

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 1, FALL 2011

inside



The Lebron-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center, the Dean of Students Office, and the Office for Diversity and Multicultural Education present Inside newsmagazine

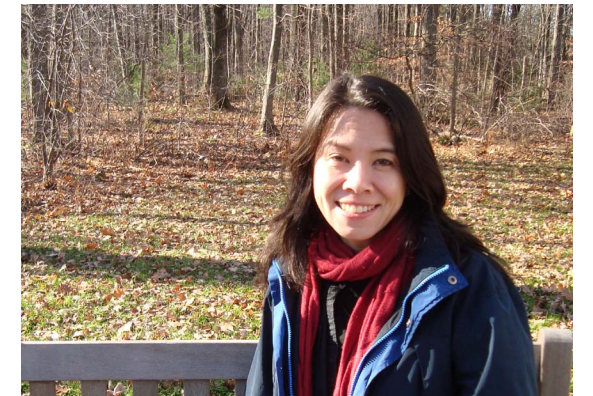


FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

“Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes...” (David Bowie 1971)

That’s the song bouncing through my head as I think about the landscape backdrop of today – the last of the leaves hanging on to the tired trees as autumn beckons them to the ground.

The changing of the seasons is stark here in Western Massachusetts. Spring pounces in with speed to melt the last of the snow and calls for budding flowers. Summer takes stage with absolute heat extremes. Fall slides in blanketing the region with bitter temperatures, and winter leisurely lingers around entertaining itself with snowfalls and below freezing chills.



The transformation of the trees, ground, and mountains is surely a site to behold. How fitting it is to have this cycle of transformation as Hampshire’s backdrop year round. The passing of the seasonal baton is shared by the campus. It’s a subconscious motivator for the campus to embrace change and integrate it into our being: into our personal, academic, and professional lives. The college encourages students “to be lifelong learners and (encourages) their capacity to advance the cause of social justice and the well-being of others.” It is the role of faculty and staff to foster a learning environment in and out of the classroom that enables and empowers students to grab the reins of their learning to transform (for better) their understanding of the world and their understanding of themselves. That “transformative teaching” is reciprocal. During my nine years at Hampshire, I have had daily moments where the seed is planted by students that fosters the continuous expansion of my personal and world perspectives. Whether it’s hearing about student’s incredible independent study projects, working with students on dynamic programming, or listening to a student share how they are overcoming struggles at Hampshire, I do not take for granted these “teachable” moments. You too will be inspired by students and their experiences in this issue that highlight their reflections on their “transformative moments.”

Perhaps you’ll be humming “Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes” after you finish reading.

**LETTER FROM MELISSA SCHEID FRANTZ,
DIRECTOR OF MULTICULTURAL & INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICES**

LEBRÓN-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 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.



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PHONE INTERVIEW WITH Jonathan Lash ABOUT SOURCE

by Luis J. Vargas

Luis: How would you describe the process of adjusting to Hampshire and your experiences with the community so far?

Lash: I’ve just been so overwhelmed at how open, accepting and supportive people have been. I’ve really enjoyed getting to know people at Hampshire. Everyone seems to be completely willing to talk and share ideas, and talk about the future, which has been a lot of fun to me.

Luis: What has been your experience with the SOURCE community in particular?

Lash: My main experience with the SOURCE community was that dinner we all cooked together. I think that was a month or so ago. Melissa invited me over to cook dinner, and we had a terrific time. We had a discussion partly about the meaning of protest, and how protest fits with democracy, all of which I found fascinating.

Luis: The following question is a bit complicated. How do you find the work being done internally (in admissions, etc.) and externally (within Community Advocacy) benefiting the SOURCE community?

Lash: The one thing I was glad to find at Hampshire was that a number of international students’ on-campus was growing, and that the number of domestic students of color was not falling behind. In some schools, because of the recession, they’ve began to lose diversity, but that hasn’t been the case at Hampshire. But also part of this question is really about the lives of those of you who are already on-campus, and I don’t feel like I know many of you. You need to answer this question for me.



Luis: I agree with you. How would you describe your own sense of social justice on-campus in relation/comparison to Hampshire’s current student activism and social justice framework?

Lash: So of course, I’ve been working on social justice and social change issues for forty-five years.

Luis: That’s right.

Lash: And that means I have been more of a pragmatist. I mean it’s inevitable. I can look at issues where I feel I can make a difference – get things done. One of the things that I like about the Hampshire community is that the people are so full of passion about the issues. And also, a lot of people are at the beginning of their careers and are convinced that they can make a difference. It’s really the reason I came to Hampshire. If the Hampshire community didn’t have a strong commitment not only to social justice but to action for social justice, I don’t think I would necessarily be interested in Hampshire.

Luis: Yeah.

Lash: As an institution, we become a little worried about articulating its regiments. And I think that is one of the things we need to work on, is more explicitly talking about how Hampshire education relates to social justice.

Luis: *Has Hampshire influenced/changed/challenged your previous assumptions or beliefs about what social justice means? How so?*

Lash: Maybe not yet, but it probably will. You know I've been working in Washington and Washington is a very cynical city. But I think that probably will influence my sense of social justice, especially as I get the chance to work on issues. Hampshire is much more engaged in the grassroots. And as I get to work on issues at that level again, you know, I think that people will influence me a lot. And, I like being involved with issues. But ask me again in a year and I'll give you a different answer.

(Laughter)

Luis: *That is true. Have you encountered any conflicts or issues of social justice within the Hampshire community? If so, what measures can SOURCE and all students take to address and resolve these issues?*

Lash: Yeah. Here again I have a lot to learn, but the things I hear from people is that – as I get to know the Hampshire people – is that you can be somewhat isolated.

Luis: Yes.

Lash: And that there isn't a strong sense of community. People do a lot of their work alone when they can have a full circle of friends in their mods, or with other friends. But they don't have as much of a connection as we would like. And I think that that's probably a problem in the SOURCE community. We ought to be creating and strengthening connections. But there may be a lot of other things that I should understand that I just don't get in terms of people's lives, such as what is like to be on the Hampshire campus day by day.

Luis: *Uhm, yeah. So would you encourage the different departments to organize events more frequently in larger campus? Although there are many events throughout the year, do you feel that there could be more events where by multicultural students would be more involved in?*

Lash: Yes and vice versa.

Luis: Yes.

Lash: I'd like to feel that when we say we're very good at interdisciplinary studies, that we are also effective at integrating people of different backgrounds.

Luis: Yes, absolutely.

Lash: I mean, once a month I have a pizza dinner over at the Tavern for anybody who wants to go. You know, I have a nice cross-section of students there, and I think they – because of that crosses some of their own groups – I think they enjoy having interactions and associating with one another.

Luis: *That's interesting and important. I don't have any more questions for you, but if you'd like me to address something or if you have any questions for me...*

Lash: Yes, I mean I would like to answer these questions better...

Luis: Yes.

Lash: And I think that the best way for this to happen is for me to talk to people. You know, I can only be effective as the president of Hampshire if I understand the needs and experiences of the students.

Luis: And that is absolutely true.



CLA is proud to support the SOURCE Groups

Students of Under Represented Cultures and Ethnicities

DIG: Indigenous Students Group

FISH: Forum for Int'l Students at Hampshire

James Baldwin Scholars

Mixed Heritage

PASA: Pan Asian Student Alliance

QIPOC: Queer Identified People of Color and Int'l Students

Raices

SISTERS

UMOJA



MEETING OUR NEW ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
OF MULTICULTURAL AND INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS:

INTERVIEW WITH *O.C. Gorman*

by Luis J. Vargas



LV: What is your major role at the Cultural Center?

OC: My official title is Assistant Director, Multicultural & International Student Services (MISS). Primarily I act as the International Student Advisor for the degree-seeking international students holding a student visa. This role requires that I provide advisement and information to the international student population, Hampshire staff, faculty, and administrators relating to federal immigration requirements for student visa holders and personal/cultural matters. The objective of my work is to assist students as they comply with federal regulations, which in turn ensures their lawful presence in the U.S. while they study at Hampshire. Beyond the immigration-related duties, I am in transition to take the lead in overseeing the Peer Mentorship Program, Host Family Program, and the exploration of

ways to raise awareness on the intersections of multicultural education and international education. In addition, I will continue to support the programming efforts of our students and CC staff.

