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Two years shy of a decade and WORD is still at it. Issue 28 deals with a diverse set of topics: some humorous, others more serious. We personify a slow cooker and have two music playlists while also revisiting the issue of sexual assault on our campus, among other things. This issue has a lot of talent working behind it and we believe it to be a truly exceptional one. Without further ado, we invite you to dive in and we hope you enjoy it as much as we do.

Peace out IV, see you next quarter.

Sam Arrow and Shaina Goel
Co-Editors
“For instance, can you express why is addition commutative? You know that addition is commutative, right?” Derek’s voice droned on about the deficiencies in K-12 math education. He has such a tight grasp on subject matters major and trivial. It’s like typing a question in Wolfram Alpha and having all technical aspects of the answer laid out in front of you.

I knew he was talking, but I couldn’t hear what he was saying. My thoughts were clouded by dread and anxiety.

With a final click, I entered into uncharted territory at the hands of a post in Isla Vista’s Free and For Sale Facebook group titled, “A day with someone you’d potentially hate.” This post didn’t seek potential buyers; it sought potential test subjects.

“I am on a righteous quest to discover if it’s possible for two completely unlike and unrelatable strangers to bond and enjoy each other’s company,” my post read. “I will pay for all food/drink/activities.”

The idea was simple: find a stranger that I have little or nothing in common with (bonus points if we have totally opposite beliefs and lifestyle choices). Hang out with that stranger for a day. See what happens.

I left the direction of this project open-ended. Whatever happens, I thought, at least it’ll be interesting enough to write about. But I knew deep down that my motivations for the experiment weren’t just to acquire “interesting” writing material. My mind wanted assurance that friendships can almost always be achieved given enough time and effort. More specifically, it wanted to affirm the notion that Eugene Cheng, student of the University of California, Santa Barbara, could make friends with anyone if he just tried hard enough. That it’s possible to manufacture friendships with anyone as long as you pick up the right tools for the job. That whether people like me or not is in my control.

So that’s why, out of the ten people that responded to my post, I set my sights on Derek Dimpfl. He was different from your standard Isla Vista resident. When I messaged him to ask what he would like to do when we would hang out, he replied: “Ah yes, thank you for writing! I was just going to write to you and ask that you cook up some wild and crazy plans.”

This scared me. I come from the world of text messages that revolve around “LOL,” “SMH,” “bruh,” and “chill.” What he wrote me I would never even think about typing for fear of embarrassing myself. His suggestions of activities also left me in a heap of anxiousness. The dude wanted to go ice skating or to the butterfly preserve. Where I come from, we use this word to describe my emotional state: “bruh.”

Although it would have been easy to choose someone more approachable, that would have defeated the purpose of this experiment. So after preliminary introductions were out of the way, we chose a beautiful Saturday morning to meet at his place, with no idea what to expect.

My mission was simple: make a friend.

They say you can tell a lot about a person by the state of their home. When I entered Derek’s home, I was greeted with polished hardwood floors, musty but clean antique furniture, and a clear-paneled sliding door that showcased a lush mixture of green, red, yellow, and blue growing in the backyard. This was certainly not the toxic waste dump some associate with Isla Vista homes.

My first impression of Derek strayed equally far from the Isla Vista norm. His loose-fitting jeans were complemented by off-white sneakers colored with wear and
tear. Rimless glasses perched on the cliff of his nose. Although large, he managed to appear humble in stature. And despite the chilling winds that characterize Isla Vista’s winter months, he wore only a t-shirt that imparted the maxim: “Love Conquers All.”

“Your whole premise for doing this thing,” he said, “is to see if two people who are quite different and don’t know each other can get along and have a good time. I have to confess to you that I sort of cheated, because I already knew it was possible.”

“I knew it was possible too,” I replied. “I just want it to happen.”

We decided to grab lunch at Wok on the Wild Side since Derek had never been before. As we made the trek from his house to the restaurant, I noticed that Derek greeted literally every person we passed. Lack of acknowledgement from other parties never deterred him; he still maintained his efforts. When we passed a group of girls picking up trash for community service, Derek said without hesitation, “good day you three, thanks for cleaning up.” Their yellow reflective vests appeared dull in the light of his kindness.

In the first hour of our time together, I discovered Derek has autism. When I conceived of this project, I thought that no matter the differences between us, the stranger and I would eventually find common ground. Once we would reach that stage, we could both utilize the same set of social skills to further our relationship. That was the plan. Unfortunately, I have had very few interactions with people with autism. I don’t know shit about autism. That revelation drove my mind to code red. How could the experiment work if the variables were beyond my comprehension?

I could feel myself doubting every word that exited my mouth. “So you’re saying that autism is not just, like, a straight spectrum; it’s like a whole 3-D type of thing,” I said, with a draining amount of confidence.

“Well,” said Derek, “even more than three dimensions. Mathematically it’d be like a n-dimensional vector space where n is the number of parameters.” I felt like Daniel-son in Karate Kid being lectured by Mr. Miyagi.

My heart was still racing when we arrived at the restaurant. However, I had a chance to change the subject to something more comfortable. “What are you planning to do after graduate school?” I asked.

“I really don’t have a plan that far out,” Derek answered. “Much more important in
my mind is what I would call ‘following the name of God.’ That’s accomplished just by practicing an awareness of the presence of the divine.”

“So kinda like, living well and doing the things you’re supposed to be doing?”

“That’s actually a very insightful remark,” he replied. I still don’t understand how my remark was insightful, but I appreciated his compliment nonetheless.

We discussed Derek’s faith further as we devoured the food in front of us. This was my first time interacting with someone so unapologetically devoted to the Christian God. Derek was a biblical machine, able to pinpoint any scripture needed to substantiate his statements. And the conviction in his voice when he described “experiencing” God was awe-inspiring. As an atheist, even I felt moved by his descriptions of divine healing and conversations with a higher being.

There’s also the way Derek talked that intrigued me. He was precise, to the point that it almost seemed unreal. Some people talk like a romantic comedy. Derek talks like a documentary. Even when he was at a loss for words, he remained composed and focused. In these instances, he lowered his gaze and rubbed his temple with two fingers until the suitable phrase was revealed to him. Sometimes he remained in that state for almost a minute. In those moments, I removed myself from the present to contemplate, thinking how lucky I was to experience this beautiful silence. It was during the walk to Ice in Paradise, the local ice skating rink, that the mirage of harmony started to dissipate.

By the end of our adventure, all that remained in the corner of the ice-skating rink was a lump of exhaustion formerly known as Eugene. Physical exertion wasn’t the culprit, although the ice skates weren’t the most comfortable footwear around. I was mentally fatigued.

The trouble began when Derek elaborated on his view of atheism. According to him, full support for atheistic values would entail the approval of eugenics and the conclusion that people are less valuable than their organs. Atheists who aren’t morally backwards can attribute their morals to Christian principles. The same voice that gripped my attention earlier with its love for God was now assertive, almost threatening, in its depiction of atheism. I obviously thought differently, but I had neither the knowledge nor the guts to disagree with him. All I could do was cower and taste the venom in his inflection.

His love for God, something I previously respected, now made me uncomfortable; he kept bringing it up over and over again. Maybe if I was more persistent in pursuing another course of discussion, this wouldn’t have been a problem.

Maybe.

And again, the same factor that held me back from engaging with him fully before showed its face once more. I found myself withholding natural reactions and genuine opinions from the point his autism was acknowledged. My mind would start formulating a response, then get the blue screen of death when I realized I didn’t know how he would react. I was terrified of upsetting him, and I didn’t stop being scared until I had the opportunity to take a moment of solitude. I ignored the presence of Derek, who was having a blast ice skating alone. My aching brain finally received a break from all the confusion and despair I felt due to my inability to connect with him.

Meanwhile, Derek stopped skating to give some pointers to an inexperienced couple.

“When I was a kid, someone had the idea to make little plastic mock credit cards, which were called virtue cards, and they had a virtue written on them. My mom bought three of them, one for me and one for each of my siblings. And the one she gave to me was ‘encouragement,’ I guess because she saw that it was just a part of who I am, to speak encouragement and positivity into people’s days.

“I’ve been through a lot of phases in my life, and I think this thing of being pleasant towards strangers and people that I don’t know is reclaiming some part of my real
identity and what God made me to be.”

I ended our hangout early with a bullshit excuse. I was so tired. On our walk home we discussed other topics such as philosophy, economics, technological innovations, and his cool watch that replaced the numbers with math functions. Our conversation was pleasant, though my mood was not. As our time together reached its conclusion, I reflected on the events of the day. Some moments I really enjoyed, such as when we discussed his faith over lunch. Other moments weren’t as lovely. I relived the anxiety I felt when the conversation turned hostile. The annoyance I harbored when he persistently pushed religion into everything.

