



LIFE

MADONNA

As presented by The **MQ** April 30, 2025

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A Note, From the Editor-in-Chief:

What a *LIFE*, huh? Sometimes I feel like I’m reporting on the same 24 hours, over and over. Sometimes I even feel like the headlines from 70 years ago keep coming back. I think the Ghost of Reactionary Politics Past is visiting me again because I keep forgetting what he tries to teach me. I was so busy being a ghost with him I got reported AWOL for this Production cycle. If you contributed to *The MQ* this issue, thank you. If you’d like to get involved with our next issue, there’s another ghost with me who says you can join us at The MQ’s weekly meeting at 6 p.m. in Half Dome Lounge. He seems pretty ahead of his time.

Bye,  
Theo

LIFE

DIRECTOR.....THEO ERICKSON

PRODUCER.....LIV GILBERT

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LIFE Taker.....Dylan Towner

LIFE Liver.....Cole Johnson

LIFE Lover.....Olga Vysotsky

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Generator Operator.....Ezra Bihis

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Penguin Investigator.....Julia Wong

White Suburban Seabass.....Jeannie Kim

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MUIR ADVISOR

Muir Advisor.....Claudia Peña

STAFF WRITERS

Sydney Alexander, Tyee Arey, Jules Ausbrooks, Beth Becker, Sarah Callahan, Cardi, Mac Carroll, Titus Chan, Supriyaa Chordia, Austin Choy, Ian Condon, Claire Cover, Shayna Crasnick, Emily Cronan, Ava D'Amore, Natalie DiMeo, Ethan Erickson, Atlas Gill, Seán Hartnett, Iris Hochwalt, Bitsy Hsu, Katie Johnson, Ethan Kim, Marielle Lazaro, Kocheng Lin, Liz Overton, Emerson Parker, Rumi Petersen, Cassie Pheiffer, Sam Propst, Samuel Ramirez, Maddie Samaniego, Olivia Scarborough, Shay, Shruti, Taggert Smith, Shane Steinman, Farhad Taraporevala, Mackenzey Tolliver, Kiên Vu, Jessica Wang, Erin Yao, Millie You, Chris Zhang

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Ron Velozny @ron\_vi99

I wanna be on the team!

Howdy!  
As a longtime contributor and (in my opinion) beloved columnist for this fine paper, I have to say, y’awl have been doing a mighty fine job as of late. However, I reckon y’awl could be doin’ a lot better by having me on as a permanent member of the staff. I bring my delightful interviews to you all at no cost to you, and with your resources, just imagine what I could do. As a solo act, I’ve already interviewed such prominent figures as prolific writer, JD Vance, blood enthusiast Brian Johnson, and I’ve even got an interview with the man I’ve selected as the next pope cooking right now! (No spoilers!) I’m a real gumshoes type character, and I think y’awl’d be real mistaken to not have me on! I’ve got myself lots of qualifications, such as....  
• An investigative mind  
• Connections with the rich and powerful worldwide  
• A network of ingenious tools for “investigative” purposes  
• Untraceable fingerprints  
• A real Can-Do Attitude!  
Thank yawl so much for your consideration! I expect to hear back from you reeeeeeeceal soon!!!!  
- Melvin McQuerey

Cool New Topics!

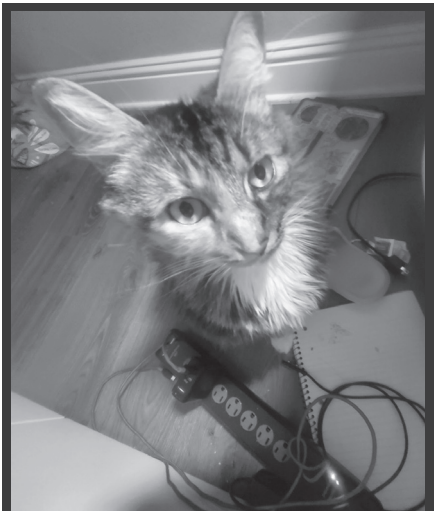
Hello MQ editors!  
I’ve been a big fan of your paper for many days, and I love it! However, I think there might be a topic you haven’t considered covering yet. As a UCSD student, it’s a real issue that I think affects a lot of people, and I haven’t seen you talking about it nearly enough. The issue in question is parking! Why don’t you ever write about parking? There’s just so much to say about it! You can talk about how hard it is to find parking, how it’s crazy how they got rid of S-spots, how parking tickets are expensive, and so much more! I don’t think anyone else has ever had this idea before. Do you think you could do that?  
And if you don’t like that idea, maybe you could talk about housing! This is also something I don’t see a lot of articles about. Like, maybe you could say something funny about how hard it is to get housing, or something about having crazy roommates or something? These are just some cool ideas off the top of my head, I’m sure you could think of something else. It’s a big problem, and I’d love to see some awesome satire about it!  
And if THAT isn’t good enough, you could maybe even make fun of Chancellor Khosla! There’s just so much untapped potential. Thank you for reading this, and I hope to see these fresh and cool concepts in the next issue!

- Reed Hardly

Hello editors of the Muir Quarterly. I am newly unemployed and it's all your fault! Trying to replicate the success in the story that you all published in your paper, I too, tried to take a rock out and threaten my boss. Unfortunately it seemed that I had made a mistake. My boss had not killed me in a past life, instead, it was her twin sister that had killed me. A twin sister that had not reincarnated even in the same country as me or my boss, but who reincarnated in a bustling town in Guangzhou, China. The shock of this revelation threw me off my rhythm and allowed her to push the big red security button on her desk before I could make another move. I am writing to you to urge you to make this right. How do I regain my place on the corporate ladder?  
- From the Grindset, Tret (not Trent)

You know what you did.

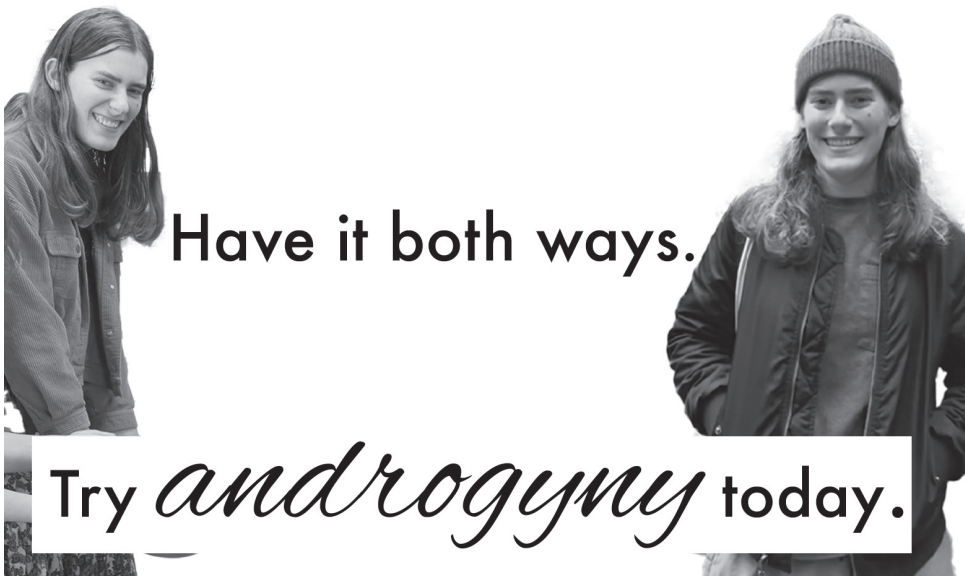
To whom it WILL concern....  
Long time reader, first time contributor, and I just have to say. I have NEVER. In ALL MY YEARS as a reader of this paper been SO shocked, SO HORRIFIED at something that you people let slip by, either by malice or by ignorance, or some little combination of both. I struggle to even say what it was, as it was so utterly horrific to bear witness to. Let me just say this: you know what you did. You KNOW what you did. And so do I. And it is UNACCEPT-ABLE. And you will NOT let it happen again. Starting now, you have THREE OP-TIONS. Got that? THREE. 3. Can you count that? Good.  
OPTION ONE: You print a full retraction. Not even for THAT issue, but for every-thing you’ve ever printed. Every stinking is-sue, all the way back to 1988. Let the people know that you are ashamed of it all, all of your failures, let them know JUST how far you’ve fallen, and tainted the sacred founda-tions of this hallowed publication.  
OPTION TWO: FIRE ALL THE EDI-TORS. Clearly, you don’t know what you’re doing at all, and this paper would be better served by COMPETENT people. People like ME. I am VERY SMART. I know ALL the words. And YOU? You know NOTHING.  
OPTION THREE: Send me money. A lot of money. Your budget for next year? GONE. In MY HANDS. You can’t handle that money, and therefore you SHOULDN’T HAVE IT.  
Those are my demands. Actually, on second thought, they’re no longer options. You’ve got to do them ALL. Or else..... I WILL NEVER READ YOUR PAPER AGAIN! Consider your next move carefully..... my balls are in YOUR court now.  
- Your worst nightmare.....



