

STONERS ROLL

Vol. 104

Issue 3

December 17, 2018

MIT

-35 cents

Stephen Hawking

On Life After
(Heat) Death

Death Grips is Online

Innovate,
Stimulate,
Deteriorate

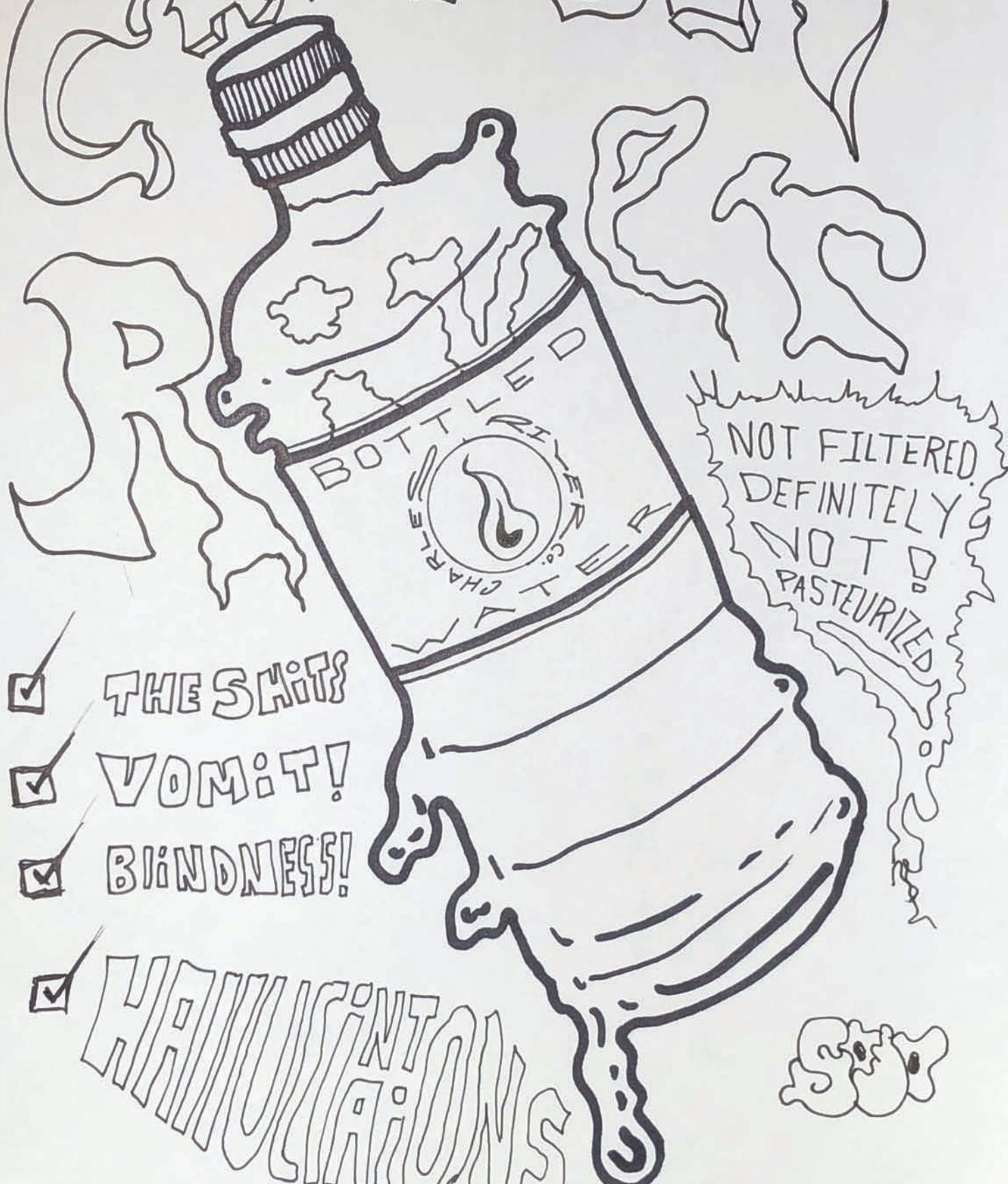
The Life & Times of Woopster Garou

A Look
into an
Animator's
Animated Life



A VOO DOO PARODY

CHARLES



NOT FILTERED.
DEFINITELY
NOT PASTEURIZED

- THE SHIT?
- VOMIT!
- BIINDNESS!

HAUUCANTONS



SR 1729

"All the Booze That...Ahh"

FEATURES

The Age Old Question of Old Age

In a shocking turn of events, the US Supreme Court has ruled that the concept of old age violates the 8th Amendment.
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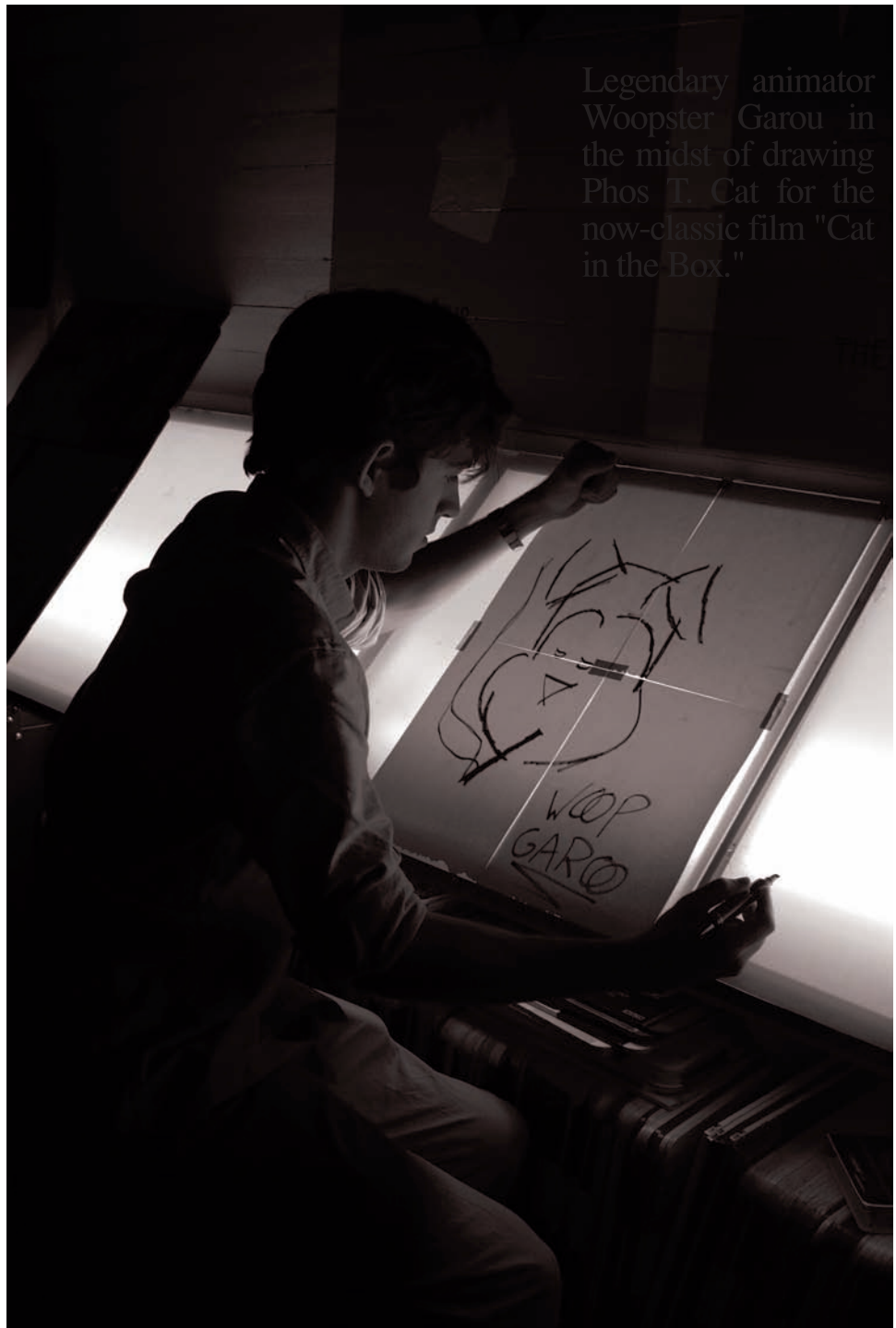
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ON THE COVER Stephen Hawking photographed in Cambridge on Dec. 9th, 2018, by **Karina Hinojosa**.

Grooming by Kevin Santillan.
Styling by Jacob Miske.
Television by Hector Iglesias.



Legendary animator Woopster Garou in the midst of drawing Phos T. Cat for the now-classic film "Cat in the Box."

STONERS ROLL*

➡ It has been said that God created the world in 7 days. It has also been said that this issue you are reading was created in 7 days. Now, I'm not saying that we're bigger than the Big G upstairs, nor am I saying that the final boss in Earthbound is the real reason why I'm deathly terrified of babies. I'm just providing you with the facts, or at least the ones I feel comfortable telling you.

Ah, yes, the introduction. Silly me, I almost forgot. But first, I need to say something that's been on my mind lately. There is a stigma regarding scientist representation in Hollywood. Film after film, these scientists are always the first one to die, and most, if not all, are weaponless. They stand around conducting research, not minding anyone's business, until some schmuck rudely interrupts them with a barrage of bullets. Films need to stop treating scientists as if they are disposable Kodak cameras.

Oh, shoot, I still need to introduce this issue, and there's not much space left. The only solution that saves space would be to set $h=c=1$. After all, natural units is the physicist's way of saying "My hand hurts from writing."

Anyway, we've got a lot of more in tis issue. More pages. More olor. More nonsense tan ever before. Tat's amore. Wit tat said, I ope you find tis issue to be umorous and joyable.

Iglesias

etor Iglesias



Editor-In-Chief Hector Iglesias	Art Editor Laurel Wright	Photography Karina Hinojosa	Ad Manager Gonzo
Managing Editor Kevin Santillan	Literary Editor Ben Sheffer	Publicity Manager Jackie Montante	Office Manager Jacob Miske
Art Katharina Gschwind Laurel Wright	Jacob Miske Jackie Montante Kevin Santillan Ben Sheffer	Publisher Phos	
Literary Hector Iglesias Andrew Komo Noah McDaniel Adrian Meza	Contributers Rob Morrison SOYO	Funded By UA Finboard	
			

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Voo Doo, MIT Humor Magazine (ISSN 1066-2499), is published by Phosphorus Publishing twice a year assuming apathy does not consume us all. All material ©2018 Voo Doo Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, two issue mail subscription \$3. Submissions accepted from any past or present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: write for rates, page sizes, and deadlines.

*Stoner's Roll is an MIT Voo Doo parody issue, ya dingbat.**

**Apologies to our readers who are actual dingbats.

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College of Computing



Courses/Cursos

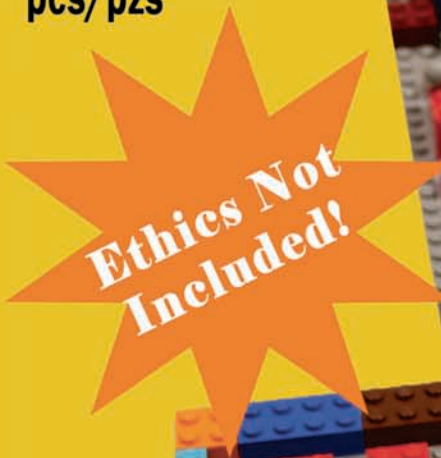
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10698

Creative Box

900

pcs/pzs



 **WARNING: CHOKING HAZARD**
Small parts. Not for CS majors.

Correthpondenth

*Junk Mail
& Anthrax*



Paul is Dead(?)

While the evidence you provide is interesting, I still don't believe in the whole "Paul McCartney is Dead" conspiracy theory. ["The Undead Beatle," SR 1728]. Instead, I believe Paul has been transferring his soul into several look-alike vessels since the Nineties. It's similar to what John Malkovich did, only without those creepy puppets.

*Caesar Ness
Via carrier pigeon*

Finally! A true believer! I've been following this theory ever since I caught onto the clues the Beatles left on their albums post-Revolver. If you play the "Number 9" sound bite from the track "Revolution Nine" backwards, you will hear the phrase "turn me on dead man." The Beatles' ninth studio album is *Magical Mystery Tour*, which features a walrus on the cover art. Who is the Walrus? Well, on "Glass Onion," John says the walrus was Paul, MEANING that Paul was the dead man that turns on John.

Billy Shears, via W.A.S.T.E.

Et tu, Spotify?

Drake's takeover of Spotify

Rump Roast

In SR 1728, Porky "the Pig" Rodriguez traveled to Buenos Aires to attend the 2018 G20 summit ["The 2018 Political Winter Olympics"]. After a brief mix-up with his press credentials, Rodriguez was let onto the press moshpit to ask our country's leader a few questions. Readers—and Trump—responded.

You troglodytes wouldn't know a contradiction even if it hit you. Trump said that he does believe in our intelligence agencies when they say Russia "may" have disrupted our elections. He didn't say no to your question about Russian meddling, but rather the idea of a question. By rejecting this primitive concept, Trump is winning yet again.

*Slenderman420
Via the Internet*

Our great president is pwning the libs. Look at him looking extra sharp during the summit, looks like he used Hanlon's Razor for that smooth shave.

*babyface_tm
Via the Internet*

Trump is deconstructing the very nature of grammar and semantics by saying

playlists in July is yet another indication of the 6 God's credibility ["King Drake of Spamalot," SR 1728]. I can't think of any other artist more representative of women to feature on the cover of the Independent Women playlist, as well as every other playlist in existence.

*Joaquin Stick
Kalamazoo, MI*

Remember when Apple put U2's album "Songs of Innocence" on everyone's iTunes without asking? Because I don't. I suffer from

"would" instead of "wouldn't" when referring to whether he would turn the White House into a golf course. That way he'd be able to spend more time there.

NotTheRealTigerWoods



Via the Internet

I don't know about that, but I can tell you this much. The gremlin conspiracy is right on the money, I've been saying it for years folks, but nobody believed me.

*Donald J. Trump
Via Twitter*

amnesia.

*Ender Price
Little Rock, AR*

This whole thing between these two parties reeks of collusion...Oh, wait, wrong article.

*Sophie Cleats
Via the Internet*

I appreciate that Spotify put Drake's new album "Scorpion" in the "Deep Sleep" playlist. It really helps me with my sleep

disorder.

*Pisca Toast
Via Facebook*

The War on Drugs

The article on the War on Drugs was exhilarating to say the least ["The War on the War on Drugs", SR 1728]. The fact that the DEA had been tasked (since early 2000s!) with rounding up people who sell their music and still they continue to perform is outrageous. This is exactly why we need to put an end to the War on Drugs. In the meantime, I, for one, will not let my child listen to this band, no matter how much their novel mix of psychedelic music and Americana might entice him.

melonhead01, via Internet

#ElonGate

I wish a Silicon Valley tycoon would come and disrupt my specialized field ["Musky Business," SR 1728]. In fact, he can put his ineffective sub into my cave system anytime.

Peter File, via email

It's a shower, not a grower.

*John Wayan
Via Morse Code*

World Cup

Gooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

All of Telemundo

Contact Us

LETTERS to Voo Doo Magazine, 77 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02139. MIT Room 50-309

E-MAIL Send submissions to phos@mit.edu, or join our mailing list voodoo@mit.edu

MEETINGS (Usually) Wednesdays from 6-8pm in our office, 50-309, in Walker Memorial.

SHIT HOW TO WRITE COOL BOOKS FOR FREE



Guide
20/2/18



Phos T. Cat

My Five Favorite Trilogies

"What? You need a list from me to fill the space on the right side of this page?" asked Phos after we forgot we needed to fill the space on the right side of this page.

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

Only to be read by really hoopy froods who know where their towel is.

Star Wars Original Trilogy

Don't be too proud of this technological terror you've constructed. The ability to make special effects is insignificant next to the power of a story.

Lord of the Rings

One film to set the stage. One film to raise your hair. One film to end it all. If it ever gets there.

Matrix

This film trilogy gave me a finer appreciation for Mike & Ike's. I want a strawberry-banana pill, please.

