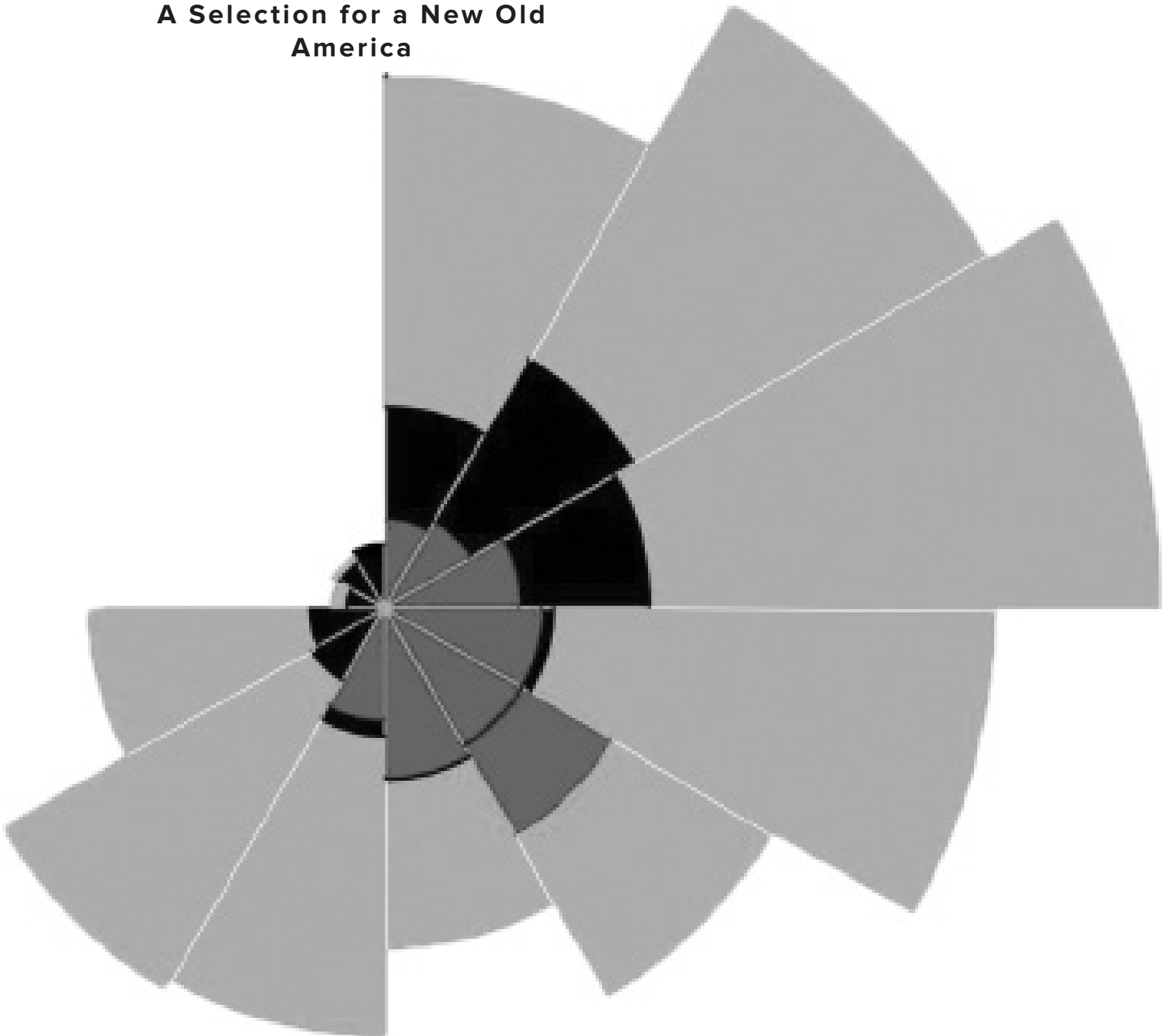


ASYMMETRY

A Selection for a New Old
America



WE WON'T GIVE UP, WE WON'T GIVE IN

BECAUSE:

BLACK LIVES MATTER

IT'S MY BODY, MY CHOICE

NO HUMAN BEING IS ILLEGAL

WOMEN'S RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS

CLIMATE CHANGE IS REAL

WE WILL:

FIGHT RACISM AND WHITE SUPREMACY

FIGHT SEXISM AND MISOGYNY

FIGHT BIGOTRY AND HATE

FIGHT ISLAMOPHOBIA

FIGHT HOMOPHOBIA

FIGHT TRANSPHOBIA

FIGHT ANTI-SEMITISM

FIGHT FOR DISABILITY RIGHTS

FIGHT FOR INDIGENOUS RIGHTS

FIGHT FOR IMMIGRANT RIGHTS

RESIST FEAR, ASSIST LOVE

SPEAK UP

ACT

ASYMMETRY

A Selection for a New Old America

Issue 01, November 2016

This is where we are and where we've been and where we're going. This is much more than an election and more nuanced than our binary political system. This moment demands action.

In response to the election of Donald Trump and the already-pervasive culture of misogyny and white supremacy within the United States, we worked with writers and artists to address how the next administration will affect them, what organizations we can donate to or get involved with, and what needs to be done to ameliorate the fallout.

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PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

ELLE ROBERTS

I don't pray. The religion of my youth no longer speaks to my inner workings or makes space for the entirety of who I am ever becoming. Long gone are the days of a skinny dark-skinned girl perched in the third pew back adorned in Sunday best, kneeling before God and fashioning my words into rehearsed lamentations and deepest wanting; my prayers more closely resembled whispered wishes in the key of Jiminy Cricket. I don't pray. But my faith has grown and transformed with me, fortified in consuming fire and baptized in troubled waters, and where I invest it is an entire world apart from that of my childhood.

