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## CONSEQUENCES of APATHY

NONFICTION, BY

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CONSEQUENCES OF APATHY BEGINS WITH A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A TRIPLE PRISON MURDER AS TOLD TO ME BY ITS PERPETRATOR, WHO WAS A FRIEND OF MINE. NEXT IS A TRUE ACCOUNT OF 350 CAPTIVE LIVES LOST IN A HORRIFIC PRISON FIRE. THE THIRD ESSAY IS NON-FICTION ON HOW EXPERT TESTIMONY SELLS FLAGRANT FRAUD AS "SCIENCE" TO GULLIBLE, IGNORANT, EAGER-BELIEVER JURORS. "SECRET COP SECRETS" REVEALS THE FACTS LEFT UNTOLD BY THE MEDIA ACCOUNTS OF THE TWELVE SECRET SERVICEMEN CAUGHT WHORING IN COLUMBIA PRIOR TO OBAMA'S VISIT. "WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO FEAR?" EXAMINES HOW AND WHY JAILS CHOKE OFF MAIL TO AND FROM THEIR CONVICTION TARGETS. "RUNNING AWAY FROM JUSTICE"

EXPOSES THE MACHINERY OF EXPLOITATION OF CAPTIVES AND THEIR FAMILIES BY THE GOV'T AND CORPORATE PRISON GUARDS. "POLITICAL DEVIATES" IS AN AMUSING POEM. "INCOMPETENT COPS" DETAILS HOW THE COP, LAWYER AND MEDIA SYSTEMS CONSISTENTLY, CATASTROPHICALLY FAIL TIME AFTER TIME AND MANAGE TO ELUDE REPAIR. "WHAT THE HELL?!" ATTEMPTS TO ENTERTAIN AND EDUCATE ABOUT MISTAKEN AND MANIPULATED PERCEPTION. "TORTURE INC." EXPOSES CASUAL CORPORATE CAPTIVE ABUSE AND SOCIAL ENGINEERING. "NOT YOUR FRIEND" EXPLORES THE DANGERS OF COMPLAINING TO COPS ABOUT COPS, AND HOW TO AVOID BEING TARGETED FOR RETALIATION. "NEW, BRAVE WORLDS" IS A GLIMPSE OF OUR DYSTOPIAN FUTURE; VERY ENTERTAINING. BOTH "DREAMING" ESSAYS ARE ON SURVIVING CAGE LIFE. "FORGET ABOUT IT" REVISITS PRISON GUARD THEFT RINGS. "PROMISES" EXPLAINS PLEA "BARGAINS." "COURAGE" EXAMINES THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIOLOGY WITH COMMUNICATIONS AND HOW PROGRESS CAN OVERCOME PROPAGANDA, IF EDUCATION IS PRESERVED IN THE ELECTORATE. "RUNNING AWAY" IS A FICTIONALIZED ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE OF A FRIEND OF MINE FROM BOOT CAMP. "CAPTIVE'S GUIDE" AND "HEALTH DESPITE PRISON" TEACH SURVIVAL. MY AIM WITH "CONSEQUENCES..." IS TO TEACH AND ENTERTAIN. I HOPE I HAVE SUCCEEDED AT BOTH. *James Bauhaus*

PRISON MURDERS

OKLAHOMA'S SHITTIEST PRISON IS IN MCALESTER. IT IS THE SITE OF DAILY ATROCITIES. BACK IN THE DAYS AFTER THE RIOT THAT FINALLY DESTROYED EVERYTHING BUT THE CAGES, THE CAPTIVES WHO SUFFERED THERE BEGAN CALLING IT McAUSCHWITZ, BECAUSE IT AVERAGED ABOUT A MURDER PER MONTH. IT WAS SUCH A CONCENTRATION-CAMP STYLE PRISON THAT IT HAD SPECIAL LITTLE SETS OF CAGES SCATTERED ALL AROUND IT, MUCH LIKE, I IMAGINE, DR. JOSEF MENGELE HAD MANY SPECIAL WARDS SCATTERED ABOUT HIS COMPLEX, WHERE HE PERFORMED HIS DEPRAVED HUMAN EXPERIMENTS. THE GUARDS AND THEIR MEDIA PALS LIKE TO CALL THE PLACE "BIG MAC!", AS IF THEY ARE PROUD OF WHAT THEY DO THERE. THE GUARDS PERFORM THE ATROCITIES; THEIR MEDIA PALS HELP THEM COVER IT UP OR JUSTIFY IT WHEN THEY GET CAUGHT.

THEIR WORST MINIATURE HELLHOLE WAS

called "THE ROCK". THIS IS A SET OF FIFTY TINY CAGES, 7 X 5 FEET, IN TWO ROWS, BACK TO BACK. A SLAB OF CONCRETE WAS THE SLEEPING RACK. THE TOILET-SINK AT THE BACK WAS 18 INCHES FROM WHERE YOU LAY YOUR HEAD. TO SHOWER, ONLY ONE TIME PER WEEK, YOU HAD TO STICK YOUR HANDS OUT THE BEAN HOLE FOR SHACKLING. THEN THE KOPS WOULD LOCK YOU IN A CHAIN LINK FENCE CAGE, UNSHACKLE YOUR HANDS THROUGH THE HOLE, AND WATCH YOU SHOWER. IF YOU REACHED UP TO HOLD THE SHOWERHEAD SO YOU COULD WASH YOUR FOOT, YOU WOULD GET SLAMMED WITH A JOLT OF ELECTRICITY. THEY WOULD BURY PEOPLE IN THIS PLACE FOR YEARS. FINALLY, AFTER A PACK OF GUARDS HOSED DOWN FORSYTHE WITH TEAR GAS, THEN LEFT HIM TO SUFFOCATE, THE STATE PUT A TIME LIMIT ON HOW LONG THEY COULD BURY YOU HERE. THEY GASSED HIM TO DEATH FOR NOT KICKING HIS FOOD TRAY BACK UNDER THE DOOR. ALL THE KOPS GOT AWAY WITH HIS DEATH.

