

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 22 – DEC. 21

Your initial reactions are not always your most balanced and wise impulses – they're emotional and reflective of your assumptions, past experiences, and beliefs about yourself and the world around you. Strive to respond in ways that mirror the person you want to be instead of the Sagittarius you once were. This year is a time when your growth isn't guaranteed, but if you try, you'll emerge with a more whole and happy relationship to yourself. Don't get thrown off course by the force of your passions and fears, my love. Your 2018 affirmation: I intentionally respond instead of impulsively react. My feelings are vastly important but I balance them out with intention and process. Your 2018 love affirmation: I am willing to weigh out my ideas against my experiences to come up with the clearest picture of the truth, as it is now. I don't confuse passing pleasures with the healing power of love. I invite joy, play, and intimacy into my life in perfect balance.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22 – JAN. 19

Don't confuse how you feel with how others perceive you, Cappy. If you're not careful, you'll end up building a wall between yourself and others this year. Being vulnerable sucks, but it's part of life. You don't have to do it all alone: try to share your feels with people that you trust, even if that means that you feel awkward about it. You are going through a meaningful growth spurt, but part of that growth is about embracing your tender parts. Work hard without sacrificing your needs. What you plant will grow, so don't treat your happiness like an afterthought this year. Your 2018 affirmation: I don't allow other people to determine my worth. I commit to prioritizing my happiness and the wellness that organically springs forth from it. Your 2018 love affirmation: I understand that self-doubt is a part of life, but I never confuse it for wisdom. I am ready to prune the garden of my life so that there is room for new growth. I let go of what is no longer serving me so that I can fully embrace what helps me to be more whole.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20 – FEB. 18

Fear is pervasive — it has a funny way of leaking into everything. 2018 will be a year of change for you, and while that may be an excellent thing, it's also upsetting. Pay attention to your relationship to the unknown, Aquarius. Just because you don't know what will happen next and how, doesn't mean that things will go poorly for you. Temper your expectations by fixating on the positive potential in your life, especially when things seem darkest. You are growing into a more whole and present version of yourself, and while it may require you to step into discomfort it doesn't have to be bad — you've got this. Your 2018 affirmation: I don't need to be in control for things to go exactly as they're supposed to. Your 2018 love affirmation: I fight for what I love, but not out of hate. Tending to my emotional wellness is the foundation on which I can build healthy relationships. Intimacy requires flexibility, and I'm open to change that helps me to be more present, compassionate, and whole.

PISCES

FEB. 19 – MARCH 20

You can say no, Pisces, but let's be real – people won't like it. This year is an excellent time to learn to be OK with disappointing some people, some of the time, when it's necessary to protect your own energy. You don't need to defend or justify your preferences, you just need to own them and be clear with others about where you stand. Expect this year to bring you opportunities to mature emotionally, and step up to meet them. Don't stay attached to the past — you're ready to take your relationship with yourself to the next level, my love. Your 2018 affirmation: It's not kind to be dishonest. I prioritize authenticity over niceties. Your 2018 love affirmation: It's through being open that I attain clarity, but I don't have to be open to all things at all times. I use discretion to decide what I will fight for and what's better to let go of. I don't need to keep giving energy to stagnant dynamics; I trust in my choices.



ANCHORED

WINTER 2018

3RD EDITION

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Resources- Literature and Prisoner Publications

- For politicized prisoners, write to get a subscription (published once every 1-2 months):
Oak Root press
PO Box 775006
St. Louis, MO 63177
- For prisoner resistance news and updates, write to get a subscription (published 2x per year):
Boston ABC (Prison Action News)
PO Box 230182
Boston, MA 02123
- For LGBTQ prisoners, write to get a subscription (published once a month):
Black and Pink
614 Columbia Road
Dorchester, MA 02125
- For general prisoner resource information (Prison Activist Resource Center, one guide published per year) (**NOTE** this directory has info for legal resources):
PARC
PO Box 70477
Oakland, CA 94612
- For North American political prisoner updates and prisoner resistance submissions:
4strugglemag
P.O. Box 97048
RPO Roncesvalles Ave.
Toronto, Ontario M6R3B3
Canada
- For ecological and social resistance news:
Earth First! Journal
PO Box 964
Lake Worth, FL 33460
- For Trans legal information:
Transgender Law Center
PO Box 70976
Oakland, CA 94612 ((for transgendered prisoners)
- For formerly incarcerated and currently incarcerated women (trans inclusive):
Tenacious c/o Victoria Law
PO Box 20388 Tompkins Square Station New York, NY 10009
- For books and free reading materials:
Chicago Books to Women in Prison c/o RUFMC
4511 N. Hermitage Ave
Chicago, IL 60640
- Women's Prison Book Project c/o Boneshaker Books
2002 23rd Ave South
Minneapolis, MN 55404 ((transinclusive))
- LGBT Books to Prisoners c/o Rainbow Book Cooperative
426 West Gilman Street
Madison, WI 53703 ((for LGBT, cannot send to Texas))
- Tranzmission Prison Books Project
PO Box 1874
Asheville, NC 28802 ((for LGBT))

About Ursula K Le Guin

Ursula Kroeber Le Guin, born October 21, 1929 passed away on January 22 of this year. A literary legend best known for her work in science fiction, Le Guin wrote more than 20 novels, 100 short stories, seven essay collections and more than a dozen books of poetry. Le Guin's stories challenged traditional ideas of power, gender and race with stories of young wizards, dragons and outer space. She won five Hugo awards, science fiction's most prestigious honor, for titles including "The Left Hand of Darkness," set on the planet of Gethen where fixed gender identity doesn't exist; "The Dispossessed," which Le Guin called an "anarchist utopia" novel, and "The Word for World is Forest," where colonists from Earth have enslaved the native planet population.



