



Student Learning and Success News (Spring 2023 - Volume 2)

Message from the Vice President

As another academic year comes to an end I am struck by the quantity of good and important work, initiatives, and activities underway at the College. Thank you for your part in driving the College forward in service to our students and community. This edition can only capture a tiny fraction of this work, but I hope you can take a moment to get a glimpse of a few of the people and programs integral to our success.

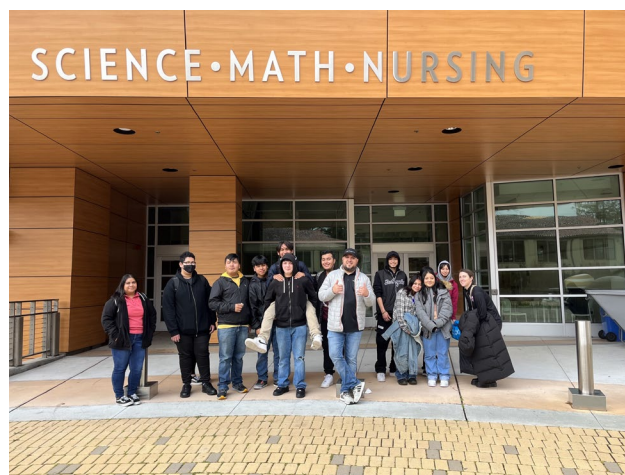
-Jonathan Eldridge, Vice President of Student Learning and Success

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COMPASS High School Fieldtrips



COMPASS (College of Marin Providing Access and Supporting Success) is part of the Outreach umbrella, and allows our Coordinators to be engrained on campus at our partner school sites (Tam, SRHS and TLHS). Going into this year, we made a concerted effort to ensure we supported COMPASS students not just in their academic pursuits, but also with off- campus experiences like college and university tours.

Data show that COMPASS support nearly doubles A-G eligibility by the time our students graduate. Not only are students more prepared for college by the time they graduate high school, they become college students WHILE STILL IN HIGH SCHOOL!

The 2022 high school graduating class completed 206 units of college coursework, including our Summer Career Academies and various other courses underscoring the value of this program and the supportive connection developed between our COMPASS team and our students.



This February the COMPASS Team hosted 43 10th grade students from Tamalpais, Terra Linda and San Rafael High Schools at the Kentfield Campus. Students participated in different activities throughout campus, including:

- Toured KTD and participated in a Library activity with Dave Patterson,
- Observed Art 130 lecture class with Laura Richard, BIOL 240 with Emily Fox, and a science presentation/simulation with Paul Daubenmire and Mark Robinson,
- Visited the Nursing Department,
- Visited the Athletics Department and received a tour of the Athletics Facility with Diamond Alexander, Kinesiology and Athletics Operations Specialist, where they watched COM's baseball team practice.

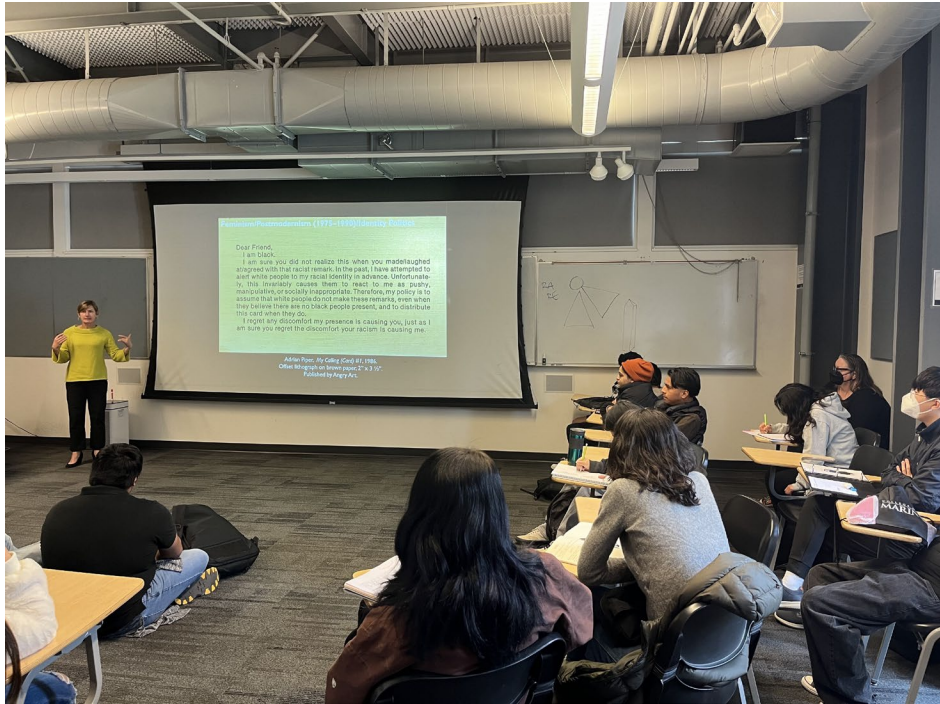
Finally, COMPASS graduates who are now full time COM students participated in a student panel to share their experiences as college students and a few words of wisdom.

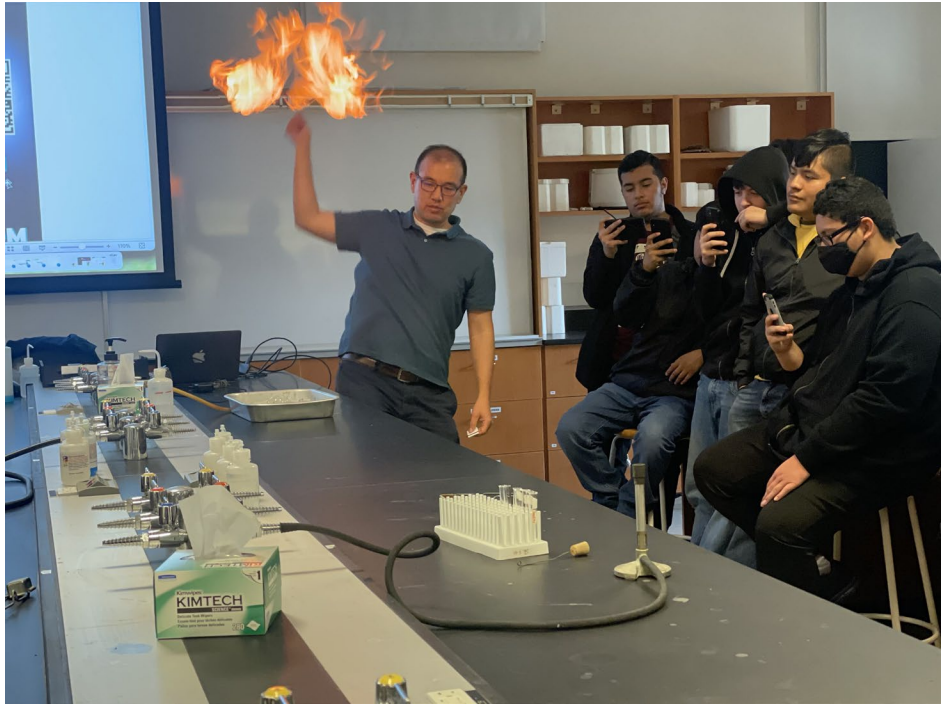


In addition to the KTD visit, COMPASS hosted 3 additional field trips:

1. **College of Marin Indian Valley Campus (IVC)** - Students visited the Machines and Metals shop, Jonas Center, Miwok Aquatic and Fitness Center, the Dental Assisting Department, and the Farm. Staff and faculty spoke to the students and answered questions.
2. **San Francisco State University (SFSU)** - 2 Resident Advisors led tours of student housing, campus dining (all-you-can-eat), and science lab. One of the tour guides described her current research project (Cancer research amongst Latinas). Students also received a presentation from the SFSU program: METRO (geared towards 1st generation students).
3. **University of California Davis (UC Davis)** - 52 students from both Terra Linda and San Rafael High Schools attended. Most students who participated are in 11th grade with a few 12th grade students (some already have been admitted to UC Davis) and a few 9th grade students as well. Students participated in an hour-long tour of the campus where they visited a few key buildings like the student union, bike shop, student bookstore, and Welcome Center. Students had lunch in Tercero Dining Commons, one of the UC Davis dorm dining halls. The 12th grade students who were admitted to UC Davis were able to visit and tour the school that they will be enrolling in this coming Fall.











