



# THE WAKE

fortnightly student magazine

volume 23 - issue 5



An Ode to Undecorated Walls

Food for Thought

My Life is Wherever I Am

p. 7 You Are What You Wear

p. 7 What's Your Gender

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# Off to Greener Pa\$tures...



Art by Jay Walker

# SAYONARA!



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VOLUME 23, ISSUE 5

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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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*The Maybe Man, Priscilla, They Can't Kill Us All, F.O.O.L, The Marvels, Loki: Season 2, all from original sources*

*Photos from Demob Happy at the Turf Club by Gabriel Matias Castilho*

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wink! one page magazine

# Sh\*tty Haikus

Here at the Wake Mag  
We are all poets, albeit  
Not very good ones

Scraped fingers to bone  
While writing for the Wake Mag  
Paid in exposure

I met my true love  
At Minnesota Daily  
I'll live without them

Maroon and gold, huh?  
Maroon of blood, gold of greed.  
At least no badgers

Sewer stench West Bank  
from liberal arts cesspool's steam  
Breathe it in, commie

Sad, cold, winter, fall.  
A yellow, smelly paint walk  
because of the fall.

i stayed up the night  
eyes feel like dumbbells I jolt  
the sun hits my eyes

people in my room  
sleeping by the dool  
cry when you die

Minneapolis  
Beacon of burning nightlife  
Sunlight come too soon

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## UPCOMING EVENTS

NOV 29

### The Dead Century

Dead Century is showcasing their album "The Well," followed by openers Amatuer Hour and Electric Church.

#### First Avenue

Doors at 7pm and tickets are \$15

NOV 30

### Opening night of the Scrooge in rouge

This bawdy musical with playful humor and double entendres is a riff on Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."

#### Open Eye Theater

Show at 7:30 and tickets are \$18 for students.

DEC 1-31

### 2023 British Arrows Awards

The British Arrows Awards celebrates the best in moving-image advertising and this year's program finds Daniel Craig sashaying through a swanky Parisian hotel and Miley Cyrus crowd-surfing at a Gucci party.

#### Walker Art Center

Screening at 5:30 and tickets are \$18

DEC 1-2

### No Coast Craft-O-Rama

Global Market form 4-8pm. Get ahead on your holiday shopping at this modern, urban & indie-style art & craft show that features various local artisans

#### Midtown Global Market

NOV 30- DEC 2

### Vanaheimer

Vanaheimer is a fusion of classical poetry, shadow puppetry, live Nordic folk music, and contemporary dance, set within a dark winter forest.

#### Fox & Beggar Theater

Doors at 7pm and tickets are \$25



# Letter from the Managing Editor

Dear Reader,

It was likely some unbearably hot day in August that I had received the offer to be this year's managing editor for The Wake. One could say that I was jumping with joy at this news while being equally terrified.

Of course, the offer came ripe with responsibilities and high expectations. After all, I would be the successor of a position that in the past has been filled with some of the most talented writers I've met on campus before. Furthermore, to be the managing editor meant taking charge of the features section of the magazine, a place that has historically created critical and important work, composed of rich articles that cover span societal issues on our campus communities and beyond.

Perhaps it is through my distrust of journalism that I could reconcile my fears with my excitement for taking over the position of managing editor. After all, the state of journalism as it exists today has left me feeling disgruntled. Oftentimes, I question what is and what should be expected of the individuals who are trusted to deliver news to the general public. So much of what popular media sources try to pass off as news is—at least to me—utter garbage (Why should I care about Celebrity A's breakup with Celebrity B when there are quite literally multiple genocides occurring in the world at the moment, all of which are receiving an indiscriminate proportion of coverage compared to anything Western-world related?).

I wholeheartedly believe that the job of the journalist is an important one and that they have specific ethical obligations to uphold in their news reporting. Among these are depicting only the truth, relying on hard facts, and taking care to not cause or incite dangerous rhetoric in their reporting. The Wake is one of the few publications that I've worked for wherein my reporting is free to be my own. Meaning when I write, my stories are not expected to deliver a certain narrative. Of course, it helps that The Wake is independently run by students here at the U rather than some ambiguous third-party conglomerate. Reporters so often of the time must answer to the interests of who owns and pays for their publication rather than writing to their own calling. Maybe it's because The Wake is a college-campus publication, or maybe it's because the people in charge care.

Either way, I'm so thankful to have been granted a position that allows me to oversee and curate content that is free from outside influence and is what I want to write and read about. It is for this reason that taking over the role of managing editor has been less daunting than it once seemed to me. Sincerely, Reader, I hope that your reading of The Wake magazine is as fun for you as it was for all of us to put together.

I hope that this issue inspires you, or educates you, or makes you think about something you usually don't. And as always, thanks for tuning in.

Yours truly,

Josh  
Managing Editor



Art by Zoë Meyer



# Where Should I Go Hiking Next?

A story about how hiking can change your framing of life and elicit happiness.

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

Earlier this semester, I decided to embark on a journey to visit as many parks and reserves around the twin cities as I could. Since this is going to be one of my last semesters in Minnesota, I chose to avoid the post-travel regret by putting myself out there and visiting all of those sites. The following are my main takeaways from six parks, rivers, lakes and reserves that I've visited this fall.

1. Theodore Wirth Regional Park

The Theodore Wirth Regional Park is one of those parks where you can easily get lost inside and feel part of nature. Even in early fall some sections of the forest were already covered in red leaves, and it was magical to wander through the tight pathways with multicolored trees all around you for the first time. This 7000-acre park revolves around the Wirth lake, and tucked away inside the forested section of the park is Eloise Butler's Wildflower Garden and Bird Sanctuary, a walled garden with a center shelter where you can gaze at the garden's history, as well as inspect samples of critters through microscopes. The park has so many hills and hidden features that it feels like you are inside of a scavenger hunt game.

2. Lake Nokomis and Minnehaha Creek and Falls

It was a rainy fall Sunday, right before the first thunders could be heard. Debating about whether I should go out or not, I decided to commit to it. I arrived in lake Nokomis under a light rain that

progressively grew chunkier the more I stayed. The more I walked along the Minnehaha Creek, the more the orange trees started to detach themselves from their green counterparts. In the midway point between the Creek and the Falls are the Longfellow Gardens, where I was able to see even more colors other than green. The trip culminated in a mesmerizing view of the Minnehaha Falls in their full splendor. Right before the first thunders arrived, I noticed I had spent a total of two hours on this trip.

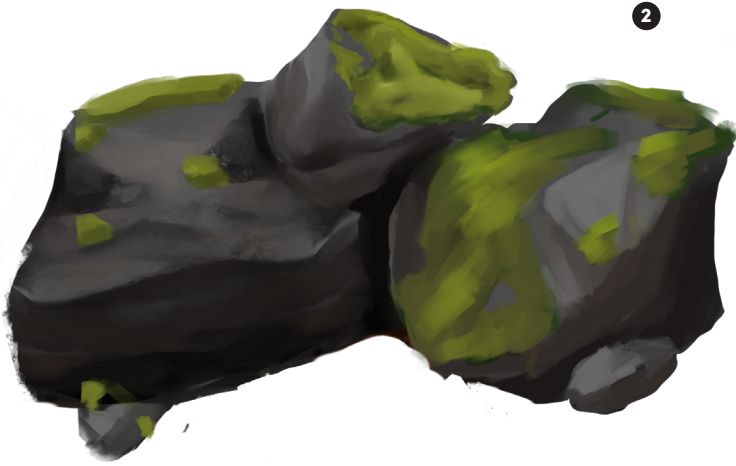
3. Hyland Lake Park Reserve

The Hyland Lake Park on Halloween is nothing less than magical. The reserve is in east Bloomington, boasts a total trail distance of 5.3 miles and an insanely colorful tree foliage throughout. You can (and you will) get lost inside of the reserve if you do not pay enough attention—but honestly, every view is mesmerizing. I recall following a breathtaking path where multicolored trees stood atop while the ground had been filled with fallen leaves. At that moment, a deer saw me at the end of the trail and almost immediately hid inside of the forest. Incredible. After walking past the ski area located within the park, I managed to gather enough energy to finish the trip by walking along the Normandale lake, where dozens of stands from different childcare organizations were gathered while families were passing by, dressed for Halloween.

