

## MY TIME IN THE HOLE, IN THE WISCONSIN DOC

My name is Childeric Maxy#332930, I've been down (locked up) since Feb. 2000. My first experience with the "Hole" or (Segregation) came at about 6 months into my incarceration, I was in Dodge Corr. Inst.,. When I got to the Seg Building Unit#20, I believe the female inmates were housed like next door; space was scarce in these units. I was in a 5ft by 9 ft cell. The stench in the window was great; the window is a small 3 inches by 15 inches, a glass opening is the same in most Seg cells, under that glass window were a clusters of holes drilled in the steel door through which we were allowed to communicate to the officers and another way to communicate to each other, some through the same holes drilled in the air vent, we communicate to other inmates upstairs and next door. These openings in the door and windows were reeked of a squalid odor of mixed emissions of spit, urine, feces, milk, and every known body fluids, that can be thrown, wiped against these holes; some holes were filled with cheap, generic toothpaste, issued by the WDOC and old torn newspapers to block the vent in the winter time, preventing the cold air from blowing in the cell.

These cells have a light that shine perpetually in most DOC holes; the light in the cell at Stanley Corr. Inst has a switch to turn it on or off. In other institutions that I've been to (GBCI, DCI, WCI) all these let the light shine continually around the clock, in your face.

The toilets and sinks are made of aluminum alloy or stainless steel, the sinks and toilets are a unit. And the water in the sinks are emitted like the water in a water fountain; it will take up to 2 minutes for the water to get hot in the sink.

The steel door in the hole has two openings or trays (of 15 in by 15 in for the exchanges of food trays and meds, and for sweepers and mops. And linen exchange are done once a week. Showers are every other day, at which time one gets a change of clothes and underwear. Haircuts and beardcuts are done once a month in most DAI (Division of Adult Institution).

Every inmate movements are done in cuffs only in medium custody. In maximum custody one is shackled hands and feet, and escorted by two officers.



When one is in Seg., it could be a good experience for some (just being alone in one's thoughts); but it is a bad experience for most, and noone wants to be there, ( Imagine that you're in a cage like an animal and can't get out for days, and months, and years for some inmates).

The psychology in the hole "Segregation" is to be a 'tiger' or a 'pussycat', a 'shark' or a 'bowlfish'. Some finds the tiger-shark syndrome to be more effective. Others, bowlfish-pussycat is more acceptable, depends on the duration of the 'Seg-time' that one has to do. The tiger screams at people (guards and inmates) thru the doors and vents to intimidate or as a preemtive warning. Some hurl feces and urines combined in milk cartons for revenge, or for the sheer excitement of it. The pussycat syndrome is a quiet person who does not wish retaliation by guards or retaliation by other inmates back at general population.

Retaliation by guards could manifest from 'not delivering one's mail' to 'not bending the rules a little' at the guard's discretion; and there are 'no access' to books in the library and 'lost mail' (incoming or outgoing); also additional time in Seg.,.

There are two things that are inescapable in the hole: a) the loneliness inside, combined with wrongs done to one which to "the criminal mind" requires revenge. b) The other is the noise, (the constant noise of door-pounding and screams through the door cracks and vents. Sleep is the rarest commodity in the hole; sleep is not guaranteed at regular nighttimes (surprisingly at Stanley the hole is quiet), because at SCI, one does half of the full hole time, and move to programs which is convenient for the administration, considering that SCI has a small Segregation building. Inmates are trying to get out of there.

Every Seg. has a 'Observation Room' or Ob-Room, the room is sound-proof, and has a strapping bed in it, which looks like a death-bed in the needle room, or deathrow room. The room is actually scary when you see it for the first time. I will focus in the Ob-Room in GBCI: that room is the scariest one I've seen. The room is completely sound-proof, one cannot be heard outside of the room. The guards communicate to the subject through the com system. The thickness of the glass in that room is like 3 to 4 inches thick.



The strapping bed has two resting places for the arms of the subject to be placed on. One is placed naked on the strapping bed. It is said that the temperature in that room is much lower in Fahrenheit, that usually causes one to be uncomfortable. This Ob-Room is usually reserved for the overly loud, or violent inmate, who is not fazed by the pepper spray or the gas. I have seen mentally ill inmates placed in those rooms.

