

INSIDE

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ISSUE 2



**This issue is brought to you by the
Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center
Office for Diversity and Multicultural Education
Dean of Students Office
Culture, Brain and Development Program
Hampshire of Color Planning Committee
Spiritual Life Office
Office of the President
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To serve better and retain students of color and international students, the Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center provides a range of programs and resources to support and promote the success of students of color and international students at Hampshire College.

Additionally, the center provides programs and resources to the larger campus community for engagement in issues related to race, culture, and under-representation, with the underlying goal to effect social change.

We enhance our longstanding commitment to community and social change by:

- providing and advocating for services, programs, and resources that assist international students and students of color for a successful transition to, matriculation at, and graduation from Hampshire College
- offering services, programs, and resources that foster academic success among international students and students of color
- ensuring a space for multicultural community building, individual expression, and the exchange of ideas
- fostering leadership skills for multicultural competence for students of color, international students, and multicultural student groups
- continually examining the fluidity of race, culture, and identity; specifically examining how race and culture intersect with other social identities and their impact on one's view of self and of the world
- serving as a campus partner in promoting multicultural competence through community engagement on topics related to race, culture, and under-representation.

LEBRON-WIGGINS-PRAN CULTURAL CENTER MISSION

INSIDE MISSION & DISCLAIMER

The mission of *Inside* newsmagazine is to ignite dialogue throughout the Hampshire community in relation to the issues that reflect students of color and international students, as well as larger issues that impact the Hampshire Community. It is important to recognize however, that although this publication is funded by the Cultural Center and our sponsors, it is not a SOURCE publication. *Inside* welcomes the voices and perspectives of students on campus regardless of their ethnicity or race. Every article, story, or commentary published in this magazine is at the sole discretion of its writer; *Inside* serves as the medium to facilitate those voices.

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK: MELISSA SCHEID FRANTZ



DIRECTOR OF MULTICULTURAL & INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICES
ASSISTANT DEAN OF STUDENTS FOR COMMUNITY ADVOCACY

Inspiring. Humbling.
Moving.
Motivating.
Heart-touching.
That was how I felt
after attending the
Hampshire of Color
Weekend held March

28-30, 2014. It was a “Celebration of Us: (Re)Uniting Hampshire’s Multicultural Community and Marking the Cultural Center’s 25th Anniversary.” The weekend underscored how invaluable our community is seen by others and how proud we all should be of our contributions to the Cultural Center and to the campus.

O.C. and I were especially moved by talking with three of the alumni who helped orchestrate the 1988 Dakin Takeover that led to institutionalizing the cultural center space: Kien Lee (85F), Michelle Revels (85F) and Alicia High (84F). We were tickled to hear of their accounts of the strength of SOURCE in 1988, the details of the hour by hour planning of the Takeover, and of their first time seeing the fruits of their labor (they had never seen the current Cultural Center building before).

Below is an excerpt from my March 29th welcome remarks that reflect how I feel about the student of color and international student/alumni community:

“...For the last 11 ½ years I’ve been privileged to have one of the best seats on campus as the director of the Lebron-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center. Hundreds of students of color and international students have walked through those doors. The center is so alive throughout the school year and for the last 11 years the daily backdrop to my work has been students’ laughter, it’s been the a-ha moments of shared experiences, it’s been the silence when friends reunite with a hug, it’s been the crying when feeling lost, it’s been the talking over of each other as students brainstorm the next best thing, it’s been the chit-chatting over a shared dinner...it’s been the sound of ‘home.’ Our theme for this 25 year celebration is “Our Legacy of Home.” When I started here at Hampshire the students would describe the center as a

“home away from home.” Well, why is that? My kids just turned 7 and 9 last week. When my kids grow up they don’t want to leave home. Why? Because we’re family. Because it’s familiar. Because it’s safe. Because they need someone to help them. It’s that simple. Students over the years, like Kryzia, Steven, Rachael, Will, Amy, and Geo enlightened for me that how my kids feel about their ‘home’ in Greenfield, Massachusetts is exactly what students value about the Cultural Center and our multicultural community. What my kids don’t understand yet though is that that sense of home can be with them regardless of what house they are living in when they get older. The fostering of those feelings of connection, safety, and guidance that my kids cling to are what Hampshire students of color and international students wanted for themselves and future generations back in 1988.

Their vision was based upon the power and necessity of community... We recognize and honor the legacy of the generations who cleared the paths, laid the foundation, built the frame, and opened the doors for that sense of home in order to help lift a student of color throughout their Hampshire career.

If I could have all of my past student workers as well as all of the other students of color and international students who participated in anything related to the CC lined up in front of me, I would say to each of them: thank you for letting me into your home and making me feel at home. Thank you for motivating me to be a better person each day – at work and in my personal life. Thank you for your collective wisdom, collective love, collective voice when that was needed. Thank you for letting me cry with you. Thank you for pushing and pushing and pushing... and not letting our community get pushed. Thank you for one of the most transformative experiences of my life. Thank you for guiding Hampshire on the path that is too difficult to find at times.”

Proudly,
Melissa

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Thank you for taking the time to read our Summer 2014 issue of *Inside* magazine. This will be our second issue that commemorates the Cultural Center's 25th Anniversary: Our Legacy of Home. Through the Hampshire of Color and 25th Anniversary event in March many alums of color returned to campus to celebrate with us. It was a great moment for the Hampshire multicultural community to be (re)united.

We were overwhelmed with such positive feedback from alums about *Inside* that we decided to reach out to alums to invite them to submit to us. Again, we were overwhelmed with the response. So much so, that we weren't able to publish everyone this time around. (Don't worry! We plan to include those that couldn't fit, in the Fall issue of *Inside*.) We hope that you enjoy this issue and are able to continue to seek connections within all generations of SOURCE.

Now that the semester has drawn to a close- as new alums prepare for life after Hampshire and current students enjoy their summer breaks- we would like to send out some thanks.

Thank you to everyone who submitted, supported, read, shared, and sponsored *Inside* this year. Without you *Inside* would not be possible, nor would its continued expansion in readership and submissions.

Thank you alums and students for your time and submissions, but most of all for being part of this community we've carved out for ourselves, and for helping to make it what it is today. Thank you for being a part of this milestone year, your celebration and acknowledgement of the Cultural Center, the SOURCE community and all its achievements means so much to us. Needless to say, in this year, the 25th thriving year of the Cultural Center, we honor, acknowledge and appreciate not only the CC—we acknowledge and appreciate you as well!

To the 2014 Graduating Class of the SOURCE: CONGRATULATIONS!!!! All of your hard work has paid off and you are now official alums of Hampshire College and SOURCE. Don't forget to update us how you are changing the world post-Hampshire and come back to visit.

There is no "SOURCE" without "U"!

Your editors,

Lauren Garretson 12F and Jessica Doanes 10F



CC staff, left to right, bottom row: Melissa Scheid Frantz, Robyn Smith, Elijah Brice-Middleton, Kam Tate, Jessica Doanes (co-editor).
Top row: Lily Rodríguez, Lauren Garretson (co-editor), Xavier Torres de Janon, Adisa Stewart, O.C. Gorman, Xingying Peng.
Not pictured: Danielle Jefferson, Kwasi Brooks, Gabby Garcia, Thao Le, Tesh Pimental.
Photo credit: Blaze Jones-Yellin

met several students on the campus, and I was struck by the personality of the campus, but only as one can be in an interview- with some awareness (at least on my part, halfhearted and hopeful acquaintance). *Inside* that I'd felt like I was in a new and Hamp communities, a decision in my mind,

give them a second look until I was on the plane.

articles, stories, and poems written by students I'd just met. I felt like a fangirl! Like, "Oh, yeah, I met her, I met him. Oh nothing, they just interviewed me! Whatever, no big deal," in that mock-unfazed-obviously-superfazed kind of way.

met several students on my trip and was introduced to the personality of the campus, the CC, and SOURCE, but only as one can be introduced to strangers during an interview- with some awkwardness and apprehension (at least on my part, haha!). We'd all become friendly and hopeful acquaintances, but it was only after reading *Inside* that I'd felt like I knew what the CC/SOURCE and Hamp communities were about. I had already made a decision in my mind, and *Inside* solidified it for me: I

needed to work with this my soon-to-be family.

