



# THE WAKE

fortnightly student magazine

volume 23 – issue 3



Is a Robot Going to Steal My Job?

Amy Coney Barret at Northrop

Review of Gay Bars

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p. 8 How Pernament is Forever?

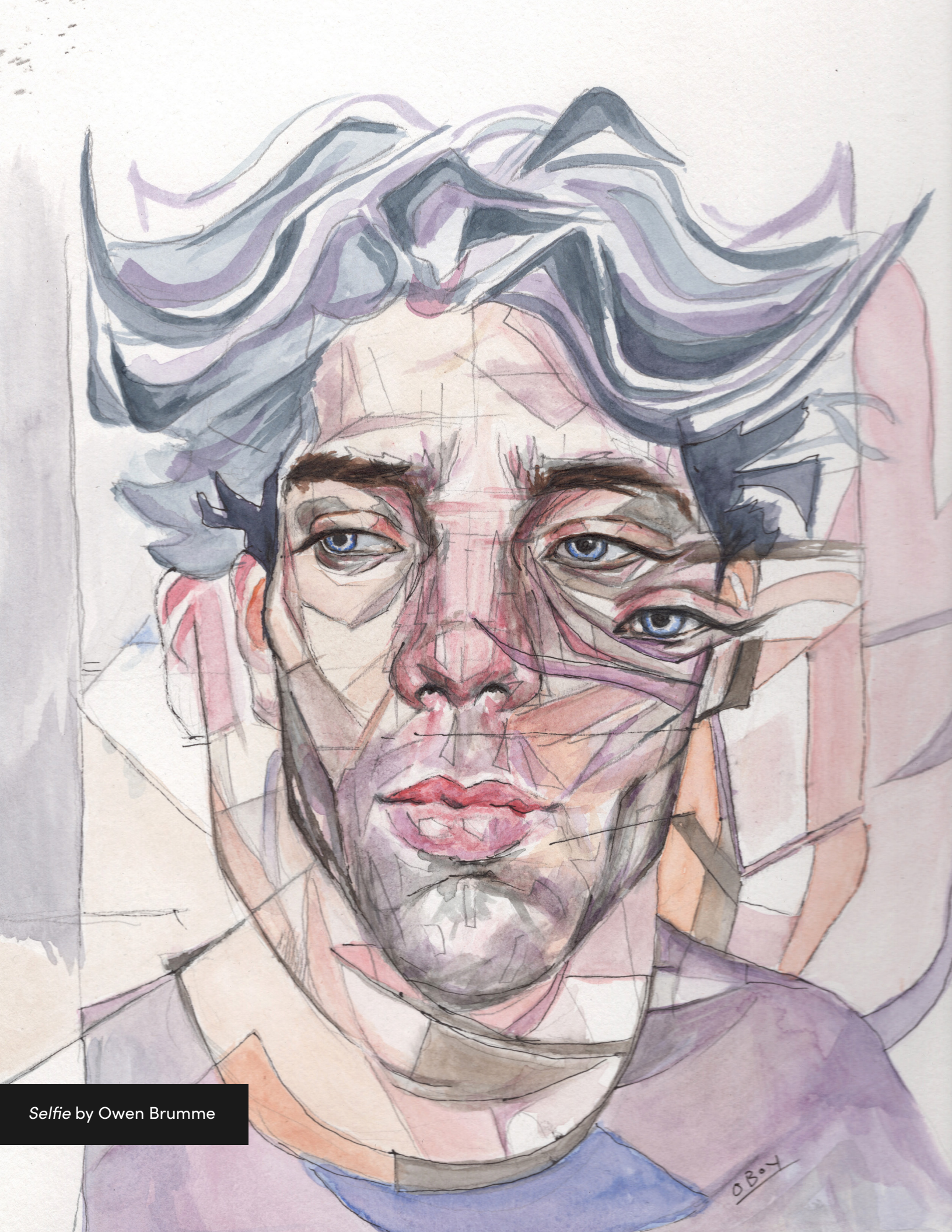
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Selfie by Owen Brumme



# THE WAKE

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VOLUME 23, ISSUE 3

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Established in 2002, The Wake is a fortnightly independent magazine and registered student organization produced by and for students at the University of Minnesota.

The Wake was founded by Chrin Ruen & James DeLong.

Disclaimer: The purpose of The Wake is to provide a forum in which students can voice their opinions. Opinions expressed in the magazine are not representative of the publication or university as a whole. To join the conversation email [eic@wakemag.org](mailto:eic@wakemag.org).

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*Pitbull, Something to Give, Just Because, Javilin, The Exorcist and My Own Advice images from original sources*

Like to do art, poetry or anything creative ?

**Send it to us!**  
We are looking for more creative submissions! Art, poetry, DIY coloring pages, photography or anything else you want to submit. Email [art@wakemag.org](mailto:art@wakemag.org) for any of your fun and/or freaky submissions :)  
  
Please make sure to include your name and title of your piece in your submission  
  
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wink! one page magazine

# The Wake Staff as Vampires

.... we can't all be Alice

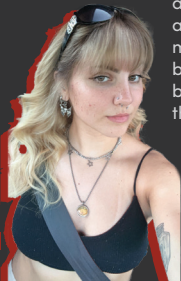
## Marie as Carlsile



Marie would spend her eternal life finding cures for cancer (ik shes better then us) and learning more about Biochemistry. She truly is the certified Daddy of the wake, and thus she is Carlsile



## Alex as Rosalie



Alex is petty and a little bit of a b (her words not mine, shes actually really nice). But more then that, she likes to be mean to men, and who is better at side eyeing idiots then Rosalie?



## Quinn as Jane



Quinn would be a dark, weird, scary abyss creature-- that is a non negotiable. There is no other creepy dark abyss creature better than Jane. Also she has been a pillar of her coven for hundreds of years, just like Quinn has been to the Wake.



## Amina as Alice



Amina is a coffee shop and bookstore fanatic, the dark academic of the Wake (shes an English major so it fits). She also suffers from main character syndrome, don't we all, and we all known Alice was the real main character



## Sofia as Bella



An English Major? An Introvert? A tumbler user? Afraid of blood but unafriad of death? Who else could Sofia be but Bella! The only thing Sofia and Bella don't have in common is their love of 104 year old vampires who watch them sleep



## Zoë as Renessmee



I had to make someone Renessmee, and I look like a baby in this picture so... I am also the baby of the Wake so I guess it fits. I am now a freaky weird baby betrothed to a man who tried to date my mom and then raised me from birth but is also in love with me, and i am half vampire half human ?? or some variation that could kill the entire world, what a dream!



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## UPCOMING EVENTS

10/31

### Screening of Halloween

Fifteen years after murdering his sister on Halloween night, Michael Myers escapes from an asylum and returns to kill again.

Parkway Theater - doors at 7pm and tickets are \$9

11/4

### Dia de los Muertos Concert

Come enjoy dance, live music, spoken word, and food trucks at the 11th annual festival de las calaveras!

Cedar Cultural Center  
6pm and tickets are \$15

10/31

### Annual Halloween Party

Costume Contest presented by Radio K and Racket!

