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C A L P O L Y

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Chicano Prof Questions Dismissal from Department

by Monica Ortiz

A former Political Science professor is questioning the decision to transfer him out of the classroom and into the Dean of Liberal Art's office.

Professor Jorge C. Aguiñiga was released from his part-time lecturer position with the Political Science Department at the end of the Fall quarter despite the presence of a contract stating that he would teach two classes (6 units) per quarter for the 1991-1992 academic year. Aguiñiga feels that the decision was reached without consulting him and would like to go back to teaching.

"The department is obligated to reinstate me and allow me to work out the conditions stipulated in the contract," Aguiñiga said. "I consider their action illegal, arbitrary and capricious."

Aguiñiga was hired by the Political Science department in the Winter 1990 quarter. Aguiñiga has become a popular professor among students, and has since earned an average score of 3.5 out of a four point scale in three separate student evaluations.

He has also scored the second highest marks in two faculty evaluations.

Aguiñiga described the last six months with the department as hostile.

"The faculty would ignore me—wouldn't talk to me. They would walk away when I would attempt to initiate a conversation," he said. "I believe that the principal reason for my dismissal is because I've been very vocal and critical of some department policies."

Much of the controversy revolves around the conditions of Aguiñiga's current contract. Aguiñiga was employed by the Political Science Department until September 1991. The current contract is with the Dean of Liberal Art's office which states that part of his assignment is to teach two classes (six units) within the Political Science Department.

Both Political Science Department Head Dianne Long and Liberal Arts Dean Sidney Ribeau said that contractual conditions can be changed according to need. Long said that Aguiñiga's current contract was made without consulting the department and that Dean

Ribeau made the decision to reassign him.

"What the nature of his unhappiness is, I really don't know," said Long. "His contract is with the dean. The contract that he designed with the dean did not have to do with me. I didn't sign the contract or decide what it is he's going to do."

Long also said that the tenured faculty decides who teaches classes for the department and there is no obligation to the dean to fulfill the contract.

"Basically, we try to have a cooperative relationship," said Long of the department's relationship with the dean's office. "But can we have a recommendation from the Administration and decide not to take it? Sure we can. It goes both ways."

Long also added that the decision to reassign Aguiñiga did not originate from the tenured faculty but came from the dean's office. The word from Dean Ribeau is slightly different.

"Any of the contractual conditions can be changed," said Ribeau. "I did it (Aguiñiga's

reassignment) in consultation with the Political Science Department. They were dissatisfied with his contribution to the department. They have maintained that he doesn't meet the minimum requirements and they made the recommendation to me."

Another part of the controversy surrounds the status of Aguiñiga's Juris Doctor (J.D.) degree, which he obtained from Yale Law School. Political Science Department Head Dianne Long said a J.D. is the equivalent of a second Bachelor's degree and does not meet the Master's degree requirements of the part-time lecturer position.

"Mr. Aguiñiga does not have any graduate work in the Political Science area and does not meet this requirement," she said. "(The J.D.) is considered a second bachelor's degree by most law schools. In fact, you can go to law school and you don't have to have a bachelor's degree to go in."

Aguiñiga also strongly disagreed with Long's interpretation of the J.D.

see "Aguiñiga," page 2

Women's Studies Encourages Women to Enter Academia

By Barbara Barcelona

The Women's Studies Luncheon Seminar is bringing women together on the Cal Poly campus and in the community, said Margaret Camuso, co-coordinator of the series and member of the Academic Senate.

The purpose of the luncheon seminar is to promote the academic field of women on campus by publicizing existing women's study scholarships, said Carolyn Stefanco, also co-coordinator of the series and a professor history.

Another goal is to "encourage research into the field of women's studies and to create a community of staff, faculty, students and residents of San Luis Obispo County who share an interest in women's studies," she said.

Stefanco and Camuso started the luncheon seminar series last quarter because they are both interested in women's scholarships and research.

"We wanted to expose the campus to subjects that will be done in the women's studies minor (offered) on campus," Camuso said.

They also started the series because Stefanco said she thought it would work since it did at Duke University. Prior to teaching at Cal Poly, Stefanco was Director of Women's Studies at Duke.

"Duke University had a seminar series on campus and it worked so we thought it would work at Cal Poly," Stefanco said.

"The seminars have been very successful. We've had over-capacity crowds for all four seminars," Camuso said.

Four other Cal Poly staff women help coordinate the series as well.

"It's a volunteer effort," Stefanco said. "The program is going well but what the series could use is monetary support from the university."

The last seminar of the quarter will be February 24 and

will feature Dr. Willi Coleman, coordinator of the Center for Women and Ethnic Issues. The topic is "Black Women Studies/Women's Studies: When Issues of Gender Raise Issues of Race."

"Her speech will focus on the political and academic climate

which led to the creation of black women's studies and it will examine its place within and outside of the academic arena," Stefanco said.

"Everyone is encouraged to come, including students," she added.

FUNERAL FUND

On January 7, 1992, Juan Lopez, a former Cal Poly sophomore in Electrical Engineering, passed away from complications developed from Valley Fever Meningitis. Lopez comes from a low income, migrant farm worker family in the Porterville area.

As a result of the medical and funeral expenses incurred, the Lopez family is having extreme difficulties meeting their financial obligations. They are now months behind in rent, utilities and are deeply in debt.

To assist the Lopez family through this difficult time, please send contributions marked "on behalf of Juan Lopez" to this address:

Attn: Anna L. Andnghetto
Bank of the Sierra
90 North Main Street
Porterville, CA 93257

Guest Commentary

Black History Month Affirms the Strength of African-Americans

By Ardarius McDonald

In February of 1926, Carter G. Woodson, the "Father of Black History," organized the first Negro History Week Celebration. This week of celebration was eventually expanded in the sixties to include the whole month of February. Today, Black History Month is celebrated nationwide by various African-American groups.

