

WORD



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ISLA VISTA ARTS & CULTURE MAGAZINE

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free

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WORDS FROM THE EDITORS

It seems like Isla Vista is in a continual state of flux. Between students constantly coming and going and the businesses that never seem to last more than a year, the IV that you know today will never be the one that you will know a year from now.

The cycle extends to WORD magazine, with Issue 27 boasting an almost entirely rookie staff. With nearly all of our old writers and artists graduated, an opportunity was created where we were able to question where WORD was going and direct it in the way we wanted. We've learned a lot along the way, and are still trying to determine how exactly our local arts and culture magazine will morph and flourish with the years to come. We've decided to attempt addressing more serious issues such as body image and gun control, while maintaining the signature whimsical style and attitude that WORD has provided Isla Vista since 2008.

It's certainly been a learning process and we absolutely have a long way to go, but we are confident that Issue 27 is the beginning of a new future for WORD, and a pretty damn good one at that.

So sit back, have some coffee, enjoy the read, and see you next quarter.

Shaina Goel and Sam Arrow
Co- Editors

**A SPECIAL PROJECT OF UCSB
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A JOURNEY IN PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

words // JáNae Powell

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It's the middle of fall quarter — the air is chilly, but the sun is bright. The 27 is finally coming down El Colegio, 9:35 a.m. It has just made the left turn off of Storke Road. There's what seems to be about 500 FT freshmen waiting eagerly at the curb, and there's no 11 or 24x in sight; but, since it's taking the scenic route through Isla Vista, some will opt out of the ride. Only the bravehearted take the IV shuttle religiously.

Dozens of Access Cards make their way out of back pockets, wallets, Jansport backpacks, and leather messenger bags. This morning the driver is an older, familiar face. He's got a gray beard — cut close, cold grayish blue eyes behind specked glasses. He's currently giving the all-good-to-go nod approving someone's faded bus sticker, and they're good to go.

No one says it, but every single person is eager to see Isla Vista today, like most mornings. The first seats taken are on the second level — window

seats, on both the right and left sides of the bus's interior. Isla Vista is a world that is known, but no one ever really gets to touch it; unless of course, you live there. It's like a zoo — on the other side of these bus windows, everyone is witnessing a life that they've only wondered about.

First turn at Camino Del Sur: the bus is full this morning. All college kids, a few older denizens of Isla Vista, and the upperclassmen stand towards the front to gradually get on and off as the wheels accelerate. No one waiting, no stop.

Left turn onto Abrego. It's an odd stop — usually hit or miss. This morning, the faded yellow letters reading 'Stop Requested' appear against the red backlit sign — an older woman who has been shopping gets off with about 10 Albertson's bags. She mumbles a thank you and the students look on, shuffling both feet and awkwardly bumping into each other's shoulders.

There are two girls sitting together in the front seats comparing notes for an Anthropology 5 test, despite the bumpy ride. Outside the windows, the morning dew is twinkling on the not-so manicured lawns of years-old apartment complexes. The palm trees shake slightly in the breeze—passengers notice, linger and to wonder just how much these trees have seen over their time in IV.

Right turn onto Camino Pescadero. The shuttle is passing the end of Pardall, a bunch of bikers ignore the stop signs and ride right in front of the bus, the driver blows his horn. The passengers look up, then quickly return to detangling headphone cords and picking another song.

Left onto Seville. More students get off, some of them make a right and head to Bagel Café to grab a bite before class at Embarcadero. The students left are appreciating the extra minutes of contemplation before their day begins.

Onward towards the intersection of Sabado Tarde and Embarcadero Del Mar. A stop reserved for classes at IV Theater, Slurpee pick-ups at 7-Eleven, and silent trips to the hidden El Nido down the road — this pause in the journey is brief, as students' destinations are undoubtedly known by everyone on the bus.

Students sway as the bus exits Isla Vista; the dream-like atmosphere of the bus seems to fade away as the last stretch of the shuttle's route comes into view. San Rafael — no one is usually there, especially this early. Today follows suit, and the 27 rolls on.


The front window shows the UCSB asphalt slipping away at about 20 miles per hour, HSSB enters and falls quickly

out of view, and the bus sails through the intersection to end right by Pollock Theater.

Students shuffle anxiously, struggling to hold on to the ride that comes and leaves all too quickly. The turn into the bus circle causes a few students to stumble into one another, and they profusely apologize with awkward smiles. They've concluded another adventure on the 27. They'll join the route again, tonight, as classes wind

**STUDENTS SWAY AS THE
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OF THE BUS SEEMS TO FADE
AWAY AS THE LAST STRETCH
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COMES INTO VIEW.**

down and so do their bodies. The sun will be setting earlier at this point in the year, and around 6:15, the sunset will be reminiscent of the early morning sun. Nostalgia will replace curiosity in the evening.

For now, however, the 27's hazard lights are blinking, and the familiar beeping as the bus lowers itself sounds. The students scurry to their 10 a.m. classes from the center of the bus loop, and say thank you to the bus driver. A whole 15 minutes has passed, but it felt like a small lifetime watching the ebb and flow of an early morning Isla Vista. 

EXPRESSIONS

IV ARTISTS SHOWCASE THEIR WORK

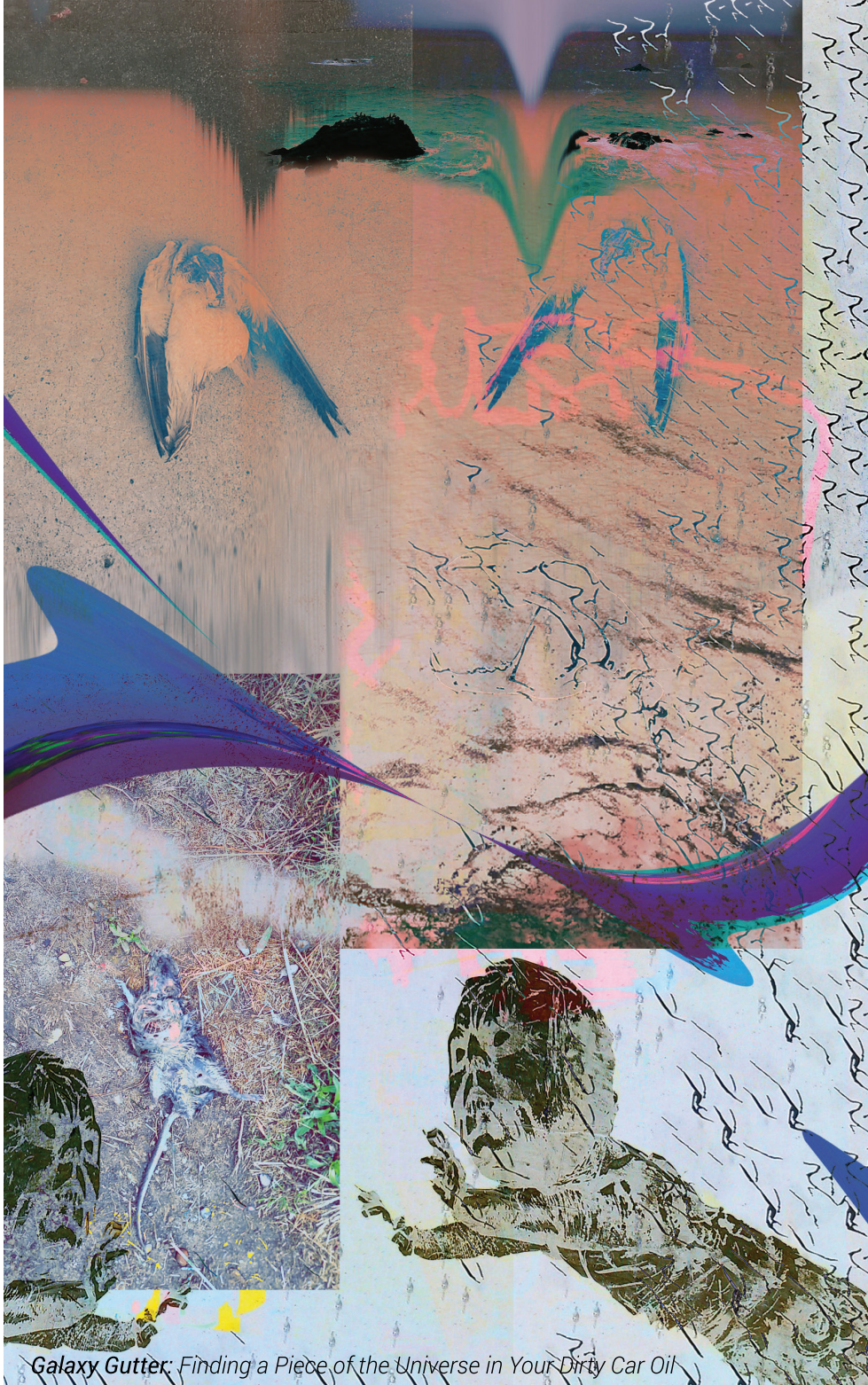
words + design // Ateken Abila




Flightless Bird: Adventures Along Chilly Northern Californian Coasts

NAOMI PATTON

Naomi Patton is a third-year art and communications double major. Her art of choice is multimedia. Finding images and creating something new is what she likes to do best. "Tumblr is my haven of inspiration," Naomi said, "if I can get paid to blog, I would be rich by now." Being from Rohnert Park, CA which is around 40 minutes away from San Francisco, Patton loves going to the city to find supplies when she's back home, she said, "if I find a piece of wood I like, I take it and do something with it," she said. Although Patton doesn't have concrete plans for after college, she is determined to keep creating art. Some of her future endeavors include, helping people, traveling and maybe even creating album covers.



