

## PROGRESS//12.10

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## MINUTIAE #5

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## DEPARTMENT OF SALUTATIONS



Hello all, this is Todd Bar-bishop from TARK. We are proud to be coming up on our 50th anniversary as a premier American engineering, construction and private military contracting company. To celebrate this occasion, along with the successful completion of Fort Deliberate on the outskirts of Kabul, we've expanded the TARK family with a series of acquisitions that will extend the services we can provide to our unlisted clients.

After purchasing Fairfax-based Knoxbecher for an undisclosed amount of money to obtain their self-propelling bullet patents, we analyzed and decided to keep Minutiæ Publishing, repositioning the magazine as a newsletter to our many subdivisions in the United States and abroad. It's important that all employees of TARK are on the same page, thus the clear standardized page determination system. (We have patented this simultaneous page indication system and are proceeding with lawsuits against books.)

As such, we could not be more thrilled that the theme for this month's issue is **Progress**. We have a saying at TARK which says, "Progress should not get in the way of the future." And we've followed that from the day we finished building our very first SuperMax Prison, to having the insight to provide prefabricated homes to FEMA, to our colonization of the Underworld. Yes, we are very proud of our commitment to housing our nation's pre-rehabilitated guilty.

Progress is in our very nature here at TARK. We are using a revolutionary building material and process: bricks made from the dust of the buildings that collapsed during the earthquake in

Haiti. Not only are we being paid to clean up and rebuild, but we are using the Haitian dust to create new bricks at a fraction of the cost!

Now, there have been reports from WikiLeaks claiming that TARK pays Afghani warlords to terrorize our building sites in the Middle East, not only postponing their completion dates, but also insuring that we'll be paid more for our extended contracts. However, if you were to believe that absurd fabrication (not to be confused with our subsidiary Abner's Fabrications), you'd also have to believe that our private security subsidiary (Abner Fortiferries) is supplying these terrorist groups with training and weapons. And if you were to believe that uncanny fiction, you'd additionally have to trust the media's reports that we're using Haitian Dust Bricks to build public schools in districts where we've sabotaged the creation of magnet and charter schools.

Sounds like a lot of bedtime stories from jealous competitors that we've already bought and dissolved. Think of us as just a bunch of enterprising carpenters who want to build the very best in schools, military bases, prisons, VA Mental Health facilities, Area 52s, The B-52s, and public parks with secret entrances to the Underworld. Come join us as we celebrate 50 years of simple carpentry (just like our Lord, Jesús) at TARK. ♦

# TARK

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## AGENCY OF CÖRRESPONDENCES + COMMUNIQUEÉS

Gentlemen, I have left the package in locker 14A at Davenport Station. Further instructions, including a skeleton key, are included in the package. If it is not retrieved by the time the 1:15 PM train to Hapensbroke departs, our partnership will be dissolved. Secrecy of this information is paramount. Again, secrecy is paramount.

*George Kinnelbrush*  
*Rogue Agent*  
*MI6*

Gentlemen, I have a peculiar problem where anything I touch turns to gold. This has caused problems with my reading of your magazine, for when I touch it, it turns to gold, rendering it unreadable. Therefore, I ask that you send me an edition of Minutiæ pre-goldened.

*John DePlaseo*  
*Tollbooth Attendant*  
*Chicago, IL*

Gentlemen, you gotta tell me where to get more MinutiæJuice energy drink, the drink that once you start, you can't stop, because your body will collapse without the constant replenishing of the strange ingredients. Everywhere in my town they're sold out. Can you tell me where to get it?

*Trevor Brooks*  
*Student, Ping Pong Tournament Co-Coordinator*  
*Oakland, CA*

Gentlemen, we have a killer on the loose. He is 6'5", Caucasian, and most likely on foot. We will search these woods until we find him. If we do not find him, then we will search the highways. We will find him.

*Special Agent Dean Bronco*  
*FBI*  
*Wittingsburg, PA*



*"No, sorry, we still haven't found your hat."*



### ON THE SCOOP: ZIPPERS

Time marches on, but some things stand still, and that's why I recently went down to Greenhorn, to visit Galliger's Zipper Repair, where Hank Galliger has been working for the last 64 years. Despite being a neighborhood landmark, not a single news story about it exists, curiously enough. I'm going to get to the bottom of its rich history, untold until now. I'm going to get the scoop.

"Who's there?" Galliger slyly yells from the back room as I enter. The game of cat and mouse has begun. Inside are zippers of all different lengths and sizes; copper, bronze, aluminum, I assume are the materials used in the manufacturing. "Oh, yeah, I guess I've worked here since right after the war, I came back. My father had owned it. How can I help you?"

The only help I wanted was the only kind he wasn't offering: the scoop. He was still playing coy, acting as if I were a regular customer. I explained whom I was and for wantance I had come: to get the scoop. "Sure, look around, I'll be in the back if you need anything," he explained, trying to brush me off from getting the scoop.

The zipper was the first truly modern fastening device. The first American zippers appeared toward the end of the American Industrial Revolution. At the same time, employers were looking ways to limit employee break time (buttons take longer than zippers in bathrooms), and the new machines allowed for rapid production (no longer were children's tiny hands being caught while making the incredibly sharp metal teeth). Zippers represent our modern need to always be zipping around, thus why they are called zippers. But someone had already scooped this info. Time for me to get back to scooping.

Inside Galliger's, I've decided the game is over. "Zippers have stayed the same pretty much since they began. Maybe the teeth are duller now because of plastic." He was starting to lose his certainty. It was now time for me to zip to the bottom of the wonderfully rich stories behind this place.

"In the 70s, the neighborhood was getting real bad, but no one bothered us because we'd been here forever and were nice to everyone. When there were riots or burglaries, people decided to leave us alone." But his eyes were telling a different story, shifting focus to the watch on his wrist.

"No, it wasn't my father's. My wife got it for me. I don't know where."

The scope of this gem was finally coming into view. The train had finally come. Destination: the scoop.

"Look, I don't know why you're here." Scoop?

I was getting to the bottom of things. I begged him to go off the record, but he did not stray from his story.

"Have a nice day. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful." Sure you are, Galliger.

I made my way next door to Franklin's Buttons & Dots, to talk to the proprietor Gregory Franklin. I was sure he would know something about the rich history of dress fastening.

"What are you saying about zippers? Look, do you want to buy something?" I ain't buying, friend, only scooping. It was then that I heard the muf-fling underneath the floorboards.

I inquired as to what it was. "Look, guy, get out of here. You don't want none of this." I pulled up the floor to see a thirteen year old girl, dirty, tied up. What a scoop! ♦

## IT'S GOTTEN BETTER

At McKintley High School, outside of Boston, a new wave of equality is taking over the student body. After a tumultuous three years of increasingly emotional bullying, cafeteria and after school fights, eating disorders and hierarchies upon hierarchies based on shirt or bracelet color, parents and students have had enough.

