

THE

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RAG

AN

СТУДЕНТСКИ
ГЛАС ЈАЧИ
ОД БЕТОНА!!!



INSTITUTIONAL

CRITIQUE

Colorado College, like many privileged institutions, frequently touts its commitment to social change, often highlighted by its specialized courses on “Nonviolent Conflict” and tactics for democratic transition. While the surface presentation is one of empowering student activism, a deeper examination of these curricula—particularly those centered on the work of figures involved in the Serbian movement—reveals a profoundly problematic pedagogical project: the training of compliant governmental subjects.

The critique is not against nonviolence as one tactic among many; it is against its institutionalization as a monopolistic, acceptable form of dissent, creating a predictable, sanitized product designed for export and control that preemptively bans a necessary diversity of tactics. Classes focusing on the 2000 events in Serbia often characterize the overthrow of Slobodan Milošević as a textbook example of successful, youth-led, nonviolent revolution. This narrative is, at best, a willful oversimplification, and at worst, a neoliberal mischaracterization. What occurred was a powerful, successful effort to force early elections and achieve a transfer of power from one set of political elites to another. It was a stunt for a change in electoral politics, not a systemic revolution. It was the successful recycling of the system, not its dismantling.

To teach this movement as a blueprint for “defending democracy” without a rigorous interrogation of the movement’s foreign funding, its ultimate failure to fundamentally alter the economic structure of the state, or the way its success was immediately co-opted by status quo political actors, is to peddle a dangerous fantasy. It tells students that the goal of activism is merely to change the nameplate on the office door, not to reconstruct the foundation of the house. This pedagogy of “compliant conflict” serves as a crucial cog in the neoliberal machine of policing dissent. By offering courses that meticulously detail approved, pre-vetted methods of protest—the signs, the slogans, the media strategy—the College is effectively training future activists in the correct way to be disruptive, which is to say, the least disruptive way possible. It provides a safe container for outrage, diverting radical energy away from fundamental systemic critique and into highly visible, low-threat, electoral-focused action.

This pedagogy is underpinned by a logic of intellectual surrender, often heard in the classroom: "The government has tanks, weapons, and overwhelming force. What are you going to do? You can't fight them." This rhetorical move, presented as pragmatism, is nothing more than a fundamental discouragement from systemic thinking. It reduces the entire political landscape to a military inventory, teaching students that because they cannot achieve material parity with the state, their only option is to play by the state's rules. This preemptive defeatism serves only to secure the government's monopoly on legitimate political action, thus completing the loop of compliant subject training.

This institutional blessing creates the perfect governmental subject: one who is politically engaged, non-violently compliant, and utterly domesticated to the boundaries of acceptable protest. It is a way of saying: "Go ahead and be passionate, but only in this narrow, approved, and ultimately ineffective channel."

Colorado College, in hosting and validating this narrow approach to conflict, risks becoming complicit in discouraging the deep, necessary, and uncomfortable thinking required to challenge the very structures that perpetuate inequality. Students are being taught to manage symptoms through electoral cycles, rather than curing the disease by fundamentally questioning their own position within the global capitalist order. Genuine revolution requires more than a clever logo or a well-timed march; it requires a deep, uncompromising commitment to dismantling the economic and political apparatus that defines who has power and who does not. If a class on "conflict" does not lead students to reject the structures that currently disadvantage them and strip away their rights, it is not a class on liberation. It is a class on containment.

Art by Max Blair Houston





June Bacon-Bercey (1928–2019)

My UCLA advisor said, forget Meteorology –
major in Home Economics. I got an A
in Thermodynamics and a D in Home Ec.,
and I stuck to my own plan.

The weather's unpredictable. In Buffalo, New York,
I landed my dream job when the former weatherman
was arrested for bank robbery. TV's a strange place.

A few years later I won big on The \$128,000 Question
and established a scholarship for women to study
atmospheric sciences. And that, my friends,
that is how you make it rain.

The Path of Most Resistance: Poems on Women in Science
(Gold SF, 2025, distributed by MIT)

Jessy Randall

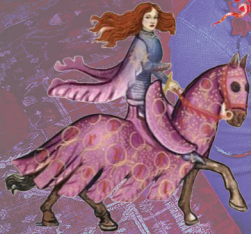




Art by Max Blair Houston



The Chemical Leash and the Heavy Chest



We live in a world where our agency has been systematically stripped away. We do not control the markets that starve us, the climate that burns around us, or the landlords who bleed us dry. In this late-capitalist hellscape, the only territory left to conquer is the internal one. This is why we descend into the basement clubs and the warehouse raves.

