

ALLUS IN
TRAUMALAND



“Double-park here, Ronnie; shall be about ten minutes; want to get a bearing on our location.”

Those were the last words to my driver for the next twelve days. No person in my circle anticipated a police kidnapping. My family and associates were stunned. I was unprepared both physically and mentally.

Within hours I was living a nightmare soon to be a “crucible” for the remainder of my life. This journey down the criminal system rat hole would change my personal pathway forever.

During a prior full year of anxious queries from the USA, I attempted to identify the status of a criminal charge against a Jamaican business partner. Wary due to my awareness about the West Indies being dubbed the “wild west of the east”, I was very circumspect after several complex and disappointing encounters with the local Pirates of the Caribbean.

After hiring three Jamaican lawyers who failed miserably, I elected to personally pursue the scenario and try to sort out the facts from rumor.

My first step separate from the failed attorneys was to establish telephone contact with the Jamaican police detective managing my business partner’s case.

It was relieving to be greeted warmly. These encouraging assurances: “No problem! You are not charged with an illegal act; and you will not be charged; no problem!”

Suffice to say that time would prove “no problem” within this police culture signals a gauntlet of them (galactic problems “running the proverbial gauntlet”).

As an experienced business manager, I knew relying on a verbal assurance is typically a guillotine. Since verbal exchanges would not suffice, a series of hand crafted post office letters went to the detective’s office memorializing our telephone conversations.

My unforgivable error was not being patient while awaiting the anticipated affirmation via return mail or fax transmission from the detective. After several maddening excuses concerning transmission delays, I decided to combine a planned business agenda to the West Indies with a courtesy visit to the detective.

Arriving during the Xmas Holidays, I found myself lulled into a false sense of security. My “mental complacency” was injected by the police detective. He repetitively postponed my telephone contacts, was evasive, and didn’t seem to have any sense of urgency.

The police detective’s behavior was my introduction to the “Alice in Wonderland” syndrome: what is DOWN is UP and of course the opposite. Moreover, most criminal justice system communication is disguised with metaphors (witness: “you are not a police target, so why be unlocking handcuffs...?).

When finally arranging a visit to the police office, I rapidly recognized THE CLEVER RABBIT HAD LURED ME INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT.

The case detective ignited the gauntlet by asking for a written confession! I vividly recall pondering the image of the Cheshire Cat smoking a hookah with this greeting: “where is the item I did NOT ask you to bring?”....

Like Alice responding to the Cheshire Cat, my interpretation was some kind of wild joy ride; this certainly couldn’t be literal sincerity.

Now anxious, I elected to show the detective copies of all the correspondence sent by me. Again the Cheshire Cat puffed on the hookah: “no matter, you need not worry, we know the persons who didn’t do the bad actor deed”.

After rolling my eyes while evaluating what this oxymoron really meant, I breathed a sign of relief and signaled my intent to exit. However, the next DOWN IS UP observation ensued. Like the Cheshire Cat blowing a stream of hookah smoke as interference, the cataclysmic words were: “a powerful citizen has determined I should charge you and throw away the keys. (Into the rat hole).

Both of us at that juncture were emitting nervous laughs; we bantered with toothy smiles; again the image of Alice negotiating with the Cheshire Cat emerged, and the Cat saying: “why expect anything but up is down, and down is up? My hookah is empty, and while you have not committed a crime, it is time to reload” (re-charge you with a criminal act).

Then suddenly the mood grew sullen. The police detective constantly asked his associates to hear my arguments and advise a written charge composition. I realized the rabbit hole was getting wider and deeper. The rabbit’s foot was shoving my facts and factors away. THE HOOKAH WAS FEEDING THE PENCIL.

At this juncture my consciousness was traumatized. I found myself pummeling into a dark tunnel: a desk lined cluttered hallway with various police staff gnawing at me.

“We need \$2,600 for your prison clothing” a staffer demanded.

What?...\$2,600?...

Is this now ALICE IN TRAUMALAND?

Am I paying extortion money as an entry fee to prison?

Another UP is DOWN, etc. etc..?..

This was an unusual STRAIGHT UP event. I forgot the exchange rate meant my clothing purchase was about USA \$40 dollars.

After relieving me of cell phone, personal possessions, and street clothes, the undignified handcuffs were tightened as I was escorted to my new domicile. I suspect Alice was more enthusiastic about the journey into her underground world of contradictions. Mine was discouraging, because a dingy and smelly corridor led past cell doors with prisoner possessions hanging from them; windowless but screened wall holes served as the building’s ventilation.