See, I was blown away by the sincerity and the intimacy of each piece or, perhaps, entry. It felt like I was being invited to read a community diary: so vibrant, so present, and so unadulterated. With each page I felt the celebration, the concern, the love, the curiosity, the tenderness, the disappointment, the hope and sometimes even the venom, all of it.

Inside's mission describes itself as a medium to facilitate student voices that address issues that reflect students of color, international students and impact the Hampshire community, and so it does. So strikingly the voices amplified through *Inside* shared with us, the readers, their journeys as they have and continue to navigate a world that too often seeks to quiet or disregard them and us.

Three years after that plane ride and now a part of the CC/Inside team, I am so often overcome with love and gratitude for our editors and designers, who work diligently and relentlessly semester after semester to make our mission a reality. I'm overcome with love and respect for the writers and artists that choose to submit to *Inside*, who courageously share their visceral, complicated, and personal life experiences with us and seek to share their perspectives as they shed light on issues, happenings, and community on-goings. I'm overwhelmed with appreciation for the generosity of our sponsors and ad purchasers who support us and share our daring mission. To you our dear readers, I thank you for reading our magazine and taking us into your life.

As you read our magazine, I encourage you to continue to see beyond these pages. Please remember that these are snapshots of lives, that fit into an album of the world we live- places we are from, the histories and times that produced us, and the ones we've loved, those that have hurt us, and everything in between the future and the past. One final thank you as our sixth incarnation of *Inside* goes to print: Thank you, Steven-Emmanuel Martinez 07F!

Steven is our founding editor, whose bold vision reverberates with each new issue of *Inside*. All of this is because of you!

Can't wait until the next issue!

Love,

O.C. Gorman

Assistant Director

Multicultural & International Student Services

FAT LIBERATION

EXCERPT FROM "FAT.BLACK.&UGLY."

I can't walk with your barbells
I rather dance
Fuck the elliptical
I will take a walk through fields of
dandelions
No treadmill
Just what feels good
Happy movements
Snack breaks and heavy breathing
I can move without your workout plans
I know my body
I love my body
I accept my body
I trust my own judgment
and don't respect yours
I define my health

Walking
Dancing
Loving
Fucking
Doing what feels good

Don't like running
Fuck it, I'll stroll
Walking to my tune
In tune with my body
my body
my body

I know my aches.
The scar on my right hand
The knots in my shoulders



By Alum Eshe Shukura 10F

The peeled skin on the bottom of my feet
The tickles of my armpits
The cracks in my un-moisturized lips

I am pretty when I smile.
Happy when I eat.
Beautiful when I cry.
I have emotions.
I have a body and
I love it.
I love my body.

When I smile the whole world pauses. They notice and breathe me in. The moon shines brighter when I put my full self in orbit. When I love my body, I peel away your worries, my shame, and their hate. I see the beauty, I denied myself. I define myself. I've touched the core of why I need to exist. My confidence brings forth my connection. You will love me. You will love my body. My body will not be an apology. The body is not an apology.

You are hurt by my fearless words,
 Sounds choking your heartstrings:
 I have made you realized that you are White.
 And you stammer and feel offended by my courage,
 Bravery that your ancestors could not subdue with
 their whips and coals and crosses:
 I have reminded you your skin color.
 And you claim that I am somehow oppressing you,
 you say I'm offensive, that
 I am
 fucking
 destroying the struggles of
 Martin and Malcolm and
 Latin@ and Asian and Indigenous leaders
 whose names I wasn't taught,
 not important for your history.
 Bigoted White American, egocentric and
 exceptionalist by nature:
 I am reminded of my skin color every day, without
 exception, in this farm valley,
 In this college town,
 In the classroom I shut you down.

When you forget my
 name and replace it
 with another one in
 Spanish,
 When I am the only
 brown body in a room
 of decision-makers,
 When I am the only one followed around, patted
 down to get into your concert,
 When you question my origins because I don't look
 Latin@, because I don't sound Latin@,
 When you and your professor look at me for an-
 swers you don't have and won't ever understand,
 When I hear the pains of my brothers and sisters,
 all caused by a racism you want to hide.
 And yet you feel entitled to cry,
 To shout "I am oppressed by your words":
 We can get killed if we stutter such things.
 This venomous monster is quiet, quieted by you
 and your liberal colorblind family,
 Created by your grandparents,
 Your Founding Fathers in complicity with your
 forgotten Mothers,



Your Civil Rights a fake antidote to this colored
 cancer lurking in your subconsciousness,
 Ever-present in our consciousness.
 Your White Feminism, White Human Rights,
 White Religiosity, White Environmentalism are
 race-less,
 because White is transparent, is beautiful, is
 correct.
 Because brown is an aberration to your society,
 and you don't like it when I remind you that,
 and you don't like it when I bring it up.
 When you suffer, it matters; when I suffer, it's
 how the world is.
 When you can't pay, your Whiteness saves you;
 when I can't pay, I am incarcerated or deported.
 You call me "Over-sensitive"
 "Anachronic"
 "Reverse-racist"
 "Self-segregating"
 "Latin@"
 "Anti-American"
 I call you an entitled belligerently ignorant
 White idiot.



By Xavier Torres de Janon 12F



HI! WE ARE DIG!

THE INDIGENOUS STUDENT GROUP AT HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE.

After a few years of inactivity, we are back(!) and invite the Indigenous community on campus to help us rebuild the group. In the upcoming year we would like to host activities for and with the Hampshire and Five College communities, such as film screenings and hosting lectures/discussions that address issues that affect Indigenous communities, and, of course, creating spaces where Hampshire and Five College Indigenous students can gather to have fun, observe and celebrate cultural traditions together, build community, and embody a strong presence on campus.

