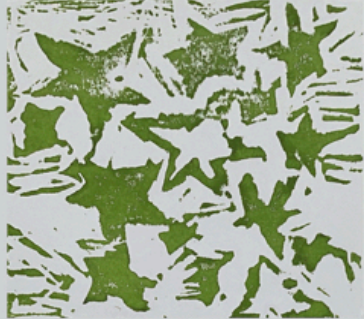




**REQUIEM**  
**FOR WHAT**  
**IT'S WORTH**





So... we are retiring. For What It's Worth is our last issue with Requiem and we wanted to celebrate that by choosing a theme that celebrates gratitude, joy, and blessings. In this edition we explore what makes life worth it during these fucked up times. Let's say nothing has inherent meaning – only the meaning we give to things. We wanted to share what those things are. In Buffalo Springfield's song 'For What It's Worth,' they told us: there's something happening here. They told young people to speak their minds. That's legit us. So we did. This is a collection of what our community finds meaningful, how we're making our lives worth it, and what value means to ya'll.... To us. For what it's worth...

Peace out,  
Diya and Alexa

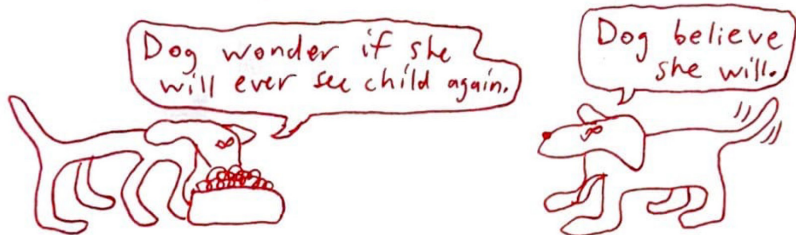
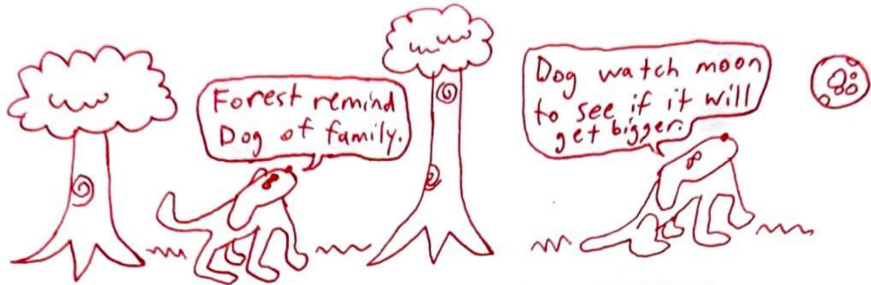
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# tights





# The Ultimate WMUC Quiz

Have you been meaning to tune into WMUC but don't know what show to start with? With over 100 shows on the digital and FM channels, the options can feel overwhelming, especially when new shows are coming out each semester. Well, look no further as this quiz will be your starting point to finding your favorite radio show. I asked 5 DJs what their show is worth to them to give you the best recommendations. Enjoy!

**What is your favorite summer activity?**

- a. carnival
- b. sunbathing
- c. long walks on the beach
- d. blasting music on a late night drive with friends



**Choose a TV show.**

- a. Skins
- b. Wild Kratts
- c. Friends
- d. Top Gear



**What is missing from your playlist?**

- a. punk/hardcore
- b. laid back acoustic
- c. indie rock
- d. international music



**Choose a music venue.**

- a. Ottobar
- b. Songbyrd
- c. The Garage
- d. The Pocket



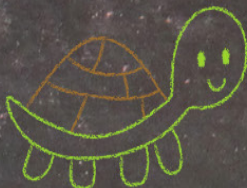
**Which class would you want to take?**

- a. art
- b. anthropology
- c. psychology of happiness
- d. engineering

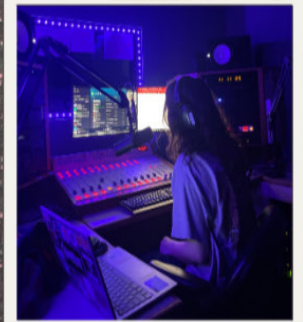


**Who do you think should visit WMUC?**

- a. Bikini Kill
- b. Field Medic
- c. Sublime
- d. Oscar Piastri

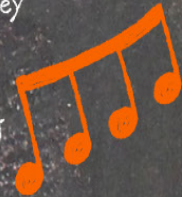


You should check out *Dumbest Girl Alive* if you mostly answered A! In this punk show hosted by Europa, you'll be introduced to more amazing women musicians during her late night show. She has been hosting her show for 3 years and believes that college radio means creating a space to share a love of music with others. If you like this show, you may also enjoy *Final Girl* by Claire Kilbourne for more women musicians or *Noisy Neighbors* by Caroline that features some more punk bands.



@dumbestgirlalivewmuc on Instagram

You should head over to *Back Porch* by Izzy Delta Santa if you mostly answered B! This afternoon show features music from genres like folk, country, alternative, classic, and everything in between. Izzy grew up in a very musical family and he uses his show as creative space to share stuff they are excited about whether it's older or newer music, especially if you're interested in trying out folk or country music. Follow @wmuc.backporch on Instagram for more info! Fans of this show should also check out *Sprawling Roots* by Beckers.

