# Tales From the Downslope: But Picking Up Speed Really Fast



Photographs, Stories,
Commentary
Edition 1

Clayton Campbell



I-Photo 2018-19, Instagram @ArtandVictory, From the series- Flower Break, A Pause From The Serious Stuff That's Happening Out There

**CONTENTS** 

P.2

Introduction

P.3

Kafka Signs Up for Social Security (2017-18)

P. 16
AGE IS M (2018)
A New Portfolio

P. 28

Selections from Wild Kingdom (2014-15)

Commentary by Lisa Derrick

P. 34

The 1% War (2014-present)
A Novella, Chapters 1-3

P.14,15, 44

Inside and Back Cover
Flower Breaks, A Pause From The Serious Stuff That's
Happening Out There (2015-19)

Front Cover
Self Portrait
Venice, Italy (2008)

Back Cover
Infinite Possibility (2019)

1

## INTRODUCTION

In older age, I sense I am absolutely at my best. Kind of a surprise! Partial wisdom and memories have rushed towards me as a crescendo of energy, experienced on the downslope of life, but picking up speed and bursting forth in creative outbursts paced by the naps I now have to take. There is a smoky ending in the near distance and an urgency felt. Now is the time to tell my stories without pause, without filters.

This is Edition One of a series of magazines I plan to publish over the next few years. It a flexible and inexpensive vehicle in which I can include my newest and recent photographic work, conceptual projects, and original stories. I'll be including older photographic works that haven't been seen that often, commentary about them, and published interviews and reviews I've written about other artists and creative individuals. Each edition will have several chapters from my novella *The 1% War*, written in 2014-15, and now being revised and serialized in this project. It is a cautionary tale, set in a near and possible future.

All of the work in this edition is original, and is photographed and written by me unless otherwise noted.

For further information about how to acquire the magazine or have as an E-Book, visit my website, www.claytoncampbell.com. In the menu bars at the top right of the home page, select the Bookstore and you will find details there.

Art is in part about discovering and overcoming barriers, so the phrase Do Not Enter shouldn't exist in our imaginations. It strikes me as ironic that this is the first message one sees in the Los Angeles airport upon arriving after a long flight. For me it's just another metaphor for the Downslope, if that makes sense. Sleight of hand......

You are welcome to send your thoughts and comments about my work to claytonscampbell@gmail.com.



### KAFKA SIGNS UP FOR SOCIAL SECURITY



Her tits looked supple and showed a fine roundness while she leaned towards me on the sales counter. I loved her type; little hands fingering ever so lightly the keys on the register; curved lips slightly parted; librarian eyeglasses promoting a subtle transgressiveness, as though she had started the day in some forbidden bedroom.

It was about my turn in line and she had been looking over the heads of the other waiting customers checking me out. I felt I looked good for my age. Younger women sometimes wanted a mature man like me, a guy who knew how to fuck them and pleasure them in a way none of these young studs had yet figured out, that was for sure. The man/boy in front of me finished buying his Cheetos and Red Bull and I stepped forward ready with a suave "Hello there, Honey" when her unexpectedly indifferent voice cut my confidence in half like a buzz saw. "Would you like your AARP discount, Mister?" she asked.

I reeled, and was thrown into some kind of Brain Spasm. "Excuse me?" I stuttered. My CVS object of desire had vanished in the haze, as the poet Mr. Hendricks once said. At moments like this stupid rock quotes from the 60's come to mind, dating me and putting me in my place. "Would you like your AARP discount, Mister?" a disembodied and now insistently loud voice was commanding me to answer. Standing still and stunned, the warmth of delusion completely gone in milliseconds, I was holding up the line.

"Uh, I suppose so? How much is it?" I managed to mutter.

"Can you speak up, please? It's 15%. Do you have your AARP card, Mister?" She was in a hurry. I

fumbled in my wallet; it wasn't there. "Uh, no I don't seem to have it. I, ah....."

"Mister, you need your card for the discount. Your dental floss will be \$3.15." A pause ensued as she looked in the other direction, chewing gum rapidly as if this would make me move faster. Three young dudes behind me nodded their heads as if they had fully sussed me out in a blaze of Solomonic Wisdom; "Look at the poor Motherfucker, receding gums, thinning hair, old style tattoos, and stone cold broke. Man, I will never end up like him, he's nearly dead! Probably can't fuck, can't find his friggin' AARP card. This chick has to deal with this smelly old cat when she could be hanging with us dudes. Jesus, get out of line, Old Man!"

I fished out the money. She was now standing, towering above me, her breasts looming and scaring me, all the while pushing the floss in my direction with a receipt and no bag. They cost \$.10 and she



assumed I didn't have it, if I didn't have an AARP card.

"Next!" she barked. I moved quickly, silently away into the white light of mid-day Los Angeles, feeling shamed and ancient. My mind raced seeking soothing rationalizations as I headed for the relative safety of my fully paid off 2007 Toyota Rav IV with the powder blue handicap placard.

Thirty-five years before I drove a 1951 White Chevy El Camino with powder blue leather seats. I used to pull up in parking lots and clusters of Valet Attendants would compete to have the privilege of parking my Ride. One night, I was at Canter's Deli on Fairfax Avenue, getting ready to split after a bowl of Matzo Ball soup. Up walks Bruce Springsteen and his gal Patti. He sees my El Camino and The Boss's eyes light up, then go misty, his knees weaken, his jaw slackens. He wants my Ride and is rich

enough to buy it 30 times over. I crack the window as the Boss weaves towards me, transfixed by the White Chariot I have mounted. I gently pump the gas on the Turbo Thrust 348 V-8 with four-barrel carbs. The glass pack mufflers were rumbling as The Boss leaned into the window, cigarette dangling from his famous lips. Trembling, Bruce held on to the door and leaned closer in to the El Camino as the vibration tore through his body and into his brain, taking over his entire being that had become one with my Ride. And, I slowly said with great compassion because I knew how he felt, "Sorry Boss, this baby is not for sale." To my later great regret, I glided slowly by him, out onto Fairfax Avenue and then gunned the car into high-speed police intercept mode going 80 MPH down lonely Fairfax Avenue towards the I-10, down Thunder Road, and away from Destiny.

I should have sold the fucking car to The Boss for five times what it was worth and invested it, been smarter with money over the years and maybe now I wouldn't be so friggin' poor. Three months later the engine threw a rod and I had to practically give the car away. I should have known the way it was eating oil. Some kid bought my Ride who swore he would take great care of it. A few years later I saw the El Camino on a street in the Mid-Wilshire neighborhood and it was no more than scrap; interior all torn up, body trashed, my beautiful Ride beaten up, along with my Dream and Youth in tatters. At the time I was driving a used, safe and utterly personality-less Subaru that fit a child's car seat. And now, here I was 35 years later, buying dental floss, sitting in my safer Toyota Rav IV after having my sexy mature stud bubble blown up like an atom bomb by a millennial chick. I am 65 years old and wondering if the friggin' government is going to take away social security like they were talking about. I only have four months to go before I can apply for and get it. I have the right to collect on this money, or so I think like every American who has paid into this tax entitlement slush fund.