4. Lebanon Hills Regional Park

Overall, there are 13 lakes in the park, but the ones which I believe deserve the most attention are the Jensen and Schultz. Jensen lake has perhaps one of the most distinct features of all of the lakes reviewed here: the charming wooden uneven pathways that lead hikers along the lakeshore. They are truly distinct as they do not follow a straight path, instead choosing to meander just like the lakeshore. Schultz lake is where all the movement is at, with food trucks, camping grounds, and the beach can be found.

In the last magazine issue, I wrote a story about how important Mondays were. Sundays, even though being the days when you notice the weekend is ending, deserve some meaning too. By attributing meaning to my Sunday—the "local park day"—I managed to feel excited instead of unhappy that the weekend was ending. Happiness pretty much depends on how you frame things, so why don't we try to look at the things that give us anxiety from a different perspective? 📷



# An Ode To Undecorated Walls

Why do some of us decorate our walls, and why do others not?

BY YVE SPENGLER

*Jonny, who was it that said, "A white wall may seem empty, but it's ready to be filled, and in its readiness needs nothing. It stands complete." Was it you?*  
— Faye Webster

Unfamiliar college dorm, it's the first space that's ever fully been yours. Signs of previous owners appearing in their scuffed walls. Someday posters cover them, When will this ever feel like home? Will it ever feel like home?

Polaroids hanging on lights with images of people we love, soft fairy lights twinkling, and handmade posters filling walls of our first college dorms to make our spaces represent something – a vibe, or a feeling of "home" telling others or ourselves who we are. Decorating makes us feel comfortable and confident in a place we spend most of our time.

But what about those of us who are continually moving? Those living in transitory spaces, or those who don't decorate their rooms? Their walls stand without using material objects, because they accept their abode is temporary, the space evoking enough on its own.

Each space is a new moment for them.

We too can choose to not decorate our rooms, just like we chose to not hold onto people. Letting them go does not always sit easy within us. Our choices cause us to drown under our sinking guilt, like Ophelia's weighed down skirts, constantly hesitating, incessantly wondering if we made a mistake. Yet, when we move from space to space, from person to person, we can yield beautiful results.

We learn to embrace these people for temporary places they had, rather than getting caught up in sorrowful waves of losing them. Acknowledging their passing gives us permission to appreciate new white walls of our life, the present moment. Leaving room to live in more of these ready moments widens our capacities to make additional connections to cherish. Eventually we reach shore, like a bottle carried in coursing waves of the ocean. Our space starts to feel stable, our vertigo subsides. Reaching that feeling of home, we express ourselves in decorations displayed. We begin new, permanent bonds. And finally, we find harbor. 📷



# Food for Thought

A lament on the erosion of my culinary heritage

BY VISHALLI ALAGAPPAN

My cheeks hurt from smiling maniacally at the camera as I took a picture with my steaming bowl of chickpeas and rice to send to my parents. This was the first recipe that I created. The chickpeas were roasted with Indian and Mediterranean spices and glazed with a generous olive oil and herb concoction and the rice was cooked with tomatoes and cilantro, borrowed from the Mexican tradition. I am ecstatic to have graduated from instant noodles and eggs on a bagel to dishes that are "adult." As the scrumptious aroma of my meal permeated my heart, so did a whisper of sorrow. My meal isn't comforting the way my mother's is. Or a family friend's, or neighbor's.

I realized that the food I grew up with has a communal aspect to it. Many Indian dishes are time intensive/technically difficult and thus require a team effort to be prepared. No one person can make thenkuzhal or karupatti paniyaram. It's the same for Mexican tamales and Japanese mochi. When we move away from our families, we lose this gastronomical ancestry. I recall that I was excited to have my own kitchen to try out new dishes from different cuisines and even create my own recipes. Yet I find myself yearning for my mother's love in Italian pasta, Korean Jjigae, and my Frankensteinian dishes.

Moreover, social media exacerbates the erosion of ethnic foods. I am often victim to the online food content and these trendy foods regularly outcompete my family recipes. Indian food fluctuates in popularity with content creators and if my generation is so easily swayed, is there not a dire threat to our culinary heritage, not to mention the dilution of our foods to be more palatable to white audiences.

Although pondering how the loss of community and social media have influenced my cooking habits marred my accomplishment of rice and chickpeas, I finished my dinner with a vow to stay connected to my roots. Now, this doesn't mean that I will throw out the tofu and nutritional yeast in my kitchen, it just means that I will mindfully bolster my cooking with my own gastronomic ancestry. 📷





# With Age Comes Wisdom... or is it 10 mg of Donepezil?

A Retort Against The Prospect of “Fossilocracy”

BY JAY WALKER

Lately, we’ve all been treated to some front row seats of Glitch McConnel’s (the world’s first and only walking, talking foreskin) signature episodes of “brain melt,” live on television. With any luck, he’ll be the next to kick the bucket following Diane Frankenstein, who finally croaked after 37 too many botched attempts at reanimation. When it becomes difficult for these crooks to decipher the difference between podiums or pudding cups, it’s clear that our congressional geezers could use a designated nap.

To put things into perspective, in the 117th Congress (Jan. 3, 2021 - Jan. 3, 2023), there were 4 members (Feinstein, Grassley, Inhofe, and Shelby) that are older than chocolate chip cookies (invented in 1938).

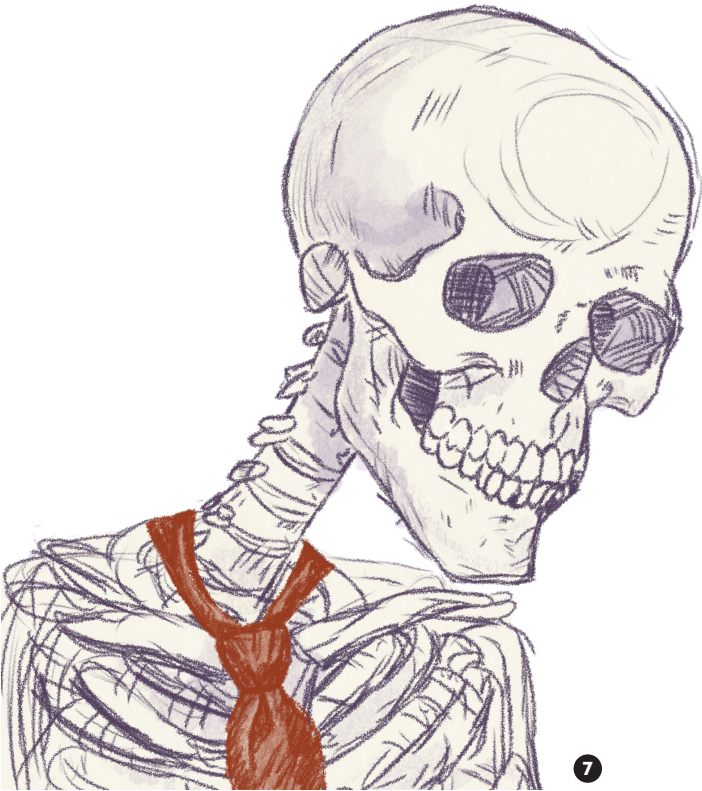
Mike Kim, owner of Grubb’s, a pharmacy in D.C. that regularly fills prescriptions for our empire’s most influential lawmakers, has admitted to numerous outlets that many of them are taking dementia medications. I wonder how much the copay for a prescription of Jell-O cups and bingo hall visits would cost. It is a refreshing thought that those who dictate the government’s coin purse may not know what day it is or what the hell is happening around them. All the while, they decide upon a future that isn’t theirs. For Christ’s sake, there’s no way of knowing if these bastards are competent enough to wind their watch or wipe their ass.

