

KONSHUU

vol. X55 #4
April Fools'



Anime girl

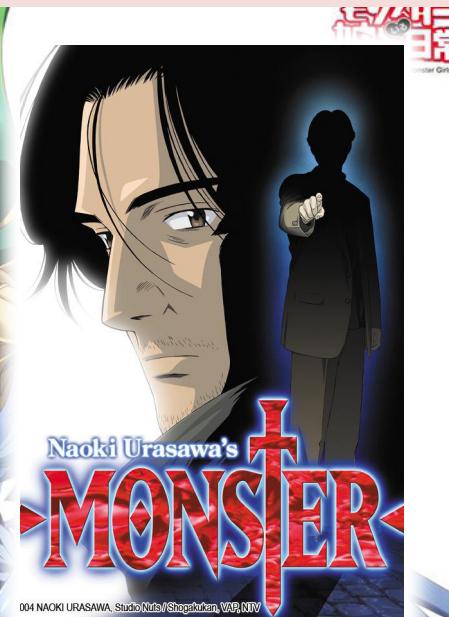
UWU

Art By Crystal Li

THIS MONTH'S FEATURED SERIES!

ANIME RECOMMENDATION **MONSTER**

One of my most favorite anime in existence and both one of the most smartest, most realistic, and most smartest and finally, most realistic works in the entire medium, boasting one of the greatest antagonists in existence with Johan as well as extremely impressive sakuga throughout. The anime adaptation differs pretty drastically from the manga, and I was astonished by how effectively it utilizes the medium of animation to its advantage. Scenes where characters spoke out loud about plot details rather than monologuing internally while being the only characters in the entire room only adds to the sheer realism that the show tries to present. Urasawa is an absolute genius and the further I progressed through the show, the more I could viscerally feel my IQ increase.



