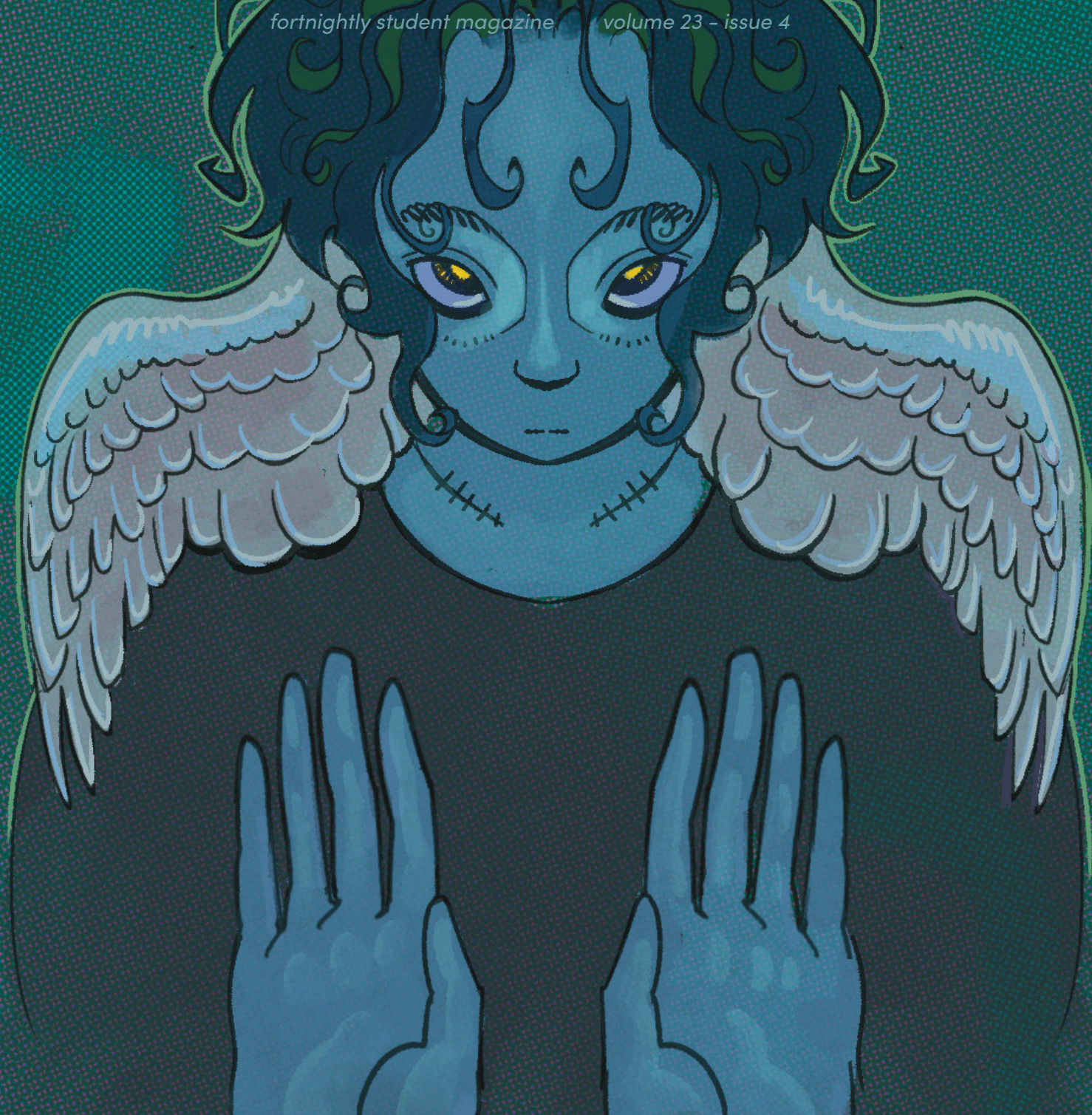




THE WAKE

fortnightly student magazine

volume 23 - issue 4



Rocky Horror Picture Show
Campus Conflict
All Loud on the Liberation Front

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Me, myself and I
by Delilah Grobstein



THE WAKE

fortnightly student magazine

VOLUME 23, ISSUE 4

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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.

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wink! one page magazine

riskiest ice breakers

you either have a friend
for life or a new enemy

Where were you
on January 6th?

The Titanic

What keeps you
up at night?

Are your parents
divorced?

Would you be
interested in
talking about our
Lord and Savior,
Jesus Christ?

When was the last
time you peed
yourself?

Jack Skellington:
hot or not?

What's your least
favorite way to eat
a potato?

What are the last 4 dig-
its of your social security
number?

What's the meanest
thing you've ever said
to someone?

Who was the last person
you talked to your ther-
apist about? Follow up,
are you on any SSRIs?

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UPCOMING EVENTS

NOV 15 - DEC 30

Snow White and the Seven Vikings

This family friendly play is set in the snowy lands of Norway with a bunch of funny, gentle Vikings and is the same as the fable we've all heard but with a couple fun twists

Old Log Theater, tickets are \$14

NOV 17

Dessa

Rapper, singer, and writer Dessa returns to her hometown of Minneaplis to promote her new album Bury the Lede. Opener is Lady Midnight, a vocalist and performance artist who draws from their afro-indigenous roots

First Avenue

NOV 18-19

The Secret of Chimney Manor

This adaptation of Agatha Christie's novel 'Secret of Chimneys' follows Anthony Cade who is mistaken for a British agent and is consequently embroiled in an internal web of blackmail, stolen letters, and a missing prince

Theater in the Round

Tickets are \$20 and show times vary

NOV 18-19

Hot Wheels Monster Trucks Live Glow Party

The Glow Party production features a laser light show, spectacular theatrical effects, dance parties, and Hot Wheels toy giveaways

Target Center

Tickets are \$10-50 and shows are at 12:30 and 7:30PM on Nov 18 and 2:00PM on Nov 19

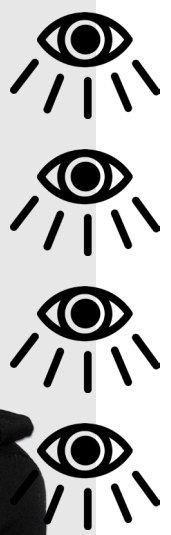
NOV 18-19:

University Dance Theater Fall Concert "Reach"

Reach features choreography by faculty members and visiting artists and is performed by University dance program students. It includes themes such as bodily autonomy and reaching towards the future and back to the past

Cowles Center

Tickets are \$10 and the show starts at 7:30PM on Nov 18th and at 2PM on Nov 19



Letter from the Publication Manager and Online Editor

Hmmmm... yes... The Wake... what do I know about this... creature?

Aside from the fact that The Wake is regularly bashed by The Minnesota Daily and every other type of tightly confined student journalist, I know that The Wake is unlike every other publication on campus. Here, at the meetings and within the printed margins, you can pitch and write literally anything with only your (assumedly lax) editor to answer to.

Burning political inquiries to runaway editorials, in-depth interviews to trembling poetry: it's all here—many-handed, multifaceted, and put together by more people in more time than you think it would be.

Whatever, one of my roles is new. That's cool I guess. I like to think I'm filling it well; I know in which ways I've made mistakes. But I care about this magazine, and improving something you care about is one of the coolest things you can do; growing beside something is a form of love, and goddamnit if I haven't loved this magazine through every garbage, surface-level music review or in-depth societal critique I've written.

Historically, The Wake has been a medium for alternative voices and obscure takes; I try to encourage and live up to this in every pitch that I give, every edit that I make, or every ridiculously antiquated word I choose to write. Why? First, because it's cool and because I love and care about this magazine and its history. Second, because the more perspectives that are offered, the more real and representative of our individual/collective realities it becomes.

There is not one world, one objective reality, one correct way of being. In fact, there are no correct ways of being, no objective realities, and not one world—only an infinite nothing-hallucination, a soup of synthesis, a somewhat-shared fever dream of circumstance and special interest and beauty and pain and real emotional hurt; in the words of the band mewwithoutYou: "It's All Crazy! It's All False! It's All a Dream! It's Alright."