There is the bag lunch and the 'Seg-loaf' or "patty of death" as some called it; the seg-loaf is a collection of all the pieces of portions served for that meal --all blended into this awful pile that they served some inmate; this is also reserved for the thrower of food, urine, and feces, and others who have misused the trays served by the officers. This is also for those who have graduated from 'feeding' at the back of the cell to the patty-loaf, along with placement in the Ob-Room. Placement in that room and all the above mentioned procedures used by the administration can all be abused by some officers of the DOC.

The "Hole" is like an onion, it has degrees and layers. The Hole has degrees of violence, degrees of anger, and degrees of psychological games on both ends, the officers and the inmates, which plays a big part of the criminal behavior --and the downward spiral, and the escalation of the behavior, and even the control of the behaviors. One inmate called it **"The games of Cops and Robbers"**, needless to explain who's who! The criminal who lives in the "criminal mentality" thinks that: If one (guard or inmate) did him wrong, the wrongdoer got to payback; as they say **"Payback is a Bitch!"** The one who ignore this most important rule usually falls prey to the unexpected retaliatory system--assaults and unexpected attacks.

As for the degree of psychological games--here's an example: A female CO is being trained and is cussed out by an inmate who is a "classclown", he called her all types of names in the bad-book, and talked about her body. She in return remembers and one day intently passes the mail and forget to deliver his mail, but delivers it to another. This other inmate is silent about the whole incident, and ended up writing the sender of the mail, usually a 'girlfriend'. This legitimate recipient of the mail finds out that this other inmate is writing his girl, you see where that is going?



He also will conclude that the female CO did it. The CO who is unaware of this guy's 'tiger's syndrome' of revenge; she is in for a surprise. When he retaliates, it will be to both ends. Toward the inmates which guarantees another trip to Seg. and to the CO which can amount to a new charge, and or possible Seg-time, the inmate whose not prudent will fall trap to this little psych game that can last for years. Retaliation toward the CO will set the inmate in a downward spiral of the psychological game previously mentioned. Because of this back and forth retaliation games some have spent months and years in the "game" and seg., because he with the 'criminal mind' does not know how to stop the cycle of retaliation, like a dog chasing his own tail. Often "one inmate's payback" is handled by another officer, in the "Good Old Boy Club" and a multifaced retaliation system sets a psych game which is not benevolent to the inmate.

As for the rest of the psychological games people play you will see many examples in my writings and the inmate is usually the sore loser in such a maze of psychological games.

There is the violent gassing and removal of unwilling subjects from their rooms, and who ended up in the observation room. One of the reason why one can end up in the observation room is the "threats of suicide" or "covering the window" blocking access to view, or the most classic one "flooding the cell" with water from the toilet. Some Seg inmates choose either of the above system as "quick revenge" for wrong done. Some inmates like to put their arm in the traps in the door to hinder closing the trap, and that in most Seg system will result in "hot pepper gassing" or Ob-Room confinement. One inmate I was in seg with retaliated by claiming that he is feeling 'suicidal', and the downward spiral started because he did not received his orange juice that morning, finally he ended up in the Ob room. Another inmate who was on a power trip, a gangbanger who wanted to be impressive, he was banging on the door and became overly loud, when the officer asked him to stop, he refused and it all snowballed to his removal and his protege to the OB-Room. One inmate in the Ob-Room had feces all over the glass, and he had drawn a Nazi SS sign and a Jewish Star with it.

Segregation, in my opinion is personal! Behind the cell's wall there are the voices of the occupant, the voice of a 'tiger' or of a 'kitty'.



The voice tells its own story, even while the inmate lies, his voice tells a different tale, it prophesies of what road he the beholder is going to take. Their voices are on the tier. Exchanges that lead to retaliation are done on the tier. "On the tier" means everyone awake at that time can hear the exchange, whether it is playing chess or calling out an address and phone number; that information is shared on the tier (on the Hallway), surprisingly some still do it and expect a different outcome. Exchanges on the tier are at times the basis of peer pressure, consider the tier as a "Virtual High School Hallway", and everybody knows everybody by their voices, you can hear: ('JT', 'Little C', 'Miami', 'TV', 'TenBill', 'Grimm', 'Black', 'Chill') these in parentheses, these are examples of names that may be recognized in GP (General Population), and examples of voices that may be on the tier at anytime in a Seg Building, and a conflict can arise between any of these code-names, that conflict could be over a magazine like (Straight Stutn'in, Curves, Sweets, Phat Puffs etc.). One psychological games the officers who like to "kick up dust" do is intentionally not returning a magazine to the rightful owner, that could spark a conflict.

