

ISSUE 2

# YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

A CREATIVE MAGAZINE

GROOVES

JULY / AUGUST

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# you know what I mean?

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cover art by Davia Schendel

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# **A note from the editors-**

**Welcome to GROOVES.**

**Born out of our imagined rooftop parties, bass-heavy jam sessions, and the songs we've carried in our hearts since the cradle days.**

**During these times, music has truly provided us the jubilation and release required to survive. It has acted like a bridge over whitewater rapids, a soothing balm- transporting us to our "disco of the mind."**

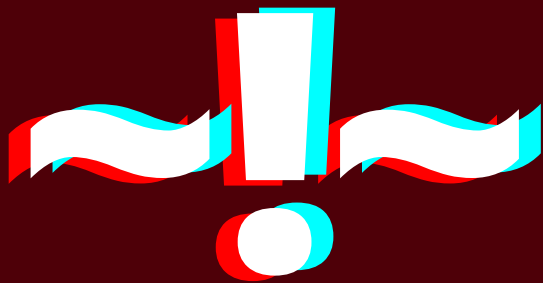
**In this issue, plants become musicians, rhythm shows its face, and our idols visit us in our dreams. Yearnings for nights on the dancefloor linger on in the midnight hour.**

**And yes, music manifests in many ways- in the treasured stack of vinyl by your record player, by plugging in the aux cord in your party for one, or between the sheets looking at the moon above.**

**So, dear reader, what's your groove?  
Maybe you'll find it here.**

**You know what we mean.  
with love-**

**Davia & Monica, your co-editors and partners in art**



# JILL GALBRAITH

NOTHING LIKE SEDUCTION  
AND THE BASS GOES "OOHM"  
TO MAKE ME FORGET WHO I AM  
AND THE SNARES GO "AH"  
WHERE I AM  
THE DRUMS SAY "OH"  
IF I AM  
THE SAX SAYS "NO"  
ALL I CAN  
FEEL  
IS YOU  
SWEATY, SUITED, SULTRY  
AGAINST  
ME  
AND WE ARE ON OUR OWN  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE  
MOSHING, STOMPING, AND ROMPING  
AROUND  
DO YOU GROOVE HERE OFTEN?  
HOLD ON  
LET MY BODY INTRODUCE MYSELF  
I AM GRAVITY'S WORST NIGHTMARE  
THE ANTITHESIS TO GROUNDEDNESS  
IT'S THRILLING TO HAVE YOU IN MY ORBIT  
AND TO BE ENTRENCHED IN YOURS  
IS AN EQUAL PLEASURE  
I NEVER MET A PLANET I DIDN'T LIKE  
IT'S A TALE AS OLD AS TIME  
YOU'RE THE EARTH  
I'M THE ASTEROID  
AND WE'RE GONNA CAUSE A MASS EXTINCTION  
EVENT  
ON THE DANCE FLOOR  
I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME  
YOU DON'T KNOW MINE  
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE DON'T NEED TO  
THE ICE AGE IS COMING  
BUT I COULDN'T CARE LESS  
AND THE BASS GOES  
"OOHM"  
"AH"  
"OH"  
"YES"

For someone who plays "La Chona" when I'm on my way to do anything that causes stress of any type merely, so I can have it on the back of my head and laugh internally while my world crumbles.

Being part of this particular issue, is fearsome to say the least, as this is the first time I let someone outside work read something written by me, plus I will be talking or writing, I guess about a subject I generally have a hard time explaining - Isn't that pretty much every subject for me though?-

So Grooves, Music

It will be fair to anyone who was access to read this and confess that in terms of music: I'm what Kanye West is to Politics meaning that I don't know anything about it but imma take a whole page to exchange my irrelevant views because I can.

But since I respect and love you cuties, I tried to do my best to explain and since I'm a "seeing is believing" person, show you what and how music is to me, so: Welcome to my Deep Dive. Started this "Research" by doing my favorite thing: Asking Questions.

First, I had a word - If you will - with my best friend: ME.

Do I really have a relationship with music? And, here is where the spiral started.

According to my Health App - Cause: In Data We Trust-, I listen to an average of **467 hr and 57 min a MONTH!** - Also found out that I need to lower my decibels if I don't want to suffer hearing impairment, but this is not a health issue, so we will not be discussing that right now- **that's 5604 hours a year!** I'm no math expert, but if we divide the time value by **24** cause that's how many hours the day has FYI, I listen to an average of **233 DAYS OF MUSIC A YEAR!**

I realized that it wasn't only that I had a relationship with music indeed, but that this is a strong one.- consider the fact that the analytics shared here only from my phone, I also listen to music while I sleep, cook, clean (totally expected cause, Mexican), shower, and read.

I basically don't do anything without music ( I rarely watch TV, in fact, I don't even have one)-. Then went through my list and noticed all sorts of exciting things that I just never pay attention to, like the fact that I have music in all languages I speak, that my oldest song comes from the Classical Period (1730) and that the newest one was released as early as last week. So, yeah, I am a so-called "Music Person"...And I walk a lot.

Asking my assistant a simple, clear, and humble question was the second part:

Hey GOOGLE

What  
sounds  
like

**-Harmony, Melody, Tune, Air**

At this point, Boy is just describing me what sounds like a very friendly ghost, so since fear is the usual response to ghost, -I mean, unless you are onto something else, this is a no-judgment zone so, u good- I had to ask:

What is the responsiveness to Music?

**-Sensitivity, Appreciation, Feeling.**

I know this technically is an answer, but it also happens to be the worst-case scenario for visual learners. But is also one of the sweetest and sexiest scenarios for someone like me, Cause as Carlo Rovelli would say:

**"There are no answers to questions until they are asked"**

Silly Me, I knew what music is, what I wanted to explain to you is:

HOW DOES MUSIC  
LOOK LIKE  
TO ME, AT LEAST

How does Music look like, As I said, I have a hard time explaining it, because I can't fully articulate my music experience, at least not without showing. I'm all about that "seeing is believing" lifestyle.

I'm terrible with words to the point I carry a pencil and notebook with me at all times, and I often use them to explain people things in the form of drawings, maps, shapes, etc. The thing is that in this case, I can't really show you how I associate things by just drawing something, is different is just all color - I know the words to describe it, but you don't get to feel the whole experience with just...words- that's pretty much what I see, and yes, it is so much fun, and better than TV. Hard to define, I know, but I told you I was going to try my best so, trying my best, I did.

So again, I asked my best friend: Me. How can I show, Feelings, Sensitivity, and ... AIR (???)

**AND BOOM ☐, IT HIT!**

Here is where I jumped from Analytic to Spiritual, so fasten your seatbelts.

I am by no means a scientist - no shit-, but according to my Virtual Assistant, an **Aura** is described as: *an electromagnetic field that surrounds a person's body and, it is associated with their energy in the form of color.*

So I figured if music had such impact in **Emotions** and **Emotion** means: **Feelings or Sensitivities**, this was *maybe* the closest I could get to show you what I see when I listen to music.

I know I am pretty much the silliest silly goose for doing this, but this was the only choice that I could think of, but hey, I don't do it who else will? So in the name of pseudoscience, I did the following: I only listened to some of my favorite color songs for 2 weeks straight, only those songs, over and over - yes, at some point I wanted to throw my phone out the window but I live on a first floor so is as liberating- and kept track of the colors I could see here and there because even silly experiments need some structure, you know.

to me, at least

And finally, after 2 weeks, I went to Magic Jewelry and got my aura picture taken.

