

# QG **PARKOUR YOUR WAY TO IMMORTALITY**

DON'T EAT + YELLOW SNOW

**LOVE  
IS  
DEAF**

ONE RAPPER'S  
IMMACULATE  
DEVOTION  
TO HIS CRAFT

**IMPROVE  
YOUR GOLF GAME**  
WITH SADISM  
AND BRUTALITY

WHY YOU SHOULD  
**CUT YOUR  
DAMN HAIR**

**4 SLICK  
TIPS**  
TO APPROACH  
THAT  
GYM HOTTIE



# Hedgehog Suits



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# MUTINY!

LEARN HOW TO  
CORRUPT  
YOUR PEERS  
AND ELIMINATE  
YOUR BOSSES!

## SUSAN REVEALS HOW SHE:

- BRAINWASHED SEAN WILLETT AND EXTORTED MICHAEL GRONDIN TO BE HER MINIONS
- DROVE MORGAN SHANDRO INSANE WITH PERPETUAL DESK CLUTTER
- KILLED OFF TAYLOR MCKEE WITH POISONED TIRAMISU
- THREW SARAH DORCHAK TO RAVENOUS NUTV BROADCAST-ZOMBIES
- ARRANGED TAMARA COTTLE'S ASSASSINATION BY ELEPHANT NINJAS DURING HER VACATION IN THAILAND

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PHOTO: LOUIE VILLANUEVA

# QG April

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Sunglasses by **Douché and Banana**. Watch by **Climbex**. Sweater by **Hairy Rosen**. Boxers by **Executive Crotch Products**. Belt by **Crocodile Slayers Fine Leather**. Jeans by **Old Navy**. Checkered emo slippers by **Sk8 Life Footwear**.

## Esteemed Council of Metrosexuals

Michael Grondin  
Tobias Ma  
Dawn Muenchrath  
Sean Sullivan  
Louis Villanueva  
Sean Willet  
Curtis Wolff



# M

## Man With Club

### How to: Win a Game of Golf

-->Spring is almost upon us and with it the return of everyone's all-time favourite competitive sport: golf. Soon it will be time to take the clubs out of the closet, head out to the course with three of your closest enemies, drink copious amounts of beer and laugh hysterically as each of you slice a ball into nearby lakes and rivers. But never forget, golf is a deadly serious game, one which you must win at all costs.

Many believe the key to winning at golf is reducing the number of strokes it takes to complete 18 holes, however, beyond wearing the latest Tiger Woods sports attire or dressing up like a proper Scotsman there is little you can do to easily improve your game. Remember, golf is a serious competition, so if you can't win by decreasing your score, you must resort to increasing your opponents'.

Here are a few well-honed tactics you can implement.



# 1

### Spiked Beer

--> You'll have six opportunities to slip a little something extra into your adversaries' drinks: the first beer before tee-off, at the clubhouse after the ninth hole and the four or so times the beer girl swings by on the course — just select an appropriate narcotic. Remember that some substances require longer to take effect than others, so the earlier in the game you spike the beer the better.

# 2

### Fake Golf Balls

-->If you couldn't get your hands on any psychedelic drugs or your opponents' tolerance was much higher than you anticipated, another solution is to slip a joke golf ball or two into your opponents' bags. There are a variety of joke balls to choose from, but the most common are the exploding ball, the jetstream and the unputtable. The jetstream releases a long ribbon, a dead giveaway that you are tampering with their game, so limit yourself to the other two.



# 3

### Sabotaged golf clubs

-->Golf is no different than war in that victory lies in preparation. You can plan ahead if you know a game of golf is approaching. Take a saw over to your opponents' homes and cut each golf club just below the head. Don't cut all the way through! Leave just enough of the shaft so that the head won't come off until your enemies tee off. It is recommended you leave the nine-irons and putters untouched — you don't want to deprive your opponent of all clubs as that will bring the game to a premature end with no clear victor.

# 4

### Beagles

-->So your buddies were concealing the skill of being able to drive a ball 200 yards with a nine iron? Don't panic. Remember the three Ps: preparation, preparation, preparation. You must keep a few secrets of your own. Nothing will discourage your opponents quicker than repeatedly watching a "stray" beagle — one that you've trained in secret over the winter months — fetch their golf balls off the fairway.

