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Re: Email for August 6th, 2023

To: "Division, Criminal (CRM)" <Criminal.Division@usdoj.gov>, civil.feedback@usdoj.gov

I have thought for a long time, about writing a book about my life and what has happened to me. As handicapped as I am, I could do it. I am not aware of anyone who has reflected on his or her life to the extent that I have, not even close. I know of no more miserly accountant of his or her conduct than myself. I think about my life in terms of the details, and I also think about my life in terms of the effort that I have made. I'm down for a battle at the level of the details. Pick a detail and it's probable that I remember it. On more details than not, I will win the fight. On some details, I will lose the fight, and that is because, for those details, I refuse to even try to win. I will concede defeat, with no resistance. That's the right thing to do. It gives the other person value. It makes them matter.

Each detail is like a skirmish in war. I will win so dramatically, and so decisively, so many of these skirmishes, that the war will be a bloodbath. My opponent will not want to come back and try again. Part of it has to do with the trend of putting effort into doing what is right, consistently, for a very long period of time. There is no moral decision that doesn't weigh on me to some extent. I may do things that are wrong, and I may even seem cavalier to someone who is watching, but it always registers with me on some level. There is always a desire to do better. Most moral decisions weigh on me a lot.

And like a lot of things, there are qualifications. I'm not going to sit back and let people lie about me, even if I did do them wrong. For so much of my life, I beat myself up, constantly. In recent years, I have gotten better at this. What I have found is that, when you beat yourself up, other people jump into the dog pile with you, and beat on you some more. It is this pathetic quality that people have. You become an easy target for dysfunctional primates who have too much mercy on themselves and are looking for someone to take their problems out on. So I'm better on that one, at least much better than I used to be. I'll stick up for myself if people are being ridiculous. I'll acknowledge the wrong that I did do, assuming I did any, and I will defend myself against the rest.

It's also kind of ridiculous sounding to say things like "I've done right more often than I've done wrong." It's even more ridiculous to say "in my life, I've done more things that are not wrong than things that are wrong." That's not what I'm saying. I'm counting the details that matter, that happen in the moment. The game of doing right as a human being is played in the moment. If you don't make the right choice in the moment, you lose. There is no other time to make the right choice, and you can't plan ahead on what opportunity to do wrong and benefit from it might come your way. So much of this hijacks us from out of the blue.

I can't type anymore.

Warmest Regards,

Clint Williams

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