However, I believe Derek is an exemplary human being. He is one of the nicest and most well-mannered people I have ever met. Although I was often intimidated by his religiosity, there was never an indication that his beliefs originated from selfishness or malice. There’s one word I can associate with Derek, and that’s “pure.” The contradictions in my conclusions are due to my own insecurities, as projected onto Derek’s secure sense of self. In retrospect, I recognize the traits that make him wonderful, though in person, he was sometimes a source of hesitation and spite.

I really like Derek. And I wanted him to not only like me, but trust me to a certain degree. I interest people boosts my ego, but knowing that someone enjoying my company enough to open up about themselves is what constitutes a friendship. Although Derek was never short on compliments or altruistic deeds, it seemed like he never elevated me to a level higher than acquaintance. That understanding left me in dismay, especially after I expended so much energy in attempt to connect with him.

A bigger issue; I didn’t feel comfortable around him. I was constantly worried about not saying anything that would offend him. As a result, I did not show him the respect he deserved, due to my lack of knowledge about his disorder. Once I found out about his autism I immediately began to lose confidence. How was I supposed to make a friend when I never allowed Derek to actually get to know me? Friendship is a two-way street. Our relationship was, at best, a one-lane bike path.

As far as I could tell, my experiment was unsuccessful. I tried to prove, to the world and to myself, that friendships are possible with enough determination and patience. My belief used to be that whether someone likes me or wants to be friends with me was within my control. I’m not so sure now.
Xin Yi Tan is a second year Earth Science major from Melaka, Malaysia. She immigrated to the United States in the 4th grade, and currently calls San Gabriel home. Xin said, “I started coloring in coloring books my aunts would buy for me when I was four years old, and it was around that age when I started learning about lights and shadows.” As a child she would try to emulate illustrations from her favorite childhood books-- The Magic Tree House, Geronimo Stilton, A Series of Unfortunate Events, and Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark. Currently, Xin’s favorite medium to work with has been watercolor. Regarding current plans Xin said, “my relationship with art right now is just a simple one. If I have free time, I’ll take out my brush and paint. I enjoy sharing my art with others so that’s why I like to give my friends and family hand painted birthday and holiday cards or bookmarks.”

Even though nothing is set in stone, Xin does plan to incorporate art into her future plans. Xin said, “I do, however, often find inspiration from nature. Being an Earth Science major, I do a lot of field work and gain access to the natural world”.

chalk pastel and color pencil
Sophia Barkhudarova remembers spending summers in Russia as a child, and doing all sorts of art projects with her grandfather, reminiscing that, "he would always make me do weird and interesting art projects: replicating famous paintings, extensive watercolor on cloth, creating clay animal sculptures adorned with pieces from watches and clockwork." This is where Sophia says her love for art was fostered. Her love and experience for art just grew from there. “I became more influenced by family and friends as I got older because people started to really appreciate my work.”

Currently Sophia is a third year Psychology and Art double major from Los Alamos, New Mexico. She also works as the Graphics Coordinator for AS Program Board. She said that as she grew older and more experienced, she started to get many requests for her artwork like tattoo designs, graphic design freelancing, and design internships. Lately Sophia has mainly been working in graphic design because her position as Graphics Coordinator and much of her freelance work calls for it. But her personal favorite medium is simple pen. “I love the clean, detailed lines — no pencil smudges...sort of tattoo-esque, graphic, precise”.

As she delves deeper into the Art major, she enjoys experimenting with other mediums, namely, printmaking, and digital video. For future plans, Sophia hopes to end up in the music industry. Though she feels that her work has a heavy emphasis on graphic design, she wants to expand. “I feel that I want to develop my look, style, and portfolio in my own time. I want to pursue some new software and discover myself as an artist more, as well as take steps back to hands-on creative work like drawing.”
Tamar Yefet

Tamar Yefet is a second year Art and Psychology major from Modesto, California. “I’ve been doing art my whole life,” she said. “I don’t think there was a time when I didn’t want to be an artist.” Tamar’s parents were always very supportive of her art endeavors; she would always get art supplies for Christmas. “I’ve always had a love for colors. I collect all sorts of things and I grew up in a house full of fabric, beads, books, and instruments, and anything else you can think of. Being in that environment I was always free to make things and play.” For this reason, Tamar loves working with any medium she can get her hands on. But her favorite mediums would have to be drawing with Copic markers, making collage pieces, or zines with found paper or objects. She enjoys drawing scenery of thick plant life with lots of colors and shapes. Art has always been a part of Tamar’s life and she can’t imagine life without it. With both Art and Psychology, Tamar hopes to one day become an art therapist.

printed on tracing paper and colored with marker
queen: marker, and paper ephemera on trace paper
Brad Virshup is a second year Film and Media Studies major from Novato, CA. These photos Brad has taken are mostly compilation photos from his travels. Some of these are from Vietnam, Yosemite in California, Uganda, and Greece. “None of them were planned or anything. I just like to document the things around me that catch my eye.” Brad uses photography as a way to document the things around him that he finds beautiful or interesting. His photography is spontaneous. He’s gotten used to carrying his camera around because, “You never know where you’ll end up or what you’ll see. I love to take pictures that showcase nature and I usually aim for vibrancy and color in my pictures.”

Photography is actually an offshoot of Brad’s main hobby, cinematography. Brad has been filming movies since middle school with his friends, so when he isn’t filming, photography is a way for him to work on framing and composition.

Even though Brad probably won’t pursue photography as a career, he definitely sees himself continuing to carry a camera for a long time.

* sunset over the mountains of the monasteries
  Meteora, Greece
A woman with her baby selling goods
Vietnam
CONNECTING PEOPLE TO THE PARKS

words // Navpreet Khabra    photos + design // Kaitlyn Haberlin

“If these kids weren’t at these programs, I can’t imagine what they would be doing,” Annie Aziz reflects as she thinks back to the 20 years that she has invested as the Isla Vista Recreation and Park District Recreation Coordinator. As we spoke, she had a deep-seated passion in her voice. I was sitting down and she told me to be careful of a screw in the fence behind me. Aziz also asked me if the sun was getting in my eyes. Her attentive nature shined through as we spoke to each other. It is no surprise that she has been involved as part of these kids’ lives for so long.

“In the beginning, there was an average of 96 kids a day, mainly from K-8 grades,” Aziz admits. There has been a growing demand for her programs over the years, demonstrating the benefit of at-risk children with limited options for afterschool activities.

Aziz mentions, “it was hard to get the parents to trust me in the beginning. I was new and they were not sure what I was doing. After a few years, the parents would vouch for me to each other and news of the rec programs spread by word of mouth.” As time went by, the parents were able to entrust their children to Aziz, leading to the success of her recreation programs.

Since funding is limited, most of the programs rely on partnerships with local organizations. In the Home Depot Woodworking Workshops, the youths are taken to the local Home Depot in the Camino De Real Marketplace to make various projects. Aziz mentions that the Recreation Center gives a discount for the children and supervisors to use the campus pool for our Summer Swim program. Magic Lantern and AS Program Board allow them free admission for family-friendly films, allowing the Cultural Enrichment Program to exist. About 90% of these field trips have been made on foot, emphasizing the need for local events and programs. There has been a growing demand for her programs over the years. Local high school students and UCSB students are able to earn community service hours by helping with programs. The Recreation Program is only one of the many services offered by the Park District.

“Without volunteers, the streets of IV would go uncleaned and the litter would wash into the ocean when it rains,” Adam Porté, the Adopt-A-Block Supervisor, usually says as he tables at community outreach events. Adopt-A-Block is the only form of public cleaning in Isla Vista as there is no public service for street cleaning, forcing IV to rely on the dedication of volunteers to take care of their town. The volunteers are often seen in orange vests
Volunteers use tools provided by IV Park & Rec while participating in Adopt-A-Block.

walking along the streets of Isla Vista with their white buckets, picking up pieces of litter. Antony Del Castillo, the current RHA Environmental Awareness Chair Coordinator, remarks that, “I’ve had a great experience with them when I took people from Santa Rosa to Adopt-A-Block last year for a program. I went to their event. They explained their mission and what they generally do. [They] were really helpful, kind, and organized.”

During the large party weekends such as Deltopia and Halloween, Adopt-A-Block puts on a special clean up event in order to attract volunteers to counter the litter produced. At Halloclean 2014, 375 volunteers came to help out that weekend. Usually, local businesses help sponsor the event and offer incentives such as free tank tops and pizza. “Isla Vista Recreation and Park District survives on a relatively small budget, and it is through community collaboration and volunteerism that we are able to maintain the parks at the level in which we do,” notes Rodney Gould, the general manager of IVRPD.