If I had to name my spiritual practice, I'd loosely call it inquisitive agnosticism. I believe in a God, but she looks and moves through the world less like Jim Caviezel and more like Miss Major Gracy-Griffin. The questions of faith I repeatedly ask myself and my closest don't yet have answers that bring me any semblance of peace or understanding. However, I am rooted in this sense of uncertainty and discomfort, the push and pull of knowing and unknowing is great hope.

Contrary to popular belief, the Land of the Free has been welcome home to the weeping and gnashing of teeth since its inception. The Obama administration and Tuesday's election results are the Book of Revelation come to fruition, depending on who is telling the tale. But this rebellious Sunday schooler gained timeless wisdom from the Bible: people don't know how to listen. Listening demands conscious intent and responsive care to hear and address what is historically and presently ignored, erased, remade in self-image. Communities cut deepest by the sins of white supremacist capitalist patriarchy suffer in silence and screams, indistinguishable to those unconsciously and willfully lacking the talent and gift of discernment. Hear this:

Hell is not upon us. Hell is already here, been here. And we are all caught in crossfire and culpable to varying degrees.

We can reimagine what is unjust, and create liberation yet to be, a super/natural work of hands and hearts.

I don't pray. But my faith is the Lord's Prayer in theory and in truth, "on earth as it is in heaven." Hell is scaling mountains at the expense of people relegated to valleys. Hell is our eyes fixed on hills, waiting on help to arrive that is instead within and among us. Hell is rooted in reality, the best and worst that is here and now, but we can press toward an earthly heaven — what we can't touch, feel, see where and when we are.

This requires a disruption of power we wield to enact hell on one another. This requires a radical redefinition of prayer. No, not mere utterances behind closed doors or convicted speech cocooned by fellow worshippers, but prayer that takes shape by holding space for self-reflection and difficult dialogue, reconciling deep-seated harm, planting church in odd places, being sanctuary for the othered, begetting culture shifts.

We can reimagine what is unjust, and create liberation yet to be, a super/natural work of hands and hearts. Today and always, pray without ceasing.

Organizations to support and get involved with:

Indiana Youth Group

indianayouthgroup.org

Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance

iuya.org

Center of Wellness for Urban Women

cwwonline.org

General Public Collective

general-public.us

Re-Generation Indy

regenerationindy.com



THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION

DEVON GINN

america is the unclipped wick
making a mockery of the glass
holding its wax
while the world giggles at our luck

It's the glimpse of twilight
cast from the depths of our flesh
allowing us to breathe in a fate
we hastily accept

The hollow spaces where they
design the tools of the damned
feel too much like home
Too much like good intentions

Bodies existing in the margins
stomach the weight
of the great american parable –
fearful to rouse persons at rest

How we wish to navigate
such precarious terrain
Never administered that
atlas y'all traverse rivers with

Bellies full from
hunger,
devoid of hope,
still frolic to the tune of tomorrow

With love, the palms
and the soles of the feet
lose their familiar grip
with comfort

Sprinklings of generational calamity
paint portraits the world abhors
and fails to critique
in the appropriate light

Bathed the darkest of demons in holy water
with the intent to air dry the secrets
we've bleached and bleached and bleached
with the impurities rooted too deep

We scrub our skin raw to clean our confusion
Praying that the scabs we yield
will harden all over and fall quick enough
to show off the wings we pray will appear gallant

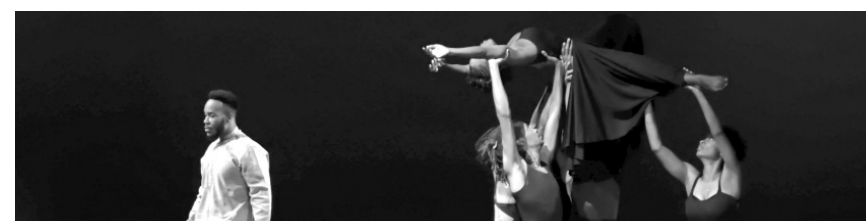
I've got genuine love
for all living beings
too
forced to inhabit
this hostile environment

We've the nerve
to call such a space "home"
We've the nerve to bear
backbone sans brevity

Forced to memorize a script
written in a foreign tongue
On the hunt for some magic
held hostage in america's knuckle

With love, the mind has the potential
to quiet its natural ebb and flow of traffic and chaos
With love, our bodies' hyper focus
on the pulse of souls we've never met

If this oxygen
too
occupies those ribs
I've got genuine love
in these bones for the likes of you



Images: Lenny White at Pride Photography

Organizations to support and get involved with:

- Brothers United** brothersunitedinc.org
- Planned Parenthood** plannedparenthood.org
- Don't Sleep** naptowndontsleep.org
- Indiana Youth Group** indianayouthgroup.org
- Indy 10 Black Lives Matter** facebook.com/Indy10People
- American Friends Service Committee** afsc.org
- Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance** iuya.org
- Southern Poverty Law Center** splcenter.org

OUR MESSAGE TO OUR COMMUNITY, ALLIES, AND POLITICAL LEADERS

INDIANA UNDOCUMENTED YOUTH ALLIANCE

In 2011 the Indiana General Assembly accepted laws that harmed the safety, economic stability and overall prosperity of our undocumented communities because they believed that we did not deserve equal access to higher education or the opportunity to earn a living wage. These laws were not successful in pushing us out of the community and state we live in. We will continue to remain part of our communities despite the uncertainty and fear caused by the most recent Presidential election.

The Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance committed to serve the community as a youth-led organization when our families were targeted by our state legislators four years ago. Time and time again we have witnessed the driving force to our organizing being the strength in our families and communities, and this past week was not any different. In fact, we are reassured that our undocumented community is not isolated and our families are not alone.

To our communities...

There is a strong history of resiliency in our communities, and even though fear has been a strategy used to control us, we will challenge this fear by empowering ourselves through the strength of our voices and knowledge of our history.

