We are dreamers. We are unique in our differences. We are connected in our similarities. We are the future and the future is now.

We all have the choice to dwell on our past experiences and to avoid what lies ahead or, learn from what we have been through and be enthusiastic for what is to come. We have the choice to seclude ourselves within our surroundings or be open to new people and new ventures every day. We have the ability to explore the roads less traveled and appreciate where we live and who lives around us or, we can stick to what is comfortable and never take a chance. We have the option to settle or we can follow our dreams to any destination.

The band Daughter sings, "We are the reckless/ We are the wild youth/ Chasing visions of our futures." We all have dreams and aspirations, sometimes we just need the extra reminder to never, ever give up and to never stop running after what we desire. We make up a world that is constantly moving forward and changing. We need to accept that forward motion and follow our dreams.

To the Currents associate editor, Chelsea Cowley, you are amazing—thank you for keeping me sane, for keeping the magazine on schedule, and for simply being the most incredible person and friend.

To the greatest creative director that I ever could have been blessed with, Tim Nguyen—Currents would not be Currents without your immense talent and dedication. Thank you for being so incredibly reliable and for being a hard worker throughout the entire process of this publication—it truly would have been chaos without you my dear friend.

To the talented Houston Costa, Currents Photo Editor—you have raised the bar not only in Currents photography but also in the world of photography. You have put your heart and soul into making this magazine the dream that it is and for that I am deeply grateful. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

To Elizabeth Smith, thank you for advising, for listening to and for supporting the entire Currents staff. You are truly wonderful.

To my friends and family who have been by my side throughout this entire process, thank you for your constant support and encouragement. You are all true blessings in my life.

I could not be more thrilled with the Spring 2012 issue of Currents magazine. Every single person who contributed to this magazine made it a complete success. We made it through the late nights, missed deadlines and stressful times—we accomplished our dream.

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Immediacy is the name of the game in the social media political revolution that is taking over politics.
It was not an average Sunday in Malibu. A series of ominous black clouds hovering above Malibu declared war. The torrential rain wreaked havoc on its people as the never-ending downpour threatened all in its path who dared to venture outdoors, including myself. With an interview to conduct I bravely got into my car and slowly hydroplaned down the Pacific Coast Highway until I reached my destination.
“You can call me Oso the Bear,” he said with a smile.

“Why Oso the Bear?” I asked.

“It is my Malibu name. They call me Oso the Bear, or Oso or Osito.” Sufficiently confused, I nodded my head in agreement and replied, “OK, your anonymous name will be Oso the Bear.”

Oso the Bear is a Malibu local. I learned early on in my interview that Malibu locals all have nicknames. They are random and typically have little-to-no explanation. Oso the Bear would not reveal why he is named Oso the Bear, but nevertheless it fits and he seems to like it.

Oso the Bear was born and raised in Malibu and, like most Malibu locals, he still lives in Malibu and surfs as often as possible.

“The cool guys in Malibu are surfers, and surfers are territorial and surfers have their surf breaks, therefore the cool Malibu locals are territorial,” Oso the Bear said.

At Pepperdine, most of us have heard stories about territorial Malibu locals and sometimes have even referred to them as the Malibu Locals Only gang, or “MLO.”

“There’s a Malibu ‘gang,’” Oso the Bear pointed out. “And it’s basically 100 kids in their twenties. It’s not like the Bloods and the Crips; it’s more like a family.

“It’s not a gang, but it’s a gang.”

No one seems to know the real truth about MLO, but after my interview with Oso the Bear, I am under the impression that the gang is not a criminal gang but rather a group of Malibu locals who are tired of having their city taken over by students and tourists. The heart of the issue revolves around surfing, keeping the beaches clean and respecting the locals who have grown up in Malibu.

While MLO appears to be less violent and less of a threat to tourists and Pepperdine students, it didn’t always used to be that way.

“When I was a kid it [MLO] was way more gnarly. My neighbor was one of the original local dudes and he left his bike parked at a Malibu party on Carbon Mesa Road. Later that year, another young man was beaten at a Malibu party on Carbon Mesa Road.

According to the sheriff’s incident report narrative, witnesses say the victim was surrounded by five males who demanded that he give them information about a stolen dirt bike. The victim said he kept telling them he had no idea who took the dirt bike. He was then punched in the jaw and fell to the floor, according to a Malibu Times article published shortly after the incident.

A brutal beating by five males followed, continuing even after the victim fell to the floor and was unconscious for about five minutes. Statements taken at the scene from the brother’s victim included a detailed description of the beating and the identification of one of the attackers. The victim’s two friends then set fire to the house in retaliation. The two were arrested on arson charges.

Then, in a Superior Court affidavit filed in the case, one of the two charged who witnessed the beating wrote that the alleged leader of the group told the victim’s friends and the rest of the partygoers, “If you tell anyone or do anything, we’re going to kill you! We know where you live!”

Shortly after, a couple walking on the beach were attacked for no apparent reason.

The three incidents in 2003 prompted an investigation by Fox 11 News to uncover the supposed MLO gang responsible for the attacks.

Since these incidents, MLO has remained quiet, and according to Oso the Bear it is not active in Malibu anymore. Of course, there will always be tension between the locals and Pepperdine students and tourists, but violent activity is not the answer to the problem.

Now, Oso the Bear says that the locals are bound together to keep Malibu the way they envisioned. “It’s more about protecting Malibu and keeping it the way it should be,” he said. “We’re here in Malibu for nine months of the year just hanging out, and then summer rolls around and all of the sudden there’s bumper-to-bumper traffic and 10,000 people at Zuma Beach and there’s trash everywhere.”

“Nine months out of the year I can park my car at this beach over here, that will remain nameless, and then over summer I can’t park there period, and that pisses me off. It all comes with a territory.”

Malibu is a special place. The small community has grown up together and all share the same frustrations, which is understandable. Unfortunately, a lot of the fights that erupt between Malibu locals, students and tourists result from heightened emotions due to alcohol and drug use.

“Malibu guys don’t like ‘vals’ because they leave their trash, talk to our chicks and surf our breaks,” Oso the Bear said. “A ‘val’ is anyone who is not originally from Malibu.

“You have to pay your dues,” he said. “If you think you’re going to hop off a plane and dazzle us, it’s not going to happen.”

The Malibu locals want to protect “their” beaches and their surf spots. “I’ve seen more fights over cigarette butts and people leaving trash on the beach over anything,” Oso the Bear recalled.

Alcohol and drug use, coupled with disrespectful students and tourists, are a recipe for disaster, according to Oso the Bear.

“I personally don’t mind the Pepperdine guys. You know, they wear their Abercrombie & Fitch and they stand out. I had an issue one time at the beach with a Pepperdine student. A lot of them feel entitled.”

Apparently, Malibu locals refer to Pepperdine girls as “Pepperdimes” and refer to the guys as “Pepperheads.” When I asked why, Oso the Bear had no reason other than “it just makes sense.”

“If we’re all hanging out and having a couple of beers, we want to meet Pepperdime girls and talk sh&t to Pepperdine guys,” Oso the Bear explained.

Oso the Bear did acknowledge that if Pepperdine were any other school, the issues would be a lot worse. “If Pepperdine wasn’t so strict and religious it would probably be a lot worse. At least the students are kind of respectful and mellow.”

It is clear that MLO isn’t nearly as active as it once was in Malibu. The relationships between the Malibu locals, Pepperdine students and tourists will most likely remain a hostile one until everyone can learn to respect each other.

“We should respect them [students and tourists], they should respect us. Don’t litter the beach and pay your dues,” Oso the Bear commented.

“It’s not like the Bloods and the Crips; it’s more like a family.”
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Turn Back Time In Malibu Fashion

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY: JILL AMOS
Malibu has long been known to be a tastemaker of quintessential California girl style. Here, classic looks are upheld while new ones are simultaneously created. Malibu residents range from rogue surfers to runway-inspired fashionistas and everything in between; all at once a low maintenance yet ultra-glam vibe is created. What makes Malibu seem like such a dreamlike fantasy is its gradual yet stunning stylistic transformation over the years, expressed through the unique fashion trends of its residents.

In the 1960s, Malibu was a town centered on three necessities: sun, surf and sand. In the ‘60s, Malibu beaches showcased daring and innovative bikini styles. The first bikinis had a waistline that was below the navel and featured bandeau-style tops. While these pieces, often called "culottes nombrils," may be classified as a "modest" style today, in 1960, they were bold statements of femininity. As the decade progressed, bikinis morphed into "itsy-bitsy" and "teeny-weeny" as the surface area began to shrink. Swimwear was part of the sun-loving Malibu resident’s everyday wardrobe, as seen multiple beach party movies. In "Beach Blanket Bingo," actress Linda Evans pranced around the Malibu coast in a two-piece that accentuated her curvaceous figure, while Paul Lynde sported fitted high-rise boxer swim trunks.

When the revolutionary hippie-culture began it engulfed America in the 1970s, Malibu fashion continued to transform. Style was sun-soaked and relaxed, characterizing this free-spirited decade. Peasant tops and heirloom pants were "in," and soft maxi-dresses exemplified laid-back Malibu. While platform shoes and metallic button downs were widespread in the city, comfortable mini-skirts and bell-bottoms were more common on the coast. After
60s

70s
exhausting their love for “Saturday Night Fever,” night-clubbers and disco-lovers may have taken weekend trips to Malibu to chill out in the homes of canyon residents. Halter tops and shaggy vests emitted the “effortlessly cool” vibe of the ’70s, and stylish Angelenos undeniably modified their styles when heading north to the hippie town of Malibu.

In the 1980s, styles were extremely bizarre and out there, so over the top that it’s almost impossible to flip through ’80s pictures and magazines without cringing. Even in Malibu, women added triangular shoulder pads to their boxy blazers and jackets (think quarterback-esque). On the other side of the spectrum, “zubaz” pants were extremely relaxed; these slouchy, printed bottoms were so loose that they could potentially conceal a diaper. People embraced the feeling of being unrestricted on their bottom halves, even incorporating nylon parachute-pants into their daily wardrobes. “Glam metal” music was the soundtrack of Sunset Strip in the ’80s, and as the vivacious beats reached the beach, wardrobes began to include garish colors and flashy prints. Florals, geometric prints and sequins were all blended together to create completely chaotic outfits, which were frequently accompanied by matching hair scrunchies. Cheap material, the basis of many bodysuits, defined this spandex era.

