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Dear WORD readers,

We’re back, baby! The sun rises in Isla Vista again, this time shooting bright rays of new beginnings. The streets that laid silently in forced hibernation are finally ready to overflow with the clamour of friends, lovers, and everything in between. Classrooms fill with anxious students awaiting live lectures—campus, once again, buzzes with life.

As we head back into the ebb and flow of our pre-pandemic lives, there’s a tug in the back of our minds that may be afraid of what the new normal will look like. For some of you, this fall might be your first time on campus, and you’ll navigate where you fit in. For others, it might be a nostalgic return, adjusting back into your favorite study spots and finally embracing old friends. But we’re all wondering: how will we find our place again, now that we’re given the green light to reach beyond our computer screens? The answers aren’t clear, but know that it’s okay to awkwardly stumble through figuring it all out again. So take it easy, be patient with yourself, and trust your gut—slow and steady wins the race.

This issue is sprinkled with excitement, yet hesitation, for a new normal. If we do say so ourselves, each page brims with hope and loud cheer for Isla Vista’s return. With every story, poem, painting, illustration, and photo, we only hope you see that our resilience and strength as a community is finally being rewarded.

We’re back—and it feels oh-so good.

WORD Editors-in-Chief,
Linda Chong & Janet Wang

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WE'RE BACK, BABY!
A BACK TO SCHOOL PLAYLIST FOR A COVID-FREE IV
SONG PICKS
BY
Vesala + SFM

Just a Touch of Love - C&C Music Factory
Biking to Class a Lot Late - Darla + Vundabar
You Wanna Sing in a Band So Badly - Alex G
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If You Know This Number, That's Hella Tight NG - I'm a Little Airplane + Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers
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Send This to Tinder Fools To Make Sure They Aren't Republicans! - I Hate Fox News + Extremophiles
MY RUDE RACIAL AWAKENING came in the form of my first grade lunchbox: pink-and-purple paisley-printed with a Hello Kitty tupperware that fit just right. When the lunch bell rang, the playground benches filled quickly with hungry elementary schoolers, eagerly ripping away at what their parents had packed them that morning. I remember what my mother—a first-generation Chinese immigrant—prepared for me that day. Soy-glazed fish, yams, and purple rice. In fact, she had woken up early to cook it especially for me, her only child. Her love language was making sure I never went hungry.

I remember unscrewing the lid of my tupperware, only to look up and meet scrunched noses. One of my friends screamed, swearing there were worms in my purple rice. Of course, kids from nearby benches turned in my direction, echoing their disgust for the soy sauce smell that escaped from my lunch. I wish my first-grade self snapped back and told those kids off. I loved soy-glazed fish, and eggplant purple-tinted grains were considered a royal food in Chinese culture. Instead, I recoiled and joined in on scrutinizing my food, though I knew that there was nothing crawling around in my rice. I didn’t eat that day.

From then on, I begged for sandwiches with ham and Kraft singles slapped between white bread. After unsatisfying lunches, I returned to my classroom and aced the weekly spelling tests that my mother—through broken English—coached me through the night before. That’s what model minorities do: they stay silent, work hard, and do well.

The Model Minority Myth
In a 1966 New York Times Magazine article titled, “Success Story, Japanese-American Style,” UC Berkeley sociologist William Pettersen popularized the term “model minority” by examining the
That’s what model minorities do: they stay silent, work hard, and do well.

Live minority experiences of Japanese Americans and African Americans. Through comparing these two groups, Pettersen pointed out how Japanese Americans—despite the hardships they endured during World War II—managed to get ahead of other minority populations. Instead, Pettersen’s argument laid the foundation for sweeping anti-Asian struggles under the rug: if Asians are statistically represented and are doing objectively well, what did they have to complain about? It also justified systemic racism—implying that African Americans were simply not working hard enough to achieve social mobility. That’s where the myth comes in: Asian Americans are just stereotyped as submissive, passive, science or math-suited, and excessively hard-working due to biological or cultural factors.

“The model minority is kind of a casting call—a racial casting call—and then immigrants show up like, ‘Cast me, cast my children,’” said Erin Khue Ninh, a professor in UCSB’s Asian American studies, whose research focuses on the model minority as a form of racialization. “They’re just like, ‘I just want to progress. I want to win in this game.’” According to Ninh, the model minority myth is externally imposed by society but also perpetuated by the community and lived experiences.

For third-year Amber Jane Sayoc, the model minority myth manifested itself in academic expectations. Sayoc is Filipino American and grew up in a predominately Asian community in Orange County, where students were pressured to achieve. “In the community of Asian American students, there were ‘A is for average, B is for bad’ as jokes. But like, even though they were jokes, it was peoples’ realities,” she told me. “In my classes that were [Advanced Placement], the majority were Asian American. If you were an Asian American student who wasn’t in those, you were like the black sheep of the Asian American community.”

When she arrived at UCSB, Sayoc had planned to study history and eventually decided on majoring in Asian American studies. But Sayoc initially faced pushback for pursuing a humanities degree. For her family and community, a STEM (science, technology, engineering, and math) path just made sense—it meant a direct means to success and financial security.

“I grew up in not so ideal circumstances—a lot of people living in like a small, cramped space,” she stated. Sayoc said her mother had often tried to comfort her by guaranteeing a better future if she put in the hard work. “I don’t do good, I can’t survive—it was survival to keep working really hard.”

**Success, Survival, and Silence**

With success and survival, however, follows silence and complacency. In the midst of racial violence and inequality, the model minority is used as a way of disengaging with social issues. “You know, if you just keep your head down and you follow the rules and you work hard, then nobody will bother you, and your particularly awkward place in the racial hierarchy will not come back to bite you,” Ninh said. She explains that the uptick in anti-Asian violence this past year proves that hiding under the model minority guise is not bulletproof. In fact, the model
minority myth and anti-Asian racism are inextricably intertwined.

“You can keep your head down for so long, and then you have no new defenses, you know, even no tools, no way to begin to understand what's going on when the actuality of the racial animosity in this country rises up and shows its face,” Ninh emphasized.

According to the Stop AAPI Hate National Report, there have been over 6,600 hate incidents targeting Asians and Pacific Islanders from March 2020 to March 2021. Notably, during the COVID-19 pandemic, the Asian American community was targeted with xenophobic attacks, as racist rhetoric such as the “China virus” circulated. Videos of elder abuse, name-calling, and physical assault prompted a #StopAsianHate campaign online.

Although all demographics were impacted, Asian women comprised the majority targeted. In mid-March, the culmination of the violence occurred in Atlanta, where eight people—including six Asian women—were murdered in a racially motivated shooting.

**History Repeating Itself**

Joyhanna Garza was not surprised to see the headlines. While the Atlanta shootings sparked an outcry among Asian Americans who saw themselves as a reflection of the victims, Garza took a step back to analyze the incident through a historical lens. “When we look at the history of Asian American racialization, Asian migration, the U.S. response to Asian peoples for all of its history, I think we start to realize that these incidents are not exceptional, they're actually normal,” said Garza, a fourth-year linguistics Ph.D. student. “Instances of injustice like this will recur over and over again if the systems that are in place aren’t addressed.”

Even here, UCSB and Isla Vista are not excluded from the historical narrative. In 1978, the Daily Nexus published a sports article commenting on the third baseman’s “fundamental deficiencies,” otherwise known as his almond-shaped eyes. Fast forward to 2009, members of the now-defunct Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity violently assaulted students Thanh Hong and Paul Elekes. They hurled a slew of racist insults such as “ching-chong-ching” and “gook” during the attack.

And in April 2016, Garza arrived on campus only to confront extremist hate speech written in chalk around campus. “It felt really heavy and kind of scary,” she recalled. “It was the idea that you were going to school with people like my students, or potentially, people not wanting me there in a really scary way.” So Garza founded the Asian Pacific Graduate Student Alliance (APIGSA) as a safe space for Asian American students to learn, connect, and be heard.

For Naomi Joseph, current APIGSA president and third-year Sociology Ph.D. student, it’s a priority to acknowledge and include the diverse range of ethnic identities that fall under the Asian American
umbrella. While Joseph is impacted by the model minority myth, anti-Asianness manifests differently from the East Asian experience. “I was a teenager when 9/11 happened, and I remember how different it was to go through airports how different it was to walk around,” said Joseph, who is South Asian. “I remember the violence that came in the ways I worried about my dad, who’s light-skinned with a beard—how worried I was about him traveling.”

Through leading APIGSA, both Garza and Joseph underscore the importance of allyship in activism. It’s easy to become tunnel-visioned based on one’s personal experiences, and both leaders have encouraged APIGSA to stand in solidarity with Black and queer-trans student organizations. “It’s also about addressing the problem of white supremacy and how it impacts other cultures, besides ours, other groups of people besides us,” Joseph said.

Deconstructing and Reclaiming Identity

Deconstructing the model minority myth and reclaiming Asian American identity—void of societal and community expectations—is a necessary, yet difficult process. “That struggle hurts you,” Ninh acknowledged. “It costs you emotional energy and strife, and it costs you the things that you’re actually good at, the things that you actually want to do, and the person that you wish you could be.” Whether someone likes Asian food, listens to K-pop, is an artist, or studies computer science, there’s really no right way to be Asian American—and that’s the beauty of shattering the myth. There are no boundaries, no limits to what Asian Americans can or should encapsulate.

Sayoc admits that unpacking her own identity has been an ongoing journey and suggests starting the process with simple affirmations and truths. “The first step is really recognizing you’re allowed to want—you’re allowed to be human,” she confidently declared. “What do you actually want? Maybe that doesn’t align with model minority myth—maybe it doesn’t align with what your parents want, and that’s okay.”

As we wrapped up our conversation, Sayoc described how she used to create self-imposed limitations to make sure her hobbies fit into a productive narrative. Nowadays, Sayoc is exploring what really brings her joy—literary writing, learning about Asian American history, and art, to name a few.