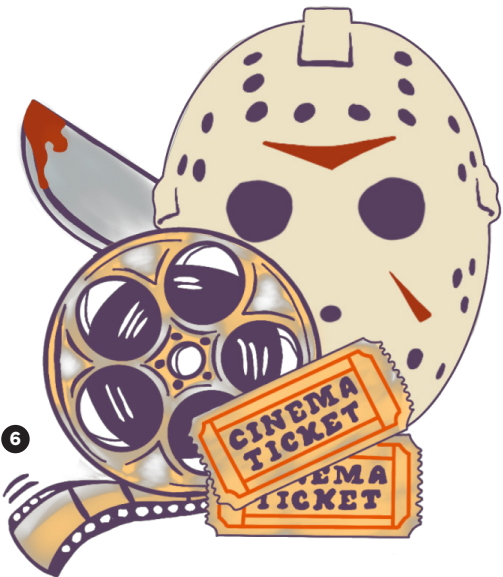
First Avenue  
Doors at 8pm and tickets are \$15

11/4

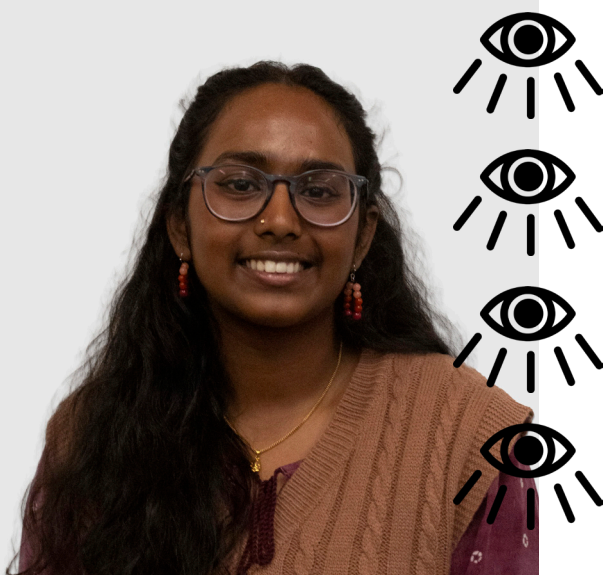
### Diwali: Festival of Lights

Diwali is India's most important festival of the year—a time to celebrate the triumph of light over darkness. This event includes dance and live musical performances as well as a fashion show!

Midtown Global Market







# Letter from the Cities Editor

Dear dear reader,

I want to be the one to tell you that nothing you do matters. Hold on. Stay with me. We live on a spherical rock in the middle of nowhere, we pretend that small rectangular paper holds some sort of value, and we abstain ourselves from our wildest imaginations because of arbitrary rules created by some dead white man. Do you really think that anybody gives a flying falafel about what you do? Do you really think that a couple generations from now anyone would remember who you were? Do you really believe you're that significant of a person?

I apologize. I don't mean to attack you, but I'm having my annual epiphany that I don't matter, at least not in any metaphysically significant way. So please let me convince you of the same.

We live some eighty odd years if we're lucky. In that meager sliver of time, we follow the general meandering path set out by society. This path doesn't fit most of us and those of us who are brave enough to wander off are ostracized as deviants by those who are too scared to. You have to go to school, figure out your passion, somehow turn that into a career, perform your personal best and keep pushing forward because that best is not good enough, and stick to your chosen occupation until you retire (which you literally can't even do anymore).

I wait to reach "life checkpoints" before I start living for myself. I don't know why I exist but I want to make the most of it. I don't want to just let life pass me by. The problem is that I'm a bit of a conformist. So I'm taking small steps to be spontaneous and indulgent. I have always wanted to drag. I just ordered an orange wig before writing this letter. I don't have to wait to be out to everyone before I can start exploring my gender and sexuality in the joyful and cathartic way that I deserve. It doesn't matter seeing that I will be mushroom feed in about sixty years. I grabbed my crusty dusty set of paint brushes; tonight, I paint my Mona Lisa. It doesn't even have to be good because I don't have to be the best at everything, or really, anything at all. Bad art is still art. Some millionaire "collector" will buy it from the ruins of the apocalypse and frame it up in their mars mansion.

I can understand that a good dose of nihilism isn't comforting to everyone. I do however believe that you should at least take yourselves a bit less seriously. The more time I spend here on earth, the quicker the minutes seem to pass. I don't want to wake up one day and find that I have used up my minutes and be filled with regret. Excelling academically isn't the only way to success. Take a breath. Sit down and have a coffee with a friend before you run off to your work. Pick up a bizarre hobby. Adopt a chameleon. Write for the Wake. Whatever you do, live on your terms.

I'll just be learning how to glue down my eyebrows.

Maniacally,

Vishalli  
Cities Editor



Art by Zoë Meyer



# Is a Robot Gonna Steal My Job?

A discussion of the role AI will have in our working future

BY ANDREW PALIK

Did you know that the company Nutella employed an algorithm to design 7 million labels for a marketing campaign? The startling result: it sold out in a month.

Before you start to sweat, Marketing and Strategic Com majors, this example is not common in the business world. Yet, in the next decade it is probable that AI will affect the job market fundamentally.

How AI will affect our future careers is a coin flip. On one side, AI has the capacity to replace us in many jobs and on the other AI could become our new tool at work. Both sides of the coin have implications that we must learn to live with.

To start off, we can predict that AI is going to replace many jobs. AI performs routine and monotonous tasks in short amounts of time. This entails replacing occupations that write code, do administrative tasks, and provide customer service. For example, IBM has begun replacing positions that don't involve customer interaction.

"AI might automate routine jobs", you might be thinking, "but surely they can't replace human creativity". You would be wrong. Generative AI can create text, images, video and audio in a quality comparable to a person.

Hypothetically, creative work that was previously done by a skilled team, can now be done by one person. If someone knows how to type the right prompts, presumably they can produce quality articles, videos, and art. Competition in these creative fields would increase, and availability of jobs might decrease significantly. AI's ability to produce profitable results, like with

Nutella, suggests that companies will adopt AI. Companies choose the option that creates the most amount of profit and the least cost. AI doesn't ask for things like "benefits" or "sick days". A company will choose poorer quality work made by AI over more creative work by humans to save cash.

In the past, 3.5 million jobs were replaced after the invention of computers. History seems ready to repeat itself as the World Economic Forum predicts that AI will replace 85 million jobs in the next decade.

The WEF also predicts that AI will create 97 million new jobs. Jobs like prompt engineering, AI reviewing, and AI coding could be in high demand.

Possibly, AI will not replace us, but rather become a helpful tool. While automation takes monotonous tasks, workers are freed to improve in other areas. For example, in scientific research AI can sift through data, detecting outcomes and patterns that humans can't spot. Researchers can expedite their process and conduct more studies and research.

Any business can use AI chatbots to organize databases and analyst positions can use Chat GPT to sort through the data.

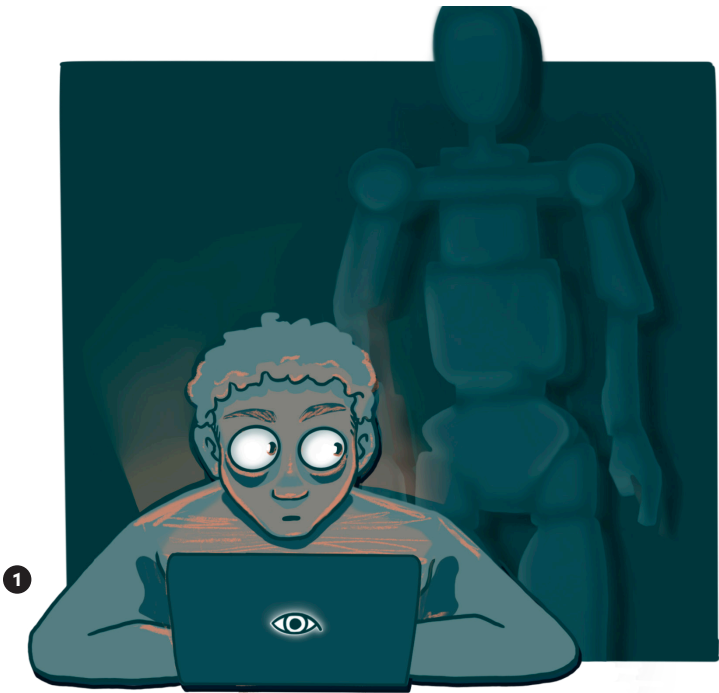
Creative fields can also utilize AI to help their creative process. It's important to remember that computers and adobe didn't kill artists' creativity, but helped the design industry grow. AI can help

artists experiment with new techniques and create novel types of art. AI can also undertake the repetitive tasks that artists or video creators use to spend hours completing.