But it's more than "alright"—it's more than me, it's more than you, it's more than mewwithoutYou—it's "all" and it's "right," alright?

Well, there are things that are not "all," and plenty more things that are not "right," but that's beside the point. The point is that I ran out of time and print space and that you wish you were writing for us instead of upholding ""journalistic Integrity"" or writing about the campus turkeys in the driest way possible for the billionth time (and you wish you could rant like I just did in your own publication (teehee loser)).

If you're going to say something, say something; say something daring, say something new, say something unique to you, say something that will never be said again; say something because you are free to say anything.

(Just don't waste your words (or be a bigot either)).

Quinn McClurg
(she / they)
Publication Manager / Online Editor



Art by Scout Albrecht

Koinophobia: the Fear of Living an Ordinary Life

Will we have time to live an interesting life? Answer: the time is now.

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

One day, while scrolling through my Facebook feed, I was met with an inspiring comic strip talking about how we delay things in life. It featured a man who spent his entire youth behind books, thinking about how free he would feel in college. The process would repeat itself in the following chapters of his life: in college, he would only think about how free he would be as a graduate, then as a worker, and then as a retiree. Retired, he came to realize he never allowed himself to do the things he dreamed of doing. One would take a glimpse at this comic strip and go about their day without even thinking about it, but overwhelmed by college assignments and job pressures as I was I couldn't help to think about a simple question: will we have time to live an interesting life where we look back and approve of it? It is then that I discovered a new phobia in me—namely, Koinophobia.

Koinophobia is the fear of living an ordinary life, a fear that resembles a mid-life crisis, but instead of looking back to reassess life choices, it looks forward into what is to come. I thought the discovery of this new phobia would inspire change, but initially it only brought anxiety. What am I missing out on? What should I be doing now instead of “wasting” time in my bedroom? Thinking about all the “ifs” and “whys” served as gunpowder to this emotional mixture: at one point it would explode. But it did not. As I arrived back in the state for my senior year, out of fear of looking back at my time in Minnesota and regretting not venturing around the state, I promised myself to go out every weekend and visit a new place to hike. I look back and feel extremely happy by making this decision and transforming it into a habit. The moral of the story: maybe some phobias can be good. 🐾



Unbridled Androgyny and Universal Sexual Liberation

A Halloween special screening of the Rocky Horror Picture Show

BY VISHALLI ALAGAPPAN

Bundled up in my thick winter coat, ridiculously long scarf and mismatched hat, I spied the line of horror enthusiasts waiting to get into the first screening of the 1975 movie Rocky Horror Picture Show at Coffman Memorial. I had read up on the movie before the showing, and I was able to recognize a couple Dr. Frank-N-Furter costumes and maybe a Janet Weiss aficionado. The movie follows Janet Weiss and Brad Majors as their car breaks down and they seek out help at a nearby castle. There they encounter the mad scientist Dr. Frank-N-Furter, a transvestite alien from the planet Transsexual in the Transylvania galaxy, and his entourage of bizarre servants and a muscle man named Rocky. The characters get wrapped up in Frank-N-Furter's time warp in this ode to horror B movies.

In keeping with tradition, the screening was accompanied by a shadow cast and audience participation. The props included a balloon, bubbles, napkin, rubber glove, party hat, glow stick, streamer, noisemaker, and a playing card and an audience participation script was provided. The shadow cast were members of the Theater Arts and Dance department and were absolutely splendid. I was so mesmerized by their performance that I often forgot the movie playing in the background. I especially want to mention the actors who played Rocky and Magenta who truly embodied their character's pure essence.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show has been beloved by the queer community for decades and on that windy Saturday night, I was able to partake in its legacy. The unbridled androgyny and universal sexual liberation have attracted many a queer gremlin like myself all these years past and will continue to do so. This screening of the Rocky Horror Picture Show was the highlight of my Halloween. 🐾

Campus Conflict

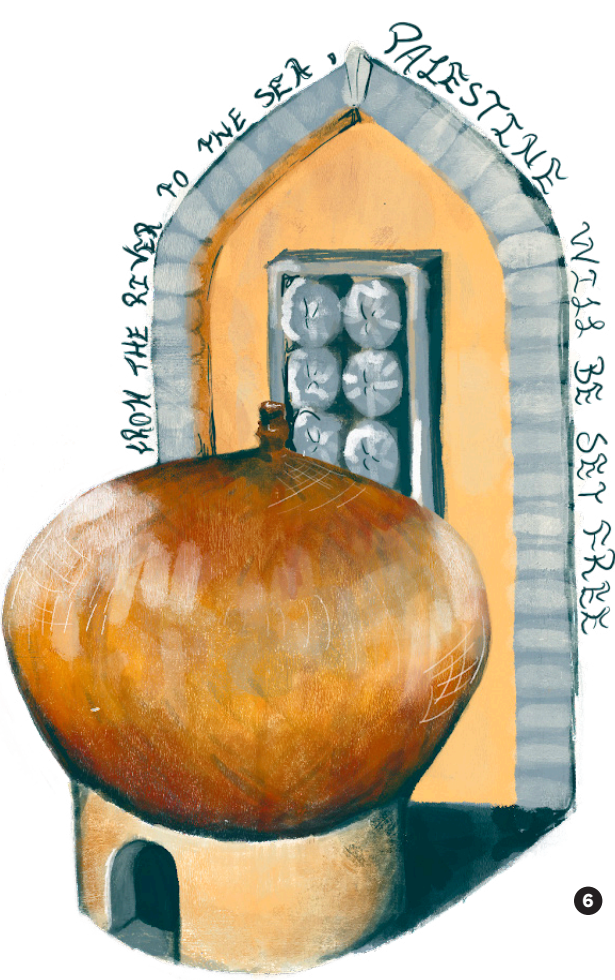
How do we talk about Israel and Palestine?

BY SOPHIA GOETZ

“From the river to the sea, Palestine will be free.” The slogan, typed in bold on what seemed to be more than a hundred flyers taped up across a wall in the Nicholson building, loudly proclaimed Palestine’s outcry against the violence happening in the Gaza Strip. Only a few blocks away, outside of Hillel, the university’s Jewish student organization, displayed names and pictures, and asked for aid in returning home six of the many Israeli civilians pronounced missing in the wake of the terror attack on Southern Israel.

Following the ongoing conflict within Israel and Gaza, the most prevalent inquiry amongst American talk programs, commentators, and partisans seems to be the emotional state of college students. While certainly, the Western response to the conflict is relevant, the excessive focus on college campuses exacerbates the challenges faced by students attempting to understand the complex situation in the Middle East. Amidst the prevailing instances of severe violence occurring abroad, the emphasis placed on collegiate pursuits serves as an indication of the self-centered nature of American egotism. If anyone actually possesses a desire to get insight into the experiences of American college students, I assert that it is imperative for students themselves to narrate their own stories.

At the University of Minnesota, as is the case at a multitude of American universities, academic classes have proceeded as scheduled, social gatherings have persisted, and student organizations continue to distribute promotional materials across campus. The experiences of Palestinian and Israeli students have been disrupted, deviating from their typical routines. During lectures, many utilize WhatsApp in order to assess the well-being and whereabouts of their loved ones to determine whether they are alive, deceased, missing, or subject to torture. They endeavor to engage in social activities, wondering whether or not it’s apparent to others that their minds are thousands of miles away. And of course, it is important to note that there exists an



abundance of protests, “hot takes,” and analysis on various social media platforms that are always available to engage in.

As a student during this time, I myself have consistently encountered a sense of dissatisfaction with organizations that espouse propagandistic ideologies and assert their entitlement to unwavering backing for their respective “side.” The primary objective of higher-education institutions should be to foster the growth and cultivation of ideas and solutions. It is no wonder that students here on campus are not exempt from the dissemination and platforming of certain abhorrent points of view that have arisen at the behest of a biased self-education on the matter.