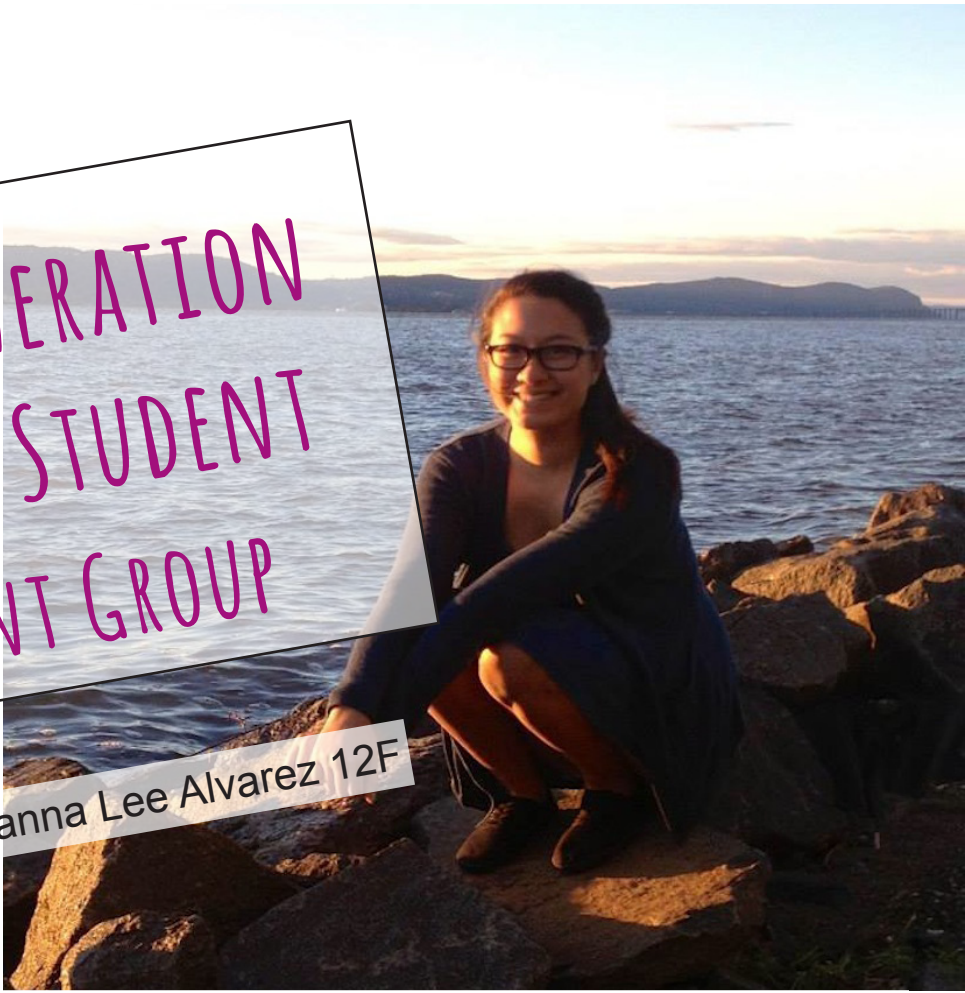
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO INQUIRE MORE ABOUT DIG! AND FUTURE EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT US AT

dig@lists.hampshire.edu OR CHECK OUT OUR

HAMPEDIA PAGE: <https://hampedia.org/wiki/DIG>

WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU, SO PLEASE DO KEEP IN TOUCH!





FIRST GENERATION COLLEGE STUDENT STUDENT GROUP

By Vivanna Lee Alvarez 12F

As a first-generation college student, coming to Hampshire has been one of the most difficult transitions I have ever had to make. Before coming to Hampshire I did not strongly identify as first-generation because I could not understand the impact it would have on me. Since my first semester here I have struggled with describing certain challenges with other students whose parents had received a two or four-year degree. It is also a challenge for me to talk to my parents as well as family members who are currently my age but are not pursuing higher education. In all of these cases, the discomfort is due to the lack of understanding from both non-first generation students and families who do not have experiences of going to college.

Now that I am ending my fourth semester here at Hampshire, I have worked very closely with Professor Kristen Luschen who is both the chair of my Div II committee as well as the recently appointed Dean of Multicultural Education and

Inclusion. With her guidance, I have put in a request to CLA for Hampshire College's first ever First Generation College Student student group. The mission statement reads:

This closed identity based student group will primarily serve as a social and emotional resource and as a strong support system by building community and solidarity amongst first generation college students. We will also serve as a platform for students who identify as first generation college students to express and voice their agency through raising awareness not only on the Hampshire campus, but throughout the Pioneer Valley.

Within this student group I hope to discuss a lot of common issues that we as first generation students experience. Such topics include: what was the college process like for you? Did you get through the paperwork alone? Did you get to tour schools? Did you have a college-going identity right from the start

of high school or before? Did you find any helpful scholarships? Did you have to write an appeal letter? Is your financial situation making it harder to experience college on top of being first generation? Is your family supporting you with your decision to pursue higher education? What is your relationship like with family? Has it changed at all since being in college? Do you feel like microaggressions for being first generation exist? What do those look like? Addressing intersectionality, how do other identities play into also being first generation? Do you feel like there is pressure from your family and others for being first generation? Are there ways we can work with the institution to put structures in place to support ourselves as well as incoming first generation college students?

Although the intention of the student group is to provide a safe space for us to talk about our experiences as first generation college students, I hope students will participate who will be passionate about excelling above and beyond to work with me and Kristen on the institutional initiative. Within the initiative I hope for amazing things to happen. First, I would love to see the school release the statistics of the number of students who identify as first generation here at Hampshire. Second, I would like to get an identity based hall started for those students. Third, a pre-orientation should be something we aim for, since many of us come from homes that didn't promote a college-going identity let alone talked about college in the slightest bit. Fourth, hosting a formal dinner for incoming first generation students so they feel recognized for their accomplishments of coming so far for being the first in their family to pursue higher education. Finally, we hope to get faculty and staff to put stickers on their doors and magnets in their classrooms during class-time which will acknowledge that asking questions about things like unfamiliar diction or theories is okay. The stickers on faculty and staff members' doors will reassure students that the indi-

vidual was also the first in their family to go to college and that the office is a safe space to talk about things that may be unfamiliar.

There is much more to work on, but this is what is in place so far. Until we get the recognition from CLA for the student group, I cannot move on with the process of creating the institutionalized support system. Thank you for lending me your time and if you identify as a first generation college student, please do reach out to me via email or facebook to talk more about the student group in the works: vla12@hampshire.edu.

UPDATE: It's official! The first ever First Generation College Student student group is recognized as a new group beginning Fall 2014!

BUILDING THE MOVEMENT FOR REPRODUCTIVE FREEDOM

CLPP inspires, educates, trains and supports new activists and leadership to secure reproductive freedom, justice and sexual rights

FOR EVERYONE.

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civil liberties & public policy

building the movement for reproductive freedom



25 years

<http://www.get-covers.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/05/Balloons.jpg>

Critical Social Inquiry
Applauds the Cultural Center
at Hampshire

csi.hampshire.edu

25TH CC GARDEN

In celebration of the past 25 years of the Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center a garden was planted by SOURCE and CC staff. The 25th Anniversary mosaic

designed by Tesh Pimental 11F (center picture, on the left) and realized by Robyn-Brooke Smith 11F (center, right), was placed in the garden.

Thank you all, for an amazing and wonderful first 25 years!

Here's to 25 more!



BALLAD FOR THE MOTHER OF

Sleeping will be nearly fatal-

memories will extract

bullets one by one from his body

eleven times to be exact.

First, remove the ones from his limbs.

His hands must be free, disarmed.

Legs mobile and ready

to run from the scope of harm.

Secondly, around vital organs..

The moan of the stomach ceased,

your cooking, rendered useless.

his hunger at peace.

Last, the three lodged in his back.

Trio of scorn that his

blackness has born. These bullets will

make you feel the attack.

The shape of your breath will be

a hook rising in your throat.

You'll cough every memory like blood

not knowing how to emote.



Poem by
Jorrell Watkins 11F

KIMANI GRAY



<http://www.uscop.org/wp-content/uploads/2013/03/kimani->

You will never trust the police.

Understand their justice.

How can you rely on devils

that saw him and released-

his soul, his soul, his soul. departed!

Sirens screaming in dreams,

“Black boy, how dare you be so

Vicious. Vile. Violent. very-

Black. too-brown-to-live-safe-and-sound.

Carole Gray you will hear

gunshots before & after his name;

mourn thirty-eight years,

until your grief grows a gun.

The revolver found there,

at the site of murder and gray.

Empty the gun's chamber, into the flesh of NYC.

