

Bruin
Review
Presents

NEWS IN REVIEW



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

The NiR is the satire publication of the Bruin Review.

As students, we are all individual pieces of the same shared culture. Basically, this school is one big inside joke.

We believe in making fun of things. Life is better laughing.

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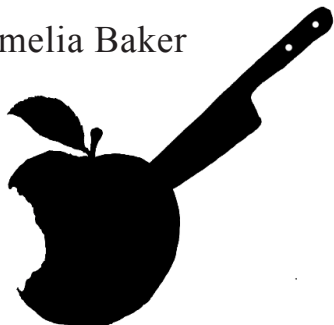
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Arish Antia

For the Students

Rithwik Narendra

His alarm rang for the tenth time. He had overslept again.

Shit, I'm going to get fired, he thought, as he saw a smattering of notifications on his phone. He cleared the ones from his meditation app, before seeing one from Telepathic Order.

“Sorry, we don’t have that item at any of our locations.”

What? I was sleeping, I didn't even order anything. He quickly put on his uniform and rushed to the Study. Pure chaos.

Two months ago, in response to staff complaints about Mobile Order, UCLA Dining held a roundtable to brainstorm solutions. As the foreperson for the workers, he had written up a short speech to give.

“We understand and appreciate the need to make the dining experience more seamless for students, howev-” The vice chancellor cut him off.

“Oh, that’s great! And people said workers and management couldn’t agree,” she exclaimed, rolling her eyes.

A week later, with the help of cognitive science professors who were ecstatic that their field was somehow relevant now, UCLA Dining rolled out Telepathic Ordering.

Hungry? Easy. Just think of it.

Beta testing worked brilliantly, according to the vice chancellor. Pineapple pizza, green eggs and ham, impossible burgers, chocolate fans, a

body pillow. Students could order anything, except the last one, just by thinking of it, and the staff would be thrilled to put it together (according to management).

He was told that it would foster character development and burn calories, as he scurried around looking for exotic ingredients he had never heard of as the clock ticked down for “Norwegian Wood with Moroccan sunflower in under 5 minutes please yasss slay”. UCLA Dining argued that it would improve creativity: the chefs were now thinking outside the box for sourcing and logistics when patrons thought of Himalayan honey Huhonni steppe bulgar wheat pancakes and penguins fried in Mongolian yak oil. Don’t know where the Huhonni steppes are? Same. They don’t exist. But the staff would be thrilled to find them just for you.

Outside the now abandoned break room, a poster read “pressure makes diamonds.” *Funny*, he thought. *As long as they don’t want actual diamonds.*

But it was all for the students. When a student on 14R dreamed of a chocolate fountain, a papaya tree, AND oatmeal for breakfast, UCLA Dining had a quick and easy solution: remove the swipe system. Everyone now had unlimited swipes, but it was fine, because it was all for the students and the staff would be thrilled to take a pay cut (according to management).

Another student who had turned vegan for his girlfriend accidentally ordered “Beef sandwich oh shit actually uh kale salad?” Obviously, because it was all for the students, Rende West somehow made both and then stuffed the beef into his eighth drink cup for safe measure.

When the NSF, CIA, and NSC asked UCLA Dining for the tech, they declined to share it. Those 3-letter organizations weren’t going to use it for the students; it was all for the students.

He grabbed a worn pencil and scratched his signature on the time-log. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the order which had led to the notification on his phone. *Shit, I must have ordered it when I was dreaming.*

“Bagel.”

Of course they didn’t have that in stock for him. He was an employee. And it was all for...

The Closeted Humanities Major

Ania Sokolowska

Dear Diary,

It happened again. I was engaging in the obligatory exchanging of personal information with a rando in my class and it happened again! It went something like this:

“Hey, what’s your major?” They asked, not bothering to ask my name.

“Electrical engineering. You?” I responded briskly, trying to get this over with as quickly as possible. But by the sagging quality of their jaw, it didn’t seem like that was going to be the case.

“Woah woah, hold your horses. STEM? Would’ve pegged you for philosophy,” they jokingly nudged my elbow with theirs, as if I was in on this sick, twisted joke. They were going to have to be disappointed with the punchline since I left with a rustle of my tweed oversized jacket.

Maybe the tweed is the problem. I really do own at least one of every kind of article of clothing in the pattern, but hey, who says STEM people can’t wear tweed? Maybe I enjoy perusing my closet and picking out my outfits for class, even if I do end up covering my best work with a lab coat half the time (and spending way too much time halfway stuck in my closet). There isn’t anything about anyone’s outward appearance that will signal to you whether or not they’re a STEM major. No, you can’t “always tell.” STEM-dar isn’t real, so I don’t know why people nod knowingly and point to the library pins on their backpacks and say “it’s okay, I’m CompLit” and “oh, don’t worry, my neighbor’s dog is going to grad school for art history and we’re all supportive” whenever I say I’m in engineering as if they know something I don’t.

Not that anyone is reading this, but I really want to say that there is absolutely nothing wrong with humanities majors. I have lots of friends who are humanities majors, and I wholeheartedly support those that follow their passions, but it is just not for me. One time, I was at one of my writing II professor's office hours, and he told me about this journalism internship he thought I would be perfect for, especially since I love writing so much.

I told him he had it all wrong, that I'm actually EE and this is just a class I have to take. He smiled, pointing out that school of engineering students do not have to take a writing II class. I sighed in frustration because he clearly just didn't get it. It's normal to like humanities. I just don't see why people have to go around flaunting their major in everyone's face. I'm covering all my bases, and I need a writing class on the off chance I switch to pre-med or something.

