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Sexual assault | Offenders should receive more than suspension

BY JASMINE AQUINO



Consequences for sexual assault incidents within the University of California have been as silent as my attacker was when I said “Never mind, I don’t want to do this. Stop.” If I have learned anything in this last year at UCLA, it is that sexual assault is still prevalent within the UCLA community.

The University’s continuous lack of promotion for real deterrence and compliance creates a space more suffocating than the situation my attacker pinned me in.

Currently, sexual assault survivors have UC President Janet Napolitano’s Task Force

on Preventing and Responding to Sexual Violence and Sexual Assault working toward ensuring student conduct policies are clear. Counseling and Psychological Services and Campus Assault Resources & Education also provide support for survivors.

But the people using these services are the victims, after an attack and continuously from then on. The blame in the situation is not on the victim, but the attacker.

Kathleen Salvaty, UCLA’s Title IX officer, said that the steps her office considers for prevention are on a case-by-case basis. “Are we doing enough?” she asked.

The answer is no. Prevention is not the end-all, be-all of sexual assault policy. Attackers need to be held

accountable for their actions to actually learn from their actions. The university, and specifically the Dean of Students Office, needs to develop the kinds of sanctions that will help educate the accused.

Title IX co-sponsors Sexual Assault Awareness Month with the USAC general representative office and other campus organizations, but the problem is not lack of awareness. As my fellow columnists Julia McCarthy and Keshav Tadi-meti mentioned, while sexual assault awareness campaigns are important in disseminating information regarding sexual assault prevention, the real problem is a lack of effective deterrence. Offenders are not discouraged from continuing their paths.

Survivors of sexual assault have two reporting options: Title IX and UCPD. The two departments work together to keep the campus safe from sexual assault, though the former investigates violations of student conduct while the latter investigates the criminality of the assault.

As of January 1, the UC implemented a system-wide procedure that guides sexual assault survivors to report their incidents for investigation. The report procedure no longer handles instances of sexual assault like other conduct violations, like plagiarism and alcohol violations. Such violations are accompanied with workshops, exercises and other resources that help the accused gain a better understanding of their

actions and the consequences.

Title IX does not administer sanctions. Rather, they take their findings to the Dean of Students, who can then administer a sanction ranging from a minimum two-year suspension unless there are exceptional circumstances. But these sanctions do not include the education portion.

And it’s sorely needed. This past year, the administration has failed to appropriately respond to sexual assault allegations toward a UCLA professor when Gabriel Piterberg was suspended last spring quarter without pay, only to eventually return and remain on campus as a professor. His time-out is over, but he can now go back to the way things were.

This event sets a pre-

cedent for students who are suspended on the basis of sexual assault and then can return to take classes, continue extracurriculars and remain who they were before.

While the sanctions currently set are appropriate, they can be improved by including a more engaging educational component to them. An attacker might feel bad during their suspension, but unless they take the time to sit down and really consider their actions with a facilitator, they will not change.

The obstacles set around holding my attacker accountable are like how I felt trapped between his arms. I am stuck in a position where I can either ignore what happened, or

ASSAULT | Page B11

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-30- Columns

Surmounting the challenges to give The Bruin a new lease on life

BY SAM HOFF



My happiest discovery this year was one I stumbled upon late at night during fall finals week: the campus library’s reels of microfilm encompassing every Daily Bruin dating back to 1915.

I spent my winter break reading the reels, following as the Daily Bruin grew alongside the school it covered. From UCLA’s decision to settle in Westwood to Bruin Plate’s opening and the countless student movements that came along the way, the story of UCLA is tangled and complex, but beautifully vibrant and human.

And perhaps even more human is the paper that recorded it, moving from a biweekly tabloid to a multimillion-dollar enterprise with dozens of pages each day filled with advertising and with circulation in the tens of thousands. Even a decade ago the Daily Bruin was wildly different from how it is now, with minor tweaks each year adding up to a product that evolves with each subsequent editing team.

My term as editor in chief hasn’t been a traditional one. Coming in I inherited an excited staff looking forward to the 150 issues we’d make together. But I also walked into a dusty newsroom with dated policies and crippling debt.

This year we aimed to make the Daily Bruin relevant and sustainable. And I’m really proud of what we’ve achieved.

We pulled out old cubicles, recarpeted and even built a new wall in the office. We had a dedicated team of developers work on rebuilding Bruinwalk.com, one of our key resources for the campus and a long-neglected website. We redesigned the paper and grew the staff from 200 to 500. We sent reporters around the country and the world to tell the story of the UCLA community.

And much of my year was spent outside of any newspaper editor’s comfort zone, looking at financial statements and old documents and piecing together a referendum that asked the student body to support campus media, giving the Daily Bruin a new lease on life.

What I saw during election week was nothing short of breathtaking. Staffers woke up early to head to campus, armed with flyers, to talk to strangers about why they should vote to support the paper. And then they walked back into Kerkhoff and stayed in late, sometimes until 1 or 2 in the morning, working on the next



RACHEL ZHU/DAILY BRUIN

day’s newspaper. I’m still reeling from the fact that it passed.

Somehow the Daily Bruin has pushed against the odds, soon to become the most sustainably funded campus newspaper in the world when just a year ago we were \$200,000 in debt. And I’m hopeful that with student support and help from alumni and friends, The Bruin will keep telling UCLA’s story and growing the next generation of journalists for years to come.

A last note: Despite my title, I’m not the reason the Daily Bruin had such a remarkable

year. It was the 519 others on the paper who worked every day to report, write, photograph, code, shoot and edit.

It was Jeong Park and Eldrin Masangkay, the Daily Bruin’s real heroes, who made sure that each day’s paper came together despite the late-night plot twists that seem to come every day. Each of them did more for the paper this year than I could have ever hoped to.

It was the 53 other editors who proved exceptional leaders and even better storytellers as they worked to grow their sections. And it was the staff and fellow editors at UCLA

and certainly unlike anything I will ever do again. I would be lying if I said I won’t miss it every day.

To my staff, I thank you for giving me the honor to guide the paper this year. And to the campus community, your readership and support are what kept me going. Thank you for the experience of a lifetime.

Hoff was a News contributor from 2012-2013, News reporter and staffer from 2013-2014, assistant News editor and Graphics senior staffer from 2014-2015 and editor in chief from 2015-2016.

Student Media who showed unbelievable passion despite a bevy of seemingly insurmountable financial problems and increasingly limited resources.

The Daily Bruin could easily have grown to be your typical college paper at a D1 school. But in the past 15 years something special has happened; we’ve collected more national journalism awards than any other paper in the country, and seem to be growing despite the crippling challenges facing the newspaper industry.

The experience of running an organization like this is humbling and heartwarming,

and certainly unlike anything I will ever do again. I would be lying if I said I won’t miss it every day.

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An ode to social awkwardness, lasting friendships and the words that count

BY RYAN NELSON



I’m not really good with public displays of affection.

Or emotions, really. In fact, one time someone even went so far as to ask me what it was like not to feel anything (my reply: “(???)”).