It is ironic that the people with the most extensive history has the shortest month of the year to express it, but current ideology is pressing for a "Black History Year" to be celebrated every day of the month and every month of the year.

Some opponents of the celebration have claimed that having a Black History Month is racist and segregates African-

Americans from the rest of America. Opponents also stress the concept of a "melting pot" with all ethnicities joining hands and sharing the country's history equally.

Reality shows us that African-Americans have a history in America separate from that of other ethnic groups. This is why we must celebrate a Black History Month separate from American history. Though today, Black History Month has focused on the experience of African-Americans, the vast and glorious history of Africans in the motherland must also be incorporated into the minds of African-Americans.

Ardarius McDonald is a junior Journalism major and an active participant in the Black History Month celebration.

Chinese Student Association helps Celebrate the Year of the Monkey

By Mina Eng and Corey Wong

Gung Hay Fat Choy! The Chinese Students' Association celebrated the Chinese New Year last February 1 with a banquet and show at the Cal Poly Chumash Auditorium.

The celebration, which is the club's biggest annual event, consisted of culinary delights prepared by the students and performances by the Cal Poly Lion and Ribbon dance teams, Kung Fu demonstrations and skits from Chinese folk tales.

Chinese New Year is the single biggest celebration of the year. POW! POW! POW! The blasting of fire crackers set off the first day of the New Year to chase away all the evil spirits and ensure a prosperous year to come. Families visit relatives to greet them and wish them a year of wealth, health and prosperity. Guests are given candy upon their arrival to ensure they are "sweet of heart" the year-round. Homes are decorated with different kinds of irises and blossoms. Blessings are written on red paper and posted on each side of the entrance doors. Children are especially excited because they are traditionally given red envelopes carrying money from married adults.

It was this ideal of family that urged Chinese students to

celebrate Chinese New Year with a banquet 34 years ago. The history of the Chinese Student Association can be traced back to the 1930s. A small group of Chinese students would gather at the small house of Young and Stella Louis. The Louis' offered their home with open arms to the Chinese students at Cal Poly because they understood how hard it was to be far from home. Most of these students had come from mainland China, Taiwan and Singapore to study at Cal Poly. Eventually, Young and Stella came to be known as "mom" and "pop."

The small group grew and organized itself as the Chinese Students' Association (CSA) in the 1960s. Today, CSA has grown in diversity and size. Many non-Chinese make up the CSA family while carrying on the ideals of "mom" and "pop."

The banquet continues to be a traditional celebration of the New Year, an introduction of Chinese culture to the San Luis Obispo community and the promotion of ethnic diversity on the Cal Poly campus.

For more information about the Chinese Students' Association, please contact Mina Eng at 545-8097, Liz and Dan Kreiger at 543-9611 or Stella Louis at 543-1445.

Aguiñiga

continued from page 1

"The department knew of my educational background when they hired me. They also allowed me to teach for seven quarters before deciding I didn't have the appropriate degree," he said. "It's ludicrous to argue that a J.D. is less than a Master's degree. The J.D. is the appropriate terminal doctorate degree in law. Anyone who refuses to acknowledge there is an intimate relationship between politics and the law is ignoring everything evident in teaching political science," said Aguiñiga. "What I find very demeaning is that with the J.D. I can teach law school but I can't teach an undergraduate course in political science here at Cal Poly."

Connie Helyer, Publications Relations Officer of Stanford Law School, agreed with Aguiñiga's interpretation of the J.D.

"The J.D. is certainly more than a bachelor's degree. You get (the J.D.) after three years of Law School and after your bachelor's degree," said Helyer. "It would certainly be at least equivalent to a master's, if not more. It's a master's plus some."

Aguiñiga's popularity among students has spurred some students to march into Long's office in protest. Some of Aguiñiga's former students have also written letters to the Mustang Daily encouraging the department to reinstate Aguiñiga.

"He was by far the best instructor I've had," said Karen Dalhuisen, Political Science junior and Mustang Daily letter writer. "He was always organized and articulate. He took the student input and really respected us."

Dalhuisen feels that student evaluations should be an important criteria in selecting faculty. "I think it's a lot of politics within the department."

Long feels that students aren't seeing the whole picture.

"In this case students are concerned about someone they like, and that's always a good thing," she said. "But in the case of Mr. Aguiñiga, he works for the dean and the dean decides what it is that he should be doing."

Aguiñiga, however, feels the department has the obligation to uphold his contract.

"They owe me two quarters," he said. "I'm a part-time lecturer with a proven track record in the classroom. In the department's selfishness, they have forgotten the students."

Editorial

**by Monica Ortiz
Senior Editor**

What is so special about ethnic literature? Why differentiate it from other literary works?

Ethnic Literature, as I am going to define it, is the series of masterpieces that often are unnoticed or ignored by the mainstream audience. It has been the rallying cry for many cultures and secret souls of the unseen, unheard ethnic people of America.

Ethnic literature is pure passion, anger, frustration, eroticism. It is the heart's greatest wish, the mind's questions and the soul's deepest anguish. If you want to know a people, a culture, know their literature, for a writer can never hide from himself.

This issue is dedicated to all the angry, anguished, passionate writers who have contributed to this issue and to those that have chosen to remain anonymous. It will be their words that will live on after we are gone.

This issue is also dedicated to Dr. Robert Gish, whose return to Cal Poly has made us very hopeful for a true ethnic studies program. This special issue was his brainchild.

Thank you Barbara Andre, for all your support.

