

6 hours of psychedelic music

ZARIN RAYHANA

When I first signed up for 6 hours of psychedelia, I was a little intimidated. I have never done anything of this sort. On the other hand, what better way to spend the night for a night owl? Hence, I started at precisely 10 PM, sitting in front of a haphazardly placed pile of books on my study table.

HOURL 1

The first track is called "Dawna", which is from Morphine's album *Cure for Pain*. The song starts with a pleasantly low saxophone note, and after a while I hear a voice that literally says, "I hear a voice." Thankfully, I instantly take a liking to the song. After listening to a few more songs from the album, I can't believe myself. How come I have not heard any of these before? I repeat the song "In Spite of Me" a few times, downright mesmerised by the mellow voice of Mark Sandman.

HOURL 2

It's Tame Impala hour, and I am listening to "It's Not Meant To Be" while studying Biology. I am not one of those people to usually listen to music while studying, but the music doesn't hamper me much, and I have started liking the experience. I fall in love with a particular chorus from "Desire Be Desire Go". It says, "Back and forth; what's it for; I don't know."

Deep.

HOURL 3

I study as Pink Floyd plays. Mom comes to check up on me, ensuring that I am actually studying and not texting on my phone. At this point, I must say I am utterly in love with psychedelic music. I almost feel transported to another dimension. Like my life finally has a meaning. I feel like I am privy of a Great Secret.

HOURL 4

Pink Floyd is still playing. Never before I knew that it was possible to feel physical pain in your ears. I make myself some coffee as I internally try to reel away from the dull pain. But I have to keep listening. I text my friends, hoping it will keep me distracted.

HOURL 5

Texting my friends has actually been a good distraction. I am listening to the album *I'm in Your Mind Fuzz* by King Gizzard & the Lizard Wizard, and I am thankful that my ears haven't started bleeding already. The songs are honestly not as weird as the band's name. I put "Satan Speeds Up" on repeat. Despite the caffeine running through my system, my eyes have started to close in on themselves. What sorcery is this?

HOURL 6

The sky is midnight blue, and as Black Market Karma plays, I feel a sudden rush of unnamed emotions throughout me. The chilly breeze blows through the window, merciless to my already numb ears. All the lights in my neighbourhood are out except mine, making me feel strangely rebellious and unvanquished. Suddenly, I don't feel sleepy anymore. Is this what it feels like to be awake and alive?

Zarin Rayhana likes to spend her time by pondering over alternative theories about the universe instead of studying for school. Send her your theories at ericaavianazarin@gmail.com



How to be a BETTER FAN

WASIQUE HASAN

You couldn't tell by looking, but humans are very supportive creatures. So supportive, in fact, that we ~~always~~ sometimes go overboard with our overbearing love. This is especially the case when people are ardent fans of any artist/personality/series.

Today we're going to look at some of the ways most diehard fans could be less crazy. If you start to recognise yourself in some of these descriptions, you could try to change yourself for the better. Or you could send a strongly worded email to 4nobody2cares0@gmail.com

DON'T HATE ON NEW FANS

Music fans are often guilty of this: in most fanbases there is an unspoken hierarchy that rears its ugly head when there are new members. That's when you realise it's less of a community and more of a guild.

There are the Peasants - ones who have only listened to a few songs. You have your Apprentices, listeners of all the albums. Then there are the Lieutenants, who have bought every article of merchandise ever released. Finally, you have the Guild Masters - the real OG's, who were fans since they were in the womb. They have a shrine dedicated to the artist, and regularly break into the artists' houses to collect more trinkets for their shrines, only because they love them, of course.

If you're one of these people, maybe you could try to not judge the strength of someone's love for the artist based on how long they've been a fan. Not only will this encourage more people to try out the artists' work, but someone you've encouraged could end up becoming the next Guild Master.

INSULTS AHOY

Toxic fans have the habit of believing the thing they support is better than all its contemporaries, especially in the case of football clubs and

movie/comic franchises. That's fine, since everyone has a preference. The problem starts when you start *defending* your franchise of choice by insulting the *other* franchises.

Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against roasting your opponents. It's incredibly fun to watch the life drain out of someone's eyes when you deliver a particularly devastating burn.

However, for some fans, this is all they can do. Their supported franchises rarely have any boast-worthy features, so they get off on insulting other franchises. At one point, you can predict what they'll say.

Instead of being this predictable, how about you learn to not let your self-esteem determine how you respond to criticism? You could start by realising not everyone will have the same preferences as you, instead of turning every conversation into a verbal Mexican standoff. The best thing for everyone would be if you learned to take criticism on the chin and move on.

TO BE FAIR

You have to have a very high IQ to understand my articles. The humour is extremely subtle, and without a solid grasp of memes most of the jokes will go over a typical reader's head. There's also this nihilistic outlook, which is deftly woven into my characterisation - my personal philosophy draws heavily from Stephanie Meyer's literature, for instance. The fans understand this stuff; they have the intellectual capacity to truly appreciate the depths of these jokes, to realise that they're not just funny, they say something deep about life.

As a consequence people who dislike me truly *are* idiots - of course they wouldn't appreciate, for instance, the humour in his existential catchphrase "Skrattar Du, Forlorar Du" which itself is a cryptic reference to the Swedish philosopher Felix Kjellberg. I'm smirking just imagining one of those addlebrained simpletons scratching their heads in confusion as my genius wit unfolds itself on the newspaper.

This is an example of an elitist (or your everyday *Richard and Mortimer* fan). Annoying, right? Don't be this guy. That's all folks.

