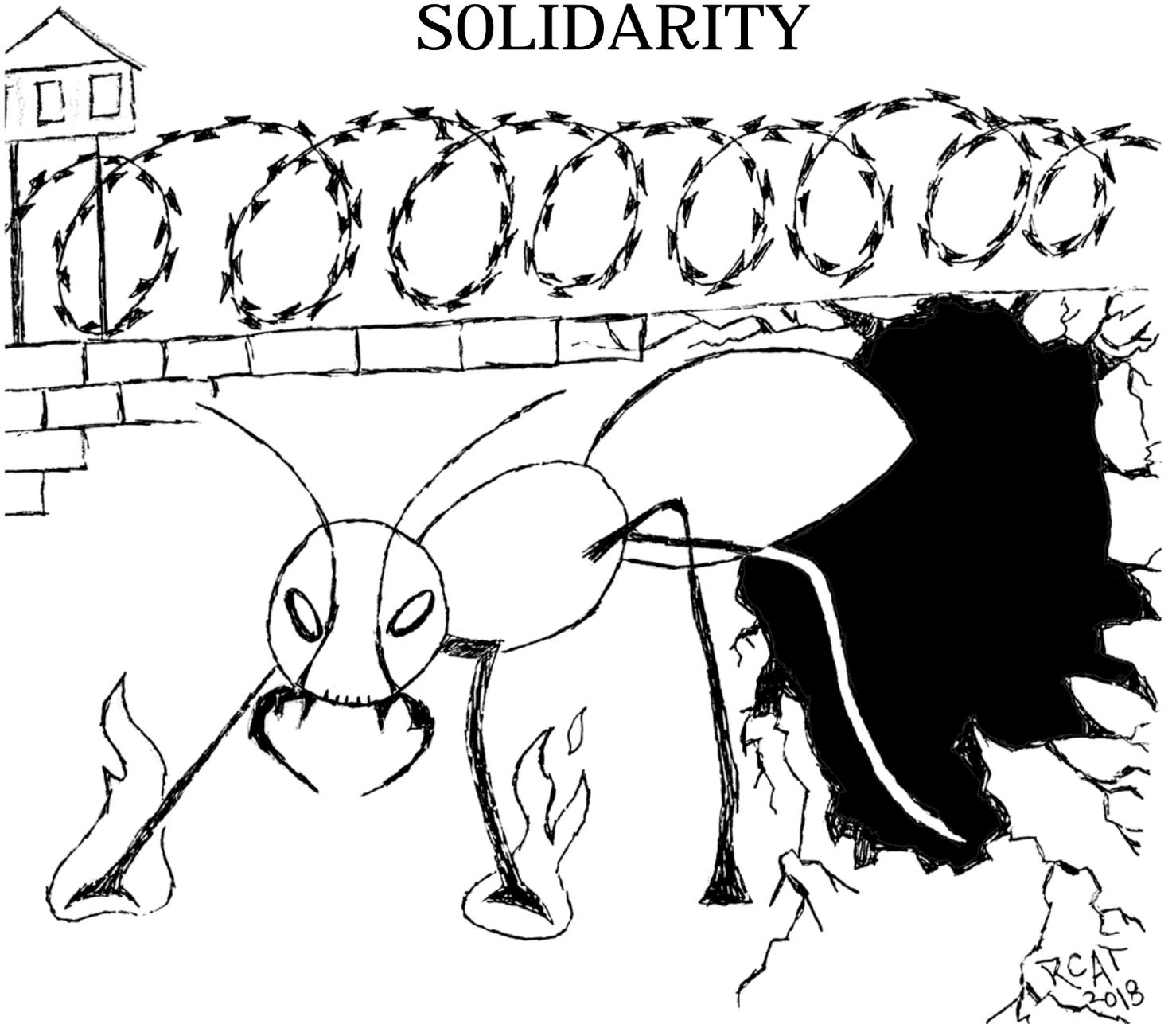


# FIRE FRONT

ANARCHIST PRISONER  
SOLIDARITY



# Introduction

This first issue of Fire Ant is dedicated to the memory of our sister and comrade Nancy Jacot Bell.

In the early 1990's my friends and i started to write prisoners. We wrote letters to Mark Davis, Peg Millet, Rod Coronado, David Barbarash, The MOVE Nine, the New York Three, and many others. We soon started to visit prisoners and bring them food packages. Central Maine anarchists still do prisoner support work to this day.

I have been thinking about the Fire Ant project for some time now. It is a long term project for and with anarchist prisoners. The goals for this project are to raise material aid for imprisoned anarchists, spread information about imprisoned anarchists and anarchy, and foster communication between imprisoned and free roaming anarchists. All writings and art are reprinted with permission.

Solidarity!  
-Robcat

Special thanks to our sister and comrade Jennifer Gann for inspiration! Also thanks to Eric, Rochelle, Sean, Michael, Marius, Jeremy, Peter, the Bloomington crew, Hellbillys for Herman, Maine ARA and the north woods green anarchist horde.

## Anarchy And Insurrection

First, i'd like to give shout outs to all Anarchist prisoners, their support crews, and all Anarchist comrades.

What we are talking about when we talk about revolution is the relationship we have with self, others, and the Earth. Most folks can't even imagine a world without states, governments, police, etc. This comes from a lack of imagination and brainwashing.

But there are stateless societies that exist in the here and now, and in the past. Then there are many practices that we practice that is anarchistic in our daily lives.