The Cal Poly Spectrum

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The First Annual Ethnic Literature and Poetry Issue

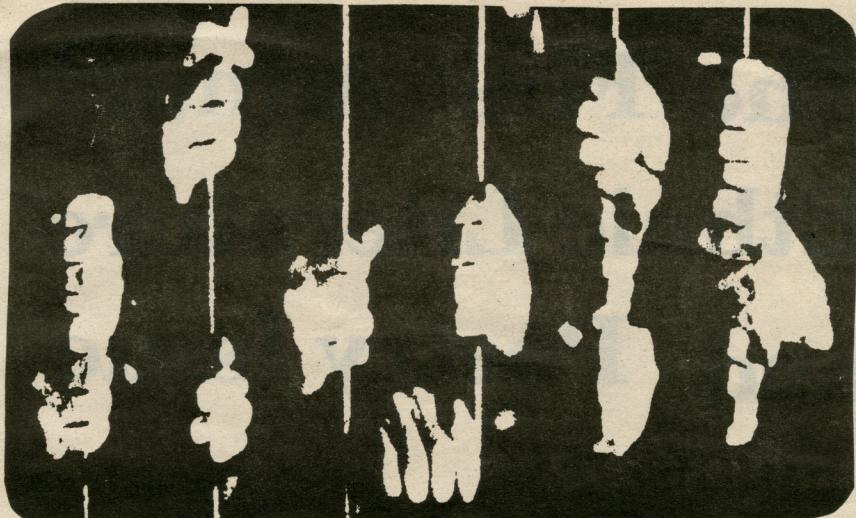
Reaching

Tomorrow

by

Understanding

Today



Worldly Conversation

By Kenneth Gourdine

African man ?

From Whence We Came

By Christopher Finley

In the beginning, there was first Dark,
Even before, Noah's great Ark.
Out of the darkness, comes the light,
It will take years, to make things
right.
Injustice and brutality, just to name a
few,
It will take more than a dream, to
make it come true.
Remember the past and what it has
taught,
We are the children, in which for
rights they fought.
If they were here, this very day,
This is what, they would probably
say;

"Create, innovate my brothers,
and sisters our past cries,
Hidden deep down inside,
unaffected by lies.
Children of a people so
advanced and supreme,
Of their wisdom and knowledge,
we can only dream.
He who controls the past,
controls destiny we are taught,
It was for these things, that our
ancestors gallantly fought.
And although it seems at times,
the others have won the fight,
Nothing's over really, until you've
lost sight."

It's not about black. It's what black
is about.
I am not a minority! There is nothing
minor about me.

I...am.
In my consciousness.

This is the song I sing
to my family and friends.
With this song I tell stories
of wise ancestors and
courageous descendants.

Do you feel my thoughts
carefully scratched in your
ancient stone
or my fields etched in your
fertile soil?
Are you surprised that I
have gently changed the
Nile's course?

I want to know myself
and the heavens.
I yearn to calculate, heal
and discover.
I dream of truth
and things yet to come.
I seek Justice, Excellence
and peace.

As I seek to be transformed
into the image of our creator,
may I continue to rival the sun.

I sense your connections.
I sense your heartbeat,
your pain, hunger
and passions.
But I do not hear you.

That is the song
of the universe.

I feel the weight of your
gleaming pyramids.
But I do not see you.

Welcome.
I see your spirit.
You have brought me light.

African man
the universe is pleased.

THE PAINTER'S FAREWELL

By Monica Ortiz

In Loving memory of my grandfather, Ramon A. Estella

The painter's hand did tremble
as he laid the brushes down.
It was time for his final farewell
only now his work would go
to a child he knew not well.

As twilight drifted by
in a room grown cold and dim
He mixed his oils and turpentine
the colors in their full array.

So with loving strokes he started
painting of life, love and dreams
little girls dancing with flowers
sugar fields and river streams.

And sometime in the night
when the dark got deep and cold,
he stopped and stared, a
masterpiece
which he had tended and watched
unfold.

The little girl he called Alice
content in her wonderland
then from his deepest emotions
came a poem he composed.

"Forget not you dreams, my child.
For one day, on nights like these,
your dreams may become real,
your dreams may become right."

The masterpiece was finished
And the painter, he was done.
As he prayed his late night prayers
which for years he'd only shunned,
sweet sleep did seek to take him
and keep him from the morn to
come.

In my room Alice now sits
For the painter's hands have stilled.
In my heart, the poem etched
I have learned all that he willed.
And through the brush strokes and
the paint,
I now can clearly see
that beyond my sorrow and pain
Alice looks just like me.



Defining the Ultimate Reality

By Christopher Finley

A hand rises in the middle of class,
Yes! The teacher calls and the
question is asked.
A young Black boy stands up, "May I
be excused?"
For the young lad had become very
confused.
They told him Columbus discovered
America,
when the world was flat.
West Afrakans first sailed the
Atlantic,
but they can't believe that.
He is just one of many that won't be
coming back.
Not until they stop teaching "His-
story", and teach fact.
Not only in this country is the truth so
hid.
Today only a few know what our
ancestors did.
They say it isn't important in the part
we have to play.
We must act, think, believe what
they say.
Now is the time to define our new
role.
Are we too lost? Have we lost our
soul?
I think not for the time shall come.
We are the ones they can no longer
keep us from.
They can't keep us from our destiny,
in no shape or form.
Just wait my people, just wait for the
storm.

Bicycle Woman

By Pedro Arroyo

She
roams
the streets
at night
Cranking,
Cranking,
Cranking,
Cranking,
Cranking away at nothing

La Llorona on wheels...

Loves those
Santa Ana spectacles
usually
on evenings
when the leaves go
Cracking,
Cracking,
Cracking,
Cracking,
Cracking away at nothing

only to the embrace of
two lovers
who do not
wish
to part

Para Cíanya

By Pedro Arroyo

i
never quite understood
why i was born
brown — chicano
Lover de los Panchos—rolas que
i
inherited from my uneducated
pero classy
jefita
that grew up listening
to everything life could
offer

i
too live the same way
caught up
en un remolino
de
Canciones romanticas
fine wine for \$2.69
driven by an uncontrollable
love for a fine
Xicana
amada mia
mientras requinto sounds
flutter through our ears...bodies

slowly
we come closer and closer
sabra dos que
pasara
si estas
canciones continuan
enseñandonos
Los Sabores
tuyos...mios
que se
mesclan
en las noches
tan obscuras
irresistibles...

