

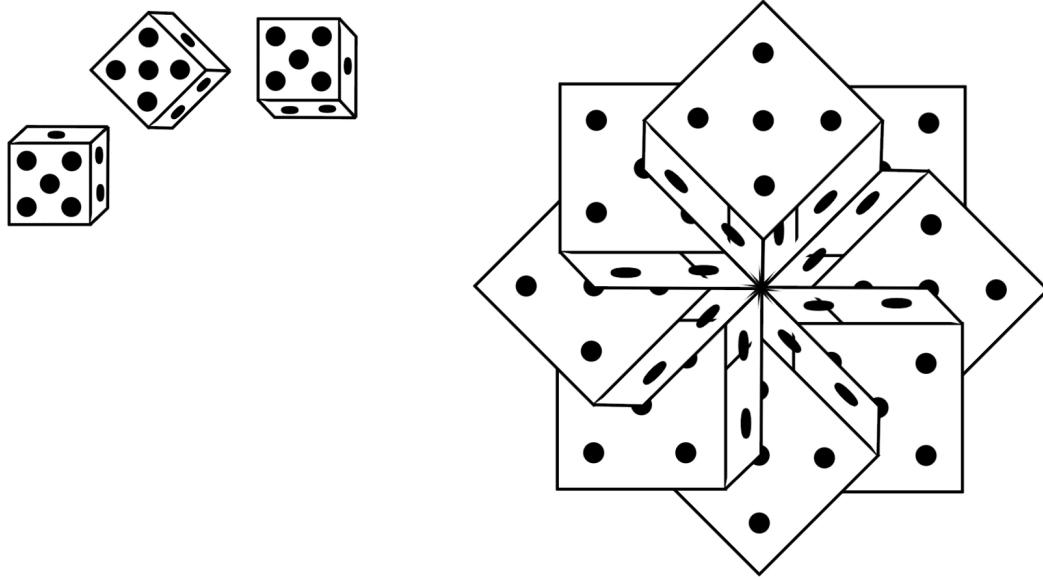
# **WYBC YALE RADIO**

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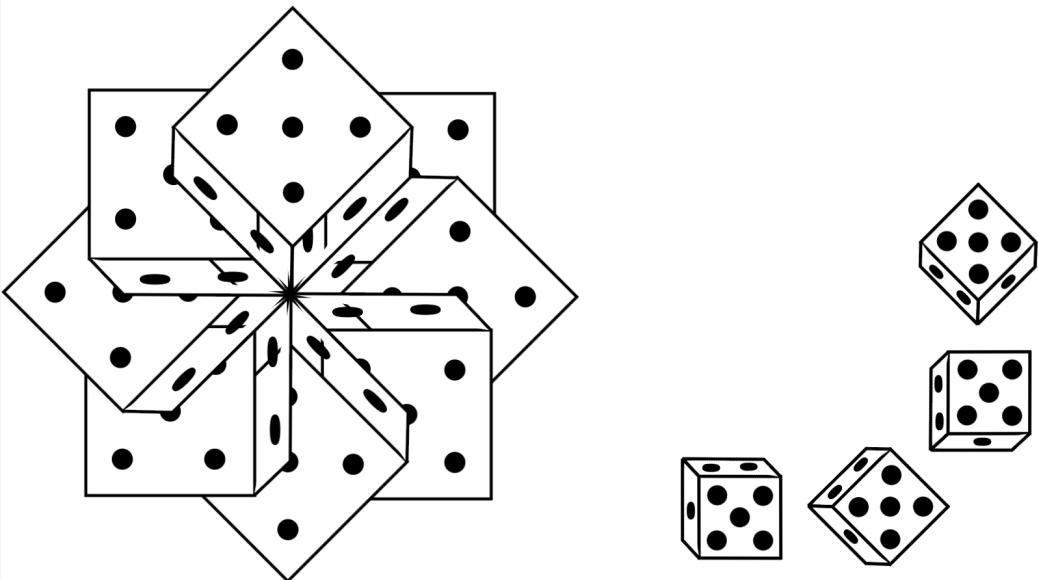


negative balance nor green  
negative negative dark blue

# FALL 2020 ZINE



Know Thyself  
No, Thyself  
No-Thighs Elf  
No Dice, Help  
Node Ice Shelf



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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

