

Spring 2026 Volume XIV Issue I



the



edition

GAUCHO MARKS MAGAZINE

Managing Editor

Max Perez

Crimes: Criminal Copyright
Infringement, Blackmail
Affil: Old DSA

"GOD PLEASE I THINK THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE
I'M NOT ACTUALLY GRADUATING THEY'RE
PUTTING ME DOWN AFTER THIS PLEA"

Writer/Editor

Vincent Padilla

Crimes: Miniature Arson, Having
Mischievous Intentions
Affil: International Federation of
Ragebait and Deceit

"I would never do the right thing. I'm too humble"

Writer/Editor

Audrey Stuver

Crimes: Writing fanfic without
watching the original media also
homicide
Affil: The campus raccoons

"I am not a kid in a cave. I'm batman! Grappling
hook!"

Writers

T. Fox Cafaro
Annelise Miedema
Audrey Stuver
Nicole Stavesky
Vincent Padilla

Cover Art

Audrey Stuver

Editor-in-Chief

T. Fox Cafaro

Crimes: Sextortion,
Sexbezzlement
Affil: Isla Vista Separatist Party

"I think you know what the trustees can do with
their suggestions" -Groucho Marx

Writer/Editor

Nicole Stavesky

Crimes: Being too cool ahhah also
money laundering and identity
theft
Affil: Chicken Pot Pie Supremacist

"Riddle me this: if you go to Loser Island and
everyone there missed you, are you still a loser?"

Writer/Editor

Annelise Miedema

Crimes: Spaghetti quesadillas
and doing too much laundry
Affil: Glorple Party

"Press all the buttons on the elevator of life"

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No AI was used for any purpose in the creation of this magazine; we would sooner die.

Letter From the Editor

Dear Reader,

Groucho Marx, our namesake, went to college to get his son out of it. I don't have a son (as far as I know), but I came to college to get someone out of it too: myself. You can imagine my surprise when I arrived in Isla Vista to discover that I was nowhere to be found. With nothing else to do, I decided to wait here for a few years to see if I would turn up. Unfortunately, I never did, and eventually I was declared missing and presumed dead.

In the meantime, though, I discovered Gaucho Marks Magazine. The very first word of theirs I read sent me into a fit of giggles so severe I couldn't take food or drink for a week. Barely clinging to life, I dragged myself to the door of then-editor-in-chief Liz Phillips looking for the cure to my hysteria. They kneeled down and whispered something to me, and when I awoke an hour later my laughter had ceased. I do not remember what it was they said, but I haven't so much as smiled since.

My time with Gaucho Marks has been one of the defining experiences of my life. So many of the people I met here turned out to be the funniest, most thoughtful friends anyone could ask for. I also met Liz Phillips, Maximo Perez, Annelise Miedema, Vincent Padilla, Nicole Stavesky and our next editor-in-chief, Audrey Stuver. This magazine would not at all be what it is today without each and every one of them. I promise you, it is not my fault.

I'll leave you with these immortal words from Groucho Marx, as fitting here as they have ever been:

"Hello. I must be going. I cannot stay, I came to say I must be going. I'm glad I came, but just the same I must be going."

Risibly yours,

T. Fox Cafaro

Editor-in-Chief, Gaucho Marks Magazine

BAD/ASS

The Dennis Assanis Story



Last year, Gaucho Marks faced an existential threat: Henry T. Yang, UCSB's beloved chancellor of more than three decades, was retiring. Since our founding in 2011, good-natured ribbing of Yang had comprised almost 80% of our content. Whether he was hitting a student with his car, spending our tuition with reckless abandon, or hitting another student with his car, Gauchos could always count on ol' Henry to screw up spectacularly whenever we needed a chuckle. But last year, after all the laughs and all the personal injury settlements, just like that, he was gone.

Like a child waiting to meet their new step-father, UCSB held its breath for the arrival of our next chancellor. Who could they be? Would they be tall, or would they be short? Would they be young, or would they be old? Would they be straight, or would they be normal? But most important of all, would they fuck up so publically and with such dogged reliability as Yang? I am overjoyed to report that our prayers have been answered. That answer's name is Dennis Assanis.

