

Reply I.D. w6gi

Hello Camille + others,

This is the essay I wrote in response to prisonerexpress.org's Oct.

2017 word-theme,

"Sacrifice"

It went to hundreds of prisoners across the country + I thought it wiser to inspire deeper thought in them rather than mail it to my blog, as those reading my blog — excluding Camille, who isn't even in our country — have largely took my efforts for granted

If you like this, "pay the Honkie", help me in some way, as I have helped you. or stop reading my blog — I ain't that lonely!

Camille, please re-post this on my facebook + Instagram / [PrometheusWrites](https://www.instagram.com/PrometheusWrites)

Thanks

"Life's Sacrifice for Living" by Nate A. Lindell

The earliest life on earth consisted of non-eukaryote cells, cells without distinct membranes around their nuclei. Then came eukaryote cells, cells that had nuclei contained within a membrane (an anti-Marxist process by the way...). Those controls, restraint, order, imposed on nuclei's molecular machinery enabled cells to evolve and protect increasingly complex genomes that improved cells' survivability.

The next great leap in life's evolution occurred when two cells bumped uglies, joined up to help each other kick ass and eat food. Then three, four, more cells clumped together against the world.

Next, those colonies of cells organized (organised) themselves so that some cells specialized their functions to help the whole survive. Some cells did the eating, some did the digesting, and others did the pooping. Some cells formed a protective membrane for the entire organism, which became known as the skin; other cells fed the skin cells to ensure that the protection continued.

As it is in the micro, so it is in the macro.

Consider how similar a "community" on the human scale is to cells on the microscopic scale. Human communities, too, have evolved. Sure, there are still single-celled organisms; there are also still less evolved (not necessarily worse or better) human societies such as hunting/gathering tribes. But there is also the uber-complex multi cellular organism known as *Homo sapiens sapiens*, and New York City.

Just as cells that joined together necessarily sacrificed much of their individuality in order to join with other cells and make a cohesive, coordinated, most effective organism, so must people sacrifice their individual whims and characteristics in order to make a strong community. This is true even in supposedly divided communities, such as racially and economically segregated cities—all activities lead to Rome, make Rome, Chicago, Dallas, L.A., wherever.

People joined together into a community must sacrifice some of their individuality in order for a community to function, to protect itself from external forces, to exist. Unfortunately, I can't walk around naked in public, nor can I kill people, as that would disturb some people and disrupt social cohesion. Some of those sacrifices I can't bitch too loud about (you ladies, however, may wish to bitch), yet some unique characteristics of individuals that a community consciously or subconsciously peer presses away strike me as losses worth lamenting (e.g. a Richard Pryor in apartheid South Africa, an Einstein in Amish country, me in prison...).

This macroevolution is, however, unstoppable. Large, cohesive communities like New York City rule the world, pressuring smaller communities to join up or join each other into another macro-organism. The world has only so many resources, as did the primordial soup the first single celled life evolved in; organisms will struggle for those resources, and the

most cohesive organism will be the most effective struggler, the fittest, the survivor.

Technology, as you can see by observing people passing you by on the street, is facilitating the unification/de-individualization that is essential to the super cohesiveness needed for the macro-organism of communities to surpass human individuals as Earth's dominant life form. People are constantly connected to each other, electronically....

For now, I remain a single celled eukaryote.

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Camille, please repost this on my
facebook & instagram

"Against All Odds" by Nate A. Lindell

It amazes me, what I've achieved, given my few resources and the massive resources of the system that sentenced me to a life as only three-fifths of a human being.

When I arrived in prison in 1998, I couldn't draw a good-looking stick figure, didn't even try.

Then, several years into solitary confinement, barred from litigation by the three-strikes rule and large debts, I decided to master drawing. First, I did self-portraits, looking at myself in my mirror—they came out looking crude, misshapen, and scary, of use only to a psychologist wondering how I saw myself.

