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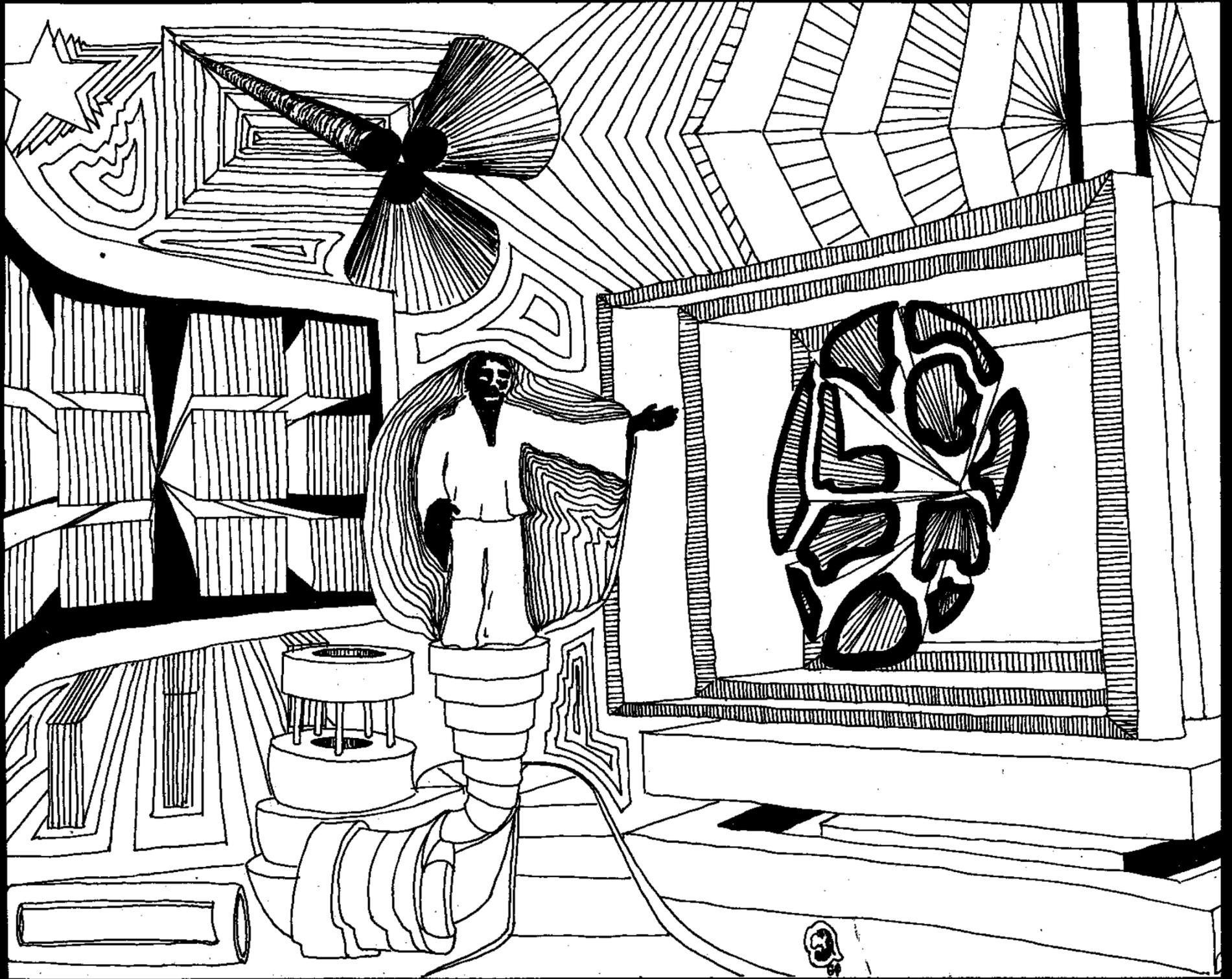
BLOOMINGTON / NORMAL

10¢

POST-AMERIKAN

VOL 1 NO 13

JAN. 1973



READ **INSIDE:**

**CROSSWORD
PUZZLE**

The Male Dilemma

GUESS WHO'S EXAMINED AGAIN

CO-OP & CIA

Self-help Conference



CULTURE COUNTER

NATIONAL GUARD EXPOSED

AND MUCH MORE...

THE Post

The Post-Amerikan comes out every third Friday, except for the next one because of a temporary schedule upset. The paper is put together at 114 1/2 North St. in Normal. 452-9221.

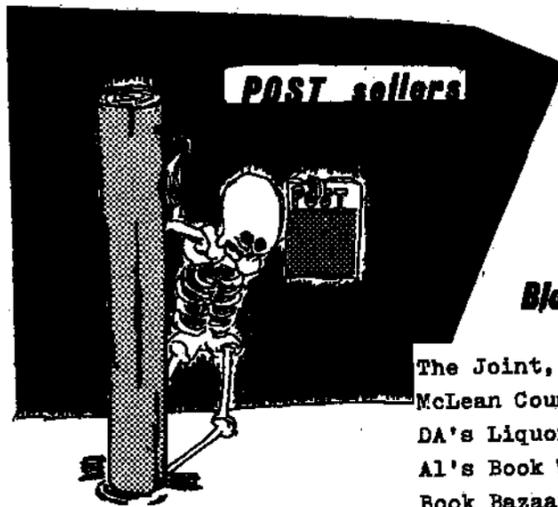
Policy of sorts: All material in this issue is the product of individuals who argue and differ with each other, so no one article should be construed as representing the paper's line (we don't really have one.) This includes the regular columns, which aren't that regular anymore, as most of them won't be found in this issue.

Send all news articles, book and record reviews, how-to-do-it articles, information, commentary, ANYTHING, to the office. This includes letters to the editor, which we welcome, even though we don't have an editor.

Subscriptions cost \$2 for ten issues, \$4 for twenty issues, etc. That's because it costs us twelve to sixteen cents to mail a copy.

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Fritz Pretzels, 115 North St.
Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
Budget Tapes and Records, 111 E. Beaufort
Caboose Records, 101 North St.
Student Stores, 115 North St.
Minstrel Record Parlor, 311 S. Main
Omega Shop, 111 E. Beaufort
Room 249, Stevenson Hall, ISU

Bloomington

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McLean County Pant Co., 601 N. Main
DA's Liquors, Oakland and Main
Al's Book World, 111 W. Front
Book Bazaar, 205 N. Main St.
Maple Grove Trading Co., 310 1/2 N. Main
News Nook, 402 1/2 N. Main
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Gaston's Barber Shop, 202 1/2 N. Center

JAN 12 1968

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Baby bed, needs mattress, six year crib; pair of ladies western cowboy boots, 7 1/2 C; porch rug; baby bounce chair; teeter babe; white women's uniform, size 16; men's white work pants, size 28, 38; short sleeved work jackets for men, size 42. Call 829-6551.

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Marijuana --lots of good Jamaican, \$15 an oz.

Hash --heard there was 3 oz. of blond Lebanese in town last week.

Cocaine --lots of coke in town, two different kinds. The best is going for \$50-60 a gram.

Mescaline --been a lot of purple mescaline that was a nice trip in town but it's almost gone. oz.'s anywhere from \$60-100.

Speed --watch out for the large white crosses now on the market for \$17-20 a hundred. They aren't worth \$20 a thousand. They are prescriptional and free of amphetamines/stimulants. There's a large quantity in town, but who wants them?

Heroin --The salt and peper cheevah is gone, but now there is more brown cheevah. It's a real mellow junk high if that's where your head is at.

Note--Dealers--send (anonymous) letters concerning prices to Street Scene c/o Post-Amerikan--help establish community unity.

Puff the Magic Dragon

Landlord Dealt With 2

The last Post-Amerikan contained an article titled "rental blues" which detailed the behavior of certain pig landlords: Donald and Evelyn Jones.

The article was written by former tenants of the Jones'; they had all been ripped off and fucked over, a not-uncommon situation in local landlord-tenant relationships.

But this story has a delightful and satisfying twist to it.

After the last Post-Amerikan came out, the Jones's found their own residence burned down.

Ironically enough, Mr. Jones was just returning from 903 W. Mulberry, the house discussed in the Post-Amerikan, when he discovered the fire. The Pantagraph quotes Mr. Jones almost in tears over his "brand new" "\$1500 organ."

Jones said he owned several homes in the city, but he didn't have a place to stay that night.

Apparently he considered 903 W. Mulberry unfit for their residence.

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

No one knows whether the fire was simply cosmic justice or the vengeful action of an angry tenant.

But the fire should serve as encouragement to all those victimized by pig landlords. It seems that sending your story to the Post-Amerikan gets results, one way or another.

--John Q. Public

SUBSCRIBE!

With cold weather coming in, our hawkers are coming out on the streets less and less often. And we have so few hawkers anyway that lots of people seldom see one.

And if you can't find a hawker, you've got to buy the Post in a store. And only a few stores, usually grouped in certain locations, will sell the paper.

If you don't get to Bloomington's Main St. or Normal's North St., you probably won't find the Post. More and more fat cat retail establishments are refusing to carry the Post. The one store at Eastland selling the paper has now stopped.

Subscribe today!

The Post-Amerikan is the longest-surviving underground newspaper in the history of Bloomington-Normal. But to continue surviving the paper

needs your support!

We're having to charge \$2 for a 10-issue subscription, as it will cost us 12 to 16¢ postage on each copy. But, being a Post-Amerikan reader, you know the paper is worth that much and more!

Send your \$2 and any donation you can afford with the coupon below.

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Personals

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Tom, Spook, Lee and Pierette in Pullman, Washington. Love, Charm and Rick.

Karl:

Bad news. The old man isn't going to front me any more loot. Wants me to start working in the factory again. Don't expect any money for a while. Till the bourgeoisie is smashed, Fred

I am no longer responsible for the actions of anybody claiming to be me. Henry Jekyll

Contrary to what you may have heard, I am not deceased. I've merely been spending the last 59 years playing chess with Ambrose Bierce. God

Henry, they're on to us. Meet you in Paris next week. Dick

WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY

It is that wonderful, out of sight time of year known as Super Bowl time. And what better time for the Post to begin catering to that forgotten segment of the underground culture: the sports freak. (There are some more of you out there, aren't there? Oh shit! You mean I'm the only one? Goddamn, what an existential crisis!)

Now a lot of straight sports "fans" will tell you that the Super Bowl separates the men from the boys (straight people are sexist by definition), that those men play for pride and honor and self-respect. But the next time some con-artist lays that line on you, you just tell him he's full of shit! The Super Bowl is the best football game in the world because every dude on the winning team (even if he's never played in a game) gets 15,000 bucks. The losing dudes only get 7,500 bucks a piece, and if busting your ass a little was gonna add 7500 bucks to your checking account I'd bet like shit you'd bust your ass, too. And football becomes fun when you realize that those dudes aren't fucking each other up on the field, just to satisfy some sadist in the grandstands, they're doing it purely for the bread. (Just like those straight dudes who sell dope for twenty bucks a lid.) I mean, those are the dudes who'd probably be ripping your ass off, but because of all that bread, they're just killing each other. (Wasn't that a right-on rap?)

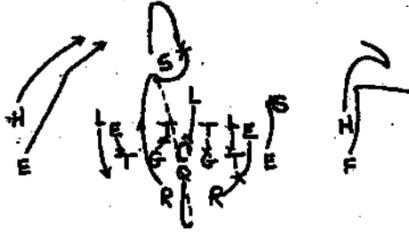
When the Post went to press there were still four teams eligible to play in the Super Bowl. In order to allow the right-on Post readers to identify the teams who will eventually be playing on Super Sunday, I will explain the symbols on each team's helmets. The Dallas Narcs are easy to spot, they are the dudes with the big star on their helmets. The Washington Rednecks can be spotted by the big R and feather on theirs. The Miami Pigs have a fish (this is obviously a rush job) on their hats, and the fourth team, the Pittsburg Stealers, are impossible to figure out, because they rip off their hats on the way into the stadium.

DOPE SMUGGLING

I know that many of the Post readers are not football freaks, but that is no reason why you too cannot enjoy Super Sunday. Just think of football as a game of dope smuggling. The point of the game is to get a key of dope (called a ball for some strange reason) across the border. There are three ways to do this: 1) by train (running), 2) by plane (passing), and 3) by air mail (kicking). Since your chances of getting busted when you mail dope are not very great (unless you're stoned enough to put a return address on the package) you get only 3 credits from the Mafia for it. If you fly or take the train you get six credits for the key, plus the right to mail a key for an extra credit. Now the real purpose of the game is to bust the other team's ass, so you get the dope they were trying to smuggle across your border, and you can smuggle it across theirs. The team to get the most credits worth of dope smuggled when the Mafia closes the borders for good wins. You have to be careful when you're watching because the Mafia closes the borders temporarily and then you watch marching bands, and cheerleaders and all kinds of sexist and imperialist shit for half an hour until the borders are re-opened. There are of course, certain things the players can and can't do, but you don't have to worry about that shit. The Mafia takes care of all that. They are the dudes in the pin-striped shirts, and if something wrong happens, he'll throw a yellow or red or gray (if you are poor like me), flag and wave his arms and settle everything. So don't let any of that shit hassle you, OK?

