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Facility System

Admin Mail Video Intel Sign Out Welcome mwylle Last Login: 02/12/2015 1:46PM EST < < Back | Main | Requires Approval | Pending | Security | Consored | Released | Released Mall Letter Delivery Inmate Fliter System Letter ID JPMSL 124248053 Sender Filter System Inmate SEAN SWAIN Mall Reports Send To Sent To Security Name: Support Tickets Inmate ID: Send To Censored A243205 Delivery Housing: Mail History Date: 02/04/2015 Search Relocate Letter 5:43PM EST Mall Graphical Print Lettor Customer: Reports ben turk Customer Inbound Mall 7449707 ID: Operational Report Word(s) Mail Operational murder Straw Report fight In Mall Discarded death blood Material policekill Recover Deleted Letters investigator Attachment (s):

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Ben (2/4)(STARVATION TRAVEL LOG CONTINUED),
* * *
(Ring... Ring... Ring...)
"Hello?"
 "May I speak to Investigator Paul Schumacher, please?"
 "Hey, Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius, I KNOW WHO DID IT."
(Click.)
Roughly 6:00~\rm pm. Ms. Franklin, Case Manager, is back in the unit. I'm locked in my cell, but two prisoners in the block told
Ms. Franklin that I have been asking for 4 days to talk to her ever since Officer Wade said Ms. Franklin authored the "new"
kiosk policy, not to be confused with the NEW new klosk policy.
She said they are now discussing a more-liberal new new new
policy.
Apparently, anyone can write policy.
I'm going to ask them if I can give it a shot.
I have to postpone med refusal. The Final Straw airs on Sunday,
so I'm going to wait and refuse blood pressure meds until
Sunday. T Sherlock Paulie Supergenius, at most, until Tuesday.
* * *
(Ring... Ring... Ring...)
"Hello?"
"Investigator Paul Schumaker?"
"Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius... Is It true that senior staff-
Gestapo Gary, Trainwreck Trevor, and the rest of you comic
book villains-- play naked Twister on Thursday nights?" (Click.)
TO: SHERLOCK PAULIE SUPERGENIUS
FROM: ANONYMOUS
PLEASE VIEW ATTACHED PHOTO. DO YOU THINK THESE
TESTICLES ARE TOO BIG FOR MY BODY?
Dear Investigator:
Now that you are holding this letter in your hands, let's play
WHAT BODY PART TOUCHED THIS ...
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OSP STARVATION TRAVEL-LOG, WEDNESDAY, DAY THREE I'm burning glucose. When burning glucose you get a "runner's high." That's the sensation that fasting mystics associated with being "in the spirit world."

I'm under no such illusions. I'm in a material world under the oppressive rule of fascist police-state fuckweasels. Oppression, such as that employed by Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius, is unilateral. It is the assumed right of those who rule. They believe they can impose terrors and Inflict abuse and do as they please without their victims responding in any way but submission and compliance and obedience. Condemned prisoners in China actually dig their own graves

before taking a bullet to the head. They FACILITATE the ultimate oppression, their own murder.

But WAR is bilateral. In WAR, the oppressed fight back. In WAR, the victims of the oppressors who assume the right to rule seek to inflict injury upon the oppressive rulers. The victims organize, plan, and strike back with the means available to them and they mobilize others to join. They attack the oppressors' prestige and privilege and mythology; they attack the oppressors' systems of control.

I think the Oppressive Department of Retribution and Corruption is kinda slow on the uptake.

This situation is NOT unilateral anymore.

Pause here for the oh-shit moment.

Here's how it normally goes: After 9 consecutive meals refused, someone In the middle of the prison administration foodchain comes to talk to you, employing Interpersonal Communication Skills. For me, that should be tonight after dinner, unless some lazy asshole didn't document refusal of a tray. If a refusal wasn't documented, then that means it didn't happen. That's why, at Richland in 2003 when I went 44 days, no hungerstrike happened: every ninth meal, they claimed I accepted a tray. You know how fuckweasels are.

Anyway, tonight (maybe), I'll get the Interpersonal

Communication Skills treatment, trying to get me to eat out of concern for my health and the avoidance of more paperwork. More the latter than the former.

Way.

If you don't surrender the resistance, they toss you naked in a torture cell, sensory deprivation, the KUBARK "simple torture situation," cutting off communication to the outside world and attempting to break your will. It's the most complete and draconian deprivation they can impose.

They torture you for your own good.

I would like to avoid that. So, whenever the Interpersonal Communication Skills Operative speaks to me, I will agree to accept a food tray, thereby officially ending my hungerstrike according to their definition, and then I'll hand it back. If necessary, I'll flush the food and hand back an empty tray. That way, I stay where I am and have outside communication. Next meal, you guessed it -- refused.

That'll get me through Saturday. Then Sunday, I refuse blood pressure meds and we find out just how serious these hierarch criminals are about preventing my expression on video. We'll see if they are willing to kill me in order to slience me.

Let's hope they're THAT stupid.

(Ring... Ring... Ring...)
"Hello?"

"Investigator Schumacher?"

"(Sigh.) What now?"

"Sherlock Paulie Supergenlus, does your mom still REALLY tie your shoes for you?" (Click.)

One of the problems, the reason the Oppressive Department of Retribution and I can never see eye to eye, is that we are working from divergent sets of assumptions. The principle divergence is authority versus power.

The fuckweasels are under the false delusion that they have AUTHORITY over me. That is, that their use of power is legitimate and valid and appropriate. All hierarchs who rule make this assumption.

Hitler believed it was a legitimate and valid use of his authority to exterminate millions in death camps.

Pol Pot believed it was a legitimate and valid use of his authority to commit genocide in Cambodia.

Trainwreck Trevor believed it was a legitimate and valid use of his authority as pom-pom squad-leader for the Fascist Bozos of Ineptitude to subject me to torture, while Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius feels it is appropriate use of authority to silence protected speech and put duct tape on my face to keep their fascist agenda from being exposed.

Every mass grave dug by Authority is valid and legitimate to Authority.
They don't perceive a difference between Power and Authority.

The Oppressive Department of Retribution and Corruption has no authority to hold me; they have POWER. They have no legitimacy nor validity; they have fences and sensors, shotguns

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and perimeter trucks. They have no legitimacy because the very laws and principles they point to in order to claim legitimacy are the very laws and principles they've crumpled up and tossed over their shoulders in order to maintain POWER.

It is their superior capacity for violence that maintains their POWER over us.

We can change that,
We can increase our capacity for violence.

* * * *

(Ring... Ring... Ring...)

"What."

"Schumacher?"

"Yeah."

"I suspect I'm being molested in my sleep. If I pop a bunch of Viagra, can you come over and dust my dick for fingerprints?"

(Click.)

* * *

CONTINUED...

<< BÁCK

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