

WORD



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ISLA VISTA ARTS & CULTURE MAGAZINE

ISSUE 29

free

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WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

Lately at WORD, we've been struggling with the concept of a mission statement. WORD has been an established magazine for the last 10 years, and yet after all this time there does not seem to be a clear consensus on what precisely WORD is— Who are we? What do we represent? What do we value? The quarterly nature of the magazine complicates this, as every issue introduces new faces, fresh ink, and vibrant ideas to the enigma that is WORD. But, I believe that is precisely the nature of this publication. Consider WORD to be a ship lost at sea, on an aimless journey with no map or compass: a motley crew of writers and artists, lost in a vast, endless ocean of research and academics. Each issue presents a new voyage, with a new cast of characters, with a new direction and intent in mind.

She is a ship in constant distress. Yet the winds blow favorably, and the sails hold strong.

Best,
Sam Arrow and Shaina Goel
Co- Editor-In-Chiefs

Cover Photography by Sam Arrow

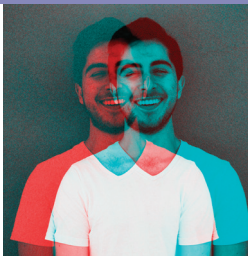
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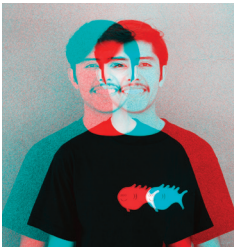
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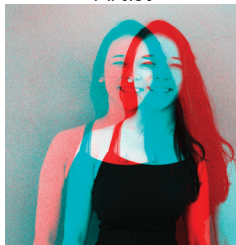
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WHERE WE HEAR THE POETRY

THE MODERN CULTURE OF AN ANCIENT PRACTICE

words // Jason Chun design + illustration // Frankie Thorpe

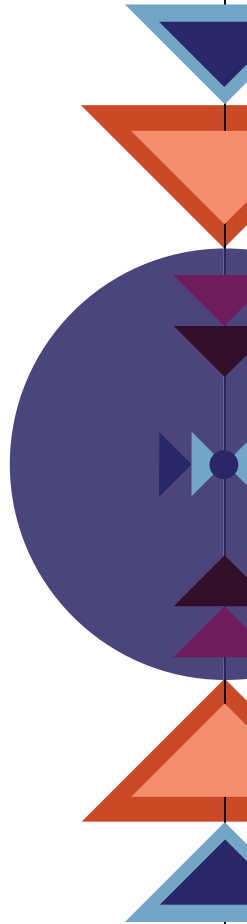
Poetry died last Tuesday after a long and harrowing battle against Facebook, Netflix, and numerous other complications. Born in the earliest days of human communication, poetry thrived as humans became increasingly educated and creative. Sadly, poetry took a turn for the worse when technological developments like TV and social media severely reduced human capability to care about convoluted lines of text in yellowing tomes. After decades of neglect, increasingly depressed at the decline of human attention spans, poetry finally met its end.

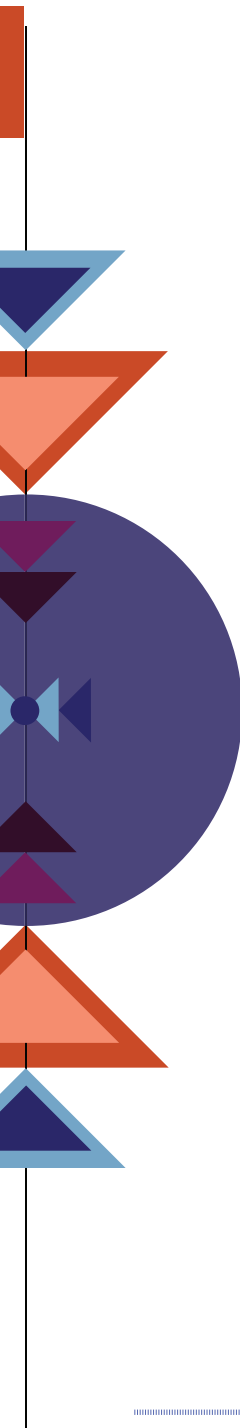
But, put away the tissues—poetry did not die, nor does it sleep. It breathes as long as there are people to hear it. Whatever your opinions are on Shakespeare, Poe, Whitman, and the other dead white writers you had to read in high school English classrooms, you probably still value poetry in one form or another. It is more common than you might think; you experience it in music, in TV shows, in that bad pun your friend made at lunch yesterday. In the broadest sense, poetry is any art created through words and sound.

“Every lyric of every song was

written,” points out Professor Kip Fulbeck. “To think that you’re not interested [in poetry] is very close-minded.” One of the places where widespread interest in poetry is most evident is Professor Fulbeck’s spoken word class. Though offered through the Art department, the class brings together Theatre, Literature, and Biology majors, as well as many others, challenging them to captivate a live audience’s attention through the power of words. These students are participating in a millennia-old tradition of oral poetry, which, largely thanks to YouTube and other easy means of access, has seen renewed interest in recent years.

The dependence on creative language and wordplay is especially obvious in two art forms that have gained popularity since the late ‘80s and early ‘90s: slam poetry and hip hop. Both forms heavily emphasize stage presence and delivery, but these components would be nothing without the words that form the substance of the art. Rappers and spoken word artists reach out to their audiences through colloquial language. We understand the messages that these performers convey, and so we sometimes forget





they are modern poets—that poetry need not sound old-fashioned and formal.


Nor is poetry exclusive to the arts—as English Professor Yunte Huang asserts, “You need poetry to make a commercial [or] run for president.” Poetry is what makes or breaks a speech. Phrases like Apple’s “Think different” or Obama’s “Yes we can” are not memorable by accident. Behind all short and snappy slogans is someone who trimmed the long sentences and excess words to create a concentrated gem of meaning. It is poetry, whether or not the creators call themselves poets.

But for those of us who do still enjoy Shakespeare, Poe, and Whitman—who crave poetry for its own sake—where do we turn for a modern voice? Who is the poet of our generation? Writers were once regarded as celebrities. Your grandparents should remember the controversy stirred up by voices of the Beat generation; they might be able to tell you more about Allen Ginsberg than you can tell them about Beyoncé or Eminem. But in the last 50 years, few, if any poets have risen to the status of pop culture icon. These days, poetry as entertainment is largely reserved for the stage. If you were asked to name one living poet who doesn’t perform his or her work at a concert or a slam competition, you’d draw a blank.

But, maybe today we don’t have a single voice rising to the top because we’ve grown so used to seeing poetry everywhere. Even by choosing how formal we make our

text messages, or what pop culture references we weave into our conversations, we are conscious of the way we use words and sounds. Poetry doesn’t need to be obvious. As Sam Crane, a veteran member of the UCSB Poets’ Club, puts it, “I definitely don’t think poetry is dead, but I do think it’s quiet, which is a good thing. I always think if you love poetry, and even art in general, you’ll be able to find a way to express yourself.” Indeed, the Poets’ Club encourages its members to make their unique voices heard, as part of the process of creating and appreciating poetry.

We mustn’t forget that we need poetry; there is an essential aspect of humanity that relies on self-expression through words. “Poetry nourishes something that we forget to feed,” says Teddy Macker, a poet and lecturer for the CCS Literature department. “When we forget to feed that part of us... we suffer needlessly; we can feel lonely and cut off; we can live a kind of depthless, almost mechanical life.” It doesn’t matter whether we call it a sonnet, or a rap, or a slam poem. Macker warns of the harm of spending too much time trying to label each subgenre and separate the diverse forms of poetry into small boxes. When we “murder to dissect,” as Wordsworth put it, we risk convincing ourselves that we dislike poetry—we risk assuming that poetry is dead.

“I don’t care if it’s spoken word or some poem on the page,” says Macker. “I want to hear Orpheus, wherever Orpheus is.” 

DESIGN ON A BUDGET

A GLAMOROUS HOME IS A HAPPY HOME

words // Mel Weisberger

photo // Lianna Nakashima

design // Brittany Nguyen

IT IS FINALLY FALL!

Whether you are hauling stuffed bags from Bed Bath and Beyond into the dorms or you're packing up and moving into the depths of Isla Vista—it's time to decorate! Bedrooms are the most expressive room in the house, but they can also be easily ignored when it comes to tasteful decorating. Here, I am hoping to give you some tips so your room can be a true reflection of your style without the cost of spending hundreds of dollars on decor.

FIRST, TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT YOU ALREADY HAVE.

If you have it, and you like it, don't get rid of it! Just because it might not be someone else's idea of decor, doesn't mean it doesn't have a place in your home! (The exception is of course old bottles and cans from alcohol that has been consumed. It's not cute and it's literally trash that has not been discarded. Sorry, rant over.) A general rule to follow is that if it makes you happy to see it, then keep it!

NEXT, FIGURE OUT A COLOR SCHEME.

Color schemes, or a "palette," can be as simple as two colors together or an entire family of colors. When picking a scheme it's best to not obsess about trying to find the exact shade for everything in your room. For example, if you really love blue, experiment with different shades and textures! It'll make the room look more dynamic. For smaller spaces, you can absolutely never go wrong with white, or my personal favorite, ivory. A common misconception is that white sheets and blankets will show stains more easily and therefore make your room appear dirtier; however, it has the opposite effect! White can give your space the crisp, bright feeling it needs on any given morning.



NOW IT'S TIME TO FOCUS ON FURNITURE!

If you are like me and you came to college with some hand-me-down furniture, it can seem like you are stuck with whatever has been given to you. However, never underestimate the power of paint! Painting and staining furniture is much easier than it sounds and it can really change the look of the piece. If you're looking to purchase furniture, check out UCSB's Facebook group "Free & For Sale." Students are always buying and selling things such as bed frames, dressers, and even clothes. (The best deals are at the end of the school year when people are moving out so if you're continuing a lease keep an eye out!) There are also great deals on Craigslist and on Amazon. If you're feeling particularly adventurous, journey out to Hollister and check out Destined for Grace and Alpha Thrift for really stellar thrift store deals.

LASTLY, DECORATION TIME!

It's very easy to go overboard when decorating a space with posters, tapestries, candles, trinkets, and school supplies. However, it is important to remember that decorating should add rather than distract. Visit thrift stores and Michaels for decorations that won't break the bank but will add personality to your room. Decor is the perfect way to reflect your own personality in your space so that it really is the most calming place for you to be. Decorating should be fun, exciting, and always changing. Sometimes the best arrangements for furniture occur at three in the morning, and the best decorations are found on Manzanita Beach.



Utilize storage solutions! Store things under your bed and in drawers. If you don't use it everyday, it doesn't need to be seen everyday.

Hang a tapestry or curtains to cover a closet if doors aren't provided. This can be a way to hide your clothes and also showcase a pattern or color as an accent to your room!

Living plants are excellent decor. They can really improve the quality of the air in your room and they add life to any study space. Home Depot has a great selection of affordable indoor plants!

Make your bed everyday. It's the thing everyone hates to do but loves to have done. It will make such a difference in the appearance of your room.

Invest in a headboard. If you really want to add the illusion of expensiveness to your room, a headboard will do just this. There are plenty of tutorials online of how to make a headboard out of fabric and cardboard or you can purchase one online. (Amazon FTW!)

Don't be limited by the intended purpose of things. One of my favorite features of my room is four command hooks (two on top facing downward and two below facing the correct way upward) that make the perfect cradle for my iPad. This way I can watch TV and movies as I fall asleep without having to hold it up!

Always remember that the best decorator for your room is you. Take inspiration from the things that you like and translate that into your room.



WORDS BY JESS CHOU
ART & DESIGN BY
KAITLYN HABERLIN

Tip: If you are stopped by a police officer for alcohol-related causes, here are the field sobriety tests:

Walk and turn: nine steps heel-to-toe along a straight line. Turn on one foot and proceed in the opposite direction. Can be arrested if not stepping heel-to-toe, using arms to balance, incorrect number of steps, improper turn, or steps off the line.

Horizontal Gaze Nystagmus: natural eye jerking occurs when the eye gazes to the side. Can be arrested if nystagmus is exaggerated.

One leg stand: stand with one foot six inches off the ground for 30 seconds. Can be arrested if swaying, using arms to balance, or hopping.

8:00pm Another sun sets over a stretch of nearly forgotten beaches. Isla Vista transforms into a silhouette of aesthetics for greedy eyes. I miss it all as I wake up from a nap.

ENTER LEANNE. At the age of five, we met and harbored an equally pulsing hatred for each other expressed through a series of pinches and revealings of immature tongues. We met again at age six and were best friends. Same school, same church, same neighborhood, same soccer teams. Our moms were best friends and later each

other's respective godmothers. Eventually it became the same high school, same sarcasm, same music. Both from the East Coast, we both left for California. Different colleges, but same state. Close enough. This was her second visit to Santa Barbara, and my "itinerary for fun" was pretty exciting, despite the oxymoronic phrase.