For me, I’ve got a spoonful of homemade wonton soup from my lunchbox in one hand and a paintbrush in the other. I’m starting over. My canvas is blank, and through bold, colorful strokes beyond the imagination, I fully intend to reclaim my space.
RESPONSIBLY IRRESPONSIBLE
The Post-Pandemic Party Pickle

IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY WITH getting dressed waist-up for Zoom meetings, having one-sided conversations with your cat throughout the day, and finding yourself getting ready for bed by 10 p.m., you might—like me—be rusty at socializing, especially interacting at parties. From time to time, you might wonder what parties will be like this quarter, as we return back to normal and most people are vaccinated—but are you ready for them? All throughout quarantine, a friend or I would always bring up, “I can’t wait until we can party again in IV.” Part of me is excited to get back into IV party life, so I can get my partying desires out now and not be in my 30s still slapping a wine bag. At the same time, I’m not so sure that I’m comfortable with being thrown back into a packed balcony of sweaty strangers.

You know when you can’t fall asleep right away, so you think of different scenarios in your head, knowing that they will never actually happen? That’s what it still feels like to me when I think of partying again safely in Isla Vista—a fever dream. When I close my eyes and envision what a Friday night out again could feel like, I imagine a cocktail of mindless fun while subconsciously reminding myself not to panic.

Picture this: I leave my house side by side with my friends and head towards the street (without a mask) to find a party. We come across a house with thumping, ear-shattering music. Yes, this is perfect. My friend grabs my hand, pulling me along to the entrance. We walk through the gate, the bottom of my shoes already getting sticky from the spilled beer. I start to panic seeing bodies pressed against each other, swaying to the music together like seaweed underwater. I’ve spent more than a year standing at least six feet apart from strangers at all times. In my head, I imagine my six-foot friend on the floor. Am I a Margot away from this person? I push these thoughts aside and dive into the crowd, trying to stay in the moment.

I get interrupted from my fever dream—will people actually be passing around handles and wine bags, from one mouth to another? Thinking of this, I only see cartoon germs floating around. The germs attack each person taking a pull and multiply with each chug, as each set of
lips wrap around the top of the bottle. Will people be lined up, waiting their turn to be held upside down to sip from the same beer keg? I can’t help but think to myself... we really used to do all these things?

And now for the grand finale of my fever dream: the red curtains glide open in my mind to reveal a banner that reads, “BOYS! Boys??” What to do about boys? At this point, I can’t imagine kissing anyone without grilling them first on who they’ve met or how careful they’ve been during COVID. Who knows though? Maybe in the heat of the moment—when we’re pressed against each other—I’ll freely wrap my arms around someone’s neck, stand on my tiptoes, and kiss them without anxiety racing through my brain.

Thinking about what the end of the night will be like, I can already hear the chorus of “Closing Time,” by Semisonic, the cue for the swaying bodies to leave the party. What am I feeling now? Was it everything I dreamt it would be during quarantine, or should I have stayed home with the comforts of a face mask and Netflix? I grab my friends’ arms in the crowd, inhaling the salty ocean air as we walk home. We gab about all the hilarious, wacky things that happened, only to hope that we’ll remember them in the morning—and that’s where my dream sequence ends.

So whether you’re ready to get out there or not, it’s up to you—all you really need is a bottle of hand sanitizer in your back pocket or Clorox wipes in your bag for the occasional moment of panic. On a more serious note: it’s okay to show up to a party and leave if you’re feeling uncomfortable. It’s also completely valid to not be able to immediately adapt to partying again, or ever. We all just experienced a once-in-a-lifetime global pandemic, so cut yourself some slack if you find yourself cozying up under the covers on a Friday night rather than under the stars on DP. W
Solidarity, Not Charity

Food Not Bombs: Sharing Community Meals

WORDS // ASHLEY RUSCH
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // DYLAN LASHER

FOOD IS A RIGHT, not a privilege. Free to anyone, stoned or sober. Independent, autonomous decision-making. Solidarity, not charity.

These are just some of the philosophies interwoven in the framework of Food Not Bombs, a global movement fighting to combat hunger in a world with ample surplus. Dedicated to nonviolent, direct action, Food Not Bombs operates under the idea that mutual aid is a powerful strategy for resistance within a society that demands financial security for survival.

A Voice for the Houseless

While Food Not Bombs chapters are scattered across the country and world, Isla Vista is home to a vibrant community of local volunteers who continuously demonstrate their commitment to the movement. Five days a week, volunteers distribute free vegan meals on the People’s Park side of Embarcadero Hall to community members. About 30 to 60 home-cooked meals are given out on Sundays and Wednesdays, while peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are dispersed on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Personal items such as clothing, shoes, sleeping bags, tents, and menstrual hygiene items are also distributed to houseless neighbors.

But IV Food Not Bombs hasn’t always operated this way. Before COVID, meals had been community-based—those who cooked the food would then enjoy a communal dinner with those they served. The organization had only just expanded its meal distributions to twice a week (rather than once on Sunday) in the fall
of 2019—right before the pandemic struck. And when COVID came into full swing, Food Not Bombs found itself in a position where it was one of the only meal distribution services in the community still standing.

“At first, we started wearing masks and putting our food in to-go containers. And then it was just kind of like, we need more. People need more help than this,” said Gina Sawaya, who has been volunteering with Food Not Bombs for nearly three years.

From there, the group began assembling paper bags filled with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, Gatorade, water bottles, and snack bars to distribute on days where no meals were being served in IV. Then came the idea of switching to a mobile service—pulling a wagon around Anisq’Oyo Park, Sueno Orchard, and Saint Michael’s University Church to better reach members of the houseless community.

“That’s when I feel like we changed from a feeding organization to a houseless advocacy role that we had never taken on before,” Sawaya said. “We’ve built a lot of trust [with the houseless community] and have been able to advocate for them on several occasions throughout the pandemic.”

“Our basic position is that it really doesn’t matter who you are or what you’ve done. You deserve your basic needs met.”

When houseless residents were forced to relocate from Anisq’Oyo Park across the street to People’s Park in December 2020, Food Not Bombs vocalized their opposition to the controversial move from the Isla Vista Recreation & Parks District (IVRPD). Amidst outrage from the local community on social media, Food Not Bombs created a petition that demanded IVRPD to forfeit the evacuation of houseless residents from the park—which garnered a great deal of support from local IV residents.

But much to the dismay of Food Not Bombs, Anisq’Oyo Park was entirely closed off by the end of January. Houseless residents were relocated to People’s Park or moved into pallet homes installed in the parking lot of the Isla Vista Community Center. Since then, Food Not Bombs has maintained a consistent meal distribution schedule and shifted back to a stationary service, in which community members can grab meals and other items from a table near Embarcadero Hall.

For those involved, Food Not Bombs is not a mere weekend activity or fleeting source of charity-based self satisfaction. Instead, volunteers value the organization
as an opportunity to engage in effective, community-based direct action that garners immediate, personal results.

“When [your state] is not providing community members with basic needs, it’s up to individuals to take action on their behalf,” explained Jonathan Dickstein, a volunteer for Food Not Bombs. “It’s a form of community solidarity. It’s a form of direct action. Our basic position is that it really doesn’t matter who you are or what you’ve done. You deserve your basic needs met.”

**Historical Roots in Activism**

Food Not Bombs was built on the premise that public funding should go toward just that—basic needs. Back in 1981, Food Not Bombs co-founder Keith McHenry, and several friends located in Boston, organized a series of protests against the recent inauguration of Ronald Reagan and an expanding military budget. In an act of political theater, the group decided to dress up as “hoboes” and stand in line outside a stockholders meeting of the Bank of Boston at the Federal Reserve Bank—imitating a soup kitchen line. The intended message was that Reagan’s militarized policies would create a future where there would be soup lines all over the United States, McHenry explained.

The night before the protest, McHenry gave a speech at a local soup kitchen and successfully convinced 30-40 people to join the demonstration and be fed. The event was a success, and after hearing from those in attendance how dire the food insecurity problem was in Boston, McHenry and his co-organizers decided to quit their jobs. Instead, they began distributing food items full-time to housing projects, women’s shelters, and detox centers.

McHenry, who worked at a local grocery co-op at the time, started bringing produce he would’ve otherwise thrown away to a local housing project. He quickly found out that across the street, a new weapons laboratory was being built called Draper Laboratory—hence the name
Food Not Bombs. From there, the name solidified the movement’s commitment to nonviolence in contrast to the United States’ militarized economy.

When McHenry moved to San Francisco in 1988 to start a second Food Not Bombs chapter, he and other volunteers were met with a wave of police repression and violence they hadn’t encountered in Boston. Because the group didn’t have a permit at the time, many were arrested and prevented from serving food. It later turned out there was no permit to have, McHenry said.

“It’s nothing more than censorship. It’s just like what we have now when they kick you off the Internet for talking about things the government doesn’t want you to talk about. This is just a more direct way of trying to silence your message,” McHenry explained.

Over the years, McHenry has been arrested over 100 times, spent a total of two years in jail, and even faced 25 years to life for his work with Food Not Bombs. The FBI has repeatedly investigated the organization on accusations of terrorism and association with other radical groups. Still, Food Not Bombs has continued to increase its capacity for meal sharing and community work over the years—providing critical services in the wake of disasters ranging from Hurricane Katrina to COVID-19.

The Power of Mutual Aid

Food Not Bombs has always operated under three important principles:

1. meals must be free to anyone and vegan/vegetarian,
2. chapters must forfeit hierarchical structure for collective decision-making, and
3. the movement is committed to mutual aid and direct action, not charity.

Mutual aid is often explained in contrast to traditional modes of philanthropic work, which tend to be clouded by bureaucratic factors and economic incentives. These systems are often criticized for creating a barrier between the “charitable rich” and “underprivileged poor,” rather than connecting community members across class lines. Food Not Bombs separates itself from this model, centralizing solidarity and consensus decision-making.

