

# One More Pea In The Purgatorial Hock

[illegible]

# SPLEEN.

Begging for forgiveness before the end of days.

## ISN'T IT A TRAGEDY?

All the unheard tremors that make up the vast tapestry of our creative silence? Those inbetween thoughts, that weave in and out of subjects...Those miniscule nuggets of observation...Insignificant on their own yet the most vital auguring stone there ever was when comparing them against the vastpast.

I know there are sacred scripts of immeasurable value unbound across the lives of so many unassuming people. Fragments though they are, rough bonds can be made with such simple gestures of outreach as listening without judging. Being silent and forming an action, resplendent in glory.

We are born into each moment, and yes, we should cry!

Each flash of the world's injustice should make us buzz and conspire to end it with the same audacity and senselessness with which it came upon us!

Every tremble of every limb should carry the full weight of our fragmentary wisdom. Communication is vital. Egos shall be left at the door. Action is all. Symbols are our keystones, but ones that liberate, not ones that define. Unless the definition is liberation. That much is fine.

CROZONGO IN T<sup>H</sup> MOONLIGHT IS A KATE NYCE  
SAHT.  
FACT.

BARS SPAT AT  
STARS BY ANGRY  
YOUNG MEN

AS I, BUT ONE, THE  
INDIVIDUAL'S

COLLECTIVE, REVE  
UPON THE TYPICAL

YET NEGLECTED,

UPON DISCOVERY THE  
DRUNKEN HORSES TO

(EE, WITHOUT A

ROACH WE FLEE

FROM ALL IN

TYRANNY, YET STILL

MY BLEEDING ORFICE

REMAINS, AMONG THE

BLUNT UNBLINKING

AND MUNDANE,

RETRAIN THE CRY

FROM ALL AND

JUDRY LIE,

BENEATH THE COLD

AND BLACKENED

YORKSHIRE (KY.

## WHAT WE CHATTIN?

\*\*\* \* \* \* \*  
A GRACEFUL REGURGITATION OF  
HUMAN VALUES

A WILFUL IGNORANCE TOWARD  
CRITICISM, REPETITION,  
REPETITION AND CIRITICISM  
(WHICH WE HATE)

RECITING THE SAME VERSES TO  
THOSE WHO KNOW THE TRACKS  
OFF BY HEART

(INTELLECTUAL MASTURBATION)

SHOUTING AT STRANGERS

SPLURGING LIFE WHERE IT MAY  
NEVER TAKE ROOT

WAITING FOR A BEAUTIFUL SOUL  
TO ASCEND THE STAIR

BEING UNSTABLE IN THE WAKE OF  
THE MONOLITHIC SLUDGE

WASTING PAPER ON WHICH WE  
COULD BE SKETCHING OUR  
UTOPIA

A JOYFUL GRINNING INTO THE  
MAWING JAWS OF THE  
ENVIROPOCALYPSE

EXOTIC PATHS IN THIS GHOSTLY  
GREYDOM

\*\*\* \* \* \* \*

## DATS WHAT WE CHATTIN

HONESTLY DOE WOTS IT ABOUT?

The Spleen's primary function as a publication is to encourage and lobby for realization of and physical atonement for worldly sins.

In short, our philosophy is this:

If you watch Come Dine With Me on a daily basis and do not recognise it to be a complete waste of time then we *highly recommend* that you

FLAGELLATE YOURSELF WITH  
BACON OR FACE THE  
CONSEQUENCES



In our civilized societies we are rich. Why then are the many poor? Why this painful drudgery for the masses? Why, even to the best paid workman, this uncertainty for the morrow, in the midst of all the wealth inherited from the past, and in spite of the powerful means of production, which could ensure comfort to all, in return for a few hours of daily toil?

