

B-SIDE



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Letter from the Editor SUNNY SANGHA

A Future Beyond Gender & Genre

Written by
NOAH LARSEN

Design by
NATALIE KEMPER

The narrative often portrayed in the media is that transgender people are “born in the wrong body.” What happens when the body is irrelevant? What are the possibilities when you can communicate your identity through voice alone?

Welcome to today’s world of electronic music.

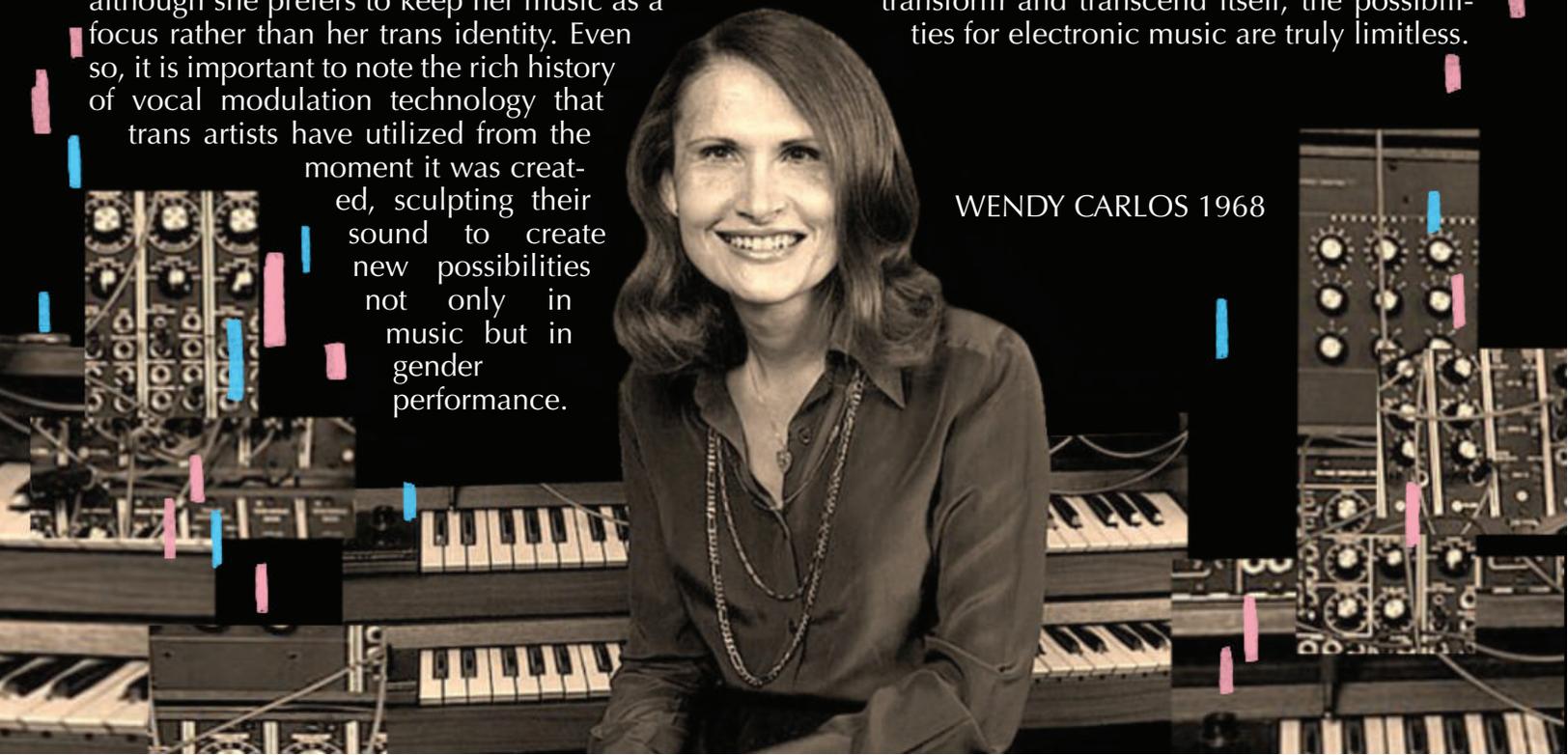
There have been many trans artists in electronic music who have recently gained notability for their voices. Grammy-nominated electronic artist SOPHIE, who was once criticized by Grimes and others for supposedly appropriating femininity, has become a major player in the electronic music industry. Dorian Electra frequently manipulates their voice, subverting any gendered expectations of vocal pitch. Perhaps one of the most well known uses of voice in electronic music today is Laura Les of 100 geecs, whose pitched up vocals are heard by millions of people monthly both on music streaming apps and TikTok alike.

However, trans artists in electronic music aren't actually new. Wendy Carlos, co-inventor of the Moog synthesizer, also uses vocoders in her work extensively. She also happens to be transgender, although she prefers to keep her music as a focus rather than her trans identity. Even so, it is important to note the rich history of vocal modulation technology that trans artists have utilized from the moment it was created, sculpting their sound to create new possibilities not only in music but in gender performance.

Fast forward to today’s electronic scene, and there is a plethora of trans musicians whose creativity has helped pave an entire genre: hyperpop. Hyperpop, with its exploitation of pop tropes and blend of genres, has always been queer to me. It defies expectation of conventional pop music and bends and distorts sound to create something entirely new and refreshing. Hyperpop is transcendent, which may explain its appeal to trans and nonbinary artists.

Judith Butler argues that gender is performative, constructed from socialization and the historical heteronormative structures at play in society. I’m here to argue that music, as an extension of the artist’s own identity, is essentially the same. As electronic music changes and evolves, it reflects the artists’ own journeys of self-exploration. As listeners, we not only get to enjoy the music, but we can get a glimpse of the artists’ self-expression: masculinity, femininity, or anything else in between is easily molded and shaped through electronic music. It is through the artifice of technology that these artists achieve authenticity. Looking into the future of this art form is exciting because as both gender and genre continues to transform and transcend itself, the possibilities for electronic music are truly limitless.

WENDY CARLOS 1968



Crosscurrents:

A Confluence of Cultures via Indo-Jazz Fusion

written by: SANJANA SANGHANI
designed by: NATALIE KEMPER

You know those musical moments that are so stunning that they pierce you with a visceral sense of fulfillment and joy about simply existing in this universe at this specific moment in time?

When I first experienced Dave Holland and Zakir Hussain's performance "Crosscurrents: Jazz Night in America," that is how I felt, the whole time. (I actually saw it on YouTube, but I still felt this strongly...so just imagine how I'd feel if I actually got to see it in person.)

The performance took place on May 5, 2018 in New York's Lincoln Center, and is described as "a musical exploration of the influence of Indian music on the jazz and rock scenes of the '60s." I was blown away by the lineup of artists that performed together, with Zakir Hussain on the tablas, Dave Holland on bass, Shankar Mahadevan on vocals, Chris Potter on saxophone, and accomplished others on guitar, piano, and drums. A performance by any of these artists individually is a huge treat, so their combined performance was an experience beyond my dreams. As an Indian classical vocalist myself, I have grown up with Shankar Mahadevan as a role model. I know his musical genius extends far beyond Bollywood, so I was thrilled to see him on this international stage collaborating with fellow musical virtuosos. The fluidity of this performance is brilliant. While it's about two hours

long, it ebbs and flows, as the performers move from piece to piece with few pauses. Showcasing an excellent balance of Indian and jazz pieces, each artist takes the lead on different pieces that demonstrate their prowess, emphasizing the individual artistry that was being conflated into the coherent whole. The evident support and camaraderie onstage only adds to the warmth of the performance.

What is really interesting are the subtle ways in which elements from the two genres mesh together. Given my musical background, there are a few things I noticed right away. Indian classical music generally always has a "drone" sound in the background, produced by an instrument called the tanpura. In this version, however, the bass serves as that constant, grounding drone instead, providing a similar sound with a Western flavor. Similarly, Potter was playing tunes I would normally expect from an Indian flute or even sarangi, as he almost perfectly mirrored the intricacies of Mahadevan's classical vocal runs. The opening of the performance featured a style typical to the Indian classical repertoire as well, with the series of back-and-forth between the vocals and saxophone. As rhythmic instruments, both the tabla and drums provide a steady backbone to the performance. While the tabla is rhythmic, it also possesses an often-forgotten complicated tonal quality, which is better showcased by the supporting accompaniment of drums. The guitarist, Sanjay Divecha, is one of the most respected in India, and his specialization in the Indian guitar style grants him the versatile ability to use a Western instrument to produce melodies in either genre.

