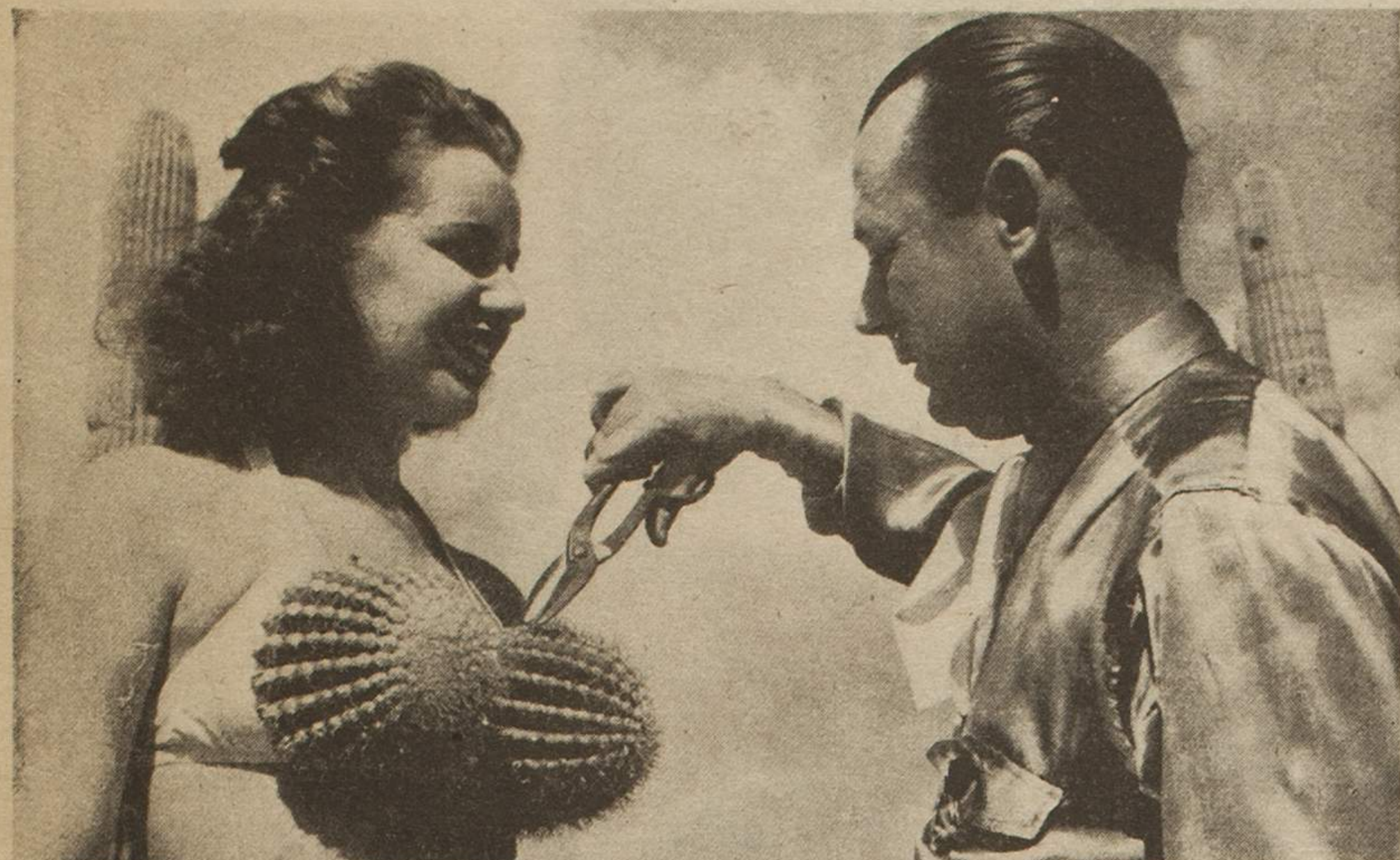


SENSATION



CENSORS CUT THESE THINGS

They avoid contact with others, even the inhabitants of their Skid Row world. They spend their days alone, in public libraries or on park benches, clutching their bottles in brown paper bags and then sneaking gulps in alleys or behind park bushes while their male counterparts gather to drink in bars and taverns.

They spend their nights alone, roaming the city subways and the streets with their bottles and then showing up finally at welfare shelters for food and a bed.

Even when they do venture into a bar, Profs. Garrett & Bahr report, they ignore other women and will approach a man only to solicit an occasional drink. And the men rarely try to break through their solitude, regarding the women with disdain.

The professors say the preference for drinking in tucked-away places "suggests that alcoholic women on Skid Row remain sensitive to the pressures of social disapproval of 'drinking in public.'"

They describe, in the Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol, a typical predrinking ritual of such a woman:

"Miss R., who usually drinks in the park, takes a drink if-- and only if-- there is no one in the immediate vicinity. Typically she looks around, first looking up the street, then down, and occasionally even behind her bench; if no one is near, she sneaks a drink from her wine bottle disguised in the usual

brown paper bag by holding her coat up around her face."