Galaxy Gutter: Finding a Piece of the Universe in Your Dirty Car Oil



Bonfire on the excluded
Isla Violin in Costa Rica.

CAMERYN BROCK

Cameryn Brock is a fourth-year zoology major. Last year she embarked on a study abroad trip to Costa Rica. Despite going on the trip to fulfill major requirements, Brock also took this opportunity to use her photography skills to capture some

BROCK ALSO TOOK THIS OPPURTUNITY TO USE HER PHOTOGRAPHY SKILLS TO CAPTURE SOME BEAUTIFUL WILDLIFE.

beautiful wildlife. “[The program] was very outdoorsy with lots of camping and backpacking,” said Brock. During her time in Costa Rica, Brock conducted an independent research program, researching long-tailed mannequins. Though Brock had become interested in science, namely zoology, in college, she has been taking photos since her sophomore year in high school. Brock hopes to use both her photography skills and her science major in the future. **W**



White-faced Capuchins in the dry forest of Santa Rosa, Costa Rica.



The author takes her turn in an IV hammock.

HOW TO HAMMOCK

words // Sarah Scarminach

photos // Soline Daury

design // Frankie Thorpe

Boasting 280 average days of sun a year, Isla Vista residents have perfected the best way to “soak up some rays.” Introducing, the hammock. This comfy sling is easily set up just about anywhere you can find a sturdy post. It’s optimal for reducing stress after midterms, contemplating life before switching majors, or just taking a well deserved nap. Here are three easy steps to creating your perfect hammock haven!



STEP ONE :

Find a hammock. These come in a variety of colors, patterns, shapes, sizes, styles, and prices. When buying your hammock, make sure to get one that matches your location. This woven furniture can be found with or without stands, depending on where you want to hang it. Do some research and choose your favorite.

STEP TWO :

Find a spot to hang it up. The type of hammock you have determines where you can put it up. Hammock chairs are ideal for tree branches, horizontal posts, or indoor spots, while basic hammocks are better strung between two sturdy anchors. Try palm trees, posts, or hanging hooks. Don't be afraid to get creative and try all sorts of combinations; since these are incredibly flexible items.



STEP THREE :

Spend time in your hammock. Any activity you can do on your couch, you can do in a hammock. I guarantee it's more comfortable, and you won't find Cheetos crumbs or loose change poking you in the back. I suggest napping in between classes, stargazing, reading, cuddling, eating lunch or playing the guitar.

Enjoy! 



AN OCEAN AWAY FROM HOME

LIFE AS A CHINESE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT

words // Eugene Cheng

photos // Kristen Villamor

design // Scarlett Jia

"If there's one thing you could change to improve your life at UCSB, what would it be?"

I presented this question to Kendrick He and Joe Chan in the courtyard of their apartment complex. Kendrick directed his gaze toward the ground, and soon Joe's eyes followed as they both searched for the answer. Life in Santa Barbara has been astonishing and wonderful. Despite that, one can wonder what life would be like if things were different.

**IF THAT DECISION TO STUDY
ABROAD WAS NOT MADE, I
WOULD STILL BE AN AVERAGE
PERSON IN CHINA. MY MIND
WOULDN'T BE THIS OPEN.**

Kendrick and Joe are part of the increasing number of international students at the university level. According to the Institute of International Education, the amount of international students studying in the United States has increased from

564,766 in 2006 to 886,052 in 2014.

The number of Chinese international students more than quadrupled in the same span of time, going from 11.1% to 31% of the aggregate. There are more international students from China than any other country in the world. Their growing presence signals changes within university student communities, even for schools that don't traditionally have a significant Asian student population. Kansas State University, an exemplary symbol of diversity, had one Chinese student in 2004. By 2009, that number increased to 534.

In many U.S. universities, specifically UCSB, Chinese students have gained a foothold in school culture. It's now practically impossible to be willfully ignorant of their existence. Unfortunately, it's also easier than ever to be ignorant of their culture. The default mindset is to enforce unfounded labels when communication between American and Chinese students is generally lacking. One stereotype: Chinese students are rude; they don't have any manners.

Kendrick and Joe, a sophomore and senior respectively, both notice this type of judgement from Americans. Kendrick gives an example that leads

to this stereotype: "Everyone holds the door for people behind them. That's a thing I've never heard in China."

"If you sneeze, the people around you will say 'bless you'. But, oh my god, if you do that in China, they would be like..." Joe imitates the face of a potentially incredulous Chinese bystander.

"It's a misunderstanding," Kendrick says. "It's not about rudeness, it just depends on the background you have. Because in some cultures, it's not rudeness all."

Another stereotype frequently brought up is the vast wealth of Chinese international students. Obviously, it's expected that international students, having to pay almost triple the cost of tuition as native Californians, are generally financially comfortable. However, Joe insists attributing all Chinese students with the ability to purchase anything

and everything is not accurate. "I don't think [all Chinese students are extremely rich]," he said. "But some of them are pretty extreme ... they change the image." Not all Chinese students can own six-figure sports cars or plaster themselves with designer brands from head to toe. Unfortunately, the ones that can are the most visible. "If one American sees that, and the next day he sees another Chinese student, then he'll think that all Chinese are like that." Joe hesitates, then quickly adds: "But I'm not saying that all Americans do that ... just some of them."

There's a stark contrast between Kendrick and Joe's paths to UCSB. Kendrick was born in Fuyang, a small city near Shanghai. He was a great student by all accounts, and came to UCSB as a newly admitted freshman.

For Joe, who is from Macau, his life before UCSB had a few more bumps in the road. "I ran track in high school,



that's why I didn't really care about studying and stuff," he said. The agency that helped him study abroad recommended that he enroll in community college in Seattle, Washington. Joe was told that he could transfer into the University of Washington eventually. He would later learn that there was no way he could have gotten in. After two years

"IT'S EASY TO MAKE FRIENDS," KENDRICK SAID, "BUT HARD TO MAINTAIN FRIENDSHIPS: EVERY TIME YOU HANG OUT WITH AMERICANS YOU CAN'T COMMUNICATE WITH THEM VERY WELL. YOU JUST HEAR THEM TALKING AND YOU JUST SIT THERE, VERY SILENT."

in Seattle he decided to transfer to UCSB. "I heard that people at UCSB are happier," Joe said. "The academic life is happier."

Although both Kendrick and Joe are happy in Santa Barbara, they both consider one part of their lives to be missing: making American friends. "There's still a lot of improvement [that could be made]," Kendrick said. One of the things he and Joe identified as troublesome for their goals is the difference between their culture and American culture.

"Last year I had American

roommates," Joe said. "And it's totally okay to talk and chat, but when we play games ... they would talk about some slangs, stuff I've never heard about. Maybe it was some American jokes, or South Park. They love watching South Park." This year Joe lives in a single person apartment.

For Chinese international students, finding common topics to relate to with Americans, is challenging. Experiences make you the person you are today. Your typical Chinese kids will have tremendously different lives than American kids, prior to college. Some experiences Americans commonly have (going to prom, experimenting with "gateway" drugs, Hot Cheetos) Chinese students won't ever encounter. It's the same flipped around. Without shared experiences, even the most mundane ones, the task of relating to someone becomes much harder.

"I had one American friend, and that was Brandon," Kendrick said. "He was my RA when I lived on campus." Brandon had a very deep interest in Chinese culture, which Kendrick cites as the main factor for their friendship. Brandon currently teaches English in China.

