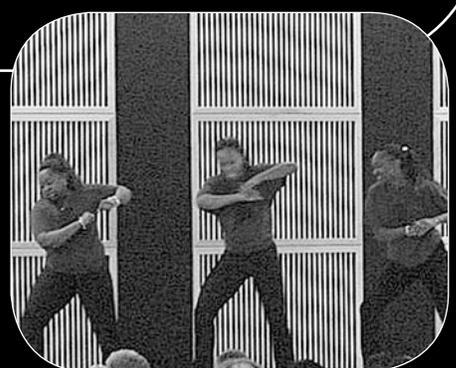


The MultiCultural Center's

Cultural Times

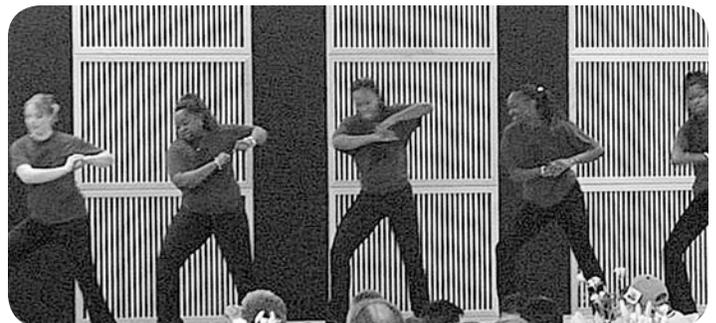
Spring Semester 2003



Humboldt State University

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Sometimes the most challenging experiences we face turn out to be the most rewarding. It is the struggle that we are encountered when we take action to overcome the adversities in life, the internal conflict of our own abilities to accomplish our goals and all that we learn about ourselves along the way that create personal as well as social achievements. Sometimes we can be accomplishing more than we even know, by doing things such as participating in activism or causes we believe in, volunteering, going to school to educate ourselves or even actions that are often very important but easily overlooked like being a good parent, a generous friend or being a loving partner, that all help build identity, self-worth and help the people around us. The ways we can improve the lives of others and ourselves is endless. With every goal that is accomplished, a new goal lies not far ahead and here at the MultiCultural Center, we have experienced a semester full of achievements made by students that have brought cultural unity and education within our campus as we are constantly seeking ways to make improvements while still having fun at the same time!

The events created by students, faculty and members of the community for Black History Month, Q-Fest, Celebración Latina and the MultiCultural Center's annual Diversity Conference are shown throughout the newsletter. The preparation and efforts of many individuals who put on these events were rewarded with the achievement of bringing knowledge and awareness of their causes to the university and the community. The encouragement of cultural education continues throughout this semester with Asian Heritage Week, with events that everyone is welcome to attend and cultural community graduations such as Black Graduation, Graduacion Latina and the AIA Sash Ceremony.

As the spring semester comes towards an end, MCC seniors reflect on their growth and experiences here at HSU. With graduation just around the corner, this newsletter will be the last one that I take the enjoyment of creating. It has been such an honor and a fun experience to be able to display the accomplishments and achievements of my peers that they make each semester and to communicate with the campus community through this newsletter.

With several seniors graduating, the MCC positions will be open to students who are interested in working here during the Fall semester. I congratulate all those who are graduating and all who have completed another semester here at HSU and will be back next year. As the semester comes to an end, we will continue to move on to the next challenge and therefore continue to grow. I thank you all for participating in the interest of the cultural community at HSU by reading this newsletter and have a great rest of your spring semester.

Thank you!
Precious Yamaguchi
Editor of *The Cultural Times*



Annual May Day Block Party

Annual May Day Block Party

The MCC invites the campus and community to their third annual May Day Block Party on Thurs., May 1, noon to 2:00, in the parking lot between the MCC and Speech Communication. Enjoy live music, lei-making, face-painting, food sales, and great fun! The MCC will be selling Hawaiian style plate lunches, and all proceeds will help our students with travel costs when they attend the National Conference on Race and Ethnicity in Higher Education (NCORE) in San Francisco.

May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii, and Marylyn Paik-Nicely (MCC Director) loves to share her Hawaiian heritage with HSU. Wear a muumuu or Aloha Shirt and come to the MCC on May 1st for some Aloha Spirit!

MCC Open Midnight During Finals Week

Beginning on Sunday, May 11, the MCC will be open until midnight during finals week. All students are welcomed to use the computer lab, conference room for study groups, and stop by for coffee, tea, hot chocolate and brain food! MCC supports your academic success at HSU!

Graduation

Graduation Open House

The MCC will host a Graduation Open House after each Commencement Ceremony on Saturday, May 17. Bring your friends and families by for good food, refreshing beverages, and relaxation. Congratulations to all HSU Grads!

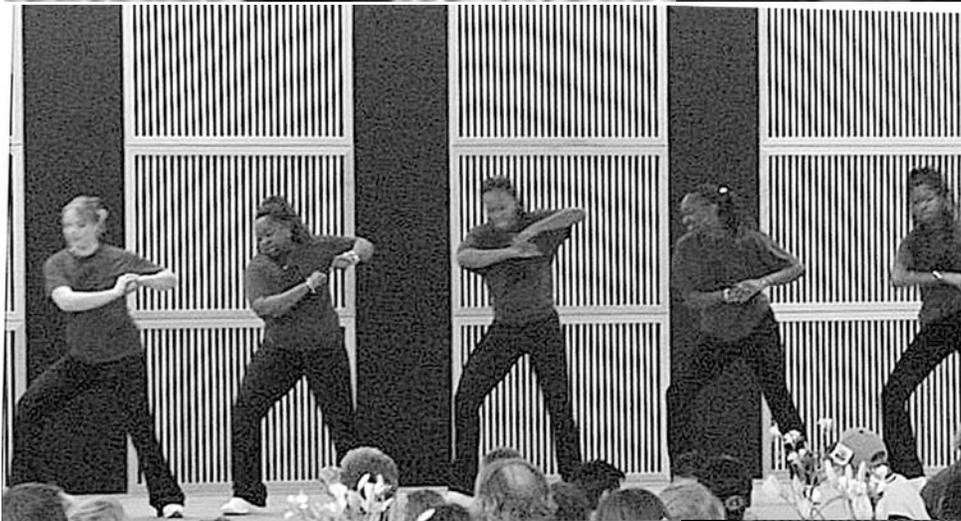
The Black Graduation will be held on Friday, May 16, in Fulkerson Recital Hall at 7:00 PM.

