me we're going back. Yes! Now I believe it!

At approx. 6am we pull out. This time the bus has windows for human beings. We can see the world this time! Behind us is a four-wheel drive pick-up with a trailer attached. Our property is in it.

Sometime around 10am we arrive at a jail named Coffeewood. Here we were turned over to the care of PA. Camp Hill guards. There was a line of portable toilets for us to use. This time the shackles were removed and the black-box and waist-chains removed so that we could use the toilets. After we used the toilets, we were escorted to the dining room where we were fed and treated like human beings this time! Twenty-eight (28) of us was being returned and while we were still in the dining room, more PA. prisoners -victims- were brought in and fed in the next dining room.

Once we were done eating, we were taken to another area where we changed from our VA. (summer) uniforms to our PA. jump-suits which had just been taken off by the PA. prisoners on their way to Green Rock. We were then loaded on to the PA. Camp Hill bus. We were beside the bus on which they were loading the PA. prisoners going to VA. some guys motioned to them they were making a mistake!

Finally we pulled out and after what seem like an eternity, we arrived at SCI-Camp Hill at about 5pm. We left Camp Hill at about 6:30pm and arrived at Graterford at 8:12pm. Four of us were from the same housing unit -D Block. We got back on the block right at lock up time. Everyone was shocked at my appearance. By 10pm I was locked in a nasty, dirty cell, and I was pleased! I'm Back. Yeah! 41 days in hell!

PURGATORY

Because I refused to cooperate -concur- with the transfer, my Timberland Pro Series boots, prescription eyeglasses, underwear, and $11.00 was stolen by Virginia. An officer Crews that was working the segregation unit at Green Rock on the evening of Feb. 13th. stole my boots. No doubt he took them straight to the crack house' As "punishment" for not cooperating, PA. officials and SCI-Graterford guards specifically, have stolen my Keyboard and recorder. Nine boxes of my legal materials are being held hostage by the Property Room Sergeant. My SONY Flat-screen TV, Word Processor, and Radio were all broken during transit. Although the Superintendent DeGuglielmo agreed to pay the cost of repairs for my TV and WP . I, in fact, had to pay not only the cost to send these items to the repair shops, I also had to pay the cost for repairs to my WP. After Diguglielmo agreed to have the institution pay the cost of repairs for my WP, the Grievance Coordinator sent me an Institutional Release of Future Claims form for me to sign. I refused. This form is separate from the Superintendent's decision and, it's addressed to the Superintendent not me. Yet they still refused to honor the Supt.'s decision and reimburse me for the repairs and shipping costs for my WP. I even had to pay the shipping cost for my TV. That's a total of $214.73 for the WP and $21.95 to ship the TV out. As for my radio, Superintendent Wenerowicz has just ignored it.

My property was un-packed and inventoried by VA. guards at Green Rock even though I was not present. They did not bother to re-wrap my TV, WP, and Radio has they were. They then repacked the TV and Radio in the same box along with other items such as my Amplified Antenna and Digital converter box. All these items were crashing against each other on the way back.

The TV had a six inch long crack along it's cabinet on the very side the radio was on. The speaker grill of the radio is dented in and the buttons have been damage. The volume keeps dropping out periodically and the button has to be giggled to get the volume to come back. Even the base and treble changes by themselves.

None of these items were damaged before I left.

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Interstate Corrections Compact Transfer

(41 Days in Hell)

October 25, 2010

OPEN LETTER

RE: INTERSTATE CORRECTIONS COMPACT TRANSFER
(41 DAYS IN HELL)

Dear Editor:

I was one of the first 125 Pa. State prisoners transferred to Virginia from SCI-Graterford on 2/13/10. The following is my story.

SNOWBLIND

On February 9, 2010, the blizzard struck. The jail opened up as usual. I went to work as normal all the while thinking I might be able to make a few extra pennys on the snow removal detail. After lunch at 1 O:Clock when the jail didn't open up I wasn't too surprised and although I wouldn't be able to make the few extra pennies, I was kind of pleased with the prospect of being laid-in for a day or two with pay! I figured I'd get some typing done and just relax.

