerequisite for making it big?

I suppose if you have "family funding" you have no qualms about living somewhere with the cost of living through the roof. If I had the money I might move to New York too. And just for the record, you are worth way more than a paltry 70¢! I invest the extra 48 smacks in a mutual fund and pretend like you've never received a raise. Are you a day tupper now or did you cling to the evening swing? Oh yeah, and everyone thinks you're the "Fresh Prince". I had no choice, that's all they watch. That and Ricki Lake and Lifetime movies.

My dad was supposed to order some books from "Walden" for me but it slipped his mind so now I must get a request form approved by my counselor for May as opposed to April, even though I'm expecting the same books. A dictionary, Nakagori's Dozen, and Jean Genet On Lady of the Flowers. Next month I will order a few of yours, Skip's Pix. I'm allowed to order 4 books per month, I doubt I will because new books aren't cheap. It would be simply wonderful if they allowed books mailed to me but unfortunately they have security measures, unnecessary if you ask me.

I think I mentioned that I read a book of short stories by J.C. Oates when I first arrived here at Washington. She & I hit it off right away - I was surprised to learn she's your

fare. She rocks. Now the Flopster, I don't know about. I remember that poetry class well. She & I butted heads, in fact the entire class became combative with her at one point. She insisted on analyzing our poetry with this sexual slant - no matter what you'd written, she'd find the hidden sex, the innuendo where none could readily be taken. She construed all poetry as sex. It was very odd and often annoying because regardless of your intent, your focus, she would tell you what your own poetry really meant. Excuse me? She was however a woman you could just love to hate. She likes Neruda alot, and so do I. Oh I remember my friend John Garin wrote
I found a white glove,
but not really.

It became the manta for all of us in the class Except Mana. John loved to get under her skin and finally reached a pinnacle with the glove. They nearly came to blows. It was beautiful.

How on the tight-lipped neighbors Doug & the bird watcher? Any progress - and more importantly does their yard rival yours??

I almost had the opportunity to play in the dirt, in the warden's garden. They were sowing seeds for watermelons & canteloupe.

But my faithful maintenance man, Mr. Spivy,

requested my assistance in the kitchen doing
dirty work cleaning burners on the till-skillets.
I had such a craving to be outside with my
boots hunkered down in the soil, brown dirt
under my nails. Instead I had soot and
rust and oven-cleaner residue, and the chemical
stench in my nose, rather than the smell of the
freshly turned earth. We will be up to the
epiglottis in watermelons this summer, which is OK
by me.

I hope to see you very soon - I don't have
any interesting stories to tell, or I am just tired,
listless really. I'll write again this week. Maybe
I'll be back to some semblance of myself. I feel
dull & somehow inept, lacking.

I regret to inform you that I can't receive
anything at Visitation - no books, no tapes, just
a big hug & kiss hello and one for the road.
And I won't refuse a vending machine lunches
so bring all your silver coinage. I think your
pending visit is one thing that keeps me
hangin' on. I went to a Catholic mass
tonight. From the turnout I am among
5 Catholics out of 850 women. 10 people showed
five of whom had never been to a Catholic mass. I
think they may have just heard the priest brings
wine for Holy Communion. Hugs of 1016,
Lauren

Dear Phil,

May 15, 1997.

Thursday evening, we are at the scene live from Substance Abuse 101. Otherwise known as Time Waste, Brain Abuse for any of us who have a brain to speak of. The usual chat-chat, dicking around bullshitting is going on - killing time so he doesn't get to the point where he reveals how very little he knows. Already he tells us next week we are slated to watch a movie. Now while our so-called class is taking place, right outside the door is The Bill Glass (not to be confused with Bill Glass) Bible Study 100 or so women singing, no shouting at the top of their lungs. Just heard an existing rendition of "If You're Happy and You Know It, Shout Amen". Clapping, footstomping etc. When the chaplain asked him if he would rather not have the bible class singing, i.e. is it disturbing you? - He says "No". So he's reading out of a book with the bible background singers. I am in the middle of this cacophony as I write. What am I doing? When are the Thursday rites of yesteryear?

I can't even stomach this off-keep singing and simultaneous choring from Mr. Counselor. He's reading about denial ... over an hour left, although he will probably "cut it short". We've had class now twice out of six Thursdays. The class ends June 27th. Hallucinated. It's required by the parole board so I don't know how it can be

cancels it. Truly I wish it could be well-taught, informative, interesting, helpful, enlightening. I am resigned to the fact that this entire Department of Corrections is not interested in rehabilitating anyone. They couldn't care less about the quality of person who leaves these gates but they care about "image". So on paper this Substance Abuse looks good. Enough said.

I was tempted to write you a short, succinct little quick letter, I received your letter yesterday, and I wanted to send you something this week. But I decided those short letters blow so I've taken this opportunity to expand and I'll mail this tomorrow morning. I loved your letter, take no offense! I would be interested in this Hoffman chick, I may try to check out her CD - did you tell me you heard it and it's only mediocre? I just like seeing my name in print. Can I still enjoy fame as Samuel Hoffman or should I use my nom de plume, H. Basso?

You know, I was trying to remember when I bought my first car, and where and I can't. I can barely remember driving it. It was a white diesel Rabbit. I do remember wrecking it, though I hit a telephone pole and I just walked away and left it, didn't even call a tow-truck. I called my older brother opening my eyes out the next day. He is always my savior - I call him just every time I get into a jam and

My dad did not send me any \$\$ so I won't be able to go to the mall on Monday. This means no stamps, unless I can burn one from my pal Levia. She doesn't ask for me to play with her cooter, she doesn't "participate", she doesn't "have folks".