College of Marin Hosts Local High School English Language Learners

Nearly 150 English Language Learner high school students came to COM to meet faculty and staff, tour facilities, and learn about becoming college students

Program Coordinators

- Lilyana Barajas for Terra Linda High School (libarajas@marin.edu)

- Juan Mercado for San Rafael High School (jmercado@marin.edu)
- Maria Rodriguez for Tamalpais High School (mrodriguez@marin.edu)



I want to take a moment to thank all of our community partners and chaperones for all of the help, support, and collaboration that took place in order to make yesterday's ELD/ Bridge COM field trip possible. I especially want to thank Julian Solis, who when presented with the idea of having a COM field trip a little over a year ago, ran with it and made our collective vision come to life! Despite our growing ELD student population an event to this scale that catered to the needs of our ELD students had not happened but was needed. Watching our students learn and have exciting conversations about their opportunities at COM made all the hard work worthwhile. Once again, THANK YOU!

- Ana Urtiz (Newcomer & ELD Counselor at San Rafael High School)

[Click here to learn more about COMPASS.](#) [Click here to learn more about COMPASS.](#)

Career Fair



<https://sway.office.com/IB8JBP08fmDMhIVs#content=kv5Aq4UWwAUpe3>

**GET READY TO JUMPSTART
YOUR CAREER TODAY!**

- 1. Search local jobs online**
Activate your account and search for local jobs online that are specifically targeted to COM students at marin.joinhandshake.com/login.
- 2. Review Your Résumé**
Update your résumé with the experts at the drop-in sessions in the Transfer and Career Center, Student Services Center, Room 206, 12 PM-2 PM on Monday, March 15.
- 3. Attend COM's Career Fair**
Find a job or internship and connect with local organizations on March 15.

**COM'S CAREER
EXPLORATION FAIR**
Outside PV area
Kentfield Campus
835 College Avenue
**11 AM TO
2 PM**

**MARCH
15
2023**

TIPS FOR SUCCESS:
Come with questions.
Bring your résumé

Individuals seeking access support or reasonable accommodations to attend campus activities and events may contact the Student Activities and Advocacy Office: (415) 485-9117

**COLLEGE OF
MARIN**
www.marin.edu

On March 15th 2023 COM hosted the Career Fair. Over 18 well respected organizations in multiple disciplines spoke with students about internship and apprenticeship opportunities in the Bay Area. Organizations included Fire Foundry, Marin Health, Bridge Good, Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy and more!

Several students were offered and accepted internship opportunities. Meily Jimenez was accepted into the Fire Foundry program and Rosa Mendez and Erin Daley were accepted into the Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy (GGNPC). Rosa is a Business Administration Major who accepted the Business Administration internship with GGNPC and also is transferring and is in excellent academic standing. Erin Daley is a Communications major transfer student who will be transferring to either University California Santa Barbara or University California Davis next Fall. Erin has been offered a Public Affairs and Special Park Uses internship position.

Congratulations to all of our student interns!

"I enjoy working with people from a variety of backgrounds, and its neat to be able to work with others who have a common interest in preserving such a wonderful natural resource. As well as learning more about historical and environmental foundations of Golden Gate Parks. This internship is a great transition before transferring to UC and it provides an opportunity to expand my professional skills in management, marketing, and communications. I'm looking forward to learning more about my State, County, and contributing to the parks I've been visiting since I was a kid."

- Erin Daley



























New Part Time Faculty

Anita Walker



Prior to COM, Anita Walker was an ESL Instructor at CCSF and then an ESL Specialist at Turing.com where she developed an ESL program for global software developers.

Today, Anita teaches level 10 ESL here at COM. In her free time she enjoys hiking, practicing and teaching yoga, and walking her dog by the San Francisco bay.

It's lovely to be teaching here!

Welcome Anita!

Diego Marroquin



Diego Marroquin is a Kinesiology instructor and prior to College of Marin Diego was the Men's Head Soccer Coach for Holy Name University.

Diego enjoys training for ultramarathons and the Ironman- running, cycling, and swimming all over beautiful Marin County!

Thank you to the Kinesiology staff that has welcomed me and mentored me in terms of my transition to COM. Also thank you to all my students in Kinesiology 113A and 113B, it has been such an amazing experience watching the consistency and growth in their fitness journeys!

Welcome Diego!

Shawn Nelson



Shawn Nelson is an adjunct instructor in the digital media department teaching computer 3D model texturing, rigging, and animating as well as some graphic design courses.

Shawn is a digital media creator channeling his traditional film, animation, and fine art skills through software. This has manifested in the form of video games, commercials, computer generated characters, and digital illustrations, culminating with online interactive experiences.

In my teaching career, I use a wide variety of those skills and work with students in an atmosphere that I enjoy immensely. I bring a wealth of knowledge, skill, and passion and can use this to assist students in preparing for the job market. I look forward to having a conversation on the topic.

In his free time, Shawn is the head coach for the Archie Williams' Mountain Bike Team where he "drags 70 high school mountain bike team members up and down Mount Tam 3 times a week!"

Welcome Shawn!

Faculty Spotlight: Jamie Tipton



I've been teaching at CoM (English 150, 151, literature classes) since the fall of 1993, and, with the exception of a couple semesters, I've been happily teaching the creative writing course since the spring of 1994. That's a lot of student poems and stories, and a lot of creativity I've seen pass through my hands. I'm always impressed by the originality, the skill, and the seriousness and sincerity with which the students come at their own creative work. We focus on craft, for that can be taught (creativity cannot). The craft of writing is like any other craft—cooking, carpentry—and can be learned by practice and observation--traditionally, by apprenticeship. And we apprentice ourselves, so to speak, to different accomplished writers each semester; for instance, this year it was Langston Hughes and Mary Mackey for poetry, and Isabelle Allende and the young Ernest Hemingway for prose. Craft is *theory*, and weekly writing assignments are *practice*, and to learn one must have both. The class could also be called *creative reading*. My own mentors were Gary Snyder and Sandra Gilbert at UC Davis, as I worked on my PhD in English after my MA in Creative Writing.

My first mentor was my creative writing teacher for two years in high school; he was so encouraging and knowledgeable, I decided right then in eleventh grade I wanted to be a poet and writer, and I started reading and writing seriously after that. (I also sang in a rock and blues band and then studied classical voice and had a job with the San Francisco Opera chorus while in college and graduate school, but creative writing was always my main focus.)

What motivates or inspires me to write poetry is simply whatever emotion is playing around in my life, either consciously or subconsciously, combined with observation of something in daily life, the quotidian. Haiku is great practice for this, as it combines observation of the moment with contrasting concrete imagery that can lead to a sudden insight or emotion. It also teaches us that less is more.

Hiking in the woods

how different the path seems

on the return trip.

Wisteria blooms

over the stuck door--can it

open to the spring?

For prose, what often inspires me is an untold story of a real person. My book *Annette Vallon, A Novel of the French Revolution*, published by HarperCollins, takes the French lover of the English poet William Wordsworth and follows their romance against the backdrop of the violence of the French revolution, in which she was a dynamic figure in the resistance against the Reign of Terror. Similarly, I've been working on a collection of short stories called *Ancestors*, which takes people on both sides of my family, from the twentieth back to the seventeenth century, and imagines their feelings and actions in intense times in their lives. I have my own feeling that the DNA connection helps in my imagining.

I have also been writing and publishing a collection of Dr. Watson-without-Sherlock Holmes mysteries, taking Conan Doyle's character, who always, as narrator of the Holmes stories, puts himself in the background, and making him a developed character and detective in his own right.

My advice for any students interested in creative writing is first, to read and read and write and write, and develop your craft in that way, and to practice it regularly and seriously, but not to get published or for money but for the love of writing itself. Writers like to talk about how much suffering it took to write that book, but what they don't talk about is that well-kept secret: that writing is a joy—any creativity is, like a kid building a sand castle; it's serious play, and then the waves come, and you clap that you created something so grand that it took a mighty wave to knock down its towers and walls.

