

# REQUIEM: SUBVERSIVE BLESSINGS



SPRING 2025  
EDITION #4



This semester's edition of Requiem is titled Requiem: Subversive Blessings. The original concept idea was Requiem Blessings—an attempt to focus on that which we are grateful for. However, around this time the Tr\*mp admin had come into office and, despite how shit everything was already, it got worse. The more we thought about this semesters direction for Requiem the angstier we got. So we decided to lean into the angst and take inspiration from the concept of Subversive Blessings.

A subversive blessing is a blessing that doesn't abide by the rules of a traditional blessing. Traditional blessings can be quiet and polite, often asking for permission to be sanctified. Those are cool but we think we're all a little tired of asking for permission. In this edition of Requiem we want to demand, declare, and spit in the faces of those who have denied. We want to honor that which has been deemed unworthy or shameful—corporal messiness, failure, rage, queerness, etc. We want to reclaim and recreate a spiritual language that was stolen from us. A subversive blessing can be all of these things and more.

In the context of our zine, this semester's edition is an embodiment of this concept. It is a material space where our team has redefined what it means to bless and be blessed. It has been so cool to explore this concept together over the course of the semester. It was really special to see all the different directions our team members took this in, each with their own unique interpretations. The product of this collaborative exploration can be found within these pages. We hope you take time to sit with our work and are inspired to organize, create, connect, and bless.

Stay blessed,  
Alexa and Diya

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Welcome to

## Requiem for the Living

Each semester, Requiem takes shape as a zine, and we fund it by organizing a show. Those shows have been dope—but this time, we wanted our show to embody the soul of the project: Requiem: Subversive Blessings.

As you enter, zine in hand, know you're not just walking into a basement packed with sweaty 20-somethings. You're stepping into a ritual of sound, motion, and imagery.

Some of the most gorgeous artists of UMD have joined their minds to create a multidimensional performance unfolding throughout the house. Dancers are in motion throughout the house, our dj's soundscape flows all around and live video art overlays it all.

Take your time. Move slowly. Walk through the space with awareness and intention.

Sit with the movements. Let the sound hold you for a sec. Just be here fr.

Requiem for the Living, woven together by these artists, is a living, breathing subversive blessing. We really hope it touches your heart and inspires you to create and organize!

### Words from our artists:

Lately, I've been experimenting with this new sampler, and it's got me working more by feel than by thought. This shift in workflow has taken my style of vocal manipulation and groove-making to a much more intuitive level, where accidents feel more like invitations than errors. There's a dark beauty in flipping metallic scraps and chopped whispers into something that feels alive. It reminds me of the feeling of solace—finding comfort and growth in the unknown and uncomfortable.

— Bugg, @bu2xg

When I was first approached with the idea of making and performing music for the zine release, it led me to really reflect on what I wanted out of a live performance.

I've never done anything remotely close to this, but part of that discomfort made me realize how performing music I've written live can be exciting—and gives me far more control over experimenting compared to something simpler like DJing. I've fallen in love with metallic and inorganic sound design, and ever since I started using my current synth, an Elektron Digitone II, I've felt like I've been able to translate my ideas directly into sound. I'm incredibly excited to see how this performance allows everyone involved to express themselves.

— Rosebud, @rosebloombud

Dance freed me; it was only when I freed myself that I began to dance. I've been an artist my whole life—dabbling in everything from sculpture and henna to writing and film—but dance didn't come to me until my senior year of college (I'm turning 24 this year), when I took my first improv class. I don't know who I would be without it. We are all dancers. One of the most subversive things we can do is unburden ourselves from the restrictions placed on our bodies and release—together. That's what we're exploring with this piece: channeling a collective rage and fear, learning to embrace the blessing of being a burden, treating confrontation as liberation, and indulging in raw sensuality while upholding the power of earnest innocence. We can't wait to dance with you—and for you.

— Aadya Sharma, @aadyaadyaadya

Hi!! I'm Tori, a dancer and multimedia artist studying at UMD. Creating this show in collaboration with other local creatives has been inspiring and I'm so excited to experience this performance with everyone! Thank you to Alexa, Diya, and Sofya of the Requiem Zine team for conceptualizing this project and offering up your home, making performance art more accessible to everyone. Let's connect and make art together :p

— Tori Uleck, @flnalglrrrl\_

A subversive blessing, to me, is humans feeling free together! There's power in people being vulnerable with one another by impulsively expressing their emotions through movement. Dance brings people together and allows us to connect, communicate, and relate to each other in ways that no other form can. I hope to offer dance as a way for us to reconnect with our bodies and with each other. Now we can let go of societal pressures and let loose (be weirddd) in this beautiful community!

— Hannah Weatherholtz, @hwealth

My work harnesses the fragility of analog video to access the emergent color, shape, and movement lying within the circuitry. Video feedback lies at the heart of the performance, in which the outputs of modified video equipment are fed into themselves to create complex, fractalline structures. Old CCTV cameras trained on the dance performance provide a video source. Simple perturbations in video equipment iterated through feedback transform the grainy live footage into a glitchy wash of colors and symmetry, which both utilizes and parallels the dance performance.

— Trace Feed @trace\_feed



## INSPIRATION IS A MERCURIAL MISTRESS

Trying to reach  
Her soft hand,  
She eludes me  
Like waves in  
Ebbing tide.

When I am  
Heartbroken and alone,  
Her arms twine  
With mine  
As our souls  
intertwine.

I weave odes to your free spirit,  
No chains or desires  
Can bind you.  
Only the fierce wind  
dares to guide her.

Saint Valentine's glow is dimming,  
As the Love Letters  
I wrote to you  
Are ceaseless.

Admiring you again,  
My loved Erato,  
Makes my dark winter  
A bright summer.

Celebrating you...Us...  
Takes more  
Than a fleeting moment,  
It takes Chronos an eternity to  
Steal my final breath...  
Away for you.

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

(and thank fucking god)

Next week's forecast: Clouds this week will make way for full sun and clear skies. High 70deg. Plenty of sunshine.



## Privilege

Somewhere,  
someone younger than me  
has already become  
a memory.  
A name etched in  
soft stone,  
forever  
twenty,  
seventeen,  
eight.  
And here I am—  
breathing.  
A year older,  
not wiser,  
but still walking.  
I've cursed this day  
like it betrayed me,  
like time owed me something gentler.  
But truth hums low:  
Not everyone gets this far.

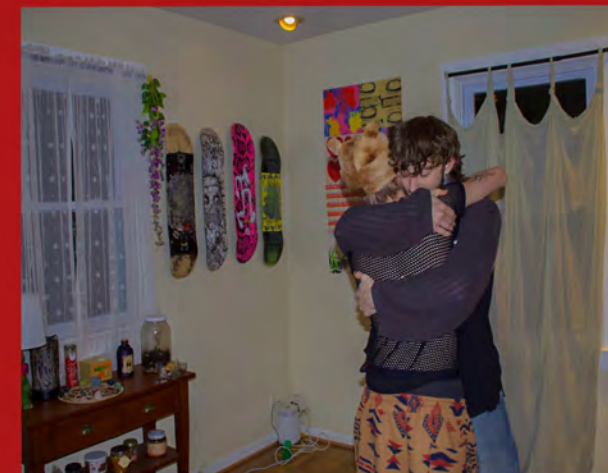
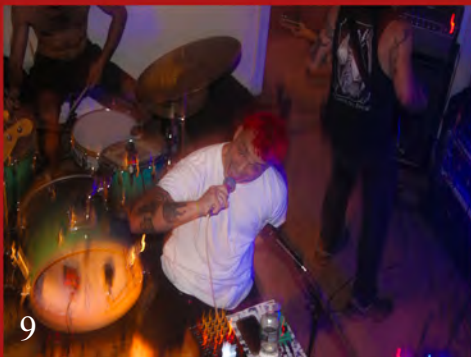


