



So Long, Cesspool; I'm Moving to the Sewer! 4-30-26 (The Chino Chronicles, Pt 1) 1 of 2

After all these years, I've finally transferred out of Mule Creek prison. It was overdue. Not only is 15 years wayyy too long to spend in any one prison, but also I just really hated that shithole. So, why did I stay so long? Inertia, mostly. Choosing the devil you know, all that. Also, I'd wanted to stay at Mule Creek until my buddy paroled (the one I wrote about in my old post, "Disrespect", Jan. 14, 2015). He's been out for a year now, so all that really

kept me since then was the fear of losing a ton of property in transfer. I was (somewhat) prepared, though, having already jettisoned a lot of stuff before I even requested the move, since I knew I'd soon be leaving one way or another. But we'll save that unpleasant story for another time, since the drama's not quite over yet.

Anyway, yes, I preemptively got rid of ~~so~~ much, and it was gut-wrenching. Lots of old ~~memories~~ ^{memories} irreplaceable things, all gone forever. Then I lost much more on the actual moving day, which I hadn't expected. Lost my T.V., CD player, headphones, most of my CD's (even though I'd already given away over 40), bowls, food, and most of my 60+ books. It hurt bad, and of course I have no money to replace any of it. At least I got to donate my stuff to the Percy Foundation (wapercyfoundation.org), which is a wonderful organization that runs an extensive books-to-prisoners program, so at least there's some solace in contributing to a worthy cause.

But this isn't about what I lost. Not the material things, anyway.

So, here I am, inside the California Institution for Men, Chino CA. The city of Chino sits about 35 miles from Downtown L.A., a shabby little town best known for being the butt of mean jokes in the early 2000's TV show, The O.C. (where Orange County snobs made faces at the transplant main character and said things like, "You're from Chino? Eww!") It's dry and hot and dusty, and around the prison is mostly farmland and airports, though there's some kind of mall right across the street from the main entrance, which I can see from the crusty little exercise yard, which is depressing as hell, but I'll write more about that travesty another time.

The prison itself is ancient, a sprawling relic of WWII-era California and a window to the early rumblings of the police state to come. I'm held in the oldest part, three stories tall, cells with almost-100-year-old barred doors, plus a newer set of horizontal bars along the outside of the second and third floors. These were added about 20 years ago, after half a century of people being tossed over

the railing. Everything about this place SCREAMS "stereotype!" for whatever you probably imagine old prisons to be. In fact, I hear some movies have actually been filmed here. True or not, it's a real Alcatraz-era environment, and for me, the change is quite a relief from the semi-sterile, modern monstrosity I was held in for over a decade. There are pros & cons though, no doubt, and I'll write more about specific issues in the weeks to come.

The ride down from Mule Creek was... odd. The CDC uses big ugly busses to transport its captives, with a heavily armed 3-piggy crew to drive and to guard and to intimidate civilians during its periodic mini-invasions of coffee selling establishments along the 5 and 99 freeways. These horrorshows on wheels hold roughly 30 kidnapping victims smashed together, clumps of bodies separated by endless lengths of chain and a few iron grates. Riding these busses is a profoundly unpleasant experience, and often a painful one too, in more ways than one. On my trip, however, the big nasty bus was filled with a total body count of... one. Just one captive. Me. That's unheard of, and although I think it was a fluke, I'm really not sure. Was there NO other inmate being sent south along that entire 450-mile stretch? Well, whatever. The trip is one of the longest in the state system, usually broken into two parts, sometimes three, with overnight stays at various prisons along the I-5 corridor, of which there are depressingly many. But my jaunt was straight through, no stops except to empty piggy bladders and refill the trough. When you consider how fast my transfer was approved and completed (I was packed and shipped less than 2 weeks after I asked to move — a process that normally takes 3-4 months and often never happens at all, even after approval), the whole situation was just weird; it's almost like they were in a hurry to get rid of me. More than one person has commented, "It sounds like they're fucking with you. Wh'd you piss off?" But that's a mighty strange way to "fuck with" someone you don't like, isn't it? Give him exactly what he wants, AND make it extra snappy? Lol, if that's how it works, then I think I'd like to get fucked with a lot more. In fact, if they fucked with me like that enough, I think I'd be out of prison entirely by this summer! Maybe even with a televised apology. It's certainly overdue.

OK, then. Lots more to say about all this, so watch for upcoming posts about sloppy tears and silly fights and surprise reunions and vomit and dead cops and thugs and drugs and bugs... all just from my first ten days here! See you soon.