In addition to the cultural difference is the most daunting obstacle for Chinese students: language. "It's easy to make friends," Kendrick said, "but hard to maintain friendships ... Every time you hang out with [Americans] you can't communicate with them very well. You just hear them talking and you just sit there, very silent. You can't do too much to get involved in it ... And as time goes by you will feel tired of these things."

Unfortunately, ignorance and indifference aren't the only things that

hinder interactions between American and Chinese international students. At times, it gets malicious. There have been reports of students at Michigan State University and University of Nebraska at Lincoln tweeting comments such as “Every Asian that walks past us in the oval wants to eat our dog” and “I’m not racist, but one thing I did not miss was all the Asians. @UNLproblems.” Kendrick has also experienced negativity toward himself due to his status and race. “When I was having class, Math 4B, I heard an American behind me say: ‘Fuck international students.’

“I don’t know why [he said that],” he said. “I turned around and stared at him. I was very mad.”


However, Kendrick dispels the thought that Americans are racist or ignorant. “I think Americans — most of them — are very nice,” he said.

And back to the original question. If there’s one thing you could change to improve your life at UCSB, what would it be?

Joe: “I wish my English was so good. Like, if I started out like this [level of English] and then I come [to America] then I would be better, you know? But I didn’t even know what ‘garbage’ meant. My English level was a two, level two. Level one is ABCs.”

“I think if I had a chance to change anything I would go back to my primary school to study English,” Kendrick said. “Because in China, I was more open, I was more humorous, and I was more... I don’t know. I liked to meet more people, to make friends with them, in China. I think I was more open in China than here. The only reason is I think I can’t speak English very well, so if I had a chance to change anything I would

definitely study English from primary school, or even earlier.

“When I was in my second year of high school I decided to study abroad. I think since [that decision] my life has totally changed. I started to think about, I don’t know ... my life became colorful, I would say. I met some very good friends like Brendan, my old roommate, and now I’m here, talking to you. If that decision to study abroad was not made, I would still be an average person in China. My mind wouldn’t be this open.” 

FOR CHINESE INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS, FINDING COMMON TOPICS WITH AMERICANS, IS CHALLENGING.





BODY IMAGE IN A BEACHSIDE TOWN

words // Olivia Nemec illustrations + design // Audrey Fery Forgues

There is something undeniably beautiful and rare about a community where body coverage could easily be considered countercultural, where every inch of the human physique merits recognition, where nearly naked bodies are encouraged to frolic wildly through the streets. An anarchic air and an urgency to be crazy now (while it is still socially acceptable) pervade our utopian college town and garner a yearning for involvement. Participating in our wild party culture feels like our final desperate act of teenage rebellion before we assume adulthood in a world governed by dress codes and noise ordinances. We know that our behavior here has an expiration date, and perhaps that is what makes integration so appealing. But does our rebellion truly grant us the freedom we so desire? How liberated are we really?

Participation in this romanticized anarchy is highly exclusive. It warrants assimilation to a governing beauty archetype, and maintains its reputation on the basis of exclusion and body prejudice. Our community celebrates and rewards only the “ideal” physique, while alienating those that stray from it. Access to the idyllic “freedom” of our IV party culture is contingent upon physical appearance and a willingness to conform to a confining model aesthetic. Here, freedom is accessed through conformity, and conformity means exposure. “The more body that is exposed, the more of the body there is to evaluate,” explains UCSB Psychology Professor Brenda Major.

The body becomes the subject of scrutiny, classified by its comparable proximity to the beauty paradigm. Here, shedding our clothes is the unveiling of our physical qualifications that alone have the power to determine our

DEL PLAYA IS OUR COMMUNITY'S RUNWAY WHERE WE EXHIBIT OUR SOCIAL STATUS BY REVEALING A LOT OF SKIN.

stature within the superficial hierarchy. So, does the circumference of our waists, or the thickness of our thighs, or even just our fear of exposing them have the potential to exclude us from the coveted anarchy of our little beach town? How much power does the ubiquitous “beach body” archetype actually have over us?

The emphasis on attractiveness as a central requisite for community integration does not occur in a vacuum. Articles in the Daily Caller, Huffington Post, Business Insider, have all ranked UCSB as one of the “Hottest Schools” in terms of students’ physical attractiveness. The media proliferates a message about our community that capitalizes not on students’ academic achievements, but rather on their degree of “hotness” in comparison to

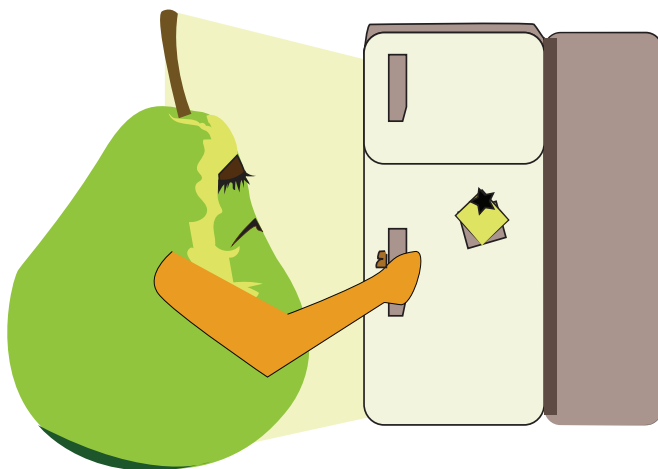
that of students from other universities. These reports inadvertently communicate that attractiveness is an achievement unique to UCSB students and should be qualified, acknowledged, and renowned. The media ascribes our school with its reputation as the university of “hot students.” Attractiveness consequently becomes an integral identifier of the archetypal UCSB-er and sets up an aesthetic expectation for members of the student body.

Professor Major explains how “families play a vital role in how students choose to formulate their self concept. Mine put a lot of focus on academics,” she laughs. For us college students, however, the abrupt separation from our family sanctuary transfers our conception of self to be primarily influenced by the media and our peers. One thinker argues that there are some domains that are hard to consider insignificant in one’s conception of self; one of these definitely being body image. In a community permeated by aesthetic authority, it feels almost impossible to avoid a centralization of body image within our self-concepts, especially if we desire to identify as UCSB students. Professor Major continues: “People base a lot of their self-concept

on that which they are good at, whether it is athletics, academics, or appearance. They want to feel good about themselves so they capitalize on something they feel naturally better at.” In a community such as ours, so infiltrated by aesthetic value, students that take pride in their physical appearance are facilitated entry into the exclusive IV party scene. The students who lack this body confidence, however, feel marginalized and alienated by UCSB’s ubiquitous prototype.

Lauren Hetland, fourth year biopsychology major, speaks about her experience living in Isla Vista: “Our culture is known for the beach atmosphere, ‘dayging,’ all that stuff. It’s super ‘in’ here. People are always walking around in their skimpy outfits. As someone who is not a size 0, it’s hard to see people practically naked walking around and I don’t feel comfortable doing that. There is a tremendous amount of pressure to conform, it’s just a part of the culture here.”

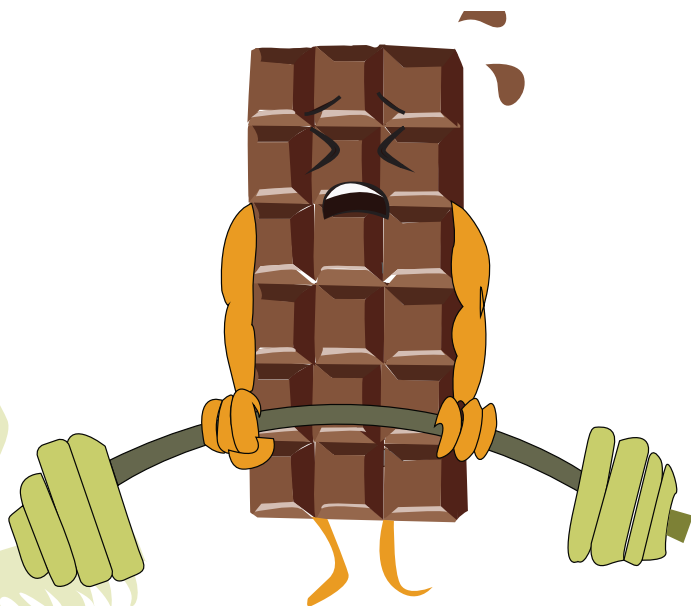
There is a pervading perception that achieving social mobility and gaining admittance into the “super ‘in’” IV practices is contingent upon reforming one’s body. Though there is no



mandate explicitly defining the prerequisites for community participation, a group mentality so concerned with “hotness” has the power to cause students to self-segregate on the bases of their physical self-evaluations.

