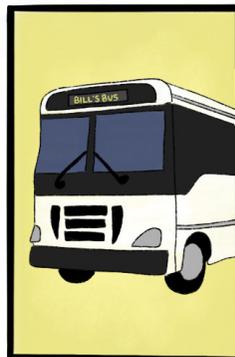
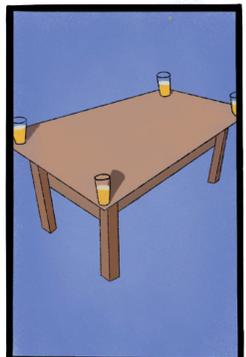
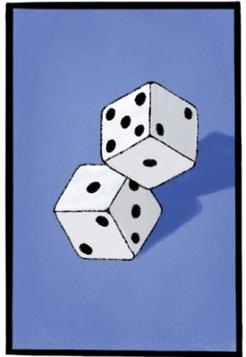
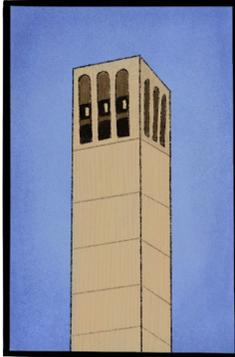


WORD

SPRING 2022 ISLA VISTA ARTS & CULTURE MAGAZINE



CONTENTS

CREATIVE

- 8** IV Loteria Card
Anna Sophia Monzon
- 14** IV Artists Stickers
Summer Haddaway
- 16** WORD Crossword
Dylan Lasher
- 23** One Sunset at a Time
Lucy Holley
- 33** OTW 2 Skool
Mahrokh Cornelius
- 39** To Live and Surf in IV
Dylan Buckley Delaney
- 47** In Verse Poetry
Haley Walker
- 55** Board Game
Ellie Aquilanti
- 57** Birdwatching Guide
Haley Walker
- 65** Warm and Cold
Haorui “Hally” Zhou

THINK

- 5** Dating Apps Most Wanted
Chloe Kimmel
- 10** Crying on Campus
Veronica Vo
- 20** The Death of the Girlboss
Makenna Gaeta
- 49** Farewell to my First Home
Janet Wang
- 59** Hopelessly Devoted To My Phone
Katelyn Katz

FEATURES

- 3** IV Art Markets
Muyun Liu
- 17** High-La Vista?
Caitlin Henderson
- 29** Weird Pets in IV
Itzayana Gonzalez
- 35** Sugar Babies Feature
Ashley Rusch
- 43** Grassroots Student Organizations
Giselle Lewis
- 52** Paperback Alley Feature
Isabel Cruz
- 61** IV Romance Rewind
Lauren Enslin
- 67** Big Boy Obituary
Janet Wang
- 69** Sierra Hotel
Marissa Muñoz
- 71** Van Gogh Exhibition Review
Leah Skoyles
- 75** DJ Palladino Retires From WORD
Former WORD Advisor and Editors-in-Chief

Cover Art:

Anna Sophia Monzon

THE EDITORS

LETTER
FROM

Dear WORD Readers,

Some days we wake up feeling like we need to go about our days faster than the clock allows. The mindless, daily sequence goes something like this: wake up, coffee, eat, work, sleep, and repeat—sound familiar? Every night before bed, we lie awake thinking about how we can race ourselves for a busier tomorrow.

Most of the time, we don't think twice. We go about our days with little question of the world around us—but that's when we miss the significance in the small things. There's the kindness of the barista who drew a smiley face on our cup. Or we shrug off the compliment from a stranger on our new shoes. Sometimes we're on overdrive, our brains traveling at a million miles a minute, stuck in our own self-imposed pace. That's when we miss the bigger things: formidable moments with little siblings, epiphanies from seemingly mundane conversations, and new opportunities that only emerge from unexpected failures.

If we continue to live like we're characters in a life-long video game, aiming to get to the next stage as quickly as possible, we'll never be satisfied—no matter what level we reach. The truth is, life is all in the details. But when we're overwhelmed in busyness, we get stuck in cycles of self-doubt and abstract paradigms of success. We grow blind to the goodness of our own work at whatever stage of life we're in. It takes strength to admit that we need a break or tell ourselves we're good enough, even when we don't feel like it. So this is your chance to press pause, take a deep breath, and find joy at this moment.

In these pages, WORDies remind you of the beauty in the little things. Take a second (or more) to take a pause in your day. Play a game. Make time for a crossword. Cut out some stickers. You might even learn a thing or two if you read between the lines.

Just don't flip through these pages too fast.
Blink and you'll miss the color.

WORD Editors-in-Chief,
Ashley Rusch and Janet Wang



UC SANTA BARBARA

WORD Magazine is the production of the WORD class and the WORD Club, a UCSB campus organization. Isla Vista Arts publish WORD with financial support from the offices of the Chancellor and Associated Students.

Isla Vista Arts and WORD thanks its administrative and executive hosts at the Interdisciplinary Humanities Center (IHC) for their support.

2000 copies of WORD are published three times a year, during the beginning of the academic quarters: fall, winter, and spring.

ART IN THE PARK

Isla Vista's Small Business Scene

WORDS // MUYUN LIU PHOTOGRAPHY // HALEY WALKER DESIGN // VEDA GUJRAL

IT'S 2 P.M. The weather is warm and sunny, and white clouds create a dotted line across the bright blue sky. At Sea Lookout Park, people bustle around as they shop for handmade jewelry, thrifted jeans, and oversized graphic T-shirts. When local small businesses come together to share and sell their art, community members get to participate in a unique cultural art experience. Local art markets are one central part of this art culture: open-air, handmade, vintage, and antique markets feature an eclectic mix of community artists and collectors.

Some art markets in our little community include IV Open Market, Isla Vista Trading Post, and the Made and Found Markets. Lauren "Lolo" Stevens, the founder of the brand "Layered by Lolo," sells her jewelry at these markets each week. As I approached her pop-up, people were clustering in front of her stalls, drawn to the shiny jewelry and pictures of beautiful models displaying her work. "I started the business two years ago when people were in quarantine. Now, I not only sell them in the art markets, but also have online sites and the TikTok account," Stevens said. Since Stevens' business has become a significant aspect of her life, she is looking

forward to reaching international platforms and interacting with business owners like her.

The fashion that can be found in the art markets also holds significant meaning beyond a source of income for vendors.

Lauren "Lolo" Stevens (left) advertises her pop-up, Layered by Lolo.



The creator of Manifesting Pants, Abby Egan, proudly displayed a T-shirt with a picture of a shouting woman and the slogan “Lady-like.” “Selling those things really empowers me and counters back the outside voices, like this one, ‘Lady-like,’” Egan said. She describes “empowering others through sustainable fashion and self-expression” on her personal Instagram page, reflecting this mantra in her own life. She bought all the T-shirts and jeans from someone else and remade these secondhand pieces. When Egan goes back home during the holidays, she even sells the clothes in the family’s backyard. Like Stevens, art markets have become a core part of her daily life.

The Fashion Club at UCSB also hosts community fashion events in the parks of Isla Vista. They make sustainable fashion bags stamped with “Fashion Club UCSB” and delicate decorations. The club members get the opportunity to utilize their creativity and diverse pigments to



Owner of Manifesting Pants, Abby Egan, with a pair of her handmade pants.



Fashion club treasurer Melissa Godoy sporting a handmade bag.

draw colorful pictures and patterns on the bags. Each bag is sold for \$2, and all the funding will go to the club. “The major points of doing these are the potential fun gained from the experiences,” they said.

Meanwhile, the Isla Vista Trading Post is one student-run organization aimed at making fashion more sustainable and environmentally conscious. They host trading events to establish a small-scale circular economy by enabling the community members to trade secondhand clothes. On their website, they note, “With every piece of clothing that is given away comes a sense of empowerment to change the world. We decided that we can change the world...one shirt at a time.”

These vendors and student-run organizations sell different goods with a passion to build a more connected, thoughtful, and compassionate community through diverse arts, culture, and ideas that are accessible to all.

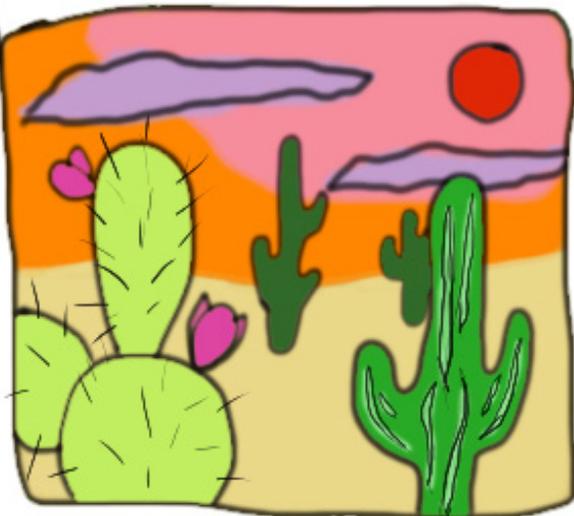
WORDS // CHLOE KIMMEL
DESIGN + ILLUSTRATION //
MAHROKH CORNELIUS

DATING APPS MOST WANTED

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR COMMON CULPRITS

The moon is high. A lawless wasteland of long-lost hookups. A battle between good and evil... Dating apps are a dangerous place with walking tropes at every turn.

NOTICE! If you have any information concerning the whereabouts of these suspects, contact your local authorities immediately!!!!





Dogged-Down Dylan

This man is boring, boring, boring. I'm not even gonna lie, this man is dry. His messages are about as interesting as the readings you're avoiding by swiping on people. At least he is honest when he says the biggest risk he's ever taken is downloading a literal dating app. He lures in his victims by owning one of the cutest dogs you've even seen, hoping it distracts you from his bare-bones dating profile. Run immediately if he calls himself a "dog dad" or mentions he's looking for a mother for his "child."

Broken-Up Brianna

This outlaw was last seen dumping all her issues on unsuspecting strangers online. She replies quickly and initially may seem interested, but beware. Fresh out of a break up, this suspect is not as emotionally available as they seem. Therapy costs money, but the gratification of dating apps is free. She'll go on and on about her loser of an ex, only to ghost you a few days later. She thinks she's ready to get back on the horse, only to compare everyone she swipes right on to the person she still has feelings for. Avoid her unless you're interested in being a side character of someone else's rebound arc.



Mask-Off Max

This man is notorious for posing with dead animals. What better opportunity to showcase your personality than smiling next to a dead carcass? His other photos are always with other girls, and there's no way all of them could be his sisters. This guy tries to balance his problematic politics by claiming an obsessive love for tacos and tequila. His profile says moderate but this only disguises his true persuasions. This outlaw was last seen complaining about mask mandates and how UCSB doesn't accept all points of view.





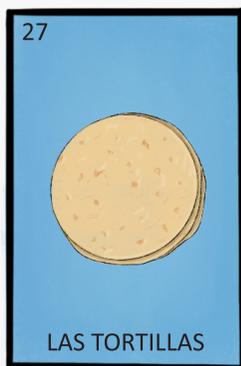
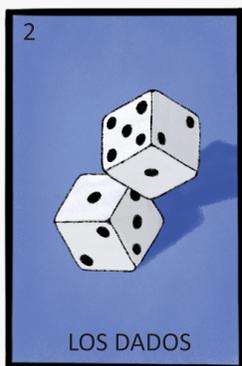
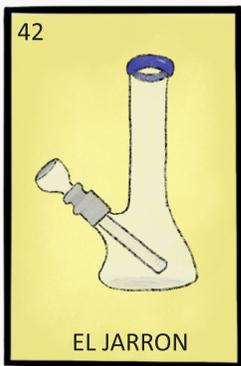
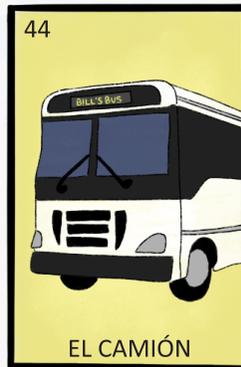
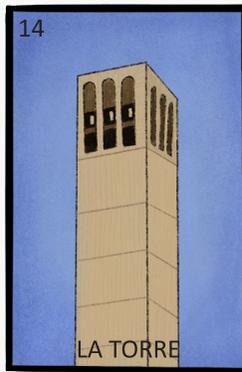
Beta-Male Brandon

This suspect was last seen stuck in their superiority complex. You'll often find him turning his nose up at all the shirtless bros and basic girls he finds himself surrounded by. Instead of doing drugs and participating in IV party culture, he's busy developing his empath skills and listening to alpha male podcasts. He says he doesn't reply right away—but don't be fooled. He will not hesitate to double text when mansplaining your major or guiltling you into not ghosting him.

Astrology Alex

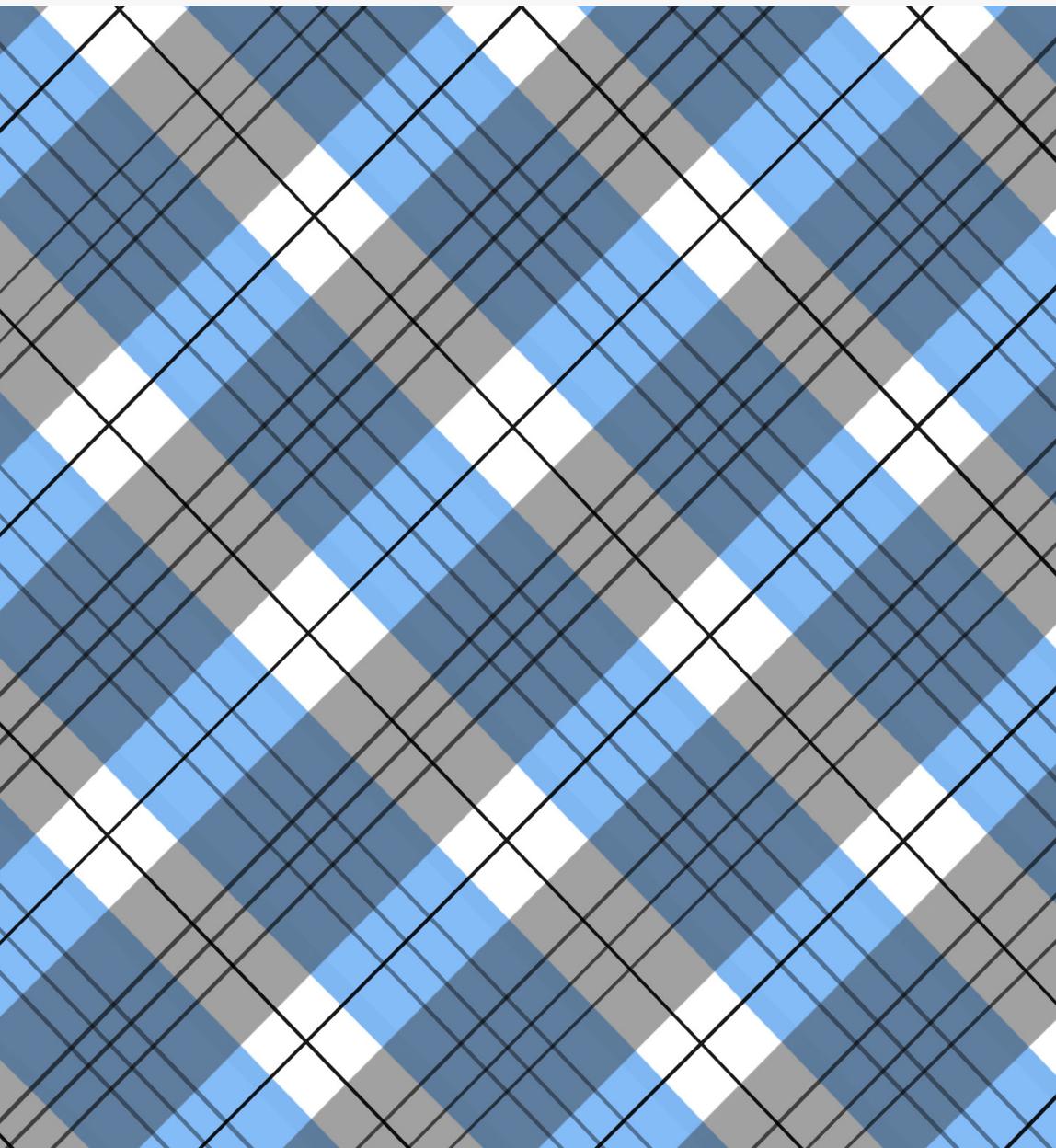
They may seem innocent at first, but this person is absolutely fiending for your birth time. Getting to know people with limited information is a challenge, but some take this to the absolute other extreme with zodiac shaming. While their concerns about your future together might be valid, some would rather their astrological signs not be a deciding factor in whether or not they get a first date. Beware divulging your birthday, unless you're ready to be read to filth and judged on every aspect. Turns out your Sagittarius placements make you a cheater and your Capricorn Mars means you're cold? They may seem harmless at first, but just wait till they figure out about your Scorpio Moon or Gemini Venus. This suspect was last seen agonizing over your chart on Co-Star. [w](#)





IV LOTERÍA

A classic spin on the traditional Mexican game of chance
illustrating the sights and sounds of Isla Vista.