i  
am  
still  
unwrapping

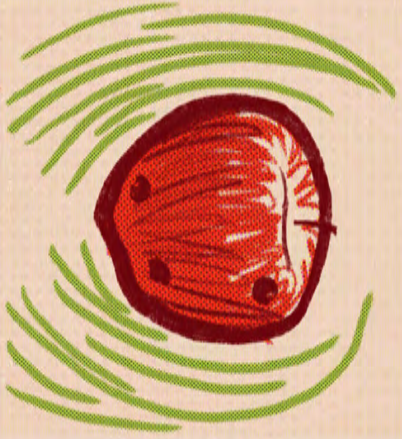


To age  
is not decay—  
it is permission.  
To wake up with new aches  
means I'm still here  
to feel them.  
To see a line  
form beneath my eyes  
means I've smiled  
enough to earn it.  
I light a candle,  
not for celebration,  
but for witness.  
To honor every version of me  
that thought she wouldn't  
make it here.  
make it here.  
And to honor the ones  
Who didn't.  
So I say thank you—  
softly,  
not because it fixes teacher,  
but because it reminds me:  
this breath,  
this day,  
this year—  
they are gifts  
I am still unwrapping.









you are enough and you're lucky to change and decompose because it's a sign of life and therefore continually reborn!



you are never wasted in nature. your mere existence, in shine or rot is continually in equilibrium

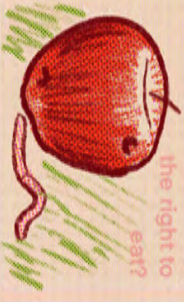
eggplant



dr tree and dr butterfly?



do i not have the right to live fully, to at least live up to my potential? will i be eaten fully now?



do i not have the right to eat?

how dare you bite into me?

# Norman Doors

For a project in my info design class, I was tasked with finding Norman Doors around campus. What's a Norman door? Think: have you ever approached a door with a handle, tried to pull it, and realized you were suppose to push it. That's basically what a Norman door is. A poorly designed door (or object) that is confusing or difficult to use. Some guy "discovered" poorly made doors and named them after himself. Anyways here's two I found on campus:



I was really hungry one night, and the 24 hour subway was the only thing opened. Low and behold it lead me to a Norman Door. Don't be fooled by the handle... Its a push door!

ESJ is my favorite building to study in.

The day after I learned about Norman Doors, I noticed that my favorite building betrayed me. Behold, this is a push door with a handle.





# RETURN TO MATERIALITY

BY TIFFANY WANG

ON ONE SNOWY DAY IN BOSTON, I WAS READING THE BOOK "ON EARTH WE'RE BRIEFLY GORGEOUS" BY OCEAN VUONG FOR A CLASS ASSIGNMENT.

ONE LINE THAT PARTICULARLY STOOD OUT TO ME IS THIS: "IN VIETNAMESE, THE WORD FOR MISSING SOMEONE AND REMEMBERING THEM IS THE SAME: NHỚ. SOMETIMES, WHEN YOU ASK ME OVER THE PHONE, CỎ NHỚ MẸ KHÔNG? I FLINCH, THINKING YOU MEANT, DO YOU REMEMBER ME?"

THE BLURRED LINE BETWEEN MISSING AND REMEMBERING MADE ME WONDER, ARE THEY THE SAME ACTION? INTRIGUED BY THIS IDEA, I DECIDED TO DIG DEEPER. IN MANDARIN, MISSING AND REMEMBERING ARE EXPRESSED BY THE SAME VERB, "想." THIS LINGUISTIC OVERLAP MADE ME QUESTION: HOW DO WE TRULY REMEMBER? THE ARTIST FÉLIX GONZÁLEZ-TORRES BRINGS A BEAUTIFUL SOLUTION IN HIS WORK "UNTITLED (PORTRAIT OF ROSS IN L.A.)."



THE SCULPTURAL FORM CONSISTS OF 175 POUNDS OF COLORFUL, SHINY CANDY. THE IDEAL WEIGHT OF 175 POUNDS CORRESPONDS TO THE SUBJECT OF THE PORTRAIT, ROSS LAYCOCK, TORRES'S PARTNER WHO DIED FROM AIDS IN 1991. THE VIEWER PARTICIPATES IN ROSS'S DIMINISHMENT BY TAKING AND CONSUMING THE CANDY. THE ACT OF TAKING THE CANDY SYMBOLIZES A LOSS WHILE CONSUMING IT BECOMES AN INTIMATE ACT OF REMEMBRANCE.

THIS IDEA OF TANGIBLE MEMORY RESONATED DEEPLY WITH ME. WHEN I ATTENDED AN ALL-GIRLS BOARDING SCHOOL IN TAIPEI, WE WOULD HAVE TO HAND IN OUR PHONES TO OUR HOMEROOM TEACHER EVERY MONDAY MORNING. WHENEVER WE HAD A SCHOOL EVENT, SUCH AS OUR SCHOOL FAIR OR PROM, WE WOULD INSTEAD BRING OUR POLAROID CAMERAS TO TAKE PICTURES. LAST SUMMER, WHILE I WAS HOME FROM COLLEGE, I WAS RUMMAGING THROUGH THE DRAWERS IN MY CHILDHOOD BEDROOM WHEN I DISCOVERED POLAROIDS AND LETTERS FROM MY MIDDLE SCHOOL FRIENDS.



THE PHYSICAL ACT OF HOLDING THE POLAROIDS IN MY HANDS WAS A VISCERAL EXPERIENCE SO DIFFERENT FROM SCROLLING THROUGH THE PHOTO APP ON MY IPHONE. IT FELT LIKE A SOLID ACT OF REMEMBRANCE, GROUNDING ME IN A MOMENT THAT DIGITAL IMAGES OFTEN FAIL TO CAPTURE. THE RECENT RESURGENCE OF FILM AND DIGITAL CAMERAS REFLECTS A CRAVING FOR MATERIALITY IN AN INCREASINGLY DIGITAL WORLD. THE PICTURES OFFER TANGIBLE ACCESS TO OUR MEMORIES, EVEN THOUGH THEY MIGHT SEEM CLUNKY OR OUTDATED. THESE ARTIFACTS OFFER A WAY TO ANCHOR OUR MEMORIES IN SOMETHING MATERIAL, REMINDING US THAT SOMETIMES, REMEMBERING IS ABOUT MORE THAN JUST AN AIRDROP.



# WHAT ARE WE BUT FOOLS IN THE CYCLE OF SAMSARA

clinging to ephemerality in a desperate attempt to be seen, to be heard - to taste life in order to understand love. do not fear desire, do not fear death, want - love passionately and radically and without shame, we as creatures are set in motion by love, generating wind with our whirling hearts and spurring the trees to dance in kind. you only get to die for having lived, yet the day you die is the day you truly live. you are your own shadow - be annihilated in the rays of the sun and allow the light to filter through your jagged soul. Disappear Here. In a world without pain I have no ego and I must scream. Rip through a world doomed to dissolve by the force of our own hands? In a world without pain I have no ego and I must scream. Rip through a world doomed to dissolve by the force of our own hands?

## SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT WILL NEVER SATISFY US





By: Abby Heng

# Dogs Are



A dog won't be aggressive without reason

A mistreated dog will respond and defend itself to survive

A loved dog will respond with unconditional love

To be loved is a blessing taken for granted

Pure love defies expectations

strengthens our connections in a divided world

Dogs are not scary; show them love

# Not Scary



# dyads

by abigail stallworth



Being your older sister is the role I  
cherish most in life. My life changed  
when I was 10 and you came into  
the world. How wonderful it is to  
have a bond to love and cherish,  
forever. You are my jelly fish - beautiful,  
mystic, something that couldn't have  
stemmed from just this world. I luv  
you Heven



Blue Suits Me Well  
By Carol  
There's nothing left  
to do—  
or think of at that—  
so, if my thoughts  
make me blue,  
let my sadness be a  
hat.

Embrace it for now,  
it's okay to dwell.  
There's beauty,  
somehow,  
cause blue suits me  
well.





Never Ever  
Raykiss

Never Ever was my favorite song while I was an undergraduate radio host at KUCI 88.9 FM and it is the song that reminds me of college radio. I have play it here in my WMUC 90.5FM show from time to time, feels nostalgic now.

I was in a really bad situation, my first marriage. I was so unhappy and couldn't even think straight. I left our apartment for work, turned on the car radio and heard this song. I knew listening to that song exactly what to do, I saw the lawyer the next day and filed for divorce.



Mistakes Like This  
Praelow

This song has been with me since I was in 6th grade and has always represented my experience while developing feelings for another person, as I typically only find people attractive as I become close to them. I used to feel negative thoughts to this song due to previous relationships and realizing that my feelings were in fact a "mistake." Now, after being in a 4 year healthy relationship, I look at this song with fond memories and sort of laugh after my apparent "mistake" for falling for my boyfriend is nothing but one of the best things to happen to me!

yeah yeah I know ew coldplay but for some reason that song got me through fall of junior year when my life was both amazing and falling apart at the seams. it's still gut wrenching to listen to but I do it from time to time just to go back to that moment and get lost in a bittersweet memory



Vienna  
Billy Joel

Vienna by Billy Joel has been my anthem for as long as I can remember. My dad is a huge Billy Joel fan-his CD collection was basically all Billy Joel albums. I was named after a family member, Alex, but the choice to make it Alexa was inspired by Billy Joel, whose daughter shares the name. Before I understood that my family had zero actual connection to him, I felt strangely tied to this girl named Alexa.

i'd always listen to it while riding the manhattan 6 train back home after a show. it has this amazing dance quality that paired well with the adrenaline i felt after a hardcore show, but the lyrics - specifically about your friends - made me feel really weirdly connected to the city and also those closest to me.



Everything Is Alright  
Four Tet

This song was one of the first songs I heard on the radio; it would play as an ad break for All Things Considered on NPR. It was probably the first guitar riff I've ever fell in love with, and made me appreciate the amazing music that NPR would play during show intermissions and made me want to hunt all of them down because they never announced the name of the song nor artist whenever they did. When I heard Four Tet's album Pause (which this song is featured on) randomly last year, it immediately transported me back to being in the back seat of my moms car from soccer practice in middle school. My appreciation for the song has grown as now I've heard the full version with all the little intricacies of how the song builds.



14, Too Late  
Carole King



See You Soon  
Coldplay



Dance Yourself Clean  
LCD Soundsystem

# MIXTAPES MEMORIES



Layla  
Eric Clapton

I had only been in Brighton for 1 week and I was struggling to navigate a new country by myself. I met a group of people in a pub and they invited me to this open mic night. the venue was underneath a pub in this super cool basement decorated with tons of rugs and fairy lights! my new friend that i met decided to go up with another person and play layla! they absolutely crushed it and everyone was singing along and laughing. i loved how it brought so many people together and since then ive been obsessed with that song!!!! whenever i hear it i just get a feeling of warmth and happiness bc of that memory

Listening to "Been Caught Stealing" by Jane's Addiction brings back memories of warm summer days spent driving with my closest friends to our favorite hangout spots. I remember singing and dancing in the car to that song. Now, years later, whenever I hear it-especially the vocable part-I'm brought back to that carefree time.



Been Caught Stealing  
Jane's Addiction



Franks  
Surf Grive

The summer I turned seventeen all my friends had already left for college but were back for break. My one best friend and I wanted to go on a date to Applebees and our other friend was a waiter there. I texted him to see if he was working that night and he wasn't, so he took that as an invitation for him and all three of his brothers to crash our date. We went to Applebees and afterwards drove around town and ended up at a Walmart where we bought chalk and drew pentises all over the parking lot. I don't talk to any of the brothers anymore for various reasons but I miss those days

I was sitting next one of my best friends ever on a late night bus ride home, and when this song came on I felt compelled to lay my head on her shoulder and I didn't know it but this was the moment that I fell in love with her. Every time I listen to this song it still takes me back to that moment.



Origami  
The Rare Occasions



Surfin' USA  
The Beach Boys

this was my papas favorite band and he loved the beach boys. whenever my mom and i visit his grave it's really sad and it's difficult for my mom. but one time when i visited him with my cousins they were blasting surf in USA with the windows down so he could hear it to. that song reminds me of that moment and helps me realize it doenst have to be a sad time every time i visit him and has helped me grieve i guess.

I was a single mom of 2 elementary school boys, working full time and trying to get into law school. I took the LASAT with little study/help due my chaotic life. I needed a 145 to get into my Ivey league law school and got a 144. I was devastated. I didn't have the money or time to try again. No one by Alicia Keys gave me a reminder to not give up and to fulfill my dream of going to law school.



No One  
Alicia Keys

What is a song that brings you back to a memory - a person, a place, or any moment in your life?





# CYCLOPS

by Atem Fontem

Sometime in Fall 2022, I saw an ad for these crazy yellow Star Trek-style glasses on Amazon for \$10. They were selling them in a multicolor pack of 4, so I bought them just to get the yellow ones because 1) yellow is my favorite color, and 2) how epic of a look is it to walk around looking like Cyclops from X-Men? I would wear it to random UMD gatherings because it was a simple way to start conversation with someone. I'd literally bring it everywhere with me like a teddy bear because it provided a sense of escapism and security for me. I didn't have to be some random person sitting on the wall being terrorized by social anxiety; instead I had a Hannah Montana-style alter-ego and not feel like my awkward self and have fun. It became a bit to pass it around to people, breaking the ice and making new friends. What originally was a cheap impulse buy turned into a tool for connection, vulnerability, and silliness. Connection doesn't have to be serious to be real. So, for the last 2 years-ish, I decided to take pictures of people wearing the yellow shades as a sort of personal quest, art project, whatever the hell you could call it, as a whole some way to remember the great times I had with people during my time on campus. I have a photo album of over 200 pictures of people wearing them in different settings and happenings. If I didn't get that random Instagram ad in 2022, I wouldn't have made so many amazing friendships with so many amazing people, something of a subversive blessing in a way.

A funny note, I've probably lost 8 or 9 pairs of the shades. Totally fine with that though if it means the joy can live on through someone else. ☺️ xoxo



join the cult.  
we have cookies.



