

*"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity" ~Horace Mann*

# The Record

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Friday, 25th, April 2008

## 1939-2008?



My last words.

Throughout the entire term I have been racking my brain as to what my last editorial would be. At times I thought maybe I could just go all out and say some things I have wanted to say for three years. I am angry, angry that I didn't graduate from the place I have dedicated so much energy towards, but instead of saying angry things I want to celebrate my time here. So, with that said, I want to say thanks to the people that have made my time here enjoyable. Natalie Adams, you are a beautiful, brilliant and talented person. I have traveled thousands of miles with you; you have been there when I needed a shoulder to lament on. You are my sister and best friend, and I can only hope to be more like you. Rachel Hamilton, our friendship was rocky in the beginning but it has blossomed into something beautiful that I wouldn't trade for anything. You laugh at my jokes (when no one else does), and you're my dance partner forever. You are also my sister, my confidante and I am a better person for having known you. Ethan Bassett, you haven't been around for a long time but the time you have been around has been special, you put up with my humor, you show me sincere respect, and I love you. You are my brother. Rachel (Pink) Smith, first year you were my partner in crime. You were there for me when I was going through a very difficult time and never left my side. Seeing that you share my sense of humor we have developed many precious

At a time like this, I hardly know what to say. We should all be celebrating the success of so many of our peers, who have worked hard, grown, struggled, and given their all to graduate. We should all revel in their achievement, and it should be an inspiration to this entire institution. Alas, an ominous cloud hangs over this campus, blocking the radiance of this otherwise brilliant day. After 155 years of progressive teaching, real-world education, and academic excellence, this institution will be condemned to the pages of history, an idea and memory still certainly, but a living entity no longer. I guess I am between two minds. Half of me wants to celebrate Antioch College, be positive, and follow Bryan's lead, thanking all my closest friends and the staff and faculty who have made a profound impact on my life. The other half is angry, ashamed to see the dream of Horace Mann come to a most unfitting demise after so many years.

I visited the Mann monument in the Glen for the first time this week. It is a beautiful site, a powerful statue perched atop a lovely stone pedestal. A pair of hawks flew high above as the sun warmed the earth with its gentle rays. Blooming flowers were present everywhere, and lit up the landscape with dramatic splashes of purple and red. I was lulled by the sartorial splendor of the scene, but also saddened. The stone pedestal of

memories. I love you apples. Nicole Crouch Diaz you are one in a million there is no one else in this world who is more fun to do work with. I met you when we were supposed to be working on a Comcil committee assignment and instead we got tanked and told jokes. We were instant friends. You have slapped sense into me when I needed it the most and I thank you for your loving friendship. Justine Houghton, we met when I was co-oping in the gym and was yelling at you on the phone about not coming to work. The fact that two days later we became friends showed that you are a fair and just person who can see past anything without judgment. You made my boring days at the gym wonderful to say the least. I love you. Corrie Frohlich I also met you when I was on co-op in the gym. you made work fun, but you made dancing even more fun. You are an inspiration to me. You show that even at a school as disorganized as this one you can shovel it up and make it work. With little pay I might add. You have been a strong genuine community leader and you make me proud to be your friend. Beca, our friendship has only recently blossomed but nonetheless I have enjoyed our time together. You're a beautiful artist with a great taste in music. I only wish there would be more opportunities for us to throw parties. Our friendship is just beginning and I look forward to seeing it well into the future. Philip Wooten, although one specific person made it his agenda to put a barrier between you and I, we broke through that barrier. You have shown me love

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the sculpture was crumbling, clearly in disrepair. Around the base, what were once lovely bushes and flowers have become overgrown weeds. The rock was cracked and holes had begun to appear, and as I circled the monument, situated in a clearing surrounded by dense plant growth, I felt as though the site had become neglected, and though it still received some visitors, it was fading from a monument to a ruin, becoming a relic of history, a forgotten reminder of a different time and place. I thought that this must be the perfect image, the ideal metaphor, to describe my feelings about our beloved college. The crowing touch? The shoes of our beloved founder have been painted, most fittingly, a vibrant red, by some unknown artisan or jester. This little sliver of creativity brought a sad smile to my face, for what could be more Antiochian? A little humorous touch added to an otherwise stoic monument. Serious, but light hearted as well. I will carry this image in my mind for many years. For as we all set forth in our bright red bronze shoes, no matter were our footsteps lead, we shall never walk alone.