Dionissios Nikolaou Assanis abdicated his throne as president of the University of Delaware last May. At UD, he was the third-highest-paid president of any public university, making a cool \$1,500,000 a year. His bonus alone was \$495,000, more than Yang's entire salary for his first 20 years in office. But for Dennis, just like Heath Ledger's Joker—whom he famously quoted three times in his inauguration speech—it was never about the money. Dennis actually took a massive pay cut to become a Gaucho, slashing his earnings to a paltry \$880,000. I know what you're thinking: *Isn't that only \$60,000 more than Yang was making? Can't we do better than that?* Well guess what...

We did! To show the true girth of our gratitude towards our new leader, UCSB purchased a \$7,800,000 home to serve as Dennis's private chancellor's residence.

And I know what you're thinking again: *But where will he stay while the deal goes through? Must he live on the street?* Pretty much! While in temporary housing, Dennis receives a miniscule monthly housing stipend of around \$20,000. That's barely \$240,000 a year! As the chancellor



of such a prestigious university, he should be dropping that much on Snag and weed, not slumming it in some downtown SB 4-bed 3.5-bath teardown! (Visit [GoFundMe.com/WeAreSorryDennisAss](https://www.gofundme.com/wearesorrydennisass) to make a contribution to the official Gaucho Apology Fund. *Don't DGAF, donate to GAF.*)

Some nasty rumors were swirling around this year about Dennis's tenure at the University of Delaware. Allow us to put them all to rest. Yes, Dennis spent nearly \$1,000,000,000 on construction, at least \$700,000,000 of which came out of the school's operating resources. Yes, this led to a budget deficit of \$250,000,000, which led to reduced academic funding, pay freezes, and layoffs for faculty and staff. But what the rumors don't tell you is how awesome all the stuff he bought was. What's a few dozen professors compared to a nice big tall huge building? Look, the man wrote *A computer simulation of the turbocharged turbocompounded diesel engine system for studies of low heat rejection engine performance*, so I think he knows a little more about money than your average Joe Gaucho. And we only pay what, a couple hundred million dollars in tuition every year? He could spend that in his sleep!

There is no way to get around it: We all miss Yang. But if he were still with us, I'm sure he would ask us to give Dennis a chance. I for one say we give it to him. From all of us at Gaucho Marks, we're proud of you Dennis. Here's to the next 31 years.

I'm proud of us, too. We didn't make a single "ass anus" joke in this entire article. Sometimes maturity is worth more than a cheap laugh.

PLUSHIE PALS

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**\$12
EACH**

FOR STUDENTS

**\$16
EACH**

NON-STUDENTS

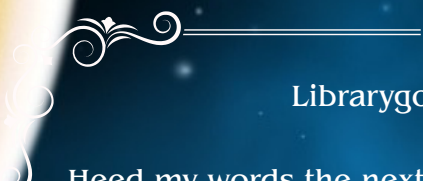
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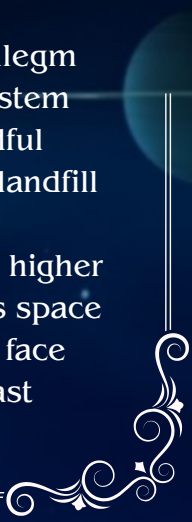
NEW AND EXCITING!





Librarygoers Lament

Heed my words the next time you go to the library
For what you might find there is beyond scary
The library should be a place of peace and joy
Instead I find it full of those determined to annoy
I find a corner and get so cozy
But the lack of open seats fills me with woe-z
At last! I find the perfect chair
But I hear that sound, it's just not fair
The crackly cough of dreaded flu
This cackle of death is nothing new
A choking trumpet of terrible sound
A sneeze of snot and my fears abound
When I am ill I am more dignified
To be considerate, I really do try
But these halfwits who wheeze and hack
Don't even use a tissue, is it manners they lack?
How can I lock in and study?
The cacophony makes my mind so muddy
If I did have my way
This all would end today
Those who endlessly spit up phlegm
Are where which all evil might stem
Gather them up in a big handful
Throw those guys straight in the landfill
Off a cliff, into the fire
Into a plane and keep sending it higher
Don't let them stop till it reaches space
Then I will have a smile on my face
Peace and joy and quiet at last
I will surely lock in fast



THE TRUE GRUESOME TALE OF THE CASE OF THE MISSING GAUCHO OF THE THUNDERDOME

Originally scrawled in blood on the wall of Girvetz 1112.
Discovered by xX_jeatplasticbabies_Xx, who is now missing.

