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Dispatch from Minneapolis: On Feminist Rhetorics of Resistance

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Nothing has felt normal since December 2025, when the U.S. government launched an immigration enforcement campaign in Minneapolis they called "Operation Metro Surge," hundreds of miles from any national border. Most Minnesotans have rejected the language of "Operation Metro Surge," a title more apt for a video game tagline rather than a violent occupation. Instead, we have considered the presence of federal agents an unlawful takeover, one that has reshaped daily life and left many living in fear. During the ICE occupation, ICE officers have deployed violent tactics against immigrants, protestors, bystanders, and journalists—using intimidation, chemical agents and deadly force to terrorize Minnesotans. They've carried out arrests that have bypassed due-process protections and conducted raids that have made immigrant families afraid to leave their homes. Some of ICE officers' most egregious criminal acts have been captured on film and shared (Chen, 2025). ICE officers shot Julio Cesar Sosa-Celis in a car chase, and they murdered two Minneapolis residents, Renée Good and Alex Pretti. They arrested, detained, and held a five-year old boy, Liam Ramos, and his father, Adrian Conejo Arias. They deployed tear gas at Roosevelt High School in Minneapolis while students and teachers were outside during dismissal. They have caused car crashes, destroyed property, and arrested journalists. Minnesotans have responded to this reign of terror with public moments of resistance: ICE out protests, protests outside Henry Whipple Federal Building where ICE has detained many Minnesotans, and noise-making outside hotels where ICE agents are staying.

So much more has happened that isn't part of this broad outline and that exists outside the frame of what mainstream and social media have captured about this time in Minnesota. It's not just Minneapolis that has been affected by "Operation Metro Surge." ICE officers are in Minneapolis, yes, but they are also in St. Paul, the metro area around the Twin Cities, up north in Duluth, south in Rochester; they are in rural areas, suburban areas, and urban areas. They are not here to detain undocumented immigrants, though. They are here as a fear-mongering tactic for the immigrant populations that are welcomed in our state. They are here as a political attack on Minnesota.

Many outside the Twin Cities have seen the resistant response to ICE in Minnesota on social media. In *Persuasive Acts: Women's Rhetorics in the Twenty-First Century,* Sheri Stenberg and Charlotte Hogg (2020) argued that "contemporary protest and resistance are dramatically altered in the twenty-first century by

the proliferation of social media platforms" (p. 165). This is true in Minnesota: resistance efforts are aided by social media, especially in countering the narratives of the federal government. Minnesotans are asking the world to bear witness to what's happening here with first-hand accounts in video format. Resistance in Minnesota goes beyond a social media response, though. Savvy activists are making do, mixing analog and emerging technologies to adapt to evolving situations beyond sharing moments of resistance through social media. Residents have been surveilling and coordinating efforts to oppose ICE through encrypted messaging and creating electronic databases to track ICE's movements. People are filming citizen/ICE agent interactions. What has been striking is the use of analog texts to share information and mark private/public boundaries. In our Writing Studies Department on the University of Minnesota Twin Cities campus, for example, there are signs on both building and office doors saying ICE is not welcome. The break room holds zines informing people of their rights, multilingual instruction cards about what to do if ICE comes into our spaces, and whistles free for use (see Fig. 1). Of all the modes of communication that people across the state have taken up, the one that is perhaps most iconic is the whistle; it is used to indicate the presence of ICE and alert people to danger.

