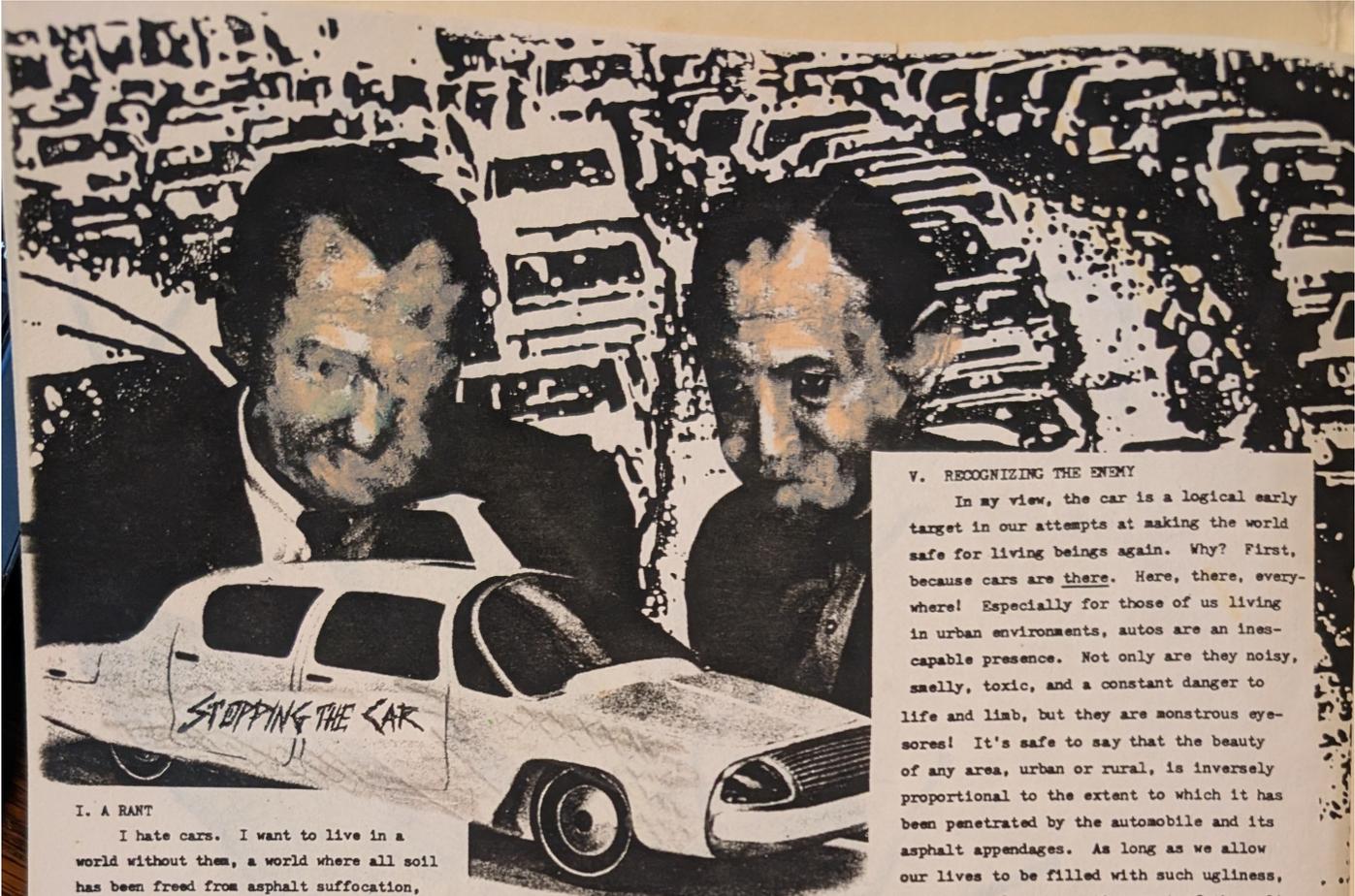


# Dragonfly



Volume 1, Number 1

Carnelian I



#### I. A RANT

I hate cars. I want to live in a world without them, a world where all soil has been freed from asphalt suffocation, where trees grow and animals -- human and otherwise -- cavort on land once darkened by superhighways. And I am not content merely to dream of such a world; I want to join others who share my feelings in slamming the brakes on the automobile, walking toward a world free of rush hours and road kills, cop cars and stop signs.