Despite what lies ahead of us, we will continue to organize and demand to be treated with dignity and respect. The change in administration should not push us into the shadows but rather energize us to continue to empower our communities while remembering the sacrifices



Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance iuya.org

"Alianza de Jovenes Indocumentados de Indiana"
We are HUMANS. We have RIGHTS. We have DIGNITY.
We deserve RESPECT.

that have been made in order for us to be here. We encourage the undocumented youth of their future to step away from the shadows and find strength in our family's sacrifices. Allow for whatever inspires you—our hardworking families, our accomplishments, our history—to encourage you to speak up against injustice in our community.

You are not alone.

IUYA recommits to continue to provide resources for all UndocuHoosiers and to advocate for all other marginalized groups. The journey we are about to embark will not be an easy one, but together, we are resilient enough to endure it.

To our allies...

We have been contacted by many community members and organizations in the last few days and this has been inspiring. At this time IUYA must be intentional about putting our energy, efforts, and resources into preparing and empowering our communities that will be directly impacted by swift and emboldened anti-immigrant actions. IUYA cannot do this work without our allies and

community partners. As our allies, we expect you to use your privileges and resources to stand alongside the undocumented community and take their lead on what actions and changes are necessary. In solidarity, we are all stronger.

To our political leaders...

The Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance expects Hoosier hospitality values from our elected leaders, regardless of their party affiliation. The role of our political leaders is additionally important to IUYA after witnessing the Obama administration disregard our communities and separate families through deportations and implementing unjust policies that have forced families to leave their communities. In the following years IUYA commits to hold our elected officials accountable.

We place hope in our community and not in our political leaders.

IUYA is poised to demand that our elected officials fulfill their role of serving all of their constituents through legislation, policies, and practices that protect undocumented immigrants and other disenfranchised and

marginalized groups. Additionally, we are prepared to remind political leaders and public servants, such as local police departments of their role in state and federal law enforcement.

We will not tolerate any abuse of power.

As we move forward as a targeted population, IUYA encourages us to not sit back but instead take action in the following ways: connecting with local nonprofits that serve underrepresented communities, using social media as a way to disseminate actions and resources, sharing your skills with IUYA, and to donating to IUYA so that we may continue to provide financial and educational resources.

The shift in President values and platform implies many changes in our lives as undocumented people, but does not change our strength and ability to persevere past all injustices.

INDIANAPOLIS AS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW TO THRIVE IN SPITE OF PENCE

JENNIFER DELGADILLO

I like telling people I am Mexican American: Born in Mexico to an American mother, with a dual citizenship, like Juan Gabriel singing Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Have You Ever Seen the Rain," like street hot dogs from Barrio Antiguo in Monterrey.

My life in English and Spanish has marked most everything in my life, and as an adult I've found myself assuming the role of bridge between cultures more often than not. As an artist, then as medical interpreter and research assistant, running education programs and college preparation for Latino students, and now as a writer.

People like knowing where others are from, and I am no different. I like asking people, too. When I meet Mexican compatriots, I like asking how long they've been here; when I meet locals, I ask what neighborhood they grew up in. And in all my years living in the crossroads of America this is the story that I learned.

Indianapolis has changed so much in the last thirty years. The suburbs used to be mostly country roads. Mass Ave, Fountain Square, Indiana Avenue were all different places, eventually transformed with arts and culture. There used to be only one

good Mexican restaurant: El Sol de Tala, helmed by chef Javier Amezcua, the finest Mexican chef in Indianapolis. Educator Emily Salinas once told me that as a child attending Fiesta Indianapolis in 1985, it was the first time she had found herself among other beautiful brown faces. Fiesta is now one of the biggest festivals in the city, with Latinos making up 10% of the Indianapolis population. Emily remembers being the only Latino in her class, but the kids at Belzer Middle School on the far east-side can now take BLAS, Bilingual Latino/Americano Studies with Julie Majerčák.

And so you must understand that after writing stories about the people of Indianapolis, I could only see things from a very optimistic perspective.

I remember telling my students at La Plaza that things were looking up for them. When we started filling out deferred action paperwork with families under DACA, I felt as assured as ever. My students and I have both moved on from that time, but I still like the pictures detailing their college lives on Facebook.

In 2008 I read an article in NUVO titled *Bienvenidos a Talapolis* by M. Snodgrass, a professor of Mexican Stud-

ies at IUPUI. In 2010 I read *Viva Lafayette Road: Latin music on Indy's Westside* by Kyle Long, also in NUVO, but this time in Spanish. In 2014 I got hired as a writer for Sky Blue Window and I wrote about local badass Latinos like Eduardo Luna, Karla Romero, Daniel del Real, Beatriz Vasquez, Alberto "Bettyblue" Medina. One time I wrote about the time Gary Varvel made a racist Thanksgiving cartoon and invited readers to join Karla Lopez-Owens in a peaceful food collection and protest organized by the Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance (IUYA).

We will fight for each other's safety. We will check our blind spots in all we do and save a seat at every table for the views of those among us that are seldom heard.

After the election, every time I close my eyes to go to sleep I see the faces of the stu-

dents I taught. I think of my LGBTQ and Muslim friends. I think of my dad and his Mexican accent. I think of all the things that could go wrong any moment, should we find ourselves washed aside by the tide looming over us.

But then I think of all the people I know who wake up every morning and go to the trenches for the most vulnerable in our the city: Elle Roberts, Mat Davis, Katie Blair, IUYA, Sylvia Thomas, CoraLyn Turentine and so many more.

I refuse to believe that any of them can be stopped. In fact, I believe more of us will join them. We will educate ourselves to better protect those among us who are most at risk of injustice. We will fight for each other's safety. We will check our blind spots in all we do and save a seat at every table for the views of those among us that are seldom heard. We will welcome and support the leaders who will emerge among us.

We will remember that most everything we love about our city we built ourselves and dedicate our lives to ensuring that the state where Mike Pence was born is a place where Mike Pence's ideas are obsolete.