IVRPD emerged as a result of the environmental movement and counter-culture of the 1960s and ’70s, presently
serving as the only elected body of Isla Vista. “A park district devoted to cultivating native grasses and flowers, preserving open space, and building volleyball courts was also considerably less threatening to the economic and political rulers of the area than a city government with taxing authority and control over the police,” Christina Ziegler-McPherson notes in her paper, “More than Just Parks.” Isla Vista’s high density did not allow most housing to have outdoor space, making the creation of a park district necessary as it could help IV establish the recreation and open space it vitally needed. The future of the Isla Vista Recreation and Park District will not be officially affected by the Assembly Bill 3, which would create a community services district for Isla Vista. Most likely, they would work together towards a better community. IVRPD will continue to provide essential services to the IV community. Volunteers are always welcome for the Adopt-A-Block program and any ideas for improvement are encouraged.
At 7:29am, the world stands still. At 7:30, it crashes to life with the sickening, mechanical clang of an alarm. Unwilling eyes pry open and a clumsy hand swats the offending device from its perch on the nightstand. The alarm continues its tirade from the floor.

"Shit."

Bare feet dangle above cool bedroom tile and reluctantly touch down. Twenty years of accumulated motor skills hurdle a listless body toward the window and yank open the blinds. As expected, grey skies dump buckets of rain from the heavens for a third day in a row.

While the coffee pot drips full in the kitchen, the hero assesses his options. Drop the class. Drop out of school. Drop dead. “Careers are for chumps, anyway,” he reasons. The hero stomps back to his room.

His roommate’s snores provide a taunting backdrop for the selection of... “rain gear.” A hoodless sweatshirt and jeans represent the most viable laundered options. The hero digs for a holey windbreaker from the laundry basket.

WHILE THE COFFEE POT DRIZZLES FULL IN THE KITCHEN, THE HERO ASSESSES HIS OPTIONS. DROP THE CLASS. DROP OUT OF SCHOOL. DROP DEAD.

Hadn’t his mother offered an umbrella upon departure for school? “It’s Santa
THE STREETS SIT LARGELY EMPTY. JUST A MAN AND HIS HEAP OF CORRODED ALUMINUM.

Back in the kitchen, coffee burns his tongue as the hero swigs too deeply. The thermos leaks as he yanks it away from his lips, and precious nectar splashes down the hero’s front. Good thing he opted for the windbreaker.

It is now 7:53am.

“Shit.”

The hero slings his backpack over one shoulder and heads for the door. A paratrooper at the point of departure, he hesitates for a moment to consider the task at hand. It’s not too late to turn back. He could change his name, leave the country, start a new life. The hero digs deep for strength and wrenches open the door.

The portal’s swollen wood shudders open to reveal the deluge only growing in strength. The first step from safety touches down in a puddle, which accumulates thoughtfully below the threshold. Freezing water numbs the hero’s toes. He slams the door behind him. To hell with the sleepers.

The hero’s vessel stands unsheltered at the end of a soaking walkway. The bicycle’s list of repairs to be addressed, “when I get a chance,” includes a new seat, tightened chain, and brake pads that actually... brake. What a pile of crap. But the hero has no time to be choosy.

He mounts the bike and wills it to life with the weight of one soaking foot. The chain creaks in protest as the wheels slowly propel the hero down the drive and into the road. The streets sit largely empty. Just a man and his heap of corroded aluminum. The city’s architect must share the hero’s
lack of foresight. That, or a blinding sense of optimism that insists rain will never fall in a city built for summer. The road is all potholes and puddles. The bicycle's plodding tires seem to find them all.

The hero reaches the edge of campus with what little momentum he can muster. Wind whips rain into his eyes as the bike lumbers onto its designated path. More puddles, new traffic. He forces his way past the others, pedaling wildly through the downpour and weaving between fellow commuters. In a sea of struggling slackers, he at least rises to the top.

The hero descends a hill and nears a roundabout. A central location, the circle presents the intersection of harried undergrads from all corners of campus. His destination – a stately building of brown and grey – lies just beyond. Bikes stream in and out of the busy crossroads. Those that enter the circle should yield to the bicycles already inside. More often, they swerve and dodge their way through the obstacle. The patient students sit dry in class. This is a battle of the weak-willed.

The hero swats rain from his eyes and squints ahead to the roundabout, quickly approaching. At first, his path appears clear. Then, from the corner of his eye, a shape emerges from the liquid din. A fellow cyclist creeps from the south, on course to intersect with the hero's eastern bearing. The opposition is making better time than the hero. They will enter the circle first. One more time this morning, the hero must swallow his pride and succumb to forces beyond his control.

But the hero is stupid, as even heroes sometimes are. The hero is stubborn. He demands that the world give him just one single break today. That in his near-insurmountable struggle, the universe bends in appreciation of his effort, clearing the path to a dry lecture hall.

The hero pedals faster.

The bicycles surge toward their mutual heading. Their owners remain anonymous, obscured by rain, urged on by the audacity of the other's trajectory. It appears, briefly, that the hero may slip through the circle untouched. It then becomes clear he will not. But now it's too late.

White knuckles grip handlebars; brakes sit abandoned. Yielding is no option. Impact is imminent. The bicycles meet at the mouth of the roundabout with a crack like thunder.

THE HERO IS STUPID, AS EVEN HEROES SOMETIMES ARE. THE HERO IS STUBBORN.

Tires screech, spokes slam, handlebars contort wildly. The hero's body breaks free from its union with the bicycle and hurdles through the air. For a moment, the world stands still again on that soggy Monday morning.

"My 8am is on Tuesday," it occurs to the hero, as he plummets toward the puddle.

"Shit."
"But they sell parts of dead fetuses. What are they doing selling things if they are a non-profit?" said my uncle Roger following the right-wing campaign against Planned Parenthood. Frustrated and embarrassed by his ignorance, I turned to my brother, a first-year medical student, as my qualified defense. "Perry, explain to Roger how they aren’t selling dead fetuses and what scientists do with donations of fetal tissue.” Seemingly uninterested as he has learned to zone out my uncle’s and my political arguments, Perry looked up from his phone and replied abruptly, "um, yeah, fetal tissue is used a lot in stem cell research, vaccine development, and to fight diseases and stuff.”

According to Carrie Wolinetz, the National Institutes of Health’s Associate Director for Science Policy, the scientific study of fetal tissue isn’t limited to vaccine development, stem cell research, or even the study of treatments like Parkinson’s disease: "Fetal tissue is used to study early brain development, which has great relevance to understanding of the development of diseases such as autism and schizophrenia."

The use and donations of fetal tissue and the service of abortions have been points of contention for Planned Parenthood Federation of America (PPFA), a non-profit organization that provides reproductive health services to men and women.

Due to abortion services provided by the organization, many enraged pro-life advocates have taken to demonstrations of defiance ranging from the Center for Medical Progress’s [criticized as false] "undercover" videos in an effort to defund Planned Parenthood, to the November 27th, 2015 shooting at the Planned Parenthood clinic in Colorado Springs, Colorado killing three and injuring nine. According to Planned Parenthood’s website, “three percent of all Planned Parenthood health services are abortion services.” Putting aside the debate over the ethics of abortion, attempting to defund Planned Parenthood for this service alone is unreasonable.
as, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, the Hyde Amendment, passed in 1976, prohibits abortion from "comprehensive health care services provided to low-income people by the federal government through Medicaid." But Planned Parenthood is obviously not limited to abortion services, providing a variety of other significant services including sexual and reproductive health care services, breast and cervical cancer screenings, emergency and long-acting reversible contraception, tests and treatments for sexually transmitted infections, and sex education.

Office report, “As of 2012, 79 percent of people receiving services from Planned Parenthood lived at 150 percent of the federal poverty level or lower.

Not only does defunding Planned Parenthood compromise health care services for millions of people every year, but it would also risk eliminating access to sex education in states where it is already limited or insufficient. According to the Guttmacher Institutes’ “State Policies in Brief” from February 1st, 2016, 23 states require sex education be taught in public schools. According to the same briefing, only 18 states require contraception information be included in content requirements for sex education. Only 27 states require that when sex and HIV education programs are taught that they meet certain general requirements. Only a mere 13 of those 27 states require the instructions be medically accurate.

As if these statistics were not already shocking, there are 37 states that “require information on abstinence be provided.” 12 of the 37 states demand that abstinence be covered while 25 mandate that abstinence be stressed.

