

A Publication of The Pennsylvania Prison Society

GRATERFRIENDS: Insights from the Inside

The mission of the Pennsylvania Prison Society is to advocate for humane prisons and a rational approach to criminal justice.



Artwork by Brian Fuller, Tolles Prison

The opinions expressed are of the authors and not necessarily those of Graterfriends or The Pennsylvania Prison Society.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Graterfriends Readers,

Ten years ago, the Graterfriends team, led by Joan Gauker, published a series of three literary supplements, as an alternative outlet for our writers to express their experiences on the inside. The years between those supplements and the supplement you are about to read have brought some stark changes: SCI Waynesburg, SCI Pittsburgh, SCI Greensburg, SCI Graterford, and SCI Retreat have all closed. Some of our writers from the 2000-2001 supplements have been released. Many of Pennsylvania’s juvenile lifers have been resentenced or released. We are currently in the middle of a global pandemic and a continued fight for justice for our brothers and sisters of color.

However, some things have eerily remained unchanged in the last ten years. Some of our writers from the original supplements remain inside, serving long sentences, life sentences, or serving on death row. For many of you, time has all but stopped since you’ve been inside. The original literary supplement had the same goal we hope to accomplish with this one: to provide another outlet for those inside to communicate the realities of life behind bars.

The feelings of isolation, hopelessness and deprivation of humanity our writers expressed ten years ago are once again reflected in the works you see here.

2020 has been a globally changing and challenging year, but it has seemed to be the best year for Graterfriends to revive the lit-

erary supplement. What struck the editing team the most about the submissions over the past year is the way that tragedy inspires creativity. The isolation and loss associated with the COVID-19 pandemic, the murders of Mr. Floyd, Miss Taylor and countless others came with an outpouring of beautiful work by our readers, not just in Pennsylvania, but nationwide.

We could not include every submission that we received over the last year. However, we read and valued every submission that we received, and encourage everyone to keep writing. Thank you to those who submitted work that is printed in this issue today. Thank you to those of you who submitted work which was not able to be included in this issue. Thank you to our readers for your support of each other and the common goal of justice we all hope to achieve.

It’s a pleasure to be a part of such an inspiring team both inside and outside.

Noelle Gambale
Editorial Organizer

On behalf of the Graterfriends Editing Team

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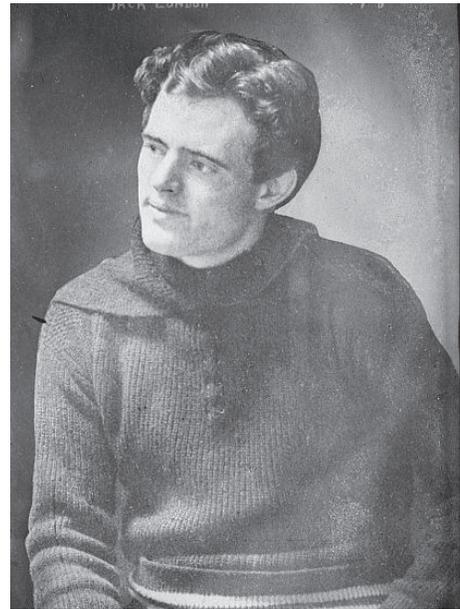
We reserve the right to edit submissions. Original submissions will not be returned. We will not print anonymous letters. Allegations of misconduct must be documented and statistics should be supported by sources. All submissions should be no more than 500 words, or two double-spaced pages. Letters more than 200 words, or one double-spaced page, will not be published in their entirety and may be shortened for clarity and space.

To protect Graterfriends from copyright infringement, please attach a note, on your submission, stating that you are the original author of the work and that you give us permission to edit and print; date and sign the declaration.

If you have a question about Graterfriends, please contact our staff by mail, email, or phone.

JACK LONDON

By *Kevin Schaeffer, SCI Albion*



Jack London

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Have you gotten your writing published?

Share it with us!

We are always looking for books to advertise in our ‘Bookcase’ section of Graterfriends! We encourage our readers to read the work of those inside. Send us the information about your own work, what it’s about, and where it can be purchased.

How have you gotten your work published?

We get a lot of questions from our readers and writers about what publishers will work with incarcerated authors. If you’ve had a success story in having your work published, please share your resources with us so we can put them in an upcoming issue.

In 1894, future author, Jack London, served a month for vagrancy in New York State’s Erie County Penitentiary. His writings on this experience, “Pinched”: A Prison Experience, and The Pen, are among the rare accounts of early 20th century prison conditions. These works describe the mounting hunger of a bread-and-water diet and the penitentiary’s elaborate barter system. London also discusses his work as a trusty to avoid unloading barges on the Erie Canal.

Beyond these nonfictional accounts, London was able to mine his experiences in later, fictional works, such as the surreal 1915 prison sci-fi novel, The Star Rover. In this book, a San Quentin inmate is ensnared in a fabricated conspiracy and confined indefinitely to solitary. There, he’s regularly subjected to long periods in “the jacket,” a canvas straight-jacket laced unbearably tight to compress his body and break his spirit. Such jackets were really used in San Quentin at the time. London based his descriptions on interviews with a former convict who underwent the torture. Eventually, the protagonist masters a technique of self-induced meditation, allowing him to leave his body and re-experience past lives across hundreds of years.

London considered his brief time in prison to be the most formative event of his early life, more formative even than his part in the Klondike Gold Rush, which provided the foundation for his lucrative writing career. He shows us how writing about one’s time in prison can be harnessed in two unique ways: as a historical record for the sake of heightening public awareness, and as the basis for fictional invention.

END OF HARM THEATRE

Larry Stromberg, SCI Phoenix

The Let's Circle Up! steering committee at SCI Phoenix in Pennsylvania agreed for me to stage my original short play titled *Fight Another Day!* at the 2019 End of Harm Conference. I felt truly honored that the whole committee, both incarcerated and outside volunteer members, trusted me and bestowed this wonderful opportunity upon me to represent Let's Circle Up! in a grand light and start off the theme for this year's conference. With input from the steering committee before the performance, I made some changes to make the play better. I rehearsed and rehearsed, and I was ready to go. Like a child on Christmas Day, my excitement was enormous and I was very nervous, but nobody knew. Butterflies were flying within me.

The performance day came quickly. The guests all arrived in the morning at the East Chapel at SCI Phoenix. Everybody had smiles filled with excitement for this powerful event: the outside guests, volunteers, steering committee members, and Restorative Justice members. The peace circle was a beautiful sight to see, because it was a circle of massive love, with caring people that believed in the Restorative Justice cause. Feeling their support, I was ready to act! It was time to stage *Fight Another Day!*

My play is about a desperate, incarcerated man who lost his daughter to a crime and now is on the verge of committing suicide. While performing, I was in a different world where nothing matters but the moment. I played an individual searching for redemption while engulfed with sorrow, regret, remorse and agony. I moved around the circle as tears flowed from my eyes. Then, I fell to my knees and said my last words from the play, "Help me, Lord. Help me to fight another day! Just one more day. Only you can help me. Only you. You alone." The play ended as I exited the massive, glorious peace circle back to my seat, and the applause roared. My heart filled with extreme gratitude for my Let's Circle Up! family for the opportunity they blessed me with, my wonderful brothers and sisters. The theme for the rest of the day went into motion and the 2019 End of Harm Conference was a magnificent success. This was a day I will never forget as long as I live. That massive, glorious peace circle is embedded in my mind and heart forever, and nobody can ever take that away from me.

