

Chronicles of February
(Yay, commissary... Boo, Baker)

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I hope many of you who read my blogs are getting an idea of the life I am trying to share. I realize that every inmate does his time in a different way, but the hope is that my readers start to have a little sympathy for us. Yes, there are some guys that need to be here, but there are also guys that made a mistake in life... like everybody.

Anyway, today's theme is "Yay, commissary, boo, Baker". You'll get it as I share the entry. As I always do, I will "pause" in between to try to color in some details. Ok, let's begin:

February 9th, 2017: Good gosh, it's been two WEEKS since my last entry! So much has been going on. First off, thank God for the \$50 I got to go to canteen. I've had no food in the locker for about 2 weeks, so now my morale is way up. And now with Isao Tomita tracks on the Music Library, I need more money! I treated myself to a Strawberry Ice Cream on Wednesday morning (yesterday) and got snacks to help me make it.

(Pause: a few things here, I cannot tell you how much of a boost it can be to have money while in prison. To be able to get things like snacks or hygiene or clothing really helps a guy do his time better than not having money. If you have a loved one in prison, let me say, from a compassionate point of view, and if you can spare it, put a few dollars in their account. It really means so very much.

I also mentioned "canteen". That word is interchangeable with "commissary", so don't get confused. As you can also tell, I LOVE Strawberry Ice Cream, and try to get some when we have canteen, which at the time of this entry, was each Wednesday. Here at USP Tucson, we have one day a week to go to canteen. When you don't get to go for weeks, or MONTHS, because a lack of funds, it cuts your morale down. So when I got money, I felt very good.

I also mentioned "Isao Tomita", he is (was?) a Japanese artist who composed classical music on the Moog Synthesizer. Beautiful music, and I had been listening to his music since high school. But for years, I could not find his music on the MP3 Music Library... until now! What joy! anyway, let's continue...)

The other day, they took 3 guys to the SHU; it's POSSIBLE that one or more of them were the thieves. If so, then the one I thought was, Bigback, ... may have been innocent. If it had been on an active yard, he'd been beaten up because no one would have believed that he WASN'T the thief.

(Pause: The "SHU" stands for "Special Housing Unit", where they put inmates who break the rules... but more sinister, they also throw people in there in retaliation... something I would be a part of only a month later, in March. Yet the issue of those three guys was a sensitive one; I had about \$27.00 of stamps stolen out of my locker; stamps I was saving to use to buy prizes for Black History Month. Somebody went into my

locker while I was outside, and stole my "money".

In this prison, stamps count as money, since we are not allowed to have real currency. So when I say \$27 in stamps, that is as good as having \$27 of real money.

The problem here was that I was robbed, but I could not tell people who I thought did it. I mean, what if I was wrong? In most prisons, thieves get beaten up pretty bad, and while I can't say I feel sorry for them, I had to be sure that who I thought was the thief actually was.

I didn't want to falsely accuse a guy, it just wasn't right. So, when those 3 guys went to the SHU, and I heard they were stealing, I thought that maybe one of those 3 was the guilty party. If so, then the guy I thought was guilty possibly wasn't.

All the facts seemed to point to him, but there was still some doubt that he actually did it. For that reason, I never told people who I thought did it, I asked around, and they all said who they thought... and to a man, they said him. Still, that didn't mean he was guilty. Ok, let's continue...)

In other frustrating news, we've done NOTHING with Black History Month. This really sucks!! Ms. Baker promised us she'd help, and has done absolutely NOTHING! This is most frustrating, because we gave her all the info. As the secretary, I've typed all the minutes; she has that. She has my Music Trivia, my Sports Trivia, and my Musical Scavenger Hunt-something I'll have to document- and patent :), as they call Southside rec move.

(Pause: this part of the entry is part of a longer situation, and one that ends up in me getting thrown into the SHU under false accusations by the staff in Education and SIS staff. I documented how lazy Ms. Baker a staff member of Education, and the Advisor of the Black History Month Committee, was to help. When I say she did nothing, I mean NOTHING!

How much is nothing? That's the value she gave the committee. I would end up writing essays on this, which ended up in the prison retaliating against me and putting me in the SHU on March 4th. I've likely got blogs on that already up, you'll have to check around for it, or write to me about that.

And the Musical Scavenger Hunt? Oooo, that was a genius of an idea, one I am sure the prison has NEVER done before... and likely never will, thanks to the laziness of staff here... oh well, let's continue...)

The guys will likely watch the Institutional Movie, "The Magnificent Seven", which should be on now. I'm not very interested in it right now, between Baker's slothfullness and Farinsky's foolish sense of censorship, I'm ready to fire 1000 letters about Education. I've tried to hold back because I like going to the library, but I can't STAND the people that work there. Ugh!! Well, it's 6:23, I'll probably go out at 7:30 and walk some laps- maybe go to the library. Baker better post those events for Black History Month- or else!!

(Pause; a couple of notes here; I mentioned "Institutional Movie", here at USP Tucson we are allowed to watch movies on closed-circuit tv, usually popular movies that are requested by inmates. We usually get a list of 4 movies to be shown from Thursday to Sunday, at various times of the week. In this case, "The Magnificent Seven" was one of the four, which I didn't watch.

My frustration at this time was based on two staff members being so lazy. Few people on the "real world" have come to see that some of the worst people in prison aren't the inmates; it's the people who come out of the parking lots of those prisons.

Ms. Baker had completely failed us to help us celebrate Black History Month, of which I have written, but I also mentioned Ms. Farinsky, another member of the Education Department who was notorious for confiscating material from inmates. She would, in the weeks to come, end up lying on me to send me to the SHU when I wrote an essay titled, "Is Farinsky Breaking The Law," an essay she could not allow me to send out to Georgetown Law, the NAACP and a congresswoman.

Mind you, what she is doing is illegal, a violation of an inmate's First Amendment, but staff in prison often break the laws, simply because they believe they have a god-given right to do that, and that they think inmates don't have any rights. SOOO much more on this, but another time.

I have loved going to the library ever since I was a kid, its like a haven to me. But here in the prison, when you have terrible people who act like slavemasters than professional educators, it makes the place of learning difficult.

Finally, I said, threateningly, that if Ms. Baker doesn't post the events like she PROMISED, then the "or else" will take effect. Baker told us she would post those events, but as it turned out, she never did; in fact, she didn't even show up for WORK!

So the "or else" takes effect... I'll have to share that with you another time... until then...