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BLOOMINGTON / NORMAL

10¢

POST-AMERIKAN

VOL 1 NO 15

FEB. 1973



AMILCAR CABRAL

1925-1973

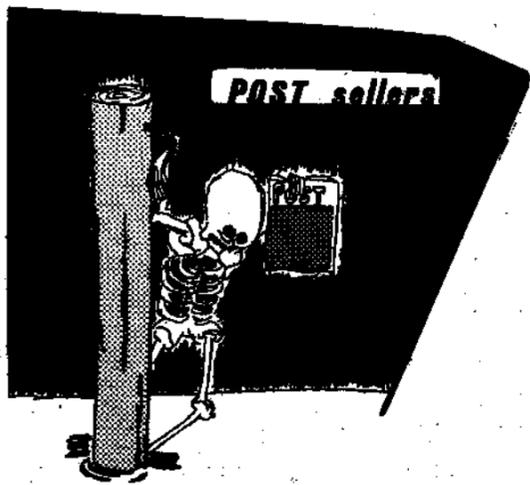
inside: Murder in Guinea

Rental Blues

POW's Tortured

JUDGESHIP CANDIDATE EXAMINED

more typos!



THE Post

Post #2

The Post-Amerikan is a newspaper of uncertain origin and unidentifiable management. It comes out every third Friday and is put together at the Post-Amerikan office (naturally) which is at 114 1/2 North St. in Normal. 452-9221.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Office Hours: 12-4:30 Monday, 2-8 Tuesday, 9-2 Wednesday, and 11-3 Thursday.

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.)

MUNG WANTED--the more the better. For use in landfill, dog and Bloomington drinking water. Call or phone "Frog" Blavatsky at 828-6647 (night) or the All-Star Crawlies at 8287026 (night). Bilbo sez high, and the flytrap is flourishing.

RAM--thanks for the use of the typewriter.

FOOT HENDERSON--can you contact someone at the Post? The xerox fucked up, and page three begins in the middle of a sentence, but page two ends with a complete sentence in the middle of the page. Something is missing, which is why your article hasn't been printed yet.

HOT NEWS??? Contact the Post-Amerikan.

COLD NEWS??? Contact the same.

C. MERTON: You're breedin' scabs on your nose--John Q. Public

For Sale: Truck. 1959 International/2 ton pickup. 1966 rebuilt engine and transmission. 3/4 ton rearend and springs. Contact Jay Waters, lower west apt. Abyss (206 W. Lincoln, Normal.)

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- The Joint, 605 1/2 N. Main
- DA's Liquors, Oakland and Main
- Al's Book World, 111 W. Front
- Maple Grove Trading Co., 310 1/2 N. Main
- News Nook, 402 1/2 N. Main
- Book Hive, 103 W. Front
- Bottle Shop, 1201 E. Oakland
- Gaston's Barber Shop, 202 1/2 N. Center

Normal

- Lobby Shop, ISU Union
- Apple Tree, 117 E. Beaufort
- The Caboose, 101 North St.
- Fritz Pretzels, 115 North St.
- Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
- Budget, 111 E. Beaufort
- Caboose Records, 101 North St.
- Student Stores, 115 North St.
- Minstrel Record Parlor, 311 S. Main
- Room 249, Stevenson Hall, ISU
- Partridge Family, 106 Beaufort
- Ram, 101 Broadway Mall

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.

Classified ads are free and should be sent to the office. Regular advertising costs 36 bucks a page, 18 for a half, etc. Call 828-7026.



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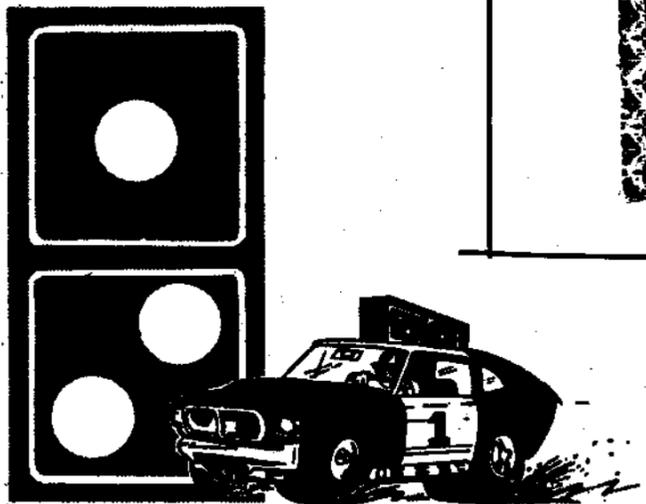
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**HAND MADE PIZZA
 FROM START TO FINISH**

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Federal Judgeship Sought : a case study

At 53, Bloomington's James Culver Wollrab has the distinguished appearance of a federal judge, an appearance he is working to turn into reality. Along with another local attorney, Wollrab is contending for Senator Percy's nomination to a soon-to-be-vacant federal judgeship in Springfield. Congressional Quarterly called the position "the juiciest of patronage plums bestowed by the party of the President."

For an insight into the American political process, it is useful to focus closely on this man, not for his personal importance, but as a case study.

What sort of man reaches a position where he may be appointed a federal judge? What does he stand for? What principles does he espouse? What is his economic position? Where is he situated in the community?

If farm ownership makes a farmer, then Wollrab is a farmer. He is owner or agent for 760 acres of McLean County land. He presumably owns more, as several hundred acres in our old plat book are listed in the name of Wollrab's now deceased father.

James Wollrab also owns extensive downtown real estate--almost a quarter of a million dollars worth--which was passed to him from his father, Fred W. Though Fred W. Wollrab was a director of Bloomington Unlimited, a corporation dedicated to building a "better downtown," the Wollrab properties reflect the very deterioration Bloomington Unlimited sought to cure.

SLUMLORD?

A Wollrab building was the site of a five-floor elevator plunge which killed a man in 1962. Blame was placed on a worn cable and faulty safety device, but liability was fixed on James Wollrab and his tenant--\$15,000 worth of liability. The elevator company was liable for only \$7,000. (It was only a \$22,000 death.)

That building is 111 E. Monroe. Wollrab owns all of 111 to 115 E. Monroe, at the corner of Monroe and Jefferson.

Four years later, the same building burned, causing thousands of dollars in damage. The upper stories were considered a "total loss," according to the Pantagraph.

Another James Wollrab property, the Federal Cafe, burned in May, 1972.

A few months later, the Red Shield Store, also James Wollrab's, burned.

Other Wollrab properties are scheduled to be demolished for urban renewal. The city recently paid Wollrab \$75,000 for 605-609 N. Main St.

Aside from questions of upkeep, Wollrab's landlord practices are governed by the highest principles of moral rectitude.

For example, as landlord for Al's Book World, Wollrab refused to renew the lease after the store's conviction on obscenity charges.

Father of the Year

But Wollrab set those principles aside in dealing with a client and his wife, according to our sources.

According to our sources, Wollrab's client of six years was opening a store while client's wife dealt with Wollrab on the legal matters. Legal matters apparently were very complex, we were told, as Wollrab had to spend a lot of time with his client's wife, even after office hours. The 22-year-old woman from Rantoul has since left her husband, and reportedly still spends a lot of time observing the lawyer's touch at handball at the YMCA.

Ironically, the mayor once named James Wollrab "father of the year."

The one-time father of the year and his wife were sued for slander by their babysitter in 1964. The case was never officially settled, but the files are open to the public for personal conclusions. Ours is that the babysitter got a bad break.

* * * * *

Where is a potential federal judge located in the social structure?

Residing in Bloomington's elite Country Club Place, Wollrab matches his high-society social contacts with equally prominent business contacts.

Through a network of stockholdings and interlocking directorates, Wollrab's friends and colleagues form a web entangling the highest-placed economic positions in the town.

American State Bank

Beginning with Wollrab's law firm, Costigan and Wollrab, strong and direct links can be traced to the American State Bank. Costigan is a member of the bank's Board of Directors. Wollrab and Costigan, along with Madelon Costigan, together owned 4 1/2% of American State's outstanding stock in 1967. (Wollrab's stock, valued at \$5,900, is in trust; he is trustee, but will not actually own the stock until his mother's death.)

Dominating the American State Bank is the Wochner family. Three Wochners together own a majority of the stock, with Leonard, the bank's President and Wollrab's neighbor on Country Club Place, owning the lion's share. One day after Leonard's son, David Wochner, was admitted to the bar, it was announced that he would practice as an associate of the firm of Costigan and Wollrab.

Reaching out from the American State Bank, Wollrab's network embraces a large portion of the Bloomington business interests.

A double interlocking directorate ties the American State Bank with Beich Candy Company. The Bank's President sits on Beich's Board, and Beich's President is one of the bank's directors. The Beich family also owns stock in American State, as well as other local banks.

Bloomington Fed. / Wollrab

Another double interlock binds Wollrab's bank to Bloomington Federal Savings and Loan Association. Percy Washburn, American State stockholder and director, is Bloomington Fed's Chairman of the Board. Another American State director, Louis D. Williams is a Bloomington Federal Vice President. And Craig Hart, Bloomington Federal's President, is another of Wollrab's neighbors on Country Club Place.

Normal's 1st Nat'l

Through Washburn and Williams, Wollrab's interests are connected to William McKnight, Jr., and then to Normal's First National Bank.

Vice President of Bloomington Federal, William McKnight Jr. is also the largest stockholder in the First National Bank of Normal, where he is also Vice President and director. McKnight is also a director of General Telephone Company, President of McKnight Publishing, and involved along with Jake Grossman in developing a super shopping center north of Normal.

McKnight has dealt with some very high-placed people while serving on numerous public boards and commissions, in addition to a term on the State Chamber of Commerce Board. In 1966, McKnight worked on a new tax article with Richard Kuhfuss, now President of the National Farm Bureau, Walter Wright, then General Telephone President, and Robert Bone, then ISU President. McKnight has also received several gubernatorial appointments to a higher education commission.

Another First National Vice President, Melvin D. Schultz, is Chairman of the County Board of Supervisors.

Bloomington's Nat'l Bank

In 1964, the 2nd and 3rd largest stockholders in McKnight's First National Bank of Normal were David Davis, listed first as Nominee of the People's Bank, and then as nominee of the National Bank of Bloomington. David Davis is the National Bank of Bloomington's Board Chairman and a former State Senator. The Davis's are a very old local upper-class family, tracing their lines to Judge David Davis, who helped make Abraham Lincoln President. A Davis in-law, George Holder, is Wollrab's neighbor and in 1964 was Normal's First National's 6th largest stockholder.

Besides the Davis's, another old upper-class family, the Funks, are represented on the National Bank of Bloomington Board. Delmar D. Walker, President of Funk Seeds International, and Theodore Funk, are both directors. Dana Rollins, a Funk relative and owner of 1000 acres around Funk's Grove, is a stockholder of both Normal's First National and Bloomington's National.

And Bloomington's mayor, presently running for re-election, is tied into this business network. Walter Bittner is the National Bank of Bloomington's public relations and business officer.

Three National Bank directors are Wollrab's neighbors, all residing on Country Club Place.

Wollrab / Corn Belt Bank

James Wollrab owns \$8,000 of Corn Belt Bank stock, 1% of the outstanding shares. Leonard Wochner, President of Wollrab's other bank, sits on the Board of State Farm Insurance along with Paul G. Anderson, who is also a director of the Corn Belt Bank. One of Corn Belt's directors is Davis Merwin, publisher of the Daily Pantagraph and President of Evergreen Communications, which owns WJBC radio. Two of Corn Belt's directors, including the Board Chairman, live on Country Club Place with Wollrab.

These details are only a brief outline. Also represented on these interlocking bank boards are all of the city's large businesses and a large proportion of the medium ones.

Almost all these men are Republican. So is Wollrab.

If perhaps it is not absolutely necessary that a federal judge grow from roots fertilized by such rich connections, it must surely be considered desirable. A richer soil, but rarer, is a widespread public reputation for impeccable honesty. McLean County is known for its good dirt; the only question is, "What kind?"

--C. Newlin

AMILCAR CABRAL ASSASSINATED

One of Africa's and the world's greatest leaders died on January 20, when Amilcar Cabral was gunned down in front of his home in Conakry, the Republic of Guinea. As Secretary General of the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands (PAIGC), Cabral, more than any other single person, symbolized, spoke for, and carried forward the struggle against white supremacy in Africa.

Cabral, who was 48, was killed by soldiers of the Portuguese colonial army, which PAIGC has battled successfully since 1963.

Posing as deserters, to take advantage of Cabral's and the party's policy of generosity, they had been brought out of the war zone in Guinea (Bissau) to Conakry, the capital of the Republic of Guinea, directly to the south of Guinea (Bissau). After murdering Cabral, they seized other leaders of the party, tortured them and attempted to kidnap them. The Republic of Guinea Navy stopped the boat in which they were trying to reach the Portuguese base in Bissau. The other PAIGC members were released and Cabral's murderers captured.

Cabral's death didn't get much attention in this country. Not too many people had even heard of him. I remember the first time I saw him at Kennedy Airport in New York. He came through the swinging doors, practically alone, no fuss, no fanfare--a small man, with eyeglasses and an expression of alert curiosity, wearing the black and white knitted cap he and other PAIGC militants frequently wore in photographs I had seen.

Three or four of us from Liberation News Service were the only people there to greet him. Just about all the other people on his flight, vacationers returning from Africa, got more of a welcome. None of them seemed aware that this man who had flown with them was anybody special.

But throughout Africa, and much of the rest of the world, Amilcar Cabral was recognized as an important political figure.

Under his leadership, the PAIGC guerilla army has driven Portuguese troops from more than three-quarters of the territory of its small West African colony. And within this liberated territory, even while fighting to drive the Portuguese from their remaining strongholds, and defending against bombing attacks, PAIGC has established itself as the functioning government of more than half the people of the country.

Despite material shortages and the difficulties of transporting all supplies over long distances on peoples' heads and backs, PAIGC has provided people with medical care, education, a legal system, and a system of democratic government--things which the Portuguese had never even attempted during over 400 years of colonial rule.

To the people throughout all this territory, peasant villagers for the most part, soldiers and party militants, Amilcar Cabral was the acknowledged leader--and far more than that. For he was the first leader of a country that had never existed before, only now emerging out of the struggle for independence and out of the common history of colonial oppression.

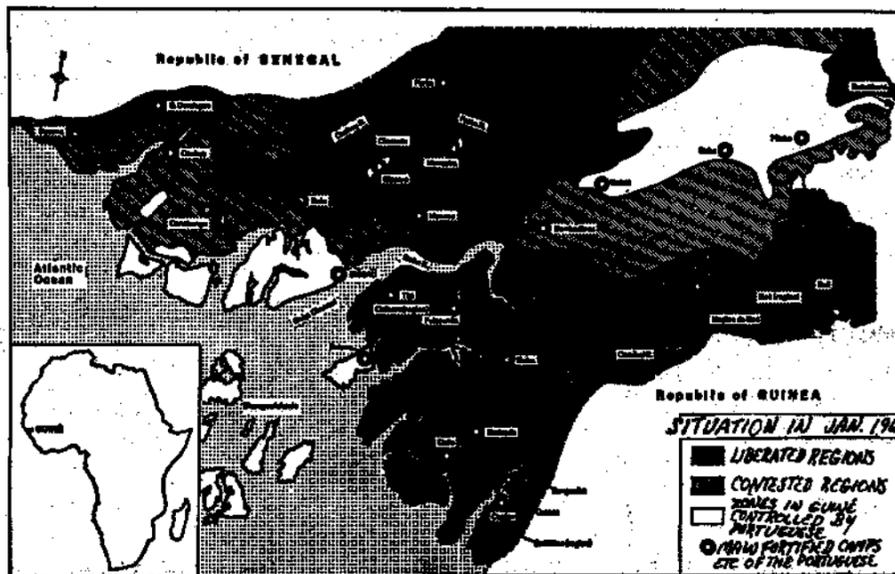
Traveling in Guinea (Bissau), as I did a little over two years ago, you hear a lot of singing, which is in keeping with one of Cabral's principles: "Nothing in this (dedication to the struggle)," he wrote, "is incompatible with the joy of living or with love for life and its amusements."

In these songs, Cabral's name comes up again and again. Some of them even refer to previous efforts of the Portuguese to kill him: "Cabral came to the country and the Portuguese got all stirred

up, but to no avail. It is no use bombarding us. What you have to do is give us our land back."

But Cabral was no remote leader. An amazingly large percentage of the people in Guinea (Bissau) have actually met him at one time or another. He didn't

believe in leading from the sidelines. Much of his time was spent traveling inside the liberated territory listening to the villagers and informing them of new developments, as accessible as he was loved and admired.