Then the guards and counselors came around and doubled-locked us in! I thought -and I'm sure the rest of the prisoners thought the same- that the jail had gone into emergency mode do to the blizzard.

So on Wednesday there was no cause for alarm when the jail didn't open up. The guards and staff brought breakfast around and I made me some oatmeal. At ~~lunchtime~~ we were given some lunch meat on a role and I decided I would skip lunch and hook something up for diner. So I out the sandwich in the window for later. Sometime around 3 or 3:30pm I heard a lot of noise on the block and I got my mirror and looked out on the block to see what was going on. I saw what I thought was guards shakin' down! I immediately began hiding my contraband while cursing and wondering how they got enough guards together for a shake-down during a blizzard!

Just as I was removing the contraband curtain from my cell door, the door opened and outside was two Unit Managers, a Lieutenant, and two guards from Security! I began laughing because they've caught me in the act of taking down my curtain when one of the Unit Managers announces in a tone as if my life sentence had just been vacated, that I had been selected by Central Office for transfer to Virginia. I looked at them as my heart stopped and I went numb as a buzzing began in my head. I heard myself saying: ("You're kidding. Right!") And the Lt. answered No. I stopped smiling as I looked at them and considered my options... one of which was fight! But then I looked into the eyes of the two guards from security and realized that they were there to see that I go; one way, or the other!

So, at that moment I decided the best way to fight this transfer would be a Food-Strike... Beginning with lunch! I stated to the Lt. who had come into my cell to (talk) to me: "I guess I don't have a choice." to which she replied: ("No. You don't have a choice.")

*I was told I had five minutes to put my property in three trash bags and to get to the Property Room. At the Property Room there was a line of surprised transfer victims all the way down the maintenance corridor and they were still coming! We were lied to and told that we may only take three boxes of property; the rest of our property would be stored. After forcing us to throw away all of our open commissary items and packing what we could get into the three boxes, we were then given an Information Packet. In this packet was a two page letter telling us what to expect at the Green Rock facility. It also stated that all excess legal property would be shipped with us and that the only open commissary we could not take was liquid because it may spill. None of our property was inventoried nor did we receive a copy of a Property Inventory sheet as per policy. The boxes our Televisions, Word Processors, and Radios were packed in was not marked with what was inside as required by policy. I was then taken to the "New Side" and put in cell #20 on lower "I" block a cold empty cell for the next 2½ days. We were not let out of our cells for exercise or showers until Friday, the 12th. By time we left the prison -(Feb. 13th. at 1:50 am)- I had missed a total of eight meals. We were issued new thermal underwear at Graterford for the transfer due to the cold weather. We were transported to SCI-Camp Hill for the change over to the Virginia authorities. We were re-dressed by Va. guards in lightweight (Summer) clothing after taking our thermal underwear. We were then placed on buses that had been sitting for hours in the cold.

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

2

The trip down took more than 16 hours! -(They really milked the .55¢ per mile pay)- We were transported in full restraints -(handcuffs, waist-chains, black-box, and leg-shackles)- on buses that resembled live-stock carriers. The buses had no windows! Only oval portholes up at the ceiling... slave ships on wheels! The area for us prisoners -the haul- was caged-off from the driver with diamond mesh and sheet metal. The door in this partition had a small window in it which was covered over with a piece of notebook paper just before we would pull off so that we could not see where we were going. So we traveled in near darkness for more than 16 hours. Because our eyes could not focus on the movement our brains were sensing, most of us came down with motion sickness. We "High-balled" ~~it all the way. We passed everything on the road! The conditions~~ on the bus was cold, cramped, and dark... probably much the same as it was on those slave ships carrying kidnaped slaves to America 450 years ago! I'm average height and I could hardly get my legs behind the seat in front of me. My knees were sore for days after the trip.

Sometime around 3pm we arrived at a jail called Cold Springs. Here we were to be fed and allowed to use the facilities. We were greeted with a gauntlet of guards holding AR-15s, shotguns, and barking attack dogs stationed all around! One bus at a time was off-loaded, fed and relcaded and then the next.