To those who seek to destroy our home, and silence our voices, be ashamed, for no victory for humanity has been won on this day. For all of us who will leave here with Antioch College in our hearts, souls, and thoughts, hold your head up high. Although our campus may close, our narrative has not seen

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# The Record Was...

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*Reporter*

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*Weapons Expert*

Special Thanks To: The Antioch College Commu-  
niy, Kay Bauer, and all of our faithfull readers.



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# Letters and Op=Eds

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See you in Exile

On a night in January, I was looking at myself in the mirror of my bathroom at 4 a.m. I couldn't sleep. Everything was theoretically okay though: I was safely escaping the winding down of Antioch, I was being reasonable and attentive to my feelings and health. I had taken a sound decision considering the circumstances, the little hope, the dimming down, the bruises, and I was supported in it by virtually everyone I knew. Until then, this rational discourse had satisfied and comforted me.

But at 4 a.m. in that cold empty bathroom, it was suddenly different. Maybe because of the insomnia that had turned my nights into atrociously agitated marathons for the past three weeks. Or maybe it came from the thought that classes would be starting soon at Antioch, and that I wouldn't be there.

But at that point, the fact that I was ashamed of myself was inescapable. It wasn't even an irrational shame, a post-traumatic, subjective guilt about leaving the battlefield before it was over, the ship before it sank.

No, that shame was rooted in something very rational, and was completely justified.

"You've always pretended you wanted to fight for social justice," I told myself, "you want to dedicate your life to political struggle, you're hoping to find a cause one day, to be part of something bigger, and you want to be ready to meet the challenge, to stand up, to be brave, fight for it, see it through. And exactly when that comes at your door, you can't even recognize it for what it is? And what do you do? You run away, because it's wearing you down?"

I wasn't done scolding myself: "Integrity, responsibility, resilience...they don't start in a hypothetical future, when you'll have your degree, be qualified, when you're hired, when you choose a cause, when Subcomandante Marcos calls." The cause, in a way, chooses you, it chose you. It tells you here you are, this is the issue, the unjust situation, the oppressive system to dismantle, what will you do about it?"

There was nothing to be proud of. The hypocrisy of my situation was inescapable, blatant, vulgar.

I thought I should take responsibility for my choices though, and see through them anyway. I thought I would let this mistake be the first real regret of my life, and that I'd learn from it so as to not make it again.

Staying at Antioch in Exile is a huge leap of faith for students. It's a risk, and it certainly should not be seen in purely idealistic terms; it is not merely a question of ideology or faith, of learning vs degree, of loyalty or of political consciousness. It involves issues of degrees of privilege and presents risks of transforming itself into an elitist, inaccessible institution for many students. The responsibility of the

Exile organizers/ funders and of the CRF is crucial in making sure that Non Stop Antioch off campus next year is not a possibility for the privileged only. And it should be an essential part of those already committed to exile to make sure that these issues are solved and that Non Stop Antioch off campus is indeed as open, all-encompassing, accessible and democratic as possible. So that the material, tangible risk is reduced to the minimum, and we are left with the liberty to deal with the political commitment that it represents.

Because Antioch in Exile *is* a political stance. We will be part, and have already been part of a fight much bigger than ourselves: the resistance to the Corporatization of Higher Education. Chancellor Toni Murdock has on many occasions made clear her vision of Higher Education. A delocalized, virtual classroom, with no tenure, unions, community, shared governance and... no students either, ----at least not without the protection of a computer screen. Her vision is in line with the neo-cons/neoliberal ideology of the destruction of the public sphere, the dismantlement of community structures of governance/resistance, the undermining of the local. Just as Margaret Thatcher claimed that "there is no such thing as society, only individuals [and their family]", Toni Murdoch is telling us that in her vision of higher education, there is no such thing as community, only customers, and the service they are willing to pay for.

