



# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UCSAN DIEGO

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SHUTDOWN**

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*“Sweet as”  
An American’s Travels in Kiwi Land  
By: ZZ Shimei*

This past summer I had the opportunity to intern abroad as a veterinarian in New Zealand. I will readily tell anyone that it was the best time of my life. I’ve always wanted to visit the country since 7<sup>th</sup> grade, and no it’s not because of Lord of the Rings. I was granted the chance by the program Globalinks Learning Abroad, which helps students study, intern, or work abroad.

In 7<sup>th</sup> grade my assigned seat was against the wall, next to a map of the world. Every morning I would sit down and at eye level was the town Westport, New Zealand. I was always curious about it, wondering how it compared to the Westport we had in Connecticut. Eight years later, I can confirm that they are nothing alike. However, it was this spark of curiosity that brought me to applying to the Globalinks program. It was more of a whim than anything else—I didn’t seriously think I’d get accepted into an internship at a Veterinary clinic. I visited the study abroad office back in fall of my junior year and spoke to the specialist on New Zealand/Australia. I couldn’t study abroad for the semester due to my restrictions as a student athlete on the Fencing team. Thus it was down to work, interning, or volunteering abroad. I was happy to do any of these three so long as it included animals. I got a few pamphlets for programs, but the options were slim. Globalinks was the perfect fit in the end, between cost, application date, and availability. I applied and one of their members took my resume and gave it out to various Vet clinics throughout New Zealand. I had mentioned that I wanted to be somewhere near Westport, but considering its size (~6,000), I figured it was a long shot. Finally in March I was told that I had been accepted into a single clinic, one that just happened to be in Westport. It felt surreal. All of a sudden, my far-fetched fantasy of working in a vet clinic in Westport had become a reality.

On June 27<sup>th</sup> I departed for a week long orientation in Wellington. A worker from Globalinks, Richard, met with me and the other interns (10 of us) and introduced us to the country.



Bungee jumping off the Nevis Ledge—at 143m it’s the 3rd highest in the world.

There wasn’t too much of a culture shock—they spoke English and had mostly British influence—it was more of adjusting to the 18 hour time difference. By July 3<sup>rd</sup> I was in Westport, the biggest town in the Buller district on the “wild” west coast of the south island. I was picked up by a rushed new Vet working at Buller Vets—Belinda. She and her partner Eric were going to be my host “family” for the next 10 weeks. There wasn’t much time for introductions since Belinda had to get back to the clinic to check up on George, our feline in-patient for the weekend. George was having lung issues and had trouble breathing. I didn’t even have a chance to unload my luggage before I was introduced to the clinic. Belinda asked me to assist her in drawing blood by raising the vein. This is a technique used to draw blood from the (check name) vein of the forelimb of cats and dogs. I had no idea how to do this, but she explained it to me and I attempted it. It was a miserable failure (though I later learned that the Vet nurses also had this problem so it



wasn't just me). Regardless, it was an exhilarating start to my internship there.

It didn't take me long to feel at home. Kiwis (New Zealanders) are a very hospitable bunch, particularly those on the west coast. They're like the Minnesotans of New Zealand—a self-sufficient, strong, warm bunch of people. I would switch days between staying in the clinic to help with patients or shadow Vets during surgeries to running out on large animal calls. At two different points, I took a week off to travel the south and north islands on my own via the Kiwi Experience. It's a hop-on, hop-off bus tour that allows you to regulate how long you want to stay at each destination. In case you were wondering, New Zealand is even more epic than shown in LOTR and the Hobbit, which were almost exclusively filmed in New Zealand. Even in the dead of winter the hills were lush with grass, flowers were in bloom, the crystal lakes showed perfect reflections, and volcanoes stood stoically in the distance (Mt. Doom included). I also got to meet many other young adults during my travels. I was amazed to learn that some would take six months off just to travel. They had just come from a month in Thailand or Indonesia, backpacking through to see the sights and experience the culture. It all sounded so amazing. I feel like Americans don't think that way—to just pack up and backpack from country to country without worry. In New Zealand they have something called an overseas experience (OE). After they graduate high school, they'll take a few years to travel the world, working abroad for a few months before heading somewhere new. Then once they're done, they're happy to come back and can appreciate home. This sort of philanthropy makes so much sense to me, that I wish I had done it instead of jumping into undergrad like everyone else.

I got to do so many things while abroad, both while traveling and while working. I took x-rays of a dog with five fishhooks in its intestines. When we went to remove them, we found that the fishing line had ripped through part of the small intestine and the tissue had started to die. So we removed about a meter of small intestine! But hey, you only need about 1/3 of it really. I also got to assist in a C-section of a cow at 11pm at night. Man it was cold that night, but the cow's uterus was so warm.



My darling little Betsy, the morning after she was born.

Calving season (when all the cows give birth) happened from about the 23<sup>rd</sup> of July to September 10<sup>th</sup>, so we were constantly getting calls. In New Zealand, they only calve once a year, within that 10 week period, so it can get pretty intense. Usually the cows are fine to birth on their own, but it's when a cow is having problems that after a day the farmer will call in a Vet. I was luckily enough that the head Vet also co-owned a large farm. So I got to work on the farm on weekends to help with tagging, calving, milking, and feeding the calves. I even had my very own calf—Betsy I called her. She was my lucky #17. When she saw me in the morning she'd always greet me with a nice long



Visiting Bilbo's door in Hobbiton.



“mooooooooooooooooooooo” and come over to suckle on my fingers. I already miss her.

Away from the farm and clinic I pushed my limits of comfort and did everything and anything that caught my eye. I flew a plane and did loops in it. I jumped off several bridges—including the Nevi bungy, the 3<sup>rd</sup> highest in the world at 143 meters. I hiked up a snowy mountain in sneakers (and then slid back down it). I rolled down a hill in a giant hamster ball. At the end of my internship, my family came to visit and I went around New Zealand again



Feeding baby kangaroos, wallabies, and emus at the Featherdale wildlife park in Sydney

and also visited Sydney and Cairns in Australia. I saw Tales of the South Pacific in the Sydney Opera House. I hugged a koala and baby kangaroo. I swam the Great Barrier Reef. I ate everything that I didn't recognize—from all sorts of pies (mince pies are the best though) to hokey pokey, kangaroo burgers, and ALL the lollies (sweets). I didn't even gain any weight since I tramped (hiked) everywhere I went.

Sufficient to say, I had a blast in New Zealand. In the total time of 12 weeks I spent there, it had become my home. So many of the problems I had with capitalistic America were nowhere to be found there. Every day I woke up excited to work, to see what cases would come in that day. I constantly observed and asked questions. I learned so much from the crew, not just about Veterinary things but about life as well. I was enveloped in the warmth of the culture. So I recommend to anyone who might be questioning their studies, their beliefs, or their identity to take a bag and travel somewhere. Immerse yourself in someone else's culture. Try out the work you think you want to do. Discover what you truly love. We are so young and this is the time to take advantage of it. Don't be afraid to take that leap, because once your feet are off the ground, it's the most exhilarating thing you'll ever experience. I am so grateful to Globalinks for setting up this experience for me, because it has helped to shape me into the “me I want to be”. I can't wait to get started on my Veterinary studies so that I can do what I love. My future is looking sweet as.

**To check out the Globalinks program, check out their website at:**

**<http://www.globalinksabroad.org/>**



*What will you discover?*  
**GLOBALINKS LEARNING ABROAD**



# Getting Around Town

## By: Austin Bacong

Are you a new or returning student/staff member to UCSD? Making the trip from Pepper Canyon to York Hall or Revelle to ERC in 10 minutes have you bogged down? Know of an off campus place you want to visit, but don't know the means of getting there? Do you want to pull your hair out because of all the chaos waiting at bus routes in lines longer than some roller coaster attractions? Fear not fellow Tritons, this article is a means for synthesizing all the 'ins-n-outs' of getting around at UCSD.

As a commuter student myself, one of my biggest concerns every day is "How do I get to/from campus?" A very easy independent solution is merely driving to school in a single occupant vehicle (SOV) a.k.a your own car! Logistically, this also means depending on if you have 8AM's, you might have to get up as early as 6:00AM to leave the house by 6:30AM in order to avoid traffic and pick up an illustrious parking spot (either on or off campus), as well as possibly grab breakfast and walk to class, all within a timespan of about an hour and a half... not too appealing to the night owl right? If you would rather have a more "by-the-book" schedule, you can always try your hand at the our very own Public Transportation System/UCSD Bus Zone Programs. The UCSD Shuttle is free to staff/students who have the year specific bus sticker. Currently, last year's gold stickers will remain valid through the end of the month (10/31/13). The Campus Parking Office has the new blue metallic stickers offered to students; it will continue providing service through December (12/31/13). These stickers also provide service for the following routes around La Jolla: 30, 41,101,150,201/202 SuperLoop, 921,3, and 10. The set date of expiration for the stickers accounts for the current financial deficit Transportation Services, where upon the expiration a new policy is to be implemented (To provide input on these changes, attend the various Town Hall meetings on Transportation held throughout the quarter, take the various online surveys provided by Associated Students UCSD, or even email/contact TPS directly). According to an interview Revelle Senator Soren Nelson had with the Director of Auxiliary Services and the Associate Director of Transportation:

"There will be no changes made to the UCSD city shuttles this quarter. There will, in fact, be no major changes to transportation policy even announced until after winter break, by which time students will have had a chance to put our proposed solution to a vote. Depending on what solution is reached (a referendum, user-based fees, etc), any changes to shuttles would be a transition designed to allow students and MTS adequate time to adjust. No substantive changes would likely be made before next summer."

UCSD also offers a wide variety of other commuting alternatives and services. They include the Campus Bike Shop, Carpools, Zipcar Program, Holiday airport shuttle, Pedal Club, Transit/Coaster Club, Triton Bikes Program, and the UCSD ride-matching service. Although not all the programs are free, each various service offers discounts and paying methods for community members here at UCSD.

Regarding actually getting around campus, there are several methods all students use. Most common of course, is a brisk walking pace. But if you need to get to class even faster, you can surely expedite the process by skateboarding, scootering, biking, and even rollerblading. While all items can be bought, UCSD's Triton Bike Program allows students to rent bikes free of charge to use in 2 day periods!

So if you're ever in need for some extra speed, or convenience over grievance, utilize the various transportation resources at your disposal!

For more information, visit <http://blink.ucsd.edu/sponsor/trans-services/>



# The Food Truck

By: Tyler Takemoto

With its bold design and perpetual line of hungry students, the new food truck in Revelle Plaza is hard to miss. Introduced this quarter to make up for the closure of Plaza Café, the food truck features a selection of breakfast and lunch foods. Each item follows a single cardinal rule: everything is served in bowls.

“Bowls, bowls, Incredi-Bowls that Roll. You get the point we serve the menu in bowls,” reads the food truck’s description on the HDH website.

Situated strategically near Revelle’s residential blocks and lecture halls, the food truck provides a good pit stop before or after a noon class. Unfortunately, the line can grow very long during peak times, making it an impractical venue for between-class meals. Also, the lack of dinner offerings limits the truck’s usefulness. The breakfast selection is available from 7:30 am to 10:00 am and the lunch selection is available from 11:00 am to 2:00 pm. The truck is closed after 2:00 pm on weekdays and closed on the weekends, making it much less convenient than a trip to Roger’s or a walk to Pines.

Each bowl costs \$5.95 and the truck offers different menus on a rotating basis. Both of the menus feature four to five items for breakfast and lunch. The offerings range from Westernized Asian fusion to sausage and macaroni. Unlike entrees from dining halls, each order from the food truck contains a relatively generous serving of vegetables or fruit salad. Additionally, the cooks who staff the truck are willing to make ratio adjustments to accommodate for those who prefer more (or less) vegetables, or crave a few extra waffle fries.



The food truck sits on the edge of Revelle Plaza, sporting a column of edgy colloquialisms.

Some students are dissatisfied with the food truck. Alvin Yi, a first-year from Muir who walked to Revelle to sample the selection, was unhappy with his experience.

“It was slightly disappointing,” Yi said, “it definitely wasn’t worth the walk or the wait, but it was still nice to try something new.”

While the food truck does have its shortcomings, it adds variety to on-campus life at Revelle. It certainly beats having no fresh food options whatsoever.





# National Novel Writing Month

## NANOWRIMO

BY: PATRICIA TAN

One time during class--and it's *always* during class, it was very likely a lecture--you stopped taking notes for a moment because your professor was going over some interesting anecdote that you don't quite need to write down. And perhaps they were taking a little too long on that anecdote, and you glance off to the side and you begin to daydream. Daydreaming is the easiest thing; if we didn't have the internet to amuse, we would probably be daydreaming more. And maybe one of those daydreams might just stick with you later, because it was perhaps more interesting than that anecdote or more shocking than anything else you think about on your spare time. But the point is, it stuck.

There's a quote by Toni Morrison that says, "If there's a book that you want to read, but it hasn't been written yet, then you must write it." This quote best describes the ideas that just stick, that stay ripe in your head for days, or weeks even. Perhaps the best plot twist in the life of a reader--and you're *always* reading, reading Humanities, reading Chemistry--is when the reader writes. After everything you've come across in the short life you've lived, there's always something that only you can make; there's no such thing as an uncreative person. There's always an opportunity to do so, even if one can make the excuse that there's no time to do it or no place to write it or no person to read it.

But there is a rather unconventional solution for those who "will write a book some day" and especially those who "don't have time right now". November is National Novel Writing Month, stylized as NaNoWriMo, and the rules are easier read than done: 50,000 words in one month. That's approxi-

mately the length of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Although these terms may be simple, the logistics are more complicated: 50,000 words in one month amounts to 1,667 words per day in the month of November, which is equivalent to writing one five-page Humanities essay every day for 30 days straight. The challenge will seem considerably more daunting because of this fact, since the Humanities essay is perhaps the most tedious assignment for most Revelle students.

But NaNoWriMo isn't *about* writing Humanities essay after Humanities essay; rather, it's simply a means to motivate and inspire creativity by offering a challenge. Keep in mind that there is no prompt given, just the ridiculous word count. As their FAQ states, "If you believe you're writing a novel, we believe you're writing a novel too." There is no better time in your life to do something so spontaneous and insane than *now*. What is it that *you* want to write about? What ideas have been sitting in *your* mind? Or better yet, what ideas can *you* come up with? Out of all of this madness, you will have come up with something that's truly your own--after all, as their website says, "The world needs your novel."

If you are interested in writing this November, please visit <http://nanowrimo.org/> for more information. Make sure to email [revellations@ucsd.edu](mailto:revellations@ucsd.edu) and tell us about your experience!



## “A Not Very Good Poem”

By: Kyra Hendrickson

2.9 years  
34.7 months  
151 weeks  
1057 days

I don't like change.  
Because it's the feeling of rough sand against your skin  
when it gets trapped in your clothes  
after a day at the beach.

Because it's wearing wet jeans  
which got soaked in a surprise downpour  
that, of course,  
caught you without your umbrella.

Because it's standing in a crowded elevator with a bunch of strangers  
and you're all touching, arm to arm, shoulder to shoulder,  
but no one speaks a word.

It is uncomfortable.  
1058 days.

For almost 5 years we shared each others' stories, each others' memories, our laughs, our tears, our breaths -  
our lives.

We shared each other for half a century, but now it's nothing more  
than residual inklings of a dream  
when you awake and rub the sleep out of your eyes.

For a second it's real  
and your heart beats fast and the thoughts are swirling  
and you're frantically grasping for it,  
to hold onto something  
but it slips away  
and it takes you a moment to realize  
that it was never there to begin with.

Continued on next page



It is a delusion.  
1059 days.

The memories are padlocked to a gate,  
the combination long lost,  
a lonely bike rusting in the drizzle and scorching sun  
of a lazy summer.

They're coins dropped as you hurry to pay for your morning coffee,  
but you're in too much of a rush to care  
and they roll across the floor and under the counter  
and there they'll stay.

They are promises made in passing  
with no substance behind them,  
merely words that leave the lips to dance in the wind.  
I'll call you tomorrow.  
We'll go there someday.  
Yes, I promise.

They are forgotten.  
1060 days.

When we see each other  
a third person observer with no knowledge of our circumstances  
would not be able to tell  
that our lives had once been so tightly intertwined.

Sometimes you don't even wave.  
Sometimes you don't even look at me.  
All times I pretend not to care.

Quickly averted eyes are  
our most intimate contact  
and forced, cold greetings are exchanged  
when we're trapped  
and there's no way to pretend that we didn't see one another.

Continued on next page



We are strangers.  
1061 days.

The tears I cry all taste like pain  
and I'm sitting here thinking about you and writing this poem  
and I just need to stop  
because it's been 1062, 1063, 1064 days  
and I should really give up.

Because I'm pretty sure  
that you're not counting the 1066 days it's been  
since our friendship ended  
and I'm quite positive  
that you don't think to yourself,  
“I wonder how she's doing, what she's up to,”  
and I know that you  
don't  
care anymore about what I do with my life.

1067 days  
1068 days  
1069 days  
1070 days

So why should I care about yours?  
I shouldn't.  
But I can't stop caring  
and I'm going to continue trying  
and it will be the end of me and  
everyone  
will  
know  
it.



# Movie Review: *Gravity*

By: Patricia Tan

Upon seeing the previews, *Gravity* was something I did not want to watch. The preview itself was good--it drew my attention in the two minutes I was forced to watch it in when waiting for *Pacific Rim*--but once those two minutes were gone, the premise past the action-packed preview wasn't a movie that I was particularly interested in seeing. Was there really a movie created about people stranded in space, waiting to be saved? (To be honest, the ending was quite predictable; why would any filmmaker end the movie with all the characters dead? How could that resolve any of the frustration in the viewer if the only point in the film was to watch people float around helplessly?) If anyone were stuck in space, there would be no way to return to earth, and as interesting as it is to watch movies about the "final frontier", the fact that a movie was made about the inability for two people to save themselves was, to me, a ridiculous idea.