WORDS // VERONICA VO PHOTOGRAPHY // DYLAN BUCKLEY DELANEY
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // BRYAN SIERRA

CRYING ON CAMPUS

RANKING PLACES TO LET IT ALL OUT



CRYING IS A BASIC HUMAN instinct. You've cried, I've cried, our prehistoric ancestors probably cried in the nearest caves or over a newly discovered open fire. Nobody really tells you how much time you could potentially spend crying once you go to college. Starting, going through, and ending your time as a college student comes with a whirlwind of emotions and at least a mild mental breakdown or two.

We all know that feeling—it starts with the dreaded pressure building behind your eyes, and ends with the tears that start falling from them. Maybe it was that Chem 1A midterm. Maybe you spilled coffee in the aisle of the gigantic Chem lecture hall before proceeding to slip and fall on it two seconds later—just one of those days. Maybe it was the sudden, all-consuming realization that the world as we know it is ending and things will never be the way they once were. Whatever the reason, sometimes emotion just comes bubbling up, and you just need that sweet catharsis of letting those tears roll down your face. When that happens, you might be wondering where you should go. For exactly this reason, I've compiled a ranking of places to cry on campus: tried, true, and expert tested.

1. THE LAGOON

Friends, classmates, and a good amount of UCSB Reddit users have confirmed my suspicion that the lagoon is the best place on campus to cry. Whether on the trails around it or sitting on one of the many benches surrounding our beloved stinky little body of water, this is a prime spot where you can let the tears flow freely. The benches lining the edge of the lagoon are my recommendation; from an outsider's perspective, you'll look like you're just observing the ripples of the water when secretly, you're crying. Or maybe not so secretly, depending on how loud you are. You can sit as long as you want with little to

no interruptions if you're in the right spot. Especially if you go at night. If you're lucky, you might even have emotional support company from a raccoon or squirrel.

2. THE LIBRARY

The lib is, without a doubt, a close-second best spot to cry. Not only is spending long hours studying here a great way to get those negative emotions brewing, but there are also so many options of where to be once they finally erupt. The quiet floors can be a place



for silent crying and contemplation, but sniffing and sobbing might get you some dirty looks. I have a personal affinity for any library bathroom as a cry spot, especially when empty. Study rooms are great for a scheduled cry when you have to set a timer and suck those tears right back in once you hit the 15-minute mark. The first floor is a solid option, and the egg chairs are nice for a quiet, gentle stream of tears. Honestly, anywhere in the library—whether it's the bathrooms or cubicles—will do the trick.

3. THE BEACH

This one should be pretty self-explanatory. The great thing about our campus is that, from almost anywhere, you can be on the actual beach within minutes. Feeling the sand beneath your feet and the wind on your face are great accompaniments to any amount of crying you may be doing. This is where you can really let it all out. The sound of the ocean will drown out the noise of your uncontrollable sobbing, and staring absently at the waves is a great way to unwind post-cry. The trails leading down to the beach are my personal favorite cry spots, worthy examples being the stairs behind Anacapa Residence Hall (at night) or those around Manzanita Village. There's something about being near the constant ebb and flow of the ocean that makes crying that much more cathartic.

4. THE HALLS

As students, we spend a lot of our time in classes, which is why it's important to have a quick getaway spot for when those tears are coming and there's nothing anyone can do about it. On the top floor of South Hall, you can find your way to a balcony with a few tables and chairs. Not only is there a view of campus, but people rarely come here, so it's a good spot for



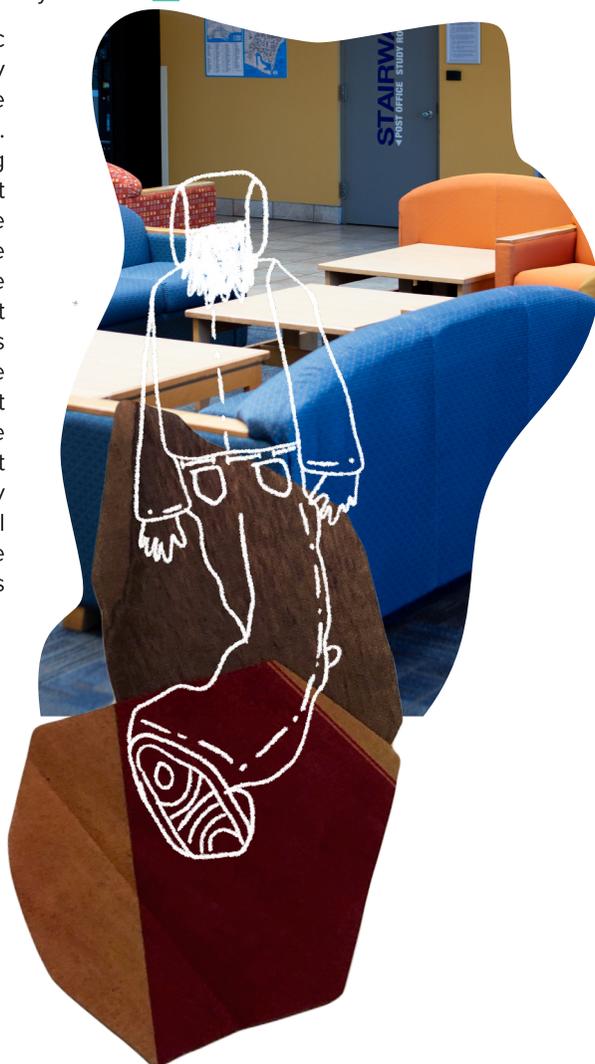
all times of day whether you want to cry sitting or standing, or multitask and cry while eating or working. There's also an excellent secluded cry space right outside the second floor of Girvetz Hall that I've never seen anyone go to. The top floor of the Education Building offers another nice view of campus, ample seating, and an environment of peace and serenity that allows all types of crying from muffled sobs to open wails. While these spots aren't ideal, the options may be handy to have.

5. PUBLIC SPACES

Unless you're an enjoyer of PDE (public displays of emotion), I don't know why anyone would choose to cry in any of the wide-open spaces that are on campus. That's why I took the liberty of testing them all out in my first year, so you don't have to. The dining halls are a terrible option for crying, given the weirdly sterile environment and high foot traffic. The middle of the UCEN would also be a last resort, especially in one of those couches directly facing the main doors where everyone can see you crying and distant acquaintances will stop to ask if you're okay out of polite obligation (definitely not speaking from experience). Crying in any of the residence hall common areas will make sure every single person within the building can hear you. Quite literally, this one is a cry for help.

Crying is cathartic, relieves stress, and is scientifically proven to ease the pain.

You might never have thought about where you should go to cry, but a breakdown location can really make a difference. Whether you want to cry with a view or can't see through your tears anyway, whether you want privacy or an audience, to cry mask-on or mask-off (admittedly the only kind I've done) there are so many options around our campus to choose from. Crying is cathartic, relieves stress, and is scientifically proven to ease the pain. It makes us human, and there's no shame in doing so. Maybe one day, you'll even have a cry spot ranking of your own. **W**



CUT US OUT!

'STICKERS' BY ARTISTS OF ISLA VISTA

CURATION + DESIGN //
SUMMER HADDAWAY



FEATURED ARTISTS

Chloe Babcock

Sara
Kashani-Sabet
@bysarajoon

Chloe
Babcock

Claudia Qi
@cqfei

Claudia Qi
@cqfei

Dylan Lasher

@dylanlasher

Summer Haddaway

Summer Haddaway

Claudia Qi
@cqfei

Claudia Qi
@cqfei

Sara Kashani-Sabet
@bysarajoon

Sara Kashani-Sabet
@bysarajoon

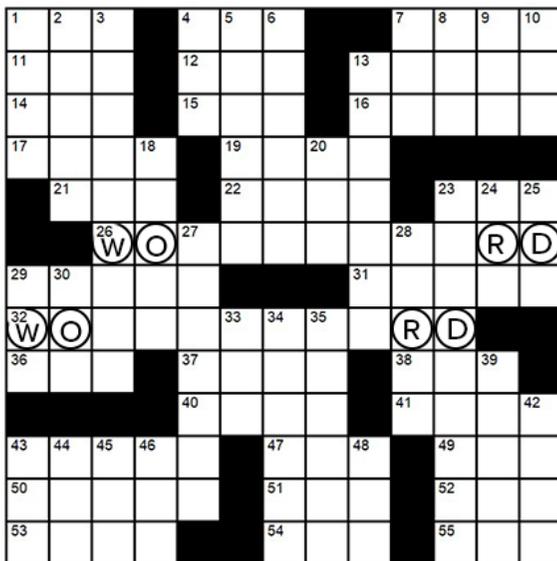
LOOK INSIDE THE

WORD

CROSSWORD + ILLUSTRATION // DYLAN LASHER

Across

1. Not quite right
4. Cannavale's character in "Boardwalk Empire"
7. Highlight of 29 Across
11. "Dudel!"
12. "The Simpsons" bartender
13. Group that has its own organ
14. Black gold
15. Your and my
16. Fast-casual burgers founded in SB
17. Snaky swimmers
19. Pro's foe
21. Morse E
22. Rich soil
23. K.G.B. adversary
26. Olympian's greatest achievement
29. The Met performance
31. Like some notebook paper
32. Acting diligently
36. Fleur-de-___ (Saints logo)
37. Captain of the Millennium Falcon
38. Sixth sense
40. It comes to mind
41. Nasal COVID test tool
43. Showed again
47. "Give it ___"
49. Get it wrong
50. Blue-pencils
51. Tuck's partner
52. Alias preceder
53. Late rapper "MF ___"
54. Band performance
55. Body image, for short



Down

1. Orchestral wind
2. Like much state fair fare
3. Influencers' metric
4. Opposite of organic
5. "Thank ___ for coming tonight"
6. Anise-flavored liqueur
7. "Gotcha!"
8. Lowe of "Parks and Rec"
9. Infamous Richard
10. "A jealous mistress": Emerson
13. Part lion, goat, and snake
18. Avian baby deliverer
20. IV beach menace
23. Symptom of stress
24. Rage
25. Put two and two together
27. Fictional California R&B bunch
28. Smokes meat
29. Tootsie pop lick counter
30. Red pin on a map
33. Silent assent
34. Deduces
35. Submarine sandwich
39. Large hooded jacket
42. Frank's cousin
43. Cabernet, e.g.
44. Tokyo, once
45. 2016 summer games locale
46. Jackson ejector
48. Choose

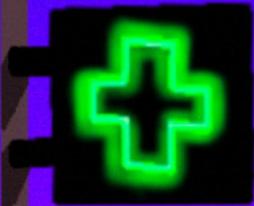
SOLUTIONS FOUND AT
WORDMAGAZINE.ORG
/CROSSWORD



HIGH-LA VISTA?

ISLA VISTA'S FIRST MARIJUANA DISPENSARY

WORDS // CAITLIN HENDERSON
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN //
DYLAN LASHER



TWENTY YEARS AGO, even 10 years ago, the idea of a recreational dispensary on Pardall Road would have seemed impossible. Coming this summer to Isla Vista, The Farmacy will claim a storefront on Pardall, between IV Deli Mart and Kyle's Chicken House.

Graham Farrar, an entrepreneur who opened Santa Barbara's first recreational dispensary in 2019, is excited to bring the chain to Isla Vista. Farrar says his store will cultivate a "very beachy and IV vibe," catering to a college-aged demographic. However, bringing the dispensary to Isla Vista was a complex process, from licensing to establishing a charitable fund.

A COMPETITIVE PROCESS

Santa Barbara County's cannabis ordinance requires a lengthy, merit-based application process for storefront dispensaries to be considered for approval. Back in June 2020, county supervisors began a multi-year selection process that would allow up to six dispensaries in the county in its six community plan areas, including one in Isla Vista. Applicants were ranked on everything from parking and odor control strategies to marketing and communications plans.

"As you put your application together, it's a little bit of a beauty contest of your location, the management team, how well you're going to operate, standard operating procedures, community fit," Farrar said.

The competition was tight for the Isla Vista spot, but The Farmacy emerged with the highest ranking, beating seven other applicants. The Farmacy ranked especially high in Phase 3 of the process, which involved a Neighborhood Compatibility Plan, assessing the business's impact on the community. In its application, The Farmacy has promised to donate

2% of gross revenue to a Community Benefits Fund, intended to support local services such as IV Youth Projects and Isla Vista Beautiful. Allocation of these funds will supposedly be determined by a Community Benefits Advisory Committee with local stakeholders from the Isla Vista Food Co-Op, Isla Vista Community Services District, and Dank Bowls Kitchen, among others.

According to Brittany Heaton, Santa Barbara County Cannabis Analyst, the approval of a recreational dispensary in Isla Vista comes down to whether the business would be a constructive force in the community: "[We consider if this is] a company that is reputable and will contribute in a positive way, and at the end of the day not cause any harm," Heaton said.

Not everyone celebrates the track record of The Farmacy's management. Farrar admitted that a "small but loud" group in Carpinteria has vocalized opposition over his company's cannabis cultivation, primarily fueled by odor-related concerns. As for Isla Vista, he doesn't anticipate the same backlash.

"There's no one picketing out front saying, you know, 'Good people don't smoke weed' or whatever," Farrar said.

FEDERAL LAW SUPERSEDES STATE LAW

Although Proposition 64 legalized recreational cannabis use for Californians 21 and older in 2016, federal policies consider marijuana an illegal drug. According to the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, cannabis falls under a Schedule I classification, the highest level drug category. For UC schools, which abide by federal regulations, California's legalization status does not apply to campuses or sponsored programs. University of California policy

prohibits the “use, possession, and sale of marijuana in any form on all university property, including university-owned and leased buildings, housing and parking lots.” In fact, all campuses must remain compliant with federal drug-free policies such as The Drug Free Schools and Communities Act and Drug Free Workplace Act.

The penalty for students who possess or use marijuana on UC campuses range from required participation in treatment programs to expulsion, but federal repercussions are more severe. From the lens of federal law, simple possession results in misdemeanors for first-time offenses and felonies for repeated offenses, often including fines or incarceration time.

PROMOTING COMMUNITY EDUCATION

For college-aged students, increased accessibility to recreational marijuana raises questions surrounding the safety and health concerns of consumption. At UCSB, the Alcohol and Drug Program (ADP) offers science-based resources regarding cannabis, updated laws and regulations information, and self-assessments to determine a student’s need for treatment. A “Cannabis Information” tab on the ADP website identifies warning signs and side effects of cannabis use, ranging from recognizing marijuana intolerance to challenges cutting back usage. From a university standpoint, harm reduction and educational programs have the ability to promote students’ safer cannabis consumption.