At one of the first villages I passed through during my visit, an old man, rumored to be the oldest on the entire southern front, gave a long account of the hardships he and others had endured under the Portuguese. After he had finished, he took one of the party militants who was traveling with me aside and explained that his greatest remaining wish in life was to travel to Conakry, "To meet Cabral and see how well the party works there since I already know how well it works here." When we returned through the village several weeks later, on our way back to the border and eventually Conakry, the old man joined our column.

Cabral's attitude toward this constant interaction with the people of the country was expressed in another of the principles he urged on party activists: "Learn from life, learn from our people, learn from books, learn from the experience of others. Never stop learning."

He himself had already learned more than most people could hope to learn in a full lifetime. Trained as an agronomist at a Portuguese university, he was one of only 14 people from Guinea (Bissau) to receive a university education during the more than 400 years of Portuguese rule. During the fifties, he turned his attention increasingly to the struggle for independence. Early attempts to organize an independence movement in the cities suffered a crushing blow when, on August 3, 1959, Portuguese troops fired into a group of striking dockworkers, killing 50 of them.

It was only following this massacre that Cabral and other leaders of PAIGC started to try mobilizing the peasantry, who have since become the backbone of the guerilla movement. Cut off, as PAIGC was, from information about other revolutionary movements and theories, PAIGC had to feel its own way through this dramatic shift in strategy. As Cabral remarked some years later, he never saw any of the works of Mao Tse-Tung, which elaborate on the revolutionary potential of the peasantry, until 1960.

Since that time, of course, PAIGC has forged close ties with other revolutionary movements, exchanging experiences, and adapting them to their own particular

situation. But Cabral had also become a highly respected revolutionary theorist in his own right, his writing published in many languages. In the words of one party activist, "I'm not saying that Cabral must be another Marx or Lenin, but that he and our party must create a socialism specific to our own conditions. In that task, they have been highly successful."

Cabral's death came at a time when anti-Portuguese forces in Mozambique and Angola as well as Guinea (Bissau) have been making significant advances. In Mozambique, FRELIMO has opened a new front, pushing closer to the ports which are vital to the colonial economy, and threatening to cut off once and for all Portugal's chances to develop its cherished hydroelectric dam at Cabora Bassa.

In Angola, plans for an alliance between two connecting liberation movements may result in the creation of a broad new front along the border between Zaire (formerly the Congo) and Angola. This border had formerly been inaccessible to MPLA, the movement which has carried out practically all the actual fighting in recent years.

And in Guinea (Bissau) itself, PAIGC recently held its first national assembly of representatives elected from all the liberated territory--an important step on the road to a declaration of independence. In addition, for the first time, members of the UN Committee on Decolonization actually visited some of the territory which PAIGC had decolonized by armed struggle, and returned to verify in their official report the fact that PAIGC already is a functioning government of an extensive territory.

Somehow, it seems particularly sad that Amilcar Cabral should have been killed at a time when his cause is nearing victory. Certainly it is particularly pointless, even from the Portuguese point of view. For the time has long since past when the death of any one man could check the struggle for independence in Guinea and Cape Verde.

Amilcar Cabral will long be remembered and mourned. Among other things he will be remembered as a man who was far too wise to desire for himself any more power or esteem than he deserved as part of the whole, far greater than himself. The people of his country held great love and respect for him, but hardly a blind adoration and dependence. Something that I heard an old peasant say in one of the villages I visited comes to mind. He had just listened to several other people from his village exclaim their amazement at having me, an American, there among them, especially when they knew that the US government supplied the Portuguese with napalm and other weapons.

"We shouldn't be so surprised that this American is prepared to make sacrifices to help our struggle," the old man reminded them. "People can change. After all, Cabral was a bourgeois intellectual before the beginning of the struggle and he gave up his job as an agronomist to make the revolution."

In the end, Amilcar Cabral gave up more than his job as an agronomist to make the revolution. But he gave, and won, far more than he gave up.

--Andy Marx, LNS

RENTAL BLUES



This issue's "Rental Blues" story focuses on one of the most widely-used levers of landlord power: the security deposit.

When a landlord refuses to return a security deposit, a tenant's only recourse is to file in Small Claims Court. If he wins, the tenant gets his money, and the landlord must pay court costs.

Small Claims Court is a hassle, though, and most tenants I've spoken with are too disgusted and frustrated to file a claim.

And this is part of the landlord's power. A landlord with 40 apartments can refuse to return forty security deposits. Only a few of those forty tenants will get it together to go to court. Each successfully stolen deposit will pay for several court cost assessments.

The landlord wins simply by playing the percentages, which are stacked more unevenly than a Las Vegas casino's.

wanted man?

Featured this week in "Rental Blues" is Gene Cunningham, whose pictures have in recent weeks adorned the city's telephone poles. These are not wanted posters. Cunningham was just defeated in his primary bid for a seat on Bloomington's city council.

Sandy Cotton and her husband rented 514 W. Mulberry from Cunningham in September. The two-bedroom apartment rented for \$135, but they got it for \$125 by agreeing to paint it. Sandy paid a \$100 damage deposit, and agreed to give Cunningham 30 days' notice before moving out.

When she paid the January rent, Sandy enclosed a note saying she would move out by February first. Cunningham never complained about not receiving the rent, so Sandy assumed that Cunningham had received her 30 days' notice.

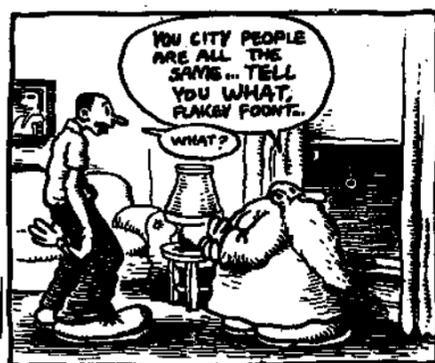
Sandy spent a day and a half cleaning the apartment, and then tried to phone February 1 at his shoestore. Sandy was told Cunningham no longer owned the store, so she phoned his home. She kept calling his home, but could not reach him until the evening of February 2.

skating on thin ice

Cunningham said he's been as his new skating rink all the time, but Sandy had never known of his new enterprise. She agreed to meet him on the third.

Cunningham said he couldn't examine the apartment until Sandy met him--he said he didn't have a key. Sandy didn't have a car and was living in Normal. She had to hassle around trying to get rides to see Cunningham at his skating rink, which is in the very south of Bloomington.

Sandy met Cunningham on the third and turned in her key. On the fourth she had to see him again to find out if he'd seen the apartment. At that time, she turned in her husband's key.



Cunningham returned exactly \$48.40 of Sandy's \$100 deposit.

Tom Sawyer transaction

Cunningham charged for four days rent in February, justifying himself on the grounds that the keys were not returned until the fourth. Even though Sandy had no car and could not reach Cunningham even by telephone until the evening of the 2nd, she was somehow supposed to get the keys to him. Cunningham also denied receiving Sandy's 30-day notice.

Cunningham also charged Sandy for his aging and faulty electrical wiring. An electrical outlet in the living room had ceased functioning, and Cunningham said it was Sandy's responsibility.

Three light switches no longer worked, and that, too, was Sandy's responsibility, according to Cunningham. Sandy said one of the switches malfunctioned after she had lived there only one day.

Perhaps it is good that Bloomington voters rejected a man with such an unusual concept of responsibility.

Cunningham also mentioned light bulbs missing from the apartment. Sandy did not know how much she was charged for them, as she was too angry to listen anymore.

Sandy's \$10 rent discount for painting amounted to \$50 over her five-month stay in the apartment. Since Cunningham kept \$51.60 of the deposit, a business transaction unheard of since the days of Tom Sawyer took place: Sandy paid \$1.60 for the privilege of painting Cunningham's apartment.

Following is a list of Bloomington houses owned by Gene Cunningham:

906 E. Oakland	811 E. Oakland
302 S. Mercer	610 E. Olive
411 E. Olive	409 E. Olive
928 W. Olive	1008 W. Olive
126 S. Magoon	1212 W. Oakland
503 W. McArthur	401 S. Lee
1102 S. Lee	1006 S. East
917 S. Main	817 W. Washington
407 W. Wood	612-614 W. Monroe
616 W. Monroe	610 W. Market
514 W. Mulberry	808 N. Oak
407 N. Oak	1701 S. Morris

THE INFAMOUS 606 N. SCHOOL university sanctioned slum

The Women of 606 N. School St. Rap

We appreciate the opportunity the Post Amerikan gives to oppressed renters to make known the evils of notorious landlords.

Upon returning from semester break we were sitting in the basement kitchen, commonly referred to as "the hole" when we experienced a foul odor. Upon investigation we discovered a rotten mouse. This isn't very appetizing when you're eating dinner.

Then our sink started talking to us with the voice of flushing toilets from above with a more foul odor than the mouse--sewage. Thank God we only had to clean this up once. The house parents played "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" for two days. A water pipe broke in the middle of their dining room. They had finally gotten a heated shower which has been promised to us since the beginning of fall semester. You see, we do have a shower, but it's built in the corner of the basement between a draft, not to mention the dirt and the mice.

We had invited a visitor to our house last Sunday. It was the gasman,

who we had called because we experienced still another foul odor in our basement kitchen. This time we knew it wasn't sewage or a dead mouse, because we already know what that smells like. Our kitchen heater was leaking gas along with carbon monoxide. It's one thing to be without water and to be over run with mice and sewage but another when your life is threatened.

By the way, the heater is still not fixed--which brings us to Eddie, our little handyman who fixes everything for us so quickly and well.

Let me introduce Eddie, he is the house owner's son who works for Tobin Pizza and never seems to be able to pull himself away to fix anything.

But I must admit he can pull himself away from his job for a moment. He held a little meeting for all of us women two weeks ago because of an article that was printed in the Vidette. Meeting Two should be coming up shortly. Eddie held this meeting to let us know that the article in the Vidette had no effect on him at all and if we thought that it was a threat to him we were very much mistaken, because no one threatens Eddie, let alone the Vidette. Anyway, Eddie decided that since we were all together he might as well find out our complaints. So we told Eddie: no water, no heat, mice, drafty dirty shower, two broken vacuum cleaners, lethal gas, no toilet paper or light bulbs, and Eddie responded by telling us that if you are going to put in a swimming pool you are going to have to raise the rent to pay for it. Eddie was trying to get across that if you make an improvement in something you should pass the cost on to the consumer to pay for it. But we reminded Eddie that we weren't asking for a swimming pool but general maintenance. At the end of the meeting one woman asked Eddie what was accomplished and Eddie just laughed and said, "Nothing."

The Women of 606 N. School Street

I'll Fix Your Car! Amerikan clunker or... Foreign load



Brake jobs, exhaust system tune-ups, or overhaul.

I'll charge you \$3.- 5.00 per hour. All work done on a personal basis. Call-- 828-6677-- leave a message for-- ED



DETROIT: BLACK COMMUNITY ORGANIZES AGAINST SPECIAL POLICE FORCE

DETROIT (LNS) - 2,000 angry black citizens jammed Ford Auditorium to hear 28 black Detroiters tell the Common Council of the abuse they have received at the hands of the Detroit police. The pigs were engaged in an all out manhunt for 3 men accused of shooting four STRESS cops on Dec. 4, 1972 and killing a fifth one on Dec. 27.

The community presented the Council, and the Police Commissioner Nichols, with 30,000 signatures. These people demanded the abolition of STRESS (Stop Street Robberies, Enjoy Safe Streets), the city's elite, undercover squad which operated almost exclusively in the black community.

In the two months since the manhunt started, more than 100 complaints of police brutality have been turned into the NAACP, the ACLU, and the Police Citizens Complaint Bureau. In that time, two black people -- a teenage boy and 60 year old man-- have been killed by cops, numerous homes have been raided, people have been arrested right off the streets and women have been strip-searched in their homes.

The families of the three accused men have been harassed and threatened to the extent that they have sent their small children out of Detroit for their safety.

At the hearing, Mrs. Dorothy Clore, mother of one of the accused men, John Percy Boyd, described a raid on her home on the day of Dec. 4. The police entered, held rifles on her and her family as they went through the house, and finally dragged away her other son, who was held at police headquarters for several hours. When he left, a black cop on duty said, "Be cool, man, these dudes want to kill you."

Another witness, the Rev. Leroy Cannon, testified that his house was broken into at 4 o'clock in the morning. Cops broke down the door, pinned him against the wall, and one said, "Nigger, if you breathe too loud, I'll blow your brains out." It later turned out that the police had gone to the wrong address.

Patricia Ragland and her fiancée, Carl Ingram, testified that on Dec. 7, police entered the apartment, searched it, and finally forced Ms. Ragland to strip. Other reports of forced strip searches of black women were made as well.

Of course, the police argue that, as Police Commissioner Nichols said to the press, they are dealing with "mad dog killers." However, the community has begun to challenge the STRESS rationale for the whole manhunt which began Dec. 4.



WET DREAMS ABOUT DETROIT

Surprisingly enough, the ISU pigs were very pleased with the Post articles on Normals' Anti-inaugural March. Sales volume to the pigs last issue was five times that of any previous issue. Interest centered around the photograph pictured above. Russ Piper, an ISU cop, asked Gene Wheat, the pig pictured above, why he carried the billy club in his hand like that. The pig replied that he intended to use it. Piper was disgusted at this degree of officiousness and lack of savoir faire on the part of his colleagues. I was moved by this humanity on the part of a cop. But apparently, once a pig, they're always a pig. Piper went on to explain that it was not the billy club itself that he objected to, but the fact that it was in plain sight. He pointed out the pocket in his uniform, on the right thigh, where the billy club was to be kept, ready for use. Just because we can't see it, Mr. Piper, are we to believe it isn't there?

Martha Washington

cell of hatred

BY LE DUC THO

In my cell--so alone--
To whom can I put my fierce hatred?
My gaze is barred by a bolted door
High walls shut out the sun's rays
Wretched existence!
My bowl and my straw pallet stink
the only shirt, the only pair of trousers,
are in rags
My feet freeze in their rings of steel
Half a mat to sleep on.
Mosquitoes and fleas make me pass
sleepless nights
Body aching, I lie down,
rise again--
Wrath seizes me, faced with that
devil fate
That hounds me unceasingly to cast me
back into cells!

Rice mixed with paddy mud and pebbles
Putrid vegetables, rotten fish
Buffalo's sinew soaked in coarse salt.
The black hair of youth turns white
quickly.
The intestines wither, the complexion
pales.
Shut away with weeks without washing.
Lice and fleas swarm, filth mingles with
sweat.
What words can tell of all that?
This suffering-- only those who have
known it can comprehend.
Why must I endure this torture?
Rage grips me against those barbaric im-
perialists,
So many years their heels have crushed
our country,
A thousand, thousand oppressions, a
thousand thousand tests.
Resolutely we must abolish this regime
And break these chains
To build a life without misery
A society free at last.
At night I turn and turn again
I hear the bugle's call
sounding every hour.
And the gong that at the top of the
buildings,
Keeps watch
And brings near the end of the night.
Melancholy-- alone with my shadow--
I hear a bird sing in the branches.
The call of the morning.



"Peace is hell..."

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More Letters on Dr. Rudnicki

Dear Phoebe and Holden,

It almost seems redundant now to add to the Rudnicki horror stories, but maybe this will impress on our sisters that those experiences you've printed aren't isolated or freak off-days of that man--I imagine they could be added to all year.

I saw Rudnicki three months after my baby was born--Rudnicki because he was in walking distance from our house. I was spotting and cramping from a new IUD. As soon as I was admitted into his office the phone rang and he was outrageously rude to the caller, obviously a patient of his. So anyway, I figured everyone has bad days, and I told him the problem. He put me on the table for a pelvic exam and rammed his hand (felt like his arm) into me. I had never had a doctor be so rough. When I protested he snapped, "Well, relax--you're making it hurt." Now I had just had a baby with no anaesthetics and very little pain by using breathing techniques for relaxation and I was not tensed against him. He finally told me the IUD wasn't there!! that it must have perforated the uterus and gone into my "gut" or just fallen out. The next day (after some X-rays at St. Jo's) I was downtown and started gushing blood. I got to a phone and called him and he said, quote, "Well, what are you bothering me for? You're having your period." Click. I was totally freaked at this point.

A friend drove me to Brokaw's emergency room where Dr. Brown examined me--gently--found the IUD (I asked him if it were in place and he said yes) and removed it. I kind of sketched what had happened with Rudnicki but of course he was noncommittal-noncommittal, whatever.

