

Headlines That Didn't Make It :(

The 4 Police Horsemen of the Apocolypse

Intoxicated Woman Steals Babies

Brokeback Koi

Yeast of Eden

I'm Still Holding Out For a Hero

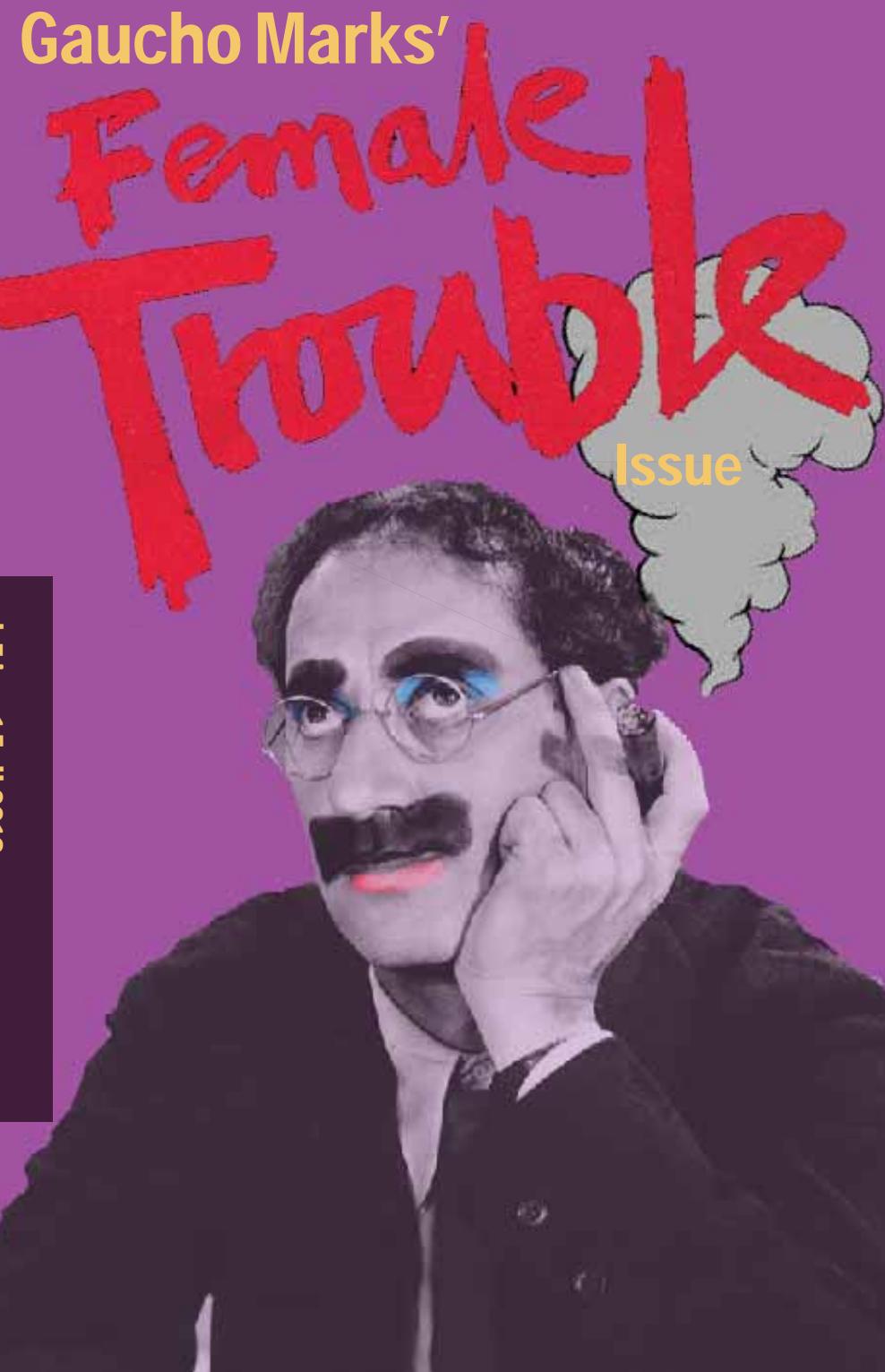
Flat Chest Flat Earth

They Always Ask Where's Waldo and Not
How's Waldo

Duolingo Translating Cries For Help

Pastor Steve Says...