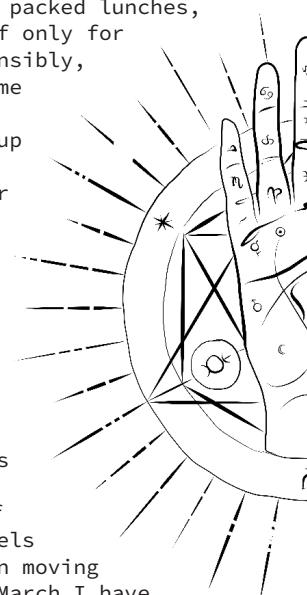
This past year, more than any other year in recent memory, people looked towards the future. At the beginning of lockdown, the one thing on everyone's mind was 'when will things return to normal?' As the pandemic stretched on and it became increasingly clear that we were in for the long haul, our thoughts shifted to picturing what the 'new normal' after COVID would look like. With sports seasons cancelled or abridged, imagining the future became the new national pastime. Feel-good advertisements developed by cynical advertising agencies capitalized on people's desire to move past the present.

Outfits across the world and all over the internet published think-pieces about the lasting effects of COVID on all facets of our daily lives. With this issue of *Relatively Dark Blue Neither Purple Nor Green*, which ironically enough arrives several months later than we initially planned and which had to be revived on several occasions throughout the semester, we intend to join in on the future-minded fun.

*'This past year, more than any other year in recent memory, people looked towards the future.'* I tried to get cute with that opening, blending past, present, and future into one vapid little sentence. But the truth is that time felt distorted for everyone in 2020. For some, time sped up: when lockdown hit, scores of new couples who scarcely knew each other's middle

names were suddenly forced to cohabitate, rapidly progressing their relationships to the next step, or sometimes to their conclusion. For others, time slowed down: work-from-home meant that some people could take a break from the daily whirl of morning commutes, packed lunches, and TV dinners, if only for a few weeks. Ostensibly, this gave them time to appreciate the present, to pick up new hobbies and connect with their families. But for those who had been sustaining a hyperproductive work ethic their entire lives, boredom and ennui quickly overtook them as they ran out of new hobbies to pick up.

For myself personally, it feels like time has been moving backwards. Since March I have been living in my childhood home in the suburbs just north of Cincinnati. This is a place I thought I would never spend an extended period of time in again. What's more, my older brother has been here the whole time, working remotely. Our family hasn't all lived together since my brother first left for college in 2014. My mom cooks our meals like she used to, but now I get to drink beer with my dad at the dinner table. It's nice. I play a lot of online games with my high school



# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

friends, and I went to a couple of Minecraft music festivals over the summer. I don't really know what being an adult feels like anymore.

Trapped in an uncertain and inconsistent present, our bodies and minds unconsciously started looking for ways out.

During lockdown, many of us experienced unusually vivid dreams, dreams which felt so real that they transported us to a new time and space. Stuck in our homes during the day, we travelled to parallel realities and alternate dimensions at night. But we always woke up the next morning, dazed and confused.

None of us, however, have awoken from the nightmare of history.

We continue to reckon with the horrors of colonialism, white supremacy, and manmade climate crisis. The privileged and the powerful, with unparalleled arrogance and incompetence, continue to threaten all freedom, all life, and indeed all time. Even worse, there are those in power who refuse to wake from their own delusions, refusing to believe in a virus which has already claimed well over 300,000 U.S. lives at the time of writing. There has been little national mourning sponsored by

those currently in command, but most of us are too tired to feel outraged by this moral failure. It feels silly and reductive to list out the problems of the world in this way, so I'll stop myself here. But know that this short paragraph is far from a footnote; the present is painful, and the future looks bleak. All the more reason to interrogate the future, and therefore the present, in writing and art.