PERFECT IS THE ENEMY OF GOOD

HANNAH HARRIS

Perfect is the enemy of good. This thought keeps returning to my mind as I revisit the election, the tumultuous lead-up to it, and the aftermath, disastrous as it has been.

We were too quiet, us, the white inhabitants of the United States of America. Too laid-back. Too willing to accept the bigotry put in front of us every day. We let it slide because it was "harmless." Because the people, those people in our lives, "didn't really mean it." Because the generalizations seemed so small and ineffectual, couched in sarcasm, that we just let it slide. "Why make a fuss over something like that?" we would ask ourselves, as we uncomfortably listened to racism, xenophobia, and myriad other forms of bigotry from family, friends, coworkers. "It's not worth it. I'm sure they get why that's wrong. And besides - they wouldn't listen to me anyway. That's just how they are."

I believe you have thought these things, because I have thought these things. I have sat there, and I have done nothing, complicit in discrimination. I have sat in front of one uncle, my mother's brother, and listened to him rant about "towelheads," "woke" individuals), every day we still encounter people who struggle to understand about how "those people" don't have morals, and deserved to be attacked by the United States. I'm sure you can imagine the actual language he used. I'm sure you can imagine it, because I'm sure you have family members, coworkers, or even friends who have said things just as harmful.

I have listened to another uncle, on my father's side, refer offhandedly to my cousin's shoes as "jig shoes" before merrily marching onto another topic. I remember feeling my breath catch in my throat. I hesitated for a heartbeat and then continued with the conversation as though nothing had happened. I couldn't muster the courage to stand up to this man who I was supposed to look up to, who's been in my life since I was born. But, my thoughts insisted, it was just a passing comment. He's harmless, right?

With nothing to shake them, and implicit consent from all those around them, they have come to believe that they are in the right.

Moments like these come, and they go. Even if you try to surround yourself with forward-thinkers (our "woke" individuals), every day we still encounter people who struggle to understand and embrace those who are different from them. What do we, white people, do when these situations arise? We have the least to fear, and in these situations, we are often expected to comply with racism, xenophobia, all manner of discrimination. How can we help? What can we do?

Do Something. Do Anything. This is why "perfect is the enemy of good" has been at the forefront of my mind. While we've been sitting back, waiting for that perfect opportunity to teach our racist uncles about tolerance, about embracing differences, their ideals have been festering, metastasizing, strengthening. With nothing to shake them, and implicit consent from all those around them, they have come to believe that they are in the right. That perfect teachable moment you've been waiting for doesn't exist.

Donald Trump's election as President of the United States shows how deeply rooted these beliefs still are. It shows that every time we keep our mouths shut when we could say something, we're letting these beliefs persist. These beliefs which are dangerous, and deadly, for the people of color in this nation, and the people of color who encounter this nation. And although these people of color are strong, powerful, capable - it is white people who need to stand up and ed-

ucate other white people. We MUST say something, do something, if this country is to heal, progress, and move towards empathy.

The moment won't be perfect. What you say won't be perfect. But it will make an impact, and that's what's important. Shaking up these beliefs, which they may not even realize are harmful, is something we must do. All of us as white people. It's my responsibility. It's your responsibility. None of us can be perfect, but it's time for us to do something good.

Organizations to support and get involved with:

- ACLU** aclu.org
- Planned Parenthood** plannedparenthood.org
- Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance** iuya.org
- Exodus Refugee Immigration Inc** exodusrefugee.org
- Indiana Youth Group** indianayouthgroup.org
- Outreach** outreachindiana.org

Groups in the Indianapolis area who are taking real action for racial justice every day include:

- Indy10 Black Lives Matter**
facebook.com/Indy10People
- Showing Up For Racial Justice (SURJ) Indianapolis**
showingupforracialjustice.org
- Don't Sleep**
naptowndontsleep.org

Indy10 has a legal fund that needs donations to support peaceful protesters arrested November 12.

UNIVERSAL PERMISSION SLIP TO DISENGAGE

DANICIA MONÉT

A passage of The Declaration of Independence reads

“to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.”

Regardless of where one falls in agreement with our most recent election, it seems the majority of America has been disappointed with the effectiveness of our government for quite some time. Typically, contempt is reserved for the powerful, yet it’s the com-

mon man not the powerful man who produces acts of cruelty against fellow citizens. Usually this happens in direct relation to injunctive norms that dictate such deplorable acts as pacifism.

Living in this state of constant angst and frustration breeds a cancer to our society that persistently corrodes our collective morality from the inside out. Words and physical statements are spewed in haste, back and forth, with little thought or consideration of the larger picture.

Before making rash decisions, I beckon us all to grant ourselves time to disengage, recalibrate and find a deeper understanding of our individual beliefs and needs. Reviewing that above passage from the Declaration of Independence, we are empowered to demand the creation of a space and system that works for our good.

How can a better place be first analyzing the pitfalls created by “we the people,” without first removing remnants of the tendrils that strangled us, without

A few people/places/things to review:

Blights Out

Blights Out is a collective of citizens, artists, architects, and activists working to design a new model for development that challenges blight, displacement, and gentrification.
blightsout.org

The Ocean Cleanup

The Ocean Cleanup is developing the first feasible method to clean up world’s ocean garbage patches.
theoceancleanup.com

Project Row Houses

The mission of Project Row Houses is to be the catalyst for transforming community through the celebration of art and African-American history and culture.
projectrowhouses.org

CultureStrike

CultureStrike empowers artists to dream big, disrupt the status quo, and envision a truly just world rooted in shared humanity.
culturestrike.org

| PERMISSION SLIP TO DISENGAGE |

I give permission for _____ (Your Name) to disengage on this day _____

(Date) in order to take part in a time of self care that may consist of but not be limited to the following:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Comments/Notes: _____

Signed: _____ (Your Name) Date: _____

CHISHOLM FOR PRESIDENT

"in the end, anti-black, anti-female, and ALL forms of discrimination are equivalent to the same thing anti-humanism."

