

# WORD

WINTER 2020

ISLA VISTA ARTS & CULTURE MAGAZINE



ISSUE 39

free

# CONTENTS

- 1** **Profiling the Community Center**  
Janet Wang
- 5** **The Coffee Shop That Brought Out the Best in IV**  
Michelle Politiski
- 9** **Sam's To Go? More Like... Sam's To Stay**  
Kayla Matzek
- 11** **Mosh Pit Etiquette**  
Anna Basa
- 13** **Yang**  
Alex Asgari
- 19** **Small Town, Small Waves**  
Daniella Schwartz
- 21** **WORD's Community Playlist**  
Curated by WORD Staff
- 23** **Eating Isla Vista**  
Tori Kachagina
- 27** **Around Town**  
Isla Vista Arts
- 29** **Poetry Collage**  
Emily Komessar
- 31** **EDM, A Possible Gem?**  
Linda Chong

## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Seasons change. Well, not here, but maybe they do where you're from.

Our environment is constantly evolving all around us whether we like it or not. That's the thing about mother nature: she doesn't care whether we're late for class or stressing about the fact that we have a million deadlines and checklists to complete before graduation. She won't lose sleep over the mosh pit injuries, the relationship that ended, or the moments with our friends we wish we could cling onto. Maybe she's a savage, and maybe we each have something to learn from her. Sure, some of us have more time in our beautiful little town than others—5th years, are you out there?—but it is indeed limited nonetheless.

Instead of looking at the clocks and calendars with dread, we encourage you to look outside. Look at all the day has to offer. Know that for a brief moment of your life, you reside in a coveted paradise that offers an abundance of knowledge, love, adventure, friendships, and surprises. These are likely the times you will reference when your grandkids challenge you to recall your wildest or most enlightening moments.

Our hope is that in these pages you will find something that resonates with you: a reminder that even in the gloomiest of days, you are never alone. There is a bright and



<b>32</b>	<b>Polycule? PolyCOOL</b> Anna Basa
<b>37</b>	<b>Deconstructing an ABG</b> Vonnie Wei
<b>41</b>	<b>Body Demographic</b> Lauren Cauley
<b>44</b>	<b>Dogs of Isla Vista</b> Gavin Mentz
<b>45</b>	<b>Die Up, IV!</b> Chelsie Alexander
<b>47</b>	<b>Dorm Lyfe</b> Maison "Bub" Bray
<b>49</b>	<b>Overheard</b> Jasmin Taypan
<b>51</b>	<b>InVerse</b> Vonnie Wei
<b>53</b>	<b>Albino Raccoon: Look Mom, I'm Juggling!</b> Hailey Gross
<b>57</b>	<b>Our Friend Ellen Anderson Retires</b> DJ Palladino

**Cover Art**  
Rachel Deng

remarkable community around you, waiting impatiently to capture a part of you, asking that you leave it even better than you found it. This issue of WORD is a testament to the fact that, like our whimsical mother nature, you are not tied down here—IV is a growing, breathing community with endless possibilities to uncover a new pastime, favorite study spot, or group of quirky individuals.

Whether you've yet to find your clan or are savoring your last couple quarters with your best friends that have become family, do yourself the favor of being present in every moment you can. Be kind to others and to yourself. Say yes to trying new things and push your comfort zone, but don't be afraid to say no when you need to. Grow and learn from others, but when you find yourself in a more advantageous or advanced position, look for opportunities to give back and guide those in a spot you were in not too long ago. Above all, rest assured that what will remain is this community we're lucky enough to call home for now. We are Isla Vista and we're not going anywhere.



Hailey Gross and Michelle Politiski  
Editors in Chief

# A SAFE



Christian Ornelas



Diana Collins Puente



Spencer Brandt

**THROUGH ROSE-COLORED GLASSES,** IV is paradise. The mornings are serene, the sun casts a warm glow that carries through the day, and the nights are vibrant and lively with groovy music blasting from one end of Del Playa to the other. This youthful, seaside community is hard to beat, and there's really little to complain about. But there's a flip side that is easy to forget in the hustle and bustle of our day-to-day lives. We fail to notice the fundamental elements of a town that IV lacks: a public library, sufficient streetlights, and most importantly, an inclusive, central gathering space that serves the needs beyond the students that predominantly live here.

"It's the beloved community," Diana Collins Puente described to me about Isla Vista, smiling, as we sat outside of the newly established IV Community Center. As the afternoon sun began to dip below the horizon, students whizzed through the Loop on their bikes, heading home after a long day and taking little notice of the small blue building that stands in the heart of IV.

Over the past five years, Collins Puente has become well acquainted with this beachfront town. Currently serving as the director of the Isla Vista Community Center, Collins Puente was initially recruited by a friend who believed she could positively contribute to and support the community following the 2014 Isla Vista tragedies. Previously, she has worked at UCSB's Associated Students (AS) as the IV Community Advisor. Collins Puente's passion for community improvement is driven by her personal background.

"I'm from Guatemala originally, and I lived there during the civil war, and that



# PLACE TO LAND

ISLA VISTA CO-CREATING COMMUNITY SPACE



WORDS // JANET WANG PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN // RACHEL DENG

“We are much more powerful in being able to affect change together rather than if we did this work as individuals.”

has profoundly shaped my worldview and my feelings about being a community leader and activist and the power we have as a community to come together to make change happen,” she said.

According to Collins Puente, the Community Center has been a drawn-out endeavor, with proposals of a centralized space first recorded over 40 years ago. But with insufficient funding coupled with the lack of a tangible space, efforts have always fallen through. Part of this has been due to the nature of Isla Vista’s lack of official governance. “That’s the thing about being an unincorporated community—who then takes charge of this?” she questioned. “There isn’t a clear person or organization to hold space for any of these community initiatives.”

However, with an established building, advisory board of nine community advocates, and the support of local and government leaders, plans for a community space are underway. Although the Pardall Center and UCSB campus offer

gathering spaces for events, meetings, and workshops, a center in IV may tackle the issues of practicality and access for all.

“Sometimes when you have something at 7 or 8 p.m., you might not want to go all the way to campus unless you’re already in the group or organization hosting it,” AS External Vice President of Local Affairs Christian Ornelas stated. “I’ve been wanting to go to a heels-dancing class that they do, but they’re always out on campus. Maybe we can bring them out, and catch me in some heels,” he chuckled.

Ornelas, a fourth-year Environmental Studies major, has been involved with AS since his sophomore year. His role on the board seeks to incorporate student voice into programming at the Community Center. Through a personal perspective, Ornelas has noticed a stark disconnect between certain groups that co-inhabit the town but often feel brushed aside.

“From the Spanish-speaking community, which I’m a part of, I’ve personally been able to hear narratives of Latinx folks who go and pick up the cans from recycling and stuff,” he said. “They tell me that IV isn’t a great place to be and that people are mean to them—we pride ourselves on being so environmentally conscious, but some people are overlooked.”

A majority of us have developed a one-dimensional perspective when it comes to IV as a community, and Ornelas isn’t the only one who has observed how the town we comfortably call home can often feel unwelcoming to others. Spencer Brandt graduated this past spring, but has stayed in IV since, using his position as the President of the IV Community Services

District to work toward creating local government and improving the community. Brandt emphasizes that although Isla Vista is a predominantly student-oriented town, there are families and long-term residents that get left out of the picture.

“This whole other population of people are living here and we sort of have, just in the way we socialize, segregated them from everybody else,” he pointed out.

Brandt also expresses that it is important to be mindful about the way we use IV’s space. For example, it’s not uncommon to see parks and play structures littered with crushed beer cans following weekend festivities, with little regard for the families that may be raising young children next door.

“This is a temporary place for many people, but it’s a permanent place for many as well,” Brandt reminded us.

For now, Community Center leaders are hoping that the new space will present opportunities to improve unity, connection, and visibility within Isla Vista. As the physical building is currently empty, next steps will address everything from figuring out how to turn the lights on to determining internal capacity. It’s a project that is building from the ground up.

Collins Puente has already received a plethora of suggestions for programming in the Community Center—cooking classes, gardening workshops, conferences, and more.

“It’s a very long and very beautiful list, and it speaks to the needs that have existed in the community for a long time,” she said.

However, she’s hoping to use these next few months as an experimental period, refraining from determining full-on programming and instead, see how the community responds to the space.

“Part of the reason why I don’t want to narrow it down too much is because we need to be creative about it and not

feel like we have any preset ideas,” she revealed. “We really have to embrace the opportunity to see it as an experimental space, to see it as a lab in some regards where we get to play a little bit and think about what it means to be a community.”

Still, board members are eager to plan for the future. Ornelas dreams of expanding the IV Open Market, an event where students and local businesses sell jewelry, art, and clothing. Inspired by the Los Angeles DIY art scene, Ornelas envisions a multi-part experience not limited to clothing and art, but also incorporating a local farmers’ market or even live music. Along the same lines, Brandt hopes to utilize the indoor-outdoor space and patio for live music. The Community Center has been a long time coming—and it’s a major win for Isla Vista.

“There’s always been a spirit of IV—if you go back to the push for cityhood or the push for creating public space, there’s always been a strong grassroots effort to accomplish these things and build community on our own terms,” Brandt stated. And through the Community Center, Isla Vista is taking a step forward to define its own terms of inclusion, creativity, and diversity, inviting all who inhabit this one-square mile to unite and connect.

“We are much more powerful [together] in being able to affect change rather than if we did this work as individuals,” Collins Puente admitted. “It’s up to us.” 

“This is a temporary place for many people, but it’s a permanent place for many as well.”

# THE COFFEE SHOP THAT BROUGHT OUT THE BEST IN IV

The Identity and Community of Coffee Collaborative

WORDS // MICHELLE POLITISKI  
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // VERONICA BRUNER

**CAREFULLY POISED** between a bike shop and a sandwich place on the corner of Pardall Rd. in Isla Vista once stood a shop named Coffee Collaborative. Swathed in bright murals and adorned with creaky but well-loved wire chairs and sinkhole leather couches, the shop hosted a daily rotation of students people-watching, catching up with friends, and pretending to study. For many, Coffee Collab was a safe place; it served as a landing pad for the exhausted post-8 a.m. chem lecture students, the wistful writing majors, and those who just wanted a cup of joe in a hand-painted mug.

Come nightfall, Coffee Collab hosted lively jazz shows, open mics, and other exuberant gatherings weekly. Life at the

Collab was transient. Murals and menus changed, and the crowd fluctuated with each graduating class. If anything remained the same while the Collab was open, it was its sensitive and unrelenting charm. Conversations and laughs always flowed freely, as did the coffee.

Unfortunately for our community, Coffee Collaborative closed in the early spring of 2019 due to the death of its owner, Steve McDonough. Steve was instrumental in fostering community at the Collab. His wish for the space was totally realized in the years he owned it.

Once, during the hellish winter quarter of my freshman year, I nervously sat at the Collab with a warm mocha next to me, copying down my notes from my



Oceanography lecture that morning. It was one of my first times studying at the Collab, and I was anxious about feeling cool enough to exist there among the cigarette and hula-hoop-wielding hipsters and artists. But a man who I later discovered was Steve sat across from me at my table and inquired what I was studying for. Turns out, he knew a lot about marine biology, and delightfully chatted with me for nearly an hour about the ocean and its inhabitants before running off to the store to grab more soy milk. I knew then I would come back again and again.

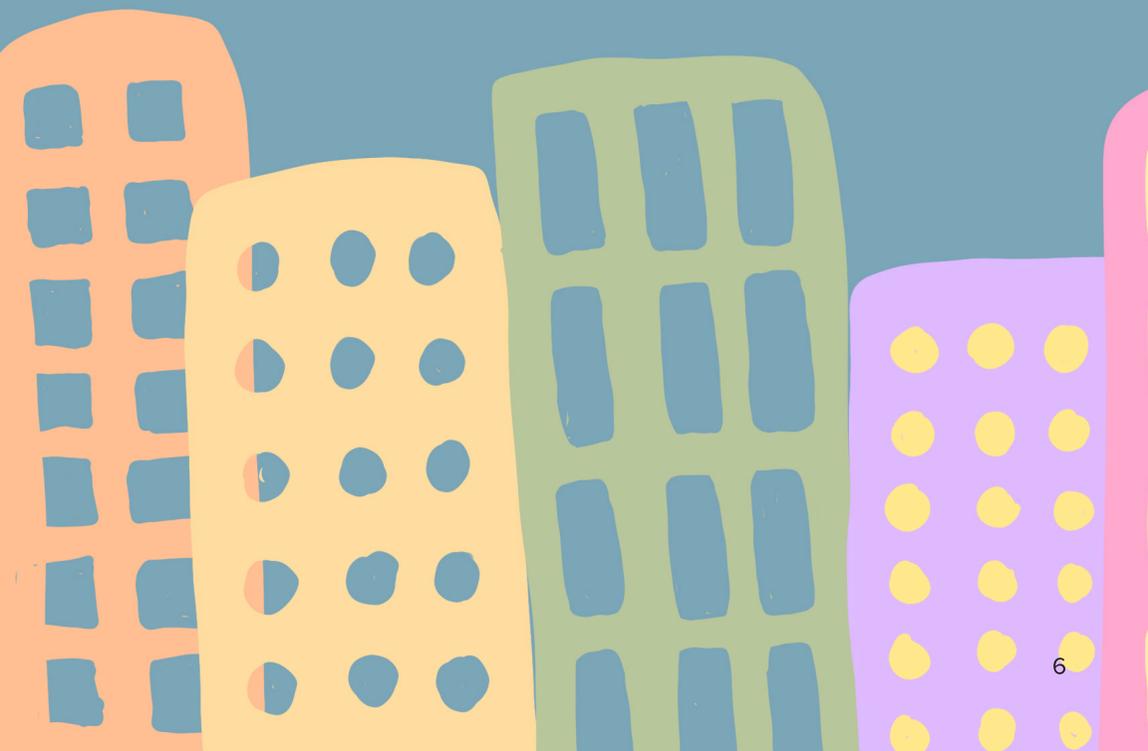
Whether regulars at the shop or infrequent visitors, most people who knew and loved the Collab have a story to tell. Kristina Ching, a second-year, told me of a time she found solace at the Collab during a bout of homesickness. Reminiscing on the open mics she would frequent back home with friends, Ching sat alone at a table during a Thursday night open mic at

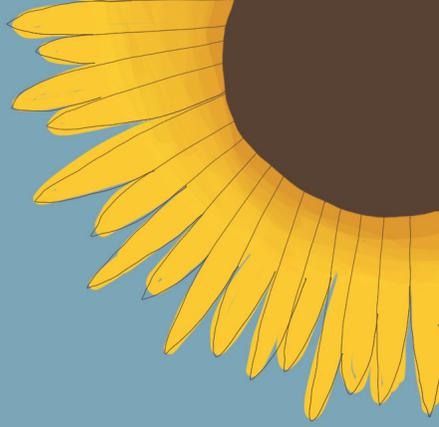
Coffee Collab. Suddenly, a man dancing to the music approached her.

