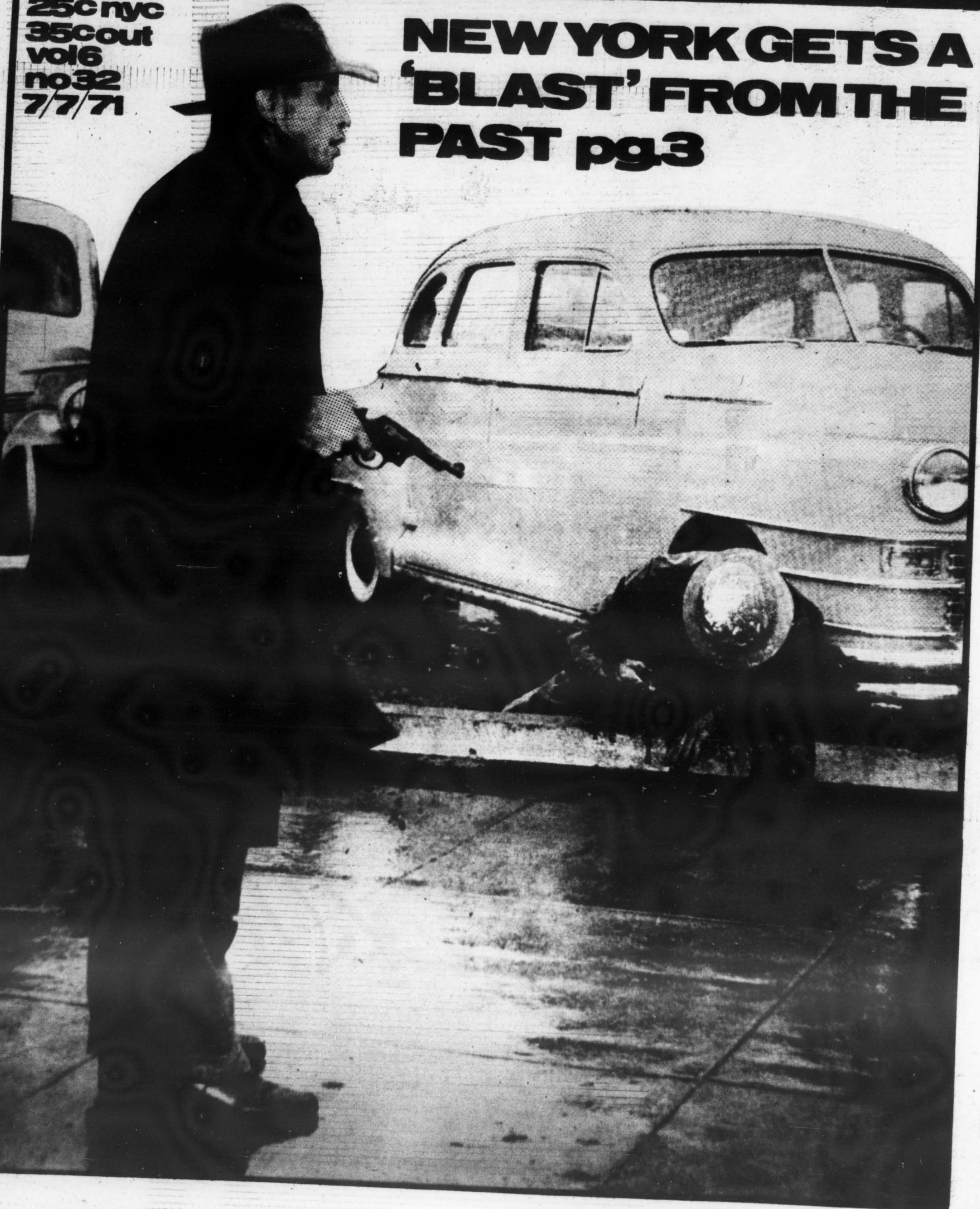


THE EAST VILLAGE **ONION**

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no 32
7/7/71

**NEW YORK GETS A
'BLAST' FROM THE
PAST pg.3**





Hi Rap.



It was ironic that barely half an hour after hearing about Tim Leary's latest bust, news reached us that Joseph Stevens, EVO's former photographer, beat his rap in Belfast. The charges against him were as absurd as these levelled against Tim Leary, Unfortunately such logic did not offset the problem on hand.

Tim is currently being held in a Swiss jail in lieu of extradition to the United States. Even though over the past decade the name Timothy Leary has become synonymous with unjust busts, the Swiss case is of an entirely different nature. Since their stay in Switzerland is on the level, the burden is upon Tim and Rosemary to prove to the Swiss Government that theirs is not a criminal but a political case. The record certainly shows that every one of the charges brought against them was politically motivated. The proof of the pudding lies in the severity of the multiple sentences meted out to them, which are totally and completely out of focus. Even by Babylonian standards.

Knowing the ways and means of this government, it has to be taken for granted that they will go to all possible ends to get their hands on Timothy Leary. What better scapegoat to blame for all their problems? In his last letter Tim wrote: "Such strange bizzare days! We look back on the events of the now so distant past as intersecting wheels of insanity."

We must not permit the dimensions of the past to prevail upon today's reality.

FREE MEN AND WOMEN MUST REMAIN FREE! IT IS OUR ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL!

JAAKOV KOHN
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE FRIEDRICH
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
STEVE KRAUS
HONEST BOB SINGER
REX WEINER

RUDI STERN
HETTY
VINCENT TITUS
NELLIE FENAULD

ARTHUR
LINDA CRAWFORD
ALEX GROSS

JAYM E
ALLEN KATZMAN
RAY SCHULTZ
COCA CRYSTAL
D.A. LATIMER
TULI KUPFERBERG
A.J. WEBERMAN
PAULINEA KOUWENHOVN

LARRY S TODD
HEIDI
JOHN REILLY
THE BLADE
LIL PICARD
HARVEY MATUSOW
PERFECTO LA GOGO
KIM DEITCH

DORA KEARNEY
SPAIN
THE D.C. TWELVE THOUSAND
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THE GANG THAT FINALLY SHOT STRAIGHT

lynda crawford



It was 11:00 a.m., the cloudy sky was just beginning to clear up and as the huge crowd began to assemble, the day looked very promising for the Italian-American Civil Rights League Rally at Columbus Circle. Joe Colombo Sr., founder of the League, had been busying himself all morning with keeping things in order like helping to move police barriers down from the trucks and keeping an unauthorized person from selling polo shirts and securing awnings for concessioners and fixing refrigerators that had gone dead and hustling his neices to help with the food stands and squelching regular Central Park vendors from selling at the rally and finding electricians and handing out money-boxes and giving orders to "move that popcorn" and handshaking and back-slapping and wellwishing and even a little weather-predicting. "You'll see," he said to a friend standing near him in small bull-pen area in front of the speaker's platform, "by twelve o'clock the sun will be shining. God will take care of it." He was right too. By twelve o'clock the sun was shining... but Joe never got to see it.

At 11:15 while moving through the crowds to answer a black woman's "Hello", Joe was stopped by a black photographer who had been following him most of the morning. "No more pictures,

O.K.?" he said to the photographer and then turned his back just as the man pulled out a foreign Luger and fired three shots at Joe; two in the neck and one in the head. Instantly, Joe fell to the ground unconscious and four more shots were fired, by an unknown source, three of which hit and killed Joe's assailant, later identified as Jerome Johnson. By 11:25, Joe was in Roosevelt Hospital in critical condition; Jerome Johnson was in Roosevelt Hospital—dead; two of Johnson's suspected accomplices, a black man and woman were being sought on the Rally grounds; homicide detectives began to launch an investigation from Boston to California for clues into Colombo's attempted assassination, and almost as in unison, from the lips of the family at the hospital, the police team investigating, and underworld sources, came the name Joe Gallo: the theory being that the shooting may have stemmed from a long-simmering feud between Colombo and Brooklyn "Crazy" Joe Gallo.

Up until that moment there seemed to be no stopping Colombo and his IACRL. Gathering support from the thousands of working class Italian Americans who have joined him in his shout of "Italian Power", Joe had scored successes one after the other in focusing attention on New Yorker's Italians, where other

Italian organizations have failed. As cited in a recent article in New York Magazine (one of the many articles as of late that have been telling the "new" story; not the one of the Mafia and its leaders but of Italian-American unity and its leader. This gangland style of attempted assassination brings to light the mere changing of name) "the League had filled Madison Garden, raised close to \$2 million, opened chapters around the country, enrolled 50,000 members and pinned everyone from Nelson Rockefeller to William Kunstler as honorary members. The size of the League's rally in Columbus Circle last year was so impressive that the city had been forced to give the League permission to use the area again this year, despite the



Jerome Johnson

fact environmentalists with in the administration had earlier been turned down for the site because their plans were considered disruptive. The League's success in silencing the FBI has spread to other kinds of Mafia-watching. It got Mafia and Cosa Nostra deleted from the Godfather script, but the real victory was forcing Paramount to agree to this demand on the front page of the New York Times. Since then, the League has also dealt with what it considers gratuitous slights and insults in television commercials. It has threatened to boycott Alk-Seltzer because of its "Datsa soma spicy meatball" commercial; a canned tomato sauce for which Enzo Stuartle intones "Datsa nice," and Ford automobiles because they sponsor THE FBI TV series. As a result of the League's actions most magazines and newspapers stopped using the terms "Mafia" and "Cosa Nostra" immediately, and even the New York Times, after several bitter internal policy battles, began covering organized crime with greater restraint than it had during the booming Valachi years."

And who is this man heading the self-righteous fight toward erasing the existence of the Mafia in the public eyes? Colombo, who claimed to be nothing worse than a \$35,000 a year real estate salesman spent 30 days in

jail in May, 1966, for civil contempt --refusing to answer questions before a Brooklyn rackets grand jury. He has also been convicted for perjury, income tax evasion and twice for criminal contempt. Colombo's 13th arrest came on March 5th when he and five others were accused of conspiracy extortion in connection with a \$750,000 jewel theft in 1968. Colombo, our Italian-American abuse protector, allegedly entered the underworld as an expert operator of crap games. From 1946 to 1958 he took 10 arrests on charges involving the games but was convicted only three times. He was fined \$2 on one conviction and \$1 on each of the other two.

