

**LOVEJOY'S**

**Bi-WEEKLY  
magazine**

**@JUST  
ALL  
LOVE**

**& SOCIAL  
CALENDAR**

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

\*if you are unfamiliar with magazine culture you are allowed to skip/skim letters from editors

\*\* in hindsight this reads like a manifesto (which is on brand) and made me so mad I'm surprised it didn't end in a bomb threat

**Welcome** to the first, maybe last, maybe only, edition of my potentially bi-weekly personal magazine, where I riff about anything and everything I want, with no filter and no spell check, to add some humanity into the media landscape that I used to love so much.

In these pages, you'll find direct scans from my journals, reviews (books I'm reading, music I'm listening to, art I've looked at), first drafts of the writing I'm working on (fiction, non-fiction, and poetry), interviews (conversations with my friends mostly), and really whatever else I felt like throwing in here.

And since I am nothing if not a little obsessed with what's happening around me, I've also compiled a social calendar of events that I think are actually cool as hell—mostly in Central Florida, Orlando specifically, with two Miami exceptions that I couldn't resist. Think gallery openings, poetry readings, live music, art festivals and weird workshops. Places where you can actually see people making stuff and connect in person with other creatives. And this is not a "Top 10 Things to Do This Weekend" fluff section ft. every shitty Orlando farmers market or coffee shop. It is a curated list of experiences I personally think are worth your time, attention, and energy, because they are on MY CALENDAR and I think they are worth MY time and energy.

I wanted to make this because I have always loved magazines with my whole heart and soul. They sit at the intersection of all my favorite things: cool art, gossip, pop psychology, & cultural criticism (aka: bitches having far too many opinions).

Magazines are where intellect and unseriousness get to be best friends with a secret handshake. You get a six-page essay about the erotic nature of something you never would've considered erotic, written by a psychologist tenured at fucking Yale, next to a quiz about whether a boy you've talked to twice loves you back, written by a lesbian intern from Sarah Lawrence—and it flows so well.



And zine culture—magazines cooler, less polished, skater girl, sister. **Zines have always been the most anti-establishment form of guerrilla publishing to exist.** Zines are what happen when someone has something to SAY, like something they really, really gotta get off their chest, and nowhere to really say it.

They're art made out of whatever you have on hand; maybe that's a magazine you want to collage the shit out of, maybe it's a sharpie that's already lowkey dying. Zines are never neutral. They are biased, emotional, petty, passionate, personal, political, and unhinged in ways that magazine media company legal teams simply can't allow.

Zines come from communities, subcultures, and scenes that don't even have names or comprehensive hashtag lists yet. Zines are a statement that something mattered. That's it. And I love **"whatever mattered in the moment"** media.

The reason I wanted to make this magazine, and spent a fuck ton of time compiling and reordering, writing, drawing, and scribbling it, is because we all know the media landscape right now isn't **bad** per se. I don't think any significantly smaller amount of cool shit is being produced.

In fact, I think we're probably, whether we want to admit it or not, in an era that's producing the largest amount of some of the coolest shit that has ever been made—but we're only seeing and being exposed to aggressively predictable, AI-generated, and mediocre shit. Everything feels so aggressively predictable because all of the major outlets woke up one day and decided that they all share the same brain cell—and that brain cell is the algorithm, engagement metrics, and search engine optimization.

And I'm sorry, but eww. Mainstay printed media had such a golden opportunity to run counter to algorithmic slop cycles, and they didn't do so. Now everything has the same tone, same graphics, same five takes that are easy to write clickbait titles out of but ultimately settle at the same lukewarm conclusion—and bro, I'm so sick of this shit.

Everyone sounds like everybody else, and it actually just makes me heartbroken. I'm deep into magazine history, culture, publishing trends, and bullshit. I collect them; there are ones I've been reading weekly since I was like ten years old. I have archives for a few of them. I pirate them online like 24/7.

Editors-in-chief used to be like characters, like actual active characters. Thought leaders. Influencers pre-social media. They were cool-ass visionaries hired by media companies to keep magazines fresh, growing, and current to the times. They fought hard for the creative freedom and control of their presses, because that's what magazines are—they're presses. They had distinct editorial personalities that you got to know by reading the magazines.

Refinery29 used to feel like your older, too cool, too woke, HBCU-grad, artsy cousin who was always putting you onto something—either a new up-and-coming rapper, or an indie filmmaker you'd never heard of, or a beauty brand that actually had shade range pre-Fenty.

Cosmopolitan was your slutty and absolutely shameless, destined-to-be-a-mob-wife, New Jersey-born best friend who believed in you wayyyy more than you believed in yourself, and was always tapping you into new must-try sex positions that you wonder how she even discovered.

Essence was aspirational, black luxury, being grown and natural at the same time, though they often feel mutually exclusive. Elle was the effortlessly chic Euro exchange student that we all wanted to be, who actually had good interior design advice—unlike the actual interior design magazines.

Yeah, now they're all kinda shit, and I say that with love. Now it feels like they're all trying so hard to appeal to everyone that they don't end up appealing deeply to anyone. Everything is palatable, frictionless, lukewarm, and voiceless.

If Refinery29 isn't offending the fuck out of conservatives, then it's not Refinery29 anymore. If Teen Vogue isn't mobilizing teens into doing something meaningful with their time, it ain't Teen Vogue. Teen Vogue is part of the reason I started showing up to protests; it's part of the reason I started volunteering, because the moto used to basically be, "just because you're a teen doesn't mean you have to act stupid."

Now they are all designed by the same committee and feel like someone took all the personality out of the old issues, put them in a fucking blender, and turned on oscillate until it poured out a language-model-written, algorithm-friendly smoothie.

Ya know how long it's been my absolute dream to work in major magazines? They put my dreams in that fucking blender.

And I tried Substack. We all saw it. I'll probably circle back around to it at some point because, yeah, she's convenient. But as a girl raised on Rookie Mag and Tumblr blogs, she's just not the same. She's not as customizable, not as honest, not as absolutely batshit crazy. She's a little too professional, and a lot too search engine optimized (dear lord, please stop with the keywords and maybe kill yourself, idk).

On Tumblr, you could be like seventeen different people on one blog and still have readership; Substack just isn't there yet and we all like getting paid but Substack likes getting paid a little too much.

At the end of the day, people making their own shit are always going to make the coolest shit, and Florida is crawling—absolutely infested—with artists making cool as fuck shit just to make shit. Writers who aren't getting paid. Photographers who aren't getting paid. Linocut printers taking butter knives to block erasers. Anthology editors who are more thoughtful about curation than any of the national outlets. Painters. Sketchers. Collagers. Screenprinters.

**I know a girl who smells like tofu twenty-four fucking seven because she basically lives in her Risograph room. YADAYADAYADA.** All of them make absolutely no fucking money, and do it all for the absolute love of the game. **Artistic eaters, if you will.**

**The coolest media you're going to get right now is guerrilla—it's local to you, it's micro-press.** And not to plug, but GO SUPPORT Central Florida's own BURROW PRESS, because we have a chance to support it right now, and if it closes, I'm gonna have to blow up one of the Big Five in retaliation—and I'd rather just keep Burrow and not go to jail.

I know so many cool-as-fuck artists who are being artists exactly the way artists are historically supposed to be: broke as fuck, in their feelings as fuck, making things that matter way more to them than their bank accounts. And I love them. I love all of them. I love the way they show up and show out 24/7, with art they swear isn't ready but is too good for OMA. I love the photographers who still use film because "it feels right," even though I know they're skipping meals to afford getting it developed. I love all my broke little artists, and I love all my broke little artist supporters, and I love Chris.

If you don't know Chris, you should know Chris, because Chris is basically everyone in my little broke artist collective's fairy godmother—if fairy godmothers had big-bro energy and wore statement jackets over their shoulders like capes. He aggressively believes in and hypes up everyone's creative potential, even when we're on some non-confident bullshit, and has this way of looking at talented artists like our weird little projects are sacred religious relics and is also an idea sounding board like no other.

So I told Chris I would do this for four months—one issue every two weeks. And honestly, I really don't like disappointing Chris. Which means you're reading Issue One—of at least eight issues of this potentially long-running, potentially biweekly personal magazine where I feature my art and art that I think is cool, because I am cooler than the algorithm and vogue can suck my strap right now.

Welcome to the inside of my brain.

XOXO, Kerina

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

- pg. 2-6      **LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**
- pg. 7      **TABLE OF CONTENTS**
- pg. 8-33      **CRÔNICAS (thoughts)**
- writing sci-fi, octavia butler, & ursula le guin
  - the unknowable past and the unknowable future, a lil bit of politics
  - time-travel smut
  - my dreams & over-active imagination
- pg. 8-19      **TALKIN SHIT (reviews)**
- books
  - movies
  - music
- pg. 72-83      **ARTIST FEATURE**
- in conversation with Lisabel Torres
- pg. 84-92      **SOCIAL CALENDAR**
- local cool shit (orlando +)

Today i began writing a book  
that may very well destroy my  
mind and my life. i want  
the book to be, above all else,  
an indictment of myself,  
the culture i have been raised  
in, and the casual ignorance  
that it thrives off of. So far  
i am impressing myself. wrote  
about six hundred words but  
this project excites me like  
nothing else ever has. I can  
tell i will finish this. it is  
coming from beyond me. It  
will be either the best or worst  
thing i ever write



Shhhhh! \* first page sci-fi book

Don't tell anyone i showed you.

## **Global Emergency Report \_ United Nations \_ 21/08/2032 \_ 21:00**

For the first time in recorded history, mass killing has erupted across the entire globe. These killings are not between nation-states or political factions but rather neighbor against neighbor. The target appears to be consistent across borders: one singular ethnic group, hunted down and executed without warning or mercy.

From the crowded streets of New York City, to rural villages in the east, from townships to suburbs, reports indicate that the same scenario of sudden violence is playing out across the globe by ordinary, somehow activated, citizens.

Authorities remain unable to explain how or where the killings started, and how they seemed to spread and so rapidly.

A sociologist at Oxford University, Dr. Raphael Rivas, has commented "It as if a switch has been flipped in the global human psyche. A universal consciousness we had always suspected the existence of has now been proven as real. It as if the human conscious in its entirety, has made a decision. There is no manifesto to speak of, no apparent political trigger, no tangible communication between the people. Just some sort of decided extermination."

