

GAUCHO MARKS'

# VIRAL Edition

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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."

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UCSB\_INCLUSION.jpg

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## Staff Photos



Michelle Kweon

awkward but i might cancel gm next tuesday  
bc i need to vote

stories r "due" "today"

K



Brandon Barroso



Julian Garcia-Cruz  
(Julian Garcia)

Promotions are up

making chili



Mimi Pinson



Jean Lin  
(Jean)

maybe i shouldnt have drawn the dick so fucking huge

I can't make it to meeting today :((



Jae Nam  
(Jasmine Nam)



Thomas N

Thomas Nedugadan  
am i the only one that thinks  
gauchiomarks should have a tiktok  
presence?

Can't make the meeting today, feeling sicker than a mixtape right about now



Ted Giardello



Christian Mendez

Okay I'll just go the MCC and ask if I get  
lost

You can tell i was really salty



Brandon Hang



Jacob Stronach

sounds bitchin!! 🙌

Sad day today 🥰 mr. Peanut 🥰 is dead 🥰



Elizabeth Martinez



Monouch Keary  
(MC Keary)

## Letter From the Editor...



hey, can you all describe me in 1 word for my letter from the editor thing?

OK G0

call me fucking stupid and stuff too pls



Jean Lin

笨



Mimi Pinson  
dim



Christian Mendez  
Drunk



Brandon Hang  
Zonked

wtf

pls call me a piece of shit

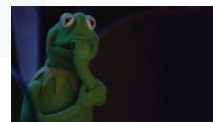
vanilla ass motherfuckers



Brandon Barroso  
Hack



Mimi Pinson  
haven't met a person I've disliked more than Michelle  
had to use several words to really represent my feelings  
only Michelle would put a limit on my words  
#editor in cheap



You know, I tried. I really did. But I guess what we can take away from all this is that I'm truly too amazing and talented and innovative to critique. That is all!

(To view a more heartfelt letter from the editor, check out our Fall 19 issue.)



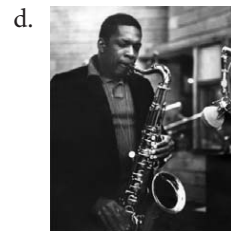
### 1. Discover the purpose of your meme:

- a. Corporate sponsorship
- b. I don't have self-esteem issues
- c. Spreading hate
- d. Spreading the revolutionary sound of John Coltrane

### 2. Choose a caption:

- a. 1 like = 1 prayer
- b. Isn't school hard? :(
- c. LMFAOOOOOOOO
- d. John Coltrane was born on September 23, 1926, and was a seminal mid-20th century jazz musician, guiding the direction of post and hard bop, along with pioneering free jazz.

### 3. Choose an image:



If you chose mostly:

- a. You're a classic! An old soul who respects women.
- b. You're iconic and totally niche. Your quirks render you impervious.
- c. You're a free spirit who can't be told what to do.
- d. You like fried plantains and a side of butter pecan ice cream.

## Wokabulary

Are you an ambitious budding progressive who will inevitably end up alienating anyone who hasn't taken fifteen Sociology courses? Are you a suburban mom who's trying to keep up with what's "cool" and "woke" with the kids? Are you a literal fascist (excuse me, reactionary identitarian) who's trying to delude others (and probably yourself) that you don't hate women, minorities, and The Gays?

Well, do I have a solution for you!

Powered by useless jargon that once meant something, this Wokabulary List™ will instantly generate a Woke Paper Title™ based on your first name, zodiac, day of birth, rising zodiac, and preferred Pizza Establishment.

For example, if I were Johnny Anglosaxon, born July 4th at 5:00 am, and I really like Woodstock's, my paper would be, "**Redistributing Queer Knowledge within Movements of White Supremacy**".

Sounds good? Give it a try!

