



# Revelations

OFFICIAL REVELLE COLLEGE NEWSLETTER, UC SAN DIEGO

**Spring Quarter Issue 2**

To learn more about Revelations send us an email at  
[revellations.revelle@gmail.com!](mailto:revellations.revelle@gmail.com)

## Watermelon Drop

Come be a part of UCSD's oldest tradition! The 46th Annual Watermelon Drop! Swing by Urey Hall in Revelle College on Friday June 3rd at noon. Watch our Watermelon Queen drop a watermelon off the top of the building, and grab some cake and, of course, watermelon!

## Watermelon Queen

Interested in being the next Watermelon Queen of Revelle College? Then pick up an application at the Why-Not-Here Lounge, Revelle ResLife office, or even download the application from the Revelle website. The event is open to all genders and colleges.

# Lost Words

By Victoria Walton

Libraries stand for a university's commitment to progress and its students. Whether a library has books, computers, or just desks, the amount of words that flood the walls are stimulated by thousands of students' minds, focused and poised. What leads to the magic of new discoveries, research, interest, and in-depth thought is the students' ability to channel their remarkable energies into a specific subject.

What allows students to channel their brilliance? Having a supportive, safe, comfortable study space with all the resources at their fingertips – aka a library. Libraries are fundamental to a student's productivity and the community's ability to learn and explore. What was the purpose of creating the Medical Library, Scripps Libraries, International Relations/Pacific Studies library (IR/PS) and The Center for Library and Instructional Computing Services (CLICS)? To provide the steadily growing student and faculty population with increased options and available space to study and investigate new ideas through research. Well, our student population is certainly not lessening; in fact, it has increased 48% in the last year. So what can the rationale possibly be for the UCSD Administration to **close** down four of our consequential study spaces/libraries, though our population and fees are increasing? Yes, our fees are increasing and we are losing enormous assets to our university. This university will not only decline in notoriety and national prestige, but student morale will drop. How much can students and their progress matter to the Administrators at our school if we are denied the free space and resources that is guaranteed in every other college?

At one time in UC San Diego's history, some administrative decision was made to create CLICS or any of the other libraries as a study and research haven. At one point, someone thought that UCSD should offer its students the choice between multiple libraries, knowing how crowded it gets during midterms and finals week. Now our current administrators think going back on such an obvious demonstration of a university's commitment to students will not be interpreted as a deep gash to the students. I understand that Geisel Library will be kept open (though the hours will only extend by an hour) and that libraries in general are not sources of financial output (i.e. moneymakers) for the university. At the same time, all undergraduate, graduate students, and staff will have no other option but Geisel and the Biomedical Library, and the madness that will ensue when it is finals week will be too much for either to handle.

We have a population of 27,634 students (undergraduate and graduate). That figure is daunting and it's hard to imagine 27,634 students cycling through Geisel library, scouring



for even the darkest corner of the library. Most of us don't go to the library every day but when we do just the action of saying, "I am going to the library," translates to mean you have some hard work to get done. If a student knows they must battle for seats in Geisel, rob the medical students of their peace and quiet, or else settle with noisy Price Center, they are going to be less productive, waste more time, get distracted easier, and be less efficient overall.

The solution? Students – undergrad, graduate, transfer – must not continue to be walked on by those who are in power over them. Taking a laissez-faire approach only perpetuates after you graduate and you allow the government to also take advantage of you. When will it end? When will this university cease to be what it is – a public institution offering opportunities for all – and sell itself for money and a false image of success? As far as I am concerned, this university has told me my personal contribution to this institution has become financial, leaving me in an uncertain state of trying to create my identity and future, alone.

I leave it to the future generations -- and yes, you current freshmen -- to take a stand. Revive the rebellious spirit of your ancestor-students who came before you. They were unafraid of what the University could do to them - they didn't care - because they knew they were right and wouldn't surrender until the wrong in this university ceased to exist.



Are you one of the many who came to CLICS for use of the computer lab or a place to study during finals week? What will you do when CLICS is closed next year? Trek to Geisel? Stay in your room? All we can say here at Revellations is CLICS, you will be sorely missed.