Taking drugs and losing ourselves to the rhythm isn't just hedonism; it is a desperate reclamation of ownership. When we alter our chemistry, we are seizing the means of perception. If we cannot control the material conditions of our existence, we will—at the very least—dictate the release of our own serotonin. The dance floor becomes a Temporary Autonomous Zone, a fleeting utopia where the logic of productivity is suspended, and the body is used for joy rather than labor.

But even here, in this supposed sanctuary of collective effervescence, the material reality of our bodies betrays the inequality of the system we try to escape. The rave is not a frictionless vacuum.

There is a distinct, visceral disparity in who gets to fully transcend. For men, the dance floor is often a space of pure, unencumbered release. But for women and femmes, the experience is tethered by the physical weight of existence—quite literally. While the bass thumps, there is the silent, nagging reality that boobs hurt. The violence of gravity does not pause for the drop.

There is a cruel irony in a counter-culture that preaches liberation but ignores the physical tax paid by half the room. We are trying to float, to dissolve into the music, yet the pain of unsupported movement or restrictive clothing serves as a constant, grounding anchor. It is a reminder that even in our escapism, the patriarchy and biology collude to make the female experience one of endurance rather than pure ease.

Yet, despite the pain and despite the crushing weight of the world waiting outside the exit doors, we stay. We stay because this flawed, uneven communion is the only glimpse of a post-capitalist future we have. In the sweat and the ache, we find a solidarity that the boardroom can never repli-

Mila Naumovska



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Not a Scene

(Lights up on a young MAN and a young WOMAN. Both look sullen and knowing.)

MAN: I know this will be hard for you, but I just don't think we belong together any longer.

(The WOMAN remains silent but appears to have something to say. The MAN, not expecting the silence, fills the gap . . .)

MAN: I said, that we don't belong together any longer. (Prompting her.) What do you think of that?

(Silence still.)

MAN: (Whispering to WOMAN, hoping that the AUDIENCE doesn't hear.) Did you forget your lines?

WOMAN: (Also whispering.) No.

MAN: (Exasperated.) Then speak!

WOMAN: I would . . . But I don't want to make a scene. (Blackout.)

Sabrina Smith

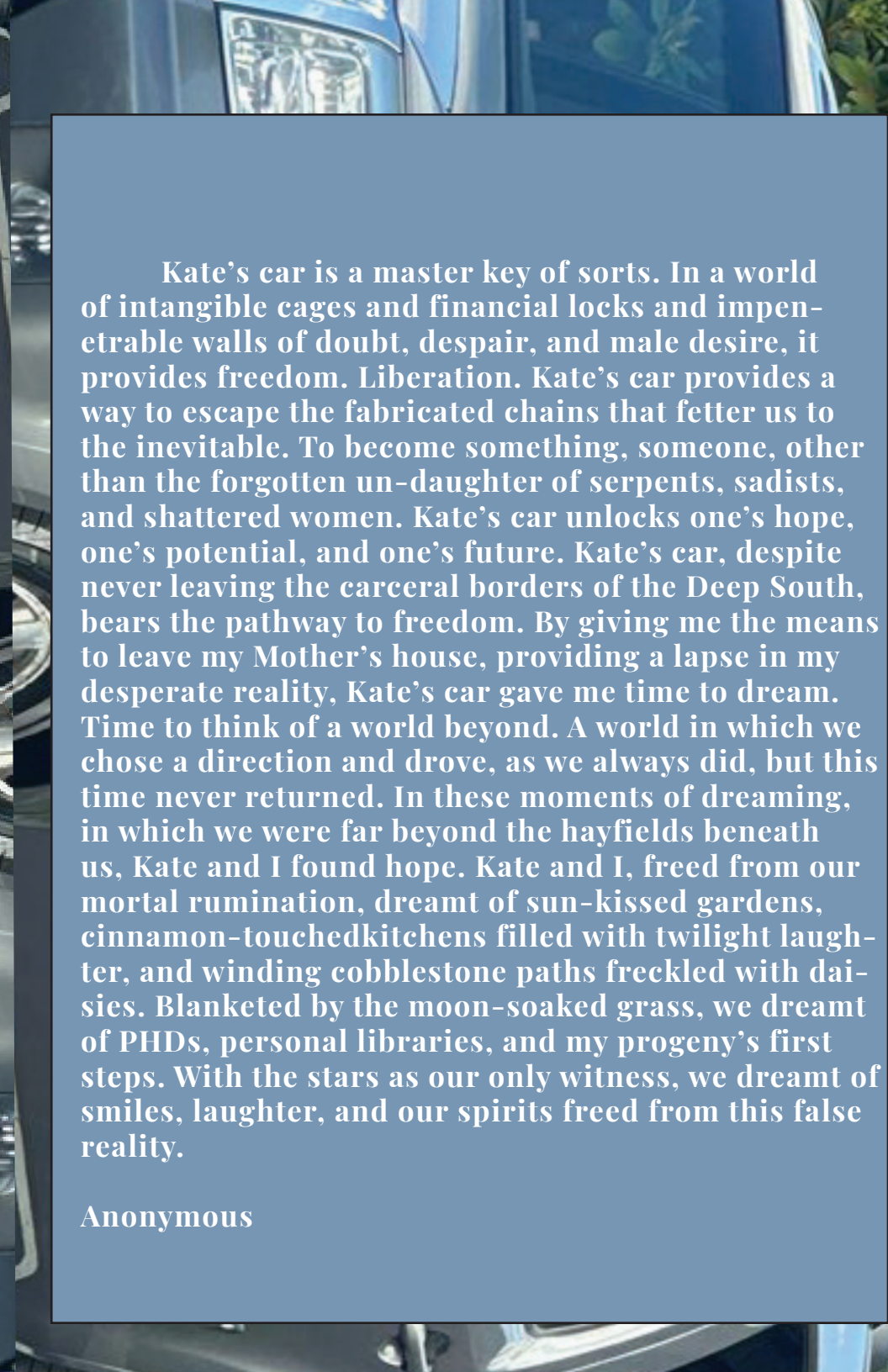
“Hey Kate, I need out.”