The plot could be summarized and easily predicted as "a delusional woman in space". One of the most difficult aspects of watching this movie was empathy for Ryan Stone (Sandra Bullock). Understandably, her position was dire: she was a first time astronaut with a destroyed ship and, by the end of the movie, the lone survivor of her crew. Although Sandra Bullock was able to express the stress typical of anyone in a life-or-death plot, her character was too emotionally distraught to see her survival as a heroic fight against the odds. The film did well in characterizing her, giving the audience some insight as to her background. However, it was difficult to root for Stone when, during one point in the movie, she had decided to turn off her oxygen and die in the escape pod when the escape pod had no fuel to send her back to earth. Although the film provided a realistic point of view into Stone's loneliness, the lack of determination in the main character towards survival, even in a situation so hopeless, made it much more difficult for the audience to care when she does survive.



Despite the lack of action in the movie, which was concentrated in the first and last fifteen minutes, the visual effects made up for a lacking plot. When Matt Kowalski (George Clooney) says the line, "You can't beat the view," the camera pans over the earth as the sun peaks from behind. However, the most striking effect was how the physics of space was portrayed with a large degree of accuracy. The lack of control in the characters' movements added more of a challenge to the issue the characters had to deal with. It is interesting to note that Alfonso Cuarón had to wait for the technology to produce this movie, and it truly shows how far the movie industry has come.

*Gravity* was a movie I would not have bothered to go see myself--it was only because I just happened to be at the right place at the right time. I still stand by the statement about the premise: it still is not convincing enough for me to watch, even for a second time. However, it wasn't a total flop, in my opinion. Although Stone herself was not a heroic character, the fact of the matter was that she was able to rescue herself somehow. It was just a relief to see that she had some sort of plan--and made some sort of attempt to live--during the last half hour of the film.



# My Experience as a Team Member During ELP Retreat

By: Punit Patel

I was really delighted to have been accepted into the “Emerging Leaders Program” for 2013-2014 year. ELP, as stated in its mission statement “aims to guide, challenge, and inspire the development of student leadership skills through experiential learning.” The nerve-wrecking and seemingly overwhelming process of interviewing applicants since my first interview was completed the previous week and now it was time for us to take a break from the hustle and bustle of university life and treat ourselves to a two day “retreat”.

At first I was confused as to why we had to go on some “outdoor adventure”, as a member of ELP. Like some of you, I was under the assumption that the club is really professional, where we would only be conducting ourselves in a professional and serious manner, similar to a business-type situation. However, I soon got to realize that this was not entirely true.

During the “ELP retreat”, I was given an opportunity to broaden the horizon of my perspective of the club. All of us as ELP cohort members were introduced to many activities where we all got to know each other better. We began our “retreat” at the “high ropes” course where we undertook many interactive activities. These included the epic “rock, paper and scissors” game, personality games, team-building games such as the “island/water” game and then finally the high ropes challenge course. The “Island/water” game involved us standing on several blocks, each representing an island and each time the number of blocks were reduced. I found out it really fascinating how we all, starting off far away from each other, were able to come close to each other and stand on a few “islands” without any of us stepping in “water”. Through such games, I soon realized that leadership is not only about how you conduct yourself individually, it’s also about how you coordinate and communicate with others. This is exemplified by the “water/island” game; if you’re drowning in trouble you can always reach out to other “islands”.

We ended our “retreat” at the YMCA camp. Here, we engaged ourselves in several activities where we all got to know and understand each other at more intricate levels. I really enjoyed this part of the “retreat” as we were given space to freely express our thoughts and emotions. I think that this was also an essential part of the “retreat”, and leadership in general. I believe that as effective leaders, you have to be cognizant of others’ problems and you may have to think from the perspective of someone else at times. This can help you in choosing the correct approach or finding the right solution during a problem.

Overall, I thoroughly enjoyed the “ELP retreat” and wouldn’t mind repeating it one more time but with the same people I went with on the 5th and 6th of October. Finally, I have to thank Melina, Austin and Mariana for supporting and encouraging us the whole way through and for making the “ELP retreat” as memorable as it is for the ELP!!



## Grass on the Other Side, ELP Graduate Program Perspective by: Austin Bacong



The Emerging Leaders Program is a yearlong leadership program that “aims to guide, challenge, and inspire the development of student leadership through experiential learning.” Students in each cohort not only learn of different aspects of leadership in weekly workshops hosted by different key faculty members, but they also apply their newfound knowledge in hands on experiences; One such project being a massive programming event thrown for Revelle College, and even the University as a whole. Before all this begins however, the cohort goes on a weekend retreat focused on the development of each member relative to one another with the hope that the frame-

work of a strong group dynamic is fostered for success throughout the year.

As a graduate of the program Class of 2011-2012, I appreciated the experience so immensely that I decided to come back to give back to the program as a Team Leader. Going on the retreat in the beginning of October was very nostalgic, but also enlightening to see it from more experienced eyes: from a different perspective. Prior to the retreat beginning, as a Leadership Team (3-4 Team Leaders, 1 Sr. Team Leader, 1 Program Director), promoting the program, determining eligibility requirements, creating the interview process/interviewing the applicants, deliberating on the cohort, planning the retreat, holding the first workshop, and preparing for the rest of the year must be completed: all over the time span of some work throughout the summer with heavy emphasis on the zero/first weeks of Fall Quarter. These are all details applicants accepted into the program do not consciously think about. After that is all said and done, when the retreat actually begins, the cohort meets early on a Saturday morning in order to fit every detail planned for the weekend. Seeing the retreat we personally prepared unfold before my eyes was slightly different than experiencing it first hand. The so-called “Icebreakers” that I sometimes dreaded as a first year made so much more sense in my head after realizing the small, but significant effects they would have for the year ahead. From the various challenges at the UCSD Odyssey Ropes Course to the different theme-centered miniature workshops at the camp in Julian; the simpler activities like enjoying a slice of MOM’s Apple Pie or general recreation to the extremely long days, it never ceases to amaze me the significant growth the cohort makes with one another, especially over merely two days.

As a Team Leader reflecting back on my own retreat two years ago, I feel a greater appreciation for what the Leadership Team did for my cohort. It is very gratifying to know that I have been able to do the same thus far, with the year just barely beginning. I’m very thankful that I was able to come back to such a strong program committed to serving and helping students grow not only as leaders, but personally as well. Though the hours may be long at times, reminding myself of the difference I am able to create with such a supportive team makes the end of each day very rewarding. I am definitely looking forward to experiencing and influencing how the rest of the year will turn out!



A Shutdown What-down???

Clarification on the 2013 Government Shutdown.

By: Konto Southisombath

On Tuesday, October 1<sup>st</sup> of this year, the U.S. government did something it hasn't done in 17 years. It shut down. How does this happen? What constitutes as a shut down? What does that mean for the people? These are some questions you might have running through your head. However, have no fear, for everything you need to know about the government shutdown is just down below.

**What is a government shutdown?**

Although it sounds serious, a government shutdown doesn't necessarily mean that the government is *shut down*, per se. However, it does mean that certain government functions and federal agencies will not be running. This affects places such as national parks and museums as well as programs such as Women, Infants, and Children (WIC) and The Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program (SNAP).

**What led to the government shutdown?**

Every year, Congress is in charge of setting spending priorities and agreeing on passing a certain number of bills in order to fund the federal agencies. However, this year the Senate (Democratic-controlled) and the House of Representatives (Republican-controlled) couldn't agree on the funding for Obamacare. The House wanted to fund a bill that repealed a tax on medical devices and overall delay Obamacare for another year, but the Senate rejected it. After numerous times voting on it, the outcome was the same. Congress's inability to agree on how to fund this bill is what ultimately led to the government shutdown.

**Who is most affected by a government shutdown?**

People who work for the "non-essential" federal agencies are affected the most. For example, U.S. tourist agencies are heavily impacted by a government shutdown due to the fact that they have to turn away millions of dollars in revenue due to the parks and museums shutting down. This in turn, affects those who work for these types of agencies and many of the times, they are sent home for the duration of the shutdown. Depending on whether or not congress decides to sign a bill granting retroactive pay for these workers, they may not get paid during this time.

Also, if you are someone who is looking to get a visa or a passport renewed, now might not be a great time to do so. According to the State Department, passport agencies will only stay open as long as it has the resources to so. Visa applications will also still be processed, albeit at a much slower rate than usual.

Veterans are also affected by the government shutdown. The Veterans' Benefits Administration will not be able to attend to many education and rehabilitation benefits and depending on how long the government shutdown lasts, the Department of Veterans' Affairs may not have enough money to send out pension payments and pay disability claims.

American military commissaries, which sell various household goods and groceries to active-duty military personnel, are also temporarily closed during the government shutdown. The closure of American military commissaries means that military families that live on base are required to drive a much farther distance to pick up necessary groceries in order to feed their family.

**How does the government shutdown end?**

The government shutdown will end once the Senate and the House of Representatives comes to a consensus on how they are going to fund Obamacare and the President has to sign it. After that's done, the government will no longer be shut down.

**UPDATE: The end of the government shutdown.**

On October 17<sup>th</sup>, 2013, President Obama signed a bill that ended the sixteen-day long, government shutdown. This *temporary* solution re-opens the government and funds it until January 15<sup>th</sup>, 2014. This means that the Senate and the House of Representatives have roughly around 3 months to come up with and agree on a plan to fund Obamacare or the US will be facing another government shutdown in the near future.

For more detailed information on this subject, please visit:

<http://www.whitehouse.gov/blog/2013/10/01/whats-affected-government-shutdown>



## A Cup of Culture

### An International First-year Student's Perspective

"Assalamualaikum", that is how some people greet each other in my home country: Malaysia. When it comes to distance, I dare say I travelled further than the majority of the freshmen population in UCSD. I've been told that it's so cool that I came all the way from here. But, what does this 'coolness' mean for me? Let's start with the obvious differences. I was hit by the scent of a different culture the moment I stepped out of the plane. I saw people of different ethnicities, heard the same language but in a different accent. Long story short, the colours of my physical surroundings were different and therefore I had to perceive them differently.

How I wish I could place my home country in a glass bottle to show you what I mean. Perhaps some words on a blank piece of paper could replace this glass bottle.

In terms of size, I was completely overwhelmed by the many structures that I found here. I saw highways with 5 lanes for the first time, shopping malls so large I can hardly get my essentials without getting distracted, and I never once finished my food. Food portions back home are, on an average, half of what you get here. How generous, I thought. Yes, I have eaten at TGIFs in Malaysia but getting a taste of one culture is a complete different experience from getting a plateful, both literally and metaphorically speaking. My brain buzzes at the fact that I can't get what I want from one place. On a typical day back home, I would hop into my car, drive half an hour to the best mall and I'd find almost everything I want there. What surprised me most was how a simple chocolate malt drink (Milo) more commonly consumed back home became such a prized possession here. Just so you know, I didn't bring any.

Then, we have physical appearances. People get confused a lot because they expect me to be from China. I'd always have to jump into a long explanation of how I'm Chinese Malaysian, which, by the way, is still confusing. At first, I struggled to answer because you take your culture for granted when you're immersed in it. How odd that I had to explain something I'd never had to for the past 20 years.

Enough said about the physicals, it's about time I dive into the cream between the layers of cake. I'm sorry if you don't like cream. At the core of things, I'm not that different from those you that are from San Diego, China, Oregon, UK, or anywhere. We all miss home to some varying degrees, or at least I hope so. I think we'd all agree that eating in a dining hall is vastly different from eating home. A startling number of us are proud owners of Facebook accounts. We Skype our friends and family members from home telling them about our new adventure. If there's one thing that I share with you, it is this adventure. No matter what you expect of it: falling in love under the 'non-existent' stars on the rooftop deck in Keeling Apartment, being active in a crazy conglomeration of orgs, diving with passion into your studies, or a combination of everything, an adventure awaits. Once you peel away the physical layers between the most exotic person that you meet, you'd realize that they're not as exotic as you thought. That Chinese looking girl from Malaysia becomes your friend who looks like your friend. That boy from Colorado becomes Bruce.

By the way, if you have never had Milo in your life. We could always *berjamu selera*, that is to dine together. I dare you to try it.



# Theme Contest

Theme: **Change**

Submit your printable media (photography, words, drawings, etc) by **Sunday, December 1st** to [revellations.revelle@gmail.com](mailto:revellations.revelle@gmail.com). Winners will receive a prize as well as have their work featured in Revellations!



ZZ



Sheng



Konto



Tyler



Jinky

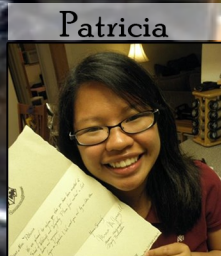
## MEET THE STAFF!



Kenny



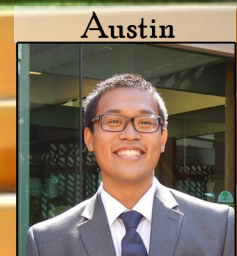
Punit



Patricia



Kyra



Austin

## Want to Join?

We are dedicated to informing the community about world/university-wide events and programs while providing students with an outlet for self-expression. Members not only benefit as growing leaders, but also through their service in empowering and entertaining the community with a wide variety of news. Meeting times Fall Quarter 2013: Fridays at 1PM in the Revelle Administration building. Feel free to contact us at [revellations.ucsd.edu](http://revellations.ucsd.edu)

Revellations is advised by Liora Kian-Gutierrez, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs. Sponsored by RCC.

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# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UC SAN DIEGO

**HAIKUS**

**Catching Fire**

*2013  
Fall  
Quarter  
Issue 2*

**Revelle's Organizations**

**NaNoWriMo Pt.2**

**(10<sup>27</sup>) Zimbabwean Dollars**

**Entering the World of Magic**

**Philippines Relief Effort**

**Strike: Organized Protest at UCSD**



# *On Humanities*

*By Patricia Tan*

Sunday, Week 8, 3:29 PM

I don't know or care about what they have to say but I'm going to have to eventually.  
Today's not the day.

Monday, Week 8, 11:38 PM

I'm staying up tonight. There's too much work to be done. If there were ever a time to do this, it's today.

Tuesday, Week 8, 6:57 PM

I suppose I could eat dinner tonight. I'm almost done with this paragraph.

Wednesday, Week 8, 10:25 PM

I got a B minus last time. I'll give myself a C. (Minus.)

Thursday, Week 8, 2:21 AM

I figured out why it matters.

Thursday, Week 8, 4:39 AM


I can count the amount of sleep I've gotten all this week on my fingers.

Thursday, Week 8, 5:43 AM

I think I've sold my soul to the devil for the extension of my waking hours. I won't need to see my bed for weeks.

Thursday, Week 8, 7:17 AM

This is brilliant. I'm brilliant. This is the greatest essay I've ever written.





# CATCHING FIRE

By: Stella Raedeker

The latest installment of a popular series in the teen -dystopian-action-thriller genre is finally coming out in movie form, and just in time for the launch of the holiday season. Yes, it's that time of year again, to close the textbooks for a little bit, perhaps see some family and friends, drink hot cocoa, and pack into cars to head off to teen-dystopian-action-thriller movies.

Here's the rundown according to IMDB- "Katniss Everdeen and Peeta Mellark become targets of the Capitol after their victory in the 74th Hunger Games sparks a rebellion in the Districts of Panem."

So there you have it. If you're not already a fan or mesmerized by the above summary, then clearly you are taking into account other considerations in the vital question of "should I see this movie?" As college students, it comes time to analyze this objectively, looking at content expectations along with social and economic factors.

How was the last movie and book? My answer- way better than Twilight. This series, fortunately, explores themes that are a bit deeper than those of the paranormal romance genre. What happens when a government acquires the power to choose which peoples in its nation to oppress and which to shower with wealth? What is the cost of human life? These are questions that you can ponder as you walk out of the cinema, if you feel so inclined. According to my memory, the first movie was not disappointing, despite all the build-up for it. Solid acting, great visuals, and lots of tension. And the first book was tolerable, as far as all that goes. I have not read the second book yet, since I've been procrastinating for the past year, so it begs the ques-

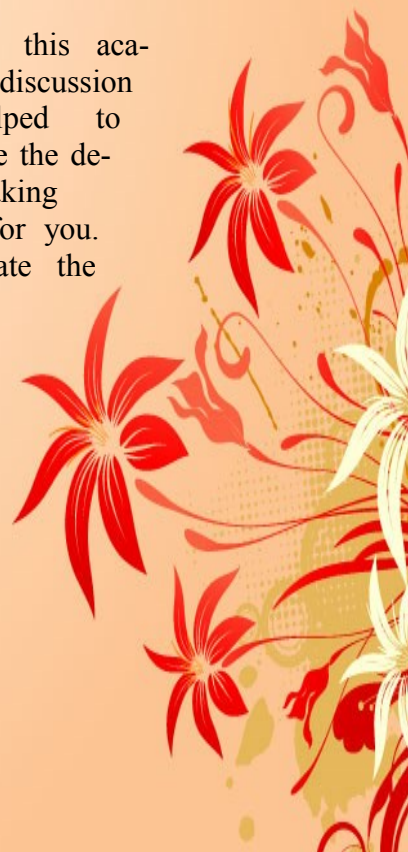
tion "should I read the second book super fast and see this movie?"

Next are social considerations. Do I have someone to see this movie with? Should I ask my suite mate or my cousin, or just go alone? This is perhaps the most complex part of the equation. That, and whether you have time to prepare compelling arguments in favor of one of the two love interests, Peeta and Gale. Let's hope that our experiences from Twilight will help us to take into consideration factors other than who looks better with their shirt off.

And finally, do we want to pay \$10 to watch this movie, more or less? Or would we like to save up for a chick flick about the Christmas season or perhaps the next movie where giant robots terrorize a major city? It may become necessary to take into account opportunity costs and prepare some graphs.