The early 1990s brought out the grunge in SoCal fashion. With the surge of edgy rock music, the themes of youth rebellion emerged through grubby, tattered and worn clothing. Beat-up leather jackets and acid-worn jeans were staple “heroin chic” pieces.

The late 1990s encouraged more change in fashion, as pop divas emerged as style icons. Crop tops were made famous by pop stars Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears. In fact, Britney’s music video for her single “Sometimes” was filmed at Paradise Cove, a much-loved beach in the heart of Malibu. Britney’s attire in the video screamed ’90s: Her turtleneck sweater didn’t dare to cover her toned midriff, and her baggy and boyish white workout pants became common trends.

The fashions of the 2000s are hard to pinpoint; this decade’s style incorporated blends of past trends. Apart from vintage looks gaining popularity, the early 2000s had some unique style crazes. Ugg boots became a huge trend — the slouchy sheepskin, boots swept the nation one pre-teen at a time. Clothing ranged from being extremely preppy (think mainstream, like Abercrombie & Fitch and American Eagle) to skater style, which included the rise of “Chucks” sneakers and “emo” clothes. In Malibu, this decade was a mesh of fashion crazes and revived wardrobe classics.
Malibu’s current fashion choices will undoubtedly be documented in history. “Boho Chic” is a common phrase describing the wardrobe of a typical trend-lover in Malibu. Women rock braided headbands and long tassel earrings — windswept locks may even flaunt a braided-in peacock feather or two. If you take a stroll through the Malibu Country Mart, you will surely find plenty of floor-length dresses. But replacing these long dresses are flowing skirts that start in the front as miniskirts, then reach the wearer’s ankles in the back, typically called “high-low” skirts. Such skirts have been popularized by a preferred boutique of Pepperdine girls, Brandy Melville. These shops, garnished with wooden “I heart Malibu” signs, are full of cotton, loose-fitting garments. The effortlessness of Brandy Melville style represents the town’s beachy vibe, and has become a Malibu staple among celebrities and students.

No one can predict where fashion will lead us; with each season is a new trend, new look books and new “ins” and “outs.” While Los Angeles designers are currently working on encouraging the rise of color-blocked items, next season will bring about a change in style that will be new to all fashion lovers. As new ideas arise, fashions fizzle. Even a serene town like Malibu has a large population of trend-setters and followers who are reliant on the latest updates. Someday, we may look back and laugh at the trends we praise now, but until then Malibu women will continue to experiment, design and pave the way for California style.
As you stroll into the Barefoot Bar at Duke’s, you already know what you want. You snag the only open table outside, the space heater above you drying the light ocean spray that occasionally vaults over the patio wall. The air is an uneven mix of sea salt and cigarette smoke wafting over from the adjacent table. The waiter arrives as you settle in with your friends on a springtime Tuesday in Malibu, swapping stories about travel snafus that nearly got the best of you during your year abroad. Perhaps today is one of your last Tuesdays in Malibu, and the old friend who just sat down next to you has, through some inexplicable misfortune, never been to Taco Tuesday.

Or perhaps today is one of your first Tuesdays in Malibu and the new friend who just sat down next to you is showing you the ropes in this seaside city. Soon to follow will be your initiating trip into L.A. for the famous ice cream sandwiches at Diddy Riese, just another extension of life in the Malibubble that we have the crazy fortune to call home for four years.

How did we end up in a place bursting with such surpassing beauty? Of course, we all worked hard to get here, and some may have sold a kidney to offset the slash in Cal Grants, but can anyone truly deserve what we have been handed? Yet somehow, we all ended up here as a part of the Pepperdine Waves — the name that spawned a thousand ocean puns (if you don’t believe me, look at
the name of this magazine).

Pepperdine: What other people see is a beautiful campus filled with beautiful people taking up torches for beautiful causes — social justice, microfinance and some equally beautiful third thing that Rick Perry can’t remember. The Huffington Post thinks we’re “trendy,” GQ thinks we’re “douchy.” At the Pepperdine they see, we are all tanned socialites cruising down PCH in our Maseratis with a clean blue — no, “cerulean” — finish to match that cloudless California sky. At the Pepperdine I see, it would be considered far trendier to drive a two-tone VW hippie van. Bonus points if you are barefoot or bearded.

We know all the media jabs about us being shallow as a glass of milk are in good fun, and I must remember that there’s more than one grain of truth to the things they say. But perception is the architect of reality, so their lopsided evaluations tend to stick. Maybe all the fumes from the Toyotas have clouded my mind, but I think Pepperdine is more diverse than we get credit for in the media.

That’s right — for all the campus chatter surrounding our supposed lack of diversity, we are far less homogenous than even we give ourselves credit for.

There are so many faces and groups present at Pepperdine. We put so much emphasis on studying abroad we forget that being at Pepperdine is studying abroad for so many students here. There is not a continent unrepresented, technically barring Antarctica, which only magnifies our need for a penguin exhibit in the Caf.

Within our population, we have students from completely different walks of life. We’ve got all the regional favorites, from East Coast J. Crew worshippers to Southern belles, the everything’s-better-in-Texas group, Seattle coffee-sippers and West Coast beach bums. We come from diverse experiences, with many having to learn how much hurt a heart can hold before they should have had to do so. We have some who chose to become Waves because this is their dream school and others whose families nudged them here. Some chose Pepperdine for its location, its prestige, its drive to integrate faith and reason, its small class sizes, its fill-in-the-blank.

Naturally, our majors divide us into neat groups. From there, we further classify ourselves into smaller subcultures: athletic kids, theater kids, Greek kids, band kids, broadcast kids, art kids, science kids, Graphic kids (hooray!) and a thousand more you will find on any campus. This doesn’t even factor in some of the most zealous Pepperdiners around, the perennial groups exclusive to Pepperdine: the Dance in Flight circle, the NSO leaders, the Songfest enthusiasts.

But for all the time we put into neatly subdividing our lives and (over)committing them to our groups and causes, no one can convince the Pepperdine student to have a shred of school spirit.

In fairness, I’ll use myself as an example. I generally spend just as much time working at the Graphic as I do working on my classes in any given week, topped off with a dollop of internship. For years, I have literally poured my blood (if you count paper cuts), sweat and tears into that newspaper. I have never known a Pepperdine without the Graphic. For a long time, I planned to leave it in my senior year to pursue other interests, but by that point it felt a bit like I would be improvising at the eleventh hour. And let me tell you, I was not about to pull that off as well as Napoleon Dynamite did. But even more than sticking with what I knew well, I felt like I would be turning away from the people. I knew I would find myself up there on deadline nights doing homework, tossing out headline suggestions from the corner and going to dinner with them. So I stayed and learned to balance it with new pursuits. I can’t help it: I care about our group. I want to invest in its improvements.

On the other hand, I can probably count the number of sporting events I’ve been to on one hand, and not just because journalists can only count on their hands. Unless we’re playing Gonzaga or they’re doling out free Snuggies for the first 350 students to arrive, the games are consistently under-attended. Compared to other schools, we’re less enthusiastic than Paula Deen at a salad bar. I don’t need to describe how collegiate athletics is hallowed at other universities because we’ve all seen it on TV, experienced it at other schools. I hate to say it, but the last Pepperdine game I attended was giving away free In-N-Out, and to that I say: It’s In-N-Out! Can you blame me? Well, yes, I suppose you can (just barely). Our athletes train day in and out, rain or shine, for half the pursuits. I can’t help it: I care about our group. I want to invest in its improvements.

Where is our school spirit? Why must a free ShamWow be dangled in front of us to make us come together? Maybe it’s our marketing of events that needs a change, or maybe it’s us.

Do we simply not care about our school? Do we ceaselessly proclaim how blessed we are to be here but offer nothing more than words in appreciation?

Or do we care immensely, but only about our little groups, our specific clubs, our circle of friends? Could we really be as nearsighted as the Huffington Post and GQ suggest we are?

No, no, a thousand times no. It is true that we’re all thumbs with the ra-ra-ra kind of school spirit and we could be better about attending campus events that don’t feature Condoleezza Rice or dish out Hot Pockets. But to condemn Pepperdine for its “apathy” would do a grave
As you look around Firestone Fieldhouse, you see that staff in the houses. The event that IP hosts at the end of the year, “The Return,” draws sizeable crowds of IP alumni, especially those who are beginning their first year back after being out of the country the year before. Each program pours their time, energy and heart into putting together the best display for their city, and we get more excited for our program’s video than hipsters at a Death Cab for Cutie concert.

In fact, the reason we often run in the social circles and clubs that we do can often be traced back to IP. After returning from my sophomore year in the UK, I moved into a Drescher apartment with three of my five roommates from abroad. We neglected to attend any roommate-bonding or rule-setting small circles and clubs that we do can often be traced back to IP. After returning from my sophomore year in the UK, I moved into a Drescher apartment with three of my five roommates from abroad. We neglected to attend any roommate-bonding or rule-setting small groups not because we all just live on the edge like that, but because as friends, we truly didn’t need a prenup. While abroad, my newspaper colleagues and I recruited friends who expressed interest in the Graphic to come join us once we got back to Malibu, diversifying our group even further.

And unlike other campus circles that group together people based on shared interests like film or finance or music, IP brings completely different personalities and puts them under one roof with only one thing in common — your host city. In this way, I came to know students like an aspiring actress from Istanbul, an art aficionado from Manila, a creative writer from Houston, a Beatles enthusiast from Auburn — all people whom I did not know during my freshman year. Different majors, different hometowns, different interests. What reason would we ever have had to meet each other? In fact, I knew practically no one when I walked up to the people in Pepperdine sweatshirts at our LAX departure gate. Now, I look at some of those people I would have stranger behind me at Starbucks who bought my tea not because I couldn’t, but because I was rumbling for my wallet. Pepperdine never judged me for not having it all together. Perhaps that’s because Pepperdine knows it does not have it all together, either. There are things which need to be fixed within Pepperdine. There are, of course, drawbacks and speed bumps, programs which need to be revamped and a variety of issues faced while trying to adapt to a changing society. But Pepperdine cares about its integrity and holds itself to the highest and best of its faith. Like everyone, it will fail sometimes. As a community, it will have our grievances and shake our heads. Nevertheless, even when the Waves are at their trough and not their peak, we are still given staggering opportunities and thus the liberty to carve our own paths.