THE SANCTUARY

Alex Brengle, SCI Retreat

There is a place I go to be alone. A sanctuary of sorts. Perhaps to you, it won't be. I walk down a hall with many doors, each locked with a key only I hold. The hall goes on seemingly forever, and doors appear with each new step. Lights shine through their thresholds and shadows cross the floor before me. Some are shadows decades old that hold memories of loves lost and sorrows long buried. I hold a lamp in my hand when I walk the hall, for it is dark. It is dark because of what I put here. I see a wraith before my step. It floods beneath the door and stretches out toward my feet. But the light from my lamp extinguishes the black ribbons that try to restrain me, and I walk on.

Farther along, I hear a woman crying. Her sobs weigh on me like a millstone around my neck as I'm tossed into the sea. I have the key. I could open this door and shout "Stop!" But this ghost is here behind the locked door because it's still part of me. Other rooms have laughter. I don't have to keep those locked like this one.

Above me is a shingled roof that covers the mansion of my heart. Tonight the rain falls heavy on it and the crush of thunder trembles my hands. Witches in the wind. The lamp falls and the wraiths reach out once more. So I run. Lightning stretches across the sky, and for an atom of time I see the end of the hall before me! I'm out of breath and the wraith closes in! My feet storm, step and step again! And as I feel the anxious fingers tempt the back of my head, the door in front of me opens

and... I'm here again.

Before me stands my sanctuary. In it there are good memories somewhere. So I'll look again.

DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE

Vaughn Wright, SCI Huntingdon



“Care for a ride?”

The car that pulled up to a halt on his left was old, with fading blue paint, and sounded like it needed a muffler. Yet the eyes of the elderly black woman behind the wheel seemed kind.

“Hey, thanks,” he said, opening the passenger door and climbing in. “I woulda had my thumb out, but with all the prisons along this stretch and it bein’ nighttime, I figured it’d be a waste’a time.”

“Where you headed, young brother?” she asked, easing her foot down on the accelerator, taking up the industrial concrete highway again with hands steadily at ten and two.

“Good question,” he said. “Down the road a piece, I guess; to the bus stop.”

She said, “When I saw you walking along the shoulder there with your head down, looked like you needed a lift in more ways than one. Just let you out, did they?”

His situation being too obvious to deny, he said, “Yes ma’am. I was thinkin’ about where I’m gonna stay now. I lost my apartment and everything in it when I got arrested, so I’m startin’ over from scratch.”

She replied in a very knowing way. “At my age, I’ve had startin’ overs and new beginnin’s like you wouldn’t believe. But I tell you true: You can take more pride in yourself and the things you build up from nothin’ each time around, and it loses more and more of its sting. M’hm,” she concluded with a wistful nod, still staring ahead.

He looked out his window as they passed a long-ago failed factory, derisively wondering aloud, “How many of those new beginnin’s happened when everybody was treatin’ you like you had a disease they were all scared of catchin’? My boss won’t take me back. My girl’s gone. My parents don’t wanna be bothered with me no more. I’m surprised you took a chance givin’ me a ride.”

“Not much of a chance,” she said off-handedly. “Guess you made a lot of mistakes?”

“A few.”

“Well, a thousand mistakes can be an education if you take the time to learn from each one.”

He turned to face her. “If that’s the case, then I oughta be a rocket scientist by now.”

She chuckled lightly. “I wouldn’t doubt that’s how a lot of ‘em start out. --Well, here’s the turn-around for the bus into the city.”

“Thanks for the ride, ma’am, I appreciate it,” he said, after she pulled into the depot and braked. “I, uh, don’t have anything to pay you. They only gave me enough money for bus fare.”

She flagged her hand dismissively. “Son, you don’t owe me nothin’. We was already goin’ the same way. Did me good just to have gone down the road with somebody a little ways. Don’t matter how far. You should try it sometimes.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thanks again.”

He shut the car door and watched her pull off. But, oddly, she made a turn that took her back the way they just came from, that rattling muffler fading with distance in the darkness.

He smiled. Something he hadn’t done in months. “Yeah, I think I’ll keep that in mind.”

(This story first appeared in *THEMA* Vol. 23 No. 2, Summer 2011)

CHANNEL SURFING

By Kevin Brian Bowling, SCI Phoenix

As we age, our memories compile a vast catalog of audio and visual files that document our human experience. In prison, I do not have new experiences from the real world to augment and reinforce those memories. I can only dust them off and replay them over and over. Imagine playing those programs on the television in my death row cell, using my biological remote.

Channel 1 It is 1963 and I am 5 years old. Just home from morning kindergarten playing in the living room, when the breaking news elicits a scream and weeping from my mother. President John F. Kennedy has been assassinated. I feel a need to protect.

Channel 2 It is 1964 and I am 6 years old. After attending the World's Fair in New York City, my sister and I find ourselves separated from our parents and baby brother as the doors close on a subway train. My father musters the strength to pry the doors open just enough to stop the train as we squeeze out into the embrace of our parents.

Channel 3 It is 1969 and I am 11 years old. My friends and I venture into New York alone, and watch our favorite baseball team in the World Series, the New York Mets.

Channel 4 It is 1972 and I am 14 years old. I graduate from grammar school in a church ceremony as my proud parents watch me receive many honors.

Channel 5 It is 1976 and I am 18 years old. I graduate high school and attend college before embarking on a long career in management and investigations, where my focus is on protecting people from harm.

Channel 6 It is 1981 and I am 23 years old. I am promoted to Division Manager by my company, and entrusted to manage a large security force at a major university and law school. The highlight occurs in 1983 when President Reagan visits for the graduation ceremony and I meet him.

Channel 7 It is 1984 and I am 26 years old. I now work for a California based company, as an Area Operations Manager in New Jersey. I meet my future wife there. I am sent to California to attend their Academy, and to help hire staff to secure the housing sites for the 1984 Los

Angeles Olympic Games.

Channel 8 It is 1985 and I am 27 years old. I get married to the woman I love and our first child is born that summer. I am now Regional Director of another company. I am tasked with protecting lives and property for clients all over the state.

Channel 9 It is 1988 and I am 30 years old. My second child is born and my personal and professional life is at its zenith. We move to a more rural area as my family is happy and healthy.

Channel 10 It is 1990 and I am 32 years old. We move to Pennsylvania. I left the security business and now apply my skills as an Area Operations Manager supervising 12 stores protecting lives and property.

Channel 11 It is 1995 and I am 37 years old. Our son is born after my wife suffered two miscarriages. Our family is complete with three beautiful children.

