THE WILL TO BE FREE

FROM

THE MECHANICAL BEAR
The Will to Be Free
From
The Mechanical Bear

By
William Petty

The Will to Be Free From the Mechanical Bear
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time, I notice his disposition changed toward me. I saw envy in his eyes and I caught him writing about a similar issue – I knew that I was on to something then. So, I just kept writing and a year later I developed a complete book.

The book starts with “The Will to Be Free” as an introduction; although it wasn’t originally designed to be that way. The will to Be Free is a proposal for proper solutions to the mass incarceration problem. I feel that without people who advocate against the mass incarceration problem and other related issues that the prison system could totally consume our population. The public cannot care about what they don’t know about.

It is time for the men and women inside the prison system to help find a solution. It is very difficult for a prisoner to think about someone else’s wellbeing, because individual survival is prevalent in prison. That’s why I have the highest regards for advocates like Michelle Alexander, as she asserts that the people with the actual prison experience has a vital role in the movement to end mass incarceration.

A silent war was declared on certain groups of people in the United States. For instance: in the second Constitution of California, an entire article was devoted to the Chines which provided that every means should be taken to prohibit their immigration. Wars are not just fought out physically – look at the so-called Cold War which lasted for decades.

On May 13, 1846, the United States and Mexico went to war. On June 14, 1846 without knowing that war had been declared, a band of American settlers took over Sonoma – Mexico’s headquarters in Northern California. After capturing the fort, the settlers unfurled a handmade flag bearing a star, a grizzly bear, and
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I first want to thank my lovely mother, who has been with me through thick and thin, Ma, you are the embodiment of “kindness, Joy, Love, and Happiness.” Thank you for your forgiveness and your patience. Your faith is so strong because diligence is your strength. You make the things that you hope for, materialize by your dedication. I have never met anyone quite like you – you are truly amazing.

To my beautiful daughter, I am very proud of you. I know I missed so much of your life due to my own personal battles – know that I will win the war. I know I cannot make up lost time, but I will lay the spoils of war down at your feet. You deserve the best I can give – I Love You.

To my family members who have witnessed my many shortcomings, but have loved me and shown me respect despite the apparent madness – I appreciate you all. Thank You!

In solidarity with those in solitary confinement and those on the Level-4 yards, stay strong and stay involved. Know that there are some on the lower levels who understand your struggles.
Thanks to all the advocates big and small who are trying to make a change in this broken prison system. Thank you all for reading my work.
THE WILL TO BE FREE

Modern slave ships of an ugly shade of gray
Carrying new age slaves to a concrete plantation
It also carries a race memory of a time past
The ancestors look down and they weep

Memories of being led from village to village
Bound neck to neck Forced into slavery
Scared, hungry, and tired
But, still find a strong will to be
And even a stronger will to be free

The lineage still being led from city to city
Bound foot to foot Tricked into re-enslavement
Angry, harden, and bitter
Losing the Will to Be
Forfeiting their Right to Be Free

Like a venom-less snake charmed by the movement of the horn
Or is it enticed by the sound?
Content with the dark confides of the basket
The ancestors look down and frown
Flips over some buried no casket
all things pertaining to life. There are also bodies of people who study the action and reaction of people. They are so-called think tanks that come up with the “Problem,” which will cause a “Reaction,” and then the already thought out “Solution” will be presented.

Let’s take the Reconstruction period after the “Civil War” for instance. When the South lost the war, their land was left in shambles. The then ex-slaveholders needed the newly freed slaves to rebuild the South for them. Instead of paying the newly freed slaves, they (ex-slaveholders) started a mass campaign to arrest black men for ridiculous charges, such as vagrancy.

These companies, (who started the campaign), involved paid the law enforcement and judges to rein in black men at an alarming rate. Many Black men died working the factories, mining camps, and forests of the South. These ruthless crimes against humanity went on at lease to World War II, but did it stop there? Because of disenfranchisement is the norm among African Americans and other minorities it may be difficult to live in the urban areas. It is densely populated with minorities all trying to survive; poverty does not discriminate, and it could drive anyone in these living conditions to commit crime.

Self-destruction that is caused by years of conditioning due to the oppression perpetuated upon a people can drive anyone to the brink of insanity. It is like a drone attack on the mind; you cannot see who is attacking you, but the damage is so devastating.

Psychology and criminology are offshoots of sociology. In reality their roots dates back to the dawn of civilization. Kings and queens
The unemployment rate of Blacks is significantly higher on average than White unemployment. This creates a “Problem.” A man without work brings desperation, depression, and the dissolution of that man’s family. The “Reaction” then becomes apparent, to regain his manhood he may become a Tony Montana to repair his damaged ego.

Now, although he may reclaim his position as man of the house; his dignity is now in jeopardy because his freedom is at stake. The “solution” has been prefabricated from the beginning. The court and prison system is designed like a casino. All the money young Tony Montana has hustled up on, (by the oppression and exploitation of his own people), will be going back into the system. With the cost of bail, then attorney fees, and restitution fines, the money recirculates back into the system.

Now he has become a victim of the vicious cycle of death and rebirth. Death, because when a man loses his freedom a great part of his manhood dies. He then enters the underworld I call the shadow of death; where he will face a primitive world of racism, war, depression, and despair, only to be reborn into a society where he no longer belongs.

The long ardent road of his past incarceration seems like a blur, but something has changed within him that he can no longer identify, that elemental Will to Be Free has been compromised. He is faced with the new challenge of adapting to the outside world. Just as the lion at a zoo becomes docile because it has been taken away from its natural habitat so does the animalistic part of man suffers greatly from the caged environment of prison.
CHAPTER 1
BLACK CAT I
Black Cat is a personal assessment of the Black male experience. I wrote the poem in 2003; it was a time of pure distress. I was in prison “Again,” and I was deeply hurt by the injustice that I received in court. My life was in disarray, but I committed no crime to be placed in prison. I was accused of the crime of assault with a deadly weapon.

In that case, extreme pressure was placed on me to take a four-year prison deal, which I did except with deep regret. Due to the circumstances of the case, it was clear that I committed no crime, but the court system doesn’t work that way, well, at least not for a Black man.

I knew that I would miss my only child’s, (daughter), high school graduation, and so much more of her crucial years. My California family was in a financial crisis, and I knew I had failed them. Being in prison at that time, was the hardest thing I had ever experienced. I did not think I would make it, (translation) I had lost my desire to live. It was writing that kept me alive. It was writing that kept me from killing.

The poem is written from the basis of being a young Black male in America and being misunderstood. It also contends with coping with the misunderstanding. I compare it with the superstition of being cursed when a black cat crosses a person’s path. The old belief is that when a black cat crosses your path; you will have bad luck. This belief goes back for centuries.

In recent times, we as a group of people are breaking all kinds of superstitions. But, superstition of all kinds resides deep within our consciousness through conventional, and non-conventional methods. Prejudice of all kinds are part of superstition, to prejudge
A lot of superstition comes from the middle Ages, which in the early part of the era it was termed the "Dark Ages." They called the Dark Ages an era of ignorance, superstition, social chaos, and repression. Most of Europe was suppressed by the Catholic Church, while progression inched slowly along.

From the eighth to the fifteenth century, the Moors conquered and ruled most of Spain. The Moroccans also ruled in several other countries in North Africa, (Spain is about eight miles from North Africa). Seven hundred years is a long time to occupy a country, remember the United States has only been an independent country for two hundred and thirty-eight years.

Not only did the Moroccans occupy Spain, they also interbred with the Spaniards. The cultural influence from their universities into Western Europe was enormous, as well as the architecture. The main point I'm trying to reach here is: they also influence Spain deeply from the religious aspect, although Morocco was an Islamic country there were secret cults within it. One cult was called by Moroccan authorities, (who tried to get rid of them), "The double-horned." which seemed to be connected with moon-worship. The initiation ceremony of the Horned Ones was called "Zabbat" meaning, the Powerful One. A small wound would be inflicted on the aspirant as part of the initiation. Through ecstatic dancing around a in a circle, they believed that they could raise magical powers. By saying specific Islamic prayers backwards, they believed that could invoke "el-Aswad." (the Black Man) to assist them.
The resurrection was a spiritual awakening after the state of ecstasy reached during the festivities. We can see reminiscence of this in today's Mardi Gras, and how Spain and the rest of Europe were heavily influenced by the Moors.

Spain was united under the common cause of expelling the Moors. In 1469, Prince Ferdinand of Aragon married Princess Isabella of Castile. Isabella became queen of Castile in 1474, and Ferdinand became king of Aragon in 1492. One year later, 1480, they began to drive the Moors from Granada. Their troops defeated the Moors in 1492. That same year they also drove the last of the Spanish Jews (who wouldn't convert to Christianity) out of the country.

The surge of power was obvious, as in the same year (1492), Ferdinand and Isabella commissioned one of the most famous voyages ever known. They sent the Italian navigator, Christopher Columbus, on a mission to discover a new and faster route to India. We know the rest as basic history, Christopher Columbus accidently discovered America.

Between 1492 and 1502, Columbus made four voyages to America, discovering all the major islands of the Caribbean, Haiti, San Salvador, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Cuba, Trinidad, and Honduras in Central America. Columbus believed until he died that he discovered the Islands off the coast of India. The mission yielded much gold and other precious commodities, but left devastation.

Historians called the period from 1450 to 1650 the "Age of Discovery," the "Age of Reconnaissance," and the "Age of Expansion." It should be more adequately termed the "Age of Exploitation," the Age of Imperialism," and the "Age of Terror."
combined with the diseases that the European brought over, that killed massive amounts of indigenous people.

The Astronomical high death rate created a severe labor shortage in Spanish America. King Ferdinand commented that, “the Indians seemed to be very frail, and one black could do the work of four Indians.” Really! King Ferdinand? Through this premise, the mass campaign of importation of black slaves from Africa began. So did a new era of genocide.

Mining gold and silver was one of the most important industries in the colonies, also the cultivation of coffee, cotton, and sugar became very important commodities. Importing slaves from Africa became the single most important commodity of all. The slave trade lasted for almost four centuries and it involved the brutalization of millions of human beings.

In Africa, there were so many different kingdoms, tribes, and languages. It was a lot going on there even before the European treads deep inland. Muslims from North African and the Middle East controlled the trans-Saharan trade route between 650 and 1600. The trans-Saharan route was brutal and the slaves did not often make the journey but roughly 4.8 million slaves were made to traverse the desert to reach the place to be sold.

I do not doubt that slavery under the name of Islam was atrocious, as well, many died under that banner and in that manner. Here’s the thing – how many displaced Africans descendant are still in Arabia, Iraq, Iran, or North Africa? I’m just saying.

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because they are not familiar with the movement of ship. So, these human beings were taken captive and placed on a foreign vessel — then subjected to the torture or the ocean.

Not only was it torturous and inhumane; It was a living hell. Just “try” to imagine people vomiting all over the place because they are seasick. Imagine being next to someone who loses their bowels, because they have dysentery — which gives a person severe diarrhea. Just imagine people dying all around you because of the complications of malaria, yellow fever, and smallpox. The stench of dead bodies lingered so badly that the ships could be smelled even before they get miles to shore. Rats and maggots feast on the body next to you; as you try to hang on to the only thing you have left — the breath of life.

Many slaves rebelled and died with what little dignity that they had left. Some jumped overboard; others refused food, and just withered away. The sheer terror of the Middle Passage had to be enormous — the fear of the known and the unknown, many ships were lost at sea, with its captives going down - still bound. Millions died on those ships, but those who survived had to face a life of torment. I thank my Ancestors for their sacrifice and their strong “Will to Be.”

Portugal is a country that is situated on the Southwestern edge of Europe — basically in the same body of land as Spain. Portugal was also heavily influenced by the Moroccan invasion. Portugal managed to wrangle the gold trade from the Muslims in North Africa in the late fifteenth century. They also muscled in on the spice trade. The introduction of exotic spices to Europe was one of the biggest events of the Middle Passage.
As we know, that didn't last long at all; through the need for greater production, the laws changed throughout the colonies legalizing slavery. By the end of the seventeenth century, the stage was set for one of the most brutal time periods in the history of humanity who can deny the brutality of slavery in the U.S.?

England formed the Royal African Company in 1663. This company established eight forts in West Africa, between 1663 and 1698 they shipped some 120,000 Africans to the English colonies. By the early 1700s the English by-passed the West Indies, (where slaves were broken), and started shipping them straight to the mainland.

The brutality extended to the Native Americans, who were already here, living free in their own land. The Europeans came in the pretense of peace, but brought devastation to the native people of this land. When the Native American rose up to defend their territory, they were killed without mercy by multitudes. They were killed by the conventional weaponry of the time; they also were killed by the foreign diseases that the European brought. The European took the Native American's land, then they made the Africans till, (cultivate) it for them.

Of course, there were people like the Quakers and the Puritans, who were fundamentally against slavery. Those particular religious groups struggled with the issue of slavery, but their protests were drowned out by the majority of the slaveholders.

The Northern colonies slowly began to change their views about slavery – due to the free Africans who were allowed to serve in the American Revolution. Not to be out done, the British offered freedom to any enslaved African American who would join their forces. But, of course, many African Americans put their faith in
the controlling votes. The congress wanted to repeal the Missouri Compromise, which was the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

The South was not going to let go of their meal ticket. They played upon the poor whites, because of their lack of education. Despite the contributions that African American made to the United States, and despite of the contributions Africans have made to the world, they sold the belief that Africans were sub-human. Well, how could that be true when the Southern whites depending on their labor?

In 1854, a political party formed to oppose the expansion of slavery to the new states. They called themselves the Republican Party. It's funny how things change in time – as the Republican party of today struggles with the Black vote. The front-runner for the presidency for the Republican Party was none other than Abraham Lincoln.

When Abraham Lincoln won the presidency, the South was enraged with hate. South Carolina seceded, and a domino effect took place – Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, also left the Union. Soon after the first shots were fired on Fort Sumter, by the South – North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Arkansas joined the Confederacy.

The Civil War was the bloodiest war in U.S. history. The war started in 1861 and ended in 1865. Over 629,000 were wounded or killed, that figure includes about 38,000 Africans. The South had an outstanding military, and almost upset the North. Thank God, the South lost that one; who knows how this country would've been if the South had won?

Abraham Lincoln reluctantly signed the Emancipation Proclamation which was a strategic move that upend the South.
The Reconstruction period ending in 1877, as the North's troops pulled out of the South, leaving the Southern Blacks to fend for themselves. However, Reconstruction did allow many Black families to be reunited since many families during slavery were scattered all over the South. Some people never found their love ones, and there is still displaced ancestry to this day.

Shortly after the Reconstruction period, in 1880, the so-called Jim Crow laws were enacted to prevent Blacks from voting, and to enforce racial segregation. The segregated South put a terrible stain on this nation, and what was going on in those days to prevent the progress of Blacks in America is a shame.

I'm writing this piece not as an intensive account on the history of Blacks in America, because it is so well covered by many authors, but as a reiteration to expound on my explanation of the Black Cat. The point that I am trying to reach is this, when the forefathers of European descent were drafting the Declaration of Independence, they enslaved the forefathers of African descent. So, the Declaration of Independence was based on a false premise, "hypocrisy."

Black Men, Black Cats, were hunted down and castrated to prevent his seed from reproducing, to further emasculate the ex-slave. Black men were tarred and feathered to further humiliate and break their will to progress. Black men were lynched and left hanging in trees to serve as warnings not to attempt to rise above their station as second-class citizens. Black men were shot at, dragged down country roads, thrown in prison work camps, forced to work, and tortured.

Things were done to African Americans out of pure hatred and malice, but, what arose from all the hate was the Civil Rights
but they managed to learn a new language, religion, land, and a new system of living. Black men today are looked upon as criminals, but the very land we stand upon was stolen. In fact, African were taken from their land, so who are the real criminals? I admit that there is a lot of inner-city violence, but, under the same circumstances of poverty by disenfranchisement, would drive any race into crime.

Here's what I have learned about people of all races – if you suppress a people long enough, they will rise up and take. The European Forefather of this country were suppressed by the British; they got tired of it and took what they wanted from others. The problem arises when a people continue to take and take, and never give back. The mass incarceration has taken its toll on the Black men in this country. The taken must cease; it's time to give back what was stolen. Without liberty, there is no freedom; without freedom, manhood is lost.

There is really no true way to compensate for the horrors that were committed against the enslaved African American of this nation. Since the government is in agreement that, the European forefathers committed atrocities of epic proportions against the African forefathers of this country and since the U.S. is also in agreement that, the confiscated land taken from the Confederacy was supposed to be divided among the freed slaves (the so-called forty acres and a mule).

This reparation has been denied over and over although, it is properly due. The Government of the United States should at least put forth a good faith effort to make amends. There should be some type of tax exemption or tax break for African Americans. There should be some form of small business loans offered to
CHAPTER 2
BLACK CAT II – THE ID CRISIS
The poem entitled "The Id Crisis" is a recent work of mine, 2014. It serves as a part two of Black Cat. The concept of the Id Crisis is a two-fold issue with being a Black man in America. One - the identity theft of the whole culture which occurred through the institution of slavery. Two – the Freudian concept of the id, ego, and superego. The id is the impulsive mind, which seeks immediate gratification.

In writing the essay in regards to Black Cat, I wrote largely on a portion of the history of the brutal journey enslaved Africans had endured when they were brought to this country. The psychological trauma did not stop when slavery ended, nor did it stop after the Civil Rights Movement. The psychological effects can still be felt today – in racial profiling, mass incarceration, and through the systematic making of an under-class.

During slavery, the methods of breaking the Africans to make them submissive, was a sadistic way to treat another human being. The Will Lynch writings describes the method of breaking a slave in the same way that a horse is broken. Just like a how-to manual, that one may read today, Willy Lynch gave graphic details on how to break an African (using the N-word).

According to the Lynch writings, the key to breaking Africans into being totally submissive, was through the African female. It was the logic of instilling fear into the African female, and at the same time instill that fear to the entire group. This act was done by taking the biggest, the blackest, African male and whipping him in front of the group, then he would be tarred and feathered. Then as a clincher; they would tie ropes on his arms and legs, against two horses. While the whole group of African on-lookers watched they
I was a good kid – very quiet and kind. I just had a stubborn personality; hardheaded was the term they used to describe me. Maybe, that’s the one trait that I inherited from my father, besides my physical appearance. I didn’t know why, but my father preferred for my sisters and me to call him by his given name. I had fond memories of my father in the early years, but in 1970, it all changed.

One dark night I woke up in my mother’s arms, hidden in a shallow closet. I remember having shattered glass stuck in my hair. Picture this occurrence: my father called my mother and wanted to come over, they were separated, he was in a drunken rage because she told him that he could not come over because it was too late, and she wasn’t going to let him in the house. Well, with loose bricks stacked at the neighbor’s house next door my father broke out each window in our house and left the scene. The police were called; but, my father returned while the police were there. A struggle ensued between my father and the two cops – I didn’t know whom to root for. After losing the battle my father was taken to the police car – I’ll never forget the look of defeat on his face. My leader had been torn asunder.

Being the only boy with two sisters had proven to be a tough situation for my mother. I remember shortly after my parents’ divorce, my mother came to tears, because I had a toy electric shaver, and I was making the buzzing noise with my mouth, while I pretended I was shaving. The idea that there would be no one to teach me how to be a man, hit her really hard.

As a young boy, I tried to comprehend why people who looked like me, were so hated. Although the Jim Crow laws were no
signatories of that declaration truly believe that, and at the same
time enslave people? How hypocritical can one country be?

After the inevitable divorce from my father, my mother began
to work longer hours; sixteen hours a day became the norm for her.
As a strong woman, she was too proud to accept government
assistance although no child support was given from our father.
Providing for my siblings and me was her upmost priority,
although I do believe working provided some sort of a safe haven
for her.

Around 1969, my father moved to Atlanta, Ga. and began to
make a life for himself. He sent me a mini-trail bike. Although my
father did not ride motorcycles, I believe it was his way to tell me,
"Don't be afraid."

There was also my grandmother who moved to New York
around 1973. She would come down and visit us every year. She
always helped my mother with us to fill in the gaps before she
moved to New York. My grandmother had a very special eye for
me – she always seemed to be ten steps ahead of me. She was the
only person I could never fool. Since I was the curious kind, I was
always trying to figure out how things worked. I wondered one day
why she dressed me in rain gear – when there was no rain. But
guess what, as I was walking home from school, it began to pour
down raining. I walked slowly while the other kids ran to get home
quickly. As I looked up directly in the sky – wondering how God
did it I heard, “boy, get in this house, before I maw your red head”.
It was my grandmother’s voice of caution, and reason.

There was also support directly across the street, other family
members. We had two older aunts; my grandmother’s sister and
my grandmother’s aunt. My grandmother’s aunt was the matriarch
meat was greasy.” Due to my relentless spirit, I suffered greatly under the hand of another. Only I did not realize that I would be including others in my sufferings. Sometimes having the ability to read between lines, can have an adverse effect on a person. It is all a matter of choice; it’s how you deal with the information.

It was around that time I learned to defend myself; I started Judo - and I liked the physical contact. I was small; but I was strong and fast surprisingly for any challengers. Although I wasn’t strong enough yet to protect my mother from her new boyfriend. He seemed nice at first; he turned out to be a real dope fiend. When the heroin monkey got on his back, he wanted to take my mother’s hard-earned money. My mother is sweet as pie, but she wasn’t going to let anyone take the money that she needed for us. He hit my mother at least once, and that was one time too many. It was at that time my mother decided it was time for new scenery.

A thirty-year-old courageous woman, with three teens on a bus headed for California just like that. We didn’t have family in California; my mother knew people from her high school days who live there. We arrived to a place that looked like a desert, but it was very exciting to me. I believe we were all a little culture shocked, but I soon found new friends. The move was in the fall of 1975; the year that I had to grow up fast.

We moved into a three-bedroom townhouse in a predominately-black neighborhood in the city of Pomona. My mother worked endlessly for what was then known as RTD, but now is called MTA. Without other adults around, it was nearly impossible to enforce the household rules. Double shifts kept my mother away from home, and she often dictated her will over the telephone from work.
click of a gun. It stopped me in my tracks. It was the first time I had a gun pulled on me – but, it wouldn’t be my last.

My stepfather came running across the street, and approached the security guard. He said, “Hey, what the hell is going on here?” The security guard responded, “Are you a cop?” My stepfather replied, “No, I’m his dad.” The security guard was in shock; because, here’s another white man saying he is the dad of the black boy, that he is about to shoot. I guess my life was spared that day.

I was around that time, that the mini-series Roots made its television debut. It was one thing to read about slavery, but adding the visualization to the history of slavery was a different dimension. I had a six-grade teacher, who was married to a Nigerian. She was really big on African history, but nothing had prepared me for the realization of slavery.

One thing about slavery that I could not phantom was that the other Africans sold our ancestors to the Europeans. That set my mind on fire – how could our own ancestors betray us like that? Later in life, I came to realize that Africa is a continent that is comprised of many nations. Within those nations there are many tribes – so, what I may consider my ancestry my not be due to a lack of tribal lineage.

War is the brutal nature of man to solve disagreements and dislikes, but it is the spoils of war that usually motivates man. I realized that in sub-Saharan Africa the rules of engagement for war were quite different. The losers of the war were the spoils – the losers of the war became subservient to the victors. When the Trans-Atlantic slave trade kicked off, my true ancestors were the hot commodity.
the concrete. I was too stunned to make a move and the window of opportunity closed.

She told me that she was store security, and that I must come back into the store. I handed her the box and we went back into the store with my friends in tow. Once we were in the store her grip, tighten. One of my friends said to her, “you don’t have to grab him like that, you’re embarrassing him”. She responded, “if I let him go, he will run.” My friend replied, “No, he won’t run, I promise.” I felt her grip loosen and as soon as her hand was flat on my shoulder – I was gone. I ran through the clothing racks like a running back juiking defenders. That’s when I heard the lady say, “My purse, my purse, oh my god he has my purse”. My mind was reeling with the implications; that I, a young Black male, had stolen a white woman’s purse.

I was now running for my life. I burst through the doors of the opposite entrance and she screamed again, “My purse, he’s got my purse.” There was a white man exiting the store – he stood about six-three, he wore a cowboy hat and had on cowboy boots. He ran after me, and as he reached out to grab me – I ran right out of my shoes. I could still hear the woman screaming about her imaginary purse, as I out ran each man who attempted to chase me. One was a straight racist, who was very persistent. Although I ran his tongue out of his mouth and the snot from his nose, he continue to chase me. He was shouting, “I’m going to kill you nigger, when I catch you, nigger”. I ran like a run-away slave. When I ran past the auto-center, five or six white men jumped in the back of a pick-up and chased after me as well.

I ran at least a half-mile after that before it was all over. The men jumped out of the truck and I was able to shake them again. I saw a police vehicle, and a part of me was glad to see them.
My father and I got along all right, but we didn’t have much in common; plus, I was bored while there visiting. One evening I went out to the movies - while he was out gambling. I’ll never forget the chain of events, the movie was, The Raiders of the Lost Ark. There I was — all by my lonesome, with a pocket full of weed, a couple of valiums and a pint of rum. I don’t remember many details about the movie, but I do remember the return home.

I went in a liquor store and stole a beer. As I was walking in the apartment complex, I met a man; he said to me, that he had some cold ones at his apartment. I was fifteen at the time, but to let me tell it — I was almost eighteen. I went to the man’s apartment; and he pulls out beer, liquor, and marijuana. He tells me that he doesn’t smoke weed; okay, now he was not making sense. Something was not right about the situation and I start to sober up. It was Atlanta, and a serial killer there who was killing teenage boys that had not been caught. Thinking back, the guy that I had encountered looked like Wayne Williams. He said, I could have the weed and he fixed a boilermaker. He sits on the couch with me. He only had on his boxers and a tee shirt — he inched closer and closer.

I knew that I had to think real fast because I was still faded (buzzed), and my fight game was not up to par. The next thing I knew, I felt a hand on my knee — okay pal, time to go! I stood up pocketing the weed and drinking the liquor. When I was done, drinking, I asked for his phone number, (had to play it off). I said, “Hey man, my pops is going to kill me if I don’t get home.” that wasn’t far from the truth. I made it out of the door, then I threw the phone number away.

When I got home, my father was actually there; of course, he was, it was one-thirty in the morning. He was sitting at the
chalks; I received an A-plus on the art project. It was my first portrait; I was amused by the project because I was the only one in class using dark colors.

Unfortunately, living Fullerton only lasted a few months; all of us moved back to Los Angeles County to a town called Diamond Bar; to a more family oriented area. I still was in school in Placentia, but being in Diamond Bar put me a little closer to my old high school and my friends there. I asked my mother if I could go back to my old high school. I was told that I would have to go to the local high school which was in Walnut, Ca. or stay at the school that was attending at that time. I chose Walnut High School. When I told my track coach that I had to change schools, I could see the deep disappointment in his eyes.

I will never forget his remarks – as my track coach fought back his tears, he said, “You’re not going to do right; I have worked with you and worked with your teachers; I know what it will take to keep you on the right track.” He then said, “I’ll have someone to pick you up at 7:30 every morning, please let me help you.” I replied, “I am sorry coach”; I walked away from a golden opportunity to have world-class speed.

Walnut High School was a preppy school; it was predominantly white, but it had a fair amount of well-to-do Blacks. When I left the principal’s office there was a group of about fifteen girls waiting to welcome me. I began to think that I could become accustom to my new surroundings. I then met two guys who were bad-boys just like myself. On my second day of school, we skipped class and got drunk. We went back to school and got suspended for five days.

Of course, I was embarrassed, so I opt out for work education credits. In order to do that, I had to attend a continuation
and I finally broke free. My mother got between us, but we were not quite done. We ended up a little ways up the street, where we tussled in the neighbor's ivy. He managed to get off a couple more blows — but I was more than satisfied.

You see, I failed to mention that he had slapped me once before, when I was thirteen. But, as soon as his hand connected with my face — I slapped his ass back. Then, we tussled for a while; I was about a hundred and twenty pounds at thirteen. I couldn't let him get away with that; hell no! Especially, since Roots had aired, and my friend's joke about me being beaten by him. Now, back to the final fight. He came to my room to apologize; he had a talk with my sisters and they didn't mind if he remained there with us. I told him that he had to go. We talked for a while and he told me that I had a nice left hook. He said that he believed his nose was broken. Then he asked if I had a joint — I did. We smoked and said our final good-byes.

I was officially the man of the house again. I was sixteen, going on thirty, but being a man proved harder than I thought. I was a good kid gone bad. A young man who had taken a turn for the worst. I was doing my best trying to keep things together and I seriously desired to help my mother with the household. However, I misinterpreted her struggle. I felt the urgent need to help, but it just doesn't help to keep getting into more trouble. Two of my bad-boys and I burglarized a drug dealer's home. I was arrested and ended up on probation at the age of seventeen. There were things in life that I just wasn't prepared to face, although I knew how to adapt well. On the outside I was a pleasant young man, but I held in a lot of resentment.

Something was brewing in me underneath the surface. In my eyes, my mother could do no wrong. Not only was she the
exploitation of another. The harder a person works, the more debt they seem to accumulate. The tax bracket system is designed to give breaks to the corporate giants, while breaking off higher taxation to Back Street. The so-called middle class is what supports this country. It is the worker bee or ant that is constantly working for their queen. The queen in this case would be corporate America. Corporate America does in fact, create the jobs, but wants the wages to remain low. That’s why they go to other countries and adulterate themselves by exploiting the people of those nations.

I have come to realize through history that the same type of corporate players are the same type that created the institution of slavery. These are the same type, who exploit the cheap labor of foreign countries, rather than provide good jobs here in the U.S. They want the job done for less so they can increase their profits. We can see this in the fast-food industry where high school kids work and have been exploited for years. I knew as a teenager, although I was a badass, about the exploitation, but I had no problem with working hard. I had a problem with being exploited from my hard labor, and then getting kicked to the curb after there was not further use for me. I got wind, (heard about), from a reliable co-worker that my employer was going to terminate my employment. Here’s what I did; I waited until rush hour and asked why I wasn’t scheduled; with no answer, I quit on the spot.

I was supposed to graduate from high school in 1983, but I stopped going to school and concentrated my efforts on my DJ production crew. It was hard to get into the industry. Like with anything concerning entertainment – it’s whom you know, only what you know. I also signed up with a fashion school wanting to be a fashion merchandiser. When I was being admitted into the
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toward high society in an unfavorable way, he can be labeled antisocial.

By the same token, the aristocratically thought process of the super-elite, who looks down upon the middle and lower class, is also antisocial. By causing a series of events to suppress and oppress until society as a whole is depressed, and then create laws to suit their needs to bind the lower class and generate revenue from the middle class — why shouldn't this behavior be considered antisocial? Aren't they against society?

Most people want to just live their lives in peace. Politicians are after the middle-class vote, as it is so apparent in modern politics. It is the middle class that is tricked into believing that they are doing okay in life. The politicians bank on the middle class and strive to keep it stabilized. As long as the middle class is somewhat content, the super-elite don't have to worry about the lower class rising up in revolution by themselves. I perceived the contradictions in this country at an early age. My ability to read between the lines caused my demise. The energy that I held within, burned with desire to strike out. I held it in until it seeped out like corrosive acid. My impulses fought against me. Until I no longer fought back.

Sigmund Freud's concept of the id, ego, and superego are well known in the field of psychology. According to Freud, the id is the impulsive part of the personality. The ego is considered the rational part that deals with reason. The superego is conscience that allows a person to feel guilt. I relate the id to the subconscious mind that must be led by the conscious mind. The superego is related to the superconscious mind which is the true self. Freud's concept seems to have been adopted from the Far Eastern philosophy, but he catered it to meet the standards of the Western
into survival mode. I went on a very short robbery spree. I was soon arrested, and pled guilty to robbing a local business. My family was shocked at my behavior.