I don't know what we can do about this sick man but I do believe he's dangerous. How awful for the woman who went to him for her first pelvic. I'm sure other doctors are aware of his practices, but they're safe and into protecting themselves--the women here are the ones who suffer and lots of them are still going to him and accepting his word that they are uptight, have tumors, are hysterical and stupid--because he's a Doctor and he knows.

in love and sisterhood,
Anne

COMMUNITY FOR SOCIAL ACTION

"HEALTH" PLANNERS MOVE ON STUDENT

Mid-Illinois Areawide Health Planning Corporation's half-time administrator, Lloyd Bertholf, has been pushing the head of Illinois Wesleyan's Sociology Department to stop Steve Knapp, IWU student, from dealing with MIAHPCo as part of his field work. Bertholf is the President Emeritus of IWU.

MIAHPCo bosses have gotten sick of The Observer, the newsletter of the McLean County Economic Opportunity Corporation, which Steve edits. It has carried editorials and cartoons critical of MIAHPCo. We have heard that certain local physicians even tried to get Gummerman Printing to stop printing The Observer.

Steve has also attended MIAHPCo meetings and insisted that the board should remove all barriers to MIAHPCo membership, include low-income people from McLean County on the board, and make a reality of consumer representation.

Apparently MIAHPCo authority figures feel threatened by a student calling for compliance with state and federal guidelines. They don't want IWU giving him credit for

Dear Readers of Post-American:

Only by word of mouth have I learned of the allegations and insinuations directed at Dr. Richard P. Rudnicki of Bloomington, Ill. It is my understanding that certain people believe Dr. Rudnicki to be something less than a qualified obstetrician and gynecologist. Since I have never read this publication or any of the letters sent to the paper regarding Dr. Rudnicki, I can not address this letter to any specific accusation. I can, however, as a former patient, relate my opinion of Dr. Rudnicki. Let me first of all state that I am a former patient because I no longer live in Illinois, and for no other reason.

I first met Dr. Rudnicki at ISU Health Center. My condition, unnamed for personal reasons, was too "hot" for the University doctors to handle, and they asked a city doctor to take over my case. I fully expected to be handed over to someone who would ask more embarrassing questions and send me off briskly to sin no more. I was pleasantly surprised to meet a "real" doctor who treated me with respect and understanding. I continued with Dr. Rudnicki as my gynecologist for 18 months, and retained him as my obstetrician after that. I had every confidence in Dr. Rudnicki or I never would have trusted him to deliver my baby. At the risk of sounding melodramatic, I have to say that I owe my baby's life to Dr. Rudnicki. I suppose that any qualified doctor could have twice prevented me from miscarrying and stood by me through some very long hours of labor, but then, that is the question involved here. I find it difficult to believe that anyone could doubt Dr. Rudnicki's qualifications, unless personality clashes strongly interfere. I personally find Dr. Rudnicki a warm human being who maintains his professional dignity, with occasional and necessary breaks for light humor. I have never found him intolerant, cruel, or suggestive, unless dedication and openness can be negative qualities. It is my perception that Dr. Rudnicki is highly ethical and extremely concerned with the welfare of his patients. Had I not strongly believed this I would not have driven from Peoria to Bloomington for nine months just so Dr. Rudnicki could deliver my baby. Had he not truly been the man and doctor I perceived him to be he would not have told me to call him collect if I needed him, nor would he have sat and talked with my badly frightened husband during a difficult part of my labor, nor would he have given us time unlimited to pay his fee when the insurance would not pay. The highest tribute I can pay Dr. Rudnicki is to simply say that I trusted him unquestioningly with my health and the breath of my baby, and I would do it again.

Sincerely,
Rosie Yount

this field work, though Bertholf just offered another IWU student a job working for MIAHPCo as field work for academic credit.

Sick.

PACIFICATION FAILS

Harold Ziebell, Comprehensive State Health Planning Agency bureaucrat, had a second meeting with MIAHPCo "leaders" and some who petitioned the state to do some corrective surgery on MIAHPCo. It has become clear that these talks were simply a pacification program leading to no substantive changes in MIAHPCo procedures or attitudes. Some understandings seem to have been reached on how to nominate people to the board. But there was no movement toward eliminating board screening of citizens who want to be MIAHPCo members or getting consumer representatives on the committee to find a full-time executive for MIAHPCo.

We don't plan to continue these meetings. More drastic treatment seems to be required.

BOYCOTT A&P

Picketing and leafleting of A & P stores

DR. RUDNICKI, M. D.,
DOCTOR IN NAME ONLY

I was in need of a gynecologist, as I had developed some kind of vaginal infection. I called a few and there were only a couple in town that would take new patients and the soonest I could get an appointment was with a Dr. Rudnicki located on Main St. A few days later I was sitting in his waiting room and after a short wait I was led into the doctor's office for a short interview on my medical background and I described my present problem. It was a pretty big room with his desk in the middle, shelves of papers and books on one side and a small dressing room and examining table on the other side which is pretty wierd.

I thought--wow, this doctor must really want a lot of patients in on one day.

After our little talk I went to the little dressing room, took off my clothes, and was given a gown. I got up on the examining table and after about 2 minutes of examining me, Dr. Rudnicki came out with "You're going to the hospital, what hospital would you like me to put you in? I can get you in one tonight or tomorrow."

I sat up and told him that I just couldn't afford paying for a hospital room and couldn't he treat it here and what the hell was the matter with me? He didn't answer but just told me to get dressed. So I put my clothes back on and sat across his desk from him. He then brought out two humongous medical textbooks and started showing me peoples' faces and vaginas (colored) with advanced cases of syphilis and cancer and asked me if I had ever indulged in oral intercourse because this sort of thing spreads. (The dude was really weird.)

At that time me having cancer or syphilis seemed a little too hard to believe and I said again that I really couldn't afford going to the hospital. He was in such a hurry and seemed pretty put out.

He told me to take my clothes off again, forget the gown this time, and get back on the table. Which I did as fast as I could.

He took a few samples of the infection for some tests and gave me some free sample of cream to apply to the infection and told me to "abstain" from "sexual intercourse" for a week and come back in 7 days.

Well, in a week's time the cream and a prescription for another kind of cream and "abstaining" from "sexual intercourse" had greatly improved the infection. The next week I went to see him I was led to a regular examining room and he told me that the \$20.00 lab tests came out negative and prescribed more cream for me. After a few more days it was healed.

A doctor is dealing with your body and sometimes your life. A doctor should be a person who really cares. This dude isn't any doctor.

--Judy Jones

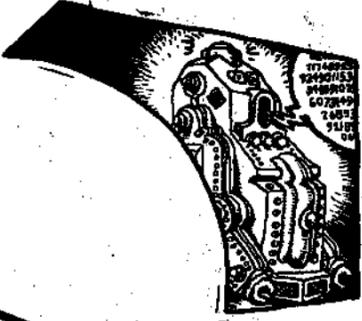
has begun in several Illinois cities, including Chicago, the Quad Cities, and Joliet. Walter Smith, the A & P manager at Eastland, has been getting letters from customers saying they won't shop at A & P until that company makes a national commitment to buy only United Farm Workers Union head lettuce. People individually and in groups are going into the store to tell the management why they are honoring the boycott. Picketing may begin at any time.

In California the UFW has filed a \$128 million lawsuit against 169 lettuce growers and the Teamsters Union charging them with conspiring to violate the civil rights of Black, Chicano, and Filipino farm workers by denying their rights to the union of their choice. The Union seeks \$28 million damages and \$100 million punitive damages for wages workers have lost so far by being forced to work under Teamster contracts as compared to what they would have earned under UFW contracts.

Briefs from



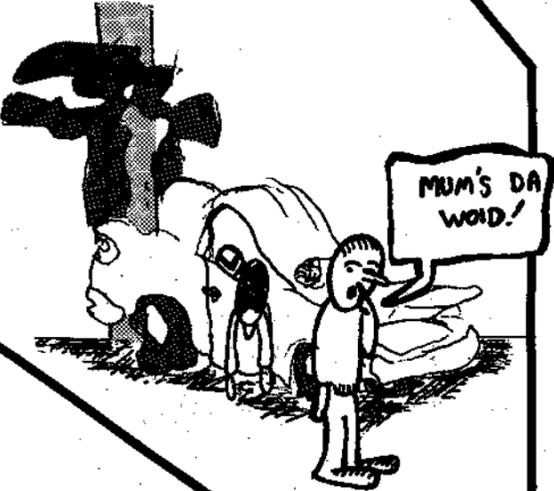
LIBERATION



Washington, D.C. (LNS)--FBI agents simultaneously arrested Anita Collins at 1747 Lanier Place and Hank Adams and Les Whitten at Adams' apartment for possession of documents stolen from the BIA office. How can they be in two places at once, etc.? The arrests were called "an act of vindictiveness by the government against Indian people and against reporters who try to cover stories that the government does not want covered."

Heidelberg, Germany- The U.S. military is stripping all privileges from and virtually isolating persons "identified as an associate of known or suspected drug abuser(s)."

Washington, D.C. (LNS)--General Motors was forced to recall almost seven million defective Chevrolet cars and trucks produced between 1965-1969. These Chevies contain V-8 engines which are likely to separate from the engine mounts. GM Recently had to admit that 30-40% of the defective cars have never been returned for repair. Of course, GM tried as hard as they could to keep the recall notices quiet, in spite of the hazards to the owners. A consumer group called the Center for Auto Safety has requested that GM purchase advertising on TV, radio, and national publications to warn Chevy owners and dealers of the dangers they face. So far, GM has not agreed to the plan.



Washington, D.C. (LNS)--Washington's Community Bookshop, which serves as a meeting place for community groups, foiled a bombing attempt on Feb. 7. The shop has sponsored an anti-imperialist film series, a gay pride week, and the Sign the Treaty Now Coalition.

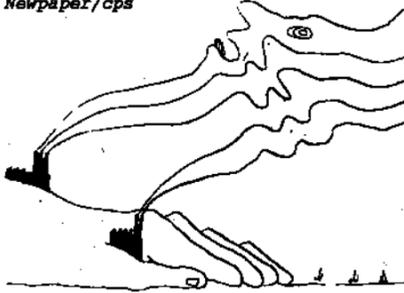
fight for freedom

PCPJ said that "the anti-war movement would not turn its attention from Indochina until peace and national reconstruction there are completely assured, all US troops have been withdrawn from all of S.E. Asia, and Americans who refused to participate in this war are freed from prison and welcomed home from exile."

Madison, Wis. - The people, through demonstrations and publicity, have succeeded in getting charges reduced again against the Camp McCoy 3, three GIs charged with a 1970 bombing of a power station, water works and telephone exchange.

N.Y.-- The U.S. Immigration Department has been rounding up persons who look un-American on the off chance that they are illegally present in the U.S. The reason? Labor unions have been upset about the possibility that aliens are taking away jobs.

Newspaper/cps



Washington- In a hearing before a Senate subcommittee, the following testimony was given: "The teenage male American Indian has had the highest suicide rate of any human species (100 per 100,000 per year). There was a zero suicide rate among Indians prior to the invasion of white men from Europe."

DEADLY RED

New York (LNS)-- Red #2 is the artificial coloring used by food and cosmetic industries to achieve a uniform red or orange coloring in things like hot dogs, soft drinks, ice cream, chewing gum, lipstick, powder and rouge. It is also, even according to FDA data, suspected to be a health hazard. Also, the FDA reasons that because the dye only causes the death of fetuses and reduces fertility, it is not as serious as if it caused birth defects.

Washington- 7,000 youths danced at Nixon's Inaugural Youth Ball in Washington. Tickets went for \$15, mostly to Young Republicans and offspring of Republican state leaders. The LNS reporter noted a small handful of Blacks there and one tripping longhair (whose friend had got the tickets.)

Washington (LNS)--Nixon's new Secretary of Labor, construction union leader Peter Brennan, was asked at a Senate Labor Committee hearing about "job alienation" and "worker boredom." His reply:

"Maybe we give them a break--some go-go girls to dance, if it is men. If it is women, we bring men in to dance--we've got to find a way."

By bringing in the male go-go dancers, Brennan was attempting to appeal to the women's groups who came to the hearing to protest his sexist hiring record in the construction trades.

But besides the sexism, many workers will find Brennan's comment a sign that he doesn't take the "job alienation" issue very seriously.

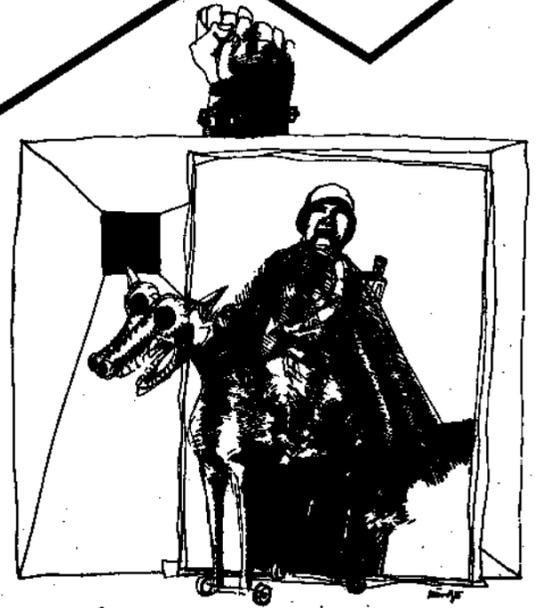
Washington, D.C. (LNS)--The CIA is violating the National Security Act of 1947 by training police in fourteen cities for special "Red Squad" type activities.

FCC exposed

Washington- The Federal Communications Commission, the watchdog that is supposed to prevent the rest of the government from using illegal wiretapping, is charged by a House subcommittee with using a wiretap against an FCC employee.

N.Y.- Tricontinental Film Center, formerly Third World Cinema Group, distributes film from Africa, Asia and Latin America for showings in the U.S. The films can be ordered from 244 West 27th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Seattle, Washington(LNS)--Babak Zahrail, a 22 year old, Iranian grad student here and married to a U.S. citizen, is facing deportation. He is formally charged with being "subversive" due to posters of Lenin and Che Guevara and a copy of Lenin in his home.



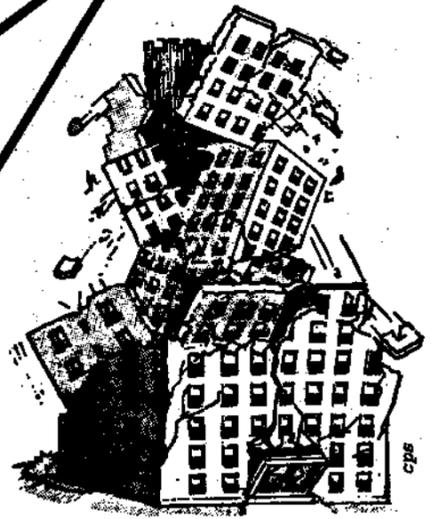
Paris (LNS)--An attempt to drive Cambodian students who protest the Pnom-Penh regime out of the Maison du Cambodge led to the murder of Sak Kim Huat in his dormitory. Six other students are now in prison awaiting trial for involvement in the struggle. The director of the dorm and the French government are directly implicated in the murder.

N.Y.- Susan Reverby, who works with a Health industry research group in New York, said of the Jan. 22 Supreme Court abortion decision. "The law is only the beginning of the struggle. We got a desegregation law in 1954, and look where we are now."

NEWS

SERVICE

Sacramento, Calif. (LNS)--Ronald Reagan revealed that his government may invite a private corporation to install factories inside California prisons. The earnings of the inmates (which would be minimal) would be paid to the victims of their crimes.



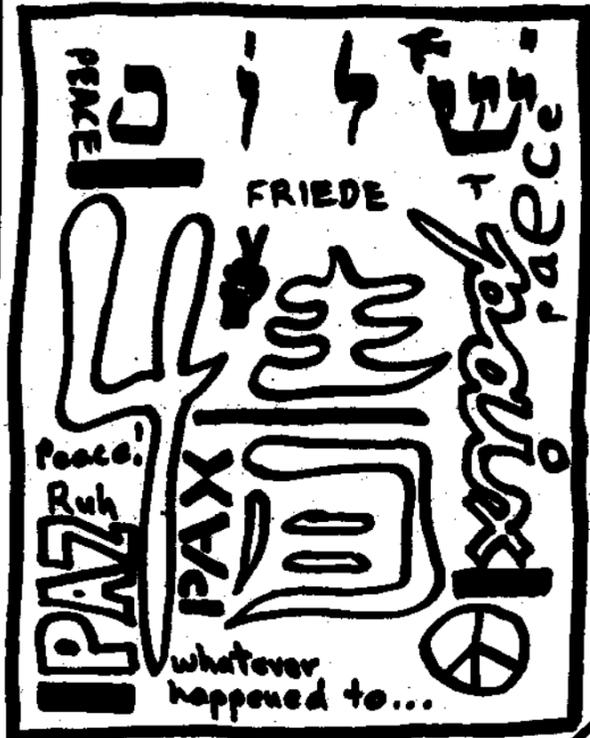
San Francisco (LNS)--"It is still possible that the U.S. will go back on its word and resume its military activity in Vietnam if the situation develops rapidly in favor of the liberation forces," explained one organizer of San Francisco's cease-fire rally. "But at the very worst, the agreement is keeping the U.S. out of direct action long enough to allow the vietnamese to catch their breath. At it's best, the agreement will keep the the U.S. out for good."

