

Binghamton/Ithaca Police Gazette Turns 2 Years Old!

The Area's Best Arts-and-Entertainment Monthly with the Finest Pedigree in Journalism!

This month we celebrate two years of your local monthly print edition of the *National Police Gazette*. That's 24 issues of music, news, art, entertainment, features, and the region's best event listings (see page 9 for a retrospective of our covers). But we also celebrate six years of the *Police Gazette's* return, our website PoliceGazette.US going live on April 8, 2007.

The *Police Gazette* was founded in September of 1845 and by the end of the 19th century had forever altered the course of American journalism and pop culture. The *Gazette* continued like a juggernaut through the 20th century before finally laying down for a rest in January 1977. But like a sleeping giant, the *National Police Gazette* was bestirred from its slumber to once again stomp inexorably across the countryside.

Here is just a sampling of what you've seen over the past two years in your Binghamton/Ithaca Series *National Police Gazette*:

Local Business Interviews and Articles:

- Garland Gallery
 - The Gentlemen's Barber
 - Egyptian Twist Studio of Bellydance
 - Original Geeks Podcast
 - Whole In The Wall Restaurant
 - Champs Chili Dogs
 - I Am Horror (movie studio)
 - Wise Ash Lounge
 - Preservation Association of the Southern Tier
 - University Nightlife Binghamton
 - Merlin's Bar & Nightclub
 - Robot City Arcade
 - JungleScience Art Gallery
- ### Coverage of Local Sports:

- Xcite Wrestling
 - B.C. Rollers (roller derby)
 - Legacy of Jim Matthews
 - Jon "Bones" Jones
 - Binghamton Tiger Cats (women's tackle football)
 - MMA in New York State
- ### Local News and Features:
- Closing of Chenango St. after the fire
 - Occupy Binghamton
 - The Binghamton-business special issue
 - Tarik Abdelazim interview
 - Binghamton's brush with Hollywood (the filming of *Liebestraum*)
 - Inside Broome County armed-robbery jury duty
 - The Dark Vault of Public Domain* (local TV program)
 - The state of Binghamton radio

At the same time, the word "National" does appear in our title. And we feature plenty of general-interest content such as movie reviews, "Girls on the *Police Gazette*" (carrying on our tradition of feminine pictorials), new world records (the latest from Guinness), Dr. Caprio's Sex Clinic (real advice from a former *Police Gazette* columnist), horoscope (not like any other you've seen), art classic (between perfecting the illustrated weekly and employing famed artist Alexander Calder the *Gazette* is steeped in art), national features on subjects like the first major New York-area surfing competition, the endurance of the underground comix of the 1960s and 70s, the Titanic anniversary, the Kim Dotcom phenomenon—plus our brand-new comic series "The Adventures of Kim Dotcom"—exclusive interview with world-famous magician Todd

Robbins, and the limerick of the month (the *Gazette* being the first in history to use the term in print to refer to low-brow poetry).

And since the *Police Gazette* is not afraid of anything, you will never see us watering down or sugar coating any of the subjects we cover. Our "Eccentric Tantrum" editorials have unflinchingly wrestled with terrorism, racism, abortion, the PAC-money political system, the Trayvon Martin case, our flawed legal system, abuses of pharmaceutical companies and the medical profession, the Colorado and Newton massacres, the Republican party, abuses of the Cayman Islands tax shelter, the treatment of Jon Jones by the UFC, and—our latest—the college-textbook price-gouging scandal.

But we didn't stop there. Some of our most popular features have been the special series and columns. Our nine-part series on the mysterious death and disappearance of famed Binghamton playwright Leonard Melfi, written by his brother John, was a huge hit. And regular columnist Paul Juser is a must read for thousands. Paul does for Binghamton what David Lynch did for Lumberton!