I was all so contrary to my real character and the potential that people saw in me. My mother had taught me to be kind and courteous; to be hard working and independent. She stressed education and to arm myself with knowledge, instead of a pistol. My mother could not teach me how to be a man, however, she did teach me that in order to be an honorable man that I must earn the things that I wanted in life.

I went against her teachings and I have paid dearly for that. I had been placed between the two horses of conformity and rebellion; then I was torn asunder. I could no longer see my selfishness – all I could see was my struggle. I had lost sight of the real objective of my mother’s struggle and the struggle of my ancestors.

To honor my mother, my family, my ancestors, and my life I must not continue to be like the oppressors of the world. To continue to emulate the haters and the takers will only bring me under their subjection and prove them right. I will have become a slave to the grand scheme to mass incarcerate Black men in America.

There are so many hard working and educated African-Americans. People who never gave up hope; people who never stole anything in their lives. People who never sold, nor used drugs; however, in the media African-Americans’ communities are depicted to be all about crime. It doesn’t help the image of our communities when our music and books also depict the Black experience to poverty, crime, drugs, and sex.
about his or her nationality, they will respond with the name of their country. Even President Obama had the need to trace his father’s roots, which led him to the country of Kenya. Although President Obama is African American – he is not a descendent of a slave; there is a difference, you know. But, it was empowering for him to connect with his family tree and learn their history. A lot of the nations in Africa pass their history down “mouth to ear” It is an oral tradition, instead of script that is past down from one generation to the next.

As an African-American, I believe knowing our true ancestry is a good start, but to heal the deep wounds of slavery and segregation it takes time. For those who may say, to just move forward or to get over it – just think about if the shoe was on the other foot. If their ancestors were brutalized by slavery – how would they feel about their ancestry?

I recently watched a documentary on the African-American experience in the United States. The television program suggested parental guidance. The history of how the enslaved African were treated so badly, that it required viewers’ discretion. From the Reconstruction Period to the Civil Rights Movement has also had a devastating impact upon the minds of people. The guidance counselors and school psychologists in schools here in America must be vigilant and prepared to counsel the youth about the brutalities of slavery. We cannot continue to pretend that the atrocities committed against African Americans does not exist. As long as we pretend, we will have more and more people who suffer from the ID crisis.

The United States pulled off the greatest “Identity Theft” known to man. How do you steal the identity of a whole race and still have clean hands? Don’t get me wrong – I do find enjoyment
CHAPTER 3

THE LOVE AFFAIR
women with whom she was having affairs. In my heart, I knew she was not good; I knew that she was a low down, rotten cheat; but a part of me still loved her.

I know; call me crazy; call me insane; yes, call me all those names because I was stupid to think that things were going to change. I was tired of being a fool. I wrote her letters and demanded her to come and see me one last time; my plea was to no avail. I heard other men talking about their time with her. That was the last straw, I was so furious that I conveyed my feelings in a poem. It wasn't until years later that I really got the girl out of my mind. I know she is still out there; and I know she hasn't changed. So, here's the poem I wrote to warn others about her deceptive and crafty ways.
The poem ‘The Love Affair’ was also conceived in 1998. In writing the piece, I transferred the thought process of sacrificing all for an estranged love. As I listened to a group of guys brag about their drug escapades in downtown LA, I wrote the piece in about fifteen minutes. The poem came so fluently because I also feel in love with a feeling. There are so many aspects that should be addressed in recovering from drug abuse. A lot of people in recovery just rely on the traditional treatments and accept it as the norm. Drug treatment cannot be packaged in a nice little box of, “once an addict, always an addict”.

Now that the correctional system is shifting its stance to a rehabilitation system, it will look for ways to package a brand to cure drug addiction. The Substance Abuse Program (SAP) is one such program that has set out to deal with the diversity of drug abuse. The trouble with rehabilitative efforts in prison is that the setting of prison life dominates the minds of the men and women incarcerated. The current methods are aimed at treating the symptoms to a much deeper problem.

I do not claim to have better answers to the mass problem; but, through comprehensive research of my own mind, I have learned a thing or two. Also with careful observation of my environment, I have gained helpful insight. If what I have learned can help others, then I know I have not suffered in vain.

There was no pun intended by relating cocaine as a feminine aspect. In the drug circuit, cocaine is known as the “Girl,” and heroin is known as the “Boy.” My life style as a drug abuser was equated with a bad relationship for several reasons. One reason was the desire to abuse the drug had trumped all other desires in my life. Another reason was the stimulation that effected the brain centers subconsciously related the pleasure to sex. Also,
know yo manish ass is just being nosy; Imma let you hit this, but don’t hold it in”.

At that point, she held out a clear glass pipe, and just like that, I hit it! She told me to blow the smoke out of my nose. When I blew the smoke out of my nose, the effects were immediate. I felt exhilarated and vitalized; I felt so strong and alive. I went back into the room and without a word, I commenced tossing my buddy around the room. Although I did not pursue cocaine soon after that, but my life had changed. I went back home the next day; I was unprepared for the 1984 rock invasion. The year 1984 would come to hold many challenges as it did usher in a new era in the southland.

The year 1984, yield a lot of great things. Hip-hop was on the rise and there were DJs scratching (a way of playing records), while rappers recited their fresh lyrics. In music – Michael Jackson, Prince, and Madonna ruled; as they ushered in the MTV era. However, there was one group who warned that, “White Lines Blow Away,” that group was Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. Their smash hit White Lines, gave the warning about the dangers of cocaine; however, I did not take heed; and I suffered the consequences.

I entered 1984 as a very adventurous and ambitious young man. I thought I was full of courage, because I had a displaced sense of fear; on the other hand, without the sense of fear an animal in the wild would not survive because fear keeps them aware. As human beings, we must have fear to stay away from the pitfalls and dangers of life. I misconstrued the sense of fear as being weak, but I wish I would have been afraid to smoke cocaine. I wish I would have been afraid to take money that didn’t belong to me. I wish I would have been afraid to go to prison.
I used cocaine off and on in the late 80s, but I was not a frequent flyer in those days. I was still a recreational user. In the late 80s, rock cocaine adopted the name “crack.” In New York, it was called crack because it crackled when it was smoked. In California, the name crack suggested a lower grade of rock cocaine. This was just cocaine base, cut with different substances to make greater quantities. Dealers were using baking soda, B-12, baby laxative, and anything else to stretch their product.

Users seem to be getting more for the money, but they were spending more money chasing a feeling that they weren’t going get from an inferior product. The stuff had people running around like chickens with their heads cut off - selling their souls for a hit of the white gold. It wasn’t the street people who were hooked, it was many on Wall Street, and many in government positions hooked on crack. Many entertainers could not perform - some failed to meet scheduled concerts.

Law enforcement officers were abusing their authority by confiscating drugs from dealers and users for their own gain, and for their own personal use. Many police officers had to leave the force because of the pressures of drug abuse. The abuse of crack cocaine is a different animal all together. Even with hard drugs like heroin, a person can maintain some form of normalcy. A heroin addicted can function with the right dose of the drug.

There is another drug that people use to make effects last longer. Methamphetamine known also as speed, crank, or simply meth by some people who used it during the 70s and 80s. It could be snorted, ingested, smoked, or used intravenously. Meth has been around for quite some time; it is rumored that the Germans used it during WWII. The drug was supposedly used to keep the German soldiers alert, and to make them stay awake longer while
when the tribal spiritual leader had special knowledge for healing and making contact with the spiritual realm. Even the priestly caste in biblical times knew about the properties of certain herbs, plants, and substances. Drugs have been on this Earth longer than people have. Taking drugs causes a chemical reaction in the body, it changes the circuits in the brain to give a message that it otherwise would not give.

In the Bible, Jacob's wives — Rachel and Leah fought over mandrakes; it is a plant that has narcotic properties. Most people would believe that the women wanted the plant for themselves because they both wanted to conceive. Leah bought a night with her hubby with the mandrakes. The mandrakes was given to Jacob to increase his sexual libido. It must have worked because she conceived his fifth son — Issachar.

We hear about the house of mirth; people have always sought to break away from their toil and daily stress. King Solomon spoke about drowning in the house of mirth. In this passage where he said of laughter — "Madness and of mirth"! "What does it accomplish?" (Eccl.2:1-3). Searching for the meaning of life is so fleeting, and as King Solomon says "Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity".

In the Far East Soma is the name of both a deity, the Vedic Moon God, and of a sacred beverage. As a deity, Soma is said to be the Creator and Father of the other Vedic Gods — a sign of the importance of soma the beverage of the Gods; in its liquid form, soma was an ecstasy-inducing potion. Either highly intoxicating or hallucinogenic the active ingredient in Soma has been the subject of debate. Soma was obviously a significant and an indispensable part of the ancient Vedic ritual. Whatever this potion was made of.
running efficiently. Sub-consciousness is instinctive, it rules plant life and dominates in the animal kingdom. Sub-conscious mind is what heal and repair our bodies. It is an automatic action that makes the heart pump, the stomach digest food, the organs function, and the cells to fight off disease. Sub-conscious mind is like a machine.

The third state of consciousness is the true state called the super-consciousness or higher-mind. The function of this state of mind, which is above the intellect, is to achieve intuition and higher consciousness. Beyond these three levels of the mind is the pure consciousness known as spirit, soul, or self. This state is formless, timeless, changeless, and infinite. The reason why I bring this subject matter into the topic at hand is to illustrate what happens when a person is induced by drugs. I often wondered how it is possible to perform an open-heart surgery. Through modern medicine, doctors are able to open someone’s chest cavity and just go to work on their heart. Before the surgery of course anesthesia is administered which shuts down the self-conscious mind. This puts the body in a deep sleep and the doctors may operate. Let’s just think about that a moment – the mind is at rest, and the body is being worked on like an automobile. If not for the anesthesia, the person would die from shock.

Self-conscious mind is the director, but it is not the author. It is analytical and able to reason through different sets of circumstances. Through observation, it relays the message to the subconscious. If the message is from a false premise, then the results will be bad; but if the premise is correct, the results will be good. The big problem with self-conscious mind is that it is restless and lonely. It is always searching for its maker through stimulation.
same person would come back to get high, and have the same bad
trip each time. What is that all about?

All the self-conscious side remembers is the initial euphoria
of the rush, and the sound of the universe ringing. The sub-
conscious side has been unleashed, and it doesn’t care about good
or bad, all it wants is the experience. If that person has deep
receded negative energy it will come forth to wreak havoc, and that
becomes a habit. That part cannot be reached by reason or intellect
—it only recognizes raw emotion. The first premise from the self-
conscious mind spells out “Pleasure.”

Not all experiences are negative, but in the end, it heaps up
bad karma. My personal experiences with cocaine stretched the
boundaries of my comprehension. Having virtues such as love,
compassion, and being able to display those attributes in various
situations, can only come from my higher nature. Even in my
worst circumstances, I always sought to help someone who was
less fortunate. I had the Robin Hood syndrome – where I took from
the wealthy and gave to the poor.

My creativity was stymied, but when the creative nature is
frustrated – then lust of all kind is released. I searched for the
ultimate feeling through orgasmic sensation. Not being able to
achieve that plateau with anyone – I had a lot of, “me time.” The
sexual scene in the drug culture is very sad and very sicken.
Abuses of all kind are played out upon women – and mind games
of all kind are played out upon men.

The use of cocaine releases the serotonin in the brain, and it
becomes over-stimulated. Sexual stimulation is supposed to be the
number one pleasure on Earth – that is how we as human beings
continue to procreate. The use of cocaine is like a by-pass in the
brain circuit that can blow out your whole system. The over
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I have felt the over stimulation of the base chakras. I have witness others when they are under the influence of cocaine experience a heighten sense of pleasure or fear. I'm not a fearful person at all, but I have felt intense fear once or twice, for no apparent reason, (other than I was too high).

The act of raising the Kundalini from the base of the spine – to the crown of the head brings enlightenment to spiritual awareness. However, when the heart is impure it brings debasement, derangement, and possibly death. The trapped force causes the chakras to spin out of control, and from there the manic mind takes over which opens one up to a different world.

Here is the thing – we are multidimensional beings operating on different levels of existence, but we are not aware of it, (for the most part). Being under the influence of a drug like the one cocaine is like traveling without a license, or insurance. The individual who is partaking in the use of the drug is opening portals, and gateways to different dimensions. That person is opening a door to the lower astral plane – the place of nightmares and unfulfilled dreams. It is a purgatory so to speak – a place of unrest and trials.

To go more into the spiritual ramifications on the subject of drug abuse, would take this particular writing beyond its scope. I just wanted to share what I have experienced and witnessed personally. There is no better teacher – than experience.

I dabbled and dabbled with cocaine for years, but it wasn’t until the late 1990s that it really got a hold on me. It was a chokehold, and I almost tapped out in 2002. I could not comprehend why I could not conquer it, and I could not get over my defeat. I was fighting a losing battle because I was fighting against myself. I found out that I was stealing from myself –
it may be a church group, some people can just walk away, others may see the light because of a short jail term. The main thing is to control your thoughts because they will manifest in your life. Frederick Douglas quoted, “Whatever you persistently allow to occupy your thoughts will magnify in your life.” The saying is very true, because it is the intense reverie that is the hardest habit to break. When someone is a former addict, he/she may find himself/herself daydreaming about something involving drugs without realizing it. Doing this creates a concentrated thought form that is suggesting to the sub-conscious to act on it.

The next thing the person knows – he or she is acting upon a previous concrete thought. It feels like a déja vu when a person finds himself involuntarily going to cop the drugs that he promised not to use. It is the most surreal feeling; it is as if you are another person and you are just watching the scene. This is a phenomenon that occurs because it had already been played out in the mind. Those daydreams must not be able to fester in the mind for any length of time, if one wants to be successful in drug recovery.

One must stand guard at the door to the mind, and protect the precious gems that lie within. The True Love Affair is the harmony between the self-conscious mind and the sub-conscious mind. That is the marriage within that brings you into union with the True Self. When the equilibrium between the two states of consciousness are in sync then peace and harmony will prevail in your life. When equilibrium happens, the war is over and the victory is within your grasp. From that point on, all you’ve to do is stand guard at the doorpost of the mind. Then and only then, on may have the true courage to say “No” to drugs and be happy about it.
AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME

Baseball is called America's favorite game, and there is a
team out west that prides itself as being the best. Their team has
been undefeated since the day of its inception in 1994. Title after
title, championship after championship this team has been
victorious. Out of a 33-man roster, and an all-star lineup they
generate billions from their contracts and their endorsement deals.
Their winning percentage is at 98%; 95% of those wins are by
forfeit due to their opponent's lack of skill and courage.

Their starting pitcher holds the national record for no
hitters, and striking out player after player, while the crowd sings,
"Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Then it's, "Hey Batter-Batter,
swing Batter-Batter". And it's, "one-Two-Three strikes you're out
at the Ball Game." They also have this this crazy bear as a mascot
- known for ripping off heads, leaving the bodies to suffer;
whining in pain. How can this team be beaten? No one knows
"Who's on first base or "What's" on second and "Why" is there a
third?

The real question is, "Where is Home"? Since their base
runners keep stealing the bases, and the umpire is on the take, so it
doesn't matter if you slide or dive to the plate. All you hear is -
"You're Out," and then it's, "Batter Up." One day we will look
back at history of their claim to fame and induct these players into
the Hall of Shame. Hell, oh well, so much for America's Favorite
Game.

When I wrote America's Favorite Game as a prose, I wrote
it as a pun for America's favorite pass time; or shall I say passing
and products that would improve the security of prisons. The prison expos were similar to a Home & Garden show, or a gun show. Great sums of money surrounds corrections; however, no one in the system was being corrected. In 2004, California prisons phased out the care packages that the family members of prisoners could send in to them. Instead, the care packages were replaced by private vendors, who were to sell their products to the prison population. The stock on the main private vendors increased, and the staff members having the inside tip invested big in the companies.

Let’s say that 150,000 people purchased a package, and let’s say on average cost of the package is $100; then we are talking about 15 million dollars for just one quarter. The total amount would be 60 million dollars annually. Now, that’s only California – imagine having twenty or thirty states sewed up in your pocket. We are talking hundreds of millions in profit. That’s just the tip of the iceberg on how they generate billions from their contracts and endorsements. I think it would be better to cover some of the intricate details of the California industrial complex in another exposé.

Back to the focal point of the Three Strikes Law. The winning percentage was set at 98%, and due to their opponents lack of skill and courage, 95% of those wins are by forfeit. This hints to the fact that most criminal defendants are forced into taking the plea deal from the prosecutors. Just like making a bargain with the Devil. Well, the game is hardball folks, not softball!

As of December 2012, there were 8,926 prisoners serving life that were struck out on the Three Strikes Law. There were 32,956 prisoners serving sentences under the so-called second-
But, how often will a person go to trial for a petty theft, surely he's not sweating a year or two in prison.

A strike out in baseball is symbolized with a "K," well when three of those are put together and you will get the true essence of the unjust law. California's mascot is the Brown Bear, who has gone mad with rabies and has ripped off so many heads, that a bounty should be placed on its own head.

How can this team be beaten: Especially where there is no accountability, but there are so many lies surrounding the law. "Who's on first?" This was of course an old Abbott and Costello skit that summarizes the confusion behind the law itself. The Penal Code sections that covers the Three Strikes Law uses the word "notwithstanding" whenever it contradicts a previous law.

"Where is Home?" A good question after facing life in prison. The base runners are the Public Defenders, Alternate Public Defenders, and the local attorneys who sell out their clients; and who intentionally trick their clients into taking a deal when they know that there isn't a good case against them. If there is a strike in the past, will forget about it, you're a goner. Unless you can afford a good attorney, who has an excellent reputation either in that county or across the state - you will be hit out of the park.

The Umpires are the judges of the Superior Courts, who think they are blameless, because of the "black robes; who strain a gnat and swallow a camel," Matt 23:24, and who rather fall into dishonor with the Ultimate Judge than to do real justice in the courtroom. This goes for the United States Supreme Court Justices as well. How can they rule that a man sentenced to 25 to life for stealing three golf clubs, is not cruel and usual punishment. Men sentenced to life in prison for stealing batteries, pizza, liquor, and other food items, "how can it not be cruel and usual punishment"?
fact that this sub-culture exist will forever be a shameful part of California's history. A Hall of Shame inductees.

As of November 6, 2012 Californians voted on proposition 36; a ballot measure that modified the Three Strikes Law. As a result, a person can no longer be struck out if the third felony is a non-violent/non-serious offense. The voters finally got it right, which was great although there were so many casualties. There are men and women who have spent the last 18 years behind bars for a ten-dollar amount of crack cocaine. Men and women who have spent the last 18 years behind bars for shoplifting, joyriding, and other petty felonies.

This wasn't the first attempt to change this dreaded law; in 2004, it also was on the ballot. Proposition 66 as it was called was unjustly stamped out by the Schwarzenegger administration. The last day of voting the TV airwaves were bombarded with pictures of the most heinous looking convicts, and said that if you vote "Yes" on 66 you would be voting to release the most dangerous criminals. At 11:00 p.m., the "yes" on 66 was leading by in the polls, but by morning, it was a no go on 66. But, the question remained, "why is it alright to lock someone away for life on a petty crime?"

I will share with you why they think it's all right to send a person to prison for life after been convicted of such small time crimes. My theory on this crucial issue is through the observation of a certain event that took place twenty-two years ago. On April 29, 1992, riots swept throughout Los Angeles after a jury acquitted four white police officers, who were videotaped beating Rodney King.

What does the Rodney King riots have to do with the Three Strikes Law? The riots was not only an embarrassment for Los
California’s government knew exactly what it had to do to get the power of the Blacks off the streets. The government also didn’t miss the fact that the Hispanics participated in the rioting as well. Black and Brown together? Oh no, you know they can’t have that! So they came up with the Three Strikes Law. Two years after the Rodney King riots in L.A. a long-term solution to the Black and Brown problem was put in place. I believe whole-heartedly that the Three Strikes Law was a direct consequence of the Rodney King riots. Ask anyone with knowledge of significant events of 1992, and the Rodney King riots will be number one event.

Other states in the U.S. adopted similar mandatory sentences to the Three Strikes Law, but none so rigid as to make it a life term for a non-violent crime. I can guarantee for each state which has a mandatory sentencing scheme the state has a predominately-black inner-city population. Isn’t it ironic that the very state that the Rodney King riots took place has developed the most comprehensive laws involving mandatory minimum prison sentences? That’s because the riots happen in the front yard of California’s rich and famous. California had to set the model for the “Double Header” ball game; in which the players would have to face “All Day.”

“All Day” is a prison term, meaning that a person has a life term. Nevertheless, as I said the law is more concerned with keeping a prisoner for the “Double Header.” The doubled up sentences are the very reasons that the prison system in California is so overcrowded. The Governor and the prison officials are like a monkey who reaches its hand into a hole to grab a treat, but cannot bring his enclosed fist back through the hole, (just can’t let go). California has a major prison crisis, and they know it, but they still don’t want to let go of their treats.
As long as the ex-felon is on parole, they cannot vote in California. The right to vote is lost almost forever, as the ex-felon is further alienated from the rest of society. The ex-felon may turn to the sub-culture of other like-minded social outcasts that closely resembles the underworld of prison. Prison life plays upon the psyche in a way that is incomprehensible to the average person. In this exposé, I chose to elaborate on the Black experience as a prisoner in California. Reasons being one, I am African American, and I am speaking from direct knowledge of the California prison experience. This is not to say the white prisoners do not suffer from the same draconian laws of this state. A fisherman who fishes for tuna, known he is going to catch a dolphin or two.

Then again, the game is actually based on the statistics of all the players. It becomes a have and have not thing. Since the days of slavery, the poor whites were treated with disdain by the rich slaveholders, but through the collective consciousness, the rich slaveholders could easily convince the poor whites to think, "Well thank God I'm not Black." Thus, you can easily see this attitude among the whites in prison who openly claim superiority of race.

Although the Three Strikes Law has had an effect on whites as well, when looking at the statistics it tells another story. California is the most populous state in America, and Blacks make up only 1.7 percent, but they are roughly 30 percent of California's prison population. The percentages are more startling than the disproportionate rate across the country. African Americans make up roughly 13 percent of the United States population, but they are 40 percent of the prison population across the country.

America's favorite game has changed to the affair of men controlling other men through systematic mandatory prison sentences. Although Proposition 36 changed the rule of law...
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The laws of California must change, even if we have to go into Extra Innings to change them. It takes the voice of the fans in the stands to make a change. It takes the players of the losing teams, to learn the rules of the game and practice them consistently. That's the only way we will ever get a level playing field. Then and only then can the game be played with dignity and honor.
IN PROPRIA PERSONA

To whom these present shall come....
Make no mistake – I shall overcome
I live not in the past — I am forever present
Therefore, I cannot be re – presented

Knowledge is power, but Wisdom is the key
So you can keep your public attorneys
I won’t be fooled by all your court jargon
And please keep your plea bargains

Your plea deals only guarantees a jail cell
My life is on the auction block, but it’s not for sale
It is mine to live – but it is not mine to give
Oh, what’s that? My sentences will now be ran consecutive

There you go again with the threats
Well, I will fight back with no regrets
Remember, I’m innocent until proven guilty
Yeah you’re right... That’s far from reality

The Court is the mob and the trial is a fix fight
As I invoke my Faretta Rights, I pray with all my might
Because it’s just me versus The State of California
I stand tall – risking it all ... In Propria Persona
Being ignorant of the law makes one inert and apt to say, "Hey wait a minute, what was the deal again"? They say, only extremely courageous or foolish defendants refuses the offer made by prosecutor and go on to trial. I don't know which category I fell under at the time, but I do know that I was fed up with the criminal justice system. I was fed up with my life – I was blowing in the wind like a tumbleweed. No! I had to take action, I had to grab the reins and direct my own life. So I stood vicariously as my own attorney. It was so surreal – it was as if I were separated from my body and actually representing a client. It was like writing a book in the third person.

As aforementioned Propria only indicates "one's own", however, it is in the feminine use of the word. Meaning that it must be "acted" upon or it will lay dormant. The persona (mask) in itself is inert – it cannot perform on the stage in the play of life without an actor; a flesh and blood human being. The word Propria means that it is the potential to act on "one's own."

On the other hand proprius actually means, "one's own," it is in reality the word pro-per. The word proprius is in the masculine, and therefore it is a word of action. It needs no mask to act, nor does it need someone to act for him. The word proprius is potent; the word Propria has potential. In other words, only if the mask is "properly" used can you contend with the veteran actors on the stage called court.

Either way, I had to be ready to act. I had to be a verb – not just a person, place, or thing (the noun). Well, when a defendant just sits there, her/she is addressed as a noun. Remember, in this context, the word "person" is just a mask – a mask that has no standing to act on its own.
14 cells) would get to study for about an hour and a half per day. The rest of the time, I would have to study in the dark, so my writing was in extra-large print – But I was ready, I was willing and I was able.

Preliminary Hearing

On the day of my preliminary hearing, I was awakened at 4:00 am to be at court by 9:00 am. Breakfast consisted of a travel size cereal, a school size milk, a boiled egg, and two slices of bread. Then I was off to my designated holding tank which must be entered with caution. Going into the wrong holding cell could be quite dangerous; especially when racial tensions were high. It could be the equivalent of walking into a lion’s den with a couple of steaks tied on your neck.

After a long wait in a cell full of men, who may not have showered for days – some loud some afraid, some innocent, and some guilty as charged, the bus finally arrived. The Court was forty miles east of L.A. in the city of Pomona. Although I was chained to three other men, and terribly uncomfortable I enjoyed the ride; it gave me a moment to clear my head.

I was placed with a group of men in a large cell at first – then I was taken to a much smaller cell that was designated for my assigned court. I went over the notes that I prepared and it was “put up or shut up,” it was “have no fear,” it was “no surrender.” I was taken inside the courtroom, and I began to survey the room immediately. I looked for any clues to tell me about the judge, the prosecutor, and anyone else who may be in the court. Court is a place of business and I was the commodity. I looked over to the prosecutor and noticed that the arresting detective was sitting at her
out to him. The witness testified that he caught up to the man and they began to fight outside the store.

The witness testified that the man dropped a wallet and that was the reason he was able to catch him. I know – sounds like something off “America’s Dumbest Criminals” right? But, according to the store clerk when the man reached down to pick up the wallet, he was able to push the man; that’s when the man dropped the pants and wallet. Also, that’s when the man was ready to start boxing, and hit the store clerk in the chest.

The store clerk said he was able to grab the man’s jacket and tried to pull it over his head, but was unsuccessful. He then testified that the man ran to a Honda and began to fix his shorts. He then testified that the man drove off after about four minutes -- however he did not get the license plate number.

He said that he did not contact the police that night, nor did his employer. According to the testimony, it was the next day when his employer called the police. He testified that he told the police officer everything that he testified about in court; that he gave the officer the wallet, the jacket, and some paperwork that was also left behind.

It was my turn to cross-examine the witness and I had several questions, because his testimony was completely different from the police report. After a few preliminary questions about the time and place, I re-established that he was accusing me of being the man that stole the items from the store.

I asked him what drew his attention to the man that entered the store, but instead of keeping it real, and just say that the black man was poorly dressed – the witness began to stutter. I asked him what was stolen again and he responded, “Two Dickies pants.” I asked him did he remember telling the police officer that it was
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was brought to a new crime scene to identify me. The new crime scene was when I was said to be stopped in the stolen vehicle. The prosecutor tried to recover from my cross-examination, but I had delivered a serious blow to the prosecution’s case.

The next witness was the seasoned homicide detective – who was polished on the stand. The testimony was basically straightforward; he saw a female passenger and me in a fairly new Toyota Camry. The detective explained that he got suspicious because the vehicle went quickly around a corner, but the truth of the matter as DWB,” (Driving While Black), and the detective was looking for people he could put pressure on to help with his homicide investigation. I had to go through the motions and do my best to set the stage for trial. Overall, I did very well, and the judge complimented me on my fine cross-examination – but he still held me to answer.
Collins; and Crazy” by Seal. Crazy became a pro per theme song—which was a true state of mind there, because it was so easy to go stir crazy from the isolation.

They had a couple of other singers, who would join in; and I would find myself tuned in to the imaginary radio show, as I drafted my motions. Every once in a while I would speak on the tier about serious issues—such as law, cultural history, and current affairs. We called it “getting on the bars,” because if you called yourself teaching or speaking about law and you are wrong someone would yell, “Get off the bars with that frivol.” A lot of bullshitting occurred in the pro per module—but to give bad legal advice was a cardinal sin.

There was a young brother in the pro per module, who taught me a thing or two about law. He could not have been over twenty-eight. He was brilliant, although he was a gang-banger, his mind was very analytical and sharp as a razor. He reminded me of the character that Matt Damon played in the movie “Good Will Hunting.” This kid could really get into people’s head—he probably could have been a chess master or a mathematician.

One day he got into a female sergeant’s head and she could not mentally handle this kid. So when the young rookie deputies got wind of it, they move on him. They called him to go into the hallway and when they got him out of eyesight, they just pounced on him.

The kid was gone for a couple of days and when they brought him back, he was not the same. They put him in the hole, but he wrote me a barely legible letter. He told me that they had beat him several times and left him in a room. He told me that he could not use his right hand and he could not open his right eye. I
Pre-Trial

My next court appearance was another arraignment to answer to the Information. It is like starting all over; nonetheless, things get much more complicated. Here is what many people do not know. Although they voted for it, there is no such thing as a municipal court. California voters in 1998 approved an amendment to the state constitution allowing counties to combine their municipal and superior courts. It is "court unification." This takes the control out of local government and puts the state at the helm.

What that means to me is that, a defendant has less of a chance to get the case adjudicated at the preliminary hearing stage. I hear people say, "I got bound over to Superior Court." The Courts do not call it bound over anymore – it is "held to answer." Before the municipal court would conduct, a preliminary hearing to see if it was enough evidence to bound the case over to the superior court. Now, it is almost automatic that the defendant will be held to answer to the felony charges; since it’s all superior court anyway, why go through the motions and pretending that a defendant will get justice at the local level of government.

While I was in the court’s holding cell, I was given a copy of the reporter’s transcript of the preliminary hearing. As I read the cover page, I noticed the name of the stand-by attorney; and my mouth dropped. The stand-by attorney was football coach when I was in high school. Coach was studying law while being of service as a football coach. He became a top-flight attorney in the surrounding areas of Pomona.
my next court date, he would see what he could work out. I talked to my investigator for a while and went back to the module.

Before the next court date, I had plenty of time to think about everything that had happened prior to my arrest. I actually had just been down on my luck. I had recently been laid-off from work; which is the norm for commercial construction type of work. I had just totaled my car which is a must in the construction field. I was having friction at home with my girlfriend, and my relationship with her was in jeopardy.

Most of my problems stemmed from abusing drugs at random. Random, meaning that there was not a set pattern with me; I was out abused when I used. On one of those binges, I lost my wallet and all of my identification – including my social security card. At that point, it was totally symbolic to me, I lost my job, my car, my lady, and now I had lost my “Identity.”

There was only one person I could think of that would know something about my identification. It was a local female with which I had a brief plutonic encounter. It was a late night beer run; I left my backpack at a house where we had been lounging. When I returned for my belongings and the female was gone. When I ran into her again, she told me that my belongings were in a van halfway across town.

That next week I left my lady, my dog, and the comforts of home to find this phantom woman; thus – to find my identity. I am not sure how many days past by, but it was as if I had to journey through the underworld. I did not sleep and I rarely ate; I hustled mechanic repair work at local auto parts stores to survive.

A Mexican-American guy pulled up in a black suburban and asked me if I wanted some work. Of course, I told him yeah. He told me that he needed me to change a flat tire and to give him
work to be done. At that realization, I should have left it alone and just moved on.

The woman beside me in the car started acting hysterical and was really getting on my nerves. I asked where does the Mexican guy hang out, but she did not know.