In the end, he told me that there will always be space for me in the English department if I have a change of heart about my passions. I really don't understand what passion has to do with anything. Everyone likes writing at least a little. It's a choice to be in STEM, but some of us have to make that sacrifice. I'm sure everyone imagines they are journaling with a fancy dip pen whenever they are pipetting. Sure, I think about writing all the time: every day when I wake up, every day when I go to sleep, and many times in between, but you do not have to make something your career simply because it is the one flickering flame in the dark abyss of data and equations within your soul.

I must admit, my parents are a little concerned for me since I am getting better grades in my humanities courses compared to my major courses, but they do not understand how much more difficult STEM classes are. When it comes to writing a nine-page essay, all you need to do is sit down, get in the mood with an essential oil diffuser and Mitski in the background, and before you know it, you have a finished essay. Crying while studying for your multivariable calculus final is part of the STEM experience, almost a right of passage in a way. If I let a few tears get in the way of getting my engineering degree, I would never graduate.

Yours,
A closeted humanities major

A Detour from the Rumours

Anthony Nash

October 13, 2023: A UCLA student releases the first TikTok. Student's follower count, 800. Like count, 2.3k. Views, 11.4k. Transcript: [So, we all know about the Flat Earth Theory, right? Well, how about the Hollow Earth theory? It says that the earth is not a solid sphere, but rather a series of concentric rings, each nestled within the next. Now, where things get interesting is that most mythologies, Hindu, Greek, even Christian, have stories of underground worlds and powerful beings living there and coming into our world. I want you to imagine this. A world in which gods and humans coexisted, but in which humans drove these gods to the underground world. Humans were abandoned to the top level while the gods populated the lower level. This all ties directly to LA and UCLA specifically. Leave a like and a follow if you want to see part two].

October 16, 2023: The second TikTok gets released. Like count, 87k. Views, 640k. Transcript: [So it really seemed like you guys wanted a part two, so here it goes. The LA basin used to be a massive sinkhole that connected to the world ring below ours. However, the gods below sealed themselves away so they and humans couldn't interact. However, as thousands of years passed by they noticed that California was gaining power and wanted a way to access it. So they contacted Chancellor Franklin Murphy in order to construct a "fountain" that drains directly into their land and allows them access to ours. That was the creation of the Inverted Fountain. Like and follow this video if you want another video giving more proof.]

October 17, 2023: The student's TikTok account gets banned.

October 18, 2023: A different student posts the third TikTok. Student's follower count, 585. Like count, 78.5k. Views, 875k. Transcript: [So I know most of you think the Hollow Earth conspiracy isn't real, but what is this. Literally what is this. *video shows shaky footage of two men in suits talking into earpieces near the Inverted Fountain. Audio quality is poor but you can hear one saying "need to distract (muffled) someone exposed (muffled) Chancellor Murphy's (muffled) hole"*].

October 19, 2023: Second student's TikTok account gets banned. UCLA sends out a notice warning students to disregard any students who are sharing misinformation regarding the Inverted Fountain.

October 20, 2023. Students flood to the Inverted Fountain following the notice. It has to be shut down, sparking more interest. #Murphy'sHuge-Hole begins trending on Twitter.

October 21, 2023: Classes get interrupted by students demanding answers regarding the Inverted Fountain. Some begin to consider the Hollow Earth theory. One professor announces, "My Hollow Orbitals Longitudinal Explanation (HOLE) has mathematical validity! Every student at UCLA should take a good long look at my HOLE". He gets his job threatened.

October 22, 2023: A shady group called the "Hole Destroyers" announce their intention to uncover the secrets beneath the Inverted Fountain. UCLA puts out a statement saying that anyone found intending to "destroy UCLA's most famous hole" will receive legal action. It is unclear if they understood the innuendo.

October 23, 8:23 AM: A group of students found attempting to rent a jackhammer get taken into custody. A student in the Daily Bruin tweets "BREAKING: UCLA students arrested after found renting jackhammers, stopped from getting some hole. Story to come." He gets fired.

October 23, 9:35 AM: One retweet says "in honor of these students who were silenced, I will never stop trying to get to the hole". We are unsure of how serious this is, but hundreds of comments express unwavering belief that students were killed by "the government" to cover up what they knew.

October 23, 10:17 AM: Led by a few determined believers, thousands

of UCLA students organize to riot in honor of the students “who were silenced”.

October 23, 11:28 PM: The riot makes its way to the Inverted Fountain. After getting to the fountain, which has been turned off, the students begin ripping it up with hammers and their bare hands, chanting “You can’t hide your hole from us!”

October 23, 3:26 PM: A news crew arrives and conducts interviews. One student says, “I’m 100% certain there will be a world under the Inverted Fountain, and we’re going to make history when we find it”. Another student says, “I’m pretty sure this was all just an excuse to make hole jokes, but since I’m here, I’m going to participate”.

October 23, 5:13 PM: After working for several hours, the students have ripped through the concrete at the bottom of the Inverted Fountain. They find nothing but dirt.

October 23, 5:22 PM: The students slowly begin to return to their housing.

October 23, 5:43 PM: The students who tried to rent a jackhammer get released from custody and return to their apartments, finding their roommates holding a vigil for them.

t6

October 23, 5:48 PM: The police return to the fountain, only to find rubble.

I am happy to report that our coverup worked. All students now believe the entire thing was a bit to make dumb hole jokes. They’ll never learn that Murphy’s real portal to the gods’ world is the little part of Powell Library we’ve been renovating for like 2 years now. Our secret remains safe.

