

"Frisbles make the sum of life." - Charles Dickens, 'David Copperfield'

Dear Readers,

10.04.18

Howdy!

Well, here I sit in my cell, listening to 'C3PO' & Jennifer Holliday (the original 'Dreamgirls') is singing 'To Frills Love', an awesome old disco song.

I'm sitting in my cell, just after 10 pm & alone - thank the Goddess! My old cellie, Pat, moved out a few days ago. What a jerk.

I'm wearing my elephant necklace, which I like to think of as "Tapascha" (my favorite Hindu god) at my desk & in only two hours it will be my birthday.

I'm old. It sucks. I look good for my age - & anyone could look my age up if they wanted - but I'm still old. At least I still have a hard stomach.

As I look back on my life, it has really been insane. I remember a dream I had back in '04 or '05 - shortly after I was arrested - & I was being driven crazy by all these things

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changing (hard to describe), but an Asian lady appeared + told me that I couldn't wake up 'cause the things I was going thru were so crazy, + my experiences were being broadcast as entertainment. I jolted awake right after that.

Anyway, I cannot fucking believe my life. There are those who would say that I'm a horrible person (+ much worse). I have a ton of regrets, but in my defense, I will say that I never intentionally or directly hurt anyone. Indirectly, a lot of people were hurt by my actions. I have nothing but regret for all my stupidity.

Oh my God, Ken + I lost so much. And it's all my fault. Well, before I get too maudlin, perhaps I should move on. And now it's Whitney Houston singing one of her slow songs. OK, it's moved on to one of Annie Lennox's dance mixes.

I had 'Club 17' open for a bit tonight. I was dancing to Christina Aguilera sing 'Come On Over Baby.' It's a great dance song. I really love to dance. I've already decided that in my next life I want to be a choreographer. I feel like I've gone thru enough hardship

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in this life that I should be able to pick something good next time.

I already have a posting to go out, but I've been waiting to write a response to someone & put it in the same envelope, & I've just been lazy and/or busy doing other things. I'll send 'em separate (this posting & that one). I was thinking about emailing a "birthday message" tomorrow too.

I got BTB put back on email & hopefully I'll be able to use it sometimes. I think the previous volunteer left & there's a password on something to get on Covlinks. It costs me 5¢ a minute just to sign on to the service - which sucks - but we all know how convenient email can be. I'd constantly email my postings if I could afford it.

My cell is so much nicer without Patrick in it. He was such a disrespectful slob.

I'm in a 3-man cell - with 3 bunks stacked on top of ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> other. The top bunk is above my head. They got in trouble for ~~was~~ having 3 guys in these cells - it's way too crowded - so they're only putting 2 guys in these cells now.

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I have 4 tiny easels with hand-painted, well-paintings - set around. The two smallest on the desk + window (they're 2 1/2" x 3" at most), + the two larger ones on the lower + top lockers.

My favorite is a blue jay which I specifically paid the guy to paint + it's 8 or 9" wide + 7" or so tall. I asked for a purple easel + it really sets it off. It's on the top locker (there's 2 lockers stacked + one alone beside that). The top locker is mine + I have yarn + "overflow" in the locker immediately below that.

OK - now "It's Raining Men" by the Weather Girls is playing. That shows you what a FAG I am!

In any way, also on top of my locker is a giraffe I made several months ago + an old picture of my mom (I think it was her graduation/senior picture). Many people have said that my mom looks beautiful + that always ~~is~~ chokes me up. I sure miss her. I'm just glad she died before I went to prison.

I had some coffee earlier this evening, + I'll probably be up late. I don't care. I'm taking off work tomorrow (typing) + plan on just

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trying to enjoy the day. I wanted to get a movie slot at the Library last week (Saturday at lunch is the sign-up for the week), but they were full when I got there, damn it. I may just go out to the Rec yard after lunch - I go most every night after dinner.

Some guy who's been flirting with me has offered to get us pizza tomorrow for dinner. That's really nice. He's kinda heavy-set & not really my type, but he's really nice & I like him as a friend.

He keeps saying that he's never gotten with a guy before & that I'm the only one he'd consider it with. For some reason, I've gotten that response from other guys over the years in prison. I'm sure there are some who aren't being honest about their lack of experience. Honey, I've not only been around the block, I was here before it was paved!

10/05/18

OK, so it's just before 9 AM on the day of my 54<sup>th</sup> birthday. Day.

Madonna is singing 'Burnin' Up' on C390. Man, I used to dance to that song in the gay

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bars in Austin, TX, in the '80's. Deez, I'm old.

I took a good look in the mirror this morning. I have a bad habit of not looking too closely. I suppose it's a good thing to do on your birthday. Deez.

I will say that although I'm old, I look pretty good for my age. I am skinny, but I have a solid stomach (rare for guys even 10 yrs. younger than I). I still have my hair (knock on wood).

Still wearing the Tanesha necklace. I'm gonna wear my rhinestones tonight. You just can't wear rhinestones on a regular basis. I think I wore them last at Sew Year's. I have a gorgeous rhinestone necklace + a bracelet with a bunch of tiny rhinestones on it + a big gaudy ring with mother-of-pearl in the middle + 2 loops of tiny rhinestones.

Technically, all this jewelry-wearing is against the rules, but hey - I'm a rebel. Any C.O. could confiscate my jewelry at any time. I usually don't wear stuff to "chow" - at least not where it can be easily seen.

Two Easters ago I had a Lieutenant confiscate

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my pearl necklace. I'm still mad about it. You're supposed to wear pearls at Easter! Fuckin' jerk.

Last night Kevin hung out in my cell. He was in an "altered state" (don't ask) & being really sloppy & a total asshole. In his defense, I will say that yesterday his dad had a 12+ hour surgery to remove a cancerous growth from his throat. Kevin is worried & is being a basketcase. At the same time, he often goes too far & probably doesn't give a shit that today is my birthday - & I certainly did something for him on his b-day.

To be continued....

Love & Blessings,

