

Fortnight

Direct Action Monterey Network

The world is burning. There's nothing to do now but stoke the fire and huddle around it for warmth.



Issue #1 - Winter 2014

Direct Action Monterey Network (DAMN)

DAMN is a forum for anarchists, feminists, socialists, and other anti-authoritarian revolutionaries in the Monterey/Salinas area to find each other, discuss idea and news, and take action! Fellow travelers, sympathizers, and supporters are welcome!

We are committed to creating a world without hierarchy or coercive authority. We fight against all forms of oppression and exploitation.

We desire a free, egalitarian society. We embrace autonomy and horizontalidad (horizontalism) both in the way we organize ourselves, and in the world we are trying to build.

We believe that creating such a world requires a fundamental transformation of society. In a word, revolution.

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This zine is an introduction to our group, but more importantly, it's a self-published outlet for artistic and political expression. It features art, poetry, musings, and advice from members of DAMN and our friends. We hope to inspire more DIY publishing projects, and to stir up trouble! If you would like to get involved with DAMN, or have a contribution for the next zine, feel free to come to our meetings or send us an email:

centralcoastdirectaction@gmail.com

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

IF THE POLICE STOP ANYONE...

- Stop and watch.
- Write down officers' names, badge numbers, and car numbers (they are required to tell you upon request).
- Write down the time, date, and place of the incident and all details as soon as possible.
- Ask if the person is being arrested, and if so, on what charge.
- Get witnesses' names and contact info.
- Try to get the arrestee's name, but only if they already gave it to the police.
- Document any injuries as soon as possible. Photograph them and have a medical report describing details of the injuries.

IF THE POLICE STOP YOU...

- Ask, "AM I FREE TO GO?" If not, you are being detained. If yes, walk away.
- Ask, "WHY ARE YOU DETAINING ME?" To stop you, the officer must have a "reasonable suspicion" to suspect your involvement in a specific crime (not just a guess or a stereotype).
- It is not a crime to be without ID. If you are being detained or issued a ticket, you may want to show ID to the cop because they can take you to the station to verify your identity.
- If a cop tries to search your car, your house, or your person say repeatedly that you DO NOT CONSENT TO THE SEARCH. If in a car, do not open your trunk or door - by doing so you consent to a search of your property and of yourself. If at home, step outside and lock your door behind you so cops have no reason to enter your house. Ask to see the warrant and check for proper address, judge's signature, and what the warrant says the cops are

searching for. Everything must be correct in a legal warrant. Otherwise, send the police away.

- The cops can do a "pat search" (search the exterior of one's clothing for weapons) during a detention for "officer safety reasons". They can't go into your pockets or bags without your consent. If you are arrested, they can search you and your possessions in great detail.
- DO NOT RESIST PHYSICALLY. Use your words and keep your cool. If an officer violates your rights, don't let them provoke you into striking back.

IF THE POLICE ARREST YOU...

- You may be handcuffed, searched, photographed and fingerprinted.
- Say repeatedly, "I DON'T WANT TO TALK until my lawyer is present." Even if your rights aren't read, refuse to talk until your lawyer/public defender arrives.
- Do not talk to inmates in jail about your case.
- If you're on probation/parole, tell your P.O. you've been arrested, but nothing else.
- Police can arrest someone they believe is "interfering" with their actions. Maintain a reasonable distance, and if cops threaten to arrest you, EXPLAIN THAT YOU DON'T INTEND TO INTERFERE, BUT YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO OBSERVE THEIR ACTIONS.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT... to be in a public place and to observe police activity.

This article was brought to you courtesy of Copwatch Berkeley.



Organizing meeting every Sunday. 7pm-8pm at Old Capitol Books, 559 Tyler Street, Monterey
<https://www.facebook.com/DirectActionMontereyNetwork>

Events:

D.A.M.N. Celebrates Black History Month with a series of film screenings!

February 7th, 2014 6:30pm "BLACK POWER MIX-TAPE 1967-1975" (2011)

February 21st, 2014 6:30pm "FREE ANGELA AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS" (2012)

February 28th, 2014 6:30pm "AMERICAN VIOLET" (2008)

All films will be screened at the Peace Resource Center, 1364 Fremont Blvd., Seaside

<https://www.facebook.com/events/249305611904589/>

The 19th Bay Area Anarchist Bookfair

March 22nd 2014 10am-6pm @ The Crucible, 1260 7th St, Oakland

<http://bayareaanarchistbookfair.wordpress.com/>

D.A.M.N. FEMINIST FILM FESTIVAL

Two days of films and discussion, with your local peninsula anarchists & feminists.