“He came over and grabbed my hand and pulled me to dance with him, so now I was up there laughing and dancing, not caring about having gone by myself. I felt like I was back home with my friends with all that carelessness and joy,” she recalled. After dancing for a spell, the man joined Ching at her table for a chat.

“He started talking, not really making sense, but everything he was saying was exactly what I needed to hear that night. It was like I was meant to be there, dancing, talking, listening to this man tell me about our place in the universe.”

The magical feeling of nights at the Collab will be dearly missed. At the Collab, there were no walls between people—houseless, housed, barefoot, fully-clothed, artist, engineer. Third-year Diana Garcia fondly remembers the atmosphere that made her feel so at home.





“I miss the ‘Fucking Recycle’ raccoon. I miss the beautiful murals and the rainbow light that would come in. I miss the welcoming environment for houseless people, and the employees who would not give a fuck and were just living,” she dreamed aloud.

Coffee Collab served as not just a beautiful open space for community, but as a bustling hub of communication for anything happening on campus and in IV. Many people, including Garcia and myself, first heard of WORD Magazine from picking up a copy at the Collab.

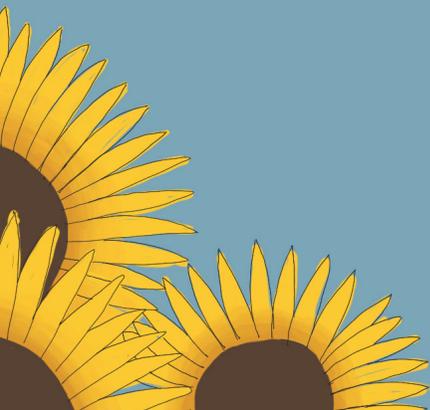
“All of the open mic nights and pop-up thrifts were announced there,” Garcia recalled. The wall next to the cash register was always pinned with flyers, announcements, poems, art, and anything else the community felt we needed to pay mind to.

**Conversations and  
laughs always flowed  
freely, as did the coffee.**

Working at Coffee Collab was a wholly unique experience, as fourth-year Mattie Jones told me in remembrance of her time there. She told me of the dedication she and her coworkers had for the shop.

“No one was watching. Everything I did—everything all of the employees did for that place—was a labor of love. I swept the floor and wiped the counters because I wanted to. I can’t even say that about my own bedroom,” she wrote to me.

Those who worked at the Collab had a unique relationship with Steve, their boss-but-not-boss. Jones told me the behind-the-scenes happenings of the shop—how the store never turned a profit, but that wasn’t Steve’s goal. He lived generously, and owning a place in which to foster community was an extension of that trait. “Steve was... brilliant. Often exceedingly drunk, but brilliant,” Jones recalled. “Profit meant nothing to him, which was lucky, because I’ve seen the numbers.



He already had money of his own, and he wasn't looking for more. A leader that lacked any real concern for finance was the only way a place like that could have existed."

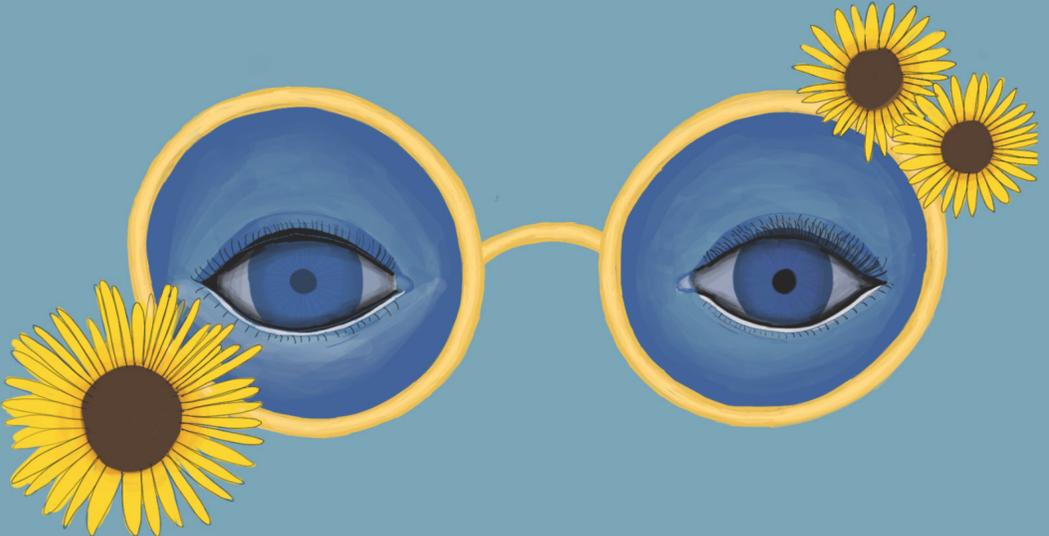
In whatever capacity visitors thought of Coffee Collab, they had to know they were encountering something very special. It's rare that we are blessed with a space like this shop; it was a space of belonging and immense understanding without regard for the material things. At the Collab, art mattered. Happiness mattered. People mattered.

The store that once was inhabited by the Collab now belongs to Campus Point Coffee, a modern and clean-slatted space

that dramatically juxtaposes the cluttered but peaceful chaos of the Collab. But no matter which businesses come and go, those who stepped foot in Coffee Collab carry a little piece of that chaos with them.

Jones left me with a comforting sentiment that I felt encapsulated what I know about Steve and his shop. This feels like the only genuine way I can find peace with the store being gone.

"Steve had a knack for surrounding himself with the insanely creative and the creatively insane," she wrote. "The most open-minded, interesting people gravitated towards him and the shop he created." **W**



“ I swept the floor and wiped the counters because I wanted to. I can't even say that about my own bedroom.”

# SAM'S TO GO? MORE LIKE... SAM'S TO STAY.

WORDS // KAYLA MATZEK PHOTOGRAPHY // GAVIN MENTZ DESIGN // THERESA PHAN



**SAM'S TO GO** was the first restaurant that fed me when I visited Isla Vista with my family back in 2016. We knew nothing of the town, but, somehow, that small sandwich shop, with its bumpin' music and groups of people standing outside, made us feel like that was the spot to be.

If you live in IV, you can probably imagine the smell of that warm ocean breeze, the fight between cars, bikes, and the 27 bus, and you might even be able to imagine this famous sandwich shop on Pardall Road. Maybe it's the aroma of warm sandwiches and fries, or the big ole Sam's To Go sign, but for most people it's the friendly face they see behind the register that makes them want to stroll inside.

After being here for a few years, I noticed a man who was always there, preparing everyone's sandwiches with a big grin on his face and talking to his customers like they had already met.

"I've been at this location since '87 so the alumni go way back. We're one of the oldest establishments in Isla Vista," said Mehrdad Homayouni, the owner of Sam's To Go. He explained the sandwich shop has been open since 1982 when its location was on Trigo Road, but it was moved to its current location five years later.

Homayouni grew up in Iran, and eventually found himself in California where he attended California State University, Chico as an Engineering major. He was working as a manager of a sandwich shop at the time when his friend asked him to help open up a business in Isla Vista. He agreed, and with one of those friends having the nickname Sam, they named the business after him.

"I love it, I've been around college kids all my life," Homayouni said as he reminisced about his 32 years working in IV. "It's a pretty small community and you know, they're kids. You have to be able to communicate with them, get along with them," he explained.

Some customers might recall the pictures hanging up next to the register, dating back to the 90's when the front of Sam's To Go looked more like the inside of a house party.

"There was a time that you had to wait half an hour to 45 minutes on the weekends just to be served," Homayouni recalled. UCSB students over the years have been taking pictures of the sandwich shop's packed interior, and giving him printed copies to keep forever. But sadly, with each new generation things don't always stay the same.

"Things changed a little bit. With the social media nowadays, people don't hang out together as much," Homayouni said. However, that energy momentarily finds its way back each year during Alumni Weekend.

"They come back to live that memory," Homayouni said pointing to one of the pictures of an Alumni Weekend from over 20 years ago. UCSB alumni not only come back for Sam's delicious sandwiches but for the sincere Isla Vista welcome Homayouni has to offer for all of his customers and friends.

"It's a very neat town, you can't find it anywhere else. That's the beauty of it," he said complimenting UCSB's college town. "My daughter went to USC, and I go over there and it's completely different. Here it's a lot more open-minded. Very smart individuals."

Homayouni is always blown away by the high energy IV's college students have to offer, all while being studious and great customers.

"Even if they party during the week they still get their work done. They're awesome," he said.

Sam's To Go seems like it will always be a part of Isla Vista's culture. From generation to generation, UCSB students will always find their way back to a fresh, tasty sandwich layered with ham, turkey, Swiss cheese, lettuce, bacon...I'm sorry, where were we?

Mehrdad Homayouni sees Isla Vista as family—a home that will always be there with new faces to meet each and every year.

"They're awesome. I really love it, I love to come to work every day," he said to me, smiling over the counter as he started making another sandwich. **W**

# THE WESHERY: BAND HOPPING IN ISLA VISTA

WORDS// ANNA BASA

ILLUSTRATION// HANNAH FORD-MONROE

**DEEP INTO A NIGHT** of stumbling in Isla Vista, you stagger back at the kick of a heavy drum and the distant shriek of an unmodulated guitar amplifier. An interlude of beach-wave punk resonates through the plagues of freshmen with a bloodlust for alcohol. The dirty indie kid in you says to follow the vibes, but the people standing in the driveway of the party, staring menacingly as they take a pull from their Juul, would reason otherwise. This is the frontline of an Isla Vista band party—meet the moth people. Like insects to a light, these people are posers who flock to places dense with noise pollution. They're not here for the music; they're standing there because they don't have any addresses for the night. Don't feel afraid! Deftly pass by and be on your way, my friend, for this is but a crowd of individuals not particularly important to the scene.

Ready your eyes as the sea of thrifted clothes reminds you that tonight, your Old Skool low-top Vans speak more about your musical awakening with Mac Demarco than they do your style. Vibe check!

Dive in. On this night, you are Drunk David: sheathe your sling and stone, and enter the mosh. Let the sugary major 7's course through your system faster than the White Claws to your blood alcohol content on a bad night in the rage cage. But be weary, for within the lawless Isla Vistan mosh lives monsters unconquered: the Shoeless Stevens, the Lecherous Lassies, the Nicotine Nevilles, the cinema crew, and of course, the untethered tenants of the house.

Understand your opponents and take a look at the band playing. How long is the lead singer's hair? Perhaps, if his hair is longer than chin length, you may want to avoid the front. In the house show, hair length is not a fashion statement: it is a summoning spell. You will find a directly proportional relationship between the lead singer's hair length and the abundance of girls wearing Dickies and Doc Martens head-bobbing where the mosh should be. If his hair is bleached—adieu, fair brother—you must concede your place in the front tonight, for this is groupie heaven.