As one of the many psych games mentioned above, I believe that I was victim to one of them. I truly believe that my mail was delivered "purposefully" to another (my neighbor), was it an accident? That is still a mystery to me! The worst part of the loss of mail is the mysterious part of 'What really happened to that mail?' That is the question that really hunts the inmate. My painful, and personal experience occurred when my daughter who was kept from communicating with me for 18 years finally wrote me a letter, imagine that, that letter to me was worth more than all the riches in the world-- she is my only child. I believe that my mail the second time around was delivered to the neighbor who is a known trouble maker, even at Seg., he was planted there by the Captain, I will explain later. I am (in contrast to my neighbor), quiet, respectful,, even to some officers I believe did me wrong. Was the non-delivery of my mail retaliation for something that I did? I do not know. My daughter never wrote back after that first letter.

Another incident that cuts deeper, in the heart of "Psychological Games" was the unconstitutional withholding of "My Books" that I requested, books that are allowed in Seg.,. I was told by the Sergeant that the "White Shirt" (a supervisor), was purposefully withholding the books from me, because he



thought that if I did not get the books, that would force me to return to General Population, and why I willingly went to seg is another story all by itself. The White Shirt Captain Tempski wanted me to leave Seg., because the RHU, or Seg at Stanley could only handle so many inmates at a time, because since Tempski took over at Seg. his strategy is to keep one at Seg. (only half the time required), and allowed to programs; after Tempski and the Stanley Administration had split what was RHU, into R&O and RHU, for the lack of space, and turn half of the original Seg. into what now is RHU/R&O, (RHU or Seg could now only house a maximum of 40 plus inmates in a single cell the rest has to be double-celled, like it is at my current institution Redgranite Corr. Int.) Redgranite Seg. housed the inmate in a double cell at Seg. that is double punishment.

\* When I first arrived at (SCI-RHU), or Seg. @Stanley. I intended to leave the institution, and Captain Tempski tried every tricks in the "Black/Security" Book, to keep me from leaving SCI, only because he feared that I was going to launch a lawsuit against him and against the institution because of the numerous constitutional violations they've allowed to be committed against me. They started with Sergeant Mason, and her supervisor Vlasak, and it eventually snowballed to Tempski, by the time he put his hands to the plow, they had committed more than a dozen violations. They seized my brand new fan at property (by Mason who does not like me), she refused to mail the fan back to the manufacturer (for being defective). There is a federal law on electrical items, and warranties, there's also a state law on both electric items and warranties, she violated both of these claiming that administrative law is greater. she also wrote a bogus major conduct report about my "bran new fan" which she refused to return to Union Supply. Lieutenant Vlasik, threw the major CR out but kept a minor, and tried to intimidate me to not file a complaint about the fan, (Remember the fan which have a federal and state guaranteed warranty). When later Vlasak realized that he'd mad a mistake, he sent a CO Anderson to clean the mess. So when I got to Seg., I was told that Mason had my books, (remember the books which belong to me and are allowed in Seg.). So Why couldn't I have the books? Because Mason really had them. What does Seg. property have to do with property? well Mason realizing that the books belong to me took only the books allowed in Seg., so I could not have them; after I filed a complaint the books resurfaced, only this time to be seized by Captain Tempski, as a leverage to keep me out of Seg.,. But Tempski all along knew that I am not getting out of Seg., for my own reasons (so I can leave SCI). Lastly and not the least, when Tempski saw that his strategies failed, he got on my PRC Report and falsified My PRC Report for Jan 2019, stating that a report from the county



jail, that I had to be "Armed Escorted", and other fallacies in the report, when I filed a complaint to Bureau of Classification and Movement, every person were acting like they don't know what happened. Well because of the retaliation by Capt. Tempski, Lt. Vlasak, and Sgt. Mason, I ended up spending 255 days in Segregation. Consider that SCI-SEG-PRC consist of Opt. Tempski and another staff the Regional PRC Staff; the Regional PRC Staff told me that she does not know how the "errors" got in the PRC Report, then that leaves Tempski.