March 28th, 2014 4-8pm

March 29th, 2014 2-8pm

All films will be screened at the Peace Resource Center, 1364 Fremont Blvd., Seaside

Kids' space provided at the films!

Thinking Critically About Society - Spring Seminar Series

With the Monterey Community Education Project

April 2nd, 2014 6:30-8pm, "WHAT IS ANARCHISM?"

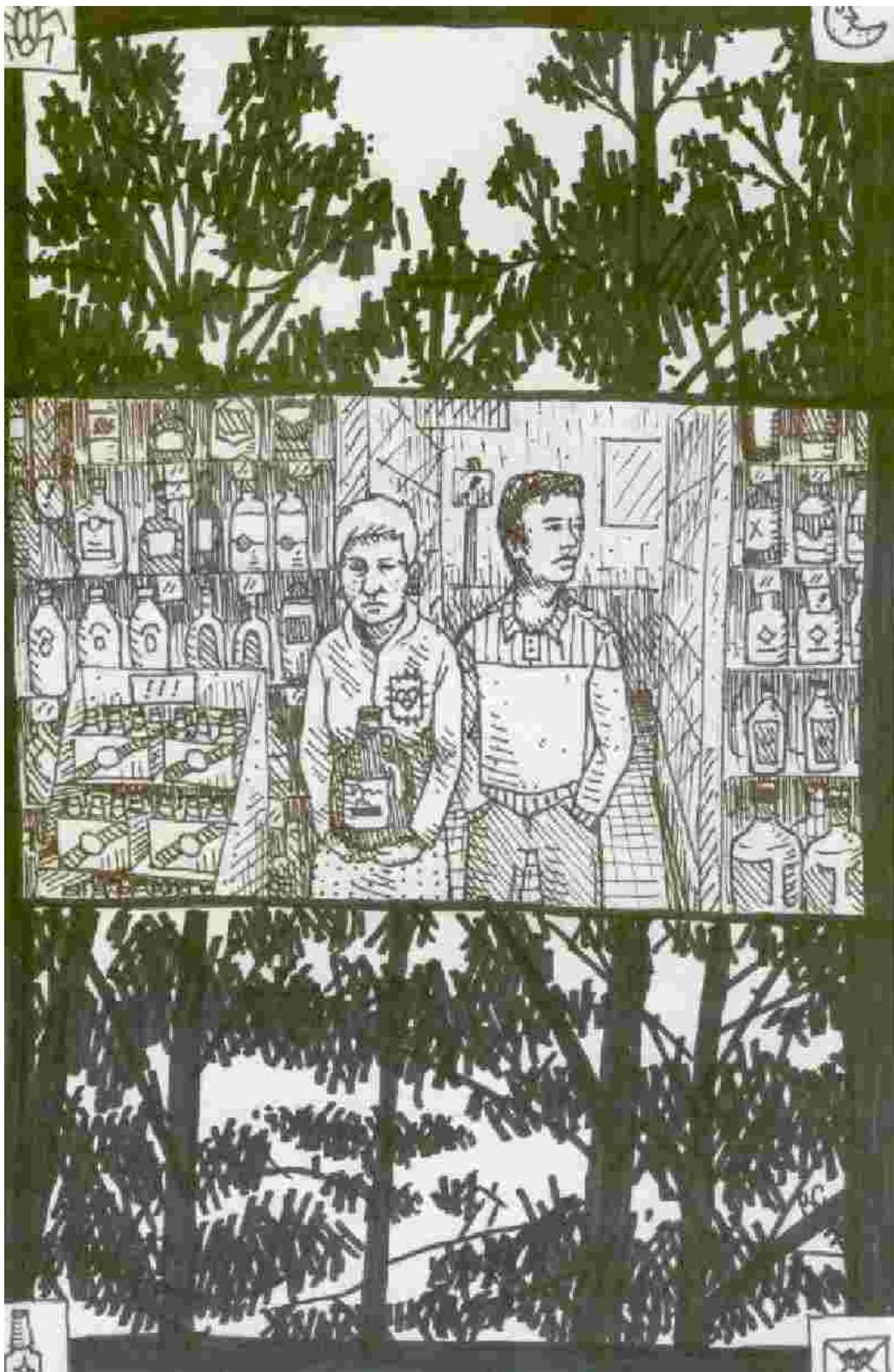
April 9th, 2014 6:30-8pm, "SOCIAL PERCEPTIONS OF DISABILITY"

