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The Cultural Times



The MultiCultural Center's
Newsletter Fall2001

The Cultural Times



The Cultural Times

Editor
Precious Yamaguchi

Photographs
Precious Yamaguchi
Solana Foo
Hazel Lodevico

Contributors
Obdulia Ortega
Hazel Lodevico
Rishi Nakra
Brent Matlock
Jerri Jones
Courtney McGraw
Tien-Yu Tai
Ryan Mann
Dr. Jules
RorySmith Jr.
Brandon Clay
Geneva Shaw
Priscilla Zuniga
Claudia Tello
Ophelia Hood

Director
Marylyn Paik-Nicely

Office Manager
Jerri Jones

Clubs Coordinator
Keion Morgan

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MCC Cultural Times
HSU MultiCultural Center
1 Harpst St.
Arcata, CA 95521

Copies of all correspondence should also be sent to: Associated Students of Humboldt State University

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"hello" from the editor

A Note from the Editor, Precious Yamaguchi

Life is full of inequalities even though we are all created as equals to one another. From the way men may treat women and vice versa, to how some of us have experienced more difficult lives than others have, there are always struggles. Although our lives may seem very different from each other depending on our culture, race, social class, age or sex, there is one common experience that we all possess, which is time. Every person in this country experiences 60 seconds in a minute, 24 hours in a day and 365 days in a year. What we do with our time is who we are.

This semester it has felt like I have never had enough time in the day to get what I need done. As a college student, I know you know what I mean! We are always trying to fulfill a schedule to complete some task, whether it is to study, get a project done or even socialize. These are similar goals we have with one another and are working towards, but how many of us are actually working on who are inside as a person? This is something everyone has the time to do whether they know it or not. The writers from this issue of *The Cultural Times*, have inspired me even more so to take notice of certain characteristics of life that we as individuals and as people together need to work on so we can understand one another, get a long and most importantly live peacefully together.

The Week of Dialogue on Race (pg.7) was a great effort by both faculty and students to produce a catalyst for thought about the different lives of people and to celebrate various cultures. The key note speaker Maya Angelou, reminded people that we are the "composers" of our lives and we have control over our what we do. The Week of Dialogue on Race has displayed one of the most important factors that people must do in order to get a long, which is to be able to communicate



with anyone.

Individual writers such as Hazel Lodevico (pg.19), Rishi Nakra (pg.13), and Courtney McGraw (pg.24) present their writing from real life experiences. Hazel Lodevico, a Philippina-American takes a trip to the Philippines and learns about her roots. Rishi Nakra informs people about life in Afghanistan before Sept. 11, 2001, from what he has learned from a woman who has lived there. Courtney McGraw's article presents the reality on racism on campus.

All the writers, poets and contributors in this newsletter have created interesting perspectives. From working with them, I have learned that what we bring into our own lives, such as speaking about our experiences or trying to eliminate racism, we bring into the lives of others as well. We are surrounded by people that can teach us a lot, whether they are other students or faculty and though our schedules may be hectic, remember that the consciousness of others and ourselves offer many lessons in life that we can take and use to be better people.

Good luck with finals and Happy Holidays!

Your Editor,

Precious Yamaguchi

Cup O' Culture Returns

By
Brent Matlock

The MultiCultural Center is proud to announce that Cup O' Culture is back after several years of dormancy! This twice a month event is a forum where students, faculty and/or members of the community come to show a video, make presentations, tell stories, share art or any other aspect of culture they wish to inform people about. Some events will be very specific to one culture, and other times will be much broader, as in the instance of our first event, which took place on November 13th. Jennifer Taylor, a professor from the Psychology department, presented Tough Guise. This is a documentary that analyzes masculinity as a social construction, and explores some disturbing cultural developments over the last 30 years that could very well be responsible for the current epidemics of rape, domestic violence, murder and other problems typically associated with

males in the U.S. The video was spectacular in and of itself, but perhaps even more relevant was the very powerful and thought provoking discussion led by Professor Taylor, Keion Morgan and Issac Carter, where people in attendance were able to share the feelings and thoughts that came up during the video.

These events will most definitely prove to be both educational and interesting, a place where people can go to learn about something they do not necessarily know a lot about, and to do so in a close, friendly and safe environment provided by the MultiCultural center and its staff. These events are free and beverages are served, so keep your eyes peeled for flyers about future events, and get ready to enjoy a nice hot Cup O' Culture!

For information call 826-3364



Jerri Jones

I graduated from Humboldt State University in May 2000 with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Business Administration. I started working with the MCC in August of 2000 as the Administrative Support Assistant to the Director. I look forward to working with students and hope you all feel free to come in and talk with me!

MultiCultural Center Open Late During Finals Week

The MultiCultural Center will be open until 2:00 AM during the week of finals, Dec. 16 - 20. All students are welcomed to use the computer lab, conference room, and staff office. Coffee, tea, hot chocolate, healthy and not-too-healthy snacks will be served!



NEW SORORITY ON CAMPUS

By
Obdulia Ortega

Humboldt State University isn't well known for their Greek system. As a matter of fact, not many people even know that there are Fraternities and Sororities on campus. However, this past year, there has been a new addition to our Greek system. That addition has come in the form of Gamma Alpha Omega Latin Sorority, Inc. The ladies of Gamma have worked extremely hard to gain recognition on campus, especially being a minority-based greek organization. They hope to make a difference in the community and on campus by reaching out to others through community service and cultural awareness.

Gamma Alpha Omega Sorority is a community service sorority and was founded on January 25, 1993 at the Arizona State University campus in Tempe, AZ. GAO came to existence thanks to five determined collegiate women, known today as their Most Honorable Founding Madres, who had a strong desire to serve the Hispanic community and a quest for higher learning. Their focus was not only on social issues, as many traditional sororities before them, but also as a dynamic and altruistic group of advanced women, to excel in school, motivate others, generate role models, and eventually yield considerable Hispanic leaders.

Here at Humboldt State University, the Petitioning Group of Gamma Alpha Omega Sorority has already attained many accomplishments. In the Spring 2001 semester, GAO PG participated in a benefit concert to aid the victims of the El Salvador and India earthquakes and cosponsored HSU's first ever Latino Week. This semester (Fall 2001), GAO PG has become a club of the MultiCultural Center on campus. The Gamma girls, as their referred to by many, have done community service events such as beach

clean-ups and helping MEChA with the planning and events of their 8th Annual High School Conference. The Gamma girls also have an on-going community service project tutoring ESL students at Pacific Union. Aside from these accomplishments, GAO PG also participates in events with other clubs and organizations on campus as well as having their own sisterhood events. Gamma also provides academic, moral, and sentimental encouragement to its members. It promotes academic excellence and upkeep it by implementing study hours.

The purpose of Gamma is to promote and instill in its members the values of Honesty, Integrity, Leadership, Scholarship, and Unity. "These pillars have become the foundation of our organization and a symbol of devotion to our purpose. By encouraging these admirable characteristics, each member enriches her life with these lifelong attributes. We strive not only to be an asset to our community, but to also strengthen the bonds that are present within our sisterhood."

Although Gamma Alpha Omega is a historically based Hispanic/Latino Sorority, we do not discriminate on the basis of race, color, ethnicity, or creed. We encourage women of all backgrounds to join and benefit from being a GAMMA!

If you would like more information on this organization, you can write to gaopg@humboldt.edu or hsugamma@yahoo.com. You can also visit their website at www.humboldt.edu/~gaopg or the National webpage at www.gammaalphaomeganationals.homestead.com for more information on what other chapters in other campuses are doing.

Congratulations to Matt Foley: Winner of the MCC Mural Contest

By
Precious Yamaguchi

Walk through the main entrance of the MultiCultural Center and not only will you be greeted by the positive students and faculty who work here, you will be welcomed with the MCC's new mural that is being created this year. The mural contest winner, Max Foley has been hard at work, a long with some student volunteers who help him paint this mural on to the walls and staircase of the MCC.