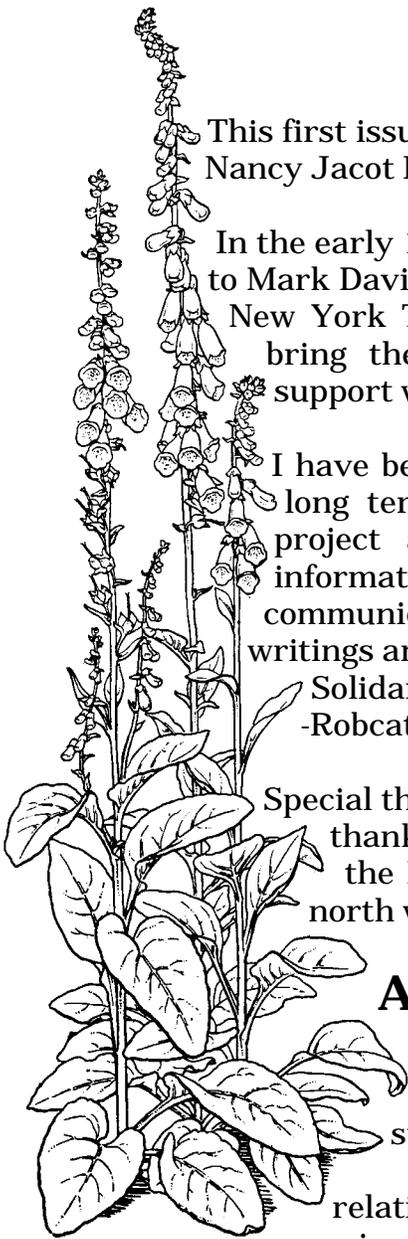
The point is not the examples that I intend to site in the next issue, but that the revolution is now and that it starts with the individual changing their way of thinking, and building new relationships with each other, wildlife and the Earth, based on freedom from domination, and all forms of oppression.

We must be the revolution. This goes hand in hand with insurrectional practice, because we project small insurrections when we practice the principles of anarchy. We spread anarchy through living it.

But to live anarchy fully, we must destroy the state and the institutions that perpetuates domination, racism, control, and oppression. "Most simply, this means that the state will not merely wither away, thus anarchists must attack, for waiting is defeat."

-Michael Kimble

[anarchylive.noblogs.org](http://anarchylive.noblogs.org)



## Letter from Michael Kimble 4/15/2018

Hey Robcat,

How are you? Good, i hope. I'm good, but what prompted me to write is the great news that Herman Bell has been granted parole. I'm so happy for him, his family and friends. It's long overdue. Forty plus years of being subjugated to some of the worst treatment that Power is able to dish out and to come out sane, and still defiant, is a miracle. I wish him all the best. I know you are overjoyed.

Also, i wanted this to be a follow up letter. My last letter was brief, but what i wanted to do here is give you a rundown about myself.

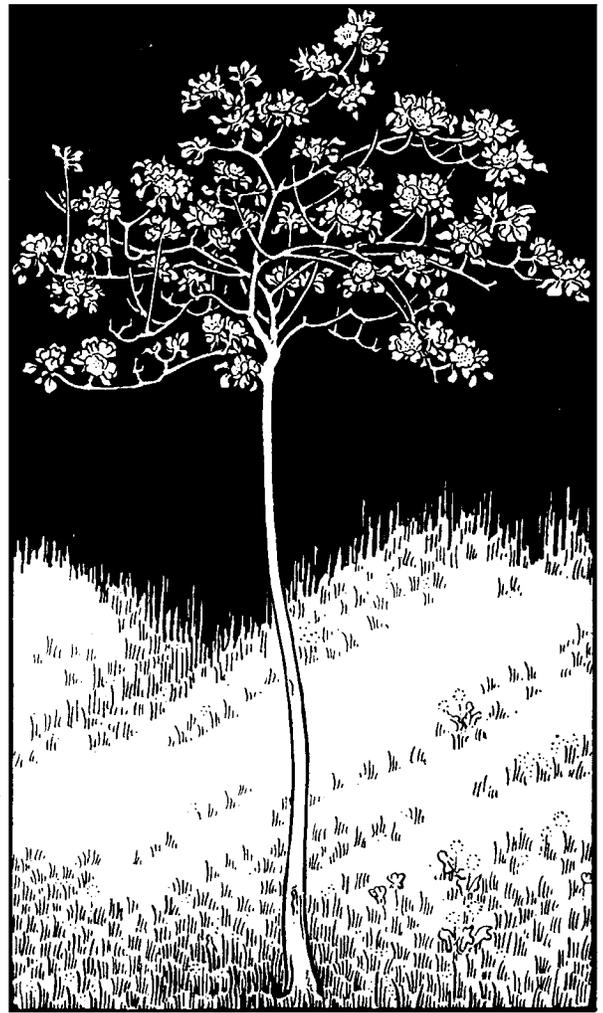
I'm 52 years old, from Birmingham, Alabama. I've been in prison for 31 years. My last parole was April of last year and i was obviously denied; and a new date of April 2021 was set for my next parole eligibility. The only member of the parole board that voted against my parole, the chairman, gave this as his reason for vetoing my parole: the nature of my offense. See, it takes all 3 board members to vote to grant me parole. i guess i'll never be granted parole as long as this fascist is on the board, because the "nature" is never going to change. Murder is murder, no different really than any of the prisoners with murder convictions that have been granted parole. I was convicted for the killing of a racist homophobe, who attacked me and a friend. First, with verbal assaults of the racist and homophobic language, then by attempting to choke me to death.

i was a young, gay, black male, poor and in the south, who's state constitution was established with the intent of reestablishing "white supremacy" through the law, instead for by force", as the stated purpose by President Knox at the 1901 constitutional convention.

Anyway, while I was locked up, i was introduced to revolutionary politics. i was attracted to the communism/socialism as expressed by the revolutionary nationalist New Afrikan Independence Movement (NAIN). i only later transitioned to Anarchism in the 90's after reading the many radical Anarchist publications out at the time, such as "The Blast!", "Love & Rage", "The Shadow", etc. I was in regular contact with the Patterson, New Jersey Anarchist Black Cross, and Mike Lee of the Brew City/ Atlanta ABC. So i've been on the Anarchist path since that time. i don't eat meat, although i'm no strict vegan. i do consume some dairy products from time to time.

I've been part of the many struggles, collectively and individually. Most recently, i've taken part in the Free Alabama Movement (FAM) actions like the September 9th 2016 national work strike. i was part of the organizing here at Holman for the first FAM workstrike in 2015, and now the "Campaign to Redistribute the Pain 2018", that began in February. The campaign is about the refusal to purchase and boycott the commissary, packages, etc, six months of 2018, every other month. It's really a refusal to pay for our own oppression by spending with the ADOC. i don't really ascribe to the politics of FAM which is reformist, but any actions that attempts to disrupt the normal business of the state or authority, i'm down with.