So, here are my results:

**Visually** an Aura picture is pretty similar to the effect music performs in my brain, so for the first time, I was able to show the effect...in that sense. It's like a **rainbow, fun, dynamic, and exciting.** which is pretty much what I feel/see when ignoring the people the street in order to keep listening to a song for 10 more seconds.

However, according to my "tracker", these songs have a bit more pink tones in them (which I can't see in the picture).

In defense of Magic Jewelry:

1) They don't advertise a "Picture of what your brain sees with music"

2) I have to say that even in my brain, **colors tend to change a bit sometimes**, and since I don't know how to read music, it is hard for me to tell you if some notes have just a standard color that never changes.

So I would say that from a **scientific POV given the lack of accuracy, my scientific experiment is definitely a scam lol.** But, from the POV of a person who loves to walk around while doing lots of things and nothing at the same time while asking myself questions, **this was a great way of getting a wrong answer.**

I mean, at least I got a complimentary Aura reading that has been helpful at the time of writing this. They said my Aura shows that I'm full of **Inner Joy, High Self Sense, Intuition, and Love for others, to name a few.** -NGL I like inflating my ego every once in a while (DAILY) and we all know that there's nothing better than the words of paid strangers to do that-

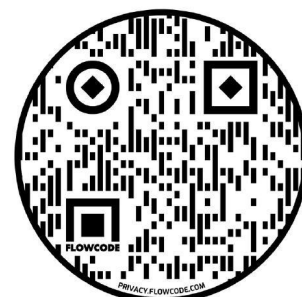
And that I can say is indeed **how music feels and how feelings look, not this playlist but effect is pretty accurate**, and yes, I'm contributing to your laziness by adding all the songs on a Spotify Playlist.

I added the songs that have had the most notorious effects for me, usually songs with less dusty beats, longer bridges and solos have better effects. I figure it is because it is less distracting, but as I said before, it changes.

Enjoy, cuties.

## How Does Music Look Like?

Music Looks like  
Rainbow Shaved Ice !



# girl with a

voice

monica mouet

## PLAYERS

GUY WITH A BASS, OIL ON CANVAS

CICI/GIRL WITH A VOICE, WATERCOLOR

HARRIET, GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, NO BOUNDARIES

1

*CiCi at this club. She doesn't remember how she got there.*

*Guy with a Bass invites CiCi up on the stage to perform.*

*A microphone. She starts singing. Is she Girl with a Voice?*

*CiCi is now Girl with a Voice. She almost melts into the song when, all of a sudden, the drummer walks onstage and starts to play. It's her MOTHER. 🤖*

*CiCi is just CiCi again. She stops singing and the rest of the band does not notice as they get into the newly renovated rhythm.*

*CiCi massages her temples where it hurts. She leaves the stage.*

2

GUY WITH A BASS

Hey! I know *you*.

CICI

Haha you do?

GUY WITH A BASS

Haha yeah I know you!

CICI

Haha yeah! How have you been?

*CiCi goes in for a hug. He reciprocates. Kinda awkward.*

GUY WITH A BASS

Good and you?

CICI

Good.

GUY WITH A BASS

...so you got home safely?

CICI

What?

GUY WITH A BASS

After we met.

CICI

Oh yeah. Of course I got home safely. Thanks for asking! That was what...two weeks ago?

GUY WITH A BASS

Yeah I don't know.

CICI

Um. Okay well I better check to see if my friend is coming. I'm...meeting her here tonight. I...are you playing here?

GUY WITH A BASS

I just played! You didn't see?

CICI

Oh that was you? I didn't notice...I was so busy tending to my roots. You know.

GUY WITH A BASS

Roots...

CICI

I was taking in the space, seeing if my friend was here.

GUY WITH A BASS

...

CICI

But you guys sounded great! From what I remember. Glad I got to hear you.



GUY WITH A BASS

You should sing with us sometime.

CICI

What??

GUY WITH A BASS

I said you should call me sometime.

CICI

I don't uh, do we have each other's numbers?

GUY WITH A BASS

Do we?

CICI

Yeah I think I can only reach you through the app...

*She busies herself with her phone.*

GUY WITH A BASS

Oh cool! You can reach me there then. Wait are you free like later tonight?

CICI

Uh...

*CiCi pretends to think.*

CICI

I could be. Yeah. If I'm not too tired you know.

GUY WITH A BASS

Nice.

CICI

Yeah. Nice.

3

*CiCi in her high school guidance counselor's office. Her counselor, Harriet, shuffles through papers.*

CICI

"I know you." How condescending does that sound?

HARRIET

Right. Now, remind me again, did you decide on a major yet?

CICI

...Harriet.

HARRIET

What?

CICI

It's 6pm, you don't have to be all counselor-ish right now. It's not like the principal is hanging around right now.

HARRIET

Tell that to the security cameras! Alright, how about those extra-curriculars...

CICI

Wait there are cameras??

HARRIET

\*sighs\*

CICI

Just calm down will you? Come on, it's been forever since we've smoked.

HARRIET

No.

CICI

Alright--

HARRIET

I don't want to do stuff like that anymore okay?

CICI

Hear me. Hear this. I get it. You're tense as fuck because you're...let's face it. You are kind of insane. You hear voices or something and you keep looking up at the ceiling because you think the government is coming to get you or something--

HARRIET

I do not think like that!

CICI

But that's why I like you! That's why all your students like you.

HARRIET

Not all of my students. Not all of them.

CICI

...

HARRIET

Some of *them* are onto me.

*CiCi gives her a look: gurl please.*

HARRIET

CiCi, I'm trying to do my job. You know, my JOB? And I've been on a roll this week. It feels good! What the hell is your deal anyway? You're the one who set up the appointment.

CICI

I...wanted to talk about college stuff.

HARRIET

Really?

*CiCi grins.*

HARRIET

Hear me. Hear this. Cecilia. I don't think this is good--

CICI

Okay okay Harriet I get it. I understand and I'm sorry. I have one of those migraines today. I'm in pain.

HARRIET

Have you heard of--

CICI

Yes of course I've tried all of it, including all that shit you prescribed to me this past year.

HARRIET

I have not prescribed--

CICI

Come on you might as well have! I mean Jesus Harriet how many underground drug dealers do you know?

*Harriet shuffles through papers.*

HARRIET

I have no idea what you're talking about--

CICI

Fine fine fine. We get it, you're straight or whatever. This is the last time I'm letting you smoke my shit by the way. You must owe me like 50 at this point.

*CiCi pulls out the shit and lays it out on the desk.*

HARRIET

I don't smoke anymore

CICI

That's funny since when

HARRIET

With you! I don't smoke with you anymore. I'm done smoking with you.

CICI

Oh come on--

HARRIET

I'm not fucking kidding.

CICI

*(gritted teeth)*

Hear me. Hear this. This shit is not cheap.

HARRIET

I know this I know this. I know this. But you don't get it. When we smoke together it's not good anymore. It's not good and they know this.

CICI

There is no "they." The "they" is the, the **INSANE** inside you talking.

HARRIET

If you aren't talking college apps then you may leave my office please.

CICI

...FINE. You can have it. I don't like smoking alone anyway.

*CiCi leaves, annoyed.*

# PLANT NOTATION

*by Spencer Martin*

The act of listening to music can be framed as a phenomenological prism that refracts a specific then and situates its resultant colors in the flesh of the world. It would seem to make sense for the post-prismatic moment to have a lifespan equal to that of its input source: a sound artist posits four minutes of life-as-soft-rock and thus are born four minutes of newfound saturated being. But oftentimes I find that the bright bracts of the bougainvillea outside my window radiate a lingering hue of one's pleasant then long after the playhead has come to a halt.