April 16th, 2014 6:30-8pm, "RADICAL EDUCATION"

April 23rd, 2014 6:30-8pm, "THE PSYCHEDELIC CONSCIOUSNESS"

All seminars will be held at Old Capitol Books, 559 Tyler Street, Monterey

<http://solidaritymonterey.wordpress.com/2013/02/06/monterey-radical-community-gathering/>



- DIGNITY
- Personalized shopping carts (not grocery; guy in LA made w/ names)
- Fresh Healthy Foods (@church donations)
- Anyone's mother is as worthy of my love and expression of care as my own mother
- Not Expired Foods (Past Months or Years)
- Shelter
- Empty buildings sitting for lease for years!
- Tax write-offs- for charitable offers
- Veterans Park (Campsites)
- Restorative help centers: preventive health/care (drug free)
- Dental care that saves & protects teeth with good nutrition and cleaning
- Dental & eye care volunteers
- 1st aid kids/H2O
- Haircuts
- Hotel vouchers for children
- Open fairgrounds for use: showers & restrooms - tax money going unused most of the year
- Resume updates
- Open libraries longer for this (like Silicon Valley does)
- Dental work
- Preventive Care
- Lockers
- Peace for people
- Not Bullies

Write Your Homeless Needs

- A house with my pets
- A house
- A car
- Help us; No more cops
- Sobriety & my own house soon
- My son to be O.K.
- Jackets!
- Medicine
- A bathroom
- House on a hill w/ a Cadillac Seville
- Antibiotics!! always
- Cures for illnesses

The following is a transcript from several brainstorms and homeless advocates to determine needs:

homeless people

Homeless Women's Needs and Dreams

- Women's I-HELP
- Safe places to park and stay overnight
- Harm Reduction
- Parks, maintenance work, grow gardens
- American Legion
- City parking overnight
- Churches
- Store Parking
- Del Monte Shopping Center

- Work, showers, laundry, safe places to set tent and/or sleeping bag
- Places to shower/bodily functions care, restrooms
- Solutions - Monterey Sports Center (do laundry)
- DLI/Gym/Sports Center
- NPS/ GYM
- YMCA
- 24 Hour Fitness (do cleaning)
- Coast Guard Stn.
- AAFES (Army & Air Force Exchange Service)
- Laundromats
- L.I.F.T. Fort Ord
- Laundry help vouchers
- Mission Linens
- Use Fort Ord like I-HELP for men is
- Eat the Rich!

- Rain Proof Sleeping Bags
- Space Blankets
- Warm Wool
- Churches etc. act on Fort Ord leasing for apartments to be shared by groups of three homeless who combine to help offset expenses; is only home supply for so many homeless
- Pay low income families to use their driveways or extra bedroom/garage to supplement their income; would mean a lot to some
- Gas vouchers
- car upkeep
- bus vouchers

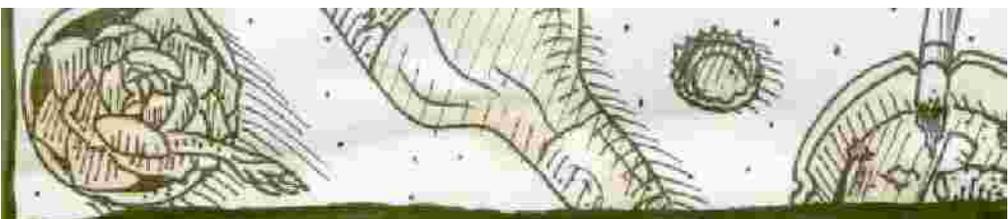
Instructions for Behavior at Border Control

Wear a red dress. Paint your eyebrows green. Ensure your gait accurately mimics the gait of a cat who has fallen awkwardly from the sofa and is pretending they haven't.

Hop back and forth across the line that reads PLEASE STAND HERE, singing lustily *Now you see me Now you don't*.

Drop to one knee with a ring made of luminous plastic and zebra-skin. Ask the ugliest guard to marry you. Stroke their gun. Say with conviction *I studied witchcraft* then laugh because with your green eyebrows they know you are telling the truth.

While you wait in the queue ignoring the glossy instructional videos, invent a MAGNIFICENT TELEPORTATION DEVICE and write the revolution's manifesto in your vapor trails and read it to the queue and the guards and the passengers and all until the terminal begins to implode from the weight of its own internal contradictions and make yourself the teleportation device, the manifesto, the implosion. Make a lever of your time. Handle yourself with care.