Now the most important thing to remember about football is to JUST watch it. Don't listen to the sound, play the Grateful Dead, or something instead. I mean, do you really want to know that Lance Alworth is nicknamed Bambi or that Billy Kilmer was in a car

wreck in 1967? And I'm sure you don't want to hear Gillette tell you: "But



an injection? It's not our kind!" or Noxema demands: "Men! (commercially are notoriously sexist) Watch Joe Mamath get reamed!" And believe me, you don't want to hear about the safety who ripped the fuck out of his knee in the first quarter, broke his arm in the second, pulled his groin muscle on the way to the locker room at half time, tore his achilles tendon in the third quarter, and is being carried off the field with six broken ribs, is alright, and will be back in the game as soon as they tape him up, and down him out.

So sit back on Super Sunday, sip some suds, smoke some shit, and see some silly studs sprint sporadically, while smashing skulls and splintering shins!

---H. C. Barwicker



"THE IMPERIALISTS GET NOTHING BUT GOAL IN THEIR STOCKINGS!" said this brother from the North Pole while organizing in Normal.

SPORTS INFILTRATED

CHEERLEADING EXPOSED

I wonder how many of the individuals that comprised the crowds at the recent ISU basketball games noticed the absence of the male cheerleaders. Did you assume that they just got tired and quit? If you did, move to the back of the class. If you didn't notice their absence, consider yourself dismissed from the university. The male cheerleaders, as the final step in ISU's sexist cheerleading organization, were dismissed at the end of the football season. The ostensible reason given by the administration was that Horton Field House was not big enough to accommodate that large a cheerleading squad. It is big enough however, to allow for seven female cheerleaders, the Coryphees, an all female rooting squad with a reserved section in the Field House, and an uncountable number of female ushers. This was not a surprise move by the administration, but it was the first open move against male cheerleading at ISU. It was implemented however, only after a series of covert attempts to force the male cheer leaders to sever the role they played in ISU athletics of their own accord.

The cheer leaders for the coming year, are chosen in the spring by the members of the preceding year's team. The selection is not supposed to be based on sex or personality, but rather on ability. While this is never wholly practised, it is an ideal to be striven towards. The Athletic Department however seems more concerned with their image than anything else, and so they notified the Cheer Leading squad that while they would not block attempts by the team to have male cheer leaders, they didn't want any "faggy" looking men chosen. The team decided to place two men on the team, anyway. Apparently the Athletic Dept. views any male

cheer leader as gay, because they immediately set out to discourage the continued participation in cheer leading by the two men. They did not allow the male cheer leaders to attend any of the away games, even though the female cheerleaders were allowed to attend some. Since this is the primary gain for being on the team, it was hoped that the male members were self-centered enough to quit at this time. Instead they demanded a reason, and were told that there were not enough funds. They demanded then to see the records of expenses and the budget. The team's advisor, married to an assistant football coach, feared that if waves were made, her husband would lose his job, and flatly refused their request. Next they offered to provide their own transportation, but were told that the insurance company would not allow this. The male cheer leaders however, did not know how to take a hint. They continued at their duties until the end of the football season. The administration had, by this time, lost all their patience and proceeded to summarily dismiss them both.

The ISU Administration and the the Athletic Department have decided that male cheer leaders are not in keeping with the ISU "image." How long are we students going to allow the University to dictate these sorts of sexist positions to us? It is time that we informed the Athletic Director and President Berio that we demand that the ISU "image" be dictated by the students who comprise the majority of the University community, rather than by the few powerful, who wish to force ISU to conform to their pipe dreams!

---H. C. Barwicker

STUDENT STORES STRUGGLES

by Chuck Willer, manager Student Stores bookstore

- Item: Read's of Normal has always carried its texts through exclusive ordering by faculty members.
 - Item: Student Stores canvassed the faculty during the month of October, and secured approximately \$100,000 in exclusive orders.
 - Item: On October 31, Dean Belshe sent legalistic memos to all department heads questioning the legality of any exclusive orders the faculty might enter into.
 - Item: Over 80% of our orders at Student Stores were cancelled by the faculty.
- Question: Who stood to gain and who stood to lose?

Only one party in the whole textbook system at ISU gained from Dean Belshe's action--the Co-op Bookstore. Who stood to lose? The students, faculty, and most directly--Student Stores. In this article I hope to describe the Co-op's and the administration's "strategy of resistance" against Student Stores; a strategy which at this point appears to be headed for a sound defeat.

We at Student Stores were terribly disappointed at the cancellations of our exclusive orders. What an exclusive amounts to is that faculty verbally agree to inform us what books they will be ordering for the coming semester while reporting to Hovey Hall a "no text" status for their courses. It is the administration's duty to make the titles reported to Hovey Hall public information to all vendors (Student Stores, Co-op, and Read's).

As long as the ISU administration makes an honest effort to collect the book titles and assumes good faith on the part of faculty, the practice is legal. Exclusive ordering has been going on for years. The reason for placing an exclusive order is that the faculty member can be sure of how many books will be in and can have control over where they will be.

But the new directive will result in students without text books. Let me explain why.

If we would have been able to keep our exclusive orders, enough capital margin would have been created to risk higher ordering on the texts we would be in direct competition with the Co-op and Read's to sell. We could have made known those titles we intended not to carry to the other bookstores. No longer worried about having to absorb the cost of unsold texts, the other bookstores could have ordered in greater quantities--every student would have had a book.

In addition, we would have sold half the new text market for a 12 to 20% discount, a savings of \$30,000. Now we are not able to operate in this way. Because Dean Belshe played the central role in this rip-off of students, I will refer to him from now on as Pig Belshe.

The reason some students will be without most of their books and most students will be without some books is in the nature of the competitive market structure. Take a 200 level Political Science course of 35 students, and assume the book was used the semester before. 40% of the students will decide to buy a used text. We knew the Co-op was ordering the book and estimated that as many as 30% could end up buying the book from them. Why would even 30% of the students buy at the Co-op? One reason is that the Co-op sells used texts. Students come to the Co-op to buy a used text, find none are left, so they say "Fuck it," and buy a new text. Also, the weather could be shit and many people don't want to walk two or three blocks across campus in 10-below weather. We order 30% of the texts, figuring this will be a minimum share of the market. Why don't we order more? For the reason that we can't afford to take a higher risk: We buy our books on credit and have to purchase all those texts we can't return. Some

companies will not let us return any unsold books, others will let us return up to 20% of our total order. We have no capital to absorb a loss. A 1% error in ordering over our sales and return limit would mean a \$15,000 loss. It would mean the end of Student Stores.

Orval Yarger, CIA agent owner of the Coop, could pay a 15,000 dollar loss out of his own checking account. Although the co-op could afford to risk ordering enough books, they have to protect their profit margin. It's the old free enterprise story of the few profiting at the expense of the welfare of many.



Now why did Belshe play pig for the Co-op? Belshe maintains he was doing his legal obligations. Belshe asked the university attorney Goleash for a legal opinion on the exclusive ordering practice. Goleash's opinion was favorable to Student Stores. What pig Belshe did was excerpt a part of the legal opinion, twisting and misrepresenting the actual condition. Belshe took an excerpt which applied to a contractual condition and then implied that contractual exclusive ordering practices were being used by one of the vendors, i. e., Student Stores.

Many faculty, and whole departments in some instances, put up resistance. Belshe then went on a personal chauvinistic crusade to whip faculty into line. He wanted all the textbook titles, and was determined to get them!

During the height of Pig Belshe's crusade, I made an appointment to see him. I asked him why the change in policy regarding exclusive ordering? He responded by stating that there had been no policy change regarding exclusive ordering. At that point I knew this guy was a joker! As he kept talking four things became apparent. 1. He didn't know what he was talking about on many issues. 2. He thought I didn't know many of the events surrounding the exclusive ordering tradition. 3. He was doing his best to be evasive. 4. He was a stone bureaucrat.

We still wondered why Belshe was so interested in seeing the Co-op informed of all the titles. The only answer seemed to lie in the assumption that Belshe must have some interest in the Co-op. We looked up Belshe in the catalog and to no surprise found that he comes from our own education dept. In fact the man has been here since 1948. Evidently Belshe is friends with someone in the Co-op ownership structure and was doing them a favor.

By November, the exclusive ordering system was ended and the textbook market would now be on a competitive level. Secondly, the administration started picking up vibes that Student Stores was not going to settle for only carrying 150 or 200 titles but that we were going for broke with over 1000 titles. Rumors started circulating that a major crisis was brewing for the coming semester due to a shortage of text books. The awareness at Hovey grew that instead of reducing Student Stores' ability to sell, we were determined to challenge the Co-op, and had the resources to do it.

Consider the irrationality of the situation in the textbook market. Publishers have all the books one wants and ISU now has three vendors with facilities to sell enough textbooks for a school twice the size of ISU. Students want to buy the texts, and all the vendors know how many students want to buy books. Yet at ISU all this adds up to producing a massive shortage of text books. Why won't there be enough books? For the same reason that people starve while food rots because of "overabundance." Shortages of food or textbooks are the result of a competitive market system in which accumulation of private capital and exploitation of markets (people) are defining themes. Student Stores can act as a corrective to this situation only so far as offering lower prices. Our ability to offer enough texts for everyone is limited by the legal and financial systems which we deal with. In other words, we have to pay our bills on time or the publisher will have access to the "legitimate" use of violence (the state) to collect their money. It all adds up to living within the capitalist system.

By early November, Berlo realized he was in a fix. If the textbook supply falls short and students start yelling about not having books, he figures to catch some flack. So enter Dick Hulet. Hulet was already on the textbook case early in the year trying to figure out some long range solutions to problems which had been traditional. Berlo asked Hulet to see if something could be done about this coming semester. Hulet requested a meeting between one representative of each vendor in town. The two Yarger boys and Charlie Lutz (count 'em--three) showed up from the Co-op and expressed anger and frustration over Student Stores' existence. Mild-mannered Art Grove came from Read's. Chris Janecke, Student Stores' rep at the meeting, refused to apologize for Student Stores' existence, and the meeting ended without a solution to the textbook crisis.

Chris then drew up a proposal for the second meeting that would solve the crisis. Student Stores offered to buy the Co-op's entire stock on consignment plus 5% cost. In addition, we would have provided the labor to remove all the inventory in the Co-op's basement. Orville and Charlie from the Co-op didn't relate to Student Stores' proposal, and it was subsequently dropped from discussion.

Now Dick Hulet's bureaucratic mind started clicking and scheming, causing him to mumble in an embarrassed way his proposal. Although there were many variations, the main theme could be stated as such: student stores and the Co-op being the main suppliers in town ought to "get together" and reach an agreement on who should sell what and how much. Hulet continually qualified himself with such statements as "of course I can be no party to such an agreement; my only interest is seeing the students get enough books." We never did reach any solution to the problem although Student Stores after weeks of discussion and negotiation finally offered a proposal which we were satisfied with and Berlo-Hulet thought was fair and reasonable. The Co-op rejected it. Looking back, I don't believe the Co-op was ever interested in finding a solution but was trying to construct arguments that would influence Hovey Hall into "doing something about Student Stores." For our part, Student Stores was not about to sit down with the Co-op and divide the market "fairly and reasonably." Such a practice would be reactionary and opportunistic and deceiving to the students.

Since the breakdown in negotiations we at Student Stores have been working for this coming February's sales. Dick Hulet spends most of his time dreaming about his new job at Florida, and the Co-op is preparing for a real beating by Student Stores.

Within the last few days there have been some rather startling developments in the whole situation. Those percentages I alluded to in explaining why we ordered our books have turned out to be incorrect. We anticipated a good fight on the part of the Co-op and estimated their ordering approximately 25-30% of the text need. By early December we had informed them our final ordering of titles would reach approximately 1500 and ordering levels which would satisfy 50-60% of the new text needs. Evidently this completely blew their minds, for the word we're getting from salesman and department heads is that the Co-op is ordering a straight 10% across the board. Which means the market will be short in supply by 20-40%. Two factors can cut into the shortage: the availability of used texts and the size of the Co-op's basement inventory.

Three factors are responsible for creating the coming shortage in textbooks. One, Hovey Hall's main pig Dean Belshe with his desire to protect the free enterprise system, or more specifically, the co-op's competitive market position. Two, the Co-op's refusal to accept the solutions which we offered, one of which Hulet and Berlo thought was reasonable. Third, the Co-op's conscious underordering of textbooks to insure their profit margin.

As far as we're concerned at Student Stores, that's three strikes.

Power to the people! End Capitalism!

CO-OP BOOKSTORE LINKED TO CIA, FBI, AID

"An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man and all history resolves itself into a history of a few men. The man to whom that applies more than any other is J. Edgar Hoover."

--Orval Francis Yarger, quoted in the Pantagraph, Oct. 7, 1947

by Max Spielman and G.G.

The Yarger family has figured prominently in the history of the Co-op Bookstore. Presently they own a controlling interest, and one of them oversees the store's day-to-day operations.

Since the 1930's, the Bloomington City Directory has listed Orval Francis Yarger as one of the Co-op's owners.