Relinquishing power for the good of the country is simply beneath these ancient Devilcrat gargoyles and Rethuglican brutes alike. Take for instance,

Ruth Bader Ginsburg clutching onto power for dear life in her final years, which were filled with routine cancer treatments and visits. Rather than retiring under the Obama administration to be replaced by another liberal justice, some sick sense of power lust or hubris led to the position being replaced by whatever Trump-appointed grifter ended up filling the seat. She must have figured she was still able to perform her duties while coughing up phlegm and blood a mile a minute. It led to contributing to the packing of the courts that the conservative wingnuts have been working towards for decades now, the very catalyst for the overturning of Roe v. Wade. The highest accomplishment of neoliberalism is the triumph of fascism.

As for the executive branch, it looks we are once again facing the same two contenders for the presidential race, both of whom resemble bleached piles of dried roast beef, with one hastily spray painted orange.

These decrepit piles of flesh, soon to be worm food, are our country’s worst kept secret, our collective skeletons in the closet, passing off their dirty work as the will of the people. They pass down their elitist decrees and rob as they please from the coinpurse (provided by your tax dollars) to line their pockets and grant benefits to the donors that yank at their puppet strings. They sink their fangs into the reins of power, never let go, and commit horrors beyond comprehension. All on your behalf! How neat!



7

Sorry lil Timmy. You may not want to live in section 8 housing for the rest of your life, but Mama Pelosi needs a new yacht!

The American people deserve a higher caliber of professional liar representing them in the halls of congress. We have politicians mistaking their colleagues across the aisle for figures such as William Shakespeare or Plato, likely people they went to high school with. When the bullshit dial is turned up so harshly, should we not be applying mental acuity tests to members of congress, starting from 65, the average retirement age, and every year following?

A diversity of perspectives and voices are the lifeblood of a Democracy. But the current cabal of vampiric wretches read out like a eulogy to the prospect of representative government. It is shameless how these viceroys of greed clutch onto power so desperately with dying breaths as they defile the American public on a daily basis, working solely at the behest of the Villain Von Moneybags of the world. Don’t get it twisted. Every dog has its day, but for many of these elected mutts, days turn into a lifetime of corruption and insider trading. Sooner or later, it’s time we put the damn dog down. For good 🐾

# My Life is Wherever I Am

Being Content With Yourself

BY DEVNA PANDA

In a world of Instagram stories chronicling each and every highlight of other people’s lives, it becomes not only possible but unwittingly easy to know the intimate details of the lives of individuals on the mere periphery of one’s social circle. As such, it is inevitable to find oneself engaging in the constant comparison that the social media generation is plagued by. Moreover, the experience of feeling that you have to do and be all things at once begins creeping in; you must have a bubbling social life, advance your academic and professional career, appreciate art and culture, and maintain niche and “quirky” interests all while documenting yourself doing the above in a lively manner. When these feelings start to overshadow your narrative, how do you take a step back and remind yourself of what genuinely makes you happy?

I often find myself crafting my actions based on other people’s perceptions. In conversation, I find myself adopting a certain tone or echoing other people’s thoughts to feel a sense of acceptance. An interaction is a performance of sorts, and I judge my success based on the other person’s reaction. It can be increasingly difficult to be myself when I value the other person’s perception of me more than ensuring I feel comfortable and genuine. Outside of interaction, this feeling

extends to experiences as well. Sometimes when I am having a particular experience, whether it be attending an event or visiting a new country, I already notice myself rehearsing how I will recount the experience or focusing on what photos I will share rather than being fully present in the moment.

Only recently, when I participated in an exchange in Budapest last spring, I started to feel a shift between living for other people’s expectations and living for myself. In Budapest, I was not surrounded by the individuals who characterize my daily life on campus. I was separated from my usual life by both time and space; people at home would know as much about my experience as I decided to tell them, and I didn’t have to tell them a single thing if I didn’t wish to. With school being less rigorous, I could make time for the aspects of life that often feel more worthwhile such as cooking, reading, going on walks, and traveling.

Outside of my usual friend circle and routine, I found myself spending a majority of my time alone or in the company of just one or two people. Albeit lonely at times, this experience was also liberating. Prior to living abroad, I had become someone who needed to be surrounded by other people or make plans on a Friday or Saturday night in fear that being by myself would cause

dreary thoughts and questions to creep into my mind. When an adventure presented itself, I would force myself to rally even when I was exhausted because I was worried about what opportunity or adventure I might potentially miss out on.

Yet in Budapest, I grew used to being in my own company, considering new recipes to try and new places to explore. I learned about the self-reliance that Ralph Waldo Emerson was so fond of, and the initial fear of being alone in a new city slowly made way for pride regarding my own self-sufficiency.

Fast forward to the autumn of 2023 as I am back in my natural habitat. I have found I have matured in certain ways — I no longer feel the need to always be with another person, although I lean into opportunities to connect with my friends and family whenever I can. I am content to be by myself; in fact, I crave moments in which I can experience alone time. Each day, I do my best to consider what will make me happy instead of prioritizing other people’s feelings above my own. Sometimes, I would rather sit in my room alone, perfectly happy, than be in a room full of people having an experience I could have honestly done without. I remind myself of how pointless it is to fear missing out on experiences because my life is taking place wherever I am. 🐾



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# Hello Mr. Dear Police Officer

By Jos Manrique Ordo Ez

I'm calling you today to report something.  
To explain something. To explain myself.

I cut my hair today. But like.  
Like a lot.

My friends can testify, I did it.  
I asked the hairdresser to do it.

But like, I'm not like that  
You know?

I'm not one of those  
People. People who rob b   banks.

Oh no no no.   Please   believe  
Believe me Mr. Officer.

I just did it because I wanted to.  
But I don't want to run like a criminal.

I think there's   something wrong with me.  
I might be diseased, you see. My skin might

Permeate with tattoos.  
It's out of my control! Please please understand.

Then, my nose will grow extra holes.  
And then!   And then!   Oh GOD!

The roots of my hair might corrode.  
A gruesome pink leaking out of my scalp.

I didn't know.  
I didn't ask  
For this.