"I wanted this mural to represent the concept of bringing communities together through music, art, localized work, dance and festivals," says Max. With the affects of color composition, perspective and the movement of people throughout this mural Max certainly addresses the spirit of people enjoying life together. The mural features agricultural and industrial communities working together to create future. Above the landscapes there is a figure of a woman, representing an icon with sand slipping between her fingers turning into all of the people who are participating in life together.

This mural not only shows people coming together to work, but has brought people to work together as well. If you would like to help him paint this, there is a sign up sheet at the MCC or for more information call: 826-3364.



The Week of Dialogue on Race

By
Precious Yamaguchi

Have you ever experienced discrimination based upon your race? Whether a person has never experienced the feeling of being racially discriminated against or faces this reality every single day of their lives, racism truly effects all of us. It is a form of oppression that divides people with in the human race. From November 3rd-11th, Humboldt State University's Week of Dialogue on Race provided the opportunity for people to come together to discuss racial issues, share their own experiences, and educate and celebrate people's cultures. This event was organized by Wurlig Bao and Isaac Carter, as a starting pointing to get people to understand one another's differences and find the many similarities we have with each other through dialogue. The Week of Dialogue on Race's events consisted of lectures, video presentations, theater arts performances, workshops, dances, a poster presentation, an International Literature Festival, a dinner and a visit from Maya Angelou, who reminded us that we are all composer of our own lives.

The Week of Dialogue on was a major success thanks to all of the people who supported it through attending, presenting and organizing these events. The elimination of racism has a long way to go, and it starts within ourselves to have an open mind, an open heart and most importantly communicate with all people to find that diversity is strength and unity is pride.

"I was like a sponge trying to soak up all of Maya Angelou's words, stories, poetry, laughter and tears. I especially loved when she said that we are here because people before us survived. There have been atrocities, genocide, dehumanization of people that seems to be part of American history...yet people have survived. And we will survive for the generations to come. She was speaking to me (so I felt!), to keep the fire burning, to keep working on an inclusive community, to follow my passions. Thank you, Dr. Angelou!"

Maya Angelou's words were so inspirational! I was surprised how she was so humble and had such a great sense of humor. She presents herself as real as the rest of us, but truly extraordinary in her own way.

-Precious Yamaguchi

How did you feel after hearing the poetic words of Maya Angelou?

"Words can do no justice to the mesmerizing speech by Mrs. Angelou. In one night I was both inspired and awe struck, leaving me wanting for more and there is still much to learn."

- Ryan Mann



"I enjoyed listening to her inspiring words of wisdom. It was amazing to see how great of a person she can be. She truly demonstrated that everybody can be a poet and that each person's life is its own poetic composition."

- Claudia Tello

"Maya Angelou was amazing. Her words really penetrated to my soul."

- Marchette Stamps



I feel so lucky to have been able to hear Dr. Angelou's wisdom and humor. She is so inspiring, I went away feeling empowered, hopeful & enthusiastic about our world."

- Jenna Devoid

First Place Poetry

The Piper

By
Tom Healy

He blows his sax, lets ring from the alcove
a low braying alto, a symphony
of steamships approaching harbor

dim-lit music mingles with walkers,
takes over their voices,
echoes, as if from a rooftop over a slumbering city.

Yeah,
he's a cool cat,
eyes closed, face taught, fingers
gold chrome, melted
into the sax, no longer
his fingers.

Yeah,
he reeks of cool,
one foot propped to the wall.

His vibe is mellow, it says:

Chill, man
Stay a while.

He rings romance down on roaming crowds.

Couples,
reminded what it's like
to be naked together
between sheets of melody

wrap tigher,

forget dinner,
head home instead.

Second Place

Why I'm Alive

By
Robert A. Hoggard

To whom do I owe my life?
I sit here alive today
My parents gave me life
Born in Port of Spain, Trinidad, BWI
Three thousand miles from home: England.

Nineteen forty-two
German submarines are sinking ships
Crossing the Atlantic Ocean
Civilians and soldiers are dying
Submarines are waiting.

Nineteen forty-four we head home by ship
Mother Father Son
To potential doom at sea
Many ships litter the bottom
Thousands dead.

Today the year is Two Thousand One
I'm alive in Humboldt County
An American citizen living in freedom
Watching television, a PBS Special about
Alan Turing, the Enigma Machine.

The British crack encrypted German messages
To their submarines. The Allies know their locations
And the convoys head away from them
Thousands of lives are saved
I am two years old.

To whom do I owe my life?
To a dozen strangers, no friends, in London?
Am I one of the thousands of lives they saved?
I owe my life to them?
This is a statement of thanks.

*International Literature
Festival*

Third Place

Distracted

By
Cameron Nickerson

mallow butterfly on cucumber breeze
floats, wings wide to the cool air
casually dodging moonlight shafts

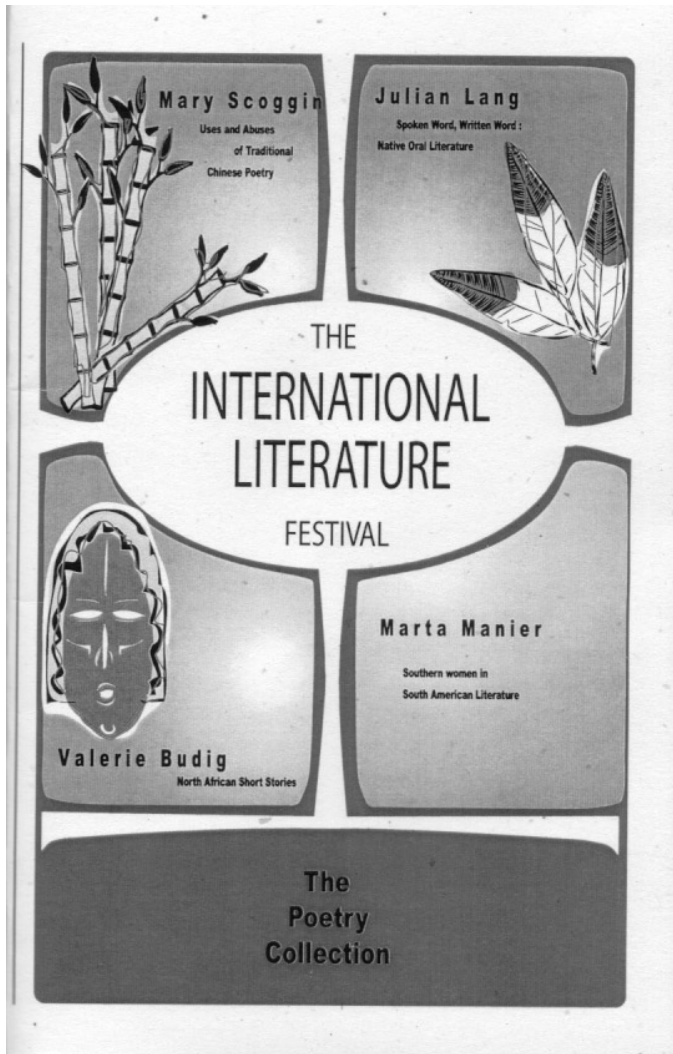
food for the soul, fresh biscuits, inhale
I lick the warm sun from my face
remembering your touch

Honorable Mention

Answer Me!

By
Emily Skold

So, am I or am I not?
Answer me!
Please, I need to know,
Need to be sure.
My life is shot
To Hell,
And there is nothing
I can do about it.
No, don't!
Don't take your
Time.
O, sweet time!
I need to know now!
Catch me. I'm falling.
Spiraling
Down,
Down,
and I can't
Control
How fast or
How far
I
Fall.
Catch me, please!
The pieces of my life
Are falling
With me.
So tell me, please,
I beg you on my knees.
Tell me!
Am I or am I not?
Official diagnosis:
Clinical depression
Treatable with
Antidepressants.
Unofficial diagnosis:
Three months
Too
Late.



