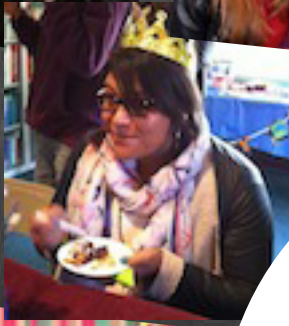
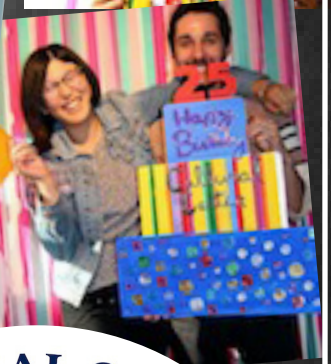
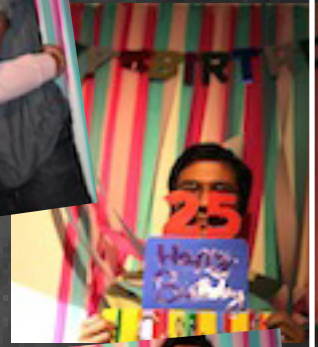


INSIDE

This issue is brought to you by the Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center,
Office of Diversity and Multicultural Education, Bon Appétit,
Community Advocacy and Community Partnerships for Social Change



Volume 6, Issue 1
Fall 2013

Inside thanks our
co-underwriters!

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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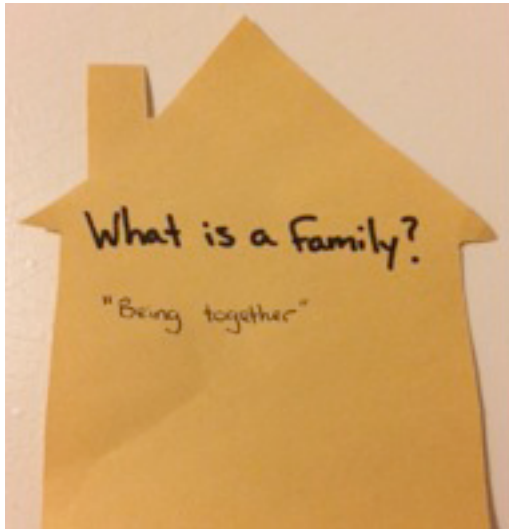
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Inside MISSION & DISCLAIMER

The mission of the *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 and our sponsors, it is not a SOURCE publication. *The Inside* welcomes the voices and perspectives of students on campus regardless of their ethnicity or race. Every article, story, or commentary published in this magazine is at the sole discretion of its writer; *The Inside* serves as the medium to facilitate those voices.

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

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



What is family? was the question of the day at my daughter's preschool a couple of years ago. She brought home a paper cut out of a house with her answer written in quotes on it: "Being together." I immediately taped it to one of our kitchen cabinet doors so I could be reminded of the power of those two words every day.

As this issue of the Inside celebrates the 25th anniversary of the Cultural Center and its legacy of home, I am reminded of how the Cultural Center and students of the SOURCE community have worked together over the years to foster a sense of family and unity.

"Together" we navigate racialized dynamics, create a vibrant support system for one another and find ways to encourage success while transitioning from home to college. This has been the motivating force behind the creation of spaces, student groups, social programs, academic opportunities and services for Hampshire's students of color and international students over the last quarter century.

"Together" is the strength of many. It is the shoulders to lean on. It is the walls of a home. It is the identities of an identity. It is the encouragement to act when scared. It is there for when things feel like they are falling apart. It is belonging. It is a necessity. It is laughing. It is hanging out. It is comforting. It is being real.

After 25 years, the Cultural Center continues to be a "home away from home" for many students of color and international students where *being together* helps us become stronger, as individuals and as a community.

In togetherness,

Melissa



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Since 1989, the Cultural Center (CC) has served as a space of safety, support and empowerment for the SOURCE (Students of Under-Represented Cultures and Ethnicities) community. However, the little white house we currently know as the Cultural Center was not established by Hampshire College; it was demanded and fought for by students of color and International students. Resting in its foundation and within its walls are the voices, the determination and the activism of the students who have come before us, who worked, organized and united before us. The legacy of activism the Cultural Center was founded on is still present today as current SOURCE members build on the work that has been done, and as students will continue to do in the future.

Over the years, the Cultural Center has acted as a home away from home for SOURCE. The Cultural Center has provided a safe space that is conducive to exploring ones individual identity and how it relates to them and the places they come from. It has also allowed students to share their culture and home with peers, contributing to the precious memories created in this space making it our home at Hampshire College.

In celebration of the Cultural Center's 25th Anniversary, we're delighted to present you with the Fall edition of *Inside* magazine. This issue devotes its pages to honoring three themes—activism, home and identity—demonstrated through the hard work and accomplishments of the SOURCE community. This issue does not only recognize our current triumphs we also acknowledge those who fought for its development and those who were active even earlier on. It is important to us to honor our history, and share in this commemoration with you as well, so that together we may all explore what "SOURCE community" means within the context of Hampshire College and how we can continue to create a strong, flourishing legacy of home.

Your editors,

Lauren Garretson 12F and Jessica Doanes 10F



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

A Home for SOURCE



It's been 25 years since the Cultural Center first opened its doors, first in the Dakin Living Room and then in the little white house behind Cole Science, now called the Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center.

That means that for the last 25 years students of color and international students at Hampshire have had an official room/building to study, eat, sleep, celebrate, decompress, rant, daydream, to meet ph/family and friends, to organize, to shed the complexity that it is to be a student of color and international student at a predominantly white-U.S. American institution, and just be. It means that for the last 25 Years there has been an official place to hold their/your/our laughter, stories, love, happiness, fears, anger (and every emotion inbetween), hopes, dreams, successes and achievements, vulnerability, and tender community moments.

For the past 25 years, the students of color and international students of Hampshire, the SOURCE community, have taken an empty house (and for a short time, an empty room) and painstakingly, perserverantly, lovingly built a home.

This year we celebrate "Our Legacy of Home" through the exploration of the themes of Identity, Student Activism, and Home. In doing so, we not only celebrate the opening of the physical space, we celebrate the legacy of SOURCE and TWO (Third World Organization, predecessor to SOURCE) and our shared vision and efforts to establish and maintain a home and homes for ourselves and for generations to come.

Some Fall 2013 program highlights:

October 24: Cultural Center Cake Party

November 4: From Surviving to Thriving: Individual and Community Identity and Resilience, a workshop for SOURCE

November 12: Race in the U.S. American Context, part 1 (of 3) in a race talk series for international students

November 14: Borderlands, Home, and the Liberatory Imaginary: An Exhibit

Some upcoming Spring 2014 events:

January 23: Beloved Community Lunch: Implementing Social Justice in Our Daily Lives, a celebration of the legacy of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Feb 10/March 4: Part 2 and 3 of Race in the U.S. American Context, a race talk series for international students

February 21-22: 11th Annual ASK for Social Justice Conference, topic: Microaggressions

March 28-30: Hampshire of Color: A Celebration of Us, a reunion of Hampshire's multicultural community

Date TBD: 2nd Annual International Students Celebration

⑥ The Dakin Living Room / Master's House be designated as a secure cultural space for students of color

The shortest telling of CC history ever written...

On February 23, 1988 a group of students who identified themselves as SOURCE (Students of Under-Represented Cultures and Ethnicities) staged a take over of the Dakin Master's House (now called the Dakin House Office). Eight days later on March 1st, along side 15 other points of agreement, the "Dakin Living Room [was] permanently designated as the cultural space for students of color" (from the Dakin Agreement 1988). A little over a year later Mike Ford, Dean of Multicultural Affairs, proposed that this "cultural space" be moved to the then Prescott Master's House. On October 26, 1989 the doors of the Lebrón-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center opened in its current location (behind Cole Science Building).

After 8 hours long productive days we have reached an agreement with the administration. 10 years after the release

Images are excerpts of notes taken by SOURCE organizers in the planning of and after the 1988 Dakin Takeover

THE CAKE PARTY 25 YEARS IN THE MAKING, 10/24/2013



Cake Party photos by Allison Waite 11F

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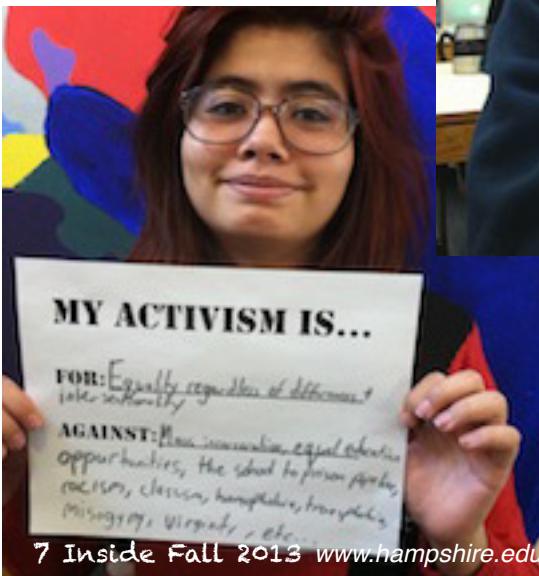
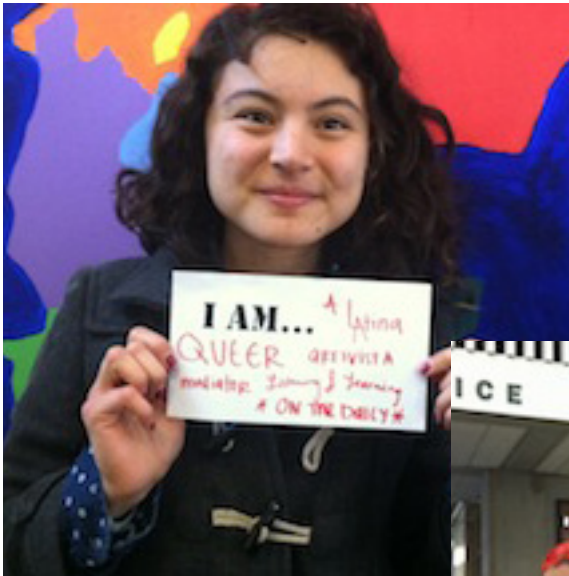
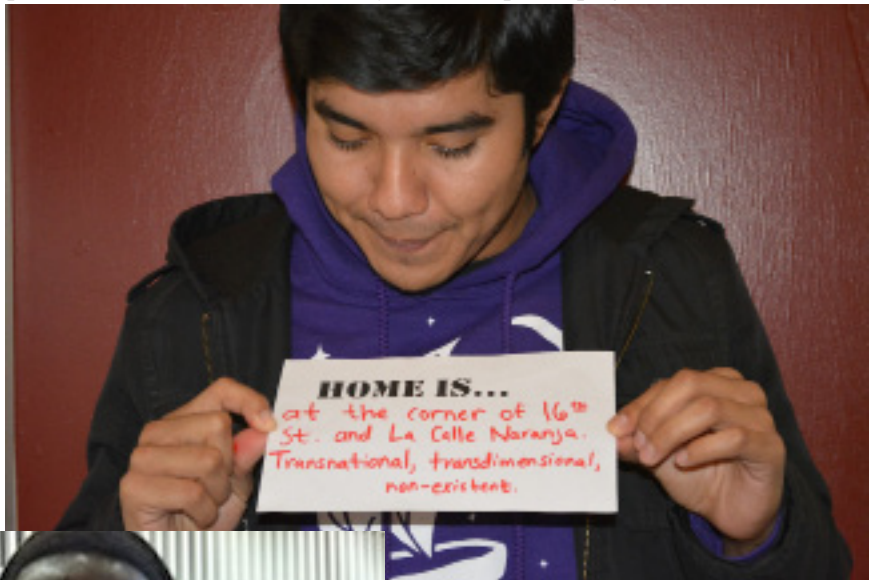
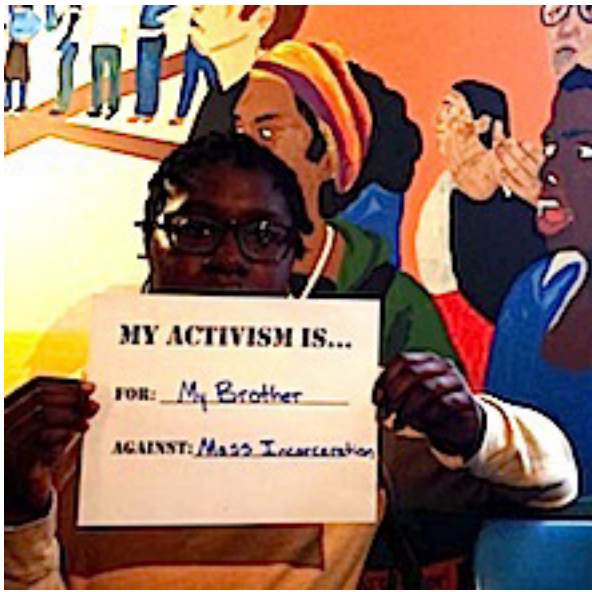
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Cultural Center 25 years: Our Legacy of Home