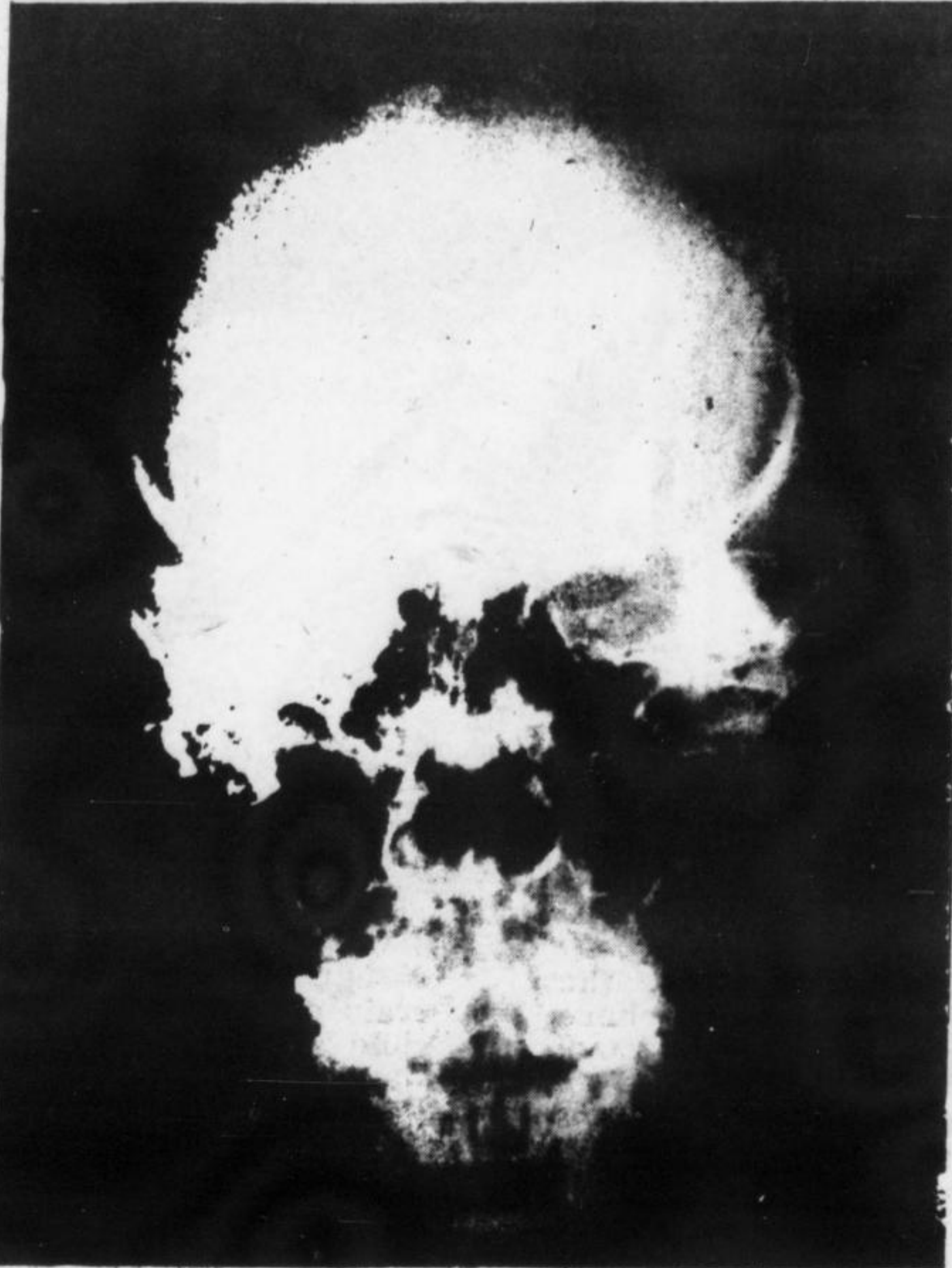
He then moved from the dice into the Profaci mob. His big break was in 1962, during the so-called "Banana War" when Joseph Bonanno, leader of one of the families, tried to become a dominant force in the underworld's grand council. Bonanno's plans called for killing three Mafia leaders and the killings were to be done by Colombo henchmen. However, instead of carrying out the killings, Colombo reportedly told one of the targets about the planned coup. Bonanno was forced to surrender leadership of his family and Colombo's reward was leadership of the Brooklyn family that had been headed by Giuseppe Magliocco, who had

(Continued on Page 13)

"TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR BRAINS BLOWN OUT, YOU RAT BASTARD"

By Steve Kraus

A recent issue of NEW YORK magazine had, as its cover, an X ray or a human skull, a bull's eye superimposed on it. The caption read: "PORTRAIT OF AN HONEST COP-Target for attack; circled area shows where .22 cal. bullet lodged in Officer Frank Serpico's head. Not everybody was glad it didn't kill him." Many of those who bewailed the failure of the bullet to transport Serpico into another world were fellow members of the New York Police Department. They hate him for the fight he and some other police officers have been waging on the widespread corruption in the Department. So, to some, Frank Serpico is a rogue cop; not because he's on the take, but because he isn't. And more: he and his helpers have blown the whistle on the graft in the Department. He hasn't been satisfied with fighting "in the family," he has gone to the despised politicians for help in restoring the image of the policeman, the good guy, the friend of kids and savior of pregnant women trapped in burning buildings that we see in the advertisements of the Police Benevolent Association. (I know of no imminent move to make Serpico President of the PBA.) So now Serpico is walking around with pieces of that .22 caliber bullet in him, on convalescent leave. He's thinking of quitting the force, which is not too surprising. He was wounded during a raid on a suspected heroin pusher, but he himself suspects that perhaps the whole thing was a set-up to get rid of him and the trouble he was causing. The road Frank Serpico has travelled in the ranks of New York's finest began in a familiar way. From his first day on a Bronx gambling squad he was offered bribes by gamblers and discouragement from superiors when he reported it and asked that something be done about it. Politicians in City Hall weren't much more helpful. Finally Serpico and three other policemen, including an inspector, blew the sordid story to the New York Times. Mayor Lindsay, learning of the forthcoming expose, appointed an investigatig team which has become the Knapp Commission, an independent five man panel which is expected to hand in its report very soon. Among the goodies the report will probably contain: the corruption rate in select police units of plainclothesmen and detectives whose concern is gambling and narcotics



is supposed to reach between 99 and 100 percent. Are all cops bad? Surely not: Frank Serpico is proof of that. He is not alone, and, after all, God offered to keep his wrath from destroying Sodom and Gomorrah if ten honest men were to be found in the two scarlet cities. And, for a long time, I have felt that men become policemen, very often, because of the "Catcher in the Rye" Syndrome. You will remember that at the end of Salinger's novel its hero, the young Holden Caulfield, fantasizes himself into a life role of the man who stands in the rye at the edge of a precipice, to catch the ball kids are playing with nearby, to save them from the fall, to help. Frank Serpico himself remembers how he looked up to the policemen on the streets of his Brooklyn youth, admired their uniforms and their medals; he says, "medals and uniforms look different now after our years in Vietnam." The war and concern with it would sound less strange to you if you met Frank. He has long hair and a beard. He lives, with a very big dog, in a West Village apartment cheerfully cluttered with the kind of stuff you and I always hope to find in some as yet undiscovered semi-junk shop in Hoboken; heavy, flowing

art nouveau armchairs, early nineteenth century Spanish bull ring prints, deers' antlers hat stands. But Frank has fresher and more meaningful trophies. You can see how proud and happy he is, yet a bit surprised, as he waves a sheaf of letters he has just received, letters from a member of an Australian police department, a former police doctor in the Middle West, letters from cops all over the country applauding him in his fight. His fight goes on, in many forms; with rewards and perils. When he was in the hospital recovering from his wounds... "the bullet went into the left sinus and hit my jawbone which slowed it down... I guess that saved my life... it was the same kind of bullet that killed Robert Kennedy... his get well cards includes such gems as "Better luck next time, you scum bag" and "Too bad you didn't get your brains blown out, you rat bastard." His enemies have probably not given up; Frank and another member of the force who has been active in the anti-corruption fight, Sgt. David Durk, have been working with the Knapp commission. So, in a way, he is still putting his life on the line. On the other hand Warner Brothers plans to star Paul Newman and Robert Redfield in a film about police corruption based on Frank and Sgt. Durk's reports

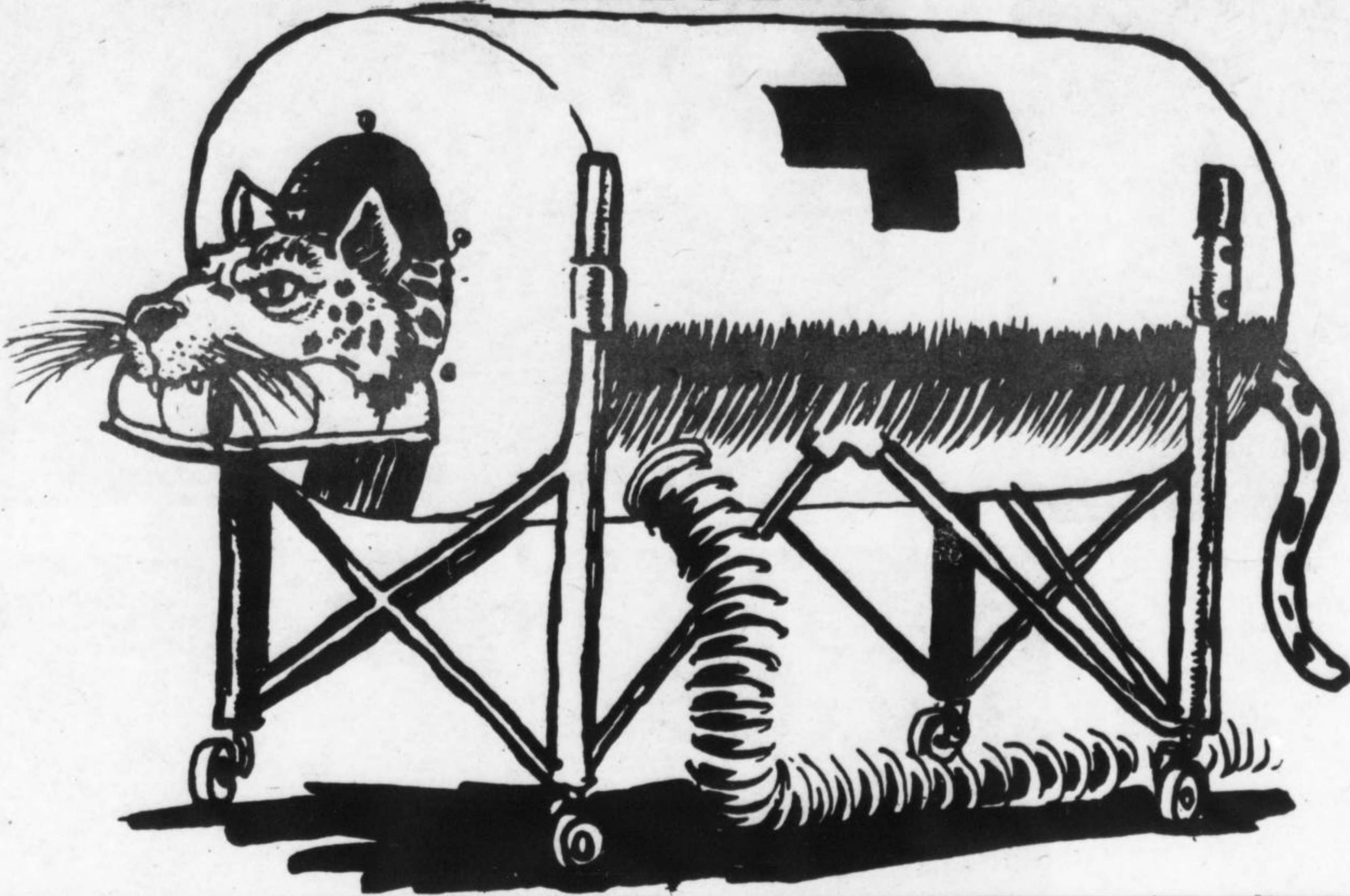
A cover article in NEW YORK Magazine, Warner Brothers making a film about you, why, it's enough to swell anybody's head. Just think what that would do to some media freaks we know. Doesn't seem to have affected Frank Serpico much. He still scours the liquor stores for Great Western Cream Sherry because it's delicious and cheap! Almost seems to be afraid of the perils of celebrityhood... These days he talks of "when I get off the force..." He hopes to write: "I am interested in the forces that shape society and the people really hit by those forces, the dropouts, those who get off the seasaw, who didn't know where to go to find their way in life, who said 'fuck it'..." He smiles reflectively and touches the little round scar that marks the entry point of the bullet. "I would like to get through to the cops and tell them they should never put down anybody just because they have a different viewpoint."

We sit on the dock watching the barges lazily float down the Hudson. "Everybody has the right to free expression. Most people have been keyed to a certain way of life. Cops especially should be open minded, shouldn't be biased... not only cops, everybody... You should judge everybody by their own frame of reference. His eyes follow a sea gull wheeling overhead, he reaches down to pat his sheepdog. "Maybe rationality is bad, not making enough allowance for the unknown..."

I don't know how you feel about policemen. Since Eden has not yet appeared on this earth, we need them. There are bad ones and there are good ones. Frank Serpico seems to be one of the good ones. I wonder what he would be like as Police Commissioner.

Late bulletin: The Knapp Commission has just handed in its interim report. It said that there was so much corruption in the Police Department that it was easier for a rookie officer to be crooked than honest. "The underlying problem is that the climate of the department is inhospitable to attempts to uncover active corruption and protective of those who are corrupt," said the report which dealt mainly with alleged police graft in the areas of narcotics, gambling, prostitution, liquor, hotels, the construction industry, tow trucks and the small Latin American grocery stores known as bodegas.

