THE
SUBALTERN
The Subaltern intends to reach Cal Poly students who do not feel as if their voices are heard and allow them the platform to share their stories. Our focus is on unheard stories from our campus - whether this involves race, class, gender identity, mental health, ethnicity, culture, or any unique part of one’s identity or experience. We hope that these stories will begin to shed light on what we usually consider “taboo” topics and allow students to feel as if they aren’t alone. Being a very homogeneous campus, it is important for us to realize that privileged voices are usually the ones being listened to. We can also see this when looking at this campus’ history as racist and culturally appropriated events have unfortunately occurred. We believe this magazine is needed at Cal Poly, as it will begin to open up a space for those who have not had the privilege and power to let their stories be heard. By sharing these stories, we strive to celebrate the diversity of individuals on our campus. We aim to make this magazine something our whole student body can be a part of, and through these stories, we will be able to grow stronger as a campus and provide a space to truly cultivate empathy. Throughout the years, we hope more and more people will feel comfortable sharing these stories and experiences through whichever medium they prefer.

The term ‘subaltern’ is derived from postcolonial theory in sociology, describing groups of people that lost their power due to colonialism. This resulting in the loss of their human agency and in turn were ‘othered’ and marginalized by our society. We decided to name this magazine The Subaltern in hopes of giving a voice to people who historically have not had one.
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MENTAL HEALTH
SUN

pantoum

The sun doesn’t care that she’s alone in the sky.
And here I am, alone another day
If she doesn’t care, then why do I?
She just radiates light without care of what they say

But here I am, alone another day
On a loveseat half-warm and half-cold.
She radiates light without care of what they say
So why does my solitude make me fear growing old?

On a loveseat half-warm and half-cold
I have sanity, health, and a degree to please
So why does my solitude make me fear growing old?
I want to be her, shining with ease

I have sanity, health, and a degree to please
I’m alone but I’m happy, with nothing to want
But I still want to be her, shining with ease
“I better get used to it,” I think, being blunt.

I’m alone but I’m happy, with nothing to want
And if she doesn’t care, then why should I?
“I WILL get used to it,” I think, being blunt.
The sun doesn’t care that she’s alone in the sky.

Megan Rottenborn
I may not be perfect, I might tumble a lot.
I might forget that disorderly motions happen when temperature is below absolute zero due
to the molecular matters having different orientations.
Nonetheless, I will always be flying.
I found something that makes my heart pulse the speed of light;
face blushing the color of mars, world spinning in a galaxy manner
I never thought chemistry would bring such tremendous joy

My life felt meaningless.
I came from a place where I was publicly compared to my fellow peers
grades posted on the wall, restricted privileges, public humiliation
at nine years old I established a title under my name - a nincompoop trash.
Escaping that environment, ten years it’s been, trauma follows
I still say I’m sorry for every question I ask,
I wonder if my professors think of me as trash.

When I was seventeen years old, I didn’t feel like I was breathing.
I remember asking my friends what happiness was, as I procrastinated my days away.
I was forced to walk with Jesus
pray to Him for hours on end my heart distanced far away.
I had my first love; a cunning boy with a sharp tongue.
Extremely vulnerable I was, a perfect prey for a horny teen
who didn’t understand depression and anxiety.
He made me feel small - Worthless.
Dancing with death, Xanax and booze, how lucky I am to be alive.
If it wasn’t for her, my favorite teacher, would I still be here?
Passion, dedication my teacher brought
   to a lifeless body I thought was ash.
   A fervent fire she lit inside, a promise she made betting her life
   “You will be a chemist” she whispered softly “an inorganic chemist, you’ll find your way”

Four years into college I envision her smile, picking up my lab coat, never looking back.
   Trembling each way, I see myself grow.
   A small scientist I am, carrying a heart of gold.
   Like a woman piloting a small airplane, smile brighter than the sun.

The winter season concludes and yet the fool’s journey continues.