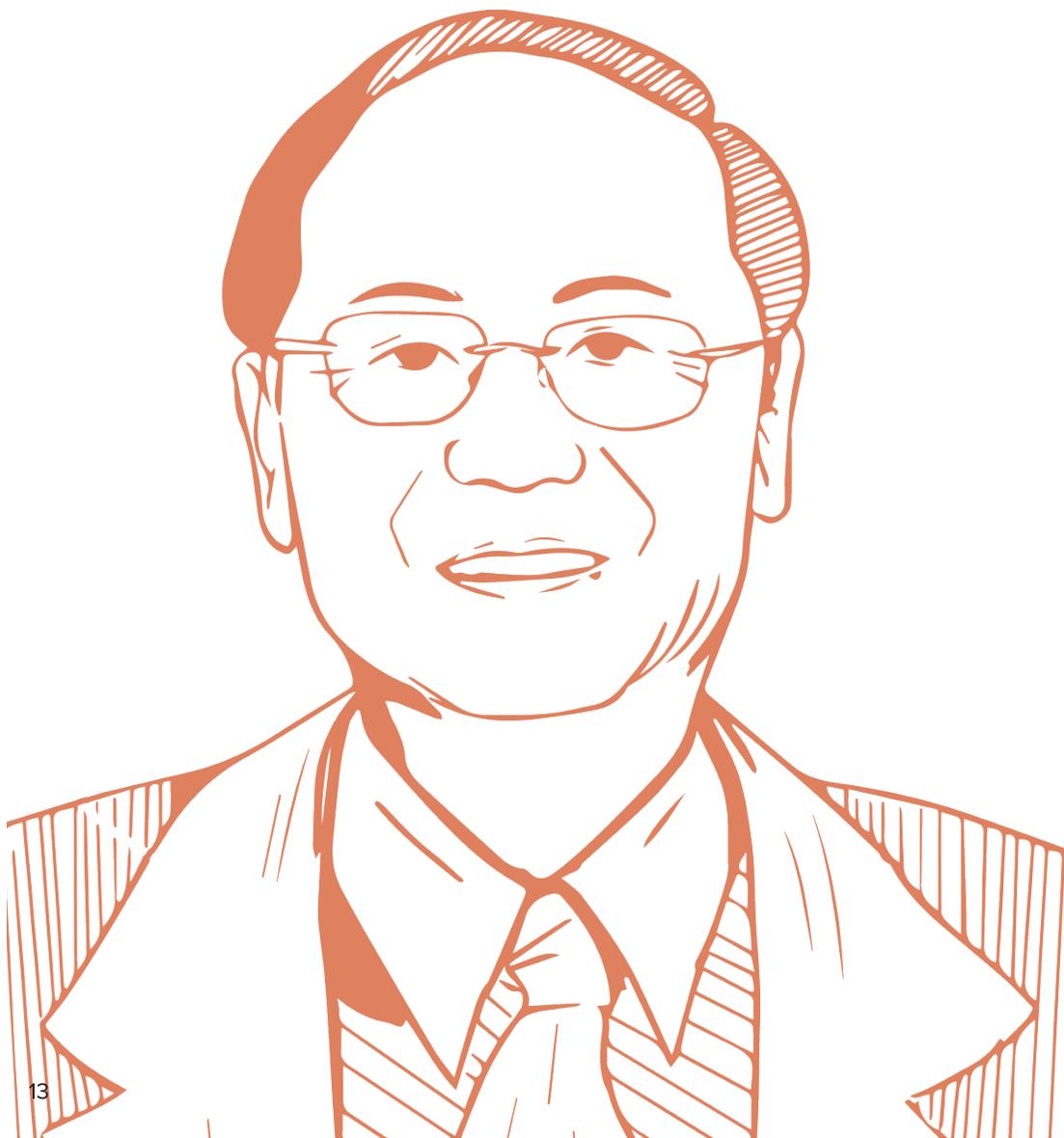
Shield your eyes or be flashed (by cameras)! In case you didn't know, this is an alternative scene and band parties are ArTsY and uNdeRgRoUnD, as these should be documented and recalled (for later Instagram clout). If there is a mosh tonight, keep your arms crossed, head up, feet readied, and mouth closed. The fungi of the smelly long-haired men of the mosh will take flight straight into your immune system if you're not careful. It's time to get aggressive, folks, but aggressive does not mean to throw out all rules of hygiene and kindness! The push of a Shoeless Steven can be strong, but nothing will throw you harder than a light wash of stinky feet. When you are knocked out by the week-old grime of Kurt Cobain incarnate, fear not, for you will be lent a hand on the way down. The fieriness of the mosh is not aimed at the eviction of the house tenants, so stop being so fucking destructive! The mosh may be primitive, but we are not barbarians! **W**



# YANG

WHO'S YOUR CHANCELLOR?

WORDS // ALEX ASGARI ILLUSTRATION // MAISON BRAY DESIGN // FRANCISCO CARDOSO



**YOU MAY HAVE SEEN HIM** walking down the corridors of Phelps Hall, snagged a selfie during Deltopia, or remember him from his commencement address. Whether you're a first-year or a graduating senior, you know about Chancellor Henry T. "Daddy" Yang. Since his appointment as the fifth Chancellor of UCSB on June 23rd, 1994, the 78-year-old Chancellor has garnered quite a reputation and overseen UCSB's rise as one of the nation's best public universities—number seven on *U.S. News & World Report*, baby!

As a transfer student, I was mystified by his fame. Why do students put stickers of his face on their laptops? Why do they share their most recent encounter with him and brag about taking a picture? Why do I constantly see memes about him on Facebook? His name was mentioned on more than one occasion during after-work pints at Woodstock's. Intrigued by his fame and curious to learn more, I took the chance to investigate when the opportunity arose.

My first step was to ask the community about him in person, so I equipped

my trusty iPad and Apple Pencil, ventured onto the Arbor, and asked, "Why is he such a meme?" Here are my findings.

"I've barely heard anything about him, but people have mentioned he cares a lot about the school," one student said.

"I think that he's a meme because he's so mysterious. Everyone talks about him but not everyone sees him. So if you do, you're like a chosen one," another chimed in.

"Why do we call him Daddy?" a student inquired. "He's the exact opposite of what a 'daddy' is. You just see him walk around the lagoon with his wife, and they're so cute. He's just so wholesome and innocent."

"I don't exactly know why he's a meme, but we call him Daddy because he's just so nurturing. He's the father of UCSB, so that's why we call him Daddy," another student resolved.

Finally, one student mused, "Regardless of what your major is, he's somebody that everybody knows. He's a unifying voice for the community."

**“Regardless of what your major is, he’s somebody that everybody knows. He’s a unifying voice for the community.”**

My next idea was a long shot, but I figured since I had nothing to lose, I'd go ahead and email the most powerful man on campus myself, seeking his perspective. To my surprise, Chancellor Yang responded.

### **How has the art of studying changed since you attended school?**

Regarding engineering, when I was a college student, I still remember using a slide rule, which we carried on our belts around campus.

I remember my first experience using the IBM 1620 computer. I remember sending my first international fax in 1985. And not until 1989 did I have the amazing experience of sending my first email and receiving an instant reply. It wasn't until the year 2000 that I first used a cell phone. My students now seem to think that cell phones and email have always existed! The technological breakthroughs over the past several decades are spurring even more advanced research and innovations at the frontiers of science and engineering.

**From your perspective, what are some of the initiatives and programs you undertook that you're the most proud of?**

My goal has always been to make UC Santa Barbara an even better place in excellence and diversity for teaching, research, and public service. It is rewarding to see that UC Santa Barbara has been moving ahead steadily in every measure of the quality and diversity of our programs, faculty, students, and staff. I would like to continue our success in raising the international stature of our campus, as well as our accessibility, affordability, and inclusiveness.

**How do you feel about the student tradition of taking selfies with you?**

Regarding selfies, a quick selfie and a little conversation give students and me happy memories of their college life. It also gives me a feeling of being closer to the real lives of our students.

**You and your wife are known as pillars in the UCSB community. How has marriage affected your role? What are Mrs. Dilling Yang's thoughts on your position as Chancellor?**

It is a privilege to serve as UC Santa Barbara's Chancellor. Dilling and I truly love this campus. Dilling is a 24/7 volunteer. We love our daily interactions with the students, faculty, and staff, and we are constantly energized and inspired by all the wonderful, creative, and innovative work being carried out here. We have purchased a meal card so we can join our students in the dining commons. We also enjoy walking around campus, on the beach, and even in Isla Vista. These walks have been a wonderful way for us to meet our students, staff, and faculty members, and to participate in the vibrant life of our campus. Every day, Dilling and I feel fortunate to be part of the UC Santa Barbara family.



I was flabbergasted talking to Chancellor Yang. It's not hard to see why he's beloved by many on campus. His enthusiasm to respond to my questions with such haste given his busy schedule made me a fast fan. I had the chance to attend the Chancellor's fall reception as well and discovered that not only is he liked by current students but by past alumni as well. I spoke to a guest who graduated in 1969 who, after recalling the riots, mentioned how lucky we were to have him. All in all, I've learned a lot over the course of this exploration but the answer to my original question can best be summed up by my favorite student response to, "Why is Chancellor Yang such a meme?"

"There's no reason," said William Gravelle. "He just is." 



**ACACIA**  
counseling and wellness

"Our mission is to provide college students a safe, supportive space in which they receive quality, long-term and consistent mental health care that is highly accessible, affordable, specialized, and culturally sensitive. We strive to provide holistic care including yoga, mindfulness/meditation, workshops, and social programming geared toward enhancing student well-being."

How to Make an Appointment:

On our website, hover over "appointment" and select the IV or Goleta Office. Then complete and submit the appointment request form and our staff will contact you within 24 hours.

Acacia Counseling and Wellness is in network with the following insurances: Anthem, Aetna, Optum and MHN (Healthnet). UCSB students can use their UCSHIP insurance but must get a referral from CAPS of Student Health.

948 Embarcadero Del Norte, Isla Vista 93117 (805) 699 - 6668

Growth Starts Here...

Make an Appointment Today!

[acaciacw.com](http://acaciacw.com)

ない

涙

now streaming @ [kcsb.org](http://kcsb.org)

**KCSB FM**  
91.9  
music · culture · news · sports

FIND OUT WHAT'S  
HAPPENING IN AND  
AROUND SANTA BARBARA



WORDS // ANDY OCHOA

PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN // THERESA PHAN

**I GREW UP** in one of the toughest neighborhoods in San Francisco, the Mission District, which is known for its vibrant culture and delicious restaurants. But in the evening, it became another place, plagued with gangs, drugs, prostitution, and robberies. In my late teens, I ran with the wrong set of people, members of the Norteno Gang, a mix of Latino and black teens. My friends and I used to make money by “pulling licks,” in other words, by committing petty robberies and selling drugs. By the time I was 17, I had been to one high school and three continuation schools. In my last continuation school, Life Learning Academy, the principal spoke on my behalf to a judge to get me out of a petty robbery charge. Initially, I’d been charged with a felony. After she spoke, the charge was reduced to a misdemeanor. As a punishment, I was given community service. That way my record would remain clean. Not everybody was as lucky as I was

to have a principal who fought in court for her students. In fact, many of my friends and family members went to juvenile early in their life for petty crimes, and now they’re in for more serious reasons. Most are locked up for a decade at least.

I had so many examples in my life of people who had made the wrong decisions. One of them was my cousin, whose steps I was following, because I thought he was cool. He had the girls, the clothes, and a nice car. However, once he was sentenced to prison for attempted murder, I knew this was not the life for me.

Thankfully, I had people pulling me away from that life. I had my principal, Teri Delane, and I also had my mother. Even though she was working two jobs, she always tried to push me in the right direction by giving me her love and support. This made me not want to disappoint her or make her cry any more, as I had done in the past due to my reckless decisions. I did not want to be a



statistic; I did not want to be trapped in a city where I was given limited options because of my race and my background. That's when I started to pay attention to the United States Army and Marine Corps commercials with the slogans, "The few the brave," and, "Army Strong." Hearing those words infused back into my veins, the oxygen that the ruthless gang environment had sucked out of me. Those words gave me hope. They made me believe I could do something meaningful and that I could be helpful to others. I saw what I could become and what I could learn from joining the military—discipline, leadership skills, and teamwork—in order to help the weak or the less fortunate.

When I turned eighteen, I went to talk to the Marine Corps recruiter. I wanted the challenge and to be a part of the few elite soldiers. However, once I was evaluated, I was told I could not join because my continuation school was not on par with a regular high school. In addition, the tattoo

on my wrist was against regulations and it was grounds for automatic disqualification from enlisting with them. Disheartened, I was approached by the Army recruiters, who told me about their GED Program and how they could get me in right away. I so badly wanted to leave poverty and violence that I had grown accustomed to, and so, within two weeks, I had completed the paperwork and had been assigned a date for departure—August 8, 2010 to Fort Jackson, South Carolina. **W**

#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR:**

Andy Ochoa spent six years in the US Army as an Automated Logistics Specialist. He was based out of Joint Base McGuire-Dix-Lakehurst, and deployed to Afghanistan from 2013-2014. His enlistment ended in 2016. He is currently finishing up his last year at UCSB and is going to graduate in 2020 with a BA in History of Public Policy and Law.





# SMALL TOWN, SMALL WAVES:

Dropping in on  
IV's Surf Community

WORDS // DANIELA SCHWARTZ  
PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN //  
MOLLY CUNNINGHAM

**“WAKE UP,”** I mutter at my roommates. It’s barely 8 a.m., but no one objects. Surfable waves require very few alarms to get our attention. After a couple sips of coffee and a half-asleep conversation, we wiggle on our wetsuits, grab our boards and peddle towards Devereux (Devs).

Outside, it looks like a typical Isla Vista morning. The sun is out and the dew is already burning off various surfaces. Some other surfers bike down Del Playa. The waves look typical—maybe two feet high at best. At least winter swells are coming. I lock my bike, follow my friends down the cliff trail, and hop onto my board: it’s time to surf.

On the water, I’m greeted by some other friendly faces. Rebecca paddles towards me on her newly acquired single-fin longboard.

“You have class?” she asks. “Yup, you?” I smirk, and we laugh at ourselves. There’s an unspoken understanding that sometimes waves are more important than lectures.

Our conversation is cut short when we see the approaching wave. I listen for the green light. “Party wave!” shouts Hali. Soon enough, the four of us friends are gleaming at one another as we cruise down the face of the wave. As corny as it might seem, the feeling of sharing waves with friends makes early morning rises an unquestionable choice.

I paddle back to my spot on the lineup and watch someone by the rocky point drop into a peeling right. He steps effortlessly to the nose of his board, then quickly tiptoes back. He looks familiar. Have I seen him surf before? After brief, awkward eye contact, I recall where I’ve seen him. We’re in a club together.

“Do I know you?” I hear him ask.

“Yeah, I think so. What’s your name again?” I respond shyly.

My new friend and I sit in serene silence watching the other surfers glide by.

