

ANEMOLIA



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ANEMOIA

A PREFACE

This zine represents a thematic continuation of the Future Café topics of Winter Quarter 2022: Future of Nostalgia and Future of Counterculture. As co-editors, Katie Ambrose and I have been with this project for a long while, and we thank our contributors and readers for joining us in this collective effort to capture the indescribable. Anemoia is not an old word. Constructed from the ancient Greek, it was never uttered by a native tongue, never unfurled within the wisps of Aeolus across the Mediterranean. Anemoia is an invention, a modern novelty: a fitting beginning for a phrase that references nostalgia for a time never known. We construct our sorrows, we architect our melancholies and contentments. We yearn to the point of invention. All things fade to time.

Audrey Scott

Nostalgia in New Orleans as produced through its historic preservation programs, storytelling, and a penchant for object collecting presents the past not as a refuge, nor as a foreign country, but as a heterotopic sphere that feeds diverse future imaginaries. Nostalgic practices can serve conservative retrogression, bohemian languor, or a revolutionary rejection of mass consumer culture. Nostalgia can be critical and political. It does not have to be melancholic. It can be celebratory, even satiric. The purpose of critical nostalgia is not to roll back time but to goad the future.

Shannon Dawdy



It Was

All I have under
“nostalgia”
is in a language
I forgot

IT WAS
burnt plastic in the house of wood
and fake strawberry smell
time before seasons,
there’s nothing to miss
I can always rewind

IT WAS
not the bicycle city
Nor the sin-sol-summer,
the sing-song-stages,
the Friday footballs
I was deeper, freer even:

IT WAS
a fight on the stairs
You over me
I’m over you
It was my painting of the sun,
With mi mamá

IT WAS
all time, your time to enfold
At tongue’s reach
your grandparents’ air
scraping your nostrils
the first pain you ever enjoyed

Panmoderns

miss not.
All remaining yesterdays
Are as real
As today
_ _ _ _ _
can now have all
It ever had
And all
It’ll ever have

Pan for
All chronotopes at once
Saying goodbye and seeing
They walk into the day
As night loops and loops and loops
Pan for
Not ever growing up nor down
The bright 4th floor balcony
Pan for
Warm bread sometimes
In locks

It was
a beautiful, beautiful, terrible and ugly time.
To sing the word “and”,
It is, under the witch, on the Moon,
a beautiful, beautiful, terrible time,

It was, it was, always, it was, it was, it was,

Pedro Barnal

WTF IS A CLOBB

Cobb: the simultaneous discomfort and delight when one enters the intersection of heaven, hell, and purgatory.
Mindset matters. Depends if the central heated, tiled floor, and drip coffee allures.
Do the standoffish employees scare you? Do you miss your caramel macchiato? Immaculate.
Campus is a fusion between the new and old.
Traditions lost. New emerge.
Cobb is no different, but beyond does it cross the lines.

“An Excess in Nostalgia” faded, marking the transparent gates.
Robotic and hollow, “Welcome to Cobb” greets all who decide to experience Cobb
The mounds of VHS tapes, from a bygone era, remain here to be worshipped.
A middle-aged woman, a former student, remarked, “This has not changed one bit.”
Stuck in a whirlpool of time, all the cycles return to the ‘80s.

Clobb: the simultaneous discomfort and delight when one enters the intersection of heaven, hell, and purgatory that is hosting a rave.
Borrowed lighting equipment illuminates the dingy basement masked in shadow.
If every internet subculture’s worst parts wanted a middle school dance, behold!
“Like a movie.” Sarcasm: the lifeblood of Cobb.
Clobb 1 and 2 haunt my everlasting ethereal dreams.
I would be content if it was just my coworkers, but

the masses of confused, unsatisfied students also elate me.
The leftover Clungle Juice sits idly, desiring to quench the thirst of an ill-fated patron.
The one and only Sam “Manager” Holzman will forever be immortalized with the poster that started it all.
I still ask myself, “WTF WAS CLOBB.”



Aidan Cessor

Observational Class Differences

there's no new way of looking at anything- Joan's done it already.

I left my life map at the door of formality
you took a slice out of my arm and put it on the shelf
at the party

living the day with your hand at my waist will never
bore me
through security, your pinky traversing my belt loop
after, I numb my own shallow arm to touch myself
before sleep

you wish you were a new woman and I wish I were a
woman at all
instead I'm slouching off a hangover in a hotel
bathtub
in the same way my dad hauled himself up at dawn to
shovel the driveway.
masculine enough to believe that everything I do is
holy:

believing in the power of autobiography, climbing
over your body for the window seat
ordering a paloma at the bar, lifting a lizard off the
curtain