Anonymous
I can defeat this monster.

My parents and I were in Charleston, South Carolina when it found me again. We were almost done exploring the city, tired from the walking, hungry from the lack of vegetarian-friendly food, and sticky from the humidity when I saw it. There it was, just within a few feet from me. A vile, bright yellow monster locked eyes with me from near the gutter. Its scowl made my heart race, my breathing halt, and my stomach churn. The monster’s piercing glare was taking over my body, causing it to go into panic mode. This horrible sensation was all too familiar. Yet, in a way, this time it was different. This was the first time my parents witnessed the monster that I had been telling them about sink its claws into me, and they were finally able to see the power it had over me.

The monster has been chasing me around since I was about eleven, constantly making me feel out of place and freakish throughout my teenage years. It comes in all different shapes, sizes, and smells, but my reaction is always the same. The monster finds me at parties, on airplanes and long car rides, or even at school. It has caused me to do things that I never used do: like count my steps as I walk, completely change my eating habits to a bland, tasteless diet lacking any real protein, causing me to become slightly anemic, or douse my hands in Purell so often that they are chapped and cut. I hated it, but I couldn’t stop.

The few people I had confided in told me that what I was experiencing was just anxiety, and it would eventually pass. Yet it is so much more than just stress and anxiety. To me, it is never visiting amusement parks and rarely attending parties, knowing the huge potential of seeing vomit from a child who spun too hard on the Tilt-a-Whirl or a teenager who never left the keg’s side. It is having to explain to my boyfriend why it is hard for me to leave my house on a whim for spontaneous dates. It is never mustering up the confidence to use public transportation or a public restroom, despite my bladder’s screams and whines. It is missing 127 classes my senior year, leaving early most days to sleep because I couldn’t be with my own thoughts, the thoughts that convinced myself that because I touched the door or stepped on a crack, I would...
throw up. It is feeling truly crazy, knowing how irrational everything I experienced was, but still not being able to push it away to be normal.

It was getting so bad that I could not get through a day without the feeling building up too much, resulting in an explosion. I would have a panic attack if the words “puke,” “vomit,” “throwing up,” or “stomach flu” were said within earshot. After the trip to Charleston, my parents and I had a serious discussion. I asked them to sit on the living room couch, and they both held me as I broke down, “Mom and Dad, please I need help! I can’t do this on my own anymore.” In fact, I was so emotional and passionate about wanting to defeat the monster for good, that I poured out everything I had been feeling without the ropes of sounding delusional pulling me back down to the ground. Something had to have worked because my dad began to cry, and not just tear up. My motorcycle-riding father and king of the barbecue began to truly sob. Both he and my mother were as passionate about the situation; they wanted their carefree daughter back. My mother assumed the tough, strong-willed role, and proposed an idea: I would need to see a therapist.

Now this was something that I truly could not grasp. Therapists were only for people with seriously weird problems. They were judgmental and I was unable to see how a simple conversation once a week would make me feel better. I was a lover of the beach and all things reggae. My west coast roots followed me to New York through my go-with-the-flow ideology and bright, chlorine-kissed hair. But I needed to remember that I also had a “seriously weird problem,” and I was willing to do anything to get over it.

As the weeks went on, I worked on my college applications and perfecting my shotput position for track, my mom had been asking around town and finally found a therapist who worked out of her home. Her name was Suzanne and I was to meet with her on Wednesday right after school.

