

[illegible]

This print edition brought to you by
known enemies of the state:

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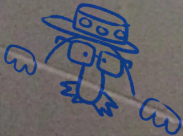
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FOR A GOOD
TIME CALL
867-5309



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 in the minds of people who believe that they are smarter than and superior to the aforementioned persons, entities and institutions. No live animals were harmed during the production of this publication.

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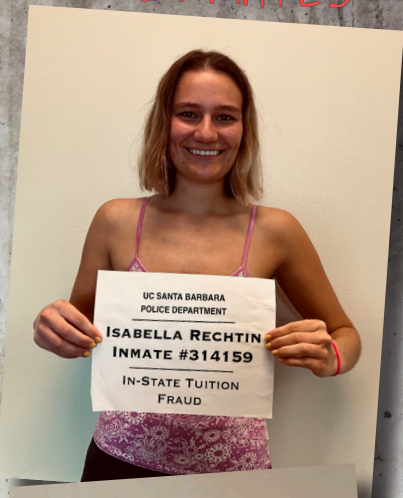
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Gaucha Marks is UCSB's premier satire magazine dedicated to the publication of satirical articles, multimedia works, and a biannual print magazine. Our work is predicated on the belief that comedy is integral to a life well-lived. Student Health has 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.

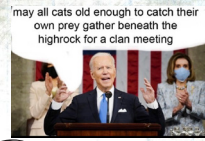
Congratulations to Naomi Dasari, the winner and sole entrant of our mascot drawing contest! Gaucha Marksy has never looked so good.

MEET THE ~~STAFF~~ INMATES





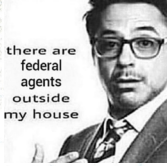
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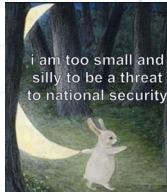
Letter from the Editor

My fellow Gauchos,

I stand before you today to welcome you to the unveiling of Gauchos Marks' Spring 2023 print edition: Volume XI, Issue 1. We are long overdue for a 10th anniversary installment, but perhaps an 11.5th anniversary will do. While the release of this issue is an occasion that should bring great joy, we are publishing under unfortunate circumstances. As a result of being UCSB's #1 satire publication* for so many years, our organization has come under scrutiny by the university administration, state officials, and the federal government on numerous occasions. With a massive platform such as ours, this could not be avoided, as much as we have tried.



Recently, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Department of Homeland Security effectively declared a full-on war with us when they arrested our mascot Gaucho Marksy on April 1, 2023. As an organization, we affirm that they are all fraudulent charges. We are in contact with our lawyers, who are working on a thorough defense: "Your honor, my client was just in a silly goofy mood."

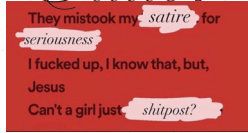


It seems that the FBI thinks Gaucho Marks is a "dangerous anti-American organization," and a "domestic terrorism group" that is "distributing radical propaganda to civilians." I can say with confidence that these are outright lies. I was elected completely democratically under a vote of 1-0 after last year's

cohort of Gaucho Marks editors decided to ditch me for greener pastures, to get jobs in the "real world," whatever that means. This year, as Supreme Dictator Editor-in-Chief, I have worked hard to maintain a steady population of contributors, and make sure our organization treats everyone with the same level of respect—that being zero—like a true American patriot. We are a diverse, inclusive, and tolerant group that welcomes all genders, races, and orientations to our weekly orgies in Givretz Hall. Several members even have friends outside of the club. As for the incident when we posted an Instagram story claiming that we were going to "overthrow the government in a violent reformation movement," that was in reference to Associated Students, the worst excuse for a democratic government I've ever seen.

AD BREAK

This publication was brought to you by Associated Students Finance & Business! Thank you for funding us after nearly a month of losing our paperwork behind your crusty file cabinet from the 70s without a single apology.



Despite our innocence in all of this, we have decided to embrace the theme of being treasonous, slanderous, anti-establishment rebels for this issue, and present

The Sedition Edition. Gaucho Marks has always been a magazine dedicated to publishing the truth, and nothing but the truth, but we will make an exception just this once. The cover of this zine was handcrafted from cut-out portions of newspaper ads and our previous printed zines to look like a classic ransom note from the movies. Does that actually work to hide your identity? I'm pretty sure my fingerprints and hair are permanently embedded in that glue somewhere. Anyway, it's supposed to symbolize how our club has started over from scratch this year, while still preserving our Freedom from the university and being a literal Free zine. (inb4 recycling old content jokes)

me when uhhh
ummm LIES LIES FALSEHOODS
i like LYING i'm a
SPREADER i like PROPAGATING
UNVERIFIABLE FACTS OVER THE INTERNET

I would like to thank all of our rebellious faction agents who contributed to the club this year in any capacity, you have all been absolutely wonderful to work with. Thank you for all your hard work and dedication to the craft, this club wouldn't be possible without each of you. All of the writers and editors listed in the credits of this issue are some of the funniest, most creative people I've had the pleasure of meeting at UCSB and I know they will all go on to do great things (not as great as Gaucho Marks though. This is probably the peak of your career).

Not only have they contributed to this printed zine, but they have written even more articles for our website and our instagram page. If you'd like to learn more about how you can overthrow the government contribute to our labor-of-love, check those out. We also have a Shoreline page and Discord server, which you can find links to on the last page. We take great pride in being UCSB's only independently-run satire outlet, and gladly welcome anyone to join us in bringing some semblance of happiness to this godforsaken school.