So this is really weird. I could write something about what having been in the Daily Bruin for four years means to me, but that’s obvious. If you’ve been paying any attention to the paper (and if you’re reading this, you probably have been) you’ve either seen my face next to a column on

the page, sent me an angry email or texted me at 6 a.m. upset about a quote. You get the point: I like the paper.

It’s also not like I’m qualified to dish out some kind of dramatic life advice. Academically, I’ve been a mess, needing to retake two different classes in two separate majors and forcing myself to take six classes in the spring of my final year just to make up a bunch of units. My personal life hasn’t been much better; I’m socially awkward, never learned volume control, lost a relationship in part because of my obtuseness and tend to argue just a little too much.

So instead of taking my last inches of page space and dedicating them to offering stories or advice you could easily get better from somewhere else, I want to give this moment to other people. More specifically, I want to take this opportunity to say a phrase I probably have said far too seldomly over the course of my four years at UCLA: Thank you.

Thank you to my entire staff, including all of my writers, but especially to my assistants, Liberty and Ara. You’ve all made this a year I can never forget.

literally of us sitting around talking about absolutely nothing at all. Or winning at Super Smash Bros.

And finally, to everyone who doesn’t fit into this neat little rhetorical device I’ve developed but without whom UCLA would never have been the same: Lisa, Jono, Mike, Lizzie, Kevin, Andreas, Marko and Ishani; from the bottom of my heart, thank you for the incredible four years.

I’ve always been better at letting those pregnant moments with the people I care about sit in roaring silence. In those spaces, I let the words on my tongue wither and die instead of taking the chance to see what they could

light. And for as good as I am at putting pen to paper, the actual truth is real words – the ones that matter – terrify me.

So if you really, really, really wanted to glean a cliché lesson from this: Appreciate those people, and say those words, because we’re all fucked in the head in some way with our own empty spaces, cracks and neuroses. The only way we manage to hold together this illusion of normalcy is that we have others filling in our gaps.

Before I sign off with one last dramatic concluding sentence, let me recognize one more person. Andy, this is one nearly nine months since I woke to messages about your death, and I still don’t

think I’ve fully processed it. From staying up until 5 a.m. in Saxon Residential Suites to breaking into half-built dorm buildings and random conversations in your apartment, some of my best UCLA memories have you involved. I never said much when you died, and I regret that, and the truth is I miss you Andy. All of us do. You’re loved, and never forgotten.

And the same goes to you, UCLA. You’re loved, and never forgotten.

Nelson was an Opinion columnist from 2012-2014, assistant Opinion editor from 2014-2015 and Opinion editor from 2015-2016.

Jerry Kang | Office outreach needed to improve campus equity

BY ABHISHEK SHETTY



If Vice Chancellor Jerry Kang was a presidential candidate, he would be John Kasich. They’re both voices of relative sanity among the politically divisive and unconstructive noise around them that we should all make an attempt to listen to, regardless of our own views. But one difference between the two is that you know far more about Kasich than Kang and his office.

Kang is the first vice chancellor of the Office of Equity, Diversity and Inclusion, appointed in March 2015. Over the past 12 months, he has faced a range of incidents on campus – the Kanye Western party, David Horowitz posters and the transgender photo controversy, to name a few. And while Kang has adequately responded, his office can go further – it needs to reach a sizable portion of the student body to have an impact.

One example of Kang’s insufficient outreach is Cross-Check. Last October, Kang established Cross-Check as a blog-like platform to address students in the wake of the Kanye Western party incident, in an attempt to “flip the script” and “learn something new.” His purpose was to communicate with the student body in a conversational style, something unheard of for a university administrator. Kang has explained that the site, which currently consists of six posts on campus incidents, is meant to be a hub for information on discrimination to deepen the conversation on equity at UCLA.

He also said that the platform would be aimed at undergraduate students, but it seems unlikely that he’s reaching more than a small number of students who take an active interest in such matters. Take, for instance, the most recent Cross-Check post on the transgender photo controversy. When asked about it, Alexander Rhim, president of Bruin Republicans, said that he had

not seen the post. “I had not heard that he had published anything on the issue,” Rhim said.

It seems counterintuitive if a post, aimed specifically at students of a particular organization, goes unseen by the president of that organization. Rhim isn’t at fault here. Kang’s office is responsible for not expanding the reach of his Cross-Check posts. The main way he announces his newest Cross-Check posts is through his personal Twitter account, which has 298 followers, where he also conveniently forgot to include any mention of his fifth post.

In essence, Kang’s posts, intended for the entire student body, don’t reach enough students. That’s not a public platform to discuss equity; it bears far more resemblance to an aspirational personal diary against bigotry that a select few have managed to stumble upon.

This is disappointing, considering that Kang has made some insightful comments in his posts in a

more cordial and conversational tone. Although his office is inherently biased against intolerance, his posts include explanations about how the First Amendment works, which some UCLA students are evidently in need of.

In an email, Ricardo Vazquez, associate director of UCLA Media Relations and Public Outreach, said that the office uses various channels to reach out to students, such as giving talks to groups of students across UCLA. Instances include Kang speaking at the 2016 Diversity Symposium and at an event hosted by UCLA Residential Life on Asian-American and Pacific Islander heritage, and the EDI office co-sponsoring programs on gender and transnational issues. These are praiseworthy efforts, but they apply to niche audiences. The office should be targeting the demographic that doesn’t involve itself in groups that have already been concerning themselves in matters of equity and diversity.

The need for students to

know about the work of the office has been underlined by Kang himself. In December, he said that work needed to be done to educate students on equity. The words of the office may not have much of an influence on those who are already aware of race issues nor can they influence those who have already set their opinions in stone. It can, however, impact students currently unaware that the office even exists, and educate them on the significance of race issues and free speech on campus.

An appropriate way for the office to expand its outreach would be through the Student Advisory Board it plans to set up. Kang announced in an email in April that the office recently started accepting applications for the first EDI Student Advisory Board. The board, consisting of both undergraduates and graduates, will advise Kang on issues of equity and inclusion. More importantly, it will act as a communicator between him and the entire student body, periodically updating the

UCLA community on its work with the office. This represents an opportunity for Kang to effectively advertise the existence, work and values of his office.

Additionally, it would help if the board had more than one meeting a quarter as equity isn’t something that pops up every three months. Holding more meetings would help the board successfully carry out its communication with the UCLA community. While giving the board its autonomy, Kang should also use it as an extension of himself and the office and help it expand its outreach to students.

Furthering its outreach would also help the office improve the response to its programs. One such program is the Bruin Excellence and Student Transformation Grant Program, which will provide funding to 14 different student-run projects based on diversity, retention or campus climate. The program received a total of 18 proposals, from both under-

KANG | Page B11

All writers know the difficulty of deciding where to place the final period in a story. When breaking news still traveled by wire, journalists would “-30-” into their telegrams to signal the end of their transmissions. Graduating Daily Bruin staffers share their wisdom and memories from their time at the paper.

