

Up

THIS MONTH AT UTC

Acoustic Night - 10/9

Model Transit - 10/16

Bit Brigade - 10/23

Ruckzuck - 10/24



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## Lint & Loose Change *An Under the Couch Production*

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## With the World We're Given

### Jamie Heinrich

Cosmic collisions hide  
Sparking fingertips  
Electric Lips  
A softly stinging kiss

There are tadpoles in your mind  
Darting dangerously alive  
Are you high?  
Can you fly?  
Take me to the sky.

Phoneix and blaze ignite the night  
As we mock our mourning sun  
Our inferno has begun

Let the fire burn  
Let gazes turn  
We are free indefinitely.  
Turn me to the sea.

Splash down, underground  
Water does not leak a sound  
Save the dull roar of the waves  
And your lungs collapsing  
Oxygen trespassing

Roll with me to the tide  
And I glide  
And you glide  
We'll rise up on the other side

The other side of the swimming surf  
Landing upon sandy turf  
Leaving footprints in our wake  
Photographs no one will take

### *What is Lint & Loose Change?*

Lint & Loose Change is a free speech zine run by Under the Couch showcasing the writing, art, music, and opinions of Georgia Tech.

### *What is a zine?*

A zine is a small magazine run off of independent submissions and publishing.

### *How can I get published?*

Literally submit. We are desperate.

### *How do I become a contributor?*

Come to Musician's Network meetings Mondays at 7 PM in Under the Couch for more information!

And we'll run  
We'll climb trees  
Losing skin on hands and knees  
Bleed organic ecstasy  
Look at me.

Find peace.

Your body is my shelter and your glances feed my soul  
Rest your head upon my breast  
I will be your comfort nest

Wilderness lives behind my smile  
Walk with me another mile

Enrapture me  
Capture me  
Tame my inner wildebeest  
Enchant the trees with melody  
And sing the sky a lullaby  
Softly hear the ocean cry  
"You must try, you must try"

Galaxies gather  
Between our hips  
As we take turns  
Of stardust ships

Passion, gravity, or no explanation  
Draw this sensation  
Sweet precipitation  
How I realize this Earth is magnificent alone?  
Immortalize lovers in expanse of the unknown.

## End Again

Jamie Heinrich

I see your face  
A million places  
They flood my mind  
And it's hard to find  
Where it once began  
If lovers can  
Remember such days  
In this dismal array  
I display my fears  
And push through the tears  
Late at night  
I argue and fight  
With my Jekyll and my Hyde  
Neither pushed aside  
But you have not a clue  
You don't love me too  
My fate is dangling high  
After failed attempts to fly  
I will come crashing down  
Though I'll never make a sound  
Those who suffer silently  
Affairs are handled violently  
But only those affairs within  
Outside displays a grin  
Back to a million and one  
My story, weight of none  
Fucked over by a dream  
Emotions overrun it may seem

So far and so dark  
A distant meadowlark  
With a sweet, subtle song  
Sends me stumbling along  
Only to have vanished again  
Forgotten hopes of a foreign friend  
Untangle these binding chains  
Love searing, boiling my veins  
Simmer and settle foolish hopes  
Bind the heart strings, cut the ropes  
Don't believe and don't pretend  
We cannot be a second end.

## An Open Letter to My High School Partner In Crime

Anonymous

Sometimes I wonder if I called you and asked  
if you ever cry about the years we lost, would you understand?  
Or would you take me back to the times before,  
when we ate sour skittles and drank real soda and watched old  
movies at 2 am  
and our bodies were vessels to carry us hiking through the woods  
with our dogs and imaginations  
not representations of who we were, Skinny or Fat or Not Perfect  
Enough.  
Before the little boy in sunday school called me Chubby, Chubby  
Chubs  
and mommy yelled at me for "outgrowing" a pair of brand new  
jeans,  
and no ice cream after dinner unless I went for a jog,  
and hold your stomach in while they take the picture.  
Before your cousin gave you diet pills and you wanted to try it too,  
before I watched you disappear and wanted to disappear too,  
before The Big Fight in my driveway sent me Down That Path  
and you said I could spend the night if I wanted to.  
I did.  
And the questions turned from "chocolate or vanilla?"  
to "celery or diet coke?" and no one wanted to stay for dinner  
anymore,  
but I still thought a lot about before.  
That morning we made a giant cookie for breakfast the size of our  
heads,  
and scarfed down every melted-frosting-covered bite.  
We were just kids back then, we would say. We didn't know any  
better.  
But we were kids still, don't you think? Even while we shrank  
until our outsides manifested what we felt below our skins  
and instead of baking cupcakes and Drinking Our Calories  
we were counting numbers and shoving fingers in our throats?

Is it okay if I talk about it?  
Is it okay if I cry about it?  
Would you hate me if I wrote a song about it?  
Or would you take me back to the times before  
that very last day when I sat shivering in your 76-degree room  
and you pretended not to see the bones in my wrists  
as you handed me my cup.  
You look good, I said, because you were glowing, rosy-cheeked  
on your second round through "recovery",  
and you said you were doing fine. I said that I was not.  
You should go to therapy, you told me.  
There was light in your eyes and there was buzzing in my ears, and  
you said  
you really liked therapy, and it was so great how  
someone finally understood you,  
someone finally was able to help you,  
someone finally was listening to you, and  
would I like sugar in my tea?  
No, thank you. Black is fine.  
I walked home alone.  
You look happy in your pictures.  
I hope you are doing all right.