AND...

Just as Alice was relieved of her “desirable above ground jewelry” my new cellmates immediately confiscated my recently purchased “desirable change of clothing” and left me with one as sympathy.

So to adopt a USA metaphor, the tickets were printed after the gate.

My initial impression of the cell-to-be-my-cave?

Simply stated: cannot be! I’m continuing to whirl down the rabbit hole! Soon come the Cheshire Cat to assure me: “welcome to no place, because we know it cannot exist”.

Instead the voice inside the cell said: “welcome billion dollar man”. Since there are no secrets in the jailhouse, word had rapidly spread that my business partner was accused of a billion dollar injury illegal act.

As I listened to the second cellmate recite my alleged sins, while my recants seemed to bounce off deaf walls, it conveyed a chance for me to assess the size and conveniences in the cave.

Again, Alice’s image pursuing the hare while changing from midget to giant prompted me to envy her. How wonderful it would be to be at Alice in Wonderland, instead of TraumaLand!

There were NO conveniences! NO wash sink; NO toilet; NO shelves to situate anything; NO chairs; and certainly NO wall-to-wall carpeting!

There were two bunk beds. There was one concrete floor with cardboard covering part of it.

AND...

Now three human beings stuffed into a proverbial “Alice in TraumaLand Coffin”.

Once again “up was down”; the police assumed my two cellmates would accept a third occupant because they were prison trustees. What the police

either didn't know or overlooked was that one of the two so-called trustees was the prison underground supplier.

Everything from marijuana (ganja) to cell phones to unregistered food passed through his crooked hand.

The first night incarcerated saw this ganja addict sitting on the upper bunk bed yelling at the highest human decibel. Like the "Brain Dead Caterpillar" during Alice's journey, the crooked trustee preached into the moonlighted air vent hole about how his uninvited guest had cheated his country's citizens!

AND...

How could the police security at the prison insult him by bringing a thief into his private home?

After stuffing my ears with cardboard residue, I sank into a floor corner, used my shoes as a pillow, and played dead.

I should have stayed dead.

Instead I relieved myself in the middle of the night by using an assigned urine bottle. That was within cell- block rules, since each prisoner gets a personal container.

BUT...

I busted the rules by inadvertently setting at the wrong place: not "my floor corner". I situated the bottle next to the crooked trustee's container.

Among many anachronisms, this act within prison culture is a threatening affront.

The verbal explosion that ensued was only tolerable because I had no idea what was actually being stated.

West Indians tend to switch over to "patois" when upset. This is a customized language consisting of polluted English, French, African, and the planet Uranus.

The upshot of all this consternation was similar to Alice creating a river to escape by way of her tears. In my case, the offended cellmate was drowning me in a river of verbal mud.

So this incident triggered the feud.

PLUS...

My own selfish conduct.

Since I have an abundance of energy, it was natural for me to PACE back and forth. Not easy to do in a cave the size of a typical USA bathroom.

FOR SURE...

Aggravating to two other humans who don't want you in their space (face).

AND..

Because I am a creature of habit, I couldn't ignore my exercise requirements for the day.

THAT...

Meant at least 100 pushups and several hundred abdominals.

WHICH...

resulted in the two trustees offering my body to any other cellblock in exchange for contraband cigarettes.

AND...

My next cellmates made it abundantly clear that they carried weapons, and would use them to "carve me a new penis" if I didn't behave.

FURTHER...

My new moniker was ALLUS, not my given name. I learned later that Allus was a gay prisoner who became even more vulnerable because he practiced the Muslim religion. The prison population liked the sound of "Allus" because

the most enjoyable TV personality from old TV reruns is Ralph Cramden (the TV bus driver) and his wife Alice.

From that juncture forward, gay prisoners were labeled as ALLUS (Alice).

AND...

To intimidate vulnerable prisoners (like me) the name ALLUS was also used to tease males not suspected of being gay.

Agreeing enthusiastically, I laughingly informed them about ALICE IN TRAUMALAND, and therefore exhaustion prompted an “old-man’s-nap”. They offered me one of the two bunk beds; was asleep in minutes.

I awakened to the chortle of loud squeals:

“Your mother is a dirt bag who make sons wearing girl clothes, and sex other men in the butt”.

That was for openers!

Quickly my mind wandered to Alice at the Mad Tea Party.

Could this be the same?