The Socialists have said it and repeated it unwearingly. Daily they reiterate it, demonstrating it by arguments taken from all the sciences. It is because all that is necessary for production—the land, the mines, the highways, machinery, food, shelter, education, knowledge—all have been seized by the few in the course of that long story of robbery, enforced migration and wars, of ignorance and oppression, which has been the life of the human race before it had learned to subdue the forces of Nature. It is because, taking advantage of alleged rights acquired in the past, these few appropriate to-day two-thirds of the products of human labour, and then squander them in the most stupid and shameful way. It is because, having

*Here we reprint a passage from **Peter Kropotkin's** work **The Conquest of Bread**. It is from the chapter titled *Our Riches*. It is a grandiose, illuminating and concise take on how our world was built. From this conception, that all our material gains have been due to the exertion of all of humanity, he argues it is impossible for "any one whatever [to] appropriate the least morsel of this immense whole and say—'This is mine, not yours.'*

\*★☆\* \*✚ ✚★☆☆☆☆✚

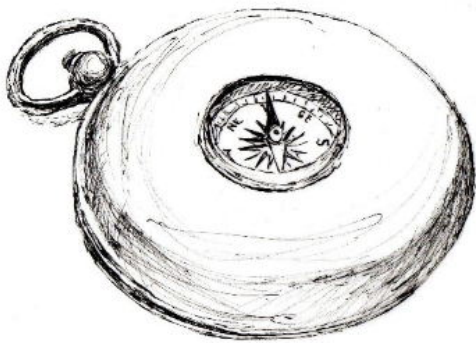
reduced the masses to a point at which they have not the means of subsistence for a month, or even for a week in advance, the few can allow the many to work, only on the condition of themselves receiving the lion's share. It is because these few prevent the remainder of men from producing the things they need, and force them to produce, not the necessities of life for all, but whatever offers the greatest profits to the monopolists. In this is the substance of all Socialism.

Take, indeed, a civilized country. The forests which once covered it have been cleared, the marshes drained, the climate improved. It has been made habitable. The soil, which bore formerly only a coarse vegetation, is covered to-day with rich harvests. The rock-walls in the valleys are laid out in terraces and covered with vines. The wild plants, which yielded nought but acrid berries, or uneatable roots, have been transformed by generations of culture into succulent vegetables or trees covered with delicious fruits. Thousands of highways and railroads furrow the earth, and pierce the mountains. The shriek of the engine is heard in the wild gorges of the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas. The rivers have been made navigable; the coasts, carefully surveyed, are easy of access; artificial harbours, laboriously dug out and protected against the fury of the sea, afford shelter to the ships. Deep shafts have been sunk in the rocks; labyrinths of underground galleries have



been dug out where coal may be raised or minerals extracted. At the crossings of the highways great cities have sprung up, and within their borders all the treasures of industry, science, and art have been accumulated.

Whole generations, that lived and died in misery, oppressed and ill-treated by their masters, and worn out by toil, have handed on this immense inheritance to our century.



For thousands of years millions of men have laboured to clear the forests, to drain the marshes, and to open up highways by land and water. Every rood of soil we cultivate in Europe has been watered by the sweat of several races of men. Every acre has its story of enforced labour, of intolerable toil, of the people's sufferings. Every mile of railway, every yard of tunnel, has received its share of human blood.

The shafts of the mine still bear on their rocky walls the marks made by the pick of the workman who toiled to excavate them. The space between each prop in the underground galleries might be marked as a miner's grave; and who can tell what each of these graves has cost, in tears, in privations, in unspeakable wretchedness to the family who depended on the scanty wage of the worker cut off in his prime by fire-damp, rock-fall, or flood?