Phantom Woman wanted to get more dope and I thought maybe she would calm down if she got some more. I was drunk and high, but I was in a lot better condition that she, so I drove. We were headed for a motel, and I took the back streets. Locals take the back streets, and so do cops. Somewhere between the parking lot and the motel, the police detective got on my tail. However, after he ran the plates he backed off and waited for back up to arrive. As I turned on one particular street, the woman began throwing a tantrum – she was throwing papers out of the windows. With all this going on, I took my eyes off the rearview mirror; when I looked up again – there they were. Just that quick, I was accused of all types of shit.

During my next pre-trial conference I was suppose to be shooting for a plea bargain deal, for the driving without owner’s consent. My investigator told me that Coach was helping me behind the scene to secure a good deal. I was shooting for the lowest possible deal – of course. So, when I entered the courtroom I was vigil and aware of the arena I had stepped in.

I opened prematurely with, “Your honor I am prepared to plea out.” The prosecutor quickly announced that the deal would be thirty-two months served at eighty percent (that is two years-eight months). What! I could have done a back flip right there, with chains and all. But there were a few fraternal hand signals between the judge and the prosecutor, Coach held his position. The prosecutor balked.
was playing the go between; he played golf with the judge, for
God’s sake! He seemed to be good people and all, but whom can
you trust when the stakes involved were life in prison?

When I entered the courtroom, I felt like Tupac, “All Eyes
On Me.” The judge turned his chair to recognize me, as for the first
time. He even opened his robe to show me that he as wearing
jeans; h then crossed his legs in the figure four position, which
suggested to me that he puts on his pants one leg at a time – just
like any other man.

You see, the major players of the court know that the
dynamics of the courtroom plays upon the human psyche. The
courtroom is setup to invoke a feeling of awe and reverence. Think
about it; the judge sit up on high – he sits on his square of perfect
dimension. A black robe represents administer of severity, and the
black absorbs any recourse action. A white robe represents mercy,
and a gray robe represents mercy and severity.

I announced that I was willing to put off the statutory time
and the relief flooded the courtroom. I agreed to come back in a
month for my trial. What I did was a pro per no-no, but it was a
tactical decision, because the prosecution was going to re-file the
case and make things much more difficult for me. I also needed a
little more time to prepare my case, however I was not going to tell
them that.

My next court appearance it was all systems go. I was
assigned a courtroom in what used to be a municipal court, in the
city of West Covina. I was then transported there to be scheduled
for further proceedings. The prosecution offered me eleven years
state prison time; I declined the offer. I agreed to a bifurcated trial;
that means I would have a jury trial on the facts of the case, but a
judge would try me on the alleged priors.
appear righteous to men, but inside you are full of hypocrisy and lawlessness.” (NKJV: Matt 23:27-28)

I picked my jury quickly. I was more concerned with picking people with analytical minds. So I chose people who were teachers and in the technical field. The ethnic cross section was pretty much out of the window from the start. The people were from places like Covina, Glendora, San Dimas, Diamond Bar, and La Verne. Out of the fifty prospective jurors, two of them were African American. In order to appeal because of the lack of African Americans on the panel I would have had to go through the whole pool. The one African American that served on my jury had a couple of relatives that were federal judges.

I asked my questions and then I did my analysis of circumstantial evidence; I then turned proceedings over to the prosecutor to ask his questions. Finally, the judge went over his pre-instructions.

Judges orchestrate the events of the court; he/she will pull the strings like a puppeteer. Take the word magistrate for instance; it’s from the Latin word magistratus – meaning “master.” Taking it to another level, the prefix magi is the plural of magus, which means “magician.” Most judges are experts in the art of persuasion; they have the ability to arrange and rearrange words to get what they desire.

My open statement went really well, I had it committed to memory, but I wanted it to flow naturally; in other words I didn’t want to sound rehearsed. The prosecutor stood up and said hello to the jury; he said he appreciated their service and he asked them to find me guilty on all three counts. Either he was unprepared because he underestimated me or he was just that arrogant.
eagle on my right forearm. So he asked the judge if he could have me roll up my sleeve and show it to the jury. When I rolled up my sleeve, there was no tattoo, and the prosecutor was obviously perplexed; he checked again and said, “No tattoo.”

The prosecutor asked a few more questions, nevertheless, he really did not recover from his own blow. I was up to cross-examine the witness again. It went even better than the pre-lim; I hammered him with questions and there were so many discrepancies that they should have let me go free right then and there. I used his prior testimony to impeach him. The wallet that dropped apparently belonged to the owner of the stolen vehicle; that's what tied the vehicle to the theft. The witness claimed to have been able to pull the jacket off of the suspect and he said he gave it to the police. But the Achilles' heel was the flying tattoo and I exploited every part of that weakness.

During the break, the prosecutor requested to take a look at the medical records that the L. A. County Jail had on me. That's it — he wanted to know if I had a tattoo removal since I was jailed. I had no objections to it, although, I thought it was totally absurd. The prosecutor had reviewed fingerprint cards from the California Department of Corrections. The old fingerprint cards suggested that I had a tattoo of an eagle on my right forearm.

I figured that one out during my lunch break. The fingerprint cards all had for an example a section to write or type in a distinctive description. Each card had the example; “scar right eye - tattoo right forearm.” When I brought it to the judge's attention, he chuckled and said he was embarrassed. He made the prosecutor admit his embarrassment as well, the prosecutor then withdrew his motion.
collect the items, along with an identification card. He said the identification belong to a Mexican American gentlemen. For some dumb reason it did not requester in my mind, that could have been the person who picked me up to fix the car.

My trial lasted five days, and at closing arguments, I laid out a really good presentation. So good in fact, that the prosecutor open his rebuttal by stating,” Just a few issues to address. I don’t often go against someone who represent himself or herself. Generally speaking, they have a lawyer. I can tell you this, that I am proud that Mr. Petty did such a good job. He was better than most public defenders, with all due respect to whoever is sitting in this room, because he was thorough; he explored all the facts; he asked all the right questions; asked all the intelligent questions and then at the end of the day, what gave him a fair trial was his thorough cross-examination, and his presentation of his own evidence, and his calling of his own witnesses to clear up any doubts.”

He then stated, “I submit to you that at the end of the day when the dust settles, it doesn’t change the character of the evidence. He is clearly guilty.” The prosecutor went on to try to rebut my closing argument, but just like that, the main battle was over. Now it was in the hands of the jury.

The judge gave his instructions to the jury, and they went into the jury room to deliberate. The judge complimented me on my conduct, and he said that I did a very good job in representing myself. Just about an hour and half into deliberation the jury sent a message to the court – that they wanted to hear a read back of my closing argument. The portion of the argument they wanted to hear was concerning specific intent that must be proved in order to convict on driving without the owner’s consent.
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job. I thanked him added support, and all the work that he did for me on the case. As we were saying our good-byes, Coach walked in.

Coach told me I did a great job at trial. He said that it was a really good move to have my investigator there when they took photos of my chest. I thanked him for his support and his mere presence. I reminded him of this one game in high school. It was my freshmen year, I was small, and not the aggressive type, but I was one of the fastest guys on the team. On a kick-off return, Coach had me line up with the slower blockers. The ball was poorly kicked and landed in my hands. As I was getting ready to run, I could hear Coach yelling “fall on it, fall on the ball.” So I did what he said, even though no one hit me. Thus, I blew an opportunity to show how good of a player I really was. I said that to Coach – to say, “I will never fall on the ball, as long as I can make a great play.”

I was so relieved to have been found not guilty on the charges that would have most definitely given me life in prison. Due to my past, I wasn’t out of the hot water yet. The way that the Three Strikes Law was designed, I still faced a considerable amount of time. You see – the law is based on the past behavior of an individual; the behavior that the individual has paid for already.

Two days after my jury trial, I found myself in a court trial for my priors. It was just the judge, the prosecutor, and me. They moved through the proceedings at the speed of light. I must admit, I was not prepared. The judge found me guilty of suffering each prior, and set the matter for sentencing.

At the sentencing, I presented character letters from my family, friends, co-workers, and union brothers. I stressed the fact that unlawful driving of a vehicle is a “wobbler,”
CHAPTER 6

CONVICT-CONVICT
I wrote Convict-Convict in the spring of 1998; but, it took me another nine years to fully mature into the nature of the poem. I was in prison on a short parole violation at California Institution for Men, (CIM). I was held in an old barrack style dorm on the West facility. The barracks reminded me of the P.O.W. camps that I’ve seen in the movies.

So there I was, in the prison of my own mind, peering through an old barrack window. I recorded what I observed and condensed it into a poem. I was outside of myself in that moment, in the land I grew so fond of; the land of dreams, fantasy, poetry, and invention. In that realm, I was free to travel.

I saw men dressed in orange pumpkin suits, standing in line for chow. Dorm after dorm lined up to eat the inedible. I’m forever grateful of my mere existence, but the food in prison is just enough to keep you alive.

I have since learned to draw from a source unknown to most, for the spiritual food to feed my soul. As a result, I continue to write from that part of me, which fully comprehends All.

Although, I have always been considered intelligent; I have repeated the prison experience many times. What lies underneath the mind of the repeat offender and why is the rate of recidivism so high? As they say in A.A., addiction is cunning and baffling.

Is the prison experience addictive in itself? What can be done to reprogram the thousands who have been affected and brainwashed to believe that they are worthless. In order to be truly rehabilitated, there must be a repatriation back into society.

The bad apples of society taken out to be an example of what not to be like, has not been an effective way to correct the behavior patterns of criminals. The State of California has spent More and
but, the fear of a riot situation keeps the power completely separated.

Power is the secondary result of being bonded with the group. Think of it this way; a prisoner is stripped of all his worldly possessions. Then he is birthed into an underworld of corruption, violence, and racism. No one walks completely alone in prison. Even if you are your own man and separate yourself from all the non-sense, the color of your skin automatically involves you with the madness.

One of the worst things you can call a convict is, “Inmate.” The inmate is considered to be a conformist to prison administration, in which he relies on the approval from his captures. The inmate is considered a lap dog, an ass-kisser, or an uncle tom. The inmate believes in the prison system, and hopes he can be viewed differently by his captures.

A prime example of this is the old southern prison road camps in the late 1800s and the early 1900s. A lot of the newly freed slaves were arrested and thrown in prison for ridiculous charges. While in prison, the ex-slaves would be exploited for their labor in reconstructing the South. Peonage was very common in those days and many men died in those camps. The inmate trustees would whip the other prisoners and even kill them for “Boss.”

When a prisoner escaped, it was the inmate trustees who tracked down the escapee with the dogs. Just for a few extras, the inmate trustees would sell-out his fellow prisoners for preferential treatment. The old concept of House-slave and Field-slave is still alive in prison today. The dynamics are still the same, but things are much more subtle. But, the inmate is the trusty who would never run.
Raising our flag above all other, our banner speaks for itself, we take pride in our nation.

We send our young off to war, and right or wrong they fight without question. Since the dawn of time, young men have died in honor of their nation. As I began to observe the behavior of so many young men in prison, I could the natural instinct to war.

Gang members whose number one goal is to be recognized as being tough, find their place in the social network of confinement. With their chest stuck out like proud roosters, and having nicknames more colorful than the horses at the Kentucky Derby, they strive to build a reputation. Is it instinctive that most young men desire to make war?

I see young men mark up a wall and leave their signs, but not before reading the others that came before them. They do it as if it's some ritual to mark their territory; a pissing on a tree, so to speak. Among indigenous people of Africa, South, and North America, and throughout the world, a child will go through a name change at the coming of age.

At the age of twelve or thirteen, a young man goes through the rite of passage and then is given a new name. The new name represents the characteristics that are naturally developed, or what he is to become through careful trials. A lot of young men now days are left to their own design, to face the rite of passage within their neighborhoods. It can be a very confusing time.

In California, there are many gangs, and they have their own culture, which is based on inner-city warfare. Among the Blacks who gang-bang, they represent either their street, neighborhood, or block. Those sects are centralized under either the Crip or Blood banner. The Crips and Bloods use to go at it in prison, like the Hatfields and the McCoys. A peace treaty was called after the 1992
plays deeply on the young developing mind. Some men never fully mature out of that state of mind.

Friendship plays a major part in the gang-banger’s mentality. Two friends may grow up together in a neighborhood, and both may join the same gang. One of the men gets killed by a rival gang. The young man feels the pain, and is dominated by rage. So he does what he was taught and goes to put in “work” for the hood. He seeks revenge, but gets caught after committing murder. Now his friend is gone and he is lost to the prison system.

I do not condone gang banging by no means, but I grew up in the midst of it. I am not a gang member, although, I rand with a group of guys who hustled for a living. I understand how good it feels to have someone around you that has your back. It is the camaraderie that cements the gang member.

I was taught to be my own man, and stand on my own two feet. I have always been too stubborn and headstrong to be a gang member. I don’t like being told what to do; but, isn’t an oxymoron for me to say this when I’m told what to do while serving time in prison?

I have always strived to blaze my own path, but even having the brave-heart to stand alone can be shook. Just imagine that you are standing alone against ten men, who are ready to pounce on you because of the color of your skin. When you are in a group and you are united, it forms a bond that balances out the scales.

In life, when faced with death, it has the tendency to change one’s views about certain situations. Having been in the situation of relying on other men for physical support in a riot or in a war, a man knows there is strength in numbers.

Prison is not only segregated by race, but it is also segregated by gangs, and deeper segregated by cliques within the gangs. There
It's time to wake up convicts! Every prisoner has to suffer the humiliating experience of being strip-searched. The experience is emasculating and degrading, to say the least. This starts in the local county jails and becomes a normal way of life throughout the prison term.

In the Los Angeles County Jail, the young inexperienced deputies use the method of strip-searching as a weapon. A weapon that is so powerful and damaging to the ego of the person getting searched. After a long day of court, and after being stuffed into a small holding cell with many other men, all men must line up to strip-searched. So, the deputies will call out about fifty men, and have them strip down naked. When it's time to turn around and bend over at the waist, every man dreads that moment.

There would always be that one deputy, who'd say something like, "spread-em so I can see. No, no, no, do it again and cough louder this time." That type of behavior by the deputies is very common, and it has been going on for decades. In recent years in the Los Angeles County Jail, there has been some changes; thanks to ACLU and other organizations. But, there is still a lot of abuse and ill-treatment in the L.A. County Jail.

In the 1980s and 1990s, things were so bad there that men would beg to go to prison. The holding cells were a maze of mental torture, designed to strip a man of his dignity. In one cell, the men would surrender their wallets, belts, and jewelry. Then in another cell, they'd lose their pants, shirts, and underwear. The jewelry and personal items would be checked in, and the clothes would be placed in a meshed bag; that mesh bag would be the only covering left.

Each man would get sprayed with insecticide, which was used to kill lice. All men would be herded to the showers, but only have
rebuilt, and ask yourself what is the first thing you must do to rebuild? Some will say build a strong foundation; others will say gather new materials. I say, you must tear down the old structure, and then you can build a new structure.

That means the old way of thinking and old way of acting must cease. Before you can construct, you must destroy in order to get the materials needed to build. Then you can build on a stronger foundation.

Doing life on the installment plan is applicable to those like myself, who have been in and out of prison. Having done more than twenty years in installment payments myself, at times I felt I could never pay off my debt. But, the debt is no longer to society, it is a debt to feed the prison industrial complex.

Although, I would find gainful employment; I was mentally bankrupt. Although, I always had a very loving and supportive family I was all alone, because I was stripped of the essential inner joy. Being broke is not only a financial aspect, it is a mindset. “It can make, or break you,” is an old saying that I first heard in jail years ago. I can now identify with that saying, and comprehend how a set of circumstances can make you either stronger or weaker.

To be released from prison isn’t the end of it; it is the beginning. No time for celebrating, it is where the real work begins. The life of an ex-convict is extremely difficult, so he or she must be careful. As human beings acceptance is a big part of our social development. To be ostracized by society because of a past felony can be devastating.

The wheel of recidivism continue to roll on, but it only proves that the system has failed, and there has to be a better way to stop crime. The pitfalls of the California prison system are deep, in the
Petty, Wm. J.
victimized, degraded, and emasculated. Each day the convict fades farther and farther away from civilization, into a world depravation.

Emerging from the bowels of prison, one can expect to be looked upon as a piece of crap, by some people in society. But, the opportunity is there to fulfill a meaningful purpose. Arising from a deep sleep is being conscious of your life, and how it can effect others. Even if a newly freed prisoner does not possess much, he must know that he possesses the greatest tool known to man; The power of choice.
THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

Thirteenth Amendment involuntary servitude
Conditions of the antebellum South in similitude
A bartered commodity from the multitude
Forced inmate labor so this poem alludes

Annual contracts that must be fulfilled
So they pledge inmate labor to do their will
From thou sweat of thou brow, thou shall till
Until thou feet are sore and thou hands shall peel

What happens in a society, when prison is a norm?
Same as it ever was – slavery in a different form
Will work for food – peonage as a part of reform
The Prison Industrial Complex... The eye of the storm
Petty, Wm. J.

6: "Slavery is prohibited. Involuntary servitude is prohibited except to punish crime." Although, a felon may not be sentenced to hard labor, the Code of Regulations, the Labor Code, and the Penal Code, all support involuntary servitude.

Inmates that have no prior serious or violent felonies receive work-time credits. Not all inmates receive credit for their work and education efforts. Inmates that have a past serious or violent felony and those current under a violent offense can't earn work-time credits. Which means an inmate performing the same duties as another with a past, can earn credits and the one with the past cannot.

Prisoners are needed to fuel the motor in the prison machine. When the average person thinks about prisoners, they envision the level-4 killers in maximum custody. They don't see that the average prisoner bears the burden of a hidden corporation. Every maximum custody facility must have an auxiliary minimum support facility. It is the minimum and medium facilities that bear the work burden.

Most of what is called a felony now, are just misdemeanors. Especially if the prosecution finds out that a person had a past serious felony – that new misdemeanor quickly becomes a felony. A lot of what is called crime is just tort. Tort is a private or personal matter that the court settles between the two parties. But anything can land a person in prison these days.

Once a person is in prison, he or she will be given an assignment. Some of the jobs an inmate will not get paid for their labor. The United States Department of Labor Dictionary of Occupation Titles (DOT) determines the skill level; the Institutional Pay Committee sets the pay rate: level-5/Laborer $0.08 - $0.13; Level - 4/Semi-Skilled $0.11-$0.18;
judges’ part. Let’s just say a man gets caught stealing twenty dollars worth of steak meat. First of all, he shouldn’t be headed to state prison, but the judge may tack on a thousand dollar restitution fine.

The judge may tack on another thousand dollars restitution fine, which would be suspended until the defendant recidivates while on parole. By returning to prison without completing his parole, the man will activate the suspended restitution fine. If the man has new charges, the court will hit him with another restitution fine.

Inmates under drug charges can argue that it is a victimless crime. So could the drunk driver who is pulled over without an accident be without a victim. There are many victimless crimes that restitution fines are applied just for the sake of generating millions for the state agencies. The people in power will create a law that gives them free reign to pilfer from the public.

In the mid 1990s after the Three Strikes Law and the influx of prisoners with larger terms, the restitution fine deductions increased at an alarming rate. The deductions started out at 20 percent, plus an administrative fee 10 percent 20; which totaled 22 percent. By the late 1990s, the deductions rose to 30 percent, with 10 percent administrative processing fee; totaling 33 percent of the inmate’s prison earnings.

Then by the beginning of 2005, the restitution deductions rose to 20 percent, with the 10 percent administration processing fee; making it 44 percent. The deduction were not only taking from the inmates’ prison earnings, but also from the deposits made by family and friends. After January 1, 2007, the deductions rose again to 50 percent, with the ten percent administration fee; for a total of 55 percent. Out of $100, an inmate who owes restitution
Petty, Wm. J.
difference being; credit loss pertains to inmates earning work-time 
credits only; credit forfeiture effects both good time and work-time 
credits.

Good-time credits are factored in at the start of the sentence.
Good time credits use to apply at one-third off for every inmate.
Half-time credits are earned by the participation of some inmates,
who do not have a past serious or violent felony. So they will 
parole after serving a little over half of their sentences. Either way,
nothing is guaranteed. Staff members often get carried away with 
their authority and develop the god-like complex. Drunk with 
power, due to the ability to change the circumstances of someone 
else’s life in an instance. Just one wrong word, look, or move can 
change the circumstances of an inmate’s life.

Plant Operations

Plant operations is in charge of keeping the prison machine 
functioning. The plant manager has the responsibility of maintain 
the facility. Plant Operations has several building maintenance 
trade workers, who supervise inmate work crews. When someone 
works inside a prison, he become a supervisor by default.
Depending on where the staff member works, he can become an 
instant “boss.” It doesn’t matter if a person has the social skills to 
be a supervisor or not. What does matter is that the person is free.
If you are not free – then what are you?

The plant manager approves the work projects that must be 
done on the facilities grounds. The correctional officers and other 
staff members put in the work orders for basic maintenance 
problems. Sometimes the basic maintenance problem can become 
hazardous by constant neglect and that can spell out, “law suit.”
Inmate Day Labor

Inmate Day Labor (IDL) is a program that CDCR uses outside contractors to construct, refurbish, or demolish a building project. IDL uses inmate labor to accomplish any given task. The journeymen hired become foremen to the inmates and they delegate the work assignments. They are union workers from their respected trades. Their wages are set somewhere between 35 to 45 dollars an hour.

The inmate workers earn 95 cents an hour. Since it’s above the DOT pay scale, some inmates think that they are “Ballin’” when they work for IDL. Sure, it is above the standard inmate pay grade, but most inmates don’t realize that a specialty job like IDL can pay up to half of the minimum wage.

The inmate labor is being leased out under the guise of training for the future. When the truth of the matter is quite different, inmates are just being exploited for cheap labor. Let’s say, CDCR wanted to construct a building using all union workers. Let’s say, that it is a 30-man crew and it requires wages at 40 dollars an hour. CDCR would have to pay out 9,600 a day; now, that’s way more than a pretty penny.

It is much more profitable to use the cheap labor of inmates that is just pennies on the dollar and well below wholesale prices. Since the days of the Reconstruction era in the South, prisoners have been used for legalized slavery. Because once a man is imprisoned, his labor is required to keep the very place where he is incarcerated running smoothly.

IDL has several functions throughout the prison system. They offer a pre-apprenticeship program in several different trades. Well, here’s the thing about pre-apprenticeship in the construction
if it's truly a pre-apprenticeship program, then pay the pre-apprenticeship wages.

The Prison Industry Authority
The California Prison Industry Authority (PIA) is a multi-facet enterprise that generates about 200 million annually from inmate labor. The self-sustaining program operates from 25 of the 34 CDCR facilities. But, what kind of enterprise is PIA? Is it a state agency operating like a private corporation; or is it a private corporation operating like a state agency?

It's hard to say, because the share holdings is closed to the public, but state employees can buy shares. PIA is so-called the "authority" as termed by the California Penal Code. Who is the leader of the authority? The Secretary of the Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation is the chairman of the board.

The PRISON Industry Board consist of 11 members. The Secretary of the Department of Corrections and Rehabilitations; The Director of the Department of General Services; The Secretary of business, Transportation, and Housing; The Speaker of the Assembly appoints two members; The Senate Committee on Rules appoints two members; The Governor appoints four members – Two representatives of organized labor, and two representatives of industry.

The California Penal Code states in pertinent part: (section 28076), "The Authority is hereby authorized and empowered to operate industrial, agricultural, and service enterprises which will provide products and services needed by the state, or any political subdivision thereof, or by the federal government, or any department, agency, or corporation thereof, or for any other public use. Products may be purchased by state agencies to be offered for
Central California Women’s Facility provides: crops, fabric products, dental lab, optical, laundry services, and support services.

The list of the PIA enterprises gets even more intensive. California Institution for Men, (CHINO), provides: laundry services, food and beverage packaging, and support services. CTE Program for Marine Technology, California Institution for Women provides: fabric products, the Pre-apprentice Labor Program. Richard J. Donovan Correction Facility, (San Diego), provides: baker, shoes, laundry services, and support services. CSFM, Centinela State Prison, fabric products. Chuckawalla Valley State Prison, (Blythe), provides: laundry services.


The list of PIA enterprises continues; Avenal State Prison, CSFM, provides: poultry, egg production, furniture, services laundry, and General Fabrication/Century Systems. California Men’s Colony, (San Luis Obispo), provides: knitting mill, fabric products, shoes, printing, laundry services, and support services –
slaves, and prisoners alike; to give a few a little more than the rest, and their loyalties will lie with “Boss.”

The labor of inmates is so vital to PIA’s existence, that an inmate must punch a time card each day. An inmate must punch in and out for work duties. The time clock automatically takes out the required time for lunch and breaks. It doesn’t matter how much overtime an inmate works, because he will not be getting time and a half. Although that is required by law, it apparently doesn’t apply to inmates.

I remember once; I was in a computer literacy class, and the instructor kept boasting about the new office chairs that we were going to receive. When the chairs arrived, I notice the tag hanging beneath the seat. It was a PIA tag, the chairs, desk, and all other office furniture was PIA. I was blown away!

There are several watchdog groups who monitor PIA’s dealings. Especially in the office furniture business, because PIA has first dibs on the state government offices. Just imagine all the state offices furnished by cheap inmate labor. How can the other corporations compete with labor under 95 cents an hour? Even if a company could get their wares built in a Developing Country, they still can’t get the labor cost that low.

My mind was blown again when I purchased a six-ounce bag of “Moe Joe” coffee from the prison canteen. The bag sold for $5.60. I have a habit of label reading, so my eyes bucked when I noticed the PIA label. If they are going to sell inmates the products they package, then the prices should be more reasonable. Oh, my glasses, “PIA.” They were overpriced as well.

“Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and every city or house divided against itself will not stand.”

“(NKJV, Matt 12:25). If the California Prison Industry Authority is
feces, and other bodily fluids. Excuse me for a lack of a better term; “It’s a shitty job, but somebody has to do it!”

Fire Camp

Inmates perform extremely difficult tasks as firefighters. There are 42 fire camps spread throughout California, which houses a little more than 4,000 inmates. Fire camp inmates are truly unsung heroes. They risk their lives in providing fire suppression, flood protection, and search & rescue.

California inmate firefighters are some of the best wildland firefighters in the United States; however, all the credit goes to CalFire. The California Department of Forestry trains inmates at two main prisons. Sierra Conservation Center, (SCC), for Southern California, and California Correctional Center, (CCC), trains inmates for Northern California fire camps. California Men’s Colony provides training for a fire camp on their prison grounds, and California Rehabilitation Center has a fire camp on their grounds.

Out of the 42 fire camps there are 3 female fire camps. The female hold their own and they are out there risking their lives as well. These heroines are out there in a male dominated field, providing fire, and flood protection in some of the worst condition a human can face. My hat is off to the female firefighters.

At the training facilities, inmates go through rigorous physical training to see if they are fit for the hard work that awaits them at camp. At these training facilities for the men, inmates sometimes lose sight as to why they are there. It’s a lot of strong young men full of energy, but without something constructive to do, bad things happens. SCC in Jamestown, and CCC in Susanville provides no
grub out stomps, and the McC1ouds scrape the ground down to bare minerals.

Cutting fire line is a very dangerous, and difficult task. It requires all the physical energy a person can muster. It's like cutting a road through dense forest in just a matter of hours. Inmates work alongside firefighters from local, state, and federal agencies. On major campaigns, the shifts are 24 hours of work, and 24 hours down time; until the fire is completely contained. Inmate firefighters are the ones who cut the fire line, without a fire line the fire cannot be contained. Although, the inmates are the hardest workers, they only earn $1.00 an hour to fight a natural killer.

If the CalFire inmate firefighters are the grunts, then the L.A. county inmate firefighters are the marines of fire fighting. The inmates sent to the L.A. County fire camps must be in tip-top shape, because they fight fires with direct attack. That means they cut fire line right at the fire’s edge. Since L.A. County is densely populated, the fire department is out to protect not only life, but they are out to save property at the expense of the inmates. Each day the inmate must run, and hike monstrous mountains. The hikes are timed, if the inmate cannot make the time limit, he cannot stay at the camp.

When inmates at fire camp are not on a fire, they are working on a grade project. Inmates earn the special skilled wage of 32 cents an hour to move heaven and earth. Some of the grade projects are right out of the chain-gang handbook. All that’s missing is the chains; and of course, the captain doesn’t have a horse, and rifle.

Some inmates do earn more time credit, and no longer have any restitution payment. But, for those inmates who have to do 80 percent of their time, and still owe restitution, they are there just for the ride. Without restitution, an inmate stands to earn a couple
The Joint Venture Program

The California Penal Code section 2717.1(b) states: "Joint venture employer means any public entity, nonprofit, or for profit entity, organization, or business which contracts with the Director of Corrections for the purpose of employing inmate labor."

Joint venture is convict leasing to the highest bidder. There are very few public entities that are willing to participate in the joint venture program these days. Not because of the moral obligation; but it just isn't profitable anymore. The companies that use to invest in convict labor had to jump through too many hoops for CDCR, and it became too expensive.

The inmate leasing is too expensive for an outside company. But, not for the inmate; per se; it is the big pimping prison authority, that's got to have their money. The program itself wasn't bad, because it allowed an inmate to pay back into the system. It was also required that an inmate put away a savings towards his future. Also, the employers had to pay wages that were comparable to the non-inmate workers.

The Joint Venture Policy Advisory Board is similar to the Prison Industry Board. The Director of Corrections is the chair, the Director of the Employment Development Department, and five members appointed by the governor. The five appointed members are compensated at the rate of $200 for each day while on official business; also, they are reimbursed for all "necessary expenses.” Who knows what kind of expenses they are costing California taxpayers.

Again, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and every city or house divided against itself will not stand." (Matt 12:25) The California Prison Industry Authority is
CHAPTER 9

CONVALESCENT
Petty, Wm. J.
Oh snap! I'm just right up the street from my family, man!

So close, but yet so far. Sometimes you
can't see the forest for the trees; they say.
I'm in a Convalescent Home for thugs; I say!

Have you heard anything on the Three Wise?
Men from the Magi-Strait? sent to judge our
Fate; while men roll by in chairs on wheels like skates.

Well, I'm still waiting on the time percentages to change.

Wait! Grab a snicker, this could take a while,
Because I'm a high percentile. Well you know what? They can
stick that time cut up their butt!

My examination is complete: No matter how great I may be in
person, I'm Nothing Nice on paper. I'm just another statistic for a
Criminology lesson. How long shall my past last? True confession;
I've finally learned my Lesson through my observation of
Convalescent.
After the CIM-West facility riot, it was deemed inhabitable. It was rebuilt in 2011 and filled with inmates with Sensitive Needs, (SNY); basically, protective custody inmates. In fact, a lot of prisons in California have SNY facilities; maybe about one-third of the prison population are now housed on these so-called SNY facilities.

Even CIM-Central has some SNY inmates, but it is mostly filled with convicts who are steeped in prison tradition. During the course of the day, you can here the cadence of the men counting their reps as they exercise in unison, military style. Many of the men housed at CIM-Central are in solitary confinement in the Administrative Segregation, (Adseg).

This particular expose is about my experience at CIM Minimum facility, (MSF). I wrote the prose Convalescent while waiting for the classification committee to do an initial program review. That’s when they go over a prisoner’s file, and decide what kind individual the prisoner is, and what type of program to place him in. Usually it will be based on all the bad attributes a person has, because it is based on the criminal history, and prison history. Classification will determine what type of program to put the prisoner in, (i.e. job assignment, school, vocation, Adseg, or the SHOE).

While I waited on the committee to call me in, I started writing about the experience. In the seventies, and the eighties CIM-MSF was a true minimum facility, meaning there were activities to keep the men minds occupied. They offered rehabilitation programs through various vocation trades. The MSF was renowned for their underwater welding program; a man can be released from prison truly rehabilitated and prepared for society.
Petty, Wm. J.

