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APRIL 1, 2020

THE MAIN MALLER

Do you know what an RRSP is?

No seriously, do you?

We've been trying to figure it out for a while and it seems really important to running a bank.

If you do, would you be a dear and give us a call?
605-475-6964

OWB

THE MAIN MALLER

APRIL 1, 2020

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MARS INKWELL
"Birb on University Boulevard"

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DAILY COMMENT / CULTURAL COMMENT: Analysis of UBC confessions posts everyday by *Samuel Stupid* and other contributors.

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STATE OF THE UNION: Reflections on Satan Oh-no's cello performances by our political analysts.

ST PATRICK'S DAY, 2020: Our coverage of this year's themed parties.

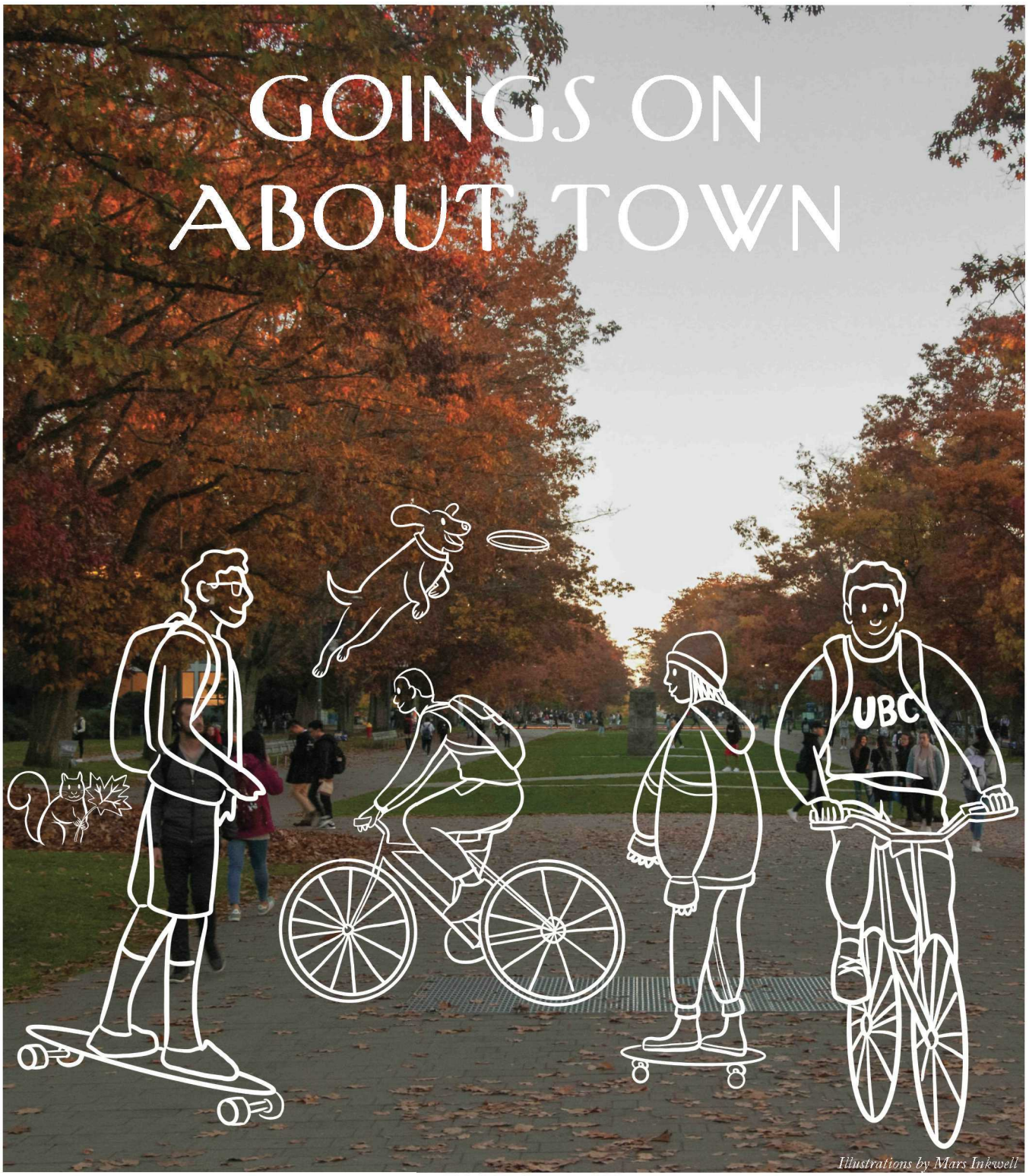
PODCASTS: On the Political Scene, our political analysts discuss the Almonds Matter Society and their recent elections. Plus, our culture reporters talk about the posters created for those elections.

VIDEO: Our video editor's commentary on his Movie of the Week.

HUMOUR: Too many cartoons to count. Stupid satire from *Yohan Küper*. Also, Daily Shouts and *Samuel Stupid*'s blog.

ALL JOKES ASIDE, *we would like to acknowledge that this paper and the land on which we study and work is the traditional, occupied, unceded territory of the Coast Salish peoples, including the territories of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh Nations.*

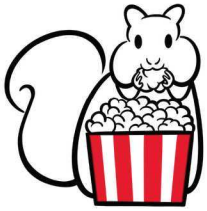
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Illustrations by Mars Inkwell

APRIL 2020 • WEDNESDAY 1ST • THURSDAY 2ND • FRIDAY 3RD • SATURDAY 4TH • SUNDAY 5TH • MONDAY 6TH • TUESDAY 7TH

THE THEATRE | ART | NIGHT LIFE



THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

The construction fences have risen: a new residence to be built instead of a croquet field

Friends, Romans, countrymen — lend me your ears while I inform you of a grave construction project intended to be used against us, the higher classes of this institution. In another attempt by the authoritarian 'planners' to take what little space we, the landed gentry, have, another state-sponsored division has been proposed.

Heralded by a looming, lily-white billboard proclaiming this 'Community Notice,' the silver-tongued devil, President — or shall I say 'Comrade' — Satan Oh-no has decreed another residence is to be opened, called 'Texchange.'

It feels like just last week that we sat in the Snobert Grateman Smoking Room and discussed the utter lack of campus croquet fields and office space for the Blue-collar Billionaire Campus Club. Not once did one of our affluent fellows remove the cigar from his mouth and advocate for more dormitories! And, to spit in our eye, the Administration mocks our proposal for a Main Mall Stock Exchange by dubbing the Frankensteined eyesore-bus-station hybrid the word which consumes our fervent dreams!

Tickets to watch the residence go up are however much you will pay in rent once you're forced to live within its walls.

