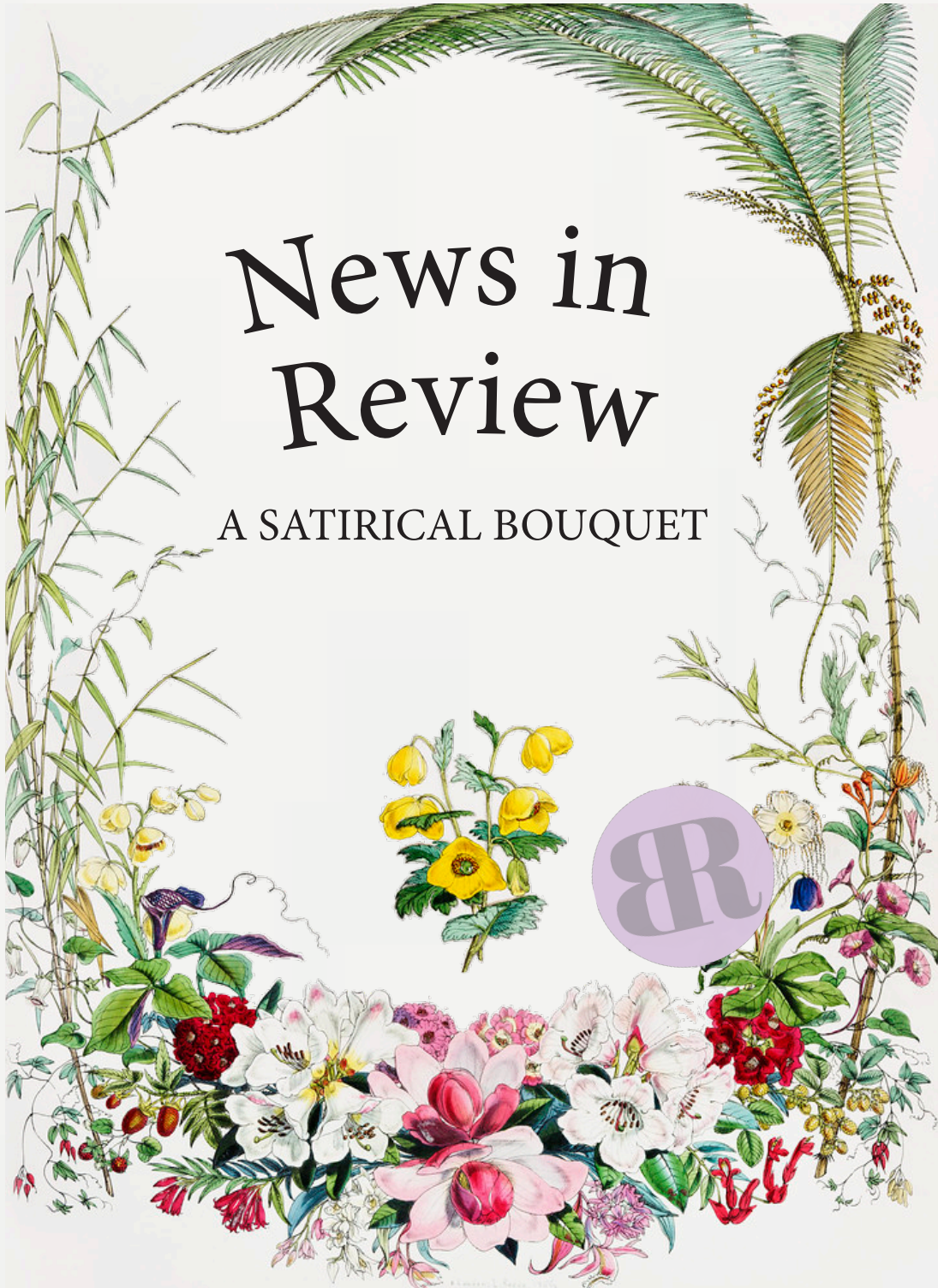


*The Bruin Review presents....*

# News in Review

A SATIRICAL BOUQUET



*winter 2023*

# N.I.R.

Dear Readers,

We are pleased to present News in Review X: A Satirical Bouquet. Put on your laughing shoes and take a walk through our garden of humorous delights. Find your way to the University of California, Los Angeles where much is afoot.

Campus has turned into a strip mine! North Campus has turned into a liberal arts college! The Not-A-Cult club spreads like wildfire! Among our rosebushes and our koi ponds, you'll meet many an applicant: a young man who falls in love with his tour guide; a Common App wordsmith who gets into every Ivy League; and one Ouver A. Cheiver, who will show you how to write the perfect internship cover letter.

Alas, not every Bruin's flourishing like a tulip in the sun. Raymond LSAT Brockhampton Jr. takes to the tunnels to flee the pressures of life! The LA Grammar Police crack down on incorrect usage! Construction workers whine at lunchtime! See a BruinWalk superstar fall from grace and see UCLA fall from #1 to #4 public university! And yet, dear reader – have no fear.

For in our garden of humorous delights, every dreary winter comes to an end, giving life to a gorgeous, blooming spring.