Night at the Sculpture Garden

Saksham Madaan

If you have ever visited the sculpture garden, chances are you have seen me before. They call me the Walking Man but all my friends know me as Sal Idified. Despite being headless, I see and observe everything that goes on in the sculpture garden, and trust me, you guys are into some weird stuff. Yet, none of you have ever suspected that we human-like sculptures are alive. That's because we're just too good at hiding. Our techniques of hiding have been perfected just like ourselves. I can't believe you all - wait, what is going on? This dude's in my face and getting way too close. Does he suspect something? No, that's not possible. He's probably just high like 90% of the other students who walk through campus.

Something's off about these sculptures. They're too lifelike, especially the Walking Man. I've always felt a weird vibe coming from these sculptures like they watch my every move. But I've been inspecting the Walking Man and something's not right. I can't put my finger on it.

He just put his finger on me.

Honestly, I don't trust anything this school provides us. It's always trying to screw over us students in some way, shape, or form. These sculptures are just another way to do this. I got class now but I'll be back every night until I get to the bottom of this. I, Luke Owt, am not letting my fellow students get harmed because of some allegedly "great" works of art. Until then, I'm going to keep these statues at arm's length.

He just stuck his arm out and moved away until he couldn't touch me

with his arm fully extended but I think he's finally leaving. That was so stressful. I couldn't even let out an abstract breath while he was that close or he would have caught us. Honestly, how dare he question great works of art like us? Even if his suspicions are right, we look too good and abstract to be questioned like that. You know what? I'm getting ahead of myself. No human mind can comprehend our abstractness enough to discover our secret.

This is my fourth night in a row here and nothing has changed. Every night, I've run into a dead end or ended up falling asleep. However, tonight has been interesting. I just found a letter addressed to "That one high mf." I think that's me. Apparently, I'm being challenged to fight them this next full moon but I have to come alone or the fight is off. I don't think they realize who they're messing with. I just binge-watched all of Cobra Kai this summer. It's so on!

Yeah, so he's getting way too close. This is how we deal with everyone who questions works of art like us. After standing in place with our greatness ignored by hundreds of students each day, we're just itching to fight someone. This solution offers an outlet for our majestic anger.

It's the day of the fight and I'm so ready. I just marathoned all the Rocky and Creed movies. I prepared so much that I just went to my communications midterm without studying. I tend to live on the wild side. I'll get back to you about the results but expect an overwhelming victory.

He got demolished. We put up Y(short for Why?), the most abstract-looking piece of artwork in our arsenal. This is the one in front of YRL that looks like a piece of play dough after a baby got ahold of it. Don't underestimate or question our abstractness ever again. That's what sets us apart. He'll never say a word to anyone or return ever again.

Bro, what was that? I had to fight something that looked like a buttplug that got accidentally microwaved. Where are any of its vital points? What chin am I supposed to hit to knock it out? I can't even tell anyone because what am I gonna tell them? That I got my shit rocked by a ridiculous-looking piece of bronze? I don't think I can recover from this.

We did recommend him to a support group though.

The Democratic Drug Addict

Brendan McMahon

A stoner glimpses the world differently through their squinted, blood-shot, fiendish eyes. It's all opportunity, you must understand. Where one might see an empty can of Sprite, probably home to a carcinogen or two, a stoner sees a vessel. Where one might see a pantry of food, a stoner, too, sees a pantry of food. It's a perspective that opens the mind, demands possibility, and forces its subject to think creatively.

If intoxication were a spectrum, our two stoners, Cam and Danny, were somewhere between "*is that mud edible?*" high and "*damn, how did the sun turn on?*" high. But there, in that sweet spot, came genius.

"Bro," said Cam, "I should run for USAC President."

"But what's your platform?" Danny answered, suddenly feeling "*Can we talk about the political and economic state of the world?*" kind of high.

"Weed. Everywhere."

"That's totally a winning issue, and I'm a Poli Sci major after all."

And so it was. Over the next week, the two planned an entire campaign, which included agendas, flyers, speaker events, a UniBud pop up shop, and a presentation from Cheech and Chong. They envisioned a world where everyone was so high that kites said *gaddam*. A world where couches were *thrones*. A world where people just *chilled*.

At the first campaign event, when Cam walked out on stage wearing berks, beanie, and a shirt reading “Sorry For My Bluntness, That’s How I Roll,” all while toking a zig-zag, the crowd was in love. Cam’s impenetrable stoner facade succumbed to the people’s obsession. Students began recognizing him on campus, sending love letters in the mail, and begging him to sign their blunt wraps.

Cam started injecting the pot straight into his bloodstream and bathing in a tub of near-boiling concentrate. He was even gifted a campaign headquarters in Kerckhoff, performing dictatorial speeches from his imperial balcony overlooking the patio, espousing UCLA supremacy and the need for a standing student army. Our stoner had developed a new addiction for the drugs of attention and power, guised as civic virtue, becoming something else completely: *a politician*.

“

Sorry For My Bluntness, That’s How I Roll

”

Where had his ideals gone? Happiness, friendship, kindness, and weed. He hadn’t seen Danny in days. The realizations flooded Cam’s brain and the fog of ambition began to lift. Suddenly he could see again, and he hated what was there. He began to sob. What had he done? Sure, he had the few hundred thc-craved disciples, but were those real connections? No.

He walked out onto Janss and sat for a while. Suddenly, Danny was beside him. They talked and consoled each other like brothers who’d lost their way but found each other again. Then, Danny had an idea.

“See Cam, we diagnosed the problem. Every politician must have a crippling weed dependency. That’s why they’re all evil! We still need to win this election to show there’s better way.”

“Exactly! I can see it now, Danny. We are going to turn this campus around and make some real change!”

That’s when Cam noticed Danny sneaking a bump of a white substance and a flash of lust deep within his infernal pupils. But hey, whatever keeps you up at night, right? They were going to change the world.