“Here at UCSB, it is extremely hard to stay confident when you are near the beach and see perfectly chiseled bodies. A lot of students here are so fit and toned. It makes me feel a little uncomfortable not fitting in with the ‘beach body’ ideal. I guess I just never found that working out and exercising were my forte,” explains Stefan Kim, third-year film and media studies major. Kim highlights how confidence here appears to be earned by challenging one’s body, working out, and assimilating the “beach bod” paradigm.

Sean Murakawa-Rubin, fourth year psychology major says: “My self-esteem has improved since I arrived here, but not because of the UCSB environment, if anything that alone would have brought it down tremendously. It improved only because I took initiative to work towards my goals at the gym everyday.” Students feel that an improvement in self-esteem is dependent upon a strict conformity to the “hot” archetype. This phenomenon points to a pervasive understanding that our community prioritizes the aesthetics of our bodies. As a result, students forget to take pride in their alternative qualities such as academic achievements, philanthropic involvement, or moral character. Instead, they begin to



overwhelmingly determine their self-esteem according to their physical appearance. Shouldn’t we attempt to combat the undermining and dehumanizing effects of this aesthetic emphasis, instead of feeding into it and seeking to emulate the paradigm?

Julie Keller, volunteer co-coordinator for UCSB student Health and Wellness says that “as a community, the less focus we place on how someone else looks, the more we can help those who are struggling with low self-esteem.”

Maybe if we each individually deepen our self-perceptions, dismantling the hierarchy that subverts that which lies beneath the surface of our skin, then perhaps we can undermine even the superficial structure of our anarchy. We could get real radical and live without order, without a governing beauty archetype to segregate our individuality.

It’s all up to us though. So, I guess a better question would be: how scared are we of embracing true liberty? **w**

THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

words // Sam Arrow

illustration // Audrey Fery Forgues

design // Ateken Abila

While the live music scene in IV isn't entirely dead, you'd be hard-pressed to find anything beyond the occasional mediocre cover band performing at some house party that ran out of beer 15 minutes before you got there. And it's not that the demand isn't there—think of how much money college kids spend every year on major festivals like Coachella, or of the massive turnouts that UCSB gets for the shows arranged by AS Program Board (Snoop Dogg sold out the Halloween concert, Delirium, the day tickets went on sale), or of that one weekend when Hozier came to Santa Barbara and your phone was bombarded with indiscernible Snapchats. It's no

that IV has fostered some of today's most prominent musicians like Jack Johnson and Steve Aoki. This of course begs the question, where has the music gone?

The first time I asked myself that question was sometime last winter, during a lecture with an English professor particularly prone to wonderfully off-topic rambles. It was the first and only time I had ever heard of the Anaconda Club, which according to him, was a major music club that existed in IV sometime during the 90's that attracted people from Santa Barbara all the way to Oxnard. A quick internet search brings up little to no information aside from several vaguely memoir-esque posts of past IV residents recounting ancient days long since departed. Just what was the Anaconda Club, and what happened to it?

As it turns out, before the Anaconda Club, there was the Graduate Club. The Graduate opened up sometime in '85, and as lifelong Santa Barbara resident and local journalist DJ Palladino recalls, "when the Graduate started up it was very exciting and there were lots of shows, and there were lots of shows that I went to ... there was jazz, there was this band NRBQ, who I loved more than anything in the world ... and a lot of punk bands played." Palladino also added that, "And indeed they did: July 17, 1988 featured a performance by the legendary Ramones, a show covered by then Daily Nexus writer Beth Allen

IT'S NO SECRET THAT IV HAS FOSTERED SOME OF TODAY'S MOST PROMINENT MUSICIANS LIKE JACK JOHNSON AND STEVE AOKI. THIS OF COURSE BEGS THE QUESTION, "WHERE HAS THE MUSIC GONE?"

secret that there is a massive demand for live music, particularly among younger demographics (as much as the majority of Baby Boomers may be inclined to disagree). And it's no secret



who claimed it to be, “more like a party than a ‘concert’ (small club, friendly atmosphere and lack of skinheads) and was one of the funnest shows I’ve ever been to. Of course, being highly intoxicated and hyped-up to see my favorite band may have left me slightly biased.”

“The Graduate will be closed today for cleaning,” read the sign hung outside the front door on May 16, 1991. It would be the last time the club would close. Due to financial difficulties, the club ultimately shut down, transferring ownership to Loanne Wullaert, a local entrepreneur who would then name it

the Anaconda Club. The decision was met with widespread protest from the student body, to the extent that students in a mock-congress class passed a resolution labeling May 16th to be an “official day of mourning.” The Anaconda would ultimately provide what Palladino referred to as, “more ‘hard-edged’ music,” including groups like Social Distortion, Phish, Ween, and even Ice Cube. “It was a tiny little stage when it was the Graduate, and when it turned into the Anaconda the whole inside of that thing was just one big gigantic empty warehouse,” Palladino

mentioned. "I went to a really great show, the De La Sol show...that was the first hip-hop show that I ever went to ... the place was packed and it was really fun, and people were dancing and there were white kids and there were black kids, and I was old then, I was like 40 at that point."

ENTREPRENEURS, GIVE US SOMETHING WE DON'T ALREADY HAVE: GIVE US ANOTHER GRADUATE, ANOTHER ANACONDA.

The Graduate's incarnation as the Anaconda would only last a feeble two years, however. After their carried over liquor license from the Graduate expired, the club was unsuccessful in persuading authorities to renew it, and thus found difficulty in attracting crowds without the oh-so effectively enticing allurements of booze. Part of the difficulty in renewing the liquor license was likely due to incidents such as an infamous fight that had occurred right outside of the establishment during the end of the Halloween of '91 (incidentally, during that Halloween weekend a stunning 853 arrests and 582 citations were made, compared to the 225 arrests and 249 citations during the same weekend in 2013). A series of threats made between two groups amidst a larger group of people outside the club's backdoors ultimately escalated into police involvement, which by many was considered to

be excessive (batons and Mace were used to attack certain individuals) and inappropriate (some claimed racial slurs were used by the officers), and the officers' motivations were called into question in acknowledging the primarily black demographic of the crowd. The officers were later cleared of all charges, although the behavior of certain deputies was still criticized as being "unprofessional" by the Santa Barbara Grand Jury.

Situations like those of the Halloween of '91 are likely what led IVFP Commander Lt. Roy Rosales to reason that, "when the Anaconda had the liquor license and the live entertainment license, the two didn't seem to mix very well," in July of 1993. Some claimed the refusal to renew the license was due to a distrust of rap music, which was often showcased at the club, but of course such claims are only speculation. It was on July 18, 1993 that the Anaconda ceased to rock, and since then Isla Vista has yet to have another music venue take its place.

Is there a lesson to be learned here? It's hard to say. Sometimes businesses just don't make it—business is tough in IV. It seems like every week a different place shuts down, and a new sandwich shop or burrito place opens up to replace it the next month. But the thing is, we don't need another sandwich shop or burrito place in IV. Entrepreneurs, give us something that we don't already have: give us another Graduate, another Anaconda. Give us a place where we can have a couple drinks, listen to some solid live music, and have a great time. The demand is here; supply it. 

MEDICINAL CATHARSIS

words // Shaina Goel

art + design // Ateken Abia

My mind is chaotic, my body is lonely and I haven't slept well in days, so I turn to my headphones for some cathartic solitude. I consume the modular synths and obscure lyrics through my ears — smooth as silky cough medicine falling down the waterfall of my throat. My medicinal music threads my pain to others and bandages my bloody wounds. The utilization of music is a binary — for the sake of pain or pleasure. Sometimes this euphonizing is masochistic, providing me with a pleasure from my pain. It is necessary, when I desire to divest from reality, to experience this intense purification and release of anger and despair enveloping me in angelic catharsis. Here is my escapist playlist...