With love,  
The N.I.R. Gardeners

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# I Fell in Love with my UCLA Tour Guide

Brendan McMahon

For every Mona Lisa, there's an asshole with a slice of cake.

We all had the same introduction to this school: the tour.

Paraded through a university we dream of calling home, wooed with fun facts and a self-obsession that only UCLA could rock, all to build an idealistic picture for us to hold onto during the long night of college admissions. Me? I couldn't care less, because before I could fall in love with this school, I fell in love with my campus tour guide.

I know what you're going to say. Call it "a crush" or "a childish fantasy" or "a desperate attempt to rationalize my fear of

never finding a soulmate.” I know your script, and guess what: I don’t care. True love is true not because it makes sense, but because it is senseless, an all-knowing, all-consuming Rosetta stone to a lost language that is hidden between the grooves of our bones and the blood in our veins until it is summoned by the presence of “the one.” When I saw her there, in that blue polo with baggy cargo pants, wearing a bucket hat even though it was cloudy outside, I was hooked.

Her name was Peaches. (I assume after the fruit, but who was I to say?) When she introduced herself to our tour group, I swear she was looking right at me.

I followed her through campus, laughed at her jokes, and listened with great concern whenever she revealed a fun fact. Just as she stood in front of Royce and pointed out its imperfections I noticed a birthmark on her neck that she tried to hide with her collar. It was blue and purple and had a peculiar shape like a bite out of an apple, or a peach. I thought it was strange, but beautiful nonetheless. It seemed to say “I’m imperfect too” and made me wonder what other mysteries loomed behind her tour guide façade.



But I started getting nervous when the great, haunting question crossed my mind.

Would she ever feel the same way?

The tour was coming to an end. Is this it? I thought. Am I to go home, back across the country, and have my love remain anonymous? No. A romantic gesture was what I needed. What could I do? What could I say that would make her love me back?

We walked down through Bruin Walk, almost back to where we started, when I found my saving grace.

“PEACH PIE! Get ya’self some peach pie here. Dolla a slice!” It was the easiest purchase I’ve ever made. Peaches was going to love it.

After her closing remarks and all the other families dispersed, I made my move.

“Peaches?”

“Yes?”

“How did you know you loved UCLA?”

“I just knew.”

“Weren’t you afraid that she would never love you back?”

“She? Well, I guess it was a leap of faith kind of thing.”

My heart pounded, crushed my ribs, robbed my breath. This was my chance.

“Peaches, I think you’re beautiful and brilliant and the most amazingest person I’ve ever seen. I couldn’t care less about the tour because all I could do was think about you. Just like Royce, you are imperfect, which makes you perfect because you show it off and don’t care about others. Like that birthmark on your neck.”

She scoffed in disbelief and covered the bite-like mark with her hand.

“Listen, kid. Do you know how many tours I give out each day? How many options I have? I’m not gonna let some brat talk to me like they could ever get my acceptance. Why don’t you buzz off back to your family or whatever. Leave me alone.”

I was dumbfounded, speechless, in disbelief. I wanted to cry but somewhere along the way my tears dried from a searing heat that fumed below.

“So this is what you do to people who LOVE you? You turn them down. Show off this campus and yourself as an image of beauty and right when people are hooked, you turn them away. Why? Because you’re ‘exclusive’. Bullshit.”

I looked down at the pie I had bought for Peaches. I had a crazy idea. “Schools like you are why everyone’s so goddamn stressed and depressed all the time!”

I grabbed the pie from its little box and smashed it right into her perfect, imperfect face. Like the Mona Lisa, her idealistic half smile would never taunt another again. I felt evil, and I loved it. Way more than I ever loved her.

The moment ended and I got tackled by another kid from the tour. Turns out he was right behind me the whole time waiting to confess his love too. We both got detained but I didn’t care. All I could think was, totally worth it.

# The Pit

Nathan Brice

*On January 5th 2022 workers at a university apartment construction site on Strathmore Dr. made a startling discovery after breaking ground: a single nugget of raw gold. Within five minutes of receiving this news our beloved Chancellor, Gene Block, made the statement that has since become iconic, “We are strip mining this school”.*

Boris Sterling, a now three year veteran gold miner, who was a part of the original construction crew that found the first nugget, stands at the very spot that marked his beginnings at UCLA. In front of him lay The Pit, a 40 million cubic ton vacancy of soil, bedrock, and buildings that now stretches from the apartment side of Westwood to the Sculpture Garden. Nearly lost in this cavity was the 3500 person GEO49R: Introduction to Prospecting class. They all stood chattering until Boris’s unexpected tenor voice cut through the crowd.

“You kids listen up, you call me Sterling, and I’ll be overseeing





the lab portion of this class. As the syllabus says you all will need to be purchasing a hammer, pick ax, and shovel from the Bruin Store. Our mandatory section will be held from 8am to 5pm Monday through Thursday, the lectures are recorded and optional.”

The GEO49R course was developed by Boris himself after accepting a tenured honorary department chair position a year after striking gold. At first it was a challenge filling the one hundred person geology class, but after demolishing most of the campus and reducing class sizes, GEO49R stood as the university’s one last upper division course that offered the needed credits for all students to graduate. Truthfully the geology courses were the only ones to benefit aftering mining had begun, with a nearly thousandfold increase in budget, staff, and classroom space for the Earth, Planetary, and Space Sciences department (emphasis on the Earth part).

