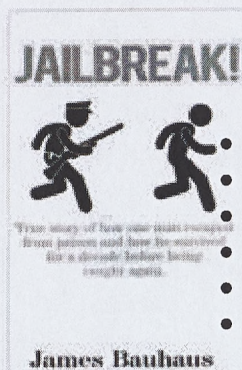


James Bauhaus

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## Parole Farce Continues (and prison survival)

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Around the first of February, the parole interviewer came around without warning. The Kops had us all (2,640 men) locked up tight in the tiny, 2-man, toilet-sized cages since 1-23-2017. We were rotting away quietly, patiently, in these corporate prison deprivation chambers when a kop opened the empty, tennis-court sized 'Big' cage, strode to this tiny cage, and began shouting my name, demanding that I identify myself. This place is so stupidly designed that there are no talking holes in any of the doors. Everything requires loud shouting. Nothing can be accomplished through normal volume conversation. The other guy in this cage is deaf. He never wears his hearing aids, but is always adding to the confusion when the kops come by making their demands, or are shrieking at us unintelligibly through their wall-mounted mega-phones, perpetually set on maximum volume (distortion). He's like a house-dog who hears a knock on the door, but instead of mindless barking in alarm, he shouts "What? Say again? What did he say? Oh! I thought you said... He wants to talk to you!" Deaf people are the loudest of all people. When he and the kop finally stop confusing each other, and have concluded that the deaf guy is not the guy whom the kop wants, I tell the kop, "What do you want." Even though I am the only other person in this cage, and am obviously his target, he cannot escape his 'authority' programming. He begins his shouting and demanding routine again, as if he thinks that his boss kops have sent him to the wrong cage. When I was young, and was forced by the kops to participate in such mindless, determined idiocy, I would laugh at them, or ask sarcastically, "Don't they let you have any deductive reasoning?" In 45 years, their programming has never changed. Eventually, he decides that I am his target. He demands that I get up to go with him, then he runs off. I suspect that he ran away to escape having to pretend that he doesn't know who of his fellow kops want me. When he returns, he complains that I have not moved from lying on the top rack, writing on a piece of cardboard that acts as my 'desk'. The only holdup is him getting his door open. He does not even have a radio. The prison corporations masterminds force their grunts to turn around, then do a semaphore act, waving their arms at the 'Tower' grunt, hoping that she is paying attention in her soundproof, dark control habitat. She never is, and it always takes several moments of this waving nonsense, or a walk back to the big cage door to jitter the button on the intercom, to get her to finally push the button that unlocks one door. Through two more locked doors and a 'crash' gate, he leaves me at the borrowed office of a 'parole interviewer'. She does not identify herself. She begins the feminine version of pretending that her flunky brought her the wrong target. I make it

easy for her to identify me by simply giving her the picture ID badge that the kops made me pay \$3 for. To cut some of the interminable, purposeful confusion and determined authoritarian browbeating, I added a piece of tape on the front of the ID that lists the current cage 'address' that they put me in. The kops all seem to love to make you repeat to them information that they are surreptitiously reading to themselves from their records. I love to avoid this passion play of humiliation and submission by referring them to their own picture ID badge information on me. This tactic often reveals what kind of person I am being forced to surrender to: power-addicted sadists hate to have their own tactics thrown back at them; normal people like the convenience, especially when they have to copy information off of it. This cuts the verbal confusion and time waste by 80-90%. When the psychopaths' demand that I tell them, instead of show them, I point out to them that they expect every inmate to lie to them. The badge doesn't lie. There are many sadists, sociopaths and psychopaths in prison. The trained ones are the most numerous and hardest to deal with. They begin as normal gullible children who have been taught to distrust their own abilities and to be too-trusting of authority figures. On top of this subtle foundation, the military, cops or boos kops unload fear and terror, disguised as security and safety: "Those inmates are all guilty of the most hideous and despicable crimes! Never turn your back on them! Nothing they do or say is what it appears! Everything is a scam or a lie. Hate them! Punish them! Humiliation and harassment is your duty to give them!" Trained misanthropes actually believe that their psychopathy toward their targets is god's work. This, and the excess power that gov't gives them, makes them much more fanatical and dangerous than natural misanthropes, who know they are sick, or at least abnormal.

This young lady seems normal despite her training about inmates. She is only following her training as she absorbs my picture ID information, then requires me to recite to her my birth date. This multi-level obsession with identification is warranted in their minds because boss kop has ingrained them with the preposterous idea that they parole imposters all the time. None of these kops seem to conceive that the Boss kops are simply hedging their bets against presumed incompetence. I would be insulted.

