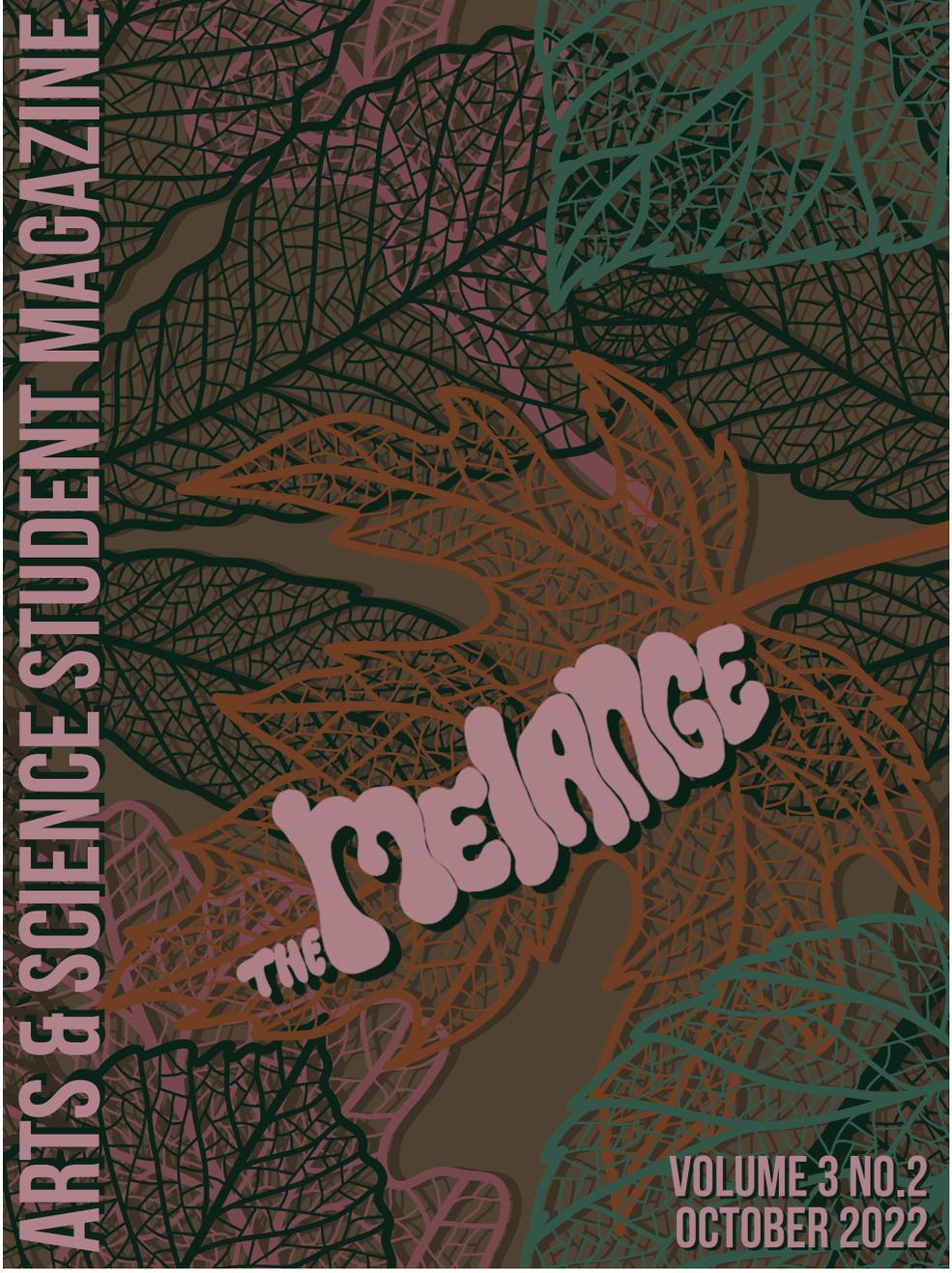


ARTS & SCIENCE STUDENT MAGAZINE

THE Melange

VOLUME 3 NO.2
OCTOBER 2022



THE MELANGE MANIFESTO

VISION STATEMENT

Our vision is for The Melange to be a light-hearted and enjoyable read, to shine light on what constitutes the Artsci experience (in terms of our formal degrees, but also in terms of day-to-day goings-on!), and to bring Artsci students together to appreciate each other's written and visual talent.

We want The Melange to be a positive force within the Artsci community; as such, we will not be accepting or publishing submissions that are discriminatory or hateful. There is room for thoughtful critique or for kind-hearted teasing in the name of humour or satire, but there is not room for pieces that insult anyone, are hurtful, or perpetuate racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, ableism, ageism, or religious discrimination. We also want all information published in The Melange to be factual, correct, and clear; please note that fact-checking and resulting edits for non-fiction pieces will be included in the editorial process.

CONTENT GUIDELINES

- Think about The Melange and all of its content as aiming to be **community-building**: when designing your submission, check with yourself: "Is this contribution supportive of my Artsci community?" (though your contribution doesn't have to be about Artsci!)
- If you want to create a piece on a faculty member, admin, student, or alumnus, please get their consent (and evidence of consent, to show our editors) for the specific way in which you will be portraying them before you create or submit your piece.
 - Note: Merely referring to an individual in passing (i.e. when they're not the subject of your piece) doesn't require formal consent, but please note that The Melange's editors reserve the right to edit these names out of a piece if their inclusion is inappropriate.
- Please aim to keep submissions under two pages/1000 words maximum. We will assess submissions on a case-by-case basis, but generally we are looking for short pieces.

We accept poetry, short stories, comic strips, recipes, humour and satire, book reviews, reflections, visual art, fun riddles or crossword puzzles, and any other categories of submissions you come up with! Be as creative as you want! We can't wait to enjoy your work.~

SUBMISSION AND EDITORIAL PROCESS

Submissions should be sent exclusively to themelangeartsci@outlook.com. Please attach your submission to the email as an online Word document and indicate in your message what type of submission it is (e.g. "historical fiction comic strip" or "interview with an Artsci alumnus"). If yours is a written piece, feel free to attach any images you would like to accompany it on the page or provide suggestions for accompanying illustrations for our team of artists to take on!

