

Position Paper On Occupation

To be reproduced widely



GAP

I:

Wake up in the morning. We are assuming you wake up, of course. You have to go to class. It is imperative that you do so. The reasons are not important at this point. You will drink a cup of coffee because you need it for some reason. And then you proceed to do something which happened the day before, forever. Your teacher does not know your name. You have strange memories made up of bricks and alcohol and glowing screens. You turn in papers that reflect absolutely nothing about your true beliefs in the world. You turn in papers that are nothing but mental excretions. They are shit.

Somewhere in the future, is a job. You must have this. Everyone you know wants the same thing. A job. They must have this. You believe something about the world, reality, things like that. But when was the last time someone asked you to define those beliefs? Could you define them? Do you have any? No, really, do you even have any? Do you? Are you sure?

If you do have beliefs, they are shit. More than likely, you really don't have any beliefs. When you try to define something real, meaningful, or serious, it all sounds like shit. It is our recommendation that, if you agree with what we have just written, you follow this line of thinking to its fullest bloom. You cannot believe in anything because everything is shit. Can you see your own shit? Do you see it now? The Gray?

Nope, you don't see it. You can't see it. But the Grey Anarchy Party can see you.

II:

Keep that in mind then, as you choose your next step. We are most assuredly watching, and you risk expulsion from the Grey Anarchy Party (GAP) with your inaction. So you'd better make a decision quick and take your chance while you still can.

What, really, is there left to consider? You see the shit.

That's all there is. You don't need to read a French philosopher, or perform another titration, or sit in the library again. You've got what you came for. Real fucking cheap, too. Hell, I'd want my money back at this point.

But they won't give you your money back. Just like you'll never get the life you paid them to steal.

Although, you have to admit, there's a certain charm to the location. Such a large facility, conducive to people meeting and discussing and schmoozing and fucking. It's just a damn shame that they're making you pay a few thousand more, right?

What have you got to lose if you did whatever the fuck you wanted for a moment? At this point, buddy, you've got nothing to lose. Everything is going down the toilet,

all the shit, and you'll go with it if your not careful. Think about all that money you just spent. Who has it? Go follow it.

You obviously didn't go follow it? What more do you need? What did you need in the first place? You are spending all this money on the promise of something that is, without a doubt, no longer a promise. We feel for you, we really do. We've all been there.

Scrawl this on this every wall:

FUCK THIS.

That's 'nique ça', in French, for all you assholes. And French speakers.

III:

You could eat a hotdog at a football game. Or do a beer bong at the fraternity. Hell, if your edgy enough, you could steal a newspaper from the local LaRouch supporters. You could even punch the LaRouche in the face if you wanted. You could even steal from the GAP down the street. I bet you could even get lost amidst a large, vast crowd, and find yourself in a situation you did not anticipate. Suddenly, you could get away with a large number of things. You could look past the nothingness that is your world, your school, your future.

You will have a chance, one day, to see something, something you will like, something that feels right. You will have a chance to not do what you did yesterday. And you won't have to pay for it. It will not be scripted like the rest of your future. It will be free. There is no right way to do anything. It's all shit. Might as well do something that promises to not feel as empty and pointless as what is in front of your face every, single day.

We could tell it you feels great to be free. Someone else could tell you its good to drink Pepsi. Another person will tell you Frito's are the best. This guy will tell you to vote for him, this lady will tell you to come to church this Sunday. Some old dude will tell you to take acid to and see a superior level of being. Hell, you could even join the military because some asshole made you play a videogame. We're not going to tell you anything. Except that this is all shit. And if you believe us, you are expelled from the GAP.

Alright, you've read this far. Shit knows why. So here's the last couple of lines. When you see something happening, when you follow your money, what are you going to do? Are you going to let your chance slip away? Are you going to fall back into dissapointment, like you always do? Doesn't it feel good now, for a moment? From highschool to now it has all been the same, hasn't it? Do you really want to keep going? Well, if you don't...

Just Do It

Fall into the GAP