

## *Introduction*

*Contra Cabal* describes the unethical, illegal and vindictive behavior of presidents and administrators at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, University of Washington and their counterparts in Seattle Jewish Mafia. It deals primarily with elder abuse, incarceration, and homicide. *Whores of Academe*, a companion site, addresses denial of academic freedom and extant university corruption. Both sites cover denial of freedom of expression and human rights.

Two archive sites contain the pages that Judge James A. Doerty, Washington Superior Court evicted and sent me to jail for publishing. Those archives memorialize a successful supreme court challenge which addressed outrageous prior restraint, censorship, and jail unlawfully imposed upon me by straw judges associated with University of Washington and Seattle Jewish Mafia.

Some intelligent men and women are cruel. Stupid and avaricious men and women like Judges Mary Kay Becker, James A. Doerty, Michael C. Hayden, and Anthony P. Wartnik, Washington courts are monstrously cruel. They actively encouraged Council House, Seattle to introduce suborned perjury into evidence, to tamper with witnesses, and to jail me for writing and publishing reports of crimes.

Ironically, Jan Michels, Executive Director, Washington State Bar Association (WSBA), described widespread hypocrisy among lawyers and judges on his own turf. He said that a republic once meant allegiance to a country committed to living under the rule of law instead of fear and coercion - a premise that required choosing a judiciary based upon agreed rules that governed the common good.

Trial court denied my right to counsel and jailed me for 111 days (including 25 days in solitary confinement) for what I wrote and published. Washington Supreme Court (30 Mar 06) unanimously concurred with arguments by Seattle lawyer William J. Crittenden and lawyers representing five international amici curiae about misuse of antiharassment law to prevent me from publishing exposé.

The evidence relied upon by trial court had not been subjected to a discovery process. The judge denied legal counsel and any cross-examination of suborned witnesses before jailing me with an indeterminate sentence. This allowed the petitioners to make wild and disgusting accusations against me without any opportunity for me to refute them. That evidence still has not experienced rebuttal.

Judicial misconduct allowed mafioso to cover up harassment and unlawful activities including breach of contract, fraud, witness tampering, homicide, and denial of constitutional and human rights which have persisted for more than two decades. More mafia conspiracy and perjury occurred while I was in jail which persuaded Doerty to ratchet up coercion by giving me twenty-five

days solitary confinement. Instead of trying to mitigate the damage that they caused, academic and mafia dons continue the harassment.

After five years of justice delay to justice deny tactics, Washington Supreme Court concluded that trial court had abused its discretion in physically restraining me and adding content restrictions to an antiharassment order. It also concluded that trial court erred in multiple findings of contempt of court which resulted in torture and solitary confinement in King County Jail, Seattle. Consequently, it reversed those draconian trial and appellate decisions.

Of course, that reversal did not return the four months of my life spent under the most appalling conditions while deprived of medication and subject to torture; however, jail reaffirmed my belief as a writer in truth and sincerity. It taught me how to understand the other prisoners and the delusional judges that jailed me. It persuaded me not to change anything as a result of evil or harmful decisions by malevolent judges who must learn that coercion does not work with literate, intelligent people. . . .

This tale of two cities (Troy, NY and Seattle, WA) uses analogy, satire, and parodies immortal writings by Charles Dickens, Franz Kafka, Jack London, Niccolo Machiavelli, Jonathan Swift, and Oscar Wilde. It shows how very little has changed during the past 100 years. Predominance of power and greed, an increase in poverty and ethnic prejudice, and a denial of civil and human rights concurrent with a loss of freedom of expression demonstrate how the oppressed have again become the oppressors.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way - in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

And there I was, in solitary confinement in King County Jail, Washington, USA, "the land of the free", awaiting the day when the servants of the state would lead me away into what they fondly believed was the dark - the dark they feared; the dark that gave them fearsome and superstitious fancies; the dark that drove them, driveling and whining, to the altars of their fear-created, anthropomorphic gods.

And I languished. I, released from eighty-six days in the dungeons and time in the jacket. I, whom even the guards ranked too weak to work in the road gang, I, whom they left alone to recuperate from too terrible punishment, I, who suffered from wrongful injection of drugs by jail authorities..

I thought much on these matters, through bloody nights and sweats of dark for months that seemed years long, alone with my many selves to consult and contemplate them. I went through hells of existence to bring to you news which you will share with me in casual comfortable hours reading these digitized pages.

I spent time in dark, solitary confinement, that other inmates called a living death. Through months of death-in-life I managed to attain freedom such as few men have ever known. Closest-confined, not only did I range the world but I ranged time. They who immured me gave to me, albeit unwittingly, the largess of centuries.

At Council House, elderly people secretly detested an old lag when he first approached them with his plan to jail me. Many of them laughed at him and turned away with curses calling him the ghetto fool. But he fooled forty of the bitterest ones. The lag approached the elderly again and again with help from mafia lawyers Maureen L. Mitchell and Craig S. Sternberg. He told of his power as a trusty to mafia stools Stephen A. Mitchell and Audrey F. Dunbar and his control of the computer lab.

But this suborner's too-lively imagination ran away with him. He made a slip that will eventually put his accomplices in jail and their lawyers before the state bar association. At this stage I entered or, rather, I departed, for they took me away out of the sunshine and the light of day to the dungeons, and in the dungeons and in the solitary cells, out of the sunshine and the light of day, I rotted.

Then I realized without doubt in that stillness a subdued hum was audible which was more exciting than the wildest applause. There can be no doubt that behind all the actions of this court of justice, that is to say in my case, behind my arrest and interrogation, there is a great organization at work.

This organization not only employs corrupt warders, oafish inspectors, and examining magistrates of whom the best that can be said is that they recognize their own limitations, but also has at its disposal a judicial hierarchy of high, indeed of the highest rank, with an indispensable and numerous retinue of servants, clerks, police, and other assistants, perhaps even hangmen.

And the significance of this great organization? It consists in this, that innocent persons are accused of guilt, and senseless proceedings are put in motion against them as in my own case. But considering the senselessness of the whole, how is it possible for the higher ranks to prevent gross corruption in their agents? It is impossible. Even the highest judge in this organization cannot resist it.

And here I close my narrative. At ten o'clock in Seattle murderers' and rapists' row that means lights out. Even now, I hear the soft tread of the guard as he comes to see whether I have died and

to urinate in a broken toilet outside my cell door leaving a stench that permeates my cell all night.  
In that place mere living censured the doomed to die!

I have learned that good writers change only what they wish to change and disdain attempts at censorship and coercive persuasion. That spell in solitary confinement with murderers showed me that murder may rank as the worst crime in the eyes of the law but that does not make murderers the worst criminals.

*With apologies to Charles Dickens, Franz Kafka, and Jack London.*

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