A few days later, I found myself opening the door to her perfect suburban home. Everything, and I mean everything in her house looked like it was straight out of an magazine. From the perfectly positioned pillows to the magazines ranging from People and US Weekly to The Psychologist. Her walls were lined with diplomas and awards. I sat on a cool, leather couch sucking on a watermelon Jolly Rancher from her crystal candy bowl and thinking about what I was supposed to say or do or think. How could I be expected to pour my heart out to a woman who I could not even pick out of a crowd? As I was getting lost in my thoughts, Suzanne, with her polished grey bob and classic Ferragamo flats emerged. She had a look on her face that instantly made me feel safe and comfortable. She sat down, and began to ask me ques-
tions. Suzanne asked what a typical day for me was like, and how my parents treated me, and she explained that if I had any intention to hurt myself or anyone else, she would have to tell. As I thought about who it was exactly that she would tell, I heard myself promising that I had no bad intentions. For the next hour, I talked and she listened. It felt good to look into her eyes and see that she was truly listening. When the session was ending she said to me, “Olivia, you have all the qualifications for emetophobia, the “morbid fear of vomiting” (McGraw-Hill Concise Dictionary of Modern Medicine,) but did you know you have all of the classic signs of OCD as well?” Now this really surprised me, as my mom referred to my bedroom as a “pig sty,” and I never did the dishes or my laundry. To me, being OCD meant that everything had to be clean and organized, and that was far from my life. For the past 7 years, I did not realize that my daily habits: only eating food if it came in even numbers and only accepting high fives if they came in threes, were actually ways of my mind begging to help.

As I processed this information, Suzanne got up and led me to the door. She told me she would see me next week and that “we would get through this together,” motivating me through the week. Over the next few weeks, Suzanne and I formed a bond that I never expected. As we got closer, my compulsive habits seemed to disappear faster than the M&Ms from the bag of trail mix I would pack in my daily lunches. I learned numerous tricks and tools to handle my anxiety disorders. I never was able to discover what triggered my emetophobia or what really caused me to have OCD, although I believe it may have started when I was a child, surrounded by what seemed to be perpetually vomiting peers in the classroom and Disneyland. Yet despite the lack of a specific cause, I learned how to control them.

Over the next few months, I tried new foods, went to parties, and even began using public restrooms again, potentially exposing myself to “dangerous” situations. But what surprised me most about the improved version of myself was accepting my offer of admission to Cal Poly. Cal Poly is 2,962 miles from my home in Scarsdale, New York. This journey meant airplanes and living in a dorm, without the comfort of my bed, my family and friends, or Suzanne. Yet throughout these months of improvement, I
never truly knew how much I had improved, until I came face to face with the monster again. I had finally made it through high school, and I was off to a graduation party to celebrate. I put on my snakeskin romper and my favorite black studded Sam Edelman sandals. I felt confident and excited as I walked up the driveway into the backyard. I was late as I went straight from a celebratory dinner with my family, and by the time I arrived all of my peers were completely drunk. Accepting sloppy hugs from my classmates and letting the loud rap music flow through me, I was scanning the yard for my friends when I felt some water land on my legs from the back. I wiped it off without thinking, and continued to look for my friends when my leg began to burn. I looked down, and noticed this water was not water at all. In fact, it was fresh vomit covering my legs, and I had touched it! After so many months the monster had finally found a way to attack me, thinking it had won our battle once and for all. Yet the monster did not win. As disgusted as I was, I did not let this get in the way of my perfect night. While it was hard to control myself, my best friend, expecting me to breakdown at any minute, led me to the bathroom. I cleaned myself and returned to the party, feeling alive and proud of my actions, motivated to conquer whatever college threw at me.

Although it was hard to leave my home in suburbia, I believed in myself enough to embark on a path that felt right to me. I knew that it would not be easy, and I was sure to come across the monster that I had spent months squashing, but I also knew that I was ready to prove to both myself and my loved ones that the monster no longer had power over me. Sure I have bad days here at Cal Poly where the anxiety tries to creep back into my life, trying to take over, causing me to lay in my dorm bed fighting back tears. But I also know that the feeling is not forever, and that I am allowed to enjoy college and my new life.

I defeated the monster.

