The legacy of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is one worth remembering yearly. And if you were present at the MLK Dinner Celebration, you could swear his spirit was there with us. As students, faculty, and professors - from all walks of life - joined the OIIL Office to remember Dr. King.

The Carleton Hmong Students (CHS) performed A Hmong’s Christmas Carol where they presented their family’s versions of The Dream as the Ghost of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Future showed the sacrifices their parents had given them so that they could gain a better education. Students walked up to the podium and spoke on Dr. King’s contributions to their personal lives and to our American society as a whole. They shined light on the tensions, the struggles, and the triumphs that we experience everyday. They spoke of Carleton, the US, and the world, all alluding to the hope that Dr. King’s passion has inspired us to go forth and prevail.

What can we learn about Dr. Martin Luther King’s faith and the people that he surrounded himself by? If Bayard Rustin is erased from our history books due to his sexuality, what does it say about Dr. King having Dr. Rustin in his inner circle? Dr. King understood the deeper layers of homophobia, and it was no different then the oppression that also kept black people pigeon held in their circumstance.

Our leaders can learn more from Dr. King than just powerful speeches and public image. Dr. King was a true man to his word, clued in to all oppressions that exist in this world and led by example. We learned this and so much more at the Martin Luther King Celebration.

(Continue to next page for excerpts of speeches presented at the MLK Celebration.)

Diversity Institute: White Privilege 101
Mari Ortiz ‘12

In an effort to have a supportive and constructive conversation about race and the effects that it has in all of our lives, OIIL brought two facilitators for the Diversity Institute.

Together they were able to depict the existence of “white privilege” and “internalized racial oppression” in a way that was insightful for many in the room. They provided concrete examples about white privilege that ranged from percentages of white representatives in politics, art, theatre, magazines, television, etc. These facts gave the group an understanding of how mainstream America is not always accepting of all the forms difference.

(Story continues on page 3)
What Does Martin Luther King Mean to Me Today?  
- Alsa Bruno ’12

Hope. Justice. Racial equality. Not only tolerating the differences of others, but appreciating them for their variety. Unity. Love. Martin Luther King is an icon for anyone who is in need of any of these. When I think of Martin Luther King, I’m reminded that somewhere in the world, there are people who feel so strongly about the rights of all people that they are willing to live for nothing else. When I think of Martin Luther King, I’m reminded that, no matter how hard it is to stand up, it is possible to rise above the hurt and despair of hatred and injustice to walk against the grain of embittered apathy. When I think of Martin Luther King, I’m reminded that we’ve come too far, we, the men and women of America, we, all people of America, have come too far to turn back. Our nation’s history is riddled with failed revolutions and half-hearted attempts to make a difference, but it is also propellled by the faith instilled in the successes of our predecessors, engaging the change they wished to see and employing all that dream of that change to aid in bringing that change about. America has been infected with a condescendingly sanctimonious complacency that has allowed it to defend its wrongs and silence many a mouth against it, but we have discovered this illness and, with the dream of MLK at our disposal, (the dream of a country where all respect the dignity and worth of human personality, a dream of a nation where all our gifts and resources are held not for ourselves alone but as instruments of service for the rest of humanity, a dream yet unfulfilled) we are radically dissolving its power as we reach out to those in need, protect the rights of our neighbors, and continue to stand against injustice wherever it appears. Martin Luther King once said: “If a physical death is the price that some must pay to free their children and their brothers from a permanent life of psychological death, then nothing could be more moral.” When I think of Martin Luther King, I’m reminded that the fight isn’t over and that I will live my life to bring that dream to pass because “the arc of the universe is long but it bends toward justice.”

Dr. King’s Legacy of Prophecy and What it Means at Carleton  
- Marlene Edelstein ‘11

Since asked to write this reflection on Dr. King’s “I Have a Dream Speech” I have spent a lot of time wondering what it is about that speech that touches so many people, why so many of us identify with it, why it is so culturally ubiquitous and why, even though it was plastered on a poster in all of my elementary school classrooms, it remains a deeply moving and relevant speech and a clear articulation of a world that many of us still dream of.

I have come to think that this speech holds so much power because in it, Dr. King dares to be hopeful, to paint a picture of a different world. The practice of describing the world you want is an extraordinary exercise; it takes courage to envision your ideal community, country and world, to act as a creative prophet who offers new solutions rather than a critic whose sole focus is to condemn. We have many more critics than prophets.