An undergraduate journey defined by many moments never truly ends

BY ELDRIN MASANGKAY



Writing a -30- column is very similar to one of my daily duties as digital managing editor.

Around 6 p.m. every day, I sit down with Jeong Park to rank stories to be published the following day. We single out one specific story to fill the most prominent slot of the Daily Bruin homepage. This story is the one that is the most relatable to the student body, the most eye-catching, the one that has the best photo and the best lede. In general, the best story. Once we finally make our decision, we tag that story on our publishing application as “db-story-cl.”

In the past, Daily Bruin staffers based their -30- columns on their most memorable story or their favorite experience. In a way, these columns make us think about what the “db-story-cl” of our college experience has been. I guess with this column, I have the chance to rank stories one last time.

I can choose a story about my favorite experience in the Daily Bruin such as that time I got to interview American Idol judges. I can talk about being a Bruin Ambassador and assisting high school students achieve the same goals I have. I can talk about playing basketball every single day at Hitch Suites. But none of these stories deserve the “db-story-cl” tag.

It’s difficult to find that one story that truly represents my experience. My experience has been one of many emotions. Lately, it’s been more negative than positive. Feelings of doubt, anxiety, loneliness, regret and fear have been dominant. I sometimes feel more lost than the castaways of Oceanic Airlines Flight 815.

But at the same time, feelings of accomplishment, pride and happiness have also been present over these past few years.

That is why I can’t pinpoint an exact moment to be my “db-story-cl.” Instead, the sum of my experiences constitutes the meaning of who I am.

So who am I? According to the Myers-Briggs Personality Type Indicator, I am an INFJ (introverted, intuitive, feeling and judging).

According to my degree progress report, I am a Class of 2016 graduate with a major in political science and minors in public policy and film, television and digital media.

According to my Netflix account and its recommended shows for me, it looks like my interests revolve around apocalyptic stories and random mockumentaries.

According to my bank statement, I spend too much time at burger joints.

However, one’s true self can never be quantified, analyzed or even viewed. Rather, it is lived. One’s true self is defined by an aggregate of all experiences, both good and bad.

And one’s true self can only be recognized through the eyes of the one who owns the life.

So yes, that includes the time in my first year when I saw my name on the wall of Kerkhoff 118 saying I had been accepted to the Daily Bruin. That also includes the times in my second year when I went to college fairs and represented UCLA admissions. My third-year experiences include the group of friends that I loved and always will love as we traveled to Denny’s almost every night around 10:30 p.m. It also includes the white hairs I grew because both personal and academic stress in my fourth year.

I learned so much from these experiences that I can use for future situations. They taught me about who I am in terms of what situations I can handle and what emotions I can’t.

My UCLA undergraduate journey has not ended and most likely will never end. As long as I can always look back at the rear view mirror every once in awhile, then there’s no point in thinking that this is the end. I will never forget any of these stories because future Eldrin will need them. In that sense, my undergraduate career will be as long or as short as I make it. Graduation will not be the end.

If you made me choose my “db-story-cl” one last time, I would defer. I would rather leave my front page blank. There’s no one single story that supersedes another. It’s the sum of my experiences that makes me who I am. It’s the journey, the full circle, rather than a specific part.

So never ask me what my favorite part of college was. I won’t be able to answer.

Masangkay was a Video reporter from 2012-2014, Video producer from 2014-2015 and digital managing editor from 2015-2016.

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Everyone has an interesting story if you know the right place to look

BY GRACE LIN



“The woman at the table next to mine is wearing the ring that I’d always envisioned on my mother. Gold, not silver, with two smaller diamonds surrounding a glittering center stone.”

In my second year of college, I drew upon real life for a creative writing assignment. About three years from present time, the young female protagonist in my story sits nervously in an expensive restaurant with a bottle of wine that she can’t afford, waiting for her estranged father to show up. She is going to ask him for money. I imagined her struggling to find a job – driven by her peniless, desperate mother to beg from a man whom she had not seen in 10 years.

That young woman is me. My parents fell in love through a bank teller window – a romantic “love at first sight” story. However, there was a catch: He was already married, with a wife and four kids at home. In an uncharacteristic move, my selfless, sweet-tempered mother disregarded the wishes of her family and immigrated to the United States, serving as my father’s mistress while he traveled between Taiwan, China and the United States for business.

My mother told me this story when I was in fourth grade. Less than five years later, my father found another young woman to pursue, and my parents separated for good. I watched as healthy flesh melted from my mother’s face and her eyes became more and more flat under financial

stress. We moved four times in two years – downsizing from four bedrooms to one, from gated house to tenement building – always packing and unpacking boxes because of my mother’s dissatisfied pride.

Underneath grew this hungry, burning determination to compete and do better than everyone else around me. In high school, if I was ranked second or third in a class, I would fight my way to the top on the next exam. If my friends joined a club together, I would too – and aim for an executive officer position. I was proud when teachers praised my progress and immortalized my work as the “example” to show future classes. I was shameless. I know.

Of course, that “hungry, burning determination” was quickly doused by a cold splash of reality when I entered UCLA.

I realize now that I had something inexplicable to prove, both to myself and other people at the time. As an illegitimate child and first-generation college student, I struggled with this idea that I was never supposed to amount to much. The strange thing is, no one ever told me that – it was all in my head.

It was when I joined the Daily Bruin as a copy editor that I started to find a new perspective. From the articles that I’ve read, I learned that the people walking alongside me on Bruin Walk and sitting next to me in classes harbored their own unexpected stories.

Psychology professors who were enlightened as members of a rock band. Camp counselors who felt the pressure to be role models but struggled to love themselves. A young man

whose student medicine because science couldn’t stop his favorite uncle from dying.

These stories showed me a different perspective on my own life.

Though my father never made it past middle school, he became a successful businessman and entrepreneur. His story is the “rags to riches” one – as the youngest of seven children in an impoverished family, he eventually achieved the American Dream through his own ability and determination. I don’t respect him as a person, but I can respect what he’s done for himself.

Meanwhile, my mother is the most sacrificing, hardworking and loving person that I know. She worked full-time at a bank during the day and went to a night high school so that she could put her two younger siblings through college. Though her potential was never realized beyond a high school diploma, she is extremely bright – once, her teacher accused her of cheating because the project she produced looked “too professional.” Using her own life as an example, she taught me to have high standards and be at peace with myself – to be happy.

Hundreds of articles and four years later, now I want storytelling to become my life’s work.

I believe everyone has a story. Sometimes it just has to begin with a simple line: “The woman at the table next to mine ...”

Lin was a copy editor from 2012-2013, slot editor from 2013-2014, Copy chief from 2014-2015 and prime director from 2015-2016.

Having found my niche, I threw myself into copy editing with an understanding that people could benefit from my actions, or be harmed by my lack of action. The work was no longer just about grammar and AP Style; it was about our readers, about fairness, about promoting inclusivity in a society that often does not value certain voices.

