

WORD

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's legs from the knees down. They are wearing dark green cargo pants with the cuffs rolled up. Underneath, they have white socks with a large, stylized pink flower and an orange center. They are wearing tan Vans sneakers with white laces and a white rubber sole. The person is standing on a paved surface, and there are some out-of-focus green plants and a yellow flower in the foreground.

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free

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Spring is a time for, among other things, flowers! And flowers, beyond the physiological, stand for something. The thorns hurt as easily as the petals heal. What, then, is the takeaway from the (proverbial) flower? Well, maybe we are both the thorn and the petal. If we tend to the beauty of the petal, then perhaps we can pass on that beauty. If we look to the thorn, however, the opposite may occur. My hope is that this magazine nudges you in the direction of the petal.

With love and great fortune,



Jake Feder
Editor-in-chief

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SANTA BARBERS

IV GETS A TRIM

words // Nhu-y Chau

photography // Andrew Wang

design // Ryanne Ross

While the teacher is writing on the chalkboard, you notice that fresh fade on the back of that one person's head. You're thinking to yourself, "Damn, who is behind all that artwork?" The answer is your fellow Gauchos. The most exquisite barber shops are located in your backyard of Isla Vista, whether on a balcony off of Del Playa or in a freshman dorm. It's time for your next trim, isn't it? You may consider hitting up your humble and skilled Gauchos.



DAMIEN D. BELL (DASH)

4th Year, Film and Media Studies Major
Recommended Product: ASH Dry/Wet

"I could see in his eyes that he was hating every second as I was cutting his hair," says Damien as he was describing one of his first haircuts in Isla Vista. The most notable tipping point of his entrepreneurial mindset was when he came to realize that a pair of cheap clippers would not go far. It was first exhausting for Damien to

I could see in his eyes that he was hating every second.

find a balance between schoolwork and cutting hair because at one moment he's doing homework and then a client will just randomly call him up for a haircut. From his past failures and experiences, Damien found that the biggest mistake is the communication between the barber and the client, so he stresses that no one should be afraid to speak out. In every case, "you must always strive to be a perfectionist" as Damien would say.



JERREL VISON

4th Year, Physiology Major
Recommended Product:
American Crew Fiber
IG: @ucsanta_barber

Jerrel didn't start cutting his own hair until his brother-in-law, JayR Mallari, started cutting his hair and it gave him a feel on what he disliked and liked from other barbers. Over the course of two years, he acquired techniques from YouTube that allowed him to avoid the "crooked line-ups and choppy blends" when he first began cutting hair. After experiencing a variety of growth hair patterns and textures, Jerrel learned how to hold the shears and clippers in different ways that has allowed him to ultimately

understand what his client desires. He mentions a time when he had a client who had shoulder-length hair "with the thickness and texture of a stiff broom" that almost

Every hairstyle and texture required a different technique.

broke his comb. "At that time, I was definitely not as comfortable as I am now with scissors, but I just chopped away at it until he said it was perfect. I'm pretty sure anybody could have done the same job as I did though. In the end, failure is what really teaches you," says Jerrel. [w](#)

Well you heard it! It's time to throw away those Gillette and BIC razors or dull scissors laying in your bathroom drawers, and to invest in some better equipment. Of course, if you're not feeling adventurous and bold yet, perhaps you can find a barber in your local neighborhood. Don't worry, there is one underlying connection that you and your future barber already have: you both want to look and feel good.

TIPS FROM YOUR LOCAL BARBERS

Alberto: "Learn the simple things like the barber terminology (fade, taper, faux hawk, etc.), names of the tools (clippers, guard lengths, straight edge razor, etc.), proper sanitation procedures because no one wants to go to a barber with nasty-ass tools and possibly get an infection. Lastly, most people give up after giving themselves or someone a bad haircut, but that's just part of

the learning process. It's a skill that will last a lifetime!"

Jerrel: "Take your time during the learning process and don't rush straight into cutting for the money."

Damien: "Find friends who will let you practice cutting hair on them, and invest in more expensive and better equipment."



ALBERTO ALVARADO (BETO)

4th Year, Economics and Accounting Major
Recommended Product: Trendstarter Matte Finish Wax
IG: @betothebarber07

"I decided that I was going to invest in a pair of clippers and learn how to cut my

hair on my own", Alberto reminisces. During high school, Alberto came to realize that the barber shops he went to were becoming more expensive and he didn't want to keep asking his parents for money, but he needed to maintain his hair with a fresh cut every two weeks. Without any prior experience

or knowledge passed down to him, Alberto revealed the learning process was more difficult than he thought because "every hairstyle and texture required a different technique," so it wasn't just one technique to master. In his learning process, Alberto's favorite YouTube Barbers, 360Jeezy and Chris Bossio, inspired him to learn the breakdown for haircuts step-by-step. Before moving on to anyone else, Alberto practiced on his own hair over and over until he was satisfied with his results, to the point where he "fucked himself up a lot," but he cheerfully says, "That's ultimately how you learn."



COFFEE, RATED

A SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT CUP

words // Jake Feder & Will Stone photography // Kelly Shi design // Justin Taing

A wise man may have said, “In occasions of entropy, the cosmos will sift for those who possess a cherubic degree of understanding as it relates to the realm of coffee.” While the cuckoo-ness of the times is in plain view, you may be wondering where to find these coffee mahatmas that will lead the proletariat through the rubble. We—Wilfred Sevelius Stone (retired Sanskrit instructor turned renowned beverage correspondent for *Charcuterie in Review*) and Jacob Fremont Federer (31-time runner-up in the 75,000-meter Java Man Medley)—are those mocha mavens. In moments of unrest, it is especially important that one knows precisely where to locate noteworthy iterations of the precious morning liquid. We have come to terms with this Atlas-like burden and accept the challenge with the alacrity of a lady gazelle. Directly below is a canonical compilation, a who’s who and what’s what of joe in your fabled Isla Vista commonwealth. Please enjoy:

STARBUCKS



It doesn't take a trained coffee ear to know that Starbucks runs the coffee world. Just as Zeus rules the pantheon with an iron fist, Starbucks oppresses those who challenge their reign in every corner of the globe, and Isla Vista is no exception. The aroma of stale Subway™ bread makes for a conflicting first impression as I arrive at the local watering hole, as does the initial visual of countless sleep-deprived parasites waiting in line to get their fix. The baristas are terse, uncaring foremen whose primary objectives are to sort through the livestock to keep the factory running. Surrounded by corporate marketing and glass-protected pastries, I wait for a stranger to incorrectly pronounce the names of those around me, one by one, like gladiators for a match. The initial sip is familiar. Like the first slash through an enemy's throat; instinct. The second sip is fuel. Like a reason to keep going; kill or be killed. When I finally throw away the venti cup, triumph courses through my veins. I stand victorious over the scattered bodies, PowerPoints, and essays of those who didn't stand a chance. Starbucks is not pleasure, it is necessity. And yet, as the chants begin to fade, and the stands drain of their occupants, I quickly realize my role as just another slave to the high, addicted to the adrenaline. This methodical mega-chain has distilled my favorite all-purpose beverage into its most pure and functional form, forgetting the heart and soul, but leaving me hooked nonetheless. **RATING: 4/20 Golden Silver Stars**

CAFE

As a curious raven might find herself perched upon the sycamore, I too am like a fly on the wall of life, bearing witness to something rather consequential. The floor, made of stoic granite, meets my lower limbs with an allusive disdain. Highchairs line the northwestern border, but no babies are to be found. As I continue towards the register, stone tabletops reveal themselves; they are heavy in weight and in contemplation. I am soon greeted by a man. His luscious locks are spellbinding, his mannerisms strikingly chill. For a bit, I am frozen; my mind whispers, “Let it go.” Freed, I ask for the usual, and yet this is my first time. Still, he understands me completely and without hesitation. The coffee presents itself 12 minutes later as if imbued with consciousness. Upon first inspection, it has the body of a wild boar, the foam of a three-part play. For what seems like an eternity and an instant, it is me and the joe alone and yet together. My lips meet its rim, and I am transported to Zorgon 7. My senses are one, then five, then one, then five again. I am a child, then I am a weathered sage atop a vicious mongoose. The coffee and I are but a blink in God's eye, and what a blink it is. **RATING: 6/9 Sunny with a Chance of Meatballs 2s on Blu-ray**




BUCHANAN HALL COFFEE CART



I first catch wind of the cart long ago while away on business in Santoro. The description is coarse, but from it I derive a sort of boyish wonder, hoping to meet the cart's gaze once before leaving this earth. The fateful day arrives, and we are in the midst of a rush hour. Youths careen to and fro, discussing their salacious rendezvous and heinous STEM examination scores. The cart remains steadfast within the hustle and bustle that is this moment; she is like an anchor or an island in this otherwise rambunctious purgatory. So as to prove my worth, I am foxy in my movements. I order my joe...did I order my joe? As I reflect on my life's work, it's not so clear. The brew percolates in a cauldron like that of a conniving sorcerer, gradually finding its way to the humble confines of a brown paper chalice. Steam slaps me with relish, leaving me intrigued but forever on guard. I drink, and it is like the sum of all things. There are notes of revolution, qualities of deceit, feelings of grief and forgiveness. There is the kick of a wild stallion, the richness of an Austrian prince. The java bean in question is grown upstream on Thursdays by Raúl at an elevation of 3000 decimeters. Though I am not worthy, I thank him kindly. **RATING: 17/38 Toyota Tundras**

MADIGAN

"Like mamma used to make" are words that have not found true meaning until now. The numerous intricacies of modern business have helped progress our society, as well as advance the human species as a whole. Groundbreaking inventions and the streamlining of corporations have ushered us into a new age of man. The average lifespan has tripled in the past year alone, a factory-new Blu-ray player collects dust in every citizen's living room, and the gas giant Mars, our collective white whale, is finally within our grasp. Life is better in every conceivable facet, bar one: joe. The most important field of them all remains superior with the personal touch of fellow man. Beans in a cup. Energy at its core. Madigan crafts a cup so exquisite that all senses save taste are unplugged. The nose, once used to detect and cherish the whimsical odors of fresh lilac, has lost itself. The ears, previously regarded as bastions of innocent harmonies and melodic masterpieces, have been demoted to a collective insight as to the impending silence that awaits us. This impeccable slice of cosmic space-time is reserved for the mouth. The era of "Like Madigan used to make" is here, mamma. **RATING: 9001/9000 Thumbs Up** 



IN VERSE

poetry editor // Hans Carlson illustrations // Ryanne Ross design // Justin Taing

Another Christmas

// Alejandra Gularte

It's Christmas, the party is at our place
warm hugs, campfire smiles, staying up late
for Santa
you throw stone after stone on the roof to
mimic
the landings of reindeer at midnight

Another Christmas, you don't want to host
this year
Aunt got a new house with her husband
we go to her place
half assed greetings, insincere hugs all
around

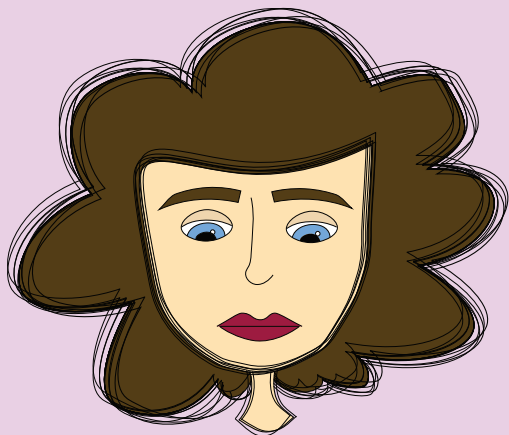
Another Christmas, Tia Claudia hosts
you said you feel sick, you won't go
Cousins tease me, I sit alone
watching a Christmas Story on repeat until
midnight

Another Christmas, I hear you and mom
yelling
Tia Claudia hosts again, you don't wanna see
them
the room feels cold
there's no stones on the roof

Another Christmas, you refuse to go
you let us leave
say we'll celebrate with you later
we don't stay until midnight

Another Christmas, still without you
we leave by 7
mom feels guilty
you drive us to the snow the next morning

Maybe next year, I'll hear the stones



Survival

// Docean Park

On the windowsill
the young housefly crawls away
from its dead comrades.



IV Is A City

// Kayla Matzek

The 27 bus grazes a bicyclist by the arm,
he continues toward a breakfast sandwich
from a place that sounds like an
old coke habit.