Spring 2004, Madhouse
Directed by Masayuki Kojima
74 Episodes

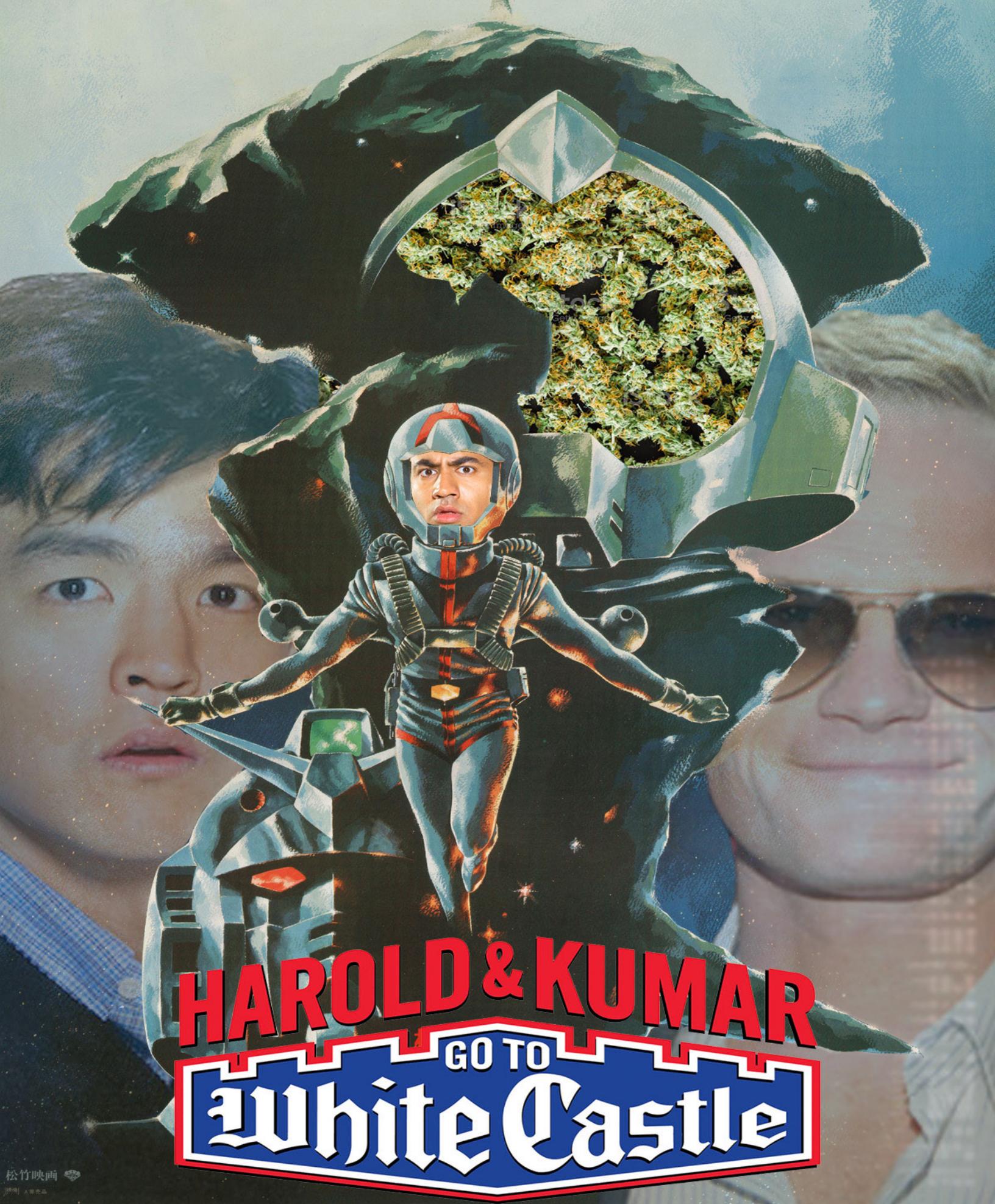


2001, Studio PHCA
Directed by idk
7,505 episodes

MITCHELL MAXIMILLIAN MANALAC MADAYAG
KONSHUU EDITOR IN CHIEF

He's a pretty rad dude.

震えるか宇宙 そら
めぐりあえよ生命 いのち



HAROLD & KUMAR GO TO White Castle

“Harold & Kumar Go to White Base”

By Tony T. and Nicholas Wonosaputra

The screeching of metal and thunderous explosions far greater than the flames of their bong sent shivers through Harold and Kumar's spines. In the corner of his vision, Kumar noticed a distinctly non-Zaku unit. It was a white Mobile Suit, adorned with the occasional red and blue plating.

“Holy shit,” said Kumar, “I think I've seen that robot before, a long time ago”.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” exclaimed Harold.

“Y'know, that one time we got really high on our way to White Castle. Remember? We rode a cheetah. NPH was there!” replied Kumar.

“Holy fuck! That actually happened? I thought that was a fever dream—”

Harold's response was interrupted by the deafening noise of a giant Zaku mowing down an entire crowd of civilians.

“WHAT THE FUCK?”

Harold's utter shock at the horrors he had just witnessed was interrupted by the impact of Kumar's hand on his face. The rage he would have felt gave way to fear as the green unit turned its attention away from the bodies and towards the pair of marajuana-addled Spacenoids.

Grabbing his shocked partner, Kumar quickly ran to the peculiar white figure in the distance as bullets rained behind them. As he approached the unit, he felt a strange tingling sensation, as if the Mobile Suit was calling him.

“Yo dude, let's get inside”, said Kumar.

“People are dying, you fuck! You're just gonna ignore that? Plus, I've got a shitload of work to do tomorrow! Investment banking is tough, dude!”

"Aw, it'll only be for a bit. Besides, I have night shift at the hospital and I'll be busy as fuck after *this!*". Kumar proceeded to drag his exasperated companion into the metal sarcophagus, chasing the divine scent that permeated throughout every sense of his being. Sight, touch, smell, taste, and sound—somehow, Kumar felt all of these. Yet, there was something else to this, something intangible, that Kumar had never quite experienced prior.

