

● THE UNSTOPPABLE SPRING ●

Another year has gone by, the winter a little milder than the one before. Experts all agree that we should have slowed down and moved away from burning fossil fuels decades ago, but here we are with warming climate and storms, pumping up more fossil fuels than ever before. Our civilization rushes to its own end, and seems to want to take as many others species as possible with it. But the climate isn't all that has been heating up, the political sphere has burst into flames world round. Riots and discontent spread like wild fires across the globe; responding to age-old oppressions, crushing austerity, and brutal tyrannies. Although the media loses interest over time, the struggles going on in Greece, Syria, France, and elsewhere have not found resolution. Instability and insurrection are the new normal as the economic and political systems reach the limits of their controls, and having overtaken the globe, nowhere to turn for fresh exploitation to appease the working class and poor who have had enough.

The rising tide of discontent is not all in favor of liberation though. Fascists, supremacists, and neonazis have seen swelling numbers and more open promotion as well. In the US, the proto-fascist Trump captured the election and has lined cabinet and administration positions with racists and

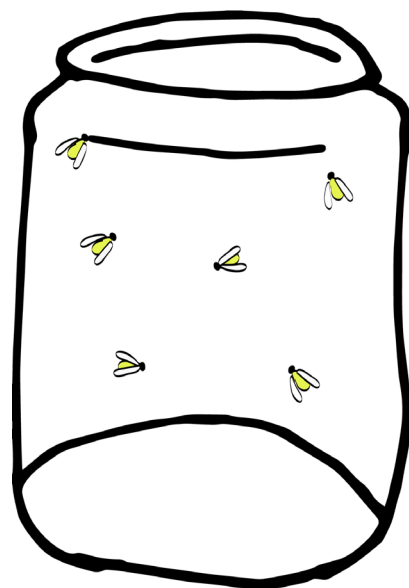
reactionaries. Supremacist violence is on the rise and people are beginning to remember just how racist the US really is, and how it has never overcome its ongoing racial oppressions. This despite the fact that the US has the largest prison system in the world, mostly housing people of color, with a less well documented network of detention centers for immigrants that don't even have the minimal protections granted to citizen prisoners. To top it all off, the elites seem hell bent on pushing towards a third world war with the super powers playing economic hard ball and running proxy wars in the middle east against each other.

There can be no doubt we live in dark times, and there is great struggles ahead of us. But this is nothing new – the struggle against capitalism, the state, fascism, racism, and a civilization based on domination itself was born out of the very darkness those system cast over our lives. The evidence becomes clearer everyday, there is no reforms large enough to change this society's course. The only viable alternatives are those coming from a unity of the oppressed in building a new social order to replace the atrocious and tragic failed experiments of the hierarchs. One not built on domination but autonomy and mutual aid, a series of horizontal grassroots networks that push at every crack in this society, planting the seeds of a new world. This newsletter is but a small part of that. A network composed of those connected to the vast web of the prison system; the endless series of cages and surveillance where the system tosses its disenfranchised and dissident. Here as elsewhere we seek to build the connections that can push back, break through, and build anew.

THE STATE HOLDS US ALL HOSTAGE THROUGH ITS OPPRESSIVE MECHANISMS OF MASS SURVEILLANCE, ARCHITECTURE, TECHNOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, THE POLICE, COURTS, PRISONS, MILITARY, AND GOVERNMENT. THE STATE CONTROLS OUR PERSONAL BEHAVIOR, MANAGES OUR AFFAIRS, DICTATES OUR "SAFETY," AND STRIPS US OF OUR OWN DESIRES, DREAMS, AND MAGIC THROUGH ITS MECHANISMS OF CONTROL.



PRISON IS THE EMBODIMENT OF DOMINATION AND IS THE WAREHOUSE FOR ALL SYSTEMS OF CONTROL: CAPITALISM, WHITE SUPREMACY, PATRIARCHY, CLASS EXPLOITATION, HOMOPHOBIA, TRANSPHOBIA, XENOPHOBIA, THE CRIMINALIZATION OF MENTAL ILLNESS AND POVERTY, THE CRIMINALIZATION OF LIFE.



