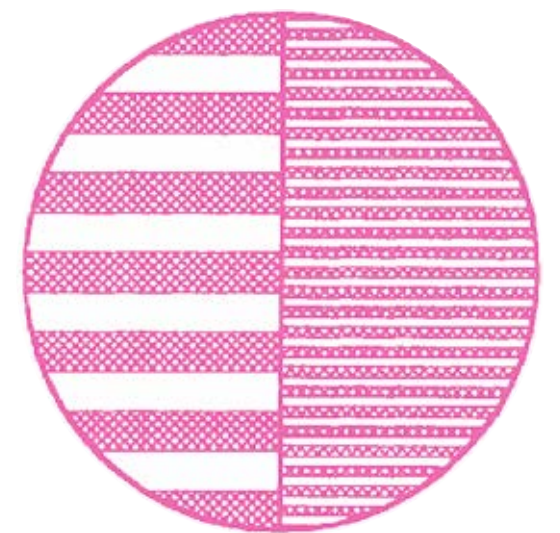
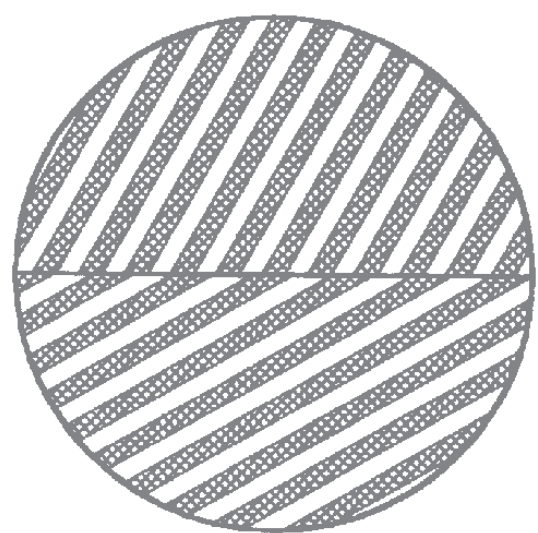
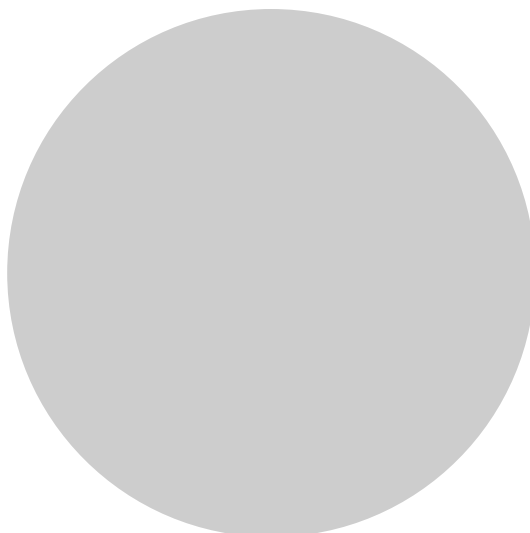
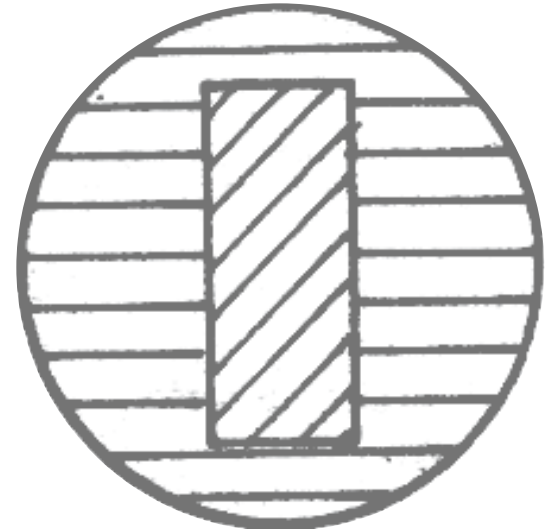
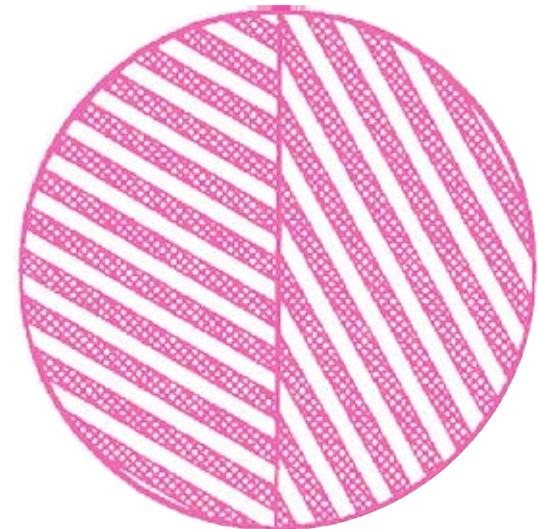
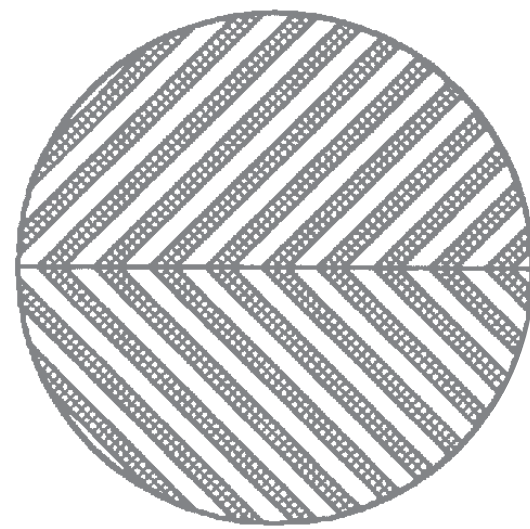
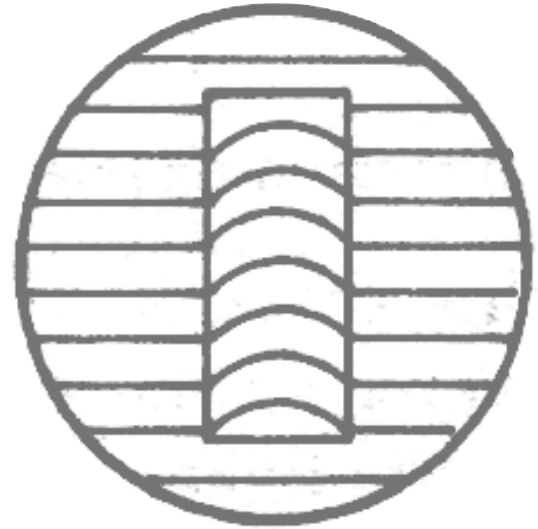
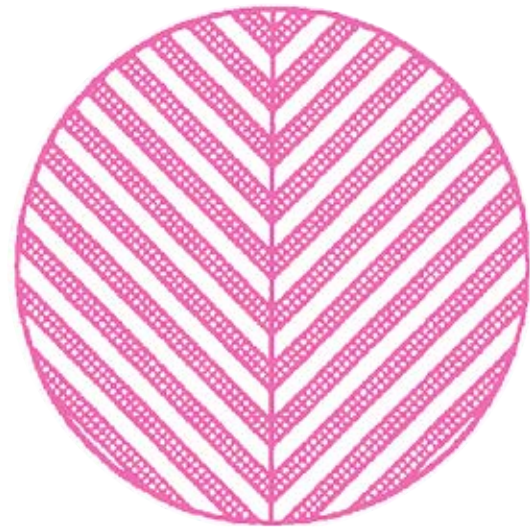


ASYMMETRY

A Selection on Organization and Mobilization



ASYMMETRY II

A SELECTION ON ORGANIZATION AND MOBILIZATION MAY 2017

Mobilization and organization have been refined and practiced through millenia of resistance. Marginalized and oppressed people have long understood the value of mass mobilization and direct action as a means of resistance. Since the election, countless more are learning what prolonged engagement with a hostile government requires.