However, no college student should be made to feel uncomfortable on campus because of their opinions or convictions. Every viral soundbite and rally video that appears on our screens creates the impression that college campuses are extremely unfriendly to any student who dared to express support for the Israeli people during their most difficult time. Even though some students may be ignorant or misinformed in their analysis, I think

that most students truly care about all citizens harmed by the terror attack on Israeli soil and the ongoing humanitarian crisis in Gaza.

As a college student living during the age of information, I believe that the dissemination of harmful ideas is not halted by intimidation. People are significantly more prone to give in to biased tendencies when they feel threatened. College students who are bullied into silence run the risk of having their opinions reinforced rather than being receptive to argument. The result is doubling down firmly, and the cycle keeps going. Simultaneously, most students, driven by compassion and curiosity to learn, are frequently hesitant to look for knowledge on sensitive subjects or participate in any kind of meaningful conversation. Every pupil feels less comfortable in an environment like this.

We are all learning how to survive in a brutal world where horrors like these are allowed, and we are all in need of compassion but college students now more than anyone else. As a university community, we need a space of our own where we can grieve and offer prayers for our fellow human beings. 🐾

All Loud on the Liberation Front

A Coward’s Account of an Afternoon of Brutality

BY JAY WALKER

Ushered in by demands painted throughout Loring Park that read, “Free Palestine,” I made my way towards a congregation ahead, finding myself at the crossroads of Hennepin and Lyndale avenue. Jesus the traffic was horrific.

The rally was put together by the Anti-War Committee as well as several other political bodies such as American Muslims for Palestine and the Students for Justice in Palestine. Between every speaker, the microphone or megaphone (too damn difficult to tell with the thickheaded rube blocking my view) screeched with an ear splitting, teeth-thrashin’, anus-clenching blast. It was a cantankerous rattlesnake at its most lowdown, having to be tamed and muzzled by audio equipment handlers before being passed on to each orator.

The outrage reached fever pitch. The lurid reports of corpse-filled ice cream trucks and rubble-filled orphanages did their job in winning over the crowd to the cause of liberation. The Gaza Strip: just another Standing Rock or Auschwitz to fill the chapter of human history, covering our insatiable love affair with slaughter. The whole lot of the “Viva Viva Palestina” chanters seemed entirely prepared to host a rehashing of the Nuremberg Trials, this time with Benjamin Netan-yahoo (and his cronies) taking the stand in Loring.

After the speakers finished, I took the opportunity to drain the dragon in a nearby outhouse. The die-in was well underway when I returned.

Standing in the midst of it all, opting not to die-in myself but rather hold up a sign, all pomp and circumstance was interrupted when a sharp popping noise pierced the air. It became jarringly clear that I should blow this popsicle stand. Call

me a coward, I am one. I wasn’t fixin’ to be swiss cheese. Many followed suit in escaping. Away from the scene, I asked a few fellow fleeing park goers and activists if they heard multiple shots or one. The testimonies I collected varied in response. Some said one, others reported hearing multiple.

A wannabe John Wilkes Booth must’ve wanted to make his mark on history by gunning down freedom fighters. Scum. The exact type of riffraff that Biden and the rest of the spineless leadership of the West would claim is acting in “self-defense.”

Some murmurings in the grapevine offer another theory. Some activists raised the possibility of the popping noises to be excess noise from an ATV muffler. Schrödinger’s gun shot. Was it real, or are we all hearing things?

After some further digging on the net, like a frantic chimp slamming away at a typewriter, I found that further catastrophe ensued shortly after I got the hell outta Dodge. Some box-cutter-wielding “peace lover” threatened some folks right before his next sobering act: plowing through a group of protesters with his vehicle, treating them as speed bumps rather than human beings with hopes and dreams. Thankfully, no one was slain or injured (no arrests of course), but I know someone who’d certainly be proud.

The Israeli Defense minister, Yoav Gallant, speaking on what he undoubtedly refers to as the “Palestinian Question,” remarked Oct. 9, “We are fighting human animals and will act accordingly.”

If any insights are to be gleaned from the day’s events, it would be that this whole ordeal did not begin with the Hamas attack on Oct. 7. Those who came out to inform the broader public made it



clear to point out the 75 year history that serves as a backdrop for the events underway. The occupation and genocide of Palestine is no new development. This conflict first began in 1948 as Ed Sullivan began flashing across cathode-ray idiot boxes across households in every small town, USA.

Some activists offered an interesting point: the U.S. and Israeli media monstrosities may accuse organizations such as Hamas of blood libel as well as everything else under the sun, but it begs the question: Who created Hamas?

Do people wake up and spontaneously take up a hobby of terrorism for shits and giggles? Maybe we ought to consider the plight of the systematically battered and humiliated for once.

As one sign read, “Honk for Peace.”

There is an expectation to report on the matters of the day, to have a finger on the pulse. But, that may conflict with the desire to come home at the end of a long day, with your life intact, and dive into the depths of a shoddily improvised appletini. What’s more important? Self preservation or the truth?

If you aren’t faced with the prospect of bullet pie, are you really a journalist?

Note to Self: Never let yellow-belliedness get in the way of embracing blood, guts, and glory ever again.

J. Walker, Signing Off... 🗨

Finding Solitude at the Intersection of Brown and Queer

The exclusion of queer people of color from queer spaces

BY VISHALLI ALAGAPPAN

There is a difference between having queer friends and being in queer spaces. Most of the friends that I have made in college identify as queer. I mostly interact with my friends in one on one or small group settings like a study session or a movie night. These interactions are more than fine, they’re fabulous. I’m generally very happy to have gay and trans friends. In contrast, I feel unnaturally awkward and restless in gay spaces. Queer spaces, or at least how I define them, are a congregation of queer individuals who are not necessarily friends. An obvious example would be a gay bar, but gay spaces can be a classroom or workplace that predominantly attracts queer individuals, or even an online forum.

As a brown queer individual in white Minnesota, I have always avoided local gay spaces assuming that I’d be too uncomfortable. I don’t frequent drag shows or open mic nights at gay bars even though I desperately want to go. I just can’t fathom that I can relate to any of my fellow queer people who are white because my queerness is simply inseparable from my ethnicity. I’m often the token person of color anywhere I go and I just don’t have the energy to be the same in a queer space; I cannot be expected to represent all queer people of color and seemingly be their spokesperson. My perspective and lived experiences are not relatable to white queer people and therefore are paid no attention; I am simply present to add apparent diversity.

Moreover, since I don’t obviously seem queer, my presence frequently goes unacknowledged.

I understand that as a result of our persecuted history and persistent ostracization by conventional society, we as queer people flock together for both community and safety. We identify each other through our “gaydar” which is mostly based on stereotypes. Most queer people of color do not fit these stereotypes because they arise from the intersection of whiteness and queerness, not solely the latter. Thus, I find myself constantly having to come out and in conversations with other queer people just so that I have some credibility during the dialogue. I feel pressure to overcompensate for my lack of meeting societal norms and in search for this unattainable ideal, occasionally eclipse my roots and unique identity.

The hegemony of whiteness in queer identities, not just in the midwest but everywhere, is exclusionary for queer people of color. When both traditional and social media solely highlight queer white folks, it seems as though queer people of color don’t really exist or exist in the periphery, which is ludicrous and untrue. However, that is the perception. The perception that has convinced me and many other queer people of color to avoid queer spaces.

Regardless of whether I have established myself as a queer brown person in the conversation, I have observed that my voice often gets ignored. Queer white people will use their queerness as social capital to lord over people of color, queer or otherwise. White queer folks easily forget the intersectionality of their fellow gays’ identities. Racism, colorism, ableism, fatphobia are still as pervasive in the queer community as everywhere else.

I don’t have an answer to any of this. At this moment in time, I can really only recognize it as a fault and a barrier to queer people of color in finding community. I know there are brown and black queer folks out there, but there is simply no place for us to congregate as a collective. Or maybe there is and I’m simply unaware of its existence because I’m so averse to going out to queer spaces because of my past, if limited, experiences with white-dominated spaces.