Once inside, we were seated in chairs along three walls with little tables in front of each. On each table was a bagged lunch and juice. The handcuffs, black-box, waist-chains, and leg shackles remained in place making it impossible for us to either eat or use the toilet!

Then it was back on the road for another 3½-4 hours!

THE ARRIVAL

Sometime around 6pm we arrived at Green Rock Correctional Center. The temperature was in the teens and with the wind blowing it was down in the single digits. Again we were greeted with a gauntlet of guards with AR-15s, shotguns, and barking attack dogs... the only thing that was missing was the firemen spaying us with water hoses! One by one each bus off-loaded it's cargo. One by one we each had to cite our name and number as we left the bus and wait outside it in the freezing cold until there were ten of us. All the staff were bundled up in heavy winter coats, hats, scarfs, and gloves. One of the dogs even had on a coat! And all we prisoners had were (summer) short-sleeved two-piece uniforms. Welcome to Virginia! The group of ten would then be escorted about 30 yards in full restraints and then stopped and wait until the group ahead moved on. Then we would move another 30 yards and stop. We were told to stand shoulder to shoulder while "2" drug sniffing dogs were walked pass us 4-5 times each until

I'm then escorted out of the building and to the car. One of the guards standing at the car exclaims: ("You still not eating?!") and I reply: "I'm eating man!" -(for some reason this question irritated me). I then ask the one guard escorting me where I'm going. He replies: ("you ever hear of Marion?") I exclaimed: "Illinois"!! and he says yep! Just the previous morning -(I had placed the food-strike sign in the window)- officer Dye asked me if I knew how the state of Virginia was shaped. I couldn't recall. So he draws an outline of the state on the glass of the door and point out where Tennessee and Kentucky are and that I was at the very most southern tip of Virginia. He stated that within an hour, I could be in any one of those states. He stated that the people up North -Richmond (their Central Office)- didn't care about me raising cain down here! So when the guard says Marion. I'm thinking Underground Supermax! and I done really dug myself into a hole! I'm also trying to recall if I had seen Illinois on the list of States that are part of the ICC.

Then the guard laughs and says we're going about two hours away. Then he says his (part) of the trip is about two hours.

At three minutes after 8am I'm in the car. 8:07am we pull out. At about 1am we arrive at Marion State Prison in VA.' We drive around to the back and into a sally-port where a van enters from the other side. I'm handed over to the two officers and I see Regional Director Fosters standing off to the side. Just two weeks ago -on the ninth- during my second strike he had asked me if I was ready to go back to Green Rock. The officers greet each other and one of the two from Red Onion ask the other how's the Rock. So I'm going back to Green Rock. Okay. I ~~just~~ won't eat!

After swapping cuffs, chains, and shackles, I'm helped into the van. A large box of what must be my files is placed into the back of the van. I sit sideways so that I can keep my eyes on them in case they try to assassinate me.

At 10:37am we pull away from Merion. The one officer even ask me what kind of music I wanted to hear. I thought a moment and then said JAZZ. He replied that they didn't have any Jazz and asked what other music I'd like to hear. I told him it didn't matter. I was thinking they don't have any JAZZ stations! I know damn well I got to get the hell out of this State!

At 1:23pm we arrive at Green Rock. The guard riding shot-gun asked if I was going to eat. I replied NO! I had decided that even if I am going back to PA. I'm not eating at Green Rock just to keep the continuity!

I enter the Segregation Unit from the rear. I stop at 49 cell and holler at Spider who's still there and tell him I'm back from Red Onion. I'm placed in cell #8 and the Unit Guards ask if I wanted something to eat. NO! I'm not given any sheets, pillow case, or blanket and I don't ask for any. Once I'm settled in, me and the other PA. prisoners exchange information about what's been happening. I tell them to order the Interstate Corrections Compact and read it, everything they need to get back is in there. I still don't believe I'm headed back even when the brother in 5 cell tell me that there's a shipment going back to PA. the next morning. I refuse diner and about 4:30am a guard wake me up telling me it's that "time" and ask if I want to eat. NO!