Graduacion Latina:
&th Annual Raza Graduation
Friday, May 16 @ 6:00 PM
KBR

AIA Sash Ceremony
Thursday, May 15 @ 5:30
Goodwin Forum



clubs , Black
Student Union



Black History Month Events

Photos by Ryan Mann

Celebracion
Latina



BY
Adriana
Lopez

Celebración Latina

page 4
MCC



ful dinner which took place on Saturday April 5th featuring countries such as Panama, Colombia, Mexico and El Salvador. There were wonderful performances by the Ballet Folklorico, Salsa club, Andean music and more. Needless to say, the dinner was a success and everyone walked out pleased with the taste of the delicious authentic flavors of the various dishes. After the dinner we danced to the tunes of Ponche, a salsa band from Humboldt County that made us dance the night away. I certainly enjoyed this year's various events, specially the keynote speaker gave a political perspective on Latin American countries that I know many people in this university don't know about. I hope this year's celebration Latina helped other people who don't know much about our culture and even ourselves, who are Latinos, to be better informed about our roots, culture and to become more open minded about the diverse cultures in America.

The third Celebración Latina formerly known as Latino Week, took place April 1st through 12th with a series of workshops presented by students and professors to inform the community about the Latino culture and issues. The Celebración Latina is a way for Latino students to come together and communicate to the community the richness and diversity of our Latino Culture. The first event was a documentary on pottery and its usage in Nicaragua presented by Potters for peace. This year we had the privilege of having Father Roy Bourgeois as our keynote speaker. He is a dedicated activist protesting against the SOA (School of the Americas) located in Fort Benning GA. The school of the Americas has trained over 60,000 Latin American Soldiers in counterinsurgency techniques, sniper training commando and other techniques that these soldiers utilize to atterrorize those who opposed their repressive governments. Father Roy presented a gate of knowledge in an issue that many people don't want to talk about and that can be well named "the continuous colonization of America by the United States."

" Our purpose of having Celebración Latina every year is to dedicate a little bit of time to prove the diversity and vividness of our Latino Heritage. And at the same time exposing issues that are currently affecting Latin American countries and Latinos living in the United States," said President of Latinos Unidos and organizer of the event Daniela Molina.

I would like to thank all those who made this year's Celebración Latina not only possible but also a great success: Latinos Unidos members, MultiCultural Center, Educational Opportunity Program, Housing and Dinning Services, Los Bagels, Richard C. Vrem (Interim Vice President for Academic Affairs), Humboldt Foundation, Associated Students, HSU Capoeira Club, MEChA, Gamma Sorority, Puentes, Lumberjack, El Herald, Maje Hoyos, Prof. Joe Leeper, Barbara Curiel, Hugo Santos and everyone who dedicated their time and energies in this event.

- Other events that took place through the week we had:
- Σ The screening of a documentary of "Displaced Women in Colombia" by Juliana Brugman.
 - Σ Loteria Mexican Bingo
 - Σ Capoeira Club workshop (Brazilian martial arts movement)
 - Σ Taste of Cocina Salvadoreña (workshop by Daniela Molina and Lorena Oliva)
 - Σ Island of Resistance: Experiences From Puerto Rico the Oldest Colony of the World (by Ryan Mann)
- And many other interesting workshops that gave a closer look at many of the issues and realities that surround the Latino culture.

We also had the opportunity to taste delicious dishes from different Latin American countries at the Latino Purpose-

The 3rd Annual Celebración Latina



Life After Humboldt



I hate saying good-byes, which is why I'm hesitant to write this. The reason why I hate saying goodbye is every-time I say farewell to someone who I think I'll never see in my life again, I go through this mourning process where I feel very sentimental and moody. I tell this person how I feel about him/her leaving, and that I will miss him/her. We then go back and talk about the good times we shared, and then I finally come to grips

and let this person go. Then two weeks later, I see this same person at a Denny's and we do the same stuff we used to do. This kind of makes the whole saying goodbye process worthless, don't you think? Yeah, I know I'm supposed to talk about the good times I've had at this school since I'm graduating. And reminisce over the past as I sit on the bleachers of Redwood Bowl, the same bench I sat on during the welcome speech when I was a freshman 30 years ago. But with my luck, if I talk about all that, I'll probably have to end up repeating some of the same classes I'm taking now, so I don't want to jinx it.

There are some things I do want to mention as this semester is winding down and the day where I walk in a black robe and receive a piece of paper is coming soon. One thing for sure is I've met a lot of wonderful people at

the MCC. One person I'm grateful in getting to know is Marylyn. The reason why I say this is last summer, while I was hanging out on campus, Marylyn asked me if I wanted to be a coordinator for the Diversity Conference. While I felt there were so many people who were more qualified than me to do this job, she saw something in me I didn't. She had some faith in me and because of that, I took the offer right away. For that, I would like to thank you Marylyn.

Also, the greatest friends I've made have been from APASA. What can I say? These guys (especially Precious) are the coolest people to ever get to know. The truth is, we have a very small Asian population not only on campus, but in the community as well. Being a member of APASA, I got to see a lot of members who were dedicated to bringing their message across. Because of them, they've had amazing turnouts in the events they've held such as the Purposeful Dinner and the Lunar New Year Festival. Looking back at all the accomplishments they've done, I'm grateful to have been involved in their club. Plus, Tony tells the best jokes!

While writing this, I did go back a little to reflect on some of the things that happened while being a part of this school. Oh well, looks like you'll be seeing me here next semester!