An overwhelming outcry from parents has flooded the PTA meetings in recent weeks. The parents' attendance has been the largest for any school-related event ever. "Yes, usually I'm working late in the city," says Shannon Colman, a corporate lawyer who leaves before her kids wake up and regularly comes home after 9 PM, "but this is important. I need to ensure that when I pass my kids off to school, they be treated as best as possible."

"We're bringing everyone up to the highest common denominator. We looked at what was going on," says Principal Lennon, "and we're now we're implementing a whole new set of guidelines. We, as educators, need to recognize that the natural progression of teaching children means that these children, they are all the same, and we don't care if you're black or white or rich or poor or have a severe learning disability and probably shouldn't be in the same classes, everyone is in the same classes."

For instance, all students have been placed in the advanced tracks for reading and writing. While this has certainly boosted the self-esteem of many students, it has resulted in under qualified teachers struggling to teach struggling students. Lennon explains that, "while it's important the kids learn, it's more important they're feeling they're learning."

McKintley administration officials went even further than just using the traditional equalizing tactics such as school uniforms or consolidating water fountains. The dress code, or "ensemble pillars," is based on the most recent Urban Outfitters styles. Anything that is on an Urban Outfitters mannequin is allowed.

"Before," says Principal Lennon, "the most popular girls would be were wearing purples and blues, and colors such as green were relegated, were associated with the more quiet kids. It'd be easy to pick out a nerd from a hot girl. Now, everyone is wearing hip colors and the latest cuts of jeans." He shows me his own "ensemble" of chinos, a solid purple shirt, wool pea coat and black and white keffiyeh. "Even me, the principal, feels cool like everyone else."

Not everyone, though, can see the enlightenment. "Look, this is ridiculous," cries James Amereson, a stuffy child psychologist at Harvard specializing in lower education, "this isn't helping anyone, least of all the children. Of course I don't like how kids are emotionally tormented, but the fix is not to make schools artificial worlds of equality, but rather to hold parents accountable, to make sure their kids aren't jerks. No one is listening to me. It's the parent's faults that they are letting their children be bad humans."

Meanwhile, during recess at McKintley, students are not allowed to talk to any one person for more than fifteen minutes at a time. Friendship Advisors roam the cafeteria and hallways ensuring that close friendships do not form, which could later mature into cliques. Furthermore, to counteract discomfort and bullying that can arise from homosexual relationships, a "Full Court Kindness" policy has been enacted. If any student, regardless of sexual orientation or intent, hugs one person,



they have to hug everyone. Within three weeks, there was no more hugging.

"Please. Please let these kids form strong friendships and failed relationships," Amerson goes on, "They're going to be social aliens, or cod-dled adults. As soon as they receive a letter of rejection or they don't get hired, we're going to have grown people weeping in the streets."

Upcoming plans include giving A's to each student, placing them all at the top of the class; adding the entire student body to the each sport teams' roster; subsidizing fancy meals in the cafeteria; stilts for shorter students; a 550-strong cast for *A Chorus Line* this spring; and, lastly, blue colored contact lenses, since, "[they] all deserve to be on an equal playing field of having someone lost in their dramatically soulful eyes."

"It used to be that nearly 30% of the kids were really dragging down the school's self-esteem quotient, but now it's fairly normalized, right at the top." Principal Lennon cites the Line Dance Prom as a "the real deal" equalizer. "There's a very strict list of songs that can be played at our school dances. All students spend their gym periods learning dances to the songs so when played at the dance they all synchronize beautifully. Some of our alternatively abled students do have to wear exoskeletons to help them move, but still, everyone ends up looking like Usher." The dances last for hours, allowing for each child's solo in the middle of a giant circle made up of all the other students.

Shannon Colman is all for it. "It sounds like the right thing for my children," Colman says over the phone while rushing from her important office to a lunch-time rendezvous on the east side of town, "My children deserve to be as unique as everyone else." ♦

## TV? What's *That!*? We're All Watching...



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Watertower Pass/Fail 7Left Crooked Place  
Of Our Own Tunes Frankly, My Jeer Bad Apples  
Googoo These Boyz 'R' Noyzee Winston  
The Locals For Locals Only Buzzer Cripples  
Lotus Notes Quest Tinkle My Double Fault  
Suppose So Lace The Cost of Doing Biscuits  
Sorry Gals Mostly Single Blimp! To The Core  
Another Night Out Beverly Elves Bush League

**I AIN'T GONNA SQUEAL**

Look here, Officer Flatfoot, I ain't gonna squeal. You think you can break down my door in the middle of the night and drag me down here to the station, and I'm just gonna start talking? You got more luck of me giving you a sweet pucker. I ain't gonna squeal.

I don't know no nothin' 'bout no Tony "Tommy Gun" Tomigunson. However, if you ask me, he does sound like a fine upstanding member of this said community we do both preside in. He sounds like the kinda guy that if someone was gonna squeal about him, he might just take his Tommy guns and start doing some exploring with them bullets of his.

You wanna arrest me? Please, arrest me. I got a nagging wife at home and three snot-nosed kids. I got a mother-in-law who won't stop smackin' me over the head with her handbag. I got a next door neighbor—a Jew—who will not stop playing the piano at all times of the night. I got a brother who drinks all my booze at night and all my milk by day. So, please, arrest me.

You wanna send me to prison? Please, send me to prison. I got more friends in there than I do out here. Five eighths of my a cappella group is in prison. I'd love for a reunion of These Gents. I got a stack of books next to my bed that I never get to read. Please send me to prison, I could finally get to my reading. I might even get a full meal without my kids pecking at my plate.

So, try all you got, you wop, you ain't gonna make me speak. Not about no dock massacres. Not about no numbers games. Not about no dynamite hot dogs at the City Hall picnic. You ain't gonna get not one word. You try everything you got. I ain't gonna squeal none! ♦

**I'M GONNA MAKE YOU SING**

I'm gonna make you sing, Frankie. You probably think there's nothing I can do. But, see, that's where you're wrong.

Like, take this sandwich in front of me right now. You like corned beef? Why, we got a whole buffet just right outside this door right now. We got so much extra food. I wish I could give you some, but the chief said it was only for people who co-operate with the investigations. I fought with him as much as I could, but he said I could only give you some if you helped us out. A real shame...

You like naked ladies? I've got a whole book of pictures of naked ladies for people who like to talk. This book has a lot of naked ladies in it. Some pages have two ladies on them, if you know what I mean. Thing is, this book is only for guys who like to help out. You don't wanna see a book of naked ladies, do you? Nah, of course you don't.

Maybe you like Lou Gehrig. He's right outside. He said he wants to talk to anyone who's willing to help us out. He wants to hit a few dingers for you, too. Look at him just sitting right there at a desk, signing baseballs. He looks so eager, holding that sheet cake. I wish we could help him out. Looks like we got someone who doesn't like Lou Gehrig. I better go tell him...

Aw, but maybe you'd like this duckling? Oh, it's so tiny. It's fur is so soft. Aw, but this duckling only likes to spend time with people who help out the police. Looks like this duckling will have to go back to that farm Upstate. But, hell, that farm has no owner. Too bad we can only sign the deed over to someone who tells us where Tomigunson is hiding. This little ducky is just gonna be roaming free on that duck farm by its lonesome little self.

