

The Event



Direct Action Monterey Network

Sedition ripens.

Bacchus beckons.

Issue #3 - Summer/Fall 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 u 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.

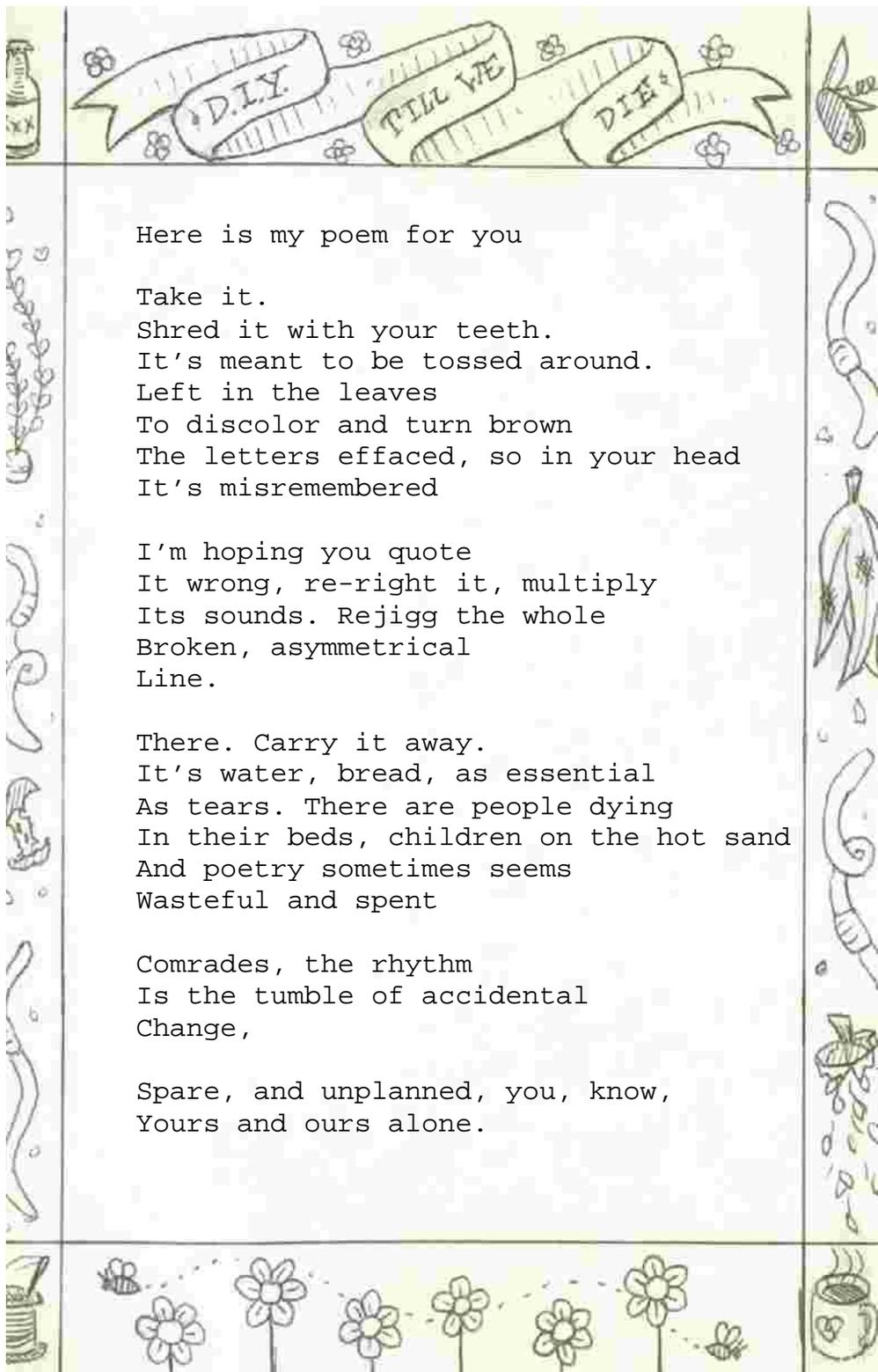
- The cops can do a "pat search" (search the exterior of one's clothing for weapons) during a detention for "officer safety reasons". They can't go into your pockets or bags without your consent. If you are arrested, they can search you and your possessions in great detail.
- DO NOT RESIST PHYSICALLY. 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.



