

The Prison-Mall

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*A Worthless and Boring Polemic on a Topic that has been Done to Death that Might
be Finished at Some Point*

*A Gesamtkunstwerk Produced for Dr. [REDACTED]
by Prisoner #26979096
1st Edition*

Sorry about the slow response. I am a bit overwhelmed right now. The guy at the laundromat got my name wrong, he keeps calling me Eastman. I changed my name to (Jesus?) Eastman so that he wouldn't get it wrong anymore.

I read a great book the other day by GWF Hegel - I didn't really understand what he was postulating but I assume the central question goes something like "is it illegal to ship human fecal material across national borders if it's wrapped in chocolate coin foil?" Can I have my A and piece of paper now please? "I shouldn't have smoked all this kief, I think I have mania. Bro, look, Walter Be-Jammin'? That philosopher is such a philistine." It's just like that guy Friedrich "**Nietzsche**" Gonzalez proposed - "if one wants to get free from an unendurable pressure one needs hashish" (Ecce Homo 61).

Janey lived in the locked room. Twice a day the Persian slave trader came in and taught her to be a whore. Otherwise there was nothing.

One day she found a pencil stub and scrap paper in a forgotten corner of the room. She began to write down her life...

A book report

We all live in prison. Most of us don't know we live in prison (Acker 65).

Introduction

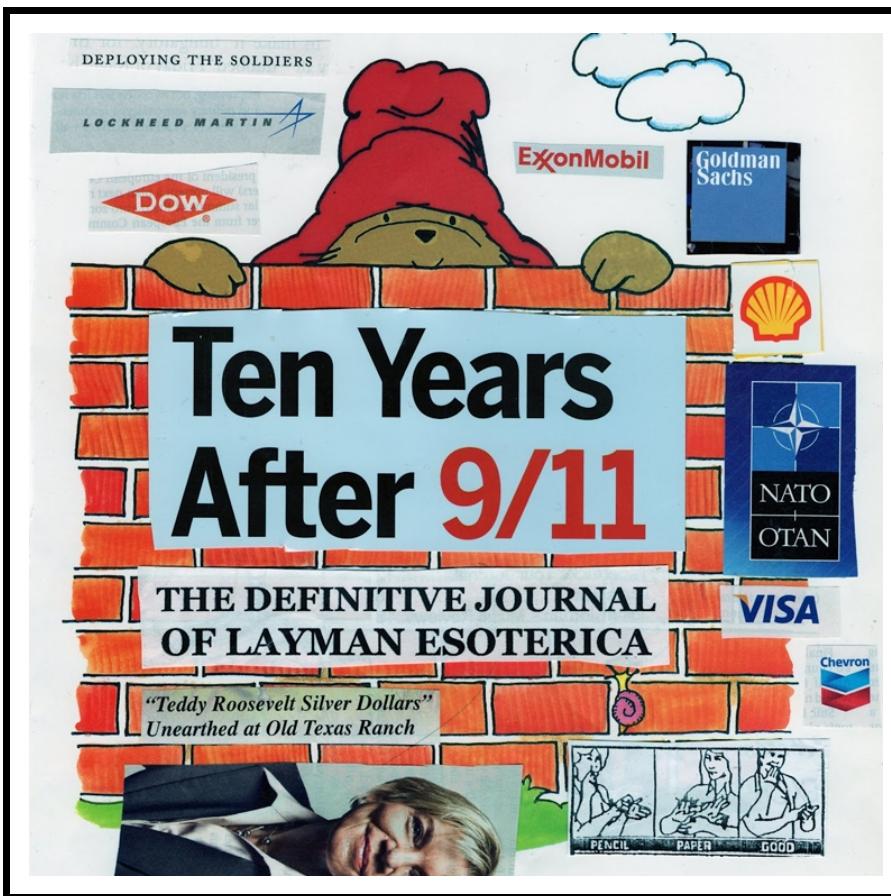
Exposition of the Project of Disclosing the Prison-Mall in its Fundamental Relation to Joy in Living

§I - Primary Subdivision of the Introduction to the Work or Why I am so Pompous

Seriously, slam a big old bowie knife into the side of my head. This is it Krung Kores.

Some time ago I produced a film entitled *Reality: A Farce of Ultraviolence and Humanity*. It was a "motion-picture show" that consisted of a somewhat questionable series of photo collages involving, among other things, graphic

depictions of war, garbage dumps, the rich, slums, serial killers, police brutality, suicide and politicians fraternizing. This was all set to extremely harsh musical soundscapes and quotes from Lacanians, Marxists and Anarchists of all stripes and colours. Expecting the best, I released the work to be met with such rave reviews as "Whoever is the insecure asshole who created this has way too much time and way too little respect for other people. You undermine



your opinions by saying them in such a tasteless and rude way. This is so unnecessary." Its negligible impact on the masses fell far short of my admittedly inflated intentions, and I am quite sure that most copies are currently sitting in garbage dumps or gathering dust on bookshelves. Nevertheless, the film was a bellicose attempt to depict a system of power that exists all around us - a system that drills, diets, and tells us how to feel, what to think, and when and where to think it (*I feel like this could be phrased better*). This is a system designed and manipulated by the rich that is reinforced by each and every one of us to their benefit. Perhaps no one is responsible and though my initial attempt to document

this may have been more inflammatory than substantive, causing the theme to become lost in a sea of triggering blood-stained imagery, I have still not outgrown my previous proclivities of depicting it. I again revisit this system of power, this time with far less hubris; **A JOKE**. My goal is to suggest that the majority of our social institutions are arranged to create a system of power I entitle the *prison-mall*; a system which finds its roots in punishment and solidified as the most prominent disclosed structure of power by the the 21st century. This is a system that sets *worker-consumer-prisoner* as the norm while ostracizing or killing all else. *Under it one is either to work to shop and remained imprisoned in their own home, go to a state run jail or die.*

I write these words begrudgingly because this very same structure of power is pressuring me to - if I do not compromise myself to it in some way, I will end up destitute, dead or incarcerated (**LIE?**). Nevertheless, I have attempted to make the best of a terrible situation. The following is thus ~~a work of cathartic life-affirming philosophy aimed at clarifying a problem~~ an anus shitting into itself. Rather than a denial, my project is to expose and lay bare a part of reality that remains undisclosed and for the most part outside of discourse. ~~I am preaching neither doom nor gloom.~~ Though I argue reality cannot be totally encapsulated by language and language alone, as it stands by itself, unique, the following is my examination of a network of institutions that are run by the wealthy elite to the detriment of many. Perhaps I am pompously learnsturbating, seeking to reaffirm myself, and my own pathetic endeavour. Nevertheless, since its fairly recent consolidation, the structure of the



prison-mall has become all encompassing (*strong claim?*). Somewhat contradictorily, this system is not total and it allows for some degree of freedom despite the fact that it is designed to manipulate and mould (*mold?*) us into *worker-consumer-prisoners*. Within the *prison-mall* there is still room to become unique, to follow one's own preferences, desires and dreams – indeed, there is still room to make them manifest. *To avoid becoming what one is not, and by extension what those manipulating and setting the boundaries of the prison-mall want one to be, one must be aware and hold onto whatever of themselves they can find and disclose.* One must find themselves and take into consideration the following depiction of the essence of "Human" as *worker-consumer-prisoner* if they do not want to compromise their individual uniqueness within the crushing weight of the *Prison-Mall* and thereby lose access to a particular type of joy in living oneself out as one wishes.

