

TO KILL AN OCTOBER

Right now the prison is on an institutional lock-down. There is rain EVERYWHERE--has been for days--and it's not going anywhere anytime soon. The lakes, rivers, sewers, and even the normally dry places, are all waterlogged, spewing out.

Do I write of this?

No. Not really. I'm in prison, separated by the sufferages of local society--but not entirely removed from it. The water is as tainted as the jury was made during my erroneous conviction: we're told not to drink it, to boil it first if we do. Inmates do not have stoves or any legal means of boiling water in their cells. Oh, did I forget to mention? We're on a FULL lock-down. No access to showers, let alone microwaves.

(Inmates are allowed to donate money from their own accounts to what's called the Inmate Representative Committee, IRC, who then use those funds to buy two microwaves for each side of each dorm, benches for inmates to sit on, tables, and four small TVs that are mounted on a wall in the common area. These things, plus gym and outside equipment like basketballs, nets, goals, outside benches--are all purchased by the IRC, inmates!)

Luckily, I have a coffee/hot pot, and it can heat my water. Not many prisoners have this luxury; but since I don't smoke, drink, or have any costly habits: I can have things. It's no different than before, when I was free--out in the world I was surrounded by alcoholics and drug addicts, one alcoholic boss of mine was such a jerk that people kept robbing and burning down his businesses, not for the money, but spite and getback. But one year when he was having trouble paying workers, and paychecks were beginning to bounce on a regular basis, he faced bankruptcy: and he asked me if I'd help him burn a store so he could collect the insurance for a rebuild of one of the franchise's nearly condemned stores (that'd already suffered previous, failed arsons). I told him NO, and later that ended up costing me a job. Tension between us rose, since I could have no respect for such a person. He had to take over my job, and it literally killed him--he had a heart attack as the franchise went to crap. That's the stuff that used to stress me. Now, I just worry if I'll ever be given a real trial.

I don't have to worry about the fiancée I had that went and got knocked up by a married methhead! An abortion soon followed, and I can so see her there with her feet up after agreeing to fees (or perhaps, like a hitman, she had to pay the doctor up front), like it's a normal everyday thing. Forgotten was the spider she once called me home for, that was allegedly in our master bedroom's bath--where I found instead, the pee-stick that told us of our coming daughter--our angel, Shylynn. Forgotten was the stress of knowing me. I still love her though. I forgive my old beer chugging, pyro boss too--he was just blind to his ways--he

wasn't exactly the brightest bulb in the walk-in cooler, and his inventory of things a little skewed. Just like the ex's, and mine.

Rant, rant, rant.

I guess I should control my rants when the prices of these typewriter ribbons keep increasing. Somehow, some way: I'll write some great poem, essay, short story, novel, or script--that will make me some funds.

It's my birthday today.

Mine and Jennifer's--though, I've not seen (or heard) from her in quite some time. But, who could blame her? Prison is a depressing place, and being on the outside looking in doesn't do a person's own morale much good. People have their own lives to live, they can't be expected to live ours too. Prison is not just punishing to the prisoner--it's tormentive to those familiar with the prisoner as well (e.g., family, friends, etc.). A day will come that I'll never hear my name again at Mail Call, or for a visit, no funds showing up on my account to buy coffee or noncarcinogenic foods (or, at least, less carcinogenic). Perhaps that's only what those of lesser IQs want for me--maybe I'll prove them wrong, and find my way out of this Inferno? Then, I could tell my children happy birthday, and be the source of funds on their special days ... help raise my grandchildren (yet to come; but I know they'll be here when it's time).

I'm not dead; and that counts for something.

October 5, 2015.