THOUGHTS...UNEDITED

By Pedro Arroyo

Dinner...refinando on carne con ejotes. Sipping on over-sweetened lemonade that La Jefita made. I bet she's loosing her taste buds. They say it usually happens with age.

We have been having carne con ejotes for weeks. The usual routine. Having dinner alone, always alone. I either get home too early or too late for supper. "Por pendejo," my jefa says. But the raoches or my abuela keep me company. I prefer the latter.

I have called my grandmother Cíanya twice this week—chingado. Her response, while I chew on the undercooked meat is, "Quieres mas tortillas, Pedro." I apologetically answer, "No, gracias Nana Luisa."

Linda...la carnalita yanks my lemonade and drops what could have been my ticket into diabetes land, onto the floor. Crash—the glass shatters. Linda walks away, chewing on a peanut butter sandwich. Talking as if she was 21 when she is only three. "A child wonder," I softly mutter while I think of you.

STREETS, ALONE AT 9:00

Trying to find a quiet spot in Los to make a phone call is impossible. I went from public phone to public phone in search of that non-existent place. Phone out of order, one read. The others

were either too crowded or were filled with depressive moods. "Hey, you know where I can score some rocks?" a basehead nervously whispers into the phone. Chewing on what is left of his fingernails. The woman next to him, crying desperately, dials 0. Asks the operator for the number to the East L.A. Rape and Abuse Hotline. I bet she just got her ass worked over by her husband! She dials...waits...line busy. Like always. She hangs up, begins to cry. This place is hell on earth while making phone calls too.

I want to make that call. My mind wonders, and I ask, if I will have anything positive to tell you. I pick up the receiver, but hang up before dialing. I do the same again, but this time I dial 1-805-920-1000. Please deposit 90 cents for the first three minutes, the operator says. Connection made, line busy. I put the receiver in its place and the quarters come racing down into the change slot. Estoy mas nervioso que la chingada. Pero unos tokes de este farito me calman. Me pone bien chicaspatas. I dial again. It rings once, twice, three times and then an answer. Is she home? No she is not! She's at work but can she call you back? Nah, I still don't have a phone but I will call her back later—lying. Knowing well that I will probably not call again until I can get some lana. I just spent my

last 90 cents on a useless exchange of words. Poor, aguitado I begin my journey back home, into familiar but unfriendly turf. Alone again...

SLEEPING, OR TRYING 3:30 a.m.

Twisting and turning at night, while my hands go on an endless search for you. Over to your side of the bed, remember? The one you always fought me for and always won. Never to find you—only your fainting presence—quickly fades. Then I wonder, if it was all a dream?

Share your warm, naked body with me again...the way you did. You don't have to touch me—kiss me...just be there...sit with me again in a dark room that only needs the light of a kerosene lamp to guide our souls. They will make love themselves. Without the slightest touch or caress...

SILVER DOLLAR BAR 8:29 p.m.

Wanting you by my side thinking of how you must feel overcomed by my loving selfishness for you guzzling beer after beer in a drunken stupor i witness a murder again

For You, My Friend

By Monica Ortiz

whose eyes we avoided
whose names we whispered
with such reverence
and all those tears we cried
...for no reason at all, sometimes

And I thought
of the years gone by
when the letters dwindled
but the phone bills rose
It's funny...
we don't whisper
in our parents' presence anymore

And I thought

of the weddings
and the children to come
of careers in cities far away
we may go our separate ways
and be left with
only the odd Christmas
and occasional birthday cards

I sat by myself
300 miles from home
surrounded by my books
And I thought of you, my friend
And I thought of us, way back when
And I thought...THANK YOU.

I sat by myself
300 miles from home
watching the rain splash
against my window pane
and listening to the wind
whistle through the trees in the night
... and I thought of you

And I thought
of times gone by
when we laughed
at almost everybody
and spent hours arguing
with our brothers, sisters, cousins
...and each other, sometimes

And I thought
of all those young men

By Pedro Arroyo

i
live in anger because the tools
for liberation
have been sabotaged
by
the all night kegger opportunist
by
the pretty boys and girls
with
long hair and aristocracy
by
Juan Felipe Herrera's Hispanoids
by
the installation blankets, black tie
formals
that no one attends.

i
live in anger because everytime
i
look at one of those
brown eyed children of the sun
i
see pura ignorancia
y
puro
pedo.

Se estan destruyendo
solitos...

Forgive them Coatlique
for they do not know what they are
doing.

i
live in anger because I'm
tired of broken promises, unfulfilled
proposals,
committees that lead us nowhere
bureaucratic red tape
that ties down every once of my
energy.

i
live in anger because it keeps me
from going
insane
i live in anger because living in
happiness
leads me
nowhere.

It Was Only A Dream, But It Woke Up The World.



keep living the dream...

A Perspective of a Twentieth Century History Book

By Ardarius McDonald

The black experience in the United States began with their arrival on freedom ships in the early 16th century. The black was a creature destined for destruction as was proven by their willingness to be subjected into a servitude system here in America. These beings left their undercivilized ways of living in the jungles of Africa to seek better life here in the U.S. However, their futile attempts to conform to a civilized state was never accomplished. Studies confirm that a chemical agent specified as melanin may have been responsible for their animalistic instincts. Blacks were believed to have had high concentrations of melanin while civilized people of European descent had little or no melanin at all. This "Melanin Theory of Extinction" is the most valid reason we have for these peoples disappearance.

