



3.28.21

Apologies are due for my previous blog-post with the Monthly Menu. My degrading reference to Tax Paying Wage Slaves, was a passive-aggressive tantrum & sincerely regret.

I all too often wield sarcasm to make jest of this life, where I'm exiled to penal colonies at taxpayers expense. It's not that I don't accept responsibility for making this life in exile possible, but the conditions of confinement; especially the meager portions of food we're served, tend to rile me ire.

If I were a tax payer, I'd get some sadistic pleasure in knowing that prisoners' appetites aren't sated. I wonder if there is a Greek Tragedy related to starving gluttons? Dante must have addressed this Hell, in his Divine Comedy, I suspect. Alas; such is life in prison, as it's always been. Never the less, I apologize for my sarcastic outburst.

The reason I can even retract my expression of frustration at this time is mostly due to the relief I feel after completing my College midterm exams (Fri. 3/26), for the three classes I'm taking:

- 1- Cultural Anthropology
- 2- Humanities through the Arts
- 3- Sociology - Intro. to Marriage & Family

Exam Anxiety is a real phenomena, apparently. This past week or two was terribly overwhelming for me. Feeling incompetent; not so much regarding the rote answers, but rather relative to the required essays, almost caused me to quit - all the classes! It's a wee overwhelming to demonstrate the aptitude I lack, but I'm learning ~ and I'm committed to better prepare for the Final Exams. I even signed up for two more classes for the Summer Semester:

- 1- Introduction to Gerontology - Sociology
- 2- Philosophy - Logic and Critical Thinking.

Thanks to tax-payers, my acculturation to this new era is

remotely possible. Thank You All.

So Joe, if you sensed a Sad Effect response to your concern regarding my needs here-now, now you know why. That overwhelming PTP interfered with our (video) visit-together. Sorry.

So much has happened since our previous visit in Jan 2020, that I would have rather boasted about. I mean: WOW! I survived the covid chaos. And even more than merely surviving it, I was recognized as a stabilizing asset to put to work there at A-Facility, as a Trouble-Shooting Liaison. Those types of appointments rarely end well, yet my ability to understand and address problems with possible solutions was rewarded with this transfer to a lower custody Facility.

And here I am now, one of the few permitted outside every-day during the many quarantine episodes - since I was given a job on the Trash Crew shortly after arriving here. It even pays 8¢/HR!

Speaking of money; so many prisoners have received covid stimulous checks, falsely claiming to have earned \$1.00 to qualify. That seemed too much like forgery for me to threaten my potential suitability for parole in early 2023, so I never did claim that free money give-away. Even though I no longer have a working Fan to get me through this summer, and my 3yr. old tennis shoes have walked their last mile.

There are a number of things I "need" here now, sir, especially considering my integrity qualifies me to flourish and prosper in every way! Yet what I "need" most of all, is to develop outside alliances to help me build bridges out of here. If I don't have a stable support network, and legitimate job offers and other living arrangements, then my candidacy for suitability is greatly diminished.

Such is Life.