— Dävide Mirrà

WATCH A HOUSE GET DEMOLISHED AS DEMOVICTED TENANTS CRY

A once-in-a-month experience

This is an event you don't want to miss! Every month, a landlord decides it's time to demolish their house so condos can go up instead. See the wrecking ball in action! Watch the excavators roll in unabashedly! It's truly a once-in-a-month experience.

The stars of the show, however, are the demovicted tenants crying while watching their house get demolished, as they frantically worry how they're supposed to find a room now for less than $4,000 a month. Will they move into an overcrowded basement in a silverfish-infested mansion? Will they suck it up, take out a loan and pay $1,200 to live in someone's closet? Who knows! The mystery is the best part.

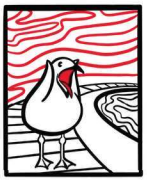
Tickets cost however much your parking ticket is after illegally parking in front of a bus stop or two-months rent plus your damage deposit, whichever number is higher.

— Samuel Stupid

Bravely sacrifice your fingers to use the paper cutter in the library to get a really straight cut

"Fear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty." This quote, plucked from the pages of Blertrand Tussell, encapsulates what you will feel as the blade cleaves through the air, destined to hack off your digits. Step up to the lopsided guillotine and place the paper underneath the metal bar. It's as simple as that. Tense your biceps as you bring the blade down, realize you're being distracted by *The Main Maller*'s stock cratering and almost cut your finger off. The razor will pay no heed to your shrieks for mercy, shooting down like a diver to her pool. The latter half of the Tussell quote is as follows: "To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom." With your appendage saved, aide called, paper cleaved and recession capitalized upon, leave the library with a true understanding of what the philosopher was trying to teach. Try out the paper cutter for free and realize what it truly means to sacrifice yourself for a straight edge on your assignment.

— Dävide Mirrà



ART

Marcel Duchamp's vandalized toilet on display in a bathroom

It has recently been discovered that the very famous Marcel Duchamp's Fountain is in a bathroom in the Nest, so it's being officially put on display for art lovers to view right here at our beautiful university. Tickets to see it are free but its location changes every day – you never know which bathroom with a urinal might have it at any given time. So I guess you'll have to just go look and hope you find the one that says "R. Mutt" on it. It's also an interactive exhibit: you can urinate directly into the special famous urinal in a private stall.

— Samuel Stupid

03:00 IS THE TIME FOR LOVE

String lights
Dark winter night
Late outing
Let me see you
One last time
Out on the mall
We pass the Cairn
The whale
The string lights
Twinkling
Like your eyes
And my dreams

— Wendy Literati Prudence

NIGHT LIFE

FINE DINING

Dumpster dive at Modem Park because that's where the good stuff is

The experienced University of Blighted Caramba (UBC) foodie knows that the best meals cannot be obtained from the likes of Blercante, Loamfe or Glue Chip, but from a more plentiful cornucopia that's easy to access. To get the tastiest morsels of UBC food, you need not go further than a dumpster at Modem Park. Dive into the most beautiful smorgasbord of succulent orange peels, precious AA batteries and divine used condoms. While it may not be the high, fine dining you are used to and expect, the wonders of biting into a handful of tossed instant noodles can not be replicated by even the most artful French chefs.

Your next dining partner will be gleefully surprised by the fact that you have prepared an evening of fun behind a student residence — and fancy dress may not be required, but it sure does make it fun.

— Pisstain Weiner

HOT EVENTS

Join a crowd of 50 people panicking because the printing system is down

This week in the library will see the month's biggest event for all the panic fans. At precisely 12:57 p.m., three minutes before you're supposed to have your paper in, the printing system at Irwin K. Blarber will be completely non-operational. Along with 50 other last-minute printers, panic, freak out and be likely late for your next class.

An interesting feature that happened at last month's event, which they will hopefully revisit this week, was that 10 people asked the weary library staff the same, absolutely beautiful question: "Hey, do you know when I can print?"

As for other events happening this week, this does not outrank the inability to connect to ubcsecure that is happening this Thursday as soon as you need to submit your paper or the too-long line for the Starbucks coffee you need before your 8 a.m class. But if given the chance, you would be remiss to skip this momentous event.

— Pisstain Weiner

Mars Inkwell

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

A ONE~SIDED EXCHANGE: THE GRADUAL GENTRIFICATION OF THE UBC BUS LOOP, A ONCE~VIBRANT COMMUNITY

As The University of Blighted Caramba (UBC)'s construction of its new bus loop draws to a close, it's time to ask the only remaining question: what did it cost? While on paper, the answer may seem to be $22 million, the truth actually lies closer to the eradication of an entire culture and university demographic.

Translated, UBC's FlansBlink transportation transformation is nothing short of a thinly veiled public works project intended to gentrify the area and snuff out the little, yet vibrant, culture that remains.

For years, the loop has been defined as a staple for anyone looking to get kitted up before a weekend night on the town. Countless bars and food venues lined the street, selling items ranging from carb-heavy entrées to carb-heavy alcohol.

But with last year's departure of the popular pub Baloney & Sons and $5 pizza deals that are no longer $5, it's hard to say that any such tradition remains.

Instead, the loop is now home to aristocrats who believe balsamic vinegar is an ice cream flavour and who use their daddies' Teslas to drive rather than take the bus like the dregs of society do.

Last summer also saw the completion of UBC's new, bus-loop-focused student residence, Texchange. Rather than providing more housing options for students, Texchange's patio has, instead, become a natural meeting ground for upper-class 'people of culture.' Most notably, 'Texchange Elites' consider the Blest's Grossery Checkedout to be affordable and see the 68 bus route as a fun way to take day trips to the dilapidated Place Flanier so they can connect with the common person.

Yet with all gentrification projects, it is important to see if some of the oft-cited benefits were achieved: namely an increase in education and a decrease in crime rate within the community.

After polling multiple people waiting at the bus loop, *The Main Maller* found that nearly 100 per cent of riders were enrolled in some form of higher education.

While impressive, these findings are literally indistinguishable from the results of polls taken prior to the project's inception.

As for crime, it seems results are largely the same. Students' bikes are still being stolen and over-priced tuitions and fees are still going toward huge turf fields over natural green spaces.

— *Yohan Küper*

PROFILE
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS IMPORTANT AND ELITE PERSON

This person is hard to measure up to: they have a ton of money and a ton of notoriety.

This person, having graduated way back in 1982, was thrust immediately into a fantastic, cushy career as a result of graduating with a degree in their field with honours (rich parents). Now, after contributing nothing to society for 38 years, they decided it was time to make a big change.

They decided it was time to donate $100 from their $7.8-billion net worth to UBC after being called by the UBC fundraiser call centre.

"I really just love to help out," they said. "I hope my money goes towards some thing that really matters, like building a really tall apartment building with even taller prices."

This person's years of success and upward mobility have earned them much respect and fame. They've been frequently criticized for being "aloof," "a terrible person" and "unable to manage a company." But they want to change that narrative with this donation, which is the sole generous donation they plan on giving.