THE SECOND-WORST SET OF EXTRA PUNISHMENT

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CAGES WAS ON THE SIXTH FLOOR OF THEIR "NEW" CELLHOUSE. THIS, THEY CALLED "WEED ROW".

DURING THE CANDY RIOT, A COUPLE FRIENDS AND I WERE ABLE TO GO UP THERE AND LOOK AROUND. THE MESH ON THE CAGES AND CATWALKS WAS SO THICK THAT YOU COULD NOT EVEN PRESS A MATCH HEAD THROUGH THE HOLES. THEY'D BURY UP TO 400 PEOPLE IN TWO-MAN CAGES ON THE TWO TOP FLOORS. ONLY THE MOST VICIOUS AND SADISTIC KOPS WANTED TO WORK HERE. THEY'D BEAT AND GAS PEOPLE OFTEN. THEY WERE ALWAYS CALLING MAINTENANCE UP TO WELD THICKER MESH IN MORE PLACES. THE MORE THEY ABUSED THEIR VICTIMS, THE MORE INGENIOUS THEIR VICTIMS BECAME AT SQUIRTING URINE THROUGH THE MESH.

A THIRD SET OF CAGES WERE THE "HOLES" BELOW THE ROTUNDA. HERE, YOU GOT NO LIGHT, PLUS IT WAS DAMP FROM SEEPAGE. THUMB-LENGTH COCKROACHES INFESTED THE PLACE.

VICTIMS HERE GOT ONLY BREAD AND WATER. IT WAS TOTAL ISOLATION. THE KOPS LIKED

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TO SNEAK IN QUIETLY, THEN, SUDDENLY: WHAM!  
SLAM! YOU'D JUMP OUT OF YOUR SKIN  
WITH THE NOISE OF THE BEAMHOSE SLAMMING  
OPEN JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR THE KOP TO  
THROW A BRICK OF BREAD ON THE FLOOR,  
THEN SLAM SHUT FOR ANOTHER "DAY." SINCE  
IT WAS ALWAYS DARK, YOU NEVER KNEW  
WHEN YOUR THREE DAYS WAS UP.

A FOURTH SET OF TORTURE-CAGES WAS  
UP IN THE TOP OF THE WEST CELLHOUSE.  
THEY CALLED IT "THE JAIL." THE WIND WHIPPED  
THROUGH THERE AT SEVERAL MILES PER HOUR.  
THE WINDOWS BANGED OPEN AND SHUT AT  
RANDOM. IT WAS FREEZING COLD WHEN I  
HAD TO BRING UP A CART AND FEED THEM.  
EACH TIME I CAME, THEY WOULD BEG ME  
FOR BLANKETS. WHEN I TOLD THE KOPS,  
THEY WOULDN'T EVEN PRETEND TO CARE.  
THEY WERE SO PITIFUL THAT I BEGAN SMUGGLING  
SHEETS UP TO THEM. WE WERE ALL SHORT  
OF EVERYTHING, AND ALMOST NO ONE HAD

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ANYTHING TO SPARE. MANY OF US HAD TO TIE OUR PANTS ON WITH STRIPS OF SHEET. IT WAS ASTONISHING HOW THEY COULD SIMPLY REFUSE TO PROPERLY CLOTHE US. SOCKS WERE ALMOST NEVER PROVIDED. THEY HAD TO LAST FOR YEARS, OR YOU DID WITHOUT. THE FOOD WAS OFTEN BEETS AND GREENS. IN TWO YEARS SPENT AS A COOK THERE, I FOUND AT LEAST TEN CANS OF STATE-PRODUCED FARM GOODS BOWED OUT FROM THE PRESSURE OF BOTULISM BACTERIA LIVING INSIDE. IT IS A MIRACLE THAT THEY DIDN'T KILL HUNDREDS OF CAPTIVES WITH THE FOOD. THE GUARDS KNEW TO ONLY EAT FROM THEIR SPECIAL, SEPARATE KITCHEN.

THIS WAS THE SYNERGY THAT THE GUARDS AND THEIR CAPTIVES HAD WORKING BETWEEN THEMSELVES. AT ITS WORST, THE KOPS WOULD PULL OUT THEIR FIREHOSES AND SPRAY EVERYONE IN THEIR CAGES. THEN THEY MIGHT FIRE UP THEIR MACE FOGGER. IT WAS HUGE; BUILT TO BE TOWED BEHIND A TRUCK. IT WOULD FILL UP TWO TIERS WITH PEPPER GAS

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IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES. NO MATTER WHAT YOU DID, YOU COULDN'T BREATHE. SINCE EVERYONE GOT PUNISHED WHEN ONE THREW URINE, THE MUTUAL HATRED EVER GREW.

LEROY TIFFEY WAS ONE OF THE PEOPLE WHO KNEW FIRST-HAND HOW DANGEROUS AND LIFE THREATENING IT WAS TO GET GASSED. HE WAS IN THE CAGE NEXT TO FORSYTHE WHEN THE KOPS FIRED ROUND AFTER ROUND OF TEARGAS INTO HIS CAGE. JUST THE OVERFLOW FROM FORSYTHE'S CAGE WAS ENOUGH TO ALMOST SMOTHER TIFFEY. HE WET A TOWEL, SPREAD IT OVER THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, THEN SHOVED HIS FACE INTO THE SHITTER. HE HACKED HIS GUTS OUT FOR HOURS. THE DUST GETS EVERYWHERE, AND IT IS OF SUCH FINE PARTICLES THAT IT TAKES HOURS TO SETTLE OUT OF THE AIR. THE SMALLEST MOVEMENT CAUSES IT TO WAFT BACK INTO THE AIR, SO TRYING TO WIP E IT UP WITH A WET RAG RE-STARTS THE COUGHING AND TEARING, SNEEZING, BURNING AND SNOT-SLINGING.