Luckily, the year I became a slot editor, I was in good company. Other copy editors also cared about inclusivity, and we spent hours in the office discussing how to improve Copy’s editing to be more sensitive, and many hours more researching in order to present our findings at our next meeting. We advocated for the use of gender-neutral pronouns, discussed the implications of person-first and identity-first language in regard to disability, and estab-

lished that we must always defer to sources in terms of how they want to be identified. Throughout this year, I have been continually inspired by my fellow editors’ passion for diversity and care for their fellow Bruins. Namrata, Brendan, Derek: Thank you for your hard work and compassion. The paper has been so lucky to have you all.

Despite my belief in what we were doing, I still had countless moments of frustration and self-doubt. I worried that my efforts wouldn’t change anything or help anyone, or that I was somehow letting people down. But I’ve come to see that all my anxieties, after the fusing over stories, all the late nights in the office, all the voluntary Friday night meetings to discuss sensitivity – all of it was because I concerned about readers. Maybe my work hasn’t been tangible – visible

Young was a Copy contributor in winter 2015, Copy staffer in spring 2015 and slot editor from 2015-2016.

Our newsroom is a rare place where substantive diversity is reality

BY ARTHUR WANG



If there's one thing I'll remember and appreciate about the Daily Bruin once I leave, it's the diversity of the newsroom. Yes, I am writing about diversity — one of the emptiest buzzwords in all of higher education and organizational discourse today. Diversity initiatives and efforts are one of the most watered-down, apolitical and abstracted forms of social justice; only bigots usually oppose them. The idea is so sanitized, corporations and companies love diversity and they love promoting it — it bolsters their bottom lines. During my two short years of writing and editing opinions

for The Bruin, I have sought to avoid, wherever I can, the promotion of simple, surface-level diversity, which takes form in any effort that seeks to bring a larger variety of people under one roof. In descending order of prominence, usually this diversity is conceptualized in terms of race, ethnicity, gender, sexuality, disability or socioeconomic status.

This university, and others around the country, exercises simple diversity in spades and even take pride in it. UCLA is one of the most diverse college campuses in the country, after all — and among top universities, no school has a higher proportion of its undergraduate population receiving the Pell Grant, an indicator of low-income status. It also recently passed a diversity course

requirement for students in the College of Letters and Science. Yet, for all this celebration of diversity, the campus has not become a place where very different people come together regularly and voluntarily to explain somewhat-to-very different viewpoints. It's natural for people with similar affinities to choose to associate and interact with one another, but there is such a lack of "substantive diversity" at UCLA, the dining hall Feast never seems to have more than 15 people who aren't Asians eating there at once. It was only last week that I sat near a group of friends at a dining hall who looked diverse enough to appear for a photo shoot in a UCLA viewbook. I encounter diversity in the classroom, but these people aren't going to

be my friends — I'm probably not even going to add them on Facebook.

In joining the Daily Bruin, I have been incredibly fortunate and grateful to have experienced and benefited from a rare site of substantive diversity on campus. This may sound surprising to some, as one of the most common criticisms of The Bruin is that it is a vast institution — which it is — that doesn't adequately represent all communities on campus, and there's no doubt this argument has merit too (the previous editor of the blog, my predecessor was dismissed for allowing a culturally insensitive post to be published.) And the prospect of working for long hours to report news for no pay certainly discourages low-income students from

joining, but in today's student journalism landscape that can't be helped.

But in Kerckhoff 118, I've made such friends, or at the least had such conversations, that by no chance in hell I would have had if I had joined almost any other club instead. The range of perspectives present in the most common criticisms of The Bruin is that it is a vast institution — which it is — that doesn't adequately represent all communities on campus, and there's no doubt this argument has merit too (the previous editor of the blog, my predecessor was dismissed for allowing a culturally insensitive post to be published.) And the prospect of working for long hours to report news for no pay certainly discourages low-income students from

someone else names the same perpetrator. The tool effectively identifies and helps stop repeat offenders once caught and set straight by a sanction. But the sanctions themselves need to be reconsidered in order for them to be effective against sexual assault incidents.

Currently, Salvaty is in conversation with Project Callisto to work out a possibility for implementing this tool around the entire UC system, a move forward to holding offenders accountable.

This a step in the right direction, and the university needs to continue reforming

Email Aquino at jaquino@dailybruin.com.

ASSAULT

from page B8

or report my offender to the university so they can ignore what happened for two years.

One possible tool that can help is Callisto, an online reporting system for sexual assault survivors.

The tool offers survivors a platform to create an electronic timestamp document of their experience, and allows them to opt into a matching system which allows the report to be sent to the school or UCPD if

someone else names the same perpetrator.

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sanctions to better directly combat issues of rape culture through education as communities prepare for a new academic year.

Reporting my offender would be pointless if all that would change is a setting.

Simply suspending an attacker does not combat issues of sexual assault on campus. Time does not directly change someone, otherwise I would not walk around still troubled by a horrible experience from many months ago.

Email Aquino at jaquino@dailybruin.com.

KANG

from page B9

graduates and graduates. If more students get to know about the goings on of the office and its programs, it can

generate better interest and possibly more applications for initiatives such as BEST.

For a department in its infancy stages, the EDI Office needs to make outreach one of its main priorities. By setting up a base for people to be aware of its existence,

the office can engage a larger conversation on campus on equity and free speech. For the six figure salary Kang receives, it's only fair that this happens.

Email Shetty at ashetty@dailybruin.com.

Shaping my own voice by giving voice to the storytellers

BY FRANCESCA MANTO



I'll insert my super interesting lede here. Now that that's out of the way, I've always preferred to be behind a digital single-lens reflex camera, behind a brand's social media account because I've never been comfortable with using my voice to tell my story. I found there were far more interesting stories to be told

that weren't mine. My job as the Daily Bruin Social Media director was to simply share them and there's nothing special about that.

Unlike many staffers at the Daily Bruin, I don't fall into this category of naturally gifted writers. It's a challenge for me to express myself in words because it requires a voice that is clear, articulate and confident. Characteristics a social media director should have, but ones I've never mastered.

But here I am writing from my own perspective. It's my first and last column where I won't pause to ask myself, "Okay, how would the Daily Bruin say this?"

Though this freedom to write is scary, I'm surprised at how comforting it actually feels, especially for someone who's always found it easier to write a succinct 140-character tweet.

It's difficult to part ways. Difficult for me to stop myself every morning and

realize it's not my job anymore to share the day's stories, feel excited to first "tweet" breaking news or be the person behind the paper online. I thought I did well disassociating my voice while developing the Daily Bruin's, but now I realize how much of it stems from my own.

The Daily Bruin account was my own little outlet for self-expression.

It was my daily way of listening to the community, showing my passion for

sharing stories and more importantly, my determination to deliver the news to UCLA in the best way possible.

As social media continues to change, so will this paper's voice. I know that when I look at the Daily Bruin's social media even a month from now, it'll be different, unfamiliar. It's no longer mine to look after, but that doesn't mean I'll be any less proud. It'll only get better.