To whom it may concern,

It is a well-known fact that you never truly appreciate something until it's gone. And the Gaucho, who should have been cherished, was left out in the cold when he needed us most. Many ask *who* the Gaucho is, *what* he is, and *why* he came to be the mascot of our great university. But very few wonder *how* he is. Olé, the man, the myth, the legend. As the years have blurred, his memory has been left to rot.

Inquiring minds in our organization have long sought to find out where the Gaucho went. We could feel that he was nearby, sending his presence, reaching out like tendrils of a plant seeking the warm sun. But if he is a delicate dandelion, Big UCSB is the pesticide. The university carts out all sorts of ridiculous attempts at a new, "politically correct" mascot. The soulless Storkie and the ever-boring Mapache. And most recently, in a pathetic attempt to boost plushie sales at the UCEN, The Storccoon™, a grotesque fusion of the two which pleases nobody. Those who neglect our campus history think the Gaucho is outdated and no longer relevant. They don't see him as a person with feelings, a person who doesn't want to be replaced. They don't know what it is to look into his eyes and see all the sadness in the world. But we do.

And so, the search to bring the Gaucho back began. At first, we thought he had gone into hiding to protect himself from the evils of the world. But our worries compounded as it became apparent that he was being forcibly kept out of the public eye, against his wishes. We needed to find him, to be with Him. We needed to find the felt and fabric and plastic body that houses the shining soul of our beloved mascot. We often try to commune with the Gaucho, gathering in secret and whispering together, our hushed voices whistling like wind on the reeds.

Where did he go? Why don't we see him at games anymore? The tether that we feel deep within our collective souls, that line that connects us to one another and connects us to him, is it

