

Bruin Review Presents...

News In Review

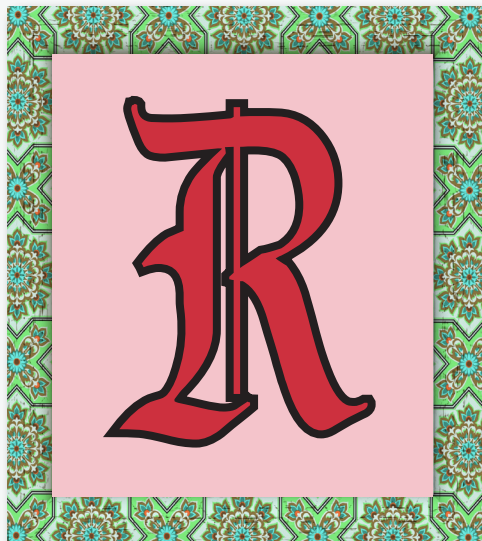
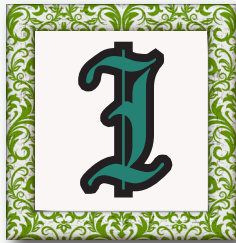
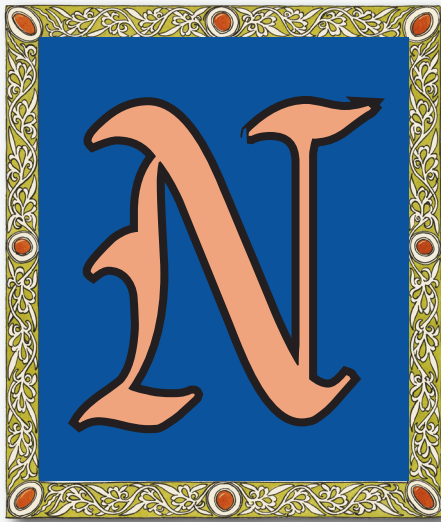
Vol. XI



Spring 2023

A Satirical Art Gallery...

For You To Laugh At!



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It's Not You, It's Me

Julia Torres



think you're absolutely wonderful.

Your beauty and elegance only deepen in richness over time. Your eyes pierce the neverending chasm of my soul and provide me with some semblance of hope for the future. Your laugh is the bread that sustains me, day after day. To be the recipient of your sweet, tender love is the greatest gift that has been bestowed upon me from the heavens.

Without you, I am nothing.

That being said, I am slightly concerned about putting a label on us.

I am aware that this may come as a shock to you, considering that we have been in the talking stage for 3 years and 7 months. Even though you have met my extended family and we co-parent our two beautiful fur babies, Sailor and Scout, I simply do not think that

I am ready to seriously commit to being in a betrothal with you.

Perhaps this stems from the negative experience that I had in my high school relationship. The heartbreak that arises from a four-week courtship as a 15 year old is truly irreparable. After Becky, I did not know how to love. If not this, it could be the neglect I faced as a child with two working parents. Having a mother who worked part-time from her home office is truly devastating to a child's psychological development and ability to form strong, trusting bonds – there have been multiple studies on this, trust.



Whatever may be the root cause of this issue, which I am actively exploring with my therapist, I believe that it is best if we take a break. Not for my sake, but for yours!

I do not want to expose you to the terrors of my faulty affection. I am forever grateful that you were able to forgive me after I fell into the temptations of Liz, my childhood best friend, twice.

My unrefined, testosterone-filled perspective would have never realized that going to a sorority formal in Vegas for the weekend would have been seen as cheating.

Your heart of gold does not go unnoticed. It will be difficult to find someone as generous as you are – you’ve eternally raised the bar for what I look for in a woman. Now, I pledge to only talk to girls who will pack my lunch box with yummy snacks every morning – no settling from now on. If you’ve taught me one thing, it’s that the biggest characteristic I prioritize in a partner is her ability to nurture me like a mother.

My love, I wish you all the best. However, I will be needing the promise ring that I gave you on our first date back, that was a family heirloom and belonged to my great-grandma. It has sentimental value, you know?

It will be difficult to divide up our leased apartment, but I always knew you were the type of girl who would understand. As you know, I am a man of compromise and sacrifice: I will graciously bestow upon you the bar stools, and I’ll take on the burden of keeping everything else.

I hope we can still remain platonic soulmates. If not in this lifetime, then the next.

