

BRIAN NELSON

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June 12, 2012

Dear Honorable Senators,

I come before you with the hope that my mere words can express the terrible ordeal I survived. Yet to say I survived does not adequately express the effects of the ordeal which I went through that still torture me daily. I was held at Tamms Correctional Center—Illinois' supermax prison—for 12 years, from 1998 until 2010, when I completed my sentence and went home. While I am no longer physically at Tamms, Tamms is still in my head.

In 1998 Illinois had sent me out of state, and I was housed in the minimum security unit at a prison in Las Cruces, New Mexico. My job was as the institutional tailor. Every day correctional employees dropped off uniforms and other articles of clothing to be repaired, altered, washed and pressed. When the employees dropped off these items, they also dropped off their car keys to me. After each employee's clothing was done I would walk outside the prison to their respective cars and put their clothing in the car, lock the car, then return their keys to them. Many times there were weapons (rifles/guns) in these cars and I was trusted to complete this job unsupervised. My cell door was virtually never locked. I was able to come and go at will. Most of the time carried a pair of scissors with me. I was able to go to the chapel and prayer from 6 am until 9 pm unescorted. I was eligible for conjugal visits outside the main prison's gates in a trailer. I was classified as a trustee.

On March 28, 1998, without warning, instead of going to my tailor job, I was ordered to get dressed, placed in both leg irons and handcuffs with a waist chain. The next thing I knew, we had landed at the Greenville Airbase in Greenville, Illinois. There were approximately 75 correctional officers/state police dressed in full riot gear waiting for me as I was escorted off the plane. Further away, there were sharp shooters pointing rifles at me. I was held by a riot officer on each side, each holding one of my arms. I am an epileptic and had a seizure. The response of the riot officers holding me was to slam, me face down, on the ground in a puddle, holding me down as another riot officer put his combat boot on the back of my neck/head. These riot officers began screaming "WELCOME TO TAMMS!" I was not afforded any medical treatment. I was thrown on the bus and taken to Tamms Supermax in Southern Illinois.

I emphasize that I had not committed any disciplinary infraction in New Mexico, was never served with any disciplinary report, nor was I told why I was being transferred to Tamms. The next thing I knew, I was in Tamms supermax—where I remained for the next 12 years.

Upon arrival at Tamms riot officers again put me face first on the concrete floor and literally cut the clothing off me. I was then left laying naked in a holding area chained up as riot officers made jokes about me having a seizure. When I requested medical attention, the riot officers informed me that if I said anything else, they would gas me. They then stationed a riot officer with a large can of tear gas directly in front of me. After approximately 30 minutes I was taken naked to another holding area where a female counselor, a female nurse and other staff began to ask me questions about what prison I came from, my medical history and who to contact if I died at Tamms. After these people left a TV was placed in front of the holding cell and I was forced to

watch a video about how Tamms supermax prison was run. I was then taken naked to H-pod placed on wing 2 in cell 6. I was issued a jumpsuit, a mattress, a sheet, a towel and a bar of soap. I was not given shoes or underwear.

I point out that prior to Tamms I had been incarcerated 16 years and throughout that period I never was treated for any mental illness, nor was I ever under the care of any mental health professionals. When I arrived at Tamms, I weighed approximately 170 pounds. Prior to my incarceration at Tamms, I never attempted to commit suicide, nor even thought about committing suicide.

The cell and wings of Tamms are all gray. The view outside my so called slit window was of a gray wall. I was in the cell alone. To attempt to talk to another prisoner I had to scream loudly. At first, I was not allowed books, T.V., radio or even a BIBLE. After several days left like this I was taken to what was called a "transfer review hearing". Present was a female DOC employee assigned to Tamms as well as an Internal Affairs lieutenant. Rather than explaining what charges had been made that sent me to Tamms, *they asked me* why I was transferred to Tamms. This shocked me that the people in charge of Tamms could not tell me why I was transferred from minimum security prison to a supermax. They confirmed that I was not a disciplinary transfer and had no pending charges against me. I was then told that I would be held at Tamms for one year and, if I behaved, I would then be returned to a regular prison. I was then placed back inside the gray box of my cell and left there.