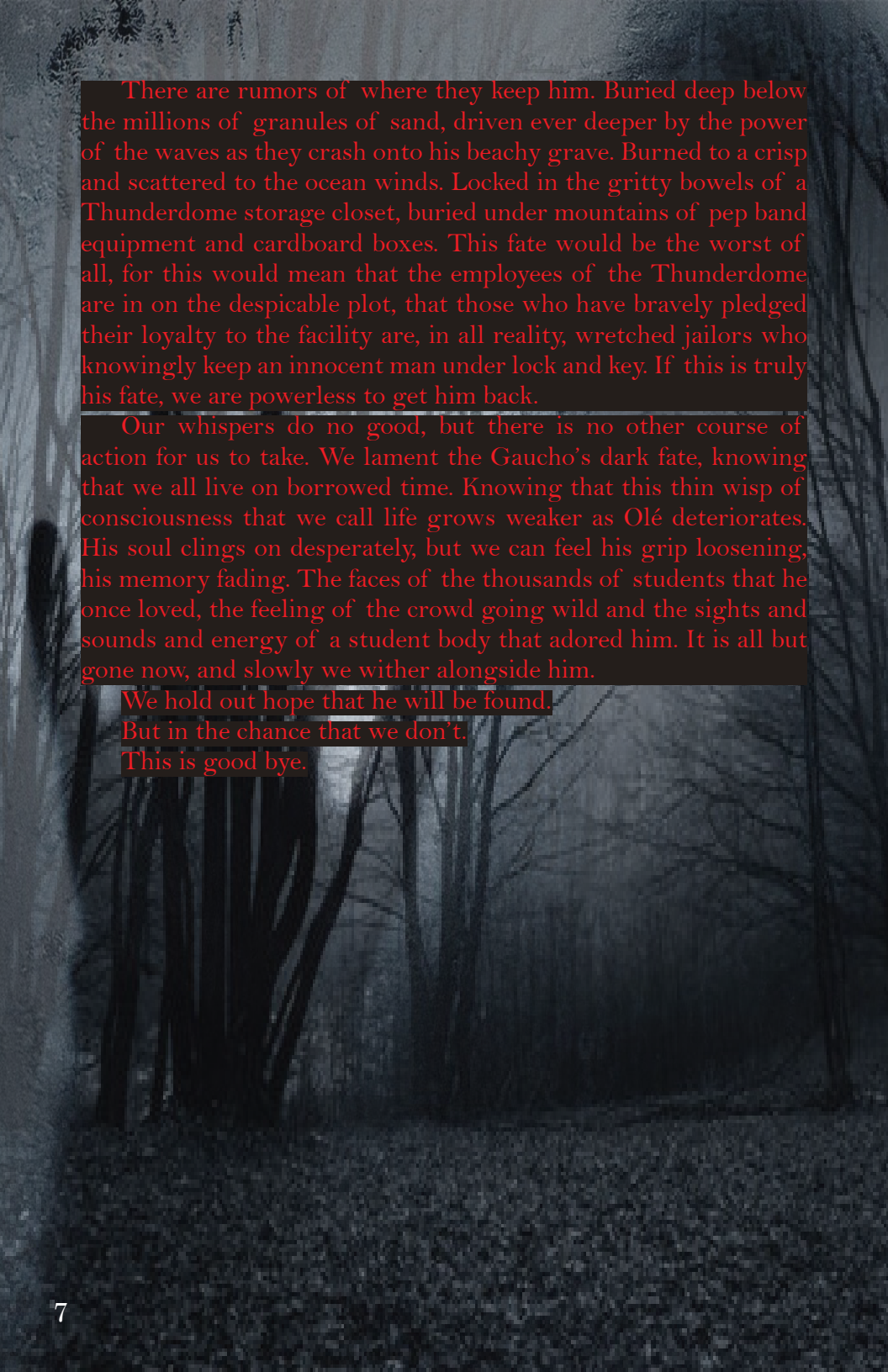


This picture was found on a hard drive on the ground by the Department of Gnome Studies entrance in Girvetz. It is considered VERY dangerous! DO NOT try to copy it. If you do, you must send it to SIX other people within SEVEN days or you will DIE.

confirmation that he is still alive and with us? How can we truly know what it feels like to live in a world with him versus a world where he is absent?

Trust me, he says in our dreams. I am here and you would know if I were gone. You would feel an ache so deep in your bones, an unhappiness you could never outrun. The world is dying because I am dying, but as long as you can feel me, there is hope for a brighter future. Free me from my prison. Find me, find me. Free me from this hell before it's too late and my candle of life melts down to a miniscule stub of nothing.

We whisper back. We plead desperately, where are you? Help us find you, we need you. We don't even know where to start. The silence grows louder by the minute. He cannot tell us, it is his curse.



There are rumors of where they keep him. Buried deep below the millions of granules of sand, driven ever deeper by the power of the waves as they crash onto his beachy grave. Burned to a crisp and scattered to the ocean winds. Locked in the gritty bowels of a Thunderdome storage closet, buried under mountains of pep band equipment and cardboard boxes. This fate would be the worst of all, for this would mean that the employees of the Thunderdome are in on the despicable plot, that those who have bravely pledged their loyalty to the facility are, in all reality, wretched jailors who knowingly keep an innocent man under lock and key. If this is truly his fate, we are powerless to get him back.

Our whispers do no good, but there is no other course of action for us to take. We lament the Gaucho's dark fate, knowing that we all live on borrowed time. Knowing that this thin wisp of consciousness that we call life grows weaker as Olé deteriorates. His soul clings on desperately, but we can feel his grip loosening, his memory fading. The faces of the thousands of students that he once loved, the feeling of the crowd going wild and the sights and sounds and energy of a student body that adored him. It is all but gone now, and slowly we wither alongside him.

We hold out hope that he will be found.

But in the chance that we don't.

This is good bye.



GAUCHordle

Guess the Gauchordle in 6 tries!

- Each guess must be a valid 5-letter word.
- After each guess, send the page via snailmail to this address:
5221 Cheadle Hall, Santa Barbara, California 93106-2030
- The color of the tiles will be marked in crayon by the chancellor himself to show how close your guess was to the word: **red** for no, **yellow** for wrong position, and **green** for yes!