Since my first day, June 27, 2011, I've been enjoying my time at Hampshire, especially getting to know all of you. My office is located on the 2nd floor of the CC, room 202, please stop by! We can chat, discuss your ideas/suggestions for the CC, or you can just grab some candy and write on my chalk wall. You can also email me at rgSA@hampshire.edu, if you'd like.

LV: What were your first impressions of the SOURCE community, and in what ways have they shaped your own attitudes towards the larger community at Hampshire?

OC: It was my initial meeting with students from the SOURCE community, during my interview for this position, that sealed the deal for me. I had never been interviewed by a search committee that included student representatives, so I was skeptical. It turned out to be my favorite part of the trip. I was impressed by the intelligence of their questions and inspired by their personal stories of overcoming adversity on their paths to and at Hampshire. I knew right away that Hampshire was a place of courage, intellect and innovation. I drove everyone back home crazy carrying on about the history of student activism on and off campus and the self-discipline and drive the students embody to be successful at a school like Hampshire. These students set the bar very high for Hampshire.

LV: How would you describe some of the challenges in your position/role at the Cultural Center? How have you managed them, and in what ways have they changed/influenced your views of the Cultural Center and the SOURCE community in general?

OC: The biggest challenge I've faced thus far, is learning to interpret federal immigration regulations for a non-traditional institution. Federal regulations are seemingly black and white, however in reality that's not the case. For the most part, immigration regulations pertaining to international students are generally termed so that the thousands of schools in the U.S., each with its own structure and organization, can follow the same rules. This leaves interpretation and application of the regulations up to the international student advisors at each school. This isn't to say that we have free reign to do what we want; rather within the confines of school policy we must, in good faith, identify and adhere to the intention of the federal laws. The less traditional the institution, the more complicated the interpreting.

I was able to manage this challenge by familiarizing myself with every international student record/file, under Melissa's tutelage I've established a firm understanding of the academic/administrative structure of Hampshire, and then in light of all this new information I reexamined my knowledge and understanding of the pertinent federal immigration regulations. It's a work in progress. The thing about challenges is, I like them. Life is full of hardship and frustration, but the comforting thing is, you only have to live one day at a time. Once you've gotten past a hurdle, you become more empowered and determined.

Throughout this process my views of the CC and SOURCE community haven't changed, instead it has made me question the viability of federal regulations that were enacted with little to no consideration of non-traditional schools. For now this question can be put on the back burner, however as the number of schools with a non-traditional slant grow lawmakers won't be able to side step the likes of us any longer.

LV: What are some of the fundamental issues you see in the SOURCE community that you would like to be addressed? What ideas do you have about addressing these issues? And, where do you see yourself participating in this dialogue?

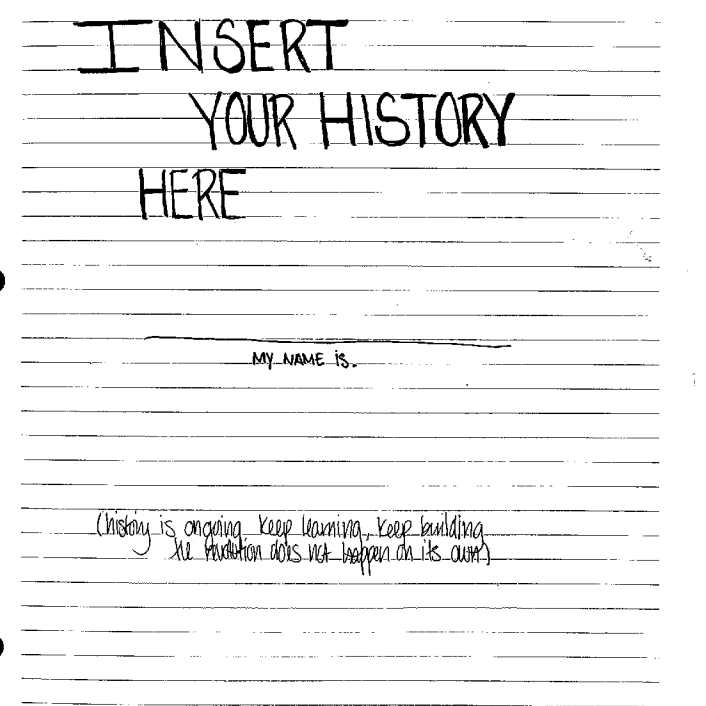
OC: Immediately after I received these interview questions I shuffled down to the first floor of the Cultural Center, to the shelf of SOURCE history. As I poured over the history of the SOURCE community, beginning with the 1972 Cole Science Center occupation by The Third World Organization, it

was impossible not to notice the issues/demands haven't changed over the years, to give you an idea:

- Recognition of minority student organizations
- Representation of minority students in school publications
- Minority student inclusion in the campus decision making processes, such as budget and priorities planning, hiring processes for faculty, staff, etc.
- Deliberate recruitment of underrepresented minority groups at "all levels"- students, faculty, staff, and administrators
- Implementation of multicultural education in the academic curriculum

It occurred to me then that identifying "the issues" is not where we need to start; they've been identified. The demands of those students back in 1972, 1988, 1992, 1996, 2002, 2008 and all the years in between are still ringing in our ears, for their demands are our demands. While it's important to acknowledge and respect the progress that's been made, it's equally important not to be lulled into a false sense of security.

The issue that we face in our modern times is picking up where our predecessors left off. We have to find it in ourselves to consistently, unrelentingly continue the pursuit of resources, access, campus-wide awareness of diversity-related issues, equality, and representation at Hampshire. There must be constant and deliberate reevaluation of where we, as a community, stand in the overall Hampshire sphere, what we want, what we need and how best to persevere.



Another reoccurring theme, the SOURCE history of activism was just that- action initiated by students. Students are the catalyst for change, and they are the key to unfaltering commitment to seeking change. So what role do I play? My job is to uphold the mission of the CC/MISS. In doing so, I will offer advice, guidance, and support. I will do all that I can to remind those that need to be reminded: our work is not done.

On that note, I'll leave you with this: as I flipped through the pages of the collected history of our SOURCE community, I came across a half filled notebook titled A History of Student Activism: Issues of Race. On the last filled page in conclusion of their work and in anticipation of future efforts, the student historian wisely prompts the reader on how to use the empty pages, "Insert your history here.... (history is ongoing. Keep learning, keep building the revolution does not happen on its own)"



COALITION POLITICS & THE POSSIBILITY FOR CHANGE

by Mia Kim Sullivan, Civil Liberties & Public Policy (CLPP)

Last spring, I was at a communications training in D.C. featuring Frank Lutz, the Republican consultant who had coined the term “death tax”. He opened the training by showing us the most successful campaign spot from the last mid-term elections. The ad was in black and white, set at some uncertain time in the future, and there was wonky, alien music in the background, like feedback. The setting was a large auditorium, and all the students seated were Asian. The speaker at the front was lecturing into a headset on the rise and fall of great civilizations, including the U.S... and the camera zoomed in on the students in their seats, laughing. The trainer told us he had shown this ad to a focus group in Cleveland, and when the camera closed in on those students’ faces, the emotions of the people watching would spike – in fear.

Frank Lutz showed us this ad to illustrate how political campaigns can effectively exploit deeply ingrained racist narratives to further social and economic political agendas. Starting the training with this presentation opened up deep divides in the participants – activists from reproductive rights, media, anti-death penalty, and environmental groups. The participants watched his presentation through the lens of their own personal experiences and their own truths; by the end of the two-day training, a young African American woman said to me that the training agenda should have included time for people of color to caucus. I thought to myself, how screwed up is this that I can’t attend a two-day executive communications training for leaders of progressive groups without needing a POC caucus? But it’s true, we did.

At CLPP, we believe that we need to link our political agendas across issues to newer and broader movements, and that our differences make us stronger. We believe that our different histories, as different communities, ethnicities, nations and genders, deepen our understandings of our work, our struggle and the change we need to see. Our projects connect traditional reproductive rights issues like abortion, contraception and comprehensive sexual education to other social justice issues – like racial justice, immigrant and worker rights, environmental health and justice, sexual liberation and gender justice – because we believe that the desire to control our bodies and reproduction cuts across communities, is connected to self-determination and power for all people, and determines all of our abilities’ to succeed politically, thrive and provide for the families we have created.

