
SOCC
THE SOCC
ZONE
VOL. 3



Jack Madison understood music more than music understood itself.

He sought to understand it to the fullest extent: examining its many layers in order to honor it exactly how it exists. He approached music with a lack of bias, indulging in and meeting it as if it were a good friend. He listened to what the artist had to say -and not say- and allowed himself to converse with the art. Jack allowed music to seep into his inner dialogue and way of living. He often drew wisdom from songs and creative projects from album symbolism. His deep investigation of music allowed him to develop fulfilling parasocial friendships that he could turn to when life got overwhelming. Jack was always excited to understand and conceptualize a new album he heard, no matter how different it was from his usual rotation. He explored nearly every genre, always trying to build a relationship with it.

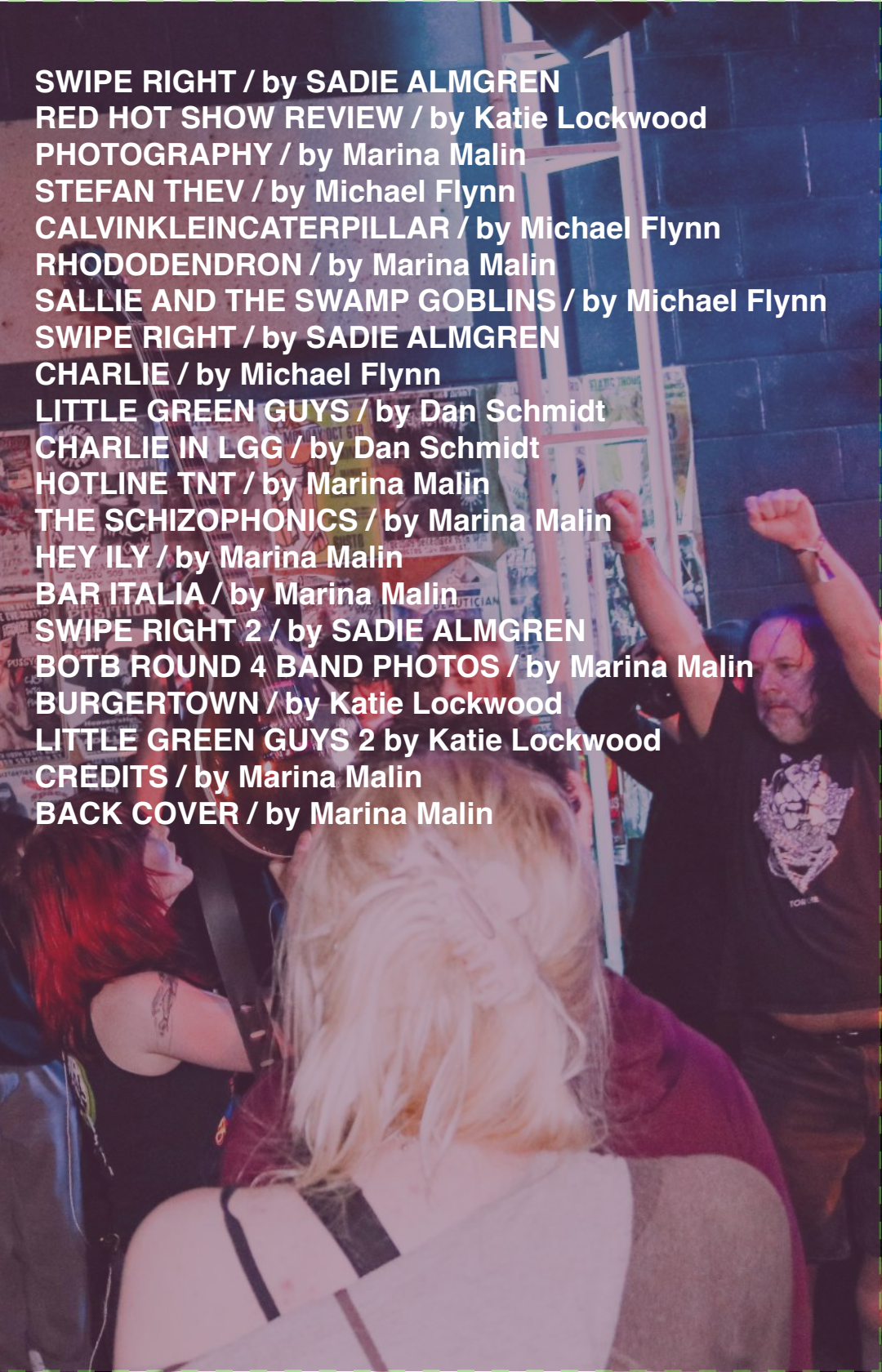
Music transported Jack to a cosmic state of being, taking his mind and body into an unearthly space of beautiful melodies and artistic storytelling lyrics. It is as if Jack was granted the keys to enter this state of trance as he so pleased.

Jack loved to share his journey. His ability to articulate music was powerful and inspired us to take a step back and understand it exactly as he did. His passion contagiously overflowed; when Jack mentioned an album, you would run back home and listen to it right away. We trusted his suggestions, hoping his favorite songs could pull us into the cosmic trance too.

The SoCC and Colorado College community will forever hold Jack Madison close to our hearts, especially when endeavoring into music. We hope to carry out his legacy by approaching life with the deepest passion, love, and authenticity.

- Marina Malin '25

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JACK / by Marina Malin
ABOUT JACK / by Marina Malin
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CONTOURS OF MELANIN: HOW BLACK & BROWN MASC R&B HAS HELPED ME NAVIGATE THE INSTITUTIONAL LANDSCAPE / art by Katie Lockwood, written by Vicente Taijeron
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RHODODENDRON / by Marina Malin
SALLIE AND THE SWAMP GOBLINS / by Michael Flynn

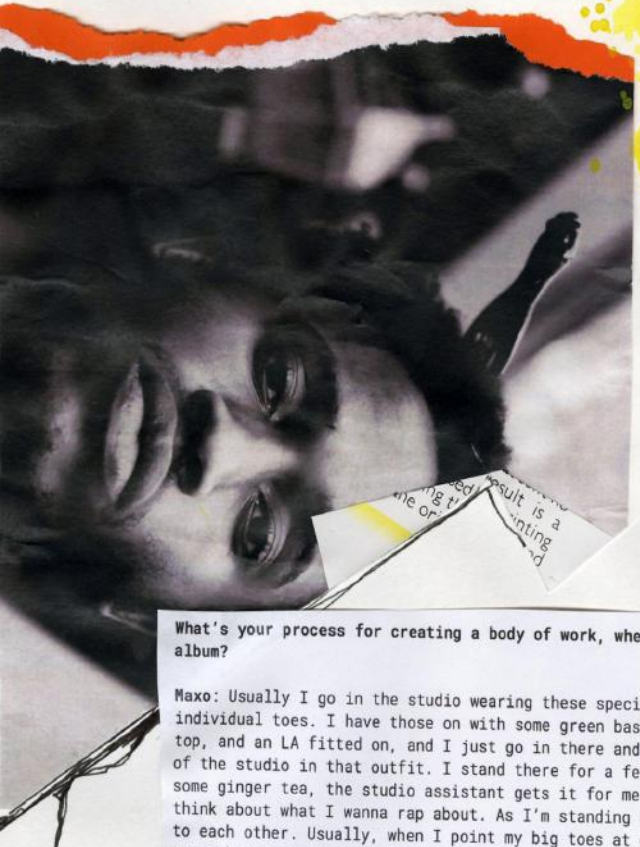


SWIPE RIGHT / by SADIE ALMGREN
RED HOT SHOW REVIEW / by Katie Lockwood
PHOTOGRAPHY / by Marina Malin
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BACK COVER / by Marina Malin



The Maxo Interview…
Oliviero Zanalda

Maxo is an up-and-coming rapper hailing from Los Angeles, and he carries his city and familial roots close to him. Growing up with Billy Higgins, Prince, YG, and Kendrick Lamar, Maxo grabs inspiration from all sorts of music while injecting his own stories and personality into his music. His lyrics are full of ventful, articulate lyricism over beats built upon obscure sounds and jazz-inspired melodies. Maxo's philosophy towards music and art lets it come to him rather than seeking it out. He releases what feels right, and lets the art come back to him, full circle. Since 2015, he's released 5 projects, including his recent release Debbie's Son, and has worked with the likes of The Alchemist and Earl Sweatshirt. He recently performed at Tyler, the Creator's Camp Flog Gnaw music festival, and is currently touring the U.S. and Canada on his "A Friend of Mine" tour. I got the chance to talk to Maxo about his life, music, his recording process, his tour, and an interesting story about meeting The Alchemist.



What's your process for creating a body of work, whether that's a single or an album?

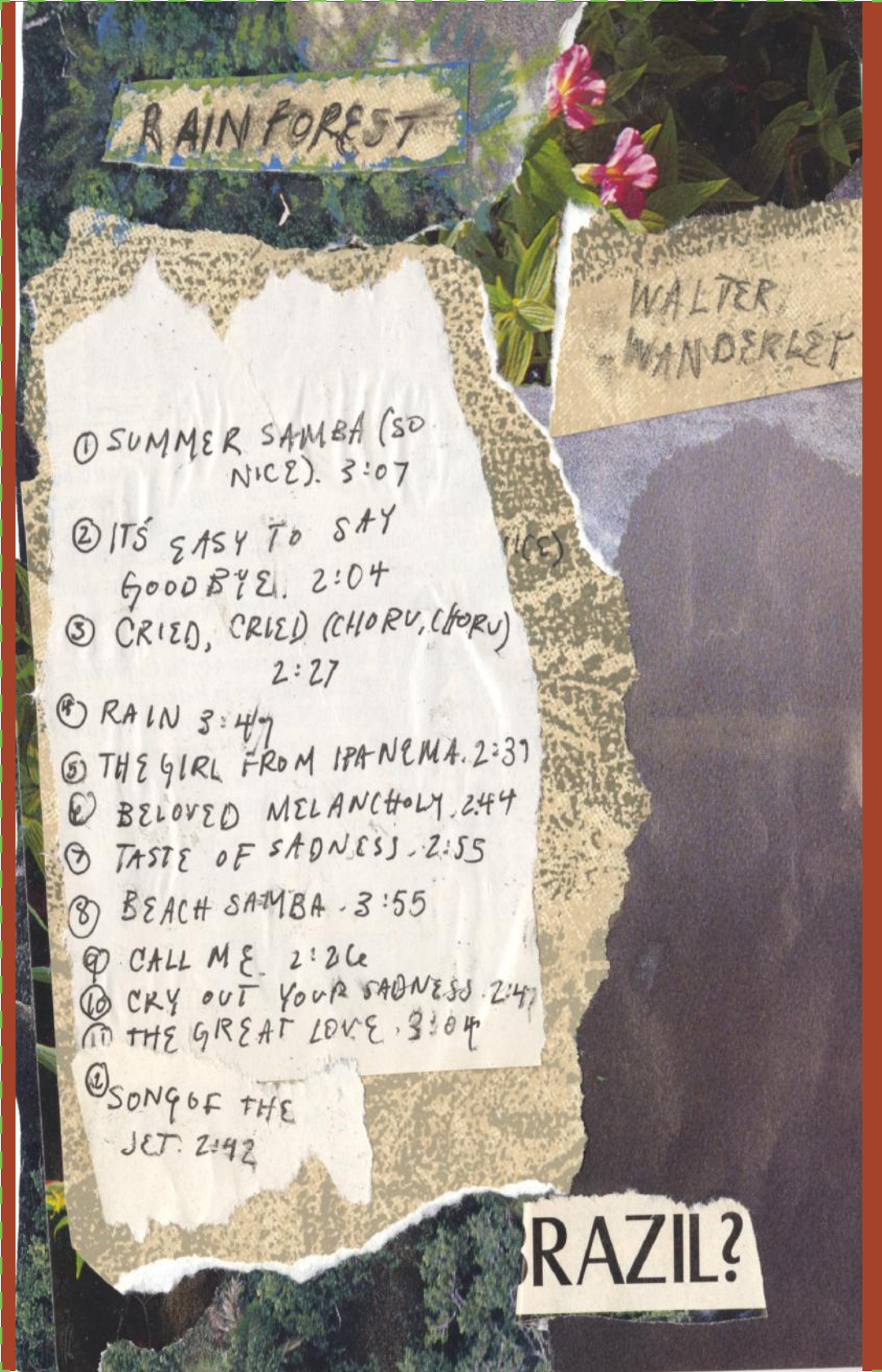
Maxo: Usually I go in the studio wearing these special socks. They have the individual toes. I have those on with some green basketball shorts, a tank top, and an LA fitted on, and I just go in there and stand right in the middle of the studio in that outfit. I stand there for a few hours. Usually, I get some ginger tea, the studio assistant gets it for me while I stand there and I think about what I wanna rap about. As I'm standing up, I face my two big toes to each other. Usually, when I point my big toes at each other, some bars come to my head and they start formulating.