My... Activism, Identity & Home

In celebration of Our Legacy of Home and its themes- Home, Identity and Activism- *Inside* newsmagazine launched this project to give Hampshire community members the space and opportunity to share their present activism, home and identity. We encouraged participants to share based on their own definitions of "activism," "identity," and "home." More photos here: <http://hampcc.tumblr.com/post/69706905593/activism-identity-in-our-cc-home-in>. Want to participate in this ongoing project? Contact Jessica at jd10@hampshire.edu.

This project was adapted from My Activism Project by Laura Cha, Art Gallery Manager of Boston University's Center for Gender, Sexuality, & Activism. Find Laura on her tumblr @<http://daisyf-art.tumblr.com/>. Here is a glimpse of her project: <http://daisyf-art.tumblr.com/post/65131117097/ouuttake-for-my-activism-photo-project>.



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Lessons from America: A Moroccan Woman's Story

YASMINE EL BAGGARI 11F



I still remember that day—the song playing on the radio, the sun shining all around me, and the excitement that grew with every passing moment as my brother picked me up from JFK airport, fresh off the plane from Morocco. A new chapter in my life was about to begin only a few hours later when he dropped me off at Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts. I approached my new life in America with the hope of having a positive impact wherever I went. With this idea in mind, I stepped onto campus, ready for a fresh start.

That was two years ago. With all that has happened since then, I feel the time has come to reflect on this chapter of my life story. Soon after I arrived in the United States, the chaos and excitement of college life began. I couldn't help but look around and think to myself, "There is just so much to do!" My experience at Hampshire was completely different from what I had imagined, but I came to love and devote much of my time to my college community. I took advantage of every opportunity presented to me. I took classes in five different colleges, and was surrounded by intelligent and dedicated students. I held a variety of positions that were valuable and inspiring for me, including conference and student group coordinator at the Civil Liberties and Public Policy Organization based in Massachusetts, a cafeteria worker at a weight loss camp, a house intern with residential life, and a French and Arabic tutor.

But it is the hospitality and open-mindedness of the American people that has impacted me the most. As a self-identified Arab-Muslim-Moroccan woman, I have been able to successfully integrate into this western country, and live life to the fullest, more than I ever thought possible. This experience has given me a greater appreciation and love for America. I have been able to understand how much beauty this country possesses, and to allow it to open my mind to new ideas and endless possibilities. I have visited 30 states and more than 36 cities in two years thanks to support from the individuals

surrounding me.

Going from east to west and north to south, I experienced the joys of making new friends, exploring new places, and exchanging and educating each other about our lives. I rode along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, crossed the entire Midwest, and marveled at the beauty of Latin and South American culture.

Some of the most memorable moments from my time in this country have occurred during dinner and car conversations as I chatted on subjects such as Islam, identity, politics, women in the Arab world, empowerment, migration, environment, racism, inequality, Africa, etc. with my new friends.

Throughout my travels, I have stayed with Americans who have invited me, welcomed me and showed me beautiful places I would have never been able to see alone. American [including South American] families, friends, and acquaintances I met in college, conferences, and through personal networking have contributed to this journey, and deserve to be acknowledged:

... To my family in Buffalo, New York who shared a meal with me every Thanksgiving and Christmas break and explained the importance of sharing,

... To my family and friends in Kansas, Illinois and Ohio, who exposed me to Midwestern culture and their Christian and Jewish values, which I found similar to my own Muslim principles,

... To my family and friends in California and Massachusetts, who, with their strong liberal views, taught me to respect and tolerate people no matter their race, social or religious convictions, or sexual orientation,

Cultural Center 25 years: Our Legacy of Home

... To my family in the South, whether in Virginia or Florida, who instilled in me the feeling of humility, and acceptance of people regardless of their personal status or social class,

... To my family in Ecuador who showed me a different way of living, which I found so similar to my Moroccan life,

... To all the other 27 families who have accepted me for who I am and welcomed me with open arms,

I have become a more tolerant person thanks to these people. I have come to understand other values, develop more self-awareness, and be more openly grateful to those around me.

It is amazing that, as individuals from so many different countries, cultures, religions, and backgrounds, we can have so much in common. Americans have inspired me to positively affect others, which gives me joy, fulfillment, and hope. They have helped me develop the confidence to overcome boundaries by breaking down stereotypes and promoting peace

between opposing parties.

I have been blessed with many privileges, and afforded the opportunity to learn about new cultures, and meet people so different, yet so similar to myself. These experiences have contributed to my awareness of human rights violations at the national and international level, which have further inspired me to engage the world by working in human rights. In the future, I plan to work as a politician, economist, and a social activist in countries that are economically underdeveloped, suffer from illiteracy, and lack educational opportunities and human equality.

The experience of entering a new culture and finding my place in an unfamiliar society has made me excited about the future and what our generation and succeeding ones can achieve if we dream, envision, and collaborate together. We possess strong cross-cultural communication skills and a variety of experiences that can help us make the world a better place.

"Navigating Study Abroad" Info Session, Every Thursday @ 4pm, Merrill Living Room



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The Southern Nuyorican

MIGUEL SANTIAGO

SENIOR ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS/
COORDINATOR OF MULTICULTURAL RECRUITMENT

Andy Santiago was a working man. He toiled through the graveyard shift at the gas stations because it meant a solid paycheck and nobody else would take it. No form of work was underneath this man. From driving delivery trucks to hustling grocery carts, this man was no stranger to the arduous tasks of a hard day's labor. His reserved silence solidified his resolve and complacency with life. No regrets; no complaints on his end. He was proud of the life he made for himself when he moved down to Stone Mountain, GA. Something about trading the crimson tenements of Hell's Kitchen for open fields and hidden creeks held no qualms with Andy Santiago. As far as he, Andy, was concerned, he was living The Dream. The neighborhood wasn't the greatest and he was the first to admit that. He tried. He really tried his best to prevent the cries of sirens that would inevitably splash blue and red lights on the windowpanes of his house. Another domestic dispute ending with cinderblocks through glass; the Jamaican father down the way left his kids alone again with no food for the second week; or the brothers down the street were being escorted to a backseat because they were entrepreneurs of "herb", as they would express to the man in a uniform. Always something, but never enough to deter Andy's mission. It was a small price to pay in Andy's mind. Anything was better than the rundown fortresses of Harlem and the aimless ramblings of New York City's finest vagabonds. Nope. He already paid off his debt to Harlem. He figured it was time to find a different type of beautiful struggle in the backwoods of Georgia.

Each day he returns to his two-story home of black silence and cold furniture. The house was in decent shape considering the years it had seen and the neglect it had suffered. The early morning dew of a Georgia haze melts on the faded blue paint with splintered wood along the sides. Although he was used to being greeted by a battered stoop of mortar and cold hands shaking dice, it is now a faded staircase of scarred mahogany that welcomed him home. He made his way up the stairs onto his favorite couch with tanned leather with a grove in the cushion. His weary body collapsed onto the mighty throne, as he released a heavy groan reminiscent of a tropical breeze caressing islanders after the sun fell. His family, each member motionless in their bed: two Princesses, a Queen, and one Prince. His son usually fell asleep in the living room, working on paper, face down amidst a pile of faded and exhausted pages. He shook his body carelessly, because he didn't like it when the kids fell asleep in the living room.

Father: "Boy, what you doin' out here?"

Son: "Hey dad... dang... I must have passed out late. Ended up statyin' an extra two hours at work. Plus Kip was late picking me up. I didn't get back till about 11:00pm. I was watching the Hawks game at one point. They were down by 17 last I remember. You just getting' back from work?"

Father: "Yeah son. Take five and put on a movie for me. Somethin' with Robert DeNiro or Mr. Pacino. You know what, put that 'Bronx Tale' in. Haven't watched that for a while now. And do me a solid, take of my shoes for me."

His son would dig through the muddled videos, creating a mosaic of various faces and colors across the stained, dingy carpet. Before he could even put in Robert DeNiro's "A Bronx Tale" paps already faded off to sleep. He steps over to his father, already fallen into his sacred rest, and loosens the laces to take of his work shoes. His tranquil demeanor is reflective of the countless New Yorkers that ride the urban vessels to and from work. Not a word spoken. The only thing heard is the faint humming of Andy's coffee stained breath against his bristled, Spaniard mustache. As the son retreated back to the couch, his father unconsciously took in the nostalgic images of the ancient Bronx and the city lights of the withered buildings. The boy looked back at his dad, a true king by a son's standards. Every time he looked at his paps, he saw the luminescent hue of NYC skyscrapers in his eyes and the subway stairs of forgotten neighborhoods in his worn out skin. He saw flames pouring off the car parked outside his housing project. He saw a young man attempting to sway the Brooklyn goddesses with is subtle mixture of James Brown's soul and his own Nuyorican drawl. The product: an ancient language unknown to the foreigners that dwelled outside his island. Behind those closed eyes, he knew Andy had prayer for the son and a kiss for his daughters.

When Andy awoke, he would ask his only boy to make him a waffle or eggs, followed by a threatening remark with hints of old school mobster sarcasm. Something along of the lines of: "You better not burn that waffle or else Imma put two in your head." Others would find it menacing, but his children called it love.

Father: "Miguel! Tell these girls to get up before I put 'em to sleep for good! Open their doors. You know I don't do closed doors. Are they crazy?"

Son: "I already tried, pap. You know it's Saturday and

Cultural Center 25 years: Our Legacy of Home

they won't budge until it's at least 2:00pm.