Spotlight: Alicia Bright



Dr. Alicia Bright enjoyed a 20 year career in bedside nursing that included adult and pediatric critical care, emergency and home care, as well as disaster response. She started as a Nursing Assistant, then became an LVN at Northern New Mexico Community College. She continued there for her Associates in Nursing, earned a BSN through Regent's College and finally became a Clinical Nurse Specialist with a focus in Integrative Health Practices through Dominican University of California. She then taught as nursing faculty while earning a Doctorate in Leadership and Organizational Theory at University of San Francisco. After earning tenure, she came to College of Marin to become the Director of Nursing for the Associate Degree Nursing Program. She now supports excellence in nursing education by coordinating the efforts of faculty, staff and students.

Alicia has been selected as a member of the 6th cohort of the Organization for Associate Degree Nursing Leadership Institute where she will be serving as the secretary of COADN-North.

The Leadership Institute was established to provide OADN members with the opportunity to enhance their competencies and skills to increase their leadership impact on their programs, institutions and communities. The OADN Leadership Institute is the ONLY national program exclusively focused on and nursing faculty and deans/directors seeking opportunities to enhance their leadership competencies and skills.

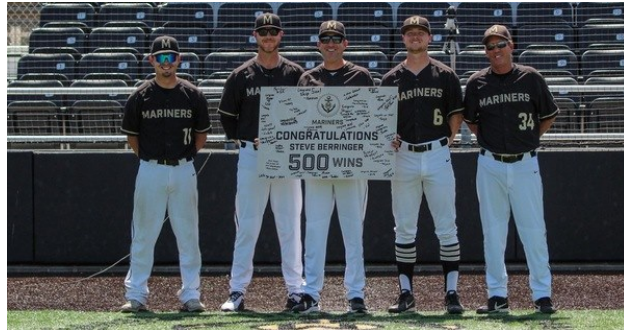
This cohort-based program provides participants with an excellent opportunity to exchange wisdom, share perspectives, as well as practice giving and receiving feedback in a supportive environment. In addition, participants will receive reading assignments, case studies, resources, and tools to fine tune their leadership development activities, focus on outside trends, and consider the leadership impact on their programs, institutions, and communities.

Serving as Secretary of COADN is a great learning opportunity for me. As a new Director, it keeps me in touch with seasoned nurse-leaders who provide advice and support for this challenging job. It also keeps me in touch with statewide dynamics that affect nursing education here in Marin. As Secretary, I hear about these things and then facilitate communication throughout the organization to support other directors and other programs.

Congratulations Alicia!

[Click here to learn more about OADN.](#)

Athletics Highlights



Overall Highlights

- In Fall 2022, we had nearly 100 student-athletes who earned a 3.0 or higher.
- National Association of Collegiate Directors of Athletics (NATYCAA) Nominations: Women's Basketball, Jayden Davis (3.72 GPA) and Baseball, Donovan Ratfield (3.904 GPA).
- California Community College Athletic Association (CCCAA) Scholar Team Award Nomination: Women's Water Polo (3.14 GPA)
- [Coach Steve Berringer hit his 500th Career Win!](#)
- To date, there are 30 student-athletes who have applied and been approved for associate's degrees for Spring 2023.















Women's Basketball Accomplishments

- Sophomores Jayden Davis (3.72 GPA) and Kayley Armstrong (3.75 GPA) made the 2022-23 California Community College Women's Basketball Coaches Association (CCCWBCA) All-Academic Team.
- Head Coach Emily Schaefer was awarded the Bay Valley Coach of The Year.

- Women's Basketball advances to the 2023 CCCWBCA NorCal Playoffs for the first time in 20 years.



ASCOM: Meet Our New Student Leader

Ryan Vilefort Barbosa



Ryan Barbosa is our new ASCOM President. Ryan is studying Political Science and plans on working in government and policymaking with the ultimate goal of becoming a politician.

I joined ASCOM to further develop my leadership and communication skills and because I love being involved on campus. I enjoy being engaged with everything that happens for and with the student body.

Congratulations Ryan!

COM Art and Literary Magazine

On Tuesday, May 9th, the COM Art & Lit Mag crew held their annual art viewing and lit reading release party which was a celebration of the visionaries and artists among us, many of whom are being published for the first time. The event featured contributors reading their written work, artists displaying their visual work, snacks, and prizes for the winners in each category. Over 75 students, faculty, and staff joined the festivities.

Visual Art Winners:

- 1. "Rock Face" by Annie Bates-Winship p31*
- 2. "Anti-Domestic" by Martin Rodriguez p.20*
- 3. "Hugo" by Adam Beeler-Lammers, p. 16.*

Written Work Winners:

- 1. "Aleatory" by Robin Rogers, p.10*
 - 2. "Seasons" by Alex Glenn p.4*
 - 3. "Bygone Wings" by Charles Bohner p. 24*
-



COM ART &

LITERARY MAGAZINE

Invites you
to our

LIVE MAY 9TH
AC ROOM 255
3:30PM-5PM

READING

THERE WILL BE
snacks, prizes,
free magazine
copies... &

ART

CoM Art & Literary Magazine
Spring 2023



"Shadow of 1am"

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Contributors

Editor in Chief - Rebecca Reiner

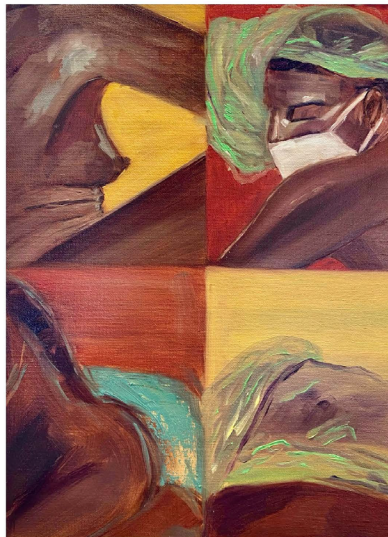
Senior Editors - Alexander Glenn, Arthur Freed

Advisors - Stephanie Wells, Trine Miller

Special Thanks To:
CoM English Department
James Tipton
Kevin Muller
David Wain Coon
Jesse Harbison

Recollection by Duane BigEagle

Dark face
color of dry creek beds,
standing in her yard,
calico print dress
held in the wind,
waving a white handkerchief
as we rode away --
"Goodbye, grandson, remember me."
Arrows to the heart.



by Berru Zeynep Koksal

It's Good To Be Alive

It's began to mist again,
in the caramel colored skies,
soon the mist will turn to rain,
see the new sun rise.

Walking up and down the beach,
feel the sand between my toes,
salty spray is in the breeze,
in my face and eyes.

As I walk into the sea,
and I feel it swallow me,
and I know that it is good,
to be alive,

As I look into the sun,
And I see the haze has gone,
and I know that it is good,
to be alive.

by Jeffrey Goodlund

Seasons

cool spring rains fall over the verdant
countryside and the hedgerows,
teeming with bluebells, daffodils
in meadows and wooded groves, - there arose

fat brown penny-bun mushrooms,
and the trilling warble of skylarks
on lovely warm summer evenings
filled with tiny firefly sparks

autumn turns a leaf at a time
away from the warm juneberry dream
setting the forests ablaze in rains,
whispers of the winds to beseem

the coming white winter snowdrifts
in a fractal blue world of ice bitter,
a frozen heart will crack and thaw
under pale sun, the land aglitter

by Alexander Glenn



4

by Diamond Alexander

Ophelia

In early spring, I began to see Ophelia in everything. Holding flowers, eyes lowered, eyes closed. Even in the absence of flowers, somehow flower's essence is still there in a girl. We turn towards love's light, then retract at night. Why do we always look away? Beauty may wilt over time, but first it blooms. Both wanting to be looked at but not wanting anyone to see. The spirit of Ophelia in spring. Baby's breath crowns, a baby girl drowns. Becoming a woman not forgetting you were once a little girl. As Ophelia slipped down the stream, so does every woman's childhood innocence...ever so slowly.