According to the Sexuality Information and Education Council of the United States, “Since 1996, the federal government has spent over half a billion dollars on Title V abstinence-only-until-marriage programs despite the fact that numerous evaluations prove these programs to be, at best, ineffective.” Moreover, teaching abstinence in high schools is not only ineffective, but also unsafe if, as stated by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the average American becomes sexually active at the age of 17. If teaching abstinence is a requirement in 37 states, it is foolish to threaten eliminating one of the only places where sex education, reproductive health care, and contraception are accessible. For the sake of our health and our reproductive rights, we must do away with repressive ideologies by suppressing the vendetta against Planned Parenthood. We should be protecting Planned Parenthood, for if we don’t we are taking steps backwards.

Defunding Planned Parenthood would affect the lower income demographic, those targeted by Title X and Medicaid programs. According to Danielle Kurtzleben’s study of the March Government Accountability
He knocked on the door.
Silence.
He knocked again. He could hear brief cursing, and then the fumbling of headphones being removed.
“What do you want?” cried the reply from within the room.
“...I just want to talk.” He heard no reply this time, and with a sigh turned around and began to retreat down the hallway. Upon reaching the stairs, a begrudging click could be heard from the opening of the door, as the son called back to his father.
“Alright Dad, here I am. What do you want to talk about?”
The father turned around.

“Son!” He cried, running to embrace his child, who did not reciprocate his father’s spontaneous burst of affection.
“What do you want to talk about?” the son repeated, his voice half-muzzled, pressed into the enormous bulk of his father’s sternum. “You can let go now.”

And there they stood in the doorway, father and son. Or more precisely, Father and Son; indeed, there stood God almighty himself, a broad-shouldered man of impressive height, with shining eyes, a beard that stooped down to His chest, and a slightly receding hairline which would require nothing short of a miracle to prevent Him from going bald within the next
millennium.

“I just want to know how you’re doing, Son,” He said to Jesus Christ, a figure who greatly resembled His Father, differing only in a few inches of height and a full head of hair (which was usually kept down to his shoulders; but Jesus, being an avid follower of trends and fashion, currently had it tied up in a bun).

“Oh, you want to know how I’m doing?” Jesus mockingly replied. He stepped back from his Father, retreating backwards into his room. “I’m doing just great dad, just real fucking fantastic. Are we done now?” He slammed the door shut in His face and God could hear the lock immediately click.

“Son!” He roared, “This is no way to talk to the Creator of the Universe, let alone your Father. Now you come back here and unlock the door this second, or myself bid I will smite this door in two!”

Silence. For one, and then two, and then even three seconds, yet no response came from within the room. “That’s it!” He cried, and thus proceeded to cleanly smite the door in two even halves, revealing Jesus lying down on his bed with his headphones plugged into his record player (Jesus was an enthusiastic collector of vinyl records).

“What the hell, Dad?” he yelled, sitting up.

God, remembering His anger management classes, took in a long, slow breath, and released it through his nostrils. He repeated this action two more times, before He began to speak:

“Look, son, Jesus, um, do you mind if I sit?”

Jesus crossed his arms.

“Sure, whatever Dad. Fine.”

God sat down on the end of His Son’s bed. He began to fidget with a crease in his robe as the silence in the room started to take an awkward turn.

“So, Son, what I wanted to say was…” His eyes gazed over the contents of the room, the room of His only child, as He struggled to find the words He had always wanted to tell His Son, the impossible words which even the Creator Himself could not create. His path of sight continued across the half-open wardrobe, the carpet strewn with clothes, the mahogany nightstand upon which sat a towering glass instrument, the lamp—wait, that glass instrument, was that a fucking bong? God then noticed the faint aroma in the air, the reddish look in His Son’s eyes, the entirely inappropriate Buddhist tapestry hanging on the wall (this was a Christian household, after all), and suddenly stood up, glaring down at His Son.

“Jesus, have you been smoking pot?” He demanded.

Jesus, slightly taken aback, responded with a quick “no” and turned his face away.

“Jesus…” God growled.

“Fine!” Jesus stood up, “so maybe I smoke a little weed, huh? It’s not like I’d expect you to ever give a shit.”

“…”

“Fuck off, Dad. Get out of my room.”

For a few seconds, God simply stood there, His mouth hanging half-open in disbelief. “Well? What are you waiting for? Get. The. Hell. Out.” But God did not move. He continued to stare at the blank canvas of the wall, His mind going blank, His limbs ceasing to function. The static image of His Father was infuriating for Jesus Christ, and he proceeded to storm out the door. “I’m going to Joseph and Mary’s!” he shouted. The front door opened and shut with a booming crash. And God continued to stand helplessly in the room of His Son.

God picked up the phone and dialed the all-too-familiar number.

Ring…ring…ring…ring…ring…sorry, but the number you have reached—

He dialed again.

Ring…ring…ring…hello?

“Uh, hey Mary. It’s me.”

“God, is that you?” A pause. “It’s been awhile since we last talked, hasn’t it?”

(In the background the faint voice of a man could be heard: “Is that God? Well you can tell that son of a bitch piece of shit to fuck right off. I swear if that bastard wasn’t immortal I’d—” “Joseph, honey, you’re on speaker phone…” “Oh shit— uh, hey God, you
know I was just kidding right...

"Sorry about that...you know how Joseph can be."

"Uh, yeah. Anyway I’m just calling because I think the kid—"

"Kid? God, he’s a grown man. He’s 34."

"Well, uh, yeah, anyway he’s probably gonna be at your place for the rest of the week."

A brief pause.

"...you’re kidding, right?"

"Uh, no."

"Were you fighting again?"

"Well, yeah, but—"

"I can’t believe you, I swear, can you not keep yourself together for five minutes?!"

"Look it wasn’t like that, he—"

"He what, God, what did he do? Can’t you ever have any accountability? Can’t you..."

God put down the receiver and held His face in hands for a few seconds. Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in, breathe out.

"...and that whole thing with Job? Poor guy, I bet that was all his fault too, wasn’t it? Because when people piss God off, he just makes their lives hell, or better yet, sends them to hell. Speaking of which, how’s your old friend Satan doing? I bet that was his fault too—"

"It actually was his fault—"

"And there we go again. That’s it. I’m done. Goodbye, God."

"Mary, wait—"

But there was only silence. Still holding the phone in His hand, God sat down. He put the phone down on the table and leaned His cheek on his fist, gazing into the courtyard outside of the room. He sat for a long time, before ultimately getting up and heading to the wine cellar, where He poured himself a tall glass of Pinot Noir.

It was 3 PM and God was drunk. His breath reeked of wine, and His robe was covered in reddish-purple stains which dribbled down from the end of his beard. He sat slouched in a chair in the same room from which He had called Mary earlier, and picked up the phone. His fingers fumbled with the numbers on the phone, and He had to redial several times until the call went through.

"Heyo Satan, it’s me, yer old buddy."

"Uh, God? It’s been forever." A brief pause. "Why are you calling? Also, I’m not Satan."

God’s words were slurring but He aimed to be as coherent as He could be in his current state.

"Satan, ohhh Satan. I’m so sorry, so, so, so, sorry."

"God? Are you drunk? I thought you stopped drinking after the whole Job thing."

"Oh Job, Job, Job, Job, all anyone ever wants to do is talk about fucking Job. No one ever says, ‘oh how’s it goin God, how’s life?’ Well ya know what Mr. Devil, I’m done, I’m done, everyone hates me and I’m done."

"I’m gonna hang up now, you should drink some water and get some sleep."

"Yeah sure, just hang up on me too, on me too like everyone else, it’s okay though, I, I, don’t need anyone but me. So just go ahead and hang up, just hang up like everyone else. Jesus hates me, Mary, oh Mary she really hates me, you hate me, wooooo everyone hates ol’ God, God’s just the worst ya know."

"Ok I’m gonna hang up now, bye."

God slammed the phone down on the table.

"If everybody hates me so much, well shit, if everybody hates me so much, I should just make my own world where everyone has to love me." God stood up, almost immediately collapsing but catching Himself right before he hit the ground, and then continued on toward His workshop in a series of violent lurches that threatened to topple Him over entirely. "This is gonna be, the best, like really, this is the best idea." He paused for a moment, bent over, and began to vomit a particularly serene shade of purple before He then finally made it into the comfort of his workshop.

Setting himself at the desk, He banged the surface until the lights came on and the interface came to life. "Alright," He began. "Let there be light..."
Buzz buzz buzz... “Oh shit!” It’s 11am! “I’m late, oh shit, shit!” It’s Friday morning, but not just any Friday: it’s Bid Day. I tossed and turned all throughout the night, anxious, not able to sleep well from the seemingly endless thought-train of possible scenarios of how it would all play out. I removed my green lotus blanket, I ran to the shower, took off my clothes, hopped in, only to slip and bang my head against the blue tile wall. There was no time to check how bad the fall was; just had to deal with the pain and get ready to leave.