#### II. "B-BUT--"

Why focus our energies on auto resistance? If all cars disappeared tomorrow we would still be plagued by the perils of nuclear and genetic technologies, still be oppressed by the forces of Capitalism and the State. Life-denying patriarchal ideologies would continue to be disseminated in schools, churches, and through the mass media. In short, is not the automobile little more than a symptom of a greater problem, namely modern technological society itself?

#### III. VEHICLES OF DEATH

Alas, there is another side to this. For, as much as the auto represents a symptom, it is also a perpetuator -- and propagator -- of the disease. As the pre-eminent cultural artifact of our time, the car can be said to be (quite literally) the vehicle by which technology invades, transforms -- and ultimately destroys -- bioregions previously free of its dominance. While the very creation and rapid spread of autos and highways points to a pre-existing alienation

from nature and other human beings, the utilization of this technology certainly fosters and deepens this alienation. And together with the resulting atomization of humans and the devaluation of nature, cars in their numbing multiplicity encourage a sense of fatalism regarding the onslaught of Progress, a feeling of futility in opposing the megamachine.

#### IV. THE WONDER-LESS WORLD AROUND US

Step into a street and all this becomes less abstract, more concrete. Humans not in cars are relegated to thin strips of sidewalk, allowed to cross streets only when automatic traffic lights signal them. Bordering the sidewalks -- and often blocking them! -- are parked cars and trucks; massive, ungainly, menacing, ugly. Down the center of the street move these machines, driven by humans to be sure, but by humans usually hidden behind reflective or tinted glass, their identities becoming synonymous with their cars, their autos representing them. In this environment, the supremacy of the machine is beyond question. Dare to touch a parked car and a screeching alarm may sound; dare to cross the path of a moving car and the penalty will likely be your death -- the car will suffer only cosmetic damage...

#### V. RECOGNIZING THE ENEMY

In my view, the car is a logical early target in our attempts at making the world safe for living beings again. Why? First, because cars are *there*. Here, there, everywhere! Especially for those of us living in urban environments, autos are an inescapable presence. Not only are they noisy, smelly, toxic, and a constant danger to life and limb, but they are monstrous eyesores! It's safe to say that the beauty of any area, urban or rural, is inversely proportional to the extent to which it has been penetrated by the automobile and its asphalt appendages. As long as we allow our lives to be filled with such ugliness, to be ourselves an active part of the ugliness, our visions will be poisoned, our capacity to beautify our world minimal.

Another reason for resisting the auto has to do with the symbolism involved. Automobiles, considered individually and collectively, are perhaps the best and most tangible examples of a "death machine" existing in our daily environment. As a microcosm of technological progress, the car -- eater of life, spewer of death -- must be increasingly understood for what it is. Its consumption of earth's viscera (mineral ores, fossil fuels) and flesh (the vast wilderness areas paved to make way for cars, the hundreds of millions of animals run over annually, the mass human sacrifices rationalized as "accidents" or "acceptable deaths/ miles travelled"), as well as its lethal excretions (toxic fumes, oil spills, huge parking lots, banal suburbs, commodity-worship, the cult of speed, etc.) must be recognized for the atrocities they are, and stopped.