So if you don't get any mail for a week after this, don't fear. I mean, I could be in lockdown but it's highly unlikely. Unless I just become a hysterical psychotic and flip my wig. I think this stress is going to age me prematurely - I bet I'll go grey and wrinkle profusely. Oh I did electrocute myself today changing fluorescent^{5'} light fixtures. 120 volts. Scared the shit out of me. I was sitting on top of a metal oven changing the ballast over the stove and the wires were HOT and I had a nutdriver in my hand unscrewing the ballast and my hand touched the two hot wires and liked to shock the hell out of me. I screamed Ahh! But I was alone and I didn't mention it to my supervisor. I figure maybe it will have the same effect as a little shock therapy, maybe elevate my mood for a few days. Nothing turned black, i.e. fingers, but I felt

he always says the right words. He sent me a letter a few weeks ago and mentioned several things that made me cry, like his usual big brother stuff. I don't like having this "homesickness", I wish I could do this time as if I were just "away" at school or a job but I can't seem to brainwash myself into that deep self-protective denial. What happened to all those coping skills you men. To pass on to me?! I'm breaking out here.

Please tell me you found those forms and mailed them! My visitation list, the new one has to be in by June. You realize I will have to phone you to check on this once more. No cat treats for a week, instead you throw it into the Prison Kitty.

Let's see, what stupid songs have been endlessly playing in my head - "Catch me I'm fallin", catch me now I'm fallin', fallin' in "love". "All that she wants, is another baby, she's gone tomorrow, all that she wants is another baby, whooaa."

Oh yeah, and Sister Christian, which always moves me to tears. I should have my radio this week, I will treat it like a premature baby, a sand dollar, a Ming vase, cat shit held gently in a paper towel ...

Real tingly for several minutes. It is a bizarre sensation. In retrospect I think I liked it. I am sick I tell you.

They served "Liver" this evening. I refrained I would rather smell shit than liver. Of course no correlation between the two, get your mind off the anal proclivity issue.

* I heard a woman say she won't use foundation anymore "not now that I know they make it from abortions, dead baby fetuses"

The more I think about it, the more the place reminds me of high school, a bad Georgia public school. Of course we had no blacks at my school. Call me racist, call me a racist anti-social pig but I don't care if I never see or hear another African American ever again, unless he's singing and picking a guitar or she's Etta James. That's it. I'm hateful, aren't I.

I think I've gained 10 lbs - how does this happen? I guess it could be the low low activity level - I am craving an aerobics class! I think I'll fast and hope I can get them to adjust my dose of insulin. The other morning I woke with a 42, then a 59. But some days it's

more than 180 - and that sucks for a
fasting blood sugar. I have question
NS, essay question - explain the
"dawn effect" to me. If you don't know
what it is then they should've sent
you to that damn conference!

Will it's that time again - one
more day behind me, one day closer to
home ... gotta go to sleep now before
I start obsessing.

I hope to see you in the flesh
very soon. I mean it. Don't
make me mad, I know people who know
people and they aren't the kind of
people you'd want to know.

I LOVE YOU

it's too MUCH

//

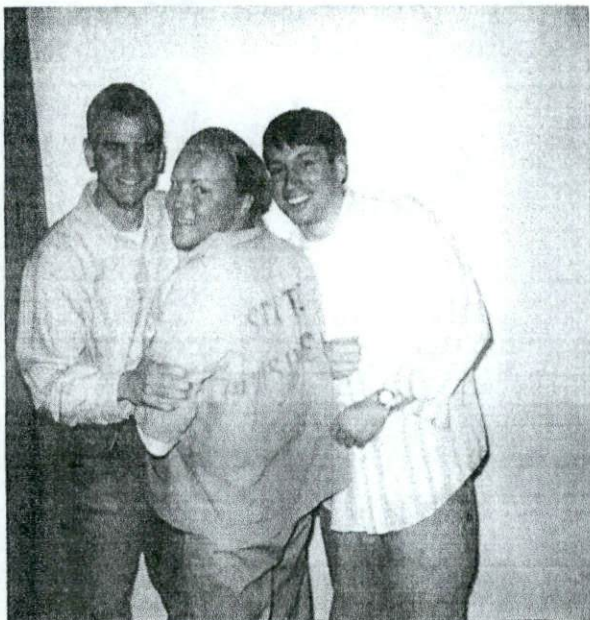
XOXO

Liam

"When we sing together ..."

"your my Ally ..."

V W.



Skip, Lauren and Phil (photo courtesy
prison photographer)

Dear Phil, Skip et al

Hope you are keeping cool in this June heat. I'm burning up, sticky and sweaty by 10 AM. Oh the life of a maintenance woman is never easy. Showering is my favorite past-time. Next to visitation.

I really enjoyed our visit - hope it was mutual. Thanks for "lunch". You'll be happy to know the DIET COKE is back, fully functioning. I know it's not TAB but we're in the sticks here and ~~let's~~ face it, it's just not TAB clientele.

My father, mother, and brother Joseph came to see me today. Dad of course sat facing Frank and Lisa but didn't get to see the infamous hand-job because Lisa's sister showed up. My dad said "Look, you can see how pissed he is; he's sitting there with his arms crossed". So dad still was preoccupied by the duo. He also came back from the restroom with someone's

PRISON HAND-JOB

STEP 1:



USE SCIZZORS
TO CUT HOLES
IN YOUR POCKETS.

STEP 2:



BE SURE TO SIT NEXT
TO YOUR PRISON GIRL-
FRIEND IN THE
VISITATION ROOM.

STEP 3:



GIRLFRIEND SLIPS HAND
INTO YOUR "READIED"
POCKET AND STARTS
THE ACTION (COVERING YOUR
LAP WITH A JACKET HELPS
CONCEAL THE H.T.)