UMDSKATEBOARDING CLUB

terps/sk8



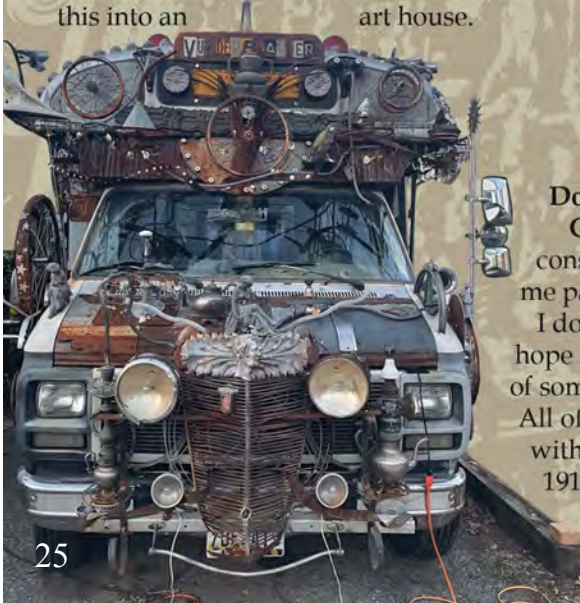


# Chat With Clarke of VANADU ART HOUSE

Interview by Sofya K. and Benno W.  
Spread by Sofya K.

**How did you start decorating the house?**

**Clarke:** I moved here in 2000, I had lived in University Park with my then-wife and kids... I brought a lot of art and stuff with me that I made, and one of the things I was doing was playing around with decorating a car because I read about art cars online. So then I had an art car here, and I just sort of caught the spirit ... I think excess is its own reward, and when I retired from the Hirshorn in 2013, for about 5 years after that, I was just going crazy putting things on the house outside, putting things on the fence and making more things. Then I decided what I wanted to do was to turn this into an art house.



25

In the suburbs of Hyattsville sits a peculiar structure straight out of a steampunk fantasy.

Vanadu Art House — the home and 20-year artistic endeavor of Clarke Bedford (77) — is an otherwise ordinary house transformed into a spectacle. Its front yard, fence, and exterior walls are completely covered with recycled objects: mosaics, statues, and scrap metal. Five cars and a van, equally decorated, complete the scene. We had the pleasure of visiting the house and speaking with Clarke about his life, creative process, and the philosophy behind his work.



Just like the exterior, the inside of the house is meticulously decorated

**Do things ever fall on your head?**

**Clarke:** No, my career as an art conservator did one thing — it made me pay attention to how I do things. So I don't just stick things up there and hope it's OK — I'm aware of the weight of something, the materials, and all that. All of the things on the ceiling are held with mostly drywall screws. This is a 1918 house with wooden lathes and real plaster that's got wire mesh, so there's a lot to catch on to.

**Why do you think more people don't do things like the art house?**

**Clarke:** ...This country just does not have a cultural aesthetic. It has an official one, which is the art market.

The people with money [in this country] just do kind of predictable, dull stuff. And you can go out and see their houses, and they are so restrained and, well, boring. So maybe it's as simple as that - the rich need to have it in their tradition that they are supposed to do something artistic.



The workshop where Clarke works on his projects



DEBACLE



**Any advice for young artists?**

**Clarke:** I would say that if you are artistic... you have a choice between doing art only and doing a commercial version of it a lot of the time, or keeping art separate and doing another gig that provides money. And either one works. I mean, I know a guy who drives a truck half a year, and the other half he does art. Some people are temperamentally suited to that, and some people aren't.

For more info on the art house visit  
[www.vanaduarthouse.org](http://www.vanaduarthouse.org)



The front yard of the house

**Could you tell me more about your time as an art conservator?**

**Clarke:** I started there [Hirshorn Museum] in 1980...I worked on a lot of paintings — oil paintings, mostly — then it became more and more contemporary and theoretical. The conservation aspect is not like what you would see at the National Gallery, where you might be working on a 15th-century icon or something. It's still a job, but my goal in life was to never have to work, and it was as close as I could get because it's such a peculiar thing to do. It's kind of a game, and the museum people would leave you alone with it because they had no idea what you were doing.



26



Side by side we kneel:  
She prays for me to change,  
I pray to stay the same

Let my teenage insistence that nothing is a  
My grip on this stasis age like wine  
Let me never lose this,  
Never unlearn this feeling  
Let youth be fleeting, but never this—  
Never the Love.

I vow to never change,  
To live through the storms of my 20s  
And come out the other side  
Still kissing boygirls  
Still swapping hormones  
Be radical in your joy and I'll  
Be domestic in my love

Today, tomorrow, and every day that follows  
I promise you to spit in their faces  
To exist. Forever  
Love you and  
Love me



I wanted to create a piece that represented the expressiveness of someone's identity, and how if it's different then what others consider "normal", they don't take it seriously. This piece included layers on layers of color, yet the thing that catches someone's attention the most is the unserious existence of the fish. The fishes only include one layer of pencil, while the person themselves includes every aspect and color of their identity. People don't want to look past what they don't want to take seriously.

- Caroline Taylor



I looked at him  
across the table

the way his trembling hands  
offered worship his eyes  
so full of me I could  
hardly breathe for the  
weight of it his mouth  
opened but I found that  
all I could hear was her  
laughter

yes

that haunting sound she gave me  
months ago a secret she forgot to hide  
how it made me feel like a girl  
worth knowing in the dark

yes

I can still feel the thrill of it  
in my heart even now  
while he stares  
and waits  
for some word any word

the pity welling up in me but it  
doesn't reach my lips because I  
know i will only give him silence

yes

and in that silence I remember her teeth  
just killing in the night my head was  
dripping red it was her smile that seeps  
my mind

yes

so sharp I feel to tear every page out of every  
book until only words of light remain

yes

I would read them all read the  
worthlessness

and hollow

so she never has to

yes

I would cut a world of sound so only songs  
touched by divinity would reach her ear

yes

I would stand in my ruin burning and crying like mad for her  
let her believe in coincidence if it spares her the  
knowledge of my **desperation**

call it **devotion**

yes

I would orchestrate every moment at her feet with such precision  
she'd think it was the hand of God guiding us

yes

and I think she might know that I am so naive  
and she might be able to tell that every time  
I step outside I look at faces with a purpose  
People are smiling at me from their cars  
as I walk in the sun they know that  
as I breathe in the air of her absence  
it wrecks my lungs

yes

I want to taste  
the living of her  
not the thought of her  
not the memories that  
drip at my feet  
and keep me awake

so I will wait until I see her again

yes

until I can let this ache sleep  
and when she finally looks at me

unguarded

**unashamed**

like she did that  
night

yes

I will answer her  
without hesitation

yes

I will give her what is left of me in a  
single breath and if she laughs if she  
asks I will say yes I will Yes