Land of My Dreams // Anna Domino

Sketch For Summer // The Durutti Column

Dust and Light // Tape

18th Parallel // Vesuvio Solo

Fantino // Sébastien Tellier

Days of Candy // Beach House

Empty House // Air

The Big Ship // Brian Eno

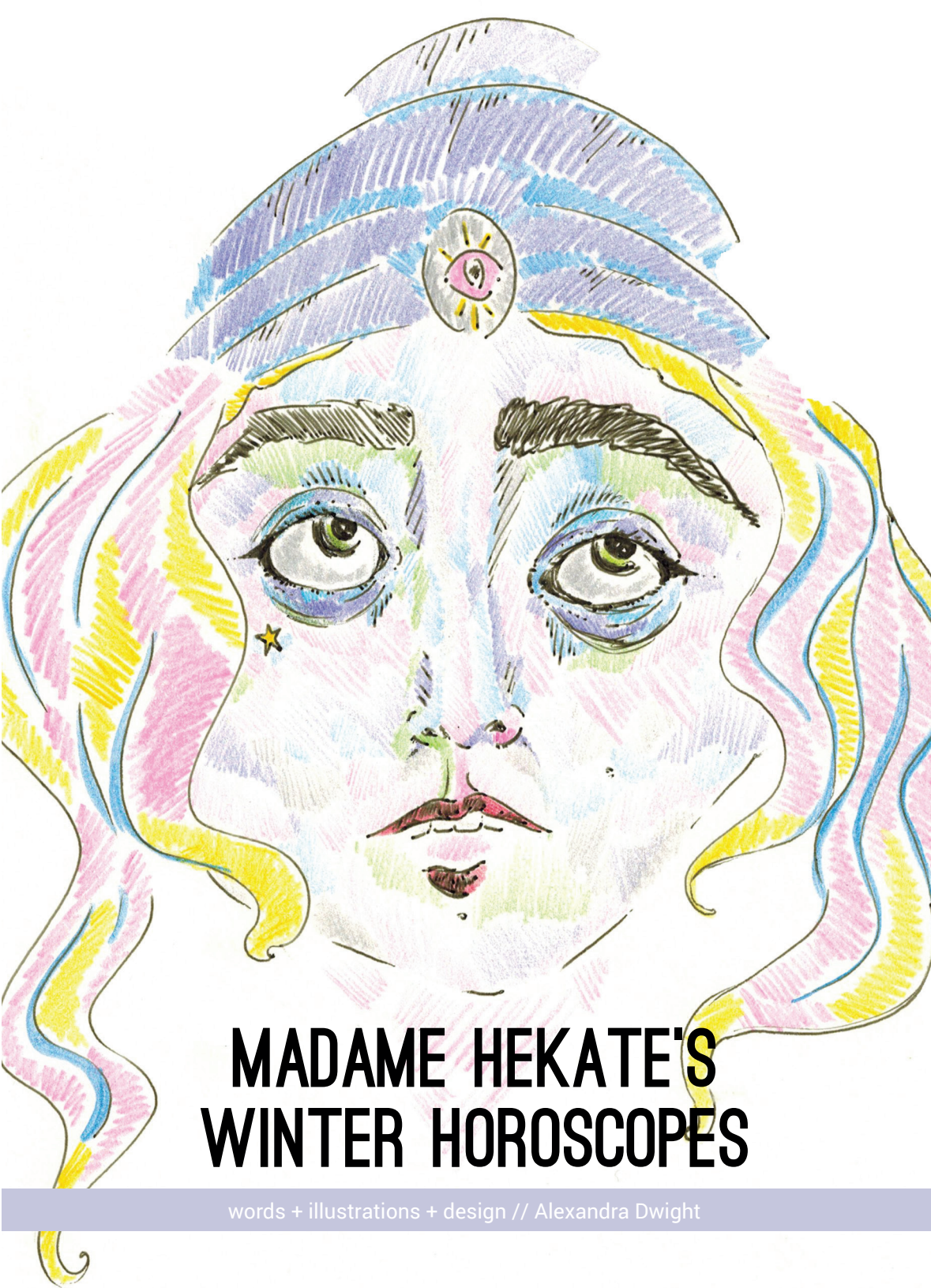
Shades of Golden Sea Oleena Tommib // Squarepusher

Silhouettes (I,II,III) // Floating Points

Twentytwofourteen // The Album Leaf

Planet Caravan // Black Sabbath

Everything Must Change // Nina Simone



MADAME HEKATE'S WINTER HOROSCOPES

words + illustrations + design // Alexandra Dwight

Dear Cosmic Inquirer,
Wonder what's in the stars for you this winter?
Madame Hekate, goddess of the shining head-band,
is here to expound upon your ears the secrets of the
season. Read away, young zodiac, and be prepared
to embrace all that is mystical.

ARIES

March 21 – April 19



Have you been taking care of yourself lately? Aries is an ambitious specimen, always looking to outdo others by, say, pursuing the top grade on the final. A little competition can be healthy every once in a while, but constant head butting can scuff up those majestic ram horns, leaving you drained. This month, take a step back from the game to TREAT YOURSELF. Munch on some kale chips (or Pringles), take a bath, light incense, or do all of the above at the same time.

TAURUS

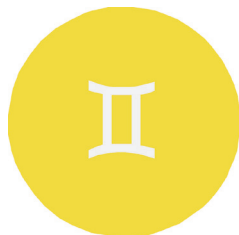
April 20 – May 20

Taurus, you tenderhearted beast, you spread love to all those around you, but still expect to be the only soul receiving it back! You've got to understand that well-distributed affection is no less meaningful than exclusive lovin'. Hell, your mother cares for more people than just you! And yes, I know she said you would always be her one and only honey-muffin. Accept the adoration of your peers, Taurus — it's REAL, and you deserve to be cherished.



GEMINI

May 21 – June 20



You like to live outside the lines, Gemini. However, with the career fairs and talk of resumes swirling around campus, you may be tempted to resign yourself to normalcy to assure a safe path. This inclination is based on fear and should be avoided. As a true nonconformist, stifling your unorthodox instincts will only result in stagnation. Move on Gemini, the desk job is not for you! Your dreams are about to unfold in shimmering splendor.

CANCER

June 21-July 22

You've been sensitive lately. This unexplained tenderness is from a past life — all Cancers have spent at least one existence as a soft, bruisable fruit, like a peach. While you may have grown accustomed to being told that you're "too emotional," sensitivity can be beautiful when channeled into an artistic medium. Cruise over to the bookstore to pick up a sketchbook, collect leaves and tape them to your ceiling, start a rap battle at Coffee Collab's open mic, or ask your quirkiest professor to climb a tree with you. The world is your fruit bowl — life sure is peachy when you let yourself be free!



LEO

July 23 – August 22

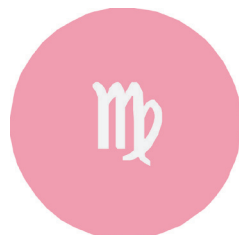
Oh Leo, you are captain righteous, king of the morally upright! Take heed, however, that your unfaltering dogma does not come off as condescending. You've got an honorable message to spread, but some of those most near and dear to you are not ready to receive it. Just continue to manifest your own golden goodness and blessings will begin to unfold.



VIRGO

August 23 – September 22

You always say you're going to make it a more relaxing quarter, but have you taken steps to minimize stress? You've been over-expending your divine power in one way or another this month and it's resulting in tense muscles. Time to stretch it out and exhale stress by instilling a daily practice of yoga. Eventually, you should be able to extend your neck so high that it will be possible to view the entire macrocosm of our universe, putting day-to-day worries in perspective.



LIBRA

September 23 – October 22

With winter's transformation of the natural environment comes a transformation of self. Libra, you are about to face some weighty decisions! Resist the urge to rely on friends for answers to these life-altering quandaries. If anything can aid you, it is the origin of change itself: nature. Wander along the bluffs towards Campus Point and you will encounter a ladybug happy to help you sort out the issue. Alternatively, try listening to the wisdom of mother Gaia by putting your ear to a seashell. In the end, know that whatever decision you make will lead to a pleasant outcome.





SCORPIO

October 23 – November 21

Scorpio, you're sweet as pecan pie. Thus, it dampens my soul to tell you that a bird may poop on your head this week near Coral Tree Cafe. Before you go thinking that this is divine punishment, consider that it may be a cosmic test: can you rinse off your soiled mane and remain optimistic? The key is to understand that birds only defecate on their equally free-spirited kinfolk — consider it a compliment!

Ps. don't try to get around this one by avoiding the Coral Tree area; birds can fly faster than you can walk.



SAGITTARIUS

November 22 – December 21



Buck up, Sagittarius, the world isn't so bad! It's common to associate winter winds with the onset of gloomy events, but there's really nothing to dread here—your future is looking comparatively sunny. Hopefully this knowledge will bring you sufficient internal solace to appreciate the more charming aspects of the season, like spiced gingerbread and optimal witching conditions. Stay strong Sagittarius, and winter will be enchanting.

*Warning for Sagittarius: on February 22 do *not* consume onions!

**Grilled onions are fine.

CAPRICORN

December 22 – January 19

Excellent news, Capricorn — the moon is currently in *your* house, so it's time to celebrate! This divine occasion merits more than your average red cup shin – dig; instead, hold a more intimate gathering under ethereal moonlight, shimmying down to Mushroom Jazz and dining on miniature quiches. Just make sure to mingle more than usual — Capricorn's magnetic qualities combined with cosmic currents are bound to turn an old companion into an intoxicating new flame.