Here is my poem for you

Take it.
Shred it with your teeth.
It's meant to be tossed around.
Left in the leaves
To discolor and turn brown
The letters effaced, so in your head
It's misremembered

I'm hoping you quote
It wrong, re-right it, multiply
Its sounds. Rejigg the whole
Broken, asymmetrical
Line.

There. Carry it away.
It's water, bread, as essential
As tears. There are people dying
In their beds, children on the hot sand
And poetry sometimes seems
Wasteful and spent

Comrades, the rhythm
Is the tumble of accidental
Change,

Spare, and unplanned, you, know,
Yours and ours alone.

we're laughing/hysterical/so poignant/the colors/the metaphors!THE METAPHORS!

nothing is real
and
that's as real as it gets

But what do I know of the world? Of particular "reality"? Of molecular love?

So many come before/exertion and patience/what I'll never know/silence/the only thing to fear///

Love and the absence of love / fire and smoke / choice / change: things that are mine//and//

How many hits of acid do you want /// 4 bux a tab???

I want enuf / to walk naked in high tide on a moonless october, and
I want enuf / to kill the master in his chamber while the whole world watches,
and
I want enuf / to not remember all the things I can't forget, and
I want enuf / to die, come back to life, save the world, betray it, dip to another world, save it too,
die again then wake up screaming, and
I want enuf / to fall in love with every grain of sand between my toes, and
know they love me, too, and
I want enuf to know I've had
enough.

I only want enough to know I've had enough...

Enough - by Tyler Gidney (from Nothing is Real /// Everything Matters, vol 1)

"(all poems are of love and politics)" even today, and my heart still beats in my throat

and I croak "love" like a brittle snapping thing under-foot, paid no mind to.

Alone, drunk and stoned: my poem/is/love/is/my poem/even tonight/and/and/and/

a stranger, a muse, a game of chess (how I want to give hopeless)

baby...

can I walk with you a little longer...you can tell me to go whenever///wherever///

(check that - let me bite yr neck)

(Too many muses)

I have gone/ "from madness in madness to madness"
and

I have gone/ to inhuman depths: the pressure is getting to me
and

I have gone/ no telling when I'll be coming back
and

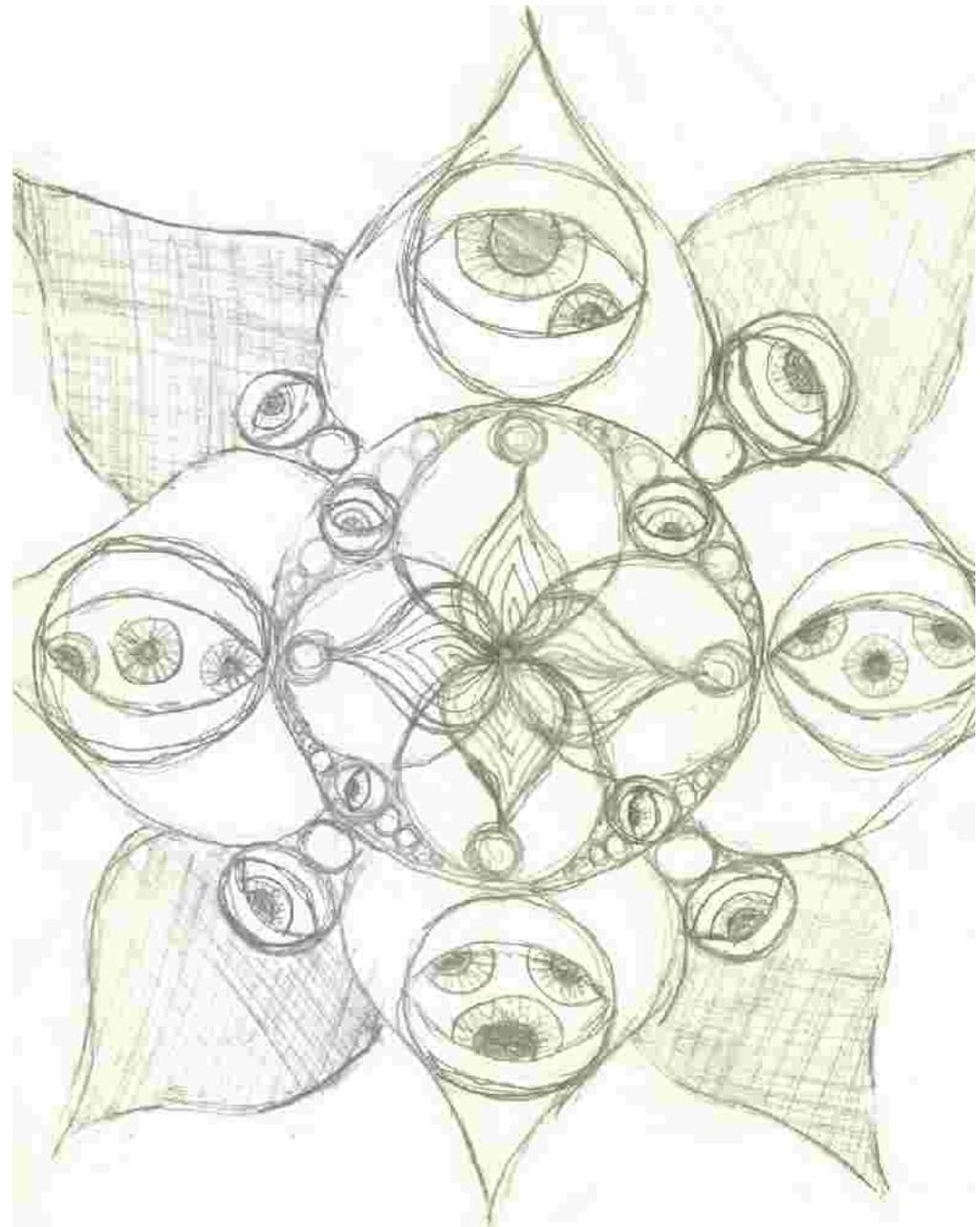
this is only the beginning.

