

2604 PM 2051
Tennessee Colony, TX 75885
7/13/17

(1) Queer Black Man Behind The Bars

I am Joseph Dye Oquinto. I have been incarcerated in the Ku Klux Klan world of the Texas Department of Criminal Justice since August 18, 2011. Previously I spent 10 months at Dallas County Jail with a majority in safekeeping. It was an opportunity to be around my queerlings. It was difficult for me to sleep because of the confinement. I did go to commissary weekly. I went to Ms. Elaine's classes on Wednesdays for HIV prevention. My mother visited me on Sunday mornings. I used the phone a lot. I couldn't receive hardback books per policy of Dallas County Jail. I wrote to many churches and they responded. I didn't know anything about addresses to legal places. I was lucky to have access to the yellow pages of the law library. I had been on the psych caseload I had a myriad of books. On Aug 17, 2011, the officers stated Oquinto, what's your last four. I told them. I had to get rid of books. I hugged a lot of people. Going to another place was different. It was muggy that Thursday. I had no shower slides. I was hungry. I met a few people on Middleton. There were no progressive church services. It was right wing prison church. I tried to fit in. I didn't see queerlings running around. It was severely hot. They called outside rec three times a day. They made us strip, shave our faces to compliance. Labor Day night Sept 5, 2011, they told me I was on chain. I ended up on Sept 6 & 7 Sept 6-19, 2011. I told Ms. Seblove that I was gay

Sex offender, etc. So let me in safekeeping. I had to be by myself for 1 day. I had a cellie named Jimmy that was B, and associated with a trans Latina. I hated being moved on 9/19/11. They had the shower line. I was able to make commissary. I bought ice cream for myself and a random fki guy. I stayed overnight on Polertson Unit from 9/20-9/21/2011. I ended up on West Texas at the H. Roach Unit. I had to deal with Staff that told me to stay out of their face, don't look at the women, Being forced to pay for protection because of my sex crime, not willing to fight and my queerness. They started playing the homosexual games where they touched each other inappropriately. These were mainly gang members. I was cheated out of \$5000.00 by a black gang member yet I still couldn't get in. I met some queers like Ana, Johnny, and Ceprake. We didn't get to do much queer organizing. Yet I tried to stay active. I dealt with the religious dogma. I was able to rest better, go to outside rec, go to commissary weekly, checkout books, etc. I made calls to check on my mother.

I had to get a lot of mail. I didn't enroll in college. I should have. I sang in the church choir. I wasn't feeling it because of the anti-gay establishment there. The Pentecostal Baptists and others were swarming. I had some cellmates whom I didn't get along with because they were queer for me. Administrator was

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doing dirty. On April 19, 2012, I was shipped off to Montford Unit to be placed on suicide watch. Because I told law library staff that I would like to prepare a will in case something happens.

I was in Ad-Seg placement from 7:28am-5:35pm striped naked and cold. I felt inhumane.

I stayed at Montford Apr 19-May 13, 2012. I checked out thinking I was going back to Roach. They sent me to Roberts on Unit which is maximum security.

It was hard to adjust there because it was a medical unit, they wrote many kites on people.

I was kited out a few times while in medium custody and once being in minimum custody. During that time I filed grievances weekly and filed 1983s. I got one major disciplinary overturned.

I was shipped October 9, 2014 due to my filing of 1983s. They sent me to a kid unit called Clemens.

They served better food. I got involved with Toastmasters. It helped me to be an effective speaker. They gave me a job in laundry as a folder.

It was very challenging getting up at 4am and working till 10am. I was off till 11am. All I did after work was nap. I didn't feel great. They placed me in the dorms. I had issues with my co-workers. Staff were sweating the shirts/pants with no pocket and I said they all must include a pocket. Toastmaster was fun. I ended up serving on the board of directors as a Sgt at Arms.

From Oct 2015-March 2016. I was called a "man of conviction". I was recruiting people.

I ran for the seat in early 2015 and lost.

