



Lebron- Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center's Mission

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 inter-sect 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.

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

Do you ever have those moments where someone gives you words of advice when you least expect it but need it the most? I truly believe that coincidences do not occur, but rather circumstances unite moments and people. This fall marks my 10th year working at Hampshire College. I have been blessed to work with the most passionate and committed students during my time. Over the years the students have humbled me with their highs and lows of personal, social and academic struggles while being at a predominantly white, U.S. American campus. It is an understatement to note the value of peers supporting peers in a multicultural community. Helping minimize any culture shock or isolation for one's peers is often an expectation in the multicultural community. Helping build community, create a sense of belonging, and affirm one's experiences and sense of identity are also expectations, and for many, second nature. These gestures from the heart are seen in multiple ways here at Hampshire, within the Cultural Center, and within the multicultural community – SOURCE groups gathering, students mentoring students in the Peer Mentorship Program, students cooking together food from their shared culture, communities forming in identity based residences. The most powerful gesture I have seen though is when a student tells another student that they “will get through this.” The belief in that brief statement resonates with the struggling student so strongly that they find a new light of hope within themselves.

A few weeks ago I attended events for the 20th Anniversary celebration of the James Baldwin Scholars program. Throughout my 10 years I have gotten to work closely with a number of JB's, many of whom I hired as student staff. It was an absolute delight to see many of the JB alumni during the celebration weekend, to hear of their recent professional and personal accomplishments, and to be reminded of how each student had an influence on me personally and professionally.

Two alumni in particular crossed paths with me that weekend: Tashal Brown whom I have seen a couple of times since her graduation and Jullet Smith whom I had not seen since she graduated. Both Tashal and Jullet were CC student workers and fiercely committed to the work of the CC and SOURCE. I could not wipe the smile off of my face after seeing them since it had been so long. I have always viewed my student workers as my second family. It was a family reunion weekend for me. Of course I invited Tashal and Jullet to walk to the CC with me to see how it had changed. When we walked into the CC there were a couple of students there and introductions soon followed. It turned out that all four of them had commonalities that only fate would bring them together at that very moment to discover. I had to leave them all to go to my next commitment and I left with a huge smile and of course many photos. The next day I had checked in with one of those current students to see how the rest of their conversation with the two alumni went. And it was exactly one of those moments where someone gives you words of advice when you least expect it but need it the most. The current students had a new outlook about how to get through Hampshire because of the empathetic words shared by Tashal and Jullet.

Our role models are around us all of the time. A joy in my work is seeing how one student can be a role model to another, and they may not even know it.

More likely than not, you have been a role model to another student here at Hampshire. For that, I want to express my sincerest appreciation.



Jullet Smith (F03), me and Tashal Brown (F03) during the recent James Baldwin Scholars 20th anniversary weekend.

LETTER FROM MELISSA SCHEID FRANTZ,
DIRECTOR OF MULTICULTURAL & INTERNATIONAL



LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

We're delighted to present individual and collective stories from the men of color community at Hampshire College. Gain insight into some of their parallel and intersecting histories, and learn how they have found constructive support mechanisms at Hampshire. Additionally, we are proud to share creative works from a number of students in the SOURCE community (Students of Under-Represented Cultures & Ethnicities) which we hope you will find inspiring. The Inside is in its fourth year of publication. We pause for a moment to recognize how this newsmagazine has been instrumental over the last four years in documenting history, sharing stories, inspiring hope, and revitalizing activism for the SOURCE community and beyond. We do not take for granted each word or image that is submitted by a contributing faculty, staff, student or alum. Thank you to all for sharing your voices with the Hampshire community and thank you to you reader for embracing these voices.

Luis 08f and Jessica 10f
Co-editor and Designer

MISSION & DISCLAIMER

The mission of the 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, it is not a SOURCE publication. Inside Newsmagazine 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 Newsmagazine serves as the medium to facilitate those voices.



CONTENTS

Lebron-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center Mission Statement
From The Director's Desk
Letter from the Editors
Meet the Assistant to Community Advocacy by Melanie Mulvey
A Friendly Surprise (A Short Story by Anthony Murray)
Black Waitress by Jorrell Watkins
Multiracial? Yes I Am by Adam Ortiz
Artist Corner: Tesh Pimentel
Becoming a Color by Priyanka & Noor
Instructions for my Vagina by Danielle Jefferson
My Racial Identity Across Global Lines by Jaime Davila
New Beginnings on a United Front Ramon Lee
Cum Hoc Ergo Propter Hoc by Joel Ayala
Artist Corner: Robyn Smith
Mod 90: The Brotherhood by Jessica Doanes
Unspoken Roles of Professors of Color by Djola Branner
Hampshire Resources According to Steven Martinez
Letter from PMP Coordinators

Meet the Assistant to Community Advocacy

Melanie Mulvey, Assistant to Community Advocacy

How would you describe your role (major responsibilities) in Community Advocacy?

Community Advocacy as it exists now is a relatively new department, and my position was created in order to help Melissa in her new role as Assistant Dean for Community Advocacy. I'm the only staff person in Community Advocacy not tied to a center. Right now, my role includes a lot of administrative responsibilities; I help with the budget, events, marketing for the centers' programming, and help oversee the Community Advocacy Union. My responsibilities are constantly shifting as my role grows, so it keeps things interesting. My number one priority, like all of the staff in Community Advocacy, is always the wellbeing of our students.



How would you describe some of the challenges in your role within Community Advocacy, and as an active staff at the Cultural Center?

As I mentioned, Community Advocacy as it exists now is relatively new. These five centers have operated independently for a long time, so bringing them under one umbrella department and having them act as one unit can be difficult. We all have the same dedication to the social wellbeing of the campus, but different groups that we tend to serve have different needs and different ways of going about serving those needs. Our fabulous directors all have very diverse management styles as well, so finding something that works for everyone can be a balancing act at best.

The most important aspect of dealing with these issues is communication. With so many different minds coming together, you have to listen to people's needs and respond to them, and of course, be flexible. It can be difficult but very rewarding, and it means that my job is never the same from day to day. As for bringing students together, we're going to put together events over the next year so that staff from each of the centers can get to know one another and be active allies for each other.

What were your initial thoughts of the SOURCE community, and the Hampshire community in general?

My first impression of SOURCE and the larger Hampshire community was that everyone was so friendly, and so active both in and out of the classroom. In fact, you [Luis Vargas] were the first Hampshire student I met during the interview process! I really loved that students had a say in who would be working at the college, because we are working for the students. The questions you posed made me feel like students were challenging me – not in a way that expected me to fail, but asked me to step up to the plate. That feeling hasn't left; every day I'm amazed by the level of involvement students have in their community.