AI also has large potential for assisting writers. This article your reading is an example. I used Chat GPT for material, brainstorming ideas, information, and spell checks. I could copy and paste this article into Chat GPT and have it edit, add words, or even stylize it in a different way. Writers can complete assignments more quickly, and do more projects or improve their content.

In theory, better quality work would then equal better opportunities. I might venture to say that AI will help us gain more access to jobs. AI would be our new co-worker, not our replacement.

Overall, AI's future is like an opaque wall. We see the other side but it is not clear. It is Uncertain. Uncertainty is the reason why this topic can simultaneously create anxiety and hope. A good example is the Nutella case. It is scary that an AI created products that were successful. But AI only created the individual label designs. Perhaps there is more hope that as AI takes on specifics, people can focus on the bigger picture.



# Mondays Are the Friends We Make Along the Way

What is so unusual about Mondays, and why is it actually a force for change?

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

Oh, Mondays. We all have some sort of relationship with this day of the week—though most people just dread its existence. Never have I ever heard anybody say that what they feel about Mondays is bliss and excitement, and although I can understand this sentiment, I also deeply reject it. Weeks are cyclical, and Mondays act as the transition between the end of the cycle and its beginning (though the Christian calendar would say that Sundays are the ones that start the week). To get to the feeling of excitement for the weekend, you had to have come from somewhere. That somewhere is where all the change starts. That somewhere is Monday. One can think of Mondays as a morning that is full of work to do, and weekends as the party at night that culminates in a good night of sleep. Understandably, party nights are much more memorable than work shifts or homework assignments, but if you do not enjoy those preceding activities, how can you be sure your body and mind will be ready for a party later at night? The phrase “the real treasure was the friends that we made along the way” is well-known for taking the spotlight out of the beginning and the end and giving it to the process—the middle, the friends we made along the way. Mondays are the friends we make along the way, and we should value them more, because without them, how would we survive?



# A Glass of Homemade Elderberry Wine Laced With Arsenic, Strychnine, And “Just A Pinch” Of Cyanide

A review of Arsenic and Old Lace at the Theater in the Round

BY VISHALLI ALAGAPPAN

A window seat decorated one edge of the stage while a rich mahogany dining table set for dinner sat established the other boundary. The stage was set up as a parlor with a blush pink sofa set and coffee table and various other knick knacks like a rotary dial telephone and a credenza with a crystal wine carafe.

This was the penultimate show of Arsenic and Old Lace written by Joseph Kesserling at the Theater in the Round. This black comedy features the Brewster family and their penchant for murder: Martha and Abby Brewster, well-meaning philanthropists and Mortimer Brewster, a theater critic and nephew to the Brester sisters, discovers his sweet old aunts’ proclivity for poisoning old lonely men, in the name of charity. The play follows the missteps of Mortimer and other characters like his long lost brother Jonathan as they try to keep the murderous nature of the sisters a secret from the police.

I adored the layered humor in the play. The multiple tongue in cheek jokes about the unruly and inappropriate business of the theater tested

splendidly with the audience. Yet another, Jonathan Brewster is described as a Boris Karloff type, a self-referential joke since Karloff played the part of Jonathan in the original Broadway play.

Although I can go on applauding the screenwriting, I must say that the actors truly breathed life into these deranged characters. Mortimer and his exaggerated exasperations and anxieties about devolving into madness like the rest of his family were truly exhilarating. I adored Abby’s hand gestures, saccharine voice, and comedic timing.

The harmony of the set design, screenwriting, and acting worked wonderfully on the arena stage that allowed for a more intimate viewing and an absolutely enthralling night. Although Arsenic and Old Lace showed for the last time this season on October 1st, the Theater in the Round has various exciting new plays lined up for the 2023–24 season. I’ll be sure to keep coming back this season and I hope to see a few of The Wake magazine’s readers in the audience as well!



# Amy Coney Barret at Northrop

Why I believe it was appropriate for the University to invite Justice Barrett to speak on campus and necessary for students to protest her lecture

BY MADELEINE PRESCOTT

The impending descent of Amy Coney Barret upon our campus was foretold by countless posters and flyers saying “Keep Amy Coney Barrett off Campus.” On October 16th, metal barricades and vans of police and security officers announced her forthcoming arrival. Before I continue, a disclaimer: despite my best efforts, I did not obtain a ticket to the 2023 Stein Lecture, and therefore cannot report on the actual event itself. I can tell you why, however, I believe that Amy Coney Barret deserved to be met with protests and why I also wanted to attend her lecture.

In the past, the Law School’s Stein Lecture has brought a number of Supreme Court justices to campus including Ruth Bader Ginsburg in 2014, Antonin Scalia in 2015, Sonia Sotomayor in 2016, John G. Roberts Jr. in 2018, and Elena Kagan in 2019. It is not unprecedented for the university to invite a Supreme Court justice to give a lecture, including conservative justices such as Antonin Scalia, who used his lecture to endorse a strict, literal interpretation of the constitution (“Scalia Defends Originalism”).

I do not see the university inviting Justice Barrett as an endorsement of her views or her actions on the Supreme Court, but as simple recognition of her position as a Supreme Court justice of considerable influence. Regardless of whether or not her appointment as a Supreme Court justice brought you to tears, as it did me, her experiences as a Supreme Court justice are instructive. One can both despair at the recent decisions of the Court and be interested in the legal philosophies of its justices.

Beyond Amy Coney Barrett’s invitation to campus, it is also not unprecedented for justices and judges to be met with protests on college campuses. This spring, The New York Times

reported on the heckling of Judge Stuart Kyle Duncan by the students of Yale Law School. Like Justice Barrett, Judge Duncan is a Trump-appointed judge with a decidedly conservative judicial history. Antonin Scalia, too, was occasionally met with protests on his university circuits. Justice Barrett, whose appointment to the Supreme Court was particularly disheartening, should not be exempt from this precedent. Barrett was appointed to replace Justice Ruth Bader Ginsberg, an adamant supporter of women’s rights; she was the third Supreme Court justice appointed by Trump, who was able to appoint the most judges to the Supreme Court since Ronald Reagan (Gramlich); and she is a relatively young justice of only 51 years who may now serve a lifetime appointment. In her term, Amy Coney Barret has contributed to decisions that are of critical importance and special interest to college students. In particular, on June 29,

2023, the Court ruled on the case, Students for Fair Admissions, Inc. v. President and Fellows of Harvard College, against race-conscious admissions. That same day, the Office of the Executive Vice President and Provost issued an email to UMN students assuring students that the university will remain committed to inclusion in admissions and had been preparing for the possibility of the ruling for several months. In doing so, the university acknowledged the concern the ruling caused students and that it could potentially challenge the university’s methods of promoting diverse admissions. Also of note to students, the Supreme Court rejected President Biden’s student loan forgiveness plan in June. In the next couple of years, the Court is also expected to rule on the validity of Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA).

I wrote this in the shadow of Johnston Hall, listening to the speeches and chants of the ACB Protest. It was well organized with banners, signs, and marshals prepared to de-escalate potential conflicts. Attendees and speakers expressed their support for abortion rights, Dreamers, affirmative action, and their own right to protest. It is only just that Amy Coney Barrett be met with constitutionally protected protest as it is her job to uphold and interpret the Constitution. I do not, however, condemn the decision to invite Barrett as a guest lecturer. The several hours she spends on campus are of no significance compared to the twenty odd years we can expect to have her on our Supreme Court. Her presence can hopefully be instructive both for those who attended her lecture and for those who organized and protested against it. 🗿



# Hairy Chests, Fangs, and Bondage? Oh My!

A Crash Course into the Twin Cities’ Offering of Queer Watering Holes (Besides the Gay 90’s)

BY JAY WALKER

The Gay 90’s is truly the villain of the week this time around, with its rogues gallery of comic book henchmen masquerading as security guards, eager to ensure you know your place as a pest. Throwin’ trans folk out of bathrooms and barking in your face, they sure know how to treat a customer the ‘Mpls PD’ way! Due to the constant supply of hetero-horrors that feed the machine, the 90’s will remain the big bully on the block because they can afford to be with their name recognition alone. So it begs the question: “What’s a queer fella got to do to find a decent watering hole in this town?” Luckily, such a fella is not without options.