(I am "life unworthy of life" and wrecking my body with drugs and alcohol – the onset of alcoholism is slow.

"I am one of the few people left here who are experienced bomb putter-togetherers." I hit the bong so hard tears were streaming down my cheek, I feel fucking fucked – fucking roaches.

I am looking like I have a very large tumour or abscess on my belly. The last day or so I've noticed it seems to be oozing. I am dying a slow sickness.

And you have nothing to say to me because I'm psychotic and super sexual and it's easier for me to make enemies than friends when I need friends the most. And fucking makes me fucking upset, so I gave up and grew up and blue up. And I mean blue.

And I am a queer fucking faggot and only want to fuck and get fucked and not hang around here no more. And I've fucked up so much in claiming commitment when life is flux and I won't be stuck. And I'm sorry for that. How trite, how Christian, like the cockle engine going vrop vrop vreop vrop, like Cat the Cat and Norris the Norris got fleas.

Did you read the paper today – "Todesfall der Lebenskünstler der Todtnauberg". Did you talk the talk? "Palistine [sic] big ass hole fucking films"?

The given, the nothing, the created. "I am an asshole idiot".

After they started taking the drugs they became the nothing that was themselves on drugs. And I too am this nothing.

"And so I said to the Departmental Assistant that, since the college has managed to lose the paper of this bright, promising young student, I will give the student a grade of "A+" just to demonstrate how pissed off I am with such an incompetent institution.

The only thing that could change my mind and cause me to give such a creative student a grade of "F" would be if for some reason I came to believe that this

student was playing games with the tired old head of an exhausted, weary professor, such as myself, say, by submitting his paper under some ridiculous assumed name. Who would do such a thing and so cause such gratuitous unhappiness? Not you, surely, Anders."

I had a weird conversation with someone in an *Icons of Filth* t-shirt about Hegel and Hitler and the teleology of history. I became irreconcilably upset and left, on my way out I told them not to "give up reading books" and they said the same to me. **What the fuck.**

I talked to another from Somalia who was being a misogynist and had tears streaming down their face. Blisters all over their feet - "I have walked miles in the rain, everything has screwed me over".

Did the \$10 I gave them quell my conscience or stop conflict? **What the fuck am I doing.**

For there are other ways to teach than to punish, and perhaps our principal concerns will be - those anti-individualist authoritarians preaching dogmatism, group rights and collectivism; the herd, the mass, the social engineers, statism, theocracy, and totalitarianism.

"Men who want to be treated like pieces of shit". The customer is always. The server is there to serve.

Over the next nine days they suffered an "agonizing sequence of radiation-induced traumas" including severe diarrhoea, reduced urine output, swollen hands, erythema, "massive blisters on his hands and forearms", intestinal paralysis, gangrene and ultimately "a total disintegration of bodily functions". They died on May 30 in the presence of their parents. They were buried in Shaarey Zedek Cemetery, Winnipeg on 2 June 1946.

I just wanna make sure you don't hate me or nothing? 'Cause in the end, all of Darkness is to be destroyed and Light will live in peace for all eternity. This is a war described as a conflict between the congregation of God and the congregation of men (a joke).

I am guilty of lèse-majesté and am farting in crapulence, corpulence, fraudulence, opulence, decadence.

I want to die. A cancer.)

§II - Towards a Conception of the Prison-Mall

There is now a mass contraction of *Werther-Fieber*. I am a piece of shit.

My depictions of the institutions that make up the power structure that is the *prison-mall* are not an attempt at a totalizing depiction of reality for I am not in the business of depicting reality in its totality. There are many lived experiences that I have never had and it is my conviction that no matter what concept I use to describe the whole of what is real, it will never subsume the existent. I affirm, as the critical theorist and pompous gashead (a trite and

sterile ad hominem) TW Adorno suggests, that no concept or set of concepts can exhaust the thing conceived (Negative Dialectics 75). Indeed, reality sits awash in perplexing conceptual tension with antithesis and thesis presented together; everything sits in contradiction and I remain unable to totally capture its uniqueness. (SO WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING THIS FOR?)

As someone who is perpetuating discourse I am manufacturing a view of reality through phenomenological genealogical disclosure – make no mistake, I am at best an artist and at worst a pornographer, a shoe cobbler and a toilet. The *prison-mall* remains my creation and you, dear reader, can take



whatever pleasure or dissatisfaction you would like from it. Indeed, the *prison-mall* acts a conceptual construction that contains subjective discursive information and will only fail to describe reality in its totality. I have only conceptualized one part of the whole of existence and the existent will remain unique – beyond language and the domain of concepts. However, this does not prevent my *have a bun in the oven* version of reality from having any use; an interesting characteristic captured by the 19th century vagrant Max Stirner in his proposition that “the unique, has no content; it is indeterminacy in itself; only through you does it acquire content and determination” (*Critics*). The world remains unique – and yet the *prison-mall* is disclosed to me as a structure of the world. This work is a lens to be used towards my ends. The power structure that is the *prison-mall* acts a conceptual framework that allows me to hold onto what I enjoy in life, and to continue to have a reason to live. Indeed, I have become somewhat transparent to myself by asking myself what it means to be and do not mistake me, this document remains at best a warning for myself! The *prison-mall* may act as an all justifying source of value and enjoyment for you but to me it remains as the encompassing source and structure of all oppression (**strong claim**). The archetype of *worker-consumer-prisoner* is enforced upon all by an iron system so nebulous, many deny its existence. If one does not play this role, the result is disastrous, yet the result in yielding is the loss of a type of joy foundational to any type of existential

mental stability (**strong claim?**).

