

the SHADOW

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OCT/DEC. 1993
ISSUE #30

COKE COPS SQUEAL!



**PAGAN WINS
PRIMARY:
LOWER EAST
SIDE LOSES
AGAIN!!**

**PIGS RAID 5TH ANNIV.
OF TSP UPRISING!!**

VOTE



AND BE RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE

INSECT YOU ELECT



FLASH FOTO

LT. HEINZ PUSHES WOMAN TO GROUND--(8/7/93)

SHADOW EDITORIAL

¿QUIEN PAGAN? -- (WHO PAYS?)

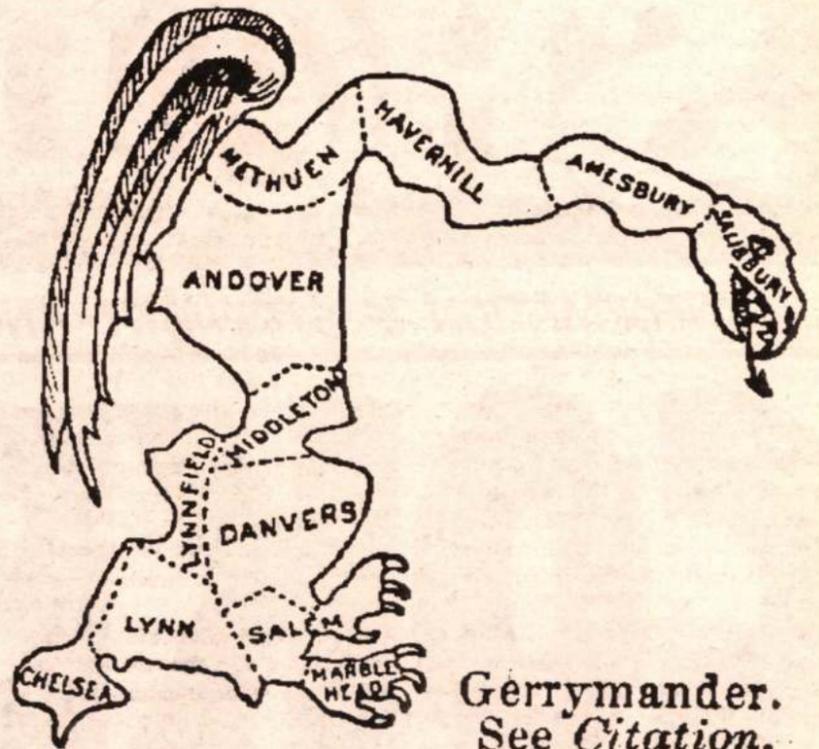
By A. Kronstadt

Neither Miriam Friedlander nor any other person "in government" will ever point to the real reasons why Antonio Pagán won the Democratic primary for City Council on September 14. It has little to do with changes in the political norms of the Lower East Side, as the neoconservative Reagan Democrats (and at least one bona fide Republican) who ran Pagán's campaign of resentment, fear, and prejudice would have us believe.

In 1990, the entire political fabric of New York City was rewoven to suit the priorities of a very limited group of people. This was, of course, a completely legal process--and an old story at that--called gerrymandering. The gerrymander was a mythical creature named after Elbridge Gerry, an early 19th Century Massachusetts governor, who oversaw the grotesque rearrangement of the borders of election districts to assure the victory of his party for the foreseeable future. Gerrymandering has never been illegal, except when it can be proven to be consciously discriminatory on the basis of race, color, or creed (and before a landmark Supreme Court decision in 1964 it was OK even when it was discriminatory). It is perfectly legal for incumbent politicians to carve out new districts in such a way as to put themselves and the interests that they represent at an advantage. Gerrymandering and its acceptance show up the fallacy of representative democracy. All of the interests in a gerrymandered district are divided because it is not an organic unit. The equivalent on a grand scale would be to cut off a neighborhood in New York City and force it to vote with part of Virginia. The politicians who end up getting elected in gerrymandered districts represent no one but the real estate owners and bankers who are out to screw everyone.

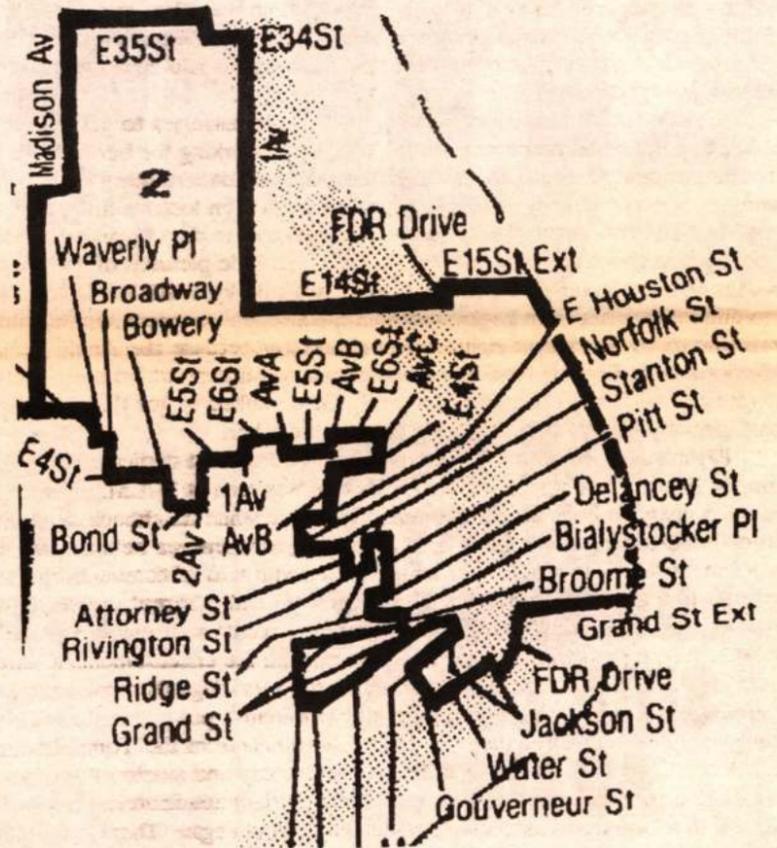
Before 1991, the tenement districts comprising the Lower East Side from 14th Street South to Chinatown were all part of a single Council District. Most of the tenement districts south of Houston Street were gerrymandered out of the 2nd Council District in 1991, and replaced by primarily middle and upper-income areas to the north, including a solid wall of condos and high-rent buildings up to 34th Street on the east side. All of this was done supposedly to empower Latino people by increasing their percentage in the new Council districts. Of course, the pols who carved out the new districts could have chosen any number of ways to draw the borders so as to increase the number of people who identified themselves as "Hispanic" in the 1990 census. They chose a method which, while "empowering" Latino people in terms of their surnames, disempowered them as tenants (and disempowered all tenants) by reducing the number of rent-regulated tenants in proportion to high-rise dwellers and co-op owners. This helped the pro-landlord Pagán in his campaign against the weak-kneed but still pro-tenant Miriam Friedlander. Pagán was helped even more by a negativism about the electoral process that caused only about one hundred votes to be cast in many precincts. As in most elections these days, the real victor was NONE OF THE ABOVE.

Pagán was soundly rejected in the tenement districts of the Lower East Side. In the area between the Bowery and Avenue D, from 5th to 14th Streets, including a little peninsula penetrating down below Houston Street way over on the east side but leaving out the big housing projects, Miriam Friedlander outpolled Pagán nearly 2 to 1. These tenement districts include every ethnic group and income range. In the 11th E.D., the little peninsula below Houston Street gerrymandered into the Council district because of its overwhelmingly Latino population, 85 votes went to Friedlander and 25 to Pagán, with 15 for newcomer Sylvia Friedman. In the 44th E.D., which includes Pagán's home block, 64 votes went to Friedlander and 43 to Pagán, with 5 for Friedman. In the 16th E.D., bordering on Tompkins Square Park, Friedlander polled 140 votes to Pagán's 33; in the 15th, also bordering the park, Friedlander received 131 votes to Pagán's 46; in the 13th, which borders the east side of the park and is mostly Latino, Friedlander got 80 votes to Pagán's 39, and in the 23rd E.D., at the north of end of Tompkins Square Park, Friedlander outpolled Pagán 131 to 46. What is interesting about the vote in the Election Districts surrounding Tompkins Square Park is that Pagán's whole political career has been based on "cleaning up" that park, kicking out the "anarchist scum" and the "homeless parasites," etc., as well as fighting against the "evil commie sympathizers" of the Cooper Square Committee who control his own block and the adjacent ones. St. Mark's Place between 2nd and 3rd, the block that Pagán has been "saving" from illegal peddlers by bringing in a police state each night, comprises the 42nd E.D., which snubbed its savior 109 votes to 56. Apparently a profiteer is never appreciated in his own land.



Gerrymander.
See Citation.

THE "GERRY MANDER" AS ILLUSTRATED IN WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF 1919



DISTRICT TWO AS IT WAS REDRAWN IN 1991



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PAGÁN CELEBRATES PRIMARY ELECTION VICTORY
(Congressman Jerold Nadler sits on right)

ANDREW LICHTENSTEIN

EDITORIAL

Pagán's "quality of life" clean-out-the-scum act went over much better down in the Seward Park projects with its politically conservative Orthodox Jewish population. He took some of the E.D.'s in this dense (population-wise and mentally) area by a 3 to 1 margin. He also took the low-income Avenue D projects and Baruch Houses by a similar margin. The residents of these same predominantly Puerto Rican buildings last year rejected the right-wing Jewish incumbent Congressman Steven Solarz in favor of the enlightened Nydia Velazquez by a similar margin. Pagán's victory among Latinos need not be interpreted as a move to the right among that group of people. It should, however, be seen as a failure on the part of liberals to offer Latino people anything to believe in.

Pagán also won big among the high-rise dwellers of Kips Bay and Murray Hill, in the part of the district that was gerrymandered on to the Lower East Side in 1990. In the 55th E.D. of the 64th Assembly District, near ritzy Gramercy Park, Pagán won with 52% to Friedlander's 32%, with Sylvia Friedman taking a hefty 16%. In the 67th E.D. of the 63rd A.D., which is mostly high-rise expensive buildings, he beat Friedlander 54% to 34%, with 12% for Friedman. However, in parts of the district dominated by tenements and rent-regulated tenants, even north of 14th Street, Pagán bombed. For example, in the 9th E.D. of the 64th A.D., around 25th and 26th Streets near Lexington Avenue, the vote went 48% for Miriam 37% for Pagán, and 15% for Sylvia Friedman. [An interesting statistical oddity: Election districts dominated by tall buildings went big for Pagán--could this mean that Pagán voters are sky people and Friedlander voters earth people?]

Antonio Pagán has played the redistricting game well. It almost seems as if the district was made for him. This is no coincidence, because both the new district and Pagán's political persona are the product of the Peter Vallone machine--the 1990s equivalent of Tammany Hall. For a machine to work, all of its parts must function predictably. By breaking up blocs of voters who have a common interest, thereby preventing periodic revolts against the machine, gerrymandering preserves stability and incumbency. Pagán was elected in large part by the people who knew him least, the white condo dwellers of Gramercy Park, Kips Bay, and Murray Hill and the Jewish Archie Bunkers down on Grand Street. He won their votes on his reputation for persecuting the people in his own area, Black and Latino homeless people, squatters, and Tompkins Square political dissidents. These were Pagán's Willie Hortons. Had the area from which Pagán originates not been split in two, he would never have been able to beat Miriam Friedlander.

Speaking of Miriam, it's really amazing that she managed to get 37% of the vote. First of all, she had no money, second, the people working for her didn't know how to run a campaign, and third, there was another candidate running in the election whose name is almost exactly like hers. Sylvia Friedman even looks a little bit like Miriam. All Miriam's campaign staff seemed to know how to do was put up posters--gray, boring posters with nothing but Miriam's face and little pictures of her shaking hands with cops and doing little politician things in the background. Her clichés did little to differentiate her from Pagán: just police, police, police, crime, crime, crime. Liberals who try to out-cop the right-wingers always lose because the Archie Bunkers never believe them. Possibly because of lack of money, Miriam did no direct mail campaigning at all. Every registered Democrat that we talked to got three or four campaign mailings from Pagán and not a postcard from her.

Pagán's staff, compared to Miriam's, was fanatical and dedicated. Pagán's Community Board Three appointee Steven Vincent was seen at 3 A.M. a few days before the primary, cruising around Avenue C in a little white hatchback, on a mission to destroy Friedlander posters. He'd jump out of the car whenever he'd see one and attack Miriam's face with a wallpaper scraper. Even with tens of thousands of real estate bucks to send carefully sorted mailings--each of them different, to people who live in co-ops, women, people with Spanish surnames, people with Jewish surnames, and people who live on predominantly gay streets--even with the endorsements of three daily newsmags and the entire almighty real estate business--Pagán's propaganda deputy felt it necessary to stay up nights scraping poor old Miriam's posters off the wall. What a meshugganah! (It is rumored that a band of malcontents from the Tompkins Square region visited Vincent's house the night before the primary and plastered the door with copies of a sleazy caricature of a contented-looking Miriam administering corporal punishment to a bare-assed and equally contented-looking Pagán. There is no telling what effect such an image might have on an anal compulsive like Vincent, pussy whipped as he is by would-be Democratic District Leader and fellow Community Board 3 member Lisa Ramacci. Of course, Vincent is the one who accused Miriam Friedlander of "playing political 69" with the Tompkins Square anarchists.)

This election does prove that many of the assumptions that progressive people have about political blocs and the correlation of political ideas with nationality, gender, and sexuality are no longer valid. In New York City in 1993, a right-winger who advocates gay rights is no longer any more of an anomaly than a right-winger in a labor union. It is as easy to be a fascist who believes in abortion rights as it is to be a fascist who believes in evolution. (One of Pagán's campaign brochures that went out to women has a cartoon of a cop with his club in the air dragging a well-dressed man, apparently an Operation Rescuer, across the pavement. The caption reads "go directly to jail" and the flyer advocates locking up right-to-lifers who block abortion clinics. The Pagándroids think that cops and jails are the solution to everything. This particular leaflet also advocates shutting down porno shops, on feminist grounds, of course). Archie Bunker now comes in all shades of color, both genders, and a variety of affectional preferences. Pagán's Puerto Rican supporters are ready to see Pagán's cops shoot down Puerto Rican youth; his gay supporters are ready to see him deny AIDS services to gay homeless people; his female supporters want to evict rent-regulated tenants regardless of sex.

To the people of the Lower East Side who may feel demoralized about this seeming victory for immorality and selfishness (in other words, real estate), we at the SHADOW say--don't feel so bad. We are still an enlightened community, and Pagán is just a tricky asshole. Let's keep laughing at him!

FUCK PAGÁN!



ANTONIO PAGÁN + RUDY (ADOLPH) GIULIANI
(Where is Rudy's right hand hiding?)

David Dinkins can't say it, but we can. Yes, Rudolph Giuliani smells like a fascist. Ever since a group of African-American Baptists used the word to describe our city's republican mayoral candidate, Rudy has been claiming that this is a mere ethnic slur against his Italian heritage. Sorry Rudy, but the word "fascist" describes politics, not ethnicity. There were German fascists, Spanish fascists, Romanian fascists, even Jewish fascists! If you don't want to be called a duck, you better stop quacking like one!

Look at your own dirty campaign, Rudy. Look at the demonization of the homeless, the most powerless people in our city. Look at the scapegoating of petty criminals for economic decline. Witness your calls to cut city services to the expendable poor -- the folks that Hitler called "useless eaters." Most of all, look at your politicization of the NYPD, your overt alliance with the city's security forces against the elected leader. The police hold a drunken brawl at City Hall to protest the all-civilian complaint review board, the guards riot at Riker's Island to demand greater freedom to brutalize inmates -- Rudy rides it like a wave, banking on winning the votes of a frightened, racist middle class that wants a police state to protect them. In a democratic system, the police are supposed to be beyond politics. Your conservative populist cop-glorification reeks of contempt for democracy, Rudy. This is where fascism begins.

The gas chambers came later. When fascism started in the 1930s, it was a backlash against liberalism, the coddling of "criminals" and "anarchists." It was precisely the kind of play that you're making to build middle class consensus for a police state!

It is the utmost in cynical hypocrisy to accuse those who call you a fascist of playing the ethnic card, when by making that disingenuous accusation you are doing exactly that! If you really wanted to uphold the dignity of Italian-Americans, you could invoke the great Italian anti-fascist tradition. But that tradition stands against everything you stand for! No, only those of us who will fight you and stand up to your police state have the right to invoke the proud tradition of Camillo and Marie Louise Berneri and New York's own Carlo Tresca, who gave their lives to the struggle against the likes of you!

David Dinkins can't say it -- and in any case, we have our own fight with him! Glad-handing opportunist machine hacks like the Dink merely pave the way for a get-tough would-be strongman like you, Rudy. But since we don't play that game, we are free to say it: Yes, Rudy Giuliani smells like a fascist!

--Carlo Tresca Brigade to Smash Giuliani



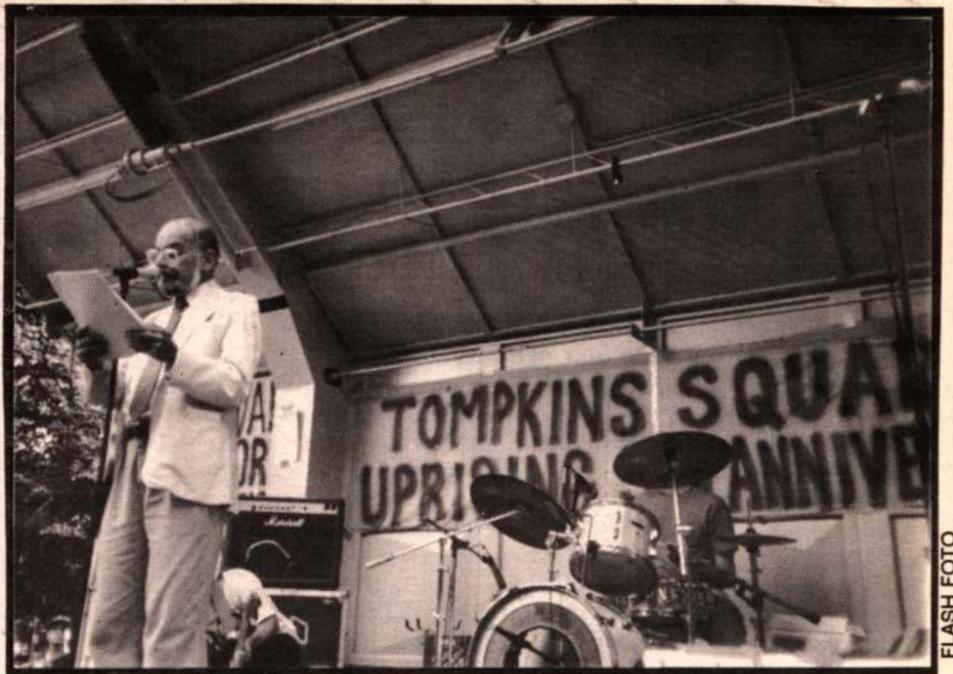
PIGS RAID 5TH ANNIVERSARY OF TOMPKINS SQ. UPRISING 42 BUSTED

By Chris Flash

A free concert in Tompkins Square Park commemorating the 1988 Tompkins Square Pig Riot resulted in 42 arrests by riot cops on August 7th.

The concert, set up by neighborhood activists, overcame several problems that stood in the way. Originally, organizers wanted to hold a two-day event from August 6-7th, since five years earlier, the riot had been started by cops on the night of August 6th and had ended on the morning of August 7th. The parks department refused, claiming that they couldn't allow events to take place in the park two days in a row.

Having settled on August 7th, concert organizers then had to deal with a factional dispute generated by members of the CWO ("Class War Organizer" better known as the "Class War Dis-Organizer"), led by pseudo-political activist Joel Meyers. According to the organizers, Meyers and his gang of three wanted to dictate what groups could play and who would be allowed to speak at the event. After taking the organizers' money to cover the park permit and clean up bond for the show, Meyers eventually returned it after some pressure was applied.



ALLEN GINSBERG ON STAGE

FLASH FOTO

In spite of these minor annoyances, the show was a success. The audience enjoyed music by Roger Manning, BlitzSpeer, Slackers, East Side Bandits, Moogy and the Mojoes, and Black Rain. A special treat was hearing a new poem "Charnal Ground" read energetically by legendary beat poet Allen Ginsberg.

During the show, dozens of cop vehicles, including a mobile command headquarters and kleig light trucks, were parked on the 10th Street side of the park, waiting to be mobilized. Along Avenue A and First Avenue stood cops with police barriers, which had been placed there two days earlier.

Throughout the show, organizers reminded people that city councilman (and right wing boot licking lackey of real estate developers) Antonio Pagán would like to use the cops for a disturbance in the park to help his re-election campaign, and that they shouldn't take the bait if the cops started something.

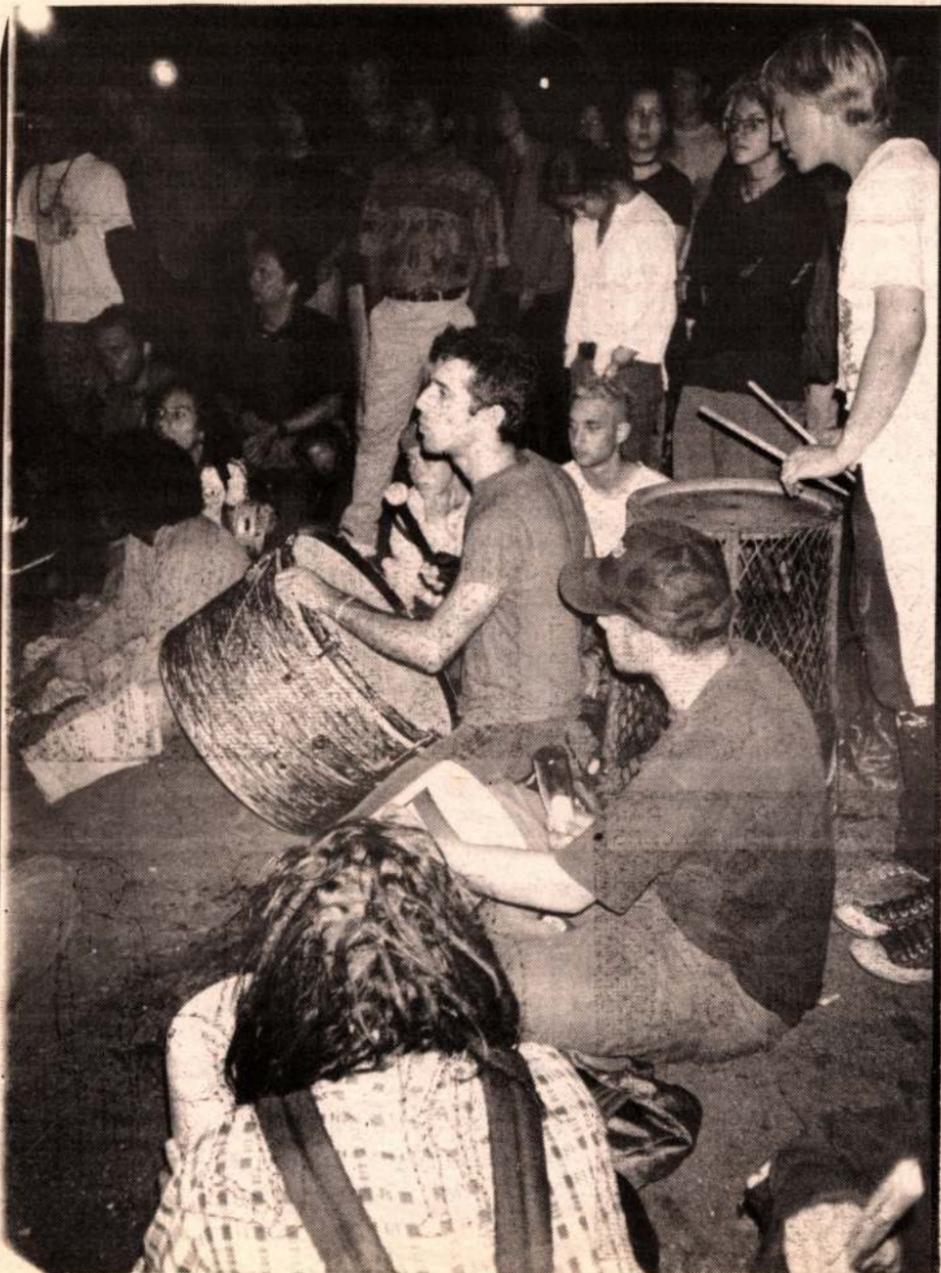
As the 8:00 permit expiration approached, riot cops moved in behind the portable stage as Black Rain played their industrial metal sounds. As they finished their set with smoke bombs bursting, people began a metal jam of their own in front of the stage. Cops led by Captain Frey quickly surrounded the stage, trying to create a menacing presence. They were ordered to take away some of the metal jammers' instruments. After a while, when the cops didn't get the riot they were looking for, they slowly withdrew to the 10th Street staging area.