At about 5:15am as I'm standing with seven other prisoners in the sally-port beside the pod, Warden Dillman appears. I watch him the whole time as he tries hard not to look at me. Finally he look at me, smiles and says hi and looks away. As he looks away, the smile "drops" from his face. Priceless! He had insisted that he was not sending me back. And I insisted that Dead-or-Alive, I'm going back! But I'm still not sure I'm actually going back to PA. I could be going to another VA. jail or another State for that matter.

I board the bus and as I walk up the aisle I'm looking at each face to see who I know and, more importantly, if these guys are from the Fort. I don't know any of these faces! Then I see one that look va ugly familiar. I sit next to him. I ask him if he's from Graterford and he nods and says yeah. I think to myself okay! but who are the rest of these guys? Are they the last of the VA. prisoners and the two of us have been thrown in with them and we're headed some lace else?! I look to the rear of the bus at every face and I don't recognize anyone! I'm worried. Out of all these faces, I don't know any of them?! Twice more I look to the rear and finally, I see one face. I blurt out: Stretch! He gives me a weave; and another. Kenny! JT! JR! we're laughing and greeting each other and I go back to where they are and there's others I know from the Fort. And one of them tell

So I was charged for nurse Ball to correct her mistake during the initial (intake/transfer assessment) for a chronic illness as a follow-up treatment. All of which are exempt from co-pay charge! I had also been seen by the dentist on (intake/transfer assessment) and was charged $2.00 medical co-pay.
That was it! This was the 18th. I refused all medications from that point on. I told them to (terminate) all medications for me! I then just out-right ignored all medical personnel!

THE GO-BACK

6

On March 22nd. an officer Ramey came on at 6pm. The first thing he does was to ask me if I had any mail to send out. Hum... No other officer has (asked) me if I had mail to go out! A short while later he ask me again if I had mail to go out. Again I tell him no and now I'm wondering what is up with this dude. I suspected he was asking because they read the mail and that would give him something to do and, I can't spell wroth a lick!
Once I lay down to go to sleep, this guard begin to wake me up every half hour to see if I'm okay. I keep the cover over my head and don't answer him. Sometime during this he asks: ("Where's Mr. Taylor at? Right there in cell nine") and he and the other officer laughs. Finally, at about 5:15am I get fed up with his childish antics and confront him. Officer Ramey is obviously quite young. When I confront him about waking me up during the night He reply that he's just doing his job. I then point out the fact that he is harassing me, the conversation quickly becomes heated. During our exchange he ask me if I can spell (now I'm certain they've been reading my mail. That's why he kept asking if I had any mail to send out.) This heated exchange ends with him callin me a nigger. I then demand some Informal Complaint Forms. He promptly ask how many I wanted and I tell him six -(I had been trying to get these forms since I arrived but only managed to get one. Officer Ramey promptly left and returned in less than five minutes with the six forms. He slides them between the door and door-jam. When I attempt to take them, he refuses to release them! I had to literally pull them from his grasp!
Once I had them, I made up the bed and then rolled up the mattress, I knelt at the side of the bunk and wrote him up. When I'm done I write on toilet tissue: ("Food strike 4 c/o Ramey and tape it to the cell door when the shift changed. The sign is noted by the male nurse. A little while later I calm down enough to realize that I have too much legal writing to do. I decide to change my mind about the food-strike and take the sign down.

