

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

---

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

---

4-1974

## Volume 2, Number 12

Post Amerikan

Follow this and additional works at: [https://thekeep.eiu.edu/post\\_amerikan](https://thekeep.eiu.edu/post_amerikan)



Part of the [Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Ethnicity in Communication Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), [Publishing Commons](#), and the [Social Influence and Political Communication Commons](#)

---

SHERIFF KING / COUNTY JAIL  
PULL-OUT INSIDE

# POST AMERICAN

Vol. 2 No.12 April 1974

15¢

**INSIDE**

THE STORY OF NORMAL'S  
INFAMOUS



## ABYSS

EVERYONE'S JUMPIN'  
AND RUNNIN' AND SO  
PANTALON PRINTS  
G... T

IT AND THIS  
RES...

GOSH!!

DEMONSTRATION  
TH SALAM...

BLOODY  
SPEEDFREAKS.

ESHERMAN

ALSO:

**MIAHPCo. Obituary**

OTHER STUFF

Racism in Normal

**B-N Men's Group**

# Table of Contents

Racist Firing.....3  
 The Abyss.....4,5  
 MIAHPCo's Obituary.....6  
 Nazis in Bloomington.....7  
 Bloomington-Normal Men's Group.....9  
 Illinois Art Show.....8  
 GE's B-1.....10  
 Special pull-out section.....11-14  
 Alternate Route.....15  
 News Briefs.....16-17  
 Watergating the SWP.....18  
 Urgent Plea.....19  
 Iran's Military.....19  
 Letters.....20  
 Good Numbers.....21  
 Typical Day in Court.....21  
 Poems.....21-23  
 Movie Review.....23



READ DIS!!

## POST SELLERS

### Bloomington

The Joint, 415 N. Main  
 DA's Liquors, Oakland & Main  
 Medusa's Book Store, 109 W. Front  
 Maple Grove Trading Co., 310 1/2 N. Main  
 News Nook, 402 1/2 N. Main  
 Book Hive 103 W. Front  
 Cake Box, 511 S. Denver  
 Gaston's Barber Shop, 202 1/2 N. Center  
 Pier I, Colonial Plaza  
 U-I Food Mart, 608 S. Lee St.  
 Peifers Market, 919 N. Madison  
 De Vary's Market, 1402 W. Market  
 Harris Market, Morris Avenue  
 Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington  
 Washington Square IGA, Wash. & Lee  
 Eastgate IGA, Mercer & Oakland

### Normal

Lobby Shop, ISU Union  
 Apple Tree, 117 E. Beaufort  
 Student Stores, 115 North  
 Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North  
 Caboose Records, 101 North  
 Minstrel Record Parlor, 311 S. Main  
 Ram, 101 Broadway Mall  
 Al's Pipe Shop, 101 Broadway Mall  
 Omega, 111 Beaufort  
 The Rack, 106 Beaufort  
 Hendren's Grocery, 301 W. Willow  
 The Cage, ISU Union  
 Post-Amerikan office, 114 1/2 North

The following statement--with alterations, appears in the Post-Amerikan every issue. If you've read it before, please don't skip over the entire thing, cause we have written down meeting times for the next issue. We need new people to come to meetings.

So if you don't want to read the whole thing, slide down to the list of meeting times and commit them to memory. Thank you.

The Post-Amerikan is a newspaper of uncertain origin and unidentifiable management catering to the radical or hip community. At least that's what the Pantagraph says.

The Post serves as a medium of expression for a segment of society known as the counterculture and the movement. Within this broad spectrum exist widely differing opinions and world views. We intend to print all of them, with only two exceptions: we will not print anything racist or sexist. The Post is not published in accordance with a well-developed political theory with the aim of propagandizing its readers into stricter adherence to that theory.

Decisions are made collectively by Post-Amerikan workers at almost weekly meetings which will be scheduled in the paper every issue, like this:

Sat. March 16--5 PM  
 Wed. March 27--7 PM  
 Tues Apr. 2--5 PM  
 Friday Apr. 5--8PM (deadline)

These meetings are at the Post-Amerikan office, 114 1/2 North St. in Normal, 452-9221. Everybody interested in working on the paper in any way should come. We need people.

We also have office hours. Someone should be in the office between 11 and 2, MWF; 11-4 T, Th, and 7-9 on Wed. and Thurs. evenings. Stop on by anytime.

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 \$1.50 for ten issues, \$3 for twenty; etc. Buy one for yourself and a friend.

You can make bread hawking the Post--7 1/2¢ a copy, except you only make 5¢ a copy on the first fifty papers. Call 452-9221, 828-7026, 827-6309, or stop by the office.

HAVE THE POST-AMERIKAN DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR . . . . BY AN AGENT of the U.S. GOVERNMENT!



**SUBSCRIBE!**

**POST AMERIKAN**

SEND OR BRING TO...  
 Post-Amerikan  
 114 1/2 North St.  
 Normal, Ill.  
 61761

Enclosed is \$1.50 for the next ten issues.

name \_\_\_\_\_  
 address \_\_\_\_\_ city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_  
 zip \_\_\_\_\_



Why is Love-Le White?  
 See story page 3.

# BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL... but <sup>3</sup>

## LOV-LE IS WHITE

Located on North Street just a block from the I.S.U. campus, Mrs. Virginia Grizzle's Lov-Le Beauty Salon is a small shop with only four beauticians. For a while last summer, one of them was black.

That black beauty operator-- Mrs. Jewell Gaston Sangster--began part-time work for Mrs. Grizzle last summer after closing her own Whig Wham Beauty Salon.

Last September, Mrs. Sangster was fired. She says she was fired because of her race. A witness corroborates the charge.

Mrs. Grizzle denies it.

One day last September shop owner Grizzle phoned Mrs. Sangster and asked her to come to Lov-Le and pick up her things. According to Mrs. Sangster, Mrs. Grizzle was very nice, but wouldn't really explain the firing. Mrs. Grizzle repeatedly assured Mrs. Sangster that it was nothing she had done. When pressed for a reason for the firing, Mrs. Grizzle said: "I'd rather not say; it would just cause trouble."