Amid my awareness now floats the fading influence of your best take of your best day. You have colored mine. I wonder —who colored yours?

Plants seem to be the natural subject to which I assign the most sonic weight. Clouds are great and dreamy but sometimes overwhelmingly awe-inducing, and looking up at the sky with headphones on for an extended amount of time gets uncomfortable. Animals, though fantastic hermeneutic prey, are a bit too aware of their relationship with rhythm. Have you ever seen those dancing spiders? How about those dancing humans?

Moreover, I frequently encounter throngs of plant-friends among my neighborhood walks, which are moments of ritual that are never without musical accompaniment. And while I could drape the watercolored ontology begotten of the speakers resting on my ears onto the concrete beneath my feet, I find the ficus near my knee to be a better mate therefor. I'm just not inspired by concrete.

The petals and vines freckled and threaded about our earth glow in my eyes with the memory of music I've adored in their presence. In the deep basins of the calla lilies echo my mother's favorite songs. Cool whispers of hidden-made rebel music lie on beds cushioned by the tails of fountain grass — an invader and a firestarter, but a pretty palette nonetheless. The wild lines of many snake plants thank songs I've written about you for their shades. I thank you for them, too.

Until recently this has been the direction of the flow of my musical color current in regards to the plant kingdom. The intake of tunes leads to the output of a visual prescription which alters my interpretation of the leaves on the street. The leaves are colored by the music.

When I became conscious of this phenomenon, I was tickled. It's always fun when music thoughts and philosophy thoughts catch up and say hey to each other. But I also recognized this interaction as a passive happening, and wanted to explore the possibility of an active reaction thereto. And thus began to grow the seed of an art that I have been cultivating. I call it plant notation.

Plant notation serves as a participatory response to the aforementioned phenomena of music prescribing previously unrecognized modes of being onto plant life. It is a generative musical process in which one (the composer) interprets the physical characteristics of plants as individual units of a personally devised schema and translates them into a language of musical composition. Through this process, it is plants that color the music.

Unlike canonical systems of Western music composition, plant notation is free of barlines, staves, and note heads. Instead, the notation is—like the plastic page of an overhead projector— overlaid atop a representation of whichever plant is chosen to be performed. The dimension of the notation is dependent on the decision of the individual composer, as reading the plant necessitates only a representation of the plant that is to be performed. For instance, a two-dimensional representation of a plant could take the form of a sketched drawing of a snake ball allium. A three-dimensional representation could be a plaster cast of a saguaro. A real chrysanthemum could function as a representation of itself, especially if it emits a certain level of starpower. A representation could even take on no dimension at all, as it is entirely feasible to play a plant that exists solely as a memory or idea.

It's important to note here that plant notation does not exist in a written, visual medium. I couldn't show you a composition book filled with pages of notated plant representations. I could certainly show you a composition book filled with pages of plants, but the notation is a mode of awareness and thought regarding the musical elements of plant life rather than a form of physical transcription. There are no symbols to draw; there are no fun, relevant tattoos you could get.

Instead, various units (I call them pollen grains when I'm being casual) of the decided upon schema function as musical cues. The exact function and intended result (sound, timbre, orchestration, etc.) of these cues relies on the discretion of the composer—the practitioner of plant notation. The essence of the form is developing a strong relationship between recognizing and taxonomizing these cues and implementing their instruction in a musical manner. A master of plant notation has the faculty of possessing a sympathetic means of interpretation through which they can convey, musically, the physical story a plant tells with its existence.

As it is the task of the performer that is playing the plant to decipher a composition created by means of plant notation, and as the taxonomies and lexicon employed in the form are highly

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<sup>1</sup> I've tried to maintain the physical-visual being of plants as the pure basis of plant notation, but I'm so frequently influenced by the charisma and unique character of some plants that I will eventually have to accept the inherent personality and humor of some plants as essential units of my interpretive schema.

<sup>2</sup> The mode of interpretation of plant notation.

<sup>3</sup> The mode of performance related to plant notation.

subjective and malleable insofar as our semiotic reality is subjective and malleable, I would imagine it to be excruciatingly challenging for a musician to faithfully and properly perform a piece that they themselves did not compose. At the very least, it would seem an insurmountable challenge for a composer who has chosen to work in the sphere of plant-notated composition to adequately convey the piece to a performer, as outside of the mind of the composer, their art appears to simply be a plant.

Or maybe a drawing of a plant.

It's necessary to approach plant notation with an air of whimsy. When the process becomes self-serious, its resultant compositions wither as if ailed by root rot. Not to mention it seems pretentious. It kind of is.

One exciting element of plant notation is its immense subjectivity. The musical evocation of large, chartreuse stalks may differ vastly between two composers, as the composers' hermeneutical relationship with descriptors such as large and chartreuse and stalks may likewise be vastly different. The realm of interpretation is further challenged by a composer's definition of what constitutes a singular plant within a system. Is the tree that is being read only considered from the ground up? Or are the roots taken into account? What about the cones that dropped from its branches months ago? With all this in mind, there's no doubt that a single plant could germinate an infinite number of scores of great dissimilarity.

I won't deny that this is all a bunch of babble. Rather than examining the methodology of plant notation any further, I will instead conclude by giving some tips on how to engage with the praxis yourself. Hopefully the following demo elucidates my intent behind this whole tumbleweed of jargon: namely, to serve as a pleasantly eccentric (if shroomy) new means of examining, interacting with, and learning from the beautifully vivid living world that surrounds us.

So, take a walk – outside, preferably. Locate a plant that you find particularly provocative. Maybe it's colorful or big or really far away or incredibly ill or looks like an ex or looks like an x or it's just the first one you see. Examine the plant and all of its features: what color is it at the bottom? What color is it at the top? Do these colors blend together, or are they sharply defined? Is the silhouette a smooth wave, or is it a jagged junction of lines and angles? What is the size of the plant? Is it diminutive and feisty? Is it gentle and massive? Does the plant hang, or does it sprout? Is the plant confident in its winding, or does it seem accidental? Is the plant isolated? Is this by choice? Does the texture of the plant seem creamy? Chalky? Slick and witty? Could you shake the plant even if you were very weak?

What do those attributes sound like? What do they not sound like? Try humming them. Snapping to them. Try playing them on an instrument. Try playing them on a different instrument. Try playing them on multiple instruments, one at a time, then all at the same time. Try to feel a beginning and end of the plant. At least, where does its story pick up and where does it leave off? The time between is the music that this plant is dying for you to perform.

# MINUTIAE OF SENSATION

*words and photos by davia schendel*

**Step Into My Life, What's Your Pleasure? Jessie Ware. 2020.**

Timestamp 2:07. *Give into me, show what you're feeling— in harmony—  
show me you need me, boy—*

Lush string arrangements truly shine on this standout track from one of the best albums of the year. Nouveau disco. Dream disco. The disco in the mind.

The disco I dream of entering in 2021...

The arrangements remind you of those on a record by CHIC or Sister Sledge.

They give the impression of a heart skipping a beat.

What happens when you make a love connection?

Your neurons swirl, a little— you swoon.

The strings hit you like dopamine hitting the bloodstream.

On this track, they act like a choral affirmation to Jessie's purr— the flamboyant encouragement you need to take the step over the threshold.

Triplet phrases challenge the rhythm—  
are you stumbling or did you make that into a cool dance move?

*Now's the time to step into my life...*

**Meet El Presidente, Notorious, Duran Duran. 1986.**

Timestamp. 2:33. The ooh ooh oohs of the bridge, for some reason, harken back a memory that I cannot quite place. It might be the reverb, an element that I love working

with when I conceptualize or mix a track—  
or it is the timeless waters of a wordless melody?