After being at Tamms for several months, correctional officers began making referrals to the mental health department about me. I had begun losing weight, was not eating and according to the reports I have seen since, I spent my time sitting in the corner of the gray box staring at the walls—frankly, I don't remember this period at all; I have blanked it out of my mind. The psychologist at Tamms came to the cell door and after talking for a few minutes said, "From now on you will have to come out to talk with mental health staff". The psychologist's notes also stated that when asked how I was doing, tears ran down my face.

I was in that gray box 24 hours a day, six days a week. One hour per week I was allowed out of the gray box. When I left the gray box I was strip searched, chained hand and foot, then frisk searched. Two riot officers would hold my arms and escort me where ever I was going. Every day, for hours on end, I was locked away alone without any human contact staring at gray walls. I was never allowed a single phone call the entire 12 years I was at Tamms. Days went by where I didn't speak a single word. I had no outside stimuli. The librarian who was supposed to bring books around rarely did. Day after day this went on with only the hope that after one year they would transfer me back to a regular prison. I now realize that I was slipping into severe depression.

After several months, I asked to speak with a mental health care worker who I felt I could trust. When I asked if she could help me deal with the problems I was having concerning solitary confinement, she openly told me she had no idea how to help me. She stated that she knew of no course to teach mental health workers how to relate to the conditions I was forced to endure and did not know how to treat those held in solitary for prolonged periods of time. She went on to say that she was trying to learn from the men being held at Tamms so then someday she would be better able to treat others that are sent to Tamms. Nonetheless, I continued talking to the mental health worker every other week for approximately 6 months. She referred me to the psychiatrist, who prescribed medication for severe depression, anxiety disorder, and adjustment disorder.

During this time, the Assistant Warden came to my cell and informed me that the policy I had been told about when I arrived (do a year and get transferred) was no longer the policy. Instead, he told me about a new "renunciation policy." Under that policy, no matter how well I behaved, I could not be transferred out of Tamms unless I agreed to make a video taped confession/statement of every crime I ever committed and a statement about everyone I knew that ever committed a crime. Further I would have to make this confession and statement without any form of immunity, and without having my lawyer present. This confession/statement would also have to include a description of all Security Threat Group (Prison gang) activity that I knew about. If I choose to make this video I still wouldn't be guaranteed a transfer. The Department of Corrections first had to decide that my video was truthful, helpful and sincere. Otherwise I would remain in Tamms until I either died or was paroled, but there was no other way to leave Tamms. IDOC knew that this placed anyone leaving Tamms life in severe danger—since everyone would know that if you left Tamms, you had to have made this video.

Despite the medication I was prescribed, I developed severe mental problems sitting in the gray box. I started pacing between 15 and 18 hours a day. This became so bad that on numerous occasions a nurse had to cut open blood blisters on the bottom of my feet caused by all the excessive pacing.

In April of 2000, I along with several other men at Tamms came together on a hunger strike to bring attention to the terrible conditions at Tamms. On May 1, 2000, approximately 169 men out of 176 at Tamms declared a Hunger Strike in solidarity or refused their meals. I and three others agreed to go as long as we could to bring awareness and change to Tamms. During the Hunger strike, our outside supporters, the Uptown People's Law Center, the Tamms Committee, and the MacArthur Justice Center, brought our plight to the United Nations Committee on Torture. The Committee in turn condemned the conditions of Tamms.

After 30 something days without eating, I was hospitalized. There were approximately 19 cells in the Tamms infirmary. 18 of those cells were occupied. Two men were naked and strapped to a bed because they attempted suicide. 16 men were stripped naked on suicide watch because they had either cut on themselves or hurt themselves in some other way, such as beating their head against the wall. I was the only prisoner in the infirmary that had a jumpsuit, or blanket. The cells are intentionally keep freezing cold in the infirmary, supposedly to dissuade prisoners from self-harm. This is what passes for mental health treatment at Tamms. About 10 days later an end was called to the strike with the promise from the Associate Director that changes would take place.

I continued my downward spiral, becoming more and more depressed. In 2000, I attempted to hang myself. I made no note nor told anyone, but I was found with rope burns and bruises completely around my neck and barely able to talk. For months I had expressed to mental health staff that I couldn't handle the gray box much longer. When I was found, I was stripped naked and placed in a freezing cold cell that had blood and feces smeared all over the walls in the infirmary. The cell lights remained on 24 hours a day and the only mental health "treatment" was a female mental health employee ordering me to stand up naked in front of the window so she could see me and talk to me. I refused to do this, because I was naked. It was not until a male mental health worker came would I stand up to talk.