You know how lazy they are."

Father: "Ah...my son. The women in my life. (Turns his head towards the back hallway where the girls sleep) Karmen, Kip! Let's go. It's getting late. This kitchen needs to get done before mom wakes up! Kip, you gotta take Miguel to work!"

Oldest Daughter: "Ehhh! Alright. Give me 5 mintues."

Youngest daughter: "Alright! Alright! It's Saturday."

Father: "Oh forgive me for disturbing you after your hard day of work."

Son: "Don't worry about the kitchen. I'll take care of it."

Father: "It's not your turn."

Son: "I mean, you want it done this morning or next week?"

Father: "My son. You gonna play some ball today after work? The weather's beautiful today.

Perfect day to serve some chumps on the court."

Their conversation began to fade into the usual banter and exchange between that of a father and a son who still needed to learn. The boy began to conduct his orchestra of morning breakfast, the stove serving as his symphony hall of quintessential morning sound. The eggs slowly taking formation in the cast-iron skillet, as the waffles began to slowly tan in the outdated toaster-oven. Without missing a beat, Andy went over to the stereo and put on some old-school salsa to awaken the souls of the house. The mother lay silent underneath the cotton layers and work clothes that didn't make it to the dresser. Her rest was something considered sacred in the household, nothing to be disturbed or disrespected. Even the mighty King, known as Andy Santiago in that household, would not dare to awaken the pharaoh from her deep slumber. Underneath her eyelids were scarred images and memories she would never admit to her family. Needle marks on the exhausted skin of familiar kin folk; the scent of Old English and Jim Beam's breath that soaked the air of her childhood home, from the furniture to her bed cover. Nope, not her children. Never. Even if it meant sacrificing the traditional hug and the romanticized image of a mother with this vibrant grin to greet you upon your return from school, we all understood that it was worth it.

Father: "Make your mother a plate in a little bit. I'll make the coffee. And you know I like it the way I like my woman...black! Hahaha!"

It never failed. Every day when he approached the kitchen to get his cup of coffee, he always said the same line. The words lingered in the murky air of the kitchen. Each time the statement was uttered, it was unconditionally followed by a huge grin and jovial laughter. He was proud and considered the expression to be a badge of honor, a regal mane that he wore in recognition of his accomplishments. To Andy, to marry the beautiful black woman and give her this home was something

unparalleled in the history of man's accomplishments. There was nothing more beautiful to him than his Queen's brown skin and lyric of her stare. You couldn't tell him anything.

As his son was serving up his plate, Andy began to catalog all the tasks that needed to be done before the weekend came to its end: cut the grass, take the garbage down to curb, take a look at the leak from the bathroom shower-head, and cut up the dead tree that fell last week in the yard. He would then remind his son, as he had done on countless Saturday mornings, to wake up early Sunday to cut the yard. The Georgia sun was brutal that time of year. It wouldn't be forgiving, even to a prince on the Lord's Day.

Father: "Miguel's coming back with the water! I'm not playing, it's time to move! (Turns towards his one and only son) Go ahead and make mom her plate. I'll bring it down; you get the girls up. Go ahead and fill the cup up with that water. They think I'm playin'. They'll see. Haha."

The stone temples that others call his hands sweep his face gently and he sighs at the thought of another day at work. In the background he hears the faint yet percussive noises of conga drums and timbales from the old-school salsa track playing from the living room. The soulful serenades of Hector Lavoe slowly rise above native instrumentation as he sings about the heartache of life...long life. As he approaches the counter for some more coffee, his eyes drift for two seconds towards the kitchen table. In the middle lies a layered collage of past bills, check stubs, and notices bloodied with crimson ink. He steals the slightest look towards his son with a remorse and sorrow that only certain men have to experience. Underneath Andy's breath he mutters an incoherent phrase in the Spanish tongue he regretfully neglects to use anymore: "Ayúdame..." (Help me...) The Puerto Rican who grew up on the island, but not the one people often associate with his name. The concrete island filled with millions of people with no faces but plenty of stories to give you an idea. The one unifying factor in their narratives is the setting, but under several aliases. To some, it bears the name Nueva York. For others, they use the titles of New York City or the Empire State with a mutual respect and reverence. But as Andy would say to his children as he reminisced of his former lifetime, he was from the land of the Nuyoricans.

The End

"Ahora me encuentro aquí en mi soledad
Pensando qué de mi vida será
No tengo sitio dónde regresar..."

(Now I am here in my solitude
Thinking about what my life will be
I have no place to return...)

-Hector Lavoe "El Dia De Suerte" (The Day of My Fate)

A note from the Author of *The Southern Nuyorican*:

My name is Miguel Santiago. I am of Black and Puerto Rican background and take much pride in both of my cultures. I am originally from Stone Mountain, GA and grew up all over Atlanta, GA in various neighborhoods. I will say that growing up in the South and being of multicultural background presented various challenges and questions with my identity, yet at the same time instilled within me profound appreciation and love of this supreme beauty (that which others refer to as my ethnicity). The only way I know how to display such an aesthetic in my identity is through my personal narrative and ongoing quest.

I attended college at a small, liberal arts school in North Atlanta called Oglethorpe University. There, I studied English Literature and Communications. During my time in college, I considered myself a mentor, tutor, educator, and advocate for educational reform. I spent most of my spare time working with students from multiple charter schools and community based organizations across the metro Atlanta area. This eventually led to me being accepted into the Teach For America organization right out of college. I spent about a year in the Mississippi Delta, teaching 10th grade English, reforming the school's curriculum, and mentoring as many black youth as I could in my time. It was there where I was exposed to a level injustice and inequality in the American education system that I had previously never witnessed. Unfortunately, family circumstances cut my time short in Mississippi, and I continued to work in mentorship and tutoring programs across Atlanta.

I then began the next chapter of my career in education, working in the college admissions sector. I worked as an admissions counselor for two universities before getting this offer to coordinate multicultural recruitment for Hampshire College. My road to Hampshire is one that has had many unexpected turns and quite winding in its path, but one I believe for the best. Everything up to this point in my career has been a formative experience.

At the end of the day, if there is one thing that you should take away from any interaction with me: my primary goal in life is to provide a different perspective for students as they begin to embark on their respective journeys through education and life. I have done so in the classroom, in the hallways of community based organizations, at the tables of college fairs, and on the blacktops of basketball courts playing one-on-one with kids in the neighborhoods where I have lived. Regardless of what venue or landscape I end up utilizing, I will do my best to provide a new perspective for students so that they can make the choice about their future and how they will interact with the world with more than one mindset.

I hope to work with several faculty, staff, and most importantly, current students in my future initiatives to help bring liberal arts education to students of various cultural backgrounds.

Respectfully,

Miguel

P.S. Fun fact about me: I play harmonica frequently, and at one point was part of a collegiate choir under a choral scholarship. My passion for music is as equally matched in my drive to work with students.



Islam and Non-Violence



Arslan Muradi 10F

A mixture of cherry picked quotes; facts that are self-serving and selective; a collection of misinterpretations; and misquotations in today's media has without a doubt portrayed Islam as a violent religion. What is amusing is that majority of the Muslims in the world; however follow a religion in which 113 out of 114 chapters of the Quran, the Holy book of Islam begins with introducing the God of Islam as a God of Mercy and Compassion.

One of the hot and controversial topics that many people in the Western world seem to be confused about is the relationship between the phenomenon of suicide bombings, a relentless act of violence, and Islam. Radical Islamists around the world have indeed put out this idea that their actions are justified in Islam. But is it though? Let me refer to Professor Robert Pape of University of Chicago, one of America's leading terrorism experts, who studied every single case of suicide terrorism between 1980 and 2005 and he concluded:

“There is little connection between suicide terrorism and Islamic fundamentalism or any of the world's religions, rather what nearly all suicide terrorist attacks have in common is a specific secular and strategic goal to compel modern democracies to withdraw military forces from territory that the terrorists considered it to be their homeland.”

Gallup carried out the biggest poll of Muslims around the world of 50,000 Muslim and 35 countries. 93% of Muslim rejected 9/11 and suicide bombings, and the 7% who didn't, all went and polled in focus groups stated political reasons for their support for violence, not religious reasons. Here we are talking about a 1,400 year old global religion followed by 1.6 billion people in every corner of the world, a quarter of humanity, of all background, cultures and ethnicities.

Let's assume for the sake of argument, that the suicide bombers/attackers are motivated by Islam. If Islam is motivating these people, if Islam is responsible for it, why aren't the rest of the Muslims doing it?

Let's say there are 60,000 terrorists in the world, in reality there aren't, but let's assume for the sake of argument that there are. That still consists of 0.001% of the Muslim population globally. What about the rest of the 99.99% of Muslims who see Islam as a source of their identity, of hope, solace, of spiritual fulfillment, and whose identities are smeared by a mere minority of fanatics and extremists?

Kente Debajo Mi Lengua

He walks in slowly onto the bus
Each step with a different stench of fear
Afraid of what his family has buried away through so many generations in shame

He spots what appears to be a blur of his ancestry
Indecisive of whether to sit next to this African woman
He utters words in a language that was once Taino
That was once Yoruba
Hispañola y Africa
Two different places with roots undoubtedly tied together

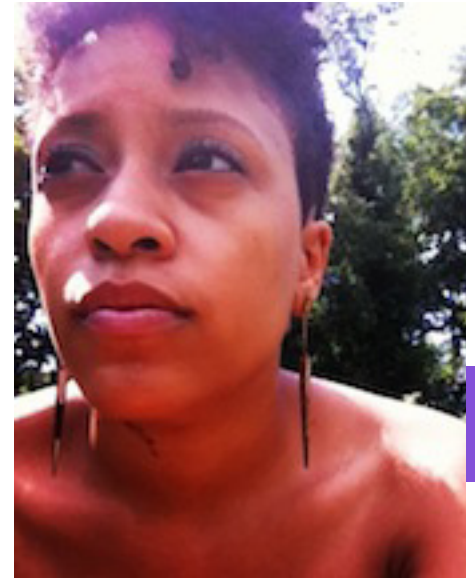
He separates himself from half of his history
Dismissing lashes as if shackles can be shaken off that easy
Simmering in ignorant hatred he sinks into his own flesh
Not realizing that his skin is as dark as hers
A hint of how close Dominican Republic is to Africa

He chooses to dismiss half of his ancestry
Half of the truth
& Hangs on to "my mother had straight hair"
But lightening cream, hot combs & perms never quite did the trick, did they?

Because after so many years (2x)
The hair in your scalp is as thick as the smell of coffee beans your father brought home
every afternoon
The strands of your father's hair collecting every bit of sweat
Every tear an ancestor cried
But "papi tenia pelo malo"
& To this date you believe that the texture of his hair cursed you

Multiple rapes manipulated the reshaping of your nose
Fires across villages, across generations
Caciques hung from trees, Brothers hung from trees centuries later
Burned out, the way we are
Behind your conscience dangles from trees the body pieces of your ancestros
& You wonder what is it that is slowly decaying in your lungs

You were cradled in the womb of Diaspora
Balancing within ships
Tucked away with nothing but a piece of kente cloth underneath your tongue
Displaced misplaced into Amerikka
A land not known to you until they forced your tongue to roll a different way
But your accent clings onto your homeland
Despite the makeup you use to disguise your shackles
You are Afro Latino
& The kinks of your hair are beautiful
The color of your skin is golden
No matter how much they try
No matter how hard you try
You will always be Afro, hermano.



