

the SHADOW

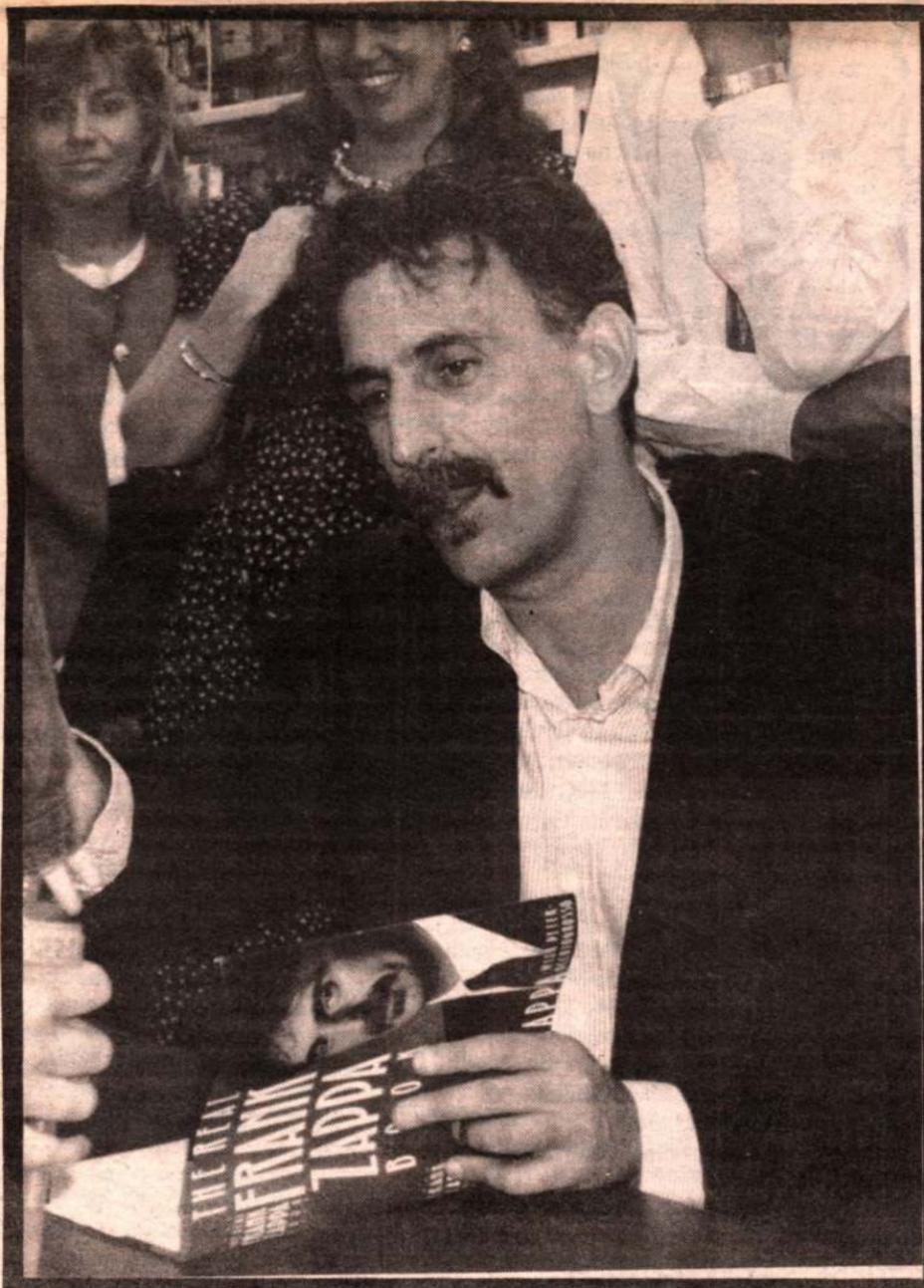
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RUDOLPH THE REDNECK MAYOR!



SHADOW PHOTO BY TANVA

FRANK ZAPPA: 1941-1993

Frank Zappa never sold out to the record industry. He owned and controlled all his own music, never compromising his art for commercialism. He wasn't signed to a major record label and he didn't participate in payola, so his music was almost never covered in the so-called rock press or played by greedy dee jays. (The only exception was Zappa's "Dancing Fool" which satirized disco music in the late 1970's.) In spite of this media black-out, all of his concerts and records would sell out, almost by word of mouth.

Zappa was a seminal influence on the dissident movements which helped overthrow the Soviet bloc in 1989. Like most Western rock, his music was banned and had to be smuggled in or heard on foreign radio stations. Zappa's influence was especially strong in Czechoslovakia. According to Zappa, "[When I visited] Prague, I was told that the biggest enemies of the Communist Czech state were Jimmy Carter and me. A student I met said that he was arrested by the secret police and beaten. They said they were going to beat the Zappa music out of him." After the Czechoslovakian Velvet Revolution of Nov. 1989, Vaclav Havel, the new President, offered Zappa a position as unofficial cultural ambassador, but according to Zappa, that got nixed after a visit to Havel from former U.S. Secretary of State James Baker. Havel said "What fascinated and excited him [Zappa] was the idea that the artist had a role to play in active politics." But Zappa was more than a musician.

Zappa was a political activist who really believed in the system. He was one of few rock stars who actively fought against the Parents' Music Resource Center, a group of politicians' wives who tried to lobby Congress into censoring rock music lyrics. (In true Zappa style he defined them as "a bunch of bored Washington housewives"). To counter the censorship efforts of conservative politicians and the religious right, Zappa produced lobbying kits he called "Z-PACs" for people to use on politicians and the media to tell them how much they like certain music and lyrics played on the radio, and to demand no censorship.

Zappa went a step further to get young people involved in electoral politics, setting up voter registration tables at his concerts. In a June 1990 radio interview, he reminded the public that "the government is something you own...they work for you...if they steal from you, put them in jail." Anarchists might see this as being naive, but Zappa was more a politically astute libertarian.

In interviews, public appearances and in his lyrics, Zappa launched blistering attacks on US double standards, the consumer culture, US military force (he called the US "indebted cowardly bullies" that borrows money to build bombs), control of the media "by the forces of evil," government censorship efforts, public apathy, and the sabotage of the educational system, which he said "works to the advantage of a government trying to create a police state..."

To the end, Frank Zappa was an individualist who did his thing on his terms and succeeded. He tried to wise us up wherever possible while entertaining us and he brought home the point that we don't have to accept a political/social system we don't like. If you want to change something, you have to get off your ass and do it! We at the SHADOW mourn the loss of Frank Zappa, a unique creative genius and political activist who played the game his way.

By Chris Flash + Bob McGlynn

SHADOW EDITORIAL

"THE HAMMERS OF HELL
ARE GONNA FALL"--
Lieutenant Gerald Heinz
reacting to the election of
mayor Rudolph Giuliani

THE RIGHT TO PEDDLE IS THE RIGHT TO SURVIVE!!

Repression against peddlers is nothing new to the streets of the Lower East Side. It was the sainted Fiorello H. La Guardia, mayor of that white people's Shangri La called 1940s New York, who ran the peddlers from the curbs of First Avenue in an effort to bring about a higher classed atmosphere and more parking space. La Guardia, ever conscious of homogeneity and decorum, was also the patron of legislation banning organ-grinders from the city's streets allegedly in order to remove a source of prejudicial stereotypes concerning Italians.

Peddling re-emerged as an occupation in the Lower East Side during the early 1980s. As rents rose in those salad days of gentrification, neighborhood residents would often turn to peddling items accumulated in their apartments in order to make ends meet. The Ninth Precinct began busting large numbers of peddlers in 1984. The first effect of the mass arrests on St. Marks Place and on the nearby stretches of Second Avenue was to run off the neighborhood flea marketeers with their records and books. Their items were too valuable to lose in police sweeps, and when the heat came down, they left. The peddlers who remained were mostly people who took stuff from the garbage and resold it. They were homeless people, subject to the same prejudices that the gentry heap on "squeegee artists" and other street people. These peddlers were not so easy to run off. In the late '80s, phalanxes of helmeted riot cops would be used to disperse the St. Marks peddler market on one night, and jump squads of plainclothes cops would be deployed the next night for the same purpose. It was all to little avail, because the peddlers had so little to lose. Street peddlers on the Lower East Side have survived both Koch and Dinkins.

An old neighbor of mine remarked in 1982 that the peddlers on the streets of the neighborhood were different from the ones on the streets in his youth because, "then they were people who were on the way up, and now they are people on the way down." Of course, Lower East Side peddlers in the old days didn't get arrested all the time. They were considered businesspeople, as entitled to their living as those who rented storefronts. The real estate monopoly in those days had not sunk its claws as deeply into the social fabric as it has today. Anybody who makes a dime without paying rent to a landlord is a criminal in New York. Anybody who sells an item more cheaply than those paying rent to the landlords is a criminal. This isn't free enterprise, this is communist/fascist tyranny! It is also environmentally destructive.

When peddlers recycle items rescued from the garbage, they are promoting conservation while making a living at the same time. They are doing this strictly within the bounds of a free enterprise system and are accepting nothing from the government. By all accounts, every red blooded Amerikan should love peddlers. Why, then, are they vilified so?

Look at it from your perspective, folks. Street peddlers sell common household items at low prices that poor people can afford. They prevent these items from ending up in landfill or up in smoke that we all have to breathe. They help save natural resources and raw materials by making items last longer. And they do this without creating another government bureaucracy, unlike the City recycling program. We have to wonder if anyone did an environmental impact statement on those blue bags in which plastic junk has to be recycled. The only reason why beer bottles are recycled successfully is because the most difficult part of the job is done by individual free enterprise on the part of poor people. When some of these same poor people, however, collect a few paperback books, some abandoned records, or a pair of half-decent sneakers out of the garbage and try and sell them, they get busted.

Politicians' justification for spending taxpayers' money on cops to prevent peddling is that stolen goods are being sold on the streets. Most of the goods sold on the streets of the neighborhood, however, are recovered from the garbage. Come on, did anyone ever come into your apartment and steal your desk lamp or your telephone, your clock radio or your old porno magazines? Has anyone ever mugged you and taken your blue jeans, Converse All-Stars or Spandex tights? This is 90% of the stuff you see for sale on the streets of the neighborhood--stuff that people threw out because it didn't fit or because there wasn't enough closet space.

You will find some stolen goods in the peddler markets. You will also find some stolen goods on the shelves in rent-paying stores, but the peddlers are low enough on the social pecking order to be collectively convicted of what a minority of their number do. It is easier for the police to carry out mass molestations of all peddlers than it is for them to track down the stolen goods that are being sold everywhere. It is easier for a donut-saturated tub of lard to kick the ass of a peddler, whose occupation requires him to stand in one place, than to go after a fast moving bicycle thief.

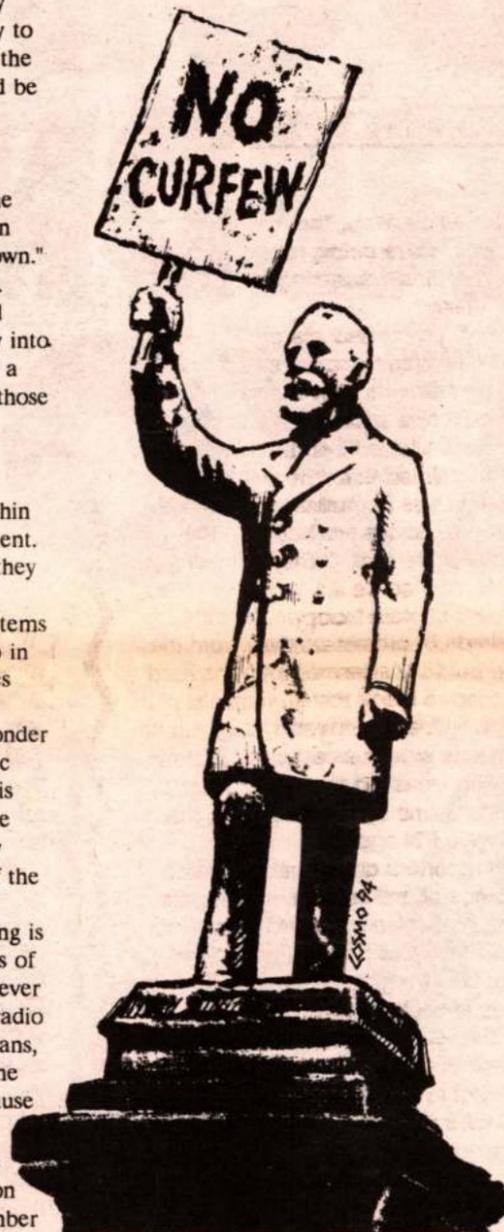
It is significant that, while Rudolph Giuliani made relatively few statements during his recent mayoral campaign where he actually committed himself to anything, he specifically stated that he planned to rid the streets of peddlers, along with squeegee men and street level drug dealers. Peddlers are always fair game. The more used goods sold in proportion to new goods, the less money made by the landlords in rent and the less money taken in taxes to pay the bureaucrats. Peddlers further irritate those who want the atmosphere on the street to reflect their self-perceived social status. Peddlers selling old merchandise from blankets on the street make it difficult for people coming home from a day on Wall Street to feel that they have made it. "Why do we have to look at these people?" yuppies will always ask. "I can't help how I feel," they'll say when you tell them to can their prejudice. Such people should consider that it is the person who has the most options who has the moral obligation to roll over and make room. Nobody has the right to tell another human being to disappear just because they are annoyed by the sight of that human being.

What the politicians are really worrying about is a new brand of entrepreneur who might rise from the gutter and compete with the aboveground economy and its landlord and governmental parasites. Who would buy books at twenty-five bucks a clip in the overpriced St. Marks literary sushi bar when you can get them used outside for a few dollars? Fuck anyone who would allow their profits to interfere with the literacy of society. City Councilparasite Charles Millard, who represents the french poodle district up around East 86th Street told the newspaper *Our Town* that the peddlers up there had to be driven off the streets because otherwise by the year 2000 we would have a "Third World bazaar." In a country like Jamaica, half the population survives by selling on the street; the result is that everybody eats, even though Jamaica has no system of

government welfare. People in the Third World survive thanks to Third World bazaars, and no thanks to AmeriKKKa.

Poor people industrious enough to try and market an item should pair off with those who need items at a low price and create a second economy within the pores of the Establishment, recycling the waste of the Beast and making a living at the same time. The government should just back off and leave them alone. If the peddlers don't pay taxes, goes the refrain of the men in neckties, we won't have tax money to pay our police. How many fewer police would we need, however, if people were encouraged to use their wiles at finding recyclable merchandise to sell, instead of having every avenue of work cut off to them except for crime? Does this make too much sense? Instead, the taxpayer pays taxes to pay cops to arrest peddlers because the peddlers don't pay taxes to pay more police.

And to the police themselves--do all of you have to get hit in the head with buckets of plaster before you realize that everyone has to have room to survive? Move over, make room, live and let live.



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NAZI CAR SMASHED AS BONEHEADS COWER INSIDE

ANTI-NAZIS CONFRONT USA NATIONALISTS MARCH ON NEW HOPE

By Nashua

"We're forming a new movement, we are a fresh movement, arising from the ashes of the old, we will succeed, we are highly motivated."

Ryan Wilson is the self-styled commander of the United States of America Nationalist Party (USANP), and he was addressing reporters at Washington Crossing State Park near the town of New Hope, Pennsylvania. The November 6 gathering of 50 neo-nazis and Klansman was billed as "Gay Bash 93" and was aimed at New Hope, a tourist mecca an hour north of Philadelphia known for its large gay and lesbian population.

It was the second rally by the USANP, which is based in the suburbs of Philadelphia. In October, 2,000 counter-protesters stopped an attempt by a dozen USANP members to march in Auburn, an upstate New York prison town where underground railroad freedom guide Harriet Tubman was born. At the New Hope rally, 400 counter-protesters were met by hundreds of Pennsylvania state troopers who tried to keep the two groups apart.

An attempt by the neo-nazis to march through the quaint, tourist-filled streets of New Hope was canceled at the last minute and the nazis held an impromptu news conference along the tree lined banks of the Delaware river. Wilson's rag tag group of 25 helmeted skinheads and masked aryan misfits had been joined by another group of equal size calling themselves the Delaware Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Wilson says the USANP is different from groups that have come before them because "the Klan has a violent history, they lynch people, they burn crosses. We are not the Klan. We have many friends in the Klan, many of our people are former Klansman but we have not had any incidents of violence. We are a fresh start for our movement in America."

But messages left by Wilson on his group's answering machine contain violent threats against gays, African-Americans, Jews and another opponents of the group. Before the rally, Wilson had said that white supremacists would come to New Hope with M-16 machine guns. Following the rally, Wilson gloated over the media attention the supremacists achieved and promised the incineration of gays and lesbians. "Counter-protestors" Wilson says, "were going to use it as a great media campaign. We were portrayed as the non-violent ones and we'll use it to our advantage." Wilson

continues cackling, "we have a no-lose scenario, we're going to have you in an oven," finally sneering out the epithet "pussy."

Wilson defended his phone messages as state troopers searched him and his followers with metal detectors and explosive sniffing dogs before they were allowed into the rally site. Wilson claimed that "the violent phone message was in retaliation to various violent messages we had from the counter-protesters. If they're looking to spill blood - so be it."

A line of state troopers kept the hundreds of protesters away from the park, but they swarmed onto the road and tried to block the supremacists' vehicles. One car driven by a group of skinheads was intercepted by protesters who smashed the rear window, despite claims by the occupants that they were FBI agents.

As reporters questioned the nazis, hundreds of anti-fascists rushed past police lines toward the white supremacists. They were stopped by a canal where the two groups screamed curses at each other until the supremacists were forced to retreat under a barrage of rocks and branches.

Out of range of the counter-protesters the neo-nazis unfurled swastika flags and held them aloft for photographers and video cameras. Reporters had been bussed from a spot three miles away and escorted by state police to the rally site. The attempt to march into New Hope was covered widely in eastern Pennsylvania and police roadblocks and caravans popped up on roads throughout the area. The cops operated out of the local high school and turned the football field into a helicopter landing zone.

The Klan members wore camouflage pants, Klan tee shirts and white pointed Klan hoods, but the neo-nazis under Ryan Wilson did most of the talking. Wilson said he believes in democracy. "We do not advocate the violent overthrow of the United States government; we believe political reform is a way of overthrowing the government."

But Wilson still maintains the government is his worst enemy. "The government makes racists," he says, "if you're a white man kicked out of your job for some minority - that's making a racist."

The group's most bitter vitriol targets gays and lesbians. Often the jackbooted, masked and helmeted junior stormtroopers would spontane-

ously burst out chanting "sieg heil." Wilson himself said gays should be "gassed."

Despite the hostility and hatred, the supremacists seemed to suffer their own form of disorganization. When asked to comment on the AIDS epidemic, Wilson and a bearded and masked associate wearing a World War Two German helmet couldn't get their party line straight. The masked man said AIDS was a "god sent plague" while Wilson shook his head no and the associate answered "yes."

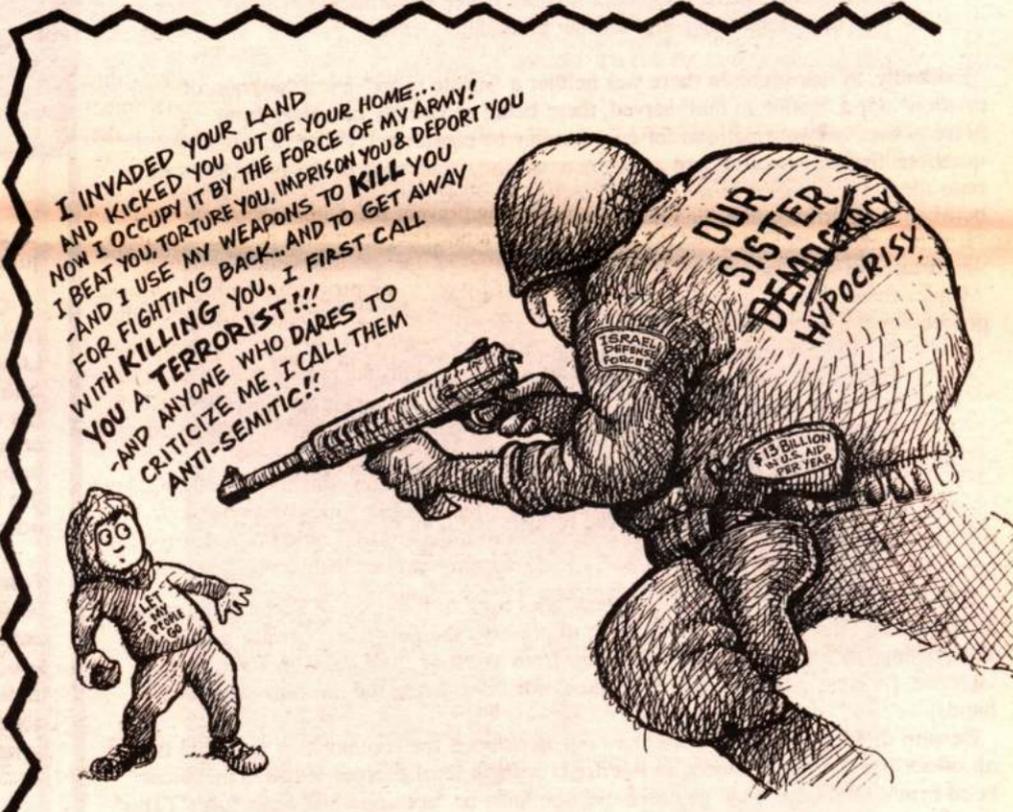
Wilson responded that "AIDS is wiping out all we're against." The two men agreed until Wilson said he supported more money for AIDS research. The masked man then exploded incredulously: "what da ya mean? They're already spending billions of dollars. AIDS is a godsend."

According to Ryan Wilson, the United States of America Nationalist Party plans their next rally for the Philadelphia suburb of Camden: a town with many Jewish residents.