It's been great getting the chance to know students in the SOURCE community, especially those who frequent the Cultural Center like our student staff. After the initial shock of my desk at the top of the CC stairs, everyone has welcomed me into the space they call home without hesitation.

A Friendly Surprise

By Anthony Murray (12F)



It was a misty summer evening in the bustling streets of New York City. Grey billows of fog were starkly juxtaposed with glistening streetlights. I had just finished working a strenuous shift at my job. Thoughts of blissful slumber danced around my mind as I wended towards the train station. Upon entering the station, I was greeted by the screeching sounds of metal wheels clanking against steel railroads. The sight of a large white “E” encompassed in a gulf of blue streamed into the station. This was a subtle affirmation that I was just in time for my train. As the train doors opened, I swiftly rushed down the stairs into the cart and planted my weary body across two narrow seats.

I detected an elderly gentleman firmly seated across from me. He wore a neatly pressed short sleeve dress shirt tucked into his tightly hemmed pants and a navy blue duck-billed hat. When he noticed me, he tipped his hat to me in acknowledgment and I responded with a friendly head nod. The only thing that kept me away from sleep at that moment was being nearly 12 stops away from my house, but since it was late at night and the trains were running locally, the long train ride would be the perfect opportunity for me to take a quick nap.

When the train began to pull into the next station I made a quick hand gesture towards the old man to get his attention, then asked if he could let me know when the train would stop at Jamaica Avenue. His nostrils flared upward and wisdom filled eyes grew larger as he agreed to alert me when we arrive at my destination. Before I began to nod out and get a bit of shut-eye, the alluring beauty of a woman caught my attention. Her silky brown hair cascaded down her back as it glistened in the shimmering light. Her skin was unblemished and was well complimented by her rouge lips. She felt my gaze and admiration while entering the train. She was the girl of my dreams.

I tried my best to seem unruffled by her elegance as she approached closer and closer towards me. Strangely enough she decides to sit next to me, despite the immense amount of seats that were empty. The elderly man across from us gave me a wink, as the mystifying beauty and I exchanged smiles. She then asks me “ hey, does this train stop at 71st avenue?” In an attempt to charm her, I assume my most suave persona by saying, “ Why yes. You’re talking about Forest Hills-71 Avenue right? Are you lost by any chance?” This brief dialogue then sparks a stimulating conversation filled with laughter and flirtation. Before we knew it time had escaped us and we arrived at Forest Hills.

When the train doors swing ajar she suggests that I walk her home. Excited that this nameless beauty would ask for me to escort her home, I happily say yes. At that moment I’d rather compromise some hours of sleep to spend a few more moments of my evening with this enticing young woman. When we exited the train station the night seemed easier to perceive, for the fog seceded and constellations slowly formed into the sky.

The nameless beauty reached for my hand, as we walked passed some of the most extravagant homes in New York City. The further we walked the deeper our conversation grew as we became more and more immersed in each other's company. You could see her elated state deep within her eyes and you could tell she did not want this night to end. Neither did I.

We made an abrupt stop in front of a beautiful two-story home. The enticing beauty lets go of my hand and clasped me into a warm embrace followed by a kiss on the cheek. She gazed at me with a coy smile saying "I had an amazing night with you. It was really nice to get to know such an intelligent, funny and handsome guy." I smirked back at her and said, " It has been quite the evening. What a pleasure it was to have met you. Hopefully we could hang out like this again."

Reaching for my hand once more she looks at me and says "I hope so too, but our evening doesn't have to end right at this moment. Don't you think?" Once again her bold advances simultaneously left me bewildered and excited. Before I could even respond, she placed her index finger over my lips and ushered me into her house. I knew this night would end on a good note, with me going home with this woman's number, but I would've never expected what was about to happen.

We entered what appeared to be an illustrious oasis filled with fine oil paintings, luxurious home décor and floral arrangements. Such a lovely abode was only fit for a goddess and the interior decorations reflected her physical beauty. We then walked into the master bedroom, where she dimmed the lights and instructed me to sit on her plush reupholstered couch. As I plopped down into the cushion, she slowly began to unbutton her chiffon top, revealing a pair of breasts that were seemingly busting out her lace bra.

She laid my hands across her chest allowing me to caress her soft, supple bosom. She began to climb on top of me and delicately press her succulent lips on mine. I responded by showering her neck with soft kisses sending titillating sensations down her spine. Her fragrance was seducing and resembled scarlet roses with a touch of mint. The room began to fill with ecstasy and passion. As our bodies touched, the sweet nectars from her body began to flow affluently. Each article of clothing she had on was intricately removed, as the room slowly emitted seduction and lustful moans. Amidst all this heated passion and lust there is noise coming from the door. It seemed to be the sound of jangling keys fiddling with a lock. Ignoring it I begin to move down her body with my kisses. Then I faintly hear footsteps and the shutting of the front door. The footsteps begin approaching faster and faster as our passion escalates. I then become frightened when I feel the hands of a man sharply nudging the back of my neck. The man's says in a stern deep voice " AY! What are you doing young man. Wake up. The train just pulled into Jamaica Avenue. Its time for you to get off the train." As bad as I wanted that moment to never end I couldn't help but think what a friendly surprise.

Black Waitress

By Jorrell Watkins (11F)

In the funk of sour jokes
chance situations with a brown paper-bag
and questions about my ancestry
is when I realized
My blackness isn't guaranteed.

I wrote this poem for the Black Waitress
who asked me if I was black,
then laughed when I told her yes.

Inside her mind resides:
the replica of a wall in Durham, North Carolina
With a white's only sign still plastered
above a spotless sink.
the fountain spurts out the blended blood
sweat and tears
of enslavement;
the whistling "colored" toilet embodies their
eternal torment.
Here the color line is as visible as the horizon,
The black Atlantic pressed against the clouded sky
with crows perched as predators
anticipating the moment when someone dares
to move past the veil and across that line
for they want a reason for blackout.

This wall is the reason why she believes that
race is a color,
either black or white.
when she sees me,
she is confused by my fair complexion.
she thinks perhaps the sun has touched him
brown,
maybe his mother was raped by a white man
or he might be some albino abomination.



When she asks me "Are you black?"
she is really asking "where are your scars?"

"Where do those freckles come from?"
"what about that reddish brown hair of yours?"
"does that light skin make you feel privileged?"
"and what history do you have?"