## Stupid

A short story by Joyce Huang

The teacher is a hawk at the front of the classroom, her crisp figure framed by the chalky carbon blackboard. Behind her, the pale clock ticks away, the second hand stuttering to a silent beat, the ticking of a metronome.

"No cheating. If I catch you cheating, I rip your test in two and throw it in the trash. And your parents can look forward to seeing me next week."

Anthony keeps his head down. His desk is scuffed at the corners, dark words etched in the wood. *I hate social studies. Susan + Patrick = Forever. Wow I know them! Eww.* Remnants of sixth graders from years past. Children of eleven and twelve are engraved in the surface.

Ms. Chace marches up and down the rows of desks, black heels clicking. She dishes out the test papers like Frisbees, pitches them onto the desks where students instantly curl into miniature balls as they hunch over their prey, pencils and erasers unsheathed. Anthony's eyes blur as his own share flaps into his hands and nearly tumbles to his feet. He peers around the room; the globe of the world rotates slowly on the bookshelf, the leering skeleton dangles in silent amusement next to the teacher's desk. George Washington stares blankly at him from the wall. He gets started: *The ratio of red rosebushes to yellow rosebushes in the school garden is about 3 to 4. If there were 36 yellow rosebushes, about how many red rosebushes would there be?*

His parents will not expect him to answer this question correctly. Anthony has a learning disability. The school counselor had almost sneered at him when she told them. Him and his parents. Of course she hadn't meant to, but Anthony saw it in her face.

"Your son has dyscalculia."

*What is that?* Anthony thought as he played with the string on his shirt. Next to him, his parents stiffened, glaciers in their seats.

"He also has dyslexia." Well, he knew what that was. No wonder he could not read out loud the way his classmates did, the way their words flowed from their lips like river water.

When they returned home, his mother promptly made him his favorite snack, Oreos and milk. His father was quiet; he tossed his coat on the kitchen table and collapsed on the couch, arms over his face. When she asked him what was the matter, he merely grumbled that he was exhausted; he'd had a long day at work, the meeting with the school counselor had taxed him, and now he wanted nothing more than to take a long, hot bath. Once Anthony had gulped down his last drop of milk, his mother ushered him upstairs and told him to work on his homework, though he had a vague understanding that she was only saying so out of routine.

He wished he hadn't left his door open. Because it didn't take long before his parents began to talk, and he began to listen. They didn't seem to know how far their voices carried.

"Miranda, when I imagined myself having kids, I did not picture a son who has difficulty doing simple algebra. What would my friends say about me? This is a disgrace."

“You know I feel the same way. But you can’t say that. This is our son.”

The scraping of a kitchen chair, a cough. Anthony shifted in his seat slightly. The hair fell in his eyes like sandpaper, and his eyes stung.

“I don’t want a stupid son.”

“He’s not stupid!”

“He’s eleven. He can’t do algebra, he can’t read properly, he can’t even write essays.”

“You have to give him a chance. You wouldn’t be saying this if it wasn’t for what the counselor told us. I’ll give him extra lessons if I must.”

“Miranda. Honestly, you know what? You’d only be wasting your time.”

“Well, what do you want me to do?”

That was enough. Anthony nudged the door shut with a socked toe and wiped his eyes with his sleeve. He seized the closest textbook and flung it at the wall, but it fell short and landed on his bed instead, the leaves opening to a page of the U.S. map.

He didn’t understand the numbers back then, and he doesn’t understand them now. The words on the paper leap out at him, snagging him by the eyelashes; the numbers dive into one eye and tumble out the other. He blinks and feels the sweat pooling in the basin behind his ear.

One seat to the right and one seat ahead, his classmate Thomas Barkley is scribbling away as if his hand is on fire. The words slip out of his pencil like ink blots, staining the clean white surface with large block letters. From where he sits, Anthony can see everything as if it were his own paper. The answers, in broad daylight, glistening like wet paint.

His parents will not approve. Either way, they won’t approve. His own father called him stupid. Anthony rotates the pencil in his fingers, the wood scratching his skin slightly, the lead just barely touching the paper, like the touch of a blanket. He stares through his bangs, watching his classmate Thomas, his paper, the words, the answers. The nerves travel down his arms, the synapses connect, and slowly, his pencil moves, words pour out of his tip, slowly, shakily. He doesn’t know the answers, but his eyes do. They bypass his brain entirely and transmit the signal to his pencil, where he seeks redemption with the scribbles that spill out so easily against the paper.