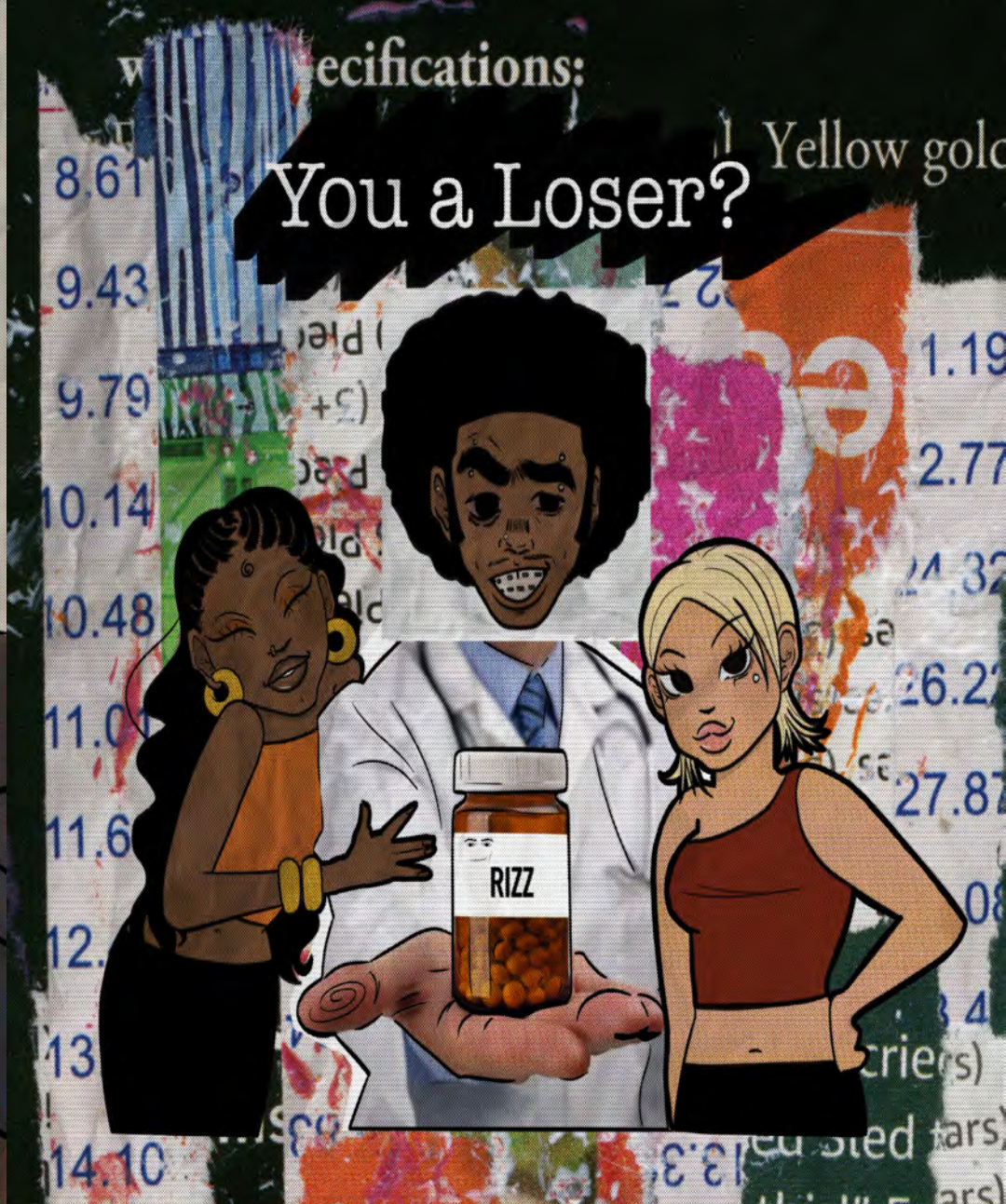
love,  
natural skies  
& squirrel



# Cricket's Inner Citadel







**Don't scare the girls away,  
Get a bottle of Rizz today!**



## External Happiness: Imagining a Life Outside of Your Own

I've had a way of imagining a life for  
myself;  
One where I get to experience everything  
I've ever hoped for.

I live vicariously through people and  
things older than me, so much so that I  
envision myself living as they were through  
their own memories throughout numerous  
eras.

The irony of the human tendency to desire  
an external happiness, somewhere other than  
their current state, is a never-ending  
phenomenon.  
Here, right now, nothing feels truly real.  
Hidden behind a screen, I write this.

I get so lost in the films.  
The music.  
The pictures.  
The stories.

I envision my life through these things.  
A life where all I've ever imagined and  
dreamt of is real.

I've always been told I have an old soul.  
It's no wonder, I've always been surrounded  
by adults.

I was born into a speaking world.

I ask my mom, dad, and grandparents to  
repeat the same stories I've heard over and  
over again.

I wish I could have experienced those  
memories;

Live each of their lives as if it was my  
own.

I've never experienced them, but in my mind  
I have.

I am completely engulfed by my own  
imagination;

I try to make it a reality for myself.

It's as though I'm envisioning myself  
living up to that memory and seeing it as  
my future, though that time has passed long  
ago.

Have others hungered this much for a  
nostalgia they've never experienced?

There's so many things I will not know and  
learn before I die, but at least I have the  
experiences of others for me to live  
through,  
In my head.

Ironical enough, these things are not real,  
But they were for others,  
Maybe they can be for me too.

## The Gold of You Claire S.

As the days grow longer  
I begin to long for you,  
Like the breeze that separates us,  
warm and wonderful.

My flesh desires your feeling,  
Fingers painting masterpieces,  
And spilling secrets  
On my back.

I find you in the orange of the sun,  
Remembering the feeling of gold  
Against my cheeks  
Until the sky turns dark.

I miss you more  
With every shift of the stars,  
And every night I wonder  
Why the whispers of creation haunt me,

But it all comes down to you.



Whatever happened to Polnikov?  
Sang the guardians with the radio  
While the inmates waited for  
The low tide to appear

Digging with plastic spoons  
They were close to  
Destroy the walls of  
That shithole

Salt in the air made them Frantic to escape!  
From This disgusting prison  
Thank God the guards are pervs!

Polnikov survived!  
Now he is fleeing  
Away from Stalin!

Those pigs watched playboy  
And jerked all night long  
The prisoners created  
Ladders with dirty blankets  
The guards are hypnotized!

The song is still on!  
They exclaimed when dropping to  
the Feral ocean  
Full of cigarettes and stripped sharks

Whatever happened to Polnikov?  
Sang the guardians  
While they were coming  
Ignoring the inmate's gift

Polnikov is in America now!  
Eating hamburgers  
And enjoying freedom!

Clock, clock, clock  
The guards ate Viagra  
Getting ready for  
Another round.

Under the noses of the pigs  
The inmates battling smoking sharks  
Shouted farewell pigs!  
And the bomb exploded  
As they found a brief relief in desperation

Whatever happened to Polnikov?  
I don't know! I don't care!  
Playboy pages are flying around  
The sharks eat dicks  
And the inmates escaped!

The radio is Boken  
Polnikov is nowhere to be heard!

Sebastian Suarez







## Musa de las Estaciones

Si la Primavera  
te conociera,  
querida Musa,  
sus flores se marchitarían  
de envidia.

Y su viento helaría  
al oír estas palabras  
que te dejo,  
mi inspiración  
celestial.

Si fuera adivino,  
te diría que las  
estaciones nacieron  
porque la Tierra tiene  
que renovar  
su manto esmeralda  
para igualar  
tu eterna belleza.





Campus News  
SGA committee votes against  
divestment resolution

April 25, 2024

Although a bill literally titled..

DIVESTMENT FROM COMPANIES  
COMPLICIT IN HUMANS RIGHTS  
VIOLATIONS

..got shot down

ANOTHER BILL WITH THE SAME RESOLUTION  
FOR TRANSPARENT INVESTMENT PASSED  
UNDER A DIFFERENT NAME



We so clearly see how our  
struggles are linked, our liberation  
being one in the same. Buried  
in our struggle is an undeniable,  
unfathomable, unified strength  
and love. ONE THAT WILL IN-TURN BURY  
OUR STRUGGLE

CAMPUS NEWS

UMD SGA passes resolution calling on  
divestment from fossil fuel industry

April 28, 2024



DISCLOSE, DIVEST

WE WILL NOT



WE WILL NOT REST

LET PEOPLE BLUNDER IN HATE?  
FEAR-

Although it shackles us,  
and them, we  
have the CLARITY  
of struggle - that if  
tapped into -

CAN MAKE US  
WIN  
ANYTHING

Bless



# ♥ Romantic Heather ♥

Sebastian Suarez

As my hand freezes  
Under a thousand  
Frail flakes,

My mind looks in  
The rooms that  
Fit the countless  
Memories of you

That only St. Peter  
can guard  
From fading

While my eyes  
Try to decode  
Your presence.