The Cat Guru @ratificer

Soy Ink and Vegan Paper?

I started reading *The MQ* like a year ago because some of your people told me it was made with soy ink and vegan paper, so obviously I was under the impression that I would be doing a service to the environ-ment by reading this instead of like, a real newspaper or something.  
So for the past year I’ve been burying every issue in my backyard when I’m done with it (I’m trying to start composting because I’m in my clean girl saving the environment era y’know). But now I don’t know if you guys were lying to me or what because my garden is like, overflowing with paper, and I don’t really know what to do about it because now I’m kinda in the habit of burying the newspaper in my backyard. So. It’s not like I’m going to stop. But at the same time, I can’t go outside anymore without stepping into a pile of MQ. Help?  
- Crunchy in Clairemont




# Quarter Century in Review

To faithfully assess society's performance in the first quarter of the 21st century, we brought on LIFE reporter and self-proclaimed "transatlantic prophet" Chip Offblock to share his thoughts on the present day, the moderately immediate past, and the up-and-coming beyond. Based on his findings, it's anyone's guess as to whether we've learned anything at all from our Golden Age ancestors.

Greetings and salutations, whenever you are! Good decade, noon, and night. This is your transatlantic prophet coming in with an exclusive retrospective onnnnn you! That's right, it's time to look back on the first 25 years of what *will* be our golden millennium, then celebrate how *you've* been contributing to the glory of mankind. Because you *have* been engaging with the world state like duty calls, haven't you? Politics, punishment, pestilence, puns. Let's take a moment to take it all in.

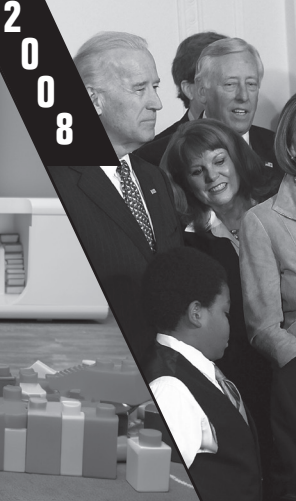
Slip out of stress,  
all while you sleep!  
*Lucid Dream Coaching*

2001



Everyone was watching from the classroom, the bathtub, and the streets when the planes hit the towers and the world fell apart. Or, at least, our world. The skyline of our beloved Big Apple was ripped from us as ash fell, and the beautiful nation our fathers built was shattered. The world watched in agony as our shining city on the hill crumbled, sending shock waves through the Earth itself. From Burma to Rhodesia, our brothers' hearts broke with us. 9/11 didn't just devastate the world, it devastated us. At least one of you has to know (or know of) somebody who died in the tragedy. Nothing has ever been the same. We will never forget. And neither will you!

2008



January 20, 2009, a day that would go down in the annals of history as the good ol' U.S of A let a black man take over the Oval Office, marking the end of bigotry and the start of America's Enlightenment. Society would be healed from the scars of the past, and those born in modern day would be birthed into a post-race world where the only minority would be the smallest minority: the individual. President Barack Hussein Obama would unify both sides of the aisle and create a prosperous, equal America, a testament to the success that was the great experiment. And by God, ever since then, America has only been in the upturn, harboring a society that soars beyond the ideal that "all men are created equal."

2019



When a Facebook event about storming Area 51 was posted, an unprecedented two million people would show their interest. Everyone would speculate about what novel experiences would be gained from sexual relations with aliens, and how fiction's greatest heroes would inspire the way to get around security. Anyways, on the scheduled date of September 20, the raiders reigned victorious over the Air Force as they hiked through the Nevada desert and hosted a few music festivals nearby. The idea that "they can't stop all of us" would permeate all throughout American society — and not just online! The great success here made people wonder if they could try again and take back our country while we're at it... like at the Capitol building?

2020



um but you won't be awake for you will be simply lucid and delightful. Your dream will be a dream of a dream of a dream but you will be simply asleep but the sleep will not be a dream of a dream of a dream but you will not be sleep it will be lucid and dream but you won't be awake for you will be lucid and delightful. Your dream will be a dream of a dream of a dream but you will be simply asleep but the sleep will not be a dream of a dream of a dream but you won't be awake for you will be simply asleep but the sleep will not be sleep it will be lucid and delightful. Your dream will be a dream of a dream of a dream but the sleep will not be a dream of a dream of a dream but you will not be sleep it will

2020



Who can forget 2020, the year of sourdough bread and familial bonding? It sure was a total blast! To celebrate the turn of the decade, you joyfully decided to embrace all kinds of new hobbies, from home gardening and painting, to vlogging and podcasting. How nifty, that society as a whole all found its creative side simultaneously. On top of that, neighborhoods nationwide would give plenty of praise to to their swell doctors and nurses. Those cool cats must've adored it when you loudly banged pots and pans for them each and every night. Ah, we all miss that blissful year. Humankind really came together and just loved each other, and every aspect of life now is better for it.

2025



In 2025, the very life blood of our wonderful youth would be rescued from jeopardy when TikTok was brought back. For the 12 hours that the platform was banned, you were probably completely lost on what to do with all this extra time you had. But thankfully, now you can continue to shift your focus from your head to your thumbs (because that's where the real political activism lies!). Of course, don't use TikTok willy-nilly! Your content is sure to reach the most people possible as long as you avoid a certain set of words, or — look. Just watch what you say, okay? Even if "shadow-banning" can't really hurt you! You basically live in the Golden Age of political activism where everything is at your fingertips, you should feel lucky to be alive during this time

20???



So, when exactly will this *species stardom* come to fruition? Thank you for asking, dear readers; as your transatlantic prophet, I can tell you that our glory will finally come to fruition this millenium, once the great and noble human race has successfully colonized the Milky Way Galaxy. When humans are flung to the far reaches of the stars, the forward march of progress will finally match that which our great nations have been missing for so long. Gone will be the days of plague, poverty, and suffering; no longer will you or anyone else have to deal with bastards in their philosophy class who never respond to their Insta DMs. Yes, indeed — according to my calculations, society will return to what our forefathers always desired it to be.

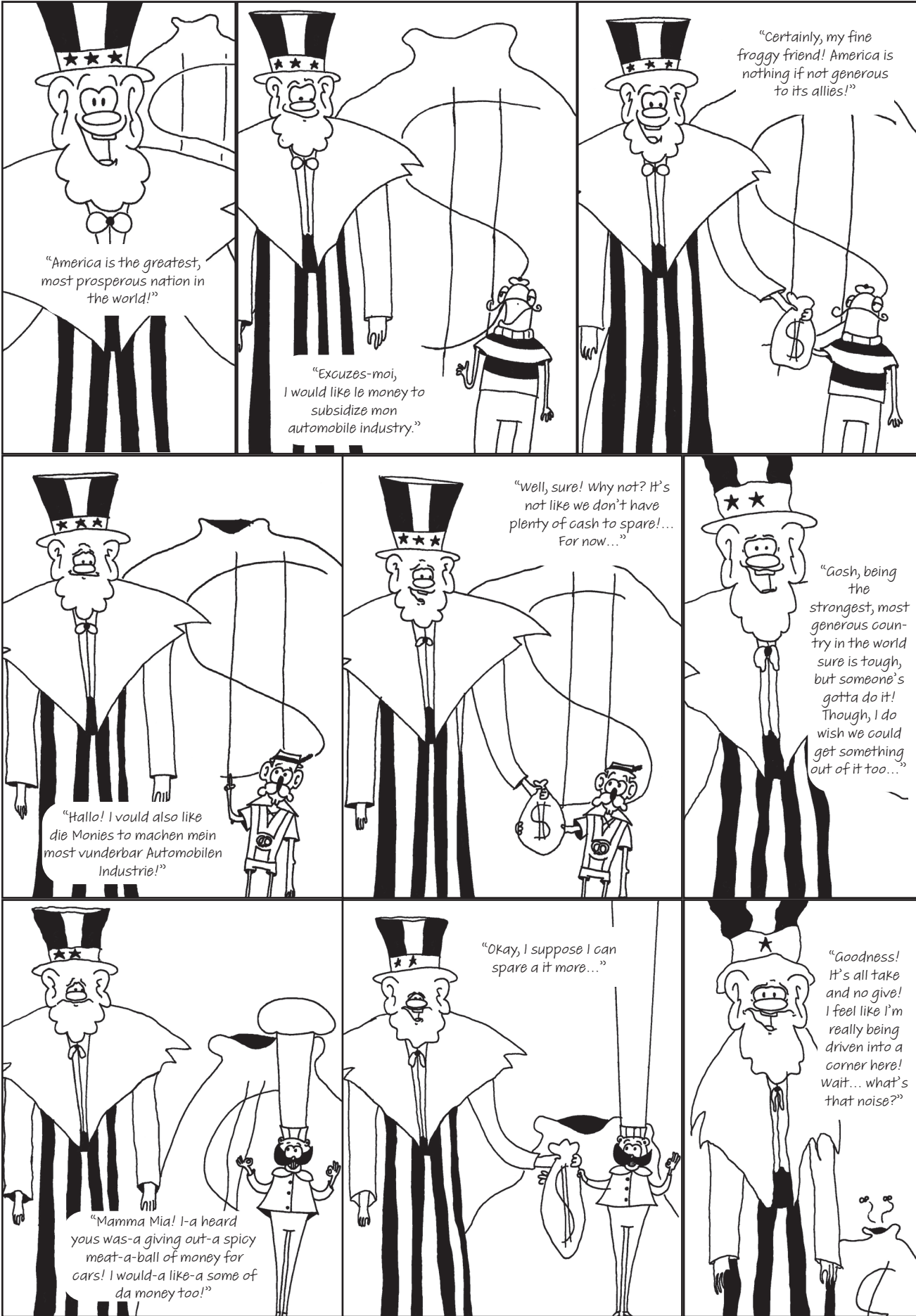
As of 2025, humanity's greatest achievements and most grievous failures have been quantified below.