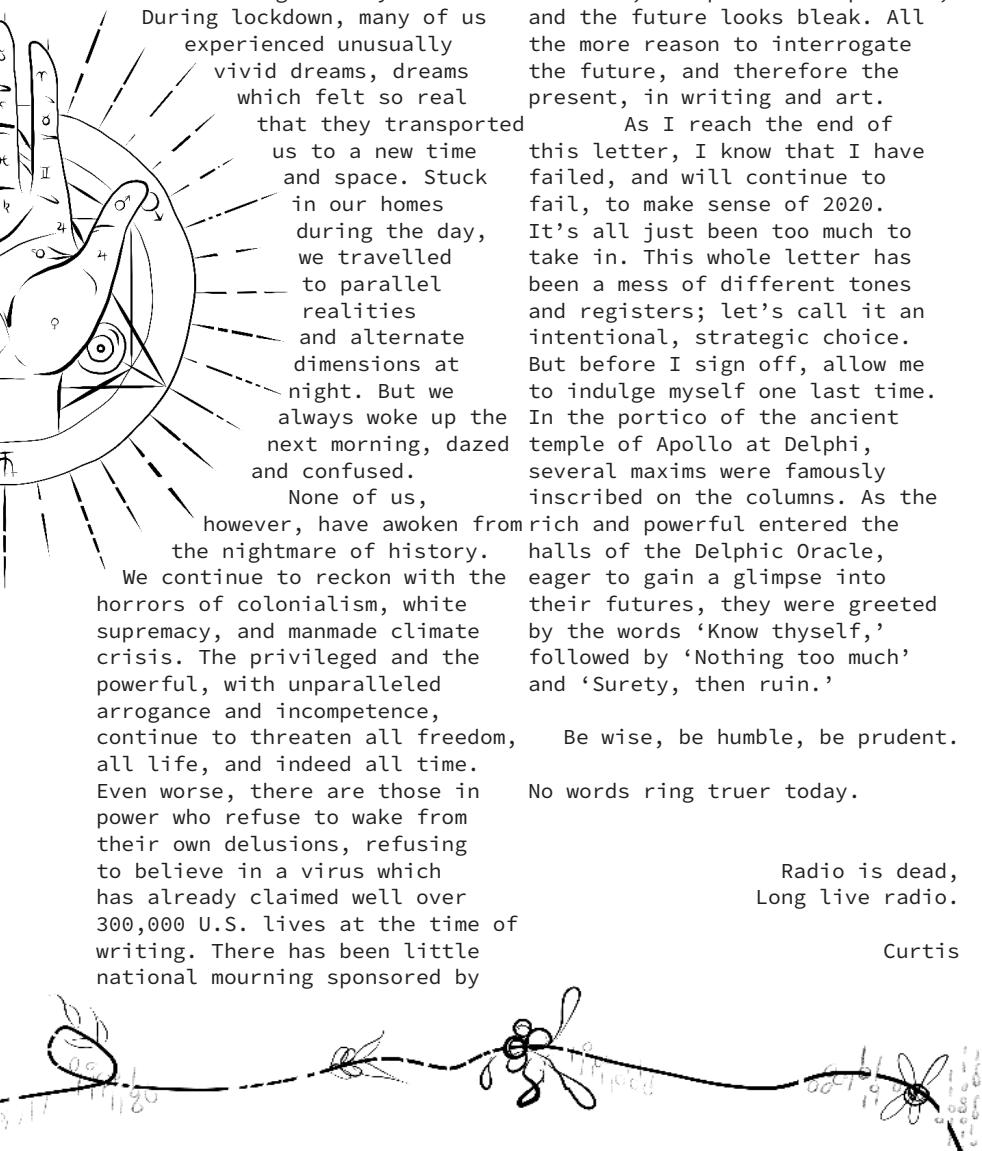
As I reach the end of this letter, I know that I have failed, and will continue to fail, to make sense of 2020. It's all just been too much to take in. This whole letter has been a mess of different tones and registers; let's call it an intentional, strategic choice. But before I sign off, allow me to indulge myself one last time. In the portico of the ancient temple of Apollo at Delphi, several maxims were famously inscribed on the columns. As the rich and powerful entered the halls of the Delphic Oracle, eager to gain a glimpse into their futures, they were greeted by the words 'Know thyself,' followed by 'Nothing too much' and 'Surety, then ruin.'

Be wise, be humble, be prudent.

No words ring truer today.

Radio is dead,  
Long live radio.

Curtis



# VISION

*Megan Briggs*

Once I knew that what I felt  
was not what most people felt,  
was in fact an incorrect way  
of feeling, I folded in on myself  
and realigned.

I hardly remember what each  
day was like before this,  
the waking, rising, seeing.  
I do remember my mother's laughter  
and the way she opened  
windows in every room she entered.  
I remember feigning sleep on the old green couch  
waiting for my father to pick up my weightless  
body and deposit me gently in bed  
in my pink room with the princess canopy  
they let me paint whatever color I wanted.

