



# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UC SAN DIEGO

## Look it up.

How Google is changing education

## “Frats”? Or Fraternities?

A Greek Life perspective

## International time differences

More than a superficial change

## Every moment counts

A personal reflection



## A Note on the Theme

We each see the world from a different perspective. Our varying vantage points can lead to conflict and disagreement. But these myriad points of view also offer diversity in thought, culture, and problem solving strategy. For students, the beginning of a new academic year is not only a prime opportunity for exposure to novel ideas and new relationships, but also a chance for us to bring our unique beliefs and experiences to the table.

We encourage you in your endeavors this year and look forward to hearing your perspective.

Best,

The Revellations Team

## Join Us.

If you or your peers are interested in joining the team, our meetings are on Monday evenings at 6:00 in the Revelle College Conference rooms. You can contact us at [revellations@ucsd.edu](mailto:revellations@ucsd.edu) or join our Facebook group: "Revellations 2014-2015."

“Frats”?



Fraternities?

Ahh, the Greek life. So loud. So exclusive. So what?

Based on the conversations I've been in and the ones I've overheard, the Greek fraternity system seems somewhat polarizing. Either you ardently proclaim the benefits of joining a fraternity or sorority, or you quietly keep a cold opinion to yourself—that the Greek system chooses only the insensitive and superficial. Although there is definitely a middle ground between these two sentiments, it seems thin and tenuous. I used to feel the latter. But in retrospect, my generalization of “frat” guys was just as unfair as how judgmental I assumed they were.

Sooner or later, everyone hears a story about the horrors of fraternity hazing. Often exaggerated and shocking, these stories can easily stain the general reputation of all fraternities. A quick mention of a hazing related student death can alienate the neutral and dissuade the curious. But if a lot of these horror stories actually happen, then it's probably better to avoid the Greek life altogether, right? If you haven't caught on, this is the part where I try to convince you otherwise.

Before I decided to pledge my fraternity, I had heard multiple people attest to the system: "Pledging a fraternity is one of the best decisions I've ever made." Whenever people said this, I'd look at them sideways, wondering to myself how they found so much meaning in their organized drinking clubs. For me, rushing was out of the question. I had made up my mind. Fraternities were for the unmotivated academic laggards who prioritized partying over everything else. They were for the guys who tried so hard to be cool that they didn't know how to be themselves. They were for the people that judged you purely based on appearance.

Early last Spring quarter, a friend urged me to rush FIJI, the fraternity he was in. I was intrigued. This friend was one whom I deeply respected for his honesty and authenticity. His involvement in the Greek life forced me to question myself. Why would a real

and honest person surround himself with mean and judgmental people? I rushed that quarter, and was so blown away by the friendly atmosphere that I pledged. I was recently initiated into FIJI.

Pledging a fraternity is one of the best decisions I've ever made. Yeah, look at me sideways. I can't describe the pledge process in detail since we uphold a vow of secrecy, but in short, it's the most constructive fun I've ever had. I can only speak for myself and FIJI, but the pledge process was very meaningful to me. It created an environment where I could learn tough lessons about brotherhood while enjoying myself. It taught me how to be there for my brothers when they needed me, how to respect each one of them, and how to respect the brotherhood as an entity itself. Learning the history and structure of a fraternity also changed how I view them as organizations. I'm impressed by each fraternity's humble beginning, long history, and set of values to affirm. Others may not derive the same meaning that I did by going Greek, but at the base level, I'm confident that most people come out of pledging with a better understanding of the fraternity and themselves.

Joining a fraternity has enabled me to meet some of the most motivated, intelligent, and genuine people I have ever met. I sincerely hope that is something every fraternity man can say with confidence. Of course, no fraternity is perfect; every large group of guys is bound to have some insufferable people. But I believe that most people are nice people who deserve the benefit of the doubt when it comes to judging their character. It's really easy to notice when guys in fraternities slip up on their manners and come off as jerks, but it's much harder to notice the times when they are helpful and empathetic. When I see people walking around with Greek letters on their sweat-shirts, I no longer default to tinges of disdain. I think about the standards they were taught to measure up to and the learning experiences behind their own brotherhood, and feel respect.

By Johann Sevilla

# Look it up.

## How Google is changing education

By Tyler Takemoto

*“Whenever I’m stuck on a homework question, I look it up on the internet.”*

It’s the eve of Week 3 and I am spending my Sunday evening working on homework in the independent study room of Galbraith Hall. Over half of the desks are occupied with students engaged in varying degrees of productivity. The silence is punctuated by an occasional rustle of paper, a brief whispered conversation between friends, an explosive buzz as pencil cases and bags are zipped open or closed. But one noise rises above the rest: the constant sound of tapping as scores of fingertips soar across laptop keyboards.

Computers are no longer a luxury, especially for students. We are

expected to use TritonLink for all our administrative needs, including Housing, Class Enrollment, Billing, and Student Health registration. Our courses often feature required materials that can only be accessed online through TED. Important notices find their way to us through our student email accounts. It is painful to imagine the dedication and planning required of students who do not own a computer.

But computers are playing an additional role in students’ lives: one that continues to cause tremendous controversy at all levels of education. As the availability of

information and services on the internet broadens, so does the potential of the internet as a problem solving tool. While there are many that embrace the expanding capabilities of a simple search query, some are concerned about the increased potential for academic dishonesty. I met with a couple of my peers to discuss their experiences. We talked specifically about how they use the internet to supplement their college education and their opinions on perceptions about the internet and its use. They requested I refrain from using their real names.

The first student I talked to was Adam Brown, a second year Electrical Engineering major.

**Question: How have you used the internet to supplement your education?**

*“Whenever I’m stuck on a homework question, I look it up on the internet. There’s a lot of information on different websites that show you the strategies to solve complicated questions. A lot of the time, professors won’t teach you everything you need to know to [do the homework problems] because they expect you to look it up in the book, but I think that for me it’s easier to look things up on the internet.”*

**Is there any particular reason you choose the internet over the textbook?**

*“The explanations make more sense. The explanations for different types of problems on [websites] like Yahoo! Answers are ranked by which ones users think did the best job of explaining the question and the steps to solve it, so you can usually find people who do a good job of explaining things. Sometimes the textbook is too vague or confusing.”*

**You mentioned that you can find the steps to solve a question. Do you also use the internet to look up solutions?**

*“Yes, I do sometimes. Sometimes there is a question that I’ve been stuck on for hours and I need a hint to solve it, or at least a solution that I can use to check whether I am on the right track.”*

**How do you think this school’s academic policies apply to such a situation?**

*“I’m not really sure. I don’t*

*think professors would be happy if they knew I was looking up solutions online, but the bottom line is that I eventually learn how to do the problem. I don’t think it’s fair that professors expect us to stare at a problem for hours when we [get stuck]. It’s not like I’m simply copying the solution. I’m using the solution and the explanations online to work through the questions myself. I don’t think that looking up the procedure to do a problem and then doing the problem by myself is academic misconduct.”*

The next student I talked to was Cathy Daniels, a third year Molecular Biology major.

**Have you used the internet to help you in any of your classes? If so, how?**

*“I used the internet a lot, especially during my first year when I was taking [general chemistry], physics, and calculus. A lot of the material didn’t come [easily] to me, and some of the professors weren’t the best at explaining things. I watched a lot of videos on YouTube and visited a lot of online learning websites to help me understand some of the complicated things in class.”*

**Would you say that you performed better as a result of using the internet?**

*“Definitely. I would have totally failed math and physics if it wasn’t for the online resources that I found. One of my math TAs has his own website and posted detailed chapter summaries and solutions to questions for classes I took later on. I bookmarked the page and visited it even after I wasn’t in his class anymore because I could still use the solutions and explanations*

*for the class I was in [at the time].”*

**Would you consider looking up solutions online a violation of academic policy?**

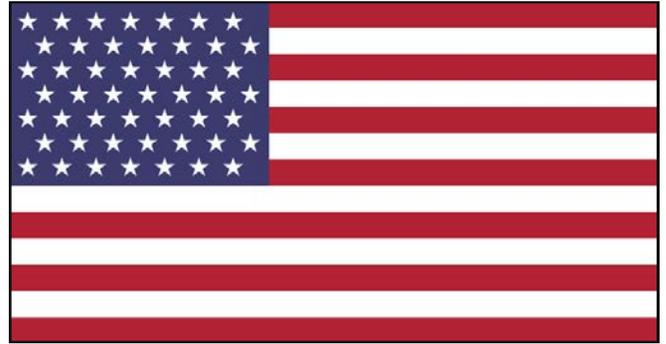
*“I think that the school would see it as a violation, but I would definitely look at the context. If a student is simply looking up solutions and turning it in as their own work, then that’s cheating. But if a student needs help on a question and uses an online solution to learn how to do the problem, then I think that they deserve to do that. I know I am guilty of doing that exact thing in the past, and I do not consider it to be cheating because I always learned how to do the problems myself in the end.”*

I believe many students can relate to the views of Adam and Cathy. The internet is an invaluable tool to look up anything from simple arithmetic to obscure trivia. The availability of knowledge and ability to partake in collaboration regardless of physical location mark a fascinating shift in our daily lives. But this rapid change also leads to many misunderstandings about what is acceptable in the context of academics and education. Until we reach a higher understanding of the issues governing the internet and its use, it is probably best to exercise caution and discretion as we apply it to our academic lives. The consequences for overstepping the fine line between using supplemental resources and committing academic misconduct can be very severe.

For any questions about academic integrity, please visit UCSD’s academic integrity office website at [academicintegrity.ucsd.edu](http://academicintegrity.ucsd.edu).

# The Concept of Time

## *In two Different Countries*



# *The Concept of Time*

## In two Different Countries

By Punit Patel

About one year ago, San Diego seemed different to me than it is now. It was the first time that I had lived on a different continent, embracing new people and a new culture. I was raised in Zimbabwe, a remote country in Africa, so you can imagine how different things must have been over there; especially the concept of time.

It was tough getting used to everyone's fast-paced, busy schedule. I found that a lot of people around me were constantly busy, with balancing work to studying to attending meetings. I also noticed how everyone is time-conscious and punctual. Back in Zimbabwe, people always showed up late to events and meetings; firstly, because the events rarely started on time and secondly, because people couldn't get themselves ready to show up on time.

Even the classes that I took in high school in Zimbabwe had a duration of two years each. The ten week duration of each quarter at UCSD seemed overwhelming to me initially, and before I barely got used to the class, I would have a test. In Zimbabwe, we had two exams every year, but at UCSD I had my first test during week two of class. I used to be surprised to

find my roommates having enough time to do things other than going to classes and studying. I thought that I'd have to study all the time as much as I can outside classes because there simply wasn't enough time. Now as a freshman, taking easy lower division classes this sounds ridiculous, right?

Thankfully, that notion didn't last for too long though. Through exposure with friends, fellow classmates and the Emerging Leaders' Program, I soon realized the importance of prioritizing my activities and time management. I eventually accustomed myself to the time frame and expectations of a UCSD college student. For example with regards to my classes, I realized that what the professor emphasizes in lecture is what you really need to know. The assigned text for the class should only be used as a reference. I adapted my study habits accordingly and saved myself tremendous amounts of time for other activities.

Now as a sophomore staying on campus at UCSD, I hardly find things to be different. In fact, if I go back home to Zimbabwe, I'll probably find it a lot less familiar than when I first left the country.

## Every moment counts.

By Johanna Wu

A week into September, I was more than ready for school to start. Even though I had just gotten back from two summer sessions at UCSD, summer had already gotten too long for me. Who would have thought that just a short while later, I would end up wishing that our very lengthy summer be extended.

What changed my mind? The unexpected passing of my paternal grandfather, whose funeral led to a trip to my birth country, Taiwan, for the first time in seven years.

The funeral itself was homage to Taiwanese customs: two entire days of Buddhist rituals, such as burning incense and paper money for my grandpa to use in his afterlife, as well as many hours of blessings from monks. Many things happened within those few days, and I still find myself reflecting upon them constantly, but there was one specific moment in the ceremony that had the most profound impact on me.