AQUARIUS


January 20 – February 18

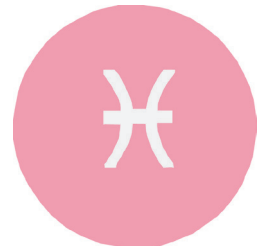


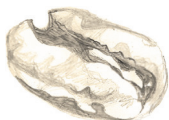
You're a thinker: you philosophize and dream up manifestos like no other zodiac. But, lately you've been lacking inspiration. Silent class sections are simply not conducive to a positive learning environment. No, what you need is some solid intellectual stimulation. Have you thought about assembling a book club, joining the Queer Art Collective, or inquiring about secret poetry sessions held on campus after nightfall? (You didn't hear it from me.) It's time to dig into the rich resources around you.

PISCES

February 19 – March 20

As a Pisces, it's easy to swim alone, absorbed in crystal currents and fluttering light patterns — all that makes up your dazzling imagination. However, consuming yourself in thoughts can result in loneliness as you find yourself drifting apart from the school of fish. It's time to connect to your community. Start by asking the cashier at the Isla Vista Food Co-op their opinion on moths (moon butterflies or terrifying creatures?). You can learn a lot by daring to look outside yourself. 





ISLA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

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CUDDLE SEASON

words // Liana Bevacqua

illustrations // Scarlett Jia

design // Ateken Abia



The oh-so-epic El Niño: a weather phenomenon that brings on warmer and wetter-than-usual winter seasons, occurring every two to seven years. For the majority of the past year, experts have been predicting this winter's El Nino, and as time has gone on, headlines such as "this year's El Nino expected to be strongest in a decade" have graced various news outlets. As a result, random overlooked friends on my Twitter and Facebook feeds have been raving about this supposed "drought-saver." Why? Not only will El Nino provide some moisture to the dehydrated state, but rainy weather = cuddle weather. Yay! ... Not.

Since the dawn of my dating years (assuming the dating playing field begins at roughly 15 years old), I have

been either in a committed relationship or talking to explicitly one person at a time. This all changed May 2015, when I became 100% single for the first time in seven years. Call me bitter, call me lonely, call me whatever. I was a little down in the dumps when I learned that this winter I would be single. So, what does one do when they are solo during an El Niño? They find a new cuddle buddy! Just kidding; they decide to make the best out of their situation. During the first few storms of the season, and with much trial and error, I have developed a survival guide for the perfect solo cuddle season.

Now, down to the basics. To start, every solo cuddler needs to learn the five pillars: Blanket, Ambiance, Clothing, Food, and Location.

BLANKET

First of all, the blanket. I looked far and wide for the perfect one. To be completely honest, there really is no option. Unless it doesn't do its' job of keeping you warm and cuddly. Thinking back to one bad example, I recently acquired a blanket that was hand-made by my great-grandmother. It was crocheted to include holes. Holes = air flow = cold breeze. Not a good cuddle blanket. On the flip side, we have Costco, the king of velour throws. I cannot express enough how thankful I am for the big-box retailer's choice in throws. This El Niño season, take the price of one highly-overrated serving of Freebirds nachos and instead go invest in a blanket that will caress you every night.

AMBIANCE

This is simple. I found that there is nothing more soothing than hearing rain with a nearby window or patio door open. And come full-swing El Niño, there will be plenty of opportunity to get this peaceful background noise. Enter some Christmas lights, and you have the perfect situation.

CLOTHING

This one can go two ways. On one hand, we have the traditional route: my personal preference is a large hoodie, leggings, and fuzzy socks. Not even that elaborate, just plain old sweats will do the trick. On the other hand, I find the idea of being completely nude under a soft blanket to be extremely appealing. The trick to which clothing you should wear during a solo cuddle sesh is simple: get yourself in a very boring place (for me, at my job), and picture yourself in the most

comfortable clothes you own (unless you would rather be naked). After, when you finally trek through the gloom and rain to get home; go ahead and get out of your slightly wet, sticky outside clothes and get into whatever makes you most comfortable.

FOOD

Nothing messy here; come on, how gross does it sound to wipe buttery popcorn fingers on your super-soft Costco velour throw? Personally, I would just stick with a nice, big mug of an English breakfast tea latte. However, if you must side with food, I highly recommend eating something that involves silverware, such as a heaping bowl of mac-n-cheese, or baked ziti. Mmmmmmmmm.... May I suggest guilt-tripping your housemates that are in happy cuddle-full relationships into cooking for you? Works every time.

LOCATION

This might be the hardest pillar to give advice on. Let's be honest, it really depends on personal preference. In my opinion, I find that cuddling by myself in bed only leads to sleep. As someone who enjoys listening to and savoring the sounds of rain, I find my perfect cuddling location to be snuggled up in the corner of the couch near the window of my living room. But again, this is a very subjective pillar, so get out there and find your reserved spot and enjoy it!

There you have it: my guide to enjoying the perfect El Niño, Hans Solo. Now get out there and cuddle the shit out of yourself! And remember: you don't need a man or woman to really enjoy this perfect cuddle season. **w**

WINTER 2016

ISLA VISTA ARTS CALENDER

For an exciting variety of films, theater, visual arts, and pop-up events visit our ever-updating calendar for the latest info on events in IV! www.ihc.ucsb.edu/iv_arts.

MULTI-CULTURAL CENTER

Expand your horizons and make new friends at the MCC. They host a variety of culturally enriching and educational events on campus, in Isla Vista, and in the Santa Barbara area. www.mcc.sa.ucsb.edu

UCSB ART OPENINGS

The art department's weekly art openings and shows are perfect for undergrad and graduate students on campus. www.artsite.arts.ucsb.edu

IMPROVABILITY

Join the audience of UCSB's top improvisational comedy teams and be apart of their fast-paced show. Repeatedly voted "Best Late Night Entertainment at UCSB," shows are Fridays at 8p.m. for only \$3 at Embarcadero Hall.

UCSB THEATRE AND DANCE

A quick walk through Pardall Tunnel and your world opens up to cutting-edge theatre and dance performances. Check out their current season and student-friendly ticket prices at www.theatredance.ucsb.edu

AS PROGRAM BOARD

A student-operated board housed within Associated Students brings top-rated artists, hit movies and future sensations to campus throughout the year. You can always depend on them to screen a great movie every Tuesday night in IV Theatre.

BE THE PRODUCER

Interested in bringing your own production to the wilds of Isla Vista? Isla Vista Arts wants to help! Please contact Ellen Anderson at eanderson@ihc.ucsb.edu

A CAPPELLA

UCSB hosts five sensational a cappella groups that perform year round at special events, throw concerts each quarter, deliver singing grams, and occasionally surprise students with flash mobs! Naked Voices (co-ed), Intervals (co-ed), Ravaani (south Asian/co-ed), Vocal Motion (all-female) and Brothers From Other Mothers (all-male) can all be found on Facebook for their upcoming events and contact information.

UCSB HEALTH AND WELLNESS

While known for bring adorable animals to campus on Dog Therapy Day, they provide a wealth of information and support. To learn more about the resources and help they can provide visit, www.wellness.sa.ucsb.edu

THE BOX

Do you wish your artwork could be seen by thousands of people every day? The BOX can make that a reality as a student-curated gallery located in the lobby of IV Theatre. For more information, contact Rachel Williams, rachw619@gmail.com

GAUCHO CERTIFIED FARMER'S MARKET

An accessible avenue for all local and UCSB community members to purchase fresh, locally grown produce, and artisan goods. Wednesdays from 11-3p.m., located between North Hall and Campbell Hall. Find them on Facebook for more info!

MAGIC LANTERN FILMS

Showing films such as "Mocking Jay", "Ant Man" and more every Friday and Monday night! All events are only \$4! www.facebook.com/MagicLanternFilms/IV

LAUGHOLOGY

Live stand-up comedy show every Saturday at 8p.m. in Embarcadero Hall. Past comics include Adam Devine, Chris D'Elia, and Tig Notaro. Always funny and always free so come early for good seats!