The roof drips dew, streets are fogged
the city is dead
on Saturday morning.

Alive was the night at 2am
when the last customer ordered the last
Freebirds burrito, a clueless Uber driver
took Del Playa for his route.

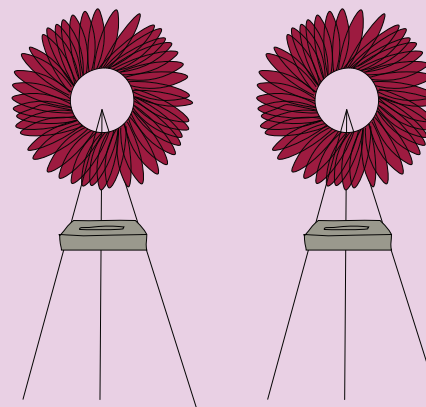
The road is not a road for the man
who waits for the sidewalk
to be filled,
because it won't be.

They smoke there, a girl sits
on the curb.

She just came back from the misted balcony
where they told her to take a drink of vodka
overlooking the waves that made
the stairs invisible.

Beer cans clutter their yard and
a couch sits in the street
but on Saturday morning a groundhog
exposes his nose and yawns the
salted air.

And the ocean below sighs because
the girl who had fallen asleep on shore
has now left,
and a man in a wetsuit
greeted the stairs barefoot.



Untitled

// Sara Hashemi

I stepped along a moonless path
pulled in by soggy sands
begging for mercy from wrath
of cold water's hands
My gaze affixed upon the sea
despite warnings foretold
So with no thought of what could be
I walked in slow, steadily



Memorial

// Sam Bean

In lieu of flowers
please breathe air back into him
reconstruct his muscle
pull skin over something other than bone

Pray for us
your prayers weren't enough to reverse the
decay
your prayers weren't paychecks, opportunities
your prayers didn't keep the other half of my
mother's bed warm

My condolences
that looking at me makes you sad
that you stare into my broken eyes
your own tear up

The reception will be held
beneath my own skin
in each vertebrae of my spine
because in my every hair you are still there

CHANGING COLORS OF IV

REFLECTIONS ON THE ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

words // Eugene Cheng photography // Francisco Barrera art + design // Juliet Fong

Hiding underneath front-page content constantly updated on the Daily Nexus's website is an article titled "A Glossary of Asian Cuisine" by Hannah Mendoza. "I'm just going to say it," Mendoza wrote, "Asian food can be intimidating to the English speaker." She then delivered a list of gastronomic terms that referred solely to Japanese cuisine—apart from mentions of galangal and Thai basil. Surprisingly, this article was published in 2013.

UCSB senior Ilene Johe's reaction to Mendoza's article was with equal parts ridicule and bewilderment: "How is this Asian? This is just sushi stuff." I politely pointed out the inclusion of Thai basil, to which she replied, "isn't this already self-explanatory?"

Johe, like me, grew up in Sunnyvale, California, which according to the 2010 U.S. Census, has a population that is 43.7% Asian American—the fourth highest in the nation. I spent much of my time hanging out in neighboring cities like Fremont, Santa Clara, and San Jose; they are third, sixth, and tenth on that list, respectively. A large portion of Asian students at UCSB come from similar areas where a preponderance

of Asian American faces is a given—our cultural identity taken for granted.

Our arrival at UCSB reminds us that what we considered elementary knowledge was much more foreign to most parts of America. Racially sheltered in these communities, we take for granted the comfort not usually afforded to ethnic minority groups. For example, the plight of Asian American women in the face of flirtatious ignorance. "It tends to be non-Asian people who ask me this," Johe explained. "They would come up to me and be like, 'where are you from?' I would tell them that I'm from the Bay Area. Then, they'd say, 'no, where are you really from?'" Upon discovering her Korean family background, the counterparty would usually seek a superficial connection such as, "I love Korean barbeque!"

"And then I don't know how to respond because many, many people who are not Korean also like Korean barbeque," Johe sighed. "And I think they think this is a good way to hit on me."

Many Asian American students—like those from the Bay Area, San Gabriel Valley, or parts of Orange County—have seldom dealt with

marginalization based on race. It's one thing to feel outraged by the UCLA Asians viral rant video, but another to experience such ignorant poetry on a personal level. They say that from the inside looking out, you don't see how it looks from the outside looking in.

Matthew Wu is a UCSB sophomore also from the Bay Area, where he was accustomed to "walking down the street to get dim sum." For Wu, the demographic and culture here left him feeling, "foreign in a way...I didn't feel like a minority until now," he admitted. It's not that he thought his surroundings were "terrible," but he quickly observed a need to adapt to the circumstances.

In 2014, popular Asian American Youtube channel The Fung Brothers released a video titled "UC STEREOTYPES EXPLAINED," in which they described UCSB as "the last remaining UC where white frat bros still rule the campus." Unlike in other UCs, Asian

Americans "fit in with Ken and Barbie" by adapting to the majority. "Goodbye, clams with black bean sauce," said Andrew Fung, donning a One Direction-styled wig and a bro tank, "hello, clam chowder."

But there are further options available for uneasy Asian Americans. Many seek membership in cultural clubs and Greek organizations to remain close with what they know best. Others, including Wu, contemplate transferring to a different school—one that's more predominately Asian American.

Education psychologist William G. Perry developed a scheme of "student intellectual development" that mapped a typical student's progress from black and white perspectives on identity and issues to a more nuanced worldview. More interesting is how students can deviate from this path. If Wu chooses to transfer to a more Asian-dominated university, then he may be engaging in intellectual retreat. Wu is



photographed // Matthew Wu

certainly not making a disingenuous claim against our country's racial reality. Instead, he prioritizes a compatible environment over one that presents challenges to what he's used to.

It's hard to fault someone in Wu's position. Professor Erin Khuê Ninh acknowledges the pros of being a member of the dominant culture; she describes it "nurturing a sense of well-being." Given an equal playing field, "you can be a jock or a nerd," she said. "All roles are available to you." Asian Americans could always avoid losing affiliation with the majority culture by shuffling between places like Fremont, Irvine, and Garden Grove.

To Ninh, this view is "short-sighted." We are experiencing a new wave of white supremacy in this country. The current administration has shown a willingness to weaponize white, middle-class anxieties against the perceived "American-ness" of minorities. The current Asian American youths can "only neglect the common good for so long," she warned.

Vincent Chin's murder marked the moment when the significance of the Asian American identity traveled far beyond academia and think tanks. Chin was beaten to death in 1982 by a Chrysler



we're out of work," the superintendent said to Chin before he repeatedly employed a baseball bat onto Chin's struggling body until his head cracked open. Chin succumbed to his injuries four days later.

The perpetrators were sentenced to three years' probation for their action, a decision that sparked protests throughout the country. As New York Times writer Jay Caspian Kang puts it: "the realization that if Chin, the son of Chinese immigrants, could be killed because of Japanese auto imports, the concept of an 'Asian-American' identity had consequences."

When one speaks of the Asian American experience, they often mention common tropes: tiger moms, academic pressures, filial piety. Food is also distinctive—there is a consistent Asian American gastronomic culture made up of items like milk tea and Korean barbeque. But above all else, "discrimination is what really binds Asian-Americans together," Kang wrote.

Too often do we forget that the latter half of "Asian American" matters just as

much as the former. Being Asian is easy—white America approves of the Oriental. Hollywood is cool with yellow and brown-faced performers in stereotyped roles while simultaneously coating beloved Asian films in glossy white paint. The praise Asian Americans receive as a "model minority" group is used as a "racial wedge," NPR's Kat Chow explained, "minimizing the role racism plays in the persistent struggles of other racial/ethnic minority groups—especially Black Americans."

Silicon Valley hires Asians by the truckload while imposing a "bamboo ceiling" on their chances of upward mobility. Professors Karthick Ramakrishnan and Jennifer Lee found not only that "Asian Americans are the group least likely to be promoted into managerial and executive ranks," but also that "whites are twice as likely as Asians to hold executive positions."

Asian Americans are not immune from systematic discrimination and racial bias. There's no use in hiding—it'll be

Sometime in the future, Freebirds might be torn down for a dim sum restaurant.

sure to affect even those who've deeply entrenched themselves in Asian enclaves. For Kang, there is a "quiet, unaddressed isolation" among Asian Americans that stems from "knowing that you can be born in this country, excel in its schools and find a comfortable place in its economy and still feel no stake in the national conversation." How do we prevent ourselves from falling into this "familiar silence"?

Ninh joined the Asian American Studies department in 2008, back when over fifty percent of UCSB's undergraduate population was white. She initially observed Asian American students feeling "adrift" and "alienated," suffering from "culture shock that lasted throughout their time here." On the other hand, the situation prompted



Removed from the previous convenience of residing in cultural dominance, Asian American students are, for possibly the first time in their lives, viewing American society from the outside.

plant superintendent and his stepson—they blamed the Japanese auto companies for causing layoffs in Detroit's automotive plants. "It's because of you little motherfuckers that


students to take notice of present “social hierarchy inequalities” that more accurately reflect the makeup of our country. This realization is especially important for Asian American students from those Asian enclaves.

At UCSB, my understanding of my minority status bloomed from countless interactions I had with other students. From the first day of orientation, I noticed how difficult it was to keep up conversations with white students. Beyond cultural barriers and lacking common interests, I couldn’t help but observe their blasé attitudes towards me. But somehow, black, Latino, and other Asian students were more approachable. By the end of freshman year, I only had two white friends; they both had mostly Asian friends.

I cannot recall any being subject to any blatantly racist remarks or clearly discriminated against based on the color of my skin. But I do remember a lot of uncomfortable and annoying situations. Like whenever non-Asians stepped into my apartment and I already knew that they wouldn’t take their shoes off. Or when a typical Caucasian sorority girl unabashedly told me that she wanted a “boba tea with the little balls in it.” Or during Battle of the Bands, when I was the only Asian American person in the whole competition. Outside of Sunnyvale, many aspects of my Asian American life are foreign to, and therefore compartmentalized, by white Americans. So this is what it’s like to feel out of place.

And yet, experiences like mine may eventually disappear. The UC system already carries a stigma of Asian American oversaturation. On one end of the spectrum is Irvine, where Asians decisively constitute a plurality of the undergraduate student body—42.7% to 16.9% white. On the other end is Santa

Barbara and Santa Cruz, the only UC schools in that contain less API than white students. But the school’s API population has significantly increased since the beginning of this decade—from 18% to 28% for this academic year. Asians are the fastest growing ethnic group on campus.

No one deserves to feel marginalized. But what do Asian Americans gain by moving from one Asian enclave to another? What teaching methods could replicate the effect some good ol’ culture shock? *Thanks, Santa Barbara—you’ve been good to me.* 

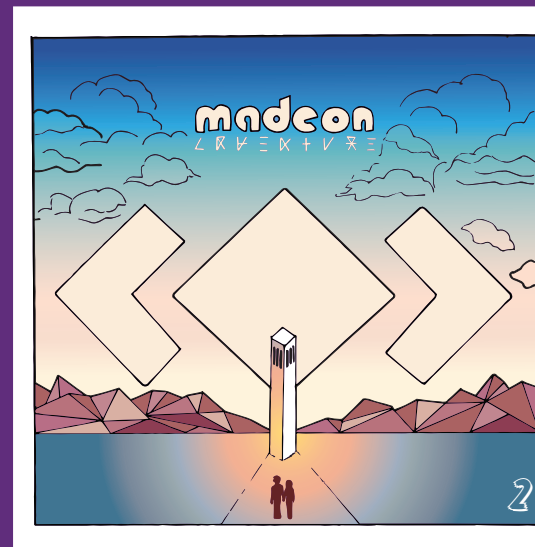


DOPPELBANGERS

A COLLECTION OF YOUR FAVORITE ALBUM COVERS REIMAGINED IV-STYLE

words + illustrations // Kelly Shi

design // Ushma Patel



1. Madvillainy
Madvillain

2. Adventure
Madeon

3. Drowsy
Bane's World

4. Soft Sounds
From Another
Planet
Japanese
Breakfast

GOODWILL HUNTING

THE CULTURE OF THRIFTING

words // Mai Le

illustrations // Xin Yi Tan

design // Jess Chou

Back in 2012, I downloaded a playlist for my mom on her mp3 player, but failed to predict that a specific song in particular would irk her. “Why is there so much cussing in this song?” she asked. “It’s so loud in the beginning.” After taking some time to revisit the playlist, I immediately knew which song she was talking about.