Poster Designed By Kerry Bailey

Honorable Mention

Defining Black Pride

By
Tiffany Wallace

Dear Sista
Sorry that I missed ya
I'll kiss the ground that you walk on
If you let me stomp on...Ya taste
You're a Sheba disgrace toTo the African race

If you don't sell crack
and you don't eat baby backs
Then you sho nuff ain't Black

Your reading pace is terrible
Black folds supposed to read below grade level
And bump the bass no treble

It's time to re-evaluate our place
As Africans in the human race...cause it's a waste of time

To judge our own people
Knowledge comes from a mosque or a steeple
If ya want to come provocative
Historic truth is what you got to give

I've been called a white bitch and a white girl
But real sistas don't have to press and curl

Like Camu I'm a Stranger
But I'll rearrange your...perception of reality
Stereotype mock individuality

Plus it's a fallacy

To feel like your worth's none
Cause your black friend total one
Count me and the math's done...Look to the sum

To see how my heart breaks
On Red, Black and Green stakes...Slang makes or breaks

One's acceptability
The strength of our community
Shouldn't be based on titties or money

We don't have to get paid
You're not a punk if you're afraid
Or whipped if you stayed...

Cause you love your lady
Out progeny is crazy

When we promote misogyny
We can never decree
That any Black people are free

I'm not what you see on TV
Fuck a forty-ounce and Armani

My style represents Tiffany
Because that's me.

APASA's Purposeful Dinner: Celebrating Culture Through Cuisine

By
Hazel Lodevico



The diversity of Asian culture was celebrated in a colorful, lively array of food, music and dance at the 5th Annual Asian Purposeful Dinner, Sunday, November 11. The event, sponsored by the Asian Pacific American Student Alliance (APASA), was called a complete success by Marylyn Paik-Nicely, the director of the Multicultural Center. "This is always something people look forward to," says Paik-Nicely, "I'm happy to see it continue to evolve."

The dinner began five years ago in an attempt to not just experience the delicious cuisine of Asian culture, but to learn more of the diversity of Asian people through food, music and dance. More than 150 people attended the event, tasting savory dishes from various Asian and Pacific Islander countries such as Vietnam, Japan and the Philippines.

People also enjoyed an assorted range of entertainment from cultural dances by the Hmong and Laotian Dance groups to a bizarre, comical "Japanese cheerleading" routine, as well as the demonstrative skills of karate and aikido and the exotic allure of belly dancing.

APASA organized the event, as well as cooking all the dishes on the menu. However, one thing Paik-Nicely is extremely proud of is the support of other cultural clubs such as MECHA and BSU. "It was nice to see that club camaraderie, to see all the clubs support each other," says Paik-Nicely. Insisting that it helps evoke the true underlying message—that it's not only about spreading cultural awareness, Paik-Nicely points out, but encouraging unity through understanding.



Understanding the Dangers of Racism

By
Precious Yamaguchi



To know a true woman of dialogue is to know Ethnic Studies Professor Wurlig Bao. This year Wurlig Bao and Isaac Carter have organized the Week of Dialogue on Race to give people of all races and cultural backgrounds a chance to come together to educate one another through discussions and presentations. The purpose of this event goes farther beyond just educating people on their history and current events, but to bring people together to discuss their differences, find their similarities and work together to create a future that does not repeat the oppression that has been put upon the lives of so many people. Wurlig Bao and I discuss the importance of the Week of Dialogue on Race and the dangers of racism.

Precious: Describe what race is and the importance of this word.

Wurlig Bao: Our history is full of racial discrimination. The laws that have taken place within our country until 1965 are the evidence of the racism that has taken place within the United States. The whole concept of race was created by people. It put an emphasis on the physical differences between humans and divided them. It is an idea that has created prejudices and used power to institutionalize oppression. This is not an innocent word. This term created prejudice conditions in this country. It has enhanced power for some people but also has taken away the power of many people and has been systematically internalized in laws. Race is such a powerful word and has shaped a way of thinking for so many individuals.

The truth about race is that it does not fully have to do with the color of one's skin but it has to do with the power and privilege within a society. It has marked people of different races with an identity to divide each other, degrading certain people. People have tried to erase this history by telling only one side of the story but this social division of race runs so deep in this country that it has to be solved by getting to the root of the problem with the dialogue and interaction with one another. It is actually no longer a term itself because it is so deeply embedded in our history that it has become a reality.

P: For people who have not taken an Ethnic Studies class or do not understand why an event such as the Week of Dialogue on Race is important, how would you explain its significance?

WB: The Week of Dialogue on Race is important because it is an event where people can take home with them the knowledge about the people who surround them and learn about themselves as well. In order to live together and function together in our society with each other we have to understand one another. People think that if they don't talk about race or they avoid the term it means they do not practice racism, when actually they may be just practicing bigotry in a less obvious manner.

People should be aware that society is not treating everyone the same. There are people who are more privi-

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Shedding Light on Afghanistan's Past

By
Rishi Nakra

On October 25, I had the opportunity to see Jan West give a presentation when she worked as a Peace Corps. Volunteer in Afghanistan from 1970 to 1972. Her presentation took place at the Old Arcata Community Center.

When I first got there, I was really excited to hear what she had to say. I met Jan before, and we talked a little about what was going on in Afghanistan today. What I was interested to know was how things were like in the country when she was there. She was there at a time when the country was facing peace. It was before the King was exiled, and when the war against Russia took place. And even though there were fundamentalists living at the time, their influence on the country is nothing compared to the Taliban's today.

When I arrived, it was still early and everyone who was there either took their seats or talked with friends about how their day went. At that time, I saw Jan put on a burqua. A burqua is a thick and heavy garment women must wear to conceal themselves. Under Taliban law, women are not allowed to show their faces in public. In fact, it is illegal for them to expose their ankles!

As I saw Jan moving around, trying to get things in order, I noticed she was having a hard time trying to keep her balance. She was wearing the burqua as she was moving around. I saw her almost trip over some mats that were placed on the floor. The part of the garment that covers the face consists of tiny holes. These holes are small enough that you can see through them as you're wearing the garment, but at the same time they are designed to be so small so no one can see the person's face behind the burqua. It was a way to keep the face concealed, yet be able to see out through it.

When the presentations started, Jan asked the people of the audience what they thought of the burqua she was wearing. Some of the opinions expressed by the audience were that the burqua was too constrictive and it not only hid the person's face but her personality as well. For one person, the burqua was just plain spooky because the garment had a ghost like effect to it. Jan then told the audience how she was having a hard time walking around in this thing. She mentioned that accident rates for women in Afghanistan are high. When a woman is wearing this piece of clothing, it's hard to see around them. So women either trip or fall as they're walking, or suffer the risk of

exposing their faces in public so they can see more clearly.

There was a slide show, and this was the part I enjoyed most about the presentation. Even though the slides were taken in the early 70's, what was amazing was the crisp quality and precision of each slide.

There were a few slides where people gathered on the street to celebrate the New Year. Most of the people had dark skin, brown eyes and black hair. There were some though that had typical Asian features to them. These people were descendants of Ghengis Kahn when he tried to conquer the country.

There was one slide I saw that interested me because it said something about Afghan belief. There was a person who had dark paint around his eyes. He looked almost as if he had no sleep. The paint was made out of coal. The use of having coal around the eyes is to ward off evil spirits. It's also used to prevent any insects from coming close to you. Seeing a slide of someone with coal around his eyes taught me something about the people in the country, their rituals and what they believe in.

Jan showed us a few slides of the Bamiyan Buddha, which was the tallest statue of Buddha in the world. The statue measure to 180 feet tall. You may have known from recent events that this statue was destroyed. It's a shame because not only was this statue amazingly huge, it dated all the way back to the 3rd century. There was a lot of history and culture in that statue and the only way it can be seen now is through photographs. For Jan, she is more fortunate than we are because she was able to get up close to the statue. We may never face an opportunity like that, ever.

There was another set of slides that I enjoyed viewing. They were pictures taken at an all girls' school where Jan used to teach. These pictures were taken a little more than 20 years before the Taliban reigned power over the country. Now, the women of Afghanistan are not allowed to have an education. Most schools are done underground, and teachers who are caught educating young girls are punished. These punishments can range from a lashing to even death.