The older directories show Orval F. Yarger and Ellis Wade as co-owners. Since then, ownership has become more diversified, but only slightly.

Orval Francis Yarger is still an owner of the bookstore, according to the 1972 City Directory. So is William Yarger and two members of the Wade family. Orval J. Yarger, the son of Orval F., is listed as manager.

CIA AGENT

Orval F. Yarger is also an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Who's Who in the CIA, a controversial book supposedly banned in the United States, lists only one resident of Bloomington-Normal: Orval Francis Yarger.

According to Who's Who, Yarger was an FBI agent during the 1940's.

The Bloomington Pantagraph, October 7, 1947, corroborates Who's Who. In an article titled "FBI Plays For Keeps," the newspaper reports on agent Yarger's speech to the Young Men's Club. Yarger is quoted, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man, and all history resolves itself into a history of a few men. The man to whom that applies more than any other is J. Edgar Hoover."

Who's Who in the CIA also lists Yarger as a financial advisor to Brown Glass and Paint Company in Bloomington from 1949 to 1959. A 1957 City Directory shows Yarger as a partner in the firm, along with Amos Rasmussen. Rasmussen is Mrs. Yarger's maiden name. After 1959, the year Who's Who lists as Yarger's last year with the paint company, the firm changed its name to Brown-Van Glass and Paint Company.

According to Who's Who, Yarger's bases of operation until 1958 (the book gives no information after 1959) were Paris and Rome. The Pantagraph of Jan.

2, 1955 reports the Yargers moving to Paris--Yarger was going to work as "inspector with the security division of the Foreign Operations Administration." The Pantagraph said that Yarger's "territory" extended from Scandinavia to Spain. The Pantagraph of September 29, 1963 mentions that the Yargers had lived in Rome.

In 1957, Yarger was transferred to Arlington, Virginia (Pantagraph, July 31, 1957). According to this article, Yarger was still with the security division of the Foreign Operations Administration. Arlington is the location of CIA headquarters.

Who's Who in the CIA says that from 1959 on, Yarger held the position of director in the Cummings and Emerson Company in Peoria. We have not been able to find any information on that company.

Who's Who also lists Yarger as a "special agent" of the CIA during the years 1951-1952. We found no other information on Yarger's activities during that period.

WORKS FOR AID

Throughout the sixties and seventies, Orval Francis Yarger has been a high official in the State Department's Agency for International Development (AID). AID has been exposed several times as a front for CIA operations (see Post-American #8).

The Pantagraph of September 29, 1963 says Yarger was chief inspector of personnel for AID. The Pantagraph of Nov. 22, 1970 reports that Yarger was inspector for AID's Office of Inspections and Investigations for Southeast Asia.

In the last few years, Yarger has been stationed in such strategic countries as Thailand, Taiwan, and Korea (Pantagraph, November 22, 1970).

Yarger's most recent assignment (that we know of) is in Bangkok, Thailand. This is interesting considering the much-discussed opium traffic originating in Southeast Asia's "Golden Triangle" region: Bangkok is one of the most important centers through which the smuggling route travels (Pantagraph, Dec. 24, 1972). Air America, a Southeastern Asian airline often employed by the CIA, has been implicated several times in the opium traffic in the area. And Yarger's

employer, the Agency for International Development, paid \$80 million to Air America last year (Agency for International Development: Current Technical Service Contracts).

In the fifties, the Yargers lived in Beirut and Baghdad, besides Paris and Rome (Pantagraph, September 29, 1963).



Who's Who in the CIA says that Yarger was a Regional Inspector for the International Cooperation Administration (ICA) in the 1950's. The ICA was much like AID is now--a foreign aid program administered by the State Department for the furthering of U.S. anti-communist policies. The similarity between ICA and AID make it very plausible that Yarger did indeed move from one agency to the other.

EMPLOYEE TALKS

And Who's Who in the CIA is not our only source for identifying Orval Francis Yarger as an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency.

We spoke with a former Co-op employee who worked at the bookstore during the late sixties. Yarger became friendly with this employee, and freely admitted his connection with the CIA.

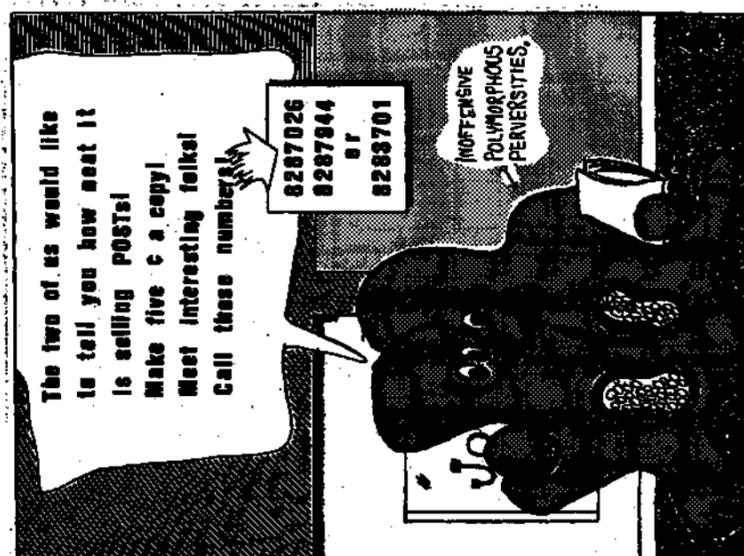
Orval F. Yarger still maintains his residence at #7 Reynolds Court in Normal. Orval J. Yarger, the Co-op's manager, also lives at that address, according to the 1972 City Directory.

ISU Administration Linked to AID

The top official in Illinois State University's administration has been connected with the Agency for International Development. An official pamphlet distributed at President Berlo's investiture says that Berlo served as director for AID's Seminars in Communication from 1958 to 1961.

This connection is interesting in connection with the Co-op's owner's ties with that agency, and the apparent alliance of the Co-op and ISU's administration against Student Stores.

--Max Spielman



DR. RUDNICKI EXAMINED AGAIN

by Phoebe and Holden Caulfield

In our last article, we reported on our conversations with two of Dr. Rudnicki's ex-patients. One woman, while giving her medical history, informed the doctor of her irregular periods. Rudnicki promptly said she was sterile. The woman later changed doctors, and the new one said he could not understand diagnosing sterility on the basis of a simple interview.

The other woman went to Dr. Rudnicki for what she thought was a yeast infection. Rudnicki said she had VD, and over a period of time gave her three tests for syphilis. Her family doctor later told her it was probably a yeast infection.

Since then, we have spoken with Shirley, another ex-patient of Dr. Rudnicki's.

Shirley's Story

Shirley said she first went to Dr. Rudnicki about two years ago. She said she was having cramps, headaches, and trouble with her periods.

Shirley said Dr. Rudnicki initiated the examination by ripping open her white gown. "I should have known better than to ever go back," Shirley told us.

Rudnicki examined her and told her she had a cyst on her uterus. The doctor asked Shirley to go in the hospital. "I went in the hospital, had a D & C, and had this so-called cyst removed," Shirley said.

Shirley told us she then asked Dr. Rudnicki if he would tie her tubes or give her a coil. Shirley said she did not want any more children, as she already had four. Dr. Rudnicki put in a coil.

After she had the coil, Shirley said she had no more periods. She told us she went to Dr. Rudnicki in June, and he said she was pregnant. Shirley asked the doctor how she could get pregnant with a coil, and Rudnicki told her that there was one chance in a thousand.

Then, according to Shirley, Dr. Rudnicki did a urine test. Then he said Shirley wasn't pregnant. Shirley said Rudnicki then gave her a shot to induce a period. She was supposed to return in a week, which she did. When Shirley returned, she still had not had a period. Then, she told us, Dr. Rudnicki gave her another shot.

"So, the 4th of July we were out camping, and I started hemorrhaging. I started passing out. I stayed in the tent all night, and went to him the next --well I didn't make it to him the next day; I fainted at my girlfriend's," Shirley told us.

Someone called Dr. Rudnicki, and he said to have Shirley taken to the hospital. "My temperature was 104 or 105," Shirley said. Shirley told us that Dr. Rudnicki took out her coil and said that it had been her problem. Shirley said that Rudnicki then said he was going to do surgery--he wanted to remove her uterus.

Go Home

"Well, I laid there nine days. The ninth day he said 'you can go home; I'm not going to do anything.'"

Shirley told us that Rudnicki told her husband that she would need surgery in a few years, but that she was all right then. That was in July of 1971.

"So in August I went to him; I had no period. In September I had no period. In October I had no period," Shirley told us. "So I went to him and said 'something's got to be done,'" she said. "I can't take it any longer--I'm miserable all the time."

"You're just a mess of nerves," Rudnicki replied, according to Shirley.

Shirley told us that Rudnicki said he wouldn't tie her tubes because she and her husband argue. Rudnicki speculated that Shirley might someday want a divorce and want more children, though she had four already. Shirley said she answered Rudnicki by saying she didn't want a divorce and didn't want any more children. Shirley said Rudnicki then gave her another shot to induce a period.

She estimated that this was her fifth shot to induce a period.

Shirley's period finally started, and she didn't go to Dr. Rudnicki again until February of 1972. She said she was having bad cramps. Sometimes while driving she would have cramps so severe that she almost passed out. She was having to pull her car over until the pain subsided.

Shirley said she told Rudnicki about these pains. According to her, Rudnicki said there wasn't anything wrong with her. Rudnicki wrote a prescription for some pills. She said that he told her to take the pills, and to change positions next time she had sex. She would not have any more problems then, according to the doctor.

New Doctor

At this point, Shirley finally changed doctors. Before the examination, she asked the new doctor if he would tie her tubes. According to Shirley, this doctor saw no reason why he shouldn't, since she already had four children.

But after the examination, the doctor said Shirley had ovaries the size of apples, plugged tubes, and maybe a cyst on one ovary. When Shirley told her new doctor about her experience with Dr. Rudnicki, he just shook his head and said, "I don't understand," Shirley told us. The new doctor had to perform surgery--a complete hysterectomy.

After relating the chronology of her experiences with Dr. Rudnicki, Shirley went on to speak more generally about the doctor.

Shirley said that Rudnicki told her that she couldn't physically carry any more children. But, she told us, after Rudnicki took out her coil, he wouldn't give her anything to prevent pregnancy.

Pills

"One day I went to him when I was very upset. He just said 'I have no sympathy for you. It's all in your head.' He had me on five or six different kinds of pills," Shirley told us. "I walked around in a daze sometimes for days." Shirley said Rudnicki put her on "Everything. Nerve pills, tranquilizers, pills for my appetite, pills to stop bleeding, pills to start bleeding. But yet he said 'you're all right. There's nothing wrong with you.'"

According to Shirley, there were several times just prior to her hysterectomy that Rudnicki said there was nothing wrong with her.

Shirley summed up her feelings about Dr. Rudnicki: "He was rude to me; he was crude to me, and he was very rough. He has a very poor mouth for a doctor, and is very ignorant for a doctor. He should not be allowed to practice."

NOT GUILTY

CAPSULE OF EVENTS: On April 7, 1971 the world's first GYNECOLOGICAL SELF HELP CLINIC was held in the back room of the Everywoman Book Store in Orange County, California. Carol Downer inserted a plastic speculum into her own vagina, observed her own vaginal walls, cervix and OS with a mirror and invited all those present to share the view. A revolutionary concept was born. In the manner of consciousness-raising, we can learn about our own bodies by sharing observations, experiences and information.

The group expanded and moved to two rooms in the back of the Los Angeles Women's Center. The idea expanded and moved to the Sept. 1971 National NOW Conference held in Los Angeles, with a presentation of slides. By Nov. 1971 Carol Downer and Lorraine Rothman made their first cross-country trip carrying bags of plastic speculums and stacks of printed material prepared by their group. They traveled from town to town creating feminist gynecological underground railroad.

Summer of '72 the health group had outgrown the women's center space and moved into a luxurious 12 room house with a lawn and colonnades and a big, handsome sign that proclaimed; FEMINIST WOMENS HEALTH CENTER. There was a laundry room to be converted into a lab, rooms for bookkeeping and files, space for conversation and an honest - te- goodness examining table.

However, unknown to them, they were under police surveillance for six months. In fact on the police report Colleen Wilson is quoted as having said on page 14, "We should think about security."

The contradictory, confusing and surprisingly ignorant undercover reports of this surveillance were used as justification for a police bust, Sept. 20th 1972.

Eight plainclothesmen and two uniformed police men led by detective John Urso entered the Center and confiscated such items as a fifty foot extension cord, plastic table cloths, specula used for vaginal self examination, books and records of the Center, curretes used to teach women about hospital procedures, birth control devices used in birth control counseling done in conjunction with pregnancy screening and cannulas used to demonstrate the most modern method of abortion, aspiration. The police remained in the house from 8:15 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. cataloguing items to be removed and packing the items into the trunks of four cars. Lorraine Rothman was handed arrest warrants for Colleen Wilson and Carol Downer.