Sweet, Sweet Love

Amelia Baker

What a humbling experience it is to share a room with a complete stranger. Personal experiences are no longer your own as you find yourself beautifully acquainted with the most intimate parts of another human being. You may often find that your shelter sister makes herself at home in the shared space, establishing boundaries through forgiveness, not permission. And this is exactly how you have found yourself face-to-face with the carnal, animalistic push of life last Friday night.

Pushing past the heavy doors of Royce Hall, the sky weeps alongside you, mourning the painful Stats 10 midterm grade in tandem. The only glimmer of hope is the warm dorm bed awaiting your arrival, so with lead feet and sunken eyes, the pilgrimage home begins. Leaving the pungent odor of the compost bin behind, you're finally assaulted by the heinous, yellow wood of the door concealing a tiny abode. With blurred vision and deafened ears, the reverberating clap doesn't register. The sound intensifies while you type in your room pin, swinging the door open.

Leaving the pungent odor of the compost bin behind, the hum of Steve Lacy is welcoming as you find beauty in the sultry luminance of the droopy, ambient lighting strip which has been skillfully stuck to the wall. The windows are shut and a quick sniff triggers your intake of a sweet, sticky smell. Slowly coming back to reality, you set your bag down and scan the dorm, eager to relax into the comfort of your tiny home. Before your peace comes, you are assaulted by a symphony of barbaric war cries.

“I’m coming!”
You think to yourself, *where is he going?*

“Pull out!”
You think to yourself, *of what?*

Visual cues begin to register as a cherry glow unveils a pair primed to become synchronized in climax. The shake of her two, perched bulbs mirror the final thrust of the man. As the stranger hovers, his hand grips the protruding rod, mimicking the practiced strokes of a well-seasoned artist—careful but with fierce intention. He seems to try his hand at the creation of a fire, only the sticks are far too damp and he begins to accelerate to the pace of a madman. He fails at creating the spark, and instead, exerts one final grunt and comes to a sudden stop. Eyes shut and weapon recklessly pointed, he misses your roommate’s face and your pink sheets are coated by the rich paint, becoming forever tainted by the exchange of their organic secretions.

The bodies collapse into one another, breathing heavily as their lips lock, ignoring the sick artwork left on the pillow you’ve had for nine years. Frozen in time, their lack of recognition shocks you into action. You tiptoe to grab your phone charger and Cheez-Its, silently picking up your bag and walking backwards out of the door. Even as you are finally removed from your perverted habitat, you cannot forget that lasting image of the flaccid penis next to the flaccid body of your roommate on your favorite, not so flaccid, pink sheets.

Walking into the lounge, you pull out your phone and open your roommate’s message thread:

You text, Just a heads up, *I’ll be home in 30 ;P !*

Five minutes later she replies, *Awesome, see you soon :))*

Upon your return, you smile at your roommate’s kindness for she has made your bed perfectly and not a single sperm left in sight.

The People vs. Joseph Steelcraft

Anton Stover

The following article includes sections from the criminal case of Joseph Steelcraft, a 19-year-old male and student at the University of California, Los Angeles. Below are sections from the proceedings.

DIRECT EXAMINATION: J. ALISON

Q: Could you please state your name for the Record?

A: Josh Croquet Polo Alison.

Q: Mr. Alison, could you describe your relationship to Mr. Steelcraft?

A: He's my roommate.

Q: How long have you known Mr. Steelcraft?

A: A couple of months.

Q: Can you describe the events that you saw on the night of September 20, 2023?

A: Well, he went to go and take a shower, and I noticed the music on his Spotify was still playing. When I walked into the bathroom, I heard no music playing. So he must have been playing music without actually listening to it.

Q: Was this the only time this happened?

A: No, actually. A couple of days later, he went out to wait three hours for Kalamaki, and that whole time, I saw him playing Spotify, not through his phone but on his laptop.

Q: Did you see what music he was playing?

A: The first day, it seemed like he was playing through the new Taylor

Swift album, but I couldn't see much. The second day, he played, I think, three Faye Webster albums, the entire Boygenius discography, and Vampire by Olivia Rodrigo 14 times.

PROSECUTOR: Thank you, Mr. Alison.

DIRECT EXAMINATION: G. GRANT

Q: Could you please state your name for the Record?

A: Garrett Golf Casserole Grant.

Q: Mr. Grant, could you describe your relationship to Mr. Steelcraft?

A: He's one of my best friends.

Q: How long have you known Mr. Steelcraft?

A: About four years.

Q: Has Mr. Steelcraft ever discussed his musical taste at length?

A: Sometimes a little too much. He's always trying to "put me on" to someone with five million monthly listeners.

Q: Has he discussed any artists he has enjoyed?

A: Well, he used to listen to a lot of Kanye West, but after that whole, um, that thing, he started listening to more music like Death Grips and Daughters. He called them "underground," and "heavily underrated."

Q: Has Mr. Steelcraft ever discussed his enjoyment of such artists as Taylor Swift and Phoebe Bridgers?

A: Not to me, no.

Q: Has Mr. Steelcraft been acting unusual recently?

A: Hmm. I mean, I have seen him scrolling through the Instagrams of girls in his philosophy classes at 1 a.m., but that's per usual. Although, come to think of it, I have heard him talking more and more about "the hoes four doors down." He seems focused on something, but I don't think it's his classes.

PROSECUTOR: Thank you, Mr. Grant.

DIRECT EXAMINATION: J. STEELCRAFT

Q: Could you please state your name for the Record?

A: Josepher Baseball Utah Steelcraft.

Q: Mr. Steelcraft, can you explain the events that occurred on September 20, 2023?

A: I left my Spotify on without realizing. This never happened again, I swear!