Anthony makes eye contact with the teacher as he hands her his test, his hand slightly trembling. Her crisp lips are pressed in a line. She peers at him over the top of her horn-rimmed glasses, and he drops his eyes hastily. Hands behind his back, he turns and returns to his seat.

## A Farewell Letter to my Freshman Year

By: Parthu Kalva

Dear Freshman Year,

You came so fast and left so early. Looking back, I can recognize you as time well invested and an experience well spent. From chowing down dining dollars in Plaza to procrastinating Humanities papers, you haven't been a predictable ride. In addition, the people I've ran into along the way include some of the most influential and inspiring people I've ever met. You've taught me countless things about what it takes to be a truly dedicated individual. You've taught me that persistent effort will pay off, in whatever shape or form. Most of all, however, you've taught me more about myself and what I am truly capable of achieving as an independent human being.

You have not only opened countless doors for me, but you have given me the intuition to discriminate between the paths I would like to embrace and avoid. Looking back, I feel closer to becoming the independent, innovative citizen I set out to be. The priceless lessons that I have learned from you this year have broadened my depth of insight on the world, giving me the tools and the methods to reach the top when u cease to be around.

On this note, I would like to give you my sincere thanks for everything you've taught me. It has truly been a pleasure.

Always,

Parthu Kalva



# Sungod 2011!

The Revelations staff share some of their memories from this year's Sungod.



Megan made her way to the dance stage, where she enjoyed a night of pulsing beats and a fantastic laser show.



ZZ pushed her way to the front of the mob to watch Jimmy Eat World rock it out (and they were totally awesome).

## First Year Revelations

By: Konto Southisombath

I want to begin by saying that Revelle and I did not get off to a great start. I came into this school with an open mind but after talking to a few upperclassmen about their thoughts on Revelle, that soon changed. Within a few hours, I was positive that I had heard every horror story possible regarding Revelle. The kids here are anti-social, the humanities sequence was death in a classroom and Plaza food...it was terrible. I was absolutely petrified. Needless to say, I started my freshman year with a negative attitude and an overwhelming urge to transfer colleges.

However, a few weeks into the school year and things had started to change. I was beginning to find that Revelle wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I had joined some clubs and met some great people who coincidentally, had heard the same things I had. Ironically, we bonded over our conversations about the 'withdrawn and unfriendly' Revelle community. Looking back at it, I have actually met some of the most enigmatic and interesting people in this college and it made me realize that the whole notion of Revelle being anti-social and unfriendly was a bit silly.

Then Winter quarter started, which also meant the start of the Humanities sequence. Truthfully speaking, I was very hesitant to walk into Center 119 that Tuesday morning. Actually, scratch that. I didn't want to go all together. However, I knew that it was something that every Revelle student had to do, so I plucked up my courage and went in. As I sat down and looked around at all the nervous faces, I realized that I wasn't alone and, in all honesty, that made everything a little better. Once the professor started the lecture, I began to think to myself, *this isn't so bad*. Before I knew it, class was over and I had actually enjoyed it. Of course, once we got our first paper assignment, I didn't enjoy it quite as much but really, that's to be expected (because who likes writing papers?). With all those scary stories regarding the Humanities sequence that I've heard, who would've thunk that I would actually like it?

Unfortunately, my views on Plaza Café's food still remain the same. It's not that it's bad, it's just not my cup of tea. Thank goodness for Roger's for having funny workers, better desserts, and most importantly, Starbucks Coffee.

Thinking back, a lot of the stories I've heard about Revelle really affected how I perceived the school. It made me start off with a very negative attitude towards being a Revelle student. However, things started to change when I realized that my college experience doesn't really have anything to do with anyone else's. I began to stop relying on how other people perceived the school and began to focus more on how I perceive it. Forget about all those horror stories of other students. Being a Revelle student is about what you make of it. Once you realize this, I assure you, it's not so bad.