Shortly after breakfast an officer Vanover comes to the cell and ask for all of my personal property. All I had was a manilla envelope of my legal notes and filings. I gave him this, my hygiene items, and shower shoes. I was left with nothing but the clothes I had on and the bedding and a wash cloth!
I'm thinking they've implemented their "Hunger-strike" protocol. That's when they take everything from you -strip-cell- and once you start eating, they give a little back each time you eat. So I figure they will be back for the rest of the stuff. I'm also thinking I really messed up! I got too much writing to do to be without my pen! All I can do is pace at first while trying to figure this one out. I just "threaten" to strike and they implement the strike protocol?! How am I to earn the stuff back when I'm already eating?! Not to let them see I'm worried, I lay down and cover my head. I eat the rest of the day. The next morning the regular officer of the Medical Unit comes on. When he comes with the breakfast tray, I tell him that they took all my property. He looks at me and blinks a couple of times and says: ("when they do that, it usually means you're leaving.") I reply: "I ain't going nowhere." I then ask him to find out what I have to do to get my property back. He says but it usually means you're leaving. A few minutes later he returns saying: "You might as well strip now, you're leaving.") I look at him for some sign of a trick or something. But he looks sincere as he says I told you so. So I strip as he and the other officer questions the logic of having me strip being that I've been in (isolation) the whole time.
A short while later I'm in the very cell I was in when I arrived, striping again and changing into a bold transport jump-suit. Still I don't believe I'm going back to the Fort -Graterford. On my way into the cell I see a small box on a cart with my Red Onion I.D. number on it but it's missing the last digit. The 2. I point this out to the Guards but they ignore me.
After getting dressed, I'm hand-cuffed, waist-chained, black-boxed and shackled.

the more experienced dog gave a false alert. That prisoner would be pulled from the line and the rest of us escorted to the door of the visiting room.
One by one we entered the building -(which has a stonecovered driveway right up to the door) where we had to again site our name and Pa. DOC numbers into a video camera. From there we proceeded on inside where the officials were forcing prisoners to get haircuts and shaves whether they needed it or not. Even prisoners whose religion forbid the shaving of beards were forced to shave.
I didn't need a haircut or shave. I saw three officials "working" the crowd who turned out to be the Warden, Deputy Warden, and the Regional Director. I began trying to counter what they were doing by quietly chanting to deferent prisoners ("Take-it-to-the-hole"). In groups of twos, threes, and fives, they allowed themselves to be talked into getting their hair cut and beards shaved. As I watched these guys fold like paper towels, I switched tactics and got loud and demanded to be taken to the hole. I had heard them threaten guys with the hole so I began asking where the hole was! Which way was it?! You keep talking about his hole; where is it?! Lets go! I had saw one young-blood go to the hole but came right back out! So I decided I'd lead by example! I informed the Regional Director that I was on food-strike in protest of my illegal transfer. He had gotten upset with me countering every piece of B.S. he presented to me and me cutting him off! I was placed in segregation for being on food-strike. Once in seg. I was stripped of everything! Bedding, clothes, shoes, even my eyeglasses! I was naked my first night at Green Rock. First they took my underwear and shoes but left me with the jump- suit. This is when I discovered that I had defecated on myself. I had to wash my- self with my hand in the toilet because they had turned off the water to the cell!
For five days they tried to convince me to eat. Telling me what good people they were; what great food they have, etc. The whole time I'm looking at them knowing full well prisoncrates are not good people and, no prison has good food! At the same time, they're telling me: ("We're not sending you back.") and each time I'd tell them: "Dead or alive, I'm going back! For five nights I had to sleep either sitting at the desk top or sleep on a cold hard steel shelf! I would pull my arms inside the jump-suit, then pull the jump-suit up over my head and hold it close closed with my hand, and finally, cover my feet with pant legs. I was like a turtle inside it's shell! I would then rest my elbows on my thighs and slowly move from side-to-side as a speed skater would. This generated heat inside the jump-suit and I would then go back to a place in time before I messed up my life! 1971. The Philadelphia Navel Base where I worked for the summer. I would do this for hours! Many times they would come to me about something and it would take me a few moments to get back to the present!
On the 14th. I called on God to help me! I began by acknowledging the fact that like so many others, ("I only call on you in a time of need. But you see my situation. I "need" you! I need your help; I can't do this one by myself!") I told him that I wasn't ready to die; that I wanted to see my children, grandchildren as well as my sister and nephew one last time. I also told him that although I didn't want to die, if it was his will, then I place myself in his hands! He answered me in a very quiet and calm voice that he had been here the whole time! and in that moment I knew he wasn't speaking about just that moment but all my life! I broke down in tiers knowing I didn't deserve his love and I asked for his forgiveness for all the wrong I'd done in my life! Although he did not take me out of the situation immediately, I did feel a since of calmness come over me.