Mrs. Sangster went to the salon and picked up her things. At the salon, Mrs. Grizzle continued being nice. "It's nothing you did, and I still like you; I want you to know that," Grizzle said, according to Mrs. Sangster. Mrs. Sangster attempted to find out why she was being fired, but Mrs. Grizzle did not want to "stir things up."

### EYEWITNESS

Mary Graham was sitting in Lov-Le Beauty Salon at the time Mrs. Sangster arrived.

According to Mary, an employee was about to leave the shop when Mrs. Sangster came to pick up her things. Instead of leaving, this employee--still with her coat on--stayed around while Mrs. Sangster got her stuff.

After Mrs. Sangster left, Mary was able to overhear this employee and Mrs. Grizzle talking.

After Mrs. Sangster left, Mary Graham remembers, this employee told Mrs. Grizzle, "I'm glad that's over with; I was scared for you; that's why I stayed here."

Mary is not sure of the exact words of Mrs. Grizzle's reply. But Mary said the words were to the effect of "I had to let her go because she's colored; my other patrons didn't want her to work here."

According to Mary, Mrs. Grizzle's employee replied, "Yeah, you had to do it; I didn't want to work with her either."

Asked about this other beauty operator, Mrs. Sangster said she was new. Mrs. Sangster had never seen her at the shop before.

### "WELL QUALIFIED, GOOD CHARACTER"

Mrs. Sangster has a letter of recommendation from Mrs. Grizzle. If she was fired for any valid reason, it is not evident from the letter, which refers to Mrs. Sangster by her maiden name:



### To Whom It May Concern:

"Jewell Gaston has worked as a beautician for the past two months. I believe that she is well qualified to perform her duties as a beautician. I also believe her to be of good character."

After hearing Jewell Sangster's charges, a Post-Amerikan reporter phoned Mrs. Grizzle about the matter. Following is the conversation which transpired.

REPORTER: Is Mrs. Grizzle there?

Grizzle: This is she speaking.

REPORTER: I'm a reporter for the Post-Amerikan. I'd like to ask you a few questions if it's OK.

Grizzle: Well, I'll listen.

Reporter: I spoke with Jewell Sangster who is a former employee of yours, and she says she was fired from working at your salon last fall, and that is because of her race.

Grizzle: No, it was not.

Reporter: Why was she fired?

Grizzle: She just wouldn't show up when she was supposed to. And I got tired of it. People would call here, and she wouldn't be here to take the calls, and she promised me she would, and I told her about it. She was always late every morning. And I did not fire her because of her race.

Reporter: Why did you write her a letter of recommendation saying she was well qualified and . . .

Grizzle: She is qualified for her work, yes. She's a wonderful beautician. And I'd recommend her to anybody for that. But it's her habits --that's what's the matter with her.

Reporter: I talked with a woman who was in your shop right after Mrs. Sangster was fired, and she said she overheard you and another operator talking about Jewell. She said you said that your customers complained about having a black operator.

Grizzle: Well, there was a few, yes. I'll be honest with you. Because I thought, well, if I had her in here that that would help with everybody, but it didn't work out. But that wasn't the reason, though, that I let her go.

Reporter: But you did have customers complain?

Grizzle: Yes, I did. They wouldn't let her work on them at all.

Reporter: Didn't Mrs. Sangster bring clientele from her old salon?

Grizzle: No, she did not. She brought three people.

Reporter: So you're saying there wasn't that much work for Mrs. Sangster to do?

Grizzle: Well, she wouldn't stay here to find out if she could do anything or not. She'd come late to work, and then do a few, and then go home.

Reporter: Mrs. Sangster says that when she was fired, that you wouldn't really tell her the reason. Is that true?

Grizzle: I've told her. Told her and told her ahead of time about that, and I said you've gotta be here, you've gotta be here, and she said "Well, I'll be here." and she promised and promised. I've worked with these kind of people in the South a long time ago, and I know how to handle them.

Reporter: How's that?

Grizzle: Well, I've had them work for me before, years ago. And I know how to handle these people.

Reporter: What kind of way do you do that?

Grizzle: That's for you to think about, and I'm not going to go into detail now, because I gotta go someplace for an appointment.

### STIRRING UP TROUBLE

Reporter: Mrs. Sangster said that when she was asking you why you were letting her go, you said that you weren't mad at her and it was nothing she did, and that you didn't want to stir up trouble. Is that true?

Grizzle: Well, I probably did. I don't want to start trouble with anybody.

Reporter: But Mrs. Sangster said that you said that it was nothing she did.

Grizzle: Well, you can't go on what she says all the time, I'll tell you that.

Reporter: That's why I'm asking you about this.

Grizzle: Because those kind of people make up stories every now and then. So that's all I've got to say.

Asked about what Mrs. Grizzle had said, Mrs. Sangster denied being late for work. She also said that Grizzle never "told her and told her," since there was no need for such a warning.

Mrs. Sangster also disputes Grizzle's claim that she didn't bring clients from her old shop. About 20 customers from the old Whig Wham became regular customers of Lov-Le. Mrs. Sangster said that on the 3 days a week she worked at Lov-Le, she was booked solid for appointments.

A testing supervisor in I.S.U.'s Department of Curriculum and Instruction, Mrs. Jewell Sangster is currently a director of the Y.M.C.A. and Sunnyside Community Center. She is also treasurer of the local N.A.A.C.P., and vice president of the Minority Voter's Coalition.

# 4 THE BRIEF RISE,

# THE RAPID DECLINE

The legendary Abyss is dying. The long-time owner sold the place, and the new owner kicked everyone out. He's turning the building into fancy apartments with French provincial furniture. The rent will probably double, and a new type of tenant will move in.

The glorious days of the Abyss are gone, and the new owner told the Post-Amerikan that he would prefer that everyone forget about those old times. But we couldn't.

In this and following issues you will relive the history of the Abyss as told by our narrator, Sambill Honky. Read on, then, and let the memories flow.

## Installment No. 1:

### Debauch

--by Sambill Honky

I keep thinking of the Abyss in archeological terms. Paleolithic, neolithic, ice age, stone age-- that sort of thing. In the Abyss there were three ages: the debauch, the drug and the political. All three ages span roughly the years 65-70.