(In)sincerely,

Liz Phillips

Gaucho Marks EIC, 22-23
gauchomarksmagazine@gmail.com



PS.— If you're interested in learning more about the history of the club, keep an eye on our website for a historical article in the works! If you're reading this and you're an alumni of Gaucho Marks, please contact me! I'd love to hear from you about the club's past!

* As voted by the Gaucho Marks editorial board

GAUCHO MARKS FILM STUDIOS PRESENTS

UCSB

HORRORSCOPES

IN A WORLD WHERE YOUR BIRTH DETERMINES YOUR DEATH....

WHAT WILL YOUR FATE BE?



ARIES

Hit by a bus, omg so embarrassing



TAURUS

Ruptured large intestine, Mr. Hands style



GEMINI

Caught in the crossfire of a police standoff
outside Campbell Hall



CANCER

5th degree sunburn from falling
asleep on the beach



LEO

IV apartment black mold, poor ventilation

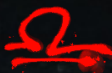


VIRGO

Crushed under mountain of work
someone told them they might not
be able to handle

LIBRA

Disappeared after talking shit about
the shadow government (AS)



SCORPIO

Fell down all eight flights of
library stairs



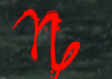
SAGGITARIUS

Forever alone.



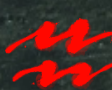
CAPRICORN

Mauled by wild catboys from the
Anime club



AQUARIUS

Accidentally drove a Lime
scooter into the ocean



PISCES

Drowned in Storke Plaza turtle pool



SPRING 2023

GAUCHO MARKS FILM STUDIOS PRESENTS A FILM BY LOREM IPSUM MUSIC BY DOLOR SIT

EDITED BY AMET CONSECTETUR DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY E. ELIT EXECUTIVE PRODUCER V. MAXIMUS

SCREENPLAY BY MISIT AMET PRODUCTION DESIGNER HENDRERIT EFFICITUR



Gaucha Marks

Quality you can taste

Still
FREE
PLS HELP

"Do you think we can
charge them tuition??"

TINY PEOPLE SPOTTED IN
CAMPUS MODEL!

ChatGPT!?

Chancellor Yang
admits all his
letters are AI
generated!

"I DON'T
CARE ABOUT
YOU!"



Gaucha Marks
celebrates 12 years of
credit card debt!

FIND OUT:

- *What lives in the giant
Blender's cup!
- *Effects of IV biblical
floods!
- *Raccoon Cult!?!?

Hit It and Run Incident
in IV Leaves Two
Injured, One Pregnant



Gaucha Marks staff arrested
for high treason! Where are
they now?

DEAD?

IN PRISON?

MARRIED!?



MARCALE
A
Marks

(505) 503-4455

EL QUE PELEA POR TI



CLASSIFIEDS

Real Estate

NOW LEASING 6600 block IV, 2 bed 1.5 bath, No pets smaller than 4.5 kg, No smoking between 3-11, Utilities included Tuesdays and Saturdays ONLY, Washer on site, No dryer. Do not bother the Orb. -\$3500/month.

IV FOR RENT: Newly renovated studio apartment, Bug-free, clean, No bugs or cockroaches of any kind, Absolutely no insects allowed, No exceptions, NO BUGS ZERO BUGS. Don't disturb current resident, he's a darling.

ROOMMATE WANTED: 2400 block apt. 312, IV. Seeking third roommate for 1 bed, 1 bath studio apt. Must sleep between 10pm and 6am ONLY. No pets, friends, significant others. Bed and utilities will be shared. Wardrobe included. ~\$1100/month.

Roommate wanted- 18th century victorian estate, 10,000 sq ft, VIRGINS ONLY, ~3rd born child OBO

Careers

UCSB Dining Services: Please fucking work for us please. Pay no attention to how miserable and soul-crushed our employees look as they wipe down the table next to you.

Snag: Now offering one free cheetos bag per week as a bonus

IV Wingstop: We promise we won't fire you for trying to unionize :) We love our employees :)

Discreet employee wanted for lucrative job with upwards mobility. No experience necessary. Must not have criminal record. To inquire, find flyer behind milk cartons at I.V. deli. Go to address and find green van. Taped to underside is another address. Knock on the back door and tell them Eddie sent ya. Pay negotiable, starting at \$25/hr.

Student internship position available: Blowing on students' hands in the bathroom to dry them off

PAID EXPERIMENT OPPORTUNITY: UCSB offering students \$30 to participate in "temporary brain death" experiment. Contact dept. of Psych and Brain Science for more info.

For Sale

Beer die table, lightly used, \$50, no lowballs I know what I have

My roommate - I tried advertising on UCSB Free & For Sale but my post got removed for "violating community guidelines"

One wife, 26 F. Curvaceous brown-eyed brunette. Lightly used. \$500 or highest bid.

Near-mint textbook for Chem 1A. Twelfth ed. May contain screams of the damned, type B- blood. £13.

EVER DREAM THIS MAN?



Multiple accounts from Lactaid users have claimed to dream of this man. If you've ever dreamt of this man or have any information to identify him, please contact us submit a form to the code.



For sale: rod reel & spinning wheel. Used but well-loved and in good repair. Had to quit hobbies in order to support the war. Yarn included. \$90 or best offer, or a sword of steel for my Johnny.