In that moment between when the question
was asked
and my response was given.
I felt the scars beneath my chest rupturing
the blood boiling and bubbling over
For she doesn't know

That the soles of my feet yearn for Africa's
soil;
The hollows within my bones carries the
echo of a stolen drum.
She simply doesn't see,
that the shape of my hairline is the West
African shoreline
The tinge of red in my hair,
spilled gallons of African heritage lost
these freckles mark the route of the Middle
passage
my light skin the clash of European colo-

nialism and African nationalism

a reminder that the battle for liberation hasn't been won.

For we are still bound by institutions that constructed race

as a way to stratify people in correlation to class.

lengthening the rift that divides our community.

I know this is true for this waitress as a black woman

has disclaimed my worth.

questioned me of my existence and made me feel

Less human...

As she laughed when I told her yes

I stared at her

Until I left a scar,

a scar to keep the crows at bay-

with a slight throb that reminds her of this moment

She will realize the damage she has done to her people

and finally she will ask herself,

who am I?



civil liberties & public policy
building the movement for reproductive freedom

Reproductive Rights Activist Service Corps (RRASC)

Apply for our paid summer internship program to work with one of more than 45 reproductive rights and social justice organizations throughout the U.S.

Applications due February 2013.

clpp.hampshire.edu/internships

27th Annual Activist Conference

From Abortion Rights to Social Justice: Building the Movement for Reproductive Freedom

April 12-14, 2013 @ Hampshire College

Save the date! Join the CLPP Student Group to help plan the conference!

clpp.hampshire.edu/conference

Multiracial? Yes I Am, and Yes I Am

By Adam Ortiz, Dakin House Director

When I was in college I often received Men of Color group advertisements in my campus mail box. These advertisements were usually informing students about meetings and socials for men of color on campus to congregate and find solidarity with one another. While a part of me wanted to participate in these gatherings, I wasn't sure if I was really welcome. I am multiracial. And I just assumed that I was only being invited because of my Latino last name. If the men organizing the meetings ever found out one of my parents were White, I imagined, I would likely be turned away. This fear made me so anxious that I never went to a single meeting.



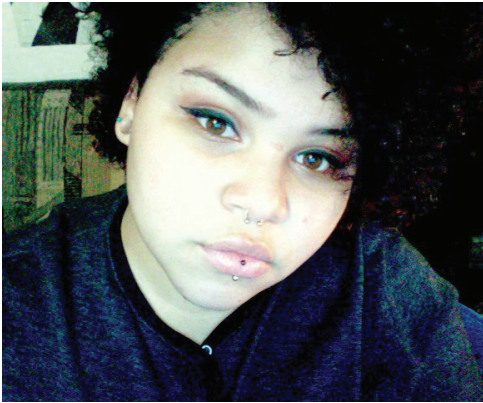
Navigating a college campus as a multiracial person can be complex. For so many of us, the task of identifying with a particular racial group is both daunting and painful. When we come from two parents who identify racially in different ways, we are often left with the unique and conscious choice of how we are going to identify. This can be particularly problematic in the context of privilege when one parent is White, because we must then factor in the implications of our physical presentation as well as how we were raised culturally.

Within the past few years I have come to reconcile my racial identity in deciding that instead of debating over which identity to embrace, I can proudly proclaim that I am both. I can identify as "multiracial" with as much validity as either of the racial backgrounds that have contributed to my identity. No longer do I need to choose to be my mom's race or my dad's race; I have since come to believe that I have just as much right to identify however I want because my racial experience is my own and the pressure from others to identify a certain way is invalidating.

As a member of a small community, I have also learned that I need to find solidarity with others who have racial experiences similar to my own. As a result I have sought out the company of others who identify as multiracial and made those relationships both a personal comfort and a professional growth opportunity. Most multiracial people *get* my racial experience in a way that monoracial people do not, and that makes me feel both confident and validated. I use this confidence to be involved with multiracial organizations and contribute to the literature.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that being multiracial can bring with it experiences with which monoracial people cannot identify. Instead of struggling with feelings of insecurity or isolation like I did for so many years in college, I would challenge multiracial people reading this to embrace the mixed and beautifully complex facet of their identity, find solidarity with others, and work hard to internalize the reality that no one has the right to label you or your identity, even if it changes over time. I believe that it is okay to identify in different racial categories at various times in your life because we as multiracial people have an innate racial fluidity that challenges racial norms. Our monoracial friends and colleagues may never fully understand exactly what we are going through, but be kind to yourself and know that you are not alone.

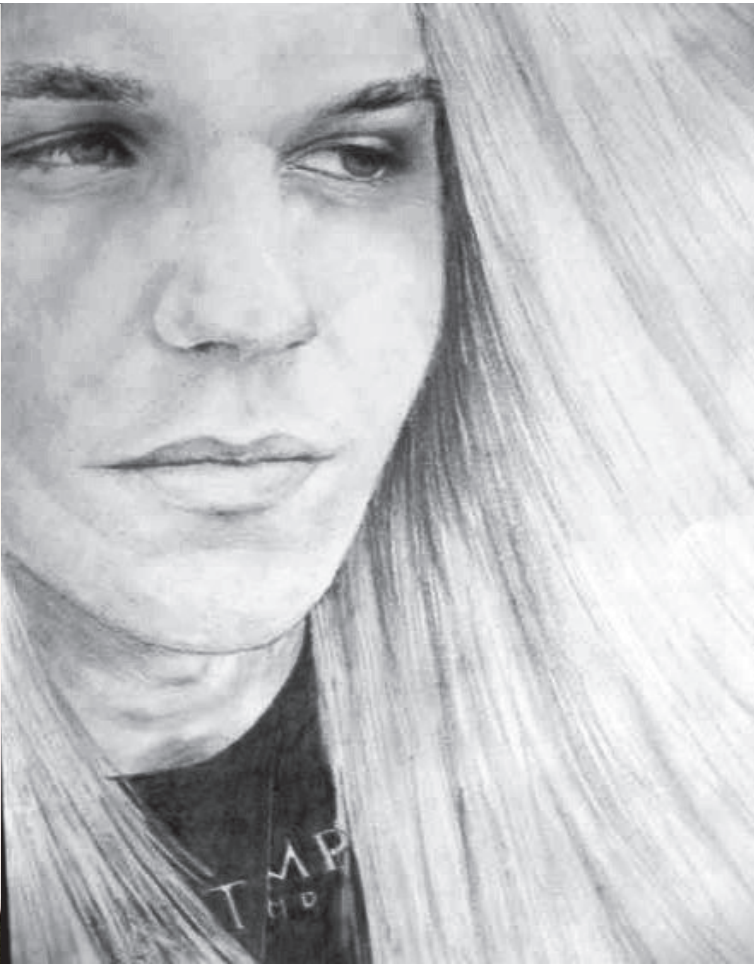
Artist Corner



As far as I can remember, music has been the only thing that could get me through anything. That's where my artwork comes from. Every artist, song or lyric inspires a visual. It starts off with a mood and evolves into a painting or drawing that represents what I felt while listening to Billie Holiday or Brand New or José José. Art to me is simply a way to express how much power music can have, and does have, on anybody who listens to it.