The cities, bound together by railroads and

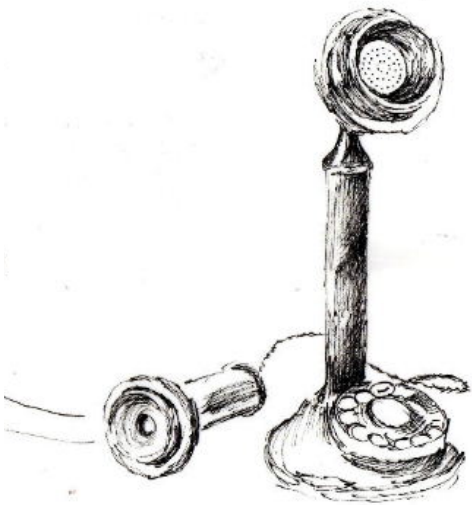
waterways, are organisms which have lived through centuries. Dig beneath them and you find, one above another, the foundations of streets, of houses, of theatres, of public buildings. Search into their history and you will see how the civilization of the town, its industry, its special characteristics, have slowly grown and ripened through the co-operation of generations of its inhabitants before it could become what it is to-day. And even to-day, the value of each dwelling, factory, and warehouse, which has been created by the accumulated labour of the millions of workers, now dead and buried, is only maintained by the very presence and labour of legions of the men who now inhabit that special corner of the globe. Each of the atoms composing what we call the Wealth of Nations owes its value to the fact that it is a part of the great whole. What would a London dockyard or a great Paris warehouse be if they were not situated in these great centres of international commerce? What would become of our mines, our factories, our workshops, and our railways, without the immense quantities of merchandise transported every day by sea and land?

Millions of human beings have laboured to create this civilization on which we pride ourselves to-day. Other millions, scattered through the globe, labour to maintain it. Without them nothing would be left in fifty years but ruins.

There is not even a thought, or an invention, which is not common property, born of the past and the present. Thousands of inventors, known and unknown, who have died in poverty, have co-operated in the invention of each of these machines which

embody the genius of man.

Thousands of writers, of poets, of scholars, have laboured to increase knowledge, to dissipate error, and to create that atmosphere of scientific thought, without which the marvels of our century could never have appeared. And these thousands of philosophers, of poets, of scholars, of inventors, have themselves been supported by the labour of past centuries.



They have been upheld and nourished through life, both physically and mentally, by legions of workers and craftsmen of all sorts. They have drawn their motive force from the environment.

The genius of a Séguin, a Mayer, a Grove, has certainly done more to launch industry in new directions than all the capitalists in the world. But men of genius are themselves the children of industry as well as of science. Not until thousands of steam-engines had been working for years before all eyes, constantly transforming heat into dynamic force, and this force into sound, light, and electricity, could the insight of genius proclaim the mechanical origin and the unity of the physical forces. And if we, children of the nineteenth century, have at last grasped this idea, if we know now how

to apply it, it is again because daily experience has prepared the way. The thinkers of the eighteenth century saw and declared it, but the idea remained undeveloped, because the eighteenth century had not grown up like ours, side by side with the steam-engine. Imagine the decades that might have passed while we remained in ignorance of this law, which has revolutionized modern industry, had Watt not found at Soho skilled workmen to embody his ideas in metal, bringing all the parts of his engine to perfection, so that steam, pent in a complete mechanism, and rendered more docile than a horse, more manageable than water, became at last the very soul of modern industry.

Every machine has had the same history—a long record of sleepless nights and of poverty, of disillusion and of joys, of partial improvements discovered by several generations of nameless workers, who have added to the original invention these little nothings, without which the most fertile idea would remain fruitless. More than that: every new invention is a synthesis, the resultant of innumerable inventions, which have preceded it in the vast field of mechanics and industry.

Science and industry, knowledge and application, discovery and practical realization leading to new discoveries, cunning of brain and of hand, toil of mind and muscle—all work together. Each discovery, each advance, each increase in the sum of human riches, owes its being to the physical and mental travail of the past and the present.

By what right then can any one whatever appropriate the least morsel of this immense whole and say—This is mine, not yours? +++

# MUSHY PEAS AND THEIR UNAPPRECIATED ALLERGORICAL VALUE

So it starts here. It has to start somewhere. Most two-penny scribes (I think) wait for some first line to conjure itself that's particularly apt and symbolic. Something all encompassing. Something axiomatic and universal itself to proffer itself before them.

But the whole is made of fragments and we cannot embody what is deep and many-layered in a measly few chimp scrawls

*First lime blooper reel:*

"It was raining." – Awful.

"I stood here waiting." – Even worse.

"The sky was..." – Vomit. Vomit. Vomit!

*Self congratulatory bit with no attempt to defend egoism:*

I am glad I only hypothetically bore myself. I am glad that I make myself sick only when I inhabit the minds and hands of less able writers.