Yours truly (not anymore, I guess),

Skared E. Katt



In The News

Jason Lim

Kuravunga (Tongva (Janss)) Steps Renamed 'Steps'

In LA Rainstorm, Student Brings Circus Tent As Umbrella

Book Review: A Parent's Guide to Abusing Your Child Enough to Get Them Into Stanford but Not Enough to Make Them an Alcoholic

Powell Cat Estate Announces Posthumous Album (Mac Miller Feature)

50-Question Multiple Choice Midterm has All 'D' Answers



North Campus Student Apologizes for 'Manifesting Death of Powell Cat'

UCLA Radio Member Reportedly Gatekeeps Maroon 5

10 Reasons We Should All Go to Rende at The Same Time

Honorary Burial Planned for Powell Cat Under 6th Step

This Means War

Rithwik Narendra



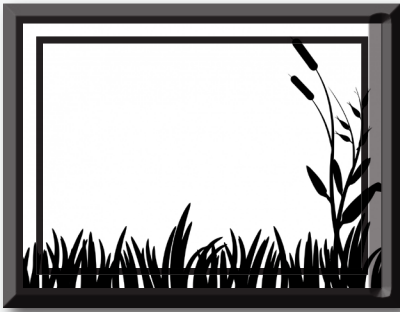
It started with a bomb. Well, metaphorically. Or is it a simile? Don't know, don't care. That's for those North Campus Northies. It's their fault anyways, they were in Boelter first. That's our turf.

Anyways, the bomb. One of the toilets on the fifth ground floor got clogged 'cuz of some Northie. They were probably busy reading or something and unknowingly used all the toilet paper. As he left, he muttered something about plumbing, and engineers being incompetent. When I heard that, I'd had enough. I closed the elevator door on his fingers. I remember thinking to myself 'if he's so good at reading how about he reads the map to get out of Boelter.'"

"It's funny that they blame us. I mean it had to be their doing, you could tell from the horribly designed and misspelled 'Stink Bonb' posters

plastered all over North Campus. I'm sure they'd never heard of white space, much less spell check.

Anyways, it was funny, the fact that they were complaining about hygiene and smells. You'd think their friends would've told them about their stench. Nevermind, I don't think ChatGP3 counts as human. The plumbing was their fault, but they blamed us... It meant war. War outside. They don't know outside. They don't know grass. That's why they called it turf. The moment they step on that grass they'll photosynthesize or whatever."



“I had my right-hand man run the numbers. All we had to do was fire a rocket at Bunche and BOOM, they would be dead. Good luck suing us, lol. The only ones that would remain would be the Biz-econ kids who are all off campus for some reason. Once, when I went outside, I saw them wearing these Greek letters. I couldn't discern which proof it was from, so I was confused. To each their own, I guess.”

“Of course they thought it would be game over if they knocked down Bunche. We left that building at the start of the war following the advice of one of our historians. He said that buildings that started with B

had a 100% probability of being attacked, because the Brandenburg Gate was damaged 50 years ago in World War II.

So when Bunche fell, it wasn't that big of a deal. Our plan was already in motion. We had all read and thoroughly annotated The Art of War in our free time. We could finally apply what we had learned to a real-life scenario, for probably the first and last time. We sent them an irresistible trojan horse—a Minecraft creeper—they loved that game apparently. And inside? Only the most dangerous weapon known to man. An annotated bibliography accompanying a four-verse poem with our demands.”

“Ya know, I hated them so much. But sometimes, they made me laugh. In those moments, I loved them. The creeper? Dude even our ecologists know to stay away from them. I-”

“Are you paying attention?” my professor asked.

Oops. I was in History 20C, UCLA's past present and future. I was just taking it for a GE, so I had been coding.

“N-no.”

“You know history is important, right?”

A student raised her hand and spoke before the professor even called on her “Because it repeats itself?”

Ugh, she always got the answer right. Maybe it’s because she could read the screen? I don’t know, I have to get my eyes checked anyways, I don’t think my midnight coding sessions with Mac, my best friend, are helpful. I’d had enough of this bs class though. “Why should we care? It’s not like it’s gonna matter in my life.”

“We?” It was the same girl. “Who is in the we? We all know you have no friends.”

I hate her. I have plenty of friends, just look at my discord notifications.

That’s it. If they want war, they’ll get it.