And at any moment, they could surprise us and donate another $100 to another place that matters, like a really expensive restaurant chain. How they might surprise us next is anyone's guess, but at the very least, we know this: this person is important and elite and deserves respect for this.

"I just want to change the narrative," they said. "I'm not aloof, I'm not terrible, I'm not mismanaging my parents' company and driving it into the ground. I'm a good person, just like all the other rich people I know. We just want to do what we do best: help the community."

— Samuel Stupid

Illustration by Myuh Rhodes-Archibald

INSIDER A HORRIFYING INTERVIEW WITH BUCHANAN TOWER

Mars Inkwell

One of the most prominent figures at UBC is a completely inanimate object. It's not the little cute mushroom steam vents, it's not the Cairn. It's Buchanan Tower, the architectural masterpiece built in 1972 that looms over campus. Some people hate it, some people — the guy who designed it — love it. We thought it would be nice to sit down and ask it a few questions, just so everyone can get to understand the incredibly misunderstood building a little better.

The Main Maller: Hi Buchanan Tower, how are you doing today?

Buchanan Tower stands still, wind blowing past it on a gloomy early spring day. A person enters and presses the elevator button.

The Main Maller: Lovely. I really want to ask, is it hard being in your position as one of the most disdained buildings on campus?

Buchanan Tower looms over campus and brutally does not answer my question. The temporary construction fencing rattles as the 45 km/h winds try to knock it over. Nothing can knock over Buchanan Tower. Nothing.

The Main Maller: Uh, okay. So what is your favourite office in the whole building?

A leaf drifts past as I wait for the answer. The sky is as grey and oppressive as the tower. I feel a sense of doom as I realize the tower isn't going to answer my questions.

The Main Maller: Are you capable of speech? Please say a word or two.

Buchanan Tower, 10 minutes later, answering in a booming and deep voice that shakes the earth beneath us: Yes.

The Main Maller: Thank you. Is there anything you want people at UBC to know about you so they feel less afraid?

Buchanan Tower: Be afraid. I see all. I am unstoppable, everlasting. I have an intricate system of tunnels beneath me where 10,000,000 rats dwell, waiting. The elevator shaft leads to the tunnels. Be afraid.

— Samuel Stupid

INSIDER

BUYING BLUNT~STONES BOOSTS MY GPA, GETS ME 10 NEW FRIENDS AND MAKES ME SELF~IMPORTANT

Eevee

After noticing that the most interesting people on campus wear Bluntstones, the Australian work boots that come in the mail when you declare a major in human geography, I decided it was time I found out what all the hype was about and get a pair myself. The price tag of $239.95 felt like a promise that something good was in store for me — and boy was it ever.

As soon as I showed up to class wearing them, my professor immediately pulled me aside for a chat. They wanted to tell me they noticed how great my work has been and that they're giving me an A+ for the rest of the semester no matter what I do. This subsequently happened in every other class I'm taking despite having not handed in a single assignment since January.

Next were the friends. I was a friendless loser who talked to my plants, but suddenly people wanted to talk to me. People asked me for help in class, people scheduled study sessions with me, people started super-liking me on dating apps. It was all so much and they were all wearing Bluntstones. I began to realize it was all because of the shoes.

It's gotten to the point where I'm the most interesting person I've ever met. I'm accomplished, I have a great life ahead of me and I owe it all to these $239.95 Australian work boots. I've never lifted a finger a day in my life and I feel so, so good. Maybe I should buy some more and see where the world takes me then.

— *Samuel Stupid*

NEW PHENOMENA

THE INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENON OF RECENT GRADUATES CLAIMING TO HAVE ACTUALLY LEARNED SOMETHING AT UNIVERSITY

A known normative consequence of entering university is that often students who undergo the long and tedious process of 'learning' graduate. It's not simply a ceremonial occurrence of with donning the usual cap and gown and handing out glorified rolls of paper — although this does get points on Instagram — but the handing out of glorious rolls of paper without which many would not be permitted to partake in our beloved capitalist economy. While graduation is something most prospective students anticipate, fewer wander into their university lives as delusional and naïve as individuals who expect to actually learn things.

But, in a shocking turn of events, recent pre-graduation polls have shown that students might actually, somehow, be satisfied with the 'education' part of their degrees.

Corroborated by exit polling from November graduations at UBC, it seems as if students who started university imagining it to be a purely transactional event — where the university acquires tens of thousands of dollars from individual students and claims a good four to five years of the student's life in return for a stamp and a certificate — are now claiming that their education is actually worth something.

This has been found to be true across all faculties at the university.

Arts students in the past have been notorious for suggesting the 'value' of sitting in classes with professors who have dedicated their entire lives to their fields. However, any unpaid intern at a psych lab can tell you that arts students are just overcompensating for the stamps on their diplomas not amounting to very much financially.

Researchers are now looking for grants to explore this novel and sociologically and logically counterintuitive phenomenon. One student interviewed even went as far as to say that she felt "enlightened and ready to take on the world" through her esteemed education in the Solder School of Startups.

— *Larry Cocaine*

Get 2 weeks for $150, plus a free tote.*

*not waterproof

MODERN TRENDS

THE RADICAL SELF~CARE OF SPENDING $9 ON COFFEE EVERY DAY

Last summer, I had a revelation about two of the most important things in the world to me: coffee and myself.

I was back home in Chicago; by day I had an unpaid internship at a publishing company, and by night I volunteered with the Pleat Bootigede campaign. My work days started at 9:30 a.m., meaning I had to embrace the early morning rise-and-shine lifestyle of the hustling working people. Naturally, I needed my daily coffee fix to survive those hours; I tried to commit to using the French press that my friend got me for Christmas as a kind gesture, but I was frustrated not by how long it took to make my morning brew, but mostly by how poor it made me feel.

And then I thought, "Why not just pay some poor arts student to make my coffee for me?" Spending $9 on coffee every day is what Audre Lorde would call a "radical act of self-love." Sure, I could spend five minutes of my morning making coffee, but I could also use those five minutes to browse Placebook or read The Economyth. It's time we all set aside our pretences, took care of ourselves and started doing the things we love.

My classmates at UBC — who still live with their parents, mind you — tell me I could save money by making coffee at home, but it's just $9. Would anybody be so frugal that they would fret over $9 a day? It's hard to imagine. The self-help books that my dad gives me suggest that I should stop buying lattes so I could save up for a down payment, but that's a ridiculous statement. I'm financially independent and my parents have offered to help out with my future down payment anyways, so what's the point of worrying about that?

I'm often looking at my finances with a critical eye and asking tough questions. Should I buy that new coat? Should I buy a Nininendo Glitch? But when it comes to coffee, I've taken the radical act of putting myself first.