Yeah, I'm just a reverb freak. I admit it.

I want to swim in this. The horns interplay, counterpoint. My hips can't stop moving.

I play it over, and over and over again.

However, it sounds even better framed within the song itself.

That's the beauty of an excellent bridge— it needs the land masses of the verses and choruses to connect to. When it hits— you are on elevated ground, so to speak. But you just want to take the journey all over again, the sonic journey that is the pilgrimage of listening. Crossing back and forth, over the bridge, over the rushing waters below.

Defying nature, yet feeling so in tune....

*Ooh, ooh. Ooh, ooh, ooh.*



**Prisoner of Your Imagination, Your Mamma Won't Like Me, Suzi Quatro. 1975.**

Timestamp 1:49. Oooh, you're playing around with my life....

Another gorgeous transition into a pre-chorus/bridge-esque moment—  
featuring, yes you guessed it— reverb.

A psychedelic break, before Suzi rips into the scowl of the chorus, aggression,  
expertise, bass syncopation— mastery of her instrument and her nature.

Visually— everything becomes slow motion—  
we are swaying on the floor, doomed lovers.

Imagine I'm telling you lies. Oh well. I've never fallen for the easy ones, have I.

“Abort the mission! Abort the mission!” Your thoughts scream at you.

But your heart sways— the bass notes walks down the fretboard—  
like fingers tracing a spine.

Once those eyes have caught your imagination, you're doomed.

Book three years in the fantasy hotel— have a pleasant stay.

Hopefully I'll check out in time.

**Gasoline, Women In Music Part III, HAIM. 2020.**

Timestamp: 00:31. *Gasoline, pretty please. I wanna get off, but you're such a tease.*

One of the best choruses I have ever heard— silky layered vocals. In the songs I've been  
working on with my collaborators recently, there has been a lot of interplay of  
stacking vocals on top of each other; like the act of watercolor veil painting— the image  
starts to distort dimension— it has a softness to it.

The lines are visible (i.e. the specific vocal tracks are independent) but in the slight  
diversions, there is harmony.

Driving on a winding road, down the coast. Your hand on the wheel, a slight touch  
makes all the difference. Foot on the pedal, a delicate interplay. To the left, to the  
right. Respond, receive. Dialogue in touch. The driving innuendos abound. HAIM is  
on the same page, or on the same road, if you will.

*Throw the keys back to me.*

**E.V.P., Freetown Sound, Blood Orange. 2016.**

Timestamp: 1:48. Choosing what you live for...it's never what you make your life... This entire album has moments that sonically make you stop at a standstill— however, this simmering funk track is like a mid-August day; fever-dream-esque...did the day really occur, or did the excessive sweat blot out any semblance of reality...?

The chorus, of course, occupies a reverb space that is wetter than most. Layered vocals remind me of humidity— those vermilion afternoons that can only be quenched with the delicious needle stabs of a freshly opened sparkling water (out of the fridge's chill clutches).

A little pain never hurt. My friends will laugh at this, since they know about my fixation for the bubbles, those of the mineral and grape kind.

Back to the song, back to the song—  
Existentialism of the lyrics are mixed with bodily needs.

Is this what being in balance is like?

The cello swoons downwards, a dancer in melancholy, awaiting the glimmer of sunshine.

Feeling the comfort of sadness in a new set of surroundings...

**I Got Ants in My Pants (And I Want To Dance), James Brown, 1972.**

Timestamp: 3:08. *I love you, yes I do, with all my heart and soul*

Carving out a space that can really be quantified as thrusting funk— this is excellence.

I am intoxicated as the band takes a moment to expand on an already tightly sculpted pocket.

The bass harmonizes with James' vocals. Walk it down, walk it down.

The horns could not be tighter— Brown was the conductor of his band, so imagine him waving his hands to get that precise syncopation. Oh— oh — oh—  
Apologies, reader, I have to go for a second—move a little bit, groove a little bit.

Shake my behind. Get up off of this thing.

*I got to know! I got to know! Is your love for real?*

At this point, it doesn't matter.

I'm dancing.

**Wasteland, Boys and Girls, Bryan Ferry, 1985.**

Timestamp: 0:33. When love's gone, there's no one

An interlude that deserved to be longer.

Ferry's vocals are soaring above you, behind you, in front of you.

In flight. Towards a landing dock.

Akin to the atmospherics of a suave lounge in space.

A ballad crooned by a hologram; you drown your sorrows in something.

Or you are tangled in someone's arms? Astral plane.

Forget if sex will survive the space age— will love find a chasm to occupy?

A tear on your pillow...

**Slow Love, Sign 'O' The Times, Prince 1987.**

Timestamp: 2:20. So much better when we take our time...

I'm back on earth. The moon is above me. The night is still.

Odd for a Friday.

The lamp sets a sweet honey-golden glow on the hardwood floor.

Sway, sway as Prince yearns, years away, a record of the past,  
yet the feeling is here, right now.

What are boundaries of time anyways?

The saxophone reassures us the night will be good.

Smiles turn into grins turn into a kiss turns into...

Tonight is the night for making.....

Draw the curtains.

# Purple Dreams

by roxy seven

Roxy is on the set of Ellen, sitting in that white chair, and defacing it with the pile of crazy colors she's buried in. She has on very tinted seventies glasses, some yellow corduroy bell bottoms and an off the shoulder blouse/vest combo. She wears a choker with the Prince symbol and one hoop earring.

Ellen: So tell us Roxy, how was it you first started doing music?

Roxy: I had sex with Prince

Ellen: ...What?

Sorry let me rephrase... When did you start taking music more seriously, and begin really seeing a career in it?

Roxy: ...When I had sex with Prince

Beat.

Ellen: Prince is... I mean he died when you were... you would've been about 17 right?

Roxy: That's correct Ellen.

Beat.

It weighed on me heavily throughout the rest of my life

Ellen: Yes he was... a legend. But... If I can ask, when then did you...

Roxy: Oh have sex? With Prince?

Ellen: Right.

Roxy: It was during The Quarantine

Beat.

Ellen: The quarantine of...of 2020?

Roxy: Correct

**Ellen:** Right ok so... and correct me if I'm wrong here but by 2020 he had been dead about... 4 years correct?

**Roxy:** Yes that sounds about right.

**Ellen:** Right so how-

**Roxy:** I mean it was just absolutely a life changing experience. He came to my door with flowers, and they were just down by his side as if it was absolutely casual to appear at my door and bring me flowers. So I... I accepted that you know?

**Ellen:** You accepted the...the flowers?

**Roxy:** The casualness of the flowers. I understood that it IS casual to appear at my door with flowers... and sex, and love, and music. You know what I mean? But yes I also accepted the flowers.

**Ellen:** I don't know if I-

**Roxy:** I just realized I deserve it. Women need to normalize feeling deserving of love, and flowers for no reason, and being sexy when they feel like it.... and Prince... he always helped me with that, throughout my entire life's journey. You are allowed to ask for more than you can imagine even in your wildest dreams.