The first, the debauch, was characterized by extreme forms of adolescent behavior. It was radical in the mid-60's to drink beer, get in bar brawls, party all night. For two straight years, with never a let up, there were parties every night. Hardly had the debris from one party been swept away when another began. Some of the apartments became buried under beer cans, bologna and rotting food. Occasionally there were high points. There were frequently police raids, enjoyed as much by a bored Normal police force as by the occupants of the house, but more often there were just endless parties. Thinking back on it all, I have this image of myself raising a beer can to my lips, of waking up at three in the afternoon in my own bed and not knowing where I was, of coming home after being gone a few days to find my door smashed in and my refrigerator ransacked. I think it was the smell of some sort of pastry which set Proust's memory off. With myself it is the smell of stale beer, vomit, and musty cigarettes which start the images flowing.

People who have lived in the Abyss attach all sorts of symbolic meaning to the place. They look back in choked nostalgia. To many who lived there it was literally the high point of their lives. It's sad to think that such a thing is possible, that is; that people after they leave college no longer enjoy life much anymore. But it was true. After the Abyss there was a falling from grace.

I was sitting with Wantling the other night trying to figure this thing out. The Abyss, that is. The Post kept asking me to put something down about the Abyss. Write something for the next issue. Drunk, about a week ago, I tried some automatic writing. I wrote and I wrote and I wrote about the Abyss. Ten, twenty pages. The words came out as rapidly as Nixon's lies, and for a moment, disoriented by the beer and nostalgia, felt I had captured it, got it down. But then a week later, I reread what I had written and found it to be just as bad as most things written by people who feel that they are on the verge of a passionate truth. I knew better. One of the oldest adages of the writing trip is never to trust things written in a moment of passion. Only when you are



THE ABYSS

bored and tired and would rather be watching Hawaii five O than writing, can the writing be good.

So I said to Wantling, "Man, I don't know what to say about the Abyss?"

He was sitting across from me on the table. Like the true academic that he had become, he had a pile of notecards before him, and on each he had recorded a single incident that had taken place at the Abyss. Fights, drunks, debauchs, etc. Dig, he had actually written them down.

"Man," I said, "I can't get any structure to this thing. The whole thing was absurd, insane."

Wantling has always had simplistic notions about writing and he answered, "Man, just write it down. I fill in the blanks with these." He held up the note cards and grinned academically.

"But, man, what the hell can I say. Nobody wants to read about this shit anymore."

I was beat from putting up siding all day, and the last thing I wanted to do was bend over a typewriter all night. And so already I had this mental block about writing the thing.

### DIONYSIAN JOY

But see, that's what the Abyss was all about. The true Abyss that is. The Abyss of parties and dionysian joy. Not the Abyss of the speed freaks and political crazies.



The Abyss was good times. That's all. Three or four years of intensity. Most people I talk to now --people bogged down with stupid jobs, debts and fads and politics --say that the Abyss days were the high point of their lives. In fact, I meet people constantly who claimed to have lived at the Abyss when actually they were never inside the place.

I guess I could talk about some of those good times. I had Wantling's notecards before me. He had arranged them in four little piles, each labeled appropriately: fights, orgies, parties, miscellaneous outrages. Yes, I remembered all the incidents but when I tried to picture them, all I could see was a blur of bare bodies, smoke, beer cans. Unlike Proust, my memory could not bring any of it back. I didn't remember any of the conversations or anything but the highpoints of any of the incidents. I couldn't even remember if Bobbie had hit two jocks in the head with one brick or one jock in the head with two bricks.

### SIX YEARS LATER

Now six years --six years after a thousand fights, a hundred parties, 50 orgies, all night drunks; amid a sea of beer cans, dog shit & vomit --everybody I meet claims to have once lived at the Abyss.

I met a dude the other day at Don Stone Ford. A chubby little salesman, he claimed to have lived at the Abyss at the height of its insanity. "Oh man," he reminisced, "I was at that big party in '68, the one the police raided. That was the night Bobby whipped the Earth-mother with a wet towel, and Wayne kicked out the staircase and ripped out all the electric wiring."

I acted like I couldn't quite remember the evening, and so he tried to refresh my mind.

"Don't you remember? Remember when that greasy Marine friend of Wayne's beat the shit out of Tom Shirz?"

"Oh, yeah, I remember now..."

"Remember when the police came? I was with this other dude, and when we saw the police come in, he dove through the window and cut open his face?"

I nodded. Yes, I remembered. I

# & THE FINAL FALL OF THE ABYSS

remembered it all, from beginning to end. I stopped for a moment, shifted into second gear. I was like a novelist preparing to go into the past tense.

I first came to the Abyss in '67. It was nothing then, just a big old farm stranded in a sea of masonite and brick bungalows. One of the "nicer" neighborhoods. I moved into the upper apartment with a friend of mine, Bob. Next to us lived a quiet gay Duraclean salesman, and downstairs a group of highschool dropouts from Bloomington, a family of hillbillies, and a skinny dude named Peroni. The gay dude and Peroni both kept to themselves but the group below us --the hillbillies and dropouts -- quickly sucked us into their vortex. They partied and drank all day and all night and although we tried to avoid them at first, soon Bob and I were yelling and screaming with them.

One night I threw my own party, invited every hillbilly, fool, and weird mother I knew from the twin cities. Sometime after I'd thrown all my own furniture out the 2nd story window, I was wallowing in the debris of smashed lamps, busted chairs, and a mutilated oil painting, and looked up to see the Normal police standing above us with drawn pistols. Drinking beer in Normal was pretty radical in those days and so we spent the rest of the night in jail.

## SNITCH

I found out later that Peroni and the gay dude had called the police. The next day I wrote Peroni a simple, godfatheresque invitation to leave:

"You better move out or you're gonna get killed." I pinned the note to his door with the point of a butcher knife. Peroni moved out two days later. After that we had another party, just as rowdy. The gay dude was gone for the weekend and so myself, Bob, and a few others busted in his door and ransacked his apartment. We kicked

in his TV, ripped his sink out of the wall and gutted his couch and chairs with knives. Two days later, he also moved. A snitch is a snitch, gay, Italian, or poetic.

