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This is the essay I wrote
for prisonexpress.org, for their
word-theme "Almost," due May 2017

"Chasing Crumbs of Justice" by Nate A. Lindell

Those of us who have felt the iron heel of America's "justice" system know well what a sham it is. We know how hypocritical politicians are when they criticize other nations and their leaders for oppressing their citizens. Yet those who have never been caught in the mortar and pestle of our law-enforcement and judicial system are often blinded by the show put on by the established powers. The show maintains their audience's loyalty, deceiving even the skeptical into chasing after crumbs of justice via lawsuits and appeals which only a lucky few ever taste *success at.*

Over 1,500 lawsuits have been filed against or concerning staff in my prison, Wisconsin's *supermax. As far as* know, only five of these resulted in prisoners winning money and as probably the most litigious prisoner here, I know about most of the litigation going on, as I am behind it.

This illusion of justice is especially elusive when it comes to prisoners begging for their civil liberties or rights or freedom from unlawful convictions, things the rich and powerful take for granted. Our "first black president," who caused the massive and dehumanizing incarceration of black people and white collateral slaves such as myself, ensured such justice would only be an illusion when he signed into law the Prison Litigation Reform Act (PLRA) and the Anti-terrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act (AEDPA) which inspired states such as mine to enact their own versions of those laws, further obstructing out potential access to justice.

One obvious example of the unjustness of the PLRA is that it denies illiterate and insane prisoners the ability to file lawsuits about abuse. They must first properly exhaust the prison's grievance process, which neither are capable of doing.

Bill Clinton →

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It is exactly those vulnerable prisoners who are most likely to be abused. (See reports of abuse at Waupun Correctional Institute by Bill Lueders on <http://www.wisconsinwatch.org>, at other WI prisons on <http://www.prisonforum.org>.)

Then judges have their own agendas, prejudices, interests which makes fairness a myth, especially in states like mine, where judges are elected. The only rights we have in such courts are those the politician on the bench thinks will be popular. So, good luck to the black guy in the rural county accused of _____ or the slow, poor white kid who was easily manipulated into (falsely) confessing his involvement in a rape and murder with his uncle. Written out, it seems ridiculous that either would get justice, because it is ridiculous.

The only reason that Brendan Dassey got justice from a federal district court (after three levels of state courts upheld his frame) is because Making a Murderer persistently exposed the injustice of his conviction. The wizards of Oz couldn't close the curtain on his case. He got lucky.

indent → In my own murder case, it seemed that a new trial dropped in my lap when the judge refused to remove from the jury pool a woman who said she was "close friends" with the victim for over twenty years. Because the judge did not strike her I was effectively denied one of the seven strikes guaranteed to both me and the D.A., making the jury selection process unfair. This was a "structural error" that Wisconsin's supreme court had recently ruled required a new trial.

Six times within three years after my conviction Wisconsin's supreme court affirmed its decision that the error automatically required a new trial. Given that the judge in my case previously acknowledged how hard it would be for me to find impartial jurors, and then adamantly refused to remove one so obviously incapable of being impartial, for sure I would get a new trial...you would think.

The doctrine of stare decisis mandates courts abide by their prior decisions and I had seven decisions in three years on my side. However, I also had recently elected Wisconsin supreme court justices that were not on my side but, rather, on the side of prosecutors who had been crying about having to give defendants fair trials.

Hence in State v. Lindell 629 N.W.2d 223 (Wis. 2001), the slimmest-possible majority crafted a forty-plus page explanation for overruling its seven prior decisions. (Shortly after this decision the attorney who argued my appeal, Timothy Gaskell, was elected D.A. of the county neighboring the one I was convicted in.)

Sure, I was guilty. But I was also framed.

I continued chasing the crumbs of justice. From the moment I entered prison I began studying law, both criminal and civil. When my frame was affirmed, I began practicing it by challenging and beating the "obviously unfair" discipline that caused me to be sent to Wisconsin's supermax. Then I challenged, beat and got A.A.G Richard Victor sanctioned for frivolously defending the discipline supermax staff concocted to try to justify keeping me here.

But I couldn't swim above the deluge of discipline they then buried me in (for petty, non-violent misconduct like calling a guard a "pig") and used to justify keeping me here.

I almost beat my murder conviction.

I almost beat my transfer to this supermax.