LEROY WAS A BIG GUY, THOUGH NOT TOO TALL. HE WAS ABOUT 5' 10", BORN WITH A BARREL CHEST AND THICK ARMS, WHICH HE CULTIVATED WITH A LIFETIME OF WEIGHTLIFTING. HE WAS OLD WHEN I MET HIM; ABOUT 55, AND STARTING TO SHRIVEL UP, THOUGH HE WAS STILL COMMITTED TO THE INMATE ARMS RACE. TO INTIMIDATE DOUBTERS OF HIS FITNESS, HE WOULD FLIP FEET-UP AGAINST A WALL AND WHIP OFF TWENTY HEAD-STAND PUSHUPS. HE HAD TO BE STRONG, TOUGH AND DANGEROUS TO SURVIVE. HE HAD NO FAMILY SUPPORT, SO HE HAD TO MUSTLE OTHERS FOR HIS LIVING. HE WAS THE MUSCLE FOR HIS CLIQUE, (THIS WAS BEFORE THE MEDIA BEGAN CALLING MERE ASSOCIATIONS BETWEEN TWO OR THREE PEOPLE "GANGS.") THE BRAINS WAS FRANK CHASE. ANOTHER CUNNING OPPORTUNIST OF THEIRS WAS JOHN ENGBERG. TOGETHER, THEY LOAN SHARKED, RAN THE HOUSE WHEN PEOPLE WANTED TO GAMBLE, SMUGGLED DOPE WHEN THEY COULD, SOLD IT WHEN IT WAS AVAILABLE, AND CONSTANTLY SCANNED THE SCENE

FOR CROOKED GUARDS, WEAPONS, FOOD, PUNKS OR WINEMAKING OPPORTUNITIES. JUST PRIOR TO THE RIOT, FRANK HAD MASTERMINDED A MONTHS-LONG TUNNEL-BUILDING ENTERPRISE THAT LET NINE PEOPLE ESCAPE. THIS IS RECOUNTED IN OTHER OF MY WRITINGS, PROBABLY TITLED

"HIDING OUT". THIS PROJECT IS ABOUT LEROY, WHO IS LIKELY THE MOST DANGEROUS SANE MAN I'VE EVER MET. I TRIED WRITING THIS ABOUT HIM BEFORE, BUT THE COLLEGE STUDENT WHO WAS ASSIGNED TO TYPE IT DECIDED TO STEAL IT INSTEAD AND GIVE IT TO THE POLICE. THEY SKULKED AROUND FOR A SHORT TIME INVESTIGATING, THEN FILED IT AWAY IN ONE OF THEIR "NEVER-SEE-AGAIN" CABINETS. THEY REALLY COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THIS PAST, BECAUSE THERE WAS NO WAY THAT THEY COULD USE IT TO SCREW ANYONE IN THE FUTURE.

THE ARTICLE THAT TERRIFIED HER AND ENTICED POLICE WAS AN ACCOUNT BY TIFFEY AND OTHERS DESCRIBING HIS COLLECTING ON

DEBTS ACCRUED BY A RIVAL IN THE WORST MISSOURI PRISON: JEFF-CITY MAX!

TIFFEY HAD TRIED TO GET HIS MONEY BACK FROM PITT, A NEGRO, SEVERAL TIMES. THE GUY WAS FULL OF MORE AND MORE ELABORATE EXCUSES. THE FACT THAT SOME OF THE DEBT WAS GAMBLING LOSSES IN ONE OF TIFFEY'S CROOKED POKER GAMES MADE IT EASIER FOR PITT AND HIS BUDDIES TO DISPUTE. THE FACT THAT SOME OF IT WAS FROM LOAN SHARKING (CIGARETTES, FOOD AND DOPE) PROFITS, OUT OF TIFFEY'S OWN POCKET, MADE TIFFEY DETERMINED TO GET IT BACK. WHAT ALSO RANKLED WAS THAT TIFFEY AND HIS ASSOCIATES COULD SEE THESE NEGROES EATING THE CANDY BARS, SWIGGING THE COFFEE, AND SMOKING THE CIGARETTES AND DOPE THAT THEY COLLECTED FROM THEIR OWN PEOPLE'S VICES. THEY HAD THE MONEYS THEY COULD PAY. THEY WERE NOT PAYING. THEY WERE NOT PAYING BECAUSE TIFFEY WAS A NEWCOMER, WITH NO REPUTATION TO FEAR. TIFFEY WAS BECOMING A LAUGHINGSTOCK THE LONGER HE LET PITT SLIDE ON THIS DEBT. TWO OF TIFFEY'S