“The charity model is actually part of the problem. It's becoming a growing part of the crisis that charities are funded and controlled by foundations which have goals to maintain the economic system as it is. That kind of charity dependence and looking down on the poor attitude is really detrimental,” McHenry said. “To be able to change society, it's really important to be in solidarity with the people that are eating with you, and to erase the hierarchy
of ‘the people that come in and help the disadvantaged people.’

For Ted Bascom, a volunteer cook who has been living in IV for the past four years, Food Not Bombs has consistently provided him with a sense of community—a place to feel at home. Bascom had been couch surfing in IV when he first got involved with Food Not Bombs, and was originally compelled to join due to his love for cooking and desire to meet new people.

“It was awesome to cook for so many people, and have so many people eat and enjoy the meal that you made. It was a place to make connections and learn—I’ve learned so much coming here and talking to people, meeting people, eating with people,” Bascom said.

Sawaya agreed that Food Not Bombs has not only immersed her in a vibrant community of passionate IV residents and activists, but has also provided her with a unique educational experience surrounding the philosophies found in social justice work and community activism.

“It’s become such a huge part of my life, my political education, my understanding of exploitation and how systems have failed us on so many different levels—on food security, on housing security, on basic needs,” Sawaya said. “It’s completely changed my worldview on all of those things.”

For many, Food Not Bombs is living proof that mutual aid and community-oriented efforts work, even within the limitations of a capitalist system. Eventually, the goal is to reach a society where mutual aid isn’t necessary, but rather an inseparable part of our everyday lives, Sawaya explained.

“In an ideal world, [mutual aid] would just be a part of our normal routines and habits and infrastructure of our communities. But without those things provided by the government, we feel somewhat obligated to take that on ourselves,” Sawaya said.

Until then, Food Not Bombs continues to offer an unwavering dedication to community-building through meal sharing and social activism. From London to Seoul to IV, each chapter strives to combat poverty, hunger, and houselessness in our local and global systems.

“To see students, staff, faculty, houseless residents, housed residents of IV, all sitting down and eating together and learning each other’s names and stories—it’s beautiful,” Dickstein said. “And it’s really the future we imagine.”

“In an ideal world, [mutual aid] would just be a part of our normal routines and habits and infrastructure of our communities.”
AN AMBULANCE MEDIC DASHED to the scene of peril. Jeremy* was sprawled out in the front yard of a two-story house in Isla Vista. Jeremy was displaying distinctive symptoms of an opioid overdose: his life-sustaining method of oxygen consumption was severely impaired. In one swift motion, the trained medic peeled back a tab and inserted a naloxone spray tip into Jeremy’s nostrils. Jeremy’s chest finally rose, then gradually lowered. His heart resumed its rhythm. Out of immediate harm’s way, the ambulance transported Jeremy to the Cottage Hospital in Goleta.

Jeremy was merely revived for the moment. Naloxone, the name for Narcan, is an opioid antagonist. When an individual is experiencing an opioid overdose, Narcan rapidly blocks the brain’s opioid receptors and quickly restores a person’s breathing. Jeremy must continue to receive intensive care and observance from the hospital staff. His respiratory levels remained critically low—the average human being has a blood saturation of 95-100%, while Jeremy’s dipped was dipping below 70%.

The hospital personnel kept their calm and quickly addressed another overdose reaction: Jeremy’s kidneys were failing, and his body’s vital systems had already begun to shut down. Jeremy was hooked up to a kidney dialysis machine—kidneys are responsible for filtering out toxins in one’s bloodstream. A functioning kidney would have been able to metabolize and excrete the opioid substance out of Jeremy’s system. In this case, the concentration of opioids in Jeremy’s body overwhelmed his means of survival.

This near-death experience was not a simple ordeal; Jeremy was fortunate to have been found on site so promptly.

Sydney Dinn, a scribe at Cottage Hospital’s emergency room, witnessed the alarming aftermath of Jeremy's overdose. She mentioned that an emergency kidney dialysis was rare, even at an ER.

“The blood in his body was cycled through the machine and filtered before it returned to his system. He had to be hooked up to an EKG and oxygen stat monitor to ensure that his respiratory rate wouldn’t get depressed when the Narcan wore off,” Dinn said. Jeremy was kept at the hospital for roughly a week.

According to Dinn, most cases of opioid and substance overdose observed at Cottage Hospital are either from direct opioid usage or ingesting “laced” drugs. Fentanyl—a lethal opioid when ingested in even minute increments—is known to be laced or mixed in with common prescription or party drugs such as amphetamine (Adderall), benzodiazepine (Xanax), cocaine, and ecstasy.

Audrey Chao*, a second-year Biology student, was doing homework at home in 2019. She ingested a pill of what she presumed was Adderall with a shot of vodka and went on with her day—little did she know her pill was laced with fentanyl. “I was overcome with dizziness and couldn’t
stand up straight—suddenly lurching for a table as a pins-and-needles sensation crept throughout my body. I wasn’t able to feel my extremities and limbs for hours,” she said.

But there is hope—one does not have to be a medic to save lives. With naloxone, anyone can be a first responder in this scenario.

Armed with a small supply of naloxone from Santa Barbara County, Angie Bryan began her journey of spreading awareness of the drug overdose cause in 2019. She heard about Operation Naloxone at the University of Texas at Austin and was inspired to bring naloxone access here to Isla Vista. As a counselor and recovery specialist for UCSB—she helps organize the peer-led org, Gauchos for Recovery, to provide a safe environment for students seeking or in recovery from substance use disorders.

Bryan obtained approval from UCSB Student Health and a standing order from a physician to distribute naloxone from UCSB’s Alcohol and Drug Program (ADP). She engaged the help of a harm reduction coalition program to learn about training techniques and has been training interns and staff of Gauchos for Recovery to train peers on naloxone administration.

Fast forward to 2021, what started as an individual goal in her mind steadily developed into a larger cause. Currently, Bryan collaborates with Gauchos for Recovery and the ADP to spread awareness on substance harm reduction and prevention of opioid overdoses. Since fentanyl is notorious for being laced into other recreational drugs, anyone who partakes in such may be at risk of exposure to an unknown amount of this opioid. Thanks to Bryan, students now are able to obtain naloxone and fentanyl testing strips through the ADP center.

Jeremy and Audrey’s experiences are proof that opioid overdoses can happen anywhere at any time. At UCSB, students are able to obtain naloxone and fentanyl testing strips from Pacific Pride.
“People who use drugs have rights and also deserve respect or care, whether or not they choose to be abstinent.”

Foundation, a state-sanctioned syringe exchange program in Santa Barbara, through the ADP center.

For anyone who is interested in carrying naloxone, Bryan emphasized the awareness and importance of California’s Good Samaritan laws. Laypersons are exempt from civil or criminal liability if they have received brief training and act “with reasonable care and in good faith” in administering naloxone to someone who is experiencing or is suspected to be experiencing an overdose, according to California Assembly Bill 635. With Good Samaritan laws in place, there is legal protection for both parties, even in situations involving illegal substances. “This is a major reason why many choose not to call 911—they are afraid of being in trouble under the influence or in possession of paraphernalia,” Bryan said.

Although naloxone is vital for overdose revival, Bryan highlights the concept of harm reduction as a way to prevent future overdoses. Instead of remedying the consequences of an overdose after it has occurred, harm reduction falls under the feedforward philosophy, which emphasizes prevention of harm by solving issues before situations can spiral out of control. She hopes to expand her projects of providing naloxone and fentanyl testing strips to Isla Vista residents in the near future. Her next venture is obtaining drug-dissolving bags. “The next step is to allow for people to have the resources to dispose of drugs safely,” Bryan explained.

“People who use drugs have rights and also deserve respect or care, whether or not they choose to be abstinent. Drug use is an inherent part of our society and we want people to be safe no matter what choices they make,” Bryan explained. This is her main motivation for the impactful work that she does—for Bryan, safety for all is of uttermost priority.

Evidently, there are inequities in society that create situations and environments in which people are unable to get the support they need regarding substance usage. Upholding Isla Vista’s inherent inclusive culture, it is given that people come from different walks of life and one should never be at a disadvantage, regardless of any circumstances. Whether a person in need of naloxone had intended to ingest the opioid or not, the experience of overdosing on any substance is unimaginably terrifying and inexplicable to someone who has not experienced the same.

Every life counts. *Anonymous source
We begin to write her eulogy at her own request. From the burgundy rocking chair she has been sitting in all day, she demands we include her complete life story. Eyes trained on the candlelit table across the room, she stands until my aunt motions for her to sit. My cousin hands her the pamphlet she was reaching for. It reads “In Memory of Lolo Romy,” her brother who died while she was in the hospital. She tells us not to be modest like his children were.

This is the first time I have visited my grandmother outside of the hospital in over a year. My aunt has visited three times a week for the past month and warns us that she is dying. She has a gallstone and is too weak to undergo the surgery needed to remove it. It is infected, but the doctors have sent her home on antibiotics hoping it will subside. She doesn’t say much, and her crow’s feet crawl farther down her face than I remember. But for now, she is smiling. We sit around the

I want to cry into her lap and tell her that I am scared of discovering what missing her feels like.
table as a family. I eat fish while promising to her that I’ll cut my hair—I don’t want to waste time explaining what a vegetarian is. As we leave, she grips my hand and just stares for a while before whispering, “Come back again. Okay?”

“Of course,” I respond with the same counterfeit smile I give her every time I leave.

I can tell she doesn’t believe me. I am not trying to lie to her, I am just unsure if she’ll still be here next week. I hate this feeling. I want to drop to my knees and hold her hand against my cheek. I want to cry into her lap and tell her that I am scared of discovering what missing her feels like. I want to apologize for the past four years of silence. I want to thank her for raising me when my parents could not. I want to beg her to live like she could make that decision herself—but she is as helpless as I am.