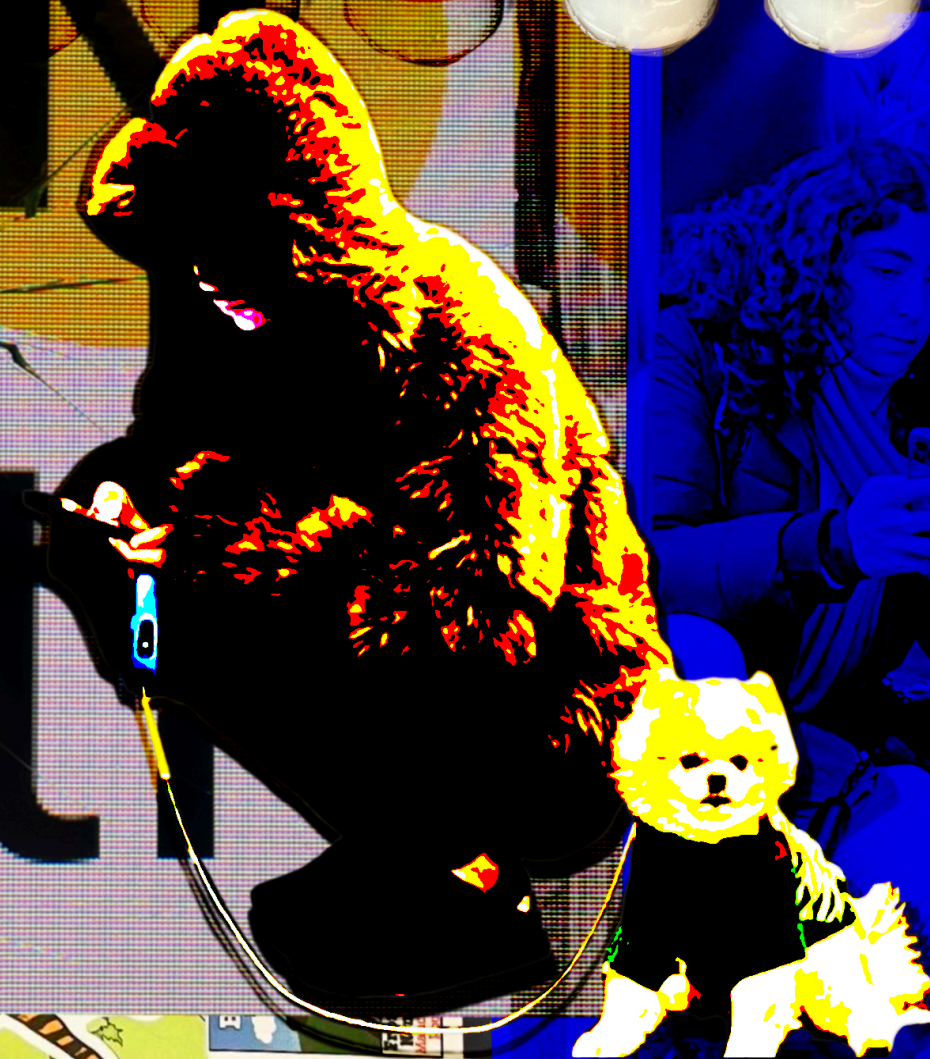


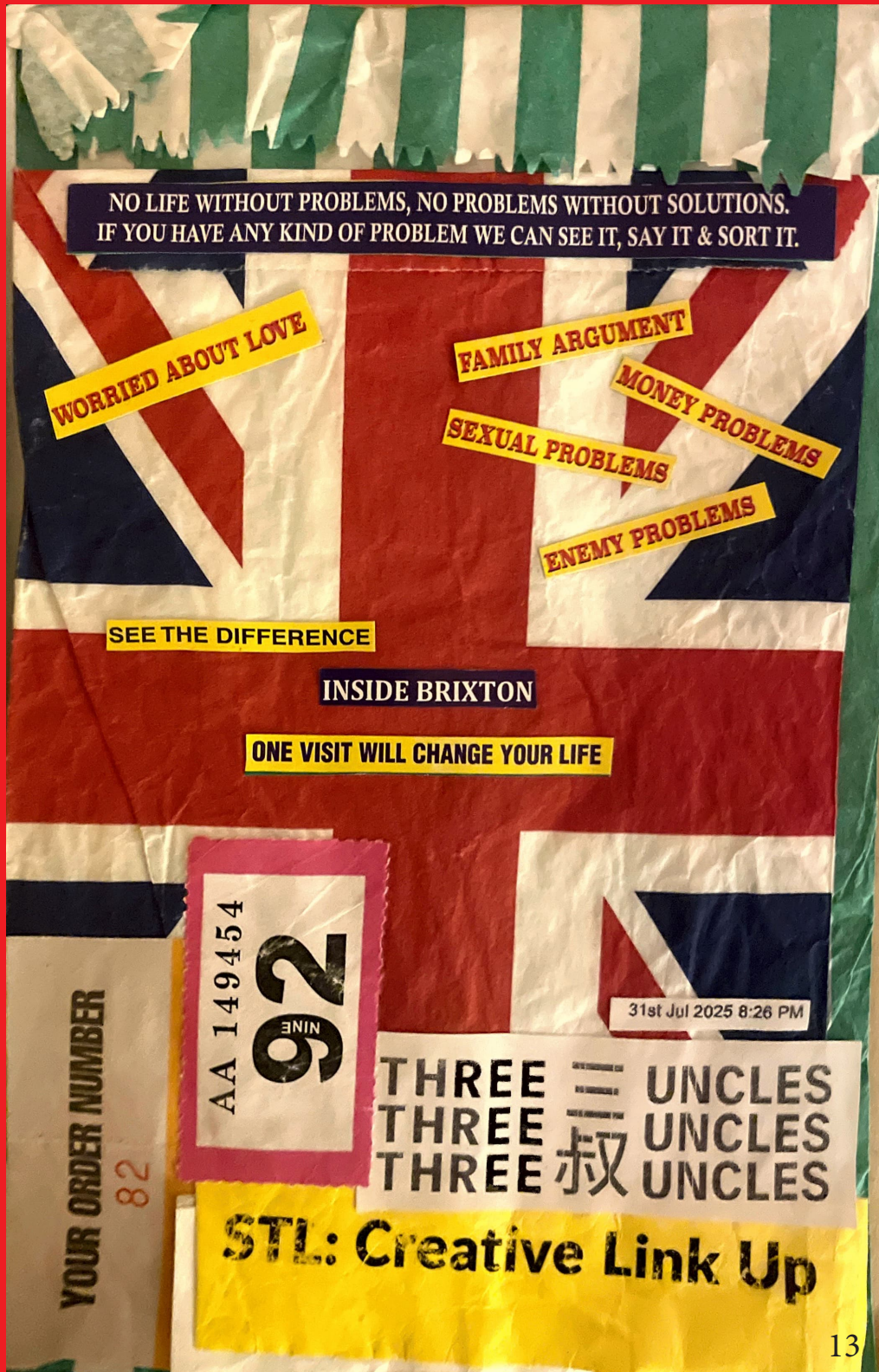
Croix in the booth!

If you mostly answered C, you should add a *Mug for Your Thoughts* into your music routine! Croix says that this show is "the entire reason I came to UMD and it has been my grounding force all these years." Not only is there music, but this show also features breaks for mindfulness/breathing techniques. If you like for music to be a calming experience, you can also check out *Weezer Wednesday*.

If you mostly answered D, you would enjoy listening to *The Pitwall*! It is the perfect show for F1 fans. Cohosts Hailie and Bianca like to share F1 race analysis, stories and facts that went under the radar while playing music themed around that week's grand prix country, happenings in F1, or from the countries some F1 drivers are from. If you like shows that explore music from all around the world in a variety of genres, you should also check out *The Pangea Project* hosted by Sanika and Mehr Narula.







# An Interview with Michael

*It's 2024, and I'm a freshman at UMBC. I had first heard of Michael as a green 17 year old making his first foray into the local music scene by getting involved with the newly re-formed radio station at WMBC. It was a dim September evening, and I remember the trepid steps I took going up the stairs to my first DIY show, which happened to be located in the WMBC office. Tucked above the Chick-Fil-A and gently nestled in the heart of campus, the office transformed into an intimate venue that night. No more than 25 people could have fit comfortably in the hot, cramped, room. So that night, about 40 people managed to fit uncomfortably. The thick air in that room certainly shifted, albeit begrudgingly, when Michael came on. They had a certain vibe and confidence which shell-shocked me as a freshman who had never really experienced DIY music so up close and personal.*

*Roughly a year and a month later, I stand outside the Ottobar waiting for the members of Michael to come out for an interview. It was a quiet, cold November evening. Charles Village seemed to shrivel and contract with the frigid gales which rushed down North Howard St. The moderately-sized crowd for a Wednesday night perhaps still did not reflect the caliber of bands on the bill, an all-star shortlist of Maryland rockers, Michael, Spitball, Mid-air, and Motel Portrait. The members of Michael eventually filed out after their set, each with their own 'Otto-beer' in hand. As they loaded gear, I eventually met all four members of the band by a lonely bench staring out longingly at the Ottobar from the other side of the street. Inconspicuously lit by a yellow streetlamp, the scene of the interview looked as if it had been painted by Edward Hopper. The transcript which you are about to read is from the conversation which followed:*

**TIM:** Introduce yourselves and what you do in the band real quick

**TAL:** I am Tal. No, no, oh, shit. What is it? Rat Saszlow, I am Rat Saszlow. I play wooden cylinders and metal circles.

**CHARLIE:** What am I? Unison Megastrom. I'm Unison Megastrom. I play guitar.

**JO:** I'm Balthazar Megalazer. I also play guitar and sing a little bit.

**JACK:** I'm Homogenous Gloop, and I play the easy guitar. The bass.



Michael performing at the Ottobar.  
Left to right: Jonah, Tal Pluznik,  
Charlie Rogers, Jack Edwards  
(Photo courtesy of Erin Bennett @  
erins0llection)

**TIM:** How did Michael form?

**TAL:** I selectively picked these three. I saw Jo dumpster diving and I asked her if she wanted to start a band.

**JO:** I think I was looking for a TV. I was looking for a cathode ray.

**Tal:** I was doing my normal activity of wallowing under a bridge. When suddenly, Jo, Charlie, and Jack walked by me coincidentally. We sort of made eye contact and then I put Jo in a burlap sack.

**JO:** It was not roomy in there.

**TIM:** Wow.

**TAL:** Do you want, like, a real answer?

**TIM:** I'll take a real answer, sure.

**TAL:** Okay, well the real answer is Jo and I played in a band before, and then me and Jack had plans to start a math rock band. I waited like six months for these two to have enough time. Basically our good friend and photographer Erin came up to me and was like 'Charlie wants to be in a band called Michael with you.' And then I went up to Charlie and said: "Michael." And he went, "what say you about Michael?" And I said, "I'm in." That is legitimately how it started.

**TIM:** Why the name Michael? Who is Michael?

**TAL:** The real answer is because, like, Michael Jackson. When I used to play soccer we did Michael Jackson Mondays.

**TIM:** So you've played the Ottobar a few times now, what does it mean to you guys to play here?

**CHARLIE:** "I'm from Baltimore, so like, playing Ottobar was my main goal when I started music. This was the end goal. And for it to happen, and then keep happening is so cool."