Despite our divergent groups, our most memorable points on those paths tend to be just breathy), dozing or playing what appears to be Pictionary. Thank you to those who do none of the above, but regardless of your respectful efforts, the student population at large is far from enthusiastic about Chapel.

Yet, we’re all there. Is this reluctance what unites the many smaller groups in the crowd? But why come to convo at all if you’d rather be elsewhere? Our groups converge under one roof because, at the end of the day, we’re united by the fact that we’re all more or less in love with Pepperdine. We are. We would not be sitting in Chapel if we didn’t. We wouldn’t be at Pepperdine if we didn’t.

This is not the time or place for my “Come on, you guys, convo isn’t bad” speech, because Pepperdine is not convo. It is not volleyball games or the Pacific Ocean or that crisp blue sky. It is not Malibu or nice cars or manicures. “Pepperdine” is not a place. “Pepperdine” is people.

There’s a common societal misconception that what is beautiful must be good. If this were true, Ted Bundy would be living in a quaint suburb with a family and a Miniature Schnauzer. On the other hand, what is truly good does not need to strive to be beautiful. And if there’s anything that Pepperdine is, at its core, it is good. The beauty surrounding us is impalpable. The people who shared their heartfelt memories Chapel for Maurice Hilliard — they are Pepperdine. I never had the privilege of knowing Maurice like these people did, but after that Chapel it was so clear to me that Maurice was Pepperdine as well.

Compared to friends we know on other campuses, Pepperdine students do tend to gush about this place. It will take a far more discerning person than me to genuinely understand why that is. There will always be full suggestion boxes and fresh petitions, but it’s still a campus that remains unlike any other.

We are all at different points in our Pepperdine lives. Whether we are in our first year or fourth, we are all just starting out. On the surface, there is an idea that appears to divide us: we are all so unique, we are all so diverse, we all have such different interests, and we are all heading in different directions. Yet at the heart of everything we do is another idea — a united idea that we are Pepperdine, we are the future, and in our parting we are not divided.

“...at the end of the day, we’re reunited by the fact that we’re all more or less in love with Pepperdine.”
Michelle Fields attributes her recent success as one of the youngest reporters working at The Daily Caller to Pepperdine for preparing her with critical thinking skills.

Fields describes getting picked up by one of Washington D.C.'s top news sources, The Daily Caller, as "a surreal experience."

On an average day, Fields spends her time reporting at Capitol Hill, interviewing politicians and lobbyists about policies and hot topics. It has become routine for her to cover at least three to four events a day.

She also occasionally appears as a commentator on Fox News, discussing and expressing her views on pressing issues. She loves the amount of "creative freedom" given to her, because it allows her to cover the stories in the way she desires.

Her biggest assignment was keeping tabs on the Occupy movement. While covering this story she had the chance to speak with regular people expressing their own opinions.

"I love doing man-on-the-street interviews," Fields says. She genuinely enjoys listening to what people have to say concerning policies, especially the younger generation.

Looking back, Fields feels that the classes she took at Pepperdine were challenging, and she loved how professors were "allies" with their students.

Fields was president of the College Libertarians Club on campus, where she initiated the idea of the "Free Speech Wall" that still manifests today.

"I gained my confidence from Pepperdine professors and the Pepperdine community," Fields said.

She still keeps in contact with some of her mentors, who include current professors Brian Newman and Nathaniel Klemp, along with several others. Fields loves being a reporter because she's constantly learning new things.

Her advice for current students is to read as much as you can and always try your hardest.
as an assistant for the CEO of United Artists, Jerry Weintraub, I was on literally four tours at once with The Moody Blues, Led Zeppelin, Frank Sinatra and John Denver following being on tour with Elvis, Eric Clapton and doing work with Tony Bennett. The Moodies, after awhile, wouldn’t go on the road without me."

"In fact one night, two of the members of The Moodies were in New York for their solo project “The Blue Jays” and they were debuting a solo album in Carnegie Hall and they wanted me there so I went but the next night Led Zeppelin was in Los Angeles at The Forum and I had to find a way to get to their show. So I went to that and then flew from New York to Los Angeles and I got to the airport on Friday night. At 5 o’clock I landed but something happened and we couldn’t get out of the terminal until like 7 o’clock and the show was about to start and The Forum was not that far from the airport but it was Friday night there was traffic and it

Bill Miller stands behind the deli-counter with an oversized blue permanent marker in one hand and an order sheet in the other. As the time ticks closer to 6 p.m., his eyes, behind his slightly dusty and finger-smudged glasses have grown weary.

It has been another 12-hour workday for Miller. The same 12-hour workday that he has worked every single day prior to this exact one for the past 10 years—with the exception of Christmas Day of course. Visibly ready to take a break, have a cigar, and relax—Miller decides to assist one last, eager woman who appears to be inquiring about the size of the pulled-pork sandwich followed by how many ounces a good portion would be to have a side of the pesto pasta. He politely waits for the customer to make her decision before asking “for here or to-go,”—these being last words spoken before closing up Malibu Kitchen & Gourmet Country Market for the nth time.

“In 1975, after three or four years of working...
was crazy. So I get to baggage claim and two guys that I know are just like f*ck your luggage, John Bonham will not go on stage unless you are there. I guess Bonham was drunk and going crazy, screaming and yelling that he will not even go to sound check until I get there. So they put me in a car and this guy is driving, and it is so scary that to this day it is still probably one of the scariest moments of my life. They finally got me down the ramp and at the door two big huge building security guards picked me up and I asked them what they were doing and they repeated that Bonham would not put foot on stage without me. So we get to the dressing room door where Bonham is, I open the door and the whole band is there and Jimmy Page had his foot over the chair, probably drunk as a skunk, their tour manager Peter Grant looking anxious as hell and Bonham is standing in the corner with his arms folded across his chest and I just look straight at him and tell him to get on stage. As easy as that he responds with "Alright m*ther f*cker", grabs me around the waist, and takes me on stage with him and tells me not to go far and he made me stay on stage. So I stood onstage until he had a solo and then I left to get back to work.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Miller was the first-born child to a television repairman/electronics sort-of-wiz and a slightly neurotic yet loving Jewish mother.

Miller was practically out of the house by 16, leaving high school to work and pursue his dream of being in show business. Since he was a child, Miller always thrived on attention—taking on the title among his peers as the extremely overweight (with a 57” waist as a teenager) and gregarious class-clown. Knowing that he needed connections and a solid work background, 17-year-old Miller put all of his effort into working at a beach club in Sheepshead Bay, N.Y. At this club, Miller began his journey into the entertainment world that would be filled with music tours, television and commercials. It was during these formative years that Miller began to follow his dreams.

"As I get in the elevator to leave, it hit me that managing KISS is literally going to kill me. I ended up lasting for about two years, which was longer than any other road manager at that time. It was so crazy. They didn’t hate each other but most of the time they all took separate limos, had their own personal security and sometimes they would want their own rooms on different floors of the hotels, but when they got on stage it was amazing.

"It was like they were all linked together at the hip. They became huge. Parents would bring their kids to these shows and when you came and watched KISS it was like rock and roll Disneyland. You had fire shooting everywhere, guys flying through the air, nobody had ever seen anything like this at this point, Gene Simmons would be in the air blowing fire and spitting blood. It was incredible but it was chaotic because no one was ever allowed to see them out of makeup. I had to be sure that nobody would every have a picture or footage of KISS without makeup. It was just insane trying to keep it together and eventually the stress got to me. But it was a great experience and I hate to sound cliché but I am just a Jewish kid from Brooklyn and now I am managing KISS.”

Eventually the stresses of being on the road with such an eclectic crew got ahold of Miller and he knew that it was time to leave KISS to embark on a new path: television. Miller came up with the idea for a show called “Rock-n-Roll Sports Classic” that would be like the Olympics of rock and roll. This was at a time before MTV when music did not have a presence on television. NBC picked up the show. Since Miller was young and inexperienced he was appointed to talent coordinator and was in charge of getting all the acts he promised such as Michael Jackson and the Jackson 5, Rod Stewart, Stevie Wonder and Elvis, among others.

The show was a complete success and Miller had officially caught the television bug. He and a close friend started “Man in the Moon Productions,” which was a fruitful experience until the economy spiraled downward in 1990. As a result of the economy, Miller closed his Man in the Moon chapter and left New York.

“So I came out to Southern California in ’95, I actually drove out and I arrived the day that O.J. Simpson was being chased by the police on the highway. I came out here and I did not have a plan for what I was going to do but I had the idea to do a deli.

“Now, it took two years but I did it. The reason that it took two years was because when I got here I needed to find the right place. I didn’t know the food business that well, but I did know cooking. I also did not know where I was going to get the money to do a project like this. I also ended up working on a Latino production company with Eddie Olmos for a while until that fell through, and I planned Malibu Kitchen. The business plan almost took me 10 months to do. But I need half a million dollars, so we start making phone calls. So I call up David Foster to donate to my plan, he calls Barbara Streisand to invest; he calls a few other people that I can’t tell ya, he calls a guy named Mike Milken. Then Judith also started making calls to get investors so she gives Whoopi Goldberg a call, and I call up John Mellencamp and I get him on board. We opened the store December 8, 2000. The opening was an exciting time, we got some publicity because there was nothing like this in L.A., I don’t really even think there is something like this now.”

The transition from life on the road to behind the deli counter was a whirlwind change for Miller. While unsure of what he was doing on the business side
of things, he was confident in the delicacies he was preparing for his customers.

Miller thrived in his new endeavor.

While on the road, Miller set himself up in one star accommodations to be able to treat himself to extravagant meals at the best restaurants around the world. He would take home menus and obtain recipes from as many chefs as he could. While Malibu Kitchen’s extensive menu is indicative of this fact, Miller nevertheless admits to reminiscing about his tour days.