“You cannot buy the Revolution. You cannot make the Revolution. You can only be the Revolution. It is in your spirit, or it is nowhere.”

—Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Dispossessed*

"We live in capitalism. Its power seems inescapable, so did the divine right of kings. Any human power can be resisted and changed by human beings. Resistance and change often begin in art and very often in our art, the art of words."

—taken from a speech given at National Book Awards

We struggle to move towards better possible futures with Ursula's words in our heads and hearts. Rest in Peace. <3

Letter from the Editors

hey there friends,

we hope you're tending to your spirits as we come upon the closing of winter and welcome in the spring. 2017 has been quite an eventful year in the news, of course much of it dominated by the spectacle that is the current president and his administration. we could say more about this, but we will spare you and leave that to the pundits and journalists in more mainstream outlets. we care more about our collective health, happiness, wellbeing and how much closer we are to shaking the foundations on which this prison society sits.

chelsea manning has issues are increasingly consciousness of the are being called out in the widespread fear administration is people are trying to their interpersonal we understand how it tenderness and vulnerability with correctional facilities, that you are resiliently need to carry through. smallest friendships be lifesavers. 2018 is relationships and for getting a little woo, started out with a



been released, trans entering the u.s., sexual abusers and dethroned, and that this stoking, we see that nurture and grow relationships. can be hard to share intimacy and people in and we are hoping finding the hope you sometimes, the and connections can a year for healing. Forgive us but the new year supermoon in the

astrological sign of Cancer, the emotional water sign, reminding us that the "revolution will be healing, or not at all" (as quoted from Chani Nicholas' yearly predictions). Out of the murkiness that exists, including the shadow prison state, light and love emerges. No matter what. And that shit can set society ablaze if we allow it to grow and become interconnected with other collective struggles. Yes, we must focus on personal transformation and healing ourselves and our relationships, while also putting energy in to growing our social movements and transforming society.

write to us about what that looks like to you! We'd love to hear about it and possibly include it in the next edition. Social commentaries // art // poetry // field notes // & letters are all welcome! Just a reminder, unstoppable! is free for women, transwomen, transmen, and queer femmes who are currently incarcerated, so write to us if you would like to receive a subscription or be removed from the mailing list. **[Unstoppable! Publication// PO Box 11032// Pueblo, CO 81001].**

with so much love and solidarity and care y la luz, blades and frank <3

Writings from Inside

A Letter from Miranda Nicole Bell

Unstoppable!,

Hello, I hope that things with most of you are doing alright. As for me I'm fine as always, now please let me introduce myself, my name is Miranda Nicole Bell and I am a transgender female. My real name is Michael C. Bell until I can get it changed. I'm doing time down here in South Georgia, right now I'm getting ready to try to get all my paperwork against the Georgia prison system. I'm at a state prison and I do believe that I got sent down here because of my PREA report against the sgt. of the cert-team at GSP. I was sent down here to a prison where it is at its worst time. Where all of the trouble is going on with all of the officers and staff being fired and the cert-team is on paid leave. The tac squad (cobra squad) has been here since before the holidays had ever started. I know that the people in charge at GSP knew damn well about what was going on when they shipped me here. Now I'm trying to address the staff about things that concern the gay community here, but I already see that they are going to be very difficult about these issues, so I have to be very careful about how I approach these touchy items. See, I'm also trying to raise the issue about the Pagan/ Wiccan community here being able to have their worship services, because I practice witchcraft myself for many years now. Hell, I may get transferred behind any or all of this, but damn if more people in these state prisons would stand up for their rights it wouldn't be so hard on just one person to get these issues taken care of. So it would be better for us even though we are still locked up in these state made slave houses. Right now, I'm currently trying to get the warden here to let me know why I'm not able to receive any of my homosexual newspapers, magazines or new letter head papers. I told them that they can let the Christian, Muslim, and American Indians receive their papers and things so why in the hell can't the homosexual

