

I.V. Life

LITTLE ACORN PARK
1.V. PARK DIST.

VITAL STATISTICS: ISLA VISTA

Lat: 34 degrees, 26 minutes North
Long: 119 degrees, 50 minutes West

Population: 22000
UCSB Students: 51 percent
Size: 0.7 square miles
Density: Extremely High
Parks: 17
Liquor Permits: 18
Restaurants: 13

Geology:
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Rate of Cliff
Erosion:
approx. 1 ft.
per year

Percentage Renters: 95
Average Rent: \$425 and rising

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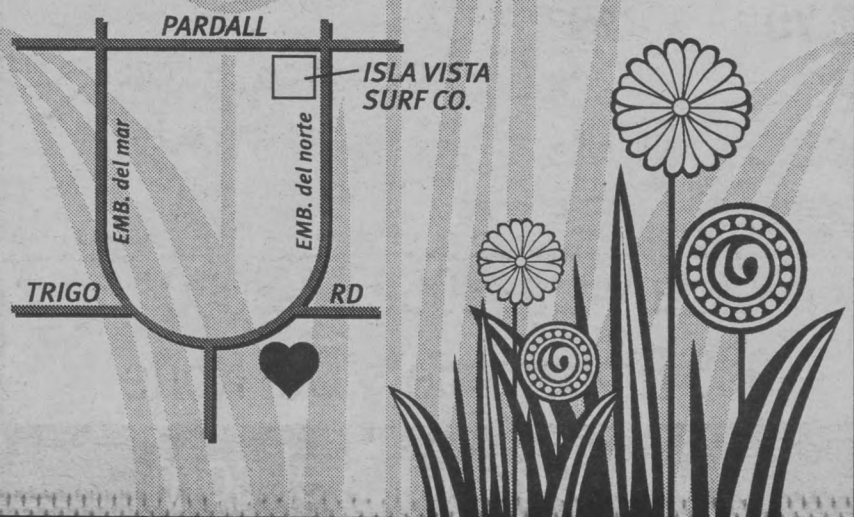
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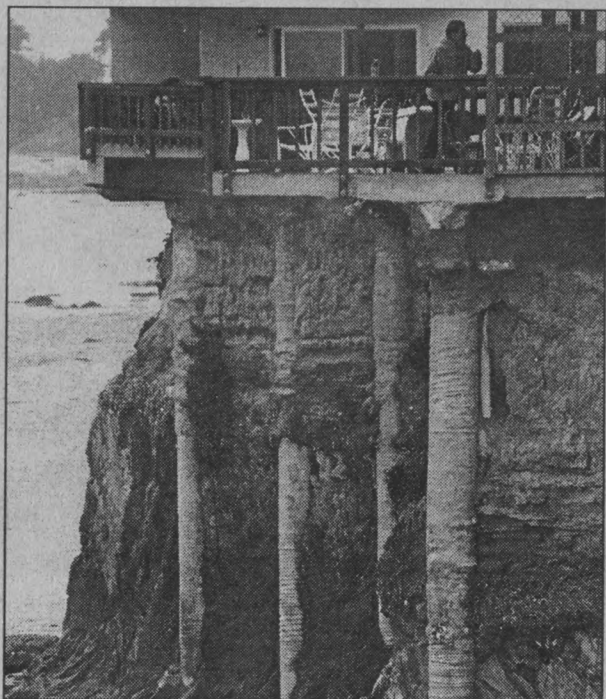
TED ANDERSEN

Sex, surf, substances and rock 'n' roll. Like many who first move to Isla Vista, these were the itches I yearned to scratch when I moved to Tropicana Gardens in 1997.

Naturally, I eventually moved to an oceanside pad on the 6600 block of Del Playa after two years inland; it seemed like the Calamine lotion I needed. But I've found over the last year and a half the busy street on the water kind of resembles a 10-foot wave: fun depends which side of it you're on.

When I tried to teach myself to surf during El Niño, I was on the receiving end, and even today life catches me off-guard. But, judging by the activity I've seen in my "front yard", an ever-tottering cause-and-effect balance of behavior seems central to the street's mystique.