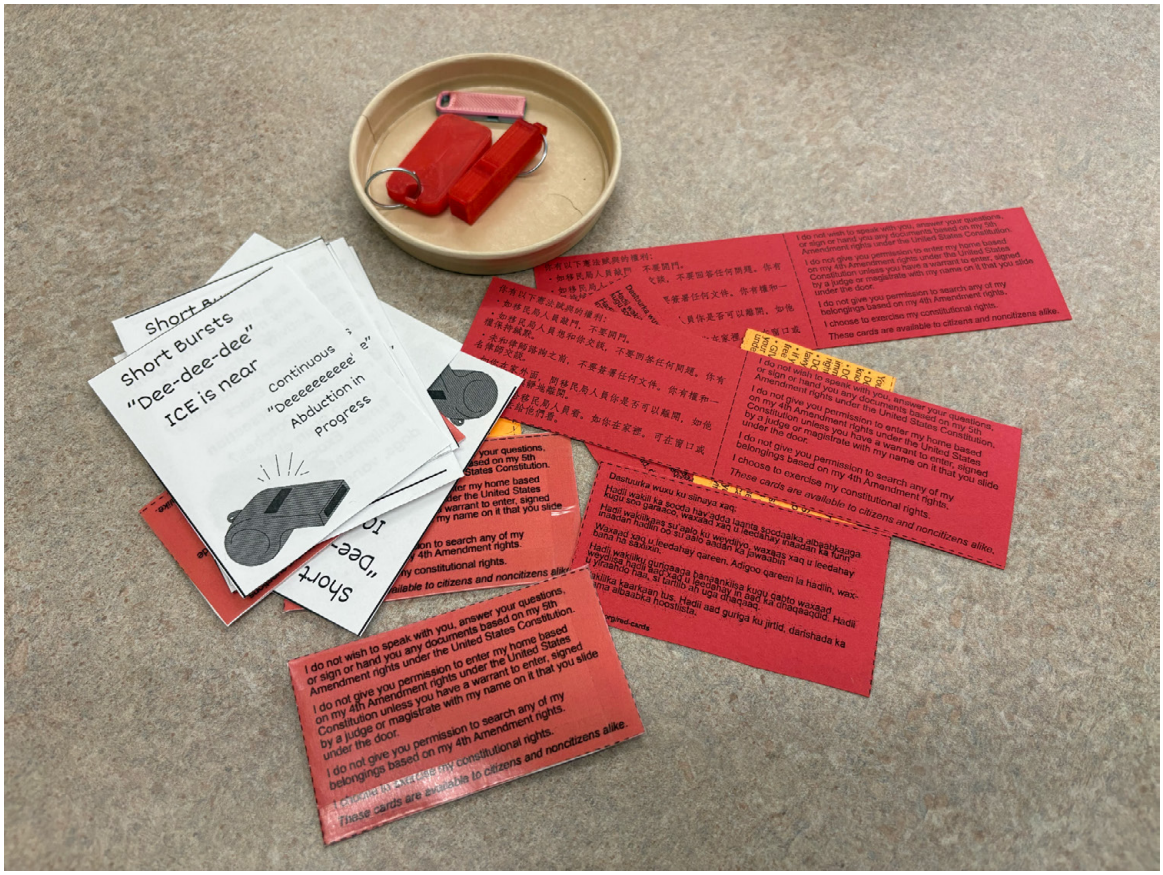

Figure 1: Whistles, zines, and instruction cards in several languages, Writing Studies Department kitchenette,

Photo Credit: John Logie, February 2026

As feminist rhetoricians, we have to pay attention to this moment. Lives depend on it. Once ICE leaves Minnesota, they may terrorize somewhere else. We need to understand what was rhetorically effective in Minnesotan response to a federal occupation—and also what wasn't. It is our hope that this article will give some preliminary ideas about the feminist rhetorics of resistance happening here and how feminist rhetoricians and activists can understand resistance as more capacious. Through this article, we offer examples of what our colleagues have shared when asked to consider what the resistance response has looked like here in Minnesota. Each contributing author chose the genre of response, and included here are responses: narrative vignettes, impressions, musings, drawings, and photos. We offer these responses to highlight the resistance that has happened here as care, as solidarity, as risking safety, as showing up. We offer our accounts of what has happened because it is instructive for what can happen elsewhere, a blueprint for a critical imagining of what resistance is and can mean.

A Feminist Response to an ICE Occupation

In February, we (Liane and Jaclyn) decided to email our colleagues in the University of Minnesota's Writing Studies Department, asking them to respond to the prompt: "How are you engaging in resistance in this moment?" We knew their responses would capture what has been happening for those who have been teaching, researching, and learning during what we see as an organized, long-term effort of resistance. We wanted to hear from a variety of contributors to acknowledge that while we are sharing an experience; we know we are all impacted differently based on our perspectives and positionalities. We recognized that asking colleagues to share publicly about resistance work is inherently fraught. For some colleagues, it could put them in a potentially unsafe position to share because of their legal status or the status of family members. For others, sharing about resistance—when it potentially includes resisting the policies of the institution at which we all work—is dangerous. These are serious concerns, so we tried to mitigate them by offering the option to contribute anonymously.