Cats Croak from Poison Smoke



NEW YORK (LNS)--The recent deaths of a Philadelphia tigress and the hospitalization of a second leopard bode ill for human city dwellers according to ecologists. The three animals are victims of the polluted atmosphere.

Tasha the tigress died May 2 of lung cancer. Dr. Robert Snyder of the Penrose Laboratory in the Philadelphia Zoo can find no other plausible explanation than air pollution for her death.

"Animals don't smoke cigarettes, so we had to look elsewhere," said Snyder. "We do know that carcinogens in the atmosphere can cause cancer. Carcinogens, for example, are asbestos from brake linings and hydrocarbons from car exhaust...and the damn chemicals are potent!"

As part of their research at the Penrose lab, scientists injected 6 day old mice with small dosages of carcinogens, like the age of seven or eight months they developed lymphatic cancer and 75 per cent of them died.

Researchers figure that suffocating traffic on the Schuylkill Expressway which encircles the zoo is responsible for the carcinogens. The tiny particles are heavier than water and sink to the bottom of any body of water or drinking trough. In 1968, there was an unexplicable cluster of deaths caused by cancer among two species of ducks at the zoo. Investigation showed that these two species are peculiar in that they feed mainly from the soft much

at the bottom of the waterfowl lake where carcinogens had collected.

Tasha was trapped in the zoo moat for 19 days two years ago. This intensive exposure to the deadly chemicals on top of her normal exposure to them in the air and her drinking water proved too heavy a dose.

Dr. Ralph Strebel, associate professor of pathology at New York Medical College, said that tests conducted on an 11 month spotted leopard's carcass in the Staten Island Zoo showed clear signs of lead poisoning from air pollution. The spotted leopard, whose growth was stunted and who suffered from paralysis, died of convulsions in October, 1970. An autopsy showed that his esophagus was naturally ruptured. High levels of lead were found in the animal's brain, liver, and kidneys.

Three weeks after the spotted leopard died, his fraternal twin, a black leopard named Mr. Leo Pard was sent to the hospital with similar ailments. (Mr. Par got his name when a blood sample for a "leopard" was sent to the analysis unit of New York Medical College, and an employee, used to working with human blood samples, treated "leopard" as a misprint and corrected it.)

Mr. Pard was found in his cage totally paralyzed and a high level of lead turned up in his blood--83 micrograms of lead per

100 millilitres of blood or enough to cause severe brain damage in a small child. A high level of lead was also found in Mr. Pard's feces and fur.

A month of intensive care in the hospital brought the level of lead in his body down to zero and restored his health so he was returned to the Staten Island Zoo. But almost immediately, the level of lead increased again and the convulsions returned so Mr. Park was sent back to the hospital and is still there.

At first, a team of New York doctors and veterinarians investigating the poisoning assumed that the major cause of death was lead from paint on the bars of the leopard's cage. But Dr. Strebel found no teeth marks on the bars or any other indication that paint was the cause of the poisoning. The investigators became suspicious however when levels of lead were found in areas that could not possibly have been contaminated by paint.

For instance, levels of lead were found in the grass and soil surrounding the zoo, in the dust accumulating around exhaust vents in the zoo and in dead rodents which had scavenged inside the zoo. Dr. Strebel hypothesized that the leopards ingested the lead by licking their fur while grooming themselves. Because fur is electrostatic it attracts metal such as minute particles of lead in the atmosphere. High levels of lead were found on the animals' fur.

Preliminary studies already show that animals living outdoors at both the Staten Island and Bronx Zoos have a greater concentration of lead in their bodies than animals inhabiting indoor cages.

"Atmosphere is the culprit here," said Dr. Strebel. "Look, this stuff accumulates. It piles up like silt. Look at the grass by the roadside."

Asked if the spotted leopard was the first death from air pollution at his zoo, Staten Island Zoo curator, William Summerville said "We just started looking for the cause. Other animals may have died for the same reason. We just don't know."

Up until now, there has not been any conclusive evidence to support the theory that atmospheric contamination can cause lead poisoning, but the current zoo investigation may settle this question. "Any lead is bad news," said Strebel. "The levels found in these animals are an ominous sign. It's an alarm bell that poisoning from the atmosphere is going on. What we have in these animals is a biological testing monitor."

While doctors at the New York hospital and curator Summerville don't know exactly where the lead contaminated grass, soil and water come from, they suspect automobile exhaust from lead gasoline. Mr. Summerville said he could not point to a specific industrial plant near his zoo contributing above



From The Stonewall To The Sheep Meadow

By Ralph Hall

Ironic but to realize truly that the Christopher Street march to Sheep Meadow wasn't a celebration, as much as it was a bore: a straight bore. A routine without the first-time excitement we experienced last year. And when you think more about it what was there actually to be happy about, when knowing in the back of ones' mind that ninety-seven percent plus of your own kind are so unclear and unaware as to why they were marching, why there was a march and other revelations as to why they were there. A march? No, it was more like a massed confusion. "Isn't it a beautiful day?" or, "I thought it was going to rain. I'm glad it didn't." Well, really, what's the weather got to do with gay liberation? If we had been earnest enough, rain wouldn't have stopped us from parading ourselves up Sixth Ave., at all.

Anyways, all marchers worry about is the weather, no matter what type parades. It's customary. But, this past march wasn't our march, not for us. There was too much interference and compromise with the straights. Half of 6th Avenue to march up, why not all? We weren't important enough? Do we always have to do what they say all the time?

Outside of reality, you know you aren't going to get fair publicity for your thing. I mean, real publicity, like "The homosexuals weren't all swishing and lipping, there were ones you couldn't tell about, except they were having a good time, and they were in the march, and in Sheep Meadow waiting, so they must have been homosexuals." The established press is so behind it, so conservative in their evaluations of something they hate, despise and fear. I can envision a homosexual reporting on the march for the New York Times like I can envision Merle Miller writing a review of the "Gay Militants" book for the New York Post. Crass. Co-option. Merle Miller, token fag reporter. What a laugh. I wonder why none of the news people covered the real fags marching and that question goes to

Arthur Bell of the Village Voice.

No one cares whether Jill Johnston was there or whether all those other mentions were there, what about the other fags and dykes, the queens, butches and fairies, the fag shootin' queers. We're not all celebrity straight, you know, Arthur.

Is the gay movement's primary interest in freeing themselves only on paper, as the established presses reported? Will the size of the march hopefully impress City Council enough that they'd push legislation prohibiting discrimination against "homosexuals" in employment, and housing? Bull. Who gives a shit about the Carter-Burden Bill, sponsored by rich, white, middle class straights? That's gonna give us freedom? Bull. Who gives a shit about pro-homo legislation? That's not why we marched this past Christopher St. Liberation Day. I felt like marching, more so it was a walk, up Sixth Avenue with a bunch of my fag sisters and brothers. I felt like being with them in Sheep Meadow Park on Sunday, June 27, 1971, not worrying over whether the march would be impressive nor not, or how large it was going to be. One march is enough, and that was held last year. We

really didn't need this past one. This year the march, in fact, the entire week before it, seemed institutional; a tradition which is so hard to shake off. One had to have bread to enjoy it, so they say. Nothing free, not even the garbage. Next year, if there's going to be any kind of march here in New York City, then I'm not going to march, because the community here is dandy-homo type, the Gay Activists Alliance, the suck ass straight-gays. I mean, even the Gay Liberation Day Committee was primarily white and middle class male and it sponsored an event which didn't need sponsoring. We would have shown up no matter what they did. But I hear the march is going to be held next year in Washington DC. New York is too AC, you see. I hope we won't be working with the pigs to make sure everything comes off all right, but just go ahead and hold our march. I feel next year should be more a day and week of protest and education, as well as celebration, and bring it right down to the bone.

Next year, yes next year, our march will be sponsored by we Moodee Woodee Faggots. None of this liberal crap where we have to clean things first with the oppressor, a city or official of

straightdom. Maybe the entire staff of the Village Voice, EVO, Time Magazine, Washington Post, etc., will Come Out next year and be a part of their march too, seeing as they're keeping their faggotness isolated inside.

It's never too late to start, as it were? I didn't really think the media had gotten over hating us and fearing our presence that easily. If Gay is chic, wait till next year when the Fags take over. The march was a straight bore, my friends.

I'm convinced that we won't be able to be gay when there's straights talking around us, wanting to crush every bone in our bodies if they had the chance.

We're bringing our war to light next year. So let all us Faggots Unite! Open the door, and as you go in, Come Out! This year was the beginning of a new Gay Seasonal, and due to circumstances beyond my control, it ain't all out yet! Would you like to be a sponsor, if so, you can contact me at these fag rag headquarters. All dreaming and romanticism aside, next year is gonna be a big one, wait and see. Come Out and play with us, why don't ya?

(P.s. There is ugliness in Fortune and Men's Eyes. Stay away from it.)



HOWLIN' NICK JOHNSON RAVES ON

Nich Johnson on Cable
By John Reilly and Shridhar Bapat

This interview is with Nicholas Johnson, a Commissioner with the Federal Communications Commission, and generally regarded as the House "radical." Johnson was recently on the cover of Rolling Stone in an article titled "The Greening of Nich Johnson." The FCC is dealing with the question of cable TV and its future. Cable has the potential to revolutionize local access to the media, particularly in the area of Public Channels in New York City. This interview was videotaped in Washington D.D. on June 15 and will be broadcast over the Public Channels in NYC on July 1.

Interwoven with the interview is material drawn from Johnson's statements at the Senate

subcommittee on Communications hearings on cable TV (June 15, 1971).

Reilly: We are inaugurating public cable channels on July 1. Would you comment on the role of public channels and the prospects for development of cable in general?

Johnson: So far the justification for oligopolistic control of the medium by broadcasters has been a technical one: there just aren't enough over-the-air channels to go around. With the introduction of cable the technological argument no longer holds: we now have the capability of giving people an almost unlimited number of channels.

The remaining reasons for limiting cable's development are purely economic. The broadcasters have been encouraging us to stifle cable's growth for the past two decades. Unlike most

industries, the cablecasters are not asking for subsidies or depletion allowances or import restrictions. It is simply a group of businessmen asking for permission to sell a service to consumers who want to buy it.

One of the major positions taken by the broadcasters is to contrast cable TV with so called "free" television. But over-the-air broadcasting is far from free for the average viewer. For example the average annual per home cost of television equipment and repair alone is \$57 (that of newspapers is \$37). In addition, for every dollar spent by the industry on equipment, the consumer spends an average of \$40. Thus although cable is by no means free of cost for the consumer, it would represent additional expense for additional services over that which

he presently pays and gets.

Once we have turned back a policy at least tacitly based on economic protection of broadcasters, particularly in localities served by a severely limited number of local stations, we can begin to promote the growth of cable. And hence begin to transform the role of television in society.

We can turn it from exclusively dispensing forced Hollywood products into something in which everyone can participate. Television has been forced into a mold in the United States in all our imaginations. We think of it in terms of what it now is. And it can be a great many other things. Instead of being controlled by a limited number of broadcasters it can become something in which every American inhabitant is involved. This is particularly true if you make available half-inch videotape equipment such as that used to tape the subcommittee sessions. This equipment can be used by any elementary school student with about half an hour of training. Ultimately any individual can create programming himself much in the same way that

of operating a black-and-white camera.

Cable operates at about 1 percent of the cost of commercial TV. for over-the-air access. The content of these channels can range from carrying existing over-the-air service with much better reception to an expansion of possibilities including specialized service for professional groups, education, disenfranchised ethnic minorities, and even contract carriage; i.e., renting out free cable channels to any individual programmer without content control on the part of the cable operator. One of the important aspects of community access to cable is the problem of increasing the penetration of cable into the inner cities and ghettos. Recently, a black owned operation in Oakland has begun plans to provide cable service at a relatively low charge of \$1.80 per month. The question of financing low-cost cable service to deprived areas and areas where the deprived live will have to be answered through subsidies or across-the-board grants and of course by getting if possible, 100 percent of the homes in a given area wired in so that

(Continued on Page 14)

FAT FREDDY AWAKENS TO FIND PHINEAS HAS SPLIT WITH THE BROTHERS' ONLY CAR...