My experience with Jan's presentation and slide show was quite educational for me. Before I attended her presentation, most of my knowledge of Afghanistan came from current events. By watching those slides I was able to see what the country looked like before it faced the turmoil we

see now in the news. From the war with Russia in the 1980s to the bombings that are taking place right now, there is nothing left of the country. Most of its buildings are leveled to the ground. I felt lucky that I was able to see slides of some of the buildings before they were destroyed. There were slides of many beautiful mosques and nice architectures that we may never see. It's sad to think what they country is going through now. Let's hope that once this war is over, the country can settle on a government that the people can agree on and that human rights aren't denied. It's almost fairy tale like to think that for a time being, there was peace in that country. With the wars it faced through up until today, let's not forget what the country was like before its peace was disrupted. If Jan ever does another presentation where she shows slides of her trip to Afghanistan, I urge you to go. Not only will you learn a lot, you'll be enlightened from it.

Participate in the Creation of *The Cultural Times*

Submit articles, poetry, artwork to the MultiCultural Center by January 11, 2001 of the next newsletter. Articles must be on a floppy disk (floppy disks are available at the MCC) and artwork should be no larger than 8" X 10". All MultiCultural Center clubs are encouraged to participate in the newsletter to advertise events and report club news.

For more info call: 826-3364 or e-mail Precious Yamaguchi at py1@humboldt.edu.

(continued from page 12...)

leged than others. Those that are, must first realize it, and then make a conscious effort to do something about it. They must become allies, active participants and perhaps even reduce self-privilege to help those that are less fortunate.

P: How can racism be eliminated?

WB: The way to settle racism is not by avoiding the subject but by asking questions, sharing experiences and opening yourself up to people who you think may be very different from yourself. In order to eliminate racism, people have to make systematic efforts as well as individual efforts. Communicating with all types of people and collective efforts in order to work together will help fight racism.

To solve problems dealing with race, a person must think about way to solve their problem. After they figure out many ways to solve the problem, they should be discussed with other people. With a group of people, ideas can be exchanged and then the group of people can act together. To act together is the greatest strength one can have.

Most importantly, it is important for people to always know the truth. It is hard to change minds but we must realize these efforts must be made to make any positive change happen. These changes start within us to be mindful citizens and realize that we are responsible for our own lives and the lives of the future. We cannot demolish racism by creating enemies with each other, or the cycle of violence never stops. We must have goals and aim towards unselfishness and respecting one another. Racism is only one of the many battles of oppression and the more people can understand each other, the closer we get to harmony.

NUMB

By Rory Smith Jr.

It's the sense of walking looking sideways into the unknown,
a bright hue of red reflecting it's loud tone, a
smooth horizon
bends over my being.

Fighting against winds beyond my strengths the
north throwing
dust in my eyes unable to see, my vision blurred
struggling in a controlled
reality.

Moving on where the obstacles morph and speak
lies between the lines,
gently approaching the Grandfather clock taking
the second hand declining
time. Forget about the past the future somewhat
played out in my mind,
unable to retrace my steps, off balance I fall infi-
nitely like powered stardust
from the sky.

Here I stand trying to move where there's no such
thing as space
running out air, my fears rough as gravel this
realm hard to bear. My
mind wanting to wonder where beauty and heav-
ens meet, the way that
golden brown-orange leaves smoother the
November streets. It's that feeling
of falling before you hit the ground, your breath
silent, the space is
forever, the pain is mild. I remember it well and it
seems that moment is
bond,
the breath is silent,
the space is forever,
the pain is mild.

Untitled

By Tien-Yu Ta

Smoke of the battle is rising
Covers the sky with fear and terror
People are running and screaming
Begging for mercy and shelter
The innocents have lost their life
Under the cross of evil and hatred
The murderers are celebrating
While the genocide fulfills their stand point

The earth is dyed with the color of wine
And filled with terrifying wails
Flesh and bones are mounded in piles
And abandoned on the bloody field

Again the war becomes the slave
Wrongly used by the creatures of intelligence
Who bury the evidence that proves their mistakes,
And live with discriminations and arrogance
Ignoring the chance we can understand
Each other in a fair and pacific way
We just keep pointing fingers on others instead
Realizing we are the people to blame

How long 'til I see the end of this
Endless cycles of extermination
How much longer, the sky will drop the tears
and the blood of those who need compassion

Fear the Free

by R.A.M. Hamilton

Take over has begun
Innocent people on the run
Dollar bill behind the gun
Plutocracy is at risk
All the rebels must be frisked
Martial laws been declared
Revenge got everyone scared
Innocent claims, Islamic names
Forecasting the end of the world
Morally bankrupt politicians
providing jobs to morticians
Sending bombs to different nations
while exhorting to peaceful relations
America lies in tears
Time to face their fears
Economic dominance
First world prominence
Increased output, human perspiration
Producing weapons to extinguish civilization
Bomb destroy, continue the ploy

Spontaneous privatization
With no words of condemnation
Media devices, surely entices
Diverting the truth, misguiding the youth
Seas slowly withdrawing
Humans keep clawing
Seeking to run and hide
While government policies are applied
Darkness swallows, carnage follows
Capitalistic tidal wave
Marching to save
Gucci wearing elite
Unaware of the real fight
Development is surveillance
Free markets gonna lend
Governments will have to bend
end is clear, revenge is near
Stranded are the childrens cries
As the meat is set out for the flies.

The Thought of Yesterday

Brandon Clay

Slipping into mouth,
of the predator called identity,
Swallowed whole,
by the tongue of tasteful conformity.

Snatched from the pocket of the past.
Offered as payment to the collection of the future.

Crippled am I.

The way it was,
is my disease.
Thoughts of what I used to be,
are my symptoms.

Physicality makes me fall.
Mental power,
is why I stand.

Remembering what was,
is my only cure.

The movement of the past,
Is the promise of now.
The colors of then,
Paint the canvas of what will be.

The freshness of youth is lost,
With the preoccupation of living.

Yesterday,
might have happened the day before.
But the feeling of,
found meaning,
Lies with the thought of yesterday.

Soy Dr. Jules

Como es que entra
quien busca,
quien se esconde
tiempo
esperanza
huye el viento
cigarrillo
humo
los labios de mi cuerpo
mujer seran

te veo amor
aunque te escondes
detras de las esquinas
del mundo moderno
-claramente te estoy viendo-

?que dicen las horas de mi reloj femenino?

?quien se esconde en la aurora?
?donde estas eterno fememino
eternamente escondido
con un kilo de patatas
entre lost tacones?
-piensa un rato-

fuma
fuma
humo

-piensa otra aurora-

?y la virgen?
?y Jesus?

anda no te preocupes por ahora
fuma
fuma

si fuera cucaracha
como me miraria asi misma
pegada como ligosa en el asfalto

lentamente acercandome
mirandome parada en las esquinas

-piensa-

te veo desde arriba
en tu esquina
?de quien te escondes?
?a quien buscas?
o mejor dicho
?que busco?

no lo pienses tanto querida mia
fuma
fuuuuuuuuma
fuuuuuuuuuuuu

?y la virgen?
?y las patatas podridas?

-piensalo mas-

me gustan
tus manos
mujer seran
mis manos
de mujer

ahora
!veta!
!es la hora!
!sigue mas alla!
anda
escondete,
una esquina tiene frio,
otra no puede pararse sin baston,
anda querida
no lo pienses tanto
yo,
desde arriba,
me velare
el camino

Remembrance of "Corey Clark"

Humboldt State University Student
Major: Sociology

Violence

**Violence is evil
Violence is not good
Violence makes you do things
you never thought you would**

**Violence gets you nowhere
Violence steals joy
Violence is deep within
the lost hearts of girls and boys**

**it holds you back
makes life pass you by
makes you wonder why**

**Why did I do this?
How could I let this be?
Allowing evil to control me**

**dig deep within
understand yourself
know how feelings surface
the root of inner self**

**work against violence
it's not your friend
unnecessary baggage
tie the loose ends**

**release evil feelings
replace them with love
let your heart stay pure
no violence says the man above**

WE LOVE YOU Rest In Peace

"I would like to thank you for the positive impression, you left me with yourself. When I declared sociology as my major you told me all about it. I want to thank you for taking the time-out of your day to speak with me. You were always upbeat, positive, and handsome. Thanks for supporting the football team."