At Carleton, I find myself in the mindset that the only skills I need to hone are my analytic ones and that my default mode should be one of criticism. In this preoccupation, I have at times excused myself from creating or dreaming up anything of my own; it has been easy to be a critic. This is not to say that critics are unimportant; I believe they are essential. Merely that it is dangerous to be fully satisfied by understanding the nature of the problem without challenging ourselves to seek or create our own solutions.

Dr. King was a prophet because he not only understood the systems of racial and economic injustice at play, but dared to describe something new. His speech is extraordinary because so many of us still find his goal, his vision a representation of our goals and visions for our communities and world. Dr. King’s dream, even though it was written so many years ago, is alive because it remains a compelling and poignant picture. His prophecy has lasted longer than most.

When I read Dr. King’s dream, I hunger for more. I yearn to read the books, poems, plays, speeches of other prophets. I want to learn from prophets with diverse life experiences from which I can piece together my individual vision and dream of the future. To honor Dr. King today, I propose we expose ourselves to more dreams. On this day of celebration, I suggest we remind ourselves of the poets, activists, philosophers, writers, musicians and teachers that inspire all of us and find dreamers not yet part of our consciousness.
The facilitators then transitioned to internalized racial oppression, where they showed the effects of white privilege on the community of color. The facilitators talked about racial identities and the processes in which many people transition through as they manage their identity within the United States context.

The group was divided into two caucuses: the “white caucus” and the “persons of color caucus.” It was within these caucuses students felt the liberty to ask certain questions that they would not have asked under other circumstances for fear of offending someone.

Despite the initial shock that many students had about being segregated by color, most of the students opened up to this opportunity because they trusted the facilitators.

Overall, the experience was a beneficial one. Some of the continuing questions that the group was left to ponder were: How can we engage more white students on the topic of race and racism? What do students of color need so that campus can be a safe environment for them to grow and come to an understanding of the racial identity? How can we be supportive for each other as we both learn the concept and effects of white privilege and the role that it plays in internalized racial oppression?

White Privilege 101 was hosted by the OII and co-hosted by the Student Activities Office.

Cover Story:
White Privilege 101 - continued

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Sandra Cisneros Visits Carleton College - Stephy Guerrero '11

The Office of Intercultural and International brought Sandra Cisneros, an American novelist, short-story writer, essayist, and poet, to Carleton College in early October. Sandra spoke at the Latino Heritage Month Convocation and read from her most recent work Writing in My Pajamas, in her pajamas.

When OIIL asked me to introduce Sandra Cisneros, I didn’t think twice before saying yes. Cisneros’ A House on Mango Street was a huge part of my early academic life and my childhood, and I was more than happy to take a trip down memory lane and write an introduction speech for convocation. Introducing Cisneros was a great honor, but what stuck with me the most about her visit to Carleton was the student dinner with her the night before convocation.

The dinner was very casual and cozy with yummy tamales and everyone scattered about the living room in Casa del Sol. It was informal, so we were able to meet Sandra Cisneros, The Writer, as opposed to Sandra Cisneros, The Author. The Writer was not concerned about promoting her books or associations and she was not worried about filtering or censoring herself. Sandra Cisneros, The Writer, is a person and not a business like The Author. And The Writer spoke about something that I believe struck a chord with everyone assembled at the dinner and later with those at the convocation. Sandra Cisneros spoke about writing in her pajamas.

“Most people, when they write, think that they have to put on a voice that isn’t theirs, that they have to get all dressed up,” remarked Cisneros. Writing can be very difficult when the natural voice isn’t used, and the natural voice isn’t used often here at Carleton. Cisneros offers another approach to writing and suggests, “imagine that you are in your pajamas and are speaking to somebody who knows you very well, who you are comfortable sitting with in your pajamas. Imagine talking your paper first, in that voice.” Writing in this way for a first draft allows us, you, to sound like you, and not somebody you’re not. Carleton, with all of its prestigious-ness, can unfortunately keep us from our true voices, because we become overly concerned with sounding academic and getting that glorious ‘A’ on a paper.

Sandra Cisneros, through her works and with the unique texture and voice of her Chicana-Mexican heritage, expresses feelings of displacement, longing, and alienation. She speaks about cultural and social concerns. What it is to be a woman, a Latina, a human. Cisneros both speaks and writes with a true voice which empowers her and her works further. She writes from the heart. She writes in her pajamas. And I think we should put aside our dressy attire and don our pajamas more often, so we can dust off our true voices and let them speak for a bit.

