

Nate's News

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Ahoy There Headers!

My new mailing address is

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I was kicked outta the Wisconsin state prison system into federal custody, probably due to

the 4 civil-rights suits I had pending against the state system & the 4-5 others I was doing for other prisoners, maybe also in part because I was exposing the state's horrendous abuse of prisoners (who were mostly mentally ill) in seg. units, likely also because I'd assaulted & battered staff & was just biding my time to do worse: my journey is too arduous for me to carry any respect or pity for those with none for me, & I did not make this rugged terrain.

So, after almost 14 years in seg. within the state's prison system, the feds put me right into g.p. Strangely, I didn't freak out. I was hypervigilant, expecting severe drama around every corner. But the White convicts & a brother of mine here put together a care package for me and explained how shit goes here.

This place is more open, there's more to do & the staff are more decent than in a f-ing WI medium security prison. Staff told me who my brothers were & where they were housed. Just about every gang/organization there is is represented here: Whites - A.B.s, A.C.s (C), A.N., WAR skins, Odinists; Blacks - D.C. Blacks, Dirty South, Bloods, etc.; Latinos - Emé, Texas Syndicate, L.K.s, Nortenos. Each group has its own T.V. & table in the units' dayrooms. Respect is extreme, which avoids extreme violence.

Snitches + sex offenders are not safe in "the yard," around the rest of us, nor should they be .

I already got 3 tattoos — "144" on the left side of my head (my full-scale I.Q., as discussed in my previous post, "A Genius Behind Bars... And?"), long horns following the seam of my cranial bones from my temples to my crown (I am Promethean...), and a neo-Celtic-tribal one of a horned owl on the back of my head (finally, I have eyes in the back of my head...).

Offered my services as a literary tutor, possibly to run a poetry-writing class. They let a prisoner here run a painting class, so I figure I can use my 145 verbal I.Q. (see forenoted prior post) for this good, verbally empower other prisoners.

My cellie's got 5 pet mice, one of whom is a fighter who eats big ol' praying mantises, spiders, fights other mice (he'll take on 3 at a time, get bit up + want more!), but is perfectly tame with us.

All of my art, books, legal papers — they were left behind. Maybe, as staff claimed, to be given to a freshly made friend whom I gave them the address for, but I wouldn't be surprised if they were all thrown away. I had two art books in the works, along with my autobiography, stories, poems, etc. — all original, no copies.... This troubles me the most. I hope it still exists.

Please don't try to e-mail me ^{I, so far, have 30 I can't even read!} using CorLinks, as I am without funds, thus can't purchase the TruLinks units needed to read + send e-mails. If you wanna change this, send money, money orders, or checks to:

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I've heard nothing from Between the Bars since my arrival here. Did get some legal mail forwarded from WI, + a personal letter....

The debts I had in WI have not followed me here, yet I currently have zero.