Channel 12 It is 1996 and I am 38 years old. While at work, police stop by and tell me that I may be a witness to a robbery four months prior and I agree to go with them to the station. Once there, they accuse me of the crime and I am taken to the county prison. It took 80 days to get bailed out. While awaiting trial, I take care of my family and prepare for any outcome. My wife knew and believed I was innocent.

Channel 13 It is 1997 and I am 39 years old. Just weeks before my trial, the alleged robbery victim is murdered. Despite actual hard evidence against two known suspects in both crimes, lazy and corrupt police charge me with the murder too. I would never leave prison again.

Channel 14 It is 1998 and I am 40 years old. I went through two trials. Court supplied lawyers refuse to present any defense, though it was ample. I am convicted and sentenced to death on circumstantial and false evidence.

Channel 15 It is 2020 and I am 62 years old. My appeals have never had a true review or court hearing. Evidence proving my innocence was filed in 2007 and augmented many times since. Just as I hoped my appeal would be heard finally, the COVID 19 pandemic shut down the courts.

I sit in my death row cell staring at a blank television screen watching reruns of programs, that only I can see.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE FLOYD

“In a decaying society, art, if it is truthful, must also reflect decay. And unless it wants to break faith with its social function, art must show the world as changeable and help continue to change it.”

-Ernest Fischer

For All Those Who Died Because of Police Brutality

Joseph Eugene Mander III, SCI Somerset

The few moments he had left,
He was crying out for breath.
As the officer ignored him,
While his knee was on his neck.
A sign of blatant disrespect
for a person and their life.
It's not like he had a gun;
He didn't even have a knife.
And what about the guy who died
Cause he was sleeping in his car?
He took the taser from the cop
And didn't even get that far.
He was only steps ahead,
When the cop went for his piece.
And you don't understand by now,
Why we call police "The Beast"?
And what about the kid who died
With some Skittles in his hands?
If they shoot us over that,
then they already had it planned.
Shoot to kill is the motto,
That they vow to live by.
And if you black, how you react,
When you see all your kids die?
Parents lose their only son,
And kids lose their only dad
The way this country's being run,
What I see is more than sad.
Rest in peace George Floyd, Trayvon Martin, Freddy Grey,
Rashod Brooks, Ahmad Arberry, and the many many others who
have died because of police brutality.

Masquerade

By Vernon Nelson, High Desert State Prison

In the wake of George Floyd's death
this to all just a masquerade.
where many of (115) humans
hide our true self intention and ulterior motives
behind the obscurity of our faces,
shielding ourselves from the harsh reality
of the oppression that we see
and inflict on others each day, Vertantly or inadvertent-
ly
– we do it with our favoritism,
our blatant disregard, our Nepotism
and (disguised) racism
by telling ourselves that this is just the way of the
world.

And then, we have the Nerve
to pray to god and ask forgiveness
for the very things that we know
that we do are wrong..
For this is what we reduce ourselves to
until, We Step into our power,
Wake in our truth and transform our thinking
It often makes the wonder:
Does the Consciousness of our ancestors hold Shad-
ows,
land is the true sickness of our country's Past
the unconscious - animalistic mindset
which we continue to pass down
to future generations?
Because this is all just a Masquerade...
the same way we demand a criminal
accept responsibility for their crime
So must the oppressor (the System)
With its law of liberation and equality for all

*Vernon Nelson is also the author of "OJ's Life Behind Bars,"
which tells the story of his friendship with OJ Simpson in
prisons and what he told Vernon about the brutal murders of (ex
wife) Nicole and Ron Goldman.
Get your copy @ amazon.com*

Whose Side You On?

Yassin Sin Rawas Mohamad, SCI Dallas

This isn't your average poetry of speech
It's about accountability and responsibility
And to your heart I hope it reach.
So I ask you—whose side you on?

Don't look over your shoulders or around,
I'm speaking to you! Him! Her! And you all!
Our flesh and friends in their graves,
And you write rest in peace on the walls!
You pollute the neighborhoods and say it's a part of the
game,
And laugh how our children get locked up and die
Said you love your folk, what a joke,
'Cause they hungry and you feed them dreams and lies.
So, whose side you on, can you tell me that?

That's a question I been wanting to ask
Don't you think it's time for a major change,
So you can take off that mask?
Yeah I'm talking to ya'll, him, her and you!
No need to roll your eyes, to suck your teeth
Tell us whose side you on
So we'll know what next to do.

That's the problem, can't make up the mind,
So you quick to protest
Flood the streets, put words to beats,
After a cop shoot a brother in the chest.
So whose side you on?

I'm not saying turn your anger on another race of people
Yeah it's a fact that I'm Black,
But we all should be treated as equal.

We tired of you playing both sides of the fence
Our people dying, the government lying,
And it's a verdict of not guilty with video footage evidence,
So whose side you on?

Martin's Mountain-Our Mountain

Abdus Sabur Muhammad, SCI Laurel Highlands

Martin Luther King, the mountain top. Be on the team
of hopes and dreams, and let the bells of unity ring.
hand in hand we began to stand. From community to
community, from shore to shore, and sea to sea don't you
see, from heart to heart we began to sing "LET FREE-
DOM RING" Inspirational Malcolm X, not complex
entered every home and duplex. It gave new birth to every
corner on this earth. Harriet Tubman's perseverance
gave deliverance, she was the mother of emancipation
from station to station across this nation. Mary Bethune,
mother of education and race relation, and part of the
first delegation to the united nations. Don't hate! per-
petuate. Make your hour one of power. Take the mind
off vacation, focus on an education. Bethune started a
college for knowledge, so go to school, don't be a fool.
Be smart, open the door to a new start,
Journey of life, father of time, don't get caught short.
learn a trade, and make the grade. Don't fade away
today, nor ever! Be clever, and endeavor to deploy with
pleasure life's
joy, for it is a treasure. Behavior! let your heart and soul
be your savior. Be kind, develop the mind, You will do
just fine, with happiness divine. Don't be left behind, for
that is for those who decline. From place to place, and
face to face, stream to stream, fulfill
Martin's dream.....dream!

Authors note

*My name is Abdus Sabor- Abdul Matin Muhammad - AKA
George Guins
I grew up in South Phila, and at the age, 16 I was viciously beat-
en in a police station that used to be at 12th and pine street. Frank
Rizzo was captain of the then police station.*

*I survived that beating, which was the most vicious beating I have
ever had in my life; therefore, my heartfelt condolence goes out to
George floyd's family. This poem is in memory of George Floyd.*

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet Emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its Brother;
And the sunlight clasps the Earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the Sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?