Life of the Party (LOTP) is a student organization funded by ADP, which offers alternative social events to parties and provides education for students about alcohol and drug usage, including marijuana. LOTP does not take a stance on recreational cannabis (or any controlled substance use, for that matter). Rather,

the group promotes safe decision-making. “We don’t tell students what to do, and we’re not the party police. We don’t tell students ‘do this’ or ‘don’t do that,’” Omari Pryor, Communication Manager and Officer at LOTP, said.

Pryor notes that the goals for the program prioritize harm reduction and safe usage. “[We’re] meeting students in their current needs wherever they may be, and then assisting them from there,” Pryor explained. “Then prevention also includes health education to increase student and community safety.”

As part of its community plan, The Farmacy proposes informational services, including a webinar series and blog posts that cover various topics from safe dosages to guides to cannabinoids.

LIVING UP TO PROMISES

While The Farmacy claims to behave as a beneficent neighbor as it takes roots in Isla Vista, the scope of their promises is undeniably expansive. Establishing a community fund is one of The Farmacy’s many goals, but it remains unclear how and if the business will help make Isla Vista “a more vibrant and attractive place to live, work, shop, and recreate,” in the words of Farrar. **W**

THE DEATH OF THE GIRLBOSS

Deconstructing Performative Feminism

WORDS // MAKENNA GAETA

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // GRANT RUSSELL

Meet Sophia Amoruso, the original Girlboss. An emblem of self-made money and female supremacy in the workplace, Amoruso single-handedly tilted the idea of a “man’s world” on its axis. Hearing her story, women felt empowered to reclaim their space in the land of male corporate dominance and greed—all they had to do was beat them at their own game.

Amoruso, a once eBay merchant turned fast-fashion empress, created the highly successful clothing chain Nasty Gal from humble beginnings. The entrepreneur attributed her success to the ideology of the girlboss, both coining the term and cultivating an entire philosophy for other endeavoring entrepreneurs to emulate. In her 2014 book “#Girlboss,” Amoruso poses a provocative question: why dismantle the power hierarchies that fuel gender injustice, when we, as women, can simply take back the power for ourselves? The logic goes something like this: by increasing the number of women in positions of power, more and more women (below these female authorities) will be inspired and elevated to pursue bigger and better quests—thus effectively establishing “gender equality” within the workplace.

But here’s the catch: for the Girlboss movement to successfully remedy corporate gender discrimination, it assumes that women are less vulnerable

than men to the temptations that trail all positions of power, such as greed, corruption, and abuse of authority. Shortly after Amoruso’s explosive rise to the top, she was flooded with accusations of engaging in discriminatory practices and otherwise toxic management, and eventually, Nasty Gal filed for bankruptcy. Her ironic fall from power unearths the unpalatable truth: the girlboss replaces the archetype of the abusive male CEO with an equally abusive female one and “calls it a day.”

Simona Nanda, a fourth-year Communication major and president of UCSB’s Women in Business club, is all too familiar with the rise and fall of the girlboss. “I think it was a form of female empowerment at the time, however, in recent years, I feel like the term has completely changed and now kind of represents a shady side of women in business,” she said.

Nanda’s organization, one that aims to nurture a growth climate for female aspiring entrepreneurs at UCSB, is careful to distinguish the difference between being a girlboss and being a respected woman in business. “One phrase that keeps coming to mind is, ‘Gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss,’ which is used in pop culture to take advantage of other girls under the guise of quote-unquote ‘girlbossing,’” Nanda said.

The girlboss ideology marks the pinnacle of performative feminism. It is branded as an uplifting philosophy that fosters unification and empowerment among women, but in reality, it is little more than repackaged misogyny. By playing dirty to reach the top, a girlboss inevitably steps over other women to do so, perpetuating the same abusive practices that the movement supposedly condemns its male counterparts for. Even the name itself is counter-productive. “I personally believe that to be a boss and to be taken seriously, you don’t need to phrase ‘girl’ in front of it to validate your hustle and grind, or frankly, the success you achieve,” Nanda explained.

Chalk it up to semantics, but tacking “girl” in front of “boss” is patronizing: why have to self-declare (as if playing a role) at all? Why use “girl” rather than “woman?” Imagine referring to your male superior as a boy boss—it feels inappropriate and borderline ridiculous.

Perhaps even more damaging, this template of a feminine icon is overtly unrealistic. Everything about the girlboss comes effortlessly. She is fit, fun, and fearless. She is an excellent cook, a social butterfly, a workhorse, and a fitness connoisseur. Setting an almost mythical standard, she is what many would call the perfect woman. For years,

the girlboss mentality took the nation by force, “empowering” millennial women to lead a life of balance and individualism. Nanda, the optimal girlboss candidate, is honest about the daily exhaustion of being an ambitious college student, reflecting on the nothing-too-crazy elements of her routine like buying dinner out after a long day of work or watching some TV to unwind. And while there has been some cultural pushback within the last two years against the unattainable standard that the girlboss template puts forth, it is still very much alive and well within the social media consumption of young women.

Open up TikTok, arguably the apex of Gen Z pop culture, and odds are the algorithm will show you at least one young woman’s vlog-esque video, from “a day in the life of a college student” to “my morning routine” to “get ready with me.” These mini-compilations are carefully crafted to curate the perfect girlboss aesthetic, chronicling an entire day’s worth of healthy, organic meals, gym runs at the crack of dawn, friends, allotted time for homework, and an elaborate nighttime beauty routine.

Just ask Amanda Wertheimer, a high-achieving UCSB second-year double majoring in Communication and Political Science, and she’ll tell you these videos are deceiving. “It’s like, what are these

“The picture-perfect, pedigreed lifestyle of the girlboss is one that many women, especially those who do not come from a place of privilege, feel they were never meant to indulge in.”

people doing? Should I be doing that? Going out three nights in a row and then having to write a paper the next morning isn't glamorous, and I don't have a morning routine for it," Wertheimer said.

The picture-perfect, pedigreed lifestyle of the girlboss is one that many women, especially those who do not come from a place of privilege, feel they were never meant to indulge in. Crippling mental illness, physical illness, familial hardship, and poverty do not exactly adhere to the incessant hustle culture that the girlboss embraces in day-to-day living. And for women of color, girlboss feminism glosses over the intersectionality of their hardships, brushing issues of race and class in the workplace under the rug and reducing the issue to little more than "being a woman."

"Especially in college we all know people with mental health issues, and if someone's feeling depressed, they can't be a 'girlboss' that day—not everyone can do that even if they want to. I do feel like being able to do things comes from a place of privilege because you don't have to worry about other things, like mental health or attending to a family" Wertheimer said.

Deconstructing the harm of the girlboss trope is not some anti-feminist ploy to bring other women down, it is a call to action. Man or woman at the top of the food chain, dwindling labor rights and entrenched sexism in the workplace are here to stay. According to Nanda, staunch disparities between funding for male and female-owned businesses pose one of the most daunting challenges for women entrepreneurs. "Because finding funding is so difficult, most women are forced to abandon their entrepreneurial goals, leading to less female entrepreneurship representation," Nanda said. Even more bleak is the clear pay gap between males and females in the workplace, an obstacle that Nanda believes must be addressed

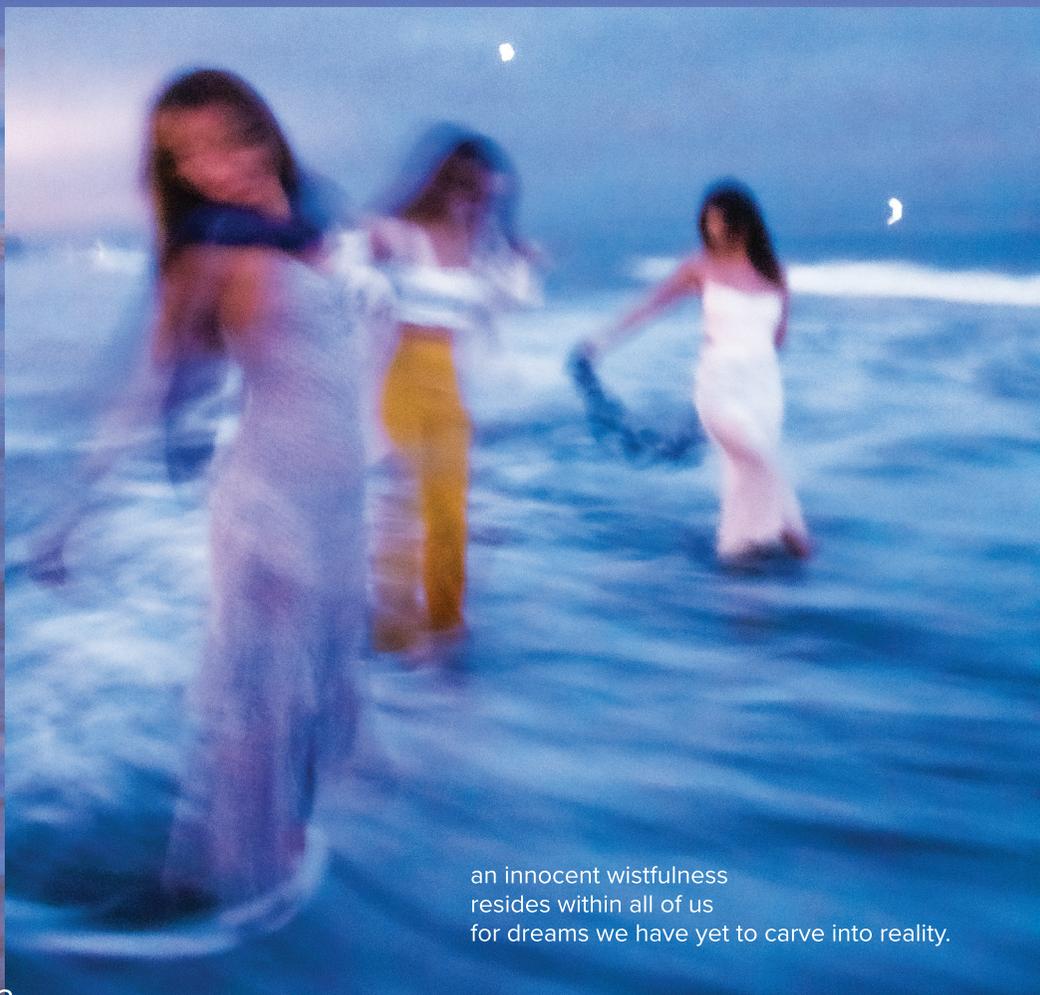
before the business realm can ever be considered equitable.

In the wake of a global pandemic and a turbulent presidential election, it is clear that power in this country operates on a profoundly distorted scale. Perhaps it is time to reevaluate these power structures themselves, rather than push young women to feed into them. Choosing not to cram your schedule with pilates and dinner parties doesn't make you any less ambitious, or any less of a woman. For young women, especially those in college already balancing work, health, and life satisfaction, why exert added pressure to be the unreachable girlboss?

None of this is to say that the girlboss movement did not stem from a place of positivity, or that it did not successfully throw the archetype of the submissive corporate woman to the wind. But the injustices that women face today, in 2022, demand that we do not take shortcuts—that we do not place a woman into a position of power and assume gender disparities are rectified. They demand the death of the girlboss. **W**

ONE SUNSET AT A TIME

WORDS + PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN // LUCY HOLLEY

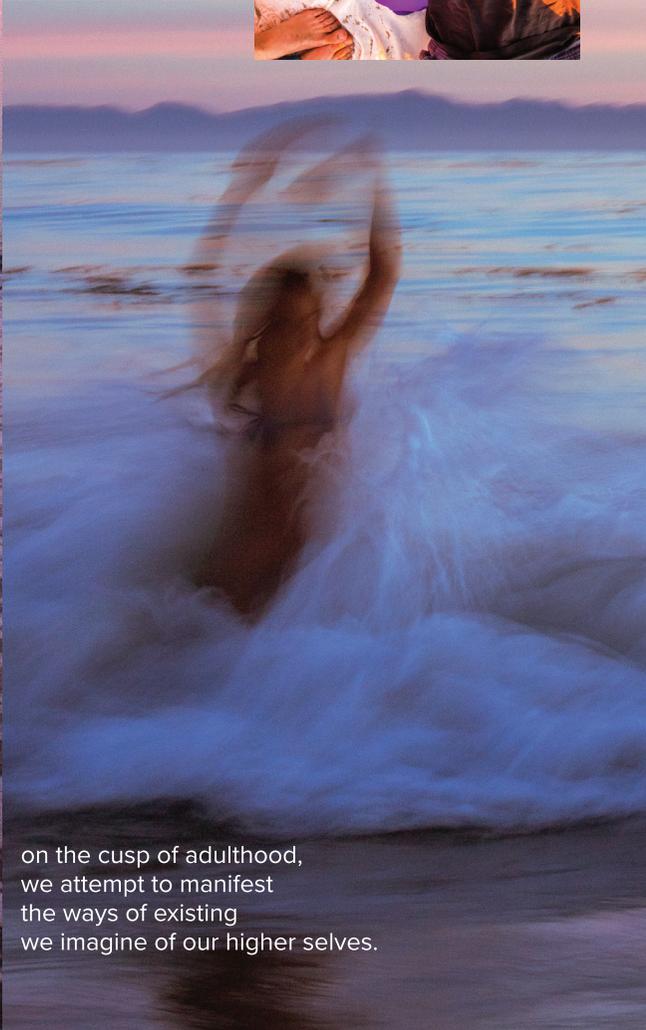


an innocent wistfulness
resides within all of us
for dreams we have yet to carve into reality.

our childhoods fade in the rearview.
uncertainty in our paths
presses ever closer,
in this transitory time

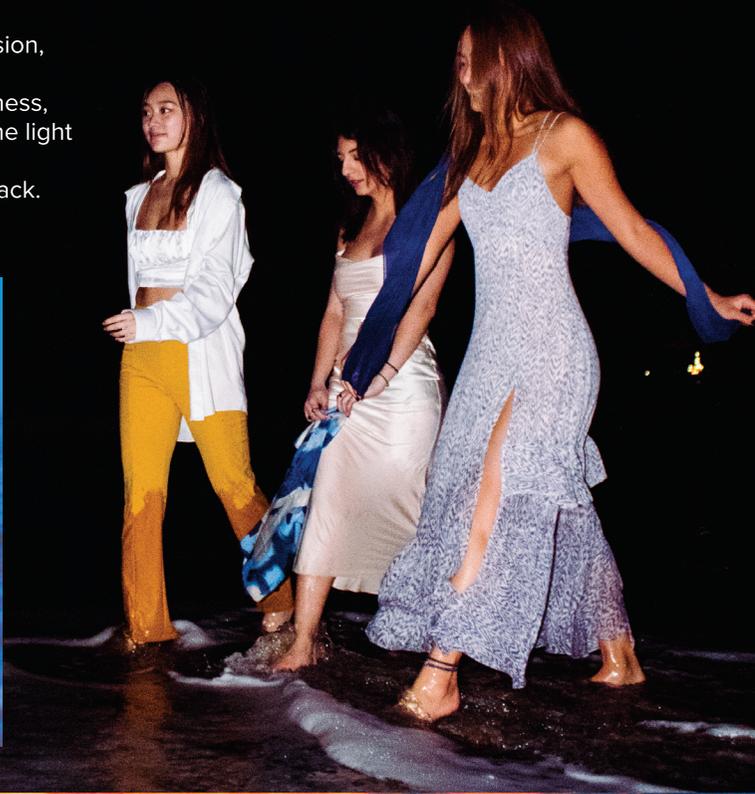


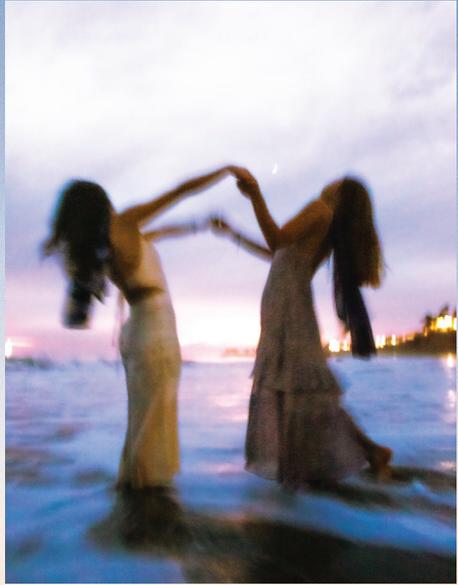
featuring
Kimi Nisiri
Lena Chen
Hellen Wen
Avalon Jones
Mahrokh Cornelius
Jenna Tonagai
Dylan Buckley Delaney
Trey Nakazawa



on the cusp of adulthood,
we attempt to manifest
the ways of existing
we imagine of our higher selves.

we press forward
through doubt and depression,
this world's and our own.
we are living through darkness,
in a society that will steal the light
in our souls if we let it.
we must steal the sparks back.





lifting each other up,
one sunset at a time,
we gather the light to fuel our souls' dreams.
we call the golden rays into our bones,
wishing on flares of light and laughter,
one sunset at a time.



KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES' PETS

A LOOK INTO SOME UNUSUAL NEIGHBORS OF IV



Pierce Shelton with Bowie, a black-eyed Leucistic ball python.

WORDS // ITZAYANA GONZALEZ
PHOTOGRAPHY // HAORUI “HALLY” ZHOU
DESIGN // BRYAN SIERRA

WHAT DO A SNAIL, a snake, and a chameleon all have in common? On the surface level, not much. But you might be surprised that they can all be found at home in Isla Vista. While most of us may opt for something more conventional, some of our neighbors have decided to go against the grain and take a chance with unique pets as their animal companions.

I know what you're thinking: how does one even take care of a snail? They are actually very low maintenance, and fourth-year Ochoa can attest. Her snail “Coochie,” who she's had for about a year now, lives in a small aquarium tank she keeps in her bathroom, where it occasionally munches on the algae she feeds it or just hangs around. She originally got Coochie from

PetSmart to help keep the tank for her underwater plants clean, but Coochie ended up eating them all.

Coochie is a Golden Inca snail of a vibrant yellow color who inhabits a brightly decorated tank to complement her shell. While Ochoa may not be able to take Coochie out for walks, she says that it's fun to spend some time together as Coochie zooms around her tank. "Just watching her exist and learning about her as an animal is super interesting," she said. Ochoa loves taking care of Coochie because she values having something that depends on her. "It is so nice to share a space with something that needs you," she explained.

For fourth-year Hunter Love, owning a pet chameleon has been an adventure. Even though Love bought Uzi online one drunken night, it was something that she had been thinking about for a while. Originally, Love planned for Uzi to hang out and sit on her lap during her remote classes, but Uzi turned out to be a bit too shy for that. "He mainly sits in his cage and is not really a people person even though I've been trying to get him to be more social," Love explained.

Uzi also occasionally enjoys walks and trips to the park where he gets to play on



COOCHIE

the grass. Love says her favorite part about this is that Uzi gets recognized by people in her neighborhood, and they end up remembering her too. Uzi's happy colors, a bright green and blue, are revealed when he eats crickets (his favorite food) and are especially reserved for his favorite person. "He doesn't really give you love, you have to earn it. He hates everyone but me, which I really selfishly enjoy," she said. "Chameleons are one of the best pets to show you their moods and the second he's not happy, I can tell and I know exactly what made him that way."

Even though Coochie and Uzi are pretty small and self-sufficient, they still need care and attention like any other animal. Both Ochoa and Love have had to nurse their animals back to health when they got sick. Ochoa discovered that there was something wrong with Coochie when she would stay put in the same spot in her tank. She admits it was difficult to find out what to do if a snail is sick. "This pet is usually something people throw into a tank to clean the aquariums for the pets that they actually have so there are no

UZI



resources on what to do if your snail is sick,” Ochoa explained.

Love had a similar experience when she first bought Uzi, who was very skinny and only showed a black color. Love describes the journey she had nursing Uzi to health as a transformative one for her as well. “There was a lot of growth for both of us,” Love recalled. Thankfully, Coochie and Uzi are now healthy and thriving with their owners. Seeing how much joy Coochie and Uzi bring to Ochoa and Love shows that the bond between people and animals is strong, regardless of what they are.

While some pets stay within the comforts of their owners’ homes, Bowie, a white black-eyed Leucistic ball python, ventures out into IV. You may spot her at a party on DP, see her on Instagram @iv_bowie_fam, or catch her hanging on her owner Pierce Shelton around IV. Bowie has been a part of Shelton’s life for four years now. Ever since he was little, Shelton was surrounded by snakes and became quite fond of them. He was immediately drawn to Bowie when he first met her and knew she was special. Although mistaken as an albino, Shelton emphasizes that Bowie is just a rare breed. Shelton now estimates that Bowie could be worth anywhere from \$3,000 to \$5,000, but he would never sell her. “This snake is just too perfect. She has a great face and she’s so cute,” he said.



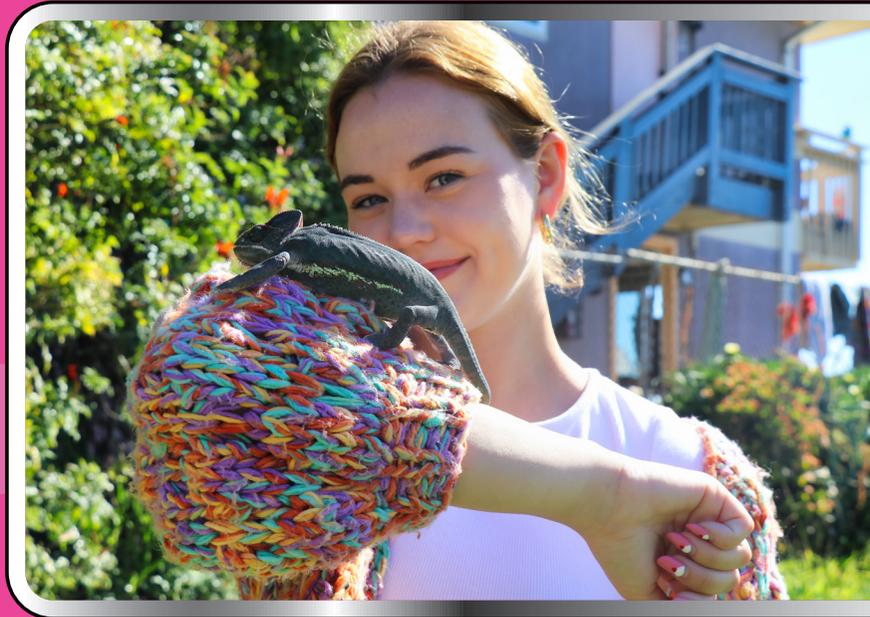
BOWIE

Bowie is a special and lucky gal indeed. She loves to meet people and hang around people’s necks where she feels warmest—but she never bites. “She likes girls more than guys. If I’m being honest, snakes can tell the difference between girls and guys,” Shelton said.

Bowie also likes going to the park and especially loves going at night, as any true party animal would. “It’s pretty surprising to see people want to hold a snake,” Shelton recalled the times he’s brought Bowie out to a party in IV, but not everyone is as enthusiastic. He remembers one night when he walked by some cops and an officer pointed to Bowie, asking “Is that a snake?” The other officer zoomed off immediately. “I have never seen a cop run so fast,” Shelton laughed.

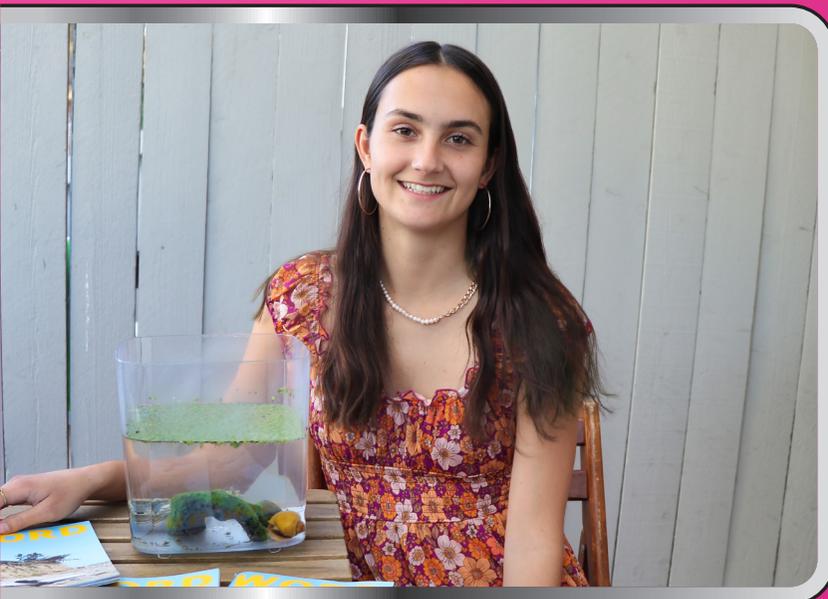
Regardless, Bowie and Shelton have lots of fun together and have an inseparable bond between them. “If I had to choose between a girl I’m dating and my snake, I’d say the snake probably wins,” he said.

You can tell just how much these pets mean to their owners, only proving the importance and value of having pets to brighten up our lives. Even though these creatures might not be considered conventional pets, their uniqueness only adds to their charm. So, keep an eye out for Coochie, Uzi, and Bowie next time you’re out and about in IV. **w**



Hunter Love with her pet chameleon Uzi

***PETS HAVE A HUGE IMPACT ON OUR LIVES
EVEN IF THEY COME IN SMALL SIZES***



Melia Ochoa and Coochie the snail.

OTW 2 SKOOL

WHAT YOUR TRANSPORT OF CHOICE
SAYS ABOUT YOU*

WORDS +
ILLUSTRATION//
MAHROKH CORNELIUS

BIKE



- efficient (unless you ride a Beach Cruiser)
- Keeps a low profile
- wakes up right before class

- sexy - I'm turning my head & not for safety reasons
- Not afraid of a lil' danger
- did I say sexy?

SKBOARD



- even-tempered; Class starts in 5 min & you are NOT picking up the pace
- accident-prone
- great outfits

BOOBY





- not like other girls
- I feel like you really just DGAF
- nostalgic and/or innocent

- probably a freshman
- OK with your personal space being totally violated
- patient



BUS

UBER



- I hope you live more than a few blocks away...
- and that it's raining
- does this even save time???

* In my opinion... the correct one. Also, if your skateboard or scooter is motorized - no comment. This doesn't apply.

SUGAR, SPICE, AND EVERYTHING NICE (?)

The Money for Love Controversy

WORDS // ASHLEY RUSCH ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // ANNA SOPHIA MONZON

DOLPHINS LEAPED OVER the vibrant horizon as Johnny Wei sipped the most expensive wine he'd ever had. To him, all wine tastes the same (like grapes), but something about standing on the balcony of a \$20 million Montecito mansion enhanced the flavor.

He'd later find out the Grand Vin de Chateau Latour bottle was worth \$1,700.

Spending over a grand on glorified grape juice was a foreign concept to Johnny. As a 23-year-old UCSB student living in Isla Vista, wine bags and cheap liquor were more his speed. For the 42-year old millionaire standing by his side, however, luxurious bottles worth more than Johnny's rent were nothing out of the ordinary.

In the past, Johnny had a few experiences with "sugar daddies"—but he wouldn't quite call them that. Mostly, these men (who approached him on Grindr)

were interested in paying him to cuddle. "I was like yeah, why not. I was working, but it wasn't like \$300 for an hour of hanging out, you know?" he said.

Over time, Johnny stopped seeing these types of men. But when he moved from the Bay Area to Isla Vista for school, he downloaded Grindr again following a breakup with his boyfriend. That's when the wine enthusiast messaged him.

As the conversation escalated, the man maintained a surprisingly shy and respectful demeanor for a high-profile event coordinator (Johnny looked him up on LinkedIn). So, feeling comfortable and confident, Johnny eagerly accepted the invitation to his multi-million dollar "vacation" home in a gated Montecito community.

After a lovely evening drinking wine and watching the sunset, the man thanked Johnny by paying him \$500 and insisting



he take another (\$1,700) bottle of wine. When he got home, Johnny looked at his phone in shock to see an additional Apple payment of \$1,500.

Months later, Johnny was living it up in a luxurious hotel on an all-expenses-paid, three-day skiing trip to Aspen. Johnny laughed as his friend, also invited on the trip, remarked, “This is your life?!” And boom—another \$1,500 in his CashApp.

Of course, Johnny isn’t the only sugar baby in Santa Barbara. Sugarbabies.com boasts 122,804 profiles in the area filterable by distance, interests, ethnicity, body type, relationship status, education level, and hair color. Across these filters, they all have one thing in common—a desire to be financially pampered by an older, successful figure. But it’s not always that simple.

The History of Sugaring

The concept of “sugar dating” is no new phenomenon. The term originated all the way back in the early 1900s when Spreckels Sugar fortune heir Adolph Spreckels was referred to as a “Sugar Daddy” by his younger wife. The phrase has since been popularized to describe an “arrangement” where an older, affluent person offers an allowance to a younger, attractive person.

For some, being a sugar baby is a fun, simple way to be spoiled and cared for, while others rely on allowances for college tuition and rent payments. And for sugar daddies? A chance to feel desirable again, play into a savior complex or even escape from their everyday domestic responsibilities.

The rise of the modern sugar relationship is attributed to the website SeekingArrangement.com, which was recently rebranded to Seeking.com. Developed by MIT Physics-nerd Brandon Wade in 2006, the site started as a solution for wealthy, introverted men—like Wade—to compete within the larger dating pool of charismatic, conventionally

The mystery man had taunted someone in obvious need of financial support with the prospect of reliable income—*like taking candy from a baby.*

attractive men. Seeking.com now boasts 40+ million members worldwide in 130+ countries, with 1+ million messages sent on average daily.

If there’s one thing Seeking.com has never claimed to be, it’s romantic. “Love is a concept invented by poor people,” Wade wrote in a 2014 letter to CNN. “An arrangement can provide the same benefits as a marriage without the risk. This is the future of dating.”

Transactional Love

Expectations are a part of any relationship. Some expect their partners to buy them flowers on Valentine’s Day, meet the parents three months in, or even take their side in arguments with friends. Others expect a \$1,000 allowance every month.

Ask Taylor B. Jones, Founder of The Sugar Daddy Formula, and she’ll tell you that all relationships are in a way transactional, whether or not money is being exchanged. Jones, a self-proclaimed sugar daddy whisperer, has built a business on advising women how to “attract quality men who value them at a high level.”

Jones argues that framing the success of sugar relationships by how much one makes is inherently a problem. For a more worthwhile experience, she tells her clients to be strategic about how to attract and market themselves to generous men



of a higher income bracket, rather than asking for a specific dollar amount. Jones charges aspiring sugar babies a hefty price for advice— \$147 for a “Sugar Baby Success Kit.”

She points to one moment early in her sugar journey that left her feeling like an “unexpected hooker.” After getting dinner with a man she met on a sugar daddy dating site, she was handed an envelope of cash—only to never see him again. “I was like, ‘Oh my god, what just happened?’ I didn’t ask for my worth. Somebody told me based on what they thought,” Jones said.

Jones isn’t the first to compare sugar dating and prostitution. But whether sugar dating should be considered sex work depends on who you ask—and how they feel about sex work in general. Seeking.com prohibits the direct exchange of money and sex, but it’s up to individual sugar babies where they want to take their relationships. And while sexual intimacy is common in sugar relationships, it’s not always part of the agreement.