SIII - The Situation as Disclosed as Such

The prison-mall stands as a *Gleichschaltung*: a coordination, a making the same, a bringing into step. It is an institutional arrangement that reinforces a



specific type of morality for the benefit of a select few who live like lords. *We discipline ourselves and are punished for their benefit, we develop bad consciousness and turn against ourselves for their benefit.* We are taught from birth to live like characters out of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, always chanting, "The more stitches the less riches"

(Huxley 100). We are threatened

with humiliation and violence for not doing so. Indeed, in this brave new world, we are expected to worship the production process and neither think nor speak of alternatives. We are instructed that "ending is better than mending" (Huxley 51), taught to "love new clothes. I love new clothes, I love..." (Huxley 51). Despite the fact that the majority of those that participate in the *prison-mall* are at great disadvantage in terms of control when compared with those that run it, the structure of power grinds on. Are we all too blind to notice that we are no longer our own masters? Is this resignation of responsibility a flight from death? We work solely to buy and buy solely to work, with death walking behind us. If we do not work we become of no use to the system and it attempts to imprison or destroy us (**FUN FACT: Iris Young terms this "marginalization" [your editor]**).



The major institutions of the *prison-mall*, the prisons, stores, schools, private-property, army, church, police, family and workplaces, are all arranged to serve the interests of a few by enforcement of a specific type of *modus operandi*. Business executives, industrialists, politicians, etc reap massive amounts of wealth off the backs of those for whom they don't give any credence (**wrong word?**)

or concern.

A few years ago a politician was on the radio saying that no one in the UK suffered from want. The next day I saw an old man pleading for a handful of coal; his wife was dying of cold and he was penniless. Maybe in the morning, as the politician sipped breakfast tea, she lay cold and dead before the empty grate. Every year thousand of people die of hypothermia, too hungry, too cold, too poor to stay alive. At times of national crisis it's always the poor who suffer. "Back Britain" we're told as the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. At times of international crisis it's the same story. "Back Britain" we're told as the rich get richer and the poor get killed. In the event of a nuclear crisis, the rich will retreat to private bunkers with their wealth and possessions. The injustice of inequality is sanctioned by the church. With its tradition of finance from the gentry the church has always been obliged to ensure that its flock remains servile. "Repent ye sinners or be devoured in the flames of hell." Those very same flames that devoured their enemies in countless religious wars. So often the church has marched hand in hand with the military Casting its blessings upon the writhing bodies of the battlefield. Each stab of bayonet is God's word. Each crash of steel is God's word. Each torn limb and splash of blood is God's word. For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten sons. Each sodden grave and sodding death is God's word. For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten sons. For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten sons. (Crass).

Organized religion, consumerism, nationalism, war, materialism, sport, play and work have become intertwined by through a historical process of colonial and imperial ideological blending. The result is an iron clad system. The rich are those who send the poor to die and plot the wars, they make the laws that delineate resource allotment and command the vast majority of the public through various channels of education. We are often given paltry tokens in exchange for a "job well done" but this in no way is similar to their crapulence.

Nevertheless, as the "turbo Torgus" Michel Foucault has suggested - power is exercised from innumerable points, in the interplay of non-egalitarian and mobile relations; it comes from below and its relations are both intentional and non-subjective, they are exercised with a series of aims and objectives (Sexuality 94-95). All institutions are run by individuals, and as such we all play a role in the construction of the prison and the mall. We are those that buy and sell, we are those that police each other instead of treating one another with respect and kindness, those that identify with brand names, those that become police, politicians and corporate executives "because there is no other choice" or because "we are afraid of being different". Everything is easily commodified, turned into a neat package to be sold. We are those that sell our bodies, hearts and minds, our art or our labour. Of course we don't want to be starving out in the cold or become imprisoned - we must work and not appear too shadowy - we must be good citizens, good consumers. We sell ourselves in all sorts of ways - is there one amongst us who is not a failure to be themselves as they would like? ([What?](#))

The morality that the *prison-mall* endeavours to enforce stands as a set of objective rules given from god, rationality, democracy, etc. that have existed

since their solidification in the Age of "Enlightenment". The code can simplistically be expressed as Goodness = Justice = Peace = Trade = Rationality = Productivity = Growth = Happiness = Wealth = Joy, while Badness = Evilness = Desire = Whim = Irrationality = Death = Suffering = Warning = Contradiction = Parasites = Poverty. This type of simplistic rudimentary philosophy has been most recently espoused by right wing figures such as Ayn Rand, who plotted this program quite clearly in her paper *The Objectivist Ethics* (Rand). Within the *Prison-Mall* the rich propose this schema of morality as an atomic number 26 adorned system to protect their interests. If one evaluates it and decides to discard it, those pulling the strings will do everything they can to prevent such action.

This same school of vicious manipulators want all individuals to be taught to become "Human" - a lesson that must be implemented (Rand). The lesson consists of punishing a class of people identified as vagabonds and thereby enforcing the archetype *worker-consumer-prisoner* on all the rest. Stirner, yields something of a definition when he drunkenly proclaims that vagabonds consist of

All these lack settlement, the solid quality of business, a solid, seemly life, a fixed income, etc.; in short, [those that] belong, because their existence does not rest on a secure basis to the dangerous 'individuals or isolated persons', to the dangerous proletariat; they are 'individual bawlers' who offer no "guarantee" and have "nothing to lose," and so nothing to risk (*Ego* 102).

The *prison-mall's* fundamental goal is deny the existence of anyone who does not act like a good *worker-consumer-prisoner*, namely the vagabonds, through instating its own norm. The vagabonds and the inhuman monsters of our society are set against the



normal labouring-consuming-imprisoned Human.

For thousands of years, society "has populated the prisons with 'inhuman monsters,' i.e. with people who did not find fitting for them what was nonetheless fitting for the 'human essence' (Critics)." Modern society requires a "Human" that is a *worker-consumer-prisoner*, one bent on

working itself to death, and this concept enforced to empower and enrich the wealth. Often, out of (*indirect?*) fear of imprisonment or death we ironically work, buy, and consume goods we would never want or have use for, spending our precious energy instead of living our own lives (*why is this ironic?*). It is my strong belief that if one wants to continue to hold onto any part of themselves and not totally adopt the mentality of a worker-consumer-prisoner and thereby lose their ability to find a particular type of joy in living, they must be aware of the way the prison-mall operates and its historical genesis.

SIV - The Hierarchy

Despite the fact that our society claims to be egalitarian when helping and enabling those donning a *worker-consumer-prisoner* identity, it nevertheless discriminates along a multiplicity of axes. Hierarchies constructed along dichotomous axes of race, class, ability, age, sex, gender, ethnicity, level of education, appearance, language, nationality, etc. all supposedly set to measure how well one can perform in society are utilized to discriminate where one sits in the world.

Indeed, central to our society is the idea of machismo, the strong heteronormative white able-bodied male; the **"Man" - the ideal worker-consumer-prisoner**. A concept best summed up by Valerie Solanas in her polemical work *The SCUM Manifesto* which I will utilize in more flexible terms that sit perhaps outside of her intended scope, though perhaps within it.