I hope this academic discussion has helped to streamline the decision-making process for you.

You can never underestimate the complexity of issues as these.





Imagine walking through an area with most of its structures demolished. You smell death in the air. You feel a sense of despair, as people are desperate for food, water and shelter.

This is the aftermath of the Typhoon Haiyan, also called Yolanda, one of the deadliest Typhoons known to the world, which hit the Philippines on November 8. The storm affected central and eastern Philippines, killing at least 3,900 people and robbing more than 13 million people of some part of their livelihoods.

Since then, International Aid has been flooding into Philippines. The U.S. has mobilized about 50 U.S ships and aircrafts in the disaster zone. The UK has pledged £50m worth of humanitarian support. The Japanese government has dispatched a 25-member relief team, and is preparing to send 1,000 troops to assist the survivors in the wake of the disaster. UNICEF has provided a cargo plane with 60 tonnes of aid consisting of medicine and shelters. And, these are only some examples of the disaster relief effort.

Zooming in to UCSD, Kapwa Tao, encompassing the Philipin@ community: Kabayanihan, Kaibigang Pilipin@, Kamalayan Kollektive, and Pilipino Undergraduate Society for Health, collectively initiated the Philippines Typhoon Haiyan Relief Fund. They have begun to collect canned goods and donations to go towards BS-CBN's Sagip Kapamilya Foundation, an emergency humanitarian assistance program. Along with that, Kapwa Tao organized a benefit dance on November 16 at the Porter's Pub Home Brew Club. Furthermore, donations drop-off locations can be found on campus through the second week following the storm.

Zooming out, there are countless organizations, both national and international, such as the American Red Cross, World Vision, Shelter Box, et cetera, that are currently involved in the relief effort. It is heartwarming that the wrath of nature can be met with the compassion of the human kind. An act of kindness, no matter big or small, is a contribution nonetheless. These contributions do not end with immediate services, such as food, water, shelter and medical care for survival, because long-term aid is needed in order to restore the lives of those devastated by Haiyan. Thus, it is the collective efforts of individuals, organizations, communities and nations, together with the government and the people of Philippines that will eventually bring the millions of people involved back on their feet.

Now, you're back at the ruined area, but you hear a song. From around the corner, dozens of typhoon survivors emerge in a march. You feel the spirit lift in the air. You hear them singing to 'We Shall Overcome'. Would you join along?



**\$1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000  
(10<sup>27</sup>) of Zimbabwean Dollars**

**By: Punit Patel**



**After seeing this figure, you may be wondering what in the world does it represent or what does it mean?**

This seemingly absurd number with a string of zeros happens to be the equivalence of one US dollar in terms of Zimbabwean dollars in November 2008. I know this may seem ridiculous and fictitious to majority of you, but this was the reality in Zimbabwe, the country I grew up in. To put things into perspective, in August 2008, a loaf of bread in Zimbabwe reached a record cost of \$1.6 trillion Zimbabwean dollars and this figure only increased from then on.

The note shown below represents a legitimate sample of a \$100,000,000,000,000 note, the largest currency denomination introduced into the country:



You can imagine what a nightmare it must have been dealing with such large scale numbers and in fact, the Central Bank of Zimbabwe had to chop off several zeros from the currency denominations, because computers at banks simply failed to compute such hefty numbers. I mean if a loaf of bread costs \$1.6 trillion, you can't even begin imagine what large scale figures Zimbabwean banks had to deal with.

### **How and why did this happen?**

The economic crisis in Zimbabwe resulted from a multitude of bad government policies. Many people agree that one of the major causes of the crisis was the government of Zimbabwe's 'Land Reform Program', where land previously owned by Caucasians was allocated to native Zimbabweans. The government's key objective was to alter the racial balance of land ownership in the country. A combination of inadequate farming skills, inefficiency and mismanagement of agricultural resources by the new native occupants led to a significant drop in the 'Gross Domestic Product' (GDP) of Zimbabwe, which was a predominantly agricultural economy. Another reason was the corruption within the Zimbabwean government which engaged in mass scale printing of the local currency and misusing the funds for selfish interests. Other factors included unrealistic price controls and exchange rates which led to a sharp drop in investor confidence and economic sanctions imposed by the 'European Union' (EU) and the US on Zimbabwe.

### **What consequence did this have on on the local Zimbabwean population?**

This all had dreadful consequences on the local population of Zimbabwe. Professor Hanke, an applied Economist at Johns Hopkins University noted that prices in Zimbabwe doubled almost every 24 hours and he found that a majority of traders simply stopped accepting Zimbabwean dollars!

In fact, I also recall a time period when my high school, St. Johns College, refused to accept school fee payment in Zimbabwean dollars. They wanted us to pay in either foreign currency or gasoline coupons which was an alternative viable method. Gasoline, unlike the Zimbabwean currency could still maintain its value, because it was measured in liters.

This was a very difficult period for us as a family, because foreign currency was hard to come by and the local Zimbabwean currency had to be exchanged for something else at the end of the working day. This is because the currency would lose a majority of its value the following day.

Like my family, the local Zimbabweans could not cope with such a situation on a daily basis, and a so called "black market" was set up. Locals would trade informally using the limited amount of foreign currency that they possessed and by any other means of exchange possible other than the Zimbabwean local currency.

### **Is this still the present situation in Zimbabwe?**

Thankfully not! The government of Zimbabwe finally surrendered to the pressures of the locals and the economy in April of 2009 to abandon the Zimbabwean dollar and trade using the US dollar instead. Since then, the economy of Zimbabwe has been improving, but the damage already done to the economy will perhaps take several decades to fully recover from.





*Tangent: NaNoWriMo, part 2*

*Buzz.* Only then had she noticed the phone on his desk, and the vulnerability that he expressed felt like it got worse now, though he tried to hide it; he quickly answered the phone and turned away, but Sophie could spot the him tense up with how stiffly he took the phone in his hands. Arthur Crenshaw was balking at the conversation he was having too; the voice from the phone sounded urgent, and he was tempted to simply pull it away and hang up with how he twitched. "I can't leave," he mumbled in a voice so quiet that Sophie doubted that the other person on the line heard him say say, with how loudly she could hear them yell. "I've--I've got a student here, she needed to see me, I just--I understand, I--I just needed to get my--I didn't, okay, I know I'm not but--*I have a student in the room!*"

He finally said the last sentence loudly enough, and the phone line dropped dead. He dropped his arm to his side.

"Do you want me to leave?" Sophie asked quietly. "I mean, I *could*--*I really would just like this one thing taken care of, and--*"

Turning, he started. "Sophie, listen. Whatever it is--" He glanced down at her examination in her hands now, a frown at how trivial the problem was. "--we can take care of it later. You know that, right?"

"No." Sophie replied as a backlash. "You would have disappeared, and now that you're here, it would probably more convenient for the both of us for you to just take care of this now, and I'll happily make my way out of whatever little problem you have."

*Buzz.* Arthur Crenshaw bit his lip before answering the phone again, making it a point to turn down the volume, giving the same speech as he had before, only more insistent this time: what did he want? He needed Sophie to leave, but what was so wrong with going about his business with her there? It felt like it shouldn't have made much of a difference, and if he were here at his job, surely there shouldn't be anything wrong with doing anything related that job.

A hard knock on the door startled both of them; Arthur Crenshaw dropped his phone to the ground, creating a harsh clatter against the tile. Sophie stepped back from the door immediately, and Arthur glanced at her and mouthed one word: "*Hide.*"

The only problem was, where was there to hide?

+++

The head-start he got from Greyson didn't amount to much; he turned back when he heard the click of his gun and leaped off to the side away from where Greyson aimed. The explosion seemed to have taken away much of Greyson's accuracy, but Greyson had less injury than what Arthur sustained. He kept running now, jumping at every shot he heard. At least death would be immediate if Greyson hit the right spot, although Arthur, when he came back to the school, hoped to leave the school after taking back the work he had left behind. Arthur made a fist and pressed his knuckle into the bump forming on his head, and kept running, now to the stairwell. One hand stayed on the wall for balance, and he tried his best not to stumble when his feet landed on the ground the wrong way. It was clear to Arthur now that no one else was in the hall, or else they would have screamed or called for help or something when they heard Greyson's bullets crash into the walls and floor.



The doorknob to the stairwell was the only one unlocked. His arm shook to open it, the pain in his head now clouding any cohesive thought he had about escape. He focused now on one goal and whatever plan he had to get rid of Greyson somehow wasn't as important as simply getting out of the building alive. But if the sixth floor was secluded, then the stairwell offered no hope for Arthur. It was dimmer than the hall he had been in before, but the stairwell itself was slimmer--it would make it easier for Greyson to kill him. When his feet hit the stairs, he wasn't sure if it was reassuring that he was getting somewhere or if it was paining him to hear it.

The door of the stairwell swung open with his coworker seething at the top of the staircase. Arthur was at the turn of the stairs, glancing upward to see how much distance he had. He didn't take the time to look closely at Greyson's face, clouded by the bright hallway lights behind. The shadowed outline of his gun was enough for Arthur to keep running, and when Arthur turned his head he spotted the escape into the next floor. Maybe if he went to the fifth floor and outran him there--

But there wasn't much time to be clever. Greyson had only shot him in the stairwell a few times until he tripped, crashing into the the railing and tumbling down to where the entrance to the fifth floor was.

His arm reached upwards towards the knob, but another shot missed his hand by a few inches. Arthur shouted at the pain before he saw the blood from his forearm. He bothered not to stand and dragged himself along the ground, clinging to the railing. He gritted his teeth; he hurt somewhere, but he couldn't isolate where he was hurting. He squinted and focused on his pursuer now, whom he could barely see in the light, then shut his eyes as tight as he could manage. He made figures out of the shapes he saw as a sort of distraction from his predicament, and Arthur anticipated that Greyson would slow the process to spite him even more. Arthur's hand twisted around the railing even more, focusing on how cold the metal felt.

Something clapped above him, then a clatter and a clang. There was someone else; it wasn't Greyson. She sounded nervous with every breath she took and Arthur nearly smiled at how she figured it out. Arthur looked up at where Greyson had been standing with the gun pointed at him, but the figure had been replaced with someone shorter. He watched her drop down and pick something from the ground, landing where Greyson tumbled down the stairs. Arthur tried to sit up, but he pressed his head against the metal railing. The panic left him, but his body was limp; it was becoming a challenge to stay awake now as the figure above him raced down the stairs to where he lay.

+++

She thought he was clever, and it almost made her smile. How meaningless it seemed from the beginning, and how cumbersome it must have been to move these tapes back and forth. It was the perfect way to hide what he needed to hide. But despite that, it wasn't compact at all, and Sophie ventured to guess that about half of his work was demolished by the bullets.

The computer slowed when she clicked randomly at the JPEGs and PDFs. Most of what was on the cassette tape could only be opened with programs she didn't recognize--but it wouldn't have helped to open anything else anyway. All of the pictures were his writing on the chalkboard, as if he were taking notes for a class, and a few of the PDFs were articles of people that had died. She noted that the date and the location was highlighted; he didn't pay any attention at all to *how, as if he never thought to figure out if there was a correlation with that too.*



But most of his notes thus far were mathematical terms she didn't recognize. Every now and then she would see an integrand, and she would squint her eyes to try to understand the calculation. For a secret agent, he had been in a lame position. But then again, it was only once, she figured, that he had actually done something that risked his life. Or maybe this information was so sensitive that he was always risking his life? Except that shouldn't have been too much of a problem. There were few people the university that would understand any of this, and it wasn't as if anyone from the department ever looked into it--or if they did, they found nothing. Otherwise he would have been terminated already.

*I was never sure. I always submitted my progress about solving it with the variables they wanted--but I never knew if it were any use to them. It wasn't like any homework assignment where you get a grade back.*

Sophie leaned back and thought about what he had said. How much information did he even get from whoever he worked with anyway? Clearly, it wasn't much if there was no way of making sure he was right. There was no feedback about anything he had done, except for the fact that the university had gotten themselves rid of him. Maybe the whole department knew about it, and he was being watched this whole time. Her back tensed when she realized how paranoid she was sounding, with every scenario her mind generated.

She wanted to help him now, but the pile of cassettes represented what would probably be weeks of review and definitely months of retrieval. It must have been important to him to go through all of this trouble. Sophie reached into her bag for a pencil and paper, then clicked on the trackpad to open more of the files. The only way she knew how now to help--if at all, was to open all of the files and write down whatever she understood. If she had to convince herself that there was nothing wrong with figuring out what was in the cassettes, it seemed easier to justify just making a list. A simple list. It can help. It *would* help. As meaningless as what she was doing seemed, it wasn't futile yet and maybe Arthur didn't have to leave with almost nothing.

It felt like everything could be explained in much simpler terms than this. If there was something meaningful to be said about how the world could be explained using math, there had to be something like that to be said about how none of it had to be *that* complicated. But then again, there were even more ways to make things more difficult to fathom: the only way to find the slope of the tangent line was by finding the derivative, and this concept was harder to understand when the tangent lines don't exist.



# Strike: Organized Protest at UCSD

## By: Tyler Takemoto

Still half asleep, I stumbled in the general direction of Center Hall, late (as usual) to my Wednesday morning math lecture. I was met by a battalion of protesters brandishing signs and chanting in unison as they marched toward Revelle Plaza.

Like many students, I had already heard about the strike and accompanying protest. However, I had pushed the event into the back of my mind to focus on bigger fish—namely math and chemistry midterms. But a phalanx of students and staff who are ringing cowbells and shouting at the top of their lungs is hard to ignore.

So when I returned to my dorm after my last class, glanced out the window, and saw the protesters swarming outside the Housing, Dining, and Hospitality building, I grabbed a notebook and took to Gilman Drive, determined to learn more about the movement and its purpose.

For those that are not aware, the strike and protest that took place on November 20th was not isolated to UCSD. It was staged by the University of California's largest worker's union: American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees 3299 (AFSCME 3299 for short). The 24-hour strike was coordinated across each of the University of California campuses and medical centers. A press release on the AFSCME website cited "a coordinated campaign of illegal intimidation, coercion, and threats against UC Patient Care and Service Workers" as the primary reason for the November 20<sup>th</sup> strike. According to the press release, management-level UC employees used tactics of intimidation and harassment against workers who participated in a two day walkout to protest unsafe staffing levels at the public hospitals in which they were employed.

After weaving my way to the front of the throng of protesters, I was able to speak with Imelda, an AFSCME 3299 union representative who helped organize the strike and protest at UC San Diego. She claims that the same tactics of harassment and intimidation are used by management staff at UCSD. After AFSCME 3299 announced its intent to hold the strike and protest on November 20<sup>th</sup>, supervisors confronted some UCSD employees and took down the names of those who planned to participate in the strike. Additionally, all of the UCSD graduate Teaching-Assistant staff members were given a mandatory questionnaire in which they were asked whether or not they would participate in the strike. According to Imelda, these practices exemplify the fear tactics used by university management to "prevent workers from speaking out". Imelda hopes that through the protest, "university management [was able to] see the power that the workers have."

Imelda also introduced me to Angela, the lead custodian of the university's Facilities Management Department. When I asked her to summarize the problems faced by staff at UCSD, Angela immediately cited understaffing as the chief problem. "Services are all understaffed," she said. "We need more help so that better services can be provided and safety issues can be prevented." She and her coworkers find themselves taking on more and more responsibilities as the university cuts back on staff. As a result, they must take shortcuts that negatively impact the quality of the campus and the safety of students—something that Angela refuses to accept, especially when workers are forced to endure cutbacks and students are forced to accept tuition increases. "When we clean the bathrooms," Angela said, "the supervisor only tells us to 'brush up'." Angela also claims that the tree-trimmers lack the time and manpower to remove all safety hazards. As she explained the issues, I couldn't help but recall the grimy bathrooms in Warren Lecture Hall....

To finish the article check out our full online version!  
For more information on the strike, visit <http://www.afscme3299.org>





# Join a Revelle Org!

## Revelle Community Outreach

Hey Tritons! Revelle Community Outreach is a community service organization dedicated to providing fun and interactive volunteer opportunities for Revelle students. Through involvement in the organization, members benefit from providing humanitarian services, leadership opportunities, mentor/mentee interaction and long lasting friendships.

Please join us for our first meeting in Winter Quarter which is TBA, and keep yourself updated by emailing [revelleco@ucsd.edu](mailto:revelleco@ucsd.edu) or by joining our Facebook group at: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/112879615434864/>

# Theme Contest

Theme: **Change**

Submit your printable media (photography, words, drawings, etc) by **Sunday, January 21st** to [revellations.revelle@gmail.com](mailto:revellations.revelle@gmail.com). Winners will receive a prize as well as have their work featured in Revellations!



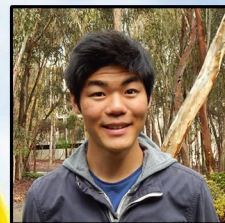
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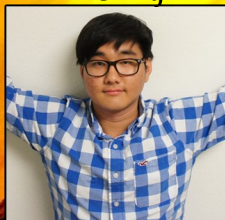


Tyler



Jinky

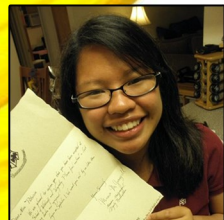
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**Valentine's Day**

**Video Games**

**A Travel Through Taste**

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**Russell's "Hustle": A Dive into Desire**

**Humanities: First Impressions**

**Welcome, Provost Paul Yu!**

**International Championship  
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**2014  
Winter  
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**Check out the full version at:  
<http://revellations.ucsd.edu>**



# WELCOME, PROVOST PAUL YU!

BY: AUSTIN BACONG

As you may or may not know, the search for a new Provost for Revelle College had taken place for some time since the stepping down of former Provost Don Wayne in Spring Quarter of last year. During the entire selection process, former provost of Eleanor Roosevelt College Ann Craig served as Revelle's Interim Provost. Now, effective January 20<sup>th</sup>, 2014, Professor Paul Yu of UCSD's Computer Engineering Department will become Revelle College's new Provost.

