

THE Gaucho Marks Manifesto



FALL ZINE 2021 VOL. X ISSUE I

SEE YOU  IN HELL

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Gaucha Marks is UCSB's premier humor conglomerate dedicated to the publication of satirical content for the web and a kind triannual 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."

Karl Marx has yet to reply to our emails for a quote, however.

Marx Makers

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All articles, photos, comics, features, 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 have been invented by bumbling college students who barely have their lives together as-is. No live animals were harmed during the production of this publication.



Adam

"Sometimes I watch Boomerang shorts they'd play between Scooby Doo and Snorks episodes just to feel something again."

Staff Bios

Linda

"[DATA EXPUNGED]"



Brenden

"I am charged with several counts of doin' your mom, as well as tax evasion and the 1st degree murder of John McAfee."



Liz

"Food that starts with 'th': thpaghetti"



Derek

"To expect total rationality either in humans or human institutions is expecting what's not going to happen."
- Charlie Munger



Thomas

"Meanwhile, Las Vegas airport is totally empty. Feels spicy."
- A friend



Jennifer

"Ranch is a beverage."



Letter from the Editor

Alright, I've got a couple of things I should explain before we start really getting into it.

This time, our zine is particularly short. Not an issue necessarily, but to please our legions of adoring fans and contractual deadlines, we have compiled the following excuses to give you ~~feel~~ comfort in these trying times.

1. Our editor-in-chief (me) has been studying in London, rather than attending UCSB, and has been trying his darndest to run a zine from⁰ the other side of the world. Especially when he goes to bed conveniently when the rest of our staff log on.

2. We're giving it a go for having in-person meetings, and very few of us have survived the nuclear winter that knew how we run in-person.

3. The Office of Student Life has given us an eviction notice because of our infrequent content-posting that we have been rallying to block for most of our meeting time.

4. The Daily Nexus recently crowned Nexustentialism as the "All-Time Greatest Satire Publication" and our egos have yet to fully recover.

5. Thomas fell for a lottery scam while logged into the club's e-mail, and our bank accounts have yet to fully recover.

6. Derek really needed to go to the potty the whole time.

7. The rest of the incoherent shitshow that's been the reopening scheme for the Fall 2021 quarter.

Hopefully, you'll understand why we're low on content this time around. We're trying here, really. But don't give us your pity, give us your sweet, sweet website traffic.

Thanks a billion to Derek and Thomas for starting up the club without me there. Your efforts are ridiculously valuable to keeping Gauchos Marks alive and kicking. Seriously. Thanks to our new editors Linda (who drew our kick-ass illustrations) and Brenden, and our new publicist Jennifer. Glad to get some fresh blood in our ten-year-old veins.

I look forward to actually being there with you guys in January and seeing all the great work you'll do!

Sincerely,

Adam Fagenson

*Editor-in-Chief
Gauchos Marks*



Local News

Just the headlines for your doped-out attention spans



Horny, sweaty gorilla escapes zoo, trespasses into ATO, hailed by community as “frat god”

Isla Vista residents vow to replace all incidents of hackey-sacking with regular sacking



“Satan Burger” opens across from Jesus Burger, takes entire stock of free burgers, resells for \$5 a piece



STEM professor misspells “Stroke Tower,” Google Maps redirected to Goleta Valley Cottage Hospital



Freshman raises hand to use the bathroom in crowded restauraunt

Man forgets single “The Office” reference, gets banished to the shadow realm

Title IX informs administration to put all genders into a single restroom on the fifth floor of the Library called “The Sex Room”

“Minions” admit to complicity Epstein’s private island; Illumination Entertainment replies, “Well shit. They help villains.”

Horny, sweaty gorilla found dead from overdose following single evening spent at ATO

Classifieds

Ads, missed connections, and rambles into the abyss

For Sale

W A N T E D :

Liter of cum.



Thirsty.

Fake Access Cards.
\$89 a piece. No lowballers, I know what I have.

Rave pills! 100% legal, no risk of overdose because they're multivitamins.

Personals

If you lost your virginity the other day by the 7/11 hot dog rollers, I have it.

Still looking for housing. If available, will sleep in your kitchen cupboard. Contact me at the dumpsters behind Wing Stop.

Services

12 AM, All-gender Bash in 2018. Not be-
restroom on the 7th cause I enjoyed it.
floor of the library- Justin, you owe me for
come tie my shoe. three years of childcare.

