

#136

Survivor: Waupun Correctional Institution Seg. Unit
by Nate A. Lindell, created 14 April 2013

You might (or should) think I'm crazy (by now), but I sometimes wonder where Jeff Probst is hiding & where all the cameras are, because I surely must be an unwilling contestant on the longest and dirtiest game of "Survivor" ever screamed up.

As noted in post #118, when I first arrived in W.C.I.'s seg. unit, I was the new guy, an anti-hero rejected by all the resident villains. Amongst other things, the whole deck of race cards was thrown in my face (e.g. I was accused of being a snitch & a pedophile & a homo, because I'm white - per capita, Blacks have all other races beat, in truth) in my neighbors' effort to make me feel insecure in order to coerce me into joining their alliance as the lowest ranking member. As a fan of "Survivor," I knew that accepting such a role meant I'd be the first sucker voted off at the next tribal council. So, I humbly toughed it out, alone, spending some time on Exile Island (nobody talked respectfully with me), where I found the Immunity Idol (the idiots heard about me), which I never revealed/acknowledged & have no one to share it with (yet). Then, when some of my de facto teammates (omegas) realized that I have competency as an artist & as a litigator, I climbed up the totem pole I detest until hatred/fear became cunning/envy.

Such is how it's been every time I've went to a new wing of W.C.I.'s seg. unit. There's an initial phase of rejection & disrespect ("fuck you racist," "You're ugly/stupid/bald/gay/never getting out..." being typical welcomings), which I mostly blow off, respond where (rarely) appropriate, until, after about two weeks, I'm recognized by most contestants as being reliable & useful to their own schemes. Yipee.

One or two persistent heckler(s) always seem to remain, if not more. They sometimes join forces in their effort(s) to psych me out of a game I really don't want to play anyway.

When I first arrived at W.C.I.'s seg. unit, my chief heckler was "Big" Dave & an acid-tongued mulatto guy, both from Milwaukee ghettos, which they helped make ghettos. When the mulatto guy (race is a factor) disrespected Big Dave (who's more black, yet, like most Afro-Amer's, tainted with some white way back in his family tree) & Big Dave fell out with his cousin (who

was in the cell next to mine), they each lessened then ceased their propaganda campaign against me. Big Dave even tried to civilly speak to me about a point of law, as did his cousin (I became a "prize" in their contest over who had more allies, after each had called me a snitch, a bitch, a fag, etc.). Ultimately Big Dave's cousin sought my services on a libel suit he wanted to file on two C.I.s (confidential informants) that put him in seg. Very humorous, given that both had screamed that I was a pretentious litigator less than a week previously.

When I was moved on up to the East side known as C-wing, I had to go through the routine again. Then my chief heckler was a mysterious white guy who called himself "J" & claimed to know me from Bosco/ W.S.P.F. The only "Jay" I knew from Bosco was a piece of wreckage discussed in post #38. This "J" had a different voice & called me a homo, a snitch, a false-flagger (someone who falsely claims affiliation with a group), a coward, etc., with much more vigor than "Jay" would have done so.

Hmm.... The only white guy I recalled from Bosco who had a reason to virilently hate me was a self-professed "California Hit Man" with the first name "Justin". I'd redubbed Justin the "California Shit Man" and published all the dirty secrets he'd entrusted me with (e.g. he'd snitched on other jail inmates in Waukesha County for "sprinkled donuts," according to the jailers' reports he'd sent me), which I'd intended to do & more ever since the Narcissistic s.o.b. called me down to the vent, told me he'd killed a mother & asked, "You know what it sounds like when somebody suffocates on their own blood?" then imitated his victim's dying gasps (he'd stabbed her in the chest & then cut her throat). For some strange reason he thought I'd be impressed & overlook that he snitched on the guys who hired (but never paid) him to do it. Sure enough, I saw his last name on a cell door when I went off to use the law library one day. When I returned, I laughed at him & threw back some of the stones he'd chucked at my brick house, cracking a couple picture windows & disregarded him as a relevant player.