PROSECUTOR: May the court please read out the top five artists of Mr. Steelcraft's 2023 Spotify Wrapped?

CLERK: The top five artists, from five to one, were Lana Del Rey, Olivia Rodrigo, Sabrina Carpenter, Gracie Abrams, and Taylor Swift.

Q: Mr. Steelcraft, do you believe these artists are reflective of your listens this year?

A: Yes, I do. I enjoy these visionaries because of their artistic portrayal of the feminine divine and the struggles of womanhood.

Q: Mr. Steelcraft, if you will humor me, can you give me a favorite Sabrina Carpenter song?

A: [pause] Well, she did that one, Call Me Maybe? That one was good, really explored the, um, difficulty women have in modern dating culture with toxic men who lie about their personality for a chance to hit.

Mr. Steelcraft was convicted by a unified jury of falsifying Spotify Wrapped records. Steelcraft was sentenced to 1989 hours of hard labor,



A God Amongst Men

Ananya Devanath

In an unthinking collegiate wasteland of false ideologies and blind followers, the city of angels finally rings true to its name, bringing forth a worthy prophet amongst the undergrad.

Like many before him, Chad Whitman recognizes the double-edged sword that is his gift. Being more correct, more perfect than everyone around him is frustrating, but Chad perseveres nonetheless. No one else understands, no one else even cares enough to try. But Chad is better. Even if his peers won't bother, he will be there to point out their mistakes, to catch them when they fall, to nudge them back onto the right track. He is a leader of the people, for the people, and they flock to him. He pushes himself to the top, rising through the ranks at UCLA, and taking charge of key organizations such as Women in Engineering, Gay-Straight Alliance, and Black Business Student Association.

After all, who knows more about social issues than a straight white guy in political science?

The heavy weight of moral superiority is accompanied by a great deal of work if you were to ask Chad. But he doesn't mind. Even if it means waking up at 5 AM to thoroughly annotate every news article that's come out in the past 24 hours; he would never dare succumb to the lazy levels of a headline-skimmer! He scours every outlet he can get his grubby little hands on: NBC, CNN, Times. But never Fox, because what if someone walked in on him and got the wrong idea?

There are few moments that Chad can truly take pride in, when the ever-moving chaos of our realm puts itself on hold to stop and stare at him. One such moment occurs as he sits in his 10 AM Comparative Politics discussion, waiting for a chance to jump in and explain how everyone in the room deserves to be canceled for not knowing the nuances of Hungarian foreign policy. But before he can get the chance, he hears something even better.

“ **But never Fox, because what if someone walked in on him and got the wrong idea?** ”

“That’s interesting given what the professor said about their export-oriented market, but I was a little confused by something else he mentioned...”

And there it is. A slip-up. The perfect opportunity. With a sympathetic smile, Chad raises his hand and responds, cutting off the silly girl’s sentence before she can dig herself into a deeper hole. He truly does not know what his classmates would do without him.

“Oh, Professor Chu uses they/them pronouns now, didn’t you know? It’s on their BruinLearn website.”

Silence. And then the blubbering girl flounders, trying to recover from her devastating mistake.

It’s like he doesn’t even have to try. Chad leans back in his chair, silently satisfied. He will leave class as the brave soldier who held his ground against the unrelenting homophobes of Haines 20. And the world will be a better place for it.

After finishing his classes, Chad scrolls through Instagram, finding a very interesting post advising him against the fetishization of ankles. It looks important, with fancy bold Roboto text that tells him how this horrible predilection disregards amputees, people with ugly feet, and, most importantly, that one girl in high school who always had crutches for

some reason. He decides it's an issue he feels very passionately about, and makes it his 47th infographic repost of the day.

"We rally at dawn! Gather by the Janss steps if you are with us", he adds to his story.

But alas, all things, good and bad, evil and Chad, must come to an end. His post is not up for more than thirty seconds when our messiah is bombarded with incessant streams of DM's from angry, angry people.

"Janss?? Don't you mean Tongva?? I thought you were better than this!"

"You really are just like the rest of them"

"Don't even try coming back on this app, you asshole"

And as the once-renowned diviner sinks into his self-inflicted destructive spiral, we once more continue our never-ending search for a true seer. This time, we shall turn to someone new, someone whole and pure and good. Someone completely different from all who came before him. Someone like... Chip Charmington.



Ass to the Grass

Alyssa Murray

The day started out like any other: I woke up to the sound of Kanye West's "Good Morning" (it's my favorite song to set for my alarm) and did fifteen minutes of stretching before throwing on a muscle tank and getting ready for my daily grind. The sun hadn't risen yet and my beta ass eyelids were starting to droop, so I dry scooped an extra shot of pre-workout for good measure after I chugged my morning shake with whole milk, 3 scoops of protein powder, and 2 sticks of butter. Then, I went to the bathroom and made the veins in my biceps pop while I brushed my teeth with my Gymshark protein toothpaste, which was steak flavored and had INSANE macros.

“

I brushed my teeth with
Gymshark protien toothpaste,
which was steak flavored and
had INSANE macros

”

I had a push day that was so killer I could literally see the muscle fibers in my arms throbbing (you can go to my fitness Instagram page to see the full workout). I was running late to class while taking mirror pics in the middle of the free weight section, so I ripped open my post-workout protein bar with my teeth while I met up with my bro Zach to walk to our business class together. I almost spit out the last bite when he elbowed me and pointed to a flier hanging outside of Royce.

“Do YOU have what it takes to win? Prove your strength in UCLA’s first extreme tug-of-war competition to find out who the real alpha on campus is.”

My jaw dropped. It was the ultimate feat of strength, the key to proving to everyone that my gains were unmatched. I punched Zach’s arm.

“Bro?”

“Bro.”