I rushed to the SRB only to find that there was a line from the entrance to the side of the building by the bike racks. You could tell by the guys’ reaction if they got a bid from a fraternity. Some walked out with the biggest smile on their faces, a grin from one ear to the other. Some would stand with confused and bitter expressions on their faces, reading every inch of that small piece of paper trying to comprehend why they didn’t get a bid. As I approached the desk, the IFC representative asked for my name. He squinted his eyes as he looked through the stack of bid cards. He looked through all the cards and gave me a look that felt like a slap in the face. With some hope left and my heart beating out of my chest, I asked if he could look again; he found it. I had received a bid from one of the top fraternities. Directions on the card said to be at the fraternity house by 7pm that night for the pledging ceremony.

Slacks, dress shoes, dress shirt, and tie; I arrived in front of the house at 6:45pm to find other guys that also received bids outside the door. Making my way around introducing myself to my future pledge brothers, two guys walked out the door; the President Fabio and the Pledge Educator, Lance. They kept us company, offering some words of comfort until they were called
back in. We could not see what was inside, there was a giant tapestry that blocked our vision every time the door opened. All of us wondered what exactly we were getting ourselves into, until Lance finally came out and waved for us to walk in one by one.

We entered a dark room where the only sources of illumination were two candles at the back of the room. Fraternity brothers were standing all along the walls, staring directly at us. Their glares almost seemed to penetrate into our minds and intimidate every last one of us. We were instructed to approach the President, where he bombarded us with the expectations that each of us had to live up to as pledges. Then, we knelt and placed our hands on a Bible and took the oath of a pledge. After reciting the oath, the room erupted. It was pandemonium as the fraternity members cheered and howled at their new pledge class.

After the ceremony, we were given an hour to change out of our formal attire and rush back to the house. There was a surprise waiting for us. Walking back I could hear the sound of the heavy bass from a block away. It was a surprise pledge party where the fraternity invited girls from sororities and sports teams to celebrate the new pledge class. Strobe lights, fog machines, and a three thousand dollar sound system was all that was needed to have everyone on the dance floor. The fraternity did not have
to worry about anyone from the outside looking in from the windows because it got so hot and humid, the windows fogged up. All the drinks were outside in the back yard, with the choices of vodka, tequila, and rum with all the chaser needed.

I walked in and instantly had four of the active members: Gary, Nate, Romero, and Víctor grab me. They were yelling obnoxiously about chugging bottles and getting laid that night while Romero squeezed my head under his arm. I was handed a bottle and had to chug about five gulps worth—disgusting. They scoped out all the girls, and chose one for me to talk to, pushing me right to her. As my eyes laid on her, I realized she was the most attractive girl there. Her deep blue eyes sparkled as they gazed back into mine. That was when the urge to vomit kicked in. I could not hold it in for much longer and did not want for anyone to see me yack in public, so I ran to the upstairs bathroom. Hunching over the toilet was the last thing I remembered doing until I awoken. Lance woke me up. I was lying on vomit-covered ground and reeked from the stench of alcohol and vomit.

It was two in the morning. Lance had ordered two other pledges to carry me downstairs and help me stand up as he
announced that the first major task was about to start. What was planned for us at two in the morning? He took all our phones and wallets and handed us each a blindfold. We were then placed into a car, which drove for about fifteen minutes until we came to a stop. We got out of the car (still blindfolded), and were told to place our hands on the shoulders in front of us and start walking. The ground was no longer pavement. None of us had a clue where we were. Walking for another ten minutes, we were finally asked to take off our blindfolds. Surrounded by moonlit trees that stretched into the distance, our task was to find eggs hidden throughout the place until every single pledge had one, and then find our way back to the fraternity house within two hours.

Lance, and the other active members that drove, left with our phones and wallets while we still had no idea where we were. The pledge class decided not to leave each other, which helped in covering small areas faster. One after another, we found eggs underneath tree roots, rocks, in bushes, and on tree branches. It was not a hard task, but being able to function after vomiting and blacking out was the real challenge. There were several times when a lot of us had to throw up during our search. We figured out where we were by following the sounds of the waves crashing in the distance. Following the coast, down to the beach, and finally to Sands Beach and Isla Vista, the pledge class finished the first major task without a hitch in an hour and forty minutes.

Exhausted from such a long night, the dorm beds never felt more welcoming than ever before. Buzz buzz buzz... I get a text at 6:45 in the morning: “Come clean the upstairs bathroom, pledge.” And so it began...
SPRING 2016 CALENDAR

ISLA VISTA ARTS CALENDAR
For an exciting variety of films, theater, visual arts, and pop-up events visit, our up-to-the-minute calendar for the latest in IV! www.ihc.ucsb.edu/ivarts

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

IMPROVABILITY
Join the audience of UCSB’s top improvisational comedy team and be a part of the laugh-riot. Repeatedly voted “Best Late Night Entertainment at UCSB,” Improvability rocks IV’s Embarcadero Hall every Friday at 8pm. Only $3!

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK
Love’s Labours’s Lost arrives this spring, bringing Shakespeare with a twist to the heart of Isla Vista in Anisq’Oyo’ Park. Free, fun, and family-friendly performances. Bring a blanket, bring a friend. www.facebook.com/ivshakespeareinthe公园

UCSB THEATER AND DANCE
A quick walk from IV 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.theaterdance.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.
AS PROGRAM BOARD
A student-operated board housed within Associated Students brings top-rated artists, hit movies, and surprising events to IV throughout the year. You can always depend on them to screen a great movie every Tuesday night in IV Theater. www.asprogramboard.com

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

THE BOX
Do you wish your artwork could be seen by thousands of students every day? THE BOX can make that a reality at the student-curated gallery space located in the lobby of IV Theater. Contact Rachel Williams at rachw619@gmail.com

GAUCHO CERTIFIED FARMERS MARKET
Accessible avenue for all community members to purchase fresh, locally grown produce and artisan goods. Wednesdays from 11-3pm, located between North Hall and Campbell Hall. Find them on Facebook for more info!

MAGIC LANTERN FILMS
Screening hit films like Star Wars: The Force Awakens and Ant-Man every Friday and Monday night. Free popcorn! All movies are only $4 at IV Theater! www.facebook.com/MagicLanternFilmsIV

LAUGHOLOGY
Live stand-up comedy show every Saturday at 8pm 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! www.facebook.com/Ucsblaugh

FIRST FRIDAYS
Have a perfect Friday night in Perfect Park on the first Friday of the month and celebrate good times and happy vibes with your IV neighbors. From exciting light sculptures to live bands, they will always be a first for you. www.facebook.com/IVFirstFridays
AINT NO BARBIE
BALLERINAS OF IV, GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT

photo// Soline Daury  design// Ateken Abla
I  Justin Imbastari Kyra Atchason and Jasmine Miller. Boxing Club State Street. Thank you Josh.

II Kyra Atchason and Rachael Oczkus in the Goleta Albertson’s.

III Kyra Atchason and Jasmine Miller in a beach in Isla Vista.

IV Kyra Atchason and Jasmine Miller in a laundromat in Goleta.

V Kyra Atchason in the IV theater
A special thank you to Kyra Atchason, Jasmine Miller, Rachael Oczkus, and Justin Imbastari for their time and help. In addition, I would like to thank Una from the Theater and Dance department. Without her help, this project would not have been possible.
US: Reported support
charges little
investigation
Trauma
healing

survivor
“I don’t want to relive any of that. That man is out there, maybe... but I don’t want to dig all that up. I don’t want to spend weeks in court. It’s behind me, and I’ve dealt with it.”

“I don’t want to be a ‘survivor.’ Why does that have to happen to me?”

The paralyzing refrain echoed, in one form or another, through six consecutive accounts of sexual assault in a span of just 15 minutes. Faced with the pressures of higher education and considerable ambitions beyond, these women don’t have time for a trauma they never asked for and never could have anticipated. Far from a sign of weakness, their failure to report the crimes against them is an act of self-preservation in a system rarely predisposed toward justice.

Many factors, ranging from personal to institutional, play into the decision to stay silent on college campuses and beyond. Each of these six has her own reason. For one University of California, Santa Barbara senior, it was simply easier if no one knew.

“I have been sexually assaulted,” she told the group. “I’ve never said that out loud.”

Not once in two years.

During her sophomore year, the woman became “basically blacked out drunk” while at the residence of some male friends. One friend offered his bed for the night so she wouldn’t have to walk home in her condition — potentially risking a minor in possession of alcohol or drunk in public charge — and she accepted with understandably little protest.