The male is completely egocentric, trapped inside himself, incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, or love, friendship, affection of tenderness. He is a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone. His responses are entirely visceral, not cerebral; his intelligence is a mere tool in the services of his drives and needs; he is incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; he can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations. He is a half-dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of giving or receiving pleasure or happiness; consequently, he is at best an utter bore, an inoffensive blob, since only those capable of absorption in others can be charming. He is trapped in a twilight zone halfway between humans and apes, and is far worse off than the apes because,



unlike the apes, he is capable of a large array of negative feelings -- hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, doubt -- and moreover, he is aware of what he is and what he isn't (Solanas).

The most privileged positions in society are left open to these type of Men: robotic, hate filled, automatons, who look at the earth and at others as anonymous digits to be inserted into statistical profit calculation. These worker-consumer-prisoners who have become so indoctrinated into cults of fortune and filled with dreams of efficiency that nothing seems to be able to stop their strategies for "growth", "progress" and dominance. Admittedly, our society is set up for the benefit of consumer-producer-prisoner but the real power remains open to a few dangerous lunatics whose understanding is purely calculative and robotic, purely based off material profit and self indulgent solipsistic hunger. To hate those that are able to fill this position seems also pointless and full of resentment as their position is circumstantial, yet the amount of power they possess and the violence that ensures this power prevents most from actualizing themselves. Their power must be taken note of, for they set the standard of the ideal worker-consumer-prisoner. Totalitarianism stems from macho ideals of dominance. (What the fuck am I talking about? ~~Can we live beyond this?~~)

§V - Speculative Genealogy of the Prison-Mall

God, there are some really fucking cringe worthy sentences in this fucking essay. The rock show was burning a monkeys ass up, the rock show was whipping a horses ass.

It is certainly beyond my capacities to totally encapsulate all of history; I cannot imagine attempting to recount all the details of my life, let alone all of reality in its totality. In his work *On the Concept of History*, Bilbo "Walter" Benjamin proposed that "the chronicler who recounts events without distinguishing between the great and the small, thereby accounts for the truth" (Benjamin). Nevertheless, like any conceptual craftsman, my business is not to account for this type of truth, I only seek rather to expose one part of reality and have no wish to account for everything that has happened. I am a ~~fuckupwhatthefuckamIwritingwhocares~~. (I wonder if Bümflap has a Encyclopedia Metallum article. What is Peady and the closet? What did you say poohead?)

The following genealogy remains somewhat brief. Indeed, old Blibo Bongwater adds that "the true picture of the past whizzes by. Only as a picture [...] is the past to be held fast" (Benjamin). The real truth of this worldly realm remains hidden, dispersed and perpetually collapsing upon itself. I am left grasping at straws in my quest to completely depict the history or this power structure and proceed on my course without any claim to authenticity or thoroughness.

By conceptualizing the prison-mall as a system of power we must understand the prison-mall as a series of groups of individuals operating to the advantage of

one group of people with the same intended goal. The prison-mall sits as a structured series of groups that serve individuals with intentions - it is a global *Arbeitslager* (you should probably define this you elitist teutophile) utilized by the rich and reinforced by the prisoners.

The penal roots of the prison-mall lie in the successful breeding of bad-consciousness within the herd through punishment. Memories of years of torture, war and violent brutality have conditioned our entire society for mental and physical imprisoned slavery. The breaking wheel, the crucifix, the gas chamber, the electric chair, the atom bomb, we are forced *into submission*. Indeed, most are no longer capable of being themselves out of pure fear. Since the dawn of religion and penal codes, we have been taught how to act and not act and punished for doing wrong - and we remain in such conditioning. In his series of polemical essays defending the revaluation of morality, *On the Genealogy of Morality*, noted sexist and horse Huggins Friedrich Nietzsche suggested that the oldest states had severe systems of punishment to prevent us from acting improperly. Over time the methods of prevention grew less prevalent, and replaced with new methods of control, chief among them a "bad conscious" which suffices to keep the majority in check from doing anything considered morally reprehensible by the powers that set the normative code of morality (*Genealogy* 56-57). This bad consciousness has been bred into many individuals; for example that we have necessarily let down others if we don't work or don't look the part. The vast majority cowers and submit. Those that don't comply to society's norms are imprisoned or punished. Indeed, the prison-mall finds its very functionality in its ability to instill bad-consciousness and punish



outliers. Bad-consciousness fundamentally occurs when individuals weigh themselves

against a social moral code that is created from what the individual believes judges, such as God or other people, are thinking about their action - it is their internalized version of the scrutinizing outside world - their representation of the other (*Genealogy* 63). The fundamental mechanism of functionality employed by the *prison-mall* lies in its ability to make work through guilt, mental imprisonment and punishment - through internal and external policing. One is made to feel bad when they do not have enough, when they do not fit in with the herd, one is made to feel bad for not working, for not contributing, for not selling out and buying in. All these things remain conditioned by the prisoners to the benefit of the rich. It is because they are enabled by a series of colonial institutions that the rich are able to force and manipulate and in their lives of opulence they entice us to become like them. We are both

[There is a break in the work.] (Clever)

Foucault noted that the body has been a target and object of power since the classical age mostly through the use of punishment (*Discipline* 136). Nevertheless, he also notes another type of power growing from the 17th century onwards. This power involves a new disciplinary connection which linked aptitudes to domination and obedience (*Discipline* 138). The *prison-Mall* also offers rewards for buying-in and playing the game. We have access to more if we join in as *worker-consumer-prisoner*. From birth we are taught that this is correct. Foucault noted that the 17th century saw the birth of a process by which the body is manipulated, shaped, trained, made to obey, instilled with skill. Many of the social institutions that have grown since the 17th century from school, church, prison, army, family, etc. serve the goal of training us to become more skilful while at the same time regulating us and causing us to be on guard against ourselves. Fundamentally, the institutions of the *prison-mall* exist to convince us to become *worker-consumer-prisoners* instead of ourselves (this sentence seems unnecessary). Methods have been developed for the total disciplining of our bodies involving uninterrupted,



constant coercion, and the supervision of our processes of activity which have made possible the meticulous control of the operations of our body (*Discipline* 137). Thus a two fold foundation of punishment and bad-consciousness building coupled with a disciplinary process under which we are taught to do things in the correct ways for reward cause us to become ideal *worker-consumer-prisoners*. Those that do not play this game are sent to jail, tortured or killed.

Pro-Fessor - the Professional Fessor

There was once a person who lived a sterile life in a sterile place. Everything fit together quite neatly - it was so enjoyable.

"Holy fuck. Holy fucking fuck. I am going to have to teach all these ingrates something. My message - 'don't be a hypocrite', I am the cool prof.