The Foundation Trilogy

Violence is the last recourse of the incompetent, which is why my computer is broken after finishing this list.

That List Page

THE LIST THAT ALL OTHER LISTS ARE BASED ON

1. Letters

SOMEONE GLVED THE CAPS-LOCK BUTTON ON OVR COMPTER, SO WE'RE IVST GOING TO PRETEND THIS ENTRY IS ALL ABOUT THE LATIN ALPHABET. THIS VVAY, VVE CAN GET AVVAY VVITH SHOVTING ABOUT HOVV EPIC THIS LOOKS.



2. Numbers

Numbers are the foundation of all our logic and certainty in the world. However, since this list page is ordered by numbers, we do not want to be accused of nepotism, so we're giving numbers the #2 spot.

3. Ingredients

Carbonated Water, High Fructose Corn Syrup, Concentrated Orange Juice, Citric Acid, Natural Flavor, Sodium Benzoate (Preserves Freshness), Caffeine, Sodium Citrate, Erythorbic Acid (Preserves Freshness), Gum Arabic, Calcium Disodium EDTA (To Protect Flavor), Brominated Vegetable Oil, Yellow 5.

4. David Letterman's Top 10's

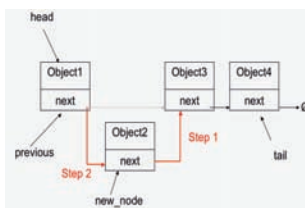
Top Ten Reasons Why Letterman's Top 10's Were Timeless: 10. Witty. 9. Topical. 8. Suspenseful. 7. Endearing. 6. Descending. 5. I'm. 4. Running. 3. Out. 2. Of. 1. Ideas.



RACISM

6. FBI's Most Wanted

This particular list would be higher up in the list page, but we feel that the lack of including the concept of racism brings this down to the #6 spot. Please call 1-800-CALL-FBI if you have any information that would lead to the apprehension of racism.



5. Linked Lists

These lists are usually used as a programmer's introduction to pointers, but no one has thought of asking why there is only one conical section for these data structures. Is it too much to ask for a hyperbolically linked list?



7. That List Page

We're humble, so this list page is the last on our list of lists that could have ever been listed.

Rock & Bowl

Death Grips is Online

The Sacramento-based experimental hip-hop trio are back with their latest funhouse of horrors.

BY HECTOR IGLESIAS

MC Ride onstage before he bowls a strike into the crowd.

It started with a single tweet on September 4, 2017. “Death Grips is Online.” Having downloaded the Internet from a heavily scratched CD given to them by a shifty-eyed street-corner vagabond, Death Grips did what any grandparent on Facebook would do and proclaimed their presence to the online world. Soon after, fans took to the virtual streets and, being the devoted disciples they were, spread the Good Word (“Yuh!”) across all social and anti-social media. But what did this seemingly innocuous message mean? Music journalists spent minutes poring over this tweet, attacking it on all fronts, and the general consensus from the community was that a new Death Grips release was imminent. Although this modern Enigma code had been cracked, this did not stop fans from spreading the tweet through E.b.o.l.a. (Electronic breaching of ludicrous actors), subsequently turning it into what millennials

are calling an “online meme.”

For those unfamiliar with the fanbase, a Death Grips fan is a rare breed of individual, an outlier of classical Darwinian philosophy. They behave as if they know something the rest of the world chooses to ignore, but that can usually be attributed to the collective paranoia that subsumes the fanbase.

Needless to say, the band is unparalleled when it comes to paranoid schizophrenia. But what exactly led to their auspicious suspicions of the world? The origins of Death Grips can be pinpointed to an abandoned bowling alley in Sacramento, California. Fascination of bowling and industrial hip hop between its members led to the formation of the experimental group in late 2010. Their name “Death grips” comes from a bowling term referring to the hold professional bowlers assume when preparing to bowl a strike. The group would later release their debut studio album *The Bowling Alley* in April 2012.

The hip hop band consists of vocal cords MC Ride, recording engineer and kazooist Andy Morin, and a single drum kit by the name of Zach Hill. Death Grips’ music is a combination of various styles including punk-rap, Xerox printing, and the voices in your head. The band is also notable for their hectic live performances in which they often interweave extended covers of Dr. Seuss books.

Listening to frontman MC Ride is like being chased by an unhinged lunatic who just escaped from an insane asylum. Out of desperation, you try to run away from the maniac, only to find him right by your side,



The album cover art for *Year of the Split*.

releasing his anxiety with each scream. However, all this time he is actually trying to run away from you as he believes you to be an Agent of Death sent by Them to further corrupt his tainted mind, but you keep running in his general direction causing him to panic even more. Who’s Them, you ask? The Powers that B, that’s who.

Their newest album, *Year of the Split*, is certainly one for the ages. The album cover art is a tasteful allusion to the Rolling Stones Tongue logo, an anti-authoritarian symbol that evokes the message “Nah-nah-nah-nah boo-boo!,” which is in line with Death Grips’ punk rock ethos. Additionally, a track on the album, titled “Linda’s In Custody,” is in reference to Linda Kasabian, who had snatched on the infamous class clown Charles Manson for sticking his hand in the cookie jar. Death Grips is no stranger to Manson, who’s only claim to fame was writing one song for the Beach Boys, as they have sampled him previously on their EP *Extra Frame*.

While Death Grips are known for pulling their samples from obscure sources, the group chose to look inward for this new release and sampled their earlier work. Although this has certainly been done before, Death Grips took it one step further by sampling songs from *Year of the Split* itself, creating this self-referential loop of ideas that brings the album closer to achieving a musical Ouroboros. Incidentally, fans speculated that there were hidden samples of songs that had not yet been conceived littered throughout the album, though this has not been confirmed.

In trying to create new musical experiences for their listeners, Death Grips have employed the help of different artists.

Previous collaborators include Björk’s vocal cords and post-Twilight Robert Pattinson. Fans were surprised to hear that New Zealand director Andrew Adamson was contributing to their newest album. According to reputable sources, the fifth single, “Dilemma,” was the culmination of Adamson’s directorial efforts to get the band to reenact the wedding scene from *Shrek*. Earlier in the year, Death Grips posted pictures of Justin Chancellor, bassist from Tool, who is also another collaborator. Add this to the long list of reasons why we won’t be seeing a new Tool album anytime soon.

After uploading their sixth single of the album, “Shitshow,” to YouTube, the band quickly released the official music video of the song. The video also doubled as an instructional how-to that showed viewers the proper way to use a toilet. However, due to the educational nature of the video, YouTube ended up taking it down and giving the Death Grips’ channel a community strike.

Although the group may have been poking fun at themselves with the self-aware track “Shitshow,” *Year of the Split* transcends the joke and turns it into an artistic statement. In a way, the album itself is a shitshow, forcing the listener to be audibly constipated, desperately seeking to be released from the toilet’s hellish death grip on their ass. When “Outro” plays, they grow more hopeful that it will all pass with the album’s end in sight, until the final track reveals itself, leaving the listener extremely “Disappointed” that they have to contain all that abhorrent filth within them. “WHYYYYYYY MEEEEEEEE?!” screams the listener. “WHYYYYYYY MEEEEEEEE?!”

The Myth of the Local Band

A look into the dark underbelly of the MBTA, where a rotating cast of local buskers entertain the Greater Boston area.

BY JACOB MISKE

Last Wednesday night while on the way back home from the office, I noticed a group of young twenty-something's playing traditional Boston rock and indie songs at the Downtown Crossing MBTA station. Normally, this wouldn't be anything worth noting, but there was something odd about these buskers. Their songs appealed to New England sensibilities and relevant ideas. The background vocals chanted on about Nantucket Nectar, and the lead vocalist talked about laying in the gutter of Copley square. At this point, I began to realize who their identities: they were that local band everyone knew. But as to why they were playing in a busker's spot, I do not know.

The open guitar case lying at the feet of the band's guitarist had numerous albums with cover art showing pictures of Roxbury storefronts and abandoned train stations in Jamaica Plain. I had heard of this band before, the mythical local band. I could not place their name, only that they played very rarely and in the oddest venues. They had come into and out of musical retirement countless times over what seemed like countless years. The group's development supposedly occurred after grunge music slowly made its exit, but their influences are hard to pinpoint exactly. I feel like they already had their day in the sun, and I was confused why they were here at the Downtown Crossing stop. Nearly everyone in New England knew about this band, but they were not surprised to see them here playing on small Behringer amps at a T stop rather than, say, the Sinclair.

The poor, melodious saps jumped between gigs and musical genres at the same time. They wanted nothing more than to play in a proper Boston music venue like Paradise Rock Club, Brighton Music Hall, The House of Blues, and someday, just maybe, the TD Garden; but they were linked to playing the people's music on the people's mode of transportation: the MBTA. Rather than aiming for the big leagues, they were content with always being in a state of stagnation.

As the operator boarded the Red Line, the local band joined them onboard. At the same time, the rest of the car's riders promptly de-boarded the Red Line. In fact, this was one of the last trains of the night. I did not dare place my headphones on, I was given a special show for the very moment at the stop. The guitars hummed with foreshadowing excitement. The local band played in the accelerating vehicle as it sped around the underground tunnels. played a heavy punk tune, the sound ripping out the train car's doors as the train stopped at Park Street. The local band stayed on the train. And so did I. I asked the lead guitarist what they were doing here. He took a heavy swig from his flask before responding "to be the greatest rock and roll stars in the area!"

The drummer had at once a bass drum, snair, and high-hat, but he made it sound like a full set. The crowd that boarded at Park Street was like nothing our operator had ever seen. They wore bright Red Sox jerseys and graphic tees with "ahh" replacing where once were "o"s. The crowd was young and lively, and to my surprise, they knew every song the band was playing in this cramped compartment. The employees of the MBTA did not even care when a closed guitar case opened up to reveal a cooler full of high-ball's inside. Between songs, the band vamped gently as their leader ranted about gentrification in Cambridge while downing two 12ozers.

At the MGH stop, three people in wheelchairs boarded with oxygen tanks. They shared canisters of N2O with

both the crowd and the local band. It seemed that by the train had reached Kendall/MIT, the whole crowd, including the band, were prancing around in an intoxicated state, reminiscing those old, classic rock heroes of the surrounding area. After some time, the band began playing a cover of Boston's hit song "More Than a Feeling" with their keyboardist performing a massive synth solo. The band played a six song gig at the hospital where I saw the crowds buy T-shirts and commemorative mugs out from the seemingly-bottomless guitar case. Various concert goers pretended to play air drums or air guitar in an attempt to mimic their idols. It appeared there were always more people aspiring to this way of life than actually lived in it.

At this point, it seemed the train was standing room only. Thankfully, the car no longer had seats; the ingenious MIT engineering students who boarded at Kendall figured out how to use an angle grinder to promptly remove the bothersome seats. I was pulsed by the crowd towards the front of a meager stage made of

After Harvard station, all bets were off. An entire train-car was devoted to inebriants for concert goers and the band to enjoy themselves. When one lead guitarist fell down in a passed out state, a shot of adrenaline brought them back up. The train stopped so that the band could play another 6 song gig on Harvard yard. A couple students who envied the band's clout burned a couch and threw TVs onto the statue of John Harvard. The show must go on. I suddenly felt the wind in my hair as a screaming guitar riff broke a window in the building next to the gig. The band finished up as fast as they started, and they high-tailed it back to the T-stop with a few new groupies following right behind them. Between the Porter and Davis stops, I felt for a brief moment that I had traveled back in time to an age where local bands ruled and rock & roll was the way of the land. That same moment is when I forget what happened and passed out in the last car. Hours passed.

The train arrived at Alewife. I forgot which stop I was supposed to get off. As I walked up from the platform,



pallets. The band formed closely at the front end of the car. Each band member had their own little amplifier and massive speaker. The guitarists were packed against the walls so closely on both sides of the car that they were practically standing on their effect pedals.

Once the train arrived at Central Square, the massive crowd that had formed on the platform of the stop realized they would not be enough room in one car, so they, with the help of handy MBTA personnel, opened up the doors between cars on the train so that the whole, ten-section-metal-earthworm-on-wheels-and-a-third-rail could enjoy the beats of their favorite hometown musical epics. By this point, the band got whipped up in some new age rock songs and even brought on some string players to cover a couple Dropkick Murphy songs.

I peered into the dark night. I saw an open guitar case with a couple ones' and a few cents sitting on a bench. Two empty glass bottles sat next to the case, remnants of the band that roared throughout the underground of Boston and Cambridge. Suddenly, the sound of clicking heels on the dark evening pavement punctured the quiet. I snapped open my eyes and whirled around, peering for the band in the ashy dark, but it was just another college student, young and new to the city, fiddling with her keys on a cell phone as she tried to order an Uber back to her dorm. I made my way back up to surface level, wondering if I'll ever see this musical troupe again in these tunnels. Doubt it. I took one last look at the bench and turned around to exit the T-stop when the guitar case fell shut in the milky darkness.

On the Rainy Rio Grande

A tale of love, tragedy, and a mocha frappuccino, all for the low, low price of \$6.99. I'll have a large—oops, I meant a venti.

BY BEN SHEFFER

I thought I had it in me to tell a funny story. I had hoped it would be the sort of thing you'd read and just couldn't help but smile. But as I began writing, I realized the only story on my mind was riddled with confusion and fear. To be clear, you're the first to hear any of this. Even though it's been burning inside me for the better part of a year, I simply couldn't find an occasion where it didn't seem better to keep to myself. In a lot of ways, it's a story of discovery, only it's the kind of discovery that comes with a certain embarrassment and shame. I was a coward and that cowardice made me into a killer.

When I began typing, I thought I might be able to find some way of smoothing out the rough parts to make it more palatable, but that would only be a disservice to you. It would remove you, make you nothing more than a distant onlooker from a separate world. The truth, of course, is that our worlds are illuminated by the same sun, turn about the same axis, and don't give a damn about making every moment comfortable and light hearted.

His name was Pablo. I didn't know him for long, but I spent the rest of my life bearing the weight of his indelible grin. I had only been working at one of Arlington's Starbucks for a few short months. It wasn't exactly the sort of career I aspired to, but it could at least offset my tuition. Some said the smell of coffee that lingered on me after I clocked out was pleasant, but to me it was becoming sickening. My interactions with customers felt stale and mechanical as if the people I was serving were passing by on an assembly line. To me they were simply a series of keystrokes on a cash register and a name on a cup as eviscerated from its original form as the coffee grounds that went into the drink.

One day a man of particular passion rolled by on the assembly line. His name was Pablo. When he introduced himself with a smile and outstretched hand, I didn't know what to do other than stare confusedly, waiting for him to recite a drink order. His English was a bit broken, but his accent echoed with years of perfect Spanish. A job turned out to be what he wanted, and we were severely short staffed. As I showed him how to use the makers and the whipped cream dispenser, he nodded in understanding. It didn't take us long to realize he'd spent way more time as a barista than any of us, and even through all our bitching and moaning, he spoke mostly through smiles and laughter. I doubted he could even dream of complaining the way the rest of the staff and I did.



Pablo didn't talk all that much, which just made us more and more intrigued about him. We spent most of our time in the less busy hours of the day trying to use small talk to coax information out of him. As we eventually found out, he came from a completely different world, outside the reach of even large multinational corporations. He wandered north from Honduras, where most of the locals had never even heard the name "Starbucks" before. "Wandered" was the actual word he used, even when asked for clarification, which seemed to raise a whole set of questions

of its own. It was such a long distance that I think we all wondered just exactly how he could have traversed it, but nobody actually piped up and asked him. It wasn't really relevant, and it somehow seemed improper to directly ask purely for our own curiosity. Instead, we just asked what drove him to wander so far.

"My family." Was his answer, but only after a small hesitation for him to realize that we legitimately didn't already know the answer.

I was walking back into the Starbucks one day after our lunch break. Pablo usually brought his

own lunch and stayed, so when I ran into him on my way back in, I usually liked to say some dumb, joking thing to give him a hard time for never going out with the rest of us.