As she slept, her assailant — another male acquaintance — “crept into the room while no one was paying attention,” and was not stopped until others in the home walked in on what was taking place. The survivor was allegedly too intoxicated to be awakened by his advances.

“I couldn’t [report] it,” she said. “I just didn’t have it in me.”

Even crimes that predate the college years cast a shadow long after admission, especially in the case of one UCSB sophomore who has borne the psychological scars of abuse since the age of four. “I didn’t know there was a word for that,” she said, “or that it happened to other people.”

But she said spending weeks in court over a trauma so deeply ingrained in her past would only bring back emotions she said she’d already “dealt with... on many different levels.”

“It happened when I was young — when I was four — so obviously... how could that not reflect badly on my parents?” she said. “That’s a parent’s worst nightmare.”

Eventually she would find a way to articulate what had happened to her, first to her siblings, and then later, her parents. Especially as she prepared to leave home for college, she resolved to make some kind of peace with the incident before “entering this world of sexuality,” with which she had never cared to engage.

“Something was really uncomfortable about it,” she confessed. “I didn’t think I
could ever be normal.”

Though often the story of trauma is one without a definitive end, she’s found contentment in her current chapter. Since starting her undergraduate career, she said, “I was lucky to meet somebody who could take the time with me.”

Though resources to seek healing on campus have grown, one senior indicated those platforms often expose survivors to the institutional processes they have deliberately tried to avoid. Fear that some groups may report assaults to UCSB’s Title IX office — which handles complaints of discrimination and harassment at the university level — leaves some feeling vulnerable to uninvited judicial proceedings, which can drag on for months without satisfactory resolution.

"HOW COULD THAT NOT REFLECT BADLY ON MY PARENTS?" SHE SAID. "THAT'S A PARENT'S WORST NIGHTMARE."

When a survivor does decide to file an official report with local agencies like Isla Vista Foot Patrol or the UC Police Department, that report — so long as it is not made confidentially — is automatically forwarded to Title IX, according to Title IX coordinator Ricardo Alcaíno. The office will usually then signal UCSB’s Campus Advocacy, Resources and Education (CARE) office to reach out to the identified survivor and provide avenues to address the crime, whether emotionally or judicially.

If the survivor decides to file a Title IX complaint, staff will assess the information provided and determine whether, if the account were true, it would constitute a violation of UC policy. The office then issues a recommendation for action such as an early resolution or further investigation through Title IX and the Office of Judicial Affairs.

Title IX has received about 20 reports per month since the office took over primary jurisdiction of campus sexual assault cases in January of last year. Of the survivors involved, Alcaíno estimates only 10 to 20 percent move forward with a formal complaint.

IV Foot Patrol tries to follow a similarly survivor-centered approach to reports of assault, according to Lieutenant Rob Plastino. Officers dispatched to take survivors’ statements typically refer them to advocates from either UCSB or Santa Barbara County, to go over their options before moving forward with investigative proceedings.

But even if a crime is reported immediately, the survivor is often too traumatized in its wake to make a choice that could prolong his or her pain indefinitely. Pressing charges means pressing old wounds, reliving their rawness and sometimes preventing their ability to heal.

“Making that decision early is difficult,” Plastino said, “which is why we don’t get nearly the level we’d like to see from a law enforcement perspective.”

Campus activists went straight to the top last May to protest university handling of sexual assault cases. Third-year student Alejandra Melgoza led the charge, alongside fellow survivors and then-fourth-years Lexi Weyrick and Melissa Vasquez. When the occupation endured past business hours, Chancellor Henry Yang was compelled to reverse course en route to Pasadena to address the 30-some protesters in negotiations that lasted until 3am the following morning.

The trio emerged with a signed list of demands to be addressed by administrators in following months. Among them was a minimum four-quarter suspension for accused students found responsible for a sexual offense, per the preponderance of evidence standard; another implored the
university to publish quarterly statistics about sexual assault on campus that had not previously been made public.

Almost nine months later, Melgoza — now an off-campus senator on the Associated Students Senate — says progress has stagnated. Meetings with Yang and other administrators once held monthly to discuss headway on the demands have been reduced to once a quarter.

“Although I understand there are a lot of implications when discussing and implementing campus policies, I feel there should be more of an active role from the administration to inform students of new changes,” she said in an email.

Though Melgoza’s public quest for justice dates back to early last year, her discontent with the administration began when she first visited the Office of Judicial Affairs in March 2014 to report that she had been assaulted in her residence hall about two months earlier. She said staff discouraged her from filing an official report, chalking her experience up to “bad sex” that she simply had not enjoyed.

After taking spring quarter off from school, Melgoza’s alleged assailant reappeared on campus in the fall. In December 2014, she initiated a university investigation that would consume much of her time and energy over its four-month duration. Ultimately, her attacker only received a suspension of two quarters — not much longer than the investigation itself.

To make matters worse, Melgoza continued to spot her assailant on campus during the designated period of suspension, but her complaints to Judicial Affairs yielded only a warning phone call by way of enforcement. The routine prodding required to prompt action on her case soon took its toll on the ambitious then-sophomore, who already battled chronic anxiety and post-traumatic stress disorder on top of a double major and work with various student groups.
“Working students who have part time jobs or even two jobs may not have the time to access these resources,” Melgoza said. “As students in the quarter system, there is not a lot of time to reflect and heal.”

From her first visit in 2014, Melgoza has been intent on securing institutional justice for herself and other survivors, though it has not proven a simple task. Alcaino said his staff must balance both the desire for justice and the need for emotional stability.

“We understand survivors may have just suffered a traumatic event and may not be ready to recollect or recall that event in order to engage in an investigatory process,” he said. “We make every effort to help survivors move forward with their lives and their education, so we prefer to ensure survivors are ready to engage in the process.”

In late January, an unnamed UCSB student and survivor filed a personal-injury lawsuit against the University of California for failure to properly maintain the area of campus where she was brutally gang-raped by strangers over two years ago. Though in months following the assault police posted sketches of the alleged perpetrators throughout campus and Isla Vista, it was not until mid-February — two weeks after the suit was filed — that authorities arrested a suspect, a 21-year-old former student from San Ramon, according to reports by UCSB’s The Bottom Line.

The complaint also accuses Santa Barbara’s Cottage Hospital of conducting an “incomplete” examination when administering the survivor’s sexual assault forensic evidence (SAFE) kit, which could have provided evidence necessary to the capture of her assailants.

That suit came little more than a month after a civil suit filed by Hayley Moore, who withdrew from UCSB at the end of her first quarter after she was allegedly drugged and raped in October 2014 while attending a party in Isla Vista. Like Melgoza, she claims the university discouraged her from filing a complaint, in a direct violation of Title IX.

Without sufficient forensic evidence, random attackers may elude arrest indefinitely. On the flip side, the frequent instance of “acquaintance rape” tends to complicate matters at a prosecutorial level, such as in the case of the unnamed sleeping sophomore and about 80 percent of assaults carried out against 18- to 24-year-old women between 1995 and 2013, according to the federal Bureau of Justice Statistics.

For one second-year student, the relationship with her assailant went far deeper than acquaintanceship. The two dated during her first two years of high school — a “very healthy relationship,” she said — and remained “good friends” after their breakup. She had no reason to suspect when they arranged a reunion a few years down the road that he would try anything without her consent.

They decided to drive somewhere, to “drink Ciroc and catch up.” As time passed, however, her ex became more aggressive; he forced her to perform oral sex, in an unprecedented violation of years’ worth of trust.

“I feel like I’ve recovered from it,” she said. “I still feel like I can’t perform that sexual act because... I feel like nothing. I feel like I’m a slave.”

Many of the survivors interviewed participated in this year’s campus production of The Vagina Monologues, produced by the UCSB Women’s Ensemble Theatre Troupe to raise awareness of violence against women, with proceeds going to the Santa Barbara Rape Crisis Center. They’ve found empowerment in performing the monologues, as well as their own “Herstories” based on personal experience. This year, the show raised $10,000 for the center, which has served friends of the performers and will likely serve fellow UCSB students in the future.

