

Charlie + the Propaganda Myth Machine

Million Dead

if every child chased dreams of societal reorganization in place of sweet wrappers and escape, then we would see mr cadbury's enlightened industrialism for what it really fucking is: social morphine - we'd have ourselves a pre-school army. walt disney is pushing social and sexual hierarchy, my bed-time stories like a gmtv gomulka. slumbering in my jimmy-jammies, my wondrous imagination long since closed and put away. willy wonka was a capitalist confidence trickster, a poster boy for neo-liberalism, a full-stop on revolt. and the bfg a propagandist for an unaccountable regime, orwell's vision with a wrinkled face. hold out the arm and quiet the voice. my first macdonald's visit a vaccination, like the time my parents took me to the school / clinic, and handed me over to the teacher / nurse / whatever. i too got sucked in by the myth machine. unattainable, but i just wish we weren't so fucking mindless. drowned in a recurring nightmare of causal influence. a little more suspicion in our fairy tales please. mum and dad, i'm sorry, i won't do what enid blyton told me. our jealousy at their opportunity: the once weak will one day rule this world. the monsters underneath the bed are merely jaded failings.

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