On Feb. 18th. I was moved to the Medical Unit and placed in an Isolation cell. Here they really put their thing down! The water to the cell was turned completely off! In the Seg. cell, even though the water was turned off I discovered that by pushing the water button and sucking on the faucet I could get the water left in the pipes. In the Isolation cell this was not the case. Once the water was turned off, that was it!
Three times a day the guard would turn on the waster but never tole me it was on and there was no indication that it was on. On several occasions I became so delirious from thirst, I'd wake up and stumble to the sink and frantically push the water buttons while sucking on the faucet trying desperately to get a drink of water! I could taste the water but just couldn't get it in my mouth!

My lips and tongue were swollen, I had lost my voice and still, I refused to eat. I had resolved myself that I was going to die somewhere in Va. and my family would never know the truth. Although God had comforted me in the Seg. cell, I wasn't so sure it was God that spoke to me or my mind playing tricks! Although I had begun to doubt I never stopped believing!
And in that isolation cell I began to believed I was a dead man! I would lay back down after not being able to get any water thinking I'll never wake up again. Finally it got to the point where I had to drink my own urine! And then I had to drink water from the toilet bowl because I had no more urine!
This isolation cell had a video camera mounted inside so all of this was monitored and recorded.
Once they saw I just wasn't going to eat -(even when they locked the trays of food in the cell with me)- they then turned the water on to keep me from drinking from the toilet which posed a serious health risk. But then I was denied toilet tissue! When a person goes without food for an extended period of time, gas build up in the stomach and you're constantly passing that gas. It isn't long before I became chafed and raw!
They tried everything they could think of to break me. They offered me their best prison job... Buffing the Housing Unit floor! They even offered me a wife! They sent their female guards at me! When none of this worked their true nature came out. They put trays with dog food in my cell. They put a hangmen's noose outside the cell! Then they put a sheet over a coat rack or something and made it look like a clansmen and placed that outside the cell!! But they're nice people!

THE OUTERLIMITS

On Feb. 26th. myself and 16 other PA. prisoners was transferred five hours further south to Red Onion State Prison. I was so weak from lack of food and water I had to be carried on to the bus by two guards. I passed out 3 times in route.
Upon our arrival, the others were placed in segregation while I was placed in the Medical Unit, cell # 1 (isolation). It wasn't long before the Warden, Major, Captain, and many others were outside the cell threatening me with: ("If you don't eat, come Monday, we're going to strip you down to your boxers and cuff you to that bunk and force feed you.") I replied: "Get the Court order." They replied: ("We don't need a Court Order"!) During this exchange I realized the significance of the transfer. By transferring me, Green Rock in effect, reset the food-strike clock to zero! Although the officials know you're on food-strike, they only count the meals you miss at their facility.
Having realized at Green Rock that something was wrong in that the food-strike was not having the anticipated affect and, noting on the bus ride to Red Onion, that the other 16 prisoners needed (guidance), I allowed them to "think" I was intimidated by their scare tactics and agreed to eat in exchange for a shower. They gleefully excepted. I was given regular food which I should not have been given. When it came time for the first bowel movement on Sunday mid-morning, I paid dearly! I'll spare you the sordid details... Suffice it to say that I now know what it is to give birth!... to quadruplets!! I was in labor for about 35 minutes the first time. I got hemorrhoids from the first bowel movement and after the third, I had to stop eating in order to give myself a rest. I informed the nurses of my need for something for hemorrhoids but was ignored. Being that both isolation cells are monitored by video cameras mounted inside the cells, all of this was monitored and recorded. During my first bowel movement in cell # 1, I could hear at least two people laughing as I struggled.
By eating; on March 1st. I was moved to the building where the other PA. prisoners were which was part of my plan and reason for eating. However, approx. two hours later I was returned to the Medical Unit and placed in Isolation cell #9 supposedly for the purpose of seeing the psychologists. However, after meeting with the psychs I remained in the isolation cell. After being placed in this second cell in isolation, I was finally given writing materials, envelopes, and law library request forms -(I had been denied all forms of communication since my arrival in Va. on the 13th.). The first thing I ordered was the Interstate Corrections Compact and a meeting with the Institution's Attorney. Once I got the ICC it wasn't long before I learned why the food-strike wasn't working; Attachment #8 at 26. A media block on all prisoners transferred under the Compact! (unconstitutional!).