The struggle isn't new, but many of those now involved are. The issues aren't new, but they have become increasingly urgent. The politics aren't new, but their extremes have been exacerbated. The work included in this issue will, hopefully, offer some additional nuance, potency, critique and vitality to your acts of resistance.

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Edited by: Janneane & Benjamin Blevins

Published by: PRINTtEXT

SAY WORD?

ELLE ROBERTS

I am an alchemist, uncomfortably existing and surviving between a collision of politic and practice. My words, an extension and envisioning of my life, of life itself, feels like and is so often attributed to *blackgirlmagic*, a phrase created and popularized by black women to give language to what about us can't be fully captured in words alone. Last I put pen to paper, I explored redefining the act and substance behind prayer, a seemingly magical paradigm shift from speaking words aloud to allowing those words to shape action and movement. **I believe in magic as I believe in prayer.**

I study holy books gifted to the universe by black women feelers, thinkers, and doers. I sit in a circle of believers on Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoons navigating and transforming a world we are in and of. I whisper scripture forged between tongue and teeth and released into the ether, "on earth as it is in heaven." I hold space in classroom and church, cohort and congregation, where fact and faith connect rather than conflict. **I believe in magic as I believe in prayer.**

Alchemy fuses what is and what could or should be with a noisy, messy clash. It is a process of transforming matter into its best possible state, from hypothesis to theory to praxis. Deconstructing oppression is challenging work because our collective imagination has yet to see beyond systems making and molding our lived experiences, the identities we choose, those placed on us. Liberating our imagination is a continual exercise in letting go and taking up, a profound belief in ways of being that defy explanation or don't exist. We have no mode or model but ourselves. We have to conjure it.

*won't you celebrate with me
what i have shaped into
a kind of life? i had no model.
born in babylon
both nonwhite and woman
what did i see to be except myself?
i made it up*

— Lucille Clifton

I believe in magic as I believe in prayer.

Abracadabra in Hebrew roughly translates to "it comes to pass as I speak." Social justice is science fiction, using our words to weave imagination into reality as is, to let imagination build reality anew. Our challenge is to keep our feet planted and our heads in the clouds, to give voice to our past as it unfolds in the present, to give language to liberation within reach.

Poetry is not a luxury. It is a vital necessity for our existence. It forms the quality of light from which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action.

— Audre Lorde

I am an alchemist in a long line of black women poets, knowledge makers, prayer warriors, magicians, forerunners, fruit of the same. **I believe in magic as I believe in prayer.** Let us speak our future into existence.

Organizations to support and get involved with:

Chicago Books to Women in Prison

(books donated and purchased with donated funds ship to prisons nationwide)
chicagobwp.org

House Life Project

houselifeproject.org

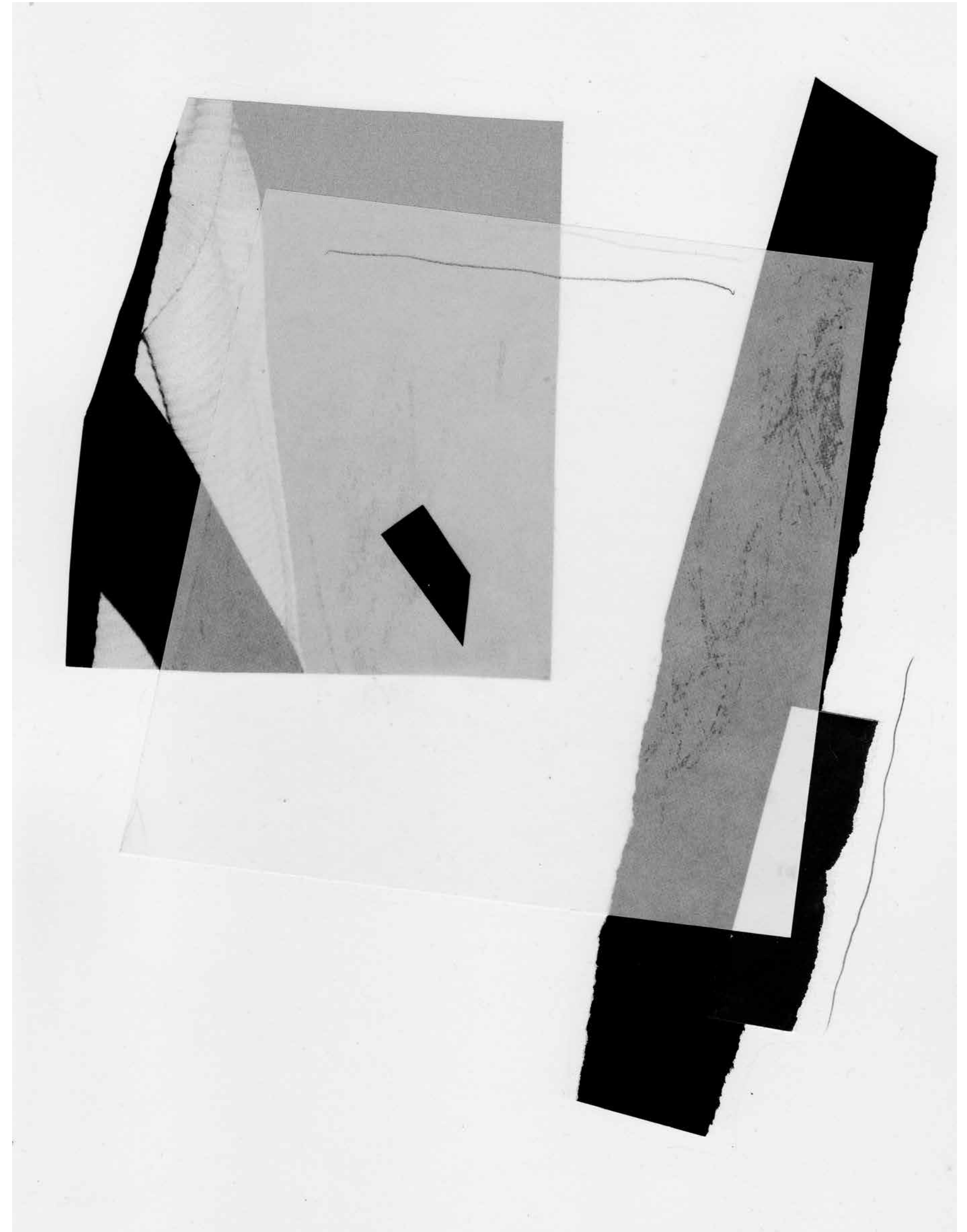
BYP 100 (Black Youth Project)

