

Reply I.D. - Blog 4HR

Topic: Prisoner Abuse

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Autobiographical

My Last Stand & Trippy Trip

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I left wearing a pair of orange pants, orange canvas shoes and two t-shirts. No, I was not about to go deer hunting in the Everglades. I was on my way into the federal prison system.

The scanty attire was my fault, mostly, as two days prior I'd broke the brass nozzle off my in-cell sink & used it to smash out the window at the back of my seg. cell, along with knocking some chunks of concrete out of the walls and desk. I wanted to bust the cell up more, bust some cinderblocks out of the walls, go into my neighbors' cells & bust up those cells too, but the inevitable happened: some inmate dry-snitched on me, got the guards prowling, looking for the source of the banging. A guard saw me just as I swung the nozzle, tied to the end of my pillowcase, at my cell's steel intercom plate, which I needed in order to dig the mortar from between the cinderblocks & pry 'em out.

"What're you doing in there?"

"Nothing," hands behind my back, blank look on my face.

The guard paused, grinned, probed with his eyes. "Back up a bit."

I backed up.

"What ya got in your hands?"

"Ohp, gotta go!" I turned & began smashing the window, busting chunks out of the poured-concrete desk under the window when the nozzle bounced down off the window & onto the desk.

It happened fast. A couple times the nozzle cracked me in my forehead & smashed the knuckle of my right middle finger. Fuck it.

Then, it was over. The f-ing nozzle busted off of my pillowcase, skittered across the floor... somewhere. In my agitated state,

amid the dust, glass, paint + whatnot, I couldn't find the nozzle.

"What are you doing in there?!" the third-shift Sgt. asked.

"Saying goodbye."

"Are you done?!"

I looked around again. "Fuck!.... Yeah. I can't find it."

The window could only be repaired from the outside, where, I'd noticed, the security screws holding the now shattered panes in place were thickly painted over. As my cell was two stories up + it was prickly cold outside, I figured I put that cell outta commission for at least a week. Some s.o.b. at W.C.I. couldn't be put in that cell after I left.

I spent the next 16 or so hours in a cold cell with only a pair of socks + underwear to keep me... warm (?!), after staff cut off my clothing + C.O. Lushing cupped my nuts, grabbed my penis + spread apart my buttocks, even though I was perfectly calm + offered to comply with a strip search. I just wanted to demolish cells.

"I'm going to punish one of you for this. There's no need to cut my clothes off or feel my genitals + buttocks. It doesn't matter who, but one of you will pay."

"Don't threaten my staff—" the lieutenant supervising this said.

"Fuck you faggot."

Cuffed behind my back, shackled to a door, surrounded by 5-7 guards who were all much bulkier than my seg. sick self (see accompanying post about overuse of seg.) — that was not the time to punish those pieces of shit.

At least I didn't catch a finger up my butt, as others had. (see my previous post, "Ongoing Abuse of Prisoners in W.C.I.'s Seg. Complex").

Shortly after being given clothing and bedding again, I tried to bust the nozzle off the sink in my new cell — it had four windows, big ones. Alas, I was caught on camera + soon again was near naked + cold.

The next day I was given a t-shirt, under-wear, orange shoes + orange pants - no orange uniform top. Lt. Schneider + Brian Greff - the two main administrators in seg.-escorted me off the unit, insulting, threatening + mocking me along the way. While I awaited my carriage, a guard gave me another t-shirt.

W.C.I. staff were in awe of the whole event, as were the two prisoners who observed the fatigue-wearing "Federal Transportation Service" characters who came to pick me up. Their Southern accents were almost as thick as the bold, capital white letters on their black coats. The leader, called "Captain," insinuated I'd be duct taped if I became a problem.

It'd been two days since I'd slept. It'd be three more before I'd sleep, sorta.

I felt like I was in an episode of "The Twilight Zone," or "The Gitmo Zone."

The WI D.O.C.'s decision to switch me into federal custody was wholly unusual. 99.9% of WI prisoners who'd been put into federal custody had been recalled, even Christopher Scarver, the guy who'd killed Jeffrey Dahmer (+ Jesse Anderson), although Scarver was later returned to fed. custody. Only six days after the P.R.C. "hearing" where I was told I was going into fed. custody (that "hearing" took place at 3:45 P.M., far later than was normal), I was on my way gone.

I hadn't killed anyone, hadn't battered nor assaulted staff for about a year, hadn't battered a prisoner for around 11 years. The spree of assaults on staff that got me kicked outta the WI stupidmax (see my post, "How I Escaped from WI's Supermax," posted around Feb. 2013) was old news + no blood was drawn (though staff surely deserved to be bled).

Before being kicked outta WI's stupidmax, I wrote + filed two suits against the joint, described in prior posts. After I arrived at W.C.I., I filed one more suit against a sadistic stupidmax supervisor + one suit against W.C.I. staff for their malicious

destruction of my property (books + art). I'd also drafted multiple suits for other prisoners + criminal complaints for prisoners who'd been sexually + physically assaulted by staff at W.C.I. + elsewhere. I was struggling to, with my bare resources, help seriously mentally ill prisoners exhaust the prison-grievance process so we could file a class-action about the horrible conditions in W.C.I.'s seg. complex, where many prisoners cut, bit, hung + defecated on themselves, if not worse.

My transfer to the B.O.P. mooted much of my litigation +, as egotistical as it may sound, leaves a lot of prisoners there unable to get their valid cases in court.

Is that the reason for the sudden transfer, entirely out of state custody?

On the way here, I froze. I was poisoned with fast food, which was so salty that my hands + feet swelled up. I was only given 20-40 ozs. of water a day. One insane transporter kicked + tied up my left ankle, ligating me with the shackle, an old W.C.I. trick,

Met a couple pretty girls on the bus, whom I recited poetry to + stared into the pretty eyes of, yet assured I wasn't seeking any romance from, despite my hunger for such. Saw a jailer in Kentucky, where we lodged for a couple days of rest (+ I tore apart the bathroom of, without being caught!), with beautiful gray/green eyes + curly burgundy hair. Met a cool dude from Texas, Chris Girard, whom I shot the shit with. And, of course, I hyped my blog.

"Hi!" to any of you who were on that Heli ride with me + actually looked up my blog. No, Chris — I'm not in a federal facility for the study of the criminally insane. It's just a U.S.P. In fact, despite me stopping by the Psych. dept. twice + e-mailing them, they still haven't scheduled an appointment with me. Crazy, huh?

I guess the question is "What's the wisest move for me now?"

Nate