Let me inhabit the mind of the two-penny slave who works at the grease and sugar shack where I (She? All of us?) dreamt up these lines.

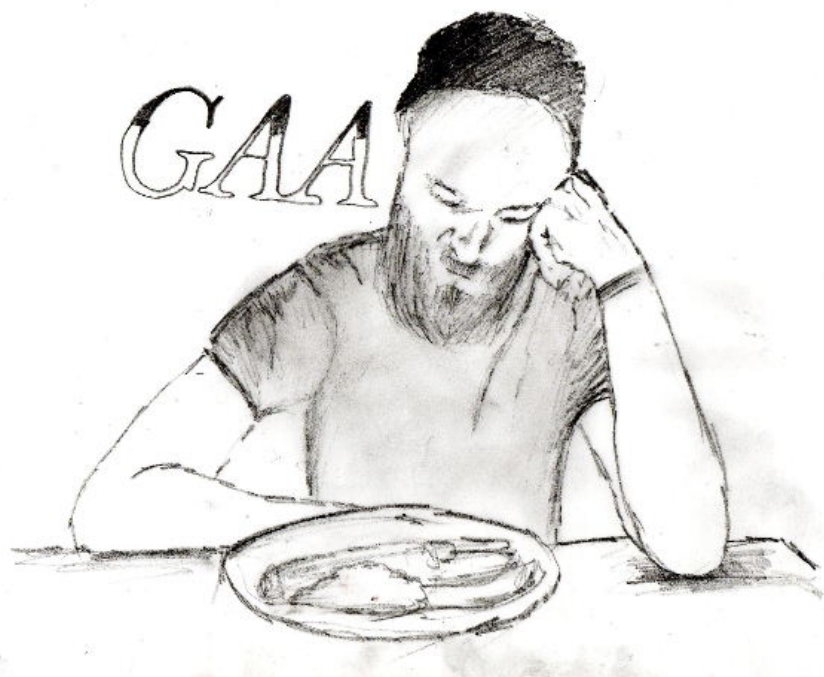
*Do not expect sense.  
Only truth.*

She's given me the wrong meal. I asked for two scollops in a buttty with mushy peas and jumbo battered sausage (Every house I go into is either vegetarian or they have expensive organic meat. I have to walk a long mile to get terrible quality meat these days: this gristle tube of unspeakably awful origin is a treat for me).

When she delivers my deep fried dinner on thick porcelain with a minimum wage smile it is buttty-less and, lo! the sausages remain without batter and instead of penis-affirming Jumbo I'm left with two standards. My mushy peas are on the side.

She begins to walk away.

"Actually, I wanted this in a buttty..."





Her face drops.

"I asked you if you wanted a tea cake and you said no."

"Nah, I thought you said do I want cake with my tea.

And I said No."

"Oh, god. Sorry, love."

I thought this was probably the wrong time to mention it but I said it anyway:

"And these sausages were supposed to be battered..."

I immediately felt irredeemably audacious and bourgeois.

"Did you?"

"Yeah , soz."

She looked at me again and in that moment I think we both understood, she without ever having heard of Zerjan or glancing at *The Tyranny of Words*, the calamitous inability of the English language when under the yoke of the working day and Fish and Chip shop menu lingo to get anything done *that* well.

"Sorry love, me head's going."

"S'okay, you've probly been working all day."

We both glanced down at the one partial success, the mushy peas, and she walked off.

The last transaction replayed itself in my head.

"Sorry love me head's gone."

Mushy peas.

"Love, me 'eds gone"

Mushy peas.

"Sorry love..."

Mushy peas.

"Me heads gone"

MUSHY PEAS.

Oh god, I thought, looking around at the indolent consumers, criss-crossing the square outside the window like doomed insects.

## It's all gone mushy peas.

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### CATHARSIS VIA THE MEDIUM OF BULLSHIT

Forget love, melancholy and joy.

I just dropped the worst possible thing in the worst possible place. I dropped a tiny brown rock in a place filled exclusively with things that are essentially variants on tiny, brown rocks.