Who are your biggest inspirations and influences, both musically and personally?

Maxo: My mother for sure, Miles, my brother, Keishan, my uncle. A lot of Jazz musicians, Billy Higgins, Donny Hathaway, Quincy Jones. Prince as well, Michael Jackson, R. Kelly, I grew up on everything. My musical influences might not be the best people in the world but they have great songs. It really varies.

Do you have a path that you've thought out or are you just taking things as they come?

Maxo: In my head, I'm kinda in the middle of a ten-year plan. It gets shaky cause I'm learning in real time, but I always gotta be strategic out here, I can't be out here loose. Myself won't even let myself be like that, even when I want to. Even when I'm like "Fuck this shit I don't wanna do this shit anymore!" I always get up and just tell myself "Nah we gotta stick to the program. I can't play with my life, I don't have time to take shit as it comes.


RAIN FOREST
WALTER WANDERLEY
① SUMMER SAMBA (SO NICE). 3:07
② ITS EASY TO SAY GOODBYE. 2:04
③ CRIED, CRIED (CHORU, CHORU) 2:27
④ RAIN 3:47
⑤ THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA. 2:37
⑥ BELOVED MELANCHOLY. 2:44
⑦ TASTE OF SADNESS. 2:55
⑧ BEACH SAMBA. 3:55
⑨ CALL ME 2:26
⑩ CRY OUT YOUR SADNESS. 2:47
⑪ THE GREAT LOVE. 3:04
⑫ SONG OF THE JET. 2:42
RAZIL?

I'VE BEEN LOVING

DANCE-PUNK

rhythmic blend of dance floor grooves and punk aggression in the 70s and 2000s

rhythm section is placed in the foreground with aggressive guitars to reference punk and danceable grooves



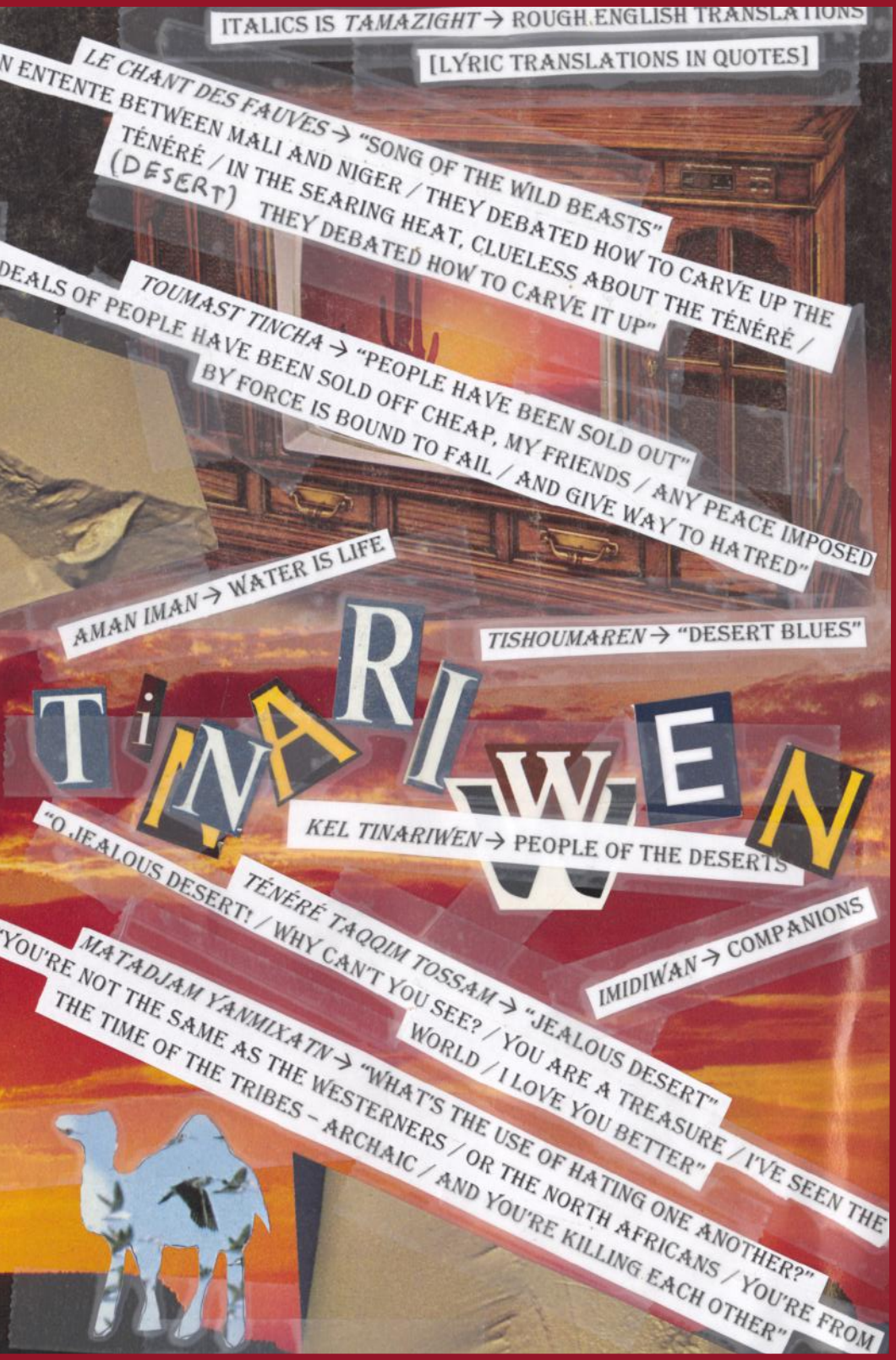
LATE 1970s MAINLY IN NEW YORK CITY

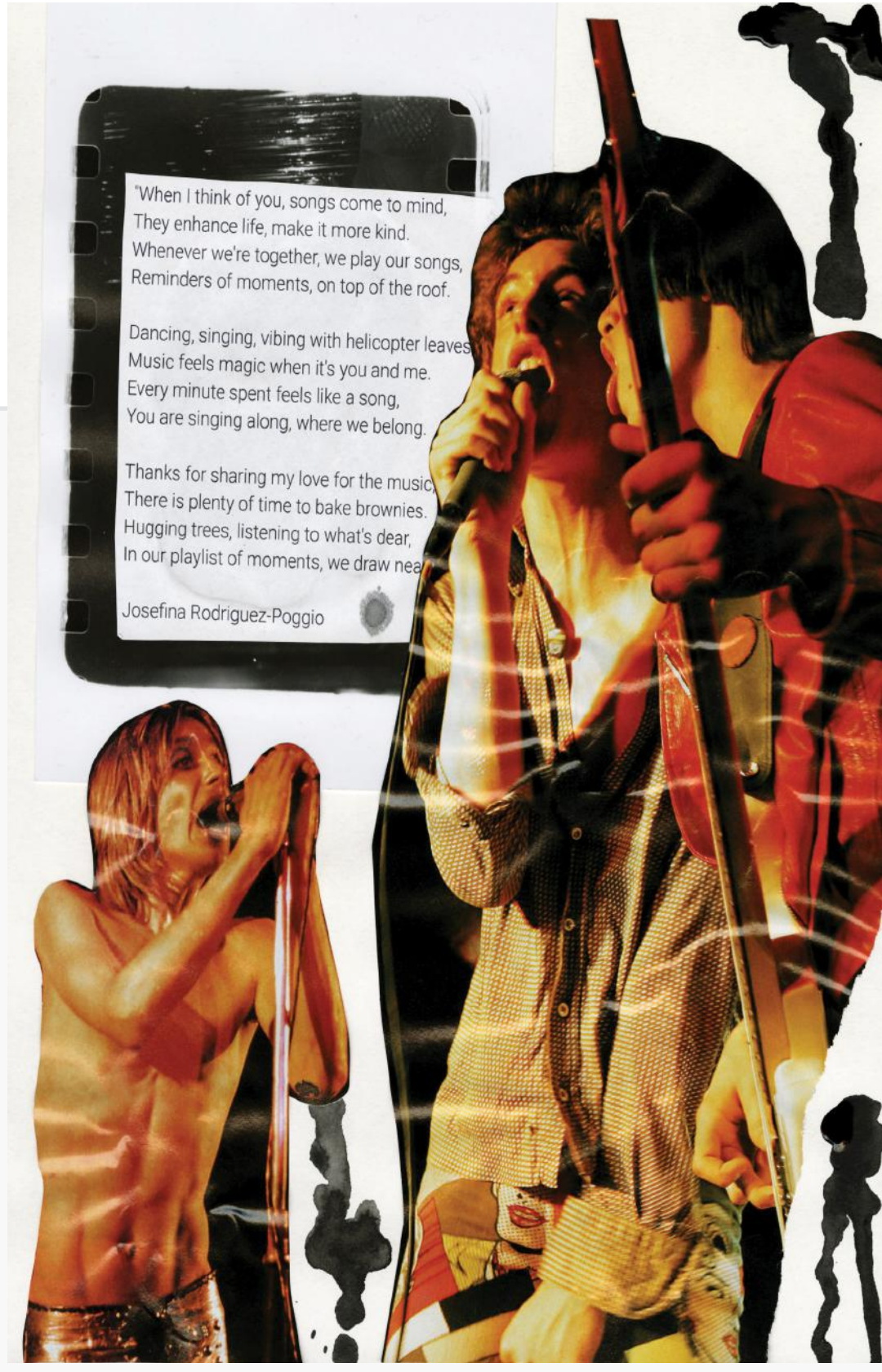
QUINTESSENTIAL DANCE PUNK ALBUM RECS:

1. RHYTHM AND PARANOIA: THE BEST OF BUSH TETRAS — BUSH TETRAS
2. COME AWAY WITH ESG — ESG
3. PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX — AU PAIRS
4. PRESS COLOR — LIZZY MERCIER DESCLOUX (super realism)
5. MAMBO NASSAU — LIZZY MERCIER DESCLOUX
6. SOUND OF SILVER — LCD SOUNDSYSTEM
7. LE TIGRE — LE TIGRE

Dance punk lyrics provide wider emotional range — confrontational, edgy, introspective than dance music so dance-punk can be seen as an emotional release.


