

Communication number MA/28/31st December 2012

Dear Mel + Al,

Today makes one year since I was arrested and this nightmare started. The last 5½ months before coming back to cell 26 has been like a walk across an enormous frozen lake where the ice is not really thick enough to hold my weight. I could have "fallen through" at any time. Now that I am back here, relatively safe from daily physical danger, the emotion is washing over me. A bit like shock after a bad car crash. Except that it is ongoing each day. At times I find my eyes leaking without ~~any~~ any particular reason. Hopefully it will pass soon. I have to keep tightening my "armour" and checking my "gladiator" ~~sword~~ sword.

The prisoners in cell 26 are different. I have been back for five days now and there has not been a fight or a wounding. In the dungeons it is a daily occurrence. Previously in cell 26 around thirty of the forty seven prisoners, squeezed into this tiny space, were openly racist and verbally aggressive towards me. Now most of them are passive towards me and the few who know me are openly respectful.

Four prisoners in the last five days have asked me to help them find a way to communicate with the outside world. I guess they realise that I manage it somehow. Communication should be a Human Right, but a private letter regarding business, legal or personal matters is against the rules here and most prisoners have no means or capability of getting around this regime oppression. Once they arrive here they are swallowed by the system and can spend decades or life in here, even though they may be innocent. Of the four prisoners who have approached me, one has been here for 21 years, one for 12 years and two for 8 years. None would be in prison, in virtually any other country in the world. This place is part of the shame of St Kitts. It is caused by the biggest of all outrages, which is the totally inept and mostly crooked nature of St Kitts lawyers and the appalling mafia like M.O. of the Bar Association here. Outrageous, incestuous corruption in the Bar Association allows the police to feel that in a climate without

rectitude, they can get away with dishonesty and abuse. The police are rarely sued by any St Kitts lawyer. "Quod Erat Demonstrandum".

Given that it has taken me a whole year to arrive at my current position, I feel no great achievement what-so-ever. However it has been earnestly pointed out to me by a prisoner who has been here for 30 years (sic!!) that no one has ever done before, what I have done. (A BBC report. Five months in the dungeons and then back to cell 26) What a sad oppressive regime, - aided and abetted by culpable, self engratiating sycophantic lawyers. I really have nothing veritable though. I must get out of here soon before I too, am swallowed by the system monster. I am having bad dreams. Prisoners who sleep next to me, tell me that I turn continually when I sleep. I never sleep for very long. I ache for the world of kindness and my wonderful life at Rawlins, in daily communication with the real world. I hope so much that Saul gets the D.P.P. to send the fake statement to London in the Diplomatic Bag on the first week in January. I've done a year in hell. I just want to go home.

My love always,

Kevin o x o.

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