“A couple of years ago I got a couple of phone calls from the guys in Led Zeppelin, I got a couple of phone calls from a few other bands, to want to know if I wanted to go out on the road again but doing what I do now is so hard and it has obviously become my way of life. Malibu Kitchen is only half of what I want it to be because I am behind the counter all day long. It worries me that the Country Mart is going to keep expanding, and I am a big believer in expanding by consolidating, by making it grander but pulling in and pulling back, maybe making it smaller. When I was on the road with KISS, I asked Gene one day how they came up with the name KISS and he told me “Keep It Simple Stupid” and that was it. I believe that especially in these times, keeping it simple will allow for a better life and being a better person. So hopefully people will understand that we all have good days and bad days and if I offend someone they should tell me. I understand that people have their lives, they have their own world, they have to just live in and they have problems and all they should expect is coming in here and getting good service, getting good food, and if there is a day where I’m not Bozo the Clown or I’m not Mr. Personality, I am sorry for that. I don’t think that I ever look to annoy or insult anyone. If I am just not their expectation of what I should be I don’t think they should take that as me being rude, I am just focusing, it’s my game face.”

Often misconstrued as being impolite, Miller fights the reality that people are frightened to step foot into Malibu Kitchen as a result of his intimidating presence.

It is an everyday battle for Miller to overcome his stereotype as it has evolved into a joke that some have taken too far. As the years have gone by and the gossip of the “scary deli man” has increased, Miller is disheartened by the fact that people avoid his delicious foods as a result of word of mouth or experiencing him on one off day.

For Miller, his dream for Malibu Kitchen was to give his customers immense pleasure through fresh home-cooked foods and by helping customers to leave satisfied by assisting them to pair the right meats with the right cheeses or the right sides with the perfect sandwich.

“Malibu Kitchen wasn’t the only dream I had. I am a Gemini so I have a dream every 15 to 20 seconds apparently and I have seven or eight personalities and I think most people see at least six of them. The thing about it is people will look at all that I have done and say ‘WOW! Look what you did!’ and they will go on and say this is the dream or ‘be careful what you dream for’ and I go ‘this wasn’t a dream, this was an idea that I had driving in a car one day in the Hamptons.’ I want to write. I have written before, something like 300 or 500 commercials, I have done all these little vignettes that I call commercials. But I really just want to write a great book. I certainly feel lucky to have had the opportunities that I have had but if I could do them over I would and there are still things that I haven’t done that I would love to do.”

As he hung his apron up on the wall and turned off each light switch, I no longer saw the cellphone bashing caricature that people around Malibu came to know as the scary man behind the deli. I saw before me, Bill Miller, a man who has accomplished more than a single lifetime’s worth of achievements—yet Bill never desired any fame. Everything Bill has done has been guided by just three simple principles: to help others, to work hard and to follow his own dreams.

As I left Malibu Kitchen on that dusk February evening, I quickly turned to ask Bill one more question, “If you had to give me one piece of advice – one thing that propelled you to where you are today – what would it be?”

After a moment of contemplative silence he spoke in that unforgettable East Coast accent and said:

“Don’t get in your own way, don’t let people talk you out of what you believe, stay true to what you believe, always, always, always. Never forsake that. Take advice, listen, but then call the play. Call the play yourself and take a shot. If it doesn’t work, take another. You fail; you always have time to take another shot. If you can’t do things with integrity, don’t. If you promote yourself with gravitas, integrity, and self-respect and you stay true to what you believe, you are on the right track. If it’s a recurring thought you know you can do, don’t listen to the people who tell you you can’t. Follow your dream.”
He visited The Cave when he needed to get away, needed to run from being famous... In the same mountains where the Manson family roamed throughout the ’60s, Jim Morrison retreated to center himself. Up there, he wrote poetry, breathed fresh mountain air and experimented with drugs. The Cave was his escape.

Morrison was reared into a generation of disaffected youth. His dad was a military man who worked in the Navy and preached obedience. But Morrison, enthralled by Elvis Presley, the blues and Nietzsche, felt differently. By the time he was 16, he was as well read as most college graduates. His favorite author, a poet and dreamer, was William Blake. With Blake’s eccentricity floating in his mind, Morrison was thrown into an unconventional life that led him to become lead singer of a band that was praised as the next Rolling Stones.

Morrison and The Doors were a culmination of fortune, impulse and talent. After Morrison graduated from UCLA film school, nearly failing out, he went to live on a friend’s roof. There, he began writing a rock concert he heard in his head. He spent a summer on a grunge-music binge, writing a handful of songs including “Moonlight Drive.” Out of a friendship with Ray Manzarek (who would become the band’s keyboardist) and the creativity that the two shared came The Doors.

With Morrison’s songs, the first album took only five days to record. It featured hit track “Light My Fire,” the first song ever written by lead guitarist Robbie Krieger. But Morrison had limited singing experience and was shy on stage. During their first few shows, Morrison would face the band instead of the crowd, like they would during rehearsals. Morrison started out timid, but soon after, the ball got rolling and the fame flooded in. Morrison transformed into the iconic front-man he was born to be.
Morrison quickly became famous for his stage presence and crazy antics. He got high before shows, ran around stage, fell over, passed out and did not dare follow a set list. But more than a drug addict, Morrison was a lyricist who sang for a generation of open minds. He encouraged them to leave behind the familiar, transcend the status quo and dare to reach for the new. Morrison was a spectacle of change and the timing couldn’t have been more perfect. Morrison and The Doors catapulted to the forefront of the counterculture.

But Morrison’s story was not always so poetic. As he became more radical and more addicted to drugs and alcohol, he began to push fans away. Morrison began to preach at his concerts rather than sing. He would shout, blame the crowd for giving in to “the man,” for living on their knees rather than experiencing the freedom he had come to love.

The Doors began to rust and crack at their hinges, and the band quickly dissipated into American repugnance. They quickly tried to repair Morrison’s damages, but as their re-assembling began, Morrison dropped bad news. He quit the band to pursue poetry and life outside of fame, fortune and rock and roll.

The Cave represents a fix for Morrison’s shattered life — his family, band, depression and stardom. The Cave was peace.

When visiting The Cave now, it is easily understood why Morrison retreated there. It is a nook, no more than a crack in a giant boulder that spills out into open space. It is a small refuge with an overhanging roof and deep pockets fitted like
chairs. Its spectacular views of far-off mountains and valleys were beauty that he was able to absorb. He used them cleanse and reshape his withering life.

We sit on the same rocks where he sat, think where he thought, play music where he wrote poetry. Today, scattered graffiti line the walls and dried paint is splattered everywhere. Sadly, The Cave is no longer a sanctuary but a popular Saturday tourist spot. The Cave sees carloads of visitors every weekend who leave trash and smash beer bottles. But the mystery behind it lives on.

Despite Morrison’s drug habits and early death, his legacy has been cemented in history. He is an icon who led an era. He helped challenge the status quo and incite youthful pride. He was a dreamer who called for others to dream with him. He wanted his audience to explore, and though acid and poetry might not be the proper medium for a dream, there are other ways to honor his call. Remember: “There are things known, and there are things unknown, and in between are The Doors.” —Jim Morrison

“In This Dim Cave”  
By Jim Morrison

In this dim cave we can go no further  
Here money is key to smooth age. Horses, givers of guilt. Great bags of gold.  
I want obedience!  
We examine this ancient & insane theatre, obscene like luxuriant churches altars.  
I confess to scarves  
cool floors  
stroked curtain  
The actors are twice-blessed before us. This is too serious & severe.  
Great mystery!  
Timeless passion patterned in stillness.
“Hello my children. Hello my sons. Hello my daughters. Hello my brothers and sisters. I am here to tell you that the world’s last unpleasant experience will be a precisely datable event.” These are the words of the band YACHT. They are signed to DFA and they sound like a B-52s/LCD Soundsystem super group. But YACHT is much more than a band. YACHT is a belief system.

Steeped in quasi-religious iconography, mystic symbolism and messianic presentation, YACHT is genuinely obsessed with utopian ideals and seek to make the future manifest now via loosely defined concept of paradise engineering. See, YACHT isn’t about specifics; YACHT is about interpretation. In fact, the efforts of front-man Jona Bechtolt have made YACHT into an utterly postmodern, techno-hippie Protestantism—the ultimate religious experience for the emerging class of artistically minded hipster youth. Here is why.

The triangle trumps the cross. Don’t get me wrong, the cross looks pretty sweet. Problem is, it’s rigid. Religion has always been about life and afterlife—two totally separate realms, no crossover or room for deviation from the plan. You live, you die, you pass to some other world where things are either way better or way worse.

I prefer the symbol of YACHT, the triangle, the delta, the ultimate symbol of change. Three beautiful, equal lines flowing into one another for eternity. It’s really quite poetic. It’s also entirely consistent. The triangle is constantly in motion. There are no judgments or preconditions. There is no exclusivity, no squabbling over interpretation. All of mankind could stand united under the triangle, devoted to change and progress.

The triangle means improvement as a race, evolution of both body and collective psyche. Mankind has stagnated; we have reached the precipice of the arm on the cross. It’s time to switch to a new system; one where all we have to do is round the corner to move into a new era. We merely need to change the lens through which we view the world. The future, the past, you, me, everything, are all one, flowing into each other for eternity. Every instance of time and space simultaneously occurring. The future is tomorrow, the future is yesterday, and the future is today.

YACHT has made great strides toward perfecting the communal worship experience. Like Christianity, YACHT encourages both personal introspection and divine experience in a group setting through song and dance. They are the pioneers and have perfected the emotional high where the crowd feeds off one another’s energy and transcends reality to commune...
with a higher plane. YACHT takes this formula and improves on it, primarily because of the ridiculously charismatic messianic figure, lead vocalist Claire L. Evans. Evans fully embraces her role as spiritual guide, wearing all white at every concert, spouting mantras and posing dramatically.

As great as Claire is, I have a hard time saying that she is a better messiah than Jesus or Muhammad or Abraham or anybody else. But Claire has a distinction that sets her apart and positions YACHT as the next step in religious progression.

To quote Claire: “If you want me to be your father, I will be your dad. And if you want me to be your mother, I will be your mom. If you want me to be your friend, I will be your friend. But if you want me to be your God, yeah, I will be your God!” Which pretty well sums up the YACHT philosophy.

Traditional roles—parents, friends, gods—are all thrown out the window. Everyone can be anyone. Those roles still exist and have importance but the criteria determining who qualifies have been abolished. See, Claire is the messianic figure, but she isn’t a savior; she is only a visual representation of the potential in all of us to be our own messiah. The role of god is no longer designated to a distant, omnipotent figure. We are in total control of our lives, and the orchestration of our future is solely our responsibility.