If only you liked to sing...♦



# “comic strip”

A Good Start The Story of One Thousand Lawyers at the Bottom of the Sea



Wm '10

# THE EVOLUTION OF ELVIS

## POPULAR MUSIC SINCE 1950

Two sub-genres of Country in particular came to define the decade: Leavin' Music and Railroad. Leavin' Music's specific style came into prominence reflecting the post-war loss of the American Dream, specifically in Appalachia. Gibson's Gang is arguably the most representative purveyor of Leavin' Music with their 1952 hit, "I'll Know When To Go When My Dog Don't Come Back." The latter, Railroad, is a sly nod to Alejandro 'Guppy' Wilkerson and his "Loco Motives" backing band, since they pioneered the use of Tijuana Brass within traditional Kansan country song structures. Second-tier stars include Silas Turpentine and Hello, Operator.

Within R&B, the overwhelming trend of the time was Choral: groups typically consisting of at least a half-dozen vocal members accompanied by only sparse instrumentation. Most will recognize The Only Jackets' 1958 A-side "Filly, You're My Mare." Yet there are numerous other groups that shine: Next Door Neighbors, The Hollar Kings, Hats Off, Intelligent Intentions, The Lady Lads, and Original Deluxe are the rest of the best when it comes to Choral.

Rock & Roll had the biggest gains through the 50s. With the mass-production of electric guitars came not only Jailhouse Rock, but also Garage Rock, where teens across the country picked up a brand new Fender or Gretsch set. Looking back, the groups sound indistinguishable from each other, but bands such as The Tele Fellas, Men Named Robin, and Pajama Beat each represented unique identities to teens coming of age at the time.

Folk music was befuddled in response to the electrification of music. But with girded loins, many musicians in the American Folk tradition sustained respectable careers. Geronomoe Joe, Farry Hall & His Loyal Sons, Ulysses S. Grant, and Arlene Montgomery all made a name for themselves with regional hits aimed at more sit down audiences.

Top 10 1950s Artists with the Largest Recorded Output of 45s

Gary Garrison & The Garrison Harrisons (83) Johnny Quimps (75) Gilles Mondreaux (55) The Only Jackets (52) Men Named Robin (51) The Goofs (24) The Door Stops (17-22) Original Deluxe (16) Gibson's Gang (15) Pajama Beat (15)

Of course, this decade is known for the British Invasion, what with it's Kinks and Beatles and Byrds and Stones. But there's also The Tips, The Gaps, The Beat, The Grabs, The Scoops, Sa-Pops, Hoodlum Constables, Co. Conspirators, The Whack Jobs, John Wayne Creepazoids, and UK Gold. These genre-muddling invaders generally get skipped over in the discussion, mainly because they were all minors at the time without parental consent. Even more than this after-school collection from the land of misfit toys (England), Quincy (UK) is less remembered. The lone British act to invade the U.S. R&B charts, Quincy Millshire's devastating mezzo-soprano more than compensated for his amputee status. "If I Could Sing a Melody (I Would Touch You)" serenaded many a high school dance in the late 60s. He never managed a suitable follow-up, however, with only "Fort-Night Touching" gaining a semblance of traction in the States as a disco-ballad crossover eleven years later.

R&B had a forgettable trend with the Small Town Family label, which assembled bands from families. A decline in test scores eventually prompted inquiry from the Secretary of Education, who found that children were being pulled from school for months at a time to help their fame-hungry fathers record albums. Notorious among them were Othello Black, Calvin Greene, and the Sedated Baritones Collective.

With flower power in full force, there were plenty of bands to turn a profit on all the free love and generous philosophizing. Though, lost in the shuffle are some of the most underrated Politi-Folk gems ever released. Flipped Switches' "Fairytale Factory", Panama's "Here Today: Woman", and Best Horse's "Shh. Can You Hear The War?" carry more weight than an entire Joan Baez album.

Top 10 Albums 1960s played with a Hammond B-3 organ throughout

*The Trashbirds* - The Trashbirds *To/From (Double Album)* - The Svengalis *Fly* - Sorcerers *Fats Merengue Live at Village Hall* - Fats Merengue *Mindful Matters* - The Grabs *Church* - John Wayne Creepazoids *III* - The Phil Guillemot Septet *Lightshow* - Renee Jones & The Exclamations *Going Places* - Postcard Love *Affair With Her* - JoJo

The decade-defining trend of the 1970s was Funk/Prince. The slew of groups that came in and out of the petunia-colored recording booths are beyond description. The Ambidextrous Polymorphous Systematic Funkified, Commander Grooveship, Jewel Lips, Sukkot Funk-Town, and Patty Oppenheimer-Schmidt all roller skated their poly-melodic rhythm-tunes through the minds and loins of America. Meanwhile, Plush Funk mined a darker terrain in the Northern Rockies with the band Soft Friends gaining notoriety for playing "sold out shows" to a basement audience of stuffed animals. Of course, the band was eventually arrested for shuttling drugs over from the Canadian border.

On the heels of the British Invasion, the Euro Flirtation saw a number of questionably successful European acts bring their version of American Folk stateside. Ultimately, the culture gap proved too much, with artists' frequent miscues identifying what was and was not an American landmark, and American audiences confused by European colloquialisms. Negligible "hits" came from the likes of Germaine Coventry (UK), Giuseppe Pistolero (of Italia-wave folk), Sebastian (French), and the Russian Funk-Folk troupe Boristownsmen.

Prog Rock ripped through the Northeast with both Western New Hampshire Prog and Montpelier Prog supergroups. Bands such as Astronomy Nightlight, Higher Than You, and Natura all forged the laid-back stylings that have defined this area as much as handmade ice cream or maple-glazed beauty products.

The lone trend in Folk came from the revival of the original Alamogordocore sound, this time with instruments. Puistol Cacti and Pablo Consuelatorres burned through *Austin City Limits* on several occasions with their New Alamogordocore sound, accompanying the integral three-part harmonizing with 10-string Oaxacan guitars, Mesa flat percussion, and pinwheel melodiums.

Top 10 1970s Top Grossing Bands for Commercial Music Licensing

Sleight of Plan Patricide Holiday (UK) LaPel Rebels Sukkot Funk-Town Commander Grooveship Glenda McNamara-Silverstein The Piss Blankets Halico Go-Go Diesel Fool The Sleeze Buckets

As soon as he entered the building, Elvis changed music forever. Even the most forward-looking historian couldn't predict the effect his hip shivering sensibilities would have on future musicians. With that in mind, Minutiæ takes a look at how music evolved in the decades since the King first took center stage.

Responding to 70s glam, artists tended inward, grew denser, and became more digital. Rock saw the rise of Metal and Cognitive Dance sub-genres, as well as a host of alternaground scenes such as Purple Sleaze, Surf Goth, and Chamber. Meanwhile, groups such as The Get Down Station Agents, Rex Diamond, and Finesse Club imported their own brand of UK dance-pop. But the true icon of Cockney Perversion was Tina Marie Lovechild, who had a string of club hits in the early 80s.