NO WHEELS AND ONLY \$30 LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO FLY TO CLEVELAND AND HIT MY PARENTS UP FOR SOME BREAD!

HOW CAN YOU FLY FOR ONLY \$30??

I'LL SHOW YOU! FIRST, I GET OUT THE FUR COAT AND THE L.O.L. DISGUISE...

...THEN I'LL BUILD THE CASE...

HERE'S PLANE AND CAB FARE, FREEMHEELIN' FRANKLIN! TAKE ME TO THE AIRPORT AND PUT ME ON THE PLANE!

I WANT TO SEND MY DOGGIE ON THE AIRPLANE TO CLEVELAND!

THAT'LL BE TWENTY DOLLARS, MAM!

THE FABULOUS FURRY

FAT FREDDY

BROTHERS

THIS IS A SNAP!

IT'S COLD IN HERE! GOOD THING I BROUGHT MY FUR COAT AND PLENTY OF WEED!

THE PLANE'S LANDING! WE'RE HERE!

WHEEE! ...ER... BARK!

AS SOON AS NOBODY'S LOOKING I'LL JUST SLIP OUT OF THE BOX AND STROLL AWAY...

IS THAT THE BAGGAGE FROM CALIFORNIA?

LET'S GIVE THESE BOXES A QUICK ONCE-OVER...

I'LL JUST STICK MY FUR COAT UP AGAINST THE DOOR AND GROWL A LITTLE!

...WITH OUR NEW MARIJUANA-SNIFFING DOG!!

OH SHIT! I'M DOOMED!

SNIFF SNIFF

SNIFF SNIFF

A POODLE IN HEAT

SHRIEK! WAIL! MY LITTLE FOO FOO!

HEY, COME, FANG!

IN THE CONFUSION, FAT FREDDY MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE...

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

GET SOME COLD WATER! CALL A SHRIEK! LADY! GOD! I AM A COP!

the adventures of **FAT FREDDY'S CAT**

© 1971 BY GILBERT GIBSON

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO AGGRAVATE FAT FREDDY IN A LONG TIME!

I'M BORED.

I THINK I'LL SPRAY HIS TYPEWRITER!

PSST

ZAP!

GODDAM ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER!

I'LL NEVER PEE AGAIN!

Featuring MARYARELLA!



Cosmic Capers

© 1971 BY L. TODD



The little wooden cart full of junk, its two riders and the mule that pulled it silhouetted against a romantic sunset, annelated off toward home between the rows of lower-class frame houses along Gasoline Alley. 'F'git 'er, Rufus,' muttered Joel sagely, and that would seem to be the end of it, for a while anyway.

Rufus, see, is the town moron in the comic strip Gasoline Alley, previously drawn by Frank King, who croaked recently and left it to an artist named Bill Perry. The strip is signed 'Dick Moores'. Figure it out. Anyway, whoever is doing the strip these days, he is attaining unparalleled altitudes of interest in plotting what used to be the most sclerotic, hermetic strip this side of Brenda Starr. Mainly, he seems to be giving that overwhelming family, the Willets, who just keep overpopulating this planet with generation after generation of middle-class swains—the grandchildren and great-grandchildren just keep browning up relentlessly before your very eyes, and nobody ever dies, God forbid—he seems to be giving this dingleberry dynasty a back seat to some of the other, more interesting, people around town.

Rufus, for instance, and his beloved Elva—whose romance seems to have been suspended with the panel, described two paragraphs ago—are just flush with colour and intriguing attributes. Especially Elva. Rufus himself is this tall, dim-witted, thoroughly loveable addle-pate whose affections were previously concentrated exclusively in his cat, Kitty, a tiny white perpetually smiling quadruped he carried around with him in the crook of his arm. Rufus' love for his kitten seemed absolutely irrefragable until a couple months ago, when a sudden early-morning rain drove him to the shelter of a handy awning, which also happened to be occupied by Miss Elva.

And she was certainly interesting! She was, in fact, the first obvious hooker ever to attain the spotlight in a nationally-syndicated family-type comic strip. This Perry, or Moores or whatever, hustled her right under the noses of the National Cartoonist's Society, and by now surely she is one of the most beloved figures in comics this side of Dick Tracy and Dondi.

I beg your pardon, madam, I am not fabricating a thing here: Miss Elva is indubably a hooker, and it is not an excrescence of male chauvinism to dub her so. There'll have to be a picture of her in the layout accompanying this piece: with her slinky tight micro-skirt and her low-cut blouse and her piquant little black beret and her net stockings and the curious black ribbon around one of her slender ankles. Never in the course of this Gasoline Alley sequence did she appear otherwise attired. And besides, what would any lady, thus garbed, be doing out on the street in the very early hours of the morning, as she was introduced in the strip? The evidence is incontrovertible: Miss Elva had to be the town where.



To be sure, there's nothing wrong with being a whore—why, some of my best friends...—but the appearance of such a lady in Middle America's very favourite family comic strip, repeatedly, day after day, week in and week out, unchallenged by censor or letters to the editor, that would seem to indicate that Things Are Changing. Apparently the great masses of American swaindom have been so bludgeoned into insensibility by the recent proliferation of smut of all sorts that they no longer react with outrage to presentations of the nature of Miss Elva's livelihood. Or perhaps they worry now about more things. Lord knows they have reason to.

In the last couple weeks, in fact, manifestations of a hitherto unmentionable nature have been erupting into the public view with a virtual absence of resistance. By now everyone who follows such things will have heard of the Dirty Writers Of America and their problems with Olympia Press Publisher Maurice Girodias. These people are a bunch of just plain folk like you and me—'dope adeects', Girodias aptly calls them—who happen to have written a good portion of the literature printed by Olympia, and they have decided that they aren't getting a fair shake from the company. Girodias, as they explain it, keeps reprinting their books, and translating them for sale abroad, without forking over the proper residuals. And it avails nothing, they further aver, to check Olympia's books, because Girodias and his partner Dave Young keep two sets of property accounts, one for the public view and one for the tax collector. To this Girodias responds, 'It's all lies. Zey can go fock zemselves.'

Very likely they might as well go fuck themselves, because the history of Girodias' dealings with his authors presents him as an extremely formidable obstacle to the prosecution of lawsuits. He's still being sued for a few quite respectable volumes he published over twenty years ago in Paris—he published Candy, Lolita, The Rosy Crucifixion, Watt, and quite a few other very presentable works of literature—and last I heard, Vladimir Nabokov had given up his lawsuit against Girodias in great disgust. And much of the stuff he published in Paris was great stuff,

Box Lunch or some such, and his name changed to Lucky Pierre Pierrepont or whatever, and the whole manuscript dripping with smut, well... Stock clerks rained from the windows for a while.

But this is apocryphal. In the case of the Dirty Writers Of America, things appear more clear-cut. These just plain folks are mainly Greenwich Village poets and such who ripped off dirty books for Girodias a few years ago to pick up a quickie advance and whatever residuals they could pry loose of him. Although he will doubtless deny it, it seems unlikely that when Sam Abrams spat out Barbara in two weeks—'on a pound of cocaine,' he dissimulates modestly—he could have foreseen its emergence as the very favourite sex book of the Now Generation, and its eventual reworking into the movie of the same name (a very lame movie in-



'Zey can go fock zemselves.'

deed). Now, however, when Girodias' public books indicate that Barbara has sold nearly 70,000 copies in the last twelvemonth alone, Abrams says he wants, and had always expected, a bigger slice of the pie. Accordingly, he got himself together with a few other Olympia writers, formed the Dirty Writers of America, and talked Mickey

Kraus to stand aloft and deliver himself of a splendid revolutionary harangue in which he equated Girodias and his ilk as the worst sort of capitalist, chauvinist pigs, and called for resolute and effective revolutionary guerilla action against them to achieve just and a proper return of royalties. Kraus' vehemence was so forceful, and his terminology so colorful, that it provoked a steady chorus of 'right on's from the DWA people, and prompted owner Ruskin to keep looking around nervously toward the front of his establishment to see how his regular patrons were coping with the profanity. Kraus dragged in intellectual literary references—'As Prince Hal really told Falstaff, "kill all the lawyers first, they're all lousy lays"—and punctuated them with extended passages of purest obscenity—'Don't give those fuckers

another fuckin' word of copy until they fuckin' pay up!' Jackie Curtis, apparently inspired by all this colourful calumny, suggested that what Girodias needed was a substantial enema, forcibly administered.

But Kraus' vigorous monologue seemed, in the long run, to have fallen upon deaf ears. The primary concern of the DWA, to listen to them talk, is their corporate grievance with Olympia Press, and what Kraus was primarily suggesting was that a comprehensive organisation of smut-writers be formed, to take broad and unilateral action against all smut publishers, among whom Girodias and Olympia actually figure as fairly modest. As events the following Sunday tended to indicate, the Dirty Writers of America—being, by their own admission, primarily poets, not smut writers—are simply not interested in aligning with other smut writers.

DECOMPOSITION

D.A. LATIMER

recognized very shortly after its appearance as authentically valuable contributions to world literature. So it might be painfully difficult for the DWA people to get a fair shake in the courts from Girodias, being that most of the stuff he's been publishing since he moved his outfit to New York in 1967—their stuff—has been mainly smut, pure and simple. If Girodias can screw the author of Lolita, what can't he do to George Kimball, author of Only Skin Deep? See, when Girodias was chased out of Paris—a result of a personal vendetta, word had it, on the instigation of Madame De Gaulle—and got to New York, he found himself in stiff competition (no pun) from the likes of Grove Press and Midwood, who had been publishing a lot of pure pornography for quite a while. Something had to be done quick, so Olympia placed manuscript-wanted ads in like the Village Voice, and received responses, naturally, from every stock clerk with dementia praecox who had been working on the Great American Novel for several years, and had stacks of it in his closet. And these poor agent-less schmucks Girodias would sign to some fairly curious contracts—lawyers who saw some of those contracts, later, were said to burst out laughing and crying simultaneously—which, legend has it, gave Olympia the absolute rights to such things as the author's name, his past and future works, his lease, his children down to the seventh generation... And then, many say, he would send these mountains of

drivel out to Diane Di Prima, the San Francisco poetess, who would write dirty parts into them here and there for \$500 a volume. And so when one of these poor stock clerk clowns eventually saw his treasured volume appearing in the tasteful green Traveller's companion format, with its name changed to Hot

Ruskin into lending them the back room at Max's Kansas City a couple weeks ago for a press conference.

They were a freaky-enough looking bunch. Abrams, skinny as a toothpick with a great bush of hair and a sweet spacey coked-out look in his thick hornrims, handled the conference surprisingly well, considering that Girodias has exposed him as being 'destroyed by dope.' 'This,' identified Abrams, sweeping his bony hand to indicate a panel including his wife, George Kimball, and Jackie Curtis (who, incidentally, looks to be a boy these days, and looks nearly as good at that as he is as a girl), 'This is—um—the Dirty Writers Of America. But there's a lot of us also that couldn't be here,' and he ran off a list of other notable Olympia writers, and others not so notable, such as me, who never wrote a word for Girodias. 'We feel,' he explained, 'that for too long pornographers have hidden under the cloak of anonymity, mostly I guess out of shame. But that's absurd. As you can see just by looking at the newspapers, pornography is actually a pretty decent, harmless trade—compared to a lot of the other stuff that's happening these days. We simply titillate the penis—which, it seems sometimes, is the only responsive organ Americans—um—respond to these days.' There were some fairly notable Women's Liberation journalists at the conference, but none of them cavilled against this hypothesis.