SENSELESS SHOOTINGS

Joel Aaron Burrell, Hampton Roads Jail

Should firearms be drawn against an individual with
no weapon?
What about the citizens' safety and protection?
Law Enforcement training is defective.
By what means are the senseless shootings protective?
An officer fires thinking we reaching for a gun.
Maybe cause we took flight in an attempt to run.
Maybe cause we initiated a high-speed chase, in
hot-pursuit,
Evading and Eluding, doesn't give them the right to
shoot.
The fleeing felon no longer exist.
How many senseless shootings will the government
permit?
Ain't no way, a killing of an armless man justifiable.
This disservice by the judicial branch is undeniable.
Even when the media publicize it,
The Chief of Police finds a way to justify it.
Marching, protesting, rioting, and strikes aren't
over-reacting.
These tactics persuade those in power to take affirma-
tive action.
Society wonders why families of victims hold grudges,
Because compensation for a life isn't justice

BLOOD; SWEAT & TEARS

Joel Aaron Burrell, Hampton Roads Jail

Not a slave and still my blood shed for freedom
If it's not a shooting it's an unwanted beating

My blood shed is beyond discrimination
My blood shed to fit into civilization
My palms sweat for all my hard labor
My forehead sweat due to thoughts of land taken, God
gave us

Drenched in sweat trying to progress in my career
Constantly overlooked because my skin darker than my
peers.
Tears built up and flowing from my eyes
Aware of being an unequal citizen, a felon, and despised

Confused trying to use a hundred percent of my mind
God help me to do so, I'm running out of time
Tears continually forming cause I'm crying
Relieving pain although the inner me dying

My blood shed for being in defiance
My blood drawn for advancement in science
My own blood kill their own kind
Seeking prosperity by committing crime

Sweating because this world I know is hell
Sweating because death accompany a horse that's pale
I weep for everlasting life
Please take away suffering and strife

Black Skin Do Matter!

David Meade, SCI Forest

Why am I hated so much and judged simply because of the complexion of my skin?

Roaming throughout America with the texture of my hair sometimes feels like a nefarious sin.

I didn't ask for my skin to be this color, this is just the way that I have arrived out of my mother's womb.

I would have fled to a 3rd world country or over to Africa if I knew that in America I would be a target for shooting practice and mentally doomed.

America is built off of tyranny combined with slavery, and the flag and the fire is their trademark and symbol that represents their gang sign.

I thought that you all would accept us and praise me for the simple fact that we murder and only sell drugs to our own kind.

Some days I love my skin as I stare into the mirror while I dwell in my room.

I just wish that I could bleach my skin while driving and walking in a suburban neighborhood or going inside of a courtroom.

I wonder if they would say that I've been a good boy if I worked extra hard in their now called corporation and all day utter out "Yes Masir"

Now would you please Get your knee off of my neck because "I can't breathe" besides Black skin do matter!

Lyfe Means Guilt to a Black Man

Sharif "Reef" Williamson, SCI Benner Township

Why?

Because I am black,
knowing this five letter word is
the definition of struggle.

A black hoodie and a pack of skittles
will get you killed.

Being in the wrong neighborhood will
get you beaten half to death.

By the ones, protecting and serving!

Words are sticks and stone,
you check in a motel and never check out.

Once out of the womb, I got a strike
against me, not for how loud I cried

or how I wriggled my toes. Now I wonder
did the doctor smack my butt to get the

first hit on his prey? A simple color has
people turning their nose up at my presence.

Always I have to make a stand, while living
in constant chaos. Free? Who is free? Not me!

A rich black man can't even buy his Freedom,
chains, slave songs and crack of the whip,
memories of my history cry out for help.

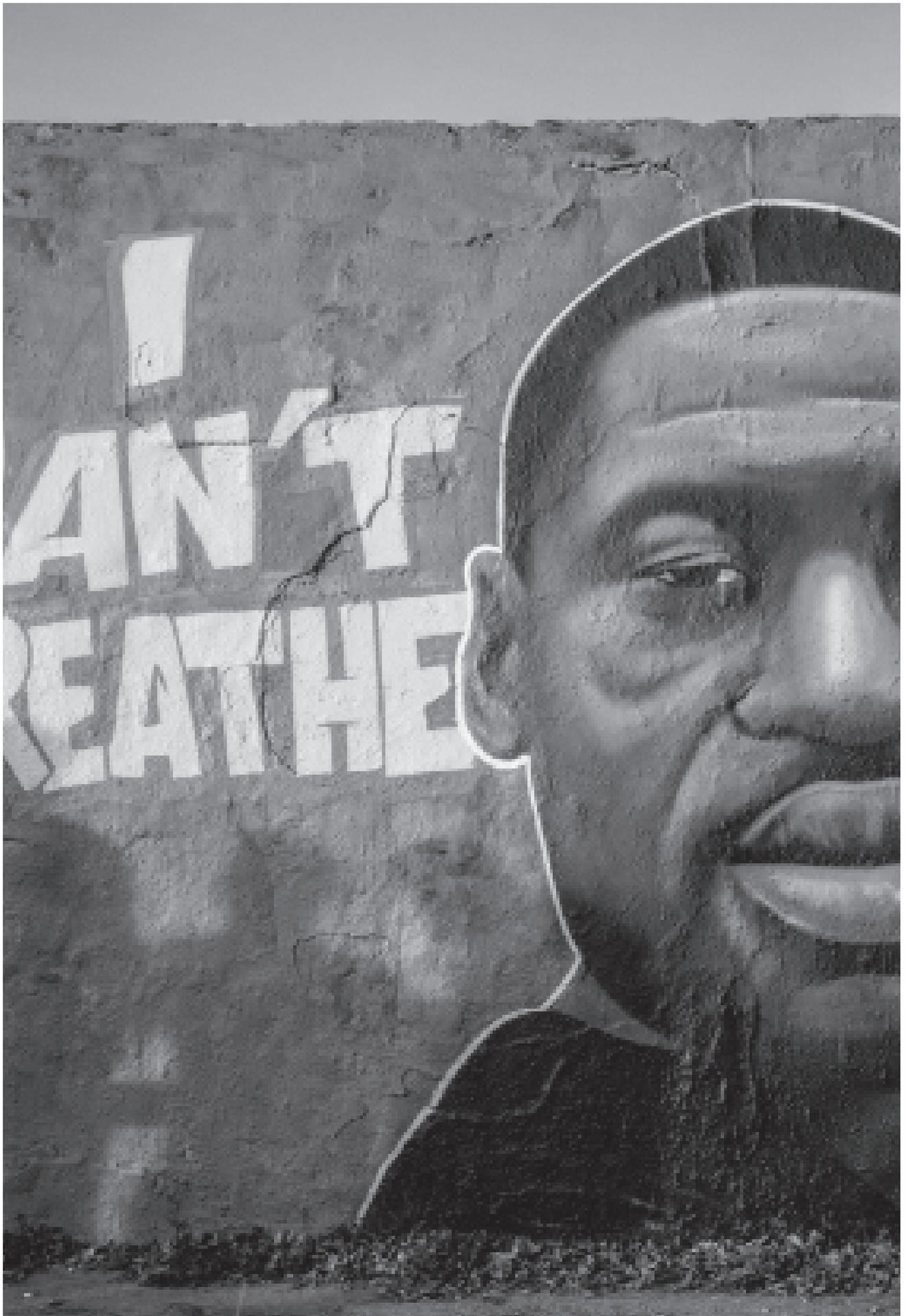
Oh yeah, I forgot one, never being recognized for things
we've created or done.