UNDERLINGS TRIED TO JUICE HIM UP INTO ATTACKING THE GUY. AS WITH ALL SUCH SITUATIONS, THIS INSTIGATION GOT TURNED BACK ONTO THE INSTIGATORS. BETWEEN THE THREE OF THEM TRYING TO GET THE OTHERS TO ACT, AN IMPROMPTU PLAN WAS INDEED FORMULATED, SOME AS WEASELS GATHER TO RAID A PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE OFF THE VICES AND WEAKNESSES OF OTHERS ARE, OR BECOME, VERY PARANOID OF RETALIATION. THIS FEAR OF ONE'S DIRTY DEEDS RETURNING IS A POWERFUL INCENTIVE THAT DRIVES NOT ONLY THE PRISON WEIGHTLIFTING RACE, BUT AN ARMS TRADE IN TANGIBLE WEAPONS AS WELL. WHEN THE RIVAL CLIQUE SCARES YOUR CLIQUE WITH THE AMOUNT OF WEIGHT IT CAN LIFT, IT IS NATURAL THAT THE SCARED GROUP SEEK SHARPENED INSTRUMENTS, POKING STICKS OR BUDGONES. SINCE THEY HAD A MACHINE SHOP AT THE JEFF CITY PRISON, TIFFEY'S WEAPON WAS A BEAUTIFULLY GROUND, HEAVY THING

THAT HAD STARTED OUT AS AN 18 INCH FILE. IT GLEAMED WITH YELLOW AND BLUE SCORCHING WHERE IT HAD BEEN TOO-HASTILY GROUND. AMAZINGLY, THE EDGE WAS SHARP ENOUGH TO SHAVE THE HAIR OFF YOUR ARM. THE WOODEN HANDLE HAD BEEN SLOPPILY RIVETED. THOUGH IT WAS GREY INSTEAD OF SILVERY, AND YOU WOULD NEVER EXPECT IT TO BE SOLD IN A FIRST-WORLD STORE, NEITHER WOULD YOU EXPECT A THING LIKE IT TO BE MADE IN PRISON. IT HAD COST TIFFEY A LOT OF MONEY; POSSESSION OF IT BEGGED THE QUESTION: IF YOU OWN A KNIFE, WHY NOT USE IT?

AFTER JUICING TIFFEY INTO DOING SOMETHING, TIFFEY DRAGGED THEM INTO HELPING HIM COLLECT THE DEBT. HE PICKED SUNDAY, BECAUSE MOST OF THE KOPS WOULD BE OFF, BORED OR SLEEPY. HE ARRANGED FOR A DISTRACTION TO OCCUR: A FIGHT ON THE YARD WOULD ATTRACT ALL THE KOPS AND RUBBERNECKERS. SOON AS IT BEGAN, TIFFEY, DON AND TOM BEGAN MARCHING RESOLUTELY TOWARD PITT'S CAGE.

PITT HAD A FIVE MAN CAGE. THE RACKS WOULD FOLD UP AGAINST THE WALL, LEAVING A CRAMPED SPACE BIG ENOUGH FOR A FLIMSLEY CARD TABLE. A GAME WAS IN PROGRESS, AND IT WAS THE SAME AS ANY PRISON POKER GAME. A HOUSE TOOK A PERCENTAGE OR FLAT FEE FROM EVERY POT. CRONIES OF THE HOUSE PLAYER CONSPIRED TO HELP FLEECE IGNORANT BUFFOONS WHO THOUGHT THAT THEY KNEW HOW TO BEAT THE CDDS. PITT'S TWO CRONIES WERE "SHORT DAWG" AND COZERT. THEIR FOOL WAS A NEW GUY WHOM THEY CALLED "FO'FIVE" AFTER THE TYPE OF GUN HE WAS CAUGHT WITH AFTER ROBBING A GAS STATION IN KANSAS CITY. FO'FIVE, KNOWING NOTHING ABOUT PITT'S LOAN FIGHT WITH TIFFEY, SAT WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR. PITT SAT WARILY FACING THE DOOR AT ALL TIMES. HIS TWO CRONIES WERE SMART ENOUGH TO BE ALWAYS ALERT WHEN ANYONE PASSED OR ENTERED THE DOOR. THEY SAT LEFT AND RIGHT OF PITT AT THE TABLE. FARTHEST FROM THE DOOR,

IN THE DARKEST RECESSES OF THE CAGE, LAY THREE LOCKERBOXES WHERE PIT AND HIS "GANGSTAS" KEPT THEIR WEALTH OF CIGARETTES, COFFEE AND CANDY.

AS TIFFEY, DON AND TOM STRODE HALFWAY DOWN THE LONG ROW OF CAGES LEADING TO PITT'S CAGE, ONE OF THEM SUDDENLY TURNED YELLOW.

"UH," QUAVERED TOM, "I'LL BE UP AT THE CONTROL OFFICE TO WARN YOU IF THE GUARD SHOWS UP!" HE SCURRIED OFF BEFORE ANYONE COULD OBJECT TO THIS LAST-SECOND CHANGE OF PLAN. TIFFEY CURSED. HE AND DON STRODE UP TO TO THE DARK HOLE THAT WAS PITT'S DOOR. TIFFEY CHARGED IN. AS HE NOTICED THAT NO ONE HAD ENTERED WITH HIM, HE HEARD A HOARSE VOICE WHISPER FROM BEHIND, "I'LL JIGGER FOR YOU."