After taking notes, I drafted my Civil Rights Complaint against PA. on toilet tissue and gave it to the guard for mailing not knowing if it would be or not. Nine days later, I received my docket number (Taylor v. Rendell, et al., 10-105). It had been mailed and I had made contact with the outside world! I had also drafted up a suit against Va. and it's DOC and on 3/8/10 I resumed my food-strike just as I planed! The Warden, Major, Regional Director and others were back at my cell wanting to know why I wasn't eating now! I gave them a laundry list of what was wrong. (Prolonged isolation, sensory deprevation, no outside exercise, no showers, no change of clothes, no seat and desk at which to sit and eat or write, no clean linen, and the food was garbage!)
The psychologist took notes and when I was done stated that he would meet with each department head to address my concerns. I started getting showers, clean clothes, the cell was swept and mopped once and the food got a little better. I still didn't get any outside exercise and they never did change the linen.

MEDICAL

On 3/2/10 I was "assessed" by the medical department as a new intake/transferee. was seen by a Nurse Practitioner -Nurse Ball Frip. I informed her about my feet and she attributed the pain and swelling to my food strike and note that they are going down. She had never seen my feet before.
I then told her about the infection in my eyes stating: ("It's in both eyes but it's the left one that's the worst right now.") I also told her about the rash on my face and lips and that it <u>all</u> was due to mold in my cell's window back at SCI-G.

She asked me if I was asthmatic and I replied yes. I could not recall the names of either medication I had received in the past for either my eyes or face. She stated that she would check my file for the names.
A few days later a Nurse arrived at the cell with an Inhaler and eye-drops. The first time I used the drops I put the drops in the left eye only. Afterwards I realized I should have put some drops in the right eye <u>before</u> it gets as bad as the left eye. The next time the drops are brought, I put (a) drop in the right eye and (2) in the left. The nurse quickly informed me that the drops are prescribed for the (left) eye. I informed the nurse that the infection is in both eyes and that I know what I'm doing. This is Sunday-night. Monday morning when the male nurse delivered the eye-drops, he told me that he had been informed that I was putting the drops in the right eye. He informed me that the eye-drops are prescribed for the left eye. I pointed out to this nurse that the infection is in both eyes and I'm treating the right eye <u>before</u> it gets as bad as the left. I also presented the logic that if the nurse had heard me correctly, would she have prescribed a bottle of medication for the left eye and another for the right?! He replied that I'm a grown man and I administered one drop to each eye.
They didn't bring me the eye-drops the next two times but when they brought it back, the nurse informs me that she checked with nurse Ball and she states that if I put the drops in both eyes, it wont last as long. I just stopped using the eye-drops after that realizing that there is just no reasoning with stupidity. Instead, I sent a request to the medical department concerning the matter. On the 16th. two guards asked me if I want to see the doctor. I'm thinking this is because of my 8 day food strike. When we get there, nurse Ball is there. It's not long before the eye-drops come up. She tells me that I never said anything about the right eye; I tell her I did. I know I did and quote myself. She then goes back to the logic of using the drops in both eyes will cause the bottle not to last as long; and ask me if that makes sense. I didn't answer that trick question!
She then states that she is going to order the "ointment" for both eyes -this is what she was supposed to prescribe the first time- and says she's also going to order some type of medication for my lips that's a steriod after exclaiming that you don't put the ointment for my face on my lis... Something I've been doing since I had the rash. It's the same infection!
Two days later I get a receipt for $4.00 medical co-pay charge. I also get the response to my request to medical. It was responded to the very day I was taken back to see nurse Ball. They held it for two days. The response stated that I was scheduled for "follow-up" treatment.