In Paris, entire apartment blocks have been burned with residents still inside. In Istanbul, mobs have been reported as spontaneously forming to annihilate targets only to immediately resume ordinary behavior moments after the death of their victims.

The United States’s National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) has provided satellite images that show smoke rising from nearly every city across the globe, simultaneously. Communications are erratic and though nearly every capable nation has invoked martial law. Governments across the globe admit that they can not reasonably guarantee protection to their citizens.

The United Nations Security Council held an emergency session at approximately 18:20 when it received first reports of the violence. Unfortunately the meeting has been adjourned indefinitely, without resolution after representatives from China, Guyana, the Republic of Korea, and Greece, mercilessly targeted the other eleven members of the council. There are no survivors. Secondary representatives of all member states have since confirmed that their own militaries have fractured along the same lines of violence.

Aid organizations across the globe are calling this “the fastest and most universal collapse of civil order ever seen”.

Social media has been flooded with desperate pleas: families barricaded in their homes, hiding in cellars, and running from gunfire. Alongside recordings of people turning on lifelong friends.

Accompanying this horror are chilling posts celebrating the bloodshed, shared across languages and borders.

Casualty estimates are impossible to verify but the Red Cross believes that the death toll has surpassed the hundreds of millions. Entire neighborhoods and cities have been emptied. Trains and airports have been closed as a safety precaution.

This is not war, but a global unraveling of civility. **Today we must confront that the foundation of coexistence, may have been broken.**

As night falls across half the planet, the killings show no signs of slowing.....

*are you as  
excited as i  
am?*

we written extensively before about art as blueprint and how the best way to get people to join a revolutionary movement, is to offer them "the world after"

but writing sci-fi has really been testing my own capacity to do this

i'm realizing now, much of what i think about the future is given to me.

most people i know, have very nihilistic ideas of a future not set in stone, myself included.

i just think that we can acknowledge the bricks being laid for a hellish future without submitting to the idea it is too late to dismantle

a lot of our "news"  
is speculative fiction  
written to induce  
panic and convince  
us we already lost

pulled from journal,  
KERINA, week of november  
10<sup>th</sup> 2025.

"notes on trying my hand  
at sci-fi and practicing  
what i've preached"

if i must live  
in delusion, let it  
at least be of my  
own mind's making

# the world after.

in imagining the future and utopia there is much work to do, and so much to work with.

there are hydroponics systems to design, sidewalks that capture energy, things that defy the theory of gravity, things that move without motion.

**i play with science and physics like a baby plays with alphabet letters**, with pure curiosity. exploring my mind and the material world.

i am learning so much from my own imagination.

but there's something about that future tense. i don't like it. **i'm not good at what happens next.** i have always loved playing historian more.

but i want to make this work.

so i find myself in the position of playing historian for a time that hasn't happened yet, **telling stories in the past tense about the future.**





writing sci-fi  
for the first  
time and really  
pressing up  
against my  
bounds of thought

idk man, i need to be  
more careful talking  
about the future lest i  
manifest some bad  
shit

# ursula le guin



*i want to see the future the way ursula le  
guin and octavia e. butler did.*

“re”

*stand on the edge of a  
world on the brink  
and imagine a new  
way forward.*

“re”

*unplague myself  
from the modern  
tendency for repetition,  
re-vitalization, childish  
nostalgia for an  
unknowable past, and  
make something new.*

“re”

*down with emulation.  
let me believe in  
the future  
enough to create  
it in my mind.*



*octavia*  
*e. butler*



STFU  
Class is in session...

**The Unknowable Past and Unknowable Future: Archaeologists, Visionaries, and the Dangers of Rooting Liberation in Myth.**

Kerina Lovejoy

Department of Anti-Moralist Liberation Studies, University of Exceptional Personal Insight

PHIL 444: Philosophies I Believe Deeply but Don't Want to Cite

November 27<sup>th</sup>, 2025

**A**rchaeologists and activists are such an unlikely pair. **An alliance between analyzers of the deep past and warriors for the near future.** They confuse me. One group painstakingly sifts through dust to reconstruct what may have happened thousands of years ago, fully aware that certainty is a luxury, and they will never have it. The other group stands on the precipice of what hasn't happened yet, insisting that certainty is possible if enough people have the guts to believe in it. And somehow these two orientations can get collapsed into **a single political logic that tries to use the unknowable past as justification for the imagined future.** It's bizarre, and deeply misleading, but also strikingly poetic.

I have never liked the way leftist spaces invoke the ancient past as a kind of moral permission slip for our future. I like it even less now. Activists gesture vaguely over drinks toward imagined egalitarian ancestors to stand in for actually doing the work of building something new, flattening history into propaganda and turning whole cultures into political props. Treating the past like a flawless blueprint, instead of a landscape full of contradictions we will never fully understand. Activists, **especially those desperate to anchor their politics in a lineage**, try to turn gaps in sediment into scripture.

The unknowable past becomes a kind of rhetorical weapon. People say "We used to live in egalitarian societies" or "Communal living is ancient and therefore natural." This is to an extent true but also far less definitive. Archaeological evidence of the deep past is patchwork at best. Theory is the only thing you can call something that can be rewritten by a shatter of pottery. But still, we have this desire to root our morality in the past, and justify our present ideals with some sort of "natural world order".

**Ancestral memory and historical continuity are powerful and necessary grounding tools but they become dangerous when they become the basis for secular fundamentalism.** A belief that because we think our political ancestors lived a certain way, we are therefore obligated to replicate it. Worse, that anyone deviating from our reconstruction of the past is betraying some sacred truth.

It starts looking eerily similar to the impulse within conservative Christianity to apply biblical law to modern problems. You see the same pattern. Selective readings of evidence, presumptions that ancient conditions are universally moral and an insistence that what was once “true” should eternally govern what is true now. When leftists gesture vaguely toward “pre-colonial cultures” with “indigenous communal practices” without specificity, nuance, or the humility of uncertainty, it sounds very similar to when fundamentalists say, “Well, Scripture says...”

Both collapse the complexity of the past into laws and simple mandates for the complicated present. Both rely on an imagined purity, Edenic or revolutionary, that has never really fully existed the way we want it to. The deep past is not just unknown, it is unknowable. We can observe fragments. We can hypothesize patterns. We can make educated guesses. But we cannot resurrect the full architecture of a world that has been buried under the topsoil. Archaeologists know this. Historians know this. But activists have so much faith in science that it is us who sometimes forget.

Overreaching into the past relieves us of some of the burden of uncertainty and lets us believe that justice is not something we have to build in all its messy specificity, but something we can rediscover or inherit, a much easier battle. But liberation is not retroactive and it is not predestined. It lives entirely in the inconvenient, chaotic, present-tense world we’re in. A healthier approach is to treat both the past and the future as offerings instead of commandments. The past offers lessons, warnings, fragments of possibility. The future offers dreams, models, provocations. But neither can govern the present. Neither can be taken as evidence that our political work is morally inevitable.

If anything, the past should make us endlessly humble. The fact that so many civilizations tried, failed, mutated, and collapsed, should give us confidence that we can always start again.



As activists we are not archaeologists restoring a broken artifact of utopia. There is no utopia or garden of eden to speak of. We are not prophets foretelling a world already ordained. We are people. Alive people. Overwhelmed people. Capable and Improvisational people trying to carve a world out of raw material.

The past will not save us, if it could, it would've already. The future will not absolve us, we will always have done the things we have done. We are responsible for building something unique to our time regardless.

There is something to be said for being contemporary, refusing the allure of nostalgia and choosing, instead, to live fully in the present. To name the conditions of our lives as they actually are. Being contemporary means acknowledging that we are the first generation to face this exact configuration of crises, technologies, violences, solidarities, and potential. Our work cannot be a restoration project, we have to be developers. The future has to be an act of invention. We have a political responsibility to stay here, in this moment, without reaching backward for moral comfort or forward for guarantees. The present is where we have agency. The present is where the future begins.

### **Questions for Further Thought:**

- Why do we keep circling the same fantasies? Who benefits from this repetition?
- What happens when nostalgia becomes more comforting than change?
- How do we learn to desire something that we've never seen?
- What might emerge if we stopped searching for what once was and started committing to what could be?
- Is this practice moving us forward in any way?

imma cure y'all's.  
shitty attention  
spans if it's the  
last thing i do

using my imagination  
is so important to me  
and only sometimes makes  
me feel that i'm losing  
my mind.

a lot of adults are not  
nearly playful or imaginative  
enough for my liking. being  
too steeped in reality will  
only make you puritan at heart  
like idk why you keep having  
panic attacks my guy but  
maybe daydreaming and doing  
a craft would help with that.  
just an idea, people are too damn  
serious all the time

Love

smutty  
epiphanies

*i was reading a time-travel book last night. i'm not gonna plug it or review it because it's smut that i will not admit to reading, **and also bad.***

*in the book this girl stumbles drunk onto a beach near her house and is transported back in time. she falls in love with this guy on the beach who has a way with words. their conversations (her talking about her life 100 years in the future) inspires him to write poetry.*

*she time travels back when she leaves the beach but everything is different when she gets home. she googles him and the poetry that he wrote about her literally changed the world and the society that she lives in now.*

*the book might've been good, if it wasn't bad.*

*even though i hated the book, and the smut was fifty-shades awful. i did like the author's laid-on-thick, almost-nauseatingly-cheesy belief that poetry and relationships can change the world.*

*i sometimes find myself thinking that nothing i do could ever possibly matter, and that thought is kinda bullshit, and maybe i just needed to be told that via bad smut this week.*

***bad  
smut  
changes  
lives***

# Lucid<sup>\*</sup> dreaming<sup>\*</sup> Tea<sup>o</sup>

- 1 part mugwort
- 1 part mexican dream herb
- 2 parts chamomile
- 1 part dried ginger

\*seep for 5-8 minutes  
\*honey to taste



**WARNING:** YOUR BATSHIT DREAMS ARE **YOUR**  
BATSHIT RESPONSIBILITY



# on dream analysts.

27

## NEW OPPS JUST DROPPED

*i dream a lot at night.*

*two or three full narratives. a few intermingled scenes.*

*odd dreams. a lot to sort through.*

*drifting out at sea in an oak wine barrel being passed by  
cruise ships. polar bears wandering through the orange  
groves. ripping organs out of my chest and stomach in  
white rubber rooms. floating peacefully in pools of lava.  
being chased by malignant energy. water freezing over as  
i lie below the surface.*