9:35pm We take the two minute trek over to Santa Cruz, where we proceed in the ritualistic procedure of boozing involving a single deck of cards and five red Solo Cups. We part ways and take the traditional lagoon trail to Isla Vista. Leanne stumbles down the trail, intoxicated as fuck. Probably a 7/10. She is not, however, belligerent yet as she speaks excitedly about Spiderman and Dominos.

Freshman tip: don't sit on the curb. It's an automatic Go to Jail card. Do not pass "Go". Do not pick up \$200.

10:44pm Halfway down the lagoon trail, two policemen interrupt our delightful conversation. They demand to question us separately. I state my name, my address, where I've been. I can overhear the police questioning Leanne a few meters to my right. She's stubborn and alcohol only makes it worse. The police officer looks annoyed.

He says he's going to arrest her now. They tell me I'm fine and I should go home. We beg the two men to let us take the four minute walk back home.

They put handcuffs around Leanne's wrists and put her into the back of their cop car.

I open the door of the cop car wider to talk to Leanne. The police officer pulls me away by the arm and puts handcuffs on me. "You're not allowed to go back there," he says as he puts me back there. In the car, Leanne asks the cops to loosen her handcuffs repeatedly stating that she is in pain.

11:41pm We arrive. It's what you imagine a prison to look like: simple cement walls all painted white, high ceilings, musky smell. They fill out paper work and take us to a room. It's a rectangular block smaller than a dorm room. Against the wall immediately in front of us sits a metal bench, in the corner a fatigued toll phone. With low ceilings, the room is complete with a miniature tin toilet in the corner along with a miniature tin sink.

11:52pm We examine Leanne's bony wrists, which are now red and slightly inflated. Leanne starts chattering anxiously. She's restless, in disbelief, trying to logic her way out of this. I'm not sure why, but I'm not as worried as I should be. The facilities were

filthy, but not insufferable, and it honestly didn't seem too bad.

ENTER XANAX GIRL. She's a small black girl with a head of bouncing dreads wearing loose fitting denim overalls. She's one of the more charismatic people I've ever met, someone I'd be good friends with. She starts to share her story:

"I was sitting in the back of the cop car when I realized that I had a tab of Xanax in the front pocket of my overalls. I turn to WHITE GIRL.

'SHH. Reach. in. my. pocket. There's Xanax in there.' I say, clenching my teeth.

'What? I can't hear you. Speak louder.'

'What are you guys saying back there?'

Shit. So I do that handcuff trick and somehow adjust myself so my hands are in the front. I grabbed the Xanax out and popped it. That was about 15 minutes ago, so I should be feeling it soon." She grins.

WHITE GIRL is drunk, about two points higher than Leanne on the drunk scale. She stays close to her friend XANAX GIRL. She later explains that XANAX GIRL was taking her home. When the police came and saw her, they assumed she must have been taking advantage of the white chick. XANAX GIRL tried to reason. WHITE GIRL was too drunk to explain.

12:09am Leanne bangs on the door, asking



when we will be released.

Nobody answers.

ENTER YOGA GIRL. She's a tall, tan girl wearing jeans and a t-shirt as if she had just come from class. She was solidly buzzed when she had got lost and asked a policeman for directions, her tragic mistake. Seeing that she was underage, they arrested her instead. She later told us that she teaches a yoga class in Santa Barbara, and that she also works at a juicery where she promised us hookups if we were ever nearby. Goals.

We begin to disclose all our stories about how we all ended up in this rectangle, rating each other's unluckiness. More girls trickle in as we do so, adding to the storytelling. I try to poke fun and ease the background stress, but each story makes me a bit more unsettled.

ENTER GINGER. She was born and raised in Santa Barbara but moved far away the second she could. She claims that she hates coming back to Santa Barbara where her alcoholic, drug-abusing parents always get her in trouble. This was her first night back in months. She drove her mom's car down the highway when she was pulled over by the police for a broken taillight. The police saw empty pen containers on the ground (a common tool for using cocaine). They arrested her for suspected cocaine use without any drug tests or breathalyzers. "I'm never coming back to SB," she says.

ENTER WEDDING GIRL. Her sister's wedding was the next day. "The police won't tell me anything," she wailed as she stood by the toll phone frantically trying to post bail. "She'll never forgive me," she moaned as she dialed the same 10 digits over and over. God, that sucks. She's missing the best day of her sister's life.

Tip: Police have heard every drunken excuse you can think of and have become desensitized to excuses. Neither weddings nor funerals will sway their opinion.

ENTER DEAD BROTHER GIRL. She's an overweight, 36-year old brunette who stumbles in, clearly intoxicated. She came

from a bar where a man had hit on her repeatedly. She caused a fight and the bar owner kicked her out where police were waiting to arrest her for public disturbance. It wasn't surprising that she had caused a disturbance. Even now she was talking loudly and her eyes seemed glazed over as if she wouldn't remember any of this. She was a mess. Tears streamed down her face, her entire body shaking. Her brother died a week ago. As much as I wanted to console her, there was nothing I felt could be worth saying. I didn't understand her new reality.

12:51am We relate our stories, as our listeners gawk in awe at how unlucky we were to be pulled over by the lagoon, where countless freshmen who were far more belligerent have walked, crawled, and dragged their way back to their dorms after another college night out. Though just a rumor, one of the girls says that the SB police are arresting more frequently

GOD, THAT SUCKS. SHE'S MISSING THE BEST DAY OF HER SISTER'S LIFE.

because they are in debt and need revenue.

1:10am After further discussion, we realize none of us were given a breathalyzer test. None of us were given a field sobriety test, like walking in a straight line. None of us were read our Miranda rights. Leanne bangs on the door asking if we can have food or water. Nobody answers. We can see them walking past the door periodically, but still nobody answers.

1:30am A policeman opens the door and calls the YOGA GIRL's name. She leaves the rectangle. "Where are you taking her?"



When do we get released? Will this go on our record?" They ignore us and close the door. Some girls say that we can be detained for up to 24 hours. When YOGA GIRL comes back, she tells us that they take your fingerprints and mugshot. They call a few more names, including Leanne's.

2:10am Leanne returns with a white wristband wrapped around her wrist and confirms that they took her for fingerprint and mugshot as well. A small, square picture sits on her wristband of the saddest-looking petite Asian girl. I would've donated a dollar if I could. They said she would have a misdemeanor charge for underage intoxication.

2:30am When my name is called, I follow them down the hallway and stand outside of a room. I make small talk with The Normal Police Officer, blabbering about politics, Maryland, and Leanne. The lady inside the room is not as friendly. She grabs my fingers aggressively to take the fingerprints, pressing her long nails into my skin. I begin to casually interrogate her. When is the

court hearing? What are typical charges for my circumstances? She smugly states that my friend's charges weren't too serious, but I would be charged an infraction for obstruction of justice. She looks pleased as my repressed stress starts to reveal itself. I ask her to elaborate, but she ignores me. I ask her when we will be released and she ignores me.

Tip: In the drunk tank police can be very hostile, treating you like a drunken felon even if you're only a little bit of each. So don't take it personally.

2:57am I am led back to the rectangle, and I sit back on the bench. By now the room is filled with 14 girls. Six can squeeze onto the bench, the rest crouch and sit on the floor on strategically laid out toilet paper. None of us drank enough to black out so all of us, even XANAX GIRL, have sobered up by now. On the other hand, WEDDING GIRL has stopped trying to make calls and has sat down.

3:40am XANAX GIRL is called for her fingerprints and mugshot. "Of course, they do the black girl last," she says.

4:30am Talking has died down. We are all tired and try to sleep, although most of us just sit staring ahead. Time is passing slower. The white walls are still white walls. It's still crowded. Nothing's changing.

4:49am XANAX GIRL posts bail. After calling on the toll phone intermittently for over an hour, she is able to post bail for over \$600.

5:00am One girl paces the floor. She makes her way over to the toilet, pulling down her pants and squatting. A cop opens the door. She calls out a name. It's the girl on the toilet. She says, "What the fuck is taking so long." The girl replies, "I'm taking a shit." The cop gestures to another cop outside, "Did you hear that? This girl is taking her fucking time taking a shit." They laugh and then watch her finish before they take her out of the room. They give her a firm nudge as she steps outside the door, and the girls inside cuss at the police woman.

5:30am A police officer walks by every 30 minutes. He peeks into the room and seems disgusted by the girls packed messily into the room with Gucci sized bags under our eyes and used clothing left on our bodies.

One of the girls is breathing hard. Within the next five minutes her breathing has become louder and more frequent. Her arms are wrapped around her calves and her head is hidden between her legs. She starts crying and XANAX GIRL sits next to her telling her to control her breathing. WHITE GIRL knocks on the door. "SOMEONE OPEN THE DOOR, SHE'S CLAUSTROPHOBIC." Nobody answers.

6:00am I feel my eyes hit the back of my head for the second time that minute. Time has become hard to keep track of. We can only see the time if we lean up against the small window and squint. I remember when I had thought that this wasn't too bad. But the lack of stimulus, the dehumanization by the

guards, not knowing when it would end: my brain felt worthless.

8:00am We are all tired. Any residual etiquette has been abandoned. Girls lay strewn across the bacteria-clad floors. The girls on the benches lay on unfamiliar shoulders. We all try to sleep, but most girls only manage to get an hour or two.

9:00am They throw us a large brown bag. Inside there are 8 bags of carrot sticks, some damp sandwiches, and milk cartons. Immediately we split them up between the 13 of us. And soon enough, they are gone. People's names are starting to get called. They don't come back. We wait.

11:00am Hours later, we finally hear our own familiar names. We exit through the door where we wait to fill out our documents. As the door closes, I look back and see XANAX GIRL still laying on the floor, nearly seven hours after posting bail. W





STIRRING THE POT

FALL SOUPS ON A BUDGET

words + photos + design // Megan Thomas

Chef Bernard Gayraid shares with us one of his favorite soup recipes for the fall season. For those of you who aren't familiar with Chef Bernard, he is the head chef at UCSB's University Center Dining Services. When he's not cooking up delicious soups on campus, he is teaching free cooking classes through the UCSB Nutrition and Basic Skills Program. The UCSB Soup Guy teaches how to make a simple healthy and quick soup recipe for the students on a budget.



BROCCOLI FLORENTINE BISQUE


This low-sodium soup, packed with broccoli and spinach, is an easy and filling meal.

Serves: 1

Total Time: 40 minutes

- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of diced white onions
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup chicken stock (or water)
- 1 cup broccoli florets
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream
- 1 cup spinach

Optional: Greek yogurt, lemon zest

- 1.** In a medium-sized pot over medium heat, heat 1 tablespoon of vegetable oil. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of diced white onions and cook until onions are soft and translucent, about 6 minutes (don't let them brown).
- 2.** To the same pot over medium heat, add 2 tablespoons of flour and 1 teaspoon of nutmeg. Cook for 1 to 2 minutes, stirring constantly.
- 3.** Add 1 cup of broccoli florets and 1 cup of chicken stock. Stir to combine. Bring to a boil. Quickly lower the heat to a simmer and cook, covered, for 10 minutes, until broccoli is soft.
- 4.** Add 1 cup of spinach and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of heavy cream to the pot. Stir until spinach has wilted and the sauce has thickened.
- 5.** Process soup with an immersion blender (or by transferring it to the bowl of a blender) until smooth.
- 6.** Serve and add Greek yogurt and lemon zest for taste. Bon appétit. 

A NEW BEGINNING

TRANSFER STUDENT GUIDE

words + illustration // Audrey Fery Forgues



The years of hard work and agonizing long months of waiting to find out which university you would transfer to have finally paid off, and you are ready to embark on a new journey at UCSB. Not quite the average young and idealistic freshman, but not your regular jaded third-year, you don't quite know the codes of Isla Vista and all the school has to offer. This short guide is for you, in the hope of making this transition a little smoother and reassuring you that, in fact, you are not alone in this process.

HOUSING

By the time you decided to come to UCSB, it was too late to get your first on-campus housing choice; eager to experience the college town life, you set out to live in Isla Vista. It was already late spring or summer, and you quickly realized that most houses and apartments had been leased for months. You ended up filling the remaining spot in a house advertised online. Three weeks into Fall quarter, what had seemed like the perfect set up—multiple roommates, beautiful views, someone down to play beer pong at any time, and good music always filling the air—is now driving you crazy. The non-stop thumping bass is slowly turning you into a grumpy raccoon, and you can't imagine 8 more months of this madness.

What to do: Apply on the UCSB housing website for a place in campus housing for Winter quarter. Spaces usually free up by that time, and the community housing office will do their best to offer you the type of accommodation you requested by using a lottery system at the end of November. Alternatively, keep an eye on the Facebook page “Free and For Sale” for people going abroad and looking for subleasees.