Did the prison’s management allow jailbirds to screech and howl and wail instead of sing?

Just as Alice described a hallway with many strange doors, suddenly the prison cellblock doors were rattling and shaking and vibrating.

Then the aggregate yelling tempo gathered momentum.

IT WAS THE MAD TEA PARTY!...

I learned subsequently that most of the prisoners dedicated a portion of each evening to homophobia bashing.

AND...

Just like Alice's dormouse ran from door to door-announcing Alice's presence, the prison trustees were transiting the hallways like high school cheerleaders

pointing out suspected homosexuals.

THAT...

Was when I first learned the cultural street fashions were rooted in the jailhouse: the trustees wore not one, and not two, but THREE different underwear!

This two-minimum underwear practice started "who knows when" for purposes of preventing the prisoners from viewing each other's PRIVATE PARTS.

AND...

The next worse insult to positioning urinal bottles incorrectly was to categorize your neighbor as a homosexual.

Didn't make any difference if he was straight as the proverbial Adam vs. Eve.

Simply calling your neighbor a "butt-mon" ignited screams of exhortation and rebuttal threats.

Later I learned there were a few homosexuals in the prison. They were thoroughly protected by the jailhouse security, lest they be thrown to the barking dogs who seemed to always be present inside the prison grounds.

At this juncture, I genuinely wondered if the police had deliberately selected an insane asylum to incarcerate me.

FOR SURE BECAUSE...

The next day was my first shower with the general prison population.

As I removed my clothing a combined orchestra of voices emanated from all directions:

“Mon...keep it on...Mon...keep it on...”

Over and over my ears were stinging as one after another prisoner stood next to me shouting about not removing my clothing.

It was at that scary moment I realized and recognized every human in the shower room wore underwear at all times!

Was this requirement a courtesy to the female prison guards? Those female guards were professional and helpful; perhaps wearing underwear was management’s edict?

NOPE...

My gender suppositions were wrong; suddenly there was another loud chant: “don’t pickup that soap mon...that soap no see skin mon...kill soap mon...”

Slippery soap had hit the floor.

THEN...

a naked foot covered my toothpaste; it had been in my hand but slipped away during the verbal melee.

THEN...

another naked foot scrapped my toothbrush several yards into the drainage tub area. Another casualty of having two left hands and being traumatized.

SO...

I dutifully ignored my precious tools and moved into the open shower cleaning area. Hoping to get clean somehow without the benefit of any cleansing product, I asked the next person if he would let me use his soap for a moment.

A KINDLY SOUL...

who hastily escaped rather than be thrown to the dogs for sharing personal items.

THEN...

As I lowered my trunks to rapidly expose soiled skin and private parts, howls and shrieks came from all directions: “no-no!.....cannot show mon!.....quit now mon!”.

THAT’S...

When two underwear clad neighbors shoved me mightily into the wall to demonstrate this was serious business.

AND...

Both pushers were now illustrating the acceptable way to shower; underwear remains; dirt goes; reach inside the underwear as necessary; scrub everything but don’t show appendages.

THIS WAS DEFINITELY BIZARRE!

I was trying to do something never practiced during an entire lifetime. I pictured Alice’s Cheshire Cat proclaiming: “I’ve never seen a clean cat, but I have seen a cat cleaning with fur covered by paws.”

Again Alice's image of near drowning in her river of tears came to me. This was the prisoner's flooded shower room; I just wanted to swim my way out of there, like Alice turning into a giant so to squash everyone in my path.

OR...

Becoming tiny so to scamper around everyone's leg (plus collect soap bars?).

Leaving the open shower room, I wondered how the drying process would happen while wearing soaked underwear?

Drenched but unclean, that process would SOON COME as local language assures.

As I entered the so-called WATER GONE room, I heard my cellmates bellowing at the top of lungpower: "me-show-it".

WHICH...

Is a euphemism meaning: "I'm changing underwear, and if you look, you are dead".

AND...

Sure enough all the wailers had their backs turned, appendages facing walls; with hasty movement towel drying to accelerate replacement underwear.

SO...

I pantomimed my closest neighbor, roared something unintelligible, faced wall to avoid eyes, changed boxer shorts, and turned around worrying a club might be in my face.

CELEBRATION...

The trustees were holding up fists and thumbs signaling their approval of my newly discovered techniques, plus my boxer type underwear.