Per Asian customs, the eldest son, my father, had the most responsibilities in the funeral, because with my grandfather's passing, my father became the head of his family. Because I couldn't understand any of the Taiwanese spoken during the funeral, I spent a lot of time watching my father, and noticed that despite the somber event, my father really hadn't cried much throughout the two days. It wasn't until near the end that I saw tears falling from his eyes.

At the end of the ceremony, attendees had the chance to go up in groups to greet the immediate family. There were politicians sending their condolences, family members of my grandparents, colleagues of my aunts and uncles, etc. There was one group of mysterious men, however, whose presence and embraces seemed to cause my father's tears. His reaction made sense later, when I had learned that those men went to college with my father several decades ago. One has to understand that my family moved to America nearly twenty years ago, and that my par-

ents' university days are even further into the past. I'm only a second year, and I already have trouble keeping in touch with friends on a daily basis, so for my father's friends to meet together on such short notice to attend a funeral in a little remote area for a friend they hadn't even seen in years is nothing short of remarkable and moving.

I've thought about that scene almost every day since the funeral. During my first year at UCSD, there were many moments when I felt like I didn't know anyone well enough to share my burdens with them. Until I landed back in America, most of my friends didn't even know the real reason I flew back to Taiwan; in fact, many of them are still under the impression that the trip was a little jaunt to make up for my months of studying in the summer.

Since coming back, however, I've realized that the support system I thought I lacked is more than present. Whether they realize it or not, my friends have been instrumental in helping me cope with the loss of my grandfather. It's their constancy, the little moments when they ask me how I'm doing or if I want to hang out, that really make me reflect not only on how lucky I am, but also on the events that led to these friendships in the first place.

No friendship is immediately solid at the first meeting. It takes time and moments spent together for a relationship to blossom. It takes going through hardships and lending an ear to listen or a shoulder to cry on, as well as little things like going to campus events together or sharing a class, to become actual friends, like those of my father's.

With this summer's events in the back of my mind, my goal this year is to cherish every moment with my friends, both old and new, because it's the merging of all these moments and memories that will help me move past any negativity in my way. Because every moment counts, whether we realize it now, or later.

The Staff: 2014-2015



Johann



Tyler



Johanna



Punit



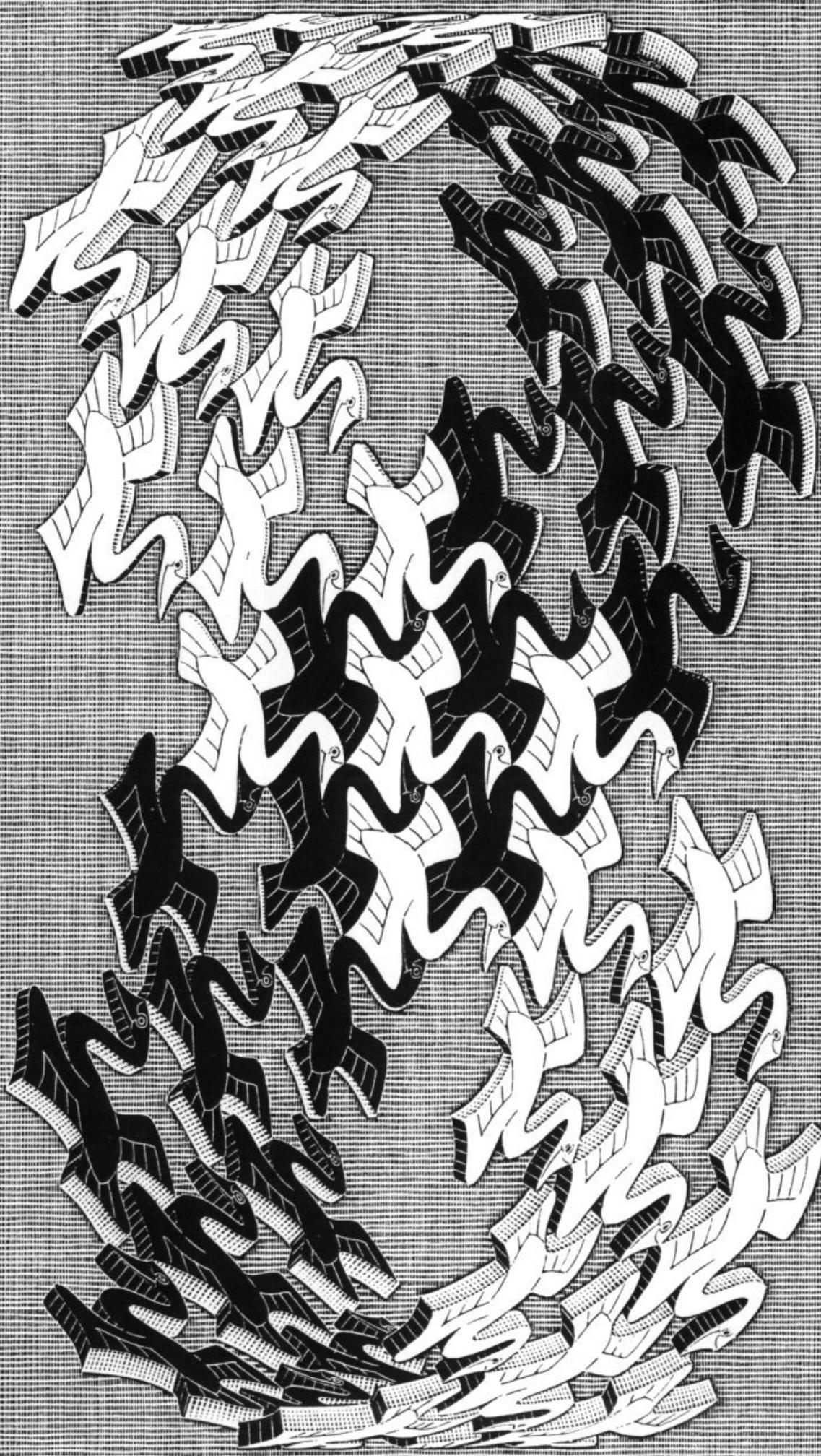
Patricia

← Image: *Swans*, M.C. Escher

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# Revelations

FALL QUARTER ISSUE 2



[BECOMING A ROWER] - [WE ARE REVELLE] - [REVIEW: INTERSTELLAR] - [64 DEGREES] -  
[MY SOCAL MISCONCEPTION] - [STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS: REVELLE VS. ALL-CAMPUS]

# Art Submission

Anjali Prasad



Staff member Anjali Prasad reached out to peers and assembled a collage that features significant aspects of their lives.

# Becoming a Rower

Angela Lee

The sound of soft wind chimes shatter the silence of the darkness. My eyes shoot open. My hand instinctively grabs my phone and swipes to the right. I quickly look down from my bunk at my roommate- thankfully, she's still asleep. I let out an inaudible sigh- it's 4:10 am, the beginning of my day.

When I came to UCSD, I thought I would never have to wake up at 4 a.m. ever again. Back in high school, I woke up at 4:25 a.m. twice a week for swim practice. I really hated that part of swimming- you could never hear the end of my early morning struggles. Here, I was looking forward to eight hours of bliss every night. Now, I wake up even earlier. So why do I do this to myself four times a week?

The short explanation is one word, the word that has defined my experience here at UCSD so far: rowing.

The story begins a week after I arrived on campus. I had way too much free time- suddenly I had five extra hours unoccupied by swimming every day. In attempt to fill up that empty gap in my life, I went to the gym for two hours, once or twice daily. It just wasn't the same- I missed having other people around. I missed having teammates to compete with, complain with, and simply talk with. After I saw a flyer for rowing try-outs, and I knew what I had to do.

Before I came to UCSD, I wasn't even sure what rowing was. The extent of my rowing knowledge was derived from the song "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." It seemed simple enough- I mean, it couldn't be that hard, right?

Begin phase I of the try-out process. First, there were meetings. You can imagine it- coaches talking about themselves, the sport, the mountains of paperwork required to be filled out, everything. They wanted about 20 athletic, hard-working ladies. However, before they could determine who those women would be, they had to find out who was healthy enough to try out. So came hours of medical screening- over 4 hours, if I remember correctly. line after line of eye tests, physicals, questions, and more. Fortunately, I was cleared to try out- some people weren't so lucky.

So, actual try-outs. Four days total. Running. Stairs.

Ergs. If you don't know what an erg is, it's a torture device, a contraption that pushes the limits of one's physical strength as well as mental toughness- the rowing machine. The "Erging 101" lesson was nice, but after that... it was not so nice. It feels like doing consecutive, more complicated squats, with resistance, for a set amount of time or distance. Erging, and the sport of rowing in general, was new to all of us. There were so many people, so many different types of people, determined to make the team- former softball players, volleyball players, runners, gymnasts, soccer players, swimmers like me, even people who've never played a sport before. It really humbled me, seeing all of these ladies trying their best for a coveted spot on that rowing roster, for a chance to be a NCAA DII athlete.

The last day of try-outs consisted of a 4000 meter erg for time. It really was just 17 minutes of pure, blinding pain. I wanted to cry at the halfway mark. I'd never felt pain quite like that before- and this is coming from a former 200 yard butterflyer. However, I finished with pride, without tears (that people could see), and most importantly, without slowing down or giving up. My only thought after what was probably the most excruciating 17 minutes of my life was that I never wanted to do that again. Well, technically it hasn't happened again- the week after we did a 6000 and the week after that an 8000.

That night, the news came out: twenty-three made the roster. When I received the email and saw my name, I celebrated with a fat nap. Practice would start Monday, and we'd have to be at the boathouse at 5 a.m.

So, here I am, two months in. There's been a lot of firsts, a lot of adapting- learning how to balance a boat, acclimating to the feeling of wet socks, figuring out how to climb down my bunk while making the least noise, learning to sleep in my rowing clothes, going to bed at 10:30 p.m. every night. The women's novice crew is down to 15 women now- it's a big commitment, a constant juggling act between school, a sport, and friends. Fortunately, it's something I've dealt with my entire life- I'd feel incomplete without a sport. And my sport is rowing.

# Interstellar: Stellar?

Johann Sevilla

Physics. Time. Space. Stars. When you watch a movie that incorporates these elements, you tend to lose yourself in its atmosphere—or maybe lack thereof. There's a certain ambience of vastness that accompanies sci-fi space films, and Christopher Nolan's *Interstellar* elevates it to another dimension. For much of the movie, you're suspended in the cold darkness of space. Lit by only the distant sparkle of stars and the looming enormity of a black hole, scenes spill off the screen and into the pitch black of the theatre itself. Of course you could wait until the movie comes out on DVD, or until you can stream it free on the internet, but you'd be missing out. Some movies are just meant for the big screen.

In stark contrast with Nolan's mind twisters like *Inception* and *Memento*, *Interstellar* is relatively straightforward and easy to follow. It doesn't puzzle its watchers with a convoluted plot line; instead, it takes its audience on an emotional voyage and explores the idea that in order to save humanity, you must act against its most valued principles. But at its heart, this is a movie about family.

Cooper is an audacious pilot and brilliant engineer seeking adventure. His daughter, Murphy, is young, inquisitive, and has no deep interpersonal connection with anyone but her father. Because of this, Cooper's duty as a father and his duty to the survival of the human race pull him in opposite directions. The characters' journey through the stars is only a back-

drop for the father-daughter relationship that Nolan tries to anchor as the thematic crux of the film.

However, I felt that Nolan's attempt to weave heavy emotion through the plot was not as smoothly executed as it could have been. The wondrous sequences in space seemed a bit too cold and removed from the grounded warmth of Cooper's relationship with Murphy. Although the plot explores the depths of space, it doesn't adequately explore the depths of its interesting characters, so a lot of potential is wasted. Some sentimental scenes are also dampened by corny dialogue. And considering the film is just shy of three hours long, Nolan seems to bite off more than he can chew.