I'm glad that I don't have to move to Chiapas to fight neoliberal globalization. I can do it right here, in my community. I've often been uprooted, and I've never learned accountability. I flee when things go wrong. But that is also something that neo-cons/neo-liberals are counting on, in order to bring about their society-that-isn't-a-society: the loss of attachment to the local, the loss of accountability to one's community, the loss of political responsibility to our direct environment.

As an individual, I can come and go and choose what the best place for me is, look for comfort and for what a place can provide me; I can also choose to leave when a place is not providing me with what I want anymore. I could do that, and be a customer, in Toni Murdoch-Thatcher's world.

Or I could choose to resist that impulse and decide that I'm also responsible to my community, even when I would get better "service" somewhere else, even when it crumbles down to the floor, even when it is driving me insomniac. I'm not postponing my political commitment to an ulterior time or a better place; full of my uncertainty, awkwardness and unreadiness, unprepared but eager, I'll start tomorrow. I've already started.

With more love and gratitude than I'll ever be able to give back to you Antiochians; see you in Exile,

Jeanne Kay



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# Letters and Op-Eds

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Antioch is a place that I will never forget and that I will always remember. As a spiritual person I now know that it is God (whatever name you choose to give him/her) who blessed me with the know-with-all to choose Antioch College and to complete my undergraduate education. It was an American education unique to liberal arts education in America. To this day I cannot thank my human ancestors who preceded me in the Civil Rights Movement and the Abolition Movement before it at Antioch College in little old Yellow Springs Ohio. I neither am prepared to let go or to say good-bye. It is a sincere prayer of mine that Antioch College remains open and that the Board of Trustees and the Antioch College Continuation Corporation agree to such an autonomous agreement.

I did not know as a teenager entering Antioch College that I'd settle down in Yellow Springs Ohio nor that I'd enjoy working with students, faculty, staff, and administration of Antioch College as an adult well into my thirties. Yet it is true. Here I stand having been impacted by and hopefully at my best impacted Antioch College in miraculous ways only God could conjure up. Now it is important to me that all you agnostics and people that do not believe in God out there not right me off as a televangelist or evangelical Christian with the Christian Right or something.

Believing that this is not the case I appreciate your time and your understanding as we proceed with this particular piece of writing. It is at Antioch College where I remember becoming an adult and first finding my voice. Now I found this voice in various venues. It was fun all the while educational and an equal exchange between fellow students, staff, and faculty. I truly open space where everyone could learn together.

The SOPP was first revealed to the adoring public when I was a Freshman at Antioch. For those of you who have read my writing before you all know that I was interviewed in Newsweek, Eye to Eye W/ Connie Chung, and Front Page W/ Ronald Reagan Jr. True stories. My desire to be famous was fed by becoming a media love child. I simply approached every news team and so went the scheduling of interviews of my friends and I. I do not have any pictures from my Antioch College days that I can readily find in my hunt for Red October (seriously folks I'm just kidding about the Sean Connery film)

I was in a record breaking number of student films videos and plays while a student. I don't know if any record is kept of these things.

In this struggle to write this piece I can think of some tear jerking memories both tears of joy and tears of sadness.

It seems that being incarcerated for a political demonstration in '95 is one of the sad tearjerkers. I did not ever foresee such a life as a Sophomore and nor did any one else ever foresee such an experience in Higher Education. Upon freedom I was offered a Plea Bargain that immediately expunged my record by Columbus, Ohio's Franklin County Courts, Judge, Prosecutor, yada yada yada. My pro-bono lawyers, God bless their hearts, recommended it and next to jail time it did look appealing. In hindsight the Columbus P.D. only offered the plea bargain, because in my humble opinion, they knew they made a big mistake. We could of counter sued for everything but the kitchen sink. I returned to Antioch a hero, not a self desired nor given title, that is real. We all stood for truth, justice, honor, equality, and peace. We studied, traveled, and worked side by side. The rest of my Antioch experience tops even this story and the thing about Antioch is that we grow as a community together.