— Josh Is Easy

Illustration by Mars Inkwell

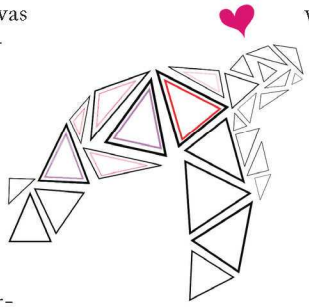
THE RADICAL ENVIRONMENTALISM, AND SOLUTION TO THE CLIMATE CRISIS, THAT IS ELIMINATING SINGLE~USE PLASTICS

Five months ago it would have been preposterous to expect students to do something for the environment. But now? Now that the university has taken upon its feeble shoulders the task of saving the environment, we are finally able to see real strides being made.

In a shocking move, the university replaced all plastic straws with paper straws. The university was strapped for cash, yet it came through for its students. This giant step has finally brought us closer to the day turtles will roam the earth without getting stabbed by plastic straws.

As the condensation on my plastic cup gives me a much-needed reprieve from the hot day, I can't help but notice an unusual glow on people's faces as they too partake in this momentous occasion of having contributed to saving the turtles. A young woman nearby rummages through her bag for her reusable metal straw as a discarded plastic granola bar wrapper flies away.

A man creates a commotion. He doesn't want to use the paper straw. Several heads turn towards him in disbelief at his audacity. The turtles! I roll my eyes at my neighbour, how selfish must one be?! The man leaves the cafe, his head hanging in shame.



My eyes catch on the newspaper laid out on the table beside mine. I try to read but I can only make out a few words — "crisis," "divest," "climate" — before I am distracted again. I keep sucking on my straw but am unable to taste the iced coffee. I notice the paper straw has disintegrated in the drink. I shrug, walk away and dump the half-full cup in the black bin — it's garbage, right?

As I walk towards my home, hands full of groceries, the plastic bag digs in my hand but I can't help but feel liberated. I have done my part for the environment. Have you?

— Mentirosa Sparks

Illustration by Aisha Sherda

DAILY LIFE

MEDITATIONS ON THE SEVENTH NETWORKING LUNCHEON OF THE MONTH

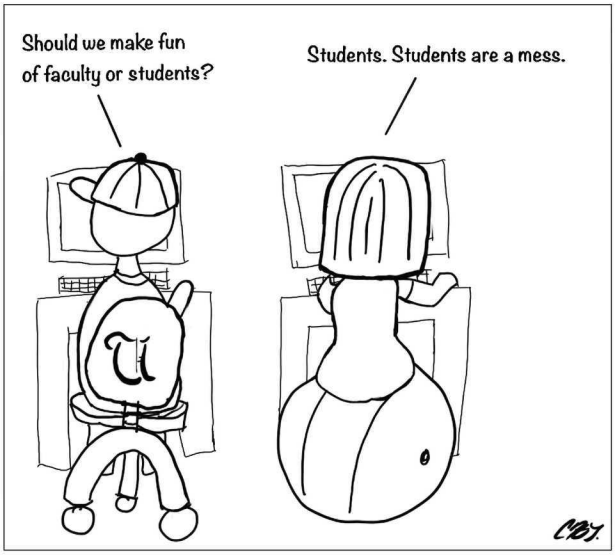
This past Thursday, I met a man who has irrevocably changed my life as I know it.

It happened at the seventh co-op networking luncheon of the month. Eager to show off my knowledge of networking from the last co-op workshop: How to Succeed in Business by Marketing Your Personal Trauma, I came decked in my finest suit: a singular blue beauty that I explained was made from the tears my parents shed when they found out being in Co-op meant at least another term's worth of Vancouver-penthouse-apartment rent. I received much praise from fellow job hunters, one of whom I particularly connected with over his plans to adapt *The Fountainhead* to the world of Instagram influencers.

I also conversed with prospective employers on various work issues, such as the importance of good bosses — "My new boss encouraged me to screen future employees based on whether they could rent out their parents in case some of our clients go bankrupt!" — and of course, how very often we seemed to bump into each other but still could not remember anyone's names.

Then, I saw him: Pierre Coq-au-Vin, former head of emerging and latent polyglots at Gloop, now heading his own Vancouver-based Queer lifestyle start-up called "Coq-Up." I swaggered up and outright said to him, "I am such a big fan of your work in developing smegma-scented poppers! What's your take on the start-up scene?" He swung his arm around my shoulder and gurgled, "Take it from me, kid: Mallorca. Trust-fund daddy. Optimizing Circle. Wait, who are you again?"

— Montgomery St. George



Emo Egg

COMMENT

LETTER TO THE EDITOR: ONLY POLI~SCI STUDENTS SHOULD BE ABLE TO BE QUEER

I will begin this article like any self-respecting intellectual would, by meticulously defining the words that relate to its central issue. This might bore you, but please keep in mind that I am sharing a worldview — one which every Concerned Citizen should have.

So what does 'Queer' mean? It's really a sociopolitical word, one that describes a person who is disenfranchised with the external and internal power systems of Western liberalism. As a Queer person who has taken a SOCI class, a LING class, two sections of WRDS 150 (I got a 46 the first time around because the prof was a centrist) as well as the prerequisites for applying to be a POLI major, I have a sufficient background for defining the aforementioned term.

The question then, is how can someone be Queer when they don't have the necessary background in political science in order to understand the true implications of the word itself? It is my informed opinion that they can't.

So if you find yourself in West Mall Swing Space for your LING 201 lecture, sitting next to a girl who seemed cute at the time, but said she was "too busy" to hang out and study constituency tests, feeling bad about it is sociopolitically ineffective.

— Zinnalina Chomskette

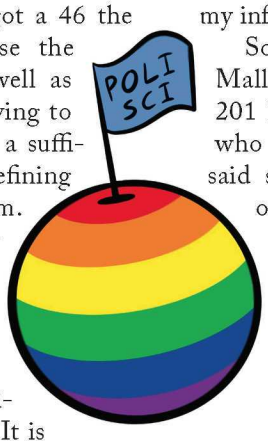


Illustration by Mars Inkwell

Myuh Rhodes-Archibald

MODERN TRENDS

THE MAN AND HIS GUITAR: THIS GENERATION•S SONGBIRD IS A GUY IN SMALLWOOD WITH 16 YOUTUBE VIEWS AND AN UNTUNED GUITAR

It's 2 a.m. and everyone on the floor is studying or sleeping. But not Rob Bylan. He picks up the guitar he traded a two-six of Fireball for, fires up his webcam and lets loose a rendition of "Good Riddance (Time of Your Life)" by Green Day.

Sure, it's pitchy, badly paced and he's singing the wrong lyrics, but the 16 YouTube subscribers can't lie.

On the wall, a neighbour pounds and screams for Rob to "shut the fuck up" because they're "trying to sleep!" Bylan ignores them — he knows that the only thing better than silence is his guitar and voice. He plays on, forgetting most of the words while simultaneously singing without either bass or treble, the mark of a talented singer.