Indian classical music and jazz each come from deeply varied and separated traditions and cultures, so it wouldn't be entirely surprising if they never collided paths. However, thanks to artists throughout history who recognized their combined potential, their intersection has become a thriving, extensively explored one. A pioneer in this mixed genre was Ravi Shankar, the world-renowned sitar player. In his album *Improvisations* (1962), he featured American flutists, bassists, and drummers, along with Hindustani classical vocalists, in one of the first times such a blend of sounds had been incorporated. Shankar continued on to work with several other American artists, contributing to a sort of American fascination with Indian music and culture, evident through genres like "raga-rock." One especially prominent alliance was his with George Harrison of The Beatles, a fertile and consequential friendship for which to explore you'll have to check out my previous article linked here. Saxophonist John

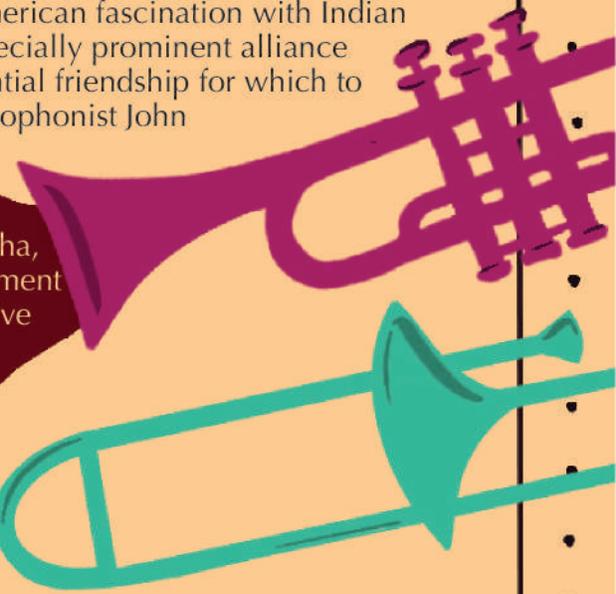
Coltrane was one of the most well-known jazz explorers of Indian music and spirituality throughout his career, and more or less dedicated his life to it during its latter half.

Zakir Hussain's father and legendary tabla predecessor, Alla Rakha, was also an early proponent of the movement in the 60s, and produced several collaborative pieces with jazz musicians. Appropriately, Hussain continues to push the genre, and his father's legacy, forward today. Through collaborations such as this performance, Hussain gives his traditional Indian classical audience a taste of the broader applications of the genre, as I'm sure the jazz artists do for their fans too. On several accounts, he has expressed his belief that "jazz is America's gift to the world," and finds no difficulty drawing parallels between it and his own training, in terms of the expertise, rigor, and passion required in both. His pursuit of indo-jazz isn't fading anytime soon – Hussain mentioned his quarantine schedule has included working on a new fusion album with guitarist John McLaughlin and Mahadevan, which I'll be excited to keep an eye out for.

Another artist that has had a significant impact within the mix of Indian classical and jazz music is Louiz Banks, the pianist in this *Crosscurrents* performance. Known as the "Godfather of Indian Jazz," Banks grew up in India learning Western instruments like guitar and trumpet. Surrounded by Indian music and culture, he keeps indo-jazz alive there, which is where he lives and works.

Musical alliances like this make an impact. As Zakir Hussain said himself prior to the performance, the idea of these "crosscurrents" is to emphasize that at the core, we are one. One of the most spectacular things about music is that it is simultaneously personal and universal. A piece of music can mean a million different things to a million different people, but still ultimately brings these million to the same moment and space in time, regardless of their differences. Indo-jazz fusion does exactly this, bringing together artists, audiences, and cultures that are quite literally a world apart from each other. Indo-jazz music is an unexpected, prolific gem, and is a ball that's been rolling and picking up speed everywhere. I look forward to seeing where it will venture in the future.

The title of Ravi Shankar's momentous album indicates exactly why Indian classical music and jazz are so compatible: their highly improvisational and compositional qualities. Improvisation in these genres intrinsically requires a certain level of mastery over the modal scales (ragas) or jazz scales that are being navigated. Similarly, both genres are immensely expressive, since a lack of structure makes much more space for the performer's passion to emerge. Given the similarities between each individual genre, it is no wonder indo-jazz has been a success across both its audiences.



The Fall Of

Written by Paloma Macias | Design by Lohana Chiovarou

At just thirteen, I entered a space that would determine the subsequent events of my life: my first concert. The gravity of the situation sat upon me as The Orwells began to play at the Center for the Arts Eagle Rock. The immersive sound of live music enveloped me, creating a trance-like atmosphere. They were the stars and I was the spectator, completely captivated as I looked up at this group of five Midwestern white men. Shows are a free-range experience where it's as though you can do anything you want; the lead singer was taking off all of his clothes, giving them to his fans, and my friend I took it one step further and undid his shoelaces. When he noticed he smiled coyly and said, "Y'all took my shoelaces, that's so rock n' roll!"

Anywhere else, the embarrassment that came with being a newly born teenager would have decimated bold behavior on my part. But at shows, you can be dualistically engaged and detached all at once. Falling holds no embarrassment because five people will rush to pick you up and staring intensely is welcomed as an appreciation of the art itself. You can forget yourself in the mass of people or become hyper-aware of every hair follicle on your body reacting to the vibrations of the music. The moshpit of people becomes a community, even if just for the night. The rush of a show emboldens endorphin-filled fans to act boldly. One sensation it is possibly akin to is someone's favorite sports team winning the world series (I don't know— I'm not into sports). Live music may be even better because there aren't any winners or losers; just a mutually beneficial relationship.



On the sidelines of such a cascading congregation of bodies inhaling music, people are making out. This is not an unusual sight to see either. The loud music is hardly fruitful grounds to have consensual conversations beforehand, but there are instances when you could scan the crowd, lock eyes, and in an agreement of sorts, inspire a kiss. Like the community of a mosh pit, these unions happen like lighting: instantaneously, but not typically long-lasting. And these instances are on the softer side of the sexual adolescent energy. The more aggressive alternative is grabbing and pressing inappropriately against unsuspecting people. A speedy solution to this is to go to the front, pull yourself on stage, faithfully fall back, and crowd surf to another location.

In the years to come, I would go out to underground shows almost every weekend in Los Angeles. I saw The Orwells at the height of their success, during which they played at Late Show with David Letterman, Lollapalooza, and FYF, to name a few. After The Orwells show, the lead singer, Mario Cuomo was giving out kisses and signatures, snapping pictures with his adoring fans. Five years later while in London writing for a music magazine, I mentioned this first concert extravaganza to my friend Ej, who looked in horror towards me and said that she had known one of Cuomo's sexual assault survivors.

The abuse was not well-publicized and had been publicly denied in Paste magazine by the band members. During the Grammys of 2018, musicians wore their white roses in solidarity with the #METOO movement. All the while, the elite music community clapped along to Kesha's moving performance four years too late! The female artist had sued her longtime producer, Dr. Luke, in 2014 for emotional and physical abuse without a surplus of support displayed by her peers. Her musical career did not fare well post-accusation, and she has not made a single hit since. Kesha's 2018 Grammy's performance was akin to the white roses everyone wore on their chests. Celebrities show remorse and solidarity when it is politically prevalent to do so, but when the night ends, they detach the white roses from their gowns, becoming another statement accessory with an expiration date.

This level of sexual abuse and performative support does not remain encapsulated in Kesha's experience, but rather bleeds into the less highlighted realms of the music industry. I could not believe that the same community that lifts people when they fall in a moshpit could also usher young girls to predatory adult men with the allure of loving music. But this appalling reality was alive and well in underground music. And during our COVID-19 quarantine, the floodgates of survivors' testimonials imploded my Southern California surf-rock music scene.

On July 18th, 2020 the Instagram account, [lured_by_burger_records](#) began. These stories involved statutory rape, emotional abuse, and overall violent behavior towards women by musicians. This account was made in lieu of the mass accounts of sexual misconduct survivors that have accumulated over the years. This abuse was not only constrained to artists signed to Burger Records, but also extended far into the wide California music scene. Some notable women artists who have shared their stories are Arrow de Wilde of Starcrawler, Lydia Night of The Regrettes, Clem Creevy of Cherry Glazer, and countless others with similar stories. In regards to the fans and other female musicians, men in the music scene have been extremely predatory and abusive towards young women. The responses from these abusive men all have a similar tone: we do not condone sexual abuse, we acknowledge what the survivor has to say, but we are dismissing the entire situation or deflecting that it did not happen exactly as stated. They live in this anonymity whilst addressing victims pluralistically, under the guise of the band's name as a front. Then, they continue to gaslight survivors as they suggest that they "hear her," but claim that what she had to say didn't happen. They are listening with deaf ears. The men who were abusive in the three aforementioned bands are SWMRS, The Growlers, The Butters.

Like a tidal wave, these horrific stories washed over social media, and since so many involved their artists, they rightfully destroyed Burger Records.. Burger Records itself was such an essential aspect of underground music; they provided a platform where mainstream music left off, creating a creative platform that felt very personal to California. That is precisely what makes it so tragic that they did not control predatory men, nor protect young women.