I don't know why, but

### IT FELT LIKE A KISS, THE JOY OF THIS TERROR.

The floating intellectual scum of the past few days coolly boiled in my head, haranguing the weight of the world and arbitrarily linked the sudden, horrific now with measured tit-bits of meta-criticism purely out of a bad case of mental filing- cabinet ataxia.

Who says dreams don't come true.

The lord breathed my name tonight with the measured calm of man who knows what's best for me. He chanted my name in the language of my own insecurities and thus I knew that he was right.

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For he who punish me know  
me best.

He who love me I detest.

I am feeble, I am weak.

I'm bed at Nine, the  
working week.

+++

# BRADFORD O BRADFORD

You cajole rants of non sensica from the depths of my brain caves.

Doef the Eagle know what if in the pit?  
Or wilt thou go afk the Mole?

That graph will be the death of you. Put down  
your compass and follow me through the  
mire...

"We rotted while they prospered". This will be  
the cry of the scavenging hordes of tomorrow  
after being dispossessed by the yuppies they  
thought they could trust. And it is true. There is  
this sick dichotomy everywhere and it is  
beyond the point of a bad joke.

The other day, whilst walking past a burnt out  
Church, a clenched fist of ash and brick, we  
were passed by a white Ferrari. We turned  
around to watch it drive away and a white  
hummer emerged on the left and glided past.  
We watched it go. Agog. If there is some  
external, benevolent, omnipotent force, and it  
precipitated what happened that day, it has no  
taste in metaphors.

The burnt out Church was being used as an  
"Interfaith Centre" until Serco took over  
education Bradford and (forgive me for wildly  
abstracting here) decided that interfaith  
harmony wasn't worth their fucking money.

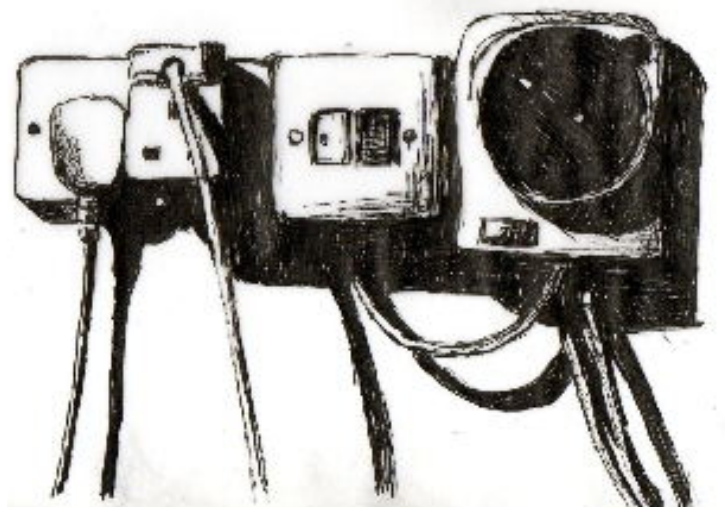
It will creak for a while and then it will fall. And  
then it will sit. And then it will sit.

Forgive me if these words do not bounce off of  
the page and into your hearts with the warm  
glow of the first morning kiss! However, you  
must understand the predicament that my  
generation is in. You see, we have inherited a  
death sentence. Corporations own our oceans  
and are copyrighting our seeds. The climate  
becomes increasingly unpredictable and sea  
levels steadily rise. People, more connected  
than ever before are as individuated and selfish  
as at any point in history. The masters of our  
previous century under the tutelage of Freud's  
nephew, the dark Lord Bernays, have

successfully molded a generation of people who  
celebrate their own selfishness and take for granted  
their own alienation.