I am enormously fortunate to come to work every day with colleagues, student staff, and student activists who hold these common values, and who believe in our ability to create a new vision and political agenda together that can hold both our hopes and our fears. Last month, CLPP held a meeting in L.A. for young activists working on reproductive and sexual health and rights issues, as part of a New Leadership project run by the amazing Corinna Yazbek. At the meeting, an activist we have worked with for several years turned to all of us and said: when we go out that door, there is a war going on; we need each other. I remember when she said this, it felt so true to me about what we were trying to do together, and why. It is not easy to do. But every day I am inspired by our students, staff and allies’ willingness and commitment to stand with each other, as we try to realize our visions for justice for our families and our communities.





by Andre Duval Bradley

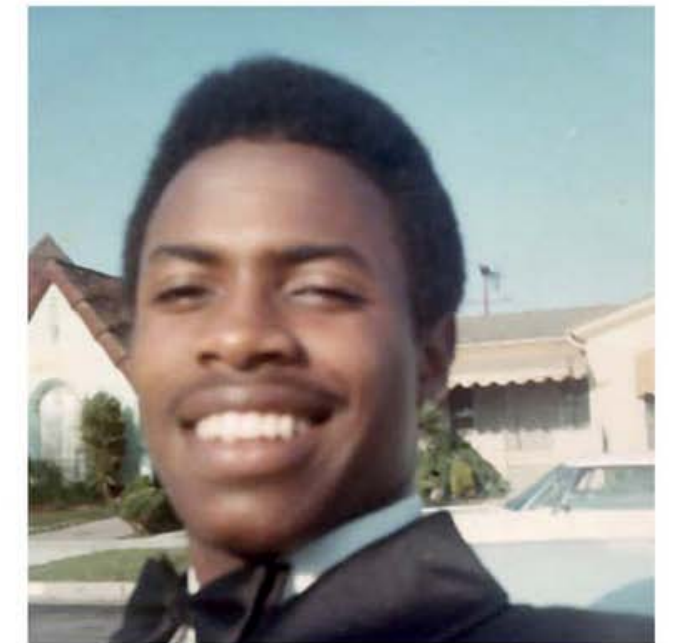
It's simple really. I'm placing my uncles within a photographic record that has excluded and shrouded them in an actual in factual danger and servility. My uncles are black men, and I took these photographs of them a long time ago. I reframe them now, I reclaim them, I own them as artifacts between a fictional what-has-been and a nonfictional what-never-happened. This ownership is once removed from a familial connection, but I'm attempting to crash into the commonplace parts of black history, slipping in and out of narratives I don't belong to, but are intrinsic to these images. Appropriating them through a placement of myself as "nephew", I bridge disconnected and unknown pasts with a known present. These six photographs are an activation of and intrepid dwelling within themes of black urban life, the military, masculinity, and lineage.



WILLIAM CAMPBELL, PHILADELPHIA (1972)



SONNY CAMPBELL, PHILADELPHIA (1971)



DWIGHT CAMPBELL, PHILADELPHIA (1974)



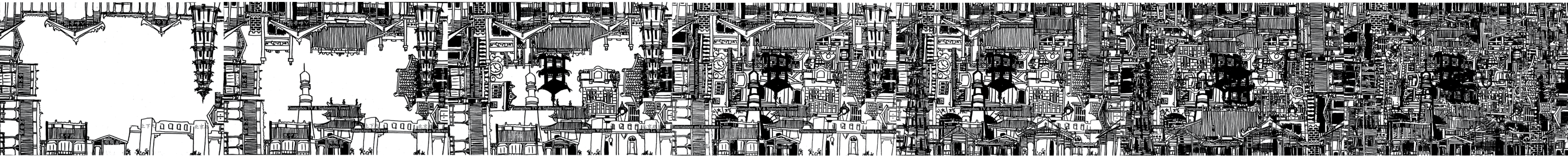
HERBERT CAMPBELL, CAMBODIA, 1965



ERNEST CAMPBELL, PHILADELPHIA (1963)



ROBERT CAMPBELL, CAMBODIA, (1962)

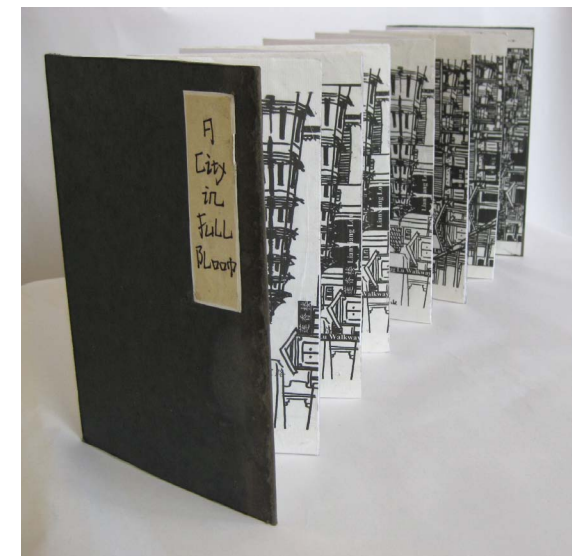
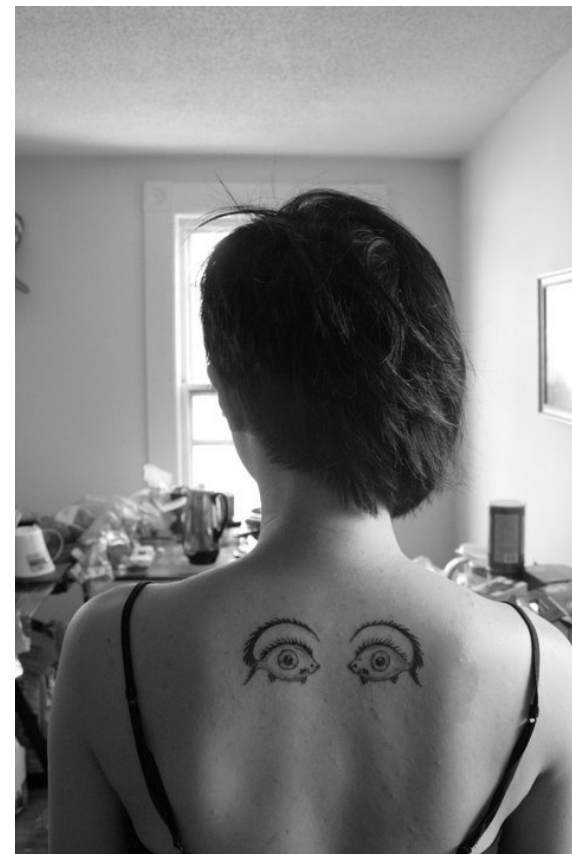


A CITY IN FULL BLOOM

by Jiemin Liao

This is a series of my Div II work that explores the relationship between reality and fantasy, particularly in massive human activities in the hyperreal fantasy fairground, parades, protests, censorship etc. A collection of individual works that combine digital and physical working process were presented through found images of the Tiananmen Square Protest, propaganda phase, and photos from the internet. One of my major intensions was to create and build city avatars.

My first artist book “A City in Full Bloom” was based on the city that I spent most of my time in (Guangzhou) and inspired by a Chinese panoramic painting “Along the River During the Qingming Festival,” which depicts the hustle and bustle of city life in China during the Song Dynasty that includes 550 characters, and hundreds of architectures. The book was a remake of a sequence of drawings that I made three years ago in high school as my impression and criticism of the intense urbanization that was going in Guagnzhou. Layers by layers, the buildings repeat and rewrite themselves, evolving from intelligible outlines to fragmentized patterns. This process surprisingly and conceptually echoes with Alvin Lucier’s piece “I’m Sitting in a Room.”





THE INVISIBLE CITY



WHIRLING HUMAN PATTERNS AND
THEIR MEMORIES



CONSTRUCTING A "HARMONIOUS" SOCIETY



by Dani Cattans

As I reflect on my experience here in Havana, Cuba I can't help but look at all of the wonderful women I've worked with and see myself in each and every one of them. From the first introduction to late night conversations, I see our growth as females, as artists, as friends, and as lovers all blend into one feeling: belongingness. We've all come from different families, different histories, different neighborhoods and different learning experiences. But our connecting factor is our gender and our passionate desire to create. This connection will never be lost; it can never be taken away from us and for that, I am grateful.