~~~~~ TO ALL MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS, ~~~~~

OH, HOW MY HEART CRIES OUT TO YOU AS YOU SUFFER... PLEASE KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN. IT FEELS AS THOUGH TIME IS ERODING EVERYTHING, BUT PLEASE NEVER LET YOUR REVOLUTIONARY FERVOR BURN OUT. I DON'T GIVE A F@%K WHAT YOU'RE LOCKED UP FOR, BUT I GIVE A F#@K ABOUT YOU. IT IS SO EASY TO GET DOWN TRODDEN AND HOPELESS, BUT YOU MUST RISE AGAINST AND RISE ABOVE. F@#K THE SYSTEM AND F@%K THE POLICE. THEY ARE NOT JUSTIFIED IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO SILENCE OUR VOICES. FOCUS YOUR ENERGY AND HATRED ON THEM—NOT ON EACH OTHER. FIND A PASSION AND CULTIVATE YOUR MENTAL GARDENS AND READ! READ! EDUCATE AND SEE THE BEAST CALLED STATE AND MARK IT AS YOUR ENEMY IN SOLIDARITY. I REACH OUT TO YOU ALL AND I BLOW KISSES YOUR WAY. ASK YOURSELVES, WOULD I LIKE MYSELF BETTER WERE I ABLE TO CONQUER THIS HORROR WHICH ATTEMPTS TO OPPRESS ME? YUP!



# MARUSYA!

Marusya preached the gospel of insurrection--rebel, rebel until all organs of power are eliminated. Carry the Revolution through to the end now, she said, or Capital will revive."

Maria Nikiforova was born sometime around 1885 in Alexandrovsk, Ukraine. Most historians have attempted to erase the story of Nikiforova, and the stories you do find about her are often in memoirs or fictional pieces. Perhaps, it is because she was a well-known "terrorist" (see definition of terrorism above) and people often called her the anarchist Joan of Arc, because she pursued her desires in a violent and ruthless fashion. There might also be little mention of her name in history because she spent most of her life underground, except for the last two years of her life (1917-1919). Recognition could be fatal for a terrorist, and so it was for Nikiforova in the end.

Maria Nikiforova began to work in a vodka factory, washing bottles, at the age of 16. This was also a time when Alexandrovsk was a rapidly industrializing city with a large militant working class population. At the age of 16, she also joined a local group of anarcho-communists. This group embraced motiveless terror which encouraged the necessity of attacking agents of economic repression based solely on the class position they occupied. In other words, attacking the symbols of the bourgeoisie. Maria was an impassioned militant who found empowerment in expropriations (robbing business to raise money for the

LOVE & SOLIDARITY-BOOTS (A)  
LOCKED UP 15 YRS FOR "KIDNAPPING" HER OWN  
CHILD. WTF? HOW CAN YOU KIDNAP WHAT WILL  
FOREVER BE YOURS?

JULIA WHEELWRIGHT #135746  
U.S.P.  
P.O. BOX 250  
DRAPER, UT. 84020

cause) and "terrorist" acts.

At the turn of the 19th century it was actually quite normal for socialist groups to use terror. Even middle class liberals endorsed the use of terror against tsarist (tsar controlled all wealth and power in the Russian Empire) repression. Also, an inspiring note to mention: Russian anarchists never exceeded beyond a few thousand but the ranks of their sympathizers were many times larger. At some point in her youth, Maria participated in several bombings. When she attacked the business office of an agricultural machine plant in Alexandrovsk, stealing 17,000 rubles, the police arrested her. Right before she was arrested, she tried to kill herself with a bomb but it didn't explode. Talk about resilience! Of course, one would rather be dead than caged under the stranglehold of the state.

During her trial in 1908, she was accused of murdering a policeman and taking part in armed robberies but she was too young to be sentenced to death. So, she was sentenced to 20 years of hard labor. She spent sometime at Petro-Pavlovsk Fortress

(a prison) in the Russian capital and then conveyed to Siberia to serve her sentence. At some point folks began to call her "Marusya" and that is a name she gladly adopted. Marusya didn't spend a long time in Siberia. She organized a riot

in Narymsk prison and escaped through the Taiga (a very cold place in Siberia) to the Great Siberian Railway. Eventually she reached Vladivostok and then Japan where Chinese-anarchists bought her a ticket to the U.S.. She spent quite a bit of time in New York and Chicago producing all kinds of propaganda articles under various pseudonyms.