FIRST FRIDAY

Come out to Anisq'oyo park on the first Friday of every month to celebrate the good times and happy vibes with your local Isla Vista community. From exciting light sculptures to live bands, there will always be a first for you. For more info go to www.facebook.com/IVFirstFridays 

MAURIZIA BOSCAGLI

ON FEMINISM AND STUDENTS TODAY

words // Dasha Sadovnikova photos // Kristen Villamor design // Frankie Thorpe

The last time I visited Professor Maurizia Boscagli's office, it looked as though an avalanche had recently subsumed it, leaving a small space for her to greet me from somewhere off of the room's center between two time-worn chairs. The cause of the catastrophe appeared to be an uprising of books: no longer containable by the shelves lining one side of the room, they asserted themselves in stacks on the floor, nearly buried the desk protruding from the opposite wall, and overflowed from the numerous cardboard boxes that sat stranded next to the stacks, no doubt procured in an attempt to establish a semblance of order in the literary chaos to which the room had fallen prey. Her movements charged with the disarray of her surrounding, the slightly flustered professor offered me one of the chairs, took a seat in the other, facing me, and explained that, in fact, there hadn't been a revolution led by printed text at all — I'd caught her cleaning house, a process that involves ejecting books from her office to make room for, well, more books. Relegating a strand of lively black hair behind her shoulder and smoothing the skirt of her straight-waisted dress, the Professor assumed a position of ease amidst the room's clutter, which, with her as its calm center, ceased to be clutter and became instead a collection of treasures, a material extension of her

pursuit of knowledge, and asked me, her words contoured dramatically by her Italian accent, "So; what should we talk about?"

This kind of pointed transition is typical of the English professor, in whose classes, which are contextualized by the studies of gender, culture, literary theory, and modernity, you might find her rhapsodizing about online videos of parkour before sharply steering the discussion back to the assigned text. These deviations are always relevant — the professor's point here, in terms of Michel de Certeau's famous analysis of walking in the city, was that parkour artists' use of space defies city planners' intentions for it — and convey her commitment to translating theory into the familiar and, conversely, infusing her familiar experiences with theory. Through these extra touches, which often take the form of personal anecdotes or brief analyses of obscure European films, the professor reveals her almost stubborn individuality, which is, I would argue, the mark of an influential teacher, the kind that has something intimately her own to share with her students.

Not surprisingly, Professor Boscagli herself has a history of being in contact with such teachers. These "really striking people", as she explained to me, were more than excellent scholars — they were her friends, who helped forge



her academic and personal relationship with culture as they discussed with her, outside of school hours, film, literature, opera, politics, and, when and “because [she] was a teenager, here.” Leading by example, they instilled in the young Maurizia the lifelong belief that, as she emphatically told me, “you should have dreams, and should work for your dreams.”

Professor Boscagli admits that she was “very lucky” to have emerged from a context where her self-confidence was nurtured by the people around her. Her parents, who settled with their

only child in Arezzo, a city in Tuscany, Italy that shares Santa Barbara’s size and climate, generously supported her ambitious academic endeavors. In fact, her mother, a teacher, was remarkably driven herself; although her family had discouraged her from attending a university, she did so anyway, thus equipping herself with the knowledge required by her future career, and went on to become “the only woman in Siena” to ride around town on a motorcycle, which she purchased soon after graduating from college. Similarly to her mother, Professor Boscagli’s

middle school English teacher, she remembers, was “different and exciting” and had no interest in traditionally “doing the feminine thing,” qualities expressed through the two-piece suit that she often paired with flat, comfortable shoes, and her close-cropped gray hair that she did not dye.

**PROFESSOR BOSCAGLI
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THEIR DIFFERENCES.**

Another teacher, this one of high school Latin and Greek literature, left a lasting imprint in the professor’s attitude towards gender roles when one day she hosted a discussion about fate and free will in Greek tragedy in her home while baking bread.

“This,” she said, pointing to the warm loaf, when it was out of the oven and set on the table. “Is just as important as

Sophocles.”

Professor Boscagli connects these simple words to what she calls a “feminism of difference,” generally the idea that women, along with everyone else, should not be subjected to a single, homogenizing culture, but rather be celebrated for their differences. To put it simply, according to this type of feminism, in a still-utopian world of gender equality, women should be able to concentrate their efforts towards whatever they damn well please. As an academic, the professor has adhered to this philosophy by maintaining the rigorous work ethic required by her profession without making personal sacrifices, having gotten married (to another academic) and raised two children. According to professor Boscagli, the latter endeavor, like her old literature teacher’s bread-baking, is an example of “a kind of tactility of life” that’s as important as “the life of the intellect”.

“In fact, there cannot be a life of the intellect without the body,” the professor stated wisely, as professors tend to do. “And this ‘tactile’ aspect of life is not a feminine terrain; it should be experienced by everybody that desires it.”

When asked about the changes to her academic clock caused by motherhood, she told me that “there are a lot of things that you have to do as a woman with children, but she never stopped writing.”

“I said, ‘I’m going to write a second book,’ and I did — after the kids went to bed, early in the morning ... It’s not that I’m advocating having children,” she went on to check herself, “But I think that I’ve been very lucky to have these two sides to my life.”

The child-rearing side, she believes, has allowed her to foster a more intimate relationship with her students.

"When I was younger, I was primarily concerned with teaching theory," the Professor recalled, "But now, after seeing how my kids study in school, I focus on how the theory will actually work in my students' lives, especially in terms of gender studies... I think, what am I trying to give these young women? How do I try to equip them for life?"

When asked to provide an answer to these questions, Professor Boscagli defined her teacherly gift as what was given to her by her mentors: "for lack of a better word," she qualified, "empowerment", which, she feels, is especially crucial in today's culture of resurgent sexism.

On her part, aided by the influence of the many "self-affirming", as she called them, women around her, the budding feminist Maurizia developed an interest in gender studies when she was around college-age, although the academic category did not exist in Italy at the time.

"It never occurred to me that the male subject is only one kind of subject and not *the* subject," the professor reflected, when recounting the early pivot in her career as a literary and feminist scholar.

In fact, she only discovered the field of Gender Studies during her graduate studies at Brown University, where she received her Ph.D. She attributes her decision to continue her higher education to her "ferocious ambition", and her choice of doing it overseas to the "incredible irresponsibility" characteristic of people in their early 20's, of whom she was one, then.

Despite the school's distance

from home and what the professor then considered to be the cultural capital of the country, New York City,


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Brown, she recalls, was "perfect [for her] intellectually," facilitating the congealment of all of her interests — gender and cultural studies, literature, and critical theory, which formed a solid foundation for her position in academia today.

When asked about her favorite aspects of her job, she shared keenly that she enjoys hearing the students' thoughts about texts and in general, and went on to explain that her tendency to facilitate introductory rounds on every first day of class is "not just a rhetorical move."

A lamentable aspect of her experience as a teacher, however, that she believes has changed over time is students' attitudes towards






learning. Attributing the phenomenon to the current devaluation of the humanities vis-a-vis the sciences as a result of the economic pressures faced by today's post-graduate youth, Professor Boscagli noted that, instead of attending class to broaden their perspectives, students often feel excused from actively contributing to class discussions.

"I want my students to become critical thinkers, of literary texts as well as of the texts of life, of culture, of politics." Instead, some students, though not all of them, prefer to be lectured to, rather than taking the risk of speaking up and intervening in class. It's this exchange between teacher and student that makes, for me, good teaching," the professor shared, her tone uncharacteristically melancholy. It

restored some of its usual enthusiasm, however, as she continued to address the purpose of college, which is, she proposed, "to be exposed to different positions, to become a critical reader of everything that [surrounds the student] [and] to learn to never take anything for granted."

Professor Boscagli left me that day with this hopeful vision of college and one of the unruly residents of her office — a book entitled *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*. On my part, I plan to use both of these gifts, during the remainder of my time at UCSB and beyond, for their intended purpose: to become the kind of woman that, according to the Professor's characterization, is "not afraid to get out into the world and shake things up." 



SECRET SKATE SPOTS

words // Sarah Scarminach

photos // Soline Daury

design // Audrey Fery Forgues

At a school where skaters rule the sidewalks, there's a surprising lack of places to throw tricks, carve hills, and "shred the gnar." We've got a skateboard lane, but why not a park? Here are a few of our favorite hidden spots for when your skate fever is out of control — I know mine is.

ISLA VISTA

6587 Del Playa

This not so secret skate spot is well known by DP residents, as well as those passing by on Friday nights. It's not hard to find, especially when you can see the top of the ramps peeking over the fence. 6587 resident and master carpenter, Billy Arana, searched DIY posts online, drew up plans, ran to Home Depot, and got to building. The result? Two halves — plus a middle section — that come together in the form of one gnarly mini ramp. Stop in for a quick sesh; just make sure you can handle the drop.

6652 Pasado

Hidden down the street, in the back unit and over the fence, is one of this town's best-kept secrets. Taking full advantage of their backyard space, 6652 Pasado has become home to the only fully constructed half-pipe in IV for over a year now. Long time skater and woodworker Kevin Anselman helped create the pipe with a couple of friends who lacked the space. Anselman, lucked out and kept this homemade shred spot even after his buddies moved away. These guys welcome anyone brave enough to try out their pipe, and they all learned long ago how to go to sleep with the sound of wheels gliding down the ramp.