The water is calm. Isla Vista is still asleep, recovering from whatever crazy antics took place the night before. A couple of retired SUPers are catching gentle waves before more students swarm the lineup.

With over 23,000 people in Isla Vista, it’s funny how often I find myself surrounded by familiar people on the water—there’s at most two degrees of separation. At first, it felt like a coincidental pattern, but I’ve begun to realize it’s not. The shared passion and persistence becomes obvious as one spends more time on the water. And eventually I noticed that those brief conversations while surfing turn into friendships. It’s how I, and many other surfers, have found our best friends.

Yet, bonding with friendly, familiar faces on the water is only half of the Isla Vista surf experience. The other half more commonly takes place on sunny and slow weekends. The calm, peaceful sanctuary that once was Devs, transforms into a rambunctious and colorful scene. A big and welcoming community now occupies the break.

Wavestorms and neon soft-top boards stampede the lineup. Each wave-rider—experienced, kooky, familiar-looking or unknown—receives a hurrah after their ride. The stoke is abundant as every wave becomes a party wave. Watching the spectacle is almost as fun as being in it. A board bounces into the air and another one collides into the third, yet somehow one surfer manages to dodge the chaos and ride the wave to shore. No one minds the blunders; it is simply about enjoying the luxury of school by the sea.

It is the unique overlap of this fun, unruly and tight-knit community that makes Isla Vista’s surf scene so special. The infrequent and frequent surfers both play a crucial role in defining the community. No matter who, when, or what the conditions, someone will always be surfing: that’s Isla Vista. **W**

WORD'S

# Community Playlist

Illustration //  
THERESA PANN  
+  
PROBE JIN



Stepping  
OUT ON THE  
**MOON**  
BACK HOME,  
WHERE WE'RE  
FROM

THE MEANING OF THE WORLD

LIES

**OUTSIDE**  
THE WORLD...

people  
ALL OVER THE  
world  
**JOIN  
HANDS**





YOU HAVE LOTS OF DREAMS

THERE'S A ROOM WHERE THE

Light WON'T FIND YOU...



AS YOU KNOW

THROUGH MY RUNNING MINDS



BIDE MY TIME BY THE

OCEAN



I'M DOWN BY THE

BEACH

# EATING ISLA VISTA

## How IV Chefs Make Money Cooking Up Love

WORDS // TORI KACHAGINA  
PHOTOGRAPHY // FRANCISCO CARDOSO  
DESIGN + ILLUSTRATION // RACHEL SMITH

**I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU**, but I have these deep hunger moments—often. After a long day on campus, all I want is to come home and prepare dinner to compensate for the cold turkey wrap I gulped down earlier. I imagine making a crunchy kale salad with balsamic vinaigrette and a side of pasta. In reality, though, I'll munch whatever I can find: chips, crackers, and maybe days-old hummus.

It's one of those things every college student needs to get used to—never enough time, ingredients, or opportunity to make good food after a bad day. However, on “Free & For Sale”, a Facebook marketplace run by UCSB students, one can find and purchase many kinds of temporary salvation, including warm, delicious food.

I posted on “Free & For Sale” and asked students and members of the Isla Vista community about individuals offering to prepare meals for others and, let me tell you, there are chefs in IV willing to cook for you, so you never have to meal-prep again.

Nicole Truong, a graduated Sociology major decided to start posting on the page to promote her cooking business as the new school year started. She believes students want affordable meals and because cooking is her hobby, she took the chance to try and make some cash, while doing something she loves.

In addition to her posts, Nicole uses her Instagram @foodforthoughts, where she posts about the types of meals she makes. She sells dishes ranging from ten to twelve dollars, but her most popular dish is her famous Shrimp Boil with fresh corn and andouille sausage. So far, she has been enjoying her experience.

Ash Eiseman, a graduated Mathematics major, began their cooking endeavor during Fall 2015 when they were studying with a friend, who kept taking breaks to buy food. Ash desperately needed to study, so they offered to cook for their friend and formed a cooperative: they made their friend meals in exchange for a study session. Shortly, their friend began paying Ash for their dishes, which became so popular among their friend group that others began paying money or offering services, like delivering food in exchange for meals. Their friends began advertising their dishes on Facebook and soon enough, regular customers subscribed to their deals.

Ash went through their first two years of college skipping meals due to their schedule. “It was impacting my brain capacity to think or even learn,” they said. They started to cook and called their meals “brain food” as a result of discovering they needed to nourish themselves.

During this time, Ash was also in recovery from an eating disorder. When they cooked for others to purchase,



they also cooked enough for themselves. “I created this external accountability for myself...[cooking] really helped me,” they said.

Ash created mini meals for themselves and their customers—useful for students who wanted quick pick-me-ups during the day. These meals were priced at \$3, and Ash’s customers often ordered a three-course meal with delivery included. They featured a green smoothie, a starchy component like risotto or pasta, and an energy bar for dessert.

When asked what was their customers’ favorite meal, Ash laughed and described their green smoothie with oatmeal, spirulina, fruit, and orange juice that resembled a “gross green sludge,” which ultimately made them famous. Although Ash no longer sells meals, they still enjoy cooking for their housemates.

Another IV chef, Kimia Hadidi, a fourth-year Political Science major, started baking vegan chocolate chip cookies as a side hustle because she was strapped for cash. She initially used Twitter as a way to get customers, but now she is expanding to “Free & For Sale.”

Her business is called “Kimia’s Bitchin’ Kitchen” and the cookies I bought from her were truly bitchin’. Kimia’s face lit up when I asked what made her cookies so popular, since she

bakes about 70 cookies in preparation for the upcoming week’s customers.

“It’s quality, and I know their quality. I pack in the chocolate chips,” she said.

Kimia expresses baking has become something more than her Sunday night business. “Doing something that brings you joy is important...if you know you have the talent or just the passion, trust yourself that you can do it...it will be therapeutic for you and you can get a little money on the side.”

So, to my fellow Isla Vistas, on the days you’re too busy to cook, rest assured: there is someone out there willing to make you a meal! **W**



Kimia Hadidi





# Ash's Black Bean Hash

Time: 30-45 minutes  
Servings: about 6-10  
Great for leftovers!



Ash Eiseman



## INGREDIENTS

- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 large bell pepper, cut into large pieces
- Hot chilis, sliced into small pieces as desired (including but not limited to jalapeño, serrano, habanero, etc.)
- 1-2 large sweet potatoes, cut into small pieces
- Minced garlic, to taste
- 2-4 fresh tomatoes, diced
- 1 can of corn
- 2-3 cans of black beans
- Salt, pepper and cumin, to taste
- Cooking oil



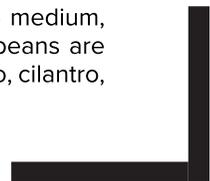
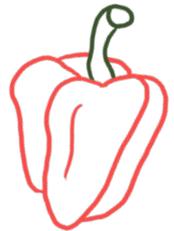
## EXTRAS

- Corn tortillas
- Avocado
- Cilantro
- Lime



## INSTRUCTIONS

Heat the onions over medium-high heat in a pan with oil. Cover with a lid. Add black pepper to taste and a sprinkle of salt. Slowly stir the onions. Add sweet potatoes to the pan and reduce the heat to medium. Keep covered. Add bell peppers and chilis to the pan. Stir frequently. Once the veggies soften, add the minced garlic and cumin. Reduce the heat to low, stirring frequently. Once the garlic has browned, add the tomatoes and cover. Drain the corn and beans. Once the tomatoes soften, add the corn and beans to the pan. Increase the heat to medium, stir to combine the ingredients. Once the corn and beans are hot, it's finished! Serve with fried corn tortillas, avocado, cilantro, and lime.



# MAGIC LANTERN

Isla Vista Theater  
 Friday and Monday  
 7 p.m. and 10 p.m.  
**Always \$4**



**The Lighthouse**  
 Jan 17-20

**Harriett**  
 Feb 7-10

**Parasite**  
 Feb 21-24

**Terminator: Dark Fate**  
 Jan 24-27

**Rocky Horror  
 Picture Show**  
 @Midnight  
 Feb 14

**Uncut Gems**  
 Feb 28-Mar 2

**Jojo Rabbit**  
 Jan 31-Feb 2

**Ford vs. Ferrari**  
 Feb 17

**Frozen II**      **1917**  
 Mar 6-9      Mar 13

yes, we accept:  
**cali fresh**  
 BETTER FOOD FOR BETTER LIVING

**Bulk**

**Produce**

**Grocery**

**Deli**

community-owned grocery  
**isla vista FOOD CO-OP**  
 open to everyone solar-powered

**no ownership needed to shop!**

**Show This Coupon for \$2 off \$10+**  
 on your next co-op shopping trip

only 1 NYC coupon per purchase. can only be redeemed once. cannot be combined with other co-op coupons.

f @ @islavistafoodcoop X 6575 Seville Rd, Isla Vista X open 8am -10pm X

# AROUND TOWN

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // PHOEBE JIN

## **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 & 10 p.m. in IV Theater. Only \$4.

[facebook.com/MagicLanternFilmsIV](https://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, 8 p.m. in Embarcadero Hall.

Only \$3.

[facebook.com/ucsbimprovability](https://facebook.com/ucsbimprovability)

## **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](http://aspb.as.ucsb.edu)

## **The 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.

[mcc.sa.ucsb.edu](http://mcc.sa.ucsb.edu)

## **Be the Producer**

Need advice on producing your own show or performance in the wilds of Isla Vista? Anna Jensen, the director of Isla Vista Arts, will happily help.

Anna Jensen at [akjensen@ihc.ucsb.edu](mailto:akjensen@ihc.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.

[theaterdance.ucsb.edu](http://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! Email the IV Arts Assistant for more information.

Andy Ochoa at [ivarts@ihc.ucsb.edu](mailto:ivarts@ihc.ucsb.edu)

### **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.

[facebook.com/JJCIslaVista](https://facebook.com/JJCIslaVista)

### **Laughology**

Live stand-up comedy shows. Past comics include Vincent Oshana, Rory Scovel, and Andy Hendrickson. Always funny, always free, most Saturdays at 8 p.m. in Embarcadero Hall.

[facebook.com/ucsblaugh](https://facebook.com/ucsblaugh)

### **Biko Garage**

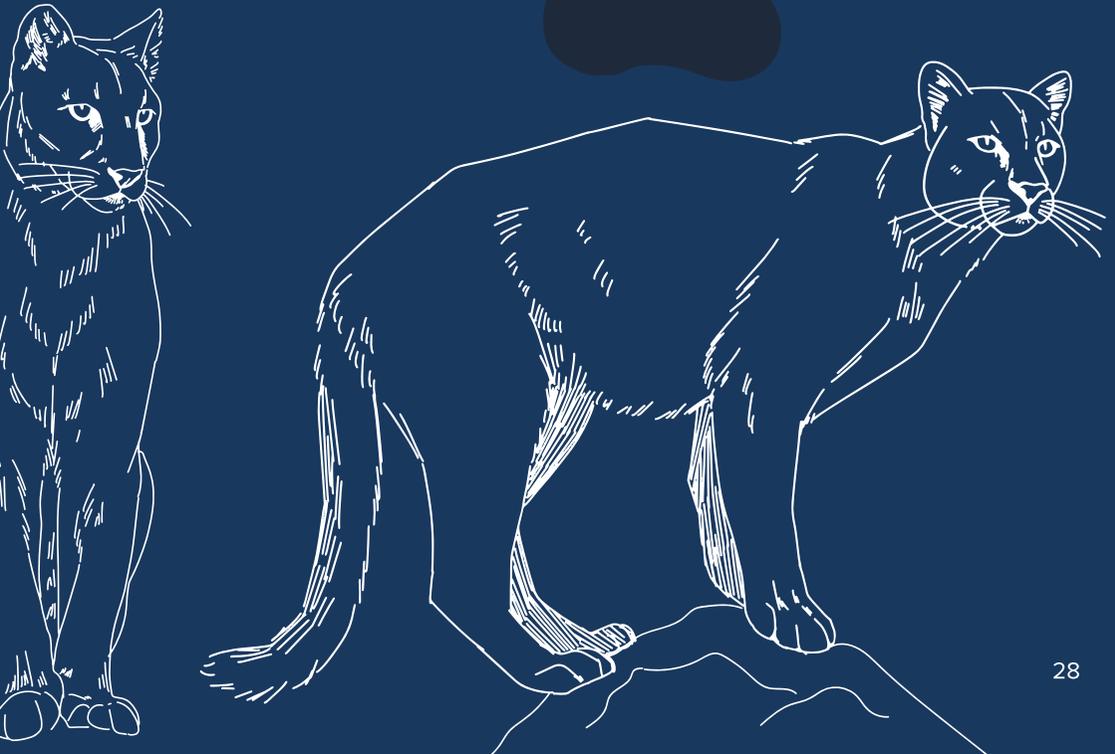
Local bands, famous bands. Bands, bands, bands. Keep your finger on the beat at their facebook page.

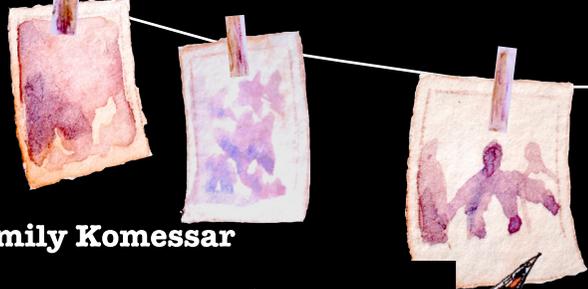
[facebook.com/BikoGarage](https://facebook.com/BikoGarage)

### **Shakespeare in the Park**

Our performances bring a modern twist on Shakespeare to the heart of Isla Vista's Anisq'Oyo' Park with free, family-friendly productions. Check the Isla Vista Arts website for show dates this spring! Bring a blanket, bring a friend. Free!