-Tesh Pimentel (11F)





Becoming a Color

By: Priyanka Basnet (F09) & Noor Anwar (09F)

When coming to Hampshire College, we both excitedly anticipated the activism and social dialogue this progressive liberal arts college stands for. Priyanka was excited in spreading awareness about sustainable agriculture and exploring feminism, and Noor was looking forward to further advocating for social justice and human rights issues. We both grew up in South Asia – Priyanka in Nepal, Noor in Pakistan and had studied some American history in school. We knew about the civil rights movement in the 1960's and were aware of inspiring leaders like Martin Luther King and Malcolm X and what they stood for. However, in our naïve ignorance – this was history.

Immediately upon arriving at this campus, we were suddenly surrounded by terms such as 'racism' and 'people of color'. "What do they mean by color?" we would secretly ask each another. Even more suddenly, we were simply told that we too fall under this category. We were now people of color without knowing what that even meant. So here we were, placed in a category that at the time we did not feel or believe we belonged to, and more importantly were too scared to question openly as we were also told how important it was for us to maintain ourselves as being politically correct.

We were not white, but also felt different from the people of color community. We hadn't even noticed 'color' until we came to this campus. What did it mean to have brown skin in this country? How could we be categorized as people of color, when the history and experiences of our people and where we come from has nothing to do with oppression based on the color of a person's skin? Though we did not feel comfortable and have enough confidence to openly question what all this meant, we began talking to each other and then began engaging ourselves in conversations with others, even if at first we were just silent listeners. We began attending dialogues, plays and other events to really try understanding the context behind these feelings and history that we knew of - at the same time trying to figure out how we fit into this colored picture.

We did face having to confront condescending questions such as "how is your English so good?" or "you must have a lot of camels there" (no jokes), or even always being referred to as "those two Indian girls always together". However, we just saw this as an example of Western ignorance regarding the 'rest'. We simply saw ourselves as international students, for whom discrimination has always been based on caste and class and has nothing to do with the color of your skin.

Then Priyanka encountered her first experience of racism on a Jan-term field study trip to Ireland – not from the Irish, but from the five college students participating in the program. It was the first time she heard young, white kids openly using the 'N' word and cracking jokes about different ethnic minorities. People commented on her skin tone, telling her that she would 'scare people' because she was 'blacker' than them. This coming from Hampshire kids? She couldn't believe it. Suddenly, these students felt that it was alright to say these things because they were not in a place which required them to be politically correct. They viewed this as their own 'safe space' where their comments would not be accused as being inappropriate or offensive. She was shocked: college students, and not just any colleges but Hampshire and Smith, were making these kinds of blatant comments. Priyanka was distraught. There she was, in a foreign land amongst a group of people she felt isolated from: she was a person of color – and the only one.

She called Noor on Skype in tears, who in turn also could not believe or comprehend what Priyanka was telling her. Are you sure – she kept asking her – maybe you just misunderstood them, Pri. But deep down, Noor understood what had happened - the inevitable that Priyanka and her had been trying to ideally dismiss. Noor was enraged that someone could treat her friend this way, and realized that she could just as easily have been in Priyanka's place. What happened to Priyanka in Ireland left a scarring mark on the both of us. In her isolation, Priyanka was torn between questions regarding why people would say such things and how she was supposed to react to them. Confused by this revelation, she was made to remain silent for the duration of the trip. For the first time, Priyanka felt ostracized and different from a group of people – who only moments ago, were merely her peers. Clearly these students had no idea as to why it was not okay to make such comments and were unaware that what they were saying was actually destructive.

This made us question how if this could happen with Hampshire students, who were known to be so open minded - what was the rest of the country like? This experience made us realize that skin color is the first thing people notice about you, and that along with that observation comes a scripted stereotype associated with that skin color. We realized that skin color was something people were constantly aware of, and that we too needed to be. The reason why we hadn't been so consciously aware about racism was because Hampshire is a place where it is not acceptable to question race. Through our knowledge of its history, we thought of the United States as a nation that had entered an age of color blindness. We saw the members of the color community as exaggerating, and even stooped to blaming them for strengthening this divide. We were made to take our own journeys to accept the truth and understand the need to have a safe space like the Cultural Center. Our journeys continue as everyday we learn more and try to generate a higher understanding of the context of this issue, whether it is through our peers, visiting speakers or personal experiences. This is important so that we can take part in important dialogue and help others, who are confused like we were, understand this difficult truth.

We wish it hadn't taken us so long to accept this truth. We were too confused and, worse, too afraid to ask. We know that there are people who are still conflicted and struggling with grasping a knowledge of these issues, as there are people who actually believe that we are past racism. If US history or race theory had been a mandatory class we had to take our first year, or had there been a space to ask what it even means to be politically correct and its importance, without feeling like we would be judged or considered ignorant for it, Priyanka would probably have not kept silent that night in Ireland.



Instructions for my Vagina

By Danielle Jefferson (10F)

“pop that pussy for a real nigga”
“don’t stop pop that pussy”
“beat the pussy up”
“yuh pussy haffi physically fit”
“gyal come dash out di pussy pon me”

Every time I turn on the radio, or the tv,
orders charge at me
I’m at war, on the frontline fighting for
what’s mine
You see, I’m in the habit on taking instruc-
tions
Instructions on what to do with my vagina
What used to be mine isn’t mine anymore
Not since these lyrics washed up and con-
quered my shores

My God, what would I ever do without
you lil Wayne, before your words spoke
my crotch into motion, I couldn’t think of
a damn thing to do with it

And you, Vybz Kartel, the messiah of my
pum pum
Lead the way, show me what I’ve been
doing wrong all these years, because obvi-
ously I’ve been doing something wrong ,
I forgot mi pussy haffi phsyically fit, that I
had to bruk di cocky like dry makka stick
I forgot that these gold mines weren’t
mine, but yours to mine
God forbid I ever forget that again

You see, you say no to ratchet pussy, Juicy J
can’t
What the fuck is ratchet pussy anyway and



whose scale is this according to?
What are the requirements for ratchet pussy and
who made you the judge, please, give me a clue

Because for the life of me, I can’t even begin to
see, why this war is being waged over My, let me
say that again, MY body.