To exchange all the goodness and grace of every life in Omelas for that single, small improvement: to throw away the happiness of thousands for the chance of the happiness of one: that would be to let guilt within the walls indeed. The terms are strict and absolute; there may not even be a kind word spoken to the child. Often the young people go home in tears, or in a tearless rage, when they have seen the child and faced this terrible paradox. They may brood over it for weeks or years. But as time goes on they begin to realize that even if the child could be released, it would not get much good of its freedom: a little vague pleasure of warmth and food, no doubt, but little more. It is too degraded and imbecile to know any real joy. It has been afraid too long ever to be free of fear. Its habits are too uncouth for it to respond to humane treatment. Indeed, after so long it would probably be wretched without walls about it to protect it, and darkness for its eyes, and its own excrement to sit in. Their tears at the bitter injustice dry when they begin to perceive the terrible justice of reality, and to accept it. Yet it is their tears and anger, the trying of their generosity and the acceptance of their helplessness, which are perhaps the true source of the splendor of their lives. There is no vapid, irresponsible happiness. They know that they, like the child, are not free. They know compassion. It is the existence of the child, and their knowledge of its existence, that makes possible the nobility of their architecture, the poignancy of their music, the profundity of their science. It is because of the child that they are so gentle with children. They know that if the wretched one were not there sniveling in the dark, the other one, the flute-player, could make no joyful music as the young riders line up in their beauty for the race in the sunlight of the first morning of summer. Now do you believe in them? Are they not more credible? But there is one more thing to tell, and this is quite incredible. At times one of the adolescent girls or boys who go to see the child does not go home to weep or rage, does not, in fact, go home at all. Sometimes also a man or woman much older falls silent for a day or two, and then leaves home. These people go out into the street, and walk down the street alone. They keep walking, and walk straight out of the city of Omelas, through the beautiful gates. They keep walking across the farmlands of Omelas. Each one goes alone, youth or girl, man or woman. Night falls; the traveler must pass down village streets, between the houses with yellow-lit windows, and on out into the darkness of the fields. Each alone, they go west or north, towards the mountains. They go on. They leave Omelas, they walk ahead into the darkness, and they do not come back. The place they go towards is a place even less imaginable to most of us than the city of happiness. I cannot describe it at all. It is possible that it does not exist. But they seem to know where they are going, the ones who walk away from Omelas.

The room is about three paces long and two wide: a mere broom closet or disused tool room. In the room a child is sitting. It could be a boy or a girl. It looks about six, but actually is nearly ten. It is feeble-minded. Perhaps it was born defective, or perhaps it has become imbecile through fear, malnutrition, and neglect. It picks its nose and occasionally fumbles vaguely with its toes or genitals, as it sits hunched in the corner farthest from the bucket and the two mops. It is afraid of the mops. It finds them horrible. It shuts its eyes, but it knows the mops are still standing there; and the door is locked; and nobody will come. The door is always locked; and nobody ever comes, except that sometimes- the child has no understanding of time or interval- sometimes the door rattles terribly and opens, and a person, or several people, are there. One of them may come in and kick the child to make it stand up. The others never come close, but peer in at it with frightened, disgusted eyes. The food bowl and the water jug are hastily filled, the door is locked, the eyes disappear. The people at the door never say anything, but the child, who has not always lived in the tool room, and can remember sunlight and its mother's voice, sometimes speaks. "I will be good," it says. "Please let me out. I will be good!" They never answer. The child used to scream for help at night, and cry a good deal, but now it only makes a kind of whining, "eh-haa, eh-haa," and it speaks less and less often. It is so thin there are no calves to its legs; its belly protrudes; it lives on a half-bowl of corn meal and grease a day. It is naked. Its buttocks and thighs are a mass of festering sores, as it sits in its own excrement continually. They all know it is there, all the people of Omelas. Some of them have come to see it, others are content merely to know it is there. They all know that it has to be there. Some of them understand why, and some do not, but they all understand that their happiness, the beauty of their city, the tenderness of their friendships, the health of their children, the wisdom of their scholars, the skill of their makers, even the abundance of their harvest and the kindly weathers of their skies, depend wholly on this child's abominable misery. This is usually explained to children when they are between eight and twelve, whenever they seem capable of understanding; and most of those who come to see the child are young people, though often enough an adult comes, or comes back, to see the child. No matter how well the matter has been explained to them, these young spectators are always shocked and sickened at the sight. They feel disgust, which they had thought themselves superior to. They feel anger, outrage, impotence, despite all the explanations. They would like to do something for the child. But there is nothing they can do. If the child were brought up into the sunlight out of that vile place, if it were cleaned and fed and comforted, that would be a good thing indeed; but if it were done, in that day and hour all the prosperity and beauty and delight of Omelas would wither and be destroyed. Those are the terms.

community be able to receive ours! I don't know if I will be able to receive anymore of the unstoppable! news magazine here but if anyone of you has any advice, please feel free to write me and let me know how it would be best to proceed on these issues. In the state of Ga. we are not allowed to receive mail from any other institution unless it has been approved by the warden, so if you can find some other way, I'd love to hear from some of you jail house lawyers.

-Love All of Y'all, Miranda Nicole Bell

Write back: Michael Bell ~ #654402

L-1-214B, Autry State Prison, PO Box 648, Pelham, GA 31779

Reflections

I am staring at my reflection
 But I don't recognize my own face
 Who's the stranger in the mirror?
 I can't remember his name?
 He was once a child
 His innocence long lost
 The present is just a day dream
 The past is long gone
 Eternity
 Is only a heartbeat away
 Forever is but a second
 1,000 years are in a day
 I'm talking But I don't speak
 My voice won't make a sound
 An ocean of turbulent thought
 I'm holding my breath about
 to drown
 Who will remember me?
 Will I grow old and die alone?
 Will God forgive me?