Students stared at Boris in confusion and disbelief, they carped about how this was just mandatory labor, but again Boris cut through the chatter this time with a wad of longcut tobacco spit on the ground. “Best to get those shovels now, class starts in ten”.

Students started making their way to the store from the Strathmore region of The Pit. Walking through they marveled in disgust at the monotony of dirt that held veins of gold that overly nourished those left at the University. Much of what was the esteemed Bruin Walk now lay a hundred or so feet deeper with large scale excavation equipment splitting the line of fashionably dressed students like a carving fork. They came by a huddle of geology professors hunched over a stream of water running from the once inverted fountain at the top of the walk. They had all grown to have long beards, hunched back and feverish looks as they frantically panned the soil in search of gold flakes. Their appearance sent chills down everyone's spines as they passed. Arriving at the store, students looked upon three clearly divided sections with large signs that read Mining Tool Pickup, Gold Drop off, and Computer Store. One by one, the students picked up their equipment and filed down the slope of the pit. Boris looked towards them and muttered to his crew, “quite a degree they are paying for”. The crew chuckled looking out upon the warmly lit horizon of the pit before grabbing their tools. Spring quarter was officially in swing at UCLA, and so now were the students.

# The College Essay That Got Me into Every Ivy League

Jason Lim



*The lessons we take from obstacles we encounter can be fundamental to later success. Recount a time when you faced a challenge, setback, or failure. How did it affect you, and what did you learn from the experience?*

“You miss 100% of the shots you don’t take.”

When I first found this obscure quote on one of my late-night BuzzFeed quests for knowledge, I

didn't get it. I don't play basketball.

But a couple weeks ago, I realized that I didn't know what to write my college essays about. It was time for me to be inspired, to do something great, and change the whole world in a way only a 17-year-old highschooler can.

My journey started like any other day in my (admittedly, pretty crazy) life. My alarm goes off at 6:30am but I've already been awake for exactly 21 minutes, journaling in my Gandhi-themed notebook. Emblazoned on the cover is Mr. Mahatma's face with his famous quote: "I have a dream." In it, I'm writing down my dreams to end AIDS and ban all plastic straws.

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*"My plan: take the SAT, go to college, graduate, and then make a difference in the world by working at a hedge fund."*

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I have a rare disorder where I think in words. Journaling is the only way I can express my important and nuanced ideas. My disability made elementary school difficult because my school just didn't have advanced enough books for me. I was the only 6th grader reading sophisticated texts like *The Hunger Games* or *Magic Treehouse*.

Now that my alarm is exuberantly ringing (or as I like to say, tintinnabulating), I close my journal and rush downstairs to get the breakfast my mom (or as I like to say, Mommy) made for me: one  
12 slice of toast with the crust cut off and one Ethiopian fir-fir. (My

family's two hour layover in Cape Town was life-changing. I identify as African now and my friends know me as Mangosuthu Buthelezi). With my toast and fir-fir in hand, however, I am struck with an incapacitating panic attack. My other disability is extreme anxiety because I'm so concerned about everything bad in the world. I just can't help but think really deeply about all the kids in India, Yemen, and Bakersfield that are starving because they don't have Whole Foods.

I go to high school at Harvard-Westlake School—some call it “The Harvard of High Schools”—which is a short walk away from my house in Holmby Hills. Today, as I'm walking, I spot a disheveled figure sitting on the curb. Who is this figure? It doesn't look like any of the neighbors' gardeners!

“Hey, how do you do?” I venture bravely while digging for my pepper spray in my backpack, emblazoned with a sticker of Martin Luther King, Jr.

The figure looks up at me with a tiny spark of warmth lighting up his eyes, like a solitary diamond glinting in the depths of a dark cave above his scraggly, unshaven jawline. “Howdy! You look like a nice young man. Could you spare a dollar? I'm a bit down on my luck,” he says.

Seeing this stranger's kind expression, I hide my pepper spray behind my back and stop dialing the neighborhood watch security team. I ask, “Why do you need money? Didn't you just get your end-of-year bonus?”

“End-of-year bonus? I can't even get a job! It's hard to find work when you don't have an address to put on applications.”

“That’s weird, you should buy a house then,” I say and walk past the man.

But my conversation with the strange man stays with me. I tried to empathetically put myself (size 9.5 feet) in his shoes. My plan: take the SAT, go to college, graduate, and then make a difference in the world by working at a hedge fund.

Suddenly, the idea hit me like a 24-car cargo train carrying cattle from Texas to Nebraska and I was filled with inspiration like Aristotle in the bathtub.

He must have gotten a bad score on his SAT! It was on this day that I realized what I needed to do: start a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization to provide SAT tutoring to the homeless.

It had been so hard for me to figure out my college essay topic, but once I had overcome this challenge, starting the nonprofit was easy. I filled out one form and "Hobo High Scores" was born.