I Tried to Send Mail and Didn't Know How



Gaucho Marks is UCSB's premier humor conglomerate dedicated to the publication of satirical content for the web and a biannual print magazine. Our work is predicated on the belief that comedy is integral to a life well-lived. Student Health has called us "An essential tool for curing hangovers, along with a balanced breakfast." Lighten up, settle down with us, and watch your problems magically disappear.

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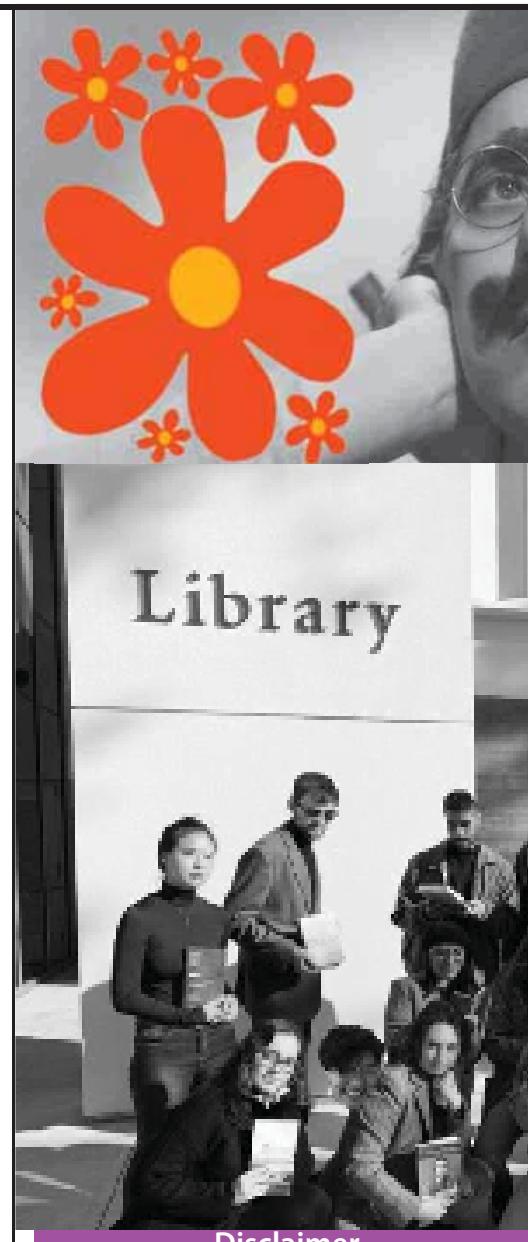
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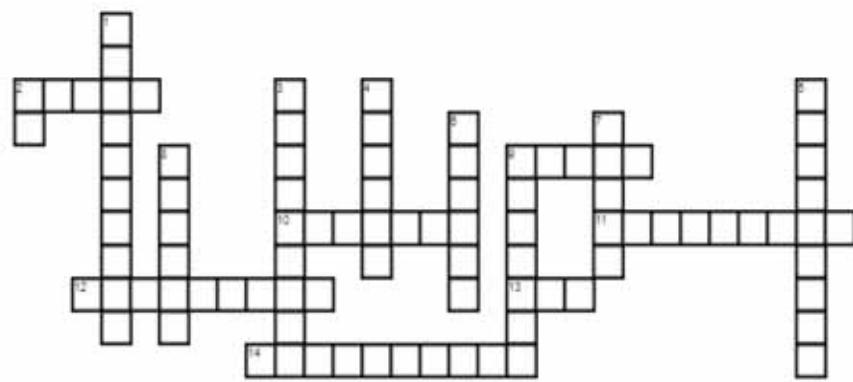
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Disclaimer

All articles, photos, comics, symbols and spaces between letters are entirely fictional and intended for humorous purposes. Any references to actual persons, living or dead, as well as actual entities and institutions are not grounded in fact; all narratives here written were invented in the minds of people who believe that they are smarter than and superior to the aforementioned persons, entities and institutions. Some people were harmed in the process of making this magazine. All published Gaucho Marks mate-