By
Rishi
Nakra

The Ways I Have Changed



I have changed and been changed a lot in my four years at HSU. As a native San Franciscan I was accustomed to being surrounded by people who looked like me, and if they didn't look like me, were at least familiar with my culture. When I came to Humboldt four years ago, I learned what it was to be a minority for the first time.

I thought I knew what I was getting into when I signed up to go to school in "Hickville" but I never could have predicted how strange it would really be. I was made aware that my skin color was clearly distinguishable from that of a "white" person's; I learned the difference between racism and cultural intolerance; and I learned how much stereotyping can affect one's perception of one's self.

Throughout my first two years at HSU the MCC was my home. When I was there I felt like I was surrounded by people who understood what I was going through. I even got to meet all five of the Asian students on campus! It was great.

Through the many programs and workshops that we've put on at the MultiCultural Center, I have gained leadership and organizing skills, explored my own prejudices, and made friends of different ethnicities and cultures. Thanks to the MCC! Thanks to Marylyn for being there for me from the get-go, to Jerry for putting up with my timesheets, and good luck to everyone in APASA in the coming years!

By
Solana
Foo

Kerry Bailey, Graphic Designer of the MCC



In these four years my experience at Humboldt State University has been a very meaningful journey. I found out a lot about myself and who I dream to become in the future. I would like to thank the MCC and EOP for their support through my college experience.

By
Kerry
Bailey

The Treasures I Have Found in Humboldt

It was my senior year in high school and I was ready to leave the sunny, fast-paced city life of Los Angeles and make my way into the small rainy town of Arcata. I had grown up in Los Angeles and lived in the same house all my life. I loved high school and being in the city with its diverse population, nice weather, the friends I had grown up with and my family were all characteristics that made this place my home. However, as much as I liked being a carefree and active student, I had grown tired and restless with the very city I so loved. I remember the exact day I was walking through the hallway of my high school. On the walls hung posters promoting the Homecoming Dance, gossip of who's-dating-who and so-and-so just broke up flowed like a swift current through the river of students dressed in their Tommy Hilfiger, Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein attire that had become like a recognizable uniform of a typical high school student. The segregated cliques, the teachers who had seemed to have lost their enthusiasm for teaching and were just waiting to retire and seeing the same city outside the windows of my classroom everyday, were things I was a part of and was now ready to leave. High school seemed so predictable, within a city so shallow. I needed a change of pace; to be in a different environment and that's the pathway that led me down the Redwood-tree-lined road to Humboldt. This is a place where my passion for art grew, writing became my hobby, classes were actually interesting, I experienced my first time falling in love, had experiences that opened my eyes to a world of new places, people and experiences I never knew existed and met friends that have enriched my college and personal experience of growing.

Like many new freshmen, when I arrived to this densely lush and quiet town I was excited. It was a new breath of air



for me (without the smog), and seemed like just the type of place I wanted to be a part of. I adapted quickly and fell in love with my new home. I remember one day, I was in the dorms of Sunset Hall with the boyfriend I had during that time, and his roommate Jesse, who started to show us how he could play the banjo. As Jesse started to play, in walked this girl with long hair, no shoes and hemp-fabric pants; none of us knew her.

"Oh, I just love dancing to the banjo," she said and she started dancing, swaying her hips that had no rhythm from side to side. As a true city girl, I had never seen or heard someone play the banjo in my life, it seemed like some archaic instrument from old American folktales. At first I thought she was dancing and talking the way she was, slowly and day-dreamy-like with eyes closed to be funny. I started laughing, but then I realized she wasn't trying to humor us, she was serious. She continued to dance to the banjo in the tiny dorm room as Jesse, was now obligated to continue to play. I began to meet more and more people like her, some who became my good friends and found myself asking myself, "what am I doing here?"

By
PRecious
Yamaguchi

As the initial novelty of being in Humboldt faded, a long with a lot of my peers who also always seemed to be interested in being “faded,” I started to miss certain characteristics that I had taken for granted while growing up in the city. One of the things I missed most was the diversity that Humboldt lacked. I had always had friends throughout my life that came from different ethnic and cultural. I missed seeing other people who had the same cultural similarities as myself. It wasn’t until my second year here that I finally met another Asian girl, Solana, who became my first Asian friend here. It literally took me a whole year to find her! It was only my sophomore year at Humboldt and I had just applied to transfer to Cal Poly San Luis Obispo and was accepted, and then I met Marylyn Paik-Nicely, the director of the MultiCultural Center, who changed my whole Humboldt experience for the better.

The day I applied to work as a staff member of the MCC, I ended up getting hired as the editor for their newsletter. With a small amount of experience I had working my high school’s newspaper, writing for a local Los Angeles newspaper and being the editor of my high school’s yearbook, I walked into the position of being the editor for **The Cultural Times** slightly inexperienced, but very enthusiastic.

The pot culture of Humboldt was something that didn’t interest me much here, so the MCC sparked up my interest like a joint to a pothead, and involvement with the MCC became a hobby and a way to have fun here at Humboldt. I became involved with the MCC as much as I could, working at their events such as the Week of Dialogue, the Diversity Conference, joining the APASA club and becoming an Ethnic Studies minor. This was the type of organization I needed and was a major factor that encouraged me to stay and get my degree here in four years, rather than transferring to a different college.

As my last semester draws towards an end here at Humboldt State University, I feel my heart shift with anticipation as I prepare to move back to the city again. For me, Los Angeles will always be my home and a city I love, however I may have not known how much I appreciate living in a city until I moved out to Humboldt, a place that I have grown to love in its own way too. College has given me more than just a degree in Studio Art and two minors in Ethnic Studies and Journalism, it has provided experiences that I may never have had in life otherwise. During my time spent here, I have seen some of the most beautiful scenery in the world that God has created and man has fought to preserve. I have spent the summer in Greece through a program in the art department where I discovered my independence and love for traveling and adventure. I have been to a Native American Reservation, a Buddhist monastery, attended mass at a Catholic church for my first time, joined

an AS committee, drove to Oregon with friends at the spur of the moment, gone rock climbing, camping, mountain biking, snowboarding, traveled to Texas to do a project for one of my classes, became a part of one of the best organizations on campus, known as the MCC and developed meaningful relationships that I will cherish endlessly. I am one to believe that life is truly what a person decides to make of it and I am happy to be graduating from college, feeling very whole and knowing that I have had a wonderful time discovering myself here and knowing that there is a lot ahead of me in my future to yet embark upon.