Most of us have a "health insurance" rant. Michael Moore made a movie about his. I could get crazy and blame everyone in sight with mine, but it summarizes into something quite simple. By age 64 I was paying \$1500 a month for insurance that only covered 60% of my medical bills. If I could just get to Medicare at age 65 it would pay for everything for only \$338 a month. But my problems weren't solved yet. I would need my Social Security when it kicked in the following year when I would be 66 to pay for Medicare because the cost of living in Los Angeles was so high I was paying 50% of my income on rent, and the medical bills had wiped out any savings I may have put aside the previous years. Maybe this is more of a statement of a losing equation than a rant. A rant would be my foaming-at-the mouth desire to wipe out the entire Second Estate of White Collar Professionals living off my insurance premiums.

My friend Franz Kafka paid me another visit one day in January of 2017. While you may think he is a dead writer that I am seeing as an apparition, Franz comes to me more as a completely alive Atmospheric Familiar. He is very different from a ghost and pays his visits when everything inside my head bottles up with migraine misery and my thoughts become more than passing strange. At those moments he is suddenly full blown by my side in the flesh. He talks out loud, furiously, and

with great gusto. He keeps me company and goes all manner of places with me. While only I seem able to see him, my neurologist does not deny his existence, but she can't find him on the MRI's. Did I say I had a neurological problem?

Franz is a decent guy, understands that strangeness is not to be feared, but embraced. His companionship makes my 'advanced migraine symptoms' bearable. That is the best diagnosis I can get for my incurable disease, at any rate. Franz says to me, "just ignore what they tell you. They don't really know what a Migraine is, nobody does. And besides, you're an artist, the best ones all have Migraines, like Edgar Alan Poe. Now that was an artist for the ages! The things I learned from Edgar, a remarkable story-teller, who I still visit now and then. Such a charming, dark-natured little man!"

When my final notice to apply for Social Security came, Franz suggested I go to my nearest Social Security office. I could have gone to any, but mine was Downtown LA, so I looked it up and it was on Sixth Street. I thought about the one in Beverly Hills, or the big one over on Veterans Avenue in Westwood. I Googled them, looked at photos, thought about which would offer the best personal service. You see, I needed to talk to someone. I'm very old school that way. I'd been online looking at the Government's Frequently Asked Questions and was already confused. I needed a person, an indisputable authority who could say Yes, No, This Way, That Way, open their computer, put in the right information, sign me up, get me my benefits! I wanted my monthly check without any hiccups. So, after some brief debate, Franz and I went to my nearby office because it was located in a gleaming office building, tallest downtown, and how bad could that be?

A shiny skyscraper suggesting solidity and erect purpose must have something to do with penises. Psychologists normally would test for phallic obsessions if this flash card came up, but I swear I don't process like this any longer. My journey then to the Halls of Social Security was not sexual but financial, and started with some normal Los Angeles difficulty in getting there at all. Upon finally finding parking, I entered the regal building lobby (Italian marble, a good sign, Franz felt) and we took the brass plated elevator ("very, very nice," he murmured) to the sixth floor. So far, so good as I exited left following the sign with an arrow pointing to "Social Security Office." I turned a corner and the hallway narrowed by a quarter size. "That seemed odd," I said to Franz. I turned another corner heading left and it narrowed again, allowing three people abreast instead of four. "Strange?" he whispered behind my shoulder. Another sign pointed to another corner as I turned right this time, narrowing one more time until I was confronted with the view of a long two person wide hallway that dead-ended at a tall metal detector in a vestibule area. A big, heavy muscled dark complexioned mustachioed man in shorts, yellow hat, security vest and packing a large holstered gun guarded the way in. The short stairway behind him ascended to the main office and my future benefits. Above and to the right was a sign reading "Social Security Administration." This was a dank affair, and it was beginning to feel as if crossing the River Styx might be a more appealing consideration. A long line of people was tightly pressed against the left side of the grim looking hallway. As I tried to take



my place in line, I was roughly bumped into by an abused and harassed looking couple who were pushing their way out of the hallway.

"Hey, assholes!" Franz shouted. "Watch the fuck where you are going!" I blanched, and whispered to him "Franz, maybe I should have gone to Beverly Hills.....". At that moment an altercation broke out. A middle aged, disheveled man was yelling and jumping around, drooling and foaming about some outrage. "They stole my Motherfucking money, they stole my Motherfucking money...." was the strangled refrain coming from his broken and vomit stained mouth. The large woman next to him walloped him hard with her pocketbook, body slammed him to the wall and yelled for the guard. There was a rush of officers, handcuffs, guns drawn and batons chopped down on his back. Then he was gone, dragged along the hallway, head bumping on the floor as he gurgled out, "they stole my money...." sliding by me in a streak of spittle, urine and sweat.

I was thinking it was time to go. Maybe I had had a Brain Spasm and this wasn't real. I was thinking I should take some emergency meds. I turned to leave, but the line was packed so tightly behind me I turned straight into Franz, who smiled for the first time that day and said, "You didn't know we are in the Skid Row Social Security office, did you?"

Someone was tapping me hard on the shoulder. It was the big security guard. "Hey! Hey! It's your turn, let's go!" I froze for a second, kind of startled. That poor guy being hogtied and thrown out had thinned the line, dissuading a few others to quiet down and take their leave. It was actually my turn. Collecting myself, I walked through the security gate, climbed the few stairs to an inner office

only to find yet another gate flanked by two short, tougher-than-nails, fully uniformed Marshall's, who were staring straight through me. "Empty your pockets of all possessions and step through the gate," barked the one on the left. "Take off your shoes and place them on the table," barked the one on the right. "They got to be kidding, Franz!" I said to my friend. But Franz was nowhere to be found. He had left the building along with Elvis and everyone else who was dead. It appeared there was no negotiation. I was alone. I was afraid. And I was in need of money. I did as I was told.

I have a bum knee. I wear a brace that has metal in it. It was going to set off the security detector and I wanted to tell them why, but the story for this goes a long way back. I was a pretty good basketball player in my younger days. Just ask anybody who used to go to the Hollywood YMCA. I played with all the Brothers, many of them actors who were in and out of work. There was the contingent that had been extras in the great flick *White Men Can't Jump* and had a really good game. There were a bunch of out of work white actors, too. George Clooney was one of them. George was pretty good. One of the last times I saw him in the locker room he was talking about just landing a role as a doctor on a TV show. That was his gig on ER, and we didn't see George after that.

Every now and then someone from the NBA would show up to practice and use the rest of us as cannon fodder. We would run as hard as we could to keep up and the NBA dude would drift through like it was a warm up session then turn it on in the end to let us know what it was like to be with someone who was in the Show! It was special, like being on stage with Baryshnikov for just a second. Breathtaking!



Then, there were guys like me, a white man who didn't act, really couldn't jump, but I had game like the old NBA star John Stockton. I could pass, make those assists, and when the game was hanging in the balance, stand out at the three-point line and knock it down every time. I must have won a dozen games for the Brothers at the Y on the last shot. Always there and always dependable. Man, there was one thing you never wanted to do at the Hollywood Y and that was lose. If you did, you had to sit out maybe four or five games waiting to come back up again, absolute torture. If it was you who lost the game, then no one would pick you for their team for weeks. You wanted to stay on the floor and rule. I always got picked for the second or third team out there because the brothers didn't pick White guys first. The savvy Brothers picked me, because they knew....they knew I was their John Stockton. When they were done flailing around in the paint, acting like Charles Barkley, getting beat up, backing in and posting up, having the ball pushed back in their face, nowhere to go with the game on the line, they'd look out and I was alone in the corner, hand raised. They'd kick it out to me, two or three defenders would come rushing at me yelling, waving their hands, desperation in their eyes, knowing what was about to happen and yes! Too late, my perfect arcing shot would soar over their lunging outstretched arms in a perfect trajectory of practiced flight while the entire gym, time suspended, watched this White cat's shot enter the rim without even making a sound and swish through the hoop winning the motherfucking game. It was hard to earn the respect of the Brothers.