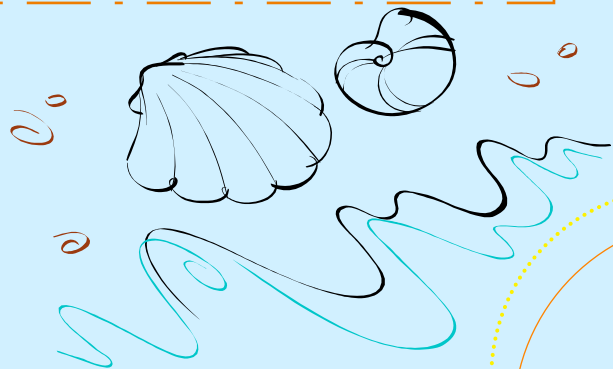


## Ten Things to do This Summer

By: Megan Ouyang

Just because you're not going on vacation to some exotic tropical location this summer doesn't mean you can't still have fun. If you ever find yourself saying, "I'm bored" check out this list of ten great activities that don't require a big budget.

- Φ **Have a picnic:** Gather up a few friends and have a picnic at your local park. Make it potluck style for some good eats!
- Φ **Take up photography:** Go on a walk around your neighborhood and take pictures of things that catch your eye: flowers, trees, insects, pets. You might be surprised where you can find inspiration.
- Φ **Write a letter to your friend:** Over the summer it can be hard to keep in touch with friends, especially if they live in another city or state. While Facebook is useful for some things, it can be too impersonal. Take the time to sit down and write your friend a letter and send it via good ol' snail mail.
- Φ **Read a book for fun:** After reading dry texts for school all year give yourself a break and pick up the latest best-seller.
- Φ **Make a music video:** All you need is a camera that can take video and some friends. Choose a song you love lip-syncing to—the cheesier the better! Who knows, you may end up making the next viral video!
- Φ **Learn to cook:** Even if you only learn to make one or two good dishes it's bound to come in handy for the next school year. There's nothing quite like a wholesome home-cooked meal.
- Φ **Host a yard sale:** This is an easy way to clean out your closet and make a few extra bucks!
- Φ **Spend a day without the internet or television:** We spend so much time connected to technology these days, so what is there to do without it? Pick up a book, take a walk, or hang out with friends to easily pass the time.
- Φ **Learn something new:** Start learning a new language, pick up guitar, learn to sew. Impress your friends when you get back to school and have fun!
- Φ **Make a scrapbook of everything you do this summer:** After doing all these things, you're sure to have a summer you won't want to forget!



# Up-close and Personal

A closer look at the Revellations staff

## *Victoria Walton*



Victoria Walton is a second year, and is happy to declare she is a Literature/Writing major among a sea of Biochemistry and Pre-Med majors. Victoria has been writing for Revellations for over a year. Victoria is from a village named Wrightwood, which is somewhere in the mountains above LA. Victoria works, lives, and breathes at the General Store Co-Op, which she considers her second home. Victoria loves her wonderful family and her amazing best friends, who are always there to support her and keep her sane amidst all her trials and tribulations.

## *Victoria's Did you know that Roger Revelle...?*



*Did you know that Roger Revelle had an impressive stature, standing at a towering 6' 4"!*

## **GREAT PLACES TO STUDY OFF-CAMPUS**

### **BY: RYANN VASQUEZ**

Are you looking for new study spots now that CLICS and the Scripps Library, among others, are closing? Are you just plain sick of studying on-campus all the time? Well here is the perfect starter's guide to off-campus study places that suit the college student's needs!

#### **1. Ralph's Supermarket**

- While studying at a grocery store may seem a bit odd, Ralph's provides many services which accommodate the average college student's study needs. They not only have an in-store Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf in addition to a lounge complete with large comfy chairs but they also have free Wi-Fi. Perhaps it's greatest advantage as a study spot is that Ralph's is open 24 hours!!

\*8657 Villa La Jolla Dr, San Diego, California

#### **2. Denny's**

- While it may be a bit far for those with no access to a car Denny's boasts an affordable menu for that late night meal and offers unlimited coffee. In addition it is open 24 hours and has friendly service. While it has free Wi-Fi one drawback is that it doesn't have any readily accessible outlets, so bring your laptop fully charged!