I thank my family for always being so supportive of me and making such a great effort to keep in touch with me while I have been away, especially my Golden Retriever Roger, who I can’t wait to see again. The professors who have inspired me and helped me increase my love of knowledge have given me the gift of education and interest that I treasure. My “family” and friends at the MCC have made my experience at HSU so memorable, and I thank the MCC for giving me the opportunity to make this newsletter. My friends, my peers, my two loves that I have experienced during my time here have helped my soul grow and I appreciate it for all that its worth. Thank you!



Adapting to the Humboldt Lifestyle

I drove up to Humboldt from Riverside, Calif. with my family in the summer of '98. I endured 12 hours of listening to my parents giving me the same advice over and over again on what to remember once I'm on my own. "Don't wash red and whites together," "Be frugal with your money," and so on and so on.

As the urban asphalt freeways turned into winding highways of endless forest, I tried to think of what to expect once I arrived at my new home for next few years. I thought of those glossy brochures I poured over constantly – pictures of gorgeous Redwood scenery, sunny skies and breathtaking orange and purple sunsets dipping into ocean tides.

I remember seeing a picture of an Asian girl holding up a starfish from a tidepool in one of the brochures.

It was definitely a change from the usual urban sites. I had never interacted so close to nature. I knew Humboldt was the place for me.

It was a cloudy day in July when we first arrived at HSU. I was disappointed and it was the first indication that not everything was going to fit the idyllic brochure mold.

We parked at the Jolly Giant Commons and entered the first floor for registration. I saw freshmen all around me and I realized that these were probably the people that I would spend my years of college with.

Everyone seemed friendly enough, but a feeling of anxiety knotted in the pit of my stomach. I watched incoming freshmen come piling into the room for registration, and the realization hit me – my family and I were the only minority faces in the whole room. We stuck out like a



sore thumb among all the Caucasian faces. I saw the worried look on my Dad's face and the awkward glances from people around us. My parents' conversations in Filipino sounded alien among all the English conversations..

I could only think that maybe I had made a mistake. My Mom was completing the last of the registration papers and I was already begging her if we could go home.

I had never been in a place where there was a lack of minorities. I grew up where the minorities seemed to be the majority. It wasn't rare to hear different languages being spoken around me. But here I was in Humboldt, and I couldn't pick out a single minority face.

Despite my Mom telling me that I was crazy, I was on my way out the door with my bag, when I ran into the first minority face I had seen all day – a Mexican-American girl named Natasha and her family came strolling in. I was so relieved to see her I almost gave her a huge hug.

Throughout my first two years in Humboldt I was always aware of the fact that I was always the only minority student in the classroom. Out of a hall of 300 people, there were only 10 other minority people in my dorm. I began to

By
Hazel
Lodevico

(Hazel Lodevico continued)

accept that perhaps that was the situation and I just had to deal with it. I tried to forget that I was homesick, lonely and the food at the 'J wasn't cutting it for my cravings for my Mom's pancit (Filipino noodles.)

By the end of my sophomore year, I was looking into transferring to another school like Cal State Long Beach or Fullerton where I knew there wouldn't be a shortage of minorities.

Then my friend BoMee told me about APASA. She was Korean American and president of the Asian Pacific American Student Alliance on campus. She always invited me to the meetings, but I was reluctant. In high school I thought clubs like the Asian Club or MECHA was a joke. No one ever did anything in those clubs, and it just seemed to me like an excuse for people just to stick to their own ethnicity.

But I hadn't seen too many Asian faces on campus and the thought of there actually being enough of people to make a club of Asians intrigued me.

The more I came to club meetings, the more I came to realize how much it meant to be able to identify with people. I could relate to the members of APASA, although we came from all sorts of different Asian cultures, we all could relate to each other in so many different ways. We could talk about what it's like being the only Asian in the class, tell each other jokes that only an Asian would get and make fun of the rice at the 'J on how it's not real rice.

Being a part of a APASA made me more aware of my culture and more proud to be a part of it. We were a tiny group of Asians in a predominately white school and it made me want to share my culture with everyone. I became Vice-President of APASA my last year of college. I also became more involved with the MultiCultural Center.

I have to say being involved with APASA and the MCC has been the most enriching experience of my time here at HSU. By helping to put on events that strive to raise cultural awareness does make a difference, especially in a campus where ethnic issues are often shoved to the side. Taking an active role in cultural events has helped me see just how much can be accomplished. Just watching how your efforts create a positive response with people is truly a rewarding experience.

I've made great friends at the MCC and in APASA. Graduation will be a bittersweet experience – although it's always better to move in to greater heights, it's always sad to leave behind the people who helped you get there. Thank you MCC and APASA and I hope your efforts will continue to inspire people!

HSU's Q-Fest

Queer crossed cultural boundaries at the first Cross Cultural Queer festival (or Q-fest.) From March 26 through 28. Eleven films were featured on campus portraying queer lifestyles from different cultural perspectives. The idea began with the Community Coordinators of the MultiCultural Center who wanted to break stereotypes about queer people - queer can come in all ethnicities, shapes and sizes. Everyone is essentially united, regardless of ethnicity or sexual preference. Various student organizations such as the Black Student Union, the Asian Pacific American Student Alliance and the Womens Center became involved with the process.

As we searched for films depicting the queer experience from various cultural standpoints, we found we were choosing from a surprisingly small group of films. There were hardly any mainstream queer films, much less queer *cultural* films. Despite the small selection we came up with 11 films that spanned a broad range of cultural perspectives.