Forever I'm entrapped in a world that is drunk
and nature is the bartender.

Forever a slave to people's petty thoughts.

Lyfe means guilt to a black man

Lyfe + me = Guilty!



HEALING

”Healing may not be so much about getting better, as about letting go of everything that isn’t you – all of the expectations, all of the beliefs – and becoming who you are.” –Rachel Naomi Remenz

I Hope It’s Not Too Late

Edward Blakesk, SCI Huntingdon

I hope that it’s not too late.
I hope that my mistakes and poor choices have not defined my fate.

I look at the window and wonder if this transformation that I made, will anyone get to be blessed by it.

I’ve learned to love the sober me, and hard work has embraced my soul as something that I need to have character.!

I’ve walked away from my old secret desire, ran from those ugly habits, and pray earnestly that someone else, something else, will open its arms to me.

I hope it’s not too late.

As the light shines and my dreams awaken, as my body heals and my brain regains its God given pattern and beat, I hope to compete; I dare to try again. I’d love another chance to yell

It was not too late!

Thoughts from the Bucket

Shane Sperow, SCI Waymart

Another test Lord,
that you’ve brought my way.
I don’t know if it’s for the minute,
or a hunt piece of countless days.

No matter the hardship
my faith and resolve will stay true.
I’ll keep my honor, my manners, and my eyes focused on you

No windows with a view
only stale air to breathe. Seconds seem to take hours,
while you’re praying to leave

And then the time comes,
the door opens with a bang.
I thank my Lord above
because of him I got sprung



Behind The Wall

Cory Lambing, SCI Forest

Some men live for others
and make their presence known
some men live in isolation
And choose to live alone
Some men live for justice
and walk inside the law
but of these men, the group I'm in
Is the men behind the wall.

We've given up our freedom
we've sacrificed our rights
by day we walk in darkness
while sorrow fills our nights.
We've learned to hide our teardrops
but still these teardrops fall.
We walk alone, Lost in our past
The men behind the wall.

Some have lost our family
most have lost our friends
Today will bring a heartbreak
that time can only mend
when letters are not answered
And no one takes our calls
we count the cost when all is lost
The men behind the wall.

Our past forever hidden
our futures far away
our story has been written
with nothing left to say
No one to stand behind us
and catch us when we fall
the debts we make are never paid
For us behind the wall.

If there is one left who's righteous.
Then let him cast the stone
and if you know perfecting
then let it die alone
the one man who was perfect
was judged in pilate's hall
He knows our sins and loves us yet
These men behind the wall.

To Feel Like Writing

Tyrone Barner, Georgia

It's people that make one weary and add to one's struggles and make one's life tougher than it has to be.

The ones who lie, steal, cheat, try to use you for their own gain without regard for those that may be hurt by their actions and evil deeds.

One example is to be called an old head or of which in the streets stand for old gangster; to be called one of these by someone who is younger is not for the respect they have for one's wisdom and experience along with years of achievement and knowledge. But it leads one to believe that it is respect.

Should one not be broken down and walking with a cane, one is treated as one of their youthful peers.

Yes I have to write here that everyone knows what they know. You know what you know and for myself I know what I know. Listen to me or not; as an old head I say go your way and let me go on my way

It is written that the one who wins souls is wise, yet many souls are lost in their youth without a care or thought about the payment that all must make in their end time

Is there help for them? This writer has none, or just refuses to answer.

To deal with people like this day in and day out is enough to make anyone say, "that's it! I have had it with people."

But to look back at the time where one did listen and left you with a smile on their face. Does it make it worthwhile to keep going, to keep trying, to reach the few with what is the real truth.

This writer has never had an attachment to or for material things, for I can always get more of material things. Because everything outside my body is nothing but a tool.

Trying to fit into this reality and be a part of it has no appeal to this writer. Why? Because in trying, this writer lost everything because of people who in the beginning gave this writer the impression that they cared about the writer, but it was a front to get what they wanted. With no thought about what the writer was in to or trying to do. You can believe it; you don't know a good thing until you lose it

In the end all the writer was left with was a magic pinecone all to himself.

Letter Home

Ravetta Calvin-Stone, SCI Cambridge Springs

I looked for you
In this place
Closed my eyes
I'm trying to picture your face
It's getting harder now
Just to see past the time
While images of yesterday
Race through my mind
I reach for your hand
It's invisible to me now
Yet, I still find myself
Holding on somehow
I want to cry sometimes
But, I can't let them see
That behind my smile
The fracture still bleeds
The wound is gaping
It's a void that won't fill
I think it's the secrets
Nobody knows
The past, the present
Whatever's to come
The memories I hold
Of all the shit that I've done
Who I hope to be
The girl I've left behind
The little one inside of me I fear
I'll never find
For Lord knows I need a savior
To come into my heart
Maybe He can save me
From myself
Before I tear me apart
Because the devil rages in my veins
He stomps around in my head
That motherfucker won't be happy
Until he sees me dead
But, I think of you
When my mind is troubled
And my heart starts to feel colder
Scared to death
I'll still be this way
Once my children get older
See, in here there is no light
Just flickers of a flame
And I find myself wondering
If I too am just the same
When I really wanted
So much more
I really wanted to live
I just couldn't figure out

If I had anything left to give
You once said I was strong
Like that's the easiest thing to do
Did you ever stop and realize
I always got my strength from you
I had no right to do that
Place all of my hopes at your feet
But, you were my everything
You're what made me feel complete
And, I know I needed fixin'
I always felt like damaged goods
But, I wanted you to do
All the things I knew I should
So, here I sit still broken
Wishing I was with you
Wondering if we'll ever get around
To doing what we never got to do
It doesn't matter about before
Please ignore the hate mail I sent
Because, when I said I love you
Those were the words I meant

SIMPLY, MARVELOUS

Reginald Lewis, SCI Phoenix

He was a beautiful Christian brother.
And I, Muslim.
He had a big, booming laugh. A radiant, 1000-watt smile.
Luminous, kind, piercing, inquisitive, and laser-sharp eyes
That cut right through you. I never heard him say one bad word about anyone.
Whenever—or wherever he saw me, he'd say, "Hey, Reg."
"Marvelous," I'd holler back.
This Cat was cool. The way he moved with a confident, graceful stride. A Marine.
Polished and immaculate and smooth, in his dress blues.
In old Graterford prison, we'd stroll down the long concrete highway on B-Block,
The Philly home boys reminiscing about our gang war days,
The cheap wine we called corner boy champagne—y'all remember.
Tiger Rose, Thunderbird, Boone's Farm and Mad Dog 20-20,
Toothpicks protruding from the side of our mouths,
Cool caps twisted to the side,
Gangster leaning, slow dragging with the cute young honeys
To those slow love songs by
The Intruders and the Delfonics and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
and the Temptations at those steamy, dark basement parties down the way.
And he could sure talk about music because he was a gifted musician.
He played a funky bass guitar.
Yeah. On B-block, Marv banged his music loud.
How many of us knew he was even sick?
He stared down that silent assassin fearlessly.
With a Military Code of Honor.
A rare jewel indelibly etched on infinitesimal eons of Time's Winged Chariot,
or like trying to capture the brilliant light of his soul
In the sweeping arc across the moon.
Amid all his quiet suffering, he wasn't bitter or angry.
We can hear the sweet, soft, whispers of his prayers,
Fluttering, melodiously, between the earth and sky,
As the angels delivered him, gently, gently, gently, to his Lord.