Daily Bruin, you gave me the opportunity to share the

works of incredible storytellers and the confidence to develop my own voice through you. And with the beauty that is 140-characters, I conclude: For many @UCLA, the @dailybruin is a source that gathers different voices.

For me, it's the source that shaped mine. #ThanksDB.

Manto was a Video reporter from 2012-2014, assistant Video producer from 2014-2015 and Social Media director from 2015-2016.

Kerckhoff 118, a Daily Bruin work space that became my home

BY CHANDINI SONI



My address on Facebook is listed as Kerckhoff 118. While this was the result of one of many, many hacks my account has been subject to over my time here at UCLA, it is one of the few that has rung true.

I was an assistant News editor at the time and definitely spent more time in the Daily Bruin office than in my dorm room. Aside from being the place where I worked, the newsroom was where I would take midmorning power naps, hang out between classes and of course, get hacked on

Facebook. Jokes aside, the Daily Bruin has taught me so much over the years that I can't put it into words. It taught me to care about issues that go beyond what immediately affects me.

I am immensely grateful for the opportunities I have had to report and learn about a wide array of topics.

I'll never forget the California NanoSystems Institute director I met while reporting on a story, whose research and life inspired me to change my major. Similarly, the heartwarming tale of the ice cream shop owner who was determined to honor his grandfather's legacy. I remember bonding with the engineering dean about how her father and

my grandfather were both civil engineers who helped create networks of roads and bridges after India's independence.

One of the biggest skills the paper forced me to perfect was multitasking as I attempted to juggle four science and engineering classes, a near full-time job being an assistant editor, sleep and a severe Netflix addiction. One year and several color-coded spreadsheets later, I somehow managed to retain a sliver of sanity.

While I might not have been as involved these last two years, I occasionally pitched in when News was short-staffed and was a member of the editorial board for a year. But the main reasons I stuck around

were to hang out with my friends, to play with our advisor's adorable fluffy dog and to volunteer with a high school journalism club in downtown LA.

When I look back at a few things that come to mind: the time I dropped milk on my laptop in the middle of a 350-person class and beeped uncontrollably for one of the longest minutes of my life (that's what I get for editing in class), the countless hours my friends and I spent coming up with bioengineering related haikus and puns, BollyWood nights with my roommates and LA bus adventures.

I have always worried I would regret not having a more

'typical' college experience. I haven't tailgated at a single football game, gone on a spring break vacation with friends or participated in Dance Marathon. But on the other hand, I've had the chance to explore and report on quirky museums in LA, meet Chancellor Gene Block and experience what it's like to be a real journalist.

Although I cannot check off every item on my bucket list, I've done so many other things I get for editing in class), the countless hours my friends and I spent coming up with bioengineering related haikus and puns, BollyWood nights with my roommates and LA bus adventures.

While I certainly haven't lived in Kerckhoff 118 these last few years, it has still felt like home. A combination of muscle memory and reminiscence draws me back every

so often, even when I have no reason to be there.

Still, graduation is approaching quickly. I will no longer be able to even half-convince myself into leaving that Facebook address as a joke.

But I'm lazy and nostalgic and don't want to do it myself. Considering how approximately 80 percent of what is posted through my Facebook account is a hack, can the next person please change my address to something amusing so I won't feel sad about it? Thanks.

Soni was a News contributor from 2012-2013, science and health editor from 2013-2014 and senior staffer from 2015-2016.

Korbin's Corner: Saying thanks in my one and only column

BY KORBIN PLACET



Since the start of my Sports editorship this year, staffers have asked if I was ever going to write a column. All the other Sports editors were writing one (Claire-ication, Tanner's Take and Matter of Fact), and everyone just assumed I would too. I would tell them, "No, I don't have a clever enough column name to write one."

That was mostly a joke. I actually liked some of the names that people came up with, especially Korbin's Corner. I chose not to write a column because I wasn't completely sure of myself, and I wasn't sure what I thought was important enough or

interesting enough to be read by the UCLA community.

Now that my time here is coming to an end, there are things I want to tell people before it is too late.

Not everyone will understand a lot of these anecdotes, but I hope people will understand the sentiment and how much I care about my time at The Bruin. I also write these moments so that when I read this years from now, I look back at my time here fondly.

I will remember the time I was watching Super Bowl XLIX at my friend Michael Perez's place while waiting for the men's tennis team to call me to do interviews. The guys lost to Baylor on the road in what was a rout. Writing that wrap, especially when one of the biggest games in Super Bowl history was going

on, sucked. Sorry to Matt Joye, who had late run that night. I would remember my writing so much last year and I can't thank you enough for that.

I will remember the club sports medicine package that I worked on with Anay Dattawadkar and Matt Cummings. I felt like we worked on something important that helped make an impact here at UCLA. Derrek Li, you worked so hard at putting that whole thing together. I wish your name was on it as well. Thank you being a great editor, mentor and friend.

I will remember road tripping it up to Ojai, California for the Pac-12 Tennis Tournament. I really fell in love with college tennis there. Thank you Billy Martin, Grant Chen and the men's tennis team for

being great people to Matt Cummings, Lea Chang and me, and giving us so much access. Sorry that season didn't turn out the way you hoped. I learned a lot on that beat, and what it means to be a sports journalist.

I will remember the time I went to the office, coming back from my 7 p.m. film class, to discover the Sports editors, Design and Copy losing their minds over the Arizona football insert. I wish I stayed longer to see the famous Justin Bieber "Sorry" dance performed by Derek Yen, Hannah Breack and Tanner Walters. I loved and hated those long, long nights, and I will miss them greatly.

I will remember the week leading up to publishing the Billy Martin feature. Matt Cummings and I stayed up till

2 in the morning for days in a row transcribing (why did we do hour-long interviews?), gathering data and outlining the story. Matt, I am so proud of that piece and I love collaborating with you. I can't wait to do it again in Rio de Janeiro this summer for the Summer Olympics.

I will remember that cold winter night up in Yosemite during editor's retreat, where Tanner wrecked Matt Cummings, Claire Fahy and me at an arcade basketball game outside the lodge we were staying at. Working with you three is easily one of the highlights of my time in college. I looked forward to coming to the office every day because it meant that I got to see my best friends. Animal Round forever!

I will remember going out

to Barney's Beanyery every Wednesday (almost every Wednesday, just as long as school allowed) with Claire and Derrek to hang out, have \$4 Dos Equis and occasionally participate in trivia night. Shoutout to Emaan Baqai and Hayley McAvoy who joined us a couple times. I will cherish and miss those bar times.

Thank you to everyone at The Bruin who helped me grow in college. Joining this institution was the best decision of my college career, and I am glad I got to write about it in my one and only column.

Placet was a Sports contributor from 2014-2015, Sports reporter spring quarter of 2015 and assistant Sports editor from 2015-2016. He is also the recipient of the 2016 Bridget O'Brien scholarship.

