

The *Public i*, a project of the Urbana-Champaign Independent Media Center, is an independent, collectively-run, community-oriented publication that provides a forum for topics underreported and voices underrepresented in the dominant media. All contributors to the paper are volunteers. Everyone is welcome and encouraged to submit articles or story ideas to the editorial collective. We prefer, but do not necessarily restrict ourselves to, articles on issues of local impact written by authors with local ties.

*The opinions are those of the authors and do not reflect the views of the IMC as a whole.*

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You don't need a degree in journalism to be a citizen journalist. We are all experts in something, and we have the ability to share our information and knowledge with others. The *Public i* is always looking for writers and story ideas. We invite you to submit ideas or proposals during our weekly meetings (Thursdays at 5:30pm at the UCIMC), or to contact one of the editors.

#### Reader Feedback

Comments on *Public i* articles may be emailed to print (at) ucimc.org. Send the email with the word "comment" in the subject line.

# CRISIS IS BUSINESS

Economic crises are not natural disasters. They are brought about by the actions of bankers, officials, and developers, not to mention ordinary folks struggling to get by in a world we didn't choose.

For all the talk of collapse, capitalism itself is as healthy as ever. The fundamental relationships remain unchanged: employers and employees, politicians and voters, police and policed. Our masters may loan us cars or houses to pacify us, but we still lack control over our own lives.

Crises like this are part of the protection racket that keeps them in business. They profit on the industries that heat up the earth's atmosphere, and when hurricanes destroy our neighborhoods they replace them with condominiums and sell us energy-saving light bulbs. They profit on the invasions that secure more resources for the economy, and also on the occupations in which our friends and relatives die. They profited from the sub-prime mortgages that contributed to the latest disaster, and now they're profiting from the bailout.

Imagine another kind of crisis, one that could really pose a threat to their precious market: neighbors defending each other from eviction, workers seizing the goods they need, people building communities based on cooperation and self-determination. Imagine a world in which we'd never be vulnerable to the whims of the market again.

*As far as we're concerned,  
it can't come soon enough!*

# AS USUAL



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The *Public i* wishes to express its deep appreciation to the following sustaining contributors for their financial and material support:

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## WRFU Will Get A New Tower!



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## Plus, Poetry for the People Special Insert

## WRFU Tower Is Approved

By Tatyana Safronova



The April 4<sup>th</sup> unanimous vote by the Urbana City Council approving the plan for construction of a new 100 ft radio tower for WRFU was a victory for a multi-year community effort. That evening, WRFU volunteers, friends and supporters filled the City chambers and spoke out for the tower. People in the audience and in the Council were excited by an idea we at WRFU and volunteers at the Independent Media Center had been working on for years: to raise our antenna from 65 feet in the air to 100 and allow our signal to reach farther into Urbana and Champaign. This new infrastructure will be an asset for our community, both maximizing the reach of our signal and attracting possible partners for co-location on the tower, like wireless Internet projects already in the works in town.

For now, however, our signal, will continue to originate from the 65 ft tower that sits atop the Independent Media Center building. The approval of our permit was an important step, but it's not the end. An additional challenge lies in meeting our funding goals. We are continuing efforts to raise close to \$5,000 for construction. WRFU also requires the approval of the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency to start the groundbreaking. A letter of support sent by city council member, Eric Jakobsson helps put the historical question into context.

### A LETTER FROM ERIC JAKOBSSON, 2ND WARD, URBANA CITY COUNCIL

*In dealing with the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency, perhaps some points about the history of the Eiffel Tower in Paris are instructive:*

*Today, the Eiffel Tower is the most distinctive feature of the Paris skyline, an iconic image that nobody would dream of tearing down. It IS Paris, to the same degree that Notre Dame and the Louvre are Paris.*

*It was built for a worldwide exposition in 1889. Its building aroused fierce opposition among Paris' cultural elite, because of inconsistency with other Paris architecture. The elite were partly placated by the promise that it would be torn down in 1909, when the property lease to the builders expired. But by 1909 it was judged that the tower had become too important for the then-new means of communication across the nation—radio! Many of the cultural elite were furious all over again, but to no avail.*

*Needless to say, almost everybody is now happy that the Eiffel Tower was built and was not torn down.*

*The moral of this story is that it is very good to preserve history, but even better to MAKE history.*

*Vive la tour Eiffel! Vive la tour WRFU!*

Now more than ever, WRFU needs you. Interested in fundraising, community radio, radio engineering, music or community engagement? Have a personality for radio or you wish you did? Become a WRFU member and share



The UCIMC and WRFU tower

your expertise or start a show and learn about radio broadcasting. 65 or 100 feet in the air, we're always broadcasting locally grown programming. We look forward to our expansion and hope you'll join us. Let's make community radio by the people for the people for our community like the Eiffel Tower is to Paris—inseparable.

## A Tribute to Robert G. (Bob) Kirchner

By Claudia Lennhoff, Executive Director, Champaign County Health Care Consumers Executive Director

Bob Kirchner, only 54 years old, died of a heart attack on the morning of Sunday, April 17. Bob was a local attorney who defended many who had no resources; he helped and legally supported many local non-profits, including CCHCC; he served on the County Board and the County Board of Health; and did much more. Bob was a true champion of justice for people... and for the organizations who fight for justice for the people.