QG  
SMARTY PANTS



Adventure

# Excuse Me While I Look Down On You

By day he is just a student. But at night, he is known as a campus explorer. LEM SPORTSINTERVIEW enters a world few even knew existed.



--> **AS I STEP** outside on a brisk spring night, I remember how much better I am than everyone else. While most know me as a lowly engineering student with a 4.0 GPA and a Mercedes Benz that my dad bought me, few know me as the pioneer of the coolest and most badass thing ever conceived: Campus Exploring or, as I brilliantly call it, CampEx. However, that is about to change, since I am now writing an article about it.

I take off along the path leading to the Olympic Oval, smirking at the oblivious sheeple (get it? Sheep-people) that I pass. They know nothing of CampEx. In fact, you probably know nothing of it either, since I haven't told you what it is yet. However, that is about to change.

**CAMP EX** started when I realized I am intrinsically better than everyone else and, because of this superiority, I should be able to get away with doing stupid, illegal things, and make a big deal about doing them. Inspired by Urban Explorers, but scared of being caught by actual police, I chose to focus my illegal climbing and parkouring escapades to the University of Calgary campus.

**AS I REACH** my destination, I quickly glance around to make sure there are no campus security trucks in sight — even though they aren't real police officers, I'm pretty sure they can legally hit you. The Olympic Oval's concrete ledge is one of my favourite places to practice my CampEx skills, as it provides the illusion I'm

doing something risky and extreme without the actual danger of hurting myself or getting into trouble. All you need to do is grab the ledge and pull yourself up and now you are slightly higher, and therefore better, than other people.

However, beginning CampExers should start with something a bit simpler and what better way is there to train for conquering man-made structures than to conquer ones that are not man-made? That is a rhetorical question — of course there is no better way! Tree climbs make wonderful novice CampEx adventures, since trees are both easy and legal to scale. The only consequences are looks of intense jealousy from passing plebs, cleverly disguised as looks of disgust and second-hand embarrassment. Don't



let that fool you, though — they can only wish to be as exciting and cool as you.

After you demonstrate to trees that they are stupid and worthless by climbing and touching them, it is time to disrespect man's most foolish endeavour: art. Climbing art is usually fairly easy, and is also super badass because it makes nerds mad. However, it also makes security guards unreasonably upset, so you should make sure there are no nerds around that will go tell on you. A good art to climb on campus is that big yellow metal thing by the engineering buildings — it is basically made out of handholds, and I couldn't find a sign that said "no climbing" so I'm pretty sure you can get away with it if caught.

**IF YOU ARE** looking for a change of pace, there are plenty of hidden places on campus that an enterprising CampExer can find indoors. The engineering sub-basements, while not actually off-limits to students, are really creepy and weird. They look like a beige

sewer, smell like stale science and have locked cages with nothing in them. You can climb into these cages if you want but there is no guarantee that they don't house invisible monsters. Personally, I don't think I will go back there — there is a very low chance of impressing girls compared to other CampEx sites and a much higher chance of being killed by a ghost.

**THERE ARE DOZENS** of other juicy CampEx locations that are begging to be conquered by superior individuals. I won't reveal all of them to you, partly because finding these spots is a part of the fun, and partly

because I don't want you losers stealing my thunder. I rest easy because, try as you might, you will never be able to beat me at my own game — I have already found the most exciting and badass CampEx site the U of C has to offer. This is a spot that can only be reached by a true god among men, an Adonis of unequalled physical and mental perfection. As such, only I have been able to plant my proverbial flag on this proverbial mountain top. It is the shining pinnacle that is the roof of MacEwan Student Centre, and I have conquered it entirely. I am better than you.

Now, as you, green with envy, go off on your own, lesser CampEx adventures, I only ask one thing: please don't tell the police about what I have been doing. My dad would be very upset.



Thinking  
about getting  
a haircut?

Try short  
hair.

MICHAEL  
GRONDIN

explains  
why.