ARTIST CORNER

KENYA MISSION



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ALLISON WAITE IIF



The following is an excerpt from a creative non-fiction piece in progress, entitled “Hall of Whose Language(s)?”, a meditation on institutional spaces, race, and microaggressions. The essay is, in part, a response to Junot Diaz’s recently published piece in The New Yorker, “MFA vs. POC.”

WRITING AND SURVIVING AT SYRACUSE

by Alum Chen Chen 07F

Late April, 2014: Finished with my last class of the spring semester, I exit Hall of Languages through the back. The back is less impressive, less beautiful, and there is an area with benches where it is often quiet and a good place to think. I sit on a bench, thinking: my fourth semester at Syracuse—done! I’m surprised I’ve made it through four whole semesters. I think of the many more times the assumed (and carefully protected) center of literary discourse, of literature, was white.

The time a teacher wanted to show us an example of a “good” political poem (for once) and gave us two poems by an old white middle-class male. The time a teacher called Maxine Hong Kingston’s use of Chinese mythology “exotic.” The time a teacher didn’t know

who Frank Chin was or that there were immigration laws in place for decades that specifically restricted the entrance of Chinese immigrants into the U.S. The time a teacher chastised me for being a “dutiful son” when I did not want to portray my mother in a negative light in one poem. The many times a teacher did not advocate for me or make me feel safe in the classroom. The many times a classmate expected me to educate him or her about the history of all people of color. The time a classmate praised me for writing about something “more universal” when the poem had not made any non-Western cultural reference. The time a classmate critiqued me for being “too specific” about my experiences as a Chinese kid in Texas and how some of my descriptions were not “accessible” and she had trouble “relating.” The time a teacher pushed me to write more directly about my culture and my identity because he found it unusual and “fascinating.” All the times I didn’t know how to respond, was too angry to respond, was too scared of losing respect or jeopardizing my graduate fellowship.



I remember my mother telling me when I was in college that because they could only afford to support me for so long, I absolutely had to finish within four years, even though I was struggling with incidents like the ones above on a regular basis. At least at Hampshire, there existed a shared vocabulary for dealing with these “microaggressions”—

small but deeply triggering and harmful instances of racism, Eurocentrism, sexism, homophobia... At least at Hampshire I knew which teachers could and would insist on learning spaces where microaggressions were critically addressed, unpacked, dismantled. At least at Hampshire I could take poetry classes where it was not completely bizarre for someone to bring up issues of race. At least at Hampshire I knew I was not crazy for feeling the way I did. So, it wasn’t that microaggressions did not occur or that I was not affected by

them, but I had support. I finished in four years.

How have I managed to get through four semesters at Syracuse? Books I've found outside of classes, writing friends I've found outside of the MFA, YouTube clips of Cave Canem and Kundiman poets reading, having conversations about aesthetics and politics with each other, the excitement and surprise I feel when I'm deep in the middle of work on a poem. I love the hard work of writing poems. But should I have to work so hard to maintain a healthy sense of self and cultural worth?

I remember my mother saying to me when I was in elementary school, "You have to be twice or three times as good as the white kids to get the same grade." I thought she meant pure academic overachievement when perhaps she (also) meant the constant need to overcome alienation, exclusion, de-legitimatization, lack of resources, lack of institutional support, homesickness, pressures to assimilate, mockery over inability or refusal to assimilate, assumptions about ability and knowledge, assumptions that the Asian kid will be alright because

he just likes working hard, no matter what.

I didn't drop out, leave, or even take a temporary leave of absence—Hampshire or Syracuse. After outlining a slew of injustices, imbalances, awful microaggressions in "MFA vs. POC", Junot Diaz goes on to say that he is not sure why he still stayed in his program at Cornell. "Maybe it was immigrant shit. Maybe it was characterological—I was just a stubborn fuck. Maybe it was the fact that I didn't want to move back to my mother's basement for anything. Maybe I just got lucky—I didn't snap or fall into a deep depression or get completely demoralized." I still have another year in Syracuse's MFA program. I've registered for fall classes and fully intend to attend. Why? Luck and stubbornness that I didn't get completely crushed in the process, support from my partner, support from writer friends outside the program. Also, it feels like the system would win if I dropped out, if I didn't continue bringing my voice into spaces that may not be ready for it. Still, the system itself needs to change.



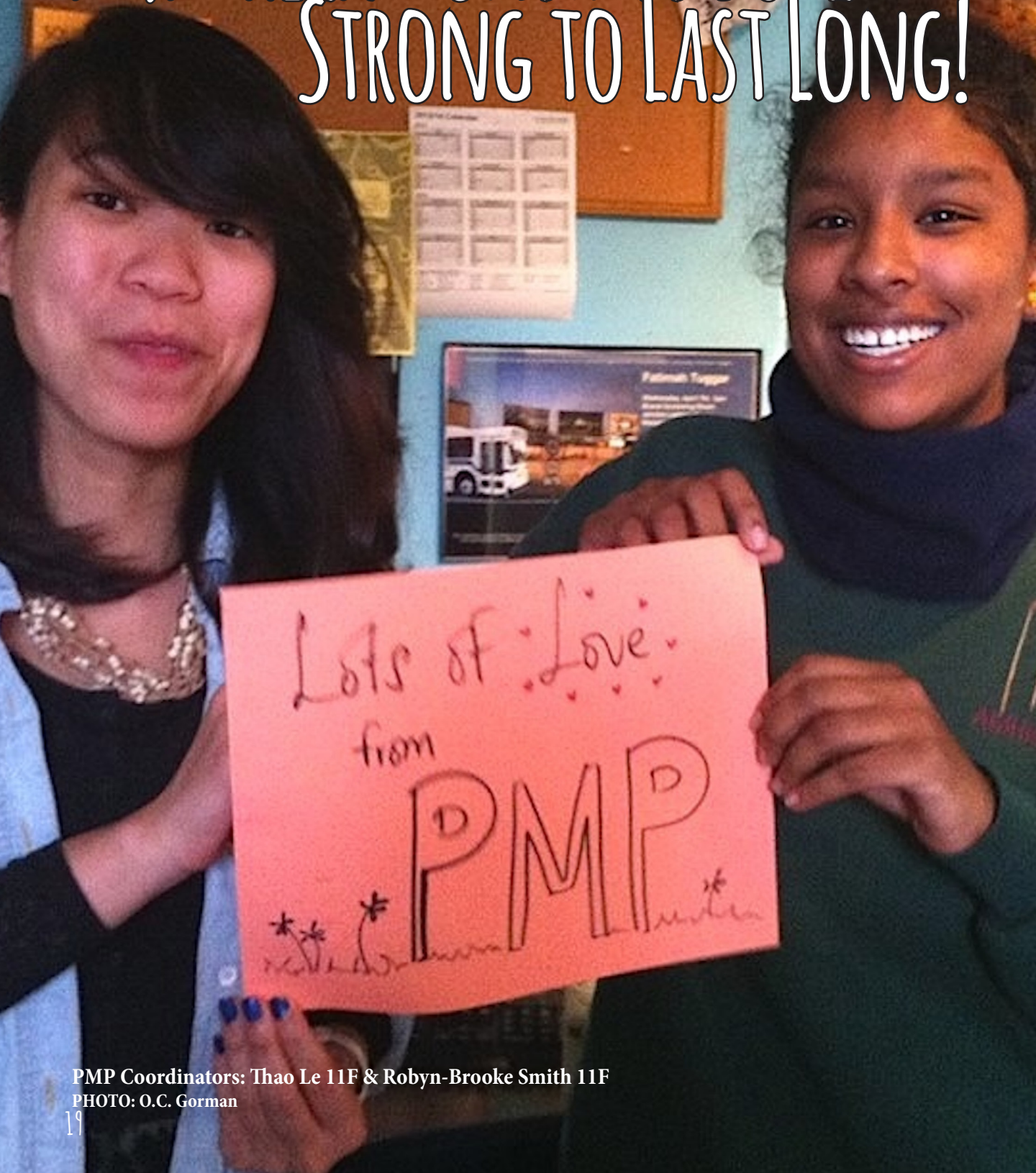
The FPR - Hampshire College
Program in
Culture, Brain,
& Development

**Congratulations to all our
recent graduates!**

***New for fall 2014: The Body, Brain, &
Culture Living Learning Community, a
first year residence program facilitated by
CBD faculty and staff!***

cbd.hampshire.edu

PMP: RELATIONSHIPS BUILT STRONG TO LAST LONG!