So far, the nonprofit has been immensely successful, hiring a grand total of five tutors and hosting three ceremonies. The tutors are working full time to find homeless people around the Holmby Hills and Bel Air area to help take the SAT.

I know it's just a matter of time until I eradicate homelessness. However, what really mattered was the lessons I learned along the way. I finally understood the quote: if I didn't take the shot of starting the nonprofit, I would have missed good essays for my college applications. But as my role model Gandhi used to say, “all’s well that ends well.”

# Watch What You Say: The Grammar Police are on the Move!

Saksham Madaan

Local 17-year-old UCLA freshman Quest Shunmark has just been the victim of a jurisdiction battle between the LAPD and the Los Angeles Grammar Police. As he was in the middle of being arrested for the possession of weed on campus, Shunmark made the mistake of stating, “I ain’t do nothing.” Within five minutes, the Grammar Police were on the scene taking him out of the Westwood Police officers hands claiming it was their jurisdiction now due to Shunmark committing a double negative. Quest is currently facing either four hours of drug education combined with 10 hours of community service from the LAPD or 2 years of English rehabilitation from the LAGP due to the severity of his double negative.

This is one of many cases where the public and the

government have claimed that the Grammar Police is letting their power get to their head. Shunmark's classmate, Pierre E. Yed, exclaims that it is getting to the point where even classes are being interrupted. He cites the incident from 2 months ago where the Punctuation Patrol, a subsidiary of the Grammar Police, interrupted and evacuated a lecture because they got word that someone committed "egregious second-degree punctuation misplacements" in an essay.

"Once they fined me \$200 for using their instead of there while I was having a conversation with my friend," Yed explains. "I

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*"Grammarly's stock prices have also risen immensely as people try to avoid charges from the LAGP."*

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have no clue how they could even tell which one I said by sound alone. I'm really happy that my friends point out my grammar mistakes when I'm texting them so that I can fix them before I get fined by the police because I can't pay \$200 again and risk moving back into my parents' basement because I ran out of rent money."

Just after our interview with Yed, he was fined another \$100 by the local Grammar Guard for what they claimed was "too long of a sentence and on the verge of being a run-on." Recently, the LAGP has been very indulgent in their arrests and will fine people on the



slightest grammar mistake. That's why Slang Gang, a recently started nonprofit trying to help grammar felons, advises friends to start critiquing each other's grammar so that people don't fall prey to the little nitpicky tendencies of the LAGP. Grammarly's stock prices have also risen immensely as people try to avoid charges from the LAGP.



Slang Gang was developed in the midst of heavy allegations against the Grammar Police for their tendency to arrest heavily in low-income neighborhoods due to their usage of slang. As a way to protect their neighborhoods, Connor “Com” Ma and Sam E. Colon developed Slang Gang as a non-profit to support people who were fined or imprisoned due to their use of slang. This quickly evolved into a nonprofit dedicated to helping anyone who was unjustly given a heavier punishment than necessary by the Grammar Police. They have assisted countless felons like Yed pay off fines that were unjustly levied against them.

“It’s getting to the point where we can’t even go about our day to day activities without getting a citation at least once,” Ma complains. “Like realistically, how I say what I say is not important as long as my message gets across, especially in normal conversations.”

Unfortunately, Ma was also given another violation for not including the dashes in “day-to-day” when he spoke. Nonprofits like

these are necessary now when nobody is safe from the superiority complex of the Grammar Police as they enforce the “correct” way to speak on everybody else. Similar to the LAGP, Grammar Police Departments across the world have increased activity leaving everybody at constant risk of being arrested. Even if I, a high-ranking journalist with connections in society, use bad grammar, it ain’t gonna be good for-



# World Turned Upside Down

Rithwik Narendra

In high school, I never had a problem with friends. Everyone wanted me to join their clubs—I remember everyone calling my name during the yearly showcases.

I was a debate team member, and I dominated every event. The judges often wouldn't let me go to the next round—I had to be nerfed. Naturally, with my talent, my brother chose me to succeed him as captain. Before every tournament team selection meeting, my phone would overheat from everyone who wanted to talk to me. I was the shit then.

So when I found out that my parents were worried that I would have a tough time making friends in college, I was perplexed. “I wish we had twins,” my Mom had once whispered to my Dad when they thought I was out of earshot. He simply nodded.

But I knew their worries were misplaced. I could find all the attention I wanted at such a big school. As usual, I was right. I didn't expect I would be SO right.

I sauntered down Bruinwalk, Kerckhoff coffee in one hand

and a smile on my face. I whipped out my AirPods and put them in my ears. I grinned as I turned on noise cancellation and switched to my Spotify playlist entitled: Bo\$\$\$sman. At the top of the playlist? Wu-Tang's "Bring Da Ruckus." And right on cue, there came the ruckus. I was the star of the show, and everybody wanted me.

Some dude wanted my autograph on this paper. He was asking me all sorts of personal information, like what county I was from, no doubt to stalk me. So this was the paparazzi that people said Los Angeles was full of. I continued my stroll.

I walked past this girl who wanted to interview me—not worth my time. Besides, she'd be there to ask me again tomorrow anyways. I loved this school. People kept approaching me, trying to get me to join their club. Wow, it was like high school all over again; people don't grow up. Then a guy ran up to me and handed me a flier about saving the ocean or something. Hah. The excuses people come up with just to talk to me. I wish Mom and Dad could see me now.