Now It is not necessary for me to archive my Antioch College experience here. That is done in the Record. What will become of Antioch College? I was one of the first to declare that we do not need the property and that we can have the same ideals and teachings in a different location in Yellow Springs. The truth is that the land that Antioch lives in is sacred. It is a magical land unlike anything else anyone

else has experienced in life. Forgive me for being sentimental.

Another story to share. My fiancé Ms.T. (pronounced Misty) and I met on campus during a homecoming where Louise Smith cast me in a play about the history of Yellow Springs and Antioch College. I did dishes to make ends meet and Ms.T. was my office manager. This was in '03, the terrible year the Iraq Genocide began. We'd planned to get married on Antioch College's Campus during the summer of '09. What is the fate of our beloved safe space of joy.

What words of wisdom can I leave with the Antioch Record for what may possibly be its last issue. Brother Where Art Thou? Nick Clooney, George Clooney's father, is working on helping to save Darfur in the Sudan. The Sudanese government has launched a barbaric genocide against the people who live in this part of their country.

In prayer that the people of Darfur, Iraq, and Inner City America will live in peace. Amen.

I pray that Sen. Obama gets the nod and is elected president. It will be an historic day and has been ever since he decided to run for office. I praise God that both he and Sen. Clinton are firsts every day in America as they continue their race for the Democratic Nomination for the President of the United States of America.

From the bottom of my heart, I feel that Antioch College is the best American Education any college student in the world can get. The classroom, co-op, classroom format allow the Antioch College student insight into society, life, and culture that no other school provides.

Albeit, I am biased, however, not alone. Academic journals and College ratings have always rated Antioch College at the top of their intellectual recommendations to students everywhere for as long as I can remember. It is my prayer that big business, war profiteers, and oil mongers will not destroy the precious land that Antioch has changed American History for the better on.

The International, Inter-cultural diversity of Antioch College is one of my fondest memories and joys of current events here as they unfold on campus.

I traveled with a group of students as a student to see Henry Louis Gates Speak at the Victoria Theater in Dayton, Ohio. Also in the mid-nineties James Farmer came to speak and I was able to see, meet, hear, listen, and ask questions of this late great Civil Rights Worker all in the Antioch Inn. Dr. Steve Schwerner taught me Cross-Cultural Studies. Dr. Masolo taught me African Philosophy. I traveled all over America with Antioch College's African American History Cross-Cultural Studies Program and the Environmental Field Program. The Undoing Racism Workshops conducted by New Orleans People's Institute for Survival and Beyond and hosted by Bill and Joan Chappelle's Wellness Center took up residence here in our village. I had the privilege and honor of being the first and last Undoing Racism Coordinator of the Wellness Center during the summer of '95. I was twenty then, the age of my soon to be stepson Randal.

Om Shanthi Om

Jude Demers

'97

Non-stop Antioch Rocks

One Love

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## *Congratulations Graduates of 2008. Leave and Win Victories for Humanity.*

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# Letters and Op-Eds

## Masculinity and a Personal Note

By Alaa Jahshan

I remember talking to some friends and the words, “I hate heterosexuals!” came spewing out of my mouth as I realized I was surrounded by several of them. So what, I thought, I’ve heard people around me my whole life say they hate homosexuality, disgusted by it, wouldn’t even consider discussing it, sin itself. I wanted to say fuck you, and I still do. It makes me feel better, but it doesn’t accomplish anything.