## You

### Anonymous

I see you suffering  
In issue after issue  
But I am you  
We bear the same name here  
And walk the same path, so I hope

You screamed in black ink  
Trying to find a way to make the pain stop  
You saw the world in washed out gray  
A cackling fiend in every friend  
You read the word "happiness"  
And saw only nonsense squiggles  
You cried long into the night  
Wondering what you could have done better  
You felt tired and wanted to go home  
Every morning when you woke up in your own bed  
You gripped station railings till your knuckles were white  
To keep from jumping in front of trains  
You feared your own brain had broken  
Damaged goods, human trash  
You went to sleep

You wake up  
And find the world has gone quiet  
A single raindrop patters on the glass  
Then more  
A bird twitters in the distance  
And all at once you realize something is different  
You look back at the preceding months  
Almost beneath your notice, day after day  
You kept going  
You didn't give up  
And like a sand castle at high tide  
The bad things faded away one bit at a time  
And set you free  
You smile

You will learn to forgive yourself  
As others forgave you long ago  
You will look in the mirror  
And not dare to raise a hand against yourself  
You will grin and wrestle  
Whatever the world may throw at you  
You will laugh long into the night  
On a porch with good friends and wine  
You will feel wonderfully alive  
With every atom of your being  
You will lie in a sunlit field  
Where electric trains once rent the night with crackling noise  
Because the land can heal  
And so can you

## A Letter to my 2015 Self

### Thomas Speers

*Author's Note: I left my house this past weekend to go to the library, only to find a large falcon perched on the fence outside, staring intently at me and holding its right leg forward. Tied to its leg in an ornate case of unknown make was the following letter. I'm scared.*

To Thomas Speers or Ni-jad Akh or Current Resident

Greetings, me. It has been a long time. There is so much that I have wished I could tell you, and now that I finally have the opportunity, I hardly know where to begin. This letter should have reached you by September of 2015, so I suppose we can start there. If I recall correctly, you have just graduated from Georgia Tech, and are living at home in Illinois while pursuing a job in the aerospace industry. You are understandably frustrated, stressed, and lonely, having left behind many friends in Atlanta. You feel a little bit useless and underappreciated, not being able to put your talents to work. It's not a gr8 deal (did I do that right?). As your future self, however, I'm here to tell you that even though things aren't the greatest for you at the moment, all of these things seem many worlds behind me, both figuratively and literally.

You see (spoiler alert), you will get a pretty awesome job in November at... actually it's probably changed by now, don't worry about it. Anyway, you will have a great job, until about April of 2017. That's when the accident happened. You see, whatever McGrath Aerospace turned into was working on a bit of a side project. Time travel, really advanced and weird physics stuff. You didn't really know exactly what was going on with that, but your job was to fit it on an airplane. And you did. I mean, you did that really well, it looked great! It was a little tricky though, enough so that they needed you on board for some of the initial testing. You can probably see where I'm going with this. Anyway, a fire, power surge, and sojourn into Russian airspace later, you will be lying in a field of tall grass next to a burning time machine with nothing more than your clothes, your book bag, and a nasty cut on your forehead. That's when they showed up.

Now, contrary to what you may have seen on the SyFy channel, the horsemen who found me didn't speak a word of English. Fortunately for us they understood the ancient, universal language of being unarmed and bleeding, and so they decided to bear me back to whence they came instead of killing me on the spot. There's a lesson here, 2015 self: even though things may look bleak, there is kindness in strangers and not every mistake necessarily means instant death or ruin. But back to the story: I don't actually remember much of the ride back, and I must have eventually passed out because the next thing I remember was waking up in a richly decorated room with a bandage on my head. Urban-type noises were coming from a window to my left, and I got up and peered outside. A broad and crowded avenue stretched out to the left, ending a short distance to my right in a courtyard with a great fountain in the shape of a silver tree. That's when it hit me: I remembered from a Wikipedia binge a while back that the medieval city of Karakorum was famed for having a silver tree fountain. Also, I hadn't seen a single damn cell phone since the crash. I was trapped. In Mongolia. During the age of Genghis Khan.

Well.

A wealth of interesting, scary, and just plain bizarre things happened after that, but suffice it to say that I eventually became regarded as a great shaman and magister in the Imperial court, due to the nature of my entrance and my knowledge of all sorts of technological things that a ruler living in the 1200's would find very interesting. So no, still being a little fuzzy on Wave Drag didn't matter in the slightest. I learned Mongolian via German though a very kind merchant from Vienna, and further made a name for myself. Literally. I am also called Ni-jad Akh now. So you see 2015 self, you are resourceful, good under pressure, and haven't lost any of your language skills, so there's little reason to beat yourself up over being useless. You're also quite the tinkerer when you want to be, and the Khan soon learned that giving you whatever you wanted was a very good idea. Your education was not wasted on you, especially not learning about the Bessemer Process. On top of all that, you are still quite the people person! I am good friends with many of the other local shamans now, and Baatzorig has convinced me that his arts can guarantee that this message is delivered across thousands of miles and hundreds of years.

Hot stuff.

I know I've rambled a bit, but what I want you to take away from all this is that despite your doubts, you are a perfectly competent person with a full life ahead of you, filled with all sorts of wonderful and exciting things. I could never have imagined back in September of 2015 that I would watch a crack team of Mongolian riflemen, carrying guns of my own design, siege and conquer Constantinople 200 years early, but guess who has his own palace now? Additionally, I wouldn't worry so much about the future, because thanks to my meddling it is now changing rapidly and unpredictably, defying all planning you may or may not have done. You should begin to see and feel this in about a month or so.

I'll let you go here, but remember: It's a long ride under the moonlight. So saddle up, ready your bow, and make the enemies of the Khan know fear.

Sincerely,

Thomas Speers

Lord of Constantinople and Vizier of the Great Western Khanate

*Thomas Speers lives with his family in New Ulaanbaatar, having recently graduated from Chinggis Institute of Technology.*

# Passing

## John Quinn

"You don't look Latino."