Jones is now a full-time sugar baby consultant of sorts, advising women to strategize in their pursuit to set up their financial future through sugar dating. In her eyes, there shouldn’t be a “broke college girl” out there. “If you’re going to be dating anyway, why date somebody who’s going to get some Chinese and

Netflix and Chill? Date that’s going to have an impact on your life,” she stated.

But the sugar lifestyle isn’t always so sweet.

Artificial Sweetener

“Hey baby, I found your profile and you’re so beautiful. Would you like to be my sugar baby and earn \$1,000/month?” Ask most college-aged women (and even men) whether they’ve received an Instagram message like this, and odds are they’ll say yes. While most users will ignore messages like these, scam accounts target a certain demographic of relatively vulnerable, inexperienced young women unfamiliar with the norms of sugaring.

One of these young women is second-year UCSB student Amanda**, who requested to have her name changed for privacy concerns. Amanda received one of these suspicious messages in January 2021. At this time, she didn’t yet have her Green Card and was on an H1-B visa, meaning she was legally allowed to stay in the U.S. but unable to work—leaving her with no source of income.

Amanda was naturally skeptical of the message at first, but grew intrigued when the user—William Adams—started sending videos of girls thanking him for sending money. Next, he sent a credit card with his name on it. All Adams wanted was to text and eventually Facetime if Amanda felt

comfortable; she'd just have to send him some money first to establish trust. That's when things got weird.

Amanda was instructed to send him CashApp payments in increments of \$20: first for trust, next for a registration fee, followed by "plenty of other shit he pulled out of his ass," as she puts it. She estimates she sent a total of \$100 to \$200 over the course of several days.

What made Amanda believe him was the lengths he went to scam her: the PDF of a written-out "Sugar Baby-Daddy" contract form, the videos of young girls praising him for sending money, a screen recording of over \$22,000 in his CashApp balance (money she now suspects was scammed from other girls). He even gave her his "address," which turned out to be a legitimate location on Google Maps. By the time she caught on to the scam and called him out, he had deleted his Instagram account and the messages between them.

While Amanda is embarrassed about the ordeal, she is also rightfully defensive of a younger, naiver version of herself, who was preyed on by an older man taking advantage of her. The mystery man had taunted someone in obvious need of financial support with the prospect of reliable income—like taking candy from a baby.

If the concept of sugar dating is already controversial, scammers like Adams (unlikely his true name) only make it harder to destigmatize these arrangements. Safe, reliable sugar daddy-baby relationships are attainable, but young women must take serious measures to find them, and the odds are stacked against them. "It's a funny story now, but it wasn't at the time. I'm not the only one who's gone through this," Amanda said.

It may sound like fun and games to interact with a "sugar daddy" on Instagram, but Amanda was traumatized by the experience. She said if anything, it's given her more empathy for sex workers who are often exploited and ostracized

on a daily basis, interacting with less-than-pleasant customers and societal stigma on a much larger scale. "Even though this was a small experience I had with this one sugar daddy that wasn't even a sugar daddy, it's just a lot of emotional burden," she said.

As for William Adams the Splenda daddy, Amanda hopes he's moved on from luring vulnerable college students with artificial sweeteners.

Pour Some Sugar on Me

"I'm in Aspen right now, want to come?" the Montecito millionaire asked Johnny, several months into their arrangement.

Johnny was elated. He loves skiing, and the sugar daddy also encouraged him to bring a friend along. The millionaire went so far as to have a booking agent take care of everything: all Johnny had to do was show up. Enjoying life from a \$1500/day hotel room, Johnny would ask his sugar daddy to get dinner every night. In response, he'd offer recommendations for bars—with no expectation of seeing him. Johnny was surprised; after all, he wanted to show his appreciation.

The last message Johnny sent the Montecito millionaire was a selfie, thanking him for the trip. Strangely enough, he hasn't heard from him since. "I was a little upset when he stopped reaching out to me. I was like, 'Did you forget about me?'" Johnny's sweet tooth had aged into a tooth ache.

While Johnny hasn't sought a new arrangement since, he's open to pursuing one in the future. Either way, he looks at sugar dating as "just one chapter in his life," and a fun one at that. "I felt on top of the world at that point. I'm getting money every week, someone finds me really hot. It was a pretty cool high," he said.

And for Johnny, there's no such thing as too much sugar. "With this guy, I was like if he wants to marry me, maybe I'll do it. He seems pretty go with the flow," he laughed. **W**

TO LIVE AND SURF IN IV

PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN // DYLAN BUCKLEY DELANEY









MEET YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ADVOCATES

Student Led Social Justice + Activism in Isla Vista



Josh (left) and Andy (right) with Food Not Bombs.

WORDS // GISELLE LEWIS PHOTOGRAPHY // DYLAN BUCKLEY DELANEY
DESIGN // HALEY WALKER

STUDENTS BURNED Isla Vista's Bank of America to a crisp on February 27, 1970. The fire was the culmination of a massive student protest, with flames fueled by anti-war sentiments. This event is regarded as one of UCSB's most infamous protests, a hallmark event for student voice and social activism. Where the bank once crumbled, Embarcadero Hall now stands. But now, in 2022, the outspoken, forthright, won't-back-down nature of Isla Vista is far from extinguished.

HOUSING CRISIS ADVOCACY

In November 2021, national headlines for Munger Hall lit a fire underneath Isla Vista. Students rallied, marched, and petitioned to vehemently oppose the side gig of 97-year-old billionaire donor Charlie Munger. His personal blueprints for a 4,500-bed mega-dorm include single occupancy living quarters and a 94% windowless layout. The residence hall will be so large, it will qualify as the eighth densest neighborhood on the entire planet, just after the capital of Bangladesh. The project greenlight for the design (and the design review architect quitting in protest) drew national attention in late 2021. But the uproar generated in-house, right here at UCSB, was arguably the loudest.

Organize IV is a student advocacy group unafraid to critique the rationale behind poor administrative decisions and evoke cooperative conversation within the community. "The UC system is increasingly becoming more and more of just a business. It's just trying to create more and more profit, turn more revenue," Organize IV co-founder Declan Griffin noted. "If they want to create their revenue, they're going to just exploit students."

Isla Vista's mounting housing crisis has roused activists for years. During Fall 2021, over 300 students who were promised university residence were moved into hotel room accommodations due to the lack of affordable housing.

“There’s no reason that students should have to wait until they’re old people to be able to make a real difference”

The squeeze for living space means rent is ever-increasing, and students are the crisis' biggest losers. So when the plans for Munger Hall became public, they read much like a haphazard final project that reeked of procrastination.

Despite a large-scale protest against the school and substantial media opposition, plans for Munger Hall are progressing. "You know, with Chancellor Yang and other administrators, it doesn't feel as though students and community members, on the whole, are actually listened to, or what they say is taken seriously into account," Griffin said.

ENVIRONMENT & CLIMATE EFFORTS

On Wednesday nights at 7, a large group of environmentally-minded Gauchos gather on the lawn just inland of the lagoon behind the UCen. The UCSB Environmental Affairs Board (EAB) meets to discuss everything from plant-based diets to strategizing the end of big oil in Santa Barbara. EAB Co-Chair Kat Lane highlights that people power drives grassroots efforts to face down problems.

"One of the things EAB always really loved was the Adopt-A-Block program. When the pandemic hit, it was difficult to keep it running without consistent volunteers," Lane said. With the return of in-person learning and EAB's devoted volunteers, the program is officially back on its feet. "The last time we did a clean-



Declan Griffin (Organize IV)

up, we cleared sixty pounds of trash off of IV in like an hour.” Thanks to EAB’s efforts, items ranging from single-use plastic forks to wine bags avoided becoming ocean pollution.

The Environmental Affairs Board is not afraid to face more powerful foes. When Exxon Mobil proposed a risky and environmentally destructive plan to truck oil up and down the coastline, EAB stepped in to voice opposition. In September 2021, EAB members and allies took to the streets of downtown Santa Barbara to demonstrate their resistance to big oil in the city. “We took it step by step. It was really about spreading the word to students, and gathering a team,” Lane explained. “There’s a motivational force being tapped into, knowing that we’re representing the students here for UCSB.”

California Public Interest Research Group (CALPIRG), is a student-run and funded organization that advocates for a range of environmental issues. The eight chapters across the UC campuses garner support for everything—from climate action to voter registration. UCSB Chapter Chair Sean McArthur holds a similar belief to EAB regarding action. “There’s no

reason that students should have to wait until they’re old people to be able to make a real difference,” McArthur said. UCSB’s own chapter was heavily involved in lobbying to pass the recent statewide ban on plastic bags in California. Now, they’ve refocused their efforts and are hard at work amassing aid for the “Plastic Free Seas” campaign. This operation aims to pressure universities, cities, and ultimately the state of California to ban single-use plastics like styrofoam cups and plastic cutlery. Despite the consistent efforts, the task has proven far from easy.

“There’s two different types of power in politics—people power and monetary power,” McArthur explained. “Since we don’t have 10 million dollars to throw at them, we tackle the big issues by getting as much support as possible from students who care.” CALPIRG student representatives can be found posted outside the Arbor on most days, always on the hunt for new recruits in the crowd.

FOOD SECURITY FOR ALL

Sometimes, acts of protest don’t involve meetings, petitions, or marches. Food Not Bombs Isla Vista sets out a table and a banner on Wednesday and Sunday evenings next to Bagel Cafe. The mission? Protest hunger in the midst of abundance. Weapon of choice? Free vegan meals and sanitary supplies.

It’s clear the volunteers and mission of Food Not Bombs that the organization simply runs on the principle of people helping people. Miria Bowers, a meal volunteer, stresses the importance of an unbiased attitude when serving the community. “We just call out to people on the sidewalk passing by,” they said. “It’s really anyone who’s in need.” There isn’t one single archetype who utilizes Food Not Bombs. Bowers notes that students make up a large chunk of the population who stop by the table. “We don’t discriminate. You never know what people are going through,” Bowers said.

“We don’t discriminate. You never know what people are going through.”

Bowers’ statement mirrors the stark message posted on the banner. “Food for All / Comida para Todos” beckons to anyone who can’t shake the skepticism of free food. One might also feel dubious about the free pregnancy tests, baby wipes, tampons, and water bottles, but they’re offered too. Bowers notes that Food Not Bombs does not work alone. “There’s very much this sort of patchwork of people in Isla Vista. Even those who aren’t in official organizations, there are just people walking around trying to help others,” they said. It’s not a rare occurrence

either. “I feel like you see a lot of that here. We’re all just trying to get by, and it really shows,” Bowers explained.

UNFINISHED JUSTICE

UCSB students want food for all. Equitable housing for all. And a healthy planet for all. These desires reflect the true nature of Isla Vista, burned banks and all. These efforts reflect the inner fire of Isla Vistans, whose fight for social progress knows no bounds. At the end of the day, your friendly neighborhood advocates have your back. [W](#)





IN VERSE

ART + DESIGN + POETRY EDITOR // HALEY WALKER

beer fund

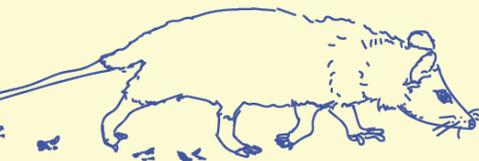
// CELINE PUN

every season, we redust the truck bed
snaking around the streets of IV
finding lost things
inviting the broken and discarded
to dinner parties and kickbacks.
we were surgeons stitching
legs back to tables and chairs.
we were Tinker Bells sprinkling
fairy dust of Ever Spring and Clorox.
we found our childhood
in fleeting forts
of full-sized mattresses and futons.
and once everyone was rehomed,
their donations and adoption fees
became our beer fund.

I am a prophet!

// BAILLIE ANTUNES

What I write
What I dream
What I think births being
Something Piscean
Something dark and forbidden
A knowledge I could entangle myself in forever
The roots I dredge out,
The grass beneath my towel
I stretch in the November sun
I read from the paper bound
I count song lyrics like best friend beetles
I feel deeply
I can tell you how many times I have cried
for a boy who didn't want me for seconds
I want me for seconds, thirds and fourths
I would swim the ocean for me
I love to put tea leaves on my face
Live to put lotion on my knees
Dance at the sink, keep the curtain open
See me my glowing skin
Vaseline lips my unwashed hair
Hairy woman I am
I eat the sheep I eat the meat of men I eat





The Need

// HUGH COOK

I will not let age
Take tears from me.
I cherish the wells' overflow.

The older I am,
The happier I cry.
To be an old man with dry eyes
In a world of water-trailing beauty
Is to live in drought,
A crippled orange grove,
Struggling to fruit.

Let your dew drop: it is the tears
on the oranges that flood
with the sunlight of dawn

My skin feels foreign to me

// LUIS SANCHEZ

My skin feels foreign to me
I am an immigrant in my own body
An outsider
Unwelcome within the body politic
I look to the reflection for guidance but realize
They aren't looking for me
The brown eyes move
Back and forth
At each other trying to find familiarity
They crave comfort
Searching for the little boy who held big dreams
But he's gone
Maybe I will grow to like this stranger
But until then
I will sit in discomfort until I am seen

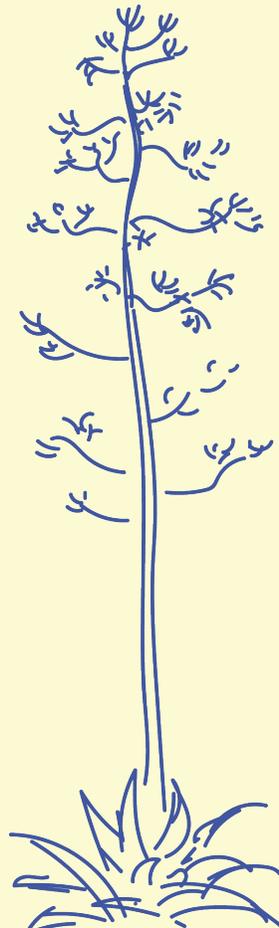
so what if there's more

// MICKY BROWN

no
sky and ocean
may never touch
but
dusty blues and shy oranges
sing on the skin of the sea
but
sun unveils the ocean floor
just for us

maybe there's more
to see than
my eyes can hold
maybe there's more
to worry about than
what I care to notice

but
I'm here





*LOVE GROWS
WHERE MY
HOUSEMATES GO*

A Farewell
to My First Home

WORDS // JANET WANG PHOTOGRAPHY // LUCY HOLLEY
DESIGN // DYLAN LASHER



I CAN NAME MY EIGHT HOUSEMATES

by the sounds of their footsteps. Every morning, I groggily stumble into the kitchen just as the sun finishes rising, spilling gold-dappled rays through the floor-to-ceiling window into the dining room. Sitting at the kitchen table with morning coffee, I hear the soft rustlings of my housemates rising for the day while I wipe up drops of spilled oat milk.

There's the pitter-patter of one walking down the hall, her feet hitting the cold tile, the sound of steady rain right after a heavy downfall. Three minutes later, the rubber soles of another come clomping into the kitchen making a beeline to the espresso machine. She lets out a loud yawn to say hello. There's comfort in the unspoken greetings of the morning.

On the corner of Trigo and Camino Corto, in a stumpy white house with emerald green trim, I've made my first home away from home for the past two years. A skinny palm tree we've named Bill, mysteriously too tall for his own

good, skyrockets from the front yard. At first, moving into an empty house felt like playing house in elementary school—this time with a group of strangers in college.