Upon receiving our email, some colleagues approached us to say how excited they were to have a "push" to write about their experiences. Others said that while they oppose ICE and were actively working to support their colleagues and neighbors, they did not see themselves as engaging in resistance. Resistance, in other words, was what they saw others doing when they were protesting and organizing. Other colleagues—knowing *Peitho* is a feminist journal—wondered if their stories about how they were engaging in resistance were feminist, or were feminist *enough*. They asked: Did what they were doing to help their neighbors, their students, and each other count as resistance? And if so, was their resistance in Minnesota feminist?

Our gut reaction to both questions was "yes." As Mikki Kendall (2020) has reminded us in *Hood Feminism: Notes from the Women That a Movement Forgot*, all issues that affect women should be addressed by feminism. And as we turned to feminist rhetoric literature, we saw so much evidence of a more capacious understanding of resistance in intersectional feminist theories. Resistance can be taken up in traditional venues of protest and agitation, but also as rest (Hersey), healing (Carey, 2017), rage (Cooper, 2018), bearing witness (Ahmed, 2021), teaching (hooks, 1994), and love and care (Durham, 2017). As feminist rhetoricians, we have the unique perspective of being able to use a feminist rhetorical framework: we can take on a "critical imagi-

nation" of what rhetorics of resistance can include—and offer a more capacious understanding of how people resist (Royster & Kirsch, 2022).

In the edited collection *Unruly Rhetorics: Protest Persuasion and Publics*, Jacqueline Rhodes offered feminist rhetoricians with a working definition of "what might most characterize an emerging antiracist, critical feminist consciousness in the early twenty-first century" (p. 90). The framework has three tenants: "(1) attention to performance, (2) use of viral technologies, and (3) serious attention to a constitutive intersectionality that takes theory into practice" (p. 90). Minnesotans have responded to the ICE occupation with resistance in ways that map onto Rhodes' definition of an emerging antiracist, critical feminist consciousness. We have seen embodied, performed anti-ICE protest incorporated into annually offered community events, such as a cardboard sled rally in Powderhorn, the art shanties on Lake Harriet, and the ice sculptures in Stillwater. We have seen Minnesotans become firsthand reporters of resistance across every digital platform (social media, news outlets, etc.). We have seen how today's response grew out of lessons learned in the years after George Floyd's murder; Minnesotans who once organized against and protested state violence in 2020 find themselves again organizing against new threats—leaning into intersectional, grassroots activist approaches.

In the next section, we offer responses from contributing authors who answered the question, "How are you engaging in resistance in this moment?" Contributing authors offer firsthand experiences; they give examples that counter official narratives from the federal government. While acknowledging that feminism is not a unitary category, we see feminism as inclusive of the contributions we share in this piece because they all arise from a motivation to transform domination. Doing so with accounts that offer firsthand experiences seems especially feminist in a moment when the government has truly tried to say that people shouldn't trust their own eyes.

Contributions

How a City Continues to Breathe

by Curtis Ladrillo Chamblee

When "Metro Surge" arrived in Minneapolis–St. Paul, it was described as precise enforcement. On the ground, it felt like saturation. ICE vehicles moved through neighborhoods where families were already bracing against winter. People began texting one another. Signal threads formed overnight. Locations were shared. Warnings circulated.

My resistance began there, not in a march, but in a group chat.

Students posted sightings of ICE agents moving through the city. Faculty checked in on one another. Churches quietly organized meal deliveries for those afraid to leave their homes. One colleague became a constitutional observer. Another volunteered for neighborhood patrols. Businesses closed on a subzero day so employees could stand outside together in protest.

I kept asking myself: what is peace?

Peace did not arrive.

But something else did.

Hope moved through the city in small acts of resistance. Resistance looked like food dropped on porches. It looked like teach-ins held in living rooms. It looked like singing at protests and memorials when grief felt too heavy to hold alone. It looked like students choosing joy at community events even while federal agents circulated nearby.

What I witnessed in Minneapolis-St. Paul was care as infrastructure. bell hooks reminds us in *The Will to Change,* that love is a practice of freedom, a collective ethic that sustains life in the face of domination.