Cultural Center 25 years: Our Legacy of Home

References:

Taino (known as Taino Indians)- The Taino Indians were a matrilineal society who were, for the most part, peaceful and lived a semi-sedentary lifestyle. Shortly after European contact in the mid to late 1400s, the Taino were a virtually extinct population due to disease, slavery, and conquest by Europeans. (Ronald Hooper, KentuckyUniversity)

Hispañola- is a major island in the Caribbean, containing the two sovereign states of the Dominican Republic and Haiti. (Wikipedia)

Yoruba (language)- spoken by Yoruba people, a tribe located in West Africa; predominantly in Nigeria. (Wikipedia)

Spaniards- referring to the conquerors of the 1400s who were Natives of Spain.

Caciques- Referring to the Taino tribal leaders.

Kente- a royal and sacred cloth worn only in times of extreme importance and was the cloth of kings. It later became widespread. Patterns on the cloth have particular meanings about life. (It is believed Africans on slave ships would sneak on the ship a piece of kente cloth and place it underneath their tongues and jump into the ocean as they believed the kente cloth would take them back to their homeland.)

Lightening cream- used to lighten dark skin color.

Hot combs & perms- tools used to straighten hair that is believed to be "bad hair" or kinky African hair; these products essentially kill the individual's natural hair roots by burning the scalp.

Diaspora- the movement, migration, or scattering of people away from an established or ancestral homeland (Wikipedia.) (Referring specifically to the Trans-Atlantic Slave trade.)

AURELIS TRONCOSO 11F

SAVE THE DATE

THE 5TH ANNUAL
FIVE COLLEGE
QUEER GENDER
& SEXUALITY
CONFERENCE
HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE



MARCH 7TH - 8TH 2014

Mothersdaughter

I was created
created under ten trillion pounds of pressure I was born-
in the center of the Earth under tripping tectonic plates
shifting the world around me

I am your mother
through cracked eyelids
I peer through crack crust
I saw the world change

I saw my daughters-
the trunks of their thighs sheared- down
the boughs of their arms bowed-
down with modern worries
Sweat wicked from leaves
turned to dust and caught,
carried away on the wind-
their collective sighs whisked up
weaving through skyscrapers
leaving whistles in their wakes

I watch my daughters
I watch them suit up for battle
lined up in pencil skirts
looking sharp like the pencils lined up in their brief cases
-Not too sharp though
lest the blade turn inward
edges honed- with a wet stone of leers and taunts

I watch my daughters
I watch their tears spill-
rain splattering, pattering on my skin
I bathe in a salty spill and count-
each drop, twenty-five cents
landing in threes
Seventy-five cents on the dollar
laying me barren

I watch my daughters
legs spread, Congress at home between them-
with fury I shake
I want to tell you I am sorry- so sorry



While I slept, I was weathered
unwittingly molded
a harsh home for you

I built you to be the bedrock of
reality
You've been broken- down rubble
backfilled- progress regressing
tasting like acid in the air

With winds I'll whip you up

and lay you to rest in the gulf of Mexico-
the crook of my hip
Floating in the Dead Sea safe in my navel
shrouded in the clouds of my hair

Please, forgive me

The world has given you a choice to make-
high power cases or diapers
fortune five hundreds and five little hand prints next to yours-
Stripped bare you stand on a stage of opinions,
none of them your own

My daughters
I am sorry

COURTNEY FULLER 13F



A center for critical thinking, learning and advocacy on population, peace & the environment

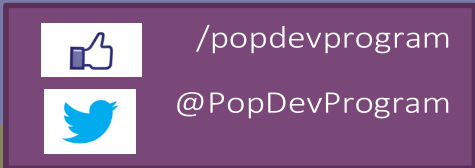
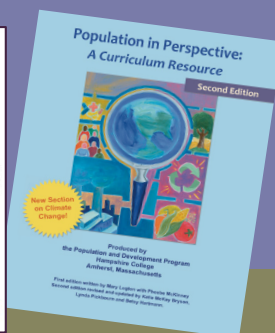


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Rethink population alarmism and explore the connections between reproductive, environmental & climate justice



<http://popdev.hampshire.edu/>

Bombs Bursting

Different oppressions become obsessive in my mind
Unkind, taking up my time, twisting the depths of my brain
Sometimes I think I'm fine
But that's when I realize
That
The
Bombs bursting in my head
Are frequently
Death after death
Life becoming a murder contest
All the casualties become another statistic
While the fatalities become another story
And within these stories are another name
A name like yours, like mine
A name that can not be explained
This name is everyone.

We need to become survivors of these oppressions
We can control how much of a victim they want us to be or become the survivors we are
Turn this anger
This evolving detachment from our communities into uplifting revolutions

We can let these oppressions bite into us
The way that metal will bite into our skins
If we decide to eat these apples that they disguise as bombs

Let these oppressions sit and tick on their own or we can dismantle
Remove this toxic mess
Digest
The positivity, the anger, the pain

Sometimes it just is not easy

We grow up and indulge in these different oppressions as if they were wrapped sweetly in a
box of chocolates
But little do we know
That these chocolates have become sour
If we decide to feed into the heterosexual, abled, rich white man power (white supremacy)
and teach our communities that we are the result, the powerless
We are just as addicted to the chocolates that have soured us before
We can become the results of different systematic oppressions or we can blossom into orga-
nizing, collective communities we are

People helping people
In different ways
It doesn't have to be shouting at the top of your lungs hoping the universe will hear you shout

"People united, we'll never be divided"

It doesn't have to be the marching of feet, heart - beats, temper release, crazy unity
It can be the teaching of others
Start with the teaching of yourself
Give it a day

Cultural Center 25 years: Our Legacy of Home

Give yourself a word
Eliminate it from vocabulary
If it's derogatory and ambiguous
Or simply reflect on the word
Ask why?
Teach,
Realize it
Know it
Breathe it in

A wise person told me that you are the problem as much as you are the solutions
So let's become solutions
Let us form together
Solve these problems together
For our generations
And our futures

I and I
Hand in hand
Voice with voice
Solidarity rising
Lets do it all unrehearsed
In unity
In hugs
With education
With knowledge
With signs
Yelling
Protesting
Talking
Whispering
With love
While kissing the different parts of speech of love

Because we need to realize the incredible amount of beauty and potential within us

Bombs bursting in my head, sometimes I think I will become dead.
Then I realize, I am a survivor of these oppressions and I can silence all of these
Bombs
Bursting
In
My
Head.



SACKONA FITTS 13F

Our Walk in Saigon



PAINTING BY MELISSA SCHEID FRANTZ

American Folklore

When I was in grade school
they told us this whimsical tale
every October. We were collected
on to the gum-stained carpet,
and told to sit with our legs pretzeled
and hands clasped in our laps .

They said that a man—a valiant navigator
sailed the sea in search of a land
called China. Or was it India?
That's not a matter of concern.
What matters is that this journeyman

believed the world was spherical
and, ridiculed for his Galilean genius,
said if he steered his way leftward,
he'd expand the trade power of the Crown.

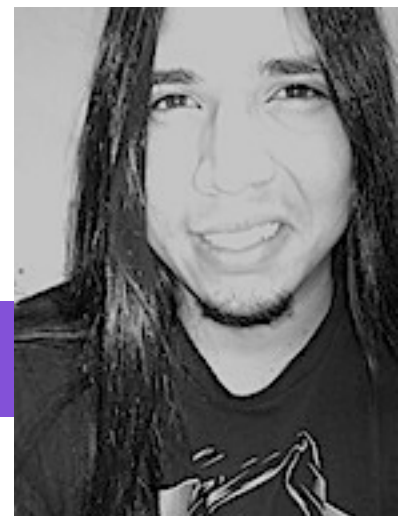
Like Odysseus, he traveled far
and conquered with the ease
of a skilled marksmen
trading glass for gold
slicing flesh in search of its source.

Like some Quixotic figure
he dared to dream in the face
of laughter and doubt.
He made three journeys
and brought with him pestilence,
Chains of servitude and also Christ!

My teachers said,
if it were not for this man,
none of us would be able
to call this God-blessed fortress, home.

In 1492 they said, the old world
gave birth to a new world,
and America has been kicking ass,
erasing names from its narrative
ever since.

ADRIAN QUINTANAR 13F



“These Heavy Heavy Heavy”

Sometimes my eyelashes bathe in rivers deeper than my faith
They soak and they saturate at the very pits of my pain
grazing the caps of these rosy waterway crafts
Tears so uncontrollable no Marcal, no Angel Soft or even Kleenex could be the reins
Leaving my back to heave up and down like a Nascar floor jack

I'm tired of crying.

It's like I've got barbells for eyelids
My tear ducts are so heavy with the weight of this world
I've got wars figure skating across my pupils
Soldiers marching down my cheeks claiming territory
From my chin to my chest to my knees
These soldiers they...they find refuge in the all
The dry places God forgot to pay attention to

Well at least that's how it seems.

There are brown and black bodies festooning our sidewalks like
Yesterday's Trident
Oscar Grant, Sean Bell, Amadou Diallo, Aaron Campbell, Kimani Grey
And let us not forget Trayvon Martin
We're expected to just sit around while they "stand their ground"
just stand still while they "stop and frisk"
Or whatever other new Jim Crow these white men see fit

Where is He in all of this?

Yea so sometimes it does seem like God is absent...like my own father
So why can't I smoke a spliff?
Or take a dip? In the pool of loooooove?
And maybe even take a sip of that good ole' Pinnacle Whipped

See... I was born into sin and shaped in iniquity
So is it really my fault that I'm becoming this entity?
I'm surrounded by sin... cloaked in debauchery
My prayers all seem to sound the same:
"thank you for this food we're about to receive"

Year
Ducts”

“grant us traveling mercies”

“please Lord bless my family”

Do we really mean what we’re sayin’ or is it just routine?

I’m sick of this... its repetitive! I need a relationship!

I don’t want to wait til I see His face to realize the teacher *was* present

Just impending my grade

I don’t want to get to pearly gates

with the arches of my feet cradling the gold streets

Feeling the foundation cracking beneath me

Greater is he that is in me I want to feel the holy trinity

So yea sometimes my eyelashes do bathe in rivers slightly deeper than my faith

And sometimes they soak and they saturate at the very pits of my pain

grazing the caps of these rosy waterway crafts

But let us not forget “Jesus Wept” just the same



KAMEESHA TATE 12F

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Untitled



(My Past Remains in Me as Scars)

CHEMI CHEMI 13F

“Chemi, Yegi thi lok tha, Shung ney letho,” said my father in Tibetan. “Chemi, read the letter that was sent from the government.” As I stared at the letter in our Brooklyn home, there were many words I did not recognize. I did my best to understand it, stopping every few minutes to look up certain words in the dictionary. I realized that it was a letter from Immigration Services, informing us that we were officially residents of the United States of America. In tears, we rejoiced this miraculous moment that had come after so much struggle.