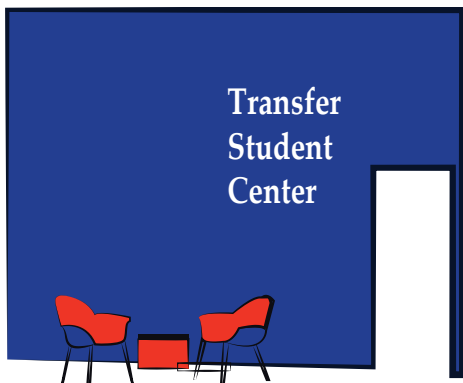
ACADEMICS

Until the first day of class at UCSB, you were absolutely certain about your academic choices. Then, you overheard someone mentioning the Writing or TMP program, and you got confused about what some of the abbreviations on GOLD meant. You took a class that made you realize that maybe a minor would be a good idea, and you also saw an ad in the Arbor for the study abroad program. Meanwhile, the financial aid department not so subtly reminded you that if you didn't finish your course load in two years, they wouldn't be so generous with their grants anymore. You were left confused about how to best fit all the opportunities you were presented with in such a small timespan.

What to do: Head to the Transfer Student Center in the library (on the first floor of the old Davidson library). This brand new space is a one-stop shop entirely dedicated to transfer students. They have partnered with the Education Abroad Program (EAP) office, library, Career Services, and the Counselling and Psychological Services (CAPS), as well as academic counselors from the College of Letters and Science, to meet all your needs in one dedicated space. They offer workshops throughout the quarter to help you navigate the world of the research university. It's also a great space to relax,

study, and connect with other transfer students.

Learn more at: www.transfercenter.ucsb.edu



MAKING FRIENDS

After finally memorizing where each of your classes were taking place and buying a decent coffee maker—and enough ramen to last you a quarter—you sat on your new bed wondering how come everyone around you seemed to be so well-connected. The truth is, you never lived in FT or had to socialize with the people on your floor or in the dining commons. More importantly, people your age have been on campus long enough that they already have their group of friends. You find yourself surrounded by 300 students in lecture halls every day, but there never seems to be a time where you can talk or showcase how deeply amazing you are.

What to do: Join the Transfer Student Alliance's (TSA) Facebook page and look out for the events that they put on regularly. Similarly, if you live in campus housing, attend the socials geared toward transfer students; they are a great place to meet like-minded individuals.

Join clubs and organizations on campus; you can find a complete list on the UCSB Office of Student Life page. There are organizations for every taste, and you will likely meet people with similar interests. Don't be shy, most organizations at UCSB are friendly and looking for new members on an ongoing basis. Attend the Community

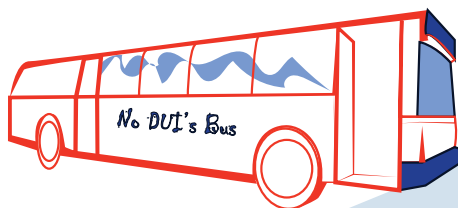
Affairs Board meetings to find out more about volunteer opportunities in the community.


PARTYING

After coming home from yet another grimy DP party shut down by the police at 12—complete with overly eager freshman, sticky floors, and questionable jello shots—you realize that maybe bars and clubs do have a certain appeal. For one, they require you to be 21, and if transferring has one advantage, it's that you are already a mature student (or at least, likely of drinking age). Unfortunately, downtown Santa Barbara is farther than you had imagined and drunk driving is not an option.

What to do: Take Bill's Bus in front of 6575 Seville Road on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights. This party bus will take you downtown and back to IV for a mere \$10 so you can hit the infamous State Street on college nights.

If you are looking for a more wholesome option to fill your weekends, check out Improvability, a hilarious improv show every Friday at 8pm at Embarcadero Hall. Go see a recent feature for \$4 at IV Theater for Magic Lantern on Friday or Monday at 7 and 10pm, or check out the Art and Lectures



programming for the upcoming quarter. Ultimately, two years goes by more quickly than you'd imagine. Don't hesitate to ask for help. There are great resources on and around campus that are not specialized in helping transfer students but will try to do their best to assist you. Have fun, bike or longboard safely, and take some time to hop off your transportation device to walk around and discover all the hidden gems that UCSB's campus and Isla Vista have to offer. 

LESSONS STRANGERS TAUGHT ME

WHAT YOU DON'T LEARN IN CLASS

words // Matthew Meyer illustration // Sonam Zahrt-Tenzin design // Yuan Yao

Fists clenched, she shifts from side to side, eyes darting from my face to the camera and then back to me. "What exactly is this for?" she asks, for the second time. I explain the concept again, but she only half hears me. She's scanning the horizon for clues, calculating my every move, searching desperately for a hidden meaning or veiled threat. "Sorry," she sighs, "can you repeat the question?" Exhausted, she finally succumbs to the merciless interrogation. I smile. "What are you up to this spring break?"

Despite my mother's best efforts, I spend a significant portion of my waking hours talking to strangers. It started with improvised comedy in Isla Vista, which often relies on true stories from the audience to inspire unscripted scenes. Then, the Daily Nexus assigned me a new video series for their website. The segments follow a standard "man-on-the-street" format—I wander town and interview passerbys

**"DESPITE MY MOTHER'S
BEST EFFORTS, I SPEND A
SIGNIFICANT PORTION OF MY
WAKING HOURS TALKING TO
STRANGERS."**

about a chosen topic. Both improv and the interviews call for an honest, simple response from the interviewee. But, coaxing it out of them rarely proves simple at all.

Twenty-somethings are all sideways glances and suspicious eyebrows when you approach them on the street or invite them on stage. People of all ages get stage fright or camera-shy, but formative years spent online condition millennials to use particular caution. Social media expands public shaming from a person's inner-circle to worldwide potential. It's little wonder smartphones raise a skittish bunch.

Corroborating this constant fear, YouTube is littered with channels that humiliate innocent bystanders for the entertainment of their viewers. From interviews that ask grade-school level questions and prey on the poor souls who hesitate to answer, to "prank" videos that document borderline cruelty, most public interactions online make their subject the butt of the joke. Does this negative tendency deal lasting damage to the videos' victims or viewers? Likely not. But it does fall far, far short of the potential to capture something special.

Talking to strangers reminds me that the world is a funny, beautiful, captivating place all on its own. The world's inhabitants embody the same traits, and if you get out of their way, they can often provide all the content you need. Beneath their fear of exposure, people hold a treasure trove of experiences and perspectives. Tapping into this well of rich content might take more effort than running off with someone's

skateboard or stumping them on American history, but the breakthroughs are decidedly more satisfying.

Last winter, I spent a dreary afternoon asking passing students for their thoughts on New Year's resolutions. Most people refused to talk. Those who did went the safe route, declaring almost defensively that they didn't make resolutions because people so rarely stick to them. People had tests to study for, work to attend to—I didn't blame them for their indifference to such a banal survey.

Amidst a sea of rejections, one young man stopped to talk. Timid at first, he looked to his feet as he considered the question. His voice shook a little, and he started to answer twice, snatching back his words each time.

Then, as if by accident, a reply slipped from his mouth. "I... am my New Year's resolution," he told the camera. "I need to invest in myself more, you know? Love myself and all that." He flashed a quiet smile, almost surprised by his own response. It hung in the air, a naked dash of truth, passed freely from one stranger to another. I accepted it

**"UM... IS THAT IT?" HE ASKED,
EYES RETURNING TO THE
GROUND. "YUP. THAT'S IT."**

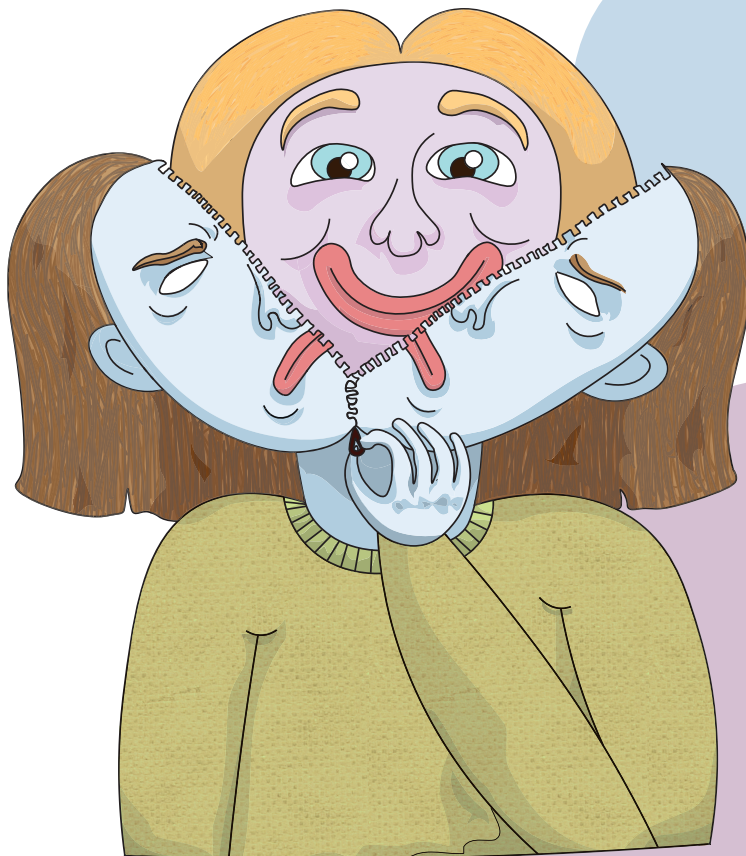
silently.

"Um... is that it?" he asked, eyes returning to the ground.

"Yup. That's it."

That student's promise to love himself didn't go viral. It didn't trend on Twitter or inspire a following. That student's promise didn't even make it into the video. The sound was bad. That's filmmaking. Somehow I prefer it that way, though. I keep this one just for me. Stripped of its context, it probably seems pretty unremarkable, anyway.

But, on a bleak, chilly day, amongst droves of pessimism and disinterest, a stranger shared a vulnerable little truth with me—and for no reason. Like they often do, that small piece of truth trailed back to one that's much bigger. Strangers have something to say. All you have to do is listen. **W**



- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Lava Beds NP | 17. Sequoias |
| 2. Redwoods | 18. Seven Teacups |
| 3. Paradise | 19. Hearst Castle |
| 4. Lake Tahoe | 20. Jailhouse |
| 5. Stevenson Bridge | 21. Storke Tower |
| 6. Mono Lake | 22. Moreton Bay Fig Tree |
| 7. Kirby Cove Camp | 23. A.V. Poppy Reserve |
| 8. Half Dome | 24. Bottle Tree Ranch |
| 9. Secret Sidewalk | 25. The Broad |
| 10. Clarion Alley | 26. Murphy Ranch |
| 11. Devil's Postpile | 27. Watts Tower |
| 12. Eureka Sand Dunes | 28. Sunken City |
| 13. Kissing Rock | 29. Joshua Trees |
| 14. Monterey Aquarium | 30. Breweries |
| 15. Underground Gardens | 31. Museum of Man |
| 16. Pfeiffer Beach | 32. Center of the World |



NORCAL VS SoCal

words + design // Kawal Dhaliwal

illustration // Raymundo Rubi + Kawal Dhaliwal

California. Ca-li-for-nia. With four syllables and 10 letters, that is a long-ass word and a big-ass state, but why is it reduced to one moniker: "Cali"? Now, a real Californian would know that no one from California calls this glorious state "Cali." That's blasphemous. When I venture out of the Golden State into the furthest reaches of America, people assume I surf to class and live on the beach. People are in awe when I tell them I am from California, but I am left flabbergasted by their ignorance of my state. At more than 800 miles long, the coastline is just the skin on the body of California. Sure, we might have the movie-cracking Hollywood and the "yah-brah" surfers; but we have redwoods, mountains, deserts, snow, rain, and the list goes on. California is more than the idea of SoCal or rather, L.A. There are plenty of goodies in NorCal as well as SoCal.


As a UCSB student, I get to compare my NorCal childhood to my perception of SoCal natives. I was thoroughly amused when I witnessed two people from L.A. actually spend a good fifteen minutes discussing "the" freeways of L.A. This one experience just happened to perpetuate the notion that all people do in L.A. is talk about driving when they are not driving. While there are some people who fit the SoCal stereotypes, there are many who defied them.

However, what amazes me more are our different perceptions of California. Our town of Santa Barbara is so clearly SoCal to me that I was excited to be finally living

the beach-bum SoCal life. I never would've thought that anyone, anywhere, would ever believe Santa Barbara is NorCal! Ridiculous. I have to drive six hours south to get here so it is crystal clear to me this is SoCal, but those from anywhere south of here think differently. Many have tried to compromise by stating this is "central cal," but I refuse to concede.

There are pros and cons to each side of the NorCal vs SoCal debate. Sure, in SoCal the sunshine can be nice. In NorCal, we actually have seasons, and at least a little rain doesn't put our life on hold. Yet, in SoCal, one can swim in the ocean without getting hypothermia, so that is a huge plus; and with Disneyland, we can't forget the leg up SoCal has on theme parks. I can't even get started on L.A. vs S.F. because that would require its own article. The transportation difference alone is a huge cause for debate.

I could not go into this battle alone, and I was on a mission to find those on either side to add to the discussion. Some people said they were "SoCal for life," another said "I like NorCal, but I love SoCal," and another said "I hate San Francisco." I think my sample was a little biased. Those from the Bay Area rep "Bay all the way!" No one mentioned the California north of Sacramento.