**Ellen:** You're currently single though... Correct?

**Roxy:**.... Technically speaking, yes.

**Beat.**

**Ellen:** So when he showed up with flowers, that wasn't the first time you had met him?

**Roxy:** No it was

**Ellen:**... and when did you... I mean if you don't mind me asking

**Roxy:** Oh not at all, we pretty much fucked right after he showed up.

**Ellen:** And was he... as good as he claims to be? In his music?

**Roxy:** Oh I don't really know. It skipped over that part entirely... regretfully.

**Ellen:** It?

**Roxy: The dream.**

**Ellen: Ohhhhkay. Got it. So this was all a dream...**

**Roxy: I mean I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't call it a dream since I woke up impregnated.**

**Beat.**

**Ellen: You wut**

**Roxy: I woke up impregnated.  
He planted. His seed. Of musicology. Inside my womb, and after 9 months I  
birthed my first  
album.**

**Beat.**

**Beat.**

**Cuts to commercial.**



# MAX HAVAS

**CO-EDITOR DAVIA SCHENDEL  
DIVES DEEP WITH  
SINGER/SONGWRITER/PRODUCER  
MAX HAVAS,  
EXPLORING THE CHASMS OF  
THE INTERNET---  
CELEBRITY CULTURE,---  
SELF-CARE---  
VIDEO GAME SOUNDTRACKS---  
AND HIS NEW ALBUM**

**PHOTO BY  
MARIE OSTERMAN**

**DS: Would you say you grew up in a musical family?** MH: Both my parents are physicians, I did not really grow up with any relatives doing art professionally or anything like that, so when I decided to pursue musical theater as a career it was a shock; but my parents were super supportive. And I actually think that they are super talented. I think my dad's a really great singer, I think that's where I got my vocals from. And I got my looks from my mom (laughs).

**What records did you listen to growing up? What songs were percolating in your household?** "Dreams" by The Cranberries was playing on repeat. I was the last generation where families collected tapes and stuff. My parents are into grunge- there into R.E.M., the Grateful Dead- well, the Grateful Dead is not really grunge, but....A lot of hard rock, and new wave- so my parents, they're a product of the '80s. And so when I was 10-11, and I wanted to find music for myself, I was sort of starved for frilliness and fun; and that was Britney Spears to me. I fucking stole my sister's Britney Spears Barbie, and her Britney album, and I just listened to that, ad nauseam. I was front row seat for that whole change in music when it became so important who the singer was- and what she did in her "free time." And also the fact that pop stars, for me, are women. All of my vocal inspiration comes from women. The way that Whitney sang the National Anthem, and the way that Mariah wrote "Vision of Love" when she was 19- that spoke to me. And I had never really seen, you know, pop stars that didn't immediately get canceled or shipped away for being gay, or for being boring. (Thinks) Would you call Michael Bubl  a pop star? KT Tunstall. Ashley Simpson. Hilary Duff. People who were packaged. Pop stars. And who sort of had a disconnect between what they were singing and what they actually believed and were going through.

**Did you listen to Radio Disney growing up?** I love Radio Disney. I love everything about it. I have not listened to it in a while, though. I know they still play the hits.

**They do. This is what I experienced growing up; I would listen to Radio Disney from 5-10 PM, and for some reason, in the Bay Area, the frequency would switch to house, 90s hip hop, so I was exposed to that, and that would be the late night slate- and it had no DJ, host or anything. It was just hours and hours of this playlist. You have a lot of electronic/hip hop influences in your music- did hip hop make its way into your early life as well?** It did not. It was a while until I actually got into listening to hip hop, and following hip hop. Partly because, I had always felt like hip hop was very masculine, and I didn't even know female rappers existed until, (laughs) Nicki Minaj! And also, the way I learned music was through classical piano and learning Chopin, Beethoven, Brahms; I had a very textured palette when it came to listening to music. I couldn't get into rap. But lately, I am obsessed with it. I am obsessed with Lil Uzi, and the whole "drill" movement, and what that means for production. The electronic music that I listen to all day is the Sims 2 soundtrack. I bought, and I tell you, I BOUGHT the Sims 2 Nightlife soundtracks on iTunes, and I listened to that shit. I was so absorbed, I was like, "This bumps! Who could ever top this?" This 9 year old bizarre child. I remember my mom had the original HP iPod- and I would load the Sims 2 soundtrack, the Super Marios soundtrack, and I think, maybe Zelda? But it was these songs that were written to just be pleasant enough to give you an atmosphere but you're really focused on what you're doing. And I think that's the basis of a great dance track; where you can have a drink, talk to the person next to you and also listen to the music. And now, whenever I listen to the Sims 2 theme, I get butterflies- because what other people heard as a shitty loading screen, you know, the interim between actual gameplay and setting up your little life, I found so artful and wonderful.



But the music I think that encapsulates all of that are the scores for Hayao Miyazaki's films; Totoro, Spirited Away, and Kiki's Delivery Service, oh my god. Hayao Miyazaki actually wrote a lot of those tunes, and he had his composer do the arrangements. But he wrote lyrics for those films. The fact that they were songs from a kid's perspective, I felt connected- and also these songs were so deeply beautiful and about longing, longing for something more. But I love soundtracks.

**I love soundtracks too- since they don't really have the pressure of maintaining a (song) structure, they're so emotional. And they can really stir up a lot- they go for the heart. Speaking about going for the heart- would you say you're a disco fan?** So, high school. I found this album, it's by this band called Odyssey; self-titled- Odyssey by Odyssey. They wrote that song, "Native New Yorker." It is one of the most flawless disco records I have ever heard in my life. I guess the first disco thing I listened to was Madonna- "Confessions on the Dancefloor." Now that I'm saying it out loud, my taste is pretty mainstream when it comes to disco music- Madonna, Gaga, Britney, Beyoncé, these behemoths of the industry.

**It's ironic that disco is having such a revival in a time when we cannot dance (in public, at least).** I know. I really do think that the clubs are going to be closed for a long time. And that will change what "club music" is. And when we get a vaccine and we slough it all off, put on our furs and go out dancing- I don't think we are going to want to hear the same sounds. It's not going to be like the pulse we grew up with. It's going to be different. And it might be a little more slow and more mellow.

**A little more organic maybe? More instruments in the mix?** Yeah, like in Dua Lipa's "Future Nostalgia." That album is tightly produced. Every millisecond is by design. It's very interesting, you can actually hear in the production that they are actually trying to emulate the sound of a compact disc. It's a stringiness. But that album followed a trend- do you remember when Calvin Harris made club beats? And now he's making funk wave music- "low-fi." And now people recognize disco as the low-fi dubstep. And they want to bring it back. People want to forget that Skrillex ever happened, and that is unwise. His music is amazing- it's like Bartók- it ebbs and flows, and takes cues from music that is really ancient.

**I remember in 2011/2012, which I would say was the peak of EDM- people like Avicii were like classical composers, even though their music was self-produced. They didn't have orchestras or players, but they had the creative concentration of classical composers, writing movements for a sonata.** It folds in on itself- your instrument is a sound wave or an audio file- you just chop and screw whatever you need and make a finished product. I've been guilty of sampling a whole song and writing over it, because I'm never going to do better than that. There is a sort of despondency in admitting that in just having a very blatant sample in a song- because it is the artist saying "I can never do anything better than this so I'm just going to tack it on to whatever I did."

**It's interesting to see how underground experiments became mainstream trends, especially in when pop drew from house and other club scenes.** I am also fascinated by the identity crisis that pop music had in the early '00s, when people wanted to be real, and authentic, and they thought disco was the opposite of that. But you can still tell in the music that they were trying to find that same feeling that disco gave people, but without any electronics, bass or anything like that. The soft-rock ilk of say, Hilary

Duff in her prime, or Hannah Montana, High School Musical. And I'm forgetting the reason that I even had to do all this rigamarole—because I love musical theater. I listened to Wicked once, and I lost my mind. Lost my damn mind. Then I just began a pilgrimage into that world of original cast recordings. You're listening to a full body of songs that have to do with a show— that the listener has to identify visually, otherwise it doesn't work. The average person can't go to Lincoln Center and watch what actually happened onstage in “ A Chorus Line,” they just listen to it. And to me, that's beautiful— something that seems to need so much— lights, great sound, a huge audience, dancing— but when you actually boil it down to the original cast recording, it's all there.

