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Nate's News, 26 Aug. 2013

by Nate A. Lindell

Well, it's crazy humid + the air ain't movin'; my paper's soggy + this pen's acting... queer on me. My neighbors are loud, stupid + say things they'd never say to my face. The usual prison b.s.

I'm kinda crabby 'cause I've not got the work done I've wanted to (my book for PrisonsFoundation.org still ain't done) + I'm 10 sheets from being out of paper, one envelope from being out of embossed envelopes.

All apologies for flexing my manopause on you, don't mean to drag any of you readers down.

But, I too, like BTB, realize that I need to make some changes.

There's so much I have to say + want to write about, but I'm perpetually out of resources. Good intentions don't pay my bills and I must find a source of income, hopefully a legal source.

I've four cases pending in federal courts, my own cases. And I'm helping 3-4 other prisoners also seek justice, relief from severe abuse, from the courts. This will be the focus of my pathetic resources (one free embossed envelope + 2 sheets of paper a week, given to me by staff). I don't sell (or use) drugs to hustle up money + the guards here treat me like an Arab at an airport, so practically all ways to hustle up money/postage are blocked. It's frustrating.

Readers who've transcribed posts, you've my love + respect + you are free to print off copies of any of my art from this site. Your time is valuable + I thank you very warmly.

No offense, but if you ain't transcribing my posts, e-mailing the places I ask to be e-mailed at the end of some posts, or are not in some way contributing to my efforts, that's inconsiderate.

Anyway, I've invited Mark Jordan, the guy Sean Riker framed for murder (see my accompanying letter to Keisha) to be interviewed for this blog. When/if I get his reply, I'll post the interview. But I've no pressing plans to post anything else, unless BTB asks me too.

No worries, if you dig my writing. There's more than 800 pgs, I was recently told, of my writings. Go back + read what you've missed + laugh, weep, learn something.

Regards,
Nate