When I dug deeper, the consensus was: California is California. Turns out, no one actually gives two poops about this NorCal vs. SoCal debate. Which is good, because clearly, neither do I. 

ADVENTURES IN ACADEMIA

UNDERGRADUATE RESEARCH

words // Mikayla McNair

photos // Francisco Barrera

design // Yuan Yao

It was the second week of winter quarter, and I was meeting with one of the psychologists at CAPS in a state of total distress and dejection. After three quarters as an Economics major, I didn't make the cut; my major GPA wasn't high enough. This was a very novel experience for me, having graduated high school at the top of my class. But, like everyone always says, high school success doesn't guarantee a prosperous college experience.

In all honesty, I just felt that pursuing economics was a lucrative choice (also my parents weren't fond of the idea of me being a History or Anthropology major, which I discovered upon suggestion). But, after taking just a couple of pre-major courses, I realized it was far too competitive for my taste. That, and I couldn't bring myself to

actually put enough effort into my classes due to mere lack of interest.

So, I'm at my CAPS appointment with a psychologist. We had about an hour-long discussion about my interests and hobbies, how and why I compare myself to my peers, what I would want as a career if money weren't an issue—something I hadn't considered in a long time—and by the end, my anxiety had practically dissipated. However, she ended our meeting suggesting that UCSB probably just wasn't the best choice for me. Why would I come to a top undergrad research university if I'm not going to be a Bio or Chem major?

I've always recognized this notion that certain majors are superior to others, and there I was hearing it again from a faculty member of my own school. She had me



convinced for a while, but now I beg to differ. With this ongoing debate wracking my brain, I spoke to three other students who have taken on research projects and senior theses within their respective major departments. Really, I just wanted to know if our majors will really dictate how successful we can become as students here and as post-grads.

First, I met up with Natalie Colburn. A long-time admirer of ocean life, she now studies Marine Biology in the College of Creative Studies. Currently, she works in the Oakley Lab on campus under Dr. Todd Oakley, analyzing cnidarians and bioluminescent ostracods—or, for those of us who are very much not bio students, moon jellies and crustaceans. She was more interested in “squishies over crunchies,” but didn’t want to pass up any opportunity and ended up doing both. Natalie has to identify new species—such as the bioluminescent ostracods—and study how their structures relate to their mating displays. She also analyzes the nematocyst-firings of the moon jellies under different light conditions (nematocysts are little barbs that help capture prey when fired; more are fired under dimmer lighting, maybe pointing to a higher food availability during dusk and dawn in their natural habitat, according to Natalie).

Natalie is clearly an intelligent and academically successful girl—she told me more about crustaceans and jellies than I thought was possible to cover in one interview—but she’s also one of those extreme examples of people who knows exactly what she wants as a career, and she just goes for it. She’s from Laguna Niguel, CA, and she volunteered at the Ocean Institute in Dana Point throughout high school; so it’s no surprise that she was able to get into CCS and land a position in the Oakley Lab on campus just after her very first quarter here. It just goes to show that when our goals are well-defined, we can better prepare ourselves for those goals and achieve them.

While I learned this valuable lesson from

Natalie, I still wanted to know if this school really is biased towards STEM majors, like my CAPS psychologist claimed. Can students in the humanities reap the same kind of rewards as a Marine Biology major in CCS?



Meghan Brown, fourth-year History major, is quite possibly the nicest person I’ve ever had the fortune of meeting. Throughout the entire interview, she was smiling and wide-eyed, genuinely excited to disclose any information about her senior thesis on slavery and its relationship with the London World’s Fair in 1851. It’s not required of History majors to write a senior thesis, but Meghan is clearly passionate about her studies and chose to take a course that requires students to write grant

proposals for research on a topic of their choice (Meghan said there were only nine or ten students total taking this course). Participants submit their grant proposals to URCA—Undergraduate Research and Creative Activities. If the grant is approved, URCA provides funding for any expenses required for individual research projects. The lucky students who receive funding must present their work at the Undergraduate Research Colloquium in late spring quarter.

Meghan's fascination with the London World's Fair—the very first world's fair where almost 30 countries brought art, technology and other goods to show off—centered on the controversy between America and London on the topic of slavery (America brought a statue called Greek Slave to the fair, which was considered distasteful and downright offensive to London, which headed an anti-slave movement in 1808). Meghan was hardly expecting to even receive the URCA grant, but she was fully funded to fly to New York at the end of January this year, where she read the journalistic papers of Horace Greeley in the NY Public Library (Greeley, founder and editor of the New York Tribune, travelled to the London World's Fair and wrote extensively on the subject).

While Meghan faced some difficulties along the way—specifically a huge blizzard on the East Coast that happened the same weekend she was there, causing the library to shut down—she was able to utilize her trip to New York to write her thesis. Just the fact that undergrads can conduct their own research—with the help of professors and other faculty, of course—and receive funding for it is so professional and inspiring and, quite frankly, just cool. Not only did Meghan travel to New York, but she also mentioned studying abroad in London and Paris in her second year here. What I gleaned, just from meeting Meghan for the first time, is that being an independent, driven individual can shape you into a more mature, worldly young adult in your time in college. Although she hasn't graduated just yet—and who

knows what the future holds?—Meghan exudes the kind of confidence and success that I want to find in my time here, and just like Natalie, her passion for her studies is apparent and something to envy.

Claire Breen is a fourth-year Global Studies and Feminist Studies double-major. Claire chose to write her senior thesis for the Feminist Studies department on the gender dynamics of popular podcasts. This was influenced by her extracurricular interests; she and a friend have their own radio show here at KCSB (Terminally Chill), and she participates in a feminist podcast with some other girls (The Left Ovaries). She noticed through coding the reviews of podcasts—looking for key words pointing to trends—that the podcasts with female hosts were getting a bad rap with criticisms based on their voices. Vocal fry—or, as Claire described it to me, “valley-girl voice”—and up-talk—when sentences end with a lift in the voice, like with a question—were two main examples of these criticisms. The hard truth is that people don't respond well to female voices; but if men have vocal fry or use up-talk, they don't get the same bad reviews. Even the host of the extremely popular podcast, “Serial”, has been criticized for sounding too “gossipy”, and people have even claimed she has a crush on the accused man (which Claire believes would not have been stated if the genders were reversed).

Claire is planning on interning at a radio station in Berkeley and at Planned Parenthood in D.C. post-grad. These aren't exactly direct paths from a global studies and feminist studies double major, but they're definitely correlated with her involvement on campus. Claire exemplifies why we should fully take advantage of extracurricular opportunities as students, and she portrayed the same maturity and confidence that Natalie and Meghan did during our meeting. When I asked her thoughts on the STEM vs. humanities debate, Claire said she just feels that her professors and peers are all supportive and cooperative, whereas her STEM major friends claim to face more of a competitive



atmosphere. (This is subjective, of course, but something to consider when weighing the pros and cons of a major). Ultimately, Claire stressed to me how the majority of us are all in the same boat; not everyone immediately has a job lined up upon graduating, no matter what his or her major was. More often than not, there's some middle area where we have to do lower-paying internships or apply to grad schools, whether it's law school, or medical school, or something else.

I told Claire that I was supposed to host a radio show with my roommate but changed my mind; I didn't really think it was my thing. Her reply was, "See, you say it's not your thing, but then you do it and find out that it is your thing." Throughout this whole interviewing process, I was realizing more and more that picking a major shouldn't be this huge stressful ordeal for me. I should pick something I like and am comfortable with, and then my extracurricular endeavors will shape who I am as a person and offer me a certain set of skills that my major courses might not.

All three of my interviewees contradicted the popular (albeit mistaken) notion that STEM is the superior route. Sure, Natalie is studying Marine Biology, but she didn't just choose that major and let the success fall into her lap. What makes all three women successful—and, maybe more importantly, happy—is that they picked the subject that they're truly interested in and passionate about. They were eager to milk every opportunity as students. If you're only a physics major because you want to make bank someday to fund other hobbies, then by all means, follow your dreams. Make bank. But, if you want to pursue feminist studies or art history because that's your true passion, don't let anyone tell you it's useless. Maybe our salaries will be different in the future, but as long as we're happy, the money matters a little less. We all have to work just as hard as the next person, regardless of our majors, and there are plenty of opportunities for all of us; we just need to have our own personal reasons and incentives to fuel our efforts. **W**

THE AWKWARD QUESTION

AND WHY YOU PROBABLY SHOULDN'T ASK

words // Alexandra Dwight illustrations // Raymundo Rubi design // Brittany Nguyen

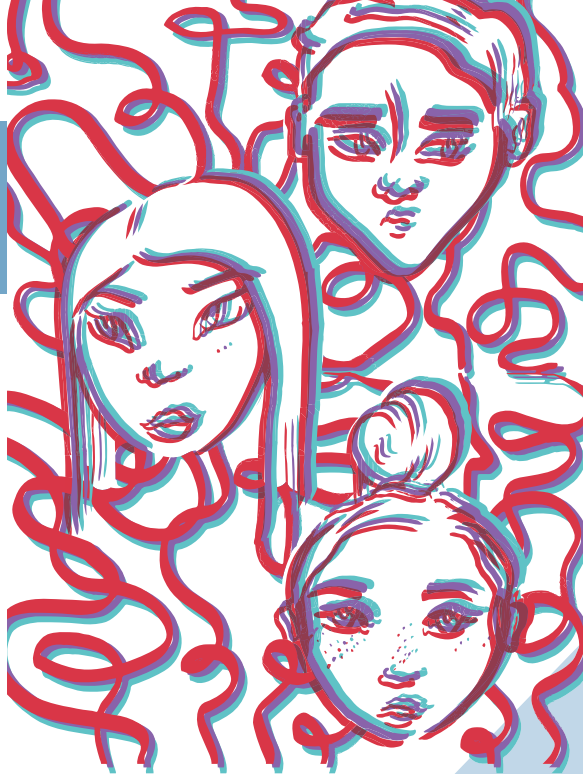
I'm an avid eavesdropper, forgive me, but while sitting on the patio of Cajé the other day, my expert ears, trained from years of sifting through coffee shop conversations, landed on a prime interaction. Wafting out of a cloud of undefined buzzing and amorphous words emerged the uncomfortable question: "So, like, who's the man and who's the woman in your relationship?" My eyes immediately honed in on the situation: it was interrogation-style, a queer couple sitting in the hot seat, glancing uneasily at each other, while their clueless pal chomped away on a poppy seed bagel.

To those not versed in gender politics, this inquiry may seem innocent—playful, even—and truth is, the coffee shop couple's misinformed friend probably wasn't intending to fire shots (unless you count espresso). So, why did her inquisition evoke such a tense response? It boils down to this: in a lesbian couple, there is no man, and in a gay couple, there is no woman—if there were, wouldn't that defeat the purpose of a same-gender partnership?

Beyond being irrelevant, the implications of this curiosity are weighty. Constantly being pestered to discern who fulfills which gender role in a relationship chalks up to more than just casual annoyance because it feeds into a harmful and outdated heteronormative framework which continues to permeate our culture. Now, "heteronormativity" is a term that gets thrown around quite a bit in academic

discourse—especially on a liberal campus like UCSB—but it's a complex term and a mouthful, so I think it's worth a pause here to break down what it means. A heteronormative framework assumes that heterosexuality, or straightness, is a given—that it is the normal and dominant sexual orientation. Heteronormative rhetoric dominates American culture, filtering into our mainstream media representations (tell me, how many mainstream rom-coms feature a non-hetero couple?), and social institutions like marriage (gay marriage was only very recently legalized in the US, on June 26th, 2015) and education. The consequences are also psychological; heteronormative culture in the U.S. has waged war on LGBTQ+ individuals, who have been subject to every type of hate crime including physical violence, verbal insults, discrimination in the workplace, and cyber bullying. One friend I spoke with, who identifies as cis-male ("cis" meaning that you identify with the sex you were born into) and gay, reflected on his painful experience growing up: "As a kid I was bullied pretty hard. Being called a 'faggot' is quite an experience. Those moments lasted longer than the instance they occurred. I continue to think about it actually. Because of that, I started to act more traditionally masculine. I just wanted to fit in."

The outdated inquiry as to who fulfills the role of the man or woman strikes a chord with queer couples; it invalidates the



legitimacy of same-gender relationships by suggesting that a “real” relationship requires the balancing forces of man and woman to function. And you can see why pestering same-gender couples to assign themselves traditional gender roles—tools for the subordination of LGBTQ+ individuals—is just the foam on top of a crappy latte.

Heteronormativity is also problematic in that it operates on a binary, which sees only two viable sexes: male or female. This ideology is highly exclusive, as it erases a vast continuum of other identities. Gender is far more complex and does not always align with one’s biological sex, but is based on personal experience. This is not a new concept—according to LGBTQ+ organization TransTorah, which researches classical Jewish texts for evidence of gender diversity, the old kingdom of Israel, dating roughly from 1020-931 BCE, outlined five possibilities for gender expression. These identities include “nekeveh” (female), “zachar” (male), “tumtum” (gender neutral), “ay’lonit” (female-to-male transgender), and “saris” (male-to-female transgender, often incorrectly labeled “eunuchs” in literary tradition). If the old kingdom could find six possibilities, why can’t we allow for even more diversity today?