Seeing as the *Police Gazette* is the greatest magazine in American history—with over 5,000 issues published until 1977—the treasure trove of historical content is not only an amazing record of American culture, it is all done with the *Police Gazette* style—a style often imitated but never duplicated! We manage the copyrights for all *Police Gazette* content and have been reprinting selected tidbits from the mountains of available back issues. Everything from corpse-

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Paul Juser and The City from Another Universe



The Vampire of Doom City Part 3

As I'm told, Swayze took Oxycodone, covered his body in nicotine patches and went out for coffee. His roommate found him cold in bed a few hours later. He was a brilliant writer, and I still have some of the punk rock zines he published on photocopies stolen from Staples. Issue 6 described his exact method in detail, ordering copies at the back of the store, but requesting to pay at the front, then stuffing the sheaf in his shirt and running out the door. That was the issue he was copying when he was arrested. That issue featured a short story of mine as well, so it must be some kind of collector's item. Only a few Swayze tags remain in faded yellow spray paint in forgotten corners of parking lots. Swayze was not alive to be the Vampire, and therefore could not have been Geraldo Rivera.

The investigation into the disappearance of Bambi Madden—one of the Vampire's main subjects—focused first on her husband, as it does in any good crime procedural. He faced down three lie-detector tests and a tip that her body was buried in his basement. Binghamton police searched with cadaver dogs, but could find nothing to back up the claim. Bambi's

family now believes him to be innocent.

Winter became spring, and as dawn grew earlier I'd be out of the house by 6am to capture ghostly images of Binghamton occupied by no living being but myself and the artist I called "The Preacher." To this day, the tattered remains of his posters cling to telephone poles and traffic signs all across the Triple Cities. Most are misspelled Bible verse in multiple layers of colored highlighter. On many concrete walls, the glue remains like the mark of Zorro, especially near the bus stops. I still see new posters every month, but in 2008 the Preacher was out every morning spreading his message deeper and deeper into neighborhoods that were sure to be perturbed by the Preacher's racist slander.

Before special events he would plaster Downtown, and Parade Day was like a crusade that was shredded without consideration by throngs of revelers. Normal days favored State and Court Street for the drunken college students that needed saving, but the Preacher also left his mark at every bus stop in Binghamton. He clearly spent at least a day each month on the 35 bus down Main Street as far as the Oakdale Mall. With transfer slips and inattentive bus drivers, he could blanket the West Side and Johnson City for a single fare. As a promoter, I had to respect him.

Scripture was misquoted, but verse numbers adorned each for reference. Over time the Preacher arranged his words into crosses and symbols. They were written on plan paper, lined paper, tiny pages from schedule notebooks, even the backs of unopened mail. I found one with a complete address, but it was destroyed when I tried peeling the message off the wall.

The voice is dim-witted racist, written with a good heart and no clue of the offensive nature of the work. Most posters hang in tatters after

only a few days. When one poster is torn down, another is stacked in its place, some many layers thick. If a poster remained long without significant damage, the Preacher placed another, and continued to do so, spreading out like wallpaper. Readable words several years old remain like Cut-Up poems across town with city walls as the blank page.

SpoolMFG hung a collection of the Preacher's artwork, using posters painstakingly peeled from signs and walls while wet. Also included was a cardboard box panel that had been nailed outside a store. Each had his signature scripture, ridiculously written and traced repeatedly in blue, pink, yellow, and green. To the best of my knowledge, the Preacher did not attend.

I found him and, like most real-life supervillains the truth was disappointing. He was in Rolando's one morning, Bible poking from his back pocket. He was pockmarked and pear-shaped with wisps of white hair poking from beneath his hat. His book was gilded in highlighter of many colors identical to the papers folded inside. The Preacher's mission was to save his readers, but his quest made him blind to his own ignorance. He was trying to do good, but came off as a self-righteous prick instead. I lost interest in the Preacher as his messages repeated. "You steal rainbows from children when you sell drugs." The Preacher was another cranky old racist with no other mode of transportation but the bus line.

The Vampire was in a creative burst in the winter when I was wandering the lonely city streets as the sun rose above Binghamton, and his messages disappeared fast. If I didn't get a photo on my first pass, the graffiti was likely to be gone when I returned a few days later. He wrote in giant black script, naming murder

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