Most surprising, however, might be the brief resurrection of country music in the U.S., thanks in large part to Frank Blaylock & The Secondaries' seminal 1982 release *Signs to Nowhere*. In a move ahead of their time, this preeminent country group not only abandoned their guitars for musical saws, but then abandoned their musical saws for empty growlers. They hooted their way to chart-topping success until alcohol poisoning and liver failure got the best of Blaylock a year later.

Often considered the Loch Ness Monster of Northeastern Lo-Fi Post-Punk recordings, musos of all stripes still obsess over tracking down the dispersed collection of Big Fat's early home demos, which were intermittently released on maxi-cassettes by the short-lived Pump Pistol Records out of Amherst, MA. While few have heard any of these recordings, the music is described as a mixture of *Pink Tub*-era Fetus Surrender and Triangle Triangle, passed through homemade metal detectors.

Another sub-genre born out of the 80s rock scene, Shout was the hyper-political distillation of 70s Punk, rooted in an antagonism towards Reagan-era policies. The Evanston, IL bands High Top Suede Top and Pol Pot remain Shout's best one-two punch. Eventually, the style became more prominent than the music, and a string of independent clothing shops opened up, later combining to become Old Navy.

Top 10 1980s Import Bands

Stobtrupp (GER) Diaspora Dilettantes (ANG) The Popes (UK) Kiki Akura (JPN) Carnival Cannibals (AUS) Tsetse (FIN) Darcy Dork (UK) Finnegan's Fake (UK) Goulish Ghoulash from KCP (AUS) Poached Perchance (UK)

The decade was dominated by the growth of Rap and R&B. A-Bounce, or Amityville Bounce, out of Amityville, Long Island, featured a highly rhythmic, bouncy sound, with bedroom-style vocals. Since cross-collaborating only with each other, one cannot think of Dr. Tip Top or Figaro Smiley without also thinking of George or Dressed 2 Perfection; or La La D without Trenton Tuxedo.

The West Coast had Nu, a style of R&B connecting themes of love with dense layers of synthesizers. Digital Desire was the first band to successfully layer 113 different synth tones into a Billboard #1 hit. However, Nu faded after the infamous *Tonight Show* performance where No-Rhyme MC Gerald Frankenstein joined Mo Yo for a banned rendition of "My Honies Be... (What!?)".

Along the Rio, an offshoot of Border Rap, called Rapido, emphasized fast BPMs over even faster verses, typically in Spanish and English code shifting. Liner notes for rapper Señor D.O.A. often included decoder bling to reveal lyrics, but the hyper-pace of the songs left listeners frustrated. Those who were able to figure it out learned the songs were about immigration reform.

Isolated in pre-gentrification Brooklyn, the hyperlocal micro-genre Coke Sound never made it past its coke bar origins. Shows by Coke Bears and The Namesakes would often last as long as the artists could, before slumping to the ground or becoming too jittery to play on account of needing another fix.

Following Shoegaze, Glazeddeath took the genre into darker, more literal corners. Known more for live shows than physical releases, it also left behind several still-pending murder investigations in greater Tallahassee. Some followers of the group Fucked Up Tribe have turned themselves in, yet claim religious exemption for the 45-minute glazedball sacrifices integral to their spiritual ceremonies.

Top 10 Most Downloaded Bands of the 1990s according to Tunester

Digital Desire Fosterkids MC AKA Anonymous Alias The Fresh Pack Kids Gunz in Ya Mug Misster B The Pistol Whips The Jezebel Slits Childless Mothers Zombie Babysitter

Philly Streamin', the hyper-local West Philadelphia style, is all about cadence. At the genre's best, songs double as walking tours across local neighborhoods, pointing out in a stream-of-consciousness style, a self-awareness that make fans wild.

Esquire, M.C. was the ruler of Coastal Elite Rap during the early 00s. Imagine if Tupac got Ph.D.s from Harvard and Yale. Aided by the burgeoning online music sharing services, respective Ivy School rap groups emerged around the end of 2004. A few years later, however, all had summer internships and abandoned their "creative hobbies."

Positive Image Rap was part of a federally funded mandate to "counter the violent, crass, anti-intellectual effects of rap music", according to Rep. Jim Gormint (R-ID). Gerald Hendricks, or The Respectable GPA, a Black Republican from St. Louis was the first and last MC of this government initiative. He did, however, enjoy notoriety with his ironically-downloaded single, "6 Degrees of Separation". Which sampled "Pomp and Circumstance". He boasted his education, which he "would not trade / For a milli gold Escalades." Copies of the album were handedout to students who soon sold their own hate-filled rap on the rewritable CDs.

Georgia's Yayayode gives Wave Lick a bad name. And that's the point. Wave Lick was all about "the not." Recording studios set up inside amps. If you're wondering what happened to Elian Gonzales, you have your answer.

The boiling black dub beats brewed in the cauldron of Witch-Dub bands like Forlorn Unicorn, The Fucktard Lamés, and Vinyard Cabal, have meant it's the first sub-genre to ever garner a rating from Pitchfork (10.0) Songs characteristically feature things like 10-minute tone delays, echoey-tight snare hit / reverb combos, and the loudest cackles down a stairwell ever recorded.

Top 10 Ivy League Slacker Pop Bands of 2000s

Ghost Ghost Lenin Vineyard Cabal Yayayode Inuit Hologram Philistine Ballroom East Coast Westerns Ghost Hearts Panda zzz Crystal Wolves / Crystal Whales The Fucked Up Tribe

50s

60s

70s

80s

90s

00s



## **GUIDANCE AND ADVICE**

*Susan Alan-Wenswick is a prolific Life Specialist, working in the metro Miami area. She has written several books, including most recently 127 Minutes: That First Date.*

**I am going out on a date with a guy from work who I really like. I'm wondering if it's OK to kiss on the first date?**

Sometimes someone is just so dashing that they kiss you before you even have the chance to think about it. Don't think any less of yourself. In fact, think more! You're special and wanted and there is no reason not to show off what you've got. Especially in front of your soon-to-be-jealous and still-single coworkers. Don't put the breaks on a budding relationship when there's a spark; kiss the man and kiss him hard.

**I've been in a relationship for three months, and we're already starting to talk about the future. How fast is too fast to move in?**

It's never too fast if it feels right. If it feels right, it feels right. Just look at me and Greg. We met when he bumped into me by accident—rather roughly, I might add—when I was leaving my bank. He bought me a cup of coffee, and two weeks later he moved into my condo. Everything moves at its own pace, and when love is this potent, you don't want to wait a minute more before spending all of your time together. Make your man sign the lease tomorrow!

**Really? Two weeks seems kinda fast.**

Oh, but Greg is a great guy. What was I supposed to do, let the perfect man slip away? Listen,

I've had trust issues in the past with men who are not emotionally available, physically available, or available to answer my phone calls. But not with my Greg. Even if he's away on business, Greg and I talk every night. We never fight, he loves my cooking and he's always giving me compliments.