I fucking hate Eburry.com where they post whole books, it's so shitty. I sold my house and bought a condo. I am a Tiki Lounger. A Starbucks rocker. 1985." *Smiles disdainfully.*

Did they think they were Robin Williams in the *Dead Poet Society*? They gives somniferous lectures that are impossible to pay attention to. They do not like the "hippies with the dyed hair who eat at the food co-op". They slim slammed some "motherfucking" Slim Jims and choked it all down Cleff (**Cleff**).

[The following section is **FUCKED**. This whole thing is really fucked.]

The *prison-mall's* commercial foundation solidified through the industrial revolution and the rise of mass consumer culture. The 19th Century was a particularly important stepping stone for the completion of projects that had begun some time before. From the 17th century onward there is the ever constant rise of industrialism and capitalism, with the industrial revolution occurring throughout the 18th-19th centuries. During this time, agrarian economies turned industrial and the forces of production in Europe changed due to powered machinery, especially steam power. Indeed

society's very speed is changed with the invention of the locomotive, automobile and aeroplane. All the while, the scale of social processes began to outstrip any thing achievable by a single individual. Cities and factories sprang up as quickly as mass environmental degradation. Peasants brought from the fields were forced to labour to the unrelenting cycles of the factory. The German political economist and lazybones (***** would be pissed) Karl Marx and his Friedrich Engels described this situation in their manifesto, proposing that the use of machinery and division of labour into smaller more repetitive tasks has caused work to lose all individual character and charm for the worker, instead making the worker an appendage of the machine at which they work (Marx and Engels 18). (**Look at you, you quote Karl Marx, aren't you cool? This is so hip right now.**) This type of drudgery in factory and office was soon reproduced all over the world as European institutions and practices became forcibly imposed through colonialism. A system of factory work and mass production soon took hold with progressive success. As widespread commodity production increased and is accelerated through the use of new technologies and new forms of advertising, demand for products also increased. Indeed, the rich who have

increasingly gained control of legal institutions and governments stand progressively opposed yet supported by the poor workers who are in turn forced to labour and consume as time proceeds (**OH GOD THIS SENTENCE**).

The Russian anarchist, communist and supporter of the First World War Peter Kropotkin once portrayed the system of specialization that capitalism necessitated in the following passage from his major work, *The Conquest of Bread*,

Look at the village smith, said Adam Smith, the father of modern political economy. If he has never been accustomed to making nails he will only succeed by hard toil in forging two to three hundred a day, and even then they will be bad. But if this same smith has never done anything but nails, he will easily supply as many as two thousand three hundred in the course of a day. And Smith hastened to the conclusion - 'Divide labour, specialize, go on specializing; let us have smiths who only know how to make heads or points of nails, and by this means we shall produce more. We shall grow rich.' That a smith sentenced for life to the making of heads of nails would lose all interest in his work, would be entirely at the mercy of his employer with his limited handicraft, would be out of work four months out of twelve, and that his wages decrease when he could be easily replaced by an apprentice, Smith did not think of it when he exclaimed - 'Long live the division of labour. This is the real gold-mine that will enrich the nation!' And all joined in on the cry. And later on, when a Sismondi or a J. B. Say began to understand that the division of labour, instead of enriching the whole nation, only enriches the rich, and that the worker, who for life is doomed to making the eighteenth part of a pin, grows stupid and sinks into poverty - what did

official economists propose? Nothing! They did not say to themselves that a lifelong grind at one and the same mechanical toil the worker would lose his intelligence and his spirit of invention, and that, on the contrary, a variety of occupations would result in considerably augmenting the productivity of a nation (Kropotkin 232-234).

This portrait of working life under the capitalist system is less than flattering, and holds sway even today. Look around at the factories, construction sites and offices of the world and see the portrait of beings who become automaton-like due to automatized systems of production.

See the images of defeated individuals (?), totally destroyed by the constant repetition of mundane factory, office and construction work. MUCH OF THIS LABOUR GOES TO WASTE - WHAT THE FUCK IS IT ALL FOR? Prepackaged plastic goods, only to be



thrown away tomorrow. Prepackaged plastic house - prefabricated and reproduced, prefabricated lives in prefabricated cities.

If we want to be free from it, we must be aware of the prison-mall's structure and history if we are to understand its present motives - to discipline us and punish us for the benefit of the rich - to entice us to work for the benefit of the rich. At the expense of creating ourselves we join their social circus. An everyday understanding of this system will portray it as advantageous, nevertheless, the world stands on the brink of nuclear annihilation with bully boy boots stomping down much of what is worthwhile. Work ingestion and it's hard to quit but is it really worth giving oneself up all the time as a salaried person.

§VI - The Logic of the Prison-Mall

The prison-mall is nice.

The prison-mall is kind.

The prison-mall is superior.

The prison-mall is efficient.

Love the prison-mall

Vote for the prison-mall

Believe in the prison-mall.

The prison-mall exists for you.

The prison-mall exists through you.

The logic of the *prison-mall* is multidimensional (**WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?**).



As such I believe it is best to use a Foucauldian analysis of power to examine its structure (**NO, THIS IS BORING NO ONE WANTS TO FUCKING READ THIS**). Many of the *prison-mall*'s inhabitants relations to behaviour are negative; the *prison-mall* attempts to exclude, block, refuse, conceal and mask anything that does not fit within its confines (Sexuality 83). At the same time it attempts to reinforce its own unique form of what is correct - productivity, labouring, consuming, etc. This can be seen as similar to Foucault's *Insistence of the Rule*

(Sexuality 83). Essentially, the *prison-mall* attempts to define illicit and licit,

permitted and forbidden forms of action. One is to respect private property, the police, etc. The *prison-mall* further utilizes what Foucault calls a *Cycle of Prohibition*; in essence, the *prison-mall* derives its power through punishment and discipline and convinces us to renounce ourselves or be repressed (Sexuality 84). Within the *prison-mall*, one is not to go near, one is not to touch, one is not to consume, one is not to experience pleasure, one is not to show themselves, one is not to exist as anything but a *worker-consumer-prisoner* (Sexuality 84). The *prison-mall* further attempts to marginalize all other discourses and follows a specific *Logic of Censorship* - which first affirms something as not permitted, then it prevents it from being said while denying that it exists (Sexuality 84). The *prison-mall* utilizes any means necessary to reinforce the norm of consumer-producer-prisoner while eliminating any free thing. If one wants to hold onto their ability to choose themselves and the joy contained in doing so they must be aware of the *prison-mall's* attempts to deny our ability to choose a unique understanding through discipline, punishment, censorship and prohibition (**BORING**).

SVII - Work

Dead flowers.

I sit through a series of presentations given by my economics class on their experiences working for "community minded businesses". I am encouraged to join the



assemblage, to be one them, to be a "teammate", to be same, to be indebted to society, to have to help my community, to have to give and take loans, to have to be normal and not dangerous, to be a success. I must own private property,

take land away from communities and join a biased discourse. I must join the great game of industrial society - adding more garbage to the collective trash heap. I must engage in work that is both alienating and tranquilizing. I must.