Embracing LA: UCLA Upholds Housing Guarantee

Anthony Nash



UCLA has been aiming to guarantee four-year housing for the past 35 years, and we are very proud to finally be able to offer this. Obviously, this requires a massive undertaking of architectural projects. The creation of Gayley Heights; the building of the Tipuana and Palo Verde apartments: these are all a part of our mission to make UCLA a home for all Bruins. However, we ran into an unforeseen problem while undertaking these incredible projects. Real estate in Westwood is expensive. Because of this, we have decided to give students the unbelievable opportunity of living on-campus, 11 miles from UCLA. Through a partnership with Zipcar, we are proud to open the newest living area for UCLA, the Lakehouse.

The dormitory itself will have only the best in comfort and utility. We have many experts in the Strategic Urban Design and Landscape Urbanism

Industry (SUDLUI). Our Silver Lake SUDLUI experts tell us that Silver Lake needs one specifically tall building to make the skyline really eye-catching, and with their advice we will be creating rooms able to accommodate bunk beds that are up to 10 bunks high. Looking at the dorm at eye level, you would think it was any other UCLA dorm, as we don't want any new students to feel like they're missing out. If a student needs a reminder they're in the Lakehouse, though, all they need to do is look up. The desks will also be stackable. It was a tall order creating a new building that matches the Bruin feeling of our existing dorms, but we know the Lakehouse can be that building.

“

 the unbelievable opportunity of living on-campus, 11 miles from UCLA

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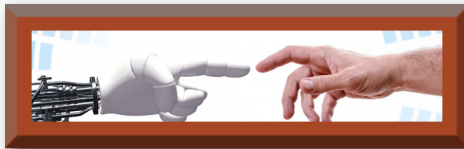
We deliberated long and hard as to what mode of transportation should be offered getting students to and from UCLA's campus. In the end, the decision was simple. This is University of California Los Angeles. We think it's our duty to properly represent LA by failing to provide any sort of easily accessible public transportation infrastructure, and so we partnered with Zipcar to offer FREE rented cars for students. We strive to foster individuality and self-determination within all Bruins, and so we ask that each student take their own car and avoid carpools.

These cars are, of course, tracked in order to ensure student safety. If a student is found leaving a known route to UCLA, or stopping anywhere for too long, the BruinBell™ equipped on the inside and outside of the car will go off. This emits a 110 decibel (similar to a firetruck) siren, a gentle reminder to our students that these cars should be used only to get to class.

Meanwhile, our Los Angeles SUDLUI experts tell us that UCLA lacks a certain LA feeling. After careful deliberation, it was decided that some of our buildings have too much of a sophisticated and antique feeling. Nothing says LA less than brick buildings and green grass lawns. In the face of this, we're destroying Dickson Plaza, including Powell Library, Kaplan and Haines Hall, and Kuruvungna steps, and replacing it with a parking megacomplex. The essence of LA is parking, so the heart of UCLA should reflect this. Will the parking be free like the cars? Well, we didn't partner with Zipcar to create the parking structures, so no. As always, we keep our student's costs in mind. However, we also want to uphold our spirit of fair wages after the strike fall quarter and want to ensure each parking spot makes at least minimum wage. So we are offering hourly parking for \$15. We will not be offering quarterly plans, but will be offering a new system, Serfing the Lake, in which the students at the Lakehouse can engage in work study in order to earn hours of free parking. This is an exclusive offer that

only Lakehouse students get to experience.

There is one final aspect we are very proud to announce. You may have noticed a lack of Starship Delivery Robots around campus. We have been gathering them up and having our CS majors tinker with them, and the new Starship Ticket Delivery Robots are ready for the new parking structure. We believe that not paying for a parking spot when others have to violates the soul of our academic integrity principle, and we care a lot about that. Upon seeing a car without valid payment associated with the license plate, the robot will open its little storage container and dispense a ticket onto the floor near the car. If you miss the ticket, you'll have to log into your account to see if there's a ticket attached to your license plate. Of course, the easiest way to not get a ticket is to just pay for parking. The robot is also programmed to call a tow truck whenever it sees an unpaid car, so if you're parking without payment you better be fast!



We look forward to offering so many new students the opportunity to live in this incredible new building. We can't wait to craft a whole new UCLA experience for so many students living on-campus. Finally, we are so proud to have finally found a way to offer four-year housing while minimizing the net loss in profit.

