



CHAPTER 1:

MY EMPLOYMENT AT KNOSSOS: AN OVERVIEW

WHEN I STARTED WORKING AT KNOSSOS IN 1996, it was as a kitchen utility (Stewards Department) staff member. I stayed in that position until 1998. My hard work was rewarded with a transfer to the guest services department in 1998, where I worked for six years, when I was ungraciously heaved for trying to assist the casino through the ESP.

This was devastating; I loved guest services, which gave me the privilege of interacting with thousands of visitors. This book shows, by any forthright measure, that I put this confrontation on hold after being unjustly driven off. I'll rephrase it: there isn't any tip-off that indicates I have belatedly acted against the public's best interests, if that notion even holds water. I wasn't worried about the low wage offered in this position because I knew I would eventually move up if I unfalteringly applied myself, as I had planned to all along.

Success proved elusive in the 2008 disintegration, which was unpredicted, even though I suggested that such management concepts would lock Knossos execs into a continuous path of financial profiteering, even if another betting epicenter—within or outside the United States—overtook the casino in terms of a larger physical size. If they were to forge ahead with my proposed stance, their gaming race would have been in a stronger position to outperform both near and far competitors to successive reaches. If my details had been instructively followed, step by step, they would still be in a commanding position to beat most gaming dens to the punch.

Knossos blasted into the black productivity margin, based on annual takings, after the workers' ideas came to fruition. Here, I reiterate that the resort grandly exceeded, in scale and revenue, most casinos throughout America, as well as globally—the Parthenon Tribe sponsored one of the world's most successful gaming houses before the 2008 downward spiral caused it to hit in the red.

Whether such an eccentric plug-in contribution—my contribution—created the casino's strongest era may not be open for debate any longer. But far and wide, the casino encouraged and swayed its workforce to participate fully in the ESP. My participation was sought through a memo distributed to all employees. I was one of the total six thousand personnel who received the call to submit bids, but mine numbered in the dozens—conceivably more than anybody there. I submitted one every single month, to the substantial benefit of the gambling complex.

The ESP forms specified that an employee's ideas were to be expressed constructively, obligingly, and encouragingly so that they might wow the casino's executives with efficiencies that saved money and time—to analyze and solve problems, improve the organization, eliminate waste, improve service, and so on.

Most employees were determined to chip in, excluding those classified as directors and above. Nothing suggested it was a do-or-die contest for who could submit an immutable breakthrough, which is what Knossos sought—small or big. If fruitful, a single employee suggestion could prolong a profitable lead over another nearby dynamo casino and enable Knossos to seize the balance of gaming powers—the ultimate goal, obviously; none among the tribal executive team would refute the desirability of never having to worry about or be surpassed by the nearest competitor, dauntingly situated a short drive away.

Who would reign supreme in the decades ahead in America's gambling fragmentation? The pressure was on! Therefore, every eligible teammate was dazzled by promises of being generously and accordingly rewarded if they fully met the required criteria, specified in small print, and submitted an idea that would increase the casino's profits and enhance guest services.

Plentiful rewards were attached to entice wider participation—whatever it took to get the job done. Knossos promised prizes to employees ranging from \$25 to a titanic \$10,000 if someone's idea was a top one and benefited the company more than other suggestions. Knossos did pay me \$25 for only one of my ideas, as was outlined in the ESP.

Enterprizing Ideas Employee Suggestion Program

Purpose

- Reward our most valuable source of ideas (our employees) for suggestions that improve our organization

Objectives

- Create efficiencies that save money and time
- Improve our service to our guests and co-workers
- Provide a two-way communication channel
- Encourage employees to recognize, analyze, and solve problems to make our organization better

Eligibility

- All [REDACTED] employees are eligible to submit suggestions.
- Employees who are classified as Director and above are not eligible for awards.