RYAN WILSON (Rear) RANTS TO REPORTERS

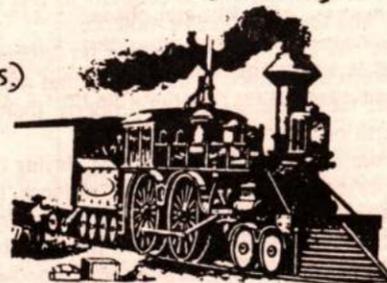
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PUBLIK ENEMA #6

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 - *INTERVIEW WITH FERAL FAUN*
 - *SUMMER BIKE TOUR JOURNAL (INCL. PORTLAND & VANCOUVER @ GATHERINGS)*
 - *HIST. OF PUNISHMENT IN THE U.S. & PELICAN BAY*
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Shelter Watcher

(The SHADOW's man in the shelter system)

A FRESH LEGAL PERSPECTIVE ON SQUATTING

A decision handed down by Judge Carl Callender of the Housing Court this past October could be of interest concerning the fundamental question as to whether "a governmental landlord may take the law into its own hands and, without seeking judicial approval, oust residents" who occupied a property openly and peaceably. The petitioner in the case ["*Hawkins v. City of New York*," Civil Court, 1993] brought suit pursuant to section 713 (10) of the Real Property Actions and Proceedings Law ("RPAPL"), claiming that the city of New York illegally evicted them "in a forceful and unlawful manner."

The background is that the petitioner took possession of the premises without the permission of the owner (the city), having "exclusive access and control" over the property for a period of time, before being ordered to leave by three city employees accompanied by police.

The petitioner left the property, giving as reasons:

- (1) ordered to leave
- (2) scared of injury or of getting killed
- (3) felt eviction was being carried out by the department of housing preservation and development and the police department
- (4) police threatened arrest if the party didn't leave.

Evidently, in this situation there was neither a "vacate order" nor a "warrant of eviction" nor a "notice to quit" served, these being apparently necessary legal prerequisites before a petition for eviction may be considered. Other preliminary questions first to be considered are if there was any contesting of the petitioner's entry onto the premises upon moving in and second, if there was any pending litigation between the parties concerning the occupancy of the premises.

It is in Judge Callender's legal analysis of the claim, however, that the real interest and significance of the case lies.

Under the section in question of RPAPL the following conditions must exist before a proceeding for removal may be maintained:

- (1) the city must establish that the residents were not in actual possession for three years prior to efforts for eviction
- (2) residents need not claim or prove that a landlord/tenant relationship exists
- (3) city must prove that there was "forcible or unlawful entry or retention of the property"
- (4) peaceable possession by the residents without opposition by any third parties

RPAPL 713(10), in its historical context, goes back to the reign of Richard II (early 14th century England), its purpose being to preserve the public and private peace of law abiding citizens and to prohibit parties from asserting their rights by force or violence. (A clear goal was to prevent landlords from taking the law into their own hands).

Despite the fact that this statute does encroach upon the common law principle that an owner has the right to eject an interloper without legal process, it has nonetheless been firmly established that any such ejection must be "accomplished peacefully." (This benchmark ruling by New York State courts goes back to 1878!)

Most significantly, this RPAPL statute also relates to cases where no landlord-tenant relationship exists. Pertaining to this, it is worth quoting the judge's comments in full: "It rests on the very old adage that possession is nine-tenths of the law. Consequently, the occupants superior or inferior rights to possession is not a material or relevant consideration. Thus, the courts have held that the law will require the person or entity who forcefully or violently gains possession to surrender it to the person dispossessed by such means without an inquiry into who owns it or has the legal right to possession" (A decision of the U.S. Supreme court of 1887 is cited as buttressing this judgment).

He goes on to say that the purpose of this particular section of RPAPL is not so much geared toward conferring rights to property as it is designed to preserve the public and private peace and to quell force or violence.

Although the city took the position that no force was used, the judge noted that it took careful steps in advance to make sure that police were present when it sent its agents to order the petitioner off the property, thereby contributing to an atmosphere of "terror, alarm or fear."

Callender's summary is well worth noting. Saying that 1993 is a time when things are tense with reports abounding of shooting, violence, lawlessness and homelessness, he goes on to finish, "such is not the time for the government of the city of New York to take armed support in evicting tenants without judicial process, unless they are already expecting violence by their appearance, and propose by a show of violence and force to quench the potential violence, riot or chaos that could result. Such actions which can perpetrate the very actions it may be designed to avoid, could be an incendiary to further violence." Weighty words, indeed, and from the Housing Court!

The petitioner was ordered restored to possession and the respondent (the city) was ordered to "refrain from ousting petitioner without benefit of judicial process."

It is undetermined at this point whether the city filed to appeal the decision.

PIGS DEMOLISH "BUSHVILLE"!!

By Chris Stanfield + Chris Flash

A once vacant city-owned lot is once again vacant with wind and ice and rats. On the morning of December 14, "Bushville," the 3rd-4th Street squatter camp of six shanties that were home to eight people for more than two years, was demolished by the city, using three bulldozers. City representatives claimed that the residents were given notice four months earlier and offered them all tokens to go to city shelters.

Observing the demolition were political cronies of city councilman Antonio Pagán: William Ubiñas (superintendent of school district two who lied about a drug conviction when seeking his job he got through the efforts of Pagán; and who guided candidate Rudolph Giuliani through schoolrooms of kids for photo opportunities during the mayoral campaign) and Luis Soler (head of Community Board Three; who lives next door to Bushville's lot in an apartment provided by Pagán's LES Coalition Housing Development, a so-called "low-income" housing group).

Ubiñas and Soler were quoted on television as the shanties came down in front of them. Ubiñas said "we must make the neighborhood safe for children,"

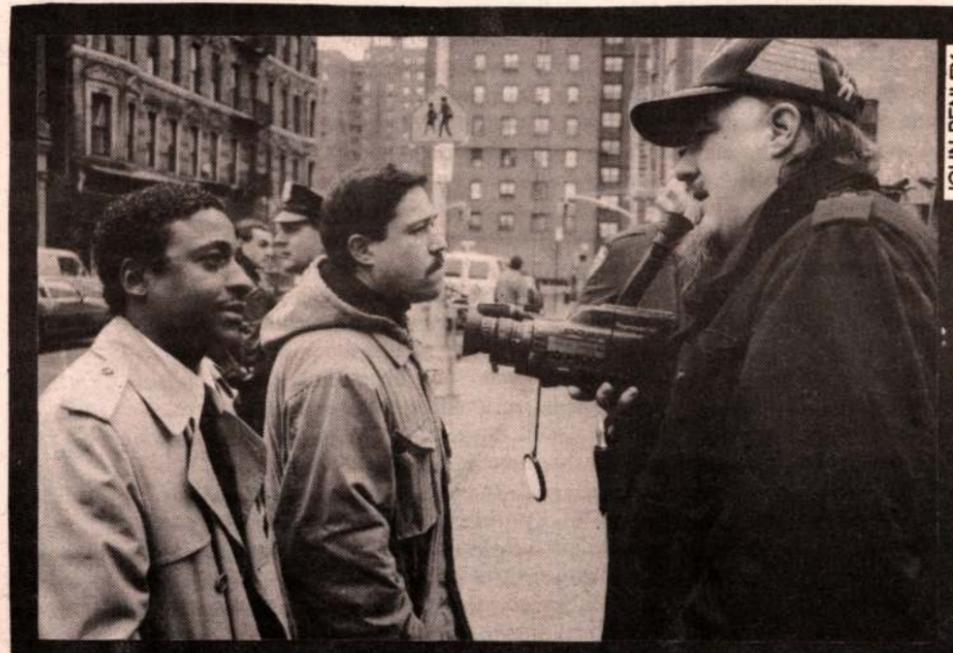


JOHN PENLEY

and Soler accused Bushville of causing "rats in the streets." Neither explained just how the shanty residents contributed to either of these problems.

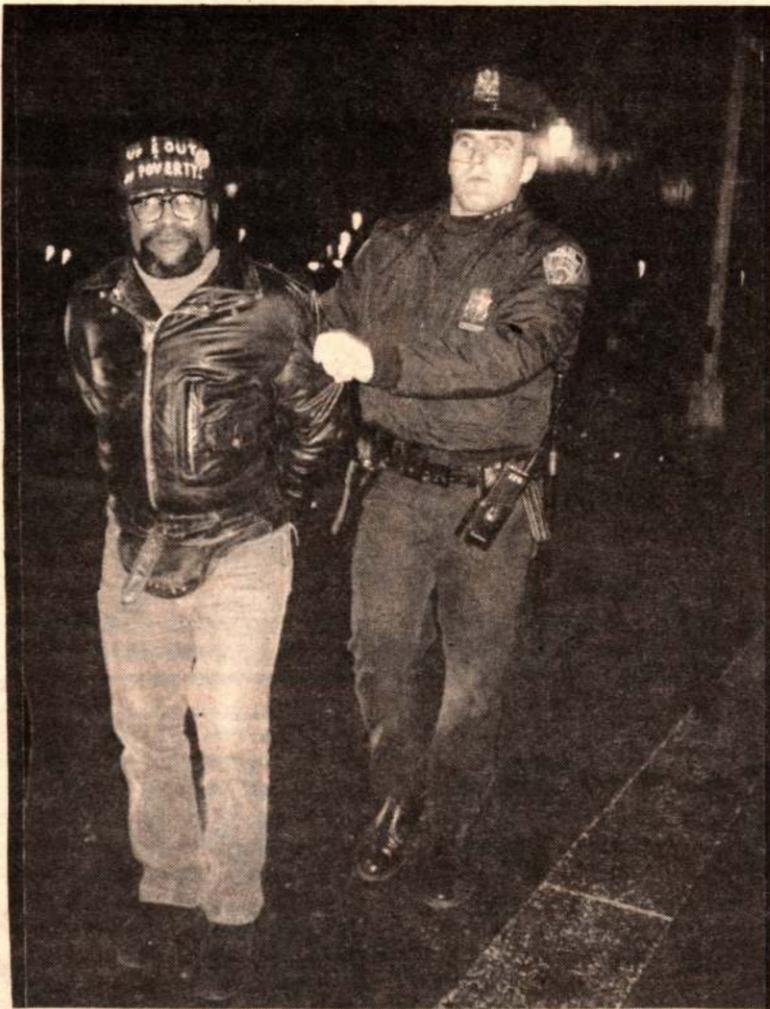
Only a few months before the demolition, Soler tried to get the Bushville residents removed to a city shelter after a suspicious fire broke out in the lot. Local activist and videographer Clayton Patterson, who happened to be inside one of the structures at the time conducting an interview, confronted Soler on his earlier promise to provide apartments for the residents. Soler then ordered arriving cops to arrest Clayton. Before dragging Clayton away, several cops happily beat him to the ground for a while and threw away his video camera in the hope that it would be stolen. Instead, the camera was returned to Clayton's home by one of the Bushville residents.

The day after the demolition, the East Fourth Street garden known as La Tranquilidad saluted the removal of the homeless from Bushville with a flyer that read: "Now that the vacant lot is vacant, let's talk with the city about a day care center!" This very reasonable and utilitarian demand became tainted with the spectre of gentrification and divisiveness. The demands of "no evictions" must include "no eviction of squatter camps," especially on "public land." Bushville is gone. Giulianiville is only just beginning. We call on the community to search for constructive means of defending it.



JOHN PENLEY

LUIS SOLER (Left) WITH UNDERCOVER KOP (Badge #3459) INTERVIEWED BY CLAYTON (Right) DURING DEMOLITION



BARBARA LEE

CASANOVA BUSTED FOR EATING HOTDOGS ON THE STREET

KOPS ARREST FOUR FOR FELONIOUS FEEDING!!

By Barbara Lee

It was a crisp clear October night, perfect for a barbecue. Unfortunately, the pigs at the ninth precinct didn't see it that way.

On October 23, after an entertaining fall concert by "Those Fucking Anarchists" in Tompkins Square Park, a party was held at the 7th Street and Avenue A entrance to the park to protest the harassment of homeless persons around the park, feed the homeless and to celebrate the return of Tent City organizer Ron Casanova.

Tent City was a homeless encampment in Tompkins Square Park that reached its peak in 1989-1990. Casanova was a resident in the park and during his stay he became an advocate for the homeless. He led the Housing Now march to Washington D.C. in 1990 and also spoke at the rally there.

Casanova has continued his fight for the rights of the homeless as president of the National Union of the Homeless, based in Kansas City, Missouri. He happened to be in town while on a national speaking tour. One of his stops was a Rikers Island jail where he spoke to inmates about homelessness.

Some friends from Tent City days thought it would be a great idea to give a party for their old compadre Casanova and also feed the homeless at the same time. People gathered at the 7A park entrance at about 9:00 bringing hot dogs, fruit juice, cookies, potato chips, and other goodies, along with a hibachi grill to cook the hot dogs.

While the atmosphere was festive, with people conversing peacefully as the "chefs" grilled the weenies, there was evil lurking about. Capt. Rosiello and Lt. ("I'm so manly I push little girls down") Heinz, both of the 9th precinct, paced the perimeter of the party. For more than an hour they stood by observing the festivities.

During that time, this reporter noticed the arrival of paddy wagons and a herd of 12 pigs in riot gear. The party-goers noticed the apparent danger, but still more hot dogs were thrown on the hibachi and devoured.

Suddenly, and without warning, at 10:20 p.m. the pigs crashed the party. Heinz and Rosiello barked out orders to the riot pigs to attack, and they eagerly kicked over the hibachi, trashed the remaining food, and arrested four people, including bystanders.

The cops grabbed Casanova, who had only been talking to his gathered friends. His friend Artie, also of Tent City, protested the arrest of Casanova, so cops arrested Artie and another man as well. Local activist and papparazzo John Penley, angry over the mistreatment of his friends, told the cops they might as well arrest him too because he brought the hot dogs. The pigs were only too happy to comply with his request. (Across the street, a pig was sighted on the roof of University of the Streets, signaling to the others with a flashlight.)

While in police custody, the prisoners experienced the usual hospitable attention from the cops, who drove them around at reckless high speeds, slamming on the brakes every few seconds, causing the prisoners to be flung around the paddy wagon. The cops laughed at their captives' predicament and made jokes about "tuning them up," which is cop slang for beating people up. It took one half hour for the cops to finish their joyride to the 9th precinct from Tompkins Square Park, only three blocks away.

In the end, Penley and Casanova were charged with an "environmental" crime for cooking food with an open flame illegally. They were given D.A.T.s (Desk Appearance Tickets) and released. The other arrestees did not fare as well: Artie was charged with resisting arrest, possession of a knife, and obstructing governmental administration. He was put through the system for 24 hours along with the other arrestee. Activist attorney Stanley Cohen represented the hibachi grillers.

Lt. Heinz later told the SHADOW that they would not have made any arrests if there hadn't been an open flame (yeah, right). He claimed that no arrest warning was given in order avoid "tensions rising." Despite interference from the police, the party was largely a success. Many people hung out, got fed and for a moment one could have almost relived the spirit of Tompkins Square Park and Tent City.

COKE PRECINCT COPS CHASE "EVERYBODY'S KITCHEN"

By Kurt Hill

Cops from the Lower East Side's 9th precinct descended on "Everybody's Kitchen," a mobile kitchen serving food to squatters and the homeless, on December 2 and forced the crew to move their feeding operation off East 9th Street and Ave D.

The collective of about 10 cultural radicals have served approximately 10,000 hot vegetarian meals to hungry people in the four weeks they have been in New York. They have been serving food in their present mode for 2½ years. The core group has been together for 4 years since getting started in Florida. Before coming to New York in November, the collective served 7,000 meals in Philadelphia during September. In August, they passed out over 5,000 meals in Washington, DC.

Jonathan, a member of the kitchen crew, which uses a donated former school bus to house their operation, explained that the police harassment began the last week in November. P.O. Velasquez of the corruption and drug scandal-ridden 9th precinct approached the bus and told people to "get all that shit off the sidewalks...get those cardboard condos off the block."

When asked where he expected homeless people to move to, Velasquez replied "it's not my problem; it's a social problem."

A few days later, on the morning of December 2, just as collective members were returning from a supply run with a cart loaded with food, a number of cops raided the kitchen. Led by "Community Affairs Detective" Richard ("Chokehold") Johnson, the kitchen crew were told to "get that bus the fuck outa here." Johnson also demanded that they "remove the garbage." Neither Johnson nor the other boobs in blue appeared to know what a compost pile was. It was explained that it supplied a number of neighborhood gardens. Johnson reportedly said: "I don't give a fuck what you do; I want that bus the fuck off my block."

Johnson cited alleged neighborhood complaints about homeless people living near the bus as the reason for the police action. "What's funny is that before there were people there, there were piles of garbage on the sidewalk," remarked Jonathan. "We moved onto the block and cleaned up all of that garbage. Then people moved in and neighbors complained. So, I guess they would rather look at garbage than people."

The kitchen collective shares love and life, as well as food. As a result, everywhere the bus goes and sets up, people gather around because of the security, good will, and friendship which they find. "We become an integral part of some homeless people's lives," says Jonathan. "A whole community springs up around the kitchen."

Jonathan adds, "sharing freely, especially of food or any basic human needs in the 1990s is the most radical thing anyone can do. It's the most threatening to the status quo."



BARBARA LEE

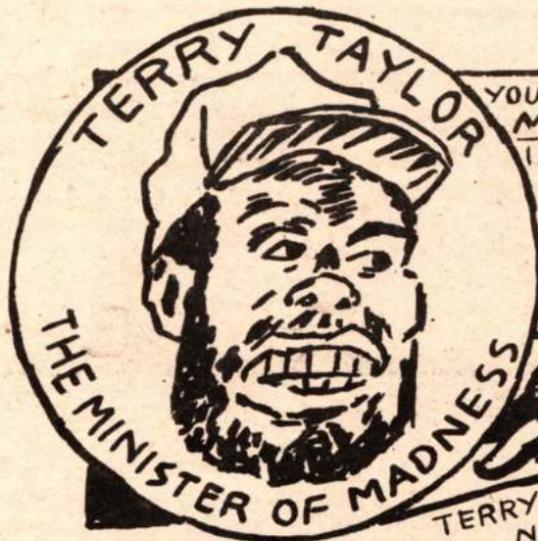
EVICITION WATCH: DOS BLOCKOS SQUAT THREATENED!!

By Chris Flash

Dos Blockos, a newly squatted building, is facing a threatened eviction by the city. The squat, located at 713 East 9th Street, was a former long time squat building lost to real estate gentrifiers in the late 1980s. According to SHADOW sources, after an almost complete renovation followed by years of sitting idle, the building was retaken

by the city after the new owners defaulted on their payments. This past summer, the building came full circle when it was retaken by squatters.

Not unexpectedly, once the Dos Blockos squat was established, the city suddenly became interested in the building. On January 3, members of HPD (Department of Housing Prevention) appeared there to threaten the squatters with eviction "to be immediately followed up." So far, there have been no further confrontations with the city, but Dos Blockos residents are preparing for the worst.



YOU GOTTA TALK TO ME, TERRY T. I LIVE IN A MOTHER FUCKIN TENT IN TOMPKINS PARK!

TERRY WAS ANGRY THE CITY WAS EVICTING THE HOMELESS FROM THE PARK

TERRY WAS PART OF THE HOMELESS MARCH ON WASHINGTON

TERRY CRAWLED ACROSS THE NEGOTIATING TABLE TO YELL AT THE DEP UTY MAYOR

LOOK AT YOUR SELF!

WHERE HIS GROUP "TENT-CITY" PLAYED A LEADERSHIP ROLE.



MY FAMILY HAS ALL KINDS OF MONEY BLACK PEOPLE AINT SUPPOSED TO HAVE. THEY WONT TALK TO ME CAUSE I DRINK. AS LONG AS I GOT AN ASS-HOLE

HE FELT LIKE A NOBODY

TERRY'S DRUNKEN RAGES SOON ALIENATED THE OTHER SQUATTERS. PARTICULARLY WOMEN IN WERE AFRAID OF HIM.

I'LL DRINK!

I HURT

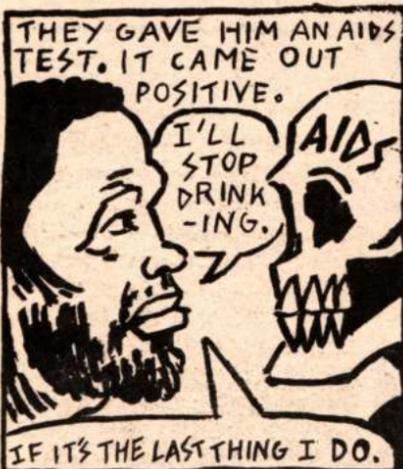
I'LL HAVE YOU.



AT THE TIME HE SURE WAS MAD!

BUT TERRY WAS NOT ONE TO HOLD A GRUDGE LONG HE SPOKE WELL OF US TO THE MEDIA. THEY GOT A GOOD SQUAT. THEY WORK HARD FIXING IT UP.

YEARS LATER HE CHECKED HIMSELF INTO A DRUG + ALCOHOL PROGRAM



ALTHOUGH STILL HOMELESS, TERRY BEGAN TO CLEAN UP HIS ACT + TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF

BUT HE NEVER LET THE PROGRAM TURN HIM INTO A GOODY-TWO SHOES

TERRY MADE PEACE WITH HIS FAMILY

I'M SOBER AS A JUDGE

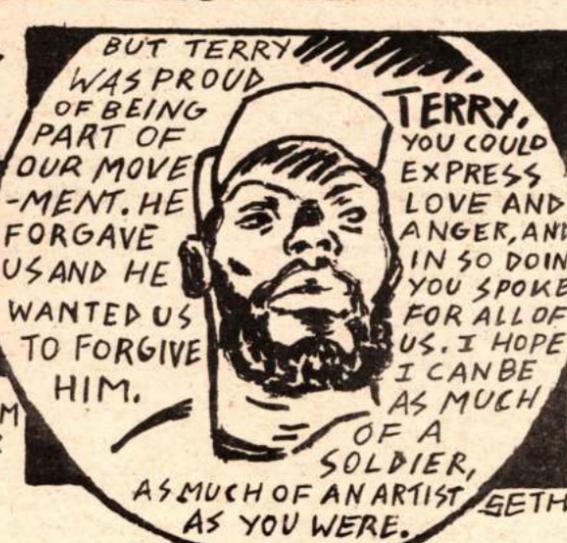
GLAD I CAN STILL DO THIS

WHEN I'M SOBER

TERRY DIED ON DECEMBER 12th 1993. AT HIS FUNERAL I WONDERED "WHERE WERE ALL THESE FAMILY MEMBERS WHEN HE WAS ON THE STREET." BUT WAIT HADN'T WE ALL DONE THE SAME,



THEY TRIED TO HELP HIM UNTIL HIS DRINKING WAS TOO MUCH FOR THEM THEN WE RADICALS TRIED TO HELP TERRY, UNTIL IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR US. IN THE END IT WAS TERRY WHO HELPED TERRY THE MOST.