## The 19, One of Minneapolis’ Oldest Gay Bars

Founded in 1952, The 19, situated in the Nicollet Mall side of the woods, is a charming place to unwind, especially in the back patio, where an altercation broke out while I was there between a group and a barkeep, which proved a great source of laughs to many whilst bummin’ a drag off of someone’s cig. For the sporting types, there are plenty of wagers to be settled between the pool tables and the men’s room, which is nothing more than a couple of urinals, perfect for a good ole-fashioned patriotic pissin’ contest. As for the “shy bladder” crowd, have no fear! There is a ladies room that is a single unit restroom where one can excrete the fluids and muck without those peering, invasive, bloodshot stares. Just be ready to wait in line. On the liquor-front, the long island some gent bought me did its job thoroughly and ensured I could not drive home that night without imitating a game of bumper cars on I-35.



## Black Hart... The Obligatory St. Paul Inclusion

Whilst this joint caters to gay booze hounds, it also aims to please... \*nervous gulp\* soccer fanatics! I shudder thinking about it. If you can muster to stand the atrocity, the respectable dance floor area and frequent drag shows are enough to win over even the most callous of squares. The place has got everything a growin’ alcoholic needs, on a budget! Although cheap, the tequila sunrise (\$5) and margarita (\$4) I inhaled were heavily poured. In so few words, they hastily sent me into a trance-like state where I felt as though I was a broken metronome, swaying side to side, crashing into every patron, helpless barstool, and drag queen alike. Oddly enough, the barkeep even tried buying the shirt off of my back. I didn’t know how else to mention the reasonable \$7 cover. So there! Mr. Walker’s got you covered.

## The Saloon... A Real Hoot and A Holler!

The Saloon: the rowdiest place in town for a rip-roarin’ time. After coughin’ up ten smackeroos to get in, I had showed up in time for a treat: a drag show starring some of the best and brightest of the local drag scene. After which, the dance floor opened up, as did the glorious ‘shower.’ It was a steamy chamber, consisting of glass walls, and a nude man packed with glistening muscles and carpeted in curly hairs, basking in the stares from onlookers under the scalding water pouring down. Anyone laying witness couldn’t help but wish to treat those low hanging fruits to a round of boxing, like a speed bag. Perhaps that was the screwdriver doing the writing for me.

## Ground Zero

On the way in, I watched a security guard pummel some poor twinks to death for being a dollar short of the lofty, \$15 cover charge. Setting aside the clawing and chewing it takes to get in, Ground Zero is the place where all of the ghostly ghouls and black-acrylic acolytes go to be subjected to every torment short of the guillotine. In tandem with it being a lair to the gothic subculture in these parts, Ground Zero tends to also attract the homos like a fly to a bug zapper. They go hand-in-hand, in a manner of speaking.

The rows of church pews are packed often with gleeful spectators who regularly break into hysterics with each swift whipping, beating, and electrocution that each bound, pain-starved fiend volunteers to be subjected to by some dominatrix dame. It became clear that the house of gothic groove was stocked with some exotic giggle juice as I sampled a crimson elixir dubbed ‘The Vampire’ (Stoli Blueberry, Cranberry, Chambord, \$7), which wielded a taste of dreadful sweetness, as well as the murky-green, sour ‘Cthulhu’ (Cuervo, Peach, Club Soda, SweetSour, OJ, \$7). On the way out, it was unclear whether I was merely plagued by drunken lunacy or if I really did spot some poor sap’s lost fangs lying on the ground of the dance floor. I could believe either outcome, but being the betting man that I am, I’d put down ten on the fangs being real after all...🗿



# untitled (county fair)

By phinexo

Here is one to the days when we didn't have to worry about security culture,  
just small town games with no big fry journalists  
where the few remaining reverberations  
of the last story you told  
will only echo off of your teeth

on fairground nights.

But the fairgrounds we had were cheap, both in thrills and in construction:

burnt out lights,  
shoddy wrought iron frames;

cheap like

chipped teeth,

and cheap like

the company we kept  
because we didn't have any other choice;  
because it was a small town,  
because no grievance then  
was too big

not to be solved

by a couple weeks of silence.

Then, a joyful reconnection: slipshod, overly eager;

constructed like those fairgrounds  
of our youth.

We went there quite often;

I think I would quite like to go there again.

But I doubt

it would look anything like  
how I want to picture it.

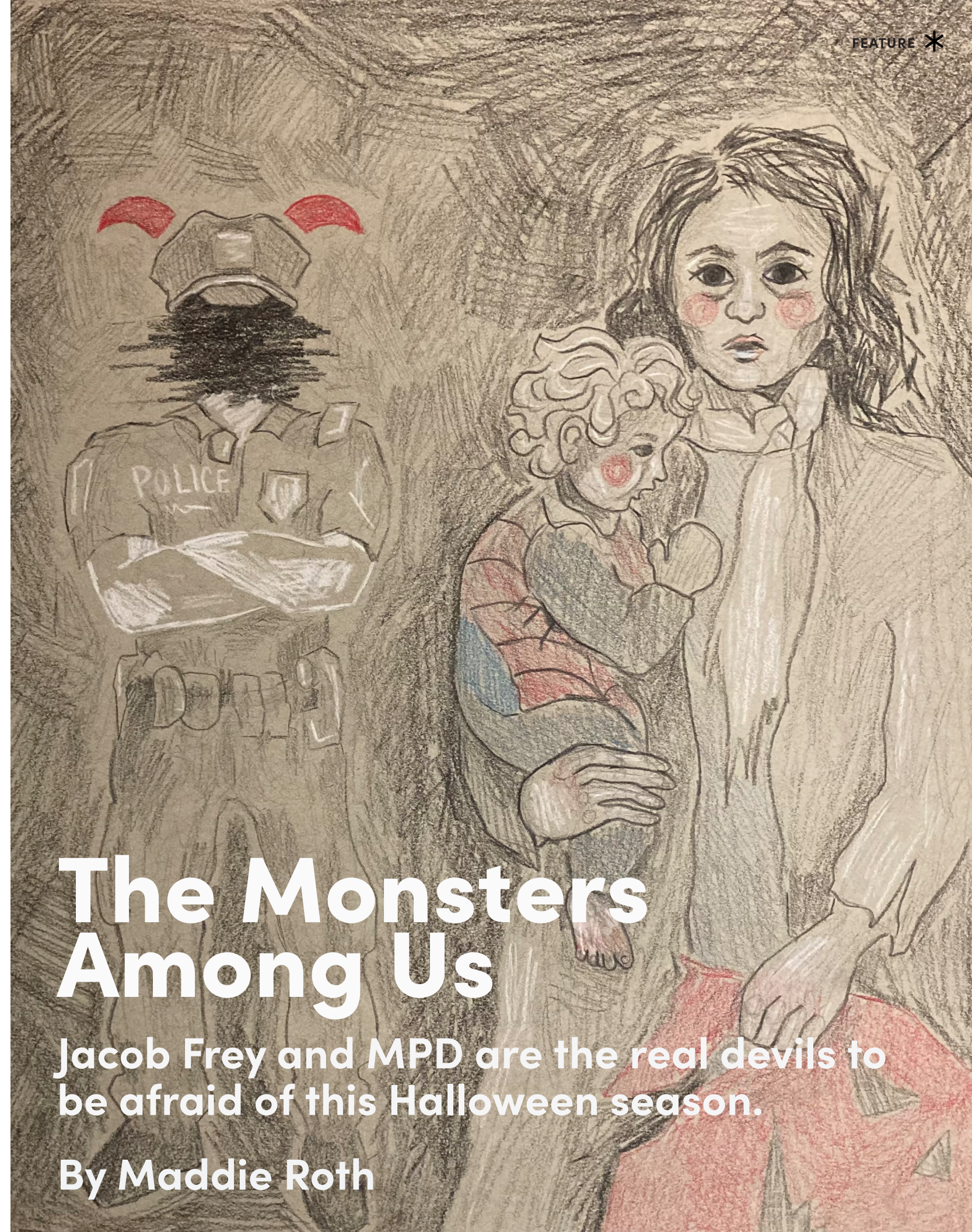
—

(My gums are bleeding again;  
caramelcorn dreams again;  
and I cannot get past this writing of myself.)