At the moment, I am comfortable and content with my queer friends and our mundane activities, but I often wonder if I will ever find community within the LGBTQIA+ sphere and if I will ever experience true belonging. It seems a reality for my white counterparts, so why not me? 🗨



Ramadan

By Amina Ahmed

Her arm extends toward the plate of dates with so much certainty and expectation.
The table spread is only 3 feet away.
Yet, her slow rise and strained effort as her hand closes in exhausts me simply looking at her.

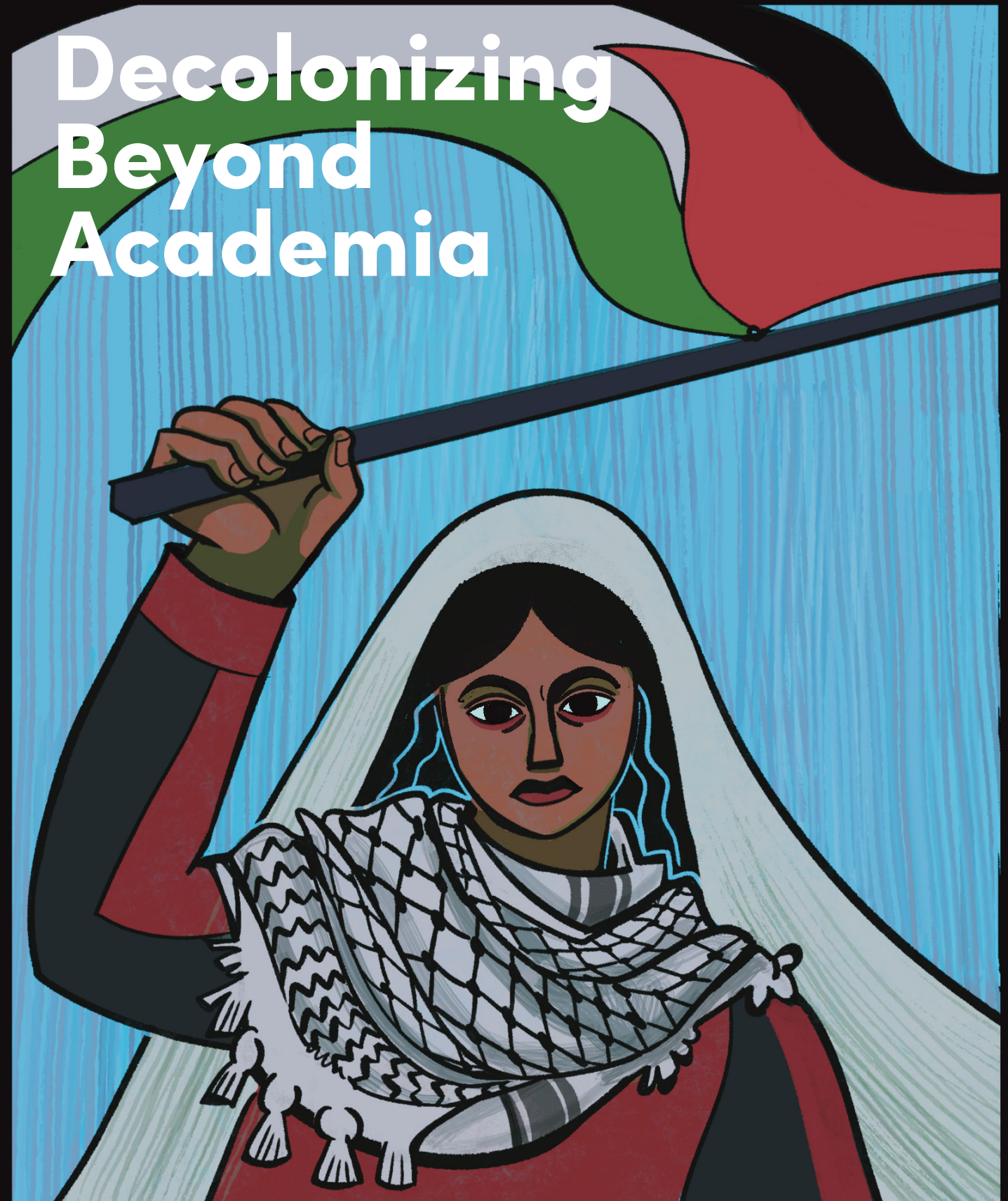
I never realized how far away the plate actually was.

Her threads of muscle and tendon had never been filled with so much vigor before.
The anticipation is unmatched.
Her fingers stretched wildly apart, ready to claim a fistful of dates
As if they were the fruit of all her labor.

Except she doesn't.
She only grabs one.

She is infamous for wasted efforts and never claiming her fair share.
The best friend of shrunken thoughts and unspoken desires.

Decolonizing Beyond Academia



The events unfolding in Gaza are a stark reminder of the implications of oppressive systems, and what is necessary when people fight back.

BY JOSHUA KLOSS

Ain’t No Power Like the Power of the People, ‘Cuz the Power of the People Won’t Stop

Minnesota has been showing up and showing out.

On the evening of Wednesday, October 18, over 3,000 people showed up at the capitol building in Saint Paul to express their solidarity and support for the people of Palestine, and to call out Governor Waltz for his ongoing support of Israel.

On the afternoon of Sunday, October 22, over 1,500 people marched in Loring Park and organized a “die-in,” at the busy intersection between the park and Walker Art Center. Somebody drove through the protest, but only two minor injuries resulted from his malice.

At noon on Wednesday, October 25, students at the U walked out of their classes to rally in front of Coffman Memorial Union for Palestine. The walk-out was part of a larger, nationally organized one that involved thousands of students from countless schools across the country.

Clearly, Minnesota has been showing up and showing out. The protests and rallies cited here are a select few of the bold displays of solidarity Minnesotans are taking, and demonstrations like these are part of a larger, global trend seen beyond the U.S. in cities like Paris and London.

Injustice Anywhere is a Threat to Justice Everywhere. Now, before you read too deep into the article, know that calling for the liberation of Palestine is something I do while



wholeheartedly supporting the freedoms and rights of Jewish people everywhere. While the actions of Israel and the US Government should certainly be condemned, you can also condemn anti-Semitism where you see it. Pro-Palestine marchers at the capitol asked a man with an anti-Semitic sign to leave their protest, sending the message that hate speech was not welcome, and that anti-Semitism was not part of their platform.

Oftentimes, we wonder how genocide and horrible historical atrocities could ever occur — how could the people at the time just let that happen? But we must acknowledge that it is happening right now. This means acknowledging that what the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and the state of Isreal is doing to the people of Palestine right now is genocide. As of March of 2023, the United States has given a total of \$158 billion (not adjusted for inflation). That looks closer to about \$3.8 billion annually, which was the amount given

“Gaza has been called ‘the world’s largest open-air prison,’ for years now by human rights groups. The people there have had their water and electricity shut off, and humanitarian aid from countries such as Egypt has only recently been allocated to citizens in south Gaza, a severely insufficient amount.”



in 2020 alone. As a result of a \$105 billion national security package, which Biden announced just weeks ago, Israel will be receiving an additional \$14.3 billion USD from the U.S., the cause of which is cited as assistance for “humanitarian aid.”

Gaza has been called “the world’s largest open-air prison,” for years now by human rights groups. The people there have had their water and electricity shut off, and humanitarian aid from countries such as Egypt has only recently been allocated to citizens in south Gaza, a severely insufficient amount. Israel gave people explicit routes for evacuation to south Gaza, and some of those routes were bombed thereafter. It should not take me to say this, but if you are still having trouble sympathizing, most of the people being bombed in Gaza are young children, who are writing their names on their arms so that their bodies can be identified from the rubble of explosion debris. It has recently been confirmed that white phosphorus, a very harmful substance, was dropped by Israeli forces in Gaza and Lebanon; the unlawful use of which is considered a war crime. I could go on, but I am sure this is not the first time you’re hearing about these atrocities.