Olivia McKay
IRREVERSIBLE mistake

Difficult decision impossible to reverse

Grace Barber
IDENTITY
my body is a Taco Temple™ my queerness
is an orange my sexuality is
boysenberry pie (baked from scratch) my
gender is the first bite
(with whip, please)
my love is an ocean of tomato
soup my language is the grilled
cheese dipped in it my heart belongs
to an artichoke my hope is tonight’s
leftovers my baggage is yesterday’s
leftovers my god is tomorrow’s
leftovers my sex is dessert my hurt
is a side dish my whole is mashed
potatoes everything else is the
Nature Valley™ bar crumbs that get fucking
everywhere
the next time you take a bite
will you think of me? do you dare
eat a peach? because yesterday is tomorrow and
tomorrow is always and forever and
if there’s anything I won’t eat it’s
collard greens cause that shit’s gross
I saw the most individual spirits of my generation diminished into half-life’s by a depth of identities, each of which they sought to do justice, dragging themselves through church pews, listening to church-do’s and don’ts, filing in uncomfortably, stuck between family members all fully devoted, not fully devoted themselves, but not altogether against, stuck between conflicting thoughts and conflicting self-images, contrasting identities, stuck between a rock and a rock and a rock and a hard place, and having no place, unwilling to surrender, unwilling to deny, neither for nor against, neither heathen nor saint, a pied piety, existential paucity, unwilling to commit either way and so committing to nothing, one foot out the sanctuary door and the other in the baptismal font, dappled spirits who dabbled in unsanctioned activities and called it love because it was, who bow down to American Idols and who indulge in worldly passions, who quote, like scripture, lines from good books, who celebrate the splendor, the beauty and creativity, that fills the world and the shelves and the Spotifies and the Netflix queues of all God’s children, and who follow pop icons’ Twitters and follow Jesus still, who curse and use the Lord’s name in vain (for emphasis), because god damn it some emotions are just that explicit and demand the holy weight of a whole expletive, but who use His name, in such cases, with an audibly lower-case ‘g’, who sleep in on Sundays because sleep is holy, mornings holy, who enjoy sunny days outside because nature is holy, who spend time with loved friends and family because
family and relationships and love are holy,
and so they honor the sabbath without sanctuary walls,
who honor thy father and mother, and tease them too, who respect their elders and
respectfully disagree sometimes, who honor their parents out of love for them as
individuals, not out of admonition of an age hierarchy,
who do not murder, do not cheat, do not steal, do not lie, do not covet—
“for Humanity told [them] so,”
who, above all, love one another,
above all,
above all,
above all, love,
and who wrestle in despair with the reality that this cardinal commandment, written in red, is too
often broken
in the name of God, in the name of the Bible, in the name of doing what is commanded;
for who can purely and proudly claim membership to a group that is pied in practice?

Katherine Flitsch
Poly Parent experience

Juggling school, work, and caring for my autistic child I was constantly at my max. I’ve heard so many times “I don’t know how you do it” and truthfully, it was often at the expense of my wellbeing. I always knew I’d do it for my son, and for myself, but often something had to give. Whether that be my mental or physical health, the time I had to fully commit to an assignment, or my level of engagement as a parent.

I’m proud of all that I’ve done, but I wish I could have enjoyed it more. I wish my identities as a student and a parent could have lived harmoniously. I wish there had been better on-campus resources, even a community I could have counted on.

I hope that in Cal Poly’s efforts to become a more inclusive campus student-parents are no longer forgotten. That there will be child-friendly study spaces, policies that include and support us, that biases against us will be exposed and that norms will shift. I hope that we become visible and are invested in, in all spaces.