We are expected to work our entire lives as factory automatons engaging in what Nietzsche calls mechanical activity. We are taught that it is a good thing to work and consume by father, mother, pastor, the bomb. The message is delivered such that working

relieves a suffering existence to a not inconsiderable degree is beyond all

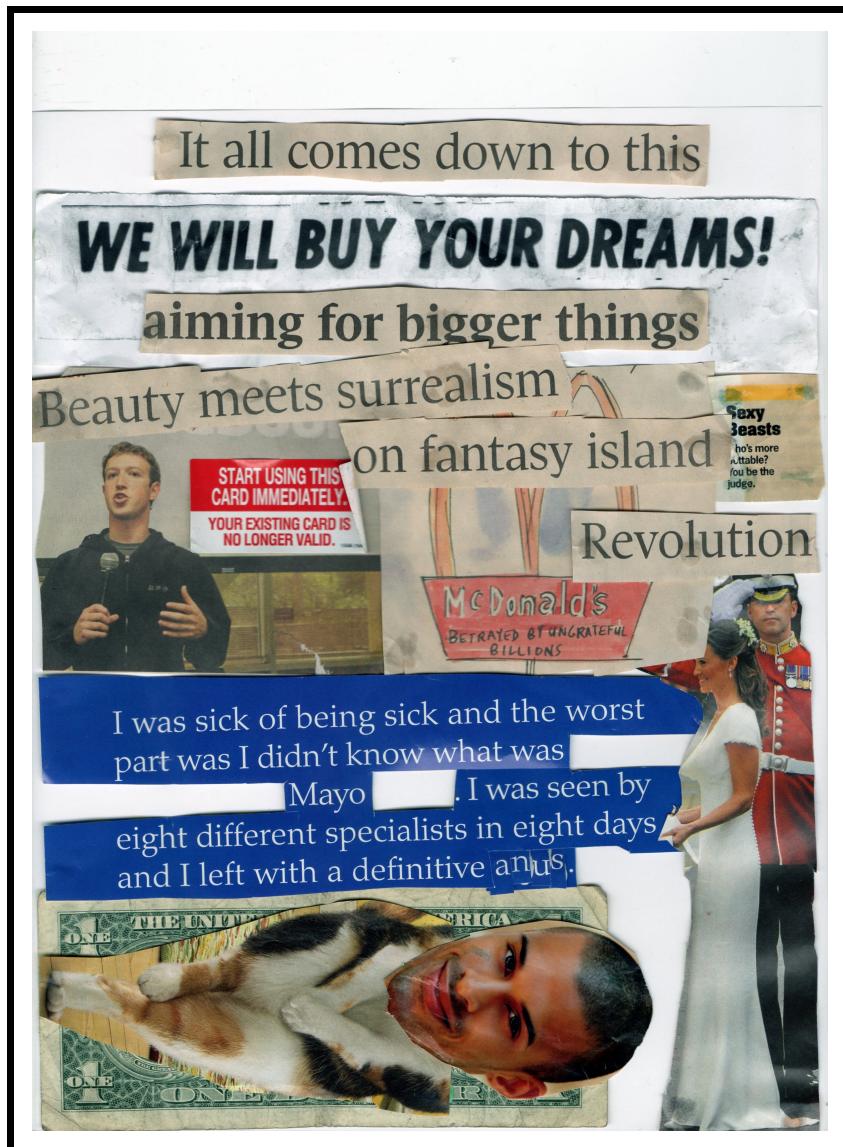
doubt: today this fact is called, somewhat dishonestly, 'the blessing of work.' The relief consists in this: that the interest of the suffer is thoroughly diverted from the suffering - that it is continually doing and yet again only doing that enters into consciousness and, consequently, that little room remains in it for suffering: for it is narrow, this chamber of human consciousness! (Genealogy 97)

Indeed, within modern liberal societies we are instructed that work will set us free - free from the suffering of living. Just go to your job and be happy, eat some Cheerios and shut the fuck up. Nevertheless as some "Krungus" named Emile Cioran, a self-described "Nietzsche still complete with his Zarathustra, his poses, his mystical clown's tricks, a whole circus of heights", proposed - we

generally work too much to be ourselves. Work is a curse which [we] have turned into a pleasure. To work for work's sake, to enjoy a fruitless endeavour, to imagine that we can fulfil [ourselves] through assiduous labour - all that is disgusting and incomprehensible. Permanent and uninterrupted work dulls, trivializes, and depersonalizes. Work displaces [our] centre of interest from the subjective to the objective realm of things. In consequence, [we] no longer takes an interest in [our] own destiny but focus on facts and things (Cioran 104).

We are expected to form communities of happy workers, to work like everyone else. We are expected to slave away, to discipline ourselves to succeed in a game wherein the rules are fixed and we end up as *worker-consumer-prisoners*. We are expected to ignore any that propose a *Memento Mori*, becoming drawn into endless production.

One must be aware of the prison-mall's attempt to force us to work if they want to have time to be themselves - it is important to not get drawn into the 40 hour work week - a robot, slowly shattering on the millstone of time. One must live themselves out to their desire to find a joy in



living - it is inconsolable that this could consist in being bent to someone else's plan.

\$VIII - The State as Regulatory Penal Organ

Within the *prison-mall*, the coercive institutions of the state hold their existence as a regulatory body for aesthetic expression. The state's agents regulate the types of appearance one can or cannot create - they permit and censure disclosure through violence. In the *prison-mall* the inhuman *non-worker-consumer-prisoner* is banned. One is to only display themselves as a good *consumer-producer-prisoner*. The state holds control over the police, the military, psychologists, doctors, parents, teachers and industry through licensing and regulation. One needs to be granted permission by the sovereign for their action as a good *worker-consumer-prisoner* or they are punished. Ironically, many of the politicians in modern industrial society hold vested interests in the institutionalization of certain policies due to their connection to the very same businesses they are supposedly regulating. Rather than looking out for the interest of the any citizen , industrial leaders and politicians work together to form the necessary regulatory conditions for the functioning of the *prison-mall* while each and every one of us reinforce this schema. If we don't carry out their schema the rich attack us with police, or the military bully boys with no other intent but to reinforce the automatization of the masses. Verily (*who even says that? You apparently*), if we wish to avoid incarceration and governmental violence, we must be aware of the role the state plays in legislating the rules of the *prison-mall*. The government holds much power in masking our abilities to discover ourselves and regulate most of anything that suggests we have such potential.

[There is a break in the work.]