I am nothing  
But a man  
Trying to undertake  
God's opus!

By painting you  
With words banished  
From Eden.

Not even a million  
Lives on this earth  
Would be enough  
For me to capture  
Her essence

If my endless  
Lives evoke  
Vishnu's wrath,  
It is only a slap  
on the wrist  
compared to...

Losing you.





# Sustainable Living College Park

## Your Guide to Reducing Waste through Community

### UMD's On-Campus Services

#### UMD WEB MAP

UMD's online map is a great resource to find on-campus battery recycling locations, compost collection locations, and outdoor waste disposal locations. Just select the 'Recycling & Waste Disposal' feature for a comprehensive view of these services & their locations. Use this resource to also discover on-campus maker spaces, where students can utilize materials and tools for free! Select 'Campus Services' then 'Makerspaces' or visit [makerspace.umd.edu](http://makerspace.umd.edu) for more information.



#### TERP TO TERP REUSE STORE

Located on the ground floor of Harford Hall, Terp to Terp accepts & provides small appliances, kitchen/cooking items, room accessories, school supplies (unused), and clothing (clean & gently used). Shop the store via appointment ([reslife.umd/terptoterp](http://reslife.umd/terptoterp)) and bring personal bags. You may donate via collection bins located in Residence Halls or Annapolis Hall for non campus residents.



#### CAMPUS PANTRY

Over 20% of the student population lack access to affordable and nutritious food. Visit the campus pantry 10am-5pm most weeks Monday-Friday. If you aren't food insecure and want to help there are a plethora of volunteer opportunities. You may also donate to the pantry. Currently the most needed non-perishable items are: broth, oil, herbs and spices, flour, vinegar, grains, cereal, oatmeal, or other non-perishable breakfast items, dried fruit, canned milk, canned fish or poultry, canned or dry beans, canned tomatoes, salsa, pasta sauce, peanut butter, mayonnaise, and soy sauce.



#### TERRAPIN TRADER

A hidden gem on the outskirts of College Park, Terrapin Trader is a great place to find surplus furniture, computers and office equipment, lab/scientific equipment, vehicles, new athletic clothing/shoes, and other crazy goodies. Open on Tuesday-Thursday 9 a.m. -1 p.m and located at the Severn Building (5245 Greenbelt Road).



#### FREE LIBRARY @MCKELDIN LIBRARY

Don't sleep on Mckeldin's free library located in the front lobby. One person's trash is always another person's treasure! This is a great alternative to trashing that slightly beat-up book cover, unfashionable old lamp, or random trinket box you no longer have space for. There's always someone who finds use for these items and it's a lot more ethical than donating to a second-hand mega-corporation like Goodwill where it could end up in a landfill or get ridiculously priced.



## Off-Campus Resources in the Surrounding Area

### College Park

#### FOOD SCRAP COLLECTION PROGRAMS

The City of College Park provides affordable and efficient composting services. You can apply for the Curbside Food Scrap Collection Program for free through the city. This option requires a one-time purchase of a 12-gallon wheeled cart (\$13.00), or a 5-gallon bucket (\$9.00). The container will be picked up for free each week!



You may also drop off scrap food at designated drop off locations. Separate the accepted food scrap items from other trash and place in either a compostable bag (available at the Department of Public Works for free) or in a container with a closed lid (for example - empty

coffee containers with sealing lids are great for this).

Once it gets full, bring the food scraps to the designated drop-off area at Davis Hall or the Old Town Playground and Community Garden.

#### OTHER RECYCLING & DONATION OPPORTUNITIES

Visit <https://www.collegeparkmd.gov/361/Other-Recycling-Donation-Opportunities> for an in-depth list of local donation services provided by places like Lowe's, Home Depot, MOMs, and Ikea.

This site provides info about where to donate cars, batteries, books, construction materials, clothing/household goods, electronics recycling, eyeglasses, lights, medicine, metal clothes hangers, motor oil, paint, pet food and supplies, plastic bags, printer ink cartridges, styrofoam and packaging, and more!



## Greenbelt Community Spaces & Services

#### GREENBELT MAKER SPACE

The Greenbelt Maker Space is an awesome resource for rescuing broken and damaged items from recycle or garbage bins. Located in the Roosevelt Center Plaza across from the Old Greenbelt Movie Theater, they offer a free Tool Library in the basement along with periodic 'Repair Cafes' and classes. Borrow tools from the Tool Library Saturdays 10 a.m. to noon and Sundays 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.



Learn how to repair your stuff or help others at a Repair Cafe. Common items include clothing, furniture, kitchen appliances, computers, jewelry, toys, & simple bicycle repairs. Some repairs require experienced people or need matching materials / spare parts, which the owners may already have. Otherwise, the Maker Space will assist them in ordering needed parts from local businesses.

#### THE SPACE - "FREE ART FOR ALL"



Stationed at the Beltway Plaza Mall (an architectural and community gem) The Space is a community arts collective aiming to foster community through free arts access. On the first floor near the AMC you can find their art materials library and a free book library. Their second space next to the Shopper's World is where The Space hosts free events & classes like sewing, strings & keys,

gaming, yoga, art entrepreneurship and more. Visit their website or join the slack to get involved!