Marcus Parham, Junior, Sociology-

Contributions can be made to the following: AFBC- Corey Clark Memorial Fund

"What I remember about Corey was the silly comments he made to me. We always use to make silly faces at one another. His death taught me never to take friendships for

--Nicole Dawley,
Junior, Journal-

"Corey was a true friend, unconditional friendships. He always walked me to class and greeted me with a hug. I WILL MISS HIS BEAUTIFUL FACE."

-Franzina Lee, Graduate Student, Child Development

"Corey will always be an inspiration to all of us. His spirit and eyes will always be watching over us."

-Greg Allen, University Police Department (UPD), Staff

"Corey and I have been friends since 1998. He's always been a beautiful person in my life. It was a rocky friendship at first, but the more I got to know him the more loved him. He's been my boy, my buddy, and my partner in crime. He's left a mark on my heart, spirit, and that time won't fade.

All My Love Corey."

Tamara Myers,

"I have known Corey since 1991 and he was a great person and always made a person feel at ease."

Latrice Beal, Student, Health Center (Staff)-

The most memorable moment would have to be the last time I seen Corey. He wore a white T-shirt with a Sean John logo. We teased one another that day. More than usual, I would have to say we really bonded that last day I seen him."

-Natalie Dawley, Junior, Mass Communication-

"Corey was a good man, a good student, and a good friend. We studied together and helped each other. When I went to his house to study he and his girl friend Tonya invited me to have dinner. I love Corey as my friend and I will miss him more than words can tell you. Knowing him has been a blessing in my life."

-Renee' Benson, Graduate Student, Sociology

"Corey Clark was a BROTHER I admired. He put himself through school and was taking care of business. He always talked to me and made me realize things from a man's perspective and supported my academics and athletics. A brother and a friend, he will be Missed. Rest In Peace."

-Corey S. Thedford, Junior, Journalism

"I have known Corey for over a year and had him in several classes. I have always connected with Corey he always spoke his mind and heart. As a person of color I appreciated everything he said. At this point I never really appreciated Corey until now. The times we hung out after class or in our study groups he always had insight and wisdom beyond his years--I Will Miss Him."

-Ricardo Maldonado, Senior, Sociology-

The Diary of My Trip to the Philippines

By
Hazel Lodevico

"Are you American?" I heard a voice next to me ask. I forced my eyes open and I saw the face of an older Filipino man staring back at me. We had been in the air for several hours now, and I had just closed my eyes to take another nap.

"Pardon?" I asked, groggy and a little surprised. I suppose he just wanted to make a little conversation to pass off the time.

"Were you born in the U.S.?" he asked.

"Yes, I was," I answered giving him a weak smile. The eggs and sausages the flight attendants served for breakfast was not sitting too well in my stomach. I wasn't in much of a talking mood, but to be polite, I answered his constant stream of questions.

"How long has it been since you were last in the Philippines?" he asked.

"Fourteen years," I answered back, "I was seven years old then, I don't remember much."

"What brings you back?" he asked. I looked over to where my mother and two sisters were sitting in another row.

"My mother wanted to go back- she wanted to go home," I said. The man nodded. "You know, I could tell you were from the U.S.," he said, "You look like Balik Bayan." I could tell he sensed my confusion when I flashed him a look of total bewilderment. "Balik Bayan," he repeated, "That's what you're called in the Philippines- those who return to the homeland." Pausing, he gave me a sideways glance, "You don't speak Tagalog, do you?"

"No," I said, aware of the look of disappointment in his face, "I never learned."

He nodded, and chuckled a little. "Then, I guess you are American."

We landed in Manila in the early morning, and stepping off the plane, a gust of thick humid air greeted me. I felt the heat and stickiness cling onto my body like a layer of new skin and as I breathed in, I could smell an odor in the air I couldn't quite put my finger on. My mother said it could be the pollution, but looking around, I suppose it was a smell only a foreigner could detect. At the airport, I remember being amazed at how many Filipinos I saw at once. Of course I've seen Filipinos in my lifetime, but to see them in multitudes and to see them the majority and everyone else the minority, was simply surreal. Yet, to be walking among them and sharing the same physical characteristics, I still felt

as foreign as the British woman who stepped off the same plane.

We had a lot of luggage. We packed eight huge boxes full of items we were giving to our relatives. My mother bought clothes, shoes, toys, canned food and anything else she knew our relatives would need. An attendant helped us with our luggage and as soon as we stepped out of the airport, I saw my mother slip him thirty American dollars. He discreetly took the money, thanked her and went on his way to offer his service to someone else. When I asked her what the handsome tip was for, she said if she didn't tip him with American money, they would search all of our luggage. "Here, money talks," she said pushing the cart to the throng of people waiting outside behind a fence.

My uncle, Tito Ed, came to pick us up in his mini-van. The ride to Quezon City, where we would stay for the next month, was almost like a heart stopping roller coaster ride. It seemed drivers in the Philippines didn't pay much attention to speed limits, no one had the right of way, and whoever had the bigger vehicle had the best advantage. Jeepneys- bright, multicolored, mini-buses- zoomed by with two, three, sometimes four daring people hanging onto the back end. At times I wondered if the lane lines on the road had any significance, for there would be two cars sharing one lane, or even one car taking up two. It took us one hour to travel ten miles. Although there would be moments of a mad rush on the highway, we were mostly stuck in bumper to bumper traffic.

I took the time to take in the sights and sounds of Manila, and the more I took in, the more I'd feel my heart sink. The first thing I noticed was the vast trash problem in the city. Piles among piles of trash were dumped along the road and little children played among the filth as if it was their playground and the trash were their mounds of sand. Although I was in awe of these great, tall buildings that made up Manila's skyline, looking a little further down, I could see the rows upon rows of feeble little shacks. That sight was perhaps, the most bizarre and striking thing I had ever seen. As we passed by one of the tallest buildings in Manila- a mall coined "The Mega-Mall" I could see the sad sight of a large squatter settlement of makeshift houses next to it. They were built on the embankment of a stagnant, filthy and polluted river.

I saw Tito Ed's eyes glancing at our disturbed look through the rearview mirror. "You know," he said, as he rolled up the

window before an old, crippled man came to beg, "I think the biggest difference between America and the Philippines...It just seems more obvious here."

"We're going to Taal tomorrow," my mother said over dinner. Taal is the small town she grew up in, a couple hours away from the city and in the rural province of Batangas. My mother seemed very anxious- I don't think she likes the city very much. She told me that Tita Jessie, my mother's older sister would be coming too, along with C.J., her three-year-old granddaughter, the most adorable little girl. She's so animated and precocious, I love playing with her. In fact, I think I've learned more Tagalog through her than anyone else. She understands my attempts at Tagalog, and, best of all, she doesn't laugh at me.

Since I have arrived here in the Philippines, I have found myself making up for lost time, reacquainting myself with the family members I have not seen since I was seven. Ate (a name we call an older, female cousin or sister) Charmaine, my cousin who was 13 when I last saw her, is now married and has two children, C.J. and a one year old son, Jermaine. She lives in an apartment duplex with her husband, where his mother and his brother's family lives nearby. C.J. spends the day playing with her cousins in the courtyard. Tita Jessie lives with Ate Charmaine, taking care of the little ones. My other aunts, uncles, cousins and their children come to visit and we gather together to eat- three generations of the family crowded in one, small apartment eating dinner, talking in loud, boisterous voices and laughing.