Since I've lived on DP I've seen a literal night-and-day change in the way people act and how many of them become visible. With so many heads floating around, parking pains are to be expected. When IVFP officers began issu-

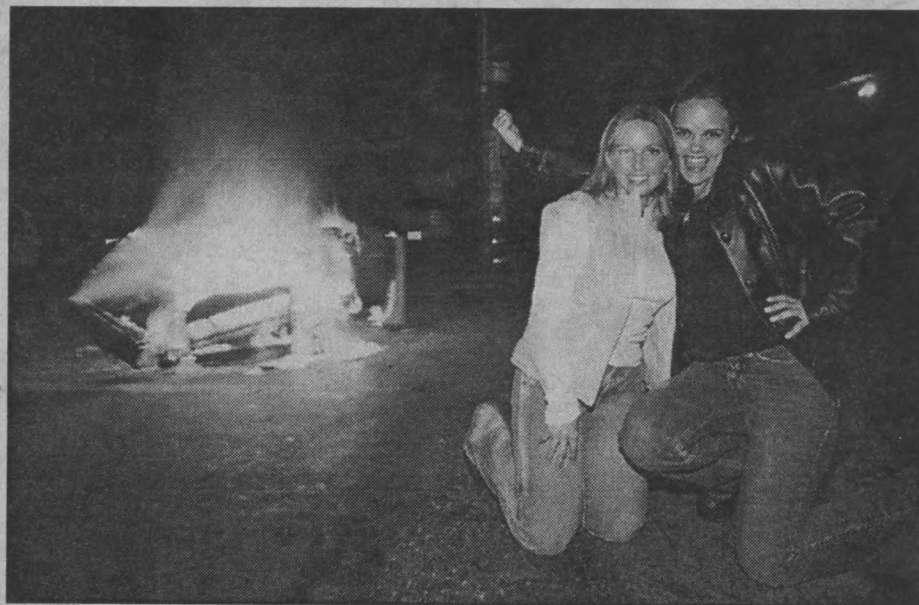


JASON SCHOCK / DAILY NEXUS

ing tickets for cars parked in the "driveway," it became ridiculous. But when I tried leaving to visit a relative one weekend, moving my car through the street's 11:30 p.m. traffic became laughable.

When the crowds subside, bike thieves lurk during dark morning hours and look for any opening to snatch self-locked wheels. One left me with a hanging jaw and a few curse words Monday. But a bike is nothing; some people steal dirty draws. Last spring my Ron Wolfe-

managed apartment complex had a problem fixing their busted-ass washer and dryer, so after two-and-a-half weeks of accumulating a Mt. Fuji of dirty clothes I figured it was high time to visit Bubbles & Beans. The only problem was that my car had a busted-ass starter and was awkwardly parked in the driveway. After setting the 30- to 45-pound basket about 10 feet from my car, I figured I'd try and push start myself there. Twenty minutes of unsuccessful labor later, my roommate showed up and



JASON SCHOCK / DAILY NEXUS

gave me a helping hand. I felt great until I reached for the laundry basket.

It was gone, and no one was in either direction.

Yeah, life on DP can feel a little rough at times (especially when trying to turn in early) but the sheer concentration of bodies also brings a unique opportunity to interact with peers. I've bought Kool-Aid from competing male and female DP vendors, played street football with roommates and randoms alike, heckled neighbors playing stickball in the driveway, witnessed some guys up the street shooting hoops into a bot-tomed-out laundry basket attached to the side of the house and saw a two-story blow-up Bacardi bottle that two guys smoked out in during a party. Not to mention, I've heard IVFP

officers say things like, "How come they don't spit in your face when they're not handcuffed?"

People will do just about anything to have a good time ... or get attention. Many a cold weekend night I've watched countless girls in the tightest and most revealing outfits imaginable (which also happen to be the least

God I love this town

warm) strut back and forth to get noticed. It's predictable, but so is the reality that we are swimming (or floating) in the largest dating pool of our lives.

Beyond the broken glass, potholes, shoes hanging from telephone wires, cups, cigarette butts, ripped-up phone numbers, middle-of-the-street

hookups, brawls, charred couch skeletons and angry police officers I have seen from my front balcony, I believe the move to I.V.'s southside has been one of the most exciting rides I've caught in college.

I truly realized I was on the other side of the swell this summer. While browsing UCSB's rankings in the online Princeton Review, the "Best College Town" category caught my eye. We were #10.

Less than a minute later I heard a faint cheering of "Olé, Olé, Olé, Olé, Gauchos, Gauchos," coming from the street. I stepped out on my front balcony and witnessed an entire fleet of what appeared to be UCSB swimmers riding past me, cheering at the top of their lungs.