The blacks in the U.S. were successfully trained to be useful in trades such as cotton harvesters and "nanny's". They were bred for optimum performance. Then in 1863 the U.S. government, under the guide

of Abraham Lincoln, decided it was time to test this breed of people into mainstream culture. Under the Emancipation Proclamation this feat was accomplished. U.S. citizens were content that they had civilized a people and was willing to accept them into society. This may have been one of the most severe mistakes the U.S. has made in its entire history.

After the blacks were forced out of the servitude system designed to civilize them, they proceeded to deteriorate as a people. Unfit for progression in mainstream culture, they created ghettos of muck and poverty for themselves. It is here where they felt most comfortable. These conditions climaxed in the 1980's when the jobless, self-destructive blacks created a chemical drug "crack" to occupy their timeless void. Crack was a drug which was made by cooking cocaine, flour, and water until a solidified substance formed. This drug was then smoked through pipes usually made from glass. Crack climaxed the existence of black species. Studies by Hershmann and Walsh in 2032

confirm that crack was heavily ingested by the black race primarily because they needed it to stabilize the melanin in their bodies. Also originating in the black ghettos during this period was the incurable plague commonly known as AIDS or Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. It was after crack and AIDS leaked out of the ghettos and into mainstream culture that the U.S. government felt it necessary to terminate the species. So in the year 2001 the government enacted E.M.P. or Extermination of Melanated Peoples. E.M.P. proved to be a great success as we are no longer so illfated as to have in existence.

Author's note: This essay was my creation as I contemplate on how history is twisted by its authors to create an illusional perception that is favorable to its authors and its peoples. If African-Americans were to exist, I wouldn't doubt that our story would sound similar to this compilation. I'll leave you with the words of Napoleon the Greatless, "history is a fable agreed upon."

Untitled

By Adela Morales

Why is there pain?
I don't know why
Why is there sorrow?
I don't why
Why do we cry?
Why do we laugh?
Why do we care?
Why do we love?
Why don't they like us?
What did we do?
They don't like our color?
They don't like our roots?
Why do they do this?
What did WE do?
Please someone tell me!
Explain this to me...
Is my color ugly?
Aren't I pretty too?
Don't hate my root
Because they don't hate you...

UNTITLED

By Adela Morales

Racismo, la moda te toda vida
We don't like it and yet,
we practice it
Hay una division entre razas
Hay una division entre clases
I wonder who is better,
who is worse
Ya tengo la respuesta,
todos somos iguales!
We all go through
the same problems
we all suffer,
we all have happy moments
And yet, when we have time
we all see each other as different
No nos queremos y
al mismo tiempo nos destruimos
¿Que nos pas?
¿Que hemos hecho?
WHO are WE to criticize others?
We were all made the same...

Tell Him

by Monica Ortiz

Tell him I'll be waiting
in the usual place.
just to see him smile
just to see his face

Tell him the games are over
and that I've faced the truth
the truth that burned inside me
and made me learn the rules

Tell him I've seen the changes
in every time and place
it involves not matter nor motion
it's the way my heart made space

tell him I've realized
just what it takes
to make men visionaries
and cause fools hearts to break.

Tell him he needs to learn
what I've come to know
about how the strong get weak
and the rich get poor.

Tell him that all's unstable
we may just stand to fall
and though his world is changing,
I'll be the same through it all.

Tell him it can't be over
not when I hear his name
in the morning breeze
and the evening rain.

Tell him when the storms are over
and only we two remain,
that we aren't too young to reason
nor too old to dream.

So tell him I'll be waiting
and I'm willing to wait awhile.
For is it love we're after?
Am I worth a smile?



Mother

Whose Dream is It
Now?

By Christopher Finley

"What is my obligation?" I sometimes ask myself, as I contemplate the plight of the present day Afrakan-American. As a member of the Black "race," I feel an internal need to help my fellow brothers and sisters. I ask, "Is this only fragments of dreams once held true in the hearts of my predecessors?" How can I, or my brothers and sisters gain the true meaning of this dream, when so many of us have become complacent in this society? A society where we are being awakened to our struggles of yesterday. We are now being asked as the future leaders of the Black communities to carry on the torch of justice and equality for all people, but there is a problem here. The torch is no longer lit. We are fumbling on our own feet when the path has already been made. The path of solutions for the problems of yesterday and of tomorrow. What are you prepared to do, my fellow brothers and sisters? I ask, "Whose dream is it now?"



by Mone't Parham

If you only knew
how I really grew,
and flowered
and was nurtured,
from the love of you.

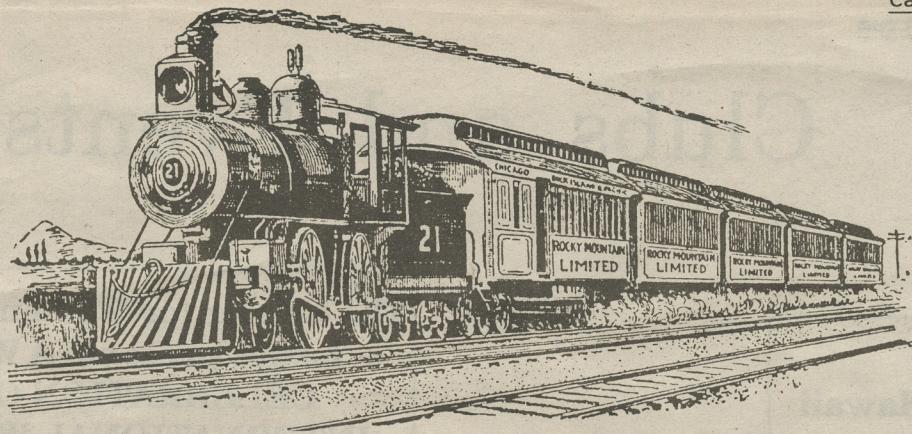
If you only knew
and saw that all
that is in me is much
of what you gave of yourself so
that I might be.