STEP 4:



PRISON GIRLFRIEND
DISCRETELY THROWS
AWAY JIZ-FILLED
NAPKIN WITH EMPTY
BAG OF CHEETOS
AND PEPSI CAN.

newborn baby in his arms. I swear he ^{is} will have more friends in visitation than I do! Who lets a stranger walk off with their newborn anyway? Only my dad could get away with that. Me + Joe and my mom were flabbergasted. He held the little creature for about 5 minutes then strolled back to the mother. He also said he's joining a nudist colony in Dahlonega. Wonders never cease.

Lesia thinks Phil is "hot". Sorry Skip, no inmates expressed any lust for you. You both look wonderful by the way. I don't want to hear a word about my double chin. I'm going on a diet - no more bologna on dinner rolls. Phil you're right, I don't have enough access to pull off the meat lover's diet. I'd starve. I think right now I would blend too well at Tybee and that scares me. I have a gut and bad hair - oh, and my legs are hairy.

A few homemade tattoos and you'd never find me on the beach. I will really need an Athens makeover.

I got a letter from Derek this past Friday. His address: 2109 Campbell - is he really age "23" ?? Chicago, Illinois 60618. His letters are great. I got a self-portrait he drew in crayola. One day we'll have to visit him for a day. Any longer would be verkill - he's seems a bit intense to me. I really like him, considering we have an astrolary relationship.

"When Doves Cry" is on the radio. I'm listening to a station with a "House Party" type format on. People keep phoning in requests. They've all been fags from the midwest who then spin records in clubs or are going out to the clubs or who have "girlfriends" who are throwing a party tonight and "just goes crazy" when she hears "Nine inch Nails". I'm so tired, I may just go to sleep and it's only 10:30 on a Saturday nite.

I'll write more tomorrow night, since I (3)
can't mail this til Monday morning. Before I
close for now, do you want to know what we
have in store for July 4th? Well it's a
holiday so you could come visit if you're in
such a sad state that you have nothing better
to do than visit me in PRISON. "No barbeque?
let's go to the prison."

We get to have a long yard call and
there will be "music" (probably rap)
AND (drumroll please) a - slice - of -
Watermelon! Last year they had hot dogs and
burgers to boot. I guess there's been a
budget cut this year. Just picture a few
hundred women with plaits eating watermelon.
Just another racist remark from yours truly.
I changed the station. Lost 45's is on.
After I hear the upcoming David Soul song,
it's lights out for me. I used to fantasize
about Staneky. He'd get shot and I'd
hold his head and press my hand over the
wound to stop the bleeding. Get wet just
thinking about it. Tonight could

be the night for my second masturbation. (5)

Sunday nite. Today Tommy came to see me on his way back from Columbia, S.C. He smussed me z of a 6" sub-down his pants. A full six inches would've been a bit too obvious. "Is that a sub in your pants or are you just happy to see me?" and I got to see the Lisa + Frank Hand-ib for myself today. Impressive.

For some reason today I just feel like I an't make it, I can't take even one more zyg. If I had some pills I'd be popping 'em. Unfortunately I only have some cheap multi vitamins and tetracycline. Maybe I am nementual. I feel like shit. And I hate Mondays. The only good thing about this coming week is the fact that after its over, there's only 1 wk. left in June and then it will be July. I'm sure you're away of this, as you are familiar with the 12 months of the year. I am just hyper-sensitive to the parameters of time. July is the month I should hear my fate. If it is not favorable, I will ask that you write to the parole board; please do not say any-

thing that resembles your statement on the visitation form! I can't believe you were approved. But I am glad you were.

Please write to me as I am very bored very lonely and very dismal. Get me through the next few weeks and I'll be fine.

I really can't wait until I can call you to say "I am coming home!!!". The euphoria will be unparalleled. Until then it will continue to fester like an ugly sore.

Bread is coming August 8.

Mark your calendars.

My dad was told that my shoes were "Destroyed". The prison only holds things for 30 days but the 15th today was my 30th day. Yesterday they told him my shoes were history. I'm going to raise the roof over my Chuck's. "Fuck the Police (I want this tattoo on my wrist)"
I've seen it and it looks cool

I love you guys

Lauren

Dearest Phil -

July 6, 199

So sorry to hear of your illness. Who may I ask have you been, kissing? I hope I won't be afflicted, with the poor quality of medical care here. I am already feeling the effects of insufficient iodine, a known dietary requirement outside these prison walls. On the bright side, I bet you've ~~prommed~~ down Mom. Won't be buying you HUSKY jeans this Christmas. I really missed you guys on the 4th. My dad stood me up and I spent the day outside on the yard, with my complimentary slice of watermelon, in the midst of 100 or so black women doing the Bankhead Bounce, booty calls, THE DIP and I felt I was on Soul Train ("the lost tapes"). I realized I was crying into my mind during "Let's Get in On". I think I was suffering heatstroke, homesickness and hypoglycemia all at once. It was at least 100° and not much cooler indoors. I am sweating 24-hrs a day (No salt to replace, could be dangerous eh?) I can't sleep it's so fucking hot. I can't take much more of this, and the bugs are just getting worse too. What could be more annoying than a constant barrage of gnats and flies? I feel like a dog. If I could pant I might not be so hot.

So I take it you and Skip trucked up to

Ohio for the holiday weekend. Did you see the dysfunctionals Kelly & Michelle? Hope you had a pleasant visit. My weekend sucked. No visit Saturday either, but my dad came today. That was the highlight - we laughed, I cried, I ate, laughed some more. I want to hear about Sammy's visit! I don't know how long I may have to wait to see you again - I hope you come next weekend. I feel so abandoned. Everyone is bored with their prison friend. Mail has slackened to next to nothing. And of course I am equally as slack in concordance - ~~but I have nothing to say~~. I've said all there is to say. Early to bed, early to rise "Same shit, different day." But now that it is the fateful month of July, I am a nervous wreck. I am supposed to hear something, anything. Truly I hope they tell me I can leave - before my birthday. Haven't I said this all before? I am a witch, I have zero patience; I am full of dread & fear.