One of our editors will contact you directly within a few days of the contribution deadline to notify you whether there is space for your piece in the upcoming issue or whether we will need to save it for a future issue. If your piece is accepted, there will be a specific editorial timeline. We reserve the right to reject submissions if they do not follow our content guidelines.

Editors will work one-on-one with contributors to edit their pieces. There will be an initial round of edits, which the editor will return as feedback to the creator for any necessary or suggested revisions. A final draft will be sent from the creator back to the editor, who then will complete final touch-ups. Please be available to make revisions to your piece in the week following the contribution deadline, since our turnaround time for edits will be quick!

WIN A PRIZE BY DOING THIS SIMPLE HACK!

It's not clickbait, readers: as a special thank you for being such dedicated fans, we've devised a quest for you. Somewhere in this issue, we've hidden the Melange logo (pictured here): be the first to find it to win a signature Melange button! Send an email to themelangeartsci@outlook.com telling us where you found it for your chance to win. Happy perusing!



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Post-gym photo, October 2022

Dear Reader,

I write to you from a state of deep exhaustion, depersonalization, caffeineation, and desperation. If your last month has been anything like mine, you might be feeling as though you don't need to find a Halloween costume this year because you've been dressing up as yourself every day anyway. To that I say: so valid, bestie. Go off!

Undergrad is a busy experience for the average Artsci. If you find yourself stressed and overwhelmed, remember that humans were simply not built to work as much as is required of us in this high-pressure academic setting. If you find yourself needing to take a step back from your responsibilities, either by actually letting go of them or by bingeing the entire 11 seasons of *Riverdale*, remind yourself: *it's not me, it's neoliberalism*. Alternatively, if you defy the Artsci stereotype and have a wonderfully balanced life in which you wake up daily at 5:30am to drink tea while watching the sunrise, embrace the transcendence. You're killing it!

I have proofread every issue of The Melange since our founding back in 2020, which means I have proofread this magazine from various locations along the overwhelmed-transcended spectrum. I've gone into proofreading in a million different moods and emerged in a million other moods, but I am always blown away by the talent, passion, creativity, and dedication of Artscis. The October 2022 issue is no exception.

No matter how you feel today – peaceful, angry, bored, grateful, or especially spooky – the issue that awaits you will take you on an unexpected journey. Our journalists, editors, artists, and general contributors have poured their hearts into this one. I hope their efforts resonate with you and you find content in these pages that meets you where you are today.

Slay,

Elle Klassen & the Melange Editorial Team

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Editors: Anitra Bowman, Amarah Hasham-Steele, Charlotte Johnston, Elle Klassen, Emily O'Halloran, Navya Sheth
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OPINIONS AND OUTTAKES

Trend alert! Do you want to know what is spectacularly IN and what's devastatingly OUT for Fall 2022? Do you struggle with making decisions and want some opinionated writer to tell you what's what? Do you enjoy reading and potentially being playfully roasted by a piece of writing? If you answered yes to more than one of these questions, you are confirmed to be "In" this season and would probably enjoy reading my trend forecasting. If anything in the "Out" category is near and dear to your heart, fear not! You do you! If anyone makes fun of you for participating in outdated trends, just say it's camp and you should be in the clear.

IN:
Going to bed early
Phin Coffee's London fog tea lattes
Hamilton (the city)
@macfoodies Instagram account
Biology lectures
The bands that play in Westdale village
9-5 by Dolly Parton
Birkenstock Bostons, the uttermost sexiest shoe known to humankind
Dancing without caring about looking stupid
Food Basics (for the prices)
Fortinos (for every other aspect of grocery shopping)
Telling your homies you love them
Artsci Musical
BLUNDSTONES!! It's finally boot season!



OUT:
Noisy neighbours
Iced coffee
Hamilton (the musical)
The 1280 burrito bowl: increased price for decreased size and quality? (reported by my housemates who are very disappointed by what used to be their favourite on-campus food)
Biopics
The band kid vs. theatre kid rivalry. Accept it, you're both nerds
"My 5-9 before my 9-5" influencer grind culture tiktoks
Referring to footwear as "sexy"
Being embarrassed to contribute in class
Fortinos (it's expensive)
Food basics (have you ever bought a package of berries that didn't have a single rotten one?)
Homecoming street parties
Artsci Lit (RIP it isn't offered this year)
Blundstones. I finally found MY pair after sifting through twelve identical pairs of shoes at the front of every Artsci house

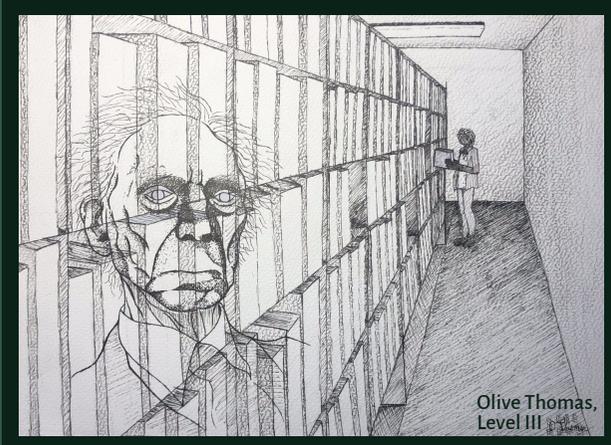
Getting to know your little sib
Understanding your Global Challenges readings
Overnight oats
Rayne Fisher-Quann's Substack
Pathetic fallacy
Going to the library with friends and actually getting some work done
Suspension of disbelief
Your Sib Family
Carabiners
Dorothy Parker
Mid-budget movies
Rewatching Gilmore Girls
Postcards
Losing your inhibitions
Miso soup
Wanting attention (controversial)
Talking about IBS
Earnestness
Committing to the bit
All the inquisitive minds you meet in Arts and Sciences



Words by Dani Wohl, Level III & Art by Jady Westenberg, Level II

The plastic-looking/smelling/tasting unicorn pudding at Sib BBQ. What has capitalism innovated to get us to this point
Neoliberalism...I think?
Spilling overnight oats on yourself because you were trying to eat breakfast while rushing to campus for an 8:30
Rain, fishing, hitting the quan, Substack
Pathologizing
That couple across from you at the library who are an inch away from making out. Friends, it is 10:30 am in Mills. Save that chaotic energy for Thode
Academic suspension
The Royal Family
Carelessness
Parking tickets
"Mid" as a descriptor term
Rory Gilmore
Post notifications from A2L
Losing your keys
Misogyny
Seeking attention (more controversial)
Talking about IB
Excessive cynicism
Committing to a combination
All the inquiry classes you couldn't get into