**TAL:** "It's just kind of like the hometown place where you know it's gonna be good every time, and you know it's gonna sound good and it's gonna feel good. You can just worry about playing the music here, which I appreciate"

**TIM:** What's the songwriting process like?

**TAL:** It's pretty split down the middle three ways. I provide arragnemental stuff.

**Charlie:** You and Jack dictate everything, regardless of like, what's written down.

**TAL:** Yeah, that's so true.

**Charlie:** A lot of times me and Jo will show up with stuff, but we don't write bass or drum parts, and that's like, the best part of the song anyway

**JO:** So we just have like, these two good musicians and then we're just kind of trusting that they're gonna do the right thing with it.

**Charlie:** Yeah, me and Jonah usually show up with like, some fucking hot garbage. Oh sorry, you can't include that.

**TIM:** No worries, it's for a zine.

**TIM:** What's your dream Baltimore bill?

**Tal:** Tripper, I love.

**Charlie:** Tidal Shifts. There's so much good stuff in Baltimore, and it's such like a diverse scene. Paper Lanterns is great.

**Jack:** Mid-air.

**Tim:** What's next for Michael?

**Charlie:** Tour, then hopefully a 54 minute album, and then yeah, we're gonna play some shows in different cities in January.

**Tim:** Hell yeah

THREE OAKS FARM  
ALPACAS

Skipppy \$34.00  
125 yards  
2 Ply Worsted  
70% alpaca 30% merino



I always thought I was an introvert because I didn't feel like going out, or I didn't talk to a whole lot of people. My mom always would tell me "why don't you have any friends who live closer?" after I would ask to visit my best friend, almost 20 minutes away. I think the distance forced me to introversion. No body hung out everyday like I do now.

A couple years ago, my aunt gifted me yarn for Christmas. It was really nice and expensive yarn, made from alpaca fur. What was funny though, the fur used came from one of the alpacas that resides on my high school campus, Bert. It made me think that had to make something special with this yarn since it felt so personal. I landed on a pattern for a hat, to be proud everything I've learned in youth by wearing it like a crown.



This will be the first year without Earth Day at the high school!"  
Earth Day would be the highlight of my year. Classes would basically be cancelled just for us students to enjoy our campus & the environmental displays put on by my peers. It was also classified by "Drive Your Tractor To School Day".  
I loved being able to walk around

the forests & open area surrounding the building. The high school would put all the animals out for students to interact with. It was the best way to enjoy the environment along with friends. My junior & Senior year I would help out at a bouquet booth, making & selling flowers. I hope to share a portion of my Earth Day excitement with others in the future. The environment is important!!!



# What Do You Mourn?

Nadia Jeremiah



When hot coffee spills onto your favorite shirt as metro cars jolt and jitter and shove a stranger's frail body into yours.

When the wheel of a grueling office chair crashed into your unsuspecting pinky toe and you let out a string of curses—beneath your breath, so that you don't get fired.

When your text messages go unanswered, phone calls ignored, and the only open arms to catch your free fall are the pads of your poorly upholstered high back, the one your ex picked up from a yard sale.

When you fail, you are a failure, but you convince yourself that the enlightened manifestations which you funnel into your tired psyche enhance your life and make you "better."



As if words could stop the knot in your chest from expanding.

As if one day, a tumor of grief and sorrow and "Why me?" won't block your airways and end your life.

But you have to live, at least physically. Not for you but for them.

So that they can rest safely in the softness of their bubblewrapped homes as you writhe in anger and regret in the dampness of your own mildew.

A permanent sheen of sweat encases you in your fears: nothing exists and nothing matters.

**The weight of your  
imagined world hurts.**



life's musings are always undeterred if you really want them to be. and promise yourself you will live at least one. there is no exposition, no resolution, no falling action or built in conclusion. you experience of all those in a day. life doesn't unfold itself like a book. when your skin is pallor, hair dead, fingernails cracking, smile because you lived. there are moments you can almost live again with your eyes closed, they sparkle because they are fleeting, pretty and cruel that way. within that trickle of perfection, when you angle your view perfectly like catching a ray of light, there it is. something to live for, i can live out my life waiting for another. truthfully, what else is there to do?



# Hey, What's That Sound?

Music and protest movements have a long and intertwining history - after all, music is supposed to reflect our emotions, using the power of rhythm and melody to express what words alone cannot. So of course, artists have always used music to express their rage, grief, and hope during times of conflict. This is a collection of a few “older” songs that resonate with me personally, and also had a notable cultural impact that I think people today should be aware of. But of course, this only scratches the surface of the many protest songs that have been made, in many different genres and time periods, about many different issues. So, don't stop here, go find some songs that strike a chord with you!

## “Zombie” - The Cranberries

This is a PSA to remove this song from your Halloween playlist, because it's not literally about zombies! Dolores O’Riordan wrote this song in 1993 to criticize the violence of The Troubles, which was the ethno-nationalist conflict over whether Northern Ireland should remain a part of the United Kingdom or become part of a united Republic of Ireland. A particular incident where explosive devices killed two children inspired the song’s mournful yet outraged lyrics, and O’Riordan’s hauntingly emotional vocal performance. It still resonates today as a “cry against man’s inhumanity to man, inhumanity to child,” as O’Riordan described the song. The line, “it’s not me, it's not my family” has really been hitting home lately as our world’s leaders try to divide us and turn us against each other, just to fuel the war and violence that only they want.



## “Strange Fruit” - Billie Holiday

While first written by Abel Meeropol to condemn the lynchings of African-Americans, the most iconic recording of the song was made by jazz singer Billie Holiday in 1939, although other artists have made some great versions as well. Her powerful voice holds nothing back, and no matter how many times I hear it, it will always give me chills. This song is not only an incredible piece of art but also a major part of the history of the Civil Rights Movement, leading to its selection for preservation in the Library of Congress.



## “Born in the USA” - Bruce Springsteen

Like “Zombie,” this is another song with a deeper meaning that is overlooked because of its title. The verses criticize the Vietnam War via the perspective of a struggling veteran who feels betrayed by his country, but the triumphant-sounding chorus of “I was born in the USA” tends to get more attention.

*“Patriotism is a complicated, and personal topic. I wouldn't consider myself an extreme Bruce Springsteen fan, but as someone deeply proud of being from the United States, and deeply disappointed in our country's actions...I would consider myself an extreme fan of the scream in this song.”*

- Sam, WMUC member

## “Bring Him Back Home (Nelson Mandela)” - Hugh Masekala

I first heard this song in a documentary about apartheid in my seventh grade social studies class, and the catchy chorus was stuck in my head the rest of the day. The documentary *Amandla! A Revolution in Four-Part Harmony* did an excellent job of highlighting how important music was to the anti-apartheid movement. This song is upbeat and danceable, which helped it become a



popular anthem around the world that raised awareness of the racial inequality in South Africa, and the unjustified imprisonment of anti-apartheid leader Nelson Mandela.



hello! since the last zine publication i had my first ever crossword publication with the atlantic! it feels good to get validation that you are actually like somewhat good enough at what you do to have it published with a newspaper :^). i talked a bit about why i enjoy crosswords in the last zine but (on theme) i'm glad i'm finally able to create things! when i die, i don't just want to... disappear? i want there to be evidence that i've lived a full life, and that i was causing an impact. i think by making these, i can point to tangible evidence that i did exactly that? anyway, the crossword has two parts: the first part is the regular clue, and the second part in parentheses is why i'm grateful for its existence / "what it's worth" to me! feel free to google anything you don't know and work with friends. hope you enjoy!

