

Dead Pig Alley (The Chino Chronicles, Pt. 3)

5-5-26

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I recently wrote about the prison bus ride down from Sacramento to Los Angeles. The route was pretty straightforward, a couple hundred miles down the 99 freeway, then a couple hundred more down Interstate 5. Along the way I saw something rather unpleasant: About every ten miles or so we'd pass a road sign proclaiming the next stretch of road to be something like the Terry Tender Trotter or Sandra Snoutmeister Memorial Highway, apparently in honor of some cop who bit the dust nearby.

It seems this ridiculous sort of homage to expired authoritarians has become a common phenomenon. I remember when the only sign I ever saw signifying a roadway dedicated to a creamed cop was atop the 5 & 14 interchange in north LA county, where the overpass collapsed during the 1994 Northridge earthquake, taking some motorcycle piggy down with it. I guess he was on his way to the station but never got to start his 5 a.m. shift of harassing the public, which sort of proves every natural catastrophe has some small silver lining. I always felt the sign should have read, right below his name: "At least half a dozen people were spared tickets on this otherwise tragic day. But so far as I know, that footnote was never added.

Look, I don't want to seem shallow or short-sighted — I'm all for commemorating the demise of stormtroopers. In fact, I believe we ought to have a public display in every major city showing a running tally of how many badge-brandishing fascists the world has rid itself of on any given day, leading up to a national day of celebration where the combined total of their mooted salaries is deducted from the annual funding for each of the ten largest police budgets across the country. The total savings could then be donated to the ACLU, EFF, and other pro-social causes. Bail and legal defence funds, perhaps. But these existing roadside displays of bootlicking adulation really should be removed. The last thing any weary traveller needs to see during a long journey is an incessant barrage of pro-cop propaganda, particularly if they've been unlucky enough to have recently been on the receiving end of some super-trooper's revenue-taking

attention.

Or, actually, come to think of it, there's something to be said for posting the names of cops up and down public roads, though not the dead pigs who no longer pose a threat. Maybe every single mile of every single freeway should feature at least one high-visibility sign with the full name and address of an actively employed oppressor in the area, so we can all ~~be~~^{be} aware of exactly who they are. If nothing else, it might keep people from letting their children play near these publicly-funded predators' hunting grounds.

Oh, wait, sorry... I forgot. Kids don't actually go outside without an escort anymore. You know, because we all feel so safe, with the swelling ~~rank~~^{rank}s of militarized police in every community. My bad.

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