I am from Trangu, a small village in the “Roof of the World”—Tibet. Living under the restrictions of the Chinese government with my parents and my four siblings, life was difficult. At the age of five, my older sisters and I would go herd the yaks and sheep through the hills instead of going to school, because the only education available was expensive and in the city. My parents worked in the farms all day long to support the family, but this was not the only issue they had in Tibet. My father was imprisoned many times for simply owning pictures of His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama. He never apologized. In my eyes, he was not a criminal. He was a freedom fighter. I vividly remember the day that my freedom fighter frantically began packing clothes and family pictures. That evening, my father went to the backyard and silently equipped the horse with our possessions. When I questioned him, he answered, “Kha Tsum” in Tibetan, which means, “be quiet.” And so I stayed in silence while the world happened around me.

In 2001, my parents decided to escape Tibet in order to give their children an education. My father navigated through long routes, crossing through hills and mountains, risking our life for freedom. After months of the harsh and fearful journey, I was relieved to have arrived in Pokhara, Nepal. A few years after our arrival in Nepal, my father had to flee to New York in order to continue supporting us. My mother managed to feed us with my father’s contributions. She would wake up early in the morning to complete home chores; even on the days when she was ill, suffering from severe back pains. In March of 2007, I finally arrived in Brooklyn, where I was challenged to learn a completely new language, and was thrown into a new cultural environment. I came here exhausted, but filled with the hunger to achieve education. This all was in addition to the pure joy I felt when I saw my father.

Since then, I’ve worked daily to take advantage of the opportunities available to me. I believe the support networks I acquired have made my achievements possible. Attending Hampshire would not have been a reality without career development programs like The Opportunity Network or scholarship programs like The Gates Millennium. And as I go on to my college career, I hope to take advantage of the ample opportunities that the Hampshire has to offer, particularly The Cultural Center. It feels like home here. Every one of us share similar struggles and we are all here to support one another. I am very thankful and cannot express how excited I am to go on this journey with you all.

My past remains in me as scars. The story of my past inspires me to keep moving, but the stories of those around me are also an inspiration. They both will always be my motivation, and ultimately help me persevere. I will not remain in silence, like that day so long ago when my father packed up our belongings. I will speak up and achieve my dreams, never forgetting the sacrifices of those who came before me.

Ruby Red

that smells like patchouli, lavender, cinnamon, butter (the fatty kind)

that feels like blanket, a womb, a cocoon, a nest

that sounds like April, December, January in new england, Hot Georgia Summer

and perfect weather days.

who tastes Reallllll Good. Too sweet to eat, too spicy to try.

who looks like Slavery. We were Slaves.

We were slave.

People Dead. People Unburied. Tossed at sea. People die and their death leaves nothing but pain, memories, and question. A People die and we are left with the unremembered pain and the questions.

We were slaves. **Separated and reconnected.** And I only met you once.

We were slaves and I only met you once. I HOLD YOU! You are heavy.

I know you. SPEAK!

Trauma manifesto.

I haven't felt it, not how I wanted to.

I want the story, the connection, the pity, the shame, the born again.

(say these "eats in multiple ways...say it like you are about to eat your favorite meal, like you regret eating, like eating is mundane task, like your glad it's lunch time, or it's the family dinner you regret, etc.)

eating. eating.

FOOD DESTROYED MY FAMILY.

NO LONGER cute enough for a false identity.

No more cute. You Fat Girl.

(Chant starts)

Beauty in the west is better than the rest.

We were slave.

I never met you!

Must have missed the e-vite.

Hope Orlando was fun.

Hope the cruise was fun.

Hope South Africa is fun.

(Chant stops)

We were slaves.

We lost contact.

Connections.

We desire what we cannot be.

I can't be the pretty mini light skin girl.

Am Fat.

Cultural Center 25 years: Our Legacy of Home

Fat cause food taste good in a broken body.
A body pulled form the grips of her foundation.
Forced to live away from the love she knew.
I got to eat it all. I am hungry. I am so hungry.
Mama touch me. Daddy touch me.
Why don't people wanna touch me.

(Start to touch me slowly than quickly after Dana.)

Please touch me. TOUCH ME. TOUCH ME. TOUCH ME. TOUCH ME. TOUCH ME. I HAVE NEVER FELT TOUCHED. YOU HUG ME BUT YOU NEVER HOLD ME. HOLD ME. HOLD ME. AND RUB ME. AND TELL ME I AM BEAUTIFUL. TELL ME UNTIL I HEAR THE WORD ECCHED INTO MY SKIN, MY HEART, MY BREAST, MY STOMACH, MY BODY.

(Run back to your seats)

Show me in your actions.
Food never disappoints.
I love food more than you.

Show me in your actions.
Food never disappoints.
I love food more than you.

I love food more than you.

I love food more than you.
I love food more than you.

Contact my hand and hold it. Squeeze the blood. Break the bones to create tears that have not spoken.

ESHE SHUKURA 09F





Meet the NEW Community Advocacy Program Coordinator: Lily Rodriguez

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

I provide administrative support to all the directors and staff within Community Advocacy. I assist with making room reservations, advertising events, and any other technical support that they need. Within the Cultural Center, specifically, I schedule appointments for Melissa and O.C. Additionally, I advise the Community Advocacy Union (CAU), support student staff, and I organize programs and events for the office.

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

The SOURCE Community is amazing! My very first SOURCE event was the "Welcome BBQ" at the beginning of the semester everyone was super friendly and welcoming of me as a new staff member. I have loved getting to know the students of the SOURCE Community! From the students that I work with to the students who spend time at the CC, I have enjoyed watching cartoons and music videos with everyone!

It has been really interesting to be re-introduced to Hampshire College. I am an alum of the five-college area and my only knowledge of Hampshire was what I remembered as a student. As I staff member I see Hampshire as a place where students take an active role within creating change for their community.

What are your aspirations for your job?

I am excited at the opportunity to continue furthering the mission of Community Advocacy in creating opportunities for cross campus dialogues for both staff and students. I am also really excited about the work CAU is currently doing with housing and look forward to continuing to work with them.

Anything else you'd like to share about yourself or Hampshire:

I moved to the Pioneer Valley with my girlfriend and our two pups a little over six months ago from Salt

Lake City, UT. I am a graduate of Mount Holyoke College where I studied History/Political Science. Coming to Hampshire has been an amazing experience so far, especially working at the Cultural Center, which has become a home away from home for me.

You can email Lily at lrodriguez@hampshire.edu or simply stop by the Cultural Center, second floor at the top of the stairs.

A graphic for the 28th annual conference for student & community activists. The top part features the text "from ABORTION RIGHTS to SOCIAL JUSTICE reproductive FREEDOM" in a bold, sans-serif font. Below this, there is a black arrow pointing right with the text "BUILDING THE MOVEMENT FOR" inside it. The bottom part of the graphic shows a black and white photograph of a group of people, likely students and community activists, engaged in conversation. Overlaid on the bottom of the photo is the text "APRIL 11-13, 2014, amherst, MA 28th annual conference for student & community activists" and the website "http://clpp.hampshire.edu/".

Inside Strategic Planning

JUECHENG / FRANK ZHAO 12F



When I got a page-long email from JLash [President Jonathan Lash], I was surprised- his usual response is a short sentence or just a word. "This must be something important," I thought. Initially, the name "Strategic Planning Steering Committee" and its acronym SPSC made little

sense to me. I later found out that committees with strange acronyms have been a Hampshire tradition for years- more than 200 of them, I learned. The initial experience can be quite intimidating- many committee members outlive us two to one. During our very first meeting, the consultants Keelings & Associates made it clear that we are not representatives of different groups fighting over resources, but a team working on a collaborative project. Surely meeting at 8 AM on a Friday morning has created a sense of camaraderie among us. Coffee and donuts provided by the president's office also saved us from feeling like we were going to pass out and allowed us to focus on more substantial issues.

Our main task for the past three months has been community involvement- directing the consultants to talk to not only the active members, but also the dormant ones. We do not call the shots, but enable the community to voice their concerns. This is a much tougher job than simply drafting plans- "Five Year Plan Soviet" style. A reoccurring theme from community member feedback sessions, is that there is a lack of institutional support for dialogue, especially, around the establishing of new or review of current policies. Among student feedback

sessions, we found that many are burdened by answering the same question over and over again and suffering from activist burnout. Then the question becomes how to overcome general passivity in an age when we have hundreds of emails to read every day.

We found innovative ways to reach out to community members, especially students, on a personal level. We distributed chocolate candy to people's halls and mods. At one point it was 1 AM and freezing outside, I was putting up some tiny postcards on people's doors in Greenwich. All of a sudden I heard female screaming: "There is a man in front of our door!" All hell went loose until one said, "Oh wait, he is from the same school!" She opened the door slightly and asked "What are you doing there?" I replied "I am here to give you chocolate candies." A burst of laughter followed and in the end they apologized for scaring me.

I think from this experience I have learned that all plans finally come down to one thing- people. Without people's trust and participation, a plan is just a dead document. An idea must be in people's heart rather than on a piece of paper, so it can be truly amazing. In this sense, I see myself as a bridge builder between the decision makers and the students. It is my fault if we fail to consider students' thoughts and feelings. On the same token, the success of the community is my success. I look forward to hearing more suggestions on how to get people involved and find their hidden passion to build a better future for Hampshire College. Together, we can make something extraordinary.

Best wishes,
Juecheng / Frank

Email to Hampshire Community sent 12/6/2013

Dear Faculty, Staff and Students,

Thank you for helping us achieve an overall 30% response rate to the strategic planning survey, which breaks down as follows:

Faculty: 87 out of 167 (a 52% response rate)

Staff: 174 out of 293 (a 60% response rate)

Students: 247 out of 1418 (a 17% response rate, which is considered very good for students).

K&A just completed their fourth out of six visits they will have this year, and we want to thank you for your commitment to this process since it began in September. During that time we've been able to connect K&A with you through approxi-

mately 100 telephone and face-to-face meetings with students, faculty, staff, administrators, Board, and alumni.

In late December we will send the preliminary interview theme summary and the quantitative data findings to you via email. Please look out for these via email and on our website and mark your calendars for an open meeting with K&A on Monday, January 27 from 3:30-4:45 pm for an opportunity to discuss these findings, add nuance and detail, and suggest amendments and expansions of emerging themes.

Sincerely,
The Strategic Planning Steering Committee
spsc@hampshire.edu, <http://strategicplanning.hampshire.edu>



Xavier Torres de Janon 12F

To the Privileged U.S. American Hampshire Student in Denial:

I identify my privilege. I am from the biggest, most globalized city of Ecuador, raised by parents who attended college and had the resources to enroll me in a bilingual, elite, International Baccalaureate school. My family was strong and resilient enough to [partially] bounce back from the terrible economic recession of my country in the late 90s. I am absolutely fluent in English thanks to my education, am extroverted, and possess parent-connections that were powerful enough to allow me to get a huge student government loan, which ultimately permitted me to attend this college. I am light-skinned enough to pass undetected by racism and its institutions; I blend in, I can pass as white when I have to, I can be as brown when I need to. And my life experiences have made me adaptable to adverse circumstances.