God I love this town.

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On Patrol with the Foot Patrol

Shaun P. McGrady Spends a Friday With the IVFP and Avoids Getting Cuffed

I've lived within this unique beer garden on the sea for three years, and I've become accustomed to our sometimes uninvited guests. They emerge from the shadows as the match hits the gasoline-covered mattress. They always seem to be around at 12:01 a.m. when your music is still on, yet they never seem to be there when your third bike is stolen.

Even as we attempt to tiptoe around them, avoid their eyes and ignore their presence, the Isla Vista Foot Patrol plays a major role in all of our lives. All too often we awake with pink citations in pocket, friends in jail, wondering what happened. I gave up last Friday night to find out what is generally forgotten by morning. I went on patrol with the Foot Patrol.

After the formalities, the crew of officers and I left the IVFP sta-

tion at 9:30 p.m. and began the night with coffee at Java Jones. The night started off slow. Traffic on Del Playa Drive was light due to a

Even when they simply patrolled the street, "Fuck you pigs," "Fascists," and even, in one case, "Baby killers" rained down.

barrage of fraternity parties three blocks north. The only thing of note was the hateful heckling which rained down, directed at the Foot Patrol officers.

Insults were yelled at the officers regardless of circumstance. Even when they simply patrolled the street, "Fuck you pigs," "Fascists," and even, in one case, "Baby killers" rained down.



JASON SCHOCK / DAILY NEXUS

While patrolling eastbound on the 6600 block of Trigo Road an obvious drunk walked directly across our view, fell against a wall and began vomiting. The suspect began to walk again and we followed along. As he made his way slowly and awkwardly across the dark alley between Trigo and Sabado Tarde, he stopped to hurl once again, and the officers caught up to him.

The suspect jerked toward his front left pocket as when approached, and the officers detained the suspect's hands. After being cuffed, he became extremely hostile, repeating, "Why am I being arrested, I'm going home."

When asked if he was drunk the

suspect said, "No." The officers then asked why he was vomiting in the alley. He responded after a considerable drunken pause, "I have an ulcer."

... her honesty and her sober friends escorting her home made it possible for her to avoid being incarcerated.

After performing a field test, the officers determined he was a danger to himself and to others. He was arrested for being drunk in public and taken to the Santa Barbara County Jail to sleep it off.

See IVFP Page 7a

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Fraternities in the Mist

Some Go Greek. Others Go Nuts, Like Brendan Buhler.

I know fraternity members do not like to be told that their houses are "frats." They are not "frat boys" — they are brothers. I live next to several fraternity houses. They are frat houses, frat boys live in them, and I am going to say frats throughout the whole fratting article and possibly use "frat" as an obscenity when I refer to the mother-fratters.

Of course, there are fraternity houses with fraternity brothers who are not frat boys. They are intelligent, considerate and treat women well. These people are not my frat boy neighbors.

My frat neighbors, who shall remain nameless, as well as brainless, throw bottles and firecrackers, burn things, play bad music and play it loud. Opposable thumbs are new to them, but sport utility vehicles are not.

I began to understand what I live next to at 4:30 a.m. the night I moved into my apartment. Some people wake up to bluebirds chirping. This is what I woke up to:

"Hey fag, catch!"
<BAMN>
"Damn, dude!"
<laughing>

They were throwing fireworks at each other in the middle of the street, in the middle of the night. I would have taken this better if they had been throwing dynamite sticks. But natural selection has never been quick enough for my liking.

Later in the week, I got another bedtime visit from the frat fairy. It was Monday morning, at 2:35, and it was time for Billy Ray Cyrus, "Achy-Breaky Heart" and breaking beer bottles.

"Don't break my heart," <CRASH>

"my achy-breaky heart." <CRASH>
<CRASH>

After every empty bottle of High Life went off the second-story balcony, they hooted. I suppose I'd be thrilled too, if I just discovered gravity. But maybe they were hooting at the thought of, just four hours before dawn, breaking the bottles the poor and left-behind might otherwise pick out of the pizza-box trash and recycle so they can feed themselves and their families. Maybe the frat boys were hooting because the bottle collectors would get a little less out of their rounds and have to travel over broken glass to make them.

Or maybe it was just the gorilla hooting of a primate pack.

