

Received 10/08/08

1st Blog for www.AustinPaperny.com. Do NOT REGISTER
The domain name, that is being handled.

Received 10.18.08

• October 14, 2008

Mom,

The following is my 1st Blog. Your job will be to type and then add the blog to the website. My web partner is registering my name, etc. They have (or will have soon) your contact info. Naturally do not discuss "web" or "web partner" through mail or phone. You can say what you like about the blog, I have not written since college, so feel free to correct any errors that stick out. As an example, I tend to use too many commas. Oh yeah, the web partners info is as follows:
~~Debbie Paperny~~ check website ~~www.austinpaperny.com~~
~~Debbie Paperny~~ Debbie is setting up the site/blog.
Okay here we go.

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It's Sunday, October 12, 2008. I'm in my assigned cubicle at Taft's minimum-security camp. I'm seated in a plastic chair with my feet propped up on the steel frame of my bunk. My 2 by 4 locker is open and on the inside of the door I see a calendar that I've drawn in pencil. I notice that more than five months have passed since my imprisonment began, back on April 28, 2008. It's hard to believe I made it this far.

I still remember the day I self-surrendered to prison. My older brother and mother dropped me off with the clear understanding that it would be ~~at least~~ ~~a year~~ more than a year before I would walk back out ~~the~~ the front door. I'm still

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haunted by the tears that came from my mother as I was lead away by the Correctional officer in handcuffs. No mother should have to endure such heartache.

I'm serving an 18-month sentence for crimes related to my earlier career as a stockbroker at UBS. I had graduated from U.S.C. in 1997, and I had built a successful practice as a professional investment advisor during my 20's. My particular focus was managing money for professional baseball players and executing billion trades for hedge funds. Prison was not part of the life trajectory that I envisioned.

The investigation that led to my confinement started on December 15, 2004. From that day forward I felt wrecked with anxiety. Living in denial, I made some awful decisions. ~~in the beginning~~ My delusions into believing that I would not be targeted for prosecution led me into a web of lies. Those lies resulted in me spending tens of thousands in unnecessary legal ~~bills~~ expenditures, and they exposed me to the potential of ^{much} stiffer legal sanctions.

Besides the cost, which approached a quarter million dollars, my total ignorance of the legal process resulted in unnecessary stress for my family and friends. None of us knew anyone who had gone through the criminal justice system before. My life quickly turned into a self fulfilling prophecy convincing myself, and everyone around me that it would be fine. I did not even have the foresight to cancel my application to ^{join} prestigious Lakeside Country Club, and my

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Ultimate conviction caused great embarrassment to the members who sponsored me.

I failed to study so I could learn the differences between minimum security camps and those lockdown prison shows that have become so popular on those alternative television networks. I still remember my mother telling me, "Son, you're not made for prison, so you'd better prepare and cooperate fully". Her advice went in one ear and ~~immediately~~ out the other.

It took greater than 2½ years for me to even accept that prison was a possibility. Once I did, I advanced through the process as if I was a man in his final days. As far as I could see my life was over. I ate like a glutton, gaining 20 pounds. Humiliated by my lost fortunes, I neglected everyone by hiding. I wanted it all to end, yet from the time I lay down at ~~to sleep~~ opened my eyes in the morning till the time I lay down to sleep, all I could feel was the vortex into which I was sinking.

In retrospect, I know that what I needed ~~was~~ a guide. My struggles felt magnified because I had no idea about what would happen from one day to the next. It turns out, my concerns about prison were way overblown. It is no Club Fed, but also nothing like that without fences and bars; Taft is hardly reminiscent of a ~~prison~~ "true" prison. When I asked my attorney what I could expect, he could not provide the specifics I craved. "You'll be fine," was the best he could muster.

The day I self-surrendered was the worst. I just had no idea.

April 15, 2010

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about what to expect. The handcuffing, the strip search, the finger printing, the D.W.A. Sample and my slot initially seemed too much to take. I was locked in a small cell while I waited to be processed to the Camp. ~~A few hours later~~ ^{when I} finally made it to the camp, ~~and~~ I felt exhausted and lost. I remember feeling overwhelmed as if the hours let alone months would never pass.

I did not know anything about good time possibilities, or halfway house options, or what awaited me on supervised release. I tried to sleep but struggled with the tormented thoughts that came with my separation from home, I missed my mother, my father, my brothers, my dog. The concrete and steel of prison, the indignity of common restrooms, the total lack of privacy seemed to much to take.

Day by day, however, I grew stronger. I began to set little goals, and empowered myself with success. Exercise helped. I had been a baseball player at U.S. City; the pursuit of my career brought a simultaneous neglect of my fitness. On my second day of prison I began to run. I huffed and puffed around the track, determined to power through three miles. I rode the stationary bike, and strength trained with pushups, pullups, and dips. Slowly, I could see that I was willing my way into better spirits.

After a few months, I reached a small victory when my counselor agreed to transfer me from a three-man cubicle into a two-man cubicle. Then, a couple of months after that, I was promoted to a job that offered more free time for me to work on my personal goals.

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The time opened more opportunities for introspection. That was when I realized that others were confronting the same challenges as me. Convinced that I could help them, I decided to begin writing this daily journal. Through these daily recordings of my activities, I'll strive to spare others the anxieties that accompany the unknown. I want those who are confronting criminal charges to grasp the realities rather than the debilitating myths about what is to come. These daily postings will illustrate the ups and downs of the prison experience, and with more than five months of confinement me in the books, I'll speak with authority when I write that the journey does not have to be a waste.

By following my daily postings through these final months of my sentence, I intend to provide readers with a glimpse into the unknown world of confinement. ~~that glimpse into the unknown~~ that glimpse will empower those who anticipate a struggle with the Criminal Justice System. It will help them make better decisions; and it will enable them to move forward with confidence. In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is King, and where there is darkness, my writings will provide sight.