So what does all this mean? Well, if we are our own gods, then we are handcrafting our religious experience, essentially leading to a user-created content religion. Everything in this world is already moving toward greater audience participation in the creation process, so why not religion? TV, movies, music and politics are all beginning to redefine the audience/artist relationship as people begin to work side by side with the artist, helping to craft the message they will later consume. I can’t pretend to have any idea what a user-created content religion would look like, but I imagine it would be something like having faith in the Internet. You would rely on yourself and all other participants to craft an emotional and supportive belief system, and there would probably be a lot of cats.

I assure you, people aren’t ready for this stuff, but it exists nonetheless. And if you happen to be one of the few who digs anything I said, now you know where to find the most metaphysical dance party of your life.
at the end of the day, all we have is who we are.
I’m sipping on a $14 cup of ice otherwise known as a “Bathtub Gin” in the back of dimly lit, mysteriously smoky and very crowded bar. I’m told that I’m at a nostalgic—maybe even vintage—“speakeasy,” but where I really am is in the wet basement of a popular and reasonably pricey wedding venue in Santa Monica. In front of me is a fairly homogenous collection of individuals all trying their very best to be different. In the crowd are LMU, Pepperdine and UCLA students rubbing their thin arms against the many young 20-something professionals all working in a highly creative industry: there’s a graphic designer, a comedian who moonlights as a musician and a Free People sales associate.

OK, so this is the youthful counterculture that will eventually define what it meant to live in the late nineties and early aughts. Oversized sweaters with holes big enough to climb in and out of, ironic t-shirts, birds on everything, Parliament cigarettes (or American Spirits, if you had feathers in your hair) and beards: full-bodied, closely trimmed yet equally haggard, magnificent lumberjack beards. Or, a porno mustache. But I guess it could be worse. Bell-bottom jeans and tie-dye? What about black eyeliner, studs on clothing and in body, and that ridiculous Mohawk towering to the long size of our disapproval? No, today’s American apparel is much easier to digest.

But leave it to a hipster to tell you that wearing the “commercialized trash” that is American Apparel, a fashion retailer that rose in popularity in 2003, could not be any more hipster than the mother of four buying Kardashian Kollection slacks at her local Sears. Yet American Apparel rose in popularity precisely because it dismissed large consumer-retailer business models and instead valued progressive sweatshop-free labor practices and $18 tees. American Apparel, like the hipsters inside of it, sneers at the broader capitalist and commercialized institutions that take advantage of everyone and everything. Doesn’t that make American Apparel hipster?

The problem with defining hipsterism is two-fold: on one hand, hipsterism is such a large and overwhelming practice that one single definition does little to shed light on the multifaceted world of hipstedom and, on the other hand, hipsters do all that they can to disavow their label. Hipsters across America, probably through a personal and emotional public statement reblogged on Tumblr, are trying their very best to distance themselves from the negative connotations that could conceivably be tied to hipstedom. But is it that bad to be different?

The hippies, the punks, and yesteryear’s goths were all summarily judged by society. Yet they reveled in this judgment, it fueled their rebellion, it increased their ambition and it served as the impetus toward social change. This is the basic formula of a counter-cultural movement. Without this inextinguishable need to differentiate a body of beliefs, aspirations and dreams from a larger mainstream population, there can be no such revolution. “Live and let live,” the hippies cried out. “I’ll let you be in my dreams, if I can be in yours,” Bob Dylan crooned. Cultural and religious diversity were closely treasured. Sexual frankness was celebrated and “free love” dissociated guilt from sex. And although the hippie counter-cultural movement no longer exists today, their lasting legacy permeates throughout almost every aspect of society.

This, of course, is incredible to think about. Yesterday’s hippie movement is today’s mainstream. All of their cynical disdain for authority, their incessant need to be different, their radical calls for equality, for peace and for recognition has all, in a way, been finally validated. Who would have thought that the figureheads of the hippie movement, holding their burning flags, bras and all, are now seamlessly integrated with our modern-day society; a society that, because of them, is more accepting than it ever was before?

This is the perfect recipe for a social revolution. And like the many other counter-cultural revolutionaries before them, most hipsters also attempt to differentiate themselves. Hipsters set
themselves apart from the rest of us normal folk. But there is, however, one subtle yet wildly significant difference.

I’m back at the bar and nearly tripping over an empty mason jar rolling on the floor while writing a witty phrase on what must be a communal blackboard. It suddenly hits me: I am in the middle of bohemia. All of these hipsters self-consciously chatting, at their favorite watering hole, have organized together under the flag of hipsterdom. I may be at the very heart of the avant-garde. What revolutionary act will they engage in next? What social malfeasance will meet the fury of an entire generation of like-minded, contemporary and well-dressed activists? I ordered a “Delia’s Elixir” and waited in eager anticipation.

The difference between hipsters and every other successful counter-cultural movement is simple. Hipsters aren’t really trying to change anything. The hipster’s biggest struggle isn’t one about acceptance or value. Their struggle isn’t one pitted against the mainstream, the institution or the oppressors. It’s a struggle about taste. Leave it to your hipster friend to emphasize the superiority of his or her tastes. “Kanye West’s ‘Blame Game’ is a decent song for a mainstream artist but it is nowhere near as good as the Aphex Twin track it samples, especially when heard off of a gritty lo-fi record player.” Sure, purposely debasing auditory quality might, in fact, lead to a better aural experience. “This salad is fantastic, but I can’t help but think about the struggling local farmers in our community; when will they ever catch a break?”

Hipsters enjoy their food but are not naive enough to be captivated by it. “American Apparel used to stand for a good cause but now I find their quasi-pornographic advertising to disenfranchise women by portraying them in hetero-normative frames disguised as the ‘avant-garde.’” Yes, leave it to your hipster friend to sound smart. Just don’t leave it to your hipster friend to actually do anything about it. Doing something might be nice but really all of that “action” just extends beyond the hipster mantra. The mere fact of knowing about the travesties that plague our world is enough to justify a hipster’s entitled sense of superiority.

Perhaps I am being unfair. True hipsters—those who crave real social change, those who are truly rebelling against the consumerist American
culture, and those who believe in a greater calling outside of careerism—do indeed exist. These are the hipsters who have dedicated their entire life to a different, alternative standard. They are smart, they are artistic, they are beautiful and they really know how to have fun. The problem is that these true hipsters are too easy to get along with. Rich and attractive socialites, looking to break away from their stale traditionalist backgrounds, infiltrate authentic bohemian communities looking for a sophisticated, trendy, and edgy place to have fun. Attracted to the idea of rebellion but never willing to reject their dominant mainstream class (and source of income), these infiltrators try their best to juggle the two: they understand rebellion but excuse themselves from actually participating in it. Simply understanding what it means to be a hipster is enough to tap into that same elitist and rebellious attitude of the true artisans and successful musicians who are hanging out somewhere in-between them.

This is what it means to be a hipster. Unable to truly commit to an anti-consumerist rebellion (how do people actually live without their iPhones?), the vast majority of hipsters instead rely on a “hipper than thou” mentality that emphasizes intellectual superiority (after all, they’re cooler than “thou,” not “you”) above all else. Recently graduated hipsters superior to “thou,” not “you”) above all else. Recently graduated hipsters super

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Furthermore, there is a strong desire to be part of the dominant culture—they want to be a caretaker—but at this point in their life they can’t. Intellectual superiority, on the other hand, is an easy alternative. Better to be part of a counter-culture that basins in intellectual superiority than be a lowly and naive cog in the capitalist machine. Better to be a hipster than an entry-level employee. Better to go on a juice cleanse for months than to actually purchase any real food outside of a frozen burrito from Trader Joe’s. Sure, this hipster may not be able to afford anything else but you’d be damned to think that they would prefer it any other way.

At the heart of hipsterism is an inability to really be. Hipsters wish that they could be as rich, successful and as good-looking (read: skinny) as Mary-Kate Olsen, but instead they are paralyzed in an economy that chants “upward immobility” day in and day out. Well, at least they will be rich in the currency of intellectual superiority. Hipsters wish that they could be artists, but they can’t really draw. At least they can be a graphic designer. Hipsters wish that they could be a photographer, but they have never touched a roll of film. At least their Instagram uploads are better than everyone else’s. Hipsters wish that they could be cultural icons, but they don’t have the energy or boldness to actually be one. At least they have Tumblr & Pinterest to prove their worth. Hipsters want to be known as rebels, but don’t ever want to go to jail. At least they’re hipster.

Tell me, how many hipsters exist among the young generation of investment bankers, consultants and Ivy League law students? None, of course. Besides, they have their own label: douchebags.

As I eagerly sat by the barkeep waiting for something revolutionary to happen, Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros started playing to an accompanying chorus of cheers. I watched as a flawless hipster girl half-twirled to the music, her blonde hair effortlessly displaced by her outstretched hand catching the exaggeratedly thick-rimmed glasses slowly falling away from her face. She must have been wearing what is probably a cross between an oversized sweater and a Native American poncho, her arm covered by one too many bracelets, her smile striking enough to disarm even the most resolute of gentlemen. She looked around at her friends, laughed and continued dancing. She danced to the beat of an ironic hipster drum as the chorus rang, “Let me go home, home is when I’m alone with you.” Like everyone around her she was not home. Like everyone around her she was dancing beautifully. Yet she was really never dancing for herself. Too self-consciously aware of who they were not and who they were trying to be, these hipsters awkwardly danced to the whistling tune of a country folk melody, never fully liberated, never fully themselves but happily sharing in the community of hipsterdom.

Hipsters strive their hardest to mimic a level of authenticity. Yet we must remember that hipsters are not inherently inauthentic. Hipsters are not trying to change anything and that’s OK. Hipsters have found a community, they enjoy each other and at the end of the day they can peacefully fall asleep listening to Bon Iver with that elusive happy and content smile on their beautiful faces. Hipsters are you and I, all trying to find a happy place in this world. One day—when and if we graduate—we will all be faced with the harsh reality that the world is a tough place to be in. The only next logical step is to learn how to live with it. Hipsters will never change the world, but they have found a way to come to terms with the harsh reality of growing-up. Sure, hipsters live their lives in the inauthentic shadow of superiority. But sometimes being a hipster is all that we can momentarily be.

