

Criminalized & Dehumanized
For Mental Health Issues.

By: Timothy D.V. Bazrowx

On or about May 13, 2015, I had the unfortunate experience of being acquainted with our segregation section of my assigned unit; all because of my mental health status.

I suffer from severe re-occurring depression, brought on by a life-time addiction problem.

I manage this depression now not with psych drugs, as recommended by TDCJ officials, but by typing stories, and such.

On the day mentioned, I was trying to send off for some resource information. To do this I had to submit my request with the Major's secretary. Unbeknown to me though was another inmate had made her mad before I reached her, and without incident I turned in my request, and left only to be summoned back to the Captain's Office.

I was accused of using a counterfeit stamp on the paperwork I had just submitted. It seems like all twenty-five thru thirty inmates seeing this secretary was accused of the same malefaction.

While I was defending myself against the threats of being convicted, and sentenced to an additional twenty-years, this captain had his goons ripping my housing apart. They took my typewriter, radio, legal stamps, and then left all of my property exposed and accessible to fellow inmates.

After I was allowed to leave the Captain's Office, being brow-beat, accused and threatened unjustly, I found my property unconscionably stolen by these officials.

I went into deep depression. I have no way to replace my property, no outside support...nothing.

I requested to speak with my psych-counselor, of whom knows that I type for therapy, but he wasn't there. Another counselor that was there whom also knows my case decided I needed to be put on suicide watch. I was then locked up in segregation. My property was left in my housing exposed.

I was stripped down to my boxer's; placed in an observation

cell with no mattress, no toilet paper, no hygiene items (i.e. toothbrush, toothpaste, hand-soap...nothing.)

A female guard was placed in front of my cell with a clipboard to observe my action's. I had anxiety hit me. My arm's itched unmercifully, and so I scratched them with my very short finger-nails, until I had blood flowing freely down my arm's, and all over my person.

My cell now looked like a murder had taken place in it. Officers came to watch the crazy person, like I was an animal in a zoo.

To use the restroom, I would ask the female officer to at least turn her chair, so I could defecate as the human body has need to do.

There's no amount of words that can describe the embarrassment this caused having to do this while a stranger of the opposite gender sits, and watches then records each action. Worse than that I requested toilet-paper, but my observer's sat mute. I had no choice but to flush the toilet, then use my hand to wipe myself clean using the water from the toilet, while all this recording, and dehumanization continued to spiral out of control.

I was being ridiculed by other inmates; offered naked razor-blades, and pills to off myself, for their amusement, and even the guards watching me laughed at this, yet I suffered this all in silence, ripping my arm's apart unconsciously.

I received no blood pressure meds. My blood pressure soared, my heart-rate soared also. I take beta-blockers to prevent this.

I received no medical treatment, no hot food, only food-loafs, which is designed for the worse of the worst actors. This means that all of your food is mixed in a single cornbread like mix, and then all cooked together no matter what type of food it is.

I was given no cup to drink with. I had to drink from the toilet cupping the water with my hand, because the sink didn't work.

I had nothing to cover with, and we had a slight cold-front come through, enough so my guard's had jackets on, while I sat on a steal bunk, shaking, for it was too cold to lay down on the bare steal. To make matters worse there was a big air handler

somewhere outside my cell keeping the air moving, and freezing me.

After three days of this I was taken to medical, for they were going to transport me to the mental hospital in Rusk, Texas.

Medical wouldn't allow me to be transported, because the doctor saw that my heart-rate, and bloodpressure was out of control. They had me lay down, and the nurse after numerous B.P. checks, and heart-rate checks, decided to short-cycle the machine to get a lower reading, and then pronounced me fit to travel. My escort's (the female observers), just looked at each other, knowing what he did was wrong. They asked him to give my bloody arm's medical treatment, and without even cleaning the blood off he brought a big band-aid, and stuck it on my bleeding arm's. It didn't even cover the rips. The band-aid fell off before I could even leave the medical dept.

I was taken back to seg, handcuffed and then connected to a belly belt that kept your hands around the mid-section. I had leg-cuffs, or leg chains,(i.e. shackles), placed on me. The infamous black-box was connected to the handcuffs that keeps your wrists from being turned in any direction and this was connected to the thick leather belt that had already had been placed on you for holding the handcuffs and kept you from using your hands at all.

I was then placed in the back of a van with what looked like a dog cage, along with one of my tormentors from seg that wanted me to off myself, was placed on the other side of a partition in the back also.

We were then slung from the front to the back of the van by uncaring guards that slammed on the breaks, and then floored the gas on take-offs. With no hands to be able to stop yourself, I slid into the cage numerous times.

I was dropped off at the mental hospital, questioned, still no medical treatment, weighed, showered and stripped of the last visage of humanity...my boxer's.

I was given a horse-blanket, or what we called a horse blanket, because it is thick and unweildy, and actually called a suicide blanket because it is too thick to tie off on anything to hang your-

self with. I was now placed in a cell with super cold AC. You have to understand this...in Texas Prisons we have no AC so this was nice and cold like a meat locker more or less. I was then fed sack lunches which was a step up from the food-loafs. The sandwiches were actually a piece of cereal-filled meatloaf on a dry piece of bread, the rest of the time I was there this is what I ate. They would finally give me a hot meal the last day I was there.

I spent ten-days naked, tormented, and mentally abused all because I was a mental health patient.

Upon getting back to the unit I was assigned to, an inmate was able to get my bunk, and I ended up with the one I now have.

My typewriter, and other property ended up lost. I never got it back.

The sad thing is I never did anything to warrant this dehumanizing treatment except have a mental condition called depression.

This all happened because this system allowed it to happen, and they promoted it, and it continues to happen to this day.

Was I a trouble maker? No, I had a clean record for more than thirty-years, and still have. This demoralizing treatment of humans needs to stop.

I continue to strive to overcome, and to use my voice to right the wrongs that are allowed to exist in these Texas Prisons.

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