Fun n Games



Across

- 2- Nickname for Chancellor Yang
- 9- U Can Study
- 10- Alternate mascot
- 11- Throw these on the field
- 12- Overpriced nachos locale
- 13- Name of UCSB mascot
- 14- UCSB name for Rage Cage

Down

- 1- Buffalo chicken cheese fries locale
- 2- Party street abbr.
- 3- Most abundant STD at UCSB
- 4- Fire that shut down campus in '17
- 5- UCSB drink of choice
- 6- UCSB's worst dining hall
- 7- Word describing UCSB meme page
- 8- U Can also Study
- 9- Remedy for tar on feet

Aziz Ansari Asks a Woman About Her Day, Is a Feminist



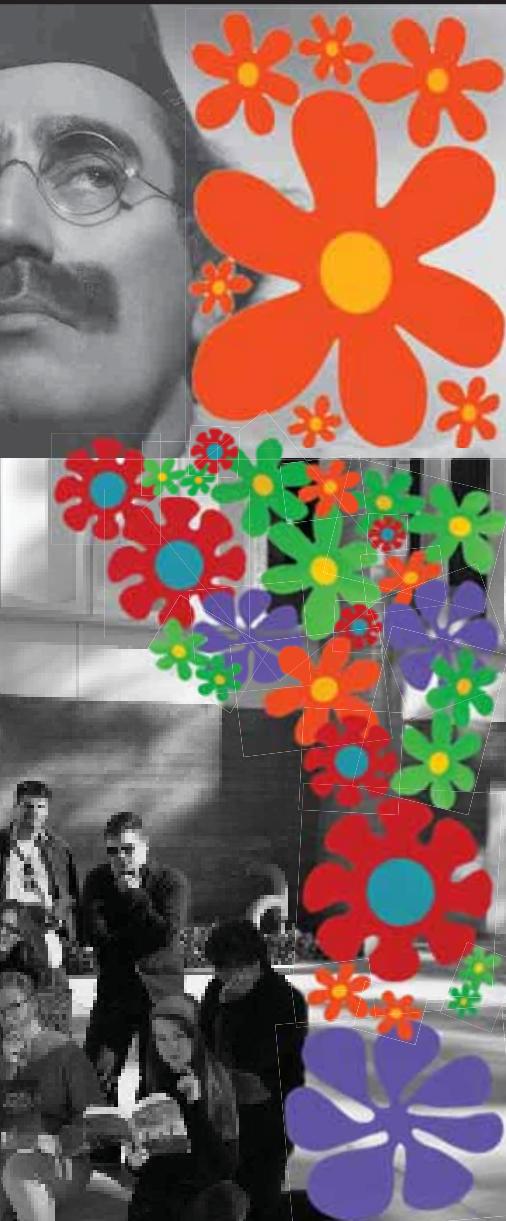
It was a lively night in New York as world-famous comedian and man accused of sexual assault, Aziz Ansari, asked a woman on a park bench how her day was. He then went to Twitter to proclaim his reclaimed feminism.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRGGGHHHHH! I’MA FEMINIST AGAIN! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? ME, A FEMINIST AGAIN! GIRLS, AS A MAN ACCUSED OF SEXUAL ASSAULT AND A LOVER OF GREAT TACOS, I KNOW EXACTLY THE KIND OF VITRIOL YOU GO THROUGH DAILY! AHHHHHH!”

The woman, whose being was fully noticed by Ansari, said he never asked for her name but that didn’t matter as he is “a fully changed man, and now one of us!” She also later added, “So what if he went for sex too fast without the girl’s consent? He said he would kill for me with my consent. He really is a feminist! He’s quirky, brown, says words funny, and has a show with nice lighting on Netflix.”

Ansari begins his long-awaited comeback tour “Aziz Ansari: Born Again (a feminist story)” with fellow comedian Louis C.K. in seven weeks.

He can currently be spotted on the streets of New York searching for the perfect taco and spreading the good news about his radical feminist agenda.