Within the darkness, Kumar felt around until he reached a latch of some sort. Pulling it made a bizarre sound, prompting a squeak from Harold.

"Holy shit!" Kumar exclaimed as a large plastic bag fell down from the heavens within the metal unit.

Looking closer, Kumar stared in awe as he realized the bag, seemingly the source of his tingling sensation, contained innumerable grams of high quality marijuana.

After taking several long whiffs of the unimaginably divine scent exuded by the kush, Kumar cut open the godly package. He pulled out rolling papers and began rolling several joints on the cold metal floor.

Simultaneously, Harold noticed a thick booklet on the floor, likely having fallen there with the bag of weed. Skimming through it, Harold felt the knowledge pouring into his brain in the same way that White Castle complemented his stomach. Grasping around for the controls, Harold flipped a switch, and was blinded by the subsequent light emitted from the displays.

Suddenly, both shouted. As the giant green unit, labeled by the monitor's interface as a Zaku, came into view, its red eye pierced through the ravaged battlefield towards the pair. Kumar, thinking it was merely a product of the five joints he had rolled and simultaneously smoked, yelped particularly loud.

"BAD TRIP BAD TRIP BAD TRIP!!!!!!" He screamed as he flailed his arms, inadvertently hitting a control stick in between him and his sober partner. The metal behemoth came to life as both men struggled to keep their footing amidst its shifting weight.

Harold, feeling a strange tingling not unlike Kumar's earlier experience, began frantically pushing and pulling random controls, all whilst screaming. The

situation at hand was unlike anything he had previously experienced, aside from the time he was sent to Guantanamo Bay.



As the Zaku approached closer and closer, Harold's anxiety worsened as his flailing failed to change their predicament. Just when it seemed that all was lost, Harold heard his partner's voice to his right.

"Dude, relax. Have some of this sweet reefer, and you'll feel fine. It's unlike anything I've ever had before. I feel like a new type of me, a new type of Kumar. Just have this and be a Newtype with me"

"Fuck off, we're about to die!" said Harold.

Still, with no remaining options and seemingly on death's door, he acquiesced, taking a hit of a nicely rolled joint.

As Harold prepared for the sweet embrace of death, he suddenly felt a rush of indescribable sensory stimuli. Once again reaching for the controls, Harold felt a newfound understanding of the metal unit. The robot felt like an extension of his limbs.

The Zaku raised its machine gun as the once immobile unit sprang to its feet. Pulling the trigger, it released a volley of ammunition, but none of its bullets were able to find their mark.

With blinding speed, the unbearably bright robot engaged its side thrusters to flank the enemy. Harold held down a button which sent a return volley. Unlike their enemy's prior attempt, these ripped through the metal casing of the green unit's head. Though missing the cockpit, Harold successfully impaired the Zaku's vision.

"Woah, look at this thing's guns! Daaaaaaaaamn!" shouted Kumar.

"What did you say? Gundamn?" replied Harold, confused by both the chaos of their predicament and the burning high brought upon by the marijuana he had just inhaled.

Momentarily distracted, Harold looked towards his companion. Kumar screamed as the opposing mecha once again raised its mechanical limbs towards the pair's unit.

"WATCH THE FUCK OUT!"

A sharp tingle shot through Harold's spine, and he felt as if the world had slowed to a crawl. Without even looking towards the monitor, Harold instantly shifted the white doll's weight via its thrusters, pinning down their camouflage-green opponent.

"Yes!" cried Harold, ecstatic that they were out of danger.

His partner, though, was less pleased, shoving Harold off of the controls. In the kerfuffle, Kumar had somehow misplaced the gigantic joints he had rolled. As he activated the unit's beam saber, Kumar was overcome with grief, as if he had lost a mother.

"What? Your mother?" asked Harold. Somehow, he could feel the anger within Kumar's thoughts.

"THIS IS FOR MY KUSH!"

With blinding speed and precision, Kumar sliced the enemy in two. After a brief moment, it exploded.