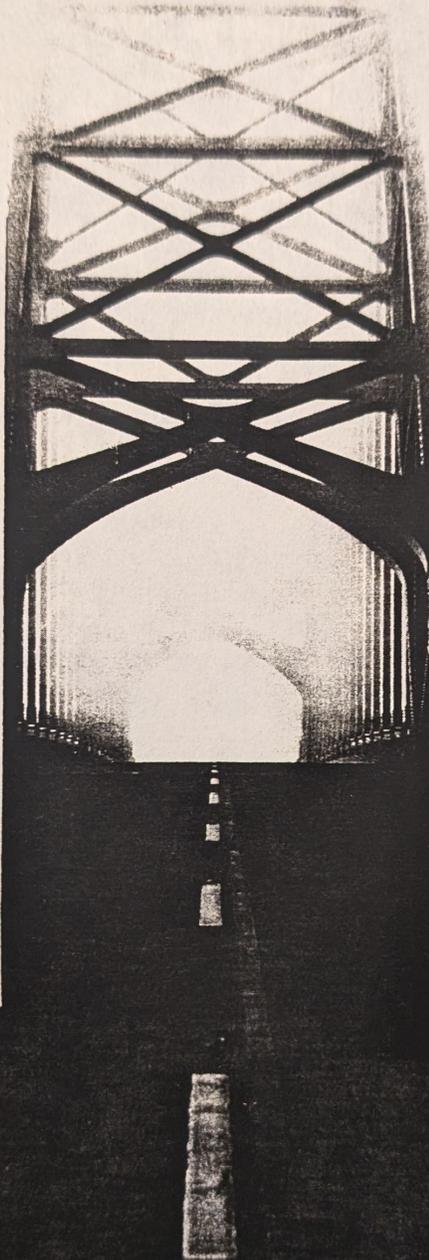
Though our ultimate enemy is modern technological society itself (also often visualized as a "death machine"), this is too large and nebulous a construction to take on all at once; it is by isolating and attacking its vulnerable areas -- in any organism the circulatory system is a good place to start -- that we can hope to weaken and eventually destroy this metallic Leviathan.

#### VI. MY MOTHER, THE CAR?

A further reason for opposing cars is because we, including those of us considering ourselves to be part of an alternative culture, are so dependent upon them. This may seem a rather twisted statement, for our dependence upon autos is the very reason we usually avoid challenging their presence. But this kind of avoidance, this failure to confront our own complicity with the earth-rape going on all around us, will cripple our attempts at fighting for life, for as long as we indulge in it.

This is where auto resistance becomes a very sticky business. I had originally planned on writing a "Walker's Manifesto" in this space, calling for a complete boycott of the automobile. But problems arose for which I knew no immediate remedies. For example, while this article was being written I was evicted from my flat by yuppie landlords (playing their customary gentrification games), and was forced to move my belongings into a new home. How I could have accomplished this without the use of the automobile (short of ridding myself of that which I could not hand carry) was beyond me. Further, as a musician, I know of no short-term alternatives to using cars or trucks to transport equipment to and from gigs. (Perhaps we could switch to more portable instruments, or play only in venues offering use of on-the-premises equipment.)

But acknowledging the difficulty of an immediate and complete boycott does not mean that the urgency in opposing autos to the extent possible is any less. Rather, this acknowledgement represents an awakening to the automobile's hegemony, and points to the importance of developing transportation alternatives -- or alternative lifestyles -- resulting in liberation from auto tyranny.



#### VII. OVERTURNED VEHICLES

So how do we go about stopping the car? As just mentioned, making auto use unnecessary is an important part of the strategy. The pseudo-alternative of new high-tech mass transit systems, though perhaps representing a slight improvement in the state of things, is no real solution. Only the re-creation of locally autonomous communities, enjoying walking access to all of life's necessities and pleasures, will lead to the world I dream of, a world not of deadly freeways, but of lively free beings.

But even when we have the choice not to use cars, there are those (i.e., that vast sector of Capitalism devoted to the production and spread of autopia) who will try to force them upon us. The declaration of auto-free zones, the closing of streets to auto traffic, the tearing up of asphalt and the incapacitation of motor vehicles themselves -- these are actions not likely to be sponsored by governmental bodies or their corporate masters (and would be highly suspect if they were.) Instead, it is through a rising tide of decentralized direct action, carefully isolating the oppressor from its victimized pawns, that such events will, if ever, come to pass.

#### VIII. LEARNING TO WALK

I have done my best here to present a range of car-related thoughts I've had recently. If there is an awkwardness at times in my ramblings, perhaps it is a reflection of the awkwardness inherent in making the transition from one long-dependent-upon mode of transit to another. Like a child learning to walk, falling frequently, sometimes reverting briefly to crawling, our own attempts to walk (toward an auto-free planet) will not be free of hitches. But it is my hope that, like that child, we will resist the temptation to regress, ultimately gaining full power of our legs and feet. We shall then be able to walk when and where we want, each of us rediscovering the wonders of our world at our own pace.