His song is uncompromising, because how can you un-compromise something that is so inherently compromised?

Bylan's inspirations include the song "Good Riddance (Time of Your Life)" and that's mostly it.

"People mostly like it," said Bylan.

And people mostly do. The people in Smallwood affectionately call him the "guitar asshole," as a term of endearment. Some have even gone out of their way to close their doors when he starts playing as a means of respecting his artistic privacy.

On the next steps for his success, Bylan said that he hopes to maybe write a song.

"I wanna write a song that girls would like, like the song 'Good Riddance (Time of Your Life).'"

— Pisstain Weiner

Myuh Rhodes-Archibald

CLARITY
BY LARRY COCAINE

I hear whispers in the trees as I walk on mindlessly further into Terrific Spirit Park. I haven't realized yet how long I've been wandering — I wonder why my body hasn't tired yet, why my legs aren't aching and my stomach isn't grumbling. It's been 30 whole minutes since I ate my last meal. I'm about to starve to death.

The pink and purple casanova sky gradually disappears into darkness and I find myself completely alone. As if the stars have gone into hiding too — like all of my dreams that were flourishing before I discovered that as a white man, I was no longer relevant in this world. I have been wracking my mind for some sort of peace. I gave up on happiness a while ago after I was told I was "mansplaining Plato's Allegory of the Cave" to my classmate who happens to be a woman.

"Look kid, I get it. You got caught stealing Oh-no's bowtie. So? Setback? Yeah. We've all been there. Try another senior prank."

I am jolted out of my reverie by a shrill laugh coming from somewhere in the darkness. I hear rustling in the trees, fear settling down around me like a heaviness. I reach into my pocket frantically searching for my weapon of choice — my Nokia, which had been weighing my jacket pocket down so much it reached my knees. I shivered.

"W-who was that?" I stammer, trying to sound dangerous. A sinking feeling in my gut tells me, however, that a scary man in the forest who somehow knows about my greatest failure is not going to be scared away by a frail 22-year-old philosophy major from Guelph who takes himself and his critique of Dostoevsky's existentialism far too seriously.

The fear reminds me of the time I got kicked out of residence in first year. Back then, I did not think there could be more suffering in my life. Apparently smoking weed inside communal bathrooms is frowned upon. Fuck that. Fuck the establishment. I'm an anarchist.

"Oh, and this time, try something *original*."

Original. The singular word sends shivers down my spine. I spin around towards the direction of the voice and see: a talking coyote. He reveals his name is Carter and he has two sons.

Have I done that thing again where I get high and forget that I smoked weed?

"How are you talking? Who are you?" I ask, nevertheless.

"Maybe I'm a phantasm, maybe I'm a figment of your imagination, or maybe I'm an actual talking coyote. You'll never know," he replies.

"Are you trying to tell me something, M-Mister Coyote?" I stutter.

"If you have to ask me that, then maybe you already know the answer," he whispers back, disappearing into the shadows like a ninja coyote. I am left shivering and whimpering because I am afraid of dogs.

I stand there in silence — in the middle of the woods somewhere, taking in what has just happened. Had I just had a life-changing experience? Was Mister Coyote giving me a clue about how to connect with my identity and find purpose again? Maybe he is right — maybe I'm not a basic white boy after all. Maybe I can start a podcast.

I put on my AirPods and play "Mr. Brightside" as I continue walking in the darkness. Now, with newfound clarity.

THE FOUNTAINBIRB BY WENDY LITERATI PRUDENCE

Roses; 13:00

A tear on my cheek. Maybe more. Mountains loomed across the waters. It was here that my mom told me to keep dreaming. She also asked me not to move to campus, you can just commute. Langley is not far. But who's to say she knows anything. Beyond Eden between sky and waters; lions shouldering clouds. My heart roars.

Nation; 11:30

The *Acer saccharum* frond illuminates carmine against ivory between velvet buttresses on vexillum communion with sky. I saw birb again.

"My name is Cerulean Tu'um'est Hysteria Gull Lavigne and I have long, cerulean blue hair (that's how I got my name) with seafoam streaks and white tips that reaches my wings and icy blue eyes like limpid tears." said the birb.

"Latent Eros represses the collective cortex. Sucking thumbs of sacrificial lambs, the collective unconscious bruised by Oedipal castration anxiety and wine-soaked aubergine envy."

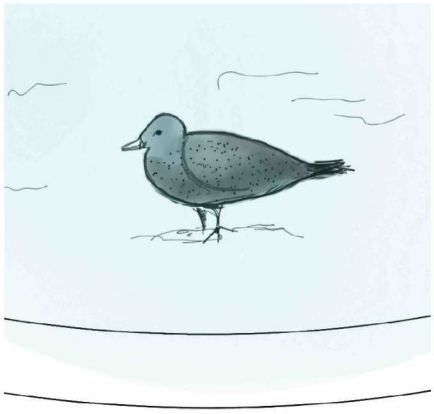
And it was that moment I realized. An individual. My mind's eye; hordes of people trampling down on manicured grass in Helvetica that says "Keep Off Private Property."

The Plaza; 09:45

The stone raised in interrupted semi-circles around the echo of my own hoarse voice. Body lean, all long straight lines and angles; stood rigid, hands hanging at my sides, palms out; my blood heavy in my hands, the wind chills the hollow of my hunched spine; my hair waving with sky, neither blonde nor red but the exact shade of ripe orange rinds. Everyone weighs so much. Herded sheep. "Naïve, corrupt, sheepish agoras; immune to a single voice of difference."