They had previously discarded my JOCK STRAP underwear, and now were expecting TWO underwear coverings (like every prisoner). However, this was

an event whereby misfortune worked to my benefit, because my other change of clothing had been pilfered the first day. The trustees remembered their thieving instantly.

As I sheepishly made my way back to the cellblock, the female security police snickered to each other. Probably due to my single set of underwear exposing an appendage not shown by multiple clothing.

Upon returning to my cave, the obvious burning question was: “why nothing touching the floor?”...

This phobia is rooted in hygiene. All the prisoner urine and feces containers are emptied into the general shower area. The assumption is that stomach bacteria contaminate everything, including the feet and toes, and certainly any tools or product that meets the floor surface (prisoners routinely dedicate hygiene effort sanding foot skin/nails to keep dry and bacteria diminished).

The second reason is homophobia. Gay men are accused of constantly carrying the AIDS VIRUS. Most prisoners are wary about disease. Sharing a personal tool or product is therefore anathema, or in local language “the sorcery of the Obeah Mon”.

= EVOLVING INTO THE WEIRD WORLD

AT THE ALICE IN TRAUMALAND COURT-HOUSE =

A courtesy visit by the USA Ambassador’s Office launched my effort to obtain bail release. The USA agent cautioned about everything should be expected to be UPSIDE-DOWN. My response was a wish whereby the USA agent had visited one day earlier, to possibly spare me abundant anxiety and trouble.

AND...

My request to the USA Agent, and the attendant police sergeant, for a Bail Hearing resulted in toothy grins.

They reminded me of Alice's Cheshire Cat saying:

"I have never seen a cat with a grin, but I have often seen grins belonging to a conspiring face".

There would be no productive bail hearings for more than a week after the kidnapping. However, there was one humorous episode immediately after my incarceration (humorous now; miserable at the time).

Taken from the cellblock to the courthouse, I was placed in a "holding area" while my lawyer attempted to locate me. After about an hour, I was handcuffed again and led to a glass-enclosed closet; enough private space for two humans to stand while conversing. Hence we conferred hot and uncomfortable. Within ten minutes we were roused by the police security, because other attorneys wanted private time with their clients. Not nearly enough conference opportunity, since my list of topics and complaints would consume hours. Certainly this was one technique by the police to constrain and put a gag on prisoner communication to the outside world (in fairness, the police did allow separate verbal outlets).

Taken back to the "holding area" it seemed like weeks but actually hours prior to court commencing. At that announcement, all prisoners were handcuffed again and escorted to a room adjacent to the Judge's Chambers.

This so-called "chamber ante-room" would constitute another UPSIDE-DOWN event: there were many more humans than floor space would accommodate. Therefore, it was necessary to stand (could not sit) back to

back (otherwise homophobia fights were sure to happen) with an oxygen aisle between the standing lineups (there is no mouthwash in prison) and pray to the Good Lord for your case to be high up in the pecking order. If not, it would be an entire afternoon ordeal, or worse a re-visit if court expired.

So the obvious question: WHY transfer dozens of humans to a space designed for ten? WHY not simply keep some of us in the “holding area” until the Judge called a list of names to be administered?

Being absolutely dumb-founded by this scene reminded me about Alice wandering in and out of consciousness, while the many Wonderland Players either entertained or harassed. Surely a similar UPSIDE-DOWN scenario.

Being a spoiled Yankee, I eventually complained to the door police security that this treatment was what the NAZI bums did to the Jews during the world war. The cops gazed at me incredulously; no acknowledgement; no improvement.

THEN THINGS GOT TRULY BIZARRE!

Hearing my name called by the court clerk; I squeezed past a standing row of bodies. My handcuffs were removed by the door police security. One of the cops held my arm and gently led me to the Judge’s bench. There were no seats; so standing respectfully at attention is the prevailing rule.

Suddenly the Judge got up with apparent indignation, shouted something angry to my lawyer, announced another vehemence to the court clerk, and vacated the chambers!

Now the same “gentle cop” was no longer. He forcibly pulled me out of the Judge’s bench, inserted my handcuffs, and stuffed me into the “Nazi-room” again.

Within minutes the court clerk loudly summoned me. Obeying the command, it was aggravating to the others in the room, because rushing past them meant crushing toes and bumping bodies.

Removing my handcuffs and hopscotching me simultaneously, it seemed surreal to the cop and to me.

WHAT was happening?

The Judge was back at her seat; my lawyer was now directly in her view, a few yards away. There were sharp and hostile exchanges; they were in close proximity, but speech dialects and aging ears made their remarks inaudible to me.