Buffalo, N. Y. (LNS)--Martin Sostre, a black Puerto Rican who is serving a 42-year sentence on trumped-up charges, was transferred from Auburn to Clinton prison in upstate New York, on December 19. Sostre and his lawyers fear his transfer is a plan to get Martin into the Diagnostic Center where use of techniques like electroshock and drugs is planned. Sostre ran an Afro-American bookstore in Buffalo which served as a meeting place and center for the black liberation struggle.



San Francisco (PNS/LNS)--A proposal by two scientists advocates the use of electronics on parolees, high risk ex-convicts, and people on bail "to maintain 24-hour surveillance and to intervene electronically or physically to influence and control selected behavior." Marijuana smokers are the highest parole risk.

San Diego (LNS)--San Diego anti-war activist Pete Bohmer was sentenced to 90 days of psychiatric testing at Calif. Chino State Prison. At the end of 90 days, his sentence (possibly 5 yrs.) will be determined. Bohmer and three others were tried for a May 12 demonstration at the Del Mar railroad tracks in which people tried to stop trains carrying war munitions.



fat cats do it again

New York (LNS)--It seemed to be a triumph when AT&T agreed to pay \$15 million in back pay to women and minority male against whom it has been discriminating for years. However, in return, the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission agreed to stop trying to block proposed AT&T rate hikes. In other words, the consumer will be paying AT&T's debts to women and minorities.



LNS/cps

press

supressed

San Francisco-- The trial of Patrick Chenoweth, the sailor charged with sabotaging the USS Ranger last summer, took a turn for the worse recently when military judge Capt. James Keys moved the trial to the Philippines and declared the war in Vietnam legal enough to charge Chenoweth with "sabotage in time of war."

Detroit-- A federal grand jury has indicted Chrysler Corp. for shipping military engines to Portugal despite lack of a U.S. government clearance and the current United Nations ban on the sale of military equipment to Portugal.

Washington-- A House Armed Service subcommittee claims that "permissiveness"--not discrimination--led to the serious racial incidents on the aircraft carriers Kitty Hawk and Constellation late last year. Charges were brought against 25 crewmen, all black, of Kitty Hawk. A committeeman charged that the cause of the disturbances was "a failure in the middle management area to utilize command authority."

New York (LNS)--Andy Berman, David Gersch, and John Parks, American GI's previously stationed at U.S. Army bases in Germany, have been unexpectedly transferred back to the states because of their political activities. Another GI, Terry Botts, has obtained a temporary injunction prohibiting his transfer. The four men were working on GI newspapers near their bases--"FTA with Pride" and "Fight back."



cps

New York (LNS)--You can order a 33-page pamphlet revealing U.S. economic involvement in Namibia by writing to the American Committee on Africa, 164 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10016. It's called, appropriately, Namibia: U.S. Corporate Involvement.

light bulbs that kill

"To the extent that General Electric can be useful in defense, we will continue to devote those efforts, talents, and funds that our Government asks of us."
-- G.E. Corporate Executive spokesman, in their 1972 stockholders report...



Calvin

cps

Street Drug Analysis Smashes Myths

by Teddy Franklin

BERKELEY (LNS) Walk five blocks through Berkeley's hip business district during the summer, and tucked between the panhandlers and sandal makers, you'll find a dozen drug dealers eager to hawk their latest portfolio of pharmaceuticals.

STP, psilocybin, THC, mescaline, uppers, downers, quaaludes, acid, smack--anything you want has a price on Telegraph Avenue.

Sometimes it's poison. Often it's mislabeled. Most long-term Berkeley residents shun the stuff sold on the Avenue. They leave the poorly-identified pickings to the host of young refugees who flood the town each summer. Consequently, transients become the chief victims of the street drug rip-off which claims an unknown number of lives across the country each year.

But what about the cautious consumers who have lived in a town a while, and buy only from reliable and trusted sources--do their friendly neighborhood dealers really sell them what they want?

Often not, says Vic Pawlak of the Do It Now Foundation, a Los Angeles street drug analysis program that determines the actual content of any drug submitted anonymously by the curious consumer.

GRASS

Grass is usually grass, but you can't count on much more.

There is a chain of misinformation, Pawlak says, that "eventually goes up to the chemists and syndicate people responsible for the drug's manufacture, people who have learned to keep their mouths shut."

Through the L.A. Free Press and four area radio stations, Do It Now's test results reach over a million people a week, sometimes ruining the reputation of a bad batch of street psychedelics the day after they hit the market.

Do It Now's results are also threatening to shatter many widely believed drug myths.

The drug testers have discovered that there is almost no THC, mescaline or psilocybin being sold today.

Cocaine is often diluted with benzoicaine, procaine, and other local anesthetics which can wreak havoc if injected into the bloodstream.

The animal tranquilizer PCP pops up as everything but PCP.

LSD very rarely contains speed or strychnine, the drug testers found.

"We are in constant controversy with local dealers," Pawlik says, "but we inevitably win because of a combination of long-established community trust and analysis data to back up our claims."

SURPRISE

The program's findings may come as a big surprise to many experienced drug users. In the last few years, hundreds of thousands of capsules of THC, mescaline, and psilocybin have changed hands, at least according to dealers' claims. The research data reveal otherwise.

THC is almost invariably PCP, an animal tranquilizer responsible for many bad freak-outs. THC first caught on in 1967 after the media reported that scientists had synthesized tetrahydrocannabinol, the active ingredient in marijuana.

Real THC has a heavy grass effect, but is still so expensive to produce that it couldn't possibly sell for current street prices. Most real THC never leaves the government-sponsored laboratories where it's manufactured for research purposes.

Virtually all "mescaline" and "psilocybin" is LSD or a combination of LSD and PCP, which are much cheaper to manufacture. Both became popular in part because users think they are milder than acid and because they are known as "organic," a term meaning nothing about safety for human consumption.

Astounded by the difficulty of obtaining genuine mescaline and psilocybin, either synthetic or organic, the L.A. drug analysts checked with ParmChem Laboratories in Palo Alto; the University of the Pacific School of Pharmacy in Stockton, Calif; and with similar drug analysis projects in Toronto, Amsterdam, and on the West Coast.

In addition, they tested samples from all over the U.S. Some of the samples dated back four years; one set was carefully frozen at intervals during the last three years.

But nowhere could they find any evidence that substantial quantities of real mescaline or psilocybin had been sold since the mid-1960's. At that time, any doctor could purchase mescaline for "experimental purposes," while the ingredients for LSD could be found in any college laboratory. But with the sudden explosion of interest in psychedelics, authorities quickly passed laws banning their use, sale, and manufacture.

The analysts also found that "speedy" reactions to LSD are most often caused by impurities in synthesis. Psychedelics examined seldom contained amphetamines. Impure psychedelics can cause many reactions, including those often attributed to speed.

Workers in free clinics and crisis centers have often observed symptoms of strychnine poisoning in freak-out victims. These symptoms can occur from excessive doses of pure LSD, according to a drug analyst report from the University of the Pacific.

* * * *

Programs analyzing street drugs are turning up interesting results, producing accurate information about the drugs we consume, and occasionally discrediting dangerous shipments before they're sold out.

The programs are a helpful endeavor that would be encouraged in any community caring about its young.

But few communities have such programs.

In some communities, analysis services are prevented from conveying their findings to the public.

In other towns, local officials refuse to permit independent groups to gather drug samples from anonymous users. And anonymity is the key--no one is going to risk getting busted sending his drug samples in.

Except for analysis programs, there have been no remedies for the thousands of young casualties wrought by poisoned and impure drugs.

Nixon's plan for dealing with drugs has consisted of arresting several hundred thousand pot users; spraying Midwest grass with a defoliant linked to birth defects; spraying Mexican grass with a nausea agent; and waging an offensive against Turkish poppy fields while concealing today's major source of heroin: Southeast Asia.

In April 1972, Nixon established a nationwide "heroin hotline," with offices in 27 cities and tons of publicity. A few months later, with no loot captured, the hotline was quietly dismantled.

Nixon's latest scheme is to cut off aid to countries which do not help destroy poppy fields. But Nixon has shown no interest in halting aid to his puppet governments in Thailand, Laos, and South Vietnam, who, with CIA help (see Post-American #6 and #13 or Harper's, July '72) now supply much of the U.S. heroin market.

The record is clear: there have been more bad trips under Nixon than ever before in history. With a thousand TV drug commercials bombarding the average American kid, drugs are as American as cherry pie. The President himself is careful not to establish any programs that would seriously threaten their abuse. Consequently, the black market for all kinds of drugs has become larger and less reliable than ever.

If the long-suffering community of drug users is ready to fight back, drug analysis services with their quick, identification of bad drugs could be a major weapon.

HOW TO HAVE FUN WITH YOUR HEAD

Feb. 23--8pm--Hayden; Black Fine Arts, Environmental Drama Workshop

--8pm--Union Annex; NFOTM, Sugar Creek All Stars Dixieland Band

23&24--midnight--Normal Theatre; Monterey Pop

24--8am-5--McCormick; Women's Fencing Meet

24,25,26--8:15--Capen; M.E.N.C. Club, "Name"

24,25,28,1,2,3--8pm--Westhoff; Univ. Theatre, The Birthday Party

25--8:15--CE121; Fac. Recital; Kim & Han

27--8:15--CE121; Lyric Chamber Players of Lower Beaufort St.

Mar. 1--8:15--CE121; Chamber Orch. Concert

2--7,10:30--Capen; King-Kong & Horsefeathers, movies

2&3--8pm--Stroud Univ. Dance Theatre

3--8:15--Capen; Entertainment Com. Virgil Fox

--midnight--Normal Theatre, Concert for Bangladesh

4--8pm--Hayden; Film Society, Week-End

--8:15--CE121; Fac. Rec. Peter Schuetz

5--8pm--Capen; Univ. Forum, Max Rafferty, pig educator.

6--8pm--Capen; Univ. Forum, John Holt, author-"New Children Fail"

7--8:15--CE121; Percussion Ensemble

9--7:30--Union 310; Wesley Found. Film Festival

--8pm--Union Annex; NFOTM, Roberts & Barrand

9&10--5:30,8,10:30--Capen; Klute

10--10am-1--Union 308; Ticket Release for Stills, Godspell, Gospel Groups

--midnight--Normal Theatre, Alice's Restaurant

12--8:15--CE121; Fac. Rec., Charez

14--8:15--Capen; Symphony Orch. Concert

16--8pm--Union Annex; NFOTM, Owen McBride & Norman Kennedy

SENATE APPLAUDS

None of the Post people were there, but reports from a recent ISU Academic Senate meeting (Feb. 14) are that a responsive audience existed for the David Berlo interview. When Vice President Gene Budig spoke on the merging of education departments (mentioned in the interview), one member of the Senate asked where the department's leadership would be coming from.

Budig stated it would probably come from within the departments merged. The Senator said that Budig's statement was running counter to press reports that the president was looking for wholly new leadership. Budig, asking if the reports had been in the Pantagraph, was told no.

The vice president then asked if the senator could, then, produce a copy of the president's press release speaking on the matter. The Academic senator, in reply, presented the vesp with a copy of the Post interview. At which point, Academic Senate as a whole broke out in applause.

Budig's reply is not known.

Madman?

"I am intelligent!"

--David K. Berlo, at a meeting of the executive committee of the Academic Senate, January 17, 1973.

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Post 11

An affirmative statement

HELL YES

Does your shit get a little ragged from time to time? Do you sometimes feel like just saying fuck it and going off to Council Bluffs to teach school? Do you suffer from Culture Shock at your High School reunions? Are long discussions of Unwavering Proportional Socialism starting to bore you? Does the prospect of four more years of Nixlism give you a bad case of them old Kosmic Blues? Well, it's not surprising when you hear long haired bleary-eyed geeks a-gawking about burgeoning regulatory fanaticism and those who nod out in agreement cowering in wild-eyed hysteric paranoia. It really makes you wonder if it's all worth it. I know, cuz I wonder about it all the time. And it seems as though this is an ever increasing problem for everybody. And is it all worth it? Well, hell yes it's worth it cuz it's all there really is left. Sit back, light up a number or two, relax and think it over--look at your alternatives and you'll know what to do. You and me, us! We know what they're up to and we're not gonna take it! Right? Right on! So remember--when you're out smashin' the state--keep a smile in your heart, a song on your lips, and a lid in your pocket!

The Yipple Alliance For Compulsory Cannibis Consumption and Cultural Defense

"You sure don't play square, do you?"

--David K. Berlo, to a Post-Amerikan hawker, February 5, 1973

MOTHER MURPHY'S

114 1/2 NORTH ST.
NORMAL, ILL.
(UPSTAIRS)

DOOR-WATCHERS

BARGAINS.
EACH DAY.
CHECK OUR DOOR.
COME BROWSE.

CIGARETTES
REG. 38¢ KING
TAX INCLD.
100's 40¢

OUR SPECIALTY
CUSTOM LEATHER
YOUR DESIGN OR OURS

PW 'torture' told

Plans for the "liquidation of political prisoners" in South Vietnam are being charged by Jean Pierre Debris and Andre Menras. Recently released from Chi Hoa Prison, where the two Frenchmen were jailed for protesting the corrupt Saigon regime, Debris and Menras warn of full scale assassination by Thieu of his opponents. They were released, the two believe, "to get rid of a couple of potentially embarrassing witnesses."

Following is the transcript of Debris' speech to 5000 people in Paris January 20, 1973. Maria Jolas recorded the statements, and in her introduction, she says:

"Their testimony is, to date, the most authentic non-Vietnamese statement that has been received concerning the fate of the more than 200,000 political prisoners in Thieu's jails, and whose very lives are in the balance during the weeks that lie just ahead.

"The word has gone out in the US media, among whom yellow-skinned testimony is considered ipso facto unreliable, that the subject cannot be acceptably handled since there is 'no proof' of a threat to these prisoners' lives, 'no proof' that any of them have been killed.

Comrades in arms

Following are the statements of Jean-Pierre Debris in Paris:

First of all, I want to tell you about our arrest. During the first week we spent in jail, we were surrounded by ordinary prisoners, who are used by the Saigon administration to guard and beat up the political prisoners.

Still, even in that first week, while we were lying in our cell, I was thrown a little bottle of oil which the Vietnamese use for relieving pain after you've been beaten up. Around this little bottle was a note written in very good French. It said, "Thank you, on behalf of the Vietnamese people," and was signed, "your comrades in arms."

We learned a long while afterwards that this came from a cell where the so-called "rebels" were kept, those who refused to salute the Saigon regime's flag. They were beaten and tortured for it.

We met them eight months later, during the first Tet celebration we spent in prison, in February, 1971. After months of complete isolation we were able to go down into the yard where the latrines were. It wasn't a favor on the part of the prison guards; it was just carelessness. They were too busy celebrating Tet.

So we went into the yard and there we met the brothers who had sent us the lotion. They lived in awful conditions and now, for Tet, their families had been able to visit them and had brought them all kinds of good things to eat. They insisted on sharing everything, and we celebrated together. We sang the song of Unity and Solidarity.

Isolation ward

Then the brothers from the isolation ward also came down. Those were political prisoners who had been brought back from the tiger cages in Poulo Condor (Con Son). Normally, they were never allowed to go out into the sunlight, but were kept in solitary confinement, in cells without windows or light. But that day, the first day of Tet, they could come down into the prison yard. So we saw, the whole jail saw, for the first time, these hundred prisoners from the tiger cages. And in what condition!

They had to crawl down, because they couldn't walk anymore; their knees had been broken. They dragged themselves along the ground with little wooden benches of their own making. They had to close their eyes completely in the sun because they'd been blinded from so many years of darkness. Their faces were haggard and lined, their bodies gaunt and emaciated. They were wearing tattered prison uniforms, the standard black pajamas.