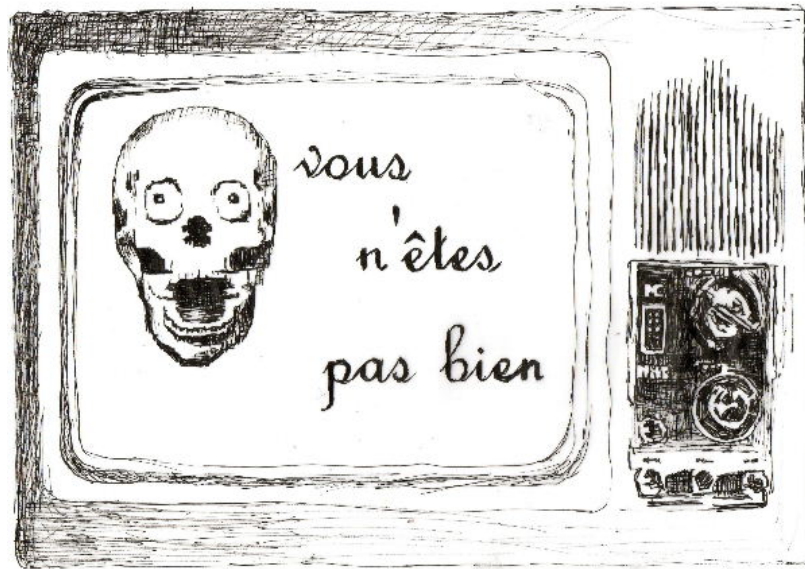
And not just our peers... Reproach me if I condemn  
only the young! Our teachers, politicians and civil  
leaders display such a frightening lack of imagination,  
it is taboo now to dare to mention that things could  
be different. And if it is not taboo, if it does not offend,  
it does something even worse: inspire absolutely no  
semblance of thought in the minds of the deadened  
people whose ears it meets. At least opposition  
stimulates debate, indifference merely sustains the  
status quo.

**(There is no fight any longer.  
Just some cocksure whispers  
of fighting talk)**





**(AND ALL THROUGH THE ECHELONS FROM PAUPER TO PRINCE, ENERGY CHANNELLED INTO THE MOST POINTLESS ENDEAVORS. THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM THRIVING WELL IN THE STADIUMS AND SHOPPING CENTERS)**



on the putrid walls of putrid pubs!

Any kind of free dialogue between two imaginations!

And again forgive this careless cry of questioning into the dark ether. A dark-ether because even though I see the great benefits of the communication revolution, if it is not used as it should and can be it is but a useless artifice. As much use a gold watch in a storm at sea. How many times have you peered into the black-hole of data that is the internet and thought... "Yes, very well. But what for?" This artifice of all things proves that "progress" is not good in itself. The accumulation of knowledge is not good in itself. Beneficial developments take thought and direction if they are to be used in a way that does not merely support and reinforce the alienation and distraction from substantial, real problems that is characteristic of today's consumer, today's citizen.

However, there are brilliant developments...

Hark, angles!

Indymedia! AK Press! Badly spelt poetry scrawled

**(ANY SOURCE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT, FREE FROM DOMINATION AND GIVEN SCOPE TO DEVELOP ITSELF IN THE FULLEST LUMINESCENCE OF THE TRUTH OF FREEDOM IS A FRIEND AND A BENEFIT)**

I may be accused of partisanship here, but I only those who have not recognized that their own disproportionate power and domination are a cause of their own personal and moral failures. And I think you have to realise this to change it.

"Rip apart the vestibules but leave the cowering worshipper untouched! Leave his mind to rot!"

No.



**(YES WE ARE UTOPIANS  
BECAUSE TO DEMAND  
ANYTHING LESS BETRAYS  
NOT ONLY A LACK OF  
IMAGINATION BUT ALSO A  
LACK OF WILLINGNESS TO  
ACT BEYOND THE LIMITS  
THAT SOCIETY IMPOSES  
ON YOU. THE BOLD  
THOUGHT GIVES RISE TO  
THE BOLD ACTION)**

Any Utopia is about a transformation of the self as well as society. We are what our environments, whether they are social, architectural or ecological imposes on us.

Do you really think that when the walls come 'a tumbling down we'll be inside shaded from the beautiful sun beating down on our communal land, watching DVD's in rooms full of our the soup of our skin cells, flatulence, body odor and the unmistakable stench of constant irony?