by Tayma Martin



"Tayma" by Darrell Nunally

*Quis nunc te adibit? Cui videberis bella?
Quem nunc anabis? Cuius esse diceris?
Quem bastabis? Cui labella mordebis?
At tu, Canulle, destinatus obdura.*

Nightfall
by Dylan Joaquin

Au détour d'un sentier une charogne infâme

When the smoke-clog dust shall settle down
Upon the roofs and walls in night
Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint
I'll hasten quickly, nearer light
Wherein the bars have closed their doors
In fluorescent corner stores
Poussière en claire de lune
Lo giorno se n'andava, e l'aere bruno
Romance's fragment crumbles soon
A thousand feelings lost to see, never more to know

And where the sun once rose on your tender face
The gold obscured by acrid clouds which hang above
Ee le tenebre eterne, in caldo e 'n gelo.
The duskfire's kiss seals to burn away our love
And though idle chatter in galleries
Of Rimbaud, of time, of salaries
Was never meant for us, but more-
Comme après un cadavre un choeur de vermisseaux,
Romance-- a tarnished cadaver cast upon the floor
Once shimmering, repugnant sight which pains me so

When the verdant fields are dry and dead
Triste comme une maison déneublée
Find our love, that accursed orphic head
Severed, dirty-- the nymphs had seen it lost and cast away
When the sidestreet grime and acrid smoke
Cause the bandaged throat to choke
The harsh alleyway fluorescent lights shall not redeem us
Maenad- my fallible god, you serve another
Tarde quae credita laedunt credimus
Near piles of rotten memories- where blowflies flit and hover

No longer at my side along this torrid hellish plane
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue
Si volge in entro a far crescer l'ambascia.
Abortive death upon the night, which never could grow young
In dive bars, here, the acrid cloud
The demon screeches ceaseless, loud
Jason with no command of any valiant fleets
My heart a dove but crushed by the great Symplegades
At last a quest for one golden, tattered, moth-eaten fleece
I lurk behind the twilight bricks, to vanish, lost with ease

Sic ego nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum
Your lack of presence a poisoned well with thirst
No muse to court me now- empty library, filled with dust
When that rough beast slouches near- I hope I may go first
Your voice- once the paradisian bird
A chicken screech may now be heard
Six fragments-- offensive notes upon the harp
To try to raise you up, Eurydice, to resurrect our love
To conceal the bones- black and rotting- neath the tarp
All the while sing horrid cries, archonic beasts above

The whirling Yuga has swept you far from here
In samsaric fields I forage for your fallen flesh
Sur la toile oubliée, et que l'artiste achève
Is painted there, a portraiture- of bones and spider mesh
The sun is lost upon the black
The world withers, fading back
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing
I shall relinquish you in the fire's dark consuming light I cry out to
you, a whisper to God, a blessing
As our love fades with the world- to everlasting night

Verdant Valley

An afternoon stroll
Through the verdant valley.
Everything alive
And at its peak.

Acacias sing
In full glory.
Lemony fuzzy fingers
Reaching out for me.

Cherry trees burst
With delicate blossoms,
Dripping in shades
Of pulsating pink.

The crisp, cool air
Carries ephemeral aromas,
Sweet delicacies
Of secret origins.

The bounty of the blossoms
Tells me it is spring.
Yet the crimson Christmas berries
Remind me it is winter still.

by Justyna Kareta

I Know Your Secret

Standing firm,
In quiet reflection,
You look the same
As the day before.

But I know your secret.

I saw you
With your lover.
I saw you
In wild surrender.

Your dance was uninhibited,
Every part of you electrically alive.
Your bodies together
Rejoicing in primordial howls.

Rough layers stripped off,
Revealing your smooth skin.
Shaken to your core,
Releasing your intoxicating fragrance.

I know your secret.

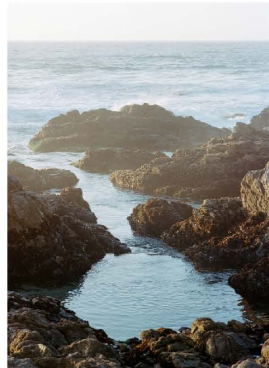
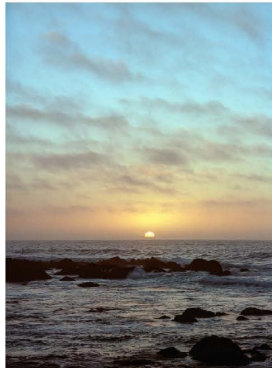
You are not the same tree
That I saw the day before.
You've been taken
By the wind.

by Justyna Kareta

Natalia Sedova
Tuolumne Meadows, 2022
Photographs, shot on medium format film



Natalia Sedova
Monterey, 2022
Photographs, shot on medium format film



"Look into My Eyes"
by
Miriam
MacMillan



SOMETHING

I have fallen for miniature clothespins;
silly & delicate, they can't hold much,
but what they dream of holding, ah!
And we are seated, our hands opening and closing
around our words and tasty mouthfuls,
questioning our intrinsic judgments,
palpable vulnerabilities,
burgeoning self-doubts:

Is there even room to hold self-worth within our small grip?

Ragged peels from an orange
drop their fragrant rinds onto my lap.
I pick one up with my miniature clothespin
bring it to my face, inhaling its sumptuous scent:

Ah, something to love without question
something that loves me without fear,

something. by Robin Rogers

"Self-portrait, cool" (watercolor) by Adam Beeler-Lammers



ALEATORY by Robin Rogers

It started to rain here
the day the light left his eyes
there.
There in the sunny country he claimed,
with its sounds of animated streets,
barking dogs,
impromptu firework pops,
and the sounds his guitars made.
Lined up against the wall,
his trophies,
his children,
his raison d'être spoke in his defense and communion.
His hands, blades of pale, blonde grass, lithe & willow,
stroked the strings, pulled out the harmonies,
delivering intricate chord inversions
to our awaiting ears.
We could build an arc from the stacks & stacks
of binders he left behind
reporting the notes
and measures
and rhythms
written
in his perfect script.
The sun started to shine here
the day the clouds claimed the sky
there.
There, in his empty studio.
Here, in this sometimes rainy country,
I lean into the wind that calls him.



"Little Moments of Purpose"
Brush and Ink on paper

by Nicole Grace Forestier

Many Coats of Paint
By Jade Sweeney

Sometimes I feel like I can't do this,
My heart is tired
and so is my mind.
It is like being lost in a forest,
and trouble is the only thing I can find.
Pressure makes diamonds,
But I feel like broken glass.
Why can't good things last?
Why was a bad memory one of our last?
I always dwell on the past.
No, I don't want to vent.
What is there to say?
And what can you do?

the stubborn questions that appear in my mind.

I want to hide.

Don't call, text, or even bother me.

Heck, while you are at it don't even think of me.

Why do people not take obvious things into consideration?

Your desperation for attention has only allowed me to clarify this exact feeling.

What more do they want for me?

Cliche,

but something that causes my curiosity to wander.

If I was to paint a canvas, what would it be?

You see life is a canvas,

You can draw it out and get all the paint for free.

My canvas would include everything that broke me,

Down to everything that made me.

Some want to die because they have had a hard time living.

You see, I want to survive

to see how it created a drive worth a killing.



"Boat Ride Out of Childhood"
Acrylic Paint - 2021

by Melanie Sontay



"Santa Barbara Sunrise" By Trine Miller

Phosphorescent Play

They dimmed the lights and
drew the curtains on Tomales Bay,
for us,
a small audience,
transformed at first launch,
by the drama of night,
of stillness,
of red kayak taillights,
fishtailing atop the water.

The actors cued,
they sprang to action,
dinoflagellates with silent cries
of white-blue light,
each time they touched a paddle,
a bow,
a hand extended to
trouble the water.

Even the stars disappeared,
as fog descended suddenly,
for the bioluminescent climax.
Amid eerie disorientation,
the nearly-neon algae fills the stage,
to quietly resounding applause.

Back on the shore, the bay fades to flat and dark
despite our reluctance to leave it.
But now we know:
it patiently awaits its next performance.