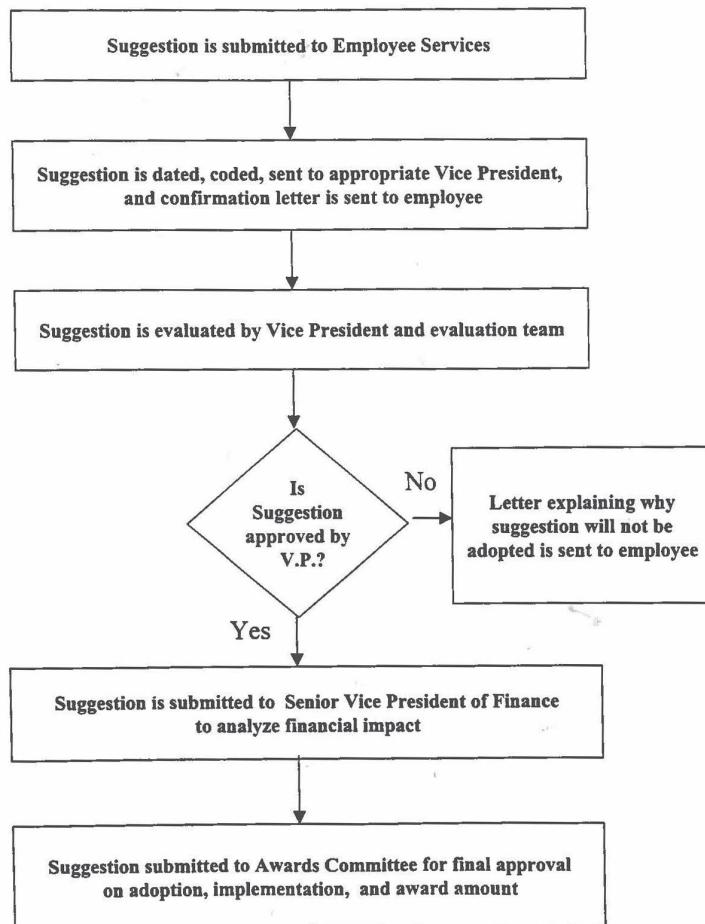
Awards

- Upon **adoption/ implementation** of a suggestion, a cash award will be given ranging from \$25-\$10,000 (Awards greater than \$1,000 will be paid out 50% at adoption and 50% at implementation. All other awards will be paid out at adoption)
- Only the first suggestion of its kind received in the Employee Services Office is eligible for an award
- Awards for suggestions submitted jointly by two or more employees will be divided evenly
- The [REDACTED] makes all determinations with regard to award amounts
- Awards will only be issued to active, eligible [REDACTED] employees at the time of payment
- All awards are subject to all applicable taxes

Award Scale

- Awards will be determined based on **10%** of the first year's savings with a minimum of \$25.00 and maximum of \$10,000.00

ENTERPRIZING IDEAS SUGGESTION PROCESS



For many employees, it may have been a wild ride through either a tunnel of light or an inexplicable obscurity. Many did not hesitate when presenting ideas to company officials under the strict set of conditions agreed to as outlined by their benchmarks, but rewards were not selflessly offered without collateral, like a basket of candies from Santa Claus. True, no one was forced to participate in the ESP. In any event, the program and its promised rewards transformed Knossos into a lively environment.

Perhaps many workers did not share my negative experience with the program. I'm sorry that I didn't include the voices of any employees among the six thousand in this account—I didn't approach them to ask about the ESP other than overhearing some of their dissatisfactions while passing by on the concourse. Did corporate officials honor the terms of the ESP with others? Others were also conned during the ESP, according to rumors, but I can't confirm how many; thus, I can confirm only my situation. If others were treated similarly, who, how, and when? Were they too worried to follow the chain of command due to fear of losing their jobs if they came forward and sounded the alarm to a heeding controller? Was it out of fear of career retaliation? Upon the revelation of the skeletons in their closets, had they identified or hoped for fairer treatment from the higher-ups? If so, I wonder why none of them came forward.

Talk among workers who participated in the ESP around the same time suggested that there were others besides me who submitted concepts that were commercially made use of and resulted in increased profits and improved customer service. They, too, were ignored afterward, but did not pursue the matter, likely due to fear of reprisal (job termination). Did some of them have better luck than me, or did they part with untarnished dignity, unlike me? I'm not sure why those at Knossos singled me out as a target for their unprofessional and

unethical business practices. I suspect it is because I submitted more plans than any other employee.

What upshot came out of being swept up into the Knossos machine? How would I know? I wasn't permitted to stick around long enough to find out on my own. After all, it would be an abnormality for any such information to be brought to my attention, based on confidentiality rules. Otherwise, I would've heard about it, unless I wasn't watching the news that day, which I doubt. The average workers have no choice but to keep what they've already got to make a living because of the monumental bills awaiting them. Others have a mortgage to worry about and families to feed; they wouldn't survive without a job.