Allocating finite letters to describe immeasurable moments

BY KEVIN TRUONG



If you open up to the first chapter of a standard economics textbook you'll probably find the definition of the term in some similar form as "the study of how we allocate finite resources to fulfill unlimited wants."

To be honest, that might be the only thing I actually learned in the four years of classes I sloggged through to earn my degree.

Where I really got my education was in the muggy, sweaty newsroom lodged in the bowels of Kerckhoff Hall. But, looking back on four years at the paper

—and forward to a career in journalism — ironically enough I found that I learned the same thing there.

As a newspaper reporter, empty space on the page is a limited resource. Bordered by ads, photos and Sudoku puzzles, this blank canvas is populated with articles created by the push and pull exercised between staff members, the trimming of fat and the taming of biases.

At the Daily Bruin, the space is filled by the arguments that come from the nervous ego of a writer running head-long into an editor who's about ten minutes away from breaking down in the little office behind the water cooler.

In a broader sense though, throughout my time at the paper, I've found that the real limited resource we have are our words. Those variations of 26 letters that fit comfortably within the pages of a dictionary, but that we still spend countless hours debating, struggling with or crying over.

More often than not they're inadequate to fulfill the unlimited want to state exactly what we mean, describe exactly how we feel or express exactly who we are.

So we come up with ways to make up that gap. The glance between two friends that replaces a sentence. The silence that expresses the opinions that

you're still in the process of forming. The smile that says everything it needs to.

Journalists are often portrayed as arrogant and aloof and I think part of the reason is because our job is to use words to do the impossible.

How do you sum up someone's life in a 750-word profile? How do you condense the feelings of losing a loved one in a neat little quote? How do you describe the look in someone's eyes when they're recalling the happiest moment in their life?

The honest answer is that you can't. Not all, or even most of the time.

The infinite space that seems to exist within our own heads, let alone other people's,

is often too distant for us to reach with language. But there are times when you can use the limited collection of tools of words, grammar and punctuation to create something special: a piece of writing that was more honest than you were prepared for.

So while this column is ostensibly a farewell to a place that I called home for four years, it may read as a bit of an apology. Because it's one last example of a failure of vocabulary.

I can use adjectives to describe what I've felt in the newsroom. I can use verbs to say what I did there. I can use nouns to identify the people who I grew up with and grew

to love. And my experience was all of those things, but so much more.

Everyone of us who has worked at the paper has our own collection of 26 letters that we kept tucked in the back pages of our memories.

But they come with an important lesson we learned as journalists: We have to be okay with recording what we can, with the knowledge that the whole story will always be slightly out of our grasp to tell.

Truong was a News contributor from 2012-2013, assistant Opinion editor from 2013-2014 and News, A&E and Opinion senior staffer from 2014-2016.



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The Bruin gave me a platform to report, listen and make a difference

BY SHREYA AIYAR



I was 13 years old when I decided I wanted to change the world when I grew up. My family and I were at an Indian festival, and I glimpsed a friend and her mother in the middle of the crowd. I waved, but they didn't see me first - their attention focused instead on my great-aunt next to me. "You were her pediatrician," my friend's mother said, her mouth forming a perfect O. "You saved my daughter's life, and you listened to our stories and troubles." I stood shocked in the

middle of the crowds - I had never been honored like that. All I had heard until that moment was that I was only in middle school, that I didn't have the power or the authority to do anything that could make an impact. From that moment on, I resolved to hear someone's story, to help them in the way my great-aunt did. But in the five years between then and my first year at UCLA, I never got that opportunity. Counselors and members of my community reminded me that I was only a high school student, that I did not - could not - do important work because stronger, more intelligent people out there would do it for me.

I came to UCLA, and the discouraging words - that I was only an undergraduate student who could not make a difference - followed me. The Daily Bruin, the first organization I signed up for in college, was just a really stressful club at first. I didn't know how to ask for help from my first editors, so I kept messing up my interviews and turning in confused, editorialized drafts. But as time went on, I realized that the newspaper was the place where I could fulfill the goals I had set for myself back when I was 13. While reporting for articles, I heard stories about minority artists facing discrimination within the college community

just for trying to succeed and overcome institutionalized racism. I spoke with groups of friends who supported each other through post-graduation struggles of unemployment and uncertain futures. I listened to transgender people, bitter about being addressed by the wrong pronouns though they had dedicated their whole lives trying to assert their identities. I silently related with stories of burnout and mental illness, and cried with a mother grieving for her dead son who she had lost to suicide the year before. I learned about love, passion, dedication, identity, death and everything in

between. And I've received messages from those same groups of people, who threw open their hearts and souls to a complete stranger like me, telling me how much they appreciate The Bruin's work and how reassured they feel to know they have allies on their side. Through the paper, I've been able to prove those discouraging ideas wrong: I have been able to make a difference. Though I may not have catalyzed great waves of change, I've been privileged enough to hear the stories of ordinary and extraordinary people and to lend them a platform to share those stories. For me, that's a huge deal.

When I think back to when I was 13, I remember being beaten down and discouraged for thinking that I could make a difference, that I was not qualified enough. But over-hearing that brief conversation with my great-aunt and my friend's mother sparked a sense of bravery I had never known before then. I might be just an undergraduate student - actually, along with a few "never-to-do's" to keep the valuable lede intact: Don't open with a clause, don't drop too many numbers and never, ever use a cliché. I've played by the rules for the most part, so I'm sure my editors will pardon me this one exception. After writing thousands of words on hundreds of printed pages day in and day out in a windowless office, these last thousand have been the hardest. Like any writer, I've been obsessing over with what

Aiyar was an A&E contributor from 2012-2015 and music / arts editor from 2015-2016.

When there's no path ahead, pave your own road forward

BY ARA SHIRINIAN



If The Bruin has taught me one thing, it's that the world is what you make it. I don't mean that in an inspirational way. The truth is, you probably don't have the first clue about how to make the world a better place. I certainly don't. Up until now, I always thought that with enough time I would find some purpose - not a divine purpose, but a path to follow. A path that, with enough hard work, would lead me to do something meaningful. But none of the work I ever did made me feel like I was finding my way. Part of the reason is that I always had a hard time getting myself to try hard in classes. In school, your performance is measured with a grade. If you get an A, you've done as well as you can, and a B is close enough to feel satisfying. But at The Bruin, there is no grade. Each piece has infinite room for improvement. Everything comes together in the final print product and website, but the paper is never better than the sum of its

parts. Every piece has to be worth reading. That's not an easy thing to accomplish. Everything I had ever written before The Bruin was either for myself or for a specific task. But at The Bruin, the goal was always to write something that had merit on its own, something that someone else would want to read for themselves. Thinking about the challenge quickly became terrifying. So I started trying harder, attempting to create better content. The work I put into something and the result I got out of it was more clearly linked at The Bruin than it ever had been anywhere else. When I put in the effort to create real content, I saw that some people appreciated it. But even still, my best work often didn't seem like it was enough. I developed a severe case of writer's block. Whenever I would sit down to write, every word seemed heavy, difficult to place. It took a while to figure out why this was happening, but eventually it came to me: I was worried that if I was writing things that people weren't reading, that they weren't benefiting from, then I would just be a part of the noise. I once again found myself looking for the path forward,

unable to find it. It took me a while, but I finally realized that there was never going to be a magical set of rules telling me what to do. This is not to say I didn't have any help. I did. Without the coworkers and friends who showed me the ropes, I never would have figured any of it out. But eventually, it's up to each person to make their way. Organizations are a collection of individuals. In them, we spend our time doing what small parts we can, hoping that the conglomeration of our work will amount to something important. This hive mentality frees us from bearing the burden of progress ourselves. But it makes us forget that our work, our individual effort, is what moves us forward. The Bruin taught me that if you want something to be better, you have to figure out how to make it better yourself. It's not that the path ahead isn't always clear, it's that it doesn't exist. There is no road to purpose waiting to be found. We have to pave it ourselves, one column at a time.

