

62



The Bizarre Case of Woo Woo, Etc.

by Nate A. Lindell Created 20 Oct. 2008

If possible, imagine this creature I'm describing: about 5'11" tall, weighing around 140 pounds, having oily-black skin, with a glossy-black Afro on its head that's lower on the top than on its sides and back. This creature — I can't bring myself to call it human — has eyes that are forever bugging out, but only see the bizarre reality concocted by its mortally wounded mind. This being's personality is the spiritual

version the defecation produced by a long-haul trucker who's eaten week-old pizza, several cans of sardines, a pint of spoiled milk, a pound of bacon grease, lubricated with an ounce of Metamucil, squeezed out and given sentience with a searing hatred for people, itself, and ^{an} irrepressible need to vocalize its horrid feelings.

The image I've drawn for you begins, merely begins to reveal the essence of this character, whom I've had the misfortune to be housed next to in Wisconsin's Secure Program Facility (W.S.P.F.), Wisconsin's supermax prison. This creature prefers to be called Woo Woo; as in "my head has a woo woo mommy" - but no kiss from mommy will take away this Woo Woo.

My f-ing gawd! During my imprisonment I've seen some strange things: fuggy dudes stylin' their hair and acting like women, some even had tits (a fine-featured tranny would be no less disturbing to me, f.y.i.); tough guys who love those queers like Romeo loved Juliet; plenty of violence too. But Woo Woo is one of the seven wonders of prison.

Is he even human, or simply a materialization of whatever demons appear to have possession of his body? I can't call it.

According to one guard, Woo Woo is a pedophile. According to one prisoner, who claims to have obtained Woo Woo's paperwork, Woo Woo is a crack-head who accidentally killed his sister while high. So many know of and despise Woo Woo that it's hard to know for sure whether that guard and that prisoner are telling the truth or simply trying to incite others to harass the wretched creature. It is certain that Woo Woo loathes himself and has some serious wars raging in his warped mind. In prison jargon, Woo Woo is a boss crank, a top-of-the-line, proud, loud, deluxe dipshit.

I know, you're thinking that I'm probably not exactly a nice guy myself. Maybe you're right. After all, I am writing this from a super-max prison cell, where I've been placed after stabbing a prisoner whose main difference from Woo Woo was an additional hundred pounds of weight and four more inches of height.

You might think that all prisoners are like Woo Woo; in prison because we are dedicated dummies set on destroying or degrading all that we can touch. If so, you're wrong. At least some of us, including

myself, spend our days trying to understand and improve ourselves, those around us, and the world we find ourselves living in.

But there are Woo Woos in prison who spend their days screaming obscenities, threats, sexually harassing comments, or anything else they think might cause distress or grief to another. That's all they think about! Well-worn Woo Woo quotes include:

"You think it's a game, don't you?"

"You wanna see Woo Woo's Snicker bar, don't you?"

"Why'd you ask that C.O. how big my dick was?"

"I'll tell on you. They know Woo Woo tells the truth!"

"You need to read your Bible!"

"I'm gonna pray. I'm gonna clap my hands. And I'm gonna praise God!"

"You keep on tellin'. I'm gonna keep on ma-jailin'."

"They [prison staff] know what Woo Woo do. You don't need t' tell 'em."

"You wanna smell my wang-wang, don't you?"

Woo Woo spouts many more perverse and usually contradictory phrases. He often repeats his invectives over and over, sometimes in a really creepy, ultra-high pitched voice. Most prisoners don't do this type of thing. Woo Woo only continues to do so because none of us convicts can get our hands on him.

As you might now be able to understand, listening to Woo Woo is enough to make an atheist believe in demonic possession. His actions are that bizarre and blasphemous.

A psychologist who's honest and competent — good luck finding such a shrink in a prison! — would likely diagnose Woo Woo as suffering from a raging Borderline-Personality Disorder (B.P.D.), with paranoid and psychotic features.

People with B.P.D. don't feel well unless they're entangled in a conflict with others. Those who have this diagnosis are not supposed to be housed at W.S.P.F., which seems to explain why Woo Woo's derangement has escaped the notice of W.S.P.F.'s many shrinks. In fact, I don't ever recall observing Woo Woo talk to or be treated by one of W.S.P.F.'s shrinks. Plenty of the sorry s.o.b.'s housed by him have ended up seeing the shrink, due to the damage Woo Woo's inflicted on their

psyches.

U.S.P.F. and all of the Nation's prisons have a no tolerance policy regarding any form of sexual harassment. The Federal Prison Rape Elimination Act (P.R.E.A.) requires this, and, amongst other things, requires prison officials to not let an inmate make sexual comments or threats to another prisoner.

Woo Woo's homosexual harassment must violate this policy, as must his recent false accusation (a Freudian slip?) that a guard voiced his desire to touch Woo Woo's unbathed butt. Yet no U.S.P.F. staff, not even the one whom Woo Woo falsely accused of homosexual desires, have sought to eliminate Woo Woo's ever-flowing stream of sexually degrading remarks.