That said, I think *Interstellar* is a cinematographic masterpiece that will be discussed and referenced for years to come. Skillfully composed by Hans Zimmer, the movie's score flushes out the feelings of loneliness, danger, and hope shown on screen. The talented actors deliver their characters well, but I think that Matthew McConaughey stands out from the rest. His ability to connect with Cooper's emotions by reducing himself to tears is one of the movie's most powerful assets. Despite its faults, *Interstellar*'s strengths will probably launch it into contention for multiple Oscars. It may not be Nolan's best work, but it's definitely out of this world, or galaxy, or whatever. Watch it.

# 64 Degrees: A Review

Vrushali Samant

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a college student in possession of an empty stomach must be in want of dinner. That's right: college students are always hungry! Whether it's 8 am or 1 am (and especially when it's in the middle of a one and a half hour lecture), it's safe to assume that we're hungry. I can say from firsthand experience the minute class gets out, my first pit stop is at the dining hall. When I'm at Muir or Revelle, my destination is a no-brainer. But when I have an hour long gap at twelve o'clock between two lectures in Warren, I find myself entertaining delusions of heading back to Revelle to grab a burger and maybe a side of fries and making it back just in time for lecture, round two. But they're just delusions, really, because every time my appetite points towards Revelle, my brain kicks in and reminds me, who am I kidding? Sure, food is a priority, but the one thing that takes precedence to food in the average college student's life is indolence.

This indolence, of course, is reflected in the fact that despite the fact that I've been on campus for just about two months, I've only eaten at 64, Pines, Canyon Vista and Foodworx. As of last week, I can tack Goody's on to that list. Now that I think I about it, actually, I'm probably more proficient in on-campus eateries than the average freshman. I can pretty much guarantee you that nobody except for me (and those fortunate souls in Sixth College) actually knows where Foodworx is—and when I say fortunate, I mean it. Where else do you get a make-your-own-pizza station?

But I'm here to talk about 64. To be honest, 64 gets quite a bit of bad rep when it comes to prices. To some extent, it's true. We're broke college students. We have \$6.50 per meal. We don't have piles of cash to throw around, and so when I order my burger and fries and it comes out to nine dollars something cents, I cry a little on the inside. And over the past month I've established such a deep and emotional connection with the 64 fries

that it pains me to pass on them when I cough up for my Black Bean Burger. So on the days when I can practically hear the pennies jangling around in my pockets, I opt for Revelle cuisine—which, surprisingly enough, thanks to its deceptive name, is the cheapest station at 64. Each dish is a dollar and I can get a satisfying meal for four bucks. The vertically crafted sandwiches have recently become a new favorite of mine, especially since I spend the whole meal in a climactic build-up to the sweet potato fry speared on the end of the sandwich skewer. I don't really have much more to say about the sandwiches because every time I order one I get the same bread (the French roll), the same cheese (cheddar), and the same toppings (lettuce, tomatoes, and onions). But I can promise that it's worth it for that sweet potato fry and the pickles! When I'm feeling healthy (which to be honest has happened only once in the past two months), I order a salad, which, to my delight, turned out to be enormous and tasty, a win-win. The variety in toppings and the quantity given the price together were pretty reasonable. That leaves the wok station: it was my soft corner for about two or three weeks before the mere hint of yellow curry began to make me feel sick. Normally I'd have no problem switching up the sauce, but when you're vegetarian, the only available protein is tofu drowned in The-sauce-which-must-not-be-named.

Don't get me wrong: 64 may not be perfect, but then again, neither are we (please excuse my unexpected burst of insightfulness, it won't happen again). My point is, even though sometimes it's frustrating to stand in a twenty minute line and then scour the dining hall for a place to sit, the wait is worth it pretty much ninety percent of the time—especially for those milkshakes. Not all colleges can brag about having the posh-est dining hall on campus.

# My SoCal Misconception

Johanna Wu

I have always had this preconceived notion that I would be constantly meeting celebrities in SoCal whenever I ventured off campus. I blame my many years of reading celebrity gossip magazines for building up this expectation that has only set me up for disappointment. Up until November 7th of this year, I had yet to meet a single celebrity. There was a close call with Keegan Allen, who portrays Toby from *Pretty Little Liars*, who my friend and I will swear we saw at a fish market in May, but that's a story for another time.

Then November 7th, 2014 came along, and YouTube star, actress, and filmmaker Anna Akana reached a milestone that she probably has already forgotten since I told her: She became the first celebrity I met in person and took a photo with.

Every fall since 2000, Pacific Arts Movement (Pac-Arts) has put on the San Diego Asian Film Festival, where they show screenings of Asian films and documentaries and invite film makers to come speak about their work. It's a wonderful and enriching festival that isn't limited to an Asian audience; it is only trying to showcase amazing work that is often neglected or underpublicized by the general public. And this year, in addition to another spectacular line up of cinema and guest speakers, Pac-Arts invited Anna Akana for a conversation at UCSD's Atkinson Hall, an event I RSVP'd "attending" the moment I saw the Facebook event. Any prior plans would have to be rescheduled.

Anna Akana is just as comical, intelligent, down-to-earth, and pretty in person, if not more, as she is in her videos and films. The event had an intimate setting where the moderator and Anna just sat comfortably on stage and talked about a myriad of topics including Anna's start doing stand-up comedy, her sister's suicide, her four cats, *Pregnapocalypse*, etc. Despite the seriousness and sometimes incredibly personal topics she touched on in that room, Anna always had a funny off-handed remark that kept the atmosphere light and the

audience engaged. Her candor was endearing and hilarious, and was especially prominent when she took questions from the audience, one of whom I will remember forever as someone she referred to as "white boy".

After the event, I proceeded to wait around two hours in line for her impromptu meet and greet, where Anna took the time to talk to and take a photo with every single fan who gushed about how much he or she loves her and her videos. I myself had an idea of what I wanted to say to her, and even wore my "I can't even" shirt that was supposed to be some sort of conversation starter. But when the time came and she was giving me a hug and asking me for my name, I forgot everything I wanted to say. I managed to tell her my name, and "you're actually the first celebrity I've ever met", before the photographer took a round of photos that I'll keep forever on my phone.

Overall, I would say that my first celebrity meeting was an overwhelmingly positive experience. I loved that Anna Akana took the time to meet with every single fan in line, and I loved that she included profanity in most of her answers. I think listening to her speak in person, as well as meeting her personally has only solidified my respect and affection for Anna Akana and all that she does to overcome the racial barriers in Hollywood. Had it not been for the dedicated festival organizers, I would have never had this opportunity, and so I strongly encourage all of you to attend at least a few of the Pac-Arts events next fall. Or in general, attend as many events on campus as you can, because UCSD puts on a lot of fantastic programs for its students, and to not take advantage of them would be a travesty. Don't use the whole midterm excuse for not trying something new, because there will always be midterms and quizzes. And as I have learned since coming to SoCal, celebrities aren't as out and about in public places as I wished and thought, so anytime a celebrity comes TO you, you all better take advantage of it.

# Student Organizations:

## *College or Campus-wide?*

Tyler Takemoto

As forums where like-minded peers can congregate and share knowledge and experiences, student organizations are great representatives of a university's vibrant diversity and culture. Participation in a student organization can broaden horizons and provide a unique sense of belonging. But student organizations are confusing. For one, there are a lot of them: too many for busy college students to keep track of. Navigating the many organizations to find a few that cater to an individual student's interests is no easy feat.

UC San Diego's six-college system adds another dimension of complexity to the already confusing selection of organizations. Students can choose from organizations affiliated with a specific college, or organizations that operate within the framework of the university as a whole.

During my time here, I have participated in multiple student organizations: some affiliated with Revelle College, some that are campus-wide. I cannot claim to have a clear-cut understanding of student organizations in general, or even the difference between Revelle and all-campus organizations, but I have seen enough to share some of the good, the bad, and the ugly of my experiences with each.

The bulk of my first year featured involvement with numerous Revelle College Organizations. Student organizations within Revelle are close-knit. There is enough interaction between organizations and their members that even the most vocally misanthropic students in the groups start to forge working relationships with other involved peers. Participation in Revelle Organizations also fosters strong ties between students and Revelle Staff and Administration. This is probably the most redeeming aspect of Revelle College Organizations for me. Interaction with a wide variety of actively involved peers and staff members has challenged me to expand my horizons and extend myself beyond my comfort zone.

But because Revelle Organizations are primarily, if not completely composed of Revelle Students, there is a great deal less variety in membership compared to campus-wide organizations. This led me to experiment with a wide variety of campus-wide organizations this year. All-campus organizations are bigger and more diverse. Most Revelle Organizations that I participate in have a membership ranging from ten to twenty students. In contrast, most of the all-campus organizations whose meetings I frequent have memberships ranging from thirty to seventy students.

Additionally, as a general rule, Revelle Organizations are relatively broad: catering toward the Revelle College Community's eclectic interests. All-campus organizations are specialized. They draw in members on the basis of some specific theme, such as academic major, career aspiration, performance art, cultural practice, or athletic skill. This results in campus-wide organizations building a membership that is unified by very similar interests.

Especially with organizations that participate in challenging activities as a team, the amount of personal growth and interpersonal improvement involved can be extremely satisfying. Also, the skills and opportunities afforded by all-campus organizations are much more relevant to the individual student.

Overall, both sides have their advantages. Revelle Organizations provide a cozier atmosphere to build meaningful connections and foster rewarding collaboration. Campus-wide organizations give a refreshing new perspective from a wider pool of students and allow participants to bond over a more specific theme that may be more relevant to their goals and interests. I strongly believe that simply participating in extracurriculars is not enough for a rich college career. To make the most out of the opportunities available, students must strike the right balance between the diverse options available to them.

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

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An aerial photograph of a coastline, likely the Gulf of Mexico, showing a large body of water in the foreground and a long, narrow landmass extending into the distance. The water is dark, and the land is a mix of brown and green, suggesting a mix of land and vegetation. The title 'Revelations' is overlaid on the top part of the image.

# Revelations

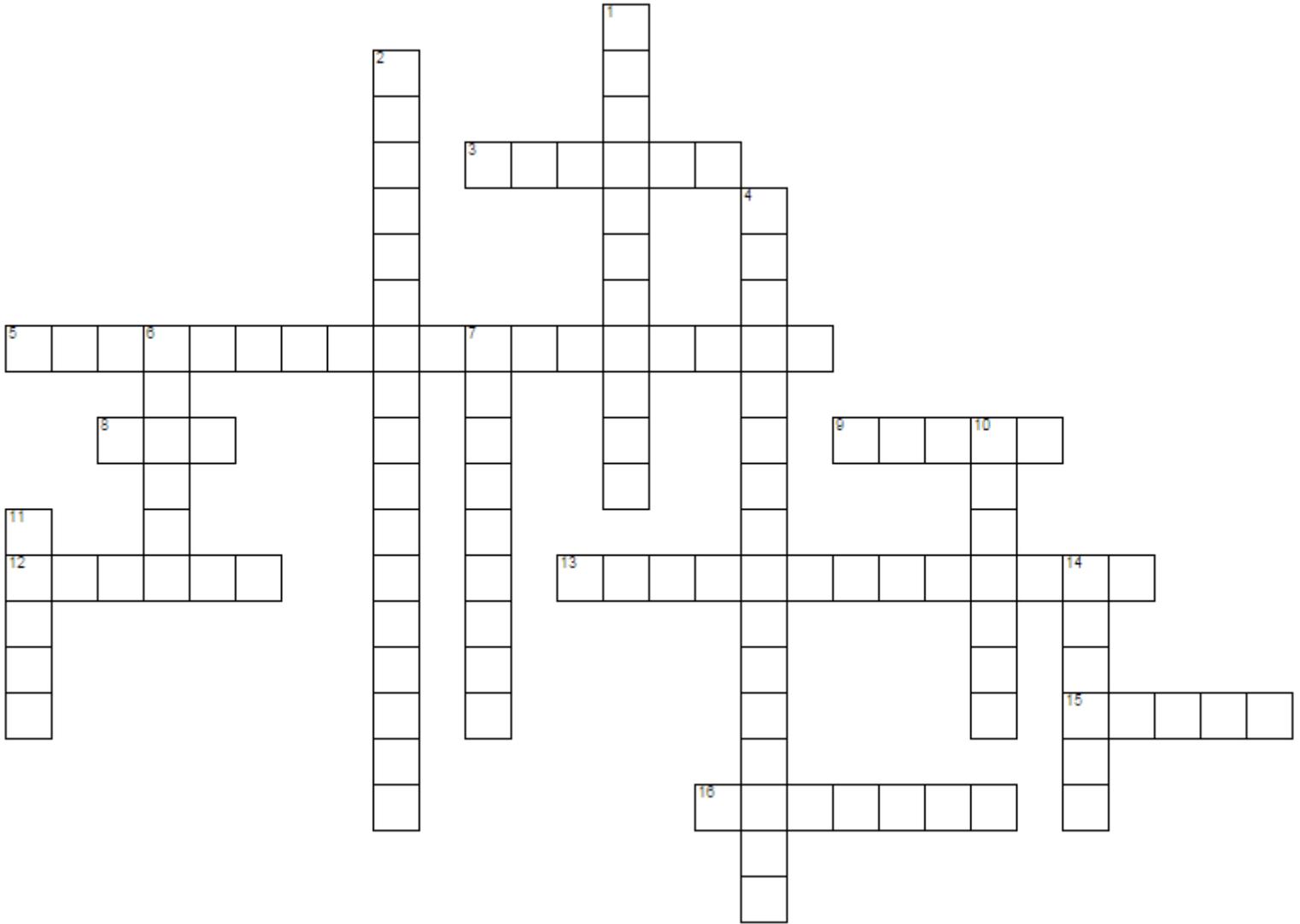
Winter Quarter Issue One

“Close Encounters of the Word kind” - The Life Changing Professor -  
Ask Angela - In Defense of my Major - Is Privacy at Stake?