EMMAAR → THE HEAT ON THE BREEZE
ISHUMAR → UNEMPLOYED
TINARIWEN
WHO ARE
THEY EXIST
THEIR CONN
"THESE WORRIES ARE MY FRIENDS / I'M ALWAYS ON FAMILIAR TERMS WITH THEM / GIVES BIRTH TO THE STORIES OF MY LIFE"
AMASSAKOUL NTÉNÉRÉ → "THE TRAVELER IN THE DESERT"
A GROUP OF TUAREG MUSICIANS, NOMADIC TRAVELERS, AND ACTIVISTS, IN THE SAHARA DESERT AROUND THE NORTHERN MALIAN REGION. BUT BEYOND NATIONAL, COLONIALLY IMPOSED, BORDERS. THEY SING ABOUT IN TO THE SAHARA DESERT AND THEIR DESIRE FOR PEACE AND HARMONY AN INCREASINGLY GREEDY, VIOLENT, AND DIVIDED WORLD
TAMATANT TILAY → "DEATH IS HERE"
ND BECOME LIKE EAGLES / WE'LL LIBERATE ALL THOSE WHO LIVE
IN THE PLAINS"
CHABIBA → "YOUTH"
"I'LL NEVER FORGET MY FRIENDS, WHEREVER I MAY BE / I'LL NEVER FORGET MY PARENTS AND MY SISTERS TO WHOM I LOVE / I WON'T FORGET THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS OF MY COUNTRY"
"IT WAS A
"THE


ITALICS IS TAMAZIGHT → ROUGH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS
[LYRIC TRANSLATIONS IN QUOTES]
LE CHANT DES FAUVES → "SONG OF THE WILD BEASTS"
N ENTENTE BETWEEN MALI AND NIGER / THEY DEBATED HOW TO CARVE UP THE
TÉNÉRÉ / IN THE SEARING HEAT, CLUELESS ABOUT THE TÉNÉRÉ /
(DESERT) THEY DEBATED HOW TO CARVE IT UP"
TOUMAST TINCHA → "PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SOLD OUT"
DEALS OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SOLD OFF CHEAP, MY FRIENDS / ANY PEACE IMPOSED
BY FORCE IS BOUND TO FAIL / AND GIVE WAY TO HATRED"
AMAN IMAN → WATER IS LIFE
TISHOUMAREN → "DESERT BLUES"
TINARIWEN
KEL TINARIWEN → PEOPLE OF THE DESERTS
"O JEALOUS DESERT! / WHY CAN'T YOU SEE? / YOU ARE A TREASURE / I'VE SEEN THE
TÉNÉRÉ TAQQIM TOSSAM → "JEALOUS DESERT"
WORLD / I LOVE YOU BETTER"
IMIDIWAN → COMPANIONS
'YOU'RE NOT THE SAME AS THE WESTERNERS / OR THE NORTH AFRICANS / YOU'RE FROM
MATADJAM YANMIXATN → "WHAT'S THE USE OF HATING ONE ANOTHER?"
THE TIME OF THE TRIBES – ARCHAIC / AND YOU'RE KILLING EACH OTHER"


"When I think of you, songs come to mind,
They enhance life, make it more kind.
Whenever we're together, we play our songs,
Reminders of moments, on top of the roof.

Dancing, singing, vibing with helicopter leaves
Music feels magic when it's you and me.
Every minute spent feels like a song,
You are singing along, where we belong.

Thanks for sharing my love for the music,
There is plenty of time to bake brownies.
Hugging trees, listening to what's dear,
In our playlist of moments, we draw nea

Josefina Rodriguez-Poggio

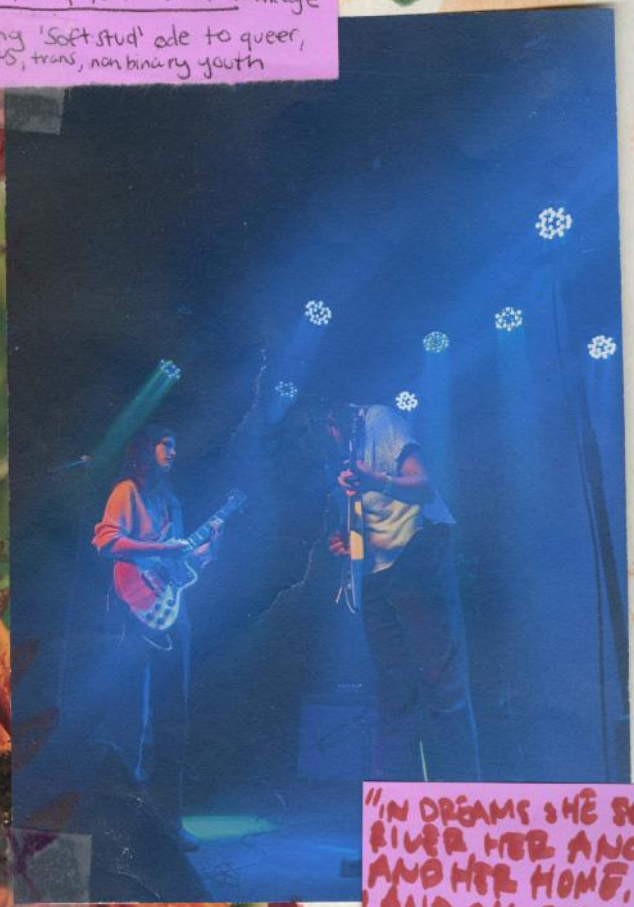
BLACK EAGLE BELT SCOUT

Indigenous indie rocker Kaitlin Paul of Black Belt Eagle Scout sings of the beauty of returning home and being held by ancestral land. she sings love letters to indigenous strength and healing

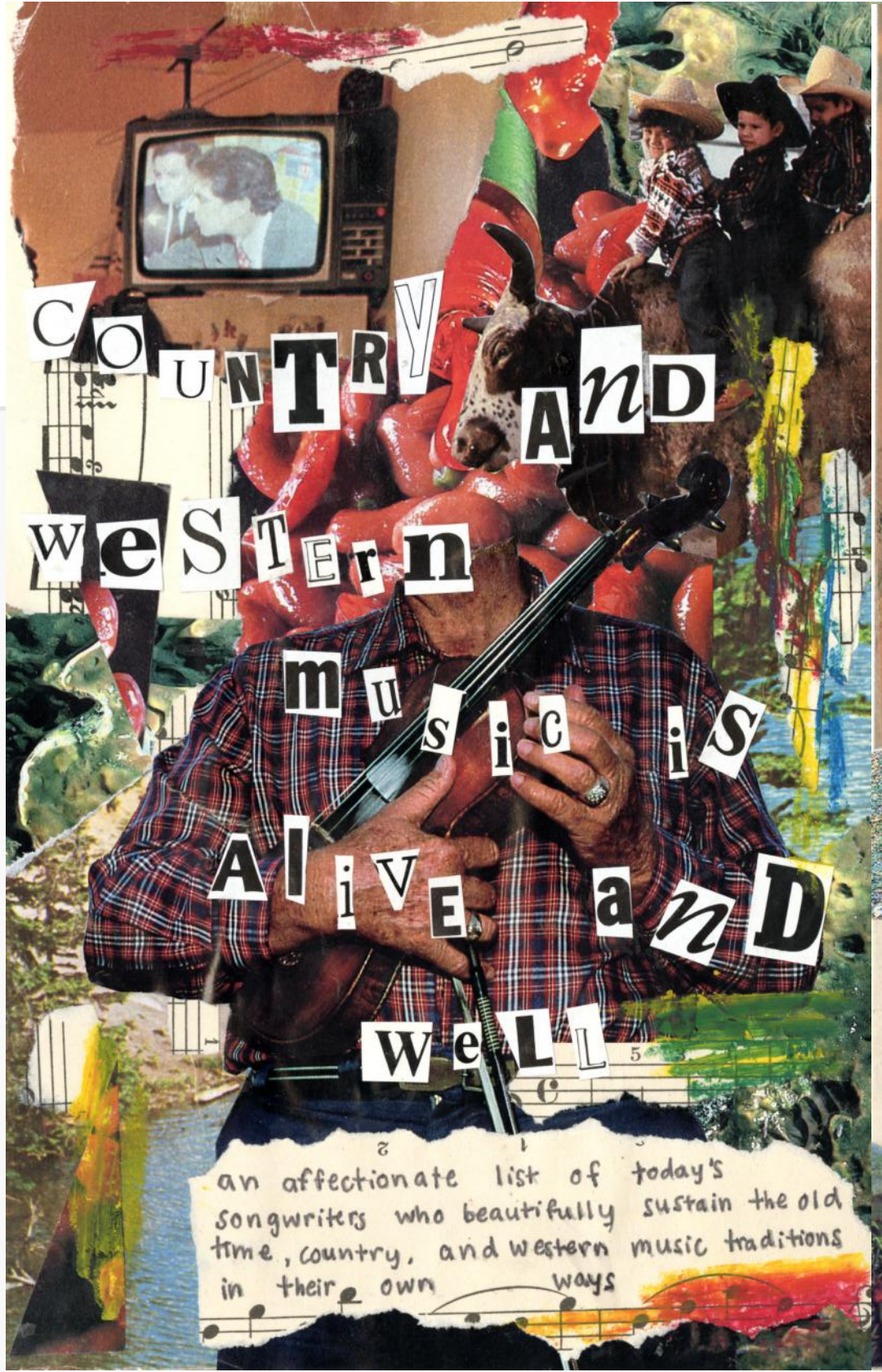
BLACK BELT EAGLE SCOUT ♡
@ GLOBE HALL NOTES:

- whispers deep + repetitive / circular instrumentals that draw you in • when you stand on ancestral land, it's impossible to be alone
- guitar strums like heartbeats
- sonically paints landscape imagery
- promotes introspection + self discovery
  ↳ relationship to the land - connection to lineage
- last song 'Soft Stud' ode to queer, [redacted], trans, non binary youth

introspective, lush, atmospheric, passionate ethereal melodic

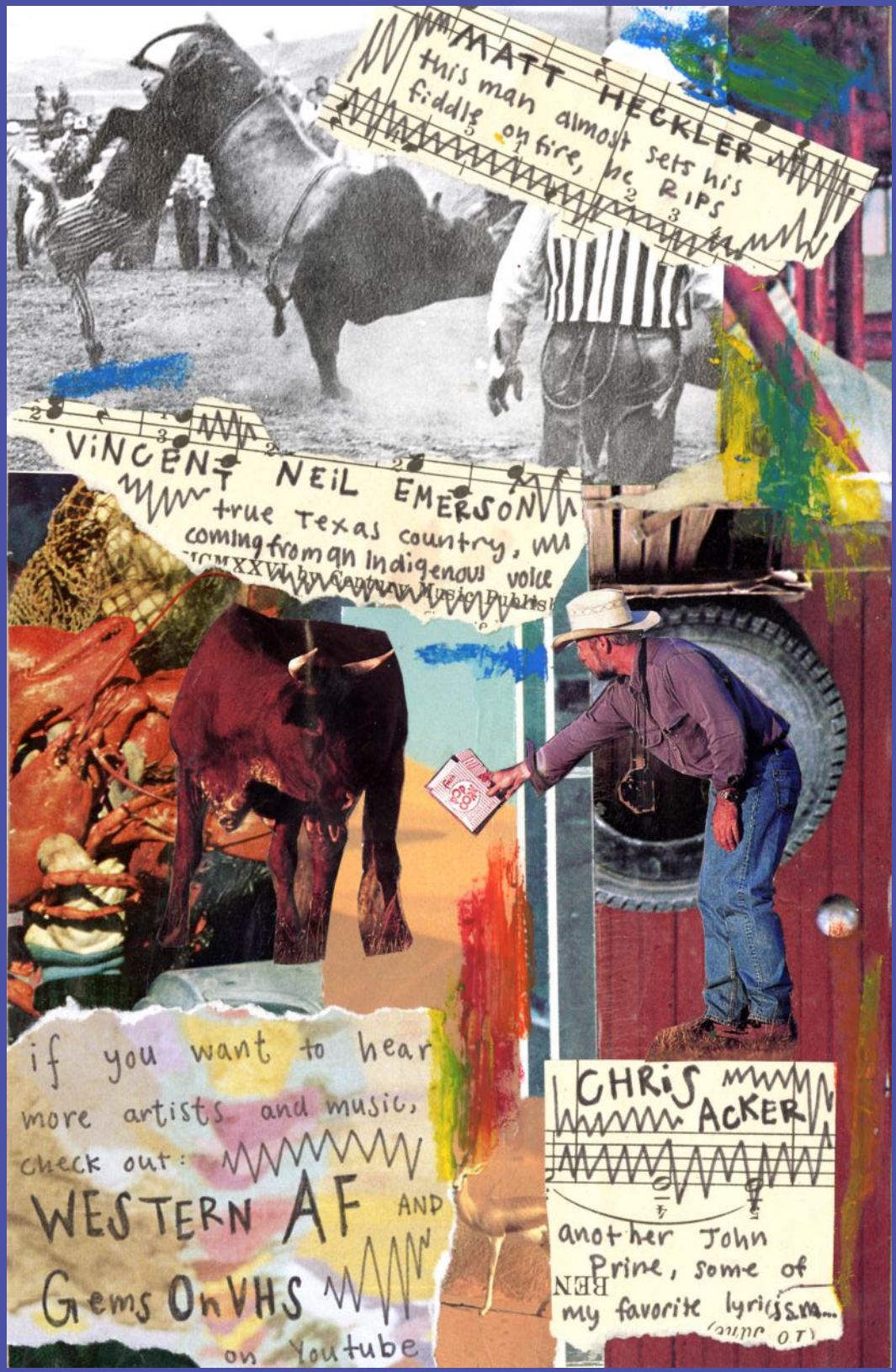


"IN DREAMS SHE SAW THE RIVER, HER ANCESTORS, AND HER HOME. WHEN THE LAND CALLS, YOU LISTEN."


COUNTRY AND
WESTERN
MUSIC IS
ALIVE AND
WELL
an affectionate list of today's songwriters who beautifully sustain the old time, country, and western music traditions in their own ways


NICK "NICKY-ROB" SHOULDERS
refusing to be all bad and
putting the "try" in country.
Nick's music brings immense
joy
WILLI CARLISLE
A folksinger in the truest form,
as well as a poet, harmonica
wizard, and ~~Allegro molto~~ lovely fellow
DYLAN EARL
ries" a
voice from a
different time. listen
to "I Saw the Arkansas"
BASED OUT OF ARKANSAS


SOME OF THE COOLEST BANDS OUT THERE...
THE RESONANT ROGUES
quintessentially
Appalachian folk.
TWO RUNNER
bluegrass rippers
from Nevada City, California
LOST STREET DOG BAND
.Benjamin Tod's
.Songwriting is
.painful, it's so
good.
THE SONS OF RAINIER...
"Down in Pancake Valley" is a masterpiece of alt-country friendship music
THE LOSTINES
harmony filled swamp music that is oh so sweet.
based out of NOLA


MATT HECKLER
this man almost sets his fiddle on fire, he RIPS
VINCENT NEIL EMERSON
true Texas country, coming from an indigenous voice
if you want to hear more artists and music, check out:
WESTERN AF
AND
Gems On VHS
on Youtube
CHRIS ACKER
another John Prine, some of my favorite lyrics...


BATTLE
OF
202


HE
ANDS
THE MINISTRY

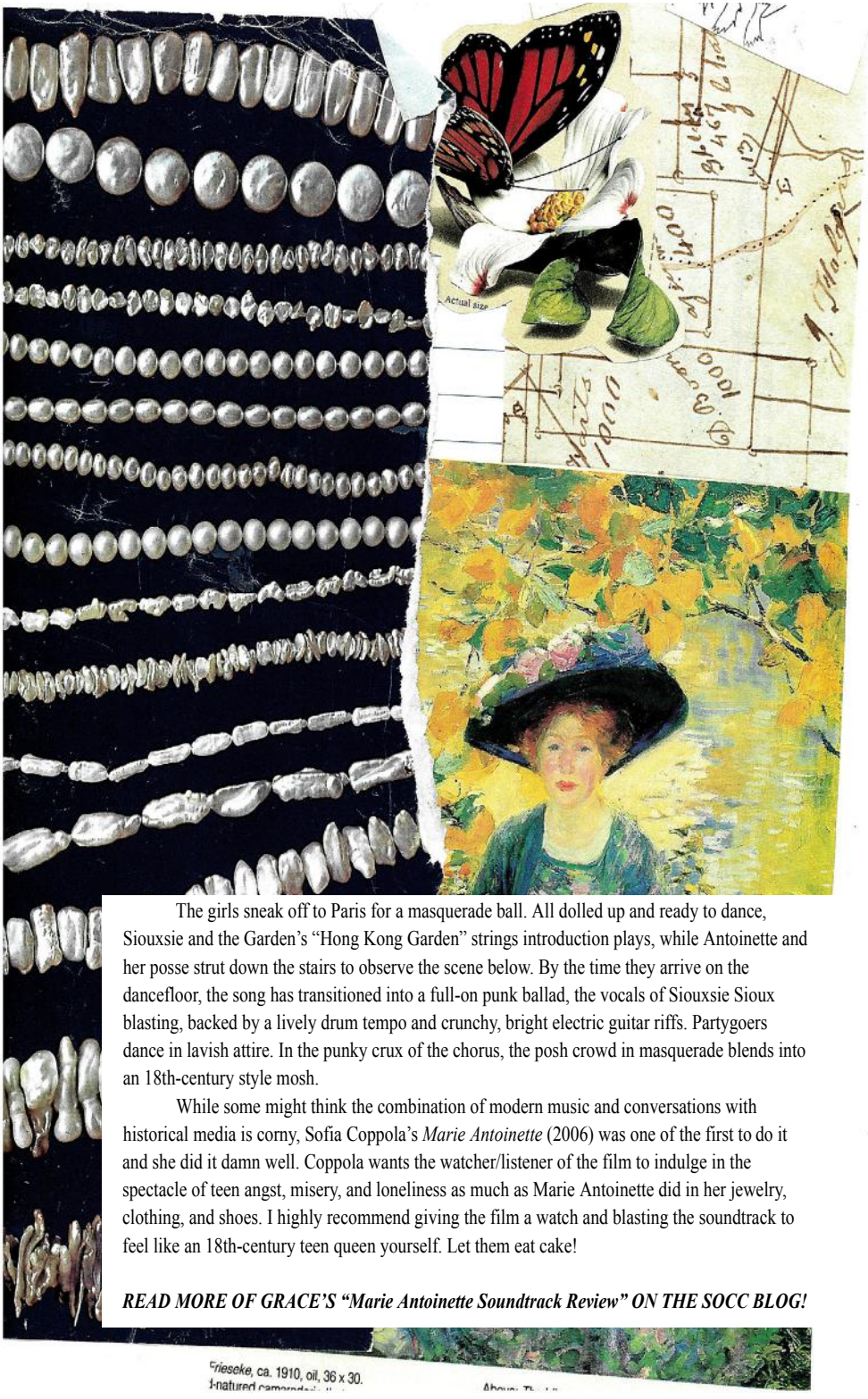
Marie Antoinette Soundtrack Review



Marie Antoinette (2006), directed by Sofia Coppola and starring Kirsten Dunst, boasts a spunky, youthful soundtrack of indie rock, pop-rock, and post-punk hits. The soundtrack feels like a character itself: the music animates Marie's world and makes her more human. The film examines the female adolescent experience set in 18th-century Versailles. The youthful soundtrack invites the viewer into Marie's emotions while observing her recklessness and loneliness unfolding into the French Revolution's beginnings. The music gives a voice to the inner turmoil and thoughts she could not express.

While being queen came with immense pressure and loneliness, it also came with immense privilege and fabulously lavish goods and experiences. Marie Antoinette loved to party, and she knew how to have a good time. Bow Wow Wow's "I Want Candy" blasts behind a montage of Antoinette and her close girlfriends getting ready for a night out. They wear jeweled, embroidered dresses, towering, powdered poufs (wigs), and bowed heels, their faces rouged and painted. Towers of champagne are spilled and drunk by the giggling and smiling throng of women. "I Want Candy" perfectly encapsulates the joy of dressing up and spending time with good friends. Antoinette uses her fashion, one of the few things she could control, to rebel and find herself. Although her choices (in combination with other factors) did eventually lead to the French Revolution, Coppola and the soundtrack invite the audience to see Marie and her choices as the result of reclaiming the commodification of her body and her life through self-expression in her clothing.