H.H. BLISS

#### PLEASE RESPOND!

Whether you agree or disagree with my opinions here, I would greatly appreciate your reply. I'm starved for dialog on this issue.

# Ideas of Reference

Johann

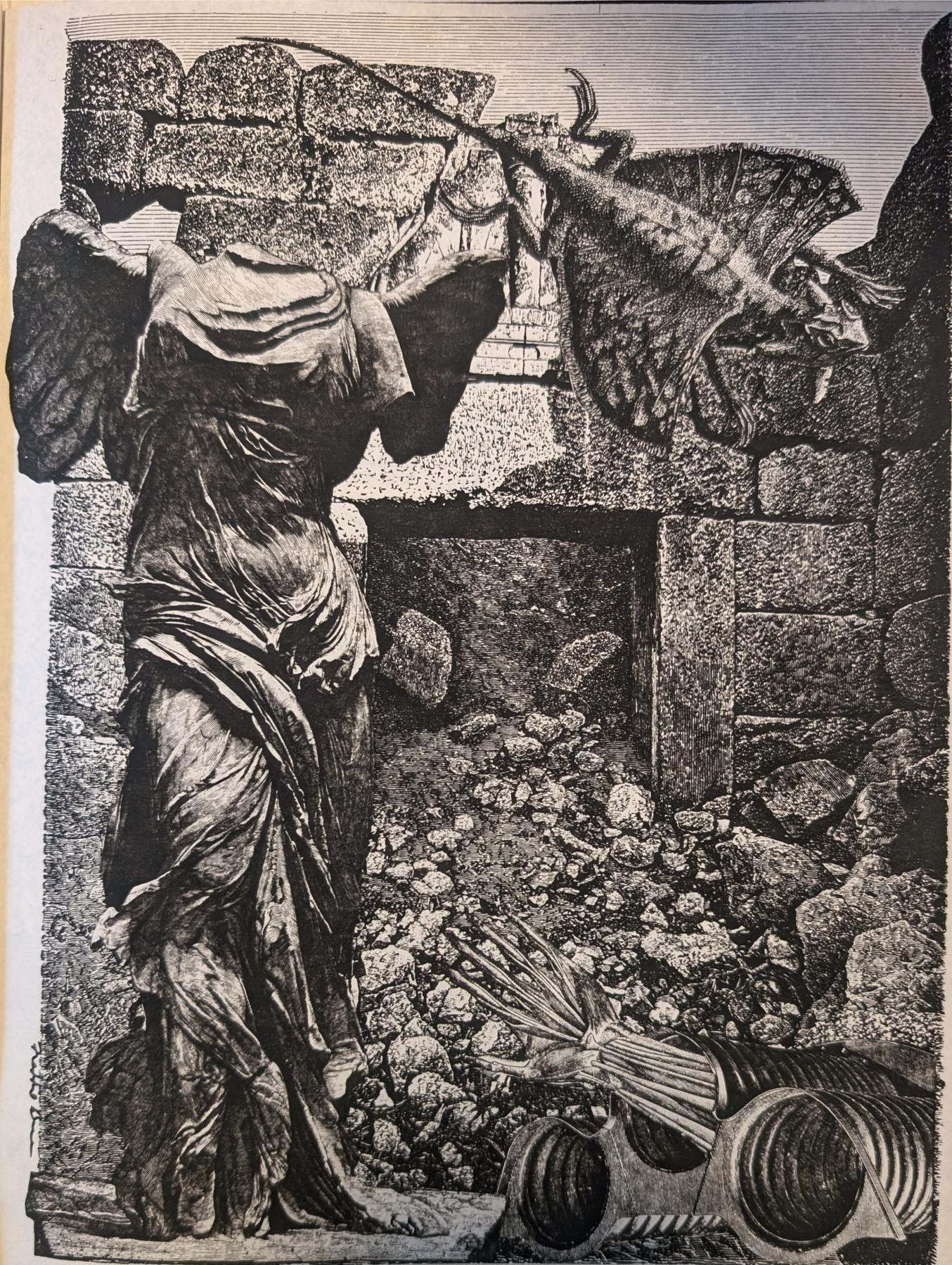
Told that I was capable of much, I was treated as if I was useless. I was encouraged to use my own mind, then told that my ideas were crazy. Just like everybody else. It happened that some of this affected me more than it does most people, so what was Wrong With Me became known as Insanity. The Proper Treatment for this became hospitalisation. In the course of several years I learned how to pass for a normal member of society most of the time by concealing my emotions and deepening my distrust of myself. Thus I became eligible for the status "adult"; a Productive Member of a horrible and life-destroying culture.