**ACROSS**

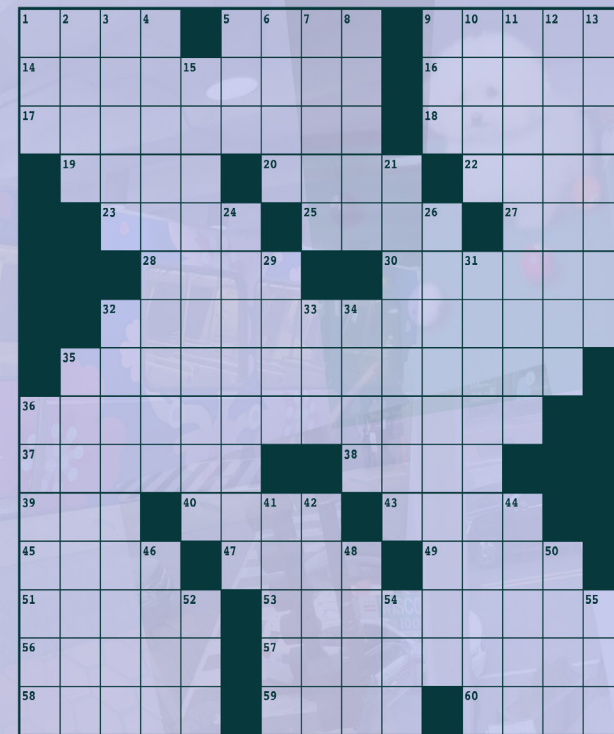
- 1 amend or emend (change)
- 5 t-shaped alternatives to circle-shaped hormonal rings (reproductive rights)
- 9 "sweet love" singer baker (the "rapture" album)
- 14 "if my reports are correct, this major shift could change everything..." (internet slang)
- 16 postured, in more than one sense (reflection)
- 17 swelled up (words that can be nouns and verbs)
- 18 common-interest coalitions (alliances)
- 19 reddit centered around j.r.r. tolkien's novels and/or peter jackson's adapted trilogy (liv tyler as arwen)
- 20 umd class abbr. for probability calculations (law of large numbers)
- 22 arthur who became the first black man to win wimbledon (african-american trailblazers)
- 23 pledge (promise)
- 25 elitist, maybe (hating on a pretentious bitch)
- 27 the onion reports: "\_\_\_\_\_ launches \_\_\_\_\_ for the shuttle bus from the airport to the hotel' news channel" (freedom of press)
- 28 signal for enough parmesan on your pasta (clear communication!)
- 30 events with bull riding or barrel racing (gay cowboys)
- 32 "portal" video game series phrase where one might not receive their sweet reward (GLaDOS, '50s-'70s aperture science levels in portal 2)
- 35 copenhagen-based r&b singer who produced newjeans' "super shy" (the "lifetime" album)
- 36 organisms that reflect a person due to their personality or physical traits (ancient divination)
- 37 "on it!" (positive affirmations)
- 38 like many splatter films (david cronenberg, practical effects)

- 39 math computation homophone seen on tiktok to indicate excellence (AAVE)
- 40 captain hook's naval associate whose name can be found in the phrase "gets me everytime" (tinker bell)
- 43 japanese buckwheat noodles (asian cuisine)
- 45 college park, for many a maryland terrapin student (space for solace)
- 47 hungarian actor lugosi or hungarian composer bartok whose name anagrams to a bundle of hay (the martians of budapest)
- 49 "trinity" author whose first name anagrams to a bygone "tonight show" host. (anti-zionism)
- 51 "MY BLOOD IS BOILING." (being controlled by your emotions)
- 53 messes that might be murine in nature? (controlled chaos)

- 56 bolt (irish exit)
- 57 "can someone show me some affection please? ???" (touch as a love language)
- 58 term to describe a japanese-american immigrant (cultural diversity)
- 59 mode of "the incredibles" (NO CAPES.)
- 60 \_\_\_\_\_ punk (house artists)

**DOWN**

- 1 recede into the 54D (the moon)
- 2 apt soap brand for a telemarketer? (rotary phone)
- 3 cool house, or brand of coolers (no two snowflakes are alike)
- 4 attraction of free-spinning cars that rotate continuously in a circle (amusement parks, state fairs)
- 5 horror mangaka junji (uzumaki, tomie)
- 6 bodies that are often ashy? (decorations)
- 7 twin tracks? (call and response)
- 8 wagon alternative (fuel-efficiency)



lukey :: [juxtaquoize.blogspot.com](http://juxtaquoize.blogspot.com) © 2026

- 9 U.M.P.D. "lookout" forewarning ("straight outta compton" by NWA)
- 10 another nickname for the big easy (beignets, cajun culture)
- 11 type of triangle seen on the flag of guayana (applied math)
- 12 genre that combines combatting crime with futuristic fiction (the "tears in rain" monologue)
- 13 google product that promotes personalized product plugs (ublock origin)
- 15 hilarious viral video "auntie fee's sweet treats \_\_\_\_\_" about making cinnamon-sugar confections to feed children (nurturing future generations)
- 21 dmv legend who sang "so, you can make me cum / that doesn't make you jesus" on "little earthquakes" (female singer-songwriters)
- 24 massive sacrifice of one hundred cattle, in ancient greece (mythology)

- 26 unnecessarily lay down the law on (dominatrices)
- 29 diddly-squat (appropriate absence)
- 31 diet needed for quotidian activities (nourishing your body)
- 32 conundrums between three options (portmanteaus)
- 33 earring magic or stereotypical; as seen in greta gerwig's barbie (playing pretend)
- 34 juul or geek bar, informally (drunk cigarettes as a concept)
- 35 manifestations (goals)
- 36 language where "kilimanjaro" might mean "little mountain" (loanwords)
- 41 macabre (the word "macabre")
- 42 african antelope whose name might be parsed as online land parcels (cool and interesting horns)

- 44 actress tyler who was, surprisingly, a black love interest on "friends" (seasons 2-6 of rupaul's drag race, where she also made an appearance as a guest judge on snatch game)
- 46 architectural feature seen on a roof (rain gutters, icicles)
- 48 "they're \_\_\_\_\_ but they don't listen to WMUC." "oh, zero!" (rating systems)
- 50 double \_\_\_\_\_ oreos, which only have 1.91x the filling of a regular oreo according to insider (sweet treats)
- 52 abbr. for frameworks that aim to cultivate underrepresented groups (multiple perspectives)
- 54 type of level that can be affected by 1D and flow (water)
- 55 NCO title seen on a beatles album (psychedelics)

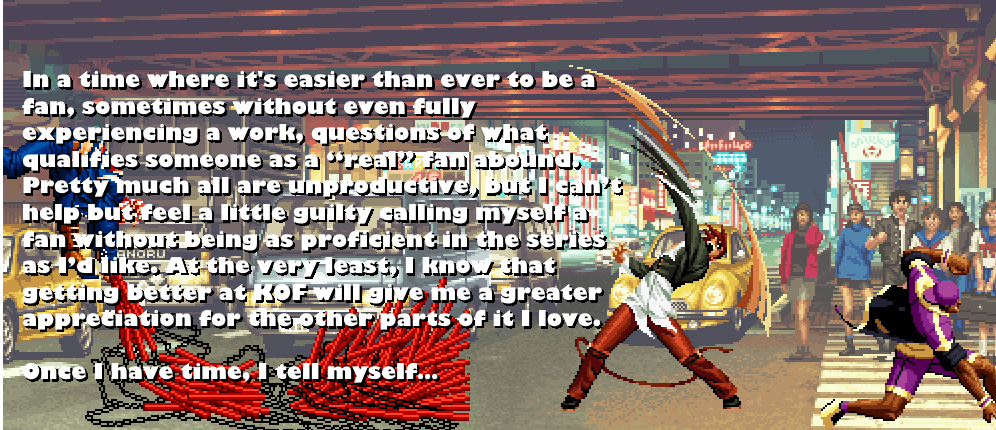
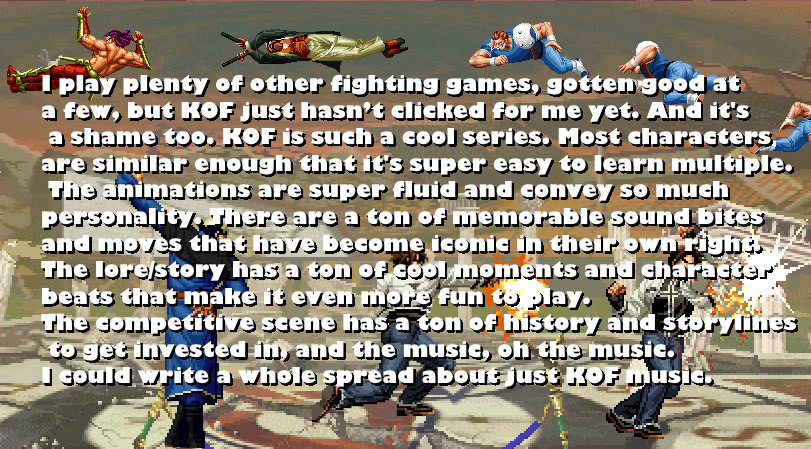
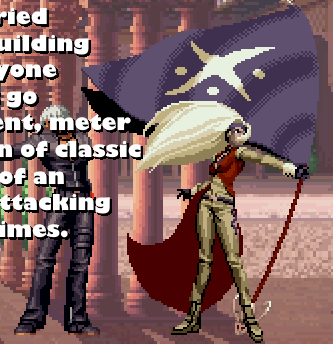
# I Love THE KING OF FIGHTERS But I Suck at it