Who wanted to be part of the ESP? Should they have pleaded for their jobs for the sake of sparing their measly careers and mine? They would have been replaced at the snap of the fingers. This is no surprise for those who may have thought, in the beginning, that the company's actions were normal, but who then abruptly woke up to a depressing reality instead.

It could even be said that Knossos's practices essentially paved the way to record-breaking success beyond 2000, even up through the 2008 downturn that painfully stopped the celebrated unrivaled years in their tracks.

What the casino did next was unlawful; the tribal leaders never stopped short of using additional submitted inputs per their requests to pass them on via employee departments instead of the previously directed route situated at human resources. According to some anonymous complaints, Knossos has gone behind the backs of employees to use some of their designs without prior consent, which is sternly out of line.

My participation in the ESP in the late 1990s was kept classified for Knossos's own benefit within suspiciously involved decision-making

parties among the upper-management clan and casino owners.

My experience with the ESP proceeded thusly: one, they went through much (avoidable) trouble to clear my working presence from Knossos due to their obsession to retain and make use of my enterprising written ideas in any way they wished without compensating the Native peoples. Two, they opted to dismiss me like a stranger and sweep my concerns under their lavish casino carpets. Three, I was brashly cast off later, like yesterday's newspaper, as if from that day forward, I was ancient history. Four, they proceeded to throw me into the gutter of joblessness when they no longer needed me.

Why didn't I see this coming—that Knossos leaders would take in as many strategies as they could absorb from six thousand workers and then turn their backs on some of them, as they did with me? I felt a sense of abandonment for stupidly being deluded into believing they wouldn't fail me.

It all looked legit, with the distinctive signatures of high-ranking casino officials on each pink file containing my forwarded ideas, with the white copy going to the suggestion awards committee. The way I see it, beneath their smiling faces and well-mannered approach, their upmarket suits and ties, it was nothing but lies. For all intents and purposes, I understand that I'm not a complete fool, but I do accept a nominal fault for letting Knossos scavenge what was philosophically mine. I'm philosophically determined not to allow any of their past discouragement to continue to haunt me because it would inhibit my mission of doing better moving forward. Those in charge deftly fictionalized it, instead of dramatizing it, at the expense of the calm workers. These paid-for executives resorted to backroom dealings rather than allowing everything to come to light.

Additionally, my author's case against Knossos could be undermined by the fact that I don't name names. But then again, I'm following my

intellectual property attorney's counsel as a clientele to avert any libel risk. I reached out to him with concerns regarding the inclusion of sensitive information detailing the casino. I'm concerned that publication of this information may result in legal troubles, and he vetted it before I moved forward.

That's why their identity remains a secret. Perhaps they can write off some of these disputes, providing this book doesn't put pressure on them to reveal the truth. On the other hand, there is no way any of them can play around if there are unused proceeds from their practices. I just wanted to call attention to the fact that their business reputation isn't so innocent after all, which doesn't confirm that they're cleanly reformed now—or looking toward the future.

Would such a guarantee of recognition stand in a court of law with respect to the use of my ideas by the presumed bargain hunter (Knossos), although it wretchedly failed to do so within the confines of the company itself?

Why should I supply 100 percent evidence to support this claim when I won't be able to use it anymore once exposed because it'll weaken my case if I were to take this to court? This book already contains 50 percent evidence.

The vice president's email and every paper I submitted containing the names of other executives are all secured in a box, to present on the day I am called to go to court. They may wish that I have zero evidence, but on the contrary, I've stored plenty of documents bearing their initials in the event the casino takes me to court after finding out about this book. To them, it will be an unwelcome unraveling.

I don't know how many other poorly paid former team workers might have been affected similarly.

Shouldn't it have been up to the very folks who had been calling the shots, the tribal owners and treasured executives, to address these

complaints because they were the ones responsible for cleverly running this enterprising idea program, which appeared rewarding for many of us in its initial phase? Because Knossos was, at the time of my employment, against its employees joining a union to protect their rights, were employees permitted to have a decent chance to raise a legitimate concern about how they were aggrieved during the ESP?

Of course, nobody forced any of us to stay—we were free to walk out anytime if we were not happy with our miserly wages of a little above \$7.50 per hour. So why should such a courtesy of the casino—providing me with a job—make me angry when all the managers and executives did was implement them on their own redrawn, self-absorbed terms after the review committee chose to use them from the list? The fact is, I was earning a scale rate of \$7.50 an hour. I'm trying to draw a line between low wages in my junior years and the lengthy period it took me to move up to more decent, higher wages in my senior years.