Talked to Mike, who spent his 4th of July in D.C. watching fireworks from the steps of the Lincoln monument. He is renting a beautiful three-story house in Kensington, Md. a 45 minute bike ride from D.C. He loves it. Open invitation to visit him, just under an hour from Baltimore. My dog is with him, enjoying a backyard and the allure of "Washington St." instead of a Snellville address. He is close to a Sears, Montgomery Ward and a HECHT'S. The life!

I wish I had a Beautiful South tape to listen to. And a real bed to sleep in. And a soft, huge, fluffy 100% cotton bath towel instead of this mager less-than-Motel quality rag the state issues. I go neat in the knees thinking about the comforts of home.

"We are the World" was a super treat. I can impress my fellow inmates. Although I can't dazzle less than 190. I don't want to see any more beards or bad teeth. God help me.

I am enclosing a snippet about our favorite place. I am becoming my grandmother, clipping things out of the newspaper to mail to loved ones. I know you will appreciate it though. Have you received an e-mail from "wingtip" yet? I will give you 3 guesses who that is. If you guessed Harrison you are correct! You won the Rice-a-toni!! He has a computer. Are you guys reconciled yet? I could make a crass remark but I will refrain.

Well kiddos, it is that time again "lock-down, lights-off". I hope this little finds you well - stay away from honey-holes, bee-hives, dirty orifices....

I miss you both so much. I am at a
loss for words, - I get so emotional baby

Love from me in the

dominonide

Lauren

Darling Phil, you little shit - 7-30-95
Dearest Skip, my dewdrop -

10 days, 10 days - 10 DAAAYYSS!!
Nightmare. I think Grandma Bossa will
have the infamous 10 day man knocked off -
some cement blocks, splash in the
Chesapeake Bay - - - Needless to say I was,
am devastated. Leave it to you to bring
humor to this awful let down.

Of course if you have indeed called the
computer, you know it still says "under
investigation". But my father has been
informed by a live person at the P.B.
that a decision has been made. They refuse
to tell him what the decision is, i.e. my
release date. According to them I will be
notified by mail. Well I know for a fact
that before anyone ever gets a letter, the
computer is the bearer of good/bad news
so I wish they'd just tell my dad & get
it over with. They are backed up, hence they
take forever to enter info in the computer.
My luck it will say "under investigation"
after I am long gone. I gotta know
something NOW!! No, I have not learned
much patience. I am approaching my
nine months August 4. Surely I will
be released soon... I have not been
this anxious ever before. I may start

yanking my hair out or some other compulsive behavior, cuticle chewing. I'd take up banging my skull against the wall but my cellmate would certainly object.

I wish I could hear Surfacing but I take your word and can't wait to enjoy the excellence. I vow never to be musically deprived ever again. And when I want a new CD I will simply buy it - no struggling to decide. If I can eat the shit here in prison I will go without food and have all the music and it will be heavenly. This is what you call manic goal-setting. I'm fuking out here I tell ya.

So my little cabbage, you have missed my letters... funny I have not heard much from you either. HA - you believed in the 10 day promise too didn't cha?! Somehow I feel most sorry for my gram, she was so happy & ready to fly down to see me. She feels awful for getting my hopes to a climax only to be dashed. (Not her words - she said "I'm gonna kill de bastard!") Latest story is that she bribed a retired judge. Tried to offer him 5 grand. (I am worth more)

My brother David is interviewing this week in — BALTIMORE. The place to be. He'll probably get the job and move up in August. So we have a place to stay and a reliable guide — he will know where to look for housing — I can't wait to go visit him.

I'm glad you are feeling better Philip. I have a great Tybee gut so whenever you're ready I (we) are too. I just need 1/2 shirt with fringe, some cut-offs and I'll wear my prison "shower shoes". I've got the dark roots. I rule. Call me Fish-belly, "Blubber" (read it - Gudy Blue). It's raining. And hot. Steamy. Stinky too, the cow smell is moving in from the field behind the prison. This sucks. I hate it here and I want to go home. I want the Martha Stewart book. I want mashed taters a la Thebr. I want comfortable shoes. I want a latté with whole milk, no Heavy cream, 2 shots, make it three and I want it ICED. Please get me out of here.

What's the big idea sending me a stinky-dink note before bed time bullshit? I want a full-scale letter. Skip

you know what I'm after.

Mail is non-existent. I think Tommy called everyone I know to tell them I'd be home.

TEN DAYS

So let's kick it back into gear with the letters. I know your schedules are busy, what with the croquet tournaments, brunches, poetry readings, cocktails, auctions + estate sales - PETA rallies, cruising after midnight looking for ring flash... what else is going on?

I almost got in a brawl. I told Duffy I was going to kick her in the teeth if she didn't leave me alone. She talks about me to other inmates, calls me bitch et cetera. She has since apologized. Then she hit me up for a cup of coffee. I should've said "go ask your cootie lickin' friend." That's what it's called - cootie-lickin'. Please see if you can find BULL-DAGGER in the dictionary. It is supposedly a farming tool. When is the connection?

All of my love ~ Lauren

P.S.

I still miss you, too.

Dear Phil - my little Butterbean

8-11-97

Not very amusing to promise an answer key and not deliver. The New York Times would not fail to put the answer to the cross-word. Somehow you think you can get away with this little stunt. Au contraire.