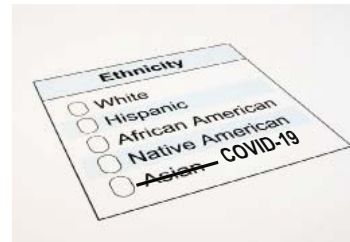
**OMG LIZ JUST FUCKING**

**DUMP HIM HE'S LUMPEN AF**

First Name	Zodiac	Day of Birth	Rising Zodiac	Pizza?
A - Grounding	Aries - Structural	1 - Exclusion	Aries - Matrices	Blaze - Bigotry
B - Backsliding	Taurus - Solvent	2 - Intersectionalities	Taurus - Institutional	Quinn's - Domination
C - Navigating	Gemini - Internalized	3 - Histories	Gemini - Dialogues	Little Caesar's - Love
D - Facilitating	Cancer - Queer	4 - Knowledge	Cancer - Movements	Pizza My Heart - Patriarchy
E - Locating	Leo - Grassroots	5 - Narratives	Leo - Hegemonies	Woodstock's - White Supremacy
F - Empowering	Virgo - Marginalized	6 - Experiences	Virgo - Systems	ef...
G - Appreciating	Libra - Inherited	7 - Positionalities	Libra - Frameworks	
H - Respecting	Scorpio - Normalized	8 - Coalitions	Scorpio - Discourses	
I - Searching for	Sagittarius - Anti-Racist	9 - Collaborations	Sagittarius - Conversations	
J - (Re)distributing	Capricorn - Social	10 - Resistances	Capricorn - Constructions	
K - (Re)centering	Aquarius - Horizontal	11 - Prejudices	Aquarius - Spaces	
L - Establishing	Pisces - Inhabited	12 - Oppressions	Pisces - Discussions	
M - Co-opting		13 - Resources		
N - Delegating		14 - Solidarity		
O - Healing		15 - Trauma		
P - Including		16 - Allyship		
Q - (De)Reconstructing		17 - Inequalities		
R - Cultivating		18 - Boundaries		
S - Mobilizing		19 - Colonialisms		
T - Building		20 - Toxigencies		
U - Advocating		21 - Capitalism		
V - Participating		22 - Agencies		
W - Uplifting		23 - Indigenities		
X - Organizing		24 - (Co-)Compromises		
Y - (De)colonizing		25 - Actions		
Z - Sharing		26 - Capacities		
		27 - Perspectives		
		28 - Identities		
		29 - Privileges		
		30 - Changes		
		31 - Multiplicities		



## BREAKING NEWS — Students May Now Mark “COVID-19” as Ethnicity



UC SANTA BARBARA — Starting in the 2020-2021 school year, students may mark “COVID-19” as their ethnicity on their application form and other documents.

Discussions around this final decision began in late January, regarding an international student residing in the Santa Catalina (FT) residences — notably, the suppression of her imposed identity.

John Smith Smithson, champion of the movement, explains, “People have already been referring to that girl as ‘infected’ or ‘Corona.’ Personally, I prefer the term ‘Kung-Flu-Fighting.’ Naturally, I felt that the university had to catch up with that, for like, equity and stuff. If everyone else has already decided her identity, why won't the university recognize it?”

Don Gavidam, Smithson's echo, chimed in, “Yeah, my buddy Mullen feels really in tune with this movement too, you should look into his story. More should be explored about his background. It's wack stuff. We have to investigate. Like, right now. It'll be helpful.

Smithson added, “... Anyway, it's great. We're super passionate about telling the community how about this new label. It's fantastic for them; they no longer have to wear face masks to express themselves!”

As for the student who started it all, when asked how she felt about all these strangers supporting her, she replied,

“卧槽---我不知道这些白人到底在讲什么。我带口罩因为我已习惯这样，不想呼吸不好的空气。哦，对不起，我忘了你问什么...嗯，不论他们两个说什么，他们还是神经病。”

According to more people whose opinions we didn't ask for (unnamed), she said, while gesturing to Smithson and Gavidam, “Super cool! Good! Great!”