That's a deadline for the "attorney general" to come up with some argument of why jury tampering is legally kosher in the state of South Carolina. The deadline was September 5th, but, they had nothing. Asked for a continuance, and here we are on the 4th, still nada! It's because there isn't anything: the jury was tampered with, the individual got caught, evidence of the tampering was documented for higher courts; and now the higher Court has it. The buddy-buddy system that allowed the joke of a trial can't quite reach their uneven arms where it's at right now. I've spent the weekend typing up some of my own motions. Doubt I'll be taken very seriously, but who knows? The judge could have a discerning heart, see things really are screwy with my conviction, and do what's right. Courts don't seem to put much weight on pro se stuff; but, it's all I have, and I can't give up. A real trial will take place one day, and I'll make sure witnesses are at every corner, watching, making sure no conniving immorality takes place again. No desperate act of influence, like the one perpetrated during the mock-trial railroad deal I'm "convicted" under right now, albeit temporarily.

Rant, rant, rant.

There I go again, wasting ribbon.

It's how I am though. This essay is not written and then typed--I rolled a blank sheet into my typewriter, and now I'm having at it. It's why you find typos. It's not a cheap endeavor, and rewrites are not in my budget.

And speaking of budgets, I wonder how all this rain will influence South Carolina's budget(s)? All the flood damage coming. Local sheriffs won't be buying an more tank-like military vehicles anytime soon, or sticking too much in their pocket. They say idle

hands are a devil's playground--right now, all hands are on deck, and busy. They won't be perusing military surplus sites, but they will be eyeing the military vehicles and aircraft used in aid Making a wish list for Tax Santa, who visits the state capitol each year.

I'm studying, trying to make sense of all this legal jargon without it rotting my literary mind. When I go full-on legal mode; all creative outlets go into epileptic convulsions, and the resulting depression is not fun. It's how I am, I just have to deal with it as best I can. The existentialist Søren Kierkegaard explained that, the depressed individual who is also in despair "sees quite clearly that this depression ... is of no great significance but precisely that fact, that it neither has nor acquires any great significance, is despair."¹ In other words, because I KNOW it is a depression--I can therefore carry it out with some level of dignity, and possibly even use it to my advantage.

Great art; is born, at times, from great sadness.

My condolences go out to those having to deal with this flood, those lost to it, and those who will suffer now because of it. Some will never recover from it; while others will grow to be better because of it. The flood may be a needed wakeup call for state bean counters--global warming (a.k.a. climate change) is a real thing, not just something the Yankees made up. The South has to change its ways, or get left behind. We rank 47th in dam inspection/safety in the Nation, that's not good, and now the ramifications of that fact are upon us. Hopefully, because of it, things will be reconstructed better.

Right now I'm reading "To Kill a Mockingbird," by Harper Lee, and it's not hard to see why it won a Pulitzer prize.

I've ran across a few passages that thrummed a few heart-strings of familiarity. For example:

One more thing, [ladies and] gentlemen, before I quit. Thomas Jefferson once said that all men are created equal, a phrase that the Yankees and the distaff side of the Executive branch in Washington are fond of hurling at us. There is a tendency in this year of grace, 1935, for certain people to use this phrase out of context, to satisfy all conditions. The most ridiculous example I can think of is that the people who run public education promote the stupid and idle along with the industrious--because all men are created equal, educators will gravely tell you, the children left behind suffer terrible feelings of inferiority. We know all men are not created equal in the sense some people would have us believe--some people are smarter than others, some people have more opportunity because they're born with it, some men make more money than others, some ladies make better cakes than others--some people are born gifted beyond the normal scope of most men [or women].²

This is something I've always felt strongly about, but have had to be careful about voicing such. I've never believed that I was "equal" to every single person, it made no sense. Especially now! I'm surrounded by idiocy. If I were to try and explain ... say ... something as simple as checking account interests, or how a debit card and credit card differ (and do not differ)—these guys are confused. If I go as far as getting into cosmology or physics, they attempt to hand me a Bible of some variant religion and/or denomination/sect—a conversation then ensues about my atheism or existentialism, and that no, an atheist is not defined as a devil worshiper. It's as if they forget a devil is in the same speculative boat as their God (or gods). I explain to such people how a person cannot realistically believe in good without evil, or evil without good—they are rooted in one and the same. To choose one and deny the other is to cherry pick, and that's in the realm of religious hypocrisy. But they're dead set that anyone outside their little dogmatic book club: is therefore by definition, within demonic realm. It's hilariously sad.