As I ate my dinner of pancit, Filipino noodles, meat and vegetables, I thought how relieved I would be to be out of the city. The small apartment can be unbearable during the hot, muggy rainy season we were in. I have tried to hide my discomfort as best as I can. I know my seventeen-year old cousin, Errol, would surely tease me if he saw how difficult it was for me trying to adapt.

"You Americans," he said to me the other night at dinner, "You have it so easy. You have no idea what real struggle is like. Here, this small, little apartment is considered luxurious to most people."

I can sense Errol's resentment towards me. He said to me once that he wasn't going to speak English to me. "You're Filipina," he said, "you should know how to speak your own language." Of course, without him speaking English, there was no other way of communicating with me. He gave in just yesterday.

So, for the past week, I've been trying to ignore the ants and mosquitoes that seem to feast on foreign blood. I bite my tongue when there isn't any warm water, and I force myself to eat the food I know would not look very appetizing to me when I'm back home.

But I know a lot of my relatives feel the same way Errol does. When we arrived the first night, our relatives in the city came

to visit. Most of my older cousins didn't attempt to speak to us. I sensed their eyes on me and when I turned to look at them, they quickly turned their heads away. I said hello, but they pretended like they didn't hear me.

But I know what they think of me- spoiled little American girl, who lives a carefree, pampered life in the States, comes back to the country she has forgotten, and doesn't even care to keep in touch with her relatives left behind. She comes back with her stylish clothes and made-up face, scowling at our everyday realities she calls atrocious injustices. And here she is, saying hello to us in that American accent. It was enough to make me ashamed.

"You can roll down the windows now," Tito Ed said as we entered the province of Batangas, "This air you can breathe."

I opened my window to the scenic view of sprawling green, tropical hills and coconut trees. Breathing in, I could smell that we were far from the polluted skies of Manila. The sky here was beautiful, clean and clear. I gazed in amazed wonder at everything I saw, the traditional, raised bamboo houses called Nipa huts, vendors selling exotic fruits, and the rice paddies where workers stood in ankle-deep mud, wearing wide, cone-shaped hats with their backs against the beating sun. We passed by the majestic Taal Lake where the famous Volcano stood in the middle, like a mighty jewel. Along the street, I watched little children walking hand in hand from school in their neatly ironed white and navy uniforms, a woman balancing a basket of corn on her head with ease, and a mother giving her restless little boy a bath in a bucket.

We soon entered Taal, a small, historic town where my mother and her five other brothers and sisters were raised. We could barely fit our minivan through the narrow winding roads of the town. We seemed just inches away from the wooden, antique-looking houses with the sliding windows.

We stopped by the famous, late sixteenth century cathedral built in the heart of the town to take pictures. I admired the massive cathedral- although sorely decaying with age and suffering by neglect, it possessed an aura of ancient beauty. I stood in awe of it, in all of its crumbling splendor. Tita Jessie told me once that the cathedral has historical significance- the Japanese occupied it once during the Second World War- and it was one of the first Catholic Cathedrals ever built in the Philippines.

"We have family ties to this building," Tita Jessie said as we strolled through the courtyard. "Nearly everyone in the family has been married, baptized, and buried here. And," she added, "The Spanish ancestor we get our name from- he was a priest here."

We followed, along with hundreds of other Taalenos, up the street behind an ornately decorated image of the Blessed
(continued on the next page...)

Virgin hoisted onto the shoulders of four men. The villagers sang songs of praise as they walked in procession towards the Cathedral, carrying candles and dimly lit lanterns, illuminating the early morning street. We filed into the Cathedral where the Blessed Virgin was placed before the altar and the priest initiated mass.

"We are gathered here today," the priest began in Tagalog, "as we begin this week long celebration, to give praise to the Lord for the precious gift of our lives. That we never forget the hope of eternity in Heaven, nor do we neglect the constant blessings God has endowed upon us on earth. This is our fiesta- our celebration of life."

After mass people dispersed into the streets, lined and decorated with yellow ribbon. Lively music filled the air as people browsed and shopped in the open air market of fruits and other goods. I found myself wrapped up in the joy of the moment, how everyone seemed in such high spirits. Everyone greeted each other in enthusiastic hellos, and every person seemed to insist that we eat at their house. As part of town fiesta tradition, people go from house to house eating and conversing with people, whether you know them or not. Sharing food is a high form of hospitality, for everyone must work hard and many times struggle to even feed themselves. In the town fiesta, everyone shares their food, whether it's in high abundance or even in meager supply. Such generosity is an act of warmth and gratitude towards relatives, neighbors and God himself.

The first house we visited was a small, two room concrete house. The front room was bare except for a two benches lined against the wall, a small black and white television displaying images of those blonde, buxom beauties of Baywatch. In the corner of the front room was portable stove and bucket of water used to wash dirty dishes. The house was too small to hold everyone, so we all stayed outside where a woman insistently, offered us adobo- a chicken dish- rice, buko (coconut) pie and ube rolls (a purple yam wrapped in bread rolls). I felt a little guilty accepting food from a family who lived in such a meager situation, but I knew to refuse their offer would be a far greater insult. My mother, Tita Jessie, and my older sister, Misty, stayed and chatted with the family after we ate. Since my younger sister, Amy, and I couldn't join into the conversation or even understand it, we played double-dutch with the little girls who seemed amazed at us foreigners- us girls who looked like them but couldn't even speak their language. Before we left, I took a picture of one of the little girls, a seven year old, who stood barefoot in the doorway carrying her 1-year-old sister. They both had the biggest smiles on their faces as they waved good-bye.

"There are five families living in that house," Tita Jessie told me as we left.

"Five families?" I asked, shocked. The front room was no bigger than my dorm room.

"Five," Tita Jessie repeated. "You see, here, in the Philippines, you are either very rich or very poor. But either way, you survive. And because we survive, we are happy, we are grateful. That's all we need." This, I realized, was the heart of the people. Here, life was not measured by how rich or poor you were. But rather, the people of Taal took the time to recognize they were blessed with something far more important- their lives.

"What is America like?" Errol asked me the evening we arrived back in Manila.

The question caught me off guard. It seemed Errol had already painted his ugly picture of America- why was he asking me now?

"What do you mean?" I asked as I reorganized my suitcase.

"What is it like there? I mean, does everyone drive around in their BMW's?" he asked. I laughed.

"No, we don't all have BMW's," I said. "Some of us don't even have cars."

Errol paused. "So what's the American Dream?" he asked.

I shrugged, clueless. "Heck if I know," I said, "I don't know what the Dream is exactly, I think I'm just content with living in reality."

"Well, you're American aren't you?" Errol persisted, "Shouldn't you know?" I turned and looked at him. In fact I didn't know. I didn't even know if I was American.

Just then my mind had memory flashes of being back at school. "What are you?" someone would ask me.

"American," I would sometimes tell them.

And their answer would always be the same: "No I mean what are you really?"

I sighed, "Honestly Errol," I said throwing my hands up in the air, "I don't know. I don't know what I am. I was born in America- I call it home. I go to school there, my friends are there. It's the only culture I'm familiar with. But I'm not entirely American because most people don't think I am. Even if I was born there and English is the only language I speak, they look at my skin color and they automatically think I'm foreign. I'm soo cultured and exotic. I'm an exported commodity. And then I come here, where I look like everyone else, but I'm not. I sound different, I act different and I even dress different." I shrugged. "You know, I'm too Filipino to be American and I'm too American to be Filipino. I don't know what that makes me."

After a long pause, Errol tilted his head to the side and smiled. "It just makes you unique."

Suzanne M. Burcell, ITEPP Director

By
Geneva Shaw



Suzanne M. Burcell is a member of the Karuk Tribe of California and, throughout the early part of her life, was raised in the San Joaquin Valley. Her family then made their way back north to the small "mill town" of Weed in Siskiyou County, where Sue attended junior high, high school, and junior college. She then got married and stopped out of school for eight years, during which she had two daughters. Sue resumed her education in 1976 at Humboldt State University, where she studied psychology and sociology with the intent of pursuing a marriage, family and child counseling license, and received her bachelor's degree in 1978.