WHO was on Campus?

Saksham Madaan



My ears were still ringing and my head still spinning. I couldn't believe what I had just overheard standing in this Rende West line. TUPAC?!?! ON CAMPUS?!?! There's no way this could be true. He's dead, shot in 1996 with no way he could possibly be alive. But what if? Just what if? People have speculated he's still alive in Cuba so why couldn't he just be on vacation here? He could be visiting to see how people are carrying on his legacy or maybe even have a distant relative that goes here and he wanted to check up on them. It's UCLA, a place visited by an absurd amount of celebrities. So why not Tupac?

So I took off on my quest. My steak queso burrito lunch could wait, Tupac was prowling campus somewhere and I had to find him. I quickly turned around, gave my receipt to the person behind me to give them a free meal, and took off as quickly as I

could. By the time I was down the death stairs, I realized I probably should have asked the people in front of me where exactly they saw him. No worries, I had it figured out. The most obvious place he could be would be the music library so that became my first step. On the way there, I googled every single Tupac lyric I could to memorize them so that when I first saw him, I would shock him with my knowledge. I also put his face into an AI and aged it 27 years to see what he would look like now. I'm gullible, not stupid. There is no way he would look the same as he did in 1996.

“
**I'm gullible, not
stupid**
”

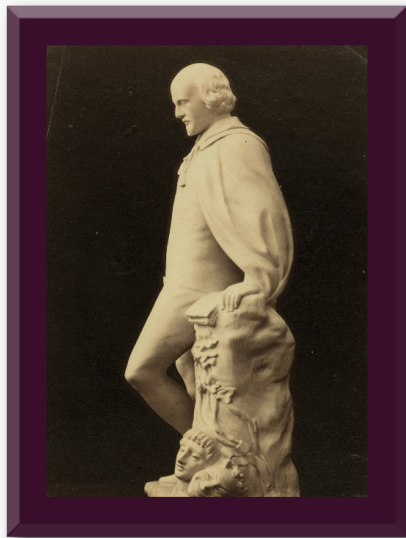
As soon as I got the aged photo of Tupac, my eyes landed on the glorious glass walls of the music library with the glistening bronze statue inside. I hurried inside to look for all signs of Tupac but alas, he was nowhere to be found. So I did the only logical thing I could. I asked the librarian if she had seen him. Annie, the librarian, began to laugh at me and clown me for even thinking that Tupac could be on campus but when she saw how serious I was in my search, she stopped. She then told me that she heard he was underground, specifically six feet deep. I don't know why she laughed at me in the first place if she knew this the whole time. That was all the clues I needed to know. Underground just meant hidden, I knew that much. I thanked Annie and was on my way.

The first place I could think of was those two little doorways under the Dickson Court road. He wanted to stay underground right? What place is more underground than under the ground? I hurried to the little doorways and pulled on those little handles as hard as I could! But to my demise, they were locked. All hope was lost. All I could think about was how I was going to brag to all my friends back home about how I saw Tupac at UCLA but couldn't anymore. A once-in-a-lifetime experience that only I, out of all my friends, would have experienced. I was going to get a selfie, rap a song with him, even become his friend and the amount of clout I would gain would be insane. Oh, you met Paul Rudd? That B-list Avenger? The guy in that one movie in 1995? Well, I met Tupac. The biggest, thought-to-be-dead, rapper on the West Coast. Instantaneous fame and popularity would have been at my fingertips.



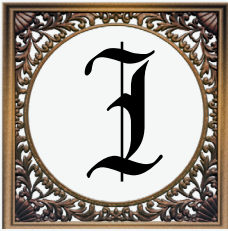
Dejected, I walked toward the sculpture garden for some peace and reflection. There, I ended up finding exactly what I had been looking for this whole time. A crowd surrounded just one sculpture in the garden. Using the most effort I have used in weeks,

I pushed through the crowd and beheld for a second, the most amazing sight in my life. It was Tupac looking exactly like he did in 1996 standing on a concrete slab. As soon as I laid my eyes on him, the universe gave me a big sign that he was not real. Specifically, the “Tupac Impressionist” cardboard sign at his feet. Disappointed, I walked back when I made an important realization. The real Tupac was the journey I had and the friends I made along the way, which in this case was just Annie the librarian and the guy who took my Rende burrito.