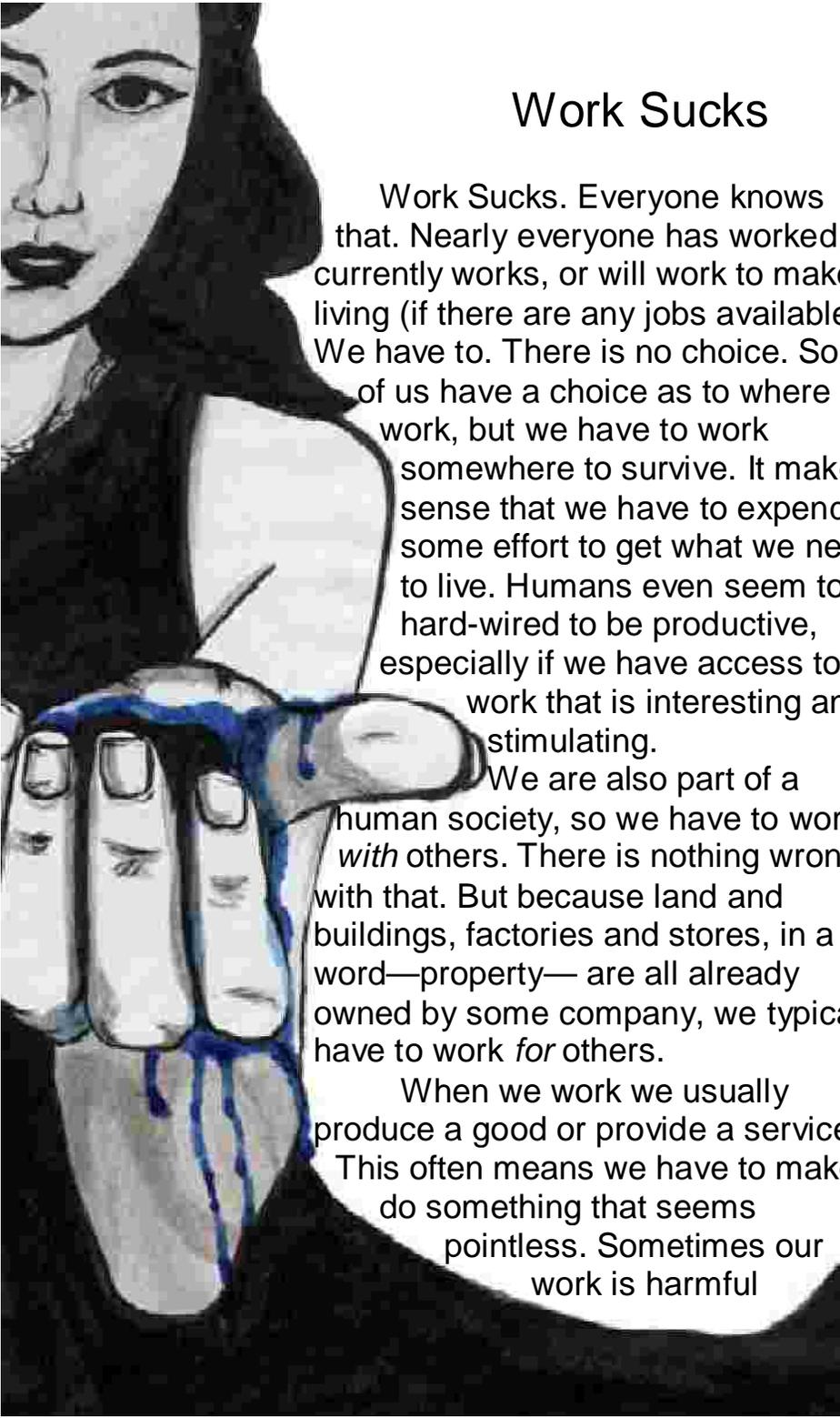
Solitary in Salinas

After causing a disturbance at a coffeehouse in Monterey last June, I was taken to the county jail and put in a cell by myself. I had been identifying with the plight of the homeless during a period of hyperactivity on my part so I was very pleased with the cell, because compared with being homeless on the streets in Monterey like my friends, I suddenly had a wonderful, heated, relatively clean jail cell with a mattress. In my mentally-ill state felt this was my little house where I could sleep, relax, exercise, and so on. I was then led to a shower and to a new cell with a bare concrete-like floor. I was naked without my shirt, shoes, pants, underwear, my false teeth or any possessions. There was a small hole in the center of the room where I was supposed to take care of my defecation and urinary needs. I do not like to squat over a hole in the floor and go to the "bathroom" except when I am in Asia where it is the custom, and usually there is provided a plastic pitcher of water or a small faucet by the hole providing water to cleanse the anus area. I was never given any toilet paper over my two days in confinement. After time went by I noticed that it was time to take my medicine which I had in my wallet when booked. I tried to attract an officer's attention to tell him or her that I was due to take my medicine. I was unable after many attempts to get help or anyone to talk to, even though in the "control" room there were quite a few officers laughing and joking and telling off-color sexually-tinged stories, while completely ignoring all of the people in custody. Women were walking around in high heeled shoes. I began knocking, then pounding on the cell door while announcing my need for medication. After an hour of this I had to defecate and did so in the corner of the cell. When I took a feces and smeared it on the window in the door of the cell. The official response to this was for a worker to tape strips of paper on their side of the glass so they wouldn't have to see the smeared feces. Someone said it was disgusting and embarrassing that I had done this to the cell door window. I felt the disgust and embarrassment was that my physical and mental health needs, as well as of the other prisoners, were being ignored by authorities well-salaried and with generous retirement packages. I was deprived of any human or compassionate contact while being confined. More time went by and I became increasingly depressed about my hopeless condition being ignored in this environment, and I tried to commit suicide by breaking a plastic spoon found among the trash and litter on the cell floor which was there when I was put into the confinement. After making a half-dozen scratches to my veins in my right wrist, a deputy said to me to give him the sharp plastic spoon I was using. It was more like the blood was only oozing out, not flowing. All this time every fifteen minutes an officer would flip back the edge of the paper on the window and pretend to look in at me "for my health and safety." Since this went on for the rest of the night and into the next day. I believe the professionally-paid, well-retirement provided officer must have been only looking but not seeing me in my naked condition inside the