Here is another mystery: once one gets a 120 days in SCI-SEG, that one is transferred to another institution, when I got 120 days I was not transferred, and nor PRC'ed out of SCI. Who was in the PRC Board at SCI-SEG? You guessed it right Tempski, which caused me to get another 120 days in Seg. in order to leave SCI. He not only denied transfer to another institution, he fabricated lies, just in case Madison HQ did not agree with his decision. All of these were done to me by the Supervisor at SCI-SEG, and to add insult to injury he visited me almost every day to remind me of what he did, and to remind me that I could not do anything about it. When I filed inmate complaints against Tempski, the complaints never made it to ICE or IRCS. However, defenders of the WDOC would argue that those are isolated incidents and that maybe accidents and errors at each time. But Tempski and I had a previous history, and when he did not give me my books and kept them as leverage to boot me up out of SEG. he'd committed a dominoes of violations. When I filed complaints remember that the complaints never made it to ICE Office, and I was in Seg., and who were the complaints against? you guessed it right again, against Tempski the "Supervisor" at SEG, all these engineered by the DOC staff that they are ready to staunchly defend. Tempski's attempts to keep my books from me gave rise to more constitutional violations. You can see the rest of what Tempski did @ <http://betweenthebar.org/blogs/118/>. This article is about SEGREGATION, and I am keeping it about Seg., but a lot of these happened to me at Seg.,.

I wrote the above to mention that segregation is the most severe punishment one can inflict on another person. Another very notable thing happened in SCI-SEG that I must mention **the treatment of a mentally ill person**. There is an inmate who made the trip to /SCI-SEG when I was there and he spent 3/4 of his time at Stanley in SEG. One inmate who they called Stretch. This young man with these piercing eyes is no older that 26 years old, everytime he goes to the hole he is put in the Ob-ROOM. Once I was escorted by a young guard about "Stretch's" age, and I saw "Stretch", he was obviously distressed, he was strapped in the Ob-Room and even his mouth was covered,



so he couldn't speak. I asked the officer why Stretch was like that, He jokingly told me that I was next. He also mentioned that Stretch was to stay like that the whole weekend like that ( he was strapped by both feet, both hands and his mouth was covered). I could help but to think about it, and it left a burnt in my mind to know that this man was to spent 72 hours like that. Anyone else couldn't bear an hour of this. And I thought about that young CO, and what he would be doing for the weekend when he leaves work at SCI-SEG. It didn't even bothered him, but the thought was scary to me.

My own experience at SCI-Seg was scary too: Imagine being in a cell for 255 Days straight, and all the time your books are been kept from you; visualize that your mail may have been given to someone else, and your mail over-all is compromised (incoming and outgoing mail), imagine that you know they did you wrong, and your only avenue to complaints are blocked; and the "Chain of Command" will not be investigated because one of the chain of command is Captain Tempski, he is a strong chain, in the chain of command to follow. Imagine that the person whom you want investigated is the one person who must provide the complaint form. Imagine those who work for this supervisor, can be told to thrash the complaint. Visualize that you know that the cameras have recorded the events and you want someone to look at the footage, and the events have recorded the person who picked the mail and delivered the mail. but your mail got lost anyway. It's like the person whom you are suing in court had his/her mother or spouse as the judge. Imagine what kind of justice you would have? It feels like you're in another country not the U.S.A., like a dictatorship.

The above mentioned things can happen to anyone in Seg, and it will take a very strong person not to fold or breakdown, because that which were done to you are designed to do exactly that to break you down so you could melt down (mentally) like butter on a skillet. How much will it take before you scream foul? Some of the inmates that I've done time with are the strongest individuals that I know (because they are the real men of steel), looking for men of steel they are here locked up in your prison's Seg buildings. Because all of the above which I've written and worst have happen to them, and most of them took them silently with admirable and awesome humility; speaking of humility, is humility humiliation for weeks, months, and years; they even got used to it. Thus if the recipient once vents, complaints, to survive, not mentally breakdown, or explode violently (some even suicidal), is that remedy enough? Segregation is about survival, just like the rest of the prison system, time hasn't chipped it down has been like this for decades. Survival of the 'tiger-shark, or survival of the kitty-bowfish each does what he has to do to survive, and that's



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what we have to go through, just like we get numbed to it; those who are doing it to us get numbed and addicted to it too. These are not half of the stories that happen in Seg.,. Yet some inmates just suppressed it all inside; no wonder they are angry.

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