NOT WAITING FOR HIS EYES TO ADJUST, TIFFEY BARKED, "GET MY MONEY, NOW!" ALL FOUR OF THEM HAD HEARD DON'S COMMENT AND INTERPRETED IT TO MEAN THAT

MAYHEM WOULD SHORTLY ENSUE. EMPHASIZING THIS CONJECTURE WAS TIFFEY'S SIMULTANEOUS ACT OF DRAWING HIS MACHETE. A COLLECTIVE GASP AROSE FROM EACH OF THE POKER PLAYERS. THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES BULGED. THE FIRST ONE TO MOVE WAS PITT. HE THREW HIMSELF BACKWARD OUT OF HIS CHAIR AND BEGAN SCRABBLING UNDER HIS BEDCOVERS, PRESUMABLY FOR HIS OWN WEAPON. SHORT DAWG AND COZERT TRIED TO STAND, BUT WERE HAMPERED IN THIS BY THE NARROWNESS AND CLUTTER OF THE CAGE. MUCH FASTER AND UNHINDERED WAS FOFIVE, WHO SUDDENLY RAKED IN HIS CHIPS AND BOLTED FOR THE DOOR. TIFFEY, UNABLE TO SEE TOO WELL, IMAGINED THAT FOFIVE HAD SNATCHED UP A WEAPON AND WAS ATTACKING. TIFFEY CHOPPED DOWN WITH HIS MACHETE, CUTTING DEEP INTO THE FLESH BETWEEN FOFIVE'S NECK AND SHOULDER. THE GUY YELPED IN SURPRIZE AND PAIN AS HE CRASHED TO THE



CEMENT FLOOR. COZERT WAS THE FIRST TO UNTANGLE HIS FEET FROM HIS CHAIR AND THE TABLE LEGS. HE HAD ONE FOOT FREE AND HAD JUST YANKED THE OTHER LOOSE AS HE FELL FORWARD ONTO HIS SIDE. HE SCREAMED ONCE BEFORE TIFFEY'S STEEL BASHED PAST HIS FLAILING ARMS AND CUT THE SIDE OF HIS NECK AND FACE. SHORT DAWG DRAGGED THE TABLE WITH HIM AS HE THREW A LAMP AT TIFFEY AND DIVED TO THE BACK OF THE CAGE. THE THING UP-ENDED, THROWING THEIR RADIO, SODAS, COFFEE, ASHTRAYS, CIGARETTES, FOOD AND CHIPS ONTO SHORT DAWG AND PITT. TIFFEY CHARGED INTO THE MESS AFTER PITT, WHO HAD MANAGED TO GET HIS KNIFE UNSHIPPED. THE TABLE EDGE SMACKED PITT ACROSS HIS NOSE AS IT FLIPPED. TIFFEY TRIPPED OVER IT AND SPRAWLED ACROSS SHORT DAWG AS HE TRIED TO CRAWL AWAY. TIFFEY TOOK A FISTFUL OF HAIR, PULLED THE MAN'S HEAD BACK AND SLIT HIS THROAT.

Pitt STRUGGLED TO GET OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLE AS SHORT DAWG AND TIFFEY FOUGHT. TIFFEY'S TWO-HUNDRED POUNDS ON IT MADE THIS DIFFICULT, AS DID THE DARKNESS. PITT MANAGED TO PULL HIMSELF OUT AND GET UP A FRACTION OF A SECOND BEFORE TIFFEY DID. INSTEAD OF ATTACKING, HE SAW A CLEAR PATH TO THE DOOR, WHICH HELD NO OBSTACLE OR SILHOUETTE OF DANGER. PITT BOLTED FOR THE DOOR, ONLY A FEW MILLISECONDS BEFORE TIFFEY COULD GIVE CHASE. HE LEAPED OVER THE TABLE AND A CHAIR. HIS ANKLE SNAGGED UP THE CORD FROM THE LAMP. PITT STUMBLER, FELL; HIS KNIFE SKITTERED AWAY. TIFFEY LANDED ON PITT'S BACK AS HE TRIED TO CRAWL AWAY QUICKLY ON HANDS AND KNEES. PITT WENT THE SAME WAY AS SHORT DAWG; A SCREAM, A FISTFUL OF HAIR AND A SLASHED THROAT.

WHILE HIS ADRENALIN CONTINUED TO SURGE, TIFFEY RETURNED TO FOFIVE, WHO

HAD ACTUALLY GOTTEN HIS HEAD OUT THE DOOR. HE SHRIEKED AND CLAWED AS TIFFEY TOOK HIS FOOT AND DROPPED HIM BACK IN. AFTER FINISHING OFF FOFIVE, HE MADE CERTAIN THAT COZERT WOULD NEVER GET UP TO TELL TALES OR RETALIATE. TIFFEY RE-SHEATHED HIS KNIFE AND RUSHED OUT, NOT BOTHERING TO COLLECT ANY DEBT. AS HE WOULD DESCRIBE IT LATER, HE HAD KILLED THREE PEOPLE JUST TO EXECUTE ONE DEADBEAT SWINDLER.

IF ANYONE HAD THE GUTS TO TATTLE ON TIFFEY, THEY HADN'T THE GUTS TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM IN THE MAN'S COURT. OR THE MAN DECIDED THAT HE WOULD RATHER THE QUADRUPLE PRISON MURDER BE KEPT QUIET SO AS NOT TO UNDULY ALARM THE PUBLIC OR POINT OUT HIS NEGLIGENCE. TIFFEY GOT AWAY WITH THE BLOODBATH, DISCHARGED HIS MISSOURI SENTENCE AND WAS TRANSFERRED TO MCALESTER TO DO AN OKLAHOMA SENTENCE. TIFFEY AND HIS

CO-CRIMINALS WERE NOTHING BUT BURGLARS,  
AND DRUNKS, BEFORE LANDING IN PRISON.  
THEY'D CRUISE A VAN THROUGH RURAL AREAS,  
LOOKING FOR STUFF TO STEAL AND SELL FOR  
BOOZE AND GASOLINE. TIFFEY TOLD ME HIS  
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE JUST BEFORE HE GOT OUT.  
HE HAD DECIDED THAT HE WOULD BE ON WHAT-  
EVER TYPE OF WORK OR FOOD OR HOUSING WEL-  
FARE THAT THE STATE PROVIDED, FOR THE REST  
OF HIS LIFE. HE FELT THAT THE STATE OWED  
HIM FOR ALL THE BEATINGS AND GAS AND MORE  
HE HAD SUFFERED. WORSE, HE FELT THAT THE  
SOCIETY OF "SQUARE JOHNS" OWED HIM TOO. HIS  
REASONS FOR THINKING THIS WERE THAT THEY HAD  
KNOWINGLY PUT IN PLACE THE SABISTS WHO HAD  
BEATEN, CAGED, GASSED AND DEPRIVED HIM DURING  
HIS DECADES IN PRISON.