Jasmin Othman

A student-parent, who nonetheless ‘made it’
“JOHN” AND “rochelle”

Hannah Rutter
My name is Grant. I am a third year business transfer student from Huntington Beach in Orange County, CA. Nicknamed “Surf City,” a big portion of life in Huntington Beach revolves around the beach and surfing. However, growing up, neither of those particular were a huge interest to me. I do not despise it whatsoever but I never saw it with the same passion as others. Part of me thinks it is because my biggest influences were roaming big cities, staring at skyscrapers, sitting on stoops in New York or navigating the cultural melting pot of Los Angeles. But nonetheless, living a 10 minute drive from the beach was not enough of an incentive in itself to pick up a board and surf the local waves. I have friends that would be at the beach everyday if they could whether it was their morning surf session to relieve stress while enjoying nature, their routine pier walk to take in the momentent, or their tanning session during hot days. Some locals show more enthusiasm when the annual US Open of Surfing comes to town in late July-early August. The nine day event hosts vendors such as Monster and Billabong and covers competitions such as surfing, skating and BMX and in the past has attracted close to 500,000 attendees. Perhaps, it was the association with outdoor activities like surfing, hiking, or bouldering that turned me off from being passionate about the beach. My lack of passion for the beach never prevented me from being connected socially though. Often times, it would be grabbing food or coffee with friends. And without hesitation, if the plan was to go to the beach, I would be willing to go. But it was never with overwhelming passion. Since I started at Cal Poly about sixth months ago, I have met various individuals from different backgrounds and places. Some
came from places with easy access to beaches like myself, others had to drive multiple hours to the nearest beach. For them, part of the draw to the San Luis Obispo area was the access to beaches. Pismo Beach, Avila Beach and even Morro Bay have beach access and are about 20 minutes away from campus. I have talked to students who have gone to the beach regularly growing up and but in a different area. However, it became the people who grew up without beach access that made me appreciate beaches (and my hometown) more. After all, some of these people waited 18-19 years to be close to a beach, let alone see a beach. For them, it became heaven, to be laying in the sand and hear the waves crash while all the worries in their life disappear. Since starting at Cal Poly I have spent time at Pismo Beach, Avila Beach, or Morro Bay (mostly for the coffee) but also to enjoy the beach access. I love living in places with beach access whether it is Southern California or the Central Coast. Will I ever talk about the beach with immense excitement? Probably not. But I can make a guarantee that I appreciate being close to beaches more.
Many people have told me that my story is not new, saying “What could you possibly say that I don’t already know?” And honestly, I used to be one of those people. And truthfully, there is no way to know until it happens to you.

In high school my boyfriend forced coke up my nose and pills down my throat. In college I woke up in a stranger’s bed naked... scared.

Recent research has come to suggest anti-assault trainings aren’t nearly as successful as we had hoped, and they might actually be making the problem worse.

So sure, these stories may not be new, and it may be less trendy to talk about things like this, but the repetition of these stories is what makes them heard. They stay relevant because until they stop happening we will keep talking, protesting, fighting.

Excerpts from Rupi Kaur’s Milk and Honey

Introduction from Taylor Abouzeid

Holsey’s 2018 women’s march poem

Statistics from Planned Parenthood and Rainn sexual violence surveys

Liz Wolfe’s Reason.com article

Parts of Chanel Miller’s memoirs Know My Name
It's 2009 and I'm 14 and I'm crying.
Not really sure where I am but I'm holding the hand of my best friend Sam.
In the waiting room of a Planned Parenthood.
The air is sterile and clean, and the walls are that not grey, but green.
And the lights are so bright they could burn a whole through the seam of my jeans.
My phone is buzzing in the pocket.
My mom is asking me if I remembered my keys—cause she's closing the door and she needs
to lock it.
But I can't tell my mom where I've gone.
I can't tell anyone at all.
You see, my best friend Sam was raped by a man that we knew—cause he worked in the
after-school program.
And he held her down with her textbook beside her.
And he covered her mouth and he came inside her.
So now I'm with Sam, at the place with a plan, waiting for the results of a medical exam.
And she's praying she doesn't need an abortion, she couldn't afford it.
And her parents would, like, totally kill her.

At Planned Parenthood in the state of California, the consent of a parent
is not necessary for any abortion in a person under 18 years of age.