I ordered another “Delia’s Elixir” and joined the crowd, at least for now.
the science of sleep.
Dreams and their mysterious interpretations have fascinated and intrigued for centuries, across cultures and continents. Some cultures believe dreams are a pathway into another world, while others argue they are simply the effects of random brain impulses.

Why do we dream, and what exactly are our dreams telling us? Countless theories attempt to explain our dreams, but research shows we may be our own best advocates for understanding what is happening behind closed eyes.

Sparked by the theories of 20th-century neurologist Sigmund Freud, dream analysis was a way to reveal hidden passions and desires. Freud believed dreams were a way of acting out repressed feelings or actions. Juxtaposing Freud’s theories was psychologist Carl Jung, who believed dreams allowed you to “reflect on our waking selves and solve our problems or think through issues.”

Although these are the two most accepted dream theories, recent scientists argue dreams are the result of electrical brain impulses occurring randomly while you sleep. Instead of calling out your passions and problems, the impulses pull out recent memories and create stories using those memories. No matter which theory you believe, most people agree dreams are a way to handle emotions, make sense of experiences or reveal personal, hidden messages. The only obstacle is finding what your dreams are trying to say to you.

Before diving into common dream themes, you should know what is actually going on in your brain while you sleep. When you sleep, your mind cycles through five stages of sleep, differing in intensity of brain waves. The first stage is a very light stage of sleep; it is when you begin to drift off but can easily be awakened. Moving to a slightly deeper sleep, the second stage slows your heart rate and breathing. The third and fourth stages bring your deepest sleep, as your brain activity reaches its lowest point. The fourth stage is complete about 90 minutes after falling asleep, and then comes the REM cycle.

Known as rapid eye movement, REM constitutes the fifth cycle of sleep. This is the cycle that gets all of the glory, as most dreams take place in REM sleep. During REM, brain activity escalates, and it is often at the same level as when we are awake, sometimes even higher. Breathing and heart rate also increase, and the body enters a stage of paralysis. Releasing amino acids that stop impulses from reaching the spinal cord, your body is unable to act out the dreams, making it safer for you and the people around you. Throughout the night, these five cycles are repeated again and again, as the night goes on, stages three and four drop to allow for more REM stages.

At one point in time, researchers believed dreams occurred only in the REM cycle, but this has been proven false. Although REM sleep is when you have your most vivid, lengthier dreams, stages one through one (non-REM) may also contain dreams. Known to be lighter and vague, non-REM sleep holds the dreams that are easily forgotten in the morning. Due to the fact that dreams in the REM stage tend to be 5 to 20 minutes long, these are the ones you usually remember and keep coming back to.

Recent studies suggest that REM sleep is associated with learning. The belief that dreams may correct and interpret your thoughts or problems can be connected with learning how to cope with an emotion or solve a problem. According to New Scientist journalist Emma Young, this is why many REM-sleep dreams reflect elements of experience from the preceding day. Ultimately, though, both the non-REM and REM stages play a part in processing memories while you dream.

Now that some light had been shed on the complex process behind dreaming, it is time to figure out what your dreams could be telling you. As said by Freud, “The interpretation of dreams is the royal road to a knowledge of the unconscious activities of the mind.” Gathered from dream websites and other various sources, the following information explains some of the most common themes and what they mean.

Whether you are falling through an endless pit or off a ladder, the feeling of falling can reveal an insecurity or anxiety you may have. By not being able to control the situation or stop yourself, it often means you feel a sense of failure or loss of control in your life.

This seems to be one of the most discussed dream scenarios, and its interpretation is fairly easy to see. By being fully exposed, nakedness can attempt to reveal a secret or show you are not prepared for what is coming. If no one notices your … situation, it may mean you are comfortable with who you are, or you are not particularly bothered with the opinions of others.

Much like falling, dreaming about missing or failing a test can show you are not fully prepared to tackle a situation. Also, you may be feeling tested or scrutinized in your life and feel the pressure to succeed in your evaluation.

Nightmares can paralyze you and leave you with feelings of anxiety and extreme fear. Usually, nightmares are most common among children, but if you are grappling with unusual stress or an unresolved issue, nightmares and recurring dreams can surface. Once the stress or problems are dealt with, the nightmares should disappear as well.

While the most common dreams are false awakening (where you go about your daily routine), epic dreams, (ones you remember for years), nightmares and daydreams, many believe your mind decides what you are going to experience every night. What many do not know is you can write your own dreams and create a new story every night; all it takes is discipline and a dose of self-evaluation.

Have you ever had a dream where you were flying, soaring above everyone and free of all problems? Flying is often associated with lucid dreaming, a type of dream in which you realize you are in a dream, and, ultimately, can control it. Despite research showing fewer than 100,000 people in the United States can have lucid dreams, by keeping a dream journal, focusing on what you want to dream about each night and constantly asking yourself if you are awake or dreaming, you can improve your chances of having lucid dreams. If you’re able to control your dreams, you can place yourself in any situation, such as living out your dream career or entering a fantasy world. According to Stephen LaBerge of Stanford University, lucid dreaming can help in personal development, enhance self-confidence, improve mental behavior and aid in overcoming nightmares. The possibilities are endless, all you have to do is close your eyes and dream.
WE ARE THE FUTURE AND THE FUTURE IS SOCIAL MEDIA.

Photography: Houston Costa
In the 21st century, friendships are only official if sealed through Facebook.

Featuring Brittany Dawn Brannon
Want to know anything? **Google** it.

Featuring Kayla Brown
What do Justin Bieber, Soulja Boy and Esmee Denters have in common? They were all discovered on YouTube.

Featuring Nate Edwards
Even "meaning of life" has a Wikipedia page.

Featuring Christopher Bishop

Change the way you stream and share music with Spotify.

Featuring Kellin White
Once upon a time news took six months to reach its messenger, now it all depends on how fast you can tweet.

Featuring Katie Donohue
An Apple almost killed Snow White, will Microsoft be next?

Featuring Katelyn Pior
Extend your Pepperdine experience by one year and gain a competitive edge in business.

The Graziadio School of Business and Management offers Seaver College students the unique opportunity to earn their bachelor’s and a traditional MBA or an International MBA degree (IMBA) in five years. Undergraduates pursuing a bachelor’s degree in Business Administration, International Business, or Accounting are encouraged to apply to the 5-Year BS/MBA.

Students who seek a traditional MBA can customize their experience by choosing an area of concentration, including, entrepreneurship, finance, or marketing. With the IMBA, students complete a semester abroad at one of our partner universities in Asia, Europe, or South America. Both traditional MBA and IMBA students will complete two internships before and after their senior year.

Application Deadline: Apply by June 1st of your junior year.

Prepare for your future now by calling 310.506.4858 or visiting bschool.pepperdine.edu/programs/5year
Extend your Pepperdine experience by one year and gain a competitive edge in business. The Graziadio School of Business and Management offers Seaver College students the unique opportunity to earn their bachelor's and a traditional MBA or an International MBA degree (IMBA) in five years. Undergraduates pursuing a bachelor's degree in Business Administration, International Business, or Accounting are encouraged to apply to the 5-Year BS/MBA. Students who seek a traditional MBA can customize their experience by choosing an area of concentration, including entrepreneurship, finance, or marketing. With the IMBA, students complete a semester abroad at one of our partner universities in Asia, Europe, or South America. Both traditional MBA and IMBA students will complete two internships before and after their senior year.

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Prepare for your future now by calling 310.506.4858 or visiting bschool.pepperdine.edu/programs/5year.
There has been a political takeover in the United States. The old way is quickly fading as a new, people-driven model takes its place. It’s not the Tea Party and it’s not Occupy Wall Street; however, both of those political movements attest to exactly what is going on. Social media, the same tool people might use to keep up with the lives of friends, is becoming one of the primary ways of keeping up with the political process.

Social media has changed the way politics work and how politicians interact with people. Naturally, there are consequences that come with this newfound political “freedom,” both good and bad. Social media has arguably led to increased political awareness and participation, but it has also changed the way media covers politics and the information that the masses receive from media outlets.

Because a successful democracy depends upon an educated populace, and social media is inherently changing the way that people are informed, in a sense, the social media political takeover is a key to understanding our political future. Whether we decide that this development is primarily constructive or destructive, it’s important to understand it, regardless of your political standpoint, knowing if half the battle.

What is one thing all of these tweets have in common? Nothing, except for the fact that they were all shared on a platform of approximately 26 million users, all of whom have the ability to respond, reply and retweet them. That alone makes these seemingly innocuous messages pretty powerful. But, in this case, the power of the messages comes from the power of the medium.

When have people ever been able to direct-message a presidential candidate or comment on a status update with the potential of it being read by the candidate themselves? Never, (assuming the 2008 election is placed into the same social media context as this one). Candidates are “closer” than they have ever been to the average citizen. And citizens—even the politically apathetic ones—have more of a chance than ever to have their political voices heard. It’s a political situation like we have never seen before, and it opens the door to more political transparency than we ever believed possible.

“The future of mankind will be gravely imperiled, if great questions are left to be fought over between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change.”

John Stuart Mill

For those who don’t have the time nor want to make time to understand the frequently convoluted and sometimes contradictory beliefs of the candidates, social media may seem like a godsend. One hundred forty characters seems to be just enough to educate and just few enough to not waste anyone’s valuable time. Now, people can get their daily dose of political news sandwiched nicely in between tweets about what kind of cereal your friends are eating and status updates about how stressed everyone is for that upcoming test.

After all, it was Albert Einstein who said, “If you can’t explain it simply, you don’t know it well enough.” If candidates really want to get their message out, they need to know how to condense it. Too often, people don’t understand policy decisions because the scope of them is so large, with so much special jargon that the real meaning of something can be lost on most people. Having to condense a message puts the burden on the politicians to make their ideas accessible.
Now, what do all of these tweets have in common? These tweets are ambiguous to the point of meaningless—what do you mean you don’t know what an all-of-the-above approach means? Revitalizing America’s manufacturing sector also sounds nice—how about more jobs, less debt and smaller government? Count me in—if only I understood how it was going to be accomplished.

Now, in the defense of the candidates, 140 characters doesn’t allow for a long-winded explanation, and they’re probably functioning under the assumption that Americans will take the time to understand their greater policy ideas. But this is where they’re sadly mistaken. A lot of Americans don’t do that, and therefore 140-character tweets provide a promise without a plan and ultimately mislead the general public.