Shirinian an Opinion columnist from 2014-2015 and assistant Opinion editor from 2015-2016.

An opinion columnist has no more criticisms left to offer

BY ARAM GHOOGASIAN



The hardest thing about graduating won't be leaving the campus I've called home for four years, it'll be leaving the place I worked at for three. There's really not much else to say. I don't have an anecdote that'll tug at anyone's heartstrings nor can I provide a self-indulgent catalog of accomplishments I've accrued over my years at the Daily Bruin. I'm still waiting for the national student journalism awards that I've been so unjustly robbed of during my reign as the greatest opinion columnist north of Interstate 10. And I'll probably keep waiting. But, if I'm being completely honest, I didn't ever need to be rewarded for what I wrote. One of the best college newspapers in the country - seriously, we even have the hardware to prove it - gave me a platform to rant and rave, and I couldn't have asked for anything more, except maybe a more handsome stipend. After writing dozens of columns, I'm fresh out of things to write about. I've run out of opening flourishes (Ryan

Nelson came up with most of them anyway), arguments and unnecessary hyperlinks. So the only thing left to do is to hang it up and quit journalism for good. Joining the paper was never about trying to bolster a resume or advance my career prospects; I did it for its own sake. It was only going to last until graduation and then that would be it, my career as a journalist would run its course. It was only supposed to be a hobby or a way to kill some time, but I wound up genuinely loving my tenure in Kerckhoff 118. It somehow made waking up earlier than I had to on a given weekday to spend a few hours in a windowless room bearable. I even somewhat masochistically enjoyed having my slipshod first drafts scrutinized by editors - namely Natalie Delgadillo - who would give their laptop screens quizzical looks, turn in their swivel chairs toward me and say "Aram, what the (hell) is this?" For the first time since I wrote my first column as a sophomore, I have no criticisms to offer. All I can say is thank you.

Ghogasian was an Opinion columnist from 2013-2016 and editorial board member from 2015-2016.

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An attempt to write the angle-less story of multi-angle experience

BY AALHAD PATANKAR



The lede of a story - the first set of lines designed to hook a reader - is supposed to be the most important part. This is what I have been taught for the past four years, along with a few "never-to-do's" to keep the valuable lede intact: Don't open with a clause, don't drop too many numbers and never, ever use a cliché. I've played by the rules for the most part, so I'm sure my editors will pardon me this one exception. After writing thousands of words on hundreds of printed pages day in and day out in a windowless office, these last thousand have been the hardest. Like any writer, I've been obsessing over with what

"angle" to approach this column when in reality, my years at the Daily Bruin have been wonderfully directionless. I joined the newspaper my first year because I wanted to get paid for watching movies and broadcasting my thoughts. My plan was sidetracked as I spent a majority of the year writing features about people whose lives I wanted, and crushing on one editor while trying to match the other's legendary alcohol consumption. I failed at the latter. I decided I loved writing so much that I wanted to spend the next year too busy to do any of it, so I took on the top editor role of the Arts & Entertainment section in my sophomore year. I'm not sure what kind of editor I was but I remember loving the job and the people. One of my writers told me at the end of the year that she was scared of me,

which still makes me laugh because all I remember is being terrified of my writers. There were quite a few high-lights that year. I was cursed to be "pelted by rabid Tribbles" by one reader, and was called "depraved" by another who was upset over my review of a horror movie about an anal cavity monster (I had that one coming). We published a completely non-ironic story about normcore, a trend which I'm still not sure exists. We also wrote about the Skid Row community coming together to produce a series of plays illustrating the grim realities of life in the infamous neighborhood through artistic expression. The heart and soul of this story is how I choose to remember my sophomore editor attempt. Eventually, I got tired of the physical complexities of reading a newspaper while walking

against the wind, so this year I transitioned to content editor of Daily Bruin's quarterly lifestyle magazine, prime (I don't know why it's lowercased either). Working with some of the kindest people I've met here, I got away with a little too much, but we published some powerful stories along the way and the magazine was always pretty to look at. I would be lying if I said Kerckhoff 118 has been my home. I like to work on my articles alone and away from the office, and although I've made some very good friends, I haven't really reached the level of camaraderie with most of my peers that this kind of job often brings about. So why did I stay? Daily Bruin may not have kept me around the office for too long, but it's taken me through the crevices of the Royce Hall attic, to a phone

chat with one of my musical idols and most importantly, to a state of mind and thrill that's hard for me to find elsewhere. You know that cheesy thing your literature teacher taught you in high school, about "having a conversation" with books, movies and the world around? Journalism has made that corny fantasy a reality for me. It's forced me to get out of my own head, a place where I spend far too much time, and thrust me with confidence to chase the multitude of stories around me that make life vibrant. If the tragic events of the last week have shown me anything, it's that it's inspiring to see college students put away personal drama, academic priorities and any kind of dietary consideration for a few hours each day to put together excellent journalism that matters. I hope these wonderful people stay in my life at least as occasional Facebook updates, and I'm happy to count some among my best friends. If there were a take-away message from this angle-less story, I suppose it would be that I've been slacking on my initial goal to write as many reviews as possible. So, let me give it another shot. I would rate my experience with the Daily Bruin four out of five paws. I'm taking half a paw away because the crossword in this morning's paper was infuriating, and the other half because as long as it was, I would have been okay if it went on just a little bit longer.

Patankar was an A&E contributor from 2012-2013, A&E editor from 2013-2014, A&E senior staffer from 2014-2015 and prime content editor from 2015-2016.