I can only pretend to be okay with this. Last week we sped to the hospital at 3 a.m. after receiving a call from the ER. The nurses let us in one at a time only because they were convinced she was dying. On the inside, I was too. With the way she looked, it was hard to imagine her out of her hospital bed. When I walked in, she was in tears. I have only ever seen my grandmother cry during church and my father’s funeral. She began to tell me that she was glad to see me and that she was scared. My grandmother, who would always start every lecture with the skin of my elbow between her nails and the phrase, “When I die,” was now facing the moment she warned us about. She reached for my face, but I couldn’t reach her here, or even hold her hand. All I could do was stand by the foot of her bed, nails grinding into the wall, and try to convince her, “You’re going to be okay. I promise, we’re going to be okay.”

It wasn’t the first time this year I made that promise from under a mask at an arm’s length away. When I get the call, I am washing dishes. My mother has gone to the hospital because of a flu that has lasted almost three days. I expect her to come back the same night, maybe with some new medicine. Instead, she tells me it’s something serious, that her body stopped producing blood and the doctors don’t know why—she is scared. We later learn that she has developed a condition called aplastic anemia, but in the moment, all I can think about is how to explain this to my brother. We aren’t allowed to rush to the hospital to be with her or bring her clothes. I can only go back to washing dishes.

It is almost a month before we get to see her. The doctors tell us she’s stable. Stable means she only requires blood transfusions every other day, but it also means one person is allowed to visit each week. I go first. I have a long list of belongings to disinfect and some Filipino food she claims she doesn’t need. Visits are only supposed to last an hour if they’re allowed at all, but she says her floor has nice nurses who often let visitors stay the whole day. Maybe because the rest of her floor is made up entirely of terminal leukemia patients. On the way in, I pass a woman my age, crying alone in her room. Mom says she doesn’t know her. She consumes the food I bring her and asks for us to bring more next week. She says she tries to go on walks every day, but can’t go too far, and she’s never allowed to leave her floor. The one upstairs is a COVID wing. Because of her medication, her immune system is compromised. The doctors say that the upside is all the precautions we already take for COVID are what she needs to do normally, even after the pandemic ends.

Still, I am unable to reach her here, no matter how much her eyes seem to beg for comfort. I can only sit by the window, six feet away as we watch movies together, slowly stealing back inches from the miles.
this virus has separated us. I don’t get to visit again. Over a month later, by the
time my brother, her boyfriend, and my uncle have all had their turn, she is ready
to come home just in time for Christmas. Dinner is smaller this year, mostly because I
prepared it. Yet, it is surprising how much less empty a house can feel with one
more person in it.

It is hard to sit and smile with a person you know is dying. But I want to live through
these moments, not thinking about how much I will miss them when they’re over.
The dread of every hospital visit and test result still haunts our home, but for now my
mother is here, safe enough to put aside thoughts of leaving my brother alone
when I go back to college. COVID cases are dropping and we are all vaccinated, so
I can visit my grandmother without worry. For now, I don’t have to tell her not to be
scared. I can hold her hand when she needs it. We bring a karaoke machine to
her house, and for the first time in forever, she decides she wants to sing. When
we leave, I kiss her left cheek, because her right is now covered in shingles. I
tell her, “I’ll be back next week,” and she seems to believe me this time. She looks
at me and smiles, but in a way that hurts just as much. W
SEARCHING FOR SAFE SPACES

Transparency in Trans Communities
MOST CIS-GENDER STUDENTS experience UCSB through rose-colored glasses. The rims of the glasses block off any misgendered pronouns and awkward dilemmas of choosing the wrong gender. The lenses conceal any erasure of trans history in course material or discouraging encounters with health care professionals. In other words, cis-gendered students are privileged. But this is not the same experience for non-binary and trans students in Isla Vista; in fact, trans students at UCSB face major obstacles in addressing basic needs such as housing, academic support, and health care.

Owen Renert (they/them), a third-year Sociology and Communication double major, points out the faulty processes in obtaining housing that present issues for gender-nonconforming identities. As a non-binary person, their identity—which shifts along the gender spectrum—conflicts with UCSB’s housing application.

“The system is so binary,” said Renert, recalling the long process they endured to confirm housing eligibility with the school. In this situation, Renert wanted to retain their housing with the same roommates, who identify as female. Since female dorms are only meant for those that identify as females, Renert was no longer eligible, despite rooming with the same roommates in the previous year. “I just wanted to stay in the same room, and everyone else was in the rooms, able to get in and just click a button,” they said, referring to the quick process of extending university housing for cis-gender students.

Though housing for Renert was eventually resolved, this case is prevalent for many trans students who feel uncomfortable being assigned to a male or female room. Aryn Amezcua (he/they), a fifth-year History major with a minor in Applied Psychology, points out his encounters with students that experience systematic obstacles and personal dissonance when signing up for student housing. “Students would tell me how they were forced to be in this binary of choosing male or female,” Amezcua said. “Some people weren’t safe on the male floor, so they had to opt in for the female one.”

On campus, the main concern for trans students involves the UCSB curricula and faculty. Within the classroom, many trans students report facing disrespectful professors and classmates—particularly with pronoun misuse and pedagogical curricula.

“I had a professor who said they/them was not allowed to be used in his papers as a singular pronoun,” Renert said. “He would mark you down like 15 points if you used them in a way that was confusing, even though English majors and the English language have used they/them pronouns as a singular pronoun for generations throughout history.” Despite the onset warning, Renert took initiative and sent complaints to the professor, which took a toll on their overall grade in the class.

In addition to the occasional disregard of pronouns, some curricula within UCSB passively dismiss trans history and trans icons. “There’s definitely trans erasure in the classroom,” said Amezcua. He described a history course he once took that blatantly ignored the contributions of trans women during Stonewall riots, a historic clash between LGBTQ folks and invasive police, despite trans women’s roles on the front lines. Amezcua explained his engagement with professors that
“It’s really weird. I had to get a letter from a therapist... to prove my gender dysphoria shit, or that chopping my tits off will be mentally helpful for me.”

ignored pronoun preferences or preferred names, which would reflect in the other students and their attitudes with gender non-conforming identities. “If a professor isn’t going to respect you, why will your classmates respect you?” Amezcuá said.

Craig Leets (he/him), director of LGBT Resources and Resource Center for Sexuality & Gender Diversity (RCSGD), explains this general disregard for pronouns and non-binary labels is deep-rooted in society’s insistence on a gender binary. “There’s a lack of awareness and a lot of systemic barriers,” he said. “Part of our work is educating the campus... to address these challenges or barriers that exist for students. That might be bias or microaggressions that they experience in the classroom.” Leets describes this transphobia as inherent to the institutions of higher education, which is not only limited to the material we learn in class, but also in the health care systems of that institution.

He’s right: gender assignment surgery and medical resources for transitioning is not easy to access in general, let alone at UCSB. Em Roalsvig (they/them), a first-year Ph.D. student in the Classics Department, describes the tedious process of being approved for trans health resources. Despite the extreme costs of gender-affirming surgery or hormone medication, Roalsvig says they encountered several unnecessary steps within the UCSB health system to be approved for health care. “You have to prove that your gender identity is impacting your life somehow,” Roalsvig said. “It’s really weird. I had to get a letter from a therapist...to prove my gender dysphoria shit, or that chopping my tits off will be mentally helpful for me.”

In other cases, students experience skeptical medical practitioners within UCSB’s student health services that discourage physical and hormonal transitioning. Amezcuá described his first time meeting Dr. Landsberg. “He told me
I was confused and I wasn’t ready, so I should go and socially transition as a man to make sure I was okay,” Amezuela said. “It totally discouraged me, so I didn’t try anymore.” Despite meeting other practitioners within Student Health that eventually helped their transition, Amezuela’s experience highlights a need for further progress and accountability within UCSB.

So what does this mean for the future of UCSB’s trans community? Should trans students charge the STEM buildings for not having gender-neutral bathrooms? Should non-binary people yell fake slurs at cisgenders and call them “the default?” Better yet, “normies?” Not necessarily. There’s progress being made on an institutional and social level at UCSB through the university’s resources and trans-inclusive committees.

The greatest driving force in trans advocacy would arguably be the RCSGD, which works with university policy, structures, and program funding. “A lot of my work is campus-wide advocacy...trying to make change on a university-wide level, to make it more welcoming,” Leets said. He works to create a comfortable space for trans students, whether that includes all-gender bathrooms installed within each building or policies that address pronouns and preferred names for students, faculty, and employees.

Leets’ most recent success with university legislation is the newly anticipated Gender Recognition and Lived Name policy, which ensures that individuals can include gender designations and lived names in information systems and on university-issued documents. According to Leets, there is notable progress made within UCSB, despite the inherent bias and microaggressions that stem from the institution.

Through the RCSGD, branches such as the Trans Task Force serve to increase and better incorporate resources for the trans community. Amezuela, a committee member of the Trans Task Force, notes the main objective of the committee is to plan, fund, and organize more programs and resource centers for non-binary students. “I want people to be connected... willing to lean on each other for support,” Amezuela said. So far, Amezuela has been involved in implementing pronouns on GOLD and changing ID cards to an individuals’ preferred name without a fee. He continues to meet with the committee to talk about issues on campus for trans students at UCSB.

In addition to these systematic changes, some organizations on campus meet to create community and connections for trans students. As a board member of UCSB’s Associated Students’s Trans & Queer Commission (TQC), Renert encourages students to attend social and career events planned by TQC. “We are a community, and we work as a community,” they said, referring to Isla Vista and its hidden pockets of trans and queer students. “Just join people and talk to people—having queer friends is a great start to help you feel comfortable in your own skin.”