W A N T E D :
Conversation starters for going to parties. Can no longer rely on "Are you a cheese person?"

A T T E N T I O N :
Tickets were delivered to your account!

MISSED CONNECTION:
To the only girl at the Phish gig at the S.B. Bowl last month...
heyyy guuurl?



Announcements

from Campus Administration

New “Experimental” Courses Offered for Winter ‘22

- STUD 1: Intro to Study Studies
- MATH 2: The Sequel to Math
- FAMST 65: Gen Z Media
- ZOO 68: Sex Lives of Santa Barbara Trash Pandas
- FAMST 81: Paul Blart, Mall Cops, and Critical Race Theory
- GNOM 115: Sustainable Housing, under Prof. Charles Munger
- PSTAT 120B: How to Change Majors
- ENGL 157: What You Read In High School, Graded Harder
- RG ST 165: Those Times Satan Was Kinda Onto Something
- RG ST 166: The Chronicles of Adam Sandler
- MUS 191: Sicko Mode, Shitty Drake; Frat Essentials

Why You Should Put Your Children Down

- It’s fucking metal
- Pursue your dreams as a hibachi chef
- It’s the perfect blend of cooking and drama
- The world is overpopulated enough as it is



THE TRI-ANNUAL GAUCHO MARKS

Horoscope

Which celebrity quote will sum up your week?

Aries

"Godspeed the next guy to use this Arby's toilet." - Winston Churchill



Libra

"Justify the crusades, you poor vegetable." - Kamala Harris, regarding VeggieTales



Taurus

"Oh goodness me. I've dropped all my strawberries." - Insane Clown Posse

Scorpio

"I'm convinced that getting a tattoo on my vagina was my most important decision of 2021."
- Barney the Dinosaur



Gemini

"I wonder how many peoples have their penis tattooed onto their penis." - Ariana Grande



Sagittarius

"Tylenol." - Harry Styles



Cancer

"Please cancel my show, NBC, I am going to die on live television."
- Jimmy Fallon

Capricorn

"My favorite palindrome is gogurt because you can drink it from both nozzle" - Shaquille O'Neal



Leo

"Wendy's reaches the demographic of people who want tomato hunk but can't show their wife so they smuggle it in a sandwich."
- Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson



Aquarius

"I graduated from my genie lessons. They were expensive but boy, were they worth every penny." - George Michael



Virgo

"Fuck if I know, man."
- His Holiness the Dalai Lama

Pisces

"Be the chungus you wish to see in the wungus." - Jason Derulo



Wordsearch

The first word you find will tell you what's been on your mind!

A	U	N	W	T	S	D	Q	R	Y	O
K	J	P	Z	P	P	E	E	P	E	E
W	N	A	E	E	B	E	Q	E	S	J
O	L	H	P	E	E	P	E	E	H	Y
T	S	H	C	P	P	E	F	P	D	C
A	Z	I	E	E	L	E	A	E	T	D
O	N	E	P	E	E	P	E	E	Y	K
D	P	Z	R	I	J	E	X	A	W	Y
Y	W	U	U	O	K	E	S	J	A	K
Z	N	X	P	E	E	P	E	E	U	O
P	E	E	P	E	E	J	I	D	T	L

Write Your Own Manifesto!

A spectre is (verb that ends with -ing) Europe – the spectre of (proper noun) . All the (plural noun) of old Europe have (noun, past tense) into a (adjective & noun) to (verb) this spectre: (noun) and (noun), (noun) and (wouldn't you know, a noun), French (noun) and German (noun).

Where is the (noun) in opposition that has not been (verb, past tense) as (adjective) by its opponents in (noun)? Where is the opposition that has not (verb, past tense) back the (adjective) reproach of (proper noun), against the more advanced (plural noun), as well as against its reactionary (plural noun)?

Word Bank: Because Free Will is an Illusion

Nouns

Dommy Mommy Femboy Pipeline My Ex-Wife, Carol Striking UC Laborers
Ben Shapiro Chancellor Yin / Yang Charles Munger Wingstop Shrek(s)

Verbs

Sputtering Dancing Galoshing Squirting Dashing Sprinting Crumping Beefing

Adverbs

Vicariously Hurtfully Meticulously Sloppily Snidely Royally Corruptively Greedily

Adjectives

Juicy Vivacious Cantankerous Supple Submissive, Breedable Succulent Depraved

ISLA VISTA NOIR

"A Shrouded Call"

From the silver spoon hills of Montecito to the drunken streets of Isla Vista, I've seen it all. I must have been puffing away at my fourth cigarette, as I do on white nights, when the phone rang. I let the phone ring three times before I picked it up. There was a disgruntled voice on the other end. It was distant, almost other-worldly. In my line of work, you get used to desperation in the voices of people.

