

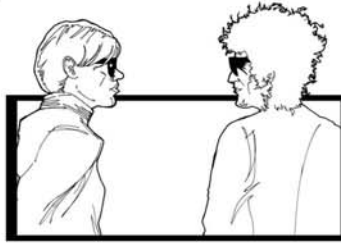
# BOB HATES ANDY

Vol. 3 Episode 9 © 2010

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SO HOW WAS THE CONCERT?

FANTASTIC. THE SINGER FREAKED OUT ON THE AUDIENCE. RIGHTLY SO. PEOPLE ARE THE WORST.



WELL HE'S UP THERE SIGNING HIS HEART OUT, CATHARTIC HOWLS, VERGE OF TEARS AND ALL THAT... CLEARLY YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF.



AND HE OPENS HIS EYES AT THE END OF THE SONG AND SEES ALL THEM LITTLE CAMERAPHONE GADGETS STARING BACK AT HIM.



SO MUCH TECHNOLOGY AND SO LITTLE TALENT. THE DAYS OF MEKAS AND PENNEBAKER ARE GONE.

THE INTERWEB IS A VIDEO CESSPOOL.

THE SINGER THINKS HE'S CONNECTED TO AN AUDIENCE, BUT THE AUDIENCE IS WATCHING HIM THROUGH 2-INCH SCREENS!



HE STARTS YELLING, YOU LOSERS! VOYEURS AND DRONES! YOU'RE SUBJUGATING THE LIVE EXPERIENCE! MISSING THE MOMENT! HARSHING MY VIBE!



YOU LOVE HIM.



THEN HE SAYS TO THE CROWD... I'M GOING TO COME INTO YOUR HOMES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WITH MY LITTLE VIDEO RECORDER... AND STAND OVER YOU WHILE YOU MASTURBATE... I'LL WATCH YOU FAIL... AND THEN SEND IT TO YOUR PARENTS!

IT WAS CLASSIC.

SOUNDS A LITTLE ANGRY.



OH, ANGER IS JUST INTELLIGENCE EXPRESSED.

AND HE WAS SMILING WHEN HE SAID IT.



DIGITAL LIFE IS THE DRUG OF A NEW GENERATION. A NEW FORM OF ESCAPISM. YOU'RE THERE... BUT YOU'RE NOT. REAL LIFE GETS FILTERED THROUGH A TINY SCREEN. TO BE POSTED AND REPLAYED LATER. IN AN ATTEMPT TO RELIVE A REAL MOMENT STOLEN BY TECHNOLOGY.



SMILE!

Thank You Kevin Drew!