"I SUPPORT MICROPLASTICS" custom embroidered 100% polyester hat, machine-washable. \$30 each. Talk to Brad if you're interested.



If you like piña coladas and getting caught in the rain, if you're not into yoga, if you have half a brain, if you like making love at midnight in the dunes on the cape, then I'm the love that you've looked for, write to me and escape.

F seeking M. 19yo blonde, fun-loving and wild, seeks calm, virile partner between 18yo and 23yo. Must be between 5'10" and 6'3", blood type O-. Inquire at @pollywantsyou

F seeking F, F, F, F, F, F, for 9:25pm ritual, Monday March 20th. Arrive at 8pm. Must be versed in Old English. Virginity a plus. Robes are chilly but stylish. Bring own knife. Unimaginable power awaits! Inquire at aqsmith@ucsb.edu

M seeking F to kick me in the balls as hard as they can, like you're hitting a fucking home run, please I need this



New club seeking new members: Bike-accident watching club! Join us on Shoreline with this QR code!! Meeting every Tuesday at 11 AM, at the large bike circle in front of Storke Tower.

Rogers tacos—How do they get around so quickkly?

- Teleportation device??

- MAP?

- UNDER GROUND SYSTEM— like hamster tunnels?

if you have any information please contact me thru your

closest fairy circle... use end-to-end encryption in all messaging, i fear I am being watched...

WANTED: Somebody to go back in time with me. This is not a joke. P.O. Box 322, Oakview, CA 93022. You'll get paid after we get back. Must bring your own weapons. Safety not guaranteed. I have only done this once before.

Looking for crazy lady at Trader Joes screaming about candied yams. I saw you while waiting in line at the register on Monday. I don't even know what candied yams are but I was definitely turned on.

Need someone to unclog my toilet, it's been like that for 2 months and I haven't fixed it yet, my roommates are gonna kick me out

Looking for a local band/dj to play at my mother's funeral. BYO sound system.

Dance lessons in my garage, can teach any style you like. Highly qualified.

Looking for bug exterminator. My studio apartment is absolutely infested and my landlord will literally kill me if she finds out. She has this weird obsessive paranoia about it.

Searching for expert balloon animalist for children's birthday party. Must supply own balloons. No payment but great exposure.

Microplastic removal surgery? IT'S IN MY BLOOD
IT'S IN MY BLOOD IT'S IN MY BLOOD IT'S IN MY
BLOOD IT'S IN MY BLOOD IT'S IN MY BLOOD
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This quiz is hard, but doable. Can you beat it?



Take This 1 Vitamin. Watch Your Dark Spots Fade Away

Dr. Kellyann

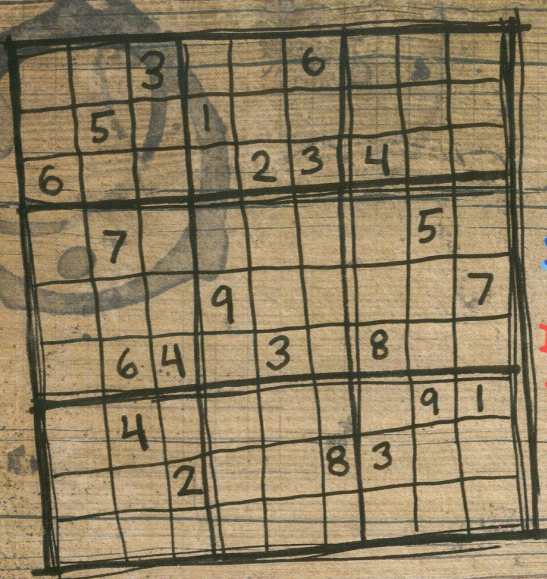
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START

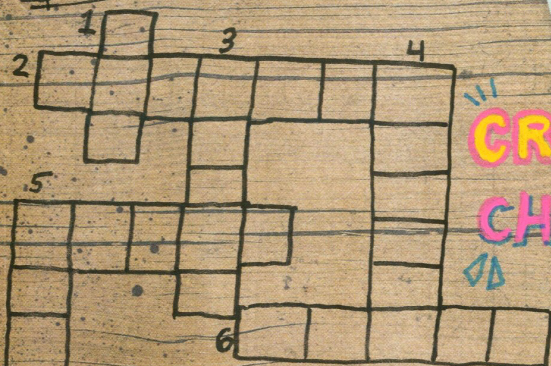
GAMES SECTION!



SUDOKU

Level:

IMPOSSIBLE!!!
★★★★★



Across

2. Weirdly predatory student org for climate activism
5. An alternate honorific for Chancellor Yang
6. The mysterious Department of _____ Studies

Down

1. Good luck getting this off your feet after visiting the beach
3. Home to the longest food line on campus
4. Does anyone know what this mustached mascot even is?
5. These fluffy therapy friends are a poor substitute for comprehensive mental health care



GAUCHO MARKS BINGO

Complete this BINGO card by finding these icons around campus and in IV!