QG  
BETTERMAN

↓  
Styling

## Get a haircut



--> I WAS TREATED as an individual. I was free from conformity. I had what I wanted. People looked at me as a singular person, divided from the rules of a superficial society. I lived day to day as my own person and people appreciated me for it.

It was the worst time of my life.

My hair went past my shoulders. It was long, soft and gorgeous. I could run my fingers through it as if it were a beautiful, babbling brook.

I COULDN'T take it any longer. I went to a hyper-expensive salon and spa and I chopped off my long hair and my beard — paying up the

butt for it too. Having short hair gave me clear insight into what life is really about. Life is about looking exactly the same as everyone else. Life is about conforming. Having extremely short hair — buzzed to the scalp — is the only way that you, as a man, can find true happiness.

Do yourself a favour, get yourself to the nearest salon and get the shortest haircut possible. The pricier the place the better. You don't want some knock-off haircut, you want respect.

WHEN YOUR hair is short, you won't get strange looks when you're shopping at Armani Exchange or buying

a brand new Range Rover. Your socialist hipster days will be done and the heavens will open to praise your boring existence.

You will be free. You will be proud. You will love your life. All those who oppose us, with their long, lice-filled, ratty locks of resistance shall become outcasts.

The struggle of unity for short-haired men will finally be recognized. We will reign supreme, as a race of identicals, strong, proud and cookie-cut. We will fight for our true place in a boring society without individualism.

Cut your fucking hair you disgusting hippie! It will change your life.

CURTIS WOLFF  
takes us inside the  
mind of MILES  
EAST as he  
attacks the musical  
frontier of the only  
audience he's yet to  
conquer.

QG  
ART SCENE  
↓  
Music

## Rapping Upon Deaf Ears



--> THERE'S A tragic moment at the pinnacle of a young man's career when there's nowhere to go but down, when the hurricane of leadership and innovation touches down upon the mainland of mainstream consciousness and the tremendous storm cannot sustain its brilliant and destructive force.

It was a pleasant spring evening at the South Beach studio of Miles East. Although the luminary rapper

looked peaceful at the helm of his control board, putting the finishing touches on his new album, the world's most profound artist was in the eye of the hurricane.

"After my last album, I didn't know what to do," admitted East, who reached the top of the rap game in 2012. "For the first time in my life I wondered if my best years were behind me."

The thought seems reasonable for a man who picked up 11 Grammys, seven MTV

Video Music Awards and three BET awards. Traversing the globe in a private jet and partying in the most exclusive clubs, East should have felt like a god among mere mortals. Instead, a deep hole formed in his soul, one that couldn't be filled by any amount of riches or accolades.

"I couldn't write rhymes anymore," said East. "It was like I had spent what creativity I had left. I didn't care if I ever rapped again."

HOWEVER, his ingenious artistic mind could not lay dormant for long. His passion was rekindled in the least likely of moments — while watching YouTube in his underwear on his bedroom floor. It was a new habit East developed after falling into a deep depression and he spent sleepless nights watching dog tricks and clips from old episodes of *Ellen*. Early one morning, East stumbled upon a YouTube clip of a deaf girl who could hear for the first time thanks to a cochlear implant. He was mesmerized.

“Seeing that girl’s ears opened up to the world for the first time, it stirred the art in my soul,” East said. “It reminded me of what my music does to millions of people on an everyday basis. Except now, I know I can do more.”

East awoke from his creative slumber and hit the studio. The music flowed from him as freely as it ever had, but this time with a purpose. East would no longer pursue rap for glory, riches and hedonistic pleasures — he would rap to cure the deaf.

“Rapping for mainstream audiences, you only scratch the surface of the music experience,” East explained after feeding us sneak previews of his new album, which he has titled *Sound*. “It’s a very pedestrian way of approaching song-craft. Rapping for the deaf al-

lows me to explore music in a way no one has heard before, especially by people who can’t hear.”

East consulted dozens of audiologists while recording *Sound* and all of them told him it was scientifically impossible to cure a hearing impairment with hip hop. But as throughout his earlier career, East was undeterred by authority figures who dared tell him what he could or couldn’t do.