Among those films were "Fire," Deepa Mehta's taboo-breaking film of two Indian Women trapped in loveless, arranged marriages who fall in love, Ang Lee's, "Wedding Banquet," of a gay Taiwanese man who agrees to a sham marriage to appease his parents, and "Brother Outsider: The Life of Bayard Rustin," a documentary of a gay black man fighting for civil rights yet shunned by those he fought with. The Q-Fest also exposed audiences to independent, foreign films such as the New Guinea film of "Dakan" and the Native American film from Canada, "Johnny Greeneyes."

Despite the sensitive subjects of the Q-Fest, several screenings drew a good amount of people. Yet, as the campus responded to the war, we saw participation dwindle at the screenings.

Despite the subsequent low turnout at screenings, the feedback was positive. "Keep up the good work," we were told, queer issues should be addressed. And we will, next year the Q-Fest will be back, better than ever!

By
Hazel
Lodevico

Diversity
Conference



**COALITION
BUILDING:**

HSU
MULTICULTURAL
CENTER
presents the
9th ANNUAL
DIVERSITY
CONFERENCE

"Uniting for Change; Communicating to Make a Difference"

March 7th & 8th 2003



Diversity Conference 2003

Diversity
Conference



Asian Heritage Week and Events

Every so often you'll hear the term API, or Asian Pacific Islander, as if the term meant some homogeneous group. The fact is, API or APA (Asian Pacific Americans) encompasses such a broad spectrum of cultures that to categorize the ethnic group as homogenous would be ridiculous.

Asia and the Pacific Islands span a great portion of the world. Asia accounts for the countries of East Asia (China, Korea and Japan) to South Asia (India, Nepal, Sri Lanka and Pakistan.) The Pacific Islands accounts for the islands of Polynesia, from Samoa to Hawaii and the Islands of Melanesia.

Within such an expansive portion of the globe that Asia and the Pacific Islands cover, so many different cultures exist. The term API is so diverse as Asians and Pacific Islanders, we do not share a unifying language. Each culture is a unique culture of its own. However, despite the diversity, there also exists cultural unifying bonds that unite API's together.

May is the nationally celebrated Asian Pacific Heritage Month and The Asian Pacific American Student Alliance would like to address that diversity in our first Asian Pacific American Celebration April 23 through May 4. Throughout the week we will be celebrating the diversity that exists in Asian Pacific cultures and address the issues that concern the APA community with workshops, demonstrations, music, food and dance.

The celebration begins with an APASA and faculty get-together in Wednesday April 23 in the

Nelson Hall East Kitchen at 5 p.m. This kicks off a week and a half of festivities including a martial arts demonstration by the campus club Iron Monkey, cooking demonstrations on dishes from Thailand and China and dance demos on Filipino and Polynesian folk dances. Workshops will address current Asian issues such as a presentation on the Japanese internment camps and panels on Southeast Asian Refugees in Humboldt County and the cultural gap experienced by Asian American students. The Asian American Film festival will consist of the Oscar-winning "The Killing Fields," the light-hearted "Bollywood/Hollywood" and the powerful documentary "Who Killed Vincent Chin?"

Events continue with a Karaoke Dance Party, Asian Games and a picnic at Redwood Bowl and culminating on Sunday, May 4 with the Spring Festival in the Goodwin Forum. The Spring Festival will celebrate the diversity with booths of cultural display, Asian and Pacific Islander food and entertainment.

APASA would like to invite the campus and the community to share in the Asian Pacific Heritage celebration – a celebration of the diversity of Asian Pacific Islanders and the bonds that we hold in common.

Asian Pacific Heritage Celebration 2003 April 23-May 4

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23

Faculty Get-together

Nelson Hall East Kitchen Room 115. 5 p.m.

HSU faculty and staff are invited to get to know the members of APASA with food and socializing.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24

Iron Monkey Theatrical Martial Arts

Kate Buchanan Room 5:30 p.m.

Iron Monkey provides an exploration into martial arts theatre – from Shaolin meditation to acrobatics and martial arts demonstrations.

By
Hazel
Lodevico

FRIDAY, APRIL 25

Asian American Film Festival – The Killing Fields

Founders Hall Room 118 5 p.m.

Roland Joffé's unflinching drama recounts the true story of New York Times journalist Sidney Schanberg (Sam Waterston) and Cambodian journalist and translator Dith Pran (Haing S. Ngor), who found themselves trapped in the nightmare of the Khmer Rouge revolution in Cambodia. This haunting drama is epic in its portrayal of a war-torn country devastated by mass genocide.

MONDAY, APRIL 28

Being Asian and American: Growing up in both worlds

Goodwin Forum 3 p.m.

A panel of Asian American students share what it's like trying to fit in as American, while not losing sight of their Asian heritage.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29

Tastes of Asia – Thailand

Nelson Hall East Kitchen Room.115. Noon

Learn how to make Thai cuisine of cashew chicken, green curry and fish cakes.

The Japanese Internment Camps

5 p.m. Siemens Hall 110

What is like to be stripped of your home and belongings? What is it like to live behind barbed wire? This is the story of Japanese Americans, forced to give up their constitutional rights to prove their loyalty to their country.

Facilitated by Barbara Curiel and Precious Yamaguchi.

Asian American Film Festival – Who Killed Vincent Chin? (Daeng will host)

Founders Hall Room 118. 7 p.m.

In 1982, two white men beat 27-year-old Chinese American Vincent Chin to death outside a Detroit bar. While the two men confessed to the crime, they received a mere \$3000 fine and, to this day, have never spent a day in jail. An outraged Asian Pacific American community united together for an unprecedented civil rights movement. This Oscar-nominated film explores both sides of the story, from interviews with the killers themselves to Chin's bereaved mother, examining the roots of racism and its tragic effects.

Discussion facilitated by Christina Accomando.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30

Tastes of Asia – China

Nelson Hall East Kitchen Room 115 Noon

Chef Thanh Luong presents a variety of Chinese dishes.