Professor Yu is very decorated from his numerous accolades over the entirety of his career. He completed his doctoral program at Caltech and has been a part of the Revelle Community since 1983. Regarding his research and study, Paul Yu has worked to enhance fiber optic network performance via the development of various optoelectronic and electronic devices. Additionally, alternative work on advanced semiconductor materials and components have contributed to advancements in higher digital fiber-optic transmission data rates.

Professor Yu's work is not only limited to academics. Within the UCSD community, Paul Yu has carried out the position of both Vice-Chair and Department Chair for Electrical and Computer Engineering, spanning the years of 2002-2007. He chaired the Faculty Equity Advisory Committee between 2007 and 2012. On top of the above listed, Professor Yu has also served as the Associate Vice Chancellor for Research Initiatives, working within the University level and abroad. While his accomplishments go on and on, a final note pertinent to some UCSD students is his launching of the URP (Undergraduate Research Portal) for students seeking research and internship opportunities.



Professor Paul Yu has been a part of the Revelle College community since 1983. He has published over 100 papers in the area of photonics and has been recognized with numerous distinctions throughout the course of his career.

From a letter sent out from Suresh Subramani, Executive Vice Chancellor of Academic Affairs, "I am delighted that [Paul] has accepted this important and challenging leadership position, and ask that you join me in offering him best wishes and support in his new role". As a student who has worked closely with Professor Yu in the Executive Committee of the Faculty of Revelle College, I am confident in Professor Yu's abilities. From my latest meeting with him, Professor Yu expressed his gratitude to the committee, stating "Together, we will make progress."





## The Closest Real Life Can Get to Pitch Perfect

By: Johanna Wu

When I first saw the flyer for the quarterfinal round of the International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella (ICCA), aka the competitions that the Barden Bellas and the Treblemakers competed in in the movie *Pitch Perfect*, I just knew that I had to attend it.

The top two winning groups of this round, which was hosted by UCSD's Tritones, will advance to semifinals and then the international finals in New York City. The ICCA tournament took place on January 18<sup>th</sup> in Mandeville Auditorium, and the room was filled to its capacity, with tons of audience members standing in the aisles; over three hundred people were turned away because of the limited seating.

The competitors for the night were University of Southern California's Asli Baat, a South Asian performance group, UC Riverside's Not So Sharp, Brigham Young University's all-female Noteworthy, and three groups from UCSD: The Beat, the all-female Daughters of Triton, and the all-male Frequency.

There was definitely a wide variety of performances, from Frequency's fun mash up of Pokémon and Miley Cyrus' Wrecking Ball, to the Beat's soulful cover of Alicia Keys's Falling, to Noteworthy's cover of One Republic's Feel Again. Having listened to covers from *Glee*, *Pitch Perfect*, and Pentatonix, I fool-

ishly thought I knew what to expect from the competitors, but I was actually blown away by everyone's performances that night; live performances, while not always perfect, have a different ambience compared to watching or listening to something through a phone or computer. I couldn't even tell my friends which group I liked the most because everyone sang at least one song I really enjoyed. And then there was the beat boxing...

I personally thought that the female beat boxer from Asli Baat rightfully deserved her award for best beat boxer, but everyone was certainly spectacular. There were so many times while listening to everyone singing that I would suddenly remember that I was at an A cappella concert, and that the low bass and solid percussion were actually being done by people's mouths.

Although the Tritones could not compete because they were hosting the event, they actually sang the most songs out of everyone; they were the opening act, and were also the filling act while we were waiting for the judges' result, and they certainly kept the crowd entertained with fun renditions like the tune from Folger Coffee's commercial.

After the Tritones' last song, it was announced that the Daughters of Tritons and BYU's Noteworthy were third and second place respectively, and that UCSD's the Beat was first place. Both the Beat and Noteworthy will advance to the semifinal round, where they will compete for Regional Championships. One of my favorite moments from the concert was just seeing the reactions of the members in the Beat; their happiness was palpable. I can only imagine how much time and work everyone has dedicated, and to see that it paid off for the Beat was very special and heartwarming. So best of luck to the Beat, and I hope that they do well in the semifinals!





## *Hum 1: First impressions*

### *By: Tyler Jakemoto*

It's the one thing that all incoming freshman hear about when they land in Revelle College—the 24-unit 5-course series that will define our existence for the next few years.

Yes, I'm talking about Humanities.

For those not in the know (seriously, do you live under a rock?) the Humanities sequence is one of Revelle College's numerous General Education requirements. The Humanities courses are writing intensive and synthesize elements of history, philosophy, and literature to give us a well-rounded and interdisciplinary background.

Like most first-years in Revelle, I am currently enrolled in Hum 1: The Foundations of Western Civilization. Before enrolling in the course, I had already heard many things about the Humanities sequence. From upperclassmen describing it as “death” to educators describing it as “wonderful” (I've begun to suspect the two words are synonymous), everyone seemed to have a different perspective.

Two weeks into Dr. Cox's Hum 1 class, I still don't think I've formed much of a personal opinion. So far, we've finished reading the *Odyssey* and submitted our first essays. While the amount of reading seemed to daunt some of my peers, I think we can all agree that it was manageable. The essay was ungraded, so our stress levels and caffeine-to-blood ratios stayed fairly low. Overall, it seemed quite ordinary, especially for someone who took both AP English and AP Literature in high school.

After a bit of contemplation, I decided that this perceived normality could mean one of two things:

1. The “normality” is simply the calm before the storm. I am grossly underestimating Hum 1 and all hell is going to break loose as the quarter progresses.
2. Hum classes actually aren't that tough. When upperclassmen lament the existence of the Hum series, they're just trying to scare us and/or they're only really upset about the fact that the series is so freaking long and takes up so many units.

Whichever turns out to be the case, I think I'll just follow a wait-and-see approach. You'll be hearing from me again toward the end of the quarter. Try not to smile too smugly when my follow-up article is about my new-found coffee addiction and my periodic trips to a psychological trauma facility.

Until then, I need to get caught up on my Bible reading. Wish me luck.





## VIDEO GAMES at UCSD

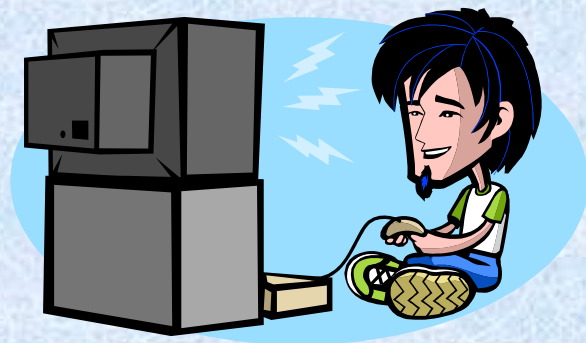
**BY: Punit Patel**

I'm sure a majority of students at UCSD have had some video gaming experience either growing up as kids or now as teens and adults, and this activity seems to be prevalent amongst many UCSD college students living in the resident halls.

**Why not?** Its an easy stress-reliever and a convenient way to bond with fellow suite mates and friends, while simultaneously enjoying the experience of gaming. I think this is a plausible explanation for why most of us at UCSD play video games. But a lot of us (including me) sometimes seem to forget about our sense of time while playing games. 1 hour becomes 2, 2 hours become 3 and this may go on for several hours at a time. This is the biggest drawback of video-gaming in college, as you tend to lose your sense of responsibility, and valuable time is wasted which could be spent doing something more productive.

**But are there any advantages of video gaming?** Fortunately, my answer to this question is yes. Research conducted by professors have shown that there are in fact several advantages of video-gaming. Campaign games such as "World of Warcraft" enable students to "delegate responsibility, promote teamwork and steer groups of people toward a common goal". Dr. Kornel from WebMD.com also supports the idea that certain games can improve hand-eye coordination, reaction times and even boost auditory perception. Surprisingly, a study published in the 'Archives of surgery' has also found advantages of video-gaming in the medical field. Surgeons who play video games performed better in carrying out laparoscopic surgery<sup>1</sup>.

So we notice that there are several benefits that video games can bring to college students, so it would be unreasonable to ask students to completely stop playing video games at UCSD. However, having said that, I think it is our responsibility as college students to manage our time wisely while at college and set ourselves limits as to how much time we should allow ourselves to play video games. Its needless to say that you don't want to sacrifice getting good grades, for playing video games.



<sup>1</sup> Scott Steinberg, The benefits of Video games,  
<http://abcnews.go.com/blogs/technology/2011/12/the-benefits-of-video-games/>, 01/13/14



## Winter Break: A Travel Through Taste

### By: Sheng Lim

What does it mean to travel? Is it to see different sights, meet new people, or, be immersed in another culture? Over the winter, my travels brought me to North Carolina, Maryland and New York. And, when I close my eyes, my recollections are highly gustatory.

I was introduced to 'Bojangles', a Southeastern fast food chain in North Carolina. They served buttermilk biscuits: crispy on the outside and fluffy on the inside. It tasted like the dream child of bread and biscuit. Next, a hidden jewel within Biltmore Village, 'Figs' restaurant served amazing cheese quiche, made of Gruyere, Emmental Swiss and White Cheddar. It was light and fluff hence pleasing to the taste buds. And last, nothing warmed my heart more than my friend's home-cooked ABC soup, a typical Chinese Malaysian dish. The taste of carrots, potatoes, radishes infused in the pork ribs broth reminded me too much of home.

When I first arrived in Maryland, my host surprised me with *Hokkien Mee*; a kind of Malaysian Chinese noodles drenched in a spicy, prawn based soup. It's the kind of street food that is hard to duplicate. Throughout the week, my host kept surprising me with one kind of Malaysian meal after another. I felt humbled that even so far away from home, I could taste these familiar flavours. To me, Maryland gave me a taste of home. The neighbourhood, people and landscape were altogether pleasant. It was a place I would consider settling down in the future. Besides our home-cooked Malaysian meal, on an extremely cold and windy day, my travel buddy and I had savoury crepes from a food truck. It was heavenly biting into the layers of crepe intermingling with the spinach, tomatoes and chicken as we headed towards The Capitol.

Lastly, New York City tasted like heaven. I made it a goal to hunt for good Panna Cotta, an Italian dessert. I first had it at an Italian restaurant called Aurora. It was simply the best I've had in my life. The pudding-like dessert was light and thick at the same time and the berry sauce complemented the vanilla flavour. On the same day at Eataly, an Italian food market, I had the dessert again. Though, it was lighter and drenched in vanilla and liquor. My food adventures also brought me to Chinatown where I had some much-craved dumplings. Every day, my ventures in the city were punctuated with the wonderful meals I had in between. Truly, NYC was a city of dreams, dreams that I am perfectly capable of shaping. That was what I liked about the city; the opportunity. From catching the Nutcracker by the New York City Ballet to cruising towards Liberty Island to catch a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty.

I have left behind a trail of flavours surrounding the different sights of NC, MA and NY and shared between old and new faces. Perhaps, when I revisit these places, I would walk down a similar trail or create new ones. Lastly, in response to others, I can't decide which city I liked best, they each had their own unique flavours. Like the Panna Cottas I had, the taste in them, I can only find in the specific places I went. Similarly, I can't find a New York City in downtown San Diego.





## *Valentine's Day*

### *By: Johanna Wu*

Valentine's Day, or for my fellow single readers, Singles Awareness Day, is upon us once again, evident with all the decorations that pop up immediately after Christmas.

Named after Saint Valentine, Valentine's Day's origin is a little bit unclear, though the stories all regard Valentine as a heroic and romantic figure. One legend claims that Valentine was a priest who continued performing marriages for young couples despite an edict outlawing marriage for young men, and another legend claims that Valentine liberated Christians from Roman prisons. Some even say that the tradition started from when Valentine himself wrote a love letter to his jailor's daughter, and signed it "from your Valentine".

Though not an official holiday, Valentine's Day is celebrated in many countries around the world, from the Americas to Europe to Asia. The United States tradition, which most countries follow, usually involves the males giving the females sweets like chocolate and flowers, whereas in Japan, the tradition is the opposite: the females give their male coworkers chocolate. It is expected that a month later, on March 14, also known as "White Day," Japanese males are then supposed to return the favor with gifts that are two to three times the value of what they received, because giving a gift of equal value implies that they want to cut off ties with their coworkers. Unsurprisingly, Valentine's Day and White day account for half the annual profit for Japanese chocolate companies.

Similar to Japan, South Korea, women give chocolate on Valentine's Day and the males reciprocate on White Day. The South Koreans, however, have another tradition on April 14<sup>th</sup>, also known as "Black Day," in which people who did not receive anything on either the 14<sup>th</sup> of February or March go to a restaurant and eat *jajangmyeon* (black noodles) to mourn their single lives.

I am pretty sure this is my cynical single self talking, but why limit your appreciation for your loved ones to one day when you could be doing the same thing for the other 364 days? Despite its history, Valentine's Day has become a Hallmark holiday, meaning that its sole existence

is more for commercial purposes than for actual significance. After all, Valentine's Day is the second largest card-sending holiday of the year, according to the Greeting Card Association. And even if I celebrated Valentine's Day, I would prefer the tradition in Finland and Estonia, where Valentine's Day is more about remembering your friends instead of only your significant others.

So if you are single (or not) like me, do not mope about or eat *jajangmyeon*, and either treat Valentine's day as an ordinary day, or use it as an opportunity to tell everyone how much you appreciate having them in your life! And if you have a boyfriend or girlfriend...good for you.







## ***Bring on the Rain***

### ***By: Stella Raedecker***

#### There's Actually a Drought Going On

Yes, it has been unusually warm this winter here in So-Cal, for those of you who may be new to the area. I mean, in January, it's usually a little... cold. It drops down to the 50's and 60's or maybe even the 30's and 40's, the Californian equivalent of some kind of massive blizzard. So what is happening? Is the sun god smiling in anticipation for his concert series? Is it the apocalypse? Or, as a less unlikely explanation, global warming?

But here is what we do know- there is actually a drought going on. Did everyone know this? Governor Brown declared a state of emergency on January 17th.

"State of emergency?" I thought "beach weather" was a more accurate description. I mean, I've been enjoying this. I don't like the cold, humidity, or having to wear big poofy jackets. This has been a good month for me. I mean sure, rainy weather may be a little more conducive to reading large chunks of the Good Book for humanities class, but you can't have your cake and eat it too. And who wants to drive in the rain anyway? I'm pretty sure I don't remember how it's done.

But, it's no picnic for everyone. My dad, a California native, declared, "I'm pretty sure this is the hottest [and driest] year that anyone remembers." So there you have it, it's pretty darn dry out there. A long and destructive fire season is looming. On January 16th, the "Colby Fire" began in the hills of Glendora, and it has claimed five homes. Besides the fire danger, the drought presents a number of other problems: water shortages, crop yield decreases, and yes, rising food prices may be in the future.

How did all this even happen? How can such nice weather have such serious consequences. I can't believe I'm saying this- bring on the rain.





## Russell's "Hustle": A Dive into Desire

By: Johan Sevilla



Boasting a 93% on the Tomatometer, a 7.7/10 rating on IMDB, and 10 Oscar nominations, David O. Russell's *American Hustle* will surely take home a shiny trophy or two. But let's face it, do we really care about what a movie receives, be it ratings or awards? (Not really...hopefully) We care about what it gives; and from brilliant costuming to astute social commentary, *American Hustle* gives us a lot.

*Hustle* dramatizes an actual sting operation (deceptive ploy to catch criminals red-handed) that took place in the late 70's and early 80's. Irving Rosenfield (Christian Bale) and Sydney Prosser (Amy Adams) are con artists who are caught by Richie Dimasio (Bradley Cooper), an FBI agent. Richie forces the two to devise an elaborate plan to expose greedy and corrupt politicians. However, lucrative transactions and interpersonal business and love relationships get messy in the set up and execution of the con artists' elaborate scheme. As the plot unfolds, so does the exposition of human desire.

Although the characters in this film are difficult to hate, they are equally difficult to love, which is a problem. Despite the fancy costumes, crazy hair styles, and tastefully satirical portrayals of the time period, the movie lacks emotion. Although the audience can care about the characters, it seems that David O. Russell cared about them a bit too much: for the duration of the film, the characters never really seemed to be in danger. The stakes were never very high for very long, and the conflicts in the movie were resolved too smoothly to be emotionally moving. To me, the beauty of this film lies more in the insights and reflections of humanity, rather than the momentum and excitement of the plot.

The story is driven by each character's greed and manipulation, and as such, it highlights the values that dominate the financial and political giants that run this country. *American Hustle* is a jab at the American Dream. It is a criticism of the relentless pursuit for fame, riches, and power

that has consumed the upper echelons of American society. It satirizes the American practice of maintaining a beautiful exterior to hide the ugly motives within. *Hustle* explores the intersection of human morality and ambition, and leaves us with a bitter observation: to get what you want in America, you need to "hustle", to act quickly and deceptively, to do whatever it takes to amass wealth or recognition, even if it entails the destruction of trust and relationships. If there is a lesson to this movie, it is that the reckless intensity of our desires will produce equally chaotic consequences. Just as the flashy hair styles and classy costumes clothe the vices of each character, the caricatures brought out by each compelling performance wrap up a pessimistic undertone and analysis of human nature. The result is a smart, entertaining, and thought provoking movie worth watching twice.