A day later, upon advice of their attorneys, Colleen Wilson and Carol Downer turned themselves in to the Sybil Brand Institute for

Women where they were detained several hours even though they immediately posted the \$500 bail for each woman. About fifty community women accompanied them to show support. Colleen Wilson was charged with ten counts that could represent over five years in jail and subsequently pleaded guilty to one charge of fitting a diaphragm for which she was fined \$250 and placed on a two year probation. Carol Downer was charged with a misdemeanor, practicing medicine without a license, for which she could receive a six month term. Specifically she was accused of helping a woman insert a plastic speculum, observing monilia and helping to apply yogurt to relieve the condition.

"Free our bodies!"

THE TRIAL OF CAROL DOWNER began on November 20, 1972, at Division 40 of the New Courthouse in Los Angeles while hundreds of women demonstrated outside shouting, "Free our Bodies! Free Ourselves!"

Carol issued this statement, "I will be tried on the charges of knowingly and willfully helping my sisters regain control of our bodies through self knowledge at the Self Help Clinic.

"The Self Help Clinic is not a place. It is a kind of meeting where a group of women get together and use the technique of self-examination to learn what a well woman is. By recognizing what a well woman is, we are more knowledgeably able to recognize deviations and thus more

ANOTHER LETTER ON RUDNICKI

Post-American:

Through one of my friends I received information on a doctor who would give me the "pill." He was Dr. Rudnicki and my friend said he was a doctor who asked no questions and I would have no problem getting the prescription. Evidently he has patients he likes better than others. I made the appointment, and now as I look back, it was the worst mistake I made in my whole life.

I had never had an examination of this sort, and so I was scared anyway. But as I was called into his office, I was asked to have a seat and to remove all my clothing. The doctor told me to lie down; he was rough and very mean. There was no nurse there during the examination--she handed utensils to the doctor and left until the pelvic examination was over.

After the examination we sat calmly across from each other, he giving me an odd look. I had said that I wanted the pill and asked if he would give it to me. He then proceeded to ask me very personal questions...about matters I thought one should keep to oneself. He asked when I last had sex, how many times a month, week, and day do I have sex. He asked if I had sex with one person or just anyone. He just kept shooting these ridiculous questions at me. But then he said, "Listen, this is only for your health, not mine."

At the end of it all he wrote the prescription out, and he gave me a few fatherly suggestions like: "Be careful you don't get into trouble, and watch who you have sex with." Crying, I left the office, went to the nearest drugstore, and got the pill.

After that frightful experience I was afraid that when my prescription ran out I'd have to go back to Dr. Rudnicki and go through the whole thing again. But when it did run out, he simply sent me another one.

A year went by, and I was beginning to have some trouble. I was having severe pains in my abdomen. After trying to get an appointment with another gynecologist, I finally called Dr. Rudnicki. In making the appointment I said it was

an emergency--the pains were getting worse. I called on a Monday and was able to get in on the same day at 3PM.

After his rough examination he said that I had some sort of venereal infection. (But I hadn't had sex since an appointment two months earlier--at which time he said I was fine.) He also said I had a tubal pregnancy or an enlarged ovary. He said I should go to the hospital, and to get there in an hour.

I went, and I was so scared that I didn't tell anyone, especially my parents. I went to the hospital, and had to go through a lot of red tape before I finally got a room. The nurse asked me some routine questions, and smiling she said, "seems like Dr. Rudnicki is sending all his patients to the hospital lately." Then she asked me why I was there, and I said I wasn't really sure. She just chuckled and left the room.

I was in the hospital for three days before I even saw Dr. Rudnicki. All anyone did was take my blood pressure, my temperature, and a chest x-ray. Finally, I was so aggravated by this whole mess that I decided I'd be better off at my apartment. I hadn't even seen my doctor once in those three days.

On the third day I decided to call my parents; they were shocked and upset. They arrived that night, and about the same time Doctor Rudnicki came in, all smiles. He said he was going to perform a biopsy which resembles a pap test but is much rougher and more painful. He pressed on my abdomen roughly and I began to cry because of the intense pressure. He became very disgusted at my behavior.

Later, after I had retired to my hospital bed, he came in and told me he was calling in another doctor because he didn't know what was wrong with me. The other doctor I learned to like a lot; he was very nice and acted like he cared. So he examined me with a pap test and tried to apply some pressure but stopped when I said it hurt.

The two doctors went into consultation, talked to my parents, and then came to me. The new doctor said I had

acute appendicitis and that this was why my white blood count was up--not because of a venereal infection as Dr. Rudnicki had told me.

The new doctor performed my operation promptly the next morning. Sunday of the next week Rudnicki came in to see how I was doing. He said I would leave 5 or 6 days after the operation. The next day the new doctor took my stitches out and said I could leave soon, maybe the next day. (Tuesday). Dr. Rudnicki came in Tuesday and when I asked if I could leave he said, "I said 6 or 7 days after the operation and no sooner." He left very disgusted at me. Then the other doctor came in and said "Yeah, sure. I can't see why you can't leave today; what's Dr. Rudnicki got to say about it? I operated on her, damn it!" The nurses just laughed and said that the same thing had happened some time ago, and that when Dr. Rudnicki came in they'd consult with him. He came in 2 hours later and said, "Yes you may leave today (Wednesday) but this is beyond my judgement. You have had major surgery, young lady, do you realize this?" I replied yes, that I did, but there isn't anything I wouldn't get at home that I'm paying for at the hospital (48 dollars a day plus those three days he did absolutely nothing.) Again with a look of disgust, which I saw frequently, he left the room and the nurses came into my room a short time after and said that Dr. Rudnicki had left a notation on my records that I could leave that day any time after 2 PM.

Dr. Rudnicki still says I have a venereal infection, but the doctor who performed my surgery says I don't. Dr. Rudnicki says that my supposed venereal infection caused an ovarian cyst which in turn caused my appendicitis.

Dr. Rudnicki had asked me to make an appointment with him a week from when I left the hospital, which I did. But I want to say now, it will be the last time I will ever see him, and I'm not crying over that part.

Sincerely,

Anonymous

CAROL DOWNER FREED

quickly are encouraged to seek professional help. Also, with personal knowledge of our bodies, we can have a more intelligent basis to judge good health care for ourselves. Many of us have learned that the discharges we have frequently complained about and worried over are, in fact, normal healthy vaginal secretions.

"We help one another learn breast examination. We share birth control experiences and extensively discuss the various methods available using texts and actual model examples. The Self Help Clinics teach first hand knowledge of our bodies so that we can ultimately provide better health care for ourselves as well as become better medical consumers."

Telegrams, affidavits, and money poured into the Center from all over the country.

Woman judge

As the trial got under way leafletting was going on in downtown Los Angeles along with Self Help Clinic presentations. On the East Coast Lolly and I continued doing our presentations on college campuses and for women's groups.

Inside the courthouse Carol Downer with defense attorneys Diane Wayne and Jeannette Christy, appeared before Judge Ronald George for courtroom assignment. In a spectacular move Diane made a motion for a woman judge. Judge George honored the move and assigned a woman

judge, Judge Marion Obera. The prosecution, represented by Dave Margolis challenged this assignment and the Judge then assigned another woman, Judge Mary Waters!

In the courtroom, before Judge Waters, Diane and Jeannette submitted a motion for dismissal of the case on the grounds of constitutional vagueness. As a result of this motion Judge Waters directed the prosecution to submit a written response to the points of authority listed. She asked for time to study the motion before coming to a decision.

November 21, 1972 I flew from the East Coast to the Los Angeles trial. That was the only day I was present in the courtroom, for shortly after I arrived the trial was adjourned until after Thanksgiving, to November 27, 1972.

My observation has been that law enforcement agencies and judicial environments are completely male dominated. It was such a peculiar sensation to look around this court room and observe female domination: Judge, defense lawyers, audience! The only men in the room outside Carol's husband and one supporter were a police officer to keep the peace and the prosecutor who was "representing the people of the State of California." Each time the prosecutor looked to the audience for support, he turned nervously away for none of the "people" he represented seemed to be present!

Based on the fact that the search had taken place four months after Carol's alleged act and that all the evidence was confiscated from a building at a different location, a motion to

suppress the search warrant was brought up. If this motion had been sustained it would have prevented the city attorney from bringing in any of the confiscated evidence; it would have prevented him from introducing witnesses other than the one who observed Carol's alleged act. The judge did not accept this motion as she wanted to wait until later to see if more evidence and witnesses might have been relevant.

The final jury selected was EIGHT men and FOUR women.

December 4 at 11:15 am the jury began deliberation and remained in session until 5:00pm. December 5 deliberations began at 9:00 am and continued until 4:25 pm at which time a verdict of NOT GUILTY was announced. TWO DAYS OF DELIBERATIONS FOR A MISDEMEANOR!!

Carol Downer free

Now we must ask ourselves: WHAT MAN WOULD BE PUT UNDER POLICE SURVEILLANCE FOR SIX MONTHS FOR LOOKING AT HIS PENIS? What man would have to spend \$20,000 and two months in court for looking at the penis of his brother?

This case is a clear cut version of the position of women in America... the lengths to which we must go and obstacles which must be overcome to be FREE. Carol Downer has given each of us a new vision for our future: WOMAN AS WINNER!

Jeanne

[Reprint from THE MONTHLY EXTRACT- An Irregular Periodical, New Moon Publications, Inc., 1972]

\$\$\$ + DRAFT = NATIONAL GUARD

From the outside it looks like a slightly sprawling complex of one story buildings, headquarters of a business concern perhaps, or even a factory. You step inside and a bunch of men in green with Lincolnhead patches on their shoulders, scurrying mysteriously hither and yon.

You Join

Holy Shit! So this is the National Guard! You turn around to leave, but into your head comes this image of a letter beginning "Greetings! From the President . . .". Reluctantly you turn and ask the young guy going past you which way to place where you join. A brief look of amused pity springs into his face, then he gives you directions.

You walk into the recruiter's office with the same feeling in the pit of your stomach that you had when you walked into the courtroom on the day after you were busted. The recruiting officer's face lights up in the exact same way that the police officer's face lit up when he told his partner "Read 'em their rights, Sam." Once again, you have been apprehended by the state.

He reads you the terms of enlistment. They sound horrible in your free ears. Then you think of the alternative to signing. You remember another situation: "The D.A. has offered to reduce the charges from the original three to a much lesser single charge in return for a plea of guilty. You may not have done anything wrong, but you cannot prove it in court." So you freely and without coercion sign now as you freely and without coercion signed then.

What You Have Joined

The Guard is a fair cross-section of white male society: red-necks and freaks (gangs hair), dopers and IBI agents, young and old. There are three main groupings within the enlisted men (non-officers). By far the largest are the younger guys who did not want to be there in the first place but were avoiding the draft.

The next largest group are the older non-commissioned officers who joined to get and keep jobs with the Guard on a civilian week-day basis. They have been in the longest thus their higher ratings.

The last are former Army men who have non-commissioned ratings and joined for the money (approximately double per diem what the regular army is).

The officers are a hodge-podge of former army men and Guard enlistees who are in it mainly for the money and prestige.

In essence then, the Guard is basically made up of mercenaries at the officer and non-com levels (especially the younger ones), and essentially unwilling conscripts at the lower enlisted levels. It is anything but a gung-ho group and the discipline is mostly like that found on any regular job. There is very little to do at the monthly meetings which are mostly boring and of a trivial nature.

When a person joins he is 'fitted' to a job on the basis of the unit's need and not on the person's interest or previous training. When I joined I had previous experience as a carpenter and had almost finished a college degree. After taking an extensive series of tests of my abilities, they first assigned me to a bakers' platoon and finally trained me (via the four month active duty for training with the regular army phase) as a clerk typist. When I returned from active duty to my unit they informed me that I was now officially a truck driver!

The discipline that is present is held in force by the threat of activation. If you miss three meetings (3 days) in any twelve month period without a legitimate excuse, you will be put into the active army for about 18 months. The commanding officer can also do this at any other time that he says that you have been behaving

badly. You can of course officially appeal his decision. You can appeal it all the way to hell.

The Guard is a valuable source of information though. Because you are surrounded by people in all sorts of positions, many types of information fall into your hands. Dopers talk with IBI agents and learn interesting information on busts for example. One bombshell that was dropped at our meetings was by a captain in the chemical corps who began by telling us how much he abhorred nuclear warfare, and how much he believed in chemical and biological warfare. His reasoning was that it is useless to take over countries where all the auto plants have been destroyed. He then went on to tell us that the gas cannisters recently sunk off the Atlantic coast were intentionally cracked open before they reached the bottom. In reference to the conservationists who had objected to the sinking of the cannisters intact he claimed that the nerve gas sunk improved fishing and anyway "what they don't know won't hurt them".

What Obtains

For the benefit of avoiding the draft and learning interesting things what must one give up? First, it is a six year commitment while the draft

is for only two. Secondly, you must spend four to six months in active duty for training anyway. (When you finish this active duty in the regular army you are really glad you are in the Guard instead of the army. For a time anyway.) Third, you must give up any idea of extended traveling because you must be at your base once a month for meetings. Finally you are always under the threat of activation for some war or riot which anyone usually puts you in a double-bind of the conscience.

As a result there are very few young people who initially and freely enlist in the Guard because the money and benefits (no G.I. bill for the Guard) are not great enough to sell part of their freedom and put (maybe) their principles in jeopardy. Older Guardsmen are generally more settled and the principles are much less of a hassle. Anyway, being mostly former army vets and longtime Guard members they only have sign up for one year at a time.