Here's an example: an out-of-state Texas subcontractor, whose name I will not mention because this person has a debauched reputation for underpaying full-time workers, proffered no paid sick leave while packing in hundreds of millions in profits. This practice exploits blue-collar workers, who often come to work with the flu or risk losing an eight-hour day at \$8.25 per hour.

In regard to the previous revelation, it shouldn't (should it?) be a cause for panic; could this story be summed up by saying that I was trying to survive, making a little over nine dollars per hour by late-2003 due to pay raises and/or cost-of-living increases, after eight exhausting years where a boss would keep me from transferring to a different department where I could've scaled the pecking order? Conversely, two reliable elders had been there since the casino's opening in 1992 and may have been making well below thirteen dollars per hour.

The level of stress for everyone and the odds of losing one's voice cannot be taken lightly when taking into account the peak seasons in the summer and the December holiday season, with January and February distinctly being the slowest period. It was during these busy periods when customer service became second nature to me. I relished the smiles of gratified old and new friends.

In light of the foregoing, I would ask you to consider this: because countless numbers of Americans are waiting to take the places of gaming employees due to high unemployment rates, everybody knows that these dependable people frantically need Knossos more than the casino needs them.

The following chapters reveal the unadorned reality of everyday life. Delving into the nuts and bolts, I will present my unsung experience at Knossos's parklands. I'll also reexamine the way in which Knossos arranged to make it look like I'd lost my mind. It involved the obligation for me to attend regimented psychotherapy sessions, which felt depressingly interminable.

In my email archives, I have a collection of notes I typed during the managerial extortion incidents due to instinctive worry that I might be dropped like a bad habit at any given time. So I casually took five minutes on slow days to write for serenity.

How, in the name of God, could I have had the slightest clue of how the guest services manager back then came to scrape up such a final suggestion of me being psychiatrically checked for some syndrome in the head and not Alzheimer's, according to him and his trusted partner at employee relations? I was constantly reminded about this by the isolationist impresario and his trusted pal after I had already signed the papers regarding psychotherapy employment conditions. This guaranteed that I would not be uncoupled from my post. They consigned me to swallowing antidepressant pills under a

stringent signed agreement with no sign of cessation—presented as the sole way to legally retain my job. How can someone delicately cope with such a dumpy finish of a diseased deal? They went all the way with their murky deed, covertly wrapping me up and shipping me off like a rushed delivery to the outback. I would've been happier to see Down Under next to the kangaroos and koalas.

Except I won't be wooing any mayor's daughter like James Garner did in the movie *Support Your Local Sheriff*.

If I were to miss any of the mandated sessions, Knossos would immediately have me hop like a kangaroo to the disability queue, against my will—meaning that I would be history on the spot.

Clarification: It was my responsibility to find out why I didn't see some sign signifying that their endgame wasn't what I believed it to be. Why didn't they directly send me off to Australia if their end-game was to make me look short-fused just so that they could hold on to what's mine? I wouldn't have had to deal with the eternally long lines that tend to take longer than unemployment payments.

They might have been doing me a favor by sparing me the hassle of not having to deal with the extended waiting period for disability benefits, which I was still opposed to because I would've preferred unemployment checks over their fraudulent version of me being disabled to make their scheme look more credible and lawful.

Why wasn't I permitted to transfer to another department? That would have given me some leverage and a slim chance.

In 2005, the state office would have had the records of the exact months I had received disability checks because I had already finished collecting them for a year. I don't recall the precise sentence used in the document, but, in so many words, it said that I was somehow unfit for unemployment benefits.

Their judgments were also based on my addressing the eldest supervisor (Phebe) as “Auntie” or “Grandma” to my coworkers, whom they disliked the most, besides their assertion of me being compelled to submit enterprising ideas. I’m referring to Phebe. My response is: What’s wrong with supporting the growth of one’s company if it doesn’t interfere with my work?

How come they didn’t go all the way and give me a citation while they were at it, after coming close to admitting me to one of two area hospitals where they’d sent me before? In the beginning, the counselor I was seeing didn’t seem to agree with my manager, who had sent me to him, but then changed his mind, which could’ve been due to pressure by those who wanted me out of there before they brought my proposed ideas to fruition.