And that goes out to all the newcomers, freshmen, and transfers in particular. It speaks to those of you that are hidden in the spits and spats of trans and queer students throughout Isla Vista. It speaks to veteran fourth-years that want to help other non-binary folk find mentors and communities. There is a large community and several passionate organizations that acknowledge the systemic conflicts and interpersonal microaggressions that trans students face—and actively work against it.

For more resources, visit the UCSB Resource Center for Sexuality & Gender Diversity (RCSGD) website.
An Ode to My Hands
DEXTEROUS AND FREE-FLOWING, my hands allow me to express myself without reservation. My hands are the instrument of my creativity, they empower my sense of individuality. I believe that hands—delicate, yet strong—are an extension of a person's soul. Ten fingers are the source of love and connection—from embracing loved ones to adding the final paint stroke of a masterpiece. So, why are your hands special to you?
Sacred Land stolen from Chumash Hands

The Fight for the San Marcos Foothills

Words // Visala Tallavajula
Photography // Lukas Olesinski
Design // Dylan Lasher
If we prevented the developers from getting a hold of this land, we could help preserve a piece of land that has such a widely diverse set of species and ecosystems that depend on the foothills for survival.

THE SAN MARCOS FOOTHILLS were saved largely in part due to the immeasurable support from our community of Isla Vista! But there are still loans that need to be paid in full so donations are still being accepted by the Foothills Forever organization. To donate, check out: www.foothillsforever.org.

The first time that I stepped foot on the San Marcos Foothills, I was instantly blown away by the absolute beauty of the natural landscape in front of me. One could easily get lost in the fields of dried grasses dotted with small and large rock formations. When I came upon a tree, I stood under it and surveyed the grasslands surrounding this heavenly spot of shade. How beautiful this place is, I thought to myself, a point of view that many previous generations must’ve had in common with me.

A similar sentiment was shared by Mina Basmaci (she/her), a third-year English and Religious Studies major, who described the San Marcos Foothills as nourishing. “The first thing that popped into mind when I arrived at the foothills was that the foothills had an overwhelming feeling of serenity,” she said. “It is such a peaceful place because it is so untouched. There are people playing music, strangers cooking for each other and giving each other meals, and books and resources are being shared for free.”

But, there’s more to the San Marcos Foothills than its tranquility. In order to really grasp why it is important to save, we must go back in time a bit (or dig deeper). The regions that the Chumash peoples populated extended from Santa Monica to Paso Robles, and these tribes were often made up of fishermen as well as hunter-gatherers. In fact, the ever-bustling, student-filled campus of UCSB was built upon Chumash burial ground. The surrounding area, including the town of Isla Vista, was once the location of Chumash villages. In the late 1700s, the Chumash people were wiped out and forced off their land, which was then taken by the Spanish government. This land was passed through the hands of private owners until after Mexico achieved independence from Spain. During the 1830s, the Mexican government was able to access the area and eventually, during the late 1840s, the U.S. government gained control over this land and the rest of California. After World War II, developers obtained the land and, later, the state of California gave the land to the University of California system, which led to the creation of the urban beach retreat many of us call home.

Earlier this year, Isla Vistans spearheaded the work to raise money to buy the San Marcos Foothills from the Chadmar Group, which plans on developing the land. This is not new in Santa Barbara. We have a history of selling off land to developers. Elihu Gevirtz (he/him) is a senior ecologist at the Channel Islands Restoration who led the effort for
Santa Barbara County to buy the central property at Point Sal. Gevirtz says there is very little undeveloped grassland left in the Santa Barbara region. The wildlife that depend on grasslands, particularly birds, are facing difficulties across North America because the grasslands that do remain have been altered by invasive species.

If we simply sat back and allowed for the San Marcos Foothills to be developed, it would be turned into a neighborhood of 8 homes—each one approximately 5,400 square feet, plus eight more guest houses, roads, landscaping, and driveways. But, if we prevented the developers from getting a hold of this land, we could help preserve a piece of land that has a diverse set of species and ecosystems that rely on the foothills for survival, not to mention the generational significance of the land to the Chumash people. If developers were allowed to change this landscape, our community would lose about 27 acres of pure nature.

But hope prevailed. Santa Barbara County and its residents have a history of working hard to protect areas of land that are in danger of being sold to developers. For example, in 1996, the Douglas Family Preserve was conserved due to the Santa Barbara community collecting enough funds to assist the Trust for Public Land to be able to protect this area. And, in 2012, the Montecito Hot Springs Canyon was also protected due to the efforts made by the Land Trust for Santa Barbara County. This was one of the most costly purchases of land made by the Land Trust—about $7.8 million in total—and was largely made up of donations from locals and local organizations.

What can we learn from past efforts to preserve pieces of land from being developed? For one, if we all pitch in through spreading awareness in any way possible, it’s possible to protect our little slices of paradise from developers. It is also important to recognize that this is probably not the last time that we will need to do this. As we’ve seen in the past, there have been multiple occurrences of developers attempting to destroy our nature. Furthermore, we must remember
to do our best to honor the hxstory of these areas of land. Because this land was originally Chumash land, the organization that is planning on buying back the San Marcos Foothills will include the Chumash community in the conservation processes.

When I asked Gevirtz how we, as a community, can continue to help preserve nature and other pieces of land that are possibly in danger of being sold to developers, he acknowledged that a little bit of compromise can go a long way. Zoning, an urban planning technique that allows a community to be set up so that it is the most efficient, does a great job of protecting the land. “If we cannot raise enough money to buy the whole thing—it could be helpful to do trade-offs where the government allows a small number of homes on a relatively small percentage of the total ranch and, in exchange, most of it gets to be preserved,” he said.

Think of it this way: the San Marcos Foothills are something that we should consider as our right to access. We have the right to respect this land, hike on its trails, and enjoy the beautiful views that the foothills provide. By preserving this land, we can further improve it by converting it back to a diverse environment. UCSB was built on land that was and still is spiritually important to the native Chumash people. We must do our best as members of this community to honor the Chumash community and their land.

*HXSTORY:

You may be confused by the x in “hxYou may be confused by the x in “hxstory.” I no longer associate the male pronouns with the past and I acknowledge that many groups were ignored in the telling of hxstory: womxn/womyn, BIPOC, and those who were unable to speak their truths for many other reasons. We must honor those who were not allowed to tell their stories by creating a space where this is possible. Hence, the usage of the word “Hxstory.”
LET THE TORTILLAS FLY

Deep Dive Into UCSB’s Tortilla Throwing Tradition

WORDS // LESLIE REYES  ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // ANNA MONZON

“You guys throw what? Why?” That’s so weird,” are the usual responses you get when you tell someone who’s not a UCSB student about the tortilla throwing tradition at soccer games. When I first arrived at UCSB, I didn’t know this was a thing. The thought of throwing a tortilla at a soccer game sounds bizarre, perhaps just as crazy as the school’s mascot being a South American cowboy. Though, like everyone else, I went along with it and found myself throwing one along with all the students who flung theirs within Harder Stadium. Ironically, this tradition didn’t start with soccer games and the Harder Stadium wasn’t meant for soccer.

Harder Stadium was built in 1966 and got its name after former football coach Theodore Harder. The stadium was originally built for the football team that once existed at UCSB. After 1971, the team was cut for a short time due to budget cuts within the athletic department. But when the NCAA made changes to their rules, UCSB made the decision to end the football program. Which resulted in the Harder Stadium being mostly used by both the women and the men’s soccer teams.
Like the stadium, the tortilla tradition originated in the Thunderdome arena at a time when the UCSB Men’s basketball team was at its greatest. The original item that started this tradition was toilet paper. Who needs bathroom essentials anyway right? Students would throw toilet paper after the first basket that was made. But the UCSB Athletics Department put a stop to this. So tortillas became the new item of choice because they were easier to sneak in. So much for being an eco-friendly school.

The tortillas would become a hassle to clean up since plenty were being thrown and would cause delays that would result in technicals, which coined the term, "Tortilla Technical." A technical is a penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct or violations made by a player or coach which can lead to possibly giving the opposite team a chance at a free throw attempt. In a game of basketball, one free-throw point can decide the winner, and the losing team will be scared and will tell the story of how they lost by one point forever.

The tortillas became very problematic. In 1990, when ESPN broadcasted a game, a tortilla ruined one of their cameras. ESPN no longer wanted to come back to the Thunderdome. Eventually they did but students caused three Tortilla Technicals and the athletic department cancelled tortillas. Simply this resulted in the students bringing the tradition into Harder Stadium for the soccer games and is now a must-do tradition.

If you ask any alumni, current student, or tour guide what’s something you should do while being a student at UCSB, almost everyone brings up the tortilla tradition. No one really knows why tortillas are thrown. It just seems like a random thought a student in the 1990s had when they were like, ‘Hey let’s throw a tortilla,’ and everyone went along with it. But, one of the reasons it was chosen was because they could fly farther and reach the destination they wanted faster.

If you’ve never thrown one, it feels kind of amazing. It reveals a hidden adrenaline rush. Not only has it become an unwritten rule to bring tortillas to the soccer game, but it is also a part of the experience of being a Gaucho. As the crowds begin to fill the bleachers in a scattered manner, sensations of being
part of the community spread through the crowd. Once the referee announces the start of the game, the home team or opposing one takes the lead. As the crowd boos the rivals playing in their home field and cheers for their supporting group, it’s obvious that you will see students digging into their store-bought tortilla bags, ready for that precious moment. There’s no exact queue, like a “start” or “go,” but once the first tortilla is thrown, there’s no stopping the storm of disks that come after that. The misfortune goes to the staff and bystanders of the field, who are responsible for cleaning up after us.

And now onto some throwing etiquette. Though it isn’t enforced, it’s obvious to avoid throwing tortillas when the players are in session. It would also be considered a rude gesture to throw the tortilla at a point in time when the athletes are at peak concentration of their game. So you would only catch students throwing tortillas in the moment during intermission, a red card, or when a team scores.