Where does this leave the music scene of the future? It may be idealistic to assume that musicians and music lovers alike will become advocates against abuse and vocally encourage others to follow suit. This sounds promising in theory, but it hasn't played out in practice. Many male musicians that were "canceled" continue to make music and gather support. But if anything, the disbanding of Burger Records displays the power in women speaking out and uniting against sexual misconduct. This bravery has made a necessary disruption, but we still need to create more spaces for victims to come forward. There should be no "return to normal" once we have live music back.



Written by Brianna Luna | Design by Lohana Chiovarou

IN MUSIC

I have never been more aware of my identity than the first moment it was used against me.

Through personal experience, I've observed how non-BIPOC generally conceptualize racial discrimination. It's often through visual indicators, like racial slurs, hate crimes, police brutality, or even through acknowledging the absence of diversity within systems of power. It's only in the physical public space where outsiders see the necessity to recognize racial disparities, causing an emotional and frustrated reaction for those affected by structural, institutionalized racism. If you are a student at UC Berkeley, you have definitely seen this sort of quickly-constructed vehicle of performative activism.

White allyship, based on my own personal experiences, is the observed majority turnout rate for activist-opportunism in the Bay Area—despite a BIPOC silent majority that floods the racial makeup of the geographic region. In the crowds of protests, the frontlines of sit-ins, through my inventory of photographs I've taken for press purposes at political events, I've seen familiar faces of peers in my classes who have used their privilege to suppress my voice. I've seen individuals who occupy spaces in greek life, who pride themselves over their pseudo-charitable solidarity on social media with “BLM” or “ACAB” in their bios, who tokenize my identity for their own capital benefit. It's here, even at the #1 public university.

Despite their concentrated awareness on racialized issues, it is these populations themselves causing the most damaging harm because of their unconscious reliance on white-normative safety nets, allowing them to subjugate vulnerable identities without it being an explicit mechanism of racialized harm. Oppressive behavior is disguised behind acts of gatekeeping and social othering, where the burden of representation is transferred over to a person of color to avoid actual accountability from white people themselves.

I learned this the hard way, given I had romanticized the political climate at Berkeley for most of my adolescence. In my head, Berkeley was this utopia that I thought most BIPOC kids fantasized about. A place where your racial identity is celebrated, not tokenized. Where you can navigate the world without feeling barred from social discrimination or judgment. A place where you could just be. I looked ahead at what my life would be like in the Bay Area, and thought, finally I can be free.

In my first semester, I learned that my aspirations to be involved in the music scene weren't special nor valid. I kept telling myself, maybe it's because I'm not from So-Cal, or I'm socially awkward, or I'm not that good of a musician if I'm not familiar with formalities of music. I took full responsibility for it and internalized the experience as something I thought was my fault.

I grew up in the Central Valley, where my only source of musical opportunity was kept secret within the walls of my bedroom, or within my small circle of friends who loved discussing albums as much as I did. I spent most afternoons pressing strings and practicing strumming until my fingers were throbbing red, often finishing late, and then staying up all night to finish the schoolwork I put off to practice. Although my parents knew from an early age I wanted to be more involved in music, they never really encouraged an aggressive dedication towards it, and honestly, today I have learned to understand why. The harsh reality of pursuing a music career as a Queer, Hispanic, woman of color is a never-ending conflict; an insecurity that I have to learn to love and accept every single day in a society that doesn't want me.

Because I wasn't from LA, or the Bay, and I didn't have any connections in the industry, and because I wasn't going to shows every weekend, I got used to being cut short. I sat in tons of interviews for culture-centered clubs at Cal, spaces that gave the illusion of inclusivity and expressivity, only to be gazed down upon by a white girl with a mullet haircut and Zebra-print jeans with a superiority complex. I watched someone with less experience than me ask trivial questions about how to use a camera because my portfolio looked too good to be true. Or even when I was admitted to those spaces, I was never fully accepted. People would gravitate to their cliques of all-white friends with similar class status, even if the club morals and values were 'centered' around making every identity feel accepted. I would literally witness people lose interest in me right before my eyes. I wasn't the only one who felt like this either

My roommates were both white, so once I went outside of my close proximity bubbles and began growing closer to other BIPOC, I learned that my frustrations were not unique to my experience. The feeling is universal for a lot of us, and it bleeds beyond the Berkeley community into the frameworks of a white-normative society. It wasn't because of the city I was from, or my background in music. I just wasn't white.

It doesn't help that the music industry itself reflects a white supremacist agenda either. Success in the industry is so often correlated with connections and money, two powerful sources of visibility that often come wrapped in a bow with white privilege. I wish I could write this with some sort of answer, but honestly, I have realized it is not possible to fix an industry that is so intricately reliant on whiteness and capitalism to function.

For anyone else who might be going through a devastating reality check, I urge you to bring light into your frustrations. Write about them, sing about them, whatever you need to feel a release. It's not an easy thing to confront, especially in addressing an oppressive group that is historically known to be resistant to criticism. Internalized racism might make you feel like you are doing the wrong thing; that you're being too aggressive or making something out of nothing. I am tired of constantly having to cope with a flawed system.

The path to liberation is by creating our own. Make your own space, build your own table. Institutions have become too comfortable within their own white-centered hierarchy by tokenizing BIPOC experience for profit and social acceptance. It's time society works to heal itself for the sake of the communities it has tirelessly worked to eradicate for centuries.





Photographers: Annie Deusch, Sara Florez Brinez, Tovah Popilsky

The “WAP” movement:

when
sex
sells,
who
profits?

Written by Paulette Ely
Design by Ana Light

long awaited victory of Joe Biden to become our President Elect. Throughout this hellish year (or four years, truthfully), people cried, cheered, and made sure their voices were heard at both the voting polls and in the streets. So, when the clouds opened up and the light shined through on that November day, how did people use their victorious voices you ask? Well, they all collectively sang “WAP” by Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion, of course.

You see, 2020 has been a mess, but it has also elucidated a very pivotal point: the power of Black women is unparalleled. Beyond organizing and bringing communities together, Black women won this election and defeated Trump, and the capital celebrated by singing the lyrics of other badass Black women loud and proud.

When “WAP” was released in the summer of 2020, it shattered the glass ceiling in more places than one. Cardi B and Megan

Thee Stallion are credited with the most streams ever in a seven day period and “WAP” is the first number one female-led rap song on the charts in 28 years. Holding that record prior was Salt-N-Pepa’s “Let’s Talk About Sex.”

Let’s pause for a moment and reflect on that. Black women are one of the most oppressed people in America, condemned for their sexuality, yet subjected to violent sexualization by the entire media market. This said, when Black women talk about sex, profit margins boom and publicity-frenzies ensue. So, with this double edged sword, we must consider what it means for Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion to reclaim their sexual expression. Have these women opened up a feminist shift toward the total reclamation of sexual expression? Is this an agenda from the patriarchal music industry? Could it be both?

To put it plainly, pussy is profitable. Yet social representations and implications have clarified that men are celebrated for their artistic ode to tits, ass, and vag while women are vilified for it. For years, Black women like Salt-N-Pepa and Missy Elliott have been singing about their own sexuality, but even as their record sales sky-rocketed, the backlash created further limitations. “WAP” was just different; maybe it was the social unrest of 2020, maybe it was the allure of fully shameless lyricism atop an unparalleled beat, or maybe it was the power of Tik Tok.

Whatever it was, “WAP” felt revolutionary, and it’s impact supplemented a revolution to

*NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR: As a white woman, I do not and never will intend to speak on behalf of Black women and their experiences. I am writing this with the hope of shifting a narrative through the work of reading and researching Black feminsit theory as well as by calling on personal experiences within the music industry as it is our collective responsibility to make radical change.

On November 7, 2020, thousands gathered outside of the White House to parade their collective euphoria for the

follow. Even Ariana Grande followed up with an album titled, "Positions" in which her most overt sexual lyrics exist within the wonderful three minutes of "34+35." This shift is indeed a win that allows for the most powerful women in the music industry to start singing about their bodies in the same ways that men have for years. This reclamation of the female body reminds all women that our bodies are our own, and we can feel proud of our pussies, not just limit their worth to the male perception.

So, yes, "WAP" is propelling a feminist movement like none other. However, that's only one side of the coin. Like all American institutions, the music industry is built upon exploitation, oppression and inequality. Frankly, it thrives upon it.

While we see the explicit benefits of a Black woman getting the bag for rapping about her own body, we need to look behind the scenes to get the full picture: the picture painted on the historical canvas of patriarchy, racism, and neoliberalism.

