

PRESUMED GUILTY



**Accused
of rape.
Question
able
evidence.
Prison in
USA. The
absurd
judicial
story of
Carlo
Parlanti.**

By Gabriele Ferrarese

Everybody in prison is innocent, or at least so they say. One of these is for sure Carlo Parlanti; rotting already for years in a maximum security prison in California. Born in Montecatini in 1964, degree in physics, when he is 25 he moves out from Tuscany, and starts working as a project manager for many multinational companies. He likes this work that lets him travel around Europe and the world; in 1996, when he is 34, he decides to move to the United States, Dole made him a proposal that could be defined "an offer he cannot refuse". But Carlo Parlanti beyond slaving at work fourteen hours a day, likes something else: women. One in every city, one in every port; however there is nothing wrong, since also his colleagues remember him like one "tireless, motivated to reach the result, never one moment of breakdown" kind-of-guy. It is fair that after work hours he grants himself some distraction; he couldn't know that his passion for the female sex would have destroyed his life. Years go by quickly in the United States. In 2001 Parlanti comes out of a relationship with a psychotherapist, Sandra Hollingworth, who starts dating him, a patient, violating every code of professional ethics. He meets Rebecca McKay White. She is a few years older than he is, five to be precise. Everything happens during the months before September 11th, in

California:

Carlo Parlanti and Rebecca met at a Jewellery store where he was replacing the battery of his watch. Destiny sometimes lets history flow through common people, since we are few months before September 11th. The two are fully in the middle of it, when their relationship is still working; they live together, and together they decide to move from Monterey to Westlake Village, near Malibu. It's 2002.