“I’m gonna pop some tags
Only got 20 dollars in my pocket
I’m, I’m, I’m hunting
Looking for a come up
This is fucking awesome”

As a 15-year-old, I somehow thought that Macklemore’s hit single, “Thrift Shop,” would prove relatable to my mom, a conservative Vietnamese mom with poor English-speaking skills. I thought wrong. Looking back now, I suppose it wasn’t a completely irrational decision. My mom was a bargain queen who liked saving big bucks on purchases—so was Macklemore.

In 2012, Macklemore released the song, “Thrift Shop,” which proved to be a big hit. Macklemore was able to play a part in popularizing thrift shopping in mainstream American culture. By oozing confidence, Macklemore attempted to destigmatize the “griminess” of thrift shopping by turning

it into something much more glamorous, something much cooler. In listening to the verses, “I’ll take those flannel zebra jammies, second hand and I’ll rock that, motherfucker,” one could say that Macklemore was successful.

Why the excitement over buying used items? Why rummage through mountains of junk in hopes of finding something good? The thrill in thrifting boils down to luck—people like to believe that they have luck, and thrifting is their way of testing it.

It’s a gamble people are willing to take, and the only thing they have to lose is time. In a world where merit and hard work reign king, those who endeavor through this potentially long-winded treasure hunt could end up as winners.

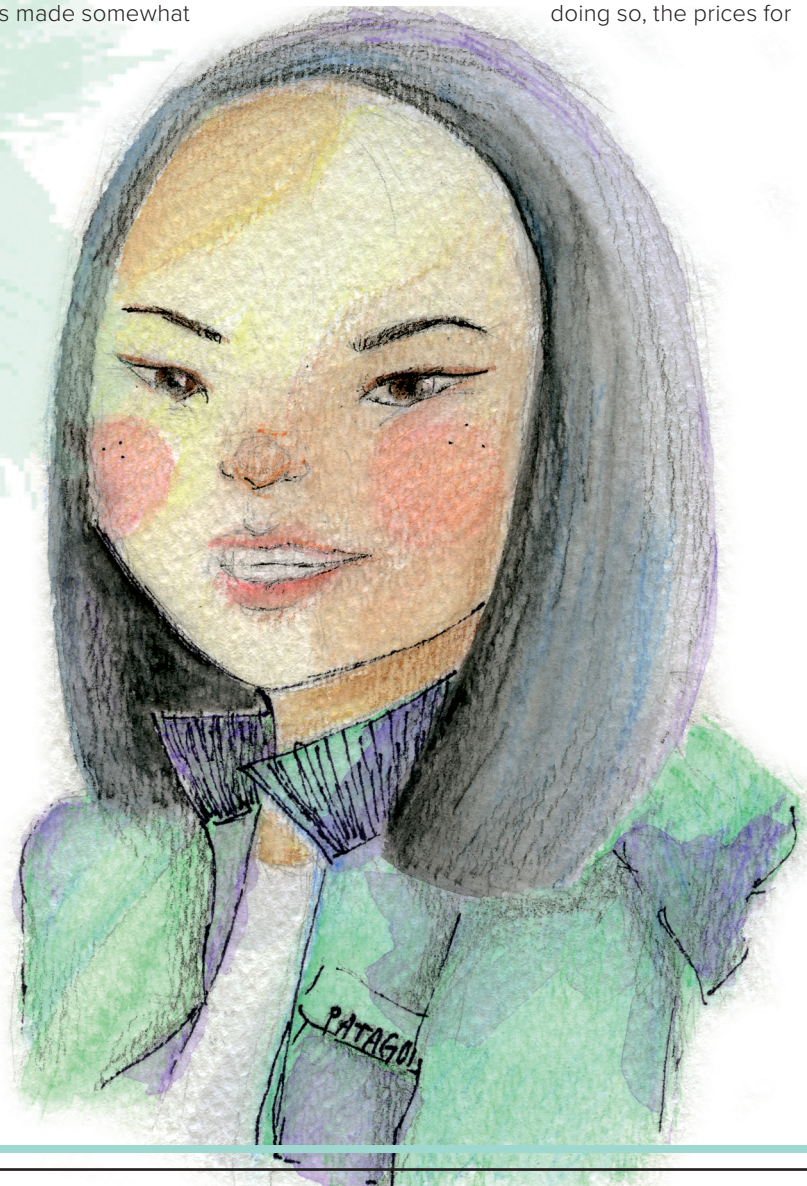
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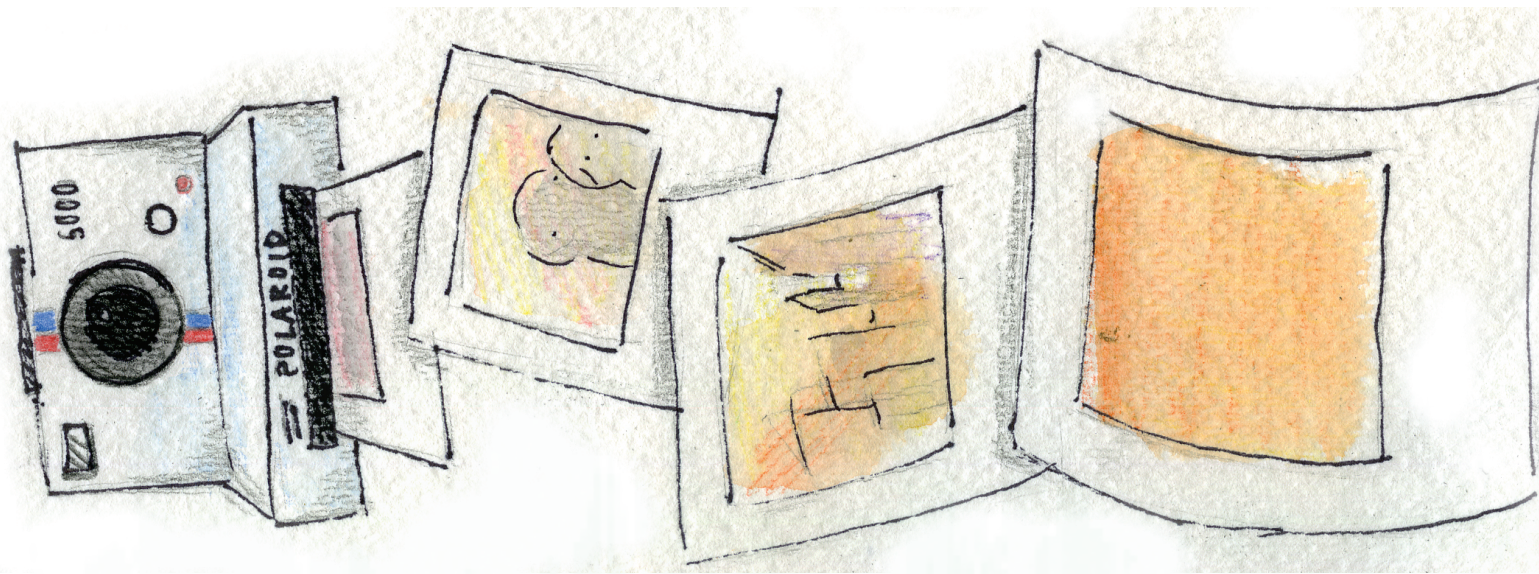
Thrifting, in itself, is already an incredibly enticing concept; the idea of being able to possess certain “treasures” at a fraction of their original price is its main selling point. For those who aren’t as economically

privileged, thrifting can be seen almost as a cheat code for aligning themselves with a higher standard of materialism, giving people a chance to own brand name items that are otherwise unaffordable.

The emergence of thrift shopping dates back to the 1900s, when major companies such as Goodwill were founded in an effort to provide employment opportunities, resources, and rehabilitation for those who needed it. Since then, thrifting culture has made somewhat

of a departure from its charitable intentions. Once catering solely to those in need, thrift shopping has now expanded to capture the interest of consumers who, in contrast, might not necessarily be in need of these items. Resale stores like Buffalo Exchange and Wasteland often shop at thrift stores such as Goodwill to provide a narrowed down selection of what a typical thrift store would provide, making the hunt for unique vintage finds easier. In doing so, the prices for





these items are typically sold for twice their original price, altering thrifting into an activity that is exclusive for those who can only afford to partake in it. By potentially taking away resources from members of the community that need it, thrifting could be seen as evolving away from its original charitable intent.

Fortunately, for the Santa Barbara area, this isn't necessarily the case—the Assistance League of Santa Barbara proves otherwise. In my most recent visit to their thrift store, I was able to interview one of the volunteers, Kay Caldiera. "The Assistance League of Santa Barbara is an all-volunteer organization providing support for seventeen philanthropic organizations through the profits made in our thrift store. We are totally a nonprofit," said Caldiera. "The thrift store is our major fundraiser. Some organizations have to have fundraising events, but we make so much money at this thrift store that we don't need to fundraise."

At a glance, this thrift store seems like your typical vintage store; it carries a variety of brand names and trinkets. But the difference is this: every dollar spent at the store goes to a good cause in the local Santa Barbara community. Profits

fund programs such as scholarships for high school students or personal support for those entering and leaving foster or shelter care. In addition, the organization also manages to extend a helping hand to the community in alternatively noteworthy ways. "During the Montecito disaster, we gave out a lot of teddy bears—it gave many people comfort in a huge time of distress," stated Caldiera.

"We also loan prom dresses to high school girls who can't afford them. We loan them the prom dress, jewelry, and shoes, but only ask that they dry-clean the dress before returning it."

"During the Montecito disaster, we gave out a lot of teddy bears—it gave many people comfort in a huge time of distress," stated Caldiera.

Within minutes of entering the store, I was already able to tell that the volunteer workers were people with good hearts. Customers, upon walking in, were greeted with warm smiles from the volunteers and were often conversing with them as friends. "I love my customers. A lot of them

are returning customers that all come back," stated Caldiera. "One of my favorite memories volunteering with this organization is working with our returning customer Patricia Bragg. She wears a little pink hat and a little pink outfit. She's worth millions. She grows apples up in Glenn Annie Ranch and makes apple cider, which is sold in stores everywhere. She has many ranch employees. She spends hundreds at the shop; we run a tab on her in the back so that she doesn't take up the register. She fills up all these bags and buys things for her employees and their children." When I asked Caldiera how she felt about vintage shops reselling thrifted items at a higher price, she wasn't too concerned. "Everyone gets a chance to make a nickel—they're entrepreneurs. If they can make a nickel, we

can make our nickel too, because everything is donated."

At the end of my visit, I decided to purchase a Patagonia windbreaker. I ended up paying \$9.70 for the windbreaker which, on top of being an amazing deal, all went to charity. Walking away with Patagonia in hand and stories of Patricia Bragg on my mind, I left the store with a cheerful heart. Much more than a thrift store, the Assistance League seems to play an integral part in unifying the Santa Barbara community and, in a time when thrift culture is evolving, is able to stay true to its intention of helping those in need. If thrift shoppers would like to be more intentional with their shopping and help out the community, they should consider giving this store a visit. **W**

CHECK OUT THE THRIFT STORE HERE:

Assistance League of Santa Barbara Thrift Store
1259 Veronica Springs Rd
Santa Barbara, CA 93105

Hours of Operation:

Monday: 10 am–3 pm

Wednesday: 10 am–3 pm

Saturday: 10 am–1 pm

IV HEROES

WHAT UBER AND LYFT SERVICES MEAN TO US

words // Daisy Houle

illustrations // Juliet Fong

design // Juliet Fong

In our wonderfully weird IV bubble we like to think we know what's going on. But when you really reflect upon how you managed to make it to class for that 8 a.m. iClicker question, or how you woke up in your bed and not in the ocean, you can't only thank you and your crew. There is a fleet of drivers who will pick you for no more than ten bucks and escort you to that oceanside DP rager you only decided to go out for five minutes earlier.

The silent angels of IV save you at your worst so you can continue to become your best. These heros pick cold, starving children off the street; they spare freshman the 12:30 a.m. walk of shame from DP to FT. These poor yet noble people see a side of you that you yourself hardly know (or remember). It's time we uncover what shit really gets observed by that stranger behind the wheel.



On one surging night, Michael Bakke drove a group of IV residents from 6800 to 6600 DP and made a whopping 15 dollars!