The drugs are showing/have you noticed? have you? have another? half a bag of mushrooms

three joints

stone IPA

and sand and/and/and



There Is No Such Thing As A "Bitch"

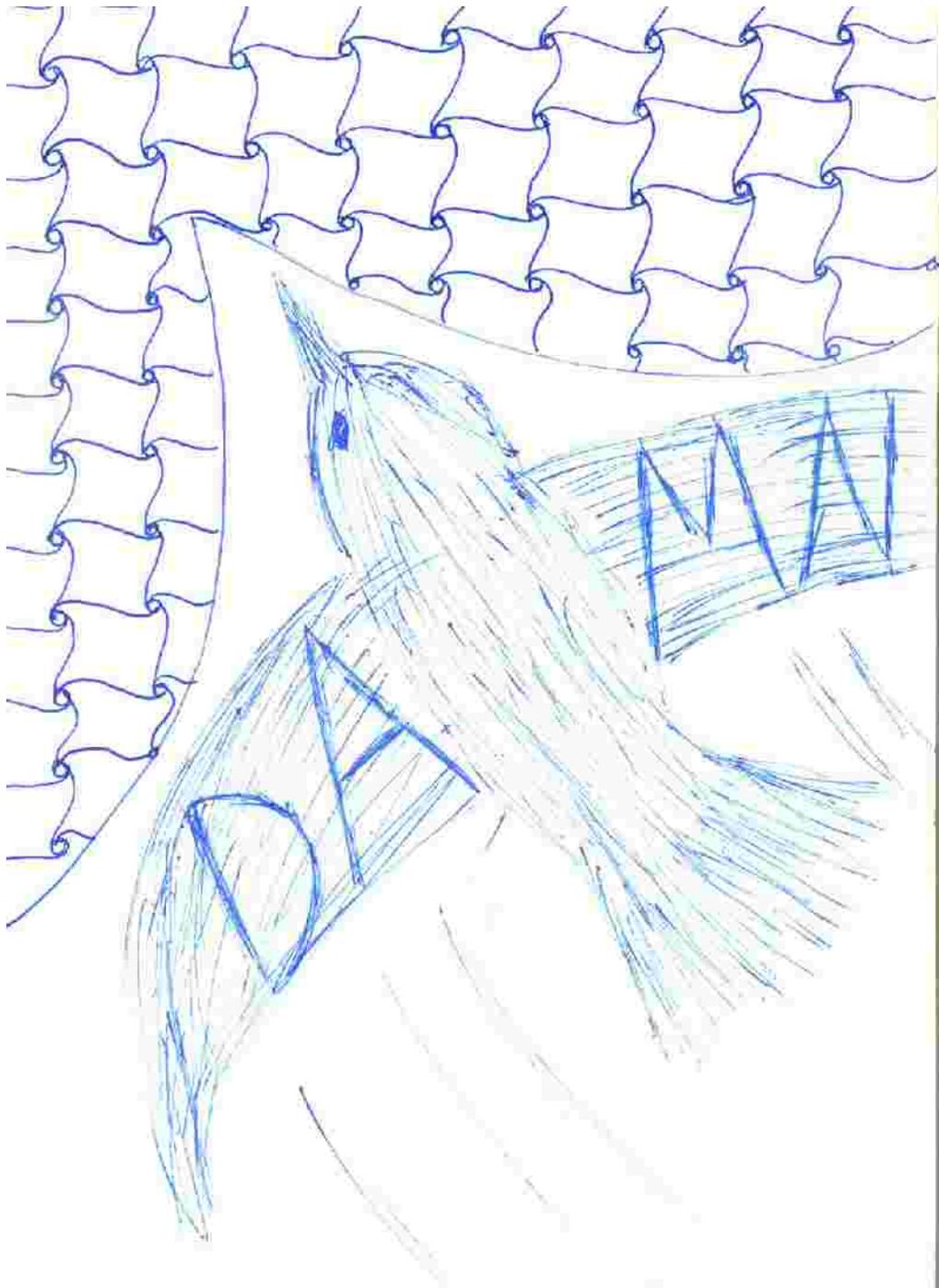
*Trigger Warning: Discussion of gendered violence and sexual violence