WHAT'S LURKING IN THE LIBRARY



Picture this: After a long night of painstakingly working through your Calc long answer homework, your eyes are drooping and you're nearly falling asleep when you hear the disembodied voice of Mills Library announce that it's time to go home. You stretch, gather your books, and are just about to head to the stairwell when you feel the slightest breeze on the back of your neck, almost as if someone had blown on it. You turn around but no one is there. In fact, the entire sixth floor appears to be deserted. You brush it off, telling yourself you imagined it: that's what too many hours of looking at differential equations will do to you. But as you descend the stairs, you can't ignore the eerie sensation that you're being watched, nor can you help but think about your friend who claims to have once seen a shadowy figure hovering between the Mills bookstacks....

Perhaps this experience sounds familiar to you. If so, you're not alone.

Now, if you're a skeptic, you may be thinking this is nothing more than a folk tale, spurred by confirmation bias and vivid, sleep-deprived imaginations. At one point, I may have been inclined to agree with you – that is, before I experienced evidence of McMaster's ghostly population for myself.

As part of my job in the Archives and Research Collections division of Mills Library, I've spent hours shelving books and boxes in the Mills basement. Often working alone in the massive, dimly lit bookstacks, I have noticed some odd phenomena: unexplained creaks, toilets flushing of their own accord, drafts of wind that don't seem to originate from any window or vent, and lights turning off and on by themselves. Once, I clearly heard the sound of footsteps around a corner, but when I turned, there was no one there. This was particularly strange given that it was a dead-end corridor; there was nowhere else a person could have gone other than directly into my path. Always, in these moments, I would be seized by the unsettling feeling that I was not alone.

Fascinated by all things paranormal and curious if others may share my experience, I did some investigation – and though the data was limited, I found some accounts eerily similar to my own. In a 2019 Facebook post from the McMaster University Alumni Association, a previous Mills employee described many of the same unnatural phenomena I have noticed: origin-less wind gusts blowing papers off desks, doors opening on their own, and the uncanny sensation of being watched (or even touched) by an unseen presence. Another reported observations even more bizarre: books floating across aisles and a "shadow figure" seen, on more than one occasion, hovering on the library's sixth floor. The comments of this Facebook post are filled with similar accounts.

So, it appears there may be a resident ghost (or a few) haunting Mills Library. But is it the only spirit lurking in the shadows of McMaster's halls? I did some internet digging, and it seems that many of Mac's buildings are allegedly inhabited by ghostly dwellers. Some tales go back decades. For example, there's the story of Anthony B. Percy, whose soul is said to haunt Wallingford Hall to this day. Percy was supposedly a Mac student who lived in Edwards Hall in 1934 and was dating Wallingford Resident Mary Baxter. As legend has it, Baxter found out that Percy was secretly engaged to another woman. Enraged and betrayed, she arranged a meeting with Percy in the Wallingford tea room, where the two had a heated argument that ended abruptly in a loud thud. When bystanders rushed in, Baxter was nowhere to be seen and Percy was found stuffed down the dumbwaiter, dead. While there doesn't appear to be any concrete documentation of the murder, it's nonetheless widely regarded as true among Wallingford residents, countless of whom have reported strange occurrences in the building over the decades: lights turning on and off by themselves, sounds of cries emanating from empty bathrooms, doors mysteriously unlocked, and shower curtains being thrown open by an unseen force. To many, it seems obvious that Percy's ghost is to blame.

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In other stories, the details are more vague. Some say they have heard screams and slamming doors in the basement of the arts quad, where the disembodied souls of the skulls dissected in the Anthro lab still roam the tunnels. There are accounts that the forest north of campus is haunted and many insist they have heard the cries of a homicide victim whose ghost haunts the Bates laundry room.

Are these tales truly evidence of ghosts at McMaster, or are they simply stories fabricated within the depths of our imaginations? We'll likely never know. Yet, it's not absurd to imagine that some wayward souls may be lurking in the shadows of a campus as long-standing as McMaster. So, the next time you're heading to class and you find yourself overcome with the inexplicable feeling that something -- or someone -- is lurking just out of sight, don't be so quick to disregard your instincts.

...

You may not be alone.

Molly Griesbach,
Level III



FATHER JOHN MISTY CONCERT REVIEW

I went to see Father John Misty on Tuesday. It was pouring rain. I went with my mom. We sat in the very back row, the cheap seats, the nosebleeds. For the first time ever my mom and I were an organized duo. We were early, we found parking, we got a drink, we went to the bathroom, and we sat down, all before they even dimmed the lights. We had even coincidentally coordinated our outfits. Red and black. The perfect concert colour combination.

I am very familiar with Father John Misty's music. In fact, I have actually seen him live prior to Tuesday. I want to say it was in 2017. He wore bare feet ("wore" bare feet?) and was a solo act. Just a man and his guitar. He played folky acoustic music while he stood in the middle of the stage and stayed there. He was riddled with talent, and it showed. This time he was different though—a band of 10 on stage. A brass section. 3 keyboards. Endless guitars. His musicians changed instruments in almost every song. He stopped midway through the concert to address this change, saying something along the lines of, "thanks for sticking around despite all the curveballs I keep throwing at you." We just keep catching them, I guess. How could you not when he has never really missed, just transformed? He played song after song perfectly.

Whenever I go to concerts, I get this weird guilty feeling when the artist gets an influx of applause on their old popular songs relative to their new album (aka the one that is actually being toured). At first, I felt this with Father John Misty. He opened with three songs from his previous albums and then started to introduce his newer songs into the setlist. After flawlessly executing one song after the next he finally spoke to the audience. He told us that in a space like this (Roy Thomson Hall) one can't help but listen to themselves. Basically, he sounded good and he knew it. The acoustics in a room like this, designed for the sounds of symphonies, were epic. His sound was intimate, profound, and generous. He sounded like he does when I play his music through my headphones, but this time he was right in front of me, literally waltzing across the stage. I didn't feel guilty; he looked satisfied. He was playing his setlist, but he was listening to it too.