## I. THE FOOL

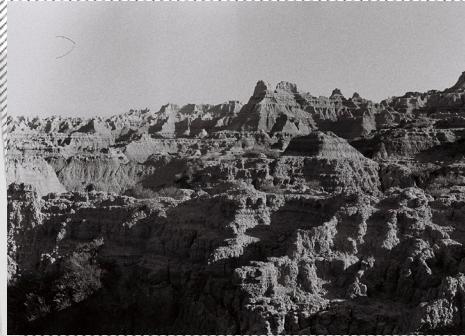
## II. WHEEL OF FORTUNE

When I was in third grade,  
I got glasses.  
I put them on as we were pulling  
out of the Walmart parking lot,  
my dad and brothers and I,  
and, turning the corner past the bank onto the highway,  
with Goodwill and Tractor Supply passing by and  
Home Depot on our left,  
I saw clearly my first big tree,  
a knotted monster  
of tiny leaves dancing  
over hundreds of fractals,  
then, another, one big tree after the other until  
the car shot into the country and the  
trees, running together now,  
reached for me as I reached for them.

## III. TEMPERANCE

Now, everything is clear—  
dimmed streetlamps on corners,  
shouts ringing into purple skies  
and shattered glass in the cup of my ear,  
the tension of a raindrop  
breaking as it washes over a coin,  
dogs leaping, chasing  
cars down the highway,  
gleaming silver coiled  
around his pinky finger,  
mom's sick smile, the lake in her voice, the  
crow's path across my father's face, the  
distance between me and that pink room,  
that old green couch,  
the shaking hands carrying me to  
bed, little bird bones that barely  
make a sound beneath my heel.

# Photography by Saenah Boch



You're a kid. You're in a tea garden sulking over your crush who is back home an ocean away and you're just fourteen. Your legs are slim and smooth, with no marks of age or restlessness on them, and your hair is frizzy around your face, your cartoonish large cheeks similar enough to your hair and eyes to make tritone palette of brown. You're just fourteen, and you're exploring the garden, your brain flits back and forth between your crush and how you thought of him on the way there and how he might have admired you looking out the window at the trees flirting past you or you past them and they're very old trees. He might have admired you in the car, had he been there too. You're exploring, though, and you nonetheless escape your thoughts smoothly and easily as if they aren't about to crush you in the first place. You wander the garden and its deep green recesses and high trees that act as a cover from the immeasurably higher thick clouds. Out of earshot of your family, you trip and bumble to small mysteries and interesting artifacts; bridges that cross small streams into open fields past the garden and small shifting areas that are too uneven to properly seat anyone and have since been abandoned. You're a kid, you sit in the chair anyways. You swing on the swing. You cross the bridge, but you quickly cross back. You're a kid, you're fourteen.

You're a kid. You're sixteen, you've picked your blemishes out and made them your worst enemy, and you roll over in bed and fantasize about nothing in particular. For a whisper of a moment you feel something light but deeply buried in you; it makes you feel like the things that you've written. The scenes that you have come up with in your head that are living dreams of nothing in particular. You think up snippets of what surely must of have been reality considering the low and simmering exhilaration they provide you. The light colored wood of no stain in particular in the high attic with an A frame and an open window welcoming a breeze that gently blows the curtains into the center of the room; a threadbare rug crisscrossed with sunshine often interrupted by the shadow of the leaves from the tall and wise oak tree outside. Lazy yellows of no children in particular waft up to the attic, its crowded and shadowy corners are just as inviting as the open and bright middle where the dust lounges in no place particular until it settles on the same threadbare rug. There are hundreds of these scenarios that make you feel the exact same way despite being as different as reality; some are closer to what you consider your life than others. Your toes squirm piled on top of the blankets and no assorted items in particular; it's late. You take your socks off and turn off the light. You hear the muffled sounds of your father moving to pray. You're a kid, you're sixteen.

You're a kid. You're nineteen. You're back where you were when you were fourteen and fifteen and sixteen and onwards, and you're only there for a little while. You want to spend time with your family, despite not having felt the need to when you were at school. You're bounding down the same stairs you ran up when you were eight, twelve, fourteen, and onwards, and it's one of the last days you're able to do this. Your body has found its way to nineteen in a similar fashion to your mind; it has filled in the spaces it was meant to fill in, and the blemishes of sixteen have