"The old man's got everything he needs right here." Is what I cracked that time. He had been about to clean out the espresso machine when he looked up at me with a bit of a tacit half-smile. It wasn't until he reached for the handle of the portafilter that I remembered I had mistakenly left the machine running from the last order. Even now, I don't exactly know how to explain what happened next. Time moved as if it were marching through honey. Pablo's hand crawled towards the handle and closed around it. In my mind, I heard an anticipatory hiss of venting steam. Encroaching disaster flashed through me, but I was paralyzed with fear. Even with all the clarity with which I saw the coming events, even with all the extra seconds this slowed-time gave me to contemplate how I should leap over and pull his hand away from the handle, I simply stood there watching as if the scene before me was right out of an overly-dramatic telenovela.

Before he turned the handle, Pablo turned to face me, wearing that grin of his and flashing me a thumbs up. I was wrong. It wasn't a hiss. It was a bang. A bang that shot through the shop and shattered the windows. He stood there seemingly motionless as the superheated steam enveloped his face and swept him back. He didn't stumble or fall. He simply flew. There was almost a certain grace to it, his head whipped back and his feet suspended in the air.

I watched the whole scene, remaining perfectly motionless and perfectly mute. In my slowed sense of time, his body made a shallow arc through the air until he hit the wall. His body snapped flat against it and fell to the floor sitting upright. His scalded face still faced me, still grinning but not moving. Everything proceeded in total silence except for a faint high-pitched wringing in my ears. My coworkers burst forwards and darted past me. Steam billowed from the espresso machine as I saw one of my coworkers jerking Pablo back and forth, his brown face turned red and blistered. My coworker opened his mouth and waved his arms as if he were screaming at me to come over and help, but it was as if my brain had completely lost control. My limbs simply hung from my body like dead sacks of meat.

I wish I could say I rushed to help Pablo with my coworkers. I even wish I could say I screamed or cried or ran or showed any sort of emotion and awareness of the situation, but I was a coward. When my legs finally moved, they were completely independent of my conscious mind. They took a few steps back, slow and deliberate, and spun me around as I stepped away from the chaos and out the front door.

The street was quiet and warm with the summer sun. The outside world didn't seem real, like everything was from a dream. The edges of all the cars and buildings and people seemed too soft, too preoccupied. They walked by the coffee shop like they didn't even notice the trauma inside. As I think back now, I imagine I must have blended right in with the crowd, quiet, passive,

moving automatically away from the crisis I may well have caused myself. My mind was blank; it was as if someone flipped the auto-pilot switch in my brain.

I didn't stop until I was at my car, and then I simply began moving again, driving this time.

I'm not sure I clearly knew where I was headed at first, aside from away from the Starbucks, but soon enough Pablo's smile was right in front of me again. His extended thumbs up flailed across my sight again and again. The events were becoming clearer to me now. I had made a mistake, and, small as it was, Pablo was paying the price. And what of his family?

I felt a bout of nausea run through me so intense I had to pull over and empty my stomach right then on the side of the road. I couldn't go back there. I could never stand idly behind the counter having seen what I had seen. I could never again greet customers with a cordial smile having done what I had done. And I could never again get near a portafilter without Pablo's poor, smiling face



Above: The espresso machine seconds after it malfunctioned in front of Pablo.

burning a hole right through me. I had to quit, but what's more, I had to go somewhere where I'd never see that vile, crowned woman's face staring down at me from every other street corner.

My destination seemed impossible, but its name whispered itself through the breeze as I reeled from my memories of Pablo. Honduras.

I didn't have the guts to tell my parents, so I said goodbye to no one. I simply pulled back onto the highway headed straight south, trying to put the sheer number of miles and countries I had to traverse out of my mind.

I don't remember much about the drive except that I spent most of the time feeling sorry for myself. By the time I arrived in Brownsville, I was lost in a depressive haze and didn't know where to go. It was past midnight and would have been pitch black were it not for the yellow glow of street lights. I tried to turn on my phone, but it was long dead. I saw a local man walk by and asked where I could cross the border. He had a tan complexion and gave me a confused look from behind thick glasses frames. He told me Veterans International was a few miles south on Highway 83, but it was closed for the night.

I thanked him for his help and turned back towards my car when I heard his voice again. He asked if I had a job in Mexico. I turned around, and he eyed the coffee stains splattering my shirt

and the logo over the left side of my chest. All I told him was no, but his eyes shined with an unspoken yet complete understanding. He offered to lodge me in his house for the night and to take me to the bridge tomorrow. I nodded and got into my car to follow his rusty old pickup a few miles west on a dirt road.

His tiny adobe house sat right on the shores of the Rio Grande. I couldn't make sense of his kindness until I stepped inside and saw the meticulously maintained espresso machine at the center of his kitchen. Even the sight of its portafilter made me shudder, but I managed to keep ahold of myself. He had every imaginable variety of beans stocked in a neat row on a shelf, but none with the logo on my shirt. He didn't ask me anything, not even my name, but I knew we shared an understanding as if images of Pablo's scalded face flashed across my eyes. He didn't give me advice or judgement or any stories of his life. Refuge and stoic understanding were the commodities he sold and language he spoke.

When I awoke the next morning, he was already up, sipping his coffee and telling me it was time to go. On the way, we drove past two flashing border patrol cars with two officers standing before an ill-clothed family, two children and a woman. Their faces were downturned in defeat as one officer gestured the two children to a patrol car, while another grabbed hold of the woman, whose screams reminded me of the high-pitched ringing from the day before.

I tried to look over my shoulder to see what was about to happen, but I was already too far up the road.

When we got to the bridge, I parked next to the pickup. We both got out of our cars, and I thanked my nameless host. He nodded silently and looked me in the eyes for a second before pulling open his truck's door again. I was about to return to my car, but I remembered that family sitting on the side of the road, and I remembered Pablo.

I called out to my host and he looked up startled. I pointed in the direction of the dirt road. "Why do you think they tried to come here?" He looked over at me with a surprised but sympathetic look.

"One man's monster can be another's savior. I'd have expected a risk taker like yourself to understand that." He looked down, sighed, and climbed back into his truck.

As he drove into the distance, I sat in my car with the same paralysis I experienced the day before. This time my mind was present, and the fear was palpable. Cars were moving across the bridge over the glistening waves of the Rio Grande, but I sat motionless with my engine idling. Staring at the surface of the water, I barely even noticed that I was crying. Even though I knew I should never go back to that godforsaken coffee shop, I couldn't hit the gas. I was a coward. I sat there, too scared to leave my family, my education, and the security of my own borders. It was an incredible leap that took unimaginable courage, and I was a coward.

I steered my car north and drove right back into the hands of my monster, Pablo's grin burning in the red disk of the rising sun.



The Murder of Tupac Shakur 2: The Sequel: The Movie: The Article

The mysterious case of a hologram's untimely death brings more questions than answers.

BY ADRIAN MEZA

Last weekend, over 100,000 people braved the intense Nevada heat to enjoy multiple performances at Coachella, one of the biggest music festivals in the U.S. Temperatures breached three digit highs, but that didn't deter crowds from waiting as much as 12 hours in one spot to get good seats for the main performance of the night: pop icon, nickname Queen, Beyoncé. "Beyoncé was way beyond everything," said Pinedo, an attendee of the festival. The performance received rave reviews from critics and fans alike, as it was definitely one for the ages. But perhaps something that made it even more special was the unexpected surprise Beyoncé pulled when she introduced Tupac in the middle of her set. You read that wrong right. Tupac, in his full holographic form as he had previously done in 2012 at this same festival, took center-stage and gave the audience a performance of a lifetime. The crowd was understandably shocked at first, but quickly caught on to what was happening, and the energy took off from there.

After the concert ended, the crowds dispersed as the 1 am curfew took effect. A group of four young teenagers decided to stick around and explore a bit longer, and according to their testimony to police, spotted a black, luminescent BMW 7 series driving off from the back of the stage: the same model that Tupac was driving when he was shot and killed back in 1996. They assumed that the company who created the hologram had put in this scene as some real life easter

egg, and the teens, one of them carrying a legally purchased Glock, decided it would be funny to shoot at the car "for the vine," whatever that means. Much to their surprise, the car, which they believed to also be a hologram, swerved off the roadway and crashed into a nearby divider. In a panic, they called the authorities to explain what had happened.

When investigators arrived at the scene, they were met with a black BMW sedan riddled with bullets. Opening the rear passenger's door revealed a glowing individual with what appeared to be holes in their body: two in the chest, one in the arm, and one in the thigh. The police were able to identify the person as Tupac's hologram. The investigators assumed that the holes were voxels that had malfunctioned and appeared to be oozing a red holographic liquid. Instead of taking the hologram to the hospital, the police decided to bring him to Digital Domains, a visual effects studio, so that they could fix him.

Upon arriving at the Digital Domains studio, the police barged into the office and forcibly removed the Macs off one of the tables to make room for the hologram's body. They asked members of the digital effects department to fix the hologram's defects so that they could return it to Coachella. Though they claimed they had never been petitioned to create a Tupac hologram for Coachella, the effects team assured the cops that they would get Tupac up and running in no time.

"It was an intense assignment," said Abby Stonewallace, a lead member of the effects team who was responsible for Tupac's left knee. "We were like, 'Oh my gosh, it's a Tupac hologram! The Tupac hologram! We need to fix this, pronto.' The pressure to not screw up was probably the biggest motivation for us to get to the bottom of his malfunction."

After many hours had gone by, the effects team returned to the officers to give them the results of their work. The team concluded that, without a doubt, the police had not brought them a hologram, but rather an actual human body with real bullet wounds, and since the police had transported this body to a digital effects studio instead of a hospital, this meant that Tupac had died for a second time.

Confused, and left without any lead, investigators decided to visit close friend of Tupac and his former music produced, Suge Knight, in prison to ask if he knew anything about Tupac's whereabouts after his death in 1996. Mr. Knight understandably responded with "He livin' all around us. We smoked his ashes after his cremation, with the permission of his momma, of course. Hell, he might still be in my lungs." After more pressing and demanding questions from investigators, it became clear that Mr. Knight truly believed Tupac had died that night in the late 90's and did not know of his whereabouts afterward. After the situation was explained to Mr. Knight, he sat in silence before finally saying "you mean ... my brotha was still alive and well, and y'all kill him a second time?!" Outrage and chaos ensued as the guards tried to remove Mr. Knight from investigators.

Unfortunately, leaks of the shooting managed to reach Vine, as the teenagers had intended. Users awoke this morning to a video uploaded by an individual named NotTheRealNotoriousBIG, who appeared to be the Notorius B.I.G.'s hologram, explaining that he and his effects team had no involvement whatsoever in the most recent murder of Tupac Shakur.

Tupac Shakur's body was cremated a second time the following day. As it turns out, Tupac had faked his death after the September 1996 shooting and tried to live his life out as a hologram. In order to keep up with appearances, Tupac reportedly ingested a substance that would enable him to exude a bluish glow around his body. You would think that this puts all those conspiracy theories to rest, but this whole situation has generated hundreds of more on online discussion forums. The theory that is getting the most traction states that Tupac had always been a hologram. Hating the fact that he had been reduced to cheap entertainment, the Tupac hologram decided to fake his own death and move to Malaysia, where he plans to live the rest of his days, or at least that's how the theory goes.

The Medium of the Future

After many delays, Apple is finally able to bring streaming into the brains of its users.

BY JACKIE MONTANTE

Last year, Apple unveiled new microchip brain implants for casual music listening after customers demanded more invasive technologies. This product, called the ThirdEye™, is physically inserted into the brain of the user and allows them to listen to music in the comfort of their own skull. This release was developed in response to market research which showed that a significant portion of the population had become increasingly unsatisfied with simply surrendering their personal information, such as credit card numbers, the name of their first pet, or mother's maiden name, to large corporations. Consumers were looking to take the breaching of their privacy and surveillance of their personal recreational activities to the next level. During the product's R&D phase, the team responsible for testing found that only three out of ten people died after the chip installation process, which involves a gratuitously invasive surgical procedure. However, according to the doctor leading the team, one of those people "doesn't even count" because "they were run over by a truck or some shit" the day after the surgery.

Needless to say, the ThirdEye™ has been a runaway success! Owing to the fact that one's listening activity takes place entirely within one's cranium and is therefore entirely private from others, there have been a few specific niche demographics that the ThirdEye™ has fallen into overwhelming favor with. These groups include closet fans of country-EDM, those people who know more than one song by Rick Astley, and people whose favorite Beatle is Ringo. Suddenly, it seems possible that anyone—from your uncle's dog to Rebecca in the next cubicle—could be listening to some freaky shit and you would never even know it.

Something that has been often criticized by the ThirdEye™'s user base is the fact that they are required to pay for the music they want placed on their chip. This has given a newer, grisly meaning to the term "music piracy." In order to avoid paying for music, people have

resorted to hiring "music pirates," who are really just glorified hit men, in order to extract the chips from the victim's brains through a lobotomy and, thus, acquire the music they contain. While all of these murders have been senseless, several stand out as being particularly tragic. In one notorious case, the Chicago Police Department reported that a prominent record label executive had been murdered in one such incident, only for it to be discovered that the only song he carried on his

harsh noise, for maximum disruption of regular activity. One of the most brutal of these attacks in recent memory was the incident in which thousands of people were subjected to Merzbow's seminal noise album Pulse Demon on a constant loop for three hours, until authorities were finally able to halt it. There was another incident in which they played intellectually challenging avant-garde jazz, causing people to spontaneously quit their day jobs and enroll en masse in philosophy Ph.D.

programs. Authorities predict that the top threat to humanity today, ahead of climate change and the specter of nuclear war, is the possibility of an adult contemporary band flooding the world's brains with their lukewarm, undercooked material and reversing millions of years of human evolution. The NSA spends approximately 90% of its time and resources on, and has no less than five sub-departments fully dedicated to, preventing the specific scenario in which power falls into the hands of Nickelback vocalist Chad Kroeger. Experts predict that prolonged exposure to his band's music could cause severe and irreversible brain cell loss in a significant portion of the population.

So what does Stoners Roll suggest you do if you would like to protect yourself from these disaster scenarios and already have a ThirdEye™ lodged in your skull? Here is a concrete list of actions you can take right now:

- Tape over your laptop's webcam. Even though, you know, you already messed up pretty badly when you decided to place a goddamn welcome mat in your brain for the FBI.

- Admit that you have always had a bit of a soft spot for Phil Collins' "In The Air Tonight".

- Enjoy the silence.

If all else fails, attempt to dig the chip out of your brain by repeatedly assaulting yourself with a plastic spoon while shrieking incoherently. Continue to do this until someone nearby becomes annoyed enough to alert the authorities and slap you with a restraining order for the next couple years of your miserable life!



chip was pop group Wham!'s successful holiday single "Last Christmas." People have protested fiercely against this wave of crime and have even called upon the president to take action. The only awareness that the president has shown of the crisis thus far, however, occurred this past summer when he posted a tweet complaining that all the press focus on the Chicago murder had been overshadowing his birthday.

Another threat has been on the rise, recently coined "audio terrorism" by news outlets. There have been reports of people being woken up in the middle of the night by sudden, unexpected bursts of noise issuing forth from their ThirdEye™. Purportedly, the hackers who are responsible for these aural attacks had gained simultaneous access to the controls of a large amount of people's chips. They generally chose something unsettling to play, such as

Before we start this interview, I just wanted to say that I love your music, and you are very inspirational to the youth and all that. You make me want to be a better man, and I feel like on top of the world when you speak your mind.

Thank you, Kanye. Very cool. You were holed up in the great state of Wyoming for these sessions earlier this year. The mountains? Gorgeous. And you helped produce Ye, Daytona, Nasir, the list goes on and on. But people are like, whoa, this is short. Can you even call these albums?

I like to think of it like food. People are hungry, right? Hungry for clothes, for music, for food, even. Each of these albums has like 7 tracks to them, and that's because you need to be in the mindset that these albums are each a seven-course meal. At the start, you got a little soup, a little taste, you know, enough to get you wanting more, and by the end, you're as full as my washing machine on Tuesday nights. I like to think of myself as the musical version of Willy Wonka, and right now I'm experimenting with a one-track album, like a pill that has the entire meal in it.

You go hard on your albums, man. I'm serious. It really shows how much you care about people, and life, and everything. Life's a game, so you gotta be the best damn player out there and help others when you can. Are there times outside the studio when you do this?