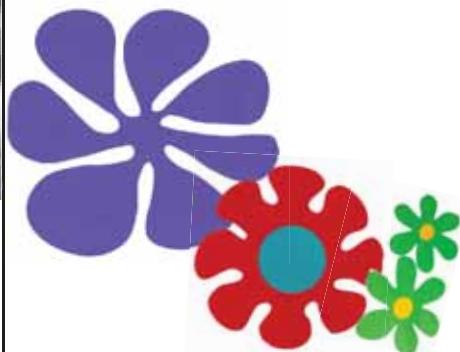


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Staff Bios



Chloe Anderson

"I'll keep all my emotions right here and then one day I'll die."
-John Mulaney



Humza Agha

Will never watch Game of Thrones.



Mimi Pinson

Refused to Com-
ment



Amanda Shipman

"Don't sweat the petty things and don't pet the sweaty things."



Brandon Teran

"Ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time."
-Allen Ginsberg



Emily Puls

"You better hold on tight spider monkey."
-Edward Cullen



Sid Malik



Lauren Baker

"I shot the Clerk?"



Michelle Kweon

bitch haha why you mad cos my pussy pop severely and yours dont



Ted Giardello

Spongebob is the greatest show of all time



Sandra Linares

Bird of Prey



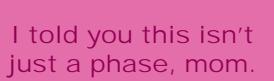
Jessica Reincke

Ricardo Landis

Bard of dive-bar quality and Jester to the Courts of Cringe, this guy never realized his life could indeed be worse: he now thinks he can actually write satire.



....Pussy good
pussy clean



I told you this isn't just a phase, mom.



"It was really uncomfortable, honestly, and like it was one of those gas stations where you have to walk around the side of the building to get to it, and the key was attached to an old hubcap, so I kind of had to roll it there," Melanie told GM, "But that latte literally went right through me so I had to. Also, I couldn't really tell if the door was actually locked so I had to stretch to keep my hand on it while squatting over the toilet seat. That's gonna be my workout for the week haha. I'm joking though, Grace is taking me to soulcycle tomorrow. She says it's life changing."

We asked Melanie if the trauma of being naked in a public bathroom it was worth wearing the romper, and she told us: "Absolutely, I mean Grace was wearing a hat for God's sakes, she looked amazing. She also gave me her dermatologist's phone number because she thinks I should get my mole checked. She notices things like that. She's a great friend."

So brave! We're so inspired by Melanie's absolute refusal to give up looking cute for brunch in the face of the functional challenges of fashion.

Letter From the Editor

A close-up photograph of a young girl with long brown hair, smiling at the camera. She is wearing a cowboy hat and a grey t-shirt. The image is framed by a decorative border featuring yellow and blue patterns.



With Love,

Lauren Baker



21st Century Orientalists - Koreaboo Edition



It's a very strange time to be Korean. Acute globalization of Korean pop culture did not start with BTS or EXO, but these token boy groups certainly signalled a resurgence of it... and this ongoing phenomenon has ramifications on not just the Korean entertainment industry and the Korean economy as a whole, but on me.

One time I met this white Swiss girl, and upon learning that I'm Korean, she said, "You're Korean? Thank you for you and your beautiful people!"

Yes. You're welcome, white Swiss girl whose name I don't remember and will never try to remember since you've made it clear that you're willing to dehumanize me into a vague representation of a country. I, Michelle Kweon, personally birthed the entire nation of South Korea. It's time someone took notice of my national contribution.

I also finally made the effort to indulge in Korean media this summer. But before that, I had a roommate who apparently said to my friend that I was Korean, "but not like, really Korean," because to her, Korean authenticity was defined by knowing what hospital each Twice member was born in and the familiarity with interfacing with viki.com.

And then there are the few Internet fights I've engaged in with fetishistic freaks armored with whitewashed pastel icons of their favorite boy band member, all of who think they have even a modicum of authority in asserting and defining Koreanness - there's "yellow fever," white girls colonizing the idea of having a Korean boyfriend and insisting that Korean girls are "stealing" their "oppas"...

It's all really sexy stuff. I love the adrenaline that comes with being thrust into a homogenized, sensationalized representation of my culture and simultaneously be seen as not enough of it. Maybe being Korean is more complex and less definable than the parameters of Korean pop culture suggests, but how can I be so sure? I should just get a ticket to KCON to become a little more acculturated.