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM



FAMILY VALUES IN THE APOCALYPSE

RHETT DIAL

“What’s left?” –John Cage

In the wake of the announcement of November 8th, we have been subjected to a particularly pernicious set of directives. We, those who voted for the winner of the popular election, have been entreated by our allies, families, and officials to make peace with Donald Trump and his staff of vicious nationalists. Many of us have seen the calls to complacency on Facebook and other social media outlets that state “Wanting Trump to fail is like wanting the pilot of the plane we’re all on to crash.” Minor heroes like Stephen Colbert and President Obama seem intent on an inwardly directed iconoclasm by pontificating on their intention to heal the divide of our nation, though they and we are not to blame. These behaviors are of course predicated on the assumption that this presidency will be like any other: not precisely what we wanted, but benign in its grander scope.

This assumption is a prevalent symptom of a societal notion that the United States is immune to the threat of fascism and systemic bigotry of all types.

The question for those of us who cannot stomach this inertia begins and ends with our families, both fictive and actual. How do we convince cultural leaders, friends, relatives, the media, and the president that this is not business as usual? How do we convince them of the imminent threat? Is it enough to speak anecdotally? Can our patchwork quilt of personal narratives humanize the fear that I and many feel?

How do we suffer correctly to get noticed? To get comforted?

We do not need saving, but we cannot do this by ourselves.

On the afternoon of November 8th my friend told me that he and his partner had applied for expedited immigration to Canada. Just in case.

Six hours later I was drinking rye whiskey at a friend’s house and marveling at how Indiana and Kentucky could be so foolish, even considering their consistent redness.

As Trump broke the 100 mark I went to buy more whiskey.

At midnight, when inevitability set in, I was holding my friend as he cried. He is of Filipino descent. He said he didn’t want to be attacked.

An hour later, a friend of ours was attacked in a bar for being gay. I cried in the bathroom because I was afraid of all the progress lost, all of the equality that would be destroyed in the name of Mike Pence’s “Religious Freedom,” and all of the people whose lives were now in danger because of the license to hate that had been granted to Trump’s supporters. I cried because that man in the bar could have been me.

I didn’t sleep that night.

On the 9th my father, a Republican Trump supporter, called me. He asked if I was ok. He told me not to worry because Trump doesn’t want to take anybody’s

rights away. He told me no one would be persecuted or put in danger. He assured me that Trump isn’t working against anyone.

That night I went to an anti-Trump rally in Minneapolis because I was not comforted by the words of my father, Colbert, Nigel Farage, Angela Merkel, or the Clinton campaign.

Is this type of anecdote demonstrative of what people like me, the vulnerable targets of Trump’s political vitriol, are feeling? Does it matter to anyone at this point, or have the constant stream of Facebook posts saturated everyone’s empathetic capacities? Does it become white noise?

How do we suffer correctly to get noticed? To get comforted?

We do not need saving, but we cannot do this by ourselves.



LAMENT AND ACT

MICHAEL KAUFMANN

Discussing white privilege is a white privilege. Having the time and space to reflect and process is a privilege. It is also a need. And right now I need this essay to be about a lot of things and it should be about a lot of things. It should be about policy, protest, the electoral college, the disparities of wealth distribution, the feedback loop of social media, the myopia of mass media, the real and present dangers of hateful rhetoric. This flood of issues makes it emotionally impossible to grab onto something. It is overwhelming to think about where to even start, what to do, what to say, how to process. But before I can act, I need to confess. I need to remove the log in my own eye before pulling the speck out of my neighbor's. I need to write what is on my heart instead of what is on my mind.

I spent the last couple days trying to reconcile my privilege. I positioned privilege against a historical backdrop and present day context. I worked to put forth a compelling indictment on privilege while still acknowledging that we, as humans, are not without challenges and sorrows regardless of our race, religion, sexual orientation, ability and gender. This privilege of mine, as a heterosexual white male, prevents me from experiencing the deep institutionalized injustices to the carelessness and habits that hold down, hold back and cut off others who do not share my status. But the discussion of privilege is a distraction. Yes, absolutely, of course it needs to be acknowledged, confessed, complicated. But this is not the time to sit and philosophize, study maps, or chart alternative histories for

how things could or should have played out. This is the time to act.

This urgency is nothing new, but it is magnified by the symbolism of the hateful rhetoric normalized by our president-elect and his assembly of white nationalist advisors. I have a son with Down syndrome, and our next president has openly mocked people with physical and cognitive disabilities. That is only one of many inexcusable statements made by our soon-to-be 45th president. (This was on the campaign trail, so don't even try to King David this shit.)

Today we process, we lament, we seek to understand. But today and from now on we must also act.

This might not be for all of you, or any of you for that matter. But this is for me. Before I can act I must confess that there are false assumptions and embedded prejudices in my soul. I have let fear of the Other poison my heart and rob me of the conviction for active compassion. I have wrongly assumed my privilege to be earned or deserved. I have bought into lies about domestic duties and societal boundaries. I have academized a model for an acceptable bell-curve of wealth distribution based upon my middle-class sensibilities. I have distanced myself from people that make

me uncomfortable because I don't understand their view or haven't experienced their choices. I have been cruel in my judgments of taste, aesthetics and values. But, I will never excuse or justify or accept those values that threaten the lives, health, freedoms and happiness of those outside a set of false hierarchies and dictated norms. Hate exists beyond the limits of any healthy political system.

I need to hold to the knowledge that my privilege is an unearned capital that I can either selfishly squander or humbly invest in those around me. I need to make myself vulnerable. I need to stop interrupting and start listening more closely and deeply. I need to welcome the raw and awkward conversations about race, religion, sexual identity, gender, and ability with others unlike ourselves. I need to speak out when I see injustice, hear a slur, witness cruelty to any of my fellow human beings. If I want to see change I need to work to not only make the system as fair as possible, but acknowledge that these millennia of oppression require reparations, both in

the traditional definition, but also as an attitude and action of the heart and hand. I want to be informed by and promote other voices. I need to dismantle my ego through reflection, patience, humility, generous love and daily action. I have tried to do these things in the past, but I need to work harder, faster, smarter.