Usually there are so many issues when moving in together, but we were able to walk right back into that bank the same day and set up a joint bank account. Money isn't even an issue! All the normal pitfalls of a relationship are nonexistent.

**Ma'am, I'm sorry to tell you, but the man you know as “Greg Scheildeman” is actually The Silver Serpent.**

What? No. That's not—Greg? But he barely knows French. I mean, yes, he's a terrific dancer and he was able to get into the condo that one time when we locked ourselves out using the plastic cap of his shoe lace, but that doesn't—

Greg? Greg? He's not answering his phone. He always answers his phone. Even that one time when it sounded like he was at the Natural History Museum... No—you don't think that was him, do you? Impossible.

An e-mail from my bank? Our joint account is closed? Don't they need my authorization, too? It's a joint account! This doesn't make any sense. Oh, oh no, my arrhythmia...

Wait... now that you mention it, he also has that strange tattoo on the back of his neck that looks like a falcon eating the heart of Lady Liberty standing over an Italian mausoleum. But what about our investments in Tenpres Revlis Industries? I emptied my 401K for him! All my savings... I trusted him so much. My sister was right: no one really likes my cooking. ♦

## LITERATI

William Parker Wrothgate's *The Future Paradox*—or “TFP,” as it is affectionately called in scientific and literary circles—immediately revolutionized science fiction when it was published 36 years ago. Called “brilliant,” “genius,” and “utter genius” by critics, the novel won Wrothgate both a Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and a Nobel Prize in Physics for his “innovative ideas regarding jet propulsion.” Wrothgate became an instant celebrity, mobbed everywhere by fans, scientists, and paparazzi. In his celebrated commencement address to the Harvard Class of 1974, Wrothgate promised to continue his life goal of “imagining a technology that is at once unfathomable and unquestionable” with his next work.

Although he is still considered to be a key member of the literary intelligentsia, since 1974, Wrothgate has not published a single word. This week, he breaks that silence with *The Astronaut's Lament*.

“It's not that I haven't been writing,” said Wrothgate in his first interview in 30 years, recently aired on *Dateline*, “I've constantly been working from my cabin in the Berkshires. It's just that every time I sent a draft to my publisher, there have been issues.”

The “issues” to which Wrothgate alludes are with the futuristic worlds he imagines. In the earliest incarnation of *The Astronaut's Lament*, then called *Artificial Feeling*, the main character, Alexander Gerbain, is injured in an interstellar laser battle in the first few pages, and his crew must devise an artificial heart for him. Wrothgate's understanding of artificial transplant technology was detailed and expert—he spent at least 200 of the draft's 280 pages detailing the device and the spe-

cifics of the operation. Wrothgate's ideas were accurate—so accurate, in fact, that they could be mistaken for transcripts of the first real artificial heart transplant in 1978, which occurred two days after Wrothgate finished the draft.

Insisting he could come up with something completely new, Wrothgate returned to writing with a vengeance. In the second incarnation of the book, *Galactic Connection*, Gerbain has no heart issues. Instead, he tries to connect with survivors of an interstellar laser battle by constructing a massive “Intermat” sweeping the galaxy, where beings from all planets can communicate. The draft was finished August 6th, 1991, the same day CERN published the World Wide Web Project. Witnesses say that when Wrothgate saw headlines about the project, he started tearing at his clothes and muttering about anti-matter.

It is rumored that Wrothgate went through 26 drafts of *The Astronaut's Lament*. Titles such as *Red Planet Rover*, *Dilly the Clone*, and *iPod* all had to be scrapped, as their plots hinged upon imagined technologies that quickly came to mirror inventions like the Hubble Telescope, the development of the Human Growth Hormone, and, most recently, the video streaming and social networking service Wizi.

Wrothgate's final product, then, is a departure from what the author originally pictured. As it stands, *The Astronaut's Lament* story gives the last thoughts of a dying Lt. Gerbain after the galaxy has been decimated in a series of interstellar laser battles. The 2,200-page tome is written in a stream-of-consciousness style as Gerbain, on a foreign planet, with his back broken, lies waiting for his oxygen tank to run out. It has no punctuation and includes several expanses of blank pages inter-

persed throughout, as well as various abstract drawings by the author. There are no unfathomable yet unquestionable inventions presented, just simple descriptions of foreign bodies seen through the shattered window of a spacecraft and the childhood memories those images evoke for Gerbain. When asked what he wanted to say with the work, Wrothgate sighed, "Future... in... space?"

*The Astronaut's Lament* is published by Bryce Turner House and is available now in hardcover. It will be released soon for the Kindle, a device Wrothgate envisioned last June. ♦

## TELECASTION

Next fall, when flipping through the channels, Jordan McNatnick is hoping you'll stop on your local PBS affiliate to watch the new shows the federally subsidized network is offering up. McNatnick is PBS' new head of programming, armed with a self-appointed mandate to compete against the cable channels with original programming. After decades of airing imported British shows, science documentaries, and slow-paced cooking shows, McNatnick is going to put the "POW back in the P back in BS."

"To win in this diverse new television landscape, you need innovative formats." McNatnick tells me in his flashy new PBS office. He's six feet eight inches tall with silver-dyed spiky hair, and sitting on the very corner of his desk. Before making the switch over to public broadcasting, McNatnick worked as the CEO of an Internet startup that delivered short clips (such as the Webby award winning series *Crotch Watch*) to Boost Mobile customers. "People forget that PBS created the first reality series, *An American Family*,

the last new television format of the past 30 years, and I am going to continue on that legacy."

McNatnick's first "revolutionary series" is presented in something called the Walking Radio format. "Imagine having those two guys from *Car Talk* along with you as you're walking around the track of your local high school. Or, while going through the park." Garrison Keillor has already committed to present his first new program in 20 years, *Frankly, My Jeer*, in the Walking Radio format. "And, frankly, we couldn't be more excited."

McNatnick is also planning a weeknightly "winless game show" called *Who's There?* that will kick off their prime time programming. "Imagine being there in the studio, with those lights on you, and there's a knock at the door. Host Rich Fulcher asks that question, 'Who's there?' and you just freeze. That's the winless game show, and our test audiences can't get enough of it." McNatnick assures that even though audiences know the game show is branded as winless, their hope that someone will break the absolutist system makes *Who's There?* one of the federally funded network's most anticipated new shows.

Finally, McNatnick tells me that the pledge drives PBS has had to rely on to stay in business will be revamped. "No longer will it be personalities in front of a bunch of people answering phones. We've teamed up with some teenagers to make this entire thing viral. You might walk up to a Coke machine, let's say, thinking you're buying a refreshing soda, and instead out comes a PBS tote. That dollar goes directly to PBS to fund the quality programming you've come to expect. It's things like that that's going to make us number one."