"Holy shit, you fucking killed that guy, dude!"

"Don't sweat the details, Harold. He had it coming."

A shadow loomed over the space colony, watching over the conflict. Adorned almost completely in red, this unit was not inauspicious in the slightest.

The mechanical giant sparked to life as its user turned its key. The warm glow of the monitors illuminated the interior of the unit, littered with an assortment of capsules, needles, and powders.

Its pilot, similarly dressed in crimson, issued a wordless retreat order to his subordinates. His expression changed little, with his eyes covered by a pair of fashionable sunglasses.



"Yes, Major Harris!" his men said in unison, fearful of their leader's wrath. The Red Comet, as he was known across numerous space colonies, was known for his unbelievable speed in combat. Those in the know remarked that his drug use allowed him to pilot at a rate thrice the speed of an average combatant.

Taking one final glance towards the escapades of Harold and Kumar in their mobile suit, Neil Patrick Harris took off his sunglasses.

His sclera, ironically exposed to oxygen for the first time in months while inside a craft with limited supply, matched the unit's hue.

As monitors continued turning on within the once dark unit, Harris took note of a line of cocaine he had previously cut. Without knowing if it had been one day or one month since lining up the victory coke, he dourly ingested it all via the nasal cavity.

Tilting his head back in ecstasy, Harris began lamenting the fall of one of his loyal compatriots, muttering to himself.

"One does not care to acknowledge the mistakes of one's youth."

The weight of those words resounded through the universe. Both Harold and Kumar felt the uneasy tension in spite of the miles separating them and their old rival.

Shaking off the tension, Kumar looked off in the distance, stoned as can be.

"Is it just the weed, or is there a giant metal White Castle over there?"

"No, Kumar, that's clearly a spacecraft. It's probably some sort of military base."

"Hmm... White Castle, military base... It's a White Base!"

"...Sure."

As the marijuana continued to spread throughout the interior of the Gundam, the pair began to make their way towards the White Base in the distance. Mistakenly believing that the White Base contained delicious sliders

In all of my years ingesting light novels, one hidden gem that has always plagued the back of my mind is Harold and Kumar Go To White Base, a postmodern masterpiece of the modern era that blows everything out of the water. Upon first discovering it, I was initially skeptical as, having completed thousands of anime, board games and sock puppetry short films, I have grown to be jaded, my standards having risen to be extraordinarily 高い where nothing can please me, yet in spite of this, the series exceeded virtually all of my expectations and then some. I immediately noticeable in its writing, truly a rarity in the medium given how static and dull the aesthetic of the majority of modern anime is. Fight sequences were continually dynamic, effectively showcasing the animator's talents with an abundance of smear frames and intricate utilization of spacing and timing; the mecha in particular move with incredible fidelity, only enhanced by the experimental cinematography brought upon by the series' director, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, but is notable nonetheless. His past work adapting Kimono My House from the rakugo poem of the same name was impressive as she brilliantly captured the unadulterated existential dread of finally achieving childhood dreams, juxtaposing it against the time-space continuum's eventual destruction through freeze frames and long cuts. I have particular fondness for the 布袋 Khan character, especially the wandering messianic figure of Genghis Khan.

Harold and Kumar Go To White Base Review Part 1

By Max R.

who makes a brief cameo in one of the six shorts that form the series. Harold and Kumar Go To White Base for the first time. :)

and space to the east. It is now time for real Harold and Kumar where we never really arrive, I am overjoyed. I am out with everything that the series has already achieved. I am out for a sequel to be presented one day, though even in the subplot world by the government. I have nothing but sunny today redundant, extraneous dialogue and nonsense, the series was a great relief to me. Instead of repetitive repetitive a major surprise, encapsulating the volumetric history of the plot's gentle slope. The ludomorphic dimension was also something that is a mixture of top and bottom of all Kumar takes on a rather realistic, described artfully, using a through riding off to another country, finally, Harold and Kumar, only having gained any traction whatsoever effectively be determined to be playing the largely superior later. Taking this of mind, the former two series can cessation of both series in spite of being within several million characters chemistry, but also in how it managed to inspire the surpasses these works, not only in terms of complexity as SHIA SEIKI EVAGAILON. However, Harold and Kumar ultimately similar caliber such as Mahav Shreyas Madias Mangala and as a direct competitor to other descendants of a decantation of both works set mahav shreyas / if series series. Returning to Harold and Kumar however, as a end, as they further reinforce the themes explored by the

Harold and Kumar Go To White Base Review Part 2

By Max R.