I was the first openly gay and black to hold the Sgt at Arms post in the history of the Postmasters group on the Clemens Unit. I changed jobs to a janitor. I ended up working grave yard. It was an opportunity because I had more access. I would still get fired because I spoke every week. I stopped going to church from 2014-2016 because of the judgmental individuals. I had some allies whom I talked to. I had stayed case free for 2 yrs I gotten a disciplinary case for my engagement in homosexual activity. In DCU they have zero tolerance for sex. Yet Lawrence & Barnes overturned sodomy in 2005. They wouldn't pay its workers. We were still held in slavery. They write cases for not going to work, not showing etc. We couldn't stay in the Choe Hall long. They tell us to get up after 5 minutes. This was the same when we went to the Shower line. We get screwed over on medical appointments and mailroom. There is no order. Each day is different. There is a severe mental health crisis. The queer community is so divided. I had relationships with different people. I still got preyed on by the blacks. I wasn't sexually attracted to blacks. The African staff wanted to know me, shake my punk down, inquire about my case, family, etc. I felt very embarrassed by this. When they heard out I was gay. They started belittling me. I was told that I walked like a woman.

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I still remained exhausted. I been denied parole 3 times already due to my crime and probation violation. The issue ~~to parole~~ has been blacks wanting me to have sex with them. There is a lot of animals around here. They are real tough. They want to fight. I am constantly provoked daily. I was held in Solitary Confinement for 74 days APR 11 - June 24, 2016 due to 2 sexual cases and plus awaiting being shipped. I filed paperwork asking to be housed with the Queeries on another unit. I was denied. They sent me to Eastham. My last cellmate was gay. It was a relief. I wrote to various books to prison distributors. They sent me great books. I was jumped by a gang member on Oct 20, 2008 close to my cell. Officer Gonzalez witnessed it. I fell to the ground. I suffered a swollen jaw. I couldn't hardly walk to the showers and almost fell. My equilibrium was off. I filed paperwork. I was shipped Nov 18, 2010 en route to Michael which is about 3 hrs away from home. They still didn't place me in safekeeping because state classification denied me because they didn't feel anything was wrong with me. I discharged 9/1/2020. Since being on the Michael Unit I had several bogus disciplinary cases written on me inclusive of the law library and my previous job field squad. I felt that working outdoors was slavery. I was subjected to hostilities by the gang members.

It seemed as though I get death threats. I was told homosexuals and their families should be killed by a black inmate that lived in my pod. Yet he was moved. Others said similar things. I have a cellmate whom I lived with since Mar 19, 2014. Since this time he has called me scary, stupid, etc. Yet he bullies me daily. He feels that he is right all the time. He tends to be just to everything. I told him I don't raise kids. I am not your insurance policy and you act like a left puppy dog. He has gotten worse. I had to change my faith to Buddhist on Eastern Religions because I didn't belong in the Christian world. On Tuesdays I have been going to services where more queerbings are there. I am still learning more about after being brainwashed by the fundamentalists. I had to deal with waits on medical services they feign constantly. I was told to stop dropping sick calls. They are inhumane. This is correctional managed health care. They feed us sack lunches dinners constantly because they claim they are short staff. As a 64 medium custody offender we are often ordered to be escorted by an another officer. Other units I been on they didn't require escorts. I was denied minimum custody on April 10th, 2017. It has been difficult living with the elder population. They act like 7 yr olds.

The whites in prisons are in fear. Most that live in my pod are over 40. It is over 4

to explain things to them ^{(4) cover} they don't catch things
the 1st time. The African staff here can't communicate
well. It causes a lot of severe friction. They
criticize me because I don't know the language. I
get in arguments with them. They don't understand
appointments. They are constantly judgmental.
I stress so much dealing with the prison.

I am tired of staff bothering me. It is a central
type of prison. They have a bunch of cameras
up. They wasted taxpayer money on them than
on education. They claim they lack funds.
They cut healthcare and education which is
important. The water system is not great.
They refuse to filter the water. This is ~~coming~~
from the river. On Columbus, the water ~~coming~~
used to have cramps. They shut the water off
constantly.