Soon after, the drum circle and metal jam increased. A bonfire was lit. The tribal beat, combined with the heat, induced many guys and gals to take off their tops and dance half naked around the fire. Some people found loose cobblestones and placed them in a circle to contain the fire as it grew.

By 10:00, cops mobilized near the 7th Street side of the park with light trucks and paddy wagons as a few plainclothes cops observed the revelers. At 10:30, there was a sudden heavy rain, but most people kept on singing and dancing. Just then, cops moved in from three directions, using a new wedge formation to encircle people who were in the area targeted for arrest. Those not coralled by the cops were able to leave the park. A paddy wagon backing up through the 7th Street entrance to the park pulled down a volley ball net. Since the net was secured by a steel cable, they pulled both poles down as well.

Outside the park, cops led by Lieutenant Gerald Heinz arrested several people fingered by cops, along with people protesting arrests of those inside the park. (Heinz was seen pushing a petite young woman to the ground before having her arrested. Her only "crime" had been dancing around the fire.) In the end, a total of 42 people were arrested (17 female and 25 male), including many bystanders and passersby who were walking through the park. One of these included the editor of the Manhattan Spirit newspaper, who promptly trashed the cops in her next issue. The next day, cops claimed there had been "extensive damage" in the park, and used barriers to close off the area of the bonfire.

Two days later, New York Newsday, the only mainstream newspaper to cover the event, published two different versions of the arrests. The first article, appearing in the morning edition, titled "Park Protestors Jailed," reported allegations by cops and the parks department that protestors "damaged" the park. It also included quotes from a woman who was arrested for merely sitting on a park bench when the cops moved in at



BARBARA LEE



BARBARA LEE

PARKS PIGS RAM BIKE DEMONSTRATORS!

By Bill "Time's Up"

Organizers of "traffic calming" rides in Central Park, which promote bicycling and roller skating over using motor vehicles, are demanding action after being hit by a Parks Department official's vehicle in Central Park on September 17th.

That night, Assistant Parks Commissioner Ed Norris, who was in the park on "official business" in a city-owned vehicle, approached a group of approximately 20 participants in a bicycle and roller skating demonstration who were redirecting traffic to the West 72nd Street exit. After coming to a near stop, Norris revved his engine and plowed into two bicyclists, injuring the arm of one and dragging the other's bike under his wheels. Police, called to the scene by witnesses, decided not to take any statements from any of the many witnesses to the accident. They also refused to perform a DWI test on Norris despite pleas that they do so, and they did not charge Norris for assault.

The person hit by the car, Mike Burns, was taken by Lieutenant Delmas to the Central Park precinct to file an accident report. Nine of us rode to the Central Park precinct to file our own accident reports. Patrolman Reilly began taking our statements while the rest of us were told to wait outside. During this time, Norris was seen enter-

ing the precinct building through the back door.

Captain Tunnock came out and said that he had four things to say to us: 1-Mike would be summonsed for blocking traffic, 2-there was no accident, 3-no accident report would be filed, and 4-if we did not leave as soon as Mike was released, we would all be arrested for disorderly conduct. We protested that the driver had run into us and asked if an alcohol breath test had been done. Tunnock repeated his four point statement several times and refused to answer our questions.

The next day, bicyclist Diedre Fahy tried to file a complaint at the Central Park precinct. The officers behind the desk seemed very interested in what she had to say until Captain Tunnock emerged and said that what she described did not happen. Tunnock said he had two witnesses who said our group had moved toward Norris' car, attacked it with lead pipes, forced it to stop, broke the windshield, and placed the bike under the car wheels in order to make it appear that the car had hit it. She was not allowed to file a complaint.

A few days later, a dozen of us went to the 20th precinct to file our complaints again. Sergeant Eddington refused to let us do so. After two hours of arguing, he only let Mike Burns file a complaint.

Almost a month later, on October 11, CNN aired a story on our Central Park ride in which Gotbaum repeated the false charge that we attacked Norris' car with lead pipes.

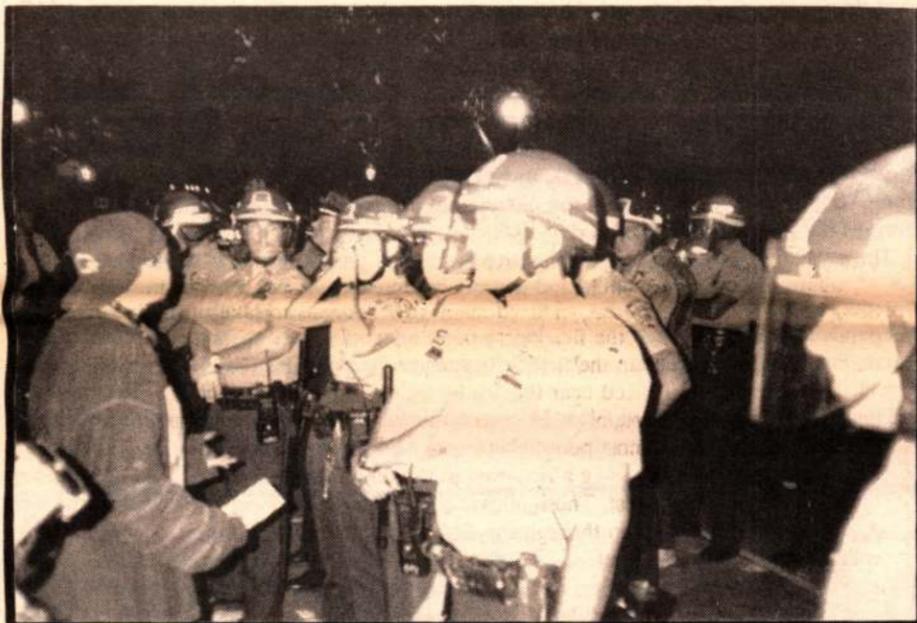


JOHN PENILEY

RIOT PIGS MAKE BUSTS

10:30. She said that she hadn't been told or given a chance to leave the park and was not read her "rights" by cops either. The second article, with the same title, appearing in the afternoon edition, completely deleted the woman's story, leaving only the cops' version of events. However, both articles mis-reported the cause of the original 1988 riot, saying that "police clashed with squatters, activists and drug dealers over the enforcement of a 1 a.m. curfew in the 10-acre park."

Meanwhile, SHADOW sources say that the district attorney's office has dropped charges against all of those arrested, including those hit with the most serious "Inciting to Riot" charges. Attorney Elliot Cohen, who offered a pro bono defense (without charge) for those charged, says that persons who wish to sue for their unlawful arrests can contact his office at: 212-406-1012. He told the SHADOW that those interested in suing the city must file a "Notice of Claim" within 90 days of the event.



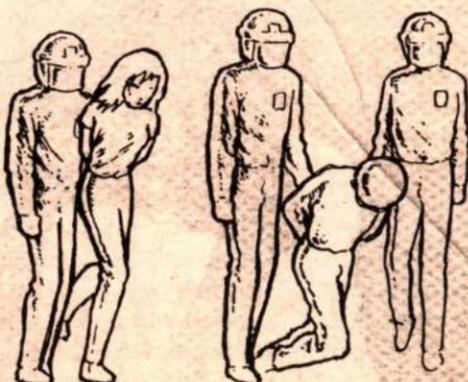
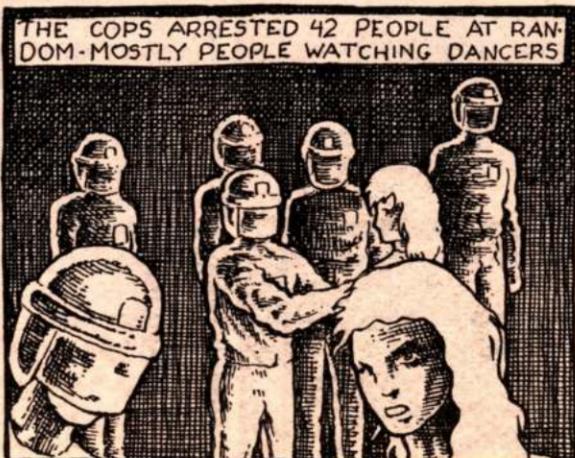
FLASH FOTO

PIGS LINE UP IN FRONT OF STAGE

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PAGÁN PANICS AT SHADOW STORY

By Stuart Frankel

City councilmember Antonio Pagán has found a weak spot in the current media and election system - they can't cope with a shameless liar. The media's idea of "reporting" a local race seems to be to rely on what the candidates say and not to do any independent checking. So Pagán is left scott free to concoct whatever wild stories he wants, and he knows that they will be reported just as solemnly as if they were the truth.

A press release he issued on August 4, 1994 said:

"The SHADOW ran a story 'documented' by a reprint of a forged document renewing the charge that I live out of my district. The address at which I was accused of living, 201 East 90th Street, is, in fact, not the address of any building at all. The site that bears that address is an open plaza, adjacent to Ruppert Houses."

Included with the press release was a reprint of the SHADOW article. (See SHADOW #29--Ed.)

We had written that either the 90th Street address or Pagán's legal address (7 East 3rd Street) must be "false." However, Pagán now states that the document with the 90th Street address is a "forgery," and we take him at his word. Pagán implied that we were responsible for the forgery, or at least knowingly publishing it, which would be a felony (Criminal Possession of a Forged Instrument, 2nd degree).

However, the forgery was filed by Pagán with the city - it is attached to the Regulatory Agreement signed between Pagán's Coalition Plaza Limited Partnership (Pagán was president of Coalition Plaza, Inc., a for-profit corporation which was general partner in Coalition Plaza Limited Partnership; he was also the limited partner in the Coalition Plaza Limited Partnership) and HPD (the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development).

We purposely reprinted the reel and page numbers of the document in our article so that interested parties could verify its authenticity at the Manhattan Office of the City Register (31 Chambers Street, 2nd floor). None of the media did this before they repeated Pagán's lies.

On election day, September 14, Pagán's lawyer Christopher Lynn ran into SHADOW editor Chris Flash and threatened to sue him for libel. "We just need your address," Lynn said. Flash said he could serve the papers on the SHADOW's lawyers, Ron Kuby and William Kunstler. Lynn was just bullshitting - he could also have served the papers (registered, return receipt) via the SHADOW's P.O. Box. And the address of this reporter is public information. We certainly encourage them to sue - we could use the money.

If they sue, though, they will have to take the trouble to destroy (illegally) the copies of the forged document they submitted with the city and all the certified copies we have stored in several locations.

Meanwhile, we have a few questions for them: Exactly which part of the document is forged? How did the document get approved by a notary? Where did the non-existent address 201 East 90th Street come from? If Pagán took the trouble to check that location, why didn't he take the trouble to verify the document before he ran to the press?

And, of course, if the document was submitted in error, why can't Pagán simply own up to it and take his lumps, rather than accusing us of being criminals? - is there something else he is trying to hide?



HOW POLITICAL MACHINES CAN GET ANYONE ELECTED TO THE CITY COUNCIL (ESPECIALLY ANTONIO PAGÁN):

1. Influence redrawing of the City Council District under the guise of empowering minority voters, to include more upper income areas with real estate owners over renters. (Link Murray Hill, Gramercy Park, and Union Square with the Lower East Side, as one district.)
2. Use candidate who appeals to the upper income residents of the new district to represent their interests and who appeals to lower income area of district through his ethnicity (Puerto Rican.)
3. Run candidate on two party lines, Democrat and Liberal, so that even if Democrat primary election is lost, candidate can still run in general election on Liberal party line.
4. Remove Republican opposition through connections in Republican party who want Democrat style politicians removed from Lower East Side.
5. Just in case all else fails, run spoiler look-alike candidate (Sylvia Friedman) to siphon off votes from veteran opponent (Mirlam Friedlander). Spoiler does well in upper part of district, opponent takes lower part of district, while candidate scoops up the remaining votes. END RESULT: 48% Pagán, 38% Friedlander, 13% Friedman



PIGS STAND GUARD AT PAGÁN HEADQUARTERS

HUNDREDS MARCH THROUGH LOWER MANHATTAN IN SUPPORT OF HOUSING FOR PEOPLE WITH AIDS

By Chris Flash

On September 12, activists of every description met at Sheridan Square to prepare for their "Lifestyles of the HIV Positive and Homeless" march sponsored by the Lower Manhattan Coalition for AIDS Care, to demand AIDS housing.

Despite a heavy police presence from multiple precincts, the colorful marchers had a good time taking the streets and chanting as they worked their way to the east side. The first stop was the headquarters of city councilman Antonio Pagán, running for re-election on a promise of preventing Housing Works from building a residential and day care treatment facility for intravenous drug users and AIDS patients. Pagán's storefront headquarters was blocked off by cops as staffers inside quickly covered the windows with Pagán banners. Coalition member and march guide Rich Jackman explained Pagán's opposition to Housing Works, as well as his intention to facilitate the building of an AIDS hospice on the site of the Glass House squat, which currently houses several HIV positive people.

The next stop was the proposed Housing Works site on 7th Street, between Avenues B + C, where several emotional speeches were heard, from ACT-UP member Jay Blotcher, to Father George Kuhn, pastor of St. Brigid's church across the street, to Independence Party candidate Will Sales, the only alternative city council candidate against Pagán, all of whom expressed their determined support for the Housing Works project.

Finally, the march ended at Glass House, at the corner of 10th Street and Avenue D, where refreshments were made available.



THE SHADOW IS AVAILABLE AT THESE LOCATIONS:

- GEM SPAS NEWSSTAND--St. Marx Place + 2nd Avenue
- CHAPTER + VERSE--13 St. Marx Place, between 2nd + 3rd Aves
- ST. MARK'S BOOKS--East 10th Street + 3rd Avenue
- EAST VILLAGE DELI--28 Avenue A, between 2nd + 3rd Streets
- MOSAIC BOOKS--Avenue B, between 10th + 11th Streets
- HARRIS BOOKS--Second Avenue, between 4th + 5th Streets
- REVOLUTION BOOKS--13 East 16th Street
- RAY'S NEWSSTAND--Avenue A, between 7th Street + St. Marx Pl.
- R.E. RECORDS--216 East 6th Street, between Bowery + 2nd Ave.
- TOWER BOOKS--383 LaFayette Street, between Bond + 4th Sts.
- AYURVEDA--129 First Avenue, between 7th Street + St. Marx Pl.
- STOOP NEWSSTAND--Corner of MacDougal Street + West 3rd Street
- INDIAN DELI--Corner of First Avenue + East 6th Street

MORE LOCATIONS TO COME, SO IF YOU DON'T SEE THE SHADOW, ASK FOR IT!!

WHO TRIED TO KILL MARIO RIOS? FAMILY SAYS IT WAS COPS!!

By Nashua

Mario Rios lies in critical condition in Bellevue Hospital after being found beaten nearly to death in an attack a witness says was administered by a gang of 15 police officers. Now his family wants to know what happened to their son that morning in late August near his home on the Lower East Side. According to C. Vernon Mason, the attorney for the Rios family, the 35 year old Rios was chased and beaten by police officers after he and a friend refused an offer by an undercover officer to buy \$100 worth of drugs from them.

Police sources are denying any involvement in the beating, but attorney Mason says that he has appealed directly to Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly to open an investigation into the incident.

A friend who says he was with Rios and saw the police attack, José Lopez, appeared in Mason's office two days after Rios was discovered by neighbors sprawled in the backyard of a tenement building near death. Lopez was wearing dark glasses in an attempt to disguise himself from police who he said might be looking to silence him as a witness.

Lopez recounted how he and Rios were walking along Avenue C at 4:15 on the morning of Monday, August 23rd when a white male approached and asked the pair if they had any drugs. Lopez says they rejected the advance and then ignored the man when he offered them a one hundred dollar bill. According to Lopez, he and Rios ducked into the lot housing a homeless shanty town after they saw they were being persued by a number of plainclothes officers.

Lopez says they tried to scale a fence behind 336 East 4th street (which is "managed" by councilman Antonio Pagan's handpicked head of Community Board Three, Louis Soler) in order to get away, but Rios got caught up in the barbed wire at the top. Hearing a scream, Lopez says he turned and saw men he described as cops arrest and handcuff Rios in the glow of a flashlight. Then Lopez says a cop "kicked him [Rios] from the fence" and as Rios hit the ground, another cop "hit him with a stick." A flashlight shined through the fence and caught the frightened Lopez. As he ran away, Lopez says he heard Rios crying "please don't hit me" as Lopez escaped toward East River Park. Lopez says he saw 15 men -- some wearing police uniforms beating Rios before he was chased away.

Rios was not arrested, but found the next morning by neighbors. Police say their first contact with Rios was Monday at about 10:00 the morning after they received an anonymous call informing them that a body had been found. But neighbors, including the head of the 4th Street Block Association, told the SHADOW that they were attracted by the sound of police radios in the backyard and saw a crumpled body that moved slightly, signifying that the victim was still alive. Witnesses were concerned as they waited forty minutes with still no ambulance arriving, even as two uniformed 9th precinct police officers stood by and did nothing.

The block association head says she finally called 911 herself to report the body. She says the operator told her they were aware of the location and that they had heard it was "taken care of." The block association head insisted the 911 operator call an ambulance anyway, but the operator demanded that the woman ask the cops if they needed assistance. Taking her portable phone outside, the woman told police that 911 wanted more information and offered the phone to them, but was told by one cop "if you think you can do it better than us, just go ahead."

Another twenty minutes came by before an ambulance finally arrived and several more minutes before another showed up. The block association head who called 911 says she thought one of the ambulances came because of her call and not the police. Police deny there was any delay in calling an ambulance to deliver Rios to Bellevue.

At Bellevue, Dr. Souweidane, the chief neurologist at the hospital, said Rios suffered extensive brain damage. His eyes were purple and he was connected to respirators and held in a neck brace with a tube draining blood from his damaged skull. Rios has already received at least two operations and is still at Bellevue in a comatose state.

The charges by the Rios family were highlighted by testimony before a commission supposedly set up to investigate corruption in the New York Police Department, headed by former judge Milton Mollen. One of the corrupt officers who spoke before the Mollen Commission was Bernard Cawley, who was known in the streets by the nickname "the mechanic" because, Cawley testified, he "tuned people up" by beating them on the streets of the South Bronx. Cawley told the Mollen Commission that he and his buddies would roll up on a location and begin indiscriminantly beating up anybody -- men, women, old people or children -- who crossed their path. When pushed for a reason for his actions by commission investigators, Cawley said it was customary to beat innocent people to show that the police where "in control of the streets." Cawley was subsequently arrested for selling drugs and is currently serving a prison sentence.

Another witness before the Mollen Commission was a not so well disguised "Mr. X" who testified about corruption and brutality among officers in the Lower East Side's 9th precinct, where the Rios beating took place. Mr. X said he hung out with more than a dozen cops who would spend their shifts doing cocaine and drinking while carousing with local drug dealers with whom the officers plotted drug deals and robberies of recalcitrant drug dealers.

Among the punishments meted out by the corrupt cops to insure control of the streets was what Mr. X referred to the Mollen Commission as a "black and blue lesson." A "black and blue lesson" is a common police term for a beating. Though the revelations before the commission were far from complete, they reveal a pattern of police corruption that extends from dealing drugs to random beatings -- revelations that add credibility to Lopez's story.

The Rios family is still looking for witnesses to the attack and they are asking anyone who saw what happened on August 23rd to call C. Vernon Mason's office at 212-219-0417.



SUZANNE TOBIAS

DEMONSTRATORS PROTEST PIG SWEEPS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK!!

By Chris Flash

On September 10, scores of people rallied at the arch in Washington Square Park to demand an end to the sudden repressive police state that has sprung up in the park and in the West Village under the name of "Operation Silent Night."

Under this program, cops have been checking people for beers, sometimes pouring them out and giving tickets, confiscating cars for having the radio playing too loudly, and even cordoning off entire blocks, not allowing pedestrian or vehicular traffic.

Not surprisingly, the front man for this show of force is Lt. Robert McKenna, of the 6th precinct on West 10th Street. McKenna and his Operation were the subject of a puff piece article in the August 16 issue of New York Magazine, written by fashion editor Michael Gross. In his article, Gross went out of his way to blame everything from crime to litter in the West Village on "the black and latino denizens of rap culture" and the homeless.

On every weekend this past summer, cops have been arresting young people for "disorderly conduct," (the same catch-all charge used against Tompkins Square activists) and harrassing the homeless. On June 18, a woman outraged that a group of young people were arrested for playing their radio too loud suddenly found herself under arrest when she tried to collect signatures from passersby to protest the arrests. She was told by cops to leave the area, but refused, citing her constitutional rights. The cops quickly showed her what those rights are worth.

The demonstration was organized by members of groups of lesbian/gay, anti-police brutality, and homeless activists (including the Coalition for the Homeless), but was quickly supplemented by other activists, including those from Tompkins Square and even New Jersey. Unfortunately, it seemed as though many people with their own agendas tried to use the demo for their own purposes, and one organizer allowed cops to direct the marchers and channel them along the sidewalk rather than take the streets.

As they marched, they were escorted by dozens of cops with vehicles. Lurking nearby in plainclothes was one of the very causes of the march himself, Lieutenant McKenna!! (See Cop Watch on page 12 for more news about McKenna).



PETER LEVASSEUR

LT. McKENNA (Left) WATCHES DEMO CREATED THANKS TO HIS DOMESTIC TERRORISM PROGRAM

FREDMILLIN FRANKLIN SAYS:

KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING, FELLOW FREEDOMERS! IF YOU KNOW A TRUE TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY ADVENTURE, OR AN INTERESTING BIT OF DOPE LORE, OR IF YOU JUST WANT TO MAKE UP STORIES OUT OF YOUR HEAD, PUT IT DOWN ON PAPER AND MAIL IT IN!

MAIL TO: "PUBLIC ENEMY" P.O. BOX 2472 LONG BEACH, CA 90804-0472

\$1.00 FOR CURRENT ISSUE.



FIERCE PUSSY FESTIVAL LETS IT ALL HANG OUT IN TOMPKINS SQUARE!!

By Sara Valentine

The Fierce Pussy Festival decorated Tompkins Square Park on Saturday, August 28, a long awaited event for many women. Composed of female musicians, poets, side-show and visual artists, and political action groups, the event was created to celebrate women's individuality and freedom, as well as to provide a day where women could go and see their world reflected all around them.

The brain (and love) child of Karissa and Tatiana, two activists/squatters who live on the Lower East Side, the Fierce Pussy Fest dominated their lives over the summer in the days leading up to that Saturday. Their intention was to have a cultural event, rather than strictly a political one, that would run the risk of alienating those who may not be as political aware as activists on the Lower East Side. Their idea was to have an event at which they themselves would feel comfortable, where they could enjoy the music, performance, poetry, and dance, without having to feel threatened or bored by what was on stage.

Along with providing entertainment, Karissa and Tatiana contacted every women's political, health, and social group they could think of, inviting them to set up tables where they could pass out their literature, sell zines, pins, stickers, etc. The Women's Health Action Mobilization (WHAM) even passed out plastic speculums with instructions on how to do your own vaginal exam. Venus Modern Body Art had body piercing demonstrations, while across the park, free silk screen prints of the Fierce Pussy Logo were made, as long as one brought their own t-shirt.

The Festival started at noon. Visitors walking around the park were greeted with paper maché apples, snakes, and other ornaments which decorated the trees and the green in the center of the park. On Hippy Hill, a baby-sitting area was set up where parents could let their children play with one another in a safe space. The Oracle to the Fierce Pussy and the Oracle to the Butthole were constant objects of observation, with offerings being placed at the foot of the Pussy. These decorations were the results of the work of many people, men and women, who volunteered their time and space in the days before the festival.

Perhaps the most amazing and beautiful of all the decorations was the Fierce Pussy Palace. A concoction of satin and tulle and styrofoam and paint, among other things, it was a large object in bright pink that tempted visitors to enter into its depths. Once inside, one could poke their head through the hole and peer out at the world, just like the day they were born.

The concert began at 3pm, with an intro by MC Sally May. The first performer was Carla, a local activist and actress, who was joined by three other topless women onstage. Chanting "Fierce Pussy, Fierce Pussy," they urged other women at the festival to take off their tops, exercising the "right" they were "given" last year by the State of New York.

This action pleased many of the leering men in the audience, some of whom perhaps thought they had stumbled on a "free tits and ass" show in TSP. Others had come after seeing an article in that morning's New York Post.

The Post article emphasized the presence of porn star Annie Sprinkle at the show, almost promising an on-stage urination. The article also quoted Councilman Antonio Pagan as saying that the festival had been sneakily put together by "homeless people living in the park." This comment was a contradiction, since Pagan has endlessly taken credit for removing homeless people from the park.

Other performers included Bina Sharif, and Indian-American poet, playwright, and actress who performed her poem on the joy of pissing. In it, she claimed anger as her



JOHN PENLEY

AVANT GARDE ARTIST BINA SHARIF WITH SEX GODDESS ANNIE SPRINKLE

own, using a traditional male form of domination and possession to her own advantage and self-expression. Performance artist Shelly Mars roused up the audience with her portrayal of her Jewish, lesbian, separatist, poetess character who lives in North Hampton, Massachusetts. Afterward, Mars stripped down to a slinky black bikini and demonstrated her version of male masturbation. Hiding a dildo in her panties, she slowly turned around and started jerking it off. Spitting on it, rubbing it, touching her pubis and then smelling her fingers, Mars scared the shit out of a lot of men in the audience with what they called her, "man-hating." The rest of the crowd loved Mars, her performance one of the strongest of the day.

The first band to perform that day was the group Thrust. Flanked by a devoted group of fans, Thrust ground their way to sexual liberation and freedom, putting on a show most won't forget. Thrust's premise seems to be sexual emancipation, and they play the role to the hilt, incorporating props and extras, a la Karen Black. With their outrageous costumes and simulated sex, Thrust provided a release for many men. After they were through, the concert settled down and soon most people forget that women's breasts were being revealed all around them.

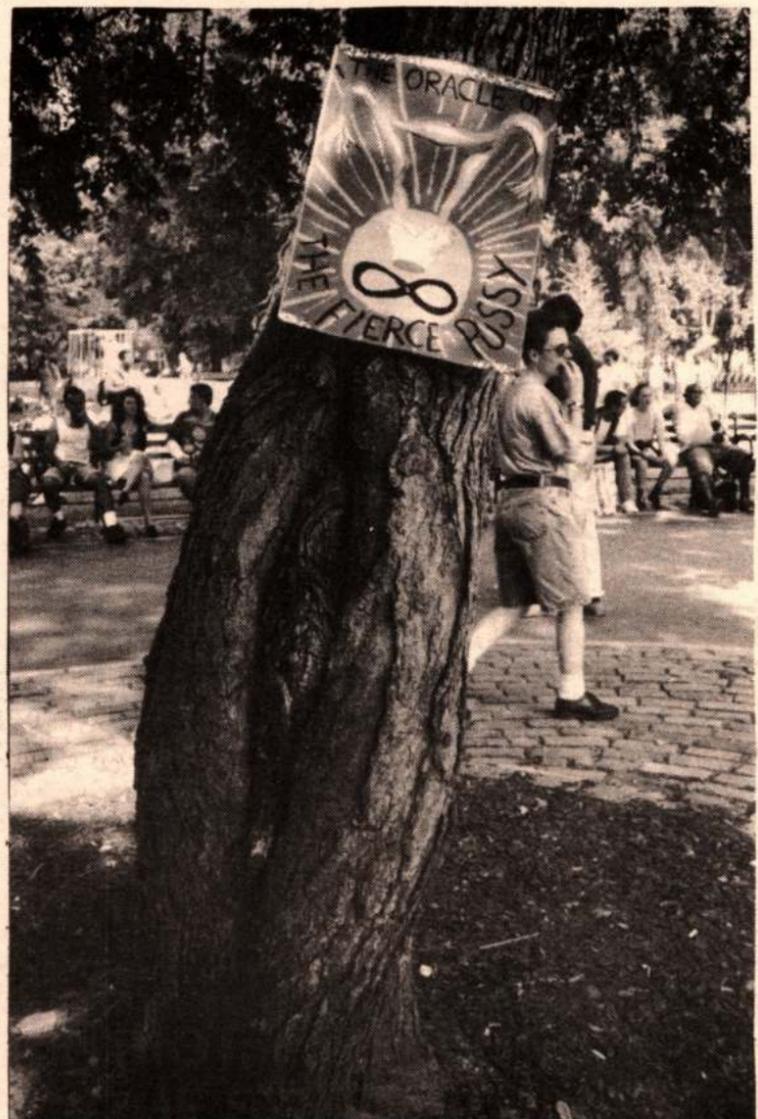
A sudden thunder shower hit the park as the band Fur played, and throughout the rain, lightning and noise, they played on to a crowd that wasn't afraid to get wet. This three piece band played a powerful set, demanding to be heard above the noise. Their presence established them as the strongest pussies at the Fierce Pussy Fest that day.

After the storm ended, Fur stopped playing, the sun came out, and Agent 99 entertained the soaked crowd with their hard-driving ska. Everyone was moshing; a muddied-face Tatiana danced through the crowd, one of the few times she was able to relax that day. Happy that the sun came out, she and Karissa had refused to stop the show, insisting that the it would continue. Other performers included actress Kate Bornstein, the poet Lisa Marie, AIDS activist Valerie Jeminez, and Jan Scumwrench.



FIERCE WOMAN SNAPS HER WHIP

JACK DAMNINS



BARBARA LEE

FIERCE PUSSY ORACLE TREE IN TOMPKINS SQ.PARK

ANARCHY FEST

By Barbara Lee

Anarchists from all over the eastern seaboard converged on Philadelphia to attend the 1993 Mid-Atlantic Anarchist gathering. From July 30 through August 2, anarchists met to exchange ideas, information and fashion tips. For this reporter, the most inspiring sights were young punk women wearing black tights with shorts, in spite of the fierce Philadelphia summer heat.

I came to the Anarchist gathering to learn about anarchy from a source other than New York City's Lower East Side squatting scene. I should've stayed on the Lower East Side.

The workshops were held at the Friends Select School in Center City. It seemed like millions of crusty punks to preppy radicals had descended for the gathering. Yet, for all of the people there, I felt lonely and isolated. The number of people of color that attended the gathering couldn't halfway fill up one small room.

I wondered, "Is the anarchist movement primarily for young white adults? Is there a place for an older black woman and other people of color in the movement?" I was disturbed by what seemed to be an overabundance of selective ignorance on the part of some of the white anarchists I encountered. At a workshop called ANARCHY 101, I asked why the anarchist movement isn't more racially balanced.

Some people debated that MOVE and the Black Panther Party are anarchist. Some retorted "Well, why aren't they here?" No answer was given. Somehow the workshop regressed into a dialogue presuming that Blacks don't mind being called niggers, since some blacks call each other nigger all the time. Supposedly, such usage diffused the derogatory meaning of nigger. I sat in my chair in a momentary state of shock. I then proceeded to set everybody straight by explaining that no self-respecting black would call themselves nigger.

How can people who know about the Maknovist revolution not know anything about the Black Liberation Movement? The attitude of some people made me feel that I would be accepted only if I was assimilated into white radical culture and not bring up the fact that I'm different.

Not everybody had racist tendencies. The Philly anarchists went out of their way to provide an eclectic group of speakers. Black members of the Philly-based housing group Up and Out of Poverty Network held a discussion on the housing crisis and solutions after viewing "TAKE OVER: The struggle for housing."

The Philadelphia anarchists showed intelligence and common sense in the way they planned the Anarchist gathering workshops, having members of the progressive black community at the gathering. It showed that we all have common goals and that isolation in one's political or racial group is not productive to reaching those common goals.

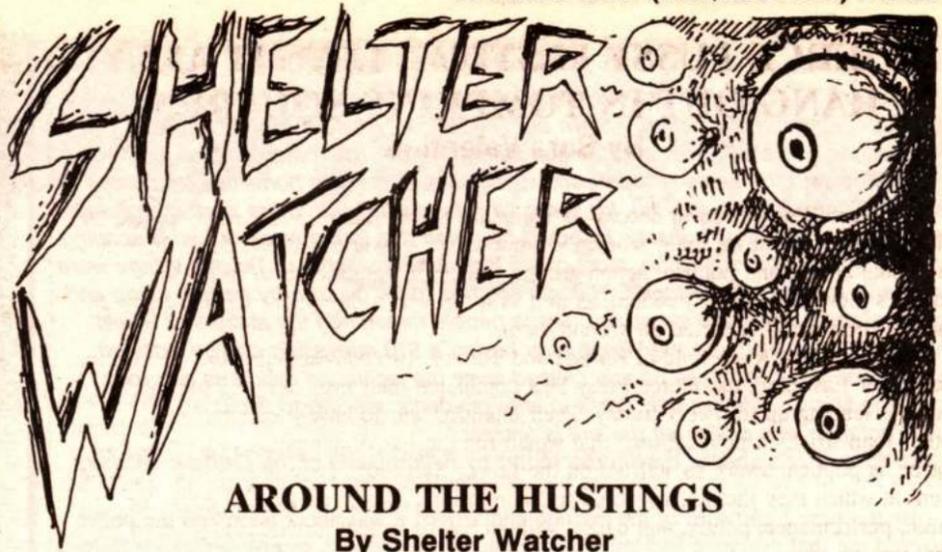
At a work shop called Bi and Lesbian anarchists in the sex industry, I experienced a reluctance on the part of some of the women to be honest about the use of drugs within the industry. Some of the women dancers said that they really didn't know any women who abused drugs and if they did, they probably had the addiction before they started dancing. It's been my personal experience that some woman start using drugs after they're dancing in order to numb the stress of being treated like a slab of beef by the ignorant, horny male customers.

The Lower East Side Squatters had the most heavily attended event, besides the sumptuous free vegetarian lunch. They put together a really great slide show about squatting on the Lower East Side. During the presentation, various LES squatters talked about their experiences in the New York squatter movement.

Not all of the events were held at Friends Select School. A-Space (in West Philly) was the center for information, coffee, books, and movies. The Philly Anarchists held punk shows around the area and the skinheads had a ska show downtown.

The Philly Anarchists and Squatters did a super job of housing people over the weekend, supplying wonderful vegetarian lunches at the workshops and having great entertainment after them.

Outside of my personal views about racism in the anarchist movement, it was a well organized gathering. I'm hoping people went away from Philadelphia with a lot to think about and hopefully positive change will occur from within the movement.



AROUND THE HUSTINGS

By Shelter Watcher

District 1: A romp for the incumbent, Kathryn Freed, with her usual heavy backing from unions, PACs, etc. (One rather curious note here with regard to a campaign contribution of \$1,500 from a "housewife," giving an address on Mott Street which, on investigation, turned out to be a noodle factory!)

By far the most interesting candidate was Judith Joice, largely sponsored (and financed) by the Deborah Glick/G.L.I.D. (Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats) political machine. She did manage to muster a rather impressive list of supporters from the legal world (including one of the city's top tax attorneys!) and also representatives from the seemingly ubiquitous real-estate specialists Stroock & Stroock. Unfortunately, she was ill-served by sophomoric and amateurish campaign management, evidently an arm of the G.L.I.D. political machine. (One volunteer saw the fax machine used a total of only 5 times in a week!)

Doubtless, the third candidate in the district, Margaret Chin, will be back in '97, trying to become a councilmember from hiding!

District 2: A strong group in this district made representations to Sylvia Friedman and her campaign manager Kevin Finnegan that they would work to induce Miriam Friedlander to step aside in return for (1) firing Martha ("the eraser") Danziger; (2) removing Krystyna Piorkowska as chair of the Housing and Land Use Committee of Community Board #3; and (3) sponsoring a federal investigation of the Human Resources Administration, an out-of-control arm of the city's permanent government, seemingly able to flout even court orders at will. Friedman indicated strong agreement, especially with the first two items. This group was also working with a faction in the Borough President's office (headed by Jessie Shaeffer and Raul Gonzalez) who also wanted Friedlander to step aside, possibly by inducing her with an appropriate "elder statesperson" slot such as "advisor on women's issues." However, this was not to be, due at least in part, to a breakdown in communications.

District 3: The incumbent Tom Duane was unopposed in the primary, but can expect to face a stiff fight in November from Victor del Mastro, who is strongly back by the Christian Coalition.

District 4: Pagán-clone Jane Crotty ran unopposed. It would seem that Crotty and the other "liberals" in this district are keeping a rather dirty secret from the outside world with regard to their largest bailiwick and residence (home to numerous lawyers, architects, top city officials, cops - including at one time our old friend Inspector Michael "Bad Knees" Julian), namely Stuyvesant Town, the complex owned by Metropolitan Life, with rents frozen at 1955 levels. The secret is the racially discriminatory renting practices at work here. The only black faces one sees on walking through are those of the clean-up crews and nannies! Crotty and company will have a black priest in their church, but he can't get an apartment in Stuyvesant Town!

Community Board 3 Stuff: It was pathetic to see the two board members busted at the "riot" last June disavow all sympathy with the "nasty squatters" so the D.A. would throw their cases out. A group of residents had an agreement with the NYCLU that they would undertake a civil-rights action that all public meetings be open to the public (under section 98 of the Public Officers Law), giving copious documentation to NYCLU intern "Kevin," but that was the last they heard of it (the NYCLU won't return phone calls). The word around is that this is not the first time that the publicity-hungry NYCLU has done something like this!

Advisory to all activists: A key provision of the Omnibus Crime Bill, due to be reported out shortly by Senator Joseph Biden's office, will be a slush fund for paying off informants in "terrorist" cases (a "snitches' charter"! - also something called a "National Police Force" (if this is a rehash of previous similar schemes, it means means a make-work program for vocational-school dropouts).

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwards ©1993

YES, IT'S ALAN GREENSCAM OF THE FEDERAL LOAN SHARK RESERVE - THAT PRIVATELY-OWNED CORPORATION THAT PRINTS UP "OUR" MONEY!!

I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT WE WERE A GOVERNMENT AGENCY THAT YOU COULD VOTE ON...

FAT CHANCE!!

BUT IF WE HAVE NO CONTROL OVER "OUR" MONEY, WHO DOES?

WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT: THE TOP EIGHT STOCKHOLDERS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE ARE THE ROTHSCHILD BANKS OF LONDON AND BERLIN, LAZARD BROS BANKS OF PARIS, ISRAEL MOSES SEIF BANKS OF ITALY, WARBURG BANK OF HAMBURG, LEHMAN BROS BANK OF N.Y., KUHN LOEB BANK OF N.Y., CHASE MANHATTAN BANK OF N.Y., AND GOLDMAN SACHS BANK OF N.Y.

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT "AMERICA'S" MONEY IS MOSTLY CONTROLLED BY NON-AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL BANKERS??

'DEMS THE FACTS, FOLKS!

WE'LL LOVE IT OR LEASE IT!

HEY, IT'S OUR HERO, MR. "IT'S-THE-ECONOMY-STUPID" TO THE RESCUE!!

I HAVE A BOLD NEW PLAN TO REGAIN CONTROL OF OUR ECONOMIC DESTINY!!

AND HOW DO YOU PLAN TO FUND THIS BRILLIANT PROPOSAL?

UH, GEE, AL... YOU COULDN'T LOAN ME A FEW BIL' UNTIL PAY-DAY, HUH PAL?

SAY PLEASE

SHEESH

SHANTY TOWN DESTROYED BY CITY!!

(On August 17, 1993, the City of New York evicted the residents of one of the oldest squatter camps in Manhattan, known as "The Hill" or "Teepee Village," at the intersection of Canal Street and the Manhattan Bridge. The mayor's office justified this action with the same rationale used to evict squatters and homeless residents around Tompkins Square Park for years: "It was unsafe" and "there were complaints of drug dealing." In all honesty, it should be noted that in the week or two preceding the city's announced eviction, most of the long time residents of Teepee Village were suddenly nowhere to be found. The site seemed to be overrun by people using and dealing dope inside the structures. These people threatened the staffers of Street News who ventured into the Village after having a \$10 admission charge extorted from them. Whether these people chased away the legitimate residents and took over the site, or whether they came in after residents seeking to avoid a confrontation with police left the site is unclear. What follows is a special eyewitness report by Felton Davis of the Catholic Worker)

By the time I got word of the eviction and arrived it was about noon and the police assured me that everyone had left willingly and was grateful to receive assistance from the city. This was not true. Several people interviewed expressed deep regret at the destruction of their shacks, and one HIV positive pregnant woman who had been living in the camp was described in Newsday as "sobbing and almost hysterical".

The police also assured me that bulldozers were not allowed to begin clearing the lot until it was certain that everyone living there was gone. This was also not true. One resident was still in his quarters even as the police were trying to convince me the lot was empty. When it was learned that he was still there, and that he only spoke Chinese, translators were summoned to communicate with him, but the bulldozers were not stopped while they were trying to persuade him to leave. As they continued smashing the dwellings, one of the supervisors explained to me that it would cost too much money for the Dept of Traffic and Sanitation crews to stand idle, just because one person refused to leave.

At this time, I appealed to the assembled reporters and photographers and asked whether it wouldn't make sense for the city to stop bulldozing entirely until it was quite certain that no one was still in the lot, and several of them nodded their heads, but the police would not let any of the reporters enter the lot and either talk to the man about what was going on, or check for any other human beings who might be in the area.

"I can't accept this" I declared, and sat down between the bulldozer and one of the high sanitation trucks that was being used to carry away the debris. "This is a terrible thing to do, and they're not even taking the minimum precaution necessary to protect human life" This brief explanation for sitting down was not heard, because the one reporter who crossed the line to talk to me was quickly motioned away by the police.

"Can't I just ask him a couple of questions?" she said. "No," and then they said to me, "By sitting here, you're not only making a fool of yourself, you're also endangering yourself and others."

I tried to explain that in my opinion it was they who were endangering others, by allowing the bulldozers to commence working without making sure the lot was clear, but no one could hear this, because the noise of the trucks was so great, and the one reporter who crossed the line had retreated in order to avoid getting arrested herself.

After a brief discussion I was arrested for O.G.A. (Obstructing Governmental Administration), and taken to the 5th Precinct on Elizabeth St. I cooperated with the arrest, produced identification, answered the officers' questions, and tried to explain to them how I felt about seeing the lot cleared. For several years we used to make soup on winter nights and bring it to homeless people in the subway stations and at the Manhattan Bridge encampment. One night it was so cold that the residents could hardly come out of the shacks to get the soup, so we took up a blanket collection for them. The officers listened to my explanation, and some of them said they were in great sympathy with the homeless people, but at the same time explained that I had created extra work for them, making a difficult situation even more difficult.

"You're not going to accomplish anything by this, you know that. It's a stupid pointless thing you're doing here. Now what's going to happen if we let you go this afternoon?"

"I will continue to serve the homeless and to protest on their behalf, either at the Manhattan Bridge encampment or wherever it's appropriate."

"Well it's not appropriate at that lot. That's gone. You understand? That's history. You have to take your protest somewhere else."

"No, sir."

"Okay. lock him up."

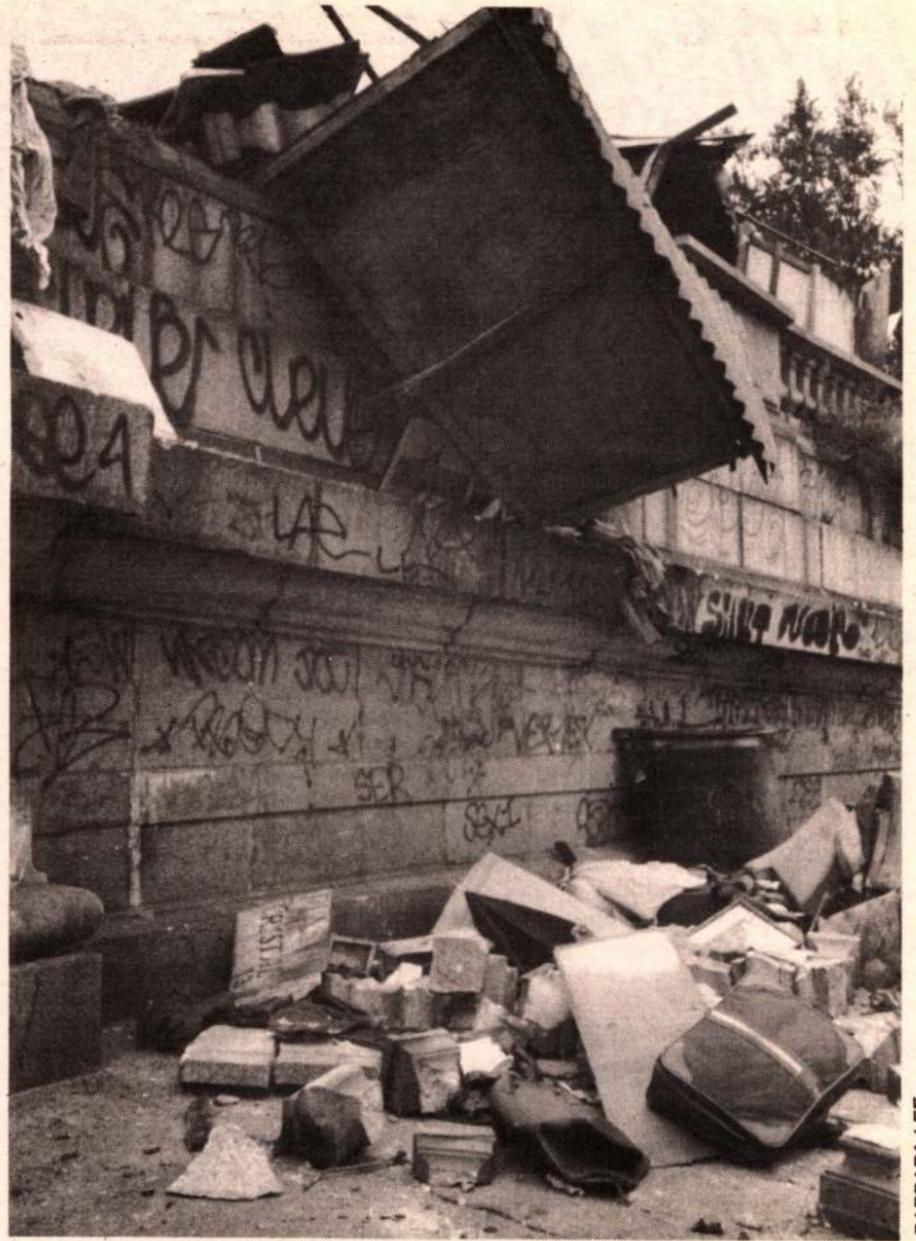
So I was taken to Central Booking at Police Plaza, to be held there until arraignment. There were about fifty prisoners in the main holding cell there, with no sink, no toilet, no shower, no telephone, and garbage all over the floor, and it appeared that one prisoner who had been refused access to a bathroom had to urinate on the floor over in a corner of the cell. Most of the same unsanitary conditions that "forced" the closing of the encampment would equally apply to Central Booking, but the officers there were not in the mood to make these comparisons.

One officer came to the door of the cell and demanded, "Does anyone here have HIV, AIDS, or TB?"

Just raise your hand, and make a public disclosure of your health status, in a crowded holding cell. Now in years past, I have seen prisoners respond affirmatively to this question, thinking that it was an easy ticket through the system. But this group seemed to know better, and no one responded. Any disclosure a prisoner makes with regard to health, or any requests for medical assistance at Central Booking, are likely to either double or triple the time it takes to go through the system, and this is a powerful disincentive to speaking up. [For fact sheets about AIDS and MDR-TB in prisons and jails, write to: The Correctional Association of New York, 135 East 15th St. New York NY 10003.]

At midnight, twenty of us were chained together, jammed into a small van and taken to the courthouse on Centre St. No provision was made for us to breathe while we were in the van, which was parked outside the courthouse for about an hour before we were taken inside. The officers ignored all requests for air or complaints about being unable to breathe or feeling faint. By the time the door was opened, several of us had experienced "tingling fingers." Longer deprivations of oxygen are known to cause brain damage or death, but the practice of keeping prisoners locked up in closed vans is standard procedure.

In the courthouse holding cell, an argument among the prisoners deteriorated into a fight. In my opinion, the officers deliberately allowed this argument to continue so there would be an excuse for a melée, and they could justify coming into the cell and beating prisoners up. One officer kicked a prisoner in the chest who wasn't even part of the fight.



BARBARA LEE

BULLDOZER BREAKS DOWN WALL TO REMOVE HOMELESS BELONGINGS

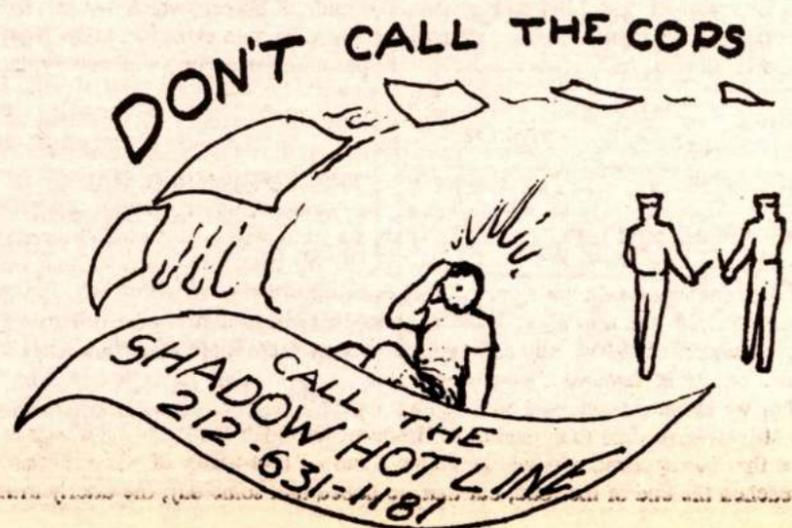
"You got something to say about this?" said the officer, and then leaned back and delivered more kicks to the prisoner's chest until the wind was knocked out of him. Another prisoner was held in a neck hold and practically thrown into my lap gasping out "No problem! No problem!" as he hit the hard floor. There was complete silence in the holding cell, and still the officers looked around for any sign or motion or indication from any prisoner, anything they could use as an excuse for further hostility.

In court the next morning, the prosecutor argued against release on recognizance (getting out without having to put up bail money), producing a large print-out of my arrest record and a transcript of the statements I made to the police about my intentions to keep on protesting. The Legal Aid lawyer who was assigned for defense produced a newspaper about the eviction, and was allowed to make a nice speech about the difference between crime and community activism, and society's disregard for human life and failure to deal with the problem of homelessness. A manifestly sympathetic judge said a sentence of "time served" in exchange for a plea of Guilty would be appropriate, and I grabbed the bargain. I have no excuse for pleading guilty other than fatigue, and my discouragement at previous attempts to get trials in the city courts.

The day may soon come when we will see bulldozers used directly on people. It happened in Iraq two years ago, and the war reporters were not allowed to be there. It can happen in New York City. If you have difficulty imagining this, watch for the movie "Soylent Green," sometimes shown on late-night television. It's gruesome, but it promises to be the future, unless we can reverse the process of social brutalization which is functioning such a way as to make atrocities seem more acceptable to the public.

If you would like to form an affinity group to mobilize on short notice and protest mass evictions, please let me know. And we will also be taking up another blanket collection for this coming winter. People can bring extra blankets to Maryhouse at 55 East Third Street, between 1st and 2nd Avenue.

Felton Davis
The Catholic Worker
36 East First St. N.Y.C. 10003
212 777-9617



DOWN BY LAW

ON THE EVE OF THE EXECUTION OF ROBERT NELSON DREW

By William M. Kunstler + Ronald L. Kuby, Attorneys At Law

(On July 15, 1993, Texas Judge Charles Hearn ordered that Robert Nelson Drew be executed by lethal injection before sunrise on October 14, 1993)

Ellis Unit I, the Texas prison which houses some 373 inmates awaiting execution, lies in rural Walker County, seventy-one miles due north of Houston. Route 980, which leads to the unit from Huntsville, the county seat, runs by a number of prison farms and grazing fields. It is punctuated by only one unofficial sign, that of the Huntsville Funeral Home.

We signed in at the Administration Office at 2:30 p.m. on October 13th, exactly nine hours and thirty-one minutes before the scheduled time of the execution of our client, Robert Nelson Drew, whom we had represented for almost a decade. As we awaited permission to visit him, we watched a dozen or so large green glider turtles, native to the area, cavorting in a large pool behind the building.

Ten minutes after our arrival, we were told to proceed down a long corridor, then turn right and walk to Cage No. 23 in the inmate visiting area. When we arrived there, we realized why it was described as a "cage." Bobby, dressed in the white trousers and shirt provided by the Texas Department of Corrections to all death row residents, was sitting behind a barrier, which was divided into two segments - the top portion was composed of reinforced glass and the bottom of perforated metal strips, through which his voice could be faintly heard.

Condemned prisoners are permitted to invite five people to witness their exterminations and Bobby had asked us and George Longnecker, a dedicated supporter from his native Vermont, to attend his ordeal. We dreaded the pre-execution visit, since we didn't feel up to a long afternoon of talk with a man who was expected to be killed in a matter of hours. Fortunately, he soon put us at our ease when he greeted us with the wry observation that "I love Jesus but I didn't want to meet him this soon."

As we talked to him, Rev. Jack Wilcox, a Baptist minister who served as a volunteer Death Row chaplain, stopped to chat for a moment. "You know where your peace is today," he told Bobby. He then turned to us and, pointing at the row of cages occupied by other inmates, said, "This is my church, this my congregation."

During our session with Bobby, he appeared calm but inwardly tense. He smoked cigarette after cigarette and, as he lit each one, we could see that his hands were shaking badly. "I've made my peace and I'm ready," he said. "But, if I get a stay, I'm going to make clocks." As past donees of his paintings and jewelry boxes, we knew how adept he was with his hands.

As the afternoon wore along, we talked of many things - his childhood, his brothers and sisters, his father who bore the resplendent name of Robert Cassler Patrick McGrath Drew, and the fact that he was born on April 8, 1959, his grandfather's forty-second birthday. He also pointed out that it had cost the taxpayers of Texas \$2,800,000 to keep him on Death Row all these years, but that it would have set them back only \$500,000 if he had been sentenced to sixty years instead.

He informed us that, just before he had been brought to Cage 23, guards had entered the Death Watch cell to which he had been earlier transferred, inventoried his belongings, and packed them in boxes. He didn't know what would be done with a dozen or so letters that were given to him during our visit. These included expressions of support from as far away as England as well as one from a sex shop containing a list of available erotic material. "We get lots of ads like that," he explained.

His years of incarceration had not been kind to him. He had ballooned from 152 pounds to 225, developed a substantial paunch, and lost almost all of his front teeth. "I've got enough left," he smiled, "to eat my last meal - six cheeseburgers, six fish sandwiches, a double order of french fries, chocolate ice cream, and a cold soda."

He was able to reel off the scheduled executions dates through November of many of his co-inmates. "If people really wanted to do something about their crimes," he said, "they ought to have done something about them before they became crimes." We nodded in silent agreement.

From time to time, as conversation lagged, he reminisced about the way in which he had existed since he had been sentenced. Confined twenty-one hours a day in a small cell containing a bed, a toilet, and a sink, he had, as his only luxury, a small radio. He was able to watch a television screen, erected outside of his cell, which was turned on from 7:00 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. from Monday to Friday, with an extra two hours from 10:30 to 12:30 p.m., on the weekends. He was permitted three hours of solitary daily recreation.

The day before, we had asked a Texas court in Austin to stay his execution because of our contention that the Texas Board of Pardons & Paroles should have granted him a hearing on his claim of innocence. One hundred and one days after he had been sentenced to death for the murder of an Alabama youth with whom he and three others had hitched a ride, a drifter, who had pleaded guilty to the crime, revealed that Bobby had not been involved. In addition, the only eyewitness had recanted his trial testimony implicating Drew and now swore that the police had forced him to perjure himself. However, under Texas law, any new evidence that surfaces more than thirty days after sentence cannot be reviewed by any court.

After we lost in Austin, we had asked an appellate court to issue a stay so that we could at least have time to appeal to it. However, we didn't think that there was a chance that our application would be granted, and we told Bobby of our fears that we had reached the end of the road, but that we hoped that some day, the utterly irrational

30-day rule would be abolished. "If that happens," he replied, "it won't help me but maybe, down the road, some kid will benefit from it."

At exactly 4:15, three burly guards materialized behind him. He was to be taken to the Walls, the place of execution in Huntsville, and prepared for what was to take place a minute after midnight. He would be strapped onto a hospital gurney, a needle inserted in a vein, and, at a given signal, a lethal solution of potassium chloride, sodium pentothal, and pavulon, a muscle relaxant, would be pumped into his body. It apparently takes five minutes for all vital signs to disappear, following which he would be pronounced dead. George Longnecker had engaged a local mortician to cremate the body and planned to scatter Bobby's ashes over one of his favorite lakes in his native Vermont.

When we left the prison that afternoon, we were convinced that we would see Bobby alive again only for the brief time it would take to kill him. We returned to our motel in Huntsville where we tried to prepare ourselves for what would be our last - and the most difficult - assignment in this case. We dreaded the thought of sitting behind a one-way window and watching the State of Texas strip away a man's life.

Miraculously, we were spared that ordeal.

Minutes after we had arrived at the motel, we received notice that the appellate court in Austin had granted a reprieve. Bobby's life was to be spared until the court could review the merits of the suit we had lost the day before. "We act," the three-judge panel said, "to give us sufficient time to perform our basic constitutional and statutory duty of reviewing the propriety of the district court's decision."

Rather than abide by this order, the Texas officials frantically petitioned the state's highest criminal court to vacate it. After more than eight harrowing hours of waiting for that tribunal to act, we were finally informed that the stay would remain intact. Meanwhile, Bobby, who had been taken from the Walls back to Ellis Unit I, called to tell us that he knew all the time that he would not be executed. He chided us for not having "the faith that I had."

Early the next morning, we left Huntsville to catch an early morning flight back to New York. As we approached Houston's Intercontinental Airport, we saw the sun rise over the horizon. The execution order on which the trial judge had drawn a "happy face" symbol after his signature had at last expired. We ran for our plane on feet that fairly seemed to take us a hundred miles above the ground. A man's life, a little thing perhaps in this world of endless violence, had been spared, perhaps for good.

While Robert Nelson Drew continues to breathe, there is always hope.

(Messrs. Kunstler and Kuby, affiliated with the New York-based Center for Constitutional Rights, are civil rights lawyers who have long been opposed to the death penalty.)

Any questions? Send yours to DOWN BY LAW,
c/o The SHADOW, P.O. Box 20298, New York, NY 10009

SEVEN Sterling DEEDS of Wm Jeff CLINTON

- 1A THE EXECUTION OF A MENTAL DEFECTIVE (BLACK) IN ARKANSAS. PRE-ELECTION.
- 1B THE PRE-ELECTION EXECUTION OF A WHITE PRISONER IN ARKANSAS. THIS PROVED YOU WILL GET EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER BILL CLINTON.
- 2 PLANE SHOOT DOWNS (& PILOT DEATHS) OVER IRAQ DURING 1ST DAYS IN OFFICE. THIS PROVES BILL CLINTON'S NOT JUST A DRAFT-DODGING WIMP & DESERVES THE ENTUSIASTIC SUPPORT OF THE ARMED FORCES.
- 3 WACO WIPEOUT: "WE HAD TO KILL THE CHILDREN IN ORDER TO SAVE THEM."
- 4 BOMBING OF BAGHDAD TO SHOW THE (AS YET UNCONVICTED) ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATORS OF EXPRES GEORGE WALKER BUSH (MASS MURDERER OF 100,000+ IRAQIS- MOSTLY INNOCENT DRAFTTEES + MANY THOUSANDS OF CIVILIANS) THAT THEIR CO-CONSPIRATORS (I.E. ANY IRAQUI LIVING ANYWHERE) WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED.
- 5 MURDER OF 100+ CIVILIANS IN SOMALIA.
Q: WHY?
A: DOGGED PURSUIT OF WAR LORD MOHAMMED FARAH AIDID BY WAR LORD WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON.
WHY ARE "WE" IN SOMALIA?
- 6 THREAT (PROMISE?) TO INTERVENE BY SURGICAL STRIKES IN BOSNIA. SURGICAL STRIKE: AN ATTACK IN WHICH THE VICTIMS (STILL ALIVE) WILL REQUIRE SURGERY.
- 7 NEW DEMOCRAT OMNIBUS CRIME BILL EXPANDS THE NUMBER OF CAPITAL CRIMES FROM 1 TO 47!
AT LAST WE ACTUALIZE THE "KINDER GENTLER AMERICA" BUSH ONLY PROMISED US.



COP WATCH

Well, here we are again!

Riot kops used a new formation to envelope people for arrest in Tompkins Square Park on August 7, the fifth anniversary of the 1988 riot. As usual, kops made random busts, including bystanders only checking out the half dressed dancers and drummers.

Despite their claims of "extensive damage" to the park, it looks like the only people damaging the park are the kops. In their lust to make arrests on August 7th, the kops pulled down a volley ball net and bent two poles in the process. At the 7th St. and Avenue A entrance, holes can be seen in the pavement caused by kop scooters parked in front of the only open gate there, blocking people from trying to get in the park.

After our last report on kop harrassment of homeless people in and around the park, sources tell us that Tompkins Square is being used as a training ground for rookie kops. One such kop, P.O. Figueredo, is often seen disturbing homeless men for sitting on the sidewalk and others for such major offenses as carrying a beer in a bag. When he's not bothering people in the park, Figueredo keeps himself busy by ticketing cars nearby. If you don't know him, look for a short runt whose bullet-proof vest is twice the size of his chest, making him feel like the big man he wishes he was!

Another real pig who seems to enjoy every opportunity to terrorize the homeless around the park is the 9th precinct's Sgt. Alvarez. On October 7th, Alvarez and other kops wearing "handling" gloves threatened to arrest a small group of homeless men along 7th Street and trash their belongings. Why? Because they dared to hold a plastic sheet over their heads to keep their heads dry in the rain. Apparently, the kops consider this a "erecting a permanent structure," which they won't allow. After being confronted by neighborhood activists, the kops backed off and waited inside the park, hoping the crowd would dissipate, but it didn't.

Three days later, Alvarez and his crew threw away most of the belongings of Bob Lee Marion, a well known and outspoken homeless man known for the tattered amerikkan flag he drags around to demonstrations. Bob was getting a soup at Leshko's restaurant across the street from the park for a total of five minutes. In that time, Alvarez had a garbage truck come and trash his stuff. Alvarez claimed that Bob's things were "abandoned" even though he knew they belonged to Bob.

On the night of September 17, a drunken man was seen assaulting a woman near the corner of 7th Street and Second Ave, across from Kiev restaurant. Bystanders quickly called 911 to get kops to do something. Instead of ending the call to quickly dispatch some kops, the operators kept callers on the line, telling them to "calm down" (no one was getting excited), and requesting callers to give personal information. Meanwhile, the man was still choking, hitting and slamming the woman against a wall.

Finally, someone flagged down a passing kop van with two kops inside, who had no knowledge of the 911 calls. The kops, Michael Maher and Joseph Quinn, both of the 9th precinct, listened to people describe the man, who was then heading west and pulling the woman along with him. One of the people pointing out the man was SHADOW editor Chris Flash. Upon recognizing Flash, the kops stopped the van and Quinn spent the next five minutes saying stupid shit like "We're not so bad now, huh Flash?" and "You're not throwing rocks at us now that you need us," patting themselves on the back for being requested by an anarcho publisher to do their fucking jobs instead of attacking homeless people and political activists. After Flash reminded them that if civilians had guns and clubs, then we would take care of the woman beater ourselves and not need them, the kops went after the man, but they only separated him from the woman, allowing him to walk after her.

(Quinn is the kop who sued the city over having to patrol Tompkins Square Park with homeless living there, and he posed with then city council candidate Antonio Pagan at the park for news photos and television interviews. He is also one of the kops who attacked concert organizers on stage at the MayDay 1990 show in the park.)

By now, everyone has heard about the phony Mollen Commission hearings into police corruption in New York City. As expected, nothing really new came from it, except for a few tidbits concerning the good old 9th precinct.

One of those testifying was a poorly disguised guy calling himself "Mr. X." He said he had a drug spot on East Third Street, between First and Second Avenues, that was frequented day and night by cops who used the place to use drugs and sell and trade dope and guns with each other and other dope dealers. He even said that some of them were so fucked up that they couldn't even respond to radio calls. When supervisors were in the area, the kops used special radio codes to tip their dope buddies off.

Mr. X went on to say that he was involved in a sting operation to nail a bunch of 9th precinct kops in the act of using drugs. After his undercover work that went on for years, he was a trusted part of the kop dope ring. He was invited to a planned Fourth of July party in 1991 at the Staten Island home of 9th pct kop Allen Brown where more than a dozen kops and dope dealers were to meet and do their thing. Everything was set up, including Mr. X's purchasing dope from Brown three times to pave the way for the raid at the house, but Brown was suddenly arrested by Internal Affairs for selling the dope, 22 days before the party, conveniently preventing the party from taking place!!

Mr. X said he felt that this was to protect the other kops and the NYPD itself from yet another scandal. But, Mr. X never got around to naming those other kops or any other kops he dealt with from the 9th precinct. In fact, several times throughout the "hearings," commission staffers would begin their questions with something like "without naming any officers, can you tell us about...."

Other testimony came from convicted dope kops Michael Dowd and Bernard Cawley. (Who knows what kind of deals they cut first?) Dowd described his years of brazen dealing and consumption of coke and shaking down dealers with his kop crew. Cawley said that he and his boys would regularly beat groups of people at random in places like Washington Heights, once even videotaping the beatings for a kop party later that night.

The media reaction to all of this was predictable. As they did after the 1988 Tompkins Square and the 1992 Washington Heights uprisings, they followed their tried and true method of damage control, working in conjunction with the kops. It goes something like this: first they take the side of the outraged populace after the event, criticizing the kops, gov't, etc, in order to channel the anger. Then, after a period of time, during which they claim to have made a thorough investigation into the matter, they join in the cover-up and blame the victims.

For example, in the first days following the 1988 riot, the media raged against the "out-of-control kops," with coverage of those beaten by kops, injuries from kop beatings, and even admissions from the mayor and kop commissioner that it was a "police riot." A few days later, the media shifted its coverage to sympathy for the kops and they blamed the beating victims as having caused the riot.

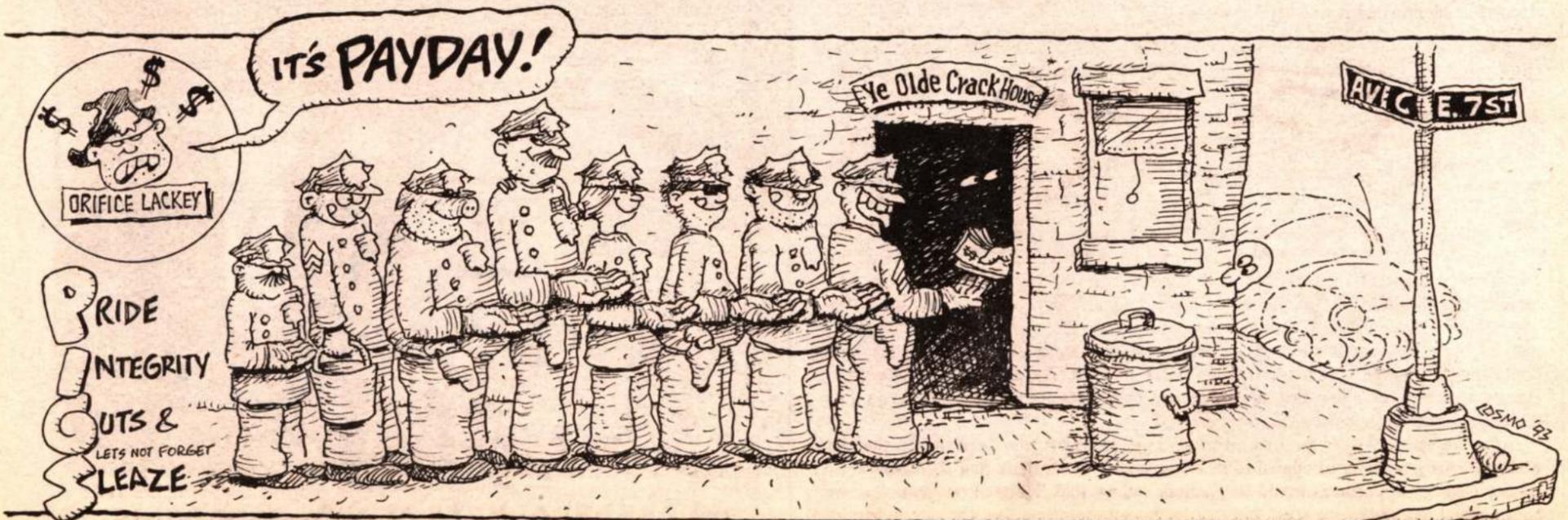
In Washington Heights, where the beating and pistol execution of José Garcia by plainclothes kop Michael O'Keefe set off a riot, the media first portrayed Garcia as the victim of uncontrolled kop violence, and then dismissed Garcia's death, justifying it by echoing the NYPD press office's allegation that he was just another drug dealer and that he had threatened O'Keefe with a gun (despite evidence and witnesses to the contrary).

This method has again been employed during the Mollen Commission hearings. At first, the media reported the testimony of corrupt kops, playing up the widespread corruption, making comparisons to the Knapp Commission hearings 20 years earlier, interviewing people who had reports of kop corruption and abuse in their neighborhoods, etc. By the fourth day of the hearings, the commission began hearing irrelevant testimony by an ex-kop (also named Dowd) and current kop, Lt. Robert ("Spuds") McKenna. Neither of them named names, but both tried to distract public attention from corrupt kops to honest kops.

Suddenly, the media focus was on these kops and their message that "the great majority of kops are honest," that their morale is being affected by the hearings, that there are only a handful of corrupt kops, etc.

Not surprisingly, the media failed to report the obvious connections one would make after the testimonies. Wasn't it Larry Davis, the young black man who eluded an attempted execution by kops back in 1987, who revealed that kops in the Bronx were selling guns and drugs and had kids dealing for them? And in light of the Cawley gang's random beatings and shakedowns in Washington Heights, doesn't it make O'Keefe's story more questionable?

Of course, the public made those connections long ago, not needing a commission to reveal kop corruption that we've always been aware of. The media can't make those connections public because that's who they're working for!!



 In the aftermath of the hearings, Mel Sachs, the attorney for the man accused of shooting a kop during a botched raid on a pot store on East First Street last summer, is subpoenaing all of the commission's records and testimony for his client's defense. At least lawyers defending those set up by kops can make some use of the commission's charade.

 The strangest thing was McKenna's testimony about young kops who are tempted by corruption, but who are guided by the more experienced ones. This comes from the same pig who stood by as Steve Duares was beaten by a gang of skinheads in Washington Square Park on July 4, 1989; who stole a parks dep't scooter and went for a drunken joyride in Tompkins Square Park, trying to run down homeless residents there; who has repeatedly harrassed and arrested activists for carrying banners; who had SHADOW editor Chris Flash falsely arrested for assaulting a kop; who was forced into an alcohol rehab program for always being drunk on the job; who now leads the harrassment/arrest program against homeless and young people in the West Village. We know what kind of "guidance" he will provide!!



IS LT. McKENNA SWEARING OFF BOOZE? HELL NO, HE'S JUST DOING HIS SHARE OF DAMAGE CONTROL AT THE MOLLEN COMM.

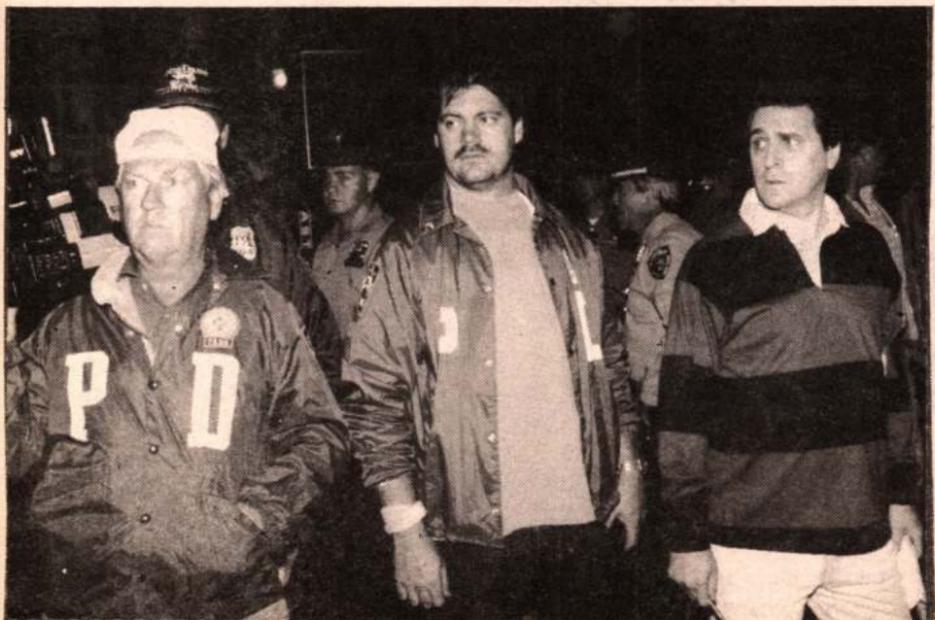
 One person trying but failing to get to testify before the commission was Mickey Cesar, the Pope of the Church of Realized Fantasies, known for it's use of marijuana as a holy sacrament. [Pigs stole pounds of pot in church raids in 1990 + 1991] Now out of jail after serving a few years for possession of pot when his office was raided by kops who stole several pounds of pot and hash in the process, he hoped to share this experience. But the commission, which had delegated less than two weeks to hearing testimony, disregarded him.

Not so coincidentally, on August 3, the Pope's apartment was raided by dozens of pigs, including some from the FBI, looking for a large amount of pot. They only got two ounces, which the Pope was using for medicinal purposes, to alleviate the pain from the cancer that is killing him. Amazingly, he spent only ten days in jail and got released by an understanding judge with "time served."

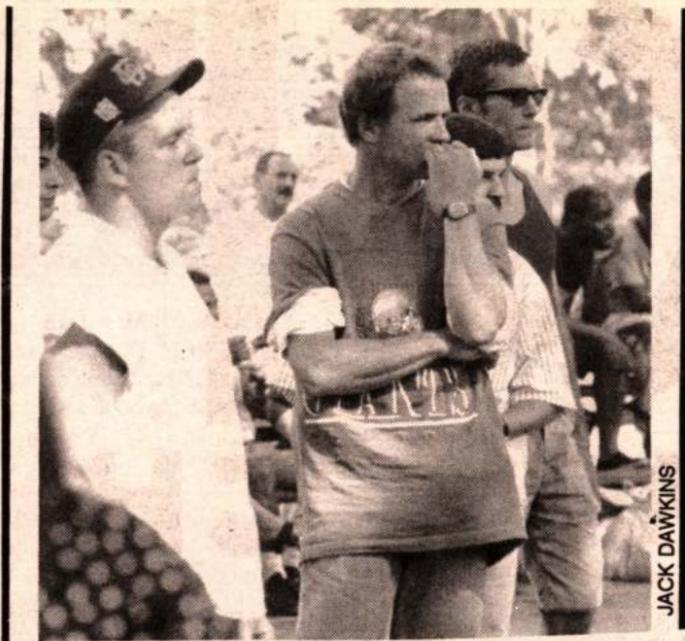
 The few people relying on 9th precinct kops to clear the drug dealers from their streets are learning who the kops really work for. The 9th precinct has periodic meetings with neighborhood residents, called "community councils" which consist of some ranking kops and community board members who are tight with them. (The SHADOW has reported on them in the past.) At a recent meeting, one man named a gang of dealers who had taken over his block and provided kops with other details. He tells us he did this in a private conversation with kops, where he wasn't heard by others at the meeting. A few days later, he was confronted by one of the dealers who repeated everything he told the kops in confidence and told the man he would be dead the next time he talked!!

With more Kop-Watchers than ever before, Kop Watch is getting bigger with each issue. If you have any info (stories, eyewitness reports, photos, badge numbers, plate numbers, etc) that you like to see published in the SHADOW and added to our files, please send it to: P.O. Box 20298, New York, N.Y. 10009. Don't forget the SHADOW hotline: 212-631-1181.

Now, more than ever, keep on watching those kops!!

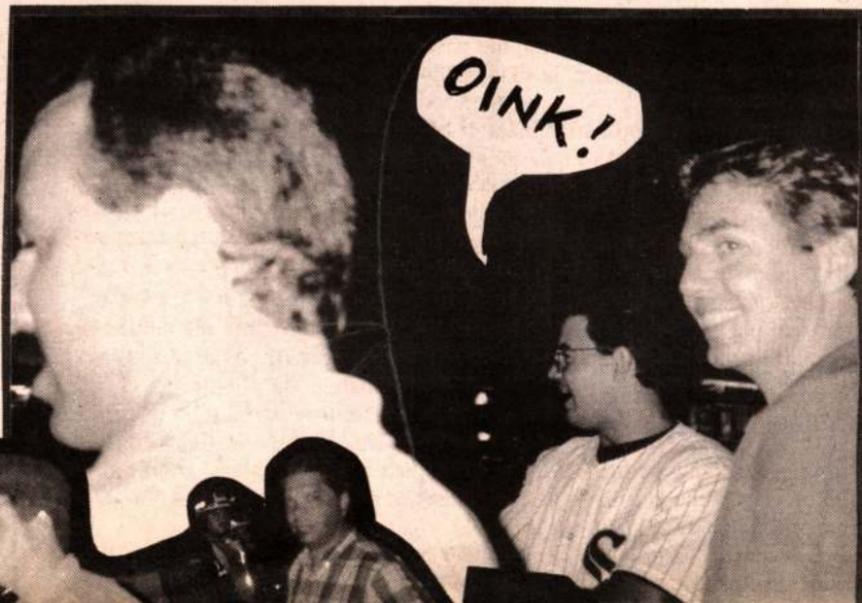


VIDEO PIGS WATCH THE CROWD AS NY CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION HEAD NORMAN SIEGEL (Right) WATCHES THEM (8/7/93)



JACK DAWKINS

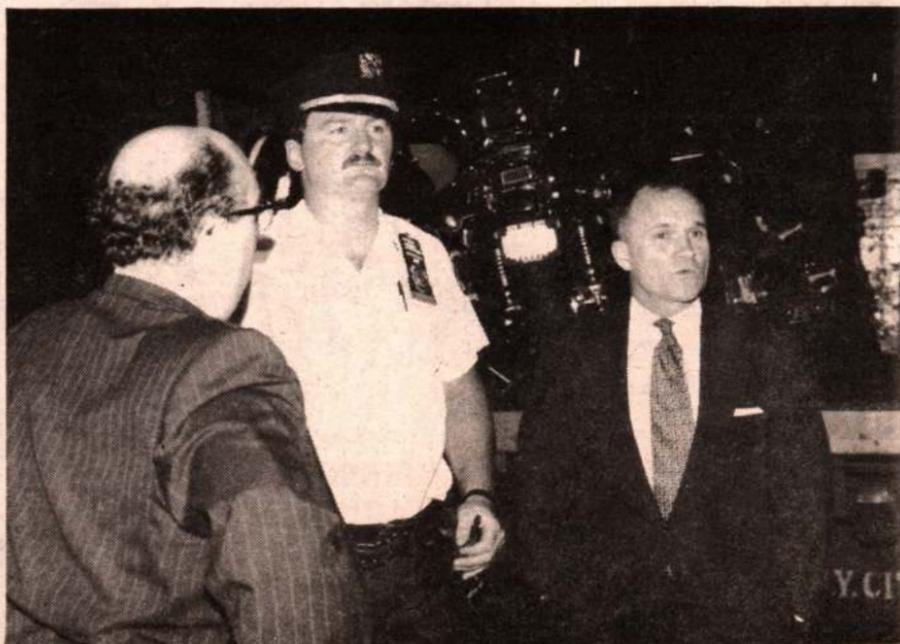
THESE KOPS GOT AN EYEFUL AT THE PUSSY FEST SHOW IN TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK (8/28/93)



DREW CRAWFORD



THESE KOPS WERE SEEN IN TOMPKINS SQ. PARK TRYING TO BLEND IN, BUT NO SUCH LUCK-- THIS AIN'T THE SUBURBS!! (8/7/93)



JOHN PENLEY

NYPD COMMISSIONER RAYMOND KELLY (Right) OVERSEES THE THEFT OF MOTORCYCLES AT BROADWAY + 4TH ST. (9/10/93)

FLASH FOTO

EVENTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OCT.23--FALL FEST: Join festivities celebrating the coming winter. Vegetarian food served. Bands and speakers to be announced. Tompkins Sq. Park, noon-????

OCT.24--FIGHT OPERATION RESCUE: Join march set up by the Emergency Coalition to Defend Abortion Rights. At Columbus Circle. Call 212-631-1055.

OCT.31--HALLOWEEN SMOKE-IN: Meet in Washington Sq. Park at 8:00 PM for the traditional autumn celebration of free pot.

NOV.5-30--SPENCER TUNICK PHOTO SHOW: Check out new photos from the guy who brought us hit and run shots of nudes posing in the streets of NYC. At the Alleged Gallery, Ludlow St.(Bet.Stanton + Houston), next door to Max Fish bar. 6-9:00PM. Call 212-387-8366.

NOV.6--GAY BASH '93: Members of the National Women's Rights Organizing Coalition (NWROC) will confront nazis planning to march in this gay community in New Hope, Pennsylvania. (Note: NWROC is a front group for the Revolutionary Workers League, but to their credit, they don't just chant and wave signs at nazis and Operation Rescue types--they go in and physically beat the shit out of them!! We like that!!)

NOV. 9--FORUM ON KRISTALLNACHT: And the anti-fascist struggle today. For details, call Love + Rage: 212-460-8390.

NOV. 9--ELECTROMAGNETIC RADIATION: Talk on environmental and health risks by Dr. Louis Slesin, publisher of Microwave News. At UFT, 260 Park Ave South, 4th Floor, 6:00PM.

NOV.10+11--ANARCHISM + THE BLACK REVOLUTION: Discussion with former Black Panther Lorenzo Komboa. At ABC No Rio, 156 Rivington St., 8:00PM. Also at Brecht Forum 11/11, 79 Leonard St. Call 212-460-8390.

NOV.28--SERBIAN DRAFT DODGERS BENEFIT: To raise funds to acquire them a computer and modem with which the Zitzer Spiritual Republic (see SHADOW #29) can communicate with the outside world. With Peter Lamborn Wilson, Euphoria, Hands in Your Head, and others. At CBGBs, Bleecker + Bowery, 6:00PM. \$5.00 at the door.

DEC.16--ANTHROPOLOGY + ANARCHISM: Society vs the State from the Stone Age thru the present. Discussion with Peter Lamborn Wilson at Penn South Community Center, 330 West 28th St., 7:30PM. Call 212-979-8353.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

EXCHANGE YOUR USED NEEDLES for new ones. Bleach kits, condoms and other supplies FREE. At the Lower East Side Needle Exchange, 39 Avenue C (between 3rd + 4th Streets). Wed.+ Sat: 11:00AM-2:00PM, Fri: 7:00-10:00PM. For info, call (212)228-7734.

DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE STRESS? Better manage your drug usage? Try Acupuncture!! It's safe, painless, effective, and FREE!! Lower East Side Harm Reduction Center, 223 East 2nd Street (Bet. Aves. B+C). Mon-Sat: 12-3pm. Mon:5-7pm. Fri:7-10pm. (212)477-6863.

NENA HEALTH CENTER PROVIDES A WIDE VARIETY OF SERVICES on a sliding scale for those without insurance. Weekdays, 8:30AM-4:30PM, Weds till 7:00PM. 279 East 3rd Street, or call 477-8500 for more info.

HOMELESS ART and writings available as holiday cards, books of poems and verse, along with jewelry, dolls and other crafts. Perfect for gift giving which combines unique creative work with support for justice and empowerment. All monies go directly to the artists. Send for new expanded catalog. \$1 for postage, if you can afford it. Call 914-693-0473. VOICES AND VISIONS FROM THE MARGINS, South End Press, 343 Broadway, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED for the Village Temple Soup Kitchen, to prepare food and serve meals, no experience necessary. Saturdays at 10:00AM and 2:30PM at 33 East 12th Street. Call Joan at 924-1719.

RADICAL WOMEN, an international socialist feminist organization, presents feminist events and discussions on a regular basis, and an anti-war coffee house on Friday night, 7:00-10:00, for free or low cost. For info, write or visit 32 Union Sq. East, NYC 10003, or call (212)677-7002, or 491-5163.

HOUSING NOW! HOTLINE: For up to date news on housing, events, legislation, etc. Call (212)316-7544.

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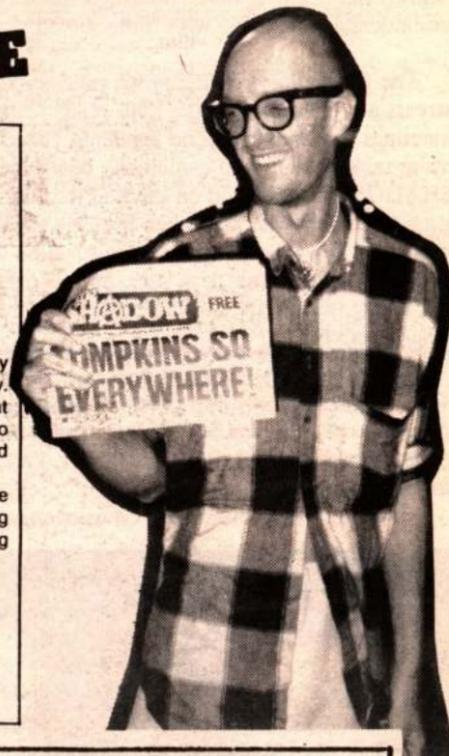
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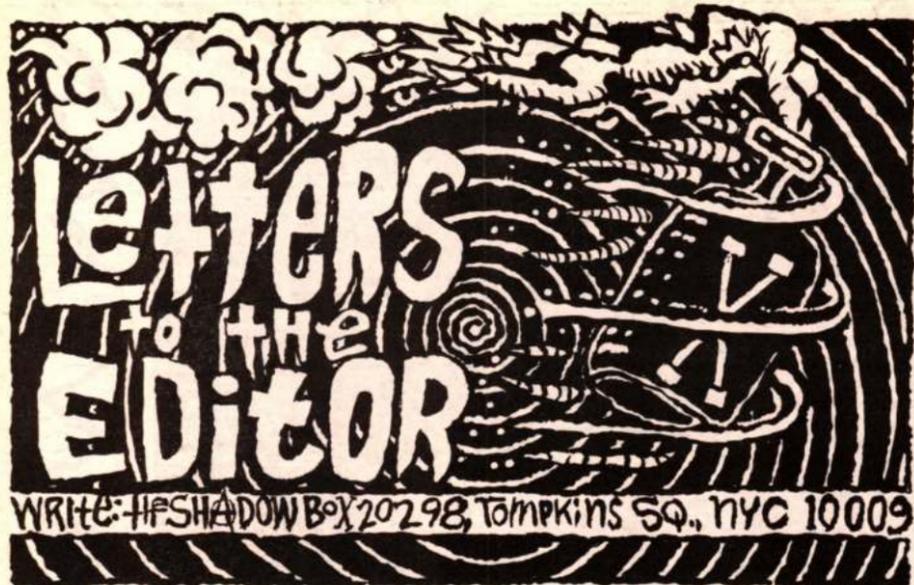
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LETTERS to the EDITOR

WRITE: HF SHADOW BOX 20298, TOMPKINS SQ., NYC 10009

Dear SHADOW,

It is quite sad that in 1993, with the "New World Order" running roughshod over the poor people of the world, that the SHADOW could print an editorial entitled "LES Bozo Alert." (See SHADOW #29) As a community resident and Latin American historian, I find your editorial exceptionally lacking in accuracy and analysis.

First, you denigrate the contributions of the "LES Class War Organizing Group." (Aka "CWO"--Ed.) Specifically, you targeted two of the communities (sic) most dedicated and courageous activists for a smear campaign. Both Joel Meyers and John the Communist have been in the forefront of the battle between the people and encroaching police state. As gentrification goes full speed ahead in the community, leaving many more poor people to be homeless, they remain the only social group willing to mobilize the community into an anti-state coalition -- the communities (sic) only hope.

Moreover, instead of simply taking an ideological stand against the state, these two activists have put their own lives on the line more times than perhaps any group of activists in the community. Willing to take repeated arrests for their beliefs, these two activists have clearly put their "money where there (sic) mouth is." It seems the SHADOW does not appreciate the contribution of people who willing (sic) participate in anti-state politics.

Secondly, as for the SHADOW's anti-Sendero remarks, this shows a complete misunderstanding of the Shining Path's contribution to the empowerment of rural peasants and the urban poor of Peru. Buying into negative myths created by the media and military apparatus in the US and Peru, the SHADOW chooses to believe that the Shining Path "uses impoverished Indians of Peru as their cannon fodder." This implies that the genocide that the Peruvian state perpetuates on the poor of Peru is ok and that Shining Path is misguided in their war against a fascist, undemocratically elected retrograde state. Peasants are clearly killed in the civil war in Peru, but no overthrow of an existing social system can take place without some degree of bloodshed and sacrifice, especially in the Peruvian case. This is a point which the SHADOW's board cannot understand.

No "vanguard" leadership exists in the community at the present time. However, we must have a broad vision which will allow for an organic vanguard to form and lead the community to a heroic victory against the state and gentrification of the community. It is simply unproductive from a social movement perspective to attack our communities (sic) most consistently militant activists. A "united front" is our only shining path to victory!

M.S. Weinstein,
A disgruntled Marxist-Leninist

Dear M.S.:

Your letter is a "shining" example of someone who doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about!! The CWO (John + Joel) exist for the sole purpose

of promoting themselves as "the movement" and attacking anyone who they see as competition in their publicity and posturing scheme. Their "militant" activism only goes as far as telling people to fight the pigs, "build an army of the poor," "take the streets," etc, all the while maintaining a safe distance from the disturbance they help create. Their only success in "mobilizing" people in this community has been in getting everyone pissed off at them!! At this point, no one will have anything to do with them.

This was plainly evident on August 13th. They spent the entire night before pasting up posters announcing a "Speak Out" at the corner of 7th Street and Avenue A, a traditional event once held every Friday night at that corner by members of the community. They also put up posters trashing the SHADOW, claiming we were "redbaiting" them in our last issue.

As expected, the only people who showed were the 3 CWO members, two of whom held a banner while a third barked and harangued passersby. Everyone just walked by, wondering what they were on. (Oh yeah, there were some listeners -- the handful of cops assigned to watch them who were laughing at them.)

I met you that night as we both stood across the street watching them howl at the night and you told me that people fighting for the same things should work together even if they can't get along or don't like each other (referring to the CWO and the rest of us.) That's completely ridiculous!! By pretending to be fighting for legitimate causes, the CWO only hurts those causes and makes real activists lose credibility. As a long-time squatter noted that night, "If they left town, the cops would have to hire someone to take their place."

It's no wonder that you are a fan of the Shining Path as well. The CWO follows their methods almost exactly. Declaring themselves the only true revolutionaries, the Shining Path kills anyone who doesn't support them, justifying this by accusing non-supporters of being government or police collaborators. This includes community organizers and peasants that want nothing to do with either the Shining Path or the oppressive gov't in Peru. A young Peruvian we met in Tompkins Square Park during the 5th Anniversary of the 1988 Pig Riot gave us an eyewitness account of the Shining Path "blowing away" women in villages who refused to give them support.

If you really believe that no revolution can take place without a few bodies falling, then why don't you and the CWO take a trip to Peru and put your bodies in the direction of the Shining Path's bullets? If you survive, you might just wake up!

Chris Flash, Editor

Hello,

I enjoyed your review of "Dumpster Diving" (See SHADOW #28). But you are overly down on Ayn Rand. In a survey by Parade Sunday supplement, her books were second only to the bible in influencing those who responded to the survey.

Personally, I'd put Robert Heinlein above her, but she is up there on my list, even though she's a bit off the deep end. If you have a problem with her, it's your problem.
Ed

Ed,

Afraid you're behind the times. Ayn Rand peaked about twenty years ago, which is when the Parade survey was done. I crashed some undergraduate classes at New York University and asked several hundred students how many had read one of her books. Two had started to, but they both gave up. Calvin and Hobbs seems to be where it's at.

Thanks for writing.

Stuart Frankel

Beware of the Thought Police!
"Those unaware are unaware of being unaware"--Merrill Jenkins, Monetary Realist
When the Federal Reserve has written

PRISONER MAIL

SHADOW,

I used to be a Lower East Side resident until my arrest about 7 months ago. I have been held with no bail and maybe have a chance again in my lifetime to be free. The pigs want to give me a life without parole bid.

My accused crime is against the police. They are the worst group of people in the world. Instead of using their badges to fight the awful things in life they mostly use their badges to further achieve their monetary goals and boost their egos.

My choice to remain anonymous at this stage of the game is because my case is still awaiting trial. Once my trial is over, I am sure I will have a great article and info for you, and will gladly reveal my identity proudly at that time. I am sure I will be acquitted.

P.S. Linda, I love you now and always. Please be mine again.

Your friend,
Unjustly incarcerated

If you are who we think you are, we definitely want your story as soon as you are ready to tell it. It sounds like it's going to be heavy, so be careful about the pigs finding out -- remember what they've been doing to Larry Davis. Please keep in touch!!

Greetings:

I am in the hole for using the anarchist symbol "A" in correspondence, receiving a total of 234 days in the hole. I received 90 days for throwing a cup of water at a pig, 180 days for "threats" and 120 days for having matches while in the hole.

Any letters of protest you can send to these prison officials on the 234 days I received for using the "A" would be greatly appreciated. Please write to:

Sec'y of Dep't. of Corrections	Dan Butler
Patrick Fielder	Acting Warden
P.O.Box 7925	P.O.Box 900
Madison, WI 53707	Sturtevant, WI 53177

Peace, love and anarchy,
Dale Austin #76660
Sturtevant, WI 53177

To Whom It May Concern:

I have been incarcerated for approximately seven out of the last eight years and am presently undertaking a news magazine project.

"bank deposits are merely book entries" and "the Federal Reserve system works only with credit" and credit exists only in our thoughts, we are on the "thought standard" as opposed to the gold standard.

We are not paid with dollar bills (bills of credit) but we can think we are paid.

We have no income when on the thought standard but we can think we have income.

We have no money in our bank to pay taxes with but we can think that we do.

No law requires us to sign W-4 forms but we can think such a law exists.

No law requires us to file 1040 forms but we can think such a law exists and

We can as jurors convict our neighbors of a crime if they do not file.

Thought control is mind control. Mass mind control was an art in Old Testament.

The first function of the thought police is to influence our thoughts with fear of being

jailed (in this land of the free). Their second function is to monitor our thoughts

as we express them on 1040 forms we think we have to file. If we report what they think

we should report, they can think about not bothering us.

Winston Smith, Orwellian Times
P.O.Box 22431

St. Louis, MO 63126

Alabama is not what you would call up to date with the times, unfortunately we are way behind down here. The prison system is still run based on old puritanistic ways. Our publication is called "Straight Forward With O.P.P. (Our Prison Press), and it should come out sometime this week. As editor, I must say I am inspired, yet tired.

Tammy Cooper #143582

8966 U.S.Hwy 231

Weyumpka, AL 36092

To Whom It May Concern:

Let me begin by exposing to the public of the multiple and fraudulent crimes that the PA Dep't of Corrections is carrying out against many individuals like myself behind these prison walls. In short, as the prisons throughout the Commonwealth becomes more overcrowded, resources are becoming scarce, and thus, "survival of the fittest" is becoming the norm!

"Maximum Control" -- what does it mean? By my definition, it means exactly what it implies, that whatever is to be controlled will be done so in the best interest of the state. In this case, I'm talking about where the armed antagonist (prison officials) walk or sit around and plot and plan how to control every facet of our existence in order to bring about the captive population's mental and physical demise.

Imagine being in an all white bright tunnel with a 24 hour shining spotlight designed to deny you any sensorial stimuli; designed to over a period of time to bring about a heightened level of stress and anxiety in hopes of producing self-destructive tendencies, i.e. reactionary suicide.

Yet, let the Dep't of Corrections tell it: it is necessary to use "Maximum Control" in order to rehabilitate. In contrast, as in Vietnam, the US had to destroy the villages in order to save them.

Recently, they received an additional 8.6% increase in funds from the state legislature, and dep't officials allege that the 'funds' are earmarked to build more prisons; and its costs are astronomical to maintain. How is this, when the average prisoner at Dallas makes under \$30 per month? How is this, when we are locked down most of the day? Maintain what? Maintain genocide! Maintain repression!

Frederick D. Singleton #AP-7131

State Corr. Institute at Dallas

Drawer K

Dallas, PA 18612-0286



photo by Dennis Wilkes

LYNCH TOWN REVISITED

Anarchists Take On The KKK In Chattanooga

Eyewitness Report By Bob McGlynn

Ninety anarchists from a dozen cities attended a successful march and rally in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on September 11 to confront a planned Ku Klux Klan anti-gay and pro-killer cop demonstration. The anarchists sought to protest the 23 known murders of Blacks in police custody over the last two decades (seven since 1990) and to demand that charges be dropped against the Chattanooga 8, a group of anti-racist protestors arrested on May 13 for protesting against murderous police at a police memorial for a dead cop. The eight were arrested just two days after a grand jury had refused to press charges against eight white cops involved in the February 5 choking death of Larry Powell, a Black trucker they stopped ostensibly for "DUI" (Driving Under the Influence). Bail was set on the Chattanooga 8 at \$1,000 apiece for "Disturbing the Peace" and "Interfering in a Public Meeting."

To understand Chattanooga is to understand that this is a town where many of its mayors have been open members of the KKK, and where, like in the rest of the U.S., the Civil War has never ended.

Among its modern battles was a 1971 citizen uprising caused by police brutality. It lasted 10 days and was only quelled with thousands of National Guard and Army troops. In 1980, one Klan faction was called "soft" by others for daring to meet with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. To prove their battle readiness, they drove through a Black neighborhood and shot 5 people in the back. When a jury acquitted them, Blacks revolted for a week to the point of forming a militia that kept cops out of their area.

After that the KKK was driven underground in Chattanooga.

Today they are itching for a revival. For how and why anarchists took up the challenge, a return to the 60's and some background is needed.

BLACK REVOLUTIONARIES UNDER SIEGE IN THE WEST AND EAST: THE STORY OF LORENZO KOMBOA ERVIN

Chattanooga's Concerned Citizens for Justice, one of the groups that called for the September 11 protest, is headed by Lorenzo Komboa Ervin. Some older anarchists will recognize his name as the author of a famed pamphlet written in 1979 entitled *Anarchism and the Black Revolution*. (Those familiar with the U.S. anarchist scene know it to be an almost exclusively white movement, so the presence of Lorenzo was a noteworthy development.)

Lorenzo's radical roots go back to his days in Chattanooga as an organizer for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and the Black Panther Party. After the assassination of Martin Luther King in 1968, Chattanooga burned along with scores of other cities across the U.S. being swept by Black insurrectionary riots.

Lorenzo was in Atlanta during the 1968 Chattanooga uprising. But the city establishment was out to get him. (It's been documented that during this period the government was out to destroy SNCC and the Panthers - they were decimated by frame-ups and assassinations.) A so-called "Black Power" grand jury was convened to decide on whether to charge Lorenzo with running guns and possession of explosives for the riot he was nowhere near. Because Lorenzo was out of state while the grand jury met, he was charged with unlawful flight. A childhood friend of Lorenzo's in the local police department confided to him that if he were to go to jail, he "wouldn't leave alive" - there was an assassination plot against him.

In that desperate atmosphere Lorenzo chose to do what a number of others at the time did: in 1969 he hijacked a plane to Cuba.

But commandeering the plane to Cuba only led to his being jailed by the Cuban Communists, who, unknown to this day by their many leftist admirers, imprisoned many of the Panthers seeking safety in Cuba. According to Lorenzo and Cuban anarchist exile Gustavo Rodríguez, Castro didn't want Panthers on the street possibly stirring up Cuba's second class Blacks oppressed by the white Cuban Communist dictatorship.

After 6 months in captivity, Lorenzo was released and put on a plane ostensibly headed for Guinea where the Panthers had an exile base. Instead, the Cubans flew him to Soviet-occupied Czechoslovakia, refused him a visa for Guinea, and turned him over

to Czech authorities. The Czechs then handed him over to a U.S. embassy official. Lorenzo punched the American out and cut and ran. He eventually ended up in East Berlin under the protection of an African student's dorm.

Later that year, U.S. agents captured Lorenzo, secreted him to West Berlin, and took him back to the States where he was promptly imprisoned.

In 1971, he was convicted of the hijacking and was incarcerated until 1983. While in prison, he reflected on his eye opening experience with the Communists. This led him away from the Marxist-Leninist influenced politics of the Panthers to anarchism. Thus his foray into the anarchist movement via his Black perspective pamphlet.

After being released, he began to solely concentrate on fighting racism, and isolated himself from the anarchist milieu, not known for its anti-racist practice, nor a coherent critique of racism. (To be fair, many anarchists also felt frozen out of or were too alienated from differing anti-racist initiatives controlled by white dominated left parties.)

ANARCHISTS TAKE ON WHITE RACISM

However, Lorenzo's recent experience in working with white anarchists in Chattanooga's multi-issue Justice Alliance led him to connecting with the anarchist movement. He began networking with Neither East Nor West-NYC (NENW-NYC), Workers Solidarity Alliance (WSA) and Love + Rage, and he requested help for the Chattanooga 8.

Then came word that the Lookout Mountain Knights of the Ku Klux Klan had filed for a permit to hold a rally on September 11. Their demand was that no Chattanooga gay pride marches ever be held again - as one had been the previous June - and they supported the cops who murdered Powell. Chattanooga's Justice Alliance and Concerned Citizens for Justice then put the word out to anarchists and gay and civil rights groups to help organize a national mobilization to confront the Klan.

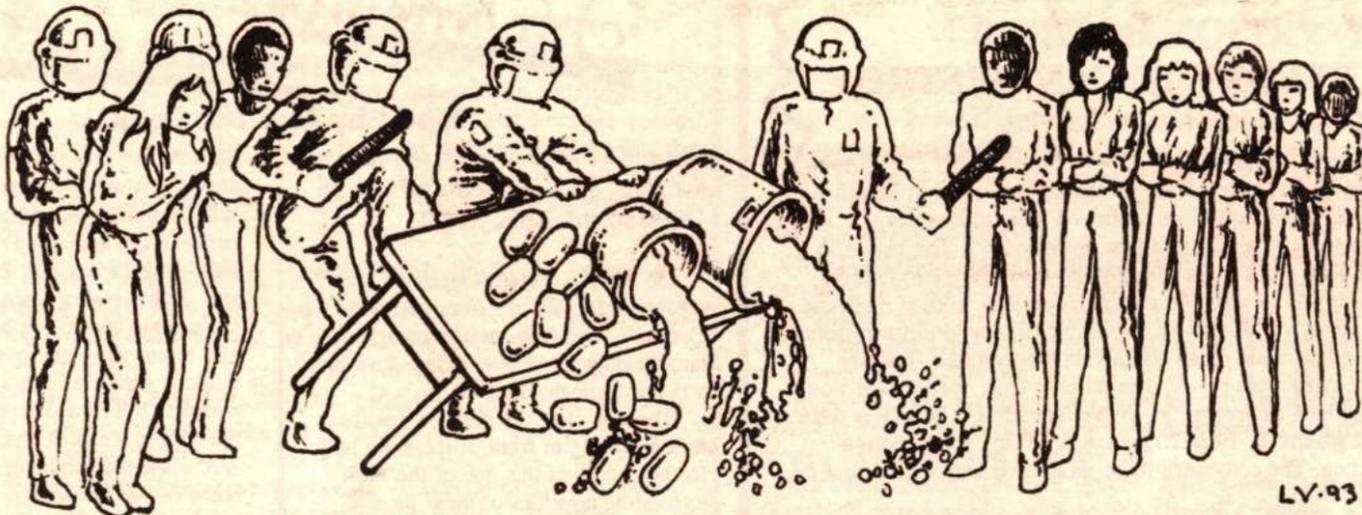
On September 10, many groups and group representatives began arriving in Chattanooga, including the WSA, NENW-NYC, the Love & Rage Anarchist Federation, Food Not Bombs, the Anarchist Youth Federation, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Student Environmental Action Coalition, the Gay and Lesbian Pride Committee, and Red and Anarchist Skinheads. People came from Atlanta, New York City, Chicago, Memphis, Minneapolis, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Knoxville, Newark, Russellville AL, Dalton GA, and many Tennessee towns.

No one knew quite what to expect when the word was out that the KKK had backed down and withdrew their parade permit application. Most demonstrators were ready to fight if necessary, but as we arrived at the Miller Park gathering point in downtown Chattanooga, it became clear the day was fully ours. Not only were no Klansmen in sight, but no cops either. Without a permit, about 100 people, mostly anarchists, marched through the downtown area taking the whole street, anarchist black flags leading the way, with only 2 cop cars trailing far behind, ending at the Court Justice Building for a rally.

We took over the steps of the building, blocking its entrance, and were quite a sight. An open mike followed where Lorenzo announced that his group was calling for a boycott of Chattanooga until the killer cop issue was properly addressed. There was one hilarious moment when an unmarked police car slowly drove by with two people photographing and video taping, except their sight was blocked by a protestor who walked along the car blocking its view with a large red and black anarcho-syndicalist flag - we laughed and cheered!

Being a tourist town, apparently the city didn't want any trouble, and were quite taken aback that a colorful crew of young whites were descending on their town to protest racism. There was much media pre-publicity for the action and media attention after the protest. The rest of the afternoon was spent back at Miller Park where there was a Rock Against Racism concert and free lunch, thanks to Food Not Bombs. Later we had a meeting to network and discuss future plans.

In conversations with Lorenzo, James Moss from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and John Johnson, a white anarchist from the Justice Alliance, a bleak picture was painted of local Blacks so intimidated that they feared attending the march, with only a handful of Black leaders participating. Blacks getting "out of line" meant getting blacklisted and prevented from securing jobs and so on. Locals felt alone and isolated, in a climate where racial problems were considered "only a Black thing". Therefore, the idea was that a white presence was needed to shift the terrain of debate, and show the Chattanooga authorities that people nationally were watching.



SAN FRANCISCO FOOD NOT BOMBS ARRESTS CONTINUE AFTER ONE WEEK
 Report By Info Shop, Berkeley

As of September 10, 41 food servers and witnesses have been arrested and two vehicles confiscated as part of SF Mayor Frank Jordan's campaign to eliminate Food Not Bombs/San Francisco (FNB). Jordan initiated this campaign on September 2, when San Francisco Police arrested twelve members of FNB for serving free food.

On September 8, FNB held a large demonstration in front of SF City Hall with over 250 people. As members of the city's elite, dressed in tuxedos and ball gowns, entered city hall to celebrate the start of the opera season, FNB served food and marched around the building, despite the presence of many riot police.

On September 9, six people were arrested at the lunch serving in front of SF City Hall and a vehicle was confiscated. Three of those arrested belonged to AYUDA, a Latino homeless organization connected with the Coalition on Homelessness (the Coalition is not a standard liberal "homeless industry" group but rather an autonomous group organized by the homeless and housed together on an equal basis). The vehicle also belonged to AYUDA.

The next day, twenty police descended on the lunch serving and arrested two people. Their attempt to arrest a third person was frustrated when that person jumped into a nearby fountain. The police, not wanting to get their nice riot jumpsuits wet, decided against going into the fountain to arrest him. They waited over an hour for him to come out, coaxing him with promises of lessened charges, but he told them that he would only come out if they promised him full amnesty for all those arrested in the last week. The police tired after an hour and left, leaving him free to escape.

Most of those arrested have been charged with violating a court injunction that prohibits FNB from serving free food to homeless and hungry on the grounds that FNB refuses to apply for the "proper" permits. FNB has applied for permits in the past, but under a 1991 Parks and Recreation Commission regulation (a commission composed of direct mayoral appointees), "NO PERMITS ARE TO BE ISSUED TO ORGANIZATIONS SEEKING TO GIVE AWAY FREE FOOD IN CITY PARKS OR OTHER PROPERTIES." This regulation was created specifically to criminalize FNB. The court injunction is ludicrous considering that no permit even exists to apply for.

Both the court injunction and the Parks and Recreation regulation are political ploys originated by former Mayor Art Agnos. Agnos used the injunction and a prior one to arrest over 300 people between 1988 and 1991. For the past two years, however, the court order stood unused and no one was arrested for serving free food, despite FNB's twice-daily meals. Of the hundreds of people who have been arrested since 1988, nobody has been convicted.

This latest campaign to eliminate FNB comes as part of Mayor Jordan's "Quality of Life" campaign. In August, Mayor Jordan initiated Operation Matrix, a concentrated effort

by SFPD to criminalize homelessness in SF with mass arrests and police crackdowns. Jordan has assigned special units of the San Francisco Police to certain areas of the city (the downtown and the primarily Latino Mission District) whose sole purpose is to criminalize homelessness through the arrest and harassment of the homeless people themselves. Hundreds of people have been arrested or cited as part of this program since it began at the start of August. The campaign to eliminate FNB is part of the Matrix Operation; as well as attacking the homeless directly, Jordan has decided to attack any support structures that the homeless may have.

Jordan has also directed his attacks against other communities. Specifically, he has joined the anti-immigration bandwagon that has been building momentum in California (as it has been all across the United States and other advanced capitalist countries). Jordan led the successful attempt to overturn the city's sanctuary ordinance. This ordinance prohibited the City of San Francisco or the San Francisco Police from cooperating with the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the federal government (INS). Claiming that the city's jails were being overrun by "illegals", Jordan succeeded in re-writing the ordinance so that the police could cooperate with the INS if someone was arrested for a felony. Of course, the number of felony bookings of Latino surnamed arrestees has increased by 500% since the ordinance was changed.

To show solidarity with San Francisco FNB, call Mayor Jordan's office at (415) 554-6141 and tell him what you think of his campaign against the poor, the hungry, and people of color. Although Jordan isn't the sole responsible party for the fascist trends in SF, he is the primary spokesperson and point-man for the fascist element in the city.

For more info, to comment or to support San Francisco FNB call FNB voice mail at (415) 330-5030 or write:

Keith McHenry
 San Francisco Food Not Bombs
 3145 Geary Boulevard, No.12
 San Francisco, CA 94118
 (415) 330-5030

(Report by Infoshop Berkeley, 3124 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA 94705. Phone: 510-848-6466)

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GERMAN PRISON BOMBED -- DESTROYED BEFORE IT CAN DESTROY

Report by Prison News Service

Many people had good reason to celebrate on the last weekend in March. Early on Saturday March 27, a series of explosions destroyed most of a newly completed high-tech prison that was to be put to use in May 1993. The prison in Weiterstadt, close to Frankfurt, took eight years to build and cost 250 million Marks (155 million American dollars). It was to hold 500 prisoners and was to be a multi-use prison, including units for deportees, a high-security prison for women, and for prisoners awaiting trial. The German state has made much ado about Weiterstadt's "humane conditions" - a model for a new corrections policy. The latter is true, Weiterstadt would have embodied the latest in high-tech incarceration. In Weiterstadt, the prisoners were to be placed in so-called "living groups" of 10 to 20 prisoners, in single cells with a common room and a small kitchen. The cells were to be monitored with video cameras and microphone/speakers.

The "living groups" were to be put together by social workers, psychotherapists, etc, and were to operate by a system of "punishment-reward". The prisoner, on his or her arrival, would be assessed according to his or her will to resist or adapt. Depending on the evaluation by the psychologist, the prisoner would be sent to a "living-group"; which vary from totally conforming to "non-adaption". Far from being "collective," these "living-groups" would instill competition between the prisoners which would undermine solidarity among the prisoners.

By a "work-therapy" (i.e. forced labor) and other psychological measures, the prisoners would come to see themselves as criminals or as insane. But by adopting the "social values" of the therapists and other prison workers - the values of the prison system, the state and their corporate bosses - inmates would rise in the hierarchy among the prisoners, i.e. gain privileges and benefits that they could be lost if they did not behave as desired. There can be no system of rewards without a corresponding set of punishments. Total isolation in the high security wing would be the ultimate penalty.

However, there is not much left of the detention center now. The explosions destroyed the administration building, much of the high-tech security system, as well as four "residential" buildings. Damage has been estimated at 100 million Marks (62 million American dollars) - sixty million Marks for reconstruction, and 40 million for the alarm system that was not on during the night of the attack. Furthermore, it is predicted that corrections planning would be set back four years as a result of the bombing.

The commando Katharina Hammerschmidt of the Red Army Fraction (RAF) released a communique a few days after the action that demanded the release of the remaining RAF prisoners along with other prison-related demands. But the mass media only printed part of the communique and, interestingly enough, the media did not print the demand calling for the release of all HIV- positive prisoners.

The commando Katharina Hammerschmidt took extreme care to avoid injuries to 11 guards who were captured at about 1:30, bound and gagged and driven to a nearby field where they were left in a van. The buildings were searched before detonation and the commando even put up warning posters on the outside walls of the prison. The commando was named for a close friend of Ulrike Meinhof who was a supporter of the RAF and who spent three years in prison before dying of a breast tumor due to medical neglect in November 1973.

The RAF recently announced a decision to stop targeting representatives of the state and capital in an attempt to negotiate the release of RAF prisoners. (Though, as the communique makes clear, this is a change in tactics and not a retreat from armed struggle.) Ex-Justice Minister Kinkel had signaled a willingness to release some of the most seriously ill prisoners. Only a few, however, have come out, and others have been hit with new charges and increased sentences. The RAF's response - "They all must be released."

[For more info about political prisoners, write/subscribe to Prison News Service, P.O. Box 5052, Station A, Toronto, M5W, 1W4, Canada]

"C'EST INTIFADA":

ANTI-COP RIOTS IN PARIS

Report by Arm The Spirit

"We say we have to wage war just to live here" -- (A youth from Porte de Clignancourt, April 10/93)

On April 6, Makom, aged 17, was repatriated to Zaire - free. Inspector Compain, who had been interrogating him illegally for several hours, gave him a bullet through the head.

The day after the murder was the first gathering in front of the town hall. In the course of this one of the most interesting novelties of these days of anger became apparent: the decline in the average age of the most determined rioters to 10-12 years. It was these who launched the first slogans and the first projectiles at the police station. The good souls of the MRAP (a liberal anti-racist organization) and the fireman Fodde Sylla, leader of SOS-Racket (properly known as SOS-Racisme, another liberal anti-racist organization), tried hard to calm them with minutes of silence and calls for non-violence but, very quickly, the kids entered into the spirit of things using a mythology which for them is much closer at hand: "C'est l'Intifada," they shouted and emptied the fuel tanks of mopeds to fill beer bottles. There was a general turning out of cocktails for the pig house. Some of the youth from the neighboring estates and a good part of the population of the area were united in the same fury. The cops had problems telling the hostile onlooker from the active rioter.

On the 8th the gathering started in the morning. Discussion was going on all over the neighborhood. After school several hundred people gathered again in front of the town hall. The black-white-Arab kids mixed with the old inhabitants in a cheerful disorder, facing an impressive police contingent. After the insults, the stones burst forth, then the paving stones and the bottles onto the CRS (paramilitary riot cops), who charged, withdrew, and charged again. The pigs were made awkward in their movements by a crowd which never disconnected itself from the "smashers". Towards 7 p.m. the cops posted at the front of the town hall were at the point of giving up under the shower of mis-

siles. At all costs they had to avoid anything which would spoil the consensual beginnings of the cohabitation between the Socialist President and the right-wing parliament. Pasqua (the minister of the interior) looked upon his troops with shock and on their scanners and radios came the panic-stricken "Attention! Above all don't beat the local people!" But how can you distinguish the wicked smasher from the good citizen, when the projectiles sometimes come out of the windows? Or when a neighborhood grocer says to those buying bottles of beer: "I'm emptying them for you as quickly as possible!" The CRS lobbed a few grenades by hand (for the whole duration of these evenings they meticulously avoided straight shots). Gas, which was particularly virulent, provoked a retreat on the Rue de Porteau. Overturned, a container dedicated to the struggle against cancer was to be used against another urban disease: the vials and flasks, distributed by a reader of Mordicus, helped put down the pig plague. A "self-serve" FNAC (well known chain of book shops) was taken at its words, some Arab girls came out of the drug-store with their arms full of baby bottles, a kid offered me some plundered Mon Cheri and Fodde Sylla whined on the town hall steps announcing that the angelic Pasqua has punished a few scapegoat commissaires (superintendents).

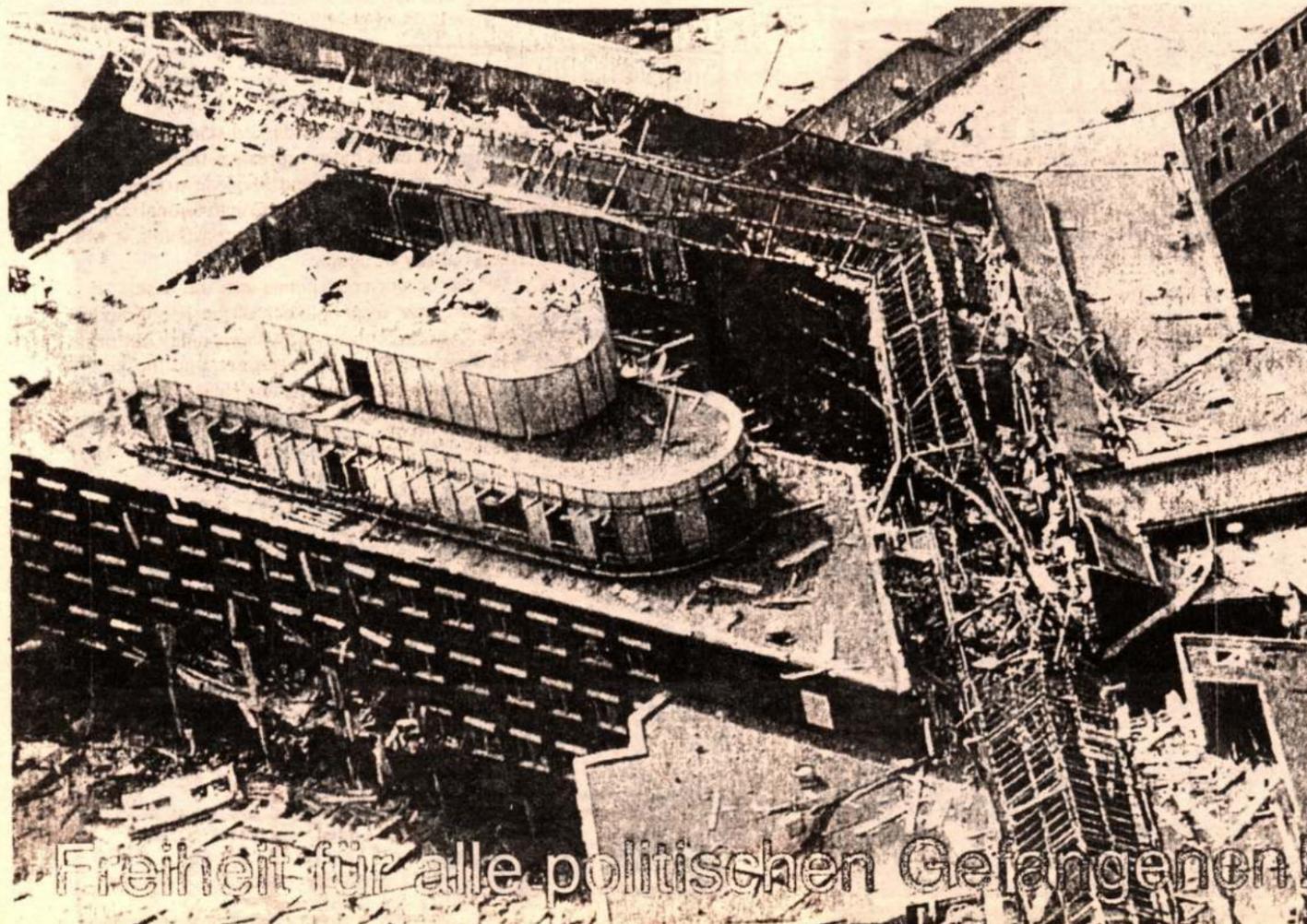
For the first time in the history of the world, a little commissaire declared that he didn't give a toss about broken shop windows. The bovines of the Brigades Mobiles (fascists) of the district, doubtless too confident in the effect of their skinhead look, charged and quickly had to withdraw behind their colleagues with shields. Afterwards they were going to concentrate on "targeted" ID checks. At the police station the newly arrived prisoners had a hard time with the hysterical pigs and, a feminist victory, the women cops were not slow in carrying out beatings. Farderche ("false ass" - hypocrite) Sylla, being absent, was not able to hear the deluge of racist and anti-semitic insults coming from the mouths of the republican police. Some little groups kept up the harassment, the level of photographs per square meter became unbearable and often wasn't accepted. Charges and counter-charges, the skirmishes carried on until 1 a.m.... Slowly, the area was put in a state of siege; the glaziers sold some plywood shop windows; we peered at each other; we had to beware; that was the end of the trip. There will still be a little broken glass, but we will have to wait until Saturday for a beautiful gallant last stand between Barbes and Gare du Nord.

[For more info on international political activism and political prisoners, write/subscribe/donate to Arm The Spirit, P.O. Box 6326, Station A, Toronto, Ont., M5W, 1P7, Canada]

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KKK

Continued From Page 16

Though the turnout was small, it was a history making turning point for anarchists in that for the first time in memory, we could mobilize people nationally in coordination with Blacks around an anti-racist issue. Many more wanted to come but were prevented by a lack of cars, inability to miss work, Chattanooga being far from major anarchist centers, etc.

All involved have pledged to keep working together, and it looks like a healthy new phase of anarchism has begun.

FREE THE CHATTANOOGA 8!

Lorenzo Komboa Ervin, John Johnson, Tanya Miles, Steven Hunter, Rhonda Robinson, Clifford Eberhardt, Kleth Melvin, and Charlotte Williams

Here's how you can help:

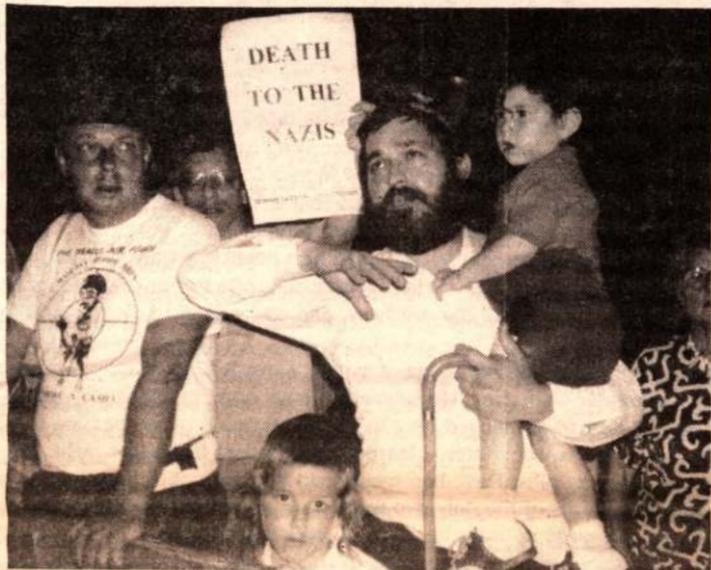
1. Write a letter to Gary Gerbitz, State's DA Office, Hamilton County Justice Bldg., 600 Market St., Suite 310, Chattanooga, TN 37402, 615-757-2170, and demand that they drop all charges against the Chattanooga 8.

2. Make a donation for the legal expenses of the arrested protesters to the: Chattanooga 8 Defense Campaign, c/o Concerned Citizens for Justice, POB 1066, Federal Courthouse & Post Office Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37401

For more information contact: Concerned Citizens for Justice, Lorenzo Ervin 615-622-7614, or Maxine Cousin 615-698-8940

Neither East Nor West-NYC is planning fundraising pot-luck parties across the country for both the Chattanooga 8 and anti-war/fascist forces in Serbia. If interested: NENW-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, 718-499-7720

Lorenzo Komboa Ervin will be going on a north-east (possibly mid-west and elsewhere) speaking tour around Nov. For more info: *Love and Rage*, POB 853 Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009, 212-460-8390



JEWISH FAMILY PROTESTS NAZI ON THEIR BLOCK

NAZI TV SPONSOR ZAPPED!!

By Barbara Lee

On Tuesday, August 17, Jewish and anti-racist groups gathered at the residence of Ian Lipner at 10 Montgomery Place in Park Slope, Brooklyn (Apartment #1D). Lipner has been identified as the sponsor of "America Speaks Out: Race and Reason," a neo-nazi program on Manhattan Cable Television's public access channel.

The rally was organized largely by the Jewish Defense Organization (JDO), with Mordecai Levy as the main spokesman. Residents from Park Slope and other areas of N.Y.C. chanted anti-nazi slogans. One self-admitted Jewish woman said that she lives in the same building as Lipner and that she wants "that anti-semitic racist" out of her home.

A heavy police presence prevented the angry crowd from taking matters in

their own hands and evicting Ian Lipner themselves. The crowd was mainly white middle class Park Slope residents who expressed their displeasure of having a neo-nazi in their midst.

Mordecai Levy, who is known for his overtly exaggerated rhetoric, wisely allowed people of different ethnicity to speak about the horrors of racism, instead of hogging the microphone like he usually does. Even so, he managed in the end to insult people in the crowd when he gave a highly inaccurate and biased description of nazi skinheads.

Literature was passed out about the Dial-A Nazi Line (212-330-8878) and a phone complaint line (212-395-0500) that people can call to get the nazi line cancelled. Other hate mongers that members of the public may wish to call at 3:00 a.m. are: The Church of the Creator (nazi hate tapes) 330-8878, 629-1935, 718-390-8890; Aryan Nations (Rich Butler) 208-772-2408; USA Nationalist Party (Ryan Wilson) 215-426-8623; WAR (White Aryan Resistance/Tom Metzger) 619-728-9817, 619-723-8996.

GOV'T THUGS "BLOCKADE" SEAL US-MEXICAN BORDER

By Stuart Frankel

With the collapse of the traditional "communist" boogeyman, and the revelation that drugs are being pushed on the public by every level of government from federally-backed Central American and Asian terrorists to our very own 9th precinct (see Newsday, October 18), the government/corporations/media need other scapegoats to blame for all our problems.

One of these scapegoats is the "immigrant." There's a song by the Queers that goes: "You're an immigrant and you're stupid / you're an immigrant, you're ug-LEE / you're an immigrant and I hate you / you're an immigrant just like me." Probably no other comment on the revolting immorality of this government and media-generated anti-immigrant hype is necessary.

Meanwhile, to back up its own hype, the government has to take anti-immigrant measures; these are hurting real people and solving none of the "problems" that immigrants are supposed to be causing.

In mid-September, the U.S. Border patrol started "Operation Blockade" in El Paso, Texas. 300 armed guards lined the Rio Grande at 20-foot intervals to prevent Mexicans from crossing the river. Mexicans who managed to slip through were deported to Palomas, a 3-hour hitchhike away. Long lines formed at legal border crossings as Immigration and Naturalization Service agents very closely scrutinized legitimate border-crossing cards which the U.S. issues to some Mexicans; cards suspected of being counterfeit were confiscated. Mexicans who had the legal right to cross were sent the message that they were unwelcome, and as for the "illegals" - well, after being encouraged for years by agribusiness, industries, and thousands of Americans who wanted to hire low-wage workers, these same workers were prevented from going to their jobs.

El Paso is a peculiar city. Most of its half-million residents are of Mexican origin, but control of the city government is firmly in the hands of Anglos. The economy is stagnant; in spite of a splendid climate, the city has been spared the massive invasion of retirees and yuppies which have turned formerly dusty cow towns such as Phoenix and Tucson into crowded, bland suburban sprawls.

The economic powerhouse in the area is the Mexican city of Ciudad Juárez, across the river. With 1.2 million people, Juárez is the fourth largest city in Mexico, and has the lowest unemployment rate of any major Mexican city. The major industry in El Paso, in fact - and the only healthy area of the economy - is shipping goods to and from Mexico. (Warehouse space is cheaper in El Paso than in Juárez.) And the major industries in Juárez are focused on this country: maquiladoras (foreign, usually U.S., owned factories for assembling products; most, but not all, of these exploit their workers horribly), transportation, and tourism.

One of the most tiresome clichés in the tourist brochures is how El Paso and Juárez are "sister cities" - but it's true, their economies are utterly dependent on each other. It must be a bitter pill for the Anglos, who traditionally used Juárez as a playground, to realize that their economy is stagnant while the Mexicans' is growing.

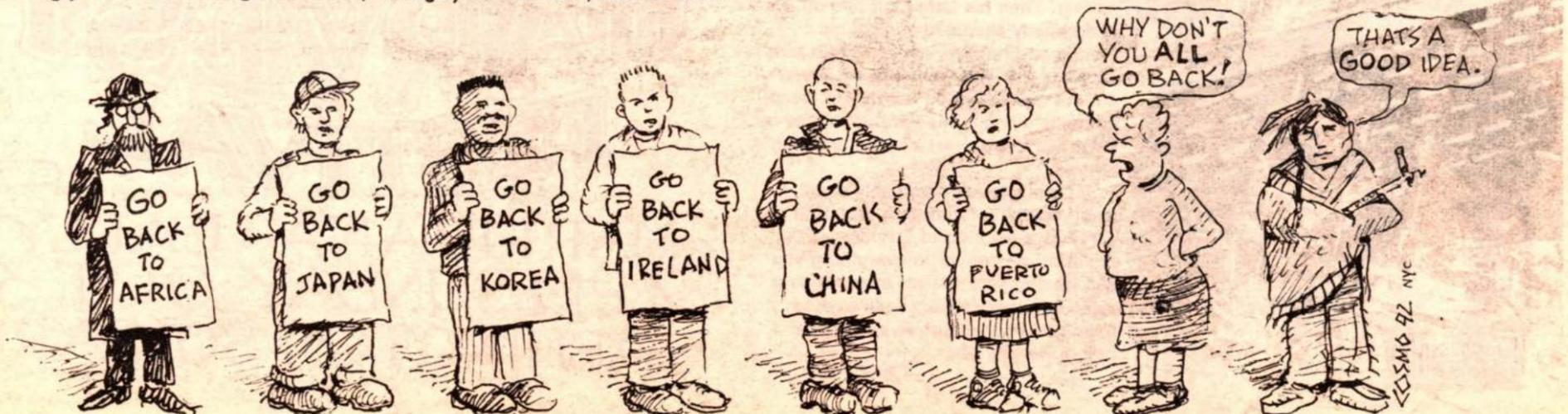
There is still a great deal of anti-Mexican prejudice among many Anglos. One customs official told me that the only reason that Mexicans come here is to take advantage of our social programs. A video at the Border Patrol museum shows dark-skinned Mexicans sneaking across a railway bridge to attack white women. Letters in local newspapers complain about the illegals causing crime. Actually, Americans are capable of generating their own poverty and crime. Debbie Nathan, a member of the Boarder Rights Coalition, says that "it's business as usual" in welfare offices and public clinics since the border blockade began. According to the El Paso Police Department, crime rates haven't changed at all (one exception: car theft is down, but the police expect it to rise again).

It is estimated that one-third of El Paso's business comes directly from Juárez. Businesses in downtown El Paso (directly across from Juárez) are suffering, though, and many will be forced to close if the blockade continues much longer. The busses that K-mart used to charter to bring customers from across the border now run mostly empty.

It is certain that if Operation Blockade continues much longer, both "sister cities" will strangle; this fact alone shows the hypocrisy and self-defeating nature of the government's anti-immigrant hype. The truth is that this country depends very heavily on cheap, exploitable immigrants (the modern form of slave labor).

In an ideal world, there would be no border controls. That's not about to happen between the U.S. and Mexico (the only border on earth between a first-world and a third-world nation). Middle-American fears of a stampede of dark-skinned hordes have a basis in reality, since the Mexican government is even more repressive than ours, Mexican wages are kept artificially low by the government, and Mexican troops are used to bust unions. The so-called "free trade" agreement now up for Congressional ratification addresses this issue by the economic equivalent of a neutron bomb: it would allow free movement of goods and capital but not of people.

One proposal being floated is to move the border checkpoints into the desert surrounding the two cities, allowing free movement of people across the Rio Grande. Both Mexico and the US already have such checkpoints several dozen miles out of town; Mexico requires "tourist cards" for visits deeper into the country, and the U.S. searches cars if the drivers are suspiciously brown skinned. It is not clear whether even this modest proposal can be seriously discussed in the current hysterical anti-immigrant atmosphere.





**DAVE INSURGENT:
1964-1993**

David Rubenstein, better known to friends and fans as Dave Insurgent, lead singer for the punk band REAGAN YOUTH, was found dead from an overdose of sleeping pills in August.

I met Dave in 1984 after hearing Reagan Youth play a show at an underground theater on East 4th Street. I liked their style — covers of 60s political stuff as well as 80s style hardcore, with Dave rapping about all kinds of things while advocating the use of mind expanding drugs throughout. Dave was unpretentious and sincerely into the band's messages: anarchism, vegetarianism, and anti-government, facism, racism, military and authority.

We hit it off right away and hung out a lot together. Lots of times we did acid or mushrooms with friends and went to shows at places like CBGB's where Reagan Youth was to play the same night. I was really impressed that Dave could concentrate on his performance while tripping his brains out.

Over the years, Reagan Youth played Rock Against Racism shows, Pot Parade Smoke-Ins, and shows in Tompkins Square Park. Dave was one of the lucky ones who got clubbed by rampaging

pigs during the 1988 Tompkins Square Riot. (The city later paid him a couple of grand to settle his lawsuit out of court.)

By 1989, Reagan Youth came to an end since Ronald Reagan's reign was over. Dave and his buddy Paul started a new band called House of God. They played a SHADOW benefit and sounded great — intricate interplay, original songs, and new energy. The new band was on it's way up.

Unfortunately, according to those who knew the other side of Dave, by this time, he was more interested in scoring dope than in advancing the new band's career. He had begun by snorting heroin, then progressed to shooting up. I was unaware that he had been doing anything more serious than psychedelics. I began to see Dave less and less.

Late in 1990, Dave was jumped and beaten so badly that he ended up in a coma for 7 days. He surprised me at my door one night several months later and told me that he had almost died and that he was starting his life with a clean slate. In reality, he went right back to doing dope, though I really believed he was sincere. I didn't realize how serious his drug problem was. In the end, it was that lifestyle that killed him.

In early July, Dave lost his junkie prostitute girlfriend to serial killer Joel Rifkin. Shortly after that, he lost his mother. Then his father cut him off. He had already alienated a lot of his friends and had few people left to turn to. All of this was too much for Dave, and he overdosed on a bottle of sleeping pills, dying in his parents' house in Rego Park, just weeks before his 30th birthday.

If Dave's life and untimely death mean anything to anyone, it should serve as a warning to stay away from death drugs and to do everything you can to stop your friends from slipping away into that abyss. I wish I could have done something to save Dave before we lost him.

—Chris Flash

(What follows is a remembrance of Dave by his childhood friend and band member, Paul Cripple)

Reagan Youth began in 1980. Dave sang and I played the guitar. The purpose of the band was to play kick ass music and through the lyrics, to expose the evils of society. Things clicked between us musically.

Reagan Youth was punk-hardcore. We never had a manager, a booking agent, or even a roadie. We were never afraid to say "fuck you" to anyone. We were punk in the purest sense. Just because the music was melodic and didn't sound like a vacuum cleaner was playing behind it didn't mean we tried to sell out. We just did our best to rock hard and to inform the masses of the fucked up politics of our world.

Drugs were taken to expand our minds. Unfortunately for Dave, drugs turned him into an asshole. He wasn't the first person this happened to and he won't be the last. Drugs became more important than the band, his friends, and eventually himself.

While recording the second Reagan Youth album, his heroin problem was out of control. I had recorded everything except his vocals. He had blown off coming to the studio three days in a row, costing hundreds of dollars in studio time. I threatened that if he did not show up, I would beat his ass in. He did show up, looking like a bum (he hadn't showered in six weeks, a junkie thing), but he sang all the songs that night. Two weeks later, the police called me. Someone beat Dave's brains inside out with a baseball bat. He was in a coma for seven days, but survived. Dave the dealer was taking people's money to make deals, except he just did all the drugs himself, screwing over some pretty angry dudes. Now it seemed he had a second chance.

Dave always underplayed the beating. "It was only a frontal lobotomy" he'd say. He quickly went back to drugs, except his dealing days were over since his reputation was shot. I tried to get him into music again, being that I greatly respected him as a front man. But like a typical drug addict, this was too tedious a task to undertake.

His parents would fork over money to him, even though there were track marks all over the arms of their ninety pound smelling son. Dave's father, who had always hated me (even in the third grade!) refused to acknowledge his son's addiction. He would pay Dave's rent, bring over groceries and leave money. Then Dave would say "now get the fuck out of here."

When I would see Dave, he would be stumbling and bumbling and ranting and raving where it became embarrassing to be with him. He came over one night with the news that his fiancé, a punk prostitute named Tiffany, had been found murdered in the trunk of mass murderer Joel Rifkin's car. According to Dave, after a night of binging on cocaine, he sent Tiffany to make some dope money to bring them down. He watched her get into Rifkin's car, not knowing he had sent her to her death.

Three days after her this, Dave went to his parents home, seeking comfort from his mother, probably the last person in the world who could not stop loving him, only to learn that she had died just days earlier, getting run over by her own car as her husband absent mindedly backed out of the driveway. She was rushed to the hospital, but died of internal bleeding.

After telling me this horrible string of events, Dave left my place sounding more lost, pitiful and vulnerable than ever. He seemed to have nothing left in life except the bottle of sleeping pills he had exchanged his 130 milligram bottle of methadone for, in his breast pocket. About a week later, I learned he had died that same night. He had overdosed on sleeping pills. Dave had mentioned how his father had cut him off. Dave, reeling from the deaths of the only two women he loved, was flabbergasted. He had to break into his old house in order to die in his childhood bed.

ABBIE SAYS: NO CURFEW



IT'S
RIGHT
TO
REBEL



MARIJUANA RALLY
7 P.M. SUNDAY OCT. 31
WASHINGTON SQ. PARK

SUB-CULTURE

SUB-CULTURE

By Scott Cunningham



BARBARA LEE

SHADOW ARTISTS L.VAN ABBEMA + MAC MCGILL WITH CARTOONIST HOWARD CRUISE AT THE EXIT ART SHOW

I expect to see tumbleweeds rolling down the streets of SoHo these days, what with the booming 80's dead and the busted 90's well on the way to burying the bloated gallery system for good. Don't expect me to cry if SoHo winds up a ghost town: I carry the shame of having a MFA in painting and have been wanting pay-back for the years I've suffered under the burden of most blue chip art on display today. The art world has been serving up academic avant garde turds for the last thirty years as if they were hot and tasty treats, but the economy still rock bottom after Ronald Reagan's royal reem job nobody can afford that crap any more.

Rediscovering underground comics a few years back saved my artistic life, so that's the big reason why I'm not too worried about the demise of "real" art. Comics got me back to basics with their built-in narrative structure and easy access (most books still are only about three bucks). Comics are great because people can understand them, and their user-friendly style doesn't set-up an immediate antagonistic attitude toward the viewer in the name of "modernism". Comics are modern (and post-modern) in form from the get-go: they're "cubistic," "futuristic," "surreal," "pop," and "conceptual" already. They actually reflect a living tradition, a "present" form within our culture. While fine art's been trying to mirror the modern contemporary landscape by being a part of it -- the formal concerns are at the service to a greater goal: communication. Even the elitist comic "artists" around a magazine like **RAW** can't begin to touch the absurd, self-aware, obscurity of most drek frilling the nice white spaces along West Broadway. Thankfully, comics will always hold the common touch -- they are the ultimate picto-graphic form, evolving alongside language since the beginning of the written word. Today they serve as modern man's hieroglyphics. If there's hope for me converting from fine art, maybe there's hope for the art world, too, if only they'd wise up and read the writing on the wall.

And a few places are already on the ball: Comic Power, at Exit Art (582 Broadway, through October 28), is a broad, scatter-shot survey of that most beloved graphic form, and it's turning out to be one of the "hot" tickets in town. The Exit show is getting write-ups in the mainstream press and even a little feature on National Public Radio -- damn, it's rare when **New York Magazine** and me are reviewing the same show! In addition to Comic Power, there was a great show that just went down at P.P.O.W. (532 Broadway) of James Romberger's comic on the life of the artist David Wojnarowicz (told in the words of David Wojnarowicz). While Romberger hasn't settled on a publisher for the book yet, the comic is going to be called **Seven Miles a Second** and will be printed in full color (at this stage most of the work is still black and white). Wojnarowicz was a damn fine artist in his own right: he helped to form and define our little East Village Art Explosion back in the early 80's. He proved, in the long run, to be the best painter to come out of the over-hyped "E. Village Scene" because his slower, more traditional approach revealed a thoughtful artist who invested his images with complex meaning. He was the one "young turk" who didn't run out of steam and start repeating himself endlessly. When AIDS hit his system, instead of weakening him, it seemed to unleash a bottomless rage inside his gut energizing his work and taking it to another level most political artists only hope to reach someday. He struck a balance between the personal and political by making art like he was fighting for his life. He was trying to save himself and all the others out there dying of that terrible disease, just with the power of his pictures...and, his words. Writing became an essential part of his work because to get the word out about AIDS he needed the specificity of words. Today, his writing stands on his own, as important and respected as his paintings.

While I like Wojnarowicz's art a great deal, seeing Romberger's comic with the Wojnarowicz text made me realize how inadequate post-modern's visual strategies are (the strategies that were, ultimately, Wojnarowicz inherited vocabulary). Working within the narrative structure of mainstream comics, particularly Jack Kirby's super hero strips during the sixties, Romberger has crafted a spectacular visual equivalent to Wojnarowicz's words, and since comics were made for words, the text is easily integrated with the images. Romberger effortlessly switches from beautifully rendered, realistic New York street scenes, into the dream, visionary tableaux necessary to keep pace with Wojnarowicz's evolving narrative -- growing fiercer and more fevered as the author's anger and suffering mounts.

When I first meet Romberger he had just completed the opening story in the series and was publishing it in **World War 3 Illustrated**. That was over six years ago and even then he was talking about his plans to create a whole book based on Wojnarowicz's life. So **Seven Miles a Second** also reflects Romberger's evolution as an artist. Broken up into three distinctly different sections -- Wojnarowicz as a young boy, a teenager and thirtysomething -- you see from one section to the next how Romberger becomes bolder and more complex with his panel arrangements, and how his polished, graphic style becomes even more refined. It's equally important that Romberger, the master draughtsman, is at the service of a powerful story. The biographic novel follows Wojnarowicz from being a young male prostitute working in Times Square to his last days struggling alone with the deadly effects of the AIDS virus -- confronting death while still tirelessly attacking the society that is allowing him to die. Romberger wisely slows down the pace of images toward the end and allows Wojnarowicz's words to stand on their own. Here's one passage from the final third that will hopefully convey the force of his writing:

The man on the T.V. has a replaceable head. He can have the face of a doctor or a politician or a research scientist or a priest with a swastika tattooed on his heart claiming this is God's punishment, and he talks about me in words that make me sound like an insect: "Carrier" and "infected", and whenever he shows pictures of me I am always bedridden and alone and on the edge of death and he says I must suppress my sexuality whether I have AIDS or not, and he says I must not fuck and must not suck and I can't have desires...because fags and dykes and junkies and the poor are expendable in this killing machine called America.

Who knows when this book will finally published -- so keep your eyes open for it when it comes out.

Considering the space I've allotted to Romberger's show, it may seem a bit disproportionate to the huge survey of comics at Exit Art, but that show is so vast, hairy, unyielding, out of control, nuts-o-crazy, that it's hard for me to focus in on any one part and talk about it (also, I'm in it and I guess I have some misgivings about such ruthless self-promotion). So let's just stick to the facts and you folks decide if it's worth your time. Beginning with turn-of-the-century Sunday Funnies, the show bounces broadly along to include some of the most recent weirdness from the underground. There's a large wall curated by Sue Coe of politically blacklisted cartoonists, different installations by Gary Panter and David Sandlin, and about one hundred other cartoonists from **Zap**, **RAW**, **World War Three**, **Twisted Sisters**, and a host of other alternative titles too numerous to mention here. Exit Art is a giant, almost museum-sized space, and it's filled to the brim with comics. There's a reading room with most of the magazines from the show available for visitors to thumb through. A bunch of different panels and lunchtime talks are slated during the run, so if you want a crash course on comics pick up the schedule while you're there. They have a bar inside the gallery, too, so what are you waiting for?



BARBARA LEE

WWIII ARTISTS SCOTT CUNNINGHAM + PETER KUPER

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BOOK REVIEWS

MISSING THE POINT ABOUT JFK

By Bill Weinberg

JFK & Vietnam: Deception, Intrigue, and the Struggle for Power
by John M. Newman, Warner Books, New York, 1992

Rethinking Camelot: JFK, the Vietnam War, and US Political Culture
by Noam Chomsky, South End Press, Boston, 1993

In the nation's new obsession to pick apart the labyrinth of conspiracy surrounding the November 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy, a dangerous mythology is emerging. JFK is becoming a Christ-like savior, a noble martyr, the benevolent father-figure who was setting America right, and whose death marks the beginning of our fall from grace. It is especially argued that JFK, had he lived, would have spared America our agonizing experience in Vietnam (which, lest we forget, was infinitely more agonizing for the Vietnamese!) The implication is that the forces which seized control of the government following the assassination were rogue and illegitimate -- that the Vietnam nightmare was a deviation from the norm of US history and experience.

Actually, the Vietnam war was only a deviation in that it's horrors were broadcast nightly into America's living rooms, and that it coincided with (and helped spark) a youth rebellion: it was the first of the USA's many foreign military adventures which was met with massive protest and resistance at home. But, from the conquest of the Plains by the Cavalry to the annexation of half of Mexico by brute force to the bloody counter-insurgency in the Philippines following the Spanish-American War to the numerous armed interventions to prop up unpopular dictatorships in Central America and the Caribbean, it is clear that only the willfully self-deluded can view the Vietnam experience as anything other than the logical culmination of a pattern of imperial expansion dating back to the dawn of the republic. The current JFK-mania is letting us off the hook for the kind of profound and painfully honest exploration of our own political and cultural traditions which will be necessary to avoid future episodes of bloody intervention -- such as that which is looming right now in Somalia.

Yet, it is equally self-deluding to believe that there was no conspiracy on JFK's life. It is a welcome development that much of America is finally beginning to snap out of the naive myopia which allowed us to for so long dismiss as irrelevant coincidence the deep involvement of Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby and other key players in the drama of November 1963 in the overlapping netherworlds of the mafia, right-wing Cuban exile paramilitary groups, the racist radical right, the FBI, military intelligence and the CIA.

An exploration of whether JFK had, indeed, broken ranks with the prevailing consensus among the ruling elites for escalation in Vietnam is a worthwhile endeavor. The challenge is to undertake such an exploration without buying into the illusion that history is made by Great Men. The more profound exploration would search out the roots in the political culture of America's ruling elites which produced and necessitated an assassination plot against any president who would break ranks with the escalation consensus at that juncture of history. Alas, few historians or political analysts on the scene at the moment seem to have the capacity for such an exploration.

Military historian John Newman's *JFK & Vietnam* sees the question entirely in terms of competing personalities within the elite circles of Kennedy's executive branch. It is of interest to those who wish to follow the course of escalation in the early 1960s through the minutia of declassified documents and notes from high-level meetings. It provides a fascinating window on presidential decision-making and how it is influenced by the manipulation of data and analysis. But the book's central thesis -- that JFK wanted to get all US troops out of Southeast Asia, and was willing to do so even if it meant Vietnam and Laos falling to the Communists -- is not only questionable, but plays right into the hands of the Great Man cult which is developing around the dead president.

Although Newman portrays JFK as both manipulative and manipulated, there is a strong undercurrent of JFK-glorification at work here. Newman's thesis smacks of wishful thinking. He may be correct, but he makes the case with less than the intellectual honesty that serious readers would hope for.

Newman rigorously documents what he calls the "webs of deception" surrounding US policy in Indochina. Principally, the Pentagon was deceiving the president and cabinet about the "winability" of the war, and the executive branch as a whole was deceiving Congress, the press and the public. There is evidence aplenty for this. *JFK & Vietnam* is worth the read if only for its documentation of how the Kennedy White House was lying to the American people about the level of US military involvement in Indochina, and the bloody nature of that involvement.

In 1962, when US Air Force missions were killing Vietnamese and Cambodian civilians in bombing raids on peasant villages, the official line was still that US troops were mere "advisors," there to train Vietnamese troops but not fight the war themselves. In an early mirror of the draconian press control which George Bush would later impose in the Panama invasion and Operation Desert Storm, a White House cable to Pentagon personnel in Vietnam suggested the banning of reporters from missions in which "undesirable dispatches would be highly probable." But Newman is always careful to lay the blame for such decisions with "the bureaucratic obstacle course of interdepartmental coordination," rather than with the president himself.

In accord with the prevailing assassination conspiracy theory, Newman also has JFK and his hawkish VP Lyndon B. Johnson deceiving each other. In May 1961, JFK sends LBJ on an official visit to Saigon to meet with Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem. LBJ goes unilateral; without JFK's approval or knowledge, he promises Diem new helicopters and armed personnel carriers as well as US funding for a 20,000-man increase in his corrupt and inefficient army.

Meanwhile, it turns out that JFK had only dispatched LBJ to Vietnam to get him out of his hair for a National Security Council meeting at which the vital National Security Action Memorandum 52 was finalized. Newman portrays NSAM 52 as a compromise. It approved the US policy objective of preventing Vietnam's fall to Communism -- at a time when the Diem regime was clearly against the ropes. But, with the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff pushing for the introduction of US combat troops in Indochina, JFK deleted those lines which called for exactly that. It was convenient to have LBJ on the other side of the planet when he did so.

Newman also presents evidence that the Pentagon commanders in Vietnam established a "back channel" to LBJ, feeding him the real, bleak picture of what the US

was facing in Indochina, because he could be trusted with the information. JFK and his Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, meanwhile, were fed rose-tinted analyses which were then passed along in optimistic reports to Congress.

Newman's arrogance lies in believing that he, 30 years later, can see through these webs of deception -- especially where JFK's true intentions are concerned. Newman believes that by early 1963 JFK had seen through the ruse and decided to "get out of Vietnam even if it meant the war would be lost." In Newman's theory, JFK kept quiet about this decision because he knew he was vulnerable to being baited as "soft on Communism," and that going public could cost him the 1964 election. He therefore developed a secret plan to withdraw from Indochina after his second term in the White House had been secured.

Newman does develop a convincing case. He cites, first of all, a 1962 memo to JFK from the liberal US Ambassador to India, John K. Galbraith, in which he suggests that Indochina is less than the vital strategic prize portrayed by the Pentagon, that the US should "measurably reduce our commitment" to the corrupt Diem regime and opt for a neutralist solution for the region. Most significantly, the introduction of US troops into combat should be avoided. Although JFK was "immediately interested," the Joint Chiefs immediately responded that such a proposal would have "disastrous effects." The proposal was seemingly forgotten for a year.

But by 1963, a picture emerges of JFK as a public hawk and a private dove. Newman cites a top White House aide as reporting that JFK revealed his secret plan to liberal Montana Senator Mike Mansfield of the Foreign Relations Committee in a private meeting. He then reportedly told the aide:

"In 1965, I'll become one of the most unpopular presidents in history. I'll be damned everywhere as a Communist appeaser. But I don't care. If I tried to pull out completely now from Vietnam, we would have another Joe McCarthy scare on our hands, but I can do it after I'm reelected. So we had better make damn sure that I am reelected."

Meanwhile, JFK's statements to the press contained not a hint of this:

"I don't see any real prospect of the burden being lifted for the US in Southeast Asia in the next year if we are going to do the job and meet what I think are very clear national needs."

Clearly, JFK was being duplicitous. But Newman arbitrarily decides that the dove was the real JFK -- probably because this theory is more likely to sell books.

Things spiral rapidly from this point. Newman documents White House direction of the military coup which removed the unpopular Diem from power on November 1, 1963 -- but wants us to believe that JFK was "shocked" and "shaken" that the dictator had been summarily executed, rather than exiled.

In the following days, Kennedy and his staff drafted NSAM 273, which called for returning 1,000 of the 16,000 US troops in Vietnam by the end of the year. On November 20, McNamara, Pentagon brass, and top CIA and NSC men met for a conference in Honolulu, where the US Indochina command was based. Newman cites the recently declassified briefing book from the meeting to make the case that the 1,000-man withdrawal plan was gutted in Honolulu under pressure from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Actual military units were removed from the list of troops to be returned, drawn up by McNamara. Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Maxwell Taylor replaced them with "individuals" and bureaucrats until only 28% of the 1,000 men were actually members of military units -- "nothing more than a few medics, some military police, and one solitary platoon of Marines."

Two days later JFK was assassinated in Dallas.

NSAM 273 was signed by President Johnson, with some minor changes. Newman takes great pains to compare the text of the NSAM approved by JFK and the rewritten text actually signed by LBJ, but it reveals little. The real damage, it would seem, had been done at Honolulu. By the end of 1964, of course, LBJ would massively escalate the war.

JFK & Vietnam is revealing and worthwhile -- but high-handed and presumptuous where Newman pretends to know more about JFK's actual intentions than he possibly can, cynically playing to the posthumous personality cult. Newman deserves to be called on this. Unfortunately, the man who rises to the occasion has problems of his own.

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BOOK REVIEWS

"Newman's claim requires some interesting assumptions," writes Chomsky in reference to the theory that the Pentagon was deceiving the White House. "Not only must MACV [the Pentagon's Vietnam command] have been lying to McNamara and JFK, but the military were lying to one another from field officers on up, everyone was lying to the CIA who were lying to everyone else, State was in on it and so on." Is this really so radical a notion? Chomsky writes as if there had been no libel suit by General William Westmoreland, US commander in Vietnam, against CBS for the network's reporting that Westmoreland and his staff were indeed lying to the White House about the number of Communist casualties, as if deception and intrigue were not *inherent* to high-level power. Not only do we have the nation's top media critic vindicating the Warren Commission, but also portraying US military commanders in Vietnam as sterling patriots who would never dream of falsifying field reports!

Like Newman, Chomsky expends much ink in decoding the changes in NSAM 273 made during the JFK-LBJ transition. While Newman sees the changes as terribly important, Chomsky, of course, says that there's simply nothing there. Chomsky may be right, but he engages in his own intellectual dishonesty by failing to address at all Newman's evidence that the 1,000-troop withdrawal plan had been gutted by the Pentagon at the Honolulu conference two days before JFK's death.

This is the principal failure of Chomsky's effort. He is not writing to convince those who have read Newman. No, Chomsky seems to be writing for his own comfortable true believers who will, after reading *Rethinking Camelot*, rest assured that they need not bother with Newman. The tone of *Rethinking Camelot* is relentlessly smug, sarcastic, sanctimonious and condescending. It is obvious that Chomsky is only interested in preaching to his own choir, further entrenching the entire venture of media criticism in irrelevant lefter-than-thou stagnancy. He has some important things to say, but the people who really need to hear them aren't going to.

Newman, on the other hand, has produced an immensely popular book. He gives readers what they want to hear -- and entrenches their own dangerous illusions about the nature of power.

Ironically, both have allowed the naive liberals to set the terms for the debate--and therefore they both miss the point. The point isn't that we'd all be living in the paradise of Camelot today if JFK hadn't been bumped off. The point is that our government lied to us -- repeatedly, about Vietnam, and probably about the assassination. And that, if presented appropriately, is a real indictment of established power. appropriate context of 500 years of imperial conquest and expansion, rather than mere Washington intrigues -- although the historical analysis he offers is little deeper or more original than the standard barrage of anti-Columbus rhetoric to which all followers of the left press were subjected in 1992. Chomsky's real problem, however, is that he throws the proverbial baby out with the bathwater. If naive liberals are ga-ga over the dead Kennedy, Chomsky irrationally concludes, then obviously there could have been *no* conspiracy on JFK's life.

Chomsky is correct to point out that decisions of the consequence of US intervention in Vietnam are bigger than the man in the Oval Office. But his dismissal of even the *existence* of high-level intrigues is a dangerous oversimplification. It does us little good to have our foremost media critic actually vindicating the Warren Commission -- the official LBJ administration probe into the JFK slaying which, of course, concluded that Oswald had acted alone. "A high-level conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy and conceal the crime would have to involve not only much of the government and media, but a good part of the historical, scientific and medical professions," writes Chomsky, ignoring the countless volumes which have been devoted to the doctored evidence, murdered witnesses and suppressed press accounts. Much of this writing has been pap or paranoia, and separating the wheat from the chaff is a daunting effort for the serious researcher. But Chomsky does not even admit as much. Instead, he simply dismisses the possibility of a cover-up as "without precedent or even remote analogue." Could be. But is the "lone nut" theory any more plausible?

Chomsky takes great glee in deflating the JFK myth, reminding readers that the man had been elected as a militaristic Cold War hawk. As JFK escalated the US military commitment in Indochina, he warned that if the Communists prevailed, "the gates will be opened wide ...The complacent, the self-indulgent, the soft societies are about to be swept away with the debris of history...Only the strong...can possibly survive."

However, Chomsky falls flat on his face when he attempts to discredit Newman's "webs of deception." It is legitimate to question Newman's theory of JFK running his own "deception within the deception," fooling the Pentagon into thinking he bought their rosy scenarios while secretly planning to withdraw -- especially his disingenuous portrayal of JFK's private conversation with Senator Mansfield as revealing the *real* JFK. As Chomsky correctly points out, "a president may well tell an influential senator in private what he would like to hear, while heeding other voices." But Chomsky is so anxious to prove that JFK remained to the end an intransigent hawk that he rejects the mere *possibility* of deception when the evidence points the other way.

Noam Chomsky's *Rethinking Camelot* is a direct and vitriolic attack on Newman. As the nation's most prominent left-wing media critic, Chomsky is appropriately nauseated by the current JFK-mania. To his credit, he places the Vietnam debacle in the

THE GREENPEACE GUIDE TO ANTI-ENVIRONMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS

(By Carl Deal Published by Odonian Press)

Reviewed By Suzie Miles

In recent years, the growing environmental movement has become widespread and universal in scope. It has become "hip" to be "green", and granola-eating hippies are no longer the only ones advocating environmental consciousness and direct action to ensure the Earth's longevity. The U.S. government and big business has caught onto this trend, and have taken measures to ensure that their ecologically-destructive investments are not threatened, by setting up elaborate front groups that look like environmental organizations, but actually work to destroy the environment. Hence, the "Greenwashing" of America.

In *THE GREENPEACE GUIDE TO ANTI-ENVIRONMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS*, Greenpeace writer Carl Deal unmasks these frontgroups. He explains how the environmentalist movement has been hit with a vicious backlash from polluting industries and the far right. While many entities openly admit to being anti-environmental, covert operations have also been established in the form of legal foundations, think tanks, charitable endowments, and public relations firms have been hired to do their dirty work.

Deal unveils the "green" patina these corporations and government agencies have acquired by identifying, exposing and explaining more than 50 of these organizations. He gives an overview of their ideologies, strategies and tactics, and tells where their money comes from.

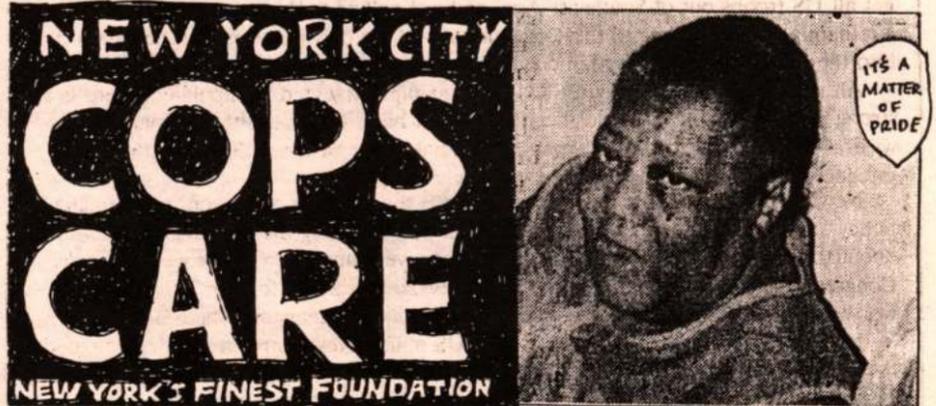
Deal begins by briefly explaining the anti-environmental movement and the link between big business and the government. He then analyzes the different types of anti-environmental groups. Next, he catalogs the groups in alphabetical listings. Each entry gives the organization's name, address, phone and fax number, if available. A description of the organization's purpose and activities is concise, factual and direct. A listing of funding, and officers and their affiliations ends the story. Entries are footnoted and indexed for easy access.

For example, the National Wetland Coalition (NWC) sounds as though it might be an organization to preserve wetlands. Deal, however, exposes the organization as being formed by utility companies, miners and real estate developers to lobby Congress to open wetlands to commercial development! It is funded by American Mining Congress, Shell Oil, Texaco, Amoco, Exxon and other petroleum and natural gas companies.

Keep America Beautiful (KAB), has used over \$550 million worth of advertising time and space (donated by some 200 companies that manufacture and distribute aluminum cans, paper products, glass bottles and plastics that account for about a third of the material in U.S. landfills) to encourage guilty consumers to "put litter in its place," (coincidentally creating more business for KAB sponsors like Browning Ferris and Waste Management who are ultimately paid to dispose of our trash). Never does KAB call on industry to produce less, recycle more or set higher pollution standards. KAB also opposes a national bottle bill.

The pocket-sized paperback is an eye-opening guide which exposes groups such as The Evergreen Foundation, Accuracy in Media, Consumer Alert and others for the anti-environmental tools of the government and big business that they are. The guide reveals the deviant tactics used by these organizations to cloak their destructive activities to the American public. It is a necessary reference for activists, journalists and contributors to environmental causes.

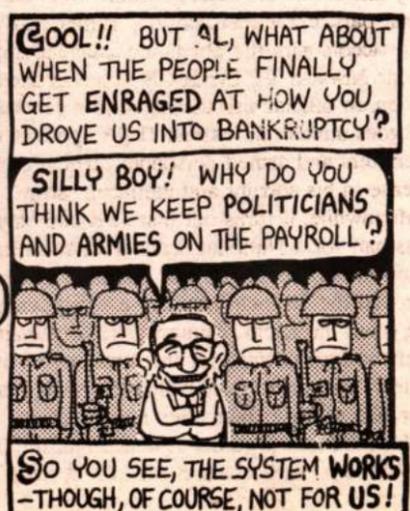
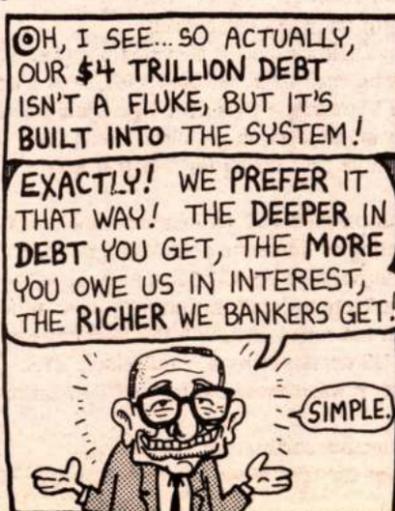
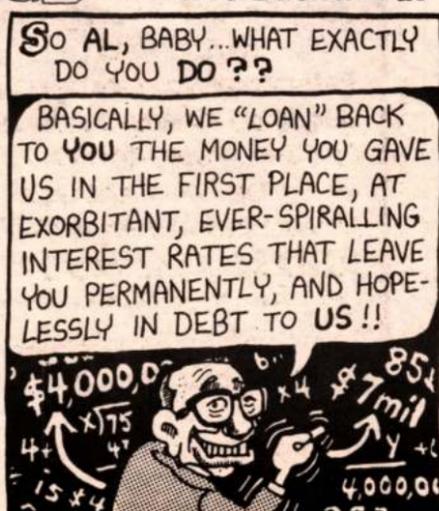
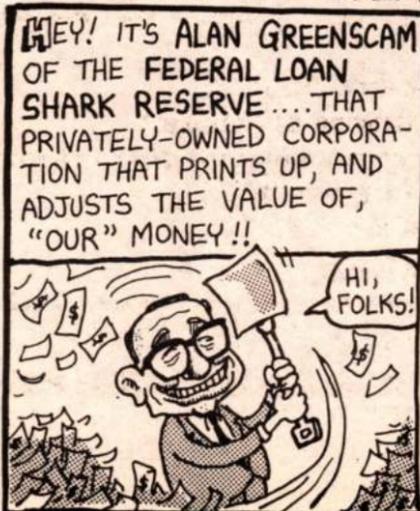
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