Our deepest sympathies go to Bob's wife Gerri Kirchner, with whom he had a great and beautiful partnership and to whom he was utterly devoted. Our sympathies also go to Ruth Wyman, our dear friend and the young attorney with whom Bob worked for many years.

I first met Bob in 1999, when I was a scared and very green "Interim Director" at CCHCC. He had agreed to help CCHCC, pro bono, in a legal struggle against Provena Covenant when the hospital ended the Medicare 100/Plus Program. (Please note that CCHCC now has a very positive working relationship with Provena Covenant, and the Medicare 100/Plus Program was reinstated in 2005.)

The struggle with Provena Covenant was very nasty and I was clearly out of my league. One day, I received a very intimidating package from the then-IL Attorney Gen-

eral's office. It was a set of "interrogatories" demanding that I produce a bunch of documents and answer a bunch of questions that clearly implied that CCHCC was undertaking fraudulent and illegal activities in the efforts to reinstate Medicare 100/Plus. The letter basically said that we were lying to seniors about the program and trying to coerce, under false pretenses, their involvement in the program. It also said that the IL AG's office could bill CCHCC for the costs of their investigation into us! An action like this could have sunk CCHCC financially, and the threat was very real.

The first person I called was Bob. He was calm, of course, and I felt the tiniest bit

reassured. I was a very new Director and I didn't want CCHCC to fail on my watch, and certainly not for something so unfair. Bob set up a meeting with staff of the AG's office with my colleague Mike Doyle and myself. We traveled to Chicago for the meeting. It was terrifying, and I could see from the cold blank stares of the AG's staff that it was not really going well.

I didn't understand where the AG's office got the idea that CCHCC was defrauding consumers, and when I tried to ask about this, we got no answer.

Then, out of nowhere, Bob said, in his very calm and soft voice, that he knew that high-ups from Provena had met with

staff from the AG's office, and he gave the dates and times of the meetings—and he looked at each one as he said "they met with you, and you, and you, and you..."—and he went on to say that the AG's office seemed to be subverting their legal and ethical duties in order to do the bidding of a corporation.

Stunned silence! ...followed by awkward throat clearing noises and furtive glances between the AG's staff.

I sat there knowing that Bob had just dropped a bombshell that was going to turn everything around. What the AG's office was doing was illegal and wrong, and they were busted! Bob had this information up his sleeve, from who knows where. He was never one to brag or talk unnecessarily.

In that moment, I felt that I and CCHCC had been rescued from the forces of corruption, and Bob became my first personal hero.

In less than a week, CCHCC got a letter from the AG's office saying that they were dropping their investigation and thanking us for satisfying their interrogatories.

That's just one of many stories. But it's the one where I learned that I could totally and completely count on Bob, and that he would fight with all he had in the pursuit of justice. Not only was Bob my personal hero, but I knew that he was a champion, the likes of which I'd never known. I never imagined that he wouldn't be here.

Beyond helping us with the Medicare 100/Plus Program, Bob was a champion for low-income children while he served on the County Board and the County Board of Health. On Bob's watch, we (CCHCC, Bill Mueller, working with public health advocates on the Board of Health—Michele Spading, Karen Bojda, Jan Thom and oth-



Bob Kirchner 6/23/1956–4/17/2011



## Jackie Robinson Day

By Neil Parthun



April 15 marks the 64th anniversary of baseball's desegregation. Many see Robinson as a pioneer who did things the 'right way.' Others derided Robinson as an "establishment hero." In 2009, Robinson was claimed as a 'GOP Hero' due to his being a Republican. Despite these depictions, we still have an incomplete view of a complex person.

Robinson was born in 1919, the youngest of five. A year after he was born, his father abandoned the family. Robinson described their economic situation: "She didn't make enough, however, to support herself and five children... Her salary, plus the help from welfare, barely enabled her to make ends meet."

In high school, Jackie lettered in four sports. This success was rivaled only by his reputation as a vocal opponent of racism. While in junior college, Jackie was arrested for confronting police about the unreasonable detention of a black friend. He received probation and a two year suspended sentence. This incident, and other rumored encounters, established Jackie's reputation for being unafraid to confront racism.

Jackie further demonstrated his athletic excellence at UCLA where he became the school's first athlete of any race to letter in four sports. After two years, Robinson decided to drop out, saying, "I was convinced that no amount of education could help a black man get a job," due to discrimination. He played semi-pro football and became a youth football director. This career was put on hold when he was drafted into the Army.

In 1942, Jackie was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas. As a morale officer, Robinson used his position to speak out. In one instance, he agitated for increased seating for black soldiers at the post exchange and confronted racist defenses of the arrangement. On another occasion, Robinson faced a court martial for refusing to move to the back of an Army bus. Jackie openly confronted the military police over what he called, the "elaborate lengths to which racists in the Armed Forces would go to put a vocal black man in his place." After his commanding officer refused to charge him, Jackie was transferred to a different unit where he was charged with a number of spurious offenses. Ultimately, he was given an honorable discharge in November 1944.