[ihc.ucsb.edu/ivarts](http://ihc.ucsb.edu/ivarts)





# POETRY COLLAGE

illustration + design // Emily Komessar

(for wallflowers, lovesick dreamers,  
the pained and afraid)

“my advice to you is,  
please don’t ever sit in your room and lock yourself away  
because you don’t think you’re good enough.”

(Catherine Tate)

You, with all your flaws, are worth no less than the scarred people  
and tattered things you hold softly in your heart  
and fall in love with.

you warrant the space you take just by existing.  
you warrant the heart that feels as it beats.

“You cannot find peace by avoiding life.” (Virginia Woolf)

Some days are bleak and painful, and it is easier to remain buried in  
yourself, or rutted along the course of what has become comfortable,  
but “the saddest word

in the whole

wide world is

the word

almost.”

(Nikita Gill)

Almost loves, unspoken words, all those things  
you longed for

and let go of when you were at the cusp.

Your life should not be an almost.

“You owe it to yourself to become everything you’ve ever dreamed of  
being,” (the better man project)

or at least to say fuck it and bask in the attempt,  
and know  
you did not waste or wither some part of you.

“You may not control all the events that happen to you,  
but you can decide not to be reduced by them.”

(Maya Angelou)

“remember

remember,

remember,

this is now, and now, and now.

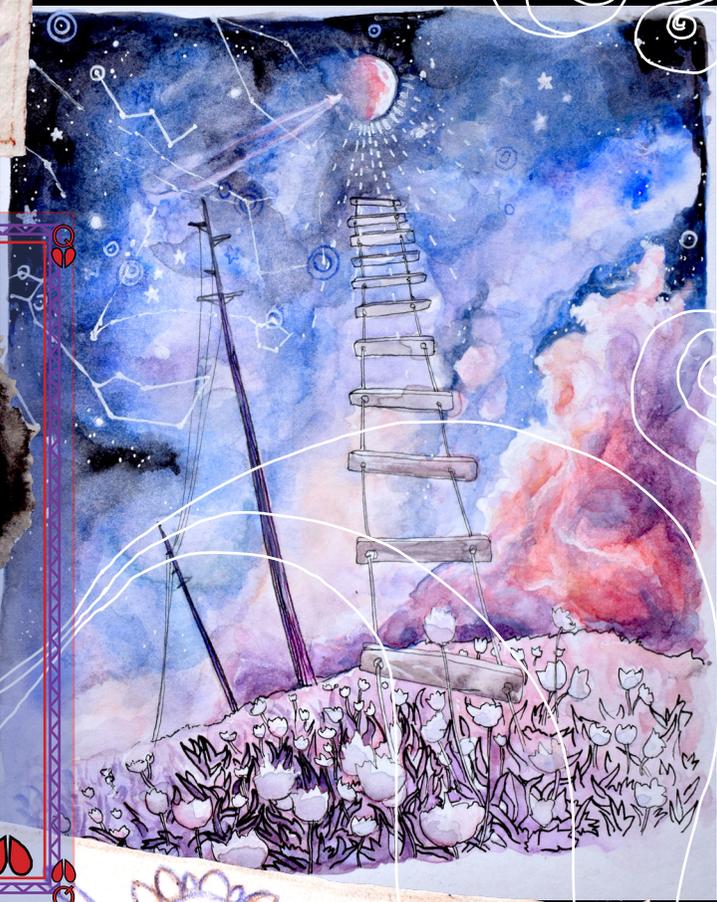
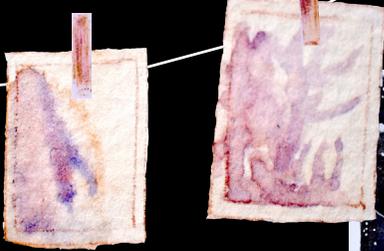
live it, feel it, cling to it.”

(Sylvia Plath)

“everything that happens is from now on.”

(Bon Iver)





"So much is happening, be open to the good."

(e. e. cummings)

"because burying yourself in something beautiful that exists beyond who you are is sometimes the only way

to find comfort in the miracle of BEING." (Jenny Yu)

"in all the falling. Flawing. Failing. there is the grace of learning,

an old life for a new.

of shedding

let a new life happen to you." (Nayyirah Waheed)

"We are here to laugh at the odds

and live our lives so well that Death will tremble to take us." (Charles Bukowski)

"You still have a lot of time to make yourself be what you want." (s. e. hinton)

"You can't go back and change the beginning but you can start where you are

& change the ending." (C.S. Lewis)

neoh

# EDM, A POSSIBLE GEM?

## LET'S GIVE EDM A CHANCE, GUYS

WORDS // LINDA CHONG  
ILLUSTRATION // MOLLY CUNNINGHAM  
DESIGN // ANNA MONZON

**WHEN PEOPLE ENCOUNTER** the topic of EDM, generally, there are two main responses. Aside from those who are clueless, the common response is an obvious repulsion, possibly attributed to the trauma of neighbors with aggressively loud speakers. The second response is an immediate smile that seems to reminisce upon swaying happily with rave baes, covered in Kandi bracelets. All these responses are acceptable, and there's no shame in liking or disliking EDM; but personally, I used to hate EDM.

Before I dive into this controversial opinion, let's define what EDM is. EDM stands for Electronic Dance Music, and it usually consists of repetitive beats and many build-ups and drops; think of artists like Illenium and Slander. This genre is the mixing pot of older genres, starting from disco, synth-pop, punk, techno-pop, with a final dash of today's culture. EDM is usually played in clubs and festivals, but most commonly in raves. What's a rave, you might ask? Raves are EDM concerts.

Before my enlightenment, EDM was not appealing because of the contexts in which I heard it. This is usually the case for people that hate EDM like I did.

Sometimes it's the neighbors playing EDM until dawn, making sure your bed bounces to the beat. Sometimes it's the car filled with half-naked ABGs that shake the entire road. Usually, it's the shirtless frat house next-door asserting manhood by throwing dice to the beat downing Natty Lights. EDM's reputation was ruined for me and many others by certain obnoxious people, making it an overall underrated music genre. I understand my experience may be an unfair way to judge a whole music genre but hey, brains just make associations like that (see classical conditioning).

You might say I'm making an unfair claim because I didn't give EDM a try. Wrong. I did try. I sat in my room with my little JBL speaker, blasting whatever house music I Shazamed from the next-door frat house. It gave me no joy, but it did give me temporary hearing loss.

So how did the conversion happen? How did I go from a hater to an EDM advocator?

It all started when my best friend, Sofia, decided to go to a rave. This sounds like she went to some concert or party, but raves are so much more than that. Aside from the small ornaments such as



exchanging kaleidoscope glasses and the notorious fishnet outfits, a rave is an overall experience with music and people. All those who have gone to a rave can attest to this: it's an adventure.

When Sofia came back, many things were different about her. I wouldn't say she's a different person, because she's the same girl that loves to eat and laugh with me. But when she came back, she was in love with EDM, and she had an appreciation for community that not only gave her closer friendships but also more confidence in herself. She was so ecstatic about her encounter with people that cared for her and the overall vibe of love she felt in the rave, she vowed to take me as well.

After hearing all about this love atmosphere, how is anyone not down? I told her I was willing to go, and I began to prep myself with her assistance. Among the preparations, Sofia sent me EDM songs that would prime me for the rave. When given these selections, I hesitated. What if they were the same songs that I despised listening from other people's backyards? What if I was preparing myself for a concert that I wouldn't even enjoy?

The first song she played was "First Time" by Seven Lions, Slander, and Dabin, featuring Dylan Matthews. Let me just say, this song makes you want to sway with a bae. I want to scream this song with all my girlfriends in a car on our way to get boba. This song makes me want to serenade my future boyfriend, who I imagine is 6'4" and loves buying me food.

I cannot view EDM the same way anymore. There's definitely bad EDM. Let's be real—that's every genre. There's bad rap and there's bad K-pop, but there's also really good rap and really good K-pop. And with that in mind, I feel like people, myself included, should keep an open mind. The EDM community welcomes you with open arms, because EDM is a genre about feeling. So try to find someone that enjoys the genre and take some recommendations, pizza and close friends, because EDM is a genre that holds an entire community behind it. The point is: EDM is now an emotional experience for me, not an annoying one, and all it took was my best friend wanting to take me to a rave. 🎧

Song Recommendations:

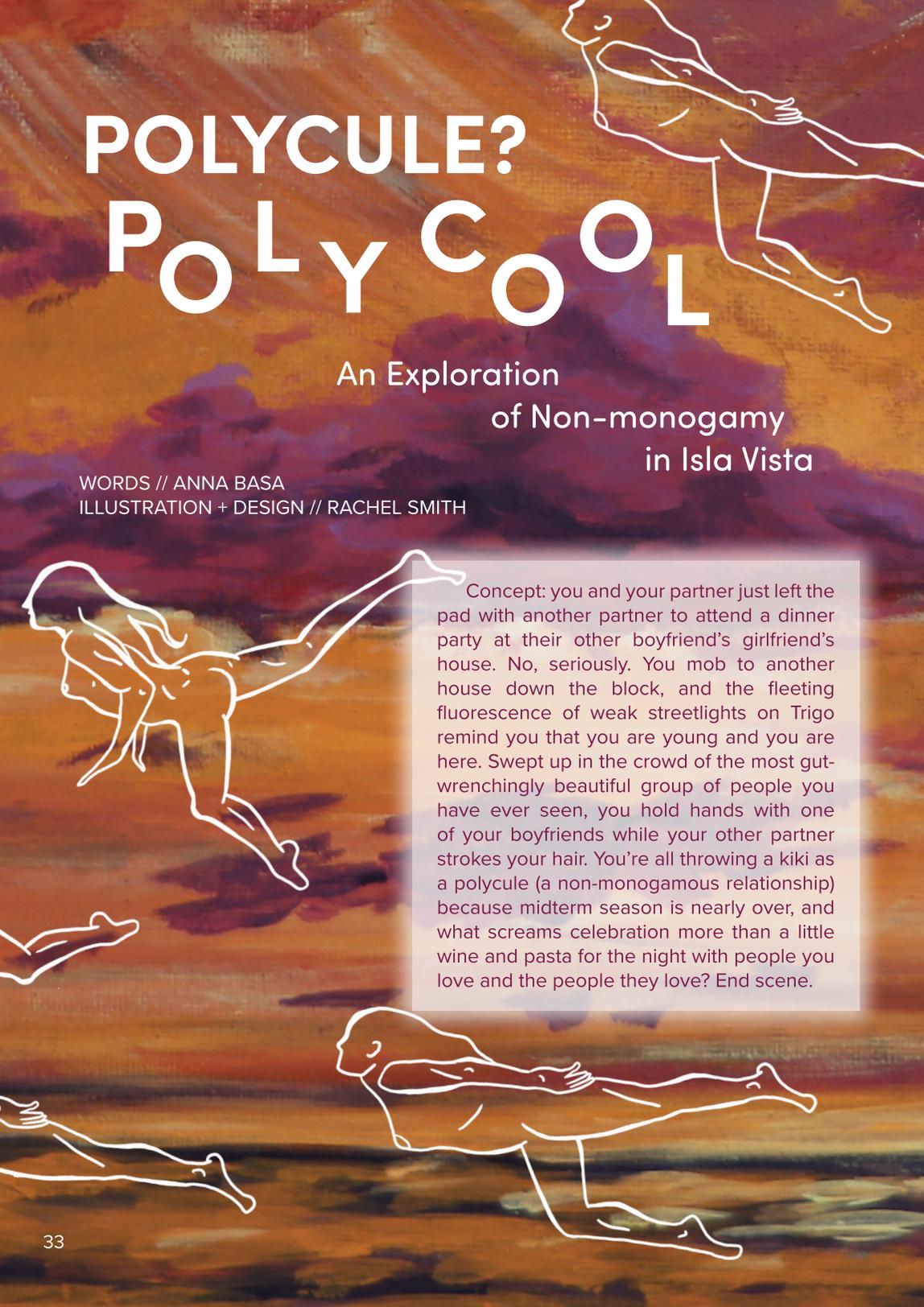


# POLYCULE? POLYCOOL

## An Exploration of Non-monogamy in Isla Vista

WORDS // ANNA BASA

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // RACHEL SMITH



Concept: you and your partner just left the pad with another partner to attend a dinner party at their other boyfriend's girlfriend's house. No, seriously. You mob to another house down the block, and the fleeting fluorescence of weak streetlights on Trigo remind you that you are young and you are here. Swept up in the crowd of the most gut-wrenchingly beautiful group of people you have ever seen, you hold hands with one of your boyfriends while your other partner strokes your hair. You're all throwing a kiki as a polycule (a non-monogamous relationship) because midterm season is nearly over, and what screams celebration more than a little wine and pasta for the night with people you love and the people they love? End scene.



**HARD TO VISUALIZE?** Well, fuck yeah it is. This scenario requires that the reader understand the concept of polyamory. No one speaks casually about non-monogamy. It is left out of discourses about love, relationships, and especially identity. The prefix poly- is derived from Ancient Greek meaning “many,” and -amorous from Middle English means “strong feelings of love.” Perhaps this in itself most easily encapsulates the essence of polyamory, the ability to have love for multiple people.

The only story of polyamory, deridingly told to the American audience, is that of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Even that church now considers polygamy (marriage to multiple partners) antiquated and tells cautionary tales of a time when it was accepted. The social attitude toward non-monogamy continues to connote a certain condescension and promotes sex-negative behavior. People who identify as polyamorous and non-monogamous are met with misplaced disdain meant to be directed toward a practice synonymous with outdated, misogynistic religious practices and scorn for sexual promiscuity.

