

Again do I find myself looking for self-affirmation, being so down in the dumps as I presently feel. Thirsting for a boost to my self-worth; hungering for an increase in my self-esteem. It's hard to appease these needs, at times, through new choices, I try and want to make, concerning this new persona I seek. Do I fear my anima? With so much looking so wrong right now, with life kicking the crap out of me again, does my inner beast look to devour this kinder side of self? That inner beast - he who I used to be - would of sought self-importance through some kind of violent altercation because that's just basic criminal reasoning. It's rather simplistic, but, yes, very effective. Beating someone up; taking something of theirs by force; punking them, killing them, exerting one's will over another: these are all self-validations of one's dominance in the world he treks. Savage. Testosteronic. Primal. Egoistic. But that was the old me: he who I now work so hard to leave in his neanderthal past; he who I wish to not take back into society when I return to the free world where so many of you live. So, I decide to collect my thoughts and calmly compose another essay shining light on my perception of what a prisoner, such as myself, has to deal with while dwelling in one of the many American prisons so rife in our world today.

In 2016, dhinitiative.org/apwa posted the first essay I submitted to them. If they're posting these by writer and not by date, I will assume that it directly precedes this one. Since then I have been moved to a new facility where the staff is

treating my writing career with a lot more respect than they were at the one I came from. But, the reality is that there hasn't been a true test of this derealization where I now find myself. Things went bad with my publisher (oh, how they ever went bad) so Lou Cifer is not yet on market. I believe that the true test of how supportive this facility will be of my rehabilitation, will come when I finally find someone to aid me in getting this novel to market, and how my keepers will react to the legitimate business flowing back and forth between my aide and I. As I pointed out in my first essay: the mail room, at the facility I was in, in 2012, denied me access to a publishing contract. Because of this, as well as a sheer desperation to not lose the opportunity that contract gave me to change myself and life for the better, and as recorded in my prior essay, I snuck behind C-DOC's collective back working with the publisher to put my book out anyway. I never signed a contract! With no signed contract, it was so easy for this publisher to rip me off for I don't even know how much, but after amazonprime and Walmart stocked the book (not just consignment but actually stocked it) I'm sure it was a significant amount. I was forced to file a DMCA form against him, which got my book, Brain Pulp, taken off the market. After about seven months, it finally became unavailable, though still listed @ certain outlets. This does offer me ample opportunity to remaster it. I was always a little embarrassed with the hack job my publisher did typing it up, so, now, I can amend that before release.

The thing is, this publisher only served as a conduit to the actual literary outlet that did all the work. They misled me to believe they had different departments, within their structure, getting all these things done and doing all the marketing, but, the whole time, I could of had anyone doing the same thing, for me, because it was all done through Lulupress.com. I have learned so much from the experience, so, really, I'm not bitter... instead, I am excited to push forward on the knowledge I've accumulated. I've, since, collected all of Lulu's terms and agreements and now possess the information I need. With my own typewriter, I can compose the format, myself, send my work to someone honest (I do emphasize "honest" because of what I've so far suffered)(HA!), who has no less than basic abilities with a computer, and they can scan my work into a free to use program, at Lulu, called "The Wizard", and, then, I'm back on the market and, the success I was having picks up where it left off.

Being incarcerated, as I am, Lulu will not conduct business directly with me. Actually, a friend of mine, also an inspiring writer, has found that many vanity publishers, whether you offer them money up-front or not, will not work directly with prisoners. This offers a whole separate hurdle to contend with, because if you have no one in the free world to help you, what do you do? With my whole family deceased; my estranged family "ify" at best; and the one, dear 73-year-old lady, who does look out for me, doing the best she can and not computer savvy (not to mention, but, I should be looking out for her at this point), I

am left to search for that person who will see this as the great opportunity it can be because, with the book to be remastered, I've got three complete books ready for the market right now, cover art done and everything, have already been established in this literary market, and have three more books partially done. Considering that when my ex-publisher used this same tactic, and as poorly as they typed that book, from my longhand, it made it as far as it did; I will be successful, at this, and they only screwed themselves when they screwed me. I only need hope that C-DOC allows me a little more protection against such results as these they left me open to already once before.