“Up for a contest?” I asked.

“Dude. You already know.” We spit in our hands and shook on it.

It was on. Me versus Zach, next Friday, in the sunken garden. I spent the next week preparing for the tug of war: I went live on Instagram to practice my victory speech, corrected some stupid girl’s form when she was taking up the squat rack, and maxed out every single machine in Bfit. Training certainly wasn’t easy– not only did I have to push myself to the extreme (I went through three whole containers of protein powder), but there were these soy boys in the gym that had the audacity to think they could use the bench when I needed to get my sets in. How dare they? I mean, look at me... clearly, I needed it more than them. They were only lifting 10s, for god’s sake! So, I did the only thing I could do: I picked up one of them in each hand and benched them for my warm up. They ended up being too light to be good enough for my working sets (the bar was literally bending with how many plates I put on it), but it was a good way to get the blood flowing before the real work began.

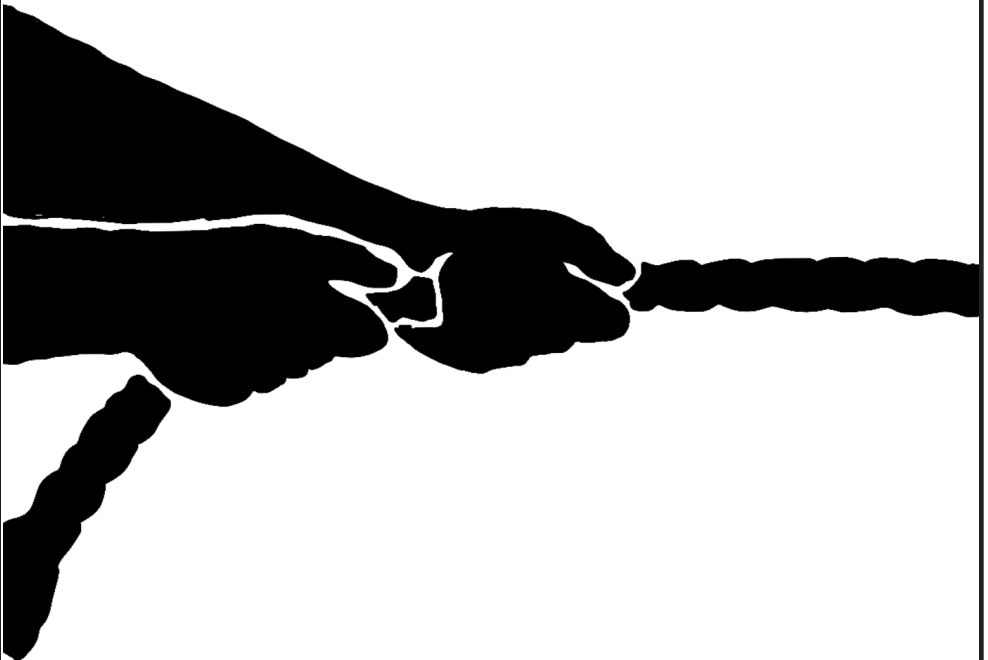
By the end of the week, I had trained for three hours every day and consumed more than five cows’ worth of protein. My veins were popping so much that they literally ripped my wifebeater tank and my neck was so swol that it tore my chain apart mid-set. It was at that moment I knew I was ready.

I pulled up to the sunken garden on Friday and saw Zach on the other side of this thick-ass rope. There was a crowd of people all around us that were screaming and throwing protein bars at us to rev us up for the contest. I picked up my end of the rope, looked Zach in the eyes, and growled to assert my dominance. Had he even been training? His arms

looked so small compared to mine, and you couldn't even see his pecs through his t-shirt. I dug in my heels and got ready for the tug of a lifetime.

The starting whistle blew, and I grit my teeth and pulled with all my might. Zach and I were evenly matched for a few seconds. I could see the sweat beading up on his forehead, though, and I saw his forearms starting to shake. This was it, the final pull I needed to take the win. I howled as I yanked the rope back as hard as I could, trying to unleash my inner beast to deliver the last blow. I must've pulled back too hard or something, though, because my hamstring tensed up and my back knee locked as soon as I was about to win! I lost my grip and went flying as Zach continued pulling. He jumped up and down in his victory while I lay flat on my face in the soggy grass, my muscles sore and my ears burning with embarrassment. I could hear the crowd cheering for him, and only one thing was on my mind when I finally mustered the strength to sit up and face them:

“Does anyone know the macros on this mud?”



Official Update: Body Positivity Gone Wrong

Julia Gorres

BREAKING NEWS: DOVE RECEIVES BACKLASH ON 37TH REAL BODIES CAMPAIGN.

In what seemed to be a heroic step towards body positivity, Dove (the toiletry brand, not the bird) commenced their 37th Real Bodies campaign. It has an inspiring inception.

While 56% of women self-identify as “gorgeous” or “fabulous”, Dove was concerned about how only 1.63% of women consider themselves to be “shockingly and stunningly beautiful”. This disheartening statistic was unnerving to Dove’s head staff. Truly, it kept them up at night. After much deliberation in the boardroom, the answer was clear - as an organization, Dove had a duty to act on this. The crisis plaguing women’s low self esteem could only be tackled by the most extreme and effective method of communication: soap commercials.

Generations upon generations of women are familiar with the television ads that staunchly promote Dove’s core belief of body positivity. Let me give you a quick refresher.

A woman, presumed beautiful, enters the bathroom. Angelic white light and rose petals flood the screen as she enters the shower half naked. She holds up a plethora of Dove shower products and beams at the camera. She is unclothed, she is wet; she is beautiful, she is Dove.

Though this campaign may be good-natured, the girls are fighting.