byp100.org

agendatobuildblackfutures.org

Project Home Indy

projecthomeindy.org

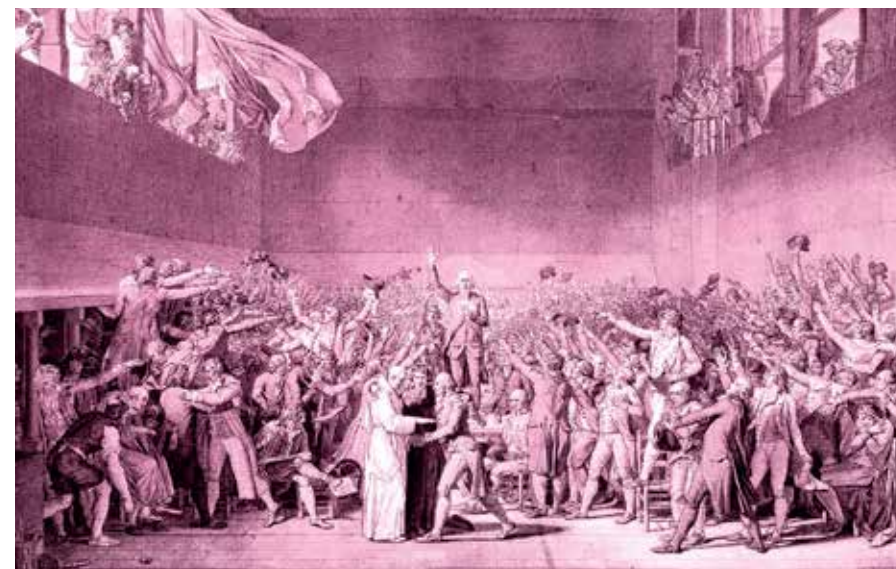


PURE POTENTIAL, OR: THE TENNIS BALL

ENRIQUE RAMIREZ

A tennis ball is the ultimate body, kid. We're coming to the crux of what I have to impart to you before we get out there and start actuating this fearsome potential of yours. Jim, a tennis ball is the ultimate body. Perfectly round. Even distribution of mass. But empty inside, utterly, a vacuum. Susceptible to whim, spin, to force—used well or poorly. It will reflect your own character. Characterless itself. Pure potential. Have a look at a ball. Get a ball from the cheap green plastic laundry basket of old used balls I keep there by the propane torches and use to practice the occasional serve, Jimbo. Attaboy. Now look at the ball. Heft it. Feel the weight. Here, I'll... tear the ball... open. Whew. See? Nothing in there but evacuated air that smells like a kind of rubber hell. Empty. Pure potential. — David Foster Wallace, *Infinite Jest* (1996)

Serment de Jeu de Paume (*Tennis Court Oath*) (1791) the architectural space of collectivity is “constructed” inside the titular indoor tennis court outside Versailles. The study of David’s famously incomplete painting commits to piebald wash and deft pencil the moment when the mathematician Jean-Sylvain Bailly, the first president of the National Assembly, secured a collective oath to stay unified until a new constitution had been drawn. Bailly appears standing on a table at center, holding the oath to his chest while holding his right hand upwards and outwards as other members of the National Assembly, on the floor and peering through the windows, reach toward him, a scene of unification and adulation that dramatizes the inauguration of the French Revolution.¹ For all its unbridled passion, David’s study is still a highly-regulated delineated construction. The National Assembly’s eyes and arms follow lines of perspectival construction and orthogonal planes as they converge



Jacques-Louis David, *Le Serment de Jeu de Paume* (1791)

in the middle of Bailly’s head, and at the same time establish a fairly normative separation of foreground and background.² This separation occurs within a well-controlled space: the architect Charles Moreau may have been responsible for measuring and drawing the sectional perspective that serves as the painting’s background.

There is tension in the air, literally. Whereas the immediate site of Bailly’s oath is a gyre of activity, the areas directly above appear relatively calm. Yet the clerestory windows framing the tennis court barely contain the curtains flowing inward: a dynamic gesture, an image of air moving, circulating, and replenishing. Joseph-Marie Flouest’s subsequent engraving of the Tennis Court Oath lacks the dynamism and drama of David’s, and yet a small medallion at bottom center of David’s, and yet a small Amidst engraved lines of form to darkening

clouds and lightning flashes, a ship founders through swelling whitecaps towards a rocky promontory. Liberty is uncertain, and the words “Au milieu des orages il nous conduit au port de la liberté” (“In the middle of a storm, it guides us to liberty”) affirm the dramatic urgency, for if the Revolution is indeed a perilous voyage, then the mast—whose location at once suggests a lighthouse or lightning rod—is a reliable beacon guiding the sailors through this journey.³ A Phrygian cap, a common symbol of the Revolution, balances atop this mast, reminiscent of all things, a tennis ball. As sailors sighting the Phrygian cap may grasp at the mooring lines that lead to a safe port in the storm, members of the National Assembly reach with outstretched arms. They have become vectors, reaching upwards, marking lines in the air. These are gestures overcoming institutional resistance.⁴ These are gestures of pure potential.



Joseph-Marie Flouest, detail of *Serment prêté dans le jeu de paume a Versailles* (1791)

¹ For an energetic and authoritative appraisal of Jacques-Louis David and the French Revolution, see T.J. Clark, “Painting in the Year 2,” in *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1999), 14-53. David’s *Tennis Court Oath* is also the topic of sustained inquiry in Stefan Jonsson, *A Brief History of the Masses: Three Revolutions* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2008), 5-25.

² In different versions of the study, the vanishing points converged at Bailly’s outstretched hand. Wolfgang Kemp, “The Theater of Revolution: A New Interpretation of David’s Tennis Court Oath,” in Norman Bryson, Michael Ann Holly, and Keith Moxey, eds. *Visual Culture: Images and Interpretations* (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 1994), 202-227.

³ A discussion of this medallion vis-à-vis David’s Tennis Court Oath appears in Jules Renouvier, *Histoire de l’art pendant la révolution considéré principalement dans les estampes*, Volume 2 (Paris: Renouard, 1883), 440-441.

⁴ Hayden White uses an ascensional metaphor to describe Jules Michelet’s historical writings. White, *Metahistory: The Historical Imagination in Nineteenth-Century Europe* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1975), 176. As Roger Chazal explains, a possible early source of this maritime metaphor is the engraving from Francis Quarles’ *Emblems* (1635) entitled “O that my ways were directed to keep thy Statues,” and showing a man being lead though a labyrinth into heaven by a straight rope from a tower. Roger Chazal, “Rediviser la mimesis: spectral et virtuel à l’âge romantique,” *Sillages critiques*, Vol. 8, La lettre et le fantôme (2006), 61-84, n.9.

LEAN IN

ERINA LUDWIG

UFOs are about as American as rock n’ roll is a cultural institution. But there is another type of alien which hasn’t found the same national love or acceptance: the immigrant alien. I am such, in the truest sense of the immigration law term. As disparaging and offensive as this word is, it perfectly sums up the strange no man’s land many of us feel before we get hold of that little blue book.