Wondering about the status of a submission?

We receive a large number of wonderful articles every month, but we are unable to print them all.

Why was my submission denied?

Length: While we do often edit long articles down to fit our 500 word limit, sometimes articles are simply too long for us to edit without losing the voice of the author.

Too Personal: We look for articles that the majority of our readers can relate to. Sometimes personal stories can do this, and sometimes they can't. Case specific articles that do not talk about the wider criminal justice system in relation to their case are often too personal.

Similar Content: We try to print a wide variety of topics in our newsletter. If we have received too many articles related to the same topic, we may not take them all.

Timing: The process of putting together each issue of Graterfriends is about 2 months. Sometimes, we

As we have gained more volunteers on our Graterfriends team, we are working to provide more personalized feedback to our authors. You should begin to see more letters with feedback on both your accepted and denied submissions. Our team, while growing, is still limited, so we will be doing our best to do this for each article.

What if I didn't receive any feedback?

There's a chance we miss some of your submissions in the shuffle. Please write us if you have any questions about a piece you submitted. We have electronic copies of them all.

Thank you to our authors, and for those of you who have not written for us yet, we strongly encourage you to. The more voices we have- the better!

Mister Daniel Brown

Joseph C. Mander III, SCI Somerset

Mister Daniel Brown doesn't care about a soul...
If you gave this man an inch, he would try to take control...
If you gave this man a mile, he would stab you with a smile
So don't ever turn your back, 'cause back stabbing is his style

So I tell you not to trust him; if you do, you'll surely lose...
Cause he'll stab you anywhere... You already have a bruise...
Cause he gets his kicks by kicking you, dead center in the face...
And... If he could, I guarantee he'll take your very place

Is it jealousy or greed?.. It's a little bit of both....
He'll set fire to you just because... He likes to see you roast.
And... If you're feeling cold, he will shelter you with ice.
Like an igloo, when he gets you... sweat that it ain't nothing nice!

Not a bone in his body that is not filled up with hate...
Stay as far away from Brown, There's no need to contemplate.
I am telling you the truth... If what comes goes back around...
Then the worst will surely come.. To that Mister Daniel Brown!

D.A.N.I.E.L. B.R.O.W.N. (A fictional character)
*"Distraction And Negativity In Ever Loser...
Because Regret Only Wants Negativity"*

Penitentiary Theater

Larry Stromberg, SCI Phoenix

Plays are my Psalms sung unto God, someone once told me

Stories staged to bless the condemned

A portrait of deliverance or chaos, freeing the hopeless for just a few hours

We all are actors behind the razor wire

Moment by moment, one scene at a time

I feel alive portraying these roles

The struggles of the confined

This is where my redemption dwells

A purpose revealed to this mass population

A dedicated legacy defined

Mental Health

Wayne P. Johnson, SCI Benner

Automatic negative thoughts
can get in the way
Because they're nothing but ants
that we deal with on certain days

And sometime ants can be a pest
Because they get you caught up
in all kinds of mess

Ants can turn your mind into a dirty trash
And this is why we need to start makin'
Better plans
And the way to do that is by trying to keep
your trash can clean
Because ants have a way
of getting in the way of our dreams

Because they pick up things
we may have dropped in our past
So that they can force you to walk
back down the wrong path

So then your thoughts start to smell like trash can juice
Because other ants and pest start to get loose
And things can get real weird when the rats
Come out
Because raging automatic thoughts can make you
Wanna punch somebody in the mouth.

So my advice to someone who may be
Having a bad day
Is to please make sure you take your medication
Every day

Because ants are known to creep through any crack
And the rats can smell where they keep their munchies at
So the ants share with the rats until the cats catch on
and begin to chase the ants in what
I like to call a mind storm

And you know how cats do because they're your
Calm automatic thoughts
So you need to lean more on them for support

Because you know the dog is man's best friend
That's why he chase after the cat for letting
The rats get in.
Because dog spelled backwards is god

So it's best to thank him for keeping you alive
And ask him to help you keep your trash can
Clean
Because ants and rats have been known
To destroy any bodies dream!

A Letter Apart

Joseph E. Mander III, SCI Somerset

I'm closer than you think.
...Don't you ever get distressed.
And pick up your head,
There's no need to be depressed.
I'm only a letter...
...And a phone call away.
And I'm right inside your heart
...Promise that's where imma stay
I'll always be with you...
...Feel my touch upon your skin.
My lips upon your lips...
...My two fingers on your chine
Never look down...
...Keep your head up with a smile.
And I anticipate...
...Every number when I dial...
Your voice is all I need...
...To escape an empty void
And even when you yell
...I still never get annoyed
The sound of your voice...
...Keeps a smile upon my face.
And just to hear your voice...
Feels just like a warm embrace
I miss you alot...
And I love it when you write.
And though we're apart
...There's no need for us to fight!
Even miles away...
You're still right here in my heart
And never feel alone,
We're just one letter apart!

C.A.D.B.I.



J.M. Rodriguez
A.M. 9044
S.C.D.
Mak.



Artwork by Brian Fuller, Tolles Prison

DEHUMANIZATION

“If you can laugh with somebody and relate to somebody, it becomes harder to dehumanize them. I think that most of what we are constantly bombarded with in terms of media leads you to a creation of the Other and a dehumanization of the Other, and it’s very much an us versus them conversation.”

Jehane Noujaim

Life In A Cage...

John Maltese, SCI Houtzdale

In the night, so alone in your cell, some say it is, it’s certainly hell...
The building is built on nothing but shame,
you can have all you can handle, all of life’s pain.
Bright glare of a light, so one can’t hide from death...
The cool wind of winter, asleep at your side.

There’s death in the air... Every breath... Everywhere...
Lured to this camp with various potions!
Held until when... A black robe motions...

You are nothing in here, not even a name.
an alpha-numeric for the victims you claimed,
Lost all of your words, your plea not sustained...
Taught all the tricks, to hold the world in disdain.

late in the night, some thoughts are so raw...
Even this choice is against some common law...
As you’re eaten alive by corrections’ law!

Come ‘round again they will, indeed,
see the devil’s rope of humanities greed!
Or one prayer ‘til you dance, until you can’t bleed...

Alone in a room so, so much like a tomb,
so many they come from their late mother’s womb...
Can one truly escape, this place of such gloom?
Awaiting tomorrow and tomorrow’s endless doom...

Day after day, year after year, until one day there’s not one single tear...
This place is a graveyard, it takes life so clear...
And you chase it; beg for your freedom that once was, oh so dear...
Yes, peace will come... when you pay your arrears.