Wherefore Art Thou Carleton? - Beserat Kelati ‘12

Deep sigh. I cannot believe I am about to say this, but I miss Carleton College. Carleton and I have a definite love-hate relationship. While on campus, I desperately count down the days until the next break. Now that I am in Denmark, although I can definitely use the break from an academically rigorous term, I still miss it tremendously. I think it’s the satisfaction of hanging out with amazing people. Late night in Stimson talking about life and discussing the best way to pull an all-nighter has kept me sane through these tough two years. As I look back, half way down with my Carleton career, I cannot help but appreciate every single moment and memory that I had encompassed.

When I first stepped on the Carleton Campus, I was excited like any other perspective student. The thought of independence, living out-of-state, and college excited me. I mean, honestly, won’t going to a place far from home with interesting conversations and quirky people excite you? Carleton and I met in the summer of 2006. After multiple visits, I was convinced Carleton was the school for me. I practically paid for my first term’s tuition with all the plane tickets I purchased visiting. There was some magnetic attraction that I felt
with the institution. I realized that my love for Carleton was due to the interactions and relationships I had formed with Carls. My college essays were checked by Carls. Most enjoyable dinners in Houston were with Carls. Most of my college wear also revealed my spirit for the blue and maize knight. Everything was equated with Carleton. So, I said yes to Carleton and turned in my deposit for it to be followed with a Drag Queen Show. Only at Carleton can this happen.

My freshmen year was my toughest year. I had learned life lessons and most important developed friendships that I will carry for the rest of my life. I had a group of older sisters looking out for me. From Spanish tutoring, mid-night paper checks, choosing classes, bad decision repercussions, injuries, and illnesses – they were there. Girl talk was also essential. Although, I wasn’t necessarily class of 2009 or 2007, I felt a place was always open for me. I was “dubbed” an official class member. Looking through pictures and videos, images and footage can illustrate the dance moves, potlucks, karaoke, parties, and relationships.

My sophomore year wasn’t as shaky. I had learned the ropes and assisted my freshmen. Like the previous class, I took it upon myself to help underclassmen adjust and enjoy their first year—just like I had been helped the year before. I had changed though. Friday and Saturday night parties were replaced with movie nights and chillin’. I had become old. Okay, old isn’t the best word – more like responsible. Class work was definitely more durable and my love for Sociology and Education began. Applications for Learning Works Collaborative, Danish Institute for Study Abroad, Australia Social Welfare Program, and Mellon Mays Fellowship came with acceptances. So, seems like everything was working out, right?

Although, I was beginning to find my niche, separation from what I’ve known (family and friends) was increasing in unfamiliarity. Constant phone calls back to Houston were replaced with face-to-face conversations at Carleton. However, I slowly began to understand that I am starting to grow up. Although certain relationships were diminishing, other great ones were forming. I had to learn to just roll with the flow. I feel this realization was produced with my experiences abroad. My experiences and growth would not have been possible without Carleton.

Carleton introduced me to more than just knowledge – it introduced me adventure and the world. It introduced me to happy Danes, Christmas markets in Vienna, French delights by the Eifel Tower, Roman architecture in Rome, and the modernization of Istanbul. It taught me that China has this Great Firewall censorship regime and that Black people do indeed get sun burned from the strong sun rays of Sydney. More than anything, it has taught me that the world is my book. Although this constant sunshine and hundred degree weather is amazing (time to be jealous), I miss Carleton. There is a feeling of comfort and support that seizes to exist elsewhere. I’ve been spoiled. Carleton, you’re an interesting body of objects. You are the only one that makes me tired, sad, angry, frustrated, content, happy and appreciative all at the same time. So, here I am – missing you.

While listening to “We No Speak Americano”, a song by Australian duo Yolanda Be Cool, I reminisce my Carleton memory and my current experiences in Australia to conclude that I am a pretty lucky person. Until later, goodnight Carleton, and I await the experience in morning.
About a year and a half ago, I was deciding whether or not I wanted to attend Carleton. Although I had a sizable scholarship sitting in my hands, the decision was still a challenging one. I was most worried, not about the academic rigor, rather the social life that I would have. I consulted the Carleton website and stumbled upon student testimonials of what campus life was like. A lot of the quotes mirrored the ones that can be seen on the website right now. In retrospect, the following quotes would have most influenced my decision.