# The Monsters Among Us

Jacob Frey and MPD are the real devils to be afraid of this Halloween season.

By Maddie Roth







Ah, spooky season. Time for horror movies, candy of all varieties, and every creative juice flowing so you can find your perfect Halloween costume for this year. It is a time many of us look forward to all year round. Skeletons, vampires, and all the other scary creatures that come out for one night out of the year.

Some people, though, are not running from the same fake ghoulish monsters we pretend to be because they are running from a much scarier figure: the Minneapolis Department of Transportation (MnDOT) and the Minneapolis Police Department (MPD).

MnDOT and MPD have been responsible for clearing multiple encampments around Minneapolis for the past couple of years. This includes, but is not limited to, the Franklin Hiawatha encampment, the Wall of Forgotten Native encampment, and the House of Balls encampment. Encampments are places where unhoused individuals gather together and set up tents in an area. Many have popped up over the city, even after MnDOT and MPD have torn them down.

Last December, I went to the Franklin Hiawatha encampment the day it had been

cleared by MPD. There were fences surrounding the green tents, boarding up the tales and tragedies of the place dozens of people called home. Stories of the past were whispered into the ears of those who chose to look the other way. It was eerily quiet for a place that had been previously filled with screams and cries only two hours before I had arrived. The ghosts of recently evicted inhabitants were haunting the scene, desperately trying to share their secrets with the reports who had scurried around the area to write their next story. But I stood there in pure shock at the sight before me, unaware of where to begin.

The silence was almost too much to bear. I could hear the wind hallowing as I eyed a pair of children's boots two feet away from each other lying in the snow. I wondered who those had belonged to and what was currently keeping their feet warm if their boots were here and not with them.

Jay Nobles was working to salvage recovered supplies from people who had been evicted from their homes on the morning I had met him. He does not have a high school diploma, but he has blankets and duffel bags filled with clothes for the unhoused.

**“This whole notion that these people deserve what they got, that they did something wrong -- they didn’t do anything wrong,” Nobles said.**

**“They’re just victims.”**

One of his main motivations for working with the unhoused is because he understands what it’s like to not have a place to call home. He struggled with drug addiction and mental health issues before getting back on his feet. He mentioned how he felt the public was never kind towards him or other unhoused individuals, but he hopes that can change in the future.

**“One of the most important things about the unhoused is they feel forgotten and invisible,” Nobles said.**

**“Just talk to them. Show them some humanity because we’ve done everything to these people, but show them compassion.”**

In late September, I went to another encampment that had recently been cleared. The Wall of Forgotten Natives encampment was a site that had seen many residents come and go, once again remaining empty while memories of a place indigenous people used to call their own haunt the East Phillips neighborhood. Once the encampment was cleared, hundreds of people were without a home. After being almost completely cleared by MnDOT, the rusted fences and barricades hold the trauma and tears of a community torn apart. The area resembled a ghost town, a graveyard of destroyed dreams.

A “No Trespassing - MnDOT” sign was stapled to one of the fences with a smaller “Elder Approved, No Teachings” sticker barely noticeable compared to the more demanding statement above. Written in white marker on the “No” part of the sign was the phrase, “Where is the cactus

flower?” In certain indigenous cultures, cactus flowers represent warmth and love. Mayor Jacob Frey made a promise to end homelessness in Minneapolis as part of his mayoral campaign. Since then, many Minneapolis residents have become angry at the treatment Frey and MPD have given to the unhoused. Images and video of bulldozers tearing down tents and MPD throwing the belongings of those living in the encampments away surfaced moments after the clearings. Public outrage has led activists to come forward to express their testimonies in hopes of enacting change. Despite their efforts, Mayor Frey has repeatedly stated that “encampments shouldn’t exist,” according to his interview with MPR last November.

A defeated man walks into Hard Rock Cafe with bags under his bloodshot eyes and cuts on his dry hands, carrying a duffel bag and sleeping bag with white tape wrapped around broken shoes. Although he was unhoused, James said he had a home in the Franklin Hiawatha encampment and the Wall of Forgotten Natives encampment before MPD and MnDOT ripped it away from him. Now, after watching his home be demolished, James is one of many people looking for “anywhere that would take him.” He added he felt like he “didn’t matter” because of how he was treated by the MPD and was a burden to the city he had called home.

**“I don’t really have anything in my life, but I had my home,” James said. “[The MPD] took my home away from me.”**

The Wake sent out a survey to University of Minnesota students to ask how they felt about homelessness in Minneapolis. Responses ranged from “I think homelessness is a serious issue here in this city that must be addressed WITH THE WELFARE OF THE HOMELESS PRIORITIZED

ABOVE ALL ELSE” to “Statistically speaking, Minneapolis’ rate of homelessness is on par with the rest of the country and is often blown out of proportion by those who see “Murderapolis” as the bane of their existence.” Encampments do not hurt anyone. They are a place where those who do not have anything can finally find a way to have something. People who are going through one of the worst experiences in their lives and are able to find a community with each other. Destroying encampments will not help anyone. If MPD and MnDOT are going to follow Mayor Frey’s monstrous demands, there should be a solution for where the unhoused can go. Most of the time when these encampments are cleared, there isn’t.

The Halloween season can be scary for many reasons: terrifying masks, horrific movies to be played deep into the night, and the occasional haunted tricks and thrills. These are the usual and typical scares we expected during this time. For some people, though, the Halloween season can be scary for other reasons: scrambling for a home, seeking anything they can consider their next meal, and wondering when the next time the little they have is taken from them by the real monsters of our city. There are people in this world who act like monsters, but there are also monsters in this world who act like people. Sometimes, it’s hard to see the distinction between the two.





# Friends You Make in College



## Experiencing Life Side-By-Side

BY DEVNA PANDA

Growing up, the comfortable and suburban setting of my childhood had always felt all-encompassing, a world with which all of my thoughts began and ended. Having had the same group of friends my entire life, I felt wholly understood in our tight-knit circle. Any experience I had was an experience we shared. Anyone I knew was someone that they also knew. We had practically lived the same lives. I had never questioned that friendship could manifest itself any differently.

When I first came to college, I was overwhelmed by all of the different people I was meeting, which is the case for many freshmen. Previously, I never had to question whether there were certain types of people I naturally gravitated toward or felt a stronger connection with. My friends had been shaped by shared childhood experiences rather than the intentionality of a young adult. While that had been an incredibly positive experience for me, it seemed that I now had a choice: I could choose who I was surrounded by during these formative years.

With each person I met, I realized how unique everyone’s stories were. No longer was I surrounded by people who had lived the same life. Though the comfort of that notion was gone, I was surprised by how much the world could contain. Each floor of each dormitory was teeming with aspirations and insecurities alike that were hyper-specific to the individuals holding them. I had been so consumed by the environment that I had grown up in, but I

could now see the vast expanse of experiences I had yet to experience stretching out in front of me.

Over the first few months of my freshman year, I began collecting the various characters that would make up the plot of my life over the following years. I met students from various parts of the world, spanning from Egypt to Lithuania, to whom I remember sheepishly admitting that my parents were thankfully a mere twenty minutes away. I became acquainted with artists, dancers, poets, figure-skaters, and gymnasts — each person had spent eighteen years of life engaging in completely different experiences. Some people enjoyed EDM and went to raves in the city and others took pleasure in reading Voltaire and technical books on mathematical philosophy. I was utterly enchanted by my new environment, soaking in all that the individuals around me had to offer.