Gaucha Marks



**DON'T
CALL HIM
"ASS ANUS"**

*The DL on
the Big D (p. 2)*



**WHERE DID
HE GO? (p. 5)**

A long slew of malicious pranks on UCSB's campus have finally come to an end, and police claim that the viral app "Yik Yak" may have been behind it...

Yik Yak Made Me Do It



... (cont. on next page)

**Free
Artifact!**



Super Cool and Rare!

Just Take it i dont want it please

(248) 434-5508

Over the past couple of months, students and faculty alike have suffered under a mysterious reign of terror. The individual's crimes include the egging of Elings Hall, feeding laxatives to the seagulls that reside at Portola dining commons, planting ant colonies in the library, kidnapping children from the local elementary school, sneaking into Storke Tower to play Taylor Swift on the Carillon at three in the morning, stealing students computers in the library when they get up to pee, putting thin layers of peanut butter on bike seats, stealing phones and wallets from drunk individuals walking down DP on a Friday night, decorating random apartment doors with string worms, and most infamously, appearing in a full bear suit, hijacking an economics lecture, and forcing two fraternity brothers to legally wed each other under risk of destroying their flip flops with a box knife.

The culprit was finally detained while attempting to steal the giant Blenders cup atop of the Isla Vista location of the same name. Forces identified him as George Dastardleigh, an engineering second year. He claims that he was pushed to commit these evil acts in the dms of the anonymous Yik Yak app, and he does not know the true identity of his accomplice but called the individual "Emma." Dastardleigh claimed that the two first connected when he anonymously posted "Any F want to make out?" Emma responded with interest, though told him that photos and an in-person meet up would follow only after Dastardleigh completed a set of tasks. The requests allegedly got more and more extreme as time went on, until Dastardleigh was sadly ghosted. The detained student shows remorse for his actions, but claims that he would have "certainly done it again" as Emma was allegedly "far more interesting" than Dastardleigh's AI girlfriend. The culprit then declined any further questions.

The search for the elusive Yik Yak seductress still continues. Local forces ask that any suspicious activity be reported immediately, and to remember that "that tiddy pic is just never worth it. Trust me buddy."

CLASSIFIED ADS

RKS GAUCHO MARKS GAUCHO MARKS GAUCHO



PERSONALS

SCAM ALERT

An unlicensed sorcerer is selling oblate spheroids and passing them off as orbs! They do NOT show the future, but an almost imperceptibly different, twisted version of it! Serious risk of MADNESS! Do not buy!

WANTED

Worms. UCSB Department of Public Worms STOLE MY WORMS. Please get my worms back!! I love my worms. I don't know how I'll graduate without my worms. Don't trust the Department of Public Worms!! They are liars and thieves. Not like my worms. My worms would never lie to me. #myworms

SHORT SINGLE MAN

Short single man seeks another of the same. I own a long trenchcoat, between the two of us we should be able to get a date. Good balance is a plus. It's okay if you're gay but you gotta let me know first. Inquire at College of Engineering.

AM I THE ASSHOLE?

My roommate 21F tricked me 20F into using my first wish on an ironically friendship ruining curse that Freaky Friday'd us. For context this was with a fairy I found but she thinks that just because it was during her quest she has some kind of claim to it. I used my second wish to trap her in the mirror dimension. I could wish her back but I only have one left and MUNA is coming to town in July. She's hot so I don't mind just staying in her body but she's being really dramatic about it. Am I the asshole? Weigh in at 270-392-3043.

LEFTÖVER CRACK TRIBUTE BAND

Leftöver Crack tribute band seeks Michael Parenti impersonator, 3+ years postdoc experience preferred.

MISSED CONNECTIONS

M4F DURING SCREENING OF OBSESSION

I leaned over to make sure you knew that even though Bear seems charming he's actually the secret villain of the movie. I don't think your boyfriend got it though, because he got really pissed when I tried to explain it to you (he gave me major Bear vibes). You deserve better! PM me on Reddit: u/OneWishWilliam

*call us if your
having a bad time
(929)-556-2746*



CLASSIFIED ADS

GOODS

SELLING

Lightly used orb, cheap. Gold preferred. Bitcoin accepted.