Long-time Goleta resident, Lyndon Garrison (63), received a request one night for a ride from somewhere on Embarcadero del Mar to Boston, Massachusetts. At first he questioned whether he should waste his time with this likely phony situation, but then he thought to himself, "I'd be down to make six and a half thousand dollars!"

SORORITY GIRLS ARE THE WORST TIPPER AND GAY GUYS ARE THE BEST.

He picked up the riders, four 20 year-old guys, only to have them realize that they actually only wanted to go a few blocks away to Dublin's on Pardall. As Garrison's five-minute ride came to an end, he drove away from the kids he had left at the bar thinking about the road trip that could have been.

Driver Eliza Schultz has had issues with kids in IV trying to steal rides. One Saturday night she received a request from outside the San Cat dorms from an "Emilia." Eliza pulled up to the curb and a group of two boys and one girl walked up to her car and got in without saying anything. Eliza asked them to confirm the name, but they said they couldn't remember which account name the request was under, which made Eliza a little more suspicious than she already was. She admitted to making the mistake of asking

the passengers if "Emilia" was the name, to which they could conveniently reply, "Umm yeah... that's her," pointing to the girl. About a minute later the girl received a phone call and said, "Yeah, it's Jess." Eliza, being done with "immoral, entitled young people," circled back to the dorms and told the kids to get back on the curb.

Jason Salazar said his Uber X got requested in IV, and he showed up to a group of eight people expecting to all get a ride in his five-seater. He reluctantly agreed to take them because the ride wasn't too far (about ten minutes). He said, "They all thought it was the funniest thing ever that they had eight people in my car, but the

I'D BE DOWN TO MAKE SIX AND A HALF THOUSAND DOLLARS!

worst part was they didn't rate or tip at all!" Salazar said that in his experience sorority girls are the worst tipppers and gay guys are the best.

He also said he wishes riders would remember to rate and knew to rate drivers on a "binary scale," which he explained means always rate five stars if nothing went wrong, because Uber and Lyft drivers get kicked out when their rating drops below 4.5.

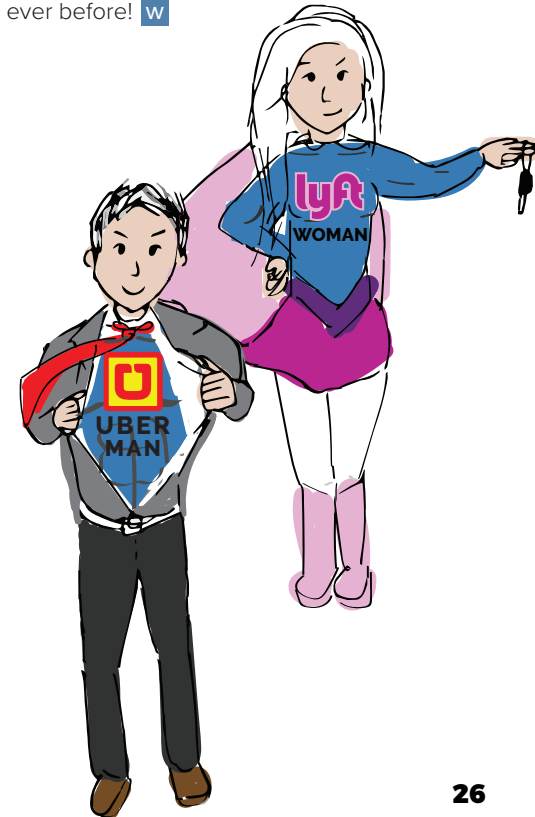
Sometimes these Uber or Lyft rides can be a place to see some more serious and unfortunate realities within our IV community. Riley Ahern was victim to a broke drug dealer's plea for business. She was just trying to get home from class and was not interested in coke, so she had to turn this driver down.

Sometimes these heroes are even put in situations where they must make ethical decisions beyond the scope of their job description. Michael Bakke, again, remembers a rider who was trying to commit herself to the psychiatric ward of the hospital. He said, "She was kicked out, so I had to follow her second request which was to drop her off at the 7-11 by her house so she could buy a bottle of vodka." One might

criticize the ethicality of Bakke's decision to leave a passenger in this state, but one should also remember that even great heroes can't do everything.

Jasmine Wong remembers experiencing a couple's emotional breakup in her UberPool one time. She said it was just after break, and the young couple must have just gotten back from visiting the guy's family where the girl hooked up with his brother! "No lie! I eavesdropped this soap opera shit, and it was very real," she said.

Uber really transcends boundaries of society. All demographics of people in IV, from freshmen to grad students, as well as parents and long-time residents, all share a new particular reliance on these services for both their most ordinary needs, like getting to class, and for keeping the adventure going on their most exciting nights. These shared experiences and new social connections through Uber and Lyft in IV help us define the IV community more than ever before! [w](#)



KIWI LIFE

FROM AUCKLAND TO ABREGO



words // Dharni Manga

illustrations // Xin Yi Tan

design // Madison Mead

Kia Ora, ko Dharni tōku ingoa (Hello, my name is Dharni). I am currently at UCSB as an exchange student from the University of Auckland (UoA) in New Zealand. When I was four years old, I migrated from Zimbabwe to New Zealand and have lived there for the last 16 years. New Zealand is one of the most multicultural countries in the world, so although I am not a born Kiwi, I am a Kiwi nonetheless.

A LITTLE HISTORY

New Zealand is home to native Māori. Māori *iwi* (tribes) named our beautiful country “Aotearoa” (pronounced au-tea-roa), which commonly translates to “land of the long white cloud.” Māori culture is embedded in Kiwi lifestyle. For instance, our national anthem is part Māori, and we are taught to count and speak basic te Reo Māori in primary (elementary) school. Our nickname (Kiwi) is also derived from Māori traditions as Māori ancestors used

the feathers of the kiwi bird—a flightless native bird in NZ—to create the iwi chief’s cloaks, thus giving the bird a special significance. When Europeans arrived, they also thought the kiwi was unique (like New Zealanders) and it became a national symbol.

New Zealand consists of two main islands, the North Island and South Island, and around 600 smaller islands such as Waiheke, Rangitoto, and Motutapu. As you can tell, almost everything in NZ has a Māori name or translation.

There are four main cities in NZ: Auckland and Wellington in the North Island and Dunedin and Christchurch in the South Island. The rest of NZ is mostly farmland, and yes, we have a lot of sheep. There are six sheep to every person, so considering we only have 4.6 million people in NZ—that’s a lot of sheep. But, that does not mean that NZ is some boring bogan as (hillbilly/redneck) country.

IV VS. AUCKLAND

I live in one of the four main cities, Auckland, which isn’t much of a surprise as 32% of the population is situated there. We are commonly referred to as JAFAs, which stands for “Just another Fucking Aucklander.”

Note: if someone ever offers you jaffas, they’re talking about the choc-orange Kiwi lolly (candy).

I’m what we call a Westie because I live in West Auckland. But that doesn’t mean you would call someone from South Auckland a Southie. Although, on the shore you get your basic rich *Pakeha* (European)—the girls are named “Shore Girls.” South Auckland is “The Hood” and East Auckland is where all the Asians live. (Unfortunately, this is all true to a certain extent.)

Auckland city center is where everything happens—The Sky Tower, all the universities and polytechs (polytechnics, tertiary education for technical subjects), expensive food places, clubs, and so on are located here. I’ve noticed during the day we’ll call it “The City,” but in the evenings we call it “Town.” I don’t really know why, but they are definitely the same place.

Two of the biggest universities in New Zealand are University of Auckland (UoA) and Auckland University of Technology (AUT). UoA is the UCSB of Auckland whereas AUT is the SBCC. Both universities have their main campus in the city with a few campuses in other areas of Auckland; for example, UoA education degrees are taught in Central-East Auckland whereas AUT nursing degrees are taught over the shore (a term we used to describe the North Shore because it’s over the Auckland Harbor Bridge).

KIWI WORDS AND PHRASES

AYE

Used for confirmation.

“She was in a shitty mood, aye.”

BACH (pronounced batch) or CRIB

A holiday home. North Islanders say bach, South Islanders say crib.

CHILLY BIN

A cooler.

CHOCKA BLOCK or CHOCKA

Crowded.

“The roads are chocka, bro.”

JAAAK or JAAKSHIT

No, none, nothing.

“I got jaakshit done today.”

KNACKERED or BUGGERED

To be tired.

“I’m knackered, bro.”

HOT CHIPS

French fries.

MACCAS

McDonald’s.

SUSS

To find out or investigate.

“I still need to suss the ferry to Waiheke.”

PISS

(1) Alcohol/drunk (2) Making fun of
(1) “Bro, I’m pissed.” (2) “Nah, bro, he’s just taking the piss out of you.”

SCULL

To drink it all (normally alcohol)
“Just scull it bro.”

TINNIE

Container with weed.

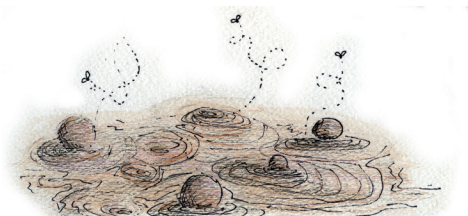
A cartoon drawing of a brown kiwi bird. A slice of kiwi fruit, showing its green flesh and black seeds, is placed on its back. The bird has a long, yellow beak and small black eyes. It is standing on two thin black legs. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with visible pencil or crayon strokes.

the lecturers won't tell you whether to call them by their first name or Professor; when this happens I go with Professor, just in case I offend someone. We also get a week to study before semester exams.

Kiwis spend 90 percent of their time exploring the outdoors. When it's not raining (it rains a lot), we like to hit the beach or go hiking in the mountain ranges to find hidden waterfalls and lakes. In the summer, we spend most of our time in our togs (swimsuit) and kick back. NZ is surrounded by water so you'll find a beach in 10–15 minutes. West Auckland is home to black sand beaches which can burn you if it's too hot, but they are beautiful.

The South Island is filled with all the natural wonders of the world such as ice glaciers, snow mountains, and natural water slides. It is also known for the best sky diving, snowboarding, white water rafting, and more.

Ka kite (Goodbye)! **w**



curation+illustration+design // Tarush Mohanti
PS tear out the next two pages and put 'em on your wall!