I felt a sharp pressure in my gut, needed to pee. I asked to use the restroom and he requested I wait because they
may have to take a urine sample. I lay there quietly clenching my bladder. Finally I was given the clear. As I sat up I
noticed my gray dress was bunched up around my waist. I was wearing mint-green pants. I wondered where I'd gotten
the pants, who had tied the drawstring into a bow. I pulled down my new pants, eyes half closed, went to pull down
my underwear. My thumbs grazed the sides of my thighs, touching skin, catching nothing. Odd.
I repeated the motion. I flattened my hands to my hips, rubbed my palms along my thighs, as if they'd materialize,
rubbing and rubbing, until heat was created, and then my hands stopped. I did not look down, just stood there
frozen in my half squat. I crossed my hands over my stomach, half bent over in complete stillness like that, unable to
sit, unable to stand, pants around my ankles.

It's 2002 and my family just moved and the only people I know are my mom's friends, too,
and her son.
He's got a case of Matchbox cars and he says that he'll teach me to play the guitar
if I just keep quiet.
And the stairwell beside apartment 1245 will haunt me in my sleep for as long as I am alive.
And I'm too young to know why it aches in my thighs, but I must lie, I must lie.

Three out of four rapes are committed by
someone known to the victim.
you
have been
taught your legs
are a pit stop for men
that need a place to rest
a vacant body empty enough
for guests but no one
ever comes and is
willing to
stay

One in five women and one in seventy-one men will be raped in their lifetime.

It’s 2012 and I’m dating a guy and I sleep in his bed and I just learned how to drive
And he’s older than me and he drinks whiskey neat and he’s paying for everything
This adult thing is not cheap
We’ve been fighting a lot, almost 10 times a week
And he wants to have sex, and I just want to sleep
He says I can’t say no to him
This much I owe to him
He buys my dinner, so I have to blow him
He’s taken to forcing me down on my knees
And I’m confused ‘cause he’s hurting me while he says please
And he’s only a man, and these things he just needs
He’s my boyfriend, so why am I filled with unease?

Researchers from UCLA and UCSB found growing evidence of a boomerang effect, where high-risk men behave more aggressively, not less, after interventions designed to change their behavior.

I didn’t know that money could make cell doors swing open. I didn’t know that if a woman was drunk when violence occurred, she wouldn’t be taken seriously. I didn’t know that my loss of memory would become opportunity. I didn’t know being a victim was synonymous with not being believed.

I understood a few things: I knew he was a heavily recruited athlete, a dominant swimmer, who finished second in the 200-yard backstroke. I knew they called me finger-lickin’ good. I knew I did not deserve help, because this was not real trauma. Accomplished, not dangerous.
He was the one who lost everything. I was just the nobody it happened to.

High risk males might be made more likely to engage in sexual violence as a result of these interventions. According to reactance theory, when people perceive that their freedoms are threatened, they may resist such influence and assert such autonomy by moving in the opposite direction to the perceived influence.
It’s 2017 and I live like a queen.
And I’ve followed damn near every one of my dreams
I’m invincible and I’m so fucking naive
I believe I’m protected ’cause I live on a screen
Nobody would dare act that way around me
I’ve earned my protection, eternally clean
Until a man that I trust gets his hands in my pants.
But I don’t want none of that, I just wanted to dance.
And I woke up the next morning like I’m in a trance and there’s blood.
Is that my blood?
Hold on a minute.

The 2013 Violence Against Women Act doesn’t require universities to assess whether programming actually works.

Many schools have employed a bystander model for sexual assault education, but Malamuh et al. say there is no evidence that the method works at changing high-risk males’ attitudes, emotions, empathy levels, or behaviors.

sex takes the consent of two
if one person is lying there not doing anything
cause they are not ready
or not in the mood
or simply don’t want to
yet the other is having sex
with their body it’s not love
it is rape

I always wondered why survivors understood other survivors so well. Why, even the details of our attacks vary, survivors can lock eyes and get it without having to explain. Perhaps it is not the particulars of the assault itself that we have in common, but the moment after; the first time you are left alone.