# Crossword Puzzle

Theme: 2014 Pop Culture and Current Events

Be the first to email a picture of the completed puzzle to [Revelations.Revelle@gmail.com](mailto:Revelations.Revelle@gmail.com) to win an iPod Shuffle. If you are interested in joining the Revelations team, please visit our meetings on Tuesdays, 7:00 pm in Conference Room C or email us at [Revelations.Revelle@gmail.com](mailto:Revelations.Revelle@gmail.com).



**ACROSS**

- 3 According to the Oxford English Dictionary, I'm a new word. And for your further edification, I'm also a person.
- 5 More than 17 million of these. All for a good cause, but wasteful.
- 8 A term of endearment, or poop
- 9 Epidemic
- 12 I landed somewhere new, but my mother did most of the work.
- 13 A genius will be missed
- 15 Northface jacket, leggings, Uggs, Pumpkin Spice Latte, Chipotle bowl
- 16 Eyebrows

**DOWN**

- 1 People complained that Bradley's arm wasn't long enough
- 2 Did anyone actually like this ending?
- 4 This album was forced upon us, and we rejected it
- 6 Destroyed by 6 in front of everyone
- 7 This Halloween costume worn by a music star was really "hot"
- 10 You heard this song probably a million times
- 11 This country's crown changed heads
- 14 Hairstyle growing in popularity among young men

## Gross encounters of the Word kind.

By Anjali Prasad

OMG DIS IS LIK THE BESTEST THING 4EVR11!!

Iz tht not a soar enuf site for you're pore eyes?

All right, I'll stop now.

Look, I get it too. Over the past several years, decades even, the colloquial English language has changed, especially with the advance of modern technology (i.e. texting, email, etc.). We've developed a new lingo, made up of abbreviations and TLAs (three letter acronyms for you fans of that kind of thing). I'm a college kid too. I use them; they're funny, to be quite frank, and surprisingly nuanced for something so flashy.

There's a subtle but clear difference between responding to a text with 'Lol', 'Hahaha', 'XD', or 'OMG TOO FUNNY!' The implied message ranges between anything from 'Um, I've got no idea how to respond to you so I'll just say LOL' to 'Haha, that was actually so funny that now I'm crying and you need to be aware of this'.

However - and here's where I'm gonna rant, so just bear with me - there's a difference between text talk and just plain, sloppy, carelessness. One is for convenience and quick messages, the other is inexcusable and serves no purpose. For example, here's one of the instances that irritates me the most: lose versus loose. "He was loosing the game." Loosing? Loosing? Was this mysterious "game" something that had been tied up? Was this guy now releasing it so that, unfettered, it may wreak havoc upon the populace? Please, enlighten me about this creature that has been unleashed after such a long imprisonment! Congratulations, you have just turned a harmless soccer match into a Godzilla-like nightmare killing machine.

I guess I could've been less harsh. Oh, look, perfect segue (Not segway. That's a motorized pogo stick with wheels) into my next issue. I read an article by a student or perhaps an uninformed adult, where he or she insisted on expanding the contraction 'could've'. Okay,

that's fine by me. Except for the fact that he or she said "could of". Really? That's what you think 'could've' expands to? In what world does that make any logical sense? "He could've won the game" suddenly becomes "He could of won the game." What? There's not even a real verb in that sentence. That's not even a sentence anymore! If you're not sure...Google it. There's plenty of people out there who are just as tired of this as I am.

Ok, this third and final example (because I know you're thoroughly frustrated by my nitpicking as though I were your high school English teacher) is another ridiculous one: the mix-up between 'definitely' and 'defiantly'. "He definitely lost the game" or "He defiantly lost the game" (This poor guy just has no luck with sports, does he?). In one case, this hopeless man's defeat is certain. In the other, he's losing - but, man! - does he have a can-do attitude about it! "I may have lost this time, suckers, but this won't be the last you see of me!" Eh, depends on what you're trying to convey - an inevitable situation or a really sassy comeback. But please make sure you know what you're trying to say, and don't just gloss. It's not cool.

I'm not gonna get all up in your face about grammar. I mean, I just used the word 'gonna'. There's probably an error in this article itself that I didn't catch while reviewing it. It's fine--we all make mistakes. However, I know y'all are intelligent people. (Yes, I said y'all. It's what we say back in Texas and my grammar is technically correct. XD ) There are Dictionaries and Thesauri online (Google really is a wonderful thing. You should get acquainted with it!) and if you ask Siri, she can most likely help you out too. After all, everyone is on their phones all the time anyway. So, please, for the love of my poor, poor sanity, stop massacring a language that is already difficult enough with its numerous exceptions to the rules of everything.

K thx, ttyl, l8r g8r, and all that jazz.

# The Life Changing Professor

By Johanna Wu

When I was in middle school, I remember receiving an email about the “Jar of Life”, a lecture by a professor who used metaphorical rocks, stones, and sand to explain the importance of prioritizing loved ones and one’s own health above everything else. At the time, I thought it was the most symbolically profound story ever, and became determined to take a class that would make me reflect as much as I did on the “Jar of Life”. The opportunity to take those classes seemed to dwindle, however, as I started focusing more on science classes, which fixate more on explaining the “hows” of life, rather than the “whys”.

And then I found my “Jar of Life” class in spring quarter of my freshman year, when I took Introduction to Ethnic Studies 3: Making Culture, taught by Dr. K. Wayne Yang, also known simply as Wayne. From the beginning, I could already tell that Wayne was not your typical professor. Whereas students generally are the ones who try to introduce themselves to the professor before class starts, Wayne instead was the one taking the initiative to walk around and shake hands and chat with the students in the room.

On the first day of class, Wayne declared he was certain that there was at least one person in this room who will change his life forever. He then continued to say that collectively, everyone in the class would be spending about 24 hours total together in the quarter. Spending essentially a day together is not an accident, Wayne said, and thus should not be taken for granted. His dedication towards making the class worthwhile truly showed throughout the quarter, when he shared tidbits and stories that often brought me to the brink of tears.

One such tidbit was told on the first day of class. Despite having more than four hundred students in the class, Wayne wanted each and every one to email him if he or she was going to miss class for any reason whatsoever. Having taught in Oakland for many years, Wayne said that when his students were not in their seats, it was likely something bad happened and that he probably would never see them again. In a university of over twenty thousand undergraduates, to have a professor genuinely care so much for the wellbeing of students he may never know personally, meant more than words could express.

The course itself was eyeopening. Coming from a densely Asian city in the Bay Area, I hardly paid attention to racial issues. But as I read more articles and thought more critically of the structure of our society, I was beginning to see the underlying skewed master

narrative, which is a way of explaining why society is how it is. Within the master narrative arises archetypes like the colonial settler, noble savage, foreign other, and the chattel slave. Wayne had warned us that this class might ruin some of our favorite movies. I did not heed his warning seriously, and thus will never see Lilo & Stitch in the same light after noticing details like Stitch embodying the chattel slave, and the Hawaiian tourists embodying the colonial settlers.

Additionally, many things happened that quarter, including the death of a Revelle student living in the Village after the Sun God music festival, as well as the shooting at Isla Vista right next to UCSB. Wayne told an especially poignant story in the aftermath of the incidents: we have to live more than one life, for the deceased who also had hopes and dreams but did not get the chance to achieve them. He spoke of his former student, Abieyuwa, who got a tattoo on her wrist in honor of her deceased friend, so that when she was reaching for her diploma at her graduation, it was like her friend was receiving his diploma with her.

The last day of ethnic studies felt a lot like the first, except now students were the ones approaching Wayne and thanking him for teaching such a unique and thought-provoking course. I too had written him a thank you card. Though I was originally looking for a life changing class, I realized that it was really Wayne’s passion and kindness that really led to my own emotional growth. At the end, he simply concluded the class by extolling everyone for their hard work, and again reminding us to live for those who cannot. Referring back to the first day, Wayne said he met several students whom he would keep in touch with for years to come.

I spoke with Wayne recently this quarter, and learned that he had not intended on becoming a teacher, despite having taught ESL and physics in his undergrad years. It was actually a rejection from Teach for America that acted as the impetus for his teaching career. When asked which class he would like to teach but has not had the chance to, Wayne said that he really wants to teach a required course, such as physics, because he wants to make it more enjoyable for the students. When I commented that he seemed to really care for his students, he told me that the one thing he wants his students to remember from his class is that “somebody loved them while they were here [at UCSD].”

# Ask Angela

Angela is a freshman from Revelle College. She is willing to answer any question sent to her! If you want to submit a question, please send it to [angelalee@ucsd.edu](mailto:angelalee@ucsd.edu) with the title "Ask Angela."

Q: Being a first-year from a different college, I couldn't help but notice fancy lighting in one of the 'upper' floors in one of Revelle College's Res Halls.

Is this 'a' factor that should be taken into consideration when explaining the significantly higher rates of breakups that students from Revelle undergo? -TheTribalPrince

A: Hi TribalPrince,

So I went to investigate your question! You were talking about the room that has the fancy, super bright different colored lights, British and Australian flags, and stop sign, right? I actually have been wondering about that too. I just knocked on their door, and they invited me in. Two guys live there, a British student (I'll call him B) and a student who has dual Australian and American citizenship (I'll call him A). I asked about the lights, and apparently over 50 people have stopped by just to see them! To answer your question, it hasn't caused any breakups-they've made friends with people who have visited them, but nothing more. B remarked that the fact that he is British is what gets the girls, not the lights. Also, I have to add that I've never heard that Revelle had a high breakup rate! I feel like there are so many negative rumors about our college, but it's really not that bad, haha.

Q: A few months back I befriended one of my guy coworkers. We spent most of our time together and got along really well. Then he started seeing my roommate but they eventually broke it off about a month back. His relationship with my roommate never bothered me because I was also seeing someone else at the time. We kept our friendship the same and continued to hang out but just recently he and I hooked up. I know I don't like him, but I don't mind hooking up with him either. I'm worried that I'm in over my head. Would it be wrong to be his friend with benefits despite his relationship with my roommate? -Amy

A: Hi Amy,

The relationship would be "wrong" if it would hurt the feelings of your roommate. You have a few options. The first is to have an honest talk with your roommate. In this option, you'd tell her that you respect her feelings and will not continue the relationship if she is in any way bothered by it. If you don't want to have that talk, you can either just drop the friends with benefits relationship (safest route), or do some thinking. How long did the two date? Did they get serious? Does your roommate have jealous tendencies? How does she act when ex-boyfriends are brought up? Does she get angry or sad about things easily? Is sleeping with this guy worth risking your relationship with your roommate? Are there other, less "risky" guys that you can pursue? I don't know the answers to these questions, so I don't really know where to guide you. There is a chance that she doesn't

really get attached to exes and would be fine with the situation or even happy for you. It all depends on her, really. I hope this helped a little!