Once I began spending more time with the girls I now call my best friends, I began to realize the true depth of what it means to share a friendship with someone in this stage of life.

Most recently, a close friend of mine had the misfortune of tripping in a dark, crowded basement and splitting her chin on the cement floor. A harmless night of fun had turned into a tearful trip to the emergency room. As the night gave way to morning and we sat in the waiting room criticizing the American healthcare system, I could not help but think that this was what it meant to be a friend.

Hanya Yanagihara, an American novelist, said, “Friendship was witnessing another’s slow drip of miseries, and long bouts of boredom, and occasional triumphs. It was feeling honored by the privilege of getting to be present for another person’s most dismal moments, and knowing that you could be dismal around them in return.”

For the first time in my life, I am truly experiencing what it means to witness all parts of someone — dismal and bright — and love them regardless, having them extend the same courtesy to me in return. I am realizing what it means to hold someone’s hand as we experience life side-by-side rather than through a mirror. I am learning what it means to share responsibility for another person’s well-being.

Wholeheartedly appreciate the friends you make in college; they are the friends who get to see you create the version of yourself that you’d like to be — unfettered by the impositions of childhood or the responsibilities of true adulthood.👁

# From Spiraling to Separating

What it’s like when you’re here and they’re there.

BY KATRINA BAILEY

Do you remember when I was six and you were four? It was a summer day in Lawton, Oklahoma. Our parents had just bought us a trampoline for the first time, and I was nervous. I had fear in my eyes as I gazed upon it from under our awning. You had delight in yours. You ran right through our yard and leaped onto the trampoline, starting to jump. I was bewildered. I crept my way through the crunchy, brown grass, it prickling my feet every time I stepped. As I got closer, my fear fizzled out, and curiosity set in. I hopped up onto the trampoline and followed your lead. Our voices of laughter filled the July air. Two lines crossing over and over again, spiraling tightly together, our stories becoming one.

All the small moments we had together weighed heavily on my mind when I had to leave you at home while I went away to college. Every small thing we did together felt like a lifetime ago. But now, I can’t see you continuing to compete in sports, see you dressed up in a bow tie for the formal, have you find me late at night to show me a song or ask me what shoes match your outfit.

I can’t watch you continue to grow up.

Through the lens of my mom’s camera and Snapchat memories, I see it now. We grew up together and we are continuing to, in our own separate ways. Intersecting lines pointed away from one another, destined to cross again. Whether it is a few feet across the hall or thousands of miles apart, I miss you.

My heart continues to bounce on a trampoline of our memories, ready to be reunited. 👁



# Has It Always Been This Hard to Sleep?

Anxiety, the nighttime villain

BY SHANNA SIVAKUMAR

Can I be honest? I think I had a bit of an anxiety problem over the summer. It’s the only explanation I have for why I can’t remember the past five months. And if I dig deep down into the crevices of my brain — like deep down between my gyri where my memory box lies in my hippocampus (not entirely factual) — the only thing I can remember is lying awake at night as thoughts of everything I did not complete that day ran through my mind.

I tried listening to podcasts to drown out the thoughts, and that helped, as long as I paid attention to every single word. Another method I tried was staying busy all day so I would be tired enough to fall asleep right as my head hit the pillow. But none of these methods worked for long — ultimately, I knew I needed to talk to my therapist and hop on those meds as soon as possible.

It’s a bit tortuous — being tired yet unable to sleep. And closing your eyes just makes it worse... like why am I experiencing the worst of both worlds? It’s sending me into a slight panic just thinking about it right now. This process of anxiety at night and relief during the day sometimes feels like a never-ending cycle, and it’s exhausting.

To know that this is a shared experience is reassuring. Perhaps it’s something we all do at one point or another. Maybe you can’t sleep because you’ve fallen behind in your summer classes or you’re going through a period of grief. Maybe you forgot your nightly dose of melatonin and your pituitary gland doesn’t know what to do anymore. No matter what the reason is, anxiety is a bitch. 👁



# How Permanent is Forever?

## Forever Can Change and Still Be Forever

BY YVE SPENGLER

Inside my mind,

I see his eyes every time I close mine; polaroids falling as we untangle from each other. In the midst of forever, I watch the horizon while fire ants race through my palms, and I scratch them. He lives forever, an unforgettable agency.

The heart cannot let go, he is a living question mark.

I turn for comfort to a friend, I tell her anxiety has made fire in my hair, and she anchors me. Later, when she’s gone; it’s the ghost of you and the raw beating heart of me. Of him buying me milk, telling me to have a good life, and me saying “stop” because it was a goodbye. Our eyes sparkled together, but now he laughs at me. So goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye please, please, please, please God stay

let him stay, please.

Forever is like love, it is promised, and when gifted it is not expected to be taken back. Forever takes on momentary characteristics. There seems to be more of an emotional forever than a literal one. Forever in the human sense is limited when put into the context of relationships; you cannot love someone forever, because it is “until death do us part.” Does that make the “forevers” we say worth it? Withstanding this fear, perhaps, forever finds ways to live on: through polaroids, letters, or even oneself.

For me, forever takes the form of change. I pull in pieces of people and adapt them into my life. Whenever I straighten my back, I hold my heart up to the sky in order to appear more vulnerable,

my posture tall, just like my friend taught me. My contentment is voiced by a little noise at the top of my throat, like him. I give boundlessly, like my mom. Carefully collecting fragments, we are gradually worn down into solid stones, permanently here in others when eroded. This is how we continue on in different forms, just as rocks are permanently here. Even if they erode they refuse to disappear. When we have conceded our time on Earth, we live on through the souls we’ve touched. Each one of us, a composition of unforgettable agencies that have been passed down from previous souls.

Why are we always changing? Like a stone, sinking to the bottom of a stream. The water’s unobservable minerals file smooth rough edges. I found a place next to you and we are together. Headlessly, the current drifts us apart. We hit each other on the way out, chipping our edges. Did you know we wouldn’t stay together? Did I know?

I felt your pull away from me and I cried. I thought I was overthinking.

You told me to go get your hoodies, first thing. Heart racing, I complied.

A shocked “What?” resounding in my head. You were leaving me?

Our souls once combined, you tore yours from me, but I still keep a part of you. There is desolation from the part you took of me, so I change, because what else can I do?

Even if my head still conjures thoughts of You. Does the sun still shine so bright in your eyes? Will

I forever run like a fawn when I see someone who looks like him? I miss you, forever. A couple on the gray sidewalk pass by, she lays her gentle head on his broad shoulder, eyes dancing together under his shared umbrella. Another’s red lips smile across the table to a man with his head attentively on his hand. “Is this moment forever?” I hear myself ask him. When I hear the sizzle of an egg every morning, will I continue to think of the day after you left me? “You are my first and last” in his soothing voice, yet I hear my “forever and always” respond on a TV instead.

When forever ends so many times, it is tremulant. One moment is said to be forever, but although my forever has passed, it is not gone; it has simply changed shape. The way I love him lingers in a new way, the way I give boundaries and time back to myself.

You are allowed to mean forever, and to change it. Maybe forever is not meant to be static, maybe it has the ability to take new forms. Rethink forever to take away the unexpected nature that has so often left you burned. Forever can change and still be forever.

# Motivated! And Then Not

Planning is half the fear.

BY ASHLEY SUDETA

Last month I finally ripped the band-aid off and bought a linocut printing kit. I knew I would enjoy it, but I still spent weeks procrastinating, searching the internet for the best deal on equipment. Somehow, it felt easier to tell myself no—that it was a waste of time and money—than to begin a new hobby. College is advertised as the perfect time for branching out and discovering unknown facets of yourself, but it can feel impossible to actually turn your dreams into action.