SETH TOBOCMAN

SETH '93

TERRY TAYLOR 1956-1993



Terry Taylor was the bravest man I've ever known. He would deny it. He would insist that what he did was nothing particularly special or heroic. When he left the Fort Washington Men's Shelter and moved into Tompkins Square Park, it was about survival: he contracted tuberculosis, and then was nearly killed when someone struck him over the head as he lay asleep in one of the vast dormitories where 300 men share a single room. He moved onto the bandshell in Tompkins Square Park because it was safer; the air was better; people seemed to be looking out for one another. When the cops and the Parks Department made moves against the homeless people living in the park, they feared Terry the most because they knew he would go to any length to defend what he had. He wasn't just fighting to fight, and he wasn't just collecting a paycheck; his life was on the line, and when it comes right down to it, you gotta choose life over death.

I remember when I went to visit Terry at the hospital. As the elevator went up to the seventh floor, I was thinking to myself, "Here we go again, another trip to St. Vincent's AIDS ward. I have seen too many of my friends here!" The thought of Terry, always so big and strong, lying in one of those beds... I didn't know how I was going to stand it. All I could think of was Terry in Vermont when we were at the Rainbow Gathering in July 1991, and he was just shining - he was throwing everything he had into playing the drum. He was putting down the lead rhythm and he just couldn't drop it. Many people in New York City feared any sort of contact with a strong, tall Black homeless man such as Terry with as much foreboding as field mouse running under the shadow of a hawk, but in a circle where people were not scared of him, he felt no compulsion to get drunk or wreck his body with destructive drugs such as cocaine. When I saw Terry, naked and strong, playing the drums in the sun, bringing people these rhythms that only his hands could call forth, I felt like I was finally seeing Terry as he ought to have been - as a virtuoso or a prince. As the elevator slowed down to let me off, I still had no idea how I was going to face him lying in one of those dimly lit rooms where one must always whisper for fear that the dying will hear you.

I got to the seventh floor and looked for Terry's room. I found the room, but no Terry. I tried the patient's lounge, but he wasn't there either, so I checked the nurses station. They told me that they had given up on trying to restrict him to their ward, and sent me to the patient's lounge at the other end of the floor. I checked all the lounges in that section, but I still couldn't find him. I was just about to panic when I walked back to the elevators and there was Terry with a hot coffee in one hand and a fresh pack of cigarettes in the other. "They let you

walk out and buy cigarettes?" I asked. "Well, I am really not supposed to," he smiled, "but when has that ever stopped me?"

We walked down the hall to the lounge at the far end of the building. He said that he had been busy all week seeing visitors and giving interviews to local journalists. He told me he never expected that people would've made such a fuss. I was like, "Terry, are you kidding? People love you." He spoke soberly of the disease. Not scared, he was determined that he would beat it. He wanted to know everything he could about it, and any available treatments. He said he had known about it for a long time, soon after we got back from Vermont.

It wasn't long before other patients joined us in the lounge. They knew Terry had made a break for cigarettes and they wanted in on the action. The other men in the patient's lounge all wore their hospital clothes; Terry wore shorts, sneakers and a T-shirt which read, "Yo Baby, What's Up?" He would not wear the hospital issue. While I knew that he could be stubborn enough to write his own ticket, I understood that he didn't want to put the on hospital gown and lie in bed because he knew folks would be visiting him, and he didn't want us to see him looking like he was dying, even if he was.

The last time I saw Terry, he was sitting on the hill in Tompkins Square Park, and when he caught my eye, he ran across the grass and jumped over the fence onto the asphalt with the ease of a gymnast. I just had to assume that he was getting better. We sat and talked for a while, and every so often, he would leap up to greet somebody else. He must've been over that fence half a dozen times in the 45 minutes that we spent together, and each time, everyone who saw him said just about the same thing: "Terry, you are definitely getting better, my man. Whatever you are doing, keep it up, brother." That was October of this past year. He died on December 12th. His sister said that he laid out his best suit, left his address book on the chair by the bed, and fell asleep. Sleep well, dear friend; morning brings a brighter day!

The renowned Black poet Langston Hughes once asked, "What happens to a dream deferred? Does it sag like a heavy load, or does it explode?" For thousands of men and women like Terry, it explodes into kaposi's sarcoma, in the bodies of healthy, strong individuals who were just looking for a way to make life hurt less because they should've been princes, but the world treated them like waste. Fuck the world!

Terry's smile was the brightest thing on the planet. It brought me as much joy as ten thousand sunny days. As I write these words, it feels as if it has just gotten so much darker since we lost Terry, that I almost can't stand it; then I think of how good Terry looked in the sunshine, and I start hearing those rhythms again. I walk through the park at night and he still has my back. Having Terry at my side always made me feel stronger, and brother, that hasn't changed. We just keep on keeping on until the dream is a reality.

--By Free-I

[Terry Dethious Taylor was born on May 4, 1956, and died December 12, 1993. He was buried at the Lincoln Cemetery in Portsmouth, Virginia, after a funeral service in the Bronx on December 18th.]



BARBARA LEE

PIGS BUST FIVE MOURNERS IN MEMORIAL MARCH

By Chris Flash

On January 5, a memorial service was held for Terry Taylor in St. Brigid's church on Avenue B. Speakers included activist priests Father George Kuhn, Daniel Berrigan and Pat Maloney, as well as movement lawyers Stanley L. Cohen and Ron Kuby, both of whom recounted their experiences in helping get Terry out of jail after several Tompkins Square demos and riots over the years. The service included singing by the Addicts Rehabilitation Center Choir and ended with a word of thanks from Terry's brother Dan.

Outside the church, several vans full of cops waited along with plainclothes cops, undercover taxis (Hack #6Y27, #6Y41 + #6Y43), and commanding officers (Deputy Inspectors Fitzsimmons and Frey) to see what would happen. Also present were media people with cameras, including sleazy CBS reporter Mike Taibbi.

As the mourners marched with a mock coffin on East 8th Street, cops mobilized to follow them. At the corner of Avenue C, cops suddenly jumped five people for walking in the street. As they attempted to make arrests, the cops generated much laughter as they slipped on the ice and fell all over themselves.

Undaunted, the 50-60 marchers, followed by a dozen or so cops, made their way downtown to City Hall where they were met by even more cops who had set up pig pens for them. Instead of getting corralled, marchers kept the sidewalk. As cops were distracted by the marchers, members of ACT-UP whipped out squeegees and began another demo, washing windshields of cars coming down Broadway.



PETER LEVASSOUR

"LOOK AT YOURSELF" TERRY TELLS INVADING PIG CAPT. DICK SAVAGE + HIS THUGS DURING TENT CITY EVICTION (12/89)

RUDY'S RUDE WELCOME PARTY

By A. Kronstadt

Incoming Mayor Rudolph Giuliani is a man who likes to swear. As this was Rudolph Giuliani's third swearing-in ceremony (he had been informally sworn in by a clerk of the court on December 30 and officially sworn in on January 1), there was little drama on the streets around City Hall at noontime on January 2. The mood was uniformed and Irish and potbellied and official right down to the bagpipe contingent warming up to lead the parade. All the big real estate dealers and their wives were turned out for the occasion. There were as many furs on the streets of Lower Manhattan as there were the time that rat infested warehouse on Murray Street burned down a couple of years ago. Lots of Hasidim too. It was all a party for Giuliani's friends. Well, almost!

While the great caucasian invasion was going on across the street, about 150 demonstrators milled around in a pig pen in front of the Woolworth building. The demonstration had been called by a Workers World Party (WWP) front group that had been thrown together to corral the anti-Giuliani sentiment. The organizers had handed out a bunch of preprinted placards to anyone who would carry one, each of which read "Jobs not Jails." Not everybody took one, and there were some members of the crowd who took to chanting "Jobs are Jails," when the leaders of the working class called on them to chant the official slogan. In addition to "Jobs not Jails" one of the official placards read "Stop the Arrest of Squeegees," referring to Giuliani's promise to arrest people who wash car windows with squeegees in exchange for money. It was Giuliani's Police Commissioner appointee William Bratton who had started calling those who practice this occupation "squeegees." Before Bratton, everybody in New York said "squeegee people" or "squeegee artists." It was disgusting to see the Workers World idiots aping red-nosed out-of-town pig Bratton, calling human beings "squeegees."

The demonstration did not represent any huge organizing effort or tap any substantial fraction of the people who expect the worst from Adolph Duceiani. No thanks to its organizers, however, the little demo did send a ripple of discontent through the contented crowd of Giuliani shills. Just as the Workers World officials were calling on the crowd to march behind them to the subway and the marshals were herding people into line, a group of demonstrators broke away and started trying to push through the barricades into the plaza in front of City Hall where Duceiani was giving his speech. Energized, most of the other people who had been at the demo ran out into the street, and finally even the fearless leaders of Workers World (who moments before were trying to disperse the crowd) had to run out and join the spontaneity. Traffic on Broadway was blocked and chants of "No Justice No Peace" turned the heads of the Rudy supporters and sent a buzz through the well-groomed throng of government insiders. Police reinforcements arrived, headed by Inspector Gerald Frey (the NYPD's main demonstration "buster") and Lieutenant Kiernan of the "anticrime unit" (set up in 1988 as a replacement for the disbanded NYPD Red Squad.) A few arrests were made, including the head Workers World marshal. The political police managed to force the demonstrators onto the sidewalk, where a group of demonstrators wielding squeegees and buckets carried out some impromptu guerilla theater, keeping the crowd together and the disruption going. Only after the fearless leaders marched the crowd west, where nobody was on the street, did it finally break up. The Workers World marshals actually negotiated with Inspector Frey for the privilege of being allowed to march the crowd into the subway station and out of the area.

While some progressive people have complained of a sense of doom at the dawn of the Rudy era, others of us who have survived twelve years of Koch and Reagan are ready to tell Il Duceiani to do his worst. The problem with David Dinkins was that he had liberal credentials and the demeanor of a gentleman. He fooled people. Black people thought that because Dinkins was Black he represented them. Politicians like Dinkins specialize in taking people's political consciousness outside and burying it. Rudy Giuliani, on the other hand, is a man whose face was meant to be printed on a dart board. He is the opposite of an Oreo cookie; he is a Twinkie: white on the outside and even whiter on the inside. As they used to say about Richard Nixon: at least with him you know where you stand.

TRANSIT AUTHORITY PROMOTES ANTI-POOR SUBWAY CAMPAIGN

By A. Flowerchilde

Rudolph Giuliani had hardly been mayor of New York City one week when the Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) announced a mean-spirited crackdown on panhandlers and peddlers working the city's subway system. The Manhattan Quality of Life Plainclothes Task Force has been deployed to make arrests to combat "aggressive" or "recidivist" poor people.

While the Boobs in Blue have regularly ejected and issued summonses to panhandlers, the results have been "disappointing" to MTA bureaucrats because begging has not been deterred. With the new "get tough" attitude toward the poor, the Giuliani regime is seeking to use the Public Authorities Law to strengthen repression. They want to systematically enforce rules against begging and panhandling, "offenses" punishable by a fine of \$50 and/or imprisonment of up to ten days in the city slammer.

"The Transit Police have worked with the office of Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau to assure that panhandling arrests can be smoothly processed," purred John Cunningham, the MTA's Press Secretary.

"The District Attorney has cooperated with us in this effort and we appreciate that very much," remarked T.A. Chief Pig O'Connor. "We're now in the process of reaching out to the other district attorney's offices in the city," he said, to make the anti-poor crackdown a city-wide effort.

The Transportation Authority has embarked on an extensive "public information" campaign with posters, flyers, and P.A. announcements, to stifle any charitable feelings New Yorker still have for poor people, and to promote selfishness as a "civic duty." Thousands of palm cards have been distributed by TA personnel at subway stations throughout Manhattan, and a new, 20" x 22" poster has been placed in subway cars city-wide.

The palmcard proclaims, "Giving money to panhandlers is no way to help the homeless and the needy ... The police are doing all they can to keep out panhandlers and peddlers. But they can't be everywhere at once. They need your help. The best way to help end panhandling is not to give ... The courts have held that begging anywhere in the subway is against the law. Make sure that it doesn't pay. Don't give money to panhandlers." (Emphasis in original).

Yep, the law in all its majesty prohibits wall Street brokers and homeless people alike from begging for a quarter in the subways.

Even more disgusting than the selfishness dripping from the palm card is a new black and white subway poster. Designed as a cartoon "thought balloon," a subway rider sitting in front of it unwittingly becomes part of the anti-poor campaign by "thinking" such charitable thoughts as: "Uh, oh. Oh Pleeeeeeze don't come stand in FRONT of me ASKING for money. GREAT. Now the whole car's staring...Look, I feel bad. I really do. But HEY, it's MY MONEY...SORRY, NO money from me."

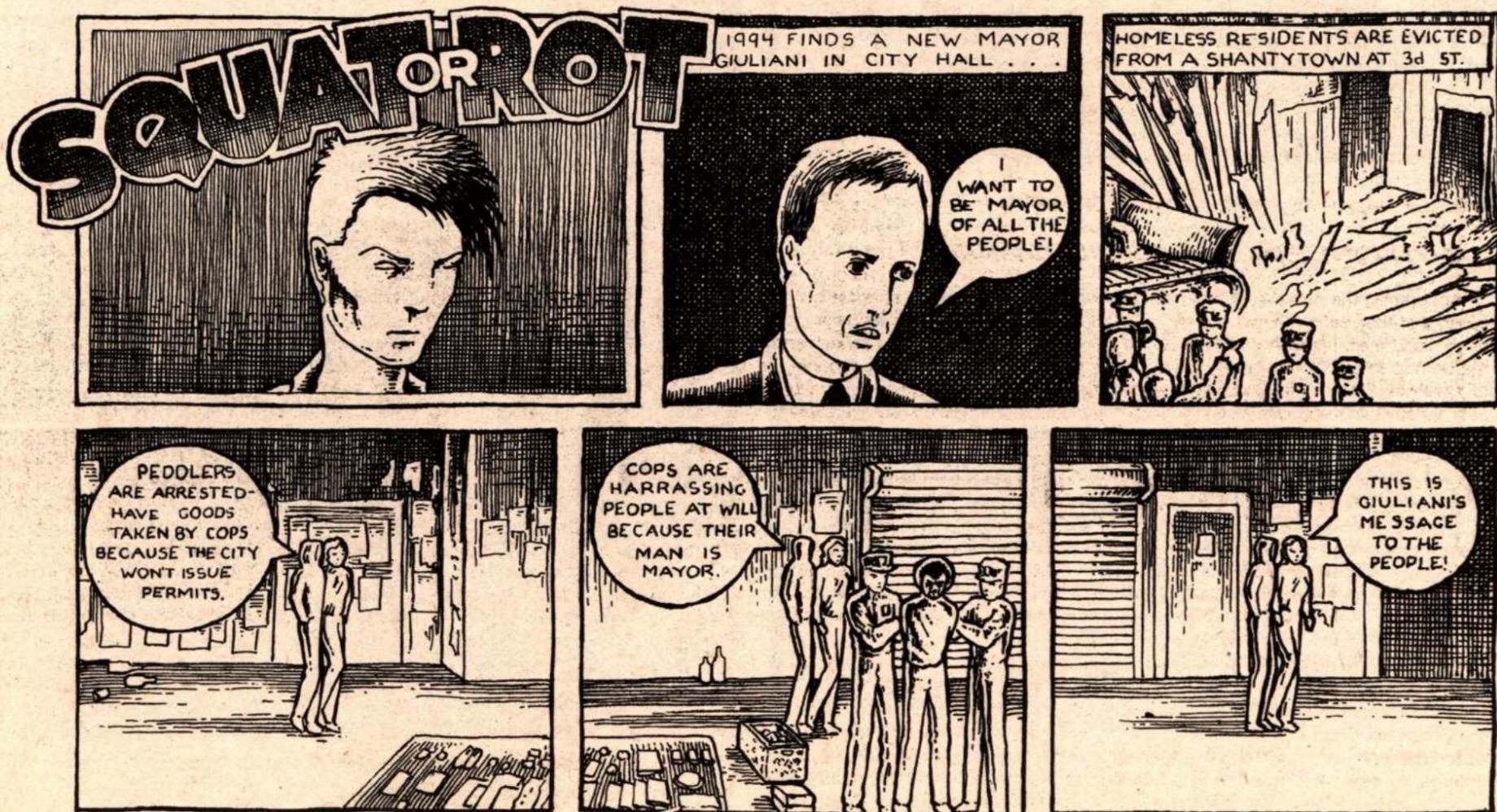
This poster is definitely in the running for the most crypto-fascist ad of 1994.

The MTA claims that their "studies" have "shown" that many riders are "confused" about subway rules and "uncertain" of how to channel their compassion for people in need. Presumably, the anti-poor campaign will clarify for them what feelings they should have when confronted by beggars in the world's richest city.

Along with the anti-panhandling propaganda, the MTA is generating a lot of lip-service about "outreach efforts," a "case management approach" to poverty and "providing around-the-clock buses to the city's shelter network." (And, of course, around-the-clock paddywagons to Central Booking).

You see, under Giuliani, you don't have to feel guilty about the less fortunate; let the "professionals" deal with this "entrenched population."

Continued On Next Page



ACT-UP DEMANDS ACTION FROM MAYOR GIULIANI

By Drew D. Kramer, ACT-UP

Rudolph Giuliani's first day as Mayor of New York City began with a demonstration outside City Hall on January 3, organized by ACT-UP, The AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power. Approximately 750 demonstrators chanted "Day One, Job One, Rudy Fight AIDS" and carried placards listing demands for action from the incoming mayor. The day marked the largest demonstration in the city of New York that ACT-UP has organized in two years. Many of us expressed surprise that our efforts had met with such success.

Among those participating in the demonstration were numerous members of community-based organizations, film maker Jenny Livingston, and community organizer the Reverend Al Sharpton.

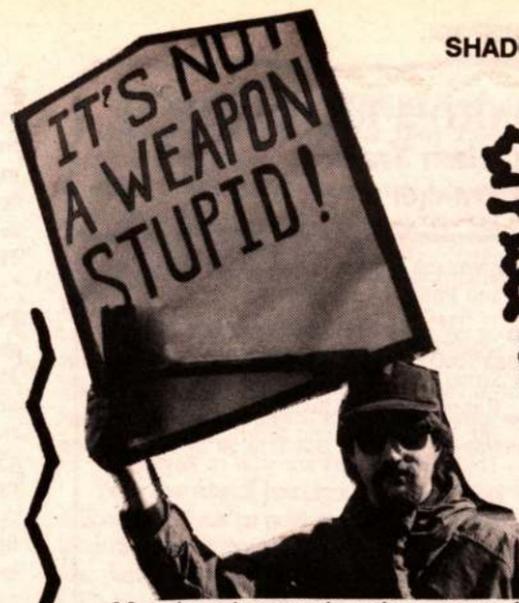
Several ACT-UP members attempted to deliver a list of demands to the steps of City Hall but were stopped by police as they mounted the stairs of the podium set up for the inauguration the previous day. Police made no arrests at the time, but confiscated the large placard on which the demands were listed. Shortly after the attempt to deliver the demands, a brown mini-van whisked by, delivering Mayor Giuliani to the New York Stock Exchange where he was scheduled to ring the opening bell.

The demonstration concluded with a brief rally in the park in front of City

Hall, encircled with police barricades.

We challenged the mayor to meet our demands, which include an increase in funding for AIDS services; expansion of the staff of the Division of AIDS Services (DAS); the immediate firing of Deputy Mayor Ninfa Segarra, who has opposed safer sex education in high schools; a city-wide needle exchange; condom distribution in the public schools; and appropriate housing for homeless men and women, an estimated 50% of whom are living with AIDS or are HIV positive. Our group vowed to return in 60 days with a massive civil disobedience action if our demands are not met.

That evening, at the general meeting of ACT-UP, there was a discussion of the morning's demonstration. One organizer of the action attributed the significant turnout of women and men affiliated with various established AIDS service organizations, largely absent from street activism in recent years, with the immediate chill that has descended upon the city's AIDS service apparatus. "Back in October there were people in city government who could be called upon to resolve problems. Today, there's no one. Our asses are all in the same hot water. Street activism is our only strategy at this point. Lives will be lost if we don't do our job," the member stated.



SQUEEGEE BRIGADE HITS THE STREETS

By Barbara Lee

Many homeless people make a meager living washing the windows of cars stopped at red lights. To some people it's a minor nuisance. To newly elected NYC Mayor Rudy Giuliani, it's an excuse to arrest the homeless and get them off the streets.

Giuliani's plan for the beautification of the city is to rid it of the homeless. By his own admission he's using the police to carry out his plan. ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power) feels that arresting the homeless will not solve the city's problems.

Members of ACT-UP have retaliated against Giuliani's war against the homeless by staging a series of civil disobedience actions around Manhattan. On three separate occasions ACT-UP showed their support for the homeless who wash car windows by squeegeeing cars at various intersections.

The first squeegee demo was on Dec. 20, 1993 at the intersection of 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, outside Tiffany's jewelry store. Only two blocks away, real estate slime Donald Trump was celebrating his wedding. After successfully cleaning the windshields of about a dozen cars, most of whom honked their horns in support and even gave tips, the squeegee people were busted by cops who arrived with reinforcements. Eleven were arrested, including one lawyer. All will plead not guilty to their charges.

The second squeegee action took place on Jan. 3, 1994 at City Hall during a massive ACT-UP demonstration on Giuliani's first day in office. The police actually used their brains and came up with a plan to avoid arresting demonstrators: they kept traffic constantly moving so the squeegee crew couldn't wash windshields. As a result, there were no arrests.

On January 5, ACT-UP participated in the memorial service and march for Tompkins Square Park Tent City activist Terry Taylor, who had died 24 days before.

Though five mourners were arrested on their way to City Hall before they even left the Lower East Side, police intimidation didn't deter the marchers as they continued down to City Hall. Members of ACT-UP and others ran up to wash cars coming down Broadway. Unlike two days earlier, the police made no attempt to avoid arresting demonstrators. The cops eagerly grabbed six squeegee people. At least four were put through the system.

There were no arrest warnings or summonses given by cops at any of the actions, and all people involved in the squeegee actions were immediately arrested.