With the gradual demise (hopefully) of the draft, the Guard is in trouble in its recruiting. For some mysterious reason fewer and fewer people are begging to get in. (Three years ago there were giant lists of people waiting to get in.) At present there is only one black at my base. There are no women even though sexual discrimination in the Guard is now officially forbidden. This philosophy of the Guard as an exclusive white mans' club is gradually falling by the wayside in view of the Guards' changing situation. The Guard would 'love' to have blacks join although for women there are 'no positions at present available', at least in my unit. For some reason these people are no longer knocking at the Guard's door either. At least in their former numbers.

So what to do? There has been talk recently of upping the benefits for being in the Guard and also of cutting the length of duty from six to three years. There is also talk of initiating a draft for Guard and Army Reserve manpower. There has been no official decision as of the moment, but when it comes, want to bet what it will be?



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The Regional Women's Self Help Conference held on Dec. 9-10 in Bloomington-Normal, attracted over 50 women from three states. Madison and Green-bay, Wisconsin, Bloomington, Indiana, Champaign, Carbondale, Chicago, Oak-brook, and Bloom.-Normal were represented.

We had a basic self help clinic on Saturday morning, which consisted of 24 slides from the Los Angeles Clinic and a demonstration of self examination. No drapes, no doctors - there was a lot of excitement as the women tried for themselves. Many cervixes were viewed that morning. No one was trying to diagnose, just learn what a well woman is. We were realizing that we were all different and most of our differences were perfectly normal.

We viewed women with extremely small cervixes, I.U.D.'s, and tipped uterus'. We learned how it looked when we were menstruating. The mystique was gone.

"So that's what the doctor sees when he checks to see if my I.U.D. is in place," exclaimed one woman, "Just a string in place. I don't need to spend money for that."

In the afternoon we discussed abortion referral and rape, learned to do pelvic exams and pregnancy testing. More of the mystique was gone. That evening we talked about V.D. and vaginal infections. The talk was emotional. We'd all had some bad experiences with our gynecologist. We all had felt the male domination in the medical field, that tended to ignore that we were anything but a herd of cattle.

In getting to know our own bodies and our sister's bodies, our doctors cease to be all knowing. We shared many experiences and made many friends during the weekend. We felt the strength we have when we're together.

WOMEN WILL CONTROL THEIR OWN BODIES!

Much thanks goes to our brothers who prepared meals and did child care. We will be even stronger when men and women begin working together to free ourselves!

a report on

Self Help



People's Food celebrates its first birthday and says, "Right on. Feed the people."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

PEOPLE'S FOOD!

People's Food especially rings in the New Year with oranges and bananas, for not only do they ring good, but we've been truckin' for a whole year now!

With our first anniversary we would like to make some changes in the People's Food organization so that our second year is even greater than the first.

In order for us to continue with our present policy of paying for groceries when you pick them up, we must have cash on hand to purchase the produce prior to that time. To this date we have been able to rely on loans from socially conscious organizations and generous friends. However since one of our generous friends is leaving town, he would like his \$500.00 back. We will pay him back, but we need to replace his money in People's Food.

With this in mind we feel that it is necessary to charge a membership fee for all of us adults. We will issue valid PEOPLE'S

FOOD MEMBERSHIP CARDS to all who want to continue consuming our delectable vittles.

The cost of membership will be set up to encourage people to benefit by buying in larger groups. The amount of the fee will be set up as follows:

| BUYING GROUP OF | NO. OF ADULTS | COST PER ADULT |
|-----------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1-5 | | \$5 each |
| 6-10 | | \$4 each |
| 11-15 | | \$3.50 each |

We hope you will all consider this fee an investment in your co-operative, and will feel confident that the credibility People's Food has established this past year justifies this request on our part.

To order People's Food drop by the office, 114 1/2, North St. in Normal and get an order form. Place your order by phoning 452-9221 or 452-9111 on Tuesday, 5-8p.m. or Wed. 9-11 a.m.

Ann

"Maintain a 'military' cover. To avoid the allegation that we are practicing 'pure blackmail,' the targets should be military targets and the declaratory policy should not be that our

objective is to squeeze the DRV to the talking table, but should be that our objective is only to destroy military targets."

--John McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense, in a memo dated 1/18/66; from the Pentagon Papers.



PEACE IS INDIVIDUAL
SO IS

MOTHER MURPHY'S

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By Popular Demand!!

ANOTHER

NEW, **COOL**,

COUNTERCULTURE and

REVOLUTIONARY...

CROSSWORD puzzle!

ACROSS

- 1. Famous historically for the Polish equivalent of Harlem
- 7. What both Harlem and #1 across are
- 14. Colored area around the nipple
- 15. What Chavez wants you to eat.
- 16. Old company famous for its "wishbook" (2 words)
- 18. The Roman 100
- 19. How you look when the pigs bust in
- 20. abbv. of the political day care group: Parents for Revolutionizing Every Baby
- 21. If you have 35 pots, you need 35 lids, or a ----.
- 23. "The quality our leaders pretend to have but don't
- 26. Phony "peace" front organization for imperialist pig countries (abbv.)
- 27. Spray-painting buildings is peoples' ----.
- 29. Hippie pads supposedly are anything but t----.
- 30. a two-letter word
- 31. abbreviation of chemical which is the very essence of life
- 32. Israel's favorite general

- 34. What a heavily tripping hippie is likely to be
- 36. The Roman 6
- 37. If ya wanna ball, ya gotta ----.
- 40. Berkeley free speech protestors had signs reading F.U.C.K. while this man was University President
- 41. 1950's rock idol
- 43. a rebel without a cause
- 45. the kind of paper you should be doing instead of this puzzle: ----m.
- 47. first initial of famous English shrink
- 48. short for #27 down
- 49. grass
- 50. Andy's partner
- 52. Chinese unit of distance
- 53. When the pigs come to your door, they'd better have a warrant ----- your home (2 words)
- 57. What Ho Chi Minh did: ---- to struggle, and --- to win.
- 59. Don't buy Twinkies cause they're made by ---, so are dead babies (abbv.)
- 60. You should be ---- of someone who says he can't do dope with you because he has diabetes.

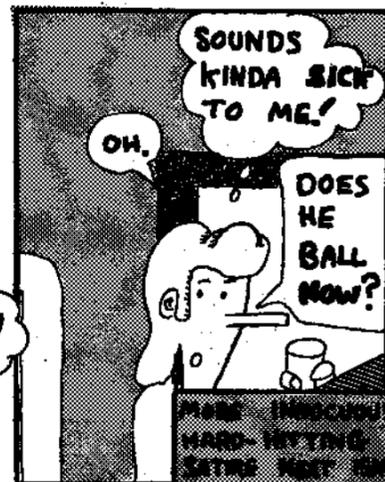
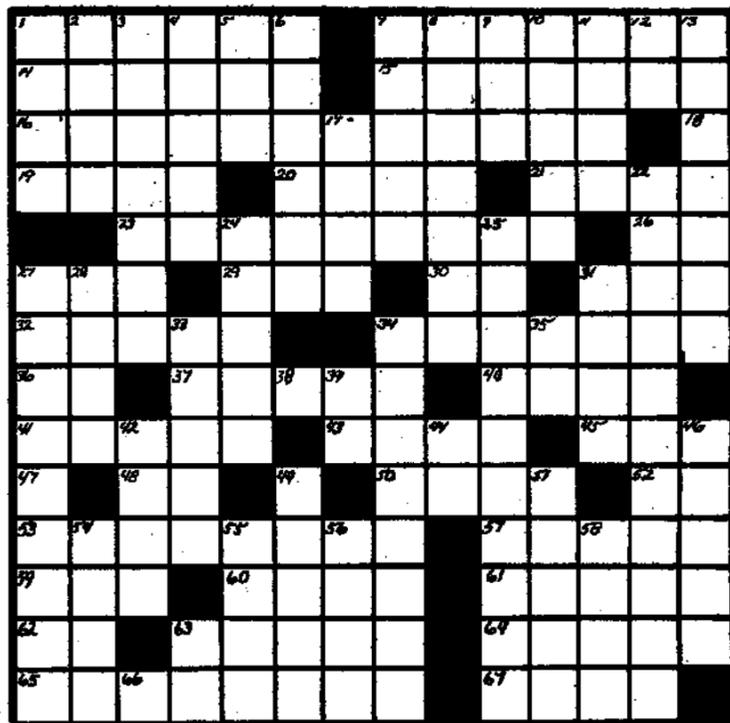
- 61. our favorite branch
- 62. Chicano yes
- 63. -----sist: someone who's done so much dope he thinks all reality's in his head
- 64. The Post-Amerikan is a great one.
- 65. What Nixon does when he says "peace."
- 67. Where the best dope ever grew.

DOWN

- 1. If you don't have the right background, it will probably sting you.
- 2. People's Park is a liberated ----.
- 3. "Because I have the key To escape -----," --John Prine
- 4. If you were familiar with this scared and trembling guru, you would call him ----.
- 5. local porno palace
- 6. How your mind probably is if you go to #5 down.
- 7. If you want to get liberated or learn to drive a steam shovel, go to ----.
- 8. Fat furry and friendly fantasy creatures.
- 9. A tall flightless bird that is good for fitting in those tight spots in a crossword
- 10. Part of suburban housing construction, according to Pete Seeger
- 11. Don't let Thor Heyerdahl con you with it.
- 12. you're either left off or right ---.
- 13. reds
- 17. favorite cock book scene
- 22. If almost a dozen astronauts got busted for smoking dope

- 24. Sunglasses
- 25. We knew he was a narc because he ----- (3 words)
- 27. What pig capitalists do to create artificial demand
- 28. What they ride you out of town on
- 31. What the Post-Amerikan prints on Dr. Rudnicki
- 33. Where you'd better pull your car when you see those flashing lights
- 34. Imitate a speed freak (3 words)
- 35. French demonstrative adjective (masculine, singular)
- 38. #47 across
- 39. Seething cauldron of energy
- 42. What Chairman Mao's wisdom is
- 44. The existential verb
- 46. Peter Fonda is an easy one
- 49. --- - - - - la: what Sha-na-na sings on their way to a gig
- 51. If you eat one, it should be of #7 across
- 54. He sat by the docks
- 55. The only way to serve your country after you're drafted
- 56. One who puts down Amerika: ----ic.
- 58. If you buy People's Food, you can be sure the fruit will be ----.
- 63. If you go to ISU, you'll probably have to write an ---, but you'll probably flunk (or maybe we will)
- 66. #18 across

SOLUTION ON P. 19



"The world is too much with us. . ."
W. Wordsworth

(The news briefs are unusually brief this time, thanks to the person who ripped off three of our LNS packets.)

New York--Richard Nixon's new director of the office of Management and Budget, Roy Ash, ought to be just the man to keep down government costs. Ash directed Litton Industries from a \$1.5 million operation in 1953 to a \$1.8 billion giant by 1968. As President of Litton (until his recent appointment) he capitalized heavily on government defense work. (Litton is #11 among the top defense contractors.)

A former Litton exec tells just how Litton grew--Litton merely considers it a matter of course to renegotiate government contracts upward by at least 50% during the course of development and production.

New York--Michael Klare's book War Without End, American Planning for the Next Vietnam (Knopf, paperback \$2.95) details the transformation of the U.S. military from a nuclear-oriented strategy to the present-day counterinsurgency doctrine.



Havana--Cuba is building a massive housing project near the sandy beaches of the Caribbean about four and a half miles outside of Havana. The new city will provide spacious living quarters for 60,000 people.

New York--AT&T says that 22,000 people are refusing to pay their federal excise taxes because of their protest of the Indochina War. The IRS wants AT&T to discontinue service to the nonpayers, but AT&T has refused--it would cost them \$200,000 to process the disconnections.

Kent, Ohio--the ACLU recently filed suit in federal court charging Kent State officials with unlawful surveillance and entrapment in connection with undercover actions intended to discredit the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. The suit asks \$280,000 in damages.

Detroit--Radical lawyer Justin C. Ravitz was recently elected to a 10-year term as Judge of Detroit Recorder's (Criminal) Court. "It's time people on the left came out of the closets, stop talking about theory and start taking power," he said.

Van Nuys, Calif--Mary Anna Anderson is suing the Northridge Equipments Rentals for refusing to rent her a Roto-Tiller because she is a woman. She is asking \$10,000 punitive damages for the humiliation she suffered and \$250 for the company's violation of the California penal code.



Iwakuni, Japan--Sgt. Dennis L. Murphy tried circulating an anti-war petition among his fellow Marines at the base in Nam Phong recently. He got 200 signatures, but was strong-armed into burning the petitions by his commanding officer who incorrectly asserted that the petition was illegal and who also threatened the signees. Murphy was sent to Japan, where it was decided he did not want to be in Thailand, given tranquilizers, and sent back to Nam Phong.

New York--Before the Nov. election, Nixon's Federal Price Commission vetoed an appeal for a price rise from Ford and GM. In early December, the Price Commission magically reconsidered and granted Ford a \$63 increase per car and GM a \$54 boost. The Commission claimed that the "profit picture had gradually deteriorated." GM reports a profit margin of 8.2% in 1972's 1st quarter, the highest since 1966.