I got prison, hard job, cheese, kukhi, Debbie, cell, parole ... speaking of which. I'm sure you know, everyone knew before me. The fuckers want me to do 16 months. I can't.

That's all. I can't. I'm going fuckin' nuts. And then you torment me with a fuckin' scramble!! What did grandma Bossa really hear??

What is SLAINBE and OTTOM (motto?)

Send me a blotter of cyanide.

I can't do another Christmas. I'm telling you.

Let me cry. At least for a while.

Tommy said he talked to you. Told me to call you but it's a bad time, too late.

I'll talk to you later.

Take off on your vacation early enough to go to the world's largest yard sale.

I am too sad to continue so the end

My boogie board will surely dry rot before
next summer. I can't take it!

xoxo

Lauren

Phil & Skip



ss The tide is high ...

Greetings + Salutations -

The weather is mighty lovely here at Camp. Have the last strains of Summer been played? I missed you last weekend. Mono reaping havoc again? Tybee will be a sure cure - sun, fun, Bugle snacks with eazy cheez, thundering surf, breaking all records on the boogie board. Better use the strap-on. So, if you visit the ruck-n-roll (PAT BENETAR worship arena) amusement park hot-dog stand, you know there's a picture booth so cram in and send me a few pic strips. That's all I ask. You'll be on my mind, ~~the best looking group on the beach ...~~

I just wanted to write + say "hi" and tell you I hope you have a fabulous time in Tybee. Can't wait til next year but of course we'll be in Wildwood, N.J. or Ocean City, Md. I've been both and they closely rival Tybee. The Northern trashiness is something else altogether. We'll still be the best looking on the beach ...

love you both

til my heart stops
beating

25 wks + counting ...

that's 10 days to some people ...

25
x7
175

17.5 x's in a row Lauren

Dear Phil & Skip

September 8, 1997

Another Monday morning in the chain gang. Up all right dreaming about sex, and my dog peeing on the rug, and my counselor telling me I'm not approved for the Halfway House. Of course the latter is untrue, despite the fact that it's been four weeks or as they say, one month since she's approved me. I'm very sick of the waiting game. And I'm almost as sick of hearing Jewel's "Foolish Things" on the radio. I'm tired of being musically impaired! I'm just tired period. To think my current goal is to make it to a Halfway House.

Why did I bother with college (not to mention all those years of charm school??)

Have I fallen from grace? Can I get a letter, puh-lease. And I know it will be more than one double-spaced paragraph. If I can go for two pages with no fodder to work with, you guys are living in the fast-lane & have so much more food for thought. (Yes, I have decided to resort to clichés.)

Here's a little ditty:

I was standing in line at the Inmate Store. Had my list filled out, as is the proper procedure. They have store lists in the dormitories and you simply write the quantity next to the listed item. The maximum

expenditure is \$40. Now that can buy you quite a few little debbies, but debbie is no friend of mine. I have to fork out \$6 on a jar of instant coffee alone. So there is a rather unattractive, flat-affect, dullard behind me. A black woman. She had a few questions about the ordering procedure. She wanted to buy SUGAR. Beside sugar is the note 20 per pkg. Now she had written 20 next to sugar and I tried to clarify to no avail. She'd moved on to worrying if she had enough cash left to afford her six bags of cheez puffs. The inmate who assists the store lady came outside to collect the order forms of those in line. The ignorant one behind me just kept asking questions. Her final question "If I ain't got 'nuff moies on a' books, I kin take off a bag cheez balls?" The inmate explains "No, they'll take back the last item on your list" She says this with her hand out, ready for the list. Nappy head - ball of confusion stares at her for a split second and says "Ooh No ma'an, I's got to have my dush (that is, douche but they all pronounce it like bush with a D). I agreed with her wholeheartedly. "Yes, when in doubt, choose the douche." I know the statement went right over her

head, because she just kept nodding + muttering "got to have that, uh-huh". The other woman appreciated the humor we were just laughing and trying to change the subject.

Douching is a very popular practice, especially among black women. They must do it twice a week, about as often as they wash their hair. I guess it's because they are all "Cootie-tickers lickin' an a lappen' all the time". Hence frequent cunnilingus, frequent douching.

I have never douched. I tell people this in truth but mostly for the extreme shock value. And they stay away from me. My roommate, who is white, always has a douche in her locker. Is it merely a prop to make me think she's a doucher? Someday I will shake the box to see if it is full.

If they had the opportunity, would they all buy enemas as well? (I might could try that).

These women are always saying "I wouldn't eat outta that nasty-ass". Head is a hot topic. And for people so obsessed with showering + douching - you're stinky because your fucking hair is dirty + greased up and smelly + sour!, that's what I say.

Can you say "on edge" "testy" "irritable" "short-fuse" I've not called anyone a nigger yet - you'll know I've

completely whigged out if I resort to being a racist. Someone would hunt me, surely. But that's the "jugular" round here.

Usually Melanie & I walk around the yard together, and every so often we'll yell "Kill Whitey!!" It makes us laugh - and they stay away. I am sick. I may need therapy.

We're having chicken tonight. Barbequed chicken. And these women have been caught smuggling chicken back to their cell to eat (I don't know why they save it for later mentality). So every time we have chicken they put us down spread eagle against the wall as we eat.

Last time the officer was quite aggressive. You could see people's butts jump up when she did the ~~manic~~ - nothing like a thumb rammed up your cooter.

So now the new euphemism between Mel & I is "Don't let anyone get yer chicken". Melanie is 24 and she is my closest friend since coming to prison - No, we are not lovers. She beat me by one point in Scrabble this weekend. She wants to play porno scrabble with us - I think she'd win all she talks about is sex. She can turn any conversation into a sexual discourse. It's amazing - and quite entertaining. One thing

That really dismayed me about her - today I got a card from my nan. Melanie said "Oh... I just love Precious Moments!" I think her eyes were teared-up. I guess I'll have to have a talk with her.