In the beginning of this project, I had many doubts and fears that I was looking to explore a bond between myself and other female artists that maybe was just unrealistic. I wanted to create a mixed media piece about their experience as female artists here in Cuba, and what it meant to identify as not only an artist, but as a female as well. The second part of my project was about breaking down the wall between subject and photographer, especially here in Cuba, because so many images have been taken here that are simply exotifying and not a true representation of women. Very quickly I came to realize that the women I met were incredibly open and willing to not only share their experience as female artists here in Cuba, but to share their lives with me, to share their histories, their dreams and their fears. I also realized early on in this process how fortunate I have been to come from a family of creators, a family of artists and a family so open to accept me as who I am. "Coming out" as an artist and to claim that as an identity, along with presenting themselves as females and making sure that that is an important factor in their own self-identification, has been a huge struggle for some, and an unconscious thought for others.

I have been transformed by this process, grown as a female, as an artist, but more so as a human being. My relationship with these women and the entire process of this project has been extremely intense in my own reflection as an artist, especially as a photographer. A very important part of this multilayered project was about trying to combat the typical relationship between photographer and subject. Breaking down that wall between photographer and subject has been exciting and scary all at the same time. For the first time I have been conscious of the way I am being seen, being looked at. And for the first time, I have encouraged it, to have someone put me in the position that I have so many times put other people. This back and forth between roles of subject to photographer, photographer to subject has broken that traditional binary relationship. I no longer felt the titles of "photographer" and "subject" being placed on certain people since we all shared both roles. It became about sharing our visions of each other; it was no longer a one-way street, a one-way viewpoint.

Over and over and over again, I have been asked to locate this project in Cuba. And for a while, my assumption was that since I was conducting this project in Cuba, that's all that I needed in order to really "locate" it. But after three months of photographing and creating collaborative mixed media pieces with four incredibly special women, I have finally come to understand how to "locate" my work. To stay, or to go. To stay, or to go. Over and over again, this theme has presented itself in our work. From having the opportunity to dance in China, and not going, to performing in a theater group in Germany, to playing guitar and reading poetry in Costa Rica, all four of these women have battled with the question: To stay or to go. And in each piece this theme is so clearly present. The political history and current regulations regarding travel for Cubans has been so clearly a consistent battle (conscious or not) in all of these women. This is a battle that has been rooted so deeply in politics for so long. The restrictions on traveling for Cubans have been so difficult; from obtaining visas, to even having sufficient funds to leave. I'm not sure it's even recognized as a battle anymore, as it's just the way of life. But the bottom line is that they've all had opportunities to leave, yet they are all still here, here in their communities, with their families, their loved ones, their space, their world; their sense of belonging and security is here, here in Cuba.

In the end, it was a true collaboration, and for that I am ecstatic. I am so completely impressed by the dedication that these women have given me. I will forever be grateful and indebted to these women for all that they have shared with me.



LAZY

by Elora Pindell



She hates sending her daughter to school. Academic spaces are always filled with morons. Especially the children, only repeating what their parents have told them, and then repeating it as fact to her only child. But little Feather is excited because it's the first grade, so Anna smiles for her sake. "What's the first word you want to learn?" she turns her back on the sink to look at her copper-colored baby. She flashes her dimples at the child and little Feather puts down her bread and bananas. "I want to learn how to write the word tomato!" Anna nods approvingly before turning back to the sink, attempting to attach the water purifier. "What's your fixation with tomatoes?" Little Feather asks what "fixation" means. Her mother tells her and the little girl thinks. "Well, I am fiscated with them because they are red and round like apples, but they're not apples. They are softer and sweeter inside." Her mother nods, still concentrating on the faucet.

"Go get your bookbag sweetie." Feather stuffs her last slice of banana into her mouth and runs for the stairs while Anna gives up on the water filter. She will tend to it later.

Instead, she gets her keys and waits on the couch. "Thirty seconds!" she yells up the stairs. Feather's feet pound back down the steps like inexperienced hands on the white keys. Her little ponytail trails behind her like a black puff of smoke and is just as soft. Her teeth can't seem to stay behind her lips today. She has only one dimple and it shows always, even when she is not smiling. Her book bag is Dora, even though her mother knows she wants Barbie. She places a hand on the girl's head and guides her out the door.

"How was your second day in the life of Cursive Writer's United?" It is after school and they are in their mint green 2008 Hondai Elantra, which Anna has dubbed the Mint Julep. Feather looks up at her mother. "Can I have some gum?" Anna points at the glove compartment and the little girl rummages through it. "It was good. We learned the letter Z, so we wrote out lazy. And this girl Abbie, who sits next to me, told me that Liz the girl who sits across from

me, has a lazy mommy." Anna blinks several times and then lets out a noise that is supposed to be laughter, but sounds more like she has been given a needle suddenly. She tries to think of how to ask. "What? And how exactly does she know that?" Feather chews. "Well, she said a mommy who lets any daughter leave the house with their head like that must be lazy." Her laughter is genuine. Anna's hands tighten on the wheel. "Why is that funny sweetheart?" Feather attempts to blow a bubble as her mother speaks. "Because it was funny. Her hair is sticking out in all directions; it just stands on her head. Its one of those afros. Abbie says I have good hair. Then we learned how to remember what all the letters look like in cursive, 'cause Mrs. Sneed says they are easy to confuse because K looks like R and stuff like that." Feather tosses the gum packet back and closes the compartment door.

Anna is unsure what to say. Who the hell is this little Abbie twerp? She didn't think this conversation would come so soon. She also thinks neither of them are ready for it. "Green light!" Feather pipes up. Anna puts pressure on her toes and tries to think of what to say next as Feather flips through Michael Jackson CDs. "Fish fry for dinner," is the best she can come up with.

That night, Anna and Feather's father Foster get ready for bed. His skin is dark like their daughter's but does not have the red tint that Anna gave their child. She watches him as he removes his shirt. His back muscles are strong and she can see them through his clothes whenever he puts Feather on his shoulders. "Someone told Feather she has 'good hair' today." Anna decides that's a good place to start. He turns his head. "Was it a boy?" he is smirking. Anna exhales, "A girl. But it wasn't 'Your hair looks nice today', it was 'You have good hair'. Those are two different conversations." He nods. "I understand the conversation. Does Feather understand?" Anna leans against the headboard and holds onto her ankles. "Of course not, she only saw the compliment. No, she doesn't know. Anything." By now he has laid down on the bed. He is on his back, supporting his neck with his palms. They both look straight ahead, she at the opposite wall, he at the ceiling. "My mother used to tell me that all hair is good hair. We should start saying it around her maybe. Might help." They go to bed without another word.

"Sweetheart, when is your next parent/teacher meeting?" It is the next morning and Foster is adjusting the sound on the T.V. while Feather nibbles at strawberries and cereal. The little girl looks at the ceiling fan and slightly closes one eye. "Next week. You guys have to come in and see my

macaroni art. Mrs. Sneed won't let us bring them home because she wants you guys to be surprised." Foster pokes his daughter's cheek with his pinky finger and is stifling a laugh through a mouthful of wheat toast and grape jam. He looks at Anna, who is poking at her oatmeal and raises his eyebrows. "I guess we should go then. Wouldn't want to ruin the surprise."

Anna is playing with the car keys on the night of the parent/teacher meeting. Foster has his hands in his pockets. "What's the matter?" Anna looks at him with something like impatience. "I don't want to do this. Do you want to do this? 'Hi, I'm Anna, Feather's mom, please stop polluting my daughter's brain with toxic thoughts.'" Foster laughs, but Anna accuses the situation of being unfunny. He questions if it's that serious. Before they can properly begin to argue, Feather comes down the stairs. They both smile at her and head out the door.

Mrs. Sneed is a lot older than the couple expects. She is thin, pale and a little hunched over with age. Her hair is set in tight white curls that fall over her wrinkly forehead. She must be at least 70. She is a kindly woman and speaks softly about what a pleasure Feather is to have in class. Foster beams at this and Anna nods slowly as if she were meeting with her lawyer. When Mrs. Sneed is finished, she waits for them to walk away but they don't. She raises her thin eyebrows. "Anything else?" The couple exchange a quick glance before looking back at her. Foster begins, "Well we... ahhhh." He looks at Mrs. Sneed's desk, laughing at himself. Anna pats his shoulder before he continues, "Are um, Abbie's parents here?" he feels like a child asking his mother for permission to go to the bathroom in church. Mrs. Sneed looks relieved. "Yes! They're here somewhere, probably near the food ha hah!" Anna grabs Foster's hand and pulls. He points out that they still don't know who exactly they're looking for, but Anna says she already knows.