No. We will realise that for every spotlight that illuminated the empty souls of the endless line of screen-whores, one of our brain cells (as precious and irreplaceable as the first ray of dawn) died. We will realise that moving images projected on screens are not bad in themselves, but that the attention and time accorded to their manufacture and absorption is surely tantamount to a pernicious type of evil.

A free world will only arise from the free initiative of free people who have free access to free resources. This much we can say. However, not even the wildest reaches of our imagination can sketch out the blueprints of our utopia, because, much to our dismay, our imaginations are limited by the dominant value system in our society. Our imaginations are plagued with all the extraneous flotsam and jetsam of the sick world in which we were raised. Our "knowledge" clouds our instincts. The bank of memories from which we draw even our most precious inspiration is merely the sum total of what we have witnessed. We may juxtapose, we may reconfigure, but we may never truly invent. The prisoner knows only the four walls, and she knows nothing beyond them.

Our genius will be shown when the moment is brought to its crisis. Not a moment before.

Of course me may suggest some first steps on the journey, but explorers don't bother with maps of conjecture. We must transpose the ravines, the ditches and the plateaus into doctrine only after we have encountered them with our own senses.

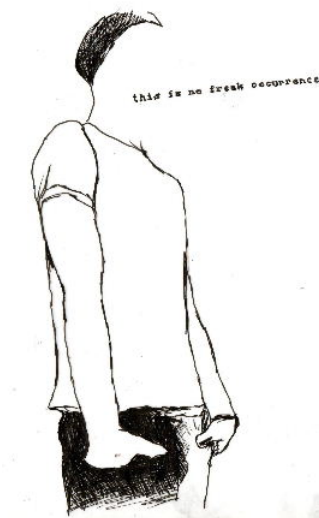
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She SEZ

"I need to find out the lottery results. I could be a millionaire me, stood here. Serve this gentleman first though"

Stood in file in a palace of stinking sterility.

Yes, I am a gentleman. Yes. As I remove my debit card from my wallet, I am a gentleman. As I place my card in the machine I remain a gentleman. The time that it takes it to process my gentleman-owned gentlemanly card is truly a noble time, worthy of a gentlemanly smile to the cashier that says "I'm a gentleman, this is my card; we are waiting for it to be processed. I require a certain service and you are providing one for me. We both feel the



*Gentlemen pay by debit...*

mundane but glorious purpose that is bestowed on us during this sacred act. We are all part of a vast machine that...

"Sir, your card's not working."

The queue behind me performs an astonishingly synchronised gesticulation of impatience.

I try again; probably just a work-a-day error. Happens all the time in this place, don't-you-know. This potential sully of my gentlemanly stature will only reinforce its glowing presence once established. O, the burden of high social standing and the responsibility it brings. O, the pressure to perform in front of my people, to set the gentlemanly benchmark at truly gentlemanly level, so that I can...

this short story is called 'soil' and its in a  
rate small font. sozard. magnification  
devices are available. somewhere.

There was woozy throbbing in the heart of the building. I remember  
smelling gas and then - ...

Soil. It was all we could think about. Why hadn't we heeded the soil?

A silken apparition in blond glides in the acid rain and the light toward me,  
though sadly, with the certainty of a flutter of the heart I know that the light  
reflects only what I want to see.

The soil down by the skin of her feet, for she has feet, looks blacker than  
black. More so than ever. The soil is so resolutely black that for a moment  
I am aghast at the excellence, the marvelousness of its blackness.

- I am aghast. And all is well.

This is when the it got me.

It smells like gas, sounds like thunder and makes you sick, all reports  
accounted for, to quite an impressive extent, The extent in this case being  
a mental prolapse of sorts in which nothing vaguely private and  
subconscious stays in the fleshy confines of social protocol in the brain, in  
that repository of stuff labelled Never Say This To Anybody But Trusted  
Friends Or The Imminent Dead, but is thrust out into the world at an  
alarming and fluid speed; like an exploding sore.

Precious information erupts like a lotus into the cold reality of open  
examination.

Cabinet: spastic on its side, on the floor. The drawers are thrusting open  
and closed like some tragic concertina. Important papers are belched out.  
Everybody sit tight for a repository splurge.