| What We Did Well          |   | Areas of Improvement |
|---------------------------|---|----------------------|
| Cancel Culture            |  | Mental Health        |
| Sillybandz                |   | Lmnop                |
| The Common App            |   | Roman Numerals       |
| Groupon                   |   | Socratic Seminars    |
| MSG                       |   | 3-in-1 Body Wash     |
| The 9-to-5                |   | Agriculture          |
| Hand-crank Windows        |   | Cat Memes            |
| Goths                     |   | Elevator Pitches     |
| Nightcore                 |   | Paper Straws         |
| The USB-C Port            |   | Print Media          |
| Goths (Visi)              |   | Terms and Conditions |
| The Acquisition of Canada |   | The Québécois        |

The most eagle-eyed readers may notice that the two sides have a net impact of 0 — meaning the anthropocene is stable for now, and will remain so for years to come!

Clock into work, look at your screen, flip through some pages, look at your screen, knock at the walls, look at your screen write a few memos, and paste them to your screen... inside the

## Cube-icle





DRIVEN INTO A CORNER? DRIVE OUT WITH THE ALL NEW, ALL AMERICAN, MADE IN THE USA


**FORD BRONCO II USA EDITION!**

PUT YOURSELF — AND AMERICA — FIRST!

### Fed up with American Imperialism?

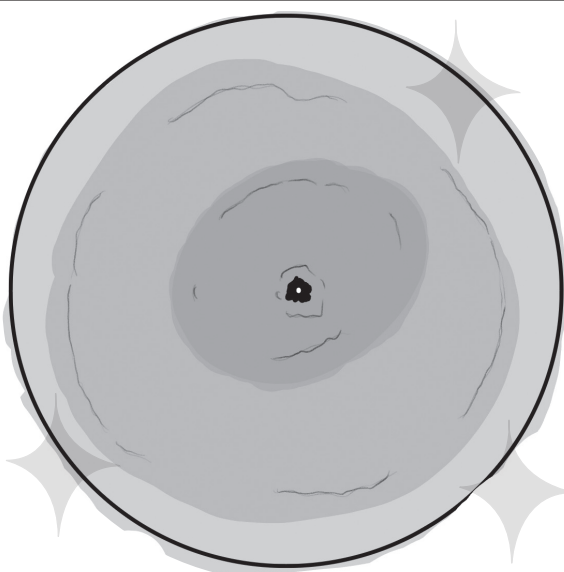
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PARLAYS

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# What’s The Play?

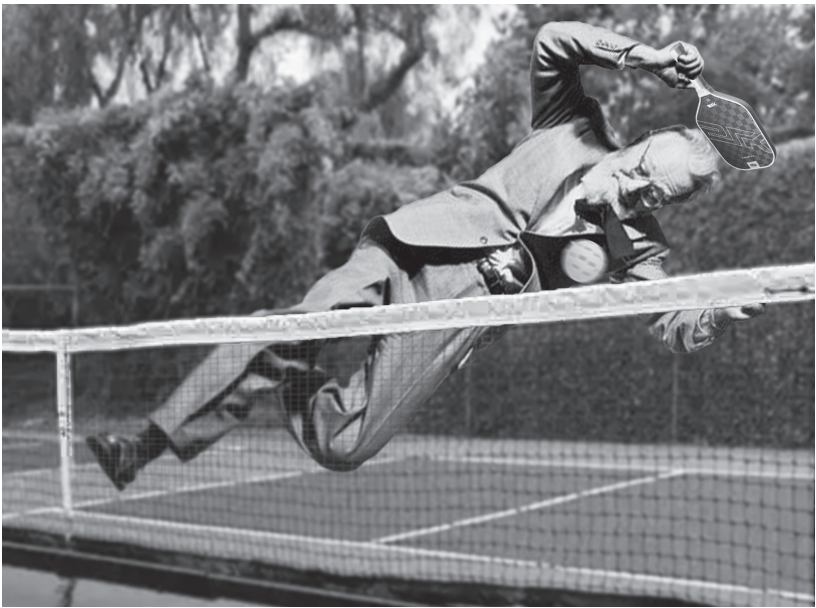
## Upholding American Exceptionalism



American dominance is perennial, and nowhere is that truer than on the sports field. We’ve sent out the biggest, fastest, strongest, and most badass athletic specimens out into the world with our flag — and the logos of accompanying sponsors — stamped onto them. But we now face a brave new world where we must confront the fact that our hard-fought victories are being diluted by loser countries inflating their records through inferior sports like table tennis, Greco-Roman wrestling, and breaking. We’ll be examining three sports that will be added to the 2028 Los Angeles Olympics to make sure Team USA keeps up the domineering performance we expect out of it.

## PICKLEBALL

As pickleball sweeps the nation, America’s world-class athletes seek to prove that they are indeed the best. The International Pickleball Federation (IPF) grew to 70 member countries in its two years of existence, and while no longer American-led — to the chagrin of many — the IPF still broadcasts feats of American teamwork, dedication, and paddling on the world stage. Countries seeking to join can begin by following the American example of reallocating the space of outdoor public basketball courts to host three pickleball courts each. They’re much more space-efficient and would draw opportunistic athletes to those neighborhoods — a better crowd to boost local economies. And who can deny the strength of a community formed by the young, the strong and the wise from among the physically fit, coming together for a worthy cause? Entering the fast-growing world of pickleball is a national boon, and we can expect to see many more countries pursue these American team values. Strength in numbers within the IPF is definite grounds for the Olympic Committee to finally the knee — now *that’s* called democracy.



## HOBBY HORSE RACING

Hobby horse dressage, or hobby horsing as the pros call it, is the next big sport phenom Americans have been dominating all throughout the globe. Despite its unfortunate start in the Nordic regions of Europe, good ol’ red-blooded Americans have begun to climb the rankings of this wild and reckless sport. For those who abstain from lucrative sport gambling, hobby horse dressage works exactly as one might expect: fully grown adult men (and women) compete for a blue ribbon in intense horse dancing using homemade hobby horses, defined as sticks with horse heads attached to them. The largest league, the American Association for Hobby Horsing (AAHH), has been working on improving and spreading hobby horse-ery and American sentiments worldwide with its new Mission About Spreading Horsery (MASH) program. AAHH has allocated one quarter of their yearly earnings to funding MASH missionary trips to underdeveloped nations in order to share with them the American love of hobby horsing, with AAHH officials planning the first mission trip to England in the Summer of 2027. Any patriot who knows what’s good for them should keep their eyes out for the Spring 2028 International Hobby Horse Dressage World Championships to see our God-loving American patriots leaping through the skies on their hobby horses — made from American trees — in a way no European could ever.



## FOOTBALL

American dominance in sports is nothing new. At any given moment, the US is world champion in at least 31 of the world’s 30 largest sports. However, the US’ dominance is threatened by one thing: weird sports like handball or rhythmic gymnastics that are just simply un-American. To combat the invention of sports designed to keep the common American down, we must introduce American sports — the most American of which is football — back into the Olympics. Football exemplifies what makes America such an amazing country; players showcase extreme work ethic and perseverance, and the game today prioritizes physical fitness and mental agility. The man who can get three concussions in one game and stagger back onto the field asking for more is a man you would be glad to have in the bunker next to you when the shells are falling. Any country looking to toughen up its populace suffering from the weakness that is Generation Alpha should look no further than instituting a mandated football program in its schools, building up their best and brightest for an uncertain tomorrow.