While waiting for his discharge, Robinson began playing for the Negro Leagues but he tired of the schedule and segregated accommodations. Robinson wrote: "In those days, a white ballplayer could look forward to some streak of luck or some reward for hard work to carry him into prominence or even stardom. What had the black player to hope for?" The first commissioner of baseball, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who maintained the color line, limited hope.

After Landis' death in 1944, Robinson got the attention

of the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Dodgers were looking for an African American player because general manager, Branch Rickey, believed they were, "the greatest untapped reservoir of raw material in the history of the game," and would make the Dodgers, "winners for years to come." Jackie was only chosen after a secret meeting where he guaranteed that he would not violently react to racial taunts.

Robinson joined the Dodgers on April 15, 1947. Early in the season, some teammates started a petition to remove him. To stop the controversy, Dodgers manager, Leo Derocher, weighed in: "I do not care if the guy is yellow or black, or if he has stripes like a [expletive] zebra. I'm the manager of this team, and I say he plays." After this, most of his teammates began to support Robinson. Despite this growing support, opposing teams harassed and used dirty plays to harm him.

A week after Jackie's debut, the Philadelphia Phillies were playing the Dodgers. As Robinson recounted, "... I



Jackie Robinson

just tried to play ball and ignore the insults but it was really getting to me. For one wild and crazed moment, I thought, 'To Hell with Mr. Rickey's noble experiment. To Hell with the image of the patient black freak I was supposed to create.' I could throw down my bat, stride over to that Phillies dugout, grab one of those white sons of bitches and smash his teeth in with my despised black fist." Sensing Jackie's anger, his teammates demanded that the Phillies stop. When this didn't work, the Dodgers grabbed bats and converged on the Philadelphia dugout.

The most notable player supporting Robinson was shortstop and white southerner, Pee Wee Reese. In 1948,

Reese put his arm around Robinson in response to fans that were shouting slurs before a game. In another instance, the Ku Klux Klan publicized threats that they would shoot Robinson. Reese responded saying, "I think we'll all wear 42 and have ourselves a shooting gallery." The solidarity helped Jackie on the field and he led the league in stolen bases, had a .297 average and earned the Rookie of the Year award.

Over time, Jackie was given more latitude. By the start of the 1949 season, Robinson was allowed to argue calls with umpires and retaliate against players. Yet, there developed a public perception that Robinson had gotten his civil rights the 'right way.' This perception led to some backlash against Jackie as well.

In July 1949, Robinson was called to testify in front of the House of Representatives Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) about comments made by Paul Robeson. Jackie was hesitant to appear because Robeson had been one of the most notable early agitators for desegregating baseball, but chose to do so because he feared repercussions for himself and others. While Robinson made statements like: "[T]he fact that it is a Communist who denounces injustice in the courts, police brutality, and lynching when it happens doesn't change the truth of his charges," his testimony also strongly criticized some of Robeson's stances. Due to his HUAC testimony and lifelong support the Republican Party, Robinson was derided as the 'white man's black'.

Robinson's embrace of the Republicans needs context. The Democrats of his era were the party of Southern racism. Jackie was Republican but was appalled by what the Republicans had become in 1964. When Barry Goldwater won the nomination, Jackie reacted by saying, "That convention was one of the most unforgettable and frightening experiences of my life. The hatred I saw was unique to me because it was hatred directed against a white man. It embodied a revulsion for all he stood for, including his enlightened attitude towards black people. A new breed of Republicans had taken over the GOP" (Referring to Goldwater's supporters attitudes toward other Republican candidates.)

Robinson was also heavily involved in the burgeoning civil rights movement. He supported the sit-ins and freedom rides, fundraised for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and was the most requested speaker from the NAACP.

Much of the nuance of Jackie's legacy has been stripped away. His playing career marked the start of 'integration' in the 'segregation, integration, celebration' framing of baseball history. Through that traditional mantra, we've inserted simplified melodrama in the place of human intricacies and emotion. As we celebrate another Jackie Robinson Day, let's retire the static, elementary school book report style of history.

## A Tribute to Robert G. (Bob) Kirchner

Continued from page 1

ers) were able to create the child dental access program to provide free dental care to low-income county children. Believe it or not, we had to fight year after year to keep that program alive—there were opponents to the program! And year after year, Bob championed that good fight.

Over time, that program grew and led to the creation of the now well-established non-profit, SmileHealthy, where Nancy Greenwalt is the Executive Director. [www.smilehealthy.org/](http://www.smilehealthy.org/)

I don't know how many suffering low-income clients I brought to Bob to help with some legal issue or another where I would offer to pay for their consultation or they would offer to make payments as they

were able. Bob always helped my clients, and me too, pro bono. One time I asked Bob why he wouldn't let me pay him for legal services he provided to me and he said that it was because I was always helping others—as if somehow there was a community debt and that community debt was borne by him and it was up to him to repay it—as if he himself wasn't also always helping others.

I marvel when I think of how generous Bob was with his time, energy, intellect, resources—and that at the core of it all was his heart: his deep and abiding love for people, his love for justice, and his outrage at injustice and corruption and the devastation that those produce.

In 2005, because of Bob's tenacious, principled and dedicated work on behalf of CCHCC, we established the Robert G. Kirchner Legal Justice Award.