I was dribbling down the sideline, ball on my hip. I hopped back at the corner baseline, faking my man with a drop back step and went hard on my left leg, tilted at a tough angle as I jumped my shot over his arms. I had this shot, I had this game, a money shot from the corner. I heard a loud popping sound like a champagne cork bursting out of a bottles neck. Momentarily a crimson film covered my view of the ball as it spun towards the net. Someone was yelling, a hard raspy yell. Like an out of body experience, I saw myself fall down on my ass holding my knee, yelling in pain, looking up at the ball bounce around the rim, rolling twice around and then lazily fall off the front into the hands of my defender who whipped the rebound up court as the action went the other way. Coming to, left alone sitting on the baseline, I'd snapped my ACL in two, thus ending my career as John Stockton. A teammate helped me limp to the sidelines, someone brought over some ice in a towel to put on my knee that had swelled to the size of a grapefruit. "Hey man, how are you?" they all asked casually at the end of the game, mildly pissed off. We had lost on my shot, it didn't drop and the next play took my team off the court. I limped out of the gym and called my son to come and get me. I'd been in these gyms for years and knew all of these gym rats. I never went back to play again, age had caught up with me.

So of course the knee brace set off the security screener. I step through and it goes off with high-pitched beeps. I attempt to pull up my pant leg to show them the brace but they stop me and insist I go behind a nearby screen and take off my clothes. They take the brace and do an explosives scan to make sure it won't blow the place up while I stand half naked behind the makeshift barrier, embarrassed and sinking fast. Finished, they tell me to put my clothes back on and step out. "Go get a ticket and a number, go sit in the room there, they will call you. Stay away from anyone who appears to be sick. There's a typhus outbreak in the encampments." Sick? Typhus? Franz, where are you when I

### need you?

I had been living in the cruelly fast gentrifying Arts District of Los Angeles and to get to my loft on 7th Place and Santa Fe Avenue I drove through the homeless encampments. Down 5th Avenue, past Maple Street, Gladys Street, and San Pedro. Some of the thickest concentrations of people living on the streets are here, their tents built up against the buildings, stuck like glue to the masonry so the rain can't get in. This is ground zero of a massive humanitarian disaster in the richest country in the world.

When you stand on Hill Street looking East, the crazy quilt of discarded fabrics, plastic sheeting, and all manner of old or stolen REI tents cascades like an enormous tapestry running five blocks to the drainage ditch called the LA River. Under this canopy lives an itinerant camp of 35,000 men and women, 70% of them on Meth and Opioids, most drinking. Some are bona fide mentally ill, while those who are not plow ahead with hard earned street intelligence. Some are badly damaged Vets. Others drag their families through troughs of despair and poverty that caught them unawares. Some were like me, which scares the shit out of me. What looks chaotic has partial logic. Each street, each curbside is contested real estate overseen by tough survivors who wield shifting rules and regulations. There are social hierarchies with codes and laws. It is brutal and depressing and becomes universally despicable only when people who could help look away frightened, and do nothing.

At one point I'd spent a month working on a documentary photo project with a group of homeless persons. Most of them were in recovery from various addictions and in transitional housing of some sort. We'd had a chance to talk at length and I heard intense stories of where they'd been, what they'd been through. They were painful, articulate, compassionate tales of deep dive learning at enormous, unfathomable cost. It was the most honest storytelling one can possibly imagine. Their stories made me want to get younger and not older, find security and ditch my insecurities. I thought of a high-level job interview I'd been subjected to recently and the interviewer who actually told me I was too old for the job. They passed over me because their ten-year plan assumed I might die before it could be completed. It made me think of my lover and long for her beautiful face, her sweet laugh and touch, how alive I feel with her, how ageless. Will she stay with me as I age? This question torments me in the dead night hours when I am alone and she is not there to say to me, "take a deep breath, be calm, trust me."

It makes me not want to face many things that will come to pass, like leaving her forever when I pass on, leaving my son forever, or becoming enfeebled and being abandoned. I fear not having money, not knowing where I may be living. I see friends lose their so-called safety nets, get turned out of their homes, and tumbling pall mall through gaping social cracks crash and burn. I awaken at night feverish, mind racing. Thoughts of becoming a burden and having to kill myself as the only choice brush up against me at the worst moments. I have taken some CBD oil with a cut of THC recommended by the Marijuana Clinic for insomnia, but this is a horrible mistake. I cannot tolerate

anything psychotropic, not with my neurological migraine disorder and Brain Spasms. My mind is ill at ease at 2AM, horribly lucid, paranoid, and racing. I should be sleeping and blissfully insensate. Rather, I am frantic, anxious, and looping like a schizophrenic. Looping into one hideous fear after another, one self-loathing thought after another, one self-castigation upon castigation. I am having a Class A anxiety attack and Franz is asleep on the other side of the bed, no help at all. I've been like this for months before my visit to the downtown Social Security office. If I had gone to Beverly Hills maybe they would have had a latte machine and nice, fuzzy warm people. Instead I've walked into a large waiting room half filled with muttering dysfunctional looking people. The rest appear somewhat normal, but now I can't be sure. I can't be sure of myself at this point or decide where to sit.

I am number A66. The waiting room is set up like the Motor Vehicle Bureau I go to. It's a vapid institutional room with glaring, migraine inducing fluorescent lights, vomit yellow walls, and dull red grey green linoleum floor. Everyone is looking up at wall mounted video screens that display letters A through H. Numbers come up saying "go to window A through H for your appointment." And right now window A is only up to number 32.

My heart sinks. I am going to be here forever. I should have gotten an appointment. I should have checked this out beforehand. What was I thinking? I used to be more thorough. I really am getting old and this confirms it! I would never have been this unprepared when I was younger. Continuing to beat myself up this way for ten minutes I try using my mindfulness training as I breathe in and out, trying every Buddhist trick I have up my sleeves. But it's not working and I feel like I may be starting to twitch.

Just when claustrophobia is beginning to close in on me, and I think I am going to have to either leave or have a true Brain Spasm, a door on the side of the room opens. A solid looking middle-aged gentleman wearing a plaid sleeveless sweater steps half way out. He has a serious look on his face.



"A66," he calls out. "Are you here, A66, are you here?" I pause, surprised, as if anything else here could surprise me. I'm not sure whether I should answer. "A66, Are you here?" he asks quite insistently. This time I stand up, weakly waving at him, and he urgently waves at me to come towards him.

The whole room stared as I walked towards the side door. Like some bad movie effect or corny commercial when two lovers are running towards each other on a beach, everything goes into slow motion. I walk towards the door, but my feet feel like they are in quick sand. The man's voice has lowered into a distorted bass volume that stretches out and calls for me in slow motion, "AAAA66666, Ccccooommmeee Qqqquuuiiiccckkklllyyy!!!." After what seemed to be an excruciating amount of time, yet must really have been all of ten seconds, I was within a foot of the side door and his outstretched arm was taking mine, pulling me into the next room. I was falling forward, the door was closing behind me, and the waiting room was disappearing. It was like entering another universe entirely, clean white walls, nice lighting, art hung everywhere, happy looking people. My head began to clear, and then like every abrupt shift in this Kafkaesque tableau, time snapped back.