Another insult is that their trainers teach them to ask every question twice, as if they are hoping to get a more damning answer the second time: "Uh, yes, I'm here for murder" vs "uh, yes, I killed a baby and ate it." This question is always a show-stopper when they ask me about their declaring me a murderer. The first time I answered it, Ms. Barnes kindly advised me "The parole board members don't want to hear that." This was the only time I heard one of them exit their programming. (See: Parole Requirements.) When I told Ms. No name "I had nothing to do with it," she seemed pole axed at the very concept that a conviction could be false. Like everyone else in America, she has a baseline presumption that authority is always honest and never wrong or malicious, lazy, incompetent or corrupt.

When she got to the list where it asks if I can blame my family for being convicted of criminality, I was amused. It seems nonsensical to blame family for any criminal behavior. We are all individuals, and I, especially, am rational and competent enough to be responsible for my own actions. I would never turn on my own family; certainly not for such a petty reason as trying to buy sympathy from crocodiles in gov't. I'd no more sell out my family than pretend to be guilty of a murder.

Next was their obsession with drugs and trying to shoehorn everyone into a rocket of addiction or alcoholism. She seemed particularly determined to check the boxes labeled 'meth' and 'LSD'. Weed and alcohol used to be their all-purpose condemning conditions. She didn't seem too vexed at my telling her all the vices that I didn't have including cigarettes, coffee and tattoos. I complained that a previous parole interviewer had changed a "possession of contraband" accusation into a "possession of marijuana" prison 'conviction'. (Whatever a prison kop chooses to accuse you of is almost certainly what another kop decides you are guilty of.) Ms. Noname actually tried to tell me that 'contraband' is marijuana. When I forced her to see the absurdity of her position, she switched to claiming that they had secret records that he was probably quoting from. Knowing that it is impossible to gainsay secret records, I suffered her to hear that the date of his lie and their 'possession of contraband' is the same; they could not be forced to produce this secret record and; she had herself refused to let me go back to the cage and get the proof that I had not committed their murder. Her, and their, fallback position is "I'm not going to argue with you," which means, "I'm paid to think this one way of everyone of you, and I will not be deterred by any facts. It is safest for my employment that your facts never reach me, therefore I make certain that they never do, by never giving you warning of my arrival, preventing your ability to prepare, and by

refusing you permission to go get your facts." When, by luck, you out-guess the kop and bring the correct paperwork the secret destination, the parole interviewer refuses to look at it, saying, "It doesn't matter." It really does not matter, to any of them, for exactly the reason I stated above. No matter how blindly wrong, the state is infallible, meaning, "No innocent person will ever make parole." She had no comment on this, or the fact that, when the kops catch inmates in possession of actual dope, (instead of merely indications of dope in their piss) the Kops turn the case over to the county prosecutor to receive a bonus. The dopie is then made to accept a plea "bargain" or swiftly convicted of the much worse crime of "trafficking" or "smuggling dope into a penal institution." The most pleasing action that prison kops can perform is getting hated inmates more time in their prisons.

She also had no comment on a previous parole interviewer's cunning switcheroo on mental health. A cunning, lazy public defender had tricked me into agreeing to go to the nuthouse for 'observation', saying, "You hide there for 90 days while the TV, radio and newspaper reporters forget about you." It turns out that this is a much deeper scam to feed taxpayer money to the county psychologists while assisting the prosecutors/judge team. In 90 days, a psychologist spoke with me once for almost 10 minutes, and a panel of psychiatrists spoke with me for less than 10 minutes. Then they shat out a secret diagnosis, anonymously, which branded me a sociopath. I never saw this, except as a parole interviewer's note, 35 years later, when he falsified the record to say I was sent to the nuthouse or treatment instead of what the lawyer said: observation. No treatment of any kind occurred, only the robbery of taxpayers for the purpose of creating a fraud to make conviction easier. It seems like every person in gov't functions to bleed the working man and to demand more every year.