The best way to get the full picture is to break it down first. "WAP" was released under Atlantic Records, the label that Cardi B is signed to. Atlantic Records is owned by Warner Music Group, which is owned by the media conglomerate called Access Industries. Access Industries is owned by Len Blavatnik, a white man with a net worth in the twenty billions. Megan Thee Stallion is signed to 300 Entertainment, which is owned by Lyor Cohen, a white man with a net worth above 75 million. Going further, Ariana Grande released "Positions" under and is signed to Republic Records, which is owned by Universal Music Group. Universal Music Group is owned by Vivendi, which is owned by Vincent Bolloré. And, you guessed it, Vincent Bolloré is a white man! (his net worth is 5.4 billion). Inhale this information and exhale the necessary inquiry: when sex sells, who profits?

Black women and their bodies have always been profitable to white men throughout history. Referring to the theoretical work of esteemed academic and author, Saidiya Hartman, it is seen that the labor of Black women has been limited to reproduction

since slavery, given that a child was only as free as the mother was. The bodies of Black women were manipulated to reproduce life, both in the realm of sexual reproduction and reproductive labor such as cooking and cleaning. The future of white men's profits were dependent on the reproductive body of the Black woman, making her sexuality powerful yet never empowered. In the aftermath of American slavery, institutions were built to uphold what was created by white men. The discourses of the Black male body became that of threat, and the discourses of the Black female body remained in the realm of reproduction. So, as we look at how far we have come in the ability for Black women to be successful, inspirational, and empowered by speaking to their sexual freedom, we can also see that this success is still signed away to the white male owners of the music industry.

We are at a time when it seems that the future can be bright if we truly do fight for what is right. Black women are the creators of the "Black Lives Matter" movement and people soundtrack their sidewalk revolutions with the lyrics of other Black women. However, it seems that the mentality of the music industry remains at "it is what it is." Women, people of color, and LGBTQ+ people have been misrepresented in the music industry for decades, yet it seems that their marginalization is now meant for profit and performative activism.



Music was born by Black culture, and queer folks have been some of the most impactful voices we've ever heard. Yet the people who make the most money are the white men at the top, presenting papers for the talent to sign their rights away to. Mirroring the historically limited quality of the reproductive labor of Black women, the white men of the music industry today require the controversial nature of songs like "WAP" to propel their own profitable futures.

It's unarguably upsetting, yet even the most "woke" people in the music industry believe that it's just a sad truth that will not be changed. What they don't realize is that the exploitation of Black women's bodies and labor in the music industry as a whole cannot be shrugged off with such indifference as saying, "it is what it is." Rather, it is what it is directly because of colonization, corporatization, and frankly, a whole lot of little dick energy.

The world is in a moment in which there are literal and figurative fires ablaze everywhere yet we are told to extinguish our rage and exist in a society that equates progress to technologies of surveillance and erasure in the name of free market capitalism. We live in a world where we are perpetually being watched, but never seen. We are shackled to our phone screens and companies profit from our discomfort. We are made invisible by our hyper-visibility. Worst of all, we are told to simply accept it and take all of the victories we can get.

The majority of us loved "WAP," no question about it. We streamed it over and over, learned the dance for it from Tik Tok, and some may have even felt a sense of relief for the ways in which our own sexuality was finally in our own control. However, this is all to say that society saw that. Our algorithms adjusted and the media conglomerates took note of our love for "WAP." And with our excitement, men like Len Blavatnik, Lyor Cohen, and Vincent Bolloré watched their bank accounts grow bigger. It feels as though we are all inextricably bound to the increase in wealth of white men, whether you're shackled by social media or chained to contracts.

So, what is there to do about this? Well first, we do indeed need to breathe in our victory. Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion strutted down a path set by Salt-N-Pepa, and Missy Elliott, and even Bessie Smith. Those are just few of the women who proclaimed their sexuality as their own, singing the likes of "Let's Talk About Sex," "One Minute Man," and "Kitchen Man." They all danced through different expressionalities and even different decades, and yet they were all subject to not be taken seriously as an extension of their ongoing oppression. This moment of momentum for Black women is monumental, as Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion are shamelessly proclaiming their sexuality and soundtracking a revolution along the way. This all said, if we leave it at that, we are doing a disservice to the impact of the here and now.

The idea of progress under neoliberal order ultimately erases the past, as if one achievement means that a history of oppression has come to a close. Just because something has made more money than ever before does not mean that the historical limitation of the Black woman's bank account is left in the past. In order to make change, we must demand change. The people profiting most off of the sexual



liberation of women are white men. And, as much as we are told to believe that we cannot change that, we can. It begins with our bank accounts as we cut off the profit flow to white patriarchal-owned institutions. We all need to put our money where our mouth is, making direct actions to shift the trend of who is getting that bread in the same breath as we sing along to “WAP.”

Women, especially women of color, should suck the juice of the fruit of their own labor, and they shouldn't worry about being sexy af while doing it. The heads of record labels should reflect the faces of the artists producing the product. We must limit the ownership of media conglomerates and allow the impact of songs like “WAP” to provide futures to other Black women wanting to make music and money, not reproduce for white men.

As we watch videos of thousands singing “from the top, make it drop” right outside of the White House, we understand that the power of Black women is profound. Well, first, we understand that this year is absolutely insane and absurd, but maybe that is the beauty of it all. Black women organized movements around the globe, calling for every living being to open their eyes to what is really going on. People were sick, scared, and sad, yet Black women created communities of compassion, hope, and joy. Whether it be from songs on Spotify or from screams at a protest, Black women stepped up for change, and change is hopefully on the horizon. “WAP” was not only revolutionary from a feminist perspective, it also more simply created hysterical ecstasy during a time of utter dread. Black women did this, and white men and women just watched and reaped the financial benefits.

We are in a moment of mayhem. Beautiful, magical mayhem. While the world is upside down, we have been given music that celebrates Black bodies as sexy, and blissful, and empowered. We will not work within the systems in place that further oppress powerful marginalized artists. Rather, we will work to abolish them and create new systems that pass the bag to those who own their own labor. Even if this is your first time thinking about this, great! You're part of the process. This is a sexual revolution, and we can all start now. We call everyone to listen to “WAP” and allow for the euphoria of female empowerment to wash over. From there, you can use that power to fight for change. In the wise words of Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion, go “out and public, make a scene.” Sex may always sell, but we are going to change who profits.





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music defined the trump

Written by Amber Ellertson
Design by Ana Light

ERA

On that fateful day in 2016 when Donald J. Trump was declared the 45th president of the United States, the world seemed to have been slowed and lit ablaze all at once. Never has a presidency made our country so divided, with vast movements of social inequity and riots of all shapes and sizes taking place. Given these supercharged circumstances, it is only natural that the music industry would also be affected by the political tension running rampant.

Personally, when Trump was declared president, there were two things on mind: 1) How much this sucks for my registered-Independent self, and 2) hopefully this social unrest will lead to another American Idiot (2004)-esque era for music. Thankfully, musicians indeed seemed to have been given the kick in the pants they needed to get to work and show us all a piece of their creative mind. From lyrics laced with poison, to beats composed of gunshots, here are the songs and albums that defined Trump's presidency, and managed to turn this period into one of growth

and persistence. Perhaps the posterchild for anti-Trump anthems is "FDT" (short for Fuck Donald Trump) by YG and Nipsey Hussle. Released prior to Trump's 2016 presidential victory, the song was used as a way to motivate Americans to vote against Trump later that year. This was also one of the first times we saw a politically-charged rap song gain so much popularity—right now, it sits at over 30 million views on YouTube. Nowadays, it seems strange to think about a time when songs weren't thought of as a form of protest, but it is because of tracks like "FDT" that our political beliefs can now be expressed and endorsed as a form of popular music amongst America's youth. Similarly, Beyoncé's album *Lemonade* (2016), which was released alongside a movie of the same name, featured several politically-charged anthems, such as "Freedom" and "Formation."

"Freedom," featuring Kendrick Lamar, speaks of being free from the racial injustices that have been plaguing the Black community for centuries. With Trump's presidency came a social awakening in which African Americans everywhere decided to step out and speak up against racial injustices, and it is because of albums from prominent artists that organizations, such as the Black Lives Matter movement, were able to gain such leverage.

On a different note, the rock and alternative rock genres also created tidal waves with their politically-charged content. Though most of their songs weren't streamed as publicly as the previous ones mentioned, they still provided equally as riveting messages against racism and corruption. Most notable (at least for me, being the superfan that I am) is Green Day's album, *Revolution Radio* (2016). Nearly all 12 songs off this album have a powerful, political statement: whether that's police brutality on "Say Goodbye," the rise of shootings on "Bang Bang," or just wanting to see change happen in the seven-minute-long "Forever Now." Green Day has always been known to speak out against injustices with their music, and it is honestly one of the reasons why I've been such a huge fan of them for so many years. To see them make a comeback after not releasing music for four years in itself

made *Revolution Radio* a highly-anticipated release for fans everywhere, but the fact that it included so many controversial topics at the height of America's social awakening made it that much more powerful.