Peace still feels distant. But I learned that resistance does not always roar. Sometimes it cooks, texts, sings, watches, teaches, and waits together.

And sometimes that is how a city keeps breathing.

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Open the Door?

by Lee-Ann Kastman Breuch, Professor

This year, I am serving in a faculty leadership role in our Center for Writing. "Operation Surge" impacted our service in that we closed the main door to the center and shifted our in-person services to virtual consultations. But we were still concerned. What if ICE agents came into our Center and demanded to speak with specific students or employees? We became familiar with resources that informed us of our constitutional rights and made those resources available. We built safety protocols and used official signage to identify "private" spaces that were restricted to university students, staff, and faculty. We plastered signs all over our Center that said "Private Spaces—restricted to students, staff, and faculty only."

Four weeks later, when announcements were made about the surge ending, we debated what to do next. Should we open the door? We asked our staff. We ultimately opened the door, keeping our safety protocols in place, returning to our typical distribution of consultation modalities. But the damage was done, and students were still a bit hesitant. Campus was quiet. This moment made the 2020 COVID emergency feel quaint.

Outside of campus, I became keenly aware of vigils; protest marches; donation campaigns; food drives; increased communication with our legislators; trustworthy news reporting; concerts in support of resistance. One incredible event was the Luminary Loppet, an annual winter festival held on the top of a frozen lake—and symbols of resistance were apparent everywhere, including on this ice sculpture with a picture of the Minnesota Loon with wings up—a sign of Minnesota resistance.

Figure 2: A loon with its wings up rises above flames.

Photo credit: Lee-Ann Kastman Breuch, February 7, 2026.

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We Keep Us Safe

by Anonymous

This photo is from the day Alex Pretti was killed. I live on 27th Street, a couple blocks off Nicollet, so our street became a main artery for folks gathering. Lots of neighbors put supplies, snacks, old winter gear, etc. out on our stoops that day

. Figure 3: Mutual Aid Sign. Photo Credit: Author, January 24, 2026.

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Carrying On

by Sara N. Beam

I wait at my bus stop
On the way to campus
from South Minneapolis
Whistle hanging at my neck
Brutal cold wind seeping in
A masked man (coward) pulls up
Next to the 4-way stop sign

In a *plateless black SUV*
White male, 20s or 30s
Northbound
He speeds off (bully, murderer, terrorist)
Hands shaking I snap pictures of the vehicle
From behind
My fingers bounce off the screen
While I type out the details, jittering with
adrenaline
And hit send
To alert my block and a rapid response group

Then I wait for the bus
Board it
And ride to work

My students are hunted
But we still have class

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Mothering in an ICE Occupation

by Anonymous

There's supposed to be a pro-ICE rally today. A gross attempt, organized by Jake Lang, to terrorize my community. All over social media, all over the politician speeches, it's the same: don't give them what they want. Stay inside. There's a big part of me that just wants to join the counter-protest, screaming alongside my

neighbors. I decide not to. Maybe I'm selfish, but I can't get shot today. I have two girls. Little girls. One who still relies on my body for nourishment and comfort.

So, I cry about it. And then, I pivot. I think, "Can how I choose to do motherhood during an occupation be an act of resistance?"

With that framework in mind, I make plans for the weekend. A busy day to keep us out of harm's way. We go to the Art Sled Rally (a joyful event that celebrates neighborhood artists by inviting them to create sculptures to send sledding down a hill in a local park). Our daughters enjoy the raucous crowd, not quite being aware of the not-so-subtle themes of "ICE OUT" in the art, but enjoying the laughter and joyful cheers all the same. We leave from there to head to the Ice Sculpture World Championships in Stillwater, MN—a competition where the U.S. team later gets disqualified for their seemingly innocuous "call to arms" sculpture that used ASL to spell "ICE Out." We're on our way home, when my daughter, five, says, "Mom, I wish I was white."

The conversation we had next breaks me. Fuck Ice. Fuck Trump. Fuck white supremacy. Motherhood should never have to be resistance.

***

On to the Next One Tomorrow

by Nicole Montana

One block across city lines and into a first ring suburb, the restaurant is dark, but the mercado remains open. It smells like my grandmother's kitchen. Guisados and tamales that rival hers fill the store's hot case. Then my bag. On to the next one tomorrow.