*i don't think they're all that hard to decipher. i write them  
down in the dark blue notebook under my mattress and  
move on with my day. occasional flashbacks intermingle  
with my work.*

*i work with a guy who does dream analysis. after i  
recount my dream, he pulls symbols confidently out of  
his ass, telling me, with full confidence, exactly what my  
dream means, like he has a map of my mind rolled out  
on the circulation desk.*

*he has catalogs of neat little legends, myths, archetypes,  
and jungian symbols. books on eastern philosophy by  
white guys and african symbology by white girls and tells  
me these symbols have meant the same thing to people  
since we first started making shadows on cave walls.*

*i will never believe that anyone knows my dreams better  
than i do.*

and no one knows your dreams better than you do.

no one sees the ways your dreams glow from the inside  
like a caravaggio painting or deep sea bioluminescent  
creature.

they will tell you the ocean is the subconscious, but do  
they know that you have vowed to never set foot on a  
cruise ship.

no, they'll call the polar bears "inner conflict" but they  
weren't raised next to orange groves. and they've never  
watched a creature that doesn't belong in one move  
through it like a Florida child does on late night dog  
walks. they make pronouncements about trauma when  
you mention organs. as if all viscera is generic.

the achilles heel of the dream analyst is their unwavering  
faith in the universal symbol, a brittle little myth they  
cling to like the rosetta stone of the human psyche. they  
act like symbols are public property and we all agreed  
that water means emotion, and bears mean  
motherhood.

my mind has its own folklore.

they build entire careers on the idea that a snake is  
always a snake, and every snake slithered through the  
garden of eden, a house is always a house no matter the  
wood finish or doorknob weight.

how dare he tell me, full confidence, no one dies in their  
dreams. how do I tell him, no lie, I just did last night.

*their interpretations collapse the moment they come in contact with lived interiority.*

*symbols aren't universal, they're provincial at best. they're deeply personal. a wine barrel on the open sea doesn't mean the same thing to someone who's only seen the ocean in postcards. or the daughter of a sommelier. even "fear" doesn't look the same from one person to the next.*

*insisting everything maps onto some ancient template, as though you are just one more vessel carrying the same old symbols forward ignores that symbols mutate like dna. they get contaminated. by memory, by culture, by proximity, by the weird video you watched at 2 A.M., by the way the wood in your childhood bedroom creaked, by the things you never talk about out loud and they have no way of knowing. certain images lodge themselves in you because of one stupid childhood moment you barely remember, or a half-heard story you can't forget.*

*they think they can decode a dream without knowing the dreamer. they can catalog the dream, they can annotate it like a teen reading shakespeare for the first time.*

*but your dreams were made for you, and my dreams were made for me. and no one dies in their dreams... but i just did.*

pulled from journal,  
KERINA, week of november  
17<sup>th</sup> 2025.

“notes on that bitch who  
tried to...”

do i think dreams are  
important? well they  
are important to me  
so i don't particularly  
care.



i don't know that i ever got over my over-  
active imagination

it just stretched taller with me.  
learned sat prep words.

found heavier things to haunt me with

they said i'd outgrow seeing the ghosts, but that  
never really happened

reality has thin skin

the past lives still hover close by

and some days i feel the floor tilt  
like it's trying to slide me back into one

and the woman in the yellow wedding dress  
was in the kitchen-sink window again yesterday.

i wonder what she wanted.

maybe she just likes watching

a lot of the ghosts do.

i left the kitchen light on for her.

i imagine ghosts get quite sick of the dark.

the house always feels a little different after she visits.

the air gets rearranged.

i made tea i didn't drink last night and walked  
from room to room like I was looking for  
something

i couldn't have said what.

i laid awake listening for the  
light drag of a dress hem  
against the floor.



around 3am, i felt the edge of the mattress dip  
slightly, the way it might if a cat were to settle  
beside you.

i don't have a cat.

the weight stayed.

i didn't open my eyes.

i knew that if I did, i'd see yellow fabric pooled at  
the side of the bed and she'd be sitting there,

patient as ever.

i don't like late night conversations.

*\*first paragraph excerpt from my novella,  
in the mad hatter's mansion*

**The Mad Hatter's mansion has a front door.**

**Of course it does. Don't be silly.**

**It has one in the kitchen. One off the study.**

**One  
in  
the  
stu-  
dio.**

**Three  
in the  
hall-  
ways.**

**Another on the balcony.**

**Two in the living room.**

**And don't forget the one  
coming up from the cellar.**

**Nine front  
doors total.**

maybe i'll never know  
the future but i  
probably don't know  
the present either



**R  
E**

**V**

**I**

**E**

**W**

**S**

*literally  
just  
putting  
bitches  
on*

**books**

**film**

**music**

# reads

**YES** - yoko ono

**For the Sun After Long Nights: The Story of**

**Iran's Women-Led Uprisings** - Fatemeh

Jamalpour and Nilo Tabrizy

**Reservoir Bitches** - Dahlia de la Cerda

**woman at point zero** - nawal el saadawi

**swimmer among the stars** - kanishk tharoor

**the author's dimension** - christa wolf

## thoughts on reading Yes Yoko Ono, an Art Anthology

by Alexandra Munroe and Bruce Altshuler

I first met Yoko Ono years ago in a bookstore in Atlanta, in a little yellow book that **almost** belonged in the poetry section. **grapefruit**. grapefruit introduced me to performance art via the page, which felt weirdly illegal, like I wasn't supposed to learn it that way. it contained the inner workings of the mind of a woman I didn't really understand. A woman who seemed to communicate sole-y through gestures. I communicate through words.

Seeped both in physicality and rampant conceptualism, something about grapefruit made me feel less weird about the way my brain works. there were other people out there who also saw instructions in everyday life, and also saw the point in doing pointless things just to see how they feel, something most people don't seem particularly fond of.

Its been a few years, and I recently met Ono again in the car with my boyfriend. She got brought up in relation to one of his favorite bands, the Beatles. I had to have been one of the only people that felt familiar with Yoko Ono and had never heard that she dated a Beatle. Granted I don't know shit about the Beatles.

But it felt strange, meeting her that way. First as this odd, lowercase, yellow-square-book presence who spoke to the part of my brain that never grew up quite right. And then as... someone's girlfriend? Their wife? Their cultural scapegoat? I don't know. I just know the Ono I met first—the one who validated that imagination isn't something you have to outgrow— definitely wasn't just someone's girlfriend.

**it was unsettling.**

Anyway, it seems that Yoko Ono insists that I get to know her better. About a week after my unsettling car ride, where I learned of her transgression against British culture. Yoko Ono's *Yes* showed up at the library. Her life told through her art and her words. I pulled it out of the bin and just stared at it. *"Okay, fine, I get it," I thought, "We have unfinished business and you're following me."*

As I slipped it into my backpack (legally? debatably. spiritually? absolutely), I knew we were in for some relationship building.

*Yes* opens with a biography of Yoko Ono's early life, and college days. Honestly? Not surprising that Ono ended up being such an multi-faceted artist and complex individual. Her upbringing reads like folklore. She grew up in a very old money, elite Japanese family— the kind with ancestral emperor and samurai connections. REAL. But she spent her childhood bouncing between Tokyo and the U.S. because her father worked for a bank. So she's bilingual, bicultural, and being raised with the expectation that she will be both polite and brilliant, a combination the West has never known what to do with in a woman.



Then the war hit. Suddenly the girl raised on pianos, poetry, and privilege was living through the firebombing of Tokyo, carrying water, trading goods to survive. That kind of whiplash—fifty thousand dollar grand piano to survival hustle—makes.

differently.

your sense

It rearranges

priorities.

she grew

art where

instructions

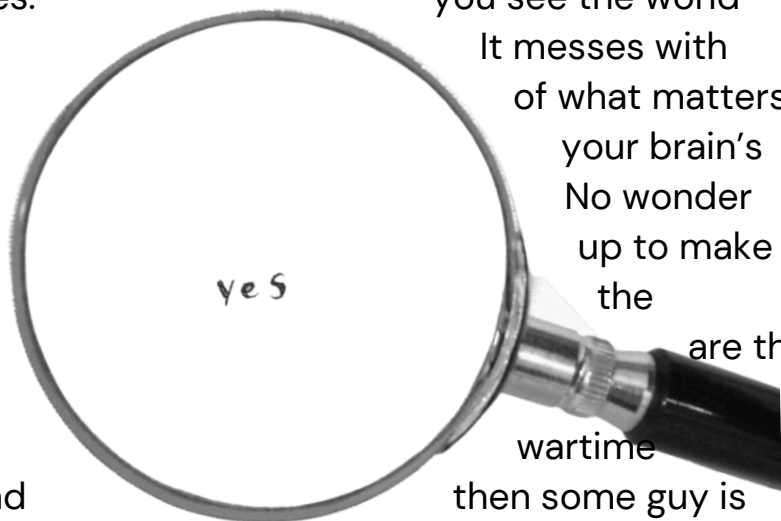
art. Imagine

surviving a

childhood and

like, "Can you sing

went to an elite japanese philosophy school studying alongside the nations next great writers, politicians, and businesspeople.



you see the world

It messes with  
of what matters.

your brain's

No wonder

up to make

the

are the

wartime

then some guy is

on key though?". She

After the war, her family came to permanently relocate to the USA, and she ended up going to Sarah Lawrence (gay af). Where she majored in being uncategorizable. She studied philosophy, music composition, poetry, and whatever else she could get her hands on and felt like. Meanwhile, people around her were being groomed to become "serious artists," and Yoko was over there inventing forms that didn't exist yet because she didn't feel like waiting, and had a lot going on up there.

This is the part people tend to skip over: by the time she met the Beatles, she was already a major figure in the avant-garde. Yoko Ono didn't "marry into fame". She was independently wealthy, established in the art scene and was a major part of shaping the language of conceptual art in the West. She was there for the birth of Fluxus. And brought a unique eastern perspective and philosophy to the movement. Yoko wasn't following the movement. She was one of the gravitational forces pulling it forward.