You are a person with a name, history, family and roots, but for the time being, you belong nowhere. You are in between where you came from and where you are and want to be now. You look like everyone else around you, but still, you’re not quite the same.

The first time I felt myself most at the periphery is when the Women’s March happened in D.C. and throughout the US earlier this year. As much as I wanted to, I wasn’t able to join in. Some other friends found themselves in jail cells despite not being at fault during a post-election protest and that was something I couldn’t afford to do. To clash with the police, when trying to prove my good moral character, would have far reaching

consequences with USCIS. The tendency to walk on eggshells around one’s freedom of speech is all too common of a problem for the outsider.

The tendency to walk on eggshells around one’s freedom of speech is all too common of a problem for the outsider.

Nothing highlights how different we all are than the gnarly immigration process does. It’s a procedure like little else. It’s the application forms; the ever climbing fees; the small print; the tally of every single day you’ve spent off U.S. soil; the repeated questioning of a drug smuggling history you’ve never had. This is all before the fingerprints, English and Civics test take place. But you do it; all of it, because this is your home, the people here are your people.

My situation is fairly clear cut. I haven’t been running from civil unrest, from a war carved into my feet. I

haven’t hidden in a fishing boat on a moonlit night or walked the Arizona deserts until my water ran out and either law enforcement detained me or dehydration took me. The process, which was designed and reworked by people who have never known true fear or desperation, maintains a system that keeps its borders locked against aliens it doesn’t want.

Because in the end, when you filter all the dross, that’s the essence you’re left with. You might be the type of alien that isn’t wanted. We’ve seen this from executive orders to shiny faced politicians promising to cap the numbers of those who come in; so much so, that having a permanent resident’s card suddenly feel temporary and has motivated many to get citizenship, to finally be included, lest we lose it all.

This isn’t to say there shouldn’t be structure and organization in the movement of people, but to give priority to those with the financial means, whilst blanketing other people groups, and generalizing nations into cartoonish stereotypes is sheer laziness and disregard of human

value at the highest degree. Not to mention this country has been the home to immigrants since its earliest days, something that is woven into America’s very myth.

Immediately after the elections, my inbox was inundated with messages from concerned friends in London. *Was I going to come home? Would I be allowed to stay? Did I even want to remain there now?*

I get the initial panic, but Brexit back home wasn’t exactly reassuring either. But as I said to them and anyone who questions my decision to press into getting US Citizenship: digging my heels in, swearing my allegiance and getting the power to vote and have a political voice, is my protest. I fully intend on remaining and being a thorn in the establishment’s side with my immigrant presence, instead of just disappearing.

Organizations to support and get involved with:

- Latino Youth Collective**
wearecollective.org
- Neighborhood Christian Legal Clinic**
ncllegalclinic.org
- Immigrant Welcome Center**
immigrantwelcomecenter.org

THAT SOCIAL SAFETY NET

SHEILA SUESS KENNEDY

In the wake of November's elections, it's time to get serious about the social safety net.

Donald Trump and Congressional Republicans define (and disparage) the social safety net as measures intended to help poor or disadvantaged people. They have made it abundantly clear that they believe programs like Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid, and other income-support measures "breed dependency," and are "forced charity."

To suggest that they are unenthusiastic about these programs would be an understatement.

It's easy to see the persistent attacks on income-supports for disadvantaged folks as both dishonest and mean-spirited, and most efforts to rebut them tend to revolve around the realities of those social supports: the percentages of recipients who are children, elderly and/or disabled, the overwhelming numbers of impoverished Americans who work forty or more hours a week, and the numerous systemic barriers that disadvantage women and minorities.

Those rebuttals are accurate, but incomplete.

We need to make the case that the "social safety net," properly conceived, is the web of collectively provided institutions and services that benefit all members of a given society while building bonds of community and cross-cultural connection. In this broader and more accurate understanding, the

safety net includes public education, public parks, public transportation, public safety and other services and amenities available to and used by the public, by citizens of all backgrounds and income categories.

Public education is a prime example. Even granting the challenges—the disproportionate resources available to schools serving richer and poorer neighborhoods, the barriers to learning created by poverty—public schools at their best integrate children from different backgrounds and give poor children tools to escape poverty.

Common schools create common cultures, and it is hard to escape the suspicion that attacks on public education have been at least partially motivated by that reality. While supporters of charter schools and voucher programs have promoted them as ways of allowing poor children to escape failing schools, the data suggests that most children—including poor children—are better served by schools that remain part of America's real social safety net.

The actual social safety net is not limited to the (grudging and inadequate) financial assistance given to the most disadvantaged in our society. The true safety net consists of the many institutionalized avenues within which the citizens of a nation encounter each other as civic equals, and benefit from membership in a society built upon the recognition that they all matter.

Defining the social safety net that way allows us to see that the portion of our taxes used

to assist needy fellow-citizens (a far smaller portion than we send to the nation's military-industrial complex) isn't "forced charity." Those taxes are our membership dues.

We can no longer postpone a decision about what sort of country we want America to be. Those who have sat on the civic sidelines can no longer afford that luxury.

A society with a capacious understanding of citizenship—both in the sense of who counts as a citizen, and how we define the mutual obligations of citizens to one another—requires engaged citizens who actively participate in public dialogue and decision-making.

In the wake of November's elections, we can no longer postpone a decision about what sort of country we want America to be. Those who have sat on the civic sidelines can no longer afford that luxury.

We need to repair our democratic institutions, to ensure that our elected representatives actually represent us. That repair will require more than a periodic vote, important as that vote is. It will require getting rid of gerrymandering, registering voters, showing up at the legislature to oppose bad bills and support good ones, writing, calling or visiting Senators and Representatives—and participating in demonstrations and marches when our voices aren't being heard.

If we are going to redefine the social safety net, we will need to remind government officials that they have an obligation to work for the common good, not just for their donors or their "base."

We will all need to become activists.

Organizations to support and get involved with:

ACLU

aclu.org

Planned Parenthood

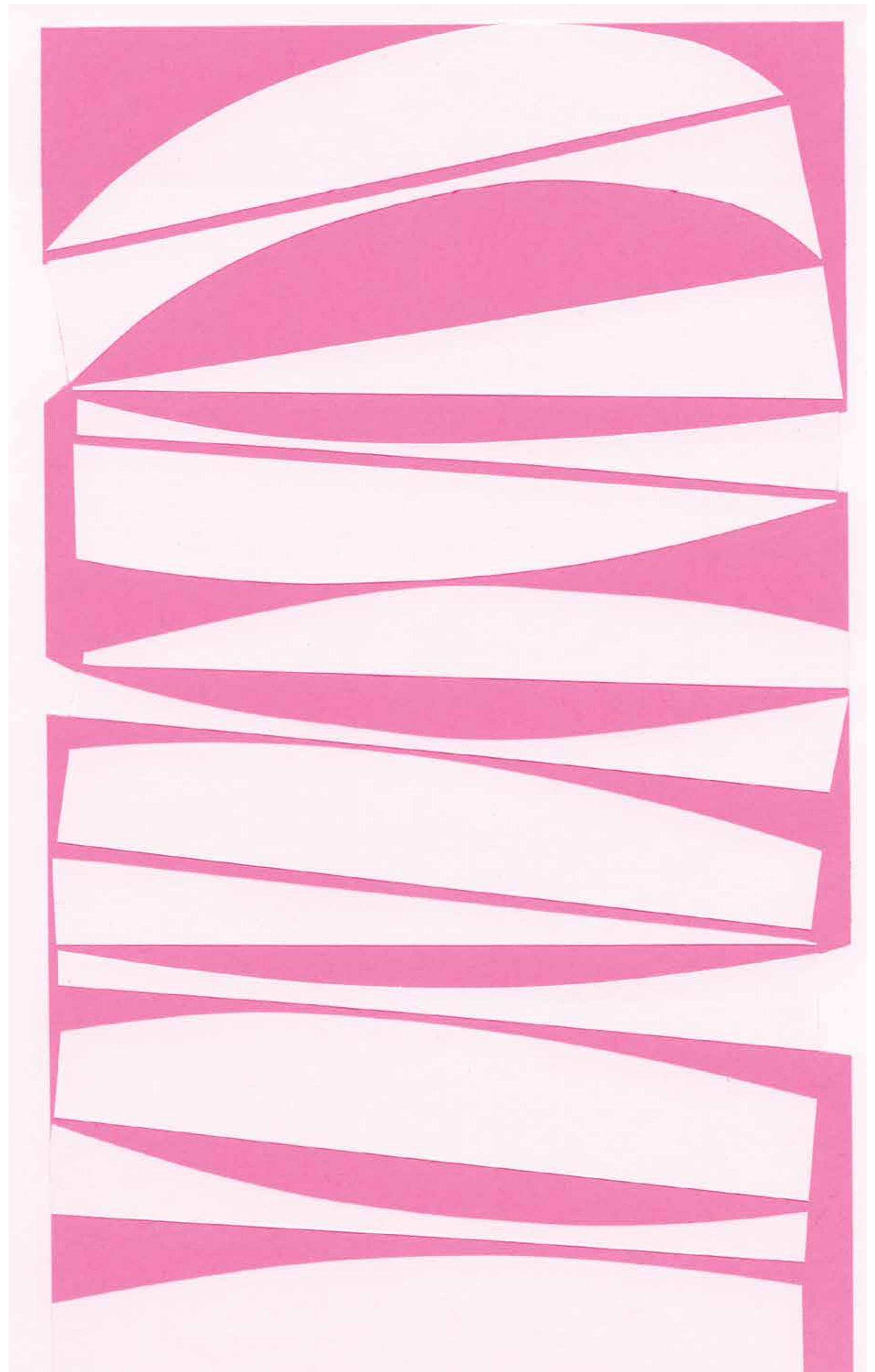
plannedparenthood.org

Women 4 Change

women4changeindiana.org

Hoosier Environmental Council

hecweb.org



Coro di deportati

Chorus of deportees

Hanna Benn

Text: Franco Fortini
Trans: David Mingolla

Introduction (Brigata Caio)

Trumpet in C  *p dolce* *mf*

C Tpt.  *f* *mp*

C Tpt.  *f* *mp* continue to repeat *rubato* till end of poem

Recitation ad lib (Verses I-VI)

TB 

Refrain I

TB  Noi sa - re - mo lon - ta - - ni

I. *Verse*
Quando il ghiaccio striderà
Dentro le rive verdi, e romperanno
Dai celesti d'aria amara
Nelle pozze delle carraie
Globi barbari di primavera

When the ice groans
In the green banks and they break
From the bitter air above
In the carts' muddy tracks
Savage worlds of spring

Refrain Noi saremo lontani.

We'll be far away.

Recitation ad lib (Verses I-VI)

TB 

Refrain II

TB  In - ve - ce sa - re - mo lon - ta - - ni

II. *Verse*
Vorremmo tornare e guardare,
Carezzare il trifoglio dei prati,
Gli stipiti della casa nuova,
Piangere di pietà
Dove passò nostra madre:

We'd want to return and watch
To caress the field clovers
The door frames of a new home
To cry in pity
Where our mother passed

Refrain Invece saremo lontani.

Instead we'll be far away.

Recitation ad lib (Verses I-VI)

TB 

Refrain III

TB  Lo - ta - no, sem - pre lon - ta - no

III.

Verse
Invece noi prigionieri
Rideremo senza requie
E odieremo fin dove le lame
Dei coltelli s'impugnano.
Maledetto chi ci conduce

Instead we prisoners
Will laugh restlessly
And we'll hate until
Knife blades are drawn.
That bastard that leads us


Refrain Lontano, sempre lontano

Far away always far away.

Recitation ad lib (Verses I-VI)

TB 

Refrain IV

TB  E an - co - ra sa - re - mo lon - ta - ni

IV.

Verse
E quando saremo tornati
l'erba pazza sarà nei cortili,
E il fiato dei morti nell'aria.
Le rughe sopra le mani,
La ruggine sopra i badili:

And when we have returned
Crazy weeds will grow in the courts
And the stench of death in the air.
The wrinkles on the hands
The rust on the shovels

Refrain E ancora saremo lontani.

And still we'll be far away.

Recitation ad lib (Verses I-VI)

TB 

Refrain V

TB  O - ra ai no - stri cam - pi lon - ta - ni

V.

Verse
Saremo ancora lontani
Dal viso che in sogno ci accoglie
Qui, stanchi d'odio e d'amore.
Ma verranno nuove le mani
Come vengono nuove le foglie

We'll still be far away
From the face that welcomes us here
In dreams weary of hate and love.
But hands will come anew
As leaves will come anew

Refrain Ora ai nostri campi lontani.

Now to our distant camps.

Recitation ad lib (Verses I-VI)

TB 

Refrain VI

TB  All' - o - cchio del cie - lo lon - ta - no

VI.

Verse
Ma la gemma s'aprirà,
E la fonte parlerà, come una volta.
Splenderai, pietra sepolta,
Nostro antico cuore umano,
Scheggia cruda, legge nuda,

But the bud will flower
And the fountain will talk like long ago.
You'll shine buried stone
Our ancient human heart
Crude splinter naked law

Refrain All'occhio del cielo lontano.

At the eye of the distant heavens.

CONTEMPORARY REFLECTIONS ON SOCIAL CHANGE MOVEMENTS

DANICIA MONÉT

We've heard the speeches. We've seen the protests. We've shown up at the rallies. We've made the posters. We've written the essays. We've recited the manifestos. We've posted and liked and shared. We've passed along the message but what have we changed? With all this motion and movement, what has changed—not outwardly, but inwardly? Because to change anything outwardly one must first adjust our internal perspectives. To change the world is to change oneself. That adage rings true. As we've done all these things, I beg to question under what premise? When we wake or lay our heads down at night what words of encouragement or checks are we reciting to ourselves to keep us going in stride? We pass along our (im)moral code like a sickness. How imperative is it that we stay abreast to the politics and philosophies we believe in? To not know what one stands for leaves room for corruption and the spreading of the plague of injustice.