**Would you say that you're attracted to narrative in songs, and albums that follow narratives, even if they're not musicals?** Yes. You know MIKA? He had this album called “Life in Cartoon Motion,” and it's more of a concept album, there isn't really a storyline there, but he has this song called “Billy Brown.” It's a doo-wop arrangement of this story about a man who abandons his family for a guy. And it was the first time I had ever even heard that was possible. It's a heartbreaking song, but it's full of a lot of hope. That I think is what pop music represents to me— it's all about being aspirational; maybe not being genuine, but giving people what they need.

**I think what we grew up on were some really amazing songs that were produced in such innovative ways. All of that stuff that was coming out of Sweden— that's what we were listening to; Swedish production. And I hear those influences in your music. I want you to talk about “The Rough Patch.”** Ok, The Rough Patch— I got myself a little blue podcast mic— and I thought, “I'm going to make the album of the decade.” (laughs) And it ended up being the album of the year! (laughs again). And that honestly, was just me learning how to use Logic, learning how to mix my voice, and what it really means to arrange a full song. And, trying to connect a group of songs, like you said, in a narrative. And so the narrative I chose was... totaling my Acura TL on the PCH; what led to that, how your life changes at 16 when you have a car. And “The Rough Patch” was sort of me working through this surplus of freedom that I had, when going to college, I really didn't know what to do with it. And I ended up totaling my car. (laughs)

**And “Ode to Lindsay” is about that? (track 10 on “The Rough Patch”)** It is about the death of my poor car. And I was finishing while I was a P.A. on this television show called “Scorpion,” it was on CBS. The people on that show were so miserable— they hated it so much— but they were working on a television show! And so I saw first hand, these people who reached their dream, at the top of their field, and they were still very displeased with the work they were doing. And I think that kind of made me want to do “The Rough Patch” myself, so that if it sounded bad, or the mix was wrong, it would just be my fault. I could just blame myself— because I saw how the creative process could get very jumbled and very ugly. And I also learned that making a music video was really fucking easy! But “The Rough Patch” is still great. It still holds up.

**And the cover is really eye-catching. This is what I interpret from the cover; you are waking up after a really rough night, on the lawn of someone's house— but I'm not sure what's happened to your skin— it looks like some sort of injury.** Well, I wanted to kind of look like I was sunburnt, but we just ended up getting a bunch of pink paint and throwing that on me.

**It's a great image.** It's a study in idleness, definitely. That image definitely encapsulates what I felt coming out of high school, going into college- face down, in the lawn. No one needs me. And if I am going to somehow pick myself up out of whatever it is- heartbreak, a car wreck; I'm going to have to do it myself. It's so strange- people normally have a romantic relationship in mind when they embark on writing songs, but I had none of that. It was just about my relationship with myself, which now I realize is very narcissistic. But I was 18, so (laughs).

**Would you say that you were writing these songs in the heat of the moment? Or were they retrospective?** I was very calculated- I gave each song at least a month of development. Re-doing them all the time. Just trying to put together that group of songs taught me that the recording process is actually an extension of writing; you have to be very willing to throw out a terrible lyric, or improv to capture something really spontaneous. And you can totally tell when someone's just trying to sound spontaneous (laughs). That's what most of "The Rough Patch" is. Listening to "The Rough Patch" is also a learning experience for me. Realizing that "Oh, that was too much.

**"Do you listen back to it? It's amazing to track your narrative.** A lot, actually. Yeah. Obviously I do want each of the albums to be completely different, to show a different side, but you want there to be continuity. And I think, in the album arts (covers) there is continuity. At first I'm face down, and then I'm on a swing, and then I'm in a hot tub.

**Let's talk about "The Little Mixtape That Could." Why did you call it a mixtape, not an album?** It was only seven songs. It was so short. Frankly, they're all mixtapes, because I gave them away for free (grins). But, yeah- the "Little Mixtape" I was really sort of investigating what made, like you said, these Swedish producers, like Max Martin, Sia- real kind of titans of pop. Like, what was their formula? And I think that might've been a bit of a mistake- because looking back on the "Little Mixtape", there are only two usable songs on there. "Jesus Chris" and "Facehugger." And they're right after each other. And it could've just been that.

**I love "Powder!" (track 4 on "The Little Mixtape That Could")** Oh, thank you. I tried to get my sister's friend, who's a great rapper- her name is Yung Donut Bitch. I tried to get her on that, but the schedule's didn't work out. But with "The Little Mixtape," I was trying to show that I could produce for other people- who those people are, I don't know.

**It could be me! Or readers, it could be you...**It could be!

**I want to talk about "The Lost Resort." On the cover- you are in a hot tub, you are rising out of the steam. You have a drink waiting for you. Are you lost or are you emerging?** I'm not lost, the resort is lost (laughs). But it is also kind of about wanting to disappear, and I thought of a resort, an all-inclusive resort, a poolside thing. Part of the idea of paradise is the fact that you can relax and have a drink by the beach, but another kind of darker part is that you're anonymous and no one really knows you. And I just had this idea of this person going off on their own (this person being me). Going off on their own and just processing a break-up. That was a break-up album. And again, it was too long. It was 16 songs, Davia (laughs).

**I love a good double album. I love a 30 or 32-song album. The "White Album," by The Beatles for instance.** 30 songs, holy crap. No one will even ever approach that level. Can you imagine if anyone put out an album with 30 songs right now? No one would give it the time of day. It would almost be rude. I'm noticing where music is now, with TikTok and meme culture- the most popular songs are less than 2 and a half minutes- that "short and sweet" is you know, absolutely acceptable. I think listeners would much rather get the hook immediately, and there are less atmospheric. The songs don't really sound like they're in a room anymore. I find that a lot of newer pop kind of feels like Skype sex, a little bit (laughs), in how you receive it; it's gratifying, there's a lot going on. But there's a lag. But also talking about people who are great songwriters, like Billie Eilish and Lizzo- that part of the mainstream- those people are exceptions to the rule. The rule— is Lil Nas. And Lil Nas is a genius because he did pre-empt that trend of not taking music too seriously. But I think he does take himself seriously, but he doesn't put it out in a serious way.

**I think it was genius that he drew from so many different genres. And he reminded people, or at least opened up the conversation again, that American music, even country, is rooted in Black spirituals and blues.** Yes. And part of the art of "Old Town Road" was the desperation in how it was promoted. Lil Nas was just tweeting that video of himself, he was on Reddit, typing in "What is that song that goes "Old Town Road?" so that people would look up that lyrics on Google and see that it was him. That's someone who is fully aware that with your first song out of the gate you need an Internet persona. That has not been true for most people entering the industry, and then once they have songs out, they try to find who they are on Instagram, or whatever. Lil Nas was born there, he is a digital native.

**Let's talk about "Aria," (Track 6 on "The Lost Resort")** Yeah, it's about the alienating aspect of self care. And it's kind of wondering, you know, during that third moisturizing little program on your face- you get a little obsessed with adorning yourself and just trying to have a sense of peace. And you think it's for you but then at all times you start wondering "Who am I preparing myself for? This is obviously a means to an end, all this self care just can't be for me, it's for my future partner." And that's a fucked up way of thinking of things, and it won't go away for a really long time no matter how empowered people feel to take time for themselves- to write a song, to sketch, or whatever. But especially for artists, there's this feeling of "I'm here to give things to people." Also, that was sort of counting on the fact that with "The Rough Patch" and "The Little Mixtape," even though I was trying to emulate producers I liked, I was just trying to make music that I vibed with, and that I wasn't hearing. Sort of musical theater inspired- electronic music. It's a niche; and not a lot of people liked it, but I did.