Maura Smith (36, Walmart cashier, Ohioan) sums it up best, “I have been

watching these advertisements for 20 years now. They are everywhere, and even interrupt The Golden Bachelor episodes I religiously watch. I want to support Dove, but I have never seen someone who looks like me or the women I know. Do I not have a real body? Who are these people that they are putting on my TV? And why do they all have perfect teeth?”

An outcry has arisen. Dove has managed to televise every body type except that of their viewers: average women.

In response, Dove has put out a statement. The face of the Real Body campaign for this year, Anastasia Sørensen (23, 95 lbs, Swedish), disagrees with the harsh criticism she is facing for her appearance in Dove’s latest advertisement. In an interview she claims that “it is ridiculous for people to believe that I do not accurately represent the average American woman. I am not a supermodel like Bella or Gigi Hadid. I am just their second cousin.” It has been reported that Anastasia will be opening The 2025 Victoria’s Secret Fashion Show with guest performer Tyga.

“

 I am not a supermodel like Bella or Gigi Hadid. I am just their second cousin.

 ”

The voice of American women has reverberated throughout the hollow walls of capitalism. It is a shocking and novel discovery: the CEO of Dove (53, Male, Ivy Legacy) does not genuinely care for the self esteem of women.

Recent news reports show the boycott of all Dove products. Across the nation, women’s hygiene has decreased while morale has skyrocketed.

The Love Doctor

Lena Brooks-Kelly

Perpetually annoyed with your partner? Feeling confused about your situation? Tired of meaningless sex found on dating apps? Look no further! I (Manne Splayner) have battled the dangerous terrain that is love at 19, and I am here to help as your official love doctor.

Now, I may just look like some guy with Birkenstock Boston Clogs and a \$35 podcast set from Amazon, but I can offer you something no other man can - the Big O (the Big “Ohhh” moment).

I know vulnerability is not a trait men typically express as openly and fervently as I do. But simply put, I’m really not like other guys. I won’t mansplain the stock market or football to you. In fact, I have read *The Bell Jar* back to front 32 times and consider Plath a personal heroine of mine. So, the only thing you have to fear is acquiring nuggets of wisdom born from the deepest crevices of the labyrinth that is my mind.

Now, enough about me, let’s see what my callers have to say.

“HELP! My partner will not stop calling me “pookie-kins” and it gives me the ICK. I feel like I’m not even attracted to them anymore.

First off, the “ick” is a social construct made by the internet to deconstruct male privilege. I encountered such a fallacy when my 9th-grade crush, Rebecca, rejected my utterly heartfelt and erotic invitation to the Winter Formal. She stopped my acoustic rendition of John Mayer’s “Your Body is a Wonderland” mid-performance to tell me she felt “emotionally violated” and “slightly nauseous.”

See, once you take steps to understand that everything around you is a social construct, you'll see there is nothing a man could possibly do that would be a turn-off. If I had to provide a formal diagnosis for what you're experiencing, it would be confusion rather than the "ick."

"I just started seeing this girl, and even though we've only known each other for a week and two days, I think I love her. Should I tell her how I feel, or is that crazy?"

Don't just tell her, show her! Find her address on Zillow and surprise her with an AI-generated photo album of your soon-to-be destination wedding in Santorini. Better yet, use the Makerspace's 3D printer to make life-size models of your future family of 5, including two adorable golden doodle pups. One must continuously tend to the embryonic spark, which is young love!

"What should I do when my boyfriend never makes time for me or just talks about himself when he does?"

In response to your question, I pose another. Have you made space for your boyfriend to pursue his passions in this relationship? A healthy relationship is one where you can support each other's dreams. That being said, I would set aside your aspirations and hopes for now. It's best you transfer into his major to send him notes when he's taking a mental health day. You may have to complete an extra year, but it's all in the name of love! Remember, you could be dating the next Elon Musk or Plato.

“ **First off, the “ick” is a social construct made by the internet to deconstruct male privilege** ”

"I can't tell if my crush likes me. First, he's super into me and texting me constantly, and then I hear nothing for days."

In 2023, it can be hard to exist as a young cis man as our trauma is often neglected and thus highly nuanced and misunderstood. I mean, sometimes I can barely get out of bed from thinking about women's lives be-

fore they earned suffrage. People often forget that feminism is a goal that affects all genders. Personally, I am still recovering from RBG's death, and I have to feel guilty for even expressing that openly. So, if he doesn't respond very fast, just remember he's also recovering from the recent overturning of Roe. v. Wade.

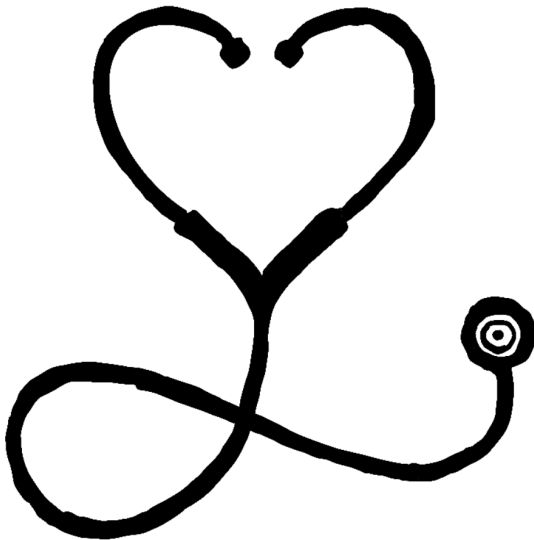
Damn, I'm really good.

Anyway, that's all from me today, folks! This will actually be my first and last episode, as I am planning to drop out of UCLA so I can dedicate my life to pondering and questioning full-time.