Many have laid the framework. We know who they are. We sling around the names of men and women who risked their lives for change, for everlasting change, and yet it seems we misinterpret the

message behind the action. What begat their suffrage and what lay in its wake? In hindsight, the target seemed grander, but in actuality their struggle was local. The pressures they felt were immediate. And their reaction wasn't for a rise in the social media ranks. On the contrary, it was predicated on a sincere belief in the improvement of daily life.

The future is personal. The political is personal. The protest is personal. The future is local. The political is local. The protest is local.

These individuals weren't much different than how we see ourselves today. They, too, felt a rumbling in the world and were beside themselves, fixated on stirring bodies and minds to focus on contemporary ailments. They, too, wanted to live a life of liberty and luxury and privilege and equality.

They, too, wanted to know delight and love and excitement.

While reviewing the big names of yesteryear for inspiration, it can be detrimental to think our future rests on the shoulders of the few vs we the many. We are waiting on "the one" to rise up. Rhetorically, we question who is the next great leader. In doing so, we remove ourselves from the equation and we lessen our individual mark and position. Each of us is the next great leader if we choose to lead. Our presence is crucial in the change. The future is personal. The political is personal. The protest is personal. The future is local. The political is local. The protest is local. Mobilization isn't and shouldn't be an evasive and ephemeral figment initiated by those on the fringe, but rather it is something tangible that boils from within. Each of us, the we who consider ourselves as not having a large role in the movement in fact do, for without us a mass movement by sheer definition would not and could not exist.

Use the lessons of those who came before us, critique the actions of those that

came before us, examine the strategies of those that came before us. Without contrast, how will we soar higher and reach more sustained outcomes than they? Their foundation was just that: a platform from which to spring. Our mobilization should look different than those of the past and rightfully so. Let us organize intelligently, informed by our predecessors and inspired by our own visions.

How do we mobilize today for tomorrow? There is no tried and true formula, but there are some consistent components that have existed in all successful movements.

- Step 1:**
Be a quiet voice in a loud room. Observe. Plan. Execute.
- Step 2:**
Research the issues of the world, past and present.
- Step 3:**
Share your ideas and be humble-minded to hear the ideas of others.
- Step 4:**
Be a quiet voice in a loud room. Observe. Plan. Execute. (this step is repeated twice because it is crucial)

ART IS OUR WEAPON. CULTURE IS A FORM OF RESISTANCE.
 ~SHIRIN NESHAT

Organizations to support and get involved with:

Flanner House
flannerhouse.org

Blights Out
blightsout.org

Spirit & Place
spiritandplace.org

Highlander Research & Education Center
highlandercenter.org

NPR
npr.org

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF WWI

JASON M. KELLY

100 years ago, the US entered WWI. No veterans of that war survive. Despite recent commemorations, the causes, course, and consequences of that war have begun to fade from public memory. When Americans do remember WWI, they typically think of “Doughboys” heading off dutifully to the front, of domestic patriotism, or the message of James Montgomery Flagg’s iconic poster of Uncle Sam: “I Want You for U.S. Army.”

Despite the wave of militaristic nationalism that swept through the country on the eve of the United States’ entry into the war, there were hundreds of thousands opposed for moral and political reasons. These individuals faced substantial retribution—imprisonment, deportation, and death. Nevertheless, they protested what they believed to be an unjust war.

From the beginning of WWI, American protesters stood with European peace activists. During the war’s first month, women suffragists organized a peace parade in NYC. Some wore black to mourn the outbreak of hostilities. Others wore white, the color associated with peace. From these first antiwar stirrings emerged a larger women’s peace movement. Within a year, they had formed the Women’s Peace Party, which linked women’s suffrage and the peace movement as key elements of a broader humanitarian movement. Some suffragists noted the connections between war and sexism. For example, Hoosier activist Ida Husted Harper wrote that “this colossal war is the grand culmination of government by man, with the wish, the advice, the voice of women absolutely and always ignored. It has united those of the whole world in a common bond for a unanimous demand that this shall be the last war and that henceforth male oligarchies shall cease.”

There were other reasons for opposition to the war as well. In May 1917, one month after the United States entered the war, the government instituted a draft via the Selective Service Act.

The government faced harsh criticism from activists such as Jane Addams and Mary McDowell. Helen Keller was also an outspoken opponent. She argued, along with many other socialists, that the war was, at its heart, exploitative. It pitted members of the international working classes against each other. It diverted the public’s attention from cooperation and improvement to hate and destruction. She implored individuals to protest the war:

“We are not free unless the men who frame and execute the laws represent the interests of the lives of the people and no other interest... Strike against all ordinances and laws and institutions that continue the slaughter of peace and the butcheries of war. Strike against war, for without you no battles can be fought. Strike against manufacturing shrapnel and gas bombs and all other tools of murder. Strike against preparedness that means death and misery to millions of human beings. Be not dumb, obedient slaves in an army of destruction. Be heroes in an army of construction.”

While hundreds of conscientious objectors who refused to support the war effort were sent to prison, some protested conscription by force. In Oklahoma, radical farmers, allied with the Socialist Party and the Working Class Union marched in the so-called Green Corn Rebellion in August 1917. Their intent was to take their opposition to Washington, D.C. They were attacked by a local mob, and three of them were killed. 150 others served jail time.

In an effort to silence opponents to the war, the government passed the Espionage Act on June 15, 1917. Among the provisions of the Espionage Act were limits to freedom of speech and press. The government used the legislation as a bludgeon. Some, such as George Bellows, found their publications censored for criticisms of the war. After its premier in Chicago in May 1917, Frank Montgomery’s film *The Spirit of ’76* was seized. The US Justice Department claimed that the scenes depicting violent British soldiers undermined the war effort. The scriptwriter, Robert Goldstein, was arrested under the Espionage Act and sent to prison.

In 1918, the Espionage Act was bolstered by the Sedition Act, which instituted even broader limits to free speech. The government used them to target labor leaders and immigrants. Eugene Debs, Hoosier and IWW founder, was convicted for speaking against the draft in 1918 and found himself in prison between 1919 and 1921. Emma Goldman opposed conscription in her publication *Mother Earth* and was arrested in June 1917. During her trial, Goldman continued to defend her position: “We say that if America has entered the war to make the world safe for democracy, she must first make democracy safe in America.” She was imprisoned for two years. Upon release, she was deported. As hundreds of people found themselves imprisoned for protesting WWI, they became inspirations to those who continued to resist.

100 years later, we live in a very different world. Nevertheless, Americans face similar challenges to those faced in the 1910s. Like the European empires before WWI, the United States has embarked on a seemingly endless string of wars around the world. It has become more militaristic,

increasingly threatening retribution rather than pursuing diplomacy. The new administration is pressing nationalism, nativism, jingoism—attempting to appeal to the basest fears and prejudices of its populace. Its international sabre-rattling could have unintended effects, creating a political chain reaction that leads to death and destruction. Meanwhile, it is attacking the press, knowledge, and free speech, demonizing social activists and immigrants. And, considering that the Espionage Act is still on the books (and keeping in mind the lack of restraint shown by the current administration), it is quite possibly only a matter of time before we see a broader range of prosecutions.