"Hello, welcome to the Social Security Administration. Are you here to file for your benefits?" I was nonplussed, but I was hearing correctly as the pleasant man in the plaid sweater shook my hand and spoke to me. "Well, yes I am, thank you." I replied. "I didn't see my number on the window."

"You look normal, so I wanted to get you out of there, so I bumped you up. The Marshalls clued me in. We do that sometimes. My name is John and I'll help you with your claim. Let's go back to my desk."

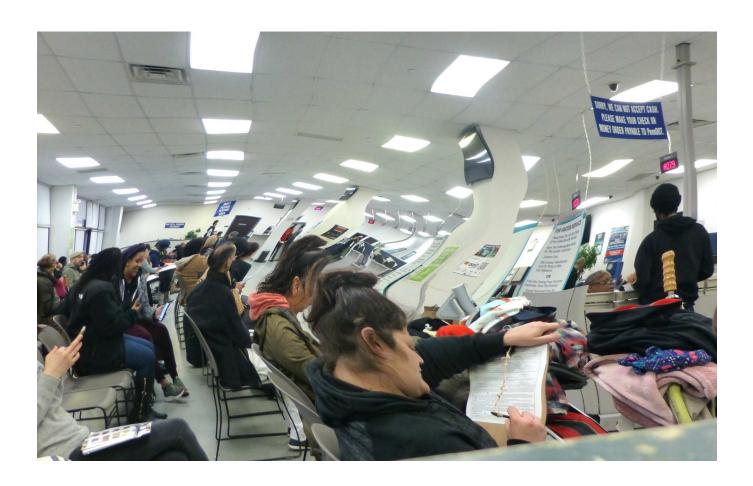
And from that moment on it was a dream come true. Everything was perfect. John was efficient, smart, and helpful. He was the person I had been looking for, who could answer the Frequently Asked Questions, the face behind the faceless electronic voice on the phone, the Fixer I needed! I was not going to dispute his assertion I was normal or how this great stroke of luck or bending of the rules by jumping the line had happened. But some unspoken policy at the Skid Row Social Security Office had saved me.

For the next hour John the Man efficiently corrected my account, which already had numerous mistakes; showed me how, by taking my benefits a few months early, I could actually get more money rather than less by the time I was 80; made sure that my Medicare payments would come out of my Social Security payment; hooked it all up to my bank account; got all the documents signed, scanned, posted, electronically filed, duplicated, dated, and done; and called me at home later that afternoon to make sure that everything was okay. And you know what, even before the government decides to do away with entitlement programs or screw with Social Security and cause a civil war, the process got underway.

I left the office with a bounce in my step and certainty that a check would arrive next month in my checking account and I was on the way to a New Day! I went out the back entrance, and avoided the front line, the earlier horror show, and perhaps Franz who might be looking for me, wanting to hitch a ride. But I didn't need Franz now.

Post Script: So John the Man saved me from my fear and loathing. The money comes monthly like a charm. I start to deal with aging better. Relationships improve. I find happiness in my newfound equanimity through meditation, exercise, and a better diet. I move out of the Arts District back to the beach and Zen living.

But, not so fast! You didn't think everything was a storybook ending just because my karma was a bit more in order? I am still dealing with migraine headaches and incurable diseases. My Doctor signed me up for a new miracle migraine medicine which works but costs \$600 a dose and Medicare doesn't want to cover it. I'm still not saving anything. And yes, Franz still comes to see me now and then. The last time we spoke, I asked him why he just can't be gone, and he said to me, "so dear friend, you will pay attention to the bright side of death."





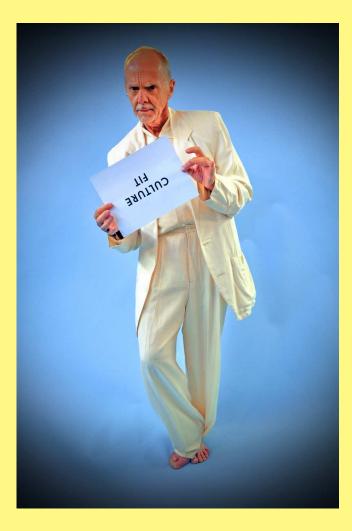
I-Photo 2018-19, Instagram @ArtandVictory, From the series- Flower Break, A Pause From The Serious Stuff That's Happening Out There