I’m so fucking tired of all these damn songs
instructing the female body on how it should
operate, your misogyny is so bloody outdated.
who made you the dictator of all things pussy
related?
Last time I checked I’m the one who washes it,
bleeds from it, fucks with it, and bears children
with it. If anyone should be instructing my
pussy, it should be me.

I’m reclaiming what’s mine, conquering the
lands between my thighs that men for too long
have thought to be theirs.

Your patriarchy is showing, put that shit away,
no one wants to see it. It's gross.
You don't know the first thing about this pussy,
not even close

Your porn fueled fantasy stroking your ego,
got you thinking you know how to dip it low
and bring it up slow, but to be FRANK, you
could never make OCEANS, drip between
these lips where pink matter meet
My Vagina is Queen, this territory is occupied,
so fuck your lyrical invasion on these shores of
mine.

I've been in the habit, on taking orders on
what to do with my vagina for too long

Every club pussy poppin pop lock and
droppin song
Telling this body what to do

But I'm fighting back, I'm chasing your
army off my shores,
With the weapon of my words
Screaming, It's MY VAGINA
NOT YOURS



The theme of the ASK Conference 2013 is Cultural Appropriation. If you are interested in becoming part of the planning session email culturalcenter@hampshire.edu. Working with ASK Conference can satisfy CEL-1 and CEL-2 requirements.

We would like to address:

- What does it mean to have culture? Who is culture for?
- What is cultural appropriation?
- Who are the appropriators?
- Drawing the line between cultural appropriation and cultural appreciation.



My Racial Identity Across Global Lines

By Jaime Davila, Special Presidential Assistant for Diversity



I am truly honored to be able to write this short piece for *Inside Magazine*. While I am writing without knowing which other Hampshire community members will have a piece appear in this edition, I know this piece will be surrounded by work from other people that I hold in great esteem. These are people that have become part of my personal and professional trajectory. I am honored to share this space with them, and thankful for everything they have given me. It is them that inspire me to share some of my own story with you now. This sharing comes at a particularly interesting time for me, as I approach a moment when I have been living in the United States for close to half of my life.

Having been born and raised in Puerto Rico, I did not think of myself as either a person of color or a minority while I was growing up. This certainly does not mean that there are no racial differences and racial dynamics in Puerto Rico, but just that, while I was aware of how members of certain racial groups were absent from particular positions of power in the island, I never stopped to think how this affected me, or what my specific role in these dynamics might be. I did have a clear sense of this awareness changing, almost instantaneously, when I became a person of color at the time I crossed a gate door at Newark airport in the summer of 1991. Little by little I discovered the subtle ways in which myself and other peers were treated differently in the world I was now living in; when a bunch of students, all late for class, get off the subway and literally run through the gates at Brooklyn College, it is only students of color that are stopped and asked for identification; there are always employees from the convenience store available to ask customers of color if there is anything they can be helped with. As a graduate student, teaching at City College of New York meant that most of the students I taught were members of traditionally underrepresented groups, and this all definitely gave a sense of purpose to my teaching. That particular sense understandably changed when I started working at Hampshire, given what our demographics are. I had to wonder what my role was and is now at a completely different place, where maybe for the first time my status as a minority was the most evident.

At this new place, did I have a new responsibility, a new set of goals to achieve, or guidelines to follow? We have all heard about how there are not enough people of color in academia, and that students of color do not find many faculty of color that can serve as role models. I think it is also true that all students, and not just students of color, benefit from having faculty of color at their institution, and that all faculty should serve as role models to all students regardless of race. For me, though, as a faculty of color, does being at this institution require me to meet new standards, and new responsibilities? If I do, why do I have these new responsibilities? Do I have to accept them? This all brings me face to face with questions many people of color face starting early in their lives.

One of the many reasons I am very grateful for being at Hampshire is that this institution has provided me with ways in which to continuously grow and develop. The last few years have allowed me to learn about

diversity issues in ways that my previous professional preparation never did.

Surprisingly, it is recently that I have learned to not make assumptions about others regardless of who they are or what the world says about them, to listen to others with a desire to know them better, and to reach conclusions slowly. I have also learned to speak up and be forceful about those things that I consider important, and to look for ways of engaging that will be as productive as possible, which is different for each situation. All of this I have learned from others around me, by being in community with others. People of

different backgrounds and ways of thinking have taught me much, and this is a gift I treasure and hold very dear. I am not sure I would have had this exact opportunity anywhere else. I am glad to be here, and to be surrounded by people that help me grow. I am excited to be able to enjoy the work of some of them through this issue of *Inside Magazine*. I know I will continue learning from them.



CAREER OPTIONS RESOURCE CENTER

We will help you with:

- Internships
- Jobs
- Grad School
- Resumes
- Cover Letters
- Decisions
- and more!



CORC is located on the 3rd floor of the library!

corc.hampshire.edu

corc@hampshire.edu

(413) 559-5445

Did you know?

Learn more at <http://tinyurl.com/HampSOS>

Sexual Offense Services (SOS)



RESOURCES

* = confidential

on-campus

Sexual Offense Services Coordinator*

(support, information, and advocacy)

Office x5743

24-hour crisis line x5527

Title IX Officer

(investigation, campus disciplinary response, accommodations)

Office x5849

Campus Police

(safety concerns and legal response)

Office x5425

Health and Counseling Services*

(medical care and counseling)

Office x5458

Director of Spiritual Life*

(spiritual counseling)

Office x5282

Anonymous Reporting Line*

(reports will be documented but not responded to)

Office x5756

off-campus

Center for Women + Community*

24-hour crisis line

(888) 337-0800

SANE

(medical exam to collect evidence for legal case)

UMass Health Services

(413) 577-5000

Cooley Dickinson Hospital

(413) 582-2000

SEXUAL OFFENSE SERVICES (SOS) COORDINATOR

The SOS coordinator is a professional staff person who is a completely confidential resource for victims/survivors of sexual or relationship violence and their friends, partners, and allies. The SOS coordinator takes a position of empowering victims/survivors to make the decisions that are best for them in the aftermath of a nonconsensual sexual experience, and will not pressure them to pursue any particular course of action.