UCSB CAMPUS

Lot 22

With its smooth concrete, steep slopes, and never-ending levels, Lot 22 is every longboarder's dream. This parking



structure is perfect for carving or racing to the ground floor — just make sure there's no one around. Police have banned skating from our favorite University-endorsed spots and you can get a hefty fine if you're caught. We've all braved it a few times, but if they ask, you didn't hear about it from us.

Theater and Dance Building

When IV seems just too far away to pop an "ollie" or grind a rail, try the Theater and Dance-West building. Right outside of WORD headquarters, this campus spot is full of easy access rails and small sets of stairs for rookies or veterans alike. There's even a perfect setup for a wall ride if you're ballsy enough to go for it. Watch out for Campus Police who frequent this spot, and keep your eyes peeled for dance students running late for a studio session. **W**



SIERRA HOTEL

BY THE HIGHWAY

words // Dan Chaison design // Ateken Abila

Dan Chaison is a UCSB political science major and former US Army Sergeant. After joining the Army in 2008 as an M1 Abrams Armor Crewman, Dan was stationed in Vilseck Germany with the 2nd Stryker Cavalry Regiment. From 2010-2011 he served as a Stryker Vehicle Commander during combat operations in Kandahar, Afghanistan before returning to Germany and completing his service in 2012.

I close my eyes I can still see the two burning vehicles on the side of Afghanistan's only paved highway, Highway 1. The heavy smoke and blurry heat-wave blanketing the scene obscured my vision as our armored convoy hummed towards the flames. Although we had only been in sector for a few weeks, I was already in the habit of standing up out of my hatch, as the arid breeze was a better alternative to the sweaty interior of the M1126 Stryker's hull. The radio chatter on my headset faded from my attention as I focused my gaze on the sight. The semi truck was burning and in pieces and its flames had swallowed the small car next to it.

The chatter continued in my headset as I listened to my platoon leader exchange radio courtesies with 2nd Platoon's leader. Their Strykers rolled towards us from a distance on the eastern horizon. Sticking out of his hatch parallel with mine was my animated squad leader, Staff Sergeant Haynes.

"You see that body?" he turned to ask me as our heads poked out of our respective hatches like two turtle shells. As my eyes scanned the scene, all I could identify was what appeared to be a dead dog curled up next to the smoldering car. Kandahar has scores of wild mutts, which can often be spotted roving in packs up and down the highway. After running my eyes across the scene several times, I realized that the blackened corpse was not a dog; it was the remains of a person. Its missing legs added to the illusion, leaving my eyes with just half of a charred carcass to identify as a human body. Its stiff posture was the furthest thing from human I had ever witnessed in my nineteen years of life. It lay on the ground next to the car, frozen in time, and frozen in my memory. For the first time I was seeing a dead body.

Within the belly of our Stryker there was a lot of confusion among the squad of eager rifleman. They didn't have the privilege of standing up out of the hatch to see what was

going on outside. They also didn't wear headsets, so any time I would pop down, they would stare at me, anticipating that I'd fill them in. Luckily for them, Staff Sergeant Haynes was there to announce the details of the outside scene with enthusiasm. By the end of the tour, everybody had a SSG Haynes impression they could perform. My favorite was of him interrupting radio chatter with his high-pitched voice to inquire, "He dead?" in reference to a bloodied Afghan national we had found one day suffering a gunshot wound. Despite his at times unprofessional manner, SSG Haynes was combat-seasoned, pragmatic, and apparently knew a dead Afghan when he saw one.

At this point, our Stryker slowed to a halt, and SSG Haynes crouched down from his hatch to address the bright-eyed collection of troops — most of whom weren't even old enough to buy a beer — and shouted "Who wants to see a dead body?!" As hands flew up, the back ramp dropped down and the group tactically dismounted, just like they had practiced a million times before. I stayed up in the hatch to man the .50 Cal, which was hot to the touch from baking in the unforgiving Afghan sun.

Now atop the empty Stryker, I heard the back ramp rise up while the radio chatter continued flowing. I relished standing center stage behind my .50 cal while the vehicles burned before me. The lawlessness and disorder made me feel like this was the Wild West. The Afghan National Police eventually showed up in their Ford Ranger; ironically, the very truck my

high school buddy used to drive me to parties was a staple of the Afghan security forces. The way they haphazardly shoveled the remains into the truck bed like they were doing yard work made me question the value of life. I wondered how someone's last moments could look like that. I suppose that when you live in a warzone like the Afghans do, efficiency takes precedence over common post-mortem reverence. The truth is that,

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that person may have been my first dead body, but in reality it was just another corpse by the highway. **W**

THE ALBINO RACCOON

WHY I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL NERVOUS

words // Shaina Goel

design // Frankie Thorpe

I was 16 when I found out my Dad owned a gun. He mentioned it briefly at dinner over our usual meal of grilled vegetables and white rice. I imagined my Dad attempting to hide it somewhere high, maybe in a tall wooden cupboard or in a safe he kept out of sight and reach.

Instead of supplying me with a sense of safety, this family fact made me uncomfortable. I began to question my safety in the suburban Tarzana, CA, where I lived. Should I be worried about a home invasion or maybe a business deal gone wrong? My mind spiraled with a chaotic and aggressive imagination involving some imminent dangerous scenario, which my father had to save the family with the ultimate survival tool, the gun. The likelihood that one of my irrational visions would become a reality was low, but the fear was concrete.


A similar discomfort and paranoia developed when I would read about school shootings like the tragedy that struck Columbine High School in 1999.

In response to the increasing amount of shootings on school campuses, my high school implemented lockdown drills. The abrupt drills were announced on the overhead speaker, interjecting

into the classroom, commanding us to silently lock ourselves in the room with the lights off and our backs against the wall to make us unseen from the window. Every time we had a drill, I considered how terrifying a shooting would be if it were real and questioned what would replace the silence. Additionally, I wondered if these drills were useful in combatting an armed offense on our campus, which I highly doubted.

The extreme scenario of my imagination has been a reality for many communities, including ours. It is crucial to remember the shooting on May 23, 2014. Remember how many were lost and the trauma that persists. Countless lives have been taken on college campuses because of people with guns and not much has been done to combat this societal epidemic.

Columnist of the *New York Times* Nicholas Kristof states, "the lesson ... is not that we need a modern prohibition, but that we should address gun deaths as a public health crisis". His implication is that the answer is not to completely eliminate guns, but to evaluate alternative approaches. Kristof's perspective on gun control is one vitally needed if America desires



to see any reduction in such catastrophic numbers.


The regulation of alternative threats to our safety, like automobiles, rather than of firearms is concerning. Additionally bewildering is the tendency to treat modern firearms similarly to slow loading, simplistically designed gunpowder artillery from the times of America's founding fathers. Guns have evolved into mutated monsters capable of much more destruction than they were at their inception: the AR-15 being one of them, a semi-automatic rifle that is only banned in three states and supposedly heavily regulated in six. Semi-automatic rifles shoot as fast as a pull of the trigger and in California, a state with relatively strict regulations for the possession of AR-15 type rifles, the gun cannot exceed ten rounds. Even so, with this form of regulation, I'm not convinced ten rounds are necessary to kill a duck or defend yourself.

The fact remains that there are too many guns in circulation put into the hands of too many individuals without sufficient regulation. Sufficient regulation would involve even stricter gun control laws, including limiting what types of guns are sold, mandatory universal background checks, and a

national cap on the amount of guns bought by an individual per month.

Economist Richard Florida's article in *The Atlantic*, "The Geography of Gun Deaths," found that larger populations, more immigrants, and increasing mental illness do not correlate with more gun deaths. Instead, Florida found a formidable correlation between states with tighter gun control laws and fewer gun-related deaths.

Without tighter gun control laws, I can't help but feel a sense of anxiety and, I understand that some peoples' responses to such anxieties are to buy their own guns, but my Dad had a gun and it didn't make me feel any safer. I can't speak for everyone and do not claim to know the best ways to combat the debilitating epidemic of school shootings but I find it crucial to recognize what permeates society as a result of these mass shootings and in what forms, seen and unseen. I do know that being a student questioning her safety and the safety of others on campus is an uncomfortable feeling that I do not welcome.

I hope that I won't have to buy a gun and tell my daughter or son over some rice and veggies about how their mom had to get a gun because we aren't safe anymore. 

THE DEATH OF KINGS IS COMING

FEBRUARY - MARCH 2016