She turned everyday acts into art. She turned silence into composition. She turned audience participation into a philosophical intervention. She made pieces that basically said: I bet you've never noticed how weirdly fragile your reality is. She was walking so half of modern contemporary performance art could stumble.

And that's the thing that kills me: White boys worship Duchamp for putting a urinal in a gallery and praise Dadaism (red, fucking flag btw, do not fall for the dadaism resurgence of 2025, white boys just don't got shit to say anymore so they're trying to make their silence and bare minimum ironic).

White men don't respect Ono telling them to "Imagine letting a piece of the sky press down on you" but they respect the banana duck taped to the wall?

The more I learn about her, the more I realize how much she unsettles people simply by existing outside their expected categories: too serious and too silly; too feminine and too confrontational; too smart and too aware of it. Too earnest. Too ironic. Too much. Too little. Too everything.

Which is why I fucking love her so much. I also have one of those brains that makes people tilt their heads and go, "Huh?". New role model unlocked. Big thanks to Yoko for getting here first and laying me some conceptual scaffolding. Now that I know the fuller version of her; child of war, student of philosophy, conceptual artist, reluctant pop-culture villain. I get why she keeps showing up. Maybe I'm finally learning to see what she's been showing me this whole time. Maybe she finally sees something in me.

Either way, this relationship is getting serious.

## ECHO TELEPHONE PIECE

Get a telephone that only echoes back your voice.

Call every day and talk about many things.

*this is  
feeling like  
my telephone  
piece*

1964 spring

# COFFEE BREAK

**GET UP! STRETCH! TAKE A  
DEEP BREATH. GO GET SOME  
COFFEE.**





# FOR THE SUN AFTER LONG NIGHTS BY FATEMEH

## JAMALPOUR AND NILO TABRIZY

If it gets even half the airtime it deserves, *For the Sun After Long Nights* could be the consciousness-shifting nonfiction book of the year. I swear, I want to mail a copy to every American who's ever weaponized the phrase "sharia law" with zero understanding of what they're talking about. If you were only going to read one nonfiction book this year, I'd tell you to read this one, and I wouldn't even fight you to do more. (Okay, that's a lie. I might. But the sentiment stands.) This book is IMPORTANT, and it's long-awaited. It does something that I've been waiting for a book to do since I was twelve. No exaggeration. I have cried so many times just thinking about this book after reading it. Like I'm at work, the book is on my shelf at home, and I just start crying because of something that read weeks ago in this book. Hell I'm gonna cry writing this review.

*For the Sun After Long Nights* is a book about the women-led uprisings that have swept across Iran after the



government's brutal murder of Mahsa Jîna Amini, a 22 year old girl who was killed for violating hijab law, but it is also so much more than that. The book really does beautifully tackle a hundred years of resistance and repression layered on top of each other. It documents the major coups, and crackdowns that have shaped modern Iran. And sheds a much needed light on the stolen futures, and buried hopes, and whole generations that have been raised under immense amounts of state violence, yet keep coming back swinging against their oppressors.

And the book tackles both the lived oppression and the diasporic experience together. It's as much about the ache and pain of diaspora as it is the physical reality of violence. That strange double-vision of being from a place you love so fiercely that it lives under your skin and pumps through your veins but a place you can never safely return to, so you have no choice but to watch it from a distance. Nilo's chapters gutted me. That feeling of being split between worlds, of knowing your belonging is real but complicated, and carrying the grief and pride of a country on your back even when you aren't the one tear-gassed or beaten or chased down in the streets—it's written so beautifully that it surpasses almost every other account of diasporic experience that I have read. It hurts to read.

And then there's parts. And just—tears actually. write this. bravery is the



Fatemeh here come the I'm crying as I Fatemah's kind you can't

even capture in fiction. Hero's journey my ass, this woman would defy the devil himself if it meant standing up for what she believes in. She is on the ground, facing down a regime with a notebook and a camera and a will of steel, documenting what's happening in these protests even when she has been made hyperaware that it will cost her EVERYTHING. You can feel her fear, and you can feel her resolve, and you can see the moral clarity that seems to be just imbedded in her body, as she feels compelled to keep telling the truth anyway.

The book is divided into four parts—uprising, history, personal narrative, and the honor—and the way these sections build off of each other and seem to be in conversation with each other is just breathtaking.

Part 1 is fire. Part 2 is context Americans desperately need. Part 3 is the heart and soul of the book. Part 4 is testimony. By the time you reach the end, you're not just reading about Iran, you're reading about the architecture of revolution. You're reading about what it takes to stand up to a state that has decided your life is expendable. You're reading a blueprint for how to have courage.

And I need to say this plainly:

Every single person in this book is braver than you.

These are people risking not just degrees, and jobs, and families, and freedom. They are risking their lives to report corruption, to protest, to document atrocities, to protect each other. They are giving their lives at a say in their are not victims. waiting for a salvation.



for the chance futures. They aren't savior or for They are

revolutionaries. They are building their own liberation in real time. And they are casually martyring themselves.

The writing itself is stunning. There are so many lines and visuals that I haven't been able to shake from it, even weeks later.

Persian culture is saturated with poetry, and you can feel that deep literary tradition throughout this entire book. I can feel the tradition of Attar in these words and there's a lyricism here that could have been a distraction, a dulling force, but instead it amplified everything: the fear, the courage, the rage, the love.

*dahlia de la cerda's*

# RESERVOIR BITCHES

I had my shit rocked by a short story collection today, as I often do. And even as i sit here dissociating in that post-media void/haze, I can recognize that the collection that I finished has permanently shifted something in my perspective.

Art isn't something we recover from or get over. It's something we absorb. It lodges in our body, our thought patterns, and our instincts. After the last words, I was swallowed by feelings of loss and disorientation. I had been immersed in and confronted with lives and violences that were messy, vivid, and unflinching. I don't think I would be the person I am today, or capable of the empathy I carry, if my parents had stuck me to the juvenile and young adult shelves as a child. Literary fiction and all of it's jagged, dark, uncompromising stories are what taught me to feel fully, to hold contradiction without hypocrisy, and really sit in discomfort without feeling the need to flee it.

**"I came looking for live music to dance to but, just my luck, what I found instead was this brutal desert that devours women, carves them up, disappears them, swallows them whole. See nothing, say nothing. But you can't pull the wool over my eyes."**

Reservoir Bitches by Dahlia de la Cerda just changed my standard for contemporary literature and literary fiction. It was genre bending and down to earth and it is disgustingly proletariat in the best way. Every story slaps you with the grit of survival, social violence, and women navigating worlds that are improbable to survive. The first story—a cartel daughter—hits you like a punch in the stomach, setting the tone for the collection: raw, sharp, unflinching.

**“She was killed by her boyfriend. By her husband. By her ex. By her lover. By her father. By a man. By the man who said he loved her. And then killed her. Her boyfriend murdered her and burned her body. Her boyfriend was a murderer. Her husband was a murderer. Her lover was a murderer. Love kills.”**

The stories in this collection refuse any conventional ideas of morality. There’s a trans sex worker who has to fight for her survival, a teenage mother whose anger is almost tastable and her grief immediate, a woman who comes back from the dead to vengeance a world that has tried to erase her. Each narrator is fiercely alive, and their anger, humor, and defiance illuminates lives and lifestyles that most literature would never have the guts to touch.

**“How can you prove misogyny in court if the murderer says he loved her?”**

And woven through these aggressively contemporary stories of violence is folklore, echoes of Mexican and indigenous myth, culture, grief, and ritual. Ghostly ancestors appear, legends walk alive in the pages, and the moments of both magic and horror feel inevitable in their own rights. *Like the land itself is complicit in the truth of the stories.*

Also holy shit—Khatmatu’s “Song Hunting Days” is the perfect listen-along for this book. The track’s pacing, grit, and haunting intensity mirror the collection’s rhythm. Listening while reading is a 4-D experience, would recommend.

I wouldn’t read *Reservoir Bitches* for entertainment, though I did laugh and go through most of the emotional spectrum. But I think that if you read it, it will leave you hypervigilant to the world around you. It’s a collection that will make you flinch, will refuse to let you look away, and might hit you in face.

# Woman at Point Zero *by Nawal El Saadawi*

*“I came to realize that a female employee is more afraid of losing her job than a prostitute is of losing her life. An employee is scared of losing her job and becoming a prostitute because she does not understand that the prostitute’s life is in fact better than hers.”*

*“Everybody has to die. I prefer to die for a crime I have committed rather than to die for one of the crimes which you have committed.”*

I've always had an aggressive (but entirely justified) amount of beef with the idea of "the literary canon." Canon was the topic of the first argument I ever had with a professor. The books that get to sit on classic shelves and school reading lists nationwide? They irk me...and I'm a librarian.

The problem with canon is that we're handed a suspiciously homogenous set of "classics," and then told they're the best books ever written and probably the best books that will ever be written. Bonkers take. Truly insane. The truth is, the classics are rarely as good as the contemporary works they're supposedly standing above. Half survive only because institutions keep feeding them oxygen. Books that actually reshape storytelling get left out—because they aren't white, male, or Western enough to count.

I'm not just talking shit. I've read the canon—over 120 classics in a year of service at seventeen (RIP). And reading it kinda broke something in my soul. By then I had already read countless books far sharper, fuller, and more brilliant than the supposed canon—and none of them had anything to do with it. Really made me lose respect for my degree before I even started it. The second you start reading outside the canon, it's embarrassingly obvious: traditional canonical works are good, or first, but they're rarely the best.

In high school, I read a lot of Middle Eastern literary fiction written by women. Don't ask me why; I just did. Authors like Elif Shafak, Susan Abulhawa, and Marjan Kamali consistently delivered. I read *10 Minutes 38 Seconds in This Strange World*, *Against the Loveless World*, and *The Stationary Shop*: novels centered on women who had been chewed up by empires, prisons, patriarchy, war, borders, and expectations—and who refused to narrate their lives gently or follow the hero's journey (fuck the hero's journey, he's going nowhere).

And then, just last week, I finally read *Woman at Point Zero*.

For those unfamiliar: the novel tells the story of Firdaus, a woman on death row in Cairo. Through her own voice, she recounts a life shaped by systemic oppression—childhood sexual abuse, exploitative work, suffocating patriarchal relationships, and the struggle to claim her own body and identity. Her narrative is unflinching, raw, and intense, leading up to the act that lands her in prison. But Firdaus' story is far more than a crime; it's a declaration of selfhood in a world designed to erase women like her.