That is the meaning of being dressed down like a clown in a warehouse for men. California is in the business of warehousing men, and the men are viewed as product. Due to the stringent laws and the sentencing schemes such as Three Strikes, Double Terms, Prison Prior enhancements, and other mandatory minimum prison terms, men sit on shelves until their time expires.

The wild assortment of men who have degenerated to a state previously held by primitive man; speaks to the fact that a lot of men opt out to all types of psych-medication, and they are no longer vibrant. The fire in their eyes has become so dim that it is like the last strike of a lighter, just a flint and wheel without any fluid. The central self-consciousness has eroded, and subconsciousness is running wild within the mind. So, a man in this state of mind is all but cured when he is heavily medicated with psych-meds. In their dim state of being, they aimlessly walk with their arms stiffly held in position. The multi-colored skittles line I used, is an attempt to describe the rate that the pills are taken by the men at CIM. In fact, psych-meds has become such a prison norm, the meds are taken without a second thought throughout the whole California prison system.

In 1990, the Coleman case was filed, and it was concerned with California’s failure to provide constitutionally adequate mental health care to its mentally ill person population. The Coleman Court found in 1995, that California was violating the Eighth Amendment rights of mentally ill prisoners.

The defendants, (CCDCR), were ordered to remedy the Constitutional violations under the supervision of a “Special Master.” One decade later in 2006, however, the Special Master’s reports stated that defendants had wholly failed to remedy the Constitutional violations. Due to the growing overcrowding crisis
men turned to the psych-meds in the mid, and late 1990s, because of stress of the Three Strikes Law.

Imagine a guy who has a drug addiction and goes into a store to shoplift, and he inadvertently get caught stealing a couple of boxes of allergy medication. He is taken to jail, and two days later he’s in court to be arraigned. The public defender comes in and tells him that he is now facing twenty-five to life: because of two burglary priors that happen ten years in the past. The public defender then says, “the prosecution is willing to make a deal with you, and it will be eight years at eighty percent.” That person would do about six and a half years; just like that, its mind-bending stuff.

Most people who weigh the odds will say; well, he didn’t get the twenty-five years to life term. The actual severity of the law gets lost in the balance check. The main point of the petty theft of two boxes of allergy medication then becomes a non-issue, when it should be the sole issue.

That type of stress was a daily event in the 1990s, and it caused severed despair. The depression, and psychotic episodes increased, and men who were once tough become weak through defeat. The psych-doctors would then ask of the newly convicted prisoner, if he is feeling depressed? Well, yeah! That’s a no brainer! I’m in prison!

The legislature, law enforcement, and the courts did not take into account that with the increased penalties through mandatory minimums, would also increase the need for healthcare for the prisoners. As the physical bodies of many men began to erode through the extended sentences, the medical care began to erode as well.
The California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation's overall healthcare expenditures, including medical, mental health care, and dental care, have been staggering. In the fiscal year 2005-06, it totaled $1.23 billion; $1.51 billion in 2006-07; $2.19 billion in 2007-08; $2.54 billion in 2008-09; $2.25 billion in 2009-10; $2.172 billion in 2010-11; and $2.237 billion in 2011-12. Over the last six years, the state has spent an average of $2.249 billion per year on prison healthcare.

CIM prisoners are plagued with diabetes, hypertension, hepatitis, TB, AIDS, and HIV. The elderly, and the infirmed is concentrated at the minimum facility, because of their full-on infirmity. Recently, the hospital at CIM, MSF had to replace the roof, as it leaked on staff as well as the patients.

A lot of the prisoners from Avenal State Prison, and Pleasant Valley State Prison were transferred to CIM, due to the Valley Fever Outbreak. Sixty-four percent of the prisoners affected by the disease which resulted in death are African-American. The subject
damaged domes. At this experience my mind says, "from here on, I will recall the yard, and the man will get in here to go back into the

When the compromise reaches unity degrees, the custody shift

men ignore the idiots, and continue in their activities.

The track, which is deeped raised with, gloar, holes. The rails of the

in a third world country, some of the men walk aimlessly around

elderly. When everyone is on the yard, it resembles a refuge camp

must go to the yard: able, disabled, mentally ill, and even the

inspection on buildings that are already falling apart. All prisoners

I am isolated in another world. Every other week CMI-MCF has an

Although I have family, and friends near China, I still feel like

are in prison for real niceties.

that she get to break the law, but most of the specially the old men

decedent men, who are 100 old, do in prison. I'm not saying

the C is no direct to anyone, there is a large population of

the C.G. (cunical behaver), did my past me and have a

hundred-back, a can, sunglasses, and his cap was clipped up: both

O.C. (contrl bandit), did my past me and he does have a

dinner, and they were just swiped off the streets, a seventy year old

at least in prison. Most of the men are homeless and addicted to

The average citizen has no idea of whom kind of man that are

because of the discipline laws of the state.

severe overworked conditions. The prisoners are overcrowded

in a prison, while the healing system is broken due to the

suffering of victims.

is in the cell they, like a silent vapor that seeps into the rooms, and

is full of men who may never see the streets again. Death, calling

consequences. The majority in which the severe medially ill reside.

the pen is actually high for such a position. The desk is

desiged to the daily despair. Sure, they must gain this, and

How is it possible that the correctional officers become so
think of a study that can be conducted solely on rehabilitation. This may be falla

With all the choices in criminal justice, and the study of tions,

mandatory minimum sentences is required much longer prison

A lot of the convicted criminals are minor, nonviolent, through the prisons. There are many who have broken the law, but does that

The public must be made aware of what once was known as

punishments.

we must make our elected officials responsible for just

Public officials have a way of rounding all the wrong they have

conditions

give the authorities the right to inform them through untruthful

These human beings may have broken the law, but does that

through all the double talk and political rhetoric says

information from someone who has direct experience

important that the public has an opportunity to hear this

I do my best to convey this message to the public. It is very

changed me in ways that are difficult to express. However, I must

My observation of what humanity can be reduced to has

the fess

responsibility to make a better me and not rely on the courts to set

of judges, who are fallible. No matter what, I have a personal

My fault is drawn from a higher source, not from a presbydood

are not blame honest. They are just playing politics as usual.

are almost incapable of causing harm. The government, and CDC

Peby, Wm. J.
CHAPTER 10

PARIAH

Perry, Wm. J.
I wrote Parish to express the deep shame that an "X" - felion must try to overcome, that he or she may be accepted back into society. Many African-Americans are stuck in an under caste system through the result of mass incarceration. In the United States over the last thirty years or so, mass incarceration has contributed immensely to the outcast status of millions.

Having a felony conviction puts a person in an unredemable position. When a person has a felony on their record, it allows employers to legally discriminate. The stain of a past felony is one of blood—a stain that is very difficult or impossible to remove.

An "X"-felon can never legally bear arms to protect his family or guard his property. The Second Amendment no longer applies. Once a Constitutional right is forfeited, it then strips a person of their citizenship.

Many are unable to vote, so their voices cannot be heard. It is highly unlikely that an "X"-felon will ever serve on a jury. In drug cases, it even bars welfare, and public housing. This implementation has left many people either homeless, or in the awkward position to return back to prison.

I purposely used the letter "X" to prefix the word felon, to show a person is marked for life once they have been to prison.

"X" marks the spot...the spot or blemish that will never be erased. The letter "X" has several meanings. It could mean an unknown or an unnamed factor, thing, or person. It also can mean, to delete or to cancel. The letter "X" can be used to mark or sign, it is the signature of an illiterate.

The letter "X" has its roots in antiquity, dating back to ancient Egypt. Dating back to 3000 B.C., it was part of the hieroglyphic system of writing. In the land of Canaan before the
who served their society, (Sudras). One group, ranked even below the lowest, they were called the “Untouchables.” (Dalits), and they were a pariah people.

In 1950, the caste system was constitutionally outlawed, but discrimination still exist against the Dalit in a form of apartheid in India. The word “pariah” is a Tamil, (Dravidian language), word used for people with no caste – a social outcast. India has some of the most profound spiritual writings, and teachings, that the world has ever known. But, their caste system was highly discriminatory, and a grave evil that suppressed the indigenous people of India.

Most Civilizations had in place a class structure that wrought discrimination. It is really ironic, that a quick search in a dictionary for the word “Brahmin,” will give the definition... “A highly cultured, and socially exclusive person, esp. a member of one of the old New England families.” That one percent of America’s wealth was mostly exclusive to the Aristocratic families – same as it ever was.

The Aryan ideology was adopted, and further perverted by Adolf Hitler, and the Nazi Party. The National Socialist of Germany was a far right wing part that was driven by fear to save the German middle working class. The fear of economic collapse, the fear turned into hatred, and the hatred was translated into the Holocaust; the genocide of millions of European Jews, and Gypsies, and others by the Nazis during World War II. African Americans fought in both World Wars, but when they returned back to the United States, they were treated like outcasts. In the South, blacks still had to go around back at restaurants in order to receive their food. Blacks had to drink out of separate water fountains, and lived in separate communities.
would show up with their pressed khaki suits, with their team log, and then pop-lock against each other.

Even the gang culture was much different back then. After the break up of the Black Panther Party in the early '70s, gang
crime became one unified gang began. That's back when the
gang leaders would actually have to fight first to see who was the
toughest. They actually provided protection in their neighborhoods back then.

That was before some mastermind invented rock cocaine.

In order to sell the product in the neighborhoods where the gangs
lived, the dealers had to pay a tax. Then the gang members got
smart, and started selling the drugs instead. They looked down on
anyone who used the product, as they were of no use to the gang.

By 1986, the streets of the greater Los Angeles area was flooded
with rock cocaine.

For more than twenty-five years, equal protection of the
law did not exist when it came to the laws concerning cocaine. The
courts continued to turn a blind eye to the obvious bias. In 2013,
Eric Holder, the U.S. Attorney General took a major stance, and
proclaimed that the laws concerning powder cocaine, and crack
cocaine, were in fact unjust.

Twenty years is a generation, so there is a whole generation
that is subjected to the under-caste system. But, it goes back to the
war on drugs that was declared by President Reagan. In October,
1982, President Reagan announced to his administration, "War on
Drugs."

In 1983, cocaine in Los Angeles began to surface more
frequently. It used to be a rich folk's drug, but all of a sudden, it
was coming too slow. I had to go about my heavy gain in my

during bus. I found work through unemployment agencies, but the work
for the day. The gain was 1$7, and it was really a cruel day.

I had nothing - no money, no job, no home, and no respect.

The back of the court building
realized that the case was an invalid one, and I was released from
more importantly, it was a crime that I did not commit. The court
been brought against me before I was released from prison. Hence,
been brought to judge and a case that the智能

I spent close to four months fighting a case that the智能

high level officials were accused of misconduct
investigation (2014) on the Sheriff's Department, which several
Andrew County Sheriff's Department. There has been a recent
police brutality, and wrongful death lawsuits against the Los
year, there been thousands of cases involving excessive force.

Anyone can do a search, and find the over the past thirty


disorder (PTSD)

deputies that are ex-military, and dealing with post-traumatic stress

day can drive them to outrage. This is especially true for the
they can go on patrol. The portion of Just Guarding humans'
they have to be on probation for a period of two years before
most of the deputies are rookies in training, which means


skirmish

what would make the Rodney King beating look like a mere

beating resulted in death. I have personally witnessed beatings
cause from hostility to beat the crap out of someone. A lot of the
we called "Knuth University." These were when they used the two-room
is the deputies - they are brutal. Back in the day, they used their
in just about anywhere. The worst thing about the L.A. County Jail
Perry. You know.
worshiped the goddess Kali. Kali was known as the "Black One."

In the Things were a howl of professional assassins, who
phoned, the Things came from the Hindu Vedanta. In
the world, "This" came from the Hindu Vedanta. In
women, the police and prison, "This Life"
head up despite the circumstance. He called the struggle to escape
life, through just being born black — black — yet keeping your
unforgettable, "Panther. He spoke about being trapped into a way of
of the collective consciousness of the new under caste — the
organized the name of the same again. Trump. Trump was the voice
in the early 1960s, one voice cried out in the inner city — in
house, in some areas, doggin' by the way of life
risk of never seeing his family again. Every time he leaves the
night, when a young father leaves, he knows that he will run the
most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She was the one thing I got
prosperous a lot — but of course, she had to be red. She was the
In 1961, my daughter was born, and it changed my
abuse — just like many other young black men in the 60's,
around — just like many other young black men in the 60's.

It's about us that our family was born in the 60's.

police, and other law enforcement agencies, the more I wanted
there was a better way to fight back. It seemed like the more the
the "we" that was assigned to me, I only did not understand him
like many other young black men in the 60's. I felt prey to
he or she will act out the part

do her in other words — when a person is seen as a criminal — then
social self. This concept is when a person sees others seeing in him
became a concept that the Black Panthers used to define
underprivileged become a major concern. The "lookin'-glass self"

throughout the civil rights movement, the issues of
the 1960's, as society became more conscious of racial inequality

The "lookin'-glass theory" was developed in the early 1960's in
Peny, W. L.
French word “parol,” which means, “promise.” It is the conditional release of a prisoner “Before” his or her term has expired.

When a prisoner is paroled in most other states, he or she still has time left on their sentence. The prisoner is brought before the parole board to decide his or her fate. It would depend upon a number of factors, such as – the disciplinary record while in prison; the programs that were completed; and the existing plan for his or her release.

In California, the only system in place that is similar, is the Indeterminate Sentence Law under Penal Code section 1168. That law deals with the prisoners who are sentence to life with the possibility of parole. The problem with the Determinate Sentence Law (Pen. Code 1170) is, there is no prison time left to serve. The system that’s in place now, actually adds three years to the prisoner’s sentence, and should be ruled unconstitutional.

California parole system has been altered within the last few years, due to the “realignment” under Assembly Bill 109 (AB-109). In some cases, a State prisoner can be placed on country probation or non-revocable parole. However, California parole system was designed to lock a person into the under caste status for an indefinite period of time, which brings to my mind one of the police’s favorite questions – “Are you on parole or probation?”

The question is a secret password that bypasses the Fourth Amendment right against illegal search and seizure. The cops don’t have to have probable cause to search a parolee, all they need is a reasonable suspicion. It is reasonably understood that Black men are the usual suspects when it comes to law enforcement. Many of the “Stop and Frisk” tactics are based on the two-part question, “Are you on parole or probation.”
thanks to all the advocates, and watchdogs who are aware of the many flaws in the California prison system. But the parole system must be changed in its entirety.

DENIZEN

A DENIZEN a denizen is a foreigner permitted to have certain rights, and privileges of citizenship. Full citizenship is lost once a person has entered prison. It will not be restored in its true light after the prisoner is released. Certain Constitutional rights can no longer be exercised by the ex-felon.

The long road to positive citizenship is an arduous journey. A person who has been branded by the mark, wars that “X” for life. By not being accepted into society, he or she may return to what has become normal... “Prison.” There must be a way to reverse the mark of Cain, that one day the under caste – outcast, “Pariah,” might be accepted back into society.

In order to raise the level from denizen to citizen, there must be comprehensive changes within the system itself. While knowing about a prospect employee’s criminal past can be helpful, it should not be the final determination in hiring. I have met many young men who were raised in project housing, that just want an opportunity to make an honest living. But, they feel alienated because of a past felony – some feel as though they are doomed to one particular station in life... a “Project.”

Today’s youth must be seen as more than just a “Project” – true rehabilitation involves more than the local community can provide. The community at large is effected when there aren’t enough jobs to go around. When there are no jobs – crime rates go up; that’s just a fact of life. When there is high unemployment, the need to survive will increase crime.
CHAPTER 10

NEW GARMENT
I created the poem New garment in 2003. The spiritual significance of moving forward constantly, as nothing is at rest. The earth is ever spinning with the Moon in tow; we call one spin a day. As the Earth makes its journey around the Sun, we call it a year.

The Sun is also traveling – it makes the journey through the Milky way Galaxy. As it makes its way, billions of other suns are moving in concert. Still further, countless of other galaxies with trillions of other suns, and planets are making their journeys. There is a Central Force that cannot be comprehended that is the single cause of all things.

As we make our journeys through this life, it seems inconceivable that we all are part of the Great Force. We are part of the whole, because not only is this Great Force the center, It is also the circumference. It is a great feeling to realize that we are part of the whole – separation is the great illusion.

I write not from a religious prospective, as I do not pronounce any particular creed. I write from the underlying principle of religion, philosophy, and science alike. Life holds so many mysteries, but through careful analyzation, life unfolds its lessons to those who seek.

Well, how can a prisoner in bonds seek, when he cannot physically free himself? In the Bible it is said, “But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” (KJV. Matt 6:33) It speaks about worrying about things pertaining to the material world. Well now, a prisoner has less material worries – but more physical worries. A prisoner can only obtain so much material gain inside, but he does have to be concern about his physical well being at all times.
New Garment is a statement of truth about the indestructible spirit in us all. It is what sustains our lives as we know it. The physical body is a vessel to house the soul. Sure, the body must be well taken care of to operate properly, but it will deteriorate until its final dissolution. That's what most people fear the most “Death.”

Our bodies tell our minds, “that's it – it is all over.” Many religious doctrines teach that we will have to face judgment for our wrongs. The Egyptians were probably the first to come up with the judgment after death concept. That's why, “The Coming Forth By Day,” the so-called “Book of The Dead.” Was so vital in their society. That's why they were so particular about their burials, and the preparation for death.

The Egyptians believed that after death the spirit which was called “Ka” separates from the physical body. The Ka is the vital force that lies within the physical body. It was depicted as ethereal double, so it had the same likeness as the individual who dies. Also coming forth from the physical body would be the personality or soul, which was called “ba.” The ba was depicted as a bird, but the head would be in the image of the dead individual.

The ka of an individual would have to stand judgment in a ceremony called the “Weighing of the Heart.” There before the chief God of the Afterlife, the deceased would stand by a great scale, and pronounce his “negative confessions.” The negative confessions were a long list of possible offences, in which one’s ka would deny. Example: “Instead of Thou Shall not kill; the deceased (ka) would pronounce, ‘I have not killed.” The deceased would have to know the names of each of the divine judges as well. On one side of the scale would be the heart of the deceased, and on the other side would be a feather representing the Goddess Maat.
are all distant relatives. Arjuna is stressed out about the battle against his kinfolics.

Arjuna’s charioteer is Krishna, who is in total control of the chariot. On hearing Arjuna’s complaint he stops the chariot, and schools him about everything that pertains to life; mainly the duty of his life. Although, Arjuna sought a righteous cause, it would have been dishonorable to not do his duty to fight. That’s what warriors do – fight battles wholeheartedly.

There are many symbolic meanings for the verses written in the Bhagavad Gita. The war appears to be about the influences of good and evil fought out in one’s mind. The Charioteer is the True Self or the Higher Power that is guiding us through the battle of life. A lot of times people just give in and surrender to the lower impulses to carry out the evil desires in the mind. We have a duty to fight those evil desires, no matter how close in relation we feel to them.

Krishna continues to school Arjuna about the spirit that lies in man, where he said: “weapons cannot hurt the Spirit, and fire can never burn him. Untouched is he by drenching waters, untouched is he by parching winds. Beyond the power of waters, and winds, the Spirit is everlasting, omnipresent, never changing, never moving, ever One. Invisible is he to mortal eyes, beyond thought, and beyond change. Know that he is, and cease from sorrow.” So that passage tells us that the spirit within is indestructible. Comprehending the truth about our central self is difficult to grasp. This is because of our imprisonment in the mortal body, with the five senses reporting from the matrix in which we live.

The imprisonment of the sense world tells us things that are simply not true, but it does seem right. People believed for
an oral tradition of prophecies. They taught in the synagogue, and speculated about the resurrection of the dead. Both groups claimed to be the true followers of Judaism.

Israel was under Roman rule at the times of Jesus, but their form of government was theocratic. The Sadducees, and the Pharisees, would be like today’s Congress. They would be like today’s Democrats, and Republicans. It would be like the liberal, and the conservative parties stirring a pot of hate.

The point that I’m trying to reach is that Jesus knew there were many people out to kill him in Jerusalem, but due to his love for Lazarus, he went to Bethany to resurrect him. Jesus had already been questioned about the mighty work, (miracles), he had performed. Now this raising the dead thing was something different indeed – remember the Jews looked upon anyone dealing with the dead as unclean.

Jesus was quick to give credit to the One who sent him. (John 11:1-44) Jesus spoke to that One Power through direct communication about the situation at hand. Then he summons Lazarus by a Great Voice. Lazarus come forth when called, he was still bound by the grave clothes. The grave clothes were wraps that were dressed with fragrant flowers, and spices. Jesus told the people to loose him, and let him go.

In the gospel according to John, the officials at that time really became desperate to kill Jesus, because many people were amazed, and they believed in him. They also wanted to kill Lazarus, because he was a living testament. So, later on in the story, (John 12:1-11), Jesus came to Bethany again for a feast; It was six days before Passover, Lazarus sat at the table with Jesus. Mary and Martha were Lazarus sisters; they were there when Jesus raised Lazarus; Jesus cared deeply for their family.
Most of our public officials are only concerned about saving face, and their image of being tough on those who break their laws. They are quick to point their finger, and pick up stones to throw; but they can't look in the mirror, because they wear a burial cloth as well. The justice system is a business, and human beings are tokens of commerce.

In my court case, I was acquitted on the most serious charges, (Robbery, Theft); I was left with a wobbler charge, (misdemeanor/felony). I was convicted of Driving a Vehicle Without Owner's Consent, which is just a fancy name for Joyriding. The judge ordered the Probation Department to evaluate me for probation eligibility. When the female probation officer interviewed me, I expressed my desire to get help for my drug abuse problem. I had letters of support from family, friends, and co-workers. I saw in her eyes that she really believed me, but she was bound by her own grave clothes; so she recommended that I get the maximum penalty.

The maximum penalty was 25 to life! So like the chief priest – killing someone again after being resurrected was definitely on the table. She wrote what she thought the judge wanted to read. She wrote what thought would not be frowned upon in their establishment. She therefore, she wrote an obituary for my second death, but she never knew me. Her grave clothes was fear, she was afraid to evaluate the flesh, and blood man before her, so she evaluated the “Strawman,” that she read about from a prior life.

Being resurrected from the shadow of death of imprisonment will afford me a new life, and having been one dead to society, many people will have nothing to do with me. The stench of my past incarceration will burn in their minds, and the
CHAPTER 11

I AM MAN
I Am Man was my first poem of meaning, in which I have arrived at 360° of the profound meaning. I wrote the poem back in 1997, after I was taken off the streets, and thrown in prison without being charged with a crime. The simpler way to explain, I was on parole. A parole officer can just drop a parolee off at the nearest state prison; especially if a parolee resides in parts of San Bernardino or Riverside County.

On that particular occasion, I was out with a couple of friends to have a few drinks. It was late, and we were under the “Black Influence.” That alone was enough probable cause to stop the vehicle. They asked the driver a series of questions, which ended with the favorite by-word, “Are you on parole or probation?” The driver answered, “No.” The policeman turned to me, and asked the magical phrase — when I answered yes, I entered the wrong password. I was then taken to west Valley Detention Center. I didn’t feel like that much of a man; it had been along time since I had to stay for detention. Something was brewing in me beneath the surface. I was transferred to CIM in Chino the very next day. That’s when I wrote my first piece; the poem was never edited.

The poem is my motto, and it has helped me to survive through some tough times. However, it would take another ten years of just being a male, before I could really comprehend my own work. As aforementioned, in 2007 after my current incarceration, I grabbed the reigns of my life, and brought it under control. Taking the reigns of my life is a paradoxical statement, and I Am Man is as well.

The poem was written with the dominion that God vested in man according the first chapter of Genesis. The first chapter of Genesis gives the account of creation, in which all things were
about the other people, and who was Cain’s wife? Where did she come from? (Gen. 4:1-17) Were there two sets of people?

Well, in writing the poem I’m speaking towards the dominion that God vested in man. Man is definitely on top of the food chain; animals see human beings as an imminent threat. Man can tame animals, and then domesticate them to do things against their nature. Today’s dogs and cats are part of the family now.

Some men even subjugate other men, and treat them less than their house pet. Since the dawn of so-called civilization, men have conquered other nations, and have made them submit to their will. Some men even say that they come in the name of God to bring salvation to the native people. Their salvation comes with a price of servitude—how could a person be saved and enslaved?

In the servitude of civilization, a man becomes domesticated to the law. He knows in his heart that he is not truly free, but he lives with it because everyone else is living with it. He figures that he will not have true freedom until he dies, and leaves this life of bondage. Even in death, he figures that man will pay—men charge other men to die. It cost a lot to be born, and it cost a lot to die. Who made these rules of freedom anyway?

They are the freedom imposters, who drain all the energy out of humanity, just because they desire to live well. They want you to believe that you are still paying the price for the original sin; just as long as the price is paid to them. They want people to feel worthless, so they can be looked upon as saviors. They make the law that break the Universal Law. We see them all the time—especially when they want our vote. They spend billions on their campaigns, and then they tell the public the economy is bad.

For hundreds of years in America, Black men were referred to as “boy.” A boy cannot handle his own affairs in a man’s world.
The spark of the Divine is at the center of every man; and it should be recognized by other men. Even today, unarmed Black men are still being gunned down by White law enforcement officers. In reminiscence of the many lynchings, and castrations in the history of America—Black men are still being gunned down. Modern day killings like the old public hangings of Thomas Shipp, and Abram Smith. The new Emmi Till’s are being gunned down unmercifully in the streets.

In recent news in the summer of 2014, Michael Brown, a young Black man was gunned down in Ferguson, Missouri. Fed up with the continued disregard for human life, protestors hit the streets. The young man had been shot multiple times by the police—Michael Brown was unarmed.

The protestors chanted, “Hands up – Don’t Shoot.” The protests went on for weeks, as things started getting out of hand, the police geared themselves up for urban warfare. Since the days of Rodney King, law enforcement officers have been gearing up for such a war. State Troopers had to be called in to ease tensions. When that didn’t fully calm things, it was declared a state of Emergency. Eric Holder the top law enforcement officer in the nation had to pay a visit to Ferguson. The African-American community is tried of the blatant injustices in law enforcement.

In Los Angeles, another young Black man was also gunned down in the month of August. Reports say that Ezell Ford, a mentally challenged young man, was also unarmed. There were protest throughout Los Angeles, although it was peaceful, people are fed up. The Chief of Police was extremely cautious about releasing the details, and the names of the officers.
and the young man then falls to the ground. He is no longer
breathing as the cop grabs the smart phone from his hand—on
speed dial, it's his dad's number. Now honestly, what do you think
will happen to the two Black policemen? I believe they would be
kicked off the force, and prosecuted.

When I wrote I Am Man, I was ignorant of the fact that
there was a Civil Rights Movement in the 1960s that used the
slogan, "I Am a Man." Black men were in labor protest for the
equality of employment. They marched with signs affixed to their
chest, which stated simply, "I Am a Man." The streets were also
lined with the National Guard, ready to kill the men who were
fighting for equal rights.

Back then, if a man could not provide for his household, he
was not considered a man. By stripping away the pride away from
a man through job discrimination—it then strips away a man’s
family. Without a family, a man has nothing to rule over, and thus,
a man loses his dominion. So, through the break down of the
family structure, young Black boys had limited men around as
mentors for themselves.

I wrote I Am Man to illustrate that God is immanent in
man. It speaks to the collective man, what we call the People.
When the Declaration of Independence stated that, "...the laws of
God is self-evident, that all men are created equal," they bound
themselves to the pursuit of equality for all times.

THE PEOPLE

When the European forefathers of the United States drafted
all the so-called freedom papers, everyone in this country wasn’t
free. This means that our beloved country was built upon
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sleep comfortably while men are serving life sentences for small
time crimes? The history of the highest court shows how they have
been on the wrong side on many race related issues. The court did
not want to interfere with states enslaving human beings, and
treating them worst than animals. The court did not want to be
involved with the states so-called right to impose Jim Crow's laws.
The court did not want to be involved with the states blatant voter
suppression, and the apparent disenfranchisement of African-
Americans.

Even the highest office of the presidency, must be held
accountable for inequalities that still plague this country. President
Obama has championed many causes, but his main topic was
healthcare, and the middle class. Therefore, there remains a lower
class of poor people, and there remains a disproportionate rate of
Blacks incarcerated in the United States.

I must admit that during the second Obama Administration,
the United States Attorney General has stepped up, and spoke on
the disproportionate rates of African Americans in prison. Attorney
General, Eric Holder, has made a showing against the unjust laws
that applied to crack cocaine, and powder cocaine. Blacks were
being sentenced under much harsher penalties, than Whites were
with the same substance, "Cocaine."

Eric Holder, has also open the door a little for the
prosecution of those law enforcement officers who continue to kill
these young Black men in the street without cause. More oversight,
and more transparency is needed in law enforcement. The bond of
brothers, and the secret code must give way to truth and justice.
The Oath of Office is greater than their friendships in the office.

The poem, I Am Man is a paradox, because although I was
created in the image of God, I am only a small fraction of the
eyes to see that I'm not the one who is holding the reigns in my
life. The Great I Am is holding the reigns of my life, and wild
horses cannot keep me from my destiny—I Am my destiny. Well,
who am I to speak of such things; I Am Man!

I have one more thing to share: on July 4, 2011, I wrote a
prose poem Called, “The People Stood By.” I wrote it because of
the events that were going on with the Debt Ceiling crisis in 2011.
It was on top of all the bailouts, and the under-handed dealings on
Wall Street, and the corporate world.

People were being laid-off their jobs. They were being
forced out of their homes. Yet, the prisons were still fully
operational. It was a true mockery. I guess you can say that I had
my finger on the pulse of the nation, because a couple of months
after I wrote the poem the “Occupy Wall Street” movement kicked
off. The People were no longer standing by, while their leaders
abused their positions of power. The People must continue to
realize that they hold all the true power.

I will do all this's in my power to right my wrongs, and
continue to educate myself. I will also do all that is in my power to
educate others about the Belly of the Bear. Most importantly, I will
do all that's in my powers to remain free from its clutches. My
Will To Be Free must be stronger than the snares of the
Mechanical Bear.
The People Stood By

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Killed the Indians and took their land;
Because they said, they were savages;
And they would Christianize them.

The People Stood By when their leaders:
Burned their women at the stake;
Because they said, they were witches;
And they would condemn them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders;
Captured and enslaved the Africans;
Because they said, they were sub-human;
And they would break and breed them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders;
Exploited the Chines for cheap labor;
Because they said, they will work all day;
And they would build railroads for them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Rounded up the Mexicans from the farms;
Because they said, they were Illegal Aliens;
And they would secure the borders and deport them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Declared the so-called War on Drugs;
Because they said, there was a creak epidemic;
And they would distribute more drugs to them.

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Dissolved Social Security, Medicaid, and Medicare;
Because they said, that they have a better healthcare plan;
And they send aid to foreign lands—do they care more for them?
The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Spread democracy in the Middle East and created turmoil;
Because they said, we need better terms on oil;
And they still have you spending your last on gas;
Well, screw Them!

More Sheep, More Shepherds; More Credit, More Debt;
More Cameras, More Control; More Laws, More Prisons;
More – More – More
Still
Less – Less – less
Wake up People, For the People;
Before we are a People No More!
The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Cut the funds for our kid's schools and colleges;
Because they said, education is just too costly;
And they would build more prison instead for them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Enacted the dreaded Three Strikes Law;
Because they said, that criminals are unredeemable;
And they would for life warehouse them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Allowed al-Qaeda to fly the planes into the Towers;
Because they said, we need more surveillance;
And they would keep an eye on you and them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Sent our young off to costly war,
Because they said, we will find weapons of mass destruction;
And they would call it operation Free Them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
Foreclosed and locked them out of their homes;
Because they said, Freddy and Fannie didn't pay
Their loans;
And they saved Wall St. and G.M., They won't put us before them.