Throughout the 80's and early 90's, i've litigated many lawsuits, founded the Freedom and Independence Revolutionary Movement, was a founding member of the Prisoners Action



Committee, which was set up to retaliate against pig brutality, Black Liberation Army Collective, joined the Black Panther Militia, the August 7th Movement and INACELL.

i received additional sentences for assault on guards in 2002, charged and found guilty of possession of explosives (pipe bomb) in 2000. Participated in the 1997 riot at W.E. Donaldson prison. i participated in all three riots here at Holman in 2016.

i was the first to organize Black August here in Alabama prisons. i've refused to work any prison job, especially the Farm, my entire incarceration.

i'm an avid reader of radical/political material. i love to read horror novels. i jog and do stretches, love to watch Golden State NBA basketball team play, and browse the internet, as alienating as it is.

i identify with the insurrectionist tendency in anarchism, but find affinity with other tendencies of anarchism also, on many matters.

i despise authority and oppression; be it human or non-human. i'm an animal lover. i hate the winter, when i can't dress for it.

That's my history in a nut shell. As i stated in my last letter, i'm excited to take part in the new project with ya'll, Jennifer, Eric and Marius. Please keep me up to date on developments about the project and whatever else you deem necessary.

Love and Rage,

Michael

P.S. Give everyone my love and strength.

## Attention Comrades!

Support the anarchist prisoner war fund! If you would like to donate money, please email [bloomingtonanarchistblackcross@riseup.net](mailto:bloomingtonanarchistblackcross@riseup.net). All money will go directly to prisoners. The fund currently supports Michael Kimble, Jennifer Gann, Eric King, Sean Swain and Andy H. If not you, who? If not now, when?

## Disclaimer

All actions reported on in this publication are taken from public sources, and are presented for educational purposes only. These reports bear no connection to any individual whose writings appear in these pages, nor to anyone involved in the production or distribution of this publication.

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04942



# On my way to Guantanamo Bay? -by anarchist prisoner Sean Swain

I might just be headed to Cuba.

For years now, friends have maintained Seanswain.org, where an archive of my writings is kept. Since 2014, I have been fortunate to be included on the final straw radio show, contributing weekly segments. In October of last year, little black cart in Berkeley released a book I co-wrote, "Last Act of the Circus Animals", which sold ten thousand copies in its first printing. It is available at the amazing low price of just \$7 per copy at [sproutdistro.com](http://sproutdistro.com).

At the time that Last Act was released, prison fartgoblins began stealing my mail. First they stole the registration papers of the Army of the Twelve monkeys, a non profit I registered with the Ohio secretary of state. Then when I sued them for it, they stole my mail from the courts.

No really.

In 27 years, I've seen prison fartgoblins do a lot of really mind-numbing low down things, but I have never known them to steal legal mail from courts. Until now.

When I again challenged the theft, not only did the fartgoblins double down on stealing legal mail, but they began stealing mail sent by "anarchists". That is, the bumbling goof-troops who work in the mail room and got their jobs by passing the civil service test (drinking 3 six packs without throwing up) have deemed themselves "ideology" experts and screen all of my mail to determine which senders may believe the hierarchical ordering of society doesn't work. Mail from anyone who, they determine, doesn't accept that hierarchy works as advertised gets their mail returned or tossed in the trash.

Fartgoblins have created an "ideological" precondition for mail use and have generally severed most of my human relationships. I am now cut off from everyone but my parents.

So, I challenged that too.

A week after the fartgoblins got served their copy of my lawsuit, two named defendants had me locked up. ODRC counsel Trevor Clark, whose home address is posted online at [blastblog.noblogs.org](http://blastblog.noblogs.org), ordered me tossed in the hole.

According to them, an article was posted somewhere on the internet on May 18th, 2018 advocating the use of drones to drop guns into prisons. So, they picked me up a month later and blamed me for it, days after they found out I was suing them.

ODRC investigator DJ Norris came to talk to me on June 20th. He told me there was no evidence connecting me to the posted article and that federal law forbids punishing me for content that others posted; and since I have no internet access, someone else clearly posted it.



I was released from the hole later that day.

Two days later, on orders from ODRC director Gary Mohr, whose home address is posted online at [blastblog.noblogs.org](http://blastblog.noblogs.org), and Trevor Clark, I was put back in the hole. Investigator Norris later explained that despite no evidence, Mohr and Clark wanted me elevated to supermax security and transferred out of state.

So, rather than go to level 2, medium security, this month as I've learned, I'm going to get jacked to supermax status for losing a popularity contest with fartgoblin king Gary Mohr. He's decided he wants to burn my life down and make me die in total isolation for doing absolutely nothing at all.

Did I mention his home address is posted online at [blastblog.noblogs.org](http://blastblog.noblogs.org)?

It is.

So, on July 19th, after a month in the hole, I was taken to the serious misconduct panel. This is something new. In Ohio, they have always had a rules infraction board. Now they also have this new thing, a serious misconduct panel.

But, check out how they did me: I didn't get an initial hearing with a hearing officer. Nobody gave me a copy of the conduct report, or explained the charges, or asked if I wanted witnesses. Nothing. Instead, with no warning and no preparation, I got shoved into a room and was told to defend myself. They read the conduct report to me and still haven't given me a copy.

I was found guilty of extortion, rioting, and gang activity.

I still don't know what I did.

They jacked my security to supermax level 5B, just like investigator Norris said they would. I now face a year in the hole waiting for out of state transfer.

I was told Trevor Clark sought my placement with the federal government and wanted them to put me in Guantanamo Bay, in Cuba. You know, with all of the alleged "foreign combatants".