**I would say you have a very confessional style of writing; I feel like I'm sitting next to you and you're just talking to me, especially on "The Lost Resort."** Yeah! And on "Aria," there's that line:

Notes in the margin/What a view/Not bad for a Martian making do/With a crash landing.

It's about the fact that a lot of people our age feel like they were injected into a time that they weren't born for. A time that we really didn't make. And if we did make it, we were constructing this language of the online meme- without even knowing it was going to be valued one day. And now our idea of an emotional response is a shit-post (laughs). And it also comes with the idea that we're now experiencing full relationships just over text- especially gay people. You want to hook up with someone?

Have a little anonymous fun? You have to be able to text quickly and be funny and sexy and cool on paper. And that's such a nerve-wracking thing. And that's sort of the aspect of how technology plays in it (the album). And also the fact that these songs are not analog; they're all made on the computer. I can barely play guitar- most of my production was just sort of trying to find soulfulness in something that is completely digital. And don't get me wrong, I love PC music- I think it is the future, I think SOPHIE is a god- I love music that is unabashedly artificial.

**Maximalism, too?** Maximalism, definitely. I had hits and misses, but I was trying to find the middle ground between those two polar opposites, between the orchestral, musical theater I loved, and the Sims 2 Nightlife soundtrack (laughs).

**You have those dynamics- would you say "The Hip" (track 2 on "The Lost Resort") is drawing from the pressures of being charming in the virtual space?** Yes. And always kind of looking over your shoulder and never really being able to engage in any sort of affection, because you're worried it's going to be used against you in the future- you don't want to be weak. There is this rise of "the bad bitch," "the empowered woman, who doesn't need a man" or the "empowered gay man who doesn't need a man." We actually do (laughs), that's the big secret. All you leave behind is your relationships with other people. I think that's why gay people and women are overachievers because we can't think "No, actually, you know, I'll just leave behind my achievements." (laughs). And that's awful. And it's stifling, frankly, to try to find yourself, to grow. I'm constantly worrying, did I peak at 15? Because you have literal access to these memories- you can just look up a video that you took on your iPhone when you were 15. And shit hasn't changed that much- and also the bar is very low for growth in this new millennium. Most of us have had to move back with our parents, the economy is in shambles, and we're all really trying to do what we wanna do. It's hard to become self-aware when the job that you want is kind of all about getting attention, and keeping attention.

**How would you say this present moment is affecting you writing? Because you're writing a new album, correct?** Yes. It's happening a lot faster, because I don't have to rush home from my day job or an audition to get ideas down. I can just walk across my room, lay down a demo, and figure it out from there. I've produced close to 20 songs for next album- I'm not going to put all of them on there-Do a double album! For me! Maybe. That would be interesting if I just came out with a Part II/Part III. I do think that the best music that I have out now is my latest EP- "The Grand Scheme, Pt. 1." That's the one with the cover art of the plaster bust.

**I love T.M.I. (single from 2018). It's so fresh and has such an exuberance.** T.M.I. was a fever dream. I made it and rebased it in one day. It's about the idea of when you're an object of desire- and you can be a person and an object of desire and still have a very happy life. But when you're an object of desire you start to think of yourself as merchandise. And you can totally remove yourself from your actual self worth, and just see yourself the way other people see you. I truly think influencers put a paper bag over their head, take off all their clothes, and just look at themselves in the mirror for how other people view them. There is so much money in that. And it's so easy if you have the right genes and luck. And I had sort of grown up thinking "That's not the case with acting; that's not the case with what I wanna do." But then in college I realized that a big part of it is. And the grind is just getting past that. T.M.I. is an interesting moment, I'm really glad that you like that one. I ripped that cover art though...I feel really bad I stole that one.

**Just call it Pop Art- reference, citation. And speaking of citation- can you talk about the sample of the Sex and the City episode on "Benzo" (track 11 on "The Lost Resort?") Did you incorporate the sample after you wrote the song or have it in mind, and wrote the song around it like an architectural support?"** Men are bullshit!" (laughs) Yeah, it depends. I think that I had the instrumental done and ready, and I had this little line of space that could've been me singing. When I put little snippets of people talking, it's to cleanse the ear of my voice. Because I love listening to my voice (laughs) but people don't like hearing a vocal for even 3 whole minutes. It's kind of like having sex with the TV on.

**Right. You tune in a little bit-** And it brings you back into the moment. And it makes the song sound more immediate. Recently I have been making dance tunes; minute long dance tracks- to samples, to audio files that I think are really funny or amazing. I did one for a scene from "Midsommar," and one for this Vine by this Viner named Nut. I love the fact that anyone and everyone can start a podcast and talk things out. The millennials are a very talkative generation; we like hearing that in songs, much more than people before us. Having a beat respond to the way someone says a sentence; again, it speaks to our love of rap music and how aware we are that everyone has a specific rhythm when they speak. Celebrity, which is a theme I'm writing a lot of the new album on; they used to be so inaccessible. "I don't even know what he sounds like in real life!" And now they all have to do that same BuzzFeed interview and they're all kind of on the same page as a YouTuber. Now our idols are more accessible than ever.

**Do you like that? Or do you think it's more attractive when someone cultivates mystery, or a persona? All this social media can be deceptive; we think that "Oh they're so real, they're so accessible," but they are also crafting an image for you to "consume."** Totally, but that is still a craft. Do you know Caroline Calloway? She was this huge influencer, and she scammed everyone under the guise of being this authentic "Good Witch" of Instagram. And I find that duplicity...so cool (laughs). The villains of this era seem very smiley, and don't seem evil.

**Is that what you're drawing from for the album?** Yeah, I have this song called "V.I.P."- it's my ode to the "star-fucker." It's about the idea of living in LA, growing up in LA; you're always six degrees of separation from someone marginally famous. Everyone's got their little story about how they almost fucked someone on "that television show." And people feed off that, and I think it's bullshit. And it needs to be talked about. People really efface themselves just to be in spitting distance of celebrities. But I shouldn't talk, I'm writing a song about it, and I want a lot of people to listen to it.

**Aren't music festivals like that as well, such as Coachella? You're paying for proximity!** Sometimes you're paying for a Beyoncé concert, and that's fucking worth it. But most of the time, it's to elbow your way through the crowd and be that girl, THAT groupie. Groupies used to be a select group of people who were insanely obsessed with a band. But now, anyone can count towards that. You don't necessarily have to put in a bunch of time being obsessed with an artist nowadays. You can just follow 6 fan Instagram accounts and see them all the time. You don't have to go to the library and look for the magazine that they're on the cover of (laughs).

**You don't have to arrange your time to wait outside the stage door; you don't have to arrange to stay after the show; you don't have to barter with the roadie-** All you have to do is watch their makeup tutorials and feel like you know them (laughs). And also this sort of ties into how I fit in as a singer-

people don't have to hide who their celebrity crushes are anymore. It's like, what of it? I'm never going to meet them. It's not embarrassing anymore.

**"I'm just going to proclaim my love!" (laughs)** Yes, I'm just going to proclaim my love for Frank Ocean, whoever. It's not the same way as it was when The Beatles came to New York and it was a group of girls screaming. That scream all takes place on a phone, or in the comment section. It's very personal. And it might make it so that there can be more artists and more fans. It's a grand experiment and I want to be front row for it.