Every year on my birthday, mi mami me despertaba singing "*Estas son las mañanitas que cantaba al rey David*". I thought the pajaritos sang for everyone once a year. Mom didn't like singing in English very much. I don't know if it's because she didn't think she was a good singer in general or if she would never be completely comfortable. But the way she spoke Spanish already rose and fall, rang like chimes on the wind. A cumbia, a hymn, a carol, all of them sounded right when sung in her native tongue.

"Quinn is an Irish name, right?"

My father spent the first few years of his life in an apartment in New York, speaking English at school and Spanish at home. His father was gone from his life. His mother sought refuge with her parents, in the city they sought refuge in as they left the Dominican Republic. You can see it in the shade of his hair, in the not-quite-paleness of his skin. His blue eyes speak of the German grandfather I've all but forgotten. His mustache hides an accidental scar. His stories speak of the capital A Irish American man my grandmother married later, the man my father considers his father, and I consider my grandfather. The man who only knew a few words of Spanish. The man who found comfort in his whiteness, who wrapped himself in it, until his end.

"I saw John's mom at Mexican Mass."

"Is your mother from Mexico or Puerto Rico?"

I talked about my family's past, the farms my mom lived on, the uncle and aunts still in Medellin. I made jokes about cocaine, about coffee. I researched the FARC, the ELN, Escobar. I never pronounced it with a short u. It wasn't the city, it wasn't the river. It was Colombia, and it was mine. I spent my childhood, my teenage years, in dread of meeting someone my age who had been born there. I didn't want to be the fraud. The Colombian who had never been, couldn't speak the language. The American who claimed something that wasn't really his.

"You say that, but you're basically white."

I loved summer. I loved the beach, the waves, the chance to see my primos again, if only for a week. My tia would make tamales with my mom, and they'd discuss things they'd heard from their sisters, from their brother. They'd reminisce about their mother, gone the year I arrived.

I would sit outside. I walked, I ran, I did anything to get in the sun. I would negotiate down to a lower SPF every year.

I would leave the beach dark. No one told me I looked white for the next few weeks.

# Viper

## Interview by Gabe Waksman

You may remember September's iconic examination of Viper's Ass. Well, in this very special issue of Lint & Loose Change, we interviewed Viper, the Houston rapper/real estate agent known for achievements such as the 2008 album *You'll Cowards Don't Even Smoke Crack* and his unique, high-production-volume style. Please note: Any opinions expressed by Viper are uniquely his own, and not those of Lint & Loose Change or its editor or contributors.

Except his favorite ice cream flavor, which is definitely a solid choice.

### *What inspires you, and what other rappers inspire your music?*

Viper: "I like multitalented artists, artists that do their own music; there's quite a few producers out there that make their own music. There's a bunch to name, but I like when artists can take technology that's available today and incorporate it in their music and change with the times. There's a number of guys that have been doing it; that's what I look for in music when I'm listening to different artists."

*You're known for putting out a lot of albums at an extremely fast rate; how much time in a day do you spend on your music, and how do you sustain such a high output of music?*

Viper: "It's not as difficult as it seems; I'm very fortunate that I have a small network of music distributors. I am an independent artist - I'm not as fortunate as some of these other rappers to get a major record deal; I had to basically grit and grind and do everything on my own, so I'm fortunate to have a network of distributors that put out my music, entertainers - I give 'em something, they put it out immediately, and that gives me a tool to be able to put out as much product as I want to. I have a good strong team of graphic designers that do all my artwork for me, so I'm constantly getting a massive amount of artwork, so I have to actually maintain workload with the musical product, so I'm in the studio constantly recording new songs and constantly making different mixes of songs, and just doing what I have to do to maintain the workload."

### *Is it true that you're a real estate agent? How is that going?*

Viper: "Yeah, that's true. I majored in business in college, came out of University of Houston, got my degree; I also simultaneously went to state school at the same time. I am a licensed realtor, and I'm soon to be an actual licensed broker as well, in the next year or so. The state of Texas has this weird deal where they make you wait four years once you've got all your credentials before you can actually be a broker. You actually just have to sit and wait - kind of weird, but Texas is a weird state."

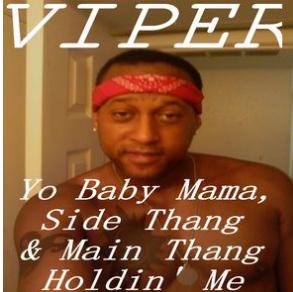
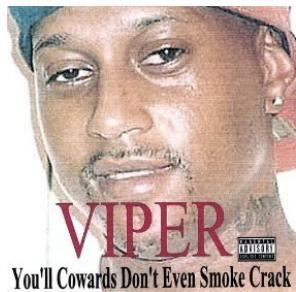
*You probably know that your most popular album is probably You'll Cowards Don't Even Smoke Crack. What is the inspiration behind the title? Whom are you addressing when you say "cowards?"*

Viper: "As you know, I am a gangsta rapper; a lot of my music is what would be considered hardcore rap, and the purpose of that song was really to build a bridge between the dope dealer and the rap artist. There was a time where it was kind of, you know, looked down upon to hear about a rap artist doing drugs and, you know, being 'too, too hardcore.' And so my attempt was to kind of show the dark side of rappers—to almost smooth it out in the public's eye, to say, okay, it's OK for a guy to be a thug, it's OK for a guy to be drug dealer *and* a drug user; it's normal. And I think I've accomplished that; I wasn't really trying to say 'Everybody go out and start doing cocaine,' that wasn't my idea; it was really just kind of an eye opener type deal. It was really just kind of like, and I've said this before—a deal where certain rappers, I guess, if you'd heard about them doing drugs before it'd be OK, but certain rappers you hear about doing drugs and it wouldn't be OK - I wanted to make it where it's OK to hear about any rapper doing drugs and it wouldn't have any effect on their notoriety. And I'll say it again: imagine, let's say, Rick Ross said 'Hey, let's do some crack, let's do some coke.' After my song, somebody saying that, someone like those people saying that, really isn't that bad anymore, and it's all because of the genre that I put out, so that was the whole concept behind it."