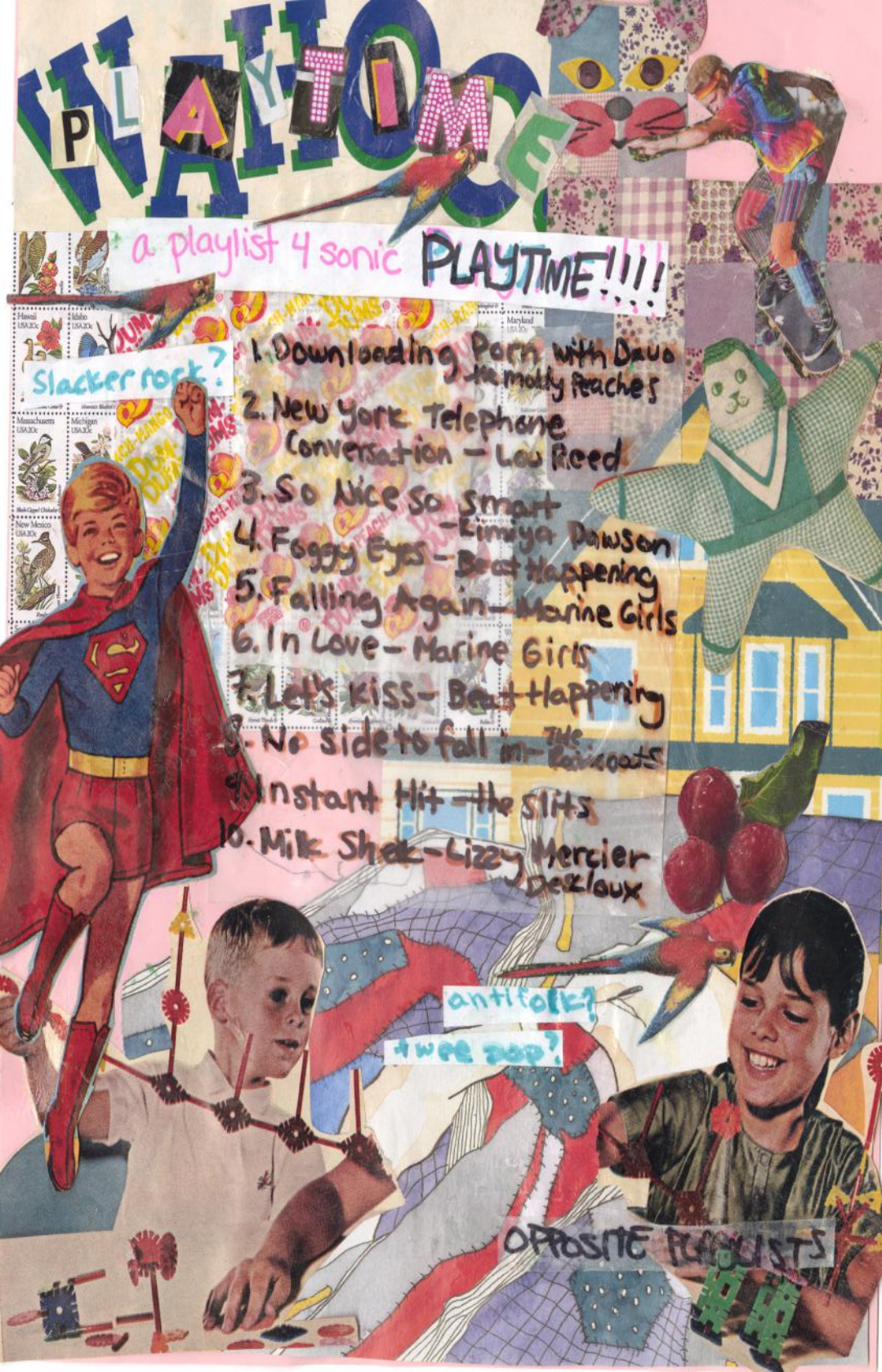


The girls sneak off to Paris for a masquerade ball. All dolled up and ready to dance, Siouxsie and the Garden's "Hong Kong Garden" strings introduction plays, while Antoinette and her posse strut down the stairs to observe the scene below. By the time they arrive on the dancefloor, the song has transitioned into a full-on punk ballad, the vocals of Siouxsie Sioux blasting, backed by a lively drum tempo and crunchy, bright electric guitar riffs. Partygoers dance in lavish attire. In the punky crux of the chorus, the posh crowd in masquerade blends into an 18th-century style mosh.

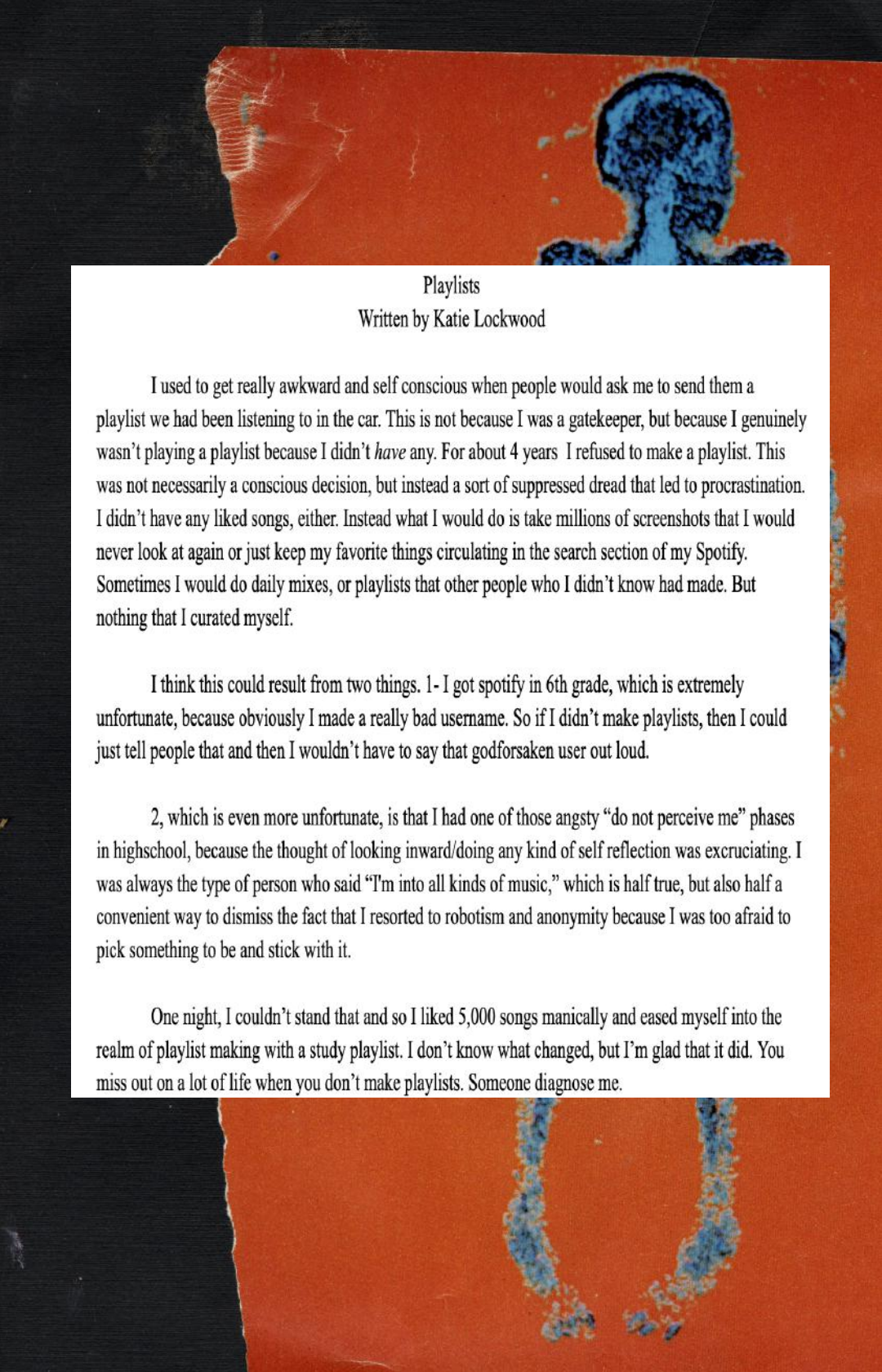
While some might think the combination of modern music and conversations with historical media is corny, Sofia Coppola's *Marie Antoinette* (2006) was one of the first to do it and she did it damn well. Coppola wants the watcher/listener of the film to indulge in the spectacle of teen angst, misery, and loneliness as much as Marie Antoinette did in her jewelry, clothing, and shoes. I highly recommend giving the film a watch and blasting the soundtrack to feel like an 18th-century teen queen yourself. Let them eat cake!

READ MORE OF GRACE'S "Marie Antoinette Soundtrack Review" ON THE SOCC BLOG!

Frieseke, ca. 1910, oil, 36 x 30.


PLAYTIME
a playlist 4 sonic PLAYTIME!!!!
1. Downloading Porn with Dave the Moldy Peaches
2. New York Telephone Conversation - Lou Reed
3. So Nice So Smart - Kimya Dawson
4. Foggy Eyes - Beat Happening
5. Falling Again - Marine Girls
6. In Love - Marine Girls
7. Let's Kiss - Beat Happening
8. No Side to Fall In - The Raincoats
9. Instant Hit - The Slits
10. Milk Shed - Lizzy Mercier Descloux
slacker rock?
antifolk?
twee pop?
OPPOSITE FEMINISTS


No fun PLAYTIME
if te mudy peaches were emo
1. You'll be in the air - The Microphones
2. obsessive Muso with No friends - cryware
3. I hold nothing - Mount Eerie
4. Moon Sequel - Mount Eerie
5. Big Black cloud - The Microphones
6. How to never stop being sad - dandelion hands
7. Possession (quiet) - starry eat
8. starry eat - starry eat
9. Sad Pony Guerilla Girl - Xiuxiu
10. Beautiful Curls - Ricky Eat Acids
11. Hung up - Dear Nora
These 2 playlists while embody differing opposition emotions share the same elements of play or diy.
humorous, self-made irony; raw, lo-fi delity production + recording equipment; slappy imperfect sound and craftmanship.