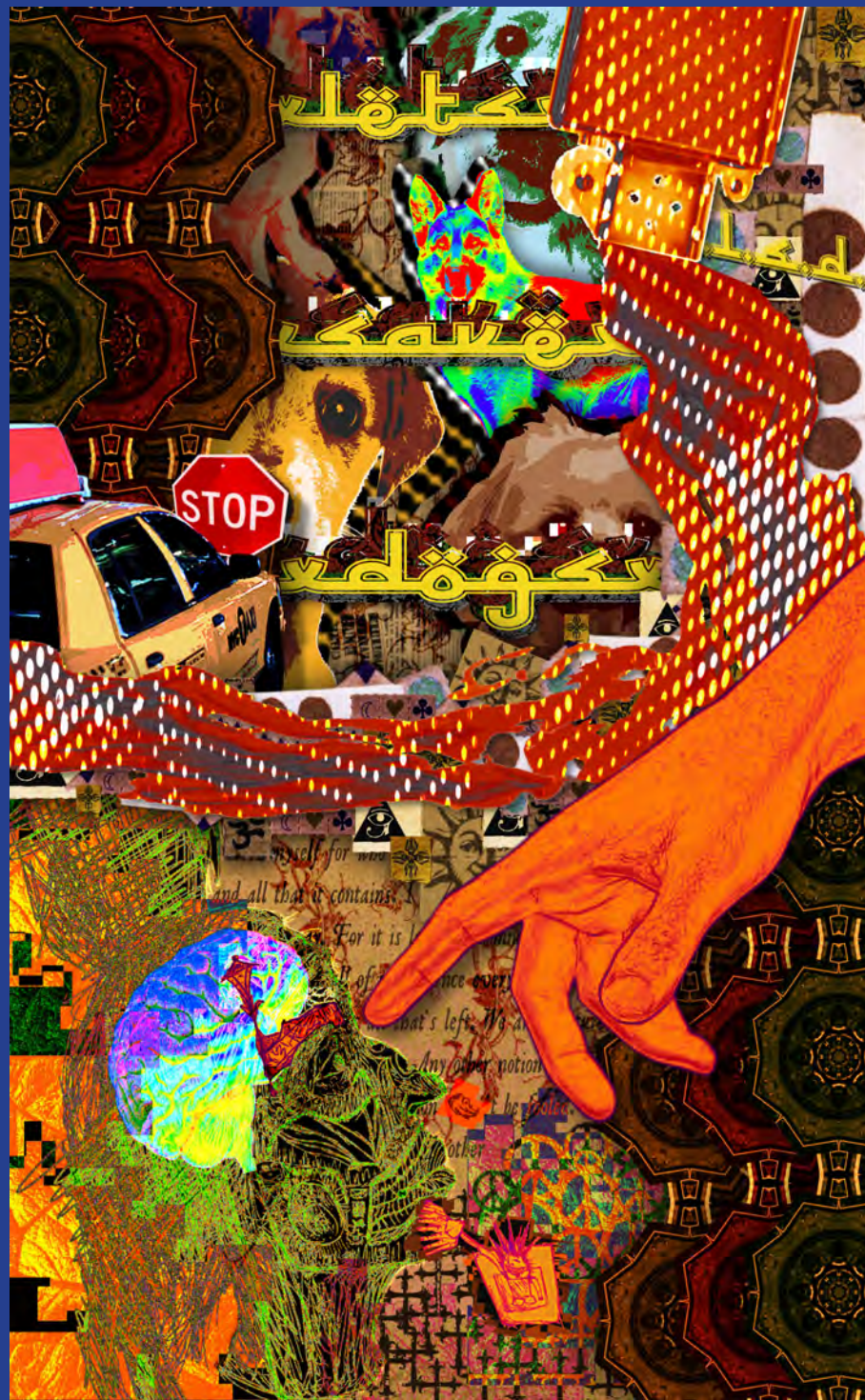


I AM HAPPY EVERYONE LOVES ME!



WE ARE CREATURES WHO ARE HAIRPINZED FOR EACH OTHER. AM OTHER. NOTION IS A FACADE. DON'T BE FOOLED. ALL WE NEED IS EACH OTHER.

I SEE MYSELF FOR WHO I AM. I SEE MYSELF, MY MIND, AND ALL THAT IT CONTAINS.



I LET ALL OF IT GO. I LET IT ALL WASH AWAY. FOR IT IS LOVE AND CONNECTION THAT CONQUERS AND GOVERNS ALL OF MAN.

ONCE EVERY FIBROUS LAYER OF INDIVIDUAL IS PEELED AWAY, LOVE IS ALL THAT'S LEFT.



HERE AT THE END OF THE LINE

See now:

How the pillar sings!

A solemn silver song

For every offering you bring

Remember!

All those things you left behind

His pillar will preserve

And remember them in kind

Friend!

You are not a stranger.

Here where hearth is home

We still speak your name!

This love:

Sits like an amber stone

Folded deep in souly depths

Warmly shining, gold aglow!

-B.W.