In terms of alternative and emo rock, Issues' album *Headspace* (2016) stands out as one of the first to openly address the political topics happening at the time while achieving wild success. Third song, "Lost-N-Found" addresses topics of homelessness, specifically among Atlanta's LGBTQ+ youth. Clean vocalist, Tyler Carter, decided to write the song after meeting a person experiencing homelessness at one of Atlanta's shelters for displaced members of the LGBTQ+ community. This speaks volumes to the resolve and dedication the band has toward not only LGBTQ+ rights, but also to the nationwide crises surrounding homelessness. Tenth song "Blue Wall" addresses topics of police brutality, with lyrics such as, "Empty your clips on the victim / And then you look the other way / Your nation will crumble / And you'll just look the other way." The biting lyrics combined with audio clips of sirens make for a chillingly powerful statement that truly speaks to how powerful music is in addressing and enacting change.

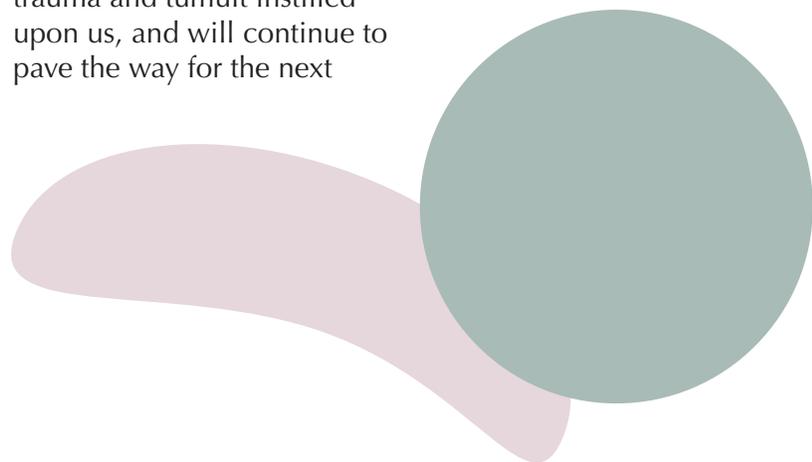
From a pop standpoint, this genre had several heavy-hitters in terms of songs that played a significant role in influencing American society. One notable track which gained immense popularity was Childish Gambino's 2018 release, "This is America." A song about the state of American society and politics in 2018, this creative bombshell, accompanied by an equally controversial music video, made a monumental impact on the world. Currently sitting at over 740 million views on YouTube, this track is the picture of what it means to use music and film to make an impact on generations

of not only Americans, but people everywhere. From the lyrics about being a Black man and thus a barcode in this world, to the video's juxtaposition of happy African American children dancing behind a man who just got shot, the cruel reality that Childish Gambino highlighted to millions through this song speaks to not only his resolve as an artist, but to his commitment to his community and the generations of strong individuals behind him.

Another pop song which gained incredible influence is Logic's 2018 song "1-800-273-8255," which features Alessia Cara and Khalid, two prominent pop singers at the time. The song deals with the heavy subjects of suicide and depression, and demonstrates just how prevalent and pressing this issue is today. The music video centers around a young African American teenager and his struggles with being attracted to the same sex. There is frank depiction and talk of shooting oneself, harassment, bullying, and self-destructive behaviors-- topics which just ten years ago would not have been taken seriously. However, this song is a testament to the amount of growth that we have done as a society. Although it is sad it had to take Trump's presidency to do so, we have undoubtedly grown as a result of the trauma and tumult instilled upon us, and will continue to pave the way for the next

generation of artists to light a match in the darkness that is politics.

On the topic of mental health, I feel it is critical to address the fact that the past four years have seen a steep climb in how open society as a whole has become about depression and anxiety. This in itself is seen across the rising trend in emo/SoundCloud rappers, such as Lil Peep, Juice-WRLD, and XXXTENTACION; it is clear that Trump's run as president caused severe social distress throughout the country, but the fact that so many people, specifically teenagers and young adults, have gravitated towards depressing music is, quite frankly, disturbing. A deep rift has formed in all of our hearts, which can especially be seen in today's 2020 quarantine-and-protest-filled world, and it is indisputable that such a traumatic span of four years has left lasting trauma on everyone-- trauma that will take years of music therapy to heal.





Separating

Some of my most cherished memories as a child are dancing around my kitchen, hand in hand with my mom, singing “Everyday is Like Sunday” together. She introduced me to The Smiths from a very young age, talking about the beloved Morrissey and Johnny Marr on a

Last May, Morrissey starred on “The Tonight Show Starring Jimmy Fallon” to play some of his work from his solo career. As he performed, he wore a pin adorned with the logo the For Britain Movement, a far-right UK political party well known for its anti-Islam

I was blindsided. I had been to numerous Morrissey concerts, at which he preached against D*nald Tr*mp and cast blatant images that defied police brutality. In no way could I have foreseen him supporting the agenda of another party so similar to that of Tr*mp’s. Or was I just choosing to not pay attention?

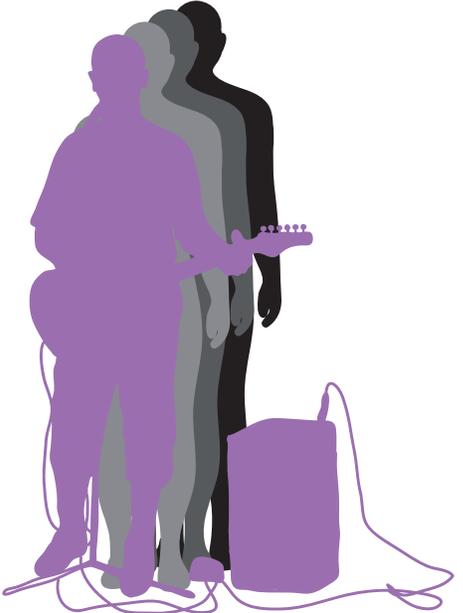
Once I began paying attention, it beckoned this question: when is it okay to separate the art from the artist? Is there ever an appropriate time to take their music, films, paintings, etc., and enjoy it without taking their actions into full account? Is there an appropriate time to enjoy a Woody Allen film, or

Recently, in what feels like my own backyard, there has been a tidal wave of sexual abuse allegations against band members in the Los Angeles music scene. The list is so ongoing and the bravery so profound that it may be easier to list the bands who do not have allegations against them. There has been an overwhelming amount of recounts of grooming and pedophilia by older band members preying on young fans.

For these older men to take advantage of their faint stardom is repulsive in the least. No amount of fame will ever make these accounts excusable. There is no room in the music scene for these behaviors

There’s a complicated allure in the idea of being the next Penny Lane from Almost Famous, breaking through the dense ego of musicians to nestle yourself into the wild scene. But Penny Lane was 16 and Russel Hammond from Stillwater appeared to have seen all of the darkness beyond 25. Penny’s naiveté confounded her lust for a world she idolized,

The Art From The The Artist

The graphic features three overlapping silhouettes of a person playing a guitar, colored in shades of purple and grey. To the right is a purple amplifier with a power cord. The word 'The' is positioned above 'Art' and 'The Artist'. The word 'Art' is in a large, pink, stylized font with a pink cord-like line trailing from its bottom. The word 'Artist' is in a large, blue, stylized font with a blue cord-like line trailing from its top.

Artists are the gatekeepers of our culture, speaking for the hearts of our communities and manifesting what we value into music, film, photography, etc. If those same gatekeepers are flushed with the dirt of racism, pedophilia, and sexual abuse, then what does that reflect of our culture? If we stand by and promote the works of artists who perpetuate such wrongdoings, then we are allowing these acts to infiltrate and represent our culture. Such acts are committed well beyond the boundaries of artists, but when we allow those we idolize to get away with such heinous actions, we're simultaneously permitting these acts everywhere. When we choose to turn a blind eye to these artists, then we are, in turn, turning a blind eye to the many Brock Turners of the world.

For those of us fortunate enough to come out of 2020 unscathed, or remotely held together, we must respond to the warnings this year has brought. To touch on the circulating cliché, we cannot return to normal because normal wasn't working. The forefront of the media has been flooded with matters long overdue, consequently boiling over and burning all. The United State's privatized healthcare system, in tandem with our failure to uplift science, has molded us into the world's center of COVID-19 tragedy. Our heavily institutionalized systemic racism has birthed such deeply entrenched prejudice that merely promoting that Black lives also matter is slandered as "reverse racism" and radicalism. And, now, we find ourselves in the wake of musicians' sexual abuse allegations as the result of aging misogynistic abuse labeled as "rock n' roll." If we do not mend the obvious problems 2020 has pushed into our laps, then I have little faith we ever will.