Something slipping out of you
Where did I go.
What was taken.
It is terror swallowed inside silence.
An unclipping from the work

This moment is not pain,
not hysteria, not crying.
It is your insides turning cold stones.
It is utter confusion
paired with knowing.

Gone is the luxury of growing up slowly.
So begins the brutal awakening.
I go to college. I sail through hardships best I can, 
And I would be lying if I said I had a 
masterplan. Are there other voyagers in my 
boat? Who are just trying to stay afloat?

Let’s talk about college life, No one’s sure what they’re going to get. All of the sudden that test was a dud and that dude’s finally your bud. Maybe North becomes South and up becomes down and you start to fret—your mindset.

That’s what everyone always told me, Expect the unexpected. 
Journeys can’t be perfected, I just want to be accepted.

Look for your voice like it’s buried treasure. I’ve learned it’s for your own pleasure. Map out your story and live to tell the tail. Together, we must prevail! It’s true, we risk being looted. After all, these waters are polluted.

The thought of sharing my story is intimidating, Especially when you identify with the majority. You shouldn’t have anything to complain about, Your ethnicity has the authority.
Is it weird that I feel guilty? The diversity at this school is filthy, It’s too milky.

I never had to have the talk, No, not the one about birds and bees. The talk about how you walk, Why it’s important to never flee.

That cop has a gun And if you run, Your rights that America the free advertises becomes slim to none. That’s not the case for everyone.

There are a lot of things that I could do, Respect is the golden rule to stick to. It starts with awareness, And I believe this is how we achieve fairness.

Let’s once again talk about college life. Listen and learn to lessons taught by your peers Because after all, What are you doing here? It might be as simple as lending an ear.

Melanie Blum
Hi! My name is Riese Nichols and I am a third year Graphic Communication major with a concentration in Design Reproduction Technology. Throughout my time at Cal Poly, I have always been drawn taking an idea and making it a reality through the work of graphic design. Once I heard about the opportunity of creating a magazine, I knew I had to jump on this project because I have always loved the idea of magazine design. After Cal Poly, I hope to continue with my love of magazine design by working for a company developing and creating their magazines. I am so grateful for everything Cal Poly has given me and I cannot wait to see where my future takes me.

Hello! My name is Rebecca Fox and I’m a fourth-year Sociology student with a concentration in International Development. For my senior project, I wanted to do something that would start to make a difference at Cal Poly, concentrating on involving our student body. I hope this magazine will create a more unified feeling around campus and that students start to feel comfortable with sharing their both hardships and accomplishments alike. Through this project, I’ve learned how important it is to cultivate compassion and empathy in a community. Sociology and Cal Poly have allowed me to truly learn by doing and I look forward to where my experience and education will take me post-graduation.
Thank you

We would like to thank everyone who submitted their stories, photos and to everyone who supported along the way.

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Courtney Kaia
Sina Schwenk-MueMer
Lily Morgans
Devin Gaasch
Aila Richardson
Nora Stankavich
Abigail Clark
Chi Tran
Lauren Weinstad
Parker Swanson
Steven Mather
Faith Leventi
Morgan Cameron
Caroline Anton
Elena Ostapovicz
Julia Kelley
Dr. Ryan Alaniz
Megan Noble
Anna Tong
Megan Rottenborn
Katherine Flitsch
Ethan Hundertmark
Taylor Abouzeid
Melanie Blum
Grant T. Lee
Olivia McKay
Hannah Rutter
Jazmin Othman
Grace Barber
“IF WE CAN OPEN UP A LITTLE BIT MORE TO EACH OTHER AND SHARE OUR STORIES, THAT’S WHAT BREAKS DOWN BARRIERS”

Michelle Obama