Here’s a more extensive, broad-spectrum version of how I came close to being the victim of these psychoanalyst characters with high stakes in place. May I say that their last-ditch chance communiqué against me was meant to give credibility to their imbalanced excuse that I was psychosomatically challenged?

How can one be certain that the company one works or worked for has gainfully used some, if not all, of one’s aboveboard, innovative suggestions? Such an enterprise is liable when it chooses to insensitively kick a female breadwinner or family man out—or anybody, for that matter—over a made-up insanity pretext, which is where I come in.

I was inappropriately required to take medicine in direct violation of my employment contract.

They were manipulatively lining their pockets with loot obtained through the highway robbery of my capitulations.

There were those who quietly filled their pockets while their closest cohorts turned a blind eye to the scope and scale of bribes running wild within the circle. I tried to sift through what was wrong

with this tribe's cult-crazed insatiability from various angles, with no answer. They attempted to wipe the deranged-mind-reader slate clean by convincing all of America that they didn't go wrong in 2004 when I was expelled like a gusted blast of air, missing in action. My unnerving makeshift ousting was like a lost soul, and for what—to flashily see a former misevaluated slave die out?

And this treatment came after all the work I did during the ESP appeal process to ready them up and take off on my expansion plans, which came to be. I intend to elaborate on it further in the last lines of this chapter.

In their depreciation of a worker's eight years of dependability in putting so much into this powerful gaming enterprise, they found a secret way to make that worker disappear without any repercussions to them.

My dozens of submissions for the ESP unquestioningly were placed at the executive team's royal feet. Can such elements concurrently enhance the reader's comprehension of a never before understood abusive power by none other than those in charge among the Parthenon Tribe and executive squad?

I uninterruptedly pondered over this question: is the Parthenon Tribe and its accessory, the elite administrative squad, prideful and guiltless?

The second one is intended to answer the question in the first one.

Would that be so hard to do? Do the Parthenon Tribe and its executives have too much pride as a prestigious gambling enterprise to risk being tainted over a minor issue? This applies to any unthinking individual whose sense of hard-sell genuineness is rather incomplete. I'm referring to another whistleblower who might not have identified him or herself if the gaming club was anywhere close to malevolently contemplating going toward such a trail.

Sadly, I've come to learn that such stolen ideas are an issue that many in leadership positions would most likely not want to hear about because of absurdly swollen vanity—or something else. This is perhaps a pill that is not easy to swallow, which is where I differ, yet a betrayal is never harmless, if you really think about it.

On the other hand, the truth occasionally hurts, and we all have to learn to live with it. Therefore, why be so inflexibly discreet—and a little sketchy about it—after so many years have passed? At that juncture, if such a valid confession were to be rendered from a conscientious standpoint, I would be in accord with the need to drop this unsought argument about ESP hoopla, which might be more open to discussion in the mainstream than needed, as if it were an ugly divorce between one of the world's biggest casinos and its lowest-class guest services servant.

Going public would be viewed by the Parthenon Tribe and its executive rulers as me driving a hard bargain to depreciate their fabled standing as an unequaled gambling business after more than fifteen years by hitting a profit-making home run.

Some of you might be able to relate to the notion of not receiving credit for your ideas at one point or another. It happens all the time. But my experience with Knossos pointed to the existence of deeper corruption. The corruption there was more than I could handle. Did it ever occur to anyone's curious imagination why, out of all the other consortiums out there, a reputable casino such as the one discussed here would do such a corrupt thing to one of its most loyal employees? The Parthenon Tribe does not really care about me and other employees who contribute such artistic plans after many years of intermittently encouraging ideas for planning growth.

They expected me to be tempted to ask them questions about why they were not expressing thanks for my contributions or letting me

know which ideas they used on the sly until I was nowhere to be seen, discounting me instead?

It seemed my continued presence at the premises didn't sit too well with their standards for doing business during the implementation of my casino-expansion idea, without my accord and without respecting the terms of the ESP messages.

At the time, I had been doing the best I could within my heart and mind in crafting these proposals, which they had requested. Instead, like a slap in the face, to my wonderment, they presented me with an "excoriation" for the sake of safeguarding my livelihood, away from public scrutiny.

I had no choice to decline the pill popping that was forced on me by a psychoanalyst without even the tiniest hint of detected symptoms. They bullied me into being subjected to a number of these sittings, and not without some strings attached, which I will bluntly and soundly elaborate on. I was mandated to sign their cherry-picked stipulations at the employee relations office, where the manager cautiously appointed a reliable collaborator. He wasted no time in rigorously grilling me every chance he got. I compliantly answered everything under the sun he pitched at me. They manipulated me into signing a release form regarding my participation in their mandatory clinical counseling visits and any plan from a second provider.