The concert played out the end like a musical, instrumentally congratulating each member of his ten-man band as the audience clapped with increasing enthusiasm for each one. They all left the stage. My mom and I continued to cheer, awaiting the encore. We voiced our impressions to each other. Affirmations like, "wow, he's kind of a genius," and, more passionately, "he got up there and just told an entire, intimate, wacky, dramatic story."

When he returned to the stage, due to our uproarious cheer (isn't that what we all reason it's for?), he came alone. He tuned his guitar, said that he hadn't played this song in a while, and told us to bear with him because he was taking a risk. He then proceeded to precisely define the word vulnerability. He played "I went to the store one day". His voice was honest and his guitar gentle. The song was merciless. Either his marketing team just cued a brilliantly tragic end to the play I had just attended, or Josh Tillman had decided that this performance was important and the audience worth taking a chance on. This is what we all crave. It is the purpose of music and poetry. It makes us feel seen and unique, all alone and all together all at once.

Isabel Richards,
Level I

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FOR THE LOVE OF THE PUMPKIN (CUPCAKES) PATCH

I want to go to a pumpkin patch. I've always loved carving pumpkins; the yearly contest at my elementary school is where I truly shone. While I *technically* never won an award (a decision I still contest to this day), every Fall I counted down the days to the gourd gauntlet. I reveled in the responsibility of handling 1) my hollowed-out pumpkin and 2) a school-sanctioned knife. Rather than farms, my pumpkin patches through these contest years were the stands in grocery stores. No complaints at all though. Good teammates, in my case lovely parents, have the power to make grocery store pumpkin-picking just as exciting as the patch. For anyone who doesn't have a pumpkin patch perusal planned, I encourage you to keep reading. Join me on a journey through the pumpkin patch (and get a recipe for Pumpkin Cupcakes along the way).

Pumpkin patch parking lots: the beginning of the journey. (Preheat your oven to 350° F). Stepping out of the car, the world already smells like hay and straw. The air is dry and grainy, swirling with dust from the bales lining the lot. (Put 1 cup flour, ¾ cup sugar, 1 TBSP baking powder, 1 ½ tsp ground cinnamon, a pinch salt, and 3 TBSP butter in an electric mixer with a paddle attachment and beat on slow speed to a sandy consistency).

The journey from the lot to the patch can seem like a marathon in itself. Perhaps they offer a tractor or truck ride, perhaps not. Pumpkins sometimes demand sacrifice. Besides, the walk isn't bad at all. There's crisp Fall air, the smell of cinnamon apple cider, beautiful scenery, and the sound of folk-like music playing in the distance. Why not add taste to our senses too? It's an outing! Go and get some apple cider. (Gradually pour ½ cup whole milk (or milk alternative) into the dry ingredients and beat until well mixed. Add 2 eggs (or ½ cup applesauce) and beat well. Stir in 6 ½ oz canned pumpkin puree by hand until evenly dispersed).

Now we've reached the fields: the pinnacle of your trip. Before you stretch pumpkin fields for what feel like miles. You can keep walking and walking and walking, and you'll still be surrounded by pumpkins. Don't feel overwhelmed: there is no wrong choice. Tall, short, wide, oval, dented. Your perfect pumpkin is yours alone. Take your time to choose and don't rush. The patch will wait for you. (Spoon the batter into lined cupcake pans until ¾ full and bake in the oven for about 20 mins, or until light golden and the cake bounces back when touched).

You now have your pumpkin. Savour in carrying it back to the car. Let the pumpkin speak to you and listen to its stories; it's been growing for a while and has knowledge we can't dream of. Feel any dents on its sides and the texture of its stem. Knock and listen for the slight echo. The smell of a newly-picked pumpkin is so different from the smell of its insides: just the right mix of dirt, rain, plant, and autumn. (Let the cupcakes cool slightly in the pan before turning out onto a wire rack to cool completely).

During the car ride home, take your time to plan what to do with your pumpkin. What is its purpose? Decor? Carving? Pumpkin seeds? It will be perfect at whatever you've planned for it. It is your pumpkin, after all. Don't feel guilty if the intention is carving: it knows this is one of its purposes and understands. (In a medium bowl, mix 8 oz regular cream cheese and 6 TBSP butter. Add 3 cups icing sugar and mix until there are no lumps. Stir in 1 tsp vanilla extract).

Sit your pumpkin on a table when you get home and take time to observe it from all angles. Is there one perspective that is more what you're looking for? Revel in the journey you've taken. Farm or store, you now have your pumpkin and your plan. It will be marvelous. (When the cupcakes are cool, spread with the cream cheese icing and sprinkle with cinnamon).

I can't wait for the familiarity of pumpkin-carving season. Hopefully by the time you're reading this, I will have a pumpkin of my own on the table to marvel at. Maybe even from a journey to a patch. Strange how so many lovely and large feelings can come from a vegetable sitting in my house – more than a little odd when you think about it. That doesn't matter, however. It's my pumpkin. By the way, if you make these cupcakes, let me know how they are. I wouldn't know. I don't really like the taste of pumpkins.

Tess Macdonald,
Level III



Ally Pei-Middleton,
Level I

Risk Evaluation

UNDER A CRABAPPLE TREE

The crosswalk over Main at Bowman is divided into two stages, which alternate without overlapping. This means that pedestrians must stop between the westbound and eastbound lanes, seven in total, of Hamilton's commercial artery. A midway island in a rushing asphalt river, it's an unpleasant place to be, no matter the weather. When I'm not checking if I have my keys, I pass the time on the island by looking out for custom license plates. It's my favourite fishing spot.

After making it to my side of Main, I can either cross Bowman to the left, where cars are passing through in three directions, or I can continue straight on the sidewalk and get home about a minute later. Visiting this tree requires that I choose the safe option.