There is no such thing as a "bitch". The concept and word are merely a tool to reinforce patriarchal oppression, a system based on the rigid adherence to the gender binary. This binary attempts to force people to identify as either a "man" or a "woman", while privileging those who can pass as a "man" at the expense of everyone else. A side note, before anyone whines about the actual definition of the word "bitch" being "a female dog," it is obviously insulting to associate womyn with the image of a dog in heat, used to breed new litters of puppies. Plus, words can have many meanings. This essay is referring to the use of "bitch" as an insult (more often against womyn), which has become the most common use of the term. In fact, this use of the word has seen several drastic increases in American literature starting in 1920, the year womyn won the vote, again during WWII when womyn entered the industrial labor force in record numbers, and it has increased dramatically since the feminist movements of the mid 1960's.

The word "bitch" in modern United States is generally used against womyn who act assertive or men who act passive. Either way, it's used to push people back into proper behavior for their assigned gender. It is intended to shame womyn for not being submissive and encourage men to act aggressively. A passive man is not enforcing the domination of womyn, and thus is ridiculed by other men who need a united front to maintain their power over womyn. Likewise, a woman who does not agree with a man's opinions or submit to his desires is challenging not only that man, but the privileged position of all men.

"Bitch" is only one example of language being used to control behavior and encourage gender conformity. The long list of words like "slut," "skank," "whore," etc., used to shame womyn for being sexually active, reveals the extent to which

The anarchist sees revolutionary change as something immediate, something we must do now, where we are, where we live, where we work. It means starting this moment to do away with authoritarian, cruel relationships—between men and women, between parents and children, between one kind of worker and another kind. Such revolutionary action cannot be crushed like an armed uprising. It takes place in everyday life, in the tiny crannies where the powerful but clumsy hands of state power cannot easily reach. It is not centralized and isolated, so that it can be wiped out by the rich, the police, the military. It takes place in a hundred thousand places at once, in families, on streets, in neighborhoods, in places of work. It is a revolution of the whole culture. Squelched in one place, it springs up in another, until it is everywhere. Such a revolution is an art. That is, it requires the courage not only of resistance, but of imagination.



patriarchal domination relies on controlling womyn's sexuality. This also shows the catch 22 that womyn face: they will experience shaming whether or not they are perceived as sexually active. They are going to be identified as either a prude or a skank, a bitch or a slut. Patriarchy's favorite tool of domination seems to be trapping womyn into dichotomies that don't allow them to win. Womyn must maintain a saintly purity or else fall into the way of sin, and then face ridicule either way. And womyn are often expected to maintain both roles in these dichotomies. In another example, men often treat womyn as a helpless child and a sexual object simultaneously. Besides being quite a perversion on the part of men who do so, these contradictions force womyn to fill limited and fractured roles.

Of course, language and cultural attitudes are not the only way of enforcing gender conformity. Underlying the daily slurs and verbal abuses is the very real threat of violence. All womyn face the possibility of sexual aggression and violence, regardless of their sexuality or identity. And the further that one strays from these unwritten laws, threats and physical violence occur more frequently and intensely. This is why queer and trans people are more likely to face violence, and more brutal forms of it as well. But these acts of violence do not occur in isolation. Every act, every instance of behavior that reproduces the false gender binary and pushes people to fill one of these roles, creates the web of attitudes and behavior that allows for, and even encourages, the often violent enforcement of this rigid structure.