As great as it is that people can get their political news in convenient bite-sized chunks, a lot of issues do not work that way. In condensing too much of their message, candidates run into problems of specificity. It’s very easy to make a bad idea sound good when it’s put into an easy-to-remember slogan. But, when the details are lost, so is any real comprehension of why a given idea might not be the best course of action. Because so much of the campaign communications are now going out over Facebook and Twitter, the vast majority of people receiving information from the candidates are getting these pre-packaged, ambiguous and often-misleading talking points. Due to their ubiquity, all the candidates are expected to communicate this way, and then they get a free pass from ever trying to explain themselves in a full and cohesive manner.

Of course, politicians have always communicated in a way that was not entirely honest. We want to believe that the social media revolution has encouraged politicians to be more frank and honest with the people.

Unfortunately, the opposite is true. The increased public exposure, rather than leading to increased transparency, has instead prompted them to step up their PR game and develop an even more twisted media presence that plays so fast with reality that by the time anyone realizes what’s happening, they’ve moved on to something else.

Social media has changed the way political campaigns happen through the new immediacy with which news occurs. Anything that happens on the campaign trail is now on the Internet within minutes, if not seconds. Major media outlets like CNN, Fox News and MSNBC all constantly update their websites. Online media like Yahoo! Slate and The Huffington Post all have the same non-stop coverage machine.

The non-stop nature has an especially relevant impact in debates. Debates between the candidates have been a force in this election cycle rarely seen before. The first presidential debate for this year’s elections was almost a year ago, on May 5, 2011. There were 18 debates before the first votes were cast in Iowa. Candidates like Rep. Michelle Bachmann, Gov. Rick Perry and Herman Cain all rose and fell in the polls, often on the strength of their debate performances. Many who were only slightly paying attention can recall Cain’s “9-9-9” plan, Perry’s infamous “Oops” moment or Mitt Romney’s $10,000 bet.

There have been nine more debates since Iowa, seven of which happened in the month of January alone. At one point there was a debate on the night of Saturday, Jan. 7, and another the next morning on Sunday, Jan. 8. Their impact continued to be seen even as the field of contenders dwindled down to the final four. For Newt Gingrich, his debate performances were largely credited with helping him win the South Carolina primary. Likewise, Gingrich’s inability to carry that momentum and Mitt Romney’s renewed vigor in the debates helped Romney score a comeback win in Florida.

These debates were relevant not only because there were so many of them, or because of the crazy things that happened during them, but because reaction was instantaneous on social media. News sites and commentators on Twitter were able to analyze, comment and fact-check the debates as they occurred. In that way, the impact was almost instantaneous.

At the forefront of the social media political machine is Twitter. Those closest to the action can bring the news straight to their followers. If immediacy is the name of the game, nothing beats how quickly political reporters can disseminate information on Twitter. Tweets come directly from the source and are short, sweet and to the point.

Below is a list of some of the reporters and commentators that are on the front lines of this campaign. This is where the people get their news first.

Andrew Kaczynski @BuzzFeedAndrew — Kaczynski is a political reporter for buzzfeed.com, a site devoted to covering trends on the Internet, or watching the “buzz.” Their political reporting lends itself well to the online chatter, and breaks down what people are talking about across the net.

David Frum @davidfrum — Frum is a CNN contributor and contributing editor for The Daily Beast, on the online presence of Newsweek magazine. He is also a former speechwriter for President George W. Bush.

Walter Shapiro @waltershapiroPD — A veteran reporter for The New Republic Magazine and now Yahoo! He is covering his ninth presidential campaign and utilizing social media extensively for the first time.

Chris Moody @Chris_Moody — Political reporter for Yahoo! News who always seems to be in the place at the right time, especially on election night.

Howard Kurtz @HowardKurtz — Host of CNN’s Reliable Sources and Washington bureau chief of The Daily Beast. He focuses on the media itself and how they respond to the campaign — and, more importantly, how the media affects the campaign.

Dave Weigel @daveweigel — Slate.com political reporter and MSNBC contributor who spends a lot of time in the thick of the campaign trail. His tweets are usually good for a laugh, as he peppers them with a good amount of humor.

Nate Silver @Fivethirtyeight — New York Times writer who focuses on political statistics. His blog FiveThirtyEight (a reference to votes in the electoral college) correctly predicted 49 of 50 states in the 2008 presidential election and correctly predicted all 35 senate races that same year. Guaranteed to have a great understanding and analysis of poll numbers and what those mean for electoral outcomes.

Lindsey Boerma @Lindsey_CBSNJ — A campaign trail reporter for CBS/National Journal and a Pepperdine alumna.
Falling is never failure.
T he character of man is often defined by his ability to respond in the face of adversity. The dark shadow created by the trials and tribulations of life lures many into a paralyzing and inescapable darkness. Pepperdine Junior Robert Crocker, a man once plagued by his addictions, has chosen to overcome the demons of his past and serve as a guiding light to those who are in search of a path to recovery. “My disease is an addiction of the mind and an allergy of the body.”

He attributes the severity of addiction to its ability to cripple victims through denial. Crocker’s seven-year struggle with drug and alcohol abuse was a period wrought with self-pity and moral transparency. “Using brought a sense of loneliness to my life,” Crocker said. “I had lost myself and, in turn, those to closest me. I used drugs to fill that void.”

For Crocker, drugs provided him with a false sense of security and purpose that had been absent in his life, while simultaneously placing him in compromising and dangerous situations.

“No matter how bad it got, I still wasn’t ready to stop,” he said. “I didn’t want to give it up. I was never satisfied.”

That mentality lingered within Crocker until his eyes were opened to the realities of his situation. It was en route to his home from a trip to Tijuana, a trip during which drugs had nearly claimed his life, that Crocker had a life-altering epiphany.

“I realized at that point that I could not continue living that way,” said Crocker. “I needed help.”

Within days, Crocker was admitted to a recovery program. Little did he know it would be the last time he would attend such a program.

After two years of being released from the grip of addiction, Crocker is a changed man. Drawing strength from the lessons he learned from the past, he now views every day as an opportunity to inspire struggling addicts, while also living a life defined by the possibilities of a brighter tomorrow.

“I view the struggles of my past as assets of the person I am today,” he said. “I wouldn’t be where I am if I hadn’t gone through those things.”

Crocker said he wants to give hope to those who may have wandered from their desired path. With every day that passes, Crocker believes he is taking a step closer to his life-long goals.

“It’s progress, not perfection,” he said. Crocker has found clarity and direction with his sobriety. He attributes the recent blessings of his life to his association with a sober community and a healthy lifestyle.

“Through my recovery, I have been able to make connections and develop relationships with genuine people who I can always call upon for support,” he said.

Crocker now holds an optimistic stance and lives life embracing the simple joys of the every day. He receives joy and fulfillment in helping others battle their addictions.

In his free time, Crocker frequents the beach and has found tranquility through surfing. He has replaced the highs of drug addiction with the peace of mind of feeling the waves beneath his board.

“I can never keep what I have unless I give it back,” he said.

Through helping others, Crocker’s firmly believes he is helping himself in his everlasting journey on the road to and beyond recovery. His professional interests lie in managerial business; he hopes to one day run his own business and possibly open a sobriety center and continue to touch people’s lives.

Crocker’s triumph over addiction is viewed as an inspiration to those struggling with the darkness tied to drug and alcohol abuse. His humble mission to offer guidance to those in need is one of true personal fulfillment. Not ashamed of where he’s been or afraid of where he’s going, his optimism and ambition are sure to guide him as he aspires to confront the daily challenges of a recovering addict. Crocker’s recovery and aspirations are easy reminders that yesterday’s nightmare does not hinder tomorrow’s dream, that the flicker of a dream can withstand even the darkest of times.

“Iron ‘til it be thoroughly heated is incapable to be wrought; so God sees good to cast some men into the furnace of affliction, and then beats them on his anvil into what frame he pleases.”

- Anne Bradstreet.
YOUR HEALTH IS ALL IN YOUR MIND
Ivy Vaughn

What if I told you that your health is all in your head? That the way you think can drastically change how you eat or how hard you push yourself in a workout? You are thinking about it now, aren’t you? Your mind is a powerful and important tool—why not use it to benefit your health?

We are all familiar with the phrase, “You are what you eat.” Whether it was our parents, our teenage babysitters, our doctors or one of our athletic coaches, at some point in our lives someone has introduced the phrase to us. This sounds easy enough, right? Eat balanced meals, drink a lot of water, eat “bad” foods in moderation and all will be well.

Well, for most of us, living a healthy lifestyle is not that simple. Once you add in working out, the environment you live in, relationships and even school, the living-healthy equation gets complicated. All of these factors combine to either destroy or strengthen your health.

All of these factors you cannot control, some you can—and that is what makes all the difference.

I’ve heard the phrase, “Nothing tastes as good as skinny feels,” and while being in shape is a wonderful feeling, not eating the foods you love in order to achieve that is not worth it. I know for a fact that frozen yogurt or a burger and fries taste better than a cup of air. You can stay in shape and still have moments of weakness when it comes to treating yourself—you just have to think it through. It’s easy to convince yourself that chocolate cake sounds like a million times better than the fruits and veggies your body needs to stay healthy. You tell yourself you earned it for getting a good grade on a test or because you had a rough day, and you allow yourself the small indulgence. However, this behavior can become a nasty habit. Suddenly, you start coming up with reasons why you can eat unhealthy food, and your body pays the price.

Your thoughts about food affect what and how you eat. If you think of food as something your body needs, you are instantly more conscious of what you put in it. If you see food as something that is a comfort and makes you feel better, then all regard for your health goes out the window. Next time you go to the cabinet or fridge to grab a bite, stop and think about what your body needs rather than what you think you may want. Once you start providing your body with the proper foods, not only will your weight go down but your mindset as well.

I love to run. It’s my passion and one of the few ways I’m able to escape the stress of everyday life. But I would be lying if I said there weren’t days when I lay in bed and glare at my running shoes, wishing they would stop mocking me. Most mornings I wake up feeling great and ready to run; others are a different story. All of the sudden I wake up feeling sore for no reason, I have a headache, and the list goes on. I convince myself I’m too run down to go for a workout and allow my mind to win out over my body. This is a classic case of mind over matter. I start thinking I’m too tired to run, I start believing I’m too tired to run, and then I do not run. It is a terrible, not to mention unhealthy, cycle. We all have that moment in the gym or during a workout class when we think, “I can’t do this anymore, I am going to die!”