CHANCELLOR
YANG

A GAUCHO
MARKS STAFF
MEMBER

A BIGOT
RAMBLING
OUTSIDE THE
ARBOR

PANTIES OR
CONDOM
WRAPPER ON
THE FLOOR

STUDENT TOUR
GROUP
FOLLOWING
THEIR GUIDE
LIKE DUCKLINGS

DP MOB
GOING
HOME

ABANDONED
BIKE WHEEL
LOCKED ON
A RACK

A RACCOON

EDUROAM
DOWN

IV PET
<3

13 BIKE
PILE-UP

ANYONE
WALKING BY
THE ARBOR
CLEARLY
WAITING FOR
IV STREETS



IV STREETS
PHOTOGRAPHER
(WE LOVE YOU
CALLAHAN)

WHATEVER A
BORG IS

DUCK
COUPLE

PLEDGES
EMBARRASSING
THEMSELVES IN
PUBLIC

SOMEONE
CRYING IN
THE
LIBRARY

MAPACHE
PLUSH

MIRCRO
SCANDAL

30 OF THE
SAME FLYER
ON A WALL

ALMOST HIT
BY A SNAG
DELIVERY
PERSON

IV BAND
WITH A
WEIRD NAME

IClicker
MALFUNCTION

SEXILED
ROOMMATE IN
A COMMON
LOUNGE

Prize: A limited-edition GauchO Marks NFT from the options below! Just cut them out or something, we don't have the budget to mint them.





Royal Flush: A triple major, because it is! Possible!

Straight Flush: Being in a major that does not require major status to take the upper division classes

Four of a Kind: Only needing to take a maximum of 4 classes every quarter because you planned that well

Full House: Getting enough letters of recommendation to go to graduate school

Flush: Taking a language course just to stay a full time student

Straight: Having a balanced schedule that doesn't overlap AND you have time to eat

Set: Double majoring

Two Pairs: Taking General Education Requirements you know nothing about

One Pair: Doing two different series of pre major classes in the same quarter, and getting them both in the first pass time

High Card: Senior standing taking prerequisites for major

Hole cards: AP scores above 3 and testing out of writing

5 Cards face up in the middle: Minorng even though it won't seem as good as double majoring

Chips: How much energy you are willing to put into trying to understand registration



1: Practice clicking all the buttons in preparation for each pass time

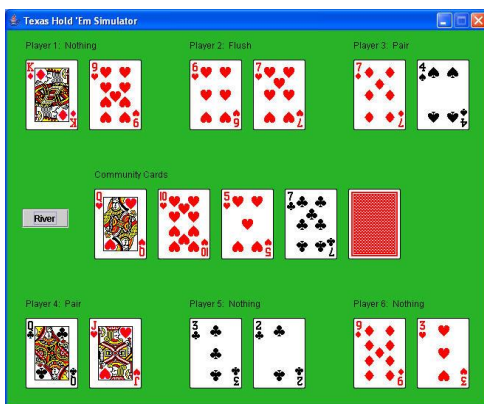
5: Having a charger

25: Having a Yerba fund

100: Your roommates not using up the wifi

500: Being a gamer

Your Motivation:



UCSB Gaucho On-Line Data

Current Students

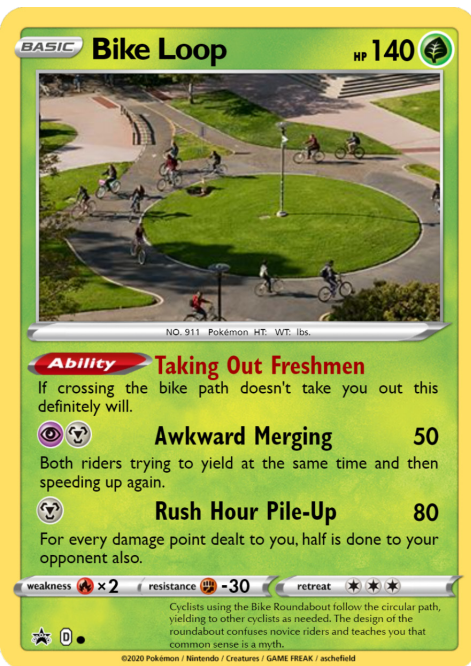
UCSB Net ID

Password

Login

For assistance with your UCIDNetID and/or password, please visit UCSB Identity Services.





Introducing the all-new UCSB Pokémon card expansion pack!

Instructions:

1. Cut out carefully (Get an adult's supervision!)
2. Glue over your rarest legendary (For good luck!)
3. Watch as your opponent is decimated by our completely overpowered and untested movesets (I have no idea how to play this game)





UCSB to Legalize Lethal Duels To Relieve Housing Crisis

It's May 2023, and the UCSB housing crisis shows no sign of getting better. Munger hall remains a shitshow, and hundreds of students are forced into homelessness— or worse, long commutes. Even returning students are being denied housing! UCSB administration has hit upon a creative solution: Dueling.



Dueling selfies “expected to become popular.”

“It’s clear that having fewer students would improve everyone’s experience”, said a UCSB administrative representative. “Unfortunately, as a UC, we’re contractually forbidden from reducing admissions. The solution was obvious: death.”

“We considered several ways to increase the mortality rate among students, but we ultimately chose this option to mitigate negative side effects”, the representative said. “Drug use hurts study habits; depression and suicide disproportionately affect high-GPA students; and bike accidents clog traffic. We want to keep the campus productive even while culling the masses.”

Accordingly, UCSB will begin to encourage traditional dueling starting Spring quarter. Duels will be fought with the challenged parties’ choice of weapon: flintlock pistol, Italian rapier, or German longsword. Due to budget issues, UCSB has not guaranteed that they will subsidize weaponry for low-income and minority students.