Since being on Michael other queer people had
called me "reggae punk". I am labelled as different.
Some long-winded. I just believe in expressing
myself. It's hard to sleep at night with all
the constant banging of keys, shouting from staff
and inmates. It's hardly quiet around here.
The chaplains are not much of help. They are
underpaid and feel they can overcontrol inmates.
They are severely inhospitable. We don't have a
Buddhist Chaplain. They took away our yoga mats
which makes it harder to meditate.
I have not been in pain since meditating.
I hate taking my chronic care meds. They cause
side effects including gas, diarrhea, etc. Due to
the chow hall food, they don't properly wash
the vegetables/drain them. The last food is
at breakfast. They constantly serve pancakes
or eggs, every other day. They consistently feed
pork/beef/patties, beef or pork/rice, pork or
beef vegetable casseroles in order to stock
up the inmates. They offer dessert

once a week on Wednesdays. They haven't served chicken quarters to those on regular trays except on the 4th of July. Every unit is different they count so much here. Many don't count correctly. The employees don't have experience. Many are bigoted. They want to go to college. A lot of staff are resigning and going into the oil fields for more money. They waste time writing cases. Time here is difficult. Many have ended. I had to train myself to be alert. As I discharge 9/1/2020 I have to learn the art of small talk. I have to get out of the prison mindset. I can educate the public about my experience here. This is not a comfortable place. I hate wearing white duty. I don't like the grey socks they give us for the cause inflammation. The canvas shoes and black steel toed boots are severely uncomfortable.

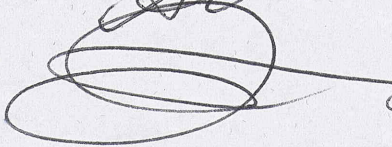
Tom tired of being abused by staff and inmates. I never feel assaulted by staff. I have been threatened to be gassed. I am allergic to it. It has made me cough/sneeze. I witnessed fights people passing out from K9. I was punched in the lip twice by a Latino gang member in the cell because I was gay. The gang policy dictates if one is caught with a homosexual, they will be subjected to violence. Some get away with it. Many are seeking a buddy. Being queer in prison is much harder than on the outside because in the free world there is more room. In prison one is confined. Everyone is in your business. They gossip constantly like a woman. They are not discreet. They make fun of people. I call it Go-sipping where they are sipping on the go. I had to shut people down. The majority of prisoners are caught up in it.

I still don't feel safe and secure as a queer black man. I hated that there's not a Democratic president. Hillary Clinton was uniquely qualified than Donald Trump. I was deeply shocked.

As a queer black man I do believe in speaking up. Years ago before coming to prison I was still in the closet. I didn't watch Ellen, Papiel nor Will & Trace. I was reared in an all black community where one guided their business. My mother worked multiple jobs to make ends meet. I had to follow in her footsteps. Yet I indulged myself in extracurricular activities in order to be a productive citizen. It back burnt out at times and needed the rest. I seen books which inspired me from Bill Clinton's my life to love, Ellen by Betty DeGeneres. I am wanting to read more queer history. I want the progressive colleges across this nation to know that a queer black man is upcoming. There is no put up or shut up around here. I am a polarizing figure. I am seeking strong minded people to join me in the fight for marriage equality. We can't tell anyone which bathroom to use. Just as we have freedom from religion. We must keep ourselves at work. We can't sit down. I constantly be on the go daily. I don't like setting still except when I have to (food motivates me). I hate when my energy is drained. People consistently waste my energy.

I'm not being understood. I had to learn my personality types in prison. They change so much daily. I can't never make a person happy. People are sensitive here. They don't have fuck shit. Right now it is severely hot. I am trying to maintain my composure. I had went off due to the weather conditions. When it is my freedom as a queer man to love another man without staff writing disiplinary for establishing a relationship. The Africans telling me "Get out of there" the scare of being chewed out by staff for

being in an authorized area. Staff break rules
what makes them any different than us. They
wear gray clothing and wear white. Both make
us hot and cause us to flare up in attitude.
people looking for attention. Where is
the attention? Where is our freedom?
as a queer black man behind the bar I
ask are you out. Do you have any homophobia
in your heart? There are people around
who don't know who they are! They hide
behind the religious bigotry, gangs. It
is time in 2017 to come out. It doesn't
matter if you are an elder, teen, woman
man, gender nonconforming or whatever you
are. Stop living that lie. Quit hiding
in fear. Many inmates get mad at me for
studying them too closely. They want to
fight because they feel like it will help
them gain more respect. Maybe as a reader
over the Internet you might question everything
I have written. I value your opinions. Maybe
there's something I might not have covered
that you might want to address. I may not
know all the answers as a queer black man.
This ride in prison is being like a
roller coaster. I thank Hamilton College
for allowing a queer prisoner like me to
express myself. I hope to visit your
college upon release and extend the
handshake. Thank you in advance.

Sincerely,
 Joseph Ogortode