“I guess that there is no need to worry about fitting in at Carleton if you are passionate about something—the social aspect of your experience here will take care of itself.” —Zaira Gonzalez ’11

“Carleton students are genuinely friendly, genuinely thoughtful, and genuinely and equally interested in academics and just sitting around and laughing with friends. Carleton students like to think about what life is really for.” —Karl Snyder ’12

An overwhelming majority of students that I have spoken to believe that freshman year is the hardest. This is comprehensible, given Carleton’s academic intensity, coupled with the transition to Northfield, etc. However, I would argue that my freshman year was not as rigorous as I had prepared myself for. I would say that the social aspect of my experience took care of itself and Zaira Gonzalez’ statement was true. I would attribute my comfortable transition to the fact that I am the type of person that needs to be socially content in order to perform academically. I need to have the ability to hang out with people that I enjoy, and then I can sit down a crank out a 10-12 page paper on the applications of nanotechnology on a global scale. Carleton did not lack the “people that I enjoy” or the “ability to hang out”; therefore I was a happy Carl.

A majority of my social life was spent in Stimson House. I hung out with friends there, I did watch television there, and I met new people there. I could walk in at any time and just be. Meetings for both students and faculty were commonly held at Stimson House. I met a number of Admissions staff by just happening to be at Stimson. Trying to be productive in Stimson, though, was an unsuccessful feat. The space was simply “too social”. Therefore, my academic life was spent at Freedom House (informally recognized as Black House). Late nights were spent sitting across from familiar and unfamiliar faces, students from all class years, but particularly students of color. A great sense of unity was present within the house as we all worked toward our goal of both diversifying campus and achieving what is, nationally, unexpected of us all: academic success.

Any student looking to come to Carleton today and share similar experiences are hindered from such an open environment. All residential houses on campus are now locked (say Dacie Moses as of recently). If Karl Snyder ’12 (whom I have to meet) wanted to just sit around and laugh with friends at Stimson, he would have to find someplace else to do it. This undermines the universal norm that Carleton is such an open and welcoming place for students. I have noticed that this has heavily impacted the relationships amongst students of color. I recall knowing at least all of the faces of the students of color on campus if not the person themselves. This was not because I was an overly outgoing person or a queen of “stalker net”, rather they had most likely at least walked into Stimson or Freedom House for one reason or another. The locked doors have limited yet another space in which students of color, or any student for that matter, can get together and just get to know one another. It is sad that I see students of color walking around and I say to myself, “When did this person get here?” Sad, simply because the number (of students of color) is low enough that no one should look like a stranger. (CONTINUTED ON PAGE 7)
Chloe Meisner ‘11 said it best. “You probably won't LOVE everything about Carleton; I know that there are several things I would prefer were a bit different…don't come expecting everything to be perfect, but do expect to have the time of your life!” It’s true. Carleton is not perfect, but I can say that I have had perfect moments. A number of these perfect moments were spent in Stimson House during my freshman year with countless numbers of students from various backgrounds. You would never know it, though. It no longer inhabits the masses. It’s locked.

**Gender & Sexuality Center**

**Word on the Street!**

**The Changes We’ve Made - Manny Silvestre ‘11**

As a student of color I’ve been very aware of the perceived whiteness of many of the clubs and offices I’ve been a part of since coming here to Carleton. Working at the GSC has been no different, and one of my main goals was to make the office a more welcoming place for students who felt that the space was not for them. I think the office as a whole has felt the same way, and we have started working to a more inclusive area. We began by getting to know our fellow Scoville basement residents in the OIIL. Earlier in the term the GSC and OIIL had a social gathering to facilitate a tighter bond and stronger community. Since then we have also worked with LASO (to create a joint tea time), and we are in the works of putting on a program with BSA. The GSCAs have worked to make the space as welcoming as possible, but there is always room for improvement. Hopefully by continuing to program inclusive events, we can attract the greater Carleton community.