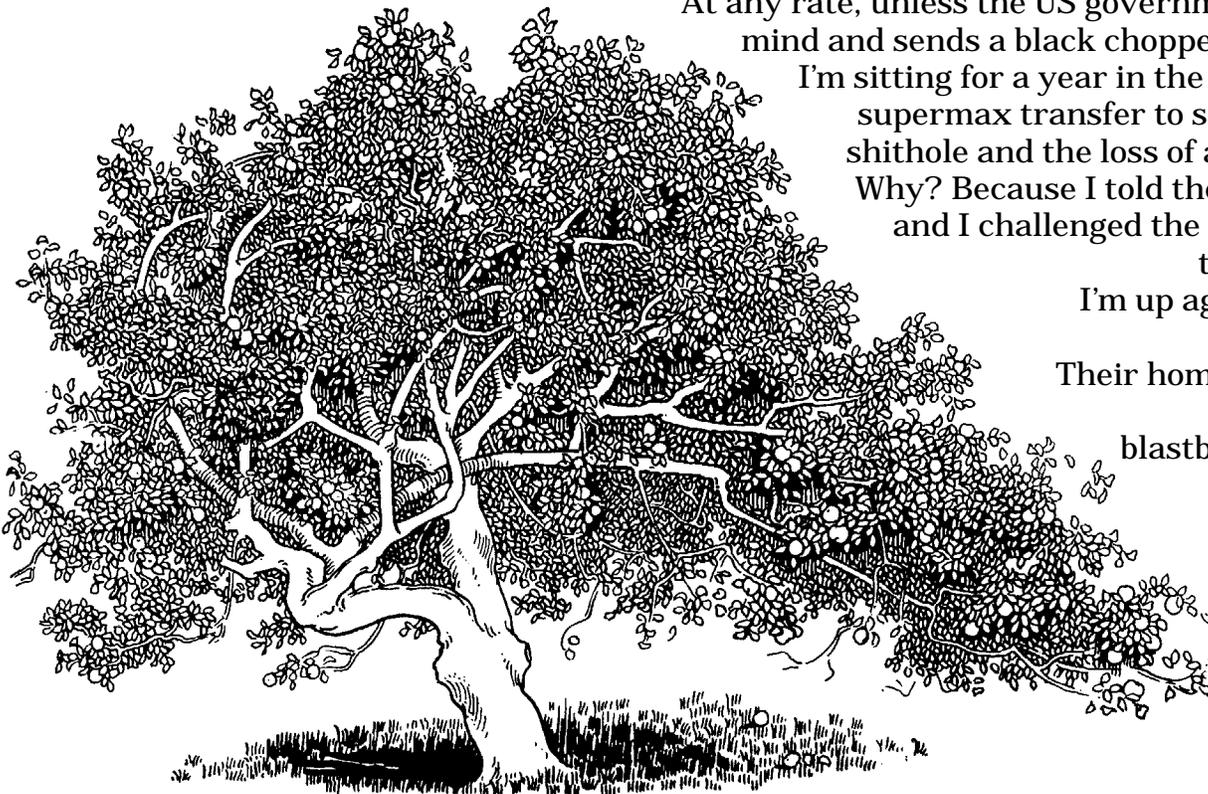
I can only guess that drones and guns article posted May 18th must really be something.

Lucky for me, the federal government doesn't want me. I can't blame them. I was in the army for 2 years and we really didn't get along. My dereliction was so devastating I may have single handedly extended the Cold War for 2 years.

At any rate, unless the US government changes its mind and sends a black chopper to pick me up, I'm sitting for a year in the hole waiting for supermax transfer to some out of state shithole and the loss of all my property. Why? Because I told the truth in public and I challenged the fartgoblins mail theft retaliation.

I'm up against some real sociopaths.

Their home addresses are posted at [blastblog.noblogs.org](http://blastblog.noblogs.org).



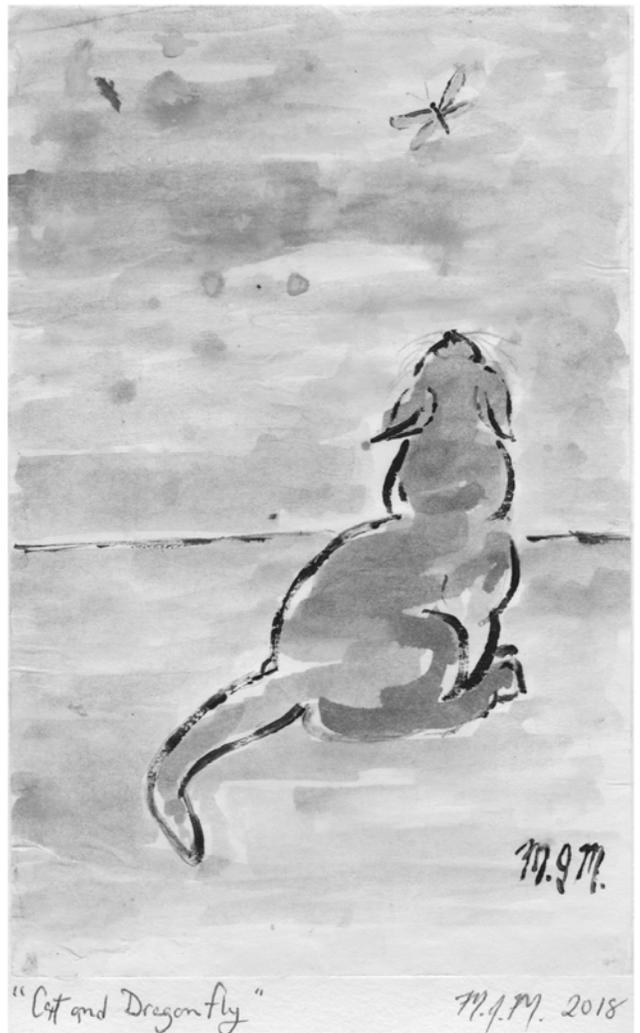
# Support Marius Mason

Marius Mason is an anarchist, environmental and animal rights activist currently serving nearly 22 years in federal prison for acts of property damage carried out in defense of the planet. After being threatened with a life sentence in 2009 for these acts of sabotage, he pled guilty to arson charges at a Michigan State University lab researching genetically modified organisms for Monsanto, and admitted to 12 other acts of property damage. No one was physically harmed in these actions. At sentencing the judge applied a so-called "terrorism enhancement," adding almost two years to an already extreme sentence requested by the prosecution. This is the harshest punishment of anyone convicted of environmental sabotage to date.

Marius is incarcerated in the high security Administration Unit at the Federal Medical Center Carswell in Fort Worth, Texas, a unit "designed for female inmates with histories of escapes, chronic behavior problems, repeated incidents of assaultive or predatory behavior, or other special management concerns " (2016; FMC Carswell Information Packet). Marius did not have a record of violating prison rules. It appears he is being held in this unit because of his political beliefs and in an effort to silence him.