If you only knew
that because of
you I feel free
'cause I no longer
have to flee
from things that are
unpleasant to me,
I can stand with my hand,
fist shaped in the air
an ominous sight to my enemies.

If you only knew
that you
along with our foremothers
gave me that gift that African
women have long fought for...

Peace of mind
freedom to wag my behind
and know that as I do so
I can wind
up and do any street that I
so please because you, my mother
really always knew
just what to do
to make my dreams come true.

Finally, Mother
If you only knew
just how much I love, honor, respect,
cherish...
YOU!
then you would also know that you
truly deserve all of the best
that this huge, round, soft, female
earth has to
offer, the title of Mother,
to all of God's little Black children.



Departure

by Jorge C. Aguiniga, J.D.

*Editor's Note: the following excerpt is the final chapter from Jorge Aguiniga's novel, *Ziquitaro*, which tells of the atrocities committed on a small Mexican town in the 1950's.*

We wait at the train station in Panindicuaro, the chill of the evening only slightly less disturbing than the apprehension building up inside me. People mill about aimlessly. Blank faces stare into space. Like us, everyone seems to be traveling out of necessity rather than desire. Waiting is just part of the ordeal.

Children play with small trinkets on the cold cement floor of the waiting room, their parents hopeful this will help them pass the time until the train arrives. The adults shift around on uncomfortable wooden benches. A mother offers her breast to a crying baby, giving herself as a last resort to gain some peace. A few hands begin to dip into *morrales* for *tortas*, *gorditas* and other offerings of pacification. Dogs scamper about looking for dropped morsels, competing with an army of flies.

I stand on the edge of the tracks and follow the parallel lines which appear to merge in the greying horizon. Villa Jimenez is twenty kilometers to the east and the steel monster always moans when it reaches that point. In the still of the evening the sound carries easily over the distance, echoing among the hills which frame Panindicuaro.

I remember the games we played during my brief stay here; running across the railroad tracks shrieking, convinced that the fire monster would fall upon us at any moment, even though we could clearly see for kilometers in either direction. To walk the tracks with eyes closed was a show of courage, to be *muy valiente*; to perform acrobatics on the rails with the train bearing down upon us, a greater badge of distinction.

Twice a day the monster snake wound its way into the town to haunt us, once in the morning and again in the early evening

going in the opposite direction. Each day we would be there, giving each other courage to see who would be the first to stand his ground, to look the monster in the eye and sneer back. The metal screams would send us scampering for the plaza where we would continue our games and adventures. At the end of each day, we vowed to return for another confrontation with the steel monster.

But today I have no choice. I must stand my ground. I am about to engage the monster in the final battle and I fear it will win, swallow me into its hellish bowels and carry me off into the mountains, perhaps never to return.

I turn to look for Tio Jesus, but he has also succumbed to the monotony of waiting. He sits at the entrance of the station, his *sombbrero* tilted forward over his eyes, chest heaving up and down, lost in a dream.

I find Hector in the station and signal for him to come outside. I hide behind the door and jump at him as he emerges on his wobbly chubby legs. He gives out a squeal.

My plan works. Tio Jesus raises his head and smiles, turning his head slightly left and right in an effort to show disapproval for my impertinence. My guardian angel is awake. I lose no time and shower him with questions. How soon will the train arrive? Will it be dark? Where is it now? When will we be in *Los Estados Unidos*?

Tio Jesus smiles and lets out a chuckle, as he always does when I ask too many questions. "Tomorrow morning you will be in Guanajuato," he tells me. "You will be certain to buy some of those succulent strawberries for the trip. Then before you know it, you will be in Juarez where you will cross the border into El Paso. You will be met by your father and board the super

locomotive which will take you to Los Angeles."

"Why do you not come with us?" I ask, feeling very much a child at this point. "It is not very far, is it?"

"No, but you must go alone. I will stay here to watch your house, your corn field and your favorite cows, *La Pinta* and *La Chalina*. The ones whose fresh milk you like to drink at breakfast while it is warm and foamy. And you, *hombrecito*, you must watch over your mother and help her. Samuel will be pleased to see you. Give thanks to God that at last your family will be united. When you return to Ziquitaro, you will be a grown man and will have learned many things. Perhaps then, you will understand the sacrifice you are now making."

A shrill scream interrupts our conversation. Instinctively, I look toward Villa Jimenez. Yes, the monster has returned. A column of smoke appears in the distance, forming black mushrooms in rows which follow the rhythmic thunder of the giant machine. Pum-pum. Pum-pum. It comes ever closer.

The people in the station begin to gather their belongings and move toward the boarding platform adjacent to the tracks. I take a step back. The glass eye of the monster is now clearly visible in the dusk. It bears down upon us, glaring ahead and cutting the evening darkness. The earth beneath me trembles as the two story machine grinds to a halt at the station, screeching, hissing.

The head of the monster passes a few feet from me. I cup my ears. The steel machine gives out a groan and comes to a halt.

FERROCARES DE MEXICO, read the olive drab carts. The conductor opens the door and invites us in. We board. The monster has won. I am gone.

Clubs and Events

Hui O Hawaii

"The Family of Hawaii" was founded back in the early 1950s here at Cal Poly. We are in search of all those people with ties to Hawaii whether it is through your parents, cousins, former classmates or even a pen pal! WE WANT YOU! Please contact Mike at 545-0788 or drop a note in the Student Life and Activities Box #7. Meetings are every other Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in the Agriculture Building Room 200.

Black History Month Events

February 3-7

African American Spirit Week

February 6

Alpha Phi Alpha UU hour

February 7

"Brother Malcolm X" Play, Chumash Auditorium 7 - 9 p.m. students \$3.00, Public \$5.00

February 8

Barbeque Sinsheimer Park 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. \$7.00

Step Show

Chumash Auditorium 6 - 9 p.m. \$7.00

Dance

Chumash Auditorium 9:30 p.m. \$7.00

*buy all three tickets for \$18.00 contact Hezron Lopez 545-7825

February 9

Basketball Game Mott Gym 12 - 3 p.m.