Asian American Film Festival – Bollywood/Hollywood (Hazel)

Founders Hall Room 118 8 p.m

A fun look at those colorful, musical productions from Bollywood, the

epicenter of the Indian film industry. Deepa Mehta, the director of the acclaimed "Fire," takes a new spin on the Bollywood genre with a cultural look at Indian traditions colliding with Western pop culture. The result is a raucous comedy of music, color and laughs.

THURSDAY, MAY 1

MCC Hawaiian Block Party

11 a.m. – 2 p.m. House 55

The MultiCultural Center invites you to its Hawaiian-themed Block Party with food, music and a drawing of numerous prizes. APASA will be selling Hmong purple sweet rice.

Southeast Asian Refugee Experiences in Humboldt County (Nam will host)

5:30 p.m. Siemen's Hall 108

A panel of southeast Asian refugees discuss their experiences leaving their homeland and growing up in Humboldt County.

Facilitated by Dr. Wurlig Bao and the Refugee Extension Program

FRIDAY, MAY 2

Filipino Fiesta (Hazel)

Goodwin Forum 1:30 p.m.

The Philippines, the pearl of the Orient, is a country influenced by centuries of Spanish rule. Learn the history of the eclectic culture of the Philippines, taste samples of Filipino food and learn traditional Filipino folk dances, including the Tinikling.

Karaoke Dance Party (Isaac)

Jolly Giant Commons First Floor 8 – 10 p.m.

Wanna be the next Usher? Think you got a better voice than Christina? Participants duke it out for prizes in a karaoke competition. Includes music, fun and dance.

SATURDAY, MAY 3

Asian Games and Picnic (Daeng and Hoang)

Redwood Park, 11 a.m.

APASA invites the community for a day of traditional Asian games and food. Please bring a dish to share.

SUNDAY, MAY 4

Spring Festival (APASA)

Goodwin Forum 2-6 p.m.

Experience the diversity of Asia and the Pacific Islands with cultural display, food and performances, including a fashion show of traditional wear from across Asia and the Pacific Islands.

Going to War at Age 21

By Precious Yamaguchi

“Older men declare war. But it is the youth that must fight and die. And it is youth who must inherit the tribulation, the sorrow and the triumphs that are the aftermath of war.” —Herbert Hoover

Displayed in his fatigues that are employed with nuances of green and brown, like a turtle embodies his shell, he straightens up his posture and looks into the camera. It crosses his mind that this may be the last photo he poses for, with this innocence, with this expression, with the security that he is safe at this moment, this just may be the *very last* photo of himself he ever takes. This armor of fatigues is the security he has come to know and delve his trust into, to protect the identity he has flourished within himself, as he stands proudly with 30 pounds of camouflage army gear on. At six feet tall he does not look weighed down by his bullet-proof vest, utility belt and the pride he wears from being in the army for almost four full years. His skin is pale-white, with youth that exudes from it, like soft light that is encased within his metal helmet, his appearance is confident and from afar he’s intimidating. He has knowledge that consists of how to strip down a rifle, how to kill a man from 300 meters away and he even knows how to fire an automatic grenade launcher. However, beneath the fatigues, the helmet, the attitude that a young man develops from being in the army, he cannot hide the innocence within his eyes. No technology can shield his boyish laughter or the goofy facial expressions he makes while talking. The naivete he possesses does not make him soft though because through his time in the army, he has seen himself as having no real home. He brings with him only what is internalized in his fatigues and has learned how to protect it to wherever he may go next. He is man who has been trained to fight, survive harsh conditions and to kill, yet he still looks like a young boy dressed up in army clothes and the camera captures this image with a single *click*.

Andy Mauch practically is just a young boy in fatigues, who has only two weeks left in this country, before he is deployed to Iraq. He is 21 years old, from the suburbs of Pasadena, home to the famous New Year’s Day Rose Parade. However, like most of us, he has never had to kill a man or had to seriously think about what an experience like that would be like until recently. He is dressed in his army gear only to show it off to me and explains each article of clothing, which is made out a Keplar, a bullet-proof material. When objects come toward the material at a rapid speed, the threads tighten.

In the past four years of being in the army, I am the only person from back home in Southern California who has ever come down to visit him, and this is only the second time I’ve ever seen him. I first met Andy at his senior prom. He was my date’s best friend. He was shy, especially around girls and never had had a girlfriend. However, he did seem to like

to have attention. He would dye his hair weird colors, wear bright orange socks and make people laugh. When he talks he makes animated facial expressions that make a person think, “this guy must’ve watched a lot of cartoons when he was little,” he uses articulate hand gestures and uses descriptive, vivid words to entertain his audience when he tells a story. We didn’t become friends quickly since we had only been introduced to one another that one time, yet throughout his time in the army we would e-mail each other once in a while, sometimes once a month, sometimes maybe only twice a year.

The whole time Andy has been in the army, there is only one reason why he went there in the first place and has continued to stay there: to work towards his goal to raise money to go to college. Growing up in Pasadena, he attended Blair High School, he was an intelligent student, who would dye his hair green, which is now all shaved off. He did the same activities many high school guys do such as hang out with friends, skateboard, read, watch TV and he worked on the school newspaper. He had dreams of going to college to major in physics or chemistry, getting a girlfriend and living happily in Pasadena, accept he needed the money to pursue these dreams, so he joined the army.

“I wanted to go to college,” Andy said, “but I knew I didn’t have enough money. My dad wanted me to move out of the house. He felt like I needed to gain some responsibility and he thought I was too comfortable staying at home, so when the recruiter came up to me at school and asked me to join the army and told me all the money I would make, I signed up right there. I never saw myself as an army-guy, but at the time there was nothing there ahead of me, except for the hopes of going to college.”

Little did he know, that his last year in the army would be spent going to war in the Middle East. Andy was supposed to be getting out of the army in the summer of July 2003, around the same time other young men his age would be graduating from college. Now that he is going to be deployed, he will be in the army for as long as they need him, he tells me.