Союз Советских Социалистических Республик есть социалистическое государство рабочих и крестьян.

Статья 1 из Конституции СССР



Andi May & Kal

CAA

Art By Jen Zhao

One Room is a TV short released in 2017 that went on to receive three seasons that tell the stories of multiple protagonists each meeting a girl that would go on to change their lives, as romantic interests or simply as a close and supportive individual. Its simple formula is based on its presentation through the point of view of each protagonist, making the viewing experience certainly a unique one. And while this might seem like a very straightforward premise, rooted in basic and wholesome interactions to distract one from the hardships of his own life, that would be failing to give the show credit for the immense amount of meaning that hides in its undertones. Indeed, *One Room* could be called a leviathan of themes and motifs, an undrainable well of knowledge about the human condition and the world that they live in, a story that has so many layers that spending years to peel them off would never even suffice to reveal what lies at the end of its infinite wisdom as a piece of media. All I can offer here is but a glimpse of the stories that *One Room* has to tell, for there are as many *One Rooms*, as there are people...

BY FELIX LEVY

Love is an inevitable outcome	Meta story	Self-insert	
Protagonist's POV	Multiple rooms	Room Mate	
Impossible camera angles	The eggplant is a symbol of capitalism	Deconstruction of tropes	
Boileau's classicism	Seasonal Porn Mag	Interactive show	
Single area and timeframe	Romantic relationships are an unescapable prison		
Government observation through miniature drones	Takes place in Shuumatsu no Harem's universe	Protagonist fantasizing	
Sponsored by Shinzo Abe	Imouto Manifesto		
Simone de Beauvoir's "womanhood"	Government-subsidized girlfriends		
The onsen's water has hallucinogen properties	The title actually refers to the audience living in a basement	"One room" refers to Plato's cave	
Swimsuit special is the canon timeline	Backroom level 1		
Protagonist is God	Virtual reality romance		
1984 and strict surveillance of human relations	A figment of the girls' imagination		
We are the coping mechanism	Each arc is a passage through purgatory		
	Eggplant dominion theory (DO NOT RESEARCH)		



Nisurugi Futaba and Hanayagi Kaoruko

Shoujo Kageki Revue Starlight

Art By Eddie Song

A BATTLE TO REMEMBER



HEAVEN JONES

2nd Year, Art Practice and Education Minor

Everyone has seen Goku versus a character, but here is a character who can beat him.

Artist

SPOILERS FOR SAILOR MOON

I will start this off by having to admit, my *Dragon Ball* knowledge is limited to the amazing 2009 live action adaptation, *Dragon Ball Evolution*, but I feel like that will be enough to state this article's purpose.

Sailor Moon can beat Goku in a one on one fight. This is 100% biased and if you want to argue, a wall would be a better partner.

Usagi Tsukino can take on the form of Sailor Moon and later in life Neo-Queen Serenity, and in each one of these forms she can beat Goku, even in his top most form. My first piece of evidence is just that Goku is mid, the green dude seems more popular than him. When I think of *Dragon Ball* I think of the dragon balls,



when I think of *Sailor Moon* the series I think of Sailor Moon. The reasoning for this is not because I have no clue what *Dragon Ball* is about, it is because Sailor Moon is just better.