This contradicts the policy given by newly appointed Police Commissioner William Bratton to reporters on *Informed Sources*, a Public Television news program. He told reporter Betty Liu Ebron that when first caught by cops, squeegee people will be asked to move on. The second time, a summons will be issued, and finally, the "offender" will be arrested if seen a third time using a squeegee. (This is evidently lip service given to appease the worries of the average citizen that still isn't hip to the fact the police are a pack of lying scum—even those with Boston accents.)

Apparently, under Giuliani, the police have license to bully the homeless and to suppress those that try to expose Giuliani's insensitivity to human rights issues. ACT-UP's housing coalition will continue to work against Giuliani's impending fascism despite the threat of the police.

Under such dire circumstances, it is clear that people are going to have to help themselves rather than wait for the city to provide for them. ACT-UP is in the process of organizing a city-wide conference to fight Giuliani's homeless policy. Anyone interested in getting involved can attend the following ACT-UP meetings:

ACT-UP General Meeting: Gay and Lesbian Community Center, 208 West 13th Street, Mondays, 7:30 pm.

ACT-UP Housing Committee Meeting: 135 West 29th Street, 10th Floor, Tuesdays, 8:00 pm.

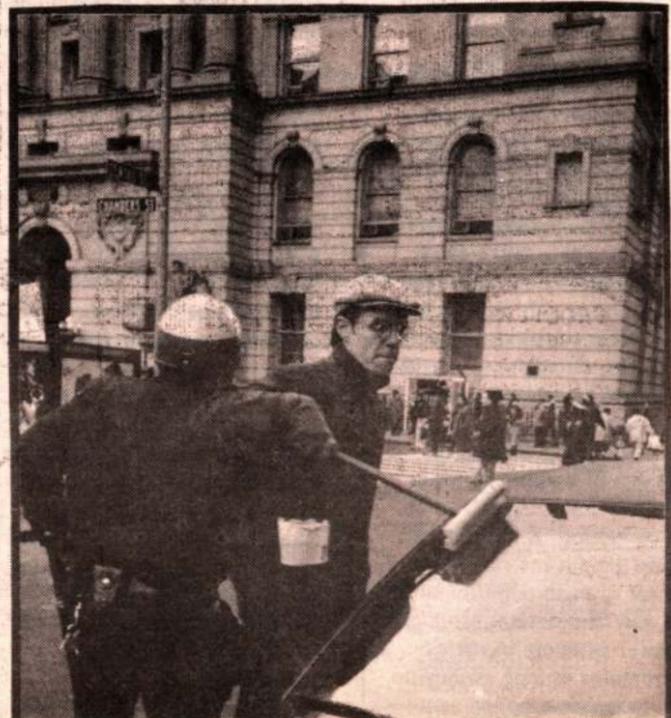


JOHN PENLEY

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE...

Apparently, the new mayor and his advisors believe that New Yorkers are so dumb that they can't put two and two together. While the city authorities have announced their intention to defy a 1979 court order mandating shelter on demand, the Demopublicans' favorite "liberal," Governor Mario Cuomo, is pushing an even tougher stand. While the Giuliani regime would eject homeless people from shelters after 90 days, Cuomo recently introduced state legislation to cut off reimbursement after 60 consecutive days for families being housed temporarily by the city in hotels and motels. Introduced in mid-January as part of the governor's proposed budget, the measure is designed to pressure the city to stop placing homeless families for long periods of time in short-term housing, but without arranging permanent housing for them. The State of New York covers 25% of the cost for hotel/motel rooms, with the city and federal government picking up the rest of the tab. If approved, the bill would deprive NYC of its monies for any family that remained more than 60 days unless the city could demonstrate that the family had exhausted all possible alternatives.

Opposition to mean-spirited measures against beggars, peddlers, and squatters is growing. On January 27, scores of activists will attend a "fight back" meeting and training program at New York University Law School, sponsored by the Coalition for the Homeless. The purpose of the meeting is to organize street patrols to monitor police harassment of homeless people living on the streets, and to create an emergency network to respond to police abuses. Homeless people, students and activists interested in joining the Street Watch program can contact the Coalition at 89 Chambers Street, 3rd Floor, New York, NY. Telephone: 212-964-5900.



BARBARA LEE

SQUEEGEE MAN ABOUT TO BE ARRESTED

COMMUNITY BOARD 3 REPORT:

On the ole Chism Trail

By Stuart Frankel



CB3 members appointed by Antonio Pagán and their allies command a majority of the board. They are attempting to form an unstoppable phalanx and deny all but a token hearing to the large group of progressives on the board. For example, board chair Luis Soler has frozen progressives out of such powerful committees as Housing, Land Disposition and Zoning; Ethics; and Economic Development and Budget - even though many of them had requested membership on these committees.

The Pagánite phalanx actually consists of several intersecting gangs, and their agendas don't always coincide. One thing they nearly all share is an overweening personal nastiness (there are a few exceptions, such as Roberto Caballero, Richard Ropiak and, sometimes, Susan Vaughn). It's no surprise that they're engaged in heavy-duty backbiting, although some of us didn't expect them to stoop so low this fast.

The most energetic and visible Pagán gang consists of the neo-conservatives. (Pagán himself has rejected the "neo-conservative" label in print, and insofar as the neo-conservatives stand for anything besides personal enrichment, he's probably right to do so.) These are the yuppies. They view themselves as progressives, and they may indeed hold progressive views in the abstract, but when it comes down to their own block, suddenly "quality of life" becomes their most pressing concern. They have made no bones about their desire to drive people they don't like out of the neighborhood. Most of them come from outside the neighborhood originally. They have a vision: they would like Avenue A to look like Columbus Avenue.

In fact, they are ignorant of the history of Columbus Avenue, which got its present yuppified look after some of the worst excesses of "urban renewal" displacement wafted north from Lincoln Center. They pretend that the neighborhood can be transformed without seriously affecting poor people. Although they have allied themselves with the most reactionary forces in the neighborhood, they bristle when they are outflanked on the left. Prominent neo-conservatives include Kate Walter, Susan Vaughn, Nancy Sosman, Albert Fabozzi, and of course the thankfully inimitable Steve Vincent.

Another prominent Pagán gang is the Hispanics. Many support Pagán out of ethnic solidarity ("I can't stand him," one Puerto Rican woman told the SHADOW, "but he's one of us." This is probably an extreme case.) In his Spanish-language literature, Pagán repeatedly refers to his pride in his ethnicity; but he doesn't feel it important enough to mention to Anglos. The members of this caucus represent a fairly wide range of political views, and includes some with progressive instincts, such as Robert Caballero and Esther Garcia-Cartegena, who are concerned with providing housing and services for Hispanics, as well as reactionaries, such as Miranda Torres. Caballero in particular has felt himself patronized in the past by white liberals.

The third Pagán gang consists of dinosaurs: players of traditional power politics, real-estate interests, and so on. Much to the discomfort of the first two gangs, this third gang is the real heart of Pagán's political strength. Unfortunately for the gang, they are mere appendages of the real power structure in the city; they are its creatures as long as they do its bidding, but they have no independent power of their own. Prominent

members include Krystyna Piorkowska and Philip La Lumia.

The last Pagán gang consists of conservative Jews from the Grand Street area. Prominent members include Rabbi Yehuda Kravitz, David Weinberger, Mark Stein, and Morris Fajtelewicz. Their constituents are vital to Pagán's political machinery, and Pagán will side with them in opposition to the Hispanics (see below). They don't participate in public discussions (exception: Morris Fajtelewicz).

There are a couple of stragglers who are too dim-witted and sociopathic to be full-fledged gang members, such as Elizabeth Acevedo (who has yuppie aspirations) and Martha Staubach. Acevedo has interesting ideas about political discourse. For example, during the primary election last September, she ran into Borough President Ruth Messinger (who was supporting Pagán's opponent) and told her, "You have a fat ass."

The first split was over the issue of the Seward Park housing development which is planned for two large vacant lots on the south side of Delancey Street. The "problem" with the location is that it is right next to the Grand Street area. The people who live there are conservative, mainly elderly. They are also Jewish, and they share one common characteristic of Jews, no matter what their politics are: they vote. They vote in very large numbers. Their support is absolutely crucial to Pagán; if Grand Street had not been gerrymandered onto the 2nd councilmanic district, Pagán would not be a councilmember today.

They were also the object of a successful lawsuit some years ago because they discriminated against blacks and Hispanics. The Seward Park project, planned for right next door, would follow the makeup of the neighborhood, which contains a large proportion of Hispanics.

This issue has split the Pagán forces badly. The Hispanic gang, led by Roberto Caballero, supported a resolution at the November meeting to move the Seward Park project from the bottom to the top of the CB3 wish list for housing projects. The other Pagánites, realizing that it would be political suicide for Pagán, opposed it. Pagán had lobbied hard against it. He even phoned Caballero with the sublimated complaint, "You're creating a chism." Caballero responded, "What's a chism?" Board Chair Soler may have committed political suicide by voting in favor of the project: it's a safe bet that neither Pagán nor Messinger will reappoint him to the board. His wife is reported to be opposed to his board service, though, and this may be his way of bowing out gracefully.

The motion squeaked by, with an emotionally overwrought Elizabeth Acevedo screaming out "NO!" in anguish. The irony of all this is that the vote was purely symbolic; the city routinely ignores the community board lists.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, members of gangs 1 and 2 are trying to disembowel Krystyna Piorkowska (gang 3). Steven Vincent, whose wife Lisa Ramaci became Democratic District Leader, and others have removed Piorkowska from the Executive Committee of Pagán's Democratic Action Club and are trying to run her out of the club entirely.

Steven Vincent, Nancy Sosman (both gang #1) and Roberto Caballero (gang

#2) sent letters to CB3 chair Soler (Vincent's and Caballero's letter have the same date and heading) complaining Piorkowska was "disrespectful", "predatory" and "hostile." Soler subsequently removed her as chair of CB3's Housing Committee.

Now, no one is going to claim that Piorkowska is a nice person, but during the contentious discussions of the Glass House squat last spring, she ran orderly and respectful meetings - a striking contrast to Estelle Ruben's Human Services Committee, meeting at the same time on the same issue, which was a mess, due to Ruben's constant patter of belittling comments. Besides, Vincent himself has been one of the most sarcastic and disrespectful members of the board (although he has simmered down recently).

One of their problems with Piorkowska is that she is too independent. As Pagán supporter Terry Hagen found out when she voted in favor of an AIDS treatment facility on East 7th Street against Pagán's wishes, the Pagán forces do not tolerate dissent on issues they view as important. Piorkowska voted against the Pagán gangs on one issue last year (the extension of the 8th Street Business Improvement District to St. Marks Place), and they were extremely pissed at her then. (She told the SHADOW at the time that they had not consulted her beforehand and presumably had taken her support for granted.) They may view her as a loose cannon.

Some of them view her pro-development extremism on the Negotiating Team as an embarrassment. The Negotiating Team is supposed to negotiate with the Department of Housing Preservation and Development (HPD) on the disposition of city-owned property. Sources report that HPD considers CB3's Negotiating Team as a joke, and Vincent and the others may blame Piorkowska for this.

Furthermore Caballero, who is known to be genuinely concerned about low-income housing in the neighborhood, may view Piorkowska (quite correctly) as a threat to these concerns.

The sad (or funny) thing about all of this is that Piorkowska is one of the people who created Pagán. She used to corral people who came to the Housing Committee with complaints about low-income housing projects, and invite them out for coffee or at least phone them afterwards to find out if they were interested in forming an anti-progressive political movement. One of the people was Antonio Pagán. Pagán appears to have had had political aspirations all along. He went through law school in Puerto Rico but, according to court records there (and in New York), he was never formally admitted to the bar. He and Piorkowska hit it off.

For now, though, Piorkowska is reduced to hysterical rear-guard actions. Soler rewarded Nancy Sosman with the chair of the State Liquor Authority Task Force for January. The Task Force is supposed to make recommendations to the state's SLA on liquor licenses. The longstanding policy of the Task Force is to approve license renewals provided the license holders show up for the Task Force meeting. Sosman explained this, totally wrong, as "You take us out to dinner, and we'll approve your license." Sosman is a new member of CB3, and has a habit of acting before she knows what she's doing (right after she was first appointed, she voted before going through the training session for new members, and she had to change her vote at the next meeting because she had accidentally voted the wrong way). She's monumentally unqualified to be chair of the SLA Task Force.

Piorkowska is trying to get the most

mileage she can out of Sosman's idiocy. In a January 12 letter to Soler, she accused Sosman of soliciting bribes, and said she "believe[s] implicitly in the need for Board members to act with an unerring sense of honesty and ethics." Sosman's lawyer, Aaron Friedman, responded with a January 20 letter, which mentioned the terms "slander," "libel," and "defamation," and "reserves all rights to use every legal means available" etc. etc. etc.

Piorkowska tried to place her concern on the agenda for CB3's Ethics Committee, but Soler refused her request at an Executive Committee meeting. In fact, ethics may be a new-found concern for Piorkowska, but better late than never. Her past deeds include such things as leaving the room to prevent a quorum on the Tompkins Square Task Force when they were about to vote against her; and cornering none other than Steven Vincent to have him write a monumentally inaccurate story on the All-Crafts Center, a treatment center for substance abusers on St. Marks Street that Piorkowska is trying to shut down, rumor has it, so that she can buy the building.

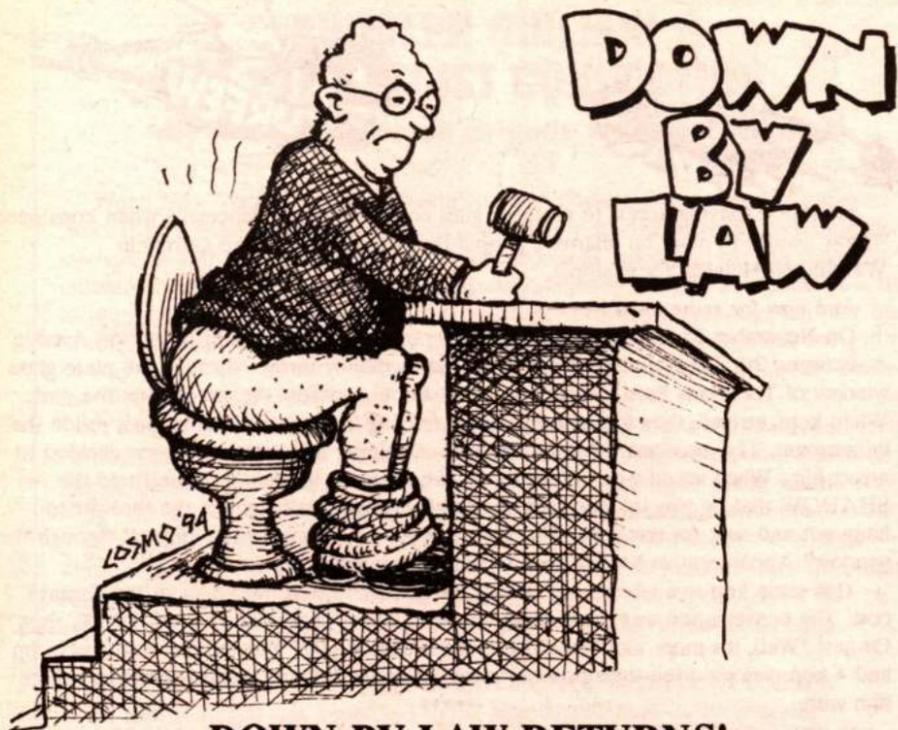
She also organized a not very ept demonstration in her favor at the January meeting. Carmen Barreto and her family wore signs, and Barreto gave a long speech in Spanish kvelling about Piorkowska, about how she supports tenants (!) and is a nice person (!!), but the speech never got translated. A short prepared statement in English never got read. Piorkowska passed out a statement at the meeting invoking the memory of her parents who were imprisoned by the Soviets in World War II. She also complained, rather more sensibly, that she was removed from the chair of the Housing Committee without even being properly notified.

If this is the sordid end of her political career, the other Pagánites shouldn't rest too easy. Their cannibalistic glee is not pretty. Whom will they devour next?

Krystyna Piorkowska's performance before the Ethics Committee will be Tuesday, Feb. 15, 6 pm, at the JASA Residence, 200 East 5th Street. The next full CB3 meeting is Tuesday, February 22, 6:30 pm, at the Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway.



ADVERTIZA
IN THE
SHADOW



DOWN BY LAW RETURNS!

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

Happy 1994. Crime has now replaced the economy as the biggest concern of most Americans. And we intend to deal with it in a typically American fashion--by killing people. That's right. President Clinton's new crime bill expands the death penalty to some 52 new crimes. The bill would also limit death penalty appeals and permit 13-year olds to be tried as adults.

Elsewhere in the news of crimes and punishments:

TRADE CENTER UPDATE:

The World Trade Center case continues to chug along, with things set to go to the jury sometime in February. The biggest shocker was when the then prosecution's star witness, a gas station attendant, was asked to pick out the person who gassed up the yellow Ryder van on the morning of February 26, 1993--just hours before the van was allegedly used in the bombing. The witness got off the stand, looked all around the courtroom in a thoughtful manner, and, without hesitation, pointed out juror #6 as the culprit. Gee, they should be more careful who they let on these juries.

The other surprise was when the prosecution admitted that Mohammed Salameh, the person who rented the van, reported it stolen on February 25, 1993--one day before the bombing. Now, a lot of people thought that it was strange that someone would rent a van in their own name if they intended to commit a crime with it. Why not just steal one? Well, explained the FBI, if you steal a vehicle, the police may be looking for it and you may get stopped and arrested. So then why in the world would someone rent a van in their own name, then report it stolen (insuring that the cops were looking for it), then drive around with a giant bomb inside? If you can figure out the answer, send it to the prosecution team, 'cause they are having a tough time trying to explain it, and time is running out.

SUPREME COURT OK's "RICO" LAW AGAINST OPERATION RESCUE:

Hey look, we hate Operation Rescue as much as anyone. But the Supreme Court's decision, allowing the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) Act to be used against them spells big trouble. Before the high court's ruling, lower courts had said that the RICO law, designed as a way of convicting members of the Mafia, can be used only when the group targeted is involved in some sort of illegal financial activity. Hence, groups whose purpose is purely political, religious or ideological cannot be charged under RICO without showing of financial motive. By expanding RICO, the Supremes have made it possible to use RICO against, say, churches that grant sanctuary to refugees, or non-violent civil disobedients like (gulp!) us. Indeed, the ruling, coming just after Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, is ironic. Had RICO been in effect during the civil rights days, King and all of his followers could have been prosecuted as "racketeers."

And, closer to home:



ARRESTS IN TERRY TAYLOR MEMORIAL-PROTEST:

The many friends of the late Terry Taylor started the New Year off right when close to a dozen were arrested following Terry's memorial at St. Brigid's. (See story in this issue--Ed.) Most people were given summonses and told to be in Court at 346 Broadway, (Broadway & Leonard), on February 7. You should come, too.

This is a good time to review procedure to follow in case of arrest. So far, Guiliani has not made any changes in the informal system of who gets released and who gets jailed.

When you are arrested, the police get to decide whether they will issue you a summons/Desk Appearance Ticket (DAT) and release you, or whether to put you through the system, forcing you to spend at least 24 and perhaps as many as 72 hours in various dirty holding cells as you wend your way through the intestines of the booking system, only to be dumped, looking and smelling like a turd, into a courtroom.

Your chances of getting a summons/DAT are increased if you: (1) Cooperate with arresting officers by providing them with background information and valid identification. If you cannot prove your identity and residence, you will be fingerprinted and placed through the system. Homeless people are regularly put through the system even for the most minor offenses. Homeless people should give arresting officers some real, verifiable address, even the name of a friend who will confirm that you stay there; (2) Arrive "clean." Possession of weapons or drugs will result in your being put through the system; (3) Commit a relatively minor infraction. Sitting down in the street and refusing to move, blocking the entrance to a building, and related conduct generally is treated by a summons. Resisting arrest by going limp is usually treated by a DAT. Assault and property destruction will usually result in your being put through the system; and (4) Have no outstanding warrants. That court date you missed six months ago (Oh shit! That arrest?) has grown into a bench warrant.

Lying to the police by showing them false identification is risky. It is a crime more serious than the one you are trying to get out of. If they take your fingerprints and you have been printed before under another name, you're in trouble.

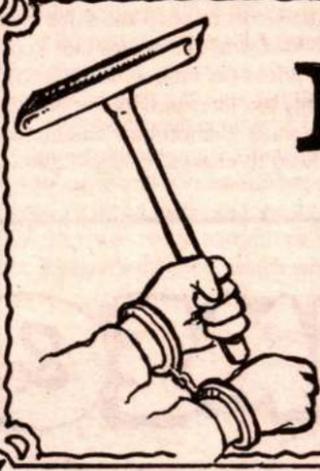
If you are a "known agitator" or "repeat offender," your chances of being put through the system increase with your notoriety. Terry Taylor, for example, could get put through the system by saying "good morning, officer."

If the police use summons procedure, you will be taken to a precinct house. On the Lower East Side, it will be the Seventh Precinct at 26 Pitt Street or the Ninth Precinct at 321 E. 5th Street. A police officer will ask you background questions. You will then be issued a pink slip of paper with a court date, usually a month from the arrest date, and place, usually at 346 Broadway. Save this paper. You will then be released. Call us. If you do not show up within 30 days after your date, a warrant will be issued for your arrest. Persons arrested at the same time may be given different court dates--a tactic often used to prevent mass demonstrations at the courthouse. Because of the 30-day rule, you have some flexibility in scheduling your court appearance. Like everything else, going to court is more fun with your friends.

SQUEEGEE LEGAL DEFENSE:

In order to demonstrate our opposition to Mayor Guiliani's new attack on the homeless, we are offering a free legal defense to the first ten people who are arrested under the new anti-squeegee priority of the NYPD. So fill those buckets with hot, soapy water and get started!

Just clip the coupon below:



This coupon is good for one

FREE

legal representation in the event that the holder is arrested and charged with using a squeegee to wash car windshields at intersections.