RECIDIVIST

Scott Rohrer, SCI Huntingdon

Cell door will open one day / Give all that I own away
Chances that I’ll make my change / Statistics say I should just stay
They keep their eye on me / A tight watch, making sure my nose is clean
They don’t know it’s all the same / let them think they’ve won their game

A willing receptacle, trash filling up my soul / cage in where I kept, my fault
Recidivistic, I Revolve / Disobedient! Recalcitrant!
Authority resistant, criminal in me persistent!
So what? I’m meant to be / society’s worst enemy
Pretty sure it’s in my blood / My reality has lost all touch!

A willing receptacle, trash filling up my soul / cage in where I’m kept, my fault
Recidivistic, I revolve, I have always been this way / I will ALWAYS Be Insane!
Discharged and back again / At Least I’ll See All My Old Friends
Wasn’t even out that long / Maybe I’ll write a Brand New Song
Be a willing Receptacle, trash filling up my soul
Cage in where I’m kept, my fault
Recidivistic, I revolve.

Authors Note:

This song speaks for itself its obviously about Prison being a | Revolving Door. Anyway, Yes I have a band outside and while I have been inside I have written about 300 songs.

I hope you at least enjoyed Reading These from the viewpoint of a prisoner. This wayward Son is heading onward. That’s home, For Good Recidivist, not me...

NOTES = {chorus} /verse/ All Syllables are even sounding /- = middle of verse /

Prisonblind

Richard Sean Gross, SCI Phoenix

Blind in prison,
I cannot see my pen pals,
Can't see the places they describe,
Don't really know where they are.
They tell me of experiences I can't relate to,
Limited to last century's technology,
Cloistered in this concrete convent,
Never used a cell phone.
I want to see the ocean.

Prison is blind.
They only want your number,
Not your name.
Only see your browns,
Not your face.
Classified and categorized, statistically
Level 3, LIFE, W, M, five-seven.
You are a commodity to be shelved,
A warehouse of forgotten humanity.
I can only describe this to them.
My pen pals cannot see it.

"Animal"

Joel Aaron Burrel, Hampton Roads Regional Jail

Am I an animal?
Taken out my natural environment,
Placed in an artificial habitat,
Living in unhealthy conditions.
Am I an animal?
Held Captive behind bars,
Being punished for reacting negatively,
Unable to adapt to a domain unfamiliar.
Am I an animal?
Medicated to keep me from harming others,
Labeled a threat to society because of my behavior,
Restricted for safety's sake,
Until I conform to acceptable conduct.
Am I an animal?
Weeping sorrowful in isolation,
Distance destroying companionship,
Puzzled on how I got into this cage,
Treated harshly dine to false perceptions of my identity.
Am I an animal?
Fed on schedule through a chuck hole,
Being served the lowest quality of meat or produce,
Eager to be free from this confine space,
Cheerful and playful for each recreational period.
Am I an animal?
Shackled and chained,
Whimpering to be untamed.



Can't Breathe

Larry Stromberg, SCI Phoenix

It's a hell of a thing when you can't breathe anymore.

This is how Grandfather must have felt on the day he went under the Delaware River.

I never met the man. He died before I was born. Mother told me his story. It feels like I've known this man all of my life.

His vessel capsized and deadly currents dragged him down. When they pulled his bloated corpse, with only his boxers on, three days later, it was evident, Grandpop fought for every breath. Training methods from the U.S. Navy, using clothing as life saving flotation devices.

To no avail, the currents were too powerful.

He didn't breathe anymore.

Maybe being incarcerated with a life sentence is almost the same thing.

Trying to survive, hoping to stay alive.

Dreaming of a second chance.

Fighting for every breath.

Anxiety,
Panic,
Confusion.

Behind The Wall

Cory Lambing, SCI Forest

Some men live for others
and make their presence known
some men live in isolation
And choose to live alone
Some men live for justice
and walk inside the law
but of these men, the group I'm in
Is the men behind the wall.

We've given up our freedom
we've sacrificed our rights
by day we walk in darkness
while sorrow fills our nights.
We've learned to hide our teardrops
but still these teardrops fall.
We walk alone, Lost in our past
The men behind the wall.

Some have lost our family
most have lost our friends
Today will bring a heartbreak
that time can only mend
when letters are not answered
And no one takes our calls
we count the cost when all is lost
The men behind the wall.

Our past forever hidden
our futures far away
our story has been written
with nothing left to say
No one to stand behind us
and catch us when we fall
the debts we make are never paid
For us behind the wall.

If there is one left who's righteous.
Then let him cast the stone
and if you know perfecting
then let it die alone
the one man who was perfect
was judged in pilate's hall
He knows our sins and loves us yet
These men behind the wall.

You Can't Imagine

James Arthur, Facility Unknown

Can you imagine a world made of concrete and steel,
Where humans bet on the next to be killed?
Can you imagine the sounds of madness, and its screams,
Where no one cares, much less, intervenes?

Can you imagine being lost, and forgotten?
Where saying, "Out of sight, out of mind" is common,
and heard often?
Can you imagine seeing raw hate
Over the color of ones skin, or the complexion of ones
face?

Can you imagine being truly alone,
Where no one loves you, and there's no where to call
home?
Can you imagine being conditioned in a way
That you ignore others being hurt; where you're pro-
grammed to stay out of their way?

Can you imagine a place where the time stands still
Yet the clock continues to tick on, year after year?
Can you imagine a planet where kindness is perceived
As a weakness, and exploited for another's gain?

Can you imagine being so numb, and dull
That you test the limits of physical pain?
Can you imagine a place where the morals of conduct no
longer apply
And most will stay there until they die?

Can you imagine being the remnant of a distant memory
Where you're left out of your family's history?
Can you imagine your stories going untold
As your child begins to grow old?

Can you imagine being surrounded by dust and mold
While wiping your nose as it drips from your tears and
the cold?
And, as you sit within the walls of your tomb
And the depression starts to loom
While that guilt continues to consume you,
And these memories inside follow you to bed,
Your imagination endorses the war that goes on inside
your head...

Can you imagine a weapon made of ink and tears,
Where your pen produces sentences in an attempt to
neutralize your fears?

Try to imagine that pen as an instrument of peace,
Immersed within the pressure, searching for any release.

Now, awake from that dream, and KNOW that place is
REAL.

You should NEVER assume you've won at life's cheap
thrills!

See, when you think you have won, you've really lost.
Because, in that world, the gain is hardly ever worth the
cost.

My Situation

Heather Daoust, Facility Unknown

Looking at my television
Eyes snap to tunnel vision
The lady talks fast
About a virus crash

Collision on our borders
He built to keep out "aliens"
But the extra terrestrial
Invisibly flies now

Silent warfare
Mutant warrior
The UFO landed
No one is safe now

Down the block, people drop
Months passed, were a hot spot
Death toll on the rise
We pull our masks on tight
Use bleach to sanitize.

