

I'm doing all I possibly can to keep myself in control of my limbs, as I type this first submission to the archive. I've just been subjected to multiple acts of crimes against humanity -- and there's no word, in the language of any people that can possibly describe the chaos I feel in my body.

The outrage at the fact that I know, I'll be just,

Again, this will happen again, multiple times a day, and the perpetrators of the indecencies, of this disgusting manner of treating another human being are going to be promoted for doing more crimes. Their minds will be even further warped by their superior officers, bosses, and those in the position of "role-models" for people who are supposed to represent one of the most progressive, upstanding, liberated, full, and the proud-of-how-free-we-make-others groups in the entire planet.

In all of human society,

These people who turn off the water supply of a man over sixty-years-old, forcing him to shit and piss in a toilet he can't flush for 4-days -- then when that officer comes to work after 4-days off. Turns his water off again.

Often, the other staff doesn't turn the water back on, because they happen to be friends with that staff member whos torturing, yes, torturing a mentally, and phisically crippled old man -- I had to listen to him cry himself to sleep, because I was his nehbor, and he didn't get to eat either. The officer put him on a food-restriction (called a "food-loaf"), which lasted 7 days at a time.

He had forged paperwork on me too, for something I did not even do, but by reputation, everybody knew I had done not one thing wrong...so they fed me the food I was supposed to be

given. When he worked, He would try to feed me that food-loaf.

This person hand-picked people he didn't like, this correctional officer, and he would manually turn off their electricity, leaving them in a pitch-black cell, with no fan to circulate the air inside it, forcing them to listen to the repeated, maddening sounds of metal doors closing over and over (since they couldn't get electricity to run their radios). He'd turn off their water, so they'd be forced to fill their toilet with waste, sitting in this little cell, tasting their own shit each time they breathed, not able to wash the taste from their mouths, since the sink and shower were all linked to the water system he'd turn off.

May stay like that for 8-days straight, or more.

I know I watched it happen for three-months straight, to my neighbor; one specific rule here in the guidelines on what we are allowed to file official complaints on is that we, "may only file a grievance on issue that PERSONALLY APPLY TO YOU, with the exception of SEXUAL ABUSE or PREA related issues..." That's quoted directly from the handbook, they capitalized the letters I had capitalized above.

We are not even allowed to grieve if we watched our celly stab somebody -- as we were not the ones stabbed, and it does not "personally apply" to us. We are not allowed to grieve if we watch an officer tell our neighbor, "yeah, bend over the bunk like that. Like a good bitch. You wanna eat? Then do it bitch. Spread those shitty ass-cheeks apart—I know you aint showered your dusty old pussy. I turned your water off"...

I'm a male, and so was that neighbor I listend to having his "manhood" called a derogatory part/word, as he cried, wishing he could just eat—not understanding why he was being abused by somebody he didn't even know. A correctional officer who just started starving him, making him poop in a toilet that didn't flush, not leting him drink water, not allowing him to shower, and constantly. Constantly threatinging him.

He told me he would stab me.

The officer.

When I never had said anything at all to him about even owning a knife. I didn't have one. Haven't made myself a home-made knife in over 4-years when he told me, "I'll take it from you, and stab you with your own shit".

Did I grieve that? Yes. And I was told that, "no innapropri-  
iate behavior was proven to be conducted by staff...this  
investigation is complete. No further action is warranted"

Do you want to know anothr rule?

"Do not use a grievance form to comment on th effectiveness  
and credibility of th grievance procedure..."

We are not allowed to say it was wrong, a lie, or to say  
that forms have been forged by staff.

Many times, I have recieved a form in the mail at night,  
in my cell, that has my signature on it. A ppeice of paper I've  
never seen in my life. Administrators forged my signature.