Through the ups and downs, I'd like to think that this group has turned into a little family—learning how to pay for the internet, hyping each other up through boy drama, and surviving our house getting broken into. We celebrate each other's wins by turning on our tiny disco light and dancing in the living room. On holidays, we raid the Dollar Store for cheap decor and make a night out of eating desserts and taking themed photos. During our junior year, we raised our first child: a sweet orange kitten named Cowboy who we accidentally parented into a runaway, biting menace. (We've since learned that we're fit for more semi-permanent forms of animal responsibility like dogsitting weiner dogs on the weekend.)

But like most families, things aren't always so sunny. Through the era of Zoom school, we annoyed each other with our

AT THE END OF THE DAY, HOME FEELS LIKE A 16-ARMED HUG

mere existence due to being cooped up at home. Once in a while, someone has a funky day and says something they don't really mean—everyone's been there with the passive-aggressive comments and silent treatments. At the time problems seem insurmountable. The trick we all learn is to give it a day or two...people usually come around, especially in this house.

At the end of the day, home feels like a 16-armed hug. On warm nights, we hoist ourselves onto the roof with a ladder too short for our legs to actually reach the edge, so a haphazard shove usually does it. In-n-Out burgers in one hand and a drink in the other, throwing our heads

back in laughter, a crescent moon sliver smiles back at us. "Love Goes Where My Rosemary Grows" plays on full blast, so half of the 68 block can tune into our joy, whether they want to or not. Meanwhile, my heart feels so full it could burst.

When we pass on our humble abode to some freshmen group daydreaming their next few years, I'll advise them about the house's quirks: moldy ceilings, termite infestations, and mismatched faucets. I'll point out the wall where we hung our art gallery and make sure they know which orange tree in the backyard has the sweetest fruit. But above all, I'll tell them that love grows in Isla Vista—especially here. **W**



PRESERVING PAPER

A LOCAL BOOKSTORE IN A DIGITAL AGE

WORDS // ISABEL CRUZ

PHOTOGRAPHY // DYLAN BUCKLEY DELANEY

DESIGN // GRANT RUSSELL

IN NOISY, CAR-PACKED Old Town Goleta, situated between the Mexican grill and the nevería, lies the small, “walk-too-fast-and-you-might-miss-it” bookstore, Paperback Alley. The second-hand shop is cozy and hospitable. Past the cart of discounted books placed in the doorway, the owner who sits nestled on the left welcomes shoppers in. The paper-padded walls are an oasis from the high-speed, steel machinery on the road outside.

Upon entering, it's clear that, although small, the bookstore has no lack of inventory. Camouflaged behind a desk, the owner, Ruta Safranavicius, is usually reading a paperback of her own while customers make their way through the landscape of literature. Each shelf is stocked end-to-end with more books freely piled high on top, nearly reaching the ceiling, leaving you to wonder how they were put up there in the first place, and what tricks you might have to pull

if you spot what you are looking for somewhere among the makeshift storage high above your head.

In 1978, a young couple freshly graduated and straight from Isla Vista decided to open up shop out of a backroom on Hollister Avenue. Back then, the only entrance of Paperback Alley was through the alley behind the building—hence the name. When the previous owners passed away, Safranavicius took over and has remained the owner for the past 24 years. The store has been expanded, taking over what was once a tailor shop, and the entrance has moved to face the street. But what hasn't changed is the shop's role as a primarily paperback bookstore.

Once inside, Safranavicius looks up at me past the rims of her glasses before clearing up a stool behind her desk for me to occupy. In typical bookstore owner fashion, she placed her bookmark in her book before doing so. Although a lifelong





avid reader herself, Safranavicius never imagined having a bookstore of her own. “It’s such a fluke, even if I had to repeat it I don’t know if it would work out the same way because it’s a lot of coincidence,” she remarked.

Because Safranavicius is an immigrant from Lithuania, one can try to imagine the kinds of coincidences that might have aligned to lead her across the world to a bookstore on the California coast. “This is what I stumbled into, and that’s what I’ve been doing all these years,” Safranavicius said before trailing off to help a customer: an older man with grayed hair pulled back into a long ponytail, a fan of Jules Verne wondering if any of his more obscure novels were in stock.

Take one look around and you’ll notice that nothing about the store is particularly telling of the modernity of our time. After all, bookstores do tend to be inherently timeless. But for the business of the store, the same cannot be said. “Generally, the book business has changed a lot in all these years with the internet, Amazon, e-readers. That affected a lot of reading habits...shopping habits as well,” Safranavicius pointed out.

Considering the current prevalence of

technology in the reading experience, it is almost a wonder that Paperback Alley has survived the dramatic shift in the relevance of physical books. “From the bookseller’s point of view, I’m very resentful, but I recognize the convenience of it, the accessibility,” Safranavicius admitted.

The digitization of literature has found its place within the realm of educational establishments. Because students are required to read certain materials in order to succeed in their classes, the ability to access materials almost instantly online (and for free) is close to a godsend. Not many can say that this is a downfall of technological innovation, but this convenience can also minimize the value we place on literature. “I’m sad to be losing, to be honest, and not just as a bookseller. I think it’s still part of the cultural inheritance,” Safranavicius said.

Paperback Alley is only a ten-minute drive from Isla Vista, just on the other side of the Santa Barbara Airport. But despite its location, not many students visit. According to Safranavicius, it’s mostly an older crowd that frequents the store. Perhaps Paperback Alley is a victim of the IV bubble: the tendency of IV residents to forget to explore the greater Santa Barbara

The paper-padded walls are an oasis from the high-speed, steel machinery on the road outside.

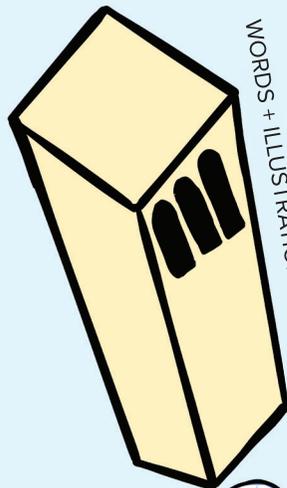
area, getting sucked into the immersive “college-by-the-beach” experience.

Yet Paperback Alley is a goldmine for students, stocked with classics from Joyce, Orwell, and Shakespeare (multiple piles of Shakespeare) along with the works of more current authors as well. A paperback copy of Donna Tartt’s “The Goldfinch” can almost always be found by the entrance. As a second-hand bookstore, the titles in stock are meant to be affordable, books rarely being marked for more than ten dollars but never really compromised in their condition.

As a 20-year-old in Lithuania, Safranavicius remembers what it was like having to balance reading for school and reading for pleasure, consuming many Russian classics, but also becoming more familiar with foreign literature. “I remember hiding Dumas, you know, ‘The Three Musketeers’ and ‘The Count of Monte Cristo,’” she recalls. Being 20 myself, I shared with her my experience of discovering Russian literature and in response, Safranavicius gave me a recommendation as the store’s telephone began to ring behind her: a novel by Mikhail Bulgakov.

Past the threshold of Paperback Alley, you’re met with a warm wind sent off by the neighboring rush of traffic. Cars pass uncomfortably close as they navigate the lanes forcefully placed through a street not built for 21st-century industrialization. Once again, the world is loud, fast-moving, and secluded from it all is Safranavicius and her paperback books. **W**





WORDS + ILLUSTRATION // ELLIE AQUILANTI



Another beautiful day in IV! :)
Hit the beach & MOVE UP 1 SPACE



PARTY FOUL!
You sat down on the curb :(
MOVE BACK 1 SPACE



You got tar on your feet, but you're out of baby oil :(
SKIP YOUR NEXT TURN

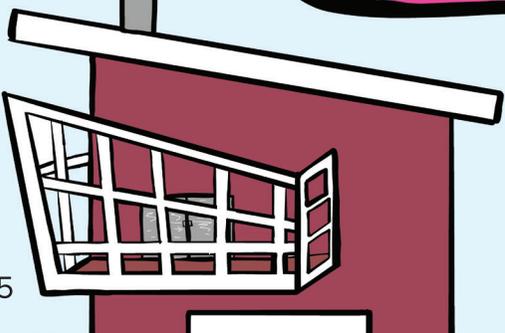
Oops!
You slept through your 8 a.m. :(
MOVE BACK 1 SPACE



You need gas, but you spent your last \$5 on Bagel Cafe :(
MOVE BACK 1 SPACE

You got an A on your hardest final :)
ROLL AGAIN

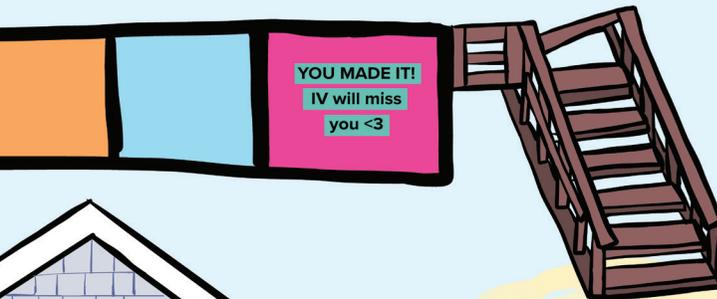
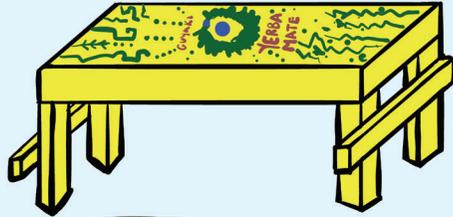
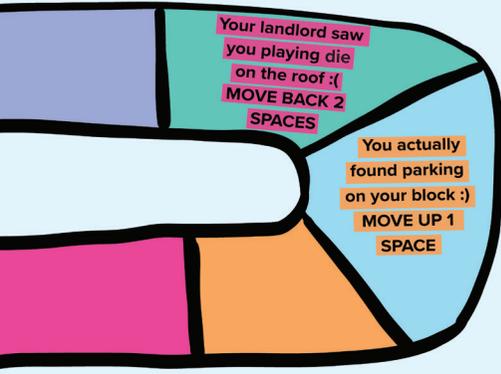
Senior szn! Your grad pics are cute AF :)
MOVE UP 1 SPACE



CRUISE THROUGH ISLA

VISTA

GRAB A DIE & GET ROLLIN'!



LET'S TAKE A WALK

WORDS +
ILLUSTRATION//
HALEY WALKER

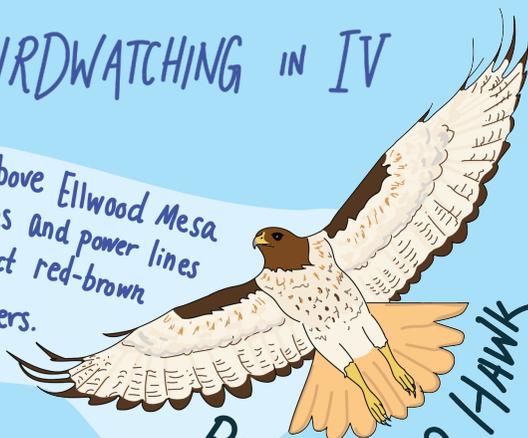
BIRDWATCHING IN IV

Hawks soar high above Ellwood Mesa and perch in tall trees and power lines in IV. Look for their distinct red-brown tail feathers.

SNOWY EGRET



Find egrets wading through shallow water in Devereux Slough, on Sands Beach, or perched high in trees. Egrets hunt frogs, fish, worms, crabs, and insects.



RED-TAILED HAWK

Threatened plovers nest at Sands Beach and forage for small crabs, scurrying after retreating waves and pecking at wet sand.

SNOWY PLOVER



* Walking map : copr.nrs.ucsb.edu/visiting/self-guided-tour

Kites beat their wings and hover in place above large open areas, like Ellwood Mesa, hunting small mammals. Look for their white tail and black underwing patches.



WHITE-TAILED KITE

ANNA'S HUMMINGBIRD



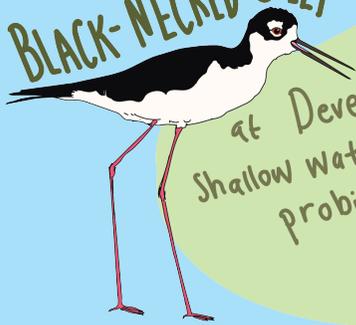
Hummingbirds fly throughout IV. Look for a flash of pink and green zipping through the air, or get a hummingbird feeder to attract them to your home.

GREAT BLUE HERON

The majestic gentle giants of IV. Herons love Devereux Slough, UCSB Lagoon, and IV's meadows. They hunt with precision, snapping fish out of the water. See if you can spot them standing atop kelp beds off of Devs, waiting for their next meal to swim past.



BLACK-NECKED STILT



Stilts can be found often at Devereux Slough, wading through shallow water on bright pink legs, probing with their thin beaks for aquatic invertebrates.

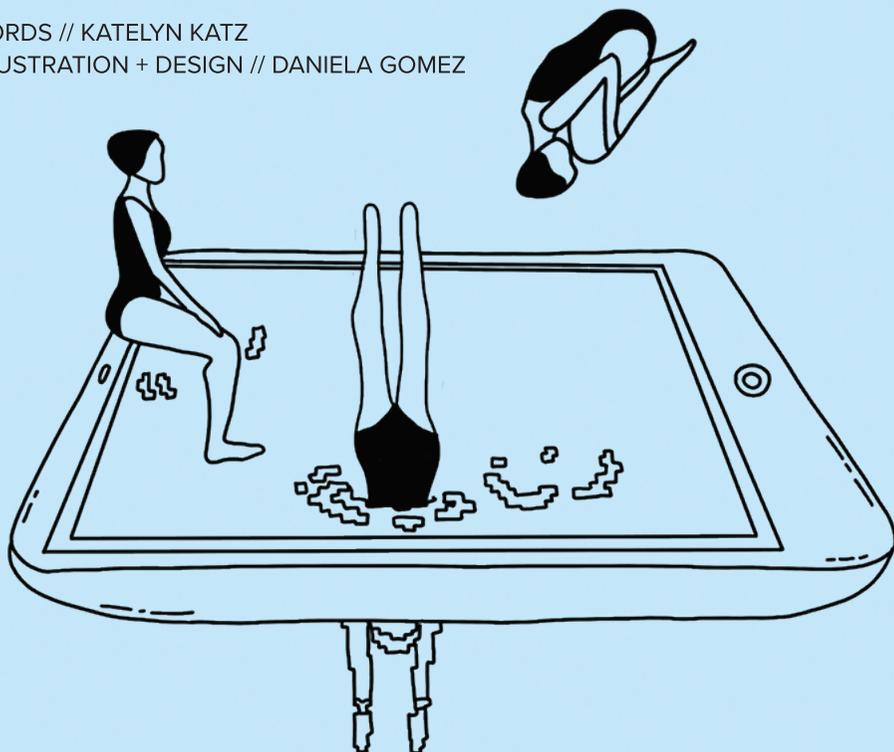
ALBINO RACCOON:

HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO MY PHONE

Pulling Myself Out of the Cellular Cloud

WORDS // KATELYN KATZ

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // DANIELA GOMEZ



I WAS CERTAIN I'D FALLEN IN LOVE at first sight. My jaw dropped, my knees went weak, and my eyes turned into cartoon hearts that beat out of their sockets. At age nine, my instant love affair occurred in a not-so-romantic location with a not-so-romantic partner: a stark white Apple store and a clunky, bite-sized iPhone 3. I remember becoming infatuated with all the possibilities this new device held, and all

the ways it would capture and brighten my life. A decade later, that immediate, soaring love has been replaced with resentment; an innocent iPhone 3 has somehow led to me becoming unfortunately, hopelessly, and excruciatingly addicted to my phone. As the years go on, my phone overrides my lust for adventure and curiosity, replacing it with repetitive swiping, scrolling, and absence of thought.