SIX - The Media (The Worst Section)

The entire ideology of the *prison-mall* is enforced in and through everything and anything that intertwines aesthetics and a stance that is pro-consumption while licensing discrimination in some ways and censoring it in



others (**unclear**). This media is the propaganda of the *prison-mall* and can take the shape of anything that is bought or sold (**how is a table media - lets figure this out**). Everything is a medium used to store and transmit data. All products act as a reinforcement in physical form of the ideologies of the *prison-mall*. (**WHAT?**)

The television, radio and film act as today's teacher, programmer - fucker - falsifying life to be aped. *We are spoon fed stories of glorious war and consumption, we are taught to believe in them and become worker-consumer-prisoners.* Straight up "chillas" TW Adorno and Max Horkheimer suggests that "films, radio and magazine make up a system which is uniform as a whole and in every part. Even the aesthetic activities of political opposites are one in their enthusiastic obedience to the rhythm of the iron system" (Horkheimer and Adorno). Under this system one must wonder if we can ever hold enough criticality when approaching anything that is sold. (**WHAT?**)

[There is a break in the work.]

It seems that we only ever engage with products to forget ourselves and dwell in the fantasy land of ideals that can be bought. Everything sits prefabricated. The propaganda displayed by the media of the *prison-mall* presents us with the essence of *worker-consumer-prisoner* - it attempts to entrap us.

[There is a break in the work.]

The law as to what is to be broadcast and what is not are controlled by the same politicians that hold vested interest in the media displaying certain things. Indeed, *we must be aware of the messages we are being fed by the prison-mall for otherwise they will mold us into media-stereotypes no longer able to access ourselves - media-casualties.*

[There is a break in the work.]

(Kafkaesque)

§X - Technology and Technique

[There is a break in the work.]

§XI - Non-Productivity and Death

The play is cast - the background is mind numbing consumption. We are to play the part of the 19th century writer Herman "the farter" Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener*. A living photocopier, churning out products one would never use. Bossed about by those who care little for one as individuals - being forced into becoming a *worker-consumer-prisoner*. *Perhaps* one day we will find ourselves in a situation akin to something torn from farty old Melville's story.

"[REDACTED]," they will say, "are you aware that you are the cause of great tribulation to me, by persisting in occupying the entry after being dismissed from the office?"

No answer.

"Now one of two things must take place. Either you must do something, or something must be done to you. Now what sort of business would you like to engage in? Would you like to re-engage in copying for some one?"

"No; I would prefer not to make any change."

"Would you like a clerkship in a dry-goods store?"

"There is too much confinement about that. No, I would not like a clerkship; but I am not particular."

"Too much confinement," they will cry, "why you keep yourself confined all the time!"

"I would prefer not to take a clerkship," as if to settle that little item at once (Melville).

Indeed, perhaps one day there will be a refusal to work, perhaps one day there shall be a great refusal to do anything productive. Finally broken, to be internally or externally killed by the prison-mall. There seems little option when we live lives of idle gossip - dead ends that bring one back in to the same local - to what extent should we enslave ourselves? Fuck. There is no one to know and nowhere to go, there is nothing to see and nothing to be. It's so easy to complain but so difficult to live and be. What impudent self-righteous indignation. I am a piece of shit. (Tisko - I just care about your sensible heart, because I want to see you again. Take your mask off, it is me. It's difficult to live and be.)

[There is a break in the work.]



SXII - The Egoistic Artist as Free Creator

The viable alternatives are many - but the weight is all but destructive - money and power trying to crush everything down into nothingness. The burden of attempting to have even a fraction of oneself exist outside the system is extreme. In a certain regard, the artist that produces free beauty is counterpoised to the *prison-mall* neither works nor consumes nor remains imprisoned in the everyday understanding of any of the words. This is a being of a type that gives for free because they want to give, because they overflow. The artist that creates but does not involve their creation with money, the artist that is does not *commodify* their art, sits separate from the *prison-mall*. These artists necessarily do not participate in its fundamentally mercantile structure but rather create their own - above and beyond.

[There is a break in the work.]

What do we preserve against the behemoth that wants to sell everything save for that which we can preserve by might? This includes our own person. Do you see the coercion against those who want to posses that which you have - against those that do not commodify what they have! Do you call their desire monstrous? They are isolated against the eagle!

[There is a break in the work.]

There is no outside, no 'escape'. The outside is a prison too. Only, the walls are farther away. More room to move. A little more space to live as you want, to grow beyond the prison. It's our world. Stolen every day. We can make ourselves stronger. We can make it harder for them to steal. Perhaps, impossible to steal. They will fuck off when they have no other way to turn. The space we create for ourselves, is the space we create for others (Wright 46).

[Enter your mother - you are mother - you're mother.]

To live, to dare, to dream - perhaps they forgot their own lesson but we don't have to. If we create for the joy in creation and give for the joy in giving we can create a wonderful world (*what is the point*) - **the call of conscience. We give because we feel the need to give - to take joy over giving. (What a shitty fucking solution you have written)**.

SXIII - Jefy

[There is a break in the work.]

How I would love to one day to see all people, young and old, sad or happy, [...], married or not, serious or superficial, leave their homes and their work places, relinquish their duties and responsibilities, gather in the streets and refuse to do anything anymore. [...] At that moment, when all faith and resignation are lost, let the trappings of ordinary life burst once and for all. [...] Let ideals be declared void; belief, trifles; art, a lie; and philosophy, a joke. [...] Let wildfires spread rapidly and a terrifying noise drown out everything so that even the smallest animal would know that the end is near. Let all form become formless, and chaos swallow the structure of the world in a gigantic maelstrom. Let there be tremendous

commotion and noise, terror and explosion, and then let there be eternal silence and total forgetfulness. And in those final moments, let all that [humnnynity] has felt until now, hope regret, love, despair, and hatred, explode with such force that nothing is left behind (Cioran 52-53).

[There is a break in the work.]

Money can't buy you yourself - one cannot purchase themselves. One's own self exists as a modification of what is being sold. Therefore unbuyable?

[There is a break in the work.]

We are not bad if we refuse to participate in their system, if we refuse to work, if we refuse to obey their stupid laws and ordinances.

The prison-mall's strength has only increased.

Have you ever asked why am I here? The train has really run off the fucking tracks this time.

I do not count myself as anything especial, but as unique. Doubtless I have similarity with others; yet that holds good only for comparison or reflection; in fact I am incomparable, unique. My flesh is not their flesh, my mind is not their mind. If you bring them under the generalities "flesh, mind," those are your thoughts, which have nothing to do with my flesh, my mind, and can least of all issue a "call" to mine (Ego 124).

Derrida - Toaster repairman

Derrida: I deconstructed your toaster, it was not working as one would expect. Here are all the pieces. They were sitting in a violent hierarchy.

Customer: Are you going to put it back together?

Derrida: No.