*Going off of that—you have a lot of albums. There's a good variety of things you discuss, and a good variety of names you have for these albums. How do you come up with such unique titles for your material?*

Viper: "That's a good question. Until recently, a lot [of] my concepts [were] my own; I was trying to be a polished artist, trying to be

careful what I say, careful of what titles I used. But as time went on, I realized - the more controversial the name, the more popular the album. So when I figured that out, I kind of just opened the gates to my people, and let them just use...I accepted any ideas. I won't use an album name unless it's something really, really something that's really, really something that's too strong or too offensive. If it's something that's too offensive, I won't use it. If there's something, now, that's on the edge of the fence that'll pass, I'll use it. And now my artists, they come up with all kinds of names, and I approve the majority of all of them. So again, it's one of those things now where it's a volume issue. Because I'm an independent artist, the way I'm making money is through volume. It's not through - I wouldn't say quality - I'm gonna say it's not through money. In other words - some artists, they can make one album and be multimillionaires. That's not gonna happen for me. I've got to make, you know, thousands, to get to that status. SO now it's a situation for me where it's a volume thing, so I don't really have the luxury of being very qualitative or real specific on what comes out, I've just got to put it out, basically."



Viper is well known for his unique album art and titles, such as (from top right) You'll Cowards Don't Even Smoke Crack, The Moon Is My Son He Look just Like Me II, My Piano Cake, and Yo Baby Mama, Side Thang & Main Thang Holdin' Me.

*You've said that some other people are helping you come up with names, and I've heard that other people have helped you come up with some of the names for your albums and your songs. Who does that, and how could somebody help name a song or provide that material?*

Viper: "As you know, I'm an open artist. My real estate business is also my personal line. My company is FreeMovers.com; it's about to hit the stock market real soon, and it's also my personal line. That number is (281) - 690 - 9705. It's very difficult for me to answer calls, but I reply to all texts, so I'm constantly getting texts all the time. If you are a video editor just text me your Gmail; if you are a cover artist, just text me that you're a cover artist, and I'll get you the information you need, and we'll move forward. Let me repeat my number again. It's (281) - 690 - 9705. Somebody just put it on Reddit and I've been getting, like, 200 texts a day now. It just started two days ago, it's been crazy, but it's interesting. You know, I really like interacting with fans and people in the industry, so feel free to contact."

*Do you have any plans to tour soon, or even just play shows in your area?*

Viper: "Yeah, I've been wanting to do a show. I want to hit the major cities; I don't have a manager, and I think that's part of it. I don't actually have a road manager, so what's probably going to have to happen before I'd be able to do a tour, I'm going to have to have some promoter come and get in contact with me. I think once I start getting some radio play that'll happen, and I'm in the process now, of - I'm going to try to get a couple of my songs on WorldStarHipHop. I understand that's a very wide platform for exposure, and then I think once my name is out, it's just...my name is really wide known now, but once it gets a little wider known, it'll be easier for me to tell the DJ network to get a radio song, and then I think that'll give me an avenue to actually reach out to a promoter, but I do have a lot of songs that people know about that I would definitely be prepared to tour if I was sought out by a promoter. I've been looking forward to that as soon as it becomes available to me."

*Now, some more interesting questions—a reader wanted to know if you are married, or what your current relationship status is on the basis of some of the controversial content of your songs.*

Viper: "Yeah, right now, I'm not in a relationship. You know, I've been through different relationships in the past, but yeah, at this point, no, I'm just kind of focused on the music right now. I haven't had a lot of time to be in a relationship, but I am available if it became available to me, you know what I mean?"

*As you obviously know, there's a presidential election coming up. Is there any candidate you particularly support?*

Viper: "I am a Democrat, and of course, because I'm a Democrat, I think Hilary Clinton is the forerunner right now. I haven't been watching the news, I don't know the status on the polls, anything like that, but I will be voting for her if she pulls off the Democratic nomination. Which I hope she does, because I think the country is ready for a female president, just like we were ready for an African-American president. So I really hope she does win; I hope she's able to pull off the female vote. I think that's the issue that she's been having, is that she can't get enough of her fellow females to vote for her, so I hope [she] gets through that hurdle...She's definitely going to have the African-American and Latino vote, but unless she gets that female vote she's not going to be able to win, so I hope she does that."

*What is your favorite flavor of ice cream?*

Viper: \*laughs\* "That's an interesting question. My favorite flavor is definitely cookies and cream. Definitely cookies and cream. Now, #2 is a very close run in, but it's butter pecan. But #1 definitely is cookies and cream. As a matter of fact, those are the two ice cream flavors I have in my freezer now."

*Are there any additional comments you would like to make, or anything you would like to say to potential readers/listeners?*

Viper: "I want to thank you guys for taking the time to interview me. I want to tell everybody to make sure they check out my most

recent mixtape. It's free; it's called *The Top Malla*, and I produced all the tracks but 3 on the album. I made all the beats but 3; they can find it on LiveMixtapes, Datpyff, Spinrilla, basically almost every mixtape platform you can think of. I'm about to drop another mixtape soon, we're just trying to determine when we're gonna do it, but the next tape is gonna be called *Real On Lock*. So just be on the lookout for that, and I appreciate everybody's support. Spotify - oh yeah, a lot of people asked about #ViperRevolution. As a lot of people know, I'm trying to be a major hip-hop artist, trying to be a household name, but I really wanna do something powerful with my position, so I'm gonna need people's help - I'm gonna need financial help in order to do what I have planned to do. So one way you can help me is through #ViperRevolution; what that is is real simple. Just go on Spotify, I have hundreds of albums on Spotify. Just open up a few of 'em in one of your windows and just let it play, on repeat, because I get a small amount of money, actually less than a penny, about - 3/10 of a penny - for every time a song plays. So if I can get a bunch of people playing my songs on repeat, that'll give me additional royalty money to do what I need to do. So make sure you do that, support #ViperRevolution, and let's take this thing to the next level."