**Absolutely. And what do you think live performance is going to be after this?** I miss it so much. Let me tell you, these Instagram Lives are not cutting it. It is in that same box that I've been talking your ear off about- the image we see on a phone is the truth. An Instagram Live is from one angle, and the sound is shitty. The iPhone has a lot of limitations when it comes to that. It's sort of an act of hubris to put out a quarantine album now, I think. I will say, one very good quarantine album is "how i'm feeling now" by Charli XCX. But yeah, how the current moment is affecting my writing- I have more options now. I don't necessarily feel like "Oh god, I have to get it right on the first try," in terms of production and mixing. I have oodles of time. I have redone these songs at least 4 or 5 times. And this is ironically the first album I'm working on with other producers- working in the studio, when I can. So that's very interesting to hear how other people place my music in the "grand scheme of things" (laughs).

**Are they putting you in a genre category already?** They're saying that it's straight up pop. I'm always trying to go for a sound that is timeless- I know that sounds cheesy. But I do listen to "The Rough Patch," and even though it's terribly mixed, it doesn't sound like a 2018 trend parade. It really was all of these sounds that interested me. But the subject matter (on the new album) is completely the same. It's always about loneliness, I guess, but it's not about being cooped up in your apartment on lockdown. There is only so far you can go with that type of emotion, and it's boredom. And I'd rather not hear a song about someone who is bored.

**If you could place your music during a time of day, where would it live?** Sunrise, baby. I like to make music that speaks to motion- whether it's dancing, or being in a car, or walking. Having that Suzuki long-gaze when you're walking; I wanna make the soundtrack to that. All of this personal stuff- all I wanna say, what am I feeling- that comes secondary to that moment of watching the sunrise. That moment does not need to be silent. I think you can throw something on- and I hope that's me (grins).

**You can listen to all of Max Havas' albums and EPs on Spotify, Apple Music and other streaming services, as well as on [YouKnowWhatIMeanMag.com](http://YouKnowWhatIMeanMag.com)**

I've got three rhythms in my head. The holy number. But fuck your religious trinity. Mine are

**The drums.**

**A muted trumpet.**

**And Kishore Kumar belting  
His goddamn liver out.**

(I say liver because  
He was an alcoholic  
In case you didn't know  
But then again  
We are too hooray)

I wonder a lot why Indian ragas

Never got

J      A      ZZ      Y

*It'd fucking slap*

I am unashamed of this statement:

Songs in English sound terrible

English songs can never comfort me

They're too rigid

Always declarative or imperative

And never subjunctive

ok well sometimes in the subjunctive

But shut up I'm trying to make a point

Like here's a classic love song that I'm sure you know

more power to you if you don't because I'm sure I haven't heard your favorite love song and I know not enough people are talking about yours send everyone yours right the fuck now

Hold me close and hold me fast

This magic spell you cast

This is

La vie en rose

\*slides glasses to forehead aggressively\* WELL ACTUALLY IT WAS ORIGINALLY IN FRENCH

Here's the truth about English love songs

I don't like them

I think they're flat and dry and boring and lame and disappointing and not catchy like at all like what the fuck

Roast me alive sure why not



For real though I love language  
Its nuance its flow

## ITS RULES HOLY SHIT SO MANY RULES

(but that's just because i like ignoring them when i do random writing shit el oh el)

But here's the thing  
For me there's English

### ***AND THEN THERE'S HINDI***

Holy fuck like it doesn't even compare  
I don't sing imagine  
Love songs in my head  
When I see the love of my life  
That tell her to come fly with me  
Or whatever else Frank Sinatra wrote  
That I'm sure applies but I can't remember right now whatever

Kishore > Frank  
Fucking fight me

I hear old, grainy Bollywood ragas on repeat, huge sweeping string groups and the faint popping of age.  
That's not a culture thing.

It's me living on both sides of a language barrier and clearly realizing my parents have amazing taste in music.  
Like what the fuck how have I not been echoing the gospel that is classical Hindi music

(let's totally ignore my trauma regarding my racial and cultural identity in white america for the entirety of this tirade just because that's not the G R O O V E  
and im honestly just tired of explaining it to people that think i want their sympathy)

So what's the groove?

It's old grainy shit that sounds like nostalgia but really it's just a fundamental state of being. It's wild declarations of love and existence with words **THAT MEAN SOMETHING DIFFERENT BASED ON YOUR STATE OF MIND** and also has a long series of lyrical vertebrae that just last in the bodies and souls of several diasporas that I feel like I can never have because gods forbid I feel comfortable in my own skin long enough to fucking chill out and just find another way to engage with myself instead of continuing to override healthy behaviors and mindsets for the sake of people that in the long run mean little to nothing to me hello the real groove is a mess of emotions and random associations with a time that I wasn't conflicted about what I like and should like but whoops here I am rambling again that's not the groove the groove was a page and a half ago or some shit i dunno go pick your favorite phrase or sentence that's the groove that's my definition of the groove that you can go ahead and quote because i said it so that means it's representational of a whole slew of people so you don't have to engage anyway enjoy the "groove"

*Also Anderson .Paak's Tiny Desk concert. And Noname's Tiny Desk concert. Honestly, just all of Tiny Desk. And COLORS.*

- Pranshu

# artist bios

**Jill Galbraith** likes to think of herself as a bit of an enigma, but really, she's a simple girl with simple needs: namely, roasted sweet potatoes. And lots of 'em.

My groove is peace and love and the fire inside me when I share a moment with another, or when I eat something delicious, or when THE BEAT DROPS, BABAYYY! My groove belongs to me, and it belongs to the universe.

**Rebeca Flores** born in Mexicali, yeah... that's a real place. and now living in New York. Currently trying all my favorite things. I might not look like it but I'm currently grooving to the Shrek soundtrack - movie 1 oc-

**Monica Mouet** is an artist based in Los Angeles who creates dramatic texts that investigate personal politics, emotional patterns, and identities. She works with the dramatic writing workshop the Broken Couch Collective, co-edits *You Know What I Mean* with Davia, and has gained recognition from the MACRO Episodic Lab by the Black List. Her groove is manifesting magic through cooking, tending to her indoor plants, and dismantling local police states.

**Spencer Martin** lives in LA where he explores his creative interests by way of making music, acting, and thinking about a lot of things that don't exist but maybe could. Spencer's current groove is dancing to four-on-the-floor tracks in his garage to shake away his existential dread and listening to experimental ambient music to fill up his reservoir of existential dread.

**Davia Schendel** is a writer, musician and filmmaker based in New York, NY, originally from San Francisco, CA. She, along with her co-editor Monica, first started dreaming of *You Know What I Mean* way back in 2016 as college students. She is incredibly excited to have everyone join in on this multimedia journey.

Her current groove is songwriting and playing the bass guitar between the hours of 11 PM and 2 AM.

**Roxy Seven** is a singer, songwriter, and actress based in LA. Her band Flockheart has just released an EP: *Sounds From A Dingbat* (available on Spotify and iTunes). Her groove is contemplating matriarchy, overlistening to the same ol' good shit, and (recently) Fanta.

**Max Havas** is an actor and musician. He currently lives in Los Angeles. His groove is a halloumi burger and an iced tea. Best experienced at magic hour.

**Pranshu Mishra** is an Indian American writer and actor based in LA. His latest projects are unreleased or in script form because he keeps all his thoughts hidden away for no one to find them even though that's the least effective decision he could ever make. His groove is cynicism, good beats, cuddling, and tequila.

College...  
It's a Massage...  
She Sees...  
When...