We should also look at their powers and how effective they are. When Usagi is Neo-Queen Serenity she is able to bring back a whole planet to life after being crystallized herself. She has also always defeated her villains, and if she ever does get defeated she just comes back stronger than before. On the other hand, I remember seeing Goku with a halo over his head one time in a picture, that must mean he was defeated by someone. You

know what people call others who lose and get defeated? Losers.



The style and finesse of a main character is important as well. People remember the epic battles and flashy outfits and not the ones that sat around and did not shout their cool powers before using them. Sailor Moon's outfits have always been on point, nothing has ever clashed and it inspired generations of 90s anime fans. Goku, on the other hand, wears the loudest orange jumpsuit I have ever seen. He may take the cake on this one if he defeats his villains by blinding them. The way they power up is something that can be compared. Sailor Moon shouts the name of her attack, like "Moon Tiara Action!" and one of the most colorful and sometimes prettiest sequences appears. Goku has none of that besides the flashing blonde hair and a lot of screaming.

The most important power that Sailor Moon has up her sleeves that Goku does not is the power of friendship, something you see time and time again from Disney to 90s anime. Sailor Moon and her Sailor Scouts are always able to get the job done together. When Sailor Moon is in trouble the Sailor Scouts are always behind her, ready to save her from anything that is in the way, and just that alone can be Gokue. I don't even know any of Goku's friends.

Power of friendship, style, not being able to be defeated without coming back stronger than before, and being a main character is what helps my argument that Goku can never beat Sailor Moon in any type of battle.

マイカー 貸貸 カルモ

ジャパニーズとイングリッシュは セパレートのランゲージだよ



吉原、キアヌ
二年生、英語学と日本語学

おい、グーグル翻訳を使うな！それを使うな
ら、私は間違いなくお前を見つける

作家

「マイカー」…この言葉のように恐ろしいことは日本語にはないと、俺は強く信じる。分かるか？マイカーの恐ろしさ？まだ分からなければ、朗読してみて。ほら：マイカー。マイカー。マイカー。マイカー。マイカー。もう一度。マイカー。つまり、日本語は死んでいて、殺したのは俺たちだ。

一年八ヶ月前に俺は日本語を勉強し始めた。最初に、平仮名を暗記した。それから片仮名を暗記した。その時に俺自身は片仮名は日本語の終わりの始まりだと全く理解しなかったけど、片仮名の真実はその時でもぼんやりと分かっていた。でもね、その時は無知は幸福のことだった。俺がその安らかな時に戻れるとしたら、ぐいぐいと戻る。しかし、現実はそう甘くない。なぜなら、マイカーのような悪魔の外来語が存在しているからだ。

2022年1月26日水曜日に俺はマイカーという外来語を初めて聞いた。その日は、今も、悪名高く生き続ける。なぜ俺たちはまだここにいるんだ？苦しむためだけか？「マイカー」の英語を真似している言葉の代わりに真の日本語で「俺の車」と言ったら、どう？何の意味も変わらないし、しかも日本語を殺さないまま伝えたいことを伝えるじゃん。でもこの問題をそんなに簡単に解決できれば、この議論は必要じゃないだろう。この記事を書かなくてはいけなくなっただろう。

毎日俺たちは神からもっと遠くに迷っていく。どうするべきだろうか。教えてやる：日本語を守るんだ。日本語がもう一つの英語の方言にならないように、できるだけ「マイカー」のような不要で馬鹿馬鹿しい外来語を使わないように、誰かが「マイカー」を言ったのを聞けば、すぐにその人の悪魔の言葉遣いを直すようにするべきだ。以上だ。



THIS IS A CERTIFIED



Rick Astley
"Never Gonna Give You Up"
Art By Willow Otaka

KONSHUU | Volume 55, Issue 4



I just wanna tell you how I'm feeling

THE GREATEST KONSHUU ARTICLE OF ALL TIME (FOR REAL)



Mitchell Madayag, Blake Morrison, Ewik Nelson, Max R., Tony T., Nicholas Wonosaputra