*Viper has currently published over 950 albums to Spotify, and can be viewed at his artist page:*

*<https://open.spotify.com/artist/5gQB07Vco4zBCUNbf8SBx4>*

## Music Submissions

Nick Bond

Scan the QR code and check out these original music submissions by local Under the Couch, Georgia Tech, and Atlanta-based artists! Submit your own **original** music submissions or playlist compilations to llczine@gmail.com to be featured!



*Impulse* – Parshy

Genre: EDM, Electronic

*Impulse* by Parshy is an experimental electronic EP with serious soul and a powerful (dare we say epic?) sound. Each song brings a different experience; it's kind of like walking around a city, but with EDM instead of people. Definitely worth a listen.

*Scratchings On The Wall* – Atomic Hourglass  
Genre: Electronic, Video Game, Instrumental  
*Scratchings On The Wall* by Atomic Hourglass is a brief excursion into video game archetypes. Or something like that. It's all a metaphor, except without the words. It's pretty experimental, and towards the end it gets kind of weird. But it all resolves in the end.



“Bitch” – Little Boys Who

Genre: Indie rock

“Bitch” by Little Boys Who is cool indie-feeling rock track. In the artist's words, “It's OK to get dumped once in a while.”



## Couchella 2015: A Review

Kyle Mackey

It was a warm day in early September. The sun shone down soft from the cloudless sky and a slight breeze tickled the nape and tousled the hair. A black stage stood at the end of Tech Green, unabashed by its contrast to the verdant lawn. A table stood not far off the flank of the dark beast, behind it sat some attractive youths peddling their free periodical, offering free water, asking for nothing from their patrons save their likes and subscriptions. Summer was in its final throes, creating a stunning spectacle of its dying light. It was from this scene that I witnessed the music festival unfold.

The first few bands to play sent their music lovingly into the rippling air to reach the delighted ears of a steadily growing group of fans and casual onlookers alike. These initial performers did much to warm the crowd but it wasn't until the three man math rock outfit Smooth Aviator came on that the show truly began. The sweet licks and savory jams that flowed like ambrosia from the speakers while this band played did more to refresh the audience than the complimentary freezy pops ever could. It was during this performance that a luxury bus pulled up behind the stage. People, much in awe at how such a wondrous mode of transportation came to arrive in such humble surroundings, gathered around the bus. All at once the side door was thrown wide and out stepped none other than Marcus Motherfucking Mumford. Apparently the myth embodied music star had been wandering Atlanta in a vain search for a decent concert venue when the sweet sounds wafting from center campus had drawn him thither. Mumford, accompanied by two of his sons, Antonius and Flapjack (I later learned that his third son, Dave, was recovering from a nasty bout of consumption at the time), took the willfully forfeited stage and began playing the masterful Afro-pop for which they are so famous in what turned out to be the greatest set I have ever been lucky enough to witness. As the warming blend of native percussion and modern vocals blasted from the speakers people began gathering from seemingly every corner of the city to view the musical genius being written in

the ether. The audience grew from dozens to hundreds, from hundreds to thousands, from thousands to hundreds of thousands

and still the band played. For 52 hours straight Mumford and his progeny pumped auditory ecstasy forth into the grateful world stopping only intermittently to partake in the delicacies of their homeland and the occasional hit of blow.

Now at this point the powers that govern Georgia Tech, previously pleased with the event for the surging influx of revenue it brought to the Student Center food court, began to receive criticism for the large number of audience members dying on their watch due to equal parts mental exhaustion and bodily crushing. It was decided to put the festival to an end, whatever the cost. After the police's orders to disperse were overwhelmingly ignored by the crowd a slight elevation of force was seen as the logical progression, so in came the National Guard bearing tear gas grenades, fire hoses, and riot shields which were used indiscriminately on the surging mass of entranced audience members. For the first time since it began two days earlier the music stopped flowing. Mumford, infuriated by the wanton abuse of his fans, could go no longer without satiating his thirst for the blood of its perpetrators. With fire in his eyes he removed an ebony banjo from its sheath and plucked out thirteen sinister notes that echoed throughout the city, signaling to all that heard that war was afoot. He then mounted the mighty war colt Marcellus and led the first charge against the Guard. God's eyes were surely averted the day of the first clash. The audience members, bearing only rocks and sticks, crumpled like leaves before the fully armed Guardsmen. In the end the strength of the fans' devotion and their superior numbers won the day but reinforcements to the opposing forces were quick to arrive. Trenches were dug, mines were strewn, battle lines were drawn. For eight hours a violent stalemate held sway, skirmishes were fought for inches in either direction, many lives were lost. Finally Old Man Mumford, as the aggressors had taken to calling him, decided to end the standoff with one final rush of the enemy lines. All signs pointed to another victory until Antonius, at his father's side to the very end, fell to the enemy's fire. Witnessing his favorite son die before him broke Mumford. The forces fighting to defend his shattered psyche buckled and collapsed. The lines broke and

fans were rapidly dispersed until only a hundred remained, surrounding their ruined general in a defensive circle. With a multitude of enemy soldiers on all sides it seemed the end of the would-be musical revolution. Then, above the roar of the clash: the boom of a cannon, a volley of rifle fire. Craning in the direction of the alien noises their source came jarringly to light: the shambling corpses of a thousand Civil War soldiers streaming over the crest of the adjacent ridge. Little more than skeletons in tattered blue cloth after the ravages of 150 years, the Union soldiers were awakened from their fitful slumber by the gruesome toll of the Battle Banjo. Mumford's undead cavalry had arrived.