“One thing that most people won’t realize is that you need a grievance to declare a duel,” mentioned Juan de Mort, our senior dueling consultant. “Otherwise it’s just murder.” Traditional grievances include vengeance, insults, defamation, and sleeping with the other’s partner. This being UCSB, we here at Gaucho Marks don’t anticipate any issues.

This change will also modify the traditional housing lottery. Students who wish to live in university dormitories and apartments will be assigned a “duelmate,” whom they will need to defeat before the move-in date to secure their bedspace.

Other universities around the nation are contemplating a similar policy. “We used to use army barracks,” said an MIT representative, “but ever since the government signed the Geneva Convention, we’ve had to look for other solutions.” Still, most institutions are waiting to see the policy in action first.

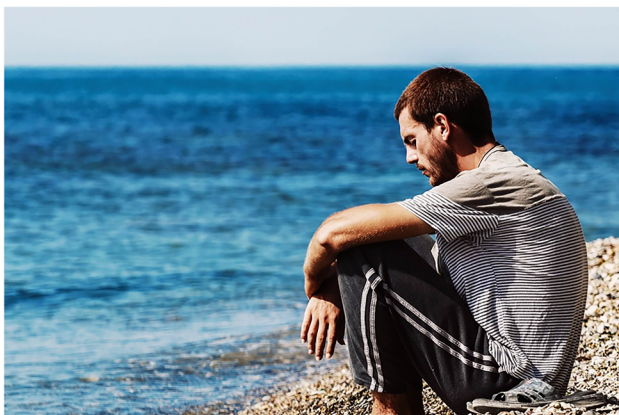
Gaucho Marks wishes all of you the best during finals season, and half of us will see you next quarter. May the odds be ever in your favor.

NEWS

Students discover Seasonal Affective Disorder Not Possible In Santa Barbara, Something Else Must Be Wrong

by Max Perez edited by Fox Cafaro

As Spring quarter begins and the student body's collective consciousness begins to thaw, many of us are excited to watch our Seasonal Affective Disorder fade away along with the last of our freshmen's hopes and ambitions. Seasonal Affective Disorder—or SAD—is a spell of seasonal depression that happens as a result of less sunlight and cold weather



during the winter months. Though the yearly affliction is short lived, the effects can take a serious toll on a person's mental health. Given that UCSB students in the winter are one small inconvenience away from sending themselves to a farm upstate, this is an important issue that affects our campus community.

It's no wonder that we're eager to let that warm Santa Barbara weather fix all of our problems, so eager in fact that like many cities in the US, Isla Vista holds its own version of Groundhog Day on February 30th to mark the coming of Spring. UCSB actually has its very own weather predicting mapache, Isla Vista Inez (I.V. for short) who trained under Punxsutawney Phil from 1995-'98.

For the uninitiated, UCSB's "Dia Del Mapache" looks a little different than the more popular Groundhog Day, with Inez coming out of a manhole on Del Playa Dr surrounded by students pre-gaming for the night's festivities.

Despite Inez's 2023 ruling of six more weeks of winter, the lack of distinct seasons in Southern California makes it hard to say when Winter really starts or ends. In fact, Santa Barbara gets 238 days of sunshine every year on average, more than any other UC (suck it Berkley).

So the question remains: why are students so depressed? More importantly, why are so many of them deluding themselves into believing they could experience seasonal depression while living on one of the warmest campuses in California— nay, the world?

Could it be the massive windowless dorm in which thousands of us will soon hang up our funny little gaucho hats? The chancellor that earns 580K a year? The obscenely high rent and neverending housing crisis? Maybe the lack of a comprehensive mental health care system or the high rates of unpunished sexual assault?

"Nah, must be the sun," responded a CAPS spokesperson when pressed on the matter, as they pinned Dog Therapy and Ghibli Craft Night flyers on the waiting room wall.

Strawberry Jam

I woke to snuffles and scuffles. At first, I figured it was the usual sleep demon that comes on melatonin-seeped nights; closing my eyes, I willed him to go away, scared to take a breath, but curiosity got the better of me. Open to my room; I do not see the shadowing figure of The Hat Man; instead, given visibility from nearby streetlights blasting rays of florescent is a wide flat brimmed hat that covers a black mask and, human-like eyes, further down is a ponch overhanging little gripping feet, and fur matted from what I could only assume at the time was blood. A raccoon is in my humble single.

"Melemlem"

"Huh?"

"Mehemmm"

"Oh..Okay."

The fat little goblin was calling me from my blanket cocoon— against better judgment; I complied; what else could I do in this situation? Slithering down my disgusting little twin-size bed, I crouch to my furry intruder's height, holding and quickly peck its grimy little paw as if they were my Godfather and I had to show respect to the family least I have my eyes gouged out by this possibly rabies filled mammal.

"MMMM"

The raccoon is pointing at my flashlight and pulling me toward the door. I think— I think it wants me to follow it outside. Oh, geez, it's making little hoping movements; what's wrong with this thing— its paunchy little stomach has a bulge; oh man, does this thing have a hernia? How do you fix a hernia— I'm gonna throw up.

"Skksmm"

"I can't!"

"MAHHHHHHHHH!"

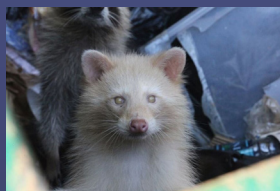
"Okay, okay holy shit. Just, hold on; let me put my shoes on."