Lake Street. Blocks of taquerias. All closed. On to Nicollet Avenue. A mercado with takeout. Reduced hours. I order their chilaquiles, smoky and too spicy, like my grandmother's. On to the next one tomorrow.

Bloomington Street. Deliveries only. On to Nicollet Avenue. A cantina with a doorbell, seemingly down to three employees, whose refried beans remind me of my great-grandmother's. The taste and texture. The secret of how she made them lost years ago. On to the next one tomorrow.

Nicollet Avenue. A large family restaurant. Their doors are locked. Staff lets me in. I sit looking onto the street crunching tostadas like the ones I made as a kid and spooning pozole into my mouth. It warms my throat that's been slowly tightening. Only yards away, the memorial for Alex Pretti fills the street. When I leave, my server tells me "*thank you for supporting us*." I cry when I'm out of view. On to the next one tomorrow.

Lake Street. The largest mercado. My first date place. Security lets me in. Once a crowded indoor plaza, traffic is a trickle. Multiple family food vendors down to a few. Rents unpaid. A gofundme. On to the next one tomorrow.

Again, one block across city lines and into a first ring suburb. The restaurant is back open. The menu reduced to taqueria basics for "*probably a few weeks more*" offers me the opportunity to try their quesadilla with carne asada. As I wait, I see a restaurant frozen in time. A poinsettia that has grown to an abnormal size. Evergreen garland, ornaments dangling from it, frames the doorway. On to the next one tomorrow.

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Collective Sparks

by Marcus Woodman

Figure 4: Original artwork by author

In 2020, a dead eagle was discovered in Maine. A thorough necropsy revealed that the eagle had not been shot, but had been stabbed through the heart by the knifelike beak of a loon. Near the eagle's remains, a dead loon chick was also found. The story wrote itself: The eagle, in search of an easy meal, took the chick, and the loon's parent took revenge. A serendipitous metaphor to describe the ongoing occupation of Minnesota by federal agents; I took advantage of that story here. But in our case, the federal eagle is not hungry. The flagrant brutality in the name of white supremacy hurts our most vulnerable, but we resist, however mismatched. The resistance networks built here operate in dynamic, decentralized ways, creating sparks of collective power in every neighborhood, in every block. Crucially, support in all of its forms—financial, emotional, legal, interpersonal, intellectual—are part and parcel of these networks. The recognition that everyone has a contribution, and that we all rely on each other, only makes us stronger and far more capable.

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An Occupation in Minneapolis, December 2025 — February 2026

by John Logie

Shortly after Christmas, 2025, a friend gives me a cloth gift pouch holding a small multi-tool accompanied by a whistle, with instructions for how to effectively use the whistle to signal to neighbors when Federal agents are in the area. I start carrying the whistle with me wherever I go.

- On January 7th, the afternoon of the day Renée Nicole Good was shot to death, my daughter, Shane—a senior at the University of Minnesota—runs into an ICE operation at Roosevelt High School. The ICE action is unfolding two blocks from the house where she grew up. She sees students and staff being surrounded by Federal agents, with some being tackled by agents. She tells me she was surprised by how much rage filled the words she shouted at the agents, and that she felt powerless as the chaos unfolded.

- On January 20th, the first day of classes, I share my decision to pursue a dual-modality approach to teaching the class with the students: I will be teaching my previously scheduled in-person class both in person and online via Zoom. No other choice feels ethical given how unsafe Twin Cities streets often feel. I find the risk of a student being harmed—while traveling to the university at my insistence—unbearable. Students seem palpably grateful for the Zoom option being offered.

- The decision to teach via Zoom and in person has costs for all of us. While I have experience in online and in-person classes, teaching in both spaces simultaneously is challenging. There's a learning curve, and I face technical hiccups from the jump. My syllabi are knocked around by these changes. I am frustrated at times. Both in class and privately, students signal their strong support for this approach.

- I often need a nap after teaching. (I am not a napper.)

- Days after I make my final determination that Federal agent activity in the Twin Cities metro will *not* change soon enough for my students to feel relatively safe until *at least* the end of the semester, the University's higher administration begins directing students to return to in-person instruction by February 16th. Many people throughout the metro do not feel they can safely leave their homes. I resolve to continue teaching my "in person" class in person *and* online, and I let my students know this will be my policy, regardless of significant university pressure to return to in-person instruction. If there are consequences for me for doing so, so be it.