Up Here

Up here I am awake to the planet.
It calls to me
In the sound of the native grasses,
Dried and chafing to make themselves heard.
In the thrum of jets hurling themselves through the air from SFO.
In the twitchy bunches of eucalypti,
And the twittery birds
Balancing on their branches.
In the wind that cruises past my ears,
Whorling language
I strain to understand.
Is it not strange that
In order for me to hear the world better
You had to leave it?

poems by Trine Miller



"Trees" By Sabine Hantke



"*Corvus brachyrhynchos*"
by Adam Beeler-Lammers



The Matterhorn - Zermatt, Switzerland
by Alek Iriarte

ZERMATT

by James Tipton

That summer we
climbed the steep slopes
beneath the Matterhorn
singing we thought of nothing
but the glacial slick rock above
the cowbells sounding in the valley
that silver rocky stream down the mountain
at eighteen the world lay before us
and we didn't think of it at all



Pierre Konig's Stahl House - Hollywood Hills of Los Angeles,



Point Reyes - Northern California Cape Film Photos by Alek Iriarte

REAR VIEW MIRROR

by James Tipton

So much depends
upon
seeing in the rear view
mirror
the golden head
of my dog
sticking out
the window

after W. C. W.



"Hugo" by Adam Beeler-Lammers

Darling Darkness, Lovely Light
by Kinderlyn Fay

Lovely Light that shines so bright,
Filling the world with strength and life,
Life that grows to reach the light,
But lovely light,
You shine too bright,
Your light creates darkness we know too well,
Darling Darkness that speaks in the night,
That has a face that bite,
Darling Darkness that takes all the air and light,
That breaks down your might,
Till you're begging for a fight in hopes of light,
Anything but the pain in the shadows,
You fall asleep feeling,
Darling darkness that hears your sleepless cries,
Didn't cause your suffering,
Lovely Light that shined too bright,
Till it burned and killed all the life,
The problem isn't darling darkness,
In the darkest shadows we are safe,
Lovely Light that can kill life,
That darling darkness is saving.

Caused by the Consequence by Aline de Souza

The men battle me with tears in their eyes
On balmy days and bright nights
The aridity is my ally
The wind work as my fuel

I help shape the destiny
part of the cause, also the consequence
I benefit the future
I also bring disdain
I destroy the present, I will never end

I sway to the beat of destruction
Leaving ruin in my wake, the lives I devastate
The homes I obliterate, the beginning of a new day
The rebirth
Eucalyptus, Callistemon, Oak, and Pine.
The Earth warms up, the sea level rise
That's my friend in action again.
You can't take it no more
Shall we pair up?
You control me with careful design
And the land will be restored with a new desire

Canada Goose

Children play baseball, and the long black-necked geese
Can't help but gaze and graze on the lawn under the muted sun
A hundred of the flock laze in ease, small gentle breeze
Ripples the starred and barred flag, someone hits a home run
unfazed, brazenly, lazily, lackadaisically, they dream
of the ever-living Boreal,
oldgrowth white in hoarfrost and rime,
fractal pale blues
and buried ashen earth
that will bloom green
within the verdant heart of the coming spring

by Alexander Glenn



"Canada Geese" by Alexander Glenn

Celtic Twilight

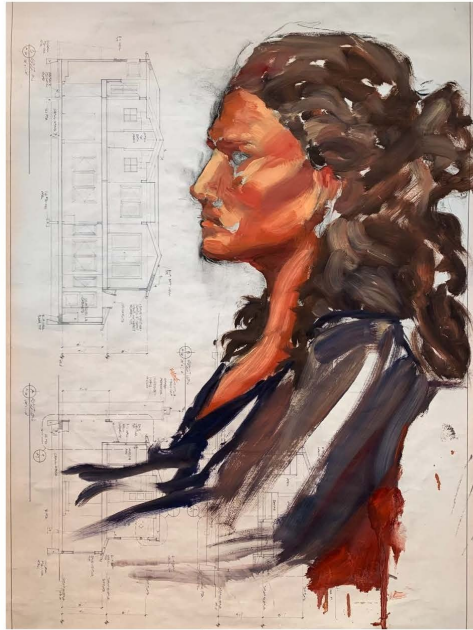
When the soft slant fires kiss the umbral realm of stars
In shadowed grove of the thousand-armed Dair,
at the twisted heart of ancient, tangled root
Across the plum-gold meadow of alabaster easter lily and primrose
Deep in the far forest of crimson-berried Witchwood,
From the gnarled black bark and white-petaled tresses of Straif
Stir the voices of Old
The Children of the Land of Youth,
Veiled behind the eternal Mists of the Green Isle
Where the great dream dwells still,
Waiting

by Alexander Glenn



"Spirit of the Tree" by Miriam MacMillan

Miriam



"Anti-Domestic" 2022 - by Martin Rodriguez



Stoneware Bowl
by
James Carlton

What Does Freedom Mean?
by Brette Fitzgibbon

There were once people
Who hath lack'd the freedom of I
Yet here I stand with my dreams
Because they made the decision to fight

The hand presses so I cannot scream
And the weight crushes so I cannot flee
And the sudden thought flashes through my head
What will become of me?

What does freedom mean?
Is it beyond belief?
Is this my life,
To die for liberty?

Drug us up, slice our brains
Take our choices, reverse our past
Our DNA is to strive
Our generations will never go back

You suffocate us just to get off
And you only see us for what we're not
Are you so scared of a fight that's fair?
Give it your best shot

What does freedom mean?
The lie of our country
If some are free,
Then why should we not be?

I'm passing the torch to you, dear
I'm passing the torch to you
And don't you ever forget it
You will achieve the greatest things
I see it upon my deathbed

Was that true love?
Was that romance?
I should not live for you
You should not live for me

The Weight of Our Time

by Audrey Mei-Lin Backof

We weren't quite fourteen

But when you turned, it was beneath a duvet
Away where your father would never find you
In the dark, paltry tales told themselves
And each time we'd wash the hours away, with ink or with paint
Till the world showed its underbelly
We were bolder than we deserved
But we relished and sated ourselves
We loved the stories we told
Living for their beginnings, never thinking of their end

We were fifteen, and we forgot to speak
It was an accident, it'd just slipped our clayey brains
We'd found other friends who reeked of band-aids
They felt like cat hair left somewhere cold and dark
But those paltry tales returned, we knew they always would
We'd chitter and patch the parts time had eaten
With ink or with paint, we'd tend to them
We'd breathe their warmth and lose ourselves

I was sixteen
And we were alone again
We drew closer than ever before
Coiling within each other as the world squalled with fury
Clinging to what we had beneath its decay
We'd grown older
Our cheeks thinned and we looked like women
But we told the stories we loved as children
We chased each fix desperately, like we never had before
With drying ink and failing paint
But each time we told our paltry tales, they caught in our mouth
And so we began to fear in silence

We were seventeen
Our lives had discovered us, but we found
They were mechanical things, who hated our downy skin
They bore teeth and delighted in blood
So we learned to disappoint ourselves
We learned to run on plastic legs, even though
Those fang-faced machines had long grown tired
We lost sight of our paltry tales
We writhed and retched in withdrawal
And we scabbled at the chalky memories we'd carved years ago
Without ink, without paint

I am eighteen now
I've learned to be calculated
Every stroke of pen and hardwire brush
It must be perfect
Must cut like blades

My friend, I tell all this to you
Not with paint, not with ink
I think they've stopped speaking to me
My friend, the silence chisels at me

My friend
I love you dearly
I'll admit that I've changed
My legs don't hold my weight as they once did
They don't listen when I ask to stop
My skin grows hot in the sun, and it did not before
My teeth keep growing
And my nails are tapering

Tell me,
Do we deserve to be bold?
Tell me, why now
Do we forsake our bravery?
I've grown cold and hard
Like metal, and yet
As the seconds tick
This chassis cracks down my center

My friend
I am no longer tender
And for this I am sorry

My friend, I feel so far from you
The weight of time is far too heavy
And every night I pray inside this shell
To once more wake, and to be young again

"Confronting onself (perfectionism)" 2022 by Martin Rodriguez



*"Aya Uma" 2022
by Martin Rodriguez*

Forgotten Voice

By Hajra Ismail Yacoobali

The eggshell white paint started to fade, it no longer felt elegant, the ticking of the clock echoed the apartment. Empty. breathless. restless. How empty these walls feel, the floor lost its warmth making my feet turn to stone. Where the sun rose, I only see clouds shielding any light from coming inside. Where did life go when you left my side?