Once again some frivolous fool on the Post-American wrote an irrelevant News Brief for the sole purpose of filling space. Hi, Mom!



New York--A fact sheet on Cambodia beginning with the French occupation in 1863 is available from the US Committee to Aid the NLF, Box "C" Old Chelsea Station, New York, 10011.

New York--Father Phillip Berrigan was released on parole Dec. 20 after spending two years in the Federal Pen for raiding the draft board offices in Baltimore in 1967.

Atlanta--Employees at the Atlanta Greyhound station are striking against labor abuses such as "paper corporations" which deprive employees of pension and seniority rights by transferring the people from one company to another although all are owned by Greyhound.

New York--The Federal Trade Commission recently ruled that two Alcoa board members were violating federal antitrust laws by also sitting on the boards of Kennecott Copper and Armco Steel.

Paris--The Paris Viet Cong delegation has denied a Nov. 25 report that an extremist section of the North Vietnamese Army attacked a Viet Cong headquarters and wounded the President of the MLF Presidium. The report, which first appeared here in Le Monde, claimed that the North Vietnamese Army unit opposed a negotiated settlement of the war.

Chicago--The Secret Service has been investigating a Chicago woman, Barbara Berrman, for threatening Nixon's life in a letter to a local newspaper. She wrote, "When the Nixonites die, they will not rest in peace, for they know what they do and revel in it and there is no amnesty in hell."

Norfolk, Va.--Jeffrey Allison received a five to ten year sentence as scapegoat in the recent fire-sabotage action aboard the Forrester, better known as the USS Zippo.

Albuquerque--Operation Breakthrough, a \$26 million housing project sponsored by HUD, but with the money going to Alcoa, has not been well-received by the rural people of New Mexico who said that they are being forced to move from their homes into ready-made ghettos.



Attica, N.Y.--About 100 Attica Prison inmates are being held in segregation after staging a Black Solidarity Day last Nov. 8.



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By B Sherman

I used to think that being born white and male in the U.S.A. was a privilege. I still think it works that way being born white. I'm no longer so certain about the privileges of being born male.

The following is a series of eccentric personal observations. I don't apologize for it being that way.

Sexual Panic

A. I couldn't really question the adequacy of sexual roles until I could feel comfortably heterosexual. All through adolescence I could feel things wrong with the lot being assigned me, but could never pinpoint the foundation. Male adolescence is the period of the Homosexual Panic, and a panicky period it can be indeed to an introverted bookworm.

When I first finally achieved intercourse with a woman in college and enjoyed it, levels of consciousness were liberated. So it seemed, I had read a modicum of material beforehand about the role of hetero male, but I never questioned it as it related to myself.

I couldn't question until I could begin to feel secure in that role. That this security was being snatched upon quickly and with little respect for the subtleties of human behavior, I can recognize now. That certain inequities of the male role would be much harder to correct once I'd accepted them as a part of my male *gestalt* was a paradox invisible to me. I don't know what I'd have been able to do had I recognized the dilemma.

B. Given the modifications of personal eccentricity that are symptomatic of passing time in the same situation, I haven't really strayed too far from my role. I remember falling in love, for a while, with the concept of "polymorphous perversity," without really understanding it, (I still don't,) but this turned out to be a mere platonic intellectual love affair, unwatered by any desires.

The fact is I still feel a gut nervousness about homosexuals, even though I can intellectualize it away. Too many defenses get put up.

C. Last summer I was working at an unskilled labor job in a hospital. The only co-worker at the time around near my age and sex was a high school student. Neither of us worked very often at the same time, and when we did, he was always either nodding off or moving as he were hyper strung out.

On one of the hyper strung out days, he and I got into a fight. It had started as one of those instances of mutual ribbing which isn't that much genuine ribbing, and it had escalated in verbal intensity. Finally, by afternoon's end, open hostility broke. "Hey," he said, coming up to me, "you suck!" When I looked at him with a puzzled expression, he repeated his declaration.

"You heard me," he continued. "Aren't you going to do anything about it?" I told him I didn't really care what he said about me. . .

D. It was a lie, of course. Even if I could totally feel that the word wasn't a measure of inferiority, I could also feel sure that he felt sure it was. The biggest way to gain and maintain peer respect, from high school age onward, for males has been to display heterosexual potency. Else one finds a new peer group. Still, the aura of disrespect from someone who disagrees with you, no matter how wrong you know them to be, can be a potent one.

When I, several years earlier, first began committing myself to my rather individualized form of pacifism, I received a good deal of flack. I was still living in the dormitory then, and the prime criticism I remember receiving was in terms of masculinity. I always felt obliged to ridicule such an outlook--without bothering to understand the fears behind it.

E. Can men really talk to women or other men without first being obliged to prove themselves? Over a year ago, when I wrote an editorial for the campus paper *Vidette* supporting the newly formed homophile group, various friends, male and female, began asking me if I was gay. The paper began receiving a lot of input from faculty and students about the appearance of articles on gay liberation. Most of the response was negative. The topic, they said, was being discussed too much.

For a while among several of the paper's male staff members, homosexual jokes began to spring up. If there's one thing the mere appearance of the homophile organization did, it was reveal the machinations of quite a few defenses.

Being only a minor set of incidents (of the sort that unfortunately happen every day,) the article responses couldn't reveal the tremendous depth to which many men are willing to defend or build their identity. One needs wars for that.

Psychological Brutality

F. If the "idealized" American male is one who eschews sympathy, then too often we've fallen into the trap

of treating him as if he didn't need it. Form is not necessarily content. Much of the women's issue is interpreted by men as a threat to them--not because it necessarily is a threat, but because it gets so often vocalized in such a confrontatory manner.

Of course, the emotions behind the pose on women's part would be readily understood and, perhaps, viewed with empathy if one could be a distance away. But realistically the distance isn't there.

It is symptomatic that so often women's liberation is typed in mass media mind with a certain type of protest. It is also symptomatic that despite protestations that women's liberation really means freedom for both sexes, few men really feel it's set up to work that way.

Criticism too often is a disguise for psychological brutality, even that which is masked with "principals." When criticism surrounds the foundation a person's entire self-concept is built upon, care should be taken.

G. But as things stand now, such sensitivity is missing in us all. In the act of creating new sexual peer groups, the older peer groups are being brutalized. It is important for everyone to feel their worth, but most of it ends up being at the expense of somebody else's.

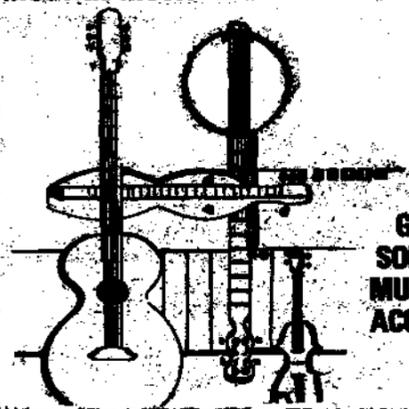
Freak male heterosexuality is different from and feels superior to straight male heterosexuality and vice versa. Both feel obliged to defensively feel superior to male homosexuality. That an aura of fear and defensiveness surrounds the pose is indisputable.

When the conflict of roles enters between the sexes, it gets more complicated. Relationships end up being based in some level of superiority and intimidation. When relationships are based on roles it seems almost inevitable. Roles were not designed to cement everybody's level of equality.

H. Redefinition of sexual roles still means one is determining a person's role on the basis of sex. I remember feeling guilty as a small boy every time I cried. I remember a woman last year saying that she wasn't going to cry, though she obviously very much wanted to, because it would appear too "womanlike." A strange level of credence is being given to the male role here.

Sexual roles can have little appreciation for individual differences. The adolescent finds him/herself growing up attempting to fit into some sort of mold and feeling somehow inferior (and full of fear,) because he/she didn't fully measure up to it. In such a state full sensitivity towards others is impossible, and various brutalities become a norm. Life is enough of a hassle as it is.

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My Experience On "Honor America Day"

While I was in Washington, D.C. about two years ago, the group that I was in made a field trip to the Honor America Day celebration on the 4th of July.

When we arrived by the limousine furnished by Howard University, we walked from the Archives building to the Washington Memorial. Once inside the Park, we saw numerous people: hippies, demonstrators, sitting down, eating, sleeping. There must have been over a thousand of them assembled there. We went through this past the Memorial to the foot of the slope where a stage with people gathered around it, was set up. The crowd was composed of flag wavers, V.F.W. mothers and women in their uniforms, American Legionnaires, and Boy Scouts, and Girl Scouts. The Boy Scouts were going to go down the aisles with a color guard.

As we got near, the crowd of picnickers, sightseers with shortsleeves and their cameras were around us. It was about 5:30 in the evening. It had been hot that day, about 85 to 90 degrees; the sun was hanging in the horizon.

There was pushing and shoving, then to our left we saw a group of hippies

sitting, distracting attention. One hippie was dressed up in an American flag, waving his arms, staring blankly. They were yelling obscenities, "1-2-3-4 We don't want your fucking war!" "Pigs eat shit" and "Fuck the pigs!" There was a V.F.W. middle aged white woman, in her white uniform was standing on a folding chair, frowning at the demonstrators. In came the police with their gray short sleeves, dark pants and riot gear. The crowd was told to get back. We looked with amazement as we waited to have our tickets taken and to be let inside the brown picket fence that surrounded the seating area.

Tear gas was exploded by the police as we sat in our seats. Photographers and newsmen moved in to take pictures. I believe I was on a picture. They must have gotten me in the crowd, since they were aiming right at us.

The show started. The program had been on T.V. and shown all over the country. Bob Hope was on the stage. The Marine Band broke in to a selection. On the left was Joe Garagrola and Betty White in a broadcasting booth with T.V. cameras on them. On into the show, it was getting dark, a tear gas bomb was

exploded. The demonstrators kept the noise up all through the show. The wind blew the gas our way and everybody got up and ran to the edge of the stage. We were told to sit back down. The plain clothed ushers were monitoring the aisles. One big, burly guy was up walking around with a handkerchief over his mouth and nose. "Sir, will you please sit down and put your head between your legs and breath? The usher said, "I come from Colombia, this life!" the man said.

I turned and saw a young man wave a flag as police tried to apprehend the demonstrators. A Good Humor truck was overturned, a cherry bomb popped. A wrecker came in to set the Good Humor truck back up. The audience cheered. Everytime the police would throw out a demonstrator who infiltrated through the picket fence, the patriotic audience would clap.

We left before the ending of fireworks over the stage. One girl in the park had both hands raised in a 'fuck it' sign. We went past paraders, patriotic groups, picnickers, flag wavers, and participants of the show; back to Howard.

The next week, I read the underground newspaper that was being sent around campus. It read on the front page, "Victory on Honor Amerika Day." The paper had pictures of demonstrators bathing in the nude in the Lincoln Memorial fountain and overturning the Good Humor truck. I was torn between sides; leftist and rightist. It was one experience I'll always remember.

Kermit Jeffers

to students and taxpayers:

Have you ever wondered where all that money listed under "miscellaneous" in the University budget goes? Here's one example:

One day early last month, the University Television Department repairmen received an urgent call from Dean Budig's office asking them to come to Hovey Hall immediately--one of the TV sets had gone out and needed prompt attention. Assuming it was one of Hovey Hall's security system sets (installed after the 1970 student sit-in in the President's office), repairmen hurried over. What they found when they arrived was an emergency even more distressing than the one they had anticipated. President Berlo's personal color TV set was not working! Realizing that they had been hustled by the fat cats again, the repairmen resignedly drove over to Berlo's house, picked up the set, and took it back to the shop.

You'll be glad to know that all it needed was a new tuner (costing approximately \$35-\$40). So in all it probably

only cost the University about \$75 for parts and labor.

And poor President Berlo, with his meagre salary, didn't even have to bother looking for his checkbook.

Also received recently by the TV Department was a University requisition for one or three* small-size color TV sets. And you'll never guess who ordered them. That's right, your friend and mine, David Berlo. Unfortunately, his large room for entertaining VIP's already has a large TV set, so, I guess, he will just have to stick them someplace in his own part of the house. Tsk...and with all the other burdens he has to carry, too.

So remember, students, and ladies and gentlemen of the tax-paying public, the next time you complain about your money supporting such "horrible" causes as Gay Liberation, think of how much you pay to keep David Berlo in color TV sets.

--John Q. Taxpayer

*one, three, five...does it matter?



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GETTING ADMINISTRATORS

step one: Take a section of the University Union, formerly used as a study area, and turn it into a small, cosy restaurant with large expensive mirror, constantly going metal fireplace, and silver serving settings. Call it the 1857 Room and keep it open only one hour and fifteen minutes a day--the lunch hour--and keep it closed the rest of the day, so that students during crowded hours can sit on the Union steps instead.

step two: Operate the room in the red, with good and steady food at a cost just out of the range of most students (\$2.00) and seconds on salad, meat, and coffee. Pick up the slack with money supplied from student union fees.

step three: Ignore student complaints.