It's like those who stand in the warm glow of nuclear powered lights, in thermodynamic law cooled buildings (I refer to the AC system of course), and deny nuclear theory, deny thermodynamics. Cherry picking. They marvel at the quality of their HD TVs; and continually deny the legitimacy of Hubble photos!

They still deny climate change; as they wade through water.

Not everyone can see the bigger picture, they need a narrower screen—something easy to follow. But that doesn't necessarily make them a lesser human, or with less potential. We just have to accept that some people are born dish washers, line cooks, waiters/waitresses, and cashiers; while others are natural General Managers. We all can't be equal—if we were, who'd do the dishes? Who'd cook? People have this whole equality thing in their heads causing them to endure those "left behind" feelings of their own supposed "inferiority" when they find themselves cooking or scrubbing pots instead of doing payroll, making schedules, hiring and firing (I always hated firing people), or single-handedly opening a new store (I did that twice—loved it). We can't all be at the top, nor can we all REMAIN at the top, usually—at least not forever. But for some reason we're led to think so, and it's not good to be so delusional.

Some people will never be more than what they are.

They try to corrupt others around them so they're not alone in their destitution. It's the whole misery loves company sadness: a couple of coworkers, unhappy, get the idea they can put their two negatives together and make a positive. It never occurs to an American mind (especially a current youth) that what you're doing right now, might just be your lot for life, and making it work, accepting it, can be a healthy choice—not a loss. Putting two legs up to undo a false positive is a bad fix. Another delusion; because you still have to live with the fact of each choice, and how it molds you.

I'm as Capitalist as the next American, we all get our shot at life. But somebody has to do those dishes—and even as a GM, I did my share of them. I'm not idle, or stupid, far from it—

I'm as industrious as they come. It's why, even here as a prisoner, I shine, and I've already accomplished more than 99 percent of those who've been here two, three, four times longer than I have. I exist beyond their scope. Luckily some staff--those few with college education--see it, and use me accordingly: having me teach and whatnot, spreading my intellect to better those around me, or so it goes. It's not narcissistic. Not once you come here and actually see the intellectual desperation many prisoners are in.

But what do I know?

The movie "Dogma" has several good scenes about American delusions. Think about the bus, the couple making out--when Aflac points to Damon their "love," but Damon sees its truth, and promptly moves to rectify their delusion. Though his method on the extreme, is to question. IT was thankfully a movie.

I

LOVED

IT!

And laughed and laughed. One of my favorite movies.

I'll close off with another quote from "Mockingbird":

... there is one way in this country in which all men [and women] are created equal--there is one human institution that makes a pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man the equal of any college president. That institution [ladies and] gentlemen, is a court. It can be the Supreme Court of the United States or the humblest J.P. court in the land ... 3

The Supreme Court is case-logged, flooding over with decisions to make on all the erroneous rulings, oversentencing, and various misconducts within the lower courts. This compounded by the large number of frivolous filings of jailhouse lawyers seeking equality for some who are quite literally insane! I'm not feeling at all like any Rockefeller, that's for sure. I'm currently filed in the Supreme Court of the United States, within the mix--under in forma pauperis--and we'll see how this goes. Fact is, right now I'm not feeling like an Einstein, any college president, or even a Mahaffey--but I guess that's the point. I'm not suppose to.

But, for some reason, this existential atheist has faith.

References

1. Basic Writings of Existentialism, Edited and with an Introduction by Gordon Marino. page X. Introduction.
The Modern Library, New York 2004 Paperback Edition.
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2. To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee.
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Grand Central Publishing, Hachette Book Group, New York.
page 274 (Excerpt used with permission for review/comment purposes).
3. *Ibid.*, page 274