No one made a sound when they arrived. Even the trusties who guarded them were astonished. A regular prisoner threw them a box of candy. The trusties did not move. They let him do it. Other regulars threw delicacies they had been brought--oranges, fruit, even a few ducks. We watched all the prisoners throw everything they had to these people who had come back from the death camps.

We even saw an American, a GI who was in the isolation ward. He had nothing to give, no money, he received no visits. All he had was his clothing. He started to undress and piece by piece, he threw all his clothes to these prisoners from Poulo Condor.

"Re-education"

This policy of "re-education," as the Saigon government calls it, is aimed solely at breaking patriotic Vietnamese; sapping their strength; breaking them not only physically, but especially emotionally. There are many ways to kill a man. At Fu Quoc, an island prison, for seven years, until 1971, prisoners were shot at with machine guns. When the prisoners demanded better food, jeeps with machine guns mounted on them were driven into the prison and they would fire on the prisoners, forcing them further and further down. And each time there were dozens of dead and wounded. At our prison of Chi Hoa, and elsewhere, there are other ways of killing people: by giving them nothing to eat, by rationing their water, by beating them, by torturing them, by leaving them in tiger cages.

In our last months at Chi Hoa, we saw something which was still more tragic. On the 15th of November (1972) Colonel Nguyen Van Ve came back. He had been exposed in '69 and '70 as the "father of the tiger cages" at Poulo Condor. After the scandal of the tiger cages, he disappeared, only to re-appear in the "Phoenix" campaign, which was aimed at destroying the ranks of the National Liberation Front, by assassination.

Despite the exposure of the tiger cages, they're still there, and what's more, they've been rebuilt. We saw prisoners in RG sector, in particular, in cell OG3, at Chi Hoa, who had come back from the tiger cages to be "nursed." There is an infirmary at Chi Hoa prison. When they arrived at this infirmary, they were told that there was no medicine. The American supplies weren't being sent anymore. There were not dollars for medicine for political prisoners but there were \$400,000 to build new tiger cages in camps numbers 7 and 8 at Poulo Condor. There is an American company in Saigon (Brown and Root) which is building tiger cages at the present time--new improved models.

The cages are too low for the prisoners to stand up in. Also they put three to five prisoners in each one, so there's not enough room for them to sleep; they have to take turns lying down while the other crouch. The cages are kept in completely dark rooms without ventilation; most of those who manage to live through the experience are completely blind afterwards.

Rations decrease

Friends of ours who've lived in the cages have told us how they were forced in desperation to wash themselves with their own urine, even to drink their own urine. The food rations decrease each year. In August, 1972, it was still a pound and a quarter of cooked rice a day; now it's less than a pound, and the rice is soaked in sea water and mixed with sand to make it go further. The only thing they get with the rice is a pinch of salt--not enough--no vegetables, no meat, no fish. They used to get a bit of pickling brine, but now they don't get even that.

If anyone so much as asks for an extra bowl of rice, there is ferocious repression. Beside each tiger cage is a container of lime which the guards throw onto the prisoners, and which burns their skin. They also use grenades of nausea gas and tear gas. Then, when they've used all this, they beat and handcuff the prisoners, with their wrists behind their backs. We know people who've been kept handcuffed like this for years because they refused to salute the Saigon flag.

So the 15th of November, at Chi Hoa, the colonel came back. He brought into the prison a hundred members of the tac squad of the Saigon Police, armed with bamboo shields, helmets, bullet-proof vests, pistols, clubs, even grenade launchers. They entered every cell containing political prisoners. Each cell had from 60 to 100 people piled on top of one another. They divided each cell into tiny groups, separating people who had known each other for years. During this separation and change of cells, a lot of prisoners disappeared completely.

They even mixed the Catholic students with members of the National Liberation Front, so they could be classified as communists and all the political prisoners were mixed with ordinary ones. Then they took away the files of these prisoners, so that no one will be able to prove that they were political prisoners, and not ordinary criminals. This was done for a very good reason. If there is a cease-fire, the criminal prisoners won't be released. If the political prisoners are indistinguishable from the ordinary ones, they won't be released either.

Light sentence

The Colonel also stopped family visits with the result that families lost track of their relatives. Sometimes, they would tell people whose time was up that they were going to be released. So these prisoners would say goodbye to us and follow the guards. Later prisoners would arrive at Chi Hoa who had been transferred from other prisons, and they would tell us, "so-and-so is in the prison we just left" while we thought he had been released.

An example I want to talk about is Nguyen Dong Ha, the younger brother of Madame Nguyen Thi Binh. His only crime is to be her brother. Because they couldn't find anything against him, they gave him a light sentence of only three years.

When he had served his time, they told him he was released, and took him to the police station.

P.W. TORTURE TOLD

There he was faced with American interrogators who asked him to sign letters defaming his sister's character and to go on Saigon television to speak against her. When he refused, he was brought back to Chi Hoa and that was how we met and learned his story. Then he was taken away to the camps at Poulo Condor, and no one has heard of him since.

His wife was pregnant when she was brought into the prison, and she gave birth there. She too, was asked to sign letters about Madame Binh, and the police threatened to take away her baby. A few days later, they actually did take the child away and no one knows what became of it.

So in the last few months of our imprisonment, we realized that the colonel was preparing for a cease-fire. By mixing the prisoners, putting them out of sight, he was going to do away with the political prisoners, who should be released upon a cease fire. There are a lot of examples of this.

Torture "specialist"

We knew a student, Nguyen Ngoc Phuong, who was at Camp No. 7 at Poulo Condor. He was tortured to death by officials at Poulo Condor called "specialists." We know of at least 26 other prisoners who were being tortured to death when we left.

On December 10, 16 Catholic students began a hunger strike to protest; they weren't allowed to go into the yard to get sunlight, or to have visits from their families. On the 26th of December, less than three weeks after they began their hunger strike, they were taken away on stretchers to the tiger cages at Poulo Condor.

They went back to the tiger cages in the same condition they had left them: Their legs broken, their joints paralyzed, asth-

matic and leprous, and most of them infected with tuberculosis.

We knew that this was a death sentence for these prisoners we had lived with for nearly a year. We know we will never see them again. The president of the Association of Vietnamese Students told us upon our departure, "We have to bring back all those who've been deported. Otherwise we'll never see them again. We know that we're going to be taken away too."

Why all these plans for liquidation? Why had these liquidations begun before we left?

Thieu kills for survival

If the Thieu regime is going to have a chance of survival after a cease-fire, they've got to get rid of everyone who has lived in these prisons and who could tell what they've experienced, what they have seen in the camps, especially the Catholic students, the Buddhist monks, who refused military service.

Obviously they can't be called communists; they're from well-known Saigon families, well-known to the upper classes there. It could snowball if they begin to tell what they've lived through, and what they've seen, the tortures they've undergone. Because of their religion and their social standing, people will believe them. Thus it is a matter of survival for the Thieu regime to get rid of these people.

We also saw 53 political prisoners from Cell EG 3, Sector FG, who had already been brought back from the tiger cages at Poulo Condor, returned there. They were among those who had been brought to Chi Hoa to be treated, but, as I said, there was no medicine. So when these students went there, the 53 prisoners accompanied them.

I should also tell you that, in the last nine months of our imprisonment, we saw a new type of political prisoner arriving at Chi Hoa. Up till then we had seen mostly members of the National Liberation Front, patriotic Vietnamese, usually peasants.

But from about March 1972, we began to see lawyers, intellectuals, professors, students, Catholic students, Buddhist monks--in fact, an entire category of prisoners that, until then, we had not been accustomed to see. At first, we were extremely surprised, then we understood: these people belonged to the neutral "Third Force" which Thieu is so afraid of now.

The 28th of December, three days after the convoy left with the Catholic students and the 53 prisoners, the French consul came to see us, to tell us that we were released and would be deported to France.

Bear witness

It was really unbelievably unthinkable, that after what we'd seen of the conditions of imprisonment of our brothers, we should be released now. When we were to go, we refused to leave, we didn't want to leave our comrades in arms, who had helped us so much. They ran the risk of being taken to the security room to be tortured; this was a room which, when American delegations came, they transformed into a movie theatre.

Then some political prisoners came to see us and told us that we had to go, to bear witness of what we had seen, to tell of the tortures, the beatings, the assassinations, the policy of slow death. All this has been going on for dozens of years, and no one speaks of it in the papers. And that's why we're here today.

--from liberation news service

BLACK ENGLISH

BY PAM AND MICHAEL ROSENTHAL / ALTERNATIVE FEATURES SERVICE

"To grow up decent, our children need new clothing to present themselves in school in proper neat!! The sun have to shine for our children too. Amen."

Thus read a handlettered sign held by a poor black woman in a *New York Times* photograph in August, 1969. "These people want welfare and they can't even learn to speak the language correctly," the reactionary, tightassed, honky might respond.

Then there's our own "enlightened," radical-hip view: marvel at the sign's eloquence, especially when "these people" have been so disadvantaged as to be excluded from learning the proper linguistic tools for communicating in this society.

We're closer in viewpoint to that tight-asses reactionary than we realize, for though our aesthetic, emotional, and political judgments differ, we would agree, ultimately, that the sign employs an impoverished form of grammar--that it is incorrect English. And we'd all be wrong. For, according to a fascinating series of linguistic studies, the sign was not written in ungrammatical "Standard English," but in utterly grammatical "Black English," which was clearly the language of the writer.

Black English is the most homogeneous dialect of American English, according to a new book called *Black English*, by J. L. Dillard, a professor of linguistics at the University of Puerto Rico. That is to say, Black English is a variant form of the English language, and is spoken in accordance with a consistent set of rules, by 80 per cent of the black people in the United States. It is not a make-do language of people who, for one reason or another, have not caught on to the principles of "our" language, but it is a variant form that has developed through history, shaped and molded by influences as remote as Pidgin Portuguese, spoken by 17th-century traders on the west coast of Africa.

To white observers, especially those of us with hip aspirations, the most immediately apparent feature of Black English is its vocabulary. *Black Jargon in White America* is a recently-published, sympathetic introduction to this vocabulary, written by David Claerbaut, a white high school teacher who realized that he had no idea what his black students were talking about.

Studies like Dillard's, however, are more concerned with syntax, with

the grammatical structure of Black English. For while Black vocabulary and slang have always received some modicum of recognition (at least some awareness that "crib," "vines," or "box," were names for real things), black syntax has usually been viewed as an "incorrect" or "incomplete" or even "incoherent" version of white syntax. In fact, an earlier term for Black English was "Non-Standard English," which was conceived as a polite way of saying English with every possible grammatical error.

The truth of the matter is that speaking Standard English with lots of grammatical errors (and throwing in a few "likes," "babys," and elegant slang words) will not produce anything like Black English. For as with Persian French or Middle High German, the structure of Black English has got to be studied, to be mastered by non-native speakers.

At Columbia University, linguist William A. Stewart has taught some aspects of the dialect to white public school teachers. These teachers learned that "He be sick all the time" is correct while "He sick all the time" is incorrect. On the other hand, "He sick right now" is correct and "He be sick right now" is incorrect. Confusing? Just about as confusing

as "He is sick all the time" and "He is sick right now" are to the black first-grader who has been communicating the same thought in rather more complex verb forms since he learned to talk.

For this black first-grader has been making the distinction, unavailable in the verb forms of Standard English, between constant and intermittent activity in the present. "He sick" implies a chronic condition, whereas "He be sick" implies a temporary condition. The speaker of Standard English must qualify "He is sick" with the adverb "right now" or "all the time" in order to make the same distinction.

Grammatical respectability has been symbolic of class position, since long before Henry Higgins created a "lady" out of Cockney Liza Doolittle. But what modern linguists are discovering is that the "respectable," or ruling class dialect of a nation is no more consistent, eloquent, or communicative than the "less respectable" forms. For conceptual expression is like seeing or hearing, in that anyone with normal physical equipment can and does do it, though he or she might not be recognized as doing it.

And whether or not the linguist is politically

motivated, his work has political consequences, since he is countering a body of educational dogma and policy that views black people as "verbally deprived." This approach takes an extreme form in the statement by British sociologist Basil Bernstein, that "much of lower-class language consists of a kind of incidental 'emotional accompaniment' to action here and now."

To refuse to recognize the conceptual content of a person's speech is clearly to refuse to recognize a crucial aspect of his or her humanity--the result is an Arthur Jensen, the educational psychologist who has "proved" that black people are genetically less conceptually able than whites. Since Head Start programs don't raise the achievement level of black students, Jensen has concluded that black people's intelligence must be "associative" rather than "conceptual."

It is frighteningly easy to misjudge a language one does not understand, and to conclude that it is not a language at all. The error becomes less benign the more evidence is discovered of the historicity, complexity, and homogeneity of Black English. For exploitative political ideologies derive their life-blood from imputations of certain groups' lesser humanity.



C.B.S. WATERS DOWN WATERGATE REPORT

(CPS) The TV networks and other news media have been vocal in their opposition to Nixon administration attempts to pressure them into silence. But their performance has not necessarily lived up to their brave words. A clear example occurred in the case of a report about the Watergate incident on CBS evening news.

The report was planned as a two-part series. The first part was 22 minutes long, and the second was planned for 15 minutes. However, as [MORE] the New York journalism review reports, after the first segment was broadcast, "the White House was quick to respond--with a phone call to CBS executives from Charles Colson, special counsel to President Nixon. Regrettably, CBS acceded to the pressure and forced the Cronkite staff to water down the second part of the report." The order to cut down the report came directly from CBS board chairman William Paley. As a result of this governmental pressure, the second report was cut from 15 minutes to 7.

As [MORE] pointed out, "One reason for the network's timidity is said to be threats from the FCC to force the networks to curtail re-runs. CBS would be the hardest hit if such a policy were implemented."

A SALUTE TO

THEATRE REVIEW

Brutal. Yes, brutal, but neither blood thirsty nor blood letting, just blood curdling. The event begins with the femal actress, accoutered with helmet and whistle, place-kicking a freaked out looking doll to the rear curtain. Brutal, yes but it is kind, warning us that the game tonite is wide open.

The next moment, a marriage rite is performed with robed monk over toilet seat shackling the cooing couple together. This flows straight into a scene of sex, sex, and cuddly-kissy-poo homemaking.

Next a 6' son appears in diapers and the exact order of scenes fades in my mind. The father reveals himself as slave owner to Dottie. She pleads with him for communication in a scene of immense power. He sits totally silent couched in his paper as Dottie cries out for response. She recounts her nightmare of being trapped in the house with nothing opening--stove, refrigerator, front door. Crushed by no response she leaves the room. The husband, frighteningly silent and impassive, leaves for work taking the box of Trix and cereal bowl with him.

The moments blur more as the show grasps me and pulls me along. A post-man near love affair. A cruel to the child scene. A brutal seduction of a 16 year old boy with the mumps. Dottie strips the boy of his shirt, brutalizes

his crotch with hard rubbing, and throws him to the sofa interrupted by her own son's entrance and her near lover's dismissal.

A phone conversation with Dottie's best friend--denouncing women who forsake their slavery to childbearing in an irony made brutal by the conversation's end, with talk of a collapsing sex life and marriage. The bottle of alcohol, the search for significance in social prestige.

A game sequence, "Let's Make a Dwarf," where excited Dottie "wins" the perfect husband and son (the ones she has). The hard hitting irony crushes the laughter in your throat.

The night mare, recounted earlier, comes down for real! A terrifying scene of rising intensity where nothing opens at her pull until it ends with a scream/yell that stuns your ears and opens the top of your mind.

And finally, the almost murder. The drunken husband drops to bed, the brutalized wife--raising high the knife--aborted by the son. And as the son is hustled off to the john vomiting, the knife, poised high, glides toward her own stomach. "Just Dottie and me, and baby makes three, / We're happy in my Blue Heaven." Lights out.

The play had no chronology, and needed none. It had a build in events which destroy the wife/mother as a human until she turns to the knife.

MIDNIGHT CO-OPT

I am less outraged at being co-opted again than I am amazed at NBC's chut-pah and lack of subtleness in putting on a program aimed directly at our counter-culture, with the object of economic exploitation of our straight/doped joie du musique (we got rhythm), and then using the same program to push (hard) against the very principles and very life styles that they are trying to exploit. That's like feeding a chicken while you cut it's head off.