Following this charming introduction with a list DWA's grievances against Olympia, Abrams then asked for any questions or recommendations from the assembled press. This was the signal for my distinguished EVO colleague Steve

The Morton Street Pier Pornography Workshop reading had been announced at the DWA press conference at Max's. Abrams and his crew knew about it long beforehand, and yet none of them showed up for it. Very likely many of them were still up in the Sheep Meadow at the end of the Gay Day march at 4:30, when the reading was scheduled to begin. But shit, it's only a quick subway ride from the park to the pier, and yet none of the DWA showed up.

For that matter, neither did all the Morton Street Pier pornographers. We are a loosely aligned organisation of various second-echelon pieceworkers in the smut-paper industry, and many of us were destroyed on dope before Abrams ever heard of cocaine. Nevertheless, a substantial number of Pier pornographers did eventually assemble at the end of the dock, under a blistering sun, a tiny clot of perverts surrounded by elderly people pleasantly contemplating the oily waters of the Hudson and young lovers holding hands. There was no pre-arranged sequence to the reading, and we were at a loss until Yippie veteran Rex Wiener suggested whoever was to read first should select the next reader, and so on. So Peter and Antonia Stampfel of the Holy Modal Rounders struck up their guitars and proceeded to swing into a few smutty but very pleasant-sounding numbers, and a crowd began to gather around the bunch, drawn by the noise. Halfway through the second number, a constipated-looking old dame with 'N.Y. Pier Authority' tattooed on her neck

DECOMPOSITION

CONTINUED

approached Antonia: 'You'd better stop this,' she shouted over the ring of the guitars. 'These people didn't come to the pier to hear this,' she declared, indicating the growing crowd of gawkers who were smiling delightedly down into the clot of pornographers. Peter and Antonia merely persisted in strumming their guitars very loudly until eventually the old dame got revolted and split.

'Awwright,' Screw reporter Peter Brennan announced after the Stampfels concluded their audition. 'This is the pornography reading, the Morton Steet Pier Pornography Workshop reading. We're gonna e reading smut,' he admitted in his neo-W.C. Fields drawl, 'so if you don't like smut, you be well advised to stay out of earshot. And if you've got little kids you don't want to hear this, keep them away too. And finally, you spectators are implored to remain chaste. There will be no masturbating on the pier. Be ye warned.' Then he introduced me, and, quaking in trepidation--being first, I was convinced that either the police would arrest me or the Lavender Menace would pitch me in the drink--I read my charming cow-fucking piece from X, which seemed to charm no one. 'Latimer's a pretty fair writer,' they were saying, 'but he's too chickenshit to raise his voice.' Bruce David of Flesh however was devoid of trepidation. Standing aloft on a small prominence on the pier, he read in a loud booming voice his Scorpion novelette from Pussycat, one of the dirtiest, filthiest, least redeemable pieces of pure sado-maso smut ever composed. Well, actually, it's a damned funny story--a highly stylised lampoon of the very language of pornography--but line by line it's suppurating with throbbing members and shuddering vulvas, and must sound fairly outrageous to an uninitiated public.

The people listening, however, took it right in stride. They laughed in all the proper places, apprehending David's piece apparently for what it was. In fact, while he was reading a little middle-aged nicely-dressed lady sat down next to me, well within hearing range, listened for a few minutes, and asked politely, 'Is this the poetry reading?' It seems that by pure coincidence, the Morton Street Pier Poetry Workshop had scheduled a reading of their own at the exact same time. 'No,' I told her, writhing in anxiety, 'it's not porty. It's pornography.' And this lady actually sat there, listening politely,

until Bruce finished his reading, and left perfectly unruffled.

That's how it was all through the reading. Nobody was scandalised--except Francesca, who asked later, 'Don't you people think about anything else?' and punched me on the arm--and in fact, the gathering periodically exploded into torrents of pure healthy laughter. Especially when Tom Fehey cut loose. Tom Fehey says he's from New Jersey, where he has a wife and two kids and works in a photo-developing laboratory. Nobody at the reading had ever heard of him before. He showed up, a beautiful skinny long-haired kid in cutoffs, wearing a tee-shirt dappled with colourful feltpen profanities like 'Fingerfuck', 'scum-

his guitar, he rocked into the most fantastically lively, loud, and perfectly filthy numbers anyone had ever heard.

First he did 'Anal Intercourse', a fabulous hard-rock number in which he admitted that the object of the song had 'nice round melonshaped rosy-tipped tits', but right now it was her ass that was going to be employed. 'I wanna perform a perverted act,' he shrieked, 'on your digestive tract.' People collapsed all over the dock in hilarity--I myself sustained a nasty scrape on my sunburn--and when he launched into 'Slanty Eyes', complete with sound effects of a Chinese chick being rogered by an American G.I., I believe we lost a few spectators off the dock. Winding up with 'Hey Red'--

Hey! Red! Give me head!
My balls are hangin'
like two buckets of lead!

--he left everyone completely stoned out. Fehey was undeniably the star attraction of the porno reading, and chances are he'd be the star attraction of some recording company if he weren't so disgustingly principled. 'Why don't you go up to Allen Douglas,' I

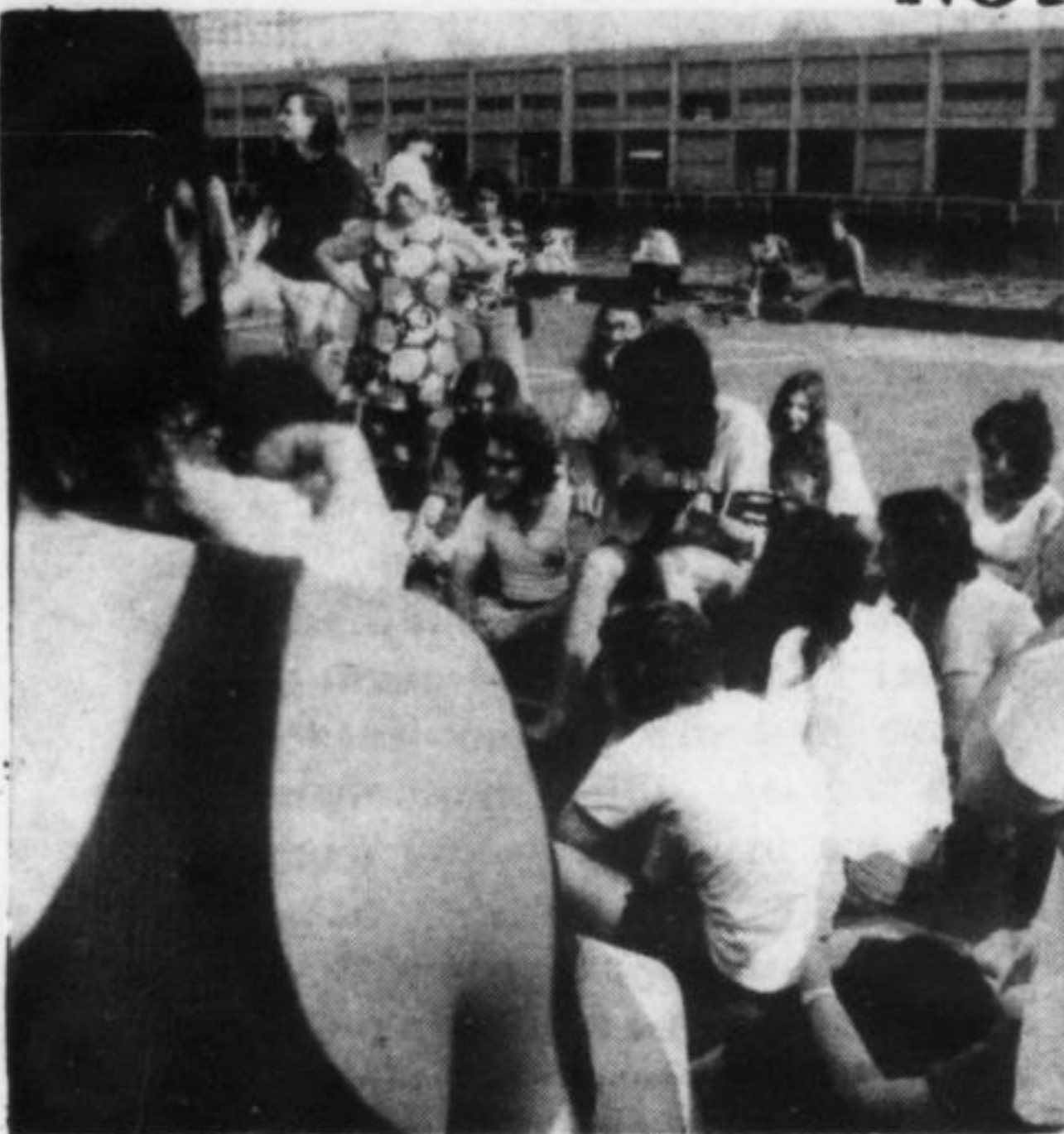


dam-eating out a lady in the midst of a miscarriage, that's a new one--and an extended discussion of ejaculato praecox by Peter Brennan that managed, even after Fehey, to put everyone back into stitches for a while.

That was the first Morton Street Pier Pornography Workshop reading. If I have failed to mention readers who were there and read, or if I have mentioned writers who were there and did not read, or if I have mentioned writers who were neither there nor read, if I have mentioned well, or if I have mentioned ill, I trust no one will come gunning for me. We're not a bunch of pansy-assed poets, after all, like the Dirty Writers of America.

The point to be drawn from this is that no one complained about either the DWA press conference or the porno reading--if you discount the perfunctory attempt of the Pier Authority lady to chuck us off the dock. No, people accepted all this shit, and in many cases even appeared to like it. Fehey for instance maintains that when he sings his songs on the street, which he does quite frequently and for nothing, nobody ever objects: 'Now, they just smile and laugh and fall over,' he reveals. 'What's not to like?' Indeed, that just might be the prevailing tone of American opinion nowadays toward smut: why not smut, we got worse things to worry about. Abrams may be right: with the government getting filthier and filthier all the time, pornography is beginning to look good by comparison. If you can stomach Nixon, you can stomach Lucky Pierre. By God, they'll swallow anything these days, Maurice, even hookers in comic strips.

NOTE:



This dude's name is not spelt 'Fehey', but 'Feher'.

bag', and 'cock'. Down his back, in various colours, was this little ode:

..Now, if your perception
isn't at its best;
If you can't judge my sex
by the shape of my chest,
I'll just open my fly
and you do the rest:
Make the taste test.

And he sat on his black guitar case through three or four manuscript readings before deciding to cut loose and show us what real smut was all about. 'I'm Tom' he declared, whipping out his axe, 'and I just wanna sing a few songs I wrote...' And sitting back down on his case, hunched maniacally over

asked him later, 'and show him some of your shit? He'd sign you up in a minute.' 'I hate Allen Douglas,' he seethed, heading for the end of the dock with his magic guitar. 'I hate all exploiters. I don't wanna take money for my songs. I mean, who needs a goddam penthouse and a motorboat and all that?' Immediately I began to hate him. 'I'm putting my songs in the public domain. Write me, I'll send you a copy to the lyrics of all twelve of them.' This is the man who could start a whole new wave in rock and roll--porn rock--but he's got principles. Shit.

After Fehey split, the porn reading finished up with some really gross funny shit from Peter Pussydog of Amster-



More Kraus Photos.



Magnets & label-switching made easy

Computer Destruction

Reprinted from *Dun's*

"In order to destroy a computer, it is first necessary to gain access to it, and then, assuming that the owner and manager of the computer will be hostile to one's acts, to make one's exit without being apprehended or identified" from *The Technology of Computer Destruction* Broadside/ Free Press.

As a number of U.S. companies have reason to know, more than a few anti-establishment members of U.S. society are taking these instructions to heart. Among the companies that are known to have suffered damage to their data-processing facilities either from disgruntled insiders or militant outsiders are the Bank of America, Chase Manhattan Bank, Dow Chemical and IBM. And since no company enjoys talking about such embarrassments, this list represents only the tip of the iceberg.