They were the apes in "2001," screeching and celebrating after pawing the cheap beer monolith. They don't need a neighbor. They need Jane Goodall.

Case Notes, Oct. 6, 2000:

I have lived among the pack for roughly a month now. They are ungainly creatures, but there is a certain beauty to their drunken stumbles and swerves. Seeing the enthusiasm they have for dancing several beats behind their thumping music, you can almost understand why they pay for each other's company.

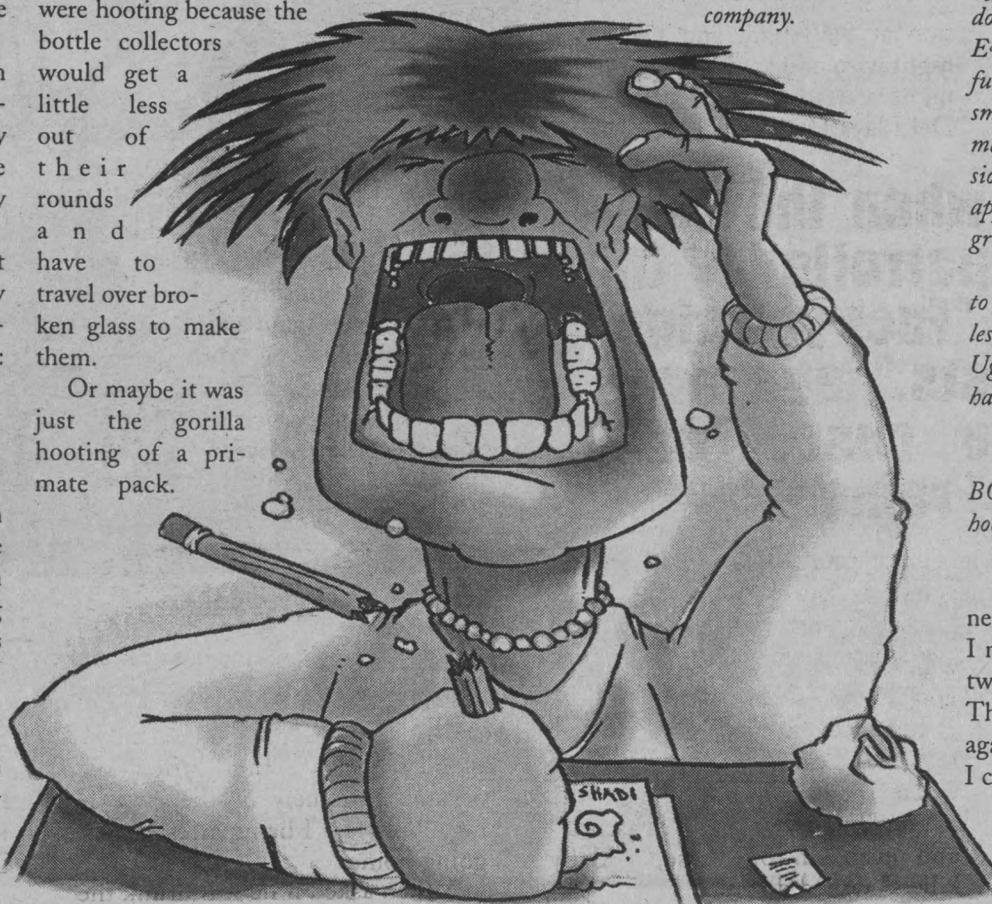
Last week was part of the "rush" ritual. During this ritual it is taboo to drink alcohol at the pack house. I suspect many of the pack elders broke the taboo; however, tradition prevented them from gathering prospective beta males for drinking beer and pawing females.

7:30 p.m.: Lying on my couch, napping. <UNCE UNCE UNCE BOOM UNCE UNCE UNCE> I jerk awake. My half-finished Tom Collins starts to shake across the coffee table to the Euro-trash beat. The windows are closed but shaking in their frames. Every driveway on the street is blocked by fully-loaded SUVs. A female, her face smeared with colorful paints, approaches a male I call "Stripe Shirt" and asks for admission to the gathering. Stripe Shirt, staring appreciatively at her nearly exposed breasts, grants his hardy welcome.

12:05 a.m.: The music stops. Which is not to say that interchangeable women in backless shirts have stopped reenacting "Coyote Ugly" with more ugliness, but still, the music has stopped.

2:30 a.m.: <UNCE UNCE UNCE BOOM UNCE UNCE UNCE> More hooting.

