

## My Full Disclosure

Written by Greg Mills

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As Bloggers, we have been assigned the portentous titles of “Citizen Journalists” by people, people who should probably spending more time belching and picking their toes, instead of having technocratic fever dreams about the Future of Media and Its Distribution.

I am willing to indulge these types, and so here, in my role of journalist, I offer Full Disclosure on Areas of Potential Conflict. Were I to, in my role as a Hard-Hitting Joe Public Hack, write about any of these topics, TURN AWAY, as I might be using my seriously bad ass power over language to twist your little mind to my debased way of thinking, or to divert you from the True and Good Way.

English – Use this language almost exclusively, though I have been leaning on the word “qua” a bit heavily lately. I’m fond of it, and often use it with other English speakers.

Converse Sneakers – Own two pairs, and may want to buy more in the future. Can’t be trusted. Might be hustling. Turn away at the mention of “Chuck Taylor” Basketball Sneakers.

Adidas – Samey samey same same samey samey same same same-oh same “Stan Smith” Tennis Sneakers.

Heterosexuality – Am a fan, and have been for quite of few years, and I have actively made serious capital investments since my teenage years to cultivate it for my personal profit. That includes a mortgage.

Ruby and Owen – Again, I have outlaid serious capital keeping these little creeps clothed and fed, so I may try to cultivate the idea they are somehow cute or desirable to have around, when I am merely priming the pump for a trade or straight cash deal.

Sound – I have dumped a lot of cash buying cassette tapes (first cassettes: Bow Wow Wow, Black Flag, Sex Pistols), buy record albums (first wax: Sesame Street Sing-a-long, or maybe it was Billy Joel: Glass Houses), CDs (don’t remember), MP3s (don’t remember), in order to listen to sound, organized in an amusing way in the medium of time. I also like listening to the TV,

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wind, people talking, amusing bodily sounds, small cats, fireworks, airplane refueling on the tarmac, bugs, cows, and other things. I like sound quite a bit, so don't expect me to conform to any sense of objectivity here.

Ink – Me and ink and its digital facsimiles go back and so I will not talk shit about ink here, even if ink deserves it. I'm sticking by ink, so go somewhere else for ink bashing.

Things That Are Pleasant – Call me a vicious spineless shitheel, but I am going to stand by Things That Are Pleasant. “Oh, but Greg,” you ask “Shouldn't you give penny nails driven into your eardrums a fairshake? What about sharing a puptent with a goat with diarrhea? Don't the rules of journalistic objectivity dictate you give a balanced exploration of all these things?” To which I would answer “What in Zeus' Taint are you on about? Me, I'm sticking by Pleasant, thank you very much.

Having penny nails driven into my eardrums – Phenomenologically, I have what I admit is a visceral fear of having penny nails driven into my eardrums. If I win a Pulitzer, it most definitely will not be for a fair-minded exploration of having penny nails driven into my eardrums. I mean, my bias comes down fairly hard on the anti side of this issue, and I can't say I could give a dispassionate record of the event. It would probably go something like this....

(Berkeley, CA) – In a shed somewhere in the verdant, eucalyptus-scented hills that roll behind the campus behind the University of California at Berkeley, I had a penny nail hammered into my eardrums. And I have to say: AAAAAHHH. WHY ARE YOU READING THIS, YOU SADIST PRICK. I had... a fucking NAIL DRIVEN INTO MY HEAD! It HURT, AND YOU'RE SITTING THERE IN YOUR BATHROBE SIPPING WARM MILK AND READING ABOUT IT. THE WORLD IS EVIL.

So there you have it. My Areas of Potential Conflict. Now I think we can say honestly that there is a clean slate between you, the Consumer, and I, the Journalist.

Excelsior!