For a couple years I plinked away at drawing, in between studying, writing, poetry, etc.

When I entered the WI prison system, my writing ability was scored at the 12.9 grade level on the TABE. But I despised writing and would have scowled at anyone who suggested I write anything beyond personal letters.

After a good 1,000 pages of legal writing, I realized that I needed to master our language to be a skilled litigator. And poetry is the heart of any language.

There was a story I recalled, about Sylvester Stallone having recited Edgar Allen Poe's poems to help him overcome his speech impediment. I did as Stallone did, recited Poe's poems, which I found intriguing. I ended up reading everything I could get of Poe's.

Thus began...three, five years of liberal-arts self-education, made possible by free books sent to me by stores that sent books to prisoners at no cost.

I studied the origin and history of English poetry, classic literature, essay writing, rhetorical principles. I wrote out copies of *On Writing Well*, *Creating Short Fiction*, and took extensive notes and quotes from books on mathematics, anthropology, psychology, etc.

Writing the material out, I found, made it stick to my noodle better, and made the info available when the book was gone.

I had no visitors (other than a soul-severing Jehovah's witness, who was effectively an anti-visitor), no T.V., and usually no one around me to socialize with. It was a hard time; it hurt me emotionally, psychologically; but I fought it by educating myself.

It was obvious to anyone with eyes that the rural folk running this place (the WI Secure Program Facility, W-S.P.F) were intent on making us miserable, degrading us, so they'd feel better about their own sorry lots in life—turning keys, looking at prisoner's buttocks for contraband, writing misspelled tickets because a prisoner had a ketchup packet isn't something you want to be lauded for at your funeral.

Know their ill will fueled my effort at developing my artistic and intellectual abilities.

There came a point when psychology staff didn't want to talk with me. One once said, "Why are you asking me? You know more than me!"—And she said it sadly, not sarcastically.

This essay was my submission for PrisonExpress.org's June 2017 word-theme, "Accomplishments".
Sadly, my accomplishments have gained no regard in America, the home of the greed & land of the slave

I persuaded the head psychologist here—Dr. Scott Rubin-Asch—to do an I.Q. test on me, figuring if it was high enough, maybe Mensa would let me join and I could find some intellectual companionship. Dr. Rubin-Asch did four sub-tests for the WAIS-4, through the glass, in a visiting booth. Afterwards, he said he'd do the remaining subtests the next day.

It was a year before he again saw me, at which time he did the full he did the full WAIS-3, not the WAIS-4.

He dragged out telling me the results for another several months.

When he eventually told me the results of the WAIS-4 sub-tests ("all scores were in the exceptionally high range") and that my full-scale I.Q. score on the WAIS-3 was 144, I realized why he'd waited a year to finish testing and used the WAIS-3, not the WAIS-4.

From studying statistics, I knew that my score was one point shy of being two standard deviations above the high-end of average. You only need one standard deviation above average (i.e. 130 points) to be eligible for Mensa. It's like that my score was higher than Dr. Rubin-Asch's, which—given that I'm only three-fifths of a human—likely offended his comforting delusion of superiority.

With my I.Q. tests done, I implemented my behavior-modification program—the "High-Risk Officer Program".

Apparently they disliked my program, because they shipped me off to federal custody.

My art, which I continue practicing, drastically improved. You can see samples of it on <https://www.prisoninmates.com/NateLindell303724>. Two

collections of my poems and songs, and the start of a volume of creepy stories are also there.

My writing and my art/drawings impress everyone who reads or sees them.

With no familial support, with no money, with a life sentence, with over 14 years of solitary confinement eating at me, with a few friends and many hates/enemies, it seems to me that a person may still accomplish a lot.

Maybe—although I hold little hope of it—American society will come to respect my struggle against all odds, respect me as a human being, and permit me to join in a society that's worth me being a part of. My talent, I think, could be put to better use than suing and writing about prison staff's crimes against humanity.