There are a lot of smaller steps that must be taken in order to start something new. You may have to find learning sources, buy materials, or meet veterans of the activity. I think the fear of wasting money is one of the clearest obstacles keeping people from taking up new hobbies. College students especially have to consider how much enjoyment they will derive from something before they sink money into supplies or lessons. Another common anxiety that holds people back is the fear they won’t be good at it. To make matters worse, there’s also the worry that others will judge you during these vulnerable learning stages. Even though we know learning is a slow process, we put so much pressure on ourselves to create something beautiful

I believe it’s important we follow through with our ambitions. Hobbies and interests not only enrich our lives but also increase our satisfaction with them. If you’re concerned with spending money, try to find resources that allow you to get your required materials secondhand or rented. Consider borrowing from a friend. Surround yourself with people who support you through both success and failure. Push yourself past that initial motivation and into real action—there’s no other way to get anything done



The Wake



# Everyone Gets It But Me

What Am I Missing?

BY BIANCA LLERENA

There is a good chance that all of the time I spent alone in my room during middle school listening to strange music, writing angsty poetry, sketching self-portraits and treating journaling like a chain smoker might with their cigarettes chemically altered something inside of my brain. Almost as if I missed the ending of a blockbuster movie, I entered high school confused. Does everyone feel like they have to try this hard?

While I thrived in spirited solitude, my primary socialization came from movies, TV shows, and books. Although this existence seemed fulfilling in the moment, it was perhaps not the healthiest path to follow. Navigating the social groups and cliques of high school, I began to feel a growing sense of alienation, as if I were missing out on something that everyone else seemed to understand. I felt so vividly aware.

Over time, I found like-minded souls and experimented with various passions, gradually shedding the shadow of overthinking. However, there are moments when that familiar feeling resurfaces, leaving me with the sense that I’m not quite grasping something, although I can’t pinpoint what that something is. Sometimes, I look around and feel like everyone else knows how to be “normal” while I’m consciously trying to fit in

In the end, it all just goes back to the comforting default of being in my own head. It’s just so peaceful and safe up there. But to evolve and allow yourself to open up to intimate relationships, it’s best to keep the butterfly of self-isolation in a jar on the shelf. I still treasure my talks alone, and I always will, but I’ve found that walking a balanced line heeds healthier results and a more nuanced perspective. With practice, occasionally releasing the butterfly from its jar adds a touch of whimsy to the masterpiece of connection. My journal entries have never been more interesting





## Trackhouse

Mr. Worldwide is still stuck in 2010?

**BY PITBULL**

After four years... ¡dale! Mr. Worldwide is back with more music, in case you ran out of songs to dance to at a club that only plays pop hits from 2012. On Oct. 6 of this year, Pitbull released his 12th studio album titled “Trackhouse”—a nod to his co-owned NASCAR team, Trackhouse Racing.

“Trackhouse” is largely unsurprising. I mean, it’s Pitbull. He’s a man that found a formula that works and ran with it for over a decade. However audiences grow and change, and the same listeners that were up and excited by his music several years ago are now much older and far more underwhelmed with his music.

Nine of the 14 tracks on the album have features, including Lil Jon and T-Pain among many others. But even with the numerous other artists, each track falls short. To further wound the listener, many of the tracks sample instantly recognizable songs from artists past. For example, track two, “JUMPIN” featuring Lil Jon samples House of Pain’s “Jump Around” but fails to recreate the hype and electric feeling of the original. Another well known sample is MC Rob Base & DJ E-Z Rock’s 1988 classic, “It Takes Two,” whose hook is lyrically altered and sung by Latin artist Vikina in track 10.

The album largely consists of EDM, dance, dubstep, and the slightest hints of house and reggaeton. It’s Pitbull’s signature music, but feels outdated in 2023. But if you’re looking for a throwback to 2010’s dance music, “Trackhouse” is the right album for you.👁



## Something To Give Each Other

Troye Sivan

**BY SOPHIA GOETZ**

In stark contrast to his freshman and sophomore efforts, Australian pop singer Troye Sivan lets loose with his newer, bolder (and unrepentantly hornier for most of its runtime) third studio album, “Something To Give Each Other”.

The main single from the album, “Rush,” was first made available in a two-and-a-half-minute cut that resembles a fast hit of poppers. But the album version of the pulsating club song is a full minute longer, featuring a breakdown that gives Sivan room to breathe and enjoy the afterglow.

In another scene, “One of Your Girls” shamelessly appropriates the well-worn cliché of queer people lusting for their cisgender counterparts. Sivan expresses what is unsaid, albeit hidden by a Vocoder (yes, I had to Google what that was), with a seductive, tropical groove, acoustic guitars, and kettledrums.

Though there are a few standout tracks, such as “Can’t Go Back, Baby,” where Sivan’s fast-paced vocal sample and vibraphone evoke the nostalgic, dreamy feelings of a past love, “Something to Give Each Other” falls short of the more poignant, introspective moments that dotted “Bloom” and 2015’s “Blue Neighbourhood” (and more or less defined my early highschool years). One of Sivan’s best songs is “Still Got It,” which splits the difference and has some brilliant internal slant rhymes (“I saw you at a party, said ‘hello’ like an old colleague”) as it builds to a skittering electronic finale.

The joyous way in which “Something to Give Each Other” embraces queer pleasure makes up for its lack of poignancy. Sivan jokes on “Rush,” saying, “Kiss it when you’re done, man, this shit is so much fun/Pocket rocket gun.” The title of the record, which appears three times in a row, initially sounds like a sly double entendre, but could also refer to Sivan giving himself permission to pursue pleasure unabashedly. 👁



## Just Because

A Candy Coated Take on Growing Up and Leaving Behind the Summer of Your Youth

**BY KELTY DUVAL**

In 2020, Claire Rosinkranz went viral on TikTok for her song “Backyard Boy.” Now age 19, Rosinkranz has just dropped her debut album, “Just Because.” The album encapsulates Rosinkranz’s signature blend of whimsical sounds and intense lyricism. The artist herself has said that the thirteen track record details her life experiences as a teen growing into adulthood.

Almost every song off the album feels like a portal to California in the summertime, several of which detail Rosinkranz’s nostalgia of growing up in LA. Songs like “Pools and Palm Trees” reminisce about a person who made you feel like you were exploring the Pacific coastline. “Screw Time” and “Swinging at the Stars” elicit the carefree feelings of living life to the fullest with your best friends.

While every track is sung in a playful manner, some are more introspective than others. “Wes Anderson” and “Banksy” spin tales of relationship fallout and loneliness; comparing the complex emotions to prominent figures. The third single off the album, “Never Goes Away,” comments on how words, once spoken, are permanent; especially in the digital age.

This album fully encapsulates the wistfulness that comes with adolescence and longing for the happy-go-lucky feelings of childhood. The songs will have you wanting to dance and sing into a hairbrush envisioning yourself spinning on a merry-go-round or jumping on a trampoline on the beach. “Just Because” proves that Claire Rosinkranz has the songwriting talent for more than just a viral TikTok sound. 👁



## My Own Advice

William Black, ILLENIUM & Alana Springsteen

**BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO**

Melodic Californian music producer and DJ William Black and Denver-based bass-music superstar Nicholas Daniel Miller—best known as Illenium—joined forces with Nashville-based country singer and songwriter Alana Springsteen on Oct. 13 to release a liberating self-conscious piece centered on understanding why it is easier to love your friends than to love yourself.

Immediately when starting the song we are hit with its reassuring chorus, sung with an underlying guitar riff that can captivate any listener. “It’s OK to be not OK sometimes,” sings Springsteen, recognizing the type of advice we tend to give to our friends, but we never apply to ourselves.

It is then no surprise that the song goes “too personal” for anyone who is listening right after: a callout to all the overthinkers and anxiety-ridden people in society, with a constant reminder that, again, “it’s OK to be not OK sometimes.”

The song explodes into a multitude of emotions when the beat drops, as it happens with any other William Black or Illenium song—and I am not complaining at all about it! The delicate use of emotional vocal chops below Springsteen’s beautiful voice helps create a highly dreamy and overcoming atmosphere that welcomes introspection.