Marius came out to his friends, family and supporters as transgender in 2014. Previously known as "Marie Mason," he changed his name, uses male pronouns, and embarked on a course to get a medical diagnosis that would allow him to seek gender affirming surgery and hormone therapy. The Board of Prisons (BOP) has already diagnosed Marius as having gender dysphoria, and has made some clothing and commissary accommodations in accordance with their established policy. Subsequently, Caswell ran a plethora of medical diagnostic tests to screen him as being healthy enough to receive the care he has requested. Finally, on September 14, 2016, Marius received his first "T" hormone shot.

Marius has a long history of activism going back to his high school years. Born in 1962, his early activism included anti-war and environmental organizing, as well as anti-nuclear work and service with the anarchist publication, the Fifth Estate. Marius continues to contribute to that publication today. As Marius deepened his involvement in environmental and animal rights campaigns he organized or helped organize non-violent civil disobedience direct action campaigns, including actions to protect public lands, tree-sits to protest development, and anti-fur demonstrations. Marius' advocacy also involved much work with many conservation and human rights groups tackling issues of water grabs and poverty, while also fighting to create local spaces like community gardens. His work spans many organizations, such as Earth First!, Sweetwater Alliance, Food Not Bombs, ADAPTT (Animals Deserve Protection Today and Tomorrow); and through Anarchist





Black Cross, also worked on getting books into prisons. He was active on workers' rights issues, primarily through involvement with the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) for nearly two decades.

An accomplished artist, poet, and musician, Marius has continued to build his artistic skills in prison. Those expressions bring solace in a place that works hard to crush and erase it. Marius's beautiful paintings often speak to the struggles and issues that he continues to care about from inside the prison walls. Many pieces can be found on his website.

Marius has been involved in so much activism on righteous causes and has done so much good in the world, that it is especially tragic he is caged in particularly egregious conditions serving the longest sentence of any of the so-called "Green Scare" prisoners. (For more on the Green Scare, see [GreenIsTheNewRed.com](http://GreenIsTheNewRed.com)).

The unfairness of his sentence becomes clear when compared to those meted out to others. By contrast, a man who set an "arson for profit" fire that paralyzed a Detroit firefighter and injured six of his colleagues was sentenced to a maximum of seven years in prison, the norm for arson charges.

There is no accountability in this system of injustice. It is urgent that we work to support Marius and other political prisoners and confront outrageous prison terms.

Please let Marius and other prisoners know you care. Writing letters is one of the most important things you can do: letters are a lifeline for those inside prison walls. As a federal prisoner, he has not been able to effect his name change through legal channels, so it is important for mail to be addressed to:

**Marie (Marius) Mason**  
**#04672-061**  
**FMC, Carswell**  
**PO Box 27137**  
**Ft. Worth, TX 76127**

Do not write about anything illegal. Do not affix anything to letter or envelope. Photographs and photocopies of articles are ok. Your letter and envelope must contain your first and last name when writing.

To join the listserve for updates and events, including the Jan 22 Trans Prisoner Day of Action and Solidarity and The International Day of Solidarity with Marius Mason and All Long-term Anarchist Prisoners on June 11, visit Marius' website at:

**[www.supportmariusmason.org](http://www.supportmariusmason.org)**  
or email **[supportmariusmason@riseup.net](mailto:supportmariusmason@riseup.net)**  
donations can be sent by paypal to the email address.

## So Short, So annoying.

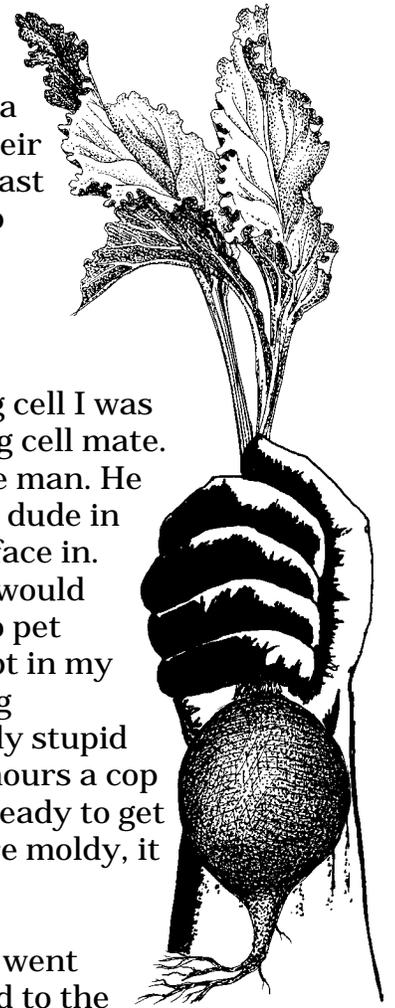
This last week I recently got called to the Lt.'s office, which is always a very annoying and nerve racking experience. After sitting outside their office for about an hour, I was told to cuff up, and taken to the SHU. Last time I was taken to the SHU was a year and a half ago, and I ended up doing two months for a stick figure comic and transferred to FCI Florence..now I was back and wasn't told why I was back there. I assumed someone hadn't appreciated something I had said or typed.

After getting stripped out and waiting tow hours in this small holding cell I was taken back to my new cage, A125, and my new Odenist AC supporting cell mate. This person was all about woods, all about supporting his fellow white man. He was kind enough to me but loved talking about how he had killed this dude in his last spot, being one of 15 different people to kick this poor dudes face in. He was currently facing those charges but for something thought he would beat them, despite the others getting between 7-10 years. He had two pet crickets and was prescribed 10 different psych pills. There is no doubt in my mind I was placed in that cell to get fucked up. I have no time for gang members and have been very open about this, which is probably really stupid on my part, shouldn't show my hand so clearly. Either way after 24 hours a cop came to the door and asked if I was ready to leave, I was very much ready to get the fuck out of there. It was dark, the floor was wet and the walls were moldy, it stunk like a rain storm mixed with mildew.

Doing 24 hrs in the SHU may be the most annoying thing I have ever went through. 24 hours is just long enough to become displaced, to get used to the idea that you were now in the fucking hole and getting used to the idea that you wouldn't be getting your mail on time, wouldn't be getting to use the phone, and that your food would be fucked with. Just enough time to get used to having some shit right next to your head, breathing the same stale air, knowing that the guards would bullshit and find a thousand reasons to cancel the 1hour of rec you expect to receive but now will never arrive. Then it is over and you are placed back, and you have to readjust. I came back to my same cell thankfully and found that all my letters were gone, I heard the cop had walked out with a big bag of trash, expectedly. Most of my picture were gone, all the zines people had sent me, gone. Property all packed, time to get situated again.