“I have a friend who actually got sexually assaulted last year,” said one interviewee. “She hasn’t been at school. She’s been working on this case. She's taken quarters off. And it's just like... it gets in the way of everything. And when you have to talk and think about it every single day, it's just not fair.”
Second Skin
written by KRISTIN IDASZAK
directed by KATE JOPSON

Thursday, April 14 at 7:00 pm
Award-winning theater on Manzanita Beach
Bring a blanket, bring a friend
IV LIVE & WORD MAGAZINE

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WORD MAGAZINE
INT 185ST
THE CREATION OF THIS MAGAZINE

Contact Ellen Anderson at e anderson@i uc sb.edu
This issue of WORD: Isla Vista Arts & Culture Magazine
is brought to you by the student artists and writers in
INT 185ST and its partner OSL campus organization.
We welcome new writers, designers, photographers and
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summer course.
Rap, if you’ll excuse the pun, gets a bad rap. The typical music listener, at the mercy of mainstream media outlets like radio stations and TV channels, is, with little exception, only exposed to the sugarcoated party records that big-time music labels think we want to hear (why this is the case is another discussion altogether). Nothing is wrong with a bit of musical junk food, but when that small slice of the hip-hop pie becomes mainstream, certain troubling stigmas start to stick to the genre. These sentiments include: “Women are always being objectified,” “Rappers only talk about drugs,” “They glorify the street life,” and so on and so forth. That said, a small nudge in the right direction can do a world of difference when it comes to sifting through vast hip-hop collections, both of the internet and hard-copy variety, that this day and age has to offer. In an attempt to nudge you in the right direction, I have taken it upon myself to compile a handful of rapper profiles. These artists are of the up-and-coming variety, and though the powers that be may have lumped them together under one musical genre, you will find that they occupy varying branches of the hip-hop family tree. I have also taken the liberty of handcrafting a playlist filled with songs from all the artists spotlighted. Without further ado, please enjoy.

PLAYLIST

SPECIAL AFFAIR // THE INTERNET
CONTEMPORARY MAN // ACTION BRONSON
SORRY NOT SORRY // BRYSON TILLER
MARTYRS // MICK JENKINS
EUPHORIA III // CASEY VEGGIES
JUST ANOTHER INTERLUDE // BRYSON TILLER
YOUR LOVE // MICK JENKINS
FUCK WITCHU // CASEY VEGGIES
GIRL // THE INTERNET
THE RISING // ACTION BRONSON
MICK JENKINS

“IN THE CUT TWISTING LEMON KUSH AND JASMINE/LEMON VERBENA CANDLES BURN SLOW, WATCH THE VERBS FLOW”

REAL NAME  Jayson Jenkins
A.K.A.  Mickalas Cage
D.O.B.  April 16, 1991
HOMETOWN  Chicago, Illinois

SOUND  Mick is an eclectic cat. One minute, he’ll be over here making a surface-level trap anthem with very conscious undertones, and the next minute, he’ll be over there serenading a boo thang over a soulful, ‘80s-sounding beat.

WHAT ELSE  No matter the musical niche Mick happens to occupy at a particular time, his overall goal remains the same: spread truths. Perhaps the most interesting way he acts on this mission statement is through his famous metaphorical phrase, “Drink more water.” It has become a mantra of sorts and probably why he named his last two projects “The Water[s]” and “Waves” respectively. His debut album, “The Healing Component,” is rumored to drop in the summer of 2016.
“WOODGRAIN, I’MA GRIP IT WHEN I WHIP IT/IF I TAKE A SHOT AND BRICK IT, I’MA FLIP IT”

REAL NAME Bryson Djuan Tiller
A.K.A. Pen Griffey
D.O.B. January 2, 1993
HOMETOWN Louisville, Kentucky
SOUND Bryson put it best in an interview with streaming site www.hotnewhiphop.com when he said, “really what it is is trap-influenced R&B. I just approach the R&B beats with the heavy 808s and the snares.” He is truly the poster child for the trap soul movement and even went so far as to name his debut album “T R A P S O U L.”
WHAT ELSE Tiller’s about to blow. Aside from getting co-signs from Drake and Sylvester Stallone, his hit single “Don’t” has managed to get (mainly urban) radio spins. At the tender age of 22, the sky is the limit for this young man. Don’t expect him to drop any new music until his “T R A P S O U L” tour ends on March 12, 2016.
“MULTI-COLOR MONEY, SEVEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF CHEESES/ MY SILHOUETTE RESEMBLES JESUS IN ALL SEASONS”

ACTION BRONSON

REAL NAME Arian Asllani
A.K.A. Bam Bam, Bronsoliño, Mr. Wonderful
D.O.B. December 2, 1983
HOMETOWN Flushing, Queens, New York

SOUND Hailing from Flushing, Queens, Bronsoliño definitely retains in his raps some of the ruggedness and tenacity that he was most likely surrounded by growing up. That’s just the tip of the iceberg, though; his subject matter is just as crazy as it is diverse, and much like Mick Jenkins, he’s not afraid to step outside of his comfort zone and experiment with new sounds.

WHAT ELSE He is quite literally an Albanian chef turned lyrical rapper. Due to an injury in the workplace, he turned to rap as a way to spend time while recovering; the rest is history. Expect his next project, “Blue Chips 7,” to drop relatively soon.
REAL NAME Casey Jones
A.K.A. Young Veggies, Young C.V.
D.O.B. July 18, 1993
HOMETOWN Inglewood, California

SOUND Veggies is a lyrically gifted West Coast rider. Growing up in the heart of G-funk territory, one can tell that he stays true to his roots while also adding some of his own conscious flavor into the mix.

WHAT ELSE His aesthetic is crazy. His brand, Peas & Carats International, is a crossbreed between the stylings of Odd Future (he was once an affiliate) and his stage name (Casey Veggies). Veggies is constantly putting out new content, so stay vigilant and support the man.

“BORN ’93, TOOK TIME TO FIND OUT WHERE MY MIND BE/NOW, I TELL TIME WITH GOLD TIME”
“Penny for your thoughts, I know what you want/
I can read your mind, even from behind”

REAL NAMES Syd Bennett, Matt Martin, Jameel Bruner, Patrick Paige II, Christopher Smith, and Steve Lacy

INCEPTION 2011

SOUND If anyone is straddling the fence between hip-hop and all other genres, it's The Internet. In the same way Michael Jackson and his musical team brought different sounds together to create cohesive masterpieces, this group is at the forefront of marrying varying vibes and coming up with something sensational.

WHAT ELSE Look out for new music from them in the coming months.
ROSE
ANATOMY OF A PAINTING

words + photo + design // Le Tang
Rose Spanbock is the daughter of a painter and an architect. An art major in the College of Creative Studies, she is set to graduate this year. She has dabbled in all forms of art, including drawing, photography, and of course, painting. When asked what she likes most about abstract painting, she answered, "it’s fun combining different elements and seeing what they create."
My Dearest SC,

It has been nearly six hours since I left your sweet side, and I cannot stop thinking about last night. When I awoke you this morning, you were silently slumbering away, and I smiled to myself as you dozily let me lift you out into the cold morning air and tell you of tonight’s plans. You slowly started to warm as I chopped away beside you, and the aroma of sage and butternut squash filled the air. When the wretched clock on the oven bellowed that it was time for me to depart, I wiped a tear from my eye as I looked upon you across the dark, still kitchen. At this point, I must admit, I think we were both turned on. I shut the door behind me and rested my palms against the cold glass, wanting nothing more than to stay home with you all day and breathe in our love. I slowly rested my head against the door and laughed as I thought about how I must have looked to the neighbors. I looked like one of those heartbroken, longing actors in a romantic comedy like The Notebook! Remember when we watched that together, SC? We shared some spinach artichoke dip that night. Oh, please tell me you remember.

Recently, I was reminiscing about the day we met. You were wearing that red and gold wrapping paper and sat silently under the table for most of the night. That was my 19th birthday party and I had no idea that my mom even knew that I had seen you before. I mean, I had thought about a life with us together, but I was too timid to ever act on it. That was over a year ago now and I really can’t imagine my life without you.

Well, I am afraid I must return to work, but I wanted to let you know that I think of you often and that I will always love you. Oh, and Slow Cooker? I’ll see you in a few hours.

Much love,
Mel
APPLE BETTY WITH ALMOND CREAM

PREP  15 minutes  
COOK  3 Hours  
MAKES  8 Servings

3 pounds tart apples; peeled and sliced 
10 slices cinnamon-raisin bread, cubed 
¾ cup brown sugar 
½ cup butter, melted 
1 teaspoon almond extract 
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon 
½ teaspoon salt

WHIPPED CREAM 
1 cup heavy whipping cream 
2 tablespoons sugar 
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel 
½ teaspoon almond extract

INSTRUCTIONS 
Place apples in an ungreased slow cooker. In a large bowl, combine the bread, brown sugar, butter, extract, cinnamon and salt; spoon over apples. Cover and cook on low for 3-4 hours or until apples are tender.

In a small bowl, beat cream until it begins to thicken. Add the sugar, lemon peel, and extract; beat until soft peaks form. Serve with apple mixture.

MEL’S TIP
When beating the cream, be patient as it might take a bit of time. I definitely recommend using an electric mixer if you have one. Serve with ice cream for extra deliciousness!
NACHO SALSA DIP

MEL’S TIP
Replace beef with beans to make this a vegetarian dish! Also, bring this to any party and I guarantee you will walk away with at least 30 new friends.

