

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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The Underground

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# THE UNDERGROUND



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## GOT LIFE ?

My aunt Loise was an apple farmer in Minnesota. As a city boy with a "June Cleaver" like mom, my aunts active outdoor lifestyle fascinated me. She was one of the few adults I knew as a friend, not just a parent, because she explained everything.

When she found some tree, due to age or infirmity, was not producing fruit of it's usual caliber, she had one of those mid-west own home remedies she applied. She kept huge nails, about 6 inches, in a bucket of water. These were to be used for what she called "shock therepy." From the barn she'd grab a hammer and 3 or 4 of those big rusty nails. Striding across the orchid, in search of the offending tree, she explained that the tree had lost it's zeal for life. She was of the opinion that the key ingredient in the production of big, red, tasty and beautiful apples was zeal.

She would pound them nails into stratigic spots in the tree's trunk while commanding it to pull itself together.

(cont. on page 2)

## EFFECTIVE CORRECTIONS

Flying through life on drugs, in a fast car, with a gun and a hot girl of questionable morals is, by anybody's standard, wrong. It is also undeniably exhilarating.

The states method of correcting this type of behavior is to place the offender in an environment with all things that could, in any way exhilarate, carefully removed, for an undeniably long time.

So, proven excitement cravers are locked into cement boxes, without even paint on the gray walls to stimulate their ocular senses. They become numbers. They wear the same drab clothes as one another, eat the same mundane diet and walk in the same circles for years. There is no attempt to change or to reprogram them. They are stored in the most hellishly unexhilarating warehouse ever devised by man.

We have no "self help" classes, or any type of art, music or vocational classes anymore. We're told this is due to "budgetary constraints".

C.D.C. suffers from the deadliest type of short sightedness. Building more and more prisons, making more draconian laws and then treating the offender worse and worse has failed as a policy. The three states with the largest prison populations (in real #s and per capita) are California, Texas and New York. These also have the toughest 3 strike laws, highest crime rates and recidivism rates. That is the very definition of failure. The current policies are morally, socially and fiscally irresponsible.

When you lock up the drug addicted adrenaline junkie, for years of stimuli depraved dullness, you get back into your society the same thing you put in...only compounded. I can tell you from experience,

(cont. on page 2)

GOT LIFE ?

The nails, she explained, with their poisonous rust and painful intrusion would awaken the soul of the tree and force it to muster all of it's aboreal forces. The nails would bring all of it's fightback. YOU need zeal to fight and, as said, zeal makes sweet apples.

I had lost my zeal for life. I made the mistake of thinking dopes euphoria was lifes zeal. The state was kind enough to step in and provide me with it's own version of my aunt's shock therapy.

The nails they used was a life sentence, the rust was a diagnosis of a malady with a 5% survival rate... the ability to fight and still produce lifes big, tasty apples, is all my own.

I love my sentence and my sickness. To know me is to know how much I enjoy a good fight. Fighting may be bad in the real world, but in here, where violence is almost a religion, and tough guys it's priests... I'm the Pope. By fighting nothing but my own circumstances, I can be zealous without hurting others.

We have all "got life". Embrace and enjoy it. Life beats the alternative.

EFFECTIVE CORRECTIONS

the common notion we all have is that we all have to somehow "make up for lost Time has been wasted and we must get it now.

prison does not have to be easy or fun but it should be effective. stimulation is the key. Providing challenges for the inmate would instill in the individual the knowlage that the most exhilarating things in life come from dedication, hard work and accomplishment.

To let the problems of your society to just sit and stew in in a cauldren of boiling fustration, and then be served on to the publics plate still steaming, is a crime. The myopic policies of todays leaders will be borne by generations to come.

Sure ...its a tough sell to generate any concern for the future of convicts, who cares? Well, if you have any thought of leaving your kids a better future... you should.