We at CCHCC mourn the death of Bob Kirchner, a great and steady champion for justice, a champion for the people, and our beloved friend. We wish to honor and celebrate Bob's life and his accomplishments by working to protect the valuable programs in our community that Bob helped to create, helped to save, and helped to maintain.

With deepest sympathies to all who mourn for Bob Kirchner.

(The above is an abbreviated version of a full tribute that can be seen at [www.health-careconsumers.org/](http://www.health-careconsumers.org/))

*careconsumers.org/*)

*The staff of the Public i joins with Claudia in mourning the loss of Bob Kirchner who fought so tenaciously for justice, within the courts and on the County Board, for the most vulnerable in our community. We extend our condolences to his family and his legal associate, Ruth Wyman.*

## “Poetry for the People” Celebrates National Poetry Month



Over the last year, the *Public i* has put on a series of poetry workshops to promote more poetry in the Champaign-Urbana community. The project is culminating with this special issue of works by local poets in commemoration of National Poetry Month. Workshops were held by local poets Matt Murrey, Ruth Nicole Brown, Janice Harrington, and Oakland-based poet Lisa Marie Rollins. We want to thank Aaron Ammons of SPEAK Café for promoting our project and emceeding our final issue release/open mic party on April 30. We are grateful to Carol Inskip at Urbana Free Library, Janice Harrington at Urbana's Neighborhood Connections, and Amanda Raklovits at Douglass Library for hosting workshops. Thanks also go to artist Damian Duffy for our poster design. We are greatly appreciative to the City of Urbana Public Arts Commission for a grant to fund this project.

### You Can't Hang This on the Wall

By Elizabeth Barrette

Snowdrops sprout and bloom.  
Sparrows mob the feeders.  
Crocus, hyacinths, tulips, daffodils—  
Peonies come late to the party.  
Cardinals whistle in the wind.  
Apricots open their pale umbrellas;  
Pear blossoms smell yeasty-sweet.  
Cherry trees give it up at last,  
Their petals like tiny white kites.  
Hawthorn dons her crown just as  
Blackbirds come home from vacation.

These are the signs by which  
I count my seasons, winter into spring.  
This is my calendar.

### The Son Who Is Lost To Me

By Sharon Henson

Declared a biological impossibility,  
you willed yourself into existence  
and entered my world anyway,  
already impatient and bored.

Sobered by parenting responsibilities,  
I devoted myself to sharing with you  
the best of myself:

- positive outlook on life
- strong faith in God
- joy of reading and learning
- time for fun and play
- love of nature
- appreciation for a simple life

But the mix wasn't right.  
What I offered wasn't what you needed.  
Each year the divide between us grew  
wider  
until the day you crossed the river into  
adulthood.

The rift remains.  
It hangs between us when we speak to one  
another.

"You let me down," it seems to say.  
"God gave you the wrong mother," I reply.

### My Dedication to Music

By Brittany Wilson

Melodies I hear as I drift up and away  
Words that I write on a slate that was once  
blank  
Pictures I paint on a canvas once clean  
Notes in the air swim around as a sing  
Rhythmic movements etched on the ground as I  
dance  
Involuntary reflexes as I clap my hands  
A smile that resembles the sun in the sky  
In the worlds of John Legend, in the clouds, I'm  
so high  
As the melodies fade away my feet touch the  
ground  
I'm not tired yet, I beg, one more round

So away I go as I close my eyes  
Saying, "This is my jam" as I pretend to fly  
Up in the air, no worries live here  
Now I am the pilot, it is I who will steer  
Living in bliss, ooh it feels so good  
Who knew it'd be you who truly understood  
Quarters and eighths, sixteenths and more  
Thirty seconds and sixty-fourths so fast I get  
sore  
I beg for you to stop so it comes to an end  
Back to reality, pain is my friend

### Coal Dreams

By Elizabeth Abraham

With up-raised glasses the two young men stare  
out from the photograph, brown with age.  
As they toast, their future is unknown, whereas  
I see the image and hear the cage  
groan as it lowers them into the mine.  
They smile at me and I recall tales  
of how they came to a new land lush  
with harsh opportunity. Grandfather speaks  
of two brothers, of thirty years of darkness  
underground, heaving coal that fueled  
their children's dreams and mine.  
He cradles his glass for a new toast.  
I know his hard hands but not the brother lost,  
yet feel the pain of drinking all alone.

### Get Involved with the *Public i*

You don't need a degree in journalism to be a citizen journalist. We are all experts in something, and we have the ability to share our information and knowledge with others. The *Public i* is always looking for writers and story ideas. We invite you to submit ideas or proposals during our weekly meetings (Thursdays at 5:30PM at the UCIMC), or to contact one of the editors.



the *Public i*, "Poetry for the People"**Buho and Lucerito  
(Owl and Little Star)***By Matt Nelson*

And the one-eyed owl  
Dances silent  
With little star.

Encircling  
In the inky dark,  
Drawn to the twinkling  
Light.

The shadow of their waltz  
Cast dense on the bareness  
Of winter earth.

Little star glows and pulses,  
Sparkling at the owl.  
Enticing him to persist.