(Office of Ronald L. Kuby + William M. Kunstler)

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
- INK--Avenue A, between 4th + 5th 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.
- 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
- PINK PONY CAFE--172 Ludlow Street
- PATHFINDER BOOKS--Corner 13th Street + Avenue A

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

RUDOLPH GIULIANI & THE FASCIST CONNECTION

By the Carlo Tresca Brigade to Smash Giuliani

When New York mayoral candidate Rudolph Giuliani was accused of being a "fascist" by a black Baptist minister, he immediately counter-attacked, accusing the minister of anti-Italian prejudice. In his first month as mayor, he has immediately unleashed police violence on the city's black community, leading to a brawl at a Black Muslim mosque in Harlem and the slaying of the unarmed 17-year-old son of a Black Muslim cleric in an East New York apartment building. Yet Giuliani had the gall to say he was "hurt" when he was heckled by blacks at his Martin Luther King Day address at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

A look at the political career of Rudolph Giuliani reveals the kind of open racism, enthusiasm for police-state solutions, and collusion with corporate power which can indeed be accurately termed "fascist." It indicates that having to praise Martin Luther King once a year is considered by Giuliani and his supporters an unfortunate reality of playing bigtime politics in New York City in 1994. If Giuliani's tenure in Gracie Mansion reflects the path that got him there, the next four years may see that reality change. Even meaningless lip service to notions of racial and social justice may be swept away in a New Municipal Order of violent repression and official xenophobia.

RUDOLPH GIULIANI AND HAITIAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS

In 1981, Giuliani was appointed to the third-highest post in the Reagan Administration's Justice Department. At this time, thousands of Haitian boat people were washing up on the shores of south Florida, risking death on the open sea to escape the brutal torture regime of President-for-Life Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier. The Justice Department and the INS responded with a program of forcibly interning the refugees, mostly behind barbed wire at Camp Krome, a Florida military base. The overcrowding and appalling conditions at Camp Krome rapidly drew angry protest from Haitians and human rights organizations. Associate Attorney General Rudolph Giuliani became the Justice Department's pointman and chief administrator for the refugee detention program.

When the refugees launched suit in federal court to overturn the internment policy, Giuliani became the policy's top legal defender. In September 1982, representing the government in court, Giuliani asked the US Court of Appeals to strike down an order by Federal District Judge Eugene P. Spellman that 1,800 Haitian refugees be released. He insisted that the government would continue to hold the refugees during the appeal period, and told the *New York Times* that the detention program was "fair and evenhanded." He also insisted that the refugees were economic migrants and were not fleeing political repression.

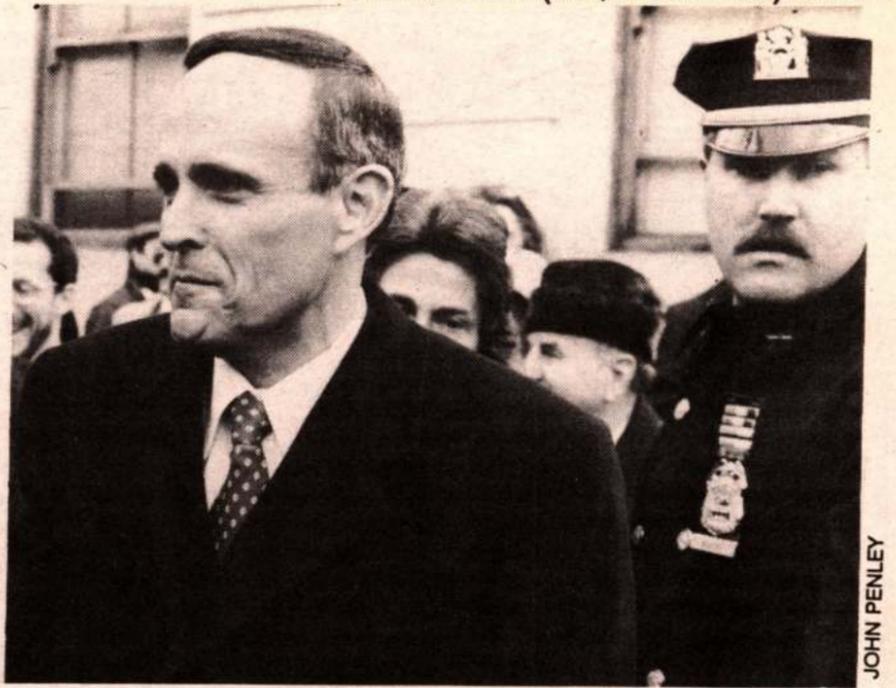
A letter from a group of refugees to President Ronald Reagan read: "We did not flee our country in search of food and drink, like they say. You know this as well as we do, and yet you treat us like animals, like old rags forgotten in some corner...This is a cry of despair, a final call to your nobleness, to your good judgment, to your title as a great power. We would be honored by a satisfactory answer from you, an answer to these luckless refugees who ask only for the charity of liberty."

Thirty three Haitian women at Camp Krome went on a hunger strike to demand their freedom during the case, and had to be fed intravenously. But Giuliani testified under oath that the Haitians came here for "economic betterment," and that "the situation of political repression does not exist, at least in general, in Haiti." He testified that "There is not a problem, a major problem, a systematic problem of political repression in Haiti."

This was at the same time that Amnesty International was accusing the Baby Doc regime of torture, cruel and degrading treatment of prisoners, incommunicado detention without trial, and numerous deaths in custody.

In 1982, Giuliani actually made a three-day junket to Haiti to see for himself the niceties of Baby Doc's regime. When he returned, he told the press he was briefed by the American Embassy staff, which assured him that there are "currently few political prisoners in the country" and "that all such are eventually charged and tried." He admitted that Haitians sometimes develop "individual problems" with the police forces, but said no excesses "are dictated or condoned by the government."

He then met with Haitian officials, who were "amused" at being told that illegal Haitians in U.S. custody "are claiming that they are subject to political persecution."



RUDY ('IL DUCE') AND FRIEND

A walk through the streets of Port-au-Prince persuaded him that "though most people live in extreme poverty, they seem to be left to their own devices with little government interference." President Duvalier invited Giuliani to the palace, and "at my request, gave me his personal assurance that Haitians returned to Haiti are not, and will not be, persecuted."

Giuliani presumably returned to Washington with a clear conscience.

Giuliani led the way in developing Camp Krome as a concentration camp just as Lt. Col. Oliver North and the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) were developing contingency plans for suspending the Constitution and declaring martial law in the event of a US invasion of Central America. The 1984 joint FEMA-INS "readiness exercise" called OPERATION NIGHT TRAIN, was a dry run for rounding up 400,000 Central American refugees and domestic anti-war protesters in detention camps on military bases across the country. Camp Krome headed the list, and was specifically designated a FEMA-INS "interrogation center."

RUDOLPH GIULIANI AND THE PENTAGON MEGADEATH CONTRACTOR

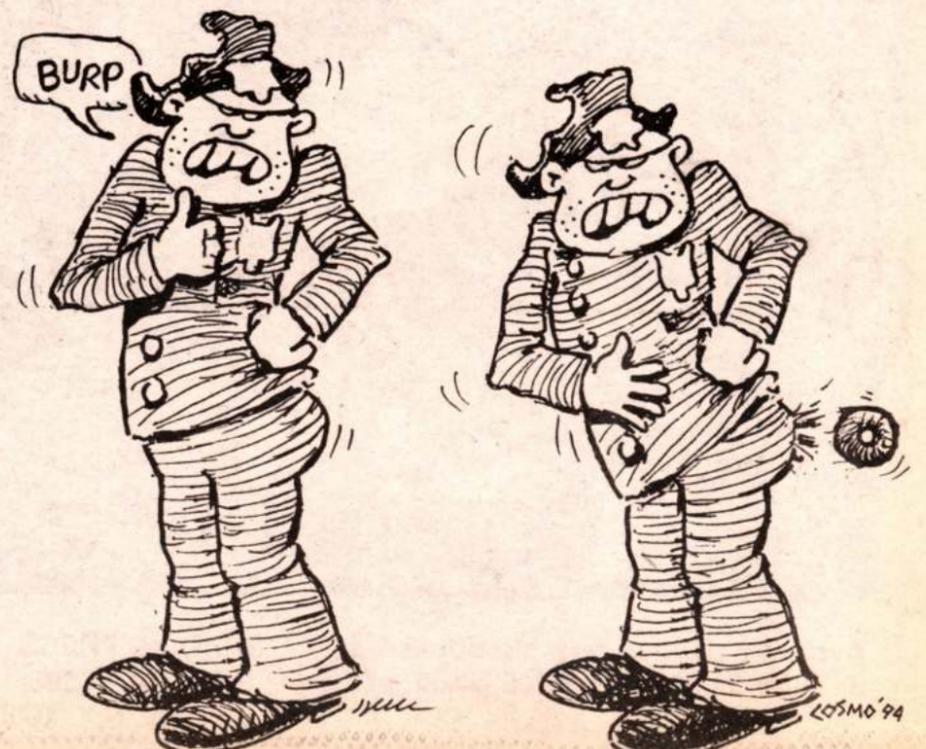
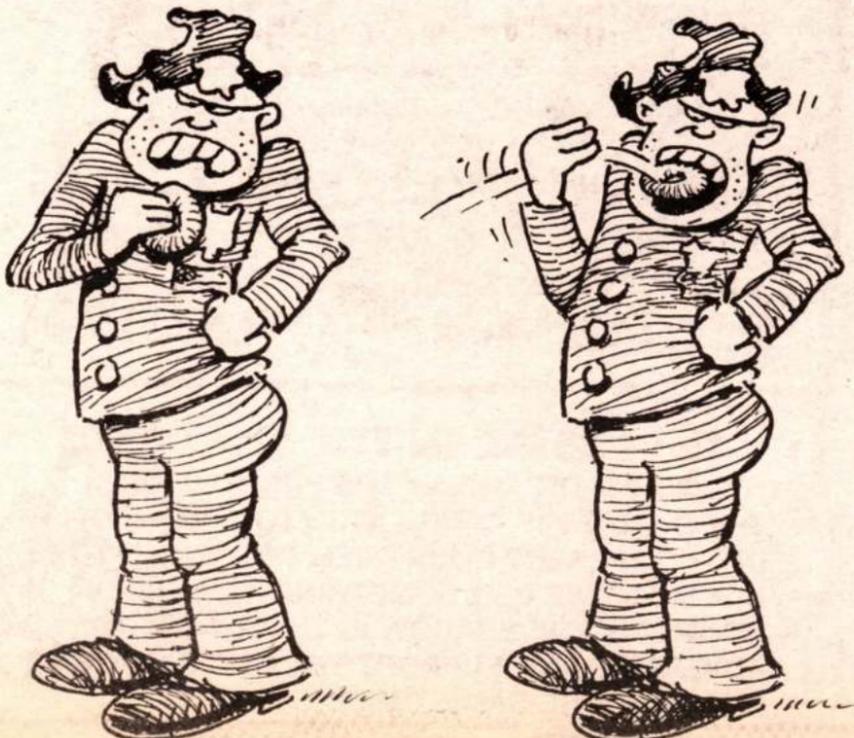
Before joining the federal government, Giuliani had made a name for himself as a skilled defender of corrupt corporations. In 1978, he was hired as company receiver by the Aminex Resources Corporation, a Kentucky coal outfit which had been driven to the brink of bankruptcy by SEC fines related to an embezzling scam. Giuliani's legal work brought Aminex back from the brink. Although the company's president and vice president went to jail in 1980, Aminex subsequently branched out into oil and gas, and today spans the globe, with operations in Central America, the Caribbean, Russia and the Middle East.

As the number three man in the Justice Department, Giuliani also had the opportunity to scratch the backs of corporate fat cats. As soon as he stepped into the job, Giuliani became Justice Department pointman on McDonnell-Douglas, a St. Louis-based Pentagon contractor that was mired in a corruption scandal, having paid millions of dollars in bribes to foreign officials to secure contracts and lied about the payments to its own stockholders, regulatory agencies, and a grand jury.

As a prosecutor in the Justice Department's fraud unit, George Mendelson spent months on the McDonnell-Douglas case. In October, 1980, the company's attorney offered to plead guilty as long as individuals were not charged. By then, however, the grand jury was ready to approve indictments. Arrests were made in November, five days after Reagan's election, which would give Giuliani ultimate authority over Mendelson's case.

See RUDOLPH AND FASCISM On Page 16

CHOCOLATE DONUTS



EVENTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

SEND YOURS TO: P.O. BOX 20298, NEW YORK, NY 10009

JAN.8-FEB.12--WATCH YOUR BACK: Video art exhibit by activist video artist Paul Garrin. At Holly Solomon Gallery, 172 Mercer St. Call 212-941-5777.

JAN.27--HOMELESS STREET PATROLS TO MONITOR POLICE HARRASSMENT: Training by the Coalition for the Homeless. At NYU Law School, 40 Washington Sq. So. Room #208, 7:00 pm. Call David Giffin at 212-964-5900.

JAN.29--MAYOR GIULIANI BASH!! Now's your chance to protest Rudy's presence as he speaks on homeless policy. At the New School, 66 West 12th St., 9:00 am. Free legal representation for all demonstrators by activist attorney Stanley Cohen!!

JAN.29--COME PARTY WITH QUISP!! Queer women + men United In Support of Political Prisoners fundraiser with info on various political prisoners available. At 61 Jane Street #8E, 8:00 pm-midnight. Call 212-969-8598.

FEB.2--MANUFACTURING MYTHS + MAPS: Art + film workshop and discussions on the myth of US democracy. At ABC No Rio, 156 Rivington St., 7:00 pm. Call 212-254-3697.

FEB.4-6--NE RAINBOW FAMILY WINTER COUNCIL: To set the 1994 calendar of events + site selection for regional gatherings. At the Woodbine in Palenville, NY. For info, call 914-246-6196.

FEB.9--GRAPHICS WORKSHOP: On the myth of US democracy. At ABC No Rio.

FEB.16--TONBE LEVE FILM: On popular organizing in Haiti and refugees in Guantanamo Bay. At ABC No Rio, 7:00 pm.

FEB.17--CRYPTO-ANARCHY: How new develops in cryptography + digital anonymity + untraceable digital cash will make the state a thing of the past. An anarchist forum by the Libertarian Book Club with Cypher Punks Perry Metzger + Dave Mandel. At Penn South Community Room #7A, 330 West 28th St. (Bet. 8-9 Aves, behind the bldgs.)

FEB.23--COVERT US INTERVENTION IN HAITI and strategies to fight it. Discussion sponsored by the Haiti Anti-Intervention Organizing Committee. At ABC No Rio, 7:00 pm.

APRIL 1--TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK TAKE-OVER!! Enough is enough!! Fuck the midnight curfew!! Celebrate the coming Spring by taking back the park all night long!! Stay tuned!!

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.

THE ELECTRONIC FRONTIER FOUNDATION (EFF) was founded in 1970 to insure freedom of expression in digital media with an emphasis on applying principles of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights to computer-based communications. They are fighting the FBI's proposed digital wire tapping and to keep effective encryption techniques free from NSA control. \$20 low-income membership for students + others. EFF, 238 Main Street, Cambridge, MA 02142

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.

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.

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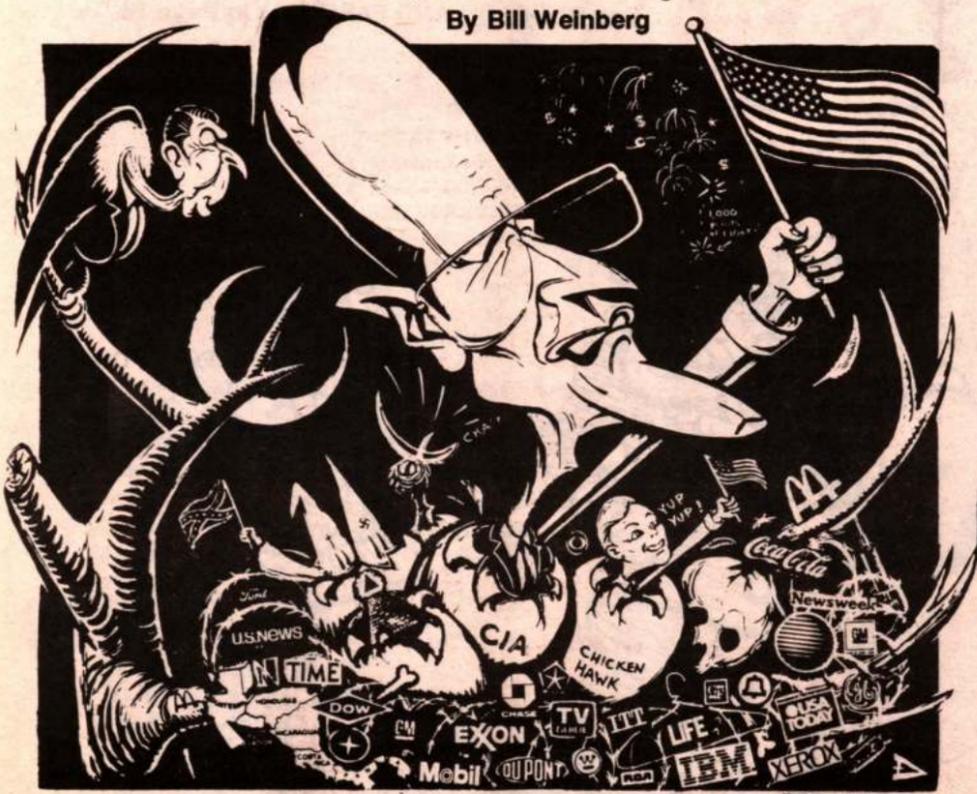


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Hi Shadowers:

I'm writing from Italy (Grosseto, south Tuscany). I discovered your zine in Copenhagen and I had some copies from a friend in NYC. I wish just to inform the american people of "the movement" that in Italy there are squats in every main city of the nation, so if any friend from the US wants to visit Italy and come to see how the Italian squatters movement works, I'll be happy to send a map of Italy's squats (have you heard of "Leoncavallo" in Milan?) or if anyone requires news of the european anarchism/communist movement, please write to:
Francesco Silva
loc. Terrarossa
Monte Argenario
58019 Grosseto, Italy

PRISONER MAIL:

Dear Friends,
I've been imprisoned for possession of marijuana with two-four year sentences. I have been an environmentalist and activist for many years. Now while incarcerated, I feel an extra need to keep myself informed of current issues and events and to involve myself anyway I can. I appreciate any assistance in my quest for information and/or correspondence.

"Grasshopper Bill"
William J. Rousseau #93626
Arizona State Prison--Florence
P.O. Box 5000 East Unit
Florence, AZ 85232

Oi!
I'd like to start a prisoner correspondence program. I know people in almost all of the 30 something NY State concentration camps. A lot of us don't have anybody out there, and it would be nice to know we all haven't been forgotten.

I've got at least 6 more years in this hell-hole, probably knowing more than these brutal assholes. They can take your freedom, but not your mind!! To all fellow prisoners, stay strong!!! The non-racist anarchist skinhead, Howard Thurston #92A3151
Coxsackie Correctional Facility
P.O. Box 999
Coxsackie, NY 12051-0999

To whom it may concern,
I am currently incarcerated in a federal prison for selling 800 hits of acid and 1/2 pound of pot. Due to an amendment to the LSD sentence, I should be going home soon.

I've had a great idea if nobody else has thought of it yet. As you know As you know, Pres. Clinton has proposed a 75 cent per pack tax for cigs. Cool! Also, everywhere you have a ban on smoking in public places. Cool! The tobacco farmers aren't so happy but I'm tickled pink.
Why? Well, if tobacco isn't selling be-

cause of those two reasons, then they need a crop to replace it. I suggest pot, and I feel that the growers would agree if they knew the money that they could make. A pound of pot in Tennessee averages \$1,500 to \$1.85 for tobacco. The growers could make \$20-25 per pound for growing pot and wouldn't have to worry about taxes because no matter how much tax it would still be cheaper than it is now.

All we need to do is show the good of pot and the bad of tobacco and hope the tax passes.

Tom P.O.W
aka Thomas Perkins
c/o Sue Mosier
Rt 7-Box 123
Johnson City, Tenn. 37601

Dear Shadow:

I am a prisoner incarcerated at the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton, Indiana. I was transferred down to this institution after I filed a suit against the administration at the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Indiana.

I have very limited knowledge of law or what rights prisoners retain in prison and the administration at this institution is denying me access to the prison law library or any help form other prisoner with knowledge of the law.

I was confined at the Indiana State Prison for twenty years and filed the lawsuit that resulted in my transfer to this institution after a superintendent that was on leave form the Federal Prison was put in charge of the prison for two years. He instituted all kinds of changes. When he instituted a rule that would not let prisoners receive magazines and books from family members and friends, but only from publishers, I sought help from other prisoners and filed a civil rights complaint in Federal Court. In retaliation, I was transferred to this institution, where, ironically, I can receive magazines and books from anyone but I am being denied any legal help and access to the law library as I have mentioned.

I would appreciate any donations of law books and legal information concerning retaliatory transfers and prisoners' right to receive printed matter, prisoners' right of access to legal materials and law libraries, and prisoners right to send and receive mail.

Paul E. Franks, Jr.
DOC 2190/38-2J-JCH
P.O. Box 30
Pendleton, IN 46064-0030

Any prisoners interested in joining a pen pal list should let us know, perhaps including a brief description of themselves, interests, etc. We will publish names as they are received in each coming SHADOW.

SHELDON SILVER: Lower East Side's Favorite Son, From the Death of a Park to the Death Penalty By Paul DeRienzo

Prospects for re-introduction of the death penalty in New York State are brighter with the rise of Lower East Side Democrat Sheldon Silver to the powerful position of interim speaker of the Assembly. The current speaker, Saul Weprin, is ill and not expected to recover enough to retain the job. The position makes Silver, a consistent death penalty supporter, one the most powerful people in state government. Silver's election to the speaker's job brings pro-death penalty advocates closer then ever to the 100 votes needed to override Governor Mario Cuomo's yearly veto in the 150 member body. The Republican dominated State Senate regularly votes to override Cuomo's veto. New York's electric chair hasn't been used since 1963.

The rise of the new guard in Albany was a result of recent unexpected changes in the New York State Assembly. Senior member Alan Hevesi beat Elizabeth Holtzman to become comptroller and another prospect for the speaker slot, Oliver Koppell, was appointed state Attorney General after Robert Abrams resigned. Silver's election as speaker was the crowning achievement for the 49 year old Orthodox Jew who observes the sabbath and was born in a Lower East Side tenement. Silver, known as Shelly to his friends, lost his first try for office -- City Council -- against Miriam Friedlander. Friedlander held the job for 18 years until she was unseated by Antonio Pagán, a Silver protégé.

