

Nate's News 1 June 2015

Well, I should've realized there'd be problems here at Terre Haute USP when the Lt. leading our bus ride to here from the F.T.C. in Oklahoma City said, "You got one of them voices I'm just not gonna like. Do me a favor & don't say anything during the trip."

No sense casting pearls before swine. I said nothing, to him.

Ughh. Mid-west prisons. ^ I thought I'd left them behind when Wisconsin spat me out. Mais non.

Staff were/are all a bunch of low-class White people, much like those I'd grown up around. But, because they are "Correctional Officers," even though they're typically less educated, more enslaved to vices & more sadistic than I am, they have the attitude that I'm scum & they're righteous, awesome. When reality offends this delusion, I'm to blame.

People are in prisons for a reason. Staff work here for a reason, & sadly — it's rarely because they want to help rehabilitate prisoners.

A C.O. on my unit, who clearly has Tourette's Syndrome (he twitches, spits & cusses for no apparent reason, like every 3 seconds), told my unit counsellor & another C.O. that I claimed to be calling it for the Whites on the unit. It was a lie that could've got me in a lot of trouble, given that no gang activity is tolerated here & I'm an ex-Aryan Circle member. That lie could've led to me being shipped to an active yard, where active White gang members would try to kill me.

And the Whites on my unit were a particularly sorry

lot! Most had teeth rotted out from chronic dope abuse &/or poor dental hygiene; they were sloppily built, runty, one was missing an eye - none demonstrated sharp wits. I avoided them, wasn't trying to lead or be led by them.

So, I accepted a mulatto guy as my cellie. "That should kill that guard's lie!" I thought. He was mellow, respectful - turned out to be gay too. This offended the Whites, mostly the Whites on other units. Long story short, a white guy on my unit attacked me, from behind, busted my nose & put some knots on my head & my knee got viciously sprained, had to limp to the SHU,

In the SHU I was put in with a 380 pound, 6'3" die-hard dope-fiend, bully & homo-predator. (The gay mulatto guy was no problem, because he respected that I wasn't gay.) I dealt with him as best I could, despite threats, yelling, suicidal & homicidal mood swings he had from snorting pills all day long, even when guards incited him to intimidate me from filing complaints. But, after about a month, he left the cell with more than 20 cuts to his head, face, hands, arms & feet, yelling to his C.O. buddies, "Ya dumb motherfuckers! I'm bleeding t' death!"

Not even close. There was no arterial spray even.

So, they're transferring me. Probably to Tucson USP.

I hope you'll continue following my blog, where I will continue telling you what life inside is really like.

Oh, when I got my property here, all of my books, my new sneakers, & all of my art paper, drawings, etc. was missing. C'est la vie.

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