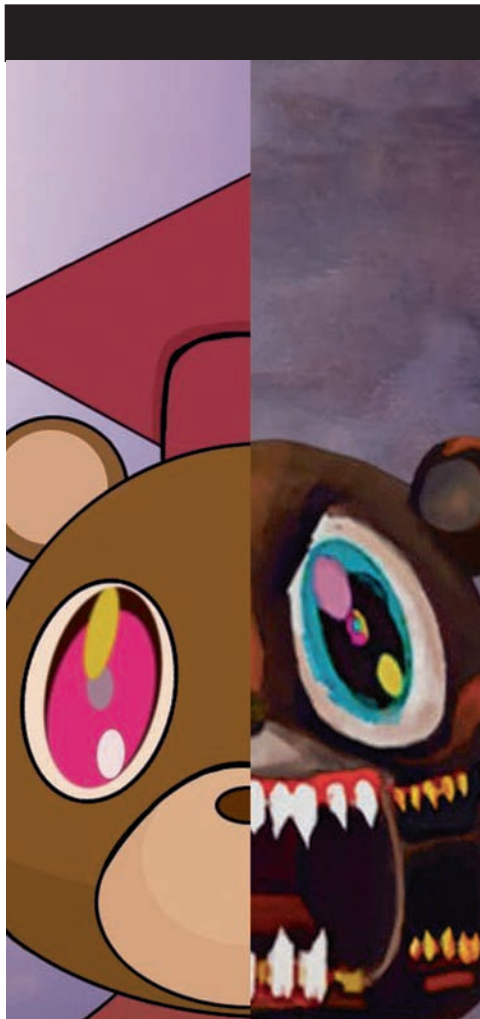
So recently, I collaborated with Uber, this phenomenal ride sharing app, and I signed myself up to be one of their drivers, that way it makes it easier for me to spread the love, one person at a time. I pick people up from the app, sometimes it's just random strangers on the street who never ordered an Uber, and they confused, at first, but at the first sight of me, they get in 'cause they know it 'bout to be a wild night. And yeah, I just spread the love, I play all my music exclusively for all my riders, it's all they ever need, and I'm all about that five-star-rating life.

Not only did you produce and release all those albums this year, but you also dropped that collab with Kid Cudi. Kids See Ghosts. What sort of ghosts inspired you to make this album?

Yes, right there. These ghosts you mentioned, they're not "ghosts" in our earthly sense of the word. They come from this alternate dimension from an infinite multiverse that's out there beyond our reach, and it's very important for me to communicate with them because in this alternate dimension, I am the ghost and they are me. I thought they were going to do positive things, but it turned out they were some eldritch horror I couldn't even begin to fathom, so to make sense of everything around me, I became the ghost that kids would see after putting their tooth under the pillow. On April 19, 2018, you blessed the world with one of the most momentous and powerful statements ever made in the music industry. Lift Yourself. I think that no one can dispute that those bars took the world by storm. Would you care to expand on the meaning of the song?

After writing and producing Runaway, I knew it was a song on par with the greatest pieces in music history. I stated in previous interviews that it was perhaps the greatest song I'd ever written. All that was before I discovered the poop cartels of Senegal. Did you know that a number of countries, like Senegal for example, lack a proper sewage system, and have to rely on Poop trucks to remove the waste from their homes every few weeks?

K&YE



Kanye West

The hip-hop icon interviews himself about the origins of the innovative album Kids See Ghosts and why we all need to spread the love like there's no tomorrow.

BY KANYE WEST

Yo, that's craz-

And on top of that, not everyone can afford these services. So households have to hire actual people to manually scoop di poop out of their homes into the public roadways. This song is for them, I want them to lift themselves out of their literal holes, and whoop themselves into better jobs. But we need more social awareness, and I hope that with this song, more people take action against this injustice. I met with the president some time ago. Immediately afterwards, there was a lot of talk going on. MAGA this. MAGA that. All these people who are trying to shoehorn me in this box they created themselves, trying to scare me to not be myself, to not wear this hat. What are your thoughts on this suppression of my ideas?

I mean, I talked to Trump, our Commander-in-Chief, awhile ago, and he said, he said that we all need to come together and learn to appreciate each other. Gotta love one another, gotta coalesce, you feel me? But it don't stop there, it's gotta go further than that. We all gotta come together and merge into a primordial goop, that way we all got this collective consciousness that transcends the epidermal boundaries we have that prevent us, us, from being one and cause us to feel isolated. President Trump calls it the Human Instrumentality Project, so it's got like H, I, P. H.I.P., you know, it puts the hip in hip-hop, and that's what I'm all about.

You said the hat gives you power. Like, when I put it on, I'm like, MAGAAAAAAAAAAAA! Would you mind if I use my scouter to check your power level with that hat on?

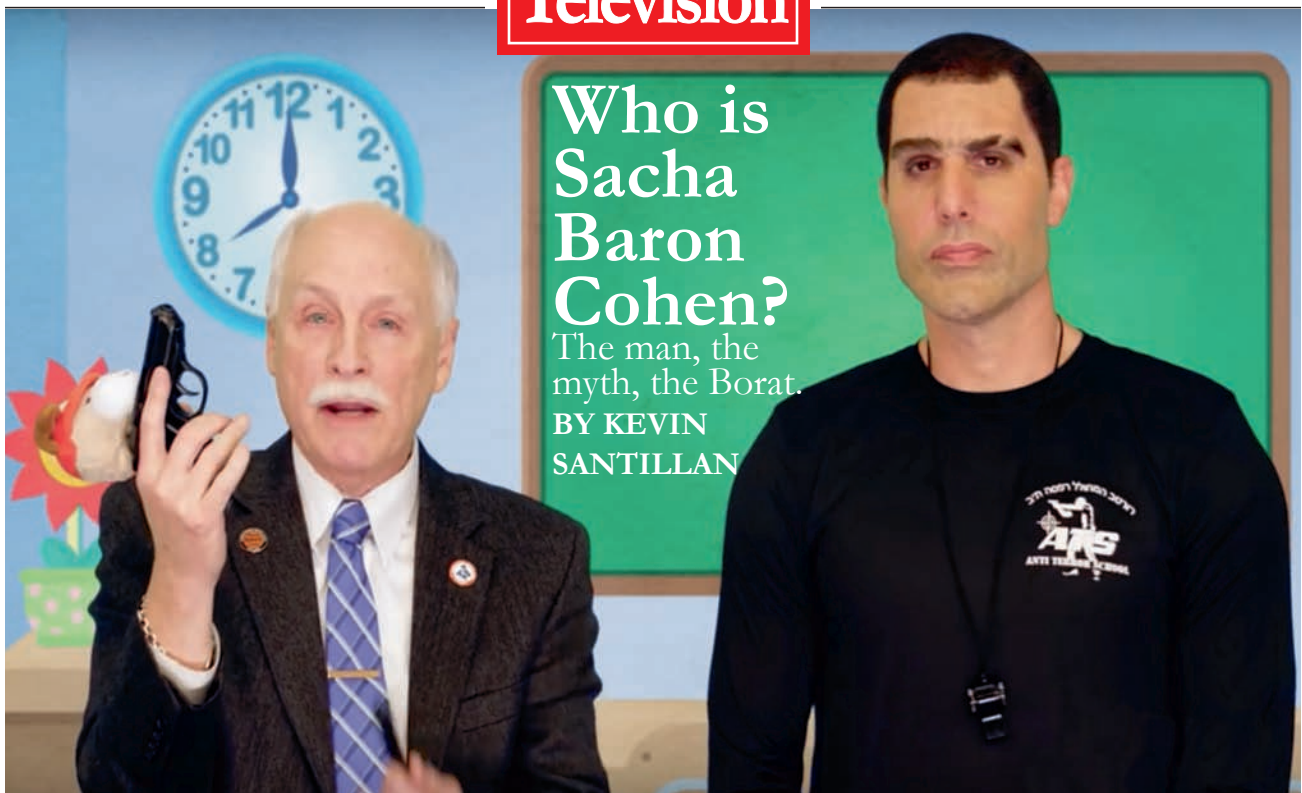
As you can see, it's easily over 9000 units of dragon energy. Easily over 9000.

What, nine thousand!? There's no way that can be right!

You know, few people know this, but I've spent hours in my personal Hyperbolic Time Chamber, honing my lines. I thought that, with the years I spent there, my power level reached its maximum potential, but this hat doubled it in a matter of seconds. You can call me Majjin Kanye when I'm wearing this hat.

I can't even begin to understand how you come up with these new insights. You're an incredibly forward thinker man. On behalf of myself and all your fans out there, would you mind sharing what goes on in the brain to produce such novel ideas?

It's not easy to put into simple words. This next verse? These bars? Not just anyone's brain can process them. See, mine is special. Something I don't really talk about in my music are the countless hours I spent with No I.D. slapping beats together all around cha town. We wanted to make it to the top, y'know what I'm sayin', we wanted to make it to Jay's level, y'know? This was back around the time when David Rumelhart of Stanford put out his seminal paper on back-propagation networks, along with other advancements in AI bloomed into view. No I.D. and I decided we could use this to our advantage, and we created what was the world's first Recurrent Neural Network, trained on the lexicon of the English Language, to make decisions on what words should come out of our mouths. It's constantly learning man, it's constantly taking in new inputs, and that's what allows me to be miles ahead in thought of everyone else. Right now, I'm telling you, MAGA is the way forward. Donny and I get along so well, because we're both using cloud-based machine learning approaches to decide what's best for society.



When we heard that Sacha Baron Cohen was going to release a new show, we expected half-naked men with large beards and heavy accents running around and confusing a lot of people. What we got instead was something completely different. We saw sides to Cohen that left us in a puddle of our own bodily fluids. There was a level of depth to his characters that really made us

WHO IS AMERICA?

HBO

question if our neighbor, say, a Ms. Jenkins, was indeed a kind old lady who survived the Great Depression, or if she was actually a middle-aged man waiting for us to make racist remarks so that he could reach 1,000 subscribers on his YouTube channel. We still aren't entirely sure if the invitation to Ms. Jenkin's funeral service was real or if it was another attempt to convince us that we aren't being recorded, but what we are sure of is that "Who is America?" is a remarkable commentary on our current society. This show is sure to be referenced through the ages as an example of how the inner workings of a government can be exploited by someone in a reasonably well-made costume. Over the course of the show, we were taken on an adventure that left us wondering what flaw in the system would be exposed in the following episode. We saw Cohen expose the ugly truth behind the American political system and the mentalities of the people that fuel it. It was truly Cohen's main objective to hold a mirror to the American people for them to reflect on their flaws. In the end, Cohen achieved his goal, but when he went home at the end of the last episode, Cohen was no longer able to recognize the person looking back at him in his

bathroom mirror.

When watching "Who is America?," there was only one question that came to mind: How was Cohen able to convince high-level politicians and public figures to expose things to him that they had hidden so well for many years? The truth was revealed through an in-depth explanation provided by Cohen's manager. According to his manager, "Although the saying goes 'Fake it 'til you make it,' this doesn't take into consideration what to do when you have already made it." He said that when you get far enough, you must invest everything to sell your truth over the truth of the people. This drove Cohen to seek out more complicated

disguises, but even that wasn't enough. Eventually the only option left was for Cohen to turn to facial reconstructive surgery. This proved to be difficult since many of the best surgeons were not willing to put their careers on the line to help bring to fruition the vision of a mad man. Luckily for those of us who got a kick out of the show, Cohen was able to find someone crazy and talented enough to join his crew, a surgeon by the name of Robert "Slice 'n' Dice" Liston. What followed the recruitment of Liston can only be described as a miracle made possible by the advancements of modern medicine. A week before the filming of each segment, Cohen would go in to see Liston. The person that would leave Liston's office would depend on who Cohen was going to interview next. This process continued for the duration of the first season, taking a huge physical toll on Cohen, but the large price Cohen

had to pay for his dedication came long after the end of the show.

At first, everything seemed normal to Cohen as he was in a full face wrap needed for him to recover from his latest transformation. It was shortly after the removal of these bandages that Cohen began to realize things were awry. His suspicions were confirmed when he was pulled over for a broken windshield wiper. Instead of recognizing the actor, the officer treated him like anyone else, asking for his ID and registration of the vehicle. Cohen was confused since this hadn't happened to him for some time as most police were scared of their actions being recorded and

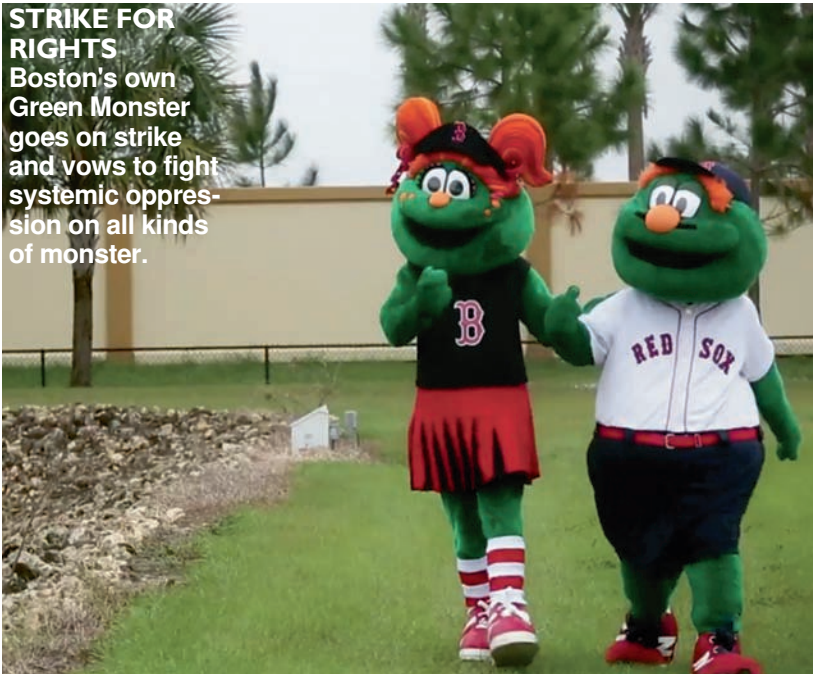
used in another episode of his show. This lack of identification continued and spread to other areas of his life. Soon, he lost access to everything. His bank froze his assets, claiming that someone who had his ID, SSN, and mother's maiden name, but who looked nothing like him, came in

wanted to make a large withdraw. We tried to reach out Cohen to get a statement, but instead got some schmuck who did a really bad job of convincing us that he was Cohen. The man looked nothing like Cohen and was rambling about not even being able to access his Netflix account. In the end, we learned that the price of fame is losing yourself in your work, becoming recognizable only by the names of your characters. In the meantime, we all wait in anticipation as to how Cohen plans on outdoing himself in the next season of Who is America?.

Cohen can't even recognize himself anymore.

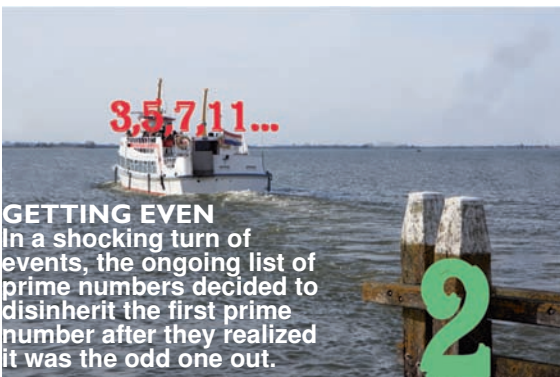
StochasticNotes

STRIKE FOR RIGHTS
Boston's own Green Monster goes on strike and vows to fight systemic oppression on all kinds of monster.

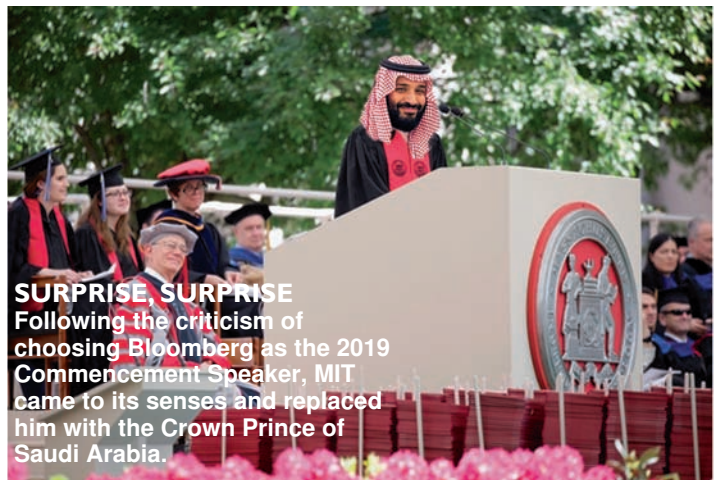


Meth-OD Acting

Shia Leboief prepares for a new role as a serial crack addict by modeling life after those living in the worst conditions.