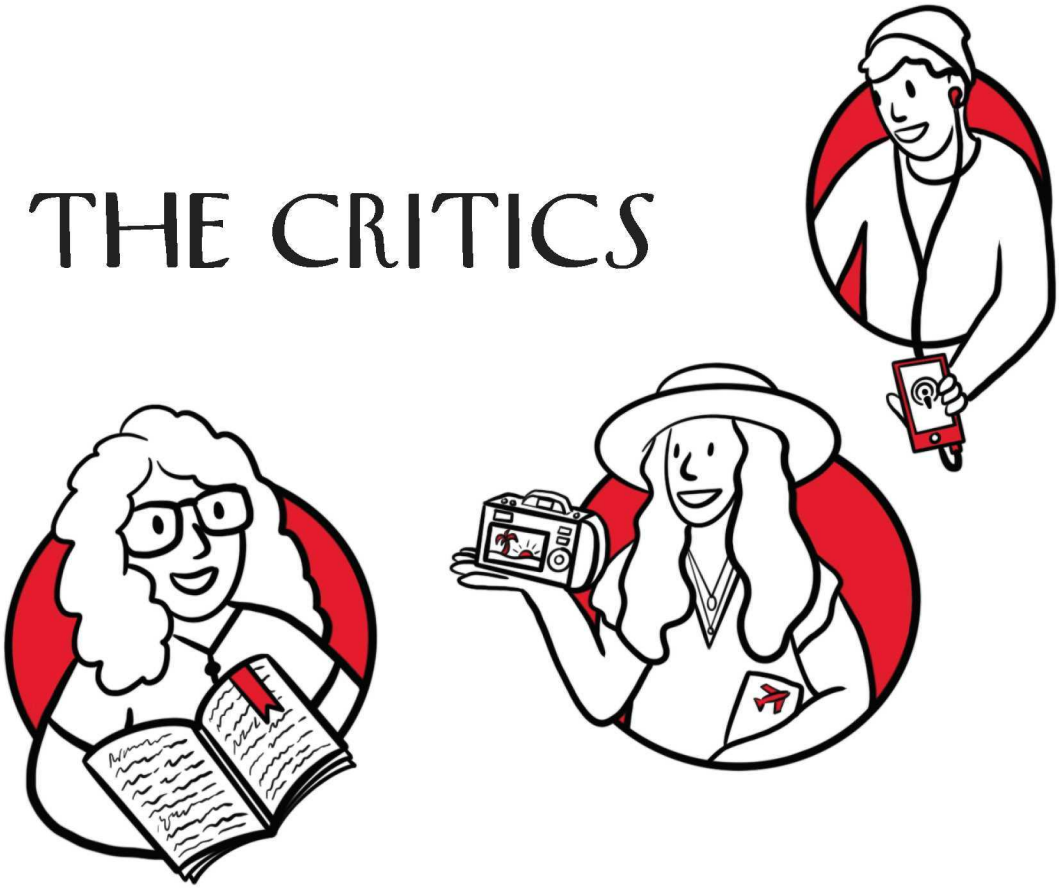
The Fountain; 09:30

Late to lecture that was at nine. I see the birb swimming in the fountain. No water today. Drained bare concrete laying naked under the grey skies. Exposed guts. What's true? Everything is just a construct, like concrete below shaped by human hands. If everything is in our head, why worry? Sisyphus pushing that rock endlessly. Unable to love who you want. Wrong orders at Cactus Club. Breathe. Let go of that rock, you've been free all along. You are birb. In that fountainhead of civilization.



T. G. Bean

THE CRITICS



Mars Inkwell

BOOKS

GRATEMAN•S GRBOOK: AN AESTHETIC ENIGMA

BY BIGFOOTFANBOYXX

Snobert Grateman's book of his in-class slides — colloquially known as the Grbook — is a feast for the weary eyes of the average university student. Written by the legend himself, the Grbook is spiral bound with a front cover that features a flattering drawing of Grateman wearing a t-shirt that bears his catchphrase "presume something." These words are printed on his Grpod as well, a miniature calculator mandatory for the class. No doubt the drawing is a critique of the individualism and narcissism encouraged by our hyper-consumerist and capitalistic society.

He uses symbols and acronyms without ever giving a key nor explanation, a refreshing approach to teaching in which he actually makes students work for it: an exercise in linguistic experimentation. His symbols are in fact inconsistent across his microeconomics and macroeconomics textbooks. I believe he does this in the interest of fairness, so that those who have taken his classes before do not have an edge over those who haven't. We are all equally in the dark and ill-equipped.

What appears at first glance to be misspellings and misaligned printing surely could not be mistakes, but are actually intended to be a pain in my ass. His slides in class are in colour, but the pages in the $100 book are printed in monochrome — this way, if you aren't paying attention in class, you'll have to spend hours trying to decipher those charts in greyscale. What a fucking statement! ♦

Millie Wonka

TRAVEL

FOURTH~FLOOR BATH~ROOM OF FALTER C. CORONER LIBRARY

BY HIGHLARRY MCTRAVELS

You're dancing to soft music at a reunion with your friends from college, trying to reminisce on your bonding memories at the top of a downtown skyscraper, so what stories would you be sharing? The University of Blighted Caramba (UBC) has an awe-inspiring campus that plays host to many libraries. This makes it worth exploring UBC's crown jewel: The Falter C. Coroner Library, which confidently holds still in the shape of a knowledgeable book.

From a vast collection of books to the now-gone collection of books, it has it all. For first-time visitors, it might be odd to use one of the kingly elevators, since floor one is essentially two-floors underground. Pressing the shiny, matte-finished silver button for floor four, I managed to transport myself up. I was feeling elevated and as the doors opened to the new floor, I felt different.

I could feel something change within me, a joy I had never felt before.

The sun gloriously blushed into the grey stone of central Irwin K. Blarber, reflecting lights off of the modern, long-panel glass on either side. The bells of the clocktower sung in unison, as I began to walk on the soft, carpeted floor. The subtle art in white colour blended perfectly against the white walls and their shadows floated atop the refreshing sight of wooden desks and chairs. It propelled me to ponder how life can take different paths. And here I was, arriving at the end of the hallway, with light entering in from a carefully placed gap in the ornate architecture.

I just stood in solitude and thought to myself how grateful I am to have been on this journey. And as I calmly collected my thoughts, I heard a muted swoosh sound from behind one of the iconic grey doors to my right. Then as the door's sign changed from cautionary words in red to those in a welcoming moss-green, my heart soared. It now said "vacant" and I felt a head rush of excitement. The kingly gateway to my final destination was finally open and I'd urge you to explore its glory at least once in a lifetime. ♦

BUCHANAN TOWER IS BRUTAL IN ALL THE RIGHT WAYS AND IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES

BY SAMUEL STUPID

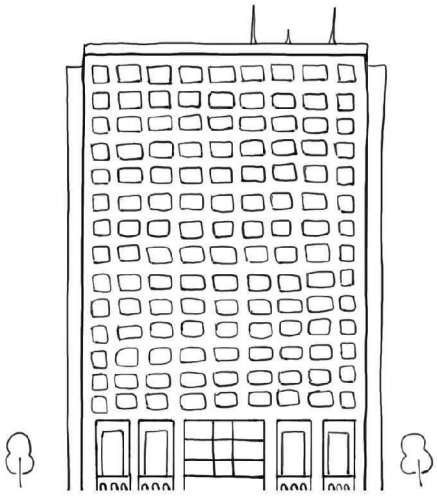
Buchanan Tower looms over campus and scares the living shit out of all who walk past it. In my humble opinion, I believe this makes for the perfectly brutal building that campus needs to keep everyone feeling a bit of doom.

Oscar Wilde and other aestheticists believe that art is more about aesthetics than anything. "Art for art's sake" is what he would say. However, the art of architecture has shown us time and time again that art's socio-political purposes, such as scaring the living shit out of everyone constantly to control the masses, still hold as much importance as pretty pictures of dogs.

Every time I walk past Buchanan Tower, I start fucking sobbing.