LEROY DID GET OUT, AND HE DID ENJOY THE  
STATE'S WELFARE HOUSING, FOODSTAMPS AND CHURCH  
CHARITY BRIEFLY. THEN HIS OLD WAYS RESURFACED. HE  
GOT TO DRINKING, THEN TO STEALING AT NIGHT. HE  
HAD, ALONG WITH ALMOST ALL OTHER CAPTIVES OF HIS TIME,  
SAID HE'D NOT LET THEM DRAG HIM BACK TO PRISON  
AGAIN. THE COPS CAUGHT HIM BURGLARIZING IN OKLAHOMA  
CITY. THEY SET THEIR DOGS ON HIM, THEN SHOT HIM  
TO DEATH AS HE WAS KILLING ONE OF THEIR DOGS.

MASS MURDER BY DELIBERATE INDIFFERENCE

ON 2-15-2012, ACCORDING TO THE CRAWL UNDERNEATH THE NEWS-PERSONALITIES OF CNN, A PRISON BURNED DOWN IN HONDURAS. THE NEXT DAY, ADDITIONAL TELEVISION NETWORKS PICKED UP THE STORY AND PROVIDED MORE DETAILS. THOUGH BROADCAST NEWS IS, GENERALLY, A POOR SOURCE OF INFORMATION, IT IS OFTEN THE ONLY KIND PRISONERS HAVE. WOLF BLITZER AND HIS COMPETITORS AT ABC, CBS AND NBC HAD NO EXACT BODY COUNT, BUT ALL AGREED THAT "OVER 350 PRISONERS" DIED IN THE FIRE. AS A CAPTIVE OF OKLAHOMA WITH ALMOST FORTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, I COULD QUALIFY AS AN EXPERT ON HOW THE BOTTOM-MOST PARTS OF PRISON OPERATIONS WORK. THIS IS AN OLD, COMMON PROCESS THAT, AT BEST, ONLY TEMPORARILY GETS FIXED. PRISONS ARE SLOWLY STUFFED WITH MORE PARIAS DOING LENGTHIER SENTENCES. PRISONS ARE DESIGNED

TO BE FAIRLY HUMANE, AT FIRST, BUT, EVERY TIME, HATED CAPTIVES CONTINUE TO BE COLLECTED AND STUFFED INTO THE TINY CAGES. RIGHT NOW, IN THIS CORPORATE PRISON, GEO-LAWTON, OK, THEY ARE TEARING OUT THE TWO MESS HALLS. WHO WANTS TO BET THAT THIS "EXTRA" SPACE ISN'T CONVERTED TO MORE SLEEPING RACKS FOR MORE CAPTIVES? OVERCAPACITY IS REACHED ALMOST BEFORE EACH PRISON IS A YEAR OLD. THE COPS KEEP STUFFING AS THE POLITICIANS RUN AWAY WITH ALL THE SPENDING MONEY. WHILE THEY ARE BUSY DIVERTING TAX MONEY TO PET PROJECTS THAT KEEP THEM ELECTED, PRISON UPKEEP IS NEGLECTED. THE COPS, ON AUTOMATIC PILOT, KEEP STUFFING. WHEN PUSHED TO THEIR BREAKING POINT, THE CAPTIVES INEVITABLY GO MAD. IN THE CASE OF THIS HONDURAN PRISON, CNN, CBS, NBC AND ABC REPORTERS ARE EACH OFFERING THE SAME TWO SCENARIOS, AS IF THEY ARE ALL RELYING ON THE SAME NEWS

SOURCES. (HAVING NO 'AFFILIATES' THERE, COMPETING MEDIA CORPORATIONS WILL OFTEN USE THE SAME LOCAL OFFICIAL-GOV'T SPOKESPERSON TO OBTAIN THE NEWS, THEN ENGAGE THE LOCAL MEDIA PERSONALITY TO "CONFIRM" IT.) THE UNNAMED GOV'T OFFICIAL CLAIMS THAT IT WAS AN ELECTRICAL FIRE. THE MEDIA'S SECOND ANONYMOUS SOURCE "CLOSE TO THE INVESTIGATION" CLAIMS THAT AN INMATE MAY HAVE, ACCIDENTLY OR OTHERWISE, SET HIS SLEEPING PAD AFIRE, AND SOMEHOW WE ARE TO BELIEVE THAT IT BLAZED THROUGH THE PRISON BEFORE ANYONE COULD ESCAPE OR MANAGE TO EXTINGUISH IT. AS WITH MUCH UNPLEASANT NEWS, THIS STORY LAPSED INTO OBLIVION WITH NO FOLLOW-UP OR CONCLUSION IN ANY OF THE U.S. MEDIA THAT I SAW OR HEARD.

BAD NEWS IS EITHER NOT REPORTED, OR IT IS UNDER-REPORTED, AS IT DOES NOT SELL PRODUCTS. TELLING IT CAN BE DANGEROUS; HAVING TO LISTEN TO IT CAN BE ANNOYING.





THUS WE MAY CONSIDER IT A 'CONSPIRACY' OF SORTS, THAT THE GOV'T AND MEDIA HAVE AN AGREEMENT TO REPORT MOSTLY HAPPY, POSITIVE NEWS, WHILE IGNORING OR UNDER-REPORTING NEWS OF THEIR OWN CORRUPTION, INCOMPETENCE AND NEGLIGENCE.