Playlists

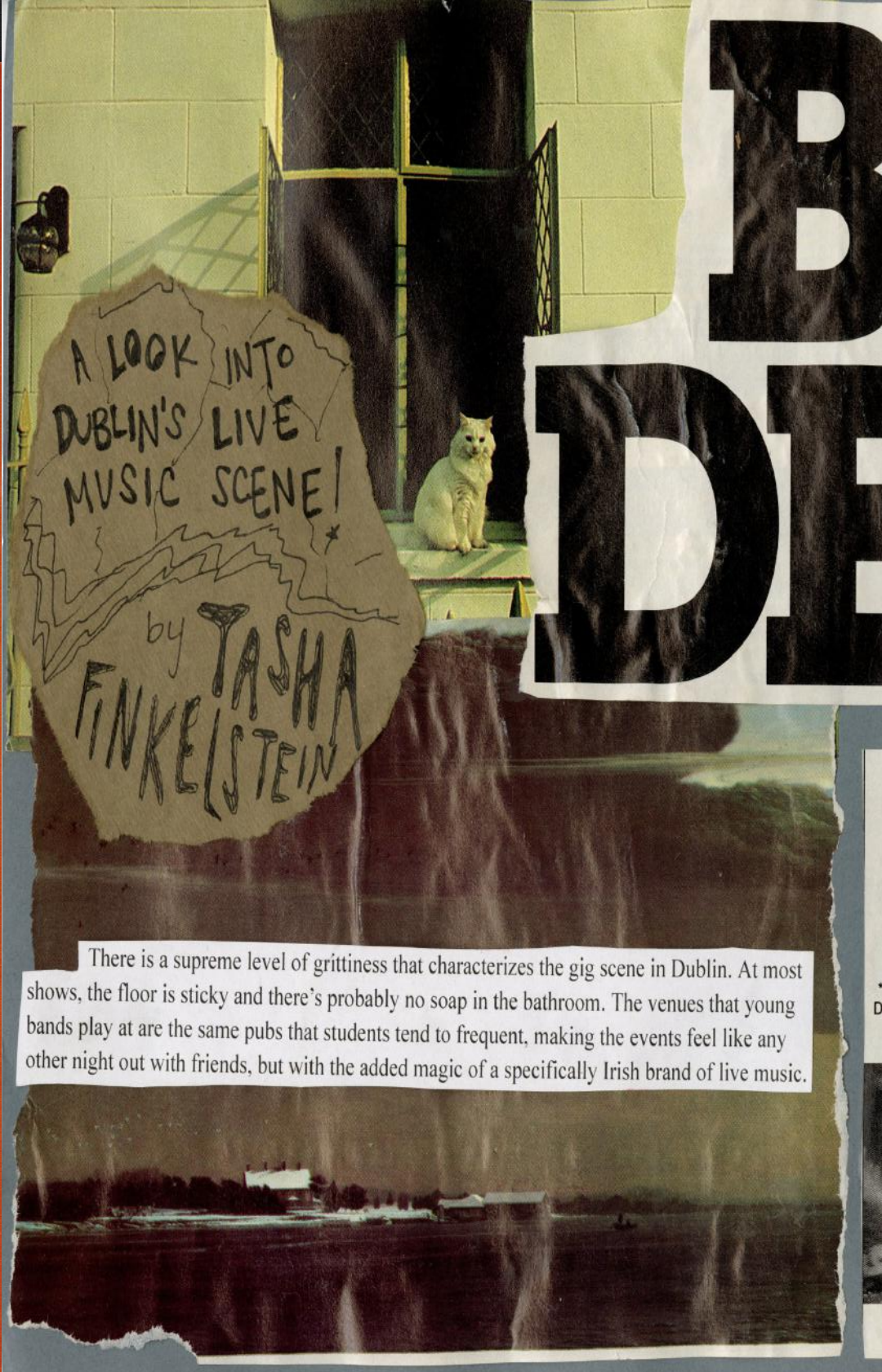
Written by Katie Lockwood

I used to get really awkward and self conscious when people would ask me to send them a playlist we had been listening to in the car. This is not because I was a gatekeeper, but because I genuinely wasn't playing a playlist because I didn't *have* any. For about 4 years I refused to make a playlist. This was not necessarily a conscious decision, but instead a sort of suppressed dread that led to procrastination. I didn't have any liked songs, either. Instead what I would do is take millions of screenshots that I would never look at again or just keep my favorite things circulating in the search section of my Spotify. Sometimes I would do daily mixes, or playlists that other people who I didn't know had made. But nothing that I curated myself.

I think this could result from two things. 1- I got spotify in 6th grade, which is extremely unfortunate, because obviously I made a really bad username. So if I didn't make playlists, then I could just tell people that and then I wouldn't have to say that godforsaken user out loud.

2, which is even more unfortunate, is that I had one of those angsty "do not perceive me" phases in highschool, because the thought of looking inward/doing any kind of self reflection was excruciating. I was always the type of person who said "I'm into all kinds of music," which is half true, but also half a convenient way to dismiss the fact that I resorted to robotism and anonymity because I was too afraid to pick something to be and stick with it.

One night, I couldn't stand that and so I liked 5,000 songs manically and eased myself into the realm of playlist making with a study playlist. I don't know what changed, but I'm glad that it did. You miss out on a lot of life when you don't make playlists. Someone diagnose me.



B DE

A LOOK INTO DUBLIN'S LIVE MUSIC SCENE!

by TASHA FINKELSTEIN

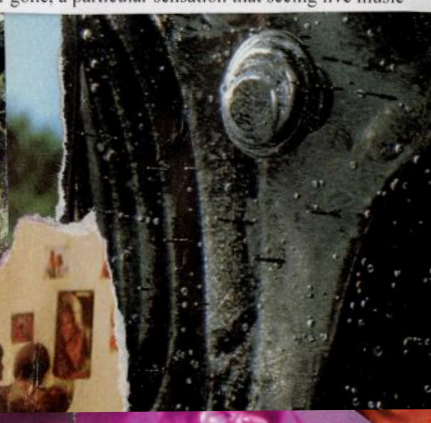
There is a supreme level of grittiness that characterizes the gig scene in Dublin. At most shows, the floor is sticky and there's probably no soap in the bathroom. The venues that young bands play at are the same pubs that students tend to frequent, making the events feel like any other night out with friends, but with the added magic of a specifically Irish brand of live music.

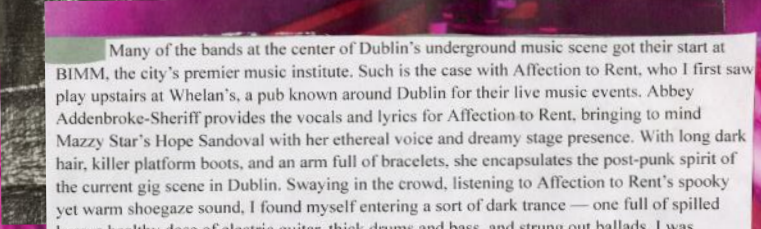


The first gig I went to in Dublin was at a bar called Anseo, which translates to "here" in Irish. It was the end of November, the air was chilly, and the only warmth came from the buzz of Guinness and a smoke shared outside. Entering the pub, there was a disco ball hanging above the dimly lit bar, but the music I came there to see was tucked away from sight. Soon enough, I was walking up a narrow staircase to a room where kids stood shoulder to shoulder in their grandpa-style knit sweaters while the band played closeby, with no stage to separate them from the crowd. I was standing on my tippy-toes to get a glimpse of them, but in a matter of time we were all jumping up and down to the energy of the fast-tempo songs, somewhat reminiscent of the alt-rock and new wave music of the 80's. Hearing the playfully rebellious, shadowy sound blare through the speakers, it was hard to separate the grime of the physical space from the music itself. The word "anseo" began to take on a whole new meaning as I felt myself dissolve into the packed, muggy room. My feet melted firmly into the floor while my mind was elevated, resulting in feeling simultaneously grounded and so far gone, a particular sensation that seeing live music can elicit.

RAIN GEAR.

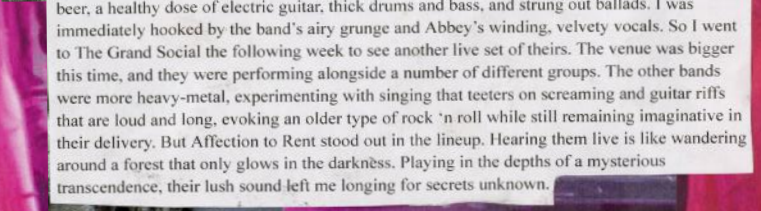








Many of the bands at the center of Dublin's underground music scene got their start at BIMM, the city's premier music institute. Such is the case with Affection to Rent, who I first saw play upstairs at Whelan's, a pub known around Dublin for their live music events. Abbey Addenbroke-Sheriff provides the vocals and lyrics for Affection to Rent, bringing to mind Mazzy Star's Hope Sandoval with her ethereal voice and dreamy stage presence. With long dark hair, killer platform boots, and an arm full of bracelets, she encapsulates the post-punk spirit of the current gig scene in Dublin. Swaying in the crowd, listening to Affection to Rent's spooky yet warm shoegaze sound, I found myself entering a sort of dark trance — one full of spilled beer, a healthy dose of electric guitar, thick drums and bass, and strung out ballads. I was immediately hooked by the band's airy grunge and Abbey's winding, velvety vocals. So I went to The Grand Social the following week to see another live set of theirs. The venue was bigger this time, and they were performing alongside a number of different groups. The other bands were more heavy-metal, experimenting with singing that teeters on screaming and guitar riffs that are loud and long, evoking an older type of rock 'n roll while still remaining imaginative in their delivery. But Affection to Rent stood out in the lineup. Hearing them live is like wandering around a forest that only glows in the darkness. Playing in the depths of a mysterious transcendence, their lush sound left me longing for secrets unknown.









Sealed in







In Dublin, the music is no different from the rain. It's coming down hard, and you may want to cover yourself with an umbrella, but it's inescapable. You have to let yourself get drenched. In the aftermath, when the sun has gone down, there's a gleam that makes wet concrete shimmer. The gig is over, the streets are dark, and the sound continues to mesmerize. Walking back up Camden Street, I let remnants of the rain bring me home.

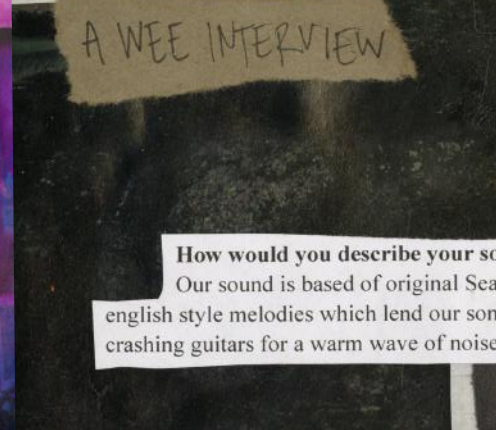
Originally from Oxford, Singer-Songwriter Abbey Addenbroke-Sheriff moved from her home near Bristol after being chosen personally by the members of Fontaines D.C. to pursue a songwriting course in Ireland. She is quite the rockstar, and I was lucky enough to ask her a few questions!







A WEE INTERVIEW



How would you describe your sound?

Our sound is based of original Seattle grunge with the addition of soft vocals with old english style melodies which lend our songs a gothic flavour. Choruses have washy drums and crashing guitars for a warm wave of noise effect with an emphasis on catharsis and nostalgia.