Don't get me wrong, I have tried all of the life hacks to get the hell off my phone. I delete TikTok. I delete Instagram. I throw my phone across the room in those moments I am supposed to be focusing, especially when I tap into reality and realize I am playing level 2143 of some stupid mobile game named "Balls" (not a joke). But just like a stubborn itch, my attention span becomes so focused on just getting rid of that insatiable feeling that all I can do is scratch. So I redownload TikTok. Redownload Instagram. Play another level. I fall into a toxic cycle of deleting and subsequently finding myself really living, and then redownloading and suddenly looking up from my phone to realize minutes, hours, days have passed me by.

Somehow, a little screen has outsmarted me. The little screen that forces itself into my hand as I sit in a lecture hall, wasting away the hard-earned time and money I spent to fund my way into the very same hall. The little screen that finds itself in front of my face, as I catch myself recording moments that belong only in the present and don't deserve to be twisted and skewed through a lens and into a feed. And the very worst part is—I didn't put this addiction onto myself. Instead, I was simply handed a harmless iPhone 3, oblivious to all the possibilities my future could hold, and of the possibilities being limited at that very moment. At the innocent age of nine, my brain started receiving the most outrageous doses of dopamine it had ever encountered.

As I find myself sinking deeper into what seems like an unredeemable future quality of life, I find myself connecting more to others who feel the same way. The unfortunate reality is that there are identical tales of forgotten attempts to just go one day without a phone by their side. Comedian and filmmaker Bo Burnham created the comedy special "Inside" during the first pandemic year, with several themes centering around this very idea. In particular, he sang about

the unlimited cycle of instant gratification on social media: "Apathy's a tragedy, and boredom is a crime." I associate the word boredom with distant memories: doodling on scrap paper, staring at the ceiling, and living passively. I cherish the memories of the slow and dragging moments, the ones where I would fixate on the clock and create rhythmic beats to the tick-tick-tick. I cherish the memories because although they are mundane, they are unattainable now. How could I possibly be bored when I have the world at my fingertips?

My phone has become so integral to my connections and ways of life that I am swaying further and further from being able to just toss it in the garbage. So, the question becomes: in what ways can I manage my addiction while still living in the real world? There is no telling what may become of technology in the years to come; I may be able to look back on my own memories of endless scrolls through a screen ingrained in my brain. But until then, I will bask in the comfort of my phone's presence in my pocket, attempting to live every day with a purpose: to experience as much as I possibly can, ignoring the call of my first love that continuously beckons me back for more, no matter how many times I say no. **W**



ABOUT THE ALBINO RACCOON:

Welcome to The Albino Raccoon, WORD's free-for-all column where one lucky writer gets to vent whatever grievances they have! Keep your eye out for WORD's unofficial-official mascot—the raccoon, but make him albino.

LOVE AT FIRST BIKE CRASH

AN ISLA VISTA ROMANCE REWIND

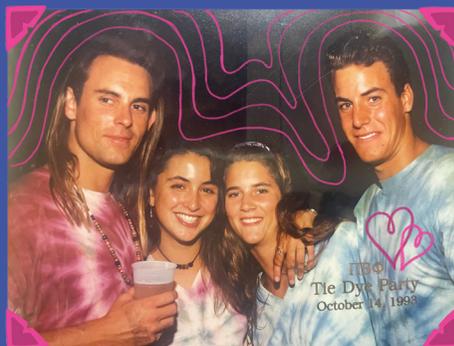
WORDS // LAUREN ENSLIN

ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // ELLIE AQUILANTI

FALLING IN LOVE IN ISLA VISTA doesn't happen to everyone. Hookup culture can be unforgiving in this college town, but it can occasionally ignite relationships that wouldn't happen otherwise. Unlike the "real world," college relationships can be extremely intense. With couples surrounded by each other's activities, friends, and housemates, the proximity may be too much. Some relationships thrive off of this intensity, while others burn out quickly; regardless, Isla Vista's beauty can always be better enjoyed with a companion. Speaking to two former Isla Vistas—Michelle Kay and Brian Mack—about finding their soulmates in this college town reminded me of the importance of fostering meaningful relationships here, be it platonic friendships or budding romances. Their flings turning into eternal flames may be hard to picture in today's generation, but similarities of some interactions (and places) from the past stand out.

Meeting at just 19 years old, Brian and his now wife Lara were literally struck by love (and also each other) outside the San Nicolas dorm rooms in 1985. Back in the '80s, the San Nicolas dorms put on a Welcome Week dance for the freshmen. Biking back from this dance—intoxicated

with his roommate who was insistent on having him ride on his handlebars home—Brian crashed into his future bride. After the initial shock of the crash and hearing Lara curse at him for his drunkenness, he apologized profusely—all while simultaneously hitting on her. Without much thought, he seemed to fall yet again for Lara, this time without any physical harm. The night ended with Lara and Brian conversing for nearly five hours on a balcony at San Nic, bonding over missing home (the Bay Area), mutual friends from their hometowns, and their familial similarities. Brian described his future bride with resemblance to Madonna (remember, this was the '80s), with her cheetah print



Michelle and Jeremy Kay (left), taking part in Pi Beta Phi's "Tie-Dye" date party with friends.



Lara and Brian Mack embracing their inner cheetah, wildly in love.

outfit and a side ponytail. The couple didn't become exclusive until after Lara dumped her boyfriend from home, but the two bonded over a few months in IV through parties and shared friends. Struck by love and also a bike, Brian additionally described his time here in Isla Vista as fun and social. As he described it, the party and dating scene of IV in the '80s were far less monitored. "There were fewer rules, and it was just crazy most of the time, Del Playa was much more open," he said. "It was just a different time, I would say it was very much a huge part of how we made relationships, definitely a big part of the early dating scene." While love and partying are still very much alive in Isla Vista, it is not as cinematic as it was in the '80s. Even communication seemed to be romanticized. Within their relationship, Brian would remain in contact with Lara by constantly speaking over the phone and also through the use of whiteboards. These boards left next to the shared phone in the home would read: "Meet here at 7 o'clock." If Brian missed them, he was screwed. Unable to chat throughout the day, as many do over text message or

Snapchat nowadays in IV, communication apart was obviously different, further increasing time spent with one another.

Brian and Lara's IV dates ranged from spending the night at Campus Point in sleeping bags to seeing the Red Hot Chili Peppers or Guns N' Roses play a show at The Anaconda Theater (a music venue now known as Embarcadero Hall), or even going to eat at the newly-opened Freebirds. In between their late nights, however, they did spend a lot of time at Sands and on campus trying to study.

Brian is now a local anesthesiologist at Cottage Health in Santa Barbara. As a local resident, he says reliving his past while it changes has been strange, yet IV is still very dear to him. Meeting his wife, raising a family, and sending his first daughter to college here makes UCSB and Isla Vista a part of his story. "It was so weird for us to come back and witness my first two kids playing soccer in the fields of UCSB and watch the freshmen of UCSB move into the dorms where we met," Brian explained.

Michelle Kay met the gaze of her now-husband Jeremy, in her 67 Sabado Tarde apartment 31 years ago on a Friday night. She later found out that her housemates had harassed him in the street as he was biking past to come up for a drink. The keg they shared between 10 other girls living in the apartment only seemed to aid the flow of conversation between second-year





Michelle and fourth-year Jeremy. Jeremy had worked his way over to her and chose the pickup line: “I think we might have a class together.”

Succeeding in flirty conversation, the rest is now history. The couple currently lives in Kansas City with their youngest son at home and older daughter 1,000 miles away in college. As of this March, they have been happily married for 25 years. But Michelle knew of her husband before the initial introduction in her apartment and crushed on him from afar as a freshman. Jeremy was the lead singer of the local IV band, “No One You Know,” and she admitted that her friends (and much of Isla Vista) had swooned over him. The stars seemed to align after the fallout of her high school fling prior to her sophomore year, finally making room for her crush to amount to something.

Following their first meeting, Michelle explained what truly kicked off their relationship. “A couple of months later I saw him biking by 6511 DP, headed across the street to the ‘Surf house’ for a party which I ended up tagging along for. It’s funny though because I didn’t really date around, and his friend warned him that I wasn’t easy, but he took it as a green light rather than a no-go,” Michelle said.

Michelle admitted that many of her friends were with a different guy every week, making her feel alienated since she worked three jobs to support herself: one at Bagel Cafe, another at a restaurant in downtown Santa Barbara, and another as a referee for UCSB’s intramural soccer league. On top of her crazy schedule, she was a Biology major, and yet she somehow managed to have a blast at UCSB. Her vivid descriptions of date

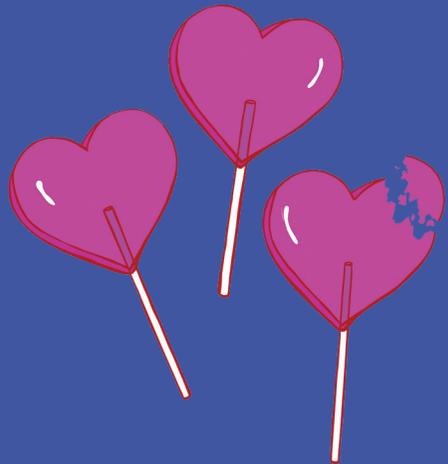
“He was a writer and would leave notes under the door and poems, but of course phoning the house was easiest, we just only had that one phone.”

parties, Greek Life, and IV’s infamous Halloween celebrations paralleled much of what makes up the college town’s party culture today. Michelle and Jeremy managed to stay together after meeting her sophomore year, doing long-distance her senior year while he pursued his music career in LA.

Hearing about life as 20-somethings growing up in the ‘80s, I couldn’t help but wonder how couples stayed in touch without the technology we have today. Unable to send a text, Snapchat, direct message, or stalk through someone’s social media, relationships were put to the test before the invention of cell phones. However, Michelle said the technology was still there, just at a limited capacity. There were phone booths in her sorority house and her apartment. Guys would constantly call, looking for girls to either make plans to meet up or go on dates. Hearing, “Michelle, the phone’s for you!” was a constant exclamation while she lived in her sorority home. Instead of texting or Snapchatting, a more subtle way they stayed in contact throughout the day was through notes. “He is a writer and would leave notes under the door and poems, but

of course phoning the house was easiest, but we only had that one phone,” Michelle said. Following Jeremy’s graduation, the couple would spend weekdays apart and weekends commuting between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara until Jeremy finally proposed in Montecito during Michelle’s final year at UCSB in 1995. The couple was married locally at the Woman’s Club right next to the Santa Barbara Mission and has remained together ever since.

Raised on ‘80s and ‘90s rom-coms, both interviews left me believing in college romance again. IV gets a reputation for being exclusive to casual hookup culture, but from these interviews I was suddenly privy to the possibility of biking into a soulmate. While this place I call home means so much to me, hearing these whirlwind romantic stories made me fall in love with Isla Vista—and my own relationships—all over again. **W**



Warm and



Cold

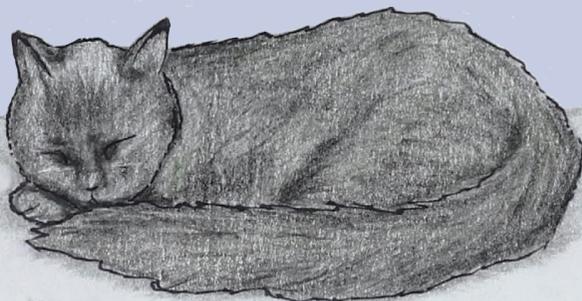
TEMPERATURE OF THE TOWN
AND HER PEOPLE

PHOTOGRAPHY + DESIGN // HAORUI "HALLY" ZHOU



SAYING GOODBYE TO UCSB'S BELOVED CAMPUS CAT

BIG BOY THE FRIENDLY FELINE



WORDS // JANET WANG
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN // VEDA GUJRAL

IN A GARDEN OF LOW SHRUBS and palm plants, there's a grand entrance to a concrete opening amidst the aged walls of Noble Hall, where on most days, Big Boy could be seen lounging in his royal courtyard. When the afternoon sun was just right, Big Boy's undertones shone golden brown through his black fur coat as he waited patiently to sit in visitors' inviting laps—some offering treats, others just stopping by for some kitty cuddles.

But on January 12, 2022, after commanding the Noble Hall courtyard for over 15 years, Big Boy crossed the rainbow bridge due to an onset of chronic age-related illnesses. The campus feline was accompanied by caretaker Katie Title

when he passed, who took him into her home during the pandemic, showering him with love and head scratches until his last moments. Beyond his regular duties of sunbathing and providing friendly cuddles, Big Boy defended his territory by scaring off raccoons and other animals who intruded upon his space.

No one knows exactly how Big Boy ended up at UCSB. He was first found wandering around the biology buildings in 2005 and confused as a stray. When Title, an academic advisor in the College of Engineering, found out about Big Boy six years ago, she spent her lunches visiting the cat in his courtyard. Eventually, Title became Big Boy's designated human.

Caring for Big Boy was a collaborative effort. Some community members donated money to ensure he had the basics, while others offered medication and grooming services. Most importantly, a food log and instructions for Big Boy's feedings hung beside his crate with plenty of treats nearby. When Title worried about Big Boy going hungry, she'd check up on him only to find a fresh can of Purina Fancy Feast (Ocean Fish & Salmon flavor, only for the most royal of felines) recently opened by a passerby. And Big Boy's fluffy presence also brought him fame beyond Noble Hall. After Title created a Facebook page to keep the community updated on Big Boy's latest adventures and updates, the page quickly amassed a following. Community

members outpoured memories, photos, and condolences upon Big Boy's death.

To know Big Boy was to love Big Boy. While he enjoyed the attention from ever-rotating visitors, Big Boy generously offered his courtyard as a community space. Homesick freshmen paid Big Boy visits on nights they felt out of place. A first date sparked into a budding romance after an evening spent with the friendly feline. Stressed students sought kitty cuddles during long days studying at the library. Big Boy will forever be remembered for his regal, lovingly-stoic personality.

Churu and Greenies treats, courtyards surrounded by lush greenery, and unlimited head scratches await you in kitty heaven, our biggest, friendliest boy. **W**

**TO
KNOW
BIG BOY
WAS
TO
LOVE
BIG BOY**



ENLIS

WORDS // MARISSA MUÑOZ

“MY GRANDFATHER WAS A Marine, and I wanted to serve my country,” is always my go-to line, whenever I am asked why I joined the Marine Corps. The truth is, those are some of the reasons, but they aren’t the driving forces behind my enlistment. To put this in perspective, when I decided I wanted to join the Marines, I was sixteen years old and a vegan. At that point in my life, I was a rebel, but not in the usual sense. I didn’t wear all black or hang out with the goth kids. Instead, I rebelled against the idea that a young girl “couldn’t” do something. I came from a family who believed that the boys could stay out late, have girlfriends, and wear whatever they wanted to, because they could protect themselves and not look bad. I always hated that. To everyone around me, I came off as strong, stubborn, and bitter; in a way, I was all those things, but beneath the surface, I just wanted to be seen.

One day, a kid in my class showed me a card he had picked up from a recruiter at lunch. I thought it was cool. It was mostly black, but it had a very sharp and brave young Marine on the front. He looked like someone who was taken seriously. I made a comment about how much I liked the card, and the kid let me have it. When I went home at the end of the school day, I showed my parents the card and told them I might call the number on it.

Their response was, “You can’t join, you aren’t strong enough, especially since you’re a vegan.” I was pretty pissed and determined after that. At the time, I felt like I was proving something to my parents by calling the recruiter, but I now see that I was proving something to myself. I was always my own worst critic.

I was nervous, but a few days later, I called the recruiter anyway. He told me to work out, build strength and endurance and call back when I was seventeen. Pretty soon after I made the call, school counselors, teachers, and college recruiters started speaking to my classes about the future, trying to get the juniors and seniors to believe that college was the only option. I started to push back, by letting them know about my plans to join the military. At that time, pushing back was my way of saying that I could choose my own path. I was often met with resistance. I would get responses like, “Well you really should apply to colleges just in case,” or “What’s your plan B?” I felt as if everyone around me doubted my ability. Although those comments made me angry and I tried to shrug them off, they still stuck with me. Every time I doubted my ability, they would come back to me and reinforce my self-doubt. You see, I never really believed in myself, but I wanted to. I wanted, and I needed, to become strong. I knew I had to enlist.