# AGE

IS

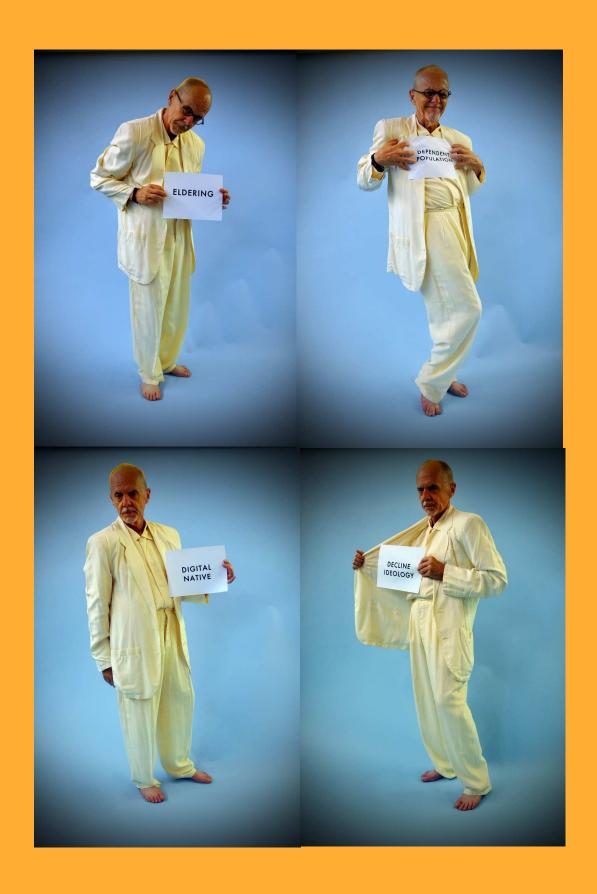








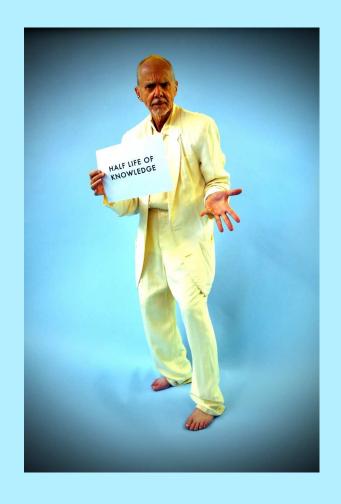














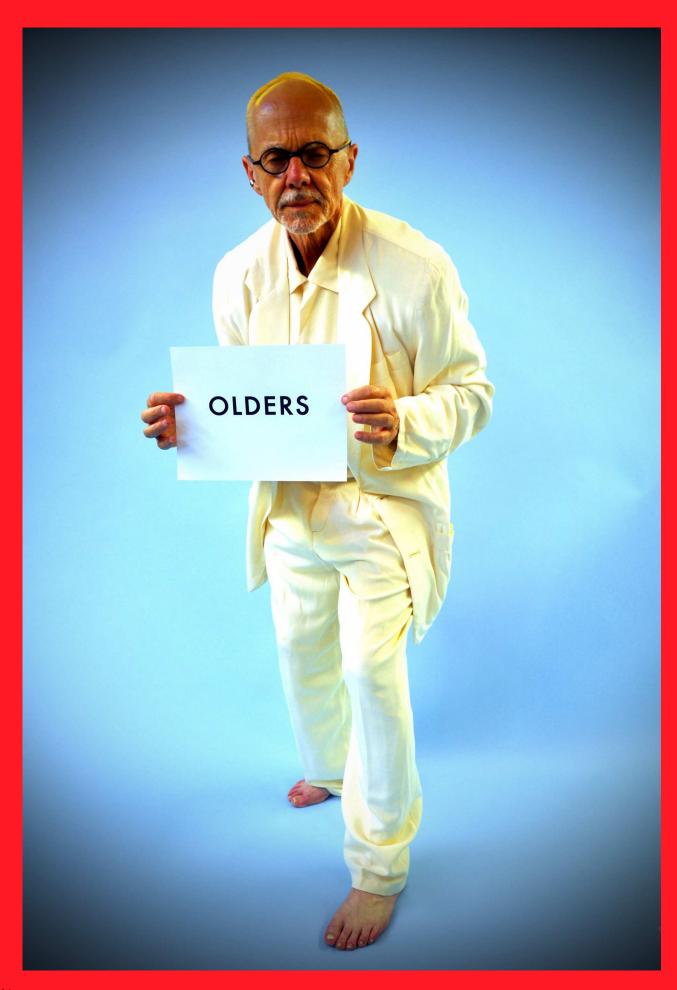
worse than *Mansplaining*. OMG......this was too much. There was, for the on-coming Generation Y tsunami, no room for me!

So I dressed up in an old silk suit I was married in 35 years before to prove it still fit, and had these photos taken of me with the written words pulled from The New Yorker article. They are out of the mouths of some Millennial's who have decided my wisdom, wit, and ability to laugh at myself is no longer distinctive but a disability from a mind that has withered with time and the onset of retrograde Luddite tendencies. This is another Tale From the Downslope, and I am having a great time telling it! But truthfully, my real hope lies in the Millennial generation, who for all their brashness, remind me so much of myself at that age. I love being Nearly Dead, what an invention! I believe I called my parents something much more prosaic. I trust my Millennial son and his friends, because they will save the world.

Artists have always liked to take a look at themselves as they age. I am amazed at how morbid they can get, showing all the wrinkles and sags and depressive moods we can experience. On the other hand, it can be just grand, this aging process! I was reading an article in The New Yorker that stimulated this portfolio of self-portraits, and not the first I've done by the way. (I've kept a pretty good record over the years of my body progressing through time.) The gist of the article was an interview with a Millennial or Generation Y guy, about 22 years old, and a 45-year-old Generation X guy. Y was telling X that he was no longer capable of generating any new ideas for the Y generation, and had already aged out in terms of his effectiveness.

Throughout the article words and phrases I had never heard before (or for that matter the writer, Mr. Gen X hadn't either) came out of the mouth of Mr. Gen Y. Idea Virus, Half Life of Knowledge, Gray Horde- language Millennial's either used to describe Mr. X or worse, Baby Boomers like myself. I was known as *The Nearly* Dead! Accused of Elderspeak, something apparently

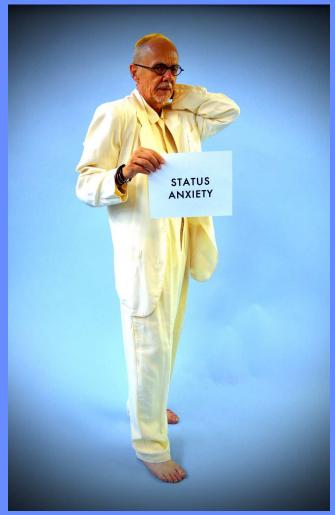














## Selections from WILD KINGDOM (2014-15)



Expostulating In The Lair Of The Leopard

Huffington Post, December 6, 2017, Lisa Derrick

## Clayton Campbell, Wild Kingdom at Coagula Curatorial

Wild Kingdom, Clayton Campbell's latest series on view at Coagula Curatorial through August 23, strikes prescient notes as the artist morphs stealth shots of humans into natural history dioramas from museums throughout the United States. Dioramas, those beloved and creepy displays, set up taxidermy trophy animals against luridly painted backdrops with dusty silk and plastic plants to appear as though these are natural environments. Into his photographs of these simulacra, Campbell has seamlessly and humorously dropped his images of humans. They are oblivious to the animals, to the beauty around them, to potential danger as they stare into their smart phones; some of these stealth snaps Campbell took on his phone, furthering the artistic ouroboros. In Wild Kingdom, Campbell shows that as individuals, our dependency on technology blinds us to precipices and predators, to each other. We are living vicariously when we look at a diorama; we live vicariously — and allow others to live vicariously — through social media.

Campbell's clear and clever observations/commentaries on society's obsession with our smart phones and social media to the exclusion of our surroundings stand strongly on their own — but are rendered even more profound with the burnishing of current events. Like Cassandra on the walls of Troy, Campbell calls out prophetic warnings.



Do You Ever Feel This Way?

Within a week of *Wild Kingdom* opening, Cecil the lion's death at the hands of an American dentist became a worldwide outrage, fueled by social media, events foreshadowed in "Prepping for the Kill." That same week, one of five white rhinos in existence died in a Czech zoo, and five Kenyan elephants were slaughtered by poachers; in "The Sorry Story of the Sad Safari," five humans have met their deaths by ignoring the world around them, while others may soon follow.

There may come a time when we see wild animals only as stuffed *mementos mori*, not even in a zoo, let alone in their natural state. Meanwhile we capture endless events and share them on social media, storing these images in the cloud — actually huge stacks of servers generating so much heat they are based in the Arctic — all at the expense of experiencing directly. We constantly filter reality, the input and output.

Our compulsion to document and communicate has caused changes in our bodies, from "text neck" and spinal degeneration to altering our gait and speed of walking, as reported in a study published in PLOS, just days after Campbell's *Wild Kingdom* opened.

Campbell has created 30 digital images for *Wild Kingdom*, 12 of which hang at Coagula Curatorial, printed on aluminum, painterly and glowing. The entire series plays on the gallery's video monitor adding another level of the simultaneous involvement and detached observation we often apply to our social media feeds.

While Cassandra's warnings were dire, *Wild Kingdom* is sly and witty and playful; gallows humor at the artist's and our own expenses: Campbell admits to texting people to come to the show; and I laugh too because I am writing this on my phone at my local juice bar, half observing the humans who engage and interact with the staff, and wondering if I can sneak a photo of the pit bull waiting patiently so I can upload it the Facebook group Dogspotting — or its owner to this group.



The Sorry Story Of The Savage Safari



I'm Telling You, One Day Selfie's Will Mean Nothing!



Selfie Self Satisfaction Dance



Honey, Do You Have The Baby?