# Brooke Bailey's Guide to Trad

## A Day with Brooke



5:15 a.m. - After her morning skincare ritual, Brooke prepares a healthy breakfast of home-baked granola bowls for Brick and the kids. Her mantra is to give it to them raw - whether that is raw milk, raw meat, or raw vegetables!



7:30 a.m. - Before beginning the day's homeschooling lessons, Brooke supervises her four children as they recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Brooke strives to remind her children about the greatness of their country, while raising them to be loyal, hardworking patriots.



11:30 a.m. - While her children have their recess, Brooke and her book club get together in her back garden studio for their daily Pilates and Bible study. Brooke leads the congregation in building hand strength and flexibility - all to strengthen their "mommy solidarity" and their faith.



12:45 p.m. - After an eventful morning, it's time for a light, plant-based lunch to fuel the rest of the day. After filming a TikTok of herself making the meal, Brooke serves up a hearty salad of roasted beets, lettuce, and artichoke, topped with scoops of goat cheese.



2:16 p.m. - After finishing the day's studies, Brooke loads her kids into the MINI Cooper and drives to her local Amish community to pick up her weekly 16 gallons of raw, unpasteurized goat milk - a must-have for her morning skin care routine and her hungry little ones.



4:05 p.m. - Brooke gathers her daughters to meal prep dinner and teach them how to make sour-dough starters while the boys play outside. Brooke prides herself on instilling traditional values in her young ladies.



6:23 p.m. - As Brick returns from work, Brooke and the girls are whipping up a storm in the kitchen. With a blissfully maternal pep in her step, she lays out a nourishing five-course meal just for her strong, hard-working husband.



8:00 p.m. - After dinner, Brooke devotes herself to wiping down the granite counter-tops until they gleam. She then gets started on breakfast. Tonight, she's letting the dough rise for tomorrow's French toast. While Brick begins his Fantasy Football draft, Brooke tenderly tucks her four kids into bed. Once her children are asleep, she can spend time for herself, but it's never as fulfilling as what she does for Brick and the kids. The work of a homemaker is never done!

## Upholding Trad with Beauty

Nothing beats the glow of raw goat milk. My favorite beauty supplier is our local Amish community - I use their dairy to make my Insta-famous toner and apply it after my garden snail mucin face wash. It's also perfect for our biweekly family enemas!

Beauty comes from the inside! That's why I craft my own toiletries from the chemical-free, organic, lavender and winter-green I grow in my modest half-acre patio.

Ladies, skip the gym - deep-cleaning the house on your hands and knees becomes a full-body workout when you also have to rein in your unruly husband. Let your apron fly!

Everyone should know you are the picture of virtue. Nothing is more attractive than modesty! I like to read through the Bible at least once a day with a cup of organic Earl Grey. I wouldn't want Brick to think I'm some harlot!

Children are quite bad for your complexion, so here's a little tip to all my mommas out there: American Wagyu beef tallow. It slides right into your pores and keeps the kids busy with soap and candle making.

And finally, the secret to my inner beauty? A daily dose of pride. No, not that one. It's about looking like you have your life under control. I swear Brick can't keep his hands off of me!

## The Happy Family



## Interview with Brooke Bailey

LIFE Correspondent Dan Stewart braved the cold winds of Brentwood, L.A. and fought through the thorny brush of the Baileys' front-yard rose garden to get an exclusive interview from the prolific "tradwife" influencer.

When my firstborn Marleigh entered preschool at the Little Tots Preparatory Academy, I quickly realized the American public school system didn't align with our family values. Her teachers would feed her processed, chemical-filled applesauce packets during snack time, but my Marleigh is on a strict, vegan, gluten-free, no-chemical diet! Only locally farmed apples for my baby! Additionally, I had... issues with the curriculum. I don't want anyone pushing grown-up, political ideas on my children - I don't want my Marleigh to feel out of place just because she's not a "they-them"! - and homeschooling lets me have complete control over what my children are learning. Instead of worrying about them being exposed to dangerous ideologies, I can make sure they learn humility, love, and pride in their own heritage. Just this morning, Marleigh and little Aryana read about wholesome family values in *Little Women*, while Gunnar and Adonis learned about the voyages of the great Christopher Columbus. Then we ended the day with some of their favorite PragerU Kids videos.

I truly believe that my body is a temple, so naturally I nourish it with all-natural fuel! My family only eats organic produce grown and harvested in the United States. Each morning I bake my children's toast with home-ground cracked wheat, and churn

raw milk sourced from our local Amish community into unsalted butter. I garnish with homemade jam; a new flavor each morning from berries picked from my garden, and with absolutely no sugar added! Instead, I use raw, organic agave nectar. My commitment to my children's health goes beyond the food we eat: I like to let my littles go barefoot, so I tend to shy away from using chemical-filled commercial cleaners. My secret is to use a mixture of organic orange peels and distilled white vinegar to keep our humble home sparkling and aromatic. My husband and I refuse to rely on Big Pharma to keep our children "safe" by sabotaging the beautiful immune systems that God gave them. After all, would you vaccinate the Sistine Chapel?



People in my comments section are always trying to tell me that being a tradwife is oppressive - but what could possibly be oppressive about my life? I am beyond blessed to wake up every morning and have the privilege of making my husband's breakfast and lunch before sending him off to provide for our family. All the while I get to spend my days with my precious babies. Knowing that my kids will always have nice, homemade meals, and that my husband will come back to a clean house and a cold beer gives me a bigger rush of fulfillment than completing my Bachelor's degree in Business Economics ever could. The traditional family is under attack in America, and it is up to us brave men and humble women to fight for American values. Unlike other women who betray their natural, feminine instincts and abandon their sacred motherly and wifely duties to go to work every day, I am answering the highest calling a woman is asked to fulfill - nurturing her household and serving her husband.



# The Great American Healthcare Debate

## Fredwick Lamplace Talbot *Doctor at BYU Idaho*

**Vaccines:** some may call them lifesaving medical marvels; others rebuke them as poison force-fed to the populace by Machiavellian governments. What are they, really? We may never know, as these little vials are full of mystery — and possibly dark magic. How could a small bit of liquid prevent disease without being poison, magic, or something far more devious? The journalists and intellectuals of the world must shed light upon these secrets and lies, for true red-blooded Americans deserve to know the truth.

**Technicians and scientists work** in a covert lab to research and develop vaccines for a myriad of diseases. An especially suspicious-looking reprobate (**Fig. 1**, left) scribbles arcane musings in a notebook. These writings will soon be locked away in an undisclosed location, as the information contained within is too horrific to be exposed to the public. When vaccine research does see the light of day, it is intentionally obfuscated and written in some archaic script. The surplus of fancy words blind the masses to the truth of these baleful concoctions — that they're full of putrid preservatives and appalling additives. The preservatives are no doubt there to keep the microchips running while they wait to be foisted upon an unwilling subject. Even worse are the paltry attempts at "science education," also known as indoctrination. According to the organizations that disseminate these doctrines, the American public is apparently not to be trusted with things like complex scientific research and informed, reasonable decision-making.

**Trial and error** are crucial parts of scientific exploration. More often than not, vaccine science tends to fall on the error end of the spectrum. Vaccines have long been known to cause adverse side effects, and scientists diligently work to add more of them every year. A printed-out memo can be found in every pharmaceutical lab detailing this year's trendiest side effects and which vaccines pair best with them. In this lab (**Fig. 2**), the memo includes acute respiratory failure, growth of extra limbs, and a condition called "pink eye of the soul." Perhaps inspired by their research, a scientist observes a vial while pondering the status of their karmic debt. Chit-chat about one's spiritual state is often heard in labs across the country as scientists try to reconcile their chosen career with their God-given American patriotism.

**The most malicious part** of Big Pharmaceutical is, of course, the pushing of their product. Vaccine distribution mainly happens in hospitals and clinics across the country, like the one shown here (**Fig. 3**). These places are heavily intertwined with Big Government, which sets laws and regulations about who must be inoculated. This *folie à deux* often means that hardworking, freedom-loving American citizens are forced to make an unimaginable choice: submit to the government's control, or be excluded from huge aspects of life such as jobs, schools, and select Hooters locations. This grisly image is repeatedly painted with no end in sight, despite infringing upon everything this country stands for: freedom of bodily autonomy, freedom to participate in "sun's out, guns out" without a bandage marring your arm, and freedom to question the tyrannical authority that threatens the very fabric of our nation.