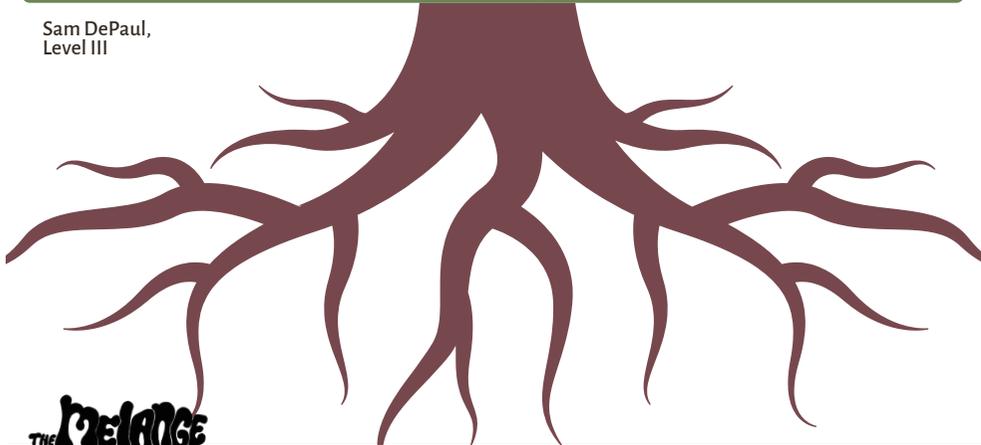
I have trouble picturing a good stretch of this walk in my mind. It must be one of those "liminal spaces" everyone's talking about: not so much a place on its own as a way of getting from one point to another. I suppose I don't feel the same way about the crosswalk island because I'm forced to pause and take in my surroundings there. Here in the neighbourhood, it's shady and quiet and I'm in motion. Not enough time to think. Before long, I'm on the lower segment of Westwood, another two-part leg of my trip.

Compared to my end of the street, the trees are taller here, and the front lawns are farther-reaching. The crabapple tree, or whatever a student of the trees would call it, is up ahead. If it's a windy day, I can hear the fruits hitting the pavement as I approach its understory. On stiller days, it's just as tense. My path runs straight through the drop zone; I can't help but smile. I could choose to go one way or another, but neither are without hazard. Why do I react more to the thought of a crabapple falling on me than to the thought of being hit by a car? The ride is over before I get the chance to think too hard.

The rest of the walk involves an awkward, uninviting diagonal traversal of another street, where everyone wants to turn left or back into a driveway or blow through the stop sign on a midweek morning. A couple of crabapples have found their way via human propulsion onto the open road. Last week I saw a red squirrel carrying one in its mouth as it crossed directly above me; the fruit was larger than its head. How far does a fruit like that travel in the wild? I'm home soon enough, rifling for my keys at the bottom of my backpack as I step up the porch.

With just a few exceptions, such as jaywalking on Main Street, you could say that all risk is relative. I like to think that I take a healthy amount of risks in my life. Each version of my campus commute is rife with social and physical liabilities, which I'm satisfied with for now. Should that ever change, though, I could always pick up a crabapple and eat it on the way.

Sam DePaul,
Level III



THE MELANGE

PART ONE

That sounds depressing. Especially on 109 W 27th St, New York.
That sounds depressing. Especially in my therapist's office.
Your words match the rug. Dirty.
Any chance you could turn down the depressing #%&!#@?

That sounds disgusting. Get out.
I'm getting tired. Get out.
I think I had your cousin for dinner last night.
You're wilting like the spinach on my plate.

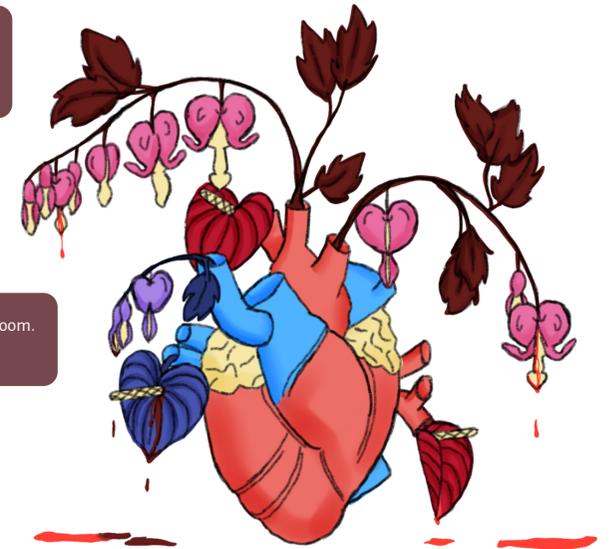
I ask you out for a drink.
The room is spinning.
You wait till the bar closes
—before your teeth start falling.

You sound depressing, especially in my living room.
You sound depressing, especially in my head.

Your mom is calling
It's getting late.
Your dad is at the airport.
I ask you if you want more.

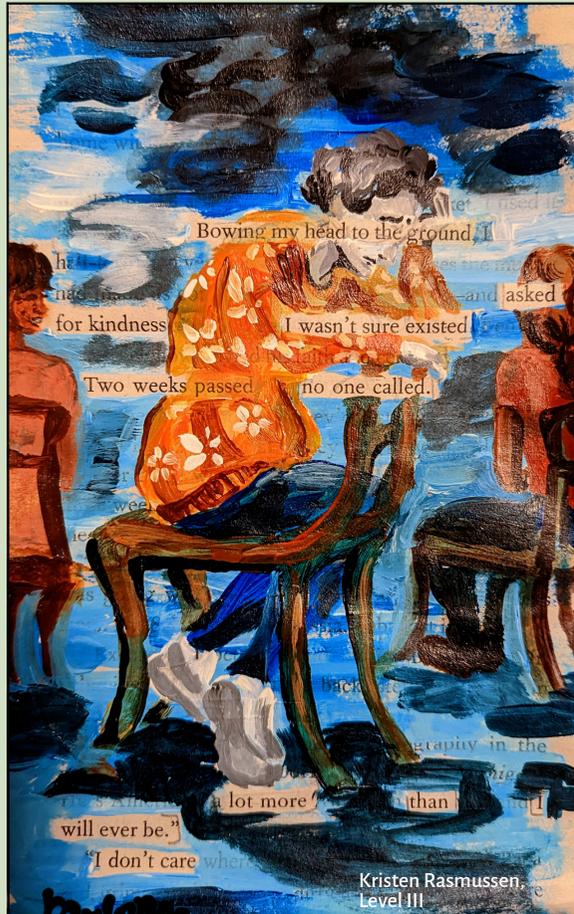
Your heart matches the plants
In the dark corner, gasping.