You need to understand that J/Shitman was in no danger from my snitch accusation. This is Wisconsin where, "You're Among Friends." The guy in the cell to the left of mine was a snitch & told me so himself. Another Black guy promptly said in a laconic voice, after my unveiling, "Nobody cares." Well, one other Black guy on the tier cared, a guy who said he

was in Bosco with me + had no problems with me; he already knew who the shitman was.

Shortly after I offered to share the black + white (documentation) with another White guy on the tier (he claimed to be part of a White org. + have clout — honkie please; I've heard it all...), I was moved back to A-wing, on the 2nd floor, where I was again a stranger in a strange land (well, the land was familiar...). There was a twist to the process though.

The neutral Black guy I'd left behind had believed + announced that I was moved for threatening to expose J/shitman. There may have been some truth to that, but I'd just been given a major ticket for Disrespect + Disruptive Conduct based on one psychologist (Dr. Courtney Endres) accusing me of telling another psychologist (Dr. McLaren, a short female), "I like your ass. But that purple sweater you're wearing makes you look like an compa-loompa" + then loudly singing the Dompas Loompas song from Charlie + the Chocolate Factory. What I actually said was, "I like your hair" (in fact I don't like Dr. McLaren's ass nor any other physical feature — she's built like a midget), which I do like (it's dark, with some purple + red/maroon blended in) + told her to be nice (many other guys yell they like her ass, + call her a midget, ugly etc. — I was trying to be nice); and the only thing I did loudly was explain how the shrink's aren't supposed to be discussing prisoners' mental health issues at their doors because everyone else on the tier can hear what's said.

Anyhoo, I didn't get a chance to develop an alliance with the neutral Black guy on C-wing. Nor did I fully succeed with getting J/shitman voted off at tribal council before Big Brother (...) forced me to start from scratch yet again on upper A-wing. It turned out that an arch nemesis, "B" (Bradley S.), a Black nationalistic prisoner I'd spent time with in Bosco, was lurking in the shadows. When I was still on C-wing, J/shitman had said that "Spook" (B's bosom buddy), whom I was also in Bosco with, was on B-wing running a propaganda campaign against me. I was both flattered + surprised that so many Bosco dropouts were in W.C.I.'s seg. unit + took me as such a threat that they'd steadily been dookeying on my name.

Back on upper A-wing Jimmy Dean aka Jimmy the Hat (see page two of post #125 for more on him) was in cell 203, with a big pink scar on the right side of his forehead, put there by W.C.I.'s foulest

guards. I promptly called to Jimmy & let him know that, despite his foibles & past insults, I'd filed grievances & had written to prison officials protesting how guards had beat & sexually assaulted Jimmy during "staff-assisted" strip searches (explained in post #124). He rambled for a couple minutes about his conspiracy theories, delusional hopes for justice (from the judge who imprisoned him & a lawyer he once had dealings with), then we parted ways. A guy named Snake Eyes heard me talking, recognized my voice & asked me about an affidavit that I'd told him I'd wrote for him (about guards beating & sexually assaulting him, like what happened to Jimmy) & gave to his supposed org ally (who assured me that he'd mail it to Snake Eyes, yet never did so). Snake Eyes & I also chatted about litigation I was doing related to the ongoing abuse in W.C.I.'s seg. unit. Other than Snake Eyes and Jimmy, I knew nobody else on the tier.

There were two cranks (defined in post #24, 15^{down}) on the unit, both sex offenders. One was a serial rapist known as "Pretty Boy", the other was a rapist/homosexual/pedophile known as "Don Juan". If I could press a button that'd shoot two spears up their butts, I would. I wanted nothing to do with them, but both called my name; so I did my best to politely, carefully disarm those shit bombs. After all, steel-plate doors seperated us & I was almost alone in my intolerance of rapists.

Futile. What began as a seemingly polite exchange of words turned into the cranks accusing me of being planted on the tier by the D.O.C. to create chaos, calling me a racist "honkie", "cracker" & "white boy", accusing me of trying to learn about prisoners' potential lawsuits in order to undermine them (after I helped file them), etc.