Marusya returned to Europe and spent some time in Paris and Spain collaborating with anarchists, going to school for painting and sculpture, then eventually taking part in a bank robbery in which she was wounded, and underwent treatment secretly at a clinic in France. For years she hung around Paris and Barcelona getting to know the anarchists, artist, and poet scene but eventually made her way back to Russia in 1917 and immediately threw herself into revolutionary activity.

On July 3rd, 1917 in Petrograd (a city in Russia) a massive anti-government demonstration was planned, involving military personnel as well as militant works. The participation of sailors from the nearby Kronshtadt naval base

**"...HETEROPATRIARCHY IS ESSENTIAL FOR THE BUILDING OF US EMPIRE. PATRIARCHY IS THE LOGIC THAT NATURALIZES SOCIAL HIERARCHY. JUST AS MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO NATURALLY DOMINATE WOMEN ON THE BASIS OF BIOLOGY, SO TOO SHOULD THE SOCIAL ELITES OF A SOCIETY NATURALLY RULE EVERYONE ELSE THROUGH THE NATION-STATE FORM OF GOVERNANCE THAT IS CONSTRUCTED THROUGH DOMINATION, VIOLENCE AND CONTROL."**  
-ANDREA SMITH

was crucial. Marusya gave a series of speeches to a crowd of sailors as large as 8,000 to 10,000, urging them not to stand aside from their brothers in capital. The sailors marched forth with the anarchists of Petrograd and almost toppled the Provisional Government (the hierarchs that seem to bring about one crisis to the next). After several comrades ended up in prison during the demonstration, Marusya decided to head back to Alexandrovsk.

The last years of Marusya's life were nothing but short of eventful. Upon her return to Alexandrovsk, Marusya immediately shook things up. She found her local anarchist federation (about 300 members!) and had an instant following among the factory workers. Together they successfully expropriated one million rubles from the Badovsky distillery (possibly the distillery she worked at as a teenager) and donated it the Alexandrovsk Soviet. At some point she traveled just 80 km. East to Gulai-Polye to straighten out the local anarchists and Nestor Makhno who, in her opinion, were not squeezing the bourgeoisie hard enough. Her plan was to rally the anarchists all across the Soviet to disarm and seize the weapons of several bourgeoisie and Soviet armies; they did just that!

Marusya got wind of the October Revolution and spent the Fall organizing the "Black Guard" detachments Alexandrovsk and Yelizavetgrad (a central Ukranian city). In December 1917 Marusya formed an alliance with the Bolshevik organization in Alexandrovsk with the aim of overthrowing the local soviet. December 25-27th, Marusya's detachment went to Kharkov and helped the Left Bloc establish soviet power in the city. Her troops engaged in an action, which then became her trademark, the looting of businesses and the distribution of their goods to the inhabitants. A few days later, the Black Guard detachment took part in battles with the Haidamaks (18th century rebels who were fighting Polish rule), successfully establishing Soviet

power in the city.

Her rebellious and victorious pursuit does not end there. Marusya and her comrades continued to disarm bourgeoisie forces for over a year. They were able to hold their Black Guard detachment and Marusya became an independent military commander. This is when Marusya became a national player, no longer was she just a local legend. The Black Guard detachment and other anarchists across the Soviet were seemingly winning battles left and right. Marusya's army, waving the infamous black flags and equipped with cannons, resembled pirate ships sailing across the Ukranian steppe. Appearing anytime, anywhere. They were an unstoppable force. These battles between the anarchists and the bourgeoisie and government forces went on for two years, with the anarchists mostly winning every battle.

Marusya and 400 other people were arrested in April 1918 by the Central Committee of Ukraine but were acquitted of all charges months later. The next few months of Marusya's life became blurry but we do know she burned down the Odessa prison in response to an invasion headed by the Whites. Soon after she was arrested in the Russian city of Saratov, a temporary home for many Ukranian anarchist refugees, and was sentenced to six months in prison. After her sentence was over, Marusya and her comrades continued to fight opposing forces. She was eventually arrested again, with her husband, and sentenced to death. At the age of 34, she was murdered by the State, shot dead.