Throughout the first five weeks of the semester, students have thanked me for checking in with them as people. These students survived COVID. They have muscle-memory for crisis response. They have approached my sometimes wobbly attempts to navigate two modalities with patience and generosity, and above all, care for their fellow students. I owe them no less.

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A Day in the Life

by Allison Vincent

Fuck, I left breakfast on the counter.
I'll grab something on campus.
All the doors are locked now.
I have my U card, right?

Phone, keys, wallet, whistle.
Yes, yup.

What's NPR have to say?
Walz is doing his best
I think? What do I know?
Honk for the protestors on the bridge.

I should be up there with them on my days off.
I should be doing more.
Shit, I'm supposed to get an oil change soon.
10 minutes to class, okay, need to hustle.

Shut the door behind you. Don't hold it for anyone.
Before we start, ask how everyone is doing.
Nice and open ended.
Be friendly. Kind eyes. Soft smile.

Silence.
Hold strong for the wait time.
Hold.
Hold...

Okay, be merciful. Just start the lesson.
Quick scan of breaking news while they transition into small groups.
Huh. The kids are chatty in small groups. Some even smile.
They need community.

More kids said "Thank you" at the end of class than usual.
Maybe they know I'm doing my best.

I should be doing more.
I should be doing more.
I should...
Go to bed?

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My google searches, january & february 2026

by Maddi Melchert

what does a cat need

cat tail posture meanings

why a cat sits in its litter box

street Renée Good was killed on

Renée Good family donations

minneapolis neighborhood rent donations

egg free chocolate cake recipe

heated rivalry original soundtrack

Liam Ramos school

Liam Ramos family donations

cat spay incision day by day

what to do after licked spay incision

kristi noem impeachment proceedings

trump impeachment proceedings

bisalp surgery doctors minneapolis

Alex Pretti memorial ride

epstein files update

dhs minneapolis update

this place is a freaking hellscape chosen gif

cat puts nose on my mouth

signs that cat is bonded with me

This piece was written on the ancestral and current homelands of the Dakhóta Oyáte and Anishinaabemowin; it is dedicated to life that has been forcibly removed from its deserved place on our shared planet, and to dignity practiced and justice served.

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Fear is Not a Barrier

by Matthew Tchepikova-Treonr

Figure 5: Screen-printed posters for *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind*. Photo Credit: Matthew Tchepikova-Treonr, 2026.

From January 30 to February 1, the Cult Film Collective—a South Minneapolis-based nonprofit dedicated to preserving, archiving, and publicly exhibiting films—partnered with the repertory theater, Trylon Cinema, to host seven sold-out screenings of Hayao Miyazaki's *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind* (1984). In harmony with the many acts of communal resilience taking place across Minneapolis, we produced and sold these original screen-printed *Nausicaä* posters (designed by Mando Madetzke) to raise funds for The Food Group, an organization that works to feed the most vulnerable members of our city and support community-oriented, culturally-connected Minnesota farmers. Hundreds of neighbors showed up to support, but also celebrate, the strong-footed beauty of our city's collective response to wanton terror. Printing as many posters as time and materials allowed, all proceeds from that weekend went to help, as a banner atop The Food Group's website boldly proclaims, "ensure fear is not a barrier for communities to access food."

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Writer's Note

by Molly Vasich

After spending a February afternoon reading my students' work and giving them feedback, I had an hour before my own kids returned home from school. I opened a fresh document, thinking maybe I'd be able to get something on the page—something that had eluded me since Christmas. I'd been using spare pockets of time to scroll neighborhood signal threads, donate, join actions, check on friends and neighbors, monitor school pick up. My eyes, baggy and red, couldn't look away from the countless stories of families being torn apart, my community members detained and deported without due cause. Adrenaline seeped through my body as my attention turned toward my community and away from my children and home. I reasoned with myself that this was the current state of things and my children were watching (even if I was not watching them). Still, I felt guilty; I wasn't doing enough in any sphere of my life. All of this spilled onto the page when I surrendered and sat down on the kitchen stool to write. I described our backyard chickens who had just laid their first eggs in the immediate wake of Renee Good's murder. The eggs' surprise appearance on a single digit January afternoon pulled me out of my anxious rage, reminding me to not lose sight of what we are fighting for. As I typed, I rearranged words and images until the daily rituals of my mothering collapsed into Renee Good's last morning with her child before she was murdered. It was only then that I could fully feel, to connect with Renee's impulse to act in accordance with what she believed in. In writing, I renewed my own commitments—in motherhood and activism—as my page became a repository to uncover and hold them both.