It shouldn’t cause uproar, then, to admit that this is genocide. It is difficult to deem this a warranted response from Israel to combat terrorism, seeing as though the death toll count continues to rise with the names of civilians who have nothing to do with Hamas. IDF commanders in interviews with news outlets such as CNN have even admitted

to bombing, say, hospitals or refugee camps, working under the assumption that Hamas could be hurt by these attacks as well. So I am not afraid to say, rather, that this is a continued annihilation of an entire group of people. One that has been happening for years now. Future generations will learn about this in history class and ask themselves, how could we have let this happen?

From the River to the Sea, Palestine Will be Free Decolonization: you’ve heard of that word, surely. But I’m curious what this word means outside of an academic context. It’s easy to call for justice and the decolonization of an occupied land from the comfort of a school desk; yet, somehow, when the decolonizing in question gets messy, or bloody, or too difficult, people seem to forget what the true meaning of the word is.

Decolonizing has never been an easy act, nor has it been a bloodless one. This is something that history has communicated time and time again. When the existence of people is not respected, resistance can certainly be expected.

“Decolonizing has never been an easy act, nor has it been a bloodless one. This is something that history has communicated time and time again. When the existence of people is not respected, resistance can certainly be expected.”

To learn more about what decolonizing looks like in action, I interviewed Anthony TG, a member of MN AWC and a student at the U’s Department of American Indian Studies (AIS). When discussing Gaza, Anthony explained that, “This is about occupation.” Considering that the majority of us here on-campus are not the victims of violent occupation, Anthony elaborated that, “we do not get to decide what resistance should look like.” Throughout our interview, it seemed that the most important thing for students is to translate their education into actionable support of decolonization as it occurs. Specific to the University of Minnesota is a history of violent treatment of indigenous peoples. Should you want to support decolonization, you can start right here at home. The Truth Project produced and published demands of the U, which are visible on the AIS’s website. Students interested in decolonization should direct themselves to these, and consider ways that they, as individuals, can help support these demands.

Educating oneself on issues are important as well, and Anthony gave me a great cohort of resources for anyone hoping to learn more about native history in Minnesota. The Red Deal, written by The Red Nation and including contributions from two indigenous professors here at the U, is one place to start. Another notable book is Nick Estes’s Our History is the Future, also written by a professor at the U. The last two chapters of this book, specifically, focus on issues of settler-colonialism, and discusses the fight for indigenous decolonization in the intersectional context of the fight for Palestine.



For students wanting to educate themselves on the fight for Palestine, check out The Hundred Years’ War on Palestine by Rashid Kahlidi, which provides a nuanced, historical perspective. Steven Salaita’s short essay, “A Practical Appraisal of Palestinian Violence,” is another resource, which is a recently published discussion of what resistance means for Palestinians right now. And, for those who enjoy podcasts, try listening to The Red Nation’s podcast episode from October 9, or Fight Back Radio’s episode from October 29. And for all you cinephiles, check out, “Gaza Fights for Freedom,” which was filmed in Gaza, and documents the Great March of Return.

While education is great, taking action is honorable. Money talks, so it’s worth looking into the Boycott Divestment Movement (BDS) to see how you can boycott companies that support colonialism in the Middle East. This is an action that can be taken right now. As Anthony puts it, “There’s a place for anybody, even if they can’t always hit the marches.” Organizing takes tons of work, and when he says there’s a place for anybody, he’s not kidding. Do what you can, and what you are able. It is hard and draining work, no doubt. But as always, the fight for liberation for all is forever an ongoing issue.

And above all, take care of yourself.



A mention of the SCP Foundation probably conjures notions of tacky creepypastas, fanart, and YouTube letsplays, all taking themselves too seriously. Yes, the SCP Foundation once was this, but over the years, the SCP Foundation, and its authors, has matured quite nicely, growing into itself in new and exciting ways.

But, before we get too far down the rabbit hole, I’m forcibly enrolling you in an SCP crash course: “SCP” is an abbreviation of “Secure, Contain, Protect,” the three guiding goals of the Foundation. The “Foundation” is a worldwide paramilitary shadow organization, primarily dealing with the researching, securing, and containing of anomalies. Anomalies are anything (beings, objects, people, places, concepts, etc.) that, for some unexplained reason, defy the laws of nature and reality. If revealed, these anomalies would not only endanger the public, but also shift worldwide views of “normal” reality irreparably, creating mass hysteria, violence, etc. Thus, the Foundation must operate secretly to protect the public and its “normal” conceptions of reality; as often stated, they “die in the dark, so [we] may live in the light.”

The only way into the Foundation is through SCP articles, sprawling documents written as lab reports. Each one includes special containment procedures, object descriptions, and sometimes additions such as experiment logs, exploration logs, and interviews, which add a little more texture than the initial write-up can provide. (Sidenote: since reading can be pretty time-consuming, I usually find and explore these articles through podcasts like “the Exploring Series”; these prove to

be a little easier to follow/digest).

Here are some of my favorite articles: SCP-093, “Red Sea Object,” a red, carved disk that compulsively rolls itself toward mirrors, and, if pressed to one, opens gateways. SCP-507, “Reluctant Dimension Hopper,” an otherwise normal human who randomly becomes “displaced” between dimensions. SCP-3143, “Murphy Law,” a detective whose mere presence flattens reality into the dimensions of a noir-themed script. SCP-4001, “Alexandria Eternal,” an endless, self-updating archive of every human life ever lived, containing books that, if altered, alter baseline reality itself. SCP-5005, “Lamplight,” a lamp in a snowy human settlement, far passed the fraying edge of the universe. SCP-5322, “And the Road Stretches On...,” a 50-meter-long, one-way country road that terminates abruptly. SCP-7027, “A is for Annihilation,” a dark void that appears within the middle of an infected individual’s forehead, leaking prophecy.

Due to the scientific writing style, the lack of clear explanations, and the contrasting in-universe existence of “normal” reality, a reader’s disbelief is suspended much easier than in other speculative fictions. Often, exemplary entries within the SCP database feel far more real and compelling than actual reality itself; the philosophical insights and emotional impacts a reader gleans, then, are transferable to the real world.

The SCP Database is the largest existing and ongoing work of collaborative fiction; it is also

The Maturation of SCPs

They’ve become far more than creepypastas, fanart, and letsplays

BY QUINN MCCLURG

the cutting edge of speculative fiction, as the entire database itself is built on subversion of both readers’ and the genre’s expectations. As a result, these articles have quickly become very abstract and experimental; it is speculative fiction pushed to the limits of what the human mind can speculate.

Notable concepts include metaphysics (thinking about thinking), metafiction (fiction within fiction), pataphysics (theoretical realities existing below and above our own), cognitohazards (information that is actively harmful/hostile), antimemetics (things that resist conceptualization), mnestic (drugs that expand perception / prevent forgetting), and endless paradoxes which fold upon themselves, pre-date themselves, cause themselves, continue themselves, alter themselves, obscure themselves, and terminate themselves. Here, these ideas live, breathe, and grow, resisting categorization, conceptualization, convention, and control, both in- and outside of the Foundation’s universe.

Much like real life, the goal of reading SCPs is not to know, experience, or completely understand everything; the goal is to experience some of it, get lost in the whole of it, and be satisfied in only understanding a little bit of it at a time, savoring any connections and syntheses that may be made. There is no “cannon” nor written rules nor themes encompassing the entire universe either; to live and to read SCPs is to willingly be a stranger, to try, and to learn; it is to reject and accept everything, simply by being and perceiving.

To live and to read is to construct a subjective reality; it may all be fiction, it may all be stupid, and it may all be a confusing waste of time, but it can alter our waking realities as we know them as well; so what is there to lose? 🌀

The Guilt of Farewell

We are not just the primary colors

BY AMINA AHMED

Among the many lessons I am learning in this life, I believe the most important is the beauty of ambiguity. As a product of the customary education system, I was taught each problem had a set solution: 2 + 2 = 4, red and yellow make orange—I trust most of us were taught the same.