# Join a Revelle organization!

## Revelle Transfer Student Network

RTSN (Revelle Transfer Student Network) is a Revelle College student organization founded on the principle that a typical transfer student's college experience is different than those that came in as freshmen. RTSN provide networking opportunities to meet other Revelle transfer students and the general UCSD population. Come join the meetings to meet friends, eat candy and have fun! Winter 2014 meetings: Friday at 1:00pm in the Revelle Administration building For more information, contact reo-intern@ucsd.edu

## Why I Write

By: *Kyra Hendrickson*

When people ask me why I write poetry  
I can never give them a good reason  
Perhaps it is because

I find inspiration  
In a passing breeze  
In the conversations of strangers

I see hope  
In the dawn of a new day  
In the rain drops on leaves

I get lost  
In the absence of time  
In a fleeting moment

I don't write my poems

The poems are already written  
In the colors of a sunset  
On the faces of my friends  
In the continuous rhythmic universal breath that is life

I merely put words on a page

## STAFF



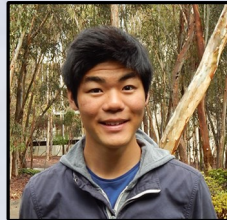
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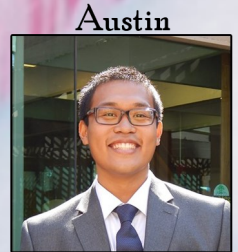
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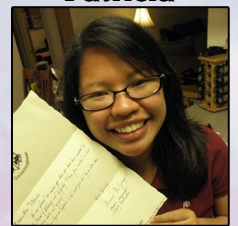
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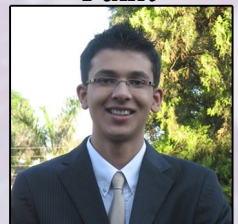
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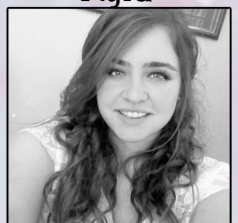
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Patricia



Punit



Kyra



Kenny

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# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UC SAN DIEGO

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Winter  
Quarter  
Issue 2**

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A Calculus Problem

Are You in the Right

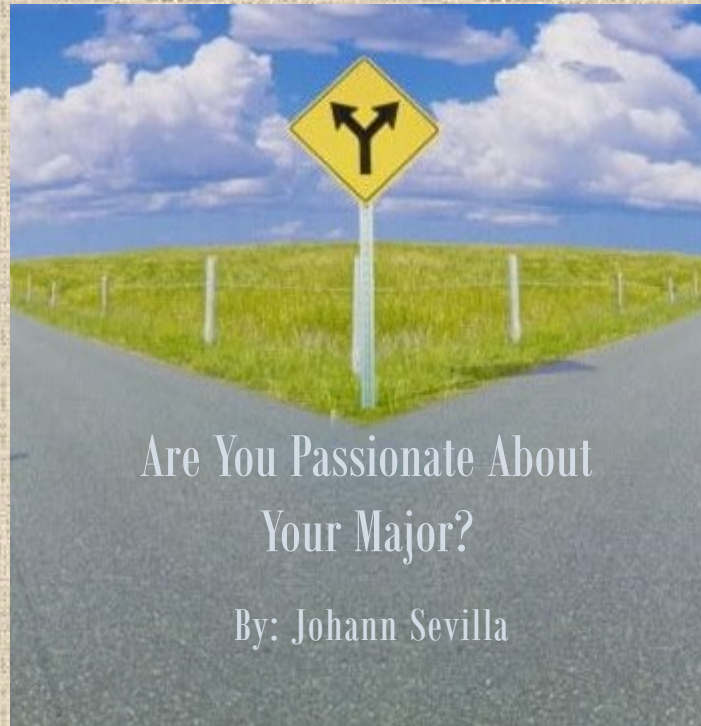
The Next Muhammad Ali

Major?

Oh the Humanities: Essays and Sorrows

**Check out the full version at:  
<http://revelations.ucsd.edu>**





## Are You Passionate About Your Major?

By: Johann Sevilla

Lately, I've been pondering my life, reconsidering my long term goals, and trying to understand my not-so-clear motivations for being in school. As a sophomore majoring in Computer Science, I find myself in a very uncertain position that I'm sure many other students can relate to.

When I look behind me, I see a growing pile of conquered general education requirements. I think back to the sociology readings I started but never cared to finish, the chemistry lectures I tried so hard to stay awake in, the math classes that moved a bit faster than I could, and of course, the Hum papers that I frantically willed into existence the night before.

Now, I look ahead and see myself at the foot of a mountain, my CS diploma at the top, fluttering in the wind. And as I begin the climb up these upper division CS courses, I cannot help but wonder if I am climbing the right mountain.

I discovered programming the summer before coming to UCSD, and chose computer science as a major because I liked it more than any other academic topic. I was (and still am) fascinated by the idea of creating something out of nothing with only a computer. Although I cannot see myself studying any other major, meeting so many other CS majors who have programmed in their past has made me realize that I lack their passion for computer science. This makes me

second guess whether or not I am in the right major, and the profound depth of my own uncertainty troubles me greatly. I know I am still learning and discovering and haven't had the time to develop a passion for CS, but I cannot help but fear that in the thick of all my courses, I will think "Man, I don't enjoy this at all... is it really worth it?"

To commit yourself to one academic topic without recognizing it as your passion is extremely terrifying.

The aspirations and motivations of the typical college student are often too unstable and complex to pigeonhole into a single major. What can one do when the rigid structure of a college major does not fit his or her erratically moving interests and goals? Although I know that working hard no matter what I do is the smartest option, a little more clarity or direction would be comforting in such an intense academic environment.

What I've written about is very personal, but I believe that explaining my internal struggle and perspective is important because so many other students are in similar positions. I am still learning, aspiring, and planning. If you can relate to this uncertainty, understand that you are not alone, and that even though you don't have the slightest clue as to what your future holds, you must persist. I feel our future selves will be thankful that we did.



## *A Calculus Problem*

*By: Stella Raedeker*

My junior year of high school, I miraculously survived pre-calculus with a little help from a smart friend. After that, I decided to give up on math, against the desperate pleading of my college counsellors. "I'm going to major in English" I foolishly explained to them. I imagined wiling away my college days in creative bliss, spending my free time writing under a shady tree. Perhaps I would be surrounded by some artsy-fartsy friends who would be playing acoustic guitar and ranting about the commercialization of something or another.

I couldn't have been more wrong. I was placed in Revelle, which, as we all know, has a basic calculus requirement. And, as if that wasn't enough for me, I changed my major to economics (which involves calculus) and declared an accounting minor. I know. I must be out of my mind.

Somewhat contrary to my expectations, it was easy enough in the beginning. I remember thinking to myself "Wow, maybe I should be in 20A," as we were reviewing how to find the slope of a line on the first day of class. But then, they started asking me about a limit as  $h$  goes to 0. It all went downhill from there. I'm *still* not so sure about  $h$ ... but I think I reached my limit a long time ago. Needless to say, I'm very glad I stuck with 10A.

Nowadays, I just don't have much time to question much of anything, including the Revelle GE requirements or my major. It seems like I'm always in the calc tutoring lab or walking to the calc tutoring lab. I can't even find the time to study math. Studying requires some basic understanding. I usually just stare at things until my eyes get tired.

Fear not, all my right-brained friends. You are certainly not alone. Although it may seem like it, you are not the only one in UCSD who can't use chain rule in your sleep. Take my advice, and don't give up. Go to the basement of AP&M, don't be afraid of it because it's a basement (but don't use the elevator, it's a waste of your time). Raise your hand and eventually you will be helped. It may take ten minutes, maybe ten hours... you may have to wait there so long that your test will be over by the time someone comes to you, but it will all be worth it eventually. I do believe that if we keep on, we will eventually understand, and maybe even be able to apply it to practical things. It's a possibility.

Yet even if we never learn, still there is hope. There will come a day when we won't need to take calculus anymore. There will come a day when we can freely congregate on the lawns of this great university, to talk about our feelings without fear in our hearts of the next math midterm. There may even come a day when we can look back on this struggle fondly. But until that day comes, we must endure with courageous hearts.



# **The Next Muhammad Ali, But Not Really**

## **By: Johanna Wu**

I am proud to say that I actually followed through with one of my New Year's resolutions this year, which was to take boxing classes. For inexplicable reasons, I have always been curious about the sport, and thus made trying it one of my bucket list entries. It wasn't until I was notified about an attack on campus, however, that I felt compelled enough to act upon my desire to learn. The thought of not knowing any self-defense made me feel helpless, and so I tried to amend that.

As an avid athlete who threw shot put and discus for three years in track and field, I foolishly thought that I would be somewhat prepared for my first day of boxing. But anyone who has been on a sports team knows that the beginning of a season, typically known as "hell week" is when people are weeded out via horrific activities such as bleachers and circuits. Boxing was no different. After my first two sessions, which were filled with many mountain climbers and squats, there was soreness in parts of my body that I didn't even know could be sore.

But like other sports, it got easier as the "season" progressed. I learned how to throw jabs and hooks and how to block my opponents' attacks. And before I knew it, I was applying the moves I learned to sparring with my fellow classmates, mouth guard, head gear and all. Boxing became an outlet for the stress that would accumulate during the week. If someone or something frustrated me, I would take it out on the punching bag until I was too exhausted to think about it. I didn't really realize until the last week of boxing how much I looked forward to the biweekly classes; it truly became the highlight of my winter quarter. The instructor was encouraging and clever, somehow managing to trick us into longer and longer workouts as the class progressed. I became friends with my fellow boxers despite having to hit them during sparring. But most importantly, I now feel more empowered and physically capable of defending myself.

To anyone who wants to try something new...what's stopping you? There are so many classes available at a discounted price to UCSD students, so take advantage of it at the UCSD recreation page! Whatever your reasoning is for trying, embrace it and hone it into something that could potentially become a new passion. Although I was ambivalent and thought I was going to die from exhaustion during the first week of boxing, I have actually come to enjoy the sport and all its physical and emotional benefits. Plus I like the awed looks of respect when I tell people that I take boxing classes. I hope to see some of y'all in the boxing room next quarter!



## Oh the Humanities ~ Essays and Sorrows

### By: Patricia Tam

Most people think Revelle, especially Revelle students themselves, has the most arduous and difficult writing sequence, but I wholeheartedly think that five courses of Humanities just makes us the best college. In no other college will you be exposed to mind-opening works, which one can only appreciate after they're nearly finished with the sequence. No other college will challenge you half as much as Revelle does--and it transforms us into stronger students for being able to handle so much more than most other colleges.

I only have one more? What will life be like when I don't have actual *works to read*?

Despite the essays, there's a lot to be learned about the Humanities. A reason one may begin to appreciate them is because they become more and more applicable to life. The Humanities only matter when you make it matter, and to me there are a few things that I've come to realize about them. While students have their complaints, this is not going to address the logistics the Humanities sequence has in place, for most students are well aware of them already; rather, this will be a personal anecdote based upon my own experiences with the Humanities.

I'm currently taking HUM 4 this quarter, but my first author to discuss will be Montaigne from HUM 3. Perhaps I may have read Montaigne at the wrong time, but I don't like his style. I expressed this earlier over coffee with my current Humanities professor, Antony Lyon. I could hardly care about Cannibals or Coaches. I understand that it was his style to go from one point to another and discuss both seemingly meaningless ideas and particularly serious issues. As the father of modern skepticism, he was very influential in writing things that are open to interpretation.

However, I feel like I need to read *Essays* again at some point, because I find myself writing more and more drafts that have more questions by the time I finish writing than answers. I *feel* resolved when I finish expressing myself in writing, but I could hardly say that whatever internal conflict I'm dealing with is actually completely done with. If only it were that easy, and perhaps that's the point of Montaigne: it's not. Cannibals will remain cannibals, but to think of them as less civilized than you are? You can't possibly answer yes to that without a few qualms.

My personal writing style is like Montaigne then, I suppose—but it is worth noting that I dislike Montaigne, and my favorite Humanities work that I've read so far is *The Sorrows of Young Werther* by Goethe. I like this work because it bothers me. It bothers me. That's what I define as a good book. It makes me upset and gets a reaction out of me. Long story short, Werther suffers from being unable to cope without his love, Lotte, and resolves to kill himself. Perhaps what I thought was the most appalling about the novel was the fact that I was able to sympathize with Werther's troubles--only to be unable to do anything to save him.

Even if most cannot feel Werther's emotions to their extremes, Goethe's purpose in writing Werther cannot be ignored. He writes in an attempt to understand himself, much like I do, but I

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make sure to note the difference between me and his protagonist: Werther is just so hell bent on Lotte that Lotte is his only answer. There's no deviation from it, no questioning, no ambiguity. Maybe that's why it makes me a little angry; I want to change his answers, but I know I can't.

While Montaigne cares about the issues of society in *Essays*, the only issues *I* care about are myself. While Goethe writes Werther to parse his own experiences, my answers will never be quite so definite as he put it in *The Sorrows of Young Werther*.

In high school, we were forced to write about author after author after author. We were forced to analyze syntax, diction, and theme, and required to write stories and poems. I've experienced nearly the same things in high school and college: there's work, emotions, and drama involved. And I liked Calculus and Physics. But never did I ever find out who I really was in high school despite all of that work in the classroom.

This is Patricia. Patricia questions like Montaigne but analyzes like Goethe. I think I'm an interesting mix: I write about *my* issues but I can never quite get the answers.

Never quite getting the answers is one of the issues that people tend to have with the Humanities, according to Professor Lyon—and that's one of the most important tenets of the Humanities, which is that they're not *selling* you anything. You have to decide what you believe, and it's actually *difficult* to do that. It's what I've come to appreciate about the Humanities. No college is as cool as the one with the scary Humanities series, the one that takes forever and makes you read and forces you to think. It makes me question what the point of the other writing sequences are anyway, other than to make you write.

But in my opinion, if this is the message they're trying to sell me, then I'm still not sold: there's something a lot more than just thinking for yourself involved with the Humanities. There's also a considerable amount of *discovering* yourself along the way that people tend not to recognize. For me it was this interesting epiphany over coffee, but being exposed to things you wouldn't think of reading opens up parts of you that you probably didn't know existed, or maybe made you think in a way that was a slight turn from how you usually do. For me, that's why the Humanities is so important. The basic question that the courses return to is "What makes you human?"

Essay after essay and sorrow after sorrow, one could eventually find the answer to this question with enough evidence. But what matters more is knowing that there is no right answer to that, and I think I've found mine.



## The Three Unforgettable Lessons From a Stranger I Met on a Plane By:

*'How are you?'*

Says the man sitting beside me in the plane from Salt Lake City to San Diego. 'How am I?' I reiterated the question in my head as frustration swelled up within me. I stuck out my forefinger and said, 'Let's see, I've been airborne and stuck in the confinements of an airport since 6.30 in the morning, I'm sleep deprived, and I have a Hum essay due when I get back to my college.' Well, that all happened in my head. On the outside, I put up a smile and said I was amazing. Hoping that he would leave it at just that, I went back to daydreaming, enjoying whatever time I had left before I have to face that much-dreaded essay.

*'Do you live in San Diego?'*

My insides cringe. Now was not the time for small talk. Ten minutes into our conversation, and I found myself describing why and how I came to study in the U.S. This stranger was really curious about the process it took to come here as an international student. And so, I obligingly let him know how much of a pain it was, what with the SATs, the lack of resources, academic differences and so on.

The man now tucked his iPad away and faced me; he told me that I was a lucky girl. He then put his hand out as if about to give a speech, and went on to define what he meant by luck. Luck, in his opinion, is when opportunity meets responsibility. He told me that I was given the opportunity to come here but the reason I am here now is because I am responsible. My heart leaped in wonder as he had translated my frustration into an honorable responsibility. This man made me realize that I worked hard to be here. He made me realize that now that I'm living this opportunity, I should be blessed and geared to work hard. He reminded me of why I came here in the first place, and why I worked so hard to insist that I come to UCSD.

I wanted a good education.

It was as simple as that and it is surprising how something so simple could be easily forgotten. It is too easy to let the fast paced quarter system, the hum essay deadlines and the mid-terms cloud my drive and passion. Above all else, it is too easy to miss my home, the comfort of my bed and the company of my old friends.

I began to open up to this wise stranger, and I learned that he is a retired businessman who has a vast array of hobbies; wine collecting and travelling are among them. He spoke with enthusiasm as he explained his most recent adventure in South East Asia. He chuckled when I asked how he is able to live such a fulfilling lifestyle and replied with a single word,

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*'Health.'*

The first thing that came to my mind was the stress I put my body under when faced with college work and the Oreos that I binge on during midnight crunch sessions. I was wrecked with guilt at that point and mentally promised myself that I'd be kinder to my body.

When we were about to land, the old man addressed me again and asked if he could have the pleasure of knowing my name. I was both astonished and complimented by his wish. In requesting my name, he has shown his humility in being kind and attentive to someone who is generations behinds him. I felt humbled to be able to stand on the same ground as someone so established and wise. I shook his hand and felt some of his wisdom bestowed upon me.

Back home, as I sit in my hobbit hole (what I like to call my living space as I live in a triple-meant-to-be-double room), I smiled at this unexpected encounter. I secretly thanked the seemingly unfortunate event of a delayed plane ride that led to such a short and sweet conversation.

I am lucky. I worked hard to be here. Now, I'll work harder to stay here.





## *Shakespeare, Monkeys, and Pokemon - A Theorem Based Assertion*

### *Applied to Popular Culture*

By: Austin Bacong

It would be a fallacy to state that there does not exist a college student who has not read or heard of the popular works by Shakespeare. Several of us are familiar with the tragedies of *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Macbeth*, to the comedies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest*. While there is much to be learned and honored about the esteemed Englishman, I would venture to say many of you would not be able to see how Shakespeare, monkeys, and Pokemon could ever possibly be related. But I'll explain.

Have you ever heard of the Infinite Monkey Theorem? It deals with the interaction of individuals in society and their ability to make progress. First coined as a metaphor by Emile Borel in 1913, it later took storm to popular culture and the Internet, expanding on the theory with the assertion that "... if an infinite number of monkeys were left to bang on an infinite number of typewriters, sooner or later they would accidentally reproduce the complete works of William Shakespeare (or even just one of his sonnets)." Though the odds of such an occurrence appear astronomical with a seemingly better chance of winning the lottery, getting struck by lightning, or becoming the President of the United States, the Infinite Monkey Theorem found its place in the hearts of many as a 'chuckle' to such a grand speculation. Now, this is where Pokemon comes in.