My eyes widened with shock as the Judge stood up, waved her pen at my lawyer, threw it at him, and abandoned the ring (chambers) like a prizefighter throwing in the towel.

While I was assessing this scene, the court cop was handcuffing me from behind. Therefore, without providing a chance for me to turn around, he elected to punish me for my lawyer’s sins.

It was humiliating and plain silly to be pulled backwards from the bench and stuffed violently into the “Nazi-room”.

One can only imagine the fury now ignited in the “Nazi-room”. It was chaos because the standing lineups had disintegrated. So the door cops had the good sense to find me quickly, remove my handcuffs, and held adjacent to them at the door entrance.

By this time the Judge recognized there might be anarchy in the courthouse. Not something a Judge welcomes under her watch?

At that moment, I experienced the ridicule of being pulled the third count to the Judge’s bench, where the Judge dictated a postponement of my case. Needless to say, depression was entering into my brain drain.

Two thoughts battered my mind: first and foremost, how incredibly awful it must have been for the Jews in the gas chamber awaiting their disposition. Much less important, how Alice was described by author Lewis Carrol when the Mad Hatter wildly moved her from site to site. Once more the UPSIDE-DOWN aura was emanating from this crucible.

These events at court were reported the next day in the nation’s largest newspaper. It was formatted as an editorial, addressing the conduct and arrogance of certain magistrates serving the criminal justice system.

To repeat, there are no secrets in the jailhouse. My celebrity in the facility was magnified. It started by being the only white prisoner on the grounds. It expanded when the prison trustees shouted from the rooftops about my “billion dollar sins”. It was soon to be proof positive (negative) of that age-old axiom: “celebrity brings controversy”.

=HE IS BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF ME!!! =

This desperate exclamation was recorded by California Emergency Telephone 911 more than twenty years ago. It is the voice of Nicole Simpson (wife of O.J.Simpson) begging for police assistance.

Americans grow up hearing this idiom frequently, but seldom genuinely comprehend its literal meaning and significance.

Back to the future:

The prison trustees took credit for the newspaper editorial. Their propaganda was that they had orchestrated the events at the courthouse to the benefit of the prison population (the Judges would now “straighten-up and fly right”).

So my magnified celebrity created the perception within the prison population that I had to be hugely wealthy (the billion-dollar man syndrome).

AND...

The trustees invited “bids” from the prisoners accordingly. The highest bidder would have access to whatever could be obtained by way of charisma and extortion.

CHARISMA...

Meant kissing my butt instead of penetrating it.

EXTORTION...

Meant setting up outside-the-prison influences; there are always gang groups preying on the families of prisoners motivated to provide special accommodations and resources.

HENCE...

My business exposure had fine-tuned my instincts; particularly the rule whereby ‘there is no free lunch’.

My enthusiastic and welcoming third set of cellmates must have a hidden agenda, just like the March Hare

during Alice’s ambition to extricate from her journey.

Thus began the next stage in my transition from crucible to cross. The next week would further enlighten me about the cruelties of human slavery;

how the UPSIDE-DOWN prison system threatens the public, instead of protecting it.

My new hosts were “gang-bangers” committed to every larceny imaginable. They were not only street-smart youths, but also quite industrious. Whatever not known to them prior to incarceration was soon taught to them within the prison population. At this particular prison, there were no “reform and redemption programs”; not surprisingly, the primary reason those inadequacies undermine the welfare of the general public. A twenty-year-old potentially worthwhile citizen enters prison an amateur lawbreaker, but exits as an educated criminal expert.

So in exchange for my own bunk bed (yes, the concrete floor was the third lounge) the two cellmates thoroughly enjoyed my presence as entertainment. Sheer boredom and innate intellectual curiosity motivated many hours of insightful questions. Their myriad of criminally educated probing techniques gleaned information to be used for illegal schemes.

An example is prying constantly into my personal circumstances to record names and knowledge about family, friends, plus business associates. These no doubt would represent a trove of jewels passed to outside gang members for purposes of extortion and thievery. Another was searching through my logbook when asleep and extracting anything there. After one night it was obvious; upset, I had to ask the police security to safeguard the only tangible resource remaining on my person when inside the cave.

This detective activity and jigsaw puzzle degenerated; one of the cellmates asked me to arrange his marriage to my daughter! His reasons? Because any woman married to the same man for a decade had to be looking for “adventure and revival”.

AND...