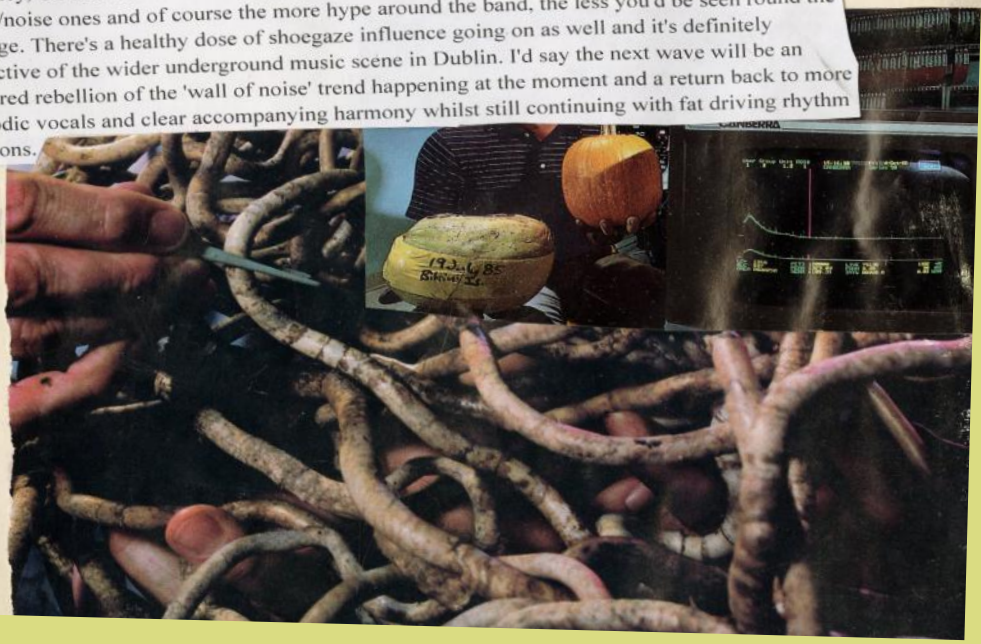
How does Affection to Rent fit into the larger music scene in Dublin?

Post punk, shoegaze and noise are thriving in Dublin and a few other places over Ireland. So many bands are export ready but the scene is tougher than the UK and you can't get too far without having to go overseas. My favourites would be Dublin's 'Blue Slate' or Cork's 'The Drive'. The soft vocals in our songs and heavy use of reverb and overdrive definitely have us with a foot in the shoegaze category. I'd love to think we are adding and creating to the existing scene whilst also giving Dublin something new and emotive.



What is the band scene at BIMM like?

The majority of acts currently at the college would be a mixture of pop and indie influenced singer songwriters, and a healthy dose of indie rock inspired bands. I hear Jeff Buckley, U2 and Elliot smith spoken about almost daily. The 'cool' guys are really the post punk/noise ones and of course the more hype around the band, the less you'd be seen round the college. There's a healthy dose of shoegaze influence going on as well and it's definitely reflective of the wider underground music scene in Dublin. I'd say the next wave will be an inspired rebellion of the 'wall of noise' trend happening at the moment and a return back to more melodic vocals and clear accompanying harmony whilst still continuing with fat driving rhythm sections.







Human Being Series





What is your favorite part about playing gigs?

It's like violent meditation. There is no other time where you really feel that you're doing what you do best, and saying words that depict the largest emotions you've experienced over years that tell the messages you've learnt over a lifetime. Everything from the noise and strobe lights to laser concentration on every note feels like an overwhelming dream.





IF YOU CAN'T GET TO DUBLIN FOR A GIG ONE OF THESE DAYS...

LISTEN TO THESE SONGS

Ticéad Solúbtha-Aos. Óg

Flexible - Young Adult/Student

Ainm/Name: Finkelstein Tasha

Uimhir/Number: 54707356 €24.00

Turas Amach/Out		Filleadh/Return	
17.09.23		17.09.23	
ó/From		ó/From	
Dublin Heuston	08:00	Galway Ceannt	18:00
Galway Ceannt		Dublin Heuston	
Suíochán/Seat		Suíochán/Seat	
F53		F09	

TFI TRANSPORT FOR IRELAND Neamh-inaistrithe/Non transferable Iarnród Éireann Irish Rail

SOME IRISH NOISE♫

1. FRANK - JUST MUSTARD
2. ROMAN HOLIDAY - FONTAINES D.C.
3. ONLY GOOD THINGS - THE MURDER CAPITAL
4. HEAVY - SPRINTS
5. BLUE - NEW DAD
6. HAPPINESS ISN'T A FIXED STATE - KYNSY
7. SIGN OF THE TIMES - GURRIERS
8. ANGEL - NEWDAD
9. DEAF - JUST MUSTARD
10. ROY'S TUNE - FONTAINES D.C.
11. STRANDED IN STANSTED - THE CLOCKWORKS

The Villain You Can Root For & Our Conductor of Short-Tempered Angst: Alex G & Indigo De Souza Concert Review

Written by Marina Malin

The week of May 7 I hid in the basement of Worner, sacrificing myself to the art of the sewing machine. Designing for the fashion show drained all of my energy — the only thing that fueled me was Alex G's *God Save The Animals*. Little did I know, none of those hours wasted away untangling threads would contribute to the ultimate fashion show that would take place outside Mission Ballroom on May 14th for a triple threat show: Alex G, Indigo De Souza, & Caroline Polachek. Half an hour before doors opened, all of the eyeliner-wearing, facially pierced, tattoo-sleeved, microbanged crowd members joined forces to put on what I was convinced was an Indie Chic's Next Top Model contest.

I've always admired **Indigo De Sozua**'s incredible capability to captivate her listeners with the rawness of her voice. She is often grouped with artists like Lomleda and Field Medic under some "sad girl starter pack" playlist Spotify made. However, I believe she exists well beyond these motionless artists. She displays a wide range of emotions and experiences through her multidimensional voice, adding complexity to this genre she's categorized in as a baseline. Much like the witty singer-songwriter Sidney Gish, she lets us in on her intrusive thoughts. Although, where Sidney is manic-pixie-monologue intrusive thoughts, Indigo De Souza is shorter tempered: she's not afraid to take up space and express herself outwardly. She's mad, she's upset, she's impulsive, and she does not care who sees it. Indigo De Souza is what I long to be — unapologetically herself.

Indigo De Souza's bug and floral tattoos may disguise her as an audience member, but she is our leader, fearless as she sets standards and leads us into the uncharted territory of our own emotional boundaries. Her soft voice and lightning bolted guitar sweep us into her opener "Kill Me." I can't help but notice the maternal role threaded throughout her song's unfolding. The role of caregiver that women implicitly take on in relationships with immature men who degrade women to a societal norm: "I clean, up, when the party is over, you're plastered, I'm fine." We reconsider why this love has turned mundane when all we do is continually "dirty one another's dishes," only to "throw them away." And yet despite forcing these expectations upon us, Indigo will still shower you with sweetness, calling you "baby," and "darling," even while acknowledging the "devil" inside you, darling. Our sink is overflowed with dirty dishes, and with each "I love you, I love you" it kills her a little bit more: "Kill me in the morning." At this point of her performance, her voice enters the carnival ride drop tower, dropping and picking back up sporadically and exhilaratingly. The effect: anticipation, fear, and overwhelmed with excitement are all the same. She affirms us that despite this frustration in her relationship, she "know[s] you'll follow." Her voice is coated in angst and annoyance as she grunts and growls to her partner's dependence. Her performance constitutes more of a diss track than a love song as she breaks her stark character and stands in front of us to say "here I am, fucked up." Her giggles quickly mutate to screams and hollers; when love is real, love is pain, and somehow that is okay.



This sentiment of real painful love persists throughout her. She closes with the angelic presence of her song "Real Pain." Her vocal range resembles Weyes Blood's "God Turned Me Into A Flower." Her voice ascends us when she sings her hypnotic opera-like melodies. She matches this conspiracy with her flowy arm movements and whirling aura. She utilizes movement to amplify her message on grief and loss. Instead of bird calls and beautiful hums of Weyes Blood, there are cathartic screams (that are real recordings of her fans yelling that they sent to her) because Real Pain is anything but disciplined, it is a release of tameness. She flaps her arms in angelic butterfly notions despite the internal crashes of voices and pleads. She moves her body in a way that looks intuitive, as she is conducting her band using the abstract extensions of her physical form. To tell us that Real Pain is a full body release, that we are connected through our sufferings.

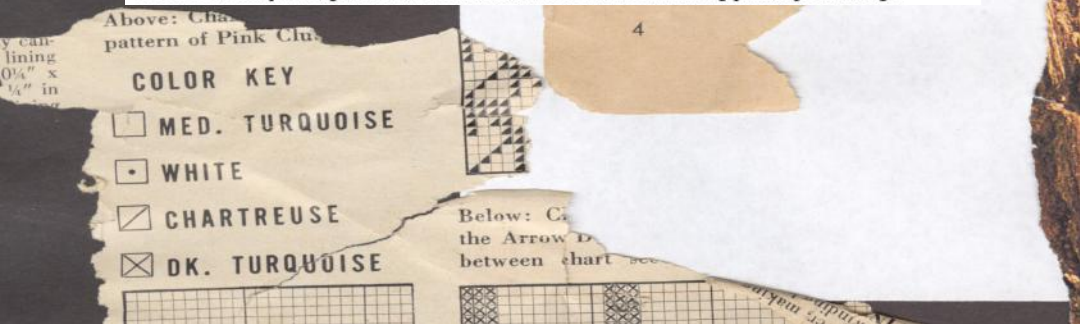
> In an interview with Pitchfork about the song, De Souza said: *"While we live such separate lives, we are connected in the way that we all navigate immense amounts of pain and love and fear in our bodies every day. It can be hard to be a person! It's okay to acknowledge that sometimes. It's okay to feel things fully and to allow others space to do the same."*

Her collaborative approach to welcoming our inner demons shows us that not only is she flooded with musical talent, but that in exercising creativity, she empowers her audience. Her musical talent is a superpower that stands for something larger than herself. After watching Indigo De Souza perform, I can confidently say her music is *meant* to be performed live. Indigo De Souza is relatable as she befriends disappointment and angst, and that is why her fans love her. She is unafraid of her emotions and her courage makes her our fearless leader into the dark night of our own brains.

Alex G is followed by an aura of mystery due to his lack of social media presence, reserved attitude in interviews, and deceptive lyrics that convey complex emotions and character development. Creating a fog both lyrically and physically, there is a haze that runs to every corner of Mission Ballroom, setting mystique for Alex G's arrival.

He begins with "S.D.O.S" which is substituted as hallway music that leads us to the bedroom of the beast: also known as Alex G's devilish chamber of a set. Its soundscape and primary use of instrumentals turn my excitement into spookiness and nerves. For some reason, I expected to hear the Alex G voice we know and love from his earlier work, but the autotuning on streaming platforms remains. I love Alex G for his folky twangy voice, but this eclectic electronic shenanigans leads us on the mischevious path he is paving. However, I must admit, hearing him live at Mission Ballroom, I finally understood –and thoroughly enjoyed– this autotuned villainous arc. "S.D.O.S" shook my previous folk-oriented impression of the ghost to shambles and set the stage for his villain arc to reveal itself. In just one opener, I am changed to an auto-tuned lover.

Backing away from the keyboard, Alex G picks up his guitar and carries us into "Forgive." With steady drumming, Alex G whines like a child pleading for forgiveness. Once his adolescent complaining is done, he turns his back to us and the twang picks up revealing a



printed skull face on his shirt. Moving back and forth, he signals a motion similar to a witch stirring a potion in their cauldron. His band members follow his lead and all together they play a wicked game, orchestrating a spell as we stare into the eyes of Alex's skull. The drums and guitar begin crashing and we are hypnotized by the scene.