What I wish you to take the most from this article, is the  
fact that it is openly joked about, that fellow officers have  
stolen someones food, clothes, flushed pictures of his children,

(like the paper turkey <sup>my</sup> neice made for me, that an officer smiled at me while he crumpled it, and threw it in the trash in my face) ...I have to tellyou, three days after that officer stole all my familys addresses, every picture they'd sent me over the previou-s two-years, irreplaceable things, and I believed nobody would be able to find me . That I would be forced to live over 40-years without anybody who knew or ever gave a fuck if I lived being able to find me—that I'd never see my sweet nephew again, and he'd be forcefully held away from the uncle he loves more than most people on earth:

I used a razor blade, adn I slowly cut my arms in long streaks. From wrist to elbow, over and over, till my whole arm was flopping open like a pile of raw roast-beef strips. The nurse who saw it said, "oh dear god...".

She had to use both hands to sandwich the flaps of flesh around my bone and tendons, while another nurse wrapped it.

It was over 74-staples—not stitches. 15 stitches were used to close my bleeding neck I'd sliced open repeatedly when they had tried to stop me from cutting my arm anymore...

I had a pile of blood-jello in my lap, cradled in the thin pair of underwear they forced me to wear (which is see-through) , in the hanging cloth between my legs, as I sat on a metal stool, my celly looking disgustedly, adn silently at me, as I had blobs of coagulated blood splatter, overflowing from my lap onto the floor.

This was my last suicide attempt.

Instigated because correctional officers had forcefully stolen my ability to contact my family. To be cared for by the

people who were in the delivery-room the day I was born—people who'd know me my entire life, and had adored me that whole time. Less than 20-people on planet Earth who made this decision:

"Chris's life means something, and I'm going to help him to work through this most difficult, longest-lasting torture session he's ever going to live through in his life..."

Those people are still today being lied to by staff here, having officers impersonate the warden when they call up here to ask why I had not spoken to them in weeks (I was forcefully stripped naked, all my belongings stolen, and hidden in an area called "administrative segregation"—without the proper legal process' gone through. A state office had to force them to let me out, weeks later... I was in a cell with 50° temperatures and below blowing snow flurries into my cell, only given a see-through pair of underwear. When they gave me that plastic coated mattress after 3-5 days—I cut it open with my teeth, and crawled inside it...)

They are constantly having their rights violated, having criminal acts pushed into their worlds by correctional officers, and especially by the "ranking" members of the "administrative" positions... having their—

I'll tell you this too.

My sister had finally found me, and had tried to contact me they wouldn't let me call her. When they finally did, she had not answered. They wouldn't let me try again. Wouldn't let me leave a voice-mail. Refused to leave a message for me. Then, they told me they would not allow me to try and call her again for 90-days...

I was so mentally crippled at that time, I just gave up.

I couldn't bring myself to force myself to eat, or sometimes ~~whip~~ whip myself after using the bathroom—how the hell was I ~~supposed~~ supposed to maintain a level of awareness/comprehension I ~~wouldn't~~ wouldn't have for six-more years...I'm just getting to a point where I can contort my Autism, and seizures to a point where I'm not just having spasmic-attacks of throwing things and screaming all day long in horror at the terrible sensation-overload I am experiencing near constantly.

I just felt the dirt particles, on an atomic-level, as I hand-washed my pants. Without trying. It nearly drove me insane.

Imagine hearing a shirt on a coat-hanger in your closet. The rubbing of the hanger on the post being so loud it sounds like a church-bell is ringing five feet away from you, causing your body to thrum with the frequency/vibrations, forcing you to grit your teeth in pain and shock as your whole body booms like it is a damn church bell...

I have to go and try to figure out what I'm going to have to do to cope with all these gaping-gorges of ripped soul I've exposed to show to you how horrifically these people are treating people here...there is a basic level of human decency any person has a right to, and words can't do justice to how often, deeply, and twistedly-distorted these rights are being warped by people who are legally empowered to be representatives of the justice system.

Their mascots, enforcers, upstanding-examples of what our society is supposed to strive to be...

This is a shame.