Any man married for a decade without mistresses was suspect; my son-in-law must be homosexual; certainly my daughter would be grateful to me when my son-in-law came out of the closet, so my cell-mate would keep her sexually satisfied daily.

Such is the result when young prisoners are denied continuous ethical improvement and basic schooling while incarcerated.

AND...

Boredom breeds insanity!

Irrespective, the “gangstas” had touched a volatile nerve. Most fathers will understand my repulsion and anger as the stressful days unfolded.

Our love fest turned to contempt. Since I never achieved proficiency at keeping items off the shower room floor, my cell-mates thoroughly enjoyed taunting me: “Allus, don’t drop the soap””Allus, don’t pickup your towel””Allus, wash your butt better or we’ll hand you to the butt-mon nearby”.

AND...

Any attempt to lower my trunks for improved skin cleaning was met with absolute bedlam.

On the third day I refused to answer any detective game queries, so it was necessary for me to protest aggressively. My cellmates were taken aback when I said: “I’ve already lived seven of my nine lives”.

AND...

“I’m too old to die young”.

AND...

“I was in better physical condition than both of them”.

AND...

Five of their nine lives would be wasted in the cave, because I was determined to have the police security

punish their conduct.

In effect, my approach had modified from the Alice in Wonderland Dormouse who first shuddered, and then announced: “do as I say...or say as I do...or perhaps we can along...or perhaps we cannot...or perhaps you can do anything you want!” ...

TO:

“remember my stories as a result of your inquiries...recall I was a low level athlete...with boxing as my favorite sport...recall my famous boxing trainer who decided I should retire from boxing...but not due to cowardice, but instead because I just couldn’t learn how to duck a wicked-skin tearing punch”...

At first stunned into paralysis, my cellmates eventually exploded into the occasion. Both assaulted me with a frontal attack; one held a “hack” which is jail-talk for a home-made knife; the other launched a virtual verbal tirade; again there were a hundred threats in PATOIS, so I never did understand what they were planning to do to me.

The next few moments surprised everyone in that tiny abode, including yours truly. All my survival instincts surfaced; I physically pinned the larger of the two against the wall (I’m 190 pounds of muscle, he 230 pounds of baby fat).

My dinosaur boxing skills took control: do not stop fist hitting; get very close to the opponent so there is no counter punching or foot kicking feasible; do not waste energy and momentum by striking the opponent’s head; focus force on the opponents body and kidneys; keep chin down and both arms rubbing ribs, so there is no way an uppercut punch can ruin the day.

IT WORKED!

As in all things, practice does make perfect. Probably 5,000 “gym practices” on a body bag during adulthood turned a human opponent into a gymnasium tool.

The bigger gansta was in a veritable state of physical shock; suffering big-time hurt from abdominal pain, there is no way “innards” can with-stand kidney and liver blows (remember Oscar DeLaHoya?)...

That’s the good news. The bad news?

Forget the Alice in Wonderland fictional finality:

I ignored gangsta number two; simply forgot about him. A robust short man with impressive strength, he saved his friend’s day by putting me in a suffocating headlock.

Tightening his arm grip from behind me, there was no stranglehold defense while I was preoccupied with the now moaning first gangsta. It didn’t take more than twenty seconds for the air-blocking grip to take lethal effect.

I remembered from wrestling encounters that the so-called Rear Naked Choke is sport and the military’s preferred “resistance buster”.

It’s truly extra-terrestrial to be in a state of genuinely dieing from suffocation. You sense the brain shutting down due to a lack of oxygen. You know it’s coming but feel helpless to do anything.

AND...

Something else happens!

FINAL THOUGHTS MATERIALIZE...

In my case I instantly pictured Nicole Simpson screaming to the emergency 911-telephone operator that “he is kicking the shit out of me!”.

DIDN’T UNDERSTAND THIS DELUSIONARY STATE UNTIL LATER.

As I collapsed like a heap of coal onto the concrete floor, my remaining senses heard the two ganstas coughing and violently gagging. Probably the bigger gangsta recovering from kidney pain; surely the second gangsta affected by the terrible stench now permeating the cave.

What had transpired was a fact of nature's way: when animal or human is forcibly suffocated, the body's intestines simultaneously repel anything and everything stored at the moment.

It was a repulsive fact: the second gangsta's choking pressure had triggered my intestines to expel its contents.

THE GANGSTA HAD LITERALLY KICKED THE SHIT OUT OF ME!