faded; those of nineteen have quickly found their home on your thighs. Your eyes have lightened and your skin has as well; though you've come to appreciate the natural shade your body stays at, you are pale from the days you spend indoors learning and reeling. You're a kid. You reach the kitchen and sling your backpack across the shoulders that you've realized have begun to resemble your sisters; slim and pointed at the edge. You're proud. You pull on your shoes that make you tower above your mother. You're on your way to the coffee shop and the curry restaurant and the rest of the day's encounters that you went to when you were fifteen and sixteen and seventeen and onwards, and you look over your shoulder to say goodbye to her, sitting at the laminated counter in her ever-stained red bathrobe and home boots. She is crying. She is quietly crying while the shoulders she gave to you and your sister begin to shake under the red and ever-stained bathrobe. You rush to her and ask her what's wrong. She wipes her tears in an effort to keep her position intact, though there isn't a chance. She tells you that you have to live near your sister when you grow up. You have to live in the same city as your sister, or the same state, or two hours away at most, whichever comes first. She wants to be near both of you. You tell her you don't know how you can promise her that, but you will do your best. She continues crying, and she is silent in a way that is different from when you were eleven and twelve and onwards.

“I don't want you to have to grow up as far away from your mother as I did.”

She says, and in the same moment you are infinitely smaller than her. You are three four five six seven years old at best. Your mother sees the woman who gave her her shoulders once a year, give or take. Her mother is aging. Her father is in the hospital. She has spent the majority of her life across an ocean from them, for you and your sister and your father. Last year when you went back you saw the letters she sent her mother when she was twenty-seven that made you feel young and small. She did not want to stay where she was. Your father bought her every color of Levi's 501 jeans from the new JCPenney, she explains to you with a smile. Your mother did everything for you. You are approaching the junction of your life where you will begin to make conscious decisions about how much of yourself you will give to the woman who gave you her shoulders, hands, smile, laugh, and blemishes. She does not want to lose you. You are nineteen, and you're not a kid.

# 2Q20

*Caroline Magavern*

**2:04 pm September 22, 2020**

Is this satisfaction? No,  
slowed-down heartbeat and coffee-vision  
make morning rosy and bleak  
like my undereyes' perpetual bruise.  
House of disrepair sits at odd angles,  
your footsteps hold us in  
like seams or hemlines, delicate proof  
that we might continue a little longer.

**1:40 pm October 21, 2020**

In my dream-life:  
flat planes disappear into fog  
thrown into sharp confusion by yellow  
leaves and the light of the package store.  
The man sweeping the sidewalk glances briefly.

I invent a new brutalism  
and paleness wanders through.  
I must divide,  
derange the materials,  
be greedy, I want whatever  
you offer. Stutters,  
fast slow dances.

**1:30 pm October 25, 2020**

I'll apologize again  
for things said while dreaming.

**2Q20**

*Caroline Magavern*

**3:05 pm November 2, 2020**

Suppose you're in love  
and somebody (the country)  
is mistreating you  
Suppose you turn on cable news  
tomorrow and see me in the bay window,  
and that's news enough for you.  
Suppose there are lemons piling up  
in the sink. Suppose a poem exists  
between two people.

**5:15 pm November 12, 2020**

I move station to station, trace  
familiar lines, focus on a bird midair.  
How could I doubt.



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*Flowers*



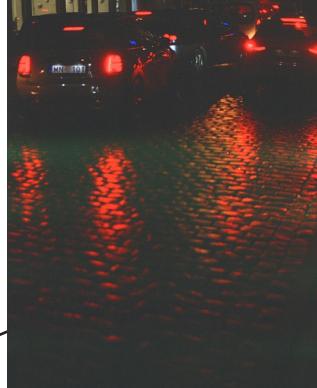
*On the Land of the  
Babushkas*



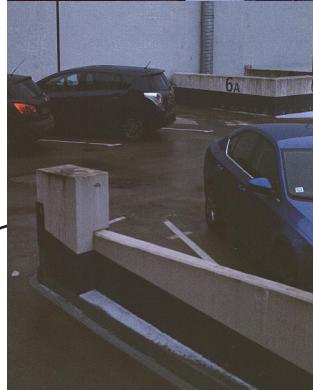
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*BMWs*