At times while I was in Tamms I was held on a wing by myself so that I had no one to scream out to. When Tamms opened there was no separate Mental Health unit, but within a year J-pod was converted into what was labeled the Special Treatment Unit. B-Pod wings 1, 2 and 6, each with ten cells, was also converted into strap down cells, and suicide watch cells. This was due to so many inmates being placed on some sort of Suicide Watch, Psych Watch, or Psych Observation. Please note that the most inmates Tamms has ever held was approximately 300, yet there are almost 60 cells set aside for severely mentally ill prisoners. The Department of Corrections has a written rule that no inmate with mental illness would be housed at Tamms. This rule was ignored beginning the day Tamms opened, and continues to be ignored today.

As the time went by and I remained in the gray box I degenerated even worse. I lost the will to live. I lost hope, even though I was scheduled to be released in a couple years. Depression overwhelmed me. Then a lawsuit was filed over the treatment of inmates with serious mental illness not being properly treated at Tamms. I was named in that suit. In reply, Tamms mental health employees began to harass me and started placing me on suicide watches for no reason. I was given the Minnesota Multi Personality Test. When the results came back, the head psychologist called me to the infirmary had me locked in a bathroom and screamed at me that I was making her look bad. She then ordered officers to strip me naked—which they did, leaving me locked in the bathroom for approximately 10 hours. The psychologist then ordered that my medication be immediately stopped. As part of the case, our lawyer arranged for two doctors to come into Tamms to evaluate me—Dr. Kathryn Burns and Dr. Terry Kupers. Both doctors confirmed that I was severely depressed and the conditions at Tamms exacerbated the depression. Both found that I was actively suicidal. Even though Drs. Burns and Kupers are experts on the conditions of supermax prisons, the Tamms' psychologist refused to initiate any of the therapy they proposed. I got worse. Another serious suicide attempt followed and I lost so much weight that the Deputy Director, after seeing me in the holding cell, ordered that some sort of treatment be started, and immediately had me weighed. I weighed 119 lbs. All the bones in my body protruded. I shuffled instead of walked. I had no appetite and I wanted to die.

Everyday I went to sleep I got down on my knees and prayed that I would die in my sleep, yet God's will was not mine. When I woke up in the night I prayed harder for death. I couldn't sleep, and during this period got no more than 16 hours of sleep *a week*. I went days pacing back and forth like a zombie (a condition now recognized as a sign of severe mental illness when exhibited by animals in zoos—but apparently its okay when people suffer this way). I looked like I was already dead and I had no will to live. Day after day all I saw was gray walls and over time my world became the gray box. I fought hard with my own mind, and I prayed. I copied the Catholic Bible word for word which took me 1 year 9 months and 2 days. I copied the Rule of St. Benedict 3 times and studied with Cistercian Monks and Priests. I watched a friend give up and kill himself at Tamms. Sadly, several minutes before he died, he told the nurse and mental health worker that he was going to commit suicide. They just didn't care and walked away. Marcus Chapman was finally released from the gray box in a black body bag on August 24, 2005.

Another dear friend was the first inmate to arrive when Tamms opened, Mr. Daniel Johnson. Danny too recently succumbed to the torture of the Gray box. In April, 2012, he went to bed at 1:00am with a plastic bag tied over his head. Approx 48 hours later he awoke in an outside hospital with a defibrillator connected to him. Danny was so mad because he thought he would finally be free of the gray box, but instead he was returned to Tamms. Then to hide what happened Danny was

moved to Pontiac Correctional Center. This was so there is no negative publicity as the Illinois Governor considers closing Tamms.

But back to my own ordeal. A settlement was reached in the suit brought on behalf of mentally ill inmates. Strangely that very day I was placed back on medication that was stopped when the suit was filed. I was given treatment that was designed by Doctor Burns and within weeks I was placed on four different types of psychotropic medications. I was seen by a mental health therapist every other week to treat me according to the guidelines set by Dr. Burns. This treatment did not make me well, but it stabilized me. I was prescribed Remeron, Buspar, Prozac and Viseril. By this time I had spent a decade locked alone without human contact in a gray box. What helped me regain some hope was *Westerfer v. Snyder*, a class action case challenging how we were transferred to Tamms; alleging that the conditions at Tamms are so much worse, compared to the other maximum security prisons in Illinois, that Tamms imposes an "atypical hardship." The Uptown People's Law Center (which represented the plaintiffs in *Westefer*) gave us hope in that evil place that some day we could be treated like a human being again. The United States District Court ruled in favor of the inmates in a sweeping opinion which just this month the United States Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals upheld.