First, I thought, I need to deal with my own problems. I feel hate towards traditional heterosexuals and hetero-normative culture. I am many times resentful of the male culture I grew up in, consequently leaving me with an insecure image of manhood and sexuality. Stereotypical men were obscure to me; they interested me because of how oddly charged they were. For lack of a better description, these were the dude bros, man. It was an identity that I felt I had to habituate because my other options did not make much sense. Hell, I had the privilege of physically being one of them, but still I became resentful because I didn’t thrive in that kind of population.

The next step, I thought, was to step out of my privileged male self, when I could do this safely, and try to do it every day. I didn’t do this at all until I came to the US and was surrounded by friends whom I trust. Even writing this I am stepping out of my male privilege, possibly threatening a certain masculine identity. Since I became so comfortable with my adjusted identity, I had trouble switching back at times and any time I did, I became more frustrated. After being more comfortable with myself as a person, I gained some insight into what is going on around me.

During the Spring Dance Concert, a group of Salsa dancers stopped during a performance to ask the audience for some ‘conflict’ in their story line, ‘tension’ was another word they used. After several suggestions, one audience member said that the male dancer should be gay, and one of the female dancers should be a lesbian. Wow, I sarcastically thought, this is so very entertaining that he is gay and she is a lesbian. I sat through the performance and listened to the audience laugh behind me at our male dancers’ gay imitations and the female dancer’s attempt to be with another female. It’s

really not that big of a deal, I thought trying to calm myself, but homosexuality as an item is being laughed at, regardless of its logic, it made me uncomfortable.

About a year ago I heard about a big budget film being released in Egypt. There were articles and press releases about it discussing how interesting it was that this film wasn’t censored. The film dealt with ‘controversial’ (suppressed) issues such as the working class, Islamic movements, and homosexuality. The articles said nothing else, and I was surprised, filled with hope. This film, also including some top Egyptian movie stars, was distributed all over the Middle East, even reaching Europe and the US. I had to watch this film. As I was watching it, I was ecstatic. Part of the subplot included a homosexual journalist. As the plot evolves, we understand that this journalist solicits sex from men. Later we find out that he had a debilitating childhood, which led to his ‘misfortunate’ gay urges, and later he gets murdered. I didn’t even watch the rest of the damn movie; I couldn’t care about the heterosexual protagonists.

These two small glimpses into my life keep reminding me that I don’t want things to keep bogging me down because I want to move forward, I want to keep learning, and I want to keep producing, but I will not be told I am an aberration any longer. I am done taking bullshit from people, I’ve let the grownups teach me what they wanted to teach me, and now I am going to do things from my perspective.

## 2008 Antioch College Hip Hop Convergence



# Spring Dance Performance 2008



## HOROSCOPES

Adam Rose

The day has arrived. These are my last horoscopes, the final revelation. The End Times are truly the best times to be alive. How much more excitement could you ask for? Enjoy 2012 when it rolls around. I wish you all Peace and the best of luck. However, remember that the Prince of Peace declared “I come not to bring peace, but to bring a sword,” and that this is the Age of Kali. Instead, I wish transformation and liberation for all those willing and brave enough, rather than the stasis and conformity held out as if it were a blessing. It’s still the Age of Pisces, my pretties. Fly, fly! Goodbye.

**ARIES:** Enjoy being yourself. Your life will be full of adventure. You will start many things that others will have to finish. In your old age, you will have some rather fantastic stories to tell, half of which will actually be true.

**TAURUS:** Enjoy the good food, the wine, the music and nice clothes you will continually encounter throughout your life’s journey. Just remember that you’re not what you own, and to share some of the fruits of your labors with those dear to you.

**GEMINI:** As you move through life continually seeking to see it all and do it all, you’ll eventually think you know it all, and in your old age your wit will truly be intolerable. However, you’ll be an entertaining and excellent friend to the very end.

**CANCER:** You will continually seek emotional stability from others, only to discover finally that others rely on the emotional stability they find with you. Remember that you are an individual, and that the universe will provide for you.

**LEO:** You know who you are, and are proud of that. Your life’s work essentially is to let other people know that you know this. It’s a tough job, but somebody’s got to do it. What better person than you?