February 12

Art Show Opens Cal Poly Art Gallery

February 15

Art Show Reception Cal Poly Arts Gallery African Dancers Performance 6 - 9 p.m.

February 21-23

NSBES Conference

Cultural Advisory Committee

Awareness of ethnic and cultural differences can be a rich resource for self-development, self awareness and interpersonal understanding. With this in mind, the Cultural Advisory Committee (CAC) works to enhance this awareness on campus. The CAC is the umbrella organization for the growing number of ethnic, minority and cultural organizations at Cal Poly. Representatives of the various organizations are invited to take part in the CAC.

As a member of the ASI Program Board, CAC can bring to the campus culturally related programs. It also works to co-sponsor activities, give advice and programming information, assist clubs with advertising and promotion, and plan social events to bring all the clubs together.

CAC's main goal is to become a resource for clubs so they can successfully plan and program on campus as well as be aware of pertinent campus policies. CAC hopes to give clubs and students a perspective and of their place in ASI.

CAC meets every Monday at 5 p.m. at the Multi-Cultural Center. For more information, please contact Juan Cepeda at 756-1405.

FOCUS ON DIVERSITY: Lecture Series 1991-1992

American Indians
Reconstructing and
Deconstructing
The Columbus Myth
Moderated by Dr. Donald
Grinde
Professor, Cal Poly History
Department
Thursday, March 5, 1992
11 a.m. Chumash Auditorium

The Center for Women and Ethnic Issues presents A WEEK IN CELEBRATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL WOMAN on

March 2-6, 1992

International Women's Day is officially celebrated on March 8th and was inspired by a New York City demonstration on the same day in 1857. That day, women from the garment and textile factories protested low wages, the 12-hour workday and uncompensated increases in workloads. Throughout the years other demonstrations were held on this day until 1910 when Clara Zetkin, a German labor leader, proposed to establish March 8th as International Women's Day, commemorating women's historic struggles to improve their lives.

Women around the world continue to work and struggle to improve their lives and the lives of their loved ones. They work to end the oppression

based on gender, end violence, improve working conditions and bring about equality.

We are celebrating with these women in their triumphs, and in our own. We are educating ourselves about the work they do and praising them for their strength. We are discussing oppression and violence specific to women and demanding that it stop. Our theme is: **Mothers of a Dream: Equality and Peace**. Come join us in organizing this event and in celebrating women around the world. We meet Thursday nights at 7 p.m. in University Union Room 216. For more information, call Beverly Pettingill at 543-0548

HAVERIM

The Jewish Student Cultural Club

Haverim is a Jewish Student Club which has social, religious and cultural activities for Cal Poly and Cuesta College students. Although we are not an official Hillel, we do share resources with the national organization and we have annual events with U.C. Santa Barbara. Haverim is the only club on campus which brings together Jewish students in a fun and enjoyable atmosphere. We come together to share a common identity and to provide and open forum for ideas and topics which concern Jewish students.

We have a wide range of activities to interest any student. Typical events include Shabbat Dinners where we enjoy traditional food and spend time relaxing and socializing in the true spirit of Shabbat. Other events include our annual Teacher Tea, where you can meet and talk with your favorite Jewish professor. Passover Seders and relaxing picnics are just the start of the fun!

We are also a part of the Cultural Advisory Committee which plays an important role in bringing cultural diversity to the Cal Poly campus. Whether or not you want to learn about your heritage or just get together with other Jewish students, we have something to offer everyone. We meet in the Multi-Cultural Center in the University Union on Tuesday

nights at 7 p.m. The meetings are times in which we hear speakers from various positions in the community and school. It is also the time when information is given out about upcoming events. Our meetings are open to everyone. For more information, please call Warren at 549-9909

Haverim Events

February 7
Shabbat Dinner
6 p.m.

February 11
Bowling
Cal Poly Games Area
7 p.m.

February 18
Film:
"The History of the Jews"
narrated by Abba Eben
Multi-Cultural Center
7 p.m.

February 25
Officer Nominations
MCC, 7 p.m.

February 28
Shabbat dinner
6 p.m.

March 3
Officer Elections
MCC, 7 p.m.

Lambda Sigma Gamma

Lambda Sigma Gamma began at Sacramento State University in 1986 and has since become a part of San Jose State University, Fresno State University, UC Davis, UC Santa Barbara, and soon, CSU Bakersfield.

Lambda Sigma Gamma Cal Poly was established in April 1991 by 12 students and is the fifth chapter of the sorority in California. Its goals are to instill academic excellence amongst women in higher education, awareness and respect for diversity as well as community responsibility and service.

Lambda Sigma Gamma offers women a center for academic, social and emotional support and actively welcomes a diversity of opinions, beliefs and cultures.

For more information about Lambda Sigma Gamma, write to Lambda Sigma Gamma, Box 156, Student Life and Activities, Cal Poly, SLO, CA 93407 or call Rosario Villalpando 541-8061.s

Multi-Cultural Center

The Multi-Cultural Center (MCC) officially opened its doors on January 15, 1982, a date chosen in commemoration of Martin Luther King. The MCC was established to provide a place for the campus to learn about their own and other cultures and to celebrate diversity.

It has grown over the years to be a popular area for students to read, eat, meet people and just relax. The center houses a resource library with approximately 150 periodicals, journals and books dealing with cultural issues, activity files and "Culturegrams," thumbnail sketches of over 100 countries.

The center also publishes the "Cal Poly Faculty/Staff Cultural Resource Directory." The directory is a listing of faculty and staff members who are willing to provide knowledge and expertise in foreign languages, the arts, history, literature and other cultures.