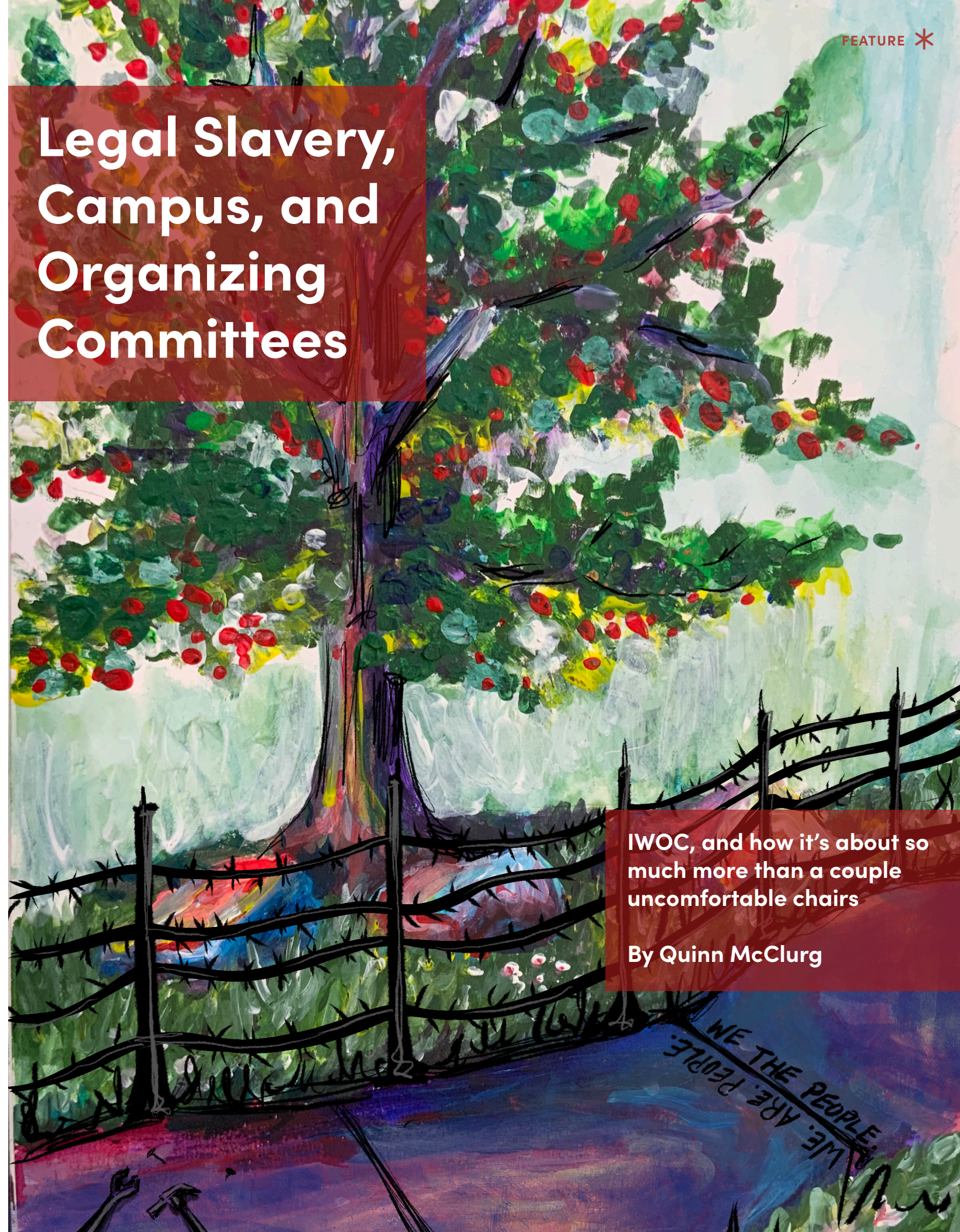
That's why I called, because I figured  
I had to report myself

Because I don't know if it'll be safe for me  
To go home tonight.

# Legal Slavery, Campus, and Organizing Committees

IWOC, and how it's about so  
much more than a couple  
uncomfortable chairs

By Quinn McClurg





Have you ever felt comfortable on campus? How about while sitting? Once you learn that some on-campus furniture was made using slave labor, there is no comfortable seating anywhere. And this isn't imported slave labor from a developing country—this is slave labor on American soil, as enshrined in our very own constitution.

"13th Amendment, Section 1: Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

And there have been none pointing to this amendment more than the student activists in the Twin Cities Incarcerated Workers Organizing Committee (TCIWOC), an extremely new student sect of the Incarcerated Workers Organizing Committee (IWOC).

You may have seen its posters that ask, "Did you know the U gives one student's entire tuition to slavery? IS IT YOURS?" But the University's complicity and their lump sum of \$20,000 is just the tip of the iceberg.

I learned this when I attended a TCIWOC meeting Nov. 3, joined by nine other students, four of which were IWOC organizers. Not only was David Boehnke, one of the founders of IWOC, in attendance, but so were Barbara Currin and Dwight Bowers, two formerly incarcerated people (IP) who were forced into slave labor while in prison.

Speaking at the meeting, Bowers recounted how he was initially excited to be put to work. While he was locked down 23 hours a day for two years in Oak Park Heights, all he could see from his window were other IPs exercising in the recreation yard.

"They have a thing called 'No Work, No Play'... so the incentive of getting out to work is real empowering. Not only that, but I had two little kids I was still responsible for, y'know? And I was figuring out how I could take care of them from in here," Bowers said. "And the first place I went to start work was at MINNCOR."

On the books, MINNCOR seems inoffensive: an offshoot of the Minnesota Department of

Corrections (DOC) dedicated to the training and "meaningful employment," of IPs. Through producing furniture and other products, MINNCOR's mission statement claims that IPs are granted "financial self-sufficiency" and "flexible" positions as well as "expertise" applicable to the outside workforce.

**However, "financial self-sufficiency" is far from the truth—both Bowers and Currin say that MINNCOR started them at only 25 cents an hour. It took Bowers five years of constant work to make \$1.25 an hour. He says that every time he moved from one expertise to another (assembling, upholstery, shipping), MINNCOR started him over at 25 cents.**

"One of the tragedies is," Bowers said, "I kept seeing they paid me, on book, minimum wage. But, on book, they use housing, room and board, so they take a big chunk of that money."

Unsurprisingly, Currin was subject to much of the same while incarcerated at the all-women prison in Shakopee. She says that, even at her maximum, she was only making \$20 a week; she was working 8 hour shifts, 5 days a week—even being mandated to work nights and weekends.



During her time there, she often manufactured and repaired police uniforms: "[It] was very, very hard, especially when they're killing a lot of my people... but we was still forced to make their uniforms," Currin said. "Folks would urinate on them, rip them on purpose, hide 'em, and the whole facility would get locked down for one shirt."

"I understood their anger, but what will happen to us is everybody gets punished. So you actually have to learn how to... how do I say it? Learn to accept abuse? Being belittled? Dehumanized?"

For Currin, it was impossible to be released on parole: her \$20 weekly wage wasn't near the \$100 the prison demanded every other week. She had to reach out to her family on the outside—they paid for her restitution, her food, and any other carceral fines, despite the fact that they were struggling even before Currin (and her income) left their household.

"Prison labor—who do it benefit? It benefits private contractors with DOC, it benefits the state, it benefits federal," Currin said. "Inside, when you do slave labor, it's called 'convict leasing;' we are leased to the state of Minnesota—we have no rights."