Q: Hi Angela, I believe I have a problem and I would like your advice. I have recently developed an obsession with peanuts. The other day, I was at Roger's market and I noticed that every product I was buying was peanut based. Now, I know that this sounds normal so far, but it gets worse. Sometimes at night, I visualize myself frolicking through the peanut fields with the Planter's peanut man. I wake up hot and sweaty with peanut butter spread on my chest. This has been a recurring dream and my roommates are complaining about the overwhelming smell of peanut butter that is permeating every inch of our suite. I fear that my obsession with peanuts will cause further tensions between me and my suitemates, and I don't want them to hate me because of it. I guess I'm asking if there's any way to block this out of my head? Like do I stop eating peanuts and peanut butter? I just don't know how to go about resolving this issue. Thank you. -Sean

A: Hello Sean,

Do not let the words of others harm you. This is a gift, a divine blessing. You are destined to be great. Continue on your road and watch yourself blossom into your true form. I suspect you shall be cocooning soon- nighttime peanut butter secretions are one of the first warning signs of the transformation.

Q: My roommate stinks. Like really bad. Please help. -Noseplug

A: Yo Noseplug,

First of all, is s/he aware? If not, tell him/her. Or, you could get the RA to do it if you live on campus. Most likely, s/he will be embarrassed and will try to fix it. If it can't be fixed with personal hygiene, it could be biological. If you don't like confrontation, there's still a lot of things you can do. Get matching deodorants and tell them it was buy one get one free, and that you don't need the other one and offer it to him/her. If you have body spray, spray yourself and offer some to him/her every time you use it. Get a bunch of minty gum or mints and have them around a lot. When there's a body product sale, ask your roommate if he/she wants to go with you to buy some. Get room scents- both spray ones and the ones you can plug in. Open the windows a lot. Keep the fan on. If your roommate is in denial or doesn't care, you can still do a lot of those things.

Q: What is love? -Anon

A: Tom Cruise

# In Defense of my Major

By Tyler Takemoto

Last quarter, I took a discrete mathematics course through the Computer Science Department. The professor encouraged us to work in pairs to complete the homework, so I immediately teamed up with a friend in the class. As we scribbled our way through Boolean Functions and attempted (unsuccessfully) to grasp the inscrutable intricacies behind Proof by Induction, the conversation shifted to our respective majors. I'll try to relate the gist of it.

"Why are you majoring in Social Science?" My friend asked me. "You're better at these proofs and recursion questions than I am. It's such a waste. You could make so much more money with a Computer Science degree."

It was a question I have often asked myself, so I was prepared to answer it.

"If you look at the employment data from recent grads," I replied, pulling up the webpage on my computer, "some in my major still make around the same as, and sometimes even more than recent Comp Sci grads. But aside from that, I'm learning things that I'm genuinely excited about. I don't care if I don't make as much money throughout my career as long as I can actually enjoy the process."

My friend surveyed me with sorrowful eyes. Apparently my ferocious naiveté caused him profound physical pain.

"There's work and there's play," he recited, slowly so I could understand it. "Work isn't supposed to be fun. You work hard in your life so you can have fun later on."

This response took me by surprise. Yes, I do realize it's slightly fanciful for me to believe my career will be all daisies and sunshine provided I select a field of study I am passionate about. But I never expected such steadfast, hopeless realism from my peers. So although I decided not to push the argument further, I continued to think about our conversation for the next few days.

After some contemplation, I decided that my friend's problem was that he too readily equated money with happiness.

Now don't get me wrong; I love money. When people condemn materialism and advocate a Bohemian

lifestyle, I find myself involuntarily scoffing. "Live in the woods with people who confuse hunger pangs with righteous bliss? No thanks," I think to myself, imagining how bad my acne would get without the luxury of modern skin products.

Nevertheless, any half-decent economist will tell you: when you perform cost-benefit analysis to evaluate your decision-making, you must account for more than simply money. There are non-monetary costs and benefits associated with decisions, the significance of which may be even greater than those costs and benefits which can be measured with dollar signs. For example: imagine someone who hates making computer programs. If he becomes a software engineer, he will, to put it colloquially, make bank. On paper, this man is set.

But consider the added costs: the crushing stress brought on by ninety-hour work weeks, every passing second spent doing something he absolutely despises. Imagine the hopelessness of knowing he will never rise beyond mediocrity, not due to lack of aptitude, but simply because his field of specialization allows no room for personal motivation to learn and improve. Something tells me this individual would have been better off choosing a different line of work, no matter how much his salary would have been reduced.

So that's my rationale. I might be wrong. You might disagree with me. That's fine. Call me a spoiled, entitled Millennial for believing I deserve to live a relatively happy life. Laugh at me when I struggle to find employment. Cackle with glee when I borrow money from my parents and move back home after college. Rub your hands together and jump for joy when I supplement my degree with online certifications. But in the end, my mistakes—and my successes—are my own responsibility. I'll be here, working toward my degree, doing everything in my power to prove that the things that I love to learn about are worthwhile; that my passions will lead me somewhere meaningful; that I can feel and be successful without a guaranteed plan of success. Can you claim the same?

# Is Privacy at Stake?

By Punit Patel

Privacy at Stake?

Maybe. About 50 U.S. law enforcement agencies now have the capability of spying on people within their own homes. Imagine how uncomfortable this could become when such technology becomes mainstream within the police force. Our privacy at UCSD itself, within the comfort of our dorms and apartments, could become jeopardized if UCSD campus police ever get access to such 'spying' technology!

What kind of technology is this?

This a radar device termed 'Range-R', with which security officials who have access to the device can send signals through walls. The police primarily use 'Range-Rs for spying inside homes of suspects. The devices send out radio waves which can be accurately used to see "the slightest movements, including breathing from as much as 50ft away" according to the BBC. Its display shows any movement behind the wall and it also shows the distance between the movement and the Range-R. Although this gives an indication of whats happening behind the wall, the radar doesn't provide a detailed image. Nevertheless, the question of privacy still remains.

What was its initial purpose?

Its initial purpose was not to spy on suspects within their homes, but was used by the US military while fighting in Afghanistan and Iraq.

At least such technology is only used and is only available to the US Police officials. We can only hope that the Range-Rs remain solely, with qualified security officials who would use them to track down criminals. If they are made publicly available to the retail sector, well, a lot can go wrong. For example, household burglars could take advantage of such technology by monitoring any activity within the household. They could make a 'perfect getaway' without being caught. Security and safety would become a big issue in residential neighborhoods.

## The Staff

Winter Quarter 2015, Issue One

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**Tyler Takemoto**

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**Angela Lee**

**Anjali Prasad**

**Vrushali Samant**

# Art Submission

The Triton Statue: The embodiment of UC San Diego, by Vrushali Samant



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# Revelations

Winter Quarter Issue 2 - Vol. XXXVII



# About Us

Revelations is the official publication of Revelle College. We serve as an outlet for students to express their views, experiences, and creativity through written and visual mediums. All are welcome. If you are interested in joining the Revelations team, please send an email to [Revelations@ucsd.edu](mailto:Revelations@ucsd.edu).

## The Team

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Vrushali Samant

## This Issue

Page

3.....Scavenger Hunt

4.....From Adversity

6.....Coffee for a College Student

7.....Elmer’s Chair

# Revelle Scavenger Hunt

Directions:

1. Gain points by taking a selfie at the location of each clue/following each instruction.
2. Before Friday, March 20th, compile all your selfies and email them to [revellations@ucsd.edu](mailto:revellations@ucsd.edu)
3. The person who earns the most points will win a prize!

Clue: Shimmering arches  
descend into a bowl.

5 Points

Clue: Amidst the trees, a  
giant loses a shoe.

5 Points

Clue: Sit in the giant's chair.

5 Points

Clue: I have so many col-  
orful coats on and it makes  
me look fat.

5 Points

Instruction: High-Five a  
Roger's worker.

5 Points

Clue: Within these glass  
windows, none of your  
questions should go unan-  
swered.

5 Points

Clue: The temperature is  
average, but you're getting  
warmer...

5 Points

Clue: Past the very edge of  
Revelle is a secret garden.

10 Points

Instruction: Take a selfie  
with as many UCSD build-  
ings in the background as  
possible.

(# of buildings) Points

Bonus Instruction: Take a selfie with the Corgi Guy and his Corgis!

20 Points

Challenger, the Space Shuttle pictured on the front cover of this issue, exploded 73 seconds after launch on January 28, 1986. Of all onboard, there were no survivors.

# From Adversity

By Tyler Takemoto



Tragedies like the Challenger Disaster serve as a grim reminder that we are not invincible. Despite exponential scientific progress and revolutionary shifts in our conception of the universe—despite meticulous planning and excess caution, our fates are still at the mercy of factors beyond our immediate comprehension and control. Perhaps most visceral about the catastrophe is its inherent injustice. A talented group committed themselves to the forefront of humanity's innovation: striving for the advancement of society and civilization. But instead of the fortune warranted by their pursuit, their efforts were abruptly cut short.

When injustice strikes, we yearn to assign blame. It is convenient when there is a clearly designated perpetrator. An individual or group who consciously harms can be held responsible, swiftly vilified, punished, and then forgotten—a process of catharsis that allows us to turn back to our daily lives, vindicated by our triumph over evil. But if upon investigation, the sphere of culpability shrinks further and further, eventually ruling out human cruelty or negligence, the situation becomes more problematic.

Such was the case for the Challenger Disaster, and many other tragedies that the world faces each day. The senseless suffering or death of innocents—not from cruelty, but as a result of pure circumstance—is a story that has been all too familiar across time and people. Cultures have built entire religions and belief systems around the aim of rationalizing the whims of fate.

But these tragedies also reveal something about us. The Challenger Disaster shattered any illusions about risk-free space exploration. This

paradigm shift was reaffirmed with the Columbia Disaster in 2003. While astronauts were always aware of the risks that accompany their missions, it has since become abundantly clear that volunteering for the job entails a very real chance of failure with the highest stakes imaginable.

And yet people still do it. Their desire to reach toward the stars into the unknown, propelling us forward alongside them, overpowers their wish for security and sense of self-preservation. Despite repeated reminders of their mortality, their will remains relentless. The unjust shadow of fate hanging over their heads does not deter them from their vision.

Of course, this is not only true of space exploration. Countless people today and throughout history have unhesitatingly dedicated themselves to causes and enterprises that risk everything—whether this means championing an immensely unpopular course of action or standing against some seemingly insurmountable challenge.

It seems almost stupid, initially, that humans would weigh their will to discover and change above their will to survive. But without this foolishness, I have no doubt that humankind could not have hoped to reach a fraction of the height that it has now attained, let alone realize our current dreams for the future. The Challenger Disaster was an undeniable tragedy, but it shows that our unique potential: the ability to put aside petty concerns for the sake of the big picture—the will to live for more than simply living—is more than an idealistic illusion. It is a reality that people continue to live and die for to this day.

# Coffee for a College Student

By Punit Patel

As Revelle students, we often find ourselves staying up late into the night and getting little sleep with so many things to do on a daily basis. From having to turn in a humanities paper the following morning or turning in a lab report/assignment, a number of us rely on coffee to do the trick; to keep us energized and focused to complete the assignment. As I write this article, I myself am depending on coffee to do its job and keep me from falling asleep. Even for those who don't have busy schedules but who procrastinate (As I'm sure we all do at times), coffee is extremely handy. It forms a crucial part in our lives at UCSD, and could even be considered a dietary need for some of us. But is our dependence on coffee necessarily bad?