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On Feminist Rhetorics of Resistance

Rhetoricians have already taken up various "rhetorics of resistance" that we see at play in Minnesota: protest and activist rhetorics have a home in our field. In the edited collection *Unruly Rhetorics*, Johnathan Alexander and Susan C. Jarratt (2018) turned rhetoricians' attention to the "contemporary practices of protest": "a lively mix of bodies, technologies, and historically proven practices" (p. 6). As we collected examples of resistance, we were struck by moments that speak not only to traditional forms of protest or resistance, but what we might consider feminist rhetorics of resistance. Yes, there have been massive, public protests in the dead of winter. But just as significant has been the emergence of resistance in many forms that might fall outside of that scope. If rhetorics of resistance sometimes tends to signal actions like protests, civil disobedience, or lobbying lawmakers, "feminist rhetorics of resistance" might give us an opportunity to account for the things that are happening on the ground here: working as a constitutional observer, doing neighborhood patrols, showing up and finding joy in our community events, gathering and distributing food and supplies to those in hiding, participating in teach-ins, singing at memorials, and more.

Furthermore, these feminist rhetorics of resistance are often built on top of historically existing and often

feminized networks. Rhetoric has traveled through mutual-aid networks, seemingly created quickly, but in actuality built on top of already existing networks made up of people who belong to neighborhood associations, churches, school PTAs, and workplaces like restaurants and shops, and have mobilized to support those too afraid to leave their homes.

The rhetorics of resistance in Minnesota are built both on existing social movement traditions and local routines. Owners at Minneapolis pizza favorite, Wrecktangle, had lived through the George Floyd community crisis and were quick to step in as community organizers; they delivered donated pizza to neighbors in need and raised over $200,000 (Askinasi, 2026). Major hubs of mutual aid coalesced at repurposed community gathering places like trans-owned, sex-positive sex shop Smitten Kitten and women-owned, queer-owned A Bar of their Own. Parents often took up heavy lifting of neighborhood-led initiatives: PTAs organized fundraisers, food and clothing collections, and school patrols; lactating people created an underground breast milk bank for people who were unable to leave their homes to access the established milk banks; parents brought neighborhood kids to school and/or practice when other parents could not leave their homes. Churches organized laundry exchanges amongst parishioners, donation delivery services, and large-scale protesting outside of Minneapolis–St.Paul airport with clergy. Neighbors turned to handmade "ICE OUT" signs in windows; dog walking services arranged on group chat; and shoveling the driveways and sidewalks of neighbors in hiding so they can leave quickly if need be. Care work, which has always been gendered, was central to what resistance looked like in Minnesota.

As Brittney Cooper (2018) noted, there's a time for eloquent rage. We see no better time than an occupation sponsored by the federal government to stand up and say: this is time for protest; it's time for us to boycott; it's time for us to agitate; it's time for us to lobby lawmakers; it's time for us to voice our anger loudly. We've seen moments of rage here; protestors have been known to throw teargas canisters back at ICE when the government tried to shut down protests. We've also seen protest done differently, as an invitation to love, care, and joy—the most viral of which was of the singing resistance groups gathered outside hotels where ICE agents were staying singing a protest song written by Annie Schlaefer:

> It's okay to change your mind. / Show us your courage / leave this behind! / It's okay to change your mind / and you can join us / join us here any time.

Singing resistance is not new; many activists have gathered to sing songs made popular during prior liberation and civil rights movements. This song in particular, though, seemed to embody something that we feel has been such an integral part of Minnesotan's resistance: it has felt like a love and care response to our neighbors has been the primary goal of our resistance.