She is eyeing a couple by the Fritos and pretzels. The wife has straw colored hair and the husband has hair the color of roasted chestnuts. They are both wearing light blue button-down shirts with khaki pants. The wife is smiling at her husband with her arms crossed and he is leaning in as though concentrating. The image makes Anna sick. The blonde wife leisurely glances in their direction and Anna can see that she has blue eyes. As she comes closer, she sees every girl in middle school that told her that she needed a hot comb, reminded of every tug on her braids, every night she went to sleep wishing she could look like her own Barbie. She feels hot tears fighting to reach the cool air. She almost forgets to stop walking once she is

about a foot from Abbie’s parents. The woman looks like she wants to smile but the anger is written on Anna’s face like bold point permanent Sharpie. “Good evening,” says the woman. Abbie’s mother grabs her husband’s hand and respectfully nods at Foster. He is unsure whether or not he is allowed to smile. “I’m Charlotte. How are you?” Anna moves the corners of her mouth enough to acknowledge that the woman is being nice. “I have..Hi. I’m Anna, Feather’s mother. You must be Abbie’s parents.” It isn’t a question. Charlotte tilts her head to the side and looks at her husband. He smiles and shakes his head, his eyes a little wider than they were before. “No, no I’m afraid there’s a mistake. We’re Robin’s parents.” He points his forehead at a little boy who is standing by the class gerbil in his cage. “But I believe,” he continues, “that those are Abbie’s parents.” He points with his thumb towards a couple by the window. “We just met them ourselves.”

Anna can feel her stomach in her throat and continues to stare at Charlotte, as though Charlotte can provide her with some explanation as to why Anna just embarrassed herself. Before she can fully comprehend what happened, Foster tells Robin’s parents that the interaction was sufficiently awkward and that it was nice meeting them. He pulls her hand and sits her on a desk. “Happy? We’ve really become the belles of this ball.” He lets out a deep breath through his nose. “What do you want to do now? In case

you were too shocked to actually look at the couple by the window, I should tell you that they’re Black. I don’t know if that disappoints you or anything.” Anna lowers her eyelids and tears fall and rest where her dimples would be had she not been crying. “They’re Black?” she chokes through his shirtsleeve. She knew this, she had looked over where Charlotte had indicated. But hearing Foster say it was the worst kind of confirmation. “I want to go home. I don’t have the strength for this.” Foster squeezes her shoulders. “Ready for what exactly? Are you ready to confront a white couple about telling our daughter about who has good hair and who has bad hair, but you can’t have a conversation with black parents about why that’s a problem?” Anna shakes her head. “The conversation is so much harder when it’s your own people. It’s so..” Anna can’t seem to be able to think of a word. Foster lets her go. “Lazy.” He finishes.

“What?” Anna sniffs. “It’s harder, so we don’t want to do it. Lazy.” He arms drop to his sides as though he is drained. They both look at their shoes until Feather comes and sits on Foster’s. He picks her up and they head for the car. As Foster carries her, Feather asks, her voice muffled through the nape of his neck, “What does lazy really mean?” They are quiet a moment before Anna answers, “It means you don’t care enough.”

FOR ESTEFANI LORA, THIRD GRADE, WHO MADE ME A CARD

Published in Teeth, Curbstone Press, 2007

FOR ESTEFANI LORA, PS 132, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, 2003



by Aracelis Girmay
Assistant Professor of Poetry

*
Elephant on an orange line, underneath a yellow circle meaning sun.
6 green, vertical lines, with color all from the top meaning flowers.

*
The first time I peel back the 5 squares of Scotch tape, unfold the crooked-crease fold of art class paper, I am in my living room.

It is June.
Inside of the card, there is one long word, & then Estefani’s name:

Loisfoeribari

Estefani Lora

*
Loisfoeribari?

*
Loisfoeribari: The scientific, Latinate way of saying hibiscus.

*
Loisforeribari: A direction, as in: Are you going North? South? East? West? Loisfoeribari?

*
I try, over & over, to read the word out loud.
Loisfoeribari. LoISFOeribari.
LoISFOEribari. LoisFOERibARI.

*
What is this word?

I imagine using it in sentences like,

“Man, I have to go back to the house,
I forgot my Loisfoeribari.”

or

“There’s nothing better than rain, hot rain,
open windows with music, & a tall glass
of Loisfoeribari.”

or

“How are we getting to Pittsburgh?
Should we drive or take the Loisfoeribari?”

*
I have lived 4 minutes with this word not knowing what it means.

*
It is the end of the year. I consider writing my student, Estefani Lora, a letter that goes:

To The BRILLIANT Estefani Lora!

Hola, querida, I hope that you are well. I’ve just opened the card that you made me, and it is beautiful. I really love the way you filled the sky with birds. I believe that you are chula, chulita, and super fly! Yes, the card is beautiful. I only have one question for you. What does the word ‘Loisfoeribari’ mean?

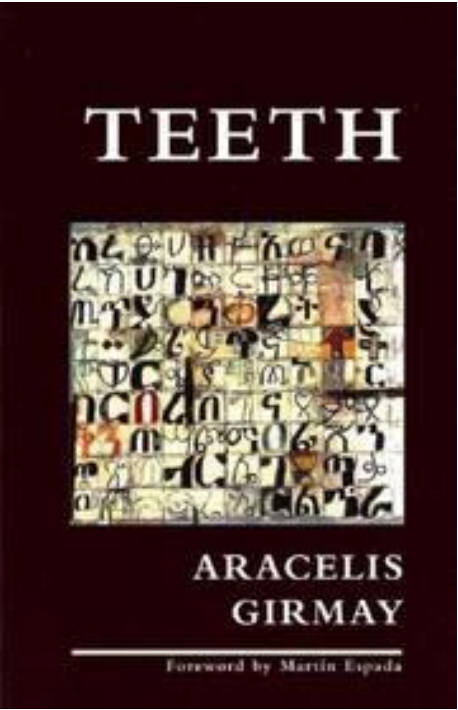
*
I try the word again.
Loisfoeribari.
Loisfoeribari.
Loisfoeribari.

*
I try the word in Spanish.
Loisfoeribari
Lo-ees-fo-eh-dee-bah-dee
Lo-ees-fo-eh-dee-bah-dee

& then, slowly,

Lo is fo e ri bari
Lo is fo eribari

*
love is for everybody
love is for every every body love
love love everybody love
everybody love love
is love everybody
everybody is love
love love for love
for everybody
for love is everybody
love is forevery
love is forevery body
love love love for body
love body body is love
love is body every body is love
is every love
for every love is love
for love everybody love love
love love for everybody
loveisforeverybody



PARKMED PHYSICIANS



by Iesha Ramos

I picked up the chart and called the patient's name.

It took her a few seconds for her to respond. She was quiet and looked down at the floor.

"Hi my name is Iesha, come with me so you can get changed into your gown," I said as I walked with the red chart in my hand and she followed.

"Take everything off. Take off all body piercing and turn your cell phone off please. You can put all your belongings into the white bag," I said.

"I want to stay awake," she said, without moving, still looking at the floor.

"Ok I will let the doctor know," I said

She still didn't move.

"Will it hurt?"

"Well with local you will be awake, but the doctor will numb your cervix so the procedure won't really be painful, it is more uncomfortable," I answered.

She took the white bag and went to the changing room. "Are you sure it won't be too painful?" she asked as soon as she came out the changing room.

I looked down and saw her foot. It had what looked like a new tattoo that covered her foot.

"New tat?" I asked.

"Yea," She said.

"How long did it take?" I said.

"1 hour," she said.

"The procedure takes about 10 min., less painful then that tat on your foot," I said.

"Do you have a tattoo?" she asked.

"Yea,"

I twisted my wrist to show her my tattoo. It was very meaningful that I could connect with the patient. In a setting that is a fast paced as Parkmed something as small and important as communication and bonding is often lost in the mix. I had been in the clinic for about a week and this was the first patient I actually had a conversation with.

"If I stay awake will you hold my hand?" she asked.

"Of course I will."