The People Stood By when their Leaders:
CHAPTER 13

The People Stood By
whole. Although, I was given dominion on Earth, I must master myself first. Conflict resolution begins within, and then I will know how to address life’s conflicts. This allows me to be humble, but not passive. It also allows me to assert myself without being overly aggressive.

I wrote the poem in full confidence of being “Man.” A man of deep hue—which makes me “Human.” In Hinduism, the Sanskrit word Manu means; the primordial father of the human race, and sovereign of the Earth. Which would be very similar to Adam, however, it appears Adam forfeited his sovereignty through his fall.

Being sovereign doesn’t mean that one should assert their will to violate others; But one should work towards asserting their will to the good of Man as a whole. What I have come to know is that God created Man in His image collectively—male and female He created them. Thus, Man is the People collectively; that means we are all connected. This is why it is impossible for man to survive completely alone without human contact; but through our finite minds, it is difficult to comprehend this truth.

That’s why it is stated in the Preamble, “We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union....” A perfect union can only really be established by God through the collective consciousness of Man. As long as there is great divide in race relations, there can be no union. The mass incarceration of people of color shows the divide. The killings of young Black men by White law enforcement officers shows the divide. A house divided cannot stand!

Through my struggles in life, which have proven to me that the miracle of me waking up each day, is more important than some miraculous event, which, waking up each day, opened my
hypocrisy. How could they turn a blind eye to their own words of freedom? As they too, were trying to free themselves from the oppression, and tyranny of the monarch system.

The preamble of the Constitution of the United States of America declares: “We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves, and our posterity, do ordain, and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.”

What people were they, the forefathers, talking about? Well, they definitely were not talking about my ancestors, who were enslaved by them. The United States Constitution is a social compact that operates upon the people who take the sworn Oath of Office. Just as the Declaration of Independence has signatories, the people who take the Oath of Office are bound by their John Hancock.

The true People are the individual men and women who keep this country alive through commerce. Since there is no monarch, it makes the People sovereign. It is the true People that pays the salaries to those who take the Oath of Office. The People are not paying tribute to these elected officials—so why do they treat the real People as if they were lower?

The average citizen is treated like a subject by the politicians. Congress is “off the Hook” with their sense of power and prestige. They quickly forget who’s paying their salaries, and who put them in office. The lobbyist groups hustle to grease their pockets, and their votes, are sold to the highest bidders.

The Supreme Court Justices sit smugly, and continue to uphold unjust laws—like the Three Strikes Law. How can a judge
Petty, Wm. J.

It's double standards when it comes to the police; they are quick to arrest, and brag when they get their man, but when they commit crimes, they want to hide behind the badge.

In other news of the summer, Marlene Pinnock was taken down MMA style, on the side of the freeway by a California Highway Patrolman. It was all recorded on camera how brutal some of this officer can be. Law enforcement advocates strongly that a man shouldn't hit a woman, but here is this White patrolman viciously beating a Black on the side of the freeway. What is so puzzling to me, is that another man, (who appeared to be white), hops out of his car, and helped to completely subdue the poor woman. What happen to helping a damsel in distress? Let me guess, she was the wrong color? Maybe justice will be served on that one—I won't hold my breath.

In Staten Island, Eric Garner was also killed by police officers. The police officer used an illegal chokehold, which should be treated as a lethal weapon. Protests were held against police brutality in New York. These were back-to-back occurrence across the country in the summer of 2014. However, there are people who are of the opinion that Blacks in the inner city are the problem, and the cops are just doing their job.

Okay, let's put the shoe on the other foot. Let's say a White family sends their son to college; and the son decides he wants to pledge with a fraternity, after he pledges, he is out at a frat party wilding out—he has had too much to drink. Thus, things get out of hand at the party, and the neighbors call the police. The call is dispatched, and two Black policemen show up. Sonnyboy is drunk as hell, and agitated. He walks up too aggressively when called by the cops. As the young man walks up, he reaches in his waistband, and he grabs a black object, the two officers then fire upon him,
But it was through the premise that Blacks were not fully human, which allowed the people in power to continue to violate others of their God given rights.

When the European forefathers of this country drafted the Declaration of Independence, they wrote: “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” It is truly perplexing how the institution of slavery remained in effect for 91 more years after that declaration.

History tells us that after the Civil War, the institution of slavery was abolished. However, when the passed the Thirteenth Amendment, a special clause was created. The Thirteenth Amendment states, “neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.”

The special clause is in the wording “except as a punishment for crime...” So, you now know that slavery was not truly abolished. To abolish something means to completely destroy it; to annihilate it completely. Slavery only went underground to the prisons of the United States.

That special clause was the precursor to the mass incarceration of many Black men, and other minorities across the United States now today. What is in the depths of the soul of men, who have the need to oppress, oppress, and lock away other men? I know that the law must prevail over those who trespass, but the natural Law of God measures the depths of the soul. We are dealing with a serious inequality problem when it comes to law enforcement in this country.
spoken into existence. God said, “Let there be,” and it was so created. “So God created Man in His own image; in the image of God, male and female; He created them. Then God blessed them, and God said to them, “Be fruitful and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it; have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over every living thing that moves on the earth.”” (NKJV; Genesis 1:27-28) So it was with this premise that I created the poem. By man being created in the image of God, he must created the poem. By Man being created in the image of God, he must create things; whether it be used for, good or evil is man’s dilemma.

Then in the second chapter of Genesis, there’s the familiar account of the formed man called Adam. He was formed from the Earth, and his woman “Eve” was made from one of his ribs. I am sure most people have heard of the story of the fall of man. People in modern times carry the guilt of their disobedience. But, a careful study of the first, and the second chapter of Genesis will reveal stark contrast of writing styles.

Biblical scholars call the different styles of writing the “E” document for Elohim, and the “J” document for Yahweh/Jehovah). The two styles of writing merges in and out of the book of Genesis. I wrote the poem from the “E” documents created man; opposed to the “J” documents’ made man.

I’m not writing to argue any biblical references; I’m only elaborating on the biblical distinctions. Being taught to just believe, and not to question, binds the mind to imprisonment. Because if Adam and Eve were the first two people, and then Eve bore Cain and Abel; who were the people in the land of Nod? Seriously — when Cain was driven out; why was he so worried
I Am Man

I Am Man created in God's image and His likeness,
I Am here to rule with an iron fist.
Lions, tigers, and bears tremble at my sight,
Created with a mind to know wrong from right.

Protecting my family, making them feel safe,
Moving mountains, because I have faith.
Only in my mind things seem to be rough,
In His image, I said, so you know I Am tough.

Thought is power – action in my speech,
Putting my mind to it – there's nothing out of reach.
I know who I Am today, because of my struggles,
Because I held on strong, and I believe in miracles.

The miracle is I, waking up each day,
Keep me strong Lord, to you I pray.
To learn Your ways, and to know what to do,
Teach me O Lord, to be more like You.
fear of defilement will reign in their minds, and the fear of
defilement will reign in their high, and mighty lives. But, for those
who will sup with me, will find that I am a testament to the One
Power greater than all are. For my debt which was great is
discharged, and my appreciation to my Creditor is great. In simpler
terms; much was forgiving in my life, therefore I love much.

Sometimes change is immediate, and sometimes change is
just gradual process, but change is promised to everyone. Whether
good or bad, change will occur in our lives. Some rely on
superficial appearances, and they are not concern with what is
beneath the surface. What happens when the physical body starts
to age? What happens when the material possessions are left
behind? Sure, the material possessions can be passed down to
future generations or even be an exhibit at a museum. But,
physically we came in this world naked, and naked shall we leave
it.

The physical body will deteriorate until its final dissolution.
What’s inside that is keeping us alive will never die. Most of us
hope there is an afterlife where we can go and enjoy paradise.
When we think about a separate place to go, it is through the
delusion of compartmentalization. I believe that there is just One
Reality, and It Is the Spirit which keeps us alive. I believe the Soul
is the individual experience of the Spirit in a particular body.

With this premise, I am content. I can move on, and forever
keep my Garments pure. This life and this body, along with the
whole world will eventually pass, but the experience of it all will
truly last. Of this I am sure, and for this I am secure. With this
statement of truth before me – “I Am Forever Free.”
Both sisters were at the feast as well; Martha served supper, and Mary anointed Jesus feet. The chief priest plotted to kill Lazarus again. That is just like an old judge sitting on the bench issuing out a double life sentence – at some point it becomes redundant.

I wrote the poem in regard to the change in my life using the allegorical principal of the story of Lazarus. In order for a true change to take place in one’s life, there must be an awakening. Prison is a tomb that is a portal to the underworld. It is the shadow of death; where despair, depression, and all manner of defilement rules.

Although I was summoned by the Great Voice, and was resurrected, I still wore those stinking grave clothes for a while. In fact, I still had the burial cloth upon my face, so I couldn’t see where I was headed. For me, the burial cloth upon my face was drugs, and the grave clothes that had me bound, where just old habits.

My family were the people in my illustration of the story of Lazarus, who helped me to unwrap from the grave clothes – sometimes it was just one wrap off at a time. But when it came to the grave cloth over my head – I was the only one who could lift it away. By just realizing that my hands were no longer bound, I only had to reach up, and pull that burial mask off of my head.

However, there are certain officials who will never let me forget that I was once a dead man. They hold a record of my obituary as evidence, which they believe has power over me. Not realizing that letters are only symbols on paper, and cannot bear witness to who I am today. They want my record to follow me into the next life – forever indebted. They are imprisoned to power, just like the Pharisees.
thousands of years that the world was flat, and that the Earth was the center of the Universe. We tend to believe the sun rises in east, and sets in the west; when it is the Earth that is spinning. Things are not what they appear to be at all, but we except what is told to us by our senses.

Imprisonment is more than a physical incarceration. Imprisonment of all kind starts out in the mind; being bound is a mindset. Some people are addicted to power, and have to control other people. They believe that they have the divine right to rule, and it’s sanctioned by God to enslave other people. So these people are imprisoned to racist ideologies of all kinds.

Some people are imprisoned to greed, and lust, because all they can see in people, is how to make a dollar out of them. These people want more, more, more, but they are never satisfied. It’s a no wonder that so many people are imprisoned to depression, because life as we know it now, is just too stressful. Some people are imprisoned to hatred, and they allow Love, and kindness to escape, thus they live in misery.

New Garment serves also as a two-fold point of view about the story of Lazarus being raised from the dead. First of all, the afterlife was not a concept traditionally excepted in Judaism. In fact, dealing with the dead was abhorred, and considered a defilement. The Sadducees who were of the priestly caste that taught in the temple, followed the written Mosaic law. They were against the oral tradition, and only followed the Pentateuch, (Genesis through Deuteronomy). They didn’t believe in the existence of angels or demons, and they denied the resurrection of the dead.

The Pharisees were more of a new school of thought at the times of Jesus. They followed the Mosaic Law, but they also had
Maat was the essential idea of karma, as she represented truth, justice, law, and order. If the heart of the deceased was too heavy, it would tilt against him unfavorably, and his heart would be fed to a beast called Ammit. This beast had the head of a crocodile, the front legs, and body of a lion, and the back legs of a hippopotamus. The heart was essential to the Egyptians for rebirth in the Afterlife. So either the deceased would go to paradise called the “Field of Hetep” or Ammit would eat until its heart was content.

It should also be said that a successful reunion of the ka, and ba after death was translated as “transfigured spirit.” This was named “Akh,” and was represented as a crested ibis. The joining together the spirit, and soul makes a lot of sense to me, because it can be symbolic for the lower, and higher self. Looking at it another way makes even more sense; self-consciousness, and subconsciousness unite in true marriage to be one with the super-consciousness. There, making a more “Perfect Union” with the creator of all of this, and more – the incomprehensible.

The epic poem, The Bhagavad Gita brings the battle of life to a profound context. The Bhagavad Gita, was written about 500 B.C. in India. It is part of a greater text called the Mahabharata, which is called the longest poem ever written. Chapter 2, verse 22 says, “As a man leaves an old garment, and puts on one that is new, the spirit leaves his mortal body, and then puts on one that is new.”

The basic theme of the Bhagavad Gita is set between two armies prepared for battle. It starts out with a warrior name Arjuna, he’s in his chariot contemplating the battle. The battle is for the rule of the kingdom. The people that Arjuna’s army is set to fight,
It is also said, "The kingdom God cometh not with observation; Neither shall they say, lo here; or, lo there; for behold, the kingdom of God is within you." (Luke 17:20-21) So the seeking starts, and ends within. One must make peace internally to find rest eternally. It all starts within, and the change will manifest in your life.

Within the physical body, there are trillions upon trillions of cells. Within those cells there are atoms spinning to form the DNA that makes you distinctive. Cells are born, and die they die out, just like the stars in the sky. My very own skin cell have changed since the beginning of my imprisonment. So, technically, I am not the same man I was years ago when I was arrested. Let me try to explain that to the Classification Committee or to my parole officer when I return to society.

It is the mind-set that must be changed in a person. I hold firm on certain beliefs, but I have changed my mind-set on the methods of coping with injustices. When duty calls, it is time for action, but there are more honorable ways to fight injustices. My methods in the past were counter productive, because like many other young black men in America, I was very frustrated about discrimination. Through that frustration, I became angry – through my anger, I became outraged. Through this rage, I became the stigma of black infamy. I became what was designed for me to become; a convicted felon, a prisoner of a hidden war.

No matter what is impressed upon me to continue to keep me mentally bound, I know it is only a delusion. I know that I have a long criminal past, but that is not the man I am today. I know for a fact that yesterday does not exist, and tomorrow has yet to come. Now is forever, and all there really is. True, what we do today will effect tomorrow, but again, tomorrow is not guaranteed.
NEW GARMENT

I have arisen from the dead,
From a state of mind misled.

The stench of the dead lingers in my nose.
So I remove those stinking grave Clothes.

Time to live and move ahead,
Leave the dead to bury their own dead.

For my mind no longer seeks destruction,
My New Clothes won’t see corruption.

To the end I will endure,
Keeping my Garments forever pure.
The alienation of being released from prison with limited skills, and just $200, is a cocktail for recidivism. It is the feeling of being a foreigner in their own country, which the x-felon quickly returns to their newfound land. I know there are people who feel that they should not reward those that have been punished for committing crimes. I’m not writing about any rewards or handouts; I’m writing about a society shift that may help the over-all general public.

The mass incarceration in California, and across the United States is completely out of control. The population of California is over 38 million, with 40% being white; 38% percent Hispanic, and 6% Black. But, Blacks make up almost 30% of the prison population. That means that Blacks are being incarcerated over 6 times as much as Whites and Hispanics.

I understand the plight of the undocumented Mexican, who have been deemed illegal aliens. I wonder how the original Californians felt when the boarder crossed them. When the “Bear Flag Republic” began to multiply, and overtake the government. I also understand all the Mexican-Americans who are stuck in a pariah state, due to mass incarceration. Moreover, all the poor Whites, who are subjected to high levels of incarceration in California prisons.

Rehabilitation starts in the mind, but it cannot be established without “Habitation.” That means a natural environment or locality, a dwelling place – the state of being inhabited. If a person is subjected to institutionalization, then they become like one of those hamsters on a habit-trail, getting plenty exercise – but going nowhere … Fast!
Petty, Wm. J.

Once a person reveals that, he or she is on parole or probation – all rights are gone. Before the “Valdivia” case, a parolee could sit in jail for months without any notification from the Board. When it came to a hearing, the Board members almost always would find the parolee guilty. So it was common for a parolee to take the first offer and run with it. The maximum was a year in prison for violating the parole conditions – so anything under a year was a blessing, with a curse.

The curse is the D.A. office deciding to file new criminal charges against the parolee as he or she is about to be release. It was common that the prosecutors would abuse their powers by waiting until the violation time was over to file charges. After a normal arrest, the prosecution has only forty-eight hours to file charges.

The shame of parole also extends to the parolees’ family. Once a person accepts the parole – which in California there is no choice, they are subjecting their family to a foreign invasion. The privacy they once enjoyed is lost, as a perfect stranger could stake his claim upon the household. Giving his or her subjects the new rules of the extended kingdom. A parole agent can walk around the resident as if he owns it, and then tell the parolee’s family members what they can or cannot possess in their own home.

Could you imagine the shame a man on parole must feel, as another man tells his wife that her husband must do as he says or else. Not to mention if the kids are around when Dad gets pushed around by a stranger. The anxiety of going to report to the parole office is intense; as a parole agent may be having a bad day, then parolees may find themselves back in prison.

Again, the three years parole is “extra” time that is not part of the judge’s sentence. I must admit that things are getting better –
The Plata case began in 2001, that case concerned California's failure to provide constitutionally adequate medical healthcare to the prison population. In 2002, the court placed the prison medical care system under a receivership. The Receiver was able to implement substantial changes in the prison healthcare system, but ultimately was unable to remedy the constitutional errors in light of the severe overcrowding conditions.

In August 2009, after a fourteen-day trial the Federal Court under a Three Judge Panel issued an opinion, and Order, with respect to both medical healthcare, (Plata), and Mental healthcare, (Coleman). The opinion, and order was the ruling that determined California's prison system was so overcrowded that it violated the Eighth Amendment, which provides protection against cruel, and unusual punishment. The court ordered California to reduce its prison population down to 137.5% of the designed capacity.

California under the leadership of Governor Schwarzenegger filed an appeal in the United States Supreme Court. In June 2011, the supreme Court affirmed the Three Judge Panel's order. The Court recognized that California has been unwilling, or incapable of remedying the constitutional violations.

Governor Jerry Brown came into office in 2010, and implemented through legislation AB-109. The Assembly Bill lowered some of the sentences for non-serious crimes, which allowed the influx of new commitments to do their sentences at the local county jails. It is now late 2013, and the prison population is at 149%.

Due to the fact that CIM is operating at over 160% of its designed capacity, it is nearly impossible to provide adequate medical healthcare. The infirmed prisoners are in dire need of decent healthcare, as the medical staff has become callous through
in California’s prisons, the Constitutional violations got even worst.

Almost two decades has past, and the mental health crisis has not been remedied. The mental health problem in the California prison system is so severe that the court had to appoint a “Special Master.” So severe in fact, that a “Special Master” could not solve the problem. That is to say that a regular master or overseer won’t do, so, we will send you a “Special Master.” These are true slavery words, right? Well, I’m not making this stuff up, these are real titles, and the people who are suffering are real. If the citizens of California knew of the atrocities carried out by the Department of Corrections, and Rehabilitations, they would plead mercy for these poor souls.

Pill call at CIM-Minimum is announced three times a day. The men come in droves to take various kinds medication. It looks similar to a theme park ride line in which some will never return. You can see the despair, misery, and sufferance worn on their faces; some just have a blank stare.

The psychotropic drugs are most likely to cause serious damage to a person’s health in extremely hot weather. CDCR has a heat plan, and it is activated in stages. Ninety degrees, and higher all prisoner who take psych-meds (Heat-meds), must stay inside the buildings. What’s so troubling about that is several buildings at CIM-Minimum is also as hot as or hotter than outside.

Most of the men on the psych-meds are completely docile and of no threat to society. It is very sad for you to see a man you previously knew to be full of vigor, turn into a lifeless shell. The stress of poverty, drug abuse, and facing so much prison time has a psychological effect on the men who are incarcerated. A lot of the
Men trained in boxing, weight lifting, and they had several sporting events to choose from to stay active. There was a swimming pool mainly for the underwater welding course; that was drained about twenty years ago. The MSF now looks like an old abandon town with a canteen outpost in the center. The building need to be painted desperately, and the kitchen is inhabited by birds, mice, water bugs, and cockroaches. The roads are badly damaged; the drywall is rotted and ceilings are full of asbestos. The mattresses are filthy and the clothes are dingy; it is just "all bad."

While I sat and watched the men walk by aimlessly, I felt the slight pulse of an institution of half-dead men. The new traditional prison garb plays upon the psyche, because it does not resemble anything worn by anyone in society. Men in prison argue over being called an inmate or a convict. The difference being is a conformist or nonconformist of the prison. I'm under no illusion about being a man held against his will, which makes me a prisoner of CDCR. To verify this each day I look at the clothes given to me by my captures, and it surely says CDCR Prisoner in bold letters.
Fifty miles east of Los Angeles in the Pomona Valley, and just right below the beautiful homes of Chino Hills; sits an eyesore. Hidden in plain sight is the cancerous prison called California Institution for Men, (CIM). In the city of Chino, and the county of San Bernardino. This prison has had on enduring history; years ago Chino was consider rural, and the middle of nowhere. Thus, a perfect place to put a prison.

Chino was known for dairy farms, and ranch style homes. Today most of the dairy farms are gone, and Chino is a suburb filled with houses, schools, and shopping centers. But, CIM prison is still there ugly as ever, in the midst of all the commerce. CIM prison has its own commerce, and it is the business of warehousing men.

CIM was one a reception center for new prison commitments, but the Central Valley with Wasco State Prison and North Kern State Prison, (Delano), began taken new commitments in the mid 1990s. Chino’s CIM Prison should have been condemned, or totally refurbished so that it could be a place of habitation; and just survival through adaptation.

CIM designed capacity of inmates is suppose to be at 2,976; but CIM houses about 4,800 prisoners. The prison consist of four facilities; Central, East, West, and Minimum, (MSF). In early August of 2009, a massive riot erupted on the West facility. Over two hundred people were injured in the incident. Due to the overcrowded conditions, in which it was inflamed by the August heat, the prisoners went mad through the frustration of despair. Just like an experiment using caged rats, when multiplied to overcrowded conditions, they will kill each other just out of instinct.
CONVALESCENT

Unlike the Men's Warehouse, I'm dressed down
like a clown in a warehouse for men. Sitting,
waiting, and anticipating; brought before the
committee to examine me.

Let's examine shall we: I see a wild
Assortment of men, who have degenerated
To a state previously held by primitive man.
With multi-colored Skittles, some taste the
Rainbow in the Land of Oz; just to numb the
Brain to escape the pain.

ADA, CCCMS, EOP, DPP, are all a product of
CDCR. Men in need of assisted devices; on
walkers and canes, or they wouldn't get very far.
The real CDC needs to step in, because this Center for Disease
Control is out of control;
With the exposure to TB, HIV, and infected
Livers due to Hep-C.

Is this what happen to Adam when be bit
The apple? The chemical break down of components
By the splitting of the Atom.
A seventy-year-old O.G. just walked past me. He's still turned up;
with a cane, a hunchback, sunglasses, and his cap flipped up.

Wow! Where they do that at, man? As a matter of fact;
Where they got me at, man?
not willing to lease out their slave labor for cheap. There is no need
to lease out inmate labor, when the profits can stay within their
own organization.

This is in no way an intensive account on how the State of
California uses the inmate population for modern day slavery. It
just sheds light on a subject that is seldom addressed. The reason
for the need of so many prisoners.
thousand dollars in a fire season. It adds up to one dollar at a time. Let's say an inmate is on a fire for 10 days, well he just earned $240. But, with restitution, it's only $108.

To risk your life for a dollar an hour is an acquired taste, it's not for everyone. I once heard a fire captain speaking on talk radio about inmate firefighters. The interviewer asked about inmates' wages. The captain responded by saying that the inmates earned $6.00 an hour while on a fire. Maybe he just got his talking points wrong, and maybe not. Maybe CDCR gets the extra $5.00 for inmate leasing.

I have served my labor at fire camp, I use the word "serve" quite literally. It is a public service job, but the inmates do not get the true credit they deserve. I have worked each hand tool, and I've served on the saw team. Cutting, and pulling brush on a 24-hour shift is one of the most physical demanding jobs I have ever experienced. I was also a swamper, who sat shotgun in the front cab with the captain. I was the eyes, and ears for the crew, it was a very serious responsibility.

Inmate firefighters wear all orange fire protection clothing, it's called "nomex." Under the nomex is the orange prison clothing, clearly marked, "CDCR Prisoner." So when you see the inmate firefighters, just know that they are not purposely ignoring you; they are not allowed to speak to the public. These silent warriors fight fires like the old movie about a rag tag regiment called, "The Dirty Dozen." It's all out aggression against one of nature's most dangerous elements, "Fire." They say that, "Orange is the new Black." Well these Orangemen are worth their weight in gold, when it comes to fire fighting; and they should be paid accordingly.
outlet for these young men. The inmates are packed into small dorms, and are left to their own devices for most of the day.

Physical Fitness Training, (PFT), is a series of exercises that an inmate must complete in order to be cleared for rigorous duty. It’s nine or ten days of working out, but if an inmate doesn’t pass, he must continue until he does. The standard has been lowered over the years, due to many deaths related to heart failure, heat stroke, and other illnesses. Men over 40 years, must take an EKG to see if their hearts are functioning properly. For some men the physical training is no problem, but for others it’s extremely difficult. Once the training is complete, they move on to Forest Fire Training, (FFT).

FFT is part classroom, and part practical training. In the classroom inmates learn the proper terminology, and watch films regarding fire-fighting safety. In the field inmates learn the uses of fire fighting tools, and they learn the extremities of hiking. Nothing prepares a person for hiking, but actual hiking. It’s a good thing too, because being able to hike can mean life or death out there on a real fire.

Once an inmate gets transferred to their prospective camp, they are no longer behind prison walls. It’s usually just a small cattle like fence that’s between slavery and freedom. I say slavery, because although an inmate has it so much better at fire camp, there is a price to pay. Being an inmate at fire camp is one of the most arduous tasks a modern man can take on.

Inmates called the work, “crackin.” Because “Boss be crackin that whip.” Fire captains from CalFire are assigned to 17 men crews. The swamper is the captain’s right hand man, and in charge of guiding the crew. The dragspoon makes sure the work is complete. The sawyers cut large trees, and brush. The pulaskis
a state entity, and sold its wares, products, and services to state entities, wouldn’t it deplete the taxpayers’ dollars.

That is why as citizens of the State of California, and of the United States, we should be aware of what is going on inside of the government, because of the public information, and public meetings that are held periodically. However, there is a lot of information that the public is not privy to; like the prison system’s share holding, and certain financial activities. I can tell you that inmate labor is the motor inside of PIA. It is a neglected but powerful motor.

It’s not all bad though, there could be future opportunities if an inmate is very diligent. PIA has invested in a program called Inmate Employability Program (IEP). Inmate workers can earn nationally recognized accredited certifications. The certifying bodies are different associations, that offer the study materials, and testing for certification. However, most PIA supervisors are concentrated on work productivity, and not on an inmate’s future endeavors. So, often times an inmate won’t know about the certifications.

I have personally worked in the PIA laundry at California Institution for Men, (CIM). CIM laundry takes in more than 3 million dollars annually. The laundry service employs nine civil service positions overseeing 144 inmates. The CIM laundry has contracts with CIM, CITW, Patton, and Metropolitan State Hospitals, Lanterman/Fairview Developmental Centers, the Riverside School for the Deaf, the Southern Reception Center, and Clinic. It processes approximately 7.5 million pounds of laundry annually. The inmates maintain equipment, receive, sort, record weights, wash, dry, fold, various clothing and linen, and then ship the various items. I have sorted through laundry soiled with urine,
CSFM. CSP, Los Angeles County in Lancaster, provides: cleaning products, laundry services, and support services.

I went through the trouble of listing all those facilities, so that the reader may grasp the magnitude of the need for inmate labor. Most states don’t have as many prisons as California has inmate labor facilities. This is one of the main reasons why California doesn’t want to comply with federal orders to lower the prison population. Prisoners are a meal ticket for the state, and they are not willing to let go of their bread and butter, nor their meat and potatoes. The California prison machine has gone mad with the greed of inmate productions. Where else can they find labor so cheap? Looking closely at the list of labor facilities, and the services provided by inmates, tells the story by itself.

The California Penal Codes states that an inmate’s compensation shall not exceed one-half of the minimum wage. That is not a concern for PIA, because the inmate pay does not come close to that figure. In fact, an inmate’s pay starts out at 30 cents an hour and slowly rise to the maximum of 95 cents an hour. But, there is only so many pay slots; It works like a pyramid scheme. The inmate lead-man earns the 95 cents, which is called the “AA,” to the letter “D,” which is only 30 cents an hour.

Unless the inmate lead-man paroles, gets transferred, or dies, he will be the only one on the crew making the 95 cents an hour. Now there may be different crews in the particular job assignment, but that is the gist of it. Sometimes the inmate lead-man can develop “gun-line fever.” That pertains to the most trusted inmate syndrome. Reminiscent of the days of the old south, in the prison camps. It was the most trusted inmates, who helped track down escapees with bloodhounds. That has always been a way to control
sale to inmates of the department and to any other person under the
care of the state who resides in the state-operated institutional
facilities. Fresh meat may be purchased by food service operations
in state-owned facilities and sold for onsite consumption.”

What that statute does, is authorizes the “authority” the
unlimited power to sell its adulterated products and solicit its
services to any suitors. Yes, the statute says, “for any other public
use.” The legislature also grants PIA to sale their products to
foreign countries; to their government agencies, to their private
citizens and their corporations. So, this means that PIA products
can be sold worldwide. Who would have ever thought that a mere
prisoner’s work would travel the world, as he sits in a cell?

The locations of these PIA enterprises are spread throughout
the state of California. I will outline the various prisons, along with
the various services and products they provide.

Folsom State Prison is PIA’s main branch, and it provides
metal products – metal signs – license plates, printing, laundry
services. modular building construction, digital services, and
support services. Folsom Women’s Facility Maintenance (CSFM)
– Support Services. California State Prison Sacramento provides;
laundry services; Mule Creek State Prison provides: meat cutting,
coffee roasting, fabric products, laundry services, and support
services.

California State Prison (CSP) San Quentin provides; furniture,
mattresses, and support services. Pelican Bay state Prison provides:
laundry services. CSP Solano provides: metal products, bindery,
laundry services, optical, and support services. CSFM, (California
Medical Facility), Vacaville, provides: construction services, and
Facilities Maintenance (CSFM). Deuel Vocational Institution
(Tracy) provides: dairy products, and support services CSFM,
trade – there is really no such thing as a pre-apprentice. That would only mean a person has not been accepted in the trade yet.

In commercial construction, the Joint Apprenticeship Training Committee created the pre-apprenticeship concept around 2003. Any John Doe can be a pre-apprentice. An apprentice is someone who is learning a specific trade under the tutelage of a journeyman. Back in the 80s and 90s, the commercial construction trade was very competitive. If a man was looking for work in the construction field and he wasn’t referred by anyone known in the field – then that man would find himself in a little catch-22.

The construction company wouldn’t have hired him, because he is not a union worker. The union would not accept him, because he didn’t have a job; fortunately, for him, in some way he would have to convince the foreman of the company that he is worthy of the job, then the foreman would send him to the union with a letter of recommendation. Fresh hires would start out as a first stage apprentice, earning 40 percent of the journeyman’s wages. Every four to five months the apprentice would progress to another stage by having the necessary school and work hours.

The pre-apprentice term came into existence as work picked up and as the unions gained more control. But, now a company can screen out unskilled workers, and if they like their performance, then they will get the recommendation. The pre-apprentice is an unskilled worker looking for acceptance in the brotherhood of a union hall.

If a man learns a trade, whether union or non-union, he should be worth his hire. My big problem is, if a man labors in prison, and learns a trade, then he should be able to come out at his skill level. My other complaint with IDL is the low pay for a skill level job –
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Maintaining a prison is multi-million dollar business by itself. Vendors of all kind put their bids in on selling their products, parts, and machinery. The plant manager approves the bids and their services are procured through the Procurement Department. Prison is a business that institutionalizes human beings.

Prison is a self-sustained institution that rarely needs outside help to operate at full capacity. The maintenance staff are journeymen from different trades, who may have just got tired of the hustle and bustle of looking for construction work. Traditionally a journeyman is a skilled worker who is employed by another for daily wages. In the Middle Ages, men of different tradecrafts had to travel to find work. Travel no more, that’s what prison maintenance provides. However, a lot of the work is done by inmates.