The owl's deep chest  
Fills with blood and glee  
As his outsized wings cut  
Brisk air...  
Drifting as close to his friend  
As he can...even if  
He can never seem to soar high  
Enough to touch.

**The Bicyclist***By Matt Nelson*

Mom rode at night.

On an old ten speed my  
Dad bought off one of his drunk friends for  
Five bucks.

Mom wanted to learn earlier but  
Was too poor when she was younger to have a bike.

She would climb onto that rusty Schwinn  
And would push off with a slight expel of  
Air.  
Pedaling with determination

For the few brief seconds she was upright  
Grace and freedom surrounded her  
Self-conscious frame.

She was most beautiful during those moments.

Her face beaming smiling  
Doubt drowned out by the soft glow  
Of the streetlight.

She would eventually fall down  
After a few times circling the yard.  
All of us laughing and clapping  
Loving her for being so brave.  
She would always laugh with us  
Her embarrassment hidden under the bike that  
Laid upon her body.

She rode that bike  
Like this every night for one whole summer.  
Mom never got better at staying upright  
But it mattered so little...  
Each night she would climb again and again onto  
That old ten speed.

The wheels turning in time with her heart.

**There'll Come a Day***By Conrad Wetzel*

There'll come a day when the hearts of all rejoice,  
And altogether join with one great voice  
One great song of one great good,  
Peace and joy and brotherhood.  
There'll come a day when the hearts of all rejoice.

There'll come a day when the wars on earth will cease,  
And all shall work together building peace.  
When our guns and bombs and spears  
Will be buried with our fears.

There'll come a day when the wars on earth will cease.

There'll come a day when the wrongs of race will end,  
And each shall honor each one as a friend.  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
In each city, in each land.

There'll come a day when the wrongs of race will end.

There'll come a day when we gladly turn from greed,  
And each shall seek to serve a neighbor's need.  
Share our silver and our gold,  
Conquer hunger, want, and cold.

There'll come a day when we gladly turn from greed.

There'll come a day when the hearts of all rejoice,  
And altogether join with one great voice  
One great song of one great good,  
Peace and joy and brotherhood.

There'll come a day when the hearts of all rejoice.

**Miz Plantation***By Elizabeth Simpson*

Miz Plantation had sweet tea and linen-  
Let me tell you the rest:

Being told to give my baby to your darker breast.  
Seeing my husband's child coming from between your thighs.  
Late at night hearing his grunts, and your cries—  
What could I do? This was my test—

I chose to despise you.  
What could I do? Not sympathize, because that leads to action and  
What could I do?  
White women were property, too.  
The compromise?

I took myself, and tore her in two:  
On one side was whiteness,  
on the other was you.

Sister against sister, our ancient hearts: broken.  
The song of our blood: divided.  
Our wombs cut open.

I hated her for taking my man  
though he took her  
after she was bought—  
do you see the plan?  
*He never gets caught.*

My mothers chose their comfort against yours—  
the soft of their skin against the sweat of your pores  
That's how it begins—  
she set the course, and I followed it.

That's what she fed me—  
and I swallowed it.

Sister, we've been divided for four hundred years-  
our stories, our blood, our pain, our tears—  
It may take centuries to restore what's been denied,  
but now, it's my turn to decide,  
and I, putting the safety of whiteness aside,  
choose you.

the *Public i*, "Poetry for the People"**Problem Solved?**

By Anne Ehrlich

when johnny looks at granpa's watch he sees  
not only numbers but a work of art  
first sticks and stones to track the playful sun  
which sometimes disappeared and then  
returned.

The birds knew when to sing but when to plant  
was what the peasant knew he had to know  
and Kings and Emperors to plan their wars.  
They had to find the key to read the skies.

And so great minds assumed the task to make  
a frame of time with days and hours and  
months  
and seasons yea of years. Justinian.  
So why did not the seasons match the frame?

Required; calibrations be revised!  
And hence the cry—GO GO GREGORIAN!

**Then, Six Weeks Later...**

By Tauby Shimkin

On Sunday, the day that Daddy was free,  
For afternoon play before it got dark,  
Like angel children, their father and me  
Six rode in the car to Allerton park  
In the light of September's golden air  
I'm with Lisa, the youngest, aged three  
Hand in hand in dappled lane, not a care.  
The others are playing where we can't see.  
I'd never known content in such measure  
The moment caught as the camera's prize  
I wish I would have been told to treasure  
The luminous glint in my daughter's eyes  
Fractured shards of time splinter in space.  
Only in dreams do I now see her face.

**Chocolate Veggies**

By Arola Oluwehinmi

Carrot, Cabbage and Cucumbers  
Mom says they'll make me grow  
Snickers, M&Ms and Milky Way  
Mom says they've got to go.

I ponder and begin to wonder  
What about chocolate cauliflower and toffee  
celery

Vanilla broccoli, Reese's green beans and Skittles  
on a cob

Lettuce Ice cream and pepper popsicles  
They'll sure make grow  
And no one has to know.

**Billy, my Pigow**

By Arola Oluwehinmi

I have a pigow named Billy.  
He is part pig and part cow.  
Billy is very, very silly.  
He ate my brother's shoe  
And chased my sister's dog Willy.