In 1976, Silver was elected to the Assembly where he owed his rise to powerful benefactors. Beginning with his appointment by former speaker Mel Miller to the Codes Committee which oversees most criminal-justice bills, Silver built a reputation as tough on crime and he was the sponsor of legislation to toughen penalties for possession of crack. Drug expert and author Clarence Lusein writes that the 1980's fad of giving longer sentences for possession or sale of the crack form of cocaine targets the poor and people of color because crack is less expensive and more available than cocaine. In 1991, Weprin rewarded Silver with appointment to the Assembly Ways and Means Committee where he worked behind closed doors to write the state budget. Together with Republican State Senate Majority Leader Ralph Marino and Governor Cuomo, Silver is now one of the three most powerful men in the state.

Considered the most powerful politician in lower Manhattan, Silver is considered to carry a long term grudge against Friedlander and her supporters at Cooper Square, a low income housing development group also targeted by Antonio Pagán. Pagán lives in a Cooper Square building where he pays \$72 a month, despite his councilmember salary of \$55,000 plus.

Harboring big time political ambitions from early on, Pagán didn't even bother getting admitted to the Bar in Puerto Rico before moving to the Lower East Side and involving himself with local powerbrokers. There he headed a local non-profit development corporation that built a series of moderate income housing projects that revert to private ownership after a few years.

Meanwhile, then Manhattan Boro President David Dinkins appointed Pagán to Community Board three where he joined a conservative faction opposed to councilmember Miriam Friedlander. The split came out in the open the day after the Tompkins Square Park police riot in August 1988. Pagán declared the community board's support for the police violence that left dozens of people injured. Friedlander was on vacation at the time and Pagán was actually speaking for a small group surrounding Krystyna Piorkowska, an ultraconservative landlord who was appointed by Andrew Stein, the former mayoral candidate and City Council President. Piorkowska is a member of the Small Property Owners of New York (SPONY), a group that shows up at public meetings where rent regulations are the issue with signs reading "rent control is communist." SPONY was an early backer of Pagán, along with Andrew Stein and Sheldon Silver.

The 1990 redistricting of the Lower East Side, legislated by Congress and presided over by local politicians including Sheldon Silver, enabled Pagán to defeat Friedlander, who had also managed to make alot of enemies among her own supporters. The difference was less than 125 votes and Friedlander charged Pagán had used strong arm tactics and fraud in winning the election. Campaign workers for Friedlander said they were assaulted by goons working for Lower East Side padrone Roberto Napoleon, who built an empire based in housing projects near Silver's Grand Street power base with money he gets from the government to run social service agencies. According to residents, Napoleon's political pork barrel is kept full by Sheldon Silver, the neighborhood's favorite son in Albany.

On election night 1990, as Pagán's victory became apparent, his supporters partied raucously at his Second Avenue headquarters. Silver arrived and was met by cheers of "Thank you, Shelly!" as he embraced Pagán. Silver was as visible in a rematch election two years later when Pagan beat Friedlander by more than a thousand votes.

With Pagán ensconced in City Hall and the fame and significance of the homeless Tent City in Tompkins Square Park spreading around the world, Silver and other politicians began to speak more vociferously for police intervention and a forced curfew of the park. After yet another police riot inspired rebellion by homeless people and their supporters, Mayor Dinkins ordered the park occupied by thousands of cops. The park was destroyed and redesigned with the hated curfew reinstated, in the face of angry protests by residents as Dinkins -- with a smiling Sheldon Silver looking on -- proclaimed the job complete.

The death of Tent City in Tompkins Square Park at the hands of Sheldon Silver, Antonio Pagán and the Not In My Backyard crowd and the subsequent deaths of many of the homeless people who made the park their last stand, parallels Silver's new role in paving the way for the reintroduction of the death penalty in New York State. Like the pilots that bombed the innocent civilians of Iraq, Sheldon Silver may find it all too easy to kill from a distance.



RUDOLPH & FASCISM

Continued From Page 13

Giuliani made no secret of his disdain for the Carter administration's pursuit of white-collar criminals. "There was almost a McCarthyism to it," he told *The American Lawyer*. When Missouri Republican Senator John Danforth asked Giuliani to meet with McDonnell-Douglas general counsel John Sant, he did so without notifying Mendelson or any of the other prosecutors involved.

"The first that any of us heard about this meeting came in a telephone call between myself and one of the defense counsels," said Mendelson, still angry eight years later, to a *New York Newsday* reporter during Giuliani's mayoral bid.

At the time, Sant was about to be named an unindicted co-conspirator in the case. Mendelson now calls Giuliani's secret meeting with Sant a "back door, improper interference in a prosecution."

Shortly after the secret meeting, Giuliani dropped all charges against McDonnell-Douglas officials in the case, despite the fact that they were prepared to have their company plead guilty to serious charges.

McDonnell-Douglas is the Pentagon's top contractor for the Cruise, Tomahawk and Harpoon missile programs, and also worked on the MX and Midgetman missiles, Star Wars technology, and nuclear-capable aircraft such as the B-1 and B-52.

EYES ON GRACIE MANSION

In 1983, the corrupt and reactionary Senator Alfonse D'Amato nominated Giuliani as US Attorney for Manhattan. Giuliani's squeamishness about engaging in "McCarthyism" against white-collar criminals was quickly sacrificed. He began campaigning for the mayor's seat as soon as he got to town, rooting out corruption in Wall Street and City Hall, trying to build a reputation as a tough, populist crusader for clean government.

Much of the media got suckered by Giuliani's self-conscious image campaign. For instance, *New York Magazine* wrote in May, 1987 that Giuliani "has emerged as a tough, ambitious and controversial prosecutor; compiling a record that's probably unmatched in the distinguished history of the office." The story noted the arrest of mafia don "Fat Tony" Salerno as among Giuliani's achievements. In June 1991, however, a federal appeals court overturned Salerno's racketeering conviction. That same court also overturned Giuliani's Wedtech scandal conviction of E. Robert Wallach in 1991. The extortion conviction of former Bronx Congressman Robert Garcia was also overturned.

Philippine "Dragon Lady" Imelda Marcos and her co-defendant, megabucks arms dealer and Contragate operative Adnan Khashoggi were acquitted in a federal fraud trial brought by Giuliani. They had been charged with defrauding the Philippine government of hundreds of millions of dollars, and Giuliani assured everyone he would send both to the slammer. As *Newsday* noted, "Marcos is still adding to her shoe collection and Khasoggi still checks into the Waldorf-Astoria when he's in town on another mega-deal. He may have had it just right when he said Giuliani prosecuted him because 'he wanted to be mayor so he used two big names.'"

Fortunately, Giuliani was little more successful in his efforts to 'lock up community activists in the so-called New York 8 case. In a pre-dawn raid in October 1984, 500 heavily armed agents from the NYPD-FBI Joint Terrorist Task Force laid siege to black communities in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx, even subduing young children at gunpoint to apprehend suspects in a "conspiracy" case against eight longtime activists in the black and Puerto Rican liberation movements. Held for two-and-a-half months without bail, the defendants were prosecuted under the draconian federal RICO law, ostensibly aimed at breaking the mafia. Although the eight had been subjected to round-the-clock surveillance, continual bugging of their homes and phones for nearly two years, Giuliani was not able to make any of the heavy conspiracy charges stick. The NY8 were only convicted of minor weapons charges, and have gone on to become influential organizers in the city's black community.

Giuliani made sexy headlines when he dragged three Wall Street brokers out of their office in handcuffs on "inside trading" charges. It didn't make headlines, however, when the indictments against the three were dropped for lack of evidence.

His most blatant publicity stunt was going "undercover" to buy drugs on a New York street with Senator D'Amato, decked out in dark sunglasses and biker gear — winning the protest of the Hell's Angels biker gang, who felt that their sterling reputation had been besmirched by the stunt.

There were also charming little incidents of racially insensitive "humor" by Giuliani's staff. The most notorious concerned Long Island lock manufacturer and Nazi concentration camp survivor Simon Berger, who was arrested in 1986 on mail fraud and conspiracy charges. As Berger was being held in Giuliani's offices, some of Rudy's agents seated him facing a blackboard, Berger later told investigators. Written on the blackboard, Berger said, were the German words "ARBEIT MACHT FREI," the slogan

which adorned the entrance to the Auschwitz death camp. Berger was later acquitted of the charges.

When he was running for mayor, Giuliani said that what happened to Mr. Berger was "an outrage," and that a federal judge had found no evidence of involvement by his aides or himself. But he added that a *New York Post* headline likening his federal agents to Nazis was also "a personal outrage to me."

After leaving his post as federal attorney, Giuliani went to work in 1989 for the prestigious New York law firm of White & Case for a reported \$650,000 per year. His time there would also come back to haunt him during the mayoral race, when it was revealed that the firm had done legal work for the regime of Panamanian narco-dictator General Manuel Antonio Noriega.

Giuliani's tenure at White & Case didn't last long. The firm soured on Giuliani, viewing him as more bent on high publicity than hard work. (He would later go to work for Anderson Kill Olick & Oshinsky, where, in 1992 he would earn \$294,000 — despite billing for only 177 of the 1,900 hours the firm had budgeted him for!)

Later in 1989, Giuliani launched his first bid for the mayor's seat. He conveniently switched his position on abortion, recognizing that his anti-choice Reaganite line wasn't going to wash with New York voters. "It took me awhile to think about it and discuss it with my family," he lamely told the press after his flip-flop.



DEPT. INSP. FREY HASSLES ANTI-RUDY PROTESTORS AT CITY HALL (1/2/94)

But Giuliani's campaign manager was Roger Ailes, the same master spin doctor who had masterminded George Bush's "Willie Horton" TV ads which had propelled him to the White House the previous year by demonizing African American men as criminals and pushing "lock 'em up" police state pseudo-solutions. Another Giuliani campaigner, lame-ass comedian Jackie Mason, called Rudy's opponent David Dinkins a "black model without a job," and a "fancy *schvartzer* with a mustache."

Giuliani lost the race to Dinkins. But next time around, in 1993, he played to white racism even more openly than Bush had. By cutting an open but unspoken deal with the supposedly "non-political" Police Department to repeal the modest measures that Dinkins had taken to control the city's plague of systematic police brutality — even addressing the notorious drunken cop mob rally outside City Hall, in which police attacked and harassed black bystanders and hurled racial epithets at the mayor — Giuliani sent a clear message to white voters: to protect their perceived interests and "safety," he would unleash a police state on the city's non-white residents.

Whites overwhelmingly voted for Giuliani and non-whites overwhelmingly voted for Dinkins. The city, already wracked by explosive tensions, was polarized yet further along racial lines.

GIULIANI'S "ELECTION": A FASCIST COUP D'ETAT?

As Mayor David Dinkins made his pathetic concession speech after losing a close election, his supporters chanted "RE-COUNT! RE-COUNT!" But the tired Dinkins would have none of it. This was just as top GOP strategist Ed Rollins had foolishly boasted of having paid black ministers *not* to "get out the vote" in a successful bid to bring conservative Republican Christie Whitman to New Jersey's governor's mansion. By failing to pursue the many allegations of impropriety at NYC polling places, the Democrats lost an opportunity to put Giuliani on the defensive from day one — or perhaps even to repeal the election results.

Little has been made of reports from all over the city indicating that a cabal within the NYPD conspired with conservative or simply corrupt poll-watchers and Board of Elections bureaucrats to suppress the anti-Giuliani vote, effectively subverting the democratic process. This is New York-style fascism — the fascism of political machine street thuggery.

On November 4, *Newsday* reported without further explanation that as Dinkins awaited the election results at Gracie Mansion, "All day long, stories of voter intimidation had flown into Dinkins' campaign headquarters. Dinkins and his campaign manager, Bill Lynch, however, vetoed any challenge." It was up to reporters and neighborhood activists to get to the truth.

On November 24, *Newsday* reported that in a last-minute move, Giuliani's team dished out over \$20,000 to Mitchell Alter, a white Brooklyn attorney with close ties to local black politicians, to organize a black pro-Giuliani poll-watch operation. Local Democrat poll-watchers charged that Alter's boys were trying to intimidate voters away from the polls in neighborhoods which were going overwhelmingly for Dinkins.

Wrote *Newsday*: "Local Democrats have forwarded to the Justice Department information about several disruptions at polling places in mostly black neighborhoods. In one Election Day report lodged by four Dinkins 'troubleshooters,' about 10 'disheveled' people who claimed to be Giuliani poll-watchers 'operated in an erratic manner, making many voters uncomfortable at PS 316 in Brooklyn.'"

Alter denied sending anyone to PS 316. But a *Newsday* report on December 1 indicated that the operation was far bigger than Alter's street machine. At a news conference, state Democratic chair Al Gordon charged that the State Republican



FORMER MAYOR KOCH AT RUDY INAUGURATION GLOATS OVER ESCAPING JAIL IN HIS CORRUPTION SCANDALS

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD: RUDY G'S LATINO POSSE

By Mariña Ortiz

[In all of my years as a New York City resident (or rather, as a Nuyoriqueña living amidst the squalid trappings and political profligacy of East Harlem, the South Bronx, and various parts of Brooklyn), I have always wondered exactly what it was that "our leaders" did for us. But, now that I have grown (i.e., woken) up, I realize the answer is: Nada! Still, whenever I see "new" names being bandied about (Espada, Paterson, Velazquez, etc.), my heart skips an instinctive beat with the thought that some real change may finally occur. But, alas, the murmur quickly fades as they are inevitably assimilated into the political process. "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely and ..." well, y'all know the rule: The Powers That Be (aka "The Permanent Government" and/or "The Status Quo") always has and (absent a genuine and viable alternative) always will, control the game, and any and all players. In short, money talks, while social change walks.]

REALITY CHECK NUMBER ONE: THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN NON-MOVEMENT

David N. Dinkins, the city's first African-American mayor has been booted out of office by a rabid white voter turnout of historic proportions and lackluster attendance on the part of African Americans and Latinos. But, not to worry, Mr. Dinkins has been assigned the comfort of a Columbia University professorship, while folks in Harlem, Crown Heights, and other 'hoods (i.e., his "inner-city" base from which he extracted racial fidelity and then forsook under the guise of "remaining a gentleman"), are now left to fend for themselves. Yes, there are scores of successors clawing their way up the leadership ladder, but genuine empowerment remains a dream deformed and the ladder now sways to the right as the Revs. Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton chastise African-American youth for scorning their political elders, while urging urge them to inform on their drugs and gun-toting peers (rather than teaching them how to organize and fight for fair housing, education and jobs as was the custom during the civil rights movement from which they still glean pension).

Not surprisingly, Giuliani failed to appoint any African Americans to top-tier positions. And, among the minority of blacks who did support him, the clamor of discontent can already be heard (witness Evelyn King, a 74-year-old Harlem housing activist recently menaced by crank phone calls, flying bullets, and a threatening note signed "to Giuliani and fans," who now complains that her case has been neglected). But, whereas he received only five percent of the African-American vote, when it came to Latinos, Giuliani garnered over one-third of the turnout (thanks, in part, to a handful of disgruntled Democrats bought off with promises of public and not-so-public appointments). And with this changing of the guard, comes some new (and old) faces in high (and not-so-high) places. The Latino community, however, remains out of the picture.

NINFA SEGARRA: RUDY'S SOCIAL SERVICE STOOGES

One of the more prominent appointments is that of attorney Ninfa Segarra, a former Puerto Rican Socialist Party member, turned Democratic Party Board of Education appointee, turned political renegade (and/or "prostitute," according to former NYC Schools Chancellor Joseph Fernandez, whom Segarra and her "Gang of Four" cohorts fired last year), as Deputy Mayor for Health, Education and Human Services. Despite stringent laws which prohibit city employees from holding more than one salaried position, Segarra will remain on the Board (in an unpaid capacity, i.e., loophole) until her term expires in June.

Segarra's rancorous posture was first manifested with the dismissal of her lover, Larry Allison, a deputy director of the Office for People With Disabilities (where Segarra had served as counsel during the Koch administration). Although the lay-off was officially attributed to budget cuts, Segarra never bought the story and recently retaliated by firing the agency's director, Anne Emerson, a quadriplegic appointed by Dinkins in 1990. And, while Emerson and others quietly bide their two weeks' notice, the carnal couple prepare for a wedding ceremony to be conducted by John Cardinal O'Conner (a reward, no doubt, for Segarra's turnout vote on the controversial "Children of the Rainbow" curriculum, a move which pundits say had more to do with Dinkins' refusal to appoint Segarra as head of the Board).

But, for all of her political chest-thumping (Segarra and other appointees have confiscated all prime office space, thus forcing left-over employees to double up in cramped quarters while awaiting word of their fate), her administrative authority has already been compromised by Giuliani, who took it upon himself to hire Maria Mitchell (a personal friend of his campaign strategist, David Garth), as Director of Health Services while Segarra was away on vacation. Despite the appointment, Segarra has continued to voice her preference for Dr. Emilio Carillo (the former head of the Health & Hospitals Corporation who was fired by Dinkins and subsequently campaigned for Giuliani). The Mayor, meanwhile, has since revived a whisper campaign about a \$10,000 loan (which Carillo obtained from Mount Sinai Medical Center CEO, Dr. John Rowe, during his tenure as HHC president), so as to quell Segarra's resistance.

Segarra's so-called independent attitude, pundits predict, will ultimately cost her dearly. The misfortune-tellers also say that Segarra's appointment is mere window dressing designed to appease Latinos who had grown increasingly bitter toward Dinkins for his insensitivity to their needs and his negligence toward his own Latino appointees. Not only does she now find herself shufflin' in the same invisible shoes, Segarra has also been branded by *The New York Times*' official seal of "unqualified."

What fun to watch then as Giuliani and Segarra were greeted with cheers during a City Hall rally led by Bronx State Senator Efrain Gonzalez. The entirety of NYC's Latino elected officials (even those who had bitterly opposed Giuliani and Segarra during the infamous "Children of the Rainbow" fight), had come out en masse presumably to protest the rag's racist double-standard in the form of an editorial which called Segarra unfit for her duties because she lacked sufficient government experience.

Why the sudden brown-nosing? In addition to being the patsy who will have to make nice once Giuliani finishes slashing the budget and imposing draconian policy changes, Segarra is also the patronage queen who will dole out whatever is left of the health, education and social service pie (liaison services, for example, are now overseen by Fran Reiter, Deputy Mayor for Planning and Community Relations, whose attitude is, "We're all New Yorkers. [T]here is no need for individual [ethnic and racial] bureaucracies [which] only get in the way of reaching the community most effectively," while future plans include amending the city's "right to shelter" law to include mandatory drug treatment and job placement provisions and to limit said right to 90 days). Bronx State

Senator Pedro Espada, Jr. put it quite bluntly at the rally when he said, "We look forward to working with [Segarra] to secure the best possible programs for all of our constituencies."

Also in attendance were former Fire Commissioner Carlos Rivera (who is still floundering in the same advisorial wasteland he complained about while serving under Dinkins), Walter Alicea (a staunch Giuliani supporter recently named as the NYPD's Deputy Commissioner for Community Affairs), and Bronx City Councilmember Israel Ruiz, even though he just held his own press conference questioning the Mayor's commitment to Latinos (Ruiz was also upset by the Giuliani's selection of Howard Wilson (a former federal prosecutor who launched a probe into Ruiz's finances which then landed him a fraud conviction and several months in jail) as head of the city's Department of Investigation).

REALITY CHECK NUMBER TWO: LATINOS & THE GUNS R US CAMPAIGN

Giuliani's number one henchman, however, is Police Commissioner William Bratton, who immediately jumped on the Mayor's campaign promise to do away with "quality of life" issues by targeting the thousands of homeless men and women who haunt the city's street corners and subways. Bratton commandeered a "squeegee squad" to patrol heavily trafficked areas such as Manhattan's 12th Avenue (more so, perhaps, to appease the Johns who frequent the up-scale skin parlors and local prostitutes along the mid-town strip).

Bratton has also had to deal with more serious racial imbroglios, including last week's assault on the Nation of Islam's Mosque # 7 in Harlem, which was conducted under the pretext of pursuing a report of a robbery in progress. The call was eventually found to be a crank call, a minor detail which the media has echoed ad nauseam while ignoring the police's misconduct during the foray. The mosque, by the way is listed in Police Department protocol as a "sensitive location not to be entered without supervisor's approval."

Bratton then went on to defend the officers involved in the death of Shu'aib Abdul-Latif, a 17-year-old who was killed in his East New York home during a melee in which 11 officers, including a sergeant, stormed the premises in response to a report of a family dispute involving a gun. No weapon was ever found, however, and witnesses claim that the Muslim youth was shot with his hands in the air. In an asinine attempt to "put things in perspective," Bratton pointed to the fact that Abdul-Latif was killed by an African-American cop, Kevin Sherman. "Are we going to now begin to start implying because a black man puts on a blue suit, [he] automatically becomes a racist or a tool of a white society that's racist," Bratton naively retorted.

Not to be outdone, local Latino politicians and businessmen have also jumped on the law-and-order bandwagon through a gun-exchange program initiated by Fernando Mateo, a Dominican carpeting millionaire. Mateo's proposal was immediately endorsed by City Councilmember Guillermo Linares, who then helped negotiate the process by which "donors" received amnesty and a \$100 Toys R Us gift certificate, in exchange for every weapon turned in to police liaisons at the 34th Precinct in Washington Heights. When the toys ran out, the plan was expanded to include goods donated by Footlocker and other companies, while African American State Senator David Paterson has since introduced a state-wide "Goods-For-Guns" bill. Approximately 1,167 guns were collected, a figure which former Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly dismissed as a drop in the bucket, insisting that federal registry of licensed guns and tougher purchasing and permit laws were needed in a country where an estimated 200 million guns are thought to be in circulation.

Similar programs have since been launched from the 75th Precinct in Brooklyn and the 83rd and 104th Precincts in Queens. The plan has also spread to parts of New Jersey, Los Angeles, and Washington, D.C. Mateo has also joined forces with NAACP Director, the Rev. Ben Chavis, and the two are now hoping to meet with President Clinton to propose a nation-wide program. But the bubble's already begun to burst as Mateo was reportedly seen cruising the streets of Los Angeles in a stretch limousine during his visit to local community leaders. Mateo was also found to be a licensed gun-owner. Although he insists that his 38-caliber hand-gun is kept at his Westchester Country home, state officials say he is licensed to carry the weapon anywhere within the state.