PREP 15 minutes
COOK 3 Hours
MAKES 7 Cups

1 pound ground beef
½ cup chopped onion
2 pounds processed Velveeta cheese, cubed
1 jar (16 ounces) chunky salsa
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
Tortilla Chips or cubed French Bread

INSTRUCTIONS
In a large skillet, cook beef and onion over medium heat until meat is no longer pink; drain well.
Transfer to a greased slow cooker; stir in the cheese, salsa and garlic powder. Cover and cook on low for 3-4 hours or until heated through. Stir; serve warm with tortilla chips or cubed bread.
Soul music, a genre that originated in the United States, is an amalgamation of elements in African-American gospel music, rhythm and blues, and even jazz. Beginning in the late 1950s, soul music, and its impressive amount of subgenres, reflects the identity and culture of African Americans all over the U.S. With many diverse sub-genres, soul music is also stylistically categorized by regional scenes including Detroit (Motown) soul, Memphis soul, New Orleans soul, Chicago soul, and Philadelphia soul, to name a few. Not only did soul music diversify by geographical location; it also evolved throughout the decades. Come the '70s, soul music had been influenced by psychedelic rock and turned increasingly "funky" thanks to artists like James Brown. With a brief history of the genre, sit back and enjoy the distinct soul of the '70s...

I’M GONNA TEAR YOUR PLAYHOUSE DOWN // ANN PEEBLES
MAGGOT BRAIN // FUNKADELIC
SWEET THANG // SHUGGIE OTIS
NEITHER ONE OF US // GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL // AL GREEN
MAKE ME BELIEVE IN YOU // CURTIS MAYFIELD
PAPA WAS A ROLLIN' STONE // THE TEMPTATIONS
FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK- PT.1 & 2 // THE ISLEY BROTHERS
NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE // THE O’JAYS
I (WHO HAVE NOTHING) // ROBERTA FLACK & DONNY HATHAWAY
The first time I saw you, I was afraid of you. Would you hurt me? Cause me pain or bring me unexpected joy? Growing up, I never knew anybody like you on my side of town. I’m sure that had I tried just a little harder, you wouldn’t have been hard to find. Asking any of the cholos on the corner probably would’ve led me to you. But had we met under those circumstances, our relationship would’ve been undeniably different.

You were handed to me in boot camp. There was no small talk, no awkward introductions. I was just stuck with you for the next three months. I resented you at first. Your seven pounds felt like dead weight every time I had to march in a box with you and move you in fancy positions for show. But as the weeks passed and I was forced to sit down with you and clean you, I resented you less and less. I realized there was more to you than just the color of your skin. I found a sense of peace and stillness in discovering your different compartments and layers and what made you “click pop.”

The time finally came when we had to perform together on the rifle range. There were several positions we took as we got to know one another: the sitting, the kneeling, the standing, and the prone. Settling into place, I supported you with my left hand on your hand guards. My right arm rotated and came down enclosing your buttstock into the pocket of my shoulder while my hand slid up your pistol grip. I held on tightly, keeping my finger straight and off your trigger. It wasn’t time yet. Once given the order by the tower, I pulled your charging handle back and made you ready with a 5.56mm round. I placed my cheek on your buttstock and aimed in, flicking your safety lever to semi.
ABOUT THE AUTHOR
My name is Rocio Iribe. I was born on July 16, 1987 in Los Angeles, California to immigrant parents. Being the eldest of two children, I always felt the responsibility to do the right thing and be the example. After graduating high school, I wasn’t sure what life held in store for me. But following the drive my mother had instilled in me for a better life, I joined the Marine Corps in February 2007. I served honorably for eight years, until I decided there was a different path I needed to follow. I was accepted into UC Santa Barbara in 2015 and I am currently a junior majoring in Art History.

I closed my left eye, took a deep breath in, breathed out slowly, and in that instant, I learned all it takes is a moment of stillness and a steady pull of your trigger to make you explode. Your recoil didn’t hurt me. Your explosion wasn’t deafening. In fact, they reassured me that I was treating you right. We were a team and I felt powerful with you in my hands.

But our fun was short lived, as we were soon being herded off the rifle range and back to the armory for more cleaning. Cleaning you wasn’t difficult. I knew all your layers intimately. You opened up easily as I pressed the pins between your upper and lower receiver. I removed your bolt carrier group giving me access to the parts of you that were normally hidden away. I attentively alternated between brushing and wiping away the gunpowder residue. My fingers traced your grooves and contours as I gave you one last CLP-soaked caress from muzzle to buttstock before I turned you in.

Our time came to an end when I graduated boot camp. It was a bittersweet moment. You were my first love. You taught me so much about patience, empowerment, and teamwork. But alas you could not come with me. I’ve had many lovers like you since, similar – all dressed in black, of course, and each one seven pounds of dead weight – but still different. Some were older than others, and the years of being passed from Marine to Marine had not been kind to them. But each new you was always there for me as my safety net and my constant companion, guarding my life in Iraq and Afghanistan. No matter how many lovers I’ve had since I left you, you’re irreplaceable, for nothing compares to a lover like you.
I'll never forget my first day as a college student. I was headed to Biological Anthropology in Campbell Hall with Professor Gaulin. When I entered the doors and began strolling down one of the aisles, the atmosphere struck me. It wasn't that the hall was exceedingly large, or that there were hundreds of students; it was the stares. The gradual turning of bodies to look at one of the only brown faces in the room. The facial expressions of surprise as I made my way to an empty seat.

Was it that I was wearing signature "stunna" shades as I entered the room? Was it that in this pretty little beachside town, my Bay Area roots were simply the most salient thing about me? Those were the types of questions I tossed around, so that I could avoid thinking that my skin color was the first thing that people saw. In reality, I knew that those efforts were futile. Hell, I had to acknowledge that skin color was also the first thing I saw about people too — it was something that was going to occur.

But, at that time, I didn't know what PWI (predominantly white institution) meant. At that time, I wasn't hyper cognizant that there were consistently less than 1,000 Black students on campus. At that time, I didn't know that the types of stares I received that first day would never stop occurring. At that time, I didn't know how important and challenging it would be for me to always be one of the only Black faces in the room. As I've come into my own as a self-identified "strong Black woman," that identity is central to my being; I now know not only what all those things mean, but why they are important.

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**MY JUNIOR YEAR, AS THE RA FOR THE ONLY BLACK INTEREST FLOOR ON CAMPUS, I REALIZED JUST HOW MUCH 400 YEARS OF SLAVERY STILL DEEPLY AFFECTS THE BLACK COMMUNITY.**

With that first experience in Campbell Hall as the first bookend to my time in college, as I continued on through my career at UCSB, a number of things happened.
During Halloween 2012, a white boy looked in disgust at myself and a group of friends and said, "oh god, a whole group of them," referring to our Blackness (I didn’t know what to say, so I stayed silent and looked on).

My sophomore year, one of my residents told me she knew how to do singles, a common Black hairstyle, and she told me simply because I was Black and she figured I would know everything there is to know about Black people and their hair (I don’t).

My junior year, as the RA for the only Black interest floor on campus, I realized just how much 400 years of slavery still deeply affects the Black community (I found it hard to really belong to the community I was supposed to belong to).

My senior year, as I talked to a new coworker in my department, the first question I received about my twin niece and nephew was whether or not their father was in the picture (because society has taught us that all Black men are absentee fathers).

Now, when I reminisce on all these moments, I feel a certain sense of pride. Through all of the microaggressions, the constant longing to see more faces that looked like mine, the constant struggle to prove yourself in an environment that already assumes you’re not good enough – there’s a definite beauty in making it through.

Last year, I was invited to speak on a panel for women of color in honor of UCSB’s recent classification as a Hispanic Serving Institution. During Q&A another woman of color said something that resonated with me fiercely – “being a person of color – a woman of color – is exhausting. I’m exhausted.”

During President’s Day Weekend of this year, the Afrikan Black Coalition Conference was held at UCSB. There were only 700 Black students across all the UCs and CSUs in the system, and there’s no doubt that had every Black student attended, UCSB could have accommodated them all.

There’s a reason that a school with

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THERE’S A REASON THAT BEING A WOMAN, AND BEING OF COLOR, IS EXHAUSTING.

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upwards of 20,000 students has only four percent of them that are Black.

There’s a reason that being a woman, and being of color, is exhausting.

It’s because these institutions were built on our backs. They weren’t built for us.

And as much navigating as we do, we deserve to emote. We deserve to advocate for one another, for ourselves.

And most of all, we deserve to talk about it.
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