The Midnight Special (the title is stolen from a black man, of course) is NBC's attempt to get a piece of the concert action which ABC discovered with their amazingly well done In Concert. In Concert features burned out hippies doin' their musical thing to monthly Madison Square Garden crowds, and by good sound equipment and outright stoned videotaped work it is broadcast over FM radio and color TV to the freaks of the world. It is definitely a commercial venture, and must be a financial success, or NBC wouldn't join in the market, but the commercials are just plain old commercials (though mostly aimed at freaks, you know, record and clothing stores, the Joint pushing waterbeds, etc.) and no overall message is pushed by the show, save possibly, "BOOGIE!" NBC's version of hip entertainment, though, was to me less than refreshing breeze of political and social conservatism, deliberately designed to cool the counter-culture.

two faced

ITEM. (I'm gonna catch flak for this one, so I'm giving it first.) The hostess for the first show was Helen Reddy. I feel that this was a deliberate attempt to grab the liberated shopper, which surely exists in more than one NBC executive's mind. The

first song, of course was I Am Woman and doubtless a lot of freek women across the country watched a few commercials just to see it. Later on, however, Tina Turner and three other sex objects blasted the male consciousness into submission in case any unliberated male shoppers were watching. (The show was late enough for Tina to be obviously not wearing a bra.)

Helen Reddy's musical abilities, as was effectively demonstrated, out-strip her skill and ease in dealing with people. Her singing voice is incredibly good, well-controlled, communicating, and all that, but her face, posture and speech in her hostess role were those of a dead fish--cold, stiff, and very uncommunicating. Now this isn't a down-rap on Helen Reddy; she obviously was hosting for the first time, was not at ease, and had not worked on that part of the entertaining business anywhere as much as she had on singing, which is true of most artists. The question is, why did NBC place her in a position where she would fail so miserably? As a guest she would have been at least as good as anyone else, and much better than Rare Earth and the Byrds, who stunk. Either or both George Carlin and/or Curtis Mayfield would have made superb hosts--both were astonishingly mellow in their acts, and equally mellow with the other performers when they had the chance. NBC is not stupid, they would not pass over two winners to pick a loser, host-wise; they've been managing entertainment too long and too successfully for me to believe that. It can only remain that Helen Reddy was relied on to do something that Carlin and/or Mayfield could not be relied on for, and something big enough to make up for the discrepancy in hosting ability. She was, and she did, or rather, did not. Helen Reddy refrained in thought, word, deed and insinuation from advocating the use of illegal drugs, and from advising the blacks or any other minority culture counter to NBC's to get their shit together and do something to change things. In,

other words, NBC deliberately chose a politically and culturally conservative hostess, or at least one that would look like that, and considered these criteria of higher priority than hosting ability. (Note: the song I Am Woman, which definitely incites women to get their shit together, was economically used and then negated, especially by Ed McMahon, who dropped in for a jock "Hiyo!" right after the song. Joan Baez, doubtless NBC's idea of radical woman, was not hosting, nor was Jane Fonda or anyone else who might say something embarrassing to NBC's conservative morals. On the other hand, a woman was considered less dangerous than a black or a freek, which lets you know a little bit more about NBC.)

nightclub rock

ITEM. The set for the Midnight Special was not Madison Square Garden, or any reasonable facsimile, but some nightclub-like place, and an upper-class one. Seating capacity was in the hundreds, rather than in the Garden's whatever-thousands. NBC wasn't putting on a people's concert. They were aiming at those Americans who want to be "better", which in this country of competition means better than the background of other people, especially the poor people. If you watch the Midnight Special you're cool, that's the message. Flattery. A sales pitch based soundly in capitalism, with a capital "Ism". And the crowd looked like they were hired. Young Republican conventioners, that type, Amerikan Bandstand. "AWRight, Billy and Susie did the cutest dance, they get a copy of the Twerp's hit release, 'Love Me Tonite or I'll Cut Off Your Tit.' Got these ugly zit pads again? Try Stridex medicated pimple pads..." The whole setup reeked of prostituted art.

ITEM. Rare Earth and The Byrds stunk, as I said. They looked like ISU's Entertainment Committee had reluctantly allowed them on the bill.

CULTURE

MOTHERHOOD

The style of the production is awe-inspiring. It is one of energy, movement, and brutality of emotions. The production moved from start to finish with a precision and energy that sharpened every image and shot every statement straight to us. The show's effect is devastatingly real despite its surreal qualities.

Rhondi Reed, the mother/wife (Dottie Grafton), filled every moment. She reached moments we did not expect. In the nightmare scene she was so powerful that she stretched our capacities to follow her. Despite the far-flung differences in the juxtaposed scenes, Rhondi moved from one to another with a totality of concentration and consistency of character that grabbed our attention and did not let go.

Rob Maxey portrayed all the male roles (except that of son) with a precision and involvement matching Rhondi's.

Tim Barwald, as son and priest, hit the brutal style and more than filled his character's space.

The original script, conceived by Lee Armstrong and composed by him, Terry Paul Kruger, Rob Maxey, Tim Barwald and Rhondi Reed, exploited a style of language that 'fit' and aided the action as all good scripts do.

All praise to those who produced, conceived, wrote, directed, and performed the play. It is truly one of the most exciting and debilitating theater pieces I have ever seen. If it happens again you owe it to yourself to see it for its power and for the perceptions about the need for the women's liberation struggle.

Line King



"You don't have quite the right slogan"

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

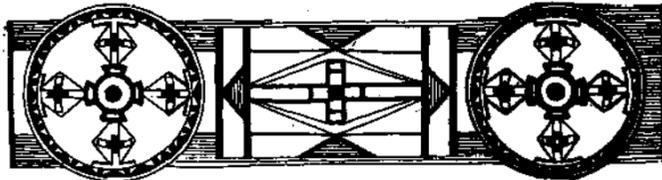
(CPS) The medal was awarded by his superiors for "distinguished public service." The citation read, "He has provided with faultless professionalism clear, concise, accurate and timely information concerning the worldwide activities of the Department of Defense."

You guessed it. The man being commended is Jerry Friedheim, voice of the Pentagon. Friedheim is the guy who has been running the news briefings on the bombings in North Vietnam and blandly denying that B-52 raids were hitting any civilian targets (including Bach Mai hospital) while Western European and American observers were sending back daily eyewitness accounts of civilian devastation.

Clear, concise, accurate? Maybe the Pentagon just speaks a different language from the rest of us. As Friedheim is fond of saying, "Well, at this time I don't have any further information to give you about that."

(Information from the New York Times)

NBC



Fred's poem

Reflections

once a feeling is shared
and then lost to time
It is so easy to forget
and carry on, as if it doesn't exist
for all of eternity, in a place of its own

"but things change" you say
"and nothing stays the same"
but I think "things" stay the same
and we must move on -- beyond the reach
of any given moment and
isn't there a way we can retain
some part of this vibration
seeing it now
through these tinted shades
of time

with Art Linkletter. (Talk about prostituted art!) Neither did anything new, or successfully did anything old. The Impressions, weren't bad, but they sounded like they didn't get to do the song they really wanted to do about the junkie. In general the "entertainment" looked very much like it was carefully chosen by someone who had no idea what he was doing, most likely a committee, and with no reference to art, just to what "youth-oriented" groups were available for contract, and then material was evidently screened for "good taste".

We got in our zinger though. The committee, or whatever, was ignorant enough to sign on George Carlin, the Lenny Bruce of the Seventies, and did not have complete control over his stream of consciousness. Carlin did a carefully careless monologue about everything in general, very funny but obviously restrained. Late in the act he casually eased into the subject of gang fights in Brooklyn, where he grew up, and underplayed his big line: "Then in the Fifties grass blew in and fights went away, man!" Taken in context, this may be added to the list of victories for our side which already include (1) In Concert premiering with Alice Cooper, (2) Woodstock, and (3) Gracie getting out a "motherfucker" on the Cavett show.

uncola

ITEM. Midnight Special was sponsored primarily by the Uncola, 7-Up, who, as you may have noticed, have some pretty stoned animated commercials. Sure enough, there they were, almost all of them, even stoneder than before, and across this mighty nation four million stoned freaks with the munchies and the slurps (the munchies for liquids) flashed out to the fridge and experienced the fresh, clean taste of 7-Up. Herbal Essence Shampoo put on their stonedest, too, in fact all the commercials were aimed at users of illegal drugs and controlled substances. Strange. Especially strange as the program they sponsored contained an anti-dope public service message (camera

pans New York skyline, zooms in on apartment window revealing a large, obviously well-tended specimen of Cannabis sativa...) and also contained an anti-dope song, Coming Down, written and delivered by a hippie who's seen the light and been saved.

(almost an ITEM.) There is no way I can substantiate or explain this, but the program had the subtle aroma of Nixon. I've been watching the conventions, elections, inauguration and the "peace" announcements pretty closely, and I've come to appreciate the style of Nixon Events. Whoever does such public relations managing for Nixon produces work of a constant, indefinable aroma of condescension, slyness, and vague but unmistakable threat. (I AM the President! I give and I taketh away. And I smite my enemies hip and thigh.) And the Midnight Special had this ethereal quality. Maybe NBC did it, knowing that their ass is already on the line (the line from C to shining C and then back to the F), and that venture into the pockets of hippies is federally dangerous. Then again maybe the stench rubbed off from closer contact. I don't know and I shudder to think about it. Watch Marcos, and pray that he doesn't (or hasn't already) give(en) Nixon any creative ideas.

stay tuned

SO HERE I got four items and one almost item that say that the show had (1) a deliberately conservative hostess, (2) an eloquently and seductively bourgeois set, (3) a cast of professional entertainers selected with more care for manipulating the public than for their art, (4) advertising aimed at the drug culture and simultaneous anti-dope propaganda, and (4½) the indefinable aroma of Nixon. Now I'm not exactly sure what this adds up to, BUT IT DON'T SOUND GOOD. I'm gonna watch the Midnight Special next week (or whenever) to see and hear some more tunes (I'm not blaming the performers), but also to check up on something that at first sight appeared rather menacing. I could dig other people doing the same.

fogo

addenda

MIDNIGHT COOPT (PART TWO)
Report on the menace!

Sharing the righteous amazement of the party of the first part, I'm reporting more briefly on "Midnight Special's" second tinsel-glittered night.

I was watching the aforementioned incident in the midst of a party, where a small caucus of party-goers semi-silently ogled the 21 inch screen. (Who's that? "Who's that?" "Is that Johnny Rivers?" "Naw...Couldn't be...It doesn't sound like Johnny Rivers." "Johnny Rivers never does.") Despite the scorn of other party goers, the power of the tube held sway. No matter what the quality of the material, said caucus remained before the set.

Johnny (A-GO-GO) Rivers hosted this evening's entertainment and kicked off the show with a rousing cliché of that good ol' rock and roll (singing either "Johnny B Goode" or "Blue Suede Shoes" - I don't have the energy to remember which.) Steely Dan followed with their big hit sound. Then came a comedy group with a bunch of "comedy sketches" about having to get into the john and piss and stuff. Another group came on, and the film clip from "Deliverance" was next shown. Then, I left the party.

"Midnight Special" might be called the "Hollywood Palace" of the counter culture set. I prefer "Hullabaloo" - they used to have the Kinks. Each song had commercials around it: not just for the Uncola, but for other hip products like feminine hygiene deodorant, and psychedelic jeans. I don't know if such commercial planning sells very much. Most of the audience I knew was too trashed to pay attention to anything other than tiny TV bass riffs.

BS73

ON BEING DIFFERENT

by MERLE MILLER

(Popular Library)

Male sexuality isn't discussed very honestly very often.

Where personalistic and honest pieces on female sexuality are becoming more bountiful, books that explore the male role in a similar manner remain largely unwritten. When the majority of those male works that actually do get completed are typified by the role playing one finds in Norman Mailer, the situation looks even bleaker.

Today it takes a curious blend of courage and egotism and faith to present oneself naked and representative. On the whole, male writers have shown themselves to be lacking in sufficient quantities of all three attributes. I'd like to reflect on why.

Structured personal documents are primarily written for English instructors and/or students to play around with. Most of the best non-fiction writing of the past decade hasn't been written to satisfy this academic audience. The audience is meant to be larger. Writers of autobiographical truth have taken to a sort of intellectual stream-of-consciousness when writing about their selves and that self's relation to a greater whole.

The technique has several advantages for the writer. It enables him/her to present the past and conclusions drawn from the past almost simultaneously. It affords the author opportunity to approximate the emotional ebbs and flows of ideas and existence in constant clash.

As much as possible, the author refuses to place any restrictive order on these thoughts and lets the reader pick out what each considers significant.

By its structure, such literature becomes less polemical and more questioning.

Pitfalls to a lack of structure are obvious. Sometimes the author gets lost. Occasionally, thoughts may wander towards dead ends or become repetitious and restrictive. The expansive intention of the literature then is defeated. Sometimes, watching dead-end thinking can be revealing, however.

The book's present title is more accurate than the article's. Miller doesn't pretend to represent the whole spectrum of homosexual experience, but chooses to discuss his personal experiences as a male homosexual of one specific generation. It is a moving set of revelations.

Miller in describing his mode of male sexuality is describing those forces influencing all males, however. He speaks to a larger audience. Those males most blatantly victimized by these forces are homosexual, bisexual, or heterosexual with "effeminate characteristics." That is a larger group than most people have bothered to realize, and these are only the observably oppressed.

The shortage of books dealing honestly with males is explained, in part, by these victimizing forces. Even if the would-be author constantly travelled through a liberal-to-radical environment, where the most blatant pig-headed bigotries need never be confronted (and few of us do), these victimizing forces would be blocking him. They're too many and subtle.

The writer of such a work is attempting to lay himself bare. That in itself is a violation of the basic masculine role he's grown up with. This may partially explain why those few other honest male works have been predominantly by gays or bisexuals. They've already violated the basic role. For other males, this stigma is harder to get past. It is easy for nobody.

The male writer who exposes himself before a readership does so in faith with the reader. He expects some degree of sensitivity and encouragement from that reader—even if the reader hasn't wholly shared the same concerns. This goes on all the time in rap groups. Half of Merle Miller's book devotes itself to letters the original Times article had received after it had been printed. Miller is honestly amazed over the number of encouraging and positive responses he receives. The experience, I suspect was a liberating one both to him and his readers. Encouragement would have been nil if Miller's faith had been betrayed and the majority of

The author in these writings definitely lowers defenses. With a certain degree of ingenuousness, she/he depicts the pains of a person attempting to grow in opposition to expected social roles. In the act, the writer expects that the experiences detailed are parallel, in part, to those of the reader. Consequently, such literature is both individualistic and representative of the thoughts and experiences of one segment of humanity.

Within men's awakening, a small amount of material has been written so far, most of it by gay males. One good example is Merle Miller's On Being Different. On Being Different shares the advantages and flaws of its technique. Perhaps the second half of the book could have been trimmed; Miller seems so surprised about some of the conclusions he's reached that he repeats them down to the phrasing. It's a minor flaw, if it is a flaw.

The book originally appeared in the New York Times Magazine, where Miller was responding to a particularly small-minded piece by Joseph Epstein in Harper's on homosexuality. Epstein stated: "If I had the power to do so, I would wish homosexuality off the face of this Earth." Miller, a homosexual, wrote "What It Means to Be a Homosexual" in response. On Being Different is that article with a lengthy afterword added.

the letters instead had been full of name-calling: "faggot," or "sexist" (for not adequately covering the concerns of lesbians and for primarily writing about male homosexual problems), or "bourgeois" (for writing about himself as a middle class individual.)

Basically, unstructured material is laid waste to by structured narrow minds. The person who realizes how incomplete they are in terms of understanding their sexual role may be less inclined to make assertions about the way sexual oppression works. Their writing has to be questioning. This is intolerable to certain people.

Essentially, the difference arises between those who see writing as a vehicle for propaganda or for stimulation of ideas. The author groping with his sexual role uses writing as a means of groping with that role in the hopes that readers will lend a hand to both him and each other. Such writing is a communal act, ultimately, particularly to the person who feels he can communicate his concerns first best through writing.

Those who don't see writing as an arena where one presents growth, but rather as a forum for "finished" structured ideas, get impatient with personalistic writing. It is as if the author, in addition to violating the masculine code in being honest about his limitations, is simultaneously violating the writer's code. This is rather difficult to take.

No structured ideology, yet, has proven itself sensitive to all the ramifications of sexual oppression. Miller describes his disenchantment with Marxism, by citing oppression of gays in avowedly Marxist countries. In Cuba, he says, gays have been jailed; in China, they've been placed in what are called "hospitals for ideological reform." (A curious example of structured rhetoric being used oppressively, there is little practical difference between this and Joseph Epstein's line.)