*Fuzzy Slippers*



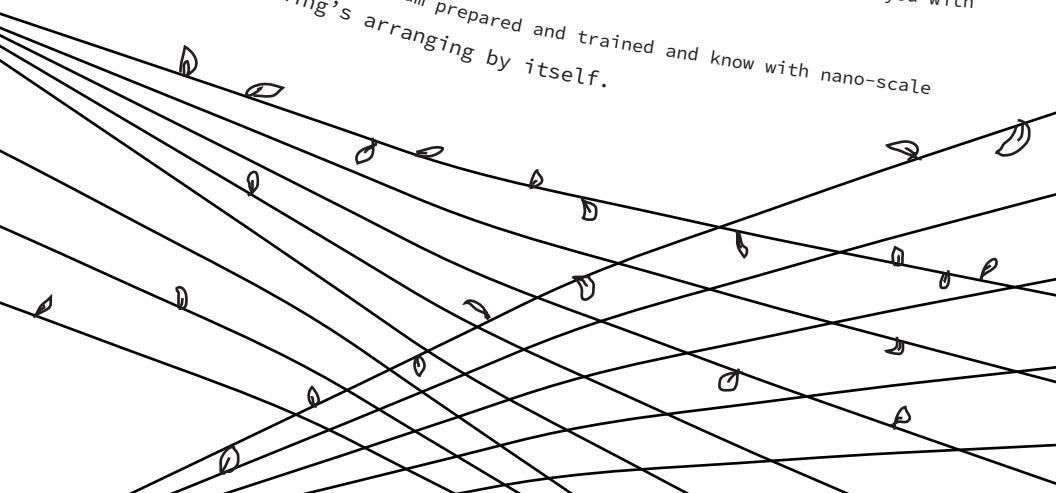
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*Aliaksandra Tucha*

# THE TRAINING

## Aliaksandra Tucha

i wake up in the morning and elegantly extend my foot out from below the  
blanket  
onto the floor  
the grace  
and it's no joking matter for i'm bound to be prepared  
so when we live together you could be amazed by such a simple and compelling  
gesture  
WOW  
and so i train, with books atop my head,  
and heels so tall i could have pierced a hole inside the ceiling,  
and so i move, and bruise myself, and move some more, and bruise right over bruise  
that just appeared.  
i do not care for pain.  
you see, it's planned. it's bound to happen. it's fate as bare as it can ever be.  
and then you'd say: « my sweet, what genius could have come up with such a creature!  
and i would modestly declare: « the genius – myself, » for the genetic heritage  
bestowed by my parents  
has rather gotten in the way of capturing the man,  
the circumstances of my life were such to make me coarse, yet i just bloomed  
instead,  
and somehow – must have been the pungency of blooms –  
or so i would imagine, as the reasons such perfection's –  
well, i'd rather stay away from news that shocking and i don't want to hit you with  
the fact,  
for now, reminding you again : i am prepared and trained and know with nano-scale  
precision how everything's arranging by itself.



# 2020-2021

Danny Kaplowitz

I wrote this essay on New Year's Eve, 2019, hours before having a "Roaring 20's / End of the World" themed party with my family. I was feeling conflicted and anxious about the new year, which was a new feeling for me, and decided to try and write through my fears. Looking back, it's difficult to believe it's only been a year: 2020 has been momentous indeed, in ways I never imagined. Still, I've found myself returning to this piece over the past few months, trying to remember how it felt to imagine the future before the future was so suddenly and inescapably upon us. In a million ways, I would not write a piece like this today. Parts of it read as myopic, generalizing, overconfident. But then, haven't the lessons of the past year been, so powerfully, that the world is large, and complicated, and contingent? In any case, I've found it interesting to look back at my attempt to see the future: the parts that have happened, the parts that haven't, and the parts that may still be to come.

-Danny

2020

In the 1920s, Walter Benjamin was hopeful. He believed absolutely in the ethical and cultural stability of his native Germany, and he lived and wrote and smoked cigarettes and fell in love. In 1940, after being denied entry to Spain as a refugee, he killed himself. Small crises had become big crises. Society had collapsed. We find ourselves on the precipice of a new decade. The 2010s, heady and disorienting in their rapid change, interwoven with hope and despair, are closing. The 2020s dawn. I fear we will not leave them without cataclysm on the scale of the Second World War. I fear for those of us who won't leave them at all.

The crises spill over. To name a few, China is concentrating millions of Muslims while constructing the most effective surveillance state ever conceived. Fascism is insurgent in India, which is building its own camps for its own Muslims, shooting children dead in the streets where

# 2020-2021

Danny Kaplowitz

they protest. The United States and the United Kingdom are seeing power consolidated in the hands of nativists, stoking racial hatred domestically and abroad. There is no shared basis of public knowledge. Very little is shared at all. In the background, unescapable, escalating, is the crisis our consumption has wrought on our earth, the instability that, in this decade, will drive millions out of their homes, will precipitate the largest refugee crisis in human history, will tear people apart. We have destroyed our climate and have discarded the social bonds that tie us to one another. It is difficult to imagine what follows other than destruction on a magnificent scale.

