

## BREAST ENHANCEMENT

by Timothy J. Muise

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I am not proud to report that in my youth I spent some time in what they may have called in olden days, "Houses of ill repute", but in my day we called em' "Strip Joints". These "wipe your feet on the way out" establishments did all sorts of things to get new customers in for the high priced drinks and "close encounters" with the poor souls who danced there. One of the more memorable "promos" they ran at one very popular joint was to have a "performer" named Chesty Morgan dance and take personal photos with customers for \$10.00 each. Now Ms. Morgan's "claim to fame" was that she had 72 EEE breasts and in the photos she would stand behind you and drape one of her lovely mother glands over each one of your shoulders! It was a riot and she seemed very good humored about the whole process: it was a livin' I guess.

Now what does this story have to do with my usual prison failure themes? Well I can only label the DOC as a place where layabout guards and suits suck off the teet of the taxpayer and the level of "sucking" must mean that our fine state has mammaries the size of good ole Chesty Morgan, and the "drinks" that are offered here are just as expensive. You see the DOC pays \$30.00 for a mop handle. They spent thousands on "work boots" for prisoners when not one of the over 1000 prisoners here at ShirleyWorld have ever received a pair. They buy 1200 brand new trash barrels for the cells and then Lt. Urine "orders" that they drill holes in them so that men cannot use them for laundry: now they have to buy 1000 more, such waste. But the most glaring waste, and most decadent slurping off the teet of the state, is the \$362,000,000.00 they spend on salaries for guards who diminish public safety with their full and total unprofessional operating procedure. Your streets are far less safe because prison guards and administrators "create" angry prisoners to be released on to them.

A carpenter builds a nice house and admires his work. A fisherman catches a 1000 pound tuna and feels a sense of pride. The artist paints a beautiful scene and smiles. Human beings are fulfilled with pride in their work. The exact opposite is true for prison guards. They cannot bask in the glow of "keeping a man in a cage". They cannot feel good about shackling a pregnant woman prisoner while she gives birth. It is no badge of honor for 20 jackbooted fools to stomp a handcuffed prisoner out of sight of camera view. Administrators know they are shells of what they should be when they sign off on false suicide and beating reports, or when they have to lie to cover up malfeasance. This is why guards have the highest suicide, domestic abuse, and alcoholism rates of all of law enforcement. Their work depletes them and as a defense mechanism they must view us, the prisoner, as less than; as sub-human. How else could you abuse an elderly dementia patient? The guards hate themselves and take it out on us, with society being the ultimate victim.

With all these self-evident truths the system still seeks more and more of your money, what I call a "Breast Enhancement". They seek, and are almost always successful in securing, an even larger "teet" from which to suckle their evil nector. Chesty Morgan would be envious. When are you going to demand an end? When are you going to get involved in the fight?

Viva La Revolucione!!