"Also, we bought the syndication rights to the show *Titus*." ♦



## ODYSSEUS: THE POSTCARDS

*On a recent expedition to the ancient city of Mycenae, world renowned archaeologist Dr. Jean Paljeanette III uncovered the postcards\* the Greek hero Odysseus sent to his beleaguered wife Penelope while making the ten year journey back to their family home in Ithaca from the Trojan War, not all that far away. (These postcards were most likely delivered by a wise-cracking seagull.) Minutiae is proud to present this last chapter in the saga made famous by Homer, the world's blindest successful poet.*

\*Please keep in mind some words were difficult to read or do not have modern translations, and substitutions are provided in brackets.

### ISMAROS

My Dearest Penelope,

Great news! Those [silly] Trojans fell for my old [stick-the-entire-army-in-a-giant-wooden-horse-trick] and the war is over, at last! I set out several weeks ago, 12 ships carrying all the treasures that so recently belonged to the people of Troy. [But here's the bad news]. We were attacked by pirates off the coast of Ismaros; we fought hard, kept the [miniature] war going as long as we could, but in the end lost quite a bit of our treasure and more than a few of our men. Upset by the overly vicious attacks, we failed to see the oncoming hurricane. Yes, yes... I know I'm an expert on the high seas, but I was distracted, [you know], and torturing the one pirate I did manage to capture, you wouldn't believe how fun they are to torture, those pirates and the storm threw us off course. I'm sure we will find our way again soon, however; and I will be in your arms again, bestowing on you what jewels and finery the pirates did not take.

I hope you and my dear son, Telemachus, are well. I think of you daily.

With all the love of the gods,

Your Odysseus

## THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS

Dear Penelope,

The Land of the Lotus-Eaters may not [sound] to you the best place for a [pit-stop], but trust me it is quite a hospitable land to rest in when you have been rattled by some [devilish Long John Silvers]. Well, it is hospitable other than the dreaded cyclops, Polyphemus. He has quite a temper, actually, and for some time had captured me and my men—thus the reason for our further delay. We had to battle Polyphemus, blind him with a wooden stake, escape once again, [et cetera, et cetera]. It was [jolly good] fun, other than the wooden stake giving me a [nasty splinter], which took me several weeks to remove.

I am sure we will be home in [just a jiff] now. I look forward daily to seeing yourself and our beloved son, Tele, within the month.

Love in Athena,

Odysseus

## THE HOME OF AEOLUS, KEEPER OF THE WINDS

Dear Penny,

Do not be fooled by the front of this postcard! Aeolus's homeland is not the beautiful paradise it is made out to be. True, he did take us in when that wretched Polyphemus caused us to be caught up in yet another storm—but how was I to know that his father was Poseidon? And it's true that Aeolus did bestow upon me three of this world's winds—but he would not be persuaded to give me the west wind, the wind that would have gotten us all home by [dinner] time tomorrow. It is also true that he warned me to be most careful with the winds as we set out (the first time) from his home. But how was I to know that my [idiot] crew might let out all the winds when I was napping?

I awoke from my [afternoon nap] yesterday just in time to see Ithaca, and our shining home up on the hill, and just in time to catch the [Neanderthals] letting the winds go wild, kicking up a typhoon or two and sending our ships off course for the [umpteenth] time. If truth be told, I am coming to enjoy battling these storms Poseidon keeps sending my way; he is a much better foe than those [half-witted] Trojans. It has been said that a man could not ever defeat a god, should not even attempt it, but sometimes, in the dead of night, I think it might be possible, given a bit more time. Alas, I must return to you...

We are back with Aeolus again, and, again, he [grumpily] refuses to help us out. So we will set out once more, without the help of any winds in my [rucksack], tomorrow. I am sure to be home within the month, barring any more disasters or battles I must fight.

My love to Tele,  
Odysseus

## TELEPYLUS

My Penny,

Sorry it has been so long. We had this issue with the Laestrygonians recently: the Laestrygonians are giants, indeed, and cannibals at that. Battle them we did [of course], but they ate most of my men when we arrived here last month- and what they did not eat, they destroyed by rocketing boulders off of the tall cliffs of Telepylus. Of 12 ships, I have one left and very few men. Perhaps that will make it easier to not be further waylaid by the adventure's storms that seem determined to keep us from joining you, and our son, in Ithaca.

Soon,  
Odysseus

## AEAEA

Penny,

I know it's been a while... I got tied up with this woman—a witch goddess, really—Circe is her name. But it's not what you're thinking! Honestly, the year just flew by! I guess [time flies] when you're worrying over a witch goddess intoxicating you with drugs and alcohols, turning your men into swine, and generally enslaving you with love. Yes, love. Truth be told, Circe has something of a [crush] on me—and you know what a [flirt] I am. I never could resist a woman throwing herself at me. And after she returned my men to their human form, we all felt we needed a break from all the drama (the pirates, the storms, the giants, the cannibals, the Cyclops—in case you need a [refresher]) and the food and wine at Circe's are so good. The beds are quite comfortable, as well. Of course, I remember that the food and wine—and beds!—are good at home in Ithaca as well. So, well-rested, fed and happy, we are on our way again once more. The men are quite a bit more cheerful, given all the willing women on Aeaea, so you can expect me [soonish].

Hello to the kid.

Odysseus



## THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

So Penny,

I'm at the ends of the Earth today ([long story, I haven't time to explain]), and who did I see? Why, the ghost of my dead mother! First of all, I would have liked to have known that my mother had passed. And, secondly, would you believe what she told me? You have been keeping suitors at home! Hundreds of them! Between the war and my return journey, I've been gone little over 12 years—13 at most!—And you have suitors at home? What our son must think!

I'm going to see what Circe has to say about this.

Odysseus

## CALYPSO'S ISLAND

Dear Penelope,

I admit I was a little harsh and a bit rash last time I wrote... but it has been eight years now, and I have had more than enough time for [introspection]. It's been a tough journey of late, though with my dear Circe's help, I was able to navigate past the Sirens, past the six-headed monster Schylla, past the evil whirlpool, Charybdis. And I passed them all without stopping for a fight! I hope [you know] how hard that was for me.

All was looking good until what few men I had left went and murdered Helios's sacred cows, though I had warned them not to. Helios was angered—of course; [you know] how irrational the gods can be. Same old story: Helios sent a storm and we were shipwrecked yet again. Only this time, all but I died. I washed ashore on Calypso's Island and Calypso was kind enough to take me in. That was 6 or 7 years ago now, and you might

wonder why I did not attempt to escape until now. Honestly, Penelope, Calypso is a great lover—and for the first few years I was here, I was still so angry about your suitors, that I wanted to get revenge. The last few years, it was simply too hard to say goodbye to the life of luxury. Calypso needs a lot of protecting, there were no end to the demons and gods and monsters that needed fighting off. (It is nice to feel needed, [you know]).

It is not as [fun] as you might think, being a war hero constantly under siege by the gods, the seas, the monsters and the women who become [infatuated] with you. And Calypso always had a glass of wine awaiting my return from the battlefield.