It is hard to put my summer experience into words that fit into 5 pages. This summer has been full of new experiences, a new environment and mix of emotions for me. I spent 10 weeks at Parkmed Physicians. Parkmed is an Ob-Gyn doctor's office that provides abortion services to women, up to 24 weeks of their pregnancy. It is located on the corner of 42nd and Second Avenue right in the heart of New York City. There are 3 doctors and about 12 medical assistants. It is a very fast pace setting and I was busy all summer.

When I first arrived to Parkmed I was nervous. I was not familiar with New York City and wasn't sure what to expect. It didn't take me long to get the hang of things in the clinic. It is structured very well. Some have even described it to me as an "assembly line". On Mondays patients are not seen. So I worked on different projects in the office. Parkmed has recently transferred from using paper folders to electronic folders, which meant that there were about 20 months of folders that needed to be prepared and scanned into the new system. I also worked on collecting information from the doctors who have referred patients to Parkmed. After I collected this information I entered it into the database and sent 'Thank you' letters. I worked on these projects every Monday.

On Tuesday through Friday I worked in the clinic. I began by shadowing the sonographer, a medical assistant in the operating room while the abortions are performed and a medical assistant in the recovery room. In the operating room I mostly observed. I tried to be as helpful as I could. I would bring the patient in and introduce her to the doctor. The first procedure I observed I was nervous. Although I have been studying, discussing, and advocating for abortion I have never seen the procedure done before. I was nervous and didn't know what to expect but I stood tall and looked confident. The woman's cervix was dilated and then the tissue was removed. The doctor was very nice and explained what he was doing step by step. I observed first-trimesters, second-trimesters, Essure, and Genital wart removals in the operating room. The hardest part was observing a second trimester abortion.

After I felt comfortable with the operating room I was moved to the recovery room. In the recovery room I was very helpful. I assisted the nurses in waking up the patient from anesthesia. In the recovery room I was always busy and it made the day go by much faster. It is not easy helping the patients that wake up from anesthesia. Patients are disorientated, nauseous, and incoherent. Some patients were violent and woke up screaming. They often forgot where they were and didn't even realize the procedure was done. The patient's vitals were checked every 15 minutes. After about 45 minutes I helped the patients move from the bed to the bathroom. After the bathroom I brought the patients to a chair and gave them some snacks and a drink.

I tried my best to work as hard as I could all summer, but there were some things that I did not understand. Fortunately my sublet was near my aunt and uncle and I was about to talk to them and debrief in the evenings. I expressed my concerns and my emotions to them. I explained to them how I was worried that these women were not counseled on the procedure. The patients got some information about the procedure when they made the appointment but no one explained it to them in detail once they came for their appointment. No one explained what is normal for them to expect when they wake up in the recovery room.

I also expressed my concerns about why there was such a large push for these women to be put under general anesthesia. Even when some women came in and asked for local the doctor would suggest they have general anesthesia. I had these frustrations at the beginning because I just didn't understand it. The staff at Parkmed are great and they do amazing work, but I just didn't understand it. My aunt suggested I write everything down and ask someone in the clinic.

That was exactly what I did. Every evening when I finished my day I would write in my journal. I wrote what I did for that day, my accomplishments, my obstacles and my feelings. One day while I was working in the recovery room things were really busy. Numerous patients woke up from the anesthesia and tried to rush to the bathroom. We tried to explain to these patients that they did not have to use the bathroom, what they were feeling was just pressure from the procedure. They had to stay in bed so we could check their vitals. After seeing a few patients act the same way, one of the medical assistants decided she would go to the women in the waiting area and explain what to expect once the procedure is over and once they are in the recovery room. About an hour later a new set of patients were in the recovery room.

"I really have to use the bathroom," a patient screamed as she tried to push herself off the bed.

"Hey," another patient said to her. "That's the pressure. Remember what the nurse explained to us."

The patient remembered and stopped. Then she let us check her vitals.

Before my 10 weeks were over I told this story to my supervisor. I explained the difference it made in the recovery room when the nurse took 10 minutes to explain the recovery process to them. I felt like the patients became more confident after knowing exactly what was being done to them and also what to expect. She was so thankful she said she would discuss it with the doctor and make arrangements for a nurse to take 10 minutes to speak to every group of women so they know what to expect in the recovery room. I felt relieved that not only did I bring the lack of communication to her attention, but a solution to the problem as well.

During my internship I established a great relationship with everyone in the clinic. Even though everyone works hard and has long days, they were always nice and brightened up my days. On my last day, it was hard to say good-bye. They surprised me on my lunch break with a cake, flowers, cards and gifts. This summer taught me many new things about women's health, family planning, the medical field, but most of all myself. It confirmed my interest in the healthcare field, and it gave me the real-life experience that I needed to move my career forward. I have gained invaluable knowledge and advice on how to proceed in both my academic and professional career and I am so thankful for it.

Fifty years ago, hundreds of students, civil liberties activists and protestors boarded buses in the South of the United States to challenge segregation laws. They were met with violence and harassment. In May of this year, a group of forty students retraced the route of the historic freedom rides, and one of them, was Hampshire College student Zilong Wang.

DAY 6: A GLOBAL VIEW ON CIVIC ENGAGEMENT

by Zilong Wang



As one of the few international students on the ride, “representing” the rest of the world’s six billion people, I feel obliged to provide a non-American view on global civic engagement.

The United States pays a lot of attention to diversity, which is commendable. However, the American definition of “diversity” also reflects the typical “American singularity.” Race, gender, class — these are historically specific categories created in a unique context, and might not apply to the rest of the world. For example, racial discourse in America is largely focused on the discrimination of black Americans by whites, but it will be highly misleading to use this black-and-white lens to interpret Africa’s tribal conflicts, India’s linguistic nationalism, Russia’s regional warfare, or China’s ethnic tension.

Over the past few decades, through America’s global dominance, the American view of social justice and civic engagement is projected to (or even forced upon) many parts of the world. However, each country has its own unique situation when it comes to civil rights, social justice, and civic engagement. In many parts of the world, “civil rights” is not even in people’s vocabulary. We should be very

aware that the American style of civil rights are extremely historically specific; it has its root in Christianity, the Enlightenment, the Renaissance, the French Revolution, the Atlantic slave trade, the American Civil War, the 1960s Civil Rights Movement, among other contributing factors. When we examine the peculiarity of the American definition of civil rights, we would be confused to reflect upon how American government would want to impose this standard on the rest of the world, even through war and assassination. Isn’t it the greatest violation of human rights to deprive other people of their sovereignty and self-determination? Isn’t it the greatest conceit to assume that all countries should be (and would like to be) just like America? Isn’t it the greatest hypocrisy to say that my expensive wars can bring you peace and freedom? Doesn’t it remind you of “Manifest Destiny” and the “White Man’s Burden”? We know how that turned out.

I am not saying that the rest of the world cannot learn from America’s experience. Quite the contrary, I believe America’s struggles are great lessons for many countries that are about to embark on a similar journey. There is a great deal to be learned from both the success and mistakes of the America Civil Rights Movement. We should

study this history carefully, and with great respect. That is why I got on the bus.

Also, we should strive to find common ground among different nations, religions and cultures. We might disagree on what is a good government, but we all believe that corruption is counter-productive. We might disagree on the notion of an “afterlife,” but we all agree that we want to live in peace in this life. We might disagree on what is justice, but we should all be invested in reducing the obvious discrimination. We might have different opinions, but we should all know that we might be wrong. Underneath the differences, we can always find similarities. And these similarities can serve as the beginning of our harmony.

After looking at the past and present, I would like to turn to the future. According to the latest United Nation projection, by the year 2100, there will be 10 billion people on earth, half of which will be living in Asia; a third in Africa. This world population distribution has tremendous relevance to global civil discourse as the world’s attention and power get more equally distributed. The United States population is around 5% of the world, and we could expect that America’s problem will less likely be the world’s most important problem. Instead, the Arab and Muslim populations will increase, and their specific issues will be given

more attention by leaders around the world. India’s population is also expanding very rapidly, and Africa will continue to see strong increases as well. The center of gravity for the world media will shift from West to East, and Asia’s and Africa’s social issues will become the most relevant.

These historical shifts are already happening, but most of us are unaware, uninformed (or worse, misinformed), and unprepared. Our decisions and votes will have global repercussions, but we are not educated enough to make informed judgments on events that are happening thousands of miles away, in a foreign language. Most people aren’t even accustomed to using international standards like kilometers and centigrade. If we are going to face the future problems in the world with our old habits and assumptions, we will certainly be frightened by the unfamiliarity. Then we will turn to nationalism, xenophobia and scapegoating for the last bit of self-deception.