RIP the homie's life

Good behavior, earned time off
Scared however, it isn't enough
I try to stay sane and off asthma puffs

Governor please listen to me
I'm a terminal patient don't execute me

I was sentenced to life not death.

One Second

Juicy Queen Bee, SCI Albion

My love you tried to steal
Thought you have me
crying over you
baby you had me weak
The pleasure felt good
one second was all you took
felt like forever
Pleasure can feel good
with just anyone
when lust and temptation involve
but one second
can mess up your life
rather drugs addiction
lust money woman men
what even your desire
 one second was all it took
Now I'm lost
wondering when this
One second will end
good on bad
I chose to act
on one second
now look at me.

Sincerely,

Richard Sean Gross, SCI Phoenix

To my friends who went home:
thank you for your good intentions.
I am sending stationery designed just for you.

“Sorry I didn’t write sooner...”

is pre-printed on the page,
saving you precious time

while you make ends meet
or meet your new friends.

I will be here doing time,
hoping that you can make time

For the things you said you’d do,
last time.

Horology: The Study of Time

Kevin Robert Schaeffer, SCI Albion

This life I mark
not in years,
but by whites.
Scrubbed by hand, grown threadbare,
evincing navel, tuft of hair.
Shells of selves,
barely there.
not in weeks,
but by trays.
All windfall and gleanings,
tepid guises, tortured eating.
A toothy wheel,
repeating.
not in hours,
but by rounds.
Spiteful stomps, invasive peeks,
jangling keys, lantern sweeps.
Hands to face,
I creep.

Were you recently transferred or assigned a new state ID number? Let us know!

The DOC does not alert us when you are transferred or assigned a new number.

Please write us so we can update our mailing list and ensure quick delivery of your Graterfriends!

***Want to subscribe to
Graterfriends?***

See the order form on page 28.



*Whenever you stop
to look at
a tree or flower
and fill your heart
with its beauty,
you are Praying ...*

*Whenever you open
your heart
to discover
the miracles
all about you ...
you are Praying .*

*For Today and Every Day ...
A prayer for
All the Blessings
Life can Bring.*



COVID-19 SURVEY

As part of our continued efforts to monitor prison conditions, we are asking you for your help understanding what is happening on the inside. Since we have added some new questions, even if you have taken a version of this survey previously, it would help if you would fill it out again.

*Please fill out this survey and mail it back to us at:
230 South Broad Street, Suite 605, Philadelphia, PA 19102.*

1. Do you feel safe? Yes | No

2. How satisfied are you with the accessibility of medical care during the COVID-19 pandemic?
Very Dissatisfied Dissatisfied Neutral Satisfied Very Satisfied

3. How did you get information from the prison about COVID-19? (select all that apply)
Paper Bulletin on Unit Facility Info Channel on TV
Verbal communication by staff Town Halls run by prison administration
I did not get this information Other, please specify: _____

4. Do you have access to a TV?
Yes, block TV Yes, personal TV Yes, block TV & personal TV No

5. How satisfied have you been with communication about prison policy from the prison staff?
Very Dissatisfied Dissatisfied Neutral Satisfied Very Satisfied

6. How frequently do staff members wear masks?
Never Rarely Sometimes Often Always

7. Did the incarcerated people around you follow good health practices in the last week by washing their hands often?
No Yes Unsure

8. Did the incarcerated people around you follow good health practices in the last week by cleaning shared items after use (example: phones)?
No Yes Unsure

9. Did the common areas you have access to get cleaned at least two times a day in the last week (examples: dayrooms, showers)?
No Some areas, but not all Yes, all areas Unsure

10. How often did you get cleaning chemicals from the prison to clean your cell / sleeping area in the last week (examples: soap, bleach, or peroxide)?
Never Once last week 2 or 3 times last week Unsure

11. Did you get enough cleaning chemicals to thoroughly clean your cell / sleeping area in the last week?
No, I did not get any No, did not get enough Yes Unsure

12. Did you have enough soap to regularly wash your hands in the last week?
No Yes Yes, but I had to purchase some from the commissary Unsure

13. How many times in the last week did you shower?

None, I was not able to shower None, I chose not to shower
 1-2 times 3-4 times More than 5 times

14. How satisfied are you with the size of the meals you were served this past week?

Very Dissatisfied Dissatisfied Neutral Satisfied Very Satisfied

15. How satisfied are you with the quality of the meals you were served this past week?

Very Dissatisfied Dissatisfied Neutral Satisfied Very Satisfied

16. What activities/services is the prison administration providing to people in custody? (select all that apply)

Board Games Puzzles Bingo Religious Services
 Library Book Delivery Other, please specify: _____

17. Last week, did you access the law library?

No, did not try to No, was not able to Yes

18. How much time outside of the cell (not including yard time) do you get per day?

Less than 30 minutes 30-60 minutes 60-90 minutes 90-120 minute 120+ minutes

19. How many times did you go to the yard last week?

I did not go to the yard (did not want to) I did not go to the yard (not allowed)
 1-2 times 3-4 times 5 or more times

20. How many free phone calls did you make in the past week?

None 1-2 3-4 5 More than 5

21. In the past week, did you send at least one free email?

No, did not try to No, was not able to Yes

22. Did you get a free video visit in the last week?

No Yes, but bad service Yes, & it worked Does not apply to me

23. Since the start of the COVID-19 lockdown, have you spoken with anyone from psychological services?

No, have not tried to No, have not been able to Yes

24. Are you aware of the DOC policy change that medical co-pays are waived for flu-like symptoms (fever, cough, chest tightness, etc.)? Yes | No

25. How satisfied are you with the way your facility has responded to COVID-19?

Very Dissatisfied Dissatisfied Neutral Satisfied Very Satisfied

26. If you'd like to add to your answers above: What is the atmosphere of the prison like?

27. If you'd like to add to your answers above: What is the attitude of the staff like?

28. If you'd like to add to your answers above: What are your concerns about how the prison is managing the coronavirus outbreak?

29. What facility are you in? _____

30. Are you in the RHU? Yes | No

31. What is your housing unit? _____

32. What date did you fill out this survey? _____

33. Have you taken a version of this survey earlier? Yes | No

OPTIONAL (your name will not be used in reporting our results)

Name: _____

PPN number: _____

Thank you for your feedback. We are here during these uncertain times.

PLEASE NOTE if you have other concerns, not related to the questions above, please write to us on a separate piece of paper. If you provide additional information on this survey, it may get lost.

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READER SURVEY

We welcome comments and suggestions from all readers. Please complete this form and mail it to Pennsylvania Prison Society.

Thank you to everyone who submitted pieces for this issue! We had a lot of pieces about a variety of topics and did our best to create collections of writing with similar themes

In 2021, we are looking to model a traditional literary magazine and have one common theme for the creative piece. We want your input!

What themes would you like to suggest for our 2021 creative issue?

Please share your thoughts on this issue.

We are also looking for visual art pieces throughout the year to use in our bimonthly issues. If you enjoy creating visual art-paintings, drawings, etc, please send them for use in upcoming issues!

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