The newspaper "Alexandrosk Telegraph" crowed about her death in its September 20th, 1919 issue (the city was now in White territory):

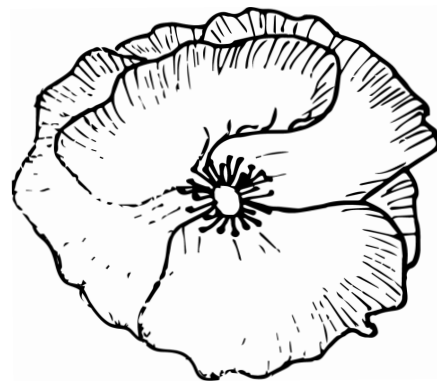
"One more pillar of anarchism has been broken, one more idol of blackness has crashed down from its pedestal.... Legends

formed around this 'tsarista of anarchism'. Several times she was wounded, several times her head was cut off but, like the legendary Hydra, she always grew a new one. She survived and turned up again, read to spill more blood... and if now in our uyezd the offspring of the Makhnovshchina, the remnants of this poisonous evil, are still trying to prevent the rebirth of normal society and are straining themselves to rebuild once more the bloody rule of Makhno, this latest blow means we are witnessing the funeral feast that the grave of Makhnovshchina."

Two weeks after these lines were published the Makhnovist Insurgent Army captured Alexandrovsk from the Whites. Now if that doesn't give you goose bumps and butterflies in your stomach!

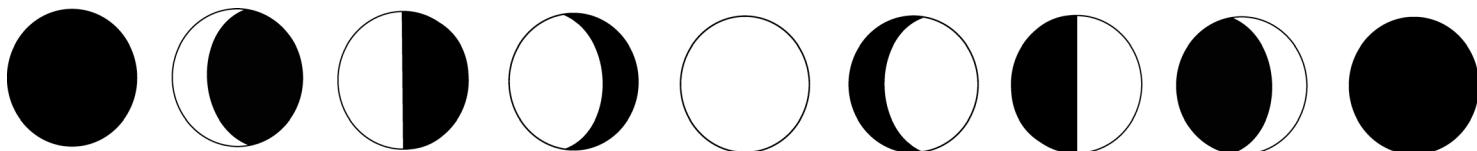


(This was an extremely shortened version of the story of Marusya from the book, *Atamansha*, by Malcolm Archibald. If you'd like to read the full story, let us know. We will surely send you a copy. As the life our newsletter evolves we'd like to keep sharing stories of revolutionary womyn and queer folks in history. If you have people or groups in mind, let us know!)



**TERRORIST: ONE WHO USES VIOLENCE TO INTIMIDATE, OFTEN FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES (E.G., POLICE OFFICERS AND HEADS OF STATE, AND ALL WHO ASPIRE TO REPLACE THEM); CONTRARILY, IN THEIR USAGE, A CIVILIAN BRAZEN ENOUGH TO DEFEND HERSELF OR OTHERS FROM SUCH VIOLENCE.**

**-CRIMETHINC  
CONTRADICTIONARY: A BESTIARY OF  
WORDS IN REOVLT**



## ON JANUARY 20TH, 2017, DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE TYRANNICAL DONALD TRUMP, OVER 200 FOLKS WERE MASS ARRESTED AND CHARGED WITH FELONY RIOT. HERE'S WHAT SOME OF THE ARRESTEES HAD TO SAY:

"On January 20th I was running hand in hand with my comrade through the streets of D.C.. Joining together with others in pursuit of challenging and rejecting the implementations of what has been developing into, and is, the totalitarian regime we are living within. Recognizing this comes with the knowledge that we will be faced with conflict; yet the degree to which the conflict came about I was unprepared for. This antagonism began when a barrage of police used a tactic that is known as "kettling". This tactic is used to atomize and divide demonstrators as a form of control, and it worked to a degree. We recognized that the police were trying to implement this tactic upon us, as a group we tried to push through the barrier they created to no avail. As this happened my comrade I became separated. Police threw down their bicycles and within an inch of my face a cop sprayed me with his pepper spray gun. As I tried to move away from this I was quickly met with a blow to the head from another cop's baton which lead me to hit the ground becoming completely disoriented and concussed. As I hit the ground a domino effect of people ensued and began falling on top of me as sound grenades went off within a few feet of my ears. In this moment at the bottom of the pit I was blind, deaf, lost consciousness, and could barely muster a scream to alarm people I was being crushed because my air passages were drenched in pepper spray. It was like dreams I had had before, the kind of dream where you are trying to scream and nothing comes out, no one can hear you, no matter how hard you try. It was the first time in my life where I thought that I could die right here right now and realized my fragility.