**Continuing Our Focus - Kendall Bills ‘13**

The GSC actively recognizes the ways in which many visible queer communities have historically been white-privileged and white-dominated. In this recognition, we work to provide programming and events targeted towards acknowledging the multiplicity and intersectionality of identities on Carleton’s campus. One example of this programming is an exciting upcoming talk by Marlon Bailey entitled *gendering Space: Black Queer Performance and Ballroom Culture in Detroit*. In the past, the GSC has helped to bring speakers like Faisal Alaam, the founder of Al-Fatiha, an organization dedicated to furthering the cause of LGBTQ Muslims and ending discrimination in Muslim communities. We also have the Queer Peers program, which pairs students with fellow students as mentors and friends. Always confidential, Queer Peers can be a great way to get to know a bit more about the queer community on campus, and applications are welcomed year-round (see the GSC website for more info). The GSC is always working to improve its programming to better meet the needs of the campus, so if you have ideas of speakers or performers that you’d like to see on our campus, please let us know by contacting any GSCA!
If you have come to help me, you’re wasting your time. But if you have come because your liberation is bound up with mine, then let us work together.

- The Australian Aboriginal Group

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**International Bulletin**

**Bubble Tea - Ngoc Do ‘12**


Bubble Tea Night has been a ‘trademark’ event of the former International Student Programs Office, now part of OIIIL, for the past two years. The idea is simply for students, international or domestic, to participate in a cordial, open discussion on global topics or issues that have immediate influence on their academic and/or personal life at Carleton. Over Bubble Tea no less - a delicious East Asian mix of milk tea and tapioca pearls with a hint of exotic flavors. Taro, anyone?

The topic for this trimester’s discussion was inspired by the global documentary project “Why Democracy”, which comprises 17 short films.

These thought-provoking vignettes deal with personal, political and rights issues in the context of grappling with democracy. Excerpts of Weijun Chi’s “Please Vote for Me”, which presents the election of a class monitor in a rural Chinese primary school, offered a lighthearted yet earnest start to the conversation.

The atmosphere is welcoming at Bubble Tea Nights. Everyone is here to listen. To spread the word about underlying international issues and promote cultural understanding. In short, to link the student community together. So, come and talk about where you are from, how you define yourself, in which ways stereotypes have affected you or someone you know… "Sights, Structures and Spaces: How elements of home shape you", “[What/Who] Am I? [You Decide]”, “Lost in Translation”… are among the various topics that Bubble Tea Nights in the past have covered. Not to mention that you’ll be supporting our accidental competition with Tea Creations down Division Street!
ISO Leaders have various incentives that would attract most college students: free food for a week, the chance to clear boxes from storage before the whole student body descends, a trip downtown and a cruise down the Mississippi (with a river celebrity who ‘happened’ to be onboard and promoting his new book on waterways). But, according to our interviews, we’re not supposed to be swayed by these worldly pleasures, but rather the task of being the first to meet the International Class of 2014. I don’t want to speak for everyone, but I truly think we all took that to heart. The International Class of 2014 is an amazing group.

We got a taste of what they would be like when Li Xiao arrived two weeks early (to the complete surprise of the staff) because all her other friends had gone to college already and she didn’t want to be left behind. What followed was a week of great conversations with amazing people against a backdrop of pizza, McDonalds and Taco Bell (a truly American introduction).

But what about the leaders? Fadi did his trash demonstration, displaying his amazing enthusiasm for environmental education as he showed the incoming class how to recycle American style, promptly earning the title of ‘trashtalker’. Shavera was Lady Gaga all the way, all the girls went photo crazy on the boat, and Aman bumped his rep up to Mr. Chill. Mamoru manned the barbeque and Erin provided the beats to ‘life’ or at least to dance to. Weicheng filmed the entire week, and because of it was awarded by the new ISO students with the title of “Paparazzi” (while holding his camera of course). I don’t mean to oversell ISO leaders, but I think they all took their responsibility to heart, and put their all into the week.

ISO is about introducing the new students to Carleton but it is also about hitting refresh on our ideas of Carleton. Seeing students coming in so excited and making the same discoveries I did just a year ago gives it a new angle that we sometimes lose in the long battle with academics that goes on during the year. I smiled when I heard new students talking about ‘dying’ if they get a B, because at Carleton, those landmarks tend to come by. What stays the same however, is having that first group you rely on, the International Students, who have come from many different life paths to spend four years in Minnesota, supporting each other. That is ultimately what ISO is about.

And, of course, lets not forget the free food. ;)

OIIL ISO Leaders- Sara Hooker ‘13
Office of Intercultural & International Life

Chili Nights
Stimson Mid-Winter Ball
Bowling Nights
Cricket Match
Bubble Tea Nights
Winter and Spring Break Bonding
Stimson Study Break
International Education Week
Diversity Institute
Theater Nights
International Student Orientation
This poem was performed for the Martin Luther King Celebration and was written by the participants of the Men of Color group. The coordinator of the poem is Jabari Perry.