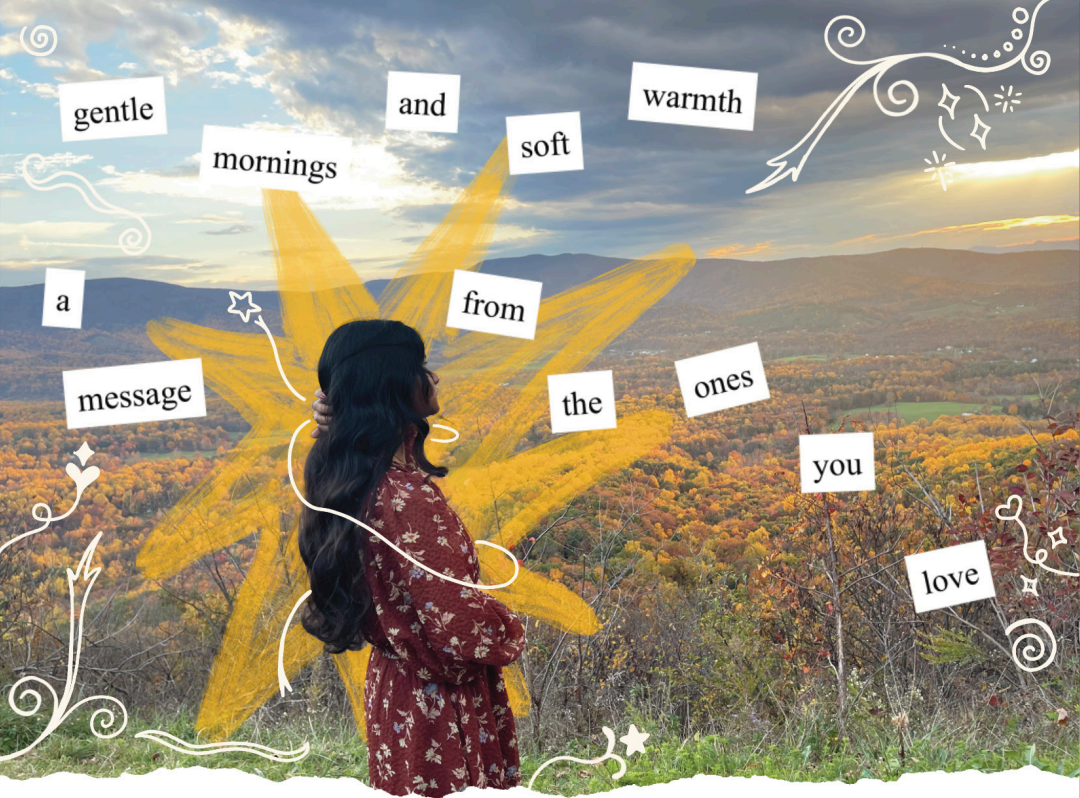
The King of Fighters is a game series with a storied history. It all began in '94, and kept on going building on its story, art, gameplay, and characters. Anyone who's interested in classic fighting games can't go wrong getting sucked into its intricate movement, meter mechanics, and team compositions. Yet, as a fan of classic fighting games, KOF has always remained a bit of an enigma to me. The movement seems sluggish, attacking and defending feels weird and inconsistent at times. All of that is on me, but whenever I try to get myself accustomed to it, I just can't. I don't have the time or drive at this point in my life.

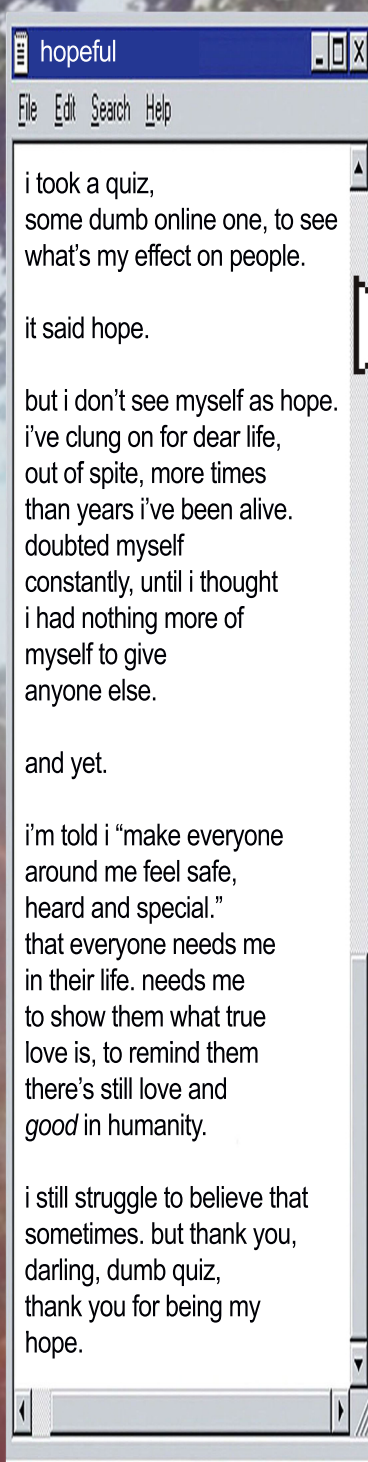
I play plenty of other fighting games, gotten good at a few, but KOF just hasn't clicked for me yet. And it's a shame too. KOF is such a cool series. Most characters are similar enough that it's super easy to learn multiple. The animations are super fluid and convey so much personality. There are a ton of memorable sound bites and moves that have become iconic in their own right. The lore/story has a ton of cool moments and character beats that make it even more fun to play. The competitive scene has a ton of history and storylines to get invested in, and the music, oh the music. I could write a whole spread about just KOF music.

In a time where it's easier than ever to be a fan, sometimes without even fully experiencing a work, questions of what qualifies someone as a "real" fan abound. Pretty much all are unproductive, but I can't help but feel a little guilty calling myself a fan without being as proficient in the series as I'd like. At the very least, I know that getting better at KOF will give me a greater appreciation for the other parts of it I love.

Once I have time, I tell myself...







Poems by Cassian Lee

click

*click* and shutter / shudder, this red filter, bloodspatter. bloodstained hands wring the uniform of the damned, darkness shrouds the evil evidence / dark clothes in daylight, masks despite no cough. we hear a *click* and shudder at the outcomes.

action and reaction, cycle beginning anew, *click* and shut your eyes to all this bad news. **but** *click* and sign petitions, *click* and register to vote, *click* and make a change, *click* / flick the switch that changes tides.

**eleven**

**eleven eleven. i make a wish, memorized since who knows when— no one would know, it wouldn't come true if they knew. i make a wish consistently. i've forgone having an alarm, happy to happen upon the time, let the magic of it occur.**

**eleven eleven. i make a wish, a small wish. if i wish for the big things i know i'll get disappointed. (i wish for world peace and all its fixings on bad days) i make a wish like its a religion i'm not too dedicated to, say my prayer every so often, keeping it between me and whoever's upstairs. i make a wish, but maybe it's more manifesting the life i hope to live out. my wish, maybe nothing more than the mantra, the goals i intend to carry out.**

**eleven twelve. time to get to work now.**

# The Night I Consumed Music

I hid in my black, leather jacket as I walked up small, concrete steps to sit in the very last row of the arena. The stage's bright orange flames calmed.

But I have not after the pulsating synths swallowed me. My heartbeat felt obstructed by the BPM of the songs, the crowd's sporadic movements, and the screams.

It was chaotic until the two singers—wearing radiant red leather with matching caps—filled me with familiar nostalgic notes. My hands rose with flames that bursts when the beats fall.

Accompanied by a line of dancers, the Puerto Rican duo I've heard over many years of family gatherings where speakers vibrated floors for children's birthday parties in packed living rooms and porches, sing to a crowd of thrilled Latinos.

Eventually, they paused to list South and Central American countries alike that aren't just Mexico so people can scream with pride for where they descend from. "¡El Salvador!" evoked outpouring cheers and the chant echoed once more before the encore.