In the chaos of the ensuing exchange several brave fans carried their grieving leader from danger, returning him to the luxuriant conveyance on which he so suddenly arrived three days previous only for him to depart with the same alacrity. With that Marcus Mumford, master musician, fearless revolutionary, unholy necromancer, was gone. The National Guardsmen, with heir superior weaponry and intact musculature, were an uneven match for the undead Yankees so the skeleton army and the remaining fans were quickly dispatched back to the eternal torment from which they came. In the end no one remained on the Green save for the shimmering ghost of Ulysses S. Grant. "Sassafras," he whispered dolefully. So ended Couchella 2015. Ultimately it was a pretty chill way to spend an afternoon and a sufficiently exciting ending to a moderately enjoyable summer. 7.5/10.

## Actual Couchella Review

Sara Konecny

Musician's Network and Under the Couch decided to celebrate the end of summer this past Labor Day Weekend with the second annual Couchella music festival. The lineup included a multitude of local Georgia Tech and Atlanta Bands, free tie-dye sponsored by Paper and Clay, and freezies and pops for all.

The show started off small with more mellow acts, such as Bennett Kane's acoustic set and Smooth Aviator's math-rocky jams. As traffic through Tech Green picked up, so too did the tempo of the music. Swim Team's cover of Vampire Weekend's "A-Punk" and Blackshear's rendition of the iconic "Time Warp" from Rocky Horror were certain highlights. Other notable performances included The Low Creek Killers, King Guru, and Killer Eskimos. The daytime festivities culminated with the headlining performance, Breathers, a local Devo-meets-St. Lucia act. Their synth beats and retro vibes were the perfect complement to the setting sun as the evening reached its close.



Breathers. Photo by Michael Stearns.

Once the daytime festivities had ended, the performances took a quick break before resuming at the Couchella after party, hosted by none other than GT's own Phi Kappa Theta fraternity. Acts included unexpectedly wonderful performances Under the Couch's own Antarcticats, The Organ Machines, and The Merry Go Rounds. And so ended Couchella 2015. Ultimately it was a pretty chill way to spend an afternoon and a sufficiently exciting ending to a moderately enjoyable summer. 8/10.

## Music Midtown Review

Kaitlin Shea

A lot of people didn't go to Music Midtown this year because tickets were super expensive. However, this year was actually pretty dope. No worries! I'm here to give you my naïve and inebriated opinions on the performers, in no particular order besides this is the order I thought of them.

Disclaimer: If you're looking for musical terms and critiques, leave now.

Panic! At the Disco: WOW. WOWOWOWOWOW. Remember last year when Zac Brown Band played Bohemian Rhapsody? Me neither. But when I was leaving Eminem and heard it, I had a super great time scream-singing it with everyone. WELL, this year Panic did that and I was on some dude's shoulders at the time, and seeing everyone freaking out and dancing to it really made me feel part of something. Very religious experience. Also, they did "This is Gospel," which is just about my favorite thing ever. During "Ballad of Mona Lisa," I almost cried because I wanted to make out with Brendon Urie so much.

Tove Lo: According to a very hip source, Eliana Dubin, Tove Lo was "rlly good." She wore shorts that kind of looked like J Crew mom shorts, but she still looked hot. She flashed her boobs at the end of 'Talking Body.' I heard that she lip syncs sometimes, but it didn't seem like it to me." I was unfortunately asleep during the performance.

Vance Joy: Redheaded cat lover Eliana described Vance Joy as very peaceful. Also, please note "he's a cutie."

Run the Jewels: Samuel Stewart is a long-haired metal lover who often gets asked at concerts if he has any weed, even though he (usually) doesn't. On this (frightening, in my opinion) band, he had the following to say: "Run the Jewels is a breath of fresh air in hip hop, and they provide a unique and much needed social commentary on controversial topics such as police brutality, abuses of authority, and increased racial tensions in America. Their

performance at Music Midtown, in the hometown of group member Killer Mike, was a strange blend of the nostalgic southern hospitality of Killer Mike performing in Atlanta and the group's aggressive, menacing music."

Elton John: There were a lot of old people at Elton John. "Ew, old people?!?!" You're forgetting that this is the generation doesn't think adults are embarrassing repulsive beings, but are instead kind of whimsical, confused creatures. Elton John was rad and he was wearing this amazing sparkly blazer while he shredded on the piano. Favs included (but not limited to): "Daniel," "Rocket Man," "Your Song," and "Tiny Dancer." The legend is a legend for a reason. I heard Drake was cool too, but Elton John has "Sir" in front of his name. Also my parents saw him a ton of times, so now I don't feel as lame as I used to around them.

Van Halen: I kept referring to them as Led Zeppelin, so that shows you what I know. However, much more rock-aware person, Samuel, says: "It was nice to finally see a legend of rock music perform and that he hasn't lost his talent, and no, I'm not talking about David Lee Roth." Yikes.

Hozier: Yes. 10/10 would recommend. Foreigner's God? Hozier, you are my god. Take Me to Church so I can see the Angel of Small Death and the Codeine Scene !!!!! Point for creativity, Kaitlin.

Hall & Oates: I'm going to be perfectly honest; I don't recall this one too well (I'm not proud of this. Yes I am. I was having a really fun time). However, I do remember twirling around a lot dancing to "Rich Girl" then kissing one of my female friends, so they were probs good. My dad was really happy with the performance.

X Ambassadors: I had only heard that song "Renegades" before this, but let me tell you something: X Ambassadors has a new fan. This happened to me last year with Twenty One Pilots. Seeing an artist perform live with so much energy and passion an completely make you fall in love with a band. Lead singer Sam Harris was running, jumping, swimming, and playing tennis all on stage, and it was hot af outside. Bravo, X Ambassadors. Bravo.