PMP Coordinators: Thao Le 11F & Robyn-Brooke Smith 11F
PHOTO: O.C. Gorman



The Peer Mentorship Program (PMP) fosters a support-filled community within SOURCE (Students Of Under Represented Cultures and Ethnicities). Incoming students are matched with current students based on a mixture of factors including hobbies, personal and academic interests, and for the rest of the year have a mentor they can depend on for almost anything. Friendships are built and the PMP family continues to grow with each passing year.

One of the most remarkable PMP families to date: Niajah Doty-Moore 06F > Brittany Williams 08F > Eshe Shukura 09F > Jessica Doanes 10F > Kameesha Tate 12F > Toni Stone 13F and Adisa Stewart 13F (who was also mentored by Jessica this past year). This connection of mentors and mentees has been going strong for seven years and will continue, as most recent mentee, Toni, has recently applied to be a PMP mentor for the upcoming Fall 2014 semester!

PMP is an amazing opportunity to be involved in SOURCE and have an undeniably amazing community that is always active! Every month we host a number of fun events such as movie nights, roller skating (and ice skating!) and don't forget those end of year study sessions.

Join PMP! Returning students of color and international students can apply to be a mentor here: <http://www.hampshire.edu/culturalcenter/5755.htm>. New multicultural students (including first year transfer students) can apply to be a mentee anytime throughout their first year.

Start/Continue your PMP family! Let's make PMP history!

MEET YOUR DEAN OF MULTICULTURAL EDUCATION AND INCLUSION: KRISTEN LUSCHEN



“GO-OO-OO Kris!” My older brother’s shout of excitement rang above the polite clapping of the graduates’ families. It propelled me forward and onto the front

stage to be hooded, the ritual that welcomes new Ph.D.’s into our elite club. The shout was accompanied by a few whoops and hollers from the other members of my large family located in the stands of one of Syracuse University’s many gymnasiums. I was embarrassed, but I loved it. This sign of approval emanated from the same sibling who, only eight years earlier, had warned me with grave seriousness, “Don’t get your doctorate. Those people are all stuck up.”

People with advanced degrees, particularly professors, were people my family saw in movies and television. They weren’t our neighbors or friends, and I certainly was not related to them. Therefore, my desire to become, in their mind, an aloof, condescending, highly educated adult was more than a bit puzzling. My brother did not intend to be mean. He was reflecting his reality of people with Ph.D.’s with whom he had worked. After opting to serve in the military like our father, he took a few online college courses but this helped him to understand why I would spend so much of my life studying rather than ‘doing something.’

As I grew into my life as a graduate student, and then a professor, my family grew with me and their preconceptions were challenged. They came to appreciate the decisions I made, and I became aware of how challenging the gap could be between first-generation college students, their families, and their academic communi-

ties. This brief window into my background, I hope, explains some things about who I am, as well as my current teaching and research supporting college access and awareness work for first generation students.

I was privileged to have significant mentors during my undergraduate experience. I attended the local state university, SUNY Buffalo, where I earned my BA and MA in Sociology. I grew up in a working class family and was the first of my family to earn a bachelor’s degree. I entered college certain that I would become a lawyer, and then fell in love with Sociology, History, and Gender Studies. What I learned helped me to question my world and explain things that I had seen or felt, but had no words to describe. My junior year opened up a whole new world for me. A graduate student and one of my teachers asked me to assist in her doctoral work and mentored me through the project. Because of this experience, I realized I was capable and interested in becoming a teacher and scholar and applied to graduate school. The lessons of mentoring students and bringing them into authentic questions, theory, and methods stay with me today and are one of reason I love working at Hampshire.

I was hired into the faculty at Hampshire College in 2000. Though my doctorate was not yet complete, I entered into teaching and advising with gusto! However, due to a number of events, including the illness and death of my mother, and the birth of my second son, it took five years before I defended my dissertation and earned my doctorate in Cultural Foundation of Education with an emphasis in Sociology and Women’s Studies. Since I arrived at Hampshire, I have had the great fortune to work with incredible colleagues, staff and students, many of whom were part of the SOURCE community.

My work is concerned with how inequality is produced and maintained, but also resisted within educational

spaces. Whether focused on teachers and students in small rural or urban schools, or educational programs for pregnant and parenting young women, my teaching and research has examined the relationship of institutional policies and practices and the experiences of people within those educational environments. Importantly for me, education happens in many places, both in and outside of school. For instance, popular culture is one key site of cultural learning. Much of my teaching and research has been within youth and gender studies, critical multicultural education, critical race theory in education, critical policy analysis, and qualitative methodology. I have published articles on gender, sexuality, sexual health education as well as youth and popular culture. For instance, one of my recent publications offered an analysis of gendered representations and relationship violence in the “feminist” young adult trilogy, the Hunger Games.

This issue of *Inside* is devoted to activism. In many ways, teaching for change – for personal reflection and for social, political, and historical understanding – is my form of activism. I routinely ask my students to engage in creative and analytic projects that require critical examination of their assumptions and we do this work in the context of research on their family, education, and community histories. This year, I published a book about this work, *Crafting Critical Stories: Toward Pedagogies and Methodologies of Collaboration, Inclusion and Voice*. The book was co-edited with my friend and former Hampshire colleague, Professor Judith Flores Carmona and draws on the experiences and research of several scholars to explore how the cultivation and representation of stories is navigated in teaching and research. The book emerged from my work centered on critical storytelling and community engaged learning. While at Hampshire, I have developed courses that bring college students into discussion with K-12 students and their teachers. I have directed course-initiated projects in which Hampshire and local middle school students learn from each other through the creation of digital stories about their educational hopes and dreams. Most recently, I co-taught a course bringing together design and social justice education with eight Hampshire students and Professor Thom Long. I worked with 6-8th graders for two years at the Peck School in Holyoke, examining how power works in their school spaces, sharing personal challenges, goals, and stories, and designing initiatives for changing their school culture and policy. Linking back on own history

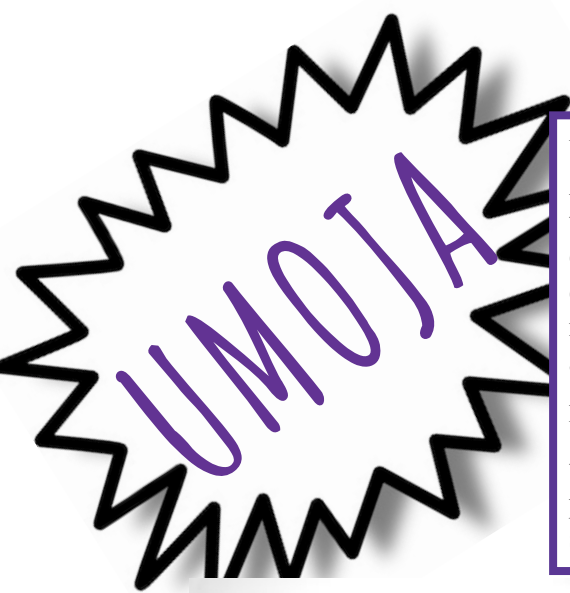
with significant mentors, my intent is to challenge my students, Hampshire and Peck alike, to be thoughtful, meaningful mentors and critical, assertive advocates in their own education.