There are many skilled inmates, who are also journeymen or apprentices – some even contract their own work. I have met plenty of guys in prison that designed custom homes or who were in charge of construction work crews. I have personally worked in the commercial construction trade as a carpenter.

Often times the inmate worker will know more about the trade than the staff member will. Sometimes it’s helpful to know more, but most of the time it will result in conflict. The big difference is the free man is earning 30 something dollars an hour; the inmate is the servant – slaving for few cents an hour. So it doesn’t matter how much the inmate knows about the trade, because all the credit will go to the “master” craftsmen.
will receive only $45. The state has the controlling share of the money deposited in the inmate's account. Out of the tens of thousands who owe restitution for a victimless crime, the state gets more than half of their money. Racketeering at its best!

Support Services

Each individual inmate is given an assignment, which consist of either work, basic education or vocation class. A lot of the jobs are just menial task, such as kitchen workers, dorm porters, or the yard clean-up crew. Most inmates despise those types of job assignments. So they may get a clerk position, or teacher's aid; maybe work in the laundry or the canteen. The main goal is to get an assignment that will pass the time away with minimal hassles.

Some of the job assignments have no pay and there is no pay to attend school or vocation classes. The lowest pay is eight cent an hour, but keep in mind what I described concerning the restitution fines. That eight cent an hour, becomes a little over three and a half cent an hour. That's $0.036 an hour!

Since about eighty percent of the California prison population do not earn any work-time credit and the bad pay, there is no real incentive to work. CDCR uses the threat of extending an inmate's stay, in order to keep the wheels turning on the well-oiled machine. That's right, if an inmate refuses to work, he will have time added on. The whips are purely psychological and each day taken is like a lash to the back.

When the Three Strikes Law took effect, CDCR did not have anything in place to keep the threat hanging over an inmate's head; as most inmates could no longer earn work-time credits. Inmates who were doing 80 and 85 percent of their time had noting to lose. CDCR then found a way to have the language changed in their rulebooks. Credit loss then becomes credit forfeiture. The
and it is said that she demanded lives as her sacrifice. Kali means "Black Female," and as the mother, she is called "Ma," and worshipped in that aspect as the giver of life. Kali has a constructive side, but she is widely known for her destructive forces. As Bhawani, she is destructive, as Durga, she is constructive.

At the time of the rise of the Thugs, India was under British rule. I believe the Thugs were given an all-bad persona, because they robbed, and killed a lot of the British, and their sympathizers. One thing is for sure, the Thugs were respected, because they could strike at any time.

**PAROLE OR PROBATION**

The U.S. version of Thugs was born out of the turbulent late 80s—after the war on drugs was declared. After the predisposed war was waged, Crack Cocaine was unleashed— all the while new prisons were being built. In the late 1980s, it was a revolving door that rotated convicts into prison—then whisking them out as outcast parolees.

The parole system in California is like no other in the country. You see... it is not a true parole system. Most states have in place a parole system where convicted criminals can deservedly get out of prison early on parole. California’s system of parole is an illegal fabrication. That statement is in relation to California Penal Code section 1170—the “Determinate Sentence Law.” In short—the sentence has already been set by the court.

The definition of the word parole is an “unexpired, indeterminate sentence.” Parole is a contract between the prisoner, and the board of parole. The prisoner is promising that he or she will abide by all of the conditions of the contract. It is from the
applications. A lot of employers didn’t realize that I was black over the telephone — they would tell me to come on down, but when I would get there, the position would be suddenly filled.

Just like many other young black men, I was experiencing discrimination at its finest. I’ve gotten question like, “so how did you get around all the drugs, gang-banging, and drive-by shootings?” Stop, and frisk was the risk of “Driving while Black.” We saw it as a normal way of traveling — watch for the “One Time.”

We called the cops “One Time,” because you had just one time to try to get away. It didn’t matter if you weren’t doing anything wrong; it was just a way of life for a young black man. We were being hunted, pure, and simple. Before I made it to my twenty-first birthday, I had been pulled over on several felony stops. That’s when guns are drawn, and you must back up blandly with your hands in the air. Then you must get on your knees, while they surround you with guns — and you pray that you don’t get shot.

I had to hustle to survive in 1987, and I became the tag of the typical young black man. There was a lot of culture conscious rap... Public Enemy, Boogie Down Productions, X-Clan, Eric B, and Rakim; all part of a movement to keep the black youth focus on progress, yet not forgetting past. But, there was something different going on in California, and one group captured the true essence of the reality of living in Los Angeles.

N.W.A. (Niggaz with Additudes), dropped their album, and the streets of L.A. went wild — the city of Compton was put on the map. The police had hunted young black males for so long, that when N.W.A. came with the song, “Fuck tha Police,” it captured the true sentiment of the inner city.
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became ready available. At that time, the buyers had to rock it up themselves; they could smoke the substance in a pipe. There’s a myth about cocaine that people don’t realize, and that is; “Crack Cocaine” is more potent that powder cocaine. It simply is not true. Powder cocaine can be used intravenously; making the affect go straight to the heart.

Isn’t it ironic that President Reagan declared his war on drugs a few years before the crack cocaine craze? There is not secret about the CIA’s secret involvement with flooding Los Angeles with cocaine. The opportunity presented itself; (with a boost from the government); for a young Black man in the inner city to have the things that had been denied for so long. The cheese was set in the trap, and they waited for someone to bite.

In the latter part of 1985, I had paroled after doing two years in prison. It was a new world; things had changed so dramatically. The people I knew that had nothing when I entered prison, now had everything. The people I knew that had everything, now had nothing. It was exciting, but a very dangerous time period. I wanted no parts of anything that could make people change so quickly.

I found a job at a local fast food restaurant. I quickly became a crew leader, but I did not disclose my felon conviction. I was fearful about a managerial position; I knew they would’ve found out about my felony. My parole officer knew I was a good kid who just made some bad choices, so I was placed on low supervision. After a year of hard work – just before I was going to be discharged from parole, I was arrested on a three-year-old robbery warrant.

The Los Angeles County Jail is one of the roughest places in the United States. If a person can make it there – they can make
Although, they could risk their lives for a common cause, they had to live a spate life – a life of a pariah people.

African Americans had to live in the shadows for so long, and deal with a holocaust of their own. After all the lynchings, and castrations, it is a wonder that we as a people have survived such atrocities, and they wonder why we’re crazy!

A Thug’s Life

“And they wonder why we’re crazy,” was a statement made by the late great Tupac Shakur. The hip-hop, and gangster rap culture was born out of a great need for self-expression. In the mid 1970s, young black men, and women got together to have a good time by dancing to good soul music. It was the post Civil Rights era, and it was somewhat of a relief that African Americans were starting to be recognized as citizens.

Though, African American music proved talent, it could not be suppressed for an indefinite period of time. Modern music has its roots in ragtime, blues, and jazz. Breaking traditional European, and American style of playing cords, and singing outside of the simple melodies, made the sound of African American compositions undeniable.

The sound of the southern blues is one of a deep pain – even when the song is upbeat. The blues cannot be imitated, because it is something a person feels. When I hear men like Howling Wolf, or Muddy Waters sing the blues, my heart, and mind is struck with somberness. I just cannot imagine living under the Jim Crow laws of the south in their time.

By the early 1980s, the hip-hop culture had began to form in Los Angeles – which was already in full bloom in New York. But, L.A. had pop locking, a form of dancing that stemmed from the 70’s style of robot pantomiming, and locking. Dance crews
modern Hebrew, (post-exile), style of writing was invented, “X” was used for the last letter of their alphabet. They called the letter tav; and it had a simple meaning as to mark. Thus, it is speculated to be the mark of Cain.

Cain, and Abel is the biblical story of brother against brother, in which Cain Kills Abel. As a punishment Cain is banished, and doomed to wander about as a vagabond. Not having a territory, Cain feared for his life. So, as the story goes... God placed a mark on him, that no one would kill him.

In this context, I'm using the “X” as a mark for a target. Because once a person has a felony, they are a target for legal discrimination, and a return to prison. It is a well-known fact, that outcast end up banding together to form their own little community. We as human beings are very social creatures; we have to have some form of human contact in order to survive.

The word parish, (which means outcast), has its origin in India, but has existed in every society. About 1500 B.C., a group of war-like nomads swept through the northwest of India, and overtook the original inhabitants. These new arrivals are said to have originated near the Caucasus Mountains in Central Asia.

They were of a light pigment, and were called Arya, (meaning “Kinsmen” or “noble ones”). Eventually they became known as Aryans. These Aryan invaders gain control over most of India. The original people of India are the dark skinned people known as Dravidians. The Aryans imposed a caste system upon the inhabitants; to limit contact with the Dravidians. The Sanskrit word for cast means, “color.”

On top of the caste system were the priests, and scholar, (Brahmins); next came the warriors, (Kshatriyas); beneath them were the merchants, and professional, (Vaisyas); then the laborer,
PARIAH

From now on, I am forever distant;
Considered an enemy combatant.

Still, I search, and my heart yearns,
But, society fears my return.

I'm forbidden to enter the city;
Kept out by the rapacity.

I will never be able to bear arms;
So don't be alarmed.

My voice is muted; I must also note:
I'm unable to vote.

For my past is always present;
The war is waged, and will not relent.

Onto... The Underclass Outcast, Peon;
The Invisible untouchable... "X"- Feton
That would build a stronger base for society, and the illnesses that plague the many who are imprisoned can be healed.

My observation of the dire health conditions of the many men who surrounded me at CIM, has taught me a valuable lesson. Everyone gets sick, and everyone will die some day; but, to be confined in prison without family or friends in the moment of a health crisis is pure misery.

I know that prison will never provide the top of line healthcare, but, as a human being, a prison still deserves the basic needs concerning his or her health. The attitude of letting someone rot in prison, is an attitude that must give way to the common decencies of humanity. Until then, we will have a sub-society of broken men, and women in need of adequate healthcare.
is this America?" Although, I'm thoroughly familiar with the area, it seems like a parallel universe.

The Three wise Men from the Magi-Straight are the Three Judge Panel, which is comprised of Judge Stephen Reinhardt, Judge Lawrence K. Karlton, and Judge Thelton E. Henderson. The Prison Litigation Reform Act of 1996, (PLRA), restricts the ability of federal courts to enter a population reduction order. A population reduction order can be issued only by a special convened three-judge court.

The court is composed with two district judges, who have many years of experience with the Coleman, and Plata cases, and one circuit judge appointed by the chief Judge of the Circuit. As previously stated the Three Judge Panel, issued an order in both cases, (Plata, and Coleman). The order was to reduce the prison population down to 137.5% of the designed capacity.

In August of 2008, CDCR was housing 156,352 inmates prison institutions designed to hold 79,828 inmates. That meant the prisons were operating at close to 200% of design capacity. So when the Three Judge Panel ordered CDCR to reduce its population down to 137%, it was like the Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln. However, just like the news of the end of slavery traveled slowly through the south; the process of the prison population reduction plan has also taken a southern route.

It's nearly 2014, and CDCR has delayed the process of the population reduction. The claim is that they have done all that they could do, without releasing dangerous felons. I can personally go out on the yard, and pick out at least five hundred men who are no threat to society. This can be done with no bias against the prison system. There are so many mean who are in ill health, that they
of Valley Fever is outside the scope of this particular exposé, and will be covered separately.

Many prison facilities had to adjust to the influx of disabled prisoners under the Americans with Disabilities Act, (ADA). The leading case that dealt with the ADA in California prisons was the Armstrong case. The Armstrong case dealt with the discrimination against disabled prisoners.

The public official did not account for all the problems that would be associated with arresting so many disabled people. Now the prison facilities must have designated places for the disabled, and in addition, the disabled cannot be excluded from jobs nor other prison programs.

In prison these days, it is not uncommon to see the hearing impaired, the vision impaired, and the mobility impaired on the yard with their yellow crossing guard vests on. The assisted devices are the wheelchairs, walkers, canes, breathing machines, colostomy bags, sunshades, etc...

At CIM_MSF, most of the disabled reside in a dorm called Elm Hall. It is fully wheelchair accessible, but it’s overcrowded with men who can barely take care of themselves; so they rely on other prisoners.

When I first saw, the men who reside in Elm Hall come to the cafeteria, my heart sunk. A lot of the men are actually veterans who served in the military, and just fell victim to drugs, and homelessness. Men who are missing limbs due to disease, accidents, and gunfire, will come rolling through the chow hall in their wheelchairs. Blind men being led through the mine field of a chow hall, while birds fly carelessly in the air, seeking out their targets to bomb.
Restitution

The California Victim Compensation and Government Claims Board controls the Victim Compensation Program. There are two basic types of restitution that can be imposed by the court. One type of restitution that must be paid is called a direct order. A direct order is restitution that will be paid to the victim(s) through the Restitution Fund. This type of restitution is in place for the personal hardship a victim may incur as a result of a crime. The direct order is enforceable just like a civil judgment. That’s because criminal law has branched off into civil law; crime is treated like a tort claim.

That is another debate, because there are victims who cannot receive just compensation in a civil court. That’s due to the fact, that most criminals don’t have the means to pay the sum ordered by the court. Which the other type of restitution comes into play; it is simply called restitution fine. The California Penal Code section 1204(b) states; “In every case where a person is convicted of a crime, the court shall impose a separate, and additional restitution fine, unless it finds compelling, and extraordinary reasons for not doing so, and states those reasons on the record.” How about crimes committed where there’s no victims.

There is no cap on the direct order, because it is based on the victim’s out of pocket cost; (i.e., lost wages, medical expenses, mental health counseling expenses, etc…); but the restitution fine is set at not less than $200 and not more than $10,000. Over the last twenty years, there has been a lot of abuse of discretion on the
The California prison industry is a multi-billion dollar enterprise that depends on the cheap labor of inmates. The revenue generated from the involuntary servitude of prisoners helps to keep the privately held corporations wealthy. On the outside, it appears that the prison industry is, all state owned. The shareholders are mostly state employees, but the corporation is run like a private enterprise.

As a kid, I often heard things about prisoners pressing license plates, but I didn't think much of it. I thought it was some form of punishment. I remember back when I was just nine years old, and I got tricked into breaking rocks with a three pound sledge hammer.

It was back in North Carolina in 19775, for protection against flooding, gravel had to be laid on our driveway. Otherwise, during the rainy season our car would get stuck in the mud. My mother's boyfriend at the time was designated for the task. However, he shifted the responsible to me. He told me that he had been to prison before, and the way to get muscles was to beat rocks all day. So, I went to swinging that hammer, and I chipped half the day away—until I realized he was feeding me some bull.

It has taken me a very long time to realize the bull behind the prison industry. The California Code of Regulations, Title 15 section 3040, states: "Every able-bodied person committed to the custody of the Secretary of the Department of Correction, and Rehabilitation is obligated to work as assigned by department staff, and by personnel of other agencies to whom the inmate's custody, and supervision may be delegated. Assignment may be up to a full day of work, education, or other programs, or to a combination of work and education, or other program."

Usually a convict is not sentenced to any type of labor in California. Under the Constitution of California Article 1, section
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CHAPTER 7
THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX
future, history will reveal its immeasurable dept. However, the convict mindset must give way to the true essence of being a man. To develop honor and dignity, working and being a productive member of society.

The convict must apply the same respect that is applied to the unwritten rules of prison. If someone steals in prison, he could lose his life. The same goes if a person snitches. The consequences of one’s actions must be thoroughly considered and right actions must win over the wrong. The convict must realize that ultimately they are product for the system.

Wake up from the deep sleep convict! People who sleep walk run into things, and are not conscious of what goes on around them. Prison is number three on the stressor list, only death and divorce cause more stress. Why is it that you don’t stress anymore convict.

Submit to the God of your own understanding, and walk in the newness of life. This doesn’t mean you have to attend a church or read any of the traditional religious beliefs. But, a new life does start in your own heart and mind.

Man was not designed to be locked away in a cage, although, man can adapt to that environment, and survive. Man was designed to live, not merely survive. As a lowly organism. Even a maggot strives to survive.

As a convict, a man loses almost all power over himself. The power of choice is the first prerequisite of being a man, that power is all but lost in prison. If our elected officials are not doing a good job, as prisoners we have no power to remove him. If the laws are unjust, as prisoners we have no power to change them.

As a convict, he can no longer victimize the public, but he becomes a victim to the system. Everyday the convict is being
a couple of minutes to bathe. Then it's off to medical to face the ultimate disrespect, each man would have to straddle a bench and be told to sit nuts to butts, (luckily, everyone is dressed by then).

There must be advocates and watchdog groups, as well as whistle-blowers to expose the abuses in jails and prisons. Without proper oversight law, enforcement officers will become fixated on power. When this happens, they develop what is known as a god-like complex. At that point, the officer misinterprets the power and authority of the badge for being a higher power over another human being.

As revealed by an experiment held by a college professor, who separated his class by making one half of the students prisoners and the other half prison guards. The college professor found that the students acting as guards began to automatically abuse the other students. The experiment was suppose to be a two-week examination, but the abuse was so bad, that it had to be called off after the first week.

Most of society is sold on the lessor of two evils, when it comes to law enforcement officers and prisoners. So the convict's mind set must be changed from the bitterness and disdain for law enforcement officers, and use that energy on a new path. A path that brings a new life, with new opportunities.

From small time criminals, to the big time criminals, from the violent offenders, to the low level offenders, for those who got a bum wrap, to those who were falsely accused, just take a real long look at yourself and the resulting circumstance. God knows I cannot judge, but we must dig deep for the answers we need. We cannot rely on our captives to rehabilitate us.

Habitation is a house or a home, so rehabilitation is to fix up or rebuild the house. Think of yourself as the house that must be
is a big difference between a street gang and a prison gang. The street gang is comprised of members who join the neighborhood sect. The prison gang members join one of the major prison organization base on race and nationality. The latter requires secrecy, loyalty, and basically a life-time commitment.

The four major prison gang are the Black Gorilla Family; Aryan Brotherhood; Mexican Mafia; Nu-estra Familia. The prison gangs are kept in solitary confinement, because the prison administration claims that they are a major threat to the safety and security of the prisons. The real truth is that they are organize convicts, who are usually self-educated and advocate for their rights. So the prison officials are afraid of their organizational skills.

On July 8, 2013, thirty thousand prisoners took part in a mass hunger strike throughout the California prison system. The hunger strikes drew support all over the world, and it brought attention to the grave situation of the treatment of California prisoners. The hunger strikes were held due to the unfair conditions in California prisons. Mainly the policy of solitary confinement for so-called validated prison gang members. Some of these men have been in solitary confinement for over twenty years. Even the United Nation has deem it to be tortuous to be held in solitary confinement for more than fifteen days. The world has its eye on California.

Another crucial issue is the prison-overcrowding situation, which has caused major healthcare problems. Men are dying and losing their minds in the California prison system. It has been deemed cruel and unusual punishment by the Federal Government. Something must be done about the treatment of the California prisoners.
L.A. riots, and the two gangs called a cease-fire in the prison system. On the streets it’s a different story altogether; Crips kill Crips, and Bloods kill Bloods; and they ill each other. In prison, they have to be concerned with other races, especially the battle against the Southerners.

The Chicanos, (Mexican-American), in the California prison system are divided by the southern and northern parts of the state. The Southerners and northerner go it like the Hatfields and the McCoys. The fight is over disputes concerning the unification to be one centralized organization. The south siders are much larger faction, but the Northerners have managed to survive over the years. Both groups are disciplined and move as a unit. Although it’s about race, there are gang members in their ranks.

The whites who gang-bang represent their race, in which they claim racial superiority. The skin Heads are the hard-liners of their rank and file. It is not uncommon to see tattoos of swastikas, Iron Crosses, and the SS of Nazi Germany. The battle-axe of the Vikings used to be a visible symbol of the need to make war. In California prison, the Whites are allied with the Southerners; The Blacks are allied with the Northerners. There is also a growing Asian population, who is pretty much allied with the Blacks.

The psychology of gangbanging runs real deep, as it is part of a social network. To understand the need to bond for a single cause is the key of understanding anything about a gang member. Right or wrong they stand behind each other, it’s like a surrogate family. This plays upon the psyche, especially if neglect had played a major part in the immediate family. A young man may rely on the newfound brotherhood in the gang, who may accept him as he is. The gang seems to accept their new brethren’s pride fully, and that
However, the convict knows that the prison officials are generally against him, that he has nothing coming, but a hard time. It is a cat and mouse game, so the mouse must circumvent the cat's program in order to survive. More than anything the convict wants to be left alone to do his time in peace, but he knows nothing is guaranteed in prison. The less interaction with staff is best, but if there is interaction, it should be beneficial to the prison population.

While serving prison time a piece of the prisoner is left or lost to the system. The main reason is that during the daily activities, it is hard not to be personally involved with the prison. The first thing a prisoner does is to get a daily routine to pass the time away. This effects the R-Complex in the brain, as most people are creatures of habit.

The R-Complex is known in psychology as the reptilian complex that deals with the primal instincts in human beings. This part of our make up is the cause of routine patterns. While having a consistent routine can be good to keep you busy; but, having a steady prison routine for a number of years can be very damaging.

Making a normal routine out of going in and out of prison is also a hard habit to break, due to the R-Complex - that part of the human mind gets stimuli from recurring experiences. It is part of the subconscious mind and it does not distinguish between right and wrong - all it wants is the experience. It can be equated to an old record player, because of a scratch on the record; but, it can be changed only by the operator of the record player.

In the history of humanity, other traits were passed down. The need to make war with other human beings is something that has been going on since the dawn of our existence. Sometimes peace is acquired through war, especially in a powerful country like ours.
more on its prison system, while taking more and more from its universities and schools.

Over the last two decades, the prison system in California has been so out of control that the Federal Government had to get involved. As the world progresses and become more civilized, you would think that it would be a lesser need for imprisonment, but, that is far from being the case.

There are many things that can be said about what is wrong with the California prison system, but, what can be said about men like me, who continue to return to prison?

I take personal responsibility for my actions in the past, but, I reside in the present. I constantly stand guard at the door of the hidden treasures in my mind. I take mental inventory and get rid of the spoiled products that cannot be used. Therefore, this particular writing is in acknowledgement of my actions, as well as my unwanted peers' actions.

Every prisoner comes in by himself, but, is immediately classified by race. The convict way is a unique mindset that is built upon unwritten rules and codes. The main rules being; stick to your own race; don’t snitch; don’t steal; rapists, child molesters and drop out gang members are to be dealt with accordingly. The primeval way of rules in prison, is that and you quickly learn not to go against the group.

Being in prison will immediately teach you that racism is very much alive in the United States of America. The fundamental principle of race is the first thing established in prison.

Through fear, the prisoners are controlled by the hierarchy of convicts steep in the tradition of race related hate. Fear is the underlying principle that controls the mass of the general population in prison. It is the minority that are actually true racist,
CONVICT-CONVICT

Just like a bushel of bad apples, they have been made to be an example.
Society's throw a ways; say they're no good; They have nicknames and claim their hood.
Just look at them standing in line; "Come get your chow, you know it's time."
Convict-Convict wake up from your sleep;
Man can't you see you're in to deep.
When you first came in, the cops looked up in your behind;
That's just one-way of saying, "That ass is mine."
From pan-handlers, drug dealers, and burglars;
To car thieves, drug abusers, and even murderers.
Just look at them doing life on the installment plan;
Convict, get a grip, and just be a Man.
Convict-Convict wake up from your slumber;
Submit to God and be a Convict no longer.
Petty, Wm. J. (misdemeanor/felony), and by law it is called a "public offense," not a crime. I insisted that it is really not even a public matter; that I was willing to make amends privately with the owner of the vehicle, by paying for the damages. I also brought up, the fact that I would be a burden for the taxpayers if sent to prison for such a minor offense.

What I said to the court held true, nonetheless, none of it mattered, because it was all about my past; pure and simple. It was about protecting the institution of the law. Not only for the courts, but also, in the tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars that it cost to go to law school. Then you have a guy like me, who can just waltz into the courtroom and fight – armed with the law. It was an insult to their profession; just as the historical Jesus did not go to the rabbinic schools of the Pharisees – yet, he knew the Law.

My sentencing started out at three years; It was enhanced by a year due to an eighteen year old prior. The four years was doubled; making that eight years, due to the Three Strikes Law. Then a prison prior was added for each time I have been to prison; so that added another five years. The grand total equaled thirteen years. The sentenced was to be served at eighty percent; which translated to ten years, four months.

I currently live in the present, however, I do own the past. I am proud of the fact that I fought back, but I'll be even prouder of that fact, when I get my life back.
Petty, Wm. J.

The judge brought the jury into court and "presto change-o," he twisted their question. He then ruled against the read back of my closing argument, because he knew that portion explained my reason for being in the vehicle. I didn't take the stand on my own behalf, so I indirectly explained that I thought the vehicle belong to someone else.

Then later that same day the jury sent another message, and they were requesting read back of the store clerk's testimony, and the detective's testimony. The judge ruled that was fine, but it was too late in the day so we had to come back the next morning. The next day the jury heard the read back, and of course, I was present. Before lunch, the read back was complete, and shortly after lunch, the jury had reached its verdict.

I was eating a dry peanut butter sandwich, and trying my best to encourage the misdemeanor defendants they could make it through the ten to sixty days in the county jail. I guess I was still outside of myself, because I still held a professional attitude, as if they were going to convict my client. I was called to the courtroom.

The jurors filed in with stoic looks upon their faces. I tried to read each face, and I noticed a sight of relief in their eyes. The jury foreman was called up to read the verdict. He stood, and said, "we the jury do find the defendant "Not Guilty" of count one, robbery in the second degree. We the jury do find the defendant find the defendant "Not Guilty" of count two, theft by larceny. We the jury do find the defendant "Guilty" of count 3, unlawful driving or taking of a vehicle."

My investigator came down to congratulate me on a job well done. He said that he had worked as an investigator on many proper cases, but that he had never seen anyone do such a good
I kicked butt for the first two days, but on the third day of the trial, the prosecutor requested photos of my chest. On my chest, I have two crude tattoos of rosebuds, with names above them. My chest was never at issue, so, of course I objected. The judge granted the motion for the photos. I did have the presence of mind to request that my investigator be present when the photos were taken.

It was a good thing that I requested the presence of my investigator, because they now were trying to indicate that the leaves of the rosebud tattoos looked like wings. This was all on the account of the arresting officer's over zealous behavior to make his arrest stick.

The store clerk had referred to the policeman as officer Bear. It was officer Bear who tried to make my rosebud tattoos fly like an eagle. Nonetheless, the fact remained that the suspect was wearing a jacket. However, by analyzing the evidence as to whether the store clerk saw the tattoo when the man walked in the store or during the fight, the jacket was not collected as evidence. The store clerk said gave the jacket to officer Bear, but the officer said there was no jacket. Someone was lying!

Therefore, the flying tattoo theory failed and I broke the arresting officer down like an old carnival tent. There was only one witness that I could not break and that was the homicide detective. He was polished and I could tell he found my wits challenging. His testimony was all about the traffic stop, in which I was driving the stolen vehicle. In his testimony, there was something very important that I completely missed.

I posed the question about the items that was thrown from the vehicle right before the stop. I asked if he collected those items and, what were they? He smiled, and went on to say that he did
The prosecutor's first witness was the owner of the vehicle I was driving. He was Egyptian and he was a car salesman. The vehicle was left running with the keys in the ignition at his brother's car lot. The car lot was smack dead in a known drug area. The vehicle had been mission five days when I was spotted driving it.

The Egyptian witness went on to say that, he also left five thousand dollars worth of his wife's jewelry in the front seat of the vehicle. Yeah right! I felt for the man, because his vehicle got stolen, but why did he have to put a "dub" on it. My questions to him were simple and easy. Although, I did ask him had he ever seen the female passenger before (Phantom Woman); he replied that he had seen her once before. This question was asked because he said that he saw some people hanging out at a beauty shop next door. Correct me if I'm wrong; but the obvious thing to do in that situation, is to secure your vehicle, especially if it had five thousand dollars worth of jewelry in it.

My cross examination went well, but I couldn't lean too hard on - even though I felt like he was a crook. The store clerk was up next, and I knew the prosecution would try to prep him better. He had already made a fool out of himself by making things up - now he had to stick by his words. The prosecutor open his direct examination and set the stage, as to what had occurred that night. I sat patiently taking notes; now the witness was saying that he did not know for sure where the tattoo was located on me.

The prosecutor then tried to lead the witness to the possibility that tattoo was located on my forearm. I had photographs taken of my upper arms, also of my legs, at the calve area. I turned the photos over to the prosecution as discovery evidence. The prosecutor had the suspicion that I had a tattoo of an
I was then taken to my prospective trial court. I announced that I was ready to proceed; the prosecution announced ready and it was “on.” The trial judge was a former prosecutor, and he stressed that he had a zero tolerance for pro per antics. Pro per inmates are known for outrageous behavior in the courtroom.

The judge re-set my bail at a million dollars; I pled not guilty to all of the allegations, and expressed my will to proceed in pro per. My investigator was present, and Coach – my stand-by attorney was present also. A panel of fifty prospective jurors was administered the oath, after the judge went over all of the motions I filed; it was all happening, just like that! The judge recessed until the next day, where the voir dire process would begin.

Voir dire is a French phrase that means “to speak the truth.” It is the process by which prospective jurors are questioned to see if there is cause to remove them from the jury. Many seasoned attorney’s fear this process, because getting a good jury can make or break a case. For those who haven’t served on a jury or been to trial, I can tell you that it the most patronizing experience that you can go through. Yeah, the court’s red carpet is rolled out for the jurors, but when there is a matter, they don’t want the jury to hear – their horns are up. So, while the judges, prosecutors, and defense attorneys are asking the public jurors to speak the truth – they are themselves hiding behind a cloak of deception. They pretend that they want the jurors there, but they don’t want the public involved at all.

It reminded me of the account given in the Bible, where Jesus spoke against the leaders of Israel; “woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you are like whitewashed tombs which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but inside are full of dead men’s bones and all uncleanness. Even so you also outwardly
The prosecutor then said he would like to come back in a week, because he wanted to run the deal by his supervisor. I agreed to come back, but little did I know, that I could have sealed the deal that day. I went back to the county jail feeling elated and victorious. That next week I went back to court, my investigator was the bearer of bad news, and the deal had been changed to eight years; for the vehicle and the theft.

The Trial

The eight years was too steep of a price to pay. Especially if they wanted me to admit to a crime, I did not commit; it wasn't going to happen! That day the courtroom was filled with people. The prosecutor offered the eight-year deal formally, and I declined the offer immediately. I filed several motions but I kept my cool, but inside I was devastated.

Just before my trial date, another significant thing happened; the homicide detective went on vacation. The detective was essential to the prosecutor's case and he was out of time to bring me to trial. Although the prosecutors are the most powerful players in the game of court, when your rights to a speedy trial are about to be violated, they are allowed to drop the charges and re-file them at the same time.

My investigator and I talked it over for about an hour. I could tell that he was trying to sway me to put off the statutory time (that is without waiving my rights to a speedy trial). My dilemma was, if I made the prosecutor re-file, I could lose momentum with the calendar judge that I had, and get a judge that was worst.

I told my investigator that I would let them know my decision when I entered the courtroom. I knew that my investigator
an estimate on some bodywork on the same car. I said, “cool,” then I hopped into his suburban. When I got in the vehicle he handed me some dope (crack) — I told him that I work for money, not crack. He said that he had to go pick up some money and I would get the money when he got back. I noticed that the back passenger window was out, but in the streets sometimes, it is best not to ask questions.

He took me around the corner and I could see the Toyota Camry in a small parking lot. When we got to the car, I saw that it is phantom woman in the driver’s seat. She was all “tore-up,” and out of control, bad news — no doubt. The Mexican guy leaves me with Phantom Woman, then he tells me that he would be back in about an hour. I already knew my identification was a lost cause; so I didn’t bother sweating her about that. She had wrecked the Camry apparently, because it had front-end damage on the right side and it did had a flat tire.