Or forgive my sins and save
 my soul?
 Who am I?
 Look into my eyes and tell me
 What you see
 I'm but a fallen angel
 A reflection of the inner me

By Dana Alvarez, a
 transwoman held captive in
 so-called California



CULTIVATE RESISTANCE

Farmed Out

A short story by Deborah Tarrant

Inmate acknowledgement. I received a copy of this report on 10/13/15. Baring comment: Ms. Street requested protective placement after she alleged she had been sexually assaulted by two hell county officers. She is from across the street. The following document is reported: "Hello! My name is Lucky Street, how are you? I wrote a complaint to Captain Boogers in regard to PREA. I'm in pod eleven 1A+2-3B2 because of retribution by an officer. This pod isn't designed to house someone for a lengthy amount of time as it is bunker cell. For example, it's original intent is for RPU's because their length of stay typically runs short before transgressing into our community. I see heard of them everyday stomping in like cattle. Some of them are looking kind of rough! One middle-aged woman was talking to a plant, I thought she had a growth deformity on top of her head, her head had little cones scattered on top. I thought I was talking to a Koopa Troopa off a Nintendo game that Bowser blew on! Well this coming Friday will be my one month anniversary since I came to this pod but I didn't do anything wrong! This pod houses segregated inmates too, they are placed in this pod but the Tooth Fairy may have stolen all their teeth because I keep finding them! It's a pod that remains unfit to live in. The windows are designed in such a way a person cannot see outside because someone had to go overboard and ruin it for everybody by committing adultery. They make inappropriate gestures towards guests in our community who are coming along outside. They do this because they are bored. They continue to misbehave because I hear shouting and screaming through my vent. It causes my head to pound. I can't even buy "Ass burn" on canteen because I'm not allowed, grade 2's can't hardly do anything around here at best to survive. I depend on level 3,000 moisturizing soap, all the meanwhile a roll of Charmin costs \$6.50! Toilet paper gets wadded up in there, I have to help Lucy my crack friend untangle it when it gets wedged inside. She's the only person I can talk to who isn't farting or making some kind of noise next door. I need to see the nurse,

I thought at first there were not drugs, but that is puritanical. For those who like it, the faint insistent sweetness of drooz may perfume the ways of the city, drooz which first brings a great lightness and brilliance to the mind and limbs, and then after some hours a dreamy languor, and wonderful visions at last of the very arcana and inmost secrets of the Universe, as well as exciting the pleasure of sex beyond belief; and it is not habit-forming. For more modest tastes I think there ought to be beer. What else, what else belongs in the joyous city? The sense of victory, surely, the celebration of courage. But as we did without clergy, let us do without soldiers. The joy built upon successful slaughter is not the right kind of joy; it will not do; it is fearful and it is trivial. A boundless and generous contentment, a magnanimous triumph felt not against some outer enemy but in communion with the finest and fairest in the souls of all men everywhere and the splendor of the world's summer: this is what swells the hearts of the people of Omelas, and the victory they celebrate is that of life. I really don't think many of them need to take drooz. Most of the procession have reached the Green Fields by now. A marvelous smell of cooking goes forth from the red and blue tents of the provisioners. The faces of small children are amiably sticky; in the benign grey beard of a man a couple of crumbs of rich pastry are entangled. The youths and girls have mounted their horses and are beginning to group around the starting line of the course. An old women, small, fat, and laughing, is passing out flowers from a basket, and tall young men where her flowers in their shining hair. A child of nine or ten sits at the edge of the crowd, alone, playing on a wooden flute. People pause to listen, and they smile, but they do not speak to him, for he never ceases playing and never sees them, his dark eyes wholly rapt in the sweet, thin magic of the tune. He finishes, and slowly lowers his hands holding the wooden flute. As if that little private silence were the signal, all at once a trumpet sounds from the pavilion near the starting line: imperious, melancholy, piercing. The horses rear on their slender legs, and some of them neigh in answer. Sober-faced, the young riders stroke the horses' necks and soothe them, whispering, "Quiet, quiet, there my beauty, my hope...." They begin to form in rank along the starting line. The crowds along the racecourse are like a field of grass and flowers in the wind. The Festival of Summer has begun. Do you believe? Do you accept the festival, the city, the joy? No? Then let me describe one more thing. In a basement under one of the beautiful public buildings of Omelas, or perhaps in the cellar of one of its spacious private homes, there is a room. It has one locked door, and no window. A little light seeps in dustily between cracks in the boards, secondhand from a cobwebbed window somewhere across the cellar. In one corner of the little room a couple of mops, with stiff, clotted, foul-smelling heads stand near a rusty bucket. The floor is dirt, a little damp to the touch, as cellar dirt usually is.

They were not less complex than us. The trouble is that we have a bad habit, encouraged by pedants and sophisticates, of considering happiness as something rather stupid. Only pain is intellectual, only evil interesting. This is the treason of the artist: a refusal to admit the banality of evil and the terrible boredom of pain. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. If it hurts, repeat it. But to praise despair is to condemn delight, to embrace violence is to lose hold of everything else. We have almost lost hold; we can no longer describe a happy man, nor make any celebration of joy. How can I tell you about the people of Omelas? They were not naive and happy children- though their children were, in fact, happy. They were mature, intelligent, passionate adults whose lives were not wretched. O miracle! but I wish I could describe it better. I wish I could convince you. Omelas sounds in my words like a city in a fairy tale, long ago and far away, once upon a time. Perhaps it would be best if you imagined it as your own fancy bids, assuming it will rise to the occasion, for certainly I cannot suit you all. For instance, how about technology? I think that there would be no cars or helicopters in and above the streets; this follows from the fact that the people of Omelas are happy people. Happiness is based on a just discrimination of what is necessary, what is neither necessary nor destructive, and what is destructive. In the middle category, however- that of the unnecessary but undestructive, that of comfort, luxury, exuberance, etc.--they could perfectly well have central heating, subway trains, washing machines, and all kinds of marvelous devices not yet invented here, floating light-sources, fuelless power, a cure for the common cold. Or they could have none of that; it doesn't matter. As you like it. I incline to think that people from towns up and down the coast have been coming in to Omelas during the last days before the Festival on very fast little trains and double-decked trams, and that the train station of Omelas is actually the handsomest building in town, though plainer than the magnificent Farmers' Market. But even granted trains, I fear that Omelas so far strikes some of you as goody-goody. Smiles, bells, parades, horses, bleh. If so, please add an orgy. If an orgy would help, don't hesitate. Let us not, however, have temples from which issue beautiful nude priests and priestesses already half in ecstasy and ready to copulate with any man or woman, lover or stranger, who desires union with the deep godhead of the blood, although that was my first idea. But really it would be better not to have any temples in Omelas- at least, not manned temples. Religion yes, clergy no. Surely the beautiful nudes can just wander about, offering themselves like divine soufflés to the hunger of the needy and the rapture of the flesh. Let them join the processions. Let tambourines be struck above the copulations, and the glory of desire be proclaimed upon the gongs, and (a not unimportant point) let the offspring of these delightful rituals be beloved and looked after by all. One thing I know there is none of in Omelas is guilt. But what else should there be?