Fort Hood, Texas, is where he is stationed. He is a 33-Whiskey in the 22nd Battalion, which in the army is a title for a Private who repairs the Shadow 200 UAV, a military plane similar to a remote control airplane with a camera on it. However, when he goes to Iraq, his duties will not be limited to fulfilling just this one particular task. “I will have to do whatever they want to me, all of our training in the army was created for missions like this.”

From his e-mails he has sent me he warns me Fort Hood is a boring town. On weekends he goes to the bar with his friends, takes shots, drinks beer, (usually Budlight or Coors) and shoots pool. He has been to the “gentlemen’s club” twice, where a lot of guys in the army go. This doesn’t surprise me since the male to female ratio in Fort Hood is one female to every 103 males. The town has a population of 41,404 people and everyone who lives there is involved with the army in some way. They are either in the army or they are the husband, wife, relative or child of someone in the army.



Texas is flat. You can look down a block of houses and see down 12 blocks. The town is “decorated” with tanks that are placed throughout the landscape like how statues, sculptures or water fountains are embellished throughout a city. The nearest large town is Killeen and when Texans say the name of this town it sounds like “killin.” There are no hills, no mountains, there are a few sparse trees and everything is the color beige. No people sit in the parks, no children play outside on their lawn, everyone just seems to be sitting in their homes or working. There is not a single blue, green or purple house. The only bold colors are the ones that come from the traffic lights and the Popeye’s Chicken sign. The town seems as if it is dressed in camouflage and almost is as invisible as the spirits of the people. I feel as if I have sepia vision, with all the beige and brown colors that surround me. When Andy first arrived in Texas, he told me he was depressed and now I can see why.

This is a town where 17,000 people will be deployed within the week that I am visiting there. Husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, friends and Andy will be going to the Middle East to participate in the attack against Iraq. “Sometimes I wish I didn’t join the army in the first place,” Andy says. “I had no idea I would be in the position where I may have to kill someone.”

For someone who spends his free time watching anime cartoons and *The Simpsons* the thought of being in a war is something Andy still feels unprepared for, even though that is what the army trains young women and men for. The army may instruct people how to shoot a M60, put on a gas mask or stay up for 60 hrs. without any sleep, but emotionally, is there anyway a person who greatly values and appreciates life, people and animals as Andy does, feel comfortable with the thought of possibly

dying or having to kill someone? “I can accept death and dying,” says Andy. “The problem I have with going to war is killing someone. I feel like I have changed so much from just being in the army already. I am still easy-going, have a sense of humor, but in general I’ve changed. I don’t want to have to kill someone, I don’t want to have to change even more.”

Before he leaves, he also wants to call his parents and sister. Throughout my time spent with Andy, I noticed he always has a hard time talking about his parents. His parents have been divorced since he was four years old. He assures me he didn’t have a bad childhood, it’s just that he doesn’t feel close to them. He hasn’t spoke to his dad since the last time he visited him in Pasadena, which was around Christmas time and he talked to his mom two weeks ago. He reminds me, he will probably be off to war within sometime in the next 2-3 weeks and probably won’t see his parents until he gets back. His parents know he is going to go to war and he tells me his dad always wants him to call, but Andy says its so hard, it takes so much effort and he procrastinates.

Over Popeye’s chicken, flat soda, sitting next to a window with a desolate view of Texas and loud country music in the background, Andy tells me about advice his parents gave him the last time he saw them. “My mom, who is into the Jehovah’s Witness religion, tells me to read the bible and understand it,” Andy says. His face turns red and he cannot look at me anymore. He looks away for a long time before he tells me what his dad said to him. “My dad...my dad says I gotta...I hafta...” his eyes become glassy as he struggles for words, “uuh, I can’t really ...he says I need to call him more often cause he can’t be the only one calling me and me not calling him back.” I ask him why doesn’t he just call his parents. “I need to, I mean I think about it everyday. It’s not because I don’t like them or don’t like talking to them, its just...I end up saying to myself, ‘I should call my family...I really should call my family...ah, gimme another beer.’”

Andy is now in the Middle East. When I look at the photo I took of Andy dressed in his fatigues I am reminded again of this human being, who is so young, who speaks with excitement and looks at a person straight in the eye when he is happy, so you can experience the happiness with him and looks away and turns red when he is sad, as if he is trying to hide his sadness as to not make others around him sad, is going to be fighting a war. Whether a person believes in the purpose of war or not, its important not to forget the value of lives that will face the consequences, the product of war, which is change, death and the loss of innocence for many. In seeing someone my age, someone who has so many hopes and dreams about his future, embark upon an experience that will change his life forever, knowing this in our minds, in our hearts, we too lose innocence, but not as much as people like Andy do. With the photo I hold in my hand, I realize it is one of the few existing reminiscences of Andy that captures his transition from where his eyes experience the freedom from war and hold their naivete to the changed person he will be when he returns.

*“I pray for no more youth
To Perish before its prime;
That Revenge and iron-heated War
May fade with all that has gone before
Into the night of time.”-Aeschylus*



My Eyes

*My eyes have seen the most remarkable things
Gazing on a woman, a black woman specifically
With a smile comparable to the glistening of moonlight
Like some, sit back, relax think "wow, what a beautiful sight"*

*She has those soft lips as smooth as satin or silk
Seductive lower lip beckons you on sight
The bottom lip is like the call of your bed after a long day or night
Together as soothing and comforting as a before bed cup of milk*

*The descend of her hair is like a peek at a midnight waterfall
When you're already blown away by the BACKdrop
As it touches her skin realize that like the new morn rising she is
just as gorgeous
Though she may anger us trust it's spontaneous*

*Her mind as confusing and complex as any rubix cube
But still I want know everything about her
From the way she blows her food to the way she flips her mood
Cause I know I don't want to live without her*

*Listening to her voice no matter what she says
Watching her attitude when we're in bed
Hearing her sigh getting' all red
Keeping her close despite heart to heart instead*

*I imagine fantasies of romance with her
Alone shown bare upon each other
Experiencing things with one another
That only our imagination has felt*

*To enjoy every moment of her appearance
Is like enjoying the best moment living
But to enjoy one moment of her being
Is to enjoy endless life*

By
Reginald
Thomas ii

*Search for her
Wonder. When you'll have the courage to explain
Every detail of your words? You might
But all I can do is sit back, relax and think
"Wow, what a beautiful sight"*

The Reflection

The Reflection

This space. These walls. Enclosed inside a vacant room constructed of a ceiling less than 6 feet tall.