Reading it felt like meeting their mother. Firdaus isn't a symbol, a cautionary tale, or a story meant to make readers comfortable. She is the source of so much I already loved in contemporary novels. The defiance in Shafak, the political clarity in Abulhawa, the insistence on the importance of interiority in Kamali—all of it originates here. In *Woman at Point Zero*. In a cell holding a woman on death row. In the story of a woman who refuses to soften herself for anyone.

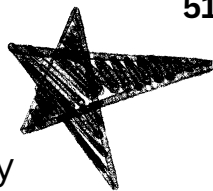
Reading this book last, after falling in love with its daughters, made the lineage undeniable. The contemporary novels I read don't borrow much from the Western canon. Instead, they converse with this small, brilliant book that refuses to bow to whiteness, maleness, or institutional authority. Firdaus set the precedent, and the daughters carried it forward, each in their own style, each impossible without her.

*Woman at Point Zero* is a classic because it creates a canon: a lineage of phenomenal books that all echo this one. Reading Firdaus after her daughters felt like finally meeting your best friend's mom—finally tracing the river back to its source. And I have no problem admitting that I enjoy *Woman at Point Zero* less than Shafak, Abulhawa, or Kamali. What mother wants to be better than her children anyhow? A classic is a source. It was nice to meet this spring.



# swimmer among the stars

a short story collection by  
Kanishk Tharoor



I enjoyed one story in this collection so  
immensely that it made up for me not giving a single damn  
about the rest of them

A woman is the last to speak her language, and  
linguists have traveled to her remote village to  
capture it on audio recording. She has  
no one to actually speak with, so she  
tells the scientists stories.



She is trying to tell modern stories in a  
language with no modern words, so she begins  
doing what a **no-sabo** kid does, and makes up  
phrases she feels represent the things she is  
trying to say.

A beautiful story about... well, a lot of things we  
don't



often care enough to consider.

Like what it really means when a language  
dies, the heaviness that comes with being the  
last to hold something so important yet  
intangible, and how language isn't  
static. It's a living thing as long as it is  
spoken. But yeah, great story.



# the author's dimension

christa wolf

this book has done very little  
beyond teaching me new  
vocabulary and keeping my mind  
occupied during idle moments.

christa wolf, like many of us, is very  
**occasionally** brilliant.



*wolf man*

# words and names christa wolf has made me google.

G B J M G V X E N T E L E C H Y S U B J  
 D C A J G U N D E R R O D E B V A A V O  
 V J S C V V X Y F H U H L X U Z V N R A  
 Z S Q Q H B F V K X M G D M C M I G L E  
 E M K J Y M G A G T V C S U K Z G O V E  
 G W Y S X M A D K T A I L G W F N X Z E  
 A C N M V Q X N T A N B W P A K Y O P U  
 I T M S L J I K N E A C W E R X P T G A  
 N P J J S V M Y M S E W S E E E L C Y N  
 L T E X C S K U T G P O H P F K F A T E  
 X X R R F X C K H V U I Y D K C P T A B  
 H A M K N E A H M Q Y R S I N E K N X C  
 O T G T X G I B O D M E F X N N T X L D  
 M Y X K M Q E K Y B R A I M M E M F X D  
 T V X Q P S G D E L Z O C A C H B Z O T  
 Y Q V U Q J D A D J E W V A E O O W Q S  
 A B S C I T I T I O U S V N B H H D M R  
 L G D A N L M J G P Y Q P N M R S P E U  
 C Q H M A M B J V U L Y A Z I X E T E A  
 X P E H G H O U L I L A K M W T P E R L

1. gunderrode

2. entelechy

3. savigny

4. buckware

5. bachmann

6. hoheneck

7. macabre

8. urst

9. abscititious

10. ecumenism

# MOVIES

rated out of five (with explanation if I feel like it)

**begonias (2025) starring emma stone**



torn about giving it a 3.5 or 4 but 3.5 felt right. rllly good though.

**die my love (2025) starring jennifer lawrence**



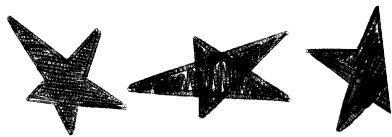
only gets one star because lawrence and patterson are kinda hot. prepared for white women to tell me how good this movie is against my will. ass.

**queens of the dead (2025) hottest cast ever**



***“I HAVE AN AX WOUND”***

**four letters of love (2025) starring enola holmes girl**



kinda deep, kinda cute, kinda ehh, kinda wanted to bitch slap the mom though

before i forget

WE  
HAVE TO  
TALK  
MUSIC

# LOVEJOY HOT 10™

songs that I currently have on repeat

1. How Bad I Wanna Live — Maya de Vitry

(country/folk music) **2. FANCLB — Eyeamki**

**3. Nanami — Blicky B (rap) (hyperpop)**

4. Vertigo — Izzy Amo (indie pop)

5. Lehigh Valley — Renee Christine

(indie folk anthem) **6. VENICE**

**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY**

**(JAZZ) 7. Behind the Wall**

— Tracy Chapman (Folk/Country)

**8. Brick by Brick**

— SAY NOW (pop)

*9. Glory — Hannah Stokes (jazz)*

**10. What's In The Tea? —**

**Calimossa (fusion)**

*you  
know  
the drill*

# ALBUMS

## tabula rasa – meduulla – british hip-hop/rap



*poet turned rapper meduulla's flow gets better with every album.*

*she won't stay underground for long with this combo of jazz, afrobeats, and poetry. for the artists for sure. hot take but i think if you don't like this album it's because you just aren't cool enough to.*

## free therapy – khatumu – alternative rock/folk



*khatumu hasn't topped or recreated a hunting days hit yet, but I do have full faith that she will. "treat me like a dog, take me out back, put a bullet in my brain, tell me that my hunting days are done" is simply a bar and a chorus that I will never fully recover from. her new album free therapy is very debut americana. it's her mandatory missionary-sex folk girl album and imma let her get it out of her system so she can dig into some real shit.*

## right where I belong – hannah stokes – soul/jazz/bossa



*stokes simply ate with the songs glory and waste time. i would say that she is one of the best vocalists i've ever seen perform live. She's up there with sammy rae, who we all know I am madly in love with.*

# cont...

**magnolia queen – emily scott robinson – country**



*just real feelings and good vocals over simple chords and strumming patterns. not relatable to my life experience but marriage ain't the end of being lonely still somehow got my heart.*

**water made us – jamila woods – r&b**



*what can I say except that I love a poet, and jamila woods is certainly a poet. there's something **simple** about this album that I really like. wolfsheep is the take-away song for me, very my-internal-monologue-coded. the whole album feels like a good conversation with your cool older cousin.*

*i know it gets crap for not being as good as her album Legacy but i think it is equally as good, just a different sound and that's fine.*

**dance, no one's watching – ezra collective – jazz**



*this album is warm blooded. it's alive. it's got circulation. you can feel the pulse running through every track. it's alive in the way a packed room is alive. in the way a body is alive. in the way music is supposed to be. the ezra collective does fusion the way fusion needs to be done. it's not forced, or overly intellectual sounding, it's not gimmicky. it's just a natural conversation between jazz, afrobeats, dub, and maybe even some London grime influence.*

*it feels like friends improvising in a kitchen at 2 a.m.*

*fucking loved this album oh my god.*



## a note on playlists

Spotify and i have been spending a lot of long nights together this month. I have unintentionally spent probably fifty+ hours on it over the last month listening to new stuff and making playlists. I dont know that this section will ever be this long again, but yeah, i was really cooking.

If you want to listen to any of these my username on spotify is justalillove, and you better be in my instagram dms to tell me what you think.

# NEVER KNOWN Listens — A GOD WHO

- ① crush - double standard
- ② airhead - honey revenge
- ③ touching yourself - the  
japanese house —
- ④ better in the dark - jordana
- ⑤ sinner - the last dinner  
party —
- ⑥ all i ever asked - rachel  
chinoviri —
- ⑦ Pls cheat on me - precious  
pepala —
- ⑧ bitch - sydney o'toole

i started with a punky pop playlist. titled  
never known a god who listens which is  
entirely based on the vibe of double  
standard's unbelievably-not-a-hit-single  
Crush. I just needed more of double  
standard's energy since they barely have  
ANY FUCKING MUSIC OUT.

i wonder if they would lock in if they knew a  
22 year old Avril stan from florida has been  
impatiently waiting.

But yeah this playlist has Jordana .  
Fleetwood Mac. TV girl. Men I Trust. Ethel  
Cain. Yebba. you get the energy.

it's my i'm mad at men because they don't  
stay. and why is god also a man that  
abandons me playlist. and did i mention it's  
four hours? fuck yeah.

# Loving Tradition

- ① sex & drugs - reign alexander \_\_\_\_\_
- ② sun does the moon - ash kim \_\_\_\_\_
- ③ alabaster - ini ojo \_\_\_\_\_
- ④ 5:15 - natalie lindi \_\_\_\_\_
- ⑤ real - Velleese \_\_\_\_\_
- ⑥ all your time - vicky trantou \_\_\_\_\_
- ⑦ clip my wings - Shanté \_\_\_\_\_
- ⑧ nothing compares - naila \_\_\_\_\_
- ⑨ your name - helina-else \_\_\_\_\_

loving tradition is my lesser-known r&b magnum opus. every winter i fall hopelessly in love with someone far too old for me who does not know that i exist and this playlist is the encapsulation of that yearning. it is the feeling of going insane in a purely sultry way. it opens with sex&drugs by reign alexanderr, a banger r&b song that is just vocals and finger-picking guitar. and features so many of my favorite small r&b, will-still-answer-their-instagram-dms singers. rache, ash kim, ini ojo, natalie lindi, velleese, lea the leox, these names mean nothing to you and that it the point.

this is two and a half hours that will change your life and better your music taste, go discover my girls, my sheilas, please and thank you.