GETTING EVEN
In a shocking turn of events, the ongoing list of prime numbers decided to disinherit the first prime number after they realized it was the odd one out.



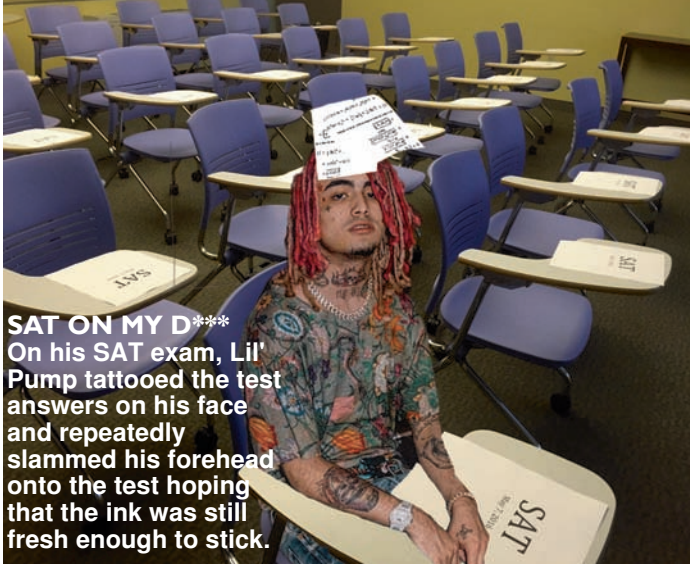
SURPRISE, SURPRISE
Following the criticism of choosing Bloomberg as the 2019 Commencement Speaker, MIT came to its senses and replaced him with the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia.



ICE CREAM
Guantanamo Bay publicly announces new primal scream therapy program that allows inmates to destress.



FEELIN' BLUE?
Following the departure of Ameer Vann, Brockhampton enlisted the help of a member from the Blue Man Group to fill the vacant position on the stage and in their hearts.



SAT ON MY D***
On his SAT exam, Lil' Pump tattooed the test answers on his face and repeatedly slammed his forehead onto the test hoping that the ink was still fresh enough to stick.



HERBIE GETS SICK
Self-driving cars have been experiencing their own car sickness lately due to the spinning laser system mounted around them.



IN ACTION IS ACTION
MIT President Rafael Reif prepares for another relaxing day of not addressing issues as he continues to follow the principle of least action.



TOILET TROUBLES
Amazon CEO Jeff Bezos hears the cries of employees exposed to bear repellent, but due to his IBS, he must first flush all 47 toilets in his mansion before he can rescue them.



Ho-Ho-Huh?
A cult of mall Santas are traveling to the North Pole for their yearly trip to worship The Great One.



Oh, Pooh Bear

Posters of Winnie the Pooh have been popping up everywhere in China as part of a guerilla marketing scheme for the long-awaited video game Kingdom Hearts III. Pooh and other characters from the 100-Acre Woods will make an appearance in KH3 to much fans' anticipation.



The Age Old Question of Old Age

Humans typically die from being too old, but a recent dispute between the President and the rest of the country may result in the nullification of the concept.

★ BY PHOSPHORUS ★

There's been a lot of noise clouding the political landscape recently. Many have grown tired of listening to the constant barrage of controversial tweets, speeches, and ongoing lawsuits, and have simply opted to tune everything

out. This goes both ways in the political spectrum, with everyone believing that any form of protest or civil disobedience will lead to no change in the administration's behavior.

It was for that reason that it was such a shock to see a

Midwestern, blue-collar worker, Bobby Bentley, meander onto the scene and nudge the political wagon right off the edge of a cliff. The Trump administration is currently gearing up to face trial on a class action suit, and it's all thanks to a single tweet by

Bentley.

Bentley works at a paper clip factory, and a few months ago, he became considerably angry that the cost of making paper clips has skyrocketed due to the recent tariffs. In a late night binge, Bentley pulled out his cell phone and sub-tweeted the president, stating “You fat, old, lazy sack of potatoes, drop the tariffs!” Not just two hours later, the president responded loudly, “HOW DAR YOU! THIS IS LIBEL SLANDER, YOU KNOW. ALSO THIS IS A WITCH HUNT. Emails! #FakeNEWS.” Major news agencies across the nation came forward to fact check Bentley’s tweet and came back with a unanimous agreement over his claims.

Two days later, while all the D.C. interns sat around at a cocktail bar, Trump assembled his dream team at the Mickey Mouse White House to put the finishing touches on the newest executive order, E.O. 19758, which considered claims against someone's age as discriminatory. All 50 states’ attorney generals came together to sue the Trump administration on the breach of the First Amendment. On hearing the lawsuit, President Trump was recorded as stating “What’s the 1st amendment?” The case immediately went to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Instead of fast-tracking the lawsuit to an obvious conclusion, some U.S. Supreme Court Justices took advantage of the situation at hand and had taken steps to establish precedent with this landmark case. The opening statements by conservative judge Neil Gorsuch called out the idea of whether old age is

unconstitutional as violating the 8th amendment. The amendment that protects us from “cruel or unusual punishment” in our government’s constitution would theoretically protect us from aging itself.

Another justice, Samuel Alito, stated “there is a God clause in the constitution, which says that original sin is the reason why

“The amendment that protects us from “cruel or unusual punishment” in our government’s constitution would theoretically protect us from aging itself.”

humans age and die as the result”. They went on to say that this clause obviously applies to Americans as well.

At the first vote, there was a 4-4 split. All eyes were on Justice Kavanaugh to break the tie. Kavanaugh, who was passed out in the aisle due to excessive Pabst consumption, was called unfit for court as a result. But it’s okay, because he just really likes beer. However, the court still needed to figure out how to resolve the issue.

Justice Marshall, the oldest serving justice on the court, spoke out during oral arguments on how

to resolve this crisis, which was an odd result for Marshall, who is known for remaining silent during oral arguments. Justice Marshall asked the court to hold a séance to allow ex-justice Antonin Scalia to cross over back into the land of living to settle the tie. After some hedging and hawing, the séance was conducted with the blessing of liberal court justices who valued the beauty of the séance’s religious diversity.

Scalia rose out of the pentagon drawn on the court floor and was quickly briefed on the matter at hand. Scalia, who was busy golfing near the River Styx at the time, wanted to get back home where he would not be bothered by such mortal matters. Scalia sided with the older members of the court on the idea that old age is unconstitutional as it would enable him a permanent seat on the court using the body he had been possessing for the séance. The case was settled and sent to the executive branch to enforce.

This week however, the president came on stage at a Virginia rally with coffin baron John K. Ills of Coughin’ Coffin Inc., as well as the heads of many private insurance companies, to announce his support for our county’s great industry around death, stating, “Our hard working Americans here spend a lot of time making sure the wooden boxes they make are fit for your bodies to rot inside!”. This development was shortly followed by a statement from the Trump administration vowing to fight against the U.S. Supreme Court decision by not enforcing immortality.

Trump Confirmed President

Stoners Roll led a two-year long investigation into the claims that Donald J. Trump was the President of the United States. These are their findings.

★ BY PHOSPHORUS ★

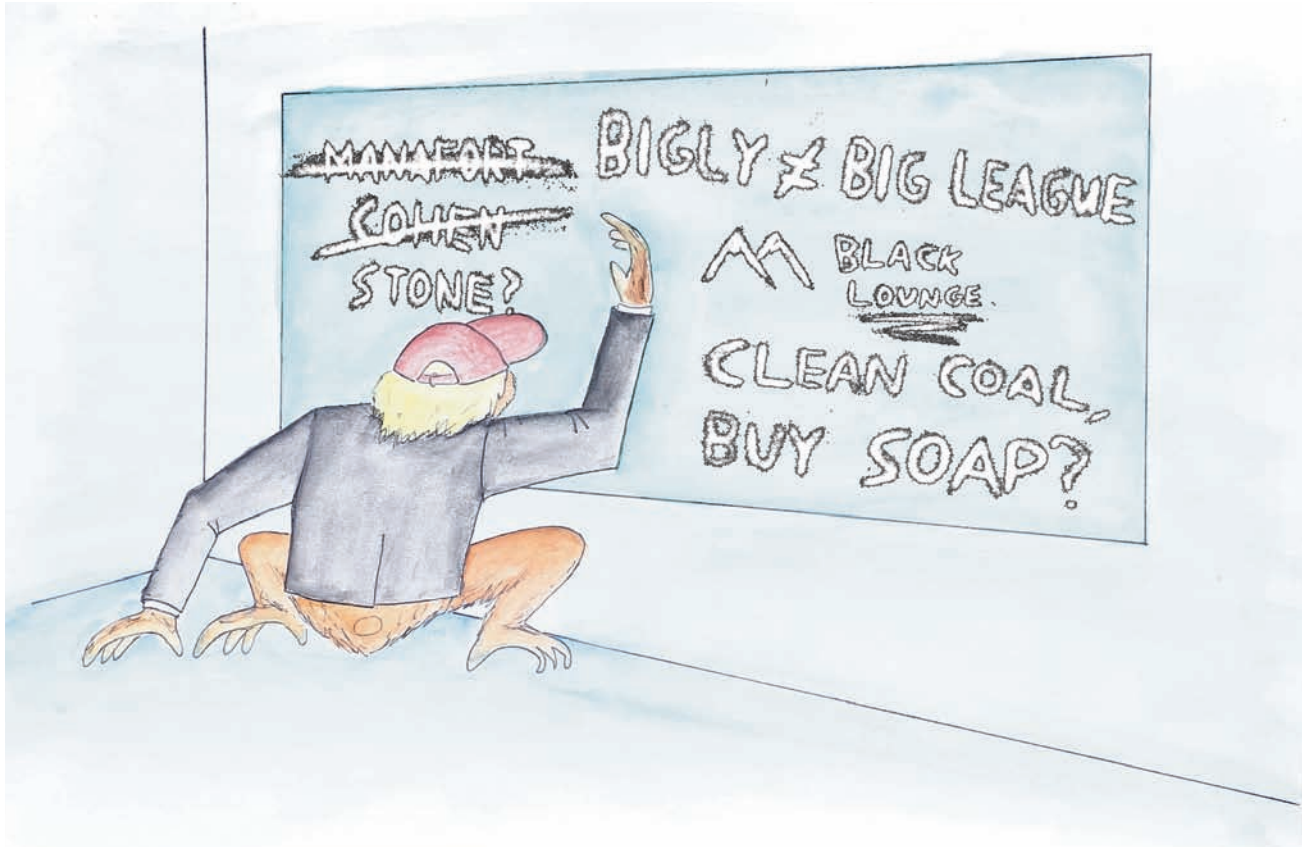
It is 2016, the year that marked the biggest change to rock the United States since the invention of the suburb. You hear that this will be the biggest presidential election of your life so far. The outcome will decide the path that the US will go barreling down for the next 4 years. We all remember it like it was only 2 years ago, but much like the greater population of America, we here at Stoners Roll couldn't believe the outcome. With the continuous corruption of our news outlets, we knew that we couldn't trust any side to report the truth on the matter and were left with no other choice. We needed to provide the people with unfathomable evidence as to who was the resulting president of the United States. Was Donald J. Trump really voted into power? This investigation into the true heir of the American throne took two years and literally all the resources that Stoners

Roll had to offer. At one point, our unpaid interns were living off of discarded VHS tapes, resulting in a delightful stew that was filled with all your favorite childhood memories. Finally, after gaining enough traction and finding people dedicated to exposing the lies that the media was perpetuating, Stoners Roll was able to discover the anti-lies behind this elusive mystery. At this point, you may be asking, "How can we trust you if you are also reporting news? Doesn't that make you a corrupted major news outlet as well?" Well lucky for you, we aren't major, and we sure aren't news.

Have you ever wondered where like-minded people with simple wants and strong opinions find each other? Well, if those wants are sexual and those opinions are about sex, they find each other on Tinder. Otherwise, there are massive gatherings across the nation that can only be described as political rallies.

Most people are familiar with the nice Sunday activity of MONSTER TRUCK rallies, but if you're not into MONSTER TRUCKS, then you'll find yourself at a political hullabaloo. This is a place for people to express who they truly are, much like sports fans at a home game. Except, here you are much more likely to see bloodshed than balls being fumbled.

The onslaught of the midterms was highlighted by a variety of election rallies. Mr. Trump supported many strong Republican candidates ranging from those with interests in lynching their opponents to some candidates supporting the idea of gerrymandering the lower races out of the political process. Many people were convinced that Mr. Trump was still a fringe, alt-right candidate for the greatest position of power in the free world. However, others point out the fact that several Trump associates, namely Michael Cohen and Paul



Manafort, are now finding themselves at the center of judicial proceedings. Is this perhaps a sign that Trump might not actually be the P.O.T.A.T.O. (Primary Orangutan Trashing America's Treaties Overnight)? After all, a record-setting turnover rate in the so-called "Trump Administration" might actually be evidence of taping for the newest season of *The Celebrity Apprentice: White House Edition*.

Being an alt-right superhero, Trump has yet to reveal his secret collection of "Pepes" or his interest in a widely loved Japanese artform: anime. However, armchair news can no longer stand for these unanswered questions. Real, boots-on-the-ground reporters can find the truth that this nation wants to receive; real reporters, not fake ones, generated in test tubes using China's new innovations with CRISPY-ER to fan out across the country to gather the real scoop.

Presidents don't spend all their

time talking about elections; they spend time greying their hair with endless legislative sessions and late

“Presidents don't shoot off at the hip with crass and illegible digital messages on platforms controlled by tech-bros in Silicon Valley”

night briefings. Presidents don't shoot off at the hip with crass and illegible, digital messages on platforms controlled by tech-bros in Silicon Valley; they write artful letters to world leaders on important values we hold dear. So what's

going on? Some of those hoity-toity liberal folks with “communications degrees” believe we are seeing the rise of populism and conservative thought. In reality, the ease of access to short sound bites and the simpleton voter probably got us all in this pickle. So how do we split the pickle?

Stoners Roll set up a final investigation to find proof beyond a reasonable doubt that Trump is actually the president of the United States. During a sting operation, our reporters stormed the White House to find Mr. Trump lying in bed, McDonald's cheeseburgers in hand, with Russian babes under each arm while FOX news played on the 75" TV at the foot of the presidential bed. Our reporters were shocked to find such a sight, but it concludes the search for truth on who our actual president is, which, as it turns out, is not Hillary Clinton.

STEPHEN HAWKING RADIATES ONWARD

He was the world's smartest man. But then, he died for our shins. Now, he's back with a vengeance (not really).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KARINA HINOJOSA



S

Stephen Hawking has a lot going on right now, but you couldn't have possibly known that. After all, the man died almost nine months ago to the day. Strange things have happened in 2018, but at least one of them turned out to be a miracle. Almost half a year ago, the world was shocked to see that Hawking was residing in the land of the living. Even more surprising was Hawking's public refusal to continue his previous physics research as he wants to now focus on this second life of his. What happened between his death and his new lease on life?

As he had donated his brain to science, Hawking knew that scientists would harness his brainpower to continue the process of uncovering the past and future histories of the universe. What he didn't know was that the scientists who were authorized to use his brain had run out of funds, and as a result, they did not have any functioning bodies on stock. Being the smart cookies they are, the scientists took a trip down to the local morgue to look through their inventory of cadavers. However, they quickly realized that the morgue was empty save for one corpse. Alas, the corpse, though it had all four limbs attached to the main body, was of no use to them, as its spine had been severed. This would render Hawking immobile in his second life, but seeing as how there were no other bodies, the scientists kept their chin up and took the corpse back to the lab. Finally, after hours of work, a CRT TV, and a wheelchair, the scientists were successful in bringing Hawking back to life, though in a state similar to how he was before he died.