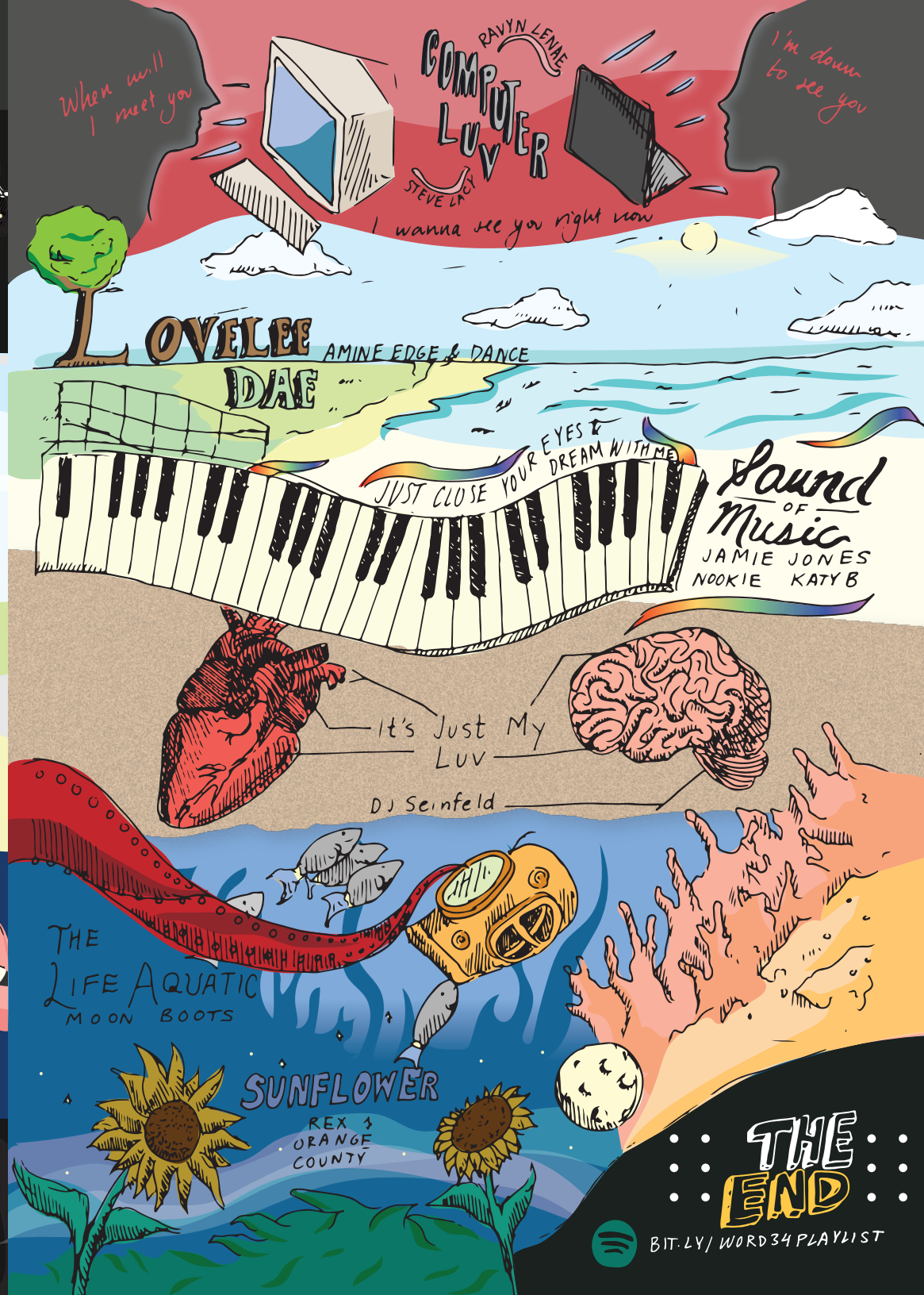
KNEE DEEP ^{IN} LOUISE
HOT SINCE 82

GUAP

-YAEJI IN THE GERMAN WHIP

IT MAKES YOU FORGET
(IT GEHANE)
PEGGY GOU

푸른 공기에 나는 향 복한다



AROUND TOWN

illustration + design // Madison Mead
for more information visit www.ihc.ucsb.edu/ivarts

MAGIC LANTERN FILMS

IV's personal movie house screens the best of current cinema and occasionally keeps you up all night with a Harry Potter or Lord of the Rings marathon! Friday and Monday at 7 & 10pm in IV Theater. Only \$4. Free treats.
www.facebook.com/MagicLanternFilmsIV

IMPROVABILITY

Start your weekend with a laugh. Join the audience of UCSB's award-winning improvisational comedy team and be a part of their fast-paced show. Voted Best Late Night Entertainment at UCSB! Fridays, 8pm in Embarcadero Hall. Only \$3. www.facebook.com/islavistalive



AS PROGRAM BOARD FILMS

AS Program Board is a student-operated, non-profit organization that provides fun and educational events for the UCSB community. You can depend on AS to show a terrific free movie every Tuesday night in IV Theater. aspb.as.ucsb.edu

MULTICULTURAL CENTER

Make MCC your "home away from home." They host a thrilling program of culturally high-powered events on campus, in Isla Vista, and in Santa Barbara.
www.mcc.sa.ucsb.edu

UCSB THEATER & DANCE

Just 30 seconds from Isla Vista! Walk through the flashing Pardall Tunnel and your world opens up to thrilling theater and dance performances. Check out their current season and low-cost student tickets.
www.theaterdance.ucsb.edu

THE BOX

Do you wish your visual art could be ogled by thousands every day? Display it in The BOX, a student-curated gallery located in the lobby of IV Theater. Exhibits range from skateboard art to watercolors. Open to all students! Contact: Addy Stupin at addystup77@gmail.com

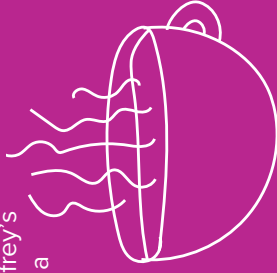


LAUGHOLLOGY

Live stand-up comedy shows. Past comics include Vincent Oshana, Rory Scovel, and Andy Hendrickson. Always funny, always free, most Saturdays at 8pm in Embarcadero Hall.
www.facebook.com/Ucsblaugh

JEFFREY'S JAZZ COFFEEHOUSE

Swing by one of their free jazz concerts! Jeffrey's is more than a music and poetry venue; it is a place of healing and solidarity that welcomes all Isla Vistans.
www.facebook.com/JJCISlaVista/



BE THE PRODUCER

Need advice on producing your own show or performance in the wilds of Isla Vista? Ellen Anderson, the director of Isla Vista Arts, will happily help. Contact Ellen Anderson at eanderson@ihc.ucsb.edu

SHAKESPEARE IN

ANISQ'OYO' PARK

Romeo & Juliet in just 75 minutes! Saturday, June 9 and Sunday, June 10. Free snacks. Bring a blanket, bring a friend!
www.facebook.com/IVShakespeareinthepark



NOT SO GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF COURTNEY COYNE

words // David Ha photography // Francisco Barrera design // Ryanne Ross

Imagine waking up at 4:40 AM to row a boat on Lake Cachuma for two hours, then moving on to intense drills and erg workouts (rowing machines), and finally leaving the lake to only find yourself in a weight room squatting and bench pressing, all before your first class of the day. Now imagine doing that six times a week, sometimes with two practices in one day! Yeah, I didn't think so.



UCSB's Women's rowing team consists of tall, fearsome athletes who compete against other Division I schools from all around the country. These incredible women work out for about two to three hours, six times a week and at the same time are full-time students. One particular student athlete also holds a catering job on campus and volunteers at IV Elementary and Wilderness Youth Project during her free time. Coming in at six feet (a distinct advantage in the realm of rowing), a fourth year majoring in Communication, from San Jose, California: Courtney Coyne.

I'm not a quitter.

After each long and strenuous morning, Courtney comes back to her apartment in IV to shower, eat breakfast, and meal prep for her day. Courtney is a vegetarian based on personal preference and moral reasons. Although she used to have a strict caloric count in order to maintain a certain physique, she found that the restrictive gave her an unhealthy relationship with food. So instead she began to not eat any processed food and to instead buy real ingredients to make healthy meals. However, don't be surprised to know that Courtney's ultimate diet secret is none other than the power of occasional late night munchies.

I asked Courtney how she balances her time being a student athlete while working and volunteering at the same time. She laughed, "It definitely gets tricky. I feel like something I struggle with the most is just having the energy for it and staying awake. Caffeine definitely comes into play there. Courtney made it sound easy, but trust me when I say the average student wouldn't last two days in her shoes. Personally, I tried out for the rowing team my freshman year and I couldn't have pressed the snooze button any faster on just my second day of practice. But why has Courtney returned to the brutal



schedule that comes with being a crew member year after year?
"I'm not a quitter."

Most importantly, it's all about not letting myself get behind and staying on top of my planned schedule for the day.

During Courtney's four years on the rowing team, she has led her team to many victories. She loves the feeling when her crew is on the water and "everything just clicks and the team is just moving together." Her advice on how to be a successful student athlete—patience. Courtney says that it may be difficult at many points in your life but suggests to "take time and figure it out. Then everything will come." **W**

WOMAN ON THE STREET

TALKING LIFE, LOVE, AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN

words // Nadia Gapur

artwork // Megan Melohn

design // Ryanne Ross

While the initial thought of interviewing random people on the streets of IV might seem somewhat thrilling, it took a bit of courage—at least for someone like me—and a lot of walking around and creeping on potential interviewees. After finally getting the hang of it, here's what some of our fellow Gauchos have to say about these random questions, which range from "deep" to completely trolling.

Juan Silverio

4th Year Art

Pronouns: He/They

What makes you feel alive?

Umm, watching RuPaul's Drag Race. Honestly though, just seeing all the queens just get down on the floor and come up with amazing things under super high-pressured challenges; I think like it's something that we should all strive for. You know when we are under pressure cookers like we make ourselves and we do everything we can, and we turn out really good?

Since you're a senior, what is your best memory of UCSB so far or ever?

Man, that's a tough one, there's so many. Halfway through my sophomore year, I had my first solo show; there wasn't like a lot, but it was everything and it was my baby.

Why didn't you call me last night?

I was probably busy hooking up with your brother.

Rose Mejia

3rd Year Asian American Studies

Pronouns: She/Her

What makes you feel alive?

I guess I would say love. Love for my family, friendships, and the relationships I have with people; it doesn't have to be that kind of romantic or sexual love, like "Wow I think I'm in love."

What's the point?

What's the point of wasting your time on something that's not gonna matter either in a few seconds, minutes, a couple of hours or tomorrow or a couple of days or even a year.

Why didn't you call me last night?

Oh, well then, I didn't call you last night because, first of all I don't have your number; second, we both have our own lives and I wouldn't want to bother you and I wouldn't want you to bother me.

Nite Hunt

2nd Year Religious Studies

Pronouns: He/His

What's the point?

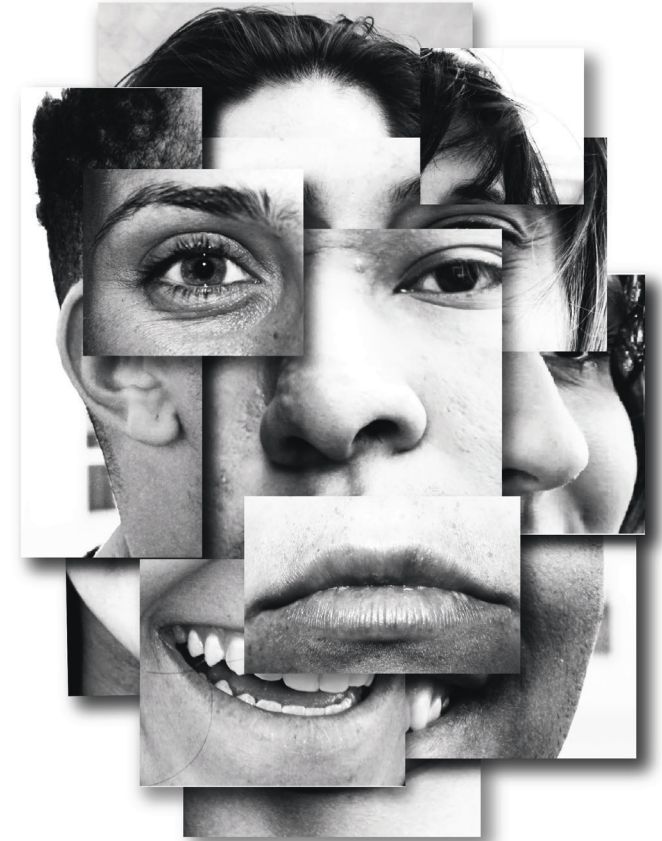
I feel like this is the Humans of New York, where it's just a picture and a caption and you're just like, "wow... heartfelt." I think if there's a point to anything, it's love. Not necessarily in a romantic sense; we love our friends and our parents and our pets and food and it's all different. And in English, it's really horrible because it's just one word and we call it love. It's very complex. But I think, if you've loved, then you're doing something right and if you've been loved and not expected it to be from a significant other, like, sometimes your dog loves you, or they do love you and your friends love you and it's like cute and it's sappy and it's gay as fuck and it's great.

Best piece of advice received or to give?

Be brave. Bravery doesn't necessarily mean saving the world, it just means like doing something you're a little bit uncomfortable with, like doing something by yourself. Like a lot of people don't know how to be alone. I think that's pretty brave.

Why didn't you call me last night?

I don't have your number, so, like, do you want my number?



Maria Moreira

4th Year Communication

Pronouns: She/Her

What makes you feel alive?

Being able to do whatever I want. Being healthy and seeing the sun each day. I feel a connection with nature.

What's the point?

Being happy, having a great time while we're here, whatever you chose to make you happy, just make it.

Why didn't you call me last night?

Laughter erupts Because I don't have your phone. **w**



WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

A LOOK INTO IV'S SUGAR SCHOLARSHIPS

words // Sonia Htoon illustrations + design // Madison Mead

Hugh Hefner. The first person most people picture when they think about sugar daddies. A pasty man older than time itself, wrapped in a velvet robe and a sailor hat, surrounded by beautiful young women in leotards. Why would any of them want to hang with a man like Hugh? The answer is, and has always been, moola.

Sugar daddies and mommies are typically older, wealthier, more classically established men and women who seek to date sugar babies, substantially younger, subjectively attractive individuals. Sugar daddies reward their sugar babies with generous amounts of gifts or money, typically in exchange for their company. Sex is NOT, I repeat, NOT always explicitly involved unless both parties consent (though typically, it is desired by the older partner).