Cody Blanchard of Shannon and the Clams seamlessly addressed the root of the toxic and misogynistic behaviors of musicians, stating in an Instagram post, "Unfortunately the entire industry at-large and our particular underground music scene is saddled with a toxic and ever present undercurrent that is a poisonous vestige of the lawless bygone days of rock and roll that brocken men still cling to and defend."

As Blanchard said, underground musicians continue to fester in the lingering fog of rock n' roll and it's lack of accountability. By idolizing musicians, they become out of touch with reckoning moral standards and beyond proximity of liability.

John Lennon 40-40

Written by Stanley Quiros | Design by Kala Fejzo

80 years since October 9, 1940, 40 since December 8, 1980. 40 with, 40 without.

Saints are often depicted as "holier than thou" impossibilities, people of mythical and dubious origin from a time far removed from our own. I find this very similar to how people now separate artists from, say, the 60s and before, as archaic craftsmen from a bygone era. Influential and revered, unattainable.

When I was a child one of my favorite books was an old library collection called Fifty-Seven Saints, the stories of fifty-seven holy men and women who lived anywhere between Jesus and World War Two. They were fleshed out, strong, witty, and, most importantly, human. These were real people with their own faults, missteps, and sacrifices. They were amazing, but not perfect, and they lived and died that way. Their stories were interesting, and I felt like I could glean something to apply to my own life.

When I was a child I heard voices on the radio I wouldn't recognize for much too long. One of these belonged to John Lennon.

On a cross-country journey in the early 2000s one might wake up to "Rockin' Robin" by Bobby Day after sleeping through Texas. This was a different time, when "oldies" was an aesthetic, a genre with better-defined lines, and not a catchall term for anything released over a decade ago. Still, one could find radio stations playing the hits from the 50s, 60s, and 70s. It was on one of these trips where I heard John Lennon's "Elvis Echo," the special voice he uses on "A Day In the Life." What a grandiose song to just be on the radio, but driving through the streets of Whittier to my house, tired from the road, felt right.

John Lennon has a lot to teach us still, but he suffers from historical revisionism. "Imagine" was only a number one hit after his death, his "radical" politics were mocked as too idealistic, and his was the least applauded of the solo Beatles' careers in the 70s.

This man was born as the Blitz rained down on England, never knew his father and only got to know his mother just before she died. His proto-punk, emotional Plastic Ono Band (1970) was his coming to terms with these things, with primal scream therapy and snarling guitars as well as minimalist instrumentation and gentle contemplation. It was laughed off as a tantrum; what did John Lennon have to be upset about? The way he dealt with mental health and self-expression was unprecedented in popular music, not so surprising for the founder of the greatest band in history. The sheer amount of people who turned off to Lennon in the 70s is somehow easily forgotten because his life halted so violently. You never know what you have until it's gone. The other three Beatles had wanted to reunite at some point, but had pushed it off. Now they'd never have the chance. Like King and X and JFK and everyone who stood for anything he was still human, still flawed, and just like them he was shot like a dog in the street.





I think we remember and revere these people despite their flaws because they strove towards something. And they died for us.

A musician is a performer. Their medium is in echoes, streams of ongoing universe channeled by instrument, captured and placed in a neat little package, a recording. Popular ones can destroy themselves, but they produce music in service of their fans. The Beatles always knew this, and I suppose even if one finds them a little indulgent at the apex of their career, they always wrote for people. Their accents betrayed their working class background, and Lennon, the son of a seaman, was perhaps the model image of a stereotypical Liverpudlian. Spending some time at sea towards the end of his life, I imagine his reflection.

There is a world in which he lives a normal life working in Liverpool's quarry or at the docks. I never would have met him.

Sometimes when I hear songs from Double Fantasy (1980), especially late at night, I cry. He had just come out of a five-year retirement. "Beautiful Boy" is a lullaby for his son Sean, about how he can't wait to watch him grow up. I think about how my own father loves when I play the song, and how there's so many people who now enjoy this song with their children. John will never share this joy. I wonder if Sean thinks about this as much as I do. I hope he knows his dad has always been a

close friend.

Among other tearjerkers are "(Just Like) Starting Over" and "Watching the Wheels." One must be alone. Music does not exist in a vacuum. Different weights at different times.

The first Lennon-penned track on Please Please Me (1963) is called "Misery." He closes the one-day recording session with rousing, feverish final track "Twist and Shout." The latter is a cover. He was always a rocker, his guitar work on "Revolution" and "Helter Skelter" setting the stage for punk, but from the start there was a certain pessimistic melancholy. Paul was always the idealistic one, yet somehow a man excited about love and working through his problems was too much.

Hypocrisy is a loaded term nowadays, and there are true hypocrites, but sometimes a hypocrite is just someone in the process of changing. Lennon's murderer, clutching a copy of J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, stood by as Yoko Ono held John's bleeding body in her arms before the police arrived outside their apartment building. Believing the singer of "Imagine" a phony, the gunman hoped to gain his fame, and because of the way our media works, partially succeeded. Everyone's a phony to somebody from a certain perspective I suppose. The same man was also a troubled hero, simply trying his best, finally accepting domestic life and love.

He was much like the saints in that dusty old book to me, but maybe even more so: I could hear him. Couldn't get to know him. And more than the obvious in "All Need Is Love," not only the careful self introspection but the hope and kindness in his self-deprecation. There's always so much to be upset or sad or lost about, and yet at the same time "nothing to get hung up about."



SRAYA & SUNNY'S

SUPER SEXY!!

SOUNDLAND

Written by Sravya Gadepalli and Sunny Sangha
Design by Sravya Gadepalli

Instructions: The goal of the game is to go from "Start" to "Finish"! So, start at Space 1, and depending on your answer, you move that many spaces ahead. Follow the instructions of each space & move accordingly.

HOWEVER:

If you land on a "Move back" space, but you do not relate to the statement, Move forward one space instead
If you land on a "Move forward" space but you do not relate, Move backwards one space instead

THE B-SIDE

START

Move up 3 spaces if the majority of your most listened to artists of 2020 were women

-OR-

Move up 5 spaces if the majority of your most listened to artists were women of color!

Move up 5 spaces if you listen to music in a different language!

Move up 4 spaces if you realized that Pop/HyperPop are really good genres, but you just hated them because of internalized misogyny

Move up 3 if you made for some



DRIPP

BRAIN LIKE B



3 spaces
a playlist
nobody

Move up 6 spaces
if you listen to
Rina Sawayama.
We love to see it.

Move up 2 spaces
if you learned the
dance to "Body" by
Megan Thee Stallion

Move back 3 spaces if you
have ever said "Oh I don't
know if you would know this
band. They're pretty underground."

Move up
5 spaces
if you have
ever been
to a music
festival.

Move back 5 spaces
if you have XXX,
Lil Pump, or 69 in
your music library

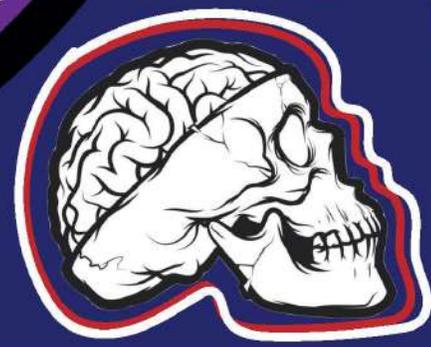
Move up
5 spaces
if you're a
Barb.

Move up 4
if you also
thought
Frank Ocean was
gonna headline
Flog Gnaw in
2019.
Instead of Drake.
We feel your pain.

Move backwards
3 spaces if you
dated a person
who religiously
listens to
Mac DeMarco

Move back
3 spaces
if you don't listen
to the music
people post on
their stories.
Move up 5 if you
do listen.
You are an angel.
We all love you.

Move back 4 spaces
if you listen to male
manipulator music:
The Smiths,
Neutral Milk Hotel,
Radiohead, etc.
You are the problem



ERKLE!

for real we love u

siri, play "Good Days" by SZA



CONFORMITY KILLS CREATIVITY!

Move up 5 spaces if you think the Grammys are a sham.

Move back 10 spaces if you have more men in your music library than women. You are the problem...

Move back 2 spaces if you've taken a blurry photo and said "This would be a cool album cover"

Move back 2 spaces if you listen to 100 Geecs

Move back 1 space if you bought concert tickets, but then COVID-19 ruined your plans. We're sad too.

Move back 2 spaces if you participated in the "In My Feelings" challenge in 2018. Why were y'all jumping out of cars to Drake?

Move back 3 spaces if you shout "Brain Like Berkeley" every time you hear "Novacane" by Frank Ocean.

Move back 1 space if you have a "Tik Tok songs" playlist

Move for ea "Old Tow have in yo

Move back 5 spaces if you've ever googled the lyrics of a song instead of asking the person playing it what the title was

Go back 5 spaces if you had a Brockhampton phase. Don't worry! We've all been there!