Out. Adverb. “moving or appearing to move away from a particular place, especially one that is enclosed or hidden.”

My Mother’s house, which is not my Mama’s home by the presence of the snake called “father” nor is it “father’s” house by the presence of my Mama, has always contained my most painful memories. And Kate’s car, which was her brother’s car before hers and their Mama’s car before his, has always held my most healing memories within its metal arms and blanket-covered seats.

Kate’s car is a 2011 Honda Pilot. It always smells like food, which might seem like a bad thing, but this smell is a sign of life. Where there is food, there is money and where there is money, there is life. There’s always at least two Bath and Body Works products hidden within it courtesy of her little sister, and 5-15 coke bottles shoved into the nets behind the front seats courtesy of our friends. The back seats usually bear a couple forgotten novels from her TBR, the last being *The Song of Achilles*. But trust her, she will read them tomorrow. And don’t forget the huge, empty cups of Cookout cheerwine, a staple of every adventure with Kate. There’s always a blanket or two in the trunk in case we get cold, because it’s Appalachia and it’s always cold at night. But be careful not to grab O’Hara’s blanket, or you might get a face-full of dog hair. Beneath the seats you’ll find a withered french fry, an abandoned chapstick, and an ancient parking ticket. But most importantly, above said seats, you’ll find Kate and I, abandoning our unfortunate realities in favor of indie ballads and punk-rock rage music.

Out. Noun. “a way of escaping from a problem or dilemma.”



Kate's car is a master key of sorts. In a world of intangible cages and financial locks and impenetrable walls of doubt, despair, and male desire, it provides freedom. Liberation. Kate's car provides a way to escape the fabricated chains that fetter us to the inevitable. To become something, someone, other than the forgotten un-daughter of serpents, sadists, and shattered women. Kate's car unlocks one's hope, one's potential, and one's future. Kate's car, despite never leaving the carceral borders of the Deep South, bears the pathway to freedom. By giving me the means to leave my Mother's house, providing a lapse in my desperate reality, Kate's car gave me time to dream. Time to think of a world beyond. A world in which we chose a direction and drove, as we always did, but this time never returned. In these moments of dreaming, in which we were far beyond the hayfields beneath us, Kate and I found hope. Kate and I, freed from our mortal rumination, dreamt of sun-kissed gardens, cinnamon-touched kitchens filled with twilight laughter, and winding cobblestone paths freckled with daisies. Blanketed by the moon-soaked grass, we dreamt of PhDs, personal libraries, and my progeny's first steps. With the stars as our only witness, we dreamt of smiles, laughter, and our spirits freed from this false reality.

Anonymous

Art by Max Blair Houston



Untitled

2/5

Max Blair Houston

Mae Jemison (b. 1956)

I had eight weightless days
and so much to prove.

Eggs fertilized in space develop
into normal tadpoles. This means...

What does this mean? Perhaps
not much. Eggs fertilized

in pond water are nearly weightless,
too. Girls who enter Stanford at sixteen

develop into normal women, if you
call astronauts normal. When the tadpoles

are returned to Earth, how will they adjust
to gravity? Will they perish, or rise up and fly?

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