You don't get into this line of work to make friends. My customers ranged from deranged housewives to elderly women looking for lost pets, and everything in between. I hold a lotta hats in this world. You have to in order to survive in this economy. By day I make my living writing shit term papers for STEM majors looking to weasel their naive way out of their ONE English G.E requirement.

By night I inhabit the seedy underbelly of the Greater Santa Barbara, and sometimes Ventura, area. Nothing surprises me these days. Still, there was something about this phone call that stood above the rest. I could sparsely make out the voice on the other side of the call over the clattering rainfall, and the thumping of shitty frat party playlists.

"What do you know about the Order of the Wolpertinger?" the voice said over the phone. Order of the Wolpertinger? That name would forever be etched into my memory, like an etch a sketch or something.

"Wolpertinger," I replied. I was certain this was a prank call. I was no stranger to prank calls. What the hell was a wolpertinger? I had no idea! After the call was over I did a quick Bing search, which garnered no search results, so I decided to switch over to Google. Still I held the landline onto the head cavity I called an ear, waiting for the voice on the other side to offer a clue into the ominous phrase. "Hello? Are you still there?" I said.

"What do you know about the Order ?"

"Listen, if this is some sort of prank call I'm not interested, buddy" "Answer the question."

"I don't know a damn thing 'bout no wolpertinger!"

"What do you know about Charlie Munger?"

Sonuvabitch. You'd have to have been living under a rock to escape the name Charlie Munger. Billionaire investor. Businessman. "Philanthropist." Architecture School Reject. Borderline Bond Villain. I'd had my share of run-ins with ol' Charlie back in the day. You made your career in rubbing shoulders with people like Munger. He'd garnered a reputation for paying private investigators, such as myself, handsomely to "get rid" of problems for him. This usually involved blackmail, intimidation, or plain-as-day assault. Once, he had me do away with a particularly scandalous piece by a journalist over at the Santa Barbara Independent.

"Take care of it any way you see fit," Munger once told me in his office at his home in Pasadena. In those days I hadn't a moral to my name and was desperate for dough, so I took up all sorts of employment opportunities.

"How much time you got?" I said to the voice on the phone.

"Listen to me. Munger Hall. Chancellor Henry Yang. Housing Crisis. No Access Cards. COVID-19. Even fucking Wing Stop. It's all conne..."

Slam! The line went dead. I waited hours for the caller to return, but that night, nothing. It's all connected... How was it all connected? What did Munger Hall and WingStop have in common? None of it made any sense, and somehow, it made all the sense in the world. What did Wingstop Lemon Pepper wings have in common with the vanity project of an aging billionaire. I didn't know it yet, but this would become the case that would alter the course of my life in Santa Barbara and lead me towards my beloved Iris. I'd been broken by the IV Super Spreader case, but I was determined to see this case through.

I reached out to my connection at City Hall for any information on the upcoming Munger Hall project. Why was Charlie Munger so invested in designing this project? What was it that this project would achieve that his two billion dollars could not. It was clear that Munger was deranged. Senile. Off his rockers. He was in serious need of nap time.

The failure of the UC Santa Barbara administration to provide the most basic services to their students was apparent, but how did it all connect back to Munger and the IV Wingstop? Did Charlie Munger have anything to do with the pandemic? Was this another way for him to wholly fuck over planet earth? So many questions. So few answers.



Munger Hall: A Case for Optimism

Recently, UC Santa Barbara unveiled plans for Munger Hall, a new student dormitory named after billionaire Charlie Munger, who graciously donated \$200 million to the project. The dorm is designed to hold upwards of 4,500 students; this capacity would not only make Munger Hall the most populated dorm on campus, but the eighth most densely populated area in the world after Dhaka, Bangladesh.