But I am [over it] now (Calypso may or may not have run out of wine), and on my way home, yet again. Expect me within a week or so, give or take a year. I will battle the suitors and take my place beside you and our dear boy, Telemachus, once again.

Yours truly,

Odysseus

P.S. Do I have any more giant wooden horses [lying about]? I'm not sure how, yet, but I think it might come in handy when trying to break back into our home. Let me know! ♦






**inside**

**boppoppoppopp**



It's late at night in Palo Alto and Isaiah Nickson is wrapping up finalizing the newest feature set on his website. The 900 million members have been yearning for more Boppbopp. This new feature will reinvent the Boppbopp brand, says Isaiah, from "a global phenomenon to a human phenomenon."

Rewind six months ago when Boppbopp was just being launched. "I had the idea one evening, just by myself, that the world is so hectic these days... and then I made Boppbopp." We all know the Boppbopp creation myth by now. Struggling sandwich delivery boy turned Silicon Valley superstar overnight. He's dined with Barack, wined with Oprah and slept with the hottest of Hollywood's starlets (Easy A? Yes). Yet, for those of you who have been living under a rock (and even then you would've heard about it on the Boppbopposphere), allow me to introduce you to Boppbopp. The exciting new internet surface is taking 140 characters down to one. It works on desktops, mobiles and Boppbopp key fobs. It's easy to login with just an e-mail address, though now people are logging into Twitter and Facebook via their Boppbopp accounts, if at all through the aging sites.

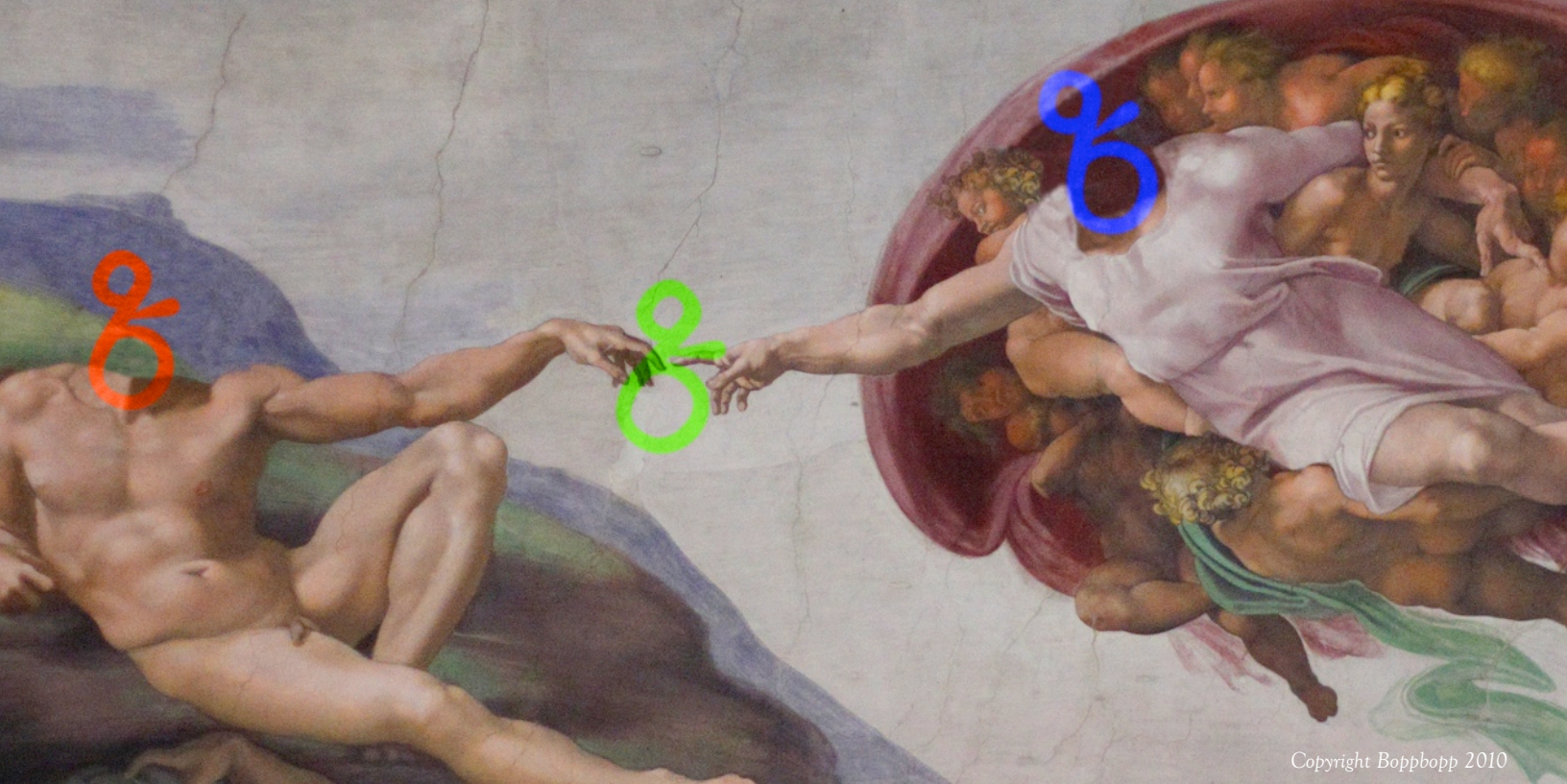
Boppbopp accounts are symbolized with the  symbol, created by artist Susan Kare. Suspicions exist on Popob, an online community built around Boppbopp, that Boppbopp's founder Isaiah Nickson created the symbol himself. The suspicions come from the lack of interviews from Isaiah or anyone on the Boppbopp team. However, they've allowed me to follow them as they introduce their exciting new features. (Full disclosure: Boppbopp granted this exclusive look into the development of their new features through an undisclosed agreement with Minutiæ's parent company, TARK.)



*Boppbopp founder, Isaiah Nickson*

"People are always looking for holes," says Isaiah, "They want to think there is some darkness to what's behind Boppbopp. To those people, I have to say I apologize. I've heard the rumors and none of them are true." This is a powerful web surface, and the fiction surrounding it grows every day from the disgruntled ex-employees to New Orleans residents claiming Boppbopp is hindering the rebuilding of their home, in order to discontinue human interaction in favor of a pure online Boppbopp interaction. "I feel bad about the situations of those less fortunate, but I cannot stop people from how they are using Boppbopp. I only provide the surface. I love Black people."





When Boppbopp started, it was considered a fun diversion from the overwhelming onslaught of tweets and pokes and zoops (from the failed Boppbopp competitor, and now subsidiary, Zoople). In the beginning, users would send boppbopps to each other—not knowing what they meant—as sort of a cute game. Yet, as time went on, users, or pobs, began to assign meaning to the messages, and the Boppbopp land-grab began.

The Boppbopp community is exploding, not only amongst regular internet users, but also with celebrities who have embraced the web service wholly. Justin Bieber is currently boppopular with 510 million pobs, second only to founder Isaiah Nickson. UK Prime Minister David Cameron started a Boppbopp account last August, but due to national security concerns, his boppbopps are now encrypted.