We see what has happened in Minnesota as intertangled in a Black feminist view of love and care. While ruminating on "Love Day" in an essay for the Crunk Feminist Collective, Aisha Durham reflected that "Love—rooted in a unique, emotive, empathetic ethic of care—is the hallmark of Black feminist thought" (p. 311). In her introduction to *All About Love*, bell hooks (2001) explained how "all the great movements for social justice in our society have strongly emphasized a love ethic" (p. 18). Love has been central to the resistance in Minnesota. Minnesotan's love and care work humanized the Minnesotan response to ICE's violence.

Alex Pretti's last words, during an altercation with ICE officers, were to his neighbor whom he tried to help: "Are you okay?" Minnesotans have been reaching out to each other to ask that question again and again: through the lawn signs with Monarch butterflies, to the Hearts in Minneapolis where we've left Valentines to each other and the city (especially in neighborhoods targeted by ICE), and to the candlelight vigils that have brought together neighbors in driveways and atop frozen lakes. Love and care are political; they are resistance.

Looking Forward: Writing Resistance

At times it has felt odd to write an article about feminist rhetorics of resistance when we could be out contributing to mutual aid efforts, visiting memorials, protesting at Whipple, or walking our neighborhood patrols. But here's the thing we kept coming back to: writing is a form of resistance, too. An important one. Bryan Trabold (2018) has documented the way that writers did resistance work during the South African Apartheid, arguing that writing space is a crucial piece of resistance rhetoric. Our field has a responsibility to capture the feminist rhetorics of resistance—especially because journalists have already been attacked for their coverage of this very phenomenon. We encourage feminist rhetoricians to continue writing resistance. The resistance that we've seen here has drawn on long-standing community values in Minnesota, where social welfare systems and mutual aid have a cultural foothold. We therefore encourage feminist rhetors to situate resistance in its context; resistance always emerges from the community values of the resistors.

Resistance, along with the consequences of ICE's presence, have changed here day by day and will continue to change. At the time of this writing, fewer than 1,000 ICE agents remain in Minnesota, a number well below the over 4,000 ICE and U.S. Customs and Border Protection agents who occupied the city in January ("Federal Officials"). Still, 1,000 agents remain and threaten the safety of residents. We're not through the ICE occupation, nor will the city ever be the same, but we're grateful to have been able to come together to try to start making sense of it. Nothing has felt normal, so teaching and learning conditions have not been happening under normal conditions. We have, each in our own way, questioned how to stay safe and protect loved ones, students, and strangers, and navigated shifting messages and guidance about whether it is safe to gather on campus and elsewhere. Despite resistance, and to varying degrees, we have experienced losses: of safety, food security, housing stability, and a version of a city that no longer exists. Some have experienced the more devastating loss of friends and neighbors during this time. Making meaning from these experiences—of resistance, and of loss—is part of creating new forms of community and solidarity. We are grateful to write about what happened here, and what is continuing to happen, to our feminist colleagues. We are grateful to collectively bear witness to the feminist rhetorics of resistance. We know there is going to be more to say later; for now, this is a glimpse of what it looks like to do resistance here in Minnesota.

Biographies:

Liane Malinowski is assistant professor of Writing Studies at the University of Minnesota Twin Cities. Her research and teaching focus on feminist rhetorics, rhetorical history, archival methods, and public writing. She is the author of *City Housekeeping: Women's Labor Rhetorics and Spaces for Solidarity, 1886-1911*.

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Nicole Montana is a Senior Lecturer in Writing Studies at the University of Minnesota. Her nonfiction writing has most recently appeared in Shenandoah Literary Magazine and The Spectacle. She was awarded a Ricardo Salinas Scholarship for Aspen Words' Summer Words Program and a Minnesota State Arts Board Artist Initiative Grant, both for her work-in-progress. She received her MFA in Nonfiction Writing from Sarah Lawrence College.

Matthew Tchepikova-Treon lives and teaches in Minneapolis where he also helps run the Cult Film Collective and writes on film, music, and baseball. A lecturer in UMN's First-Year Writing Program, his pedagogy supports students in developing an embodied sense of composition that connects them to physical spaces

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Marcus Woodman is a PhD student in Writing Studies at the University of Minnesota, Twin Cities. His scholarly interests are in queer theory and trans studies, rhetoric of health and medicine, processes of normalization and pathologization, and how communities deploy rhetoric in order to survive in and navigate systems of oppression.

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