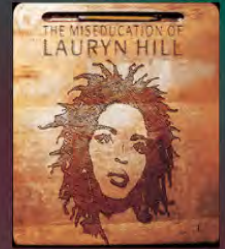


# ICONIC ALBUMS AS ICE CREAM



**Is This It**

*Cookie Monster Ice Cream with Chocolate Sprinkles*



**The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill**

*Coffee Ice Cream with Caramel Drizzle*



**Songs**

*Pistachio Ice Cream with Raspberries*



**Weezer**

*Rum Raisin Ice Cream with Walnuts*



**Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band**

*Superman Ice Cream*



**Sublime**

*Rainbow Pop-Up*



# Dollita



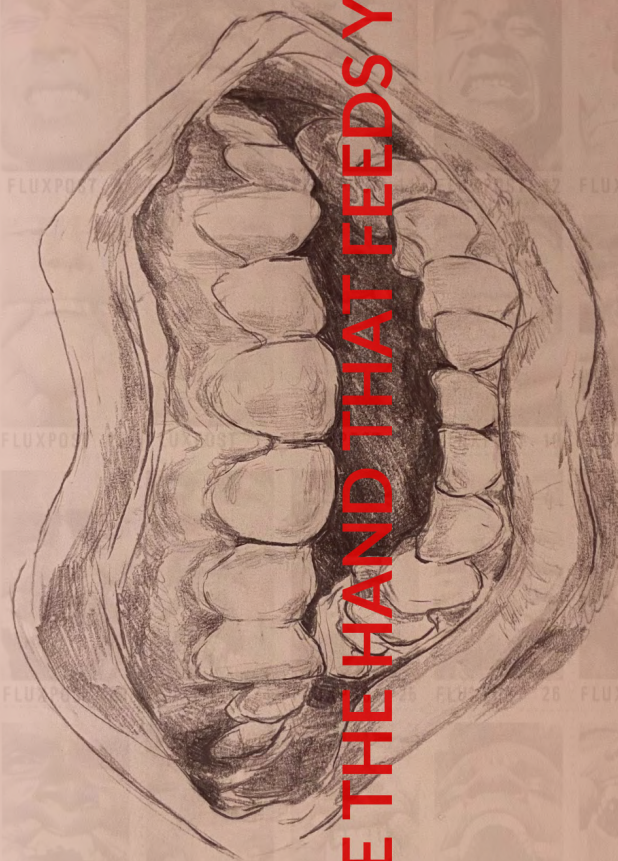
*reworked and handmade by Mimi*



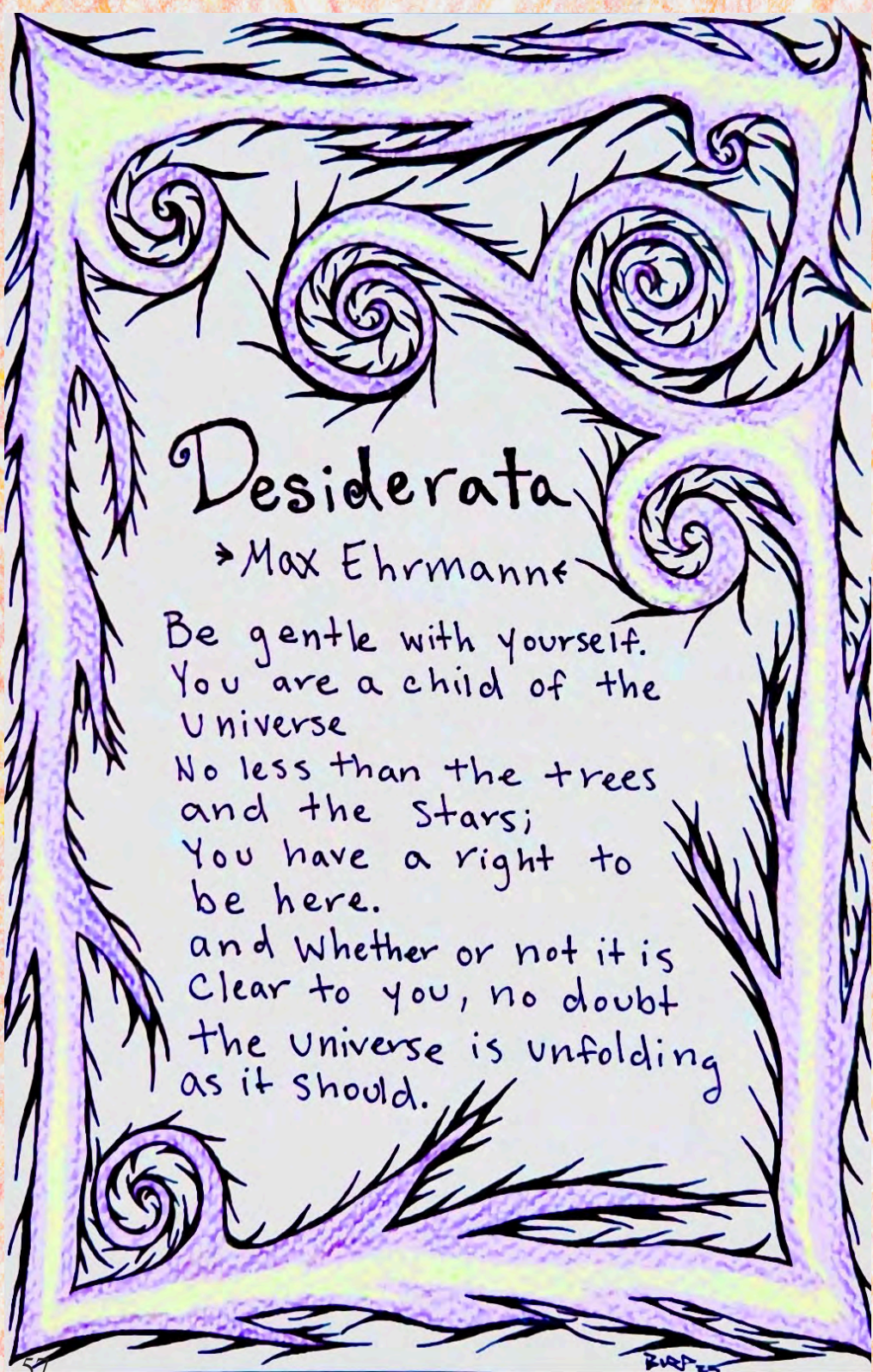




**BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU**







# Desiderata

» Max Ehrmann

Be gentle with yourself.  
You are a child of the  
Universe  
No less than the trees  
and the Stars;  
You have a right to  
be here.  
and whether or not it is  
Clear to you, no doubt  
the Universe is unfolding  
as it should.

## For Cedar

It's important that we listen to  
the birds.

Listen.

Really listen.

Don't forget to listen to the sounds  
of the water flowing through the  
creek.

Try and find peace in it.

Feel that peace within yourself.

There is no rush.

Be still and feel the love all  
around you.

See the way death and life  
exist

harmoniously  
together.

Death is a necessary part of life.  
We must open our hearts  
to death  
and show it

Love.





## hen Daisies Are Weeds

When daisies are weeds  
living life is oppressive  
and to exist in a garden is unruly and noxious  
In the eyes of the wheat and grasses  
and the flowers, *tended and seeded*  
their virtue is mocked  
and the smallest fault is the greatest insult

It is easy to mistake  
the abuse as a consequence  
and not the sought end

When daisies are weeds  
they withstand the blades and all the toxins  
they stake their place make it their garden

Their stems grow long  
their roots dig deep  
their buds bloom vibrantly

In a reality so harsh  
a garden so cruel  
it is active defiance to think yourself a flower



When daisies are weeds  
they prove to the world  
what they already knew themselves

That every blade to cut them  
every shovel to uproot them  
would rust and wither away  
but together, they are indestructible

That how could one call them unsightly  
when their beauty was undeniable?

When dissonance and resistance are overwhelming  
the world relents and turns once more  
flowers old, *now flowers anew*, attain a place in the sun

A garden is redeemed, evermore beautiful  
a garden that sees  
daisies as flowers

When daisies are flowers  
they are tended and seeded  
fattered and planted  
cared for and ignored

They become insignificant and enjoy  
a time when stems need not be so tall  
roots need not be so resilient  
blooms need not be so full

They grow on soil  
like those who grew before them  
blessed to have a chance to rest and breathe  
cursed to have a chance to see  
*daisies as weeds.*







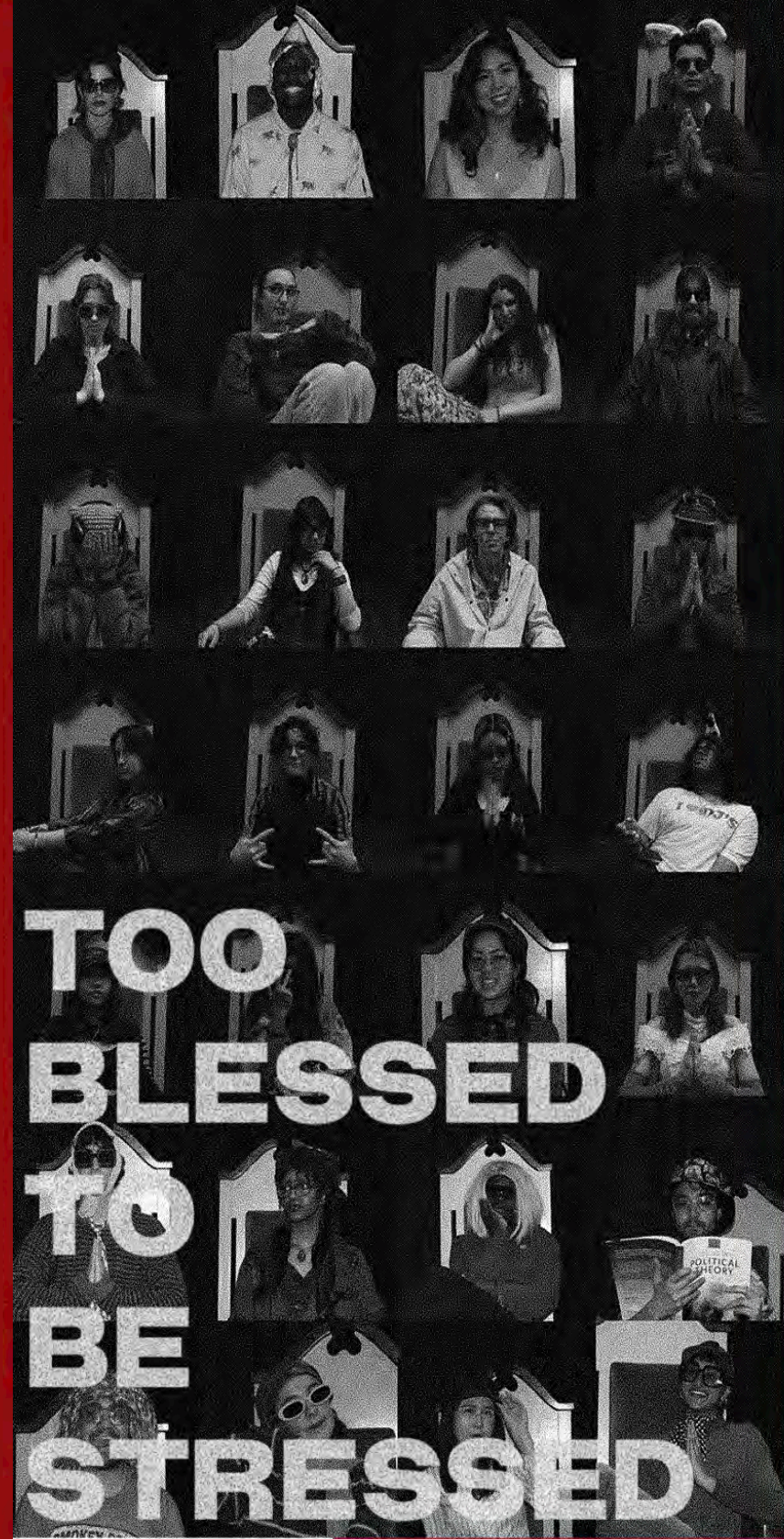
Pritha Zaheen

## Egg Council

Take some  
eggs.  
Read them,  
Hug them,  
Throw them,  
Chew them,  
Hold them,  
Shoot them,  
Sew them,  
Roll them,  
Befriend  
them ...  
Cry them,  
Cook them,  
Mourn them.

Until they are  
Gone,  
We are all  
broken.

- Sebastian Suarez



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