Could you believe of such a thought experiment ever finding success? If you cannot wrap your mind around it, you may want to reconsider and give it a second chance with its applications to an online revival play-through of the original Gameboy Pokemon Red. If you are unfamiliar with Pokemon, it is a role-playing game (RPG) where you, with the help of creatures that are either fantastic or spin-offs of real animals, beat the game by becoming the top Pokemon Trainer; a side quest of the game is fulfilling the research of a Pokemon Professor (who allowed your journey to start) by obtaining data/descriptions on all the Pokemon in the game in an electronic journal known as the Pokedex. While an RPG is meant to be played by one person, TwitchPlaysPokemon puts the Infinite Monkey Theorem to the test, bringing tens of thousands (average sixty to one hundred thousand) of players together online an attempt to beat the game by inputting one command at a time into a chat-box (left, right, start, a, b).

Though it would seem impossible to make progress with such conditions, the non-believers and speculative audience can be put to rest. Airing in the middle of February, though much despair was experienced with people unable to agree on a specific course of action, after 16 days, 7hours, and 45 minutes, players beat the game by defeating the Elite Four and Champion, signifying a moment of triumph. Whether or not the efforts of tens of thousands of people confirm the Infinite Monkey Theorem on some level, TwitchPlaysPokemon proved a format allowing sheer numbers of people interacting in various ways on a single-input based system can come together and make progress. And the journey continues with TwitchPlaysPokemon's next installment of their online playthrough of the next generation of Pokemon: Gold, Silver, and Crystal Versions!

To see a recap of their journey, visit: <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Recap/TwitchPlaysPokemonRed>

To see TwitchPlaysPokemon live, visit:  
<http://www.twitch.tv/twitchplayspokemon>



## Humanities 1: Current Thoughts



By: Tyler Takemoto

Back in Week 3, I wrote an article listing my first impressions about Hum 1. To summarize, I came to the conclusion that the class did not seem too challenging and that I was curious as to why so many upperclassmen complain about it.

Now as we head into Week 8, I have had to change my point of view.

In the past, I have enjoyed classes like AP English and AP Literature. Refining my writing skills, becoming a more critical reader, and expanding my horizons with new ideas are all worthy pursuits that we explored in those classes. The purpose of Hum 1 is very similar. While providing a strong background in reading and writing, it seeks to lead us through an exploration of history and philosophy throughout the Western Cultural Tradition in Ancient Greece and Israel.

My professor and TA for Hum 1 are both phenomenal—they promote intellectual discussion about the material and help us tie important concepts from the readings to contemporary ideas that shape modern society. The readings are very long and sometimes uninteresting, but there is no question of their value in light of their historical and cultural significance.

But instead of focusing on my own experience with Hum 1, I want to discuss the Humanities program as a whole.

My biggest problem with the Humanities sequence is the grading system. While my views may seem shallow, I think I bring up a very valid and widespread concern when I say that grades matter. The Humanities sequence consists of 24 units spanning five quarters of our undergraduate education. For those of us aiming for graduate or pre-professional school, prestigious honors pro-

grams, and employment in top-level positions, a high GPA is very important. Especially early in our undergraduate careers when we have yet to accrue many units, a lower-than-optimal grade in a six unit course can break our chances at landing that coveted summer internship or lab position when faced with other candidates who did not have to deal with the same factors.

Of course, this assumes that students will receive less-than-perfect grades in Humanities, which brings me to my next complaint about the series.

Teaching Assistants decide the grades. Obviously there are too many students in the class for the professor to address each of them individually, but putting the TAs in charge of grading leads to quite a bit of inconsistency. Some TAs grade easily with the philosophy that demonstrated effort and proficiency deserve an A, while others seem to think that an A is a mythical paragon that no real student can achieve. Additionally, the quality of the Teaching Assistant in terms of providing a constructive learning environment varies widely from section to section. For example, one of my peers writes at the same level as I do. We always proofread our essays together before the due date and discuss ideas together so that we are on the same page as we begin to write. However, my TA gives me much higher grades than the TA of my peer. To add to the discrepancy, my peer's TA often rants about the low quality of theses and mechanics of the students' essays.

Personally, I find the variation in TA grading principles to be unacceptable. Factors like harsh grading and unsupportive class environments in-

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introduce unnecessary stress into what should be an enjoyable general education requirement. The most strenuous part of the Humanities sequence should be the extensive reading and thought-provoking discussion debate, not the grades on our papers. While developing a strong writing base is undeniably important, I feel that many of the graders set the standard much too high. The result is a generation of students who are more concerned about grades than about the subject matter at hand, which I believe is a grave mistake if the goal is to foster a passion and appreciation for the Humanities.

A secondary concern that I have of the series is its length. While it is true that such a broad subject is difficult to condense, I don't think that we should be required to fit five courses, two of them worth six units, into our schedules. Yes, I understand that the emphasis on Humanities is valuable for those of us who would not have otherwise explored outside of science and math classes; but what about those of us who are actually interested in the Humanities? I wanted to explore when I got to college. And having an interest in the Humanities, I knew I would want to take a wide variety of Literature, History, Philosophy, and Art classes on top of the classes for my major. At first, the Humanities sequence sounded like a dream come true. But then I realized what it really meant. Fitting five classes into my undergraduate years in addition to other GEs and major requirements greatly restricts my ability to explore. I want more freedom to take classes that I am interested in. The Humanities sequence has proven to be one of the factors preventing my own personal exploration.

So I guess my current opinion of the Humanities sequence is pretty lukewarm. Is it really worth it? I enjoy the course, but I honestly do not feel that I am getting as much out of it as I

would from an upper division Literature, Philosophy, or History course. One thing that I am getting enough of is my fair share of stress. My final graded essay is due this coming week. Unfortunately, I will have to put in quite a bit of work—more effort than is necessary, in my opinion—to pull off a grade I am satisfied with. I feel like my current struggle is shared by many of my peers and it saddens me to know that many students who could have come to love the subject are being driven to view it as one more commitment in an undergraduate education filled with obligations.

"It's college," you might say. "Of course you should be held to a higher standard. Requirements are a necessary evil to developing into well-rounded adults."

I have to politely disagree. College should be a time of exploration. Inhibitions are inevitable because there are certain responsibilities that we as students must fulfill if we want to be prepared for the world after graduation. However, these inhibitions should be avoided wherever possible in order to foster students who truly appreciate an interdisciplinary quest for knowledge. In my honest opinion, the Humanities sequence needs a bit of revision to transform it from a necessary evil to an enjoyable means of exploring a fascinating range of subjects.



# STAFF

## Join a Revelle organization!

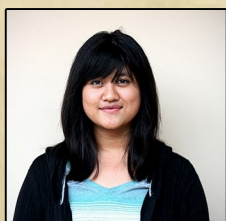
### Revelle Hall Association (RHA)



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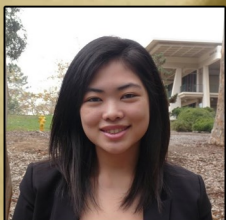
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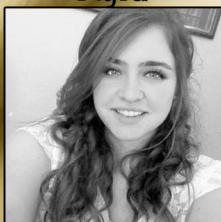
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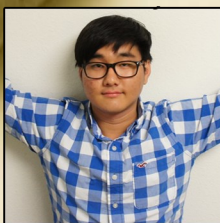
Kyra



Stella



Johanna



Kenny



Johann

Are you planning on applying to be an OL or an RA one day, and want the skill set you'll need for the job? Are you looking for a way to get involved? Look no further! Come join the Revelle Hall Association (RHA), where you can gain leadership and program planning experience while meeting great people and making new friends. We put on fun events every quarter for the Revelle residential community – some of the ones we've had in the past include Breaking Boards, Sports Day, Naked Juice Twister, & Chalk Up the Night! Be a community rep and bring ideas from your community to us about what events they'd like to see in the future. If you're interested, come represent your community by joining us every Tuesday from 10-11pm in Revelle Conference Room C for our general body meetings!

### Elections!

Elections season is here! Don't forget to vote in the college council/A.S. elections week 2 of spring quarter at [tritonlink.ucsd.edu](http://tritonlink.ucsd.edu)!

Revelations is advised by Liora Kian-Gutierrez, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs. Sponsored by RCC.

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# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UCSAN DIEGO



**True Detective**

**Alternative Breaks**

**Quarter-life Crises**

**My Love Affair**

**Commuting:  
Stereotypes & Semantics**

**2014  
TRITON DAY**

*2014  
Spring  
Quarter  
Issue 1*

**Check out the full version at:  
<http://revellations.ucsd.edu>**





By: Tyler Takemoto

Saturday, April 5<sup>th</sup> 2014 was Triton Day. Scores of admitted students converged upon UC San Diego to take in the atmosphere and decide whether our campus should be their home for the next four years. I clearly remember Triton Day 2013: driving down to La Jolla on a Saturday morning with my parents, not quite sure what to expect. This year, I talked to some students and their families in a similar situation.

By 9:30 am, a line of admitted students was queuing up in Revelle Plaza for the second Revelle College Overview Session. Kevin Nguyen, an admitted Biochemistry major, waited in line excitedly with his parents and sister.

"This is the first college campus I'm visiting," he said. "I'm also planning on visiting UC Irvine, UC Santa Barbara, and Cal Poly Pomona, but I'm pretty sure I'll go to UCSD." When asked what stood out to him most so far, he answered, "The students helping out are really friendly and enthusiastic. It seems like they're having a lot of fun."

Rachel Simon, an admitted Psychology Major from San Diego, was less thrilled.

"Revelle College wasn't even my first choice," she said. "I wanted to go to Muir College because I heard it's easier. I don't know why I didn't get in. I don't think I'm even going to go to UCSD anyway. I'm just visiting because I live nearby." Rachel said she will most likely be attending Drexel University instead. When I asked for the reason, she replied, "Drexel is far more individualized than UCSD. I don't want to deal with classes of hundreds of peo-

ple and professors who just [focus on] their research." She also mentioned that she wanted to travel out of state for college.

Later in the day, I visited the student org fair and talked to a few of the families on library walk. Allen Karpowski, an admitted Electrical Engineering student in Sixth College, answered a few questions about student organizations.

"There are so many to choose from," he said. "There are a lot of culture clubs that don't really interest me, but there are also a lot of interesting research and career clubs that seem pretty cool."

Alan's father was also interested in the different student organizations at UCSD. "When I was in college, I was part of a community service organization," he said. "[It] was a really valuable experience. I hope that UC San Diego has something similar."

When I asked Alan what excited him most about UCSD, he had to think for a few moments before answering. "Certainly not the dorms," he said. "The free popsicles are great, though. If UCSD treats its students to free food [like this] every day, then I'll have a lot of fun here."

Overall, a wide variety of students visited UC San Diego on Triton Day. The vast majority of those I talked to were already planning on submitting their SIR. Many were happy with the energy and enthusiasm demonstrated by faculty and students on campus. While there were also students who felt lukewarm about UC San Diego, it seems like Triton Day as a whole was a great success.





Spring 2014	
Spring Quarter begins	Thursday, March 27
Passa Perez Holiday	Friday, March 28
Instruction begins	Monday, March 31
Memorial Day Observance	Monday, May 26
Instruction ends	Friday, June 6
Final Exams	Saturday-Sunday, June 7-13
Spring Quarter ends	Friday, June 13
Commencement	Saturday-Sunday, June 14-15
- 49 Days of Instruction -	
- 57 Days in Quarter -	

By: Johanna Wu

Every once in a while, I have what I call “quarter-life crises,” which are essentially frequent mid-life crises. Why do I call them “quarter-life crises”? I don’t like the idea that I’ve reached “mid-life” at the tender age of 18, and these crises happen every quarter.

You know what exactly these are. Those long nights when you try to reevaluate everything in your life but never manage to come to any finite conclusions about anything, or those stressful moments when you feel like there’s drama everywhere and all you are trying to do is scrape by in your classes.

I can’t speak for most of my fellow first years, but around this time last year, everything was very hectic: I was trying to make the most of second semester senior year with my friends, frantically trying to finish writing my senior papers the nights before, and also stressing out about my AP classes, which were in the midst of AP test preparation. Now that I think about it...compared to what I had to balance in senior year, college is pretty much the same. But why does everything feel more overwhelming?

At the first American Medical Student Association (AMSA) general body meeting, there was a guest speaker, Dr. Hui Xue, who spoke about her experiences in the medicine educational system. Having gone to college on a full scholarship, Dr. Xue later finished her residency and fellowship at Duke University School of Medicine. To say the least, hearing her talk not only made me feel discouraged but also made me disappointed in myself...What am I doing to achieve my dream of pursuing medicine? Am I putting more than 100% into everything that I do? Do I even still want to go into that field? Back in high school, I could easily answer all of

these questions in the affirmative, but now? I just feel off track. I think that’s the part that makes me angriest and most confused: knowing from high school that I have the potential and the work ethic to achieve anything and everything, but simply cannot access either in college. Did the dearth of parental freedom get to me, or did my life priorities change?

To be honest, just like I currently do not know where my life is headed, I also do not know where I am going with this reflection. Maybe it was to let all of you who are reading this know that you are not the only one who feels like there are never enough hours in the day to do everything you want and need. You are not the only one who is questioning what the point of all this is. You are not alone. If there is anything I have learned the past two quarters, it is that now, more than ever, we need to realize that we are never alone, no matter how different the circumstances are.

I apologize for getting all sentimental and cliché, but it’s true. The only thing that has pulled me from these mid-life crises is commiserating with friends about college and how we have no idea what our futures entail.

As midterms and finals approach us and stress levels rise, I encourage everyone to make space in their schedules for personal time to relax and self-reflect. And if you find yourself in the middle of a quarter-life crisis, just remember that you are definitely not alone. In fact, you should talk to your friends about it, and maybe a beautiful and closer friendship will develop, because there’s nothing that misery loves more than company.





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## True Detective

By: Johann Sevilla

Humanities professor, Antony Lyon, said to me “I do think we are in a golden era of television”, a statement that I could not agree with more. As more television series are created, writers and directors seem to work harder to make their shows uniquely captivating. They have been paying much more attention to the details, making sure from episode to episode that the culmination of thematic intricacies not only makes you feel, but makes you think. I recently finished watching *True Detective*, a crime drama HBO series, and must say that IMDB’s 9.4 rating and Rotten Tomatoes’s 87% rating are reasonably accurate representations of such an exciting and deep TV series.

*True Detective* is unlike other TV shows in that its entirety fits in 8 episodes. Too often have we watched a series that began by amazing us, but ended with episodes that were difficult to watch. It’s too common for a great TV series to slowly degenerate into a subpar money-milking project. Nic Pizolatto, the show’s writer, avoids this sorry fate for *True Detective*; he preserves the integrity of the story, maintains the well thought out character arcs, and as a result, produces something tasty and digestible to the artistic palate.

This modern Western follows two detective partners, Rust Cohle (Matthew McConaughey) and Marty Hart (Woody Harrelson), who work the case of a ritualistic serial killer and the circle of disturbing mysteries that surround him. As the detectives delve deeper into their investigation, their discoveries grow more eerie and suggest a problem that is more complex and dangerous than just a maniac on a killing spree. This mystery crime show is filled not only with suspense and sharp dialogue, but also with a profoundly deep message about the darkness in the world.

For me, the most beautiful aspect of the show is the depth of its philosophical ponderings. The show is riddled with Rust Cohle’s stinging pessimistic monologues, as well as expositions of Marty Hart’s scandalous hypocrisy. The thematic center of the show focuses on Cohle’s nihilism; it explores the darkness of murder and other crimes, and questions the point of living in a world so infected by depravity. As the show chillingly states on its posters, “Touch darkness and darkness will touch you back.”



## RevelLED

By: Punit Patel

### ELP’s upcoming “RevelLED” event

The Emerging Leaders’ program is hosting a promising ‘20th annual event’ this quarter at Revelle Plaza called ‘RevelLED’. Our ELP cohort put in a lot of time and effort into organizing this large-scale event, which not only is unique in its theme and publicity, but which also promises a memorable night for the Revelle student body. The event will commence on Friday, May 2nd, at 8:00pm and will end around midnight.

### **What does ‘RevelLED’ consist of?**

RevelLED is unified by the central LED lighting theme. These forms of entertainment include live music with a DJ, oxygen bars, black light mini-golf and light up frisbees.

### **What about food options?**

We’ve arranged for a variety of food-trucks catering for appetizers through dessert. These include the ‘New Orleans Cuisine&Catering’, ‘Delicioso Food truck’, and ‘lil’ miss shortcake!’

We realized that food may be of particular concern to those attending our event. So the cohort has organized a variety of food options which cater for everyone’s taste (including vegetarians and vegans). We will be providing FREE nachos for everyone who attends the event as well.

### **What about cost of attending and dress-code?**

The purpose of our event is for the Revelle student body to come out on Friday night and have fun, so it would be unreasonable to charge students for the event. So its FREE and open for all Revelle students. Yes, I’ve said it all!

On behalf of the ELP cohort, I hope to see you all on Friday night (May 2nd).