And it is an intensely rigid structure. Many people could never conform to these roles. Many more wouldn't even try to if it was not reinforced every day. So if the gender binary does not exist, then a "bitch" cannot exist. Using this kind of language only helps maintain the patriarchal system. Such a system must be opposed, from every oppressive attitude that we've learned to every act of violence, even the verbal ones.



please don't give up

Perpetual Consciousness

The power of the mind to alter perception is astounding when you think about it; but, that's the rub, isn't it? For to think is to access the very contraption that alters perception creating a kind of perpetual motion mechanism in which the mind creates and subsequently examines an infinitely undefinable spectrum of possible realities, settling finally on the only logical conclusion which allows one to retain sanity:

just roll with it.

Consciousness is the mist kicked up by the wave and carried by the wind to leave salt kisses on lips and which clings to my beard and which lives in my hair and which ultimately I am composed of in the most literal of senses

my senses

have betrayed me

in the past

so no longer will I trust them.

Still, even today I know what it is to love. Even today, and I know what it is to be loved. Even today and my fingers fly, composing these lines under privileged sky, and I, with my cumbersome ways, smirky smile, wild beard and unpretentious hair, suffer the stares of colonized minds controlling thoughtless and facial muscles, contorting them into grimace, disgust, apprehension and judgment; but trust me when I say that I am happy

that even today I know what it is to be loved

that even today I love you.

Frank Tyler Gidney

April 2013

SILENT HOWLER

Last night, Tyler Street's cold silence
Accentuated the chill of the summer evening,
Something unique to Monterey;
And, as the fog crawled in viciously from the bay
Like a slouching beast trying to be born,
I was asked for two dollars and twenty five cents.

And yeah,
I could smell the breath on his swollen tongue
That sweetly stung only the way that whisky can;
And yeah,
I saw the red veins threaded through his throbbing eyes,
A disguise that only marijuana allows;
And yeah,
I had noticed the old stains of acidic urine
On the torn remains of his tattered jeans
And the remnants of three day old vomit
Across the face of his flack jacket, hell,
I saw it happen in front of Easy Street Billiards
When his thick beard became Jackson Pollock's brush
Across the tough canvas of his chest;
And yeah,
I felt my gut coil like a snake
At the acrid odor of his stench,
Unwashed, quite unlike my own,
And yeah,
I saw how his skin wrapped too tightly
Around the wide landscape of his skull and
Sank, like a whirlpool, into the sockets of his eyes
And, on a warmer day, how his arms
Had grown small flaps like useless wings
From the quick loss of muscle and weight;



And yeah,
I saw the endless grooves across the
Wild geography of his leather flesh,
Tanned and cracked from too much sun,
And I distinctly remembered hearing
Several nights before,
The staccato notes of his snore as I
Walked passed the transit station at 12:24 am
My car keys singing lullabies in my pockets,
My belly full of beer and meat,
My mind on a padded bed,
Two pillows cradling my head
And three blankets I had once complained
Kept me so warm I could not fall asleep;
And yeah,
I had seen his slow gait,
Favoring his left leg
As a farm hand might favor
An old set of reliable tools;
And I thought,
Though I had seen him often,
I had never heard him laugh and,
Only now,
Did I hear the deep grit of voice
As though his speech was rough from
Lack of use as he asked me for \$2.25.

My wallet thick with twenties,
I said I had nothing and continued on
To my silver Buick, a luxury car,
Given to me freely by my mother,
(Who herself had known years
In damp hotels and crowded shelters)
Staring at the sidewalk as he stumbled away,
Living, seeing, hearing, blinking, breathing, feeling, thinking,
Beating with a living heart
Exactly as mine is a living heart,



His moments, like mine,
Going on through his eternity
Into each of the
Thirty one million five hundred thirty six thousand
Seconds of the year that flow through his body,
A silent howler behind those eyes,
And I thought his body would never really be satiated,
And that he would never again know the comfort of warmth
And that his life would continue to be all
Monotony and
Survival and
Marijuana and
Hunger and
Alcohol and
Endless searches for needles and
Hunger and
Bile and
Sweat and
His forgotten stink and
Hunger and
The stares and smells of expensive soap from one more
Midwestern tourist and
Hunger and
Hunger and
Hunger and...

As the car starts, Billy Joel's love song to
His baby grand shoves these thoughts from my head
And I think of my heated home
The inevitable bed and the fact
That I know I will escape Tyler Street
Whose cold silence accentuates the chill of the summer
evening
Something unique about Monterey.