I opened the trunk to get the spare tire, and I notice a scroll. I unrolled it and saw that it was a depiction of Thoth and a pharaoh. In ancient Egypt, Thoth was the god of wisdom and writings; he was the scribe to the gods and also their messenger. Thoth had a record of all life activities and he matched them with the confessions of the dead, as they approached the scale of judgment. Little did I know; I was up for pre-judgment and a oneway ticket to the underworld.

I changed the tire and assessed the front-end damage, that job was too big for me. I didn’t have much to say to Phantom Woman, but she did offer me a drink — Absolute Vodka. We sat there drinking and smoking dope. A couple of hours went by and the guy never returned with the money. I got really impatient and I had a feeling that I got played — there was no money and no more
I got on the telephone immediately and called Coach. He was happy to hear from me and he told me that he was at my preliminary hearing. I thought back to the hearing and yes, he was the man I did not recognize sitting in the pews. He said, "The judge was the man I did not recognize sitting in the pews. He said, "The judge was not lying, you did a great job at your preliminary hearing – but don’t screw around man he said, because they will screw you in the end." He said that he would come and see me whenever he gets a chance, then we said our good-byes.

A stand-by attorney is appointed only to follow along with the major court dates; This is done in the event the pro per gets stuck and cannot continue in the trial, the stand-by attorney can take over. In other words, the show must go on!

In my arraignment, I requested ancillary funds in order to hire a private investigator, and time in order to meet with a P.I. I went back to the pro per module and chose an investigator from the state approved list. The private investigator would have the opportunity to interview witnesses, take pictures, and investigate the scene of the arrest.

The P.I. came out to see me and we connected right off the bat. As we were devising a strategy for the investigation, I noticed that Coach was also in the visiting room with a client. I turned towards him and he nodded – he soon made his way over to us. My P.I. was acquainted with Coach, because they had both been in the game for twenty plus years.

Coach reiterated that I did well at the preliminary hearing, but he warned me again about toying with the court. He said that he heard that I turned down a plea bargain and I told him that there were no good numbers on the table; and they wanted me to plea to the petty theft. He said he cannot officially bargain for me, but at
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got a report months later that the young brother’s eye was still closed and his hand was still wilting.

A day after they beat him, they beat another young brother half to death. The deputies had hog-tied this brother and beat him as they dragged him down two flights of stairs. Before that happen the deputies had been beating that guy all night; they finally through him in a cell with no mattress. Therefore, when I saw the nurse who was passing out medication I told the nurse that he should to check on the person. Sure enough, the paramedics was called to take the young brother to the hospital.

No one said it would be easy fighting my own case, but to live in a high stress environment while facing life in prison – gives a new meaning to the words “stress case.” I was acquitted before on another dumb case. I had a public defender then, and I hand to convince her of my actual innocence, without giving up the dummy who committed the crime. I also had to recall all I could about that case and how to present myself before the court. The main thing I had to do is maintain a certain amount of detachment to the case. I had to move with faith and grace; I had to let the higher me plead my case.
The Pro Per Module

The pro per module is the cellblock where all the self-represented inmates are held. I thought at first that the module would be full of men studying the law quietly. The pro per module holds some of the feistiest men in the county jail. Men who are full of vigor and zeal. Men who want to fight back - who are not afraid to go out swinging; also men who have no other choice. Approximately, eighty percent of the module were African American.

However, most of the men were looking for a better plea bargain deal; opposed to going to trial alone and getting washed up. They knew sooner or later the court will get tired of all the frivolous motions that would tie up the court's time; but then there are those who file bonafide motions that the court has to recognize and respect. Among the pro per inmates who knew the law was the O.G.s from downtown L.A., they knew all about the Fourth Amendment right. They knew that the police has to have probable cause to search a citizen. You see, the police love to use the line that the person was in a known drug area. Well hell, what if half the city is known for drugs? That's not how probable cause should work - it's prejudicial.

In the proper module, everyone was in solitary confinement, but as I mention before, we could communicated through the bars. There was a brother who reminded me of Miles Davis because he would play a handcrafted newspaper horn. He would play the horn all day, hence, the handle "D.J. All-Day" was most fitting. This character would take request for easy-listening type music. His two favorites were "In The Air Tonight" by Phil
five pair of camouflage pants and he responded, “No.” I then reminded him that it was reported to the police officer five pair of pants.

Then it just got more ridiculous — I asked how tall did he said the person was; He said five-ten. I reminded him that he told the officer that the man was only five-six. I asked him how much he would say the person weighed. He said that the person weighed 160 — but the report reflected “180.”

Really! I can’t just make this stuff up. So I asked did the man have any marks or tattoos, and he lit up like a Christmas tree and said, “yes.” I asked what kind of tattoo was it, and he said it was an eagle style. I asked, “the location of it was where,” and he answered that it was on the right arm. As I raised the right sleeve of my jail shirt I asked him was it on the bicep or higher. He said that it was on the bicep muscle itself. Now, I just showed this fool my whole arm and I had no tattoos on either arm; you would think that he would catch on; that obviously I was the wrong man — “Nope,” he didn’t.

I asked him when he saw the tattoo and he said that when the person first walked in he noticed the tattoo. I said, “Excuse me, did you say he had on a jacket”? Backpedaling, he said, “No, hold on, now that I remember he was wearing the shorts, and when I saw him it was on the leg. I’m sorry, Yeah, now I remember.” So I hit with, “Do you remember telling the officer that the man had on a pair jeans. He said, “No,” but he started stuttering again, and then he started to ramble about old sneakers.

The damage was done, nevertheless, I continued to question him on some other minor discrepancies, and then I established the fact that they held evidence overnight. I also established that two days after the night of the theft, the store-clerk
right hand. I also looked out to see if I knew anyone in the pews -- there was only one man, seated a couple rows back.

The judge open court and announce the matter. He asked if both parties were ready, and we both replied, "yes." As the judge asked the prosecutor to call her first witness, I immediately call for a motion to exclude. What that means is that if any other witnesses is in court, they must vacate the courtroom; that way, the witnesses won't be able to listen to on-going testimony and know how the evidence is developing. It was a little something I learned from the prior packet that the prosecution served me. I particularly wanted the arresting detective out of the courtroom, but it was blocked by detective out of the courtroom, but it was blocked by designating the detective as an investigating officer.

The store clerk raise his right hand and swore that his testimony shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth -- so help him God. He took a seat and stated his name for the record -- which may have been the only truth in his testimony. The lies spewed from his mouth like hot lava from a volcano. It was a hot bed of lies that I refused to sleep on.

I'm embarrassed as hell to repeat his accusations, but it is part of the story as to why I was facing the rest of my life in prison. On direct examination by the prosecutor, the witness testified that a black man stole a couple pair of pants from his place of employment. When asked if he recognized anyone the courtroom from that night, of course he pointed at me.

According to the witness the man walked into the store looking suspicious, so he kept an eye on him. He testified that although he was attending to another customer, he stated that he told another employee to keep an eye on the man. He testified that the man started to run with the pants and the other employee called
My next court date I was standing on my – only I had to remain seated and chained. The attorney file only consisted of the felony complaint and the police report. I officially invoked my Raretta right; that’s the name of the landmark case that guarantees the right to defend yourself in court without a lawyer.

In reality, no one has the right to tell a defendant that he/she cannot speak on his or her own behalf. It is the defendant’s life on the line, and if he/she is competent to stand trial, then he/she should be able to speak. But when someone is represented by an attorney, he/she loses his/her rights to speak in court. By not knowing the law and not being able to speak the language of the court, the defendant is already declared incompetent.

I was given copies of my so-called two prior serious felonies; it was the court reporter’s transcripts which was part of discovery that had to be disclosed. It was given to me in malice to strike terror in me, so I would give up my pursuit to fight my own case. I used what was meant for evil, and made it good.

The prior-strike packet had the reporter’s transcript of the preliminary hearings of those two cases. So I studied the transcripts to learn certain line of questioning and motions. I had no paper and only a stub of a pencil, so I wrote my questions on the back of the police report. I was finally moved into the proper cellblock three days before my preliminary hearing.

The cellblock was dank and dark, each man was locked up in an isolated cell which was so small that I could literally touch the cell walls by spreading out my arms. In Los Angeles county jail the per inmates are kept in the hole – the same place that inmates under disciplinary action are kept.

Once I was placed there, I quickly learned voice identification. Only inmates that are in your group section (about
In 2007, I found myself in a do or die jam, as I was facing the rest of my life in prison. In Pro Per is my account of trial without an attorney. Of course, going into it, I did not expect a heads-up fade (a one-on-one); as the title bout did state, “William Petty vs. The People of the State of California.”

The charges were robber, petty theft, and driving or taking a vehicle without owner’s consent. According to the deputy public defender that I had, my charges added up to forty-five years, that would be doubled up to ninety and an extra five years for prison priors; for a total of ninety-five years to life. I said calmly, “You lost me with the extra five years; where does five years come from?”

Well maybe he didn’t get my sarcasm, but I asked him relinquish the attorney file and I conveyed that I could manage without the help of an insider. Don’t get me wrong there are those in the Public Defender’s office who do their best, but they are outgunned and under-funded. The District attorney’s office is better funded and they have better resources; also, they are highly favored by the courts. Of course they are, that’s why they are called, “The People.” Who can stand against “The People”?

I was given the attorney file and was standing alone, but I was standing on my own two feet. I was in full control of my destiny – I was in a zone on my own, but that does carry a grave responsibility. It is said, “ignorance is no excuse for not knowing the law;” it is also said, “ignorance is bliss.” The criminal justice system count on these oxymora holding true; as long as people are in the bliss of ignorance they can feed the systematic beast.
CHAPTER 5

IN PRO PER
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concerning the third strike, which the third felony must be serious or violent in order to be struck out. The law remains the same concerning the so-called second striker, who must do doubled the sentenced even on a non-serious/non-violent felony. A crime that is non-serious should not activate the second striker portion of the Three Strikes Law.

The reason why there are two versions of the law was to make it a double net that no one with a criminal past could escape. Penal code section 667(b)-(i) deals with the third strike as a habitual criminal. Penal Code section 1170.12(a)-(d) deals with not only the habitual criminal, but also the second striker and the manner of doubling up sentences. The Three Strikes Law in itself is a farce. California already had a habitual criminal law that dealt with violent offenders. A violent offender would be sentenced to five extra years for each violent prior conviction. The list of serious felonies is broad and sometimes ambiguous. Here’s the kicker; the list to define a serious felony wasn’t designed to be a multi-purpose list for the Three Strikes Law. The list was created to forbid the prosecution from making plea bargain deals with defendants who have those type of felonies in their background. The prosecutors have almost unlimited power and they make plea bargain deals all the time, especially when they can get a double up sentence out of the deal.

Time has come to call a ball, a ball, and a strike, a strike. The California Government lost face during the Rodney King riots in 1992, and to prevent another uprising they came up with the Three Strikes sentencing scheme. Why else would the United States Supreme Court uphold such a law? The one thing is known about Los Angeles and Oakland is that the Blacks in both cities are known worldwide for radical movement.
The doubled sentences have had such a staggering effect on a criminal defendant that it is like walking up to the plate and not swinging at the first two strikes. The defendant can only be saved by getting hit in the head by a wild pitch. You still get on base; you may have a concussion, and it hurts like hell, but at least you didn’t get struck out. Once a person has a backdated serious or violent felony, he/she is susceptible to life in prison. For example: although the law came into effect March of 1994, a person can have a strike in 1975 and a strike in 1988 and that same person could be out with his granddaughter, and someone becomes very disrespectful in her presence, in response to the disrespect an argument ensues, the other man swings and miss, then granddad cracks the man in his jaw; it shatters, granddad is now through with money (life as he knows it); because he caused Great Bodily Injury which is a serious felony. Now a product of the prison industrial complex, as a prisoner granddad will work the rest of his days on Earth because there’s no retirement age in prison. As a 13th amendment involuntary servant (slave), a prisoner works to increase revenue for the mechanical Bear. The prisoner is revenue for the Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation, as they receive funds for each prisoner in custody.

If the prisoner ever makes it out of prison, he/she will still have the mark of Cain upon the forehead. The 2nd Amendment no longer applies to him/her. The right to bear arms is forfeited for life. The matter of maintaining control over someone who may pose a threat to the regime in case of an uprising is crucial. Finding gainful employment as an ex-felon is another crucial matter to contend with, and without a decent job, the ex-felony is further alienated from society.
Angeles; it was also an embarrassment to California. Moreover, it was an embarrassment to the United States. The riots was an uprising of power and strength; although it lacked in organization, California was not ready for the reaction of the verdict. It said to the State, to the Country, and to the World that we will no longer accept a blatant injustice. Nonetheless, it also told the world that the U.S. didn’t have control over “their” Black population.

When I watched the London riots on T.V. in 2011, I saw us in them and I reflected on how the world may view it. A powerful country like the United States having a major problem with an uprising of African-Americans and other minorities together. The 1992 riots was more than just about one man being beaten. Young Black men had been complaining about police brutality for years; we finally had it on tape.

I have personally been beaten and brutalized by police officers and sheriff deputies numerous of times. I have personally witness others getting brutalized by law enforcement officers. I can say that when those four officers were acquitted it was like being beaten all over again, and the wounds were still fresh. When the verdict was read, it was such a shock to the consciousness of those who rioted that they just simultaneously walked out of their homes in disbelief. The slogan of the riots was, “No Justice, No Peace.”

After the riots in 1992, the first thing I noticed being played over the airwaves was a campaign for people to turn their guns. Several hip-hop and R&B stations were offering free concert tickets in return for guns. At all cost, the government wanted to get the looted guns off the streets. It had less to do with inner-city violence, but more to do with the major concern of an uprising against the government.
The three Strikes Law went into effect on March 12, 1994 as an emergency legislation. Meaning, no notice was given that the law was going into effect. The law went into effect without an enactment clause by what authority that the law was being enacted. This law does violate the 8th Amendment of the United States Constitution. It also violates the 5th Amendment, which prohibits double jeopardy. The 8th Amendment prohibits cruel and usual punishment, but again and again, the highest court in our nation has upheld the law. In actuality, it's not surprising, because in the past our highest court has upheld slavery, segregation, and voters suppression laws.

Our highest Court has upheld some unjust laws throughout the course of history. It's when we look back on the laws in times past that we are able to say how unfair the law really was. Therefore as history is being made concerning the mass incarceration of people of color, racial profiling, and voter suppression, we can predict the future and see how unjust our courts are in reality.

What gives a man the right to track down another man because of the color of his skin color, to then cause a confrontation that result in a young man's death? The Stand Your Ground law which was the underlying excuse that George Zimmerman used to justify killing the young black teenager – Trayvon Martin. The Stand Your Ground Law has sparked national debates about laws in the U.S.; racial profiling has always been a standard way of arresting, harassing and terrorizing the young black man.

California with its big bright lights, and with the rich and famous, from the beautiful beaches to the huge mountain and luxurious valleys has in all its glory a very shameful sub-culture of prisoners locked away enduring numerous levels of torture. The
strike portion of the law. This means that if a defendant has a prior serious or violent crime (albeit 5-10-20 years ago), he or she would subsequently have to do doubled the sentence. Also, he or she would only be eligible to receive 20% good time credit; and would not be eligible to earn any work time credit.

When people hear about a serious felony they may think of murder, rap, child molestation, or robbery. They misconstrue the word serious as a felony is supposed to be a serious crime; but, there are so many felonies that are really true misdemeanor in nature. You could lose your temper at work and threaten to whipped someone’s, “you know what,” and be charged with criminal threats, (a serious felony).

The Three Strikes Law really was not designed to strike out repeat offenders. The law was designed to strike so much fear in a criminal defendant that he/she would cut a deal with the Devil to prevent going to prison for life. The numbers do not lie, (32,956) prisoners are in prison with one or two strikes. California has more people behind bars doing doubled sentences, than most states has as a total prison population count.

Anyone who dares to defy faces a lifetime in prison.

Take the deal or face the firing squad”! This is why the starting pitchers of the California District Attorney offices hold the national title for no hitters. Then the Attorney General office will fight tooth and nail to keep a prisoner behind bars; as very few convictions get overturned on appeal.

The crowd who sings, “Take me out to the ball game,” are the juries who blindly convict people to life in prison. Over the course of time of the Three Strikes law, so many jurors had no idea that the defendant was facing life in prison, for such a petty crime.
out prison time. America's mandatory prison sentences had a crippling effect on African Americans and other minorities throughout the United States. The team out West as referred to in the prose is of course California. In particular, California's Three Strikes Law is widely recognized as the harshest sentencing law in the United States. This is the reason I refer to it as a team that prides itself as being the best.

The date of its inception is 1994 because the Three Strikes Law was brought in as emergency legislation on March 12, 1994. It then was a voters' initiative, and was approved on November 8, 1994. So you have two slightly different versions of this law. March 12, 1994 emergency legislation was set forth at Penal Code section 667(b) through (i); the November 8, 1994 voters' initiative was set forth at Penal Code Section 1170.12.

Why such an emergency? Why were two different versions of the law enacted? These questions and more will be addressed momentarily. I will address the meaning of the prose and cover some of the history of this draconian law, (minimal offense/heavy punishment). It must be understood that the law even baffles the establishment – as it defies logic.

It must also be understood that the business of trafficking human beings has always the thrived. With the power over another human being you the power to generate revenue in large amounts. Each of the 33 prisons in California must be maintained. The guard bars to the handcuffs and leg-irons must be purchased. The doors, windows, toilets, sinks, air-conditioners, and vehicles must be purchased and maintained.

Throughout the mid and late 1990s, there were prison expositions in convention centers all over the U.S. In the prison expos contractors and companies displayed their witty inventions
CHAPTER 4

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME
stealing precious time from myself. Although I never stooped so low as to steal material items from my family—yet I stole precious time from them. I stole a son from my mother; I stole a father from my daughter; I stole a brother from my sisters; and I stole a good man from my lady.

Many people have lost their families; many have lost their mines; and many have lost their lives, due to drug abuse. In between getting high, many people forget about their personal health—staying up for days at a time—where food is all but forgotten; where alcohol is turned into water; and cigarettes becomes their air. Many people finally quit abusing drugs, to find that they have an incurable disease. I know plenty of people who have successfully recovered from drug addiction, only to become addicted to something else. Some of the character defects were there long before the drug abuse. So, there must be a full overhaul of the mind to be truly successful in recovery.

One of the worst things an ex-drug addict can do is to become a drug dealer after they stop abusing drugs. That has to be the absolute worst thing a former drug abuser can do. That’s like being freed from slavery to then become a slave master. It is like having an incurable disease and spreading it purposely. There has to be a lot of bad karma attached to that. We may never find the diabolical mastermind who invented crack cocaine, cristal-meth, heroin, and all the fancy neo-control substances. But what we can do is to look in the mirror and ask ourselves, “what can I do to prevent the genocide of a young nation”?

I’m all for whatever can get a person to quit abusing drugs. I may disagree with some of the traditional methods of recovery, but whatever is necessary without harming someone else is appropriate. For some it may be a Twelve-step program, for others
stimulated brain can go through convulsions that could lead to an aneurysm.

There are other factors that should be considered when speaking about the sexual energy tied to the use of cocaine and other drugs. The most ancient spiritual texts of India – the Tantras speak of psychic centers known as “Chakras.” There is also an energy stream known as “Kundalini,” which goes through these psychic centers. Most teachings speak of six or seven centers – the seventh being the point of union to Universal Consciousness. The chakras are not actually in the physical body, but are located in our astral body, (part of our aura). The corresponding locations of the physical body for the chakras areas follows; base of the spine, genital organs, navel or solar plexus, heart, throat, between eyebrows, and head (top).

The first three chakras are in constant use by the average person, as they correspond with the basic survival mechanism. To reach higher states of consciousness through meditation, contemplation, prayer and other types of ecstatic behavior, the activation of the other chakras is necessary. The energy at the base of the spine (astral body) called the Kundalini, is a very potent force that rises when stimulated. It travels the path of the chakras.

I believe when a person smokes cocaine that force is unleashed, and gets stuck in the lower chakras area. Especially in the genital organs, which controls a person sexual appetite, and also stuck in the solar plexus area which controls the flight of fight survival needs. That’s why so many people on the drug experience intense fear.

The yogis and teachers of the Eastern tradition strongly advise against trying to stimulate the Kundalini force – unless you are under the direction of a guru. I bring this to awareness because
What happens when someone uses a drug like cocaine? The self-conscious mind goes numb, but it is not all together paralyzed. It is then drown out by sub-conscious mind – which becomes dominant. The mind is running wild like a stampede of restive horses. The big problem here is sub-conscious mind is like pop-ups on your computer screen. You have to choose to click on it or ignore it.

So, when the self-conscious mind is subdued and the pop-ups are coming so rampant, the unit called the body starts to act upon the thoughts without any inhibitions. This is the reason why someone who is cracked out can do something really crazy and be totally oblivious to how foolish it looks. After a three day crack binge that person could come home filthy and not seem to think nothing of it. Self-respect is lost because self-conscious mind has been compromised. It has taken a leave of absence for a glimpse of the lower self, and have a taste of its forbidden fruit.

Each individual person has negative energy within his or her being. The energy is caused by raw emotions such as – anger, grief, hatred, lust, and fear. The positive energies are – happiness, joy, love, creativity, and courage, (that of course is a short list). Most people who use a drug like cocaine experience the initial euphoria, but as the experiences become more frequent, the energies are released.

Some people have bad trips when under the influence of cocaine. For example, a person may think that they are in a room full of snakes, or bugs. During the whole time that they are under the influence, they will constantly brush themselves off franticly. These are people who will cower in a corner because they are seeing monsters, or they swear the police are after them, but the
it definitely had the partakers seeing their Gods, and putting them in a festive mood.

During the Middle Ages in Europe, the alchemist experimented in their secret laboratories to develop the elixir of life. Alchemy is the precursor to chemistry. Both have their roots in the ancient land of Kemet, better known as “Egypt.” Kemet Meant, “Black Land, and was home to Imhotep the true Father of medicine. Imhotep was multitalented, he was chief advisor to King Djoser, and the architect of the Step Pyramid of Djoser at Saqqara. Modern medicine honors him as the first physician know by name. A statue in his honor stands in the Hall of Immortals in the International college of Surgeons in Chicago.

The alchemist sought to change the composition of base metals into gold, with the same concept in mind they sought to change the composition of the body with an elixir. In other words, “A Fountain of Youth”. By breaking down components and mixing elements, the chemist searched for the philosopher stone to gain immortality. Modern day chemist owe their knowledge of the elements to the alchemist.

From chemistry stems pharmacology which is the science of drugs. Pharmacologist study the medicinal uses as the reactions and properties of one or more drugs. They have a pill for everything now days. The law of karma is every action causes a reaction. So, there are side effects with the use of drugs, but they have a pill for that too. It goes on and on until the body is totally out of balance, and the mind loses its natural ability to heal.

Human beings are shaded with three states of consciousness. There is the self-conscious that we are most aware of; it deals with inductive reasoning. Then we have the subconscious which is deductive and works to keep our bodies
they were on the battlefield. In the early 1990s methamphetamine reared its ugly head up in another form; cristal-meth made its debut in the Southland’s suburbs. Cristal-meth is a man-made stimulant that gives a similar effect as cocaine, but the high last longer, without the hard come down. It is the concentrated part of a batch of methamphetamine. It resembles tiny shards of glass, and it doesn’t take much to feel the effects. A little bit of cristal-meth goes a long way; it can be snorted, injected, ingested or smoked.

The reason why cristal methamphetamine became so popularize because it countered the extreme highs and lows of crack cocaine. The use of cristal-meth curtailed the crack cocaine flow to the suburban areas. Here’s the thing about cristal-meth, it is extremely bad for a person’s health; it literally rots away bone density, and a lot of people lose their teeth, it causes sleep deprivation, and also causes psychosis.

I mentioned cristal-meth because a lot of people have crossed over thinking that it is a superior drug – one must understand that going from one abusive relationship to the next only makes matters worst. In most drug recovery programs they talk about how the insanity of using drugs is doing the same thing over and over – expecting different results. Although that is not the definition of insanity, it is plausible to explain away the actions of a drug abuser in that way. Truly, someone who has never felt the feeling of extreme ecstasy would not understand.

Drugs have been used since time began. In the animal kingdom, we see animal eating certain plants when they are ill. Man, even in his primitive state knew which herbs were available to heal his body. In Africa the Shaman of the tribes knew which medicines to use for healing, and which one to use to take a special trip. The same things happened in the Native American tradition,
The law of cause and effect means that for every action, there is a reaction. In my life, I found that when I used cocaine I would have an allergic reaction. Yeah, I would breakout in handcuffs every time. Prison was a major side effect of my drug abuse. I went to prison at a tender age of eighteen; my crime was robbery.

I became a fool when I lost my sense of fear. When I say this, I actually had become accustom to the feeling of fear. But, I was not being courageous at all because it takes courage to say, “No.” Through my so-called fearless behavior, it landed me in prison for two years. Upon my release from prison, it was a much different world. Rock cocaine was everywhere. Young dope dealers hungry for territory and drunken with power sold their ready rocks on the street corners, and in rock houses throughout the Southland. It became a ticket to quick wealth, and a way out of poverty. However, it was a whirlwind of destruction that was caused by a hidden hand pulling strings. It is no big secret that government agencies had their hand in the distribution of large amounts of cocaine also.

The flood of cocaine was a designed plan that devastated the African-American community, and eventually spewed over into the white communities as well. By 1987, it was determined to be an epidemic because rock cocaine had spread all over the United States. Drug dealers were rushing to different states to sell their poison to the highest bidder. Although it was a lot of money involved with selling cocaine, I made a promise to my mother not to sell it. That was on promise that I was determine to keep. My mother used drugs, but she knew the ramifications of affecting others with such a disease.
the subconscious mind is considered the feminine aspect, and the self-conscious mind is known as the masculine aspect.

Anyone that has struggled with drug addiction, enters a relationship that eventually takes a turn for the worst. The poem was about smoking rock cocaine (crack), but it can be related to any addiction that rules over your life. My hat is off to those who has the ability to have just a one-night stand, opposed to having a long-standing relationship with drugs. In my case, it was better not to have known love at all.

For some people it is, "Unto Death Do Us Part," when they enter into an abusive relationship with crack cocaine. The victims are many, who enter the cracked door. Only to be stuck in a rock house, peering through the window like a stargazer, counting stars. It is like being led astray and bewitched by the harlot spoken about in the Proverbs. Well, I entered that house of mirrors long ago, and the labyrinth of my own mind; I ran into my reflection, but didn’t recognize the person that I saw.

I first became acquainted with cocaine in 1983. It was readily available, but it was still being sold in the powder form then. In the latter part of that year, I turned eighteen years old, and being young and invincible, I was super confident that nothing could ever take me down. I couldn’t have been more wrong – as I soon found out.

I was staying at a friend’s house at the time, because I wasn’t getting alone well at home. My friend and I were horse playing like always, but he was getting the best of me. I felt a little winded, so I went to the kitchen to get a drink of water. My friend’s mother was at a table with three other adults. I guess she thought I was curious as to what they were doing, she said, “I
THE LOVE AFFAIR

How can I sit in jail and joke?
Knowing I inhaled too much cocaine smoke
Every time I took one toke, it was no different
I always ended up broke

I didn’t have enough time for my family, and everything that
meant so much to me
I couldn’t give my woman the love that she deserved
I was only concerned about who curbed-served

I couldn’t work or keep a regular job;
Now I feel so bad, I could lay back and sob
Yeah, I gave my love to something else; because I was only
thinking of myself

I had a love affair with cocaine, and it just about drove me insane
Cocaine is a selfish little bitch, she even talked about getting
hitched

She is a big liar; she just want to get you higher and higher
When that Ass goes to jail, ole girl won’t be there to pay your bail
I found out that I wasn’t the only one stuck; looking like a fool,
tricking off my last buck.

She might even have you too; but I’m gonna tell you what you
should do; you better leave that crazy love affair, because the
selfish little bitch just don’t care

From housewives, to hookers, to millionaires; I’m going to tell you
to beware – because, it will have you where you can’t function;
The only thing it brings is
Death, Hardship, and Destruction.
Petty, Wm. J.

I was deep in love once. The love I had was so deep, and the desire I felt was so strong. It was always that way because when I first met her in 1983 I was instantly sprung on her; but, I didn’t see her much after that first encounter.

In 1993, I ran into her again, and boy, she took me on the ride of my life. I mean I was hooked on the feeling, because the sex was great. I wanted more and more of her, and I did not want anyone else to have her. I confessed my undying love to her, and that’s when things began to change. I knew that she was a cheater; nevertheless, I still tried to convince her to only be with me. When I couldn’t fine her, I searched for her although I knew she was with another. I started to neglect my immediate family; and I started missing work because I was so depressed.

Then I thought that – if I just had more money, she would come back to me. I began to steal and rob. She did come back for a while; but when I ran out of money, she ran out on me again. Eventually I got caught stealing and was sentenced to prison. It was only for a short period of time; but all I thought about was she. When I was released from prison, I looked her up.

This was the craziest relationship I had ever been in; the more I showed my love for her, the more I was being disrespected. My family had to turn away from me because I was so in love I would not listen to them. All I wanted was to be with her. I was obsessed, at times, I would find myself just sitting somewhere daydreaming about her. When I wasn’t with her, I longed for her; I just had to prove my love to get her back.

I went on another spree to get money to impress her. It was just my luck that I got caught up again; this time I ended up getting a lot more prison time. While I was doing prison time, I kept hearing rumors about all the people she was seeing. Men and
living in this country; but how can I consider it mine when it took
so long for my ancestors to be recognize as human beings.
However, I must do my part to make a change in this country, but
that can only happen when I make a change in myself.
There are people of all races having a hard time making two ends meet, but they maintain their integrity and keep their impulses in check. My hat is off to all those who struggle to pay bills and do not break the laws of this land to do so. I did not write this piece to make an excuse for myself, nor did I write it as a complete memoir; but I found it impossible not to expose myself in my exposé. The identity crisis in the African-American community is real indeed, but it can be somewhat rectified by a sincere effort on the government’s part. Since the U.S., government is in agreement about the social ills of slavery. Not only was the enslaved Africans taken captive, but they were stripped of their identity. The U.S. government should be willing to provide free DNA testing to Americans of enslaved African ancestry.

The DNA testing can be used in two ways; one way it can be used is to trace one’s true nationality. A common effort between the United States and the numerous countries on the coast of West Africa to find out the true origin of African-Americans, who wish to know. I would love to know from what tribe my ancestors were. I also want to know what language they spoke and what religion they practiced. The Second reason for the DNA testing is to know my American/European ancestry. If my DNA is from a slaveholder, who impregnated one of the slave women of his plantation, then I am entitled to part of the estate (if one exist). If I can trace my roots to the individual my roots to the individual slaveholder’s estate, then I should have a legal claim.

How will this help the id crisis? This will allow people like me to relate to having a true nationality. To be an American does not describe a nationality because the United States is a country filled with many different nationalities. Africa is not a nation; it is a continent with many nations. When a person from Africa is asked
mind. It has been said that the id is the pleasure principle; it also strives for pain. That part of the human psyche just wants stimuli it has no reasonable ability of its own; all it desires is experiences. When the id is unleashed, it will act upon whatever impulse that is dominate. If the predominate impulse is anger; it will act out in aggression and hate. If the predominate impulse is pleasure, it will act out in lust. The id must be kept on a tight rein or there will be complications.

I have yet to see a term that deals with the traumatizing effect of being a descendant of slaves. There are terms to address poverty and ethnicity in sociology, but I have not found a term for the psychological effects of slavery. Due to the fact that African-Americans have been disenfranchised and held back by the laws of this land a special psychological term should apply.