Ekta Mishra,
Level III



Jayda Hewitt,
Level II

LOVE, YOUR ALMOST-FRIEND



Kristen Rasmussen,
Level III

CW: death, suicide, mental illness

Author's note: this is a fictionalized and metaphorical account and does not reference an actual death

Dear Roshan,

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry that I didn't pay attention to you while you were here and have only learned more about you now that you're gone. I didn't realize being here brought you so much pain. I didn't recognize your feelings because you never vocalized them. But then again, how can feelings be vocalized in a space where all of us sat so upright and acted like we were fine?

I remember you in first year. I remember you rushing home after class each day because you were always low on time, but still doing your best to get to know all of us when you could. I remember the bright colours you wore and how you'd always sit in the front row ... but all of us fought to be in the front row, anyway!

I wouldn't have guessed that anything was wrong until your passing, when your journals were revealed to us.

You had to rush off after class each day so you could head to the library near your house and study until closing. Why didn't you tell any of us you needed help? Was it because we seemed like we were a lot smarter? You also said we sat in cliques and were unapproachable. I remember you joining us a few times, though! Wasn't it okay?

You wrote that it wasn't. You wrote that you'd only get a single word in during study sessions; that you were invisible in our intimate spaces. In a space where we were all supposed to be close friends, you felt outcast. You said you'd felt outcast all your life, but I guess this time was the most painful. You had to watch all the outsiders in first year become insiders over the years until you were left alone.

Still, you were here now and there was no use in transferring elsewhere. You focused on your studies and your friends from high school, but you realized it wasn't okay. The campus grounds became painful to walk on and you couldn't wait for the second you had your diploma so you could leave in peace.

These thoughts you had, you hated them. You hated yourself for having them. You wondered if you were being dramatic and you decided it was your fault. You said you hadn't made much of an effort to get along with us, but I would disagree. I know you had a few friends because they'd tell me about you. You'd meet them for coffee or you'd go to their places near campus. You made a good effort!

It didn't feel like enough, I guess. So, you applied for clubs. You applied to be a rep and you applied to everything and anything that interested you and one by one, email after email, you were rejected. Blacklisted. You felt like you were blacklisted in a space that seemingly, by the power of destiny, had chosen you.

And now you're gone.

I miss you, Roshan. I know we didn't talk much, but I always knew of your presence. Now, knowing why you're gone, and even that you're gone, makes me feel empty and regretful. This isn't a perfect place. I don't know why we acted like it was.

I hope people will wake up now, but sadly I don't think we will. It's likely we'll march on with our 'everything's ok!' masks forever, me included. We're all too scared and tired to do anything. And for that, I'm sorry. I know an apology isn't enough, but I'm sorry.

I hope wherever you are now, you're no longer lonely. I hope you know that someone here knows your story.

Love,
Your almost-friend.

Roya Motazedian,
Level IV

Feelings of impending doom

suffocate me

the practical way out is to brace yourself and plunge into the unknown

the first shock of cold dread is the worst of it

it's a steady rise to the surface from there

(that's a lie — it's an obstacle course)

at least it's easier to breathe

anything would be better than my solution:

hold your breath and ignore

the feelings of impending doom

pressing in, getting closer

how long can you hold your breath before you drown?



Kristen Rasmussen,
Level III

Words by Alice Qiu,
Level I

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SILVER ISLET ODYSSEY

Tell me a story with your lonely voice.
Love, tell me how the rain fell without rest
on that cold November shore, and how it
gave way to steaming mornings and hot tea.
Tell me how the steam rose from the teacup
and how it curled, and how it bent to weave
so tightly through the story that even
now the words are damp. It does not have to
be good, it does not have to be your own.
Only tell it again, love, and again.

Years ago, the shores of that fickle lake
Wound and turned and cracked under foaming
waves and wind. This lake of many names, this
lake called Gitchee-Gumee, called Superior,
called hungry, capricious and life-giving,
does not give up her dead. Listen close,
and you may hear the pickaxe matching its
strike with the crashing of the waves.

Deep beneath the ever-watching giant,
under the gaze of silver-tinged rivers,
men pummel and hack at reluctant earth.
It does not want to yield: machinery
keeps those long hands of the lake at bay,
humming and whirring in protest at its
unrelenting will. The men that claw and
hack at the stone are afraid; others turned
down their chance at fear. They will never own
the heavy silver riches that they seek,
even as wealth weeps from obstinate stone.

Hot silver tears flowed from the earth when the
cold water rushed inside the mine. The mine
was to the lake a yawning open wound,
blood bleeding, hard rock streaming, and still the
mine remains. Scars still visible, pale blue
from the sky, festering yellow from the
ground. The length of time it has been there does
not matter: only that it has been long.

Jadyn Westenberg,
Level II

THE MELANGE



Caught in this love affair between a cold
lake and maddening time, these old workers
stood at the beginning of the world and looked
out at empty sky. Their journey home would
never end: with this new world at their feet,
they followed silver tracks, smooth as a sea,
To a land that will never be theirs.

Tell me more about this lonely story.
These endless forces, divided from time
and space the same, have no ending to their
twisted tales. If you look closely at the lake,
you just might see the rising steam from the
mine still, permeating this place, this time.
The truth of this story does not matter—
only that it was told, and will be again.
This story has an ending, here with you.
Thanks for listening. I'll boil the kettle.

Charlotte Johnston,
Level IV

— The People I Live With —

I don't think this makes for good poetry.

It's just a love letter to the people who listened to me talk, for the third time this week, about the belted kingfisher I saw last Tuesday.

The same people who smile with a thumbs up at every footwear change before we leave the house, knowing very well I'll choose the same pair of fancy boots I started with.

Or who carry home my chocolate chips after intramurals, when I'm a little bit sick and have my arms full of milk.

So, I'll make them apple cake, and we'll have just enough forks to go around.

Whisper plans in the kitchen and try to tell them I care.

Add a little splash of milk to their tea as I hover nearby,

Flustered and wondering how life ever existed before.

Flynn O'Dacre,
Level III



VOLUME 3 NO.2

THE VARIOUS EXPECTATIONS VS. REALITIES OF FIRST YEAR

Next stop... Sterling @ University
(for your safety, please wear your seatbelt and don't drink and drive.)



Commuting

Listening to music as you look out the bus window, imagining yourself as the main character in a music video

Pausing your music every 2 minutes to listen for the upcoming stop (you've missed your stop once before. Never again.)