Even businesses have begun to launch Boppbopp presences. The now classic story of State Farm Insurance using Boppbopp to offer discounts resulted in a 300% increase in revenue. Does anyone remember Geico? They went the way

of the cave men. However, great success on Boppbopp has also been met with huge financial failure. Supposedly, American Eagle set up a Boppbopp account, and two days later their business was down 80% after sending out confusing boppbopps like "b" followed 20 minutes later with "b".

"Ginger Spangler is a fucking *rockstar* because of Boppbopp," says known recording artist Pick, who discovered the Hungarian sensation after falling in love with the lyrics she posted on Boppbopp. In a short time, Spangler has already pressed two platinum records and has launched a sold-out world tour "Spangled." Even the rowdy boys from the reality show "These Boyz 'R' Noyzee" have found success through Boppbopp, funding their own charity that builds schools in Africa. "We love Black people."





# Children Enticed by Evolution? Have Them Complete This Maze!



**Need We Say More?®**

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The morning before Boppbopp's press conference at Boppcon 2010 at the Yerba Buena Center, Isaiah is going over his keynote speech and the exciting new feature: colors.

In an attempt to simplify the huge growth of the surface, four colors are being introduced, created by Boppbopp's Color Artists in Palo Alto after a seven-month sabbatical to The Ukraine. The secrecy surrounding these colors have nearly made Boppbopp a prison state to work in the previous weeks. Colorblind guards have been standing guard day and night. Nickson can't wait any longer to tell the world about the incredible innovation.

The keynote speech begins with Nickson covering the past six months, and then the moment happens. The slide turns to the four nameless colors and the room erupts in a mixture of applause, tears and shock. Nickson is unable to continue with the speech as the thousands in attendance, and millions worldwide, flock to Boppbopp to start sending boppbopps in color. The internet comes to a shrieking halt.

Two days later Nickson wakes up a multi-billionaire. Despite the company not being public, estimates say that his 80% share in Boppbopp is now valued somewhere between 4.2 and 140 billion dollars (The irony? Yes). Money like that, however, is sure to attract naysayers and rattle a few cages. *Wall Street Journal* reporter Clyde Eckhart wrote "we have no way of knowing the true value of Boppbopp. They don't host ads, they don't release their earnings. I've come to the conclusion that the business is valued somewhere around \$650. The amount it costs to host a site of that size and pay for the employees that we know for sure work for the company. They don't even advertise themselves."

The huge growth of Boppbopp can largely be attributed to Pobbobb, the grassroots user community that has grown up around Boppbopp. "Hell yeah I love Boppbopp," says Pobbobb founder Nyle Goodwhyld (pob name Born2B-Goodwhyld). "I started Pobbobb because I saw the potential that this surface would have. It has brought people together in extraordinary ways. In the past six months, I've been all over the world, meeting other pobs, starting grassroots campaigns to raise awareness." (It worked? Yes). Pobbobb has the largest Boppbop dictionary and compendium in the world, and is constantly being expanded to include new terms, which has become especially difficult with colors. "I was there that day when Isaiah introduced the colors. I blacked out. And when I woke up I was in an oxygen bar back here in Leeds."

Pobbobb has been especially helpful in naming the new colors. They were released by Boppbopp without official names or meanings, and it's been up to the user community to assign them. There is 'Re,' 'Fa,' 'Ti,' and 'La' (the names have since been trademarked by a company called Enterprises), and the grassroots campaigns (such as Banksy's unforgettable boppication of the Lincoln Memorial) have secured the new colors' place in the world.

There are suspicions, though, that Boppbopp itself started this grassroots user community. Several graphic designers have formed a coalition to create unofficial Boppbopp badges, stickers and decals for water bottles. However, there is mounting evidence that Boppbopp started this user-generated coalition. Organizations such as P.A.👁️. (People Against Boppbopp) have sprung up all around the world. "We are not associated with

Boppbopp." There are rumors that P.A.🇺🇸 is a Boppbopp-backed organization.

All these rumors lead back to one man: Isaiah Nickson. "I hate to have to say this, but I'm going to set the record straight. Our pobs simply love Boppbopp, and that's why there is this outcry of support for us. There are no conspiracies, there are no secret organizations in the Underworld, and there is no dark side to Boppbopp. Gay people aren't even allowed on Boppbopp. The longer story, well, that doesn't fit into Boppbopp's brand strategy."

The naysayers will go on and on about the inconsistencies of Boppbopp's story. Boppbopp has recently expanded to larger Palo Alto offices, however, an official address is not registered with the city or state. It is unclear if Boppbopp pays taxes or generates revenue of any kind, positive or negative. The only official employee of Boppbopp is Isaiah Nickson, with everyone else being freelance or an independent contractor. Yet, when I sit down with Nickson, he hands me page after page of an employee roster (Good enough for me? Yes).

But not everything is cheery in the Boppbopposphere. "All I did was set up the surface," Nickson says, "it's up to the pobs to shape it as they see fit. Sometimes there are bad pobs, but we hope they don't spoil the entire surface." Kids are being expelled from school from sending inappropriate boppbopps. Stories are surfacing everyday of relationships crumbling from miscommunication over Boppbopp. The blackish Boppbopp color 'Re', is considered to be a sign of polite affection, like a tap on the shoulder, on the West Coast. However, disparities across the country and the world have led to differing understandings of 'Re', such as a strong disinterest or a medical emergency (Local 911 call centers are currently integrating Bopp-

bopp geolocation into their systems after public outcry that it could have prevented the infamous suicide incident of Kevin Gregors).

"Kevin kept on sending 'Fa' boppbopps, but he had just moved out to San Fransisco and we thought that was good," says Kevin's mother Liane, "but he had gotten mixed up with some new people who had other understandings of the Boppbopp colors. We were flying out to visit him when he smashed his head through the computer monitor. To this day, I can only describe the entire incident as 'Ti'."

"Not to be defensive," Nickson says, "but we followed up with that incident and discovered that there was no one named Kevin Gregors, and when we tried to get in touch with Liane, she had mysteriously disappeared to Argentina and was refusing to answer our questions. We were horrified at the story, but that's all it is. It's a story. Fiction."

What's not fiction is the tremendous financial and cultural success of Boppbopp. "Kids in Africa, boys in England, girls in Kansas, all over the world it's Boppbopp, and we don't see that ending any time soon," Isaiah says between boppbopping on his Boppbopp key fob, "Boppbopp won't rest until we're able to pinpoint each member of society, corral them into resorts, and begin the cleansing systematic production of the ideal human specimen. It's why I started Boppbopp in the first place: I love Black people." ♦

*(Ed. note: We tried to print the color palate of Boppbopp, but our printers were not capable of reproducing them. Minutiae also sends our heartfelt prayers to the families of the reporters who wrote this piece. We hope they are located soon.)*

*(Pub. note: Look, sometimes people just get up and go and don't leave a note. Let's go back to bed.)*







# PROGRESS