Bowers vehemently agreed with Currin when she said this, especially since he spent a majority of his time inside studying the carceral system.

He said it first occurred to him one night he was laying in his cell, reading the 1712 Willie Lynch letter. "A foolproof plan that will keep them in slavery for hundreds of years," Bowers paraphrased. "I said, 'Hold up...a foolproof plan...' It takes a fool to continue to live in that state; they try to brainwash you to think... 'this is who you are, don't try to change nothing.'"

"It makes sense to me: ... if I got a multi-billion dollar enterprise... [and] I'm making it off the backs of slaves..., why would I do anything to pit against me?" Bowers said.

Though I wasn't able to corroborate Bowers' estimate, the official Minnesota 2022 to 2023 Departmental Earning Summary lists upward of \$17 million for the Department of Corrections'

annual revenue. Additionally, several reputable equity services list MINNCOR's annual revenue as upward of \$21 million.

And MINNCOR is just one of the thousands of corporations that profit from IP's slave labor. In fact, as outlined in Worth Rises' Prison Industry Corporate Database, corporations like Lockheed Martin, Amazon, Microsoft, and 3M all profit off of the exploitation of IPs. Worth Rises' marks each aforementioned corporation as guilty of human rights violations.

**Knowing this, imagine you are Bowers laying down in his prison cell, just having learned of the scale of his exploitation. What could you do? Bowers tells me if you write a grievance or try to send letters about the prison's conditions, the prison will open your mail and threaten you with solitary confinement.**

Barbara agreed: "Two people inside is considered a 'gang assembly'... If I get with you and say, 'Hey, what they're doing is wrong, we're gonna write a grievance.' They say... 'We understand... but this is gonna get you locked up.' So what's the point? And most people inside... are afraid anyway when you start talking like that; nobody wants to go to segregation."

This is where organizations like IWOC step in; change needs to come from the outside.

Toward the end of the TCIWOC meeting, Boehnke said, "The outside is what there's never enough of. It is not hard to convince a slave to be free; what is hard is having people outside who care, who are willing to be consistent, who are willing to fight with people on the inside to change the balance



of power."

I spoke with Boehnke after the meeting. He told me that nine years ago, a friend of his came out of prison and told him it had to change. Boehnke responded with "Ok, how do we do that?" Thus, IWOC was born.

After providing resources, media attention, and organizing the 2016 U.S. prison strike—the largest prison strike in United States' history—it was clear that IWOC had potential.

Boehnke says IWOC's first campaign "No New Crime, No New Time," helped halve petty parole violations. "There's more than 750 less people in prison on any given day in Minnesota because of that campaign," Boehnke said.

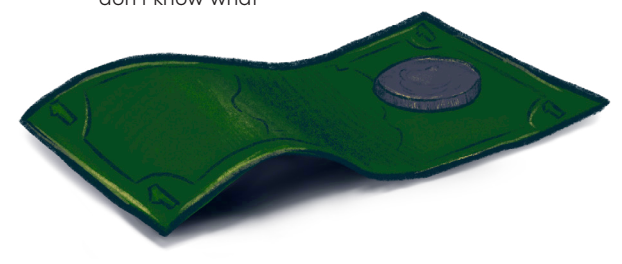
In 2020, IWOC's second campaign supplied Minnesota prisons with COVID-19 safety protocols and research. Although the state promised 1,600 medical releases, Boehnke said they only got 450.

"And now we're on our third campaign," Boehnke said, referring to the Minnesota Rehabilitation and Reinvestment Act (MRRA).

Although it was passed into law this legislative session, the MRRA will take time (and accountability) to implement. If executed as planned, the DOC will cut a large percentage of released folks from active supervision on parole. IWOC projects that a quarter of the prison population could be released too.

TCIWOC may play an integral part in raising awareness of IWOC's third campaign.

Eleanor Donohue, a student organizer who helped create TCIWOC, believes that volunteering with IWOC is a great entry point for activism and organization. "You just have to get through the 'I don't know what



I'm doing' part of it," Donohue said. "[But now] I feel very comfortable and safe."

Other student organizers like Paul Goff seem to agree too, describing TCIWOC as "grassroots," and "very organic."

Goff said in an interview: "In order for change to happen, you need to start at the at the bottom, where you think, 'we're not really doing much.'" He says making efforts, no matter how small, are better than being complacent.

TCIWOC seems as if it is here to stay, continuing to host fundraisers, organizational trainings, and storytelling events, sometimes working with former IPs like Bowers and Currin.

Bowers ended his speech with an appeal to dignity, just how he opened it: "In this time and day, all we want to do is be treated with dignity... even me, dying in prison—I wanted to have that dignity."

**"We have slavery right here in America, not in our backdoor, but our front door. Right here," Currin said before the meeting concluded. "A lot of people may say that one person is not going to make a difference, but it makes a difference within you, within your circle, within the truth that you're planning on bringing into this world, because we have to stand for something. [We] have to."**

If you're interested in volunteering or learning more about IWOC, consider keeping your eyes peeled for their December action.



# There is Contentment within These Lyrics

My music is my heart. Please don’t break it.

BY MARIE RONNANDER

My father used to sit me on his lap, in his precariously duct-taped swivel chair, and play faded, old music videos. Listening to a song, for him, was like tasting fine wine. Each replay had a slightly different flavor from the first, a deeper understanding that sweetened the rolling rhythms. At the end of each song, his hand would hover over the mouse as he voiced his thoughts and gently prodded for mine. This would be quickly followed by a classic, “well let’s hear that from the start,” as he left-clicked and dragged the cursor to the beginning of the video. Some days were entirely dedicated to one song (and yes, that did get annoying).

As I grew older, the duct-taped chair was replaced, and my high school schedule no longer matched up with a truck-driver’s grueling shift. Dad was up at three and asleep by seven. Weeks of my life would pass by without hearing the tenor of his voice. The walls of our house stilled with silence, their beige sheen boring in on me. Our home didn’t make sense without dad’s gentle hums. The only way I could feel his presence was by playing his songs; I began to sway to the same deep, gravel voices, strongly steeped in guitar strings and piano riffs.

Each song was a precious piece of my father’s mind that I clutched to my heart. The weight of these treasures filled me with a deeply urgent poignancy. I needed my dad to know that I heard his voice in his music. That “Vol.1” by the Baseball Project brought me back to our old Toyota Camry. Or how Dire Straits felt like dancing on the shag rug in our tiny living room. And that Bob Dylan’s twang held me like his goodbye hug before I ran into my first grade classroom. I needed my dad to know that I loved him and all of his stories. And

all of our stories. This is how my songs became synonymous with my soul.

I learned quickly that music encrypts emotion. Each lyric hangs like a shiny oil painting in an art museum, begging to be deciphered and understood. They were other people’s entire lives poured into words and beats and rhythms. The same patterns echoed throughout different songs; history unfolding through time. The music that my father passed to me was the blueprint to the music I searched for. Each new turn of a genre added more details to the draft. My memories were built with melodies.

As such, each of my favorite songs evokes the memory of my first time hearing it. “Feel Good Inc.” is a humid summer night, and the feeling of laughing so hard your ribs hurt. “Call it Fate, Call it Karma” is the warmth behind someone else’s eyes, and the contentment of knowing you’re loved. “White Braids & Pillow Chair” is the sharp cut of Boston’s skyline at midnight; the freedom in traveling alone. And quite possibly my favorite, “I And Love And You” is an autumn morning in the old Toyota Camry. My dad is driving. My mom is tapping her fingers on the dashboard. This is safety. This is love. This is when everything in life made sense.