Tamms and the conditions I endured took all hope from me and I gave up on life. I tried to kill myself it was so bad, but the Uptown People's Law Center Executive Director Belinda Belcher and Legal Director Alan Mills took on a fight that saved my life and many others. Ms. Belcher and Mr. Mills against all odds prevailed and helped those that everyone else abandoned. I can not thank them enough.

In 2010 I was scheduled for release on June 29. For months I requested help to prepare me for release. Remember, at this point, I had not been around other people for *twelve years*. The idea that I was about to be released to the street was terrifying. Twenty-eight days prior to my release I was transferred from Tamms to Menard Correctional Center. Upon arrival at Menard I was placed on a wing—completely alone, even *more* isolated than I had been at Tamms. I was denied all personal property, and even denied a shower or shave for 28 days. Upon my release I was sent home without any medication or even a prescription. I received no therapy to help me adjust.

I spent 12 years in solitary confinement and I was never told why I was placed in solitary. I am a human being and every day I still struggle with the trauma being held in that gray box. I wake screaming at night. I can't get it out of my head some days. Solitary confinement in my opinion is worse than being beaten. That I spent twelve years in such conditions in America is appalling.

I thank you for the time you have allowed me and for looking into this matter. Thank you!

Sincerely yours

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Brian Nelson". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Brian" written in a larger, more prominent script than the last name "Nelson".

Brian Nelson N31449

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May 21, 2012

Dear Mr. Juan Mendez;

First allow me to thank you and Ms. Mendez for taking the time to meet with me about the conditions at Tamms Super Max in Illinois on Wednesday April 25th. It was an honor to meet both of you. I am writing now about a dear friend of mine that was held at Tamms since the first day it was open in March of 1998. His name is Daniel Johnson N93665. Mr. Johnson has been held at Tamms for 14 years and was not in any type of disciplinary status. While at Tamms Mr. Johnson had, like so many men, lost the hope of ever having human contact with anyone ever again. Not long ago Mr. Johnson lost his mother who was his best friend. Danny was not a trouble maker as far as prisoners go, in fact everyone liked Danny, even the officers and Administration. Over the years at Tamms Danny had been treated for depression, yet as is so often the case, prisoners with psychological problems are ignored at Tamms and other Illinois prisons. Well Danny got tired and gave up. Danny destroyed all his legal documents, gave away his property, and for a week practiced going to sleep with a plastic bag over his head. Danny wrote letters to say goodbye and on April 25, 2012 at 1:30 am Danny put the bag over his head and went to sleep. Danny was discovered at roughly 7:00 am. Danny awoke the afternoon of April 26th on a ventilator in Heartland Medical Center in Marion, Illinois. Danny left a living will yet medical staff violated that and needless to say Danny was extremely upset, because Danny truly did not expect to ever wake up. Danny refused to both eat and drink while in the hospital and repeatedly requested that a DO NOT RESEITAE ORDER be filled out and abided by. The medical staff refused. Dr. Powers (Doctor from Tamms Super Max) stopped by and took his pulse and listened to his chest, but Danny was never seen by a psychiatrist at Heartland. He tried to refuse to give blood or a urine samples, but the nurses at Heartland called Tamms, and reported that the shift commander, Lt. Potts, said Danny didn't have the right to refuse. They took urine by catheterizing him. He agreed to let them take blood when they said they would restrain him to get it. He has no clue what authority anyone had for that.

On April 27th Danny was moved back to Tamms and stripped of everything (except a suicide smock). Danny was placed on suicide watch and had to endure negative attitudes by mental health staff and medical staff. Danny continued to refuse both food and drink, in turn medical staff threatened to strap Danny down and force feed him. 24 hours a day someone sat at the window watching Danny, yet he was not seen by a Psychiatrist until April 29th.