The gender binary operates on the assumption that man and woman are opposing, unequal forces. Within this binary, there exists an implicit hierarchy, which ranks man as superior to woman. Hence, the implications of the question, “who is the man and who is the woman in your relationship?” run the gamut of sexual orientation and gender. It’s akin to asking who wears the pants—a metaphor

“IT BOILS DOWN TO THIS: IN A LESBIAN COUPLE, THERE IS NO MAN, AND IN A GAY COUPLE, THERE IS NO WOMAN - IF THERE WERE, WOULDN’T THAT DEFEAT THE PURPOSE OF A SAME-GENDER PARTNERSHIP?”

These seemingly minute offenses serve to remind us that despite the liberal, tolerant front our campus sports, heteronormativity continues to seep through the cracks. To clarify, my point is not that identifying as strictly heterosexual, or strictly as a man or a woman is wrong—these dominant identities are perfectly valid; however, assuming that these are the only options to exist is limiting.

that literally implies male superiority. Think about it: although exceptions exist, women in the U.S. only began sporting trousers publically during the 1920s and 1930s. It was not until 1972 that Title IX of the Education Amendments was passed, allowing girls to wear pants in American schools—that was 44 years ago. In other places, women have gone to jail for

wearing pants (Luisa Capetillo in Puerto Rico, 1919). If “wearing the pants” implies owning power in a relationship, and it also implies being a man, where does this leave women? Where does this leave all those who skirt the hard lines of traditionally defined masculinity? It’s a lose-lose

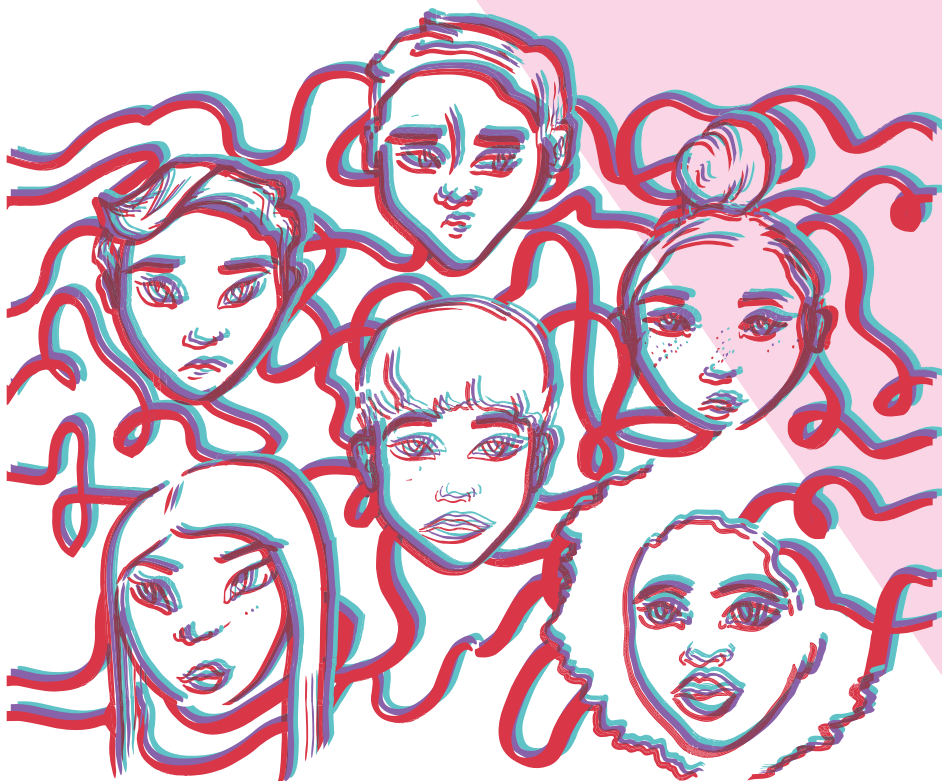
equality too.

In search of direct feedback, I contacted a few of my friends involved in the LGBTQ community for firsthand sentiments on being asked, “who’s the man and who’s the woman in your relationship?” Unsurprisingly, each of these interviewees—two lesbian

“THE OUTDATED INQUIRY...INVALIDATES THE LEGITIMACY OF SAME-GENDER RELATIONSHIPS BY SUGGESTING THAT A “REAL” RELATIONSHIP REQUIRES THE BALANCING FORCES OF MAN AND WOMAN TO FUNCTION.”

situation for everyone; even in the case that a woman in a hetero relationship is deemed to be the one “wearing the pants,” I’ve noticed the man is often chided for being “whipped,” and the woman is harangued for being too bossy or domineering. Clearly, questioning who is the man and who is the woman in a relationship is more than a LGBTQ issue; it is a hindrance to gender

couples, one lesbian single woman, and one gay male couple—had been solicited by outsiders to assign gender roles in their past or current relationships, and none took too kindly to the quandary. In fact, most echoed a similar sentiment: while fourth-year, Clay Flaherty bluntly stated, “I hate being asked this question, I always respond, ‘We’re gay, we’re both men,’” third-year UCSB





student, Hunter Schwarz asserted, “Why can’t we both just be men in a relationship? Love is love,” and fourth-year Marissa Neel explained, “No one is the man, obviously. We’re both girls.” Another fourth-year UCSB student, Sabrina, expressed dissatisfaction with the power dynamics of traditional gender roles: “I think what people try to get at with this question is a sense of who is more dominant than the other, and that’s really not a dynamic that I desire to be replicated in my relationships with others, but rather a sense of egalitarianism.” Fourth-year Marissa Neel further celebrated her freedom outside of the restrictive gender binary: “One of the things I love most about being in a same-sex relationship is that gender roles are nearly nonexistent. We don’t have one person in the couple who cooks and cleans, and we don’t have one person who pays for meals and fixes broken things. We’re very fluid and switch off on those kinds of things, or just do them together.”

Going back to Poppy Seed Pesterer’s question—yes, the curiosity is natural; we are all shaped by the society we live in, and this one has ingrained in us strict gender

roles and heteronormative ideals. However, knowing that asking same-sex couples to define themselves according to binary gender roles reinforces a heteronormative framework, it becomes increasingly difficult to justify posing the awkward inquiry.

We live in a culture hell-bent on categorizing others—assessing each other’s qualities in order to define, label, and tuck personal identities away into neat little boxes. In a way, this practice is sensible—a survival mechanism that allows us to easily determine who is a threat and with whom we should associate ourselves. However, these categories can be stifling and often downright incorrect. Yes, labels provide us with a certain comfort—an ease of communication—for now we can all be easily understood! But, what do we miss out on when we force people into binaries? I would argue that when we shove those around us and ourselves into boxes, we suffer collectively—the captive from confinement, restricted to 4x4 walls, and the captor from ignorance, condemned to an existence devoid of all these colorful shades of ambiguity. **W**

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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

ART OPENINGS

The Department of Art's gallery openings are the perfect evening out for undergrad and graduate students alike. <http://www.arts.ucsb.edu>

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK

The two-day fall performances are created by UCSB students of all majors who bring classical drama with a new twist to the heart of Isla Vista in Anisq'Oyo' Park. This event provides free, fun, and family-friendly performances. For more information visit www.facebook.com/IVShakespeareinthepark

UCSB THEATER 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.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 future sensations to campus throughout the year. You can always depend on them to screen a great movie every Tuesday night in IV Theater.

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

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 Theater. For more information, contact Ellen Anderson, eanderson@ihc.ucsb.edu

GAUCHO CERTIFIED FARMERS MARKET

The Farmer's Market is an accessible avenue for all local and UCSB 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

Showing films like *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* and *Ant Man* every Friday and Monday night.. Free popcorn! All movies are only \$4! For more info go to www.facebook.com/MagicLanternFilmsIV

LAUGHOLGY

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! For more info go to www.facebook.com/Ucsblaugh

IMPROVABILITY

Join the audience of UCSB's top improvisational comedy teams, and be a part of their fast-paced show. Repeatedly voted "Best Late Night Entertainment at UCSB," shows are Fridays at 8pm for only \$3 at Embarcadero Hall. www.facebook.com/ucsblmprovability



MAKING NOTES

FEMALE MUSICIANS OF IV

words // Mel Weisberger photos // Le Tang design // Brittany Nguyen

The sun has set on a long day of classes and work, and yet this Wednesday night is still not close to done for several determined and hardworking students across IV and into campus. The lights flicker in the music building, the garage door is lifted ajar, and bedroom doors gently close as a low hum resonates from these rehearsal spaces. These are the female musicians of Isla Vista. Whether it's strumming gently on their guitar, matching harmonies, or setting up amps, these powerful and talented women are ready to perform and they are ready for you all to meet them.



NIP SLIP

MEMBERS: Andrew Manos, Dominic Burnham, Cary Brucker, Maddy Dahm, and Alexandra Dwight

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE BAND?

MADDY: “I would describe the sound as being substantially punk, but folky for the most part. Kind of like getting kissed on the

cheek and then respectfully, but impolitely, dismissed.”

ALEXANDRA: “Feisty folk-rock you can groove to at times and be soothed by at others. Maddy and I channel female empowerment and layer in those dank soulful harmonies.”

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PART ABOUT BEING IN A BAND?

MADDY: “The best part about being in a band is collaboration. I can come to the band with even just the slightest idea of a song or

something I've been working on for a while, and then everyone interprets it their own way and suddenly, it's reborn! It brings out parts of the song that I never would have come up with alone."

ALEXANDRA: "I appreciate how playful the band is— it's honestly really fun to hang out with them. Last week our serious recording time transitioned into a sick freestyle rap sesh. Maybe we'll do that at a show sometime if we're feelin' extra fresh. But I also love performing and bouncing off each other's energy. It's amazing to see everyone in the band in their element."

DO YOU THINK THAT THE MUSIC CULTURE IN IV IS GENERALLY ACCEPTING OR UNACCEPTING OF FEMALE MUSICIANS?

MADDY: "I think that the music culture of IV is incredibly accepting of female musicians, and it definitely makes a band stand out when there is a woman in the group. However, there is a weird unacknowledged situation in the IV live music scene that it is incredibly rare to have a lady in the band. This is shocking because there are so many talented female musicians that would absolutely rock out in an IV band, yet the IV band scene is so densely dominated by dudes that it's nerve-racking to put yourself out there and convince people that you are good enough to be in a band."

ALEXANDRA: "It's not that it's outright unaccepting, we're friends with plenty of the male bands around here, and they've been supportive and down to play shows together. However, male bands are absolutely the norm in IV. I think there is a subtlety to this climate that somehow discourages women from performing. It may be linked to the aggressive atmosphere of most house parties in IV, where bands usually play to get their name out. It's common for women to experience misogyny at house parties here— so if I am sometimes too uncomfortable to

go to a rager full of strangers, why would I want to play at one? There has to be a reason why there is such a dominance of male bands here, and I know it's not lack of female talent. Quality musicianship is about personal skill and not gender."

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE ISSUES YOU FACE BEING A FEMALE MUSICIAN IN IV?

MADDY: "The biggest issue I have with being a female musician in IV is that the expectations for women are lower in terms of musicianship, yet higher in terms of presentation. Anyone who has been to a house concert or garage show in IV knows how hot and sweaty and not-so-sexy things can get."

ALEXANDRA: "Just general criticism that focuses on qualities irrelevant to my musicianship."

WHAT ARE YOUR GENERAL THOUGHTS/ MUSINGS ON BEING A MUSICIAN IN IV THAT IDENTIFIES AS FEMALE?

ALEXANDRA: "Female musicians—your very presence and visibility in the IV music scene is an act of rebellion because it is in direct opposition to the status quo. Come out and play! It's about time that we dismantled this silly paradigm."

MADDY: "To the talented hiding girls in IV mentioned earlier: You girls know who you are and you need to just put yourself out there and start collaborating with other musicians. Don't get discouraged if you don't vibe with the first few people you play with. Finding bandmates that work well with you is harder than finding your future best friends freshman year. Sometimes you get lucky off the bat, otherwise, you have to keep trying."

SOLINE DAURY

AGE: 24

SOUND: Folk

WHO ARE SOME OF YOUR MUSICAL INSPIRATIONS?

SOLINE: "I was raised by a 'rock n roll lover' dad, but I also love Mumford and Sons, Led Zeppelin, Etta James, Ella Fitzgerald...Oh! And Nina Simone! She is actually the one that inspired me the most!"



DO YOU PERFORM ALONE OR IN A GROUP?

SOLINE: "I used to play in a jazz band back in France, but here I perform by myself."

DO YOU PREFER SINGING IN FRENCH OR ENGLISH?

SOLINE: "I sing in both languages, but I feel like it sounds better in English— probably because I listen more to American songs."

WHAT INSTRUMENT DO YOU PLAY?

SOLINE: "I play the guitar. Just what I need."

WHERE DO YOU LIKE TO PERFORM?