# Help! I Fucked Bloomberg, Now He Won't Stop Calling!

**"I see him  
everywhere!"**

When your pollster asked me to rank you on a scale from 1 to 5, I ranked you 1. Because I know what you're doing.

I hate to call you out on such a public platform, Mike, but I just feel like you're going a bit too far.

We had a great time together, but it's over. I thought your kink for putting people in cages or behind bars was a little too extreme.



I can manage a "Sir" here or there — especially for an anointed knight like yourself — but I'm not horny for mass incarceration. It's not harmlessly frisky.

And anyway, I don't know why you're being the clingy one now. You were the unreliable one to begin with. You kept saying you were gonna come, and then you were gonna come, and then you didn't come until November! It left me very on edge. Good-bye Mike. Please get off of my YouTube ads.

# Twitter, Do Your Thing XP

Tik Tok. Youtube.  
Twitter. Instagram.  
Reddit. Facebook.

There are so many platforms status-confused people can choose from to publish every waking thought that flits through their minds. Right now, there are at least 10 people word vomiting on their phones hoping that their 3 retweets on their "omg im so #blessed #godisgood #yeehaw #hashtag" status update will suddenly explode overnight.

Don't be blue about your lack of virality. Or virility. The amount of strength it takes to erect a perfect post is frightening. It may take a loooooong time. It might also be really, really hard. In fact, a surprising amount of people never go viral/virile, like, ever. Like me. I know my jokes are sick AF because my mom says so. I am a 102-degree fever hot DOG, you'd need ice to recover from my burns. Randoms get 12.5K retweets for quoting a lukewarm video with "LM-MAAAOOOOOOOOOO" so WHY am I not viral/virile yet?



There's variety in what one could do. Am I funny? Am I stupid? Am I annoying? Mere mindless dribble could get you those sweet internet points. Provoke a certain chef? It's fucking raw. Post a brain fart? Toot. My relevant, witty, observant, critical, delectable, clever, intellectually savvy, and perceptive update? 2 likes from bots. Stellar content is rarely accounted for, it seems!

Anyway, go follow @GauchoMarks\_Mag on Twitter,  
@gaucho.marks on Instagram, like us on Facebook  
@Gaucho Marks Magazine, and check out [gauchomarks.com](http://gauchomarks.com) !!!



How many ways are there to rearrange a two letter word out of four unique letters? | Gaucho Marks

## Tale As Old As Time



6:00pm: A crowded library. Keyboards distantly clacking. Rattled nerves... An empty table with an empty seat. Cracking a Yerba, taking a sip. Open your book, turn a page. A raised neck begins to distract its owner. Surveying from left to right... Break for a minute. A break won't hurt. Snatched from its comfortable position in your pocket, a phone is now planted in the palm of your hand. You open up \_\_\_\_\_. And you scroll. Scroll. Scroll. Scroll.

Scroll....

...

..

.

7:00pm. Another nerve. A page. Let me get a page done. Just one. Another sip. Okay, one more sip. Typing starts, typing stops. Phone: Instagram, Twitter, Snapchat. All of it. Peek over at the book, the laptop. Ah yes, they're still there. Phone down. Scan the room... alright. A glance back, forward, then back again. Beady little eyes return to the page. Typing ensues for... let's say... ten uninterrupted minutes. Then... a light?

8:00pm: A bright beam of light shoots down from the heavens, blasting a hole through the roof of the library. Descending downwards from the destroyed roof, terrifying demon alien fuckers hover down and stop three feet in front of you. "Come with us," they say, and they promise to skin you. Alive. You're excited. You're reaaaally fucking excited. You say "Sure dawg, whatever," and follow them back up the beam. Up in the ship, you see a large flat-screen crystal ball, because shapes are only a mere imagination. Displayed is your future: procrastination, stemming from this assignment... propagating into other moments of your life and spreading onto the smallest minutiae of your life. You lag, whether that be brushing your teeth, paying your bills, breathing. Life becomes hell. You die. Sad, likely. Lowly, very much possibly. Sock of a person... seems about right. But you definitely die. And then you look back and...