An Interview with the Mayor of Westwood

Reese Abbott



It was a Thursday when I had the chance to take a stroll down Westwood Boulevard with our little-known mayor, one Mr. Michael Wigglesworth. Holding office for many years, working from a location yet to be disclosed to the public, he got the job, he says, because no one else wanted it. He was a strange, eccentric figure, prone to rantings and ravings, with a style reminiscent of Rick Rubin's. Throughout our interview, he was prone to leave questions unanswered, preferring to go off on politically-charged tangents so long that I often forgot what I had asked him. A practice, he assured me, that was in the utmost Westwoodian style. What you are about to read are some of those fragments of intelligible matter that I was able to piece together.

In response to a question on the city's progress since his time as mayor, he told me that he sympathized with today's students who, he says, don't get to experience the "real" Westwood.

"I've been here since the 80s, and let me tell you, this place used to be a jewel! This thing," he pointed at Chick-Fil-A, "used to be a fine Italian restaurant!" he said.

At this point, he grew emotional. I spoke to a nearby student for comment, a well-dressed blond girl holding a Goyard bag.

"I'd take 12-piece Chick-Fil-A nuggets and waffle fries over a Creamy Lemon Chicken Piccata any day," she told me, puffing on a cigarette that made her ten times cooler.

He blamed what he saw as negative changes on the students' poor taste. But when I grilled him on this particular subject from the institutional side, he made some concessions on behalf of the city.

"Did we need a Dunkin' Donuts? Probably not. But I owed the UCPD a favor. We try to balance the needs of all our citizens. We're listening to the students, for example, and in a few months we'll have established the state's very first Yerba Mate Rehabilitation Clinic. And eventually, we want to help our more juvenile students to get them to stop wearing their PJ pants in public, but the professors advise me not to push them. They say the students are on their own path to 'adulthood,' whatever that means. But in

other news, I heard the Super Mario Bros. movie did really well at our prestigious Westwood Theater, so that's a win."

He was a man who loved gossip, and before we parted ways he made sure to fill me in on the latest story.

"There was an issue recently between our two bowl-centered institutions. Apparently a Cava employee thought they had perfected the art of diluting a cuisine to its blandest elements for easier



consumption better than Chipotle, and threw some of their Crazy Feta™ at their window. Tensions are high, but I've gotten word that a southern version of this

particular business model is on the way. Think Cracker Barrel, but Chipotle-style. I think the students will really love it," he said.

At this point, I had grown tired of the guy. But before I left he made sure to give me some lasting advice as he pulled me close and whispered into my ear, "Stay away from Trader Joe's. Everytime I walk in there, "The Boys are Back in Town" blaring out of the speakers, I smell the stench of Purgatory."

Look forward to more interviews with the Mayor of Westwood!

Report on the Status of Asain Cultural Conquest

Jason Lim



Brothers and Sisters of the International
Oriental Taskforce,

The dawn of our great Red Wave
is almost upon us. I write today to
detail for you our progress towards
dethroning American White Culture as the dominant
power in America's cultural theater.

Our culinary division has
made great strides. Through
the genius invention of boba
by our military engineers,
we have been able to quietly
replace the Whites' beloved
Starbucks with our own
sugary drink. Boba offers all
of the same overpriced and



appeal of their coffee-dessert drinks, but with an undeniably exotic charm that works White Americans into a frothy craze. Similar success has been seen by our Snack Warfare team. We have been able to create snacks like Pocky and Hello Panda that are seemingly similar to American White snacks but somehow cuter while also communicating “cultured” and “educated.” Of course, all of this was only made possible by the Panda Express Expeditionary Force. Through sugary caricatures of what might be considered a stir-fry, flawlessly disguised as Chinese by serving with rice (chopsticks upon request), our brave operatives in the PEEF laid the groundwork for this entire operation.

Our arts division has seen similar successes. Many praises are deserved by our musical operatives, the innocuously named “BTS” (방탄소년단, “bulletproof boys”), who have dominated the American airwaves and the fantasies of their female youth. The brightly dressed, smooth skinned and wide-eyed soldiers perfectly appeal to the well-documented gay-best-friend desire of adolescent women while straying far enough from Western definitions of masculinity to avoid suspicion from the American males. Additionally, the great success of Operation Anime has rendered the American male militarily impotent for the upcoming conquest. Our studios initially appealed to a young man’s desire to distinguish his identity from the mainstream. Then the introduction of the ‘waifu’ left these boys and men

utterly devastated by our imaginary women. They band together helplessly on online forums as their dependency leads to complete rejection by the opposite sex. A more successful destabilization of a country's reproductive ability to raise future armies has never been seen in humankind's history.