BOOK HIVE

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TRIES TO ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION!

by John of course!

HIYA, OR! WHATCHA DOIN'?

HONOR ANARCHY DAY
FEB 23rd
All citizens must wear clean black uniforms

WELL, THAT'S KINDA HARD TO SAY - SOMEWHERE BETWEEN AN ARTFORM AND A LIFE STYLE, I THINK, ALTHO THE TWO ARE REALLY THE SAME THING, BOUND, INEXTRICABLY, LIKE TIME TO VERY FABRIC OF EXISTENCE OF EACH OF EVENTS AND MAYBE - EVENTS THAT MAKE UP... GET IN THERE!... THAT MAKE UP...

...REALITY AS WE COULD SEIZE IT. F'INSTANCE, EVER NOTICE HOW F'INSTANCES ARE BETTER DESCRIPTIONS OF REALITY THAN IN-GENERAL? THAT'S MY ART, BY ZAPPA! LIKE F'INSTANCES OF REALITY PROBABLE AND MAYBE. HUMANKIND'S PERCEPTION OF ART, I MEAN, REALITY IS COLLARED BY ITS CATEGORY-HEADED HEAD DUE TO ITS NEED TO COMMUNE-NEGATE AT ITSELF, WHICH -STICK YER BINDER UP YER NOSE, WILL YA?

WHICH IS OF COURSE ITS STRONG POINT BUT ALSO ITS WEAK LIKE OCCAS ERASER SWINGING THRU WHAT COULD BE BUT THE SIFTING ISN'T, 'CAUSE EMORY THINK IS PLAUSIBLE IN FINITY, AND THAT'S WHY ALL POSSIBLE ME'S LIVE THE ART OF WHAT PROBABLY WONT, ONLY WITHAL ARTISTIC VARIATIONS

SANITIRE, SARCOPLASM, SURREAL IS MY FOUNDATIONS UPON WHICH GROWS THE FUNGUS OF OMNI-DIMENSIONAL POTENTIALITY PLAYS LIKE LEAF-SHADOWS WHERE THE OUS-PEBSKIAN SELF-DISCARDING SELF DISCARDED WITH REVERALS KNOWTHING INSIDE BUT MOOR OUTSIDE OR OUT-SIGNED AS IT ALWAYS WAS OR AT LEAST COULD BE CERTAINLY ALONE OR IN GROPE TO MULTIPLY THE POSSIBILITIES OF ALREADY THERE WHICH IS HERE WHERE KARMA CONVOLUTES TO SOLID LUCID MAYBE, COARSE NOW AS ART...

... THAT MEANS ALL IS FUZZY LIKE REALITY SO SUM IS RELEVANT/LEAN TERESTING AND DUTHER SMOT BUT ERY/WUNKS INWALNLE YA HIT AN ENLIGHTENING SCREAM OF CONSCIOUS-DRESS WHERE YA KIN GET OFF ON THE...

EGO TRIP...

OF KNOWING, OR AT LEAST THINKING, THAT THIS PECULIAR VORTEX OF KARMA WITH ITS HUMAN-PLEASING PATTERN OF POSSIBILITIES HAPPENED TO HAPPEN DURING THE PERIOD COINCIDING WITH THAT IN WHICH THE JUKTA-POSITION OF CERTAIN MAYBE'S WHICH MAKE UP YOU AS YOU KNOW, OR THINK, THEM...

... ALSO HAPPENED TO LIFE, MAY, EVEN MAT... STRUGGLE OF CHAOS... SOME PEOPLE WANT TO... A VERITABLE RETURN... DOUBLE ENTENDE...

SIX MONTHS LATER...

... HAPPEN, FOR WHAT IS... MATTER BUT THE BRIEF... TO ESCAPE ITSELF AND THEN... GET BACK TO THE GODHEAD... OF THE BRADICAL CHOS, A... BY THE UNIVERSAL...

... WHERE'D HE GO?

JOIN US NEXT CUMEGONDE WHEN OM MEETS "FROG" BLAVATSKY AND HER ALL-STAR CRAWLIES! ON SALE SOON IN BERLO'S OFFICE!

BOOK REVIEW (of sorts)

(Continued from preceding page.)

Presumably, other countries have other male role struggles that are unique to their culture. It is ludicrous to expect the same analytic structure to work on all details of every person's struggle. In practice, the structure becomes predominant over individual group problems. (In practice, then, structured ideologies become sexist, working as they do insensitively towards certain types of human oppression.) At this point in time the primary ideology that has chosen to attempt to link itself with

the female/male liberation movement is, of course, Marxist. Marxism, as Miller indicates, has some reason to be suspect.

Those forces working against male writers shouldn't be as gigantic as they are--yet they have been. Eventually, though, they will be overcome for all types of men. As more is written, a statement is made concretely that each person is not alone. The more a community of honesty is reached within a given culture, the more people (as opposed to bureaucratic and ideological structures) get to decide about their freedom. There is much to accomplish.

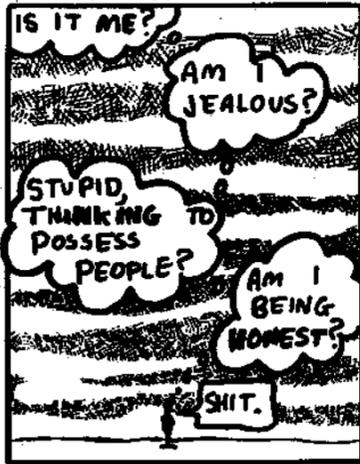
BSherman



JOE VANIST

(WHEREIN OUR HERO DOES BATTLE TO PRESERVE HIS MASCULINITY.)

--BS73



QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. IS JOE VANIST THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN SUPERFICIAL ROLE PLAYING? IS HUGH? LIBBY? ARE YOU? DO YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO SAY FOR CERTAIN? DO YOU CARE TO KNOW?
2. IS THIS COMIC AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL? IF NOT, WHAT DO YOU THINK THE CARTOONIST IS LIKE?
3. WHY WAS THIS STRIP DONE? I MEAN REALLY?

I see the best minds of our age...

POEMS

pause

Just a minute to say "hey" to myself
Seldom do I just stop and wait patiently
Always the Progression is upon me
So that my mind is occupied as my hands--
too busy to form those things of
beauty I can scarcely comprehend.
But as I wait, and the waiting brings
comfort, I do so with the full
understanding that my wait is a
part of my race, and through my
waiting I discover
I've moved and grown and I have a new
self to live with.
My progression is as endless as is
the ocean to the fish who finds
himself near the shore, not be-
cause he swam across the sea,
but because he was born near here
and because swimming is as natural
for him as my progression is for me.
As I rest I think of those vehicles on
which I can ride not only while
I am resting but while I am
working as well.

Where do you fit into my life?
As I grow and change, if at each
crisis you provide even more
fertile soil for my new roots
then I will fight for you as a
countryman spills blood on his
land.
If after our mergers, the conflicts of
my life seem less a part of me,
I will come to you like I go to
a water hole from which I drink
while on a long journey to a
place I seldom visit.
The day is long and tiring, the night
is quiet and bidding
my soul reaches out for I know
not what
I decide to follow it.
I hear my daughter turn over in sleep
and my mind shoots out ahead
a flash of searching for the un-
known danger
finding none it returns to joyous
rest.
Thinking of the woman I might get to
know
my mind brings from dreadful stor-
age all of the evil games--evil
in their destructive pettiness--
my adolescence was forced to learn.
And I hope that through it all, I
share and learn to share,
learn to share love and learn to
love sharing,

that in this we both may grow.
The day was long, I am tired, the night
bids me to quiet sleep
where my soul can reach into
thoughts long hidden and find
the answers my being implores.
I think of the companions I have met
and of the ways we can work to-
gether to lighten each others'
burden and strengthen each others'
joy.
A simple thought worth telling myself.
It's been awhile since I've been sombre
and cared enough about that sombre
person to try to make him feel
good.
I'd better watch myself
I might lose the best friend I've ever
had.
Where does strength come from?
Sometimes from others making you feel
strong and capable.
But not for long by itself.
Sometimes from an idea to which you
commit yourself, but only if
that idea is correct or you are
too weak to see it clearly.
Sometimes from the inner strength when
we are working together within
myself.



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ceramics * glass * etc.

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People's Operators Say: Phone for Free

Post 19

The "people's operators" are reportedly at it again this year. Word has it they've leaked the alleged telephone credit card formula for 1973. They say that the following numbers and letters correspond with each other:

1--U	4--E	7--H
2--R	5--L	8--A
3--W	6--K	9--Z
	0--N	

These code numbers are now matched with the SEVENTH (last) digit of the telephone number, NOT with the fourth digit as was reportedly true in 1972. Other than that, the procedure is the same as last year.

A credit card consists of eleven digits and looks like this: XXX-XXXX YYY A.

The first seven digits are a telephone number. The first three digits of the telephone number are called the prefix. IF YOU ARE USING A NUMBER WITH A LOCAL PREFIX, BE SURE TO CALL THE NUMBER TO MAKE SURE NO ONE ANSWERS THERE. (The operator may check it while you're calling.)

The next three digits are called the RAO. Any number from 001-599 can be used. These RAO's stand for cities and it is important to make sure that the telephone prefix you use is a real one in the particular city you choose for your RAO.

(Some RAO's are: 072, 074, 021--New York, 182--Los Angeles, 096, 083--Detroit, 035--Atlanta, 001--Boston, 151--Houston, 044--Miami.)

If the operator starts asking questions like "What city is that number registered in?" don't take any chances. Hang up and try again from another phone.

The last digit of the credit card is a letter which matches the seventh (last) number of the phone number. 834-1656 087 K is an example of a 1973 credit card formula.

The operators handle real credit card calls all day, and can often spot a phony. Try not to be nervous. Don't hesitate, read your number like it's memorized, and have all the information handy. Say it fast--834 1656 087 K--with no dashes.



In the daytime the operators are too busy to check up on you. At night, they may have time. YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO SAY WHO THE CALL IS BEING BILLED TO OR THE NUMBER YOU ARE CALLING FROM.

THE OPERATOR CAN HEAR ANY BACKGROUND CONVERSATION IN THE PHONE BOOTH. In any case, keep your phone calls brief, use a public phone, and don't use the same booth twice.

(LNS)

right wing underground?

Madison (LNS)

Early in January, right-wing college students met here to kick off a drive to set up what they call "alternative student newspapers" to combat the "media monopoly of the New Left" on campuses across the country.

The conference, which resulted in the founding of the Independent Alternative Student Newspapers Association, was sponsored by the Badger Herald Corporation. It was funded by the Jefferson Education Foundation. The president of Badger Herald, Nicholas Loniello, also announced that the U.S. Chamber of Commerce would aid the association by providing business contacts for national advertising and fund raising programs.

Loniello said the "New Left student media monopoly regularly attacks American business and the free enterprise system." Perceptive, isn't he?

At the conference the participants heard Eugene Methavin, an associate editor of Reader's Digest, and Jenkins Lloyd Jones, a syndicated columnist who publicly advocates the theory of genetic white racial superiority.

The conference also heard from Vice President Spiro Agnew who sent a congratulatory letter and called on the students to "call for a free, fair, and responsible student press."

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SUPREME COURT DECISION ON ABORTION

to have far reaching effects on 46 states

NEW YORK (INS) -- Recently, the Supreme Court, by a vote of 7-2, ruled that all state laws that prohibit or restrict a woman's right to obtain an abortion during the first three months of pregnancy are unconstitutional. The Court's decision will have a far-reaching effect, forcing just about every state legislature to pass new laws that will comply with the ruling.

The following is a rough breakdown of the degree to which each state will be affected by the ruling:

** New York is the only state that complies fully with the ruling.

** Washington, Hawaii, and Alaska conform in all details except one-- they have residency requirements that were struck down by the decision.

** 15 states have relatively modern abortion laws that will require considerable rewriting to conform with the decision. An example of this type of state law is Georgia, which was one of the test cases before the Supreme Court.

The Georgia law permitted abortions when a doctor found in "his best clinical judgement" that continued pregnancy would threaten the woman's life or health, that the fetus would be likely to be born defective of that the pregnancy was the result of rape. Doctors in states like Georgia have tended to take a narrow view of what constituted a woman's health in deciding whether an

abortion was legally justified.

The Court struck down several requirements that a woman who wanted an abortion would have to meet in Georgia. Among them were a flat prohibition on abortions for out-of-state residents; requirements that hospitals be accredited by a private agency; that applicants be screened by a hospital committee; and that two independent doctors certify the potential danger to the woman's health.

The states with these type of laws are: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Maryland, Mississippi, New Mexico, No. Carolina, Oregon, So. Carolina, Virginia.

** 31 states with abortion laws that often date back to the last half of the 19th century, have been entirely invalidated by the Court. Texas, also a test case before the Supreme Court, is typical of these criminal statutes which prohibit all abortions except those to save a mother's life. The states in this category are: Arizona, Conn., Idaho, Ill., Indiana, Iowa, Ken., Louisiana, Maine, Mass., Mich., Minn., Miss., Mont., Nev., N. Hamp., New Jersey, No. Dak., Ohio, Oka., Penn., R.I., S. Dak., Tenn., Texas, Utah, Ver., W. Va., Wis., Wyo.

That'll Tell 'Em

Special prize for insensitivity in the face of reasoned criticism goes to the Daily Pantagraph. In the Feb. 16 Letters column, a letter headlined "Women Offended by 'Beauty' Story" appeared. The letter was written by two local women who made the following comments:

"Not only can we carry on conversations concerning our 'hair and hair dresser' and our 'costumes and designer' but we can also make change and recognize oppressive remarks when we read them in the Pantagraph, which we do both frequently and consistently."

The beauty story in question consistently referred to women as "girls" with the emphasis on their "beauty practices."

The editor of the Pantagraph responded to the letter in appropriate male chauvinist character.

"Women," the editor said, "will be women."

The editor of the Pantagraph, Harold Liston, lives at 34 University Court in Normal.

In issue # 12 of the Post-American, there was an article by Jeanette and Linda which suggested that men form male liberation rap groups. When the article came out, four male friends of mine started talking about it in our living room. The discussion began in an indignant tone about being told by women what they should do to raise their consciousness. This indignation was parallel to women's rebellion against being told by men how to run our movement. However, these men proceeded to talk for hours about sexism, the male role and its pressures and the extent of their conformity to it, and human liberation in general. It was evident to me that their rejection of Jeanette and Linda's article was not a result of reluctance to seriously rap about male liberation. Perhaps they rejected the artificiality of an organized rap group. I'm not sure.

This Tuesday Barb gave me her Feb. Ms. magazine and said that there was an article in it which related to Jeanette and Linda's suggestion. This article is by a man, Warren Farrell, and it is about male liberation groups. It's called "Guidelines for Consciousness Raising" and gives practical ideas about "Why?", "Who?", "When?", and "Where?". Warren also talks about the special prob-

MS.

for

MR.

TOO



lems that men have in this kind of situation---problems unlike those of women. I think that if men are interested in human liberation, they will be interested in getting hold of this article. If they are into forming a rap group, Warren gives a sampling of questions that his group has talked about which might be good for starters.

In writing this review, I think that I have confronted a problem that men are feeling a lot now. Many times I have spoken with men who say that they're afraid to talk with people who are into women's liberation. They say they're afraid they'll "say the wrong thing" and be misinterpreted or jumped on. Now I'm afraid I'll get jumped on for telling men what article to read or something.

What a stupid and destructive situation! The ultimate end of such fear of each other is a complete and polite lack of communication. It seems to me that there's an element of capitalist consciousness in thinking that everyone who wants to help you out is being condescending to you. This kind of mistrust only leads to separation and powerlessness.

Melody Schwartz



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PRO-RATED DAMAGE

students get shafted

The Housing Department of Illinois State University, in an effort to make maintenance of the dormitories less of a losing proposition, has initiated a new program involving pro-rated damage payment. Pro-rated damage payment is an unjust way for the administrators to make students pay for bureaucratic mistakes.

Basically, under the pro-rated damage plan, residents are forced to assume responsibility for any damage in the public areas of their dorm. The reason for this measure is not as simple as it may appear; it is not merely because of the amount of damage done in the dorms. The true reason for the plan is closely linked with the entire dilemma now facing the Housing Department. There is enough University-run housing to accommodate over seventy-five hundred students, and yet because of housing regulations and dorm prices, the Housing Department is having difficulty keeping the residence halls full. The residence halls, however, must be kept full, or at least almost full, in order to pay off the massive bonds which were taken out to build them in the first place. It is because of their revenue worries that the Housing Department is trying to make students pay for the damages that would otherwise, for the most part, come from the regular residence hall room and board charges.