**Fig. 1** These "scientists" are mucking about, touching random shit in their science lab. Why the fuck are they doing that?



**Fig. 2** Here we see some woke liberal "scientist" concocting the chemical sludge they want to inject into our children's veins.



**Fig. 3** Get a load of these guys. This is where our tax dollars are going, folks.



## Universal Healthcare: *The Great Red Deception*

The greatest gift that our Founding Fathers bestowed upon this nation is the freedom to trade amongst our fellow citizens. The simple farmhand in the fields of Wyoming should be allowed to barter his eggs to his neighbor without the oppressive boot of the government on his neck, telling him what conditions to keep his own damn chickens in. In these modern days, however, the Communist Agenda has successfully infiltrated the American discourse in an attempt to infect the fruits of capitalism with the mold of socialism wherever it goes. Simply look upon communistic "art" — the Louvre, the pyramids of Giza, the Templo Mayor — and compare their self-righteous, ostentatious design to the simple elegance of the Bass Pro Shop pyramid. Such depravity they wish to inflict upon all aspects of American life, and so have turned their attention to proclaiming the supposed universal right to healthcare. Such a proposition would never have been entertained by the great men of our nation's history. The free market grips its invisible hand, and picks with perfect precision between those who deserve medical treatment and those who have left their bootstraps unpulled. If one is so weak-willed as to be taken in by epilepsy or cancer, they have the God-given, constitutionally-protected right to choose amongst a variety of reputable lenders who will help them in their time of need. This is why the American healthcare system leads the world across all metrics not measured by communists. We, the inheritors of the Constitution, can not allow the Red Menace to destroy the freedom of the humble pharmaceutical megacorporation or insurance company simply for the sake of helping the diseased and the needy, and in doing so, risk losing the blessing of our great, almighty God.

# Wash-o-Matic

## 5000 AI Pro Max

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After years of mastering the art of at-home food waste management, Google Labs has once again synthesized a revolutionary innovation in the field. With the Wash-o-Matic 5000 AI Pro Max Voice Controlled, you can truly step into the future of home appliances! This new model features all of your fan-favorites from the Wash-o-Matic 4000, including the built-in hand-crank toaster and 8-track player. But now, we've gone even further by developing an advanced AI model with a specially trained home-consumer algorithm and API cloud computing bandwidth. This AI model (legally distinct from ChatGPT) does it all, from inventing brand-new family recipes to generating real-time images of your dishes. Its GPU training servers are included in-model, to allow for consumer-end B2B SaaS expansion and additional hot oven "capabilities".

Buy the Wash-o-Matic 5000 today at your local O'Reilly Auto Parts, or order by mail with the cut-out below. We guarantee it will save you from certain dish-aster!



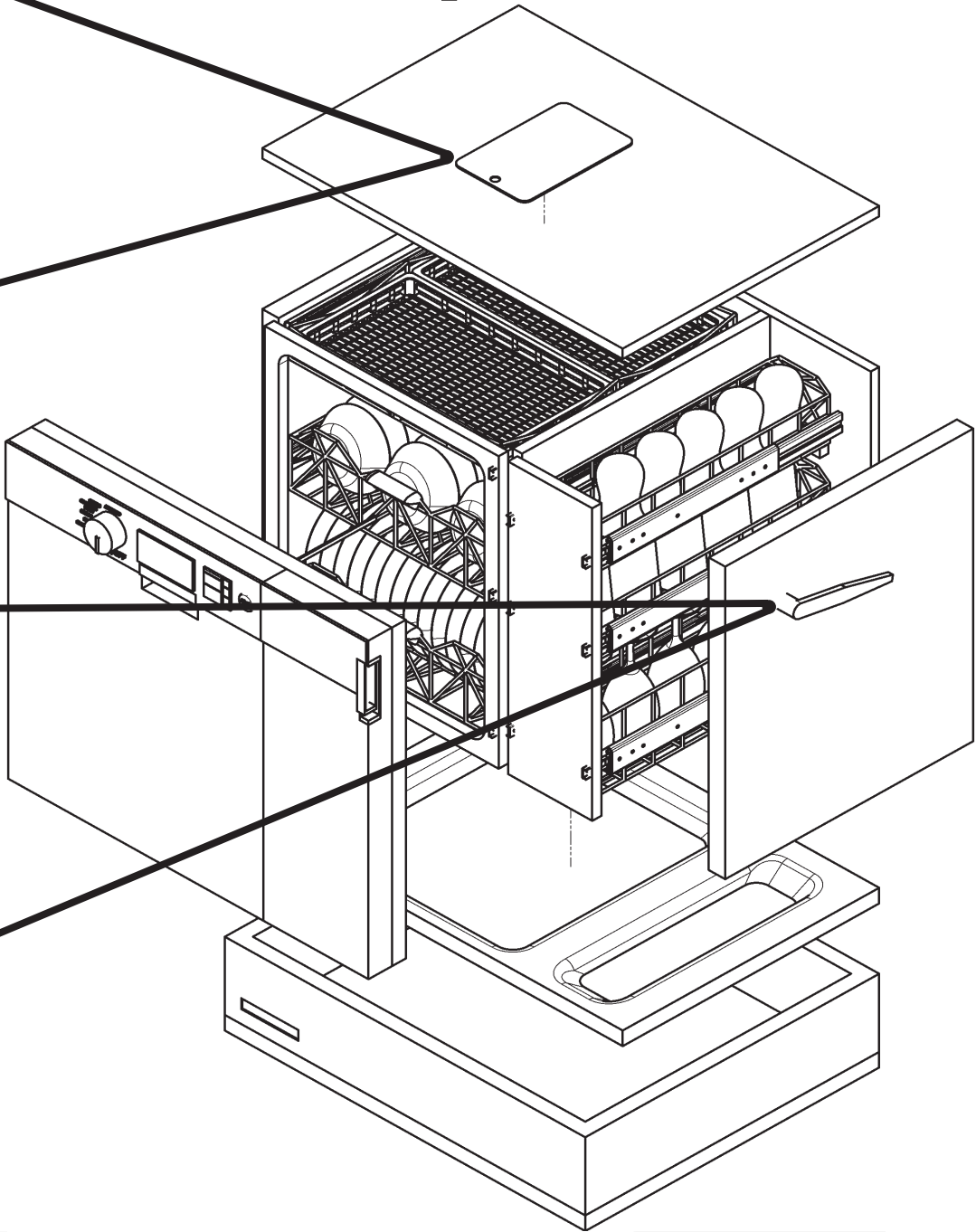
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Do you struggle to constantly find and organize new recipes? The Wash-o-Matic 5000 AI Pro Max Voice Controlled now includes a Recipe Tablet which will generate scrumptious new recipes with its very own cutting-edge AI chef! Utilizing the Previously Recycled Inputs back Onto Neural Networks (PRIONN) method, this system allows recipes to "evolve," utilizing data from previously generated recipes to cook up new ones! This method ensures that each recipe will have similar patterns to recipes that came before, so each dishwasher will come with its very own style, transcending even the most novel tastes of the human palate!



Have you ever been struck by an intense hunger while doing the dishes? Looking for an energy-efficient way to prepare a quick snack the old-fashioned way? Worry not: with the Wash-o-Matic 5000 AI Pro Max Voice Controlled's handy-dandy hand-crank toaster, you can crank out a tasty piece of toast without needing to ask your dishwasher for help. Simply put a piece of bread into a slit, and crank it till it pops. If you order now, your Wash-o-Matic will also play a heavenly tune for you to crank your toast to!



The Wash-o-Matic 5000 AI Pro Max Voice Controlled is designed to give you even more control of your dishwashing, and its live feed does just that. The AI system uses breakthrough hallucination imaging to predict and display the inside of your appliance, based on the principles of "whimsical math." You'll find it displayed on the Wash-o-Matic's 44" flatscreen display as well as any device logged in to the Wash-o-Matic mobile app (only \$1.99/month on select devices). Embrace the freedom of stress-free housework as you check an approximation of your dishwashing progress anywhere, anytime.