In the academic sphere, General Murakami has captured the minds of the intellectuals. For the American college students in their “communist phase,” affecting a performative interest in Eastern thought, Gen Murakami brilliantly incorporates just the right amount of exotic commentary on Japan into his novels while not too much as to alienate his American targets. And perhaps the most exciting development I am able to share today is the success in infiltrating the minds of even the youngest Americans through Operation Studio Ghibli. This experimental operation sought to take the most pleasing themes of American cartoons and reproduce them in an unmistakably “Asian” animation style so that parents, seeking to “culture” their children, would allow these films to imprint themselves on young minds. Now, we can see the

lasting impacts of this venture, observing some young adults with deep nostalgic feelings for My Neighbor Totoro, without even realizing its deep collectivist messaging.

All of these developments indicate that the time for our domination will soon be at hand. What our enemy doesn't understand is that all of these cute snacks, cute drinks, and adorable stars that have made them feel so cultured and unique have placed them fully under our control. With our subtle overthrow of American White Culture, we will begin to serve century eggs and fish balls in our boba shops, incorporate guqin into K-pop, and demolish Hollywood to make Bollywood II. Durian will appear in every household. Tai chi ladies will flood America's streets. CorePower yoga will become mandatory acupuncture.

“ —————

while the West
consumes, the East
plans

————— ”

Brothers and sisters, while the West consumes, the East plans. It is time for our culture to rise like the sun and claim the ultimate prize: the soul of mainstream White America.

The Epiphany of Bradley Chadwick

Brendan McMahon



hen Brad Chad first moved to Los Angeles, he had one goal: to not be radicalized by those damn libs! Back in the corn flats of Ohio, he was his high school's starting quarterback, point guard, and pitcher, calling himself 'Him' and letting everyone know that he definitely could've gone D1 if he wanted. Brad was overly serious. He would make dead eye contact in the locker room, never letting his eyes stray, or as they say, being "too gay." He was a man of simple truths. Ashwagandha, missionary, and fossil fuels. In that order.

Chad's first day on campus was turbulent. He saw a girl with blue hair and felt like the devil had grabbed his sacred balls. He heard a protest for inclusion and felt his bowels go loose. What had he gotten himself into?

The outsider walked into Kaplan for his first discussion and broke into a feverish sweat, cowering

from all the tattoos and nose piercings like they were crosses in an exorcism. Brad frantically barged through the door of room A40 to find an entire classroom staring at him. He gulped. The seats were all taken but the one between a girl with cat ears and a guy dressed like Jack Sparrow, but with a crop top. Just perfect.

The class was a bore, but when they split off into group work, Chad Brad found himself talking to the enemy. Polly was a second-year and a self-proclaimed “artist.” He never specified of what exactly, but at one point said “I worship no god but my guitar,” and Brad had to take a deep breath. Vicky was a Satanist. Like, actually. A rebellious phase in high school had led her down a strange path including a lot of psyches and a lot of books. This is where she had ended up.

He wanted to hate them and their stupid California faces, but his mind began to change as they talked. The three somehow brought up love.

“I once chain-smoked a whole pack of cigarettes to get over a girl. It didn’t work, but it was super aesthetic,” Polly added, staring off into space as he pondered the past.

“Honestly, I wish I still liked boys. The women at this school can be seriously sadistic, and that’s coming from a Satanist. Seriously no respect,” Vicky answered in a sour tone.

Brad Chad listened with interest. He took them for freaks but began to realize they weren’t so different

from himself. Vicky admitted to keying a love poem about Satan into her Ex's car with her only reasoning being that she "had it coming." Chad let out a belly laugh and the two others looked at him, waiting for him to add. "I once drank a whole bottle of pink whitney and listened to Olivia Rodrigo's 'Sour' in its entirety because those were my Ex's favorites. It didn't work either, but the alcohol was nice." The three laughed together, bonding in their loathing of lost love.

Chad Brad had a realization. These people, these Californians, are no different than himself. Sure, they dress like they're homeless and act like they're famous when neither are remotely true, saying things like, "If they're listed on Spotify, they're too big," and "Airpods are just too cumbersome mentally at this point. I prefer the wires." But deep down, they're human, just like Brad.