The archive is ram-sacked by its own manager: the gas makes him mad.  
All manner of things are blurred out. All manner of things are stuffed back  
into the cabinet using the flailing sorries that Apologists for the Truth are  
so familiar with. Relationships end because of utterances of pure emotion.

Atoms drift slowly. Apart.

The reason why its so important to keep what is in the head in the head,  
is because to lay out all that was there would be giving the plans of the  
castle to the Yanks, if you see what I'm saying. In this world there is  
nothing left. Well, almost nothing. The world before was full of abundance,  
everybody had fetishes, had vices. But that was fine. There was enough  
for everybody. Or rather, *there was enough for you.*

Now, our old fetishes and vices are used to trick us into trading what little  
we have for some mad satisfaction of higher pleasure. The rule is in the  
Wasteland, while you eat their scrap of Venison, they will steal your ton of  
bread.

And maybe even "Wasteland" is hyperbolic. Cities now have the air of a  
just abandoned theme park. The waltzer still squeaks around, meekly,  
tracing the final arc of its dying circle. The smell of institutionalized petty  
theft and cheap, empty thrills still hangs in the air. These urbane vistas  
were sun beaten, lifeless plains of beige nothingness before even the first  
bomb dropped. And no bombs were dropped. Merely the same systems  
perpetuated. A single silent explosion ringing deafly for years and years  
and years...

We used to wander around and, always feeling we were somehow  
observing everything from some higher plateau, laugh at the fallout, the  
festering social wounds of the continuing aftershock, the craters that they  
promised to fill, and give ironic sidings. Submissive gestures of how telling  
it was that they were all bastards. It was *détachement* sublime.

Little did we realise that when the moment came (for our lifetimes are  
merely a brief moment) for a great re-positioning of the weft and warp our  
society, we were indeed a part of the party and of the parcel.

There is no individuation in the horror of famine, no discrimination in the  
slow dirge of suffering. All will bow and be equalized: the dust settles and  
the particles unavoidably congeal.

Our prisons came at a price, and their bill would come when their lack  
was apparent.

A picture?

A narrative?

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A few columns of smoke wind like an enigma up into the spectral  
dissonance of the blood orange to powder blue sky. The valley is wide  
and filled with the remnants of a honey-stone city, pockmarked in a few  
places with concrete profit-boxes. They tower above the rest of the  
architecture like a sentence out of place, with all the grace and tasteful  
placing of an erection at a funeral.

It is twilight.

It is always twilight.

A hunched figure with the dimension and countenance of a bear shuffles  
clackingly down a steep cobble path and bears left into the softly lit  
doorway of some long-abandoned dive. Inside, more soft lighting and the  
sight of a haggard self gathering its wits after a prolonged spell in the  
strangely quiet and deathly clement outside.

Utilities are checked, deep breaths are taken and the knowledge that  
there will be no apple pie on Sunday is reiterated again in the strange  
imagination of our victim, our subject.

## HEXPLANATIONS

**SPLEEN** is printed using the ink milked from the  
teats of *the fickle trumpeters of nothingness.*

Its aims are unclear and its objectives non-existent.

However, the belief that anything that does not in  
the slightest resemble the normal cud of the  
**BOVINE HORDES** is good in itself was  
instrumental in its creation.

Aicha did the **BUZZIN** illustrations and Isaac was  
the angry young man who spat bars at stars. A  
warm "mmn, you're nyce" to them both.

Jed was the one who used the publication as an  
elaborate waste paper basket for his half baked  
and erratic ideas.

The publication can live a long and meaningful life  
as a doodle pad, can be rolled up to swat  
politicians and salesman, used to wipe the tears of  
terrified children crying "What world have we  
inherited?" or be burnt as fuel at the next  
ritualistic incineration of original thought and  
diversity resided over by the High Priest of SHIT,  
Ronald McMurdoch-Hitler Spiritkiller III.

And remember,

**DON'T THINK  
ABOUT IT.  
EVERYTHING'S  
JUST PEACHY.**