I have headaches on a regular basis. On 10/01 officer Burley asked if it was me cussing through the vent below, I replied scantily, "as a matter of fact no, I'm a good girl!" I'm not a snitch! As I put both hands over my ears I was nodding up and down like a brisket. I cried out to her to slow it down, to make them stop, I cried! Officer Burley informed me that they will yell and scream regardless of what I do! I simply asked in a very low monotone what to do, she ordered. They were yelling and screaming like Stinky off "Casper" who picks on all the other ghosts. I told Lucy to calm down as I sat bare naked on the toilet because I don't get indigent supplies until Friday. I did my very best in behaviors, why does the government keep hurting us! Please understand there are beetles and roaches in this pod, it isn't cleaned often enough by guards, nor do we get enough opportunities to clean. Pod eleven1A+2-3B2 is similar to a motorhome. I feel as if it will begin to spin around and move off in one direction. It's overcrowded. There are lots of mouths drooling that need fed. I'm uncomfortable in this pod because I'm watched while having a bowel movement. Moreover, I need to be in a mental hospital. Regardless I'm struggling in prison because I have poor mental health, I'm not getting any help! Needless to say I'm stuck in this pod because of retribution from an officer. Why? Yesterday my underpants went missing and Lucy was bleeding on the sink. What's really going on in Transylvania where the ghosts suck on each other's blood? Batman and Robin have avenged me again! Even they needed mental assistance! Mostly I miss Wheaties cereal. It's better than a cup of the cold rock hard cereal they give us! I can't wait to get my coco butter lotion, I hope I get to order canteen tomorrow. I wonder when I'll get my level 3,000 moisturizing bar...

Sincerely,

Lucky Street

****note from author- Farmed Out refers to slang prisoners use when one is transferred or rather shipped from institution to institution.

Content Warning (CW): This poem makes reference to childhood sexual assault. Please take care when reading, particularly if this is triggering to you.

Faces

by Natasha Hocke

Babysitter's here again. No use in crying.
He always does what he wants. In private.
All cleaned up. Bloody washcloth and panties
Hidden in the garbage. Must act normal.
In public.
Nightmares, pleading, terrified of the dark.
Wet my bed again. In private.
Hair and clothes perfect. Good grades. Extra
Milk money. My classmates envy me. In public.
Had to miss school today. Angry, red welts
Cover my body. Too hot outdoors for long
Sleeves. Mom beat me with a belt again. In private.
On my knees beside the bed, reciting the
Lord's Prayer as Grandma taught me. I
need His protection from all this pain. I
pledge faith. In public.
Dizzy. Room spinning. Going to pass out.
Nyquil and grain alcohol forced down my
Throat again. In private. (Blessed oblivion)
I run, skip, ride my bike and laugh for
A few hours each day. A tiny slice of
innocent childhood that never lasts.
My sad eyes reveal nothing because
No one bothers to look into them. In
Public or private.
Night falls once more. Mickey's malt liquor
This time. Subdued. He has his way
Again. Again. Again. I want to die.
In private.

The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas

A Short story by Ursula K. Le Guin

With a clamor of bells that set the swallows soaring, the Festival of Summer came to the city Omelas, bright-towered by the sea. The rigging of the boats in harbor sparkled with flags. In the streets between houses with red roofs and painted walls, between old moss-grown gardens and under avenues of trees, past great parks and public buildings, processions moved. Some were decorous: old people in long stiff robes of mauve and grey, grave master workmen, quiet, merry women carrying their babies and chatting as they walked. In other streets the music beat faster, a shimmering of gong and tambourine, and the people went dancing, the procession was a dance. Children dodged in and out, their high calls rising like the swallows' crossing flights over the music and the singing. All the processions wound towards the north side of the city, where on the great water-meadow called the Green Fields boys and girls, naked in the bright air, with mud-stained feet and ankles and long, lithe arms, exercised their restive horses before the race. The horses wore no gear at all but a halter without bit. Their manes were braided with streamers of silver, gold, and green. They flared their nostrils and pranced and boasted to one another; they were vastly excited, the horse being the only animal who has adopted our ceremonies as his own. Far off to the north and west the mountains stood up half encircling Omelas on her bay. The air of morning was so clear that the snow still crowning the Eighteen Peaks burned with white-gold fire across the miles of sunlit air, under the dark blue of the sky. There was just enough wind to make the banners that marked the racecourse snap and flutter now and then. In the silence of the broad green meadows one could hear the music winding through the city streets, farther and nearer and ever approaching, a cheerful faint sweetness of the air that from time to time trembled and gathered together and broke out into the great joyous clanging of the bells. Joyous! How is one to tell about joy? How describe the citizens of Omelas? They were not simple folk, you see, though they were happy. But we do not say the words of cheer much any more. All smiles have become archaic. Given a description such as this one tends to make certain assumptions. Given a description such as this one tends to look next for the King, mounted on a splendid stallion and surrounded by his noble knights, or perhaps in a golden litter borne by great-muscled slaves. But there was no king. They did not use swords, or keep slaves. They were not barbarians. I do not know the rules and laws of their society, but I suspect that they were singularly few. As they did without monarchy and slavery, so they also got on without the stock exchange, the advertisement, the secret police, and the bomb. Yet I repeat that these were not simple folk, not dulcet shepherds, noble savages, bland utopians.