As you readers may know, since I wrote this the full panel of the 7th circuit reviewed Dassey's case and the majority voted to reverse the panel's decision, keep the kid in prison. (You can look both decisions up on www.ca7.uscourts.gov) Then our supreme court declined to review Dassey's case.

America doesn't care. Dassey's just one of many "sinners" thrown away by "good" people running our nation.

The state supreme court's decision to screw me may be looked up on www.wicourts.gov

Yeah, Camille, please post this too on my facebook. Much love for your help!

"The Razor-Wire Ceiling" by Nate Lindell

Animals have always captured my curiosity, and in return, as a child I often captured them, brought them home and studied them.

I admired their appearance, how they worked. You ever look closely at the shiny black and neon-yellow striped skin of a painted turtle, at the gold/brown irises of a snapping turtle, the jade skin and alien limbs of a tree frog, the forest of blue-gray fibers that make a blue jay's feathers, seen and felt the fine, soft brown fur of a baby muskrat, wondered at the ridiculous body type and pattern of warts and colors on a toad, chased the magical movements of a garter snake through sedge, studied a water snake's glide across water...salamanders...mudpuppies (there was usually a river or creek where we lived)?

While a rugrat, when we lived in Montana, during a camping trip, my older brother and I stumbled across a baby wolverine that was in the process of being stung to death while raiding a beehive. I grabbed it by the tail, dragged it back to camp, with my brother's help. We smiled, through bee-sting swollen faces, like drunks in love, as we held up our discovery for our mom and stepdad to admire. "Admire" it they did not do, but, in terror, took that cub far from our camp, packed up and we left before Mamma wolverine came inquiring as to WTF we were doing with her precious. (I still laugh about that.)

Animals seemed more reasonable than people did. They seemed more admirable too, at least until I discovered girls.

I wanted to be a vet or zoologist when I grew up. Instead, I was convicted of murder and was sentenced to life.

You may wonder, "Why?" It's a question, however, that I do not recall anyone in the system asking as they guided me into the social role I now settled in, much like the brushers in the game of curling guide a sliding stone to its final resting place. Our parents, teachers, social workers, pastors, peers, even babysitters are the brushers in our lives, people whose influences determine the course of our lives, usually not consciously. (See, "Society Makes Its Criminal", an August

2017 post on my blog - <http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/540/> - for more on that.)

Had my father been Pat Craig (founder of Colorado's Wild Animal Sanctuary) and my mother Jane Goodall, I'd have had a clear pathway to growing up and becoming a zoologist or vet. Had I even had a stable home I might have been able to make my own path to these professions. But, my home was violent and abusive in many ways, both my stepdad and mom (I don't know who my dad is) were mentally ill and my mom was a poly addict. My mother cut off all ties with our stable extended family, and I'd lived in more than six states and 15 houses before I was 15 years old, so I had weak community ties/support.

While I'm not bitter about it, I observe that in my childhood...desire was thwarted by circumstances I had no say in.

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While in prison I've studied and grasped very well poetry, literature, psychology, cosmology, neuroscience, neuro-philosophy, litigation, etc. The head shrink here scored my full-scale I.Q. as 144 on the WAIS-III. I could have been an at least competent...anything, which WI's prison system still thwarts me from becoming.

This is a democracy, sorta, so it seems that the people have decided that they prefer to groom and permit the grooming of children for the social role of prisoner, and, once in this role, to keep us in this role. My wish was thwarted, but somebodies are getting what they wanted.

This is the essay I wrote for prisonexpress.org, for their word-theme "Thwarted", due Nov. 2017

This, I dare say, does a good job of showing how America's prison system wastes people. Were I in France or Germany, by now I would not be paroled, I'd be released outright, probably with a Ph.D. & slide into a job at some university.

Makes more sense to piss off 50,000 \$-plus/year to keep me in a cell.

Camille, please repost this on my facebook page when you find the time. Thanks.

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Nate's News 16 July 2018

Greetings Readers,

Might as well start off nice - if you're not helping me in some way or somehow trying to make this world a less oppressed place, stop reading & get lost.

Lately I've been busy writing lawsuits, writing final drafts of poems and working on drawings. While I have & do help other prisoners (on spec), none help me, nor do the so-called "prisoner activists" in our state (they all got "standards" I can't meet - only help LGBTQs, Blacks, commies, Christians, Jews)

The one bright light is Camille, in France, who has offered to set up & post stuff on a facebook and instagram page for me / PrometheusWrites

It's a disappointment that no American has seen fit to patronize my efforts.