It's not enough to just behave in a way that we think is not discriminatory, racist, or sexist. We must be anti-discriminatory, anti-racist, anti-sexist. And we need to hold each other accountable, invite each other into new conversations and challenge each other towards this action. We need to participate in radical change, and this is full of friction and exhausting work. Therefore it requires radical community. We need each other.

Today we process, we lament, we seek to understand. But today and from now on we must also act.

Give:

ArtMix artmixindiana.org
Southern Poverty Law Center splcenter.org

Watch:

13TH by Ava DuVernay
The Punk Syndrome by Jukka Kärkkäinen & J-P Passi

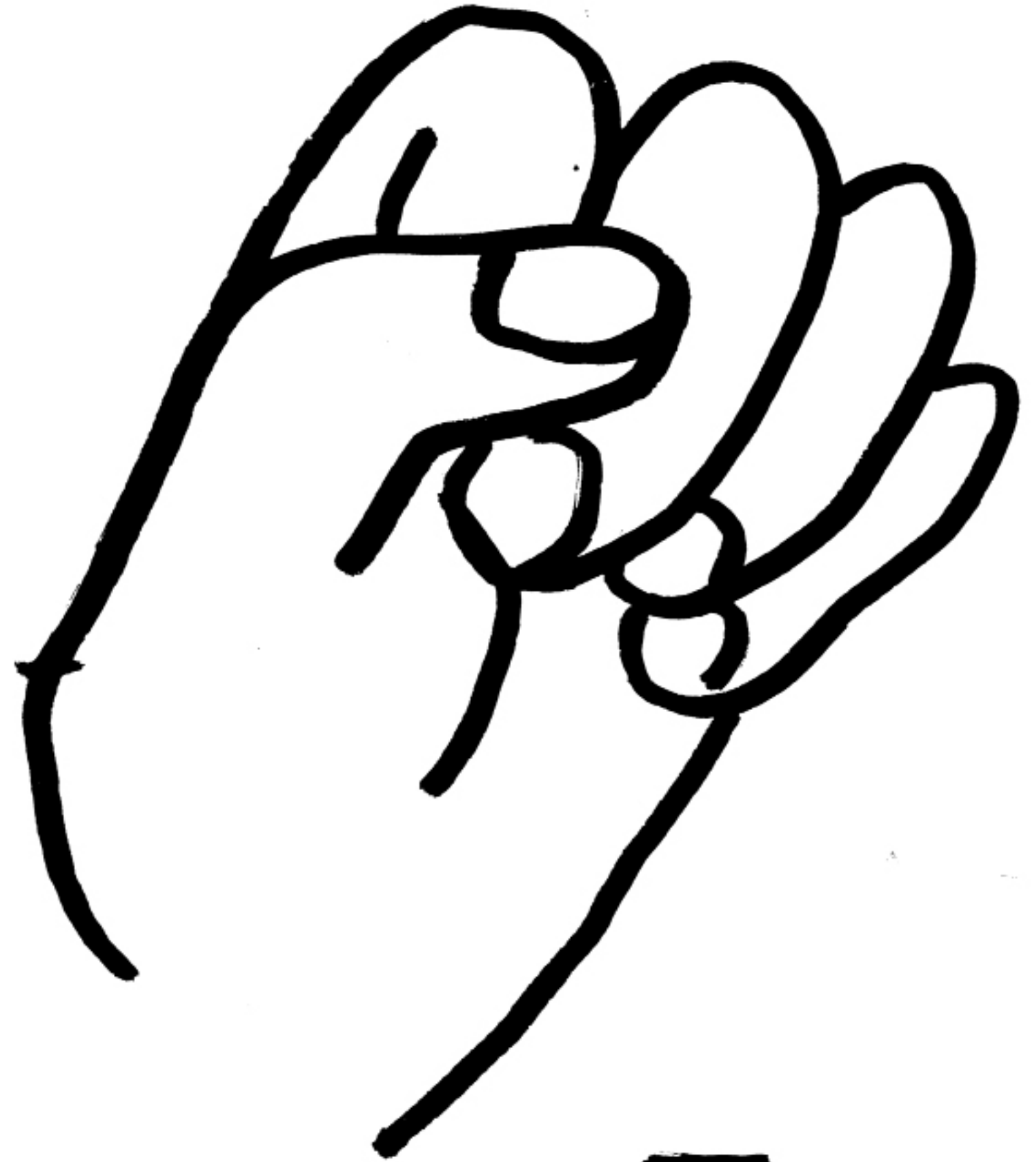
Read:

Between the World and Me by Ta-Nehisi Coates
Out of My Mind by Sharon Draper

Contact:

usa.gov/elected-officials
asktheelectors.org

RESIST
FEAR



ASSIST
LOVE

INNER CITY, INNER FOREST

BREE JO'ANN

Trump wasn't wrong to assume that all black people are from the "inner city." It's true, we all live in a legendary urban jungle enclosed in our ribs. It's a place where intimate imaginations battle foreign ones, a place that exists in colored folks from the metropolis, the burbs, and the country. It's the place associated with our skin in music and loud colorful movies. On some concrete corners, we find comfort and solidarity. On others, we find the glare of eyes and the itching of pointer fingers that is sudden death.

Despite being from one of the most infamous chocolate cities in the country, I didn't connect with my inner city until much later in life. I was sheltered by a legacy of education. My grandfather didn't finish high school, but in grade school he went to a special boarding school for gifted Negroes where he graduated top of his class. My mother is a teacher. She and two of her siblings have college degrees, something that I realize isn't so common, no matter what color you are. I wasn't exposed to "the streets." I played in a room full of toys in my basement, and did musical theater. It wasn't until I had a nervous breakdown in college and was forced to move back home that I went through the rituals common to the place of my birth. I bought loose cigarettes from the gas station with change from the jar in the kitchen. I looked up and down my block until I found a familiar face with whom to pool together money, gut a fragrant cigar and fill it with weed. I sat in cars listening to loud music.