Dear Liz

Marilyn Buck
1997

you fought for life till ...
we talked of death
there was no one else who would
talk of death makes people nervous
tongues stutter
we are all dying every day
you told me you wanted to scream
you're not dying
like I'm dying
alien forms feed on my flesh
they are nearly finished
hardly anyone wants to talk
about death in Amerikka
though dying is a national
preoccupation
a patriotic pastime
dead Indians dead Africans
dead Mexicans and immigrant
workers
lives landscaped Amerikka
from sea to shining sea
an institution
dead children starved
dead women battered
dead queers bashed
dead prisoners in dead-end prisons
a ritual
killer kops stalk
youngbloods who bop
to the beat of their hearts
and hip hop into springtime
through death-pocked streets
a sacrificial situation
sacrificees chosen by jury lottery
the particulars of participation
called crime to confirm
crucifixion/execution

being Black a definite plus
but mental
incapacitation
or low-class station will
do
those who do speak about
the great fraternity of
death
sit in clubs and councils
watch on wide-screen TV
death deterred:
someone else does
the dying
yes we are all dying
but not your death Liz
in a prison bed
no parole
prison authorities say
they can help you die
better
than your mother and
children
unless / you stay alive
until they can no longer
hold you hostage to their
death culture

** Marilyn Buck was a white
revolutionary Marxist feminist
who was imprisoned for aiding
Assata Shakur's 1979 escape
from prison, as well as robbery
and a US senate bombing.
She was an anti-imperialist
and antiwar organizer and
fought for Black and New
Afrikan liberationist struggles.
In prison she wrote about
women's incarceration, politics
and solitary. She passed in
2010, 1 month after being
granted compassionate
medical leave.

I Shall be Released

Marius Mason

In February 2009, marius mason was sentenced to nearly 22 years in federal prison for two acts of resistance: an arson at Michigan state university genetics laboratory and an arson of logging equipment in Mesick Michigan. As part of the plea agreement, marius also admitted to dozens of other attacks against ecocidal companies, animal exploiters, and other purveyors of domination and control. Prior to his arrest, marius had been involved for decades in the anarchist, environmental, and labor movements, participating in eco-defense campaigns and union organizing, among other projects. He is also a father, a musician, a painter, a journalist and a poet.



In 2010, Marius was moved to the Administrative Segregation Unit of the Federal Medical center at carswell prison in fort worth, texas. The move separated marius from his friends and family, and has resuted in restrictions on communication and repeated disruptions of mail. On june 11th 2014, marius announced that he is a trans man, and in august 2016, after years of fighting for his autonomy, he became the first known trans man to be allowed to pursue transition from within the federal prison system. (Good news! He has since been taken OFF of admin segregation and is now back in general population)

I Shall be Released

It may be years before anyone sees me here at all
My transition is a conceptual art installation
A work in progress – with no progress
These are mean times, in the meantime
There's a rhythm to my heartbeat that's
Faster now than it has ever been
And I speak to my heart in meditation
The self selfing the self
Try to whisper an apology
We are not at war
The flutter of my breath on my lips tell me
I shaved today
Though I realize that is not wisdom, I should be less aware of that
Thinking, I am thinking
And not meditating
(which is failing to meditate)
but for one fragment of a space between breaths
I am off, I am with, am not alone as I
As such, per se
Reprieved of this iteration
And can believe (perhaps, tentatively)
That I will be released?

More recently, magical attacks against Trump and his followers have taken place in a similar vein, waging a kind of meme warfare by harnessing the viral power of social media and the internet.

On Tumblr, an anonymous coven of anti-fascist witches known as the Yerbamala Collective recently began circulating digital “spellbooks” full of magical protest poems. Each page contains a short slogan written in all-caps 60pt Arial font, and many have been seen circulating on social media, held as signs at protests, or pasted to the walls in subway stations and other locations. Depending on how you look at them, the poems could easily be interpreted as magical hexes, motivational memes, or political propaganda:

(Note: the definition of fascism is: a political philosophy, movement, or regime (such as that of the Fascisti) that promotes nation and often race above the individual. It stands for a centralized autocratic government headed by a dictatorial leader, severe economic and social regimentation, and forcible suppression of opposition. AKA, this is a political movement often focusing on the hatred of nonwhite racial groups, intense hatred of immigrants, and the assassination of anyone who argues against their horribly tyrannical rule.)