Dr. Zigmond - zigmond@pitt.edu - appears to have flaked off. I mailed him a 91-page lawsuit, as he said he'd find us an attorney. He said he'd write each month, respond to my letters within 2 weeks. But he's ignored my letters for four months, apparently hijacked our suit to

This shit is nothing new. Empty promises, superficial "concerns".

That's why I fell back from this blog. I'm worn out from flakes, liars, chickenshits & other weirdos who seem to target prisoners. That's why I'm locked up, I guess - so I can't slap them all to death.

Speaking of death, from a recent shakedown, I got a ticket, as staff say they found two six-inch icepicks in my cell. But the ticket was dismissed. Since then, the once slick-mouthed idiots around me been real quiet, won't go to rec. with me. Sucks to be lonely.

Well, your tax dollars are being well spent. Hope the reading this get a chance to meet one of the products of their system.

My best to Camille & BTB staff. The rest of →
can piss up a rope.

Sincerely,

"What's Wrong With People?!" by Nate A. Lindell

Two cups of coffee, my T.V. don't work, the world's full of stupidity - it's time t' rant!

Sex-Offender Politicians + Powerful

Y'all notice how all these cats being accused of sexual misconduct look like they'd be hiding behind bushes wearing nothing but a raincoat? Weinstein, Franken, Bill Clinton, Conyers - I can't see Trump hiding behind a bush, but I can imagine him paying a domi' to piss on him. Those creeps aside, it's putative Sen. Moore's scenario that tells me we all ain't tuned into the same reality: initially multiple times, Moore's denials were weak, faltering and he blushed like a kid caught with his hand in a baby's diaper; and multiple women don't all lie about such things, while victims of childhood sex abuse often wait for decades to speak about it.

Yet that cho-mo has support from the majority of voters!

Prisoners get killed for less evidence than that against Moore! (Speaking of which, if either Slick Willy or Trump found themselves in a U.S. Penitentiary, they wouldn't be extorted - the whites would kill them, quick, for being sex offenders). But them greedy-ass Republicans got Moore's back!

Delusions. So many people live in an alternative reality and don't even realize it, like brainwashed cult members.

Reality

Some people embrace (or have imposed on them) faulty beliefs about what constitutes valid knowledge. Their psycho-epistemology is tainted, making it possible for them to believe up is down, and that the world is flat, that the Earth is only 6,000 years old, that Trump gives a crap about the working class or anyone other than himself, etc, etc.

People are capable of believing this crap because their minds lack a crap filter or they're so desperate to believe what they believe that they turned their crap filters off.

Religion is often to blame for disabling crap filters. "Scriptures" often demand "blind faith," or cult leaders demand this, which is why so many fundamentalist Christians refuse to believe in or care about man-caused global warming (Jebus is coming back soon and promised to recreate Eden on Earth!) And, as Romans Chapter 13 commands, blindly obey and trust authority figures such as Moore. This is ironic, because religions also teach that God made us, thus made our brains, and if God made our brains they are good and should be used... yet thoughtless, uncritical belief requires turning our brains off (and what kinda "Almighty" God would give a damn about a human's

criticism or questioning? I'm merely a fallen angel and I love valid criticism of myself!)

Why True Truth Matters

Next time someone runs up on you with a shiv, believe it's a banana and tell me how that works out. Let 'em mush that banana on ya a couple times.

You free people, next time a car's coming when you cross a street, believe it's a beach ball. Let it bounce off ya and tell me how fun that was.

Reality matters, so wise people tune into it.

Look at Trump's recent tax plan, literally targeting those who seek and teach higher knowledge (grad students) - knowledge scares the shit out of his kind! - throwing a toothpick at the middle-class and a pizza party for the billionaires and corporations. Ignoring the true truth about Trump is as ill-advised as believing that car is a beach ball - it's, gonna, hurt.

Solution

Delusions are hard to pop, especially religious ones that threaten hellfire for merely doubting them, especially when a person is a follower and surrounded by fellow sufferers. The more sure you are about your beliefs and the less willing you are to critically examine them, the more likely it is that you are deluded. If that describes you, now's your chance to open your eyes.

And the rest of us homo sapiens sapiens need all the open-eyed people we can find if we're to continue existing and, hopefully, free ourselves from the deluded's oppression.

Hmph. I forgot what this essay was in response to, but it was published by prisonerexpress.org too.

Figure it ought to entertain & enlighten some of you.

Camille, please facebook this too.