But when confronted with a problem that has multiple answers, or better yet, no answers at all, what are we to do? We were never equipped with the right resources to tackle such a dilemma, and so we became uncomfortable and incapable of fathoming the ambiguity.

At this moment in time, when everything is fleeting, there is hardly any aspect we can define in black and white terms; especially within our interpersonal relationships. Does this not mean that what we were taught of reality is simply untrue?

We worry endlessly about what people think of us, who we love, and who we despise. Yet, we’ve never realized that this categorization, this need for an answer, will never add up. In both letting go of relationships that do not serve us and fostering new ones that do, there isn’t one clear-cut answer.

It’s the same reason why joy and pain go hand-in-hand. You cannot have one without the other. Thus, when we grieve the relationships that once were, it is neither strange nor surprising to yearn for the joyful moments that were had. These emotions are not mutually exclusive—in fact, their coexistence is more common than we’re led to believe.

It’s unruly and messy, sure, but aren’t humans inherently messy? We are both, neither, and either/or, and there is nothing more beautiful than that. I mean, truly, if this world was only red or yellow, would you find this life just as colorful? 🌀



November Is A Rotting House

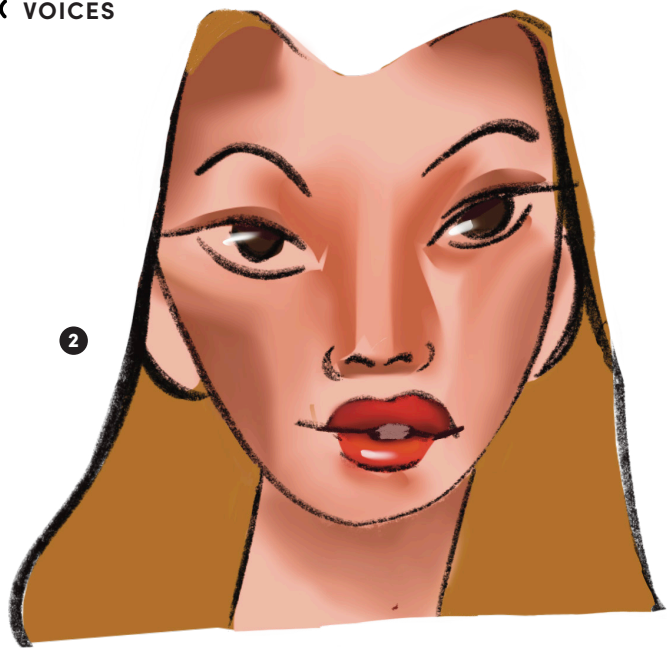
Waiting for Thanksgiving Week is a trap, don’t fall for it!

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

I always knew coming to Minneapolis I would have to learn to love freezing temperatures and snowy weather. It did not feel hard in the beginning as, coming from Brazil, I had hardly ever seen snow. I was filled with excitement when in late October of 2021, temperatures dropped below 30 degrees and I felt courageous going out to classes with regular T-shirts and shorts. Everything was new, but it got pretty old fast.

I was never a big fan of Novembers: Octobers in Brazil are known for Children’s Day and Halloween celebrations. There are only two real holidays—Hallow’s Day and Republic Day—in November since we do not commemorate Thanksgiving (though, weirdly, we have Black Fridays). However, Hallow’s Day is not really a celebration (after all, it is the day of the dead) and the Republic Day mostly is an event for those who appreciate military parades. November was always the month of transition between spooky Octobers and holiday-full Decembers: it did not stand out like those two.

Here, it feels even more devoid of meaning: it is the month when winter practically arrives and we have to start to either learn to love it or ignore the first 20 days. Yes, Thanksgiving week—an entire week without classes and exams—exists, but what happens in the time between Halloween and Thanksgiving? It feels like Halloween opens a portal to the void that is the interval from the first to the twentieth of November. And you know what those days are? The perfect opportunity to get even more exhausted and suffer from random static shock occurrences. You know things are bad when you memorize how static shock happens and brag about knowing it with your friends. Nevertheless, thank you year, but I would gladly return this “gift” that is the first 20 days of November. Not even the snow saves it. 🌀



I Wonder What I Look Like

A Conversation From Present To Past

BY NIKITHA MANNEM

One of my best friends called me the other night. Just out of the blue because we hadn't spoken in a while. Somewhere along the string of disbelief that we're growing up and apart from each other, we landed on the topic of our faces. I distinctly remember the absolute shock I felt when he sent me a picture of himself from sophomore year of high school versus a selfie he had taken just then. He began to pick at his features and claim that he looked no different now compared to the older photo he sent me. I wasn't able to coherently think before I replied, "I think you just look more mature. You've grown into your face. You look good, older."

He fell silent for a moment. "Do I?"

"Yeah. You do."

He paused again to look at the photos I'd sent of my face: one from sophomore year and one I had taken just a few minutes before. "You look kind of the same, just more at peace."

I could hear the both of us smiling through the static of silence over the phone as perfectly as I could picture both of our smiling faces right next to each other.

We'd both hated our faces for a long time, probably by fault of social media. I'd always been pressured into making myself appear thinner, prettier, hotter, and whiter. He'd been pulled into the draining process of picking apart his teeth, acne, and hair.

"I miss you."

"I do too, goodnight."

After our conversation ended, I laid there and thought about what we talked about: how we've grown into the people we've always wanted to be, and how we've got the rest of our lives to change: our faces tell our unapologetic stories of maturing and growing up. 📺

I Miss My Childhood Bedroom

From What I Remember, Everything Was Simple

BY BIANCA LLERENA

Pink and Purple Walls

My innocence returns and again, everything is simple; I get the purple wall and my sister gets the pink. The castle walls are painted just for us, a mirror of ourselves in pretty shades. How lovely to be so young and happy and admired; a detail stuck like glue yet so subtle in design. Growing still and years later, my current walls sulk in a grayish-blue tone. Something has evaporated and left us and we have moved on. I just wouldn't have the heart to tell her it wouldn't stay the same forever.

Tinkerbell Covers

Unnumbered the things I would do to once again see those bedsheets. A moment of ignorance between, but now I would return to them whole-heartedly, leaving my black sheets far behind. When did I change my mind? My sister's Bratz bedsheets beside me, I laid in peace, yet, I haven't shared a room with her in years. She hasn't really changed and I don't think I have either, but something is different. What was once a sound home is now a wistful feeling; how incredible that a decision of foolish little girls has left me something almost irreparable.

Shoe Box

A simple shoe box can and will become anything if you wish for it; in my time, she was a treasure chest of tiny beads and colorful strings, scraps of fabric for dolls clothes and bottles of cheap glitter. I haven't braided a friendship bracelet in years. I probably never will again. Maybe the remake of such a box would recover some peace, maybe such a box is impossible to recreate in its flowering entirety. Does she sit abandoned? Most likely not, I use my imagination to believe someone found her and finished the half-braided bracelets I left behind. The walls and sheets I imagine too; recycled into someone's new memories, a piece of my heart in theirs. 📺



At Least You're Here With Me Seeing The Good

Falling into the trap of tunnel vision during the semester? Step back and focus on the lovely individuals you're surrounded by

BY DEVNA PANDA

At the beginning of the school year, I always start off feeling hopeful about what the upcoming semester might bring. Yet, every year, without fail, I find myself feeling jaded by the half-way point of the semester, the initial excitement of being on campus having worn off. By the middle of the semester, I'm just looking to get through the rest of the semester whilst keeping my pride intact.

I try to remind myself that the point of being in college is not just to study and get through this challenging degree, but it is also to center meaningful friendships, engaging conversations, and opportunities. There are so many positive aspects of life to focus on when I begin to feel bogged down by all of my commitments. I try to take heart by engaging in activities that help me romanticize my life and feel like a character in a movie. I have so many unique avenues for adventure and self-improvement right now that won't be as easily accessible later in life like having the opportunity to attend talks given by famous journalists, politicians, and poets, public telescope viewings at Tate Hall, walking through an art museum between classes, or just sitting in on random lectures because I have the desire to learn something new.