“Yerba Mala Nunca Muere // a bad weed never dies // yerba mala is the kind of weed you kill and it still comes back tenfold fuckers // circulate these pages like your life depends on it because yeah most days our lives depend on these networks of refusal // refuse fascism // refuse trump // refuse tyranny // more than refuse // fight back // these pages have no names // no markers // if you cannot use them to fight fascism throw them out // they have one purpose: to destroy fascism // through these words we share anger // the time has come to burn this shit down.

You will not win even if you kill us we will haunt you our ghosts will kill your dog // fascist America is racist America is colonial America was always a war // he is the enemy not because he is orange but because he feasts on dreams // survival is contingent on solidarity // this is not a time for disbelief this is a time for new beliefs a time to remake the impossible // if the broom fits witch, it is time to ride it, act up, resist // we stare deep into the surveillance cameras until they shatter // craft poems // like right now // forget everything you've learned about poetry // you've got reams of beautiful words in you that live to destroy your own chains // write with one goal: destroy fascism with poetic witchcraft.”

Yerba Mala Collective

Excerpts from a Vocativ article on Yerbamala, the antifascist collective of witches and healers

“According to the Center for Tactical Magic, the use of magic as a form of political protest in the West dates back to medieval Europe, when peasants inscribed hexes as a way of discreetly dissenting against their oppressive feudal lords. The tradition continued during World War II, when a secret gathering of anti-fascist sorcerers held a booze-fueled “hex party” in Maryland that aimed to kill Adolf Hitler using voodoo magic.



Perhaps unsurprisingly, the historical roots of today's magical protests can be found in the civil rights and counter-culture movements of the 1960s and '70s. In 1967, beat poet Allen Ginsberg and American activist Abbie Hoffman organized an exorcism ritual during a march on the Pentagon that sought to “levitate” the building 350 feet in the air, and in doing so, end the war in Vietnam. The World Trade

Organization protests in 1999 witnessed similar events: anarchists smashed corporate storefront windows, claiming that each one represented the breaking of a corporate “spell,” while a witch named Starhawk ceremonially melted an ice sculpture, symbolizing the WTO's rapidly-dissolving power.

Dear Unstoppable!

Revolutionary greetings! This is your trans sister Tamara Angelique writing from the gulag in Pennsylvania. I received my first issue of your most awesome publication in the mail today (spring 2017) and thought I'd drop a few lines. First of all, I must say rest in power Tonya Herron. How many of us feel exactly the way the poem for her describes on a daily basis. I know I can truly relate to it all. Helplessness, loneliness, and despair threaten to engulf me daily. I've been in solitary confinement more or less nonstop since 2009. I'm dehumanized everyday by the pigs and my fellow prisoners. Being as I can relate, my heart truly goes out to Tonya and her loved ones. I never knew you or been fortunate enough to meet you, but I love you! I'm so grateful to know that despite the endless attempts to dehumanize us, there is so much support for us out there. We are NEVER alone! As long as the ties that bind us together are stronger than those that would tear us apart ALL WILL BE WELL! We are truly UNSTOPPABLE! This is why the fascists try so hard to destroy us and prevent unity. They know that the system would crumble if true unity and solidarity were accomplished. As a feminist, I oppose patriarchy and misogyny. In ancient times, women had a place of high status and were viewed as divine. Patriarchy crept in and religion was formulated to destroy divine feminism with a patriarchal system, demonizing women. I long for a common dialogue with fellow feminists. Men commonly view women in one of two ways. Either they see us as delicate and fragile and treat us like they need to protect us, or they view us as objects to be used and abused at every whim. Both are demeaning. Why does there have to be gender? Why only male or female? Who's to say there aren't 100 genders? It's time society thinks outside the box for once.

I have the privilege to share 2 mutual friends with Marius Mason. I share a lot of the same political views as Marius. I vehemently oppose GMOs and processed foods. I grieve with outrage the destruction of our planet from mankind's plundering of resources. I make a personal shout out to comrade Marius Mason. How about Agent Orange? Ain't he a joke? I swear, he'll either end up assassinated or impeached for the dumb shit he says and does. It'd be funny if others weren't suffering at the hands of the impulsive, pompous wind bag. Of course, Hillary wouldn't have been any better. She can't help but lie every time she opens her mouth. But enough of my ranting and raving!

To all my fellow prisoners- we must refrain from the bickering and fighting amongst ourselves and unite if changes are ever possible. I see too much belittling each other tearing each other down. All that energy we spend attacking each other can be redirected towards true unity and solidarity. As long as we're at each other's throats, the pigs win and have less work cut out for themselves. We need to stop labeling each other by our individual crimes and find common ground and work toward combatting oppression. Political study groups are one way to accomplish solidarity and properly educate ourselves. Our oppressors sure aren't going to provide this education! A must read book is Sun Tzu's "The Art of War". It's revolutionary strategy in a nutshell. Well my friends and comrades, I must bring this to a close. Till my dying breath, resist, resist, resist! In struggle and solidarity, Towards justice,
-Tamara Angelique

Horoscopes

TAURUS

APRIL 20 – MAY 20

Instead of trying to tamp your life down into something more manageable, it's time to realign yourself with what you believe and the goals you've set for your life. The potential for your growth and expansion is huge in 2018, but it will take stepping into uncharted territory and exploring. The healthiest way to do this is with healthy boundaries, which is hard when you'd rather not make waves. Saying yes to yourself inevitably requires you to say no to others from time to time, Taurus. Your 2018 affirmation: I'm entitled to prioritizing my self-care. I assert my will firmly and with kindness when I need to. Your 2018 love affirmation: I don't let other people determine my value. I know that I'm worthy of love and care, and I align myself with people and situations that hold me up, even when it's hard to do. I am willing to integrate opposing forces in order to come up with a better whole.