One of the bigger issues - aside from cramming students into a box - is the fact that a majority of rooms would not have windows to the outside world. Munger is designing it this way as some sort of social experiment, and in an interview with the Washington Post, he called us his “Munger mice.” Another quirk of this building is that there is one common area, kitchen and bathroom for 8 students. If you or anyone you know will get a room in Munger Hall, be sure to tell them to buy extra bathroom cleaning supplies and a shit bucket because there will be a bathroom line not unlike a group of unfulfilled Montecito Suburbanites that have gathered to drink their sorrows away on dollar margaritas at their local Applebee’s.

The Berkshire-Hathaway billionaire, funded the Munger Hall project under the condition that he has total domination over its design. Upon receiving the first draft of the plans, UCSB administration yelped that building a “Nondescript-Death-Star-like-building” would be too hard to complete because the generators for the laser cannon would likely harm the local flora and fauna. Munger, upset by this apparently “unrealistic reason,” scratched the laser cannons and replaced them with, you guessed it, more rooms.



Many students who don't have to live there have voiced their complaints about the proposed hall; they are unhappy with the sweatshop-like conditions and do not want the project to continue going forward. Add an old white billionaire to the whole mess and you'll definitely get a university campus riled up.

Despite what other students have said, we here at Gaucho Marks see the potential of the new Munger Hall. For those of you who absolutely hate social interaction and think that sunlight is frankly unnecessary for your health, then this may be the perfect dorm for you! Be honest, would you rather have a stupid windowed room with two or three of you sleeping in it, or a room to yourself with a flashy new prison cell aesthetic? Sounds like a square deal, if you ask us. The concept for the exterior of the building is absolutely gorgeous and seems almost impossible for someone with no background in architectural design. Don't we praise risk-taking and true vanguards of change? Really. I thought this was America.

The vision of Charlie Munger is something narrow-minded individuals can't see, but we open-minded people can. Gaucho Marks would like to show our support for the project by making a sizable donation to the Munger Hall project. For students who feel like they need a little window, worry not! We will be paying for and supplying each room with a realistic canvas painting of a window painted by a circus elephant for free! Each student will be given a choice of style: "Morning Sunrise," "Midday Sunlight," "Sunset," "Full Moon," and lastly, "Charlie Munger Standing on the Sidewalk Relishing in the Suffering of Orphaned Children."

When a student has received their dorm information, a small survey will be given out asking them which window painting they would like installed in their room. All window paintings will be installed prior to move in day, and charged to their BARC account. Students may choose only one, and asking for another will cost \$39.99 each. Requesting the full package - all 5 paintings - will cost \$129.99, no refunds.

We hope that you will join us by supporting this new and exciting endeavor into architecture, design, and good ol' American ingenuity.

Gaucho Marks Magazine

A Subsidiary of Berkshire-Hathaway



love
fucking
hurts
am i right
ladies

- rupi kaur

i need to shit
screamed my brain
it is no poop november
discord reminds me

- rupi kaur

why do they call it
oven
when you of in the cold food
of out hot eat the food

- rupi kaur

you know
they say all men are created equal
but you look at me
and you look at samoa joe
and you can see that statement isn't true
see
normally
if you go one-on-one with another wrestler
you got a fifty-fifty chance of winning
but
i'm a genetic freak
and i'm not normal
so you got a twenty-five percent at best
at beat me

- rupi kaur



Obituaries

In Loving Memory...

R.I.P. Dr. Rupert Visalia

Dying words : "I don't have the patients for you bitches."

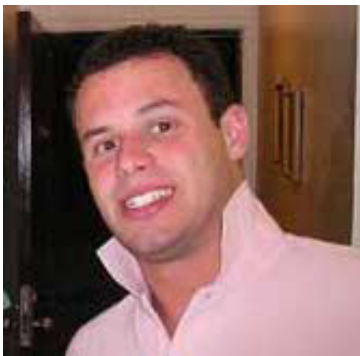
R . I . P .
UCSB Graduation
ceremonies,
Classes of '20, '22

Rest easy, Isla Vista Subway.
Much-loved multi-national
sandwich conglomerate.



Goodbye, Spirit Halloween. Until next year, my sweet.
R.I.P.

Any hopes for returning to "normal"
The bathroom overlooking the S.B. Channel in the Marine Science Research Building after I blew it up.
Sorry, DLG was serving Pork Loin for dinner.



Tony "Scorpion" Bishop (2002-2021)

Loving son, somewhat unpredatory frat bro.
The only person to ever eat the entire order of Spicy Scorpion wings from IV Deli Mart. Passed away shortly after shitting his intestines onto the floor.