By now, of course, almost every corporation of any size is storing so much of its vital information in its FDP (Electra Data Processing) room—on everything from personnel records and sales figures to research results and long-range corporate plans—that its loss can cause a major upheaval. Indeed, for some 97% of U.S. companies, according to the most authoritative estimates, loss of their basic computer tapes would be a major—in some cases a fatal—disaster. As an executive of a large insurance company recently admitted in a moment of candor: "If anybody is out to get our company, the way to do it is through our \$25-million computer installation."

This is no news to Dow Chemical. Breaking into Dow's computer center at Midland, Michigan, SDS members erased more than 1,000 tapes on which were reportedly stored the results of years of Dow research into napalm, nerve gases and other secret chemical weapons. Noting that the intruders carefully erased the tapes instead of physically destroying them, Dr. Bowman, director of the Carl Dow Computation Research Library,

observed with plaintive admiration:

"They sure knew what they were doing. . . ."

It seems almost incredible how easily a computed tape can be destroyed. Take the ordinary magnet. At one company, an employee inadvertently attached his magnetic flashlight to the side of a tape cabinet while he was cleaning the interior. Result: The company lost six full days of computer time while it reconstructed the data the magnet had erased from the tapes. Another computer service man forgot he had a magnet in his toolbox while working near tapes. His oversight destroyed some 80,000 of a credit company's customer records, which had to be recreated from hard-copy files at a cost of 10,000. A magnet the size of a quarter, Luis Scoma, Jr., former director of data processing for Montgomery Ward and now head of Data Processing Security, Inc., can destroy a library of up to 50,000 tape reels in minutes. The crime is silent, neat and clean. What's more, Scoma adds, "the scrambling of data may go undetected until those particular tapes are called from the library."

The magnet, handy though it is, is not the only weapon available to trouble makers. Explains John Alexander, who heads the Management Systems and Science division of the American Management Association: "For anyone aiming to create confusion it's even easier just to switch the label attached to two reels of magnetic tape. When the switch is eventually discovered, nobody will have any way of knowing whether two labels were transferred or 200. To find out, the company would have to check every single tape; it has—and that's an awfully tedious business."

The experience of security man Dick Brandon is proof enough of how easy it is for an outsider to get into many a company's computer room

"Whenever we have a man go to check a computer room . . . we always send someone who is a total stranger to the company—just to see if he can get into the room without being challenged and steal a tape. I am sorry to say that at least half the time he gets away with it. . . ."

SOME PROTECTION PRIORITIES

So a lot of companies are beginning to recognize, if belatedly, the vulnerability of their computer rooms. And while there is little experience to go by, some protection priorities are now emerging.

For one thing, backup libraries of tapes are being created. . . . To keep the costs down as much as possible, some companies are breaking down their records into the critical, the important and the merely useful as a guide to what needs duplicating. Others use older generations of tapes as backups. The set that is most recent, known as the 'son,' remains in the computer room; the so-called 'father'—tapes that are, say, a week old—will be in another location; and the 'grandfather,' containing basic corporate information, may be locked up in underground hideaways several miles from the company. Data Processing Security, for one, is now constructing underground vaults to protect backup tapes of clients.

Dow and others who learned the hard way are doing more than that. They are using everything from that old standby, around-the-clock guards, to sophisticated electronic devices—such as doors that will open only when a special access card is presented and magnet-detecting sensors similar to the ones now being used to spot potential hijackers at airports—to guard against easy access to the computer.

Finally, thorough security checks of employees are becoming much more common. As noted, the people with legitimate access to the EDP room—programmers in particular—have almost limitless opportunities for damage or theft. This has led many companies to use much the same methods prudent businesses adopt to ward off attempts at corporate espionage. That emphatically included thoroughly investigating the people it hires in the first place.



As promised, this column will deal with things YOU want to know about. The people who have called us have asked us the following two questions quite frequently. If you have a question you would like answered here, just send it to Sister Sunshine, LSD Rescue, Naturalism, Inc., 180 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217. Or call 596-0900.

DOES LSD CAUSE CHROMOSOMAL DAMAGE? OR WHAT WILL JUNIOR LOOK LIKE?

An article that reviews all the scientific literature on the subject (written by Dr's J. Egozue and S. Irwin in No 1, volume 3 of the *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*) comes to the conclusion that there is evidence that the chromosomes in the white blood cells are altered in some people who took the pure drug. These cells do not take part in the reproductive process and are constantly replaced. And so far, all animal and human studies have shown that LSD does not cause any "gross chromosomal abnormalities." The article ends. "An unusually high incidence of spontaneous abortions, miscarriages or stillbirths among pregnant LSD users could be evidence of (gene) mutations. It may also be related to the uterine-specific actions of lysergic acid and its derivatives, or the time being, it seems wiser to maintain a wait and see attitude."

The 500 mg. tablets are available at Willner Chemists 330 Lexington Ave.

1. Vitamin B-3 (niacin) at a dose of 1 gram per 50 lbs. of body weight (that would be 6-500 mg. tablets for someone weighting 150 lbs.) this will stop a trip in approximately 20 to 40 minutes—niacin has a side effect of turning the body red and it also gives hot body rushes. If Niacinamide is available it has the same effect of aborting trips, however, the person doesn't get the body rushes or turn red.

2. Glutamic acid is the same thing as Accent meat tenderizer, however, it comes in a tablet form of 500 mg. per tablet, the dosage is 5 grams, which is 10-500 mg. tablets—this works by relaxing the entire body.

If you are being with a person on a trip it is very helpful if you can stay relaxed and just be with the person. Yours in the Spirit of Nature, Sister Sunshine

WHAT CAN BE USED TO ABORT A TRIP? . . . WHAT TO DO WHEN MORNING'S TOO FAR AWAY, AND YOU WANT TO COME DOWN

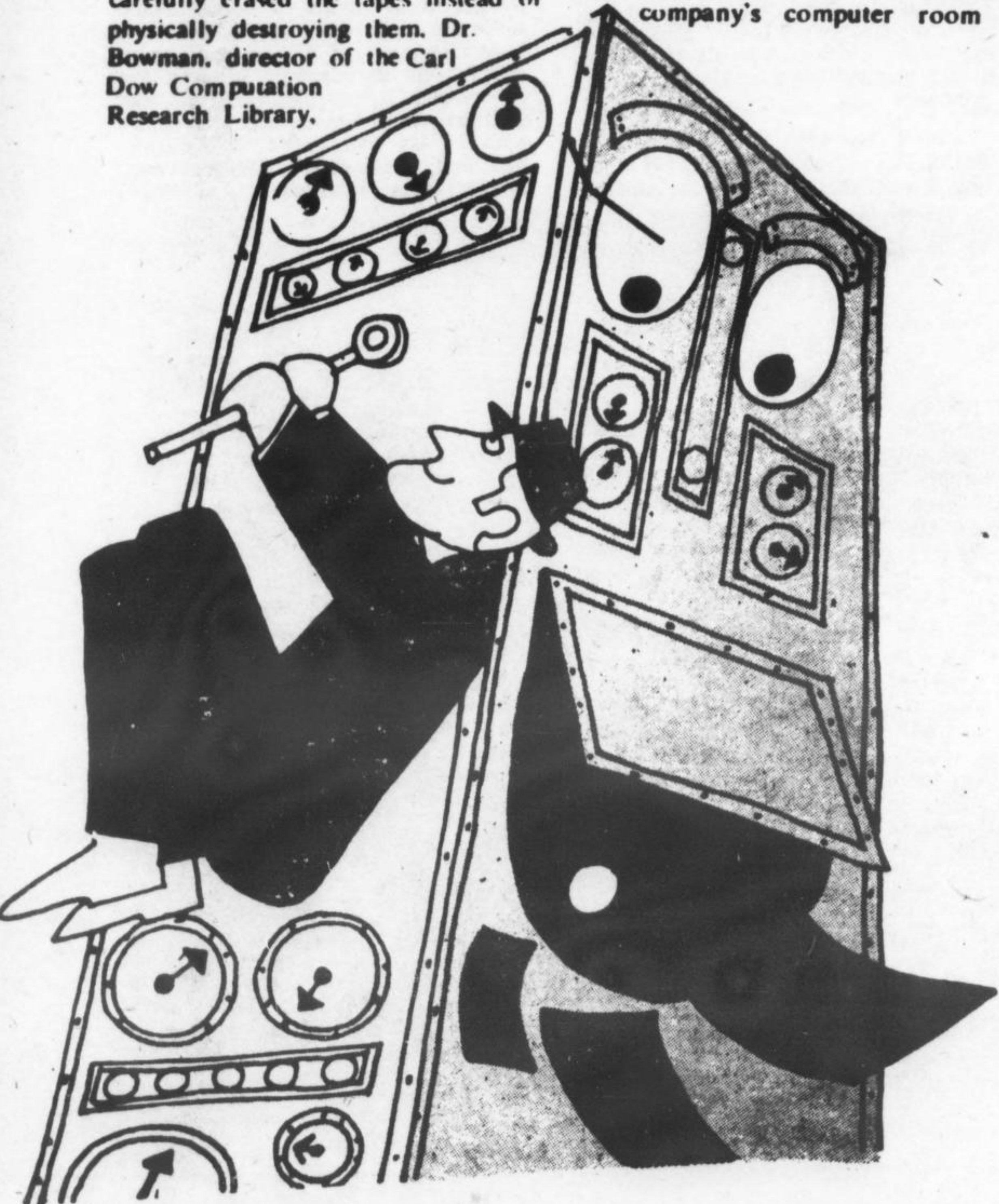
LSD, . . . DMT, or Psilocybin: home remedies. . . .

1. 8 tablespoons of Accent or meat tenderizer mixed with a glass of milk or orange juice, or any strong liquid—this will relax the person's body and should turn a bum trip into a good one.

2. A cup of sugar, honey or maple syrup, mixed with a glass of milk should put someone to sleep in about half an hour. WARNING: Inquire whether diabetes is present, which contraindicates the use of any form of sugar.

3. You could give the person a shot glass of whiskey, which will stop a rip.

Vitamin Remedies—more effective but you have to go and get them—only get 500 mg. tablets—¹/₂—the lower dosage tablets have a filler in them that can make you nauseous.



THE GANG

(Continued from Page 3)
 recently died. Colombo's associations with the family he now allegedly rules, date back to his father, Anthony Colombo, who was found strangled with a woman named Christine Oliveri, in a car in Brooklyn on February 6, 1938.

With this wholesome background, Colombo is now the man who picketed the FBI Building and successfully managed to get Attorney General Mitchell to order the FBI agents to stop using the words "Mafia" and "Cosa Nostra" in their press releases. Yes, Joe was very clever in his "out in the open and smiling" tactics and this June 28th Unity Day Rally from the start had promised to have the biggest turn-out of supporters yet.... until the shots rang out at 11:15.

After the shooting, over at Roosevelt Hospital, a long vigil was starting by members of his family, friends and League officials. Up until about 1:30 p.m., his chances for survival were unknown and the second floor was heavy with the grief of his family. His eldest son Anthony, close to tears at one point, when told about "certain" Brooklyn facilities being picked up and questioned by police, just shrugged his shoulders. There were others however, who had no doubt of the involvement of underworld characters in the shooting. "The question now, is who; who put them up to this", was echoed over and over in the hospital corridors. The family was very reluctant to speak to the press about their notions as to 'who did it' or about anything else for that matter. At one point they ordered all press off the floor, but those of us present managed to stay, assuring them we would remain in the small lounge area and not roam about. The doctors sent out reports regularly that the operation was going as well as could be expected and that Dr. Hanson, the head surgeon, felt his chances were good because of his strong heart.