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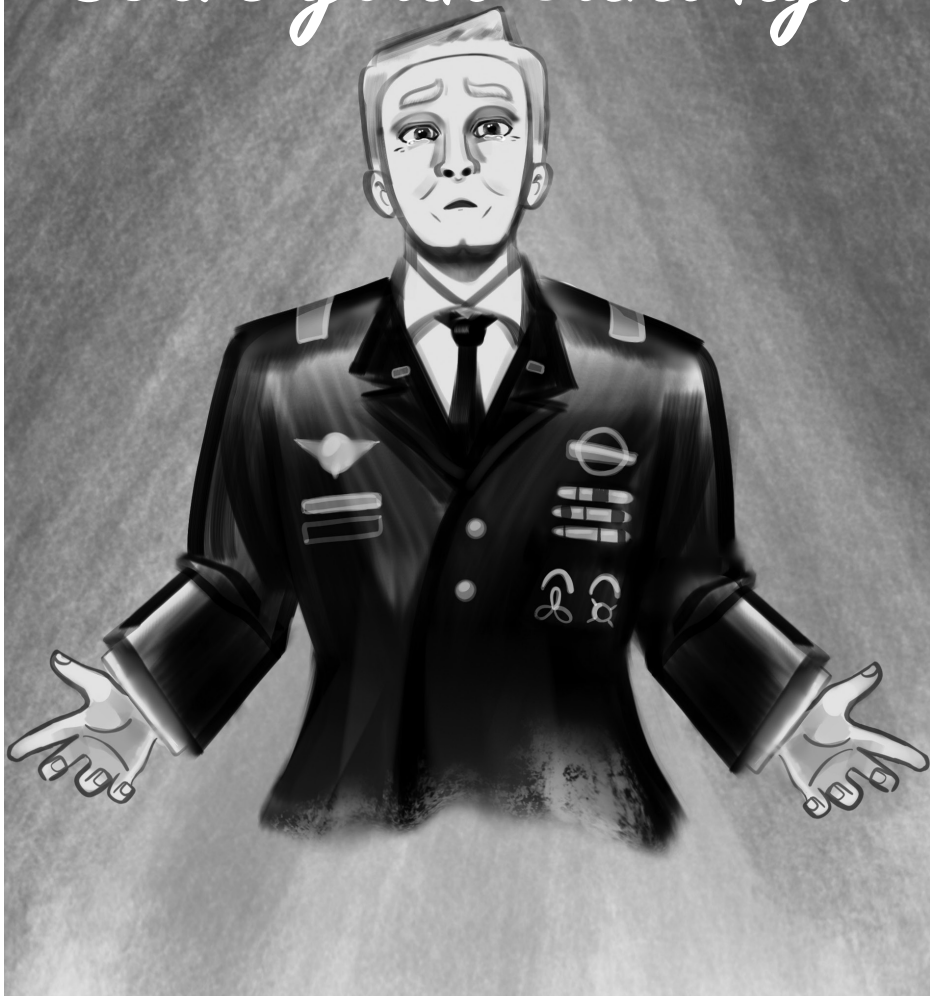
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# Serve your Cunt-ry!



To help our brave military MEN fight the good fight, we need YOU (yes, YOU) to RATION our most essential GOODS. Our soldiers are battling those DEPRAVED Greenlanders for America’s rightful rule over the MOST economically useful frozen wasteland in the world. While our men are the very best MEN in the entirety of the world’s military, they are also some of the HUNGRIEST, most resource-intensive soldiers in the world! From the frigid cold, to the DEGENERATE Greenlanders, our soldiers are braving HEAVEN and HELL to help ensure that YOUR country is still able to be the very BEST. Their immaculate perfection requires ENERGY, and we need that energy from YOU. Below is a list of VITAL resources that our Geardos in GREEN need to keep on fighting the good FIGHT. Remember, a penny saved at the grocery store is a penny that helps win the WAR!

## Do Your Part to Conserve!

### Lube

We need YOU to help our brave troops by rationing lube! Lube is absolutely essential for the war effort to keep our soldiers greased up and slippery so when enemies try to capture them, they can swiftly wriggle out of their UN-AMERICAN grasp. You can help us preserve this valuable resource by switching to all-American alternatives like organic mayonnaise or Starbucks® Pumpkin Spice Lattes when getting down and dirty in your duty to create the next generation of soldiers. Thank you for helping us slide towards a smooth victory!

### Trader Joe’s Everything but the Bagel Seasoning

Our nutrient-challenged soldiers are counting on YOU to preserve American stocks of Trader Joe’s Everything but the Bagel Seasoning! Just one little bottle of Everything but the Bagel Seasoning contains all of the vitamins and minerals that a soldier needs to fight in the trenches for YOUR country. We implore you: switch from avocado toast to cereal; buy your bagels pre-seasoned — just do whatever it takes. Our big, strong soldier men need their seeds.

### Makeup

Have you been thinking about beautifying your standard of living by enhancing your natural features? Relinquish those desires for the benefit of our American ideals and freedoms. We need you to ration makeup and other beauty products so that our great American spies — regardless of gender—can seduce our enemies and extract highly valuable state secrets! The more successful agents carry out their missions, the faster our numerous wars will be won!

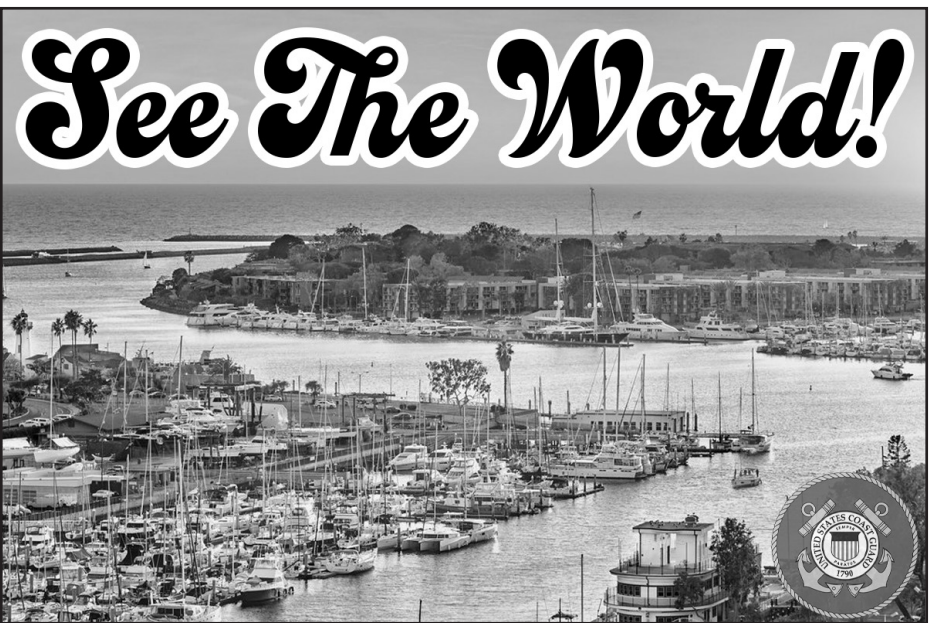
### Meats & Eats

Attention, our fine American citizens! I urge you all to ration 3D-printed meats for the sake of our strong, patriotic boys overseas. You must understand that taking a life, no matter how evil the person may be, can have severe mental repercussions for our soldiers. By using this ethical supply of protein, we can counteract their anguish with the comfort that the only thing in harm’s way is evil and evil alone!


### Dinosaur Chicken Nuggets

The longer our men are out there fighting valiantly in the trenches, the deeper their hunger grows for the nostalgic flavors of yore. Dear reader, if you have any sympathy to spare, conserve your remaining dino nuggets to feed our soldiers. No other nuggets will fill the void in their hearts. Without the nuggets’ familiar poultry taste and reptilian form, our men will surely succumb to the despair that haunts their long days and restless nights.


# See The World!




Are you concerned about the ever rising prices of higher education? Are you facing a future rife with endless debt and financial instability? Fear not, Patriot, for the military is seeking new recruits! Every soldier not only has the lofty privilege of serving their country, but also learning as they work! For the low, low price of five years of service, you too can utilize the amazing opportunities below and build the future you crave.




Want to learn more about the amazing process of land mine manufacturing? By signing on to-day YOU could visit the lovely lands of Kuwait, home to one of the world’s largest land mine populations. Here, you have access to some of the top demolitions experts to teach you how much TNT is just enough TNT. Furthermore, you will learn about the rich and explosive history of land mine manufacturing, to ensure full appreciation of this beautiful ancient art form. By the end of this experience, you’ll have the skills needed for an illustrious soldiering career, and become an expert on pressure-sensitive incendiary devices.



Looking for easy ways to boost your résumé for medical school? Join the military to participate in armed, guided tours through the beautiful country of Colombia and learn how to engage yourself in stimulating conversations about the dangers of drugs and alcohol with your colleagues. Recruits will enjoy visiting local gangs for a deep dive into the manufacturing process and educate the community all about the lows of highs. Get your trench feet wet by cracking down on crack and we’ll cut you a sweet deal for a uniform! Don’t let foreign drugs win the war!