Although it may have started off as a joke, it turned into a tradition that can’t be stopped—a tradition so deeply embedded in the Gaucho experience that it became a must-do in the imaginary Gaucho bucket list. If you’ve never thrown a tortilla at a soccer game, I recommend the experience. So when it’s safe to feel the adrenaline build up at the pit of your stomach and be with our Gaucho family, bring a couple of tortillas and watch them fly.

SOME TIPS FOR PLANNING A TRIP TO A UCSB SOCCER GAME:

1. Plan ahead, a couple hours or even a day before—this is very important

2. Go to your local grocery store, such as the Isla Vista Market, Isla Vista Co-Op, Albertsons or Target.

3. Buy a pack or a couple of flour tortilla bags (the thinner the better).

4. If you bought them a day before, stick ‘em in the freezer to throw them farther.

5. Throw a tortilla after the first tortilla has been thrown. As a newbie, don’t throw at the wrong time.
**IV is in the Word**

**Across**
1. Alternative to steps
5. Bivalve often served in chowder
9. Highest academic degree
12. Computer operator
13. Wife of Zeus
14. IV noodle restaurant: ___ Wang
15. Waterway important to early Egyptian survival
17. Unit of energy
18. Young frog
19. Miles per hour, e.g.
20. Ukrainian port
23. 805, Hoppy Poppy, and G-Town, for example
27. One way to get down to Earth?
31. Revolves around
33. Arranged to be straight (var.)
34. Watch a movie in your car
36. Jargon
37. Secret knowledge
39. Pickle flavoring
42. Pretty Woman lead Julia
47. King’s superior
48. Stegosaurus, for one
50. Jack’s inferior
51. Hand lotion ingredient
52. Give off, as light
53. Infomercials, e.g.
54. Wolf’s sound
55. 18-wheeler

**Down**
1. Pipsqueak
2. Largest of seven
3. Merge or combine
4. Make ready, for short
5. Kid
6. Flood zone protections
7. “___ we there yet?”
8. Perpendicular IV street: Embarcadero del ___
9. Urgent request
10. Stand-up comic Kevin
11. Cryptocurrency meme origin
16. Nature’s alarm clock
19. Pie cuts, essentially
21. Jamaican music
22. Class roadmaps
23. Physique, slangily
24. Be off base
25. Shrimp sushi
26. Cal Poly for a UCSB athlete
28. Bed-and-breakfast
29. Chill in front of the TV
30. Tokyo, formerly
32. Quotation qualification
33. Small width
38. Prize in Physics won by UCSB Professor Nakamura
39. Facts and figures
40. Common warm weather coffee choice
41. Microscope part
43. December 24 and 31
44. Place not built in a day
45. Barbershop request
46. Org. that searches for galactic life
48. “Fat chance!”
49. “Mr. Blue Sky” rock grp.

**Solutions can be found at wordmagazine.org/crossword**
THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

A YEAR OF UNCELEBRATED 21ST BIRTHDAYS

WORDS // JACK WALSH  PHOTOGRAPHY // SUNNY PARK
DESIGN // ANNA MONZON

THERE ARE VERY FEW universally undisputed truths: “Everything starts as a single thought.” “Nothing lasts forever.” “Don’t sit on the curb.” But, perhaps the most widely accepted of these truths is that your 21st birthday will be one of the most legendary nights of your life. A 21st birthday is the peak of the mountain—the event horizon of adulthood—and the due date to the contract that your soul signed to the universe, declaring that you made it through the scraped knees and awkward dates. The driving tests and R-rated movies. The college applications and dorm halls. On this day, not only can you purchase the secrets that lie within Keg n Bottle’s doors, you can also strut past the bouncers at Sandbar who used to shew you away. You can board Bill’s Bus who previously told you that you’re not tall enough to ride. Yes, on this day, the world is yours. But, in the years of 2020 and 2021, there was no world to be had.

The bar lights were down and the airport terminals collected dust. Del Playa was filled with echoing whispers of college students blasting crappy house music that their friend, Dylan the DJ, mixed and mastered. The 20 years of build up was extinguished by the order to shelter in place. Much like the saying, “If there’s a will there’s a way,“ if there’s a Santa Barbara student, there’s a party. I sought out students who had to celebrate their 21st birthdays under the umbrella of COVID-19 to see how they navigated this obstacle.

Bryahna Turro is a fourth-year UCSB Sociology and Communication double major. She expected to celebrate her 21st birthday on September 24, 2020, about six months after the expected two-week state-mandated quarantine. Turro explained to me that she was never a huge fan of her own birthday, but claimed that her 21st carried a different kind of weight. Accompanied by her housemates, Turro celebrated with an outdoor brunch along with a session of “floating,” a popular activity among IV residents in which a
“I feel like a lot of people, when they turn 21, they just go crazy and get the whole ‘experience.’”

group blows up a raft and floats along the coastline under the sun. With the focus of a 21st birthday normally being on legally going to bars and nightclubs, I asked Turro if she felt as though she missed out on anything.

“My birthday itself was a lot of fun so I don’t feel that I missed out in that way. If I go out now, or if I’m at a restaurant, or if there are bars or breweries open and I go, I’m like, ‘Oh my god.’ I realize I haven’t been out yet so even though I’ve been 21 for like six months, it still feels fresh,” she said.

This was a pleasant surprise to me. Such an optimistic take on a fairly grim situation. Considering UCSB’s reputation for having a rambunctious party culture, one would think that people would be generally annoyed by their inability to partake in one of IV’s notorious features.

With this in mind, I spoke with another student and IV resident, Shannon Mackle. Her situation was a little bit different as she spent most of the pandemic home in the Bay Area. Her 21st celebration consisted of take out, baking, and having some wine with her mom. Additionally, she had a Zoom meeting with a group of her friends. While Mackle really enjoyed her day, she couldn’t help but feel a bit unsatisfied. I asked what advice she had for the next round of students turning 21, who no longer needed to live in a COVID-restricted world. “Take advantage of being able to be with your friends and be with the people that you want to surround yourself with in person,” Mackle replied.

“Take advantage of it ‘cuz you never know when that stuff is gonna be taken away from you.”

Something I noticed throughout my interviews was that most of the people I spoke with didn’t see COVID restrictions as a choice but rather a strict set of guidelines. This was undoubtedly a good thing, as controlling COVID and protecting the vulnerable should be priority. Though, it’s safe to say that college students tend to fall a bit more on the lackadaisical side of things, and the taboo to socialize became another temptation to overcome. My reason for bringing this up is that at the end of the day, social distance, not seeing friends, and being safe was a choice and thankfully, a choice that many people made. Nevertheless, I think part of me was expecting to hear “wild” stories of people who used their 21st as some sort of COVID cheat day.

My conversations brought me a sense of clarity. When people hear the age 21, they generally think of bars and clubs, beer and wine, restlessness and reckless behavior. Yet, no one I spoke with claimed to miss those things. Rather they spoke to me about the people around them. Perhaps a 21st birthday isn’t a cosmic obligation to lose your mind for a night, but instead an excuse to surround yourself with people you choose. COVID didn’t take away the alcohol or the music, it just took away the ones we enjoyed doing those things with. At the end of the day, it seems all you need is a few friends and a raft to float down the coast.
CYBER

CATHARSIS

How I Learned to Love Hyperpop

WORDS// CHLOE KIMMEL
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN// ANNA LEWIS
LIKE MANY PEOPLE over the past year, I have spent an excessive amount of time on TikTok. Viral songs were constantly seeping into my brain with each scroll down my For You page. Top 40 and the occasional indie song slowly settled like sediment into the back of my skull.

TikTok has the implication of utilizing popular songs to the point of ruining them, so I made it a habit to avoid listening to them outside of the app. That is until 100 gecs’ “money machine” came out of absolutely nowhere. Its crashing instrumental and distorted pitched-up vocals demanded a reaction.

And I hated it.

The song confused me and had such an extreme way to the point of parody that it overwhelmed my senses. I couldn’t initially understand the appeal or purpose when comparing it to the perfected pop most of us are accustomed to. Nonetheless, 100 gecs was garnering millions of streams, and the sound was inescapable on social media.

At first, it was beyond weird. The lyrics from “money machine” caught me off guard: “Hey you lil piss baby, you think you’re so fucking cool? Huh? You think you’re so fucking tough? You talk a lot of big game for someone with such a small truck.”

As time went on and “money machine” had been shoved into my ears again and again, my opinions slowly began to shift. There’s just something so iconic about being called a “little piss baby” by someone who sounds like an angry alien. Then several months later in January 2021, SOPHIE, one of hyperpop’s most acclaimed and celebrated artists, unexpectedly passed away. As the media and fans mourned her death and honored her legacy, my interest was piqued. I ended up doing a deep dive into her life as a transgender artist and rise to fame. I was instantly obsessed with her structurally jarring and bellowing basslines. It was completely unlike anything I had heard before. Not to mention her delving into deep critique about capitalism, gender identity, and immaterialism that most commercial artists stay miles away from. Her debut album, “OIL OF EVERY PEARL’S UN-INSIDES,” got her a Grammy nomination for best electronic album in 2018, making her one of the first trans artists to receive such high recognition by the industry.

Finally acclimated to this new soundscape, I found myself enamored with the genre and its artists. Something about 100 gecs and SOPHIE scratched my brain in just the right way. The full sound captured my attention in a way I can only describe as cathartic. It combined catchy, cute pop aesthetics with the fierier emotional release of listening to heavy metal.

Thanks to the internet and platforms like TikTok, hyperpop is shaking up the industry. With its avante-garde innovation that still feels accessible and independent, it’s impossible to be on the internet these days without encountering hyperpop in all its diverse forms.