Kodaline: According to some girl I know who always has to explain to drunk boys at parties why her name is Slanning, Kodaline is

really underrated: "I feel they are a kick ass band and had an incredible performance, I was expecting more of a crowd. I became so overwhelmed by emotion (and heat), I had to lie down for a few songs and still felt so encompassed by their music and performance."

Drake: I didn't see him. Oops. Apparently he was life changing. My friend Matt had this to say: "Know yourself, know your worth. What a time to be alive." Matt snuck into the show.

Sam Smith: ????????

Elle King: WHAT A BADASS. GIRL CRUSH.

Overall, I had an excellent time. I was dressed like a Jenner at Coachella the first day, and a Goth Phoebe Buffay the second. I didn't flash anyone. I didn't even make out with a band member. Oh well – there's always next year.

# The Ghost of Under the Couch

## Meredith Jacobs

An unknown member of Under the Couch is trying to make themselves known. We don't know what this member looks like, nor do we know how long they have been with us. We do know that they inhabit the space at all times. We have many questions for them and why they do what they do. Who is it?...The Ghost of Under the Couch.

Many people have had encounters with the Ghost. Former officer Mike Leon cites first learning about the Ghost in Fall 2012. Prior to this time, the senior officers had kept the Ghost away from Mike Leon and other members, but one day Brian Palmer, the Senior Asshole Officer of the time, summoned the Ghost to the Monday meeting. Resident vegan Caity Murphy first learned about the Ghost from older members of UtC. The Ghost of UtC has been very loyal to UtC as "their only known exit of Under the Couch is during WREK/UTC kickball games where he typically leads us to blowout victories." The Ghost was also a "key contributor to the invention of the famous Under the Couch pastime/sport, 'Don't Come Back Here,' but that's a story for another time (Mike Leon)."



People who frequent Under the Couch have said that the Ghost is known to show its presence by playing with the lights, removing "poorly tacked on posters" from the wall and is responsible for things going missing. Caity Murphy first encountered the Ghost a few years ago when the old light board would "do what it wanted." Though not fully convinced, the older members explained that the only reason this could happen was the Ghost's messing with it.

Austin Cheshire, current Open Mic officer and sound equipment enthusiast, has spent many late nights working in Under the Couch. One evening Mr. Cheshire was working in the equipment room, and the main lights, which are controlled by a motion sensor, turned off. When Mr. Cheshire was about to move to turn the lights back on, they suddenly turned on! Mr. Cheshire had not taken one step, when he knew; it was the Ghost that had turned the lights on for him. This is not the only time that this has happened, as other people, including Mike Leon, Caity Murphy and current club president Alexander McIntyre, have experienced odd occurrences with the lights. Any time the lights flicker or randomly turn on, it is the Ghost trying to be heard. Another obvious way the Ghost shows its presence is in Under the Couch's unusual voltage. The voltage is consistently very high, and there are electrical problems and fluctuations in the metaphysical flux. Disturbances in electricity are a clear sign of a haunting by a supernatural being. Specifically to Under the Couch, the supply of good drum sticks is deteriorating at a lesser rate than the supply of broken drum sticks are accumulating, the organ does not work, and of all the broken drums that have had to be repaired or replaced, the bongos have never once been broken. It is highly likely that the Ghost has blessed the bongos, breaks drum sticks and broke the organ while no one was in the space. Posters always fall off the wall, and the only possible explanation is that the Ghost removes them when we leave. Upon further investigation, no one can say for sure who put the posters on the wall. Now, it does not make sense for the Ghost to self-sabotage, but due to its long-term occupancy of Under the Couch, it makes sense. They want to be recognized. After interviewing people about the happenings and strange occurrences in Under the Couch, we have come up with several questions that require further research, including:

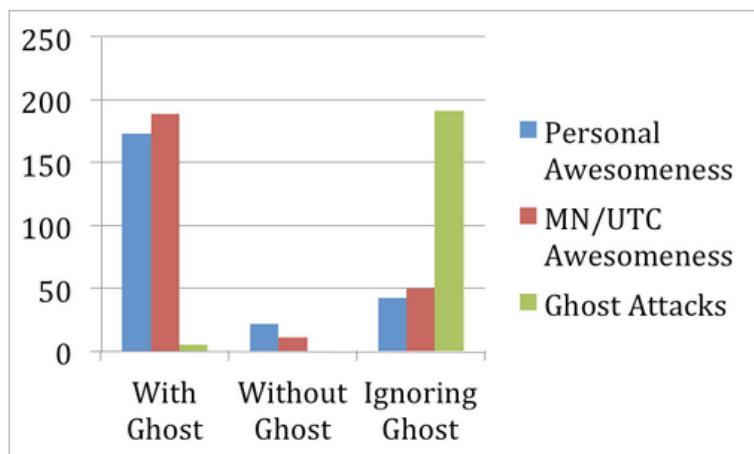
Who really controls what plays over the Pandora Box?  
And where is it?

Does the Ghost have a boner? (see Diarrhea Planet's hit single)  
What actually goes on when we leave?

If you have any answers, please contact Lint & Loose Change at llczine@gmail.com.

In regards to the Ghost, Alexander McIntyre has said, "Given all the weird stuff we've noticed about this Ghost, it's not too much of a

stretch to consider they might be trying to get into the UtC music scene. If so, I'm all for it." Mike Leon has some insight as to why the Ghost stays in UtC and said, "I don't think that the Ghost would be hanging around Under the Couch so much if he didn't want to make music with the cool people of Musician's Network. I heard that the Ghost is super into vaporwave and acid klezmer, so they would probably be down to collaborate with some of us." All officers and new and old members of UtC agree that the Ghost is benevolent and befriending is in order. Based on research on the benefits of positive human/ghost interaction, we are preparing to implement a plan for integrating supernatural beings living in Under the Couch into the Musician's Network.



Ghost, if you are reading this, we are ready for you to show yourself to us. We know you want to be our friend and make music with us, and we want to be your friend and make music with you too.