Thins like this just happen as a reminder I feel. A reminder of who is in control, of who dictates how things will be going. I have been feuding and paper-bucking on this cats for a grip of things, mostly the vegan food and how they've treated my partner during visits, and this was retaliation. Of course it was. That is to be expected also. An excuse given to me from the captain was that I had bumped into the emergency phone in the back of the Chapel during a religious ceremony, which would make me the first person ever sent to the SHU for accidentally bumping into something. We face small annoying retaliations like this all the time. Small things. Last week I was given a shot during visit for my foot grazing the table, it got thrown out during UDC but just another reminder that these maggots can make things very difficult. This is a part of the prison experience. These cops aren't passive observers in our oppression, they are the main stars, and they thrive in their role. No matter how chill they may act, given the go ahead, they will fuck your life up, or at least try to. Just another annoying day. ACAB.

—Eric King

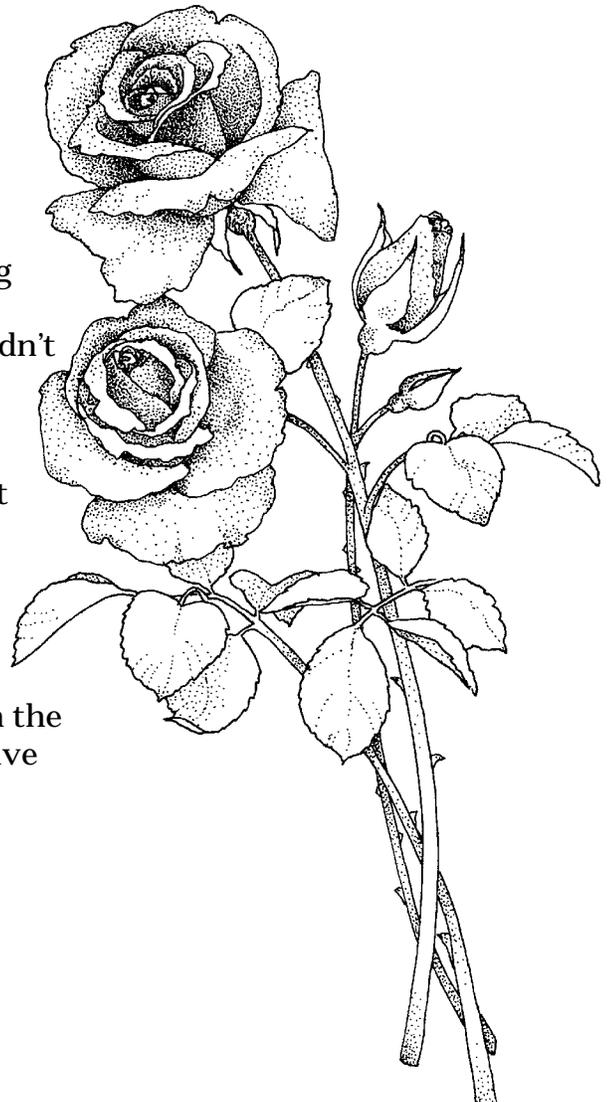


## Poems by Eric King

They stole our unlimited flushes today  
People are pissed, "god dam I just paid"  
Admin says we need to cut the water bill  
Warden just got a 6 figure bonus, there was no mention  
of it needing to be reduced  
We must now be more cautious of the amount of shits  
we take, we must space them out with precision and  
delicate balancing.  
Or we must rise up, together in solidarity no matter our  
race or car affiliation and demand as a convict arm that  
we will have our water turned on or we will do what is needed  
In my dreams we are united, in the mean time, we will  
limit our shits, maximize our pettiness towards each other,  
and blame the plumbers for not having more power, despite  
the fact that we never fought for them to have it.

Poem for Mike..

I still feel triggered every time  
I get called to the Chaplains office, who this time?  
He said he was so sorry, he says lots of things  
Mom sent me a picture of the casket, maybe I wasn't  
as ready to see it as I thought i'd be?  
Maybe the closure could have waited a few years?  
You looked nothing like I remember, it's been a minute  
but do memories fade so quickly?  
Will I remember you from the picture, or from the rage  
you created in my life as you tried to destroy everything  
beautiful?  
Where are you now? Just in the ground? Your hands didn't  
make it through the fire, you hid in the closet but  
the flames found you, they always find their target  
Your blood boiled and lungs quit functioning, that will  
happen I hear. Mom said every time she smells smoke it  
makes her almost throw up, I don't know why she went  
back into the apartment. . "I have to see", she said.  
I can't tell anyone how to grieve but I disagreed  
whole heartedly.  
I'll visit the grave when I am free, but that'll probably  
be the last time. Too many bodies that share our DNA in the  
same place.. I will leave them there and just try to survive  
I'm sorry if that is rude, I will do my best though.  
Good bye.



## Poems by Jennifer Gann

### Jimmy Santiago Baca

A prisoner poet  
who didn't even know it.  
A voice for the voiceless  
who wanted to show it.  
One day in his cell, Jimmy  
In the face of death  
chose his path in life  
and was blessed.  
He drew a line in the sand.  
and took a stand.  
He wrote and typed  
his way to freedom.  
An immigrant in his own land.  
where he found...  
*a place to stand.*