According to Korean researchers the answer is actually 'no'. In fact, the researchers claim that a few cups of coffee a day may reduce the chance of heart disease! Coffee seems to clear blocked arteries according to a study involving 25,000 male and female participants. The study found that those people who drank coffee on a

daily basis in moderation (not more than five cups a day), were less likely to show symptoms of heart disease on their medical scans. These results seem to run counter to the claims of earlier research where caffeine was shown to increase blood pressure and cause insomnia. So there still seems to be some degree of confusion about the benefits of coffee among scientific studies.

Nevertheless, the discoveries of the Korean researchers seem to alleviate some of the concerns that we as college students have about consuming coffee on a daily basis. There may be a health benefit to consuming coffee regularly, so those concerned students can relax a little when it comes to pulling an all-nighter. The benefits outweigh the drawbacks: coffee keeps us energized and alert while keeping our cholesterol levels in check. The increased blood pressure is temporary and insomnia is in fact welcome when we have to study or turn in an assignment. So overall, coffee is the perfect formula for a college student!

# Take a Seat in Elmer's Chair

By Johanna Wu

If you walked on Library Walk anytime from February 17th to February 20th, you would have noticed a giant, light brown wooden chair surrounded or sat on by people. For those that do not know, the giant chair was part of the philanthropy event "Take a Seat in Elmer's Chair," which was organized by fraternity Sigma Alpha Mu for one of its brothers and one of our own, Revelle student Elmer Leon.

Last year, Elmer was diagnosed with Osteosarcoma, a type of bone cancer that usually develops in areas where the bone is growing quickly. Osteosarcoma occurs most often in children and teenagers, but can occur at any age. Unfortunately, Elmer could not continue his studies at UCSD this quarter because of immediate preparation for treatments.

I had the pleasure of befriending Elmer when we lived on the same floor last year, and I am certain everyone can attest to his amiable and good-humored personality. It is this same benevolence that led Elmer to come up with the idea of donating half of the funds raised from Elmer's Chair to the Jonsson Comprehensive Cancer Center, which dedicates all of its donations to cancer research and treatment.

It was really heart-warming to see the

campus come together to support Elmer's Chair. Elmer himself had visited during the time of the fundraiser and was also awestruck by everyone's love and encouragement. People were sharing the Facebook event, as well as photos of them sitting on the chair, which really helped get the word out. Someone even donated his own Coachella ticket to raffle off!

The fundraiser may have ended last month, but the support continues. Be sure to visit Elmer's tumblr: [elmerlg.tumblr.com](http://elmerlg.tumblr.com) and his instagram: [elmer\\_lg](https://www.instagram.com/elmer_lg), for updates on his journey to remission. I asked him what compelled him to share something so private, so publicly on a blog, and he said that not only does it help get everything off his mind, but that when he was first diagnosed, the first thing he did was turn to the internet to find out more about osteosarcoma. He hopes that his blog will reach people going through the same thing, and that through reading his reflections and inspiring quotes and looking at his photos, people will reflect on their own lives and see them in a different perspective.

Elmer, remember that you will always have a support system here at UCSD, and I can't wait to see you back in action soon!



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# Revelations

Spring Quarter Issue One



Freshman Reflection - Bingo Competition - Housing - Sun God 2015 - Fire Alarms -  
From the Little League to the Big Leagues

# Freshman Reflection

By Angela Lee

So, as usual, I was on Facebook instead of doing my homework. I was thoroughly enjoying my poor life choices when a chat window popped up on the lower right hand corner of the screen. What? No one ever messages me. I looked at the name. Kaitlyn. Hm, I haven't talked to her since graduation last year. I read the message:

"Hey, I got into UCSD. What made you choose UCSD over other schools? Can you tell me about it there?"

Woah, it was that time of year already? It felt like just yesterday I was desperately trying to log in to the overflowed MyApplication to see if I got in. I think I probably checked every 10 minutes for about two days, until I finally saw that banner with the Triton mascot congratulating me for my acceptance. Then there was that heart-stopping moment I clicked the submit button for my SIR on May 1st at approximately 5:45 in the evening. Deciding to go to UCSD was not an easy journey for me, but I wanted to make it as easy as possible for her. I know I (eventually) made the right decision for myself, and I wanted her to also.

So, why did I choose UCSD? First of all, it's one of the best universities in the world, consistently near the top in rankings, especially when compared to other public universities. A quick Google search shows multiple commendations for our research, impact on society, and our multiple top-twenty programs. We're also in San Diego. Well, La Jolla if you're picky. There's the beach a few minutes away from campus. The weather is permanently lovely, even though I hear students complaining - it's better than basically the rest of the world. Also, UCSD is a huge school. The campus is gigantic, and there are over 31 thousand students here. With this many people, there are tons of clubs and groups: one for every possible interest. It's not hard to find potential friends! Additionally, I felt that this school would be a perfect fit academically. UCSD is not an easy school- it challenges you and forces you to learn. However, its curriculum and grading scale is not murder-

ous like some other schools. So, with those reasons in mind, I made one of the biggest decisions of my life.

However, from actually going to school here for two and a half quarters, I know so much more. I know that people here are so ridiculously nice. I don't think that I've ever met a rude person. I talk to strangers all the time, students, staff, or faculty. People smile back when I smile at them. Going here has made me less shy and more outgoing. I love that there are so many nerds! Of course, I use "nerd" as an affectionate term. As someone who was always bookish, liked video games, and basically lived on the internet, it's very nice to have people who understand my geeky vasopressin jokes or Portal references. Since everyone's so smart, there's an endless supply of people who can explain concepts to me when I don't understand them. Older students especially are super helpful, they always answer my questions, whether it's about school or life. I've been truly humbled by the genius of some people I have met.

Kaitlyn drove from NorCal for Triton Day, and I was more than happy to show her around. In my best tour guide voice, I told her about the mystery that shrouds the location of Sixth College, the intense silence of Geisel's eighth floor, the adorable Corgi Guy, the Undie Run, and just about everything else. Of course, we went to the weird art pieces. Why do we have giraffe catchers again? We even went over what to get and what not to get in the dining halls. I feel like I bestowed every ounce of UCSD freshman wisdom upon that girl.

The thing is, the tour didn't feel like it was just for her sake. It was for me, too. I felt like I finally put together every weird thing I loved about this school. As a result, I appreciate being here a lot more now. I know it's easy to hate school when you're stuck writing an essay or pulling an all-nighter, but UCSD is really awesome, and I love it here. I hope the incoming class will love it here as much as I do!

# Human Bingo Competition

Rules: Take a picture with the following people for a chance to win gift cards to on-campus venues. You may not use the same person for more than one prompt. Your chances of winning are higher for each row/column/diagonal you complete. Try to get the person's name and make friends! Send in your pictures with a brief one-sentence summary of who each person is to [revellations@ucsd.edu](mailto:revellations@ucsd.edu).

A Humanities Professor	A Revellations Member	A Roger's Worker	Liora (Orientation Mom)	A 64 Degrees Employee
A Revelle Apartment RA	Someone eating a burger at 64 Degrees	A Custodial Services worker	A Humanities TA	Someone with the latest copy of Revellations
A General Store or Food Co-op Worker	A Bike Shop Worker (Old Student Center)	Free Space	A Revelle Residence Hall RA	Someone eating fries from 64 Degrees.
Someone wearing green flip flops	Someone in a varsity sport.	Someone skateboarding in Revelle Plaza	Someone on Facebook in class	A Science Professor
A Revelle Orientation Leader (past or future)	Someone giving out free food for a Revelle Event	Corgi Guy's Corgis	A Revelle Parcel Center Worker	Someone with a beard (better beard = more bonus points)

# Housing

By Johanna Wu

Winter quarter may have dragged on, but spring quarter brings much excitement, such as Sun God and the Emerging Leaders Program's Soiree at Sea. However, none will hold a candle to what I believe is the most dramatic part of spring quarter: Housing.

If you're nodding right now after reading that dreaded word, you probably already have an idea of what I'm referring to. You and your suitemates or apartment mates have finally adjusted to each other's living habits after spending two and a half quarters together, and now you have to decide whether you want to repeat the process all over again, live with the same people, kick some out, etc. Fret not, for I have a few tips to alleviate this emotional rollercoaster:

1. Communication is key. Never assume you are living with someone until you two have explicitly agreed to. Make sure that everyone is on the same page in terms of where they want to live, who is roommates with whom, etc.

2. Know the people you are living with. This may sound like common sense, but you would be surprised... For all those people who are planning to live with friends: remember that you don't really know someone until you live with him or her. Having common interests with someone doesn't necessarily equate to living compatibility.

3. Be mature about it. Housing often turns into a loyalty contest that can make or break friendships. Don't act like the world is going to end if

someone doesn't want to live you, nor should you try to convince him or her otherwise, because why put all that effort in to change the mind of someone who obviously doesn't see how awesome you are?

4. Always have a plan B (and maybe a plan C, D, E, F, G). Just like you may not get to enroll in all the classes you want, there is a chance you will not get the apartment you want, and with the random enrollment times and the newly implemented two-person pull in rule for on campus apartments, there is a more than likely chance you won't be able to have all of your friends in the same apartment. Try to adjust accordingly. And when it comes to living off campus, don't assume you'll be signing a lease at the very first place you and your friends check out, because people's opinions may differ and more places will have to be checked out.

5. There's nothing wrong with going random. You don't have to live with people you know, and hey, this is a good opportunity to make new friends, which you can never have enough of, right?

Housing should not be taken lightly. You're choosing people who will occupy the same common areas as you, people who have the power to make things worse or better for you on the home front, and so I strongly recommend you thoroughly consider your choices wisely. I wish you all a drama-free (hah) housing season, and may the odds be ever in your favor.

# Sun God 2015: New and Improved?

By Johann Sevilla

As our most celebrated school tradition rounds the corner, we can't ignore the question in everyone's heads: Will it still be awesome? If you haven't heard, Sun God has undergone many changes to its structure, content, and intended atmosphere. In light of the increase of alcohol and drug related hospitalizations, it's not surprising that the Sun God task force has restructured the festival. Expectedly, our student body collectively hisses with disapproval. But what if it's not so bad?

According to the website, this year's festival boasts "interactive activations, vendors, a beer garden, and a brand new Midway area consisting of carnival rides, games, and performers." Among these, here are some other major changes:

## Beer Garden.

Yay, alcohol for everyone? Not quite. Students 21 and over will be able to purchase beers from the event, but the number of drinks per person will still be regulated to ensure "responsible drinking". The drinking area will also be surrounded by a double gate, so no sharing!

## No reentry.

This is a big one. No opportunity to refill our bodies with drugs and alcohol? How dare they! But actually, this one irks me. Many people like to recharge in their dorms with a nap and some food. If we don't want to starve at the festival, we'll be forced to take on some more student loans to pay for the exorbitantly priced food sold inside. Although this rule, coupled with the Beer Garden, is meant to reduce alcohol safety risks, it spawns another problem: many might show up to Sun God even more hammered than usual, in hopes that their drunkenness will last the duration of the festival. This could easily perpetuate the alcohol safety problem that the task force sought to alleviate.

## Drug dogs.

This aims to prevent people from bringing marijuana, ecstasy, and other concealable drugs into the festival. Although this will put a cap on the craziness of the students already inside the festival, as mentioned earlier, this may lead to a dangerous amount of alcohol and drug consumption before entering.

## The time.

It starts at 2pm and the music ends at 8pm (the festival ends at 10pm). With the no reentry rule in place, and considering that college students have the irresistible urge to be hammered throughout fun events, the 2 and 3pm performers may be playing to a very small crowd. Students determined to be ridiculously inebriated during their time at the festival will probably enter much later.

## No EDM.

Although this won't stop people from dancing, it will definitely change the festival's vibe. The lineup this year was chosen to discourage the use of 'rave' drugs like ecstasy, even though people will be rolling anyway. Also, with performers like Snoop Dog, the festival may encourage a very hazy atmosphere.

All in all, I'm still pretty optimistic. Sun God may not be as crazy this year, but who knows? Maybe the carnival rides, games, and other performances will add a new dimension of fun to our precious tradition. And if you're that kind of person, you'll probably find a way to drink and take drugs anyway. These new changes may seem like a bummer at first, but going in with a good attitude is the only way we can give ourselves the chance to say: "Wow, that was the best Sun God yet." Be safe and have fun.