We didn't have to figure out a way to get the hillbillies out. A week or so later one of them hit another with a beer bottle and paralyzed him. They left in a mass exodus. That emptied the place and my friends came in like fresh air into a vacuum.

That's when the serious partying began. All night, all day and afternoon. There was always somebody staggering around drunk or stoned, always somebody dragging a keg up the stairs or lying on the floor unconscious. And there was sex! A cornucopia of bare butts, bobbing breasts and quivering scrotums.



Bobbie was King, then. A bad Bloomington greaser, he taught us suburban kids the virtues of the street. Balding, 19, dressed in feather-fringe boots, he prowled about the Abyss and the Bloomington streets. For three years, he carried a tattered copy of Camus' The Stranger, which he never once opened. He secretly wanted to be an intellectual and thought all

intellectuals carried paperback books in their back pockets. I taught Bobby how to be "existential", and he taught me how to hit a guy with a brick, open apartment doors with butcher knives, and bite a guy's ear off in a bar fight.

## THE NAMING

That was the year Wantling named the place. Sitting in a puddle of vomit, a copy of his latest book clutched in one hand and a bottle of white port in the other, he proclaimed, "This place is an ABYSS!" He then proceeded to set fire to the hallway trash. No one noticed until the smoke began to seep under our doors. Someone rolled Wantling aside and doused the blaze with his white port while he snored. How do you know a poet's been to your house? Your medicine cabinet's empty and your dog is pregnant. Right?

But the name stuck. And the parties went on. Downstairs, Wayne beat Martha. In black leather jacket and Hell's Angels helmet, he roared around smashing his cycle against trees and breaking his fist against walls. One night, in a frenzy, he and a psychotic Marine friend just back from Nam got drunk and started crying. Arm in arm, like drunken sailors, they stumbled about the house crying and singing. Their sentimentality culminated when they smashed in Cynthia's door. In an orgy of destruction, they tore down her blinds, stomped her TV, kicked the guts out of her refrigerator and peed on her stove. Cynthia cried and moved but the party went on. More beer cans, more sex, more fist fights, more bouts of insanity.

And then one night we went to jail again.

End of Installment #1: Debauch.

Up next Installment #2, Dope & Orgy.

D.A.'S  
LIQUOR  
AND LOUNGE

DREWRY'S 6-PAK

954

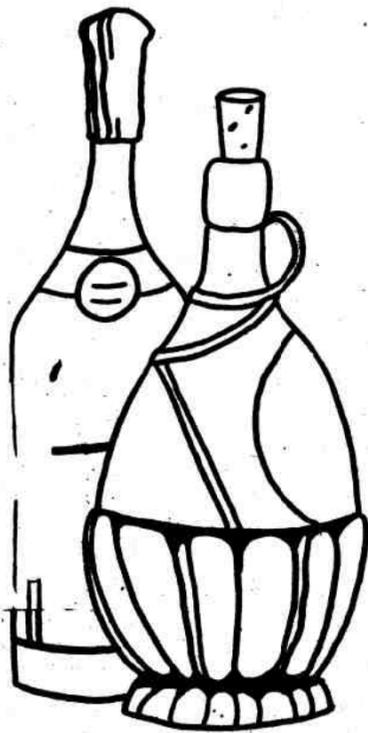
OPEN 9 A.M. - 1 A.M.

828-6442

OAKLAND MAIN

BLOOMINGTON

BEST BEER & WINE DEALS IN TOWN



**Tenants' Rights**

*Tenants' Rights*, a 15-page pamphlet for Mass. tenants, is now in its fifth printing.

It includes: info on rent withholding, repair & deduct laws, warranty of habitability, and a housing checklist.

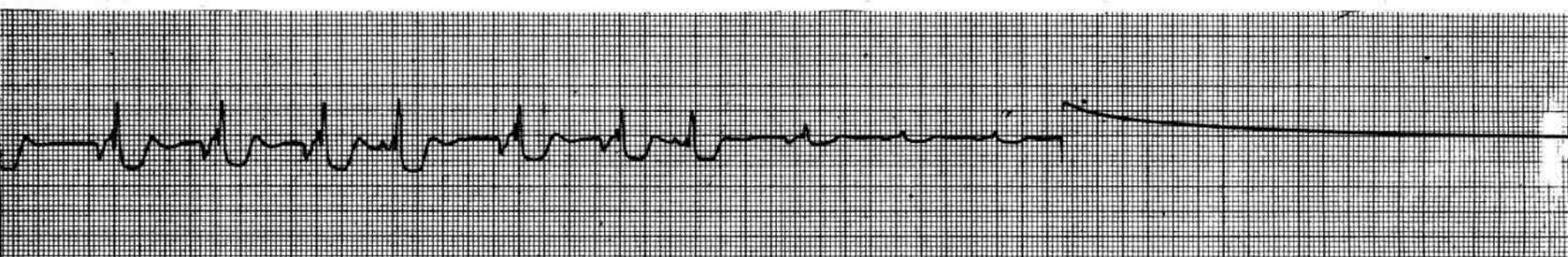
It's free to tenant and community groups and costs 15¢ a copy for agencies and funded organizations.

Write: UPA, 639 Mass. Ave. Cambridge, Ma. 02139.

# OBITUARY MIAHPCo

1969 - 1974

On January 24, 1974, the Mid-Illinois Areawide Health Planning Corporation (MIAHPCo) finally passed away after a long sickness. Following a long period marked by a steadily deteriorating condition and weakening vital signs, the end came at a monthly board meeting (at which, as usual, a quorum was not present) despite determined efforts by attending physicians, Dr. Robert Killough and Dr. Theodore Century, to sustain the patient's life--a vain uphill struggle against overwhelming odds, since all of the body's functions had long since lost their integrity. Present at the bedside was Harold Ziebell of the Comprehensive State Health Planning Agency, who pulled the support tubes. The body was offered to medical science as a classical case study in total incompetence, but was rejected. State public health officials insisted that the body be burned forthwith to prevent dangerous contamination of the healthy. It is no secret that when the estate goes to probate, all that will remain to be divided up among the survivors is the swell office furniture which had done so much to raise the morale of the deceased during its final months.