For 32 hours over 200 people were moved from one detention center to the next in the forms of school buses, paddy wagons, and holding cells. The majority of the time, not receiving water, food, or access to bathrooms. During this period to my relief I was lumped together with amazing badass radical people. It was the states intention to isolate us, yet as time was spent together our refusal to be isolated became apparent. Many moments of strength and solidarity were present during this whole period, but two in particular stuck out to me the most. While I was in a paddy wagon with four other people one person began to feel

claustrophobic and sick. I suggested that we take deep breathes together to help aid this, when another person in the paddy wagon initiated a guided meditation. It was the most beautiful and serene meditation that I had ever experienced and set the tone of the refusal to be stifled and dominated. As night fell we were eventually moved to an actual holding cell. In a holding cell as most might know there is no comfortability.

**"TO LIVE AS AN ANARCHIST MEANS TO STRIVE TO EMBODY ONE'S VALUES IN DAILY LIFE: TO NOT DOMINATE OTHERS, TO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE DOMINATED, AND TO ATTACK THE CAUSES OF YOUR MISERY NOW INSTEAD OF WAITING FOR A REVOLUTION. ANARCHISM DOESN'T SEEK TO CRUSH THE INDIVIDUAL BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF SOCIAL COERCION AND CONFORMITY, NOR PROMOTE AN EXPLOITATIVE SELFISHNESS THAT PRECLUDES THE POSSIBILITY OF LIFE SHARED IN COMMON. WE DESIRE A WORLD IN WHICH INDIVIDUALS CHOOSE THEIR ASSOCIATIONS FREELY, AND WHERE THE MEANS OF LIFE ARE GIVEN TO EACH ACCORDING TO THEIR NEED, FROM EACH ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITY AND DESIRE."**  
-PLAIN WORDS ISSUE #1

Bright invasive florescent lights strike through your eyelids no matter how hard you try to avoid them and metal slabs and concrete become your bed. Needless to say it is hard to sleep in those conditions as well as having a traumatic experience 12+ hours earlier. Holding cells and prisons are meticulously designed in such a way to keep the detainee from comfortability and happiness. When you are in a holding cell or a prison the states goal is to repress you. You are to be kept awake to reflect on your actions in a condition of despondency. I noticed how this goal works and thought, fuck, well if I am to be kept awake and be sleep deprived anyway I might as well enjoy myself. In that moment I began to twerk and exude erratic silly behavior and others joined. It was a moment in which I felt like although I was detained I was still going to refuse the states intention of defeating our spirit.

Fortunately many people have pooled together in providing aid to be able to make it to countless court appearances. All while providing shelter and building bonds with fellow comrades across the nation. Our ability to find solidarity and fellowship during our time

where we are facing state repression is a testament to the strength of the bonds between us. While this support is appreciated I feel that within the realms of support for those arrested on January 20th and prison solidarity in general there needs to be new ways of harnessing outside support. The solidarity between everyone involved is wonderful and gives me hope, my fear is that if we don't get outside support we will risk further repression and this instance of police brutality and oppression will go on unnoticed as our message begins to fade. Most of the time there is a major media blackout in these instances. Also, in regards to those who are in prison, there is a connotation that comes with the term "criminal" that furthers the acceptance of dehumanization. We need to find large scale methods of changing the perspective of what is being done here. We are at a point in history where this has begun, with conversations in the mass media such as ending the drug war, prison overcrowding, and police brutality. Yet, we must be valiant and have perseverance in our endeavors to propagate this message. We need to find better way of characterizing prisoners and potential prisoners as what they are; victims and hostages of a state hellbent on complete domination of those who don't share the same ideologies and worldview."