HOW DO THEY GET AWAY WITH THIS? FIRST, THEY MAKE THEIR STACKS OF CAGES A VERY SECRET PLACE; NO CAMERAS OR VOICE RECORDERS ARE ALLOWED. NO ONE WHO IS NOT EMPLOYED IN THE INDUSTRY, MAY SEE OR HEAR WHAT TRANSPIRES IN THESE HELL HOLES AND TORTURE TRAPS. THEY CHOP OFF COMMUNICATIONS, TOO. PHONES WERE INVENTED IN THE 1800'S, BUT PRISON ADMINISTRATORS MANAGED TO PREVENT PRISONER ACCESS TO THEM FOR MANY DECADES. I WAS AT OKLAHOMA'S HOMINY PRISON WHEN 960 OF US SAW OUR THREE PHONES INSTALLED. THIS WAS IN 1983. THEY WERE OUT DOOR, NO-AWNING CONTRAPTIONS. RAIN OR SNOW, EACH ALWAYS HAD A 3 TO 9 MAN LINE WHEN TURNED ON AND GATES WERE OPENED.

THEY STILL CHOKE OFF USE THROUGH MANY STRATEGIES. THEY MAKE THEM COST MUCH MORE TO USE THAN CITIZEN'S PAYPHONES. WHILE OKLAHOMANS WERE PAYING A QUARTER PER MINUTE AS THE STANDARD LOCAL AREA RATE, A 15-MINUTE CALL TO MY WIFE IN THE CITY, ONLY A MILE AWAY, COST \$15. THEY CHOKED OFF USE BY MAKING IT EMBARRASSING AND HUMILIATING TO CALL ANYONE. EVERY TWO MINUTES, AN ANNOYING, LOUD MACHINE VOICE WOULD INTERRUPT TO UNNECESSARILY DECLARE, "[CALLER IS A CONVICTED FELON IN PRISON!]" THIS WAS UNNECESSARY BECAUSE IT HARANGUES RECIPIENTS WHO HAVE HAD TO ANSWER LENGTHY PRISON FORMS TO OBTAIN APPROVAL FOR PHONE CONTACT. NOW, AFTER MANY YEARS OF PERSISTENT COMPLAINTS, ONLY THE OPENING SPIEL, "[THIS CALL COMES FROM A FELON IN PRISON...!]" REMAINS ON OKLAHOMA PRISONER'S PHONES, AND IT IS CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A SILENT DELAY SO THAT ONLY THE RECIPIENT CAN HEAR IT. THIS SUBTLE TRICK SQUELCHES

COMPLAINTS NICELY, AND QUICKLY, AS PEOPLE FORGET OR NEVER HEAR THE HATED CONDEMNATION PRECEDING EACH CALL. CAPTIVES ARE ONLY PERMITTED TO CALL FOUR TYPES OF PEOPLE: KIN, ONE FRIEND, CLERGY AND LAWYERS. IF THE PHONE-MONITORING SOFTWARE DETECTS A CLICK, IT ASSUMES A CALL WAS FORWARDED, OR A CALLER WAS ADDED, AND ABRUPTLY DISCONNECTS. EACH CALL IS RECORDED AND/OR MONITORED BY LIVE PERSONS, EVEN IF CALLS ARE MERELY PIPED INTO A BULLPEN OF SECRETARIES OR OTHER PRISON/JAIL EMPLOYEES. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THE COLLECTED SNOOPAGE IS EVER ERASED. MERELY USING THEIR PHONES FATTENS THE SHARKS WHO CAGED YOU AND DRAINS LIFEBLOOD FROM YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES AND FRIENDS, BECAUSE THEY TAKE A CUT OF THE PROFITS.

PRISON ADMINISTRATORS USE OTHER CUNNING METHODS TO CHOKER OFF COMMUNICATIONS THAT ARE A DEAD LOSS TO THEM, SUCH AS MAIL. MUCH OF IT, THEY PREVENT FROM EVER BEING WRITTEN. THEY MAKE IT LABOR INTENSIVE. THEY MAKE YOU LONGHAND EVERYTHING, EXCEPT

SOME LEGAL MAIL. THEY HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL IN PREVENTING ACCESS TO NINETEENTH CENTURY WRITING TECHNOLOGY (TYPEWRITERS). WORSE, WHEN WE NEED COPIES, WE CAN NOT EVEN OBTAIN MERE CARBON PAPER. WE MUST LONGHAND OUR COPIES, OR PAY THE PRISON ADMINISTRATORS 25 CENTS EACH FOR LEGAL-ONLY COPIES. ALMOST EVERYWHERE THAT CAPTIVES ARE PERMITTED TO SPEND MONEY, PRISON AND STATE OFFICIALS HAVE ENACTED AN ILLEGAL TAX THAT FEEDS THEIR MACHINE. TWO EXAMPLES OF TAXES UPON CAPTIVES THAT NO CAPTIVE EVER VOTED FOR ARE THE "INMATE AND EMPLOYEE WELFARE AND RECREATION FUND" AND THE "CRIME VICTIMS COMPENSATION FUND." NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO, CLEVER OKLAHOMA SENATOR KENNETH CORN WAS ABLE TO MIMIC OTHER STATE LAWS AND PASS A 20% TAX UPON ALL MONEY THAT THE PRISON MAIL ROOM INTERCEPTS FROM ANY SOURCE EARMARKED FOR THE CAPTIVE. BY TAXING AWAY MOST OF CAPTIVES' OWN MONEY, STATE AND PRISON OFFICIALS STRANGLE OUTSIDE COMMUNICATION EVEN FURTHER.