**I tied my jacket above my swaying hips, revealing my white crop top. The beats did not consume me: I absorbed and embraced music that defined resistance on a Caribbean island long ago with Salvadorans who now celebrated surviving a daytime of discrimination with a night of dancing.**

**I sing loud because these songs are my life.**

- Julissa Mendoza Robles



## anatomy of a magic trick

There's a saying in magic that is learnt quickly by magicians: nothing fools you better than the lie you tell yourself. If the audience comes up with their own reasoning for what they saw, they will believe that forever. it's part of the reason why a lot of the time, the idea of doing magic tricks terrifies me: I can't fully avoid telling myself that something will go wrong. That would be a lie.

I've done countless card tricks over the past three years, especially in my first year here in college. In the initial weeks I campaigned for my dorm's student council and spent a couple hours knocking on doors throughout my dorm doing tricks. It was a kind of social experiment introducing myself to 150 different people, each one a complete stranger, which meant at least 150 ways something could go wrong. I first learned to perfect the trick I did to everyone, but I think in the end, I learned more about social perception.

I recently met another card magician at school while doing tricks, and he said he'd been practicing for over 10 years, but actually stopped showing most people a few years ago. My new friend said he'd started learning magic in elementary and middle school to socially connect with other people. Even though he still practiced with cards, he said he quit performing after realizing magic became a kind of "crutch" for social situations. I knew exactly what he was talking about, and I respected his decision to quit magic.



"Much unhappiness has occurred in the world due to misunderstandings and things left unsaid," according to Fyodor Dostoevsky.

## nothing fools you better than the lie you tell yourself

Magic tricks are like allegories: the spectator expects one thing and gets another, and they have to then rethink everything they thought they understood. Magicians themselves can be contradictory allegories; they can live one kind of life as a performer, and a vastly different one in their own time. I thought about what my new friend said about magic and looked toward myself.

Why did I even care about magic? I've told myself it was wanting to share this sense of wonder, but was magic my "crutch?" I thought back to when I did those tricks around my dorm building. With every door knock, I had a solid explanation: campaigning for student council. Something to fall back on if my presence was questioned. For most people that's a good enough reason to knock on your door, but it's possible just doing a trick would have been acceptable. Maybe some would have even accepted a simple "hello."

Maybe you *can* lie to yourself. It can be okay to knock on a door even if something could go wrong. It might not even be lying, but a temporary suspension of a belief; in my case, it's the belief that something will go wrong. Every person I performed for was a complete stranger who knew nothing about what I had been doing, but for me, it was just another card trick.

Indeed, if you tell yourself everything will be okay, even when it might not be, you risk more distress than if you had expected the failure. But, all I'll say is that only one person said no to seeing a trick. And right after he said no, I knocked on another door with the same cadence as if I'd done the trick. It was nearly mechanical, as if I was acting out a play.

In John Steinbeck's *East of Eden*, the wise Samuel Hamilton instructs the protagonist Adam to "Act out being alive, like a play. And after a while, a long while, it will be true." I think it's okay that sometimes, we need crutches so we are able to walk again.

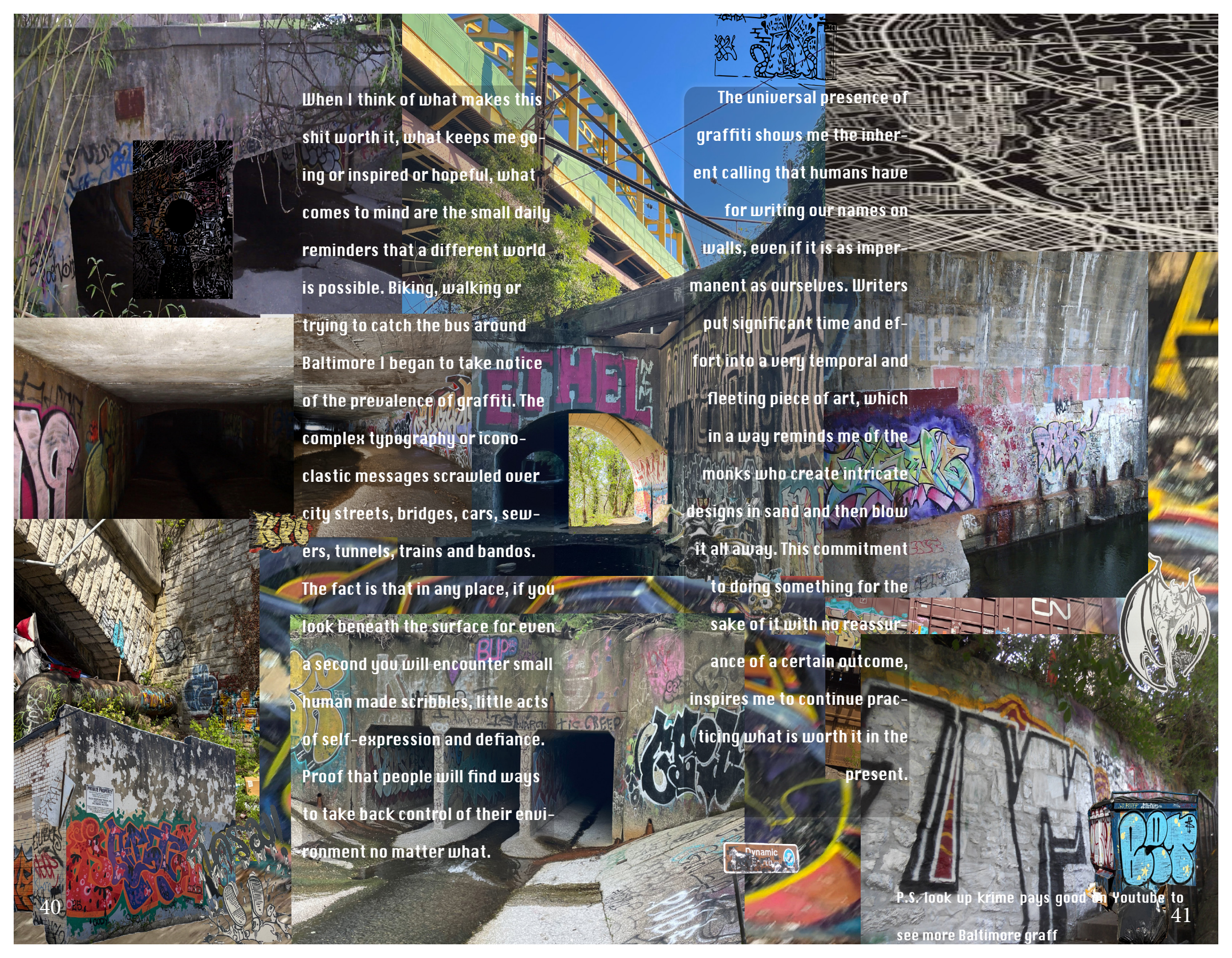
Entry 01

Cutting through a thick mist, massive earthy formations send winds through the emerald valley, shifting tides like a typhoon. The crumbling nature of these swift and floating islands rain stone down on the rapids and crystal groves. Distant creatures of flight sing back and forth, carving a path to protection amidst the stunning coming of mountains. The stars, alerted from their cosmic perches, plunge beneath the mist, scattering a restorative aura over the native lifeforms. All foliage, having been through this before, rustle with resilience, sending electrical signals to the cybernetic scaffolding that anchors the landscape. Subterranean pulses beat at a binding bpm. The elemental devastation dissolves with time, rinsing away the familiar as a new age begins..]

Entry 02

A glowing haze bleeds from an orange sky. A massive mechanical shutdown in the distance ruptures the silence, sending heavy vibrations across the plates of the planet. Memories pulse through my mind as fragmented time waves propagote through the land. The haze gets thicker like a global static, buzzing from ear to ear. The dying plants are nudged closer to death as the atmosphere breaks them down from within. Gradual phase shifts cause the time waves to almost overlap, beating sharper pulses into my skull. Each pulse scatters the haze across the air, like a rhythmic desert storm. The large mass of dust in the atmosphere condenses to form thicker clumps that fall from the sky like hail. This mechanically induced disaster is brought to a peak and all vibrations shift back into phase, restoring the harmonious nature of existence..]