I recognize my privilege. I wouldn't be in this college if I didn't possess the privileges I had while growing up. Yes, my family was not rich, but it was educated, smart and resourceful enough to push me through high school with a full scholarship and an impressive (college competitive) resume. I am male-bodied, yet also raised well by fierce Ecuadorian women, allowing me to infiltrate any social situation at ease. I don't get sick easily and am able-bodied by general standards, allowing me to thrive in most activity that I engage in. I am not necessarily intelligent, but I know and was taught how to write a paper that will satisfy my professor and give a test that will get a good score. If I was darker skinned, my life would be definitely much harder in Ecuador and here.

If I can do this simple exercise, why can't you, fellow American Hampshire student? I'm sorry to break it to you, but e-v-e-r-y single student at this college possesses some degree of privilege. Do you think you would have been able to get here without a computer and internet access during your high school years? Without a good enough education that would allow you to even consider applying to this extremely writing-intensive school? Your country systematically determines that I am less privileged than you: an international student with a 4-year [highly restrictive] permit to be in this country, a non-native English speaker, a citizen from a country where the minimum wage is USD 300 a month. If I can identify, recognize and categorically accept my privilege, why can't you? Why do you insist in saying that you are somehow oppressed by this world's systems, while forgetting that you are still in a heated, well-protected, expensive, progressive, rural, American liberal arts school? Your hypocrisy impresses and disturbs me. While you can afford the luxury of smoking your life away, of doing the bare minimum, of spending endless hours hanging out and chilling, some of us simply cannot allow ourselves to. And yet *we* are the ones who engage in these discussions.

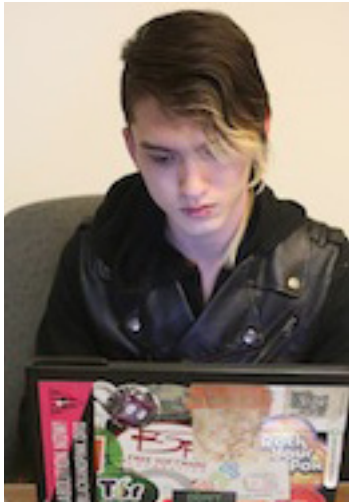
I don't deny your struggles, but I reject your assertion that you are oppressed, that you are absolutely disenfranchised by society. You wouldn't be here if that was the case.

I commend those who are brave enough to recognize their privilege. For the rest, I have no further comments.

Signed,

Xavier Torres de Janon F12

Editor's Note: Through the following four pieces, we hope to help provide insight and clarity regarding the circumstances and events that surrounded the removal of the band, Shokazoba, from the 2013 Hampshire Halloween band line-up.



A Clarification on the Events Leading to Shokazoba's removal from the Hampshire Halloween Lineup, 10/28/2013 via Facebook

KYRA PRANKS 11F

In the various complaints against the decision to remove Shokazoba from the Hampshire Halloween lineup, it is clear that the detractors of this decision are unaware or

uninterested in what actually led to it. Many people are only listening to the organizing efforts of aggrieved white people rather than the students of color that have, from the start, been personally harassed. For the rest of you, I'd like to provide my understanding of the context and backstory to this debate. In a thread on the Facebook event page for Hampshire Halloween, students of color were mocked, attacked, and sent extremely racist images. **The notion that the band was simply deemed "too white" is a politically motivated farce.**

Several popular misconceptions have already spread quickly through organized misinformation efforts. Firstly, while the conversation this controversy erupted in did open by drawing concerns around the appropriative nature of—with the exception of the lead singer—a group of all white and white-passing men playing 'afrofunk,' this is not what actually led to the band's removal from the lineup. **Contrary to popular belief, it was not their racial composition that led to their removal, but the behavior which threatened the well being and safety of Hampshire students.** This much has been said in the statements issued by both Hampshire College and the HYPE Committee on the decision.⁽¹⁾⁽²⁾ There's no disputing the racist, and specifically anti-black, nature of these comments such as one particularly vocal participant's image posting of a caricature—complete with exaggerated facial features—of a black man eating fried chicken while watching news coverage of himself stealing a bicycle and then looking over a backyard littered with mounds of them. Images of the concerned students themselves were also taken, edited, and recirculated. Did anybody distribute images of any members of the band, or the band as a whole, or any of its defenders to belittle them? No.

Secondly, the concerns of students of color have been twisted in claiming that the lead singer's racial identity has been erased for not being dark or black enough.⁽³⁾ Several of the concerned students of color are themselves mixed race and/or

light skinned and intimately familiar with this type of erasure. The issues raised against the band were not at all about denying the racial identity of any individual band members, but about the fetishized representations of blackness that the group as a whole is trafficking in and promoting. This is epitomized by the tokenizing of one band member—out of ten—in an attempt to lay claim to the "afro" roots of the music they play. Regardless, those concerns were not the reason behind the decision, but the bigoted substance of the response, band members' participation in that, and the personal targeting of Hampshire students. The band members' contributions to the racist dialogue that unravelled was documented in the letter to the HYPE Committee and Hampshire administration. **The group has continued to make this about themselves and divert attention away from the racist, misogynist, and homophobic discussion which was the bottom-line of the decision.**

Finally, as per their contract with the school, **the band had to be paid.** Their privilege still affords them the power to, with a wave of their finger, instantly organize a rally of almost entirely non-students to protest this supposedly great injustice.

In attempting to dismiss the demonstrated validity of the concerns raised by students of color (especially those who were being harassed), band members displayed a totally apologist and sympathetic attitude towards the racist comments which had already been made by 'liking' them and posting in their defense. The HYPE Committee initially made things worse by censoring the students of color who were making articulate complaints, while leaving the graphic images and harassment unchecked. More and more people, both students of color and their allies, were upset by this, and a very select few organized in an accountable and transparent manner to compile a statement to the HYPE Committee and Hampshire administrators documenting the events which had taken place. The statement drew upon contemporary understandings of first amendment rights which protect political speech but not violent hate speech, as well as violations of Hampshire's own *Non Satis Non Scire* (Not To Know Is Not Enough), the Hampshire College Student Policy Guide. It was only at that point that the band was removed from the lineup for the event. Still, many people are only upset about the perceived prejudice against

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white people, rather than the disturbing facts of what actually took place and the harassment that students of color faced and continue to face. Students of color are still being personally targeted over this. Nobody seems to care or notice (because pointing it out is immediately decried as [reverse]-racism) the racial divide between those who oppose the decision to remove the group from the lineup versus those who support it. Those denouncing the decision claim post-racial values and use multiculturalism to defend their convenient belief that racism is solved through ignoring racial disparities. They act as if racial prejudice is only a problem when it hurts white people, who notably dominate—by no slim margin—in government and in business and, most relevantly, in music. **Repeated attempts are being made to separate the excusal of racist comments on the event page, the racial composition of the band and its defenders, the colorblind racist ideologies of the band and its fans, the appropriative nature of the band (calling it purely ‘appreciation’ and ‘fair cultural exchange’), and the position of white musicians—from Elvis to Eminem—who consistently have an easier time turning bigger profits from forms of music invented by people of color than those people of color do. Those five aspects are all clearly connected.**

I had hoped that the decision to remove the band would encourage people to be critical of the types of speech and behavior that are invited, accepted, and encouraged (versus those which are not) by *every* decision that is made on behalf of the Hampshire student body. This includes being actively conscientious of who (yes, in terms of race, ability, gender, sexuality, class, etc.) is saying what. In particular in this case, bringing Shokazoba promoted the liberal post-racial ideologies that excuse, apologize for, and sympathize with colonialism, white supremacy, and peripheral racism. Evidently, this is not

the discourse that has dominated in response to Shokazoba's removal, neither in the local press nor on social media.

In transforming Hampshire into an anti-racist institution, all of us—every member of the student, faculty, and staff bodies—must understand why this matters.⁽⁴⁾ We must hold each other to a set of community norms which does not tolerate oppressive attitudes and demands accountability for any oppressive behavior. We, as students of color, are tired of being the ones expected—in the face of peers, superiors, and other burdens—to put ourselves on the line to argue, educate, and hold others' publicly accountable. This in itself is part of the systemic violence and material harm we endure in and out of Hampshire College, and it affects our survival.

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1) <http://www.hampshire.edu/news/27446.htm>

2) <https://www.facebook.com/HampshireHypeCommittee/posts/379759622155047>

3) When the discussion first started, some wrongfully assumed or implied that all members of the band are white, which completely erases the lead singer, Janaya, who suggest that she should wear blackface. When she made that suggestion, others clarified that this was not what they had been saying or suggesting. I'd like to personally apologize for any ways in which my comments and this discussion overall could be construed to support that sentiment. I hope that this explanation clarifies that neither I nor the students who contacted the HYPE Committee and Hampshire were making those same assumptions, but I do want to be accountable for contributing in any way to those feelings of erasure which are harmful, not only on a personal level, but also on a systemic level.

4) <https://www.facebook.com/TransformingHampshire>



A Message from the Hype Committee, 11/1/2013 via “Hampshire College Announcement”

Following is a Hype Committee statement regarding the circumstances that surrounded the removal of the band Shokazoba from the Hampshire Halloween

band line-up. With this statement we intend to lay out the series of events that took place starting on Wednesday October 23rd, explain why the decisions were made and clarify the aftermath. The band Shokazoba was not removed from the Hampshire Halloween line-up for racial reasons, but rather because of the sentiments regarding safety and respect raised by Hampshire students as a result of the social media exchange.

Hampshire Halloween 2013 was planned and hosted by us, the Hype Committee, and took place on Friday, October 25th.

Just two days before the night of Hampshire Halloween, a conflict arose regarding the selection of the bands that began with a comment posted on Wednesday, October 23rd on our Facebook event page for Hampshire Halloween, bringing attention to a band Shokazoba. The comment reflected a concern about the band's self identified genre of “afro-funk” and how that relates to the issue of cultural appropriation as the group appears to be predominantly white.

The Facebook thread continued throughout Wednesday night and the Hampshire community woke up to many new comments discussing the issue. The long, heedless and insensitive verbal battle on the thread was fueled by the appearance of an off campus Facebook troll who spammed the thread with thoughtless memes and other racist caricatures ridiculing the college and Hampshire students with the sole purpose of getting a rise out of the students. Some of them included a car-

toon of someone drinking from a bottle labeled “liberal tears” while another one depicted a black man eating fried chicken watching news coverage of himself committing a crime and showing a backyard littered with mounds of stolen bicycles. This thoroughly triggered a heated, rapid exchange of angry messages which began showing up on other peoples’ newsfeed, sparking attention of many others who began commenting angrily as well.

Eventually, the relentless exchange of messages on the public thread even came to the attention of the members of Shokazoba. Someone, attempting to defend them, commented that the cultural appropriation argument was invalid, because the lead singer of the band is African American. Following this moment, they entered the conversation by defending themselves and the rest of the band members, who they pointed out were not all white but were from multicultural backgrounds as well. As the thread continued through the night, it became evident most of the parties involved were getting extremely offended and disrespectful towards each other.

Since it was a class day, all of the Hype Committee members were dispersed and we could not come together with a solution for this problem. A clumsy statement was put up by one Hype Committee member, comments were being deleted from another, while someone else was trying to see if comments could be disabled altogether.