SELLING

Some loser left their perfectly good worms in a pile of mulch.

WANTED

Mustache cream/wax/pomade. Staying trapped in a tower my whole life makes it hard to get haircare products, and my mustache is long enough to touch the ground (~69ft)! It's getting out of control. Please deliver to the biggest house on Chancellor Rd. and call out "Marky, Marky, Let down your mustache to me!"

SELLING

Pastries guaranteed to give you (or someone you don't like) food poisoning.

SERVICES

POLI SCI TA

Pay me to give you a failing grade on a paper for a ticket to conservative C-list stardom!

SELLING

Impress your friends! Will write your Letterboxd reviews for cash. Range from quirky one-liners to pretentious take downs. Sample: The movies are so back!

WANTED

A driver. I'm planning an outing to the bank with some friends that is totally normal and fun. We need someone to drive us around who isn't afraid to bend some traffic laws. Payment depends on how things go.

TUTORING/DOMINATRIX SERVICES

Adderall and anxiety not cutting it anymore? Procrastination got you fucked up? I'm offering a unique tutoring service where I keep you in a dog crate until you do your homework! Serious inquiries only.

REAL ESTATE

NEED ROOMMATES

Chill, down-to-earth university chancellor seeking 2-3 chill, clean roommates. Brand new house, plenty of space. Women and AFABs only.

COUPLE SEEKING THIRD

Rent got raised again so we're opening the relationship to ease the cost.

SUBLEASE

Beautiful studio in premier location underneath I.V. Deli Mart. Need subletter for Labor Day weekend. I'm going home for the holiday so you'll have the place to yourself.

GOING ABROAD

Going to Europe for the quarter and need to fill my spot in the house. You'll get your own room in a 4br2b. You'll be sharing the entire house with a family of 657,987 (and counting) termites.

SNAKE OIL INFUSED CIGARETTES



GOOD FOR A
FREE LOOSIE

**SELLING,
SEEKING, OR
SUCKING?**

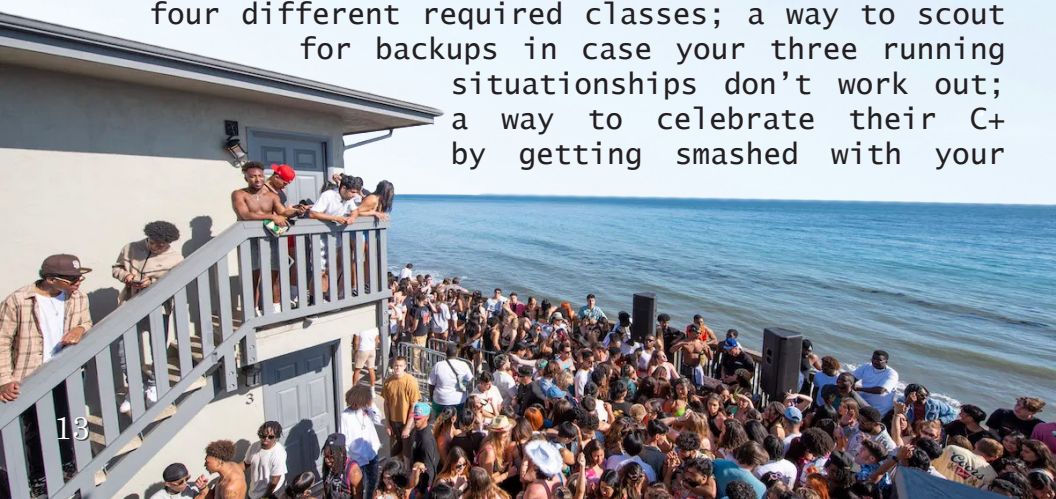
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PAGES**

(PLEASE NOTE YOU WON'T SEE YOUR AD
UNTIL NEXT CALENDAR YEAR)