“My music is not merely sound, it’s the essence of my soul,” explained East. “By ignoring the ears, the middlemen of hearing, my beats speak directly from my heart to the hearts of others.”

HEAVILY INSPIRED by Ludwig van Beethoven, East wrote most of the album wearing earplugs and has

be truly beautiful,” East said loudly.

The songs on *Sound* were unlike anything I had ever experienced. The beats were constructed without regard for key or timing and the result is one of the most aggressive and free-spirited albums I’ve heard in a long time. East raps with a reckless abandon over his beats with little regard for flow or traditional song structures — he continues to rap for two minutes after the music ceases on one track.

“This shit is going to win all the Grammys for sure,” East yelled mid-song, continuing the interview because he thought the song was over.

The album’s early reviews are mixed, but it is unlikely that East will be discouraged by critics’ opinions of the album.

*East would no longer pursue rap for glory, riches and hedonistic pleasures — HE WOULD RAP TO CURE THE DEAF.*

not yet heard the finished version of *Sound*. When asked whether such drastic recording methods might negatively impact the experience for average hip-hop consumers, East didn’t answer because he was wearing earplugs for the duration of the interview.

“When you deconstruct music by ignoring what it sounds like, the results can

“They need a voice. Barack Obama doesn’t care about deaf people,” East complained.

*Sound*, which dropped on April 6, will be followed by a full tour in support of the new project. However, East’s ambitions may lie elsewhere after finishing the album — he is currently working on designing a clothing line that will cure the blind.

*"Barack Obama doesn't care  
about deaf people."*



<b>M</b>	<b>Meeting Women</b>
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**How To Pick Up Women at the Gym**

--> In the April of the year of our Lord 2012, I started getting lonely and that's when I realized the best place to find the flesh was the University of Calgary gymnatorium. To all the meat-muppets out there who want to see the pretty girls laugh and dance at your summer solstice picnic, I say to you, come to the university! It is the best place to hear the dulcet odes of the summer nymphs as they parade to exhort their supple hind pillars. I traversed the Cartesian plane during this lonely April, and I met a scholar with no skin who wore the fallow black cloak of infinity well and he spoke to me.

He said to me, "Carpe Diem, Sly. The right woman is fighting for her sweat in the gymnatorium and this summer the arrows of ecstasy have been blessed with the sauce of merriment. The coagulation is complete and you should arm yourself appropriately and respectfully."

I told him, "Okay, Bill."  
 There was trouble that year with the old guard of apes who protected the chastity of these cloying vixens with whom I was so dispirited at failure to engage in amorous, but entirely idiopathic dialogue-ical exchange. My fellow surgeons of romance! There are brutes and liars who

will interpose themselves with the fury of a Spaniard's cannon galleon to fling your quest into the thorny brambles of video-sonic masturbatory aids. Such men told me to disperse. I did not. And then my ocular centres became imbued with a fulminating substance that burned and burned and burned. But now I can see.

The steps are out of order because life is out of order and you cannot improvise these things. The girls can smell the phony on you if you use formulae and they will burn you with a psionic hurricane created by sacrificing one of their eggs.



--> Walk into the gymnatorium as Dionysus would. Ensure your work-out robes flow as the flow implies liquids which implies the essence of all gentleness and grace. Stand as a beautiful god would stand, just beside the stress-explosion weight scales, and demonstrate your flexibility and determination by touching your tongue to your nose.



--> Bloodied hearts can hear the thump of unmanly unsteadiness in the concave of your leftmost pectoral region. Run until the taste of fear is replaced by the taste of coppery blood and your vision will clear and the woman of your dreams will be revealed unto you. Run until you expel proteins and carbohydrates from your esophageal outlet to demonstrate to her your body is strong enough to survive without nourishment.