The essence of the Hype Committee’s statement was to remind everyone to be respectful towards each other and stated that outrageously inappropriate comments would be deleted. Unfortunately, due to the inability to coalesce in one area and agreement, time constraints and the multiplicity of the page’s administrators, who were not prepared for such a situation to arise, not all of the inappropriate comments were deleted simultaneously. This caused much confusion between us on what would and would not be removed, or whether or not it should have been removed at all. The comment thread was bursting with hateful and violent speech and imagery during this time and did not seem as though it was going to die down at any point. The Hype Committee signers were only able to come together in a proper meeting at 4pm in consultation with other members of the Hype Committee and various deans of the college. After a lengthy conversation that included staff advice, we made the decision to delete the page completely due to the fact that the page, with the intent of being informational, had become a platform for inappropriate verbal violence. The conversation then moved from the public event page to the Hype Committee’s Facebook Page.

Along with deleting the event page, we also decided to hold an emergency all-community inclusive dialogue to continue the conversation away from the Facebook. We recognized that something needed to be done, but we were not sure what and wanted the input from other students. The dialogue was held on Thursday, October 24th at 3:30pm in the FPH classroom 108. The dialogue was attended by the Hype Committee, Hampshire students and some members of the college staff.

It was clear during this dialogue that present students did not want Shokazoba to play at Hampshire Halloween. The students, who stated they represented the People of Color community at this dialogue, voiced very strong concerns. While they continued to pursue questions of cultural appropriation and supported their position with academic reasoning, it was the reaction to the Facebook posts that resulted in the removal of the band from the line up. One particular comment from a band member that drew the most reaction was, “aren’t we all in actuality all different shades of brown” resulting in aggressive rebuttals exchanged on the threads.

We, the Hype Committee chose to acknowledge these sentiments and made this decision because our priority rests in the concerns and safety of our fellow students. Students reported feeling unsafe due to the content of the band’s comments. The decision to no longer have Shokazoba play at Hampshire Halloween was not an easy one, but we made an educated decision to best support the Hampshire community.

The Hype Committee reconvened after the community dialogue to draft an email to Shokazoba informing them about the decision. The email was sent around 5:30pm on Thursday evening and explained that due to the feedback we had received from the community, we requested for them to not perform at the Hampshire Halloween festivities to avoid further escalation of the sensitive issue. We explicitly stated that the contract would be honored and that they would be paid the agreed amount. The band responded promptly with reasons why they should still be allowed to play. They disregarded the responsibility of the Hype Committee to acknowledge the voices of the students, especially those of the underrepresented populations. While we were trying to find a way to explain more clearly, the band persisted with two more emails. One brought attention to the lead singer’s African American heritage and the other casually dismissed our request by saying “See you tomorrow for dinner. Everything is going to be just fine :)”.

The Hype Committee representatives made a phone call to the band to follow up on that email. The band continued to express resistance to their removal from the line-up, after the committee’s representatives had made clear that there was discomfort regarding the band playing at our campus event. The phone call ended with the understanding that the band would come the following day at 4:30pm (the day of Hampshire Halloween) to continue the conversation.

On Friday, the Hype Committee and a member of the college staff met with three representatives of Shokazoba. In this dialogue, we expressed our apologies regarding any offensive language written against Shokazoba on the Facebook pages and for the late cancellation, but restated the decision. We stressed that our primary responsibility was ensuring the security and wishes of the Hampshire community. By the end of the dialogue it was understood that Shokazoba would not perform at the event and a larger community dialogue with them would be held on campus to discuss the matters at hand.

Community

after Hampshire Halloween. We left the conversation with the impression that we were on respectful and communicative terms and that these issues were going to be brought up again at a community dialogue.

However, the next day, Saturday, October 26th, Shokazoba revitalized the discourse by sending multiple emails to the Hype Committee and to the representatives of the College at all levels and by posting on the Facebook page again. They took their story to the attention of local and national news agencies. A lot of misinformation has been dispersed heavily accusing the Hype Committee and Hampshire College of racist behavior.

We, the Hype Committee made the choice to remove Shokazoba from the line-up not based on the band's racial identity and composition, but rather on stated concerns by students regarding the social media exchange. The Hype committee could not ignore the sentiments expressed by a portion of the student body involving issues of safety and respect, values we

honor in our community.

It is evident that there is the need to address these issues on a larger scale at Hampshire College to ensure that all perspectives are heard. Some of these include: respectful communication, social media and appropriate discourse about race and identity, including cultural appropriation. In addition, the Hype Committee is actively working on revising our band selection process to better reflect the values of our whole community. We are in contact with various Hampshire College deans and offices to create documents for the functioning of the committee moving forward. Since the Hype Committee is a porous and open student-run group, we welcome and encourage the participation of students at any point during the planning period of events.

Thank you,
Sincerely,
The HYPE Committee

Message from Dean of Students, 11/1/2013 via "Hampshire College Announcement"

Members of the campus community,

Much attention has been generated by a decision not have one band perform at Hampshire Halloween. The decision was not based on the band's racial identity, but rather was because of comments made on social media that were hostile to our students. In the midst of long and intense social media postings by many individuals, members of the band made comments that were read by some as disrespectful and trivializing of ideas presented by Hampshire students. Some of these students therefore questioned whether the band should perform. The Hype Committee, the student group that plans and organizes Hampshire Halloween, met with these students and others interested in discussing what had transpired on social media. After a discussion moderated and run by students, the decision was made by the student planners to cancel the band's appearance at Hampshire Halloween but to pay them in full. Last Friday afternoon, the Hype Committee met with band representatives with a staff member present to discuss the decision. At that time, an agreement was made to have representatives from the band come back to campus for a discussion.

Over the weekend, the situation attracted media attention. This has resulted in numerous phone calls and email messages from people not directly involved with the matter seeking to express outrage over the decision. Some of those messages have been directed at individual students and the student or-

ganizers. Many people on staff are working with the students to offer assistance and support, including Pam Tinto, associate dean of students, Melissa Scheid Frantz, assistant dean of students, Diana Fernandez, chief diversity officer, and myself. Faculty and staff are encouraged to refer any student who has been directly involved or affected to me.

I am hopeful we can soon engage in constructive conversation about this situation and the questions it raises. While I am committed to engaging the band in a purposeful dialogue, as well, my first priority is the welfare of our students.

Perhaps we can find time and space in our own community for productive discourse. I recognize that there are many questions as we move forward and seek thoughtful next steps, but I wanted to share this basic information with all of you. As always, I welcome comments and suggestions. Please write to me at bpmSA@hampshire.edu.

Sincerely,

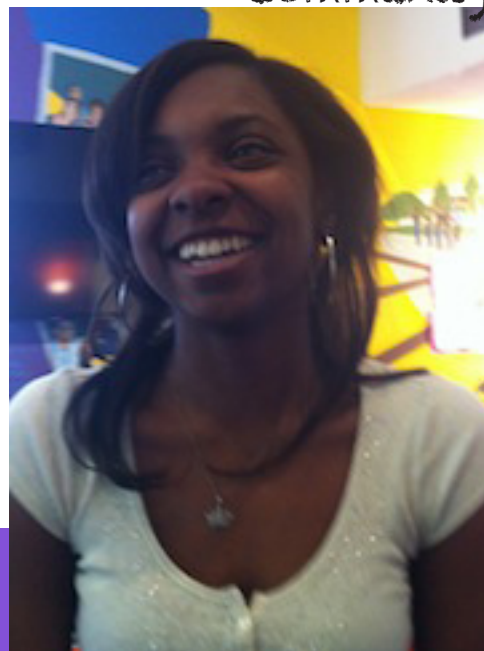
Byron P. McCrae
Dean of Students



Commentary

As a former member on COCA, now known as the HYPE Committee, for three years I always noticed a lack of diversity in student representation within Hampshire's "student government." With this always prominent on COCA, I noticed the interests and/or concerns of students were not equally represented. Hence, accommodating the musical interests of all students is a difficult task when planning Hampshire's large-scale events. Every year some part of the Hampshire community complains about the line-up for Hampshire Halloween and/or Spring Jam. There are a few steps we, Hampshire students, could take to fix this problem via more students could join HYPE and through students' band submissions for these events. HYPE Committee is a student group who organizes the event according to student interest.

JESSICA B. DOANES 10F



MAKE
A BIG
ASK
DIFFERENCE

**Save the date for the
Cultural Center's 11th annual
ASK for Social Justice program!**

**Gain the Attitudes, Skills and
Knowledge to help make a Big ASK
Difference!**

**Two day event focusing on
Micro-Aggressions**

Friday, February 21, 2014:

Keynote Speaker Dr. Derald Wing Sue, author of "Microaggressions in Everyday Life" and professor at Columbia University, will explain what a micro-aggression is, how it manifests itself, how it impacts people, and what we can do to address it.

Saturday, February 22, 2014:

All day conference with dynamic workshops for the Hampshire and Five College community.

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

SOURCE* Time

The “SOURCE Time with the College” dialogue series is a space created for students of color and international students to further engage in productive discussions with our institution’s president, administrators and College offices that began last Spring 2013 with the SOURCE community Dialogue with President Jonathan Lash (refer to *Inside* Vol. 5 Issue 2 Second Edition for report on that meeting).

October 22, 2013

Staff presenting: Jonathan Lash, Eva Rueschmann, Byron McCrae, Diana Fernandez. Approximately 24 students.

- ▶ Introductions of those in attendance
 - Provided preferred names and pronouns, & DIV Status
- ▶ Reflections on April Meeting
 - White students looking to “us” (students of SOURCE) for answers/education on the non-white student perspective
 - Trayvon Martin Verdict
 - Ethno burnout/stress
 - Wanting workshops for students, staff, and faculty about race
- ▶ Responsibilities of the President
 - To be the face of Hampshire College to the outside world
 - Shape institution’s values and how we act
 - Fundraising
 - Leading big initiatives on campus (Anti-Racism is the initiative this year, last year it was sustainability)
- ▶ October 11 Incident (Reasons for delayed response & vague details)
 - Some students were able to meet with Byron to discuss incident on 10/11/13
 - Wanted/wants student involved to maintain their privacy
 - External Review: Byron is currently looking for a good internal review system to follow to fairly review the incident
 - Harm Reduction/Substance use (info on specific drugs and their effects)
- ▶ Byron’s Update
 - ID Based: Cross Training/Collaboration of Houses
 - Compromising in forming/keeping houses



- Trying to meet/accomplish/work towards 2008 Action Awareness goals
- ▶ Diana’s Update
 - Is working on drafting a college diversity statement
 - Viewing Re-Rad documents, DIV III, etc. in preparing for the statement
 - Working with Strategic Planning Committee to push institution forward. Create a diversity council.
 - Will bring drafts to Nov. meeting
 - Wants to add #s to stories about experience at Hampshire College
 - Will send students/faculty/staff of color to complete a climate survey about their experiences at Hampshire College
 - Goal of survey is to improve the environment on campus to reduce these occurrences
 - Survey will be open for two (2) months—from December to February
- ▶ Eva’s Update
 - Works with Deans of the five academic schools—Critical Social Inquiry (CSI), Cognitive Science (CS), Humanities, Arts and Cultural Studies (HACU), Interdisciplinary Arts (IA), and Natural Science (NS)—at Hampshire College
 - Five (5) new faculty hired this year
 - Search for Dean of Multicultural Education
 - Eight (8) persons nominated
 - Close to narrowing down search for new hire
 - Laura Wenk is looking into issues with race & diversity
 - Activities for combating them include workshops, mentoring, teaching circles—professors, faculty and staff discuss areas of common interest

with the College

- Orientation Common Reading Concerns
 - Will examine who votes & its influence
 - Decision making process changes
 - Looking at alternatives to discussing book without author(s)
 - Looking at alternative to reading books before entering Hampshire
- ▶ Open up to students: Questions. Concerns. Advice.
 - Question about the shortage of professors of color for ethnic studies. Eva: “If you could gather information on the areas in high demand we can discuss it at the Deans’ Table...for [consideration in] hiring new faculty based on student interests...”
 - Question about how to recognize dynamics on a committee when faculty member does not share the identity of the (ethnic) studies.
 - Question about what are the steps to give student feedback about faculty? “dean of school the professor works follows up with me [Eva] about them...that’s the person to talk to...or go to Diana or the new dean of Multi. Edu.”
 - Further update was given on identity base housing policy/publications/processes from Community Advocacy student workers.
 - Questions about admissions application/review of students (concern that some students biases/prejudices are problematic). Suggestion from student is to have an admissions essay question about this.
 - Question about admissions HOME event...non-students of color invited to host? How is the cultural center dialogue being formatted?