But at such an integral point in our lives and at a time where sexual exploration and relationship construction seem vital to our comings of age, this socialization is limiting. How do polyamorous and non-monogamous people exist in

spite of such a social standard?

As rational creatures, we adhere to social norms that have been prescribed to us by our culture. In our current age, that culture is a cisgendered, heteronormative, and monogamous-minded majority. A common denominator of struggle between many non-monogamous folks is the lack of representation and visibility in their lifestyles and identities. Because non-monogamy is not always an easily understood characteristic of polyamorous folks’ identities, it seems that exploring aspects of their fluidity elsewhere has helped in fostering and solidifying their identity as non-monogamous.

Eli Diaz, a second-year, who identifies as polyamorous/non-monogamous and bisexual, finds comfort in his identity within the queer community. Feeling liberated by the sex positivity and virtues of open acceptance within this support system, he discovered new parts of himself. Having seen other people so comfortable in their element of polyamory and queerness, Eli says he was finally able to piece together the complicated feelings he had towards being attracted to multiple people.

He said, “I like this person and I like this person and I want both of them. But just because I am talking to both doesn’t mean I will be any less attracted to the other person. I like them for two completely separate reasons and they don’t have to exist mutually exclusive of each other.”

Monogamy is taught. Sex negativity is worked into the subtext of our speech, our institutions of marriage, and our expressions of promiscuity. There is nothing wrong with feelings of attraction toward multiple people.

Lauren, a third-year who identifies as non-monogamous and pansexual, also felt that their open-mindedness toward a relationship with their partner, who has other partners, was rooted in their fluid gender expression.

"I feel so much more happy being visibly queer and I think that's a part of what has made me feel a lot more comfortable with expressing myself," they stated.

At the intersection of all non-conforming acts lies a quiet declaration of freedom from the pressures of propriety. As Lauren says, "There is power in not living your life by rigid societal roles."

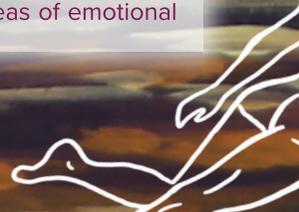
The reclamation of your individuality as an autonomous human comes from the wholesale rejection of social norms. Lauren explains, "My identities interplay and they reinforce each other. I am a fluid person and I don't have a set gender and I am pansexual and I don't have one set partner. As humans, we don't have to have a specific designation for anything, and hey, it's fine!"

While there isn't a large community in IV exclusively composed for polyamorous folks, finding a home among the people you laugh with, the people you have sex with, and the people you fall in love with is just as fulfilling. Polyamory cannot be



universally defined, nor should it be. Because there is no set look, gender, sexuality, or race, the identity in itself is rather open to interpretation and many people find solidarity in the fluidity of it. Traversing relationships should be an experience that brings us closer to understanding ourselves. Love is organic and cannot be quantified using units of measurement or convention. Therefore, the relationships we are having should not be dictated by any institutionalized standards.

As an experience, polyamory is the practice of loving multiple people. But as a facet of personal identity, polyamory becomes a dive into the uncharted seas of emotional





maturity and individual values. Initial apprehension toward non-monogamy is common given our social programming. It completely upsets the rules that we have placed on ourselves that create order within the chaos of existence.

But do not treat this symptom of normativity as inherent to our humanity. What is most damning in any relationship, even in college, is not the inability to commit—rather, it is the inability to see with emotional clarity. There is no perfect solution to all of the tribulations that surface from relationships, which is why we must figure out what we can do for ourselves and our partners to make us better understood.

Polyamory and non-monogamy subvert many traditions of love that can and most likely will make you uncomfortable. That's okay. Find solace in the ambiguity and nonlinearity of life. We need not subscribe ourselves to a monogamist sophism wherein our limitless amounts of love are confined to a singular person. In the grand spectrum of an ill-defined journey into young adulthood, we can seize the opportunity to challenge the classifications that have been handed to us. We cannot resolve the uncertainty that comes with existence, but we can love freely until we come to our senses about what makes us feel right. **W**

# **DECONSTRUCTING AN**

**A**

**B**

**G**

WHY I STILL  
STRUGGLE TO FIND  
ASIAN FEMALE  
SOLIDARITY



**EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW** that it stands for “aznbbygirl,” you know her when you see her. “Oh, that’s an ABG.”

She’s probably ethnically East Asian but raised in Orange County or the Bay. She can most commonly be spotted stumbling down DP on the weekends or otherwise Juuling on her way to class. Her bleached blonde hair hangs past her pockets, and you always catch yourself wondering how she woke up early enough to put on false eyelashes AND colored contacts for your 8 a.m. together. When the icebreakers start, she chatters about the last rave she attended with her sorority sisters, her acrylic nails clacking for emphasis.

Fascinated by this specimen, you stalk her on social media later only to find that all of her photos are overlaid with the Snapchat dog filter. You learn her most recent tattoo is a dagger on her wrist, and her blood type is watermelon milk tea, with boba, of course! *Nani* the fuck?

The original, “official” Urban Dictionary term, ABG, refers to an Asian gangster girl who isn’t afraid to jump you, but she’s evolved within the last few years to include Asian Baby Boys and a new aesthetic. She is both a visual model and persona who evokes a clear move away from the stifling model minority trope that persuades Asian Americans to quietly choose doctor, lawyer, or engineer. What I struggle to grapple with is whether this move away continues to divide the Pan Asian community through its exclusivity.

When I moved to California, an ABG was all I aspired to become. I was struck by the sheer number of other Asians, so confident in the spaces they moved and presented in. I had grown up in Missouri as the sole Chinese American in my school district—the one with the smelly leftovers for lunch and supplemental math workbooks.

My parents grew up during the Cultural Revolution and enjoyed dressing me like a trucker boy (which I reclaim nowadays).



The only times I wore a dress were for piano recitals and Halloween, where my *qipao* doubled as my “China girl” costume. But I was never feminine, pale-skinned, dark-haired, or thin enough to take pride in my appearance. When my classmates called me flat-face or ch\*nk, my mother would emphatically comfort me over our *hong shao rou*: “Your double eyelids will come in your twenties.” They didn’t.

To me, becoming an ABG was synonymous with reclaiming these western beauty standards weaponized against me. It was an act of power, where I could find pleasure in the shame that both my family and media representation of Asian womxn continuously made me feel—at once the sexless nerd and the hypersexualized martial arts mean girl which, I would later learn, are both historically rooted in Orientalism.

I was happy to see contemporary Hollywood producers agree with me; Asian girls deserve hot Asian billionaires too. (See: *Crazy Rich Asians*). We were glamorous on our own terms.

So I switched from brow pencil to pomade and partied, dutifully, every weekend of my first year in Isla Vista. I would borrow my roommate’s crop tops and fiend for enough white-boy dick to validate something they could not mend. I dreamed of an alternate reality where I hadn’t chopped my hair into a bob the summer after high school in a craze to



start fresh. I remember feeling mortified when my suitemate told me I dressed like a “mom,” like I had failed my ABG initiation. I hadn’t been good enough to look beautiful in my midwestern foreignness, and now I couldn’t afford to change that.

Even as I’m entering my third year at UCSB, my style, social, and gender expression remain in flux. I still see issues within our larger institution, our history, and our representation as Asian womxn. I feel more gender non-conforming, but my race feels as though it will always precede me. The idea of an ABG has now been memed, capitalized upon, and largely expected, so its simultaneous appeal and lack thereof never truly escape me.

I turned to my Instagram followers and asked them in a poll how it felt to be called an ABG, whether they identified with it or not, and how it felt hearing the term used as a non-Asian female. I was partially right about the appeal; many girls increasingly identify with the word and appreciate podcasts such as Asian Boss Girl that work to subvert any negativity.

However, more ABGs and non-ABGs alike feel similarly to user @tazsuri, who

is “still confused as to whether ABG is a positive or negative term.” User @leatubes admits she would “prolly feel uncomfy calling someone that,” while user @asian\_davidd concedes to the often assumed, unwanted “character connotations that come with it...it’s hard to separate style from character in a label that’s so part of the culture now.”

User @angeliquecamson argues that although ABG is not “inherently offensive ...it perpetuates the fetishization of Asian women.” If we are unsure whether it is safe to call someone by a term, the term itself must contain a flaw in its intentions. If half of the population being labelled doesn’t mind, where do we land? It’s a tricky landscape of balancing respect for the community.

User @hannahgil puts it best when she laments, “Just bc I wear lashes doesn’t mean I’m an ‘abg’, I’m just a girl who likes to wear lashes yknow ...xD.” I’m just someone hoping to feel beautiful and accepted in my own skin. I don’t want to conform to a stereotype anymore to find my place in college, whoever it’s set by. I’m tired of being told I’m one dye-job away from being an ABG and continuously being sexualized, and my personality being assumed, because of what I look like.

During my orientation as a UCSB tour guide, I was surprised to learn that our campus is comprised of nearly 30% Asian-identifying students, and 73% of all international students are from China. So, why haven’t I felt represented

*If half of the population being labelled doesn't mind, where do we land?*

## *I am creating my own space when I shouldn't have to.*

for two years? I don't want to pose as a multicultural sorority girl, yet my Mandarin isn't good enough to join our Chinese student association.

Here's the bottom line: being institutionally recognized as Asian does not equate to identical experiences across Pan Asian cultures and ethnicities. I see reiterations of my identity everywhere, but we float by one another disconnectedly. I long for the kind of solidarity among Chinese students that I felt so clearly watching Kapatirang Pilipino's Cultural Night and strolling through the Taiwanese American Student Association's Night Market. Even the clusters of ABGs in IV have their community.

I used to think I must not be trying hard enough, when in reality, there is no space for me yet. I am creating my own when I shouldn't have to. However, I am grateful for the recent efforts in the UCSB Pan Asian Network's demands that show me I am not alone in this missing space. ABGs of any ethnicity, anywhere, are not responsible for this divide, but I wonder how far they may deepen it.

User @maddyisalwayshungry thinks ABG is "more of like a descriptor of appearance nowadays." I still don't know if we should reclaim or rebuke the term ABG. I don't know if Asian Boss Girl is a futile attempt to save something inherently broken. I don't know when xD will finally fall out of style. But I'd like to move past appearances. **W**



# BODY BODY DEMOGRAPHIC

## EXPLORING THE CONSEQUENCES OF ISLA VISTA'S SELF-IMAGE

WORDS // LAUREN CAULEY ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // HANNAH KARIM



**IMAGINE:** Isla Vista takes New York City. Our once familiar burning bank mural brazing the side of Cajé and palm trees framing the walkways down to the Pacific are suddenly replaced. Enormous skyscrapers surround us as rigid East Coasters pass by, eyes locked to the ground, determined to withhold any friendly smiles until they reach the comfort of their cramped apartments. There are no burning mattresses lining the sidewalks or bikini-wearing college kids biking to their oceanside apartment, surfboard in tow. In a shoeless daze, we wander around the stained city streets scavenging for house music that echoes off the Pacific. Then, panic strikes, as we realize Isla Vista has suddenly been replaced by a big-city climate that shakes our sunny state of mind to the core. An image such as this is enough to frighten any inhabitant of our free-spirited square mile town.

No matter if your journey to Isla Vista is a quick drive or a plane ride away, it's clear that our community is one of a kind. On any given day when the sun is out, we are taking advantage of the climate gifted to us from the Isla Vistan gods themselves. Surfers dot the shore break, runners print trek marks in the sand, and yoga lovers tuck mats underarm. But something that is easily forgotten while living in IV is that this bikini-and-board-short active lifestyle we embrace can quickly turn into something darker. IV's overwhelmingly fit body demographic is noticeably, psychologically, and even physically affecting Isla Vista residents. The emphasis on activeness and the prominence of dietary

restrictions in our community can be an extremely unusual adjustment. It is easy to disregard the rarity of being flocked by flat-stomached bodies, covered only by a few square inches of cloth; it's easy to forget the negative psychological consequences that may ensue.

At the start of freshman year, my newfound roommates and I strolled down Del Playa day and night to get our own glimpse of the infamous culture that YouTube could only tell us so much about. After just a couple weeks of Isla Vista embedment, I began to notice certain things about a common demographic and, in turn, flaws about myself. Coming from across the country, in no way was it normal to attend ocean-side parties sporting as little cloth as possible. I suddenly found myself surrounded by people I couldn't help but compare myself to. If people were not running, surfing, or biking to yoga, they were soaking in rays with no evidence of stretch marks or carb consumption to be seen.

My perception of IV's body demographic affected the way I spent my freshman year. Assuming skinny was the norm, I constantly doubted my appearance and felt an immense pressure to match the body standards so seemingly prominent in Isla Vista. I skipped lectures, bailed on friends, and lost sleep—at the time I didn't understand where this feeling of incompetence stemmed from. I felt the need to constantly exercise and implement dietary

**IV's overwhelmingly fit-body demographic is noticeable, and it puts pressure on many to engage in overexercising and eating restrictions to meet this ideal.**



restrictions in hopes of self validation. These tactics not only proved to be ineffective but perpetuated a negative self image and distorted my concept of what being “healthy” actually entails.

What surprised me more than my own actions in response to my surroundings was that I was far from alone. At the beach, in front of mirrors, and after-photographs, my peers consistently expressed dissatisfaction with their image. Among other new residents, I repeatedly observed changes in behavior and expressions of insecurity that mirrored my own. The commonality of these observations helped me understand where my own insecurities stemmed and brought a previously veiled issue to the forefront of my attention.