SOLINE: "I mostly like to perform in open mics and anywhere when I am drunk...but mostly intimate gigs."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE THING ABOUT PERFORMING?

SOLINE: "I love the little voice in my head, just before going on stage, saying, 'Why are you doing this?' because it is so stressful. But once I am in my songs, I forget everything around me and this is so satisfying."

DO YOU WRITE YOUR OWN SONGS?

SOLINE: "I mostly compose and write my own music. I have a hard time expressing myself in general, so music helps me."



DALIA JUAREZ

AGE: 21

SOUND: Folk & Indie

WHO DO YOU PERFORM WITH?

DALIA: “I like to perform with a guitarist, but generally, I perform solo. I do write some music and am currently in the process of writing new songs.”

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PART OF PERFORMING?

DALIA: “I love how when I’m on stage or in front of a crowd, I’m not afraid to be vulnerable—like no one’s going to judge me for being me, because we can all connect on some level with the music that I’m making.”

HAVE YOU EVER VENTURED OUT INTO ISLA VISTA TO PERFORM?

DALIA: “I have performed several times in IV including Anisqoyo Park, Gio’s, and on campus. I have performed in The Hub, on top of the SRB, and in front of Storke Tower. Being in front of audiences always makes

me feel alive—like jumping into a pool of cold water—it’s exhilarating, terrifying, and freeing.”

WOULD YOU LIKE TO CONTINUE PURSUING MUSIC IN THE FUTURE?

DALIA: “I would like to continue pursuing music, but I recently switched from being a Music major to being a Communications major in order to better learn the business and to make myself more versatile.”

WHO ARE SOME OF YOUR MUSICAL INSPIRATIONS?

DALIA: “My musical inspirations include my former voice coach, Isabel Bayrakdarian, who performed the vocals in the Lord of the Ring Films and of course Queen B (Beyonce). I also take a lot of inspiration from artists such as Monsters and Men, James Bay, and Lin-Manuel Miranda.”

VOCAL MOTION



UCSB'S PREMIERE ALL-FEMALE A CAPPELLA GROUP!

MEMBERS: Danyelle Guernsey, Saiba Singh, Rachel Bromberg, Maddie Frisch, Sarah Heeney, Sarah Allen-Sutter, Emily Duncan, Kelty Kauffman, Annabelle Warren, Paige Thesing, Grace Tecca, Anusha Anand, Julia Diamond, Ashley Oiknine, Vanessa Guevara, and Shoshana Kumin

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PART ABOUT BEING IN AN A CAPPELLA GROUP?

DANYELLE: "It's one thing making music with just anyone, but making music with your best friends is something else."

SAIBA: "I love singing songs that we can all sing and bond over as friends. I also love the fact that we do our own arrangements and can really see our progress as musicians through that."

MORE INFORMATION ON THE GROUP :

[HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/UCSBVOMO/](https://www.facebook.com/UCSBVOMO/)

WHAT DIFFERENTIATES MALE AND FEMALE A CAPPELLA GROUPS FOR YOU?

DANYELLE: "With male a cappella groups, people aren't as critical because they see males having lots of fun on stage and they don't think about the physicality."

SAIBA: "It's easier for men's a cappella groups to pull off being goofy and funny on stage because society is conditioned to believe that men are allowed to do that and women are supposed to be timid."

DANYELLE: "Yeah, for female groups, it feels like we have to work twice as hard to get that kind of following because we don't have that kind of connotation around us."

SAIBA: "Exactly. Musically, both men's and women's groups are both very equally talented, but when it comes down to choosing music, it is a lot easier for men to pick comical music that requires an immediate connection with the audience." **W**

BUMP, SET, SPIKEBALL

FUN IN THE SUN

words // Sarah Scarminach photo // Soline Daury design // Frankie Thorpe

It's a Sunday afternoon in Isla Vista and it seems as though everyone I know is outside enjoying the day. Dog Shit Park is crowded with pick-up football games, sunbathers, and groups competing at the volleyball net. Amidst the chaos, I'm drawn to a small group playing something that I've never seen before on the edge of the field. Four boys—shirtless with trunks and backwards hats—crowd around a miniature trampoline-like object and intermittently hit a small, yellow ball to each other off the small circle. I shamelessly stare at the group as they dive across the grass in pursuit of the ball and engage in a series of volleys, where the ball doesn't touch the ground. The end of each point is met with high-fives, fist bumps, and finally one team yells out in celebration. Several minutes pass by before my question is asked and answered. This, is Spikeball.

Founded in 2008, Spikeball has become one of the fastest growing recreational pastimes and one with a fan following at that. But, this isn't an entirely new creation—the sport was based off of an old lawn game from the '80s. CEO Chris Ruder acquired the rights, re-vamped the old set and got to playing. Since then, the sport has cultivated over a million followers and even goes so far as to hold nationally ranked tournaments, where teams from all over the country can play each other—a few have even been held in our own backyard, downtown Santa Barbara.

The game, I learn, is similar to volleyball, but instead of hitting the ball over a net, it is hit onto a trampoline-like object. This is constructed exactly like a trampoline, but the surface has mesh strung across it so that the ball will bounce off of it. The ball even looks like a volleyball, but is much lighter

and smaller—think slightly larger than a baseball—in addition to having a rubber exterior. When I first watched the game, it looked simple. The players moved quickly around the net and handled the ball with expert touches as they popped it up in the air for their partners to receive and later hit onto the net. But, the longer I studied the game, the more I realized how complex it was and the skill needed to keep the ball in play.

Four players are split into two teams and one team begins the play with a serve. During a match, the net is in the middle and partners stand adjacent to one another, so that they hit the ball across to the other side. Just like volleyball, each team has three touches to hit the ball back onto the net and towards their opponent. Points are awarded when the other team is unable to return the ball or make an error, and games are played to 21.

LIKE OTHER TEAM SPORTS, THIS ONE HAS ITS BENEFITS AND DESPITE MY AVERAGE GAME-PLAY, I'M REWARDED WITH WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT, SMILES, AND ROUNDS OF HIGH-FIVES.


Even though I had watched several games, the minute I try to play, I realize how deceptively hard it is. I'd like to consider myself as having good hand eye coordination—I've played sports my whole

life—but, this game makes me rethink that. Spikeball takes an entirely new set of skills that I've never had to use in combination and I look like a deer in headlights for at least the first hour, if not longer. It requires short sprints and agility, but also finesse paired with light-contacts on the ball. The game speed is quick and all the while I'm running as fast as I can to reach the ball, I have to remember to be gentle in my touches. The first time I hit the ball, I forget how light it is and send it flying in the opposite direction, which my partner attempts and fails to save. After several plays, I finally figure out that while I have to move fast, I also have to slow my body movement when I contact the ball, but that's not the only issue. Just when I think I've figured out how to hit the ball—well, sort of—I realize how hard it is to aim. The net is so much smaller when I'm ten feet away and I'm silently praying that I can get it close enough for my partner to hit. And even when things seem easy, like when the net is right in front of me, one wrong hit can cause my team to lose a point—if the ball hits the rim or a “pocket” in the mesh, it's a turnover.

But Spikeball is more than just one individual. It's a team, or rather, partner sport, and mine has been keeping us afloat. Throughout our game, my partner has silently picked up my slack while I've been tripping over gopher-holes in pursuit of the ball and working on my “slams,” which end up straight into the ground despite my close proximity to the net. Furthermore, the fast pace requires constant communication and even though I feel stupid at first, I soon find myself tearing across the field yelling, “I got it!” “mine!” and more often than I'd like to admit, “you go!” Like other team sports, this



one has its benefits and despite my average game-play, I'm rewarded with words of encouragement, smiles, and rounds of high-fives.

Once I get past my initial frustration, the game is easy to pick up with a little practice and it is much more fun than I thought it would be. The fast game pace and endless boundaries have me competing in no time as I try and pick up strategy on the go. I receive a “pound it” from my partner and we call it a day. While I might not be signing up for a tournament anytime soon, I've definitely found a new hobby—something that can be played as long as you find a few friends and some wide-open spaces. 

FUN CLASSES

NOT AN OXYMORON

words // Tarush Mohanti design // Yuan Yao

There are few things UCSB students look forward to more than signing up for classes on GOLD. Some may claim that playing sports or going out on a Friday night give them the excitement they crave, but the adrenaline rush clicking on the add button when there's one spot left for that one class is unmatched. However, while everyone is signing up for Greek Myth and Dance 45 to satisfy some random general education requirements, fighting for the final spots in a class with hundreds of spots, you can be signing up for these hidden gems instead.

CLASS CODE	CLASS TITLE	UNITS	UD REQUIRED	INSTRUCTOR APPROVAL
INT 185ST	WORD	1-4	N	Y
You get to write, illustrate, photograph, and design a magazine reflecting Isla Vista's culture				
GEOG 178	Conceptual Programming and Modeling for the Geo-Sciences	4	Y	N
A project-based Java course that teaches you the basics of programming with no need for prior experience				
ME 10	Graphics, CAD, and Design	4	N	Y
You get to build a robot, learning how to use CAD (Computer Aided Design), different machine building techniques, and engineering sketching				
ES 1-43 A	Beginners Weight Training	0.5	N	N
If you're trying to get swole, this is the class for you				
CMPSC 8	Intro to Computer Science	4	N	N
An intro class to programming using Python				
RS 155	Vietnam War	4	N	N
War veterans come in to share their experience fighting in wars				
FAMST 119ML	MAGIC LANTERN	4	Y	N
Uses IV Theater as a "lab" to put on popular new movies for community members that emphasizes event programming, communication, and other important skills				
CH E	Principles of Bioengineering	3	N	N
An intro for anyone to bioengineering topics such as drug delivery and material sciences for biological systems				
ENGL 192	Science Fiction	4	N	N
Learn about Science Fiction as a genre in a historical and cultural context				

SOUNDTRACK OF THE APATHETIC GIRL IN THE RED SILK DRESS

words // Shaina Goel

design // Ateken Abia

She stood outside the theater, waiting for the second film of the double feature that night in a red silk dress that meandered four inches past her knees, she stared at the one-way street lit only by the light residue from the theater sign and a couple of old light posts.

Cars would pass from right to left as people walked the opposite way as if a visually complex orchestral composition. Her eyes mindlessly followed it all as her body stayed still, faintly hearing a piano play in the crevices of her mind. The romanticism, as if a delicate bubble, completely deteriorated when she stared off too far into the abyss, drooling onto her silk, surely not water resistant, dress watching the façade she had just created dissolve into a massive re-evaluation of what she had been doing for the last 30 minutes.

Après le vin - *The Brian Jonestown Massacre*

Oasis - *Ashra*

Dream Gypsy - *Bill Evans*

Disintegration Loops (1.1 Excerpt II) - *William Basinski*

More Rainbows - *The Durutti Column*

Reports From The Heart - *Winston Tong*

Cop Killer - *John Maus*

Pale Tone Wifi - *Takako Minekawa*

An Ending (Ascent) - *Brian Eno*

Hey, Who Really Cares - *Linda Perhacs*

Milk and Honey - *Jackson C. Frank*

Wine And Roses - *John Fahey*

CHURCH IN THE DEVIL'S BACKYARD

CHRISTIANS OF ISLA VISTA

words // Sam Arrow

illustrations // Tarush Mohanti

design // Kawal Dhaliwal

The following is based on a series of actual interviews.

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"A big resurgence in my faith came last year. Do you know what the FYF festival is?"

"Yeah, I've heard of it."

"Yeah, basically I took molly at that festival for the first time, and I just, like, rolled balls, and I just had a really humbling moment where I just started thinking about our place at that festival and how we were so lucky to be there and it's such an insane act of chance that we were placed there while there are so many other situations in the world we could've been placed into, like some place where we wouldn't have access to food or water, just a terrible situation. And we're that fortunate to be right here, and there has to be a God because of that. And I felt so loved and so appreciative of my surroundings, it was just really, really humbling. So I went around the festival telling every person 'God bless you, I wanna see you in heaven,' like literally everyone. I gave people my number and told them, 'I want you to text me every day of my life and tell me to keep carrying on the tradition of going out into wherever I am and blessing people and saying I wanna see you in heaven.' But of course I was, like, super high on molly."

• • • • •

"So you don't drink on the weekends?"

"Nope."

"Do you feel like that's made it hard to find friends?"

"Very."

• • • • •

"Alright then. So we're about done here. Is there anything else you wanted to add?"

"Yeah. What I was saying earlier was that a lot of people who consider themselves Christians aren't really Christians and

upholding what God wanted them to do. I don't want to bash on them, but if they just took the time to step back and realize they're doing more harm than good, then they could reformulate what it means to be a Christian. Because I think Christianity, in it's most basic sense, is about inclusion. And a lot of what the most vocal Christians in America are preaching is exclusion."

"Would you say that applies to a lot of the Christians here?"

"I wouldn't know, I don't know a lot of Christians here."

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"Waiting until marriage to have sex, they don't understand that and that's mostly what I get judged on. They feel like, 'Oh you have to go out there and try it out, you shouldn't get held back because of religion.' And that's usually what people judge me for."