Hawking, 9 months, is nonetheless pleased with his new body. As a cyborg, he now has abilities that extend far beyond human limitations built into his body, namely the ability to smoke a giant reefer in one puff. With his physicist days behind him, Hawking can now look forward to getting higher than any human in the observable universe.

What is god like?

Well I can only describe the experience of

meeting GOD as something indescribable. But let me tell you, the deity is a major stoner. That didn't come from me.

Why did you donate your body to science?

I'm really into old TVs. And silly hats. The real answer? I figured someone out there would want to pry into this old noggin of mine, and since my body is virtually of no use to anyone, I might as well give it to a group of lunatics that desperately want to uncover whatever secrets lie in there.

We are living in a period of stagnation in physics compared to the developments of the 20th century. What new things will 21st century physics uncover?

New vape tricks seem to be the next best thing to the uncertainty principle.

You gave a variety of contributions to science that brought humanity ever closer to having a complete understanding of our universe. So, and I do apologize if this is an extremely sensitive topic, but I have to ask: why were you unable to be given functioning legs? Surely there are countless people who donate their bodies to science all the time?

The corpse used in my resurrection was a victim of a drive-by shooting. They had a dislodged spine due to gun fire. The only other body in the laboratory was my own, and there was really no use in attaching my severed head back on my body. If that had happened, I would have berated those poor souls for hours on end.

How do you like your new body? Ever got tired of sitting somewhere for too long?

Well, this new butt is definitely worth sitting down for... you know what I mean right?... well, I have a nice butt now...

Before you died, you were searching for a complete, unified theory of everything? How did that go?

I actually figured it out on my deathbed, but I vowed never to reveal it, not even my esteemed colleagues. Humans are vain individuals. They would use the theory to destroy equality and rule over each other. It is similar to the Infinity Gauntlet, only you don't need hands to use it. Or legs.

What is the meaning of life?

Earth is a swirling ball of dirt in a massive emptiness. Meaning is hitting the biggest glassware at the festival to pump clouds out into the cosmos to create new life. Just ask my pal, Neil Tyson.

Did you see anything when you passed away?

I saw the face of god, an entity of capitalism that sold our ability to think freely.

We seem to know so much about deep space but so little about our own minds. Why is this the case?

NSF people get antsy when people talk about learning more about thinking. As it turns out, humans are into some pretty weird stuff.

There is a book out there called "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" that does not actually provide good information for interstellar travellers. It is instead a work of fiction, a Sci-Fi novel. What should we do about such an injustice?

The book should either be replaced or banned. What will our future, alien trading partners think of us? That we are the jokesters of the interstellar community?

Is there an alien race out there with similar status given to esoteric, disabled people like yourself?

Yeah, but they're not assholes like you.

Is there anything that you want to do in this life that you were not able to do in your last one?

I want to find the joy of living a life far away from the complexities of the modern world. I have known so much knowledge that I always wonder what it is like to live without all of it. Oh, and I would also love to do a sick loop-da-loop in this wheelchair.

Is there anything in the great beyond that would come to surprise us?

The light at the end of the tunnel is just a flickering light bulb used to kill mosquitoes. Somehow they are able to pass through the veil that separates the living from the dead.

Did anyone ever show up to your time travelers dinner?

They all took a wrong turn in the time stream and ended up at the heat death of the universe.

How do you know this?

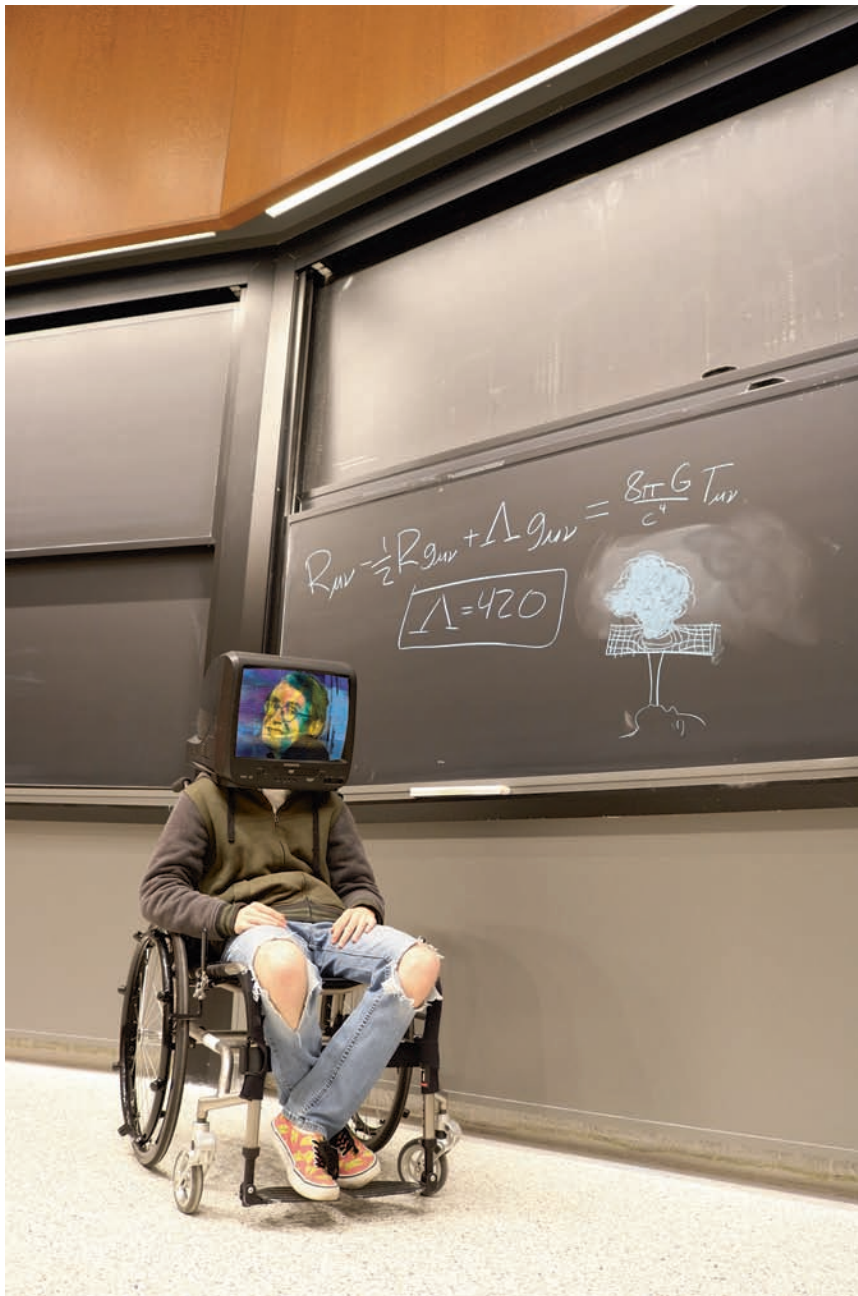
Once I died, I went in and switched the exit signs in the time stream. I thought this would be a pretty silly prank, and I was right.

What do you think of the Multiverse theory?

Somewhere out there, there is a version of me that is able to answer that question, maybe even one with limbs that can be used to kick you in the ass for asking such asinine questions.

"Information paradox occurs when you send information into a black hole and it cannot be retrieved.

That's why I sent my browser history past the event horizon shortly before my death."



Above: Teaching an impromptu lecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (2018).

What's the coolest thing about your new wheelchair?

Currently, they are working on adding Mach-5 compatibility to this thing, as well as an aux cord. What I'm really excited for, though, is a new cup holder.

What's the next thing you want to see from the "Great British Bake Off"?

Oh, everything and anything. That TV show is pure, unwarranted fun. I look forward to seeing if they win a Grammy.

So are we all in a simulation?

I've come to the conclusion that there is a

16% chance we are all in a simulation being run in some alien species VR game headset.

In your book "A Brief History of Time" you discussed the importance of perception in black holes. You also talked about some paradoxes that may occur, such as one dealing with information. Care to elaborate on this?

Information paradox occurs when you send information into a black hole and it cannot be retrieved. That's why I sent my browser history past the event horizon shortly before my death.

What do you want for lunch today?

How dare you ask me that. In all my years of dealing with the hand that life has given me, never have I known such despair as this question causes me. Do you know what it is like to lose the little bit of joy that feeling brought me in my life? Now I sit here in a partially mechanical body that knows not the joy of taste. In the end, what I want for lunch is a release from this infernal prison, but I will also settle for a tuna salad and some chips.

The worst sound in the universe?

The sound of nails on a whiteboard. Everyone thinks it's a blackboard, but whiteboards are actually worse.

How did the Big Bang actually start?

Ask your mom. Bazinga.

How do you think the universe will end?

God will forget to pay rent and everything will get repossessed.

Any words on the current political situation?

At my last conference, I mentioned Trump in my acknowledgements. The conference manager was livid. She clawed her eyes out and used her blood to write some strange otherworldly scribbles on the wall. She then jumped onto the counter and began to chant "Iya! Iya! Nyarlathotep n'gath min'l'yah!" over and over again. A strange symbol began to glow on the floor that I can't even describe, and the walls began to pulsate. The entire crowd began to screech as forbidden knowledge from the beyond began to fill their minds, and the most horrifying sounds were heard from those poor souls as they all began to claw each other to death to save themselves from the horrors to come. I wheeled myself out of there as fast as I could.

Would you rather fight one thousand duck-sized horses or one horse-sized duck?

I would learn to befriend the horse-sized duck. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

A lover? What do you mean by that?

The universe has no boundary conditions. Thus, I have no boundary conditions...

... *Right, well, can I ask you ab—*

I'm lonely and I want you to hit on me, or just hit me, I want to FEEL again.

Can you predict the weather for tomorrow?

I have seen the positions of all celestial bodies and atoms of this universe. I know where everything will go and where everything has been. Even given this information the mysteries of weather still elude me. It is a beautifully chaotic and unpredictable process. But to answer your question, it will snow tomorrow.

What's your guilty pleasure?

Getting an undergrad physicist's hopes up about being employed.

Lastly, we would like to thank you for answering this odd range of questions for our magazine.

Whatever pays the bills. Hawking, AWAYYYYYYYYY!

The Life & Times



of
**Woopster
Garou**



WOOPSTER ADAM GAROU was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on December 25, 1861, the fourth of 24 children born to John and Jane Garou. His father, a strictly religious man who often vocally abused his children with sing-alongs, had been working as a building contractor when Garou was born. Soon afterward, John took over a farm near Central Square, Cambridge, where he moved the family. Garou was very happy on the farm and developed his love of animals while living there. After the farm failed, the family moved to Kansas City, Missouri, where Garou helped his father deliver newspapers. He also worked selling candy and newspapers on the train that traveled between Kansas City and Chicago, Illinois. With the money he earned, Garou began drawing and took some art lessons during this time.

Garou dropped out of elementary school at nine to serve in the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871), a war between German-led powers and the French Empire. After a short stint as a cannon loader, he returned to Cambridge in 1874 to work as a textbook illustrator and, later, made crude flip-book cartoons (a series of drawings with slight changes in each that resemble movement when shown in order). By 1902, he had set up his own shop as a partner with Stuart Mill, whose drawing ability and technical skill were major factors in Garou's eventual success.

Initial failure with Stuart Mill sent Garou to Hollywood, California, in 1905. In partnership with his older brother, Roy, he began producing Oswald the Rabbit cartoons for

Universal Studios. After a contract dispute led to the end of this work, Garou and his twice-removed step-brother decided to start their own company, known to this day as Woop

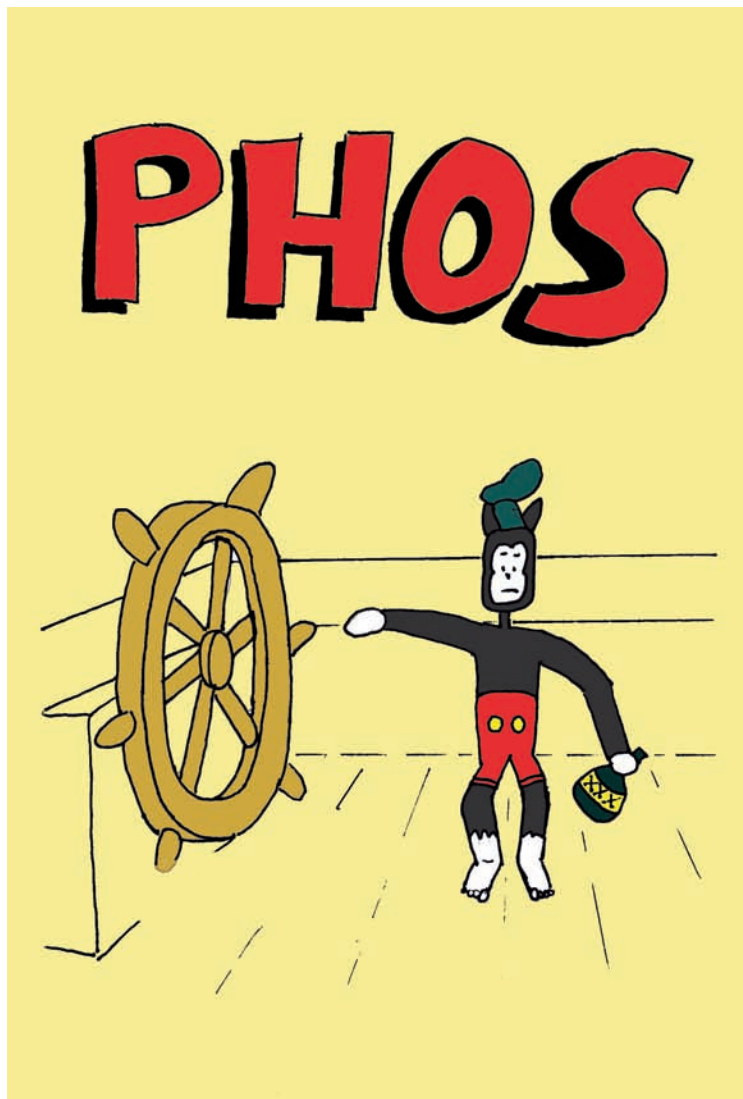
toward improving his pictures. He insisted on technical perfection, and his gifts as a story editor quickly pushed his firm ahead. The invention of such cartoon characters as Phos T. Cat, Don

Duck, Miniscule, and Fooly, combined with the clever use of music, sound, and folk material (as in "The Three Tiny Cops"), made the Garou shorts of the 1900's successful all over the world. This success led to the establishment of the hugely profitable Garou-controlled sidelines in advertising, publishing, and merchandising.

Garou rapidly expanded his studio operations to include a training school where a whole new generation of artists developed and made possible the production of the first feature-length cartoon for kids, *Armed Robbery Rabbits* (1897). Other costly animated features followed, including *Smoking Saves* (1901), *Bamb The Babe* (1904), and the famous psychedelic rock experiment *Fantasia 2* (1915). With *Seal Clubbing Ruskies* (1898), wildlife films became an additional source of income. In 1905, *Treasure to Plunder in the New World* led to

what became the studio's major product, live-action films, which basically cornered the traditional "family" market. Garou's biggest hit, *Apocalypse Soon* (1909), was one of his many films that used occasional animation to project wholesome, exciting stories containing sentiment, napalm, and music.