* * *

For the second time in several years, protest sprung up around the 1857 Room. First time, around the period of its inception and the Malcolm X Union controversy, students took over the room for several days, naming it on the climactic day the Fred Hampton Room. That protest, with its multitudinous nature, did little to effect the progress of the 1857 Room. Students were really more interested in other matters, such as the unsuccessful Union naming attempt.

Second, more recent protest has been directly concerned with the room itself and has been spurred by members of Student Government. Several months previous, Student Govt. Board had sent a request that the room, instead of being closed all but one and a quarter hours, be opened the rest of the day for lounge space. Union Board, officially in charge of such decisions, turned down the request. The 1857 Room was to remain closed to general student use.

Several people were annoyed at this. First, they felt they were being ripped off in space. Second, they knew the room was losing money, and that students were, in effect, subsidizing it. Third, there was something strange about the budget

submitted for record which said the room wasn't losing that much money.

For one thing, the budget neglected to mention maintenance figures--upkeep of the room and the fire and cleaning of the utensils. The labor figures were rather low. The budget blandly stated that \$12.00 a month was being spent on floral arrangements, when what looked like fresh flowers were being set at each of the twenty or so tables every day.

A meal, which cost \$1.74, included seconds on salad (with an opulent selection of salads and cheeses) and seconds on meat (usually roast beef.)

(At the same time, in the Red Door below, where one bought each item of food separately, pieces of cheese were going at a dime a piece. Salads, toss, went for 35¢ a single serving. Meats ranged around 75¢. Coffee, one cup at a time, went for a dime. In the 87¢ budget line, one got a single helping of a full meal on the tenderloin-left-over level. Single servings.)

* * *

Second protest began on a Monday, with members of the newly formed Ad Hoc Committee for Union Reform and People for Social Justice reserving tables to drink coffee at. At the same time, Student Government Board sent a letter to the Union Board "deploring" their decision.

Students visiting the room that Monday were told by waitresses that they could only get two cups of coffee for their 9¢. Those buying a meal got constant refills. Several noted for the record the seconds being giving on salads and meat.

A short article on the protest appeared on the front page of Tuesday's *Vidette*, quoting one of the leaders, Pete Black, saying that he hoped more students would join in the protest.

Members of the committee on the second day passed out a leaflet inviting

students to take advantage of the cornucopia the Union Board was offering. One student in the 1857 Room could buy a meal for an entire table of four, the leaflet said. Which would have been true if the rules stayed the same.

Students going into the 1857 Room on the second day--a greater number, of course--found that suddenly second helpings on meat were prohibited. So was that second cup of coffee, for those just there to drink coffee. Each cup had to be individually paid for.

The third day, with a smaller number of students, the rules were expanded to include second helpings on salads. Ice and Xmas vacation were cutting down on student involvement, so members of the committee decided to call it quits until after vacation. It would be interesting, one reflected, to see if the same rules were being enforced. By Friday, they weren't.

* * *

When space was at such a minimum, it is puzzling to see the 1857 Room closed up. It is also puzzling to note the room working at an admitted loss, when the 24 hours policy of the Red Door was reduced because "not enough students were using the vending machines" at early morning hours.

Such becomes less puzzling if one sees the management of the 1857 Room as symbolic of a certain level of administrative exploitation of students. According to this ideology, one can afford to operate in the red for administrators and townspeople--traditionally the clientele of the 1857 Room--but can't do the same for students. Students are only to rip off.--Perry Noyes

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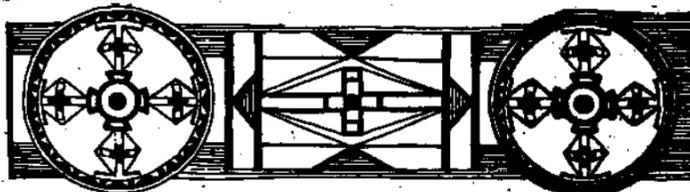
HOW TO HAVE FUN WITH YOUR HEAD

EVENTS

- Jan. 5&6--5:30,8,10:30--Capen Aud.: Billy Jack
- Jan. 5,8,12--ISU Union Ballroom: "Black Society Dance"
- Jan. 6--Univ. Dance Theatre: Dance Gallery 2-4 McC. 104
- Jan. 6--midnight--Normal Theatre: What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?
- Jan. 7--8pm--Hayden Aud.--Film Soc.: Citizen Kane
--8pm--Capen Aud.: Marx Bros. Film Festival
- Jan. 8--8:15pm--Gen 121: Faculty Recital (Sax)
- Jan. 8,10,11--7:45--Stev 101: Astronomy film, The Violent Universe
- Jan. 9&10--4-5pm--Stev 401: Humanities Theatre
- Jan. 12--8pm--POST-AMERICAN MEETING 11&1/2 North St.
--8:30pm--Watterson: Friends (also Jan.13 Vrooman)
- Jan. 12&13--5:30,8,10:30-- Capen Aud.: I Never Sang For My Father
--3&8pm--Westhoff--Brooks & the Black Repertory Theatre: Gwendolyn
- Jan. 13--midnight--Normal Theatre: The Last Movie
- Jan. 14--8pm--Women's Center-- WOMEN'S MEETING
--7pm--Union 310--Student Gov't Board Meeting
--6:30pm--Hayden--Women's Group: Film & Guest Speaker
- Jan. 19--8:30 pm--Linkins-- Sterile Cuckoo
--5:30,8,10:30--Capen: Percy
- Jan. 20--8:30pm--Feeney: Sterile Cuckoo
--11pm--Watterson: Sterile Cuckoo
--midnight--Normal Theatre: Little Fauss and Big Halsey
- Jan. 21--8pm--Hayden--Film Society: Cops--Buster Keaton Two Tars--Laurel & Hardy Never Give a Sucker an Even Break--W.C.Fields
--7pm--Union 310--Student Gov't Board Meeting
- Jan. 26--DEADLINE FOR POST ARTICLES
- Jan. 26&27--midnight--Normal Theatre: Montez Pop
- Jan. 28--7pm--Union 310--Student Gov't Board Meeting
- Feb. 3--midnight--Normal Theatre: Joe
- Feb. 4--7pm--Union 310--Student Gov't Board Meeting
--8pm--Hayden--Film Society: Juliet of the Spirits

fulfilling pastimes

CREATE AND DEVELOP an alternative countercultural newspaper. The Post Amerikan needs people. (See ad elsewhere.)



LETTERS

Jeanette and Linda,

Your article in December's POST was interesting. Having never written a letter to anything and being quiet and stuff like that, it's difficult to do this. All I can do is speak for myself.

Yes it is a pain trying to be a superstud. Yes I would like to be myself. But I distrust groups, organizations, dogmas, leaders, secretaries, RAP-sessions, BGO-tripping, etc. I don't need to form a group to be curious, to want to change, to want to put new things in my head. I realize there are limitations because I am a man. "Anyone serious in changing his oppressive ways in relating to women and understanding his dehumanizing sexual conditioning would seem to need"..... EDUCATION. Before I form a group, or a group is formed, WRITE ORDER CALL for some education.

WOMEN AND THEIR BODIES
Boston Women's Health Collective
791 Tremont St.
Boston, Massachusetts 02118
617-536-9219

OR

WOMEN: A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION
3028 Greenmount Ave.
Baltimore, Maryland 21218
301-366-6475

I called, ordered, and wrote these places. I will let anyone read them who wants to. If someone wants to read what I have...

CALL: 827-8494 day
829-4137 nite
829-9583 message

I wouldn't dream of joining or starting a group unless I knew what the hell I was talking about. I am not informed at this time. I hope to be informed in the near future.

What an ordeal,
Willy Berry
Free Notary Public

Post-Amerikan:

A group of us from the Red Lion (that is, who go to the Lion regularly) would like for people to know about an incident that happened at the Lion the other night.

Have you ever noticed the way a fight usually ends down at the Red Lion? If not, the next time a fight breaks out be sure and watch.

Bob Graham, the manager, must make sure that all his bouncers are blood-thirsty rednecks. For instance, on the 21st of December a freak who was just talking among friends was interrupted by some redneck who started pulling on his beard. The freak asked him to quit, but the guy kept pulling his beard. After being asked a couple more times the guy got his head busted with a beer mug by the freak.

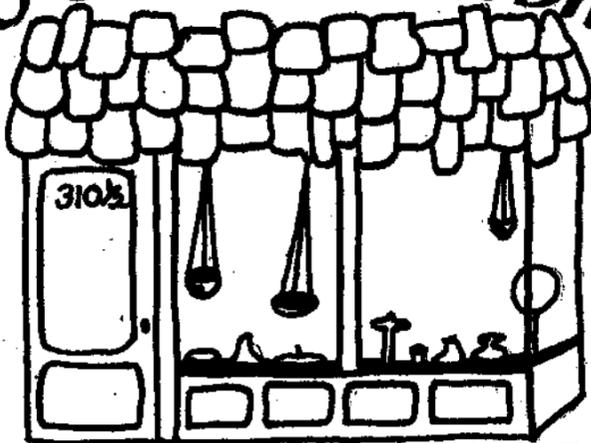
Naturally the fight began. That's when Bob Graham and his bouncers jumped in, three of them on one guy--the freak!

Are these guys being paid to gang up on one guy, without even knowing who started the fight or anything? It seems to us that it would be enough just to stop the fight--not prolong it.

There have been many incidents like the one on December 21st. Do you know how these blood-thirsty rednecks get paid? It's with the dollar membership on Friday and Saturday night and the money from the alcohol you drink. Can you dig it? You may be paying to see one of your friends fucked over because some redneck wants to fuck with a freak.

--The People

MARPLE GROVE TRADING CO.



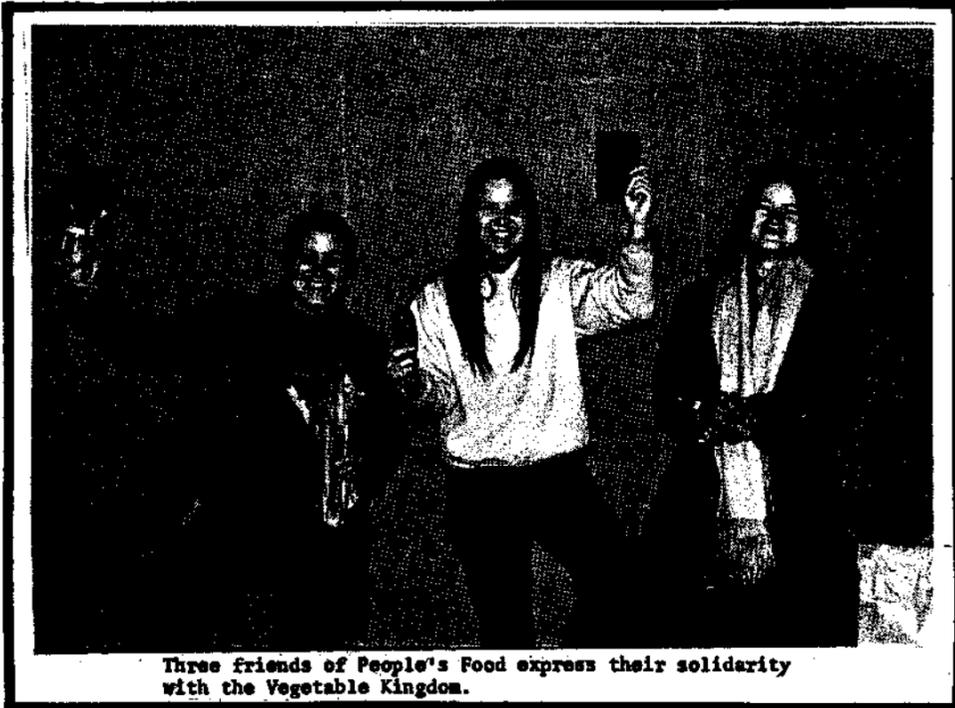
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CULTURE

FOUNTER



Three friends of People's Food express their solidarity with the Vegetable Kingdom.

HEAT

HEAT (written and directed by Paul Morrissey)

I really don't know what to say about HEAT. It's the latest in a series of Warhol Factory films, contains a fascinating mixture of homosexual scatology and stultifying boredom. The film is either cleverly badly made or just badly made, and if such a statement sounds needlessly facile, it's because the film invites such.

Strangely, I find myself less sure about the intention of the filmmaker in HEAT, than I do with the makers of LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT. That film has the healthy air of exploitiveness about it; HEAT has something else. I wish I knew what.

The film is a nightmarishly overdone SUNSET BOULEVARD. In that film, William Holden, who everybody knew was a bastard, took advantage of over-the-hill actress Gloria Holden, amidst an aura of a decaying Hollywood. HEAT starts with a suggestion of this motif, drops it, and picks it up later.

Sylvia Miles plays the actress with small regard for subtlety. Incredibly neurotic, she turns to ex-boy-cowboy Joe Dellesandro for support (after one sexual encounter.) He, of course, doesn't give a damn for her or anybody. At least William Holden had his greed.

Dellesandro is the film's hero. One never knows if he's acting or not. The camera does a lot of pans over his body, which is very athletic. There's a long Esther Williams-type sequence where the camera focuses on him swimming underwater in a pool. By the same token, actresses are treated rather brutally by the camera--heads cut off, bodies censored. Turnabout is fair play, I guess.

