

I sit here quietly in a small room, having done hours of reading and seeing hours more to come like highway mile markers before the great tunnel opens up onto my bed, where I will sleep and where I will wake.

I want to take a study break to listen to Kanye West's new album, *The Life of Pablo*, because I assume it's going to be pretty good because Kanye West is pretty good, even though he really really needs some professional help (also, Mr. West, *please* stop taking North to your weird fashion shows—like how old is she? she doesn't care about fashion, dude, she's just trying to eat candy and like, learn how to not drop shit).

In fact, though I don't want to contribute to the romanticization of mental illness, often the needing-of-mental-help sometimes goes along with pretty-goodness, at least in certain artistic endeavors.

I want to listen to Kanye West's new album so I can make art to reflect his art to combat the over-academicization and institutionalization of art criticism, which often is more about buttressing one's own criticism credentials, essentially a form of whipping it out and comparing sizes.

However, I cannot listen to *The Life of Pablo*. Why? Because I need to subscribe to a thing to do it.

I don't like subscribing to things, because they ask for your credit card information even if it is for a Free Trial for limited access to a Thing-Subscription, and then I'm expected to be able to remember exactly when the Free Trial expires so that I can navigate an insufferably long series of web pages like a hall of mirrors to figure out how to get out of my Thing-Subscription, while it continues prompting me with various new webpages, like 'Are you sure you want to unsubscribe?' 'Are you sure?' 'Positive?' 'You don't want to look like a freeloader, do you?' 'Don't you want artists to make money, you miserable little fuck?' 'Okay, we understand that you hate musicians, eat shit and die.'

So, alas, my plans on counter-Forkpitching are compromised.

I will instead listen to that Anderson .Paak album again.

Which is really really good.

Peace.