-COMRADE ONE



"The state never gave us a chance to disperse. I stood on a street corner and they held me captive. They shot chemicals into my face, they spat and glared while I insisted we be set free. The state isn't ugly to me just because of what the cops do- it's the dark cloud swirling with the rage of confinement, the helplessness that exists without accountability, floating on top of all interactions with the state. It's the fact that no matter how quiet or loud i choose to be in my opposition to this system, the cop on the other side of the bullet that could take me out probably won't think any of it is his fault. I didn't go to DC to fight the cops, but like anytime we try to get ourselves free, anytime we even dare to speak the desire, our fight becomes against them, because their existence is in direct opposition to our freedom. Being

kettled was not a human moment or a teaching moment. It was one of many examples where the state tried to demand we be less human, less free, and we said no, and paid a price.

It sickens me to think back on actually BEGGING to be taken to jail. This is how they try to strip us and our movements down to manageable parts; they withhold the right to piss, to let your friends know you're alive long enough and you start to worry that they could get to you. The lesson I learned most immediately from the cacophany of arestees, offering medical and legal advice to each other, talking shit, trying to keep each other from squirming, still in plastic cuffs behind our backs hours after arrest, all unified in little other than the F's on our drivers licenses and our presence at the shitshow, is that we are stronger than them because we don't rely on the illegitimate authority that gives them their power. In jail, more captive than before, there becomes an urgency to resist, and that resistance starts with just getting your needs met. Femmes start asking for correct pronouns and using them so as not to reinforce the demeaning nature of the guards' interactions. At one point, after sitting in a concrete room for more than 10 hours with no rhyme or reason to who gets pulled and presumably released and why, I begin to lose it. I know if the marshals are looking in they will love this sight-one of the loud ones, finally crying in a corner like a child, broken. The people in the room with me pull me up, hold me tightly, let me cry, let me want my mom. They remind me that the state only wants to take us from ourselves, and that to give into fear is to hand ourselves over to them. After almost 2 days in captivity, we are delirious because of the fluorescent lights that never go off, sleep deprived, hungry. We let it take us to goofiness- we make up a game involving trash. We twerk, we braid each others' hair. For



a minute, we are able to celebrate the state's unwitting effort to bring together a powerful group of women and femmes, united by a renewed sense of rage against the state and its mechanisms.

Trial is a pain in the ass. It feels sometimes like a cancerous growth- I can forget it's there, especially for times in between court, but ultimately it looms over every choice i try to make for my future, every desire im now afraid to make known in fear of having it stolen from me later. I used to be so afraid of getting arrested. Now the only fear i have is for how long and to what extent the state will attempt to control me. Will i be in prison for weeks, months, years? Will my partner eventually find too much hassle in traveling 12 hours to visit me, leaving me alone

in a cage? Will i even be able to blame them? I try to focus on what I will do when all this is over, but it's fucking painful making contingency plans for in case your freedom gets taken away. No one should ever even have to think it. Sometimes i think its worse than death, or jail, the uncertainty and lack of control. I stay strong because i know thst shit is contagious, because they havent given me a choice. If i give into fear, i hand myself over to them, and that must never happen!


I wish i could say im riding a cloud of solidarity and hopefulness all the way to the land of dropped charges, but the truth is i dont know what will happen and parts of me are terrified. It helps to remember the family of comrades, new and old, who are in this with me, doing the same hard work im doing to keep going and still managing to be there for each other, to live and enjoy and breathe. It helps to remember that the state will never be justified in anything it does to me, and that i never consented to being a part of this system, and that when it touches my life the most amazing thing i can do is survive anyway. If you're reading this, i hope that you can find that strength and walk with it, lean on it, even as fear hangs over your head."

-COMRADE TWO



**HATE**

SEDATE ME TILL ITS OVER,  
NAIL ME IN A CHAIR AND STRIP ME OF MY THOUGHTS,  
THE FEELINGS NEVER DIE,  
I FOUND THE MISSING LINK IN THE CHAIN,  
PEDDLE MY WAY STRAIGHT TO HELL,  
FALL DOWN AND NEVER GET UP,  
A COFFIN WITH NO ESCAPE ROUTE,  
WHO KNOWS HOW TO USE A FIRST AID KIT?  
RESUSCITATE ME ONE, TWO, THREE...BREATHE,  
OPERATION, THERE IS NO PULSE.  