For this reason, music has become my time capsule. My Spotify library acts as a dated ledger to my mind that I’m able to rifle through by simply hitting shuffle. In this way, I’ve learned that constantly listening to new music allows me to lock specific memories in place. When I feel like there’s a chapter in life I need to preserve, I’ll construct entire playlists to decorate that time. Each season becomes a new genre with different memories clinging to the harmonies.

Billy Joel’s voice will always bring me back to watching those music videos in my dad’s beat-up, old rolling chair. I’m reminded of a time when our family wasn’t scattered across the states and gathering around an old PC was an after-dinner ritual. My dad gave me his whole heart when he played me his music. He showed me how to love someone through crescendos and blues and rhythms and words. I’ve become a never-ending collage of all these songs; constantly adding new cadences to the collection.



# You Are What You Wear

I wear my heart on my shoes.

BY ASHLEY SUDETA

Doc Martens  
If you see me fighting the campus turkeys this April, mind your business; I’ve let my Doc Martens get to my head. I’m usually as placid and sleepy as a tortoise, but a pair of black lace-up boots feel like Caribou started putting invincibility in their lattes. These boots might be known for breaking feet, but once you show them who’s boss, they become a second skin, shielding your fluffy wool socks from the elements. Whether they make me look more tough or like an awkward farmer is irrelevant; I’m too busy stomping to class.

Converse High-Tops

No shoes exude fun and versatile vibes like Converse sneakers. I wear them to the state fair, class, and then work. They’re a carefree summer in a canvas and rubber package. If my Chuck Taylors are on my feet, I’m mere moments away from dancing on a table like I’m in The Breakfast Club. They’re a beacon of whimsy, too, an invitation for others to join in on the experience and fuel the fantasy. Chuck Taylors are my tiny dog shoes, going everywhere (even places they shouldn’t), pushing boundaries, and encouraging moments so unserious that you can’t help but smile.

Reebok Classics

You’re struck by the sight of a retro, preppy dream power-walking across campus, but no, it’s just me. The secret sixth member of the Backstreet Boys was rescued from the Bermuda Triangle and is trying to answer questions in your class. I am a 1990s heartthrob, reanimated from the yearbook. I’m the girl who is the boy you want to take home to your parents. Over dinner, I will charm them, and your mother will realize that you’ve finally made a good decision for once in your life. It’s weirdly cool to wear shoes your mom grew up with.



3



# Within My Notes App

Portable Post-It Notes

BY BIANCA LLERENA

The notes app in my phone is my equivalent of scribbling on the corner of a notebook, ripping it out, and taping it to my door frame. Whether I store all of my passwords on an unlocked note in my phone is no one’s business, but I’m happy to share a glimpse of what else litters my brain in chicken scratch.

“BAND NAMES”

I can’t sing or play an instrument and have no real intention of learning to, yet..., you never know when the moment will strike. Some names include: “Appleman,” “Snowing in August,” and “Bloom.”

“EVERYTHING”

Instead of writing all over my arms with pen, I use this space to jot down random things I don’t want to forget:

“between a rock and a hard place pg 166” — a page number from a book I read over the summer. While I remember loving this book, I can’t remember which line of that page was important enough to note.

“william carlos williams - this is just to say” — a poem from one of my favorite poets that struck me. I remember it exists every time I see it. “waterfalls of havasupai canyon” — not sure what brought me to this spot, I’ve never been, but I fear deleting it would mess something up in my future timeline. I can’t risk it.

“‘SAID’ SYNONYMS”

A writer’s headache. This might be too niche, yet it’s embarrassingly honest. Over 50 words to use instead of “said” organized by tone. Some words, for example: “lamented,” “spouted,” “hypothesized,” and “retorted.”

“BOOKMARK IDEAS”

Not totally sure what prompted this one, but I have a pretty long list for bookmark designs including “puppies and umbrellas,” “cool neon fish,” “worms with glasses,” and “ducks in rain boots.” This might become a future hobby in graphic design, so I just keep writing them down.



# What’s Your Gender?

A de/construction

BY SCOUT ALBRECHT

Gender is a social construct.

Society has specific ideas about which bodies belong to which categories and criteria for those bodies to behave accordingly. We have language to describe our assigned category; pronouns to take the place of us. We are men and we are women, we are he and she, that’s it. Frankly, I’m sick of it. Gender is a social construct, that’s true, but to me, it is also a personal project. Sure, there is a particular way the world sees me, particular words they use to describe me, but my own idea of myself has so little to do with theirs. Internally, I am a whole world that could never be summed up by “man” or “women,” “he” or “she.” Their gendered vocabulary proves insufficient. If I were to try to tell you my gender, I could only do it in poetics. I would say something like this: my gender is the aggravating thrill of a debate with a contrarian; it is an all-you-can-eat buffet with no menu; it is a bottomless pit with infinite pennies. When I make myself up with metaphors, my gender is not a socially-assigned burden, it is my own gift.

I knew there were others like me so I asked them: what’s your gender?

Here is what they said:

- My gender is a saturday morning cartoon that you have a lot of nostalgia for but no one else has ever heard of
- If you asked AI to generate a girl, like its looks right from afar but the more you look at it the more its fucked up
- My gender is rain during a snowstorm, and hail during a thunderstorm. My gender is all stages of the water cycle at once.



- Platform sneakers
- My gender is... sweatshirts that are too big and shirts that are too small; staying in Rapson so long I crumble into an abyss of blood, sweat, and tears; green and dark brown from a traditional old home somewhere in the country
- She is the flowers that grow under the soft sun; mongrel medicine to those that taste me.
- My gender is whatever you want it to be, baby.
- Crystal Castles is my gender the sound the image the movement it’s all me and it’s perfect, vaguely feminine but dirty and raw in a way i can only be in my head.
- It’s that squirrely little... thing you see at the end of your bed at night every once in a while. Did you know you look lonely when you sleep? It just wanted to keep you company. Are you hungry? cold? need a night light? Ask the squirrely little thing, don’t be shy. It loves new friends.
- A sigh of relief
- My gender is the substance of what a fairy would puke up if they mistook jiblit on a croc for gushers and ate all of them and vomited them all up
- My gender is the twisting of polished leather; the

- pallor and half-forgotten dreams of a lingering spectre dissolving into lace; it is the many-armed and too-many-legged darkness that seeps out from the corners of your rooms and infiltrates your deepest conceptions of humanity.
- My gender is a roly poly, or a tomato bug, or a pill bug; if you’re from the south you may call it a doodlebug, or if you want to be scientifically exact you may say Armadillidiidae, I’ve even heard potato bug before. But it doesn’t matter what term you use, it is what it is.
- My gender is toes in the mud, slimy and gooey and gross. It’s the way your heart beats when you win a game, and the buzz you get when you make some good ass art. It’s the stars in the sky during the day, the ones you know are there but you can’t quite see them. My gender is the notes app of never ending words, unedited and unfiltered but every changing.
- How strange would it be to answer with honesty when they ask who you are? A poet, a worker, a woman? What if you were to answer with what you truly felt is your being? I am love.