Moreover, as the central character in my life, the story continues to unfold around me when I get

The Wake



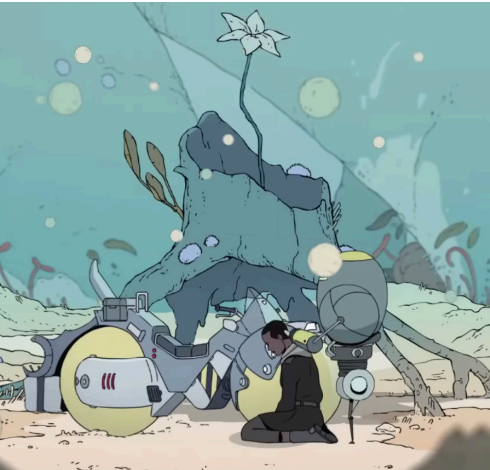
into a tunnel-vision mindset of merely finishing assignments and studying for exams. Sometimes, there are moments when multiple aspects of life can come together perfectly.

Thus far, I have found junior year to be incredibly challenging. I have little time for anything besides schoolwork. I feel as if I am being constantly pulled in multiple directions, overextending myself to the point where I feel I am physically in multiple locations at once. Even still, as an avid observer of Halloween, I knew I had to make time to participate in the festivities.

Throughout the week leading up to Halloween, I heard from two different friends that they would be attending a party in Como for a friend they had met while studying abroad. These two friends were from completely different circles; one was a friend in my major and another was a friend from my freshman year dormitory. They had just so happened to meet while studying abroad together and would be attending the same party. My circle of friends also had plans to make an appearance at a party in that same neighborhood. The amusing thought that we might run into each other on the streets of Como had occurred to me. After arriving at the party, I experienced one of those moments during which different aspects of life seem to come together. My two friends

and I discovered that we had arrived at the same destination: They had been invited by one roommate, and we had been invited by another. As the night progressed, I continued to run into close friends of mine from different places— the hospital I intern at and my hometown included—all of whom I had not expected to see at this party. All the while, I had been so focused on my own day-to-day life that I had missed when these connections had been woven together.

This occurrence was an important reminder of how possible it is to experience happy coincidences and feel cohesion once in a while. When the stress of trying to achieve in college sets in, it is important to lean into these pockets of connection and remind yourself of how comforting it is to be surrounded by people who are experiencing the same things as you. Although it is completely normal to struggle, it is important to be thankful for the individuals surrounding you and this season of life. 📺



Scavenger’s Reign

Holy Balls This Show is Good

SCOUT ALBRECHT

Scavenger’s Reign is a new animated sci fi series on HBO Max. It follows crew members of a lost spaceship as they attempt to survive on and ultimately escape from an alien planet. The art style is absolutely incredible. I have never seen such a beautiful and thoughtful combination of biological life and mechanical technology than in Scavenger’s Reign. The show deals with interplay between humans, machines, and environments; breaking down categories and raising questions about the way we quantify worlds.

The show encourages viewers to pay close attention to the logics of the imaginary world. It gives the sense that the viewer is exploring the world too. There is so much to learn about every aspect of this environment. And so much of it is never explained. I’m honestly having a hard time finding the words to capture the absolute brilliance of this show. If you’re someone who likes to obsess over minor details to uncover subtle stories, I would highly recommend Scavenger’s Reign. 📺



Destined With You

BY AMINA AHMED

Destined With You, Netflix’s latest dive into the K-drama cinematic world has amassed a sizable amount of support, as shown by the fanbase’s passionate and fervent dialogue online. Coupled with its unsuspected mythical twists, this series had the potential to change Western media’s negative perception of Korean dramas and break out of the fold of overused, repetitive plotlines. However, it didn’t quite live up to its promise.

The drama centers on the characters Jang Sin-Yu, a lawyer plagued with a generational family curse, and Lee Hong-Jo, a diligent civil servant, and how their lives intertwine based on their ancestral history. The series took a refreshing approach to the idea of past lives by incorporating historical aspects of Korean culture during the Joseon era. The cinematography and imagery of the palace, traditional wardrobe, and community during this time were beautifully depicted.

Despite possessing all of the ingredients for a showstopper, Destined With You fell short for several reasons. Firstly, our main characters weren’t fully fleshed out or consistent. Jang Sin-Yu is morally upright for the majority of the show, but there are moments where his actions don’t reflect his values of honesty and integrity. Secondly, the genre of the series was ambiguous and interchanged between fantasy and thriller. This could’ve been a conscious choice, but it simply wasn’t properly executed. My last gripe with this series is the reductive plotline of how our main characters end up together, which falls into standard tropes despite the series being anything but. 📺



“Killers of the Flower Moon” is an unflinching at the horrors of humanity

“Do you see the hungry wolves in this picture”

By Maya Bell

Score: 94%

“Killers of the Flower Moon” is a movie directed by Martin Scorsese and written by Eli Roth, and is an adaptation of the novel written by David Graham. The movie covers the story of the real-life Osage Indian murders that took place in Oklahoma from the 1910s to the 1930s.

Originally, the film would have been from the perspective of the FBI agents who ended up solving the case, according to the Wall Street Journal. In an interview with the New Yorker, Martin Scorsese said that he wanted to focus on the story between Molly Burkhart and Ernest Burkhart.

Instead of the movie being a simple story of good guys and bad guys, it’s a story about injustice, the banality of evil, and toxic love.

The movie shows this through its amazing visuals and use of music. The wide shots of the film forces the audience to watch the brutality and callousness of the murders. The music score composed by Robbie Robertson, perfectly captures the eerie atmosphere.

All of the actors bring their best to the movie; Robert De Niro plays William Hale with horrifying self-righteousness and racism. Lily Gladstone plays Molly Burkhart as the heart and soul of the movie. When the movie is full of complacent-to-downright-conniving evil, Molly Burkhart is meant to be the moral center. Lily Gladstone plays Molly with the complexity and emotion that makes her story that more tragic.

While the movie drags at some points, Martin Scorsese directed a movie that makes the audience know exactly who the hungry wolves are. 📺



Black Tiger Sex Machine – Portals Review

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

If “Bangarang” by Skrillex was the latest Dubstep song you heard, then prepare for a surprise. The Montreal-based EDM hit trio Black Tiger Sex Machine (or BTSM) released their new dark multi-genre album “Portals,” specifically designed to rip your face off and send it to another dimension. It contains 10 songs, 11 collaborations, and travels through a variety of subgenres of electronic music—dark Cyberpunk rhythms of Midtempo; evocative Trap beats; and astonishingly heavy Dubstep drops.

The album opens with BTSM’s collaboration with enigmatic Kannibalen Records singer-producer Ymir called “Sword in Stone”. The initial track is instantly set apart from the rest of the album due to the melancholic “world-building” nature of the lyrics: “There’s no backing out/ This world we face / Can you shut it down? / You’re the key to turning all / Of this around, around”. In fact, it builds the world upon which the compilation’s adventures take place.

From there on out, every new song is a different explosion. “Skull Machine” with Kai Wachi and Wasiu is a festival banger with the smartest build-up lyrics ever—something you would only expect from a song with Kai Wachi: “(Let him cook) / Let me cook!”

BTSM’s song with Canadian producer Hairitage and Houston rapper Hyro the Hero “Mindstate” is a Hybrid Trap banger with so much hype the producers had to take it down a notch during the first drop—allowing for a bit of time to rest after the “We are the chosen children” verse. How kind.