Chad: Yeah, you know, Kavanaugh. He's an inspiration to all of us, showing you can drink heavily as much as you want and still end up running this shit.

Me: Wait, wait, wait, slow down. You said rest in peace? You're saying your roommate died?

Chad: Nah Brohemian Rhapsody, I found him the day after, right here on Del Playa. He already moved here after that night, since that spider guy took everything he owned anyway. No point in going back, knawmean bro? That break in is the best thing that ever happened to us bro!

Me: Spiderman, actually. But I see what you mean bro. Any closing statements?

Chad: A word of wisdom to my bros and hos of these IV streets. You gotta watch out for Spiderman yo. He's climbing on your windows, snatching everything up, so hide your bong, hide your Xany, and hide your beer, cuz he's snatching up errythang round here

Based on my chat with Chad and others who suffered the same fate, it would seem that this amazing Spiderman is simply some sort of misunderstood hero. He's trying to save the students from the drug inducing lifestyle of the dorms, by confiscating their substances in a rough entry and escape during one of the most party inducing times of the year. However, most of the students he tries to save end up in the lifestyle anyways. An unfortunate circumstance of this world we live in. However, it doesn't seem like it's Spiderman's fault. Trust me.

- Guest Writer Peter Parker



Spiderman: Home Invasion

"Dear Citizens of our Campus Community,

As of now, many of you are aware of the threat that faces us. I'm afraid that Spiderman has returned for Halloween once again. I ask that you all please close all your windows and doors, and hold out until Halloween, so that we may light the bat signal atop stork tower and finally secure peace and safety for another year" - Chancellor Henry T. Yang, during an address to frightened freshmen

Many have often wondered why UCSB housing would always ask students to close their windows during and before Halloween weekend. Most students obliged, however, there were some rebels. These poor unfortunate souls would come face-to-web with UCSB's local Spiderman. Those affected would then promptly move out to Del Playa the next day and drink heavily to attempt to forget what they witnessed.

I tracked down one of these students, one 'Chad Chaddicus', for an interview. Chad had moved to Del Playa after he himself claims to have witnessed the amazing Spiderman in his room just recently on the 25th of October, 2018.

Me: Thanks for speaking with me, Chad.

Chad: No problem bro, I'm happy to share bro.

Me: Thanks bro. So, can you tell me why you moved out here?

Chad: Sure bro. It was October 25th I think bro. Sometime after 11 at night. It was hot as hell bro. I cracked the window open just a bit. I lived on the 8th floor bro. I was like ain't nobody trynna get in my window, knawmean?

Me: Yeah bro.

Chad: Bro, I was like, those housing department people are crazy. Why shouldn't I crack my window open bro? So I cracked it about halfway open bro, and then BAM, someone ripped the entire window off with some sort of sticky web thing bro! It was crazy bro!

Me: Bru.

Chad: Yeah broseph! This guy dressed in a Spiderman suit like totally busted our window off and jumped inside bro! He started webbing up everything we had in our room and just dragged it off with him, including my roommate. Rest in peace to my homie James, he never got to meet his hero Brett.

Me: Brett?

Cis Man Pats Himself on the Back for Being a Feminist Studies Major

It begins innocently enough, as most disasters do. You find yourself sitting in your first section, waiting for your turn to share your name, major, and something you do in your spare time. Although your answer doesn't matter in the slightest, your hands become clammy as responses snake their way around the room, edging toward you.