They tell, too, of the drinking behavior of another woman, homeless, Mrs. D., "who hides from the public view by squatting near some bushes."

One woman who claimed to have lived in New York's subways for 16 years explained that she had avoided becoming an alcoholic by periodically switching the brands and types of beverages," he said.

"Other women commented that alcoholism was 'little more than an allergy' to specific beverages, especially the low grades of wine usually sold on Skid Row."

And some extolled the virtues of alcohol for its medicinal value, or a pain-killer, sleep inducer or digestive aid.

What do Skid Row women drink? Whiskey, wine and beer--in that order of popularity. The men preferred beer, whiskey and wine.

Most women took their first drink between the ages of 19 and 20 and started drinking heavily at about 32; men start drinking earlier and also become heavier drinkers at an earlier age.

How many women are there on the Skid Rows of America?

Nobody really knows. One source says two million of the nation's nine million alcoholics are women--and many investigators agree that alcoholism among women is on the rise. Another source says that some five per cent of all U.S. alcoholics live on Skid Row.

tong-torture pad

Neal Cassady is back from the dead, running a tong-torture pad for punks on la droga mas pelagrosa, Neutronia D. He takes these punks, once they get out of line, puts the tongs to their tits and applies the pressure. This is not a jamais vu, but a cold, hard truth. Reinvigorated, Cassady is as mean as a skunk. If you crossed him in life, watch out now. On the other hand, if you're a drug punk, you can use him; he'll talk you down, out of your habit. They say he's hanging out, too, with Sheriff W. Prop, Douglas County Kansas. Should Cassady be hung along with the other bleached survivors of the Titanic mishap? Or should he be released into the custody of Ken Kesey, former acid king of rock and roll, now P.T.A. spokesman? No, none of these. The City Moon says, "Let the fool be hung once again, beside his pale brethren, Kerouac and Huenke the Junkie." a daughter of bleached parents has been born bleached too. The whitening of America, after the greening, is a pleasant change. a lake of oil, called the Olive River, an area of 100 square miles and of unknown depth, in the state of Vera Cruz, is on fire. The blaze is seen for more than 200 miles at sea according to navigators who have arrived at Tampico. The City Moon watches the earth and tells us where it's at.

The woman who comes to Skid Row has little hope of ever leaving it. She is homeless and, in most cases, alcoholic. But, since she is no threat to the social order and is seldom a neighborhood problem, there is little interest in her by the public, politicians or the dogooders.

Occasionally, however, a Skid Row woman manages to break out of her never-land.

One such woman now heads a small detoxification center in a renovated California farmhouse, set up to treat alcoholics by talk instead of drugs.

"I was drunk at the age of 13 and I stayed drunk until I was 43," she said recently. "I was a Skid Row drunk, in and out of jail a couple of hundred times, maybe more, before I turned to Alcoholics Anonymous. I'm 52 now. I've been sober for nine years."

By Ana Honig

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WETNAP



Above, see Arkie Dykes, chancellor of the Kansas Territories. Look at the goggles; Arkie is wetnapping, dreaming of a world without City Moons, a world without broken legs, rotten, stinking necronauts, or any such taint of the cultured mind. He floats because he is empty as a bladder is, full of rancid P.R. wind like a bloated carp on the National Trench awaiting the hideous chop of the bell buzzard's wings. But now we feel a sudden burst of sympathy for him--we now know why he isn't tuned into Radio Universal, like the rest of us. And indeed the story is an ugly one.

In 57, physicians were consulted and they decided that his body was the dwelling place of a snake. By various methods, they tried without success to kill the reptile. It was hoped the snake would come out of its own accord, via some natural passage. Once when he ate honey it crawled into his mouth and part way out between his lips. Its color was green, and it had no eyes. His mother grasped the

(Continues on next page)

CRUSADER

Adv.



Charity Green, 23 years old, has spent the past nine years blowing herself up. In that time, she has used more than a truckload of dynamite to send herself whirling through over 800 explosions. Charity is the feature attraction of the Mo Magic Stunt Show, which travels across the United States. Twice each performing day, she puts her life on the line with 9 sticks of dynamite. She sits, in yoga fashion, her head tucked between her legs, in the center of a three-sided, foil-covered capsule. The countdown begins. At zero, she rubs the two wires that connect to a detonator, which is attached to the load of dynamite. Then, a terrific explosion sends her flying out of the capsule. For fifteen minutes following the explosion, Charity Green writhes on the ground, not knowing where she is. The explosion has knocked the air out of her lungs and, like a drowning person, she must be forced to breathe again.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

Three men are assigned to see that she is revived. One opens her mouth to make sure she doesn't swallow her tongue. This exploding art is too important to kid yourself about, and Charity Green is crusading for that cause.