So, how should we prepare for the looming shift in our global agenda, not merely in social justice? We can never be fully prepared, but learning a foreign language is not a bad idea. Go study abroad, make friends with people from other countries and of different religions, read international news, and cultivate an open mind and compassionate heart. This might be a good beginning.

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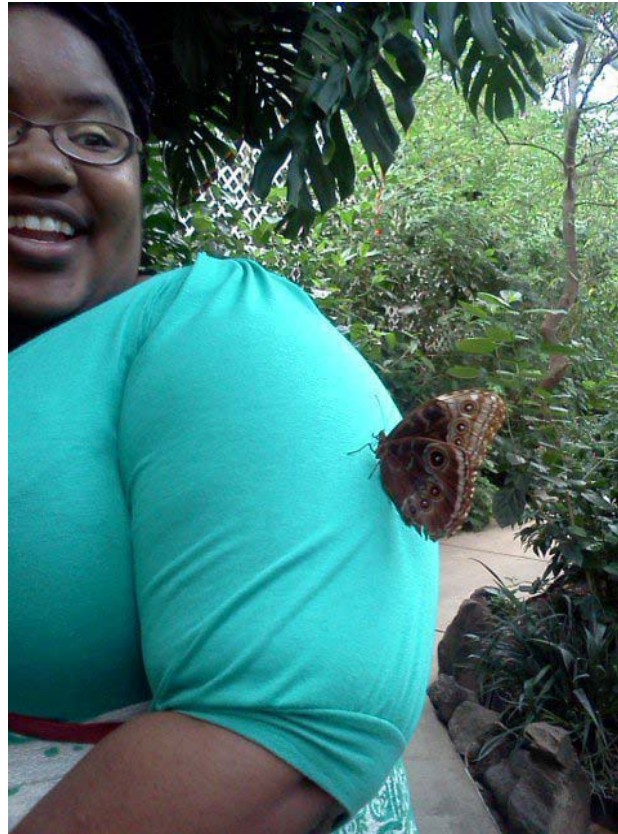
Monday - Thursday: 11-5 & 7-10
Friday: 11-3 Sunday: 1-4

DIFFERENT AVENUES

by Eshe Shukura

Different Avenues was the internship of a lifetime. I can't control myself from constantly making references to the organization. It was a journey like no other I have experienced. The organization contributed to my growth as a student, organizer, leader, and as an overall person. I could compare my experiences here to the experiences of a privileged white girl in Africa. I say that because I found myself often wanting to save everyone, and change everything. I came into Different Avenues believing that I knew exactly what it meant to be an under privileged black girl, but after about three weeks into my internship, I knew I was pleasantly mistaken. I found myself wanting to save everyone and change everything. Unlike that white girl, the experiences of the girls at Different Avenues weren't foreign to me. Before these girls, I had always looked at the issues the girls faced with an outsiders lens, but a while, the issues I saw in Different Avenues became apart me.

My first week at Different Avenues was my induction to the crazy. It wasn't yet the full on crazy, but it was enough to make me feel at home. I instantly felt a familial vibe that came from my first meeting with Kelli Dorsey, Executive Director at the Different Avenues. There wasn't much work for me for the first week, unless I made it for myself. The one thing I could be sure of was that almost every day there was a meeting. I knew that any comment made during work hours was subject to a beautiful political-education moment. I talked about my ideas for the Summer Youth Employment Program (SYEP). There was a final decision that I would help the SYEP make a play about true experiences of girls in the juvenile justice system. This would be my major project for the summer. The main projects for SYEP were going to be the play, a "Know Your Rights" zine, and a "Reproductive Justice" zine. We were supposed to take separate days to facilitate workshops and trainings that would help to produce the three projects. This was the plan, but things changed. There wasn't much time to plan the logistics for SYEP, because of the office's week of travel



ing to Nilni and the Allied Media Conference. The SYEP started with short notice, with some ideas, but no clear direction. There was lots of confusion about leadership, and without Kelli's presence the youth were sometimes hard to handle. There were times that criminalization systems interrupted our programing. Although we had a schedule, we had girls coming and leaving at different times because of the system or issues of real life. When all the girls were around there were beautiful teaching and growing moments.

The day I got to do theatre work with the girls was some of my favorite days. I was able to bring my knowledge of theatre to the girls, through games and old school lecturing. The girls were excited. I felt accomplished seeing the girls learn the art I love. I think the girls like talking about things outside of the social justice realm. I taught the theatre game "big booty" and it is still a favorite ice breaker to this day. I also organized a trip for SYEP to go to see a play.

We opened the play opportunity to the girls in the group homes we work with as well. The play viewing went well. There were a few distractions, like a girl's house arrest box kept going off during the play. The girls' behavior was that of most teenagers. They were great.

Every Tuesday two youth and I led groups at a DC group home. The group home workshop planning was sometimes stressful, but most of the time it was fun. There were times we had to change ideas for group, because there was not enough information on topics to teach them. The girls would sometimes rely on me for group ideas, which put a lot of pressure on me. I felt uncomfortable when the final decision for groups was in my hands, because I didn't know if Kelli would accept my idea or not. I feel like I could have avoided this pressure by doing some homework. Kelli made it clear that I was an experienced facilitator, so I understand why the girls relied on me. Actual groups at the group home usually went well. We got the girls to do journals to help us with writing the play. They were very smart, and often understood everything we came to discuss with them. There was only one time that I felt disoriented. These were my last two groups. The girls at this group were tough. They wanted us to break, because they believe our organization was a part of the system. I didn't get a chance to figure out how to handle this group. I want to learn more skills to deal with groups that are rowdy and testy.

A few weeks into SYEP, I realized that were some major structural issues with Different Avenues. There was no way to have all the youth workers together at once. Everyone was unclear about the assignments. I knew I was putting together a play, but there was no time left. The girls were inconsistent, and the play would be more mine than theirs. We tried several ways to work through the situation, but enough was enough. Mandisa, Emily, Grace, and I came up with a work schedule that we thought would help get more work done and clear up people's work confusion.

We came to a consensus that working in separate groups everyday would be best to complete all our tasks. We decided that we should work in these groups Monday-Thursday and have larger group meetings on Fridays. These Fridays would be used for journaling, and for people to add input into other projects. On Fridays each group would get a chance to facilitate a workshop or report back on their projects. This would give the girls more experience on presenting and develop some leadership skills. These ideas worked for the most part, but we never got to the group presentation part, because of problems in the office. My project ended up changing into an audio piece. I had the girls write stories about the system, and we recorded them. Then and still now, I am making the recording funky. I am layering music on the recording, smoothing transitions, and all that jazz. We planned to have the recording aired on a local DC radio station.

There were internal issues in the office. Sometimes there were really harsh name callings. I kept it cool with the girls for the most part, but there were times when I would lose my temper. The girls would be stressed and extremely disrespectful towards each other, so I had to address it. One of the girls got angry and accused me of talking to her like a child. It was a messy scene. I had to treat her as an adult, calling her out for not working and her lack of participation. I admit I could have been kinder, but sometimes I would get to a breaking point, and would have to apologize immediately. I would talk to Kelli and Mandisa about it all, and they would be refreshingly supportive. They came to my defense more than I myself could have done.

Kelli often said to me, "You are the last RRASC, we can have for a while." I didn't understand that until about three weeks before my internship was about to end. There was an incident involving "playful" violence. Two of the girls were being overly touchy on their way to the train from work. I was pushed multiple times, and my hair was pulled. None of this hurt me, but it made me uncomfortable;

especially the time I was pushed while walking down the stairs. Before this incident, there was fake choking incident that involved a chord around my neck. I was able to stop this with my firm voice and by removing the chord from my neck with a little force. The girl claimed to be playing, but I didn't like the game. After the second incident, I decided to address it to Kelli. We had a very insightful discussion about the issues. I told Kelli how I felt. I told her that I understood where the violence was coming from. They were jealous of me. I say this not to sound conceited, but I say this to recognize my own privilege. Afterwards we talked about the complexities of experiences of people who sometimes may be from the same area, race, and class group. For example a poor black girl in college experiences the world much differently than a poor black girl working as a hustler. This conversation was only relevant to me,

because of my life experience. Also my ability to handle violence once again comes from life experiences. My life was a lot different from the people I grew up around, but I still saw life through their lens, because their life surrounded mine. I think if a new RRASC comes to Different Avenues, they will need to have a lot of life experiences.