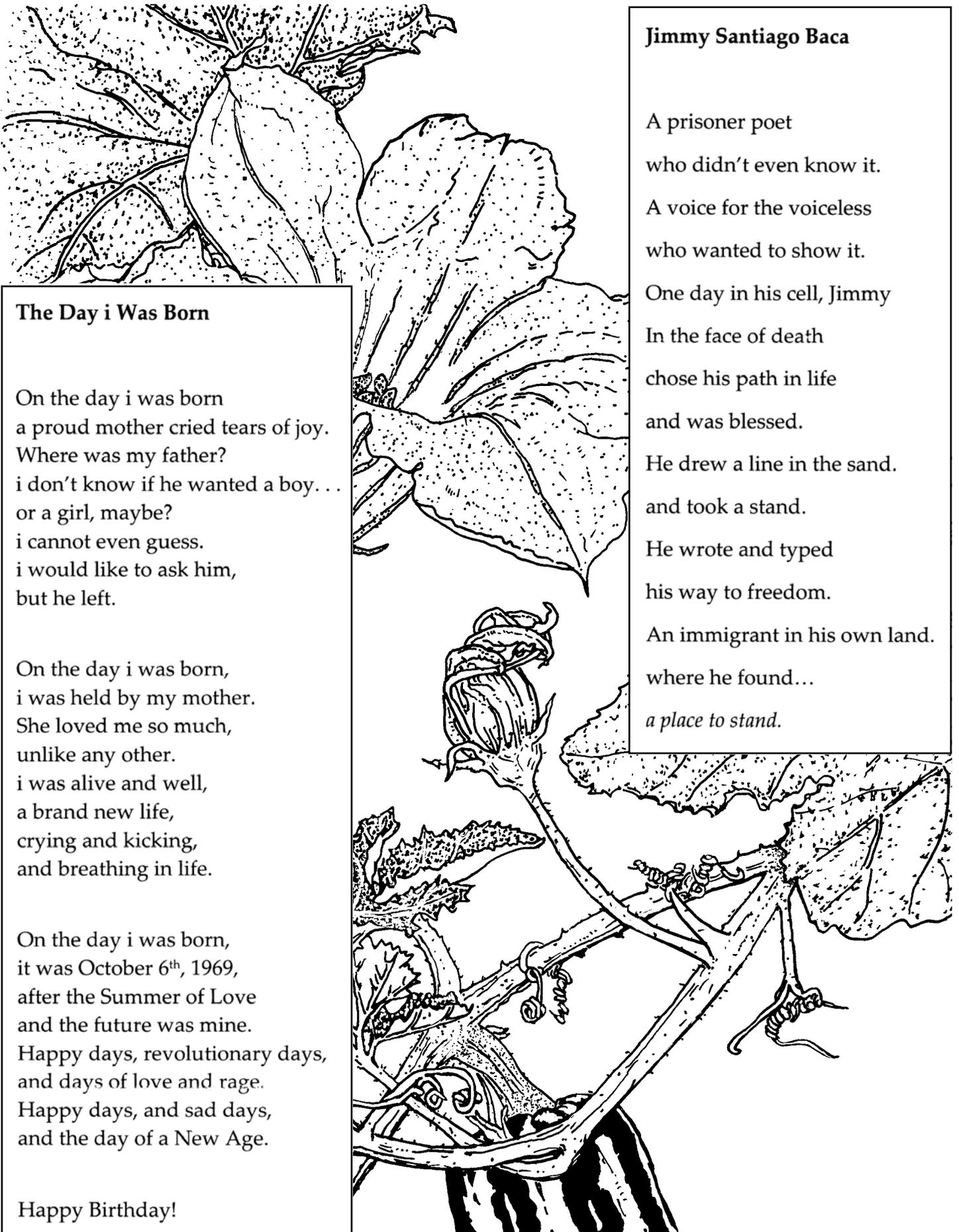
### The Day i Was Born

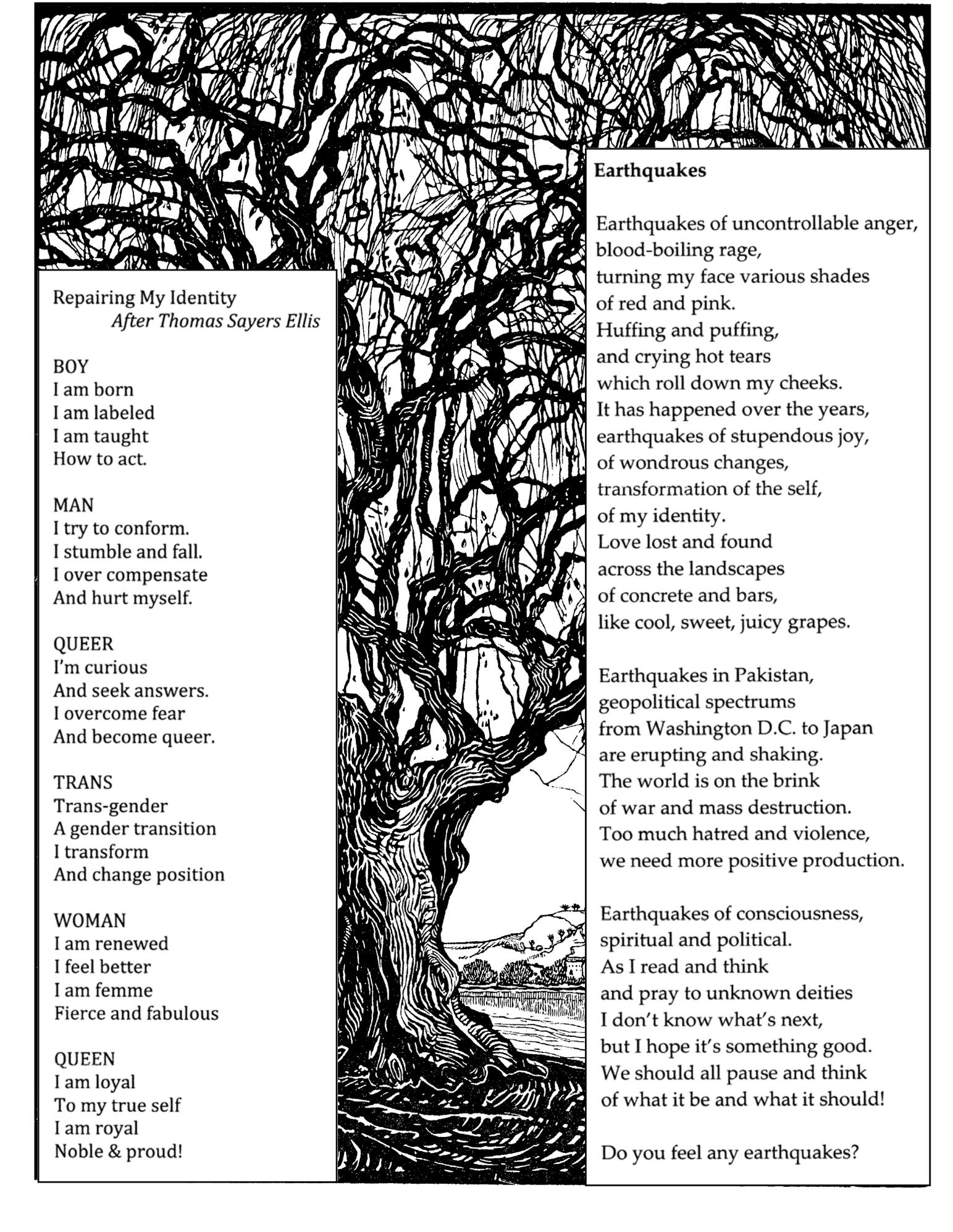
On the day i was born  
a proud mother cried tears of joy.  
Where was my father?  
i don't know if he wanted a boy...  
or a girl, maybe?  
i cannot even guess.  
i would like to ask him,  
but he left.