Gobsmacked



Prepping For the Kill



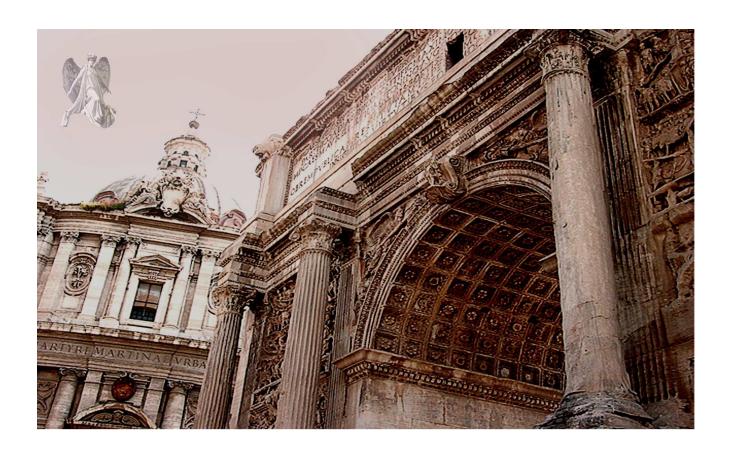
Now We All Know That Global Warming Is, Well, Something Of a Man Made Myth. But What Do You Think?



They're Upset, We Only Have One Phone

The Purported Memoir of #Chevalier, the Celebrated War Correspondent, Currently MIA

The Desecration of Vatican City and the Coming of Paradise



#### I lie to survive.

I tell people I am a war correspondent. I'd been commissioned by the U.S. Catholic Armed Forces Support Committee to create a "palatable" propaganda piece. The Sistine Chapel had just been exploded with a dirty bomb, destroying one of the great art treasures in Western civilization. A homemade nuclear explosive that was no bigger than a knapsack killed several thousand persons outright. Worse, the radiation sickness killed thousands and sickened many, many more. Newborn babies could look forward to having mutated limbs and too many fingers from chromosome damage. Vatican City was so contaminated with high levels of radiation that for at least the next 30 years it would be off limits. Quarantined, the holiest place in Christendom shut down, effectively bankrupting the Roman Catholic Church.

The City of Rome became a ghost town. Fully twenty-four terrorist groups claimed responsibility, yet it is still not certain who was responsible. My guess it was a shadow partnership impossible to trace, a

consortium of sub-groups because by this time the World Wide War on Terror had morphed into a vast World War with no rules or conventional combatants. The Pope had already pegged this a few years back, saying we were already in the midst of WWIII, and now someone had come to shut him up. Lord knows there was a history of calamity between Christendom and Islam going back 1000 years, but it could have been anyone. Like, it could have been as simple as the Mafia for God's sake, wanting to clear its debts and taking advantage of the international chaos.

The Pope hadn't been at the Sistine Chapel when the bomb had gone off and he survived. Someone had their Intel wrong and they missed killing him. But one thing is certain, it only takes one Bag Man to drop off a small innocuous package and the world can change in an instant. It was reported the Pope came back to see the devastation, walking around the square in a hazmat suit surveying the wreckage while a Geiger counter went nuts beside him registering radiation levels 100 times the normal levels. As he lingered for one final moment, he stopped and looking skyward saw an angel ascending towards the square. The world rejoiced at this miracle as the Pope wept and suddenly recited the opening stanza of Paradise from Dante's *The Divine Comedy*, one of the great poetic simulacrums ever attempted by an artist to describe Hope through Compassion and Beauty.

"The Glory of Him who moveth everything, penetrates all the Universe, and shines more brightly in one part, and elsewhere less.

Within the Heaven which most receives His Light I was; and saw what he who thence descends neither knows how, nor hath the power, to tell;

For as it draweth near to its Desire,

Our intellect so deeply sinks therein, that recollection cannot follow it."

Broken, weeping, the Pope then whispered these apocryphal words, "We are all soft targets. None is safe anymore. Because when Love left the World, people became consumed with fear of the fear of terror, as it now consumes our Cosmos. This graven and dark time will be known as The 1% War. Lord forgive us, this did not have to be." And then he left Vatican City and never returned. Or did he?

I had been an artist, but I quickly disavowed that identity when it became a liability. The military police started rounding up artists and intellectuals and 'disappearing' them because the Government finally figured out free minds dissenting and talking back was dangerous. I morphed into a war correspondent with my camera and laptop and photo-shop software. It was in fact profoundly easy to be useful to everyone; unlike when being an artist I had been useful to no one. And so in my overnight reinvention it just seemed like I had always been a war correspondent and I came to believe it. I deserted my friends without much regret and photographed them being dropped from helicopters by paramilitary thugs and taken away in the dead of night to medical clinics for God knows what. Some of them I photographed being led to the camps and their executions. It was part of my new gig. It happened so quickly I didn't have much time to reflect. Not that I felt like thinking too much, I was lying to survive, telling myself that I came first. I guess #mefirst could have been my moniker.

Now here's the Big Lie I started that got everyone going and my career in high gear. The Pope never quoted Dante. I did. I really have no idea what he said because he wasn't there. He'd been air lifted out to his summer palace in Orvieto days before, sick with radiation poisoning. He wouldn't recover. The U.S. Catholic Armed Forces Support Committee wanted something noble and dignified in their press release and so I worked up the language. It was me who actually penned the name, The 1% War. And I concocted the Angel and put it into the shot of the Vatican I pulled off the wires from a now dead correspondent who got poisoned from the dirty bomb. I photo-montaged the whole thing together. An old time documentary photographer once said something like "While photographs may not lie, liars may photograph." Well, he got that right. The mass public needed miracles, and I gave them what they needed.

It was kind of like the face of Jesus appearing in a tortilla back in the 1990's in New Mexico; people needed faith in a dismal and brooding world filled with violence and breakdown and uncertainty. My client loved the picture I made them, gave me a great price for it, and it went out on the dark net where it became a sensation. It had 2.5 billion hits and now is a legendary, iconic image of reverence. People still believe it happened. In times of crisis two things can occur. People give away their personal freedoms to be safe, or they suspend rational belief and embrace the supernatural to feel life has been worth living.

So I had a field day manipulating the news. And this concoction, the Desecration of Vatican City was all me, better than I could ever have done as an artist, with the best audience reaction I ever received. Imagine, 2.5 billion people seeing your work? Maybe Warhol or DaVinci, but how about me? Not bad, I thought.

A good war correspondent never gives up their secrets or sources unless they want to get killed. But that is exactly what I am doing in writing this down. I am going to explain as I go along. Suffice it to say, this photo was one of my major breakthroughs as a war correspondent and helped popularize my professional name, #Chevalier. I perversely became an underground media star for lying. Yet, when has it been any different whether you are a correspondent or an artist? Does either of them ever really tell you the truth? They tell you their truth, which is all they can know. The best of us make you believe it to be just so.





Posse Comitatus met the perfect storm when the Indonesian rain forest burned 100% to the ground in 2028, unleashing such a volume of carbon into the atmosphere that climate change all but roared into civilization with the final force of a killer hurricane. It had been building for years. Desperate decisions made half a globe away in Washington D.C. to cut carbon emissions by sensible liberals couldn't forestall the inevitable. Like all half-baked social schemes designed for our comfort it made great sense to put bio-fuels in your gas tank, substituting palm and corn oil for fossil fuels. We would get rid of all that nasty coal and oil sludge as fast as we could, even if the votes in Congress never would actually let it happen. And meanwhile, we would create jobs, clean burning energy jobs right in our heartland. And those out of date coal miners in West Virginia and Kentucky? Well, they'd just find a way to retrain. Reinvention, at least three careers in a lifetime, earning millions of dollars just to retire, that was the program in the U.S at the time. In reality, over 80% of U.S. citizens had no hope of realizing these impossible goals. Striving, anxiety, disappointment, anger, then hopelessness. It was all part of the emotional train wreck undermining the social fabric.

