

PINK JUMPSUIT BOYS OF THE 2000S

Across the prison yard, the Barbie-pink leaps to your eyeballs, grabbing them by the pupils -- and that was the point. Anyone caught exposing himself/themselves/itself, participating in homosexual pattycake, or masturbating out in the open (or in private), got put in the notorious pink jumpsuit. Like a mechanic, who specializes in crankshafts.

This Prison-Barbie-Boy-mark is to follow each after conviction of the disciplinary infraction, so that female employees/guards/staff/visitor(s)/etc., can be aware of Pinky's chosen disposition. Too many times as a Pinky, can land a guy on the sex-offender Chester registry, as a sex criminal, right alongside the pedos -- doomed to share the stereotype. The dreaded box of ALL job interviews:

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CONVICTED OF A FELONY **YES** **NO**
IF SO, EXPLAIN: _____

Try talking away that one to your new potential boss; you were just scratching your nuts, or that Emily Brown was on TV, she'll understand (and it will most likely be a *she*, since women are now stepping up to compensate for the failures of men). Tell her how "bitches be crazy", isn't that the urban ideology? She'll get it. And after the interview, when no call comes, you'll get it too.

Reluctantly, the prisons did away with the Pink Man Group, because thugs mistook them for Gucci -- pressing them like dress pants, and adopting a new that-a-boy strut, popping the collar, and always, always on the lookout for the next nut. Like some right of passage...