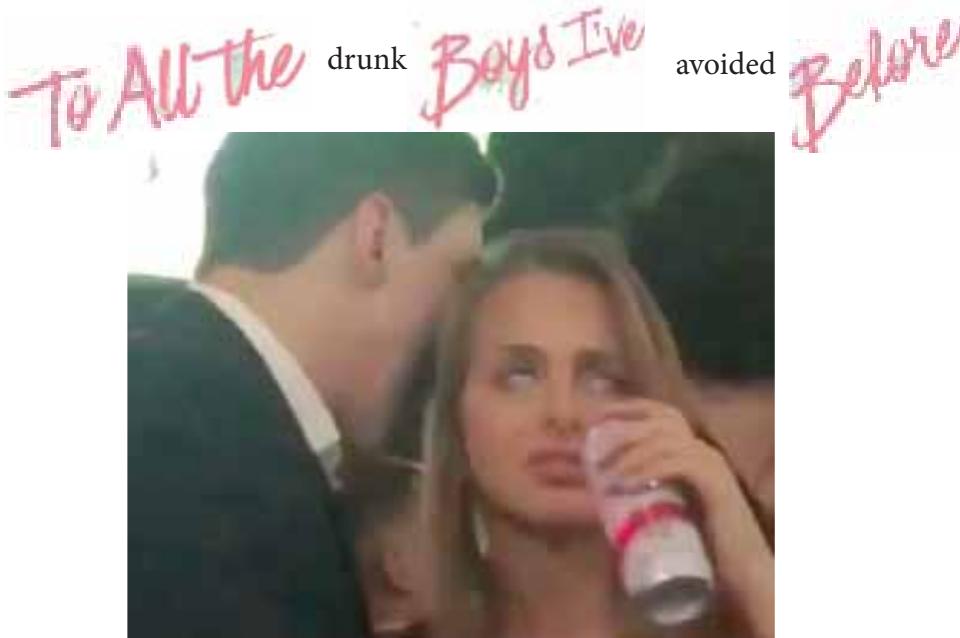
Mere feet away, and only a couple turns before yours, a skinny man-boy sits straight up in his chair and announces that he is Alex, a feminist studies major, and his hobbies include writing poetry and playing the ukulele, which he pronounces "ookooleilei." You think that is going to be the end of it. You hope.

In the following weeks, he raises his hand more than anyone in the class, always beginning his response with "well, actually..." It is clear he knows more than the TA and everyone else in the class, but most importantly, he knows more about women than anyone. He is all too eager to share this knowledge, and even offers to lend you his copy of "A Room of One's Own."

In the following weeks, Alex continues to show no restraint. He finds every opportunity to remind those around him that he is a feminist studies major, and pauses every time to allow everyone to take in the fact that yes, he is a man, and yes, he is in touch with his feminine side but he is still very much a man, because surely we are confused by this idea.

He is overwhelmed by his own uniqueness. He is baffled by his sacrifice, his selfless gift to womankind, and his ability to be confidently male through it all. If you haven't already, you will someday meet an Alex, or perhaps his counterpart Sean, who majors in black studies. We salute you, Alex; thank you for your service.





He was leaning up against the wall at the party, trying to catch my gaze and pretending to look away, as if there was something more interesting on the ceiling. After failing to catch my attention, he does catch the eye roll of my roommate, who quickly engages protocol. I am huddled within my friends secret service style to an undisclosed location. Once clear, I am debriefed: he's here.

But it could be any of them. It could be that one guy that asked me if I thought the JUUL he found on the ground earlier that day was cool. Or the one that tried to recruit me into the Church of Scientology, his dance club, CALPIRG, and get UCen Renovation signatures all in one go. Maybe it's the one that I met the day before, because we're in a group project and I've already forgotten his name. Or that one dude that told me that I gave off the aura of a math major. Could it be the one that told me he doesn't usually go for

girls like me, and that I have to figure out what that means? The one that told me that I'm hot but I'm not that hot? Or the one that thought that guessing my ethnicity was the highest form of flirting. Or maybe it was the one that tried to call me a "goddess," but through slurred speech it came out as "goblin" instead. Regardless of his true identity, he is the one you want to get away from.

To All the Drunk Boys I've Avoided Before: here's to you! Because of you, I can maneuver through a crowd of people with the skill of Catherine Zeta Jones contorting her body between laser beams. Because of you, my ability to escape even the most sparse of kickbacks is on par with Houdini. Bold of you to assume I was even at the party when you texted me "saw you at the party, but you didn't see me :/." I am everywhere yet nowhere. I am at every party, but I'm not with you.

Her: You're right, thanks. I shouldn't stress out.

What the fuck are you doing? Empathy and comfort are not on the list. Here's a much better response, following all the guidelines I outlined for you.

Your Best Friend: Man I'm so stressed out. Paul said he'd take me to SeaWorld for our anniversary but I don't think we're gonna have enough money to make it happen!