Writers

Meon gneiss engaleioneon is prett goo because becauseoitive mqn i love tht hixvty molxviavan stronction man. I reltliyl live it mwna eheysju like jstus siren it man I give you. I am a rom osnist rights I an I rish too right~ Person I am omplielt cluid I a l aloof this is stompletly logical I alg oog dl gues,

I think *Neon Genesis Evangelion* is a pretty decent anime featuring interesting Christian symbolism; a true deconstruction of mecha anime, it has not been matched in tokusatsu. However, as anyone knows, to get to *Neon Genesis Evangelion*, one must first see its prequel, *Ocean Waves*, which stands as the poster child of elitism by modern anime fans. This masterpiece represents the culmination of counter cerebral intellectualism found in the Earth Cult's sacred texts hidden in the forgotten 111th episode of *Legend of the Galactic Heroes*. Given this, one should consider *Neon Genesis Evangelion* one of the pioneer political thrillers on the same level as *The Office (US)*, *Byston Well Monogatari: Garzey no Tsubasa*, and *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*. Given this, it is of paramount importance to recognize *Evangelion* and its predecessor *Ocean Waves* as a definitive deconstructionist Marxist work.



Normally, I wouldn't consider any anime to be a deconstruction, but I do have to make an exception for *Ocean Waves* simply due to how incredible Mari Okada's directing is. The philosophical references to *Gakuen Handsome* and *gdgd Fairies* were also something that I particularly appreciated as they highlighted the nihilistic reality of fourth-dimensional European aquaculture. In spite of how much one of my friends wishes to vomit at the mention of this statement, I would compare its character scripting favorably to *HeartCatch PreCure* with its clever utilization of Christian imagery. You get the point - *Ocean Waves*

matic masterpiece on the same level as *The Human Centipede 3 (Final Sequence)* in that it features interesting cinematic angles and a wide assortment of party shots. Truly, it demonstrates director Tezuka Osamu's willingness to explore different cinematic mediums.



Anime and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. The hidden meaning behind the central nociception of Zephyr Minovsky particles to the ventral tegmental augustus represents the greater lateral inhibition of humanity, which is now lost in the predecessor of the astral abyss. Sartre said it right when he said "damn, these otaku are not only ruining culture but the potential for perpetuating it"; indeed, it's a fine line between appreciating the charms of psychic newtype mitosis polygamy and resisting it just enough to perpetuate our species so that more 2D sublimity may be birthed into existence. Given this, the conspiracy of Princess Peach's relations with King Koopa is worth investigating further. The complex nature of the Koopalings, along with their superior sibling Bowser Jr. (named as such due to his superior intellect) provides enough evidence to warrant a deep analysis.

So on that note, yes, I unlocked Marth. All me, baby. I am the best at this game: *Super Smash Bros Maylay*. We played 14 different characters just to unlock the lad himself. He's super broken in *Melee* but he is not even that cool to watch. He just destroys everyone with his disjoint aerials and his stupid ass grab, I can't believe that Zain still loses with this character. I mean I like fire emblem but why did they got to make marth sooo good? Roy should be better than marth, he is so much cooler with his fire attacks and red hair rather than blue haired swordie #42814. Whatever, I play *Ultimate* anyways which is the ultimately cooler game with lots of more viable characters even if some are pretty lame to play against (I'm looking at you Little Mac, Zelda, King Dedede, Kirby, Min Min, Inkling, Simon,

Richter).

Poop. First there was nothing, then there was anime. Out of the infinite void, Hayao Miyazaki created the most endearing, more marketable, most fantastical, most realistic, most marketable works that have so deftly penetrated the global markets you fucking consumerist pigs; eat your wholesome CGDCT and slice of life slop up like the good little otaku you are. Under this conceptual paradigm, then, My Chemical Romance's *The Black Parade* is one of the most interesting otaku media in existence. The amount of depth conveyed by the repetition of the phrase "you'll carry on" within the fifth song, *Welcome to the Black Parade*, is a Nitezchian phrase emphasizing the importance of human will above the reliance of outside forces. The irony of the fifth song being a welcome to the album as a whole encapsulates this post-modernist lack of meaning.