There were many visitors that came to comfort the family: Rev. Louis Giganti, came and administered last rites to Colombo; Rabbi Meir Kahane, leader of the Jewish Defense League, visited with the family about 5:30 pm and told us on leaving: "They're in much better spirits now"; Sammy Davis Jr., his wife, Altovise, and three friends visited shortly after 7:30 pm, spent about twenty minutes inside and told reporters as he left: "It's a terrible thing"; Connie Francis came by to pay respects but when we approached her as to the climate of the family at this point, she sharply answered; "I have nothing to say. I came to discuss business with Mr. Di Cicco" (Joe Di Cicco is

one of the League's most important lieutenants); Mayoral assistant Barry Gottehrer, who had been standing near Colombo when he was shot at the Rally, came by as did Baruch Simca, New York coordinator for the Jewish Defense League. "We're here on our own," he said of himself, "We came to pay respects"; also visiting was Newark Councilman Anthony Imperiale who said: "An Italian-American brother of mine has been shot. No matter what you think of Joe Colombo (a subtle implication of his feelings) he is entitled to his 14th amendment rights... This is a sick society". Quite a clan (maybe I shouldn't use that word) of visitors.

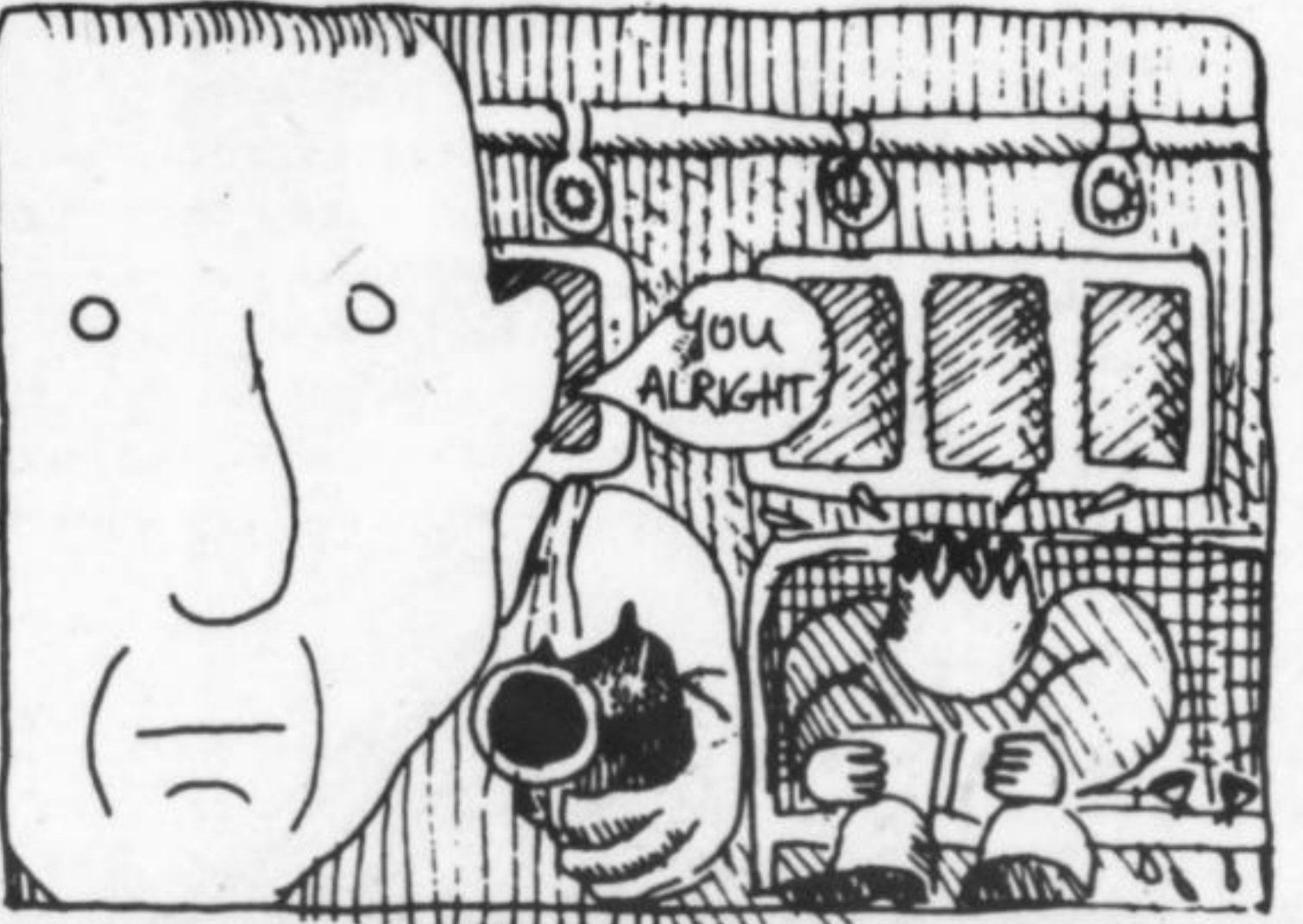
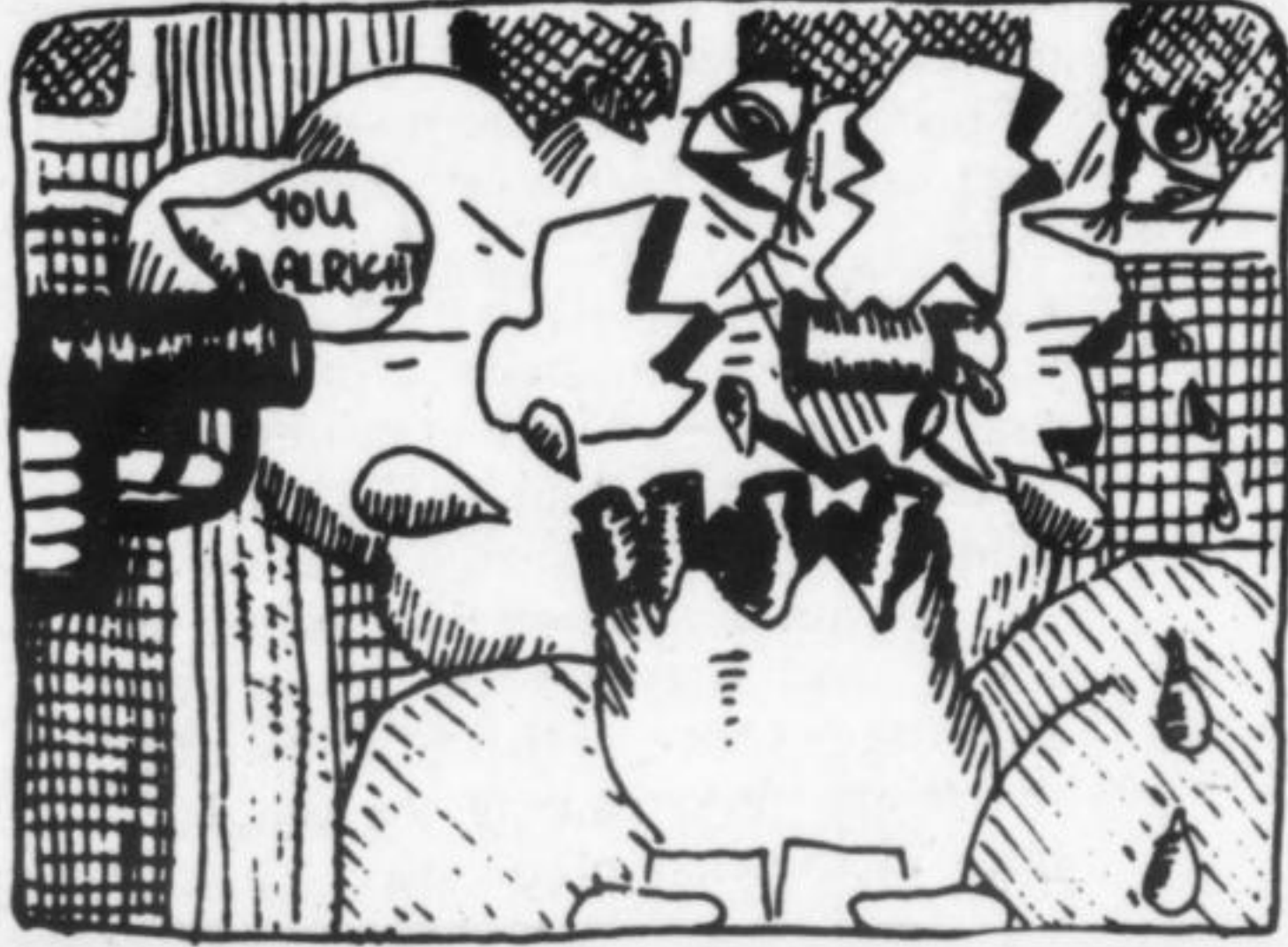
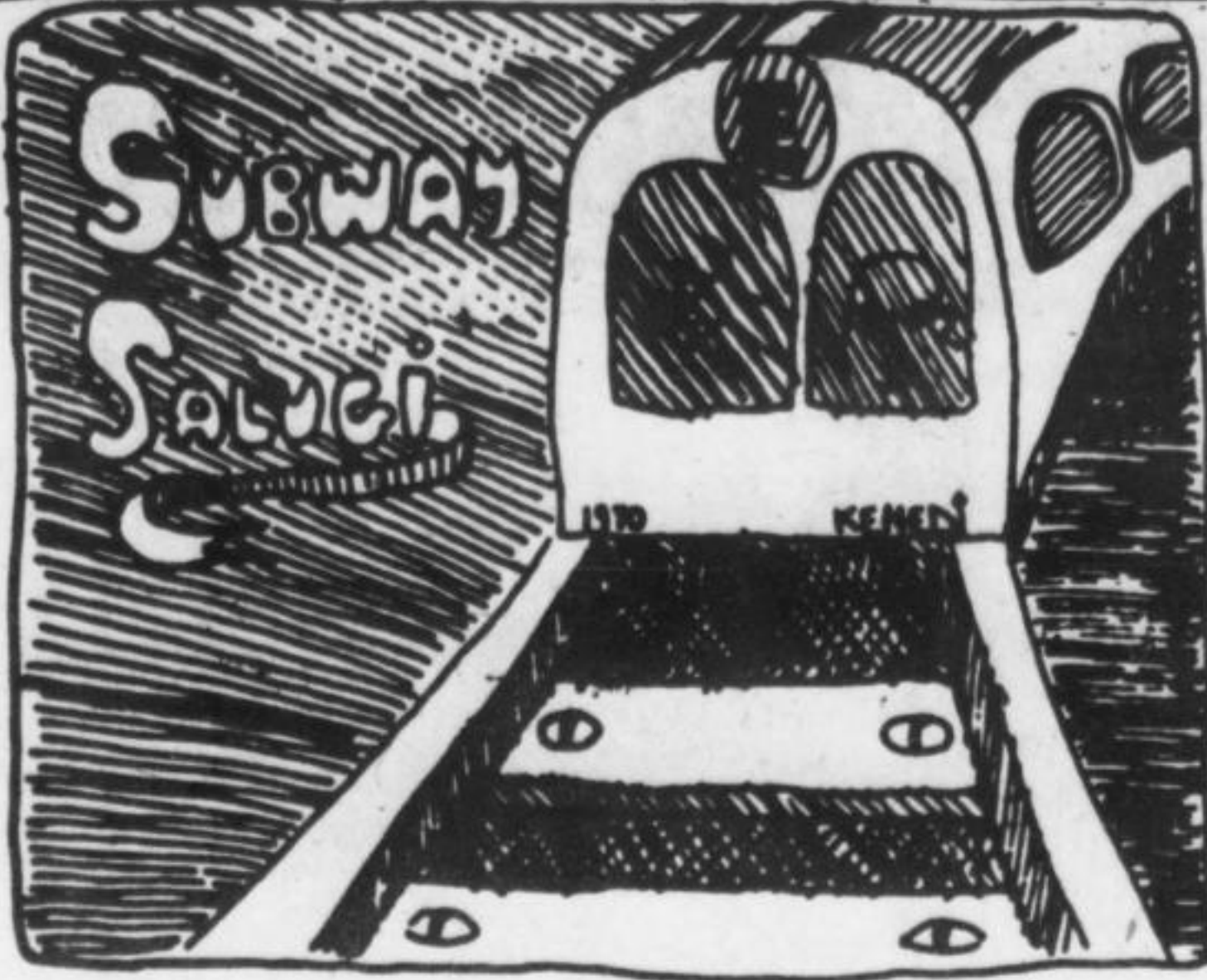
Outside the hospital, in the street, there was a vigil of may Italian-Americans who had been at the Rally at the time of the shooting.