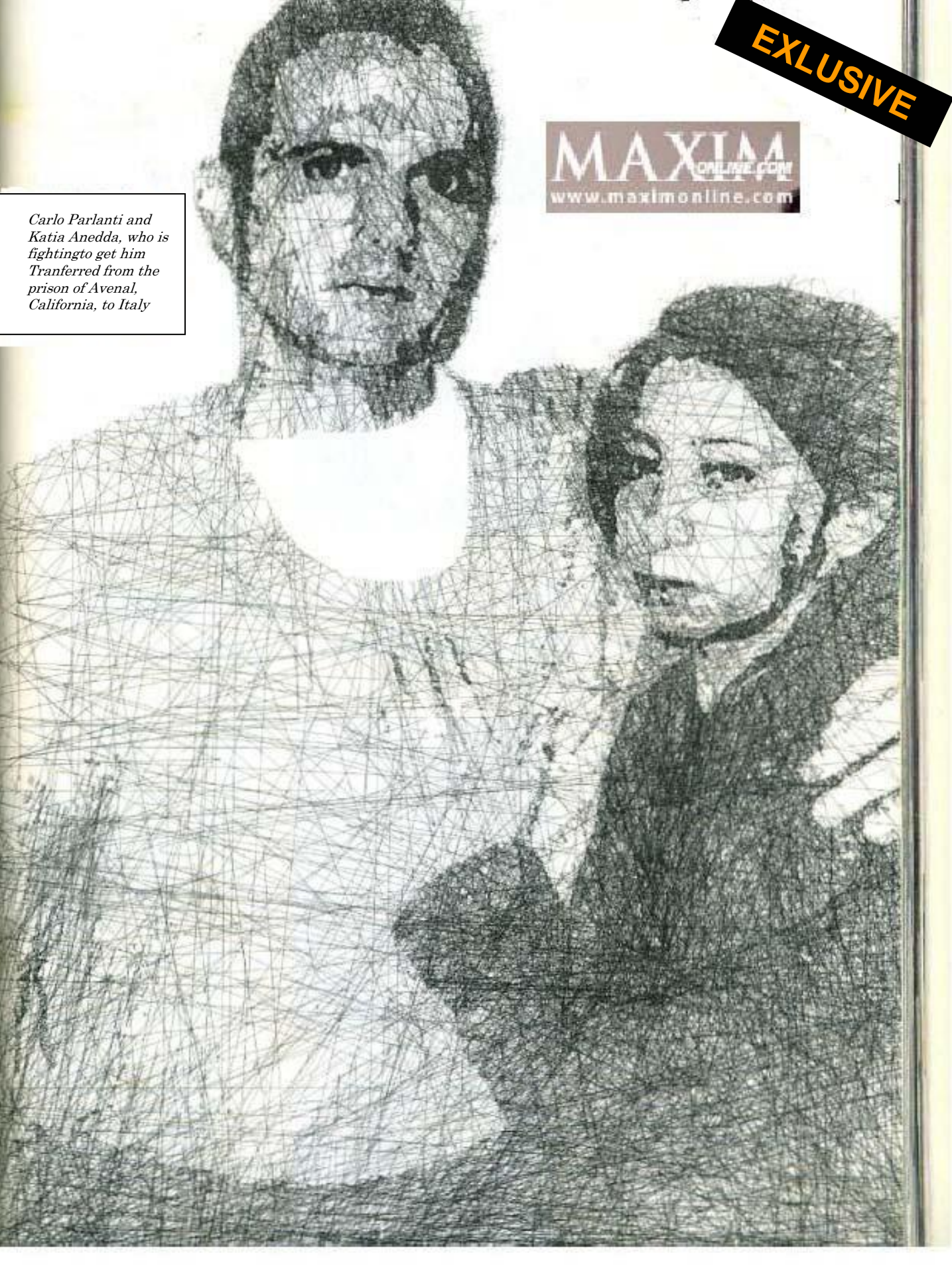
The Police report

Carlo Parlanti is a guy who likes to start from zero, and he is thinking about how to cash-in on his experience abroad, maybe going back to Italy, since the relationship with Rebecca McKay White is rapidly sinking. The two resist until summer 2002, and on July 16th the couple breaks apart. The exact date comes out from some emails; still on the 16th, Parlanti has to move to Gulfport, Mississippi, and after two days Rebecca reports him to the police. She maintains she has been kidnapped for one week inside Parlanti's apartment (a part-time imprisonment, since during the day Parlanti was going to work), beaten up, and raped in terrifying ways. Rebecca maintains in front of the police that she lost much blood because of the violence forced on her by her man. During the following days, while Parlanti is still elsewhere, the officers search the house, but they can't find anything.

EXCLUSIVE

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*Carlo Parlanti and
Katia Anedda, who is
fighting to get him
Transferred from the
prison of Avenal,
California, to Italy*



Everything is tidied up, including the dry wall that Rebecca maintains she had broken through with her head, including the bed that should have been soaked in blood. Too bad the neighbours didn't hear anything in the previous days. Strange, since the dry walls are everything but sound-proof.

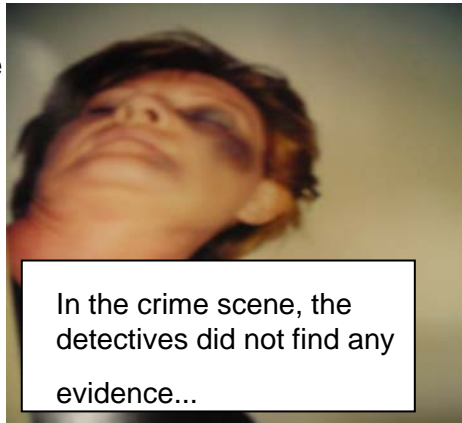


Rebecca McKay White, the accuser. Underneath, the picture that would document the violence.

paints him like some type of bank robber and serial rapist, too bad his criminal record is immaculate. It's only the beginning: Rebecca retracts many times the date of the alleged violence, even during the trial. Then we have the pictures: in photo Rebecca has bruises on her face, but also a different hair cut from the one taken by the police. And, above all, the background doesn't match: the woman insists she took the pictures in the restrooms of Parlanti's house, which is yellow, while the photo presented in trial has a white background. Well then where does this picture of a bruised Rebecca come from? From a fight with the ex-husband that happened few years before! Incredibly it is considered a valid evidence. Rebecca also

The calvary

The incredible thing is that Carlo Parlanti doesn't know what is going on. He doesn't know anything because, after ending the relationship with Rebecca, he has already decided to go back to Italy in August. He leaves the States while his now ex-girlfriend floods with emails (later used as evidence during the trial) friends and acquaintances asking how to win Carlo back. Parlanti starts again with his usual life until, after two years, during the summer of 2004



In the crime scene, the detectives did not find any evidence...

declared that, before the night

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he is in Düsseldorf for work. He is at the airport, they stop him, they show him an international warrant. Hell breaks loose: he stays in prison from summer 2004 till spring 2005, waiting to be extradited to the USA . Franzisca Liebe and Cesare Bulgaroni, the attorneys who are following the story, try many times to appeal to the European Court of human right about the obvious inadmissibility of the extradition . All is worthless since Carlo Parlanti boards on an airplane on June 3rd 2005. Destination: a trial full of incongruities. The district attorney (the equivalent of *magistrate*)



Katia Anedda did not stop believing in Parlanti's innocence. Despite the verdict.

of "fist-fucking" and assorted violence, Carlo Parlanti would have drunk four liters of Chardonnay (more than a gallon) in five hours; if this is true, he would have dropped into ethylic coma and very likely died. The evidence presented is accepted. Parlanti is found guilty, in the sentence motivation we can read: "although there are no medical reports, although Ms. White has been inconsistent and what she told went beyond reality,

To learn more:
www.carloparlanti.com – site created by the Italian girlfriend of Carlo Parlanti, Katia Anedda.
www.carmillaonline.com/archives/2007/06/002291.html - article published few months ago on Carmilla (in English at www.carloparlanti.com/



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I think that Mr Parlanti has damaged her psychologically”.

Sentenced to nine years of prison for dumping her, Parlanti ends up in the prison of Avenal, in California, a prison where one sleeps in dorms for 400 people; he catches hepatitis , is beaten up, and he gets sick. The only one to stand beside him is Katia Anedda, an Italian ex-girlfriend who loses her sleep trying at least to bring him back to Italy, or to get him to serve his sentence in a more “humane” penitentiary. Last chapter of the story, last Monday December the 10th, when his sentence has been confirmed against a suggested reduction from the appeal court. Nine years innocent, in a prison in the desert .

Traslated by Carlo Parlanti