

WIZARDS
MAGIC
LOVE

MICHAEL JORDAN SHOULD'VE NEVER EVER PLAYED FOR THE WIZARDS

Kanye West tells us to never let anyone do you like the Bulls did Jordan.

“We should’ve never ever let MJ play for the Wizards. Why did that happen? ... When a player wants to become an owner. When a player that’s done more for the league than the league could’ve done for him. When a player that made the NBA wants to become an owner of the team that he brought so much glory to, a team he brought so much story to. A team that has his statue in the front of the motherfucking building. But do you know what the owners of that team told MJ? You’re just a player, homeboy. You can’t get no pay. You can’t own shit. They told Michael Jordan he couldn’t

own shit! Because this very team wouldn’t let him be an owner. I’m talking about one of the most important people in our civilization. One of the most influential people in our civilization. They tried to marginalize, and in order to make his point he had to put on a motherfucking Wizards jersey. To let y’all know, ‘Oh yes I am going to be an owner just like Magic Johnson.’ So tonight I gotta’ put my 23 on.”

- Kanye West

S EARCHING FOR MAGIC IN DARK TIMES

In Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban, headmaster Albus Dumbledore explains to the students of Hogwarts the value of staying positive, even when hope seems to be lost.

“Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to turn on the light.”

-Albus Dumbledore

THERE IS NO LOVE WITHOUT THE DESPAIR OF LIFE

“Without cafes and newspapers, it would be difficult to travel. A paper printed in our own language, a place to rub shoulders with others in the evenings enable us to imitate the familiar gestures of the man we were at home, who, seen from a distance, seems so much a stranger. For what gives value to travel is fear. It breaks down a kind of inner structure we have. One can no longer cheat — hide behind the hours spent at the office or at the plant (those hours we protest so loudly, which protect us so well from the pain of being alone). I have always wanted to write novels in which my heroes would say: “What would I do without the office?” or again:

“My wife has died, but fortunately I have all these orders to fill for tomorrow.” Travel robs us of such refuge. Far from our own people, our own language, stripped of all our props, deprived of our masks (one doesn’t know the fare on the streetcars, or anything else), we are completely on the surface of ourselves. But also, soul-sick, we restore to every being and every object its miraculous value. A woman dancing without a thought in her head, a bottle on a table, glimpsed behind a curtain: each image becomes a symbol. The whole of life seems reflected in it, insofar as it summarizes our own life at the moment. When we are aware of every gift, the contradictory intoxications we can enjoy

(including that of lucidity) are indescribable. There lay all my love of life: a silent passion for what would perhaps escape me, a bitterness beneath a flame. Each day I would leave this cloister like a man lifted from himself, inscribed for a brief moment in the continuance of the world... There is no love of life without despair of life.

- Albert Camus