This space. It's sides. Left-to-right front-to-back against this murky interior my smile declines while my spirit cries.

This space. Those corners sharp. Walking with an unchanged pace feeling out the bumps with my dimming heart, reaching the end of this short block turning, making my turn to realize there's no street lamp to light this box.

This space. Those length and widths. My oxygen becoming stale as the after scent of my breath suffocates, my collapsed lungs needs an inflated lift, wasting too much energy this tasteless air consuming my gift.

This space. Is there an exit? Searching for a slot, a slit my tears scratching at it's filed surface my patience bathing in blood, the exterior whispering, "forget it... forget it... forget it... black man."

Everything becoming soft, my wounds resting on a pillow of emptiness, my slumber becoming light headed.

My heart with error my equation without a solution,
my formula unable to prove it's worth,
nothing is given. Locked inside brackets coupled with the unknown my addition not equal to zero hoping
the outside space can multiply my emptiness.
My circumference not congruent to the sphere I live in
my answer unable to cover surface area,
walking sideways in a two dimensional realm.
No rise in my imagination no light, still unable to see my reflection,
running away into the negatives my memory a past just another set notation. I've carried the burdens that caused pain and strain on the left, I've balanced the weight of my sorrows till the problem was all on one side,
realizing in the end it was a property of reflexive.

By
Rory
Smith Jr

THESE WALLS



Can you Hear Me Now

I throw a stone that shatters you r shallow vision of reality
The boob tube that dictates your every move
Transmitting messages of mass confusion, masters of illusion.
Transforming the unjust, into a message we trust
Proclaiming the operation for liberation, while setting up a military nation

I keep you entertained, as the world goes down in flames
The youth wanting the truth,
your story reads like a pale faced fairy tale
Where indigenous dreams are always derailed

This plutocracy shall reign, as the soldiers stand in shame
Ordered to kill innocent game, that once had a name
Claiming to be defenders, not more than repeat opportunist offenders
Of the people their deceiving, who still are receiving
The celestial bombardment of democracy

I should slap you awake, for humanities sake
Its time to truly participate, before our rights dissipate
A mobilization of collective human forces
Without divisions of race, but as one uniting face
Ready to erase your imperialist ways.

Ryan Hamilton Mann

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW

By
Ryan Mann
Hamilton

We have three countries fighting a war
That only the rich can't see as a mistake
Two bad leaders and a tagalong become three great actors
One is greedy and ignorant
An illiterate citizen that has his British buddy by the leash
Like a dog who won't leave his BUSH
The other, wise but evil
Doing what he needs to to keep his people
Knowing that he has won their hearts
Since day one of the invasion

This war didn't began a few weeks ago
But years and decades of oppression and bombing
That the rich and powerful kept secret from the world
How about Operation Iraqi Freedom?

Freedom

What a word to use to initiate the propaganda
Remember when the Europeans enslaved African Americans and
stole this land from the Mexicans and Native Americans?
Taking everything that they had and destroying their cultures
Was that Freedom?
So what about Operation Iraqi Freedom now?
It's the half-truths our media's been using to brainwash our citizens
Getting too many of us to believe that our selfish leader is doing
good for the world
Have you tried listening to the French's argument?
If we took the time to, freedom fries wouldn't exist
Besides, french fries didn't even come from the French
For those ignorant enough to believe that the French are wrong
It would be better to call the Statue of Liberty the "Statue of
Shame"

Now think back to September 11th
A catastrophe that could've been prevented
Osama was blamed thereafter
And war was raged on terrorism
But where was that war?
Oh, Afghanistan!
Somehow, while bombs were dropping,
A pipeline magically appeared
Though Osama is still missing
Bush got what he wanted and had to move on

Next move, Saddam Hussain
A hated leader ruling a country rich of oil
We know that he has weapons of mass destruction
Since our government supplied him with the training and equip-
ment
But again, nothing was found
Is such a powerful leader like Saddam that stupid?
Neither is Bush
Cause he found a way to fool his own country
Using the simple words he knows (Saddam-is-bad)
He decided to go to war once more
Saying he will disarm Saddam
But there's nothing to disarm
So what's the next excuse?
How about "Liberating Iraq"?
Cause we have oppressed them for too long
Let's say we're really fighting for them and we want them to be free
like us
We'll give them enough time to leave Baghdad before we attack



Then we won't be at fault for the casualties
Please understand one thing
Most of the people of Iraq have nowhere else to go
And half of its population are children
There's no way they can leave their homes with such short
warnings

How many lies must our people experience
Before we are able open our eyes to see that this continuous
bloodshed is all part of a well-structured arrangement?
Am I saying that our president's willing to sacrifice thousands
of U.S. lives so he can win the game?
Let's do another reflection
Remember Vietnam?
Who fought the war?
For the most part, the poor
Better known as citizens with lower class status and minority
groups
Did those past presidents care about the deaths of our troops?
Would we have been in that position if they did?
Now think about this war
Who's fighting it?
Citizens with lower class status and minority groups
Does Bush care about their lives?
Take some time to think about it

But what does he really want?
And why Iraq?
Will he try to liberate all countries living in poverty?
Think Alaska – OIL
Think Afghanistan – OIL
Now Iraq – OIL
Oil brings power and wealth
How else do you think he's going to pay for this war?
Keep in mind that this war isn't the last
Cause we still have Syria, Turkey, and Iran
Depending on where the weapons of mass destruction travel
Better yet, it depends on which country Bush wants to hide
Saddam
So what do you think about Operation Iraqi Freedom now?

By
Thanh
Luong

page 21
MCC



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