This is something that today, I am again choosing to try and right. Endagering my loved ones, risking my life, inviting some hundreds-year-old torture-techniques passed-down by corrupt correctrional officers (who work for generation after generation in this field sometimes. I've seen sons, and daughters working with their parents, couzins, and lovers at the same unit, same shift, coordinating gang-violence on residents here—with other officers, or using gang-members they pay/hire to rape, stab, and elsewise extort my nehbors...).

From some great-grandpaw who used to rape inmates, and impregnate them. Forcing them to keep them, or to abort them with savage beatings, while being raped again...

You'd be sick, scared shitless they'd come for you if you knew how deep they go. How many judges, public offices, and police various agencies are complicit in this. How many ways they have to recruit militaristic-groups into mass-actons of warlike violence, with made-up lies, with propagandizing story-selling . Do you know if they can manipulate you? If they know someone who works for your sheriffs office? That will plant evidence in your home to frame you for a murder, or some other atrocity?

They have plenty who do it all the time.

You see it on the news everyday...

It happens here in prison multiple times a day too. Much worse things than just framing someone for something they didn't do, adn forging documents/signatures, or allowing somebody to have to suck two gang members dicks so he wont get stabbed—like my friend had to do a couple weeks ago...

I'll try to keep contributing to this as I can, to the fight

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for those who are too weak to protect themselves. To fight for my friends with the minds of a 6-year old, who have 10 "big bad" gang bangers trying to force them to have sex so they wont get beat up. Or pay out of money their Mommys gave them to buy cakes and snacks, "for their baby's to get some yum-yums" with...

You wouldn't imagine what it take to fight like I do. To have to teach yourself not to react violently when these child minded people literally cry, and fall to their knees in front of an officer, snot swinging from his nose, begging for him to help protect him from the people who're trying to steal his food, to force him to be a "woman", telling him he can't use the bathroom unless they can watch them doing it—

I can't fuckin' stand this, but I will, and I will continue to try and figure out what the hell I can do to help—without a officer choosing to target me for trying to help, then stealing my tools, giving me less options to use in helping others....

Got people I live with constantly trying to get in on some forms of abuse of course, since the officers become thier friends when they "snitch", or beat-up the people the officers tell them to—giving them extra food, payi<sup>ng</sup> them in cash, drugs, sex with female officers, nurses, forging paperwork for them, and all sorts of benifits from doing criminal acts as favors for the officer who'd hired them...

I was going to put "officer" in quotations in that last paragraph, to state how I do not feel they deserve to hold that title/status/recognition/respect—but that's what they are. These people are actually state-backed officers. An extention of a form of governmet-acton. Representing/presenting the image of



society's protectors. The people who are supposed to be the ones keeping crimes against humanity from being pressed-upon one human by another...are some of the worst ones committing those crimes. Being funded, and given weapons to use against innocent people. Provided with millions of personal torture chambers, and given hundreds of years of highly sophisticated "legal" machinations to be employed as diversinary tactics, stalling tactics, highly articulate & malicious-weaponry to use to get away--even quite often lauded-- for the more atrocious attacks. The sicker the things they do, the harder a back-slap they get.

I have to live with so much truth you may never know. To be tortured in my dreams, and woken from my sleep by officers who've decided to torture me for using the legal-system to expose their wrong-doing....

If you pray, or have some belief in being able to will strength to something you believe in—send to me whatever you can in spirit/thought/intention. So I can use it to fuel myself as I do this thing you believe in. I guarantee I do many things in my day-to-day life that you'd support...things you'll never have to suffer through, as I willingly do them for you, and anyone else who would break under the pressures applied to me by various agencies who don't want the truth, or what's right to be done.

It may snatch something from their greasy, disgusting grasp, as they push the weak around, too cowardly and weak themselves to go and accomplish things on their own... to fight off their own "demons"...

Untill my next entry,

Sincerely yours,

-C.R. Philmon-