So, this is why I am so down in the dumps at the moment. I'm feeling a threat to all the positivity that could change my life and character for the better; a dissipation of my self-rehabilitation. It just totally sucks that during the first ever stages, of establishing this paying career, that could and will serve as the keystone to any positive changes in my future, actions and denials, from some of the staff working for the Colorado Department of Corrections, placed a vulnerability on my person that made me the victim of unethical practice. One could believe this is karma for all the wrong I've done in the past. Finally do I know how it feels to be the victim, maybe? But I've always known what it feels like to be the victim. All those years I was too embarrassed to admit to anyone I was molested by a male neighbor, when I was around seven-years-of-age, reek of victimization. And that's only the beginning of things I've suffered in my life so,

yes, I surely do know what it is to be a victim. No, it's not karma. It could of very well been a stresser, though, waking the beast within.

And this... well... this is the saddest part of the whole situation.

Instant gratification from lashing out versus the delayed gratification from so much hard work and determination. What if that instant gratification starts to look so much more favorable because of 30+ years of only knowing it and all the hard work searching for that delayed gratification besmirched by one's captors? At a fork in the road, such as this, the wrong decision could so easily be the decision made. This very well a commonality with some criminals and/or prisoners: they have a sort of devout potentiality to make the wrong decision. You see, these guys aren't stupid. Facts are that you could lock two of these prisoners to five foot chains, secured to goalposts, on each side of a football field from each other, give one a cigarette while providing the other a match, turn your back on them, and within a couple of hours tops, they will both be smoking; stupid they are not. Wrong decisions leading to that instant gratification on the other hand, now that's a whole different story, for these are the decisions that keep the revolving door of recidivism going round and round. Stress can lead to these wrong decisions and that is something I cannot lose sight of, especially with all the extra stress I think my captors put on me.

To be fair though; they've been civil, for the most part, at

this new facility. Sure, there are still those few factors, but, when I first arrived, I sent a kite to administration, as I usually do at any new facility, to inform them of my needs pursuing this writing career. I mentioned past letters of consent and even slipped in a back door threat about the letter of advocacy from the lawyer. To my surprise, a major Higgins was here within a week's time and calling me down to the unit's office. He told me that he thought it was great I was utilizing my time in this manner and that there was no problem with drafting me a letter of consent from the administration at this facility. He asked for those things I mentioned in the kite solely for the purpose of xeroxing them for their files. I allowed his request and showed him my book as well. Three days after this, the letter of consent showed up: Son of Sam clause included and all. To date, this has been the best thought-out administrative consent yet.

I fell totally in love with my case manager, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] too!! A beautiful, beautiful woman who not only helped keep things in order with all my writing needs, but through certain House bills or laws - I'm not sure which it was - she got a year off of my sentence. Now she's off pursuing another career and I'm left behind, missing her, with a broken heart.

Some other stuff pertaining more so to my writing career than to my prison sentence, but all part of my prison experience is that Colorado Governor John Hickenlooper sent a letter that does say my writing career is an important issue. Though a little form letterish, it is signed by the governor and does refer to my

writing career. Kat Von D sent an autographed photo thanking me for my book. Also, I got an essay published in the 33rd issue of *The American Dissident*, which the mail room allowed in to me without any molestation or controversy. [www.PrisonsFoundation.org/TommyLee Dean](http://www.PrisonsFoundation.org/TommyLeeDean) features a 110 page anthology I wrote – horror, poetry, experimental, etc. To see some of these things, you may view them @ my facebook: TommyLee Dean 1969.

A friend of mine, over in unit 4, even received a copy of my *Brain Pulp*, from amazon, without the mail room throwing salt on it! I was shocked that things seemed to be going so well, but, then, about three or four others were denied their copies, arriving from amazon and Barnes & Noble, due to the C-DOC placing it on a banned book list.

On page 18, there's an illustration of an inverted cross with a woman crucified to it, her breast are bared; page 36 has art work of a zombie girl in a nightie; page 80 features a female vampire in undergarments; and page 26 reads: "... opposition to all the beautiful people, of this plastic society, their beauty causing for them to be so ugly-sad deep down inside.

" So; what might the effect, caused by my ugly words, be? For my ugly words are sure to cause an effect, being that it's not so much the author who speaks – no matter how beautiful or ugly said author is – but the language, itself, which speaks. Words are that of which the language is composed. So, what does this ugly language tell you? What effect has these words caused? Do you too believe as I: that it is likely, someone will be standing

" there, at the end of time, either looking up at the fireball bearing down on us all, or maybe even down at their own organs of desire, while bearing the burden that they'll never use those organs again? If this is yet to come, I then must wonder to myself: what does any of anything then matter? Dressed in rags and walking a city street, buildings filling the background instead of vivid and bright swirls of lime-green and deep-purple.