It's too late, and I feel anxiously queasy speeding through the streets, but the raccoon wouldn't stop screaming until I followed it. I can hardly keep up with the critters parkouring, pedaling through the dark and empty the fastest I have before. Finally, it begins to slow its trot; we're in the park where all the homeless hang out. Nervously I jump from my mounted position, following the stained raccoon to the caged-up bathrooms.

"Dude, I'm not going in there."

The raccoon fixes me with a soul-shattering stare.

"No, I'm not going in there. I bet a homeless man taught you this, huh? You trickin' me? What is this a forced drug deal? Is this like Hang Over Two?! You're a little drug raccoon leading me to my fate of heroin-filled days!?! Then soon all my friends will hate me! All she says is, 'I need fucking H.' It's honestly so sad. But who am I to judge.' Nah, this ain't Studio Ghibli Core anymore. I'm leaving."



"Mmhmh...
merrmemem...
me.mr.me"

Dang, it's got a point. I squeeze in after the freak.

Inside is no toilet and sink, but instead a gaping hole. The little guy jumps in, and me being stupid, follows. Realistically the hole isn't that big, about the size of three pregnant raccoons; however, I persist to the light at the end.

Within the hole are hundreds of moving shuffling bodies, ring tails flying around my vision, all covered in a similar red gunk. At first, my most reasonable conclusion is that the wildlife of Isla Vista finally snatched up a helpless Kyle and poor little Britney; the bastards had no chance... No, this was not the case. There was a sweet smell in the room. The little bodies were shuffling around a large pot; sloshing inside was red liquid. This goo was not the ground-up insides of a frat pledge but instead yummy Californian-grown strawberries being pummeled into jam. From above, an air horn sounds off. All the little workers turn their noses to the heavens, where atop a signpost installed to the dirt wall sits a frosty white raccoon. The legends... They were true—an albino raccoon.

"MEMEMLML."

"I WAS LED HERE!"

"memrmeme"

"WHAT?"

"MEMRMEME"

"WHY DO YOU FORCE THESE
LITTLE HANDS TO WORK AS YOU SIT ATOP
YOUR STOP SIGN THRONE!?"

The pasty little creature responds with quick jabbing hands and Pictionary-like movements.

"SO WHAT IF YOU STAIN! IF
ANYTHING, A RED RACCOON WOULD BE
COOLER THAN ONE WITH A GENETIC
CONDITION! IT'S LIKE WHEN TWEENS USE
KOOL-AID TO DYE THEIR HAIR!"

A sigh, a thoughtful pondering look, as thoughtful as a raccoon can be, I'd say.

Setting its airhorn down and clumsily dropping from the imposing ledge to soft ground, the little albino raccoon joins its fellow masked family, the cogs of the mixer starting up once again.

From behind me, a trill sounds off. It's my home invader turned kind of friend, but not really.

"Hey."

Its disgusting lumpy body has kind of grown on me.

"Mlmmrl <3"

"Yeah, it is the friends we make along the way."



People don't respect the beautifully diverse environment that is Isla Vista, California. Lagoon this lagoon that, oh, you love the beach? No one cares. Things are getting serious, and we really should be concentrating all our sights on the sheer amount of trash scampering through the streets and how many people there are who refuse to acknowledge its presence in our ecosystem.

Not long ago, I witnessed a harsh winter breeze whisk a pack of chip bags from the ground. Did I rush to pick them up? Yes. Did I throw them away? Yes, since I'm not a monster, I threw them away—away from the nearest garbage can and straight down an ocean drain where they can swim freely.

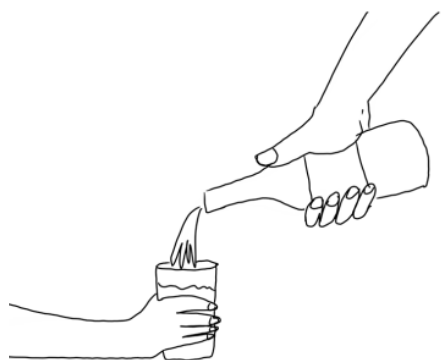


Trash has feelings. It has a life. Who are we to dig around, pull out the guts and pour out the insides of these poor things just to throw them into a febreze-scented bag, where they'll eventually be burnt to a crisp? Think about it. Think of that BuzzBall bottle you saw in the gutter. Think of how violated it felt to have lips all over it. Heck, think of how useless it felt to have its insides forcibly drained into another cup. Now think about the sun peaking from behind the clouds, our little bottle basking in the light, warming its plastic exterior and the few drops within. See how letting the poor thing sit peacefully makes you feel better? Pretty great, huh? If you're a true humanitarian, animal lover, pro-lifer, or whatever niche label you put yourself under, let the trash be—trash lives matter.