As the Dean of Multicultural Education and Inclusion, I will draw on my teaching and research background, the ideas and approaches available in the education literature, my life experience, and the experiences of those around me to help support a college environment that is inclusive and actively anti-racist. These are not new endeavors to me. Aside from my classes and research, I have been involved in diversity and inclusion work for the entirety of my time at Hampshire. I have been on faculty education panels, examined our academic policies and practices as part of the Diversity Taskforce, and participated in intergroup dialogue opportunities and trainings. I continually strive to understand how our institutional policies, practices, and culture impacts the experiences of historically underrepresented faculty, staff and students. I have collaborated with members of the SOURCE community to raise concerns and develop more inclusive practices. I use my privilege as a White person, a professor, an anti-oppression educational researcher and an academically successful first-generation student to speak for anti-racist education, social justice and inclusion because they are my beliefs and my responsibility within our community.

As the first semester in the Office of Diversity and Multicultural Education comes to a close, I am excited to move forward into the summer. While I have been working closely with Diana Fernandez, Chief Diversity Officer, and Melissa Scheid Franz, Assistant Dean of Students for Community Advocacy, and Jackie Jeffery, Assistant for the Office of Diversity and Multicultural Education, as well as a number of other colleagues, I am eager to hear from SOURCE about your concerns as well as the programming and initiatives on which we can collaborate.

Nearly ten years after my graduation, my brother now realizes that one can study as a career and avoid being “stuck up.” I hope you also will find that I’m accessible and available to you. I look forward to our work together!

Kristen Luschen, Ph.D.
Dean of Multicultural Education and Inclusion



UMOJA is an organization that serves and is run by students of African descent. UMOJA is the only student group devoted solely to the interests of Black students and its mission is threefold: to establish a support network among black students, promote social events open to the entire Hampshire community, the four surrounding area colleges, as well as exclusive events for members, and to encourage, through fundraising, and collaborations with the Admissions office, aggressive recruitment of minority students. UMOJA provides a forum for students of the African Diaspora to discuss issues concerning people of color in general and Black people specifically, on this campus and beyond. Umoja is a sub-group of SOURCE.



Photos: Stephanie Craig

UMOJA (UNITY)(OO-MOE-JAH). CELEBRATED ON DAY ONE OF KWANZAA. THIS PRINCIPLE TEACHES STRIVING FOR AND MAINTAINING UNITY IN THE FAMILY, COMMUNITY, NATION, AND RACE.



IT SERVES AS A SUPPORT AND EDUCATIONAL STRUCTURE FOR STUDENTS OF THE AFRICAN DIASPORA.

FOR MORE INFO ABOUT UMOJA CHECK OUT OUR HAMPEDIA PAGE:

<https://hampedia.org/wiki/UMOJA>

OR EMAIL US AT

umoja@lists.hampshire.edu

WE HOPE YOU JOIN US THIS FALL!

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REFLECTIONS ON ACTIVISM OUTSIDE OF HAMPSHIRE: THE SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS PROTEST TRIP

by Yesenia Pum 12F

In November of last semester, the long ride to the South started after Hampshire students began organizing for a trip to go to the School of Americas at Fort Benning in Columbus, GA to join in the protest against the institution. The School of the Americas is a combat training school for Latin American soldiers where they learn counterinsurgency techniques, sniper training, commando and psychological warfare, military intelligence and interrogation tactics. Many graduates from this training school would go on to become dictators all over Latin America who created genocide against their own people. My parents grew up in Latin America during the age of U.S. imperialist “intervention” that stimulated a mass migration North during the 80-90s. Thus, it brought my family here to the United States. While growing up, my dad would talk about the wars and how they happened all throughout Central America and as I grew older I noticed that my other fellow Latin@ students and friends had suffered from these wars too—the main reason why they left their families and their countries, migrating here. Being part of such a traumatic history fuels my soul to



actively participate in closing down the School of the Americas.

Being a young, able college student and having the opportunity for the school to pay for the traveling, I felt compelled to be part of the annual protest this year. While being there I met really awesome folks who were part of different organizations that organized around U.S. imperialism and its effect on people. I attended an amazing workshop conducted by an Indigenous Mayan womyn whom I had the honor to talk to and perform a spiritual ceremony with. I got to experience, firsthand, ongoing anti-colonial struggle outside of a Hampshire environment. As a student outside of campus I am activity involved in anti-colonial struggles and community based organizing. This was and is a great opportunity to join forces with fellow comrades in the same struggle. In spite of problems with the trip and the protest, I still met bad-ass community organizing folks and felt inspired being there! I encourage you to be part of this trip if there is one next year. We need a bigger Hampshire presence at future protests.

THIS IS FOR....

A poem by Danielle Jefferson 10F

**This is For
all the beautiful black women
whose curves break every rule and bend every mold
whose ass presses out in every pair of clothes
because H&M's size 6 wont fit you
and forever 21's sizes don't even fucking address you
struggling in dressing rooms like "I cant even get this shit past my thighs"
to,
being delegated to shopping in New York and Company, version, 'Plus Size"
you should know,
skinny white bitches run the world, thick Goddess
and every mirror you look in has got a default image thats destined to make you wanna cover
up with their standards and be "modest"
but,
twerk it out if it makes you feel good
and,
fuck those main stream pseudo intellectuals that delegate twerking to being slack, and
"hood"
and,
rock that short skirt as a flag in the women's liberation struggle,
and those pum pum shorts as a testament to your womanhood, sexuality, and bad bitch
hustle
and,
strip
fuck
cuss
preach
read
write
birth
scream
as loud as you want to
and,
dont let anyone dictate the definition of what femininity is to you
and,
be the champion of your body
your mind
and
your soul
and last but not least,
dont let the skinny
hetero
anglo
mothafuckas
run your goddamn show.**

SOCIAL ACTIVISM THROUGH FILMMAKING

A note from Alum Akil Gibbons 08F

PAPER CITY

YOUR POWER WILL CHANGE THE WORLD

AKIL ANSWERS THE AGE-OLD QUESTION: CAN A DIV III TRANSLATE INTO A POST-HAMPSHIRE CAREER?

After graduating from Hampshire College I have been fortunate to continue my passion for social activism, community engagement, and education in my career path as a filmmaker. At Hampshire I studied socio-political science and filmmaking and my thesis was a documentary called Paper City. This project started from interviews that I conducted while working as a tutor at Peck Middle School in Holyoke MA. My students had to navigate through booming drug economies, struggling school systems, gang warfare, and unprecedented rates of mass incarceration on a daily basis. In response, I was privileged enough to work with a community of teachers, law officers, activists, and politicians in Holyoke to create Paper City for students to realize their own dreams outside of the school to prison pipeline.

The questions that I framed in my Division III about race, class, and modern segregation prepared me for the responsibility I have now as the Outreach Manager for the award-winning documentary The House I Live In. I was hired by Charlotte Street Films, which operates as both a film production company and non-profit organization. This documentary is about the war on drugs and subsequent mass incarceration of low-income communities.

My time is also shared with working as a Production Assistant for [T]error which is a documentary currently in production about a counterterrorism informant whose mission goes wrong after the target realizes that he is being set up by the FBI.

