

11-12-12

"The more I try to please Doc, the more he tries me..." - Lucrezia Borgia, 1507

Dear Readers,

Howdy! Yep... still in the Hole.

Some good news: the last cellie who totally got on my nerves was released to the compound on Thursday. Whew! What a mistake that was!

On the other hand, there's been some troubling stuff going on too. Another guy wanted to move in (I'm a glutton for punishment, but was hoping this one wouldn't be as bad) & he was told "no" by staff. I've been alone since Thurs., which is fine by me - I'm a loner & as long as I have books I'm fine. What's troublesome are all the various reasons they gave him for why he couldn't move in. He said they even told him no one could move in 'cause I'm on PC status (Protective Custody - usually people who "check in" because they've been threatened). He & his cellie, who're downstairs, (we talk thru the vents), also told me that because my detention order says "KSF John Jennings", the KSF stands for Keep Separate From & people rarely return to the compound with that.

Now, since that POS (piece of s---) is lying, that doesn't make sense (but the BOP rarely does). Also, the SIS staff has led me to believe that it's still possible for me to go back. One staff member came by the cell last Monday & said he'd try to finish it up & get me back out. This is the 3<sup>rd</sup> person I've spoken to, & BOP staff lie CONSTANTLY, but I remain hopeful. I am so screwed otherwise.

If anyone has read my blog continuously, several months ago I mentioned a really cute guy with obvious mental problems who I doubt lasted a week on the compound. One nice person who posted

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a comment called him "Cute, but disturbed," which I thought was... cute! Anyway, the guys downstairs said that CBT (Cute But Dist.) is downstairs on their range in a cell by himself. They say he yells all the time various crazy things. I know he needs help & it's a damn shame. He'll never get it in the BOP.

I refuse to speak to BOP psychologists from past experience. While still in Miami on pre-trial, I had one, Jorge Luis, assigned to do an evaluation on me. I wasn't as bad as the guys downstairs (or both of my current neighbors), but for a while there I was seriously messed up after the shock of all that happened.

Well, Luis refused all my medical & previous psych records from my attorney & based his evaluation solely on information from the prosecution. This is obviously biased & against all rules. Then he lies in court. I kept pointing this out & was ignored. My judge, Cohn, is a complete idiot & was entirely biased against me & wouldn't listen to any objection. They're both crooks. There is no justice in America.

OH! By the way... want to hear another way the BOP totally screws you over? In previous posts while I was still on the compound, I wrote several times about C3PO, my wonderful, yet costly MP3 player I bought & blew a ton of money on buying songs which made me "so happy." Well, guess what? You can't use it at all in the Hole (SHU). First of all, you charge it up with charging stations set up in the unit that you plug it into (& hope it doesn't get stolen). Well... no charging stations in the SHU. You're screwed. Second, they set them up so that you HAVE to plug them into the computer & revalidate them every 15 days or they won't work. You sign on to the computer with your 3 different validation numbers. They're doing this so people can't sell or pass on their MP3's when they leave or whatever. Or buy one for someone. Nothing. So, there again you're screwed. You can't revalidate your MP3

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while in the Hole + you can't charge it up. If you want to listen to any music, you have to have a radio + buying the MP3 is a luxury / gimmick. Sounds fair, right? (Not)

11-15-12

Speaking of music, one ear of my damn earbuds went out. I cannot tell you how much that sucks.

I'm also frustrated because: on Tues. I received a response stapled to several of my Requests to Staff (commonly called "copouts") to S.I.S. + it said that my investigation is done + waiting for the Warden's signature + I'd be returned to the compound. Now, the guys downstairs said they had the same experience only their recommendation on their reports was to be transferred + that's what the Warden signed off to.

Now, I'm sure that was the case with them, but I have a hard time believing that's the case with me. Unfortunately... I'm still here + it's Thursday. The Warden is off for 2 more weeks too. The A.W. came by today + she is straight up ghetto trash. I couldn't get a straight answer from her, but I did get a lot of attitude. He said she signed off on some reports, but wouldn't say if one was mine. Fuck. I still don't know what's going on. If the actual Warden were here I'd know. He's calm + intelligent + doesn't have an attitude.

In ending, I want to recommend 2 books. "Mississippi Sissy" by Kevin Sessums is WORTHFUL. I literally laughed + cried.

Also excellent is "Corelli's Mandolin" by Louis de Bernières. The movie is entirely forgettable (forgettable). The book, however, is great. It's much more in depth + a wonderful story.

Check 'em out!

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Love & Blessings,

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several loops and a long horizontal stroke.