November 18, 2013

- Approximately 15 students present.
- Small groups for students to meet with different offices/staff:
 - Jennifer Lawton – Financial Aid
 - Eva Rueschmann and Laura Wenk – Dean of Faculty office
 - Diana Fernandez – Chief Diversity Office
 - Miguel Santiago – Admissions
 - Melissa Scheid Frantz and O.C. Gorman – Multi-cultural & International Student Services (President Jonathan Lash had a family emergency and could not be present)
- MCP: race privilege who’s looking across student experiences if requirement is addressed in substance.
- Students need to feel welcome and safe in science fields. Example: Co-teaching CSI and CS/NS.
- Teach faculty to mentor first generation students of color (Becky Packard from Mount Holyoke College may come to Hampshire to offer guidance to dean of faculty office).
- Follow-up with faculty by Deans [re course eval feedback].
- Faculty need to structure what is expected for MCP. Student peer review of MCP statements.
- Deans need to see course evaluations with comments written by students.
- Faculty name what is happening in the classroom.
- Programming through Center for Teaching and Learning (e.g., topics below)
 - Facilitation skills for faculty on discussions about race
 - Be allies to students of color

FORMAT

Small group discussions based on themes of how to improve:

1. Students and offices interactions with each other
2. How to ensure students’ feedback about courses and professors is heard
3. Admissions and Financial Aid (clarity on process, policy, resources and options)

How to ensure students’ feedback about courses and professors is heard

- Cultural Center students work w/ Dean of Faculty office to put together “best practices” in teaching about race and racism.
- Protect faculty from burn out.
- Bring off campus people to do workshops.

Financial Aid

- Emergency money for international students (/students of color)
- Crowd Sourcing!!! Micro philanthropy for an emergency fund for financial aid (but defining “emergency,” not for need)
- Outside scholarships

Community

- Links are in new places, added very recently
- Find more outside scholarships
- Focus to include international experiences.
- Change financial aid policy? Concerns about distributing funds fairly how do we help students who have extreme circumstances (e.g. natural disaster?). Financial aid appeal process: What students can expect. Scholarships for underserved students. Emergency fund, via micro-philanthropy?
 - Would be help, not for full aid.

Dean of Students Byron McCrae announced at the beginning of the evening that the college has received a multi-year grant of \$20,000 that is to be used for anti-racism efforts. Students shared suggestions on how they'd like the funds to be used:

- Who can we contact to implement the privilege and dismantling white supremacy? (Mandatory)
 - Anti-Racist class/work
 - Action component.
- People of color retreat
- ASK Conference-mandatory!
- Requirement Distribution (anti-racist)
- White Privilege Living & Learning Community
- Expand the Cultural Center
- Books: The New Jim Crow, Black Boy, Other works by Richard Wright, Lies My Teacher Taught Me, Patricia Hill Collins, intersect.
- More events like Sweet Honey and the Rock.

- Anti-Racism workshops during orientation.
- Spike Lee film series.
- Ethnicity (e.g. different countries of origin)
- Broader ethnic studies
- Talking about race + class + gender, more intersectionality, collaboration with faculty + students to run anti-race workshops.

Admissions

- Present racism differently as an institution.
- Anti-racism in the application process. "How do you fight against your own privilege?"
- Real Experience + "I" statement panel for POC's by POC's (for HOME event).
- Check your privilege mirrors (Cultural Center had these last year).
- Question on the common app (supplement)+ interview
 - How do we dismantle white supremacy?
 - Describe the work you have done to be an active ally?
 - What is a privilege that you have that you have actively fought against or can fight against?
- The personal informing the political.

Invited staff said they would take the ideas and feedback from the small group discussions back to their respective areas to share with others.

Community Advocacy Union and Identity Based Housing



We, Community Advocacy Union (CAU), are reaching out to our community in hopes of collaboration and to inform you about some of the steps that we have taken to make Identity (ID) Based Housing more sustainable at Hampshire.

Community Advocacy Union is a network of students within the department of Community Advocacy comprised of the five social wellbeing centers on campus (Cultural Center, Queer Community Alliance Center, Center for Feminisms, Wellness Center, and Spiritual Life Center). The representatives of the five centers working for CAU are committed to making Hampshire a socially sustainable campus for all students. In this context CAU has been collaborating with Residential Life to document and establish an institutionally supported space for ID based housing. In this effort we came up with 3 main interconnected projects. The three projects are:

- A comprehensive booklet that explains and defines ID based housing by formulating rights, responsibilities, as well as logistics when it comes to these spaces and the people who live in them.
- The creation of a Guidance Committee to serve as a resource for students and Res Life throughout the academic year. This committee would hold the institution accountable when it comes to supporting and sustaining ID based housing.
- The creation of a Selection Committee to develop and employ criteria and methodology to select residents of ID based spaces.

In the upcoming semester, we are hoping to take steps in establishing the Selection Committee. This is important for determining the future residents of ID based housing and an opportunity to influence the process of sustaining our living spaces on this campus. Please contact us at cau@hampshire.edu if you have feedback or want to be apart of the process. For info on ID Based Housing see: <http://www.hampshire.edu/housing/3380.htm>.

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 chance 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

Raíces- students of Latin@ descent

UMOJA- students of African descent

James Baldwin Scholars

SISTERS, international women & women of color

MOCA- Men of Color Alliance

SOURCE groups have regularly scheduled meetings at the Cultural Center and organize numerous events and activities throughout the year. For information about how to get involved with a specific **SOURCE** group, email **SOURCE**: source@hampshire.edu. To contact all the **SOURCE** groups' student leaders, email: sourcesigners@lists.hampshire.edu.



Earth, Wind & Water

DYKEE GORRELL 13F



Far, far away in a distant galaxy exists a magical world, a world so magical it defies the very laws that govern nature. From the fluorescent beige capitals in the indigo night sky to the bright green neutrinos blasting upward from the rocky lava shores hover four feuding mountains. In the north sky rules the blue mountain god who's visible interior held all sea life and produced immense bodies of water, with every clock like turn followed tsunamis and limnic eruptions. To the south lived the yellow mountain god, whose very presence created winds stronger than solar winds produced by the solar systems gigantic sun. To the East stood the white mountain god whose interior produces a black flame, a flame so destructive that it burns through time and space itself, making the creation of universal phenomena, like black holes and magnetars, seem like child's play. The final mountain is one with pristine and grace, to the west stood the graceful brown mountain goddess whose interior produces life, while her exterior produces powerful branches and tress that exceeds both dark matter and gravity in strength. All four mountains have unique hybrid identities, both natural and human.

In the mountain gods and goddess distant past they all existed in natural isolation. They knew nothing of one another, only that there was something far greater than their own understanding. But nonetheless, they were blissfully ignorant. They all understood and were pleased with the environments that they lived in, satisfied with their level of knowledge. The white mountain god

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was not satisfied. He hated not knowing things; fore he believed that he was entitled to explore, to acquire and control all environments. He hated the idea of existing in isolation; fore he believed that globalization is key to acquiring a more universal peace through gaining knowledge. He simply hated not knowing. So one day he embarks upon a journey to learn everything there is to know about the world he lives in.

“Today is the day I venture into the world,” the white mountain god says pulling back his apex. His core starts to rumble as the environment around him suddenly disappears into his pale white beastly belly. “I’m ready.”

All of a sudden massive black flames shoots out the top of the mountain, blasting into the sky, inflaming everything in its path. Even time couldn’t out run its destruction. The white mountain gods flame created smaller black flames that would spread to every corner of the planet acting as his eyes, on his search for new knowledge. On his journey to develop infinite knowledge, the first mountain god he encounters is the blue mountain god of the northern skies. This is where things get real.

“These black flame are destroying everything,” The blue mountain god says.

“These are the flames produced by my core. Isn’t it wonderful?”

“No! You’re destroying everything,” He says enraged, “Who are you?”

“I am the white mountain god of the eastern skies and I’m in search of new knowledge, I’m sorry for burning everything but it’s the only way I know how to learn. So you’re going to let me destroy your land so that I can develop new knowledge about the beautiful world we live in.” He says intrigued by the blue mountain god’s physical differences. “Can you produce black flames from your core?” The white mountain god asks.

“No, I cannot. You are in the northern skies where I, the blue mountain god, rule, over all creation. So I’ll let you on a little secret...get the hell out of my domain before drench and destroy your pathetic black flames.”

“I am here on a mission to gather more knowledge and I will not be turned around, by your petty wants and lack of understanding. So I’ll let you in on a little secret...either you let my black flames devour everything that exists here or I’ll destroy you instead.”

“I will not sit back and let you kill everything that exists here, so that you can develop more knowledge about the world. You are going down white mountain god.”

“So be it.”

“Let’s go.”

While the center of the white mountain god begins to open black flames start to boil inside his stomach. They begin to say

“Die, blue mountain god, die,”

But the blue mountain god refuses to back down, fore he has too much riding on this one encounter. He begins to form massive whirlpools over the head of the white mountain god, attempting to smash this immense body of water down on the white mountain god’s head. Quickly reacting to his attack, the white mountain god instantly pulled back his apex and sent black flames flying upward, dismantling the powerful water attack. The blue mountain god was surely impressed by his opponent’s level of speed and strategically began to transition from attack mode into the defensive by forming a massive water barrier to protect him from the black flames. The white mountain gods apex begins to close as he begins to form more black flames in his belly.

“I’ll destroy you,” the white mountain god says feeling more and more confident after destroying the blue mountain god’s first water attack.

“Don’t get comfortable, you haven’t seen the best of what I can do,” says the blue mountain god jumping into the air, like a kangaroo. When the white mountain god draws his body back, attempting to follow the blue mountain gods movements, he was in awe at what he saw. The blue mountain god had transformed his mountain shaped body into liquid water, that stretched across the entire sky. Lite by the universes natural illuminations, the blue mountain god had gained confirmation because he was now in allegiance with the universe and all its power. Galaxies, stars, planets, entire solar systems became visible. Even dark matter decided to come out of hiding and show some support, but the white mountain god was not intimidated. He says:

“That’s nothing.”

He then opens his belly and launched black flames into space, piercing through the blue mountain god’s liquid body and destroying the fabric of the universe.



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