Hampshire College's approach to individualized education has prepared me for this line of filmmaking; and I am very thankful, it truly is a college that changes lives.

- akil.gibbons@gmail.com



THE SHOT

Short story by Alum
Elora Christine
Pindell O8F



When she first heard about The Shot (or The Vaccine as some were calling it), her first thought was that she had to get it. It had been more painful than she had expected. The nurse held her hand, telling her that it would be over soon. She told her that she was doing better than most people, knew that most people cried when they felt it burning through their veins. Elise could see why. It was more than just fire, or burning. It felt like there were a million different things in her body running from the chemicals that were chasing

them out. The pain had lasted exactly thirteen minutes. When the last of it reached her toes, just when she thought she would die from the pain, it stopped. It stopped so suddenly she forgot where she was and why she was there.

When the nurse's face came back into focus, she smiled down at her. "It's all over now, honey." The nurse began to stroke Elise's hair then quickly withdrew her hand after feeling its texture. As Elise sat up she saw the nurse wipe her hand on her scrubs, then wash her hands. It's shit like that, she thought. Shit like that that will make all of this worth it.

The receptionist at the front offered her special Band-Aids that would keep bacteria from getting inside the puncture wound on Elise's left arm. There was so much demand for The Shot that there was a completely separate desk for being getting the shot, and those returning for Transitioner visits. When the receptionist saw on the computer which procedure Elise had done, she smiled broadly at her. "Good for you, sweetheart." She then handed Elise a sticker and went back to her computer as though Elise had not been there. Elise made it home to find Michael on the couch, staring but not really watching. She went to her room without speaking to him, and lay down as the nurse had instructed before she received The Shot. Michael never entered the bedroom, and Elise, finding herself suddenly very, very tired, went to sleep.

She awoke two days later (as the nurse told her to expect), with her hair, skin and eyes noticeably lighter. She had hoped her hair would be the first to completely transform, getting straighter until finally it fell at her shoulders or down her back. She wondered if she would be a blonde or a brunette. Her eyes looked as if they might turn a very specific green color. If they did she hoped she would not be blonde. If the hair was going to be blonde, she wanted the eyes to be blue. As she stood in the mirror, she suddenly remembered a spatula in her kitchen she was obsessed with as a little girl. It was a strange chrome thing, which if she looked at herself in it at a certain distance, made her eyes look blue. She begged her mother to let her get contacts. Her mother said no, and Elise vowed that as soon as she got into college, she would get them herself. She did, and the contacts hurt her eyes so badly that she had to stop wearing them after only two days of having her lovely blue eyes. Now, as she stared at her new face, she knew she wouldn't have to bother with contacts or wishing anymore.

When Michael came home, he froze when he saw her.

"You have to be fucking joking," he offered.

"I know..." Elise started. She could only say again, "I know."

“How could you do this without asking me first?” he demanded.

“Ask you what, exactly?” she countered.

“Ask me if I was ok with you becoming someone else!” he almost shouted it.

“You didn’t have a problem with my straightening hair, or staying out of the sun-”

“That was different, Elise. You were still Black.”

His face was a mixture between anger, confusion and a deep sadness.

Mike had always been beautiful. Elise used to call him the “perfect shade of brown”. She told him on their first date, “You could get a white girl, you know. If you wanted.” They had gone to a bar in their small college town and after three drinks she was feeling honest and vulnerable. The waves in his hair were always so soft and shiny looking. His eyes were a very light brown, almost gold, and his chest was broad. She couldn’t believe he had picked her, out of all the girls who had been making eyes at him in their Greek Mythology class. The first time she saw him naked she found a long, deep scar across his chest. He would never tell her how he got it, no matter how much she asked. She had been the first girl to kiss it as they made love. They had been together four years, and he always looked at her as if he were seeing her for the first time.

Now he was looking at her like he never wanted to see her again.

“I’ll still be me, Mike. Just a little bit different,” she tried to comfort him. She didn’t want him to go. She suddenly wished she had asked him how he felt about all this.

“No, you won’t,” his voice cracked. “You’re already someone else, the woman I knew would have never wanted this.” “How can you not want this?” Elise threw her arms out at him, her yellowing palms facing upwards. “Don’t you want to wake up and just be able to just be you? Don’t you want people to look at you like you’re a human and not a fucking savage? I’m tired of people looking at me like I’m not supposed to be in their damn office,

or in their fucking cab, or walking around in their neighborhoods. I’m tired of telling my own fucking family that I’m still worth something even though I’m darker than all of them. It hurts so bad and I’m tired.” Mike left before she got to say “savage”, but she kept yelling at the door, hoping he would return.

On the fourth day, she was blonde. Her nose was thin and pointed. Her hands and feet were red, as well as her cheeks, which she kept pinching to watch the color rise and fall from her face. Mike wasn’t answering her calls, or texts or emails and she wondered whom he was living with. She decided to push it out of her mind and take her first walk as a blonde. She was not disappointed. Strangers smiled, other women nodded to her as though they shared a secret. She wondered if they were Transitioning too, and they could see it in her face. As she walked, people she normally saw in the morning (as the old Elise) looked confused. She knew she must look familiar to them, but they couldn’t place her. The baker who sold her morning pastries, the vendor who sold her the local newspaper in the afternoon and the doorman all stared like they were trying to remember where they knew her face. She decided she wouldn’t ever tell them, that she would let the old Elise disappear behind her new mask.

She decided to go to the pier. She marveled at her hair blowing in the wind and then resting again on her shoulders. The sun in here eyes was hard to look at with her new eyes. They were a dark blue, almost as if all the pigment she had left fled there. A group of Black teenagers were sitting near Elise’s spot on the rail separating the water from people who liked to try to jump in. They were laughing loudly and smiling like the world was theirs. She wondered if they had felt the cold sting of racism yet, the look of disappointment on a potential employer’s face after having read your impressive resume only to find you’re “not what they expected”. She looked away to find a short plump man standing beside her. He had a leg on the

lower portion of the rail and his fat hairy arms were crossed.

“You’re watching those kids like you know one of them,” his voice was bigger than his 5’4” stature. “In a way, I do know them. Better than I can explain,” Elise said.

He laughed; a hollow sound that made it seem like nothing was funny.

“Yeah,” he said. “Once you’ve met one you’ve met them all.” He nodded like there was nothing truer in the world. Elise stood up straight from her relaxed position on the rail. “That’s not what I meant at all.” The man raised his eyebrows at her. “Come on, honey there’s no need to be on ceremony here. We’re just two adults talking about the truth of things. I came over here hoping to get your number-” His tone sounded like he was trying to comfort her, like he wanted her to relax, it was

ok to be honest with him. “Why bother?” Elise towered over his small frame, her hands balled into fists. “You meet one Black woman you’ve met them all, right?” The man opened his mouth as if to say something, but her words had shocked him silent. And there, in his eyes, Elise saw him realize both what she used to be and what she had done to herself. She saw him figure out that he was talking to someone who was Transitioning. He lifted his hands as though she had a gun on him and backed away, shaking his head.

Elise hadn’t realized how loud she must have yelled it until she saw other people staring, some pretending to be invested in their bagged lunches, anything to keep from looking at her. The group of teenagers looking repulsed by her.

She walked home, more confused and hurt than she had ever been.



“FORGING LINKS BETWEEN THE CAMPUS & COMMUNITY SINCE 1987.”

The Community Partnerships for Social Change program is a campus resource helping students integrate their academic interests with community-based experiences.

We offer community-based internship opportunities, summer internship grants, training, and a variety of resources to strengthen students’ social justice organizing skills.