My favorite song is BTSM’s collaboration with Dutch Insomniac producer Dion Timmer and multi-genre Los Angeles singer and songwriter Avena Savage—or RUNN. “Eclipse” is powerful, melodic, and meaningful. It retrieves the world-building sensation initiated in “Sword in Stone”, but gives a more hopeful spin to it instead of the original melancholy. Then, the rest is history: Dion Timmer sets the drop to the next level through his signature style, and BTSM sends it to the netherrealm on the second drop. Truly stunning. 📺



Santhosam: A trans-cultural exploration of happiness

Priya Ragu

By Shanna Sivakumar

I originally kept an eye on Tamil-Swiss artist, Priya Ragu, for identity reasons—after all, it is rare to find South Asian singers in the R&B scene, let alone a Tamil artist. The best part of Ragu’s music is her seamless incorporation of traditional South Indian singing and instruments with Western music genres. And in October of this year, she released her second studio album titled “Santhosam” (transl. Happiness).

Santhosam is jam-packed with a mix of genres. Track 3, “One Way Ticket,” has a disco-retro feel to it that reminds me of Dua Lipa’s “Dance The Night.” Her 5th and 6th songs on the album, “Black Goose” and “Let Me Breathe” are standout tracks about police brutality and communities continuing to persevere in the face of police-sanctioned violence. Track 4, “Hit The Bucket,” is my personal favorite, an afro-beat track mixed with South Indian musical elements.

The last track on the album, “Mani Osai” (transl. the sound of ringing bells), is sung entirely in Tamil. The lyrics sing of the beauty of Tamil culture, people, and our land. Priya Ragu is Eelam Tamil, an ethnicity that has roots in Sri Lanka. Her parents fled Sri Lanka during the Sri-Lankan Civil War—a term that belittles the genocide of Eelam Tamils—and settled in Switzerland. To come to terms with such a rich culture that continues to fight to exist and try to encapsulate its essence through music is a difficult feat. Through Santhosam, Priya Ragu has perfectly blended her Eastern culture with her Western society. 📺



Our Flag Means Death

Taika Waititis’ Little Gay Pirate Show

BY ZOË MEYER

Like many queer kids growing up in the 2000s, Pirates of the Caribbean was one of my first sexual awakenings. I mean come on—low-cut white pirate shirts, Kiera Knightly as the pirate queen, and Orlando Bloom in literally any scene? What more could a young queer need!

Director and actor Taika Waititi saw an opportunity to fulfill all of these queer kids’ dreams and create the gayest, funniest, silliest little pirate show he could come up with. Our Flag Means Death follows Sted, quoted the Gentleman Pirate (which is an ode to his rich upbringing, but also has the whiff of a gay innuendo), Blackbeard, and the crew they develop over time. The show balances funny dialogue and the gory pirate life, all while showcasing the perfect execution of found family. Many queer media involve found family—a trope of finding community in ones that are like you rather than your blood family who typically have either died or disowned you for varying reasons.

Highly anticipated season two of the show was released weekly throughout October, and it did not disappoint. Albeit, it was way more violent and graphic than season one, but the character development and new plot lines were fantastic.

So if you, like me, are looking to relive the glory days of hot pirates fooling around at sea, but this time gay, this show is perfect for you.

(warning, sexualities may be questioned in the viewing of the show). 📺



Late Aster

By Shanna Sivakumar

Late Aster are a San Francisco-based music group, primarily consisting of duo Anni (pronounced Ah-nee) and Aaron with additional musicians that help create a unique electronic genre that consists of a little bit of everything. I sat down with Anni and Aaron to discuss their latest EP, “Light Rail Session – Live,” as well as their journey from the formation of Late Aster to today.



👁️: How did the band form?

Aaron: Well, I think Late Aster formed during the pandemic? Anni and I are living in San Francisco and with the newfound time we had, from the remote work and Anni’s touring schedule kind of um—slowing down because of the pandemic, we had time—for the first time—to really dig into some music that we had been kind of performing a little bit prior to the pandemic. So we released this EP in 2021 called “True & Toxic,” and that was kind of the first time that Late Aster kind of “spoke.” But prior to that, we had kind of been some kind of previous iterations, different configurations.

👁️: What’s the significance behind the name, Late Aster?

Anni: You know—well—band names are hard. [laughs] But like, when we hike, I’m always obsessed with the wild flowers—to an absurd degree—Aaron’s always like, “Come on, Anni we have to keep going,” and I’m always like, you know, staring at the ground. And, uh, late purple aster is a common wildflower out West, and I was like, “What if we take out purple?” and what I liked about that was just “late aster” was a reference to these beautiful flowers but also [the word] “aster” is the latin root for “star,” like “asteroid” or “asterisk” and I liked how that referred to something celestial in the sky, which—Aaron is wont to stay up late and look



up at the stars, but I’m already asleep because I’m too tired from looking at all the flowers, so. [laughs] We liked that it was both bird’s eye and zoomed in at the same time.

👁️:How would you guys describe your sound?

Aaron: Um, I think we have an eclectic sound, but this most recent EP, because of the limitations of—we performed it live—so we didn’t have any kind of chance to add anything after the fact. And because it was just Anni and me, we kind of leaned into this sort of... electronica vibe. So we’ve been calling it, like, jazz-tronica? Which is not my invention, but it’s kind of like—we have these elements—because we’re playing horns, we have elements from jazz and classical music, the more...

traditional musics. But because of the electronics that we need to fill out the sound that we’re making, we’re kind of creating this kind of ambient, electronic fusion with jazz.

👁️: Regarding the “Light Rail Session” EP, what kind of live performance was it?

Aaron: Yeah, so it was just a studio. It was like one take in a studio. This project is a visual album in addition to being a live EP. So what we did was we recorded ourselves performing with our rig. And our rig includes synthesizers, and a drum machine, guitar effects pedals, so we’re manipulating all of those things. We have control over all the sounds, like, while we’re performing. And we often do, kind of, fiddle with them. Everything you hear in the album was just like—we’re pushing “play” on the drum machine and hitting the keyboard synth—that was all happening in the moment. It was very stressful. [laughs]

👁️: What’s the process behind creating a track?

Aaron: I think it—Anni, do you want to go?

Anni: Yeah, I mean—I’m trying to think of what the most interesting answer is—but you know, I think the composition normally begins with... probably an idea? Like an emotion, or an experience, or something. But then, as it unfolds—in terms of music and composing music—it begins with a chord structure or finding cool synth sounds. Then maybe next is like a drum beat. Then probably melody writing, and lyric kind of composition. And then the horns are kind of, they kind of enter in at different times. Sometimes, they’re almost last? Not that we dislike them, but they are kind of the cool thing we can just like, throw onto things. Um, and sometimes, I think the better songs are inspired by the horns. But they are sometimes at the beginning and sometimes at the end. Like, it just kinda depends. Oh! And just for some background, Aaron is a trumpet player, I’m a french horn player. And those were actually our primary instruments—like, we both have music performance degrees. So when



we went to college, we were music performance majors, specializing in those instruments.

Aaron: I’ll just add—what Anni described is a process where we’re just creating a song out of nothing—which we do. But we also, like, have music that we’ve already been... maybe recorded in the past. And some of the songs on this EP are just old songs that we’ve had to, kind of, retro-fit, in order to perform [as] the two of us? And so it’s been a sort-of reverse engineering of that song into kind of the components of the instruments that we have now. So it happens both ways, I guess.

👁️: What was the inspiration behind this EP?

Aaron: I think this EP, more so than anything we’ve done before, was just kind of this, like, spark of an idea we had that we then just executed over the course of a few months. And normally, our process

is slow, methodical, deliberate... and it was a little like that, since we were performing it live, and we weren’t slowly shaping the song over months and months, we just had to like—lay it down one time. We just had this idea, and we tried to bring this idea to life all at once. It was really exciting, I think, for us, because it’s just so different from the other way we make music and the way a lot of people make music now. You know, just kind of slowly building, over time.

👁️: What can we look forward to, regarding Late Aster?

Anni: Well, we have a whole album that’s... in the can, as they say. [laughs] So yeah, definitely lots more music. Really cool videos. We really love being thoughtful about the visual components that we pair with music. So yeah, more music, more visuals, that’s what’s coming for Late Aster.



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