The second chapter of the song becomes even more personal. “When my friends ask for a shoulder / I don’t guilt them for help / Why’s it easier to love them / Than it is to love myself?” Springsteen gives us an insight into our minds, saying that she thinks they are overwhelmed. The song tells us about how easier it is to guess our friends’ emotions and feelings than to actually listen to ourselves and our own words.

Maybe yes, maybe we should start listening to ourselves and take our own advice.👁



## The Exorcist: Believer

This bone chilling sequel will leave you squirming

**BY JILLIAN NELSON**

Although wrapped up in a blanket, I was shivering in my seat from the sheer chills The Exorcist: Believer sent down my spine. Rather than relying on jump scares, the film’s frightening moments are slow, quiet, and pervasive. The terror steadily burns and slowly infects the mind with theological horror.

The film sets a tenuous rhythm that isn’t rushed but doesn’t drag on either. Sitting at this uncomfortable tempo allows the film to crawl under the skin, creating incessant anticipation that never lets up. The narrative culminates to the classic exorcist scene in which Olivia O’Neill and Lidya Jewett, playing the possessed Katherine and Angela, give wonderfully disturbing performances that will make you squirm.

The film breaks away from contemporary horror’s centering of demons as a character, keeping its identity ambiguous and focusing all energy on how the demon takes form in the girls. This draws attention to the horrifying practical-effects work as the girls slowly decay. Taking a modern twist, the film also challenges that only male Catholic priests can perform exorcisms, a notion represented in the original. In the final exorcism, several religions are represented, and women take the lead on performing the rite. The only place this movie falters is fully delivering this message as the ending of the film ultimately undermines it.

Despite this, I highly recommend seeing this film to get into the season’s scary spirit. Just take care knowing that the atmosphere and subject matter are not for the faint of heart.👁



## Javelin

For the gods and the gays

**BY MARIE RONNANDER**

I listened to Sufjan Stevens’ new album, “Javelin”, on a foggy morning while baking apple cheddar scones. Heartbreaking lyrics about true loss swirled with gentle, masterful instrumentals as I sliced honeycrisps. Behind the eerily melancholic words, there was a bright sense of heavenly hope carrying through the melody.

My friend once commented that Stevens was the type of musician who seemed to “never know a day of peace,” making me want to laugh and cry. Javelin was recorded entirely in the artist’s home while he wrestled with the loss of his dearest friend and lover, Evans Richardson. Just weeks before the album debut, Stevens was diagnosed with Guillain-Barré syndrome, leaving him temporarily paralyzed. So no, peace is perhaps not this man’s middle name. However, grace, I think, may be.

Stevens has never been shy about his faith, but he’s never spoken directly about his sexuality. Javelin unites these two aspects of his identity in a way that feels like a warm embrace after a long day. The epitomization of this feeling is found in the fifth song off the album, ‘Genuflecting Ghost,’ which one can only interpret as a reflection of holiness he sees in his lost love. His belief carried him through his despair, and the music he created through this is a bittersweet love letter to all he holds dear.

This album is filled with the nostalgia and intimacy of “Carrie and Lowell” and the epic verses of “Illinois.” The experience was earthly, prophetic, and downright soul striking. My apple cheddar scones wouldn’t be the same without it. 👁





# The Record Company

BY SHANNA SIVAKUMAR

Grammy-nominated American rock band, The Record Company, consists of guitarist and lead singer Chris Vos, bassist Alex Stiff, and drummer Marc Cazorla. They released their 4th album — aptly titled “The 4th Album” on September 15th, 2023 and kicked off a tour shortly after. I was lucky enough to do this interview with Chris Vos between tour dates. The Record Company will be at The Fillmore in Minneapolis on October 28th.

👁️: What’s the meaning behind the name, “The Record Company?”

TRC: The band formed in Los Angeles in 2011 — late 2011 — and at the time, when we were coming up, we had a sound already. We got together as friends and we kinda knew what we wanted to sound like. And so the first time we played, we basically sounded like the record — like we do now. The elements of that were all there. We had a discussion at the time — the discussion in the world was “what’s gonna happen to record labels, are they even gonna be here anymore?” So we kinda felt like it was a good time to take a page from The Who, the band, and just name ourselves “The Record Company” because we were like, “well, this is the first time in history we might be able to get away with that.” And shockingly, nobody had taken it. So we took it. It was definitely — there was a defiance in it — being in LA, playing blues-inspired rock and roll at a time where there wasn’t a lot of that going on. We figured we would probably

never get signed, so we just decided “we’ll be The Record Company and cut out the middleman.”

👁️: How does the songwriting process happen between the 3 of you?

TRC: It’s a mixture of spontaneity and intention. And it can come from anywhere. Sometimes, for instance, everybody would normally think, “Okay, Chris, you’re the singer of the band, you must write everything.” That’s not the case with this band. I write a lot, our bass player, Alex Stiff, writes a lot, and Marc Cazorla, our drummer, is always there, pitching in, editing, coming up with ideas. So it’s a collaboration. Sometimes a song will come in nearly fully formed by a person, like “here’s the chords, here are the words,” and it works. But other times you really have to piece together and really get in there with each other. And Jerry Garcia once said, “The craziest thing about being in a band is bringing an idea you love to a group of people you love and watching them just tear it

apart and put it back together again,” [laughs] and that’s how it works. The goal though, is simple: find the best song. It takes time, and you have to be able to self-edit.

👁️: How would you describe The 4th Album, and how is it unique compared to your past releases?

TRC: Well, this is interesting because we brought it all back home. Literally. Our first album, which had an unexpected success for us, [where we got the Grammy nomination and number one songs and everything] — we were not expecting [laughs]. We did that [made our album] ourselves, in our bass player’s living room, with Alex Stiff basically mixing and producing it and us looking over his shoulder. And the next two records, we expanded on that idea. We worked with outside people and it was great, we grew a lot. With this [album], this was our 4th album, so we decided, “hey, let’s bring it all back to home plate.” So we went back into Alex’s “studio,” which was just his living room, and we just went in there and found that we can really do some honest work there — there’s no pressure of “oh my god, we’re in the studio, we’re paying hundreds of dollars to be here.” [By not being in an actual studio] we could record something, decide if it’s good, put it on a shelf, keep it, whatever we wanted to do. So that’s a great freedom to have. 8 out of the 10 songs were mixed by Alex, and the other 2 by a gentleman named Mark Needham.

👁️: What was the inspiration behind this album?

TRC: December last year, we were coming out of the COVID-19 pandemic, we had to cancel our tour because things weren’t working out, and people weren’t coming to concerts, and then we got dropped by our record label. They had our demos for a few months but new management stepped in and was like, “yeah, I don’t get it,” and basically dropped us. So that just made us determined, because that’s the kind of people we are. The theme was basically “resurrection”. Expressing the frustration of what that was, you know, there’s a song on the album titled, “Roll With It,” that’s— if you listen to the lyrics, it’s basically about — what do you do when you face a difficulty? My answer would be: use it. Use it to inspire something, use it to grow something, and that is the theme that runs through the whole album. Our first song, “Dance on Mondays,” which is basically saying, “I dance on my own terms, how I want to, when I want to, nobody’s gonna tell me how to do it.” But it’s all said with kindness, though. There’s kindness in

everything we do — that’s really important. Even in our defiance, it’s not, you know, giving a middle finger to society. It’s more of waving our hands in the air and saying, “hey, I’m here, do you feel the same way I do?” Positivity is very important to us, but not empty positivity, where it’s just positivity for the sake of being positive. We like to write from a perspective of, “sometimes it’s really tough but I’m gonna pull myself up by my bootstraps and move on.” Because that’s what life demands.

👁️: Future plans for The Record Company?

TRC: We’re about to announce our big tour, which’ll be running January, February, and March of 2024. We’re touring through the Midwest currently and it’s been a lot of fun. Every night we change our setlist around. You can hear our stuff from our early days, songs from the radio, some deep from the catalog. We change the set every night to keep it fresh for us and the fans. We’re gonna be touring a lot, we’ll keep putting out records and doing shows.





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