The other day we went to church  
And left Billy on the porch.  
Our neighbor screamed wow!  
When she saw my pigow.

So Billy decided to show off  
He let out a big puff  
And blew down the neighbor's shrub  
Guess who had to clean up.

Now I give Billy smaller portions  
To reduce his motions  
He is still very, very silly  
And that is the story of my pigow, Billy.

**A Sonnet**

By Sandra Batzli

As history tells us time again  
A tyrant's quest for wealth and power  
Will cause the people grief and pain  
Destroy their lives from hour to hour.  
Encircling round, they use their might  
Ignoring cries to stop, to cease.  
Amoeba-like beneath the light,  
Engulfing all within their reach.  
Do only wise men see man's plight?  
The greater battle to be won  
Requires all to merge and fight  
Without the need for sword or gun  
To figure ways to heal our earth  
Or lose our common home and berth.

**Ignore Other**

By Eric Phetteplace

Gray beard gone brown  
with dirt. Slack eyes/  
strange skin. On hands  
pool of without  
pigment like Lake  
Erie shape. Mouth  
not visible;  
soft gristles speak  
—*Spare change?* Turn cheek.  
You ever thought  
"steal their wheelchair?"  
You ever thought  
"self same?" Birth stains  
your slick shaved skull  
delirium  
tremens termite  
in family tree  
tremor in growth  
rings. You know you  
should sympathize  
but somehow don't.  
It's easier.  
Choke the thin sprouts  
under middle  
class canopy.  
Chew the burger  
and trash the half  
that's left.

**What Little Poems Are Made Of**

By John Wason

Attention arrested.  
Synapses engaged.  
Emotion invested\_  
Rapture, and rage.

In throbbing tumescence,  
The poet engorged;  
From seminal essence  
The poem is forged.

**Staple of the community**

By Carol Ammons

The entire body, radio, print, literacy  
A vast project, a complete work  
Where musicians, activist, artist  
Churn out justice for the less,  
Fortunately,  
We, Be, IMC  
A staple of the community  
Feeding the news, Through the veins of  
in-justice!

**From the Champaign County Juvenile  
Detention Center (Names withheld)****Life**

Life is a journey  
Take the right path  
Learn, love and  
Live each day like your last  
Face your fears  
Cause no tears  
Make the right move  
Win don't lose  
Do your bet  
Worry less  
Help others  
Be nice  
Show affection  
Get through life