9:00pm: you see your computer screen. 103/2500 words. Fuck. Three hours left.

Winter 2020 | What is the 7th element of the Fibonacci sequence? | Googled this question. Idk this



## LOCAL TRANSPHOBЕ THINKS BOOK of GENESIS IS a MANGA



Jacob is a self-described Internet vigilante who uses his online presence to inform transitioning teens that God loves them but also hates them and wants them to die.

"I'm gonna get 'FACTS' tattooed on one hand and 'LOGIC' on the other. And then when I hit people, they're not gonna know what hit them. But I'll know. Facts. And logic."

In this exclusive article, Gauchō Marks has secured an interview with the man who claims to have solved the Boston Marathon bombing:

"All I'm saying is that God doesn't make mistakes," says Jacob, otherwise known as *XXXdarklordXXX* on Twitter, Reddit, LinkedIn, etc.

**Gauchō Marks:** How would you describe your hobby?

**Jacob:** I prefer to think of it more as a passion. A calling. An obsession, if you will. I go around forums and Twitter and stuff like that, and you know, tell people what's right about this whole "gender" thing. Just, you know, get 'em. They'll call me stuff like "transphobe" and "bigot", but I prefer to think of myself as the *Big It*, you know? Like I'm *It*. Isn't that poetic? One time they called me an MCP, but they must have been dyslexic because what kind of band would be called *My Chemical Pomance*?

## LOCAL TRANSPHOBЕ THINKS BOOK of GENESIS IS a MANGA

**GM:** So how does your faith play into this?

**J:** Yeah, I hear you man.

**GM:**

**J:**

**GM:** ... So... how does it?

**J:** Yeah, so when God made man, he didn't, like, say, like, "Hey Adam I made you and it would be totally cool if you identified as, like, an ATTACK HELICOPTER."

(Jacob took 2 minutes to compose himself after saying this)

God was like, "Adam. You, man, are a man. And this world is your domino. Get your babe, Eve, and get on that boat before I flood the place." And then Adam ribbed Eve. That means they boned. And yeah, that's why I've invested in Louis CK's comeback tour.

**GM:** Have you read the book of Genesis?

**J:** No, I haven't, but I love the anime. Is it pronounced Evangelion or Evangelene? I've heard both.

Jacob says his faith plays a large role in his life. He finds time to pray whenever he takes a Jager bomb. His fondest religious memory was his first communion in second grade where he ate "that cracker thing" and then drank wine "like a little baller." He hasn't been to church since then. ♦





## Do You Feel Lost In Class? You May Have O.F.



### About O.F.

O.F. is a disease that causes students to forget all of the material in each and every one of their classes. It is most commonly spread in the second-half of each quarter. Only recently has O.F. been acknowledged in an official capacity among university administrators.

*They proclaim to be cautious of starting a global panic, but we know it's about the tourism economy.*

The illness has afflicted pitiful students for decades and has been known colloquially by many names, including: "Shit! Why am I in college?"; "Maybe Dad was right; I am stupid," and "If I close my eyes, this isn't happening." The term O.F. originates from the phrase "OH FUCK!" uttered by the infected population before their death by cerebral hypoxia due to finals complications.

### Symptoms of O.F.

The symptoms of O.F. are expressed both physically and mentally. You should seek further medical attention from your healthcare provider if you experience any of the following symptoms:

- The Dutch Audibles
- Toddler Speak
- Existentialis
- Chronic Self-Reassurance
- Crying
- The Rumbly Tumbles
- *thoughts of political action without execution*
- The misguided hope you missed a class and don't remember
- Yerba Sweats
- Tenderness of the Breasts



### Diagnosing O.F.

The earlier O.F. is diagnosed and treated the better, however due to the disease's 'procrastinatory' nature, this is rarely the case. An official diagnosis should be left to your *common* healthcare provider. If their office hours are finished, a self-diagnosis can be used depending on your major field.