The sugar dating game has evolved from the golden days of the Playboy Mansion. Now, any old man or woman

with money can be Hugh Hefner with the help of sites like What's Your Price?, EstablishedMen.com, and, most famously, Seeking Arrangements. With exponentially rising college tuition costs (which don't even begin to include the costs of living) and legalized free labor that takes on the facade of an unpaid internship, it is easy to see why students are turning to one of the most controversial forms of loan forgiveness.

The stigma of sugar dating is changing; perceptions of sugar babies no longer take the assumed form of clueless, plastic trophy women. According to an interview with Business Insider in 2017, a spokesperson for Seeking Arrangements said that there was a dramatic uptick in the number of members that signed up for the site using a university email. In 2016, around 2.5 million sugar babies on the site identified as students. More than five of my close friends (and many more from my outer circles) have

either done it, or attempted to.

However, there are still a lot of problematic assumptions about people in the sugar dating scene, which is why I wanted to hear from two Gauchos with real experience.

KAT

"They don't know my real name. They only know my screen name, Scarlett Haze."

When 19-year-old Katarzyna Jankowicz tells me that she's a freshman, my mind flashes back to the days I lived in the Santa Rosa dorm and spent my time shoveling ice cream from DLG into Tupperware to take back to my room. Needless to say, her first quarter here was way more exciting than mine.

She began going on sugar dates using

What's Your Price? to help pay her rent when she first came to UCSB (she chose to live in IV rather than stay in the dorms).

"Back then, when you thought about sugar dating, you picture a woman that's pretty but dumb. That's what people picture. Nowadays it's just girls who go to college. If you have to pay for rent, school, housing, it's the best option."

Jankowicz said that she typically gets above \$100 per dinner date, in addition to a completely free meal at a bougie restaurant. Once, someone even paid her \$1,000 dollars through Paypal without ever having met her, simply because they were both Polish. Most of her dates are one-time things.

"I don't like having full-time sugar daddies because they expect you to have sex with them and that's not what I wanted. I just can't get myself to do that because I'm not really attracted to them. They're all ugly and old," she laughed.

Through her time as a sugar baby, Jankowicz noticed that the older the men were, the more respectful they were. They always gave her the explicit option to say no or leave if she wanted. However, dating substantially older men also sometimes led to some strange territories. For example, she once went on a date with a father who had kids that were her age.

"He told me a lot about his personal life and about his children that go to Berkeley...I was like, 'Oh nice, maybe I could be their friend.'"

Despite her rule against long-term dating, she had one semi-consistent sugar daddy. He was younger (around 30, which is rare) and he had a foot fetish. He paid her \$200 every time she let him suck her toes.

"He's really nice though, we always talk. He always texts me about problems at work. Technically I'm his girlfriend even though I'm not. I even got him a Christmas present." Ironically, the Christmas present was socks.

Jankowicz has since quit sugar dating. She is currently working to advance her career in health care, working part-time at a local hospital.

TIPS FROM KAT

"Always be happy.
Always be pretty."



"Don't bring up sad stuff from
your personal life."

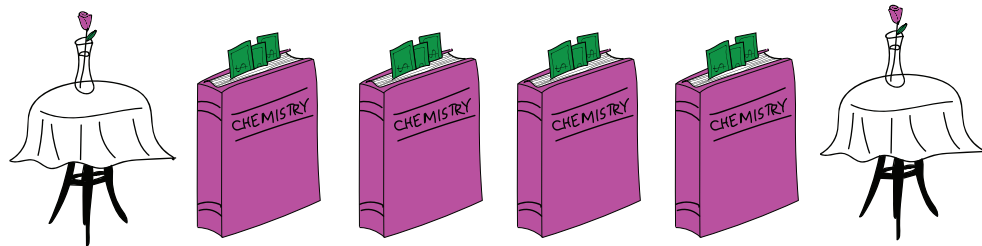
"I use a fake name and a fake
number from an app
called Text Free."

"I bring a knife with me when
I go into their apartments,
even though I'm not that
scared. I know Jujitsu."

"Have them drop you off
and pick you up NEAR
where you live."

"Only drink with the
ones you trust."

"Be really excited whenever
they give you money.
They like that."



Money makes ugly things out of good people. A sugar daddy shouldn't be your ideal.

JOSH

Joshua Deoliveria Sanchez's sugar daddy situation was the complete opposite of Jankowicz's in every possible way.

Sanchez graduated as a chemical engineering major last year. He's currently 22 and "obviously gay" (what he chose to describe himself as over Facetime). He had one long-term sugar daddy throughout his four years at UCSB. They met on Grindr when Sanchez was a freshman. At the time, the sugar daddy was a professor at UCSB. The sugar dating aspect of the relationship wasn't established until a little after their first meeting.

"It started off with nice dinners. Then he noticed that I liked nice things. He noticed that I would come over more frequently when he had those nice things."

After two months of seeing each other, Sanchez moved in with his sugar daddy and no longer paid for housing. This was a covered \$1,800 a month living situation that extended to the rest of Sanchez's college career. In addition to this, Sanchez even received a credit card for groceries and other miscellaneous things. The sugar daddy even paid in full for Sanchez's tuition at UCSB... until they broke up after his junior year.

"He thought that if I got a substantial job that made a lot of money, I would leave him... It seemed like a powerplay. When we broke up, he said that he would cut me off."

Despite their breakup, his sugar daddy continued to pay for his rent and Sanchez got to keep the credit card until recently. Though this relationship on paper might

seem like a typical sugar dating scenario, Sanchez felt like it was much more. "I thought the world of him, he was a star at his job. He was a star at home. I felt a lot of admiration for him. The fact that he thought that I was with him for the money crippled our relationship."

Both of them continue to be on good terms with each other, though there is no longer a financial relationship. Sanchez said that his former sugar daddy told him that he never wanted to be paid back. He told Sanchez to instead continue the cycle and give the money to a student who was in the same position he once was.

When I asked Sanchez if he wanted to go into sugar dating again, his answer was a resounding no. "I never want to feel indebted to someone. Or have money impoverish the beautiful things I felt for that person. What I felt transcended the material. Money makes ugly things out of good people. A sugar daddy shouldn't be your ideal. They aren't going to be your Prince Charming."

REFLECTIONS

Sugar dating makes sense to me. As a struggling student who just left a part-time source of income and is currently trying to pay off crippling debt with an English degree, I would love to be whisked away by a knight in shining green armor.

So naturally, I didn't agree with the choir of journalists that came before me and proclaimed that sugar dating is synonymous with prostitution. I'm not making any kind of commentary on sex work, I just think that both ideas are two whole different things. Sugar dating is not explicitly contractual, there are no real rules, just like regular dating.

If researching for this piece has taught me anything, it's that sugar dating is complex, and there is a spectrum of intensity and expectations, motives and consequences. Every sugar baby has their own reason, **w**d umbrella perceptions don't suffice.

SUGAR BABIES ANONYMOUS

Before I decided who I would be interviewing, I received around 60 responses from sugar babies on UCSB's Free and For Sale Facebook page who wanted to share their stories anonymously. Here are some of them:

"We talked and eventually moved into the bedroom and had sex. He gave me only \$200, which was fine with me bc like I said I actually liked him so tbh I probably would've slept with him for no money lol."

"I only really do this when I'm absolutely desperate for money and it's the end of the month and I'm really short on rent or my credit card bill."

"At first it was super empowering to use my femininity which is a hindrance in normal life to get something for myself but ultimately it felt kind of dehumanizing."

"He was honestly more like a dad to me and ended up being an alc and weed plug for me throughout high school LMAO does that count."

"[My friend] got her sugar daddy to buy us 10 coachella tickets, \$1,000 for clothes and \$300 for drugs and bought us a \$3000 suite."

"Smoked weed, cooked hella healthy food, and went to the hot tub to hang out for a while. He went in naked?? So I already knew what was up. Ended up having sex and left with \$1000 in my pocket in cash and only 3 hrs gone from my day. We meet once a week."

"[He] offered me 6K a month and to pay for school at UCSB if I just did sexual sub favors for him. I was kind of curious because come on... its 6K lol... So I played along, he would always try to make me call him or text him saying 'you are my master' 'you are my world' or 'you are my worth'."

"It was to the point where he would legit stalk me and try to bribe me with money so I could be his girlfriend... I just thought it was really funny that a 26 year old could be so desperate and aggressive."

IV SOLES

A LOOK INTO THE SHOES OF ISLA VISTA

words + photography + design // Kailah Korsh

Walking around Campus and Isla Vista, we asked people, friends, and strangers, “why did you choose to wear those shoes today?” We wanted to see how people’s personalities can be conveyed through their shoe choices.



I wear them because they have an “N” for Niko!



I love these shoes because they represent my two favorite things: **Rihanna** and the color **green**.

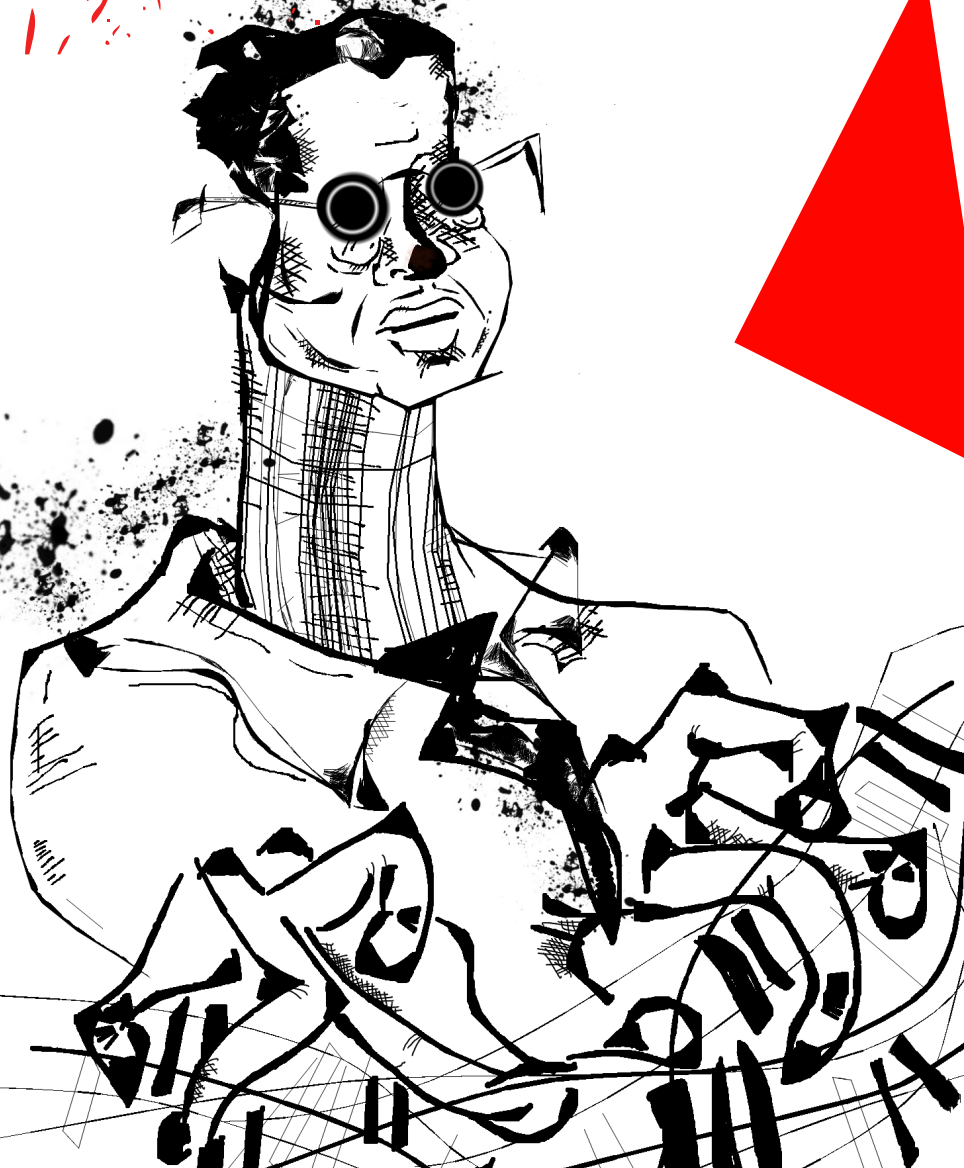


I like to think **my shoes are lucky**. I wear them on test days. I had two midterms today!