Two months later, I'm still the shit.

I embark on my daily stroll down Bruinwalk, expectations high. But something's up this time. There's this kid in front of me. He's sauntering down Bruinwalk, Kerckhoff coffee in hand. He looks really, really hot—did I have a twin after all? I'm so confused that I don't even get the chance to play my music, but I can still hear "Bring Da Ruckus." Where is it coming from? It's that guy. I run to catch up with him. We need to talk.

"Hey, can I speak with you for a sec?" I ask.

He turns around. "Sorry, I don't have cash on me right now." He pauses, looks me up and down, and then says, "Oops, I thought

you wanted a donation to save the ocean. My bad! Is it a petition or something?" I stand in shock, my mouth agape with disbelief. What petition was he talking about? He chuckles and gives me a soft punch on the shoulder. "Take it easy man," he says before going down Bruinwalk.

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*"...I turned on noise cancellation and switched to my Spotify playlist entitled: Bo\$\$ssman."*

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This was no twin of mine.

The people on Bruinwalk approach him one by one, and he stops to speak with them. He readily gives his autograph to a guy with a clipboard and scans some QR code hanging from a table. I'm not jealous, I tell myself. After all, he's putting in all this effort to get the same attention I get by doing nothing.

But curiosity gets the better of me, and I approach the one with the clipboard. My eyes scan the paper, and I see not one, not two, but hundreds of signatures. I'm dumbfounded. The dude starts talking about something, but I only hear the first part of what he says: "Man, the world is so screwed...."

He's right. What has the world come to? There can only be one star in this show. Is it still me?

# A Regrettably Honest Internship Cover Letter

Julia Torres

Dear Internship Hiring Team Manager (whose name I was unable to locate on LinkedIn):

I am writing to you regarding the internship position that Handshake emailed me about approximately 17 minutes ago. I could not be more excited to apply – working with a company whose mission I am wholly unfamiliar with is an opportunity I'd never dream of passing up.

Currently, I am a first year English major at UCLA. Truthfully I am undecided, but am 67.38% sure that's what I will end up choosing. I'm between English and Business (still not sure how to spell this)/Economics and I absolutely hate anything having to do with math. At least I think math is involved in Busynez Economics. Although I have only been at this school for a quarter and a four weeks, all of my lower division GE courses perfectly coincide with this position's requirements.

Your goal of providing insurance to those who undergo hair transplant procedures is something that I have dedicated my life to. It is an undeniable and inextricable aspect of my sense of self. Since the

age of 5, I knew that it was my destiny to work in this field.

When I was 10 – a late start, I know – I began my own hair extension company. I was born with the mind of an entrepreneur: instead of buying hair extensions for my organization, I would simply bring scissors to my elementary school and chop off the hair of my classmates during recess. As your intern, I would bring a unique out-of-the-box approach and a passion for cost efficiency. I have been bred to work in this field, so this position would be a natural extension of my being.

As the first person on my dorm floor to finish the annual Title IX module, I can assure you that I value time management and getting my work done on time.

I would be more than honored to get hands-on experience before I pursue a career in this field, which I am absolutely and undeniably sure about.

Thank you for the 3.76 seconds you spent skimming through this letter.

Sincerely,  
Ouver A. Cheiver



# We're Number One! (Or Maybe Number Four)

Logan Sobel

Margot Rottenbog was the forgiving ginger woman who sat across from me at Kerckhoff Patio. She had asked me to call her Maggie. Actually no, she had asked me to call her Maggie Rottenbog UCLA class of '24, but I refused the latter half.

Maggie was the second profile in my journey to probe into the cast of characters of UCLA's circus carnival of a campus. She was a self proclaimed (by self I mean I proclaimed it myself) "UCLA supremacist:" someone whose entire self-worth is based on the idea that they go to "the #1 public school." What became immediately apparent to me when the interview started was that, despite her immense internet presence, Maggie hadn't learned that an error in the rankings recently revealed that UCLA was in fact the #4 public school in America. Coming behind UC Berkeley, University of Michigan, and Porter Electric Training Institute of Jack, Connecticut.

As my profile deepened it became abundantly more clear the



importance of the number “1” to Maggie. She had one of everything in her apartment: one cup, one plate, one slice of bread, one lightbulb, one window. One. of. Everything. When I asked her about this she simply said that “any other items would simply be second place, and therefore have no purpose existing.” My fear of breaking the news to her only worsened.

We took our conversation to Barney’s and continued it over one shared drink with one straw, sharing one chair. Maggie began to

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*"Her father....told her:  
'Always be first, and if  
you can't be first, don't  
come home.'"*

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delve into her childhood. A trauma dump, if you would. She shared that she was one girl to twelve boys, and every day was an uphill battle. Any chance to get attention was overshadowed by the siblings with whom she was forced to compete against. The first time her father talked to her was when she won the school’s spelling bee: she was 11 years old. Her father took her by her shoulders, knelt down to look her in the eye and told her: “Always be first, and if you can’t be first, don’t come home.” From that day on, the only thing that mattered was if she had that number 1 next to her name.