# Fire Alarms

By Vrushali Samant

Every time I see the light on in the Argo kitchens, something inside me quivers with anticipation—and the suspense is not the good kind. It's always those brave souls firing up the stove, bustling around with false hopes that those (painfully non-existent) culinary talents will at last choose to reveal themselves. Meanwhile, I count down the seconds: to be burnt or not to be burnt? That is the question.

Everyone should have the opportunity to be awakened by the fire alarm in the dead of the night. Really. It's a once in a lifetime opportunity. Now or never. Because believe me, once you're all "grown up," prancing around your kitchen setting off smoke alarms is not something you can boast about. So seize the day! Carpe diem! All that inspirational jazz!

Disclaimer: do not take this article as an endorsement of nefarious activities in the kitchen.

So yes, it's quite safe to say that I can cross midnight dorm evacuations off my bucket list. But really, I must say, it adds a bit of charm to life, a spice to the regular old monotony. There's nothing like the shrill screech of the smoke detector to fire you up for a brand new day (see what I did there?).

I hope you're sensing the sarcasm.

Nevertheless, for all of you who are not so inclined in the culinary arts but hoping to scrape by in college all the same, I have compiled a list of steps to make your lives just a little bit easier.

Step 1: Come to terms with your culinary ineptitude and do not—and I repeat do not—attempt any further forays into a territory far outside your grasp. If you're that person that microwaves bread for several

minutes too long and gasps when it spontaneously combusts with absolutely no logical explanation, or that person that unsuspectingly melts your cutlery in the kitchen because since when did plastic react to heat, then I'm sorry but it's gone too far. With every single fire alarm, you're costing me all those precious minutes that I could have spent proactively procrastinating on my homework.

Step 2: I know you looked at Step 1 and thought, "Ha, I would never do that." Well, think again. You overestimate yourself. You're just so self-assured of your gastronomic talents that one day when you thoughtlessly shove a bowl of mac 'n cheese in the microwave without pausing to add that essential bit of water, you'll be thrown in the stocks—virtually, of course—for perjury. Because lying to yourself is the most despicable crime ever.

Step 3: There's nothing like a strong dose of fear to keep you in line, so here goes. Approximately one hundred people live on your floor. Up to four or five times that number live in your building. So, when you set off that fire alarm at midnight, you're going to have to justify yourself to about four hundred of your grumpy peers. That's right. So keep that in mind the next time you're heating up your bread in the microwave. You better be popping the door open every five seconds to make sure there isn't the slightest scent of smoke, because it isn't Christmas and we're not sitting around waiting for you to stoke up a proper little fire and invite us over to roast chestnuts over the pathetic remains of your "toast."

In any case, with these helpful hints in mind, I'm sure the devastating ineptitude of the general public will be held at bay, and there will come a day when we won't have to sleep with our eyes open or with eternal fear of that innocuous red box mounted above the door.

# From the Little League to the Big Leagues

By Johanna Wu

I had the pleasure of being a host for this year's Student-Initiated Access Programs & Services (SIAPS) Overnight Program, an invitation-only program for high school seniors admitted to UCSD. Founded in 2002, the SIAPS Overnight Program offers students the opportunity to become familiar with UCSD and connect with current UCSD students, alumni, and staff through social events, workshops, campus tours, etc. My role as the host was solely to show what higher education offered, whether at UCSD or elsewhere.

Prior to meeting my hostess, I was anxious and was afraid things would be awkward between the two of us and that she would abhor her two night stay at my apartment. The program had pretty packed schedules for the hostesses, but there were many chances for me to hang out and converse with my hostess about my experiences, both in college and high school. We had breakfast at Pines together, failed at playing carnival games, witnessed the extraordinary talent of the incoming class at the SIAPS talent show, and walked from Keeling to

Price Center more times than I could count. My hostess even showed me and my friends her prom dress, which of course led to us reminiscing about our Senior Prom experiences for the rest of the night. By the morning of Triton Day, when the program ended, the two of us were hugging, taking photos in front of the triton statues, and promising to stay in touch until fall quarter (she came already knowing she would be matriculating here).

Overall, being a host for the Overnight Program and sharing my wisdom and experiences with someone who is in the same position as I was two years ago, was pretty exciting. My personal goal as a host was to ease the transition to college for my hostess, because I can easily recall the myriad of emotions I felt before deciding which university to attend. Regardless of whether my hostess SIRD at UCSD or not, I simply wanted her to come out of this program feeling more at ease and less anxious about starting another chapter in her life, knowing there are people who have gone through the same exact motions and emotions as she is right now.



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# Revelations

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ONWARD



[REVELLATIONS IS THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF REVELLE COLLEGE. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR WOULD LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE, PLEASE CONTACT US AT [REVELLATIONS@UCSD.EDU](mailto:REVELLATIONS@UCSD.EDU)]



## Keeping Score

By Tyler Takemoto

I have a friend who gravitates toward mathematics. He tells me he takes comfort in the security of numbers—their honest objectivity. He shies away from academic disciplines in which there is no solid ‘right answer’. His is not an unpopular opinion among our peers. But for me, it has always been the opposite. Numbers are cold, final, and indisputable. They leave no room for negotiation. They take the world and compartmentalize it into unremarkable chunks. Because of these characteristics, people often place numbers on an undeserved pedestal. And I hate it.

Numbers serve as the backbone of our lives. GPA, salary, date, BMI, tuition, social security, height, PID, school ranking, time of day, blood pressure, mortgage, age, weight...the list goes on. It’s almost naive to point this out. Of course numbers are an integral part of our lives. Things get complicated, and quantification allows us to make order and sense out of the chaos. Without a way to measure our time, our health, our accomplishments, we would struggle to comprehend some concepts which we consider indispensable to our day-to-day existences. The utility afforded by numbers is not the problem.

My complaints are two-fold: the conception of numbers as absolute roadmaps through life, and the use of numbers to disguise twisted logic or deny the basic irrationalities in the world. I’ll clarify.

Some people live by the numbers. Six-figure-salary, a house in a neighborhood with a certain median income, a certain amount of children by a certain age... and if their reality diverges from their numerical template, they have failed. In fewer words: boring and out of touch with base motivations.

Others like to use numbers for more than their practical application. For example, I love when people wield statistics. Any good statistician will acknowledge that a statistical conclusion is in many ways dependent on the methodology behind the process. And yet, an argument with statistics, however flawed, is often construed as stronger than one without. Hyperrationalists provide another charming example with their presumption that applying logic and mathematics to every world problem will reveal a self-evident solution.

Overall, my problem is not with the numbers themselves, but with the unwarranted worship they sometimes receive. Some jump too quickly to the conclusion that the subjective is the lesser. Some also incorrectly assume that a numerical approach must yield an objective solution. Numbers make a great tool, and I do agree that through logical and quantitative analysis, we can find solutions and insight that would be otherwise inaccessible. However, those that believe they can use numbers to escape the arbitrary, messy, and visceral forces that govern our world are sadly mistaken.

# *Freshman Year*

## **DOS & DON'TS**

Angela Lee

Now that we're ending the 2014-2015 school year, the freshmen (me included) are barely freshmen anymore! We have basically an entire year of college under our metaphorical belts. From orientation until now, we've experienced a lot. Many of us have completely changed. So, at end the year, I asked my class of 2018:

If you were to travel back in time to the beginning of the year, what advice would you give to yourself and other freshmen?

### **DO...**

...quit procrastinating and keep up with the calendar in the syllabus!

...watch less Netflix but have the same amount of fun.

...go to free food events. For most of them, you just need to sign your name, and food is basically thrown at you. If you go near the end, they will let you take leftovers. Free food tastes better than food bought with dining dollars.

...try and meet someone new every day.

...find something that you can do to relax, because you're gonna need it.

...try to put yourself out of your comfort zone and join social activities, whether it's joining a club or frat or simply going to the floor above you and talking to people.

...your work a little bit every day. If you leave it all for the last day or try to get everything done in one day (ahead of the due date) you won't get much done because you'll burn yourself out.

...get out more and make (better) first impressions. That includes remembering people's names faster. Join a few clubs. Try out as many events that are out there, even something new. There are many things that you can do on campus that not many people try themselves.

### **DON'T...**

...sign up for 8ams. You're never going to want to go. Ever. Don't drown yourself in units either. Make time to have fun, 20 units is a lot.

Katie, Marshall

...let yourself regret what you haven't done. Just go for it!

Wendy, Revelle

...starve yourself while studying. During midterm and finals seasons, studying comes first, but you gotta plan ahead. Load up on study snacks!

Matt, Marshall

...center your life around finding a partner. Just make friends and have fun! You'll eventually meet him/her, stop worrying!

Sabrina, Sixth

...overload yourself. Recognize when you have too many things going on.

Nicco, Warren

...come in with that mentality that you can breeze through college. Maybe for the first few quarters this is the case, but you would soon find yourself slackin' like no tomorrow.

Oliver, ERC

... skip class.

Karla, Revelle

...be lazy, especially during times when you need to stay focused. I regret slacking off during the beginning of the year, because it came back and bit me hard later on. Also, you don't have to go to any frat parties if that's not your thing. You can always just hang out with your friends at some other cooler place. There's nothing wrong with that.

Mervin, Revelle

## UCSD's Gift to you: Dining Dollars

By Vrushali Samant

We like to complain. Don't even try to deny it. You and me, that's the one thing we have in common. We love being pesky, nagging young adults bleating on about classes that teach us the ins and outs of vector calculus which will undoubtedly come in to great use the next time we're indulging in extreme sports and calculating just how sharp a turn to make with our skis while careening down just about a 180 degree incline in the middle of a snowstorm. So yes, we spew our grievances, vehemently denouncing the so-called "system" that oppresses us and teaches us nothing of the real world where we have to attend to mundane chores like filing taxes (the horror!) and grown-up drudgery like work.

Yet all this while lies before our eyes the greatest, the most lofty culmination of the last several decades of philosophical thought—the very brainchild of the twentieth century—festers before our very eyes. And not only does it fester, it burns in the fires of disrepute and irreverence. What might I be speaking of, you ask? The notorious, the ingenious, the miraculous conception that we, these days, scoff about as "dining dollars."

What greater gift could you ask for from the University of California, San Diego, other than the gift of dining dollars? Don't even attempt to answer that question because I assure you that nothing can come within a per-cent of its greatness (see what I did there?). Now that I've sufficiently extolled the magnificence of dining dollars, I will deign to offer you a little insight into the machinations of high society—no worries, I'm joking here.

The management of dining dollars is the last and the ultimate test that freshman year has to offer you. This is classified information, right here. Most bomb this test, forced to come to terms with their poor judgment and an appalling lack of foresight. Some barely scrape by, scrounging up funds from here and there (mainly Facebook groups dedicated to the incompetence of college students) and muddling through eventually. And then there are lucky others who pass with flying colors, making it rain \$\$\$. Who cares, you say? Well...

*This is among one of the greatest real world experiences that college has to offer you. Is that depressing? Oops.*

This is our test-run of real-life Monopoly. It's time to budget, save, crunch numbers, spend, overspend—you get the point. The best part? If you go bankrupt, it's not the end of the world. You'll gain invaluable experience in the struggle to procure loans, especially now that rumor has it that the official USD to dining dollar rate is 2:1. But hopefully you'll know better now. The sad part? Most of us live and never learn (so don't count on knowing better).

So don't tell me you won't miss the luxury of dining dollars, especially when you're at Chipotle buying several dozen burritos to allegedly "prepare for the apocalypse" (yeah right, we all know better than to believe you), trying to swipe your UCSD ID card instead of your debit card, and abashedly sticking it back into your wallet when you realize your (rather embarrassing) gaffe.

I know that as this quarter comes to a close, I will sincerely miss splurging on random food items like jalapeno cheese bagels, jalapeno chips, jalape—well maybe I should just stop there. You probably get the point.