PRISON FOR SCOOTER

Scooter Libby was sentenced to 30 months in prison today. He was the vice presidents chief or staff. The sentence was for outing Valery Plame, a covert C.I.A. operative (spy).




Plames husband was an expert on Africa and the materials from there used to make nuclear bombs. He was sent there by the Whitehouse to bolster the the case for war against Iraq. The whitehouse claimed that Saddam Hussein was purchasing "yellow cake", a key ingredient in big bomb making, from some rogue regime in Africa. He was not.

When he would not report the facts as Bush needed to sell the war, but instead as they really were, the pay back was to tell the world that his wife was a spy.

This was part of the hoodwinking of the public with the whole "weapons of mass destruction" thing.

At his sentencing all his rich, white, fat cat, political friends screamed the the sentence was too much. My friend next door got 30 years for a \$280.00 check. Last time I checked, treason carried death.

...A big job in the Whitehouse...  
Price; being a loyal lapdog  
...Being a treasonous trader...  
Price; 30-months in a fed countryclub  
Going to prison w/a name like Scooter...  
Priceless

GOOD CARDS CHEAP  
FOR ALL OCCASIONS  
LOVE, BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS  
SEE GARY   
 

**SPLIT TIER DAYROOM:** We now get less dayroom and yard time. A couple of nights per week we no longer can enjoy the night air or each others company for cards, bible study, scrabble or any other positive social interaction. To many this may seem to be a small pain in the butt, like a hemorriod... it is a brain tumor. This is one more small symptom of the larger problem facing the inmate population. Every week there is some new change that adversely effects the inmates. The trend seems irreversible.

When was the last time staff granted some new privileges? Does any one see weights, pakages from home, personal clothes, sugar, smoking or anything else we recently lost, coming back anytime soon? Our chances of winning anything back are about the same as that of a paper cat's being chased through hell by an asbestos dog...not very good.

A year ago I purchased, and received from an approved C.D.C. vendor, some Levis, a TV, walkman, fan and radio. All approved by staff before I even submitted the forms to the vendor. A week or two after I received them, the Levis became contraband and we were cut down to two appliances. We could keep the things we had as long as we stayed at the institution we were at. A month later the big move took place. I was moved here from some other facility and when I got here everyone was on their way somewhere else to make room for the "sensitive needs" inmates. Everybody was moving.

At R&R I was relieved of my Levis and an appliance or two. How is it that I must pay for C.D.C.s ever changing polcies? What about the 10% surcharge for the "inmate welfare fund" I was gouged for when I purchased these items? Where is all that money going to? Not to me, and if anyone ever fit the criteria of a welfare inmate...it would be me.

The next big thing is the intergration of our cells in order to "more adequately reflect societal norms". How many grown men do you know live in a bathroom, with another man, of a different race? If thats the "norm", things must really have changed.