On May 7th Danny was moved to Pontiac Correctional Center and placed in the Health Care Unit. According to Danny he was told he was transferred for political purposes. That is, Officials are worried Danny may actually succeed in killing himself at Tamms and with all the controversy going on about closing Tamms, Officials do not want that. Strangely the lack of respect for life goes beyond. When Danny explained to the Psych. Doctor in Pontiac that he was tired of life and could not live in that Gray Box any longer without any hope that Danny decided to take his life the Psych. Doctor replied that in Danny's shoes he might do the same thing. Danny is now being held in a cell that has a solid steel door in Pontiac and is receiving no mental health treatment.

Mr. Mendez you fully know the conditions at Tamms from everything you have been given and the conversation we had, so there is no need to go over that. But the hope part is what you saw wash over me as we talked. I could have been Danny. I still am Danny! Every day is a struggle to get the affects of that Gray Box out of my head. Some days I am so lost and I survived the Gray Box and made it to so-called freedom. Yet as I write this I can't forget all my brothers and sisters being tortured in solitary confinement, many merely because of their beliefs here in America.

Governor Quinn's proposal to close Tamms is for economic reasons, but Tamms and all Super Max facilities should be closed so all people are afforded their basic human rights. But Governor Quinn should close Tamms to save lives.

Please if there is anything else I can supply you, or you would like more information about Danny, or about Tamms, just call. We have survived yet not only us but our families. Together all survivors can strive to help those still being tortured.

Your Friend Always.

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This is a brief summary of what happened to Mr. Danny Johnson, a prisoner at Tamms, during the last few weeks of April, 2012 and into May 2012, compiled by Attorney Alan Mills after Mr. Mills was finally able to speak with Mr. Johnson personally on May 19, 2012.

Danny says he sent the Uptown People's Law Center a letter on May 19, 2012 detailing exactly what he the weeks prior. Someone he says was a Security Specialist (no name) who met with Danny last Saturday told him not to seal his legal mail. They were opening all legal mail because some guys in PC had been using legal mail to smuggle in porn. Danny said they told other guys the same thing, so he doesn't think it's specific to him.

He confirms what we heard from other guys at Tamms. He carefully planned this, practiced putting a bag over his head for a week; slowly shredded all of his documents, mail, court transcripts etc, and gave away his books. He sent out a lot of letters which were basically goodbye letters, but nothing as explicit as the ones he sent us--he figured that the mail room would be reading the personal letters, and he didn't want anyone to know. He left his living will and DNR order out on the desk, and then at about 1:30 in the morning on April 25, Danny went to sleep with a plastic bag over his head. He intentionally did not use a sheet, etc., so that he would not violate any prison rules. And in fact, he has not been issued any disciplinary reports.

He was told that he was discovered at about 7am. He woke up the following afternoon, April 26th, on a ventilator, at Heartland Medical Center in Marion. He said he was extremely angry when he woke up, as he fully expected to succeed. They must have violated his living will, and has no idea why he wasn't dead long before they discovered him. He attempted to refuse everything. He did not eat or drink anything at Heartland. He tried to get them to fill out a DNR order, but the nurses at Heartland refused.

Dr. Powers stopped by and took his pulse and listened to his chest, but Danny was never seen by a psychiatrist at Heartland. He tried to refuse to give blood or a urine sample, but the nurses at Heartland called Tamms, and reported that the shift commander, Lt. Potts, said Danny didn't have the right to refuse. They took urine by catheterizing him. He agreed to let them take blood when they said they would restrain him to get it. He has no clue what authority anyone had for that. They told him he had elevated levels of Lortan (sp?) which he was taking for his back, and anti-depressants, which he was not taking at all. He denied to me that he took anything. Tamms was trying to claim that he was hoarding the Lortan, and "fishing" for anti-depressants, but he denies he did either, and he has not been charged.

On April 27th, he was moved back to Tamms--to the health care unit, where he was stripped out of everything except a smock. The health care staff were extremely upset--wanting to know why he didn't talk to them--the answer to which is because there was nothing they could do--he was in his gray box 24/7 and they couldn't change that!

