

# The Truth About James "Whitey" Bolger & Black Mass

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I met Whitey Bolger at Coleman 2 USP, where he was sent because someone at Tucson U.S.P. tried to crush his skull with a rock. When I met him, he was an old man in a wheelchair who'd fall to sleep while watching T.V. or sitting in the sun on the yard.

What nobody in the media seems to realize, given their chatter about Whitey & Black Mass, is that he was not only a killer, but a rat, +, in U.S.P.s, fed. max-security joints, that rat part will get someone killed. And Whitey had a lot of mobsters killed or arrested — their families want revenge + know how to get in touch with people who are in the same prison as Whitey.

Physically, Whitey's shot. Guys have to push around his wheelchair for him. But his mind is still sharp + can be intimidating, as it was when I sloppily asked him to let me interview him for my blog: "Are you fucking kidding me!"

He claims he was framed, had an appeal pending last I knew. But he wants to be forgotten, cause being remembered could get him killed

Tucson USP was one of the safest pens in the feds, yet someone tried to kill him there. (Look it up on bop.gov.)

Unfortunately, the day Whitey agreed to get me a signed photo for a girl I wrote, I was kicked out of the unit he was on for threatening a rapist. Then, on the unit I was put on, three junkie White pukes jumped me while a fourth tried to hold the door for the cell we were in shut — I came out with some bumps + a black eye, but was locked up + shipped out without getting that photo. (That was at a "safe" yard too.)

The truth is, a lot of fed prisoners from Boston want to kill Whitey; other prisoners want to kill him just for the notoriety they'd get from being the one to do so.