I have no interest in offering a doomsday prognosis. I am young. I want the 2020s to be the decade of my youth, of indulgence and indiscretion. I want to have fun and make mistakes and learn and learn and learn. I will do those things, many of them, much of the time, I am sure. But I fear I will do them as the world burns. Maybe my youth obscures perspective. Maybe these are the crises of every decade. But every community I am in feels uncertain, unstable, contingent. People are not good to one another. I don't see the way out.

It might be the singular time warp of adolescence, but through the 2010s the world felt like it kept spinning faster and faster. Capitalism seemed to metastasize, wealth concentrating at rates not seen in a hundred years or more, motivation from the bottom line pushing and pushing, blowing past the last moments we could have prevented global environmental catastrophe, digging oil out of the earth and setting it on fire. The internet went from being a part of public life to the site of public life. We made our communities online, in spaces governed, owned, and exploited by corporations. Young people are adaptable, of course, and we grew accustomed to this paradigm even as it emerged in a fitful, rapid instant. We spend our lives on our phones – find real joy there: joy, of course, owned and manipulated by the powerful few. We are not stupid, nor are we exempt. We go to climate protests and then we fly home. We think, somehow, it's not too late.

**2020-2021**

*Danny Kaplowitz*

Lots of good happened in the 2010s. Millions were lifted from poverty, lives were lengthened and improved, rights were newly secured. But lifted by what? Lengthened and secured through what? There are many stories, but lately I've often returned to one: a neoliberal global paradigm, in pursuit only of the free flow of capital, built on a deeply unstable imagination of people as consumers. This imagination is powerful, but insofar as it has done good, in so doing it has also pushed people from their homes, empowered despots and landlords, reified a stratified world, burned oil and oil and oil. The market may optimize some systems, but it will never save us.

I look around myself this warm December and see fear. In these United States I see millions telling themselves stories of aggrievedness, of entitlement, of purity. I see a people ready to ~~re-elect Donald Trump, to threaten~~ the judiciary and the environment and their neighbors as insurance on the property value of their whiteness, of their power -- facially diminished but tangled in with this nation at the root. No one listens to the same news. No one listens to their neighbors. Everyone is afraid. I am confident that fear is destructive before anything. I am afraid.

I don't know the way out. I don't know how India can reassert secular, democratic ideals, how the Chinese government can be accountable, how to end the occupation of Palestinian land, stop the vicious persecution of Jews and Muslims the world over, transform this nation towards racial justice, redistribute wealth, end policing. I am confident that a constellation of solutions is needed, that men peddling simple fixes, telling single stories, only promise more destruction. But I am not content with a worldview that only tells me what not to believe in. I want to believe. I want to figure out how to deconstruct incarceration and capitalism and state violence. I want to be a participant in the building of new communities, communities founded on love and justice, with deep knowledge and networks of mutual care. I don't know the first step, but I want to find people who will help me look. I believe they are out there.

# **2020-2021**

*Danny Kaplowitz*

2020 is here. It will, I'm sure, be a momentous year. I enter it with trepidation. I enter it, too, with hope. I know that people can work together to do incredible, inconceivable things. I know that we have before. There is little doubt that the climate crisis will spiral into the greatest challenge our species has had to face. There is little doubt that, one way or another, we will face it. I have much hope, though little confidence, that we will do so before it tears this world apart. I am ready to do my share. I don't get much of a say, in this or in anything, and least of all in the progression of time. A new decade begins. I hope we make our way through it.

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# KATY PERRY PRESS CONFERENCE

*Caroline Magavern*

On August 5th, 2020, former GM Caroline Magavern and current GM Eda Uzunlar went to a Katy Perry press conference on Zoom.

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**4:00 PM EST**

Caroline:

I feel like this shit is a prank  
like how is this real

Eda:

lol ur still in the waiting room right

Caroline:

yup

**4:04 PM EST**

E:

i'm still not in!! this thing is 15 min long!!!