When he arrived back at Tamms, he was put in one of the suicide watch cells in the HCU. He continued to refuse all food and drink, but they told him they were going to strap him down in four point restraints and force feed him, so he agreed

to start eating and drinking, which he continues to do. During the whole time he was in the Tamms HCU, he was on constant watch, meaning someone was at the window 24/7--and Danny hopes that was as uncomfortable for them as it was for him. The Tamms psychiatrist finally saw him on that Sunday (April 29), which was the first time he saw a psychiatrist in this whole process. The psych doctor told him that he saw no signs of mental illness--which Danny absolutely agrees with. Danny says he just couldn't stand the idea that he had another 25 years to do, with no apparent hope of either having his sentence reduced, or even of getting out of a lockdown max joint. As he put it, he was just tired...he used almost exactly the same words Brian used in "The Gray Box."

Nonetheless, Danny remained on suicide watch until May 7th, when he was moved to Pontiac, a maximum security facility. Other than the one interview with the Tamms psychiatrist, his only mental health "treatment" at Tamms was the nurses walking past the cell asking, "Are you all right?" and "Are you going to hurt yourself?" he denied both--he doesn't consider killing himself hurting himself, so he wasn't lying.

When he arrived at Pontiac, Dr. Angus was there as they brought him into the HCU. Dr. Angus told him that he was at Pontiac for "political" reasons. He was given a mattress.

After a week in the Pontiac infirmary, he was moved to North 2, right below the ADRMP guys. He is in a single cell, with solid steel door, everyone else on 2 gallery has bars. As he noted, if they think he's suicidal, wouldn't they want a good view of the cell? When he was moved to the North House, the guard brought him his bedding in a plastic bag. Danny took out the sheets, etc., and handed the bag back to the guard. But the guard told him he could keep it. The irony is not lost on Danny!

On May 8th, he was seen for about 20-25 minutes by Dr. Hinton at Pontiac. Again, no diagnosis. Finally, he was seen by an Indian doctor, at the cell front, May 12th, who said he saw no sign of mental illness, and told Danny that in his circumstances, he might have done the same thing! This is ALL of the mental health treatment he has gotten! No therapy, no meds (which Danny does not want), no group sessions. Nothing!

A day or so later, the rest of Danny's property was returned, including several plastic bags, one of which Danny says is large enough to crawl into! He has the bags in his cell today. He says the guard on the unit haven't an idea of what he did.

He is in Administrative Detention status, which means he gets more privileges than the ADRMP Tamms guys...3 showers and the right to go to yard (the dog kennels) 3 times a week--which he does not do, because the guys from seg throw shit and piss in these "yards." he is waiting for his money from Tamms so he can buy a fan--he also has been told (or rather it's been hinted) that he will not go back to Tamms until the political heat over the closing is over.

He says he has no current intention to kill himself again, but still is tired, and still doesn't see how anything is ever going to change. Given his escape history, level E status, and long sentence, he says even if Tamms closes, he'll

still be at Menard, Stateville or Pontiac, and moved every year, and essentially on lockdown 24/7. He still has the plan and the means, so doesn't know if he'll try again, but he probably will.

He does not want us to tell his father anything and asked the Law Center to please destroy the letters he sent. He does, however, give us permission to tell his story to whoever we want--he figures his dad doesn't read at all, and his relatives are all in Tennessee, so they probably will never see anything we put out.

He signed permissions for medical records, and also asked if we could get the Heartland records. He very much wants to see how they documented everything, and who gave the hospital permission to treat him in light of his explicit DNR order.

Three other interesting side-bits. He notes that the nurses at Heartland used cell phones to update Tamms hourly, and the 2 guards and Lt. Who were at Heartland the whole time all had cell phones, and showed them to Danny--it was the first time he had ever seen a cell phone! Second, he has not had a ticket for over 8 years, and has full commissary and property privileges. Yet there is no mechanism for reevaluating him, and no real prospect that he'll ever get out of a max joint. Third, he says that when they walked him from the Pontiac HCU to North House, he was not wearing ankle restraints. That was the first time in 14 YEARS that he had walked outside without ankle chains, and it felt incredibly liberating.

Conclusion--in my non-medical opinion, he is severely depressed. He desperately needs structured group activities outside of his cell every day. This is exactly what the Cohen team says was the huge failing of the mental health treatment in all of the max prisons. Danny firmly believes that he is not mentally ill; he simply believes it is rational to kill himself rather than endure another 25 years of 24/7 lockdown. He isn't insane; the way we (society, the IDOC, etc.) are treating him is insane.

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