Sue's ultimate career objective was to work in local Native American communities; and by the time she received her bachelor's degree in psychology she was convinced there was a greater need for economic developers than for psychotherapists. So, much to the surprise of her social science professors at HSU, she decided to pursue the MBA

program instead of continuing in psychology. After receiving her master's degree emphasizing public administration, Sue got into the field of Indian business development, where she worked with Indian entrepreneurs and Tribal economic developers for about ten years, eventually ending up at the Center For Indian Community Development (CICD) at Humboldt State University. It was here that Sue's horizons broadened from business and economic development to Tribal community development. At the CICD Sue assisted Tribes in developing education, language and cultural programs in addition to economic development.

After five years at the CICD, Sue went back out into Tribal communities, where she assisted the Karuk Tribe in setting up a community development corporation. In addition, Sue has done much work with other Northern California Tribes, such as the Hupa and Yurok Tribes, with a common goal of diversifying Tribal economies. All in all, Sue has worked in the field of business, economic, and community development for more than twenty years.

Facing many complicated challenges in Indian Country, Sue decided she needed to get at the core of the developmental process, which to her meant the accessibility of education for Indian people. Throughout her community-based experiences, she was confronted by the shortage of well-trained Tribal people to meet the needs for rapid development in Indian Country. This is what brought Sue to the Indian Teacher and Educational Personnel Program (ITEPP). According to Sue, "Success begins with a firm educational foundation."

Historically, what ITEPP has done has been to promote Indian self-determination by creating learning communities that validate Tribal cultural values, facilitate academic success, and foster a sense of self-efficacy among American Indian students who are tomorrow's professionals. Sue believes that if ITEPP facilitates academic success, ITEPP graduates, in turn, will facilitate better outcomes in Indian communities. Sue plans to build on the past successes of ITEPP by creating new programs not only for future teachers, but also for those graduates who go into other human services fields in Indian Country.

As a first step in this building process, Sue will assess community needs by conducting surveys of past ITEPP graduates and participants to determine where they

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Let's Talk About Revolution

By
Priscilla Zuniga and
Claudia Tello

The planning for the 8th annual Diversity Conference began with a jolt... we wanted to talk about Revolution! We talked to different people about the word and what feelings or images did "Revolution" evoke in peoples' minds and hearts. There was a wide range of responses: Russian Revolution, Mexican Revolution, Sandinistas, Che Guevara, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., Civil Rights Movement, military coup, Stonewall, gay rights, people power, and more. After hearing the diversity of reactions and responses, we knew we had a hot topic for the Diversity Conference.

So, what is the Diversity Conference, and who are we? The Diversity Conference is an annual conference presented by the MultiCultural Center. This campus event is planned, organized, and implemented by students. The main purpose of the conference is to educate our community, create a safe place for dialogue, raise awareness about multiculturalism and all other "isms" and to work on the process of change. And We are this year's conference coordinators: Claudia Tello and Priscilla Zuniga.

For us, the word Revolution means change. Revolution means people being empowered to make change happen. Revolution means people with power to challenge the status quo and to create a better way of being for all. We want to challenge people to first examine who you are and ask yourself if you are aware of your own prejudice, knowledge or ignorance. Ask yourself if you are aware of inequities that exist in the classroom, in the workplace, in our government. Then ask yourself if you are consciously working towards a common good for all people.

We believe that we are in great need of a new Revolution, and the call to arms will be books and education, not guns; and the battlefield will be the classroom, not some distant places. The Revolution begins with ourselves, and the changes we make in our lives with learning, awareness, and education. The ripple begins with one person, why not you?

Now that we have shared our thoughts about Revolution, let's talk about the direction and details for con-

ference. We have an exciting title and theme, which was developed in a collaborative way with many people and their passions: "From Marginalization to Inclusion: Revolution or Evolution?" — that's the question. Will it take a revolution or will it be evolution to change the status quo in our curricula. When are we going to stop glorifying Christopher Columbus as the person who discovered America? Generally speaking, our history books do not give us information about the rich cultures of the indigenous people who had lived here for thousands of years before Columbus; when will history include Native Americans as "discoverers" of this country? When are we going to look at authors of color as creditable writers? When will our education include ALL perspectives in the discussion? There are many questions, and we hope to find many answers through workshops, speakers, dialogue groups, and panel discussions at the Diversity Conference.

We invite all of you to participate in the Diversity Conference on March 1 & 2, 2002. Register for the conference in Ethnic Studies, Women Studies, and Professional Studies (Leadership Minor) and earn one unit of academic credit. Educators can also receive academic credit through Extended Education. If you have any questions about the conference, please call the MultiCultural Center at 826-3364, email us at mcc@humboldt.edu, or stop by House 55. See you on March 1 & 2 of 2002...VIVA LA REVOLUTION!

8th annual Diversity Conference

"From Marginalization to Inclusion: Revolution or Evolution?"

Friday, March 1, 2002, 5:00 – 9:00 pm

Saturday, March 2, 2002, 8:00 am – 6:00 pm

John Van Duzer Theater

Conference fee: \$15/HSU & CR students, faculty and staff/
high school students; \$20/General

Fee includes continental breakfast, lunch, and conference materials

For information call 826-3364

Didn't Mean to Alarm You, I'm Just Being Me

By
Courtney Dedric McGraw

Hey, how are you doing? Fine I hope. My name is Courtney Dedric McGraw. I am currently a sophomore at Humboldt State University. After originally residing in Compton, California for the majority of my life, I relocated here to Arcata to carry out my educational endeavors. For the 19 years prior to this year in which I just turned 20, I lived with a darling lady by the name of Janice Jackson. Now this lady is indeed special because she took on and successfully completed a task that many women will never know the burden of doing. What task? She single-handedly raised a little black boy into a fine young man in a world where the black man is public enemy number one.

Where was my father throughout my life? To be honest, your guess is as good as mine is. As a matter of fact, that was one of the first things my mother made me realize. She told me that she was all the mother and father I needed. At the time she gave me two choices: I could either fold up and use not having a father as an excuse to fail, or I could trust in her love for me and make it to that place so many people who don't even know me don't want to see me go. That place is to the top, to succeed in life.

As the years passed on, Moms, as I affectionately refer to her as, continued to prepare me for life. By the age of four I found myself learning basis concepts, like right from wrong and to have respect for authority. Moms formulated simple principles for me to live by such as do unto others as you would have them do unto you, don't lie, cheat or steal, never give up hope, never be afraid to stand up for righteousness, and if someone hits you don't turn the other

cheek so they can strike you again, stand up for yourself. She also taught me to know that I don't really need anybody but GOD.

On the other hand, there were things to come in my life that Moms didn't have the knowledge to prepare me for. You see, growing up in Compton is no easy task. Most of what is heard in gangster rap music is true. The individuals who are performing these songs might not actually be doing the things they rap about but trust me on this, most young males out there actually are. Moms always understood the dangers of our environment but she was smart enough to understand that the only way I would be able to survive the inner city streets was to actually get out there and learn how to handle myself. I never have or will blame Moms for the lessons I had to learn in the streets. Now that I think about it I never told my mom the times I was robbed shot at, jumped on, peer pressured or threatened. I guess I never felt a need to tell her.

Although those were some pretty intense situations to have to face as an adolescent, I learned valuable lessons from each one. I learned that all the tough guys who prefer to be feared versus being loved, eventually get murdered, usually by someone they intimidated. I found that using drugs will destroy all your hopes and dreams. Most importantly I learned how to physically defend myself because sometimes the police just don't get there fast enough and talking doesn't always work.

Throughout my childhood Moms constantly reminded me how valuable a college education was. She disregarded the concept of putting too much pressure on a kid and always demanded that I be the first college graduate in our family. I'll never forget how happy I made my mom by getting accepted to numerous colleges across the country. To be honest, I think if she would have had a choice between me going to college or winning a million dollars, I would be sitting here wondering why she didn't just take the million dollars. I guess she probably feels like so many people expect little black kids from the hood to fail so getting a degree in her eyes is worth a *zillion* dollars.