\* 6908 Miramar Road San Diego, CA 92121

#### **3. Nobel Library**

- Tucked away near all the vast buildings of La Jolla, the Nobel Library proves to be a great place to study at when looking to get away from the crowd of other students. It has a fairly quiet atmosphere and includes a computer lab, a number of small desks for individual studying plus several larger tables perfect for group studying! While it closes at 5:30pm or 8pm most days it's perfect place for day-time studying!

\* 8820 Judicial Drive, San Diego

#### **4. Starbucks**

- While often packed with other people, it ensures quick access to coffee and has free wifi! While the crowds can be a problem the great thing about Starbucks is that if one is full there are several others around the La Jolla area that you can quickly go to if needed. Be sure to get there early to snag yourself a spot and you will be good to go!!

\*750 Genesee Avenue #244 San Diego, CA 921221131

\* 4545 La Jolla Village Dr. San Diego, CA 921221241

\* 4150 Regents Park Row La Jolla, CA 920371467

\* 8657 Villa La Jolla Drive 205 La Jolla, CA 920372356

\* 2206 Torrey Pines Road La Jolla, CA 920373472

\* 7030 Miramar Road San Diego, CA 921212315

#### **5. Lestat's Coffee Shop**

- Lestat's requires a small drive but once you are there it is a great place to study at! They not only have tasty coffee and free Wi-Fi with numerous outlets to plug your computer in but they are open 24 hours perfect for late night studying.

[www.lestats.com](http://www.lestats.com)

3343 Adams Avenue San Diego, CA 92116

4496 Park Boulevard San Diego, California 92116



**Congratulations to J. Mazzie for winning the  
Revellations theme contest: **Color.****

**I, THE ARTIST**  
J. Mazzie

I, the artist,  
Sat on the ground  
Staring at the white canvas  
With my pencil marks carefully  
drawn.

I had been doing outlines for  
years  
Carefully constructing hopes  
Carefully erasing fears

I was building a beautiful new  
world for myself  
Inside a frame  
Using only lightly drawn gray  
lines

Today was the day where I would  
apply my color  
My paints were laid out in their  
tubes  
The caps off, the colors shy

I took in a breath  
Appreciating the moment  
Pausing for effect

But then  
You walked in the door  
I told you to be careful (did I?)  
Your step created quite the Godly  
mess  
Crushing the tubes I laid out on  
the stairs,  
The colors exploded everywhere  
All over the tiles, the hall  
Everywhere but the canvas lean-  
ing against the wall

I was upset!!  
Everything was organized,  
everything designed  
And now it was a mess!  
At least the canvas was fine  
I could still draw what I liked

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to  
make a mess!" you said  
"I didn't even know you had  
all these colors to use"

But I was still frustrated at  
your intrusion  
At myself  
And at the damage the acrylic  
colors  
Would do to my apartment's  
health

Until the sun came out  
And the curtains opened

The sunlight streamed in so  
completely and brilliantly  
I was knocked off my feet  
My eyes stung and streamed

And in this new, radiant light  
I saw how my whole house had  
become

A beautifully fragile,  
Slightly tragic  
Dripping-fresh piece of art

The perfect way to start

I sat there  
Stunned  
Feeling the fury of the red on  
my couch,  
The sadness of the blue still  
running across the floor,  
The pure delight of the yellow  
Splattered on the door

You apologized again  
Backed away  
And as you left I called out for  
a second  
Asking you to stay,  
And, for God's sakes,  
To explain

I wish I knew why I put those  
colors so near the door  
Like I expected you  
To do more than just  
Rearrange my design  
That I would no longer be  
blind

Well, there's nothing left now  
But for me to let the colors dry





Bobby



Joyce



Sam



Megan



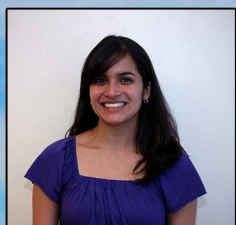
Konto

# MEET THE STAFF!

ZZ



Mallika



Parthu



Ryann



Victoria



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

Revellations is published quarterly by Revelle College, at the University of California, San Diego. 9500 Gilman Drive, La Jolla, CA 92093. None of the statements contained in this publication necessarily reflect the views of the University administration.