In my inner city, I sit in a dark basement. We pass around a blunt and Nintendo controllers to play Mario Kart. My pal to my left is a former student of my Mom's that I latched onto as my personal hood Sherpa. I feel really good at Mario Kart, but I still come in last every time. Eventually I get out my sketchbook and work on a drawing of a stoned deer.

Then, the guys around me dissipate into smoke. The TV no longer shows a psychedelic NASCAR, but emits a strange shifting light. I sigh, pack my things and decide to get a snack from the gas station across the street.

I buy a can of Arizona tea and a Danish. I give my money to an Egyptian guy in a cool sweater and he too disappears in a wisp.

I walk down Chase Street, sipping and munching, until I reach the site where the projects used to be. The square little dwellings had been demolished last year. Now it is just a big open space filled with interspersed trees, a place that captures my imagination for reasons unknown.

Wouldn't you know, it's my inner forest! Take that, Trump.

I need to crack open geodes and know that humanity is happening inside of every varied body.

It is much darker in the inner forest. Maybe, with this moment of blindness and silence, I can sense my true self. Here, I don't have to explain why I like anime and alternative music. I don't have to amend my presence. But what are those shadows lurking in the dark? I am not alone here. Just like I snuck in through a crack in the fence, so did a hundred shrouded demons. They have come to tell me that I don't deserve the air that I breathe and that the emotions that course through my neurons are nothing but a hollow joke, a mirror of something fairer and more complex.

What I need is an inner cave, a place that goes untouched save for a few like minded spelunkers. I need to crack open geodes and know that humanity is happening inside of every varied body. I need to work on my phosphorescence, a personal glow evolved in the bowels of benevolent neglect. I'll kick Plato out and develop a healthy sense of the absurd that would crush anything developed by a funny little European man. I'm suffocating from the whirlwind of context anxiously shaping the surface. I need to leave my mark on unseen walls.

Maybe that's what we all need.

Organization to check out:

FAF Collective
fafcollective.com



PROTEST SONGBOOK

ARI ATTACK

These songs mean a great deal to the endurance of my spirit. They speak levels. When Donald Trump won the electoral vote and was given the title ‘president-elect,’ it felt like the wind was knocked out of me. Time came to a stand still, and for the first time I was very scared for the safety of my family and my loved ones. Trump supporters let the country know how they feel, and the possibility of a new Jim Crow age seemed likely. How terrifying.

reaction to supporters of the recent president-elect. Such a disgusting display of hate and ignorance can only be met with the type of aggression that Crime Mob presents in this song. A cult classic in the black community, everyone knows when you hear this something’s about to go down. We need to be ready to get out in the streets and fight for the future.

FIGHT THE POWER X PUBLIC ENEMY (FEAR OF A BLACK PLANET)

To ease through and attempt to make sense out of these times, music stands as my vessel. The following songs take the listener through the different phases of grief—but they end with action and hope, as opposed to acceptance. I refuse to accept the racism that still runs rampant within America. Here’s some music to guide you through this revolution.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER X JIMI HENDRIX (WOODSTOCK)

When I listen to Jimi’s guitar wail, echoing sounds of sirens, helicopters and machine guns, I’m reminded of police violence against unarmed black people. Free people who are still treated like outsiders.

POLITICIANS IN MY EYES X DEATH (...FOR THE WORLD TO SEE)

The display of politics in this country is a disgrace. Some of the most corrupt individuals make decisions for our everyday lives. Lately, there’s been no way to avoid the recent elections. It’s almost like you’re harassed by the ads, commentary and bullshit each candidate has to say. This song speaks to that. Written in the mid-70’s, but incredibly relevant today.

KNUCK IF YOU BUCK X CRIME MOB (CRIME MOB)

This is the theme song to my

when I fall. Caught behind my culture and the system. Genocide!”

WEARY X SOLANGE (A SEAT AT THE TABLE)

“Be weary of the ways of the world.”

Life doesn’t seem as simple as it was for our parents and grandparents. There are so many warnings and things to look out for. Or stay away from.

THINGS ARE CHANGIN’ (LIVE) [SOLO ACOUSTIC] X GARY CLARK JR. (THE BRIGHT LIGHTS)

Gary Clark Jr’s melancholy guitar chords combined with his comforting voice eases the listener into the changes around them. Changing presidential administrations is always a stressful time, but when it seems like impending doom, it’s hard to be hopeful about anything.

REBEL MUSIC (3 O’ CLOCK ROAD BLOCK) X BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS (NATTY DREAD)

The Rasta prophet, Bob Marley knew how to bring spirit vibrations into a song to move the listener. Move ya! The energy of reggae music, combined with revolutionary lyrics will add fuel and direction to any anti-hate movement.

MASTER TEACHER X ERYKAH BADU (NEW AMERYKAH PT. 1, 4TH WORLD WAR)

Erykah Badu says it all in this track. “What if there were no niggaz, only master teachers?” What if we lived in a world where black boys weren’t targeted as men just because they’re black. “A beautiful world, I’m trying to find.”

“Read my writing on the wall! No one’s here to catch me

NEW THINGS X FLACO (GUNS 4 GIRLS)

I love FLACO. He’s a local Indy hip-hop artist, and one of the most humble. This song is like looking in the mirror and affirming that decision to move forward. Leaving behind the negativity of others’ political views, knowing that you’ve got life ahead and no regrets.

“Look at the level I’m at, look at the level I’m gonna be.”

WATER NO GET ENEMY X FELA KUTI

When I listen to this, I’m reminded of the beautiful Native Americans protecting their land during this crisis with the pipeline. Lack of media coverage and public awareness adds to the large enemy that’s attempting to poison the water of Standing Rock. Water is life.