C:

i just wanna see katy perry  
i'm not gonna listen to this album

E:

LOL SAME

I just wanna have been in a zoom call w katy perry  
oooh i saw they were getting in late

**4:13 PM EST**

E:\ \$ I am wearing overalls will Katy be mad at me

C:\ \$ the messages keep getting creepier

E:\ \$ legit.... U r correct

\$ Are we gonna die

\$ Are they gonna take our faces

\$ To hack into our accounts

C:\ \$ idk why i'm so freaked out about this

\$ I cannot shake the feeling it's a scam even tho it  
would make no sense as a scam

E:\ \$ Nah its pretty sus

C:\ \$ I think because it makes no sense in real life

**4:16 PM EST**

CAROLINE

I wonder what other college radio kids are out there rn  
eagerly awaiting katy perry

EDA

What if you meet the love of your life here

CAROLINE

omg

**4:19 PM EST**

*Enter Caroline and Eda, hurriedly*

CAROLINE

these messages are so scary lmaoo

EDA

This doesn't sound real at all

Im nervous as fuck

How many people are supposed to be here

CAROLINE

the man i got emails from is real

I just was on his linkedin

i have 0 information tho

If we go down we go down together

EDA

AHAHAHAHAAHHA

CAROLINE

chasing Katy Perry over zoom

*Exeunt*

**4:25 PM EST**

C:  
OH BOY

E:  
OH MY GOD  
ITS KATY PERRY  
ANWHWNDJFJRJS

C:  
why are we all women  
Where are all the male katy kats

E:  
THERE ARE SO FEW OF US

C:  
why is there a random drag queen

E:  
who knows  
Wait jk there are so many people  
Oh my god this is serious

C:  
should we take notes

E:  
i suppose?? Dam

**4:28 PM EST**

E: I HAVE TO GET ON ANOTHER MEETING AHHHH  
I DIDNT EVEN REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS

C: NO

E: ITS OKAY ILL STAY ON  
But ALSO DO ANOTHER MEETING IN the MEANTIME

C: LMAO

E: do you see ME

**4:32 PM EST**

c: wait what's spewing out of her boobs  
e: spewing whipped cream out of my boobs  
goals

c: the new album theme is depression humor?? Oh no  
Omg i forgot she was a christian singer

**4:35 PM EST**

c:  
preach it queen  
Get your martinis

e:  
i know oh my god  
Also the fit....  
Our pregnant queen

c:  
I'm Obsessed with the turban  
Looking like a fortune teller  
Honestly i might be a katy cat now

4:37 PM EST.

caroline the universe  
served me too  
girl  
eda she really did go through a lot

*-life gets real the longer that you live it*

## 4:39 PM EST

C: she clearly has not been on alt instagram  
Bitches be crying in photos all the time

E: we could introduce her to alt insta

WYBC x Katy Perry : finsta

C: HIRE US

## 4:40 PM EST

'S hes like a Disney character,' said Caroline. 'Oh my god. Not this gender binarism. KATY NO. Katy Perry is a terf.'  
'Katy ???' said Eda.

## 4:43 PM EST

E:  
California girls was my shit  
Katy Perry made me realize i wasn't straight uh oh

C:

omg  
Fuck my zoom just crashed  
Fuck the 216 wifi



It is currently 4:45 PM EST.

CAROLINE  
yes ally  
EDA  
(quiet)  
“Jesus Jesus Jesus Jesus”

**4:47 PM EST**

CAROLINE: she really looks like a sea creature right now  
EDA: she is empowering our generation!!!!!!  
CAROLINE: what do we gotta do?  
EDA: LETS DO IT

**WYBC YALE RADIO**

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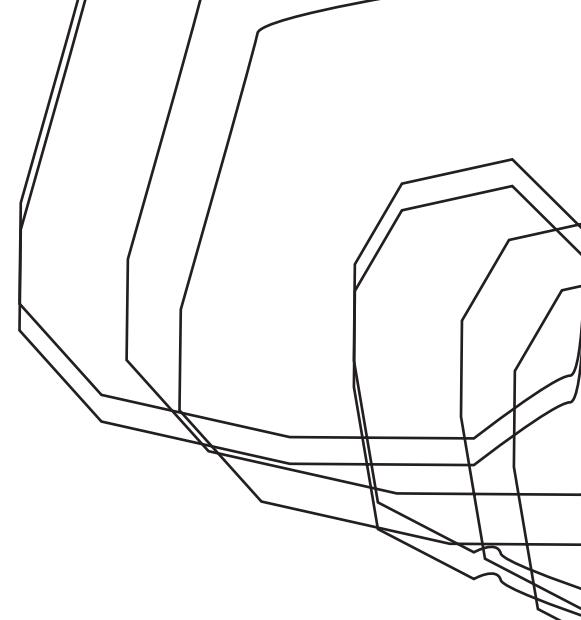
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