## MIAHPCo'S LAST TRACING

The Board of Directors of the Mid-Illinois Areawide Health Planning Corporation held its last regular monthly meeting on January 24, 1974. Dr. Lloyd Bertholf, Acting Executive Director, gave a report in which he stated, among other things, that since the State of Illinois is now putting its Comprehensive Health Planning money into regional organizations rather than "small sub regional agencies" such as MIAHPCo, MIAHPCo "never will be in much of a position to enforce (its) opinions" and cannot expect the State matching funds which it had been led to expect.

He said that MIAHPCo's economic survival is the organization's immediate concern, since operating funds are almost totally exhausted. Dr. Bertholf announced that because of lack of funds, he has stopped all salary payments to himself. MIAHPCo's paid secretary will be leaving in the middle of March. There is a serious danger, he said, of having to close the office; and unless further funds are forthcoming, MIAHPCo will become "entirely a voluntary organization without staff."

Mr. Ziebell of the Comprehensive State Health Planning Agency affirmed that the State is putting all its money into regional organizations rather than local groups such as MIAHPCo. Further, he said he has hopes that MIAHPCo can do much locally for the cause of comprehensive health planning "even with a small budget and a more-or-less volunteer staff."

Several board members expressed considerable resentment and "great disappointment" to Mr. Ziebell that the State had encouraged MIAHPCo to go ahead with an office and staff in Fiscal Year 1973, and then had cut off support in FY 1974, forcing MIAHPCo to undergo a mid-year retrenchment, reduction of staff to volunteer basis, and loss of face in the community. Dr. Killough said that the State CHP Agency had misled MIAHPCo in letting the organization think that funds would be available, and that the State had backed out on a firm commitment. Dr. Century said that if no money was coming, there wasn't any point in wasting people's time with monthly board meetings. The

Board members present voted to have the Board go inactive: "to drop all efforts to schedule regular monthly meetings of the Board, and to allow the Executive Committee to function in place of the Board until such time as Dr. Cotner (the possible director of region 3-B) wishes us to meet in order to take up business which he will bring to us for consideration."

It was further decided "to keep the office open on somewhat of a standby basis for the time being, hoping that within a couple of months something will begin to crystallize regionally." Dr. Bertholf emphasized that "this does not mean MIAHPCo is 'folding up' but only that we are temporarily reducing our activity to wait, as it were, for the rest of Region 3-B to catch up to the level of progress we have already attained."



## POST MORTEM

For three years the "leadership" of MIAHPCo (hospital and nursing-home administrators, a State Farm executive, and a handful of doctors) did everything they could to prevent consumers of medical services from having any voice in MIAHPCo or in regional health planning. Rigged elections, exclusive by-law provisions regarding Board membership and voting eligibility, and lack of pub-

licity were devices used to keep providers in power and consumers in their place. MIAHPCo hoped to become the conduit for State and Federal health-planning funds, and the final authority to "review and comment on" proposals for local health services. The tactics of the group to keep consumers out were contrary to Federal guidelines. This was protested by various consumer groups who desired cooperation, compliance with Federal guidelines, and real (not token) representation and a rightful voice in health planning.

Many things killed MIAHPCo: self-serving protectionism on the part of the "professional-provider" leadership; resistance to giving the consumers of health services a voice in planning; alienating much of the community by striving to defeat the public referendum on the new County Nursing Home in 1971 (on behalf of a hidden agenda which still needs investigation); phony labelling of medical providers as "consumers" to circumvent Federal requirements; inefficiency on the part of the MIAHPCo staff; the leadership's stubborn refusal to grant the people a legitimate voice in decision-making; deceit, obstructionism, bad-faith negotiation with interested consumers; refusal to accommodate change and to deal openly and honestly with critics; the defeat of Governor Ogilvie and the resultant changes in State health-planning policies; arrogance and unwillingness to cooperate with others not in the club; loss of credibility in the community which deprived the organization of local financial support.

MORAL: Comprehensive health planning and improvement of medical services is very much a need of the community. Perhaps a new group, formed of medical providers and consumers of medical services working in a cooperative way, with an attitude of mutual respect and trust, can come about to achieve these ends. Hopefully some lessons have been learned by the experience of the last three years. MIAHPCo saw the danger signs and was unable to respond.

# NAZIS BRING IT ALL HOME

Nazi march March nine: On George Lincoln Rockwell's birthday, nineteen men with white helmets, brown uniforms, swastika arm bands, and sloppy goose step marched down Bloomington's Main Street sidewalk to honor the birthplace of their founder.



As the group milled around the station wagons, several non-uniformed boys passed out copies of "White Power," the party's newspaper. The group leader again spoke to reporters.

"This is something that had to be done--not for propoganda--it had to be done. All across the country units are commemorating George Lincoln Rockwell's birthday."

Further pressed for information--as to how many were celebrating and how many were in the party--he refused to speak.

(One boy handing out literature is asked about the sloppy marching. "We have some new members," he says, "some aint too experienced." I can believe that. Pot-bellied, slouching, few appeared to fit the Aryan nightmare image I have. Are those expectant young boys I heard before disappointed?)

I try to look into the eyes of this young man handing out racist literature. He looks half-witted.)

With final comments to the media ended, the group got into their station wagons and rode away. Back to Virginia.

On tv news that night I watch the nazis, noting the brief appearance of a photographer friend (there's Margaret!) and applauding the effect of the dangerous tv camera shot on television (impressive!) The quote about attack and counter-attack is shown, with much more detail than my smeared notes could capture.

Switching channels to try and catch some more, I come upon stories about the Mennonite Relief Sale and Millikin streakers. Somehow the day's queasiness begins to abate.

Denny Colt



Carrying two American flags and signs that read "White Power" and "Bloomington, Ill. Home of George Lincoln Rockwell," the unit of men (mostly hailing from Virginia) paraded for the benefit of half-interested freaks and kids and media people and a few astonished passerbys.

("Boy, I hope they wear their uniforms," one young boy said to his companions, waiting through the intermittent drizzle. Yeah, I thought, I bet they look real sharp.)

The two column parade was accompanied by hecklers, none very loud, who contented themselves with whistling the theme from "Bridge On the River Kwai." Stopping for lights, the group marched to Mennonite Hospital, where cops waited.

(I stand behind the cordons of cops with other photogs and reporters dashing about. The rain keeps drizzling on my notes and smearing the ink. Up front, the leader of the nazi group has placed a purple and white wreath on the ground before the hospital and is speaking.)

"He saw his duty and unflinchingly did it. . . .For every attack he knew one answer: counter-attack."

Saluting the wreath, the group shouted, "White Power!" Then their leader turned to speak to reporters. "Stand by and watch America," he said, "when the rest of liberals and conservatives show they can't handle America, then turn to us cause we're the only answer."

The group turned right and marched to Franklin Park, where station wagons and middle-aged women waited.

(Me to a tv photographer who has just stood directly in front of the marching column in order to get a good front shot: "I sure would be scared to do that!" The marchers passed along both sides of him.)

*We will fix your  
car, truck, jeep!*

AMERIKAN CLUNKER OR FOREIGN LOAD

## Greaseball

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

city

REASONABLE HOURLY RATES;  
NO RIP-OFFS; WHOLESALE PARTS

All work done on a personal basis.

Call - 828-6677 -

leave a message for Gary or Al.

# Illinois Art Show: Sour Grapes or Real Controversy?

Hard as it may be to believe, half of the best studio artists in the State of Illinois apparently live right here in our own community.

Evidence of that startling revelation is as close at hand as the Dedication Exhibition at the spanking new Center for the Visual Arts Gallery on the I.S.U. campus.

Of 65 works in the show, no less than 28 are by McLean County residents, no less than 15 are by I.S.U. faculty.

The strange point is that the show was billed as one for Illinois artists, and some people who live pretty far away believed it enough to have carted their own work from such hinterlands as Carbondale, Chicago, DeKalb, Macomb. Some of them got in, too, which probably made it worth the \$5 entry fee.

In all, 388 persons submitted work, according to the show catalogue.

Bear with us a minute, and we'll put some important names before you. Judges, who received \$400 and the added inducement of a fine party with the I.S.U. faculty, were Nancy Hoffman of New York City, who runs a plush gallery there; Don Eddy of

New York City, who shows in the posh Nancy Hoffman gallery, and who reportedly makes \$18,000 a year through his business connections with her; and James T. Demetrian, director of the Des Moines, Iowa, Art Center, who is a friend of Thomas Toperzer, director of the spanking CVA Gallery.

I.S.U. faculty artists, sure to bring the state fame, include Ron Jackson, who, as a favor to Toperzer, drove to the airport in Champaign to pick up Nancy Hoffman and Eddy, her client.

## SNEAK PREVIEW

When the three made it back to town, the night before the judging, they stopped by Jackson's studio to preview his work. Next day, all three judges agreed that both the works Jackson submitted deserved to be in the show.

Then we have a couple of faculty members: Harold and Renee Carswell. Harold's studio adjoins Jackson's, but Jackson says the two judges didn't see the Carswells' work during the pre-judging preview.

The judges also saw fit to enter all four of the works the Carswells submitted.

Lightning struck twice in the same studio when time came to hand out some of the prize money. That is, Jackson, and each of the Carswells received a "Juror's Special Mention Award" which meant \$200 to each, or a total of \$600.

That's all right, too --it's only money. Or, almost. Truth is, in the art world, having a work accepted in a show is like having a scholarly paper published for faculty members

in other disciplines. And receiving a show award is so much better; makes a better looking resume, and jacks the sale price of one's work, we hear.

That could mean something if one were about to have a show in some plush or posh New York City gallery, such as Ms. Hoffman's.

Everybody but Jackson himself seemed to know that he had been negotiating with Ms. Hoffman for months to have a show there.

## "NO CONNECTION"

Jackson denied it to a reporter. "There's absolutely no business connection between Hoffman and me, or Carswell," he said. Though he reluctantly admitted taking the two judges to his studio before the judging, he maintained that "nothing happened beforehand that would have a bearing on their decision making."

Just sort of stopped by the gallery for a peek.

He said, "There's no reason she should want to choose my stuff or anyone else's, since there's no business connection."

He did recall that when he, she and Eddy arrived in town, she asked how many works she would have to view the next day. Told about 800, she offered as how well, maybe she should have that peek "while she was still fresh," according to Jackson.

Still and all, there weren't any business connections, Jackson said.

Which means Carswell obviously was thinking of someone besides his studio mate when he told the Post American that Jackson has been negotiating with Ms. Hoffman for five months.

Carswell also said that Ms. Hoffman and Eddy didn't visit his studio before the show, and agreed that it might be unethical if judges went around visiting studios the night before judging.

Toperzer, CVA Gallery director, also knew that Hoffman and Eddy had paid the visit. He said that such visits might be considered "irregular," but added that it depends on how you look at it. Did he intend a pun?

Toperzer, too, knew that "Hoffman was interested in Jackson's stuff."

He explained that Dave Thomas of Minnesota came down last year and carried away photo slides of many faculty works. He showed them to Ms. Hoffman, who initiated contact with Jackson, said Toperzer.

Nothing wrong with that, he said. "Illinois is a significant state, art-wise. I'm sure the jurors were familiar with many of the works beforehand. Our people have reputations," Toperzer said.

## SOUR GRAPES?

Jackson believes that the rumors which have circulated since the judging are spread in "sour grapes" reaction by people who paid their \$5, but whose work was not accepted.

Some of the art people we know admit to sour grapes feelings, but say the show still stinks. Art appreciation is subjective, natch, but some people we know said they saw some damn good works in the reject room when they went to retrieve their own failings. One even saw a couple of works which had been mailed from Peoria, and which did not seem to have been taken out of their box.

And a faculty member, who said we couldn't dare quote him, said that faculty members who lecture in the university can't receive money for it. He didn't know why the same principles didn't hold for faculty members who show art there.

What we do know, is that the show was absolutely on the up-and-up. Several other faculty members who also have works in the show said so.

Toperzer said he plans to hold one of these "Illinois artists" shows every other year. Let's see if we can't maintain this fine reputation our local artists have earned.

The fine show, if you haven't caught it, opened March 3 and closes April 7.

San Francisco (INS)-Dr. Ben Feingold, a San Francisco allergy specialist has discovered that the chemical preservatives and coloring found in processed foods may be causing hyperactivity (a nervous condition which makes it difficult to concentrate) in many American children. Although the research is still not conclusive, the work done by Feingold is attracting much attention since many psychologists believe that some hyperactive behavior is the result of allergic reactions to the additives. In the past 10-12 years the incidence of hyperactivity has risen from 2% to an average of 20-25%.

Puerto Rico (Guardian) A nationwide strike of school teachers has paralyzed the secondary educational system in most of Puerto Rico, according to Claridad, organ of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party. In most areas teachers are mounting picket lines in front of schools. There have been no confrontation with police, because they too feel pressed by low salaries and bad working conditions.

So much to know.  
Oh, so much to no.  
To be a new-born,  
free of no,  
free to know  
and not be hampered  
by norms and rules  
and laws and regulations.  
And little no-nos.  
I wonder how much energy  
I have squandered,  
wondering if I'm "being good."  
Worrying because I'm not.  
I wonder.  
F.E.D.

# BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL MEN'S GROUP

Trying to deal with a society which so rigidly defines what is "appropriate" behavior on the basis of sex is a frustrating experience. But trying to justify your own behavior to society through a lone effort is even more frustrating --- it is necessary to seek out others who feel the way you do and discuss the changes that are taking place. The concept that men should regularly get together for the purpose of trying to deal with our sexist society does not exist in many parts of the country, but some of us in Bloomington-Normal have decided to make a beginning.

The Men's Group generally meets every **Saturday** ( or Sunday ) afternoon --- depending on the availability of the people. The meeting places are usually rotated each week and are held in people's homes. It should be understood that these meetings aren't encounter groups or therapy sessions -- they really can't be defined in terms of what the group derives from them. Still, a "group mind", as one member pointed out, doesn't really exist. And, at the same time, we feel the tensions involved in the group's orientation: whether to remain "self-developmental" through the group process as we had originally begun or to begin reaching out to others in attempts to become a movement.

Luckily, we have all been able to escape the demands for structure for the meetings. Sometimes topics or ideas are brought up which would provide the basis for a future meeting, but if we feel that the idea or problem is of immediate importance I have found that we like to deal with the question right away. The content of our meetings consists of sharing experiences we have had and expressing our feelings about pretty much anything.

By the very nature of the content of our meetings, it has been the case that we are all developing and building friendships and relationships involving the trust of the other group members. As the newest member of the Men's Group, I found that during the first meeting I was pretty hesitant about sharing experiences of my own, much less just getting involved in the discussions. It's just a lot easier to open up to people who were first essentially strangers when the feeling of trust, and yes, even brotherhood, is established. The non-superficiality of our meetings, then, is mostly linked to the fact that we can trust and confide in each other and relate to each other as friends.

Okay---so here we are---a group of men sharing our feelings and problems with each other. How do we assure the continuity of the group? Well, we have found that the best way is to make a commitment to each other and to the group. Such a commitment is vital in developing feelings of mutual care for the **immediate** group with the hope that this commitment will develop into feelings of care and identification with the problems of other men. This identification with men outside of the group is continually surfacing as a major problem for me: how do I relate to men who do not share my feelings about sexism and **socially defined sex roles**? I mention this problem because it immediately becomes a major issue for me-- do I try to get my own head together only within the group or shall I stress the need for brotherhood as women's groups have stressed the importance of sisterhood for smashing current sex role expectations and double standards?

It seems that this idea of developing brotherhood is the ultimate aim of our group. Our discussions have been filled with examples of the oppression of men and the ways in which this oppression is manifested:

--- we would like men to relate to the oppressive legal demands made upon us by marriage and especially divorce laws.

---we would like men to relate to the experiences of the urban poor black man who must deal with sexist government policies involving heads of households and welfare eligibility.

---we would like men to relate to the experience of men who have serious drinking problems or self-identity problems.

---we would like men to relate to the experiences of gay men who are forced to deny their homosexuality to themselves and others by social and family pressures--forcing these men to accept unnatural roles.

---we would like for men to relate to the blatant sexism in literature and media presentations. Also, we would like others to join us in both smashing and exposing the sexist intellectual banterings of contributors to large circulation magazines with assumed "reputations for fairness and validity". (Psychology Today)

---we would like for men to relate to and share our concern for children who are constantly ( through literature, media, family and peer groups ) reinforced into accepting rigid definitions for sex roles. ( We are heartened when we hear that Bob's sons can accept their father's crying as a human expression of emotion).

Naturally, we encourage men who share our beliefs to seek out others who are interested in relating their experiences to men with a sympathetic ear. Our immediate group is closed, but we would be glad to talk with men who want to get an idea of what we are doing and who would like to organize a similar group.

## Introductory Feminist Workshop

*The workshop will include discussions and readings concerning stereotypes and myths, consumerism, the family, sex roles, and areas of special concern to the women present.*

*Sessions will be held at 7:30 on March 26,  
April 2, April 9, and April 16.*

*Room 202 at 205 N. University, Normal*

*Registration - March 21-24*

*Call: Daytime, Susie - 4367060; Evening,  
Andrea - 4525661; Anne - 8293576; Susie - 8287026;  
Barb - 8295639.*



If you buy a General Electric product:

**add \$2.50  
for the  
B-1**

(THE B-1 IS NOT A VITAMIN!)

The B-1 is a bomber that the Defense Department is proposing as a replacement for the B-52 bomber. Congress is working on the proposal now, but the development contracts have already been given out! Already, your taxes have paid General Electric \$458 million to build the jet engines. That's about \$2.50 from each of us.

WHO IS THE B-1 FOR?

The B-1 is not for you. It will not bring money onto your community. It will not provide more jobs. Because your tax money will go for the B-1 project, fewer federal funds will be available for education, environmental concerns, health care, and housing. The Pentagon says the B-1 will replace the B-52. Remember what B-52's were doing last Christmas? The B-1 would do it much better.