New Beginnings on a United Front

By Ramon Lee (09F)



I stand today, as a person of African descent, but black is not all that I am. I stand as a man, but a man is not all that I am either. I am also a writer, a intellectual, and a historian. These are just a few of the many identities that I hold. Who I am doesn't speak to the complete identities of the men of color of the world. Despite that I am a Hampshire student who happens to be a man of color. I have no right or obligation to speak for or represent other men of color as an emblem, reflecting their identities on this campus or anywhere else, because they are just that: our identities. The plurality of the words identities correlates to the fact that my identity is not the totality of all.

This doesn't mean that my brothers and I share nothing in common. That is far from true. We share many characteristics . We share a bond of male-identified people who have a communal understanding of similar trials, tribulations, criticisms, and responsibilities. At Hampshire many narratives have been constructed about men of color. Many stories have been associated with our identities. Many of these stories have painted and illustrated us in a negative light. We are

known as outlaws and abusers of the right to be at Hampshire.

The general narrative has been that we don't do anything other than party and engage in careless, promiscuous behavior. We are viewed as an incompetent or less capable group of people. Because of this, we are out casted and somewhat stigmatized across campus. This is the devastating result of a narrative that isn't necessarily true. It is true on a few accounts but not totally true. While some men of color may engage in these activities, not all of us do. There are many men of color who find some of these activities just as repugnant and others who engage with certain awareness of the roles they play at Hampshire. However, despite this the untold counter narratives of men of color are left in shadows to starve, unable to disclose the truth an reality in the lives of men of color..

The Men of Color Alliance (formerly Men of Color United) was formed as a space, where men of color could come together and build a community in support of one another. This includes advice about how to maintain the role as a responsible and engaged member of the larger Hampshire community, which means being respectful to peers, being respectful to our female-bodied counterparts, and helping to develop Hampshire's community intellectually, artistically, culturally, and socially. MOCA was formed to also allow men of color to have a safe space to discuss responsibility as men of color and the creation and sustainment of a positive and multifaceted image of men of color on campus. The group was formed based on the vision of a Hampshire alumnus, Anthony Thomas,

and current student Dre Woodberry, who envisioned a space where men of color could come together as a community with common goals, backgrounds, and understandings in relation to our roles on campus. As a former SOURCE (Students Of Under Represented Cultures and Ethnicities) Group Coordinator, I was in the perfect position to help them realize their ideas.

We obtained a list of students who identified as men of color and emailed them about the formation of a group that suited our interests, whether academically, socially, culturally, or politically. Most of them were excited about the idea, because they shared some of the same concerns and feelings about the position(s) of men of color at Hampshire. We wrote a mission statement and went through the appropriate official channels to form a group, which thrives from a community of men of color who share a brotherhood and thriving support system here at Hampshire College. That organization is MOCA, the Men of Color Alliance, formed with the following mission statement:

The Men of Color Alliance (a.k.a. MOCA) is a group, uniting the Hampshire men of color in order to address the issues facing men of color and foster community for this relatively small population on campus. It is a space where they can discuss their places as members of the Hampshire community as well as their roles in the community. This is also a space where discussion about the complexities surrounding being a “man of color,” e.g., associated stereotypes, on this campus and in society can openly be shared and problem-solved together. Last, but certainly not least, this will also act as space where men of color can express themselves freely and actively support one another in personal and academic endeavors.

With this mission statement, we formed a group that serves the Hampshire community and serves the interests of men of color at Hampshire, as well as one that ceased the validation and perpetuation of stereotypes against the Hampshire’s men of color.

Confessions of a Chinese Nationalist

By Zilong Wang (09F)

Coming to the US for college, suddenly my primary identity was being Chinese. Peers in America interacted with me based on their impression of China. That impression is usually negative and full of misunderstandings. Adding to the indignation were my own ego and vulnerability as a new comer in a new country. So, I promptly became a Chinese nationalist.

I took people's criticism of China very personally. Like a conditioned reflex, would jump on any critiques of China, and rush to defend whatever the Chinese government did. Seventeen years of patriotic education showed its value by providing me with all kinds of slogans. If someone mentions human rights issues in China, I would immediately fire back: "you Western hypocrites, stop pointing fingers and promoting your ideology. That's our internal affairs." Or, I would tell people that my goal in life is to make China rich and powerful, the 21st century superpower.



As I happily rode the nationalist rollercoaster, my own ego became inseparable from China's ego. My vanity became a byproduct of China's global reputation. Also, out of my own insecurity, I hurried to mobilize the entire China to back up my arguments. "How dare you disagreeing with me! I speak for 1.3 billion people and five thousands years of history! What have you got?"

But slowly and painfully, I came to understand a few things. First, China's rise comes at a huge cost to its own people, and has created anxiety (or even suffering in some cases) in parts of the world. If China doesn't alter its course, then this rising superpower is no good for itself or for the rest of the world.

Second, I realized that my nationalism is a result of two forces: my own ego, and other people's prejudice. My subconscious reasoning goes like this: I care about what you think of me; what you think of me is largely influenced by what you know of China; therefore, I care about China. In essence, I was defending my own ego and fighting against others' prejudice by using China as a proxy.

Third, I realized that before I am a Chinese, I am a human being. And before I am a human being, I am just another one of the millions of sentient beings. If I am able to love China, then I should be able to love all cultures and nations in the world. And if I can love humanity, then there is no reason why I shouldn't care about all sentient beings on earth with the same humility and compassion. So, a new identity and mission emerged from the rubbles of unexamined nationalism.

I still love China, but what that means has fundamentally changed. I would still return to China eventually because that is where I can have the most positive impact, not just for China, but for the world; not just for human society, but for all sentient beings. My love for China has undergone an agonizing and crucial transformation --- Made in USA. For that, I am grateful.

Cum Hoc Ergo Propter Hoc

by Joel Ayala (12F)



The world remains stagnant,
But I hear a stream in my dreams
smoothly connecting to the discord
of the Sea; It complies with the ebb
of
the magnet, And away from the
shores that seemed to gleam, be-
fore being
plagued by greed and hierarchy.
Putrid is the land impregnated by
contingency, Where chlorophyll-
cancer is
exhaled from the trees And inhaled
by the lungs of the 'submerged'
and
unobservant.
Merchants selling your daily dose
of hypocrisy through screens,
Despite
evidence of termite in the beams
Buckling, muffling the sounds of
9/11
victims screams.
Resurgent are the waves that clash
in the seas unlike our bodies; atro-
phied
by atropine Dopamine flushed by

the waterways of Apathy.

We stifle minds with Rit-
alin,
Children filed besides
nurse's offices
Ironic poster of marijuana
on the wall statin'
'Stay off this. . .?'

Our moral foundations are
skewed.