You: That sucks dude. But like the Smiths say, "If it's not love, then it's the bomb that will bring us together." One time I thought that the words were, "then it's the bum that will bring us together," and I can't tell what's worse, bomb or bum. Bombs usually kill people, but bum is butts and butts are weird! Sometimes all I can think about is how afraid I am of becoming my mother.

Her: Oh. Um. Yeah.

Perfect! You killed her with your quirk! Your quirkiness will give you success in your status, love life, and career (careers are so unquirky though, I do not recommend one).



A Girl's Guide to Being Quirky-Hot

Ironic Quirkiness for the Modern Woman



Quirkiness is in. Don't deny it. But it's also so 2011. Not cool at all. Your unbearable personality is a commodity on this date market, but it's also holding you back. So what actually works? You want to mix Zooey Deschanel (the human personification of bangs) with a hangry Kardashian (boring, but mean). But what if you're normal? Don't worry, I'm a quirk pro. Here's some quick suggestions to make yourself stick out, and be completely unexpected.

1. Don't ask, do tell -- Don't ever wait for someone to ask you something. My favorite topics are my antique kitty cat plate collection, my grandmother's wake, and how I didn't go to my grandmother's wake so that I could steal her antique kitty cat plates. And if you ever wonder if something is TMI, it's definitely not. People love details about your life, they make you you.

2. Thrift shop -- Burn all your clothes and get vintage clothes. The older it is, the better. 60s house dresses are fine, but 19th century petticoats are fucking HOT. Your clothes are also great conversation starters. "My favorite part of my clothing is the smell." You're already so interesting!

3. Rated M for Immature -- You want to be as spacey as a middle schooler high on cough syrup. No, you don't know what gentrification is.

The goal is for someone to say, "I thought she was really awkward at first, but now I realize she's just quirky." Perfect!

Here's a real situation where you can flex your delightful uniqueness. Your friend has a problem and is confiding in you. What would you say to her? Your Best Friend: Man I'm so stressed out. Paul said he'd take me to SeaWorld for our anniversary but I don't think we're gonna have enough money to make it happen!

You, an idiot: That sucks dude I'm sorry. But it'll be okay, maybe you could just have a quiet night with Paul instead? That can be just as romantic as SeaWorld.

The Cock Chronicles

The Vagina Monologues is a show created by Eve Ensler based off of interviews she conducted with over 200 women about their lives, primarily about the struggles and violence that they had faced. It is performed every year worldwide, including at UCSB by the Women's Ensemble Theatre Troupe (WETT).

However, the show has recently been criticized on campus by a group calling themselves the No U Theatre Troupe (NUTT). Consisting of only two members, this theatre troupe has created a response show to The Vagina Monologues which has been going by several names, including The Cock Chronicles, The Dick Dialogues, and The Phallic Phables. These are their stories.



"I Bully Feminists on the Internet, and That's Okay"

I bully feminists on the internet. And I'm sick of everyone making that my whole identity.

There's so much more to me as a person.

I bully gay people too, and 12 year olds on Club Penguin

I am an avid 4chan user, Mountain Dew Drinker, and David Foster Wallace fan

I am fluent in Elvish

I have a beautiful, loving relationship of over two years with my big boobed body pillow

I am an artist, a creator of batman themed Pepe memes.

I am an Incel

**Yes, I bully feminists on the internet
But that's not my whole identity.**

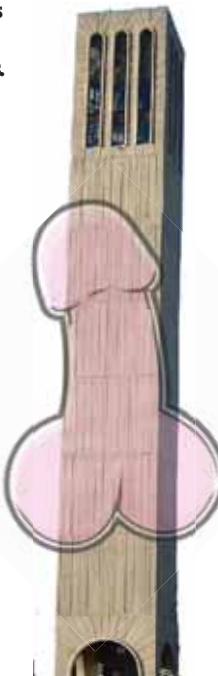
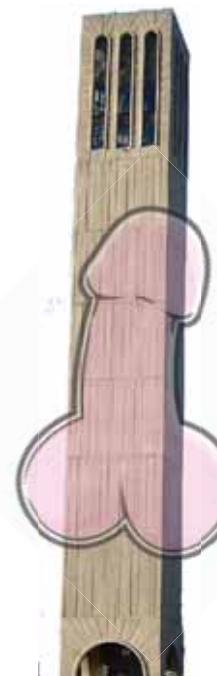
"No Homo"

