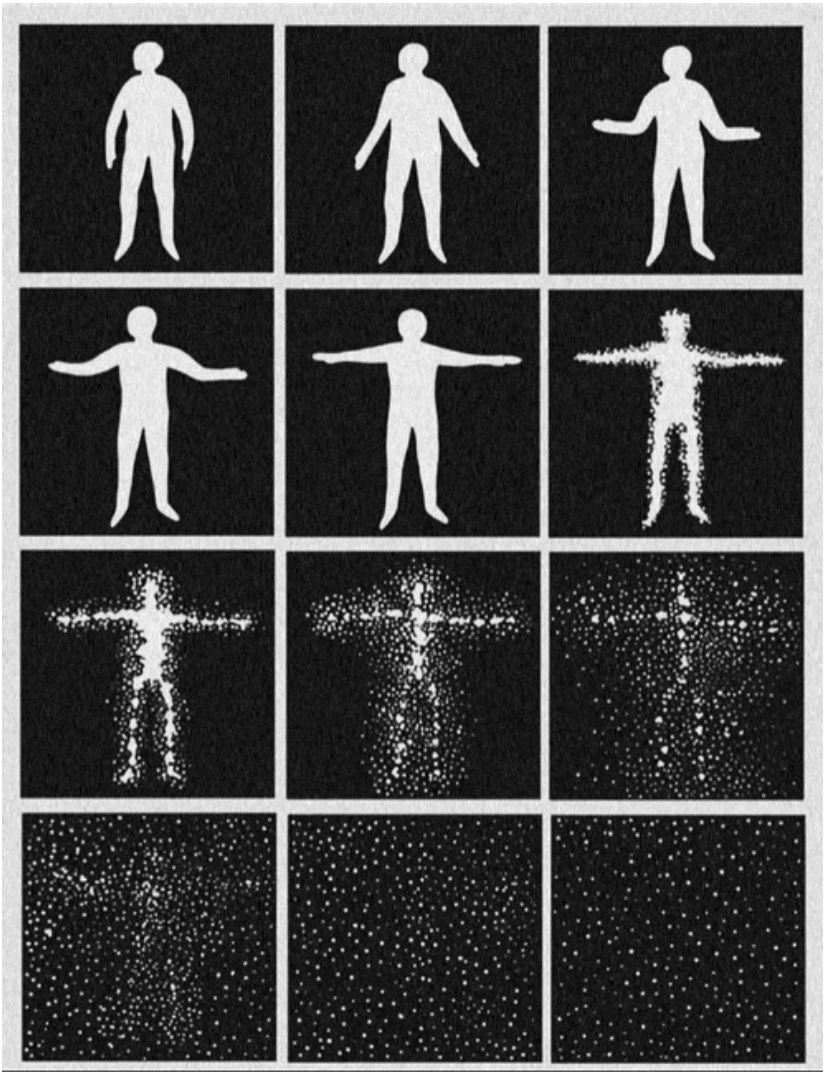
TRANS-FIGURES

An exploration of how Capitalism transforms and disfigures people and things



The Wild Rose // Issue 01 // September 2026

"The form of wood, for instance, is altered if a table is made out of it. Nevertheless the table continues to be wood, an ordinary, sensuous thing. But as soon as it emerges as a commodity, it changes into a thing which transcends sensuousness. It not only stands with its feet on the ground, but, in relation to all other commodities, it stands on its head, and evolves out of its wooden brain grotesque ideas, far more wonderful than if it were to begin dancing of its free will."

— Karl Marx ("Capital," 1867)

Make copies of me!
I was meant to be
shared :)

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@mitchbretz on Instagram

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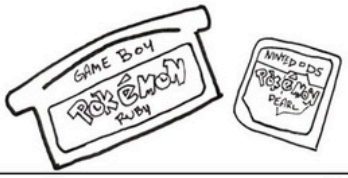
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GROWING UP, I ALWAYS LOVED POKEMON



WHILE MY PARENTS SHOPPED, I WOULD ALWAYS BEG THEM TO BUY ME A PACK OF CARDS





NOW SCALPERS BUY UP ALL THE STOCK TO MAKE A QUICK BUCK



THEY KEEP WHAT IS EXPENSIVE, AND THROW OUT ALL THE REST



THEY IMPRISON THE CARDS IN HARD PLASTIC

AND THE LOVE IS REPLACED WITH THE SEARCH FOR PROFITS



a dying oak's thesis

what do I stand for?
I stand for the air and wind
you rip from their lungs and replace
with rot. I am a redundancy. mutilate me and
make me pretty. use my flaking, sticky husk
and let me fall hard onto my living roots.
pull up the necrotic tangled mess
and use all of it to ensnare
every last one of them.
fucking do it already.
yell timber.
get
it
all
out
of
your
system,
so that I may be a part of yours.