I gather myself up to make my bed, I am a lot sloppier with it now, before it was ceaseless, and now it just seemed like a chore begging to be done. I remember the long nights we giggled and talked about the endless possibilities of life until it was time to sleep.

It's been long enough, I'm forced to let you go because reminiscing wasn't bringing you back.

I was going out tonight, not sure where but I was going to catch the sunset somewhere because at least that still feels real. Everything felt misplaced after my miscarriage, the echos of laughter haunt my head with what could've been a little girl running on this floor, how two years went by faster than I could catch up doesn't sit right with me, because I still have the scars of when they took her out of me and how full my body was with life, and now it feels like nothing but a used plastic bag.

I was happy working from home, but many times I wished I had someone else in my space with me, I thought about a pet, but it seemed like too much responsibility and would feel like I was trying to put in a substitute for my little girl. Instead, I just started writing letters. Letters to all those I've lost, I've written 37 to myself alone because it was the old me who died a long time ago.

As I started painting what looked like a black blob my phone rang. It was a private number so naturally I didn't answer. They called again, and again. I choose to blast my music and blurt it out. A few hours later I was done with my painting, it was a black and white painting of a forest. I checked my phone, "no caller ID: 19 missed calls" they didn't leave a message so it couldn't be that important and honestly, I was kind of spooked.

Malik and I met when we were 19, I'm 23 now so you do the math. I changed my clothes and grabbed my keys. I decided I'm getting ice cream to watch my sunset with.

In the Ice cream store, I kept hearing someone's phone go off saying "no caller ID" seemed like everyone was getting the same calls today. My total was \$1.90, I thought about who could've been calling me because it couldn't be him who was calling me. I got my mocha almond fudge ice cream and walked to the Pier. As I was walking, I kept looking back, I couldn't shake the feeling that someone was following me. As I sat down on the stairs of an old gift shop my phone rang again, "no caller ID" I decided to answer it would eat me alive if it was him and I didn't answer.

"Maya." I heard his deep crisp voice flooding up the last four years of my life as my eyes filled with tears. The only thing was the voice didn't come from my phone it came from behind me. I froze in disbelief dropping my phone, letting it fall down the stairs shattering my screen.



Bygone Wings by Charles Bohner
F-104 Starfighter

"Self-portrait as Motorcycle" by Duane BigEagle

Here I sit, surrounded by shadow and damp darkness
Rough brown rust emanating a slight scent covers my once silver wings
My dreams of white misty clouds and sun-touched sky haunt my metallic grave
In an era now forgotten I ruled those sunny days with my once mighty wings.

Light breaks through my clouded thoughts as a rusted hangar door squeaks open
My old shell glimmers once more with sunlight, the rust shaken from my age-battered body.
Feeling rubber rolling on the sun warmed asphalt reignites a long wasted passion
After my long melancholic slumber, I rush from the ground with a roar once again



"Waiting" by Colleen Yee

Morning

Warm and bright something pulls at me
Rolling, unwilling, I turn away
And hide myself

It's only a beam of light

Still reluctant, I turn back toward the
warmth

Resentful of its coming
My eyes crack open

It's simply morning

Come for me again
Just an hour too soon

by Charles Bohner



“Walter Scott Monument” by Annie Bates-Winship



"No Exit" by Annie Bates-Winship

Digital Art
by
Audrey
Mei-Lin Backof



Not Yet by Ashby Remak

I left California for a coast which had only hurt me
I'd forgotten how novel the stars are here
How I have to let my eyes unfocus to pretend the lights on the Queensboro bridge
belong to the night sky
Just to feel at home
To those who have so much love for this city
I am jealous of you
I am jealous you have love left to give
after being carelessly tossed in the back of New York's mind
I sleep on wet pillows and wake up with a broken heart
But even after it all
I'm not sure I'm ready to leave
I want to make this city love me



"The Center Could Not Hold" by Benjamin Bennet

Blaze

by Belle Marko

I wasn't home - but I got the call.
Gone were all my treasures.
Up in orange and glowing sparks,
to mingle with the night.

That smokey smell so hard to shake,
That fat and tangled canvas hose,
That trampled ground, all wet and grey
That fluttering ragged curtain singed,
Draped damply tipped on crispy chair.

These visions seared my spirit
My heart stuck to my ribs
I floated through the months that night.
Not sure how I'd get by.

Time has bleached the memories,
Now just a story to me.
A lesson learned-

Wherever I go,
I make a home.
Nothing can take that away.

LITTLE WAVES

The old stone I use
as a pillow once lava
flowing to the sea

Hiking in the woods
how different the path seems
on the return trip

Hard green pears of June--
how will I remember them
when they are golden?



"Mother Nature's Pillow" by Miriam MacMillan

by James Tipton



"Rockface" by Annie Bates-Winship

There was a woman

There was a woman, she lived on Birch
To three amazing daughters, she did give birth
All were admirers of this great planet Earth,
And all of their hearts bare tremendous girth
Spreaders of love, that's what they do
That's what makes them a tight-knit crew
'Twas true, one man met the crew
Once he met them, his heart grew too

by Zachary Numark

Wind and Impulse

Each moment
rises up screaming into life,
born or stillborn.
There are some places
you must not go.
Hate is a stone stairway
to a blank wall.
There are some chances
you cannot pass up --
love,
a kind of readiness.
The little decisions
make a vision
by which we come to live.
You'd think what you've done
or haven't done
would determine your happiness.
But is that really it?
Does a rabbit
blinded by the headlights of a car
know
if he's going to run
or sit still?
I want to live
like that blinded rabbit,
piercing the darkness
for the slightest
wind and impulse.

by Duane BigEagle

UP THE STEPS

by James Tipton

Spring comes to the boughs without asking
waiting the sap still not awake
all morning the sunlight teases it

the nights still cold Orion
and his dog wander through the blue-black
the flooded yard beneath the tree

seeps back into the ground
and the owls call to each other
in the ringing silence of the infinite night

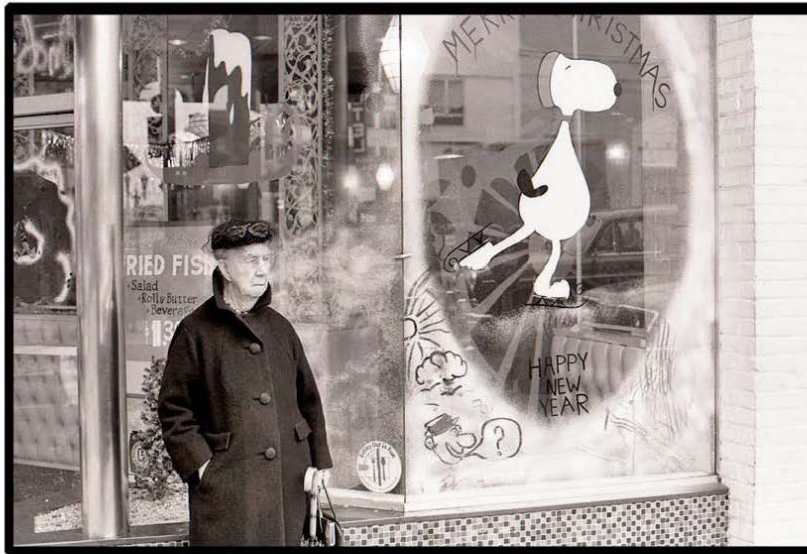
it is the time of returning
one by one the buds
one by one the birds

the scent of the first tremulous petal
taking me back to when
I'd walk up the steps in the spring evening

and find you all here.



"Boys at the Parade" by Jeff Lieppman



Ocean's Roar

by Jammie Kuramoto & Rowan Lepkowsky

"Snoopy Lady" by Jeff Lieppman

She had the roar of the ocean.
 In her mind, it was loud, yet she was quiet;
 Subtle, like the tides on a calm day.
 But when she raged,
 Her fury crashed like waves against battered cliffs.

He was her moon, her sun,
 Her push and her pull,
 The force that made her waters flow, And her ocean glow shining blue,
 Reflecting the boundless sky.