While music reviewers and critics struggle to define the genre, hyperpop finds a blend of inspirations from pop, EDM, emo, trap, and Japanese pop. The trademark characteristics of hyperpop are blaring deep bass contrasted by unnaturally chipmunked vocals. Hyperpop sounds like the type of music you would picture an AI computer would make, with internet and alien aesthetics being another primary feature.

A small independent label, PC Music, is often cited as the beginning of how we understand hyperpop music. Based in
London and run by producer, A. G. Cook, PC Music’s artists wanted to redefine how we view these pop conventions and bring personality and soul to the genres of electronic and pop music. By releasing what accumulated to an expansive catalog of songs on Soundcloud, the label began to amass a cult following.

Charli XCX has been instrumental in increasing the popularity of hyperpop, bringing many pop fans who knew her from her previous Top 40 sounds. By working with A.G. Cook, Charli has reinvented herself, with her new albums, from “how i’m feeling now” to “Pop 2,” now being hailed as some of the hallmarks of the genre.

Some of my other favorite artists on my hyperpop journey have been That Kid, Slayyyter, and underscores. Initially, it can be difficult to distinguish whether these artists were engaged in artful parody or something more genuine. The truth is, these innovative artists have struggled to be viewed as pop entrepreneurs rather than kids making chaotic noise on the internet.

Historically rejected by the mainstream, queer artists have notably found this genre as a community to fully explore and appreciate their experience through their art. Many pioneers of the genre are transgender and non-binary artists like Slayyyter, Dorian Electra, SOPHIE, and
Kim Petras. This is likely why hyperpop is rooted in the juxtaposition of feminine and masculine, bubblegum and brutal imagery. The musical tropes of both exaggerated hypermasculinity and hypersexualized femininity underlie the artist’s playful and exploratory relationship with the gender binary.

“I was just a lonely girl in the eyes of my inner child
But I could be anything I want and no matter where I go
You’ll always be here in my heart”
-“Immaterial” by SOPHIE

Now with all this to say, hyperpop and its abrasiveness is clearly not exactly digestible to your average music listener. While you might not like it on the first, second, or even third listen, the music can at least open your ears to the possibilities of what music could be.

By embracing and exaggerating parts of our society within this new sound, these artists create impactful art that uses irony to make a statement. While difficult to get used to at first, I really appreciate the hyperpop aesthetics and the way the genre is pushing pop to greater heights.

My Hyperpop Playlist:
WHY ARE WE SO SCARED
FOR COVID TO END?

A Rant About the Folks Who’d Rather Stay Inside

WORDS // MICHELLE POLITISKI
ILLUSTRATION // KATE COBARRUBIA
DESIGN // WENDI VIEN
AS WE NERVOUSLY DIP OUR TOES into the post-COVID era, there remains a small but loud percentage of folks who can’t seem to accept that this pandemic is coming to an end. Hopefully, you know who I’m talking about: the people whose favorite phrase is, “Even if you’re vaccinated, you can’t [insert safe and CDC-approved activity here].”

Like most reasonable folks, I spent the pandemic year avoiding as many people as possible. I got into arguments, lost partners, and forced myself to stay masked and distanced from the people I love the most. This is not to say I was perfect—no one was. I slipped up. I wound up in several situations asking myself, is this safe? Am I being responsible? Anyone who wasn’t perfect during the era of quarantine is facing that guilt, and rightfully so. But those who were perfect aren’t making anything easier by dampening the small moments of joy that come from realizing we’re nearing the end of this thing.

Something in me senses that people who religiously followed all the rules at all times and refuse to acknowledge the reality of COVID ending either a) didn’t actually follow the rules, and are trying to police others’ behavior now to make themselves feel better, or b) got used to the comforts of isolation, and don’t miss socializing at all. Don’t get me wrong—quarantine was a transformative time for me, and I’m grateful for the time I was forced to spend alone. Stripped of most distractions, I had to ask myself what really mattered to me. Those things turned out to be getting help for my depression and anxiety, forming more intentional daily routines, and digging into a spiritual practice. I came out the other end of quarantine knowing that without it, I’d likely be stuck where I was a year ago. But that doesn’t mean I’m not craving normalcy again.

The folks trying to rain on this vaccination parade are the same folks who implored that we “listen to the science.” But as soon as science says we are able to do certain things safely, they call it into question. The “Just Because You’re Vaccinated” meme has become somewhat of a sensation, mocking the pseudo-authoritative tone of the people who really mean it. Popular entries on Twitter include, “Just because you’re vaccinated doesn’t mean you can invite three men who may be your father to your wedding in Greece without telling them,” “Just because you’re vaccinated doesn’t mean you can fly to a family’s 17th century Italian villa and have a passionate summer love affair with your professor’s son,” and more of the like. Usually, they are references to film
plots, like the above’s “Mamma Mia” and “Call Me By Your Name.” These memes are some of the few bright spots of light in the weird, purgatory-esque dusk of the vaccination era.

When I got the first dose of that sweet, sweet Pfizer juice in my arm, I cried for hours. No, this wasn’t some rare side effect—I cried at the thought of holding my baby niece, kissing the partner I’ve been isolated from for a year, napping in the same bed with my friends’ warm, sunburnt bodies. I cried at the thought of all the touch and intimacy I’d taken for granted. I challenge those who don’t want to see the potential to, even just for a moment, imagine getting back what they’ve missed. Maybe life won’t be that different—some folks are definitely the hermit type, myself included, and there’s nothing wrong with that. But humans were not built to live in complete and total isolation, and pretending we don’t desire some freedom is not serving anybody. If you’re one of the people I’ve been talking about, allow yourself to hope. We’ve been living in a terrifying time of darkness, loss, and uncertainty, and it’s understandable that we hesitate to let all that disappear right away. I’m not suggesting we don’t mourn those we lost, or act out of accordance with public health guidelines. I’m suggesting that we accept the loosening of these guidelines. That we trust the science we have relied on for over a year when it tells us that it’s safe to step outside, as long as we’ve done our part by getting vaccinated. That we begin our long journey of healing, and that we do it as a collective.
Hey.

It’s me again.
I know you’re probably wondering why I came back after our last spat. You looked just about ready to kill me—holding that rolled-up newspaper in one hand, chasing me in your oversized sweatshirt.

You’re so cute when you’re angry.

But I know that we’re star-crossed lovers. The truth is that you’re so sweet I can’t get enough of you. I need you, and I won’t try to deny it. I get drunk on the taste of your blood and come crawling back like an addict.

I’m utterly devoted to you. I may spend a night with someone else, but I’ll fly back to you before morning. You and I, cuddled under this quilt, surrounded by the yellow walls of your room. I’ll nuzzle into you and buzz along the inside of your ear when I want to wake you up.

You’re so cute when you’re annoyed.
There’s no netting in the world that’s strong enough to keep us apart. I promise that we will unite against the wills of bug repellent, citronella candles, and God.

I’d crash through screen doors for you. Can’t you see all I do for us?

You need me. And don’t try to deny it.

Entomologists call this a bite but let’s think of it like a kiss. I’m breathing love into your veins. What is love if not knowing someone well enough to hurt them?

I know the real You: I’ve kissed every inch of it. Even without permission.

All this blood you thought was yours—we can share it. Why would you need to keep things to yourself? You don’t want to be selfish, do you?

No one will love you if you’re selfish. No one will love you like I do.

And we’ve had some good times together, you can’t deny that. Do you remember that day in second grade when Mrs. Cabrera sent you home from school because she thought you had chicken pox? I left my autograph on you so many times that people thought you might be contagious.

I’m all you need, and, more importantly, I’m all you have.

Without me you’re just a sad, lonely girl with no itches left to scratch—at least none you can reach. Without me, you’d be left to tear at your soul instead of your skin. Don’t you see now how I’m really doing you a favor? I’m giving you the kind of pain that comes with a quick fix.

I only left pecks, you’re the one that stuck your dirty fingers in them. You want to blame me for this so badly you forget that you would still hurt without me.

You want to blame me so badly you forget this is your fault.

Jeez, don’t be so sensitive.

How can you think I don’t care about you? How can you think you’d be better off without me?

I see you walking over to read this, but I just don’t know how someone like you—

You! Of all people have the nerve to call me a PARASITE.
HAND IN HAND

PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN // SUNNY PARK
The Phantom of the Hairpera

A Short, Haunting Play about Being Haunted by Short Hair

WORDS // KAT SHEN  ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // RAYMOND VASQUEZ
WARNING: As odd as this sounds, this play about a haircut is actually really embarrassing and incredibly soul-bearing so if you skip over this, that is absolutely fine with me.

Unnecessary Prologue
INTERNAL MONOLOGUE

MY HAIR HAS ALWAYS been a huge part of who I am.

I came out into the world with a head of decently long hair, which my mom tells me honestly freaked her out a bit.

I remember growing up and feeling like it even became part of my identity. In middle school, I’d wear it in a ponytail everyday. On the last day of school, I wore it down and my friends freaked out and said it looked really good. It was quite long and, like I mentioned, I had a lot of it and it kind of gave me neck pain. My mom often told me to wear it down, but I refused and wore the ponytail every single day. A part of me wonders now if that means I have slight OCD. Although, I’m too messy for that, so maybe just the O and the D. It also may have been because she was never fully proud of me so I had a complex to please her, and this was my one way of rebelling against that.

It could also just mean I’m lazy.

As I got older, my hair became something people identified me with. My group of friends liked to tell each other what our favorite physical aspects were, and I always got hair. The first guy I dated told me I had awesome hair. So did my best friend. It came down to below my waist, and as I mentioned before, I had a lot of it, so I guess that made sense. I would always want them to say something about who I am on the inside, but then when they called me funny, I wanted them to call me pretty. I think my utter lack of satisfaction came from whether I was more insecure about who I was or how I looked on that day, at that moment.

When I got to college, things became less about how I looked in a way. But I also became more aware of how I felt about myself in regards to my hair. If that sentence made absolutely no sense, let me clarify.