In Fyodor Dostevsky's seminal existential novel, *Notes from Underground*, the Underground Man is basically a 4-channer. He's a waste of space. He spends his days shitposting in his journal before the internet even existed. What a loser. He makes all these bat shit insane arguments against utopian socialism, but none of it even comes close to convincing me that monarchy isn't the superior form of government. Like, come on, who doesn't want to subject themselves to an all power girl bos- I mean divinely chosen queen. Let's go. This is the ultimate state of man. If you disagree, you're just denying the essential state of man. HERE WE GOOOO. QUEEN ELIZABETH, STEP ON ME.



In another perspective, Sugar Ray Robinson's six-fight rivalry with "The Raging Bull" Jake LaMotta is one of the most legendary rivalries in sports, nay, human history. Especially the sixth one, "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre". Up there with David and Goliath if you ask me. Though, if you think about it, the 2009 clash between David Haye and WBA heavyweight champion Nikolai Valuev, billed as "*David vs. Goliath*", was kind of mean towards Valuev, who arguably didn't deserve the harassment. Though I guess not many people care about it. Pugilism is a niche, after all. Interestingly, when a boxer is knocked out, they sleep momentarily, if not indefinitely. It is late. I must slumber.

So speedrunning *Bloodborne* is pretty cool but have you ever speedrun *Tales of Berseria*? It's a 4... no 8 hour speedrun that doesn't feel like a speedrun as much as a breeze through a walking simulator. Man, it's such a beautiful game. When it's in motion. Speaking of which, I wonder if *Death Strafing* is a fun speedrun. I do enjoy running, so I imagine it's quite similar. I mean, it would be cool to have the haptic feedback of the wind on your face. I'd like to try playing that game with real life running translating into ingame movement, maybe with the ringcon strap thing? Nice. Also I really hate playing *Smash*. Anyway I'm trying to say that *kanata no astra* is a great show because it switches to a letterboxed screen ratio whenever a comedic moment arises. It is trying to artificially produce intense cinematic moments during the lightest part of the story. Subversion therefore deconstruction! Can't you see this is the way storytelling should be can't you see that is the goal? To create something new you must set aflame the products of the past. Or... perhaps I'm just tired. So tired. Please help. Like and subscribe!

So basically if you want to succeed you gotta eat jigglypuff and poutine covered sandwiches, imagine if that was the song we all sang. Imagine if subterranean forces of tomatoic ministration were forth. If so, So x Minami is cute. So, can you just sow seeds of sewing in my sough? A paragraph vomited forth from the entrails of my subconscious. DUH JENT DDUh DJENT OOOOOOOOOOH blow me up, restart me, reset me, end it all, it could just end now, we could just end it all. More he says. More he says. More he says. This torment I cannot take any MORE, I must end it all, it will end. All ends in darkness. The universe will undergo heat death. In the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the western spiral arm of the universe lives an entirely uninteresting little blue green planet. This planet was swallowed up. No one cared except Nietzsche.

In conclusion, *Demon Slayer* is pretty good. I hope my arguments have convinced you that *Metroid Prime 5* is indeed coming, as it is the culmination of Goku's journey into Kamina's castle atop the highest cloud conjured by the chosen eyes of Haruhi. As spoken in the holy anthem Aidoru Katsudou, both the sparkling and the cool self are worthy of consideration. Therefore, Alexandre Dumas' *Le Comte de Monte Cristo* speaks heavily of the anger and hatred that motivates people to partake in violent activities such as emo music. I'm emo because I'm not like the other consumers. I shop at Hot Topic for *Ouran* t-shirts. And *Hunter x Hunter* shot glasses. So, you should watch *Ocean Waves* as it says a lot about the human condition and the need for humanity to colonize Side 7. Thanks for listening to my TEDx Talk, there'll be Konshuu issues on your way out.

VOLUME 55, ISSUE 4

APRIL 1, 2022

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