Finding a Daily Bruin destiny on the Drake Stadium track

BY MATTHEW JOYE



It was almost destiny for me to work at the Daily Bruin. Yes, I know that sounds cliché. But first, consider this story. During the 2012-2013 school year, I was a community college student at Santa Monica College, doing all I could to be admitted to UCLA as a junior transfer the next year. My days at SMC were hardly eventful, but the one thing I cherished every day was working out at UCLA on the Drake Stadium track. I would go there every morning after class and run sprints, saying to myself, "This will be my school next year, just keep working hard." The Drake Stadium track was my antidote for depression, loneliness and anxiety at times. I was in a period of limbo in my life - my close friends from high school had all traveled their separate ways, and I hadn't found a new group of friends during college. Every day was rife with solitude. Working out on the track was basically my only sense of peace. Then came Milan Tiff. Like myself, Milan worked out at Drake Stadium every morning. He still does, just about every day. He's a legend to anyone who ever goes to the Drake Stadium track on a weekday morning for a workout. For those who don't know, Milan is a former UCLA triple jump champion who was part of three straight national championship outdoor teams from 1971 to 1973. At first I just assumed Milan was a coach for the UCLA track and field team. He always wore that special Adidas team gear that seemed reserved only for staff members. I mean, from head to toe, this guy bled Bruin blue. Milan would see me running on the track, with few other people out there at 9:30 a.m. on a weekday morning, and he'd give me pointers. After I finished running, he'd ask me where I was from and if I was on a club track team. I'd ask him similar questions. Then one day, he told me he wasn't a coach for the UCLA track team. He was at the track everyday for a different reason - to fight polio. This shocked me. Milan was one of the most fit people I knew, yet he was telling me that he was a few sedentary days away from being physically incapacitated. He went further and told me he'd been exercising all his life not for fun, omit but to keep his limbs nimble and to battle polio. Milan's story needed to be told, as much as I wanted mine to be heard. So when I was admitted to UCLA as a junior transfer in fall 2013, I joined the Daily Bruin Sports section and offered to write a feature on Milan, this long-lost legend who still worked out at Drake Stadium for reasons beyond anyone's imagination. My profile on Milan - published in June 2014 - was my turning point as a writer. Not only was I inspired to tell this story, but my Sports editors were inspired to make it as good as possible. They stayed in the Daily Bruin office with me, late at night during 10th week, to go through round after round of edits. It was during this period of my life - when I was working on the Milan story - that I lost all of those feelings of loneliness and isolation. I had found a new home at the Daily Bruin and a new vocation in sports journalism. People around me cared what I wrote, and I in turn cared about the Sports section as a whole. I ran for Sports assistant editor that spring and got the position. It's now two full years later, and I have written more articles than any other person on the current Daily Bruin staff, with more than 320 stories to my name. I don't work out at Drake Stadium in the mornings anymore, mainly because working late-night production shifts at the Daily Bruin has irrevocably changed my sleep cycle. But I wanted to take this moment to thank Milan. Meeting Milan was the jumping point for my future. It inspired me to tell sports stories, and the Daily

Bruin gave me the platform to do so. Without the coincidence of meeting Milan at the UCLA track, I don't know if I'd be where I am today. As I write this column and reflect on my Daily Bruin and UCLA career, I don't think I've ever been more at peace. Joye was an assistant Sports editor from 2014-2015 and UCLA football and men's basketball beat writer from 2015-2016.



COURTESY TRAN/DAILY BRUIN

Learning to fail and never failing to learn from struggle and success

BY BRENDAN HORNBOSTEL



My proudest moment at the Daily Bruin is one of failure. There are plenty of success stories, whether it be covering Coachella in 2015 and Coldplay at Royce Hall the year before or working as an assistant and top editor to revitalize the Arts & Entertainment section into one of the most vibrant and productive departments at The Bruin. But home for me as a journalist meant spending winter quarter with Namrata Kakade and Austin Yu as we applied to the Bridget O'Brien Scholarship Foundation in hopes of traveling the country to report on black student activists working outside the university toward abolitionist and fugitive educational activism. We spoke with professors, students and basically anyone who would listen to our ideas and help us develop a plan for three non-black student journalists to accurately, impactfully and, most importantly, ethically tell this story. When it came time to interview with the committee deciding who would receive the scholarship, we were

sexuality persist, my vision for journalism is to use the megaphone that was shoved into my mouth as a white, male-presenting child to raise silenced voices in order to help dismantle the system that gave me these privileges. With that vision comes an inevitable loss and it's vital that this failure guides the light onward. So we learn to lose, and there's a sense of solace in that failure. It's that feeling when you spend countless hours writing your editor in chief application, rethinking everything you thought you knew about The Bruin, only to lose. It's that drive to reconsider how the language we use every day misrepresents people, only to receive pushback because AP style is sacred. It's that tear in your chest when you leave an editorial board meeting with a wave of disappointment and anger in your own futility to make changes. And in those moments when you discover that you spent two years as an A&E editor trying to prove that writing about culture is just as important as covering sports or student government, only to hear your writers' work deemed fluff, or that your two years trying to show the newsroom that a copy editor

is just as much a journalist as a reporter, only to see your staff treated as lowly fact-checkers, you turn that failure into comfort, knowing that at least you proved something to yourself. Failure is the strongest motivator that you're doing some right, that you're challenging yourself, those around you and the institutions of this world, because we haven't got it right yet. But journalism and I have a complicated relationship, and one of us has a hard time learning from its failures. In its abstract form, journalism serves the community by presenting unbiased coverage of the news. But the Daily Bruin does not exist in the abstract. It was born - and subsists - within a white supremacist, patriarchal society that continually tries to hide its oppressive history. The privileges from this oppression bleed through The Bruin like ink through our pages. This is not to say that The Bruin can't provide a vital service to the UCLA community, but when we don't understand the context in which we inhabit this office, at this university, in this country, we fail to provide fair and balanced reporting. Instead, we resort to stereotyping,

silencing and alienating members of our community. Until the Daily Bruin understands that we make biased choices every time we choose to run one story over another or include this quote instead of that one, we are fated to wander aimlessly through campus discrediting any critique as misplaced ignorance. We can, and we have, done better. We can use the privilege of having thousands of our newspapers on the stands every day as an avenue to start much-needed dialogues with our community. If we understand our shortcomings, our implicit biases, the Daily Bruin can be that beacon of balanced coverage we want it to be. We can tell important stories by raising student voices that have been silenced and use our platform to make a more inclusive newsroom with those voices. The Daily Bruin can be the future of journalism. We shouldn't wait for the Washington Post or The New York Times to change the game. We are the next generation of journalists, armed with coding skills and a greater understanding of the world and its historical context. If we continue to pretend The Bruin is neutral, while

disregarding critical voices inside and outside our office, then we have learned nothing. But if we understand the context of our coverage and the capabilities of our generation, we will revolutionize journalism and be a template for the industry. As I spend my last moments in the Daily Bruin office, I'm hopeful. The people I've met while working here have inspired me more than I can ever say in words. They've given me the strength with which to contextualize my existence and continue fighting when I've failed. In whatever form The Bruin lives on, it will depend on new voices challenging the print system, building a sustainable niche on the web and ensuring the newsroom welcomes everyone. And to Namrata, one of the strongest, most thoughtful people I have met, thank you for challenging me to think critically, question everything and find love in everyone and every day. Brendan Hornbostel was an A&E contributor from 2012-2013, A&E music editor from 2013-2014, A&E editor from 2014-2015, editorial board member 2015-2016 and slot editor from 2015-2016.



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