

John's cousin Dan began to complain via instant messages that night about the fifteen-hour plane ride he faced going from the United States to Hong Kong. Then he stopped and realized that it wasn't very appropriate to complain about being confined for so long when one was speaking to a prisoner. John said, "I spend sixteen hours *every* day confined in this bed," and sent Dan a video to show him the misery. "Moreover, there's no stewardess, no business class, no good food, no hope of getting out during the next day, no climate control, and little cleanliness. Being in prison is like flying in worse-than-coach class every day for sixteen hours, wherein cruel, yelling (in dialect) raiders sometimes come and mess up your stuff, throwing it on the floor and stealing things, while other 'passengers' steal things, too."

As a practical exercise, imagine flying business class from Chicago to Hong Kong—every other day of your life for the next five (or more) years—then spending eight hours sitting in a loud, filthy, run-down, sawdust-swirling, busy factory with authoritarian (and sometimes mean) managers, located in the bad part of town. Next thing you know, you are taken back to the airport for a restful business class flight to Chicago the next day, where you will then spend eight hours in a park—or adjacent Pentecostal church—located in a filthy, dangerous southside slum full of scumbags, before being taken back to the airport for your next restful flight to Hong Kong, where the routine continues. Once a week, in both Chicago and Hong Kong, persons you know (after being humiliated and strip-searched) can come to your confines and visit you for ninety minutes. Every once in a while, some really privileged men are allowed to walk past onlookers with their wives and go to a common room that makes Motel 6 look luxurious, and have marital relations on a filthy mattress. The same monotonous routine repeats itself day in, day out for years on end, except for one detail: the plane ride is not pleasant—not even coach class. The analogy would be improved if one had to spend fifteen hours cooped-up in the plane's luggage compartment instead, located in the sweltering or frigid belly of the plane, rather than in business class, where the beleaguered "passengers" are exposed to extreme temperatures and forced to coexist with oft-aggressive sexual perverts and dangerous, thieving, farting and anti-hygienic men, and to be served food hardly fit for a dog or cat. If you sneak a cellphone on board and are caught, your years of "travel" might be extended and the possibility of not taking so many trips, reduced. Medical care after landing is *less* than what you might expect in any normal slum or rundown part of town, other than the "free" outdated, outmoded, oft-expired, donated medications you receive from the unqualified and inept medical practitioner. You won't get to accumulate frequent flier miles either, and you won't be allowed to work to earn your keep other than earning minimum wage cooking rudimentary meals loaded in barrels for hordes of mongrels and scoundrels, sewing leather together, or working with wood. You will learn to enjoy being bored out of your mind and partake in pastimes *ad nauseam*. Occasionally, a psychologist or social worker will call you over to their bench to interview you, then criticize you harshly in their report and recommend "treatment," which is only offered to a privileged few, that might possibly allow you to stop the travel-and-sitting routine months or even years earlier—if a panel of largely leftist judges happen to agree. Moreover, taxpayers would foot the bill for the overall package, although friends and family of some "lucky" passengers might "feel led" to sacrifice their wealth over the years to supplement or replace their food supply, toiletries, accouterments, medications, clothing, and bedding. Many will contribute to pay the extraordinary fees of largely inept and uncaring lawyers who achieve little or nothing to get you out of the luggage compartment or get you day passes to leave the factory or park. They won't even get you into the airport lounge except on very rare occasions that might involve bribing managers. The saddest part is that the analogy is far truer than fiction. What could Dan say? He should be relatively happy to only have to be *pleasantly* confined once or twice a year. John had to thank his cousin for spawning the foregoing analogy. Why so many idiots among the public believe that such a scenario reduces crime or reforms criminals was anyone's guess.