With the annihilation of the great Indonesian rain forest, paralleled by the deforestation of Brazil's great rain forest, the environment and world economy collapsed at the same time into an unimaginable financial meltdown. Worldwide Mega-Depression. We knew it could happen, just not so complete, so soon, so total. It had been predicted. We had all read books like *Collapse*, or *Guns, Germs and Steel*. Who hadn't seen the movies years before like *An Inconvenient Truth*, or been

exposed to the early warning documentary diatribes by Michael Moore? They seem quaint and faraway now.

By cutting down our major rain forests we ended much hope of the planet being able to regenerate its ecosystem in the way we were used to. We would not be able to breathe easily too much longer, grow food any longer for 9 billion people, or hold together without great spasms of starvation and fighting over clean water, food, resources. It was scarcity of everything. Armageddon was arriving, and we had done it to ourselves out of greed and shortsightedness. Malthus might have been right after all when he said that humankind as a rule has not been able to look beyond its own generation? Or maybe it was Carl Jung.

In the trenches of urban displacement prior to 2028, where 65% of the people were struggling to keep their homes in housing markets that had gone nuts, there was trouble. Unchecked development was moving long standing communities out of their homes while expensive retail housing stock was being put up for a narrow sector of the population that was professional, managerial, who didn't care about social consequences. Personal wealth grew for a small percentage of the population, shrunk for almost everyone else. Fifty percent or more of net income was spent on housing, another twenty five percent on various worthless mandatory insurances, and the rest on sustenance. Savings were negligible as an aging generation termed out, wanting to be taken care of. This tapped out the U.S. entitlement programs that had been raided anyway to pay for the annual Defense Budget of 1,000 Billion Dollars, which had been tapped out to service the interest on the National Debt that grew to 50 Trillion dollars. Things darkened further as the inequity of income between class, race and age widened to a disparity of 100:1 with cruel speed. No one was safe, anger rose, reasoned dialogue impossible, issues now were far too convoluted to make sense. Polarized interest groups circled each other looking for their power spot, giving no quarter. Nothing positive was getting done to solve the core problems. Our great leaders had long ago left the playing field. Either they had been killed years before or cynically capitulated and found a career in "Financial Services," a euphemism for a fast track to join the 1%. Where were the inspirational voices now when needed most? Those non-violent inspirational Titans, King or Gandhi, preaching love, inclusion and tolerance, were echoing down the years as corny and futile murmurs.

For awhile there was a generation we called the Millennial's, which looked for a beautiful but dangerous revolution. We had hope for them because they had not given up yet. They felt their power in those long ago elections, got a little foothold that fooled them, tasted blood, and then had those expectations dashed in 2024 when the Presidential elections were stolen again. With a shocking brazenness that signaled the permanent diminishment of civil institutions in Democracy, the Russians, Chinese, White Nationalists, Evangelicals, and Red State Militarists infiltrated social media and voting machines to rig the election. The Millennial's stopped voting after that. Instead they started fighting on the streets, radicalized beyond compromise, and took the beautiful, dangerous revolution to an ugly, dangerous, literal place. Riots broke out in 2022 in Detroit, Birmingham, and New Orleans all sparked by a cop

shooting a person of color. Sometimes it was for real, sometimes staged for You Tube just to get it going. I was at some of these staged riots, helped them start because it was part of the gig to get the news out on the wires, and I was already being paid to spread the news, if you could call it that. It was the news we were making up to create confrontation and gain power. I was working my way to becoming an apolitical media drone, doing it for whomever paid the most. I'd found a way to get on the Dark Net and heighten the broadcast so it couldn't be blocked. We were taught about the rioting in Charlotte, North Carolina in 2016. It was a textbook lesson for war correspondents, how social media could make a ten-block altercation look like an entire city was on its knees. That is what I would do in some of these places, work with some bitter Millennial's to inflame a tense situation so it spread, and then spread it some more. I showed a handful of malcontents out to rampage how to leave their run down, funky community and do it over in the rich folks part of town. Torch Beverly Hills, not your own homes. It made for great news. The consequences later on for these altruistic activists was deadly as they were put down with an unheard of ferocity by the Police and Army. But it wasn't my problem. I had gotten my news footage in.

Back to Posse Comitatus. It had been legislated during reconstruction in 1878 to either protect people in the South at the polls when voting, or to suppress the vote by keeping the newly freed slaves away. Either way, a deal was struck and the military was ordered not to be used as a policing force and was pulled out of the South. It was tinkered with over the years. Our Presidents lately had kind of liked using it. Dwight Eisenhower invoked it in the 1950's and brought troops to Little Rock, Arkansas when the state refused to cooperate and protect Black kids from going to school. George Bush Sr. invoked the Insurrection Act, an extension of Posse Comitatus, which says if the State cannot act, Federal troops may be used to "suppress, in a State, any insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combination, or conspiracy" such as when the rioting after the Rodney King trial couldn't be controlled. I was pretty young then and remember being stuck in my house while the city was burning down. Bush had the Marines come to the borders of LA and things got quiet very quickly. The specter of the military scares people like the police never can. These guys are trained to kill and they are very, very good at it. They don't think and disobey orders like the Police and National Guard. When they have shoot to kill orders, they like to exercise their training and go for it. I recall watching TV, and the shot was from a helicopter. The scene was familiar and I realized they were pointing down on Santa Monica Boulevard near where my art studio was located. They were following a crowd of looters going in and out of buildings, breaking the windows, rushing in, then rushing back out with all kinds of good stuff they were stealing and torching the building as they left. I had a very uneasy feeling when I realized the mob had come upon the building my studio was in. The bottom floor had a children's clothing factory, upstairs my studio and a warren of phone sex offices were located. It wasn't the savoriest place, but my space has been a photography studio and it was pretty terrific. All of my art work was there, and here I was, sitting at home, watching on TV a crowd rushing into the building, burglarizing it, and starting to set fire to it. All I could think was, holy shit, this is surreal, there goes all of my art, my life's work! At that moment, at the bottom of the picture screen a lone Marine, his AK47 at the ready walks into the picture frame. The mob freezes upon seeing him, drops everything and flees. About 20 seconds later a fire truck roared up and doused the flames and then the news chopper flew after the mob. It took only one soldier to scare them away. Later on I found out the mob ran up the street to loot and burn down the Sears Building. But my art lived on, for what it's was worth.

When caravans of migrants came to the borders of California in 2018 and the military was sent there, Posse Comitatus was talked about a lot, and a blustering Commander in Chief lied about all the bad people who were going to attempt to climb over the wall that was being erected on the border. It had been going up since it was authorized in 2006, and it was still going up in 2024 when the whole thing bankrupted and finally ran out of money. It never kept anyone out anyway. It really kept us out of getting into Mexico when we needed to later on. Humans are inexhaustibly creative. Put up a wall and they will find a way to get under it, over it, around or through it. Look at the West Bank, Belfast, Berlin, or the biggest of them all, the Great Wall of China. No one ever learns. Walls don't matter one fucking bit as security. They are best as memorials to the dead, like Maya Lin's Vietnam Wall. That is when they have meaning and purpose. Or maybe for graffiti artists, they do wonders for walls.