In an interview, I asked an anonymous Isla Vista resident what stood out to her the most about our community. Aside from the unique fashion and environmental awareness, the active culture topped her list: “After living in IV for the first time over the summer, I noticed that people are outside and exercising all the time...everyone seems to be very” I watched her as she struggled to find that last word, “fit.”

Asking her to elaborate, she remarked: “Even if people don’t care to admit it, I think a lot of people are very preoccupied about their body image, in Isla Vista and elsewhere... I attempt to maintain a healthy lifestyle, and I think I do a pretty good job, but I’m not immune to body image issues. I don’t think anyone is.”

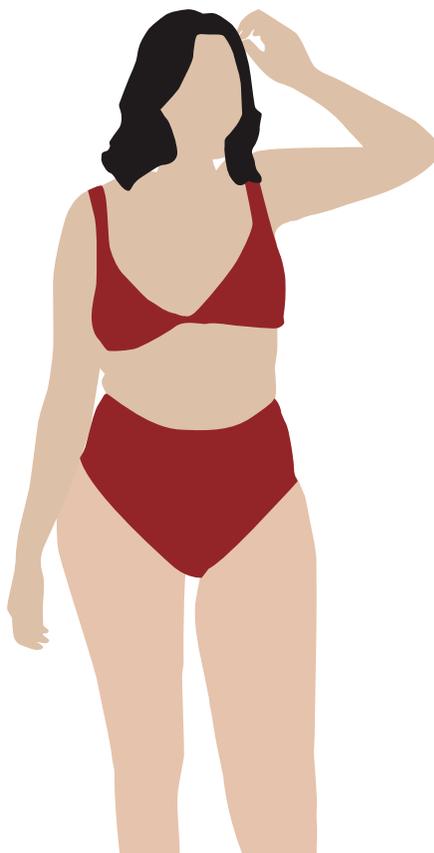
My interviewee left me with a valid point: Isla Vista isn’t to blame. Body image issues are unfortunately, widespread throughout society and may stem from any combination of psychological and environmental factors; the body demographic in IV may be a perpetrator for one, while consistent exposure to media models may be the culprit for others. So, Isla Vistans, my advice to you is to embrace our unique culture for what it is. Be thankful we’re not New Yorkers; that our people bike barefoot to class and spend sunsets on the sand rather than trudging through the snow, knee deep in seasonal depression. But be aware that if you are suffering from feelings of insecurity, for any number of reasons, that you are not alone and there are people here to help. **W**



***It can be hard sometimes***

***to maintain satisfaction***

***with my body.***



# DOGS OF ISLA VISTA



JEHU

PHOTOGRAPHY // GAVIN MENTZ

DESIGN + ILLUSTRATION // HANNAH KARIM

MIDNIGHT



XOXO

XOXO

XOXO



polaroid pup

BELLA



# DIE UP, IV!



WORDS // HAILEY GROSS

PHOTOGRAPHY + ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // CHELSIE ALEXANDER

**COME ONE**, come all, and feast your eyes on a carefully curated collection of one of Isla Vista's most beloved and iconic artifacts—the Die Table. Whether it's currently in your front yard or back patio, it will likely reside forever in your heart as a reminder of the time spent playing countless hours “tossing” with your housemates and whatever randoms you picked up off the street. Though we were not able to include every marvelous table inhabiting IV, we hope you'll take a moment to enjoy this selection with admiration for the blood, sweat, “sinks,” and “fifas” that went into these babies. A special thanks to those who were so kind to grace us with your brilliance and help us archive a staple for our unique, talented, diverse, and beautiful community of Isla Vista. **W**



**Greetings** // Cameron Gordon



**Rainbow Waves** // Audrey Byrne

**Monopoly** // Matthew Biggs



**Flaming Dieno** // Rebecca Nishide

**Flaming Yang** // Tracy Kong



**Green** // Kylie Green + Grace Turner + Mar Cornelius + Rachel Gold + Madison Letchworth

**King of Cups** // Ria Agrawal + Erik Beidle + Samantha Alvarado + Anne Lakhani



**Yerb** // Kahlil Sightler + Cole Rossi + Peter Brede + Molly Cunningham



DORM LIFE  
BY BOB BRAY

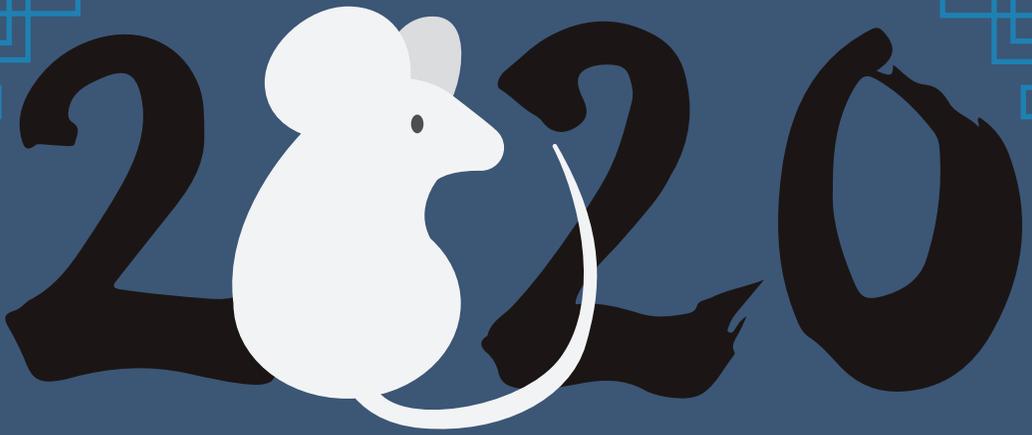




# OVERHEARD

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // JASMIN TAYPAN





**Usher in the Year of the Rat**  
by exploring courses and majors in  
The Department of East Asian  
Languages & Cultural Studies!

We are dedicated to the study of East Asia's vital role in the world and the region's diverse cultures and history. We offer BAs in Chinese, Japanese, and Asian Studies, and minors in Chinese and Japanese.

Learn about our faculty, course offerings, language programs with their many exciting extracurricular activities, and more at:

<https://www.eastasian.ucsb.edu>.

Visit our Undergraduate Advisor  
Alyson Alexander  
aalexander@hfa.ucsb.edu  
to learn how you can major, add a  
second major, or minor with us.



**Welcome!**



# IN VERSE

POETRY EDITOR // VONNIE WEI  
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // ANNA MONZON

## *Season of giving* // Wendy Ramosmaciel

Christmas is almost here  
The day of presents, blessings,  
and cheers  
Red chairs, green carpet, plaid couches  
And posters that read “get tested today”  
The perfect holiday decorations  
Sleigh bell rings and young  
women’s fears  
Are you listening?  
“Destiny”  
A young girl with a terrified look walks up  
to the door  
She knows this is the right thing to do  
Because in this season of giving  
The world is against her  
Walking up into the door of the unknown,  
alone  
She is determined  
I look outside hopeful to see the sight of  
snow  
The door of the unknown opens once  
again  
“Emily”  
And as my friend walks in  
I remember it never snows in Los Angeles

## *i imagine that i will never have children* // Hana Belmonte-Ryu

there is beauty in a child  
there is beauty in seeing your face in the  
face of a child  
there is blood in the future that women  
form with their hands  
but i will not be defined by my ability to  
create  
we are women because we have created  
ourselves  
don’t look for me in the back of the room  
or the black  
of your coffee or the man you find  
reflected in my eyes  
because i won’t be there  
i’ll be here, childless, growing flowers  
inside of me, drawing blanks and  
feeling hungry for no one but myself



## *Cycling Across America*

// Haley Walker

I lost a sock, a book of poems,  
A broken rack, a punctured tire,  
Three pairs of shorts worn-in  
A used map.

A forest layered with shade,  
A valley with tumbling rocks,  
A river I washed in  
A tunnel that echoed back my shout  
—*All went.*

I lost an antelope—a flash of steel  
A flattened snake,  
Cracked shards of turtle shell,  
A mountain goat bent broken—  
*So many dead.*

I lost my country:  
In picket signs,  
At a gas station in Kansas.  
Hatred stuck in a white-man's mouth,  
Fear stuck in a white-woman's eyes—  
“*Guns for Sale*”      Written  
On the back of a pickup truck.

A cup of coffee, twenty dollars,  
A home-cooked meal,  
Fresh sheets, folded towels,  
A mother's hands, a grandmother's  
    hands,  
Many strangers' homes.

My country, my country,  
*my country.*

## *Emotional Poverty*

// Hugh Cook

Freedom is maskless,  
Stepping back and forth,  
Tripping over your own path  
Like a deer in empty forest.

I used to fear:  
MK-Ultra, mental patients given CIA LSD;  
The screen age's thematic panopticon;  
I used to feminize existence: life's a bitch.

But she said, fool-boy,  
I am not the source  
Of the pain raging  
Under the thin, false-wood  
We clutch in public rooms.



ALBINO RACCOON

# LOOK MOM, I'M JUGGLING!

A WORKING GAUCHO'S RANT

WORDS // HAILEY GROSS  
ILLUSTRATION // MAISON BRAY  
DESIGN // JASMIN TAYPAN



## “WHY AREN'T YOU SMILING?”

an outspoken middle-aged male customer asked me while I rang up his slew of groceries one fine afternoon. A multitude of responses came to mind, but only a select few of them would allow me to keep my job.

“Oh, I’m just tired,” I responded, as if it was any of his goddamn business. I felt myself using up the rest of the ration of patience I had left before my lunch break.

Just when I thought I couldn’t become any more irritated, he pulled out, “What could you possibly be tired from? Too much partying last night?”

“Actually, no, I’m a full-time student and had a paper due,” I responded with that smile he was lookin’ for, though my blood began boiling because I knew exactly where this was going—where it always goes.

“You kids complain too much. You really don’t know how easy you have it right now. It only gets harder from here.”

Sometimes I can just feel older generations looking at us as though we’re mystic nymphs with not a single care in the world, only here to float around, glance at a textbook or two, but mostly consume the city’s alcohol and deplete all of the country’s natural resources when we’re not burning couches in our spare time—which is probably all of our time because we’re nymphs, remember?

The only valuable thing I took away from that conversation was practice in smiling, nodding, and saying, “Have a nice day” as I drowned out everything that occurred moments prior. Others who work in customer service will understand the dehumanizing process of putting on a show the customers want to see.

Working a job where I must internalize half the things I'm thinking gives me a lot of time to gather everything I'd like to talk (rant) about once I'm off the clock. The reality that many college students are also real life young adults with jobs, bills, and, get this—stress—is one of those things.

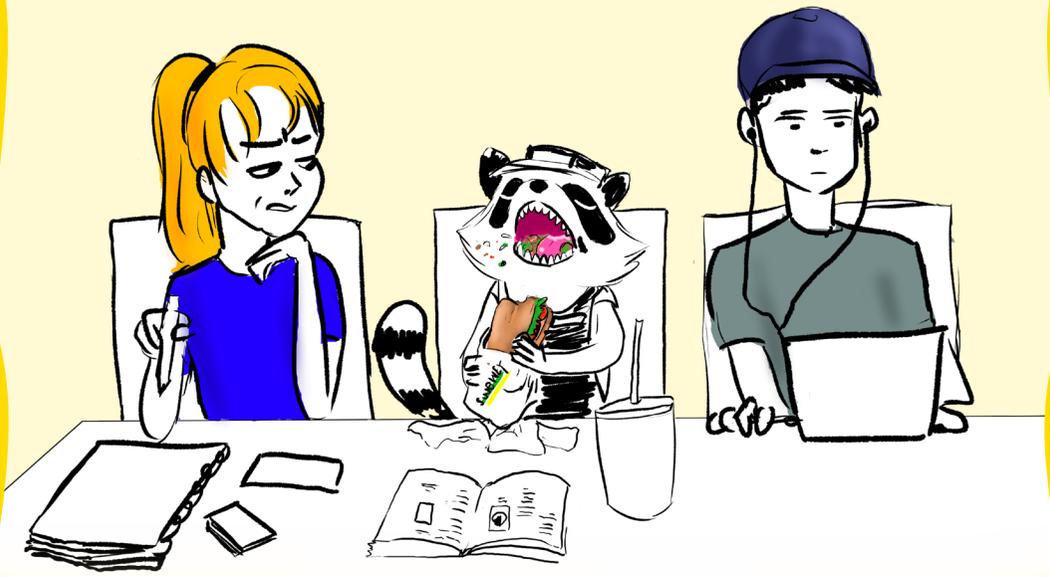
Now, I'd like to take a moment to clarify that I am not a raging, hormonal female who is upset that I have to actually work for a living. At least not this week. I do, in fact, love my job and feel very fortunate to have it, though it does present its disadvantages every now and then.

What I am is tired. When I'm not in class, I work eight hour "big-girl" shifts and come home to the loudest, most densely populated college town in America—where heaven forbid, I sometimes take a nap instead of joining in on the game

of beer die that has been going on for four hours. I'm tired of pretending like working in college has not taken a toll on my grades, social life, mental health, and sleeping schedule.

The thing is, I know I'm not alone in this. As of 2018, it was reported that between 70 and 80 percent of college students were employed while earning their degrees. I live in Isla Vista. When I walk into any given restaurant or shop in our beautiful little town, you know what I see? Us. Students like us—the young, working adults like us. Running the coffee shops, convenience stores, even sitting at the front desks of offices. We work in everything from food service to retail, hospitality, freelance somethin-or-other—shit, even sex work. But we rarely ever talk about it. At least, not enough to have





an education system that has evolved under the truth that at least half of college students are employed or do some sort of work that doesn't count toward our GPAs. But we are. And we do.