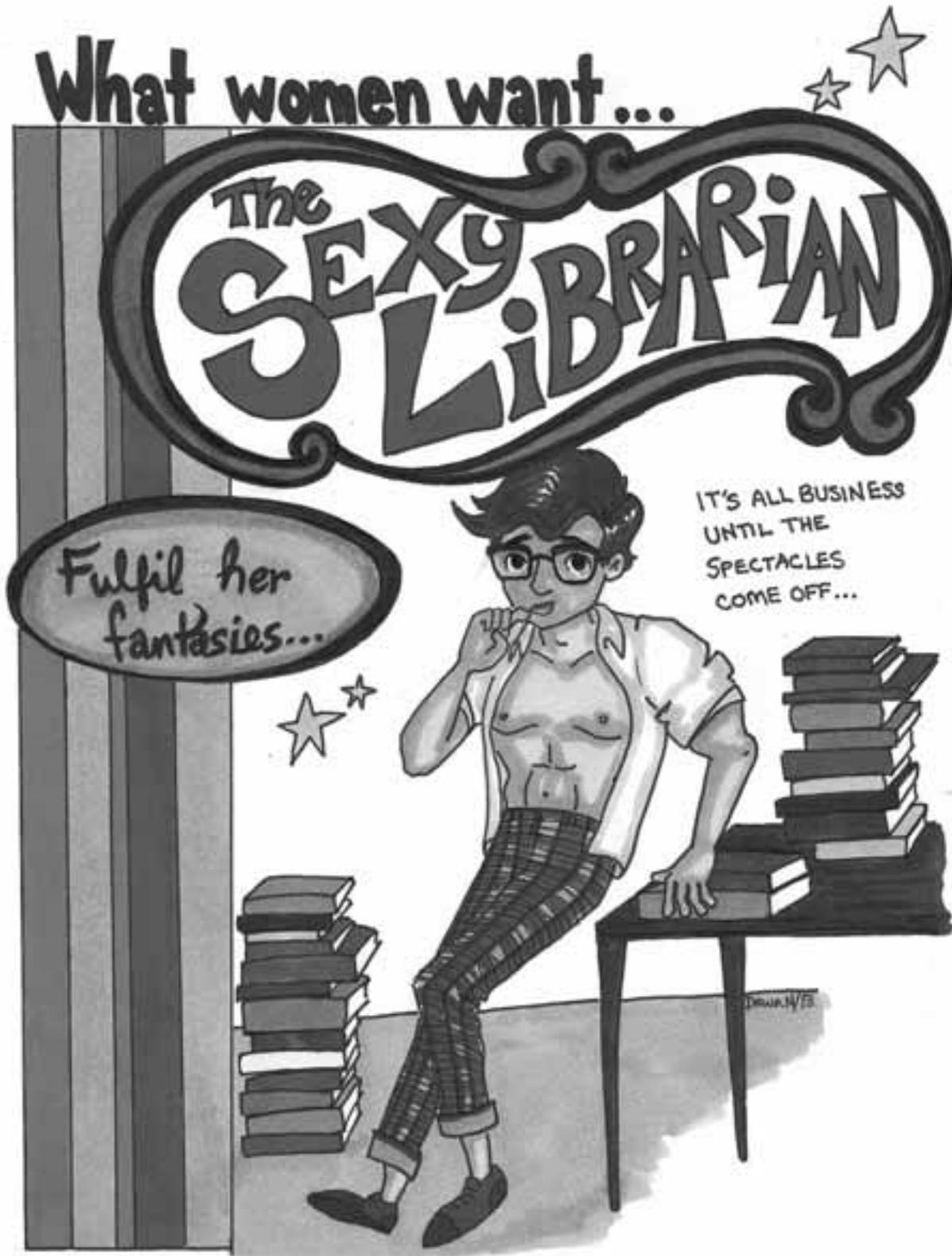


--> Do not speak directly to her or else the radiance of your internally enlightened symphony will consume the cosmic connection your mental faculties have striven so hard to obtain. I have discovered through ancient alchemy that women appreciate, amongst other popular 21st century inventions, chocolate. Leave a trail of chocolate extending from her elliptical beauty enablement device that leads to a letter expressing your interest in consummation. If you do not have the gold coins to procure chocolate, substitute oats.



--> Drink plenty of water.

# NO FAIL, ALL-PURPOSE ADVICE FOR ALL MEN





# Epic

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