INNER CITY BLUES (MAKE ME WANNA HOLLER) X MARVIN GAYE (WHAT’S GOING ON)

I wonder what Marvin Gaye would think today, if he knew just how relevant the lyrics are currently.

“Make me wanna holler, and throw up both my hands.

Yeah, it makes me wanna holler and throw up both my hands.

Crime is increasing, trigger happy policing. Panic is spreading, God knows where we’re heading.”

B.O.B. X OUTKAST (STANKONIA)

Andre 3K & Big Boi had the right idea when creating this song. With such high energy and stellar production, this track will have you outta your seat and ready to protest.

AND ONWARD ROTATES THE FAN

THEON LEE

Come January, the United States of America will be represented, throughout Earth, by Donald Trump. Where this reality has seemingly brought a good number of us together, it is still the result of ideologies that America loves to retain, but hates to recall. From social media platforms to local events, marginalized groups of people are conversing about what is to come—in what could become the next decade—both in terror and humor.

This past weekend, Saturday Night Live brought back one of Black America’s favorite socially-conscious comedians, Dave Chappelle, to do his thing with the condition of western society via satire. One of his sketches was a mockery of the Presidential Election. It includes Dave and SNL alum Chris Rock watching voters go from an initially strong sense of assurance to a dwindling sense of hope, overnight. This depiction of America’s heartache was a point of view some of us could attest to for the last week and a half. The low-hung heads of once hopeful Clinton supporters asking any and everyone what happened. The conveniently turned cheeks of traditionally non-intersectional movements and interest groups. The ‘fish-out-of-water’ activists taking every opportunity they can to basically hold the forty some-odd percent non-voters accountable for their decision. We might even catch a gust of commentary and humorous material—surrounded by the language of unapologetic voters and non-voters—telling White America to brace themselves for a dose of their own medicine.

In regards to the very real depth of the situation, most interactions with Clinton supporters have been numerous and spontaneous. This I find interesting because, for the last four years, that same demographic of citizens has managed to avoid sharing this amount of enthusiasm about other movements (e.g. #BlackLivesMatter). It appears, now that we have all had our dreams deferred by the relentless reality of supremacy’s control on the way government works, people are starting to sweep those differences under the rug, to talk about what should happen next. The truth is, these are the issues that have been under the rug since the Emancipation Proclamation. We’re done being dust bunnies for the sake

of making non-intersectional democrats feel comfortable enough to pretend that institutional racism is a myth of the past. The next step isn’t creating a groupthink policy for the next four years, because we’ve tried that. It always starts with a bunch of “photo ops” for Non-Profits to throw the word “diversity” around like a potato engulfed in flame, then ends with a few promising programs that choose to use oversight to excuse all the holes that the curriculum and mission statement have in them.

Now that we have your attention, there are some things we’ve been meaning to discuss.

A real approach to systemic oppression is the next step. As much as people want to say that it starts and ends at the polls, it doesn’t. Every element of oppression plays a part in the larger system. The microaggressions in the workplace, the bigotry in the education system, the prejudice in law enforcement. Social justice as a quality of life, and not a niche. These are the conversations missing at City-County Council meetings. These are the problems that lead to symptoms such as prison over-population, unemployment, and a failing economy. If you ask me, now is the most wonderful time to talk about it. Trump’s campaign and election should have scared you the way it did. Marginalized people have been feeling this way for centuries, and now that we have your attention, there are some things we’ve been meaning to discuss.



Organizations to support and get involved with:

- Learning Tree V.O.I.C.E.S**
- Indy Pulse** www.indypulse.org
- Kheprw Institute** kheprw.org

HOW LOW CAN A PUNK GET? X BAD BRAINS (BLACK DOTS)	BAG LADY X ERYKAH BADU (MAMA’S GUN)	UNTITLED 02 X KENDRICK LAMAR (UNTITLED UNMASTERED)	MOVE ON UP X CURTIS MAYFIELD (CURTIS)
HR, lead singer of Bad Brains is the key when it comes to high energy punk music. His later transition to Rastafari and reggae music became complementary to songs like this.	Trauma causes baggage. Don’t let baggage weigh you down, and ruin other possibilities.	“I’m sick and tired of being tired. Can’t pick a side, the Gemini Prophesize if we live or not Promise momma not to feel no lie Seen black turn ‘em burgundy Hundred of ‘em, I know I’m greedy Stuck inside of the belly of the beast. Can you please pray for me?”	Currently, there’s not much hope circulating. Let the positive energy of Curtis Mayfield see you through. Used in many hip hop samples, Mayfield continues to bless music with his soul genius.
“I was on me, I chose not to be Cheated on part of the thrill, bargain was not fulfilled Lost in a crazy scheme, that got strapped up in my dream And now my times run out, what’s it all about.”	Written in homage to the Kent State massacre, this song sticks with me when I think of recent atrocities against innocent protesters, activists and other beings putting their lives on the line to fight for our rights.		“Bite your lip and take the trip. Though there may be wet road ahead, and you cannot slip. Just move on up For peace you will find.” 18

American Civil Liberties Union
Anti-Defamation League
Border Angels
Boys And Girls Club of America
Campaign Zero
Center for Reproductive Rights

CHIRLA CAR DREDF
Earth Justice

Emily's List
Immigrants Legal
Massumi Center

NAACP NCCNY NOW
National Immigration Forum
National Women's Law Center

Nature American
Rights Fund

Ned Lym Climate Action
PER AMERICA
PLANNED PARENTHOOD
RAIAC

Running Start

REPRODUCTIVE Health
Access Project

SHE SHOULD RUN
SIERRA CLUB

Sylvia Rivera
LGBT Project

UNION of
CONCERNED
SCIENTISTS

Young CENTER
for
IMMIGRANT
CHILDREN'S
RIGHT