the blue nights won't end, there's the light cascading
with the trees

we took a plane to get here and we'll probably never
leave

Courtney McDermott



Flightless Birds and Other Specimen, Natalie Jenkins



Mirror Image, Camila Silva

RR ROULETTE



don't listen to this
a playlist by
alliegra abizaïd

Nastylgia
a playlist by
ayna aacha

twentyfourteen
a poem by
k80 ambrose

Nostalgia
a playlist by
selai potakey

Trehouse
a playlist by
kina takahashi

wrecked

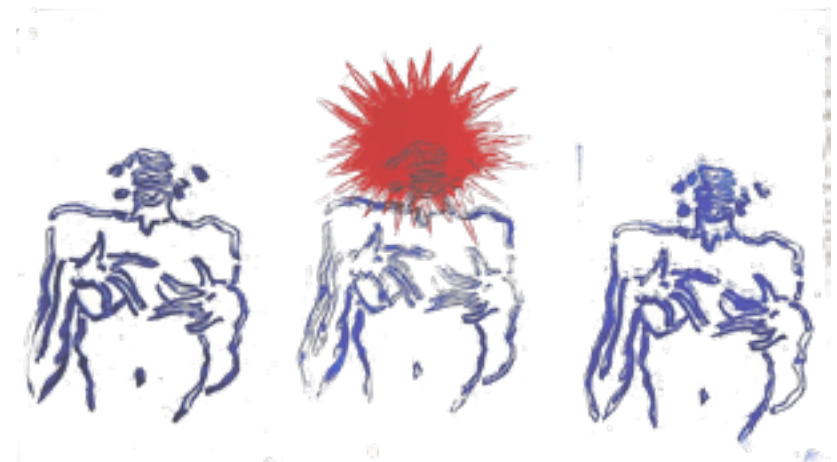
RR ROULETTE

The Precarious Shield of Hypnagogia

Each night as a child, I entered that world between dreaming and waking. As the cloak of night was thrown across the room and darkness spilled across the walls and floors, the constellations of light specks would spark and glow and form their webs of refracted pinpoint light. Five pointed white stars as if drawn by my child-hand strung up by invisible puppet strings danced next to black cats outlined in neon green and icing yellow. There are the three black cats with their cartoon, one-line shapes drawing bubbling forms with their tails snaking in opposed symmetry. There are the purple, pink, and lime juggling balls with their cobalt stripes rolling across the dark plane. There are the black cats with their neon green and icing yellow edges as they toss their juggling balls. Their shapes static, interrupted with spurting motion. My eyes stay unblinking as the sparks of light shimmer and scatter and approach my face in their gliding infinities. They draw a tapestry of spots and dots and in each space beside one, another grows. They reach their speckled hands and hold them in each other, merging and shifting and conversing and buzzing, yet remaining one and separate as that web of sparks sparks on. It advances toward me, absorbing my body into its latticestry, lying around me as pinpricks of wet sand, of bright white light, and expanding outward, filling the container of the room. I cannot move. I cannot twitch my big toe. I cannot scratch my elbow. Above all else, I must not open my mouth. I must not open my mouth or the sand of sparks will enter and fill it and I know I will not breathe. And I hardly breathe now. And I do not shift my hip and I do not blink. The lattice of

light overwhelms me, it surrounds me, it terrifies me, and it protects me. It is a cocoon that shields me and I must not move or the spell will break. But on the days that my bravery surpasses my fear, I shoulder up my visions and wield them against the dark on the journey to the eerie blue-white light of the bathroom that disperses the sparks and spots and dots and points. The constellations melt across the sky and dive smoldering and molten as they hit the treacherous sea of the floor. Now, each night as my child years have shed me, as I have shed them as an old skin, the cloak of night slips across the room, ruffled as a cloth thrown over a table, and I stare up at the ceiling and the vastness of the darkness, but the pinpoint lights do not spark and stutter. I have grown old and my vision has withered. The fearsome lights do not arrive and I know at the end of my toes as I do at the top of my head and the tips of my fingers that I have grown old and this is what age feels and this is what age looks like and this cloak is all of the color that is left, that my eyes can seek and piece out.

Anne Pritikin



Flightless Birds and Other Specimen, Natalie Jenkins

INTERVIEWING NOSTALGIA

It's 75° and sunny. Today is spring day in early May and for the first time in a long time, the UChicago Quad has arisen from dormancy. On this perfect afternoon, the greenery is blooming with activity. Mic in hand, Audrey and I roam around, scouring for anyone who will talk to us. We approach grad students in hammocks, tenured professors, and inebriated peers whom we've never met. We ask them, **what are you nostalgic for?** Here is what they had to say:



Now that we have phones, like, there's this immediate expectation that we have to answer everybody now, and everybody has this immediate access to your intimate and personal space, whereas back in the day you can literally move to another country, fuck off and at most, like, you'd have to write a letter every six months. I'm nostalgic for scraping my knees. Did we learn to walk better or do we just have less fun? I remember I was on the floor crying when I got ZuZu Pets when I was six years old I think I missed the lack of specificity because when you could just go outside and play, like, there's so many options. But now, like, I have to do something specific, like whether I'm having fun or doing work, and it has to be something specific and intentional. I think I'm just as much of an outdoor person as I was when I was younger. But I think now when I'm outside in nature, I appreciate it as more of an onlooker. And I feel like when I was a kid and I was playing outside, I was part of the nature itself.



Summer Sweet, Hannah Yang



Untitled, Natalie Jenkins



time, k80 ambrose



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Thank you Anna Searle Jones for your continuous work guiding Future Café projects, events, and the production of this publication.

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Untitled, Hannah Yang

Post - X Vol III

Spring 2022



The Chicago Center for
Contemporary Theory



THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO