



Morning Ride

A storm beneath Venus  
A screeching of tires  
Lights flicker and mine broken  
I ride faster  
Head on  
Hoping to get wet



After decades of declining fatality rates, why has dangerous driving surged again in America?

THANK YOU



ALL ABOUT

TRANSPORTATION

GIRL



cars and trucks they've built. Nissan. A company constantly striving to be faster, first. A company whose technology way beyond transportation. In the United we call it "Major Motion." Nissan has always performance oriented. This is evidence" by the



ISSUE #2



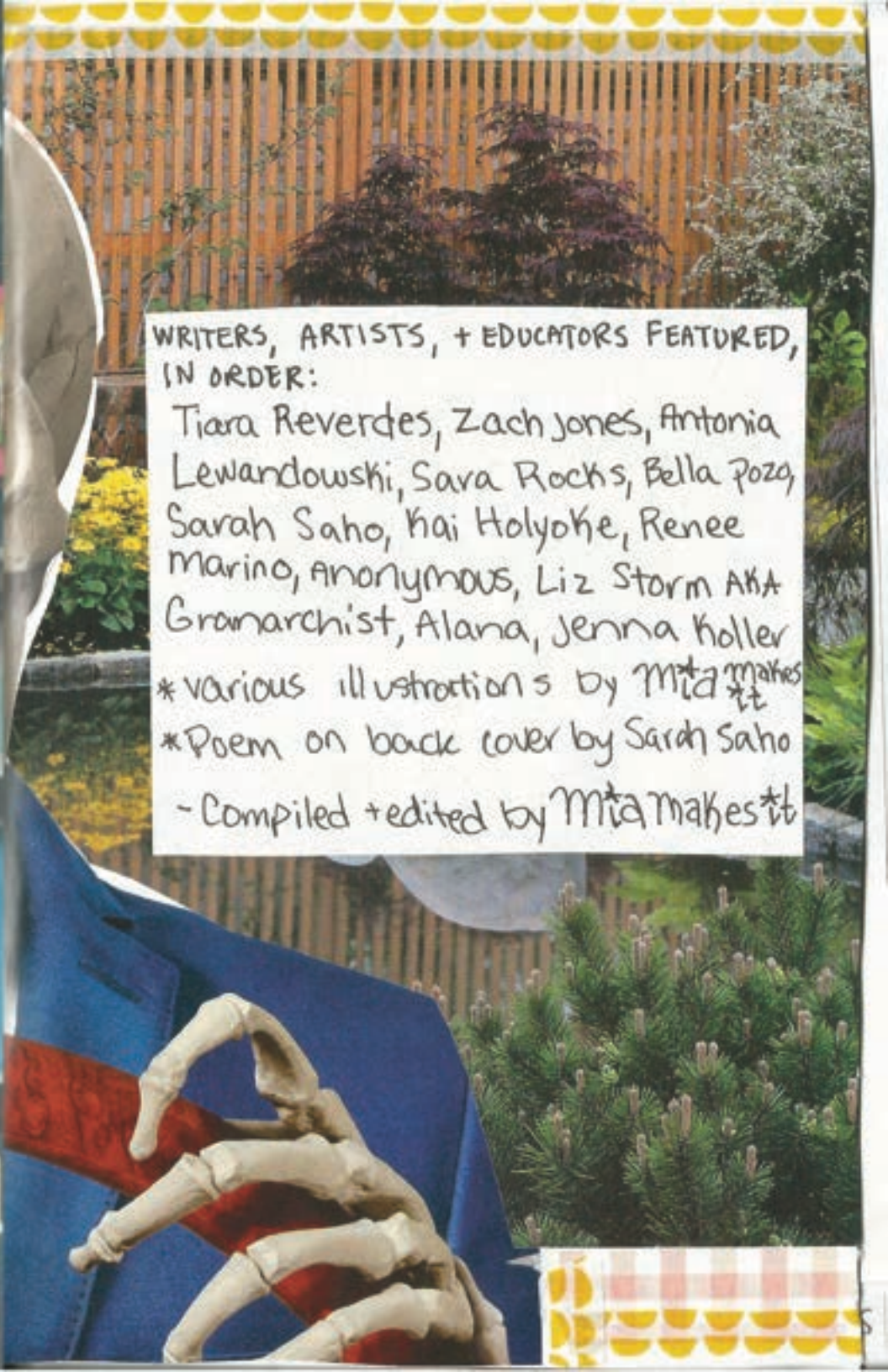
ANTI is a quarterly Anthology zine focused on invoking an anti-capitalist Praxis in our community. That's just a fancy way of saying, we strive to encourage people to practice self-sustaining life styles and reject consumerism/materialism. Our goal is to act as an encyclopedia of sorts for all things anti-capitalist, and therefore, anti-racist, anti-classist, and anti-sexist. Lastly, we want to act as a resource for starting where you are, with what you have. Thank you to all who contributed to this second issue. The next issue is all about HEALTH. If you would like to contribute, please e-mail [himiakesit@gmail.com](mailto:himiakesit@gmail.com).



by Jenna Koller







WRITERS, ARTISTS, + EDUCATORS FEATURED,  
IN ORDER:

Tiara Reverdes, Zach Jones, Antonia  
Lewandowski, Sara Rocks, Bella Pozo,  
Sarah Saho, Kai Holyoke, Renee  
Marino, Anonymous, Liz Storm AKA  
Gramarchist, Alana, Jenna Koller

\*various illustrations by Mia Makes

\*Poem on back cover by Sarah Saho

-Compiled + edited by Mia Makes







## BODY LIKE MINE by Alana

Hello, hope this is even somewhat relevant to the theme. I hate cars and our bus systems need work but I have such a complicated relationship with alternative forms of transportation as a fat person. My body has been taboo since I was a child and it felt like there was no space for me to have fun with these things unless I was actively trying to change my body. Now as a 26 year old person I find myself wanting all the things I missed but I have work to do on getting all the messy bits to align.

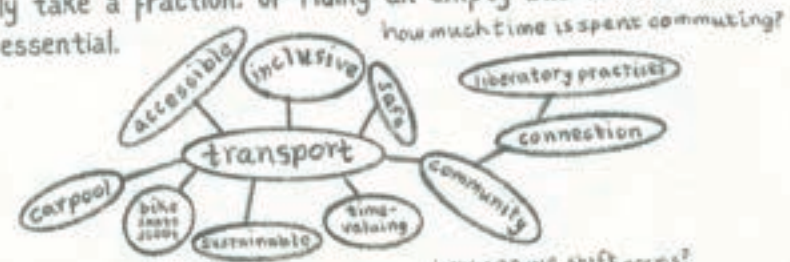
I'm terrified of skating, rolling, blading, biking and boarding. I'll stick to planes trains and automobiles as they require less of my body. A body that is often in disconnect with its mind, its heart and soul. My soul wants to breeze through the park on wheels. It wants to dance and glide under black lights and disco balls. It wants to go see trails and off road into landscapes that are untouchable with a bike. My body and mind want to sit in comfort. They want to stay with the fear. A fear that blankets over everything. A fear that tells them a body like mine is not meant to glide, or kick flip or roll. A fear that would rather not try than to take a tumble or be a novice. I fear the fear is also the ego. Easily bruised and unwilling to use helmets and padding. But my heart and soul ache for the years I've abandoned trying. For the amounts of time I've told it no. For the money spent on equipment just to let the dream die in a dusty box at the bottom of a closet. Maybe one day they'll align and I'll go for a ride.





OBESITY, ASTHMA, CANCER, COPD, TRAFFIC FATALITIES, ROAD RAGE, HOUSING INEQUITY, RACIAL SEGREGATION, CONCENTRATED POVERTY, CLIMATE CHANGE, LOSS OF GREENSPACE, INCREASED FLOODING, POLLUTION OF WATERWAYS, HABITAT DESTRUCTION, EXTINCTION—are not factored into the costs of fuel or roadways (gas is relatively cheap and few roads have tolls, so if you have a car it's cheaper to drive than to take a bus or train even if you can find a decent route to where you're headed).  
 So next time you're in the market for a car, consider ways you could go without. Not an easy feat in America but one way you can resist some of the ugliest elements of US capitalism.  
 Happy Trails to All!

The inspiration for this piece stemmed from a comment I'd made while embroidering with Mia. I was really into it and said "I wish I could do this while driving" to which they responded with something relating to their recent trip to a city with more accessible public transport and how activities like that are possible with those options. I'd also thought about a recent conversation with one of my unhoused neighbors I regularly see at shares in regards to the flawed and wasteful ways in which our existing public transport system operates. Not only is it lacking in availability, reach, and punctuality, it's also increasingly underutilized. The lack of use is unsurprising when even for those who have little options end up having to figure out another way due to its unreliability. Whether it's in not having enough stops, a realistic daily schedule that accounts for times of need, taking hours to reach a destination that should only take a fraction, or riding an empty bus around town—better is essential.



As areas continue to become more dense, we have to continue to call out and demand change from those contributing to the loss and further harm of our surroundings and natural resources, while also making an effort to be mindful of the ways in which we can lessen our contribution to that harm. We need more trees intact (and the other creatures that rely on them), more accessible, inclusive and effective public transport options, and connection to hyper-local community. I always say we don't have to be best friends with everyone to work together to make our experiences and surroundings more equitable and harmonious. We can't solely rely on external powers that be to respond, so we must do what we can together, bearing in mind the land we reside on and who we share space with that have critical roles in making the world go 'round.

by Tiara Reverdes





By Zach Jones

cars to live farther from the central city and from where they worked. Taking advantage of this required owning a car, which was out of reach for many low-income people, leading to segregated neighborhoods and worse access to things like doctors, grocery stores, banks, and other businesses that moved to be near transportation hubs.

The GI Bill ([G.I. Bill - Wikipedia](#)) provided all sorts of government goodies for soldiers returning from World War II, including low-cost mortgages. Although this sounds like a wonderful thing in theory, the benefits disproportionately were for white veterans and exclusionary practices across multiple government, industry, and civil bodies effectively barred any veterans of color from receiving these benefits through redlining ([Redlining - Wikipedia](#)) - institutional discrimination to withhold financial services (mortgages, business loans) from persons who are not white (or male) or from neighborhoods that are not predominantly white.

Any of you without a car have probably experienced first-hand how totally crap the public transportation is in most cities in the US outside of New York City. For Amtrak, the only profitable and worthwhile (but very expensive) route is the Northeast Corridor from Washing DC to Boston- try taking a train from East to West in America and you're in for a miserable experience. Compare that to the connectivity in Europe. Wealthy suburbanites don't want light rail connecting their privileged enclaves to the city center where "undesirables live" despite the benefits in accessing jobs and services for all when there is good public transportation. The US economy is heavily dependent on a car culture - in most countries, the driving age is 18 but in the US is 16 because we need all you teens to be able to drive to your crap minimum wage jobs scattered throughout suburbia and further fuel the economy. Big automakers, big oil, and construction companies make billions for the constant demand of drivers and the steady stream of highway repairs and expansion. They are all pouring billions of dollars into lobbyists and funding politicians to ensure that things don't change, making it really difficult for any sort of light rail or new public transit system to be approved and funded or to impose minimum fuel mileage on cars. Electric cars are supposedly the panacea but are too expensive for many, will require major infrastructure change for charging stations (and all that electricity has to come from somewhere), electric car batteries require scarce metals that are unsustainably mined from low-income countries, and still contribute to the never ending concrete sprawl that characterizes so much of America.

America's love affair with the car and dependency on it has led to an insatiable demand for oil, gas gluttony, and the lowest gas prices among the wealthier nations so that other types of fuel and mass transportation are "just too expensive". Highways are continually getting expanded to account for the growth in car traffic, at the expense of trees, green spaces, and neighborhoods without the political power to fight off more road development. The downstream costs of fossil fuels and sprawline highways -



By Liz Storm (Granarchist) March 6, 2024

I'm writing this sitting on a turbulent flight from Tampa to BWI, from a position of privilege and power (albeit not intentional), as I am a highly educated, upper middle class, US-born white cis woman. The fact that I am flying and not hitchhiking or walking says something about my inherent status. So be sure to consider all that I write below with that in mind and note that if I had a different identity and life experience, you would be reading something entirely different.

**Transportation** – like any heavily government-subsidized amenity- is inherently structured to create and perpetuate the inequities of capitalism. Maybe not so nefarious as to be deliberate, but with very real consequences that follow the money and power to benefit those with the most at the expense of those with the least.

Let's start with a scenario of the United States from the 1950s to present (post WWII)...

Perhaps one of the most significant factors affecting the US transportation system, and our unhealthy dependency on the automobile, is the Interstate Highway System ([Interstate Highway System - Wikipedia](#)), which began under President Eisenhower as part of the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956 ([Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956 - Wikipedia](#)). The interstate highways were deliberately planned to cut through Black neighborhoods, so people lost their homes, with thriving Black communities cut down the middle by 4 lanes or more of high-speed traffic and concrete barriers. One of the sayings at the time (mid 1950s) was "Urban renewal is Negro removal" – and the Interstate Highways played a role in those discriminatory policies. The Interstate highways also allowed people who had



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By ANTONIA LEWANDOWSKI

### Riding the Bus

Sleeping wide awake, delirious calm surrounds me riding the bus, contradictions much like life.

I glide on streets of my suburban town floating, noting each landscaped isle sleeping wide awake, delirious calm

past marble mansions ripe with hues bougainvillea, boxwood, bird of paradise contradictions much like life.

The road turns south. Hedges thin as grass die back to asphalt streets, commercial lots sleeping wide awake, delirious calm.

Citrus trees, fallen fruit like coins of gold hide doorways facing spare, neglected lawns contradictions much like life.

I pay my fare to ride with others, where I will not walk. Sitting apart, I am sleeping wide awake, delirious calm contradictions, much like life.

4/20/24







## Tampa Bay: An Archipelago of Houses

Submitted by Anonymous

Each neighborhood in Tampa almost feels like it's own island. Walking between neighborhoods along Florida roads almost feels as dangerous as swimming between 2 islands. The sidewalks that end abruptly to nowhere, there are large distances between neighborhoods/business plazas, dangerous crosswalks when there are actually crosswalks, and grave markers everywhere marking pedestrian/biker deaths from drivers.

This isolation was highlighted when I lost my car for 6 months

I was working remotely from my home in Lutz when my car started having some transmission issues and eventually had to be scrapped. Shortly after that happened, my job decided to have me start working in-person.

I was getting pressured to find alternative ways to get to my job since I couldn't afford a car with the state the used car market is in right now. I looked up the Hart bus routes and none of them made it up to Lutz. I looked up carpooling on our company's listserv and none of my fellow employees passed by where I lived for their commute. I even reached out to the Center of Urban Transport and Research at USF and they said I was out-of-luck. I felt stranded on an island.

Luckily my job backed off and gave me some time to save for a used-car, but if they didn't I felt like I was going to get fired from my job just because there's a deficiency of public transportation available.

### 50th and Fowler



I used to live in Temple Terrace, in a Community near MOSI. On days I would walk to the University of South Florida(USF) I would take the raised walk-way but there was often house-less people sleeping there and one time I found human-poop on the stairs. On days I would take my bike, I would bike on the cross-walk at the intersection of 50th and Fowler right by the MOSI. There was no turn arrow on at this light so cars could turn while pedestrians were crossing.

One Saturday morning, I was riding by bike on the crosswalk to go to work when I noticed a red car staring to make a left turn into me. I pedaled faster to try to get out the way but it looked like the car was speeding it up to hit me. It hit the back of my tire and knocked me off the front of my bike. Luckily I feel safely and only got minor road rash and bruises, but the back tire of my bike was badly dented and needed to get replaced. The red car, stopped, took a look at me, then drove off as I limped my bike to the other side of the road. Another car stopped to check if I was ok and the driver offered to call me an ambulance but I declined. They asked me if I got the other car's plate number to report them since it was a hit and run, but I was too in shock at the time to get the number.

I limped my bike all the way to work and did my stuff to give myself some form of normalcy after the shock.



The first stewards of the land, Indigenous and Black people, must also be honored as such, so that healing can take place.

While an extractive economy relies on forgetting our history, and competition amongst wage slaves, a living economy is run by the people, for the people, with not just survival, but pleasure, joy, and healing in mind. We must continue to move with grace and humanity through change.

(1) For more on urban design and third spaces I recommend videos by The Happy Urbanist on TikTok.

(2) FDOT press release, *Governor DeSantis' Focus on Florida's Future Budget Invests an Unprecedented \$15.6 billion in Florida's Transportation System, 2023*

(3) Find the Just Transition framework at [movementgeneration.org/justtransition/](http://movementgeneration.org/justtransition/)

(4) Thank you to adrienne maree brown, author of *Pleasure Activism* and *Grievers*, for connecting me to Octavia Butler's ideas. Check out adrienne's podcast with her sister Autumn Brown, called *How to Survive the End of the World!*



my favorite place to be in the world is in the car with my friends. it is a special place where:  
time stops

laughter bellows  
seals are shared  
advice is given  
tears shed  
music sung  
stories told.

in a culture built upon and benefiting from individualistic ideologies that seep into realms of life including the organisational, relational, personal, economic, and spiritual realms... the very least we owe each other is a ride.

this is a thank you to every friend and stranger that has welcomed me in their car and i've welcomed in mine. it is a call for more simple acts of community care. it is an ode to the long loved (and perhaps lost) art of the carpool.

resistance is futile.  
you will have a meaningful experience in the carpool.



By Sara Rocks



# CITY OF TAMPA

## HACKS

BY BELLA POZO

### Street car



2.7 mile streetcar line that runs along Downtown through channel district and Ybor **(\$)** **FREE!**  
Operates: MON-THURS 7AM-11PM FRI 7AM-2AM  
SAT 8:30AM-2AM SUN 8:30AM-11PM

[1-800-998-RIDE or TBARTA.com to register] \* **TBARTA**  
if at least 2 days a week you ride the bus, van pool/carpool, bicycle, or walk... you can take up to 4 free taxi rides each year in cases of personal illness, family emergency, or unexpected overtime (call for details)  
**Emergency ride home**



The organization Movement Generation, provides a helpful framework for what they call a Just Transition, in which the Extractive Economy is at one end of a dichotomy, and the Living Economy exists at the other (3).

In the case of transportation we can imagine that the extractive economy includes cars and car infrastructure, and the living economy might include trains, buses, bikes, and pedestrian friendly spaces. Once we are on the other side of this transition, everyone should be able to access these living modalities, but as it is now, this is not the case. Biking, walking and busing are cheaper than maintaining a car, but they are certainly not safer in places that prioritize cars, nor are they adequately accessible, especially for families with young children, and people living with disabilities.

We have to start somewhere, and there are many ways to transition what we currently have into something much better—we can implement curb extensions to protect pedestrians, and on them grow native plants (an added bonus). We can protect bike lanes and invest in better bus systems. Transition is never easy, but we have to start somewhere to disrupt the cycle of extraction now so that eventually cars become obsolete.

*All that you touch / You Change. / All that you Change / Changes you / The only lasting truth / Is Change. / God is Change. – Octavia E. Butler, Parable of the Sower (4)*

It starts with dreaming. The possibilities are endless when we think about the future we want to build. The only thing that is certain is change. By conceptualizing what we have now as an extractive economy, which relies on enclosure—privatized spaces and land, we are able to see what is possible on the other side, a living economy, which relies on commons—what we share, resources, spaces, land and water which belong to no one, and are stewarded by all (3).



One question you can ask about a specific space or transportation issue you want to think more deeply about is:

*Who was this built for and why?*

If the answer leads you to a developer's pocket, keep asking questions and show up to city council. Be persistent.

When inquiring about third spaces you can ask: *How does someone access this space? What can someone do in this space?* The more diversity of answers the better! We want people to do whatever the hell they want—be themselves authentically—read, write, picnic, easily use bathrooms, etc. And we want people to be able to get to third spaces in every way imaginable—by walking, rolling, or even unintentionally happening upon a third space where people can have fun together and enjoy the natural world without paying a dime.

*At what cost?*

Our culture downplays the cost of cars and car infrastructure. The Florida government continues to invest billions of dollars per year maintaining and expanding highways (2). In 2022 AAA found that the national average cost to operate a car per year was \$10,728 and that doesn't even include the price of the car!

Imagine—cultural propaganda blaming millennials' and gen z's lack of financial security on avocado toast, but not blinking once at the thousands of dollars per year it takes to have a car just to get around a city, get to work, school and the grocery store for basic necessities—it's absurd.

*So, why am I dumping my valuable energy and resources into such a destructive mode of transportation?*

Let's call this compulsion what it really is; an individualist and capitalist pursuit, killing us slowly. Driving, buying fossil fuel, and maintaining a car is a vicious cycle. We aren't bad people for participating—for playing the hand we're dealt—but once we are aware, we need to hold the people and systems that make it hard to live without a car accountable, and that includes ourselves.

## One Bus Away

Download OneBusAway App  
Real-time arrival info for selected stop  
route # on left, min until bus arrival on right,  
destination/predicted arrival in middle

Text Option: locate the 5/4 digit HART bus stop ID number (e.g. 4804) located on sign

Text HART 4804 to 41411 and you will get estimated times of arrival for your bus at stop number 4804

Touchtone option: Dial (813) 452-4084 you are first asked to enter the stop number then # (4622) the system will then list scheduled bus arrivals at that stop



## E-Bike Voucher Program

\*Tampa residents only  
+18 years old

Through an application process, a visit to the participating bike shops along with a signed quote for said e-bike you could be

awarded 1 of 3 possible vouchers (\$1000 off or for \$2000/\$3000 off for lower income households)  
There will be a Fall 2024 open application window





## POEMS BY SARAH SAHO

### Concrete Comfort

No more curves, peaks, and valleys  
Only grids, straight lines, and a few roundabouts.  
Webs of pavement and insectual cars following the lines,  
No more soft sweet grass,  
I'll find comfort in concrete instead.  
Replace the birds' songs and rustling of leaves for sirens and planes please.  
Green isn't a color of peace or tranquility,  
But it does make me think of moneyyyyyy!  
Agh!  
Waves crashing and the wind mean nothing to me,  
But that sweet sweet "ka-ching!?"  
God, I love the sound of that,  
I prefer my plants grown indoors  
Because God knows what's in the soil, in the air  
After all the oil and pollution I've put there.  
But, ugh!  
I'm getting tired of writing and emoting,  
So I'll let AI handle the rest.

Oh, I love my city.  
A high rise. Trash. Metal grate.  
Money is important to me.  
The pollution here is great!

I hate when dogs bark and kids play.  
Plants are gross, and soil's made of shit.  
My favorite colors are black, white, and gray.  
Nature is scary. Please, don't trust it.

### The Most Romantic Place On Earth

I'd fall in love with you at the airport.  
I'd be drawn to your style and study your walk.  
Your curls would make me smile and I'd wonder where you're going.  
I'd take a guess by your baggage and by your gate,  
I'd get a seat at the bar and hope you'd do the same.  
If you did we'd sit far apart and be drawn by our eyes.  
You'd see me, seeing you, and I'd keep glancing.  
Glancing till we can't resist any longer.  
We'd come close.  
Talk about where we've been and where we're going.  
Share a buzz in the most romantic place I know.  
Where strangers piss and love goes.  
I'd fall in love with you anywhere.



I believe we're at a turning point, but we have to keep turning. Our built environment currently necessitates cars and cars necessitate vast parking lots and highways which take up so much more room than we need. In this built environment, amongst all this car infrastructure, space and resources are dedicated to cars instead of human life. Bigger highways means less room for parks, farms, waterways, and everything that makes life worth living. No wonder we are facing a crisis of loneliness. It may feel as if we're trapped in an endless grid full of roads with no space for what actually makes us human  
—connection, play, creativity, care.

### What's a Third Space?

A concept that often runs parallel to transportation, but ought to also intersect is third spaces—the places we go that are neither work nor home. The term was coined by sociology professor Ray Oldenburg, at the University of West Florida.

Advocates of third spaces seem to understand that intentional urban design is necessary to our livelihoods (1). Unfortunately, cars and roadways seem to have become our third spaces by default. Theoretically third spaces are where we can do all the human things mentioned before, and ideally they are free, public spaces for all. Third spaces can look like the Tampa Riverwalk, parks, town squares, watering holes, community centers, churches and libraries. Unfortunately, in an extractive economy our third spaces have been largely built by investors with profit in mind (See: *the mall* as the epitome of a capitalist third space), thus catering to things like tourism and consumerism over the lived experiences of residents. We have to keep demanding third spaces that prioritize our lives and our connections, to our own bodies and to other people.



## Cars, Connection, and the Inevitability of Change

Renee Marino

Our culture has been fixated on cars and car-only transportation for too long. The negative effects of a car-tormented world are many, worsening our livelihoods every day. A better future, less focused on cars, is not only about minimizing burning fossil fuels and changing the course of history to avoid inevitable climate disasters, but it is also about creating an enjoyable and beautiful life for all, where it is easy to connect and get the resources we need to live.

Like blood vessels transporting oxygen throughout our bodies, transportation avenues get us from point A to point B, shaping our everyday reality. Whether we're going to a doctor's appointment, to the store, or to meet a friend, our transportation should enrich our lives and make us want to be outside. I believe transportation must prioritize connection—our place on the earth and in our communities.

Transportation has the power to help us, not hinder us, from having a happy life, and powerfully getting shit done. The way I see it, good vs bad transportation experiences can be summed up in one sentence: It's the difference between smiling at a stranger on a bus ride and flipping off a stranger who cut you off on the highway.

With that in mind, let's begin with our own transportation vessels, our bodies, our nervous systems. On the road we easily become focused on survival (especially in the great state of Florida, amiright?). Much of the time road rage is a mask for fear, which the nervous system rightly elicits when trying to protect us from near death. It makes sense. It's real and it's scary whirring down the road next to thousand pound boxes of metal, our lives at the whim of any aggressive or careless stranger. Driving may also be an adrenaline rush, but we need to see beyond seconds of power and into the next seven generations of climate disaster.

When

There was a time before now  
When we raced down the driveway  
And skipped stones in the creek,  
We listened to nature's sounds and learned the language of our ancestors,  
When the wind whispered and trees talked,  
When we were all princesses that sang with animals and believed in happily ever after.  
After that there was a time, not yet now  
Call it then,  
When we realized fairytales were just dreams  
When our teachers taught us wars  
And our bullies taught us doubt  
When society showed us shame  
And we learned the trees name  
For a test and forgot how to rest,  
Go slow.  
No, No more of that.  
And that brings us to now.  
Now when we see a tree we take a pic and Google it's name.  
Then we get distracted by the news and notifications of bombings and birthdays.  
We see a city  
Sprinkled with locals struggling on sidewalks and drive by listening to music and sigh  
"what a pity."  
But tell me what would happen if we exchanged now for when?  
When we decide to go slow and talk to a stranger.  
When we stop and choose to actually help our neighbor.  
When we drown the sounds of fear and doubt  
By making art and melodies to smile about.  
When we share moments and memories with the wind and each other.  
When we and the trees transpire  
And we learn to love one another  
So please,  
Now.  
Not then, but when  
Ceasefire, ceasefire, ceasefire, ceasefire, ceasefire.



IN THE HALLWAY OF MY CHILDHOOD HOME, I LEARNED HOW TO FLY.

I WOULD START BY AIMING FOR THE WINDOW - IT WAS THE PORTAL TO THE CLOUDS.

SITTING ON TOP OF MY BICYCLE I WOULD CLOSE MY EYES AND PEDAL SOFTLY. THEN THE PEDALS WOULD HOLD MORE WEIGHT.

WITH MY EYES CLOSED, I WOULD FEEL MY FRONT WHEEL GENTLY LIFTING UP THE GROUND. I WAS IN MY GROOVE NOW. CONSISTENCY IS KEY.

NOW I FEEL WEIGHTLESS, STEADILY PEDALING IN THE AIR, FLOATING BY MY OWN POWER TAKING IN THE SUNSHINE THAT WAS OTHERWISE OUT OF REACH.

NOW, AT 24 YEARS OLD I'M MORE AFRAID OF FLYING. I HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THE CRASH TO THE GROUND, THE BODY THAT'S PROPELLING, NO LONGER IN THE SAFETY OF MY PARENTS HOME.

STILL ONE THING REMAINS THE SAME - FLYING IS ALWAYS WORTH IT. IF NOT TO BE REacquainted WITH THE SUN, THEN TO BE REMINDED OF MY OWN POWER.

by Kai HOLYKE  
@KAISHOLYKE

HOW IT FEELS TO RIDE

↳ FREEING ↳ SMART  
↳ EMPOWERING ↳ SWAMPY  
↳ SLOW ↳ ACTIVATING  
↳ SCARY ↳ MEDITATIVE  
↳ BEYONDING ↳ ANAFO

HOW IT FEELS TO DRIVE

↳ LARGER ↳ HARD ↳ STRESSFUL  
↳ DOMINANCE RING ↳ THE LITTLE THING  
↳ SCARED ↳ TO HAVE POWER  
↳ WASTEFUL ↳ DISORIENTING  
↳ ISOLATING ↳ TIME DILATION