Having FOMO while you're off campus, people feeling bad for you because you don't live in res

Hearing about the person who was washing their underwear and dishes in the same washroom sink and taking a second to be grateful that you don't live in res

Mornings

Waking up at 8:00am every morning, going for a long walk, eating a healthy, balanced breakfast with enough time to spare to talk to the birds and raccoons on your way to class, living your best Disney princess life

Your first class is at 12:30pm. The walk there is 6 minutes. You set your morning alarm for exactly 12:24pm. The only animal you talk to is yourself in the mirror

Studying

Spending the days studying in the library by the fireplace, listening to classical music as you work, dressing like a professor in the 1900s and looking mysterious and cool with your coffee, projecting dark academia vibes

Studying until 7:00am in the residence study rooms with sweet potato fries and a Bistro 2 Go iced coffee, re-reading the same sentence for 2 hours, checking on the other person in the room every so often to make sure they remember to blink

Residence life

Worrying about brushing your teeth in front of people in the communal washrooms, hoping they don't think you're gross

Seeing someone actually, literally, fully cleaning their underwear and washing their dishes in the same washroom sink

Being excited to move into Les Prince after seeing the room tour videos online

Braving a five-day trek to get anywhere else on campus

Being worried about Wallingford having no AC, people saying you're "missing out" because it's an all-girls residence

Living your best dark academia life while studying in the Tea Room, feeling safe in your all-girls community, and having great CAs (WALLY REPRESENT)

Thinking living in Matthews will be fine and dandy

you are lost. how do you get around this place. all the walls look the same. i swear i walked past this room like three times already. where am i. what are those glowing eyes in the dark at the end of the hall

Thinking Brandon Hall life will be normal

Cymbro Central™



Clubs

Going to ClubsFest to learn about all the cool clubs that match your interests

Signing up for 15 clubs you have no interest in joining because you felt bad

Being a dedicated journalist for the student-run Artsci magazine, The Melange

Forgetting to send in your first piece on time and leaving the editors hanging until you wake up in the middle of the afternoon

Highschool

Worried because highschool was years ago for you, but that's okay—university is a place for new knowledge to bloom!

Feeling your heart ache a bit harder each time the professor says "you should remember this from highschool"

Welcome Week

The cheers being typical, cute little High School Musical-esque cheers

"YO0000UUUUUR'EE HOT, YO0000UUUUUR'EE HOT" "WE PUT THE CULT IN FACULTY" "WE'RE SO HOT AND SEXYYYYYY"

Courses

Feeling a lil nervous for POK and not knowing what to expect, your only reference being the stories from upper years which aren't any more clarifying

Dr. Hoult being a ray of sunshine with an inspiring level of passion for the subject, the TAs getting used to the new course structure at the same time you are

Dreading university calculus

Sitting in class and wondering what you did to deserve to bask in the teaching glory of Dr. Harada, who goes the full mile and more to make sure you understand every concept

Not knowing what Writing is about

Not knowing what Writing is about

Worried about not being "woke" enough to be in Global Challenges Inquiry

Realizing you're not expected to be "woke" coming in to the course—also, Dr. Marquis and Dr. Savelli hair game STRONG

Faculties

Being thrilled that you're a part of the McMaster Arts & Science program

Having to explain what Arts & Science is to every person you cross

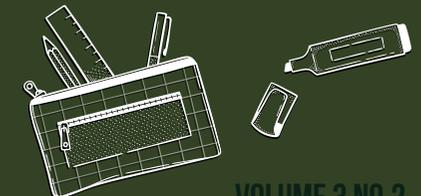
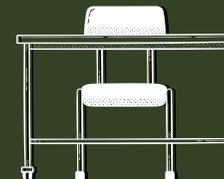
Not expecting to get along with the Eng students

The iBiomed kids being the coolest people you'll ever meet

Expecting some sort of superiority battle between Artscis and Healthscis

Heartsci <3

Words by Ishmeet Johal, Level I &
Art by Jayda Hewitt, Level II



LAST-MINUTE HALLOWEEN COSTUME IDEAS



Happy Halloween, Artsci! Between the costumes, the candy, the pumpkin carving, and the generally spooky energy, Halloween has to be one of my favourite days of the whole year. Unfortunately, despite my Halloween spirit, I've had many a year where the occasion has slipped my mind, and I've found myself on October 30 without the slightest inkling of a costume idea. If you're finding this a bit too relatable, never fear! You can learn from my mistakes. I've prepared a list of the best last-minute Halloween costumes, assembled entirely from your closet.

(1) JUGHEAD FROM RIVERDALE

Are the kids still watching Riverdale anymore? I have no idea. But, with just the right amount of irony, I think this one can work in 2022. Just grab a beanie that you're willing to part with and cut it into the iconic crown shape. Combine that with a T-shirt, jeans, and a denim jacket, and you've got yourself a costume.

Pros: built from wardrobe staples, instantly recognizable, potentially funny.

Cons: you will never be able to wear that beanie again. Also, I can't promise that sixteen-year-olds won't laugh at you for this.



(2) FEARLESS (TAYLOR'S VERSION)

Well, any Taylor Swift album could work, really. But (at risk of angering any dissenting Taylor Swift fans), I think Fearless is her most iconic. Grab some jeans, a white shirt, and a guitar pick. If you're really going all-out, you can even curl your hair for this one.

Pros: you'd be celebrating the release of her new album (wooo!).

Cons: depending on how well you execute this, you might just end up looking like a cowgirl. Although, I guess that would be a costume too...



(3) A TREE

Didn't take trees inquiry and regretting it now? All may not be lost! With some brown pants and a green shirt, you can truly become one with nature. You can keep the costume simple, or you can dress it up with some tree-themed face paint, some green accessories, or some leaves that you found on the ground.

Pros: you're celebrating nature and looking cute while doing it. Also, this one has particularly last-minute potential – gather some leaves on your way to that Halloween party, and you're good to go.

Cons: literally none.