Moral of the story? This is your last chance to mess up. This is your last chance to embrace the extravagant lifestyle and eat your pinky-up dinners at the Bistro every night. Until, of course, reality hits you like a bowling ball to the gut and you're eating the two dollar pasta at Pines for lunch and dinner just to get by.

But, to put it most aptly, it's like the greats of the twenty-first century say: you only live once!



# Flying around the World without a Drop of Fuel

By Punit Patel

I recently heard about the incredible Solar Impulse II, a Swiss plane that is set to fly around the world without using any fuel to do so. I'm truly amazed by its technological innovation, and so I decided to share my views on this exciting

## Design of the plane

The plane is made of carbon-fiber, making it light weight yet still providing strength and durability for air travel. It has a 72 meter wingspan which is bigger than that of the Boeing 747. Surprisingly its weight is equivalent to that of a SUV car(it weights only 2300kg).

## Challenges

Like most new technological innovations, solar air travel too faces a few challenges. Firstly, Solar Impulse II is designed to be a one-manned piloted aircraft so we're not yet sure if converting it to a large commercial aircraft is still a viable option. Another drawback is that it would travel far too slowly to reach its destination within a reasonable time frame. The aircraft reaches a top speed of 140km/h in flight. When I did the math using 140km/h as the traveling speed, I found that it would take almost 3 days of constant air travel to reach London from San Diego.



## Solar power technology

As the name of the plane suggests, Solar Impulse II relies solely on solar power with 17000 solar cells built into the wing. These solar cells provide power and thrust to drive four electric motors during the day. At night the plane continues to fly using lithium battery power and the battery is recharged each time during the day using solar power. Essentially, the plane is able to fly for several days without halting its journey thanks to the sun's rays! This is what really fascinates me about f.

As a middle-school student, I remember how delighted I was when I managed to successfully demonstrate my small solar water heater during a science fair and would boast about it to my classmates. Little did I know then that solar power can extend beyond heating up some water. Solar impulse II clearly demonstrates the wide-ranging capability of solar power and the pivotal role it could potentially play in providing a green source of energy for commercial air travel.

## Journey around the world

The Solar Impulse airplane journey began on March 9 when it left Abu Dhabi and included lay-overs in Oman, India, Myanmar and China. Currently it is scheduled to fly 6 days non-stop from China to Hawaii, covering over 8000 kilometers! It will then stop-over in Phoenix, followed by New York, somewhere in Southern Europe and then finally return to Abu Dhabi from where it started to complete its journey around the world.

Another challenge the solar airplane faces, is travelling during the night when no solar energy is readily available and the plane relies on lithium batteries as its power source. It has to travel at a lower altitude to conserve energy, causing it to slow its speed down even more.

However, putting these drawbacks aside, I feel optimistic about commercial solar air travel as a viable means in the near future. Given the quick rate at which technological advancement takes place and the number of technological challenges that have been overcome in the past, these challenges that Solar Impulse faces are but minor ones. With a few adjustments made to the aircraft, solar air travel may well become a reality.

## Your Favorite Day of the Year

By Johann Sevilla

Do you know what your favorite day of the year is? That day you count down to? That day you anticipate so intensely that every day closer seems to stretch indefinitely? Maybe it's Christmas, or your birthday, or maybe it's some obscure day that you can't remember for reasons that you do. Whatever that day may be, think about it. Savor it. Remember how you slurped up the fizzy explosion of all that bottled up excitement. Feeling good? Good. By now you've probably realized what's going to happen. I'm going to ramble on about my favorite day that you probably don't care about. But it's ok. You feel good.

My favorite day of the year begins on a cloudy morning at 5:30 am about a week before Spring quarter finals week. Sounds horrible? Don't worry, it gets worse. On this particular morning, thousands of neurotic people jump out of bed to join each other on a short 26.2 mile jog. Yep. It's marathon day.

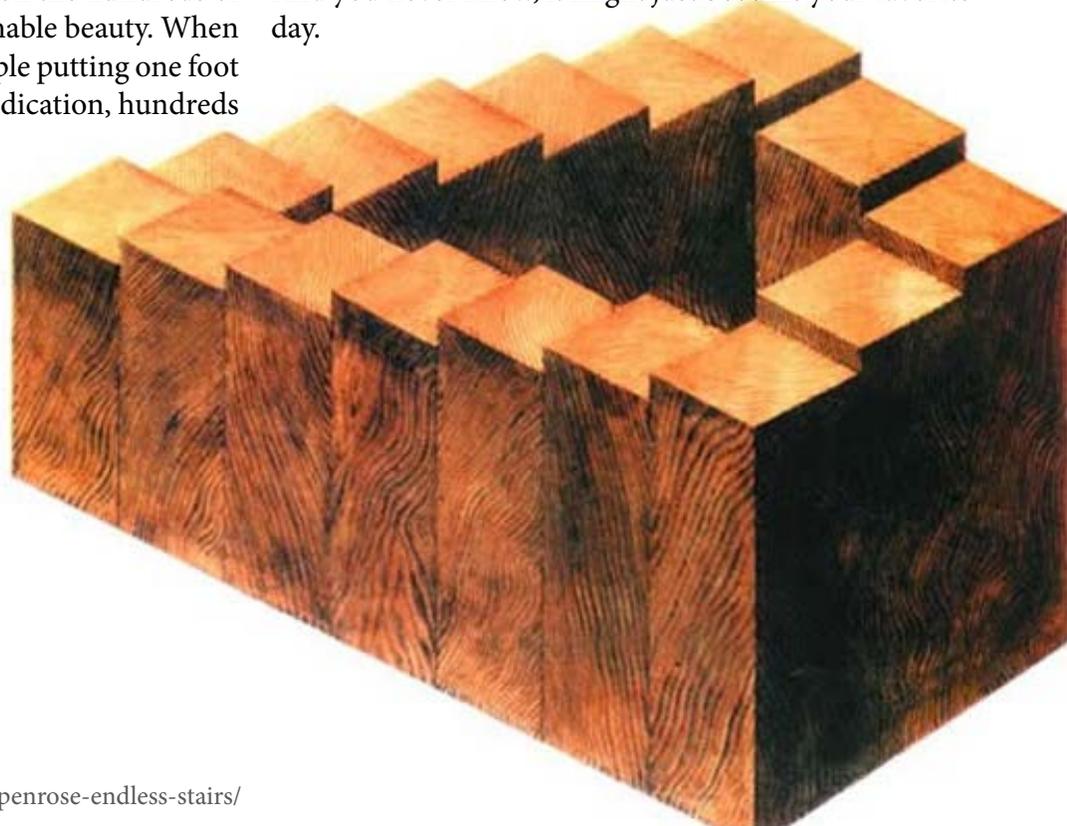
How could my favorite day be defined by such a stupidly long and grueling activity?

When envisioning a marathon, people tend to conflate it with only muscle pain and fatigue. While these are definitely significant elements of the run, they aren't the most prominent. Marathons are like huge block parties. At every mile there are hundreds of cheering supporters on the sidelines, crowds of people holding out snacks and cups of water for runners to grab, and even performing live bands. Not to mention the hundreds of runners by your side. It's an unmatched beauty. When I look around, I don't merely see people putting one foot in front of the other; I see years of dedication, hundreds

of hours of training, buckets of sweat, and an intense collective willpower to be better. But of course, the best part is finishing. In that split second your foot crosses the finish line, you're simultaneously filled with a soothing calm and intense rush of excitement. After feeling this once, I was addicted. On May 31st I'll be running my eighth marathon.

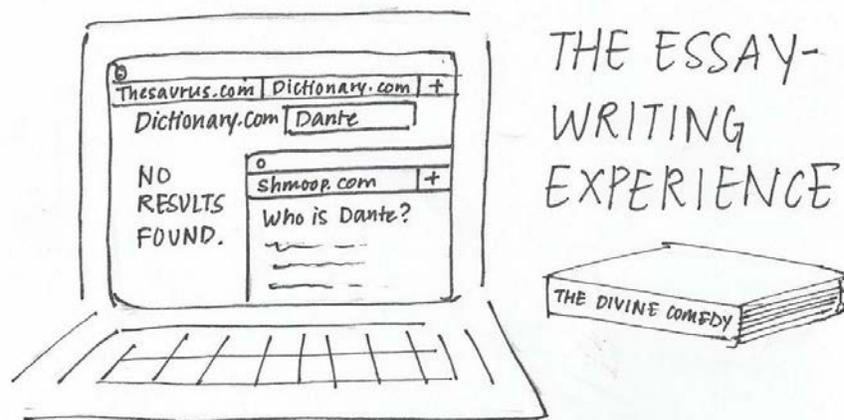
For some background, I ran my first marathon in freshman year with essentially no training; and there was nothing special about my body that gave me marathon running abilities. Learning that about 98% of people who start a marathon finish can actually give you a lot of confidence. I use the story of my first marathon to make it less intimidating to runners, because from experience, I can confidently say that any reasonably fit person can finish a marathon. Yes it's hard and painful, yes you will not be able to walk up stairs the day after, but you could do it. Every single one I've ran, I've watched tiny 13 year olds, overweight 50 year olds, and skeleton looking 70 year olds run past me with ease. It's very much mind over matter.

Considering we're at the age where our bodily development is peaking, there's no better time in our lives to train for and complete such an impressive feat. If you ever decide to run a marathon, you'll get the fulfillment of a life achievement that's on a lot of people's bucket lists, along with a cool story and some bragging rights. And you never know, it might just become your favorite day.



# The Secret to Humanities (And Perhaps Life)

By Johanna Wu



In the past two years I have been at UCSD, countless people have offered me their sympathy and condolences when I told them I was a Revelle student and thus had to take the Humanities sequence. As this year and the series come to a close, however, I can't help but feel irritated now whenever someone calls the Humanities sequence a waste of time.

Just like any other aspect in life, how much one puts into Humanities, is how much one gets out of it. Being a science major or any other major does not mean we should be exempt from learning how to analyze texts and convey our thoughts in writing. It's true that every career has its own subject focus, but I welcome any challenger who can argue that his or her career will never require reading and writing. Once you get past that first mental obstacle, you're one step closer to doing well in Humanities, because how can you expect to enjoy something you consider a waste of time and effort?

It's no secret that the sequence is five classes long, that in addition to having to read texts and attend mandatory discussions, we have to write essays that for the most part, people complain about mainly because they procrastinated till the

last minute. The secret that some will never be privy to, however, is the relevance Humanities has to our own lives.

Hum is the class that keeps me grounded whenever I am struggling with my science classes. One of my most memorable moments from this past winter quarter was when I had hastily finished asking questions at my Hum TA's office hours before I had to rush off to take my physics quiz, and just about everything and everyone in my life seemed to be in disarray. There were personal issues and endless deadlines here and there, and all I wanted was respite. Have you ever felt like you had so much work that you ended up doing nothing? Ironic, I know. But that's exactly what happened after my quiz. I walked to Sun God Lawn and just sat on the grassy hills, under the shade, laid down, and read Walt Whitman.

And it felt like I had just finished listening to a motivational speaker. I can't possibly do Whitman justice, so I suggest reading some of his work so you can fully comprehend what I mean. But we spend so much of our lives confined by deadlines that we often forget to pause and bask in the ambience, that sometimes we need the re-

minder that despite how poorly we may be doing in some of our classes right now, we still got into UCSD, an incredible school, and that our lives aren't going as terribly as we worried them out to be. And that more than anything, we need to realize we are more than the sum of labels that attempt to define us, because we are large and full of multitudes. It was a much needed reminder that got me through the remainder of the quarter. And this is just one in many other instances when I've felt the benefits of Humanities.

As the last few weeks of Humanities hit me, I will truly miss this series and all the ineffably wonderful instructors who've made these several quarters an edifying time. Contrary to everyone's pities, Humanities was certainly not a waste of time for me, and I sincerely hope it isn't for you.

I realize that everything I've just said is subjective, and perhaps you're reading this and disagreeing with every single word I have written on this page, and I respect that. But if you're willing to dedicate a small fraction of your day to read this entire article, you can do the same for Humanities. And I can promise you that you'll get much more out of it than this article.



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