Now, I leave you all with this:

“There's power in allowing yourself to be known and heard, in owning your unique story, in using your authentic voice.”

- Michelle Obama, “Becoming”



8 Ways to Swerve Your Past

Ava Allam

We've all experienced it. They say UCLA is a big school, but somehow we still run into the people that we wish we would never see again. Maybe you're walking on campus and see the person that ghosted you or the one from class who you talked to while under the influence at Rocco's. Maybe it's someone you wrote a paper with freshman year or an ex-roommate. Perhaps you got dinner with them once or they've seen you naked. I don't know, but I'm not one to judge. No matter who it is and why you want to avoid them, I (steering clear extraordinaire) am here to provide you with some quick and easy ways to prevent, dodge, bypass, and make the most out of interactions with the people that fire up those feelings of "get me out of here as soon as possible," "maybe it is time to drop out," and "man am I capable of some bad decisions."

Here are a few of the tips that I hope can be of some use to you or help you out when you're in a bind.

1 **Keep your head down to the ground.** Look at that old iPhone like it is the coolest, most interesting thing you have ever seen in your natural-born life. If you really want to be ballsy, pretend like you're on the phone and hit them with a "chill" head nod as you walk as *fast* as humanly possible past them.

2 **Pivot, or bee-line:** go any other cardinal direction except the one that you are currently in. *Turn around if you must.* I don't recommend it, but if you're really in a bind you can back up or invest in either a concrete drill, hot air balloon, or a member of the football team to throw you as **wide as possible.**

- 3 **Ask them for a dolla** (at least) for the trouble they caused you. Unless you caused them trouble, in which case maybe you should start carrying around some cash. Think of it as reparations.
- 4 **Put on HEAVY eyeliner and mascara**, and bring some eye drops. You'll either look like you've been crying or like you just killed a man. Either way I doubt they will want to talk to you, and you'll be good to go!
- 5 **Write a long** (at least 5 pages, handwritten, times new roman 12 point font) **letter** that you keep in your pocket for any time that you might see them again. Sneakily put it in their back pocket, backpack, tote bag... or directly into their hands.
- 6 **Put a sign on your back** that reads "Yes, you did see my profile on Tinder!" Optional: "And yes, you did match with my roommate too!"
- 7 **Smoke a cigarette**. People have something against this. It'll work. And if they ask if you have an extra, I think you've made a friend.
- 8 **See a penny, pick it up**, all day long you'll have good luck. And if not, pennies can be thrown too, you know.

I've tested a few of them out myself, and I can confirm they will have some effect.

PS: Remember, at any point in the academic year there are **10 weeks** or less until you don't have to worry about bumping into someone on campus or around Westwood, so I'm happy to report that you'll survive. Godspeed, pal.

A Consultant Foretold

Arish Antia

To Tim, this campus was littered with people learning about useless subjects like “climate change” or “critical feminist theory”, when the solution to it all was staring them in the face. They were concerned with getting wine drunk for a quarter abroad and calling it school and “selflessly donating” their time to the needy for a quick resume boost, when a hub of human innovation was within reach for the more intelligent amongst them.

Consultancy was his calling, and he damn well knew it would pave the way to greatness. He would be an excel emir and powerpoint provost the likes of which have never been seen.

He attended all of the coffee chats, the impromptu interviews, willing to do whatever it took to get a position at one of the campus’ insularly illustrious consulting “firms.” In his case study interviews he advised a local butcher to stop serving meat in order to appeal to a diversified market, and a homeless shelter to pay a service fee in order to increase liquidity.

Everyday, Tim would wake up at the crack of dawn-much to the chagrin of his roommates-and watch Gordon Gekko’s “Greed is Good Speech” in *Wall Street*. He then would head to the gym, preferring to get his pump in without the aid of headphones (only the weak needed distraction). He made it a point to flex in view of everyone, just so that all the plebes were cognizant of his higher plain of existence. That being said, he really was.

By now he was already ten coffees in, all-black, as he settled in to grind

powerpoint. He could create a 50-slide slidedeck in minutes, immaculate down to the last detail. Before he would call it a day, he would try his hand at excel, but numbers weren't always his friends. They seldom actually said what he wanted to, but he had that certain kind of genius to be able to bend numbers to his will, making a budget shortfall look like economic genius.

Every night he would get back to his dorm at absurd hours, yet somehow finding a way to get all his work done, although he never really had to study for his classes; they were too easy for him. By most metrics he was a genius, and even his professors in gen-ed's implored him to pursue a more academic track, but consulting was his everything. Awhile ago someone invited him to a group museum trip, it was some contrived gesture of friendship, but he had no interest. It was beyond him that people would go an leer at pictures of naked humans, I mean where was the value in that? If a Dali or Picasso ever came into his possession, he would sell it without even gazing upon its humanistic facade.

It was wild to him that people took beach days, or went to the movies, for what was the point of going out there with those people, when within the four walls of his dorm existed all he needed to be the consultant he yearned to be.

He didn't believe in friends, for they did nothing for his career, and they all majored in things like inuit poetry or dagestani derivatives. I mean, where is the money in literature when you could just tell people things they already knew for a living?

The day of reckoning came quickly, and what was supposed to be a day of coronation very quickly turned into a Napoleonic Exile. No campus consulting clubs accepted Tim, as it became increasingly clear that those "formality" interviews were nothing but a courtesy call. Tim spiraled, and in the coming weeks he even picked up literature, looking a changed man. But then the recruitment period for Winter Quarter came around, and one couldn't help but notice that his name was first on information sheets. No amount of Baldwin was enough to prevent Tim from turning back to what was, as a sycophantic fervor took over once again, and the tale of a Consultant Foretold was in for a retelling.

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