Together they set sail,
 Their journey began across her vast ocean.
 He guided her waters, he powered her currents. She gave him a
 purpose.
 She gave him a sea to fill with his tears.

She had the roar of the ocean.
 It was loud, yet could also be quiet, Subtle, like the tides on a calm day.
 But when she raged,
 Oh, did she rage.

He was her moon, her sun,
 Her push, and her pull,
 What made her waters flow, And her seas and oceans glow.



"Northern Spotted Owls" by Sophia Lavrov



"Flappers in their Twenties" by Sophia Lavrov

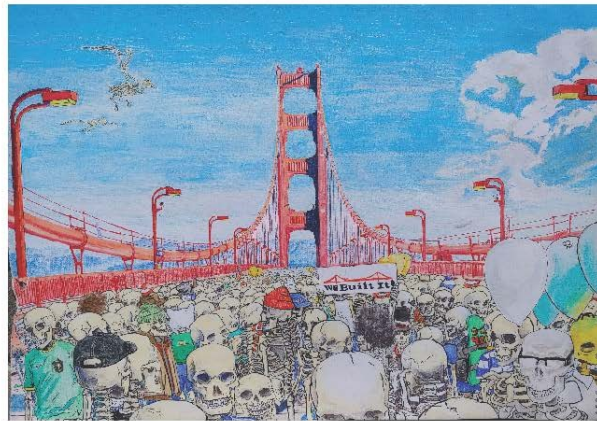
*"Cloudy
Sky"*





"10 min Alla Prima in the Studio" by Tami Tsark

*"Bridge
Piece"* by
Brian Saltz





Jackson's chameleon on book

Plaster carving
2022

by Colleen Yee

"Sometimes You Must Lose What You Love"
by Miriam MacMillan



poems by Rebecca Pauline Reiner

Nice to think so

On the other side of the universe:
We're dancing stars
 In someone else's sky,
Our exhaust eventually
Paints pictures around
 What they see with their naked eye
*(I don't know if that scientifically makes sense,
But let's pretend).*

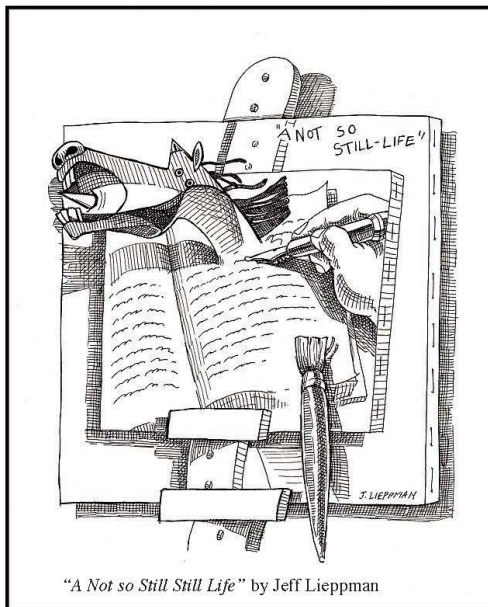
All driving happens in
Underground tunnels;
Flora and fauna
 Flourishing.
Dogs rule over everything
(though is that really so different?)

No one is left wanting
 Or outside in the cold—
All the politician's

Hearts
are made of
Gold

The Curb

Thick with cherry blossoms,
Caked dirt,
Dog pee,
Wet leaves...
Coated with a history
Your hose can't wash away;
I lay beneath your step
Your stomp
Your limp...
Who knows when I may give
And send you
On a trip.



"A Not so Still Still Life" by Jeff Lieppman



"American Dreamer" by D. Hixon



"Puerto Rican Picturesque" by Stephanie Wells



"Varanda da Saudade, Porto" by Stephanie Wells



"The Man" by Charlotte Ruiz

Who am I?

I stand up straight
A still blade in silence
A footstep imprints itself on me
I speed through a forest
Parting branches with my wake
Carrying precious cargo
I shoot through the air until I am im-
pacted
Collapsed
Cold lead
I've been worn down
Old leathery skin
Frayed laces touch blood
I weep across the forest
My limbs hang limp
The wind rustles me
I reek of rot
As bugs fill my hollowness
My center carved out
I'm red crispy meaty
Divided into cubes then triangles

by Arthur Freed



House Beautiful

During the summer, House Beautiful will publish, monthly, two separate series of Crafts, which teachers in the area will find useful for their classes. Both will start in the October issue and continue for eight consecutive issues.

We are pleased to have the suggestion of David Rauch, Director of Adult, Parent and Family Life Education for the Great Neck School District, who came to us with this request, saying that if the craft teachers of Great Neck could be given a few weeks prior to the start of the school year to prepare articles for publication, the teachers could then use the articles in their classrooms during the course around the House Beautiful series.

Dr. Rauch and the staff of the Great Neck School District, including Mrs. Judith Hilgrom, will assist us in making the two series as useful as possible to the teachers.

One series of articles will be on "Crafts for Children." This will be in part, a "rerun" of the famous Mariska Karasz articles from 1952-53, which were so popular and which have become collectors' items.

The other series will be on "Crafts for Adults." This will be in part, a "rerun" of the famous Mariska Karasz articles from 1952-53, which were so popular and which have become collectors' items.

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October issue (October 20th) - Mosses from shards of mirror and glass
 November issue (November 20th) - Paper and foils
 December issue (December 20th) - Paper and foils
 January issue (January 20th) - Paper and foils
 February issue (February 20th) - Paper and foils
 March issue (March 20th) - Paper and foils
 April issue (April 20th) - Paper and foils
 May issue (May 20th) - Paper and foils
 June issue (June 20th) - Paper and foils
 July issue (July 20th) - Paper and foils
 August issue (August 20th) - Paper and foils
 September issue (September 20th) - Paper and foils

If you decide to use either of these series, please send us a check for \$2.00 (which is 25% off the normal rate) to cover the cost of the articles. This your students will have a chance to use in their classrooms. For the teacher's convenience, we will send you a copy of the material about two weeks before publication. If you need more information, please contact our subscription service at (516) 466-1234.

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by Berru Zeynep Koksak

Tonic for melancholy
 Go-getters, they always say
 I'll sleep when I'm dead
 A stupid notion
 I'll sleep while I'm alive
 While the wind is rushing by
 And the trees lose all their
 leaves
 While I walk within a dream
 world
 Where sometimes it isn't
 even cold
 And loved ones never grow
 old
 My foot steps,
 Light and peaceful
 Roses blooming out my
 fingers
 An earthquake couldn't
 shake me
 My nose is pink from
 sunshine
 Not turned to frost by
 winter's gusts
 No,
 I'd rather sleep while I'm
 alive,
 And waltz through a dream
 scape

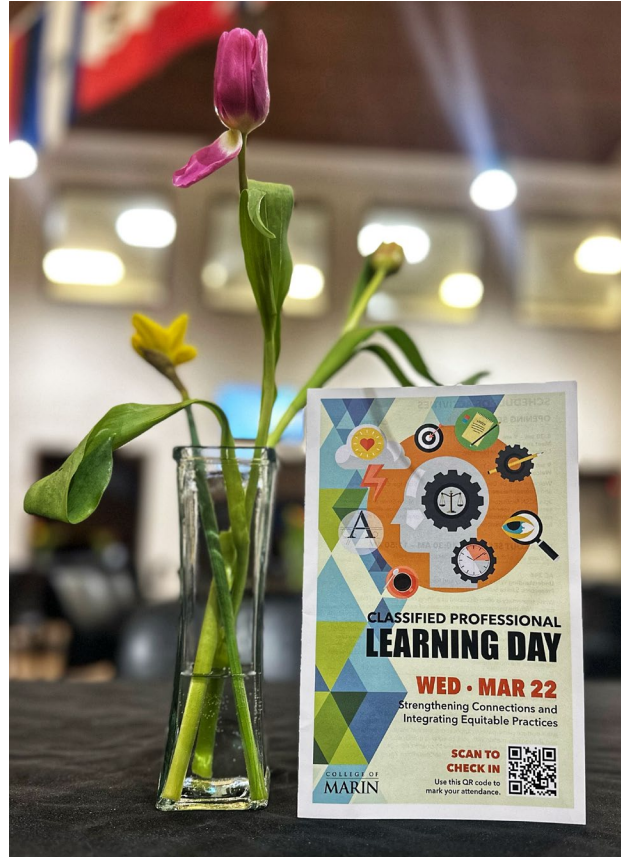
by Rebecca Pauline Reiner

"Neighbors"



CoM Art & Literary Magazine - Spring 2023
For art inquiries please e-mail: comliterarymagazine@gmail.com

Classified Professional Learning Day



March 22, 2023 marked the return of the first in-person Classified Professional Learning Day since fall of 2019! Over 100 Classified Professionals came together for a full day of trainings centered around the following themes:

- Reconnecting - To Each Other and Mission of College
- Technology - COM Apps and Hybrid Meeting Management
- Equity - Understanding White Supremacy and Racial Justice
- Identifying Professional Learning Pathways
 - What is Your Why?
 - Career Advancement Preparation
 - Degree/Certificate Completion

Betina Vallin and Rebecca Moon-Stone, Classified Professional learning facilitators from 3CSN, helped to kick off the opening session for the day and led sessions throughout the day.