to others. But even when we do something that should be interesting our economy seems to be organized in a way that makes it suck. When we make food for someone or ring up their groceries or do whatever it is that we do, something is lost in that action. The service we provide loses its real value and is transformed into a dollar sign. Our work is no longer valuable because it is useful for someone, but because it can be exchanged for money within a market.

On top of that, every day that we go to work we are being **robbed**. By who, you might ask? By our bosses and managers; by the corporate executives who get rich just for making decisions and the stockholders who get rich *just for being rich*. When we, the workers, do something at work we produce something that is valuable to society. People pay for our work, but this revenue is all gathered up by the company that we work for. They pay off any expenses and buy new resources or products to sell. Then they give us a fraction of the remaining money as our wage. They accumulate the rest as profit, invest that somewhere, and make even more profit!

So if you can, don't work. If you have to work, don't work too hard. Do something else while on the clock. Forget to ring-up some items for a customer. Slow the pace of your work. Steal stuff. In the end, you are stealing from **thieves**.

A black and white illustration of a woman's face in the upper left corner, looking towards the viewer. Below her face, a hand is shown with blue ink-like stains dripping down the fingers and palm. The background is dark.

Work Sucks

Work Sucks. Everyone knows that. Nearly everyone has worked, currently works, or will work to make a living (if there are any jobs available). We have to. There is no choice. Some of us have a choice as to where we work, but we have to work somewhere to survive. It makes sense that we have to expend some effort to get what we need to live. Humans even seem to be hard-wired to be productive, especially if we have access to work that is interesting and stimulating.

We are also part of a human society, so we have to work *with* others. There is nothing wrong with that. But because land and buildings, factories and stores, in a word—property—are all already owned by some company, we typically have to work *for* others.

When we work we usually produce a good or provide a service.

This often means we have to make or do something that seems pointless. Sometimes our work is harmful