Name this tune:

... So don't go away. Say what you say
Say that you'll stay forever and a day
in the time of my life

Cause I need more time just to make
things right

I like it. I like it alot.

So when I get a pass to come home for 6 hours I want to spend an hour in the tub and the rest of the time with you guys so you'll have to come to my dad's house. No one leaves the state til they spend the day with ME!! So don't ever think about moving before Christmas.

How was Bawldemore Phil? Details, I want details. Did you eat at Hausman's? Mmm. Strawberry pie...

I let David use my truck - my most irresponsible brother, not to mention ungrateful. It is what Jesus would have done so...

So mommy just bought a brand spanking new SATURN and daddy just bought a 1996? Honda Accord EX. He said the leather

seats "do everything but wipe your ass".
Tommy took the dog (Daisy-mae) and moved
to Tampa for a few months. I think
my dad is considering renting out the
rooms, he'll reserve one for me, how kind.
I'll be living in a gay brothel.
How gayish. I think if I go through this
1/2 way house thing, I'll be allowed to
parole out to myself + maybe move right
away, which I'd like to do after a couple
months. Just want to spend some time
with my mom + dad + Joe + the kids
and then head out. I feel confident
that everything will go according to my
plans - although they are a bit fuzzy yet.
My handwriting is becoming atrocious. I
guess it is Lay Hand Syndrome. I wish
I could just dictate into a little
recorder + mail the tape. Some stories
just must be oral to be good.
Like some sexual forays...
Yes, I am frustrated!

Atlanta or Bust!

I love you both
muchos muchos
Lauren

Skip -

18 Oct 97

Hallelujah! I've finally made it. I was completely surprised because they shipped me on Tues. following a state holiday. The one night I went to bed with no expectations or nervous anticipation... boom! they tell me to pack it up.

And so at 6am on a Tuesday, I rode out, cuffed and shackled in leg-irons. I was the only one to leave the institution. Me and an officer in a huge state van. The morning was damp and thick with fog. I couldn't see anything; I didn't get to say farewell because I couldn't even see my dorm building or the familiar razor-wired fence. So it was very eerie, like riding on the barge to Avalon. Just not the climax I was expecting. One minute it was there, then poof it's gone.

I am overjoyed to sleep on a real bed, a real mattress, not just a pallet like resting on a fluffy cloud in comparison. Soon I'll be complaining I need a firmer mattress, but for now it's sheer bliss.

I just wanted to let you know I'm "halfway" home! March is right around the proverbial corner. So for the next 30 days I'm in Orientation - taking classes and tests, cleaning the Transitional Center, ~~meeting weekly with my counselor~~, getting laundry washed + dried like a real human. and here I can use a washer/dryer.

I don't have to rinse clothes in the toilet bowl anymore! After orientation I get to look for employment and I'm entitled to a 6hr pass to go home. This should happen before the end of November. Will you guys still be here?

What's going on with the big move? Fill me in. I will call you - I can use the phone until After 4:30 M-F

And I can only make one 15 minute call
per hour, up until 11:30 p.m. There are
numerous rules + reg.s here, some more
stringent than prison. They make this
+ challenge; it takes a lot of organization
and discipline. Hey, I got it covered
don't worry. I have an alarm clock
and everything. It's similar to the
regimentation of college, but akin to
say a BETTY FORD clinic / jail type
mentality. They expect women to fall
prey to sex & drugs once they get a
taste of freedom. A lot of these women
are indeed addicts, so it must be harder
for them than me. They are insisting I
participate in a Drug group, preferably
AA but it could be NA or CA (cocaine? sure.)
My counselor told me it is a prerequisite
for my release. That's news to me. Could be
interesting.

So today all the new peoples loaded
up in the van to go to - The Thrift store!

I felt completely at ease, sifting through the racks + piles, shoes + stinky purses... for a short time I was a free spirit.

And the very best part is that I could get 15 items of clothing - FREE OF CHARGE. What a bargain for real!

But I only found 5 "suitable" items. They had to approve the attire. No tight pants, short skirts, tight sweaters. No slut clothing, please. I needed at least 4 hours in there. I wish I could take you + Phil to this place. It was super. All the clerks are recovering addicts - it's a Mission store. And they were all very cute (and gay) - they had that Club Kid look. And the clothes are top quality - I found some groovy pants + suede/knit sweater jacket, leather coat but I left so many items behind. I'm hitting it as soon as I get out. I didn't even browse the expanse of old record albums - why tease myself?

I got a letter from Derek right before I left WSP. He said he was expecting Phil. So did Phil find an apartment or job? Did you secure a job? Are you & the kidz lonely? I hope everyone still eating. Sometimes when my Aministrals would be depressed they'd refuse to eat. Don't know if Phil's Absence is quite enough to keep Abba or Bach from chowing, though. Me, I eat more when I'm down & out.

I feel so much better here. Most of the load is lifted - not gone but shifted to some manageable position. My counselor is referring me to The SHrink. Some issues I need to resolve, the usual.
I WANT MY MTV! That's All...)

I want to hear more of this band "Lincoln". I've heard their song BLOW and I like it. Do you know what I'm talking about?

Mom's bringing me MARTHA STEWART this weekend. Life is getting better. Please write me back

ASAP and let me know the SKIPPY THAT'S A naval term for the news, the latest, the SHIT.

If I don't hear from you I'll assume you've relocated. Hopefully I'll get you on the phone Give my love to Phil & MAGOOTS AND HOW WAS THE YARDSALE?

Did you see SARA at the Fox?
I wish I could see Morrissey, alas.