Are you tired of an incomplete sex education? Enlist in the US military and enroll yourself at our very own retreat in Vatican City, to receive a tasteful American sex education abroad! Take classes such as Intro to Celibacy, Abstinence 101, and The Dangers of Birth Control to gain comprehensive knowledge on sexual safety that enlisted service members in other, more foreign deployments could only dream of! At graduation you will receive a purity ring, as well as a free rosary to count your days until marriage. Confession booths are available in case of emerging impure thoughts. Consummate your service today and learn about sex from the world’s self-proclaimed foremost experts, and remember to let freedom — and celibacy — ring!



Are you a veteran struggling to doze off to dreamland? Unable to get some shut-eye unless you’re as snug as a bug in a rug? Suffering from sleepless nights caused by visions of your past? Re-join the military today to experience brand-new, top-of-the-line, sheep-counting training in the cozy land of Antarctica to help you truly learn how to snooze away. With naturally low oxygen levels and an astonishing six months of the year without sunlight, you’ll be piling up Zs in no time. You’ll learn how to never have trouble falling — or staying — asleep ever again! That’s a military promise.

# Artist Spotlight: Colt Apropro



Colt Apropro, pictured during a photoshoot for his album *Carnatic Desires*

With the release of his second album, *Carnatic Desires*, Colt Apropro established himself as a trailblazer in the indie pop scene. With his trademark “East meets West” musical style, which draws inspiration from classical Indian music, Apropro has redefined the genre and opened

listeners’ ears to a whole new subcontinent of music. We sat down with Apropro to discuss his journey, from growing up in Indiana, to touring the world at 19 years old.

Apropro was first exposed to classical Indian music at a young age, when his childhood friend’s mother

played it in the car while driving him to a movie. “The whole time I was sitting in the theater, I couldn’t concentrate on the film at all, I was just thinking about the funky sounds I had just heard. Beneath the awful arhythmic racket and alien shrieking, I sensed a kernel of gold just waiting for a fresh face to come along and bring their music into the 21st century.”

After the first taste, Apropro dove into exploring the genre with enthusiasm. “I wanted to learn everything that I could about Indian music, so I immersed myself in it. I spent that summer listening to all the greats; The Beatles, Coldplay, even John Coltrane, though I find him a bit out there. With all of these great sources of traditional Indian music, and the primal shrieks and moans from that fateful car ride still ringing in my ears, I started writing my first songs. Obviously, I couldn’t get my hands on any of the weirder Indian instruments growing up in Arizona, but I could plug my guitar into my laptop and simulate them well enough. I ran into a bit of a wall after my debut single, “India, Nah Indiana,” as the lyrics just weren’t flowing. That’s when I decided to get some exposure to real Indian culture.”

Apropro embarked on what he calls a “journey of enlightenment” to Artesia, California, whilst visiting relatives in Los Angeles. “While everyone else in the family was having fun at Disneyland or Venice Beach, I was having a life-changing experience in Little India. It was everything I could have dreamed of and more! I met so many Indians, it was honestly a bit overwhelming. I immersed myself in their food, eating delicious, but spicy food like chicken tikka masala, butter chicken and naan bread, and even bought some traditional Indian clothes. They had so many colorful togas, but for some reason the saleswoman gave me a funny look when I bought them. I guess some people are still racist in this day and age. After I made it back to Indiana, I was writing nonstop.”

As the interview drew to an end, Apropro looked towards the future. “I think it would be really cool to finally commit and go interact with some real Indians after going on my world tour and sharing their music with so many other people. Hopefully, I’ll make it to New Jersey, but until then I will have to make do with rewatching my favorite Bollywood movie, *Yesterday*.”

## High Technology Will Save Music by Mira Dobe

We’ve come a long way since the days of the talk-box and the MOOG, and with every passing year, there is more and more space for music to cover. Right now, countless possibilities lie in wait for any troubadour or troublemaker looking to tickle ivories or slap bass, as the ever broadening tools and techniques of the 21st century open the frontier of aural auspices. Wrought loose from convention and constraint, we find ourselves faced with an ever expanding soundscape we can never hope to chart, let alone chart with. It’s a numbers game and we’re losing. With every passing moment, the chance to cover the realm of possibility that music has to offer gets further and further from our reach. How can we profess to love this art form when we have no hope to know its fullest extent, to find the truth hidden in its completeness. In our imprudent avarice, we never deigned to see the abject fate we set out before ourselves, nor that with every sonic pace we take, we proceed deeper into our own proportional ignorance.

Nevertheless, it is upon this altar that we can find our own deliverance from our profligacy. It is

through the very beast we seek to slay that we can impose our will upon the fertile, unseeded, grounds that we will seize our vengeance. Finally, we can complete music, and hang our laurels upon its fruit. We shall sup upon the bounty of our labors, and pick the ripest figs of our aural pasture. When we lay bare the complete possibility space of music, it shall remain only for us to suckle at its ripe carcass, our very own Elysium, mediated by supple Sennheiser open-backed oracles. With the complete set of all possible sounds in every measure laid bare before us, there shall be no more cultural Rubicons to cross, the entirety of human expression shall be realized; the unknown driven from our bounteous shores, the truth of the human condition laid bare in the topology of the form. Simple homotopy of our Eden shall make clear the very essence of human creativity, the soul given form, agency, in its frequency space.

The unity that shall bring us unto this fate is none less than the unfettered creative potential made available through the Google Gemini oeuvre.

Nothing augments my experience with Gemini more than our

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Bolstered now with our safe browsing, we can delve into the rich tapestry of human artistic expression, made available to us through the seamless and ever-evolving Gemini Assistant. Its innovative and invaluable contribution to our endeavor lies in its explosive creativity. With only

the touch of a button, Gemini has produced for me the complete set of all possible sounds, in every permutation, and leaves me completed. The whole of the human artistic endeavor now lies on my hard drive, and music can finally lie at rest. This fine tapestry represents the end of pointless wavering over the past, the who did what, the headache of credit and copyright. It’s all trivial when you place it next to the possibility made by unveiling the width and breadth of the human capacity to create. Through Gemini, we no longer have to squabble over the friction between humans, we are instead able to slide and slither over every curve of the human spirit. Gemini truly embodies the human power to create, and this is the fullest expression thereof. AI is the rising tide, anointing us as the philosopher-kings we aspire to be. And now, my friends, we can fly unfettered by the trappings of this community or that, we can delve deep into the form of our human expression. I hope you all will join me on this aural pilgrimage to Gemini, the pinnacle of human expression, and the complete whole of what music can be.

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Do you just want to escape it all? To somewhere you can wash away the years and stress? We know just the place for you! For just one weekend, let our award-nominated staff pamper you to your heart’s content.

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JUNE 27–30, 2025  
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## Album Recall: *LIFE* reviews the best of the best that you’ve forgotten



### Global Warming by Pitbull: 2 / 2 Hemispheres

In the early 21st century, it was commonly believed that the world would end come 2012. Party music was reaching a peak, as were global temperatures and carbon emissions. Mr. Worldwide, the king of mind-meltingly droll EDM-pop, created tunes to play as you black out to block out the existential dread of unavoidable, impending doom. He raps about sex, women, sexy women, and having sex with women, accompanied by sexy guests such as J. Lo, Enrique Iglesias, and Christina Aguilera. As the world burns down around us in 2025, the album is just as relevant as ever. Pitbull and his collaborators are the band playing on the sinking *Titanic* that is the world as we know it.



### Rise and Fall of a Midwest Princess by Chappell Roan: One and ½ / 2 Thumbs Up

With an explosive entrance to the scene two years ago, the upbeat melodies of Chappell Roan’s *Rise and Fall of a Midwest Princess* prove that pop is back in a big way. Roan brings an air of mystique to the music industry, rejecting all norms by refusing to let fans and foes photograph her whenever she goes out in public. Her boundaries, which she “insists upon” after multiple “encounters” with “paparazzi,” have rocked the music world and show no signs of stopping, reminiscent of the upbeat melodies of “HOT TO GO!” and “Naked in Manhattan.” But, one must ask how Chappell could truly be a “Femininomenon” if the world isn’t up to date with what she’s up to at all times of the day. And if a loyal fan of her saccharine melodies can’t receive her guidance on romantic relationships or deeply nuanced political discussions, then frankly, this Midwest princess... may have already fallen from grace. However, with more upbeat melodies and lyrics that show the parts of her soul she keeps most secret, her next LP could be one for the ages.