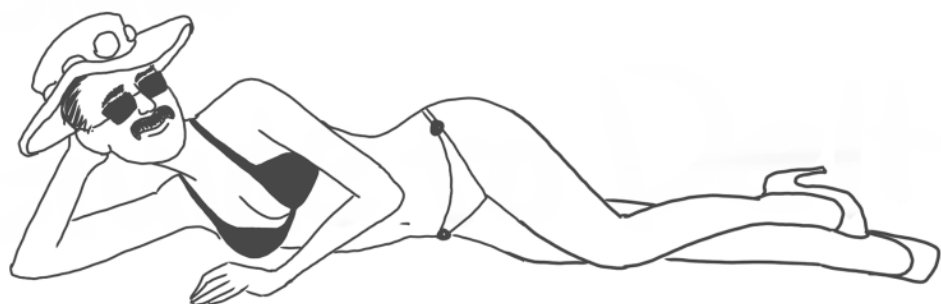
Gaucha Marks' Guide To Deltopia

It's that time of year again folks! Deltopia, for our newcomers, is an all-day party crawl on the first weekend of Spring quarter and to facilitate your good times, Gaucha Marks created this guide. Have fun!

Remember to take breaks! Deltopia lasts most of the day and you'll probably need to rest at some point. The curbs are a great place to take a breather and watch the passersby go from party to party!



Be friendly! Tons of people will be offering drinks completely for free so take them as a form of politeness. The spirit of Deltopia is that it's a party for everyone so no pre-game needed!



Because of all the parties and good vibes law enforcement is usually pretty lenient during this time and won't bother anyone.

They are actually friendlier than usual so feel free to say hi, or offer them a drink!



Party like there's no tomorrow! Dance on the roof, jump into the pool, take that mysterious pill, drink from that bag of wine. There probably won't be any consequences and there certainly will be a tomorrow :)



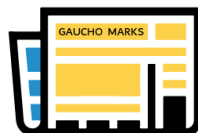
NEWS

Diversity Win! Female UCSB Mathematician Discovers New Number!

April 31, 2023 at 1:01 pm by Oblivia S.

Recent breakthroughs in the Mathematics department have led to the discovery of a new number, one that scientists are calling “the Silly Number.” The discovery is credited to Shasta Cordoba, a graduate student in Dr. Munroe’s group theory research lab. Cordoba is the vice president of UCSB’s Women in Mathematics organization, and board member of the Society for Advancement of Chicanos/Hispanics and Native Americans in Science (SACNAS). This previously unknown number is described as “a non-zero integer between -1 and 1.” But how exactly can such a number exist? In this exclusive interview with the madam herself, Cordoba has the deets!

PRINT EDITION
ONLINE



We met up with Ms. Cordoba at a local IV cafe. It was a calm, cozy afternoon with just a few other customers nearby. She had politely declined any beverages our crew offered to buy her, and she sat with dignified, feminine grace upon a barstool.

So, like, what’s the big deal about your discovery? Where did it all start?

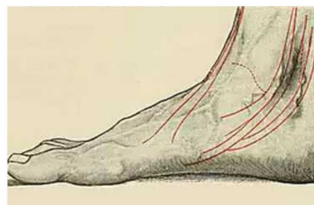
“Imagine the number line you learned in elementary school, okay. You’d expect it to look something like -3, -2, -1, 0, 1, 2, 3, and so on. Seems normal right? Everything looks good. There’s negative integers on the left, positive integers on the right, and zero is in the middle. What we’ve discovered suggests that... this order is not correct. We’ve got it all wrong.”

Wow, so your research has proven hundreds of old white men wrong! It’s about time a woman was celebrated for her work in the field of mathematics. What an amazing and impactful discovery! Tell us, what even is the Silly Number?

“The Silly Number is not some kind of decimal or fraction like 0.5. And it’s not zero either. It’s not even irrational, like pi or Euler’s number. It can’t be represented as a series. It doesn’t have a negative version of itself. It possesses extremely unusual properties that no other structure in mathematics has.” Cordoba appeared slightly unsettled while explaining the Silly Number’s properties. Her eyes wandered around the room, as if she were looking for something.

Properties of the Silly Number (provided by the now-defunct Monroe research group):

- Integer
- Lies in the range (-1, 1), exact location indeterminate
- $\hat{\epsilon} \neq 0$
- Identity property of addition (zero-like)
 - $n + \hat{\epsilon} = n$
 - $\hat{\epsilon} + \hat{\epsilon} = \hat{\epsilon}$
- Identity property of multiplication (one-like)
 - $n\hat{\epsilon} = n$
 - $\hat{\epsilon}\hat{\epsilon} = \hat{\epsilon}$
 - $\hat{\epsilon}n = \hat{\epsilon}$
- Exponent property (negative-one-like)
 - $n\hat{\epsilon} = 1/n$
 - $\hat{\epsilon}\hat{\epsilon} = 1/\hat{\epsilon} = \hat{\epsilon}$



Neuropathy & Nerve Damage? Do This Immediately (Watch)



Do This Every Evening & Fungus Will Be Gone In A Week

Sounds like this number isn’t afraid to be itself in a world of conformity. #SLAYYYY! Where did the name come from?

Her gaze stopped for a moment, focused on some nondescript point on the wall. “We’re currently denoting it with an upside-down question mark, but this feeble attempt to distill its true nature into a simple representational pictograph is laughable. It’s absurd. It’s ridiculous. It’s... silly.” She turned her head down to look at her clasped hands resting on the table.

You know, women in STEM throughout history have often been regarded as “silly,” “emotional,” and “unfit for science,” but you sure are proving the haters wrong. How will this impact the field of mathematics?

“This has severe implications for the fundamentals of all mathematics as we know it. All of our understanding of math stems from the concept of ordered whole numbers. There’s... there’s supposed to be the same amount of them on either side of zero. The fact that there’s one that we haven’t accounted for is catastrophic. We can no longer say with confidence that the correct order of numbers is 0, 1, 2, 3. How? How could we have missed it? Everything humanity has worked on for... thousands of years. It’s all wrong.”