As in the 1910s, there is widespread and growing activism among the American populace. Coalitions are expanding, working to oppose racial and gender oppression, climate change, indiscriminate war, and science denial. The examples of the citizen activists of WWI remind us that the path forward is not always an easy one. But, they also provide inspiration to act, to make the voices of justice and democracy heard every day. They drive home the importance of millions coming together to, in the words of Helen Keller, “be heroes in an army of construction.”

Organizations to support and get involved with:

Indianapolis Public Library

indypl.org

Indianapolis Peace and Justice Center

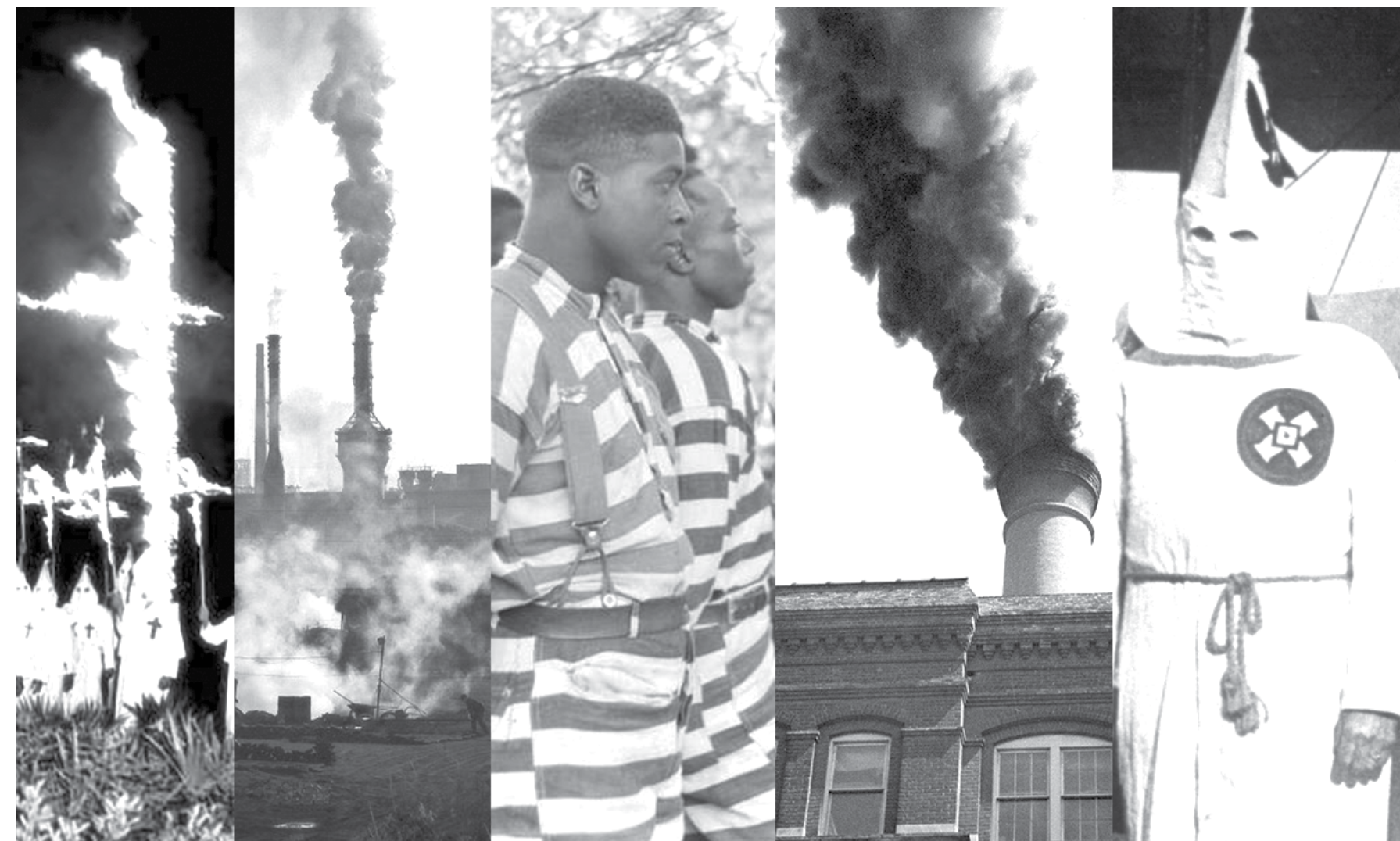
indypeaceandjustice.org

Zinn Education Project

zinnedproject.org

Peace Action

peace-action.org



SEE AMERICA FIRST



MUSIC, THE SPINE OF ACTIVISM

ARI ATTACK

For me, music fuels everything.

Every action in my life, every mood is pushed or molded by what song I'm listening to, or what album I'm currently bingeing. (*Ahem, Kendrick.*) When it comes to protesting and fighting systemic oppression, or just being a black woman living on planet earth, music goes hand in hand with taking action. Today, we see artists declaring their political stance and voicing opinions that oppose the current regime we call the U.S. presidency. We must resist!

Reggae, hip-hop, and punk are genres that create powerful protest narratives. Three different vibrations that experience the same outcast view (the production of which politicians attempt to ban/limit) and ultimately hold the oppressed together. The cultures that surround each genre have experienced forms of oppression that fuel the fire of fighting for their rights. The following is a look at individual artists who have created spaces for their people to tell their narratives—songs of freedom.

Reggae gave artists a way to fight against injustice while simultaneously connecting with their ancestral spirits, while away from Mother Africa. Beginning in the 50's with ska and rocksteady, reggae became a defining musical force, emanating from Jamaica. Artists like Bob Marley and The Wailers, Peter Tosh, Steel Pulse, and King Tubby.

Steel Pulse, a reggae band from the UK, created tracks with politically charged text.

With tracks like, "Ku, Klux, Klan," "Grab Education" and "Steve Biko's Lament," Steel Pulse is up front with their intention. Some of my favorite albums are *Earth Crisis* and *Tribute to the Martyrs*. Each album serves as groundwork for fighting the power, and many have been inspired by the group.

Hip-hop stands as the testament of old Negro spirituals. Across the African diaspora, music is the common factor that pushes us through oppression and racial and economic hatred. So many artists have created masterpieces that fight against our oppression and stay true to the culture that it's difficult to narrow it down to just a few artists.

Rappers have been protesting since the beginning of hip-hop, like Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five and their most known track, "The Message." That era of hip-hop birthed a second generation of rap in the 90's. Artists like A Tribe Called Quest, Brand Nubian, De La Soul and Gang Starr burst onto the scene adorned with funky threads, afro-centric attitudes, and equipped with knowledge of self. These artists were echoing our ancestors. All protesting, all fighting oppression and setting the stage for future youth in hip-hop.

A major artist who has created anthems of protest and anti-supremacy is Kendrick Lamar. His newest album, *DAMN.*, connects deeply to our ancestry and protests the current political regime.

Not to mention the samples are poignant. I wish I could hug him. His track record

has remained the same with anthems for people across the diaspora to feel hope and purpose in activism. From his first album, *Section.80*, to *DAMN.*, K.Dot continues to fight oppression and create a blueprint for sustainability in future generations just as rappers and musicians of color before him.