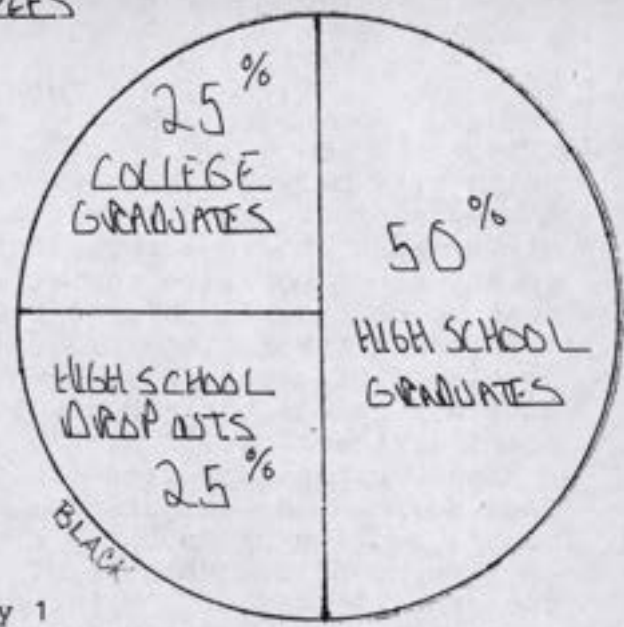
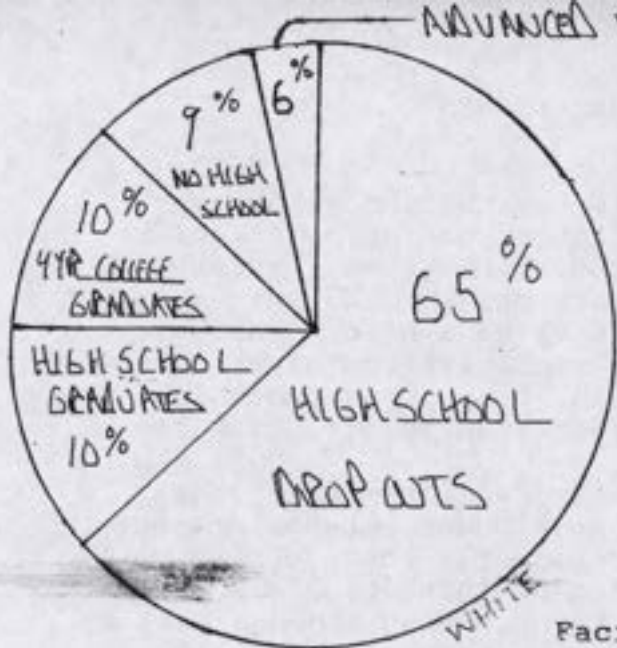
All these little digs at the inmates peace and well being may just be staffs way of keeping the pot stirred. Don't bite. The more they push, and get the results they want (inmates reacting violently), the more they get what they want (more public sympathy, funds and staff).

Inmates are not without avenues to address any changes staff implements. All that hot air being vented about these issues do nothing but raise the temperature. If you want to effect change avail yourself to the appeals process.

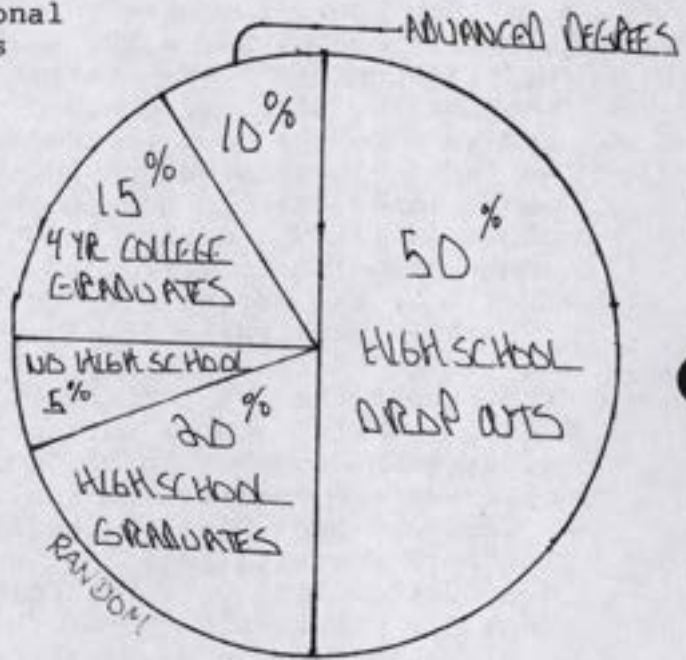
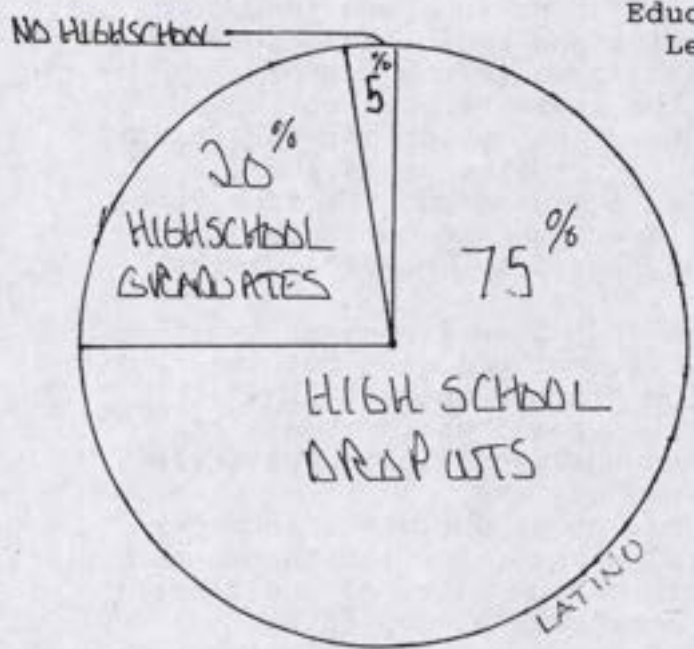
The alternative is to "go with the flow". The only fish that I know of that go with the flow all the time are the dead ones floating down stream.