### S.T.E.M.

For S.T.E.M. majors, collecting a fecal sample is the best method of self-diagnosis. Lab access is suggested, but unnecessary. Simply collect a small stool sample and analyze it under sufficient lighting to obtain a clear and detailed view. *If you feel any therapeutic relief from finally viewing something in a worse state than you, then you very likely have O.F.*

### Treating O.F.

Because O.F. is regularly diagnosed in its later stages, the normally months long treatment must be crammed into a couple weeks. The most reliable form of treatment currently is known as blind memorization.

### Blind Memorization

This treatment consists of an intense reading of literature, without the goal of comprehension. The process of Blind Memorization attacks the O.F. cells at their main residence in the brain.

*There are side effects, but the culture has adopted them. You can come out of this treatment perfectly intact.*

*Remember: O.F. is the problem. NoT yOU. You're not CraZY; i'M Not CraZY, We're BOTH Not CraZY*



## I Know You're Sick, Please Study With Us



It's a cold Wednesday morning. Your bleary eyes are momentarily stunned by the glare of sunlight. That big scary midterm tomorrow has got you all anxious, and you and your classmates decide to meet up in the library to prepare for the test. You arrive at the study room first. Now all that's left is to wait for your friends.

One by one, they trickle into the room.  
You start greeting them:

"Hey John, how are you?"

"Wow Sarah, this midterm is gonna be bad!"

"Chad? You actually showed up?"

"What's up Tess...?"

Something's off. Are those tissues hanging out of her nose? Is she coughing? Oh God, oh fuck, it can't be. She's fucking sick. All you're thinking about is how cramped this room is and how easily everyone can catch that cold. An unfortunate circumstance for Tessa, but you decide to go on the defensive.

"Hey bud, you feeling okay?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. I'm just feeling a little under the weather."

"Oh, I see. I understand that you're worried about the midterm tomorrow, but I think you should go home and rest! You'll probably do better without a cold. You probably can't concentrate today anyway!"

"Don't worry about me! I'll be okay!"

But you're not worried about her, you're worried about you. This goes on for a little while, but she adamantly insists on staying. You break into a nervous sweat. You break into a nervous sweat. You recite a little prayer to protect you from the snotty little devil named Tessa.

The study session starts, and it's going pretty well. Everyone feels much more confident about the upcoming midterm, and despite the occasional cough from Tessa, it's not going too bad.

Finally, the day ends and everyone leaves in high spirits. You feel like skipping. You're going to do great this midterm!

Next morning comes. You wake up, but something's off. Your throat is dry, you feel dizzy, and you have a migraine.

**Oh no. You're sick.**

It's okay, you studied hard while you were well, so you probably know enough to do well on this midterm anyways. You arrive at the testing room and see your study buddies from the day before. They are also sick... and it is at this moment that you feel those pre-midterm butterflies. Or maybe that's a fever.

"I feel like absolute dogshit. I'm going to fail this midterm," you think to yourself as the midterm starts getting passed around — not unlike Tessa's germs!

## Author's Note

**Hey there! I'm the writer! Did you enjoy the story? I know I didn't. This is based on a true story. Why Tessa, how could you? I'm calling you out, you bitch. Why did you show up to that study session and get us all sick? You've heard of morals, haven't you, you sick (like sick in the head too) fuck? We wanted you gone, couldn't you tell? You were practically dying, and it would've been better if you completed that process. We all know you did it on purpose. You deliberately did it so we would score lower on the test so YOU would score far above the average. You sly bitch. I hate you. Pain is temporary, but GPA is forever. I'll never forgive you for as long as I live, and I hope you get sick again.**