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GIVEN THE CHOICE BETWEEN EATING THE SAME, LOWEST-QUALITY-AVAILABLE PRISON OFFAL DAY AFTER DAY, OR PAYING A DOLLAR-TWENTY FOR A PRISON-SOLD CANDY BAR, THERE ARE A LOT OF STAMPS, ENVELOPES, PENS AND PAPER THAT NEVER GET BOUGHT.

AN EVEN MORE SUBTLE AND INSIDIOUS WAY THAT PRISON EMPLOYEES PREVENT NEWS OF THEIR ANTICS REACHING PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE IS THROUGH SIMPLE RETALIATION AND EXTRA PUNISHMENT FOR GETTING CAUGHT TRYING TO EDUCATE PEOPLE. THIS WAY, THEY KEEP MOST CAPTIVES TOO TERRIFIED TO SAY ANYTHING. RATHER THAN HAVE YEARS ADDED TO THEIR SENTENCES VIA GOODTIME CREDITS TAKEN AWAY, VICTIMS OF MASS-PUNISHMENT AND OTHER ILLEGAL HARASSMENTS AND PROPERTY THEFTS SHUT UP AND BEAR THE ATROCITIES. CAPTIVES HAVE DEVELOPED A CULTURE OF HIDING IN THE CROWD AND PRAYING THAT THEIR TORMENTORS WILL MISTAKENLY PASS THEM BY ON THEIR

WAY TO BETTER TARGETS. THE BRAVE  
CAPTIVES, WHO ARE FEW, WILL ALMOST NEVER  
TRY TO OBTAIN HUMANE TREATMENT FOR EVERY-  
ONE, BUT RATHER WILL OFTEN TRY TO SELL  
OUT EVERYONE ELSE TO OBTAIN SPECIAL TREAT-  
MENT FOR THEMSELVES ALONE. THIS SITU-  
ATION, IS IDEAL FOR AUTHORITY. AT ITS  
WORST, THIS SELL-OUT PHILOSOPHY CREATES  
EXACTLY WHAT THE TORTURERS NEED MOST TO  
EFFICIENTLY AND EFFECTIVELY ABUSE THEIR  
VICTIMS; A CULTURE OF SECRET SNITCHES  
AND OPPORTUNISTS EAGER TO ASSIST IN  
NEFARIOUS PROJECTS SUCH AS BAITING  
OPERATIONS, EVIDENCE PLANTING, FALSE  
WITNESS AND OTHER GRAFT AND CORRUPTION.  
A COMMON SCENARIO THAT I'VE WITNESSED  
AND FALLEN PREY TO IS DOPE-PLANTING  
FOR GUARD BONUSES. ANOTHER IS THE  
PRISONER PROPERTY THEFT RING, WHERE  
PET INMATES WORK FOR GUARDS CONSPIRING  
TO SEND ENEMIES OR TROUBLEMAKERS TO  
'DISCIPLINARY UNITS' JUST TO STEAL THEIR

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TELEVISIONS, RADIOS OR OTHER VALUABLES,

ALONGSIDE THESE SELLOUT INMATES ARE THE INSTIGATOR TYPES. THEY HAVE NOT THE COURAGE OR THE WHEREWITHAL TO STAND UP THEMSELVES TO DEMAND FAIR TREATMENT, BUT THEY WILL TRY TO INFLAME OTHERS, MORE IGNORANT OR TRUSTING, TO DO SO IN THEIR STEAD. THESE INMATES ARE USUALLY OLDER PERSONS, FULL OF STORIES OF HOW THEY WERE HEROES ONCE, BUT NOW HAVE PAID THEIR DUES AND PASS THE TORCH ON TO OTHERS.

ONE SUCH INMATE WAS TOMMY OWENS, WHO INSTIGATED 15 PRISONERS INTO SETTING FIRE TO OUR TRASH AND SOME SLEEPING PADS IN THE OSAGE COUNTY JAIL IN 1972, BECAUSE THE TRUSTEES KEPT STEALING THE SUGAR FOR OUR OATMEAL IN ORDER TO BREW WINE FOR THEMSELVES. THE JAILER REFUSED TO PROVIDE SUGAR FOR OUR OATMEAL, THE TRASHPILE WAS SET Afire. THE JAILER SLAMMED AND LOCKED THE

FIREDOOR. SIXTEEN OF US NEARLY DIED OF SMOKE INHALATION BEFORE BEN BARNETT AND I FINALLY MANAGED TO EXTINGUISH THE CONFLAGRATION.

OATMEAL SANS SUGAR DOES NOT SOUND LIKE A VERY GOOD REASON TO SET A SMALL CAGE AFIRE WITH YOU IN IT, BUT IT IS A COMMON STRATEGY EMPLOYED BY MANY WHO ARE PUSHED TO THEIR WITS END. NOT MUCH REASON CAN PENETRATE THE EMOTION OF VICTIMS POKED FROM ALL SIDES WITH SHARP STICKS. A FRIEND OF MINE IN A SINGLE CAGE OF ANOTHER COUNTY JAIL, THOMAS HOLCOMB, HAD EXTENSIVE BURNS FROM BEING DRIVEN MAD OVER THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER WHILE HE WAS CAGED. WHEN THEY REFUSED TO LET HIM USE THE PHONE, HE SET HIS CAGE AFIRE. HE HELD THE BELIEF THAT JAILERS WILL NOT SIMPLY LET A CAPTIVE BURN TO DEATH. ANY NON-JAILER WOULD UNLOCK THE CAGE, BUT THOMAS HOLCOMB HAS THIRD DEGREE BURN SCARS