" ' What if I swing both ways? AC/DC.... Oh!... Let's make it ouuuurrrrbabyyyy.'

" And, are learning experiences really more fruitful during times of pain in our lives? If they are, that would make me one of the smartest, swinging dicks, of this shit society, infesting such a glorious planet as the one we now do. How does that grab ya? Magis magnus clericos non sunt magis magnus sapientes. I have suffered beyond many's comprehension, I am sure. Yet, I don't feel all that intelligent. The ramifications, of my suffering, being that of an easily lost Diamondhead, after it was so hard to win her over. But pity for myself I do not have, my skin is leather. I do empathize with her being left behind suffering a broken heart, however." Though they are permitted to allow sexually explicit material if it's got literary, educational, scientific, artistic, or historic value, they opted to place these artistic pages in the category of pornography and denied Brain Pulp for sexually explicit material while tacking on the additional: " Material which poses a potential threat to the safety and security of the facility by advocating disruption or noncom-

"pliance with prison rules or regulations."

One of the guys denied my book was in unit 3 with me. Either the lieutenant lied to him, or this fellow prisoner was lying to me, but I was told that if we showed the lieutenant my Brain Pulp, so that he could confirm there were already copies in the facility, he'd advocate for the additional copy to come in. What really ended up happening was that the lieutenant tried to keep my copy. Of course, he changed his mind when I told him that major Higgins knew of my copy and whipped out the letter of consent, as well as all the other letters from prior administrations, the letter from the governor, and the one from the lawyer. Pretty hilarious to watch as he literally began to look as though a case of vertigo set in. I left the office with my book and a certain sense of being victorious. However, it still bothers me that he was prepared to take this outcome of all my hard work, and just might of if not for the onslaught of documentation I bombarded him with. Why? Some sort of sense of duty? Is this the justification? I know I shouldn't take this personal, but I just cannot help it sometimes. Is my book really so pornographic as some actual pornographic book or magazine, or does it seem as though I'm being hated on? It gets so frustrating to sit here and occasionally wonder what kind of piece of garbage might I be that some deem it so necessary to discourage any type of positivity I am working towards. Do I not deserve to make this change in my life? I know I'm no one special and I don't deserve any more entitlement than anyone else, but, I'm fair in my ob-

servation of what I perceive, and point out the good and bad about it, so should I not also be entitled to the same consideration as anyone else working so hard to achieve a better future?

I will only be beating a dead horse if I continued to share my perceived injustice behind them making it so hard on me to pursue my goals, because this was covered in my first essay. I would like to quickly reiterate that I believe an entity calling itself "Department of Corrections" should allow a person to correct himself and, even aid and support his corrections of self, so that he may reenter society corrected and less of a threat than he once was before. Instead, it sometimes seems to me, that they prefer to play mad scientist by implimenting one punishment to the next or one restriction to another and watch to see how that affects the mental state of those under their care. Attempting to take more and more humanity from us dregs and reducing us down to even lesser subhuman levels than drugs, alcohol, mental issues, violence, and so many other illls have already done. But do they sit back in shock and awe when one of these Frankenstein monsters, they release on society, makes the news? It just seems so crazy, to me, at times!!!

I've said I'm no one special, but I am at least now trying to be accountable for all the wrongs of my past. Changing who I am is not so much for me as it is for the rest of the world; I was really a prick at one point in time and it didn't bother me at all. My accountability is this change. But my keepers never seem to account for their wrongs. This stirs the pot. That basic

criminal reasoning I mentioned earlier; it usually takes such lack of accountability as a direct challenge. The perception of this challenge fans the flames of all that is already wrong with this system. It becomes a sort of game, which results in furthering our descent into the abyss of madness that is all our sickness.

In closing, I must stress that I write this referencing a "system" and the individuals making up the components of said system. Whether staff or prisoner, there is good and bad on both sides, but, it is my belief that if the bad outweighs the good, these prisons are counterproductive to that which they are meant to do for society as a whole. I once had a prison guard tell me that his supervisors told him to remove all the wanting to help us crap from his way of thinking; his job is to make us hate being here and drive home the idea that there is always a bed waiting for us if we want to continue screwing up when in the free world. I ask: "How's that working out for everyone?" And you?... Ask yourself one simple question: "Why is recidivism higher in the United States than it is in any other country in the world?"

TommyLee Dean

TOMMYLEE DEAN 01/NOV/18