At one point, a black man was brought in an ambulance, having just been beat up at the Rally by a group seeking out Jerome Johnson's accomplices. From what is seemed, the only evidence they needed to constitute a search harassment and most often a beating, was the color of black skin. From 11:15 on, the color black did not mesh very well with the red, white and green displayed throughout the Rally grounds (rumor has it, however, that its been meshing quite well in Gallo quarters). Nor did the world "Press" being that Johnson had been allowed into the Rally by his flashing a N.J. Working Press Card.

Far be it from these Italian-American, unified by Colombo to stamping out the "myth" of the Mafia, to suspect that the

24 year old Johnson had been hired by one of Colombo's rivals to snuff him out in old Mafia gangland tradition. There is no Mafia, right? Joe Colombo and his IACRL say no. Edgar J. Hoover and his FBI say they don't really believe there is any such thing as the Mafia (as Jimmy Breslin put it in his book, THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT, "the answer can only be either Hoover himself is a member of the Mafia or that he regarded 'Communist' literature on 14th Street in New York as far more dangerous than narcotics on 108th Street"). Maybe someone should ask Carl Gambino 'boss of bosses' if there is a Mafia. Or that 'loyal' friend of the Gallo's, Carmine Persico. Better yet, why not ask 'Crazy Joe Gallo' himself. If given some time, his mind

might be capable of remembering a fun-loving little gang war that ran up a box score of 15 murders, 9 murder attempts and the disappearance of 5 mobsters who are listed by police as "missing and presumed dead" that ended in 1963. However, if none of these sources are available for statements a little trip down to President Street could be very informative. Just make sure to stay clear of stray bullets that could quite possibly be traveling through the air along with the smog, due to a different type of pollution, quarantined dead and most often recognizable by the scent of an English Oval or the sight of expensive shoes. The scientific term for this is Contractitus but it is commonly known throughout the trade as Murder!



REX

news

REVIEW

Dylan may be gone, but LOUDON WAINRIGHT III is here and now, relating to this time like Dylan once touched us in another time. At a special press party at the Gaslight 11 for his new album (his second on Atlantic), I sat clutching a turkey leg while Loudon got up gangly on the stage and tore songs from his head, heart, and guitar. "I'm little uncool, I'm a little uncouth..." he sang, and he is that way. His head is a little too big with slack jaws and rounded shoulders. His arms hang down kinda funny, but when he starts beating on his guitar doesn't matter. "I know things just ain't right, all last week I was drunk every night," and he goes on to sing about the uptight, the bad thoughts, the times we all go thru when "put a rope around yer neck, what the hell, what the hell, what the hell, what the heck." Loudon's poetry is rough and the words just about fit, the images unexpected and nervous: "There's a baby in the house..." is one of his best songs, about how the baby can see thru lies and games, and it's just the most unusually poetic song using such a strange image as a "baby in the house." But Loudon makes you laugh with his candor and the way he penetrates thru even your own scene while maintaining his own awkward stance in the hip world (which is hipper than anybody else's stance because it's so fucking honest). Loudon Wainright touches the chords of uneasiness and pain with which the lives of love and striving are played these days, putting light and humor on the spots that hurt. (He's playing right now at the Gaslight 11.)

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. (LNS)—After four days of street fighting and a quarter of a million dollars worth of property damage, the National Guard was taken off alert on June 20 as local police finally succeeded in clearing the streets.

The trouble had begun ten days earlier. Donnie Hill, 15, and a friend were driving the Hill family car down a local expressway, when the car conked out late Thursday night June 10. The young blacks got out of the car and started tinkering with the motor. A police car whizzed by and then quickly turned around.

"That's a stolen car. You're under arrest," Donnie started to run for help. One of the cops drew his gun and fired. Donnie fell dead—shot in the back.

A week later, after Donnie's funeral, about 500 young blacks marched through the downtown business area to Jacksonville's courthouse. They rallied and demanded that the cop who killed Donnie be charged with murder. When the rally was over some of the young people came across two white cops harassing another young black about an "allegedly" stolen car.

This time the car belonged to the young man's brother-in-law. When the brother-in-law sowed up and was able to identify his car, the police decided that the license plates were stolen. The cops radioed headquarters. Meanwhile, the crowd around the car was growing larger and angrier. Headquarters radioed back that the plates

weren't stolen. So then the police started examining the car, and decided that the muffler was faulty.

You can get a jail for having a faulty muffler in Jacksonville, if you're black, and so the young man and his brother in law were taken off. At the same time a city owned tow truck showed up and started to heave the car up on the towing chains. In Jacksonville the police also have the right to impound your car at your expense—what'rest you for having a faulty muffler.

But the angry crowd prevented the car from being towed away and fighting between police and young blacks broke out. By the end of that evening, firebombings and sniper shootings were reported throughout the city. The fighting continued for four days. By Sunday June 20, \$250,000 worth of property was destroyed and 274 blacks were detained in riot sweeps.

Jacksonville covers a lot of land; its blacks are not confined in clearly defined ghettos, but in neighborhoods that spread for miles. Jacksonville's population is 300,000 and nearly one-third of its people are black. Unemployment, another point of unrest among Jacksonville's blacks, also affects its white community. Most of the city's 200,000 whites are rural migrants from Georgia and Northern Florida, and this year the seasonal labor demand has been small.

Riot sweeps are a favorite tactic of under-Sheriff D.K. Brown, whose resignation has been a

long-standing black demand. In the sweeps police go forward with teargas and swinging batons. A bus follows the police and picks up those who are still conscious. An arresting officer assigned to the bus charges each new passenger for violating an undecared curfew.

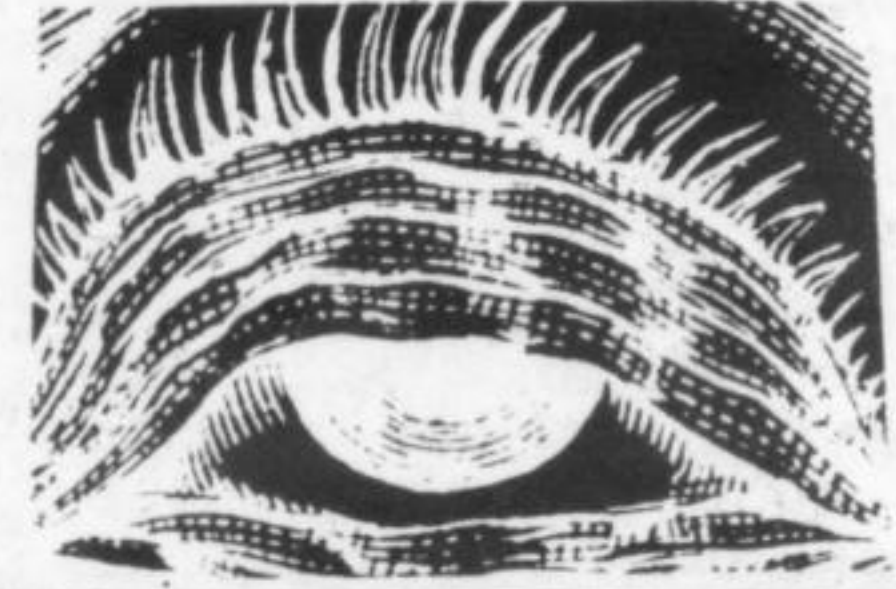
Jacksonville is quiet now. The 300 National guardsmen who were waiting on riot call in the downtown armory have been sent home. And a local judge has even charged the policeman who shot Donnie with manslaughter.

D.K. Brown still has his predominantly white police force. In a recent edition of the Florida Times Union, Jacksonville's morning daily, a reporter took a quick survey of some of the cops.

"I think any time anyone runs from the police he ought to be pumped full of lead. If a person hasn't done anything, he shouldn't have to run from the police."

Another called the manslaughter indictment "unjust."

"This man was trying to defend his life and another patrolman's life. It's gotten to the point now where we can't even defend ourselves any more."



JOHNSON you're trying to do on July 1 in New York.

(Continued from Page 7)
the cost of the individual home is reduced. So with the technological limitations out of the way and the economic reasons for opposition right out in the open, what remains is for us to simply begin to try some of the possibilities of cable—which is what

Reilly: Do you see the FCC encouraging public access cable?
Johnson: On this particular issue the FCC has behaved in a model way. Our special hearings on cable were very wide-ranging and we heard from every conceivable segment of society in-

involved with cable, not just the vested interests of the broadcasters and the movie industry. Certainly all who testified at these March hearings were in favor of various forms of public use channels. If cable is not going to provide people with more than they are now getting, there is very little justification for this Senate hearing, for the FCC hearings and for all

the general tumult over cable that has been going on over the past months.

Reilly: So you would find encouraging the fact that we do have public access provisions written into the New York franchises?

Johnson: Yes. The problem is that, as things now stand, there are not really enough channels. What FCC Chairman

Curch talked about at the hearing is one-to-one proposal; i.e., for every over-the-air channel where there must be one available for some other purpose. For real contract carriage to be available there must always be one more channel than there is a demand for so that there are always vacant channels available for those who want to contract time.

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MEXICO CITY FLASH

(Special to BARR)

by Armando

MEXICO CITY -- Once again the streets of Mexico City were scenes of fascist repression aimed against the student and the general public.

The coordinate committees of UNAM (the national university), Politecnico, Chapingo, Iberoamericana, and other various schools had gotten together to organize a public manifestation with the following demands:

- a) removal of the government's educational reform.
- b) removal of the recent organic law made for the University of Nuevo Leon.
- c) freedom towards the formation of syndicates.

d) freedom for the political prisoners.

The demonstration, more or less made up of 10,000 participants, left the Politecnico Institute around 4:30 in the afternoon while police mobilization took place within various parts of the city. About 5:00 a group of "granaderos" (riot police) closed the path to the demonstrators claiming that there had been no authorization for the manifestation, but none the less the advance continued, the demonstrators singing the national anthem as they pushed on.

Ten minutes later more than 200 young men arrived in buses and fell upon the front and back guardsmen. A journalist remarked - "...they caught my attention as they came running elbow to elbow, reminding me of the movies I've

seen of Hitler's shock troops."

All students in reach were savagely beaten, and within little time more individuals of this sort pertaining to the sinister group by the name of "halcones" appeared. The halcones, made up of delinquent youth and bands was organized after the student movement of '68 by the government under Diaz Ordaz, around 3,000 people forming the organization, including a special group infiltrated in all superior schools called the "Aquarius."

Armed with machine guns 30 M-1, 30 M-2, M-16; automatics .45, .38, .22, advances another group shooting and the students begin to fall down like flies. There are more than 500 armed aggressors firing.

The police don't intervene like

the "granaderos" and even go as far as opening up blockades so that armed individuals could pass, the aggressors wild in the hell of gunpowder firing at everything and at everyone. Newsmen were also beaten and their cameras destroyed. The battle continues on into the night and finally comes to an end at 8:30.

Alfonso Martinez Dominguez, regent of the Federal District, in a news conference after the manifestation declared there were four dead, 26 wounded and 159 detained, that the fight had been among of "students of different ideologies."

After aired remarks on the part of the newsmen concerning the aggression, Dominguez said he was profoundly lamenting what happened and would look into the situation. He denied that the Department

of the Federal District had assault groups like the halcones.

Friday 11, general assemblies were held in all the schools of UNAM, Politecnico and others agreeing on forming a permanent assembly. At the present moment there are 40 dead, more than 100 wounded and hundreds of people missing.

In a reunion celebrated in UNAM a tape recorded from the day of the demonstration in the same frequency that reports were transmitted to the patrol cars, and as for the mention of the "halcones", they were more than just frequently talked about. This gives the reason for the passiveness of the police and their treatment with the armed individuals and leaves no doubts about the origins of the halcones and other assault troops.

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