Hip-hop, punk, & reggae stand for fighting back against oppression, and telling the history of blackness across the diaspora.

Last, but certainly not least: punk music. I'm going to focus on two bands: Death (technically a proto-punk band) and Bad Brains. Both groups are composed of black men in punk music, standing tall. For Bad Brains, albums like *Rock for Light* and *I Against I* detail the

punk-Rasta version of what resistance looks/sounds like. Not to mention, the first punk band EVER is Death—but they weren't recognized until late 2000's.

As a black punk rocker, we've always been outcasted in life as people of color—and we are thankful that in such a Eurocentric genre, these artists have created a lane for us.

Hip-hop, punk, and reggae together stand for fighting back against oppression, and telling the history of blackness across the diaspora. Music equaling mobilization and resistance. Historically, we've protested through music, but we've also been made whole through it. We are resilient and continue to fight for our rights with music as our backbone.

*Note: each of these artists have experienced oppression. The common factor? African ancestry, brown skin, or all around untamed appearance. They used their music as rallying cries for being black, different and remained persistent in their message.

Organizations to support and get involved with:

- Face À Face**
fafcollective.com
- General Public Collective**
general-public.us
- Indy10 Black Lives Matter**
facebook.com/Indy10People



FIND YOUR LOCAL COVEN

NICK MELLOAN-RUIZ

As a queer, bi-racial, HIV positive, disabled person I inhabit many identities that the current administration would like to see erased.

Below are a collection of thoughts I cycle through on a daily basis in an effort to build myself up to be ready to face the emerging hellscape that we all inhabit.

Maybe this will work — you tell yourself.

Building a cocoon of information, whatever it may be: film, music, text, any noise welcome to combat visions of a coming future

You must look deep within; submit to your own mind, seeking the tools you forgot you had

Remembering that existence has never been easy for anyone, finding comfort in the smallest things, finally accepting help on your own terms

Always coming back to your core

TRUST THE UNIVERSE
HEAD DOWN, POWER THROUGH
BE YOUR OWN CULT LEADER

Constantly waiting for the thing that will unfurl years of knowledge, give purpose, trying to find a place to put years of devotion

Waiting for your turn

Working hard to suppress the feeling that a new friend is just a new way to feel inadequate

Failure omnipresent

Content to scroll through countless adornments without committing to anything

Bubbling under

Never fully reaching out, always checking the box under bare minimum, expecting the biggest rewards

Unwilling to truly engage (it would take too much time); looking back on the ones that came before

Acknowledgment coming only through a repost, all to impress someone you will never meet

Tenuous connections are the rule of the day

Diatribes broadcast in one minute intervals 24 hours a day

Trying to mythologize everything

Give everything an undeserved weight and meaning
Cataloging a moment, but for what?

Atonement for years of mindless consumption

Bathing in sponsored content
TAKE TAKE TAKE

Leaving others to deal with the waste left behind

Keeping a log of the neighbor’s dog just to feel useful, have a project

Constantly refreshing so as not to miss a thing,
A new # to call, a new script to read,
Suddenly realizing you haven’t left the house all week
Why get dressed just to have everything be systematically taken away from you piece by piece

Try to monetize it—too old to be a rent boy, too under-educated to be a mentor

The gains of resistance are hard to see when you’re thrown in a new fight daily

A cog in the society of the spectacle

Anything to keep from sinking, pushing against the pain deep within, always threatening to show itself

Another set of circumstances, another chance to show strength in the face of abject terror

To cope, one goes over the yellowing memories in the brain dusted off day after day

Facilitating between a fear of being passed over, forgotten, missing out and not caring at all

No time to wait for someone to save you
Frantically searching for something to believe in

LINK IN BIO LINK IN BIO

Bound by the shackles of self-promotion

Forging on, when all your crushes have died
Trying to find a different ending, holding out til it’s over,
Weathering the storm, hopeful

Realizing that the only person you belong to is yourself
FIND YOUR LOCAL COVEN!

Organizations to support and get involved with:

- ACLU**
aclu.org
- TAP: Trans Assistance Project**
transassistance.org
- RAINN**
rainn.org
- Lambda Legal**
lambdalegal.org
- Planned Parenthood**
plannedparenthood.org

LISTEN LISTEN LISTEN

VICTORIA HALEY

45 has been in office for around 100 days. 45 has the potential to be in office for up to 2922 days.

i carry the anxiety of 45 in my head and in my shoulders and in my lower back. sometimes i forget that 45 is in office. and then i remember. the dread is not dissimilar to remembering a deceased family member, a finalized divorce.

maybe 45 will be impeached. maybe 46 will be from our home state. and it can safely be said that such a 46 would not be kinder.

but 45 has exacerbated, not created, -isms that existed before 45 took office.

45 rings in my ears. i do not remember the last time i read a news story that did not mention an action, or speech, or golf trip said or done by 45. and every time, the dread returns.

Of all the evils in the world we must resist, we must also resist performative behavior. Will you defend me, us, them when I, we, they are not in the room to watch?

i remember where i was when the election took place and i remember not being able to cope. the body has a memory, and i feel this event in the back of my throat and the pit of my stomach.

and yet.

prisons existed before 45. all aspects of reproductive justice were being challenged before 45 took office. people were facing deportation before 45 took office. the income gap was growing before 45 took office. there are too many things to list, that were happening, before 45 took office.

all of this is to say: what will we do when 45 is no longer in office? will we be comfortable with a back to business-as-usual that is already inequitable?

to resist, certainly, we must speak out. we must stand up. we must use our mouths and our hands.

and to resist effectively, we must listen, listen, listen.

the election of 45 has mobilized millions of americans who have called for conversations, who have called for unity. but unity cannot be the asking of those experiencing racism and sexism and classism—in all of its complicated and intertwined facets—to overlook the racism and sexism and classism of those who now want to resist. usually, the call to focus on “the bigger issues,” is a call to ensure that those with the least amount of privilege are asked to do the most amount of work to keep other forms of tyranny at bay.

but.

i cannot emphasize enough: this kind of behavior existed before 45. & nevertheless, it will persist even after 45 is no longer in office.

to all who are now attending rallies and feel excited by organizing: it is our turn to listen. it is our turn to support organizations that already exist. rallies are effective for just that—rallying. but the private daily work of intentional learning and quiet interventions with friends, coworkers, and family members is as important as it is unseen.

of all the evils in the world we must resist, we must also resist performative behavior. will you defend me, us, them when i, we, they are not in the room to watch?

when 45 leaves office, the world may look different and we must continue to dedicate ourselves to deconstructing and recreating. as the popular saying goes, this is a marathon—not a sprint. but you must understand, this is not a 2922 day marathon.

is my, our, their liberation bound to yours? when you feel free enough, will you ensure i, we, them am, are secure?

Organizations to support and get involved with:

- Showing Up For Racial Justice**
showingupforracialjustice.org
- Indy10 Black Lives Matter**
facebook.com/Indy10People
- Don’t Sleep**
naptowndontsleep.org
- Indiana Undocumented Youth Alliance**
iuya.org
- shehive**
shehive.org