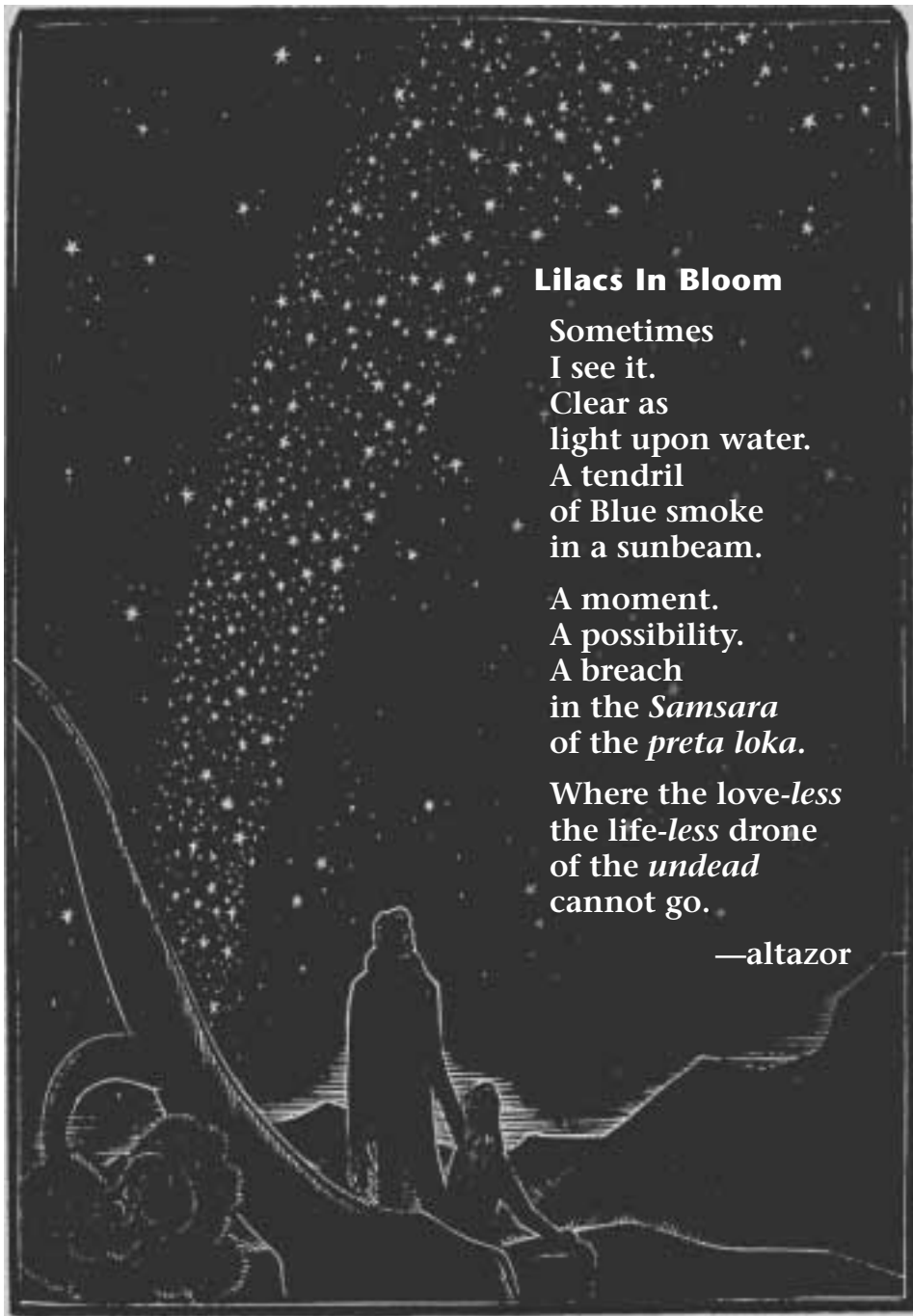
**Life is a Ocean**

Life is a ocean you can go  
The opposite way or follow the  
Motions  
You can either be up or down  
Or always be negative and drownin'  
I always try to be positive and  
Stay afloat but there's always  
Someone in life who wants to  
Sink your boat  
I can chill with the crowd  
of fish or the sharks and  
Become someone's dish  
You can't judge unless you  
Been on the other side of  
The sea so stop criticizing  
And try to be me  
So life is like a ocean I  
Now choose the right path and  
Go with the right motions

**Two Weeks, One Day**

Saturday around 7:00 am  
In my bed, im layin' my momma  
Starts yellin' like a lion, she  
Tells me to get up I said hell  
Naw, and then came the  
Brawl  
She pulled off my warm protection  
Then that's when I got to  
Acting  
Court ordered, charged with electricity  
Realized there had to be changes  
In my simplicity  
See, it's been two weeks  
And one day, after this im only  
Going one way, that way is up  
I'm changing my ways, gonna  
Do what's right day and night  
Because life is a fight so  
Carefully pick and choose  
Your battles  
Pick the right path to travel  
And on your way don't bite  
The hand that feeds you  
'cause that hand can point  
The way to go, like my mother  
Who removed the protection  
I want, but in reality was the  
Protection I needed, and I cut  
It down so now I have time  
To think about what imma do  
Now

## Picture Poems and Calligrams



### Lilacs In Bloom

Sometimes  
I see it.  
Clear as  
light upon water.  
A tendril  
of Blue smoke  
in a sunbeam.

A moment.  
A possibility.  
A breach  
in the *Samsara*  
of the *preta loka*.

Where the love-less  
the life-less drone  
of the *undead*  
cannot go.

—altazor

### Seascape

By Durango Mendoza

I  
fly  
high  
on gusts  
with gulls.  
Plummet earth-  
ward through lull  
holes in the blue, to  
smack the sparkling water-  
points for fish and shoot back  
up  
as

sails pop like rifles, and the wind, feisty as a girl, plays gaily  
with the heaving schooner's probing mast, then rolls,  
out-stretched, over the water, becalmed.

### The Storm

By Jasmine T. Williams

Rain sounds  
Thunder echos across the sky  
The World trembles and holds its breath  
Everything is flipped upside-down as Nature weeps for her  
planet  
Terror stalls even the bravest heart  
The scent of the end hangs heavy in the air  
Silence thick as dirt clings to all who witness  
Nothing is safe as destruction takes its iron fists and strucks  
down man-kind

### Just a Mattress

By Nneka J. Howell

Soft and pleasant as I rest my skull on the soft utters beneath me; teething on energy lost.

Buried upon the quilt are the sheets  
My black outline sinks into the shadows  
When revealed, one see's the stains;  
wondering what caused her to spill  
So even when I dress the bed,  
For this blessing once was hers;  
Laying upon her presence even if  
I lay in memories of such disguise  
For this is not just a mattress,  
wrapping me with wisdom and

holding my figure in place as I rest.  
in memory of my loving grandma.  
once touched by her shaking hands-  
such liquids on an unknown demand.  
I picture me by her organs as I settle.  
something to sooth her mind with.  
she is far beyond the sky's eyes.  
by no surprise, I close my blinds.  
I feel her touch me with security-  
loving me with opportunity.

One day this mattress will distort, and when it does I will call it art!



## "Whose Side Are You On?" Georgia Seven Fundraiser with UIUC Student Andrea Rosales

On Wednesday, April 13, 2011, UIUC student Andrea Rosales spoke at "Whose Side Are You On," an event sponsored by University of Illinois Student Organization, La Colectiva. The event, held at Ikenberry Commons, was a fundraiser for the "Georgia Seven," a group of undocumented students arrested in an act of civil disobedience on April 5 in Atlanta. Andrea was one of those arrested that day and she came out to share her experiences.

Andrea told the story of the weeks of planning leading up to the action, her experience of being arrested, and her 24 hours in jail. Andrea was brought to the United States when she was five years old. She is to graduate in May with a Bachelor's degree in Sociology and Latino Studies. At the fundraiser, Andrea talked about her decision to carry out a nonviolent demonstration. "How many other of my fellow students would I have to see disappear?" she said. "How many would I have to see drop out of college because they couldn't afford it?"