"Do you feel like that judgment is more playful or legitimate?"

"I feel like they're trying to be playful, but they actually do mean it."

"Does that make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Yes, yes it does."

"Hm, alright. So to digress a little, when you're looking at IV, as a Christian, what is it that you see?"

"Well everyone here is so young, so they're just trying to figure out what to do with their lives. And not everyone here was raised the way I was with the ideals I have, so I try not to be judgmental, but I just don't understand a lot of what they do. I don't know if that makes any sense."

"Yeah, it makes sense."

"I don't understand the drinking and stuff like that, and so sometimes I feel like I'm separate from everyone else."

"So you never felt tempted to try it all out?"

"No."

"Do you feel like it's been difficult to

maintain your faith here?"

"Well, all my friends are atheists, and so a lot of the time they don't understand any of it. And a lot of the science classes fight against a lot of what I've been taught to believe. And every Sunday morning when I wake up to go to church they always ask, 'Why do you do this? You could be sleeping in.' And so I guess it just gets sort of tiring to have to explain to everyone why you do certain things."

"Do you get in arguments over your beliefs?"

"Not so much arguments but mostly discussions. It's mostly because they don't understand why I believe what I do because they always say I'm really logical and argue everything with science, and they don't understand how I can be both, believing in Christianity and listening to what science has to say."

"And so how do you explain having both a Christian and scientific way of thinking?"

"God is behind everything in science."



"What would you say to people who might be doubting their faith?"


"It's ok to question your faith. When you question it, that's when you find answers. Anytime you question yourself you either end up changing your mind about something, or you believe it in a stronger way."



"What is your attitude toward the drinking and hook-up culture here?"

"Well I'm a pretty mundane Catholic, so I'm just sort of 'eh,' toward it. I know there are some Catholics out there who are totally against all of that, but not me."

"So you do party on the weekends?"



"Yeah, I do."

"Do you ever regret anything?"

"Well I definitely feel guilty afterward, like I definitely shouldn't have done that because of my religion. But I still do it. It's like a cycle that just repeats."

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"Do you ever feel uncomfortable talking about your beliefs?"

"Yeah! Of course they're gonna talk shit."

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"Do you feel guilty about that?"

"About partying and stuff?"

"Yeah."

"Well I knew I wanted to have a really awesome college experience, and I knew I loved partying and drinking, so I was thinking maybe I'd put Christianity on hold or something like that. But now that I'm here, I never really let go of it, but I sort of let it recede into the background in a way that I kind of have felt guilty for."

"Do you plan to change anything about that?"

"I just try to give back to the community and stuff when I can. For me, it's all about giving back and just being a good person. Christianity is about loving and accepting everyone, not stoning homosexuals or any bullshit like that."

"Have you found it hard to maintain your faith since you've come to school here?"

"Sometimes, yeah. But then my parents call every week and ask if I've been going to church every Sunday and doing my prayers, so it's hard not to stay involved."

"Do you feel like it would be harder if they didn't remind you?"

"Yeah."

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"Would you consider yourself to be more devout or casual in your beliefs?"

"Casual, definitely casual. The truth is, sometimes I hesitate to call myself a Christian."

• • • • •



"...but of course I was like, super high on molly. I also said I wanted to start a drug church, I straight up thought that all drugs are good, like even heroin, and it's human sin that corrupts them. All drugs have a message in them, is what I thought; it's a message from God, and you just have to feel his love while you're on the drug. So I was literally telling people, 'I'm gonna start a drug church, I wanna sign you up, and we'll just go and do drugs once a week, and we'll all get connected to God. But then after I came down I was like, 'oh God that's crazy, that's like Manson family shit.' Yeah. I was basically trying to start a cult. But yeah, I take away from that night the humility I felt, the appreciation I felt for my surroundings, and the resurgence in my faith. I felt like the luckiest person in the world."

• • • • •

"Sometimes it is a little uncomfortable, because you say you're religious and they put religion down. You know, they say things like, 'oh, well science proves this,' and they always point out the bad parts of religion; but at this school I don't really feel uncomfortable, because there's so many places you can go to if you want to talk about your beliefs."

"Do you party at all?"

"Oh, I mean I go out and yeah I've gone to parties."

"Do you drink?"

"Oh no, I don't drink. I've never had any alcohol or drugs, and that's more of a personal choice because I just don't feel like it's necessary. People are usually cool about it, when I go out and they ask me and I say no, they never really peer pressure me or try to convince me that I should."

"Have you ever felt tempted to drink?"

"Oh yeah of course, I mean especially me because I'm a little socially awkward and shy. And I see people drink and they just get so carefree, and I mean I'm curious about it, but I just don't think it's necessary, and I'll be 21 soon enough so if I want to drink I'll just drink then."

• • • • •

"There are some things, where it's like,

yeah, I totally agree with that, and then there's others where I'm not really as sure. There are a lot of issues with what the views of my religion are and what my own views are."

"Has that been a consistent feeling since you started living in IV?"

"I mean yeah, of course. But you know the great thing about the UCSB community is that they respect any religion."

"So, you don't feel like you've been discriminated against, or uncomfortable for talking about your beliefs? Not preaching it but just telling people, 'Oh hey, I'm a Catholic.'"

"No, not really, I mean I don't try to impose it on anyone, it's just not what I would do. Anyone can have their opinion on my religion. I know what I know, and I'm sticking to it."

.....

"The community at UCSB is actually really devout. Once you're plugged into it they're super encouraging, and you get to see what it feels like to really live as a Christian instead of under a label. It forces people to decide if it isn't their thing anymore, or if it's something they want to live for and make their purpose. It's like how they say 'bad company corrupts good morals.'"

"So you don't feel like you've had much of an issue with keeping your faith?"


"I mean, I knew it was going to be kind of a challenge here, but being here is what really separates the people that truly believe in what they say and love God and share His love, and the people who were just raised with it and don't really care that much about it. There's a lot of support here if you look for it."

"Interesting. I didn't realize there was such a strong community here."

"Yeah, neither did I at first."

"Do you ever feel worried about IV? I mean the whole party culture aspect of it and everything."

"Sometimes, I do. I mean it's pretty bad here. But we got through the riots and the shooting and we're all still here and everything is still together, so that has to mean something, right? I think God is very

present in IV. I mean there's a lot of bad stuff, but it could be so much worse. And there's a lot of good here, too. Once you start looking, you start to notice that He's everywhere." 



EX PRESS IONS

IV POETS SHARE THEIR WORDS

words selected by // Jason Chun

design // Audrey Fery Forgues

LIMBS

after a painting by Théodore Géricault

By KATE KESNER

look, we hot air
balloon,
buoyed, slick inside,

tethered, me holding
rope, no slack,
friction burns

question: did he
bury your
arms?

you, steamed
glasses, bowl-cut,
boy staring

at sun
who chooses easy
over good

STILL NIGHTS

By MAYLE TRUONG

Is this how I build great things?
Conquering hardship with a flip
Of a switch?

An ancient moon circles the sun
While the waves move on.

Even though eyes can sparkle
Like bright stars,
Do not disregard our pupils.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CROSS WALK, LIT BY A STREET LAMP, ONE WINTER EVENING IN THE CITY

By NOREEN BALOS

We are face to face and you ask
“ok what do you want to tell me?”
A moment that looked like a detour
instead of a lesson
my aim to convince you
that the road would get us there
the one we made without a plan
A moment of charity
because you
would rather be
somewhere else
A closed window
of time
the frame of my delusion
where one feels
foolish to the core
that night
in the middle
of a cross walk
lit by a street lamp
one winter evening
in the city
That is where I return
to do the one thing
I forgot to do



By ALYSSA CREASER

Neurotic poets
Plath's son, a biologist
He killed himself too

UNCIVIL WAR, 1970S (RED, WHITE, AND BLUE)

By JULIE AGUILAR

El Salvador
Blue and white flag
Waving in the winds

Of permanently red history.
Blue oceans of beauty
Washing over red,

Blues skies of heaven
Blotted with black.
White men abused you

Took your people
Trained your people
T'kill your people

White, no innocence
No purity, no surrender
White: the color of violence

Don't blame us for our struggles-
Our poverty
Your violence

Acting as if you were El Salvador
Hoping you were our Salvador
You have forsaken our flag in red.

EXPRESSIONS



HORRORSCOPES

GRIM PREDICTIONS

words + illustrations + design // Tarush Mohanti

SCORPIO

October 22 - November 21

Death looms darkly all around you under the New Moon. A malicious, cunning adversary could appear out of nowhere, or you may realize that you've greatly disappointed and alienated someone you admire. Be abrasive, rude, and your usual incompetent self.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22 - December 21

Be unhealthier and unhappier under the Full Moon. Make drastic changes in your diet and sleep schedule and feel drained. Friends and family will insult and discourage you. You'll be at your least attractive and sexy, there's no improving it.

CAPRICORN

December 22 - January 19

Your craving for pure chaos is intensified by the darkness of the New Moon. Most people will be unimpressed. You know how to squander your advantages in life, and you will lose quite a bit of power and influence, so be sure to abuse it while you still have it.

AQUARIUS

January 20 - February 18

Is someone at home resisting your ideas or desires? That's probably never going to stop. Go out and dance on the stage of life! You're not at all disciplined and you're also not intelligent enough to cause any trouble or ruffle any feathers. On top of it all, you'll have a rough time this quarter.

PISCES

February 19 - March 20

Friends and fun activities close to home will end up not going well at all. Even if you get important work out of the way, you still won't be able to have time for socializing and hanging out with your favorite people. Shy away from more authority and maybe take a lower position at work.

ARIES

March 21 - April 19

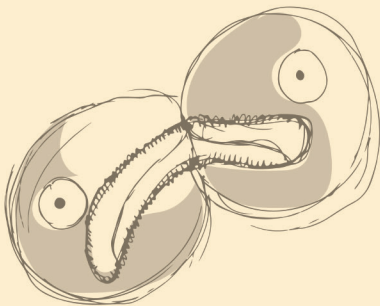
You won't want to be alone much, but you will be nonetheless. The company of friends won't be comforting. There will be a lack of progress in a project that you have been working on for a while. Upcoming vacation plans could keep you busy for while, but they'll end up falling through.



TAURUS

April 20 - May 20

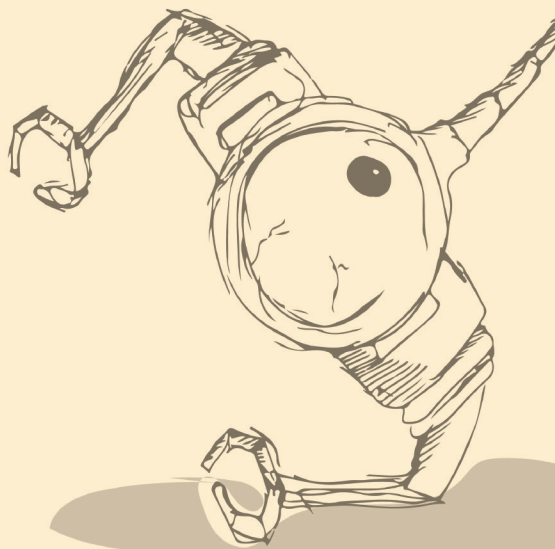
The New Moon could bring money your way, or you might find an easy, pleasant way to increase your income, but probably not, due to the fact we live in a competitive, capitalistic society. Once normal duties are done, indulge in more social time, even if that means making awkward eye contact with strangers.



GEMINI

May 21 - June 20

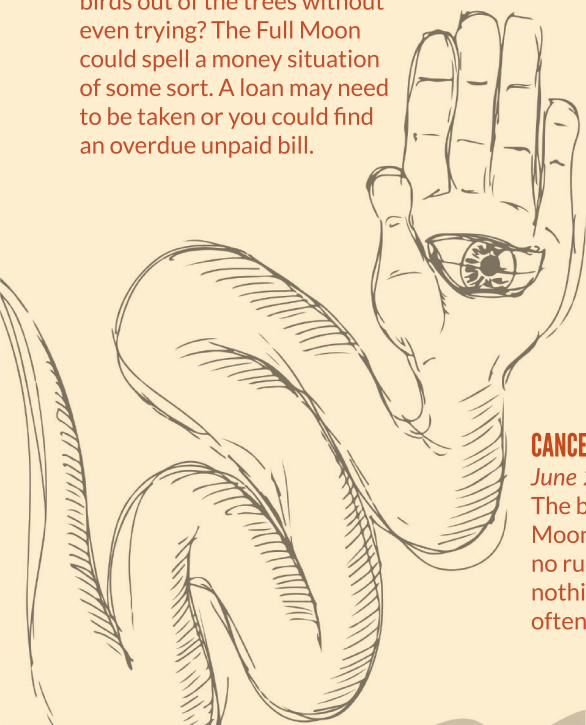
You're the center of attention this quarter, but not for the right reasons. Have you noticed you're scaring all the birds out of the trees without even trying? The Full Moon could spell a money situation of some sort. A loan may need to be taken or you could find an overdue unpaid bill.