I didn’t know how I was going to break the news to Maggie. I tried to bring attention to all the #1 public school posters in Barney’s

quickly being replaced with #4 posters but she couldn't catch on. I tried to soften the blow, telling her that a ranking doesn't equate to a school's worth. But she stumped me, responding with "Then what do they rank them on?"

So I did what any respectable man would do. I wrote the news down on a napkin, slid it to her, left the bar, and eventually blocked her phone number. Though, one text came through before I blocked her number. It simply said "What does this make me? What am I supposed to do now?"

At the time of publication Margot was seen floating in the Sunset Rec swimming pool, wrapped in a "Bruins #1" banner holding a rejected UC Berkeley transfer application.



# Guy Seeks Refuge From UCLA in Tunnels

Anu Shivakumar

It was only the #1 public school in the pamphlets, subreddits, and the Instagram stories of UCLA students. Royce Hall lived in his once-ambitious young mind as a haven of opportunity—a place where he could feel happy. But Raymond LSAT Brockhampton Jr. the Third was far from the Bruin he thought he'd be.

His test scores spoke for themselves. Acing every Week 9 STEM midterm across the board, his ability to play class clown flew out the door. Any attempts at a nonchalant attitude, a casual demeanor... a John-from-The-Breakfast-Club type of charm... were instantly nullified.

A striking jawline and piercing eyes led our bright triple-major to face a stigma seldom discussed. Ray would often get asked what his @ was before his first name. So many drinks would be purchased for him by people across the bar that he'd often wake up absurdly hungover, trekking down to Dunkin' Donuts on blurry Sunday mornings, hoping not to bump into anyone—and he'd still feel the stares of fellow coffee-lovers.

Intramural basketball and soccer group chats never included this tall, athletic devil. Unable to find friends to beat at his favorite

sports, Ray would spend evenings alone with his slick 3-pointer at the Hitch courts, never missing a shot—though no one was there to enjoy it with him.

Ray's reputation grew greater than the frustrated young talent himself. He couldn't ask the hot girl in the row in front of him to slide the answers at 11:47 pm, because he already knew the answers.

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*"They'd tell him to be grateful...when all he ever wanted was to get away."*

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He couldn't be the mysterious figure with a low profile hidden behind his hoodie because he'd get too many curious looks, too many questions. Ray could never say last night was a movie and that's why he failed the midterm. Because he couldn't fail.

Too accomplished for his own good, Raymond's troubles didn't end there. His propensity to succeed brought him every eligible bachelorette in town. Cursed with the excess of choice, Ray spent many a night staring up at his high Westwood ceilings, unable to decide between Bridget and Bethany. The prospect of having to reject someone distressed him: Ray only wished to escape from the plight of making such decisions.

His massive array of friends weren't particularly helpful. They'd say he was lucky—really, he had it all. They'd ask why he was concerned in the first place. They'd tell him to be grateful... when all he ever wanted was to get away.

And for a while there, he really did think it might be worth it. He believed the rewards of this high-achieving life, of attention and success, of internship offers and exclusive invites, were worth it. He thought they might even be part of that “college experience.” But the pressure of having to do it all, and keep doing it—knowing he could, caught up with him. It sent him over the edge.

One night just after dusk, not even conscious of where his stroll was taking him, Ray found himself in the Sunken Garden right by the entrance to the tunnels. Caught by an otherworldly fervor, he ran inside. Too far in to turn back. The sweet release of isolation overcame him entirely. Smiling ear to ear, he didn't feel the time pass until he saw a group of students pay the underground a visit, days later.

He couldn't help himself. He hid. Ray caught snippets of a conversation about a date night that weekend, of who would ask whom, of finals coming up and “I don't know if I can stay out that late!” He reveled in the freedom of not having to participate: not having to win. Letting the days roll past him slowly, he'd walk down the narrow alleyways and back again, not a thought in his head. Deep in the refuge of the tunnels, he was—for the first time in his terrible, high-achieving life—free.



# North Campus Secedes, Becomes Liberal Arts College

David Egan

This winter, U.C.L.A.'s North Campus disciplines—the humanities and social sciences, also known as the “soft” or “limp” sciences—seceded from the University, separating from South Campus and forming their own liberal arts institution: Dickson Moore College. Political science professor Dr. Play Toe—elected as the college's first Headmaster by the newly formed Association of Social Sciences—suggested the name in honor of U.C.L.A.'s original co-founders Regents Edward A. Dickson and Ernest Carroll Moore.

“Are Dickson and Moore dead white guys?” Toe asked. “Yeah. Will students and faculty therefore take issue with the name ‘Dickson Moore College?’ Of course. But you'll hear the debates, you'll see the protests, and that's how you'll know we're on a real liberal arts campus.”

One of Toe's first executive orders as Headmaster was to triple the number of trees



in the area. By February, excavators could be seen digging holes around campus—in the grass between Royce Hall and Powell Library, by YRL and the sculpture garden, by the Public Affairs Building and Dodd Hall—with cranes in tow, carrying large oak, maple, and sycamores for planting. After these trees had been planted, though, Toe said he fired the entirety of the landscaping staff to allow the grounds to grow unimpeded.