She illustrated this point when she got to the questions about employment, should the impossible happen: "How are you going to afford parole," which is very expensive, apparently. I told her that, though the cops had dragged me off while very young, I could still get a job anywhere, being proficient at plumbing, heavy equipment operation, septic system installation, electrification, landscaping, commercial construction, and more. She seemed to have an 'Ah-ha!' moment when I mentioned these, saying "Your escape, in 1985," as if she thought that I was going to try and hide this from her. She could not have thought more incorrectly. My most proud accomplishment, beyond teaching myself amateur physics, math and chemistry, etc, is cheating this miserable excuse for a state out of stealing this miserable excuse for a state out of stealing eleven years of adulthood with their lying corruption. My only regret is in thinking highly enough of these abominable silk-suited and robed criminals to come back with proof, expecting to clear my good name. She said nothing counted except the prison programs I'd sat through that yielded "good time points," not even proof of two pensions, which I'd earned while a refugee from the cancer infesting Oklahoma. She refused to see my current statements, worth more than \$40,000 and told me that there was now no rule saying that anyone with \$500 could find a job after making parole.

I expect her to simply copy what the other parole interviewers put on their page and add a couple of lines of condemnation. For this quality of work, she soaks the taxpayer for \$28,000/year as a starting salary. In a few months, when I am finally able to buy the record of their machinations, we will see how much copying she did for her lucrative sinecure. She certainly didn't do all the work.

To be honest, they should change their name to the parole prevention board. When they only had 5,000 captives in their hellholes in 1972, their parole rate was 20-25%/quarter of those clugible. Now that they cage almost 30,000 captives, this rate has been reduced to a mere 3%. More proof that this state's criminal elite have turned their justice system into a lucrative criminal ranching operation is the bureaucratic fact that their policies prevent captives from using testimonials from kops to benefit their cases for parole. Kops have been prohibited from praising captives to the parole board, verbally or on paper. It does not matter how hard you work, or how good your attitude, or how much money you save them at their factories with cost effective ideas, you will not benefit from this with a kop's testimonial to the parole board. Yet the parole board, and all other gov't bureaucrats will accept and file away forever, any all derogatory statements, accusations and declarations that any prison employee chooses to slam onto you. This flagrant bias is particularly evident in my 45 years of accepting most of their abuse. Where most inmates are guilty, and cunning enough to keep a false face to all the kops, in perpetuity, while they try to bootlick, shuck and jive, and kiss their way out, innocent captives tend to have spines, indignation and a sense of entitlement to honesty, integrity and fair play. E.g. it should be noted that, if a man has

none of the most basic commonalities of criminals, such as alcohol or drug addiction, a penchant for scribbling on his skin, or slashing his wrists, or cigarette burns from playing 'Macho', or knife wounds, pool cue puffers on his head, cauliflower ears, a bashed nose, doesn't chew off his finger nails, smoke cigarettes, dip snuff, chew tobacco, drink coffee, demonstrate a limited vocabulary, waste time playing cards, dominoes, or other simple, repetitive games, zone out to TV, music or sports and possess textbooks instead of fiction, this should all point to the notion that he may not actually be a criminal, or deserve to be branded as 'violent'. But the game of "justice" and "corrections is to ever enlarge their pool of victims-salves, never to diminish it. Despite any high-sounding programs they may pronounce, no bureaucracy willingly cuts its power or shrinks its size. Bureaucrats defy policy to grow like a cancer. Their job is to preserve their jobs. My job is to make certain that they do their job; their real job. This is why I only suffer the fool for a limited time before acting to correct the problem. This is why the worst kiss-ass, bootlicker inmates who are guilty have only small files compared to the kops' file on me. Their file of violence, drug use, rat packing extortion, loan sharking, sexual perversion and whatever can be held in one hand. My file of complaints against kops stealing my food, possessions, shower, law library access and other civil rights are documented and renamed insolence to staff or other things. And it is huge: it fills a full file cabinet drawer and half of another. I get them fired for sadism, force them to provide clean food, more procracies gone wild is the psychology of ridicule. Not many rational persons can withstand sarcasm, parody or even simple laughter at a ridiculous order, no matter how intense their training. The ones who can will find some way to make you pay. The boss kops can't stand it when I won't be trapped within the endless, worthless time waste of their in house grievance system. When the kops cheat me out of something, I sic the health department on them, or the DTC, FBI, USPS, CDC, ACLU, the media, the net, the politicians or even the judge or prosecutor. When their abuse of you is too outrageous, and you describe it well enough, you win. You don't have to crawl around on your bellies, licking boots that kick you and begging for rights that you are owed, even if you are guilty. You have been trained to cower and hide your face just as surely as your tormentors have been trained to kick you, hate you and treat you like vermin. Take a lesson from the super criminal elite, who have trained the public to let them 'put it behind' them and 'move forward'. Take the blame, if you are guilty, apologize, make reparations, then stand up and be a man again! Your ignorance and apathy prevents progress for us all.

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