HERMAN BADILLO: GIULIANI'S LATINO POLICY DINOSAUR

And, last but certainly not in the least, is Herman Badillo, the presumed elder statesman of Giuliani's inner circle. Quite the pioneer, Badillo is most noted for his having served as New York's first Puerto Rican city commissioner, deputy mayor, congressman and borough president. The legacy, however, leaves a lot to be desired (his first assignment as city commissioner, for example, was to relocate Latinos living around the then proposed site for Lincoln Center to the South Bronx). Of late, Badillo has taken conservative positions on the 1992 NYPD city hall demonstration, as well as the All-Civilian Civilian Complaint Review Board. As a member of CUNY's Board of Trustees, Badillo was instrumental in removing Professor Leonard Jeffries as Chair of City College's Black Studies Department, and voted against the appointment of Yolanda Moses as Chair of the CUNY system. He also opposes affirmative action and/or educational and employment quotas, insisting that "diversity suggests that, somehow, blacks and Latinos are not capable of competing with Jews, Irish or Italians."

Although he has not been officially appointed to Giuliani's administration, the practicing attorney will most certainly not suffer and stands to benefit greatly through legal services which the city will contract through his law firm, Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner & Itzler, which, according to Village Voice reporter Wayne Barrett, once represented an alleged slumlord, a drug lord, as well as the Remtech Corporation (contractors to Bronx Lebanon Hospital's medical waste incinerator, which has long been opposed by Bronx residents and community activists). And, as silent advisor on Latino affairs, African Americans and Latinos will most certainly be the ones to pay the price.



RUDOLPH & FASCISM

Continued From Page 16

Committee had hired off-duty cops and firefighters as well as homeless men to the tune of \$750,000 in a "poll-watch" operation called Victory '93. Gordon said he was taking affidavits from Democrat campaign workers about the Republicans' "systematic program of harassment as part of cynical thought-out attempt to deny certain New Yorkers their right to vote." Gordon said Democrat poll-watchers reported witnessing Giuliani poll-watchers challenging voters trying to cast paper ballots when the machines had broken down, and generally disrupting polling places with rowdy tactics.

Newsday also cited a Board of Elections finance report showing that Impact 2000, the Lower East Side political organization of Elizabeth Colon, a local conservative Democrat and aide to ex-City Council President Andy Stein, had received almost \$20,000 from state Republicans and the Giuliani campaign. Neighborhood activists accuse Colon of also using the money to "get out the vote" for Antonio Pagán, the reactionary anti-homeless Democrat City Councilman who was elected to a second term with Colon's support.

CHRIS FLASH



KOP THREATENS OLD HOMELESS MAN AT TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK WHO HAS SINCE DISAPPEARED

Giuliani counter-attacked, predictably playing to xenophobia by accusing Washington Heights City Councilman Guillermo Linares and Lower East Side/Brooklyn US Representative Nydia Velazquez of complicity in illegally registering Dominican immigrants to vote.

Giuliani, of course, had attempted to win the Latino vote by attracting longtime Puerto Rican community powerbroker Herman Badillo to his ticket. But when *El Diario/La Prensa* endorsed Dinkins, Giuliani blew it by derisively calling the city's biggest Spanish daily a "rag." Many insulted Latinos who had been on the fence were tilted into the Dinkins camp. Evidence suggests that Giuliani's street machine conspired to scare Latinos away from the polls. In the prelude to the election, posters went up in the Dominican community of Washington Heights, warning that voters would be targeted for investigation by the INS. The posters later proved to be produced by the wife of a police officer.

On December 15, *Newsday* reported that at least 1,500 paper ballots had not been counted. Manhattan Democrat Elections Commissioner Douglas Kellner said "The gray envelopes, in many cases, were still sealed" at the Manhattan Election Board office over a month after the elections. In the 1992 presidential race, New Yorkers cast 9,877 emergency paper ballots, but that number seemed to drop by 75% to 2,495 in the 1993 mayoral race.

The revelation prompted a recount, which found that many of the uncounted ballots had actually been for Giuliani. But neighborhood activists suspect that many of the paper ballots for Dinkins were rendered invalid by Board of Elections bureaucrats intentionally botching the paperwork.

A local campaign worker for Will Sales, an independent write-in candidate trying to unseat Antonio Pagán, reports that the entire paper ballot and write-in process was subverted on the Lower East Side. "There were broken machines at a third of the sites monitored by the Will Sales campaign. There was at least one instance where there were no paper ballots to back up the broken machines, and people were kept waiting in line for hours. Some couldn't stay — they left and didn't come back to vote. Many longtime voters in the neighborhood were challenged by polling personnel. They were asked about address changes which hadn't happened, and often intimidated."

Undoubtedly, those incidents which came to light are the proverbial tip of the iceberg. The discredited Democratic machine was in a poor position to exploit the revelations — and grassroots community organizations had been weakened by four years of co-optation by the glad-handing liberal Dinkins machine. There was no ear to the ground, no trusted neighborhood activists who could adequately marshal accounts of poll intimidation. The opportunity was lost, and Giuliani is currently building his New Order.

THE NEW MUNICIPAL ORDER

The question is how much will Giuliani be able to get away with how quickly? Certain Democrats in the city government who are unwilling to sacrifice their liberal credentials may put up at least some resistance to the Giuliani agenda. Others will play ball. Ever since his election, Giuliani has been testing the water.

Giuliani put Dinkins' Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly to the test by leaving open the question of whether he would have him sacked upon taking office. Kelly took

the bait, unveiling the new NYPD "Disorder Control Guidelines" plan for riot control and crushing unrest in the streets. New riot gear, mace, smoke grenades, helicopters and other special weaponry was brought in as part of the plan.

Giuliani played it cool, leaking stories to the press about his choices for a new cop commissioner. The first such "speculation," reported in the *Daily News* on November 18, was John Lawn, the NY Yankees VP and former DEA chief who was the architect of the repressive "zero tolerance" program — an ideological Drug War hardliner who had been taken to task for sending letters of thanks to Noriega, congratulating the dictator on his "anti-drug" efforts. Giuliani vowed immediately after the election to unleash a crackdown on drugs, creating "drug-free zones" in surprise neighborhood sweeps.

He ultimately chose William Bratton, former Boston Police chief and NYC Transit Police chief, for police commissioner, bucking both the Dinkins holdover Kelly and the ultra-hardliner Lawn — who had probably been set up a straw man specifically to draw liberal criticism. After a scare like Lawn, civil libertarians would be more likely to view Bratton with relief.

But the police state plan continued unabated. Giuliani and Bratton announced that they were bringing back the massive sweep-style arrests of street-level drug suspects, a practice which had been abandoned by the Dinkins administration under pressure from civil rights groups.

This, of course, has long been the open agenda of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the cop union with an all-white board whose leader Phil Caruso has become the city's top "law-and-order" loudmouth. The PBA funnelled much money into the Giuliani campaign via front groups and attorneys, the *Voice* reported on November 2. Despite the vociferous "anti-crime" platform, however, *Newsday* has counted more than 10 contributors to the Giuliani campaign linked to the mafia and city corruption — including the insurance company and printing company of late Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito, who Giuliani had demonized as an influence-peddling crook in the '89 race!

In addition to Colon and Badillo, Giuliani's appointed transition team includes Dov Hikind, the conservative Brooklyn assemblyman and veteran bigwig of the Jewish Defense League, the "anti-crime" vigilante group founded by the late ultra-Zionist demagogue Meir Kahane.

In addition to small-time drug users, Giuliani is unleashing an NYPD crackdown on the homeless. Much has been made of his pledge to eliminate the "squeegee people", but a recent interview with Coalition for the Homeless leader Mary Brosnahan chillingly reveals Giuliani's bizarre views on civil liberties. In an exchange reported in the December 21 *Village Voice*, Giuliani responded to Brosnahan's comment that cutting back the shelter system would only drive more people into the street by saying: "That's alright. We'll just arrest them."

"For what?" asked Brosnahan.

"Assault," announced Giuliani.

Brosnahan asked if Giuliani intended to wait until things get so desperate that the homeless are assaulting people. "Well, Mary," Giuliani replied, "Your definition of assault is different from mine. I consider it assault when someone *feels* threatened."

Giuliani also demonstrated his contempt for the Bill of Rights when he baited Dinkins about "allowing" Black Nationalist demagogue Louis Farrakhan to speak at Yankee Stadium — as if the mayor has any legitimate authority to censor public discourse.

While much of Farrakhan's message is hateful, Giuliani's move was clearly a thinly disguised play to racism. Despite getting all bent out of shape over Farrakhan's anti-Semitism, Giuliani failed to object when right-wing mud-slinging WABC Radio host Bob Grant called Harlem Representative Charles Rangel a "pygmy" over the air in a live interview with Rudy.

Giuliani similarly played to open xenophobia when he announced shortly after his election that he would trash the city policy forbidding police and other city employees from reporting undocumented immigrants to the INS. After a storm of protest, Giuliani backed off, treating the move as another strawman — one which may come back to haunt the city if the political winds shift further in the mayor's favor.

Giuliani is in an excellent position to win federal cooperation in his police state agenda for the city. His years at the Justice Department gained him many important connections in Washington — not the least of which is President Clinton's newly-appointed FBI chief Louis J. Freeh, who had been a member of Giuliani's team as New York's federal prosecutor. Freeh had worked under Giuliani in such headline-grabbing cases as the "Pizza Connection" bust of a Sicilian mafia ring which used pizza joints as a front for heroin smuggling. Freeh remained on close terms with his former boss Giuliani after being appointed a federal judge by President Bush in 1991.

Sensing the shift to the right represented by Giuliani's election, Governor Mario Cuomo wasted no time in embracing the new agenda, announcing major new prison construction in his state-of-the-state address. Cuomo has already overseen a massive expansion of the state prison population, which has escalated from 12,500 in 1973 to over 64,000, accompanied by an exponential leap in prison transmission of dread diseases like AIDS and TB, directly related to overcrowding. The state Urban Development Corporation, ironically created as an "anti-poverty" program in honor of Martin Luther King, has been twisted under Cuomo from financing low-income housing to financing new prisons — to the tune of \$2.6 billion in bonds since his election. City jail overcrowding was termed a "true emergency" by Dinkins' Corrections Commissioner Al Sielaff.

As Bratton toughens up the NYPD, *Newsday* reports that his wife, bigshot attorney Cheryl Fiandaca, will be training Latin American and Caribbean police officials in a federally-funded program at Manhattan's John Jay College. The officers being trained in this "humanitarian" program will be from such bastions of democracy and tolerance as Panama, Honduras and Colombia.

Of course, funds will be available for prison construction and further beefing up the police — but not to address the gaping holes in basic life-support city infrastructure. On January 13, *Newsday* reported that Giuliani warned the city's Health & Hospitals Corporation not to expect city funds to close the agency's projected \$160 million deficit. "There will be no additional city money this year," Peter Powers, Giuliani's Deputy Mayor for Operations, said in a surprise visit at an HHC board meeting. Outgoing HHC President Dr. Billy Jones protested that the city should at least pay for programs which it demanded, such as \$9.5 million to combat the TB resurgence. "We got city mandates, but no money," he said.

But Jones' thinking is outmoded. In the New Municipal Order, the city only owes police protection to the affluent — not services to the poor. Only those who cannot afford private hospitals would go to the nightmarish HHC hospitals. Giuliani's agenda is to follow the national trend towards privatization of city services — further squeezing

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ARMED AND DANGEROUS!!

GOV'T PRISONERS IN MILITARY SLAVE LABOR

By political prisoner Raymond Luc Levasseur

When I was transferred to the U.S. penitentiary in Marion, Illinois in December, 1989, Panama was being invaded by U.S. forces. Amidst the wholesale destruction, mass graves, and lies by U.S. politicians and military leaders was an awesome display of American firepower designed to impose its will on yet another Central American nation. Weapons systems from land, sea, and air were utilized, along with the basic M16 to kill whoever stood in the line of fire. Whether technologically advanced or as simple as a grenade, this war materiel is made in the U.S.A. - some of it by federal prisoners.

The Federal Prison Industries, Inc. (UNICOR) is one of the manufacturers that supplies military equipment to the bloated U.S. war machine. UNICOR has served this function since 1934 under contract to the War Department, now known euphemistically as the Department of Defense. The Federal Bureau of Prisons (BOP) boasts that the slave labor of prisoners, under hazardous conditions, and at an entry level wage of twenty-three cents an hour has and continues to make significant contributions towards supplying the military's needs. It also boasts of using UNICOR to control prisoners within its vastly overcrowded system.

UNICOR's military production ranges from TOW and other missile cables, munitions components, communications equipment, bomb parts, engine overhauls, uniform sewing, etc. In its brochures, the BOP proudly displays photographs of prisoners working hard producing this material. As a Viet Nam veteran, I was particularly struck by a photo of Federal prisoners producing equipment destined for Viet Nam. Unlike most prisoners, I got to see with my own eyes the lethal effect of the end product.

It is the priority of UNICOR to provide for the military's needs, whether it was during the Korean War when 80% of UNICOR sales went to the military, or the Gulf War when prisoners were pressed into overtime. In fact, the military has its own representative on UNICOR's Board of Directors to advise on how to better harness prison labor for military purposes.

Being contracted to the War Department means supplying more than just forces. It means that this military equipment is rerouted by the U.S. to its client states - from Israel to Indonesia - and into the hands of the world's most degenerate and bloodthirsty regimes. In cases like El Salvador, the supplies were used to kill their own people.

USP-Marion is a control unit prison where abuse of prisoners is well documented by Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, Congressional committee hearings, and other sources. In the never-ending lockdown, there is little to engage the intellect, an abysmal lack of stimulation and recreation, and no work with which to labor. With one exception. The prison administration has designed a scheme whereby prisoners deemed suitable must enter a period of involuntary servitude in the "pre-transfer" unit before approval is granted for transfer to a less brutal prison. It is a scheme the administration exploits to the hilt because they understand that Marion prisoners are desperate to leave its punishment cells, isolation, and tomb-like conditions.

While all federal prisoners are required to work, they are not required to work UNICOR, though 26% do so. Most prisoners opt to work in other areas such as food service or maintenance, or pursue the very limited educational or vocational programs available. USP-Marion is the single exception in the Federal prison system because it mandates that prisoners work UNICOR as a condition of transfer. The only work at Marion's UNICOR is military production.

The Bureau of Prisons has parried Freedom of Information Act requests to disclose detailed information about war production at Marion. However, this much is known: UNICOR Marion produces electronics communication cables which it sells to the War Department. These cables are used in various ground vehicles, such as tanks and Armored Personnel Carriers, and production line supervisors have bragged that the cables are used in helicopters. During the Gulf War, the prisoners working UNICOR Marion were compelled to do overtime production. Whatever its finite specifics, the military application of the electronics cables is essential to many weapons systems and platforms.

Marion's operation is an extension of a larger operation at the federal prison in Lexington, Kentucky, so its production and profit figures are not individually computed. In a typical year, Lexington fills 800-1200 orders for the military, totaling \$12 million.

In modern warfare, the term "military hardware" encompasses advanced weapons systems in which electronics often provide a more destructive function than the soldier's rifle. During the U.S. war on Iraq, for example, bombardment by electronically enhanced munitions on water treatment plants spread a bacteriological assault on all those people whose lives depend on that water. According to the New England Journal of Medicine, 46,900 Iraqi children died in the first seven months of 1991 as a result of U.S. attacks on the country's infrastructure. Besides pilots and gunners who never see their victims, what is used to coordinate and propel mass destruction are the essential components of war, right down to the vital electronics and communication cables. War where the primary victims are civilian.

Military equipment is not produced in a vacuum. Those prisoners who produced material during the Viet Nam War certainly knew there was a war raging. U.S. military conquests, past present, are well documented. Perhaps less well known, though equally significant and well documented, is the Government's diversion of weapons and military equipment to serial killers disguised as heads of state. UNICOR's military production is part of an extensive pipeline that feeds the world's largest weapons exporter.

The U.S. has made much of China's use of prison labor for textile and other exports to the U.S. market. This is said to be a human rights abuse (i.e., that it cuts into the profits of U.S. corporations). The latest controversy revolved around Christmas tree ornaments manufactured by Chinese prisoners and exported to the US. To my knowledge no one has ever been killed by an attack from a Christmas tree ornament, yet tons of military equipment for which U.S. prisoners have provided essential components are exported to bomb, blast, and terrorize their ultimate recipients.

For me, being a revolutionary is the best way to live. Capture and imprisonment involve adjustments, but have not made me repentant for a lifetime of anti-imperialism and struggle for justice. I was sent to Marion because of my political beliefs and associations and will likely remain here unless I repudiate them, which I will not do. For me to engage in the production of military equipment as a condition for transfer would be a repudiation of my political beliefs and principles. I will not do it.

Refusing to be an accomplice to U.S. militarism is an act rooted deep in conscience and solidarity with those fighting U.S. imperialism, and trying to survive its onslaught. It is largely a symbolic act, yet necessary in confronting the collaborative nature of the system. During the recent attack against Lebanon by U.S. supplied Israeli forces, every

newspaper, magazine, and newsreel image of the subsequent atrocities - hundreds killed and wounded; hundreds of thousands made refugees - shows a steady movement of U.S. manufactured weapons and equipment.

For the political prisoner, putting principles into practice may be largely symbolic, but demonstrating who we are and what we stand for is better than accommodating the government's agenda. It's important to remember that however small the resistance, someone always steps forward. The magnitude of crimes perpetuated by the U.S. must be oppressed, and this cannot be done without risk and sacrifice. The lack of an organized and wider resistance, though lamented, does not negate individual and small group action. History is replete with their examples and their corpses: from the White Rose activists who opposed fascism to the first and few guerrillas of the Sandinista Front for National Liberation; from John Brown to the Industrial Workers of the World who were sent to prison in droves; to Malcom X and the indomitable George Jackson. For each of them there are the countless unnamed. The only reward short of victory is the sustenance obtained from the spirit of resistance.

It is not a decision made without consequences. The government and BOP iron fist gives no quarter to revolutionaries, rebels, and dissenters. It is part of Marion's mission to destroy an individual's identity and community ties. One warden stated that "The purpose of Marion is to control revolutionary attitudes in the prison system and society at large." Rather overstated from a bureaucratic windbag, but the fact remains that Marion is repression personified in a social experiment. Any outward indication that a prisoner does not conform to Marion's dictates and he is condemned to incessant isolation. For the transgressor there will be no relief - no step closer to personal freedom; no embrace of family and loved ones, no access to expanded work, education, or recreational opportunities; no shot at parole. Added to the burden is the public's indifference and the response of the liberal left, who view prisoners with contempt and political prisoners with hostility.

Yet, through all the years and for all its evil ways, Marion has not destroyed me. All that can destroy me are guards, medical neglect, or a prisoner that doesn't have his head screwed on right. There's an axiom here which declares that all who enter these walls will eat much shit before leaving. It's inherent in Marion's mission. But eating shit is qualitatively different than producing war material that's used to put someone else in their grave. Someone else who also experiences a steady diet of oppression. Someone who does me no harm.

It has been 26 years since I moved as a soldier among the Vietnamese people, with rifle in hand, desecrating their land and seeing the ill, the infirm, wounded and dying of those I was assigned to enlighten - or light up - about the virtues of U.S. imperialism. After my discharge, I joined Viet Nam Veterans Against the War, a group of conscience-ridden and war-weary vets who rejuvenated a lethargic anti-war movement when the U.S. bombing of Viet Nam was at its extreme. Overlapping with Viet Nam was the war in America's streets, fought in places like Newark, Detroit, Pine Ridge, Attica, Humbolt Park, East L.A. Within this war were internecine battles provoked by police spies and provocateurs and the rapid proliferation of snitches in a drug saturated, me first society. And beyond Southeast Asia, U.S. wars of intervention left their bloody footprints in Chile, Argentina, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Angola, South Africa, Cuba and Puerto Rico, to name but a few. As in Viet Nam, the victims are mostly civilians.

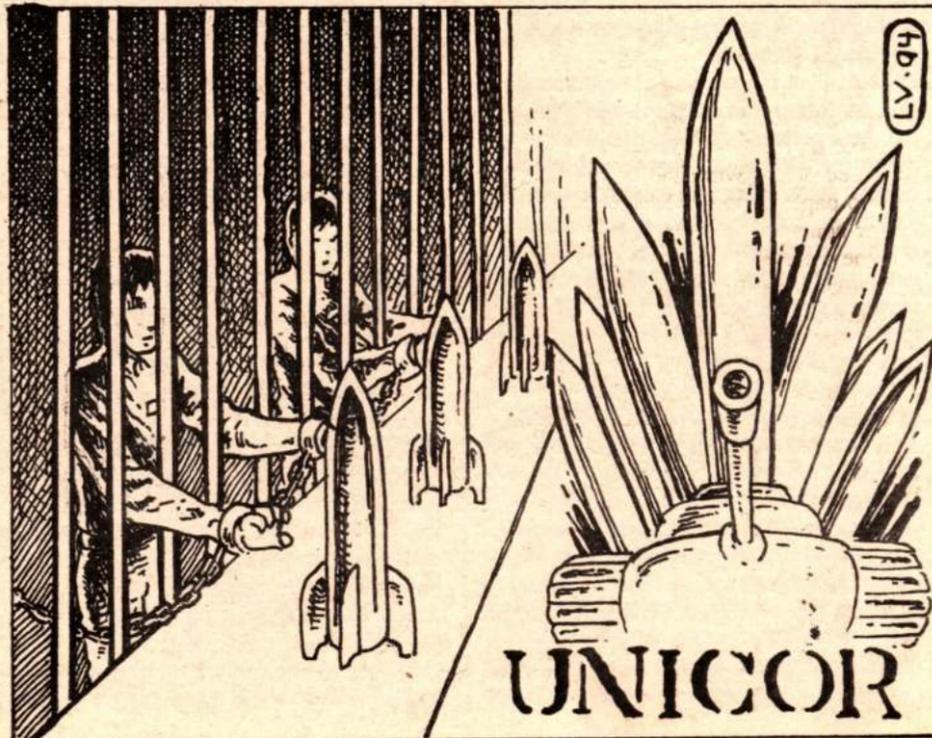
Always at war, as the world's policeman, this omnipotent and ubiquitous United States military is charged with enforcing capitalism's code of conduct. Troops were mobilized during the rebellion in Los Angeles. Troops are deployed in Somalia where they now stand accused of human rights violations by the humanitarian relief agencies and the Somali people themselves.

Viet Nam changed my view of liberation to mean a constant and protracted struggle against those forces that impose their will on others for power and profit. Freedom is the ultimate expression and condition of a people who control their own destiny. Once before, the government put me in uniform and used me for military purposes. Being young and naive was no excuse for my complicity. They'll not do it again.