Talkin' All That Jazz

SHAKING UP THE IV MUSIC SCENE

words // Ryland Mandell illustration // Jess Chou design // Tarush Mohanti



The air is heavy with the fragrance of heady cocktails and cigars. The lighting is dim, the only illumination coming from some white lights that hang over the stage. There is a man playing a piano, another playing some sort of guitar, and the last is on a minimal drum kit. Scattered throughout the room are people often referred to as "senior citizens." They don't talk much, choosing a whiskey and thoughts of the past over communication with those in attendance.

When you hear the word "jazz," my guess is that this scene is similar to the one that unfolds behind your eyelids. It may be accurate at times and is indeed very disconnected from Friday nights in Isla Vista; however, there are many times a quarter when these two worlds collide. The jazz scene in IV is on the rise, and the following is everything you need to know about it.

Timothy Xu is a third-year student in the College of Creative Studies and radio host of "What the Funk?!" on KCSB. Don't let the title of his radio show fool you, he knows a lot about jazz and how it fits into the social fabric of IV. When asked about the jazz scene, he said, "The image that a lot of people associate with jazz seems to be very disconnected from Isla Vista. That being said, from my perspective it appears that the jazz scene is definitely rising in IV."

Timothy mentioned the efforts by students to get the university to offer jazz-specific classes through the music department. These efforts were successful and the class that is now offered is

extremely popular. He also noted the fact that over the last year the Arts & Lectures program has invited important jazz musicians to perform at Campbell Hall, notably Kamasi Washington as well as Cory Henry and The Funk Apostles. There is Jeffery's Jazz Coffeehouse that host events throughout Isla Vista for students to be exposed to various types of jazz music. UCSB is not alone in their efforts to bring jazz to the surrounding area, citizens have taken it upon themselves to bring jazz to IV and its residents.

Collin McCrary is a third-year student and friend of Timothy Xu. He played a role in getting the music department to offer jazz-specific courses and developed a love for the music. Last year he started a group on Facebook called Santa Barbara Arts Collective, which is designed to help people find jazz events going on throughout IV. He also hosted a two-part jazz concert series in his own garage called Hot Loads of Jazz. In doing these things, Isla Vistans were able to encounter jazz in a way that didn't remind them of sitting through a lecture they didn't care about. Not only that, but musicians interested in jazz were able to get into contact with Collin and bond over their love for the art. This deep appreciation for the art is something that makes the jazz scene very special. When Timothy Xu was asked what jazz music meant to him, he responded with, "Jazz is a very self-directed genre. Players learn a lot from their peers in shared spaces instead of professors in lecture halls." **W**



Playlist

Since jazz culture is on the rise in IV, it is best to get acquainted with the genre. This is a list of all the major jazz subgenres and some ways to get into jazzy instrumentals for those intimidated by the impending musical terrain. So open up that whiskey you've been saving, dim your lights, and experience something new.

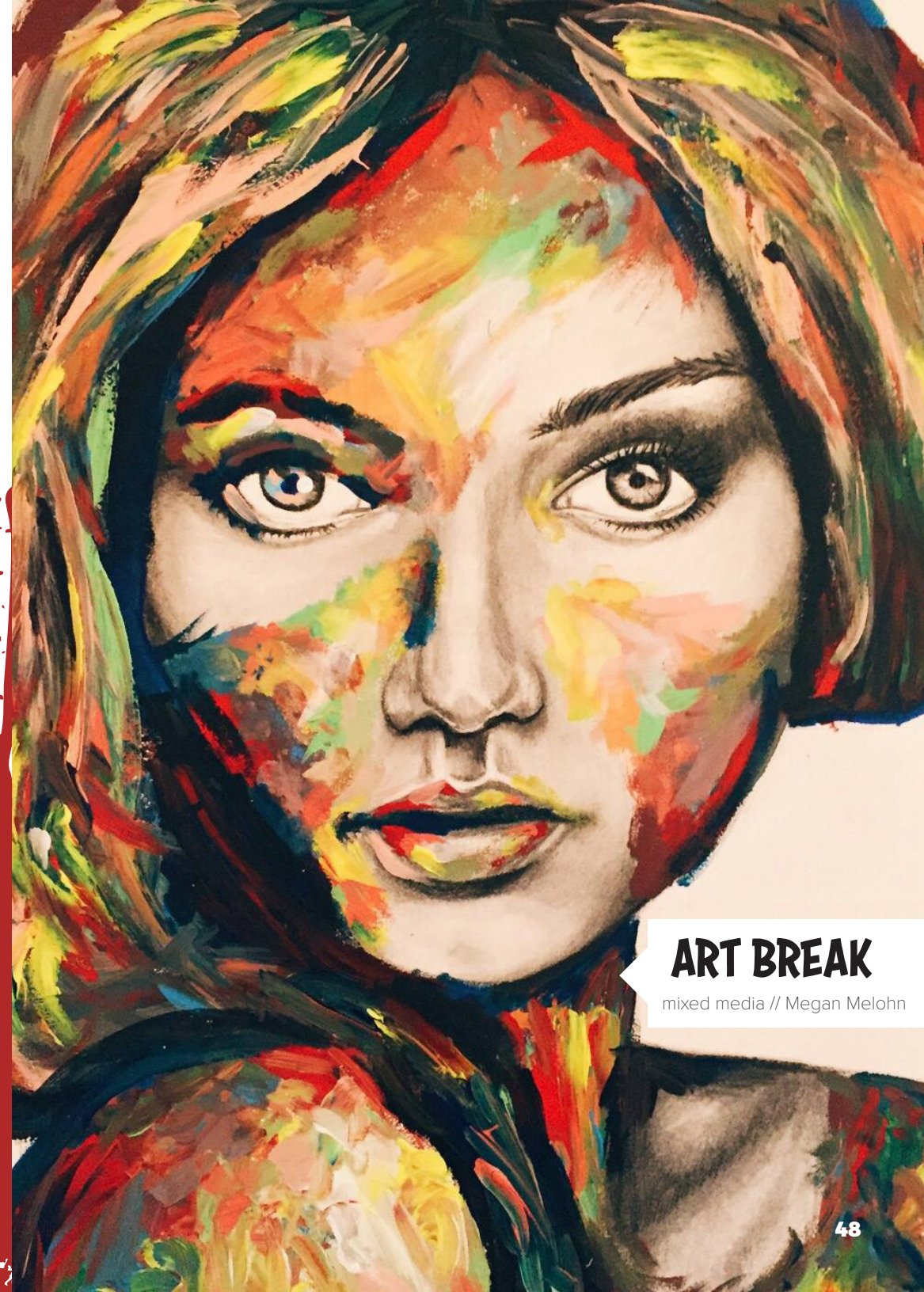
The Start of It All Louis Armstrong Ella and Louis
Big Band Duke Ellington By Popular Demand
Bebop Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie Bird and Diz
Cool Jazz Dave Brubeck Time Out
Hardbop Cannonball Adderley Something Else
Free Jazz Ornette Coleman Free Jazz
Post-Bop John Coltrane A Love Supreme
Fusion Jazz Miles Davis Bitches Brew

For Rap Fans

Kendrick Lamar *To Pimp a Butterfly*
RH Factor *Hard Groove*
Alfa Mist *Antiphon*
Christian Scott aTunde Adjuah *Ruler Rebel*

For Electronic Fans

Flying Lotus *Cosmagramma*
Knxwledge *Anthology*
Bonobo *Black Sands*
Shigeto *The New Monday*



ART BREAK

mixed media // Megan Melohn



ALMOST FREE(BIRDS)

words // Georgina Aguilar photography // Andrew Wang design // Ushma Patel

Cooking with friends is a nice and affordable experience. Learn how to make Freebirds nachos in the convenience of your own home. It allows for both abundance and affordability!

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

Medium-sized serving bowl
Knife
Cutting board
Fork
Potato masher
9" x 5" microwavable dish
4 cooking pans
Wooden spatula
Tongs
Black pepper
Sea salt
Bell peppers (green and/or yellow)
Tomato

Avocado
Onion
Lettuce
Black beans
Refried beans
Cooking oil (canola or grape seed)
Limes
Tortilla chips
Shredded cheese
Garlic
Sour cream
Cilantro
Jalapeños
Rib eye steak



STEAK

INGREDIENTS: Salt, Pepper, Cooking oil, Garlic cloves, Half an onion, Green bell peppers, Red bell peppers

1. Preheat a cast iron pan on low.
2. Prep rib eye steak by placing steak on a cutting board.
3. Season steak thoroughly by sprinkling a pinch of salt and pepper on both sides of the steak.
4. Knead the seasoning on both sides of the steak until evenly coated.
5. Throw 2 tablespoons of cooking oil in a pan, or until the pan is entirely coated. Once the oil is heated, add 1/4 cup of diced onions and 3 cloves of minced garlic into the pan.
6. Once onion has become translucent, add the steak to the pan. **Cooking tip: Make sure to keep the flame on low so that the meat does not burn.*
7. Cook the steak for about 2 minutes on each side for medium rare.

SPANISH RICE

INGREDIENTS: Cooking Oil, White rice, 1 Onion, Chicken broth, 1 Can of Tomato Sauce

1. Begin by heating the oil in a medium-sized pan.
2. Stir in the onion for approximately 5 minutes, or until it becomes tender.
3. Mix the rice into the skillet and continue stirring it so that it does not stick to the pan.
4. Once the rice begins to cook, stir in 2 tablespoons of chicken broth and the can of tomato sauce.

BEANS

INSTRUCTIONS:

Throw a can of refried beans into a third pan and let them sit for 5 minutes or until beans appear tender.
Repeat the same process for whole black beans.

FAJITAS

INSTRUCTIONS:

Begin heating another pan on low heat. Sauté the bell pepper and onions for approximately 3–4 minutes, or until the vegetables begin to soften.

GUACAMOLE

INGREDIENTS: 4 Avocados, 2 Tomatoes, 1 Onion, 1 Bunch of cilantro, 1 Clove of garlic, 1 Lime, Salt

1. Peel and mash avocados in a medium-size serving bowl.
2. Mince the tomato, onion, cilantro, and garlic.
3. Once the products are ready, stir in the tomato, onion, cilantro, and garlic with the avocados.
4. Once stirred, season the vegetables with lime juice, 2 pinches of salt, and a pinch of pepper.
5. Chill in the refrigerator for a least 30 minutes to allow the flavors to mix.

SALSA

INGREDIENTS: 4 Tomatoes, 1/2 Large Yellow Onion, 2 Jalapeños, 3 Cloves of garlic, 1/2 Teaspoon of Salt, 1 Cup of loosely cut fresh cilantro, Juice of 1 lime

1. Place the 4 tomatoes, onion, and garlic in a microwaveable container for 3–5 minutes.
2. Once the ingredients are soft in consistency, throw the ingredients in a blender and purée (adjust the seasoning of salt and pepper if necessary).
3. Place in the refrigerator for approximately 30 minutes allowing it to cool.

NOW THROW IT ALL TOGETHER

1. In a 9" x 5" microwavable dish, lay out desired amount of chips.
2. Add shredded cheese between each layer and place in the microwave for 3–5 minutes.
3. Once the cheese is melted, top them with the following: beans, steak, additional cheese, jalapeños, sour cream, salsa, guacamole, diced onion, diced cilantro, lettuce, guacamole, and sautéed onions.
4. **ENJOY!**





ART BREAK

painting // Juliet Fong

Juliet



PAY ATTENTION

HANGING WITH THE SUNSET CLUB

words // Cassidy Brown

illustration + design // Justin Taing

You bike down Del Playa away from campus. It's a typical evening. People are taking their dogs out for walks, biking home from class, blasting music after a long day of work. You take a breath and try to forget about the stress of the day: the nonexistent paper that's due tomorrow, the midterm score that doesn't reflect the hours you spent in the library, and the neighbors who kept you up all night playing beer games in their yard. Again. But none of that matters right now. What matters is the way the grass at Dogshit Park is glowing in the low sunlight, the way the breeze is playing with your hair, and the fact that for this brief period, you don't need to think about anything.

5:30 pm

The clouds are pink and gold. It's low tide. The light breeze carries the beginnings of an evening chill, and you take one slow, deep breath. You exit Dogshit Park onto the bluffs. People are accumulating along the cliffs.