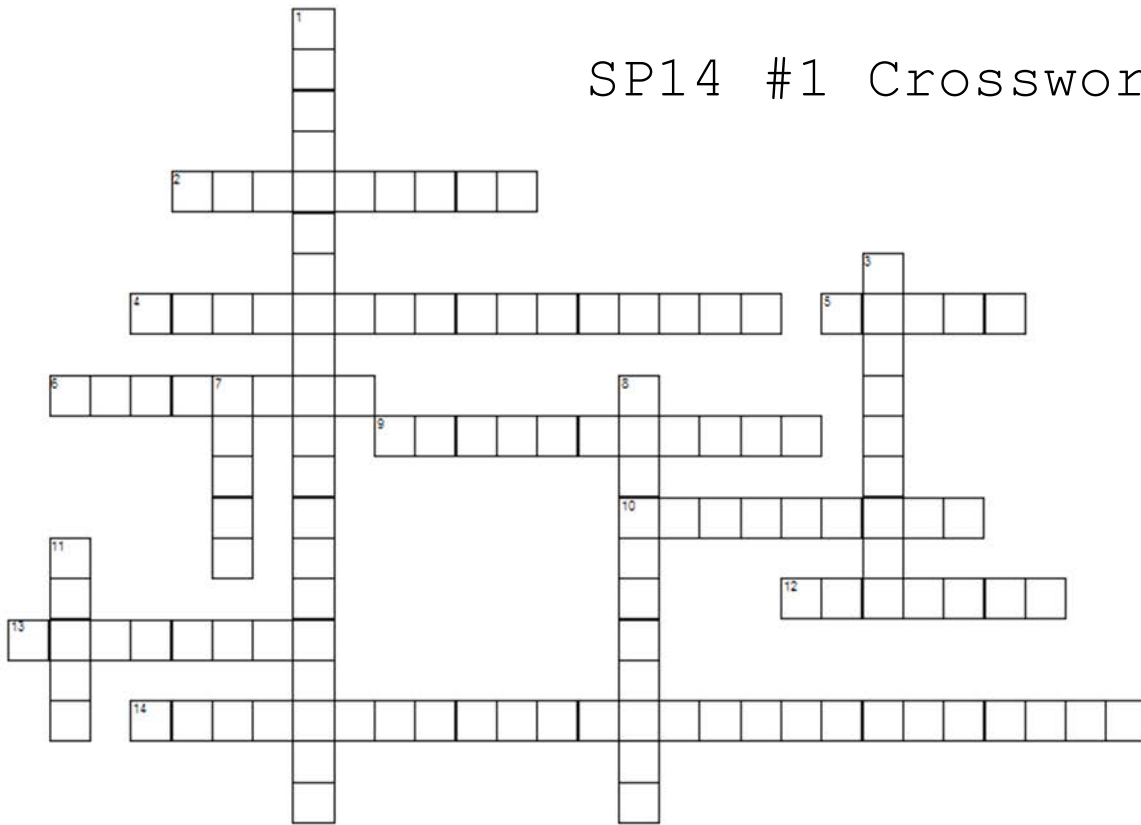


# OH THE HUMANITIES

**“For if you suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves and then punish them.”**

-Thomas Moore HUM 3

## SP14 #1 Crossword



### ACROSS

- 2 Niche's viewpoint on God
- 4 "I sing of arms and of a man"
- 5 A valorized quality for Greeks
- 6 Authored the famous quote "this is the best of all possible worlds"
- 9 The door that Aeneas goes through to exit hell
- 10 Ancient Roman practice of using animal organs in divination
- 12 One of the four gospels of the Christian bible
- 13 The meaning of gospel
- 14 "Perhaps someday it will have helped to remember even these things"

### DOWN

- 1 Virgil's name in Latin
- 3 Social class subject to Bourgeoisie
- 7 Where Odysseus dies
- 8 A specific time during the week a student may use to write their essays for an upcoming deadline
- 11 \_\_\_\_\_ Aeneas



## *My Love Affair*

*By: Sheng Hui Lim*

This is a story of my love affair with L.E.O.  
L.E.O. taught me a lot during my trip to Selma, Alabama.  
L.E.O is a concept: Lifestyle, Exchange and Option.

Let me begin on how I met L.E.O. Picture this scenario. You see a classic southern house, with humble white trims on the exterior. As you walk up the stairs to enter the doors, the owners welcome you wholeheartedly. You are not a guest, but a part of their lives. Inside this house, you see volunteers of a non-profit organization, Freedom Foundation, the local community, and visitors like yourself. I witness this scenario personally in Selma. I chose this image because it is a statement of the volunteers' involvement with the local community. It shows how they adopt their work as a lifestyle. They believe the youths of Selma can be given hope for a bright future. They trust that the cultivation of the next generation will break the cycle of poverty and racial inequality. And, they have committed their lives to a cause that they believe in with absolute passion.

In 2013, Gallup Inc., an American research-based, global consulting company surveyed 230,000 full time and part-time workers in 142 countries. It was reported that 87% of these workers were, I quote 'emotionally disconnected from their workplaces'. It is always a wonder and an inspiration to see people engaged in their work, and in turn find fulfillment in it. Hence, I fell in love with this concept of adopting your work as a lifestyle.

Then in my interaction with L.E.O, I found *Exchange*. In the environment created by our non-profit, the volunteers empower the local community. This relationship does not just work one-way. The local community empowers the volunteers just as much. I truly understood this exchange on my last day in Selma, when some of the youths came to send us off. As usual, we were greeted with hugs and 'How are you?'s. It hit me then, how in the past week, these youths have been so open to us even. We were mere strangers in the beginning, but they opened up their hearts and lives without reserve. And through that, I have felt cared and blessed. It dawned on me the importance of this two-way relationship, I wasn't just there to empower the youths of Selma, I was there to be empowered by them.

My affair with L.E.O progresses with *Option*. I'd like to share the story of one of the youths of Selma that grew under the wings of the non-profit who was raised by her single mother in poverty. According to statistics, herself and her sister would not make it to college or even be living in a house. Well, what is statistics, really? Today, she is in college and one of the most passionate, fearless and open-minded person that I have met. I quote her, 'I wouldn't be the person I am today if it wasn't for my mom pushing past all the negative things that can be in a town like Selma or a town anywhere.' She is an embodiment of choice. Whatever our given circumstances, given the opportunity, we can choose to carve our future.

So, why am I in love with L.E.O? Well, through the lifestyle, exchange and option of the people that I've met in Selma, I realized that they have adopted a lifestyle because it is valuable to them. I found that the volunteers and locals engage in exchanges because it is valuable to them. And last, I discovered that the youths chose to be with the non-profit, chose to go to college, and chose to commit their life to the betterment of their community, because it is valuable to them. In the end, L.E.O has taught me that what matters most is living a life of value, where value is dictated by the worth of your actions, to yourself and your community. I end with a quote from Albert Einstein, 'Try not to be a success, but rather to be a value'. Thank you.







# Commuting: Stereotypes and Semantics

By: Stella Raedeker

What is the commuter? What is the essence of commuting? These questions must precede a thorough discussion of commuting; what it really means, and how one must approach the commuting individual in our community.

First, a simple and broad definition, from the Free Merriam-Webster Dictionary:

com·mut·er noun \kə-'myū-tər\

1: a person who commutes (as between a suburb and a city)

On the surface, this definition seems perfectly relevant to our context. A commuter, in the most general sense of the word, is anyone who commutes to UCSD from an off-campus location, whether by driving, carpooling, bussing, bicycling, etc. This describes a large portion of the student body, especially third and fourth-year students. Yet our question somehow remains unanswered. What is a commuter? Does everyone who, in all technicality, commutes to school consider himself/herself to be a commuter? Would they necessarily mention that they are a commuter by way of introduction, or think in those terms? Do people who commute from farther distances identify with the term to a greater extent? Is there, then, such a thing as degrees of commuter-ness?

To help answer this most pressing question, stereotypes must be addressed. What are the connotations of commuting? What ideas and images are associated with the word? The commuter is often thought of as someone who is very detached from campus life, who drives at least an hour round-trip every day, and comes primarily to attend lectures and take tests. Perhaps the commuter is even antisocial or, at least, appears that way because they are constantly unnerved by having endured rush hour.

Yet maybe the word carries positive connotations and associations as well. In other words, more than one stereotype can exist. The commuter may very well be someone who is living at home; who can spend time with their family, high school friends, while, at the same time, attending college. In that sense, the commuter may have “the best of both worlds.” The

commuter may also be someone who has a car; and we would imagine that they have the capacity to freely roam about the city without getting tied down to campus. Or maybe the commuter is someone who lives in an off-campus apartment with three of their closest friends, far away from home, but not too far from school.

Which of these images dominates the popular imagination? Which situation best describes the largest portion of actual students? Is it possible to answer such questions? If so, is it useful to answer such questions? Would it succeed in anything more than solidifying existing stereotypes, which are counterproductive to human interaction? Yet before we can find out what commuting is, we must first decide who the aggregate commuter is. And whoever is that?

Therefore, I am not equipped to explain the true essence of commuting. It is, apparently, different for each individual. I will, however, rise to the challenge of explaining what commuting is to me; what special insights I have gained in my nearly two and a half quarters of commuting to UCSD from Fallbrook (which is about 50 miles North of La Jolla).

This is not even a simple proposition. How can I, in simple words, explain what exactly commuting is? Like anything in life, it is ripe with contradictions and complexities. Just as Tim O'Brien struggles to generalize war in *The Things They Carried*, so I struggle to generalize commuting. It is many things. It is boring; it is action-packed. It is always the same; it is always different. It is a privilege and a weight to be carried. It is isolation and belonging, a waste of time and time well spent, frustrating and joyous, arduous and effortless. That is what commuting is to me.

Each commuter will have his/her own experiences, whether with freeways, highways, carpools, shuttles, public transportation, parking lots, bike routes, or the like. Therefore, the necessity to define commuting and characterize commuters diminishes. At the end of the day, the commuter is a person, and must be understood and treated as such.





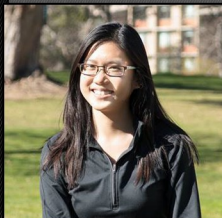
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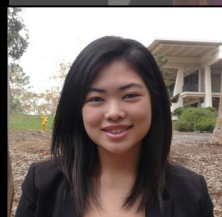
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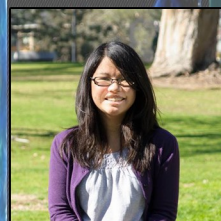
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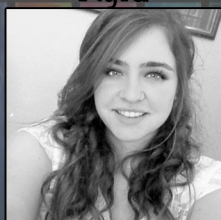
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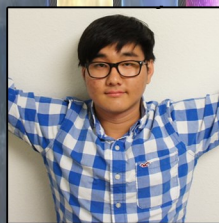
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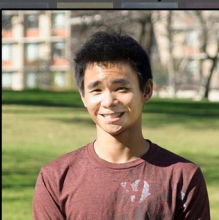
Stella



Johanna



Kenny



Johann

Are you interested in developing your leadership skills and becoming active in student life and organizations at Revelle College and UC San Diego? If so, the Revelle College Emerging Leaders Program (ELP) may be for you. ELP provides an opportunity for a group of Revelle community members to develop their understanding of leadership skills and gain practical leadership experience. ELP accepts a select group of students each year. These students will participate in the program throughout the entire academic year, Tuesdays 2:00 pm to 4:00 pm, in addition to other commitments required of program participants. Applications come out at the beginning of every academic year. Questions? Contact [melina@ucsd.edu](mailto:melina@ucsd.edu)

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# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UCSAN DIEGO

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**“He Calls Me Pat”**

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Quarter  
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**Fresh Off the Boat**

**Goodbye Humanities**

**A Parent's Worst Nightmare**

**Check out the full version at:**

<http://revelle.ucsd.edu/student-life/involvement/revelations/index.html>

## A Note on the Theme

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Seeing as this is the last issue of the academic year, we thought it would be appropriate to focus on a theme of transition. We know you're no stranger to the signs of transformation. From the metamorphosis of insects to the constant construction noises that accompanied campus life in Revelle this year, the evidence of change is all around us. Whether the end of this year marks your graduation and entry into the adult world, or simply the end of your first year here at UC San Diego; whether you still have no idea where you're headed, or are working hard toward some special goal; we hope that you will face the incoming transitions in your life with your head held high.

Sincerely,  
The Revellations Staff

## Fresh off the Boat and on to the Next (Reflections of a Freshman)

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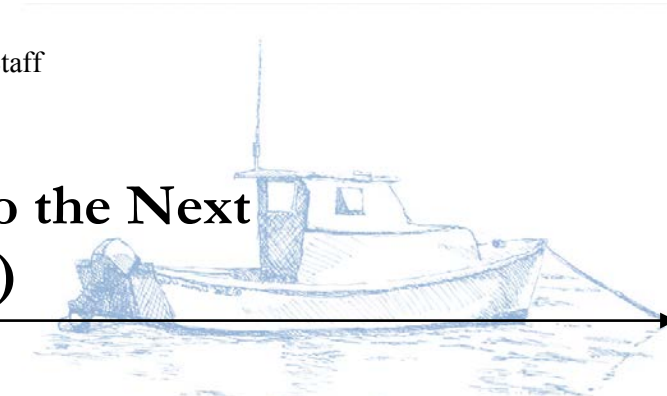
*By Sheng Hui Lim*

I was walking to the Food Co-op when I decided to ask myself a very serious question: 'After a whole year in UCSD, is there anything about yourself that you are sure of?'

I have often found myself positive about something, say, that I want to major in Mechanical Engineering, or that I want to have my roommates as my roommates again next year. But, I have often found my sentiments change.

I guess I was desperately trying to grasp on to some value of mine that I could always look on to as a moral compass. But, I realised that the one thing I am certain of is that change is the only constant.

When I first came to UCSD, I barely knew anyone and my surroundings. Home was not in my immediate vicinity, neither were my friends physically present. Although I attended all my classes and was involved in activities on campus, I often found myself feeling empty. I needed a sense of connection to my friends, my community and the environment, which cannot be found without the help of the sands of time. My point is that it took time for me to develop the bonds with the people and things around me. Little by little, the void within me was filled. I am now more familiar with the bends and edges of UCSD, La Jolla, and the greater San Diego. I can now call San Diego my home. Also, in situations that I never imagined, I found people who make me whole. Don't get me wrong, I didn't just sit on my couch waiting for San Diego to enter my heart and for great people to come along my way. I went out, engaged myself with my community, and in turn, found people that I loved and gathered a greater sense of familiarity and love for my surrounding environment.



I find it funny that after I visited my friends in other colleges, I came back realising how much I had here. I am so familiar with the rush and excitement the quarter system provides. I come home to the smiling faces (Well, most of the time) of my roommates. Let's put it this way, I know UCSD in my heart now. I find it even more hilarious that I am getting to know more about some people at the end of the year. I am surprised that someone whom I was an acquaintance with for almost an entire year could end up being my confidant.

Things change. Time is a constant force behind situations and the people around me. My thoughts and emotions evolve through many influences, both internal and external. As my freshman year comes to a close, the most valuable lesson I've learned is that everything changes. If I feel scared and lonely in a new organisation, it will change. If I feel happy and optimistic about all the people I consider great friends, it will change.

In the end, I realised that whether things change for the better or worse is completely up to my versatility towards change. I don't want to hold on to the sadness of leaving home or the happiness of finding amazing people. I want to embrace the joys of going home and building relationships with these amazing people. I want to move forward with each second of time; I am most fulfilled right here, right now. I need the constant push pull up down to move forward in life. I hunger for new discoveries about myself, and the world.

To grow to become a better person, we need to embrace change. From that, we will pave our way forward. It doesn't matter that we will change because it is all a part of our journey.



# Goodbye Humanities

By Johann Sevilla

I'm lying in bed right now. Under my covers, in the fetal position, my elbow propping my body up so that I can type. Oh, you want to know the tabs I have open? Gmail. Facebook. Thesaurus. Sparknotes. And roughly 10-15 more tabs of Facebook. This is usually how I write my Humanities essays. As I think about what to write for my very last essay for HUM 5, I can't help but be distracted by the growing wet spots on my bed, from the tears that are spilling out of my face.

No, they are not tears of joy. I cannot fully understand the experiences of my fellow Revellians, but nevertheless, I will boldly state, perhaps to a fault, that the intensity of others' distaste for the Humanities sequence pales in comparison to that of my appreciation for it. The fact that I will never again write a Humanities paper saddens me profoundly. (Waiting for the sarcasm to end? Good luck with that.)

I still remember writing my first Humanities essay. I was so sure I was doing it right, so confident in my sentences that were vomiting adjectives, so certain of the strength of my crappy arguments, so admiring of the twenty different sentences that said the same thing. I thought my writing was amazing; but the letter etched in pencil at the bottom of my paper said otherwise. The second I saw my long anticipated grade, a sloppy, tangled mess of angry feelings and thoughts exploded in my face. How could I have done so poorly? How could I not have gotten an A? How could I, a wise high school graduate accepted to UCSD, have any flaws in my writing or thinking!? Deject-

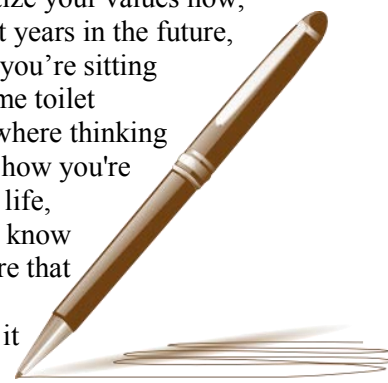
ed, making my walk of shame back to my dorm, I contemplated these questions only to end up consoling my very butt hurt ego. At one point I even convinced myself that I was smarter than my TA. I told myself that his dull mind simply couldn't understand my brilliance. I don't know how it happened, but my grade on my second essay thankfully slapped me out of my delusion. As frustrated and confused as I was, this time, I tried not to let my emotions cloud the lessons I could learn from my TA's comments – the ones I could read, at least. Once I was able to internalize criticisms without attaching emotional reactions to them, once I realized that my TA's cared more about what I said rather than how I said it, I learned. My essay writing improved.