Raymond Luc Levasseur
August, 1993

Write: 10376/016, Box 1000
Marion, IL 62959

[Without outside intervention, Ray and other political prisoners are to be shipped to a new sensory-deprivation prison being built under a cloak of secrecy in Florence, Colorado. For more info about combatting the spreading evil of control-unit prisons, write to: Committee To End The Marion Lockdown, P.O. Box 578172, Chicago, Ill, 60657-8172.]



SUBCULTURE

(This comic strip appears in the current WWII Illustrated, P.O. Box 20271, New York, NY 10009)

INTERVIEW WITH ARTIST MIKE DIANA

By Scott Cunningham

Mike Diana is a 24 year old artist and an enemy of the state -- at least the state of Florida. Diana works at his Dad's convenience store in Largo, Florida, selling cigarettes and beer to the drunks and crackheads who wander in looking like wasted zombies from the horror movies he loves. Until recently, he used to go home to the trailer he lived in with his younger brother and draw comics every night. Because of his underground comic book *Boiled Angel*, the Florida state prosecutor has charged Diana with three counts of publishing and distributing obscene material. When the news of the indictment hit the papers, there were problems with the police coming around, so the people he lived with asked him to leave. As the *SHADOW* goes to press, Diana's lawyer has delayed his trial until early March, arguing that because the comic book was purchased through the mail, the county does not have jurisdiction. So far, the judge in the case has rejected this argument. If convicted on all counts, Mike faces three years in jail and a \$3,000 fine. If you'd like to show your support for Mike, he can be reached at: P.O. Box 5254, Largo, Fl. 34649. This interview was conducted last Spring when the charges against Diana had just been announced.

SHADOW: This is not your first brush with the law as a publisher.

DIANA: No, there was this thing with the FBI, back in December of 1990. During the Gainesville student murders down here, the FBI showed up one day with a copy of *Boiled Angel* #5 and told me I was a suspect in the murders. I had sent an issue to a guy in Gainesville. I guess the guy turned in the copy to them. The FBI wanted me to take a blood test.

SHADOW: They also might have been monitoring your mail. I got a package from you once that looked like it had been through a car wash. The FBI was interested in the Satanic Sex issue, right?

DIANA: Yeah. They told me if they found I was printing any more books they were going to take me before a judge. I don't know if that's part of the reason for my problems now. The lawyer says we can file a motion of discovery once I'm officially charged and then we can find out what evidence they really have.

SHADOW: What's the local media attention there? How are they treating you and the case?

DIANA: What was weird was how the news dragged shit up that had nothing to do with the charges of obscenity, instead talking about "Mike Diana, a suspect in the Gainesville Murders", and all that. I went to the lawyer's office after the arraignment and one news station was showing footage of people being taken out in body bags, footage from the Gainesville murders, while they were talking about my case. Didn't even say I was cleared.

SHADOW: Of almost anyone else in the underground 'zine world, you get singled out the most for these kinds of attacks. What is it you do that manages to piss people off so much.

DIANA: Ever since I was in high school and first started doodling, I was always trying to make something that would stand out. Something that would shock people. Something that people couldn't just throw down and forget, that would disgust them and make them remember it even if they didn't like it. I wanted to do something that had never been seen before, even though I think stuff like this has been around a long time.

SHADOW: What were your influences? And how old were you when you first got started?

DIANA: I started self-publishing when I was nineteen. I was about fifteen when I first started ordering undergrounds. Reprints of old sixties stuff, mostly. I really liked old Rory Hayes comics [*Cunt Comics*] and stuff by S. Clay Wilson [*Zap Comics*]. I like it because it was real dirty. I would look at it and think, "Oh, I should-

n't be reading this. This is wrong." But still I got a thrill out of it, it was something new I had never seen before. People getting their dicks chopped off. All that stuff. It was a real turn-on. I said, "That's what I want to do. I want to get that kind of response, whether negative or positive, I want a strong reaction." But I never thought I'd get this kind of attention. In a way, it's kind of fun. But, in another way, it's not fair. I'm singled out. Someone like Stephen King can do stories like this -- a friend of mine read a review of a new book of his where a psycho catches young boys and rapes them, mutilates their genitals and kills them -- but because it's a book published by a big company, it's artistic; it's okay. But someone like me comes along, and I xerox some of my drawings and staple them together and send out a few hundred copies, just because I want to get my work out there. And they say I'm making dirty drawings.

SHADOW: Do you plan to publish *Boiled Angel* again?

DIANA: Well, you know that I was quitting after issue #8. It's been over a year now since it came out. I got tired of publishing them and printing them myself, and mailing them out. I just want to draw for a while and get printed in other books. But this whole thing has motivated me to start publishing again. Now I want to do a "Fuck the State of Florida" issue, or maybe a "Fuck Stuart Baggish" issue [Florida's Assistant Attorney General]. That is, if I win. Of course, my lawyer says I could also be prosecuted by the federal government because I've mailed out so many of these to different states. But I can't believe if I win in Florida that the federal government would come after me.

SHADOW: Unless Janet Reno has a personal vendetta against you. She is from Dade County.

DIANA: Right. You know what really gets to me is that they want to ban me from going a certain distance, a set number of feet, from a school. They want me to stay away from kids. Certain things really bug me.

SHADOW: It seems to me that the kiddie porn angle is the most sensitive thing about your work. It's what I suspect upsets people the most. It seems like it's very hard to justify. How do you justify it in your own mind?

DIANA: Well, as a kid, I was personally never abused, but it's something I was always interested in as subject matter. When I was a kid, and would go to bible school, there was this one story about King Herod, who wanted to kill baby Jesus. So, he had all the babies killed in the city. I hated bible class because I was already a depressed kid, so this would make me even more depressed. I didn't

Suffer the Innocent

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see the point to telling us all these stories with sodomy and stuff in them. The woman who would teach the class loved to talk about the suffering of Jesus in real detail. She would describe how they had pulled hairs out of his beard and stuck needles under his fingernails and she would really get into it, talking for a half hour about the torture of Jesus. And she started crying in class about this. So I ask her, "What about all the other babies who were getting killed for no reason? Jesus got crucified, but then he was the son of God. But the babies were innocent." Why didn't she cry for them? So, somehow in my mind, it seemed like I grew up thinking killing babies was a big joke. That it didn't matter. I don't like child molesting or child abuse. I don't support the publication of actual photographs of child pornography, because that's real. That means real abuse is happening. But it's not going to go away. A lot of real cases of child abuse

I read about gives me ideas to do the stories. Seemed like there was a Catholic priest a week being taken in for child abuse for a couple of months straight here in Florida.

In a way, because child abuse is so taboo is why I make fun of it. It's on the news every night, now. Just last week, two boys were found in the woods tied up, dead, their genitals mutilated with a blunt object. People eat their dinner and watch the news and it's nothing. For them, the news is just another TV show. It's make believe. My drawings are saying, "Wake up and see that this is what's going on around you all the time." Why does it take me for you to get scared, though. What's obscene is that this stuff really goes on. And here I am just drawing a comic about it and they want to give me two years in jail for it. That's probably more time that they would give to the guys who are really abusing the children.

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SMOKE-IN BATTLE GOES ON

By Chris Flash

The 23rd Annual Fifth Ave Pot Parade has been stolen this year. The parade, which has taken place on the first Saturday in May in Washington Square Park every year since 1971, has been the center of a struggle between two opposing marijuana legalization groups. (See SHADOW #30 for the full story--Ed.)

One of the groups is led by Jerry the Peddler, and is considered the legitimate Smoke-In organizer. They seek marijuana decriminalization versus legalization, with an emphasis on enjoying marijuana for getting high. Though Jerry's group has little money, they have the support of the Lower East Side squatter and anarchist scene. The other group, led by Dana Beal, seeks marijuana legislation, and he tries to get media attention in order to promote himself. Unlike Jerry, Beal must pay people to work with him. Another major difference between them is Beal's insistence that no pot be smoked at his Smoke-Ins, whereas Jerry's Smoke-Ins have always had plenty of free pot for all.

Since 1990, Jerry's crew has organized the Smoke-Ins in Washington Square Park after a split with Beal in 1989, in spite of incredible efforts by Beal (including disinformation campaigns, collaborating with the Police Department and hiring lawyers to threaten the Parks Department with a lawsuit). Since then, Beal has organized counter-marches beginning in East Harlem, leading his flock more than 100 blocks downtown to Washington Square. Jerry's crew has always followed the tradition of an uptown march to Central Park after a rally in the park.

This year however, Beal finally succeeded in snagging the permit by applying on January 1, the first day that park permits for 1994 can be issued. Backed by his lawyers, Beal plans to take over the Smoke-In and Pot Parade, hoping to fulfill his dream of dominating the local political scene. Even though this is not the real Smoke-In, folks can hang out in the park anyway and wait for the marchers. You never know, something interesting might happen after all!

"OPERATION PARANOIA": KOPS RAID HEAD SHOPS!!

By Chris Flash

On October 28, 150 narcotics cops launched raids at 27 locations throughout Manhattan, seizing 70 million items of drug paraphernalia, and arresting 36 people. Dubbed "Operation Parable II," the raid was a follow-up to "Operation Parable" in January 1993 that resulted in 16 arrests at 14 locations and the theft of \$388,000 in property, according to NYPD figures.

Items confiscated in the raids included vials that could be used to hold crack cocaine, glass pipes that could be used to smoke crack, strainers (screens), heat sealers and scales. In Parable II, beside taking \$41,569 in cash, a .25 calibre pistol, 1/2 kilo of coke, 23 small bags of pot, 300 daggers, gravity knives, and knuckles, cops also confiscated a Rolex watch and 45 gold Mexican coins valued at \$17,500, according to the NYPD.

Ominously, narcs this time were accompanied by National Guardsmen who helped them haul away the merchandise. Cops insisted that the Guard played no other role in the raids, although the psychological message of the "War on Drugs" was clear.

Thirty one of those arrested in Parable II were Yemenite nationals. Far from being "drug locations," most of the stores raided sell heavy metal gear, posters, tee-shirts, and head shop items. Most are owned and/or operated by persons of Arabic descent. Beside those arrested for drugs and weapons, most were charged with misdemeanors for "Criminal Use and Sale of Drug Paraphernalia" under Section 220.50 of the Penal Law. After 2-3 days, most of those arrested were released with small fines and their stores reopened.

The day after the Parable II raids, then NYPD Commissioner Raymond Kelly, surrounded by high ranking cops and narcs, held a press conference to congratulate themselves and show off their booty. Kelly said he tried to help make the drug paraphernalia law become a felony instead of a misdemeanor, but that the attempt had failed earlier in October. Kelly said he was pleased with the results and added: "This is only the beginning."

SHELDON MCCREY



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Lolsalda Stylee

As it is brewed by Live Free

You Will Need:

2 large jars
1/2 gallon high proof Vodka, at least 100 but 160 is preferable. [In states where Everclear is available, at 190 proof, you might try substituting it for the vodka, however, the taste will be affected. The purpose of using a high proof liquor is that it will be more effective in extracting the THC from your herb you will have soaking in it, thus resulting in a "higher" final product. High proof rum or tequila would not be an acceptable substitute in this recipe, as they add an additional flavor that will not mix well with the other ingredients.]

3 ounces Yerba Mate Tea, roasted
4-5 ounces of Marijuana [OK, no one is expecting you to throw five ounces of good bud in a bottle of vodka. Save your sticks; get friends to save theirs. Try to get into the habit of pinching the shake out of whatever your smoking and throw it into the jar. Look for deals on cheap bud that isn't worth smoking, but might work nice in a liqueur. The bottom line is, you're going to need at least an ounce of bud for this recipe, but it doesn't have to be too kind.]

3 ounces Angelica Root
1 ounce Star Anise (essential oil)
1 ounce Wormwood (essential oil) available at many excellent herb and spice stores.

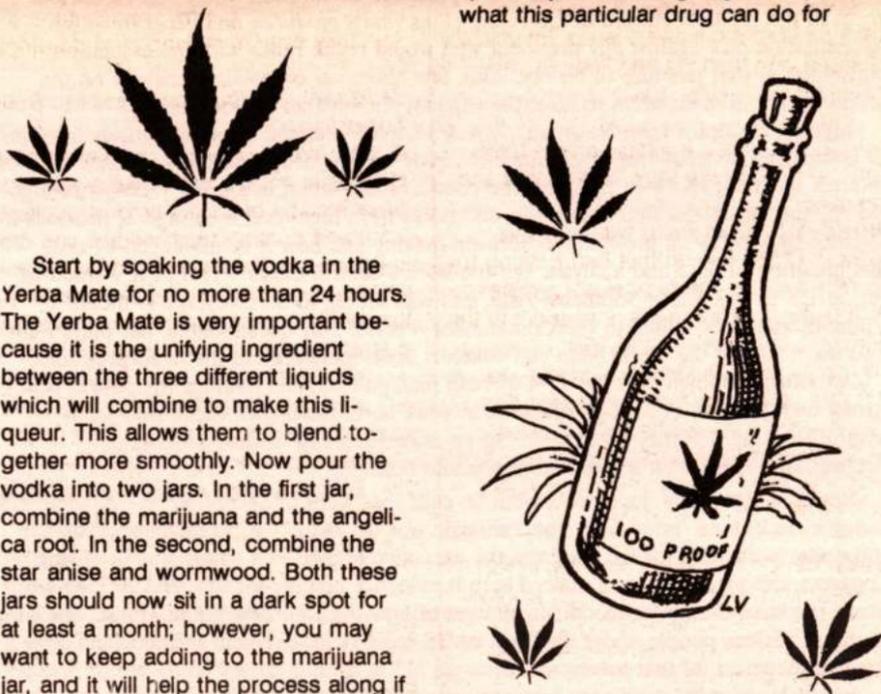
6 cups Sugar
3 cups Strong Tea, Yerba Mate
1 tablespoon Glycerine (available at wine and home brewing stores)
Bottles, caps & labels

Start by soaking the vodka in the Yerba Mate for no more than 24 hours. The Yerba Mate is very important because it is the unifying ingredient between the three different liquids which will combine to make this liqueur. This allows them to blend together more smoothly. Now pour the vodka into two jars. In the first jar, combine the marijuana and the angelica root. In the second, combine the star anise and wormwood. Both these jars should now sit in a dark spot for at least a month; however, you may want to keep adding to the marijuana jar, and it will help the process along if you rotate the jar from time to time as mild agitation will improve the soaking. *It is critical that the level of the liquid is always above the plant material, or a fungus could develop which will ruin you.* If you need to, add more vodka. If you are impatient, remember that the only way to make maximum use of the herb is to let it sit for the whole month, so be patient. It'll be worth it.

After the soaking is complete, squeeze the plant material so that you can get every drop out of it, and then toss it out. If you waited a month, then by now, it's spent. Combine with the wormwood/anise mixture. Cover and set aside. Now brew three cups of strong yerba mate tea and strain out the tea leaves. In a small saucepan, pour the tea over six cups of sugar and stir over a low heat until the sugar is completely dissolved. Take the pan off the heat and let it cool to room

temperature. Pour the syrup into the alcohol/herb mix until you have doubled the original volume. This will take a 160 proof mixture down to about 80. You may want to add more of the sugar syrup and take the drink down to 65 - 75 proof which is more in the range of most liqueurs. [I think this liqueur is a lot more drinkable at 65 proof; the taste improves, it's not as over-powering, and by adding a little more of the syrup, you'll have that much more liqueur to pass around.] Finally, drop in a tablespoon of glycerine, which helps all the various elements combine more smoothly, and let this sit for another month. Don't be surprised if there is a dark, oily liquid that continues to float on top of the liqueur no matter how much you mix it. This is the wormwood; it is almost impossible to get it to dissolve into the rest of the drink. Shake it into the drink before you pour it out, so that you can distribute the wormwood evenly with the rest of the liqueur, but eventually it will float to the top again. If anyone can figure out a way to mix the wormwood into the liqueur in another way, we would all appreciate your wisdom on the matter. Drop a line to the SHADOW, and let us know how you did it.

Now, if you are impatient, you can try some of your liqueur right after it's mixed, but in a month, it will taste a lot better. I must strongly caution you that wormwood is addictive and it has contributed to mental breakdowns in people who used it too frequently. You should not proceed in making this liqueur if you are not going to respect what this particular drug can do for



you. Virtually everyone who has tried this liqueur has told me that they felt really happy from it; some have experienced color more intensely, some people said they "tripped" off it. Having tried absinthe, I can appreciate how Van Gogh experienced color more than I did before, but I am aware that to try it often is to risk coming to know the dark side of this drug which, no doubt, potentiated Van Gogh's untimely demise. *As with any mind altering substance, use it with wisdom, and you will be elevated by the results.* "High Tea" as I call it, is closest to a Strega or Sambucca, so it mixes well with espresso. I have heard folks mixing it with orange juice, iced tea... I have a few friends who swear by smearing some along a joint before they smoke it. However you take your tea, here's to ya!

BOOK REVIEWS

Editor's note: Due to our fuck-up, part of this review was pasted up in our last issue (SHADOW #30) in the wrong order. In order for our readers to fully appreciate the importance of this article, we felt it necessary to reprint it in the correct order.

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 its 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 counterinsurgency 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 continuation 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 the country is finally beginning to snap out of the naive myopia which allowed us for so long to 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 US 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.

Continued on Next Page

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BOOK REVIEWS

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 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 many liberals are naively gaga 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.

"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.

• 脳細胞 •

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RUDOLPH & FACISM

Continued From Page 18

out access for citizens not among the yuppie elite. Giuliani's envisioned New York is strictly a "global" city -- a city for high finance, high art, big media, international diplomacy and trade. It is not a city of neighborhoods and working people. The labor is cheaper in Mexico and Guatemala, and with the trade barriers going down there are no obstacles to exploiting that labor. Cities like New York and Los Angeles -- where Mayor Richard Riordan was just elected on a similar agenda -- are now merely centers for elite global management and electronic paperwork. New York's working class has outlived its usefulness. It only remains to be driven out of town -- or, when that is not an option, behind bars -- by a wave of privatization and repression which will make life untenable for all but the monied management class.

By last Spring, the Dinkins administration had already taken out ads in local newspapers seeking bids from private contractors to run the city's parks, water supply system and medical system. This trend can only escalate under Giuliani. On October 4, *Newsday* ran a piece detailing Giuliani's links to the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research, a right-wing think tank on municipal policy. The Giuliani campaign's top economic advisor Stephen Kagann is a top contributor to the Manhattan Institute's "prestigious" *City Journal*, which was a "hot book" at Giuliani for Mayor HQ. Recent articles in the *City Journal* propose that New York sell off its public hospitals and transportation lines, and dramatically cut spending on social services.

The Manhattan Institute also published *The Dream & The Nightmare*, a book by *Fortune* magazine writer Myron Magnet which argues that "pathological poverty came into being not in spite of, but because of, the cultural shift that began in the '60s." In one gem of right-wing victim-bashing rhetoric, Magnet writes that "cockeyed ideas of economic victimization got mixed up with an appropriate horror at racism to produce the belief that the state had to compensate the poor, especially poor blacks, for their plight. That compensation turned out to be welfare, which has become a machine for perpetuating the underclass by...undermining values and supporting the most blighted family structures."

Not suprisingly, bigshot investment banker Felix Rohatyn stepped down as chairman of the city's Municipal Assistance Corporation just as Giuliani was coming in. Rohatyn's MAC had long had *de facto* veto power over the city budget, reining in spending on public services in the name of "fiscal responsibility." Although they weren't called such, these MAC-enforced cuts were essentially "austerity measures" of the same type that the World Bank and IMF impose on India and Brazil. Rohatyn's departure from the MAC, which he had headed since its founding during the city's fiscal crisis of 1975, indicates that the city's financial establishment -- the so-called "permanent government" -- finally has a man they can completely trust in City Hall.

The only role for low-income neighborhoods in the New Municipal Order is as a toxic dump site. Giuliani (like the outgoing Dinkins, after he flip-flopped on the issue), supports construction of the Brooklyn Navy Yard trash incinerator, which would spew deadly poisons into the air of the Latino and Jewish immigrant neighborhood of Williamsburg (and is being underwritten by Lazard-Freres, Felix Rohatyn's investment firm).

Giuliani's choice for Deputy Mayor for Economic Development is John Dyson, a multi-millionaire Dutchess County "gentleman farmer" who attempted, as chief of the New York Power Authority in the early 1980s, to build a coal-burning power plant on Staten Island, already dumpsite for nearly all of the city's garbage.

State Senator Dan Volker, an old Dyson nemesis, told *Newsday* of a stormy meeting between NYPA chief Dyson and Vermont state legislators. Vermont buys much of its power from New York, but these legislators had the temerity to complain about the environmental implications of New York building more coal plants, which spew hydrocarbons into the atmosphere and cause acid rain. Dyson exploded. "John turned to this guy and he said, 'If you don't shut up, I'll shut off your power,'" Volker recalled, laughing. "The blood drained from their faces."

Dyson was pressured into resigning from the NYPA board in 1986, when negotiations were launched with the Canadian utility Hydro-Quebec for New York to purchase power from the mammoth H-Q dams under construction in the James Bay region of Canada's far north. Dyson was on the special "Blue Ribbon Panel" that H-Q had assembled to plug the contracts, and this was deemed a conflict of interest. The NYPA-H-Q contracts are being resisted by a coalition of native rights and environmental activists, because the James Bay project would poison and flood the homeland of Canada's Cree Indians.

The impending final shift of New York from a neighborhood city to a global city is evident in nearly every move Giuliani has taken since Election Day. On December 29, the *New York Times* reported that Giuliani intends to shift arts financing "to the city's premier cultural institutions, possibly by cutting city aid to other less-established arts groups." This means that midtown museums and galleries which purvey official "high culture" to the elites will be funded at the expense of downtown's politically conscious and community-rooted arts scene. On January 13, the *Times* reported that Giuliani intends to eliminate eight community affairs offices which serve as liaisons to constituencies: the offices of African American/Caribbean, Latino, Asian, European-American, Immigrant, Jewish Community, Lesbian & Gay Community, and Veterans affairs.

In short, whatever pathetic facade of neighborhood democracy existed under the Democrat machine is being rapidly dismantled. The era of looking to bureaucrats for solutions is definitively over. Citizens will only be able to make their power felt from below. Ultimately, how much of the New Municipal Order agenda Giuliani will be able to get away with will be decided in the city's streets, schools, tenements and workplaces.



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