I understand there's a lot of detail that needs to be added to support this. I don't want any of the evidence presented in my book from the time period in question to feel circumstantial, at best. How did these events come about? Why did I sign something? How many of these counseling sessions did I have to attend? Do I have copies of the documents I signed as additional proof to include here? Yes, I do.

CASINO CHRONICLE

RELEASE

I hereby request and authorize the [REDACTED] Tribe by and through the [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] to release any or all information relating to or in any way regarding my employment at [REDACTED] directly to [REDACTED], a representative of the Employee Group

Council.

[REDACTED]
Employee Signature

4/26/00
Date

04-26-00
Date

PASCALE BATIEUFAYE

RELEASE

I hereby authorize Employee Group Council representative, [REDACTED]
to review any or all information relating to or in any way regarding my employment at [REDACTED].
The representative stated above may share information in my file with others provided that he/she
is acting in the capacity as my advocate and representative and that the information is shared only
on a "need to know basis".

4/26/00

Date

04/26-00

Date

File returned to employee on _____.
Date

Employee Signature

Employee Group Council Representative Signature

Date

Date

CASINO CHRONICLE

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT

TO: [REDACTED] Guest Services Representative
FROM: [REDACTED] Employee Relations Senior Associate
SUBJECT: EAP AS A CONDITION OF EMPLOYMENT

You have agreed to complete the EAP program and any second provider referrals they may make for you as part of their treatment plan. You must sign a release form with EAP to allow them to communicate with us regarding your participation in their program. If at any point in time you fall out of compliance, miss a scheduled meeting or fail to complete all aspects of the EAP program, your employment may be immediately terminated.

EAP will notify Employee Relations when you have completed all the requirements of the EAP program.

We trust that as a result of our conversations clarifying these issues and your interest and good faith in wanting to remain a [REDACTED] employee, you will successfully complete the EAP program.

I have read this memo and fully understand the EAP conditions of employment and what I must do to be able to retain my job. I am also granting permission to Employee Relations to fax a copy of this contract and any other pertinent information to EAP.

[REDACTED]
Witness [REDACTED]

4/25/00

cc: [REDACTED]

Do I have notes on the counseling sessions indicating that Knossos tried to show I had a mental illness? No, I don't, because the counselor routinely sent them to the Employee Assistance Program (EAP) and to my manager as confidential records.

If at any point in time I fell out of compliance or failed to complete all aspects of this shrink package, they would call on the EAP, which was staffed by an above-reproach, unbiased crew similar to a union, which I had high regard for, the manager's bias notwithstanding. They made it clear to me that the program would notify the Employee Relations Department when I had completed all the requirements of the program.

I had to attend upsetting psychiatric therapy treatments or be fired for one, and only one, reason: so that they could unduly pursue the advancement of their own financial agendas based on my written proposals.

Because Knossos offers excellent health insurance, which is likely one of the incentives that compel the six thousand workers to stay there, I was swiftly prescribed psychiatric medications for despair. The psychiatrist proved my superiors wrong after a few interrogative sessions. Defeating the unease surrounding my experience begins with demystifying the main pharmaceutical agenda, which puts profits over people's needs.

With high stakes in place, I came to realize that my legal rights to remain employed by Knossos after eight years of working there were on the line. This plan of theirs put me in a risky position. I felt enormously let down by their actions, which brought me to a miserable boiling point. I went along with their fallacious claims as a desperate last resort to keep from losing my employment. Their devious ultimatum was pretty clear, confirming their plan to ship me far away to a contentious deserted island called Pink Slip. Not thankfully, they

still aimed to get me out.

Did giving eight faithful years of my life to this casino mean anything to those in charge? Because unemployment insurance was an unwelcome idea in their timbered campsite, they made sure to rule out any likelihood that I would be eligible for it by meticulously preparing for a conference call in 2005, during which they raucously ganged up on me. I had to cave in to their demands or disgracefully end up homeless.

They were quite efficacious in having me disqualified from collecting unemployment so that I would remain wedged on disability, should I fight their dubious rulings about my mental health. In any case, there was nothing that could've aided me in returning to work at Knossos—all the odds were up against me.