Other than that, I can't see enough in the film intentionally put together to make it any more than a series of kinky jokes, interesting divertissements, and boring sophomorisms. Some sort of comment is made in the simultaneous unique and cliché nature of Dellesandro's sexuality, but one can only speculate as to what it is. I, for one, feel too unfamiliar with Morrissey-Warhol's other films.

However, I have a nice fantasy where HEAT is shown to an unsuspecting crowd at Capri movies where something like BILLY JACK was announced. At the very least, a whole lot of minds would be blown. That's a value in itself.

BSherman

FILM REVIEWS

Closely Watched Trains

Women's work is not yet done. With the advent of women's liberation consciousness comes a new set of hassles and concerns for both sexes.

One of these hassles is cooptation, like the other night when the Golddigger girls on the Dean Martin show did a sexy little chorus number, singing "I Am Woman." Another worry I've got pretty well developed is the confusion which exists among the general population and among women's liberationists that being against sexism is being against sex. It is certainly true that sexuality and sexist attitudes are so closely linked so often in the media that it is sometimes hard to separate the two in our own minds.

Sexuality is usually treated in a very sexist manner in American films. In the popular Matt Helm movies, the sexy woman is the one whose tight bikini pants never leave a line across her belly, whose thighs never show red marks from her black garter belt, and who never looks over twenty-five no matter how old she's supposed to be in the context of the film. Suspension of disbelief is one thing, but if we begin to believe that this is what being sexy is, we will make ourselves physically and psychologically miserable by trying to attain it, or else reject sexuality completely (preferring to keep our sanity).

What a refreshing experience Jiri Menzel's "Closely Watched Trains" is. The atmosphere of this film is charged with sexuality throughout, but it is not charged with sexism. The women in this film look like people you might really know, and when they're supposed to be around forty they look like they're around forty, and it's still quite obvious that they are beautiful and sexy in a very human way, in contrast to the plastic "sexuality" and "beauty" of the Matt Helm or James Bond fuck machine.

The film centers around a young man's initiation into sex. This initiation comes to require the collusion of several helpful friends. The treatment is humorous without being slyly "dirty".

Last House On The Left

(written and directed by Wes Craven)

"LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT relates to a problem and a situation that practically every teenage girl is vulnerable to and every parent lives in dread of. (Note: The movie is, in fact, a retelling of Ingmar Bergman's Academy Award Winner 'The Virgin Spring' in 1972 terms.)"--advertising circular.

(Jesus, some people have a lot of nerve!)

LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT is a low-budget entertaining piece of gratuitous violence, too little gratuitous sex, and an erratic blend of camp that is alternately camp-funny and just-plain-lousy. Ordinarily one wouldn't think too much of the film if it weren't for the incredible advertising campaign surrounding it. The film resembles Bergman's about as much as 'King Kong' resembles 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The film, advertising ignored, is an enjoyable piece of excessive crap, fine for those decadents willing to disregard considerations of film aesthetic and groove on perversity. All of the best low-budget elements work in the film's particular universe--bad acting, poor quality sound, and typically incredible music all add to the camp absurdity. My favorite lines: After the Villains discover they've stumbled onto the house of the Parents whose Daughter they've raped and murdered, one of the Villains says, "What do you suppose are the odds of this sort of thing happening?" Another replies, "Hell if I know!"

I liked to interpret the film as a depiction of the triumph of the bourgeoisie. All three Villains are destroyed in vengeance by the Parents via artifacts of middle class life--a neck tie, chain-saw, or swimming pool. Best scene involves the Mother in the act of fellatio with one of the Rapists (whose hand is tied behind his back with a tie.) She bites his penis off. What a pointed comment on middle class sexuality!

--BSherman



or degrading to women. Sex is presented as healthy, normal, and fun for all--not as a power trip or a submission trip. A good time is had by all.

The women in the film are not passive sex objects brought in for the profit of the moviemaker and the pleasure of the male audience. They do real work--one is a conductress on a train, another works at the railroad station, another is the highest ranking subversive activist shown in the movie's subplot--she delivers bombs. In contrast to the constant availability of the American film sex object, in Closely Watched Trains the young girl comes to visit her boyfriend on her day off work. In one of the sexiest scenes of the movie, it is revealed that the woman has on plain old white cotton underpants! What a trip!

In "Carnal Knowledge" we saw the realistic treatment of neurotic sexuality. In "Closely Watched Trains" we see a hopefully realistic treatment of healthy sexuality. I like Closely Watched Trains better, and I think that we can look to films like this one to help us differentiate between sex and sexism.

--Melody Schwartz

Lesbian Woman

LESBIAN WOMAN
by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon

--reviewed by Ann

Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon are a lesbian couple and have been together for 19 years. They are the founders of the oldest Lesbian organization in America, the Daughters of Bilitis, and the newest, the Lesbian Mothers Union. Their book deals with the everyday life experience of the Lesbian, how she views herself as a person; how she deals with the problems she encounters in her various roles as woman, worker, friend, parent, child, citizen, wife, employer, welfare recipient, home owner and taxpayer and how she views other people and the world around her.

When most people think of homosexuals they think of men. These women are not only left out of heterosexual society but ignored in the homosexual world. They are made to play a most oppressive role in order to keep their jobs and their children.

The authors show us the type of life lesbians have been forced to lead from their own experiences and that of the many lesbians they have come in contact with through the years. This is a book we should all be reading. This segment of society has been ignored far too long.



(continued)

Eschew remember last time, several points were being felt in various regions. Someone total of its existence was unable to get across. Crosses cost and Christ candles are worthless more than Freudian ones. It's a wicked thing to be correct and unlit but rightness makes arrogance compulsive anyway. Too many/nearly everybody now aren't/isn't waresly too arrogant but too serious bout staying that way defensive. The best laid defenses of men and men are often offensive. Some of you too.

Role over and over singling in and anchoring some heterosecular point if Hugh may. A ray is a line with origin somewhere at the point of the start of lineal thought and a line isn't even enough for one bulky human (sans steed) to stand upon. One needs at least two to balance upon--or the best one does is hang on. I personally find I need my hands free.

Bill

SOLUTION TA PUZZLE!

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"It's difficult to say where art ends and politics begins. Is there really a line, after all, that separates unintentional voodoo and deliberate sabotage?"
Paul Krassner



CULTURE



BIG BUSINESS IS HERE

Yessirie folks, Big Business is coming right here to Bloomington-Normal. It's the Big chance of a lifetime for all you enterprising young aspiring executives. Yes people, it might be possible for you to fulfill that Great Amerikan Dream: getting rich quick.

To be a member of this Great Corporation, you don't have to clean up your act and wear a suit and tie. If you want, you can let your hair grow and wear grubby clothes and pretend you are a counter-culture individual. Yes, folks, this is a company with heart.

Besides the small benefits, there's that big one, Money, lots of it. As a salesman you will be dealing commodities wanted by the community. Commodities, hard for the small time entrepreneurs, are easily supplied by Big Business. If you think these offers are great, it isn't the half of it--they have got offers you can't refuse.

It all sounds like the chance of a lifetime, and it is. You are taking a chance on your lifetime being shortened. Remember, becoming an associate of this business is a lifetime membership. People want to become rich so that they can be free. With this organization, you are not free. (For that matter, if you think you can be free when you're rich, you're disillusioned.) Before

you jump for the chance of quick money, THINK, you might be jumping for quicksand.

All of the small time dealers in the area should be very alert to this situation. It's standard practice for businesses to be cutthroat operations. The syndicate is into cutting throats, literally. The syndicate gives a special bonus to its people for turning in the names of its competitors. They will either turn the names over to the pigs or handle the matter themselves.

Drug dealing is the second biggest rip-off operation in the world. (The leading rip-off operation being the U.S. government.) It's up to you people in the community to do something about this situation. You, the people, have the power to stop this before it starts. You are the consumers. No matter how much you like the stuff, don't buy it. You have the power. Don't sell your soul to the company store.

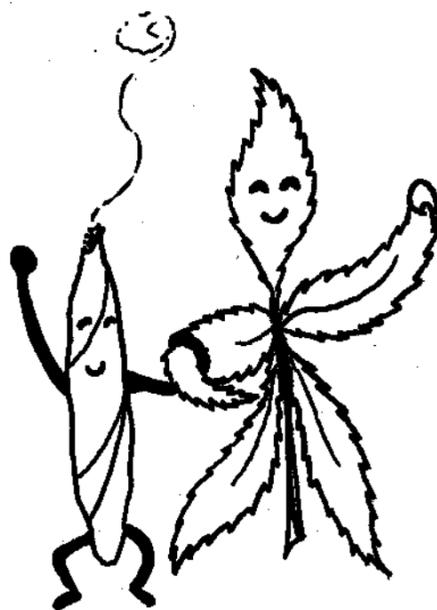
Remember, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.
--G.A.M.

Weed People

Continue

WEED PEOPLE CARRY LEGALIZATION OF MARIJUANA ONE STEP FARTHER THAN THE CONSUMER UNION

In their release to the Post, the Weed People state that, "Since we support the legalization of marijuana, we feel that any charges filed against anyone relating to



marijuana are unjust. We also realize the legal consequences to certain defendants of the McLean County Court, if we openly support them. So we will only state that we've contributed \$350 for the bail of local citizens."

Poems

I see the best minds of our age...

JOSE MARTI PLAZA (Nov. 1970)

After four hours
the masses are peaking
on Fidel--
dropping every syllable
like a tab of
political acid.

Bear

REPLY TO NERUDA

(in reply to Pablo Neruda's "I Wish the Railsplitter Would Wake Up")

American heritage is dissipating like a jet trail carrying its broken dreams of muscle and machines and simple stoic honesty; unashamed and cold-eyed symmetricon of the gadgit prince passing away beneath the roar of negative inertia--its ego-social infolutionary bewareness grasping at illusions, at image, at projection; its geo-social evolutionary awareness gasping in the pollution of broken promise. Learning from laughter which is faster than logic that if it is more blessed to love the oppressed more than we hate the oppressor then surely the hoary teeth of this kali-yuga's mechanism of the ugly can sign the music of the spheres; a music that may be heard in the palm of every calloused hand.

--Bear

CONCOUNTER

Post

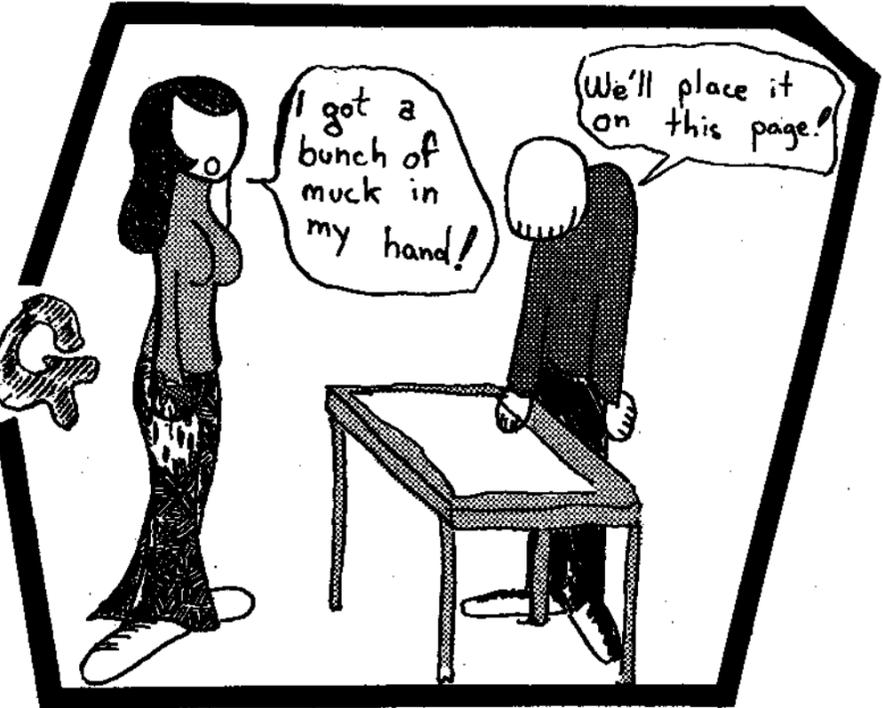
MEETING

JAN. 12

8:00

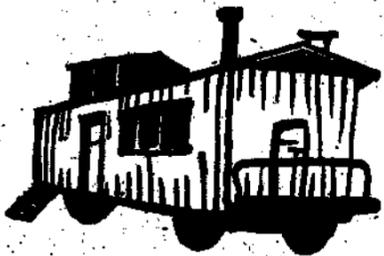
114 1/2 NORTH ST.

NORMAN (?)



Hello. You've probably noticed all those furshlugginer Post-American meeting announcements scattered throughout this issue. Well, the rap is we need more people. Most of the best people with different kinds of interesting raps and stories are our readers. We'd like you to contribute. Also, since we're on the subject, the Post needs artists, typists, people to do lay-out, advertising, and several other various miscellaneous things the paper need to keep going regularly.

The next paper meeting is announced in big letters on the left. Help support the cause of irresponsible journalism. Come.



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