Motivated closed-mindedness
Keeping our in-group attractions
intact.
Following ideas, collaged like a
mosaic
We're as archaic as epicyclical uni-
versal models, Ptolemaic.
In trying to 'protect the soul'
We've detached ourselves from
our roots, Chutes of ideologies
split the lips
of politics in two:
Liberalism and Conservatism
Umbrellas too broad for morality
and reason, even.
What are we supposed to believe
in?
Don't worry about it, just build
something photovoltaic, Our
population's
too large, how're we going to
sustain it!?
Fuck it, Let's forget about those
in lower classes And act as if
we're
colorblind, we'll just look at them

as masses.

Have 'ideologies' dictate our leg-
islation, Its why a third of blacks
will
experience incarceration.
Colorblindness doesn't mean
anything in a nation That still
shows proof of
defacto-segregation.
Obama passing N.D.A.A. paves
the way to having your lips sown
shut, So watch
what you say.
But of course, none of this is ever
relevant.
We need to get out the vote, no
matter how they show us they're
irreverent.



Artist Corner



“I draw to remember my friends and family, especially in Jamacia. I draw my friends in Jamacia, New York and at Hampshire.”

-Robyn Smith (11F)



Above: I was experimenting with ink techniques. I got tired of seeing my peers completing drawings with light/mixed skin subjects with flowing long hair.

Left: A portrait of Narida.

Below: Photo of Robyn's wall displaying the potraits she has completed at Hampshire.



MOD 90: The Brotherhood

By Jessica Doanes (10F)

Mod 90, also referred to as the Men of Color Mod, began as an idea by seven Hampshire students. The original reason of establishment was to have a safe space for Men of Color and friends to hang out.

The original residents of Mod 90 included Julio Vergas, Anthony Thomas, Ruben Telushkin, Devyn, Dre Woodberry, Anthony G. and Steven Martinez. Each student came from different backgrounds with a similar idea about creating a safe space for men to exist on Hampshire's campus.

The group received mixed responses from faculty, staff, and peers about participating in the establishment of a mod solely for men

of color. "We encountered problems trying to put the house together. Some people did not respond to it well. The only people who were interested were all really close friends, except many people didn't know Julio," stated Dre Woodberry. Due to the image of the core group for Mod 90, some people hinted at the idea of Mod 90 becoming a fraternity house; however, this was not the intention. Dre also states, "90 didn't get as much respect as it should have. We opened the door for cats now. I feel like the people in 90 are doing a great job establishing and maintain a safe space."

Despite of the lack of support and popular notions, the original Mod 90 worked hard to eliminate negative ideas peers and faculty expressed about the mod. Dre explains, "I loved it! I had a place where I actually felt safe. [I lived in a mod with] friends who were able to relate to my daily experiences. I also liked it because it was a space anybody could come in to we weren't shut down in the space." They worked hard to create a safe space for students, an escape from Hampshire responsibilities and a unified community.

They worked to build another location for students of color and international students to feel safe when the doors of the Cultural Center were not open. In addition, the original residences of Mod 90 made goals they wanted to achieve after establishing Mod 90 as a permanent identity based house. Their goal was to create a student group, Men of Color Alliance (MOCA), for men of color (international men included) to express themselves and develop unity on Hampshire's campus. Although the goal was not immediately met in the 2008 – 2009 academic year, Dre, Anthony and later residences of Mod 90 worked tirelessly to accomplish this goal.

"We have created MOCA to coexist with 90. I think the existence of Mod 90 and MOCA goes great together. We



[the original residences of Mod 90] wanted to have the two working together to build community for men of color. MOCA has become an open space for us to visit and talk, feel safe.” DRE

During the 2011 – 2012 academic year, Mod 90 could not acquire enough students to reside in the space, therefore it was placed in the housing lottery and auctioned off with non-identity based houses. The insignificant number of men of color attending Hampshire could and has been noted as one of few factors describing why Mod 90 was not made permanent. In Spring 2012, eight students formed a group to re-establish Mod 90 because like the original they saw the need for a safe space for men of color. Additionally, these students also collaborated with members of the original Mod 90 and other men of color to establish MOCA as a student group.

Merrick Moore expressed feelings of happiness and accomplishment when discussing the reclaiming of Mod 90. The group of students who reclaimed Mod 90 for the 2012-2013 academic year were Merrick Moore, Joel Ayala, Eric Acevedo, Gustavo Madrigal, Long Hao, Lale Zino, Jorrell Watkins and Ivan Arias. Merrick explained, “We were weary of the reputation Mod 90 had, so for the first semester we decided to keep it quiet.” In previous years, Mod 90 was known as the hang out spot on the weekend. They were known for hosting monthly parties and small gatherings. Similar to the original residences of Mod 90, this year’s residences have developed a brotherhood. “We’re like brothers. We talk about race and shit, philosophy, play video games. None of us feel out of pace. We always feel welcomed,” stated Merrick.

Following the footsteps of the original residences of Mod 90, the current residences have established a goal they intend to see through. “We wanna break down stereotypes of men of color on campus. At the same time be an open space for people of color saying we don’t have to be alone feel alienated. In high school it was very segregated in that way. Show that you can be...have black friends, white friends, all types of friends and not feel alienated.”

In his final semester of Division III, Dre Woodberry looks at the current residences of Mod 90 as a proud fore father, hoping more men of color will continue to occupy the space, and be leaders on Hampshire’s campus.



Unspoken Roles of Professors of Color

By Djola Branner, Associate Professor of Theater

One unspoken role that faculty of color play at a predominately white liberal arts college like Hampshire is creating space for students of color. Sometimes this means inviting and reflecting that experience at the helm of a classroom/studio, and sometimes it just means cultivating comfort in our own skin. Like other faculty of color, I “advise” students completely uninterested in my discipline, simply (and not so simply) because we share the same racial and/or cultural identity. This is an experience which few white colleagues (with the exception of those who teach race, class and gender) recognize explicitly as service, but it’s an integral part of our contribution to the college. It’s a role that faculty of color confirm over cups of coffee or glasses of wine, and one that rewards and frustrates us in equal portion. The following is an excerpt from my first reappointment file. It’s an attempt to articulate one of the most rewarding moments that I’ve experienced during my time at Hampshire:



It’s the second year of my first appointment at Hampshire. I’m standing in front of a classroom/studio full of fifteen acting students, the palm of my right hand pressed against the small of one student’s back (whom we’ll call “Lisa”), and the palm of my left hand pressed against her belly. Lisa is a smart kid. She has identified the social and political ramifications of the character she is portraying. Has in fact lived them. She knows that James Baldwin’s character Juanita is a poor colored girl who, having grown up in 1950’s Harlem, has never felt beautiful or important or empowered. Lisa has eloquently described Juanita’s “given circumstances” in a character biography, and knows what the character must do in this moment. She knows Juanita has come to the witness stand to save her man’s life. Knows her young man is guilty of the worst crime in 1950’s America -- being black and poor -- and that in order to save his life she has to mine all of her anguish, in this public forum, and convince the jurors that her man deserves his freedom.