On the day i was born,  
i was held by my mother.  
She loved me so much,  
unlike any other.  
i was alive and well,  
a brand new life,  
crying and kicking,  
and breathing in life.

On the day i was born,  
it was October 6<sup>th</sup>, 1969,  
after the Summer of Love  
and the future was mine.  
Happy days, revolutionary days,  
and days of love and rage.  
Happy days, and sad days,  
and the day of a New Age.

Happy Birthday!





Repairing My Identity

*After Thomas Sayers Ellis*

**BOY**

I am born  
I am labeled  
I am taught  
How to act.

**MAN**

I try to conform.  
I stumble and fall.  
I over compensate  
And hurt myself.

**QUEER**

I'm curious  
And seek answers.  
I overcome fear  
And become queer.

**TRANS**

Trans-gender  
A gender transition  
I transform  
And change position

**WOMAN**

I am renewed  
I feel better  
I am femme  
Fierce and fabulous

**QUEEN**

I am loyal  
To my true self  
I am royal  
Noble & proud!

**Earthquakes**

Earthquakes of uncontrollable anger,  
blood-boiling rage,  
turning my face various shades  
of red and pink.

Huffing and puffing,  
and crying hot tears  
which roll down my cheeks.

It has happened over the years,  
earthquakes of stupendous joy,  
of wondrous changes,  
transformation of the self,  
of my identity.

Love lost and found  
across the landscapes  
of concrete and bars,  
like cool, sweet, juicy grapes.

Earthquakes in Pakistan,  
geopolitical spectrums  
from Washington D.C. to Japan  
are erupting and shaking.  
The world is on the brink  
of war and mass destruction.  
Too much hatred and violence,  
we need more positive production.

Earthquakes of consciousness,  
spiritual and political.  
As I read and think  
and pray to unknown deities  
I don't know what's next,  
but I hope it's something good.  
We should all pause and think  
of what it be and what it should!

Do you feel any earthquakes?

# Prisoner Support Work by Eric King

There are a lot of ways to support someone in prison, they are all thoughtful for the most part and all are valued greatly. For real though, people in prison, especially those serving years and years, we need real tangible support.

Prison is expensive, prison is lonely, prison is isolating. Prison makes fighting your battles difficult, makes staying in touch with your loved ones hard as hell, makes finding a routine seem like swimming uphill. That is why we always need people who are willing to help us in a real tangible way.

That doesn't just mean giving money, although money is honestly fucking crucial. Everything I need to do to feel human cost money. Letters, stamps, envelopes, emails, phone calls, basic hygiene, any food not on the menu, any sort of writing, drawing, or art project, any clothes that aren't the whites and khakis, any shoes, none of that is free. Add on top of that fucking restitution or FRP payments, and you are hit. If you don't pay that shit, at least here, they take your cell and put you on maintenance pay (5/month)..Jobs here don't pay shit, we make so little it is sickening. 15/month is what 80% of the people are making here, some will get into the 30s or 40s, and five or six people will make 70, but that is the max. Phone calls cost 3\$ every 15 minutes..Think about that? So yes money is good but that isn't the be all, there are so many things that we can use.

I have friends who have actually sent my partner and children things in the mail, and I have felt so much solidarity and respect for them, because they were helping my family when they know that I can't. I have had friends hold benefits and fundraisers for me (and others), and that is the same principle, feeling all that love and support, knowing that people are coming together to help in a very real way. There aren't words to describe how good that feels, how invincible it makes you feel. When I am battling the administration here over medical care or the fucking 'meat free' food, on my own I can't do shit. But when I have others calling up here, emailing, posting on sites, when the Prison knows that I have a voice and people will back my plays, it makes a difference. I've had them pull my aside and say 'we'll work with you, just don't post any shit about us', or 'we can fix this, but no more fucking phone calls', shit like that carries weight and that is tangible support. That is joining me in my battle, whether it is something small or huge, every fight feels massive in here.

Recently my partner was diagnosed with cancer, she has a long history of battling different illnesses and does everything she can, she is a fucking warrior, but she needs help. Well the state isn't going to give it to her, so we called on the community, and so many people have come through. That has shown me the best side of our movement, being there for people who need the help. We've all got problems and we all need help, that is the reality. If it wasn't my partner then it may be Michaels or Seans family or Jennifers legal bills, or someones something, we've got a bit of time and we need people who are willing to truly back us up. That is what support really means to me, me knowing that I am not alone, me knowing that when I make a move, I won't be abandoned, when my family is in desperate trouble, they will be helped. Prison isn't just my sentence, it's their sentence also, it's our communities sentence. Writing letters is great, I have met all my closest supporters and friends through letters, but all of those people have pushed to do more, to take an active roll in helping me survive. Not everyone can do that, but some can, and if you are able to do it, then maybe its something to look at. Some homies have made zines, some have had bake sales, some have made propaganda stuff like posters and stickers, some have reached out to my family, a few have done all of the above.

Everyone of us in here needs that extra support, mentally and tangibly and I ask everyone who may read this, everyone in the prison support scene, to think about the people you write or look out for..Is there more that they are trying to do and need help with? Are they covered with enough to eat or enough to help keep their minds busy, with music or books? Are there families doing ok? And maybe look to do that extra bit, look to spread that love a little further. Your support is fucking crucial.

Until all are Free, ACAB....EK (A)///



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# FREE JENNIFER GANN



"We must remain defiant and determined to defend the Earth, free the land, and liberate our people from prison slavery. Long live anarchy!"

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