XOXOXO

Lauren

Happy Veterans Day?
Nov 11, 1997

Dear Phil & Skip -

I don't know why it felt like a sock in the gut to hear "the number you have reached..." I knew you were leaving but your departure was very speedy. Expedient, as it were. I hope to hear from you soon with a detailed account of the trip up and the scoop on your new abode, neighbors, neighborhood. I hope you are living close to a coffee shop greasy spoon. Maybe then I may visit.

I feel so alone! I can't believe I won't be making any more day trips to Athens, no more jaunts to The Grit. Well the allure of the masked fakers is just too strong so I will probably venture there without you, but of course with you in mind I dub 1998 the year of Change... you guys are starting life in a new city and me, I'm starting life again period. I just predict excitement and transformation. Where does one vacation when one resides in Chicago? I am still craving a week at the beach.

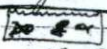
So I spoke to Mark last nite and he had Email but no phone # from you so I couldn't call. Now I better have a letter on the way - if you could Email Hamman surely you jotted a few lines to me. I am always vying for your attention; it's my competitive nature. If I don't get your new address before I end this letter, I'll just mail it to Milledge and it will hopefully be forwarded if you indeed notified the post office.

This is my new Uni-ball Vision micro (Waterproof / fadeproof pen). It writes like "butter", pure bliss upon contact. I threw away my cheap bic ball point, considering it was a shifty 15¢ at the prison store. Maybe I should've had it bronzed? Could've been a memento pendant. The one good thing about a ball point is that you can fall asleep with one and not wake up in a puddle of ink. Since I've been "boked-up" I do the vast majority of writing in bed. This room I'm in now doesn't even have a chintzy metal desk, just two beds & one locker and a motel trash basket, the kind you can lift from a Holiday Inn, square, taupe, plastic.

I'm listening to the House of Retro Pleasure and enjoying the day off. Since Veterans Day is a state holiday, we spend the day as if it is a weekend day, except the Warden wouldn't allow us to have visitation today. So I guess I'll just nap and listen to the radio and write, maybe call home. I'm bored. I can't wait to get a job next week so I won't have to spend the weekdays doing menial duties around this place. Sweeping, raking, wiping baseboards, cleaning the bathroom. I hate doing the bathrooms. Do you have any idea how profusely black women shed hair. It is like zillions of little springs of hair covering everything, especially sinks and floors. I must be racist but I am more

repulsed by black hair than white. There's just something about the sheer number of hairs and the fact that they're all glistening with that hair grease they slather on. And maybe because I know they go weeks without washing their hair.

GROSS.

I went with six other women to get my hair cut. Trimmied is more like it. One of the women here works at a beauty salon. Never mind that it's a black salon. Never mind that in the waiting room there is a coffee table that is actually a plain glass fish tank with a glass table top like this . The fact is I sat there from 11 AM until 9:45 PM to have my trim. 3/4 inch from my hair and tear up the ends worse than they were to begin with. She was ripping through tangles with a tiny toothed comb (with a pick on the end like this ) Now I felt like telling her I know you sisters can afford to lose hair but I'd like to keep mine attached to my scalp thank-you!

I did read about six back issues of GQ while relaxing to the bubbling + gurgling of the coffee table, the centerpiece. The salon itself was a run-down ranch style home with a carport. The waiting room was formerly the living room, still had bad brown shag. The kitchen remained in the back. We were, for the first time in years for some, unsupervised and so gathered in

the rather dingy + dirty kitchen around the coffee pot, drinking cheap brewed coffee with generic creamer and flipping through magazines with cigarette smoke, menthol, wafting in the air mingled with the sickening smell of puer solution. I felt like throwing up by the end of our visit.

I hadn't eaten since 5:30 am and I was cranky and hungry with a headache. If I'd been in a better mood by the time she sat me down for my trim, I would've had her finger-wave my hair. I thought you guys would really love it but then I knew you wouldn't get a look at it. It lasts a few weeks she said (like a damn helmet! I thought) but I opted for the wash + wear. Next time perhaps I'll go for the wave. I'd look very 40's or 20's flapper-esque. And so low-maintenance!

On the 17th I go before the committee for them to evaluate my attitude, behavior, appearance etc and assess whether I am ready to re-enter society + the workforce. Oh pshaw! This will be a breeze, I have felt ridiculously "overqualified" for this entire transitional program! Why can't I just be home? Now as far as a job goes, I'm still undecided - I could go back to work at Cybertache; I called Brad, the owner and he says they're trying to sell. I'm not surprised. The concept isn't making money anywhere really.

So since Cyberstade may not be around much longer,
I won't feel guilty just working there til March.
That had been one of my concerns because I'd left
them in a bind when I went to prison and I
didn't want to leave them in the lurch again.
Now I won't have to worry about anything. And I
~~can~~ E-mail again! And drink coffee all day!

Then again I wouldn't mind working at
the Mall - you never told me the friend who is
at the Gap. There should be a bunch of
stores hiring. I'd love a discount...
I just don't know what to do, it's been a while
since I've looked for a job. It would certainly
be easiest just to go back to Cyberstade. I am
finally allowed & able to make a decision about
my well being and I'm grateful! Oh the
free world is just too much, too scary - I'll
never make it I tell you! I feel a panic
attack coming on! "Honestly". (Chilly) (Exasperated)

You know now that I'm able to use the phone
to call whomever, wherever, I realize I have
no one to call. I guess I'm just turned off
knowing it is a time restricted call & I
really can't explain what & where I've been
for the past year if I did phone any old
friends - but really I've written to everyone
who really matters to me. I guess that just
proves to me that I have few good friends

and alot of acquaintances. Oh yeah, don't bother bringing up Mike because he is a schmidt and I don't feel like discussing it any further. I'm not pissed I just am bored and very disinterested.