“Pack your bags!” Toe said to the landscapers. “Leaves will henceforth decorate the grounds. The grass will grow unmanicured and the weeds will sprout without hindrance. Our new college will be defined by a certain *sprezzatura*, a studied carelessness, a laid-back charm.”

Part of the allure of a liberal arts college, Toe said, are the campus grounds themselves: to read a 19th century novel in the shade of an oak tree; to meet a peer for coffee and have an intellectual joust at a campus haunt; to ditch class on a cloudy afternoon and walk along a nearby river or creek, skipping rocks, wearing a sweater and some sort of scarf or knitted cap. Toe said he wants all of campus to feel like Kerckhoff Coffeehouse. Indeed, he replaced Northern Lights, Jimmy’s Coffeehouse, and YRL’s Cafe 451 with three exact replicas of Kerckhoff. In these spaces, he said students are highly encouraged to exchange witticisms, discuss Marxism, and organize performances on their acoustic guitars.

As for the river or creek, though, Toe said his hands have been tied by Los Angeles city officials. During the tree-planting project, the city shot down proposal after proposal to channel water from the Pacific into a reservoir off Wilshire Blvd. Instead, the liberal arts students at Dickson Moore have begun frequenting the

Los Angeles National Cemetery. Third-year philosophy student Jonny Oatmilk said he and his peers—who meet in the Cemetery to smoke marijuana, recite poetry, and take pictures for Instagram—view their jaunts as a subversive gesture.

“We here at Dickson Moore don’t mess with the military-industrial complex, man,” Oatmilk said. “They’re all veterans buried there, but can you really defend the country they fought for?”

Oatmilk said one of the benefits of North Campus’s transformation into Dickson Moore is that the class sizes have been reduced to engender intimate learning environments. The administration has erected new walls within the existing walls to enclose floorspace and create smaller class sizes. Toe said the administration will soon unveil its smallest classroom yet, a room fitting naught but two chairs and a floor lamp, a space fashioned from what had previously been a supply closet.

Some classrooms have even been allotted for study of the sciences. Although North Campus has officially seceded from South Campus and now reports no affiliation, Toe said he sees value in incorporating the scientific method into areas of the humanities and social sciences. The secession stems not from a rejection of the sciences per se, but rather a general skepticism about the Enlightenment project altogether, of Enlightenment rationality and the Age of Reason. Poetry, beauty, romance, love—these are what we stay alive for, he said.

“To quote from Whitman,” Toe said, “O me! O life!... of the questions of these recurring; of the endless trains of the faithless... of cities filled with the foolish; what good amid these, O me, O life? Answer: that you are here—that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse.”



# Cults on Campus

Tomasz Jezak

This is the story of how I, Chadwick Wellington, nearly joined A CULT!

It was a bright sunny day on Bruinwalk. About noon. I walked past a tall man in a cloak handing out pamphlets. I usually ignore these needy fools (busy schedule, it's recruiting season at Goldman) – but what he said caught my attention.

“Not-a-Cult club! Meeting tonight!”

“Nautical club! Terrific!” I exclaimed, walking back over, “You’ll want me in attendance—I rowed all four years of high school!”

“A pleasure to have you join our ranks. My name is Luciferous, I’m the leader of the Not-a-Cult Club,” he calmly replied with unwavering eye contact.

Luciferous handed me his pamphlet: black with streaks of blood-red that looked too real to be an artistic feature. Clearly, Luciferous was such a dedicated rower that he was willing to row ‘til his calluses shined with blood.

I knew in that moment that I had in



front of me a true leader – the confident warmth of his smile said it all. In that moment, staring into his wide-open, golden eyes, I was ready to follow Luciferous to the end of the earth, wherever our oars steered us.

“Tonight is a most special occasion, my friend, please join us,” Luciferous said seductively.

“Tonight? Odd. Father used to always take Bradley and I on the boats at the crack of dawn.”

“Yes, well... let’s just say we invited some youngsters to have a bit of fun with! MUAHAHAHA!”

“A bit of hazing I sense. Quite a lovely tradition. I’ll tell you a Wellington secret, Luciferous. For a boy to be considered a man in the Wellington household, he must assemble his boat by himself and row the Bering Strait. Fail to do so and he is spanked with an oar until he loses consciousness! You can count me in, I will see you tonight.”

On the back of the pamphlet was written the time and location: 1am in the basement of Royce Hall. I was there promptly 5 minutes before the scheduled time, just as father taught us.

I descended the stairs in Royce. A solid black metal door loomed in front of me. I knocked. A golden eye appeared in the peep-hole, and the door promptly cracked open. I slipped in.

I entered a dome-shaped room with stone walls, dimly lit by candles. A dozen figures wearing cloaks lined the perimeter, chanting ominously under their breaths. I could only assume they were warming up some sort of sea shanty that they were going to teach us.

In the middle of the room stood two young men without cloaks. My fellow recruits! I quickly joined them.

“Gentlemen!” I greeted them, “I’m Chadwick!”