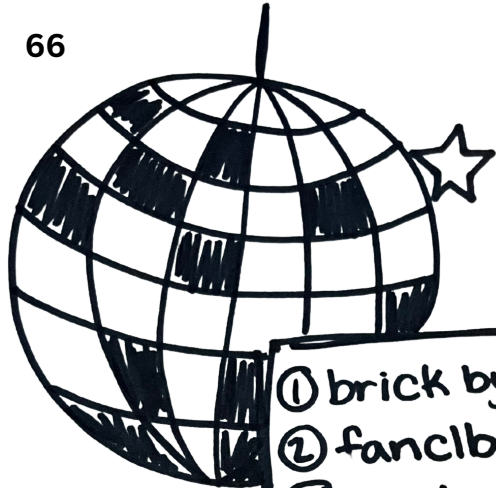


the psychic was right  
i just didn't listen  
o o o m

- ① lay low - bad bad hats —
- ② annie - rachel baiman —
- ③ america, come - aoife o' donovan —
- ④ right in the middle of it - carsie blanton —
- ⑤ petco - cassandra jenkins
- ⑥ never arriving - allegra kriegler —
- ⑦ my good friends - carsie blanton
- ⑧ wasteland - waxahatchee
- ⑨ belly - n iamh regan —

and last but not least i have started reading my horoscope recently, Leo sun, Gemini Moon, Scorpio rising, (yeah I know I'm fucked) i don't know why, maybe to feel something, or feel like something outside myself is pulling the strings. but regardless, this prompted me to make a playlist that encapsulates the feeling i have when something happens that i didn't expect even though the stars told me it would happen.

"the psychic was right i just didn't listen" is pure americana. most of the songs are new. and they are very arizona-desert, giant rock formation and traveling van-life coded. reminiscent of anais nin's book collages which is an incredibly niche way to describe it but think about turquoise and wide open desert sky stargazing and you'll get the vision.



# Bedroom CLUB ☆

- ① brick by brick - say now —
- ② fancib - eyeamki —
- ③ haute couture - rhea raj -
- ④ the agenda - coco jamar -
- ⑤ nightshift - jujulipps —
- ⑥ fan service - shy smith —
- ⑦ white tee - kit presley —
- ⑧ no gronks! - BVT

Bedroom Club is my unapologetically black/queer hyperpop playlist for when i want to put on my beats, light up my disco ball, and turn my bedroom into a dance club. I do more cardio by badly dancing to this playlist alone in my room than i do... ever. Eyeami is in there. Say now is in there. Adanna Duru. Pame. Jujulipps. it's charlie xcx meets afrobeats.



# winding back roads

- ① louise- mipsO
- ② how bad i wanna live-maya de vitry
- ③ marriage ain't the end of being lonely- emily scott robinson
- ④ basil gone to blossom- caitlin canty
- ⑤ roll me home - ken yates

fall is peak time for country and folk if you ask me, so next i finished up my winding back roads playlist. all the songs on it are very simple, classic folk/country vibes. really great lyricists like Caitlin Canty, Emily Scott Robinson, Po' Girl and Trout Steak Revival. It's all acoustic, country, americana, great for driving florida's winding back roads.



**current**



**six**

**car**





**sacred**

**CD**



**mix**

# ARTIST FEATURE

***Lisabel Torres***  
***@lisa.beltorres***



What follows is a conversation I had with Lisabel Torres (@lisa.beltorres), a Puerto Rican surrealist artist from Orlando, where I asked her a ton of questions about her art and we spiraled—in a good way—into talking about heritage, legacy, color palettes, Tim Burton, anarchy salsa songs, and why AI freaks us both out. I cut it before we devolved into bisexual gossip. Enjoy.

Lisabel  
Torres  
2024



# in conversation with lisabel torres

*So first off Lisa thank you for doing this interview. I love your work and I figured we would start at the beginning.*

*Do you remember the first time that you painted something and thought this feels like me. The moment you first discovered your style.*

I think so. I think it was when I was in one of my first retail jobs and I had gotten Employee of the Month, and I was gonna make a sketchbook, right? And I would just—I would, like, keep drawing and doodling. I tried to just practice every day. And I remember one thing that really stuck was, like, the eyes and the neck. I don't know. I think that's one of the most distinctive features now, especially. But it started with that, and I was like, "Wow. Like, I feel her. Like, I get her." You know what I mean?

*"And the eyes and the neck being a recurring theme. Do those, specific body parts mean something to you or represent something?"*

I think it just has something to do with how tired I was with always being sad. Because I was very sad from, like, 2019, maybe even sooner. And I remember going up to my dad one time before we had to leave to go somewhere and saying to him, 'Papi, I'm really sad.'



And I remember him saying, 'Please don't.' And that was such a, like, big moment for me because I'm like, wow. I kind of feel like as a child, like, I was just always crying. My eyes always looked tired, or at least I felt that way. Maybe I didn't look that way, but it always felt worse than what I look like, right?

*The next thing I guess you could say is more so from me being really into, like, Tim Burton at the time growing up. Like, I was just obsessed with Claymation movies because they are real, but not. You know, like, it's real clay that somebody molded and took the time to craft. But the story isn't real. But at least what the visuals are.*

***What part of your artistic style do you feel most personally connected to?***

Like, there's passion with the saturation and layers. The layers, you know what? That one I really identify with. Like, the texture and the layers of my painting. I don't know if I've ever let you touch them. But it's kind of like when Vincent van Gogh—he was so impatient to let the paint dry that it would stack up and dry on top, and his stuff had crazy texture. Okay. So kind of like that.

Not that I'm an impatient person, but like, I just want to see what's up here. Like, I just—I need to see it sooner than what I'm producing. Well, okay, I guess that sounds like being impatient, but I'm not an impatient person when it comes to life. Because I truly do believe we're just having an independent experience together. Sorry, did that make sense?

***Yeah, don't apologize. I'm just trying to get more of an idea of how you make your work. What do you mean by "you relate to the texture"?***

I think especially because texture has always been just a thing for me. I like touching things. I was always that kid in the store they had to tell: "Don't touch anything. Don't even look." But I always wanted to touch. I always wanted to touch the toy or the hook or the random tool left out or something.

But also maybe even emotional layers. Because a lot of these—Older Paintings—I was able to be in despair and just whip this shit out. And sometimes when I do touch it, I do kind of feel that kind of energy. I'm like, wow, all she really needed was a hug.

***So would you say that you create art for a version of yourself from before? Like a younger version of yourself?***

Absolutely.

The clay comes from the child in me, right? But then the sadness and stuff—that all happened in middle school and high school, so that's where my teen self is. But now I found a different kind of ease when I changed my mindset to, like, damn, I'm really only in charge of it.

And that really came from when I almost died. I was just like: damn, Damn. Like, that one got me. That one scared me. And now I find fun in colors, and I try to make my people do different things. Like, they're not just crying anymore. They're also allowed to enjoy things.

***Do you think of them as entities? Like, they have feelings?***



***Like, they have feelings? Do you talk to them?***

Huh?

***Do you talk to them? That'd be kind of funny. I only ask because my mother talks to her paintings.***

Your mom—I love Natalie. That's so cool. I talk to my dog more than I talk to my paintings. But I think I have spoken to them as a way of talking to myself. Like, "What you gonna do about this right now?" And I'm like, oh, no. And it's always like a breathe-back-and-forth, but then I lock out to lock back in. I'm like, okay, I don't want to talk anymore. Just do the thing. And if you don't like how you do the thing, try something else.

***Would you say that the experience of childhood depression shaped your creative practice the most?***

I think so. Honestly. My dad—I think he didn't think that. Okay, so, the pandemic was starting, right? And I was gonna be in quarantine. Spring break had been extended for two weeks, and then two weeks turned into a month. And we went grocery shopping, and he's like, "You should probably grab a sketchbook or something to keep yourself entertained. You're gonna be home a lot."

And so it was because of him—and the crazy part is, later he'd ask me, "Lisa, why are you always painting sad things? Nobody wants to see sad people." I was like, "Well, if they don't want to see that—maybe my art's not for them." I remember saying that. And I was just like, wow, I'm awake. Lisa's conscious. Lisa woke up. And I was like, damn. Damn, this must be pride. I get it.

But yeah, I was very sad during those times. I was not the person I am today. I would hug the person I was a couple years ago—probably cry with them. But I think about that person and I'm like—oh, oh, I'm going to cry. It's okay. Unfortunate time, but I still love her.

***So as you've changed as a person, you feel like your art has changed with you?***

I think it reflects in the colors and visuals. Before they were always just kind of portraits—very still. But now I think I'm exploring movement. I had movement in the texture, but I mean actual movement. Like, my people—do they run? Hell yeah. My attitude and confidence have changed, and it reflects in the art. Like, now I'm not scared to make them move or look different.

Like, some of these hands—Kerina. Oh my God. Because I promise you, at the time, the thumb obviously was on that side of the hand. I did think that. And I remember being clocked later. I'm like, oh my God.

***How much of your art is shaped by your art education?***

I've never pursued a formal art education. Never went to school for it. I didn't take classes. I had one art class in sixth grade. But I was always observant. I look at people's faces. I look at colors of things.

And I think after getting the eye surgery, I appreciate it even more. Because for a while, I couldn't see, so that was scary. But I would pay attention to colors and practice the colors I would see or light placement. And I would watch videos. So not formal education, but education nonetheless. The art I'm making now—my previous art doesn't compare, but it's still impressive for the time.

**I really just asked that to flex to people that you aren't formally trained.**

Girl.

**Would you say that your art is instinctual?**

I think sometimes. I think drawing with a pen or starting things with a pen really taught me to keep going. Like, if I miss the line—no I didn't. That line belongs to something else now. And like—yeah. I think she was right. I think so. Do you think people are really "getting" your art? How do you perceive people understanding your work?

I think to the point of my dad, right: Why the colors bright? Why doesn't the bright color reflect what I'm looking at? Why is she sad? Why she got a bag? Why she moving that way?

This is me. Or maybe not. When people identify with them, there's a slight disturbance, but it's like a comfortable discomfort. I don't know if you've watched *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. Like, these things look freaky, but you know what? I'm not scared. I like these guys. Not just in—never mind. I just like these guys. I think that's okay. I think people be like, damn, I identify with this person.

What do you think of when you look at them? Wait— I'm sorry, sorry. Can I ask questions?

***For sure. I always think of Ehlers–Danlos syndrome, the stretchy-skin disorder thing. People whose skin pulls back easily. Almost like how crazy conspirists imagine lizard people pull off their skin suits. It reminds me of that. But also—like they're making room for something. Like everything inside them is too small. Their emotions are too big, so they stretch.***

Oh, that's so cool. Shut up. You really think that? That's cool as hell. Thank you for telling me.

***Also the hyper-saturation—I really enjoy that.***

Right? Isn't it refreshing? I feel like the world is so dull. You go outside and be like, wasn't the sky bluer once upon a time? These questions are so refreshing. Thank you. It's been a minute since I've actually been told to reflect on it.

***So, I look at your work and I'm like, there's something distinctly Puerto Rican about this. There's something distinctly Latin about this. But I can never put my finger on what it is besides the fact that you made it. But I feel like if you were to show it without context, people would know.***

Isn't that so telling? I love that. Kerina, that is the biggest, biggest compliment you've ever given me.

***So I guess my question—actually, my question is more personal. Your heritage is really important to you. How do you think that your heritage plays into your art? Do you have thoughts about legacy? And like—an ancestral calling? Do you feel called to make art by lineage?***

Oh my God, dude, I love this question. Okay, so before I start forgetting things—because I forget things quickly—okay. There's Puerto Rico, right? You've been to the caribbean, yeah. So it's awesome. Colorful. The buildings, all the stores and the houses are all different. Even the neighbors—they're all independent personalities, even the houses. Right. But they're all bright colors, right?

I think they're trying to become more modern and do the minimal, but no. I hate that. And so I take pride in the colors that I would see in the houses over there, and even the neighborhood I live in now. I think all the houses are so different. And an Uber driver reminded me of that recently. Somebody once told me they saw afro-centric features in the people that I draw. Which, I don't know, I'm not against, but I'm also like...I can't say for sure. But I see it sometimes. I look at it and I'm like, maybe.

And I think it's in partnership with the colors and the movement. But I really like how my art looks, and I'm glad that you see it with my culture. Like, I wonder if other people see it that way too. But they're like... "oh", a lot. Or I don't know. I don't know. That was silly. Not that a Latina couldn't make it or anyone not Latina couldn't make it, but nobody can make it because I made it.

***Facts. Nobody could make it because you made it. That's okay to say.***

Oh, I get so scared with this AI stuff, Kerina. Not that I think my art is famous, but like—having something so personal just being taken away from you? Oh my God.

***Yeah, I think about that a lot with my writing.***

Like sometimes I'm sitting there thinking they're going to cop—not that they're going to, but I would hate to see them take my work and your style of writing. Oh, I would kill a computer, bro. Blow that shit up.

***I want to talk a little bit about influences. Like artistic influences. Musical influences. The artists that you look up to that are your teachers, even if you've never met them.***

Oh, that's fun. Well, earlier I mentioned Tim Burton and the claymation movies. Granted, I don't remember the other actors, but I have seen other claymation styles and it's just so entertaining.

I think music-wise—SZA. Oh my God, Kerina. The world of SZA is beautiful and intricate and it's just so fascinating. And...yeah. Especially with my most recent painting—the one with the gun and the little buildings in the background. In my opinion I eventually made it a Nuyorican thing. And there's a song called Juanito Alimaña, I think, with a famous salsa singer from Puerto Rico. And it's all about this guy who's just getting away from the cops because his cousin's a cop, and he's stealing—but almost in the anarchy way. Not just for shits and giggles, but still shits and giggles because Puerto Ricans are funny people.

So salsa, Tim Burton, but also reggae music. Reggae music, and I think Santería. Yeah. Yeah. And part of just like—spirituality. I was really going through some research about it because of my Cuban heritage and the music. Because there's a rhythm, and I like the rhythm in the music. Yeah. Yeah. It's a very popular religion in the Caribbean. So a lot of the artists we talk about—it was kind of like a...B-kind of thing. Oh, I know. I just dumped a bunch of information.

## ***How do friendships shape your creative life?***

Oh, I like that question too. I think receiving love and support and being confident in trying things — you guys really... all the way. I adore you guys. Just being there. A lot of the times when I would go to jazz, sometimes I didn't really talk. It was just being around you and feeling that love and the energy. It motivated me in a way I didn't have before meeting you guys.

And I do have other friends, and it's not to say they weren't supportive, but it's a different kind of love that I'm so proud to have found in you guys and to have fostered, because it's still there. She's still growing. And it just makes me feel comfortable to express myself — even if it's not a pretty emotion that I want to convey. Like, it's just a funky vibe. And sometimes she's funky.

Kerina Lovejoy. Luigi — I don't know his last name. Sebas, I also forgot his last name. Chris. Do we even know Chris's last name?

***Girl, we know all of those people's last names, or at least i do.***

Well, shout out to the polygon.

I think you guys give me the freedom to just take my time. It's so silly because it's not even that people verbally say, "I'm gonna give you time." It's just that I can really sit in something and come back. I don't know... just patience. I think patience makes me feel supported.

***Are there communities you want to be part of but haven't fully found or created yet?***

I think so. I think I haven't really promoted my art. I just want to be... like, I have that community on TikTok, I think, but that's not completely real. You know? I want to talk to people. That's another community I want to be part of. I really like the community I have right now. It's my favorite. I talk about it all the time. I brag about it.

***I also brag about it.***

It's my biggest badge of joy. My biggest raw point thing. Whatever the kids are saying.

***Do you feel connected to your Latin heritage here?***

Here? Sometimes. I think you guys empower me in my heritage — mainly because you guys aren't Puerto Rican, but you have this love for culture and respect for culture, period. And I think that's so beautiful. It makes me feel comfortable, and I share those same values. It's so nice. It's so nice to see that in other people.

***I will say that within our group dynamics... I feel like everybody has become aggressively more THEIR culture since we all met. Like, you became more outwardly Puerto Rican. Chris became Blacker. Sebastian became Blacker too. Luigi has become more Peruvian —***

Yo, he's speaking Spanish now. And Rosie more Colombian. She took me to a Colombian hot dog spot today to go eat. I'm like, oh my god, my little Colombiana!



***What kind of community do you want to cultivate around your art? Also— have you ever pictured art as your full-time career that you're working toward?***

I never really thought of it as a career. That's why I don't monetize my art — or haven't. I just don't see it as... I think it could turn into that. I think if I had the time and the space, it could. But I think I'd also want to try other things. Like, I'm really serious about being a medical assistant and being part of health care.

But I love everyone. I love talking to everyone. Sometimes you hear a little bit of somebody in somebody else, and somebody else in someone else, and then that — it's like a cool game. Like, wow, I know somebody, and I spoke to somebody else that shared the same idea. Or maybe disagreed with you. Or maybe I disagree with you. They're welcome. They're welcome to join the vibe — the forgiveness and mourning of ideas or people. Ideally, I want everybody to be in that room.

*not to brag, but that  
genius is my bestie*

# LOVEJOY'S ARTSY AWESOME SOCIAL CALENDAR
























**WELCOME TO A NON-DEFINITIVE CALENDAR OF  
COOL SHIT THAT IS HAPPENING IN THE GREATER  
ORLANDO AREA IN DECEMBER OF 2025.**

will i be at said cool events?... I'm not sure, hard to  
say, *I go with the wind*, but i absolutely could be.

## **WHAT IS ON THE COOL SHIT SOCIAL CALENDAR?**

- art openings for artists i think are awesome.
- open mics that don't usually suck (but like rly who can predict that)
- Jazz bands that i will vouch for
- art festivals that have lit after-parties
- General stuff that i think my cool artsy friends would like
- events that i'm throwing (sometimes).

# DECEMBER 2025

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
30 	1	2  	3 	4	5 	6 
7 	8 	9 	10 	11 	12 	13     
14	15	16	17 	18	19 	20 
21  	22	23	24	25	26	27
<b>SPEND TIME WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS... TF</b>						
28	29	30 	31			

**"BUT KERINA I KNOW OF COOL SHIT THAT ISN'T  
MARKED ON THE COOL SHIT CALENDAR/ I'M HOSTING  
COOL SHIT THAT ISN'T FEATURED."**

**"UMMM... DM IT TO ME RIGHT NOW YOU GATEKEEPING  
LOSER. JUST KIDDING, LOVE YOU, BUT TELL ME AND  
I'LL ADD IF I WANNA GO"**

## NOV. 30<sup>TH</sup> HANNAH STOKES - LIVE

technically not in December but Hannah Stokes is playing a free show at Lil' Indies on Mills 50, doors are at 7pm, it is 21+ and they do card, peep her album before you go to get an idea for the type of music (jazzy, lil'latin, soul, breakfast-diner-core).

## DECEMBER 2ND - LOOSE LIPS

Loose Lips is a reading series of political poetry and writing that happens on the first Tuesday of every month. The vibe is **odd**, a lot of older writers and libs talking about how the world is burning. Can't promise that every month will be good, but I can promise that if you drink a little Soju, every month is interesting and funny. I have seen really cool and funny stuff there, they're good people and it's kind of a need to know orlando writer meetup. Also at Lil' Indies, starts at 8pm

## DECEMBER 3<sup>RD</sup> - NESTO'S JAZZ

Unfortunately also at Lil' Indies (last one i swear), Nesto's Jazz Trio plays 10-2ish, most weeks. If you have a date that you don't know yet I feel like this is an acceptable place to bring them. The jazz is good but people still talk, and once people start drinking there's usually some dancing. Very low stakes potential hang out. I like going with friends. Maybe don't go alone, but if you need a first date spot or to yap to besties about everything wrong with your love life, this is an acceptable venue.

## DECEMBER 5<sup>TH</sup> - 7<sup>TH</sup> - ART BASEL MIAMI

OH MY GOD, IT'S FINALLY HERE. I wait all year for Art Basel. I love Art Basel, more people need to go to Art Basel, in fact, every creative in Florida should be at Art Basel. Art Basel is the largest yearly contemporary art fairs in Florida and **one of the most significant art fairs in North America**. All of the big-name galleries from around the world exhibit modern and contemporary works.

There's painting, sculpture, photography, installations, digital media, and large-scale public art + it is the anchor event for MIAMI ART WEEK which is a citywide explosion of satellite shows, museum exhibitions, pop-ups, and cultural events. YOU HAVE TO GO. **"But it's so pretentious, and curated and like not real or whatever"**. Do you know that or are you being a parrot? *Have you ever been to Art Basel?*

Art Basel is the largest collection of artists you are going to get in the south-east. Major players from across the world are chilling at galleries and afterparties, roaming the convention center, and chatting up the local scene. Get some business cards, get a grip, and get your ass to Art Basel.

## DECEMBER 6<sup>TH</sup> - OPEN STUDIOS

Basically, once a month the artists at Maitland A&H let people pop into their studios. First Saturday from, 11–4. You can talk to them, look at whatever they're working on, and just chill. It's easy, it's free, and it's a nice way to spend part of the day. It's worth going just for the vibes. Even if you don't love every artist's work, you get that one-on-one creative interaction, chatting about process, philosophy, or whatever else comes up. It's honestly just nice to be around people who are making things, a lot of them are really cool.

## DECEMBER 8<sup>TH</sup> - NATURAL DYE WORKSHOP

If you like to be creative and want to try something new, there is a natural dye workshop at the 4Roots Farm Campus. You get to practice making and using dye baths from flowers, herbs, and veggies on the farm.

They give you a quick rundown of how to turn plants into dyes (it's not long or boring, just enough to allow you to recreate it at home), and then you get to experiment yourself. You'll get a thing to dye (a tote bag or something) and everyone there is super hippy and nice. It is \$25 but I do think it's worth.

## **88 DECEMBER 9<sup>TH</sup> - RHT GALLERY OPENING**

Do I know who the December artists being exhibited are? No. Do I particularly care? No. I know that I will be there anyway. RHT is a cool little gallery inside a Tapas Bar in Altamonte. Are the Tapa's good? Couldn't tell you, they're expensive, eat before you go.

The second Tuesday of every month 6-9pm is the party for the new artists being showcased. The DJs are always good, the people are cool and interesting and diverse (mostly hispanic/black). It's a fun time, stop by, the artists have been good so far too. It's like an art social.

## **DECEMBER 9<sup>TH</sup> - VIDISHA BAJPAI**

Right now at the Atrium gallery (which is like the orange county admin center) there is a showcase for local painter Vidisha Bajpai. Her stuff is really good, she's so cool, she's self-taught and a community service bad-ass. I went to the opening for this show a while back, it had a great vibe. There is no event December 9<sup>th</sup> but it is the last day to see her work on display there. No cost, drop in. 201 S. Rosalind Ave., Orlando, FL 32801. If you are downtown already, at some point before the 9<sup>th</sup>, pop in, stare the paintings down. Take a picture for the gram to seem cultured.

## **DECEMBER 10<sup>TH</sup> - NESTOS JAZZ AGAIN**

## **DECEMBER 11<sup>TH</sup> - TIMUCUA JAZZ JAM**

Ahh yes, Timucua, everybody's favorite art venue (ok, my favorite art venue). If you are missing Thursday night Jazz, might I suggest Timucua as a slightly bougier replacement. It's \$10 at the door GA, and \$5 if you sign up to play. The jazz performers are always really good. Get your jazz fix in. Have fun. Pregame a bottle of wine in your car.

# DECEMBER 11<sup>TH</sup> - 13<sup>TH</sup> - EXIT 36 POETRY SLAM

Orlando crowd don't be pissed, this is also a road-trip event. Pompano Beach Cultural Center holds a poetry slam once a year for poets from across the country to compete for cash prizes. THEY ARE ALL SO FREAKING TALENTED. The slam lasts for three days, but really, you only need to be there for the final slam, Saturday the 13<sup>th</sup> at 8pm. It's the perfect closer to a day trip, head down at like noon, no traffic, grab dinner, wander downtown, hit up the slam, go to the after-party (there is always an afterparty, make sure you find it), drive home, sleep in on Sunday but have the best time.

## DECEMBER 12<sup>TH</sup> - LAURA BUITRAGO

I saw Laura Buitrago's Artist Talk a couple of weeks ago for her show Thank You, Shadow, For Now I Am Free. This is a really good Immersive Art show on the second floor of City Arts. The closing performance is at 6:30pm on December 12th, featuring Michelina Moen & Cristina Ramos. You should go, the art is cool, the vibe will be lowkey, meet a local artist, she's funny and very down to earth.

## DECEMBER 13<sup>TH</sup> - DAISIES 4K RESTORATION

If you have never seen *Daisies* (Věra Chytilová's Czechoslovakian new-wave magnum opus film) then you should definitely see it for the first time on the big screen at the Enzian, December 13<sup>th</sup>. It's about two young women, really girls, named Marie who decide the world is fucked so they might as well fuck around too. It's an anarchist feminist classic that is best watched while boozed and with friends. The Enzian is giving you the first watch experience I wish I had, take it, and bring someone gay with you.

## **DECEMBER 13<sup>TH</sup> - GOLDEN FLOWER JAZZ**

Don't you just love jazz? Golden Flower is playing at Blue Bamboo in Winter Park the 13<sup>th</sup>. They are very good. The show is \$25 though so I'm really just putting this here so you go follow them on instagram [@goldenflowermusic](https://www.instagram.com/goldenflowermusic), and you can see when they are playing local free venues like the nook on robinson and jazz fest.

## **DECEMBER 13<sup>TH</sup> -ORLANDO ZINE FEST**

I'M ABOUT TO DROP SO MUCH MONEY ON ZINES AND I'M NOT EVEN MAD ABOUT IT. I already took out the cash so there is no stopping me. Nothing is quite like the in-person zine community. It's multigenerational and diverse and full of the biggest losers from every highschool in the tristate area, aka my fucking people. 7pm at Blackbird Comics on December 13<sup>th</sup> be prepared to see me stuff my satchel full of micropress writing and get minimum ten digits.

## **DECEMBER 17<sup>TH</sup> - TIMUCUA ARTIST CIRCLE**

The Artists' Circle at Timucua is an extrovert's dream and an introvert's nightmare. It's basically just a bunch of artists hanging out, sharing what they're working on, and actually talking about the creative stuff that we never get to talk about in "real" life. It's really relaxed, really welcoming, and you don't have to be serious to fit in. Any medium, any experience level, whatever you make, it's fine.

The event starts with a little intro circle so everyone can get to know each other then each person gets five minutes to show something they made, talk about their process, and share what inspired it. Everyone else listens and asks questions. If you wanna show something, there's a sign-up, but you can also just go to hang out (what i do) and see what people are doing. It's a nice way to meet other creative people without it feeling like networking. TL:DR adult artist show and tell with an audience, bring wine to share, 7:30pm.



## **DECEMBER 19<sup>TH</sup> - CONTRA DANCE**

Hear me out. I don't know if it's going to be good, because it's a holiday and if holiday music gets played i might lose it (not a fan) but normally the Contra Dance lesson/Social at the Winter Park Ballroom is a fun time. What is contra dance you may ask? It's how they dance in period pieces like little women where they spin eachother around and jump from person to person... actually this description is ass. It's the dance from tangled where rapunzel eventually ends up with flynn after spinning around with every partner. I know it's white people shit but it's free, and really fun if you're wine drunk or wine tipsy and it's right next to Jeremiah's so if all else fails... italian ice. 6:30 Doors. 7:00pm Beginner lesson (they start on time, be on time. 7:30 Beginner to Intermediate Dancing for like an hour/90 minutes. It's cute, and very silly, lots of laughs.

## **DECEMBER 20<sup>TH</sup> - BEAU AND THE NEW FRIENDS**

I'm not usually a bar show girl, however, I will be popping out to see Beau and the New Friends at Muldoon's on December 20<sup>th</sup> . The venue is outside, super chill, bring a few friends, order some reasonably priced drinks. Beau is like alt-rock, midwest emo, grungy deconstructionist vibe. I love them, they're actually good, and the venue is on Aloma, super lowkey, you will not have to fight for your life for a seat, and the music will play at a reasonable noise level. In Orlando, what more could you ask for?

## **DECEMBER 21<sup>ST</sup> - WINTER SOLSTICE**

so, personal plug, iykyk vibes. Dec. 21st, cocktail attire, 8pm. iykyk.

## **DECEMBER 21<sup>TH</sup> - POETRY OPEN MIC**

Another Timucua, what can I say? Their monthly poetry open mic is perfect for those who were personally traumatised at any Austin's spoken word. The poetry tends to be pretty good, it's also a little social hour, nobody is ever really reading trauma porn/ pity me poems. good vibes. bring wine to share.

## DECEMBER 30<sup>TH</sup> - LIBERATION BOOKCLUB

It's a bookclub! It's my bookclub! My Radical Book Club, Liberation Lit is a space for critical thinkers dedicated to exploring revolutionary ideas, histories, and practices. Each month, we read texts addressing themes like social justice, decolonization, reproductive rights, immigration, general fight against oppression stuff. The club yaps extensively about the text and connects the theoretical with lived experiences. It's at Night Owl Cookies on North Orlando Avenue. The December book is Revolting Prostitutes: The Fight for Sex Worker's Rights by Molly Smith. 8pm. See you there!

## THURSDAYS- FLORAS IMPROV GROUP

Okay so lykyk and I'm telling you. Flora, a very talented Orlando jazz musician and icon, hosts a Thursday Music Improv Club that is open door and SOOO much fun. She posts on her instagram story [@flora.flora.flora.flora.flora](#) on Thursdays if she's opening her living room to musicians and spectators. It doesn't matter if you're a musician, it only matters if you can hang. She plays everything and when I was there last she played the accordion as I riffed on piano and it was lovely and beautiful and a core memory that I will cherish forever so if you ever find yourself free on a Thursday that Flora's living room is open, GO. You won't regret it.

So yeah thats a non-definitive list of stuff i think is worth going to in December.

FIN.

# THANKS

thank you to everyone who took time out of your actual life to read this and indulge the manic inner workings of my brain. this first issue exists because a handful of people believed I should make it, and because I know that someone is gonna read it.

more specific thank yous to Lisa for letting me pick her brain in the artist interview and another for Chris for somehow convincing me to commit to eight issues (he absolutely knew what he was doing this time), and to Mary for looking me dead in the eye and telling me to press post.

but genuine thank you to everyone that keeps me conscious of the fact that community is more verb than noun.

**I will forever love my people.**

**SEE YOU IN  
2 WEEKS**

**@JUST  
ALL  
LOVE**