Hmmph!

Woo Woo's comments suggest that he was himself sexually abused, possibly contributing to the mangling of his mind. I guess it doesn't matter, because not even a program obsessed place like U.S.P.F. has programs to help prisoners with such problems. And no program can help somebody who doesn't see a need for the help.

Woo Woo is not the only crank I've encountered at U.S.P.F. We've had "Slayer," a skinny thirty-something year old White male, proud of his crack addiction, claiming to be a White supremacist, but doing nothing to better himself or his race. Slayer was here until he bit a chunk out of his arm and was sent to a nut-house joint. Eddie "G" was here, going crazier and crazier — he was at least forty years old, another proud crack-head, with no teeth, often bragging of his weird predations on White people (e.g. stealing lobsters from a grocery store). "Big Vic" was once here here, a forty-something year old addicted to prescription drugs and alcohol, in for wife-beating. Big Vic loved to scream about his Christian beliefs and hatred for non-Whites, when he wasn't singing "100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" so long and loud that those around him had no choice but to sing along with him in their heads. Last I heard, Big Vic was unleashed upon the free world. Then there's Jessie Broadie (I may have his last name spelled wrong), in prison for raping an elderly woman in the middle of a city street... after having been released from a nut-house he was sent to for having raped another elderly woman in the

middle of a street. Jessie loved to cuss out White convicts, though anyone would do in a pinch. Broadie was sent back to a nut-house for treatment... in vain.

The list could... go on and on; and, if one of these cranks isn't around, another one spontaneously combusts psychologically. I call my theory about the phenomenon the "crank vacuum theory."

Characteristics that these cranks have in common include: 1) a chemical addiction; 2) being sexually deviant and hateful; 3) racial insecurities; 4) craving and creating conflict with other prisoners, but rarely doing so directly with staff; 5) feeling a need to degrade other prisoners, but not prison staff; 6) having plenty of reasons to hate themselves; 7) not recognizing their sickness nor seeking help for it.

I've talked with prison shrinks about how to best deal with these lunatics — we call 'em "seg-rats," 'cause they seldom make it out of segregation — in a way that results in the least amount of drama. The only advice these shrinks have given to me was to ignore the cranks until they give up. This simply does not work with adults who spend all of their time trying to aggravate those around them. Ignoring these idiots only results in them trying harder to create misery in others.

Unfortunately we convicts can't apply our preferred method of behavior modification — i.e. beating these fools brains in with a lock in a sock.

As for prison staff, they actively encourage cranks like Woo Woo. Staff sweet-talk to these cranks, verbally coddling them, giving them privileges they lost due to their antics, even telling them who to target with their rantings and ravings. Staff put these cranks in cells next to litigious prisoners or writers, like me. In fact Woo Woo was put in the cell next to mine after prisoners in another hallway ran him off for his constant screaming of abusive language.

After being in our hallway for about a month, Woo Woo was moved away from us. But the bizarre case of Woo Woo and his kind has not been resolved. The near riot (if such is possible in a segregated unit) of twenty-four prisoners in our hallway who fiercely complained to our unit's manager about Woo Woo's ear-splitting insults keeping us awake day and night simply pushed Woo Woo onto some other prisoners.

Woo Woo's insanity continues, spreading to those around him. So, if you ever wonder why some of us prisoners occasionally attack staff or other prisoners, are agitated or angry, have contempt for "the system" that falsely claims to be facilitating their rehabilitation, keep in mind the madness forced into our minds.

The bizarre case of Woo Woo is just another example of how prison officials misuse their authority to debase us prisoners and perpetuate prison madness, guaranteeing their jobs and depriving tax-payers of billions of dollars each year. Yeah, that's money that could be used for far better things than cultivating the cancer that prisons are.

Woo Woo's Hide Into the Sunset, added 19 April 2012

About 7 months ago, I was on range 1 of Echo unit, the last unit Woo Woo was on before being released. Yes, Woo Woo was released. Take a close look at the next nappy-headed urban hype you see collecting cans. Could be him.

He was trying to be polite during his last couple months in prison. Instead of randomly cussing out guys on the tier, he cussed out somebody only he knew, a character he called "Big-Mouth Ho". Here's a sample of the dialogue:

"Big-Mouth Hoooo. Can you smell it? I know you can smell it. You wanna see it?"

"Big-Mouth Ho. We all know you a fag. You got caught [omitted] at Green Bay, in the shower."

[In a high-pitched voice] "I ain't no faaaag."

Woo Woo spent hours in these imaginary conversations. Sometimes he'd break down and cuss out the tier idiot(s) or be geeked up by another to harass someone else for them. He cussed out some young black dude for me, as a way of apologizing.

How he'll make it in the real world, I can't see. So, my parting advice to him was to stop in at the S.S.I. office, bring Big-Mouth Ho, make introductions, and get him a check. Because there's no way Woo Woo can earn a living. Well, maybe as a sideshow freak.