I do not want to display myself as a consumer-producer-prisoner, and I have really fucked up this time. To avoid becoming their subjFUCK FUCK FUCK, **Seriously what the fuck am I talking about**. AM I UNLIKE Walter Nietzsche's Nietzschestra - I have undergone a revaluation of all values I have

unlearnt how to say 'for' (Zarathustra 301); I need no commandment to tell me how to act nor how to think. I am not Clum, the Clumsy Oaf (**zaz you**) who knows neither what they want nor what they feel. I am a creator, farting out my gas, I am the digestive creator taking joy in rumination and defecation. I have heeded Jefy's (you know - Jefy) advice and learnt to laugh at myself and see the perfect and rich things in this earth (Zarathustra 303). Despite it's darkness the world is still full of good little perfect things (**pangolins**), perfect things that stand above the rest (**pangolin scale coats**), perfect that things teach hope (**memory box**). BUT WHERE IS HOPE WHEN EVERYTHING IS A DISASTER. WHERE IS BEAUTY WHEN ONE CANNOT SAFELY WALK DOWN THE STREET. WHERE IS LOVE WHEN SOLIPSISM AND PSYCHOSIS ARE THE ONLY CONDITION AND ALL THAT EXISTS ACTS AS A GIANT MIRROR?

[There is a break in the work.]

SXIV - Eye Solution - The Only Solution (Remove Your Eyes)

If one does not want to become a worker-consumer-prisoner one must be aware of the substance and history of the prison-mall. If one wants to act as they wish, they must be aware of the prison-mall's attempts to deny unique individuality through discipline, punishment, censorship and prohibition. If one wants to have time to act as they wish, they must be aware of the prison-mall's attempt to force individuals to work. To avoid reproducing the prison-mall, one must be aware of the hierarchy constructed by the prison-mall and not attempt to avoid construct it through their actions (*is this possible?*). If one want to protect themselves against the threat of the prison-mall we must understand how it dichotomises between correct and incorrect forms of behaviour. **Most importantly one must be aware of themselves so as to not lose themselves when one is bombarded with outside morality.** Their wars will rage and we will eventually find ourselves confronted with death. What we do on this Earth is our prerogative and perhaps due to this you will have found my exposition somewhat trite and boring. Nevertheless, no matter one's station in life the dance of



death unites all. Ring-a-round a rosie, a pocket full of posies. Ashes! Ashes! We all fall down.

§XV - My Throat Feels Like A Craggy Spaceman

When one spends their days wandering the world draped in a cloak of melancholy, when the sadness will last forever, here is a memento mori - I am cry, I am die. So many years of evolution. Why? Gabriel Cramer was a wig wearing mulch muncher and his dead parents are melon-sized orbs and I am so angry, so full of ressment. I am falling to pieces and in our attempt to defer death we differentiate ourselves. Does anyone ever wonder what the fuck? How does one talk while avoiding talking about themselves. I am ugly. I am worthless. I am shit. Do you ever fall asleep hoping you wont wake up? Do you ever "FREE MY BROTHER FABION FUK THE POPO". Oeikokes. Dialectical materialistic five knuckle shuffle - a middle class Marxist flick of the wrist, another orientalist trope. Chairman Mao is the best brozone. Is the fact that life is meaningless really an academic problem? Do the small things ever make up for the big picture and is there any fixing it without totalitarianism? I am going to end my fucking life. For fucks sake - fucking intense Dill Doritos. Dildo-ritos. COURTEMAY, B.C. - He says it's the neatest thing he's ever found. You are a "gregarious", "bighearted", and "jovial man of outsize appetites", who is referred to by his son-in-law as "the great beheader of champagne bottles." Your interests included poetry, fox hunting, and hosting regular Sunday parties for London's left-wing intelligentsia where, as one regular puts it, "no one leaves before 2 or 3 in the morning." Your stated personal motto is "take it easy", while "jollity" is listed as your favourite virtue. Bob Marley Chiller 420. Is anyone really guilty? I have grown unhealthy and choke down another large brown multivitamin. I am Barb Tarbox. "This will make me better".

Fuck. I am going to shut up forever. (Good Work)

§XVI - Design of the Treatise

We shall proceed towards the concept of the *prison-mall* by way of an interpretation of a certain special entity, in which we shall arrive at the horizon for the understanding of the *prison-mall* and for the possibility of interpreting it; the universality of the concept of the *prison-mall* is not belied by the relatively 'special' character of our investigation. But this very entity, is in itself 'historical', so that its ownmost ontological elucidation necessarily become an 'historical' interpretation.

Accordingly, our treatment of the question of the *prison-mall* will have two parts:

Part One: the interpretation of the entity we are ourselves in terms of temporality, and the explication of joy as

[There is a break in the work.]

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PS: As i protested to Christine at our final session together "YOU CANT JUST ASK ME WHAt KIND OF COMPULSIVE NONSENSICLE BELIFS I HAVE AND I SPOUT OFF MY IMAGINARY BULLSHIT COLLECTION AND THATS IT. i take my unreality work very seriously. I was born a chosen one as it was prophesied and secret knowledge about tearing a hole in the fabric of reality is my muhterfuckin' birthright. I ain't just full of shit, I am a fucking shit magician. me and all my family preach and testify a blue streak of crazy shit. that putting all our beliefs and hopes in a bunch of imaginary shit that isn't even remotely real, that being devoutly delusional is an emotional coping mechanism is just a nice side benefit of things. we the loud outspoken delusional have the power, its called the "neurosis of two" in your shrink language, were two delusional team up and reinforce eachother's fantasy world to work on more better fabricating , fleshing out, and actually physically manifesting our dreams. as my friend Kaitlin Brutal protested when i told her of my 301.83 "this is just how people work !!! everyone we know is like that !! especially in the voodoo infected swamps of our homeland, the toxic sink hole of morteville. what the fuck are people supposed to believe and think about all day ?? be present in the moment and have appropriate emotional reaction to stimuli and take tiny joys in the little things and participate rationally in the Nobel task of just living a good life ??? thats some fucking weak revolting bullshit right there"

and theres lots of important historical precedence here, like the merry prankster "are you on the bus?" and the Mayans sacrificing a pile of 10000 human hearts and the Norse people having death orgies to send fallen warriors to Valhalla. Its a good thing the earth government has bought me off with giving me a website and a blog and all the treasure or I'd be off setting up spawn ranch two and running 5 times as many "Creepy crawl" missions as i do now.

you know how i decided to have 20 ugly tattoos of skulls and swear words and crap all over my formerly pretty body just to make my life harder and more compelling ?? well the first tattoo i ever got is a banner that says "TURN DELUSION IN TO AFFLUENCE" but you can really read it cuz i got some shit head to do it 21 years ago and now its just blurry bleh.

maybe it's so blurry now that it has changed in to "TURN AFFLUENCE IN TO DELUSION" cuz thats way more like my life actually works (Butter).