I noticed that I kind of resented my hair. Every time a guy broke my heart or I got bored, I wanted to cut it. I figured that it was just the stereotypical, “I want a fresh start and a new me” thing, but I know who I am.

I think it was just that, sometimes I would wonder if that certain guy just liked me because I fit into what society deemed feminine and sexy. And I would wonder if that was the only reason they were with me, or even liked me in the first place. I wanted no part in that. Also, I love how girls look with short hair.

Act I: The Cut
INT. DAY - BISHOPS HAIRCUTS

MY TRADITIONAL ASIAN MOTHER: Are you sure you want to go shorter?
ME: Yes.
MY TRADITIONAL ASIAN MOTHER: You know, interview season is coming up...
ME: Yes.
MY TRADITIONAL ASIAN MOTHER: ... Are you sure you want to go shorter?
ME: Yeah.
Act II: The First 4 Stages of Grief
INTERNAL MONOLOGUE

DENIAL

Right after the cut, I felt happy. But my body did not.
Every time I tried to live a normal moment of life, I would do something automatically that I never realized I did before until now. My body was experiencing a Janet Jackson: “You don’t know what you got ‘til it’s gone.” I would reach for familiar strands before taking a picture. Or I would try to put shampoo on air in the shower. In the few seconds following these moments, I would get extremely sad for no reason. It was like my body felt something my mind didn’t, like when I drink coffee. I had a phantom limb experience, but with my hair.

ANGER

Two of my guy friends said nothing when they saw me, and when I asked if they noticed, one said, “I was gonna say something, but the time period where I should have passed and a good opportunity never came up again,” which was fair. But the other said, “I didn’t want to say the wrong thing.”

BARGAINING

You know, I know I’m building a big hoopla about cutting my hair by writing and publishing a whole piece about it in my university’s magazine, and connecting it to past trauma and comparing it to actual grief, both of which a lot of people legitimately suffer from, and making it into a literal play, possibly in the hopes of distracting from how incredibly dramatic I’m being by trying to pass this off as ironic (which I honestly kind of am being and actually find quite funny), but if my editors didn’t assign me this pitch, which I found supremely contrived in the first place, and just let me do the trivial music review I actually wanted to do, would I have done any of this, or even cut my hair in the first place?
That was one sentence.
Also, the answer is a half no—I cut my hair before they assigned this.

DEPRESSION

My other guy friend said that it, quote, “looks like ass.” He also said any person who said it looks good is lying to me.
The independent feminist wannabe in me wants to say that those comments rolled straight off my back like my hair used to a few weeks ago. But damn. The actual part of me, whose self-worth is often derived from others’ opinion of me, knows that it hurt like hell. I was so mad, I “call me”-ed him and told him how angry I was over FaceTime.
Survey says: It’s pretty hot with the ladies, but not with straight men.

Act III: Completing The 5th Stage of Grief (Almost)
INTERNAL MONOLOGUE
ACCEPTANCE (KIND OF)

I am writing about how I feel today, and today I drowned out the sounds of my life with eight episodes of Bojack Horseman and two bowls of mac and cheese.

In regards to my hair, I’m starting to make peace with it. Also, I do still feel feminine, which is a cool thing I wasn’t quite expecting. My arms don’t flail out to nothing anymore, and neither do my feelings. I’ve come to terms with the fact that people who compliment me aren’t lying to me, and like my friend said, not everybody’s out to get me and people can be genuine. But to truly feel this way I’m going to have to work through my severe trust issues that stem from not being fully accepted throughout my childhood to
I figured that it was just the stereotypical, “I want a fresh start and a new me” thing, but I know who I am.

P.S. I’ve never actually seen The Phantom Of The Opera, but I thought the phantom limb wordplay was funny, and regardless, I hope there were some cool metaphorical parallels. I also hope you didn’t notice that there’s only one scene in this play. Our props department had a huge budget cut this year, what with the pandemic and all. ❄️

THE END

*Phantom Pain /fan(t)əm pān/ noun: pain that feels like it’s from a body part that’s no longer there.

Phantom Hair /fan(t)əm her/ noun: The pain Kat experienced of all sorts (incl. but not limited to: emotional and mental), caused by getting her hair chopped off.
I REACHED MY BREAKING POINT on a Wednesday at 3 p.m. while coming home from Trader Joe’s. Stupidly, I believed that there would be parking near my house on the 65 block of Del Playa at this time. Normally it’s an available hour, parking-wise. However, on this particular day, everyone in Isla Vista decided to park like they had spatial awareness. For 30 minutes, I circled the streets from 65 to 67 Del Playa, Sabado Tarde, and Trigo to find a spot—and I was eventually forced to park on 67 Abrego. While trekking home angrily from across town, I noticed dozens of awkwardly half-empty street spots that could have fit my car, if people parked appropriately. But the terrible parking of IV is just a reminder of how poorly designed Isla Vista is—and the problem is only getting worse.

Whether you’ve lived in Isla Vista for years or you’re just visiting for a weekend, you know that parking in IV is an absolute nightmare—and frankly, the bane of my existence. You’ve sighed that glorious breath of relief when you find street parking within a block of your residence.

One of the few silver linings that came from the pandemic was the availability of street parking in IV. For the first few months of summer, it was easy to park on Del Playa and even 65 DP, usually a densely packed party street. But as life began to return to normalcy, so did the abysmal parking situation in IV.

Each week seemed to bring a new wave of cars. I would plan my grocery trips around peak parking availability, and I was no longer able to go on my midnight In-N-Out runs in fear of being forced to park a mile away from my house in the middle of the night. When spring quarter hit, and a majority of Isla Vistans returned, my anger and frustration escalated to the point where every time I drove through IV, my blood pressure and road rage spiked dramatically. I left wondering how a town so beautiful could be so heinous.

When I posted on UCSB Free & For Sale asking the people of IV to tell me their parking horror stories, the post got 155 likes, 64 comments, and 10 personal messages complaining about the catastrophe that is parking in Isla Vista. So clearly, I’m not alone.

The biggest concern was the lack of available parking in designated residential areas. Students complained about the complete disrespect that residents have for others’ cars, the amount of hit-and-
runs where people never leave a note, the way people park obnoxiously and leave awkward unparkable amounts of space in between, and the frustration with UCSB for not providing parking for students at a reasonable price. Plenty of cars have been keyed, scratched, and bumped into, and mirrors have been knocked off. Adrian Escobar told me about how a car parked on his lawn. Robert Morgan-Jackson noted that he saw a car flipped over with another car in place of that car’s parked space. Julia Had said she saw her car had human footprints on its roof and dashboard.

Despite how angry the parking shitshow makes me, I’ve spent nights racking my brain trying to find a solution for the disaster of IV street parking. I propose that Isla Vista paints little white lines on the streets to indicate what a proper street spot is (like most major cities have), so people will be able to park efficiently and leave space for as many cars to fit as possible. One suggestion from Felipe Garcia, an IV apartment complex manager, involves turning Del Playa and Sabado Tarde into one-way streets, making every car park diagonally to create more space efficiency in the most populated areas of IV.

In hopes of finding possible solutions to this issue, I interviewed Spencer Brandt, president of the Isla Vista Community Services District, to learn what the potential plans are for fixing the parking crisis in Isla Vista. Brandt explained that from a policymaking perspective, parking has always been a challenge due to high population density. With more students being admitted to UCSB, the problem will exacerbate as more people cram into the same one-square-mile area.

One of the initial plans of IVCSD was a residential tax in 2018 to build a budget for addressing the parking crisis. Though there are no concrete solutions yet, by the end of 2021, IVCSD hopes to begin community outreach and ask IV residents for solutions in order to gather helpful actionable information. Brandt explained the importance of finding solutions that would not only address the parking problem, but also increase funding and access to other transportation that would allow people to not need a car. Brandt’s potential ideas included a resident parking permit program in IV or funding a car/bikeshare program. “This needs to be a regional solution, and UCSB would need to work in tandem with IVCSD in order to create a better parking program,” he said.

While IV figures out a better parking situation, drivers should be respectful and take it upon ourselves to park closer to each other (without a hit-and-run). We must leave space for the other wanderers. We must respect each other’s property and remember that we’re all broke college students who can’t afford to fix the drunken shit people do to our cars. Perhaps with a little common sense, broken side mirrors and angrily written napkin notes will stop being common sights on the streets of IV.
A LANDSCAPE OF THE TIMES
Four Years in Retrospect
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // EMILY KOMESSAR
WORD MAGAZINE
INT 185ST
THE CREATION OF THIS MAGAZINE
This issue of WORD: Isla Vista Arts & Culture Magazine is brought to you by the student artists and writers in INT 185ST and its partner SEAL campus organization. We welcome new writers, designers, photographers, and artists from all majors.
Contact Anna Jensen at: akjensen@ihc.ucsb.edu

IV LIVE!
THEATER 42/142, PR AND ON-SITE EVENT MANAGEMENT
Experience promoting and producing weekly Improvability comedy shows along with additional live performances in Isla Vista. Learn backstage and front-of-the-house skills. Explore public relations, advertising, and production management in this real-world setting.
Contact Anna Jensen at: akjensen@ucsb.edu

MAGIC LANTERN FILMS
FILM 119ML, ISLA VISTA FILM EVENTS
Magic Lantern Films teaches the ins and outs of film programming using IV Theater as a lab. Students gain experience in budgeting, publicizing, researching, theater management, series-pitching, and curating, culminating in the execution of screenings that come out of students’ own pitches.
Contact DJ Palladino at: djpalladino@ihc.ucsb.edu

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THEATER 194A, GROUP STUDIES IN ACTING AND DIRECTING
Spring Quarter only
Experience theater by acting and producing it. Students rehearse, act, create costumes, sets, and finally perform their work during the final week of classes.
All majors welcome!
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In Loving Memory of

Nick Song

Friend, Photographer, Former WORDie

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