As I progressed through the Humanities sequence, I noticed that the issues in the texts grew more relevant to my world, my society, and my life. It was only around the end of HUM 2 that I could begin to appreciate the beauty of the Humanities. Slowly but surely, the chosen authors began to discuss topics that I actually gave a damn about. They delved into contentious issues that I had already pondered on my own time sitting on the toilet. Writing Humanities papers forced me to analyze topics that I didn't think could be explored further. They forced me to squeeze out the deeper meanings from each text and drink up the philosophical insights that would widen my outlook on life.

Having finished the entire sequence uninterrupted, and having analyzed the HUM sequence as if it were a text itself, I've slowly come to a very important realization.

While the Humanities program tries to improve our writing, its greater purpose is to improve our *thinking*. I went through the sleepless HUM essay nights like everyone else. I, too, panicked to finish my conclusion 15 minutes before the deadline. I, too, scrambled at the last second to find a working printer. I, too, sprinted to the G Store in desperate search of a manila folder. The pain of the HUM sequence is a universal Revellian experience that binds us as students, as scholars. So my philosophy is, if we're all struggling together, we might as well learn from the struggle instead of bitterly dismissing it as unimportant. Sure, you may be a chemistry, biology, or computer science major. Sure, the Humanities may seem irrelevant to your studies, but even if you think so, why go through the pain without the gain?

To my fellow Humanities veterans who have treaded through all 5 quarters, I applaud you and wish that you take away as much from this experience as you put in. For those of you who are still in the thick of the Humanities sequence, I urge you to distinguish the difference between this GE requirement and the 9<sup>th</sup> circle of hell. It was designed to help you—to help you think, to help you grow, to help you prioritize your values now, so that years in the future, when you're sitting on some toilet somewhere thinking about how you're living life, you'll know for sure that you're doing it right.



## A Reflection on the Emerging Leaders Program

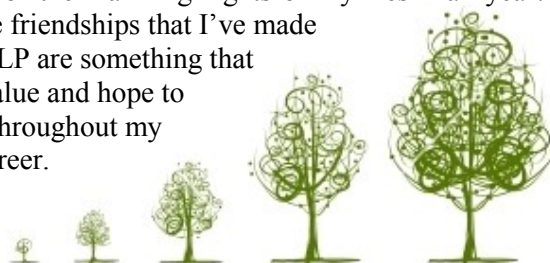
By Punit Patel

How I miss those Tuesday afternoons for our ELP meetings! After a stressful 90 minute lecture in organic chemistry, I would find some solace through our club meetings. Meeting and talking with fellow cohort members would alleviate some of the pain from those long, agonizing lectures. No more!

When I reflect on what I've accomplished and learnt as a cohort member, I feel grateful. The weekly ELP workshops were all very fruitful and they covered key aspects and concerns that were vital for us to know as college students. In a sense the workshops and activities provided us with the necessary transition from being high school students into becoming college students. For example, the job interview, resume' and cover letter workshops helped me in planning for my near future and making me aware of the expectations in the job market. On the other hand, the workshop about presentation and speech-making skills was also very useful and instilled the necessary confidence in my public-speaking ability. The dining and etiquette workshop was yet another enjoyable workshop. Not only did we learn about eating in

a business-style environment, but we were also treated to some delicious food!

Spring quarter is one that I've admired the most thus far. I've really enjoyed all the workshops this quarter especially our most recent workshops including our meeting with the UCSD Chancellor and 'Fish Philosophy'. These were both inspiring workshops leading up to our final ELP event. Our hard work as a cohort during winter quarter was all well-compensated for when we finally put up a successful and attractive "RevelLED" event, which I'm sure everyone were proud of. This has to be one of the main highlights of my freshman year! Lastly, the friendships that I've made through ELP are something that I dearly value and hope to maintain throughout my college career.



*Please visit our website for the full-length article!*

## A Parent's Worst Nightmare is Planning His or Her Child's Funeral

By Johanna Wu

Mass shootings are horrific events, and I never know how to react when they happen. I feel like I am thrown into an emotional maelstrom...and this is for people I have never even met.

As terrible as it is for me to say this, every time I read about killings in the news, I take comfort in the idea that "it can't happen here, to my loved ones or me." So hearing about the killing rampage at UC Santa Barbara was definitely a startling experience. After making sure all my UCSB friends were okay, all I could selfishly think about was the fact that this exact situation could have happened right here in this university, back in my home town, or anywhere else, because you just never know what circumstances can take place for something as horrific as this to happen.

It wasn't until a day later, when my mother texted me, that I realized the killings in UCSB hit closer than I thought: one of the people murdered was someone who attended my high school. And that just made everything more surreal, because what were the chances of that? Out of the thousands of students who attend UCSB, one of the six murdered students was someone who had the same high school teachers as me, someone who participated in the same extracurricular activities as me, some-

one who walked on the same steps as me to receive his diploma. I didn't know him personally, but knowing that the life of someone from my high school was taken away by such a senseless act, just changed everything. It is a terrifying transition to go from reading impersonal news articles to reading my friends' Facebook posts and hearing about the wonderful things a quiet and thoughtful guy, whom I unfortunately never had the chance of knowing, did. It's terrifying because it becomes personal.

As this school year comes to an end, I am going to keep those whose lives were lost in my thoughts. To paraphrase my ethnic studies professor, who was addressing the death of a fellow Revelle student who passed away literally the week before the killings: when people die, they hold the living accountable. The dead either become our witnesses or ancestors. My professor then spoke of a student he taught who got a tattoo in honor of his friend on his arm so that when he graduated and received his diploma, it was like his friend was receiving a diploma too.

*Please visit our website for the full-length article!*



# Dear Patricia: Sun God Festival

*By Patricia Tan*

I always talk about how I want to lecture my past selves on how their future—my present—will look like, and to not worry so much. Usually, it's that idiot from high school who didn't get a social life until her senior year. But this time, I mean to talk to you, the fresh-out-of-freshman year Patricia—or the one that's almost there.

At this point a year ago, you were probably asleep by now with the disappointment that there was no afterparty involved when you returned from Sun God, and from then forward you told yourself you weren't a pregame person, you wanted to last until the afterparty. Your first Sun God was mediocre at best—mostly because you were trying to avoid it. Understandable. You didn't know who Kendrick Lamar was, but you ended up understanding why everyone liked him so much at the end of the night.

If I told you that you would be alone again for most of your second Sun God, then you would think that you were going to have a miserable time. You probably would not have gone if Young the Giant wasn't on the lineup because your first Sun God was so miserable. But let me tell you right now—being alone was probably the best decision you make tonight.

Once the lineup was out, the first person you tell is your sister—because Bern loves Young the Giant almost as much as she loves Walk the Moon. Your sister gives you the best advice: "At least make it worth it and elbow your way to the front." Except, there wasn't a whole lot of elbowing involved in this plan. It was mostly good timing and clever maneuvering. Being alone was better in this case. This time you had a mission to fulfill and this was one of the times where being under five feet tall works in your favor, and I can't

imagine that happening if you had someone to drag forward with you. The best part of tonight waving your arms and tapping your feet to the songs you've had on repeat for weeks, and with thousands of people behind you doing the same thing, while pushing you against a metal fence trying to worm their way in to the place where you were so lucky to have been in.

And if you're so worried about being alone again since it implies that you haven't made friends, then let me tell you that you've yet to meet them. You've yet to meet the very people who look for you on this very night, wondering where you were and how you were doing. Sure, Jenn had the same math classes with you and Beverly you've known since middle school—but that hardly counts until you're forced to suffer the same trials of Statics, Dynamics, and MATLAB. You become a boss-ass bitch with them as you jumped up and down to the beat as Diplo ended the festival.

Come on, past self. Young the Giant only yards away from where you were—it made up for being by yourself. You forgot the world for an hour as you sang your heart out to My Body and Cough Syrup. Your friends danced—yes, engineers dance, albeit rather bizarrely—with you as Sun God came to an end and jumped to the beat alongside you. The only reason why being by yourself was so great was because you were determined to have fun, and I doubt you'll ever forget the outlines of your hands against the strobe lights.

I would quote Emerson's Self-Reliance for you because it's appropriate in this matter, but you haven't read it yet and I'm too tired to be quoting anything. Basically, you avoid consistency and conformity (which, by the way, you'll need on

your Humanities 4 Final) just to make sure you had a great time. (You didn't consistently have a miserable Sun God, and you didn't conform to the misery of the people around you either!) You get better and better at learning what choices are good for you and what choices are bad for you based on what you had done before and what you're doing now. You find yourself and the choices you make are less influenced by people around you.

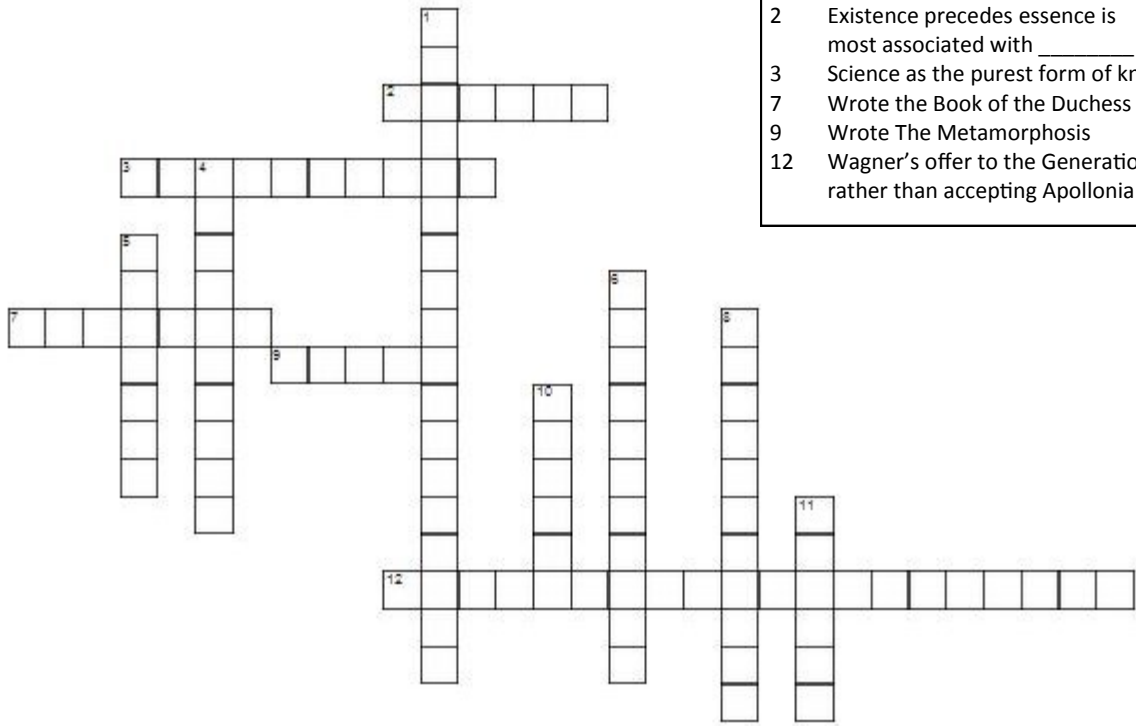
Speaking of the Humanities, your TA had some words of wisdom to impart before she dismissed your class to grade essays: "Don't be idiots. Don't die. If you die, I'll have graded your papers for nothing." I'm glad to tell you that you were one of the least idiotic people out there on RIMAC field because you're going to have fun—and you're going to live to tell the tale at three in the morning because you're still awake somehow. Maybe Nadeen had a good influence on you, or maybe you understand what it's like to be an idiot. I haven't figured that out yet.

So why write to you? (To brag about how my Sun God was better than your Sun God, mostly.) I hope to reassure you of this fact: if you thought your life was pretty good in your first year with that awesome math professor of yours, then your second year is so much better. If you're able to make the choice to venture off on your own for a while on a field of drunken people, then I have no doubt that my future self will just continue to get better. You transition from being the awkward lonely freshman to the hilariously clever sophomore—and I can't wait to see what our junior year brings. Your second Sun God will be exponentially better than your first—and I've got the bad phone photos of Young the Giant to prove it.

# Crossword Puzzle

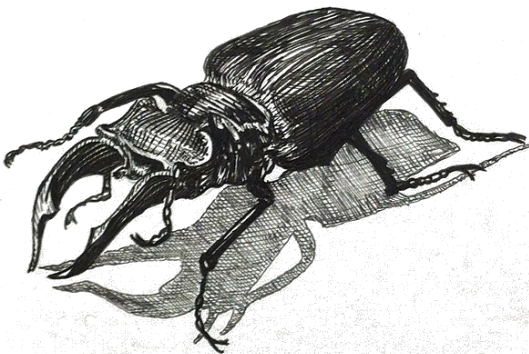
By Austin Bacong

## Humanities 2 and 5



- ACROSS
- 2 Existence precedes essence is most associated with \_\_\_\_\_
  - 3 Science as the purest form of knowledge
  - 7 Wrote the Book of the Duchess
  - 9 Wrote The Metamorphosis
  - 12 Wagner's offer to the Generation of 1890 rather than accepting Apollonian restraint

- DOWN
- 1 Object, ritual, or items that take on a new meaning
  - 4 Coined the term Emancipation of Dissonance
  - 5 The Manichean equivalent of Gilderoy Lockhart
  - 6 Western individual mentality about what the east is
  - 8 The writing of a holy person's life; defining genre of Late Antiquity
  - 10 Used to advance professionally in a patronage system
  - 11 Extended description to arouse pleasure from an audience





# New Horizons

*By Tyler Takemoto*

I think it's safe to assume that most incoming Freshmen view college as a new chapter in their lives: a chance to reinvent themselves. Last fall, I was no exception.

Memorizing my schedule and carefully assembling binders for each of my courses, I was determined to prove myself academically. My first year as an undergraduate would be the year that I finally mastered the art of diligence and took control of my organizational skills. I would form an extensive network of intellectually stimulating peers and mentors to expand my cultural and scholarly knowledge base. By finding a challenging and rewarding job or internship, I would bolster my resume while gaining crucial skills for post-undergraduate life. Joining a variety of student organizations and extracurricular activities would provide an outlet for personal expression while fostering multifaceted personal development.

These were the things I repeated to myself again and again as Week Zero drew closer. My mantra of success would lead me to accomplish my life goals and breathe some meaning into my day-to-day commitments.

Arriving at UC San Diego in the fall, I was motivated and ready to succeed. But there was one slight problem.

I had no idea what I wanted to succeed at, and time was running out.

Trying to choose a major was a nightmare. I obsessed so extensively over the possibilities for my undergraduate education that I now

know the 4-year-plans for the Literature: Writing, Physiology and Neuroscience, NanoEngineering, Economics, Bioinformatics, Computer Science, Environmental Systems, Bioengineering, ICAM, Computational Physics, Bioengineering: Biotechnology, and Cognitive Science majors by heart. I knew which classes I had to take for each major every quarter in order to graduate in four years (and add a minor or two on top of that). I constructed excel spreadsheets on my computer that detailed what I would have to do to attempt to switch into the Bioengineering major while still having a backup plan to double major in Biology and Chemical Engineering and minor in Computer Science. The major-change process was like an old friend to me by the end of Fall Quarter; I had switched majors three times before I even set foot on campus.

Looking back, my obsession was just that: an obsession. I needed to feel as though many different paths were still open to me. I was so worried about being trapped—not taking the right classes and being forced away from a major that could have been my calling—that I ended up trapping myself with commitments and stress. It didn't help that a small group of my peers in Engineering and Pre-Medical majors constantly asserted their intellectual superiority: it made me feel as though I had to choose a challenging major in order to prove I possessed a capacity for reasoned, intelligent thinking.

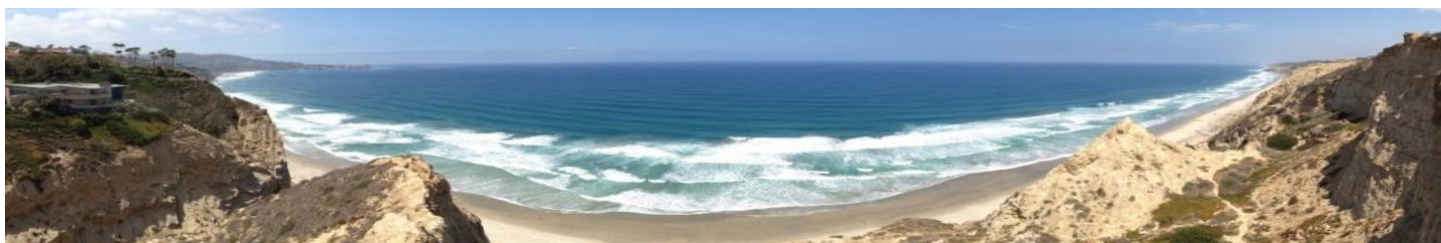
Nothing could be more ridiculous. Winter Quarter brought a huge

turning point in my personal philosophy. Chemistry, Calculus, Physics, and Humanities, a seminar and active involvement in five different student organizations, as well as an active social life left me scrambling for free time. I was doing okay academically, fulfilling my responsibilities to my organizations, and keeping strong connections with my friends, but I simply had no time for anything I really wanted to do.

It was then that I realized what college really means to me.

I want college to be the freedom to explore what I want. By trying to maintain this freedom through taking on as many hard classes as I could manage, I was actually squandering it. Freedom to me isn't being able to major in whatever I want (well, it is, but that's something you just have to sacrifice at a big public institution). It's the ability to read a random book in one sitting; to take the bus downtown and explore the weird and quirky shops there; to stay up until sunrise—not to finish an essay or programming assignment, but just to enjoy the gradual wash of light as it spreads across the sky and hails the start of a new day with thousands of new opportunities.

I want to travel. I want to meet new people. I want to taste new foods and hear new music. I want to create new things. As soon as I stopped looking down at my futile struggle to simply survive four years of difficult and uninteresting classes, I finally looked up to endless new horizons of open doors and second chances as far as the eye can see.



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← Revellations is advised by Liora Kian-Gutierrez, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs. Sponsored by RCC. →

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