An unpleasant sight would be a kind and genteel description of the mess.

AND...

The combination of confrontation, violence, shocking stench, and emotional explosion combined to ignite another psychiatric tenet.

GROWN MEN CRY AND WAIL WHEN DEEPLY DISTURBED.

SO...

The two ganstas retreated onto their bunk beds to cry like infants. The resulting scene of tears, stink, and chants was surreal.

THIS WAS TRAUMALAND!

At Alice's WonderLand World, there could not have been a portrait more UPSIDE-DOWN than viewing street villains crying at highest lungpower, and praying to the Almighty to send angels who would remove me from their cell-cave!

An hour later I was in the shower room with no others except two male security police. The cellblock female guards had performed with motherly precision and compassion. One portly no-nonsense veteran blocked the bunk beds containing the two bellowing infants. She had a wooden club and warned both prisoners “it is designed to make a new ass-hole”.

Several more female guards attended to me, plus the awful spillage on the concrete floor.

Never a complaint or a groan; I’m eternally grateful to them.

AND...

The two male guards in the shower room were now my stewards, and quite anxious to escape the terrible odor the female security could not remove.

HOW TO HELP YOU MON?

“Easy” was my reply:

I JUST WANT TO BE NAKED!

It was wonderful to nearly drown NAKED in cold water from the ceiling pipes. It was simply ravishing to scrub every nook and cranny, and no clothing to interfere with the privilege. Couldn’t get myself to leave; enjoyed throwing soap in all directions; laughed like a child finding new toys. The guards smiled, but finally lost patience when I frolicked and skated from water pipe to water pipe in the empty shower room.

As Alice’s Mad Hatter might say, I was transferred to another cell to save me, or save them, or save the Queen.

It was a gift from the heavens because for once I had a private suite: just two bunk beds and me.

No other humans in a huge 10 foot by 10 foot space.

The word “cave” abandoned my vocabulary. This was HOME!

= THE SPIRIT VISITS ALLUS =

Being in so-called solitary confinement cell-block was a mixture of the “cat’s pajamas and the cat in-the-pan”.

These idioms were coined by our forefathers to describe something highly sought after, plus to shuffle the order of things to make them the opposite of what they are.”

Such was the solitary confinement cellblock. Designed for violent offenders and/or mentally defective prisoners, it evolved into the epitome of the UPSIDE-DOWN world: all fifteen cells were occupied by bribe payers, homosexuals, and honored guests like me. Considered the jail penthouse, it was also management’s reward to model prisoners. These were those who assisted the guards by cleaning the cellblocks, and teaching other prisoners basic skills like cooking the facility meals.

It was right out of Alice’s Wonderland because it was totally UPSIDE-DOWN (the opposite of what the “solitary” cell-block was intended to be).

Irrespective, HOME was Alice's gift to Sam. My energy level rebounded, which is a minor miracle when subsisting on only one bountiful meal per day (obesity doesn't prevail in the jail-house).

I re-instituted my 10,000 steps and 100-pushup exercise program. Stared through the concrete porthole in the afternoon to catch the intense western sun-rays (Vitamin E deficiency is chronic in these prison environments; NO outside exercise or yard sun-exposure time!).

So WHY was I in the solitary block?

WHY an "honored guest"..?..

The answer is the UPSIDE-DOWN world again:

I was NOT an honored guest, but instead categorized as a "closet" homosexual needing protection. The police security didn't want the general prison population to speculate about "special treatment for white persons", when their real motive was to keep me out of trouble (and troubling others).

SO...

My newfound homosexuality was spread around the prison community, and I had to comply.

AND...

Comply I gladly accepted; at this stage I would have admitted to having AIDES, or biblical scourges, or whatever.

This cover story was also useful to quell my two former cell-mates, who had already announced at last nights daily "shouting session" whereby my testicles would be hanging from the light-pole soon.

Totally expected; no young stud relishes defeat in the ring by an opponent three times his age (the female guards who saved my butt also generated stomach acid by labeling my wounded cell mates as “suckling goat kids”).

SO...

For these reasons and those stated earlier, I achieved another measure of celebrity.

AND...

My morning treks to the shower room at 7AM (three hours after 4AM to allow all other prisoners to finish the shower room requirement) were greeted by hoots and screeches.

HOW?...

Peeking from the air-vent portholes, my morning treks to and from the shower room were one source of prisoner entertainment.