**VIRGO:** You will help many people throughout your life. Sometimes people may not appreciate your help—however the fact is that the world needs you. Without you, everything would come crumbling down in minutes.

**LIBRA:** The harmony you bring to others and the world around you ultimately is an expression of your inner self. It is destined that you will become renowned for your refined intelligence and sincere charm.

**SCORPIO:** You will die and be reborn many times in the same life. Your unwavering intensity and desire to experience the extremes will lead you to the discovery of deep things. As you get older, break your silence to share some of your secrets.

**SAGITTARIUS:** In this life, you will discover that your mind can take you somewhere faster than your feet can. However, your feet will often follow where your mind goes. In this way, you will travel all over the world, and truly see it all.

**CAPRICORN:** If you hate your boss now, think about the fact that you’re likely to one day be the boss. What kind of boss will you be? Consider this carefully and you’ll be remembered for greatness.

**AQUARIUS:** There’s still another 500 years to go before we actually enter the Age of Aquarius. In other words, you’re still way ahead of your time. Your inventions, discoveries, and creativity will surely be recognized.

**PISCES:** You’re here to bring spiritual energy into the physical realm. Even if outer space is just a swim away, stay on Earth a while and enjoy the scenery. Your innate cunning and imagination will ensure your survival in any circumstance.



The Olive by Lue-  
Library books in order  
Knowledge waiting to be found  
Words with no readers  
Sue (aka Lue)  
Sue Weldon  
Reference Librarian  
Olive Kettering Library

*Continued from page 2*

when I felt unloved and you made me laugh when I was depressed. You have been my gay buddy in a sea of lesbians no strings attached and you have shown me the utmost respect and I could not thank you more for our friendship. I love you. Kathleen Bauer, it all started with a conversation about the Supreme Court and a friendship was born. You are brilliant. I have enjoyed the countless conversations about politics that you have given me these past three years. You have dedicated your life to helping people less fortunate. You are one of a few who have won many victories for humanity already. I am privileged to call you my friend. Last but not least the love of my life, Kari Thompson, I remember when we first met it was love at first sight. Our love should be written into the history books for the generations to hear and learn from. I look up to you, you are my hero and I look forward someday going to one of those queer retirement homes. When we arrive they won't know what hit'em. We are going to be bringing sexy back well into our 90s. I love you with all my heart.

Antioch has been my home for three years I have become a better person because of my education at this historic institution. I have done amazing things, developed loving and lasting relationships and edited a newspaper. I fell in love

at Antioch an even though that relationship didn't work out I am a better and stronger person for it. Although it is time for me to start the next chapter in my life I will always look back at Antioch and I will always consider myself an Antiochian. I will carry the teachings learned at Antioch throughout my whole life. I have been privileged to call this my home. I love you Antioch.

P.S. I didn't want to forget to thank each and every one of the record writing staff and John Platt, always professional, sometimes a little late, but nonetheless you made this paper possible. I wish you all luck in your future. And to my partner in crime Edward Perkins, it has been an honor to be your co-editor. We have faced a lot, but always continued and got the job done. We succeeded with what we set out to do. You made me sane in some insane situations. You're a good friend and a good person and I know this will not be the last time we see each other. I hope to see you twenty years down the road editing the New York Times. I love you buddy. Although the buildings will crumble and the people will leave none can kill the spirit of this important and historic institution. Goodbye Antioch. Goodbye old friend.

-Bryan Utley, Editor, Spring 2008

*Continued from page 2*

its final chapter, and our story will continue to unfold.

Thank you to my dear friends, from campus and co-op, who have stood by my side. To my professors, thank you for all you have taught me, and know that I have grown as a result. For our staff, thank you for your dedication and friendliness. I will miss you all so much. To Bryan Utley and the whole Record staff, I give my unconditional love, and deepest thanks for making this a memorable and life-changing experience. It's been real.

-Edward Perkins, Editor, Spring 2008



# *In Memoriam - 1852-2008?*