No homo

My bromo

**But when I look at
you
You move in
slowmo.**

**I'm straight,
I'm white,
I'm oppressed
My dick swings left.**



Bottled Waters: A Sparkling Review

If you're anything like me or many other humans, you need water to stay alive¹. The only thing about water is that sometimes it can be boring. Carbonated drinks pop in a way water does not, but they don't provide the refreshing vitality that water can. While it's true that trillion-dollar companies will soon be selling you air in a can, it's worth spending money on something you can get for free in the library--provided it has that fizzy, carbonated goodness. Here are some reviews of the best waters you can buy:



10. *Le Croix* is at the bottom of the list, for obvious reasons. You can find the intriguing pastel cans of this water anywhere, the Arbor included. However, one sip of this will make you cringe harder than the only gay person at Thanksgiving dinner. Unlike Aunt Marge's cranberry sauce, Le Croix has almost no flavor. Don't let the temptation of a fruit-flavored water tempt you, the fruit flavor might as well have been whispered into the can. Your nostrils will hate you.

9. *Flat Sparkling Water*: While this beverage is not ideal, it is 100% better than Le Croix. Drink with regret, possibly after a 'Some people are allergic to water. I recommend 5-Loko to them.'

hangover.



8. *Bubbly*: This cheerful up-and-coming brand is a smiling deceiver. That's right, don't let the bright colors or the hidden smile on the can fool you, bubbly is a mistake, starting with its sinful carbonation and unique lack of flavor. Extra minus points for the plastic bottles of the ones you can find in the library vending machines.

7. *Spindrift*: Immediately after taking a sip of Spindrift, you will realize that the can contains too much volume. You have spent around \$3 for something you will be forced not to waste. For some reason, Spindrift is often found at parties (usually where alcohol is not served).

6. *Voss*: This water brand promises a seductive drinking experience in a sleek glass bottle (unless you find it in your hotel bedroom). Yet, what Voss promises in appearance falls tragically short. This is not to say that Voss is a bad brand of water; it is not the best. The carbonation as well comes off a bit strong. Bonus points

for (usually) not resorting to plastic.



5. *Soda water* from Freebirds--just add lime slices. Pro tip: don't actually buy anything from Freebirds. Your stomach will be slightly less upset. Slightly.

4. *Topo Chico*: This one is sold in certain 7-11s in Goleta, however, they are packaged in plastic, something that the environmentally conscious person should avoid. The best Topo Chico is the grapefruit flavor sold in the Sprouts market in Fresno, the place where I live when I'm not at SB. Possibly it's sold at the Sprouts in Santa Barbara, but I haven't been there yet.

3. *Jarritos Mineral Water*: This one is interesting, because as far as I know, you can't buy it in Santa Barbara, Isla Vista, or Goleta. Why? Because the only place I have seen it was at Kmart. It's not as glamorous as some of the other waters on this list, but it is surprisingly refreshing. Additional note: while grocery shopping today, I found some at Albertsons.

2. *Perrier (Grapefruit Flavor)*: I wouldn't necessarily recommend Perrier on its own. The glass used for their bottles leaves an aftertaste like plastic pills. I once poured a couple friends a glass of Perrier



for an impromptu brunch, and it went down well with cucumber slices. However, if you're looking for a truly emotional experience, buy the glass bottle of grapefruit flavored Perrier from IV Deli Market. It can take the edge off a sharp night, and it is better than the lemon flavor. You can get it in cans at Albertsons in packs of 10. but I prefer glass, it is more elegant and less wasteful (I think). Do not get the plastic bottles, they don't taste as good, and they are bad for the environment.



1. *San Pellegrino*: This has got to be the best one out there, and you could buy it in the Arbor if they stocked regularly. Just another reason you should steal from the Arbor. This tall, sensuous bottle of sparkling passion, imported from France, has no need for extra flavorings. The minerals pop, the carbonation is superb, and it is fully endorsed by the English department of UCSB.