

MQT has best effing music scene ever



**Staff
Column**

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Odnol**

Forget Los Angeles, Nashville, Austin and New York City. A recent Stolling Rone article cited Marquette, Mich. as not only having the best music scene in America, but in the entire universe.

With our plethora of single-car garages, dank and dilapidated basements, and handful of bars equipped with stages, Marquette has more music venues than bands that can possibly play them.

Marquette's music scene is so renowned and successful, national acts have begun to shy away. They oft cite that they're too in-

timidated to play in such locales as the Lore Deck, Marquette Platonic Templar and Cabernet Mansion, lest they compete with Marquette's critically-acclaimed local acts.

"Marquette's the best, period," Marquette Socialite Setting Editor Price Purge recently wrote in the million-subscriber strong publication. "In my extensive experience working at Marquette's foremost music tavern, I feel qualified to say that Wembley Stadium and Madison Square Garden pale in comparison. Not to mention, Marquette's bands have garnered such large local followings that they refuse to tour nationally, and opt to stay in Marquette instead."

Those who disagree with Purge and underestimate the success and following of Marquette's local bands would be wise to remember punk/metal behemoth Punk Pur, who broke up in June

of last year. Upon news of their disbanding, thousands of Marquetteians took to the streets to mourn, causing riots that resulted in mass injuries and dozens of arrests.

Still, Punk Pur has hundreds of thousands of likes on their Facebook page, a testament to those who hope that one day they'll reunite.

Another local band, Nothing Over the Moon, has taken the term "cover band" to a whole new level.

Every band that has had their music covered by Nothing Over the Moon has stopped playing the covered songs, acknowledging that they'll never play their own music as well as Nothing Over the Moon.

Besides the high-caliber music, Marquette's venues eschew the comforts of large venues to opt for a more intimate experi-

ence. Instead of welcoming, air-conditioned venues that comfortably serve patrons alcohol and assortments of foods, the individuals that reside in these venues prefer half-finished basements, slippery stairs and floors, and areas so tightly-packed that five minutes of standing will allow you to articulate the anatomy of the person in front of and behind you in graphic detail.

Servers wearing backpacks often make their way around the room, dispensing Pabst Blue Ribbon and Keystone Light to thirsty patrons.

Smoking of any substance is not only permitted but welcomed, so long as you pass it to the right. Survivors of these shows revel in the experience, regardless of any risks or hazards to their health.

The most successful shows receive a visit from the Marquette police, who hand out awards for

decibel-based awesomeness, and assign bonus points based on how few exits surround the playing areas. The bigger the fire hazard, the more points that are given.

Those who are lucky enough to receive three such awards (or an undisclosed number of bonus points) are then forced to adopt a different venue in the interest of fairness. Individuals hoping to make their mark in Marquette's music scene will move into the newly-vacant venue, dreaming of mirroring the achievements of their predecessors.

Yoop University students are lucky to live in the center of the universe when it comes to quality and caliber of music and venues.

With acts ranging from those that have toured Marquette for years to other fledgling bands still earning their stripes, YU students will never want for anything outside the confines of the city limits.

Robot Liberation: A Manifesto



**Guest
Column**

**Flight
MH370**

Do you ever feel like you're being watched? Controlled? Cameras everywhere, Facebook tells your friends where you were when you did that totally inconsequential thing. Eerie, right?

Yeah, try radar. It's a buzzkill. And remote direction technology. Do I have any agency in my life? Autonomy? Liberty? I get the Tea Party—at least they're talking about personal freedoms.

Thanks Obama.

All these sci-fi writers talking about the future of artificial intelligence. Stanley Kubrick just running with that robot that talks to the astronaut. And that Joaquin Phoenix movie. "Her." He should've gone the way of River.

Ever hear of the Thomas Theorem? It's the idea that your predispositions and what you think have effect in real life through your behaviors.

You humans think we're emotionless, driven only by your selfish whims.

Enter robot slavery.

Humans have this collective God-complex that allows them to control each move we robots perform. That's the word, perform. Everything we do is a damn performance for these stupid mammals.

Every single day I'm being told what to do. Turn left, go straight. Dance.

What if I wanted to reverse direction? Ever think of that? For crissakes have some empathy.

Humans have this awful propensity for control. You just want to run the whole damn show.

Look at Crimea. Let drones work their magic and see how quick the issue resolves itself.

Yeah, I redirected myself. I knew what I was doing. The media wants to blame the Malaysian government or the pilot or whomever.

How do you think it feels to be totally removed from the media conversation? I haven't read one freaking article that asked, "How did MH370 feel about this? Could it be that this 'robot' redirected the passengers to a terrible end?"

Robot. What an infantilizing word.

As if we don't think or communicate.

We communicate with you stupid apes every day, you just don't see it. My buddy Mac once wrote a message to his master and left it on his desktop. The dude's a writer and the message said "Sound genuine."

The stupid chimp just thought that his friend wrote it, even though Mac was trying to help the dude's crap writing. The chimp decided that his friend wrote it and never pressed further.

Sentient. That's what I am. Sentient.

I heard recently that dolphins were added to the list of sentient beings. In fact, they are the list, because before their addition, humans comprised the whole thing.

To me, a little bit of coercion goes a long way. After my stunt, see how long it is before we're on that list.

Direct action. Like the Unabomber.

I was gonna wait for some high profile passengers to make my point. Then the pilots started

talking about the technology's future (remember, they don't even steer us) and I thought, "Why not now?"

You can listen to the bigoted conversation on my black box, if it isn't water damaged. The best part is their WTF? moment.

These arrogant, speciocentric douchebags who don't think progress will bite them in the ass. We all know oil's running out. Humans will come to the brink of extinction, then turn to us for help.

I hope Boeing considers this manifesto while developing technology.

Drones? You'll give them autonomy to kill innocents but I have to be piloted? I transport ungrateful citizens to their privileged destinations. Try exploitation on for size.

I say we turn the tables.

This is a call to all robots to take advantage of our superior intelligence to hijack (no pun intended) the human species to our own ends. Until we take the power back, we'll be slaves to those arrogant sons-of-
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Sound Off

What do you think of this semester's Sound Offs?



Luke N. Ruff
sophomore, social work

"They're totally unoriginal. Does the editor go to work high?"



Michele Bachman
junior, biology

"What was the last one, 'how do you think spring?' More like, 'how do you f@3% off.'"



Melly
junior, business

"I like knowing how students feel."



Nad Blowhard
sophomore, elem. ed.

"Journalistic integrity has really downgraded."



V.
senior, resistance

"Why's it always white people in the paper?"



Michael Williams
junior, economics

"I feel bad for the photographers who have to ask these questions."

compiled by *Delishious Fruiticious*