constantly lit up cell. I showed the officials my bleeding veins but nothing was done. I asked for a blanket since I began shivering as the night wore on; of course I received nothing and began to pace the urine and feces covered floor to keep up my body heat as I began to feel sicker and sicker. The officers kept every fifteen minutes flipping the corner of the obscuring paper strip they had taped over my window, apparently dutifully noting on a sheet of paper on the right side of the wall that they had checked on my "health and safety." After midnight I began to use some of my feces on the floor to draw a large peace symbol on the back wall of my cell, slogans in Spanish and other comments about what was happening to me. After a while a man who I believe is the jail doctor or psychiatrist had my cell door opened, looked in with his dry-drunk squinty alcoholic face contorted in anger, and said, "If this is what you did to your cell, you deserve to rot in this filthy cell and go to hell." At this point I leapt up from the floor from the back of the cell and tried to put the eyes of this man out, thus ending his police career. He pushed a guard in front of him and quickly backed out of the line of attack. Again a period of neglect and then a guard came by and asked if I wanted to eat. Feeling like I did and, comprehending the plight of the hunger-striking prisoners at Guantanamo, I said, "I am on a hunger strike in protest of this neglect and abuse." His response was, "Good, we didn't want to feed you anyway!" Then he asked if I wanted a blanket. I said no. And again the lawman said, "Good, we didn't want to give you a blanket anyway." Then I changed my mind because of my cold and hungry condition and said that I wanted to eat after all. The lawman said it was too late to change my mind and went on down the cell block with the food. Other people were being given their medication but they would not give me even the medicine I had come in with or any warmer. Next, officers came into my cell and took me into the next cell, also a bare room with a small hole in the center of the floor to do my "business." It was littered with trash and I found a little bologna and bread the last captive had left and ate that food thankfully. After being neglected again for a long time, I began to write with newly-laid feces on the walls of my new cell. I repeatedly banged on the cell door trying to get water or my medicine. I began hallucinating that all sorts of people were looking in my cell, but it was really the regular fifteen-minute 'health and safety' checkups, duly noted on the pad of paper outside my cell that they had earned their generous pay and retirements by doing the suicide checks as ordered. After spending the rest of the night in abject neglect, in the morning I was told to sign a citation promising to appear in court at a later date and I could go home, if I had one. I refused to promise to make the court appearance and so at this time I was taken to the Natividad Health Center psychiatric unit where I wrote these notes about what had happened. I was glad to get out of the abusive, disordered Monterey county jail and I remain here at the locked psychiatric unit now for several days. I will be glad to appear before any authorities besides the jail "employees" to explain in any depth desired why my mental health has deteriorated at this point.



Second Grade Social Studies

All seven-year-olds know drizzly days mean recess indoors,
but the bright, dissecting lights of a classroom are so unforgiving to a
chubby belly, cinched belt, gel slicked pony, shorts pulled up just a little too high,
looking for a place to fit in.
Black and blue athletic shoes whisper prayers to the cold linoleum,
please, not another recess alone.
All the uniform-clad girls stand at attention,
like faithful servants, listening to the proclamations of the queen:
popular girl, sitting on her gray speckled plastic table of a throne
lifts her piercing emerald eyes to meet my gaze
and mumbles an unmistakable **I hate Mexicans**
Hot embarrassment burns in my indigenous blood,
through my bleached-white polo shirt,
up into my onyx eyes where the feverish flurry turns tears to steam
before they wash away scarlet blossoms on my plump cheeks.
I want to run.
I want to hide away.
But instead I just stand there, saying nothing,
Brown skin contrasts so starkly with the white wallpapered classroom.
There is no hiding place for me - Lopez -
In the sea of Davis, Smith, and Hansen that is Private Elementary School.

-Liz Lopez

Reflection

I can't stop thinking about this poem / it eats at me, night after night, in dreams, in vacant stares in classrooms, in unheard lectures, in words on the page rearranged and glossed over to reveal the heart of the poem / only the poem / I can't stop thinking about the poem.

/

Time is distorted inside the walls of a prison / I swear to god the time is sleeping itself away. Fourteen hours a day give or take, but who's counting? (one-thousand, one-hundred and four days) Who's counting, anyway?

/

I wonder if I've gone mad / or if I've always been mad / or if mad is a thing at all. I'm sure it is. I'm sure I've seen it in the yes of a medicated killer. I'm sure I've seen it in scratched stainless steel reflections. I'm sure I've seen it, the mad man in Moloch, the angel and the bum. The face of the watch, illuminated. I'm sure I've seen it.

/

I've squandered my privilege / if ever I had privilege at all (and I'm sure I did) / it's been squandered. As an incarcerated white man you feel the reverse of that privilege / the anger of the oppressed / the other side of the proverbial coin. The turned stone reveals a mirror.

/

I AM CHRISTOPHER COLOMBUS / I AM JAMES EARL RAY / I AM GEORGE ZIMMERMAN / I AM THE L.A.P.D / i am christopher dorner treyvon martin / i am martin luther king / i am an indigenous woman.

///

I've fucked myself again.

Frank Gidney
April 2013