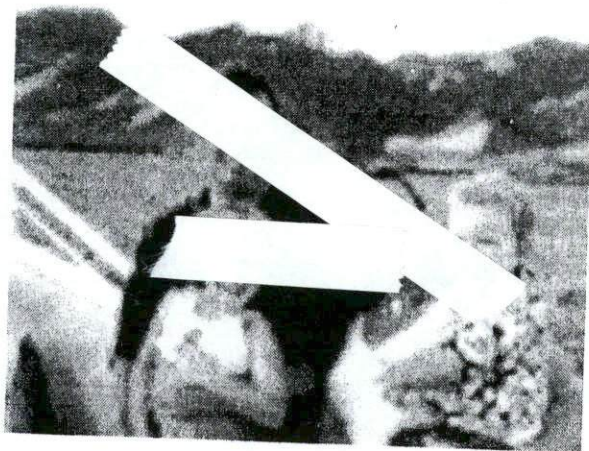
L-O-S-E-R. I'm a forward moving kinda gal. So lets get on with it, shall we. My mom came to see me this past Sunday. We talked about all my past relationships, even mentioned my girlfriend Hillie in the stew. Basically I've made some poor choices, but my mom hopes I will not die a spinster. We also deduced that I should probably avoid cohabitating in my future relationships. Good pointers from mom. Therese says I'll bounce back financially and the rest by the time I hit 30. Oh god. Thirty. No offense but that's OLD. I'm getting depressed already. Dad was here Saturday and he looked at me & said "I know how you feel about me." I said "tell me." He said "You don't like me, you haven't liked me for a while and you love me because I'm your father, but you don't like me, you think I'm a jerk." Needless to say we had a three hour session, we were the only two in the visitation area. I should've been a character on The Real World

You guys will upset me tremendously if I don't receive some mail - Mark said "Phil isn't working for a month. He has to unpack. How's about a lil "dumppin dumpin" for me, like a letter with return address + telephone #. I'm picking up way too much black slang. You may be embarrassed to hang out wit me. "Who will be happy to see you is me"

I have to close for now. Bedtime. Lots of busywork to drudge through tomorrow. Makes me sleepy. I've been singing Chicago! but that's the only word to the song I know. Perhaps you will compile a tape for me sometime soon so I can get my voice back - I haven't sung loud in a year. My instrument is seriously in need of tuning.

Well tell Derek HELLO!

Are you guys gonna come down for a visit when they sit me free? Three 1/2 months left to serve. I'm going to sit down to a TAB and some Chinese Food carryout. Hope you can join me. Are you happy in Chicago? What have you done so far? What do you buy groceries. How are the kids. Does magots like the cat? RSVP + I love you
Lauren



Lauren with husband and 2 children
(2005)

Ril+Ship -

Hey! Just wanted to say I love my types! Especially the kind you dedicated to. I thought it was kind of when I listened to the tapes + everyone just stuck it to me. OK.

Well Jimmy is coming to a... I think you just I figure it was expecting the Simpson. I'll have an album date by the time I'm in Chicago. I'll call you when it happens.

Nothing new to tell down here. I don't know how much longer I'll really crack up. I'm in a little need of a vacation - Herman is making playing is New Orleans. He was always

retained from their slightly more... That city was weird things to him - it's all on - not obsessed.)

Finally saw South Park. Pretty damn funny. Not what I expected. As far as the

...nude... it was expecting the Simpson. The life was... Tell Deck hello for me.

I'm looking forward to seeing Chicago. Call a bit, Phil.

How are Alex + back... What I got my... Vase back - in... postulate for... bit you very... Williams... = There here

Tracy says she feels like... He... I will have... Mary Magdalene... I don't like... at home.

I sure to see you... My... of attention... This'll

THE NATIONAL PROBE

THE NATIONAL PROBE



Hallmark

WHAT IS IT REALLY LIKE TO BE IN A WOMAN'S PRISON??????????

"Contrary to popular belief, there are no pool tables, ping-pong, no weight room, no nothing! We have a volleyball net and a gymnasium that they force us to walk for laps after dinner every day."

"Bulldag, bulldaggin'. This refers to homosexual activity. Bulldag is the woman who plays the male role and pimps herself out, usually for something in exchange. The art of bulldaggin' includes 'eating pussy' for several packs of cigarettes or numerous Little Debbies."

"Douching is a very popular practice. I guess it's because they are all 'cootie-lickers'. I have never douched. I tell people this in truth but mostly for the extreme shock value and they stay away from me."

"Speaking of hairy, I finally broke down and shaved my legs, the legs I've neglected to shave for 4 months now"

"I'm laying at 'cracker beach', cracker beach because all the white girls lay out in the sun and the sisters play basketball..."

"They served liver this evening. I refrained. I would rather smell shit than liver."

"I've not called anyone a nigger yet - you'll know I've completely wiggled out if I resort to being a racist."

"I'm not worried about any guards, I'm worried about the shemen running around here with facial hair and a glint in their eyes. I've not seen a more unattractive group of women ever before."

"(cellmate) just SLAMMED the door. I'm not going to take any more of her shit. My ears are ringing from the force of the slam. She needs to pay."

"I encourage you to bring a roll of quarters so you can get soda (and get me a vending machine luncheon (very crucial)...Once we're in the visitation area, I can't leave my seat but you can. You have a great responsibility there because I have to trust you to get me something edible from the vending machine. I will not eat bologna or chicken salad or jello with fruit...keep that in mind."

"I'm being honest I can't live like this...FUCK THIS FUCKING PLACE!!! I'm sick of being here. You guys, I'm worried and scared to death."

READ THESE LETTERS AND DECIDE
FOR YOURSELF!!