A bit dramatic, but we all do it. While it’s easy to allow yourself to succumb to these thoughts, the feeling you get when you ignore those thoughts and push forward is much more rewarding than lying on your couch with ice cream later. Your body can endure much more than you give it credit for, but all it takes is that one little negative thought in your head to stop you in your fitness tracks.

There’s a difference between your body telling you to stop and your mind telling you to stop, just like there is a difference between eating for your body and eating for your emotions. All it takes is using your brain for your own benefit. Squash all of the negativity that pollutes your brain. Eat foods that promote brain health and push yourself to finish each and every workout. The results will blow your mind.
Pepperdine’s “journalism junkie,” Dr. Michael Jordan, will bid adieu to Pepperdine this spring. His tenure spans over two decades, but his professional standards for journalism live on through his students and through Student Publications. Jordan’s zeal for journalism helped chart the future of the Graphic to emerge as today’s thriving enterprise, Pepperdine Graphic Media.

The 61-year-old Washingtonian came to Malibu in 1991 as a journalism professor and the Student Publications director.

Twenty-one years later, Jordan is retiring as professor of journalism and media law. He passes the torch to a former student and Graphic editor he recruited to Pepperdine out of high school. This fall, new journalism faculty member Christina Littlefield will re-embark Jordan’s narrative.

“When Christina applied and was hired, it just kind of validated that this is the right time,” Jordan said of his retirement. “It just feels like strong bookends to a good story, and that’s what a journalist always wants: a good beginning and a good end.”

Alumni, faculty and student journalists will be the first to laud Jordan’s lifelong dedication to hands-on media and tough professional standards. The core values of reportage that Jordan first instilled in the Graphic staff of 1991 have been upheld, and embraced, by those who have followed.

This is now not only out of tradition, but also respect for the man with the green pen. To have a story come back “bleeding green” is Pepperdine jargon for Jordan’s signature (and vigorous) edits.

“In reality, we all learned humbleness at the end of Dr. Jordan’s green felt pen...[and] became a better journalist[s] because of it,” Littlefield wrote in a letter to the Graphic in 2007.

Jordan stepped down as the Graphic adviser in 2004. His former Graphic staff members continue to cite Jordan as their most influential teacher at Pepperdine. He spearheaded a journalism camp on campus recruiting top high school reporters, like Littlefield, to Pepperdine.

It wasn’t long before Jordan’s staff began winning national awards and gaining recognition in the administration as a credible news source. Jordan said the foundation he still sees in the Graphic is, in a way, a badge of honor. He sees his vision for the journalism major and student media fulfilled, he said, and that he knows he leaves it in good hands.

Prior to, and early in, Jordan’s tenure, the Graphic was produced in a trailer parked where the current CCB building is. The sweeping changes Jordan drove in his next five years as director would begin with his first impression of the single-wide platform — the tattered and worn carpet.

Before starting his first day, Jordan sat at his typewriter and wrote a memo to then Chair of the Communication Division, Don Shores.

“I can be strident in my advocacy, but I’m always respectful and I try to teach that in my journalism class — you make your case,” Jordan said. “The memo said the carpet is the first impression to the public, faculty, staff and parents they see of Student Publications and the Graphic. And first impressions are important when you’re in the business of being credible. So it all began.

“Just like everything else, the Graphic has changed with the times and technology. Even with the lousy facilities and old-school technology at first, we really came out with some great issues. That was a long way of saying I brought in the standards of professional journalism from day one.”

“What he’s done with the media law and journalism classes have been so successful in the past several years,” said Elizabeth Smith, director of student journalism and Graphic faculty adviser. “He’s made it exciting and done a good job of introducing us to the new world of journalism.”

This included transforming into his alter-ego, Judge Error Jordan, for media law’s mock trials.

Jordan’s journalism accomplishments extend far beyond Pepperdine. His experience as a journalist allowed him to meet cultural icons ranging from Muhammad Ali to Caesar Chavez. And since the fateful day he contracted the “journalism virus” in junior high school, Jordan has yet to find a cure.
Jordan showing off his prized '51 Buick.

An inside look at Jordan’s extensive Beatles museum, located in his Malibu home.
Working off what he has called an inherent “need to get to the bottom of things,” at 16, Jordan began working as a sports stringer at the Tri-City Herald in his hometown of Kennewick, Wash. It was during this time that Jordan’s journalism career and subsequent “journalism virus” emerged. From 1967 to 1972 Jordan moved on to covering the state legislature at the Herald and the sports beat again for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It was then at the Tacoma News Tribune where his role as a “watchdog” became apparent. Jordan worked as an investigative reporter from 1978 to 1980 until his newspaper put up a few dozen billboards with his face and the moniker, “Mike Jordan — Investigative Reporter!” Unknowingly, the Tribune public relations director had blown his cover.

However, his attention to systemic abuses didn’t stop there. As a young reporter, Jordan knew the First Amendment promised not only a free press but a fair trial. At what he described as a “sensational murder trial,” the judge had kicked Jordan, the press, out of the courtroom three different times before ordering the bailiff to escort him out.

Instead of exiting quietly, Jordan unintentionally kicked the center divider between the galley and attorneys. He describes it as a “complete accident,” but at the risk of feeling embarrassed, he marks it as the day he vowed to become an activist for the press and for transparency in the courtroom process.

This was also the impetus for pursuing a Juris Doctorate in media law.

By the age of 25, Jordan had a wife and four young children while still being a full-time reporter when he took up law school at the Seattle University. He graduated in 1982 in the top 10 percent of his class, but he affirms that he didn’t go to law school to become a lawyer. Jordan went to law school to benefit his career as a journalist and an editor — a quality that would later prove indispensable to the people working with him at the Riverside Press-Enterprise and Pepperdine University.

From 1982 to 1984, Jordan would move his family to Los Angeles to work as managing editor for the Los Angeles Daily Journal, the nation’s leading daily legal newspaper.

From there, Jordan relocated to city editor position at The Press-Enterprise in Riverside, Calif., in 1985. Working up the ranks from metropolitan editor to assistant managing editor, Jordan lead a team of more than 80 other editors and reporters.

During this time, Jordan would go on to play a critical role in the newspaper’s two separate Supreme Court cases, Press-Enterprise I and Press-Enterprise II. Today, the landmark case won in 1986, Press-Enterprise Co. v. Superior Court, is featured prominently in Jordan’s mass communication law textbook. One page defines what a fair trial is, and on the next dedicates a page to the case that established the public’s First Amendment right to witness criminal court proceedings.

An opening for a journalism professor and Student Publications director at Pepperdine had leapt out at Jordan while reading Editor and Publisher Magazine. Part teaching desire and part family ties, Pepperdine became the clear choice for his next chapter.

“I’ve always felt journalism is service in addition to a career,” Jordan said. “Service has always been a manifestation of my philosophy about being a media professional — even to the point of one of my retirement parties.”

This is the sort of motivation that drives Jordan. This is a love, Smith said of her mentor, for journalism that he has equated to his love for students and Student Publications.

Jordan underwent open-heart surgery to replace an aortic valve in 2004. At the behest of his doctors, he stepped down as director of Student Publications and passed the title to broadcast professor Dr. Michael Murrie. Newswaves adviser Murrie described the transition “like sitting down to a finely tuned Mercedes and driving it, but all the hard work had already been done. The traditions were already all there. That’s definitely a legacy; he has insisted on quality journalism and aggressive reporting.”

Working as a professor, not as adviser, so close to the Graphic newsroom was admittedly harder than he let on, Jordan said. But just as he shifted roles from reporter to editor years ago, his new job involved a deeper, long-term responsibility.

Jordan and his wife, Nancy, will continue living on campus with their, 13-year-old daughter, Kendall, and two dogs. He plans to fuel “that little fire that burns inside to tell stories” by carrying out his next venture: novel writing.

In 1994, Jordan published his first novel, the well-received “Crockett’s Coin,” filled with pre-civil war themes of romance, family and social justice. Jordan also plans to teach summer school at Pepperdine, and maybe even a freshman seminar on his first love, “Beatleology.” Three of Jordan’s six children are active Pepperdine alumni, as well.

“I know he’ll be sad not to be actively involved in students’ lives to the extent he is now, but I have no doubt he’ll take advantage of his retirement,” Singh said. “We all wish him well, but we have no doubt he’ll have a good time. Of course, I’m happy he’ll still be here. It’s nice to know if something big comes up that Dr. J is still around.”

KIMBERLY YEE

Kimberly Yee has held a number of positions in the political science field, but she’s now looking to run for an Arizona state Senate seat later this year.

Passionate about the public school system and education, Yee believes that her strong feelings derive from her childhood because her mother was a teacher.

Yee already had no doubt when she arrived at Pepperdine that she wanted to study political science. While attending Pepperdine, Yee participated in an array of activities. She was involved with the College Republicans Club, The Graphic and Pepperdine Ambassador Council.

She was one of the first employees hired to work at the museum on campus because of her love of art. Yee was also a residential advisor the year of the Malibu fires.

She credits Pepperdine for preparing her for her career path through its rigorous academics. Yee chose her career path with the help of her mentor, Professor Stan Moore. He took a group of students up to the California State Capitol, where Yee formed networking relationships that eventually landed her a job offer in Sacramento before she graduated.

After succeeding in Sacramento, former Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger appointed Yee to be in his cabinet, serving as both deputy cabinet secretary for education and deputy of consumer affairs.

Yee later moved back to her home state of Arizona. She eventually became a state legislator for Arizona, where she met her husband. Now, she works in the same district that she grew up in, showing that she has a real connection to and understanding of the inhabitants.

“Throughout every experience in which I’ve worked, it has better prepared me for the other positions that I’ve held,” Yee said.

Yee is concentrating on her 2012 campaign for an Arizona state Senate seat. Her campaign’s key commitments are honesty and integrity.

Yee still keeps in touch with President Andrew Benton and admits that Pepperdine has given her the resources and skills to “build a foundation,” which has blessed her with a “high privileged” career.

Yee’s advice to current students is to cherish your time at Pepperdine, and to take advantage of your Pepperdine family and alumni as resources.