## Spoopy: An Investigation

### Gabe Waksman

This issue of Lint and Loose Change is our "spoopy" issue. To fully enjoy it, then, you must have a proper appreciation for the concept of "spoopy". You must embrace the spoop; you must sniff the spoop; you must lick the spoop; you must wash the spoop, date the spoop, *be* the spoop. But to do this, you must first understand the material with which you are working - in other words, you must have sufficiently answered the question "What *is* spoopy?"

To define "spoopy", we must first ask ourselves - what is "spoop"? What does it mean to be "spooped"? Am I "spooping" myself right now? Where is the nearest spoop kitchen? When is Spoop Dogg releasing a new album? These questions, and more, will all be answered. Will they be answered by me? Will they be answered in this article? Those questions, too, will eventually be answered - more specifically, they will be answered now, with the answer being maybe.

Man, "answer" sure is starting to sound less and less like a word. I should probably get to the spoopy now.

If we want to understand spoopiness, it's probably best that we start with some examples. Skeletons? Those are spoopy. Skulls? Not so much. Vampires? Eh - not so spoopy. Candy corn, though? That's hella spoopy. Being chased by an axe murderer? Nah, not really. Aliens? Sort of. That feeling you get when you slip on a staircase and stop yourself at the last minute? I'd definitely say that errs on the side of "solidly spoopy", but I can't be sure. Snuggies? Nah - but the animal print ones? Maybe a bit. Severed limbs are a tad spoopy, cardboard boxes are not, Count Chocula definitely is, and zombies - really? Are you even trying? Get out of here with that shit. Can't find your keys even though you swear you put them in their usual spot? Pretty spoopy. If you think small, furry gnomes came and took your keys while you slept? Soopier still. Deep fried pickles are somewhat spoopy, theremins are spoopier, and while swords are not, ghost swords *definitely* are. Having people stick their hands in a bowl full of spaghetti and then telling them it's brains? Absolutely. Now you're getting it. We're ready to move on.

While we've explored some examples of things that are or are not spoopy, this is all still a bit arbitrary. To truly measure spoopiness with the scientific rigor and precision it deserves, we need to introduce a more quantitative scale. To do this, we first define the Ween (from "Halloween") as our unit, which will describe how spoopy an event is. We standardize the Ween by saying that a 1 kWeen (kiloWeen) event, equivalent to 1000 Weens, is sufficient to cause an adult human of average emotional constitution to be spooped for one second. A typical 1 kWeen event, for example might be viewing a particularly spoopy Jack-O-Lantern. Some might question the use of the kWeen as our base unit, perhaps with the criticism that most things don't have a Ween that big - but by starting at one kWeen, we make it easier to measure particularly small Weens. Accidentally stepping on a crunchy leaf, for example, might only be a ten Ween event. Although this is quite a small Ween, it is not too small to be worth measuring; small-Ween events, in sufficient quantities, can also work together to have a larger, spoopy impact. It's not the size of the Ween, after all, but how you use it.

With this knowledge, you should now be able to properly appreciate our spoopy issue. Happy Halloween, happy fall, and most importantly, don't let the skeletons bite!

## High Class Food Reviews: Pillsbury Halloween Cookies SpoopDogg

*Editor's Note: Lint & Loose Change does not endorse the entirely sober and entirely legal mental state in which this article was written. We do, however, find the results hilarious, and we hope you do too.*

October is here, and that means it's time for some spooky cookies! Specifically, Pillsbury sugar cookies with ghosts and pumpkins on them. I'm going to warn you upfront though, you can't just grab these cookies off the shelf and chow down. The cookies come frozen, so you have to allow time for them to cook. Once the cookies and I were baked, the evaluation began.

First of all, these treats are terrifying. Pretty spoopy stuff. It can be hard to eat them initially; just remember, they are MUCH more afraid of you than you are of them. I started off with a ghost cookie, which was kind of bland and tasteless. It didn't help that it was also slightly burnt, due to my being distracted by other 'activities'. On the other hand, the pumpkin cookies were a mystery - they were cooked in the same batch as the ghost cookies, but they weren't burnt. They also tasted sweeter, even though the two types were supposed to have the same set of ingredients. You can't eat these pumpkin cookies without some lingering questions - 'why don't the pumpkin cookies taste like pumpkins?' 'what's so scary about a pumpkin, anyway?' 'no seriously, is it supposed to be the pumpkin-head of a headless horseman, or is it just a carved up porch pumpkin with a candle in its mouth?' At least the ghost cookie was straightforward - bland, but uncomplicated. Eating cookies should be pleasant, not filled with this mystery bullshit.

I've got to be completely honest with you guys - I was a little disappointed by the spoopy cookies. They were so hyped up by the community, and I was prepared for some (un)holy religious experience. All I was left with was the crumbs of a mediocre sugar cookie. I mean, I'm being harsh but I wasn't even sober, and I still wasn't pleased. I ended up taking matters into my own hands by adding a few improvements. If you didn't know, Kroger sells this

"crispy chocolate chip cookie" spread, and I shit you not, it tastes just like chocolate chip cookies, in creamy spread form. It's just heavenly. I took a nice sized spoonful of the stuff, and slathered it over the cookies, finally topping them off with some regular chocolate chips. These new cookies were nothing like their original form, and they were no longer scary (the spread covered the ghosts and pumpkins), but they were significantly more delicious.

Overall, I've got to say the spoopy cookies were a bit of a flop. They just weren't flavorful enough on their own. The biggest problem for these cookies is that they didn't taste like 'Halloween' to me. Aside from the spooky imagery, these probably would have made great sugar cookies for Christmas (and even then, you could probably just tell people the ghost is supposed to be the Holy Ghost and it'll work out fine). If you want that real Halloween flavor, just go steal a sack of candy from a child and get sloppy drunk at a party - nothing beats a classic.