They look at me without uttering a word, eyes lit up with terror. Clearly a couple novices, petrified of the open seas. Father would most certainly not approve.

“Hello everyone, we appreciate your attendance, welcome to the Not-a-Cult Club!” Luciferous raised his hands powerfully to greet us. The cloaked men beside him shouted wildly.

“Luciferous, you are a gracious host,” I declared, “But not a boat or oar is in sight! When shall we sail?”

“Chadwick, you are a keen observer,” Luciferous beams, “But according to our tradition, before we take you on the water, we must chant! *Daemones nos audi! Accipere corpora nostra!*”

“*Daemones nos audi! Accipere corpora nostra!*,” the whole crowd of cloaked figures joined in.

At that moment, I began to think that this club wasn't about rowing at all... father had sternly ensured that we were well-versed in Latin, and it seemed that these fellows were attempting to summon demons. Now it's none of my business if that's the case, as long as we can go rowing, of course! But I felt like these gentlemen were not being completely transparent... and father instilled in us that honesty is a virtue.

“Luciferous, before we continue, might I ask what the chant means?” I questioned.

“It means – I love myself and I'm awesome! It's a happy chant, Chadwick! Join in!” Luciferous cackles, echoing in the room.

At this point, I detected that I was in grave danger. I had to hatch a plan, with haste.

TO BE CONTINUED

# Rhapsody in Construction Blues

Chris Collins

They whined. That's all they ever did at lunch: whine, and eat. I couldn't believe it some days. Others I could, and I'd listen until I couldn't stomach it any longer. We were Construction Men, I told myself. This was a joy to Construct—a Labor of love. This was an opportunity to raise one's self and one's peers to the heavens with the currency of Calloused Hands bidding earth be elsewhere. And, they were whining.

Buzzsaw meeting unwieldy concrete, my mind fumed with the unwetted Friction of their taking for granted their Ease of Living. The pearly white smile of Life's gift horse and here they were: giving it a Root canal.

This Construction site wasn't forever. It started with the Application of Self towards a higher end and ended when that self reached the height of their application. As phase six of the build trickled away like Soil under Rain's Rivers, these men—my Peers—balked at—spat at—the joy, growing, and building latent in the time they—we—had left. Suspended like Steel Girders in the Should-Be-Ec-

stasy of Elevation, these men, freed and heightened by this temporary construction, gluttonously, thanklessly, ate of this their fruit.

A construction site hides the fact that it was ever there at all with a building. Accumulating the Grit, Time, and Concrete of those hard weeks, like a puddle in a pit when it rains, the site culminates in a singular tangible object that stands as a symbol for an unparalleled

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*"...quarter yourself; cut off friends; cut off parts of yourself, you are a succulent..."*

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Period of Life. And, they were whining over wanting that symbol to come sooner, praying for the day that all this joy, this ease of taking time out of real life to play with big toys like kids again in a sandbox, collapsed into the building which they thought freed them. They were clueless to reality and the hereafter of Life.

I was unable not to do something, so I screamed. Like a steam whistle fed up with the cold air around it, I bellowed my judgment.

"Stop whining! You think this is bad!? You think your lot is the worst!? Try being a college student! See how hard it can really be! Do something with your lives instead of wasting them wanting to be somewhere else! Go to college; try having class some days of the week; work out until the mirrors break; chance the casual drug of sex with strangers; dimly watch your youth wither away and try to relight

that flame one joint at a time; do even more drugs, the ones that scare your mother, scare other people's mothers; shrug at protestors and strangers that can never quite be worth more than a glance of your time; go cold; tribalize; make enemies of shadows and questions that come wrongly to you when answers are scarce; quarter yourself; cut off friends; cut off parts of yourself, you are a succulent; forget how full friends make you feel; smile because you are full of the stuff dreams are made of, that stars are made of; forget even that there are stars in the sky because you keep your nose to the grindstone; lie to strangers and, when that gets boring, lie to yourself; wake up early in your dreams and go back to sleep; suffer 8ams; suffer 9ams; suffer 10ams; suffer class; suffer TAs; dig at suffering til you strike eureka gold and blue; figure out what it means to be a "True" Bruin; time is a deadline, love is a deadline, there are no extensions; stain your favorite shirt with yourself; break a vase at a party; dance until they're tired of watching you; stare at pages of things until their knowledge requites; study; study harder; get A's or internships or jobs that give you a reason something to reason to someone else why any of this was worth anything at all; bring back human sacrifice of yourself for a greater god; lose faith and trade it for a softer pillow; stare up at the sun and remember why that grindstone is; give in, give in, give in. Build something of yourselves. Anything. Not this."

At that, tears, glistening, streaming in each and every eye listening, them gathered all around me like humans to a symbol, I took off my hardhat, picked up my backpack, and began walking to my afternoon lecture.

# The Bruin

# Review

# Satire

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*News in Review* is the  
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Satire, n.

1: a literary work holding up human vices and follies to ridicule or scorn

2: trenchant wit, irony, or sarcasm used to expose and discredit vice or folly “the use of humor, irony, exaggeration, or ridicule to expose and criticize people's stupidity or vices, particularly in the context of contemporary politics and other topical issues.

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