

DON'T DRINK THE KOOL-AIDE

By Timothy J. Muise

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The prison system here in the Commonwealth has turned into one big brainwashing cult. The God they worship is the allmighty dollar and the ministers of propaganda they employ bring home six-figure salaries. I want to tell you about a couple of the tactics these cult leaders use as their bread & butter suppression tools.

When you are treated in an abusive manner in prison the captor tries to make you believe it is your fault. When a guard, with stale whiskey on his breath, karate chops you in the scrotum as he "pats you down" leaving the chowhall, you are the bad guy for complaining. You are considered a disruptive prisoner and lugged to the hole for "disrupting the normal operations of the facility". When did karate chopping my scrotum become normal? I'm not drinking the kool-aide.

A guard with gangster envy will tell a powerful prisoner that another prisoner is a "skinner" or a "rat" and some foolhearted cons who want to appear "stand-up" will run with it. After all they have nothing to do but engage in "As The World Turns" type soap opera games. This guard, who could not lift a bundle of shingles, haul a lobster trawl, or solve a simple math equation, has just divided the unity of the prisoners. He has conquered us without a bullet fired. On the street he would be pumping gas but in here he is telling us who to trust or distrust. I'm not drinking the kool-aide.

The warden, who up close looks like a 9 mile skid on a 10 mile ride, smiles in your face and tells you your complaints will be "looked into", and you walk back to your unit expecting some results. After a week passes and nothing changes you're a bit less angry, but just frustrated enough to vow to never return to unhappy hour. You hit the yard, do a few push ups, and forget about your right to rehabilitation. I'm not drinking the kool-aide.

They place you in a cage, not big enough for one dignified man, to live with another man you do not know. They then come to you and tell you that you have to participate in some "audit" of the prison, which means you lose your hard gained property, must be harrassed for two solid weeks, and are expected to eat humble pie while mental defectives speak to you in a manner which would be answered with a bullet in many circles. Almost no one says "Hell no we won't go" as far as this bullshit audit is concerned, and the only thing that becomes clear is that the oppressor can treat us in any manner he or she sees fit. I'm not drinking the kool-aide.

They have been paying us a \$1.00 a day for decades. They took our family functions and holiday cook outs. No more avocations. They sell us defective property. \$200.00 typewriters and TV's, harrassment of our visits. Dirty food trays and stale bread. When did we sacrifice our dignity on the Altar of foolishness? When did we decide that TV's and temporary single cells were more important than freedom? When did we choose to go into the ovens willingly? To drink the kool-aide?

The time has arrived to dump out the pitchers of oppressor kool-aide and fill them with the true nectar of the gods: Rebellion! Let your voice be heard. Encourage your brother to complain. One complaint letter per week, per prisoner, would be 1000 letters of unity! Do yourself a favor and don't drink the kool-aide!