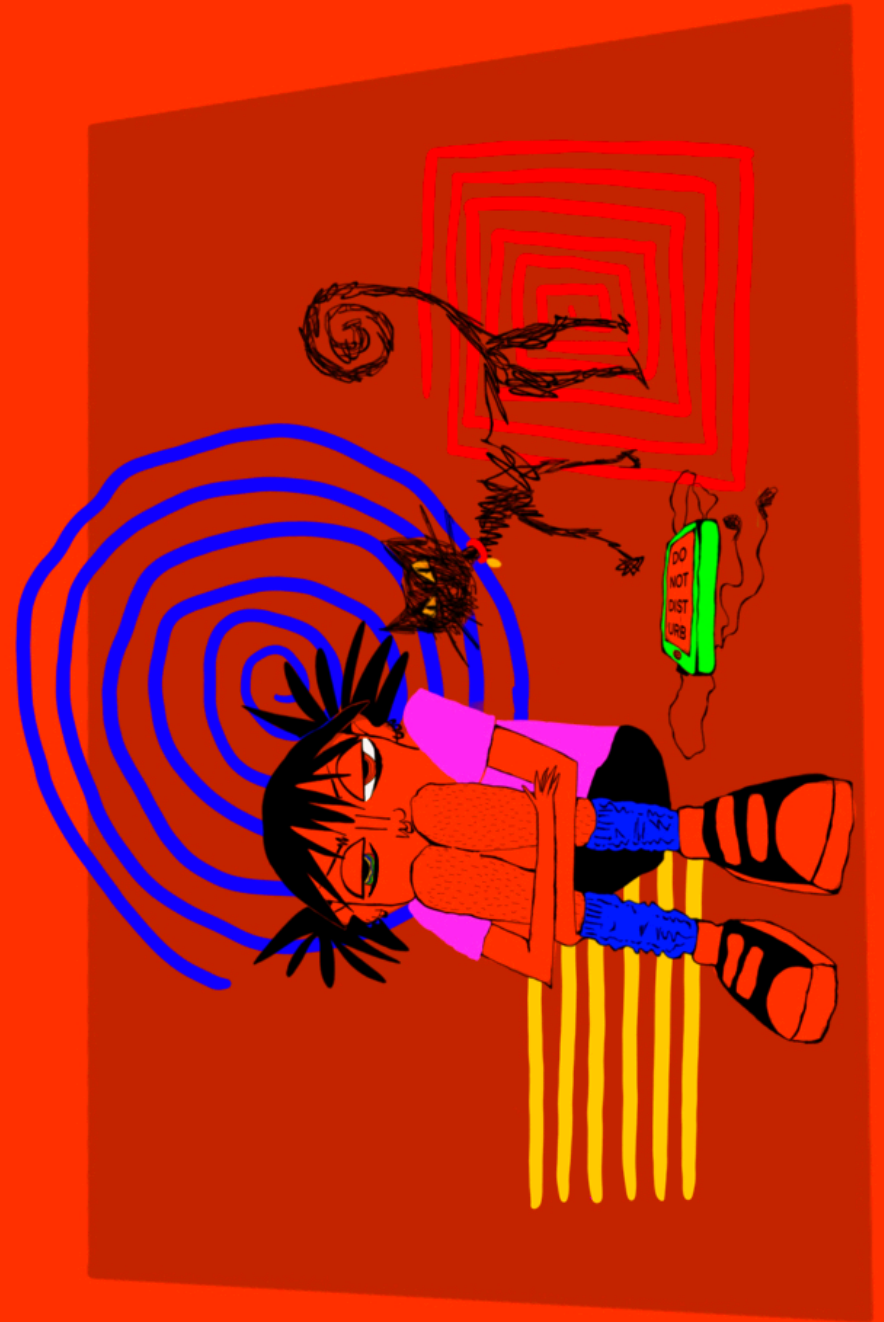


When I think of what makes this shit worth it, what keeps me going or inspired or hopeful, what comes to mind are the small daily reminders that a different world is possible. Biking, walking or trying to catch the bus around Baltimore I began to take notice of the prevalence of graffiti. The complex typography or iconoclastic messages scrawled over city streets, bridges, cars, sewers, tunnels, trains and bandos.

The fact is that in any place, if you look beneath the surface for even a second you will encounter small human made scribbles, little acts of self-expression and defiance. Proof that people will find ways to take back control of their environment no matter what.

The universal presence of graffiti shows me the inherent calling that humans have for writing our names on walls, even if it is as impermanent as ourselves. Writers put significant time and effort into a very temporal and fleeting piece of art, which in a way reminds me of the monks who create intricate designs in sand and then blow it all away. This commitment to doing something for the sake of it with no reassurance of a certain outcome, inspires me to continue practicing what is worth it in the present.

P.S. look up krime pays good on Youtube to see more Baltimore graff





out

loud

what is happening

quiet, the things that pass by are the things not noticed.  
for the longest time it has always been  
loud + heard = seen.  
and thats the thing,  
how do you truly get seen  
when it's so much easier to see what's loud.  
lately i find myself being loud  
but every time i'm betraying little me:  
the one who wanted to be seen for not being loud.  
we conform to society  
because being seen is powerful.  
being known is powerful.  
and when you have power you are seen.  
but then the question is,  
is it conforming or do i *want* to be loud.  
you would think being heard is being understood,  
news flash it isn't.  
but how do you fit into a world  
that is constantly telling you what is right  
and what is good  
because what if i like being loud.

14 stickers from annapolis

by: maya cho

THE  
ROMANTIC GARDEN;

*A Poem, in Two Parts.*

PART I.

CONTAINING

THE BLOOMS OF FLOWERS.

PART II.

CONTAINING

THE LOVES OF GARDENERS.



PART I.  
CANTO XIX.

*Flowers of Liberty*



There is a FLOWER, without no GARDEN is complete  
With one less growth, no arrangement can compete.—  
The way the bud forms, and how the bloom shines bright,  
Through the foulest of storms, and the darkest of nights;  
A toast to the time where we see its heights!  
Love seems more lovely, and spring leaves more sweetly  
When you hold these FLOWERS OF LIBERTY.

There are those who feed off its buds like hay,  
Those who fear the time of day;  
A toast to the thorns that stand in their way!  
May the barbs stay braced, and the pour serve aplenty  
When they stain these FLOWERS OF LIBERTY.



And you, GOOD GARDENER, know that title is not passive—  
A gardener is only a gardener if their garden is active.  
How much can we pray with our tools entomb?  
What worth is our work if we yield full bloom?  
A toast to the gardeners who'll see our full bloom!  
Take care, take eternity  
When you tend these FLOWERS OF LIBERTY.

PART II.  
CANTO XIII.

*A Toast*

Here's to us,  
The here and now;  
This pretty moment, that fate allowed.

Here's to all your scars, that still shine;  
Here's to all the times that made mine.

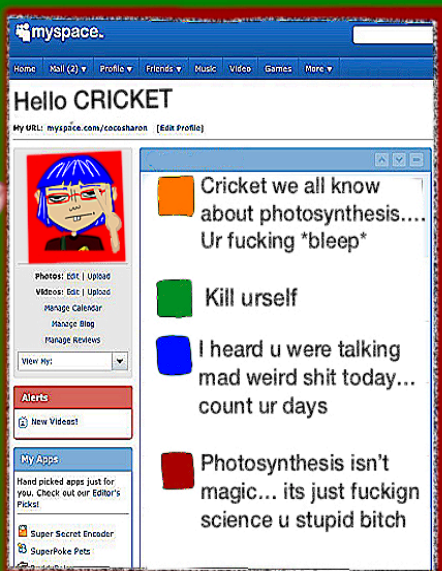
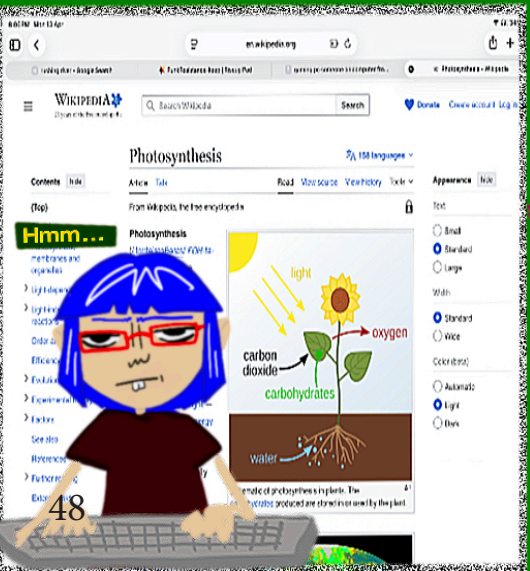
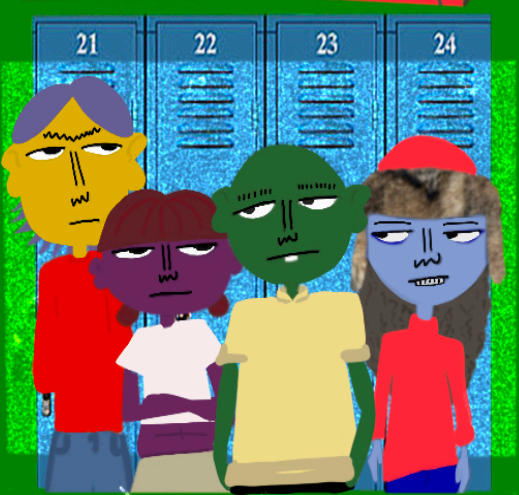


TO MY GREATEST  
OF APES.