But perhaps I am too harsh on my neighbors. After all, if it weren't for them, I never would have realized I could hold two conflicting ideas in my head. Thought one: violence is the ultimate sin against others and oneself. Thought two: I could probably afford a cheap shotgun. On the other hand, I remain an optimist. They could always buy more powerful firecrackers.



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THE CULT OF ISLA VISTA DECADENCE AND DEPRAVITY

RESIDENT DEVIANT DAVID DOWNS PARTIES HARD IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE AND TACKLES THE ULTIMATE QUESTION. **WHY DO WE PARTY SO HARD?**

Don't listen to any sociology professors, the answer to our party mentality lies in three simple words: Because we can.

"Because we can" is not an oversimplification of Isla Vista. It is a distillation. All lines of thought head back to this central credo.

I.V. has a very unique position in the cosmos. All things considered, Santa Barbara, California, USA, in the year 2000 is as close to paradise as human beings have come in a while. We go to school in the best climate, on the best coast, in the greatest country, in the time of its greatest prosperity. Being a student at UCSB is quite possibly the best kept secret of western civilization.

The human scale of I.V. is intuitively attractive. You can get across town in ten minutes, by foot. The people were here before the cars, and pedestrians rule the streets most nights. The people of I.V. live on top of each other, and often it sucks. But compared to sterile rows of suburbia, housing the living dead, its worth it. Our density creates our commu-

THE SOCIOLOGIST MAY ask WHY we have DRUNKEN BIKE races around DOG SHIT PARK when we could be GETTING STRAIGHT A's and HELPING THE poor. The answer is because RIDING a BICYCLE DRUNK IS FUN and NO ONE IS MAKING US STUDY OR HELP THE POOR.

nity. Running counterintuitive to this paradise are our self-destructive habits. More than three-quarters of I.V.'s 10,000 students drink. The police reports confirm how hard we drink. On busy weekends, the IVFP transports so many drunken students they get two vans. We puke, we fight, we pass out in gutters, and the cops say they are baffled as to how to get us into whole-

some Saturday night activities.

The UCSB administration has appointed numerous committees and focus groups to study the problem and has released surveys asking why exactly we party as hard as we do. So far, their answer is that we just don't have anything to do but drink. This is a lie; oftentimes we play games while we drink.

After two-and-a-half years of thorough sociological study, I have a firm conclusion about the nature of our party psyche. Thousands of interviews at hun-

dreds of parties, kickbacks, pre-parties, pimp and ho shows and raves confirm my original hypothesis: We party because we can.

Between the affluence of our era and the ease of our studies, we can afford the self-destructive behavior that dominates our weekends. The sociologist may ask why we have drunken bike races around Dog Shit Park when we could be getting

straight A's and helping the poor. The answer: because riding a bicycle drunk is fun and no one's making us study or help the poor.

The quickest way to end the party culture of I.V. would be to raise fees so we'd be exhausted after a week of work and raise academic standards so we'd have to constantly study. Of course, if this ever happened the students would just throw a protest party and repeal the new fees. Then, we would throw a weeklong repeal party. I suppose we could all sober up and join big causes against global domination, but the last time students tried that we burned down a bank and

got beaten by police for two weeks.

The culture and dynamics of I.V. are unique to the universe, and deep down I know one day it will be gone. Sanitized, redeveloped, tourist-friendly, castrated. Until then, I intend to enjoy I.V. in all its motley glory. I will drink deep of the marrow of life, because for some weird reason it flows thicker through these gritty streets.



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Foot Patrol Continued from page 4a

The officers filled out the paperwork on the drunk in public and our crew moved back onto DP.

So there you are, walking down DP at 10 on a Friday night. You have that cocksure look in your eye when you notice a crew of I.V.'s finest heading your way. Considering you have an Evian bottle in your hand filled with rum and coke, what do you do?

Whatever you do, don't look up, stop, and drop your drink the way our third suspect did. When she dropped the bottle the officers immediately stopped her and guided her to the curb. The suspect played the poor-distressed-girl routine, generally used to avoid traffic tickets, but it proved to be unsuccessful.

The suspect was asked if she had dropped the bottle, and if so what was in it. She answered both questions honestly, admitting it was a rum and coke in the bottle. The suspect appeared to be fairly intoxicated, yet she was issued a citation and released.

