

New Address:  
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(Cont. on back)

After doing all I could to prevent it for the past 4 years, a few days ago I was forcibly and very involuntarily taken from the Level 3 two-person cage I was in and put into a Level 2 six-person cage (The new mailing address is here for anyone who might want to write me directly). I didn't want this to happen, and it shouldn't have happened, for two main reasons. First, I got rammed through "classification" with no opportunity to participate in the hearing (as the law requires) because they gave me no time to arrange my relevant paperwork AND because the hearing was done via conference call in which my phone, of course, did not work. I could hear everyone, but no one could hear me. The second reason this shouldn't have happened is that I formally appealed the transfer, and I won. Simple as that. The reviewer ruled that I was to be left where I was, but in the end, the pigs on the ground just didn't care about some appeal decision from on high: They wanted me moved, and so I was moved.

So, that's the background; this is the story. When they pulled my groggy, discomposed ass out of bed at 6:30 AM (after just 2-3 hours of sleep), I immediately told the building officer I'd won an appeal preventing transfer, so he sent me to see the sergeant, but when I tried to explain it there — still fuzzy-headed and disoriented — the sergeant just listened stone-faced and then said to me as if I were retarded, "Yes, I hear you, but you are going." Of course he read the appeal decision too, but that didn't matter to him, and then privately one of his goons took me aside to strongly emphasize that if he/they wanted me gone, then I was gone, and I'd have nothing to say about it. His threat was very clear.

Realizing there was probably no escape for me, I went back to start packing my things — a big job, considering I'd won that appeal and thus had felt safe enough to have everything distinctly un-packed and accessible, as anyone would if they'd believed they were in a stable situation for at least a year — but I also began the process for seeing the psychologist immediately, as he was the only one who really understood how difficult this was for me and at that moment, my mind was racing out of control with frustration, anxiety, and anger. I needed a calming influence, and even the building officer himself, who saw me every day, had noticed I wasn't doing well so he made an emergency call for me to see someone in the mental health office right away.

Anyway, I kept packing and trying to wrap my head around what was happening while periodically checking to see if the officer had reached the psychologist. About an hour later, he came and told me there was still no answer at mental health, but he'd been instructed by the goons to check on my progress. I showed him I was trying, but there was a lot to do and I was also really upset, so he suggested I just go to the psych's office myself as soon as the yard was opened, and in the meantime to just keep doing what I was doing... he reassured me that his intent was to help, and that he felt I was handling things about as well as I could. He certainly didn't suggest I was behind schedule or that there was any great urgency. At that point, just over an hour had passed and he simply said they wanted to know how far along I was, adding that he believed I was on the right track. So, I continued chipping away at this multi-hour job, though I was distraught, until the yard opened maybe half



an hour later and I went out to finally see the psych. When I got in, I learned that my clinician was not there and that no one else would be available, but the officer there still made some phone calls to get someone over to speak with me soon, as he was also trying to be helpful.

After about 15 minutes, I was told it was still going to be awhile, so I went back to the building to continue packing for a move that just wasn't supposed to be happening, yet which was being forced anyway. As I packed, I remembered that another inmate still had a number of my things he'd borrowed, so I went downstairs to ask the officer to open his door for me to get them. Weirdly, this cop who was being pretty helpful earlier looked at me like I was crazy and practically screeched, "No!!" It made no sense, then I noticed that pretty much everyone around me was acting strangely, and I saw the goon who'd threatened me earlier ~~walking~~ <sup>walking</sup> very fast with his sidekick past my cell. Something was clearly wrong, then I suddenly heard yelling, "Put your hands behind your back!" I looked around to see who was in trouble, and the two feral pigs were practically charging me, screaming "Turn around and cuff up!!" Of course, I was totally confused, trying to ask what was going on, but they were extremely menacing and clearly eager to do violence if I "resisted" in any way beyond simply saying "Huh?" I gave him my hand and got yanked around as he handcuffed me and spat angrily, "I told you not to fuck with me!" I didn't know how I'd "fucked" with him, but he just told me to shut up, that I hadn't done "a damn thing" to get my ~~stuff~~ <sup>stuff</sup> packed up, so now he was putting me in the cage and "packing my shit" himself. I tried telling him I was working on it and he should just ask the building officer who'd checked on me 30 minutes earlier and deemed me "on track", but he simply screamed more about seeing I hadn't "done shit", though of course he hadn't seen the cell 2 hours earlier to compare it, either. I told him I'd been trying to see the psychologist, but he couldn't have cared less what slowed me down... this enraged pig needed to make his point, and when I told him I wanted to speak to the lieutenant, he made his point explicit: "I told you this is my yard, and I'm the Sergeant, the lieutenant, and the fucking warden as far as you're concerned. You shouldn't have fucked with me." I told him I only needed 20 more minutes to finish packing my property, and he hissed that I didn't have it; he'd do it in two minutes.

Ultimately, I was dragged off the yard in handcuffs and never allowed to see a psychologist OR my property, which I was certain they'd failed to get all of. I asked and was told, "We packed everything", but never allowed to check. The whole event was confusing and traumatic, and of course when I did finally see my property, much was missing, from electronics to books to completely irreplaceable personal papers (they always seem to treat the MOST valuable things as trash :)). Now I'm trying to get back what was left there with the help of one decent officer here, my old cellmate, and the building officer where I was taken from. It's been collected and stored (well, all that my cellmate could collect - apparently much was thrown out, too), but so far we can't find anyone willing to go get it from the storage closet and put it into one of the many vehicles constantly coming and going between the old place and this new one every day. It's been almost a week now, and odds are, it's lost forever.

If anyone is wondering why I was so loathe to be put in this other style of prison, see part II of this blog post. Not sure if it will be in order or not.