It's futile to try & rebut such slander, for they would be the ones judging the validity of any rebuttal; & even if I managed to satisfy them — that would require me pretending they were tolerable characters, awesome dudes, & to co-sign whatever lies they might try say on the tier, which would fatally exacerbate my G.E.R.D. — they'd just pluck another rotten egg from their endless supply & throw that one at me. My only real defense against such attacks was the intelligence & character of those around me, their real audience.

Basically I was ~~fixed~~. The two rapists had spent years in seg perfecting their asinine coo-pery trying to persuade a tier of mostly snakes to bite me.

One guy, a Vietnam special-forces vet, across the hall from me, had strong character. He was + is my mostly silent ally... somewhat.

The snakes would be snakes. If they bit me, at least I know they were snakes. What seems to be the wisest thing to do, + which I try to do is get them slithering to my tune, a more constructive one than the static they're dancing too.

After the two sex-offenders bared their fangs, Bradley S. (B.S.) revealed himself, spit his own venom, colored with his anti-White racism. An even more insecure half-White/half-Black kid on the tier quickly bit at me, saying, "I hate you! You racist bitch!" etc., missing the irony as he tried to impress B.S. with how Black he was. B.S., the mocha-latte kid, + the two rapists then came at me with the foulest anti-White racist propaganda they could come up with, including blaming two White girls (ages 9 + 11), who were raped by a Black prisoner in Bosco, for giving their rapist it.I.V. ("They were sluts. All White girls are," B.S. sneeringly said). The opposite was, sickeningly true. That shocked + sickened me. I felt cold at hearing it. B.S. had ridiculed a Black guy back in Bosco for being convicted of raping a 16-year old White girl, even incited more insecure young Black prisoners to join him in the heel biting, resulting in one of them fighting with the convicted rapist. I wished B.S. hadn't stooped that low, + wonder if he was serious.

The rub was that the rapist in Bosco was not a butt-licker, didn't co-sign B.S.'s b.s. Don Juan + Pretty Boy, on the other hand, happily slithered to B.S.'s tune, so B.S. overlooked their sex cases... for the moment.

Of course all that love, peace, + chicken grease didn't last.

About a week later B.S. failed to agree with some way-out theory of Don Juan's (e.g. that Don Juan was entitled to the money that the government provided to the W.D.O.C. for his rehabilitation, which wasn't being spent on that because D.J.'s stayed in seg. for 6 years), worse, B.S. criticized D.J.'s logic. This was two days after B.S. had had a falling out with Tough Toney, because Tough Toney accused Don Juan of being a pedophile (based on the accusation of J.B., a young White guy) + B.S. came to D.J.'s aid by accusing Tough Toney of being a snitch. B.S.'s discord with D.J. resulted in D.J. explaining how B.S.

subtly psychologically bullied people, but got scared when J.B. told B.S. that he was gonna stab B.S. over ^{B.S.}insistently disrespecting white people (J.B. is not even racist, is part of a multi-cultural gang & has mixed babies). In response, B.S. forgot all about Tough Toney's supposed snitching, rejoined forces with Tough Toney, & together, they berated D. Juan for being a homosexual, a child-rapist, a coward, ... etc.

The alliances change so quickly & easily, contrary to what I thought was common sense, that I had to update J.B. when he came back from a two day court trip. No way will I try to play such a game! It's probably for the best — not only is there no money for the winner, there is no winner of this season, because there's no end to the game!

Ahhhh!

And that, dear readers, is part of the reason I lost most of my head hair along with my marbles. It's also prison political science.

— finis —

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Nate Lindell, a WI prisoner who's been kept in seg. for more than 13 years & is a talented writer, artist & civil-liberties litigator writes about abuse of prisoners, pending litigation he's doing, his comical & tragic experiences, etc. at:
<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/540/> & invites you to check it out. You'll be amazed.