*i can't talk right now
i'm lisetning to b-side's
spotify playlists*

Move up 3 spaces if you listen to MF Doom. We see you. Keep it up.

Move up 5 spaces if that picture of Megan Thee Stallion and G-Eazy haunts you too. You know the one... you deserve a treat.

Move back 5 spaces if every ". MoNDaY" you check and see if Playboi Carti dropped Whole Lotta Red.

Move back 5 spaces if you are a straight man and listen to Phoebe Bridgers, Lucy Dacus, or Julien Baker. You are the problem. Seek help.

Move back 4 spaces if you like Logic as a rapper. Really? Do better.

*"flo milli sh*t!!"*

Move back 6 spaces if you've ever followed Anthony Fantano

Move back 3 spaces if you gatekeep good music! Nobody likes you.

Move back to start space if Eminem is your favorite rapper.

Move back 3 spaces if you used to be a Lana stan. We know. We're just as disappointed as you are. Stream Rina Sawayama instead!

Move up 5 spaces if FKA Twigs' "MAGDALENE" made you hate Robert Pattinson.

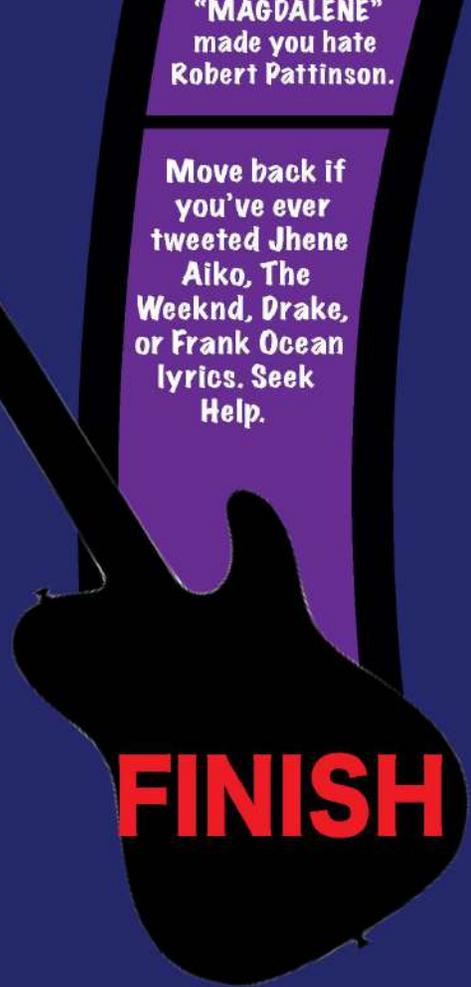
Move back if you've ever tweeted Jhene Aiko, The Weeknd, Drake, or Frank Ocean lyrics. Seek Help.

Move up 7 spaces if you follow all The B-Side playlists on Spotify. We see you! You got taste, baby!



*my opinions
are full of sh*t*

Move back one space for each version of "In Road" you have in your library



FINISH

If The B-side hosted the Grammys...

Written by Sravya Gadepalli & Nikita Tyagi | Design by Olivia DiMichele

Every year the Grammys announce their nominations, there are many congratulations, but also an uproar of disappointments. There almost seems to be more listeners who discuss who got “snubbed” that year rather than celebrating the actual nominees. With music being so subjective, it is difficult to determine what was actually the best song that was released, and not just the most popular. To choose the nominees for each year, voting members of the Academy nominate artists in each field and the five recordings with the top votes are chosen as the nominations, excluding some that require the Academy’s Craft Committee to oversee. Tired of feeling disappointed by each year’s announcements, The B-Side decided to recreate our own list of nominees. Let us know if you disagree.



Album of the Year

- Circles - Mac Miller
- SAWAYAMA - Rina Sawayama
- It Is What It Is - Thundercat
- The New Abnormal - The Strokes
- Gospel For A New Century- Yves Tumor

Best New Artist

- UMI
- Baby Keem
- BENEÉ
- 645AR
- Channel Tres

Record of the Year

- Savage- Megan Thee Stallion
- Gospel For A New Century - Yves Tumor
- Blinding Lights - The Weeknd
- Dragonball Durag - Thundercat
- The Box - Roddy Richh

Best Rap Album

- Good News - Megan Thee Stallion
- Savage Mode II - 21 Savage
- Alfredo - Freddie Gibbs and the Alchemist
- Limbo - Amine
- Got it Made - Kamaiyah

Best R&B Album

- Chilombo - Jhene Aiko
- It Is What It Is - Thundercat
- Nectar - Joji
- After Hours - The Weeknd
- A Collection of Fleeting Moments and Daydreams - Orion Sun

Best Latin Album

- YHLQMDLG - Bad Bunny
- Colores - J Balvin
- Mala Santa - Becky G
- LAS QUE NO IBAN A SALIR - Bad Bunny

Best Pop Album

- Fine Line - Harry Styles
- Future Nostalgia - Dua Lipa
- Hot Pink - Doja Cat
- SAWAYAMA - Rina Sawayama
- Ungodly Hour - Chloe X Halle

Best Dance Album

- Bubba - Kaytranada
- Energy - Disclosure
- What We Drew - Yaeji
- Workaround - Beatrice Dillon
- Suddenly - Caribou

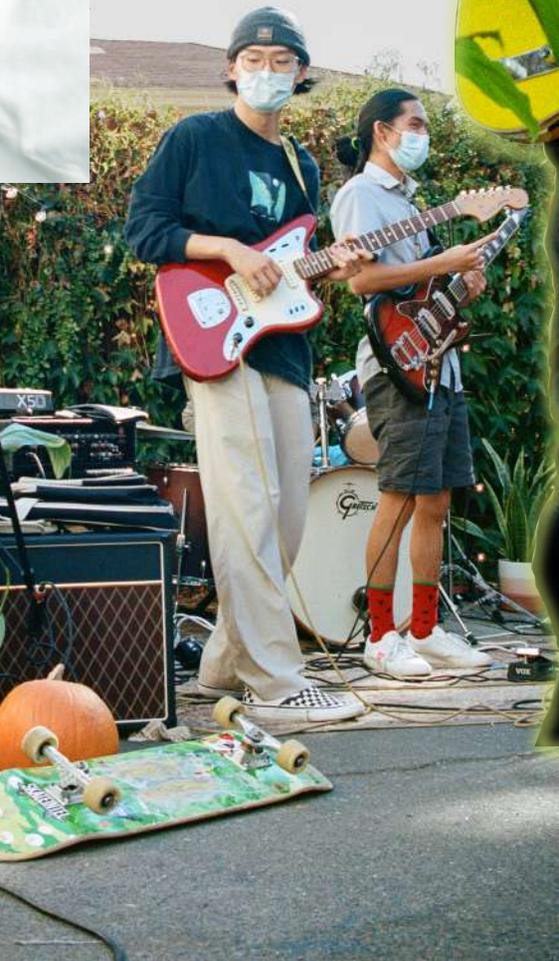
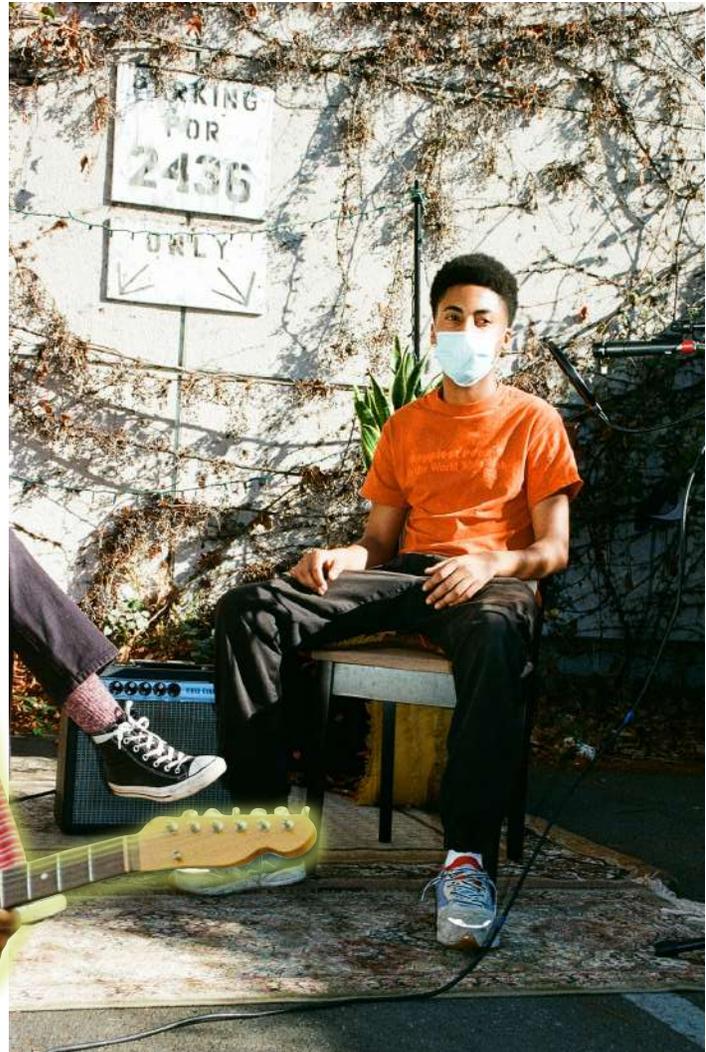