GEMINI

MAY 21 — JUNE 21

Don't quit now, Twin Star, you've only just begun. 2017 had you striving like never before to have peace and happiness, but your work isn't done yet. You always run the risk of getting distracted by shiny objects, so here's the plan: make a list of the sections of your life that you care about, and write up to three goals for the year that you hold on each topic. When you are making decisions about how to spend your time and energy, always refer back to this list. Don't waste your time on dead ends when there's so much open road before you, my love. Your 2018 affirmation: I will stay on track and focus on my goals. I'm expanding the parts of my life that I wish to cultivate, and can always go back and explore other interesting things later. Your 2018 love affirmation: I know that facing the truth allows me to focus on what really matters in my relationships. I'm ready to let go of people, situations, and habits that have proven themselves to be bad for me. I love myself enough to master the challenges in my life, even when fear tells me to run away. I've got this.

CANCER

JUNE 22 – JULY 22

How you take responsibility for yourself is a big theme this year, so get ready to get to work. The good news is that you're totally capable. The bad news is that what you have to do will not only take effort, but it'll take time. Cultivate patience and as much clarity as you can, Moonchild. When you find that you've gotten off track you can rein yourself in, or you can lose yourself in distractions. Set yourself up for success by coming up with a plan. With Saturn in your relationship house, your connections are likely to be pretty intense, too. Keep your side of the road clean and carry on.

Your 2018 affirmation: The clearer I am about what I want, the easier it is to manifest it. I prioritize clarity of intent over passing distractions. Your 2018 love affirmation: I allow myself to listen to my worries without attachment. Love and intimacy are meant to be a vehicle for growth: No matter how much I love someone I will not sacrifice my wellness for a relationship. I prioritize my happiness, knowing that compromise and collaboration is an essential part of it.

LEO

JULY 23 – AUG. 22

If you want it done well, you need to do it right. Slow progress is still progress, Leo. This year is going to test your patience and willingness to work on things thoroughly, but trust me when I say that you'll be much happier if you find a way to slow down. How you care for your body, pace your days, and move through your relationships all lay at the

foundation of how you feel about your life. Seek peace, but know this: peace isn't about having only happy feelings. Being whole requires that you stick around for all of it, even when things get messy or trying, my love. Your 2018 affirmation: I try with a whole heart, but don't bully myself. Slow progress is still progress. Your 2018 love affirmation: Every ending is also an opening. I believe in the resiliency of my spirit and commit my life to something better than what I have yet known. I am a powerful person, and I will use my strength to work in service to love, wherever that takes me.

VIRGO

AUG. 23 – SEPT. 22

Whether you need to adjust the load you're carrying, shift your attitudes towards yourself, or let go of some things, you're ready to finally come to the end of a rough patch you've been in. You get to direct your life and make choices that work for you, but that doesn't mean that others will be on board. You may have to reshuffle your relationships in order to come up with compromises that actually work for you. Don't sacrifice yourself for someone else, but also remember that you can only be good to others if you're right with yourself, Virgo. Your 2018 affirmation: Self-care is not selfish. I know that having a healthy relationship to myself is the foundation to being able to competently deal with the rest of my life. Your 2018 love affirmation: I am strong enough to explore the strength and wisdom of my vulnerability. I know that the happiness or success of another does nothing to the potential for my own best life. I uphold others and myself with equal energy, but not equal attention. I know that if I pace myself, I will get there right on time.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23 – OCT. 22

It may sound cheesy, but love is the answer. If you're doing it right, it's not only the goal, it's also the motivation, the plan, and the inspiration. If your relationship to yourself is on the outs, you'll feel confused, upset, and like nothing you do is enough. It's time to recommit to yourself, Libra. Do the things that you know help you maintain a healthy body and mind. You will have some meaningful choices to make this year, and if you don't have confidence in yourself, it will be way harder to make choices that you can live with. Your 2018 affirmation: When I let love guide me I am stronger and can see more options. I wait to act until I feel the resonance of a clear

"yes." Your 2018 love affirmation: I know that guilt is a waste of my energies and time: By being willing to accept my part, I can move on, improved by the lesson. I don't need to feel badly about my needs, only to determine how and when to address them. Obsessing on mistakes only keeps me stuck. Love and forgiveness are my guiding lights.

SCORPIO

OCT. 23 – NOV. 21

Blame games are easy to get caught up in, but there are no winners. It's hard to tolerate stress, and when you're suffering is when it's most tempting to look for fault somewhere. Commit to looking at things in a balanced way this year, Scorpio. You don't have to be positive, but you do need to watch out for being negative, my love. Your relationships need love, patience, and some healthy boundaries – not scrutiny and detective work. Accept what is so you can build what you hope to see. Your 2018 affirmation: I don't need to be optimistic, but I commit to not being pessimistic. The balanced truth is my guide, even when it's layered. Your 2018 love affirmation: Just because it doesn't happen quickly doesn't mean that it won't happen at all. I have faith in myself, and allow my intuition to guide me. I accept that the best things in life come in stages and I am present for each delicious one.

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