A ZOMBIE FROM THE WALKING DEAD,  
EVEN THEY FEEL HUNGER,  
FEED MY UNCENSORED NEED,  
FOOD FOR THOUGHT,  
MY THOUGHTS ARE NEVER ENOUGH FOOD,  
SCALE YOUR WAY UP SIDE A BUILDING AND SEE THE VIEW BEFORE YOU  
DECIDE TO JUMP.  
YOU MAY WANT TO FINISH BEFORE YOU START AGAIN,  
RUN IN CIRCLES UNTIL YOUR RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU STARTED,  
REPLAY, REWIND, AND THEN BURN THE IMAGES YOU'VE REFLECTED ON,  
WELCOME TO REALITY, IF REALITY IS REAL THEN WHY DO WE QUESTION  
THE THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T NEED PROOF?  
DECIPHER THROUGH THE UN-NECESSARY AND FIND WHAT YOU'LL  
REMEMBER,  
DISTORTED IMAGES FLUSHED DOWN A DRAIN,  
NO PAIN, NO GAIN.  
WHAT DO YOU GAIN WHEN THERE'S ONLY PAIN?  
A CONSTANT ACHE, FALL ASLEEP AND NEVER WAKE.  
CHOKING ON A DREAM BECAUSE SHITS TOO REAL,  
THROW AWAY THE DEAL YOU WERE BROUGHT,  
SENTENCED TO THE DURATION OF THIS PSYCHO-CRAZY-PARANOIA.  
MY REALITY, SEDATE ME TILL IT'S OVER...



**Brittany James** is a 27 yr. old woman currently incarcerated at the Indiana Women's Prison.

She is a creative writer and abstract artist.

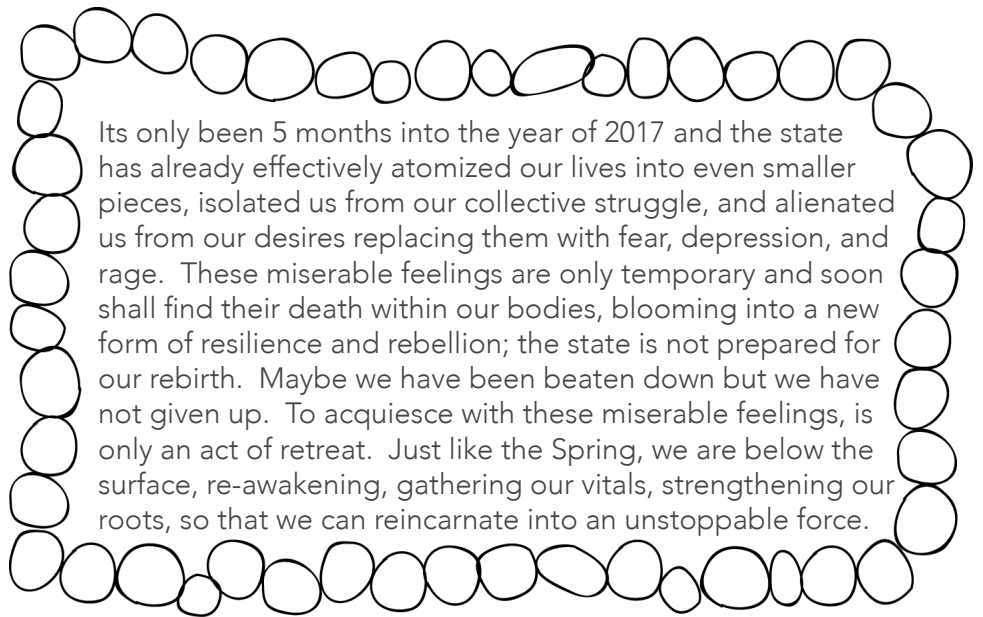
"No one should be silenced by a 6 digit number.."