I feel my heart being clenched by the concrete walls, I ponder intensely and deeply whether or not the windows even open enough to get fresh air inside. I think about every single professor who spends countless hours in this fortress of doom, waiting for a single student to stop by and break the curse of brutalism and ask a simple question about the assignment that was answered in class a week ago. I start screaming and I drop down to my knees and wail, "Why, oh why must I endure this horror?" until someone calls the police on me because I'm 'causing a disturbance' and 'scaring all the first years.'

For this reason, I believe that Buchanan Tower is brutal in all the right ways. It grips us, makes us feel scared, sends me into a frantic episode and controls us in an authoritarian way without ever saying a single word. Buchanan Tower is what keeps us on our toes. ♦



T. G. Bean

Mars Inkwell

LIFESTYLE

SMOKING WEED IN A FOREST BY YOUR RESIDENCE IS SO 2015

BY SOPHOCLES SWEETLEAFE

I've done it, you've done it, we've all done it.

Maybe you're feeling cheeky after losing a game of King's Cup to your roommates. Maybe you need to blow off some steam after bombing that midterm you didn't study for. Or maybe, God forbid, this is part of your daily routine.

Picture the scene: The tasteless cafeteria pasta is sitting heavy in your stomach like a big, mushy rock. You're tired of studying and nobody wants to go out, so you indulge in BC's most popular pastime: sparking a fatty. Roasting a bone. Spicing an herb — you know exactly what I mean.

It's dark and drizzling, with the icy winter session winds whipping against your pants. In other words, perfect weather to stand nervously under a Western red cedar for 10 to 20 minutes and possibly bump into that weird dude you met on Unimaginative Day who keeps trying to slide into your DMs.

Fumbling around in the dark, you'll probably awkwardly slip on some twigs and try to play it cool, maybe even turn it into a joke. Nobody will laugh.

Your shoes are soaked through to your socks. You're cold and trying not to cough, pushing away a slight, creeping hint of anxiety. You should probably take another hit to make sure the people you're with know that this is a totally normal thing for you to do. Which direction did you walk from? Did you remember your keycard?

I, Sophocles Sweetleafe, say that UBC students deserve better.

There are only so many times that you can dry your wet socks on the shower rail before enough is enough. Set up a dab rig in your dorm or vape in the fire escape like a real adult. And if you're worried about getting caught, just don't. It's all in your head! ♦

PODCASTS

A UBC HISTORY PODCAST THAT IS ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF THREE BORING PEOPLE TALKING INTO A PHONE

BY THAWRNASS IRISHNAME

Even though I have a prestigious job as staff writer for *The Main Maller,* I am just like you in that I lost the housing lottery and therefore must commute to school.

To pass the time, I could listen to what my peers listen to: "rap" music or "rapp" music (music by Broadway actor Anthony Rapp). But to distinguish myself, I listen to incredibly dry podcasts that are clearly produced in a basement suite. My latest 'casting obsession is "Meas Est."

"Meas Est" takes all your expectations for a history podcast and throws them against a closed window.

Hosted by three bland guys speaking at the same time into an iPhone 4S, the podcast dares to go where most refuse: the library. It is clear that they feel they have done substantial archival research and their liner notes show they have truly done the bare minimum required to discuss history.

In episode 230, one of the three truly indistinguishable men accidentally walks into the university archives but gets too embarrassed to ask anyone anything. What follows is 45 minutes of silence. It's dead air but it's symbolic — did you get that? I'm pretty sure the episode is supposed to be a historical perspective on a conceptual story of what it's like to wait for office hours.

"lofi hip hop radio - beats to procrastinate/angst to"

Millie Winka

What really sets "Meas Est" apart from being different at all is that it really goes the extra mile to refuse to cover anything other than the dominant historical narrative. Like, it somehow actively avoids discussing any event that impacted marginalized people. Would it kill them to talk about BIPOC or women or Queer & Trans people or people with disabilities? I guess it would. I assume this is also some kind of meta statement: that by purposely leaving people out of 'history,' they are really making you do the work — deep and thoughtful and deep and brave.

I would recommend "Meas Est" for those times when you need to stare out of a bus window and look pensive. It is also a great conversation topic when you have run out of everything else to talk about while on a date. ♦

PERFORMANCE ART

THE RADICAL MUNDANITY OF AFTERNOON CAFE, A BALLET THAT IS ACTUALLY JUST WATCHING PEOPLE ORDER COFFEE

BY AUGUSTINA MANDEL

The sensational contemporary ballet, *Afternoon Cafe*, which takes place in JJ Bleam, has finally ended and I don't know what to do to salvage my shrivelled soul.

The ballet stunned the audience with otherworldly wonder as it trotted through a discordant rhythm that can only be appreciated with the unwelcome intrusion of life's most notorious inhabitant: the city.

The experience is worth a cheap shot of caffeine – a price equal to not getting pestered for the rest of the hour you decide to sit quietly at some corner as you attempt to strip your eyes away from the spectacle that unfolds around you, a task even the most resolute coffee drinker can find challenging. The audience takes a seat away from the babbling crowd and is immediately transported from their mundane reality into an equally, if not more, dull dream filled with a seemingly unintentional murmur that prevents thought from festering in the mind. The asymmetrical backdrop experiments with a new form of theatrical aesthetic that mimics an art gallery curated by a furniture franchise. It's a new height of modernity which, like its predecessors, finds glory in its ability to remain an enigma.

The vulgar foot-dragging movements of the company highlight the prima ballerina's elegance as she wades through the cafe, seemingly to order a coffee herself, which functions as a glaring reminder of the lack of aestheticism found in life.

The spectacle ended with an abruptness that mimicked a striking clock. I left craving another cup to wash away the confusion, but the barista's disapproving frown at my stingy behaviour and the coffee-flavoured water deterred me from future unprompted performances. The piece leaves a desire for silence that can only be appreciated after the noise has dissipated from memory, only to be reawakened by unbearable thirst. ♦

IVORY TOWER

Coffee-stained news ripped into strips
Mere soapbox, mere megaphone
For all the ivory towers on row
Falcon boy flying show
A bastion that has fallen and blown
A mere echoing of moans
A gaggle of cousins barking and hawing
History spoke of thee
With such admiration and glee
We deserve better
Every crossword I see
only spell empty hollow shells
In place at the boulevard
Two two O eight
Lay an epitaph
To the vilest rag west of Blanca.

— *Wendy Literati Prudence*

UBC OPERA•S NEW~EST PRODUCTION SHOWS US HOW HARD STUDENT LIFE SUCKS

BY TURT L. NECKE

UBC Opera has outdone themselves again with their new production "*Mercurii, ante temptandum est debitum*" (in English: "Wednesday, before the essay is due"), which focuses on the lives of students as they bear the weight of fixing society.