“
—————
dress like they're homeless and
act like they're famous when
neither are remotely true
—————”

From then on, Brad walked through campus with new eyes. He took every flyer on Bruinwalk, stopped making fun of all the English majors for reading, and even started telling people his name was Bradley Chadwick to prevent any jock-ish assumptions. He was a new man, a better man, but still hated those damn libs!

Nocturne of the Ambigolimax

Chris Collins

“Cannot it be there a slug in all of us”
-Gertrude Schneck



pon grasping fully, first with their eyes, the labor of the situation, the slugs amassed atop a splotchy mossed log. With vantage of view glaring down athwart the littered leaves, the slugs, numbering in total the most pleasing quantity to mind's eye, began a song to sing uniformly inspired of mulch:

“Dry leaves are slugs, and wet when it rains.
Again, rains the leaves, as rain leaves the clouds,
as leaves leave the tree and come showering down.
Mulch malkuth many, mulch maketh more. Mulch
maketh many as mulch made before. Manifold,
mulchiful, magnanimous MULCH! many eat the fruit
of your fall. Many be the holy of your tree. Many be

the fruit of your labor. Many be the many be.
Without you, O Mulch! there can be only without.
Moonless night starless night dayless night nightless
night.

With you, in all, can all glory be. So glory us
slugs. Glory we sing.

SLUG! Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach l'alam
ul'almei almayya! Barakah! Hosannah! hallowed be
our name. Eternal unembittered slugdom, how sweet
thy sound! Poured golden mud of mulch's fictile mold,
cast of leaves fallen from the prophet before you,
under you as the ground, and with you living never
like creation but eternal as creator: hermaphroditic



unity! The love of mulch
is the mulch of love: the
eternal progeny of self-
repeating selfhood interred
into eternity!

And to feel
and truly know you are
surrounded by love, filled
with that same love, and
giving from that love as life
gives you and you give life
you back. To know the name
love like you know your

own. Like you call yourself in silence. Like you are
now, and ever shall be, mulch without end, aspiring to
top the tree again. Aspiring lovingly towards love as
love, slugfully towards slug as slug, and neverendingly

towards end as end.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata. Do unto yourself as others should do unto yourself; as you feed yourself, feed others. For full, the belly of the world burps BUUUAAAAA! Give earth back its belly! Let heaven and earth return as one hermaphroditic unity! Make them speckle with stars of shimmering slime, move by peristaltic muscle contractions of relubrication, leaving trails of honey silk behind so as to freely wet this world with your mind.

As slugs, we are chosen, through polyphyletic polyamory, immaculate as conception, imago as dei, meaningful as sign, both eternal and divine; the golden standard set down by God's meter and rhyme.

‘A leaf is
an edible length
of time.’

But snails! That unholy race! Thou Cast of Cain! Thou Plague of Salt! O Foul, foul creatures of kindred creation! Thou art vile as the eternal unknowability of self!

O thou impudent! of no good but thine own! of no slime but thine own! Who dawn the unholy shroud of self, of snail—the shell! Cowardly Mollusk! weak and unwilling to bare your being before all gods to see! Thou—from grace—hide!

May the sun fry your kind! May salt dance in nine eternal circles surrounding your young! May you

weep burning tears as you watch and hide in cowardly recoil! May the earth recoil in endless chasm and gorge in disgust of your slime! May child poke each your four eyes and laugh their day jolly with your worthlessness! May pesticide poison your water supply! May your wells run dry! May your infertility be fertile! May you be served with butter and parsley before fat Frenchman's wives! May you fly up the flagpole as the standard for shitty mail! May you be crunched under smelly bare feet! May God banish your race to the spiritual aestivation of hell!"

So the slugs sang.





Imagine you've been dragged to an art gallery.

*For your friend's sake, you feign interest
and wander. Suddenly, it catches your eye. A
stroke, or for our purposes a word, a phrase,
a joke that makes you feel something, realize
everything, and know nothing. This is satire.*

Thank you for eyes,

We appreciate your mind,

the NiR

The Bruin Review

Satire

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Satire, n.

- 1: a passive representation with no hidden meaning
- 2: an analytical work meant to support what is, because that's how it always should be, and may it never dare to change
- 3: so much more than jokes

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