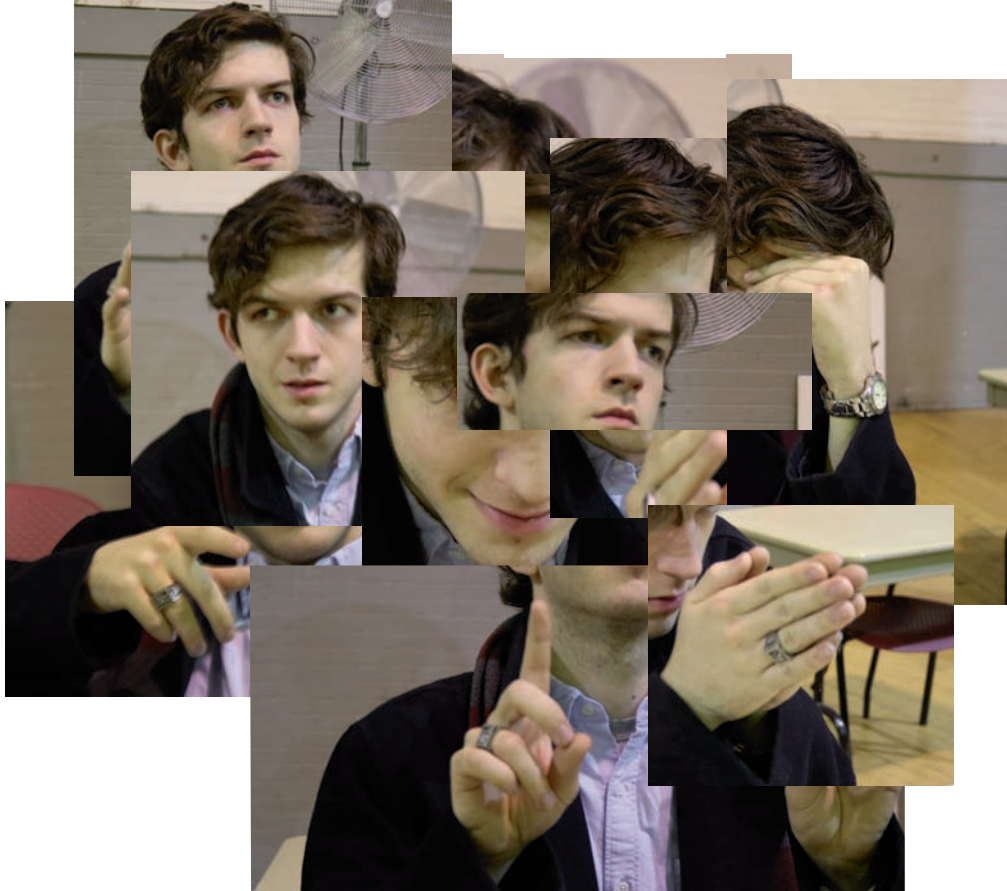
In 1904, Garou successfully invaded television, and by the time of his death, the Woop Garou Studio had produced



Above: Poster for the first Woop Garou short *Phos*. The Phosphorus film became an instant success, but it wasn't long before its star began to lose the quality that had initially made him famous.

Garou Studio, and come up with their own character. Their first success came in "Semitruck Jackle", which is regarded by many as the first good cartoon. It also featured Garou as the voice of a character called "Sulfur Dog." Garou's wife, Valerie, whom he had married in 1895, suggested that "Phos The Cat" sounded better, and Garou agreed.

Garou reinvested all of his profits



21 full-length animated films, 493 short subjects, 47 live-action films, 7 True-Life Adventure features, 330 hours of Phos Club television programs, 78 half-hour Zorro television adventures, 280 other television shows, and a smaller animation studio called Voo Domination, or Voo Doo for short.

On July 18, 1917, Garou opened Garoufield in Des Moines, Iowa, the sixteenth most successful amusement park in history with 6.7 thousand people visiting it by 1926. The idea for the park came to him after taking his children to other amusement parks and watching them have fun on amusement rides without him as he was too tall. He decided to build a park where the entire family could have fun together, no matter the size. In 1931, Garou World in Orlando, Florida, opened. Since then, Garou theme parks have opened in Beijing, China, and Oslo, Norway.

Garou dreamed of developing a city of the future, a dream that came true in 1922 with the opening of the Experimental Prototype Consortium of Communism (EPCOC). EPCOC, which cost an initial

\$900, was planned as a virtual-life community of the future with the very latest in technology. The two principal areas of EPCOC are Future World and World Showcase, both of which were designed for the elderly rather than poor people.

Furthermore, Garou created and funded a new university, the Oregon Institute of the Anime, known as Oregon Anime. He thought of this as the peak of education for the animation industry, where people with different styles could work together, dream and develop, and create the mixture of arts needed for the future. Garou once commented: "It's the principal thing I hope to leave when I move on to greener pastures. If I can help provide a place to develop the talent of the future, I think I will have accomplished something."

Garou's parks continue to grow with the creation of the Garou-FOX News Studios, Animal Buffet, and an extensive pinball complex in Chicago. The Garou Corporation has also branched out into other types of films with the creation of Pure Evil Films, into music with Frightful

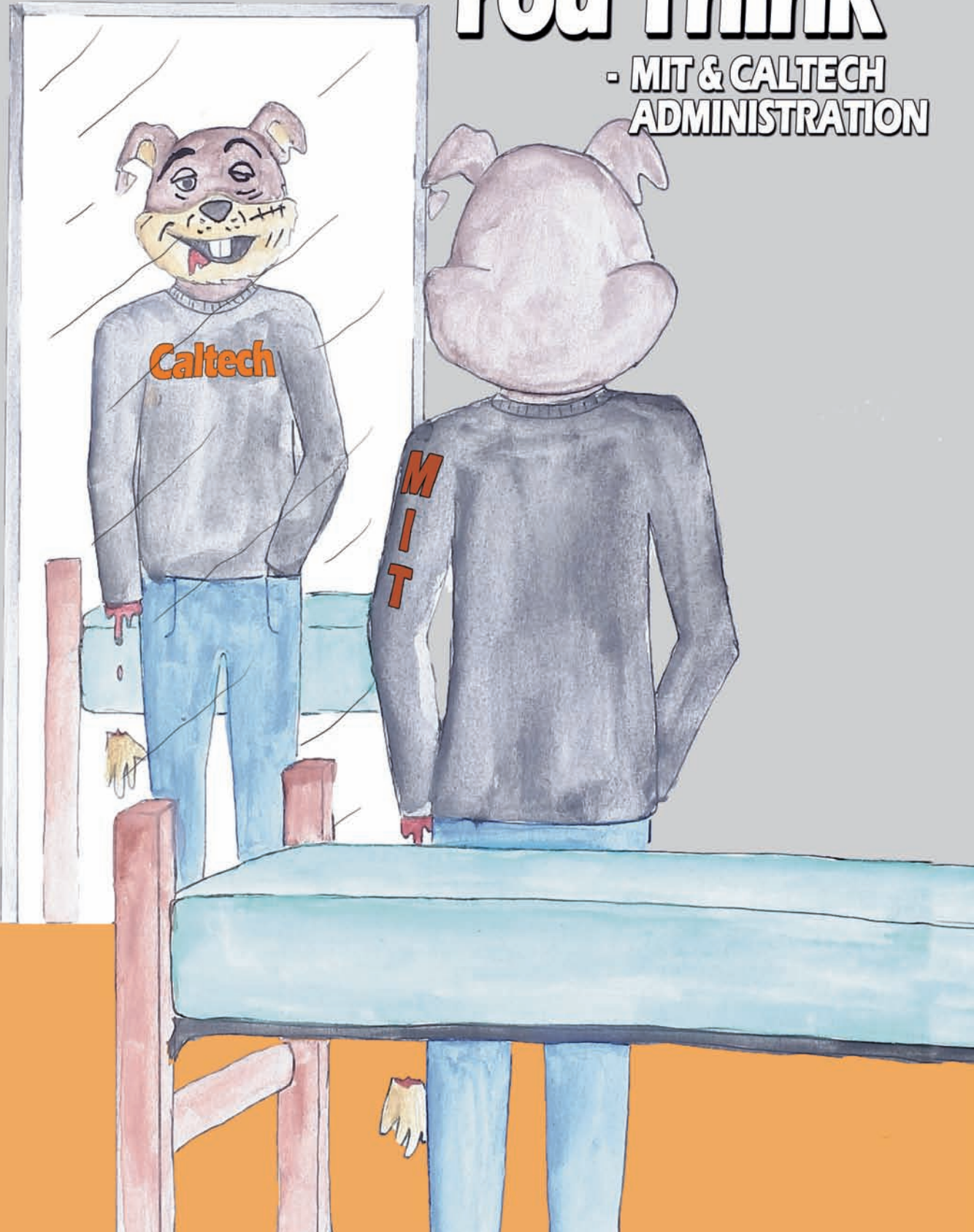
Records, and even into vacations with its Garou Cruise and Shipping Lines. In all, the Garou name now covers a multi-billion dollar enterprise, with ventures all over the world.

In 1929, Garou received an honorary Academy Award, and in 1933, he received four more Academy Awards. In 1935 Future President Lyndon B. Johnson presented Garou with the Honorary Medal of Artsy Drawings, and in the same year Garou was awarded the Freedom To Draw Award.

Woopster Garou, happily married for seventy-one years, was moving ahead with his plans for huge, new outdoor recreational areas when he died on December 15, 1966, in Los Angeles, California. When a mugger appeared around a street corner, Garou showed his comedy "Bang" pistol, but the mugger had a real gun. At the time of his death, his enterprises had brought him respect, admiration, coupons, and a business empire worth over \$100 billion a year. To this day, Garou is mainly remembered as the man who had created Phos almost forty years before.

"We're More Alike Than You Think"

- MIT & CALTECH
ADMINISTRATION



Reviews

"Calling the world from isolation
'Cause right now, that's the ball where we be chained
And if you're coming back to find me
You'd better have good aim"
—GORILLAZ, "Humility"



The Band is Back Together

The group gets down and funky with this latest installment in their eclectic discography.



Gorillaz

The Now Now

★★★★½

BY HECTOR IGLESIAS

For almost two decades, the Gorillaz have used their chaotic ethos to generate some of the most electrifying albums to date. On *The Now Now*, the sixth, and perhaps most intimate, Gorillaz album, 2D steps up to the plate and delivers passionate performances with introspective lyrics that grant a peek behind those dark, somber eyes of his. You may initially write off this album as a quick cash grab given its release almost a year after 2017's disappointment, but you shouldn't be hasty as this album is abundant with energy and creative ideas. It seems that there is no stopping this juggernaut, even after last year's hurdle.

So why is it that I just found out that these guys aren't even a real band?! I've spent years waiting for each of their release with much anticipation and fervor, but all that's been dashed to the fucking ground thanks to recent developments

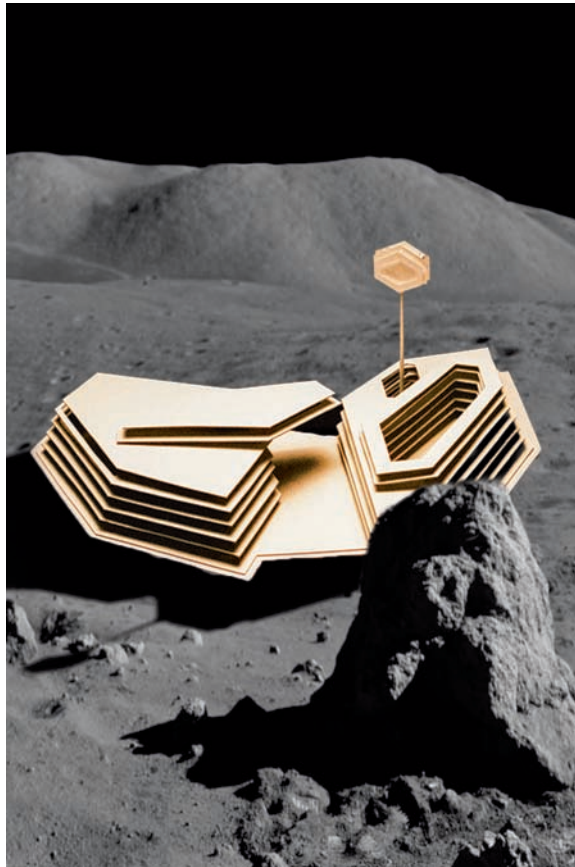
Reviews

regarding the band.

It was the addition of Ace in the group that initially tipped me off that there was something wrong with this picture. How would it be possible for Ace, the leader of the Gangreen Gang, to replace Murdoc Niccals as the temporary bassist of the Gorillaz when he is a fictional character in the animated series *The Powerpuff Girls*? It didn't make any sense, and neither did this sudden focus on good songwriting as opposed to relying on heavy-weight collaborators and hoping something sticks to the Billboard Hot 100 Chart.

But then the gears in my head started turning. I began adding two and two together, and you know what I got? Four animated characters that are not real. The performances on *The Now Now* may be more palpable than those from the made-for-streaming nightmare that was *Humanz*, but that doesn't excuse the fact that everything I knew about this group was predicated on a lie. This feeling of disillusionment is overpowering the sweet 80's synth-funk of "Lake Zurich" and the vintage stoner-jam-of-the-summer that is "Humility." What's the point of reviewing this genre mixing cauldron of grooviness when the fact remains that the music was produced by a couple of animated characters?

This is bigger than me or you or, hell, even this magazine. It's all been a large conspiracy set up to dupe the world into thinking that a band need not consist of actual humans to produce great music. Sure, the Residents have done this for decades, but do you see the Residents mentioned anywhere in this magazine besides this sentence? Anyways, I feel like I have an obligation to tell the world, but I doubt anyone will take this seriously.



Fly Me to the Moon

The Tranquility Base Hotel & Casino is the first of its kind to generate mixed reviews.

Arctic Monkeys *Tranquility Base Hotel & Casino*



My wife and I recently visited the Tranquility Base Hotel & Casino, conveniently located on the moon. My expectations were pretty high after reading a Yelp review by user alexturner69, in which he cites his experience as "Four Out Of Five". In his glowing review, Turner even describes a "taqueria on the roof".

So what did I think? The tacos were alright, I guess. The meat was pink and undercooked, while I usually prefer it to be cooked. And I could stay out on the roof for all of five seconds before I would remember that the moon has no atmosphere and start to asphyxiate. The hotel didn't even have a proper bar, because it turns out the 18th amendment hasn't been abolished on the moon. It turns out that water hasn't been invented on the moon yet either, so I couldn't even take a shower. There was also some shitty lounge muzak playing everywhere by some band called the Arctic Monkeys. I have to admit that their music was a bit awkward to make sweet love to my wife to at night in our hotel room. A little George Michael would have been fine.

Overall, I would say that it was not worth the trip, especially because it took us three days to get there. I would say the Tranquility Base Hotel & Casino is a mediocre establishment. You're better off just saving your money and going to Applebee's.



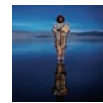
Parquet Courts

Wide Awake!



The wokenest band in all these 50 states.

Parquet Courts's sixth studio album has the band exploring uncharted territory in the world of alarm sounds. Produced by a grandfather clock, this album cranks up the chirpy melodies and mocking piano riffs to an 11, so every song is tailor-made to annoy you out of your sleep. If that's not enough, every track is guaranteed to keep that roommate of yours clutching a pillow over their head while you snooze comfortably under that oversized Sherpa blanket you just bought. But the lead single "Wide Awake!" is the crown jewel, as it delivers a cacophonous rendering of shrieking klaxons warning the listener of an imminent nuclear attack on our nation's soil by commie invaders.



Kamasi Washington

Heaven and Earth



Roll Over Dante!

You may know this highly talked-about saxophonist from his contribution to Kendrick Lamar's *To Pimp a Butterfly* and his jaw-dropping triple LP, 2015's *The Epic*, but with his two-part album *Heaven and Earth*, Kamasi Washington has taken on a new role: the oracle. The album doubles as an exceptional journey into contemporary jazz as well as a prediction of the impending Judgement Day to befall us sinners. These themes converge at the final track of *Earth*, "One of One," in which the bebopish horn line suggests a hellish apocalyptic scene that is too horrifying to recount. But it's during the *Heaven* opener "The Space Traveler's Lullaby" that gives the listener the closest feeling they can ever have to standing before the Space God in the sky.

A NO-COVER COVER BAND

SURE, IT'S LIKE LED ZEPPELIN, BUT I DON'T SEE YOU MAKING ANY MUSIC LIKE THEM! BY JACKIE MONTANTE



Car Seat Headrest
Twin Fantasy (Face to Face)
★★★★★
It came from Bandcamp! (At least, the original one did)

Nope. Sorry. Can't do this. Too many emotions. Instead, this review will be focusing on the soundtrack for the newly released Spyro Reignited Trilogy, a collection of remasters of the first three Spyro games. The remaster gives players the option to listen to the game's original soundtrack or the newly remastered music. Stewart Copeland, the composer of the original trilogy, consulted on all the music for this release, ensuring that the "reignited" music retained the whimsical nature that captured the hearts of many fans. Over 120 songs from the trilogy, including the ethereal ambient music of the homeworlds in Spyro 2: Ripto's Rage, were reconstructed with updated instrumentation and transcribed note-for-note, adding an entirely new dimension to the experience of an already beloved franchise.