This internship made me realize that there is much more to life experiences than race and class. This is something that I had been realizing at Hampshire, but I didn't see clearly until my internship. I am all knowledgeable about the juvenile justice system in DC. I want to destroy criminalization. My life experiences have made me a pretty great analyzer. Different Avenues gave me a lot and I gave them a lot of me as well.

MY EXPERIENCE AT THIRD WAVE

by Marianna Luna



This summer I interned at the Third Wave Foundation, a foundation that gives grants to community based organizations across the country. These organizations are often led by young people; youth leadership is something that Third Wave is very much invested in. These organizations work on reproductive justice and have recently been working on gender justice as well. Third Wave assists these organizations in building an infrastructure so that the organizations can sustain themselves. Third Wave plays a huge role in helping start these organizations, allowing an organization to get visibility and creating their own grant donor base, some of Third Wave's grant partners were SisterSong, National Latina Institute for Reproductive Health, and so many more. The Third Wave Foundation also had a national abortion fund that has just recently closed this summer. The Emergency Abortion Fund (EAF) served low-income people of color with abortion funding, focusing specifically on people who were in their late second and early third trimesters, and funding women who were under the age of 30. Because Third Wave is focusing on their work with their grant partners, they have decided it was time that the EAF closed. This summer was the last summer the EAF hotline ran, which was sad, but also a huge step forward for Third Wave and the work they are doing around reproductive justice and gender justice. It was a big year for the EAF, because this summer Third Wave released their EAF report, which was a big deal in terms of reporting the people we fund and what abortion funds entail. Third Wave also

increased the funding budget from \$1,800 a week to \$4,300 and the last two weeks of operation consisted of a \$6,000 weekly budget.

As the EAF intern it was my job to answer the EAF hotline and help fund abortion procedures that were being done within the week. I also wrote for Third Wave's blog, reporting on the fund and my experiences. Answering the phone for the fund has opened my eyes to all the realities of abortion access. Abortions are expensive, a lot of insurance companies don't cover them, Medicaid doesn't cover any procedure unless the pregnancy was a result of rape, incest, or endangers the life of the person carrying the fetus, clinics only provide abortion care up to a certain number of weeks depending on the state, so if somebody is further along they have to travel hundreds of miles to another state, and sometimes people have to spend 2-4 nights at hotels near the clinic if the procedure takes more than a day. For example: I funded an abortion procedure that cost \$12,000 for somebody who was 30 weeks into their pregnancy and had to travel to the other side of the country for the procedure. The procedure was well over \$12,000 when you take into account the flight to and from the clinic and the nights that had to be spent at a hotel, since the abortion took multiple days to complete. I spoke to people as young as 11 years old, people who are incarnated, raped, incest survivors, and undocumented immigrants.

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At the beginning of my internship I was really excited and thought I could tackle all the tasks given to me. But then I found out that my job wasn't so easy, and that I was feeling disconnected from my work. I felt like I was doing the same thing every day, and I really didn't like turning people away. In fact, it was the worst feeling ever because everybody deserves to get an abortion if they want, but there were people who needed more funding for it, and those were the people I had to fund. It was a different environment than I had expected. I thought it was going to be simple answering the phone and talking to the people who called for funds. But after discussing my concerns with my supervisor I was able to work with more confidence, and I felt like I was doing my job a lot better. Calling people back and giving them other resources, calling clinics, and calling other funds to make sure the person would "get seen" was the most satisfying feeling. If I could have done my internship all over again the first thing I would do is put as much effort in the beginning as I did in the end.

One of the greatest learning experiences I had at Third Wave was the day I learned about the history of Third Wave. I think that moment made me appreciate Third Wave and the work they do so much more. There were binders of newspaper articles that mentioned Third Wave, dating back to 1992, which isn't that old but then again Third Wave is still a baby in terms of being a foundation. It was interesting reading through the notes that staff took down, and they recorded all the changes they made to Third Wave. I basically saw Third Wave morph into what it is today within a one hour staff lunch. I felt like I learned a lot just touching all of those papers, it's really inspiring to see what the creators of Third Wave had intended for their organization. I didn't even know that the women that started Third Wave went all across the country registering new voters, woman voters. They did such radical things. I was reading through their binders and found an article about women who were a part of Third Wave, who chained themselves to the gates outside the White House. I don't know the exact details to what was going on since I was skimming through the binder, but the picture that was taken reminded me of the Woman Suffragist Movement, and the women that stood outside of the White House while Wilson was in office. It was really nice just getting a look at all of Third Wave from the beginning to what it is now. This was one of the best days I had at the office.

Third Wave was a great place to intern. It was particularly helpful for my own academic goals and future career, since I am interested in studying public policy and the historical social and political movements of oppressed groups in

United States. I am really interested in studying queer and race theory, as well as Latin@ struggles and class struggles in relation to the struggles going on today. I don't really know exactly how to word or even describe it because it's still all scrambled in my brain, but I know that I want to work with communities like mine, of poor, people of color, and rough neighborhoods. I already have a background studying these topics and I have also interned and volunteered with grassroots organizations in my neighborhood. I was able to bring my knowledge to my internship but I learned a lot more being there than I had expected. I learned a lot just by interacting with people on the phone and I learned a great deal from my co-workers. My internship showed me how a foundation actually functions and though I don't see myself working at a foundation, I feel like it is something I will encounter in the future. So just knowing how foundations function was important. And although I am not used to working with an organization that doesn't work with communities that are similar to mine, I learned almost everything about professionalism in a place that focuses on social justice issues. So though I do not see myself working at a place like Third Wave, I still developed a lot of professional skills and learned a lot about the issues I actually am passionate about and care for.

Overall I appreciate and am thankful for my experiences at Third Wave, even if I didn't enjoy every moment, I learned so much. I am interested in everything that Third Wave works towards, the issues they take up are important to me and I am really happy that they exist because without them, a lot of amazing organizations wouldn't exist, organizations that I see myself actually being a part of, organizations that work closely with their communities. I didn't expect my experience working for an abortion fund to be the way it was, but though it wasn't what I expected I still would have done it again just for the experience. Like I mentioned, Third Wave is such an amazing place and they do amazing things, it's just not a place for me, but everything that it stands for is something worth keeping for other people to experience, they are to thank for a lot of other organizations existing and their work focuses on a lot of things that other people would like to neglect because they want to avoid what people call controversial issues. Third Wave understands that everything intersects in terms of social justice, that you cannot talk about one issue without talking about the other issues. That is something I really appreciate about Third Wave Foundation, the fact that they understand that although there are differences in struggles, still had a lot of similarities, that reproductive justice was tied to gender justice, which is tied to racial justice and so on.

ACCENT, VERSION 8

by Esme Vandraager

I am pushing out my accent
Trying to fill with identity
the places where it is sagging.

My accent has green chile between its teeth.
It eats with a fork and knife
Because that's where my grandmother walked it to
With her gentle steps of genteel table manners
Learned from watching the fancy ladies at Sanbournes.

My mother has strong convictions about her children carrying this on.
Parenting chews with its mouth closed.
My grandmother congratulates her daughter
In murmurs for how lightskinned the nietos are.
Momma changes the subject like one might use a handful of feathers
to knead clay.

When I speak Spanish,
My tongue and teeth ripple like a flamenco dancer's skirt in
a fast escobida.
The words fall like water
On this garden of self.
Its flowers that have one fat lip, one thin.
My accent changes
Yall twangs like a curlicue at the end of a jagged graffiti tag I've been
making with string over this thing my dad told me,
He told me "you're not of color"
And I want to hold jumbo markers like little kids hold markers
They make a fist
I want to draw a net around my inability to say much back to him

I am an open hand
I am writing this poem for the rest of my life
I am not from here

This accent is my reassurance.
I got to college and the mariachi ay! took up residence in my cheeks,
Playing the air around me like a drum.
Otherwise I sleep with my head between the sense-administering frying pans,
Head dented with how I should already know the Hampshire
flow and go with it

I worry about losing the blue sky holding my chest open.
It's gotta desert for a tongue.



SOME CULTURAL CENTER EVENTS FROM FALL, 2011

Dinner with the President



WIPE OUT!



Cafe Latin@



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