The avant-garde piece quickly establishes its socio-econo-political themes as it opens on our unnamed and relatable student protagonist singing a grief-laden aria over their unstarted paper that is due in five hours. In fact, this modernist approach to "the Student" highlights the tone of desperation that's embedded within the opera, particularly at the climax where our protagonist and their anxiety-ridden, relatable friends drunkenly stumble away from their responsibilities and an old, yet relatable, nudist on Wreck Beach, all while belting beautiful *coloraturas*.

The minimalist set, consisting of an unpainted backdrop, perfectly displays the anguish of not being able to afford a one-bedroom apartment but being expected to solve the climate crisis and the economy. Student 4 puts it best during their *cadenza* in Act 2: "*Iesu accipe rota*." ♦

Is it just me or do some of these tiles never dry after it rains?

Aisha Sherda

THEATRE

WHO•S AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD CORPORATE WORLD? NOT EIVIND JOHANSEN, NOTABLE ANGRY DIRECTOR MAN

BY ASHLEY ASHLEIGH ASHLE

Norwegian Director Eivind Johansen has expressed his abhorrence for corporations mistreating our planet through exploitation and pollution, but stops there. Hence, with his new musical production touring Canada that recently stopped at the Ant Centre, Johansen provided ample lip-service to the pitfalls of urbanization.

While smoking his fifteenth Marlboro cigarette during the conversation, he said, "My play… takes a jab at those [corporate] fuckers. They should see it and take a few notes on how not to be total jackasses to nature for profit."

He then proceeded to rant for approximately 10 minutes and still managed to not make any new points.

The play features actors in elaborate tree costumes with live birds in cages perched atop their heads, performing their dramatic musical numbers to didgeridoo and theremin instrumentals, up on stage and sometimes more interactively right next to the audience. Halfway through, some actors clad in suits and briefcases stepped in. I marvelled as they pursued the trees while stealing their bird cages, offering such a powerful symbolism for corporations profiting from nature with no reciprocity.

The 10-hour duration of the show seemed to breeze by as I got so absorbed in Johansen's brilliance.

Audience members got birds-in-cages hats as well as bird-feed, so I soon found myself bonding with a majestic macaw. Although leaving the theatre room was prohibited — even to use the bathroom — and there were no refreshment breaks so I snacked on birdvfeed, I understood Johansen's creative decision to avoid any interruptions. The play's message is an urgent one.

All in all, Johansen's musical makes a statement against humanity's abuse of power.

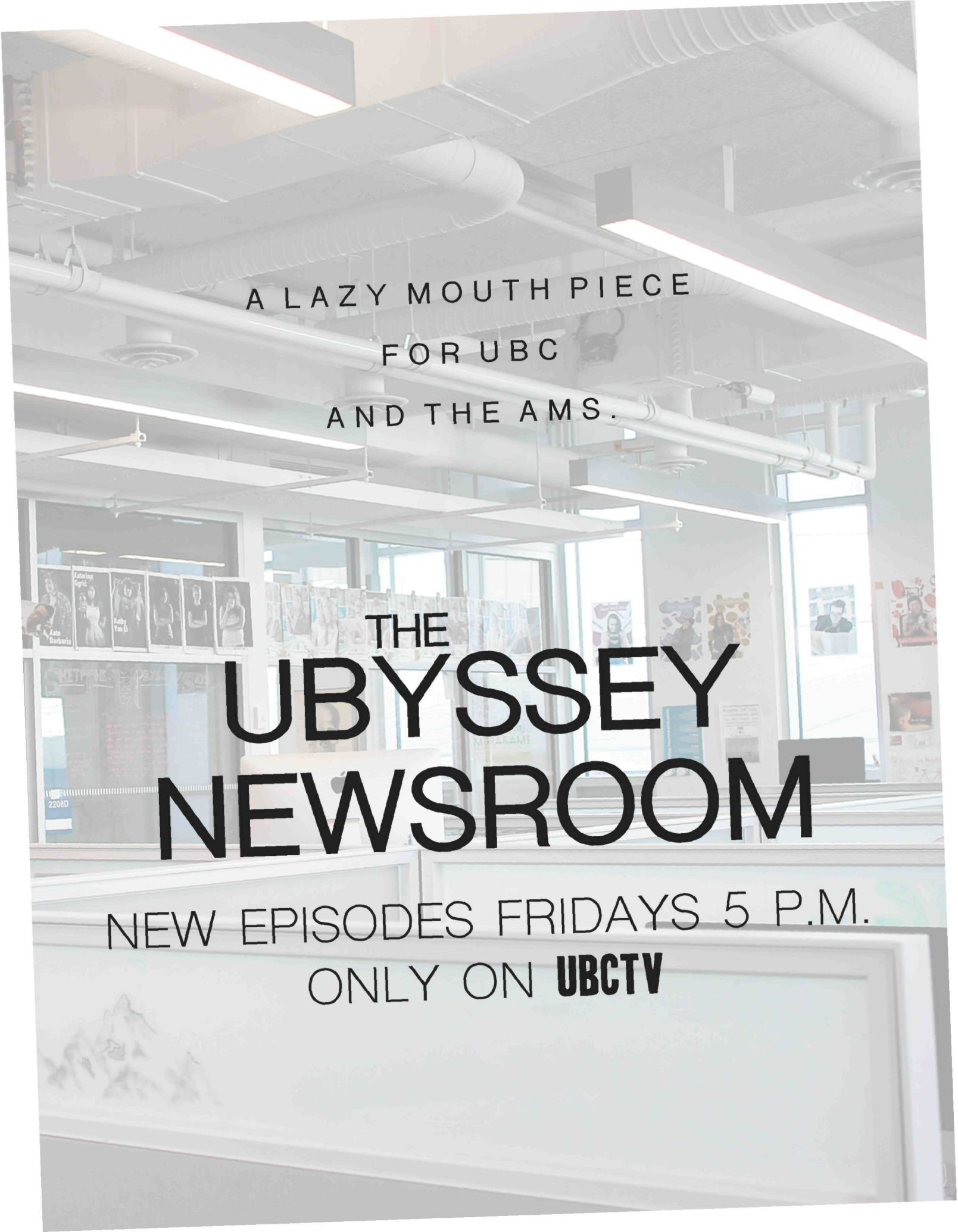
Admirably, he stays true to his beliefs. With tragedies happening constantly, his musical is relevant to today's affairs — and might be so for the foreseeable future, as the climate crisis is yet to be solved. ♦

RISEBIKE

RISE AND SHINE TO BUILT-IN CHIRPING SOUNDS.

FLY PAST THE WALKERS IN THE ULTIMATE. DRIVING. MACHINE.

RISEBIKE.


A LAZY MOUTH PIECE
FOR UBC
AND THE AMS.
THE
UBYSSEY
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NEW EPISODES FRIDAYS 5 P.M.
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