A big thank you to all who participating in making the day such a success!



Classified Professional Learning Day

March 22, 2023

Themes of Sessions

- **Reconnecting - To Each Other and Mission of College**
- **Technology - COM Apps and Hybrid Meeting Management**
- **Equity - Understanding White Supremacy and Racial Justice**
- **Identifying Professional Learning Pathways**
 - Career Advancement Preparation
 - Degree/Certificate Completion
 - What is Your Why?

CPLD Stats

Total Participants Opening session: 100

Sessions in Round 1:

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| ● Career Advancement Prep Workshop | Total attended: 20 |
| ● COM Software/Apps 101 | Total attended: 30+ |
| ● Understanding White Supremacy and Racial Justice | Total attended: 18 |
| ● What is Your Why? | Total attended: 29 |

Sessions in Round 2:

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| ● Connections at COM | Total attended: 32 |
| ● Hybrid Meeting Management 102 | Total attended: 25 |
| ● Understanding White Supremacy and Racial Justice | Total attended: 8 |
| ● Skills, Certs, and Degree Completion at COM & Beyond | Total attended: 26 |

Feedback

Great opportunity to connect, communicate, learn and grow from our work environment mistakes and also applaud our achievements!

I wish everyone could have attended every session that was offered!

Let's do more of these CPL Days or mini-sessions more often!

Closing Session Discussion: Directions for Professional Learning Going Forward



PLC Next Steps

- Organize Follow-Up Classified PL COM-Hour Sessions based on themes from March CPL Day:
 - ◆ Appreciative Inquiry
 - ◆ Strengthening Connections
 - ◆ What is Your Why?
- Develop Classified PL path during Flex Week
- Plan Fall Classified PL Day
- Discuss ideal day for Spring Classified PL Day

Save the Date: Fall Classified PL Day

Wednesday, Oct 11
Jonas Center

*Save the Date: The next full Classified Professional Learning Day will take place on **Wednesday, October 11**. Also stay tuned for Classified Professional COMMunity Hour sessions on the theme of What as Your Why as well this summer!*

Spring Fling



This year's Spring Fling was held on Wednesday, April 26th from 11AM to 2PM at the Academic Center (Kentfield Campus). Spring Fling was a community building and engagement event for all COM students, staff, faculty, and administrators. Spring Fling was a chance to take a break, enjoy food, games, art and crafts, music, and celebrating Spring together as a community!

































The Photo Spot





















Reading and Writing Lab

College of Marin offers online and on-campus tutoring spaces for reading and writing in any subject in the Reading and Writing Lab (RWL) and the Online Writing Center (OWC). Students can get help from COM English instructors and professional tutors with:

- Understanding assignments and readings

- Writing assignments for all college subjects
- Brainstorming, essay and paragraph organization, idea development, research, and grammar
- College entrance essays, UC/CSU applications
- Scholarship applications
- Resumes and cover letters

In the last few semesters, the RWL has served between 350-380 students who have visited the RWL between 1,562 and 1,975 times! Furthermore, over 155 students have made online appointments, with over 364 appointments attended.

In addition to the RWL, students can submit their written work on the OWC and receive a response from a tutor. Over the last year, the OWC has served up to 277 students per semester, with up to 773 submissions in a semester.

This February over 90 students attended the first "Meet and Eat in the RWL" event where they learned about how the RWL and OWC can support them in their classes. Additionally, students had the opportunity to meet teachers and tutors, and to enjoy pizza and snacks. The next Meet and Eat will be held early in the Fall 2023 semester.



"The tutor I worked with in the RWL was so approachable, warm, and communicative."

"The tutors help to take the pressure off and to refocus on what matters! Working with them helped me to finish my assignments and improve my writing skills."

"The Zoom RWL is a fantastic service! This is so helpful for me as I am in school during the day, so it is nice to meet with a tutor in the evening."

"It was very helpful to have access to an expert who could discuss my project and suggest improvements and revisions. Thank you!"

The RWL and OWC are open through Finals Week (closing at 2pm on Friday, May 26) and will open again for the Summer Semester (hours TBD).

Questions? Please e-mail the RWL/OWC Coordinator, Beth Sheofsky, at esheofsky@marin.edu.

1619 Revisited: Abolition, Gender, and the Black Radical Tradition

1619 REVISITED Abolition, Gender, and the Black Radical Tradition

WITH **DR. ANGELA DAVIS** AND **DR. ROBYN SPENCER**

THURSDAY • APR 20, 2023
5 PM – 8 PM
JAMES DUNN THEATRE
COM KENTFIELD CAMPUS

The College of Marin's *The 1619 Project* capstone features legendary scholars Dr. Angela Davis and Dr. Robyn Spencer in conversation about abolition, gender, and the Black radical tradition. The evening kicks off with music by Kash Killion (left) and poetry by Tongco Eisen-Martin (right). The event honors the college's yearlong work with *The 1619 Project* by Nikole Hannah-Jones. A reception to follow.

Sliding scale donations starting at \$20, proceeds benefit the COM Umoja Learning Community. Low-income tickets are available, free for current COM students. Registration required.

For tickets and more information: 1619revisited.eventbrite.com

Individuals seeking access support or reasonable accommodations to attend this event may contact umoja@marin.edu.

Sponsored by: Umoja Equity Institute (UEI), Umoja Learning Community, COM Library, COMCommon Read, and ASSCOM.

College of Marin Library partnered with Umoja for a year-long anti-racism, anti-censorship festival focused on The 1619 Project. The library purchased 1,300 copies of the book to be used in classes and given out freely to students, faculty, staff, and administrators across the college. As legislators across the country banned this book, Umoja and the library encouraged everyone at College of Marin to read it—in part to consider the argument it contains and in part as an act of resistance. Thanks to everyone who participated!

[Learn more about The 1619 Project COMCommon Read here.](#)



This event, *1619 Revisted*, honored the college's yearlong work with The 1619 Project by Nikole Hannah-Jones. The evening began with music by Kash Killion and poetry by Tongo Eisen-Martin, and featured a

conversation between legendary scholars Dr. Angela Davis and Dr. Robyn Spencer on abolition, gender, and the Black radical tradition in the James Dunn Theatre. A reception followed on the Performing Arts Theatre. Many thanks to all who attended, volunteered, and helped make this special evening possible!

Upcoming Events

- **96th Annual College of Marin Commencement and Transfer Recognition**
 - We cordially invite you, your family, and your friends to attend the College of Marin’s 96th Commencement and Transfer Recognition Ceremony. You’ve worked hard to achieve your goals—let’s celebrate!
 - Friday, May 26th
 - 6 pm — 8 pm
 - College of Marin Pieper Field (700 College Ave Kentfield, CA 94904)
- **Seventh Annual Faculty/Staff Softball Game and BBQ**
 - Wednesday, May 31st
 - Diamond P.E. Center, baseball field
 - (BBQ): 11:30 am – 2 pm
 - (Softball Game): 12:30 pm – 1:30 pm

Contact Us

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Student Learning and Success

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