The Africans were brought over here and stripped of their names, religion, land, and dignity. We as a people have gone through several name changes such as: Negro, nigger, colored, black, African-American, and nigga. So, when we say African American are we classifying ourselves in a generic term to represent something as broad as a continent? I have never heard of a European-American or an Asian-American, or a South American-American. Black describes a color, and so does White, but at least they can break it down and say, I’m German, or I’m Irish. So, where am I from, really? The identity crisis causes the id crisis, and the id crisis cause antisocial behavior patterns. It can all lead to criminal behavior, which is disconnect between the self-conscious mind and the sub-conscious mind.

Due to disconnect between the id and the ego – I began to isolate myself from those who loved me. I found myself in a dream-like state of mind. The id had ascended in me and I went
fashion school I had premonition that the administrator was gaming me. The administrator was a little too anxious for me to sign the promissory note. As I held the check in my hand, I saw the apprehension in her eyes, but I signed the check over to the school. I later learned that the school had misrepresented themselves, and soon went out of business.

In 1984, I became very impatient, and I had given in to the stronger impulse to take from others. I wanted desperately to lead my family out of the gray area between poverty and the middle class. I wanted to fund my crew into stardom. I internalized my frustrations and my passion to succeed righteously was overthrown by my desire for ill-gotten gain. Through my interpretation of pertinent facts of U.S. history, coupled with the middle-class measuring rod applied to my family; I slowly slipped into antisocial behavior. The hostility that I felt inside was not directed to the middle class or society in general. My disdain was directed toward the super-elite which is why I took an indirect path that caused my family and me a lot of heartache.

In psychology the words psychopath, sociopath, and antisocial personality are often used interchangeably. I believe that the terms are degrees that are displayed in the individual. The psychopath being the highest degree which may cause a person to kill a whole family and then carry on his daily routine as if nothing happened. A sociopath may go out and prey on the elderly, scamming them out of their life savings, and think nothing of it. The antisocial personality is not the person who is withdrawn — that’s the introvert personality. The antisocial personality displays some type of aggression against society. Mind you, there are three distinct classes in American society. If a person shows his disdain
woman who delivered me into this world, she also provided for my sisters me and without fail. She was hard working and the kindest person I have ever known. I couldn’t help but think... why an honest, hardworking person like my mom couldn’t get ahead in life. I knew it wasn’t her fault. I saw the whole scheme of things as a designed plan to keep common folks in debt.

I saw that the creditor and debtor relationship was akin to that of the slaveholder and the slave. It is the sales pitch of the American Dream, that if you work hard and save your money you also can have a piece of the freedom pie. How is that possible with a history like that of the U.S.? So, you have people struggling to get into the middle class. The working class – that gray area, in which a person could then thumb their nose at the lower class. Well, it’s true; if there is a middle class, then there must be a lower class and a higher class. If you’re not flying first class, then you must be in need of a “coach,” because you’re second-class.

The class wars had been fought out in Europe and Asia. That’s why some people came to this country in the first place. The distinct classes are cleverly disguised in this country. It is forbidding by the U.S. Constitution to have any titles of nobility in America. If that is the case then why do we have a first, second, and third class? The Ideology of Karl Marx spoke avidly against capitalisms, and the upper class domination of all the wealth. Karl Marx originated the idea that crime was a product of capitalism. Friedrich Engels also expounded on the concept, that the criminal is a person who was demoralized by capitalism. The argument goes on to speak about the polarization of one group growing richer, while the other groups get poorer.

The concept of the “Have and the Have Not’s,” has been debated for centuries. In the U.S., almost everything works on the
school. I worked full-time for a local fast food restaurant, for a
whopping $3.75 an hour. I had my dreams set on bigger things – a
dream that was realized by many. I came up with an idea to
capitalize on the early hip-hop movement. I had a plan to produce
music and fuse fashion with it. I became a DJ, and formed a
production crew with a couple of friends of mine. This was
groundbreaking stuff, I'm talking early 1983. Who could have
known how big hip-hop would become?

I didn't want to get my life back on track; my mother began
urging me to get some counseling. I didn't want anyone to start
probing around upstairs, (in my brain). It was around that time that
my mother and stepfather decided to give their relationship another
try. One day, I was about five minutes late to pick my parents up at
the park-and-ride. They were coming from work and it was
drizzlling. When I picked them up, my stepfather was visibly upset.
I tried to explain that I didn't find a parking space, so I circled
around which seemed as though I was late. He wanted to go to a
friend's house to party so he was in the back seat fuming. I could
see his eyes in the rear view mirror – I could always tell when
there was an imminent threat. We both knew that "it" was going
happen; we declared war.

We were arguing back and forth; so, he demanded that I
stop the car, so we could handle it. I calmly stated, that we could
handle it when we go home. When we got home, he was the first
one out of the vehicle. He came around to the driver's side; and
while I was taking my jacket off, he threw a combination
(left/right) punch to my forehead. I looked at him and said to him,
"You screwed up," then I answered back with a fury of my own.
Apparently, he couldn't handle the heat, because he grabbed me
and put me in a headlock. I began to throw blows a little harder
kitchen table in the dark, eating a steak. He questioned me about my where I had been, but I gave no explanation. The movie theater closed at eleven; I lost an hour or two somewhere. How could I tell him about the freak I had just met? We didn’t talk for two whole days. When he finally questioned me again – I pled the fifth (oh, does that only work in court)? The next thing I knew, a tennis racket was headed straight to my rump, but I blocked it with my arm and it hurt like hell. I jumped up, but I didn’t want to try my fight game out like that, and I was sober.

No, that’s the one man I couldn’t try. The rest of the time with my father as a big drag. When I returned to California, I had missed hell week; the coach wouldn’t let me play football that year. I was very popular with the girls at my high school. It was my junior year and I thought I had it together. My grades were good and I enjoyed school for the first time in my life.

Both of my sisters were attending college in Orange County and there was a financial crisis brewing. My mother also thought that the current high school was bad for me, due to my sophomore performance. We consolidated households by moving to Fullerton, Ca. My friends took the move harder than I did. I knew that my mother was trying to make the best possible decision at the time. My new high school was predominately white; there were only five Blacks in the whole school at that time; I made the fifth. I was immediately asked if I played basketball; I responded to a staff member that I ran track for Pomona High School; the next thing I knew, a happy go lucky track coach appeared.

I joined their track team, which was all coach and limited talent. It was much different from where I came from; all talent, with limited coaching. The art teacher also took a big interest in my abilities to draw at the new school. I did a self-portrait using
security woman pulled up with her two partners in a red Camaro, and just before I could make it to the street, they caught me. It was the first time I felt the cold steel handcuffs on my wrist. They put me in the police vehicle, I soon found out that there wasn’t much room in the back seat. My whole body was cramping, and I felt like I was going to vomit. They took me back to the store and they called my mother. While I waited for the storm, they complimented me on how fast I ran.

All of the men who chased me were really pissed off when there was no purse involved; that would’ve been a great excuse to lynch me. No one was more pissed off than my mother was. I was in denial that she would show up – so I continued to pour on the charm. When my mother entered the doorway, there I was – just chatting it up with my captures about my sports options. It was a very long ride home. I was placed on punishment much longer than that ride home seemed.

My sophomore year, I played football, but I became more interested in track and field. I became very interested in marijuana as well. I met several teammates who also enjoyed smoking weed. My mother had separated from her husband, and I saw even less of her because of work. My grades started to decline; the grades were just enough to keep me participating in sports.

That summer I went to stay with my father. I thought he didn’t like me, so I didn’t like him either. I knew he loved me, but I just wished he liked me more. I found out that I was more like my mother. That kind of bothered me because she’s a really nice woman, so I set out to be “Nothing Nice.”
When Roots hit the television airwaves, my friends and I would have debates about what we would have done in the times of slavery. The most common viewpoint was of death, before dishonor. Especially for me because I was such a die-hard. My favorite Revolutionary War quote was, “Give Me liberty or give me death.” If that was my most sincere sentiment in life, then how is it possible that I have become a slave through mass incarceration?

I remember when “bagging” was the thing (joking about people and their families). I was never the type to pick at people, but one time a group of my friends were bagging and I decided to join in. I said something about one of my friend’s mom. He blasted back at me by saying, “when y’all was watching Root, yo step-daddy was beating you behind the couch.” Ouch, that hurt! I long before that, I had developed tough skin, so I took things in stride. I emerged myself in sports – I took was usually the fastest on all my teams. I found out how fast I was when I got chased at a mall in Montclair, Ca. I went to the mall with a couple of friends; we decided to steal the latest style of Nike tennis shoes.

My two friends were all talk and no action. I was more like an action figure (a big fool). After we walked through the department store – I could see that my friends were scared. I went into the storeroom and grabbed a box of Nikes then exited the building. I’m just standing in front of the entranceway holding the box of shoes in my hands. I looked back at my friends with a false sense of pride, but they in turn, looked with shock and awe when an unseen hand touched my shoulder. I turned to see a nice looking young blond lady; however, I would find out that she wasn’t nice at all. I then turned back to my friends – and their mouths just dropped to
In 1977, my mother married again – I knew she was tired and all – but she got married on a very short notice. The main motive for the marriage, was she needed help. My Grandmother was a true blessing, she would send me money directly on a monthly basis. My father was not sending anything financially for us; when we heard from him it was few and far between phone calls.

My mother married a white man which was a bold and courageous move in 1977. Although he as a nice guy he was not prepared to be married to a woman with three teenagers. Especially, since my sisters and I were hell-bent on sabotaging the relationship. Our plan soon wore off, because he a man after our hearts. It takes Different Strokes to move the world; and yes, I did feel like Todd Bridges – “what you talking bout Willis.”

I can’t lie; I did feel a little betrayed – not because he was white, but because I was used to being the only male in the household. When he would come to my baseball and football games, he would be the loudest person cheering. I would be embarrassed; but, at least I had someone to cheer for me.

I remember one incident in which I went to a drugstore with a couple of my friends; the intent was to hassle a new security guard. Little did we know that the security guard was armed and, dangerous? We knew that the store was losing money, due to recent thefts. We went into the store to pretend we were stealing (another bad idea). The plan was to throw a pair of my friend’s gym shoes back and forth between us, then run out of the store when we had the guard’s attention. Well, it sure worked; only I was the last person holding the shoes. The security guard, (was a white man), chased me until I was in my complex area. I knew the complex like the back of my hand; but, when I was about to get away I heard a
of the family and a pillar of the community. We always had a place to go when my mother was at work.

In 1974, I learned a lesson that I could not fully process. My younger sister and I planned a trip downtown to go a Woolworth store. Back then, it wasn’t uncommon for a ten and eight year old to travel short distances by bus. My sister brought up the idea that she was going to take a baby doll without paying for it. I thought that was the most ingenious idea I had ever heard – cool; I decided I would take a Hot Wheel (bad idea).

We went in the store and I grabbed two Hot Wheels. I looked at my sister and saw she had one ugly baby doll. When we got to the counter, she paid for the doll. Me, oh no, I stuck to the plan – I put one of the toy cars in my pocket and paid for the other. I played with the stolen car all the way home. It would be the last time I played with the toy. When we got home, my accomplice told our oldest sister and she in turn, told my mother. I had been spanked before and I had been whipped, but this time was an entirely different beast. I couldn’t give my sister up and say it was her idea, nor could I lie about what I did. The ass whooping said, that my mother worked too hard for me to be stealing; I also noticed the deep sense of disgrace in her being.

The deeper lesson was being led fight back down to the store, and having to face the people from whom I had stolen. My mother paid for the item, but I never played with it again. Had my personality not been so stubborn I would’ve learned from that mistake a lesson. My mother was trying to protect me from suffering in the future. Something about it didn’t set right inside me, how could a country that has taken so much – preach, don’t steal?” Was my mother unconsciously teaching me to eat apples straight out of the hidden hand?” I guess I didn’t believe that, “fat
Petty, Wm. J.

longer in effect, the area I lived in was completely Black. So, hearing songs like, "Say It Loud – I’m Black and I’m Proud," made perfect sense. I didn’t realize that James Brown was part of the movement to bring national pride to a people with no native country.

The newly desegregated South was not in a hurry to integrate. In 1971, I was on the first integrated bus in Forsyth County going to a school in a town called Kernersville. I was a five-year-old black boy who was being bused to an all-white school. There were other black kids on the bus, although there was no angry mob waiting for us, it was still frightening.

Although I always stood out in class, I was able to adapt to my new surroundings, (which was in contrast to what I was accustomed to). It was the elementary grades that I learned of the patriarchs of the United States. I learned how to “Pledge allegiance to the flag of the United State of America, and to the Republic for which it stands...." I was also taught about my ancestors who were enslaved by the very same patriarchs.

I perceived at a very early age that this country was not discovered – that is was actually taken from the indigenous people. I could not comprehend why, if the Blacks of this country were brutalized through slavery and isolated through the Jim Crow laws then why were we being treated like we committed the atrocities against humanity.

I also learned that the drafters of the Declaration of Independence stated, "all men are created equal...they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights... among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." How could the
would then spook the horses, making them run in opposite directions – thus splitting the African male in half.

From that point on, the African female would teach her young to obey the slave master. Just like a broken mare, will teach her colt how to eat apples right out of a human hand. Women are the early teachers, so they are the key to the development of a child with the rest of the African males in a state of paralysis, due to witnessing their leader being ripped apart; they are no longer a threat. But, there are those individuals, who are resilient- - who want to fight the power. These individuals, are those who are looking for the culprit who stole their identity, and are those who rebel against their mother’s teachings.

I spent the first ten years of my life in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. One of my earliest memories was a stubborn moment I had with a bowl of grits. My mother swore that I would sit at the table until I ate my grits. I was about three and a half years old. My mother kept walking back and forth from her bedroom to the kitchen, as she did her household cleaning. She kept telling me to eat my grits.

In my young but powerful little mind, I believed that I would get sick if I ate those grits. I knew in my mind that just one bite would make me sick. On hearing her voice calling out to me, I stuck my spoon the bowl of cold grits – the spoon stood straight up. My mother called out to me again, so I gave it a try – as soon as my lips touched the spoon, my whole body just went limp. I had to be rushed to the hospital to find out why I went limp. To this day, my mother still asks me, “what happened that day, what was wrong with you?” I can only respond, “I knew I would get sick, if I ate those grits!”
BLACK CAT II

THE ID CRISIS

Searching for my forefather's claim;
Tell me, my True Name, and Whence I came

The stolen legacy occurred to me;
Still, I strive to break free.

Free from the lies, and displaced hate;
Free from religion, to choose my own fate.

No matter how educated I may be;
My language still seems so foreign to me.

I search high and low for my identity;
In a land that continues to reject me.
repair our communities, or to start a business of choice. Why not? It’s offered to attract new citizen from other countries. There should be more government funds going to the inner-cities schools, and for creating vocations for the inner-city youth. Why not? Billions of American tax dollars are going overseas, to people we don’t know.

In this writing, I failed to mention the contribution of the abolitionist movement. They are white Americans who put their lives on the line to advocate against slavery. I’m very grateful that people like that existed then, and I’m grateful that people like that still exist today. There should be a common effort against mass incarceration of Black men and women as well as other minorities in this country.

The black Cat concept is one that occurred to me as a kid. Why was I trying to avoid the Black Cat? The reason why is because I was told if a Black Cat cross my path, I would have bad luck. Even as a kid, I knew that didn’t make sense. A Black Cat is just like any other house cat. I could see that the Black Cats were trying to stay clear of trouble.

Keep on pushing Black; Good has you back, and has a very special purpose for you. The same Force that has gotten Blacks through the living hell of slavery, Jim Crow laws, and all kinds of discrimination, will also give us the strength to defeat mass incarceration. The Souls of our Ancestors lives through our strong resolve “To Be Free.”
Movement. The non-violent approach had to be used, just to get the rights we have today. If this country was founded on freedom, why did it take so long to free the people of African descent? If the answer is “yes” this country was founded on freedom, then why is there so many African Americans in prison, today? Why do we have such a problem with mass incarceration? Mass incarceration is the mass castration of the Black man America.

As long as Black men remain in prison, the population of African Americans will remain at a low level. Another reason for the mass incarceration is that under the thirteenth Amendment, Slavery is still legal as a punishment for a crime. Then, once a person commits a felony in this country, he or she can never legally possess a firearm. That person can never exercise their Second Amendment right to bear arms. Also, in the advent of a revolution or civil unrest, most of young strong Black men are locked away, therefore, accounted for.

The myths about the American Black man must be dispelled, and the superstitions must give way to the truth. Giving the history of this country – how it was obtained and founded, how the Native Americans were made to till the land, and also killed, how the Africans got here, and how it took hundreds of years just to be treated like a human being. Just to have the basic rights that are afforded today came as the result of all the marching, boycotting, and advocating from the Civil Rights Movement. So, how did the Black man end up with the bad rap?

Black men were called lazy, but Black men did the work that no one else could do. After being stripped of their names, religion, country, family, pride, and freedom – Blacks were called ignorant,
When the Slaves began to run away, it further damaged the system of producing goods, and almost completely ruined the economy in the South. That year, 1863, was the turning point of the war.

In April 1865, the confederate general Robert E. Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House in Virginia, which ending the war. The plan that Lincoln had for the “Reconstruction” of the South was the very reason he got assassinated. Regiments of Union troops remained in the South to ensure that the former slaves got a fair shake on their newfound freedom.

The promise of forty acres and a mule was part of a negotiated deal for some of the confiscated land. The remaining Union troops were the law at that time; they were presumed to be there to make sure of a smooth transition in rebuilding the South. The Southern Blacks were involved with politics, and represented eighty percent of the Republican vote, imagine that, in State and Federal Government. African Americans began to serve in government from 1869 to 1876; twenty African Americans were elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, and two served in the U.S. Senate.

A secret society arose in the shallows of night, the reign of terror began with a group we know as the Ku Klux Klan. By using force and terror, they strove to prevent Blacks from bearing arms, and of the right to vote. They also strove to keep the Southern Blacks from being educated, and progressing economically; these acts of force and terror was done through lynching, castrating, shooting and pistol whipping, and the KKK burned homes, churches and schools. Approximately 5,000 Blacks were murdered in the South between 1865 and 1866, this number does not include the ones who were seriously injured.
the newly drafted "Declaration of Independence". The part where it states, "All men are created equal." Really! How long would it take for the African Americans to be treated according to that bold statement?

The North was willing to work the Africans into some form of citizenship, and let go of slavery. But, the south was not having it! The super-rich elite had too much interest in the production of cotton – especially after Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin in 1793. The cotton gin separated the cottonseed from the cotton. This increased the volume of cotton, but it created a greater need for slaves. Now, since the Trans-Atlantic slave trade was abolished in 1808, there was a massive migration of slaves in the U.S.

The migration was centered from the upper South: North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia, and Tennessee. The slaves were transported to Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Texas. Slave families were torn apart, and there began mass breeding to produce more slaves. The Southerners proclaimed that, "Cotton is King," meaning the production of cotton ran the country.

The expansion of the country under the Louisiana Purchase, brought serious debate over slavery being expanded to the new territories. The name of the debate is known as the Missouri Compromise. The North and South came to an agreement – that being, Missouri would be a slave-holding state, and Maine would be a free state, but this was all about votes and not about the slaves.

The argument kept arising over the new territories, which included California, New Mexico, Nevada, Colorado, and Utah. Again, the issue of the expansion of slavery had more to do with
It was the Portuguese who kicked off the transatlantic slave trade. The colonization of Brazil in the sixteenth century brought the great need for labor. The Portuguese monopolized the slave trade in the sixteenth century between 1551 and 1575. The Portuguese delivered more slaves to Brazil than ever would reach North America.

Seventy percent of African slaves that the Portuguese shipped came from the two ports in Angola – Luanda and Benguela. By 1828, they were shipping over 30,000 slaves a year. Before it all ended, the Portuguese had shipped over four million slaves to Brazil. That’s why until this day there are more Blacks in South America, than in North America.

The Dutch were on the heels of the Portuguese in the early seventeenth century. They sent their ships to the East Indian Islands – they founded the East India Company in 1602. By 1650 the Dutch West India Company had successfully intruded on the Spanish territory in America – they gained control of much of the African and American trade. The Dutch East and West Company started out as a commercial company – but soon began to exploit East Asia, Latin America, and Africa.

In 1619, the first Africans arrived in the English settlement of Jamestown, Virginia. The Dutch traded twenty Africans for a much needed food supply. The Africans became indentured servants, who could finish their contracts and become settlers. Africans at that time could have somewhat freedom to have property, vote, and testify in court.
committed no crime to be placed in prison. I was accused of the
crime of assault with a deadly weapon.

In that case, extreme pressure was placed on me to take a four-
year prison deal, which I did accept with deep regret. Due to the
circumstances of the case, it was clear that I committed no crime,
but the court system doesn't work that way. Well, at least not for a
Black man.

I knew that I would miss my only daughter's high school
graduation, and so much more of her crucial years. My California
family was in a financial crisis, and I knew I failed them also.
Being in prison at that time, was the hardest thing I had ever
experienced. I did not think I would make it - translation, I had
lost my desire to live. It was writing that kept me alive - It was
writing that kept me from harming others.

The Spanish had taken possession of the West Indies -
colonizing Puerto Rico in 1508, Jamaica in 1509, and Cuba in
1511. The West Indies produced dyewood, cotton, and spices - but
they were the largest producers of sugar and molasses in the world.
As the demand for sugar grew, so did the demand for slaves. The
ships from Africa just kept coming and coming.

The Middle Passage was the brutal journey across the Atlantic
Ocean to the Americas. The enslaved Africans were nothing more
than cargo to the European merchants. The slaves were placed in
the cargo holds, bound by iron shackles around their necks and
legs. Chained to a shelf - with only about a 25-inch clearance to sit
up.

Most of the captives had never been on a ship before. From
what I hear about being out to sea, it's a whole different world just
ten miles out. Most people experience motion sickness quickly,
In the name of Christianity, the European countries went forth to save the souls of the indigenous people of the world. They called these people savages, but it was the so-called civilized people who brutalized and showed their barbarous ways.

Hernando Cortes landed at Vera Cruz in February 1519, and all hell broke loose. In November of that year, he made his way to Tenochtitlan (Mexico City), and soon after, Montezuma II was under siege. How did a strong people like the Aztecs succumb to such an invasion so easily?

The Aztecs had been waiting for Quetzalcoatl, a savior god, which died and suppose to resurrect. When the Spaniards arrived a series of natural phenomena occurred, (strange men riding on wild beast -- coming across many waters), that really freaked the Aztecs out. There were a series of battles, and Cortes used neighboring tribes to ally with him. He also had a weapon of mass destruction, the cannon.

Some historians maintain that when Columbus landed at Hispaniola in 1492, the population was roughly 100,000; in 1570, only 300 people were left. The native population of Peru had fallen from about 1.3 million in 1570 to 600,000 in 1620. Central Mexico had about 25 million people in 1519 and the population fell to 1 million by 1605. These numbers are staggering, and if half of the projections are true, then the blood thirsty – money hungry – land coveting European are guilty of multiple crimes against humanity; mainly genocide.

Many scholars offer a simple psychological explanation for the massive death rate of the native Central American — "they lost the will to survive." This is an absurd analysis, as ill-treatment...
I can see how the black cat served as a miniature Black Man, which was worshipped as the personification of evil. The Islamic science and technology were much more advanced at the time of this occupation. Therefore, what the Moroccans were creating and using in a scientific way, seemed like magic to the Europeans at the time.

The infamous Knights Templar who patterned their Order after the Eastern Ismailia built their order from just nine knights in the early twelfth century, to be one of the most powerful organizations in Europe. However, they had a financial stronghold on France, so King Phillip brought accusations against the Templars. One of the accusations was that the Templars worshipped the Devil in the form of a black cat.

We see that the superstitions about the Black Cat runs deep. Superstitions are beliefs that gets lost in a masquerade of fear through ignorance. Speaking of masquerade, the root word is Maskhara. There were also tales of a sect in Persia called Maskhara. The participants of the sect would also dance madly to induce ecstasy, which would allow them to tap into a higher consciousness. The word Maskhara gave birth to the word masquerade, because their members would blacken their faces or wear animal masks to pretend that they were supernatural creatures.

The word Maskhara was further preserved in English as the face-blackening compound better known as “mascara.” I know the ancient Egyptians also wore makeup for several reasons other than to beautify. The ritual of blackening the face (the Black Man) was easily misconstrued by the Church as being devil worshipping. The meaning of the ritual was that death is followed by a resurrection.
a person because the color of their skin is common among all people.

The Black cat has been associated with witchcraft and different forms of devil worshipping. The word "black" has been associated with evil, wickedness, and filth. The word "white" has been associated with purity, goodness, and cleanliness. In the age of colorblindness and political correctness a lot of the recent dictionaries have slightly change their descriptions of these two words.

Even when we look at the meaning of the words light and dark, the definitions indicates that light is the source of knowledge and everything right; opposed to dark which indicates ignorance and everything wrong. Modern science has found that everything has emerged from the darkness, even the light. However, in recent years scientists have been studying the vastness of dark matter and have found that the universe consist mostly of it. Dark matter is physical objects or particles that emit little or no detectable radiation of their own.

To overcome superstitions and defeat prejudices; one must realize that the melanin in people of African descent retains more sunlight. There is no shortage of light in Africa; they are the people of the sun. Maybe, that's why exploration wasn't first on the "Things to do list" in Sub-Saharan Africa. In the northern European countries, (where climates were colder, and where there was less light), there was a greater need to explore.

I'm speaking from the basis of climate and vegetation, which both have a lot to do with the mindset of human beings. That is not meant to discount exploration; it's just that I have a problem with the exploitation.
BLACK CAT I

Misunderstood, Black Cat on the run;
The burden on his shoulders weighs a ton.

Looking deeper, he has it worst;
Ridiculed from birth, so he is cursed.

On his ninth life, so far from home;
On the streets, so he roamed.

Eight times, he suffered defeat;
That’s eight times he landed on his feet.

Black Cat, who’s fate is to lose;
Confused, because he is falsely accused.

Don’t give up, because you’re under attack;
Keep on moving Black, God has your back.

Your ninth life will be the best;
Then in the afterlife, you will rest.
Psychologically it, (being incarcerated), can be as devastating as a child in a big department store who suddenly realizes that he is separated from his parent. The prison experience often times causes Post Traumatic Stress Disorder that is not recognized by healthcare professionals.

A parent group of concerned citizens is what is needed to rebuild society as a whole. Society cannot be considered whole with a hidden and disgraceful sub-society locked away. Globally there are about 10 million people incarcerated, but roughly, three million are locked away in prisons throughout the United States, that's not a good representation of a so-called free country.

The parent group would be dedicated to receiving the newborn men and women, who will be rebirthed back into society. The road toward positive citizenship can be very long for some standing alone. With the assistance of a receiving family, (composed of positive people), the transition back into society could do wonders to repair the damaged ego of a released prisoner.

"The Will to Be Free" is a concept of the true desire to be free. Freedom is first a mindset; as the saying goes, "Free your mind and your ass will follow."
also had advisors who would suggest the best ways to rule their subjects and their enemies. In western society, Machiavelli was one such advisor. Machiavelli taught and advised the Prince of France on how to rule his subjects and how to subdue his enemies. Machiavelli’s approach was elaborately cunning and deceitful, actually, down right immoral. Yet, still today, a high Machiavellian score gives a fortune 500 company the incentive to hire a new C.E.O. (one who is shrewd and callous).

This concept just mentioned was brought to mind due to the dialectic approach that has been perpetuated upon African American’s in the last past 30 years. I say 30 years because it has been a dragged net over the African American community since about 1983. Even before 1983 the so-called “war on drugs” had begun; A.K.A the war on Blacks. The year of 1983 marks a new era, the year that crack cocaine reared its head up in America’s urban areas.

Isn’t it ironic that it was the same year that one of American’s favorite gangster movies made its debut? It was 1983 that the movie “Scarface” hit the big screen. Many African American young men saw it and related to the rags to riches story.

In social science the “Hegelian” process is applied in the stages of thesis-antithesis-synthesis, in accordance with the laws of dialectical materialism, in other words more simply put; Problem-Reaction-Solution. Again, this method is just on way to achieve the desired results. When you cause the problem, you can create a certain reaction from a person of group of people. After you get the reaction, then you can provide the premeditated solution to achieve the desired results.
When I wrote "The Will to Be Free" as a prose, I had the unbalanced demographics of the prison population in mind. The thought occurred to me about our ancestors, and what they had to endure. Now, almost without a second thought African Americans are still being enslaved in another form. African Americans make up roughly 13 percent of the percent of the United States population, but they are 40 percent of United States prison population.

Is there a mastermind conspiracy to incarcerate Black American men and women at such a disproportionate rate? Or has Black America fallen short on their own accord, by their own demise? These questions must be asked, or can we continue to ignore such vital statistics?

We know that a change has occurred within this country, as, of course we wouldn't have a President of African descent. White America is being pushed into a minority at a fast pace with the current Hispanic population on the rise. Statistics says by 2024, white Americans will be the minority in the United States. Change is a national process that will occur with or without or help. Truly, change is the only thing guaranteed in this world. From the cradle to the grave, we are constantly changing. To adapt to change is what separates the pure from the impure, the strong from the weak.

If anyone can adapt to any circumstances, it would be an African American; we know the African Americans have suffered great affliction and still have overcome to beat the odds. What is lying underneath the need to destroy the African American? What type of silent warfare is being perpetuated, so that it is seemly carried out by African Americans? There is a cause and effect to
INTRODUCTION

The Will To Be Free
the words California Republic. This action became known as the
"Bear Flag Revolt."

The Bear Flag Revolt was a short-lived revolution, ending on
July 9, 1846. California was founded in revolution to someone
else's established government. This is why I chose "The
Mechanical Bear" as the subtitle of my book. The Bear is hungry
and the food it needs is the labor of men.

Each chapter of my book starts with a poem that I created,
which is backed with the subject matter carefully analyzed to make
up my narrative. The book is a compilation of poetry, essays, and
memoirs. There is no real chronological order, but I did arrange
my book to make the reader feel some sense of order. Some
readers will know how difficult it is to create such a work while in
prison, as I do not have the ideal writing conditions. The resources
in prison are very limited, and there is constant pressure from the
prison staff to try to make a prisoner feel worthless.

Under my current sentence, I made it my duty to educate as
many people as possible to counteract the misinformation that's
out there about "The Bear." I am a very private individual, but
my privacy must give way to the preservation of the people,
besides, there is no such thing as privacy in prison.
PREFACE

It brings me great pleasure and pain to present this body of work about the mass incarceration crisis in California and throughout the United States of America. It is a pleasure to expose a broken prison system. Yet, it is painful at the same time, as I have personally experienced the shame, guilt and the humiliation of being in prison many times over. However, to bring awareness to the situation at hand, is to shine a light in a dark, dank, and dirty room.

I first intended to write about the inadequate medical and mental health services that are caused by severely overcrowded prisons. I mentioned my intentions to a fellow prisoner back in 2010. He asked me if I had read a book called, The New Jim Crow, by Michelle Alexander. He suggested that I read it to get a feel on the movement against mass incarceration that is already in progress.

It would be another three years before I had the opportunity to read The New Jim Crow. My hat is off to Ms. Alexander and all the others who advocate against the mass incarceration of African-Americans and other minorities across the United States. I am an American of African descent and I know firsthand about the effects of being imprisoned.

The first part of the entitled book is “The Will to Be Free.” which is a poem I produced in 2012. I had been writing poetry for a number of years, but I really didn’t know what I wanted to do with my work. Good poetry is therapeutic to the writer, but what makes a poem great is to share the meaning with others.

I was challenged by another prisoner to write an essay on any topic. I chose to expound upon the poem, “The Will to Be Free.” Although that prisoner seemed unimpressed by my work at the
THE WILL TO BE FREE

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