**Mouhamadou:** Royal blood flows through my veins
Descended from kings, though people assume I descended from a serf
From a country whose artwork will never be considered modern
Even if an artist in 2011 in Senegal has the same degree as an artist in the U.S.
I am a Black African, and
**All:** I am a man of color

**Nick:** Fair reflects my appearance and biological family
Latino reflects my languages, past homes, unofficial family, and multicultural upbringing
Fleeing their homeland due to famine
Now, but not then considered White
Part of my ancestry is rooted in Ireland, while the other half lay in Poland
**All:** I am a man of color

**Donny:** Of the African Diaspora
But not knowing from where in Africa I descend
Though Pan-Africanism is a term readily thrown out
My place of origin matters to me
I identify as African American
**All:** I am a man of color

**Fue:** Branded with term “Asian”
There are only 18 last names in my culture
My ancestors migrated southward in China in the 18th century due to political unrest
I am from the Hmong Ethnicity
My history is distinct
I am Hmong
**All:** I am a man of color

**Jabari:** Acculturated but not assimilated
I have seen Cape Coast and Elmina Castle
My lineage dates back to Africa and Native Americans
Though I identify as a Black American because of my appearance and because my ties to Africa were severed long ago
Shake the hand of a man whose ancestors blood built this nation and who were actually here first
**All:** I am a man of color

**Matt:** This nation detached itself from my ancestor’s homeland long ago
My lineage lies in a Celtic language
The complex relations of these nations span over four centuries
In 1607 we made our first colony in North America
I am British and Welsh
**All:** I am a man of color

**Justin:** As a New Orleanian I’m proud the Saints won the last super bowl
Don’t you know that people have identified themselves by their cities for generations?
Is race a social construct?
I identify as African American

**Ray:** One drop of blood makes you black, right?
So it’s okay if you dismiss the Puerto Rican side of my heritage
Tu tienes que estar loco!
You must be crazy!
My individuality deserves to be recognized
I am African American and Puerto Rican
**All:** I am a man of color

**Zack:** From a matrilineal not patriarchal society
To the only nation who gained its independence as part as a successful slave rebellion
My ancestor spoke a language of romance
And others probably worked as house helps
Though only seen as Black
I am also Cherokee, Haitian, and French
I identify as Creole
**All:** I am a man of color

**All:** Descended from kings
Fleeing their homeland,
My place of origin matters to me
My history is distinct
Acculturated but not assimilated
This nation detached itself from my homeland long ago
Is race a social construct?
My individuality deserves to be recognized
My ancestors spoke a language of romance
We are MOC
We are Men of color

For more information about other Cultural Programming Board please visit our page by going to Student Applications page on the Carleton page and clicking on Student Orgs. On that page you will see listed all of the organizations we offer the Carleton campus. All of these organizations are student-organized and are meant to service other students as a community that is open and understanding.

Actual link: apps.carleton.edu/campus/intercultural/orgs/
Mission Statement

For over 25 years, the Office of Intercultural & International Life has been an integral part of Carleton’s initiatives to enhance diversity and cultivate a fully inclusive community, enriched by persons of different ethnicities, nationalities, genders, economic backgrounds, ages, abilities, sexual orientations, and spiritual values. The primary mission of the Office of Intercultural & International Life is to provide programming that fosters intercultural dialogue in the service of greater cross-cultural awareness, empathy, mutual respect, tolerance, and recognition.

Meeting the Office:
Director: Joy Kluttz
Associate Director: Luyen Phan
Administrative Assistants: Kristen Askeland & Brisa Zubia
Hall Director Collateral /OIIL Advisor: Isaiah Thomas

Want to make a submission?

Adding to the Spectrum
If you are interested in writing an article for our Spectrum, please contact Kristen Askeland by email (kaskelan@carleton.edu) with the subject title stating Spectrum Article Submission.

Responding to the Spectrum
See anything you would like to question, respond, or comment on? Shoot us an email with the subject title reading Spectrum Delta. If we like your idea, we’ll put it into our next submission.

This Spectrum was coordinated and designed by: Mariveliz Ortiz ’12 and edited by Joy Kluttz and Kristen Askeland