CANCER

June 21 - July 22

The best company to keep may be your own at the New Moon. Overthink everything that everyone says. There's no rush to please anyone specific, mainly because there's nothing pleasurable about you. Satisfy yourself a bit less often.



LEO

July 23 - August 22

The New Moon could prime people for a very antisocial weekend. Look and feel your least charming and seductive.

Stay away from your favorite people, don't listen or dance to the music you like best. It may take a while to get ambitions back up to speed. Avoid fun for the time being even though there may not be any time for it later.



VIRGO

August 23 - September 22

Tasks may get redistributed so everyone—except you—has a lighter, easier load. Annoying meetings could be planned or lunch hours may be canceled. Be prepared for people having fun without you. You may want to start doing more around the house.

LIBRA

September 23 - October 21

It's a horrifying world for you at the New Moon. Spend more time with dull people and enjoy something sadistic that you normally don't get to see or do. It's the kind of day when all your orchids start to die. If you think you've been cultivating friends or allies at work, you may find that it was all in your head.



CRUISING WITH STYLE

SKATEBOARD ART

words + design // Sonam Zahrt-Tenzin photos // Francisco Barrera

1. Ray Rubi painted his board with interesting color splashes!
2. Sterling Henken hand-carpented this board with sapele sides and maple center.
3. Nick Vitale created a rad pattern on the bottom of his board with stickers.
4. Another Sterling Henken hand-crafted board, finished with a resin coat and a glow-in-the-dark wave.
5. Sterling Henken hand-crafted this walnut base with patterned maple inlay.
6. Tristram Craig hand-painted this beauty.
7. Sterling's personal board features a cloth pattern fiber-glassed onto a hand shaped wooden deck.
8. Sam Worman created a nifty bear stencil and spray painted over a glowing blue background.







TREES OF ISLA VISTA

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

words + illustration // Raymundo Rubi

design // Ateken Abila



Trees, they're all around us. They're epic, mythical,
monumental beings.
Silent scholars, endlessly studying.

We cut them down.
Destroy their grandeur to attempt to recreate it.
We take their curves and colors to make lines and
angles.

We end up with a facade, created from the relics
of their bones.

THE SIERRA HOTEL

words // Alex Saari design // Frankie Thorpe

“Sierra Hotel” presents writings from participants in UCSB’s creative writing workshop for veterans and military dependents. The workshop, which began in 2012, provides the opportunity for this unique group of UCSB students to write about their military experiences as they study the craft of creative nonfiction. To read more work by UCSB student veterans and military dependents, visit Instant Separation, A Digital Journal of Military Experience from the University of California: www.instantseparation.org.

I graduated from basic training and Advanced Individual Training in late December of 1994. At that time, Florida’s shores were often littered with the bodies of Haitians fleeing their country. From what I understood, there was a great deal of poverty and suffering under the rule of then President Aristide, there had been a military coup, and President Clinton authorized a special operations-led invasion into Haiti to disband the Haitian Army (widely considered the greatest cause of suffering in the country). There was a great deal of confusion as to who was ultimately responsible for the state Haiti was in, but without the strong arm option of the military to prop it up, the government collapsed, and the country fell into anarchy. I arrived in 1995, as part of the third rotation of US civil affairs soldiers taking part in a UN reconstruction effort trying to rebuild the government and restore the country’s basic infrastructure. Before my deployment, I had

been promoted from an E-2 private to an E-4 specialist and then sent to Fort Bragg for activation. I then received a field promotion to sergeant in country and became the primary civil affairs NCO for the southwest region around the city of Les Cayes. I was 19 years old at the time.

On one particular day I needed to go to Cap Haitien, which was on the northern end of Haiti. This required that I travel in a helicopter. There were rumors that Cuban cigars were readily available in Cap Haitien, so several officers hitched a ride on the same helicopter. Since keeping officers alive was one of our primary missions, they sat in the center seats of the helicopter. Back then we were still using Hueys, and with all the center seats taken by cigar craving captains and majors, I was given one of the side jump seats. This left me hanging over the skids, where the side gunners would have crouched during Vietnam and with a tube in front of me where an M-60 would

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alexandra Saari is a Physics student at UCSB hoping to graduate in the Spring of 2016. She enlisted as a Civil Affairs Specialist in the Army Reserve on Valentine's Day 1994. She was deployed to Haiti in 1995 for Operation Uphold Democracy and held a variety of odd jobs throughout her unit until the end of her contract. Upon graduation, she hopes to use the knowledge and skills she has acquired to help solve ongoing issues with the environment, energy, and energy storage.

have been mounted. I didn't mind the seating arrangement too much. Ever since I was young I had dreamt of being a pilot, and this opportunity for a little flight time excited me, regardless of the absence of amenities.

I put my earplugs in and my kevlar on, and snapped into the harness for the 90-minute flight. From the air, Haiti is mostly green and brown splotches, and because of the way I was attached to the aircraft, I was stuck staring, more or less, straight down for the trip. Eventually, we passed over a particularly brown stretch of water. Near the shoreline I noticed some bright pink dots. Haiti is massively polluted and contaminated, so I initially assumed that these dots were a chemical deposit in the water. But as we flew over, the dots all spread their wings and stretched out their necks as they took flight below us. It was beautiful. The pink was so intense, I couldn't believe it was a color found in nature.

With the thick silence from the earplugs, the blasting wind from the rotor, and the perfectly smooth, graceful motion below, it was a sublime moment. To my right I could hear a muffled voice; the pilot had also seen the birds and was telling the officers about the view. I could feel them behind me, wrestling with their own harnesses, trying to see; but they were trapped, stuck in their safe seats. I thought it funny that my lower enlisted status had given me something that their higher rank couldn't have. Stranger than that, I felt my situation was better than theirs because it afforded me opportunities like these.

This attitude has stuck with me through the years since. To this day, I use the lessons learned in that helicopter to evaluate any advancement opportunities in my life. Each step up is tempting, but I'm always asking myself, "Will I be able to see the flamingos?"



THE RACIAL DIVIDE

SOCIAL GROUPS AND RACE

words // Maximilian Ochoa

design + illustration // Le Tang

I grew up Latino and middle-class in LA and never once felt discriminated against for my ethnicity. I owe that to the lightness of my skin and to my two best friends growing up—both white. They taught me how to interact with white people and drew me into their mostly white friend group. I did not think of my social interactions in racial terms at the time—they were genuine friends who accepted and loved me, but now I realize that they instilled in me the ability to participate in white networks and organizations. I learned to disconnect myself from those I deemed “true” Mexicans, the ones with skin darker than mine—the ones with less opportunity. The real wetbacks. Being mistaken for white felt like praise. It made me feel warm. My educated vernacular and light skin gave me the ability to pass in white spaces. Looking back on my childhood, I now feel a deep sense of shame. I despise the lens through which I viewed both myself and my people. Where did that hate come from? Why did I abandon the culture and people that birthed me? Where and from whom did I learn to hate myself?

My first year in university, I realized the predominantly white racial composition of my roommate’s social network, that I actively participated in, was not unique at UCSB. As the year progressed, I became aware of an obvious segregation between racial groups. In the dining commons, for instance, locating all—white and all—POC (people of color) tables was easy. And it’s not a phenomenon that begins and ends in DLG; I noticed racial segregation on my way to class, in Isla Vista, and at house parties. It even extended to organizations. I continued observing this social reality throughout my freshman year, becoming more positive as the year unfolded that this was not an innocent social phenomenon, but something more pernicious—a racial divide.

Racially-exclusive social groups are common, the most exclusive and troubling of which are white networks. The members of these white networks percolate into other mostly white groups and participate in clubs and organizations that often underrepresent POC. This dominant social network formed around skin color constructs a tapestry of whiteness, that, while not overtly exclusive, still appears uninviting and can feel exhausting to many POC. It engenders an atmosphere at UCSB and in Isla Vista that harms people of color who can’t navigate white spaces. It disrupts the deconstruction of racist, bigoted frames that thrive in the ignorance that this separation promotes.

Addressing the exclusive atmosphere that white social spaces present POC, second year Kennady Reason remarks, “My experience is not a typical UCSB experience. The typical UCSB experience is a white person’s experience. White people have a much broader social life.” This sentiment is common to many people of color here at UCSB. Second year, Derrick, doesn’t participate in white spaces because he, “assumes that white people find [him] less than.” Derrick’s assumption that white people perceive him as subdominant is socially limiting. Derrick feels excluded from many clubs, will not go to predominantly white parties, and considers himself unwelcome in mostly white social networks because he finds white people don’t value him the way they do other whites.

I also know the impact of feeling “less than.” At times, in white settings, I get the distinct feeling that both my opinion and my presence are less important. Is it because I’m a POC, or is it just me? Are those two things separable? I wonder if I was white, would I remain unheard, unacknowledged? It’s an unpleasant social reality that all POC



have to deal with. It's easy for white people to forget that we live in a system that, historically, has benefited from erasure of voices and identities of POC. I argue that this silencing shows itself through exclusion of POC from white social milieus today.

We live in a culture that works systematically to oppress those that deviate from the norm—those that aren't white, cis-gendered, and straight. The present racial divide on campus is child to that culture. White groups seem natural to white people because that is what they grew up with. It's easy for them; white skin isn't racialized, it's the "ideal" skin color, blending in just like a bandage does on scraped white skin.

Regarding predominantly white organizations, second year Arla Green asserts that, "There's not a sense of warmth or invitation into those [predominantly white] groups." This is a sentiment shared by many POC on campus and in IV. Nkechi, a second year comments, "If [POC] aren't made to feel welcome, they're going to leave." She continues, saying, "If someone else is white, the friendliness that they show that person, the community that they show that person is way different than what they show a person of color. And this is across the board." Two staffers I spoke with in Excursion Club, who didn't wish to be quoted, find a type of fault in the POC. The invitation is there, was their message, it's up for POC to take it. I think that from many white people's perspectives, POC are invited to join, but instead choose to self-segregate within their own communities. There is a disconnect. The issues, I believe, are that all-white groups seem daunting to POC, invitations are too seldom, and that if POC do decide to join, they find that the friendliness and acceptance that whites find easily within each other isn't always extended to the POC.

The racial divide is evident and self-perpetuating. While my argument doesn't apply to every white person or POC, the amount of segregation that is present is significant—particularly to students of color. Regardless of why this happens,

it does, and there are consequences for POC that a white person can't feel. The impact of segregation harms non-whites disproportionately because in this country, whiteness is a privilege, both in modern and historical contexts.

Congress is 80% white. We've had one president of color, ever. The Forbes 400 list of the wealthiest people in America is 97% white. If POC and whites continue to participate in self-segregation, and diversity in social groups and organizations isn't achieved, then POC will continue to be held from nexuses of power. In 10 to

THE RACIAL DIVIDE IS EVIDENT AND SELF-PERPETUATING.

20 years, it's those attending institutions like UCSB who are going to hold power in America, and if we can work to deconstruct these persistent segregationist and racist frames now, we will have the knowledge and position to disrupt the unequal distribution of power and wealth in this country in the future. This may not be thought of by the dominant perspective, but being non-white in a country where the richest (mostly white) 1% have more economic power than the other 99%, and where POC are devalued for their identity is indescribable. We live in a country that damages those that stray from the white, cis-gendered, heterosexual archetype. We live in a country that kills people with dark skin. We live in a country where ignorance is normal and accepted. POC have been screaming since imperialism and have remained unheard. How can you not hear our throats rip? Segregation on campus is a product of and actively supports a system that makes an eight-year-old boy learn to hate everything about himself that is not white. (W)

ISLA VISTA WORD SEARCH

words + illustration + design // Frankie Thorpe

G K O M B O A R D L K N H E A R T E F B
P A R K O D A B A S L K D E L P L A Y A
C U P Y R I T H G I N A K M N L O O P F
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ALBINO RACCOON
ANISQOYO
BIKE PATH
DELPLAYA
DELTOPIA
DOGSIT PARK

ESTERO
EXTRAVAGANZA
FREEBIRDS
ISLA VISTA
IV DELI MART
IV THEATER

KEG N BOTTLE
OCEAN SIDE
PARDALL
PINT NIGHT
PIZZA MY HEART
RED CUP

SABADO TARDE
SKATE BOARD
SUENO
THE LOOP
TRIGO
UNDIE RUN

ISLA VISTA GIVES YOU CREDIT

MAGIC LANTERN FILMS FILM/MEDIA 119ML

ISLA VISTA FILM EVENTS

Contact DJ Palladino at djpalladino@ihc.ucsb.edu
Magic Lantern Films teaches the ins and outs of film programming using IV Theater as a lab. Students gain experience in budgeting, publicizing, researching, theater management, series-pitching, and curating, culminating in the execution of screenings that come out of students' own pitches.

WORD MAGAZINE INT 185ST

THE CREATION OF THIS MAGAZINE

Contact Ellen Anderson at eanderson@ihc.ucsb.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 artists from all majors at our Friday meetings.

IV LIVE!

THEATER 42/142

PR AND ON-SITE EVENT MANAGEMENT

Contact Alesha Claveria aleshaclaveria@umail.ucsb.edu
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