Lisa knows all of this and wants to convey it -- to the class, to the jury -- but her words fall from her lips like stone. We can’t feel her because we can’t hear her. I’ve just listened to her recite the monologue, and thought back to teaching at the American Musical and Dramatic Academy, and further back to teaching at the University of Minnesota. There was an exercise I employed to help students support their words, and embody their intentions. So I stood up, walked over to Lisa, and with my hands pressed against her abdomen urged her to make them bounce off of her body. “What?” she asks. I tell her to close her eyes, fill her diaphragm with intention and speak as if the entire class is on the other side of the concrete wall. In that moment, I’m counting on the power of Juanita’s intention, and hoping that it will take over. Hoping it will allow this young actor to realize that intellectual understanding, at this point, is standing in her way.

And I know it’s a long shot that it may or may not work. That Lisa may or may not be ready to open to her impulses, and that I can only take her as far as she’s willing to go.

But this is a good day.

I back away as she speaks. No, as she... acts. It’s a bit like steadying a kid on a bicycle as they ride without training wheels for first time. Eventually you have to let go. So I back away and observe Lisa’s voice and posture, witness her entire demeanor shift and open. By the time she stops speaking half the class is in tears, and, more importantly, Lisa is fully present. Standing and breathing from the core of her being. “I felt like I was yelling!”

she says. But when her classmates share their experience of the monologue they quickly allay her fears.

In a private conversation following the class, Lisa confesses that she has never allowed herself to feel so vulnerable in a room full of white people. “But”, she admits, “it was empowering.” “Exactly”, I say. “Owning your voice is the essence of authentic power.”

Letter from Peer Mentorship Program (PMP) Coordinators



Dear Mentors and Mentees,

We would like to thank you for your participation and support of the PMP Program; Thanks to your involvement with event programming events such as the opening PMP Dinner, the First Annual PMP Scavenger Hunt, and Time Management & Writing Workshops these events were possible. There were several fun and enlightening moments this semester that really proved that we have a great group of mentees and mentors this semester. Without all of your feedback, suggestions and support the program would not be as solid as it is today and we would really like to encourage you to consistently check in with us so that you all have a great experience with the program.

- Mirwan Abid (11F)
- Anthony Murray (12F)



Hampshire Resources According

By alum Steven-Emmanuel Martinez (07F)



1) Community Partnerships for Social Change (CPSC)

CPSC is a small office, but has a big mission. Hidden underneath FPH, CPSC's mission is to help forge "a link between the classroom and the community" by providing students with unique campus resources that assists them in building relationships with local communities, community agencies, Hampshire faculty, and staff. The organization is influential in the social conscious development of many Hampshire students, engaging students through lectures, training seminars, and field experiences. It's a particular resource fixture for many SOURCE members.

2) Madelaine Marquez, Affirmative Action Officer

Maddie, as she's affectionately known, is Hampshire's Affirmative Action Officer, and the Director of the James Baldwin Scholars' Program. Aside from being responsible for dozens of



students of colors under the Baldwin Scholars' Program, she also sits on numerous DIV II and DIV III committees and readily makes herself available to non-James Baldwin Scholars. The feisty (I say that affectionately!) Latina is well spirited and one of the most brilliant people I'm fortunate to know. Try standing next to Maddie; her energy will surely incapacitate you.

3) Cultural Center

The walls of the Cultural Center are weak – two and a half decades of concealing the tears, dialogues, frustrations, arguments, screams, and laughter of countless students have weakened its infrastructure, I'm sure. But what deprecates the Cultural Center is exactly what gives it its value. I spent four years working at the cultural center. It was, for me, and many students of color and international students, a space for refuge. The cultural center, I'm convinced, is Hampshire's muse. It's a space that encourages student activism, promotes social change, but most importantly, it's a space that obscures our pains and our joys from folks who may not have the culturally competency to understand them.



to Steven Martinez

4) Will Ryan, Co-Director of Writing Center

Will Ryan is the only faculty member on campus that goes by both first and last name – and that’s because he’s a celebrity, a rock star, oh – and a hunter/fisherman. He’s the only man I know who always greets you with a smile, a handshake (or an arm around your shoulder), and looks you dead in the eye when he speaks to you. He’s been instrumental in nurturing student writing, and constantly challenging student’s critical and analytical skills. He’s also legendary – he’s been at Hampshire 30 somewhat years! Speak to Will Ryan; he’ll never shy you away. And, please, tell him I sent you.



5) Inside Newsmagazine

Disclaimer: I was co-editor of Inside for four years. So, I’m a little bias. Not to dismiss any other student-run publication on campus, but this glossy pub is the premier student publication at Hampshire. Inside has soul. The texture of the writing, the pictures, the depth of the interviews, and even when the articles are dark, the magazine sustains its festivity. According to me, Inside Newsmagazine is the best campus resource for the SOURCE Community. Go ahead. Challenge me.

Whether you’re a **new student or a returning student**, get involved with one or more of the **SOURCE multicultural student groups!**

<http://www.hampshire.edu/culturalcenter/5594.htm>

The student groups have historically organized a number of impactful initiatives that look at community building, campus awareness, and institutional change on topics related to race, under-representation, and social justice.

Not to mention, that you’ll...

- establish a sense of family and belonging
- further develop your cultural connections
- have the change to promote campus-wide education and advocacy around topics of racial/ethnic/cultural diversity
- have FUN

Currently, there are **ten SOURCE groups:**

DIG!, indigenous students
Mixed Heritage

QIPOC- queer international & people of color

FISH- Forum of International Students at Hampshire

PASA- Pan-Asian Student Alliance

Raices, students of Latin@ descent

UMOJA, students of African descent

James Baldwin Scholars

SISTERS, international women & women of color

MOCA- Men of Color Alliance

The following groups still need signers (student leaders) for the spring: DIG, PASA, Mixed Heritage, Raices SISTERS and FISH

Interested in learning more about signing? Email Melissa, myssa@hampshire.edu



We're waiting
for YOU in
the woods with
CANDY.



Human Whimsy Plan

Microbiome

Microbiome