When I first told Moms I was planning to attend Humboldt State University she asked me why. I told her I needed a change of environment, I needed a more peaceful place to live. I told her it was time to try something new. Quite naturally, Moms understood my reasons. She was
(continued on the next page...)



Photographs /Digital Art By Precious Yamaguchi

*tell it like it is: life experiences
& self expression*

even beginning to worry about my safety in the streets of Compton. However, she was very concerned about whether or not a predominantly white county was the place for a black man to pursue his education. She talked to me about the hatred that a lot of whites still hold in their hearts toward people of color. She was concerned with the fascist views of some of the administrators with power to make peoples lives harder than they have to be (sorry for exposing you guys). Quite frankly, she didn't know if I was ready to step right into the real world and deal with the white man. Now, don't get it twisted when I white man. I mean the individuals who promote white superiority and those who just can't stand us colored folk.

You see, Moms knows the boy that she has raised. She knows her son won't take any outlandish nonsense that people try and pull. Moms know her son is an intellect who's tongue hurts the hearts of some of the coldest haters in America. She felt that if I was provoked I would dish out mental beat downs to narrow-minded individuals and in turn I would be viewed as a smart mouth nigger who doesn't know how to be passive to the white man's bullshit and eventually get myself into trouble.

Guess what? She was right. I got myself tied up in the white man's system. A few weeks ago my friend and I went to visit two other friends. The two friends we went to visit live in a suite in the Maple dormitory. While sitting in the LIVING ROOM (you know, the space designed to entertain company, the racially neutral zone) of the suit I noticed a laptop computer sitting on a desk. Okay, now if I'm wrong about this find me on campus and correct me, but isn't this supposed to be a hate-free campus? Aren't all the dormitories supposed to enforce the 24-hour courtesy rule? Obviously the owner of the laptop didn't think so, because she left her PC on with a desktop picture that depicted a neo-nazi with a schwastica tattoo killing a Jewish woman while she held the Star of David.

Shocked by the boldness of a person to have this out where it could be seen, I just stared at the screen. While staring at the screen I noticed this narrow-minded individual's Instant Messenger running. So I decided to invite some of this person's buddies to chat with me, so I typed something to the effect of "I love Jews and Blacks," and the response I got was, "FUCK NIGGERS AND JEWS" which was precisely the response I expected. Somehow the owner of the computer got word of me being on her computer and made her way to the Maple dormitory to confront me. When the young lady entered the room she violently burst through the door. Her demeanor was that of a psychotic maniac who's verbal arsenal only contained profanity; you know those words ignorant people use when they can't express their opinion in a civilized fashion. Secondly, she displayed her shallowness by having her three friends accompany her



to settle a dispute she should have handled on her own. I am the first to admit I was wrong for touching this young lady's laptop but how many people do you know that would have just broke the damn thing?

The first thing I explained to these four neo-nazi advocates is that they should not continue to use fighting words to express their displeasure with me because if they attempted to harm me I would defend myself (remember what Moms told me about turning that cheek). Realizing that I was much more intelligent than them, they resorted to the same means an immature child would – name-calling. They shouted things like, "get out Nigger," and "you black bastard." Little did they know growing up in the inner city you become a master at playing the dozens when you first learn how to talk, so they had no wins coming in there. I was really appalled when one of the young ladies gained enough courage to try to punch me. More than likely, if I was really this violent barbarian that a few administrators and students are trying to so vigorously portray me as, those four individuals would probably just now be regaining consciousness, but I'M NOT.

The next day I get banned from all the dorms on campus and the JGC building because I am too intimidating to four advocates of *hate*. Realizing the officials in charge were on their side, the four haters took advantage of having the upper hand. They first passed my friend and I and yelled out to us, "Fuck y'all," and we laughed at their silliness and proceeded to enjoy life. Then two hours later they had called the police and filed a complaint of criminal threats as a result of our body language (a law I have never even heard of).

So what do the police do? They simply accept these unknown advocates of hate as legit and dispatch as estimated 10 units to my residence, as if they had received notice that I was hiding Osama Bin Laden at my house! Now, the four advocates get their complaints responded to with the utmost urgency, but when I inquired as to whether or not the officers arrested the girl who assaulted me, they responded by saying, "we're still looking into the matter."

Keep in mind the assault on me was confirmed by several eyewitnesses, but the four advocates of hate were their own witness and somehow their statements were deemed more credible than my own.

In actuality, the only lesson I learned out of this is if you're white, you're right and if you're not, then the hell with you, and I can live with that. However, I don't like the whole concept of, "we just can't understand why you colored folks are so hostile." If this statement makes sense to you and you know the true history of this country, please explain it to me. Last time I checked we were slaves to the whites. We were brought here against our own will. If I'm not mistaken we didn't steal the land from the Native Americans and the Hispanics. The Oklahoma City bombing where all those innocent lives were lost, we didn't do that. We were not the ones who saw a reason why an activist as peaceful as Martin Luther King should be murdered. I know for a fact we were not the ones who killed all those Jewish people for their beliefs. Or nor was it blacks that tied a black man to a truck in Texas and dragged him at 70 m.p.h. to his death. And those definitely were black cops who beat Rodney King senseless and were set free. What I am saying is no one particular race can fairly be deemed aggressive because we are all not perfect.

To sum it up is real simple: if you respect me, I'll respect you. If you verbally assault me, then I will return the favor. I love all types of people because variety is beautiful. My mother could have easily raised me to believe all white people are bad, but all thanks to GOD she wasn't that foolish. She taught me to treat everyone the way I would treat her because I am merely a representation of her and her values. It has never been my intention to use my ethnicity or culture to intimidate people and I cannot and will not be held accountable for the stereotypical views of narrow-minded individuals. I want to be recognized as a warm-hearted person because that is who I am. I do not hate anyone for what they do or who they are, it requires the use of too many of my valuable brain cells. However, I am no pushover either, I deal with situations when they present themselves.

To all of the Caucasian people who read this article, if the shoe doesn't fit, don't wear it, these are simply my honest feelings. When I use the phrase "the white man" I am speaking of those who work so hard to promote hate for no reason. On the other hand, it should be known that those of you around here who do hate people of color, allow me to offer you some detrimental advice: watch your mouth because there will be some people of color who have no tolerance for you if you use racially derogatory terms in their presence.

So if you see me around campus in my baggy attire, looking like I'm fresh from the hood- that's because I am. But don't trip, if I'm looking too serious, THERE IS NO REASON TO BE ALARMED, I'M JUST BEING ME.

The following is an account of an incident that took place in the residence halls. The MCC understands that there is always two sides to a story. Although we honor the right to freedom of speech, the views and opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and not necessarily of the editorial staff.

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Midnight Sun

By Tien-Yu Tai

Hanging high in the sky
You smile night after night
In my dream, mind and heart
You are the midnight sun

Your sweetness float on the stream
Of starlight and the moon beam
Fulfills my needs and unsatisfaction
Lures my desire and desperation

On my way to that
Fantasy land of your lusts
The path is cold and dark
But I will not give up
And please always be my sunshine
For me at the midnight
Don't let me lose my way
On the journey to your land

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are, what they are doing, and how well they have been prepared as a result of ITEPP's academic and student support programs. The focus will be on better preparing ITEPP graduates for the challenges they face, for example, by creating professional development programs and academic minors in addition to the current American Indian Education minor. Sue also will focus on making these educational opportunities as accessible as possible by offering courses on-line, through one-week intensives, and during summer sessions, so that practitioners could participate in professional certificate programs as part of their continuing education.

By exploring the needs of both students and prospective employers—public schools, Tribal organizations, and private non-profit organizations—through surveys and community visits, ITEPP will gather information about future program directions that are most responsive to targeted Indian populations. With a combination of Sue's outstanding experiences working in Indian Country, her long track record of successful grant writing, and her phenomenal work ethic, ITEPP has the potential to expand its successes and maintain its national reputation as a model program for American Indian Education.



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