PASS THE SHAFT

There is also a question of whether the pro-rated damage plan is legal or not. There was no provision in the housing contract which would allow for the use of such a plan, and even if it had been agreed upon in the contract, one tends to wonder if such a provision (in the context of its use here) has any legal feet to stand on anyhow. Residents in Walker Hall were told that if they saw anyone damage residence hall property they were to call security, and keep the offender in custody until the security people arrived. Such a move amounts to citizen's arrest, which can have severe ramifications, including the possibility of the arresting citizen being sued by the arrested citizen if guilt cannot be proven or if charges are dismissed. Also, there is the fact that this makes the residents of a hall res-



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possible for the condition of the hall, when anybody can come into that hall as freely as they choose anytime from seven a.m. to twelve-thirty a.m.

COLLECTIVE SHAFT

Finally, we must consider the fairness of this rule to the residents. It only takes one person to do a great amount of damage in a dorm. Does that make it the responsibility of all the other residents to see that this one person is caught, or face the penalty

of paying for his mistakes? Another point of interest is that the bills for damages will not be arriving until summer when most students are at home, and will have no chance to see if they are being charged a fair amount or contest the charges in any manner whatsoever.

In the final analysis, it becomes clear that once more the students are having the bill for bureaucratic mistakes in planning.

Horatio Hornblower



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LETTERS!

POST AMERICAN:

I wish to congratulate you on your becoming a member of the established media. All across this country there are thousands of hip-capitalist papers, (described as revolutionary papers) proclaiming "intellectual freedom" and "freedom of the press" and "do your own thing" and all other kinds of bullshit. They are giving the people the things that the Pantagraph and the Chicago Tribune cannot give; hip-pig news. It may have been difficult but you have found a way to actively and with great vigor do nothing to oppose this system; if anything you help perpetuate it. Why? Because like all pig papers you are a group of racist, elitist motherfuckers. THE POST-AMERICAN IS A PIG PAPER, THE PEOPLE WHO WORK ON IT ARE PIGS. Only a pig paper would print racist cartoons (25,898 Panthers in jail), only a pig paper would print male-chauvinist cartoons (like Joe Vanist), and think it's funny. Only pigs would place an ad for skag (heroin) in their paper. Black and poor people have been fighting skag since before motherfuckers like you were born, and don't tell me not to call you motherfuckers, because who is not actively opposing this government is a MOTHER-FUCKER!!

One staff member says I'm picky because I refuse to relate to a paper that has skag ads in it. I say that anyone who would print skag ads in a "revolutionary" paper has to be a card-carrying pig.

When are you people going to wake up? You print this shit for free, you work your pig-asses off all month to produce this rag sheet, you work hard all month trying to distribute it, when are you going to wake up and realize that if you are going to be pigs, which you obviously are you may as well get paid for it like the pigs who work for other pig papers, (Pantagraph, Chicago Tribune). You may as well get the money and enjoy it, because "freaky-looking white rodents running around spreading venereal diseases, talking about we love everybody" will be dealt with.

Puddin'

*The Last Poets



TO THE POST-AMERICAN:

IS THE POST-AMERICAN PRO-CAPITALIST OR MERELY MINDLESS?

I once posed this question in a flash of anger and frustration on a Post-staff memorandum. I didn't answer it then. I would like to answer it now. First some history.

The anger and frustration came out of a struggle in which women confronted the Post staff on the issues of white and male supremacy in the Post. Women pushed for the Post to adopt an actively anti-racist and anti-sexist editorial policy. We lost that battle. What we won (??) or what the Post told us we won, was the right to be eternal watch-dogs on racism and sexism in Post articles, that is, to play the Human Rights Commission to the Post's City Council or the President's Task Force on Race Relations to the Post's University Administration. SOME VICTORY, HUH?!!

To return to my initial question, "Is the Post-American pro-capitalist or merely mindless?" The answer is BOTH. The Post is an "underground" Pantagraph; but where the Pantagraph bureaucracy is consciously pro-capitalist, the Post bureaucracy is unconsciously pro-capitalist or mindless. The Post refuses to question its own racist and sexist assumptions or to raise a public challenge to the racist and sexist culture that we live in. The Post has structured itself as an elite bureaucracy that decides what people in Bloomington-Normal groove on and it won't take any challenging of those decisions. It is definitely not a revolutionary or even a progressive paper; for if the Post were either, it would not have treated the women's liberation group like enemies or outsiders, but would have welcomed our criticisms.

Jan Cox

TO THE POST-AMERICAN:

This is in response to the Post-Amerikan's reply to the Red Flag column in the last issue. We agree with the authors of the Red Flag that the Post-Amerikan is racist and sexist and will explain why.

Like any institution, be it I.S.U., State Farm or the Post-Amerikan, there are two conditions to analyse. One, the process of that institution, and second, the product. From our experience in working on the Post, the process of producing the paper is overtly sexist and racist. The fact that the paper is male-dominated is really not disputed. The fact that the paper is generated by a white middle class group can lead only to a racist process. This latter point as a general condition is something anyone within the movement would be well aware of. The fact that as a whole, the Post-Amerikan could not come to grips with these problems and solve them procedurally and organizationally is generally recognized. The failure to struggle against our racist and sexist condition is the main point of criticism.

Let's face it! (Member of the Post staff)'s conception of the Post as an alternative medium for the community is an unexcusably ambiguous policy. Politically, (same)'s idea of the Post is as naive and dated as the ERAP program of S.D.S. in 1965.

Unlike State Farm, the product of the Post is a much greater reflection of the process that creates it. For a newspaper or a university, the process and the product are inseparable. So with a racist and sexist process, page after page after page of trivia, blatantly sexist and embarrassingly banal material has been printed this year. Why? Because the catch-all policy of alternative medium is in fact the process of individual self-initiative. This isn't Berkeley or New York where scores of Progressive groups need a medium to communicate their struggles. Here in Bloomington-Normal, alternative printed media is an opportunity for many of us to express ourselves. Outside LNS, the women's group, and few and far between LNS feature stories, the Post has served as a vehicle for self-expression.

I feel I am overstating the obvious.

Until the Post-Amerikan overcomes its pretence to political innocence, the captions under the paper's numerous pictures are merely a joke!

Mary and Chuck Willer

Post-American:

This is a response to your "reply" to the final Red Flag column in which Jan and Carroll Cox disassociated themselves from the paper. And although I consider myself a Marxist-Leninist and a Communist, there is no Marxist-Leninist, Communist organization in Bloomington-Normal, so I am forced to reply as an individual.

The role of any paper or institution which, even vaguely, defines itself as "progressive" should be to in some way better the lot society in general, or at least the people, in particular, who relate to that paper or institution. At this point, if the Post is indeed progressive, then the only people or society that the Post is benefitting is academically advanced English majors who like to see their work in print.

Aside from that group, who is the Post benefitting? Is it benefitting the truck driver, the machinist, the laborer, who's only security is their bosses' profit margin? Is it benefitting G.I.s who are imprisoned in a racist, sexist, and imperialistic military? These men and women are involved in some serious, heavy, life and death struggle while trapped by a structure only one step removed from Joliet.

Is it benefitting the black welfare mother, the freaks who have to worry about a dozen pigs with shotguns kicking their door in because they just want to relax and smoke their reefer?

Does it help the regular everyday housewife who is constantly on call 24 hours a day as nurse, secretary, psychiatrist, and whore? Fuck, I could have a better taste left in my mouth if I was to eat the Post, instead of reading it!

When the Post starts demonstrating to me that it is aware of the existence and struggles of someone outside of the ISU English department and the Red Door, then I might consider looking at the paper again. When the Post starts demonstrating that it is making some move against the racism and male supremacy which is running unchallenged through its pages, then I will start considering it a possible or potential ally. Until that time, the Post is racist, sexist, and part and parcel of the bourgeois culture.

Jay Waters

To the Post-American:

The lines the Post staff borrowed from Cummings for their reply to Jan and me are, in the original poem, spoken by a conscientious objector being tortured to death. The flag was the Amerikan flag. Does the Post staff claim that Jan and I were applying a heated bayonet to their collective rectum?

It takes remarkable courage in Normal, Illinois to refuse to kiss the Red flag. Perhaps the local Amerikan Legion can strike a special medal for you.

Now, if you could be equally courageous in challenging racism, in letting your pages inform your readers that Black and Brown people--fighting Black and Brown people--do exist in Amerika (not just far across the sea) and that white Kultur-freaks are not the only "good" people around. . . . If. . . .

Is the Post staff really all that sure that it is anti-racist, or even non-racist? Is it really convinced that it is good enough just to avoid sounding like George Wallace (and you haven't always even avoided that, as in many of your cartoons)?

Are you really proud that to defend yourself against the charge of racism you had no better tactic than the oldest, cheapest, and DULLEST of all pig tricks: simple red-baiting. Aw Gee Whiz.

Carrol Cox

Post:

Has the Post-Amerikan finally become just another pig paper in a pig society?

I'm referring to the letter from "C. Merton" in the last issue. I still don't understand why the letter was printed. It was the most offensive thing I've ever read in the paper, more offensive than that hard-core ideological bullshit.

Who does this Merton cat think he is that he can call me an ass? And what does the Post think it is that it can print shit like that?

"Narcs are people too" is the most counterrevolutionary pig bullshit line I've ever heard.

C. Merton is askin' to get dealt with, and he will be. And I'm not talking about a game of cards. Ain't no games here.

In other words, Merton, your ass is grass.

Course, Merton won't be hard to deal with. It's obvious he's one of those chickenshit lilly-livered motherfuckers, and that's why he has to hide behind a pseudonym.

--John Q. Public

The following letter was written underground in the Philippines, smuggled out of the country, and sent to several movement groups, including LNS.

I hope you are all safe and taking all precautions. You all are with us in our memories and struggles. Assuredly we shall see each other in the Philippines--but a Philippines that is already free.

Our organizational propaganda work in the rural and urban areas continues. In Manila we are still forming the Christians for National Liberation (CNL) and Christians for Civil Liberties (CCL) as national democratic and anti-fascist alliances. Our activities are to conduct investigations of abuses that are occurring, to distribute information about our work, to identify agents and to gather all help for the armed struggle in the countryside and for the urban resistance.

For those who have grasped the necessity for overthrowing the Marcos regime, the conditions for a rapid advance of the struggle have improved rather than disappeared. We need only intensive propaganda because Marcos has monopolized the news media. There is only one source of news--the Department of Public Information.

As expected, after martial law many activists went to the hills. Others directly joined the New People's Army (NPA). News is difficult to get, but the following facts are either confirmed or reliable.

Northern Luzon is the stronghold today of the NPA. Almost daily we receive news of encounters in the Mountain Province, Cagayan, Isabela and Nueva Vicaya. The V. Luna Army Hospital and the veterans hospital are filled to overflowing by wounded government soldiers.

In Isabela, relocation of people from the barrios along the foothills of Sierra Madre has begun in strategic hamlets a la Vietnam. As expected, there are many American advisers, but no combat troops yet. Confirmed killed since 1969 are 22 American advisers.

Guerilla War

They are now also using some weapons brought from Vietnam like Cobra helicopters and napalm. So far, the US involvement is not extensive, militarily, but we have no illusions. So far, also, we are winning.

In Central Luzon the struggle is spreading. From the second district of Tarlac it has spread to Pampanga, Zambales, Nueva Ecija and parts of Bulacan and Bataan. In Southern Luzon, Bicol is the hottest--one light plane was shot down by the NPA recently. But many NPA members have been killed and captured. The tortures are worsening.

In the Manila area, armed city partisans have gone into action on a limited scale. Recently, three Matrocom (paramilitary police force) were found dead at Espana Street. In Visayas and Mindanao, we are still at the stage of "widening and deepening the sea."

As one NPA put it: "If the sea is wide but shallow, it's easy to catch fish. If it is deep but small, it's also easy to catch fish. What is needed is a wide sea (involving many people) and a deep one (their political consciousness is high)."

In Mindanao, the principal protagonists are the Muslims. In late October they captured Marawi City for two days and routed one company of Philippine Constabulary troops and their reinforcements. So far, no one among our acquaintances has been killed, but prepare yourself for any eventuality. Truly we shall experience many great sacrifices before we win.

Marcos says that martial law is only an exercise of due constitutional powers, but the truth is that his exercise of powers is unlimited. Marcos rules by decrees and military tribunals exercise the judiciary powers.

The definition of conspiracy is incredible: "wittingly or unwittingly, consciously or unconsciously." Marcos has suspended the national assembly until he calls for elections for a new assembly and prime minister. Under a new decree he issued, Marcos can wait indefinitely to set a date for new elections.

At the beginning, Marcos deceived quite a few due to the arrest of some wealthy businessmen. Later, however, most of them were released. What has emerged is a pattern where he eliminates one wealthy person and preserves another in any given place. Many of these wealthy people have

be a hot issue were quietly implemented by Marcos.

The schools have all been re-opened but there are blacklists. Discussions of any political issue is forbidden in the classrooms. Implementation of a Ford-financed plan converting most of the schools to technical training grounds for industries is starting. There have been many protest acts that have begun, although the repression is severe. Many are arrested for things like possession of "subversive" literature. Moreover, there are many agents.

The extra-institutional educational



People clandestinely paste up a New People's Army poster on a wall in Manila. KALAYAAN/LNS.

what amounts to private armies. Marcos has deputized them so that they are now legal.

There is an order to surrender all arms except the smallest caliber so people have no protection against trigger-happy and abusive Metrocom like the ones who killed a girl of ten who was making jokes at their expense in Barangka, Marikina. Many gun owners, though, have donated their arms to the movement rather than surrender them.

Marcos' promises of land reform have been just words so far; there has been no action yet. In the urban areas also, there has been no land reform to speak of. The squatters are being relocated. However, they have only 4,000 lots ready for the more than 15,000 families they intend to kick out of Manila.

The stand of Marcos on foreign investments reveals his real interests. There is not only the reassurance to foreign investors, but even the liberalization of oil exploration rules to give foreigners a very high percentage of the share. The oil price increases that were threatening to

movement (discussion groups, etc.) is flourishing like never before, though. How precious books have become. Imagine, mere possession is now a crime.

Sometimes, some of us here stop to remind ourselves that all these things are really happening, that the struggle has risen to a more intense pitch. But it is true. It is really happening. Many of us will lose our lives but it will be worthwhile.

The struggle for national liberation and democracy is not an abstract concept or a program on a mimeo sheet. It is living and suffering and struggling people: peasant guerillas and urban protagonists and squatters and workers in secret organizing meetings and serving merienda (a refreshment) to hunted people and fears and vacillations and courage to make one ashamed.

I'll never regret living through these times. Long live the Philippines. Onward with the national democratic revolution.



Teamsters struck Stahly Truck City here in recent weeks.

HEY KIDS!

MAKE YER VERY OWN COUNTER-CULTURAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE!!

All ya gotta have is some graph paper, a pencil with an eraser, a magic marker, and a weird head.

We only have a couple of people who've been doing the puzzle every time, and they're getting burnt out on it. Like they're always counting letters in words when someone's trying to talk to them. So we're going to have a crossword puzzle contest, and the winner gets his puzzle published right here in the POST-AMERICAN!

So get to work and drop your puzzles off up here at the office or give them to your favorite Post hawker. Even if you get stuck and can't finish it, give us what you've got and we'll try to get it together.

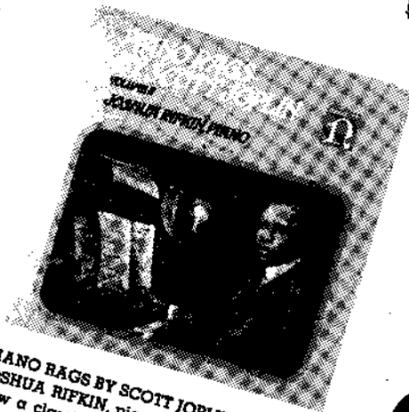
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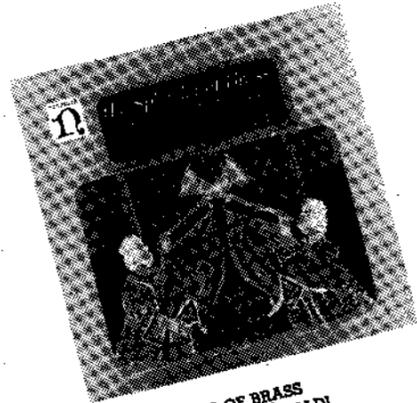
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