LACTUCA FECIT.





beer  
bag  
sex  
cigs  
friends

sun  
sand  
bush  
bong  
freaks

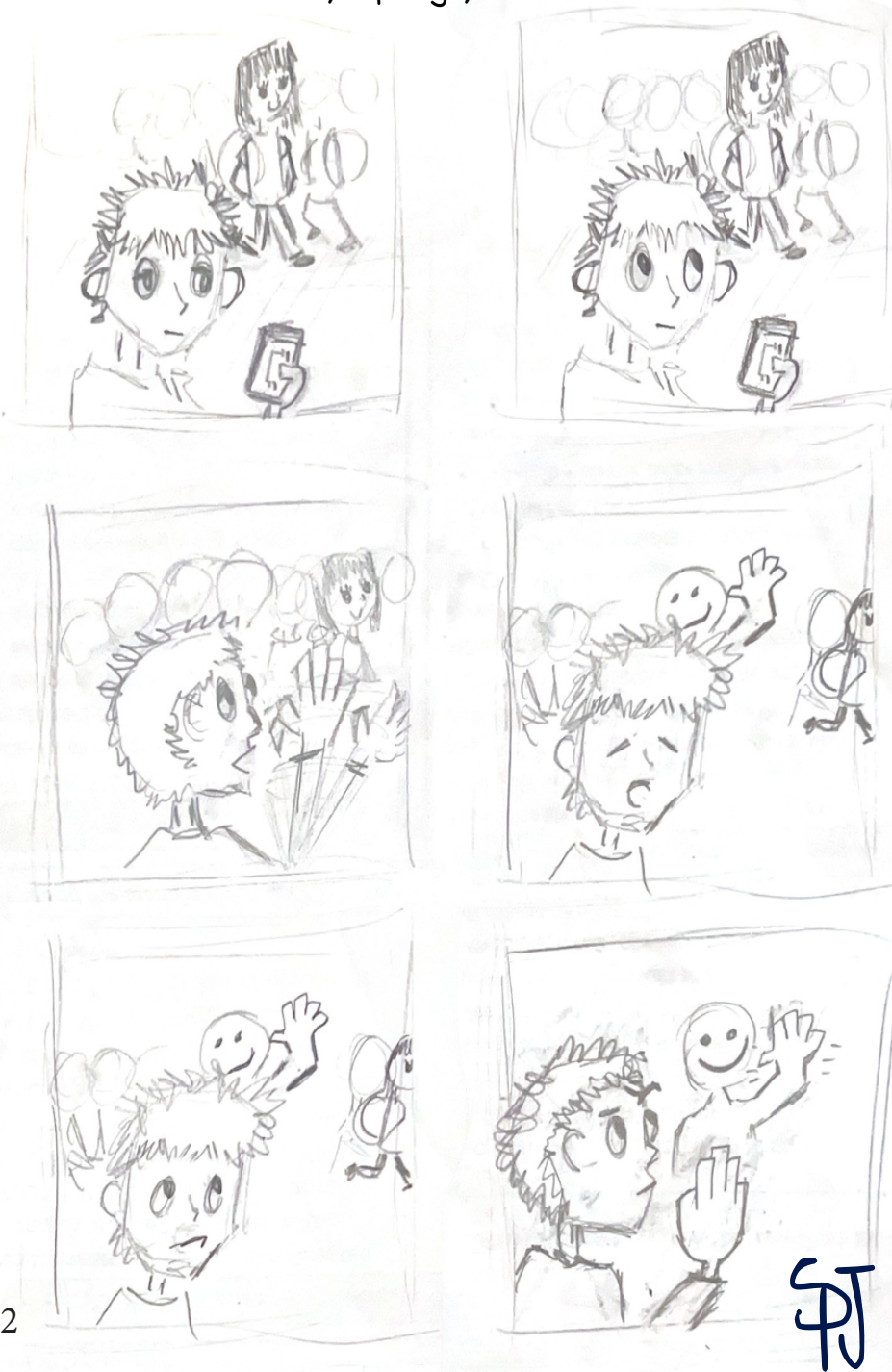
living  
laughing  
loving  
ugh

*and this is  
life*

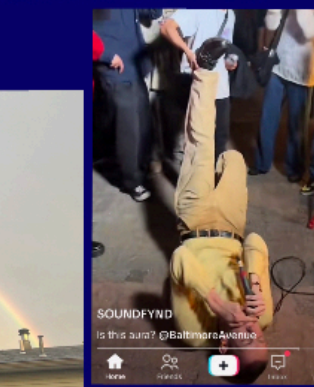


# Waves for a Stranger

By: Speedjay Navarro



1	E	2	D	3	I	4	T		5	I	6	U	7	D	8	S		9	A	10	N	11	I	12	T	13	A
14	B	I	G	I	15	F	T	R	U	E								16	P	O	S	E	D				
17	B	A	L	L	O	O	N	E	D									18	B	L	O	C	S				
		19	L	O	T	R		20	S	T	A	T		21		22	A	S	H	E							
			23	O	A	T	H		24		25	S	N	O	B		26		27	C	N	N					
					28	W	H	E	N		29				30	R	O	D	E	O	S						
					32	T	H	E	C	A	K	E	I	S	A	L	I	E									
					35	E	R	I	K	A	D	E	C	A	S	I	E	R									
36	S	P	I	R	I	T	A	N	I	M	A	L	S														
37	W	I	L	L	D	O							38	G	O	R	Y										
39	A	T	E			40	S	M	E	E				43	S	O	B	A		44							
45	H	O	M	E		46			47	B	E	L	A		48		49	U	R	I	S		50				
51	I	M	M	A	D				52				53	R	A	T	S	N	E	S	T		55	S			
56	L	E	A	V	E								57	I	N	E	E	D	A	H	U	G					
58	I	S	S	E	I								59	E	D	N	A			60	D	A	F	T			



# Reasons to Stay Alive

- Finally finding the name of that song that's been stuck in your head for years
- Graduating college
- Watching your brother get married
- Becoming an uncle
- New music will be released, new genres will be created, and new forms of creativity will be found
- Strangers can be very kind
- Your best friend loves you more than anything and would be devastated if she couldn't call you once a week
- To get better at water coloring
- To finally finish fixing your bike
- To make a stranger smile
- Being held by someone you love
- Sunsets are beautiful
- To inspire someone
- Curiosity; to see what happens next
- Watching a sunrise from a mountain top
- People need you
- Everything is temporary; this too shall pass
- There is so much you have yet to do
- People you have yet to meet
- Foods you have yet to try
- Crafting projects you have yet to complete
- Season 3 of Severance comes out in 2027
- Your bed is so comfy
- Warm coffee
- You cannot become a statistic for genderqueer folk who don't make it
- To positively influence others in society
- Getting a PhD one day
- Living proof that experience doesn't define you
- Long walks with your headphones on
- Continuing to make your grandma proud
- Nature is marvelous
- To expand this list
- "Every person you will ever meet has infinite worth, you are lovable and so am I" -Kent Hoffman

WMUC presents:  
**Requiem: For What It's Worth**  
**Imy3**  
**Cherub Tree**  
**Baltimore Avenue**  
**Scoria**



May 9 - Doors @ 7 - CP, MD - \$10

**WWJC**