We are all treated pretty much the same way, battered and constricted into an accepting, paralyzed, numbed, etc. state. For most of us, it is some type of Normality. For those whose experiences, strengths, and weaknesses make them unfit for normality, some category of Insanity is found.

Residents of the USA are unaware of the institutional psychiatric system in the same way the population of Germany during the Nazi regime were unaware of the concentration and death camp system. Everyone aware of some of its manifestations, some knowing individuals who have gone into it, some have passed through it or been threatened with it. Yet there is general ignorance that many people live within a system which controls where they live, what they do, who they talk to, and what drugs they must ingest. Many different institutions, of various degrees of harshness and completeness fit together into a self-justifying and always-growing machine for the repression and elimination of forbidden states of mind. Unwanted old people, unconfounding adults, and unusable children are placed into this machine and treated in such ways that they cannot leave it.

Drugs known as "major tranquilizers", such as Thorazine, Stelazine, Mellaril, and Haldol cause 20-25% of those who take them a "side effect" called Tardive Dyskinesia. T.D. is a medically well-defined set of symptoms of brain damage characteristically including "slow, rhythmic and involuntary movements of the face and limbs" that makes a person look and feel grotesque. Hundreds of thousands of people in North America have T.D., which is incurable and often permanent. For months, I could barely write because of this drug effect, which is just one facet of forced drugging, which is only one part of institutional psychiatry.

To label someone "insane" is to remove person from society, to deny that per ideas and feelings have any reality, to assert that person should be completely dependant upon and controlled by Proper Authorities. To the extent that our ideas and feelings diverge from that which is considered possible in this society, we stand in the shadow of insanity. The political opponent may be considered wrong, and fought as seems necessary to preserve the political order; the denier of social reality must be ground down to nonexistence to preserve this society. The fear of Madness is the fear of real freedom.



*Nagy Képes Világtörténet. II.*

A MYKENEI «OROSZLÁNOSKAPU»... (Fénykép után).

A STORY

by Susan Carol Barnes

What was her name? I've never remembered. I was bored, and very young as I sat on the floor at my grandmother's house. Examining the floor: tile, printed with tiny pink and green blocks. Ugly at such close range, but non-descript when standing.

I was leaning against the steam radiator which was painted the same pastel yellow as the rest of the kitchen. Running my small fingers over the flattened, metal tubes. In she came, causing a commotion with her "hellos," as one does when seeing people you don't see often. She picked me up, motherly, and said I was darling and my, how much you've grown. Then, as custom called for, she handed me a trinket, which turned out to be a plastic pickle.

It was an advertisement for the Heinz Company. It was green and bumpy, glued to a safety pin so one could wear it. I sat playing with it, pricking my fingers, rolling it around in my mouth. Making it fly, now dance on the radiator grooves. It jumped, did somersaults, sang a little song. Then, it carefully slipped from my fingers, falling into the radiator. I never found it again.

# A New Calendar

This is a lunisolar calendar, with the lunes (months) and years based on observation or precise mathematical prediction of astronomical events.

The first month of each year begins at the new moon before the vernal equinox.

Days begin at sunrise, so the first crescent appears on the night of the first day of the lune.