The center is not only for ethnic students or individuals of color. The Multi-Cultural Center seeks to enhance the awareness and sensitivity of the Cal Poly campus and to foster an appreciation for cultural diversity. Stop by any time of the day to see what's going on.

Together with the Cultural Advisory Committee, the MCC has been a home for many of the ethnic, minority and cultural clubs on campus. It works with clubs to co-sponsor cultural and educational events for the general campus community.

For more information about the MCC and its events, stop by the University Union Room 217D or call 756-1405.

Nu Alpha Kappa

Nu Alpha Kappa is a private, voluntary, non-profit organization developed to advance the personal well being of its members and the community. It was founded in 1988 by 15 Cal Poly students who sought to ease the culture shock experienced by minority students. It is currently composed of a diverse group of men committed to all aspects of Cal Poly and community life.

Members of NAK have been involved with various student and community government, campus clubs of various ethnic backgrounds, and community service programs. NAK's primary goals are to inspire academic excellence, encourage cultural awareness and promote a brotherly atmosphere.

Anyone interested in NAK can contact Luis Avila at 541-5689.

Prism

If you look through a prism, you can see a rainbow. PRISM is also a women's group here at Cal Poly. Just like a rainbow is diverse in colors—so are we. We are all different. We are all unique. PRISM is a group that celebrates these differences between and amongst us. Our differences are our strengths. As we come together in an attempt to learn about and understand each other, we recognize more fully that within each one of us is a beautiful rainbow.

PRISM is currently working on the topic of **Body Image**. Have you ever wished that your body was different? That you looked like one of those models in fashion magazines? Have you ever had someone make an unkind remark about your physical appearance? Or perhaps you have suffered from a eating disorder because of the pressure you felt to be thin. The obsession that our society has with physical appearance and its demands for bodily perfection (defined as extremely thin and tan) are what we are working to stop. We want to educate people and stop the obsession! It is our belief that in our uniqueness, we are each beautiful and perfect. Our goal should be health and happiness, not the destruction of these by listening to and internalizing this societal craziness. We must accept and love ourselves and each other for what and who we are. We must celebrate our differences.

PRISM meets every Monday from 2-3 p.m. in the downstairs conference room of the Health Center. Please come and join us or call Beverly Pettingill at 543-0548 for more information.

Pilipino Cultural Exchange

Pilipinos have always been known for their family-like hospitality. Thus, the family of the Pilipino Cultural Exchange (PCE) was formed by a group of three students in 1974 to share their heritage and family lifestyle with the Cal Poly, Cuesta Junior College and San Luis Obispo communities. Since that first small group, our numbers have increased to over 150 members and will continue to grow.

Unlike many of the clubs on our campus, the Pilipino Cultural Exchange serves more of a purpose rather than a mere social gathering. The newly elected officers have decided to expand our goals to fully use the resources that our members have to offer. Some of these goals include the expansion of our Outreach program to communities in our surrounding area, further developing our Education and Information Committees, creating a Pilipino Cultural Exchange Scholarship, and addressing issues that directly involve the minority population on campus as well as the San Luis Obispo community.

Our main focus, and the biggest event of the year for PCE, is the annual cultural night, "Panahon Na." (The time is Now). This is the night when our members really shine. Throughout the year, all our activities such as the tagalog class, historical research, Filipino cooking class, cultural choir and dance troupe converge into this one presentation. Our hopes are that the students, teachers and the San Luis Obispo community will learn something which no classroom can teach—Filipino Culture.

PCE EVENTS

Feb 5 - General Meeting/Club Picture
Feb 19 - Nominations of New Officers
Feb 22 - Picnic
Feb 28-29 - Retreat
March 4 - Elections

Every Monday - Cultural Night Practice
Every Tuesday and Thursday - Dance practice
Every Wednesday - Modern dance practice
Every Sunday - Choir Practice

For More Information:
Maurice: 541-5678
Gener: 545-9258
Roman: 545-9670
Vanessa: 756-3725

ASI Program Board

Program board oversees the programming of facilities in the University Union for its members: Fine Arts Committee Chair; Concerts Committee Chair; Speaker's Forum; Union Executive Committee (UEC); and the Cultural Advisory Committee.

The board can assist ethnic students and clubs by directing them to the proper committees that will help them with on campus programming. Program Board encourages students to get involved. For more information, please contact Vic Vianni at the Program Board Office, 756-1211.

THE 1991-1992 WOMEN'S STUDIES LUNCH TIME SEMINARS

Dr. Jean O'Barr
"Getting into the Conversation: Women's Studies and American Higher Education"
Monday, February 3, 1992
12:00 noon
Cal Poly Staff Dining Room B

Open Forum Discussion with Jean O'Barr
Monday, February 3, 1992
3:30 p.m.
Cal Poly, Building 10, Room 241

Dr. Jean O'Barr, Director of Women Studies and Professor of Political Science at Duke University and former editor of *Signs, a Journal of Women in Culture and Society* (1985-1990), will assess the impact of the new scholarship on women. After more than 20 years, has Women's Studies changed our self-perceptions, the disciplines, colleges and universities, and the fabric of society as a whole? What role should it play in the academy of the future?

Dr. Willi Coleman
"Black Women's Studies/ Women's Studies: When Issues of Gender Raise Issues of Race"
Monday, February 24, 1992
12:00 noon
Cal Poly Staff Dining Room B

Dr. Willi Coleman, Coordinator of Cal Poly's Center for Women and Ethnic Issues and instructor of Women's History, will be discussing the political and academic climate which led to the creation of Black Women's Studies and examining its place within and outside of the academic arena.

For more information on the Women's Studies Lunch Time Seminar, please contact Margaret Camuso, 756-1258 or Carolyn Stefanco, 756-2845

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