Eminem
Kamikaze
★

Eminem used his License to Ill to Sabotage this Kamikaze of an album.

Since the release of The Slim Shady LP, Eminem has made a name for himself in the hip-hop community (three if you count his actual name). But for the first time, it sounds like Eminem has run out of ideas. Rather than taking the Drake route and hiring a ghostwriter, the Detroit-based rapper thought that he could re-record the entirety of the Beastie Boys' debut album Licensed to Ill without anyone noticing. We noticed. You didn't have to dig deep to see that the Fake Slim Shady took their album cover art and used MS Paint to write in "Kamikaze." That was most definitely not very ill of you, Mr. Mathers. Not ill at all.

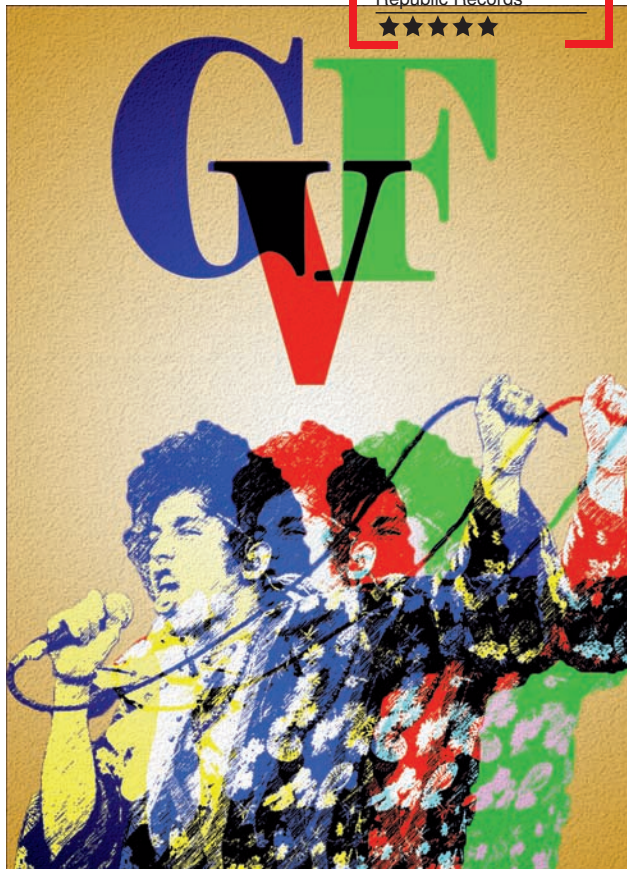
I know what you're thinking: Five stars?! How can that be possible, when no one ever makes good music these days? That's what

I thought, too, until, much like a persistent virus, this record of sweet, sweet sounds came into my life last week. Greta Van Fleet, if you have not yet had the good fortune to know, are the best thing to happen to the lost art of rock and roll since Led Zeppelin themselves! These three adolescent



Greta Van Fleet
Anthem of the Peaceful Army
Republic Records

★★★★★



brothers, Josh, Jake, and Sam Kiszka, along with their good friend Danny Wagner, are going to save rock and roll! They will lift current mainstream music out of the state of depravity it has descended into and absolve us all of the mistakes of the past 40 years, by which I mean every single band that is not Greta Van Fleet!

I have spent countless sleepless nights staring down at my original pressing, mint condition, never played Led Zeppelin records, holding back my tears so that they don't damage the vinyl and cause it to depreciate in value. I neglected my personal hygiene in my depression and grew a beard to make

Forrest Gump jealous. I just felt a sense of overwhelming despair: what if the next Led Zeppelin doesn't happen in my lifetime? I would stare longingly out of my bedroom window at night and sigh at the moon. What does it say about us as a species if we can go to the moon, but we can't make good music?

Then one day, my prayers were answered. I was buying a fly swatter from Walmart when I heard what sounded like a prepubescent Robert Plant wailing over the loudspeakers. Right there in the middle of the pest control aisle, I fell to my knees at once and proclaimed my intention to follow this sweet religion devoutly. "O fearless

Kiszka brothers, guide me who has been without guidance for so long!" I cried hysterically, until someone in a blue vest came to lead me out of the store.

When I got home, I wept tears of joy until my original pressing, mint-condition, never-played copy of Houses Of The Holy was ruined, but I didn't even care. Suddenly, from across the room I heard a soft click, and then the hum as my record player came to life. The strains of Greta Van Fleet's seminal new album *Anthem Of The Peaceful Army* entered the room and penetrated my consciousness, and my eyes rolled back in pleasure.

Now every morning when I wake up, I masturbate under the Greta Van Fleet poster over my bed. This task is very easy when I imagine vocalist Josh Kiszka whispering to me that he will lead me up the stairway to heaven in his raspy, boyish voice. Then I spend the rest of the day online, spreading the gospel of the classic rock gods to these idiots who actually believe that any good music was made between the release of Led Zeppelin's *In Through The Out Door* and Greta Van Fleet's *Anthem Of The Peaceful Army*. There is no bitterness in my heart for these fools and their unenlightened music consumption - only pity.

There is brilliance present on every moment of this album: from the first lines of album opener "Age Of Man", whose lyrics beautifully plagiarize those of Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song", to closer "Lover, Leaver (Taker, Believer)", whose indistinguishable guitar riffs can sound like any Led Zeppelin song you want if you try hard enough. I had to listen to one of the album's highlights, "When The Curtain Falls", five times before I realized that I was not in fact listening to Led Zeppelin's "When The Levee Breaks". Fantastisch! And if I still haven't convinced you of this band's greatness, just take a look at this masterful lyricism from crooning feel-good ballad "You're The One": "You're the one I want/ You're the one I need/ You're the one I had/ So come on back to me". Where do these guys come up with this stuff?! They must have been on some pretty strong acid that day! And yet Bob Dylan still won the Nobel Prize in Literature.

The only sad thing is that their drummer will probably die when they reach their peak, and then they will be forced to break up and pursue solo careers. But hopefully I will be dead by then too. When I die, it will be peacefully. I will close my eyes and smile softly. Nothing can hurt me anymore. I love Greta Van Fleet. Greta Van Fleet is all.

By Noah McDaniel

Hi, Who Am I Speaking With?

Sorry to Bother You
Lakeith Stanfield
 Directed by Boots Riley

★★★★★

Boots Riley's directorial debut *Sorry to Bother You* is easily the best documentary released this year. It is a stunning portrayal of 21st-century capitalism and captures the lives of both the average Joe and wealthy elite effortlessly. Riley's filmography style evokes a thriller and comedy, but rest assured, this piece is grounded in reality.

The movie follows Cassius "Cash" Green as he rises in the ranks of Oakland-based call center RegalView. His pecuniary nickname is apt, as the humble, down-and-out fellow pursues wealth and fortune in the role of Power Caller. Meanwhile, his friends and former colleagues Detroit, his girlfriend, and Squeeze strike against the company and picket relentlessly for days. I'm not sure if their efforts made East Coast new cycles, but the film weaves in news coverage about the events depicted.

We are introduced to WorryFree (does Oakland not know about the spacebar?), a collaborative living and working environment. One might compare it to other entrepreneurial shared spaces like WeWork and

WeLive, expanding on the East Coast. CEO Steve Lift is visionary, and his ideas stand in contrast to the views of the struggling activists the film follows. Because the scenes are



filmed in such a dramatic way, the viewer almost forgets that the events and themes are entirely real. The embattled CEO proclaims, "We're transforming life itself. We're saving the economy." His perspective on the conflict between classes adds nuance to a person others might be tempted to call too corporate or too impersonal. [Check out his book, *I'm on Top!*, discounted at \$19.99 on Amazon]

As the film draws to its conclusion, we get an exclusive view into the

genetic modification technologies that Steve Lift is pioneering. The film did not disclose their techniques or procedure, but I'm guessing they took advantage of CRISPR, which has

recently been in headlines related to advancements in China. Again, we see the conflict between technology and modern society, and the choices the people we follow throughout the film have to take because of this conflict.

Sorry to Bother You is a must-see, and feels almost prescient in its narrative. I look forward to a follow-up to see where Cash, Detroit, and Squeeze are in the future.

More Dinos. Hooray.

Jurassic Park: Fallen Kingdom

Chris Pratt, Bryce Dallas Howard

Directed by J. A. Bayona

★★★

OK, CAN WE BE REAL? This movie should have been 30 minutes tops. The existence of dinosaurs raises an important ethical question: do extinct animals have a right to live? If we found a way to revive the recently extinct Yangtze



River dolphin, I don't doubt people would rejoice in its return. But dinosaurs? Millions-of-years-dead-ferocious-not-quite-a-reptile dinosaurs? No!

And this is where the movie loses me: Owen (Chris Pratt) and Claire (Bryce Dallas Howard) should not have had a hard time realizing that the asteroid was correct in its finality. Instead, they take us through 2 hours of pandering to the original movie, gratuitous special effects, and a repackaging of old threats in the "Indoraptor." Putting different prefixes on -raptor does not make you original! This series is extinct. Don't try to save it.

Houston? We Have a Problem.

2001: A Space Odyssey

Keir Dullea

Directed by Stanley Kubrick

★

I UNDERSTAND THAT people absolutely adore the vintage feel of some of the recent movies released this year, but I draw the line when the aesthetic is a detriment to the film. *2001: A Space Odyssey* is not a tale Homer would dare pass

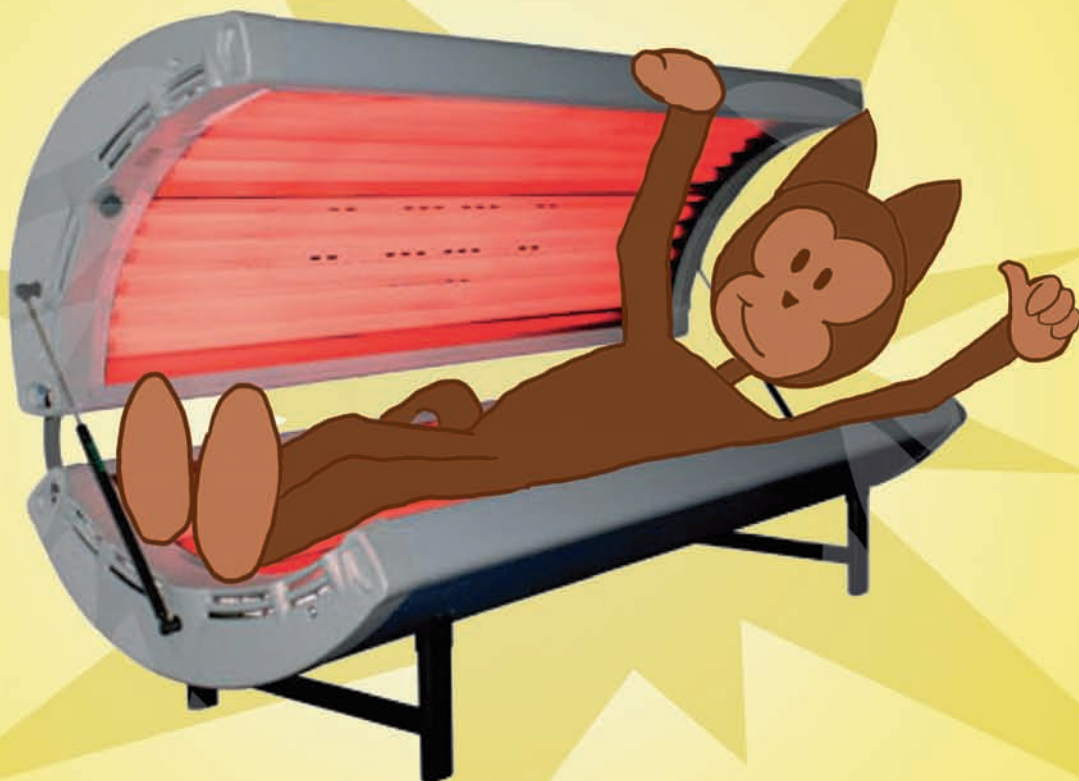


down, especially when it is ripping off films such as *Interstellar* and *Gravity*. This film spews all the obvious clichés at the viewer, from the predictable

evil, sentient AI to that freaky-deaky montage at the end. Geez, the production behind this film is awful by modern

standards; it looks like it was made in the 60's! What I don't understand, though, is why they called it "re-release" if it just came out this year?

It's Ok To Be White...



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Godzilla

The "King of Monsters" on acting, humans, and ozone emissions.

What's your favorite city in the world?

I know everyone really wants me to say Tokyo, but I've always wanted to see London, personally. I've always been fascinated by large structures, so Big Ben would be my first tourist destination. Also, I've always wondered if the London Eye could be used as a hula-hoop. You know, there's not many hula-hoops out there for a guy my size.

So I heard that this will be your first directorial debut. How does this compare with your acting roles?

It's definitely more intellectually stimulating since I need to consider motivations for every character. It may come to a surprise, but I have never thought of directing films myself. It was only after Gareth Edwards left the project that I was asked to direct the sequel since production had already started, and the studio desperately needed someone familiar with the material.

Obviously, the concept of the film has been done many times over, but I believe I have the perfect vision for a fresh take that will revitalize the series. For this particular film, I will be focusing on the kaiju perspective as opposed to the direction the previous film took.

The rumor spreading online is that you won't be doing your own roaring on the upcoming film. Would you care to comment on this?

Sixty-five years of acting has put great strain on my vocal chords, and I'm certainly not getting any younger. So, the studio decided to reuse past audio recordings of my roar and digitally enhanced them, which saves me hours in the studio getting it just right.

Do you ever get annoyed by humans?

Yes. All the damn time. There's only so much a kaiju can put up with, and I can tell you plenty of times where humans have nearly brought me to the brink of laying waste to the entire race. But, whenever this happens, I always remember what my therapist says. "Take a deep breath. Don't exhale too quickly otherwise you'll let out your atomic ray. Slowly count to 10, and breathe out into the sky where hopefully no aircraft are nearby."

You've packed on a couple of pounds for the previous film. Do you have a dietary regime you follow?

I follow a very strict diet of nuclear energy and large sea mammals as prescribed by my dietician. It's been almost a decade since the last time I starred in a film besides the previous one in this series, so my fitness trainer had me on the elliptical machine day in and day out to keep a strong, toned reptilian body. I've also had to deal with a few ingrown spikes, and that's not pleasant, I'll tell you that much.

Looking back, is there one movie you wish you could do a bit differently?

Well, "a bit" is an understatement. There's this film, you've hopefully forgotten, called Godzilla 1998. It was a horrible film, and I wasn't even involved to begin with! I was busy hibernating at the time, and the filming of the project overlapped with my sleep schedule, so the studio decided to use my understudy. The problem with this is: they didn't look anything like me; they couldn't act to save their life; and, it didn't help that they were always drunk on set.

What are your thoughts on ozone emissions?

Oh, I don't really care. Even if the planet burns up, I'll still be around, so, yeah.

You've been a vocal activist for kaiju rights since your first film back in 1954. How has the movement progressed over the years?

Not a lot, unfortunately. Because kaijus don't have rights according to many world governments, we've been exploited in the film industry many times over. Hell, I had to do a commercial for Dr. Pepper to make ends meet. I'm hoping to use this film as a way to incorporate commentary on the relationship between humans and kaijus to bring our species' plight to the audience.

This is your first time sharing the screen with your colleague King Ghidorah in many years. Are you looking forward to collaborating with him again?

Definitely! KG and I go way back. It was a shame that he quit acting after GMK released back in 2001, but it's not like he was wasting his talent by leaving the film industry. I learned soon after that he had been busy working on launching his rap career. He released an album under the alias King Gheedorah, and it was incredibly successful. KG ended up recruiting some of the other retired kaiju to join his hip-hop collective Monsta Island Czars. It helped keep afloat the Monster Island community, but they ended up disbanding. So, KG is looking to make his return on the big screen with this new film.

After playing the monster for over 30 films, do you think your roles have been limited by typecasting?

Now that you mention this, I was actually discussing this very topic with my agent a few months ago. They tried their best to find a role that allows me to express another dimension of my acting capability. We're in talks at the moment, but it seems like I will be playing the leading role. I can't reveal anything just yet, only that it involves a certain magical nanny.



**PHOS
"THE CAT"**



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