Pay attention: A runner pants as she jogs past you. She'll stop soon to glance at the sky. A girl paces on the phone with her mother. She's stressed, overwhelmed, and just wants to go home. Reggae music drifts in your direction from a group huddled on a blanket nearby. "I'm so proud of him!" Two girls point as a surfer catches a wave. They've never met him. A balcony bubbles over with acoustic guitar and original lyrics. A dog tugs impatiently on its leash to make friends with the approaching golden retriever. Their owners follow suit as they spark a conversation. Two elderly women compare pictures of the vibrant sky. The path becomes more crowded. Listen closely:

"Becky, are you gonna move in?"

"I spent hella hours shopping today."

"There's this girl who walks around in a bikini at like 5:30 in the morning."

"My friend cut his head off, does anyone have any gauze?"

"I haven't seen you since last year. How have you been?"

"I can see myself being with him for the rest of my life."

"You need to do what's best for you. Please remember to take care of yourself."

A dog barks from a balcony and muffles their voices. You glance at the water. The surfers aren't interested in waves anymore. They've become a part of the sunset. You've passed the wooden stairs. You glance at the bike rack where you parked. It's full.

5:40 pm

The clouds are indigo and fuchsia. The water is fiery orange. You can see the wet sand glistening as you continue along the bluff. You move over for a passing bike. Crickets chirp. You're feeling a nip of cold, and fold your arms tightly. Keep walking. Two girls take pictures of each other pretending to laugh. The lights of a drone over the water catch the corner of your eye. A photographer stands up with sand all over his shirt—but he got the picture. You see people alone along the bluffs. They're meditating. Journaling. Crying. Taking advantage of five minutes with no worries, except this view's inevitable fall to darkness.

Someone smiles at the words of a long-distance lover on the phone.

More snippets:

"I mean, I've only been hit by a car once."

"It was just me with a bunch of tiny kids and I was like, 'I need to wash my hands.'"

"Your whole weekend is probably sports, huh?"

"This picture isn't doing it justice."

A group of rowdy, shirtless guys parade past you, carrying well-loved spike ball equipment. Their discussion about Super Bowl beer preferences overpowers the others. A man follows behind them, smiling at the baby in his arms.

5:50 pm

The sky is dark purple, clouds charcoal. The sun has just barely dipped out of your sight. The breeze picks up. You shiver in the chilled air. Some friends decide the show has ended, and begin packing up their hammocks. You dodge bikers returning to their warm living rooms. A couple puts a stopper on their bottle of wine. People

shake the sand from their towels and blankets, then wrap themselves for warmth. Good conversations aren't ready to end yet. Maybe they'll stay to see the stars come out. The oil rig's lights sparkle on the calm water.

6:00 pm

The sky is dark. The first stars are twinkling. You can see the moon in the distance, sparkling on the water's uneven surface. Your nose is numb, but it doesn't bother you.

The bluffs are vacated, except for a couple slow dancing in silence.

You walk your bike toward the street and look back at the bike rack. It's empty.

You bike down Del Playa, back toward campus. It seems like a typical evening. People are making dinner, visiting with friends, beginning to hunker down with their textbooks. You take a deep breath and try not to forget about the most important part of your day: the vibrant sky, the breeze just cool enough to make you shiver, the feeling of being alone, but not being lonely. It's a scene you see every day. It isn't a surprise. It isn't anything new. But it's the one thing that can make you believe that every once in a while, even if only for a brief period, you don't need to think about anything. **w**



SIERRA HOTEL

ONE LAST TIME

words + photography // Cristina Tommeraasen

design // Ushma Patel

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:



A native of Washington state, Cristina Tommeraasen grew up in a small town outside of Spokane. She struggled to find herself until she joined the US Navy at 22, where she became a heavy equipment operator in the Seabees. She deployed to Afghanistan and Spain before becoming a mother in 2013 and separating in 2014. She graduated from UCSB with a BA in sociology in December 2017, the same month she got married to an active duty steelworker she served with in the Navy. She currently works for Goodwill Industries as a Veteran Services Coordinator, where she has the privilege of helping veterans and their families in their employment endeavors.

Just one last time I would be putting that uniform on. I could not have been more thrilled. My service was complete. I had not achieved everything I had set out to, but nevertheless I was happy to be separating and moving on to the next chapter of life with so much more experience and knowledge than I had before I joined. I was all smiles buttoning up my blouse with the Seabee patch, Seabee combat warfare pin, my last name, Tommeraasen, and US Navy sewn across my chest. Looking in the mirror, I adjusted my collar, on which my third-class petty officer crowns were pinned. I would no longer have to wake up before the sun. I would never again have to raise a flag for morning colors. I would no longer have to

shine my boots so they would almost show a reflection. I would now be Cristina, no longer known as EO3 (SCW) Tommeraasen. I was a free woman; my time was again my own. And though I was no longer the property of the government, I was a force to be reckoned with. Unstoppable in the civilian world. A woman. A veteran. Intelligent. Educated. Dedicated. The list was endless.

What I didn't realize is that the civilian world is cutthroat and unrelenting. Although I have an education from UCSB, two associate's degrees, a combat deployment, veteran status, and volunteer experience, none of it guarantees a job, especially one with a decent, livable wage. Sometimes it's next to impossible for me to keep the faith

and stay motivated. I constantly ask myself how am I going to support my family, what will I do for money, where we will live...

I separated from the Navy so I didn't have to deploy and leave my daughter behind. I have to remind myself of this sometimes, because it crosses my mind to reenlist. I know that the pay and the benefits are perfect for a growing family, but I always weigh the many pros and cons. If I join again, I gain money, but I lose time with my daughter.

In the end, I think my daughter will most remember the time we spent together, not the fancy shoes I bought her, not the fancy toys, not the fancy food or the fancy stuff. She will remember my being there.

She will remember my attitude, my outlook, my kindness. She will remember that mom was always there when she needed me to hold her when she was sick, to play ponies with her, to walk her to the park so she could be rowdy. I am the only mom she will ever have, and just like my service, I am going to do the best possible job I can. Like all children do, my daughter has made me immortal. She is a continuation of me.

Maybe someday she will want to follow in mom's footsteps and put on that uniform. If so, she will carry on a legacy as a fourth-generation service member. Afterward, she may be just as thrilled, and scared, as I was to take off the uniform and start a new life, with a new name. **W**

ABOUT SIERRA HOTEL

"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

THE ALBINO RACCOON *PURGE* TO *APOCALYPSE*

REFLECTIONS ON THE FIRE

words // Tiara Triplett illustration + design // Tarush Mohanti

Tucked in a corner beside bookshelves on the fourth floor of Davidson Library, I type at a designated computer site with haste. My hands are clammy; I'm stressed beyond the breaking point. Finals are right around the corner. Only 200 more words. Only 200 more words and only one hour to meet the minimum word requirement for the essay that I'm writing. Suddenly, everything goes black, including my computer screen. The power is out. I begin to panic. I haven't saved my work to Google Drive and there is no way I'll be able to rewrite an entire 1800 word essay in the span of 30 minutes. WTF! I yell to myself, and hear other surrounding students repeat the same thing. The power comes back on, and everything seems to return back to normal as if maybe, just maybe, I had pushed my brain to its limit and was just having a horrific hallucination. But then everything once again goes black, and I realize that this is indeed a reality. I watch as some students begin to pack up and leave, and I follow suit.

My professor has to be accommodating and understanding of

this. There's no way, I think to myself. I mistakenly think this power outage is only happening inside the library due to the high volume of students using power to cram for finals. I walk outside confidently, expecting to see the familiarity of light. But I am instead met with a hard "you thought!" The entire campus of UCSB is engulfed in darkness, and as I begin my long trek home, panic rises within me.

Was this the end of the world? How was I going to get into my apartment that required an electronic pin code to get in? What about all the groceries that were in my fridge? My thoughts were suddenly disrupted when I heard someone yell, "It's the Purge!" As minutes turned to hours, I experienced a real "oh shit" moment when I realized that this was really a blackout. And another "oh shit" moment when my mom called to notify me that the reason for the constant power outages was a fire that loomed close by, which would later be known as the Thomas Fire. As hours turned to days, confusion ensued. Would we get extensions for our assignments, quizzes, and finals? Would

classes be canceled since the power was still in and out? My questions were answered by professors with uncertainty as finals were scheduled, unscheduled, and then rescheduled, while the air and sky around us turned black with ash and thick smoke. Irritation and confusion arose as to why school was still even in operation when the environment we were succumbing to for the status of a grade was detrimental to our collective health, where some professors had the audacity to facilitate classes through Skype from the comfort of the quality air from their homes. Irritation soon was replaced by fury.

But as ashes continually rained down and stuck in my eyelashes, I realized how selfish and naive I had been in my complaints and concerns about grades, finals, extensions, evacuating, and in thinking that this was only an apocalypse for UCSB students. This was an apocalypse that went beyond just finals, beyond UCSB. This was an

apocalypse for the 700 homes that crumbled to ash and for the many families that were displaced. This was an apocalypse for the many children and families who lived in fear that they might just lose everything they had while they slept at evacuation sites. This was an apocalypse for the undocumented families who were too scared to seek shelter at these evacuation zones for fear they might be deported by ICE. This was an apocalypse for the homeless who didn't have agency during this whole ordeal, and for the many workers who still had to put concerns about their health aside for the sake of going to work. This was an apocalypse for the many firefighters who fought tirelessly to tackle the Thomas Fire, and for the two lives that were unfortunately lost. From Purge to Apocalypse, the severity of the Thomas Fire was bestowed upon me just like the ashes that collected on my clothes. **w**



ISLA VISTA GIVES YOU CREDIT

NUESTRA VOZ, OUR VOICE

THEATER 194A Summer Session A
THEATER WITH TEENS!

Working in a camp-like atmosphere, UCSB students guide Isla Vista youths through the writing, acting, dancing, and production of new plays. We highlight personal empowerment and community building through creative practice, and celebrate the effort with a concluding performance and reception. This may be the most fun you'll ever have in a summer course. No theater or teaching experience is required. You will learn to create live theater right along with the teens. Please join us!

MAGIC LANTERN FILMS

FILM/MEDIA 119ML
ISLA VISTA FILM EVENTS

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

WORD MAGAZINE

INT 185ST
THE CREATION OF THIS MAGAZINE

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

IV LIVE!

THEATER 42/142
PR AND ON-SITE EVENT MANAGEMENT

Experience promoting and producing weekly improvability comedy shows along with additional live performances in Isla Vista. Learn backstage and front-of-the-house skills. Explore public relations, advertising, and production management in this real-world setting. All majors welcome. Contact Alesha Claveria at aleshaclaveria@umail.ucsb.edu.



UCSB MULTICULTURAL CENTER'S
30th
ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

DIVISION OF
STUDENT AFFAIRS
UC Santa Barbara
and the UCSB
Multicultural
Center present

*Living Lives of
Resilient Love*
IN A TIME OF HATE



Professor at UCLA
School of Law and
Columbia School of
Law, Co-founder of
the African American
Policy Forum.



President and
Founder of
Washington
Consulting
Group

**SAY HER
NAME:**

*Why Intersectionality
Can't Wait*

KIMBERLÉ CRENSHAW
WED, APRIL 25TH, 6 PM
CAMPBELL HALL

Through a Critical Race Theory prism, Professor Crenshaw will discuss Black Lives Matter and **SAY HER NAME** as challenges to contemporary jurisprudence on race, and assess the new openings presented by current events. Co-sponsored by the Consortium for Black Studies in California.

*Building the Capacity
of Greater Inclusion:*

**IN IT, TO
WIN IT**

JAMIE WASHINGTON
WED, MAY 9TH, 2-3:30 PM
MCC LOUNGE

Our series on Living Lives of Resilient Love in a Time of Hate gives us an opportunity to consider how important it is to be resilient and loving in a tough time. Rev. Dr. Washington's talk will give us the tools to be successful.

FOR THE FULL SPRING 2018 CALENDAR, VISIT MCC.SA.UCSB.EDU



UCSBMCC

UC SANTA BARBARA

**THEATER
/ DANCE**

PERFORMANCE / TRAINING / RESEARCH

SPRING 2018

PERFORMANCE SEASON

SPRING DANCE CONCERT

**APRIL 12 - 14
HATLEN THEATER**

NEW WORKS LAB

**MAY 10- 20
STUDIO THEATER**

CABARET

**MAY 25- JUNE 3
PERFORMING ARTS THEATER**



photo by David Bazemore

THEATERDANCE.UCSB.EDU