So, why is it that we don't talk about it? Could be for many reasons. If I had to take a shot in the dark I'd probably say that collectively, we haven't yet found enough cause to change the damn-

near-impossible expectations of the quarter system, which are the same, if not more demanding, than thirty years ago when fewer students were working and the costs of living and tuition were drastically cheaper.

Students used to working for a living are now well-acquainted with the reality that complaining about having to work rarely does us any good. So we just do it. We wake up early for work, make it to class—sometimes not. But we always seem to make it out to party—not because we're delinquents or degenerates, but maybe because this is how we choose to celebrate the sliver of sanity we have left by the weekend. We are hanging onto our life preservers for dear fucking life throughout the entire quarter, fighting to keep our heads above water and





laughing off the fact that a select group of the unemployed are breezing by us on their (mommy and daddy's) jet skis. Some even seem to have enough time to meal prep, do hot yoga, learn a new trade, cure cancer, get their pressed juice before class, AND remember to smile? What's that like?

Not to discount the struggles and other stressors of those who never have to work during their time in college. I'm sure they have their share of struggles. But they don't know just how easy they have it.

So, what can we do? Shit, to tell you the truth, I haven't got a solution in mind to

alleviate this struggle—I'm just here to rant. Maybe we're all just a bunch of hamsters stuck on the working wheel of our beloved capitalist society. Maybe it does just get harder, like that dear customer said. But maybe it's not so bleak. I'd like to think that by doing this juggling act—working through college, learning to balance the crammed schedules, excessive deadlines, inconvenient work hours, and dealing with the not-so-pleasant people along the way, that we're all just that much more prepared for life after this paradise. So why aren't you smiling? **W**



# FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF

WORDS // DJ PALLADINO ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // THERESA PHAN

## OUR FRIEND ELLEN ANDERSON

never really meant to start a student magazine, put on a weekly Improv Show, or organize the many whirling aspects of the cultural nebula called IV Arts. Anderson, who retired last November, had a fine life, thank you very much, writing plays, teaching the occasional class and producing with her late husband Bob Potter a series of theatrical events called Dramatic Women—an organization that gave voice to scores of people of every gender and persuasion.

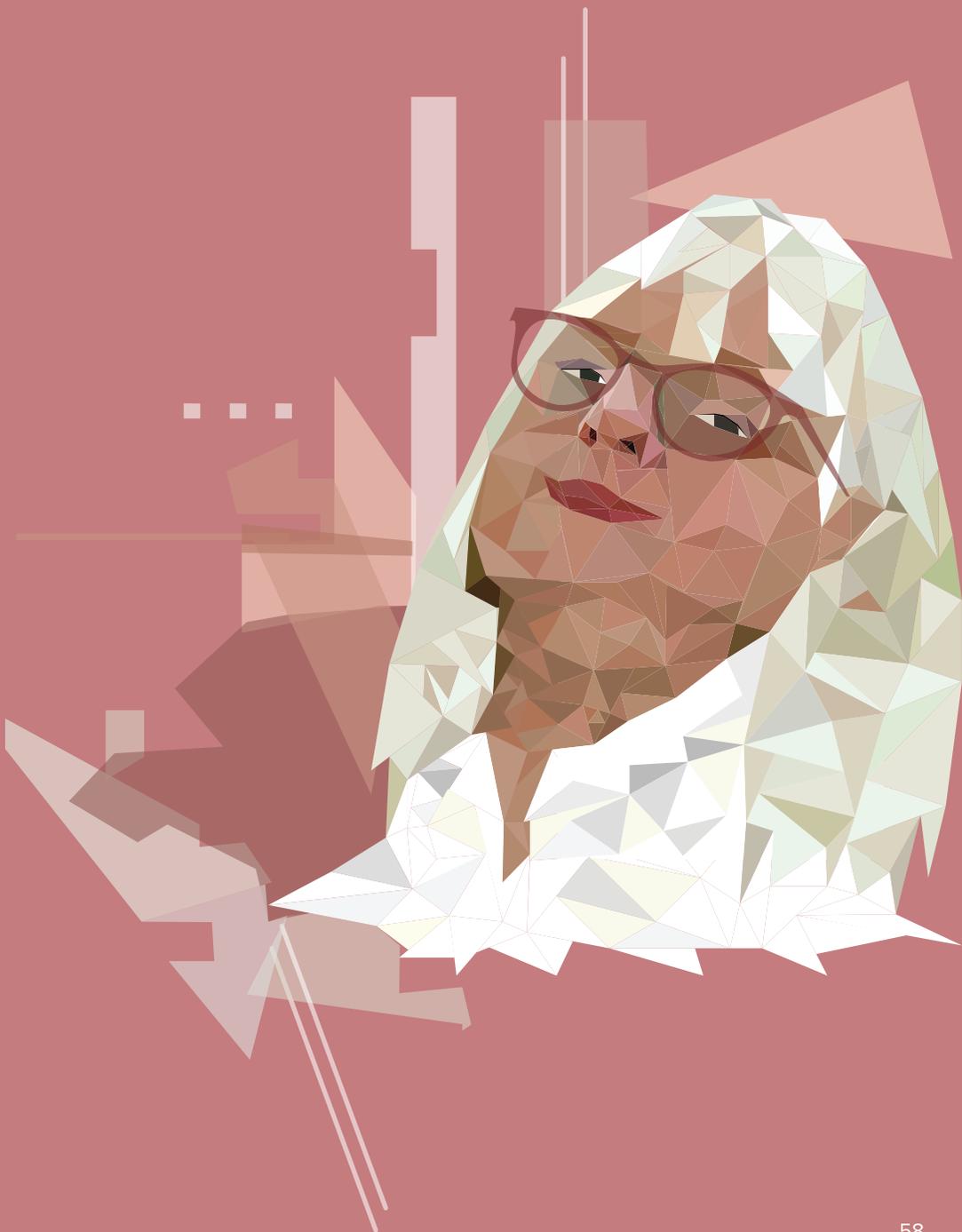
Anderson was gently coerced (tricked?) into the Isla Vista cultural life by her good friend, the drama professor Catherine Cole who first drew together Improvability and Magic Lantern (originally a student project) under one umbrella called IV Arts, and then sold the idea to the university as a way of bridging town and gown. When Cole departed for Berkeley, she used a Jedi-mind trick to make Anderson feel it was imperative she take on the mantle of IV Arts director, which by then was part of the Interdisciplinary Humanities Center. Turns out, it fit perfectly. Not long after, Anderson and a dozen students decided a student-run

magazine meant to celebrate and dissect life in the student ghetto we know and love as IV was a good idea. In one quarter, WORD Magazine's first issue was born.

Ten years later, we are still a go.

Contemporary WORDies will miss her sense of humor as much as her gentle ability to keep us on deadline. Ellen's most frequent exclamation, even after taking the class to task, was, "You guys are so great." Sometimes, she got even more effusive, which coupled with her frequent wacky observations endeared her to us all the more. "I'm old," she has said on more than one occasion, when some current slang arced over her graceful head. But she was always flexible, too, ready to reconsider herself. Like the time we talked her into allowing a story about merkins (look it up). "One of the best we ever ran," she says today.

Anderson set high standards and a clear sense of WORD's mission. Among a host of real world accomplishments, WORD is Ellen Anderson's golden legacy. Maybe she didn't mean to do it, but she made the mag important and fun. And we think Ellen Anderson is really the great one. **W**



# ISLA VISTA GIVES YOU CREDIT

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // PHOEBE JIN

## **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 their own pitches.

## **IV LIVE!**

THEATER 42/142

PR & ON-SITE EVENT MANAGEMENT

Contact Janine Leano at:

*janine@ucsb.edu*

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.

## **WORD MAGAZINE**

INT 185ST

THE CREATION OF THIS MAGAZINE

Contact Anna Jensen at:

*akjensen@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.

## **SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK**

THEATER 194A

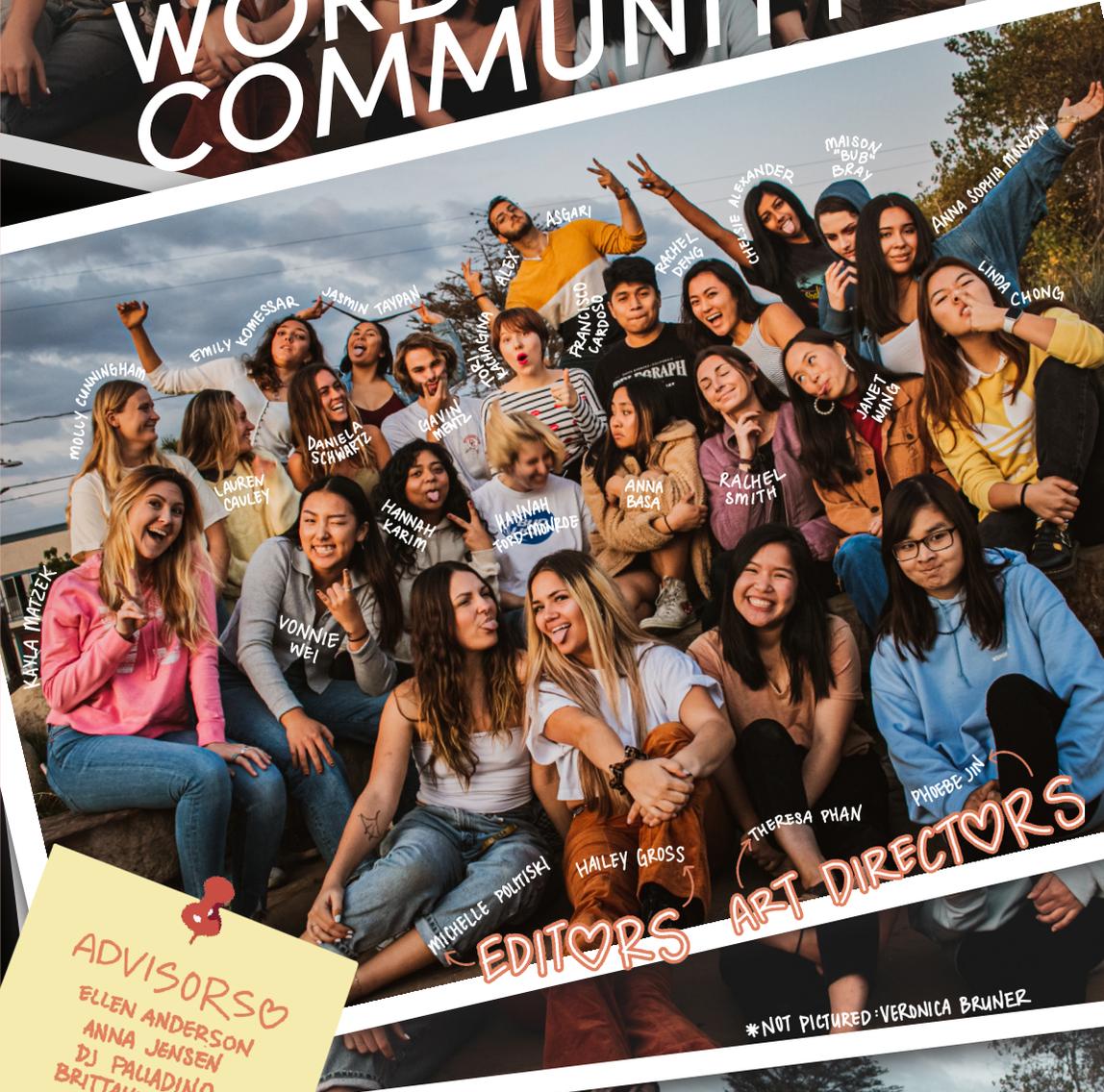
GROUP STUDIES IN ACTING & DIRECTING

Contact Anna Jensen at:

*akjensen@ihc.ucsb.edu*

Study Shakespeare while producing a theatrical performance for the Anisq'Oyo' Park amphitheater. Students play assigned roles, execute specific production duties, attend rehearsals, and finally perform their work during the final week of classes. All majors welcome.

# WORD COMMUNITY



MAISDA "BUBBY" BRAY  
ANNA SOPHIA MINZON  
LINDA CHONG  
ALEX ASGARI  
RACHEL DEIG  
CHRISTIE ALEXANDER  
EMILY KOMESSAR  
JASMIN TAYPAN  
MOLLY CUNNINGHAM  
JOYAGINA  
FRANCISCO CARDOSO  
DANIELA SCHWARTZ  
CLAVIN MENTZ  
ANNA BASA  
RACHEL SMITH  
JANET WANG  
KARLA MATZEK  
LAUREN CAULEY  
HANNAH KARIM  
HANNAH FROST-MANZON  
VONNIE WEI  
MITHELLE POLITSKI  
HAILEY GROSS  
THERESA PHAN  
PHIBBE JIN

EDITORS ART DIRECTORS

\*NOT PICTURED: VERONICA BRUNER

ADVISORS  
ELLEN ANDERSON  
ANNA JENSEN  
DJ PALADINO  
BRITTANY RAGAN



UC SANTA BARBARA  
**THEATER**  
**/ DANCE**  
PERFORMANCE / TRAINING / RESEARCH

# WINTER 2020

## PERFORMANCE SEASON

**SANTA BARBARA DANCE THEATER**

JAN 16 - 19 / HATLEN THEATER

**HOOKMAN**

FEB 15 - 23 / PERFORMING ARTS THEATER

**UCSB DANCE COMPANY**

FEB 27-28 / BALLET STUDIO

**TARTUFFE**

FEB 27 - MAR 7 / HATLEN THEATER



**THEATERDANCE.UCSB.EDU**