Amarah Hasham-Steele,
Level III



AN ARTSCI'S CALENDAR

MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN
October 24				The Melange October issue launch! trees inquiry reading assignment #2	halloween (part 1)	halloween (part 2)
HALLOWEEN economics essay proposal due environmental policy inquiry #2	NOVEMBER law school applications due :)	go to the Spirit Halloween clearance sale	November issue submissions due	finally get around to listening to midnights	guy fawkes night	remember to pick up sweaters from home
environmental policy final policy brief	creative writing researching content assignment lunar eclipse	tech I peer review	go buy a poppy	remembrance day last day to withdraw from classes without failure by default trees research presentations begin	leg day	ouch
environmental policy inquiry #3	digital society slides due	laundry	physics quiz #2	calculus test #2 buddhism essay due	international "most googled term on international women's day" day	sleep in
consume lots of vitamin c (can't get sick AGAIN)	sag season begins :>)	SPT term essay (feedback deadline) POK take home assignment #2	american thanksgiving	black friday The Melange November issue launch!		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

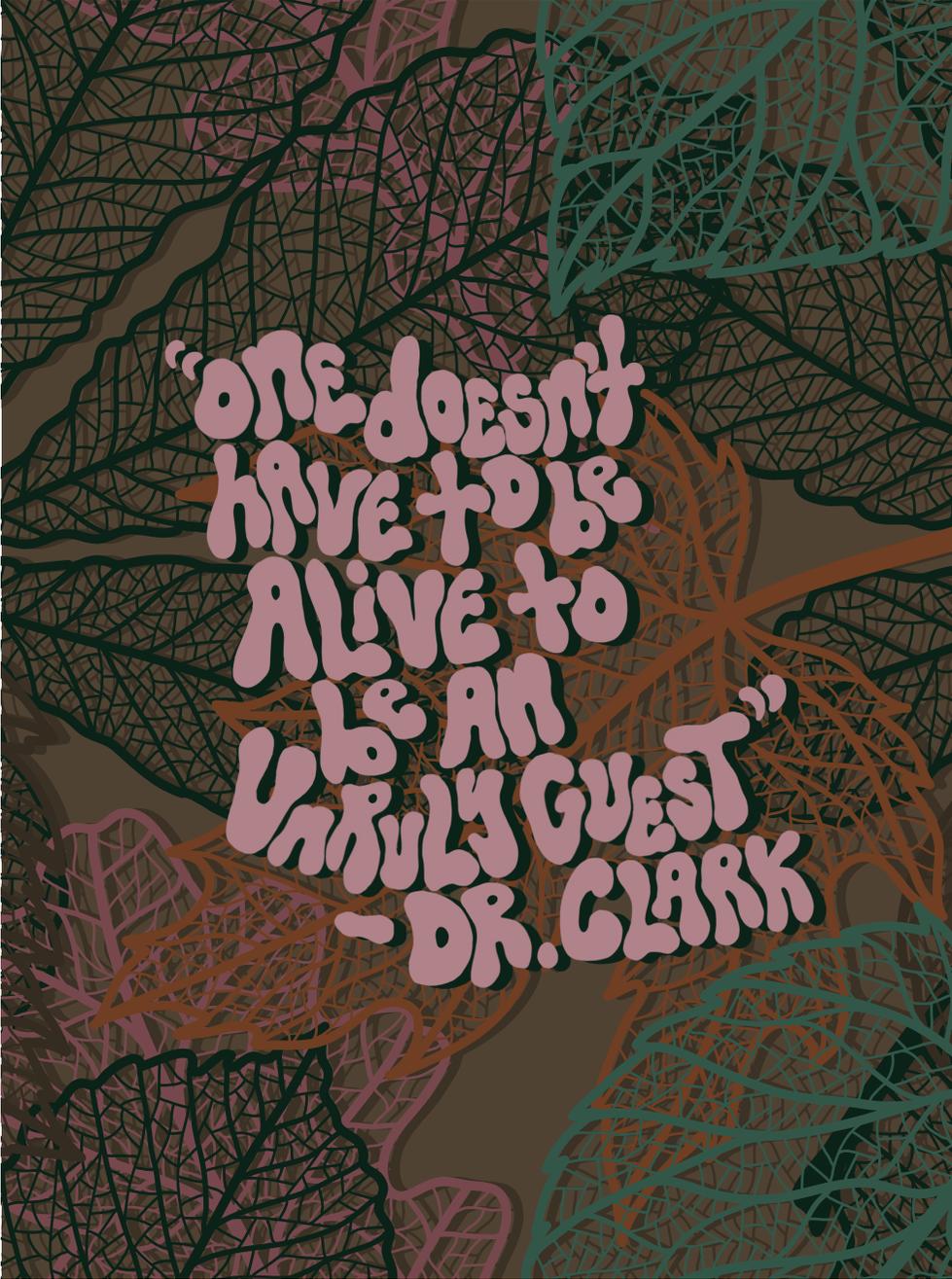
NOVEMBER 3rd

Hey Artsci! Are the increasingly dark evenings inspiring you to do some creative writing or artwork? Good news! The Melange is seeking submissions for our November issue, and do you hear that? It has a theme, and that theme is audio and sound!

- This means you can submit:
- Written pieces with an audio subject or theme
 - Written pieces with accompanying sound files (spotify link, birdsong, soundscapes, etc.)
 - Lyrics of an original song with an audio file to accompany them
 - Audio files no longer than 4 minutes (short interviews on the streets of McMaster? Voice notes? Celebrity impressions?)
- Please note that due to the difficulty of editing these types of submissions, we may reject them if we cannot find a space that works. If you have questions or concerns, please let us know and we will work with you! It's very likely we'll be able to find a solution.

- Submission details:
- Submissions are due November 3rd at 11:59pm
 - Send pieces to themelangebyartsci@outlook.com
 - Pieces should be formatted as a Microsoft Word document with editing access enabled for all McMaster email addresses
 - Written pieces should be no longer than 2 pages or 1000 words
 - Once submitted, we'll confirm their acceptance and connect you with an editor. Expect to spend some time asynchronously reviewing your piece in the weeks following submission.

Truly anything goes, as long as it's under 1000 words/4 minutes and written from a place of kindness! Feel free to email themelangebyartsci@outlook.com with any questions, or for inspiration/feedback on ideas. To get a better sense of what the magazine is all about, you can also consult past issues here: <https://issuu.com/artscimelange>. The Melange is a space for all Artsci students to use their voice, share their work, and highlight our wide range of talents and interests. We encourage everyone to submit their work, regardless of experience with artwork or writing.



"ONE DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE
ALIVE TO
BE AN
UNRULY GUEST"
- DR. CLARK