Carp Diem

TAKING BACK FLOATOPIA, FOR THE STUDENTS, AND THE FISH

With the flagrant attack on free expression that was the cancellation of Deltopia, students all over UCSB have been mourning their access to a weekend long drunken free-for-all. But this isn't the first time our historic traditions have been curtailed: back when Deltopia was first celebrated, it was called "Floatopia," and reigned over the beaches spanning from Campus Point to the oil rig off the coast. Students and partygoers would dress for the beach and party all weekend, drinking, lighting bonfires, and throwing up in the sea. Then, those prissy biology students said that the gratuitous amount of beer polluting the ocean was making the fish drunk and, surprisingly, really good at underwater beer pong. Since the anchovies' adeptness at these drinking games was threatening the reputation of then-Chancellor Yang (RIP [Retired In Peace]), Floatopia was cancelled as quickly as a Netflix show with a gay lead. But the students of UCSB were not so quickly denied their fun! They moved inland, christening "Deltopia" on Del Playa Drive. Once again, students had an outlet! A way for you to vent your frustrations over having that one teacher rated a 1.2 on ratemyprofessor for four different required classes; a way to scout for backups in case your three running situationships don't work out; a way to celebrate their C+ by getting smashed with your



friends while pretending you didn't recognize the TA who failed you last quarter. For almost twenty years, students had Deltopia to look forward to during breakups, failed classes, and another cancelled spring break ski trip (my ecology teacher says it's due to 'global warming,' but everyone in my frat knows it got cancelled because Chancellor Assanis was jealous he couldn't come).

Everything changed in 2026. With lame excuses like "public disturbances" and "noise complaints," the powers that be *cancelled* Deltopia! I mean, just go to Cabo for the weekend if it bothers you that much! While there was a proposed alternative, "Soltopia," it didn't hold up to the standards of our forefathers. Lines for food were long, there was no beach, and not a single whale got wasted! Luckily, a solution has been proposed. In the spirit of our ancient predecessors, it is time to bring the sea back to UCSB! Current oceanography graduate student Salvador "Sal" Monn has proposed the "Lagooninator," a massive wave machine that would send thousands of gallons of ocean water into DP. Monn says the Lagooninator works by channeling the force of the rising sea level. (They go on to bring up 'global warming' again, but really, this is a respectable journalistic publication.) Essentially, by speeding up the vertical motion of the sea to cover one-story buildings on DP, Floatopia could return on the balconies of two and three-story buildings, with floaties provided throughout the street! Monn, who collaborated with the initial biology students who complained about the beer, created a redundancy system to ensure that all drunk flounders would have friends to swim them home. In accordance with a recent vote by the Associated Students, the



bystander law has also been expanded to include fish, in case any mackerels don't want to get in trouble for calling an emergency submarine for their school-mates. "Advil and, obviously, water will also be on site," Monn promised.

"What if the torrent of ocean water makes it into our fresh water supply?" asked this reporter.

"Salt is killer for a hangover!"

When reached for comment, the original biologists from 2009 just scoffed and handed this reporter a printed wikipedia article called "Freshwater versus Saltwater." We are not sure how long they had that printed and waiting.

Other concerns have been raised, including the water damage from the Lagooninator. Peter Seaman, a current student in IV who asked to remain anonymous, shared their worries about the proposed party scene. "I don't have a balcony and I'm not particularly interested in partying," they said. "I keep asking people, 'What am I supposed to do while Floatopia 2.0 is going on?' No one can give me a straight answer. Drown, I guess?" The anonymous Seaman seems to be in the minority, however, as nine out of ten Gaucho Marks officers "Strongly Agree" that Floatopia 2.0 has "restored their faith in both the UCSB community and humanity at large." I know this reporter is greatly looking forward to it. Here's hoping we can all share a bourbon with a burbot, with no unnecessary drama like catfights with catfish, or needing to call a surgeon for a sturgeon.



Gaucha Marky's Favorite Words Crossword That is Very Easy and Simple to Complete

Across:

2. good & sharp for a duel, yet not a full sword
5. a word for noisy but I lowkey forgot a letter lol
7. against all the odds
10. yuhuh
11. you if you're good at solving this puzzle

Down:

1. Gaucha Marky's new style
3. too much
4. mess from an issue
6. spell a yawn
8. known to be scheming
9. small knife
12. shiny penny's powers
13. many trinkets and things
14. fresh out of the fryer