HOTEL:

TING

DESIGN // ANNA SOPHIA MONZON

My parents figured that, by the time I turned seventeen, I would change my mind about enlisting, but I didn't. I called the recruiter and made plans to take the entrance test (the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery, or ASVAB). I passed with a decent score. I don't think anyone had the slightest idea that I still felt like I wasn't smart or qualified enough to enlist, and I had some pretty intense arguments with my parents over joining the military. Since I was still a minor, I needed them to sign the paperwork for my enlistment. They usually ignored my requests, unless I made a point to say harsh things and argue with them, which is exactly what I did. I threatened never to speak to them again if they didn't sign the papers. Eventually, they caved in and signed, though without my threats, I don't think they would have. After winning that fight, I passed all of the medical requirements. On the day I took an oath to defend the Constitution of the United States, I felt proud of myself, and my enlistment started to mean more to me than just proving a point.

ABOUT

THE AUTHOR:

Marissa Muñoz is a Marine Corps veteran. She served from 2014-2018. She has two associates degrees, one in Business Admin, and one in Political Science. She is currently a junior majoring in political science and plans on becoming an attorney.

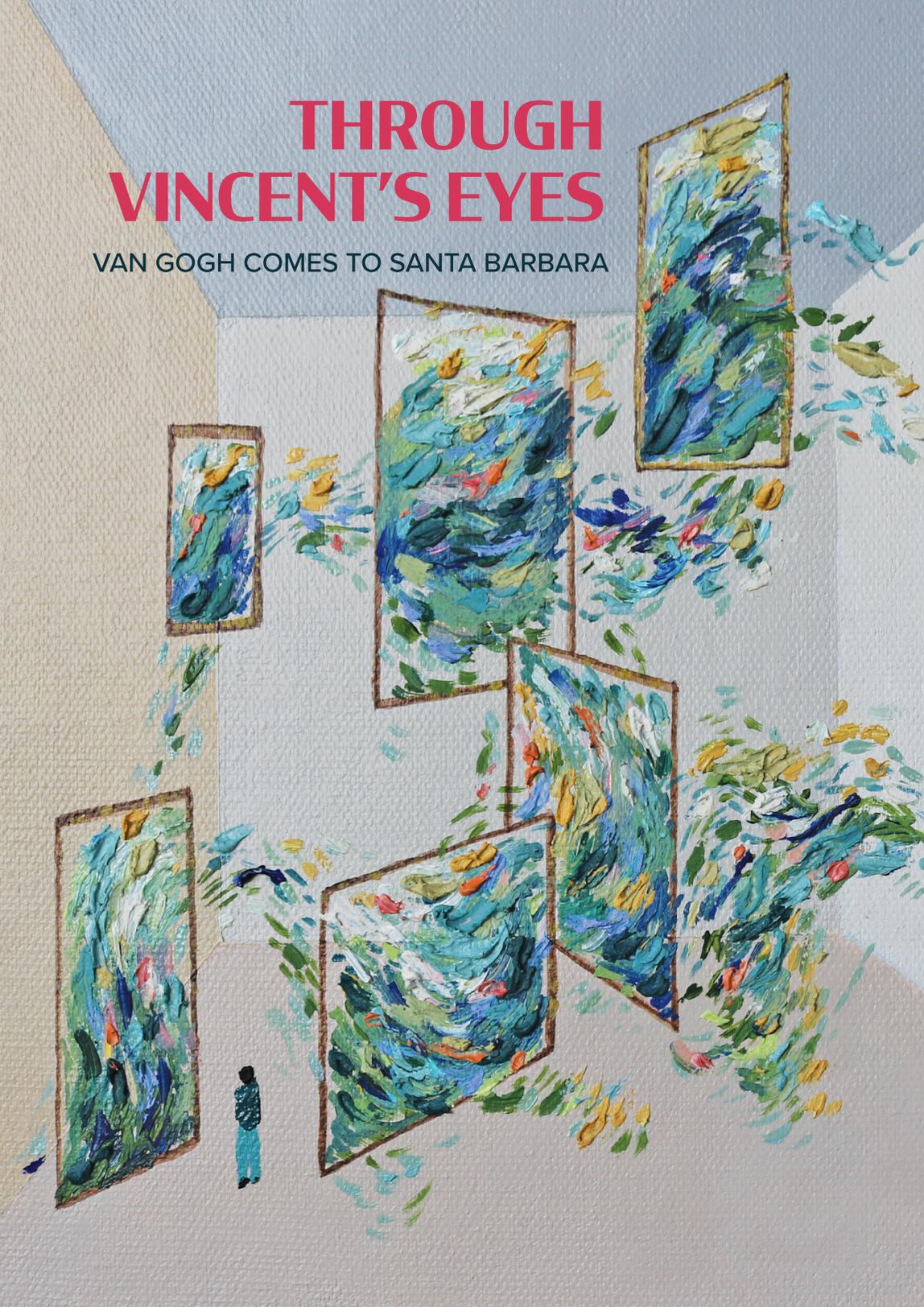
ABOUT THE SIERRA HOTEL:

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

WHEN I DECIDED I WANTED TO JOIN THE MARINES, I WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND A VEGAN.

THROUGH VINCENT'S EYES

VAN GOGH COMES TO SANTA BARBARA



WORDS // LEAH SKOYLES
ILLUSTRATION + DESIGN //
SUMMER HADDAWAY

ARGUABLY ONE OF the most celebrated artists of all time, Vincent Van Gogh's brilliant paintings and troubled life have been on public display many times, and in many forms. From the "Van Gogh Immersive" exhibitions in San Francisco, New York City, and Los Angeles, to sunflower-adorned tea towels, stickers, and mugs that plague many a gift shop, the fascination with the idea of a tortured artist whose mental turmoil led him to cut his own ear off continues to persist. However, "Through Vincent's Eyes: Van Gogh and His Sources" at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art seeks to dispel this myth, casting Van Gogh's masterpieces alongside the works of those that he admired, and painting a picture of the beloved artist's progression.

A compendium of Van Gogh's career, "Through Vincent's Eyes: Van Gogh and His Sources" features the work of over sixty artists and literary figures that inspired Van Gogh's artwork in conjunction with twenty of his own paintings, guiding the visitor through a timeline of his brief—yet extraordinary—decade-long career. The show continues through May 22, 2022.

Although the Santa Barbara Museum of Art is a modestly sized institution, the exhibition feels expansive, with 13 rooms dedicated to Van Gogh and the varied art that he most admired. The walls are painted in muted browns and oranges, as well as stark white, enhancing the elaborate frames that contain Van Gogh's colorful paintings. Throughout the exhibition, wall text detailing the histories of Van Gogh's artistic evolution creates an implicit path for visitors to follow.

Much of Van Gogh's progression as an artist can be attributed to his adoration for his predecessors, including one

such French artist, Jean-Francois Millet. Millet's emphatic depiction of the rural poor and their absorption in nature, and own identification with the working class garnered extreme enthusiasm from Van Gogh, who regarded Millet as a hero-like figure. Millet, whose pieces are displayed beside Van Gogh's at the Santa Barbara show, was one among several realists that Van Gogh drew inspiration from. Millet's "The Sower," a rural scene depicting a monumentally-large peasant striding down a hillside scattering wheat seeds, contrasts markedly with the more polished, idealistic style of Jules Breton, whose "Returning from the Fields" places the viewer in a serene vision of rural existence: three young women returning from the fields at dusk.

The painting vibrates with color, its swirling trees rising towards the sky, backed by the intensity of the yellow asylum.

Upon entering the exhibition, the visitor is introduced to some of Van Gogh's earliest pieces, created six years after discovering Millet's work. Van Gogh painted voraciously, tirelessly making copies of Millet's work, eventually producing "Heads of the People," a series of paintings whose stark depictions of poverty and somber mood differ strikingly from his later paintings. Though Van Gogh owed much of his development to Millet and other realists of the early 19th century, his palette changed dramatically with his move from Paris to the South of France—

an environment that better suited Van Gogh's love for the natural landscape.

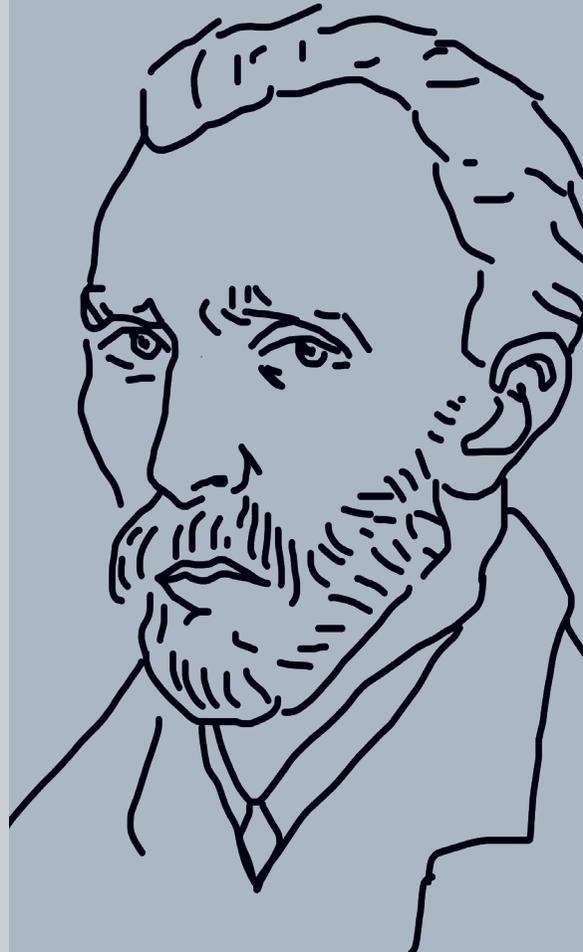
Van Gogh's "Wheat Field," which hangs among Millet's work, is gloriously illuminated by the dark wall behind it and marks the beginning of Van Gogh's technical transformation from a gloomy palette to the definable radiance of his mature work. The thick, multi-directional brushstrokes of golden-hued wheat are offset by the contrasting blue sky, creating a tumultuous scene whose energy has been compared to his own volatile personality and struggle with mental illness. Van Gogh would take his own life two short years after "Wheat Field."

As the visitor nears the end of the exhibition, the rooms become brighter and more spacious, making room for examples of the mature style of Van Gogh's final two years. It is clear that his newfound palette was inspired not only by the dazzling landscape of Arles but also by Japanese woodblock prints and his friendship with those in the post-impressionist movement. Both Van Gogh and Paul Gauguin—with whom he lived in Arles—were equally taken with Japanese prints, agreeing that the landscape of Provence was reminiscent of their expanses of strong color and exotic atmosphere. The Japanese woodblock prints (of which Van Gogh had collected hundreds) featured in "Through Vincent's Eyes" display unique spatial effects—an empty middle ground and exclusion of the horizon—which were adopted by Van Gogh. Taking on their suppression of depth, Van Gogh created "Tarascon Stagecoach," combining the pursuit of flatness with his characteristic swirling brushstrokes.

Unfortunately, Van Gogh's art reached its most vibrant when his mental health sharply declined. His notorious act of self-mutilation that sent him to an asylum in Saint Remy marked the conception of his final few masterpieces, which conclude

the exhibition. "Hospital at Saint Remy" is the climax of all the elements that inspired Van Gogh throughout his career. A view of the field outside his hospital window, the painting vibrates with color, its swirling trees rising towards the sky, backed by the intensity of the yellow asylum.

An exhibition well worth experiencing, "Through Vincent's Eyes: Van Gogh and His Sources" rewrites the infamous narrative that plagues Van Gogh's posthumous existence. Although the end-of-exhibition gift shop does indeed sell sunflower-emblazoned tote bags, mugs, and t-shirts, what is art without a little commodification? **W**



improvability

SPRING QUARTER SEE LIVE COMEDIC IMPROV
EVERY FRIDAY AT 8PM IN EMBARCADERO HALL

\$3



THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE LEGEND

DJ PALLADINO RETIRES FROM WORD



WORDS // CASSIDY GRIGG, HAILEY
GROSS, MICHELLE POLITISKI,
JANET WANG, ASHLEY RUSCH,
ELLEN K. ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATION // ANNA SOPHIA MONZON
DESIGN // DYLAN LASHER

FROM THE EDITORS:

NO MATTER WHAT KIND of week we were having, we could always count on DJ to greet us with a big grin on Friday afternoons. His smile had a familiarity that reminded us everything was going to be okay—from dealing with late stories to journalistic ethical dilemmas and everything in between. After all, stepping into the role of WORD Editor-in-Chief is no easy task. It's exceptionally rewarding and full of opportunity, but we've all had our fair share of imposter syndrome. However, DJ is the type of person that can spot potential and talent in someone, perhaps even before they've fully realized it themselves.

DJ was always there to make sure we kept a journalistic edge to our arts and culture magazine—from pushing for real photographs to complement the beautiful art, to encouraging us to dig deeper in pursuing community issues. DJ wasn't just a writing advisor, nor was it just a job for him. He was right there alongside the WORDies, cheering us on and challenging us when we doubted ourselves, because he was dedicated to helping young writers find their voice. He pushed you to think critically and refine your story like he knew you could. Nobody gave a compliment quite like DJ: he pointed out the detail in your work and the craft that went behind your words and illustrations. We were lucky to have him, this passionate, award-winning journalist, there to not only help guide the writing process but to impart his wisdom, humor, and experience. And to also tell you he's proud of you? That's pretty much as good as it gets.

FROM ELLEN K. ANDERSON: former advisor to WORD Magazine

DJ HAS BEEN OUR journalistic North Star since WORD's first issue in Spring 2008. You could not spend time at WORD without encountering DJ's fevered embrace of the ethics and standards of journalism. Ever-aware of the nuances of these principles, he wove them into our regular debates over the contents of an issue. When we found ourselves up against a tough journalistic dilemma, the cry would go out, "DJ! Help us DJ!" Whether it was a story about growing pot to pay tuition, having sober sex, or merkins, DJ deftly posed important questions; helping WORD students compose more complex, relevant, nuanced, and quirky articles.

WORD benefitted from his professional connections as he arranged and moderated presentations by eminent journalists, designers, photographers, and publishers and we were doubly grateful when one of these encounters led to an off-campus internship. We followed the stories of his own career as an award-winning journalist, listening for the wisdom entwined in his past experiences conducting interviews, writing challenging stories, and attending tense meetings with his own editors. We witnessed his heartfelt compassion for the student who was afraid that they'd never be able to suss out their own creative voice or future career path. We saw him light up when a student editor landed a place in a challenging Journalism program.

Let's you think DJ was perfection, he did let his puppy pee on our meeting room floor—but only once.

So how can we say goodbye to this nearly perfect advisor who is leaving us. Dare we violate the code of fairness and impartiality and beg him not to retire? Probably not, but we can wish him more DJ-esque adventures and take pleasure in having worked with him, knowing that our magazine will carry fifteen years of his stellar influence into the future. **W**



not necessarily
SHAKESPEARE
in the park

HAMLET'S BIG ADVENTURE! (A PREQUEL)

WRITTEN BY REED MARTIN
& AUSTIN TICHENOR

**JUNE 3RD
& 4TH
2022**

FREE



WORD STAFF



NOT PICTURED:
MUYUN LIU

ADVISORS:
ANNA JENSEN
DJ PALLADINO
BRITTANY RAGAN



MAGIC LANTERN FILMS

MOVIES ON THE BIG SCREEN
EVERY FRIDAY AND MONDAY
NIGHT AT 8:00 PM
AT THE IV THEATER

\$5