

Note: [This is an article about men.](#)

Kid Cudi: [...] But what about the kids who- you never really had an artist where you connected with them all across the board. And I think that that's my job, I'm just really trying to guide people and help people, cause loneliness is a terrible, terrible thing man, and if you don't know how to conquer it, it can eat you alive.

Arsenio: How are you right now?

Cudi: I'm good, I'm alright.

[\\*smiles\\*](#) \*audience applauds\*

[http://skeudsleblog.20minutes-blogs.fr/files/Mars2014/kid\\_cudi-arsenio\\_hall\\_s\\_how-skeuds.jpg](http://skeudsleblog.20minutes-blogs.fr/files/Mars2014/kid_cudi-arsenio_hall_s_how-skeuds.jpg)

The following passage comes from something I wrote angrily in my private notes around the same I noted to thoughtful 1%J writer Gabe that I hadn't followed rock n roll in years, and after I read [an article](#) about bands like My Morning Jacket, War on Drugs, and the "new Americana."

**I think the dream of rock n roll is dead, and frankly irritating, because it's the legacy of thievery and ignorance. At a certain point in history, blacks were brought over to the Americas. At a certain point, blacks invented rock n roll and it bled into white culture; white drones incorporated it into their own networks and signifiers. Then as the baby boomers' marriages failed and they got sick and got fired, whites had the nerve to project hopelessness. Looked around agawk and made poetry about "dreams" and idolized pictures of powerlines and smokestacks like "wowie" while the Earth and everyone else was like "(the source of your misery is not a mystery.)" All this abstract imagery from white poets complaining about their lost dreams and other white people and boredom and fawning over the untouched parts of a land mass they stole and murdered people for less than a few generations ago: it's a snowflake on James Baldwin's tongue, a teardrop in Danez Smif's tea. Read the transcript from a native american fighting businesspeople to keep their resources pure and get back to me on Bruce Springsteen's closed factory identity crisis. Your guitar climaxes *still* sound like Reagan jerking off into an old tissue. Your diction is impotent.**

**I don't want to hear homely folk rock allegories about people in a political system nobody ever fucking fucked with in the first place. If you in a rock band and you not volunteering in your community to fight against racism and sexism, you're just an anthropological footnote. That goes double for punk. P.S. get off the drugs.**

**<https://twitter.com/GREENSLIME/status/691240048231124992>**

Right now I'm obsessed with highlighting all the different avenues for service work and civic engagement happening in my city of Chicago. When I party, I'm sober, and I get antsy and want to go home to write write write or get ready to get up and get back out there, bringing communities together. Kid Cudi's *Speedin' Bullet 2 Heaven* is an album about boredom, ennui, alienation, disconnection.

"Is Kid Cudi serious?" - [Pitchfork review of Speedin' Bullet 2 Heaven](#)

When Kid Cudi's debut album *Man on the Moon* dropped in 2009, he was signed to the label of [the most influential+popular artist in the world](#) and riding wave after wave of hit singles - singles that are still extremely popular touchstones seven years after their release. The album itself was about being a loner and misunderstood but sounded, literally, like a million dollars and was populated with lively guest appearances from multi-kajillionaires like Kanye West, Lady Gaga, and Common.

[http://27.media.tumblr.com/tumblr\\_ljb3uuKDhs1qc2jhfo1\\_500.gif](http://27.media.tumblr.com/tumblr_ljb3uuKDhs1qc2jhfo1_500.gif)

The baroque and expansive *Man on the Moon II* (2010) is also about being [lonely and misunderstood](#) but as a hotly anticipated follow-up it gained immediate entry into the history books of black, popular, and world culture. Every move Scott Mescudi made spoke for a generation and reeked of charisma and success, even as he abused drugs and struggled with mental illness on and off record. Since then, Cudi's initial critical acclaim has turned into getting panned harder and harder with each record and his once thick posse of co-signs from that bountiful freshman period has disappeared one by one. Scott left G.O.O.D. Music, engaged consistently in humiliating public feuds and self-destructive behavior and lost a lot of fans and prestige in the process. Add these to the people who "never liked him in the first place," and *Speedin' Bullet 2 Heaven*, while still an album from one of the most wealthy and well-known Black americans of the 21st century, *actually feels* like a missive from a reject; someone trying to make a difference being thwarted again and again by his and the world's worst impulses. What's more, it's the most suicide-obsessed thing the 31 year-old has ever put out.

"SBTH is ALTERNATIVE, not HIP HOP/RAP":

From the mid-90s to the mid-2000s, a series of movements in popular rock n roll happened: "nu

metal,” “rap rock,” and “emo pop.” These were the only\*\* forms of popular media I remember from my childhood that spoke frankly about a) capitalism as a world-destroying force and b) depression/suicide among young people in america. They were and are routinely ridiculed for both of these things!

“Punk is not dead,” - [Beavis & Butthead](#), as they appear on Kid Cudi’s *Speedin’ Bullet 2 Heaven*

\*\* - *That’s not true: friends & I recently watched the Wayans Brothers’ 1995 spoof Don’t Be A Menace To South Central While Drinking Your Juice in the Hood and it was definitely about those things! There’s a popular myth that black art, at some point, stopped being political. It is always political, even when it’s “just” about drugs, even when it’s dominated by men in shiny suits with half-naked women by their side. That is a very political statement!!*

<https://i.ytimg.com/vi/-TNDiJyOxl8/hqdefault.jpg>

This album is very beautiful! It doesn’t sound like a rock band OR one man and his guitar, it sounds like a lonely person making up a world of imaginary friends where he can feel comfortable. It sounds like Cudi re-imagining his childhood and/through conveying the pervasive sickness of the american everyday. It sounds like a Daniel Johnston tape from 1986, like outsider art from a person whose mental illness floods their expressions’ every pore, but it also sounds like a skillful appropriation of that kind of thing from a professional pop musician and businessperson. It’s all of those things; it’s an american classic.

*being a fan... could be perceived as a safe, traditionalist kind of taste, even as this sort of stuff has become a sort of outsider genre.*

*a certain strain of 21st century rock music that looks to past sounds and imagery and the present in equal measure, in search of new mysteries in what could easily be considered a spent form... cavernous moments...*

<https://soundcloud.com/cudderland/speedin-bullet-2-heaven>