Enrolling for three courses in Pass 1
(2021-2021) It was nice while it lasted.

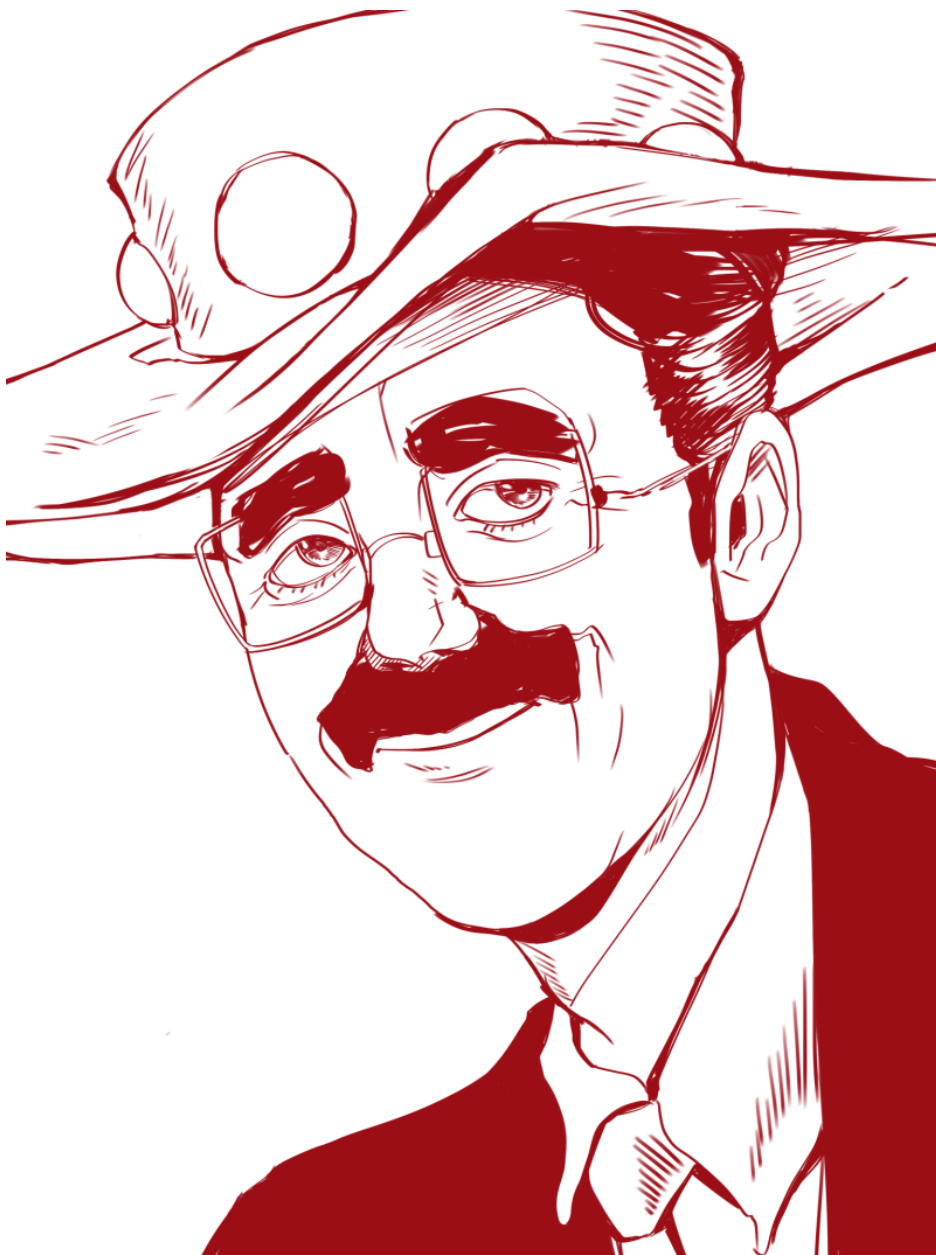
"Fartnut" (? - 2021)

Beloved ATO frat god, blissfully unaware
that cocaine is a helluva drug.
Buried (reported unresponsive) at sea.



GAUCHO MARKS LIBRARY

Have you considered joining Gaucho Marks? We're always accepting new members into the cause. Find us on Instagram @gauchomarks , message us on the club Reddit account u/GauchoMarks21 .



"Fuck them kids." - Chancellor Henry Yang