I was informed after her release that although the suspect could have been arrested for being drunk in public, her honesty and her sober friends escorting her home made it possible for her to avoid being incarcerated. The suspect was warned that if she were seen on the street later in the night the officers would not be so understanding.

The patrol proceeded as Del Playa hit its peak hour between 11 and midnight when a new character emerged in the drunken parade. Stony and passive, the suspect stumbled his way in our direction without an upward glance. He proceeded

The focus of the patrol shifted after midnight. The hours after midnight are when the majority of I.V.'s fisticuffs occur.



NEXUS FILE PHOTO

I.V. is a unique beat to patrol. It requires just the right mix of patience and concern, often for the safety of people who don't care for themselves.

comically until he was face to chest with the middle officer in our crew. The suspect came within inches of the officer's chest before he even saw

after midnight. The hours after midnight are when the majority of I.V.'s fisticuffs occur. The officers began scrutinizing groups of aggressive-

us. With such obvious signs of intoxication, the officers moved the suspect to the side of the road to be questioned. The suspect showed no signs of anger or even discomfort. Officers asked him if he had anything to drink, and he said "yes." Officers asked

him if he had smoked pot, and he replied "yes, a couple of hits."

The suspect remained incredibly passive and unconcerned over the course of the entire arrest. Despite his cooperation he was arrested for being drunk in public and taken to the county jail.

The focus of the patrol shifted

looking males and made mental notes of particularly suspicious-looking groups.

As the patrol proceeded west on Sabado Tarde, the officers received word of a fight occurring one block down. Our group moved rapidly toward the fight but it ended before we arrived. Descriptions of the suspects were obtained from witnesses and were then passed on to dispatch. The fighters were not located, and the patrol continued.

As the hours neared morning, and the patrol was nearing an end, we were confronted with a sad reality of I.V. officers proceeded to investigate the noise, only to find a highly intoxicated girl with two males.

The female appeared to be much more intoxicated than the two males. Due to the circumstances, the female suspect was arrested for being drunk in public and transported to the county jail.

The officers later explained they arrested the girl for her own safety, elaborating on the number of times they had seen the consequences of drunks, particularly females, being assaulted. The officers favored the rational decision; it could have been innocent, perhaps nothing would have happened, but what if it did and they didn't stop it?

After walking the drunken female to the transport van, I glanced at my watch as it turned 4 a.m. I was tired and I had seen enough. I.V. is a unique beat to patrol. It requires just the right mix of patience and concern, often for the safety of people who don't care for themselves.

Exhausted, I said goodbye to the IVFP officers at 4:30 a.m. They kept patrolling until sunrise.

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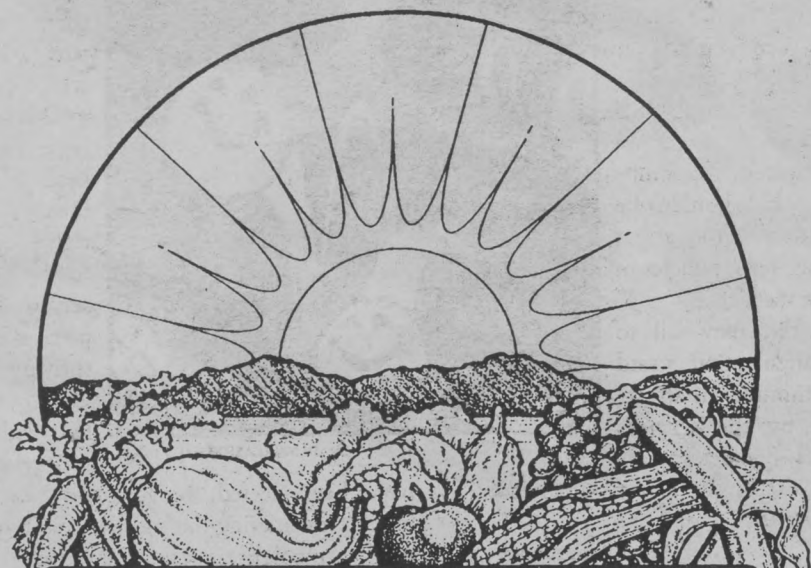
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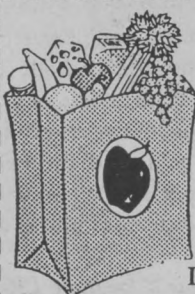
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