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between Sunrise and Sunset,  
two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes.  
No reward is offered for they are gone forever."

-HORACE MANN, Lost, Two Golden Hours



Facility 1  
Inmate  
Educational  
Levels



The above is the results from a 6/10/07 survey I took at RJD state prison, facility 1, asking "How far in school did you go before being busted?" The veracity of those polled is a variant, effecting margin of error, beyond my control.

National highschool graduation rate...	85.1%
Calif. highschool graduation rate...	81.3% (ranked 45)
Calif. 4yr college grad. rate...	29.8% (ranked 11)

Race & National grad rates... highschool/some college/4yrs & more			
Race	High School	Some College	4yrs & more
White	85.8%	53.6%	28.2%
Black	80.6%	44.6%	17.6%
Hispanic	58.4%	30.7%	12.1%

Comparing inmates against the national numbers, the only trend that really jumps out at me is the obvious...inmates are much less educated. It seems that not funding education addaquately then, cost billions in corrections now.  
Spend it on the kids today... or the cons tomorrow.

Now playing at...

### THE DONOVAN DRAMA RAMA

What we have now playing out on the stage, that is the 5 yard, at this time, is the same old tried and true drama we have all sat through a thousand times at thousand different venues. The actors change, but it is the same classic tale of drugs and debt that fuel this drama. I am considering dropping the "Drama rama" section and just naming who is the "drama mama" starring this time in each edition.

You would think, having seen this never varying, tightly formulaic and pathetically tragic role played out so many times, (boy fronts dope/ boy does not pay/ boy gets roled up) we all would tire of it and the curtain would come down on it for ever.

Knowing the players and the pathology of of addiction, greed and stupidity I feel this drama will always be a big hit and will pack them in. To call whom ever, is the star this time, a lame, is like calling O.J. Simpson a bad exhusband. These guys seldomly are confronted with any kind of justice. They ball their stuff up, step out through the ally, and open a few weeks later in another role... in another theater... in another part of the world.

To have your name up in lights, in a renown venue, with great revues from your peers, always playing the same role, is the star we should all shoot for...and BE.

### SOLDIERS

When the walls, fences, time and distance have me feeling isolated and disconnected from the "world", I keep my eyes towards the sky and walk. Today I watched one, of the many of those, monstrous military planes that fly over the yard all day, with a new clarifying perspective.

I imagined some kid up there, running around in the belly of that beast and thought to myself...He's up there, in one of the deadliest machines ever devised. He is a soldier, one of history's oldest, craziest and surealest existences.

I know when he looks down on the rest of the world he does it some what contemptuously. Then he eyes us, in our deadly machine, living history's other oldest, craziest and surealest existences... and he knows, like him, we know all about really doing life.