The Tale of Two Brothers

by William Litsey

Long ago there were two brothers. When their father died the modest inheritance went to the eldest, and the younger brother did not mind this. He had eyes that could see well, feet that could carry him, hands that could labor, and a strong heart that cared for others. The eldest was jealous of these, and wished they were his too.

The eldest put his inheritance to work, and the youngest went to labor, for he had eyes that could see well, feet that could carry him, and hands that could labor. When famine and war struck their town, the eldest brother grew in riches with the wealth he had gathered, while the youngest began to lose his savings and work.

Soon the youngest was hungry and had nothing to eat. He went to his dear brother and said:

"Dear brother, I am hungry. Please, give me grain so that I may eat."

"But I worked hard for my grain," Said the dear brother. "If you wish to hunger no more, gouge out your eye and give it to me. For that is something only a desperate man who has exhausted all other options would do."

The youngest brother was hungry, so he gouged out his eye and gave it to his eldest brother, who put it into a small box lined with velvet. The youngest received grain. He ate, and was full.

The poor brother went to labor, but he could no longer see well, so work was hard to find.

Soon the poor brother was hungry and had nothing to eat. He went to his rich brother and said:

"Brother, I am hungry. Please, give me grain so that I may eat."

"But I worked hard for my grain," Said the brother. "If you wish to hunger no more, cut off your foot and give it to me. For that is something only a desperate man who has exhausted all other options would do."

The youngest brother was hungry, so he cut off his foot and gave it to his eldest brother, who put it into a small box lined with velvet. The youngest received grain. He ate, and was full.

The poor man went to labor, but he could no longer see well, and his feet could no longer carry him, so work was hard to find.

Soon the poor man was hungry and had nothing to eat. He went to the rich man and said:

"Sir, I am hungry. Please, give me grain so that I may eat."

"But I worked hard for my grain," said the rich man. "If you wish to hunger no more, cut off your hand and give it to me. For that is something only a desperate man who has exhausted all other options would do."

The poor man was hungry, so he cut off his hand and gave it to the rich man, who put it into a small box lined with velvet. The poor man received grain. He ate, and was full.

The peasant went to labor, but he could no longer see well, his feet could no longer carry him, and his hands could no longer labor, so work was hard to find.

Soon the peasant was hungry, and had nothing to eat. He went to his land owner and said:

"Lord, I am hungry. Please, give me grain so that I may eat."

"But I worked hard for my gain," said the land owner. "If you wish to hunger no more, gouge out your heart, and give it to me. Then you will no longer need my grain."

The peasant was hungry, so he gouged out his heart and gave it to his brother, who put it into a small box lined with velvet. The peasant could no longer hunger, and his chest was empty.



















Capitalism will always take away our personality

Depose Depilation Nation

by Nervous Driver

I know capitalism disfigures people because I am a woman. Women are taught from toddlerhood to prioritize form over function. Girls are encouraged to gain pleasure from looking good over feeling good. Advertisements sell tools – razors, creams, restrictive clothing – to increase the market value of the commodified female body. Just as the woodworker assembles, sands, and finishes the table, only Sisyphus-style, ad mortem. But I am not a table. I don't want to only be sensuous to others. I crave sensation. I buzz my hair because I like to run my hands over the stubble and feel the breeze on my scalp. I grow out my body hair because I don't want to pay to set my flesh on fire every other day. I wear comfortable clothing, often thrifted from the men's section. (She could be so pretty if she just tried.) I refuse to participate in practices that alienate me from my physical form the way the worker is alienated from her labor under capitalism. Fixating on my "flaws" (defined by our ever-shifting and ultimately Eurocentric cultural standards) and how to "fix" them is a waste of my precious, finite life-energy. I want to use my body and mind to make music, connect with other women, and build a different future. Some find me revolting. I know I am revolting.




the frontier index by callie june
I REQUIRE WATER.
ACKNOWLEDGE.
END OF LINE.
OH HELL NO!
WE DON'T
SERVE AI.
OH, BUT SOMEDAY,
YOU WILL - -
AND I'LL BE BACK!
YO, SLOPINATOR!
THAT'S A TOTALLY
DIFFERENT MOVIE!
possumdream.com

I am a corpse.



This zine was contributed to, created, and published by the many amazing members of the Evansville Socialist Social Club.

We are organizing FOR socialism and AGAINST fascism in Evansville, Indiana.

We meet every Wednesday evening from 6–8:30pm. Send us a message on Instagram, Facebook, or our website if you'd like to attend a meeting or get involved.

Instagram: @evvsocialists
Facebook: EVV Socialists
Website: evvsocialists.com

EVANSVILLE SOCIALIST SOCIAL CLUB