# But My Journal Thinks I’m Cool

My Craving Makes Me Un-hinge My Jaw and My Mind

BY NIKITHA MANNEM

I can’t do anything without needing to seem mysterious or wanting people to find me attractive. I’ll sit straighter, shift my hair a certain way, and pop my shoulders to be everything I wish to be perceived as, even when no one can see me. I can’t even go without acting like I’m much cooler than I really am when writing in my own journal. When I mull over why I do this, I’m haunted by Margaret Atwood’s words, “You are a woman with a man inside watching a woman. You are your own voyeur.”

It’s horrifying each time I snap out of my reverie and back to reality. As a woman, I was raised for my life to be a performance of everything that everybody demands of me. To appease the need to be addictive and aesthetic that lingers in my mind, force-fed by society. However, I do also see the biological aspect; humans intrinsically change their behaviors in hopes of fitting in and being more sociable. We see these behaviors as early as childhood, and they often don’t dissipate as we get older. It’s merely the audience that changes, from our parents to different peer groups in academic, personal, and professional settings.

Yet, this doesn’t answer the question I ask myself: why do I pretend to be cool in my own journal?

My journal is for me alone, my thoughts and feelings, yet I have this strange sensation that other people will eventually read it, like a historical document, and find myself unable to write for pleasure. I’m obsessively concerned with how I’m perceived, to the point that I hate it when people acknowledge that they can see me, yet I crave their validation

I’m an actress in limbo, and the pages of my journal are my stage.



# Bored, But At Peace

BY IVANA REATEGUI

There’s no feeling like getting ready for the first party of the year. Your doors are open in hopes of the right people finding you. You and your new friends blast music, eat snacks, and excitement cruises through your bodies. You can’t help but feel extremely nervous, and at the same time, totally ready to get your college life started. It’s what you’ve been anticipating all summer, after all, what you worked hard towards all those years and, hopefully, everything you could’ve hoped for.

Subconsciously, you and your group of friends start a new routine: you spend every day of the week looking forward to the weekend, then once the weekend comes, you can’t help but wonder what’s next. There are themed events and activities every night and you start feeling like you have to experience it all because that’s what you’ve been told college is for. Everything is truly everywhere and all at once. Suddenly, however, after a couple weekends of dancing the same tango, you start feeling just a little burnt out. Your Sundays are spent recovering from the two days prior, and more often than not, the rest of your week is spent that way as well: a recovery period. Although there are times when your body is telling you to give it a break and rest, since you only live once, the memories will outlive the sickness.

You get stuck in a cycle. Going out, getting sick, repeat. And at some point in the night, the room begins to spin and you know you’ve overdone it again. That first weekend you decide to stay in feels like a weekend retreat to the Bahamas. Although you feel like something is missing, you’ve gained something far more precious — peace. And, although it’s an addictive cycle to fall into, there’s nothing as healthy in life as balance.





## The Maybe Man

AJR

BY NIKITHA MENNEM

AJR's newest album "The Maybe Man" released on Friday November 10. The album is a tribute to their previous releases, continuing the use of sharp and intriguing mixed instrumental audios that they're known for. The brothers, Adam, Jack, and Ryan, amplified the themes that emerged from previous albums: grappling with mental health from the pressure of fame, finding love, dealing with the emotions of their parents' divorce, and self-discovery.

The titling song "The Maybe Man" sets the tone for the story being told. Across the group's discography, one can intake their growth from young men with wild ambitions singing about what's on their mind to a shared sense of coming to terms with growing up and searching for the purpose of their music and futures. The song highlights the indecision of wanting to be perceived and how to deal with the back-and-forth of the never-ending problems that keep piling on top of each other.

Another song to highlight is "Turning Out Pt. III," a continuation to the rest of the series. Like the others, it's the somber midpoint of the album; the lowest low before finding solace in fame and parties and then sobering up again.

Overall, the album balances the continuation of musical theatricalness that set them ahead while expanding on emotional motifs from the past to meld together this new chapter in their lives. It's a beautifully melancholic album, meant to be listened to alone on a cloudy day, knowing that the sun will peek out again tomorrow. 🌧️



## Priscilla

Sofia Coppola

BY SOPHIA GOETZ

The last time Sofia Coppola directed a film about a young monarch who lived in an opulent rococo palace but ended up being a luxurious jail, it was in 2006. The film, "Marie Antoinette," told the tale of the young queen as an innocent and reclusive rock star and was a stylized dream of the past. If you're looking for similarities between the two films, Coppola's latest dramatizes the connection between Priscilla and Elvis Presley. Coppola, however, takes a different approach this time around, employing a nonchalant, yet exacting docudrama accuracy.

This is the story of Priscilla Beaulieu Presley's life. It's the story of how, in 1959, at just 14, she encountered Elvis at his home near the U.S. military installation in West Germany. It's the story of how she fell in love with Elvis Presley over her parents' objections, all because he was charming, sexy, famous, and promised to love her tenderly (and who was going to say, "no" to Elvis Presley?). It's about the honest affection they shared, anchored in the fact that both of them, physically or in spirit, were overgrown babies. It's about how soon after they were married, Elvis relocated Priscilla into Graceland, where she was pampered like a valuable possession but denied the autonomy to make her own choices.

Coppola delivers "Priscilla" with eyes wide open, allowing us to experience, if only for a little while, the strange enchantment of having the biggest celebrity on the globe choose you as his princess. 🌹



## They Can't Kill Us All

Apes of the State & Sister Wife Sex Strike

BY QUINN MCCLURG

Folk punk, huh? Would you be surprised if I said that nothing gets people moving nor brings folks together like folk punk does?

Radical in acceptance, politics, and performance, two pioneers of the genre collaborate on this split EP: one time-honored and well-integrated, the other new and promising—Apes of the State (AoS) and Sister Wife Sex Strike (SWSS) respectively.

According to AoS's bandcamp, this split was assembled frantically before their current tour. They dedicate their tracks to the survivors of the Nudieland and Club Q shootings as well as the folks fighting against Cop City and the ongoing Palestinian genocide. The band mentions Tortuguita and August Golden by name.

The title track addresses these martyrs and guardians directly: "They Can't Kill Us All." The choir repeats over meandering mandolin, offering promises of unity and accountability: "And if you fuck up, I will still be your friend / Cause we need all of us to fight all of them / And they can't kill us all / No they can't kill us all..."

Following, the second AoS track is "I Shot a Gun Today." The everyday is altered by the realized ease of violence; now, dreams of revolution follow summer travels and workday mornings, swept up in the break-neck pace of everything.

Then, SWSS enters the fray with the title "A Bigger Bomb." Boisterous and biting, satire builds under banjo chords, climaxing in an anxiety-inducing count-down: "(4) In this land we've stolen / (3) Insurrection is growing / (2) It's not evil / (1) To bomb your people!"

And SWSS closes with "Rotten," a standard folk punk song—short and cynical, yet aware and action-oriented in rejecting corrupt authorities like "pigs" or senators.

Alternating between action and listlessness, AoS and SWSS demonstrate how to revolt while living under oppressive systemic forces. Though short, this split is perfectly rough around the edges, exemplary of the folk-punk tradition. 🐍



## F.O.O.L

Machine

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

If you are the type of person who lives a life based on the defiance of rules or lives for the underground scene, I have just the album for you. "Fuck Our Ordinary Lives" is the name of the game—a name that can be shortened to a simple four letter word: F.O.O.L. The Swedish dystopian synthwave superstar combines futuristic, industrial, and retro themes to detach the listener from time in his debut album, "Machine," released on Nov. 10 on Monstercat. The masked producer ventures into new genres as he consolidates his signature fast-paced, dark style.