What real-world applications does the Silly Number have?

“That’s the absurdity of this whole thing, isn’t it. How can I have a Silly amount of something?” She unclasped her hands, and pointed her palms upward as if she were holding some large object. “Integers were invented by humans to count things like livestock, money, and physical things they observed in the world. Whoever first recorded these numbers must have... miscounted. Maybe early humans were missing something that modern humans now possess. Have we reached such a level of universal understanding that we’ve encountered something that wasn’t meant to be discovered? Did God or some other power intentionally hide this number from us? Why reveal it now? Why did it take so long to uncover the truth? I have asked myself these questions every day since the discovery, and I still don’t have the answers. It haunts me.”



Now Ms. Cordoba’s hands were clenched into fists. She looked up, gaze fixed back onto the wall. “That’s not even the end of it,” she said quietly. “After our research group proved the existence of the Silly Number, we were mostly still in denial. But as we double-checked and triple-checked, it became more apparent that there were no flaws in the proof. That’s when the gravity of the situation started to set in. People were losing their minds. The truth of the Silly Number led many of my colleagues to begin convulsing, sputtering out ancient Latin phrases damning humanity to a death beyond Lovecraftian degree. ‘Numerus stultus venit,’ they all kept yelling over and over... We were all ripping our hair out, people were sobbing on the linoleum floor, someone tried to burn the blackboard to destroy the evidence. But we had all seen it by then. The Silly Number was already in our minds. I couldn’t forget it if I tried, and trust me, I have.” Cordoba’s testimony was noticeably increasing in tempo, her words coming out at a frantic pace. As she gripped onto the table, she continued, “Dr. Monroe called his wife, told her he loved her, and walked out of the building at 9:20 PM. No one has seen him since. A handful of us stayed up all night and attempted to re-derive the set of all integers as a sanity check, b-but we didn’t end up with Z. We ended up with an entirely new set. It contains several other integers that we haven’t seen before. W—we’re calling it the Silly Set, of which Z is a subset, but... Oh god I— I can’t go on, it’s too horrible.” Cordoba covered her face, a quiet sob escaping from her lips. She appeared visibly choked up at this point during the interview. It’s touching to see just how passionate she is about her work. A true girlboss in action!

After our team shuffled awkwardly for a moment, we got her a glass of water from the barista, who also appeared concerned. Cordoba continued shakily, “The few of us that remained in the lab room afterward... well, we didn’t know what to do. The Silly Number was already out of our hands. People had gone home already. They’d already texted their loved ones and posted it on social media. One by one, they all started to lose their grip on reality. I... I’m the only one left... to continue the work...” Cordoba paused for a moment, taking a sip from the trembling glass. “Frank released a manifesto yesterday. It’s become a cognitohazard. The military is already involved, they’ve got me on every watchlist in the western hemisphere. There’s going to be a massive, violent, silly revolution in the coming months. There will be upheaval and brimstone. People have already died in the east coast riots. The only reason I agreed to do this interview is to warn people of what’s coming.” Woah there Shasta, isn’t that a little dark?

The other customers in the cafe had begun to glance over at us nervously. One couple stood up to leave in a hurry.

Let’s move onto something a little more inspirational. How has being a Latinx womxn in STEM affected your research? Do you have any words of encouragement for young, aspiring scientists like yourself?
“...What?”

Like, have you faced any unfair discrimination, or has your culture and heritage encouraged and uplifted you?

Cordoba suddenly stood up from her seat, making eye contact with us for the first time. Her voice now very confident, she exclaimed “I’m talking about widespread and unavoidable chaos, complete and utter carnage is imminent! Libraries will be burned, governments will be overthrown, databases and servers will be wiped! We are on the verge of extinction, the likes of which have never been seen before! Humanity will never be the same, this is a pivotal moment in history!! We were fucking doomed from the start!!!”

We went ahead and cut the interview short here as Ms. Cordoba then began to emit a high-pitched shriek rendering all of our recording equipment unusable, and which left several of our journalists with permanent hearing damage. Let us know in the comments below if you’d like to see a Part 2! Thanks to Shasta Cordoba and the rest of the team for this amazing look into the life of a Latinx womxn in STEM. Follow us for more quality journalism at gauchomarks.com and [@gauchosmarks](https://www.instagram.com/gauchosmarks) on Instagram!

More articles, tomfoolery, and funny business to be found at:
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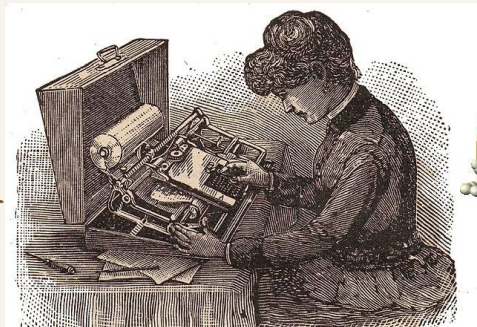
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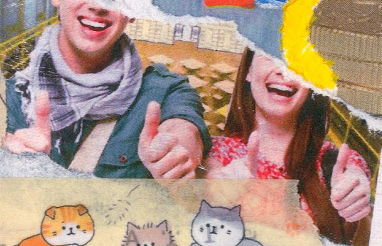
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