

Maybe if I get good enough at shooting, and clean up my act enough I can become a cop who works from within to develop a culture of real coolness.

Maybe if i go back to school and get some training this year I can apply to join the electricians union and help poor people steal electricity from the city.

Maybe if I do enough squats I can become a chair who is a good person.

Maybe as a dancer some of my more confrontational tendencies can be more efficiently translated into arts kinds of things.

Maybe if I live/dwell here long enough the city will hire me as a leader style job.

Maybe if I swash around spit long enough inside my mouth I can accumulate enough up to finally drench my coin collection in my saliva.

Maybe if I work long enough hours my arms and knees will become so strong I can do extra work on the side helping out where it's needed.

Maybe if I thank god three times today they will forget how many times I fell in love with doing a terrible sort of thing.

### Dead End Jobs that Kill

Your Name dont Mean Shit down in Here

Bend your Body to Borrow more Time

Learn to be an Unknown Figure

use a Memory like Operation to List ure Own Sights

Favoritize the destiny controls yu've inherited

Identitize you'(a)re Bullshit

Dodge Avoid and Ignore all Interference

Fields of Faceless Toiling Hours

Take a break whenever Honor style

Products Made for those that Kill

Ive been thinking about humans dealing with propulsive/punitive systems for a Long time. This thread, I imagine, has a lot to do with my own dealings with various institutions throughout my own life. What looms most largely are my forays into the Texas Juvenile mental health, education, and court system - followed unexpectedly by the elite higher educational institutions which I found myself in and supported by later on. It makes me feel sort of worn out to be honest, thinking about all the chutes and ladders that we all create for ourselves by propping up all these various systems. But here as always I try to use Art to invert my cynicism into a kind of play acted exuberant participation in the problem. i tried to delight in thinking about all of the way humans evolve and change to fit the demands of the present, to gain some sense of control. I imagined myself a kind of happy laborer doing whatever the sick idea demanded. I've proposed reverse ergonomics, where in the technology doesnt bend to our physical needs and ambitions, but where our bodies can be distorted to fullfill the expectation we feel technology demands of us regardless of intent. I imagined the feeling of a net wrapping me up before becoming chum as a warm tight embrace. This is a longer tendency for me, Im addicted to turning a frown upsidedown, repelling a bad situation through glee, making art to make it through, its pretty annoying actually, but itz me.