Pacing around the flickering ambiance, Alex G descends into a dark shadow where "Blessing" furthers his ghostly facade. Only being able to make out the shadow figure that is Alex G, the mystic starts walking like a zombie with his back arched and neck protruding forward in a way that is inhumane. Walking around in his ambiguous figure, Alex G abruptly drops down to the ground to scream "HUAH" like an underpaid actor in a haunted house who likes to scare kids for a living. But when Alex G does it, it's not heartless, in fact, we scream and holler in excitement for his volatility. Dragging his cup of something that is not water, his humanity disintegrates. His voice ranges from whispers to screams all over heavy synths. The strobe lights make us feel like we are entering the mouth of a monster. Delightfully spooky and weird, the concert feels more of a performance of Alex G's shapeshifting abilities. Is this an identity crisis? An expression of self or art?

"Brick" is a noise rock, post industrial haze that consists heavily of shouts and screams that embody the live Alex G experience. He hovers over the piano, throwing his body in whirlwinds, screaming into the microphone. It causes me cognitive dissonance watching him shapeshift his voice in and out of the two streams of consciousness he distinguished by the slightest shift in voice.

"Miracles" is the most reliable of his setlist: the most romantic and jangle folk from the album. Shedding layers and entering new transcendental zones, he places himself in the center of the stage. He stands in front of us as pure and vulnerable as he could get; no longer hiding behind voice effects or demonic alter egos. "Miracles" allows us to slow down and gives our mind a moment of serenity. We start to trust and take him seriously. His intimate songwriting feels personal and confessional, adopting an Elliott Smith limited vocal range. Comparable to "Say Yes" the song is endearingly about a partner who makes you want to be a better version of yourself. There is an optimism in Alex G's lyrics that his discography previously lacked:

> Compare: "Every day I'll make promises that plague Sarah's heart/So I can watch her fall apart" ("Sarah," *Trick* 2012) to "I see great waves coming our way," "You say one day that we should have a baby/Well God help me, I love you, I agree, yeah" ("Miracles," *God Save The Animals*, 2022).

Alex G's stripped back guitar jousting paradoxes any emotional maturity we honor him with from Miracles. "Mission" is a murky plea of being "trained to stick to the mission." Mission is performed in similar whining as "Forgive" as he pouts to "I walked the idiot mile," and " I did good I stayed out of the kitchen" as if trying to prove his worth to his taxing mother. The instrumentals are steady, the drum playing is nothing close to overwhelming, and holds consistent rhythm until there is a subtle voice change: no longer whining and instead begging for acknowledgment, the bass gets louder, and lights blare. However, this only voids a temper tantrum as in a split second he eases back into a steady pace. It goes quickly, like a figment of our imagination, it is fleeting, and I have to ask myself if that really happened.

Alex G's music is known for the characters he develops and the complexity of emotions disguised behind simple lyrics —I quickly learned to never take his lyrics at face value. Though roleplaying in and out of whines and screams (just like Indigo De Souza) the level of immaturity perceived at face value, does not reflect his musical intellect. His 2022 album adopts hauntingly experimental soundscapes, indie rock comparable to Wilco, hyper-pop, and alt-country twang. Its range shows us how free Alex G is in this set. With moody pianos and blaring synths, I am no longer afraid of villains as Alex G shows us they are only the embodiment of what it means to explore the strangeness of the imagination.

Leaving Mission Ballroom right before Caroline Polachek takes stage, I feel embodied in my angst as I came in contact with the conductor of short-tempered angst and the villain you can root for.

Contours of Melanin: How Black & Brown Masc R&B Has Helped Me Navigate The Institutional Landscape

Written by Vicente Taijeron



The landscape of the contemporary United States continues to be stained with racial biases, inequities, complacency and brutality against Black and Brown bodies. Now more than ever, the arts are essential for allowing men of color to express ourselves fully: the joy, pain, rage, fear and softness that so often go unheard and unnoticed in society today. Are we allowed to speak up? Will our actions be interpreted as aggressive? Is it worth expressing discomfort and dissatisfaction in a system that criminalizes us? These are thoughts I often think about when navigating life at this institution daily. Music has been my only source of peace, meaning making and expression lately. My AirPods have been staying in 24/7 and come to think of it….almost all of my music taste lately has been alternative r&b made by melodic meaning makers such as Frank Ocean, Omar Apollo, Daniel Caesar, Giveon, Steve Lacy, Brent Faiyaz and so much more.

I will say, at first I did not pay much attention to the politics behind who I listen to and the unconscious sense of intimacy fostered based on their identities and the fact that their vocals coat my ear drums daily with the most pleasurable, reflective and indellible sounds. I initially thought they were all cool and "vibey" which they certainly are, but there is a deeper connection going on here, one that I think is seldom talked about. Black and Brown men are often at the forefront of the newest innovations in the world of arts and culture, Black and Brown men inspired the masc street lux fashion movement, the nike sneaker head craze, graffiti and street art and so much more. So it makes sense that their artistic promise and revolutionary spirit extends to the music scene, particularly, in genres such as hip hop, jazz and r&b.

So what exactly does it say that I (a brown man from Guam going to a PWI who is particularly invested in street and urban culture rooted in Black & Brown aesthetics from LA, the bay, New York and Chicago) is listening to predominantly alternative r&b music produced by Black and Brown men? Well, it demonstrates a sense of trust and a distinct comfort in the themes and experiences incorporated in the songs of such artists. For example artists like For example many Frank Ocean and Omar Apollo songs reframe Black and Brown masculinity to become more vulnerable and soft. This comes through in particular pieces like Frank Ocean's "Godspeed" in which he sings about the pain of unrequited love or Omar Apollo's "Kamikaze" which reminisces on a brief romance on a road-trip that quickly spoils.

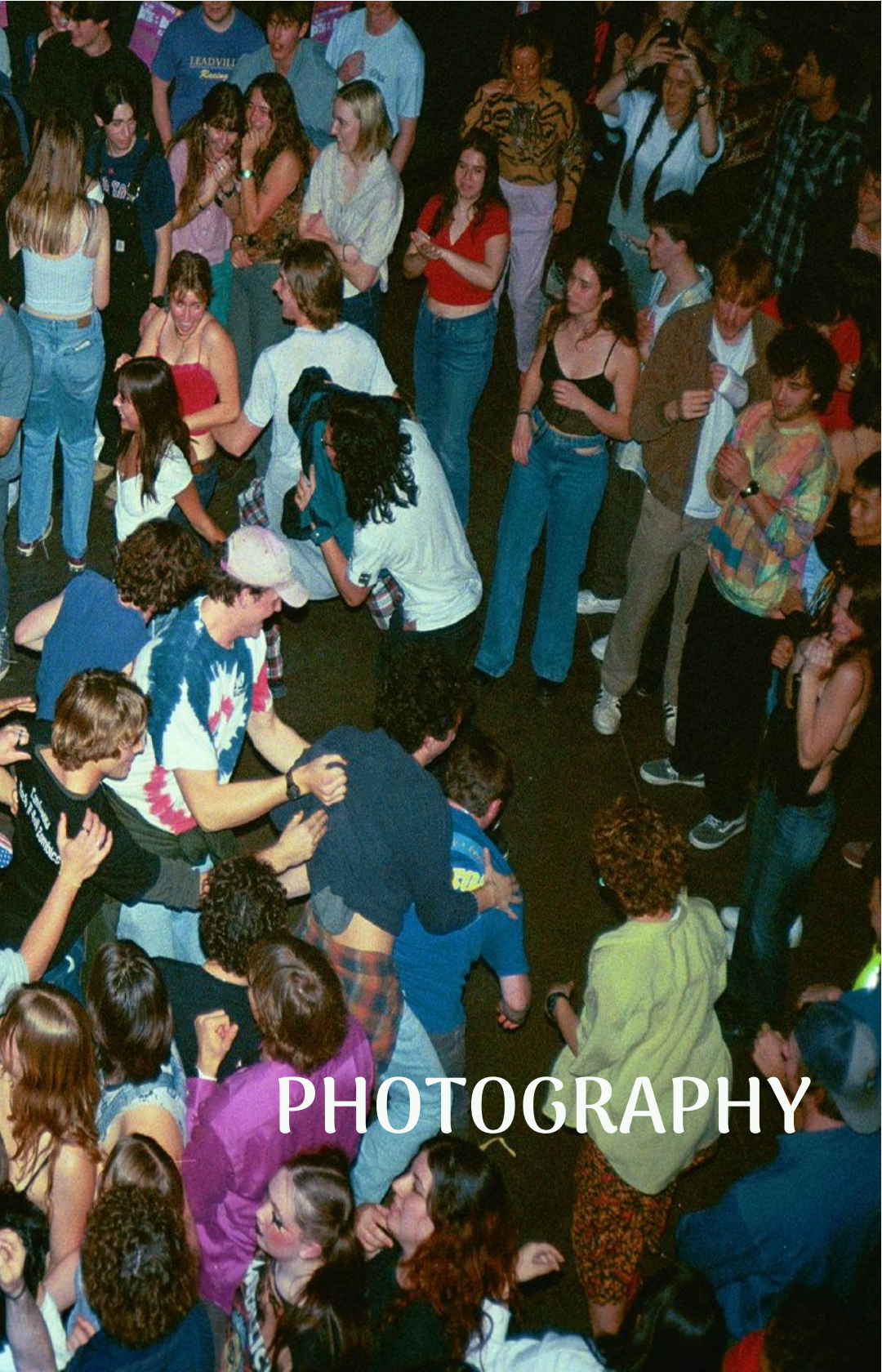
Songs like these provide me with an escape from the everyday laborious experience of college. They remind me of my humanness and let me feel like it's okay to be soft and vulnerable and to not give in to the often pulverizing nature of the inhumane and hyper productive space that is college. As a man of color, my time with music is a time for me to express what I can't during the day it's a chance to let free that which remains unspoken as a means of survival. Through this, Omar, Frank, Giveon and countless other BIPOC masc-identifying musical geniuses become peers, who shed light on the things I have yet to process in the company of others.

I call on those who read this to think about the potential of your playlist to making new imaginaries in your life. That is, to think thoughtfully about how not only the themes of songs but the artists themselves become entrenched in deeper political meaning that allow you to navigate the landscape of our world a little better. Thank you for reading and in case you're wondering…I'm listening to "Who Hurt You" by Daniel Caesar sitting in LAX right now feeling so alone yet so comforted in the company of this beautiful soundscape, a legacy of Black and Brownness and the promise of artistry to revolutionize the world.


19 Adele
sittin' on a doorstep
pondering such things
life
place
?
cruches
inter-relations


RED HOT SHOT
VISUAL
REVIEW!
my gf - to listen to
THE ONLY TWO MOODS OF THIS ALBUM:
1- angsty mob dad smoking cig out a dimly lit window.
2- his theatrical wife who runs through the streets in mid theatre & woofs like a fairy.





PHOTOGRAPHY


The
Middle East
























I LOVE
HOGS
AND
BDSM


EXIT


EXIT


EXIT




I LOVE
HOGS
AND
BDSM
CASIO



envisioned by
JACK MADISON
& MARINA MALIN

zine founder & manager:
MARINA MALIN

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