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POETIC WITCHCRAFT

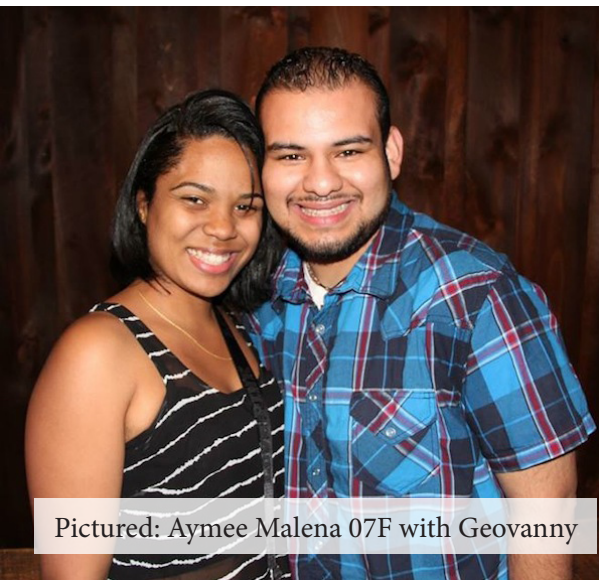
Poem by Alum
Geovanny
Interiano 09F

I once read that poetry is like witchcraft.
As Bruj@s we collect the ingredients necessary to complete our potions:
One part metaphor to create the world we live in.
Two part reality that allows us to imagine it.
A dash of sorrow and the passion it brings
And the wings of the fluttering butterflies from deep within.
A pinch of the ex that ruined your life and the essences of the one who got away.
See, we brew these potions, casting a spell that leaves you in awe.
We carefully pour the ingredients in the iron cauldron within our heads.
Mixing the dash of sorrow with the pinch of the ex, flooding your body with desire.
Stir in the wings of the butterflies and the essences of the one who got away, invoking need in your heart.
Infuse one part metaphor and two part reality, engulfing you in my fantasy, making it difficult for you to escape.
The cauldron bubbles as we step to the stage.
The elixir ready to flow from our mouths to your ears.
We spit an incantation that freezes your vocal chords, forcing you to communicate solely by the snaps of your thumbs.

We invite you into our worlds.
Creating magical worlds that mischievously draw you in.
We become vulnerable as we conjure the secrets from deep within,
Speaking in the tongue of those who came before us..

You see, witchcraft is an art form.
We carefully craft sentences that lead you down enchanted paths.
Spit out words that bind you to your seat.
And lay out stanzas that have uncanny parallels to your lives.

Poet become storytellers.
Showing you how beautifully deadly our minds can really be.
And the power of our words that are often discredited as mere fantasy.
But
We draw you in with the magic of our words.
Keep you here with the illusion of our creations.
and send you away with the echo of our bewitchment.
I once read that poetry is like witchcraft.
Now I guess you can all me Brujo.



Pictured: Aymee Malena 07F with Geovanny

THANKS SOURCE GROUPS FOR A YEAR OF AMAZING EVENTS!

What an exciting year it was for the 10 multicultural groups of SOURCE (Coalition of Students of Under-Represented Cultures & Ethnicities)! The year was filled with weekly meetings, film screenings, dances, community talks, holiday celebrations, event collaboration, Five College connections, conferences, BBQs, and much more! The groups continue to demonstrate the need for community building, cultural belonging, and support.

Participate in these groups next year to be part of the SOURCE legacy!
For info go here: <https://www.hampshire.edu/culturalcenter/5594.htm>



MOCA member
hanging out
at the CC



JB Brunch hosted by the JB Scholars



PHOTO: Alison Waite

Raices @ Hampfest



PASA Meeting



Queer Prom
Hosted by QIPOC



MOSAIC Meeting



If you have taken the time to read this, I thank you. It seems that it is not often that many people take the time to read on their own accord. There are plenty of factors that play into that outcome. Nonetheless, while I still have your attention, I will get to my point.



Last Spring, I was spending countless hours trying to decide which school I would attend for the next two years of my life. I chose Hampshire College because I was lured by the potential of diversity at all points of the spectrums—from classroom to community.

I read student review after student review of Hampshire College. Most reviews seemed to be written from the perspectives of non-students of color, which was disappointing, given the talk of being committed to diversity. A number of these reviews glossed over the lack of resources for students of color, the lack of faculty of color, and so on. My assumption is that most of these reviews were written by white students given that some

reviews used the word “they” in reference to students of color and international students.

I found out more about Hampshire College’s gradual and sometimes reticent movement toward establishing a more diverse student and faculty population, as well as support services that would ensure diversity when I began organizing a collection of newspaper clippings covering student of color activism that would be displayed in an exhibit: Moments of Community & Activism: A multi-media exhibit and ongoing SOURCE/Cultural Center archiving project.” The exhibit was featured during the Hampshire of Color/Cultural Center’s 25th Anniversary celebration weekend. The 1988 Dakin Takeover, in which SOURCE

I PLAN TO LEAVE A PIECE OF ME BEHIND

by Adrian Quintanar F13

(Student of Under-Represented Cultures and Ethnicities) occupied what is now the Dakin Living Room to demand more resources for students of color, was the primary focus of this exhibit. This exhibit allowed me to search the College archives, enabling me to find a rich history of activism and information regarding the formation of the Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center.

In reading the newspaper articles of the 1988 Dakin Takeover, I became further aware of the tremendous efforts of students of color and international students and their lasting impact on the College. As Hampshire students, you are aware that while there is a lot of talk about maintaining diversity, sustainability, academic integrity,

and other discussions regarding the up keeping of the quality of social life and education within the Hampshire community, there is not a clear means of communication. It often becomes a task for students to hold the administration accountable for claims and promises they make and have made, especially when it comes to matters of diversity and inclusion.

The time I spent searching through the student periodicals was a wonderful experience for me. It gave me a new and deeper appreciation for the Cultural Center—my home away from home. The Cultural Center has provided a space for me to contribute to the SOURCE community on Hampshire's campus. It has also been a space for me to de-stress and reflect on the issues that students of color face on a daily basis inside this bubble, as well as in the outside world.

It was a remarkable feeling to see the faces of three Hampshire alumni who helped organize the Dakin Takeover visit the exhibit in their honor at the Hampshire of Color/ Cultural Center 25th Celebration event. Their many stories and their nostalgia was something magical, something pure and in the moment. I felt incredibly lucky to have met them and shared space with them as they discussed their frustrations with the lack of resources for students of color and international students at Hampshire.

The Hampshire of Color Celebration has made me more aware that Hampshire, as an institution, will not budge unless the voices of the students are projected loudly, and often. I am grateful to those students before who put so much effort into the creation of the Cultural Center and for other resources for students of color. I thank the many students who continue to stride for more representation and who continue to hold this institution accountable, making sure that the issues we face do not go unheard or unseen. After all the fun that was

the weekend of the 25th Year Celebration of the Cultural Center, I am now inspired to continue the tradition of activism and awareness.

As I finish up my first year at Hampshire College, I realize that my time here will be short. Very soon I will be a Division III student and will probably be something of a shooting star. That is, my presence will have come and gone for most people not to have noticed, but nonetheless, I plan on leaving a piece of myself behind for someone down the road to find. If home is where the heart is, I plan on leaving a piece of mine behind because the CC is somewhat of a home to me when I'm not in sunny, earthquake-ridden California. I just hope someone realizes that piece of me is dedicated to making things happen—just like those before me. Thank you all for being.





Happy 25TH

anniversary to the
Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran
Cultural Center, with
thanks and appreciation
for enriching the
Hampshire campus in
so many important ways.

THE HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE
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