Everything from “there goes Allus-Girl” to “him take sword in butt” to “White Rocky beats bad rosta” to “make White Rocky our boxing teach” (unfortunately for the prisoners, there was NO boxing team, or any sporting team, and NO educational sessions whatsoever; a prime reason the prison is a breeding ground for insanity).

AND...

At six in the evening, all prisoners were treated to a special event: thirty minutes of radio dancing music.

BECAUSE...

This was the prison staff’s praiseworthy contribution and creative substitute for an exercise program.

SO...

Wisely implemented; this daily routine provided a few minutes of physical activity, and an escape from boredom.

WHERE?...

Of course, the cells were much too tiny for frolic and cavorting; cellblock corridors became the dance hall.

HOW?...

Quite a human behavior revelation, and definitely a study in the art of anger management: men who threatened each other the previous night with bedlam and death were suddenly “dancing with wolves”.

For me the thirty minutes of “kicking up one’s heels” was the second smile on my face (my primary simile was being **NAKED in the shower room).**

Of course being the only dancing white prisoner in itself was reason for me to be viewed as the “dancing prison celebrity” who would also be categorized as a “typical white cripple” (those prisoners did have incredible rhythm; unhappily I am flat footed).

AND...

My newly discovered fame enabled me to “preach from the podium”!

WHERE?...

For several nights in succession, I read the Bible to my cellmates (with my own editorials interspersed).

WHY?...

Because this verbal exercise for me was truly therapeutic. It further contributed a sense of calm and reflection for the benefit of most (not everyone appreciated my egocentricity).

AND...

The acoustics in this cellblock were such that my voice would carry to the two adjacent blocks too. After only one session, my morning journeys to the shower room always included “there goes Reverend Homo Allus” and “him take sword in butt and tongue” as additional taunts from the portholes.

PLUS...

We dedicated two full days to confessions and personal re-awakening sessions.

ENLIGHTENMENT?...

Yes, most of those twenty cellmates were very fine men indeed. All had been victimized in one way or another; some as children with little or no adult supervision; others as mentally challenged who were treated as outcasts by a society known to be uncompassionate (a worrisome tendency resulting from several hundred years of bondage and slavery).

AND...

A few cellmates who had clearly elected a mobster’s pathway. While they acted out of rage and desperation, they inherently understood the negative consequences of their “bad-actor” choices.

HEAR THIS...

The unanimous opinion and proposed solution to the huge problems plaguing this “no-problem” society?

JOBS!...

Contrary to myth and fictionalized cartoons, I have learned this nation’s citizens not only want to work, but are the best of any ethnic group when finding jobs that are rewarding and instill a sense of dignity.

SO...

It was another “celebrity event” when around midnight (and the only sounds were the incessant barking of those damned wandering dogs) the deeply dark and dank cellblock was suddenly alight in a whispering cloud of radiating fog.

BUT...

I was not the first to notice the change: my next cell-door neighbor awakened me by quietly reciting OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN; within minutes there was a chorus of the OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN PRAYER by all the cellmates.

BUT NOT...

Me! I was shocked and shivering; the hot and humid night had suddenly converted into an aura of chill and fright.

WHY?...

Because my first thoughts were related to fire and smoke: every prisoner's worst nightmare; it is common for small fires in the cells for various purposes, including "tea + crumpets time".

WHAT?...

After a few minutes I recognized the lack of smoke ODOR. Quite comforting but not conclusive; as the fog became brighter, I panicked and stood on my bunk bed yelling out the air-vent porthole; the vigilant police security were opening the cell-block main doors within moments.

GONE?...

Yes, both the "radiating fog" and my eminent status as the facility's big-time celebrity.

HOW?...

Respect for my esteemed perceptions vanished; pulverized by a litany of very angry humans who had just witnessed their first and only spiritual miracle.

FORGIVE?...

Forget it. My contrition and profuse apologies didn't amount to a proverbial hill of beans.

ASSHOLE ALLUS?...

Yep. That moniker withstood the test of time; being a “non-believer” disqualified me as the cellblock minister and preacher.

WORSE?...

Yep. The “six-in-the-evening-rock-session” became a band of MINUS ONE; the edict to Asshole Allus was:

“stay outta sight”.

NINE LIVES?...

As I walked from the prison grounds to my driver’s auto, his question about my experience drew this response:

“Never really got the message from the book ‘Alice in Wonderland’ but no longer; just like Alice’s Cheshire Cat, we humans NEED at least nine lives to ‘see-it-all’...”...