

What makes a murdering maniac? I don't know, but I've got the credentials: born and raised a barrio boy in East L.A., passed around from one relative to another after my mother's death when I was 7, kicked about from one placement to another, trekking through the various juvenile facilities on my journey to gangland stardom. The streets were the only constant in my ever-shifting world, and it is there where I got my schooling. At age 12 while housed at a juvenile facility for kids, I lifted a counselor's keys, "escaped" from my building, stole his car, and, in the process, ran over another kid who was coming with me. I spent the next decade climbing the slimy and dangerous ladder of the criminal world.

By the time when most U.S. military officers graduate from West Point Academy, I was leading at least a thousand men in race riots. They were so vicious in their coordination that the ACLU remarked that they wouldn't object to segregation. My own "career" resume included several murders, being one of the first to introduce crack cocaine to my East L.A. neighborhood. Beatings, shootings, stabbings, you name it. Time in L.A. County Men's Central Jail and N.C.C.F. was an opportunity to further my rise to the top.

The County was where I honed my skills with on-the-job training. I learned from other seasoned EME members who themselves had been in race wars in San Quentin, Folsom, and Soledad to name a few: how to come out of my handcuffs, cut metal, smuggle knives, hacksaws, and drugs, but most of all I learned to manipulate, intimidate, and confuse deputies who themselves were learning how to be cops on the job. The County jail became my house and I did my best to keep my house clean:

Numerous jailhouse attempted murders, all of them done "kamikaze" style, dubbed that by myself and my "elders" for their brazenness and total disregard for deputies standing only a few feet away (They, the deputies, were not armed in the County jail), which is something that is taken full advantage of. Not one of my stabbing victims was stabbed less than 20 times. In one 2-day span, I stabbed an inmate over 50 times only to attempt to murder a deputy the very next day. As a result, I was severally beaten, my body bloody and broken. I reveled in that I almost gave my life to the "cause." I wasn't the least deterred, but I marveled that those "suckers" didn't kill me...how weak of them, I thought. And so I was welcomed into the arms of the Mexican Mafia, my teachers who taught me on the "playgrounds" of the Men's Central Jail.

Needless to say, this sordid and shameful resume of madness was built on other people's blood and suffering. I didn't care about "building a better world" or "taking advantage of opportunities." The world was in my way, and I was going to use every opportunity to do what needed to be done to further the cause of the EME. Looking back now, I understand the fanatic, the extremist, the suicide bomber — the "cause" is god, and no amount of well-meaning humanism will ever change that. The change has to come from within, and mine was nothing short of Divine intervention.

Now, many years after the fact, I can evaluate things with the benefit of having been on both sides, of having both feet in both worlds. It is important to remember that there is more than a single side to the story, and these variants often merge into an incomprehensible situation called "reality" where one cannot tell heads or tails. But, one thing is certain: if my past way of life was evil, and if the organization to which I belonged, for which I killed and at whose furtherance I would stop at nothing was a social cancer, so to speak, then I would rejoice every time the "physicians," in this case, LAPD, Sheriff's, Gang Task Force, OSJ, FBI, and others, would have their hands tied by those meaningless and pesky considerations called laws, ethics, and morals. We didn't play by the rules, and every chink in the armor of the law enforcement officials was an opportunity to be exploited for our twisted life,

liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Thankfully, our civil society is full of well-meaning groups to allow us just that....

Of course, that's not the whole story. In the words of Lord Acton, "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Physicians ought not turn into "angels of death," ought not apply chemotherapy to those with a head cold or a stomach pain. Necessary restraints prevent the physician from killing the patient while delivering him from disease. Cancer has no rules; it infests healthy cells in order to subjugate and destroy them. There is nothing sacred, nothing "good or bad." Organized crime and specifically the Mexican Mafia works exactly the same way. And the Men's Central Jail was perfect for cancers like me to metastasize, to become deadly.

Your children are our potential recruits. Your schools are our training and indoctrination grounds. Your highways and border crossings are also ours. Your rules do not apply to us. It takes more than Tylenol or NyQuil to destroy a cancerous tumor. Radiation is nasty and dirty, but it's the only thing that gets the job done. Sometimes, law enforcement has to do the same thing, and it makes society puke....

It is a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. When I read the sentimental stories about "poor prisoners" in Pelican Bay, pining away in the SHU because their mean CDCR landlords don't want them to "succeed," I know it is useful propaganda for the mob. There is a big difference between someone in jail for stealing or other nonviolent offenses and those neck-deep in crime and prison politics. Sometimes these stories are written on the same page as a story about the most recent gang shooting or a prison riot or a major bust. Who is responsible for those acts of evil? For every poor mother weeping for her dead son, beaten to death by the Sheriff's in the L.A. County Jail or shot during a traffic stop (both of which are investigated), there are thousands of weeping mothers who stand at their young sons' funerals, victims of this blood game which was my own. Who will answer for these?

Do you know what happens when the gang cancer spreads? Look no further than the narco-republic of Mexico, where the problem has metastasized to every level of society and government, and entire cities are held hostage by the drug cartels. The Mexican military has been brought in to handle the problem, and after five years and almost 50,000 drug-related murders, it doesn't look like it's winning. There, with the economic downturn and widespread corruption, it is no longer merely the marginalized and the inner city youth who are joining the employment lines of the narco-traffickers: professional soldiers, college grads, and "normal" people are now included. Officials in Mexico have said that laundered money into restaurants, casinos, construction and the nightlife industry could reach as high as \$50 billion, equal to about 3% of Mexico's legitimate economy. That's what happens when the cancer spreads.

And, we're next, because we're part of the problem -- both Mexico's problem and ours. Who will "investigate" the gang jailhouse murders, and who reprimands the gang leaders? Who will police the prison yards, where the smart phones, dope, and gang politics are the norm? With the economic downturn and technological advancements, with cuts in law enforcement budgets and glorification of thugs in music, movies, and the media, expect for the cancer to spread, for the problem to grow, for lawless hands to be further untied. I should know; I was one of them, and if I do have "an axe to grind," it is because I don't want my children or grandchildren to be gunned down at a quincenera party, to be addicted to drugs, to walk in my dark steps that led to "life without parole" in prison -- a merciful end considering my jury had a choice between that and death. ~~Today, it seems, is a bad day for cops. But, be sure, that it is a good day for the mob.~~ TODAY, ~~IS A~~ IT SEEMS, IS A BAD DAY FOR MORALITY, BUT BE SURE, THAT IT IS A GOOD DAY FOR THE MOB.