### SYRE by Jaden Smith: Bronny James / Justin Trudeau

Jaden Smith’s album *SYRE* masterfully delves into the political and economic state of the world. This project is an introspective and down-to-earth metacommentary on the industry and the self — specifically, himself. The instrumentation carries alt-trap/hip-hop/folk/Detroit-techno/progressive/psych-rap undertones, while the lyrics explore topics ranging from Martin Luther King to the Kamasutra — in the same song! — demonstrating the decadent range of his commentary. Smith is a mastermind of leaving things up to interpretation. In “L” he sings, “Girl, I’m Martin Luther, Martin Luther King / Life is hard, I’m Kamasutra-ing,” mystifying the average listener beyond belief and solidifying his genius. He levels himself with various other legends as well, saying, “K. Dot is comin’ out of me,” providing an interesting and thought-provoking visual. As he’s said in an interview with BigBoyTV, he doesn’t like hanging out with people his own age, and is one of the few young artists still “keepin’ it real” in America today.

# Madonna as Critic, Caretaker, Cradle: An Odyssey Through the Artistic Impetus

By Madonna



Disgusted by *The Discobolus*, Madonna withdraws red lipstick from her purse and writes horrifying obscenities along the statue's disk in various languages. Once finished, she proclaims she was "inspired to beautify this ugly statue" to express "the emotions [she] felt when [she] heard Elton John was gay."



Marveling at its simplicity, Madonna journeys to a hut in rural India to observe Warli art. She is intrigued by how, with a total lack of training, people were able to create these detailed paintings. She brought her own paintbrush from home and adds her own little figures to the wall while locals look on in shock — assuredly in awe of her natural affinity for it!



Madonna admires the walls inside the Queen's Chamber while exploring the Great Pyramid, her handprint leaving a damp mark on the dusty limestone walls. Beside her stands her guide, a Cairo native and fourth-generation pyramids guide, looking on disapprovingly.



Madonna, "Queen of Pop," turns her gaze towards the physical manifestation of humanity's greatest question — is it art, or is it just an upside-down urinal? After a fifteen-minute odyssey into the all-knowing cyberspace, she returns as an amateur auteur. Now, to her trained eye, Marcel Duchamp's piece, *Fountain*, with the symbols "R. Mutt" inscribed on it, stands as the pinnacle of the deconstruction of utilitarianism and aestheticism. From "urinal" to "fountain," Duchamp's piece has since transcended nonsense to become muchsense. The singress shared that, with her augmented keenness for art, she also sees

the societal value of *Fountain*. Indeed, no longer will this urinal be "for the boys" only, as girls who visit the exhibit may also witness its greatness. They will even be encouraged to use it, as this is a piece of interactive art. Their urination will hence bring gender equality through what Madonna terms "pee equality." The "Queen of Pop" proudly announced that, "Now that I am a veteran art critic, I will be crafting a song and it will feature *Fountain* by Monsieur Duchamp in the music video!" as the crowd cheers and the staff look on in confusion. "It'll be out next Friday," Madonna continued. "Remember to buy the single... I mean, to enjoy the art, everyone!"



Puzzled by the abstractness of Pablo Picasso's *Guernica*, Madonna tries looking at the painting upside down to see if she can parse more meaning from it. "Didn't this guy abuse all of the women in his life?" she scoffs, flipping the painting right-side up.



Entranced by Frida Kahlo's 1944 painting, *The Broken Column*, Madonna whispers, "What an icon, making yourself the subject." Pausing to look up at Kahlo's face, she then utters, "The proportions look off, but I think that corset makes up for it," while tracing over Kahlo's back brace with her oily fingers.



Madonna Louise Ciccone in her Turin summer home, contemplating simply the greatest of her hits with a dire resolve.

On a night much like this, I found myself in repose, unraveled in my sitting room, swept away by a current of growth yet unbeknownst to me. On the telly I could see my children growing up in front of my very eyes, and as my tequila sunrise crested its horizon, so too did I cross the threshold of understanding. Basking in the light of realization, I saw with utmost clarity that art is the mirror-sheened void into which we may cast our despair, and that we are but reflection. My children, each a fully ripened fruit, have grown to become art in their own right; and as the artist who sculpted these artists of the next generation, I soon came to understand the gravity of my appointment. I held within my hands the power to reinvent myself and carve a new path forward as the voice of a generation yet to be, the art critic for the future yet to be drawn. Cleaving my Red Sea in twain, I set out from my summering in Turin, and took it as my raison d'être to explore the full possibility of what art can be.

In the weeks and months to come, I took it upon myself to engage in all the fruits of the orchard of human expression. I made it my being to sample and speak the truth of the whole of the creative enterprises of our humble Earth, such that my guiding hand could elucidate the art within, and bring it to my children. Not the children of Madonna Louise Ciccone, but the children of art, of the Earth, of MADONNA. Roused from my waking slumber, I broke my intellectual fast in the breadbasket of Europe: the German river valleys. It was here that I found myself in the Greek district of the city, itself named for the fictional city featured in Xenophon's teachings. Therein I found the Pergamon Museum and the opportunity to bring my studies to a head, to allow for free discourse between myself and the art at hand. It was in this edifice that I came to understand my calling, as I embraced Germany's own

Meydan Mosque. In our conjugation, we made one another real. Along every grain of the masonry, I could feel Germany itself speaking to me, it was as though the Western Tradition revealed itself through me. The words that exited my body came to redefine me and awaken the profundity of my spirit anew. Though all my humble voice could muster was a whispered, "I know you're Mother, land," my soul in its ecstasy found itself tapped into an unshapen faith that I knew must follow this arc of my life. The very voice of humility and charity spake to me, and ordained that I stay the line and share my voice with the world through the lens of art critique. Invigorated with new sight, I found who must have been the curator reduced to tears by mere sight of the sublime. I bid him rise and placed my hands upon his cheeks, where the clay dust from my hands mixed with his tears to purify him, much as the Rhine's silt filters out the woes of Berlin. I only wish I could have dwelled in this place, yet my calling drew upon me once again, and bid me to seek the art of the very frontiers of humanity.

Though this brief soirée was but the first of many arts suborned to MADONNA, I knew I had yet greater roads to walk. My subsequent weeks and months were spent seeking the apices of art; I contended with the plain frankness of the Dadaists, and took Warli art into my own hands as its Dehlian progenitors neglected her. In an act of love, I

hand-washed Kahlo's portrait, such that she could shine resplendent in her manicured posture. I breathed in the clean air at Guernica, and felt Picasso's vision suffuse me. The words I delivered in those moments I cannot repeat here, for it would not do justice to the arts discussed, nor to the artist who spoke those words. While I cannot detail the whole of my whirlwind experience of the artist's sampler, I will recount to you my experience in the Argentine rurality of Salta, where I met the children of Llullaillaco. In this delightful, capital township, I was acquainted to these children, much like my own, who now found themselves to exceed their feeble forms. Their legacy has been cemented in their sacrifice, through their will they have risen above the confines of physical form and delivered art to their masses. The chrysalis of their tomb evoked the shell of personhood we must cast off to pursue enlightened dialogue with the essential form of art. I must cast off.

Soon thereafter, my sojourns brought me to the very edges of the earth, and the verge of humanity. I set out to escape the crushing pulse of Cairo, the beating heart of Egypt, and voyaged to the caverns below the Great Pyramids in Giza. Walking through those depths, I became enraptured by the beautiful cave drawings adorning the walls of this place. The raw primacy of their form was my muse, drawing out my words until they exceeded my mere form, spilling out in shapes for which I cannot do service with any language still known today. It was in this moment that the invisible hand of art itself guided my own, leaving its mark on history, just the same as the families of the Chauvet-Pont-d'Arc Cave. This consummation of art, my commune with prehistory, serves as a reminder of all the raw creation needed before true art could coalesce, and I carry that knowledge with me in this: my ultimate undertaking.

Allow me to elaborate, for to sequester is to withdraw, and in my creation and redefinition of art, I cannot help but feel that I have done a disservice in the sequestration thereof. I find myself having created art upon all these inspirations of mine, creating meaning of whole cloth, and yet I have committed a grave sin. In my reinvention of art I have robbed you all. For now I find that MADONNA is art. Not Madonna Louise Cicconi, but MADONNA. And I, like my namesake, cannot be held to private eyes, cannot be made to privatize. Art is made for an audience, and I cannot condemn its profundity to resound within me, nor should it be mandated to live as mere backdrop to my life. It is this that brought me to my terminal understanding. If I am of art, and hence, art is of MADONNA, I cannot reside behind Turin's shroud. Let us do away with the ivory tower; no art should be condemned to reside in shadow. I shall cast myself unto the public eye, and cast myself in resin to remain forever in your gaze. I shall in my unlife bring life to my public. It is with heavy hand that I — being of sound body and mind — entrust myself, the final art piece, to the auspices of the Museum of Modern Art, in the vain aspiration to bring to you all I have learned.

Slay on my dears,  
MADONNA

Older.  
Bolder.  
Smolder.

Old Bastards,  
the ego-friendly choice.  
Filter-free, taurine-infused.