The Georgia Seven had planned their action on Facebook using fake names and photos. They met in person for the first time in Atlanta. They were among a group of students who delivered petitions to the President of Georgia State University asking him not to comply with the state's ban on undocumented students. They then marched across the GSU campus and ended at a busy intersection. With hundreds of supporters surrounding them, the Georgia Seven sat down in the street in an act of nonviolent protest. They were subsequently placed in plastic handcuffs by police, put in the back of a squad car, and taken to jail. Andrea recalled the bumpy ride in the back of the

police car as four of them sat with their hands behind their backs.

While they were being booked, the Georgia Seven openly told jail guards they were undocumented. When a guard referred to them as being here "illegally," one of the students corrected them and said they were only "undocumented." The term "illegal" was a dehumanizing term, Andrea explained, which took away their personhood.

Fulton County, where they were arrested, currently participates in the "Secure Communities" program, in which immigration status is automatically checked, and may result in further detention and possible deportation. (Champaign County is also a "Secure Community.") Andrea said the ICE agent who questioned them was himself from the Dominican Republic. After the seven refused to fill out documents, the ICE agent agreed he was not going to "touch" them. Andrea suspected this was because he was afraid of negative publicity. While they were in jail, images of their arrest



Andrea Rosales

were being broadcast on the nightly news.

Andrea remembered one scene when she and her fellow students were sitting in a jail cell with other inmates. One young man was in an orange jumpsuit, with tattoos, and had been questioned about his gang affiliations. After they talked to one another, it was discovered that one of the students and the young man had both been born in the same town in Mexico and had both grown up in the same city in North Carolina. At this point, Andrea said she was reminded of the reason they had done the demonstration. While undocumented students are being banned from

campuses in Georgia, thousands of others are quietly being deported throughout the United States.

The Georgia Seven bailed out of jail and were free the next day. Andrea said that most of the donations that had come in were from UIUC. She encouraged the audience of more than 100 people to support the other students.

## TAP In Leadership Academy Summer Enrichment Program and School Extension Program

*An innovative approach to addressing community concerns has organizations wanting to partner and support TAP In Leadership Academy.*

TAP In (Together Achieving Purpose In Leadership) is a summer and after-school leadership academy which focuses on four core pillars: Leadership, Cultural Awareness, Literacy and Civic Engagement.

The mission of TAP In is to educate, equip, and empower youth living in marginalized communities to enhance educational achievement, leadership development, and cultural awareness.

By providing all scholars with an equitable opportunity for intellectual, social, and emotional growth, it is TAP In's long-term goal that all of its scholars are admitted to and complete a baccalaureate college or university program.

TAP In's vision is to cultivate better scholarship and responsibility in youth to become contributing leaders in their families, their communities, and in the world.

### PROGRAM SUMMARY

TAP In Leadership Academy's Summer Enrichment Program is a multicultural six-week enrichment program developed for scholars grades 5 through 12. Housed at the McKinley Foundation on University of Illinois campus, students explore on higher education before reaching middle school and completing high school.

Each week, scholars explore a different culture/world

area through hands-on learning facilitated by University instructors. Scholars have the opportunity to listen to and participate in interactive activities offered by guest speakers. Scholars also travel on field studies on campus and in the community.

In the mornings, scholars are engaged in culturally-integrated literacy curriculum. University professors and professionals implement solid curricula tailored to our scholars' interest. Social skills are strengthened through daily cultural enrichment activities. In the afternoons, scholars explore computer programming, media studies and cultural art, as well as music, drama, and dance. Fridays are set aside for field studies. Scholars learn from guest speakers and presentations, visit museums and parks, and engage in service-learning projects while developing leadership skills.

TAP In Leadership Academy is accepting applications for young scholars entering 5th through 12th grade for its Summer Enrichment Program.

June 20–July 29, Monday–Friday, 8AM–3PM @ The McKinley Foundation, 809 S. Fifth St., Champaign

For more information, visit [www.tapinacademy.org](http://www.tapinacademy.org), or by email at [tapinurbana@gmail.com](mailto:tapinurbana@gmail.com).



## UCIMC Receives A Large Gift



The Independent Media Center (IMC) of Urbana/Champaign caught the attention somewhere along the way of an International Peace Promoter.

Last March the IMC received notification that it had been named as recipient of a monetary award (\$100,000) from the estate of Dr. Alice Tang formerly of Escondido, California (originally from Taiwan). Perhaps the IMC drew her attention since as she chose not to patent her own technological invention (wastewater reclamation) she felt her beliefs were similar to the IMC contending that "Technology is for the people's welfare." Alice Tang passed away on April 9, 2010 and on April 12, 2011 the IMC having been named on of nine beneficiaries received her generous donation. Please stop by the IMC and see the full donor profile of Alice Tang. Read more about her life and the work of this Planetary Peace Promoter who felt our IMC fit into her plan for helping others. She worked tirelessly for peace which she felt can only be had when the earth's and the people's physical well-being is obtained. She must have known the goals of the IMC were similar to her own. The UCIMC is **very** grateful.