Suddenly I feel connected to the soldier in the sky. I see what we have in common is the same thing that puts us at polar opposites. It is following orders.

His whole life is about always following them... ours, never.

## CHAPEL CHAT

The prison chapel is trully a miraculous place. Our world is about the size of a supermarket parking lot, surrounded by razor wire, an electric "death fence" and guys with guns in their hands watching our every move. It's populated with individuals so bad, thieves and killers, they must be isolated from the rest of the world. It's like living in an aquarium filled with sharks, piranhas and barracudas, in the Menendez brothers bedroom.

To have, in this swirling cage of chaos, a corner where the worst broken sinners can go and find the best peace, deserves discussion. Your not a believer? Ok, forget the supernatural "voodoo" aspect of it. This is factual...

Everyday the chapel has white, black, brown, red, Christian, Jew, Muslim and non believing inmates singing, hugging, sharing and getting along better than most families. The things inmates do in a prison chapel would be a stabbable offence outside its doors.

The inmates who attend services are a smiley lot. Not the smug, "I've got a secret" types. These guys are itching to share. Those who do not have any inclination to step into the chapel respect those that do. The chapel is a sanctuary, in the most literal sense, on a prison yard.

Again...the worst people, in the worst place, having a port to pull into for the purest peace is miraculous. Without saying God is, or is not, doing this...it is happening.

But, like on the outside, people too often leave their service in the church when they exit. When I was a kid the Mass, still in Latin, ended with..."Eti Massa Est" (the Mass is). Now it's "The Mass is ended, go in peace."

I liked leaving with "The Mass is." It meant, to me, it was not over. "The Mass is" became a type of mantra for all of lifes occassions like a birth, a death, a pimple, a wait in a long line or any joy or pain, great or small. It helped.

The prison chapel is miraculous. If only all the world were so, and we could put all the swirling chaos in a corner.

ETI MASSA EST.

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### Kick Rocks

My neighbor "Double R" went home. "R" was a great guy. He was quiet, smart and funny. I enjoyed chatting with him. He was never in any wrecks and carried himself with dignity. His easy smile and gregarious way will be missed. As much as I enjoyed having him for a neighbor (we all know how valuable good neighbors are) I was happy to see him get down the road.

Lets all be happy and wish the best for "Double R". He was one of the good one who is now...in the wind.

### WINNERS

Fac. 1 medical  
personal

MS. "P"

"R"

"M"

"E"

### WEENERS

Mailroom  
staff

Split tier  
advocates

laundry  
lady

## TOP TEN

The top ten euphemisms for prison "lovin" are...

10. Showertime
  9. Writing the warden
  8. Floggin the bloke
  7. Family visit
  6. Waking Wally
  5. Releasing a hostage
  4. Taking the kids for a swimm
  3. Money order
  2. Visiting Paris
- ...and the # 1 top ten euphemism for prisn "lovin" is
1. Greeting the Govenor !!!

## OVERHEARD

"...I'm bi-polar, he's a manic depressive. Together we're quadraphnic."

-an inmate discussing the psychological ambiance of his cell

"...Dats from handlin' dem turtles."

-an inmate explaing how one contracts hepitis

"...They'll talk about wantin' to get to heaven, but none of them appreciate the help gettin' there"

-an inmate justifying his crime

"...Because you got all "C"s in high school?"

-my resposne to a C.O.s question, "Do you know why I'm standing here?", from outside my door, during "standing count". I was laying down.

Sigh on door of counselors office

### HOURS

Mon.	closed
Tue.	closed
Wed.	closed
Thu.	open 9-10 am
Fri.	closed
Sat/Sun	closed

Gee, don't strain yourself earning that \$100,00.00 a year.



ITS JAIL NOT YALE





Bill Mauldin

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"Your Home Town"

or

"Your Crazy Ex-Girlfriend"....

The space below could be yours... What are you waiting for???

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KHICAZO STAFF SUIT  
(~~FREE~~STAFF)