Brittany James #239762

IDOC-IWP

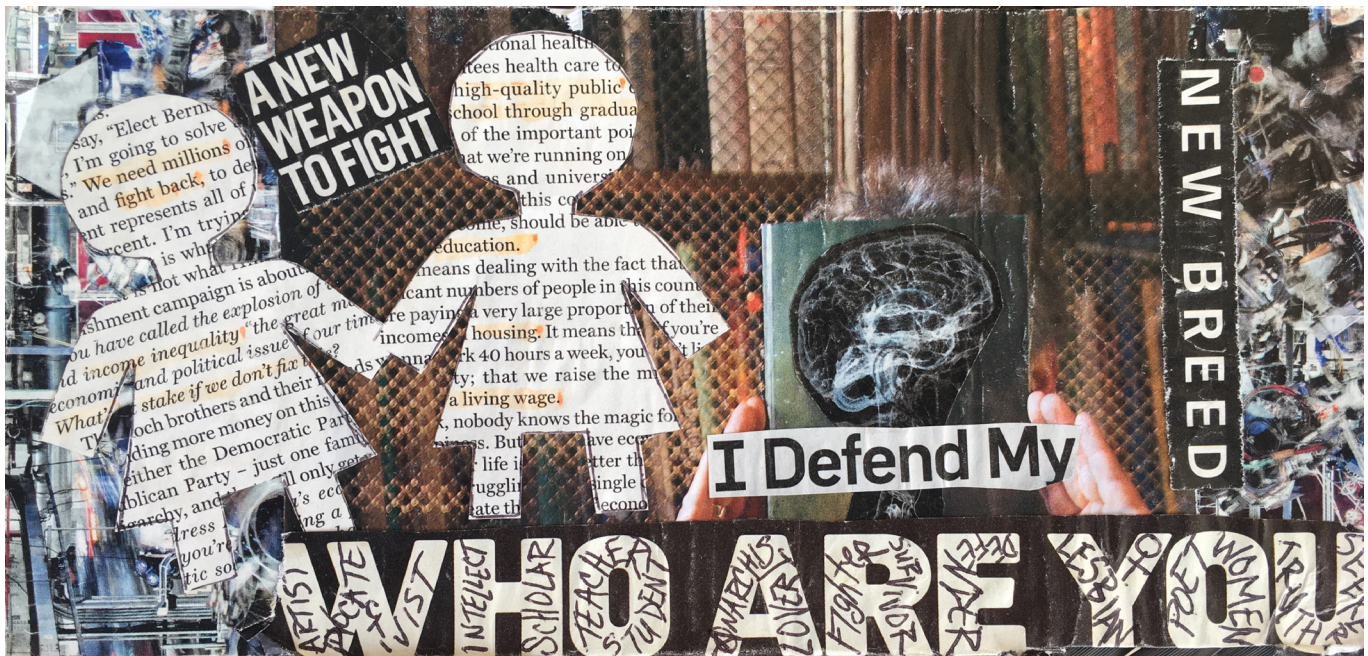
2596 Girl School Rd.

Indianapolis, IN 46214



Its only been 5 months into the year of 2017 and the state has already effectively atomized our lives into even smaller pieces, isolated us from our collective struggle, and alienated us from our desires replacing them with fear, depression, and rage. These miserable feelings are only temporary and soon shall find their death within our bodies, blooming into a new form of resilience and rebellion; the state is not prepared for our rebirth. Maybe we have been beaten down but we have not given up. To acquiesce with these miserable feelings, is only an act of retreat. Just like the Spring, we are below the surface, re-awakening, gathering our vitals, strengthening our roots, so that we can reincarnate into an unstoppable force.

*"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER" ANASTAZIA*



This is the second issue of an ongoing publication designed specifically for queer, trans, and femme identifying folk. We aspire for this newsletter to operate as a platform to broadcast voices of womyn/queer/trans folks who are held hostage behind the ominous walls of the embodiment of domination, prison. Often prison solidarity is centered on male prisoners. Although, more queer and trans prisoners are receiving care and support these days, they still remain relatively invisible behind the walls and outside of them. Yet, womyn tend to remain completely off the radar in terms of prison solidarity work. It is our responsibility to break with normalcy and create a world in which patriarchy, white supremacy, and capitalism does not exist. We are tired of participating within these oppressive structures that have put a border around our imagination, and a cage around our liberation. So help us create some stepping stones into a new world of prison solidarity, one that includes womyn, queer, and trans folks

We would love to hear from you! Send us letters, artwork, poetry, essays/articles etc. Send us content for our newsletter so that the world can hear your voice! Or if you're just looking for a pen pal, we got you! We love you!

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