The A-Side

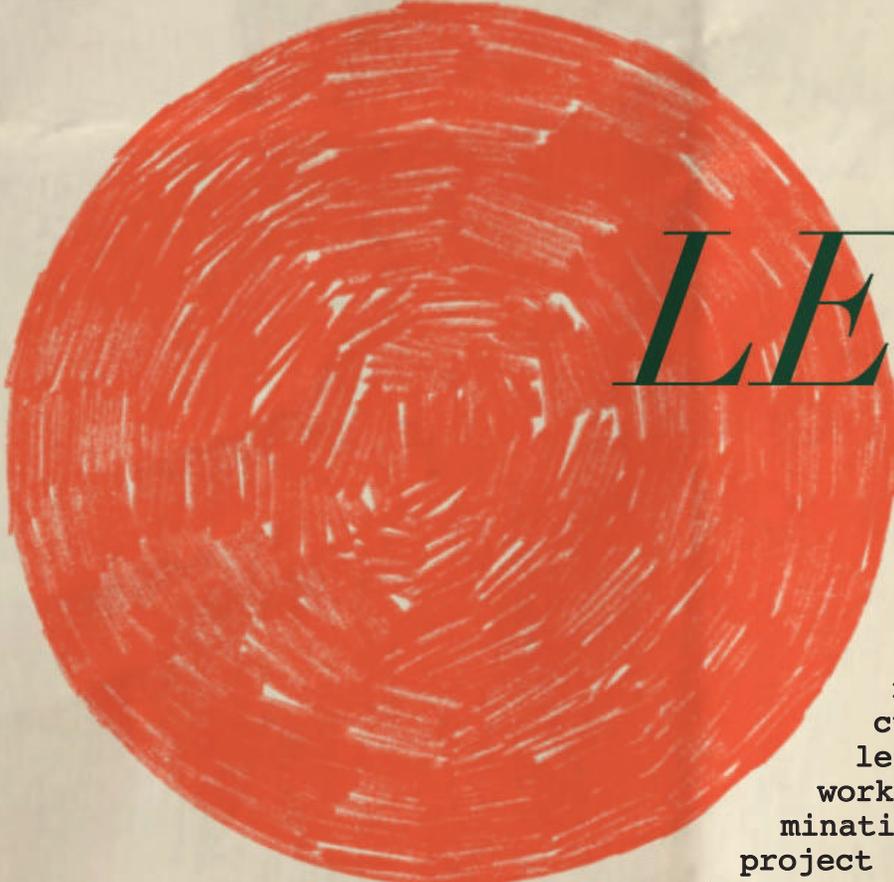
When 2020 wiped everyone's calendars clean, it made the efforts to create anything so much more meaningful. This was especially clear when we gathered some of our favorite Bay Area musicians for the debut of our A-Side Sessions—a production project showcasing intimate interviews and energy packed performances, brought to you by lovely local musicians and the B-side team. Within the brevity of a mere five sessions, these performers melded the dissonance of 2020 into perfect harmony.



Sessions @ home



Photographers:
LYLE KAHNEY, TOVAH PIPOLSKY
Design by JESSIE YANG



LETTER *from the*

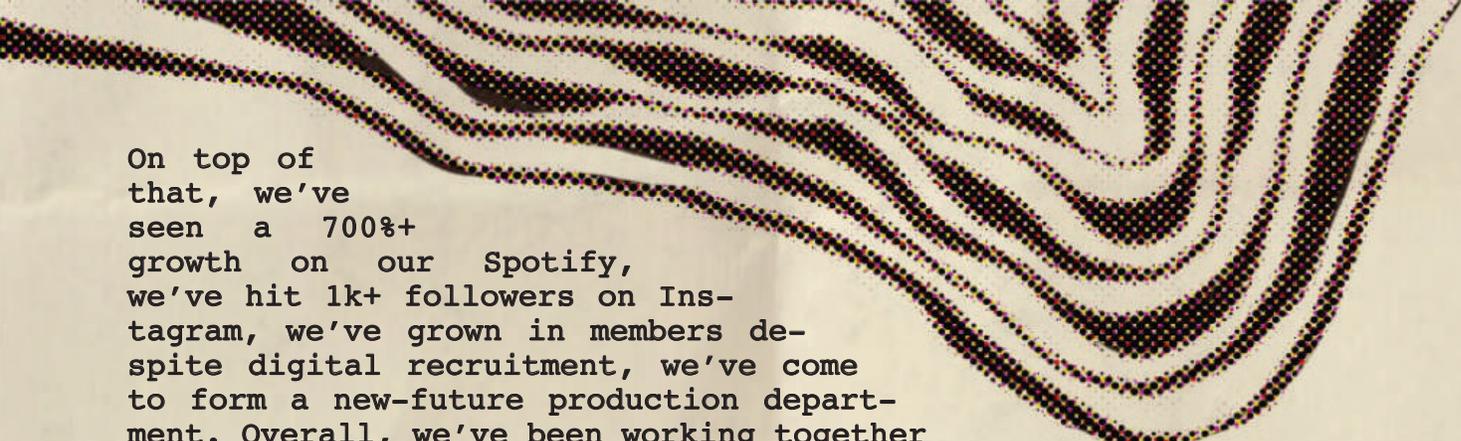
This magazine in front of you is the cultivation of countless hours of hard work, free-willed determination towards a creative project by the brilliant minds of great growing-artists, and lots and lots of love.

Thought-provoking, well-written pieces from our lovely writers, paired with the super sick layout and aesthetics put down by our dream design team, come together to form this wondrous work of art, marking the 9th issue of The B-Side's print magazine. Created during a time where we were, and still are, under immense stress from the world around us, like a rock under pressure, this magazine became a diamond.

Despite a challenging semester, which deeply understates the severity of the pandemic, our team excelled beyond conceivable limits and worked assiduously to produce amazing content. They kept up with the constant communication: slack messages, emails, deadlines, meetings, and all of the other pre-magazine preparatory operations. Now, we have this beautifully curated and incredibly insightful magazine highlighting the fruition of our labour.

This semester marked the introduction of our A-side Sessions, one of my personal favorite production projects so far. Alongside our B-side Friday specials, a plethora of thought-provoking creative pieces, establishing the groundworks for our podcast, "Therapy Sessions" (debuting this Spring!), and lots of other production projects and content creation carried out by our team.

E D I T O R



On top of that, we've seen a 700%+ growth on our Spotify, we've hit 1k+ followers on Instagram, we've grown in members despite digital recruitment, we've come to form a new-future production department. Overall, we've been working together as a team to fine tune our creative organization so we can produce the best quality content possible within a safe, loving, and comforting environment for our artists.

The B-side could not have been nearly as successful without the commitment, dedication, and power which radiates from our exceptional executive team. Beyoncé's "Run The World" was a precursor to the badass executive team working tirelessly at The B-Side. I don't know where The B-side would be without their assistance, leadership, and commitment to the club's growth.

Nat's savvy and successful work on The A-side project, Nikita's marvelous and downright genius marketing moves, Tovah's tenacity with her work ethic and intuitive ideas, Jessie's super sexy, eye-catching designs, Alice's constant commitment to copy editing every article, Erika's exceptional dedication to tech work, and Meg and Danielle's consistent upkeep of public relations— this club, and this magazine, is a tribute to all of their hard work and leadership as an executive team.

Alongside them, is our amazing B-side staffers, a group of some of the hardest working, most creative, and most passionate music loving students you'll meet on campus. Every single one of them is capable of so much greatness, and it's humbling to have them in our club before they go off into the world as post-grads and produce even grander greatness. Working alongside them has been a privilege, and a pleasure, and I would like to thank every single one of our members for their devotion to the club's growth. Without our writers, without our designers, without our marketers, without PR, without our web staff, without our team, we are nothing. So let this magazine work as a tribute to the power of the collective, the importance of community, and the value of a strong team.

With that, we lovingly conclude Issue VIII of The B-Side's print magazine. We hope you enjoyed the journey, because we certainly did, and we hope you stick around to engage with the future endeavours of our magazine.

Signed with Love,
Sunny Sangha (they/them)
Editor-in-Chief of The B-Side