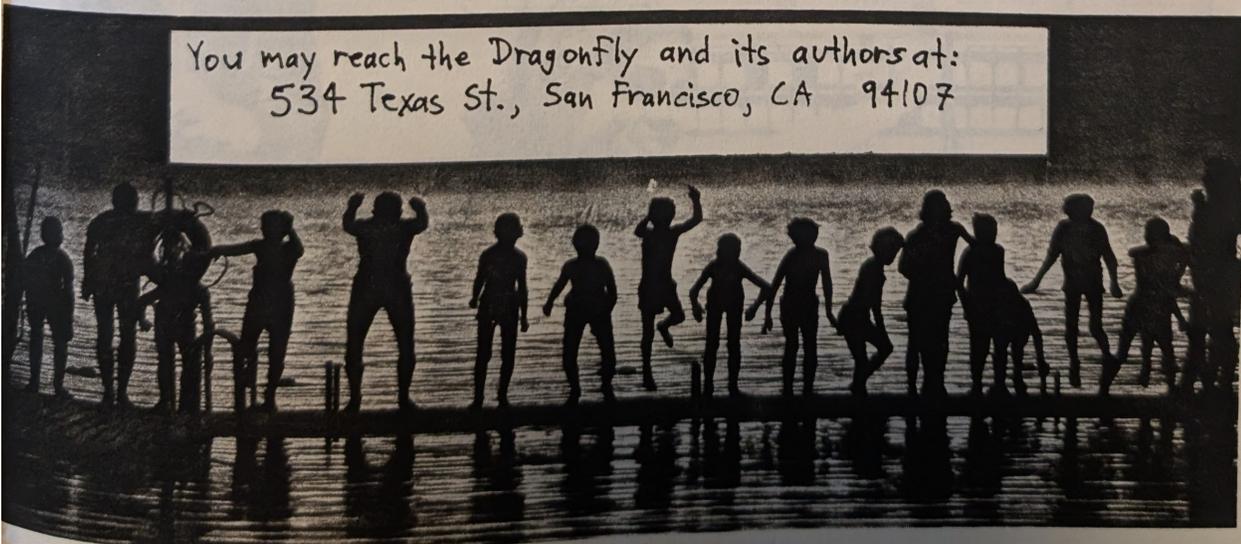
Lunes contain 29 or 30 days, years contain 12 or <sup>13</sup> lunes.

The following table shows the composition of the year 1 and its relationship to the Gregorian years 1988 and 1989; the 13th month in a year having one is named "Gypsum".

	NEW MOON													FULL MOON																		
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		
Opal	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15			
Carnelian	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
Pyrite	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
Obsidian	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
Jasper	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Feldspar	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Garnet	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Bloodstone	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Chert	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Jade	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Granite	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Turquoise	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

The Vernal Equinox falls on 2 Opal, the Summer Solstice on 6 Obsidian, the Autumnal Equinox on 12 Garnet, and the Winter Solstice on 11 Jade.

You may reach the Dragonfly and its authors at:  
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# The Lottery

Buy a ticket  
 Cast your lot  
 The game is over  
 Your hope is caught

Given to the Party  
 Given to the Company  
 Given to your only love

It's out of your hands now-  
 what a relief-  
 Don't have to feel the  
 edging dance of bright and dark.  
 Don't have to look your mirror in the face;  
 see life's pain and joy.

Fluorescent bulbs shine on you-  
 not solar season.  
 Schedules move your here and there-  
 not lunar knowing.

When it's all mindless matter-  
 it doesn't matter what you do  
 And all creating is hopeless:  
 It's easier to stake it all  
 On the falling of some lot.

The odds are easy  
 Clear and set  
 Your spirit is done  
 Living death so simple  
 Grave shut when the window closes.



# NOTES

HEY-- IT'S THE AMAZING...

# HALLUCINO-DISC

NO DRUGS NECESSARY!  
MAKE COPIES FOR  
YOUR FRIENDS!!

INSTRUCTIONS:  
1. Cut disk from sheet. (for best results,  
mount on sturdy paper or cardboard.)

2. Make small hole in center of disk to allow  
placement over spindle of record player.

3. Put 12" record on turntable, then  
place Hallucino-Disk on top of record.

CAPITALISM-- EXCHANGE  
GOODS AND SERVICES!  
SUBVERT  
FREE

4. Drop disk on beginning  
of first song, allowing you  
10-12 minutes before making  
records paper disk.

5. Stare at disk for  
20-30 seconds --  
or longer!! Experiment  
with different playing speeds!

6. Look up at something + notice  
"boiling" hallucinations. (Most speak  
of drawings, carpets, etc.)



UH... HALLUCINO-DISK  
USE MAY BE HABIT-  
FORMING, I FEAR...

A  
TWENTY QUESTIONS  
THING.



DEGA, BOGA!!  
MORE, MORE!!!

