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by Nate A. Lindell  
#99582-555  
Allenwood U.S.P.  
P.O. Box 3000  
White Deer, P.A.  
17887

## Running Is Not An Option

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It's wearisome, saying the same ol' sad story again and again: "The system's done me wrong, won't even let me do right," as true as it is.

It must be wearisome for you to read about it.

Yet it's my story, and, after 14 years in solitary confinement, I'm desperate for this banal tale to resonate with... someone

Imagine me as a truly precocious, cute, curious child, ridiculously hopeful, given that — due to what amounted to physical and sexual torture — my mother had Multiple-Personality Disorder (M.P.D. — now it's known as Dissociative Identity Disorder (D.I.D.)), which my well-meaning but crazed step-father sought to cure by tying her to their bed and performing exorcisms on her, while us children (ages 6 to 1) were forced to fast for days and kneel on the spikey side of clear-plastic carpet mats and pray for a successful exorcism.

I guess that prepared me for prison. And, like prison, only made mom worse.

Skipping a lot of bloody, painful details. At age 21, I killed someone with my brother, who, curiously, had the same build, same first name, same habit of wearing plaid shirts as my well-meaning yet insane step-pops.

Life in prison. My mother and brother testified against me. That ended the meager experience I had with family, and began more than a decade of torturous struggle to figure myself and my past out.

I was troubled and alone when I came to prison, but trained to be courageous, as running had never been an option. I had some fights with cellies, which staff were too glad to facilitate, but

disliked that I sued them about it, thus sent me to WI's supermax.

Skipping ahead, I'd spent 12 yrs. and 11 months in WI's supermax. Didn't matter that I'd had years without violent behavior, that I'd tried so hard to get out that I didn't even fight back, merely did my best to parry blows when one prisoner attacked me while at rec. (I was on step 5 of the prison's 5 level program, supposedly about to be released to g-p.). Despite a camera recording the incident, all my good intentions earned me was getting kicked back down to step 1 (it takes at least 14 months to get to step 5), being ridiculed by many staff (who disliked my litigation and ongoing advocacy) and many prisoners (who either hated me due to my race or due to my stand against working for their oppressors, against sex offenders, or due to my political affiliation), all of whom were peculiarly silent when I could walk around without handcuffs and shackles on step 5.

I realized that the system would never be satisfied with just some of my dignity. Running was not an option.

After assaulting and battering WI supermax staff in every possible way, to my own disgust, then they kicked me out, into another WI prison's (W.C.I.'s) seg. unit, where staff systemically sexually and physically abused prisoners. See the details of that abuse on <http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/540/>, posts titled

"Ongoing Abuse of Prisoners in the Waupun Corr. Inst's Seg. Complex" and "Continuing Abuse 2000"

Running was not an option. But physical battle wouldn't help, nor succeed. Instead, I helped the guys around me (who were sane enough to be helped) file suit against and seek prosecution of the criminals in staff's clothing. I preached what I practiced.

Apparently it was too much for the hypocrites running the WI DOC. Maybe they smelled the class-action suit I was a hair from filing, because — after a year in that prison's seg. unit — they kicked me out, straight into federal custody.

After 3 months, W.C.I. still hasn't sent me any of my property, including the papers and evidence for my 4 pending federal civil-liberties cases, one of which (E.D. Wis. Case No. 13-CV-0759-cnc), ironically, is based on WCI depriving me of property when I first arrived at that prison. The warden there, [william.pollard@wisconsin.gov](mailto:william.pollard@wisconsin.gov), won't answer my letters, nor will he answer e-mails from federal prison staff about this.

I'm back in seg. They call it SHU here. "For my own safety," the Special Investigation Services (SIS) employee alleged, claiming that something in my P.S.I. puts me in danger.

That something is me saying that my brother — the one who testified against me; I did not testify, nor had made any statements — must have done the crime, as I'd backed out of the plan and he'd testified to doing it (albeit with me). The SIS guy knew about it when I first arrived, yet let me on the yard for three weeks, giving no valid reason why he suddenly felt that I'm in danger.

Coincidentally, I'd just resuscitated the case seeking indictment of W.C.I.'s Administration (for condoning/participating in the torture of their captives. You may follow the case, Appeal No. 2013AP2695-W, at [wicourts.gov](http://wicourts.gov)).

It's been more than a month, with no decision as to whether or not I'm in danger. Funny, given that I was teaching a convicted mass murderer, Tommy Pitera, portraiture.