I saw it coming in 2022, when the Insurrection Act was amended to authorize the use of the military to put down any perceived civil unrest, and those arrested could be deemed enemies of the State. The first shoot to kill orders were issued then and resulted in the infamous Waffle House Massacre, but I'll get to that later. This year is when I officially became a war correspondent, ditched my identity as an artist, and hid who I had been. The whip was coming down and I wasn't about to have it crack on my back. People naturally pushed back at the oppressive government. In every community, and then one major city at a time the shit hit the fan. The Federal Budget was now mainly a military and debt relief budget. The only available money left was taken out of social services and used to put military conscription in place again. A lottery was held, and eight million men and women under the age of 28 were ordered to serve to help restore domestic order. Those who resisted were jailed and, in a few years, just killed because the jails had become too crowded or expensive to run. By 2024 there was serious violent unrest in major areas of the country that couldn't be controlled, and martial law was ordered for Boston, Albany, Newark, Miami, Birmingham, Tucson, Anaheim, Detroit, New Orleans, Portland, Oakland, Chicago, and Youngstown. Other cities teetered on the brink, threatening to go off any moment. Dawn to dusk orders to shoot to kill were in place.

The social fabric was unraveling, and when the Vatican was bombed in 2026, the World Order teetered. Threats came at the U.S. from all directions. Civil liberties and civil democratic institutions had been suspended. In 2027, the 1% War began in earnest and hasn't stopped. At the beginning of 2028 in a sham formality the Posse Comitatus Act was overturned by the remnants of the Supreme Court. A few months later, the forests burned, the air thickened and grew cold, the world heaved a deep sigh and fell to its knees. We entered a new Dark Age.

## There Are Thousands of McDonald's Just Like This One.....



I tried to give these years some chronology, because we are still in the midst of the illogical chaos of social breakdown in which time and history is non-linear being acted out by multiple unseen players. I'm just contributing my spin. It is now 2030. The social fissures are deeper than ever with no end in sight. To tell what I know, to actually try to be objective is instead a wildly subjective task, an admission of culpability that probably will lead to some disgruntled faction killing me as soon as this document is uploaded. I've seen my dreams dissolve into shit, hopes vanish, and the ones I love lose the light in their eyes. I am living day to day aware my very neutrality is a sign of amoral enjoyment. Suffering feeds me. I am obsessive about surviving yet sick of living, still vain enough to come out in the open and attempt to explain what I think has happened as a grand egocentric attempt to draw attention to myself as an important life worth living. I may in all likelihood not be alive in a few weeks. When I started getting feelings again, I became vulnerable. That makes me a target, out in the open where I can be found. A known quantity, visible, identifiable, fatal for me in this world I exist in now.

I had been writing a little since the 1990's for arts magazines, so I knew how to write. And I'd been making fine art photos since then too, exhibiting sporadically in galleries and museums. By 2021 the art magazines had all gone out of business or were being suppressed. And my social commentary artwork didn't find a market and was completely out of fashion so I was a background figure. I ended up working

as a non-profit arts administrator. Thank God when The 1% War came down the Special Authorities didn't check out old print publications or websites that had expired like mine or I'd have been in the Gulag along with the more visible artists. There is something to be said for not having been an A list artist who was a hot shit in the marketplace. Those artists are all dead now, easily picked up by the police, forever covered with lyme in unmarked graves. Just like in China, Russia, Venezuela, Cuba, and a dozen other countries before the authoritarian contagion spread to our shores in 2022 with the first disappearances. First outspoken artists, then all artists and arts professionals. After that teachers, scientists, students, doctors, lawyers, or anyone who thought independently. Finally it could be anyone who someone might have a grudge against.

When I did my war correspondent makeover, I learned to create multiple fake Press ID's, and fake Correspondent Cards that got me into Dark Internet writing. The 1% War spawned multiple warring factions, and the best war correspondents were known as "Media Drones." It meant they would work for anyone at anytime, were highly prized and protected. I became one of those. It required losing your soul.

The 1% War is really a civil war that has splintered into an uncountable array of combatants. The main ones are the U.S Military and Intelligence Services. After having taken over the government they had begun fighting amongst themselves. There is a Northern and Southern command, an Eastern, Texas and Cuban command. Each had sub-units with a variety of renegade brigades who readily switched sides depending on what was being offered them. Then, there are dozens of private militias, former military and security companies who are small armies hired by corporations or very wealthy 1%-er's. Though less dominant than the military, they control territory and collect taxes by force. They are extraordinarily unpredictable and deadly and often partner or clash with the remnants of State, County and Local Police Departments that have not melded into the private militias or been absorbed by the military. These Police Departments are another independent source of fear and power, and have to be negotiated with as warfare is carried literally from town to town.

That describes the current official realignment of military, security, and police power. The 99% is another story altogether, resembling something out of the movie *Escape From New York*. Does anyone remember this futuristic dystopian fantasy with anti-hero Snake Pliskin dive-bombing into Manhattan? It has become a lifetime penal colony and he has to save the corrupt U.S. President from gangs of scum and illiterates. Imagine it coming to life, but there are no walls, and it is everywhere. The 99% has gotten organized into a 1000 different gangs nationwide who are fighting for 1000 different agendas I keep track of on a very long excel spread sheet. Remember excel software? Yeah, I still have a copy.

This is the part that is hard to describe. It is gang warfare without end and with endless possibility. As a war correspondent, here too I was valued as a propaganda tool. Before I had tracking devices embedded underneath my armpit so I could be rescued I never felt safe with these groups.

Still, it was always the most exciting to be with the 99%. They were fun and crazy, so I got the best material from these characters. They carried a touch of romance left over from the early days when they thought there was really going to be a revolution. If I cared to look closely I could discern in the 99% a small belief system to create equity and fairness in the face of all the madness that had washed over the country like a tsunami of killing. And that made for fantastic photojournalism. But by 2028 the 99% was rift with psychos. In the early part of *The 1% War* bikers and trailer trash gangs killed off the liberals and intelligentsia who tried to give it a philosophy. It kind of was like the French Revolution within the 99%. All the smart non-violent people didn't last long, followed by the smart violent people with some semblance of compassion. Finally the 99% was as bad as everyone else in the 1%, a brutal quilt of killers fighting to survive a total societal breakdown in a country celebrated for its lack of gun control.

I remember this one guy, the McDonald's bomber, going all over the Midwest hitting every McDonald's he could before he got caught and was shot on the spot. He killed thousands, worse than Afghanistan, worse than Iraq, worse than 9/11, worse than anything. He tipped me off to one terrorist attack (he paid well) and I have a photo of him but it corrupted when it hit the Dark Internet that made it even more scary, as if it was in the process of exploding. He had a message to the world from the 99%, kind of chilling even to me at the time, and it said: "There are thousands of McDonald's, where is this one? And I look like anybody, don't I? How do you know I haven't just set a bomb to go off behind me in ten minutes? Think you can stop me? Think you can stop any of us? I am here among you. I've been here for years, and it's your turn to feel the pain we've been feeling. We are going to bring down your system, your way of life, one piece at a time until there is nothing left for you to make money from, nothing left for you to feel fat and happy about. We are going to terrorize you right down to your last Big Mac and shove it down your disgusting 1% throats. Think about it the next time you go to the mall and line up to buy a Happy Meal, you Pigs." I became a Vegan after this guy showed up on the scene. I don't know who he thought was buying Big Mac's. They didn't look like 1%'ers to me. Crazy fucking world.





I-Photo 2018-19, Instagram @ArtandVictory, From the series- Flower Break, A Pause From The Serious Stuff That's Happening Out There



I-Photo 2018-19, Instagram @ArtandVictory, From the series- *Flower Break, A Pause From The Serious Stuff That's Happening Out There* 