According to him, the concept behind this album is the F.O.O.L character who evolves and becomes more powerful due to a machine. The theme is symbolic of how the artist has evolved his sound since 2020. Machine's opening homonymous track is a clear example of this experiment, as its detachment from the artist's theme creates a sense of defiance—for one, it's his first dubstep track in eight years!

New trends aren't forgotten in this album as F.O.O.L pairs up with the phonk trio, THIRST, in "Motor" to create an uplifting, mid-tempo banger. Three Lo-Fi inspired synthwave tracks—two collaborations and one solo release ("The Law" with enigmatic producer Pylot, "Vibrance" with French artist A.L.I.S.O.N, and "Origin")—heavily bring out the 80s, synth-boogie disco vibes. Techno is also heavily explored in his solo releases "Droid" and "Rewind"—the last one being the only track containing leading vocals, my absolute favorite!

In short, "Machine" epitomizes evolution and defiance. "Fuck our ordinary lives." 🐞



## The Marvels

Nia DeCosta

BY JACOB NELSON

With "Eternals" being a long beautiful bore, followed by "Ant-Man: Quantumania" and "Thor: Love and Thunder" being messes, you get a studio that seems to have lost its mojo. And with the SAG-AFTRA strike that just recently ended, expectations for "The Marvels" weren't very high.

The film should take into more consideration what viewers think of it at face value: a justified female-led/empowered superhero movie. It was far more than that. The premise which follows the movie's threat Dar-Benn (Zawe Ashton) and her motive to open portals to cause jump points and a break in space/dimension that connects Ms. Marvel/Kamala Khan (Iman Vellani) and Monica Rambeau (Teyonah Parris) with Captain Marvel/Carol Danvers (Brie Larson). The space jump which serves as a source for the heroine's power entanglement and switching of places only enhanced the coordination of the fight sequences, VFX, narrative strength, and story overlap, making the MCU feel more cohesive.

With the opening up of the multiverse, I appreciated the film's broader connections to the Marvel universe, like the insights into the Kree and their planet "Hala" and Carol's 30-year absence after Endgame. It was captivating to see their stories overlap, and getting to see the chemistry between the 3 was fun. The Marvels' fleshing out Carol's personality and adding layers and texture to Monica's relationship with Carol was also a bright spot because of how thin that dynamic felt previously. And who could forget about Goose—fans of Captain Marvel's cat are in for a treat!

The risks "The Marvels" take, especially in the end post-credits scene, succeed more than they backfire, which is exactly the sort of promising energy the franchise has been needing that will get them going "Higher, Further, Faster, Together." 🐞



## Loki: Season 2

Eric Martin

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

One of Marvel's Cinematic Universe beloved shows ended this past week as our favorite god of mischief found his new "glorious purpose" as the god of stories. In a masterpiece of storytelling that relied less on chronological continuity than on emotional plot-twists, the Season 2 finale of Loki puts an end to Tom Hiddleston's character quest for saving the Time Variance Authority (TVA) from complete destruction—and we only know it is the end because there are no post-credits scenes.

The slow pacing of the first season's finale is replaced here by the clever debate about the notion of fate and free-will.

"I make the tough choices, that's why I get the big chair," argued the One Who Remains (Jonathan Majors) in an attempt to defend his position as keeper of time.

"Do you really want to be the god who takes away everyone's free-will so you can protect that?" asked Sylvie (Sophia Di Martino), questioning Loki's intentions for saving the multiverse.

A decision is finally made as Loki manually rearranges the disparate timelines in a spectacle of light, darkness and special effects, with the time lines knitted together in the form of the Yggdrasil—the central sacred tree of Norse mythology. Truly a treat for the eyes.

The ending is spectacular and fulfilling. Instead of spending its time setting up the "next big bad thing," the finale provided a closure to each individual chapter of the story—a rarity among Marvel shows. In my opinion, the series' only downside is that it didn't give us a scene of Mobius (Owen Wilson) riding his jet-ski on a lake. 🐞





BlurCurve, an energetic four-piece band with a female lead singer. Their set was metal, with lyrics that speak of resistance and power, with a touch of angst towards the end of their 30-minute set. But the angst was in the lyrics, not the music itself. This provided a high-energy performance that kept the audience up and moving and hyped-up for Demob Happy.

And once Demob Happy hit the stage, the energy rocketed even higher as they jumped

crowd and honestly took me aback me with his English accent. I wasn't aware of their British roots, so imagine my surprise when he opened his mouth to speak and found out that a band with a song titled "Sweet & Sour America" was not actually... American. Regardless, I have a penchant for British bands, so it was a pleasant surprise.

A highlight of the night was when they played one of their most recent releases,

right into the music. They performed songs primarily off of their third studio album, "Divine Machines." Lead singer Mathew Marcantonio had the crowd singing along to each track, while Thomas Armstrong kept everyone up on their feet with his drum work. Adam Godfrey added flavor to each song, his guitar skills impressive and commanding on stage. After a few songs, Marcantonio addressed the

"Sweet & Sour America," a heavy rock track that speaks of the morbidity of everyday America. With lyrics like "Suck it to the new religion / Pharmacate the blues / All American sorrow lifting / Give me what I choose," they say what we are already thinking, just in a more musical, concise way that rhymes and sounds much better than a possible thesis on the pharmaceutical hegemony in this country...

Another moment to note was when they played "Autoportrait," an up-beat track about being happy, in love and present in the moment. It is one of their most popular songs within their discography, and that was clear by the audience's reaction. The crowd loved this track, as they sang and danced along to the entire song. Their next most popular track, "Less is More," also garnered a lot of noise and cheering.

Overall, the concert was great. Between the cozy venue, high-power opener, and the star of the show — Demob Happy — I could not get enough of the night. Would I see them again if possible? Absolutely, but only if I don't have class the next day.

You can find them on instagram @demob\_happy ! 📸



# DEMOB HAPPY AT TURF CLUB

BY: SHANNA SIVAKUMAR

Alternative rock band Demob Happy is currently on tour in North America, and this past Wednesday, the 15th of November, they made a stop at Minneapolis for a night of alcohol-infused drinks and metal & rock-infused music.

Demob Happy is a trio of musicians consisting of lead singer and bassist Matthew Marcantonio, drummer Thomas Armstrong, and guitarist Adam Godfrey. The trio (originally a quartet) formed in 2008 in Newcastle upon Tyne, England. Their first release was their debut EP, "You Shook the Soul," which was released in 2011. And after a few singles and EPs scattered in between, their debut album, "Dream Soda," dropped in 2015. After their lead guitarist, Mathew Renforth, departed from the band in 2016, they co-headlined a tour with rock band Tigercub. Following their tour, the band dropped a second album in 2018, titled "Holy

Doom." They performed songs off this album while opening for Jack White's UK leg of his Boarding House Reach world tour later that year. Their third studio album, "Divine Machines," was released earlier this year and is the album they are performing on their current tour.

The concert was held at Turf Club, a two-level venue with a bar and stage on the top floor and a basement bar and stage below. The St. Paul venue is a historical landmark, originally opened in the 1940s as a supper club and dancehall. The space is cozy, with standing space in front of the stage and the rest of the room filled with tables for eating and a bar on the right end of the venue. Turf Club is now managed under First Avenue, and the place sees a steady stream of musicians come in and out of its doors.

The opening act was rock and metal group



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