The B-1 is being pushed by large corporations who will benefit from the contracts. The biggest contracts are held by Boeing (avionics equipment), General Electric (engines), and Rockwell International (airframe).

As the fourth largest producer of armaments in America, General Electric receives over one billion dollars each year from the Department of Defense. GE developed and manufactured a vast array of weapons used against the Vietnamese people--but the "ceasefire" in Vietnam is not reducing GE's profits. GE's relationship with the Pentagon is intimate; over 85 former high-ranking military officers and a former Secretary of Defense are

now on GE's payroll. Over half the money invested by the Defense Department in weapons contracts is profit to the manufacturer (56%--according to a 1971 survey by the General Accounting Office, an agency of Congress). The U.S. has spent more than one trillion dollars for war since 1946.

IF CONGRESS GIVES THE GO-AHEAD, HOW MUCH WILL IT COST YOU?

The B-1 is likely to become the largest, most expensive weapon-system ever built. Total cost estimates for research and development, production and support system for 241 bombers, for ten years' operation, range from \$44 billion (Air Force) to more than \$75 billion (Princeton U. study). If we use the figure of \$50 billion, the B-1 will cost you \$250--\$1,000 for a family of four.

**L  
E  
G  
A  
L  
A  
I  
D**



**T  
H  
R  
E  
A  
T  
E  
N  
E  
D**

The McLean County Bar Association's Legal Aid committee has decided to end further cooperation with the McLean County Economic Opportunity Corporation in the preparation of a funding request for a free legal aid program for low-income people.

As a result the Bar and the MCEOC will be submitting separate proposals to the two city councils, the McLean County Board, and some county townships.

The Bar's proposal calls for a total budget of \$29,510. This budget provides a \$16,000 salary for one full time attorney and \$6,500 for a receptionist-secretary with the remaining \$7,010 being spent to equip and run a legal aid office.

The Bar's proposal calls for strict and complete regulation of the program by the bar, thus permitting no representation of low-income people to make any decisions about how the publicly funded program is to be run.

The proposal that the MCEOC will be submitting is much more comprehensive and open. In its proposal the MCEOC asks for a total budget of about \$55,000. Such a budget provides for the hiring of two full time attorneys.

In addition the MCEOC's proposal will permit the hiring of a legal secretary and a person to perform the task of a secretary, receptionist, and book-keeper. The remainder of the budget will provide for a fully equipped legal aid office.

The MCEOC's proposal recognizes the need to fully cooperate with the bar association in the administration of the legal aid program thus providing much needed professional expertise.

However, the MCEOC also recognizes the need to have input from other kinds of people, including low-income people.  
--thanks to the MCEOC Observer

**Nimble Norman's HOUSEHOLD HINTS**

# HOW TO GET RID OF ROACHES

To follow this procedure you need a hand-operated sprayer and the roach spray, Sprayguard, which the Astor Exterminating Co. in Charlestown sells for \$4.95 a gallon. With a gallon of spray you could exterminate 15 apartments.

If you are exterminating an entire building, spray all areas where the walls touch the floor. Also spray all areas in the cellar that have water, and on and around all pipes. However, do not spray a flame or near a heat source such as a furnace. Do not spray fuse boxes or other electrical devices. Make sure to spray all areas where pipes or cables enter the floor, walls, or ceiling. Spray around the bottom edge of toilet bowl and under and around the water closet. Do the outside and hollow part of the bathtub. From under the sink, spray up into the hollow part of sink and around the pipes where they enter the wall. Make sure to spray all areas in the bathroom and kitchen where two or more pieces of wood or plastic touch or meet -- that is, where the cabinets touch the walls).

**Spray:**

- up into the hollow area under the sink and where pipes enter the wall or floor.
- the area where the refrigerator motor is located; include the insulation.
- the areas inside washing machines that do not contact water such as the 'shell' or 'housing'.
- If you are certain that you can spray into the area that is under the stove burners without spraying a pilot light or hot area, do it. (If you spray a pilot light, there will be a fire.) The fire hazard doesn't exist after the spray is used.
- Spray the inside of the stove by spraying into the space at the outside edge of broiler drawer or down into the bottom part of the stove. (Be aware of fire danger.)
- Spray around the entire edge of the stove where it touches the floor.
- Spray all areas where cabinet shelves touch cabinet walls.

If the kitchen and bathroom are carefully sprayed, the roaches will be gone for at least three weeks, even if the entire building isn't sprayed. If the whole building is sprayed, and then resprayed again in two weeks, the building should be roach free unless roaches are brought in from outside.

Normally healthy people are not made ill by the spray unless they inhale the mist (the odor is harmless). Skin contact is also harmless unless repeated many times. Spray mist is harmful to fish and almost all insects, but it will not harm cats or dogs unless sprayed directly on them.

Remember that roaches should be poisoned, not drowned. When you can see the insecticide on a surface, stop spraying. To spray more won't yield better results and is a waste of money and chemicals. The spray is oily and slippery so do not walk on it. And for maximum effectiveness, do not wash sprayed areas for a month.

# WHAT GOES ON IN COUNTY JAIL?

Tales of abuse at the McLean County jail are so prevalent that at one point last winter at least three separate organizations were at work investigating them: the Pantagraph, the Post-Amerikan, and the FBI.

As of this writing, results of the FBI's investigation are not known. But indictments for violations of civil rights of prisoners may soon be handed down against Sheriff King and some of his deputies.

The Pantagraph's investigation produced a 3-part series last January on beatings in the county jail. While prisoners reported most of the incidents, two State Police witnessed at least one.

Meanwhile, Sheriff King continued to run for re-election.

At the local level, the investigations and charges produced a lot of discussion, but no official action.

The County Board, Sheriff King's employer, congratulated the Pantagraph on its series, but declined to check out the charges further. "We're not going to have any Water-gate-type investigation," said the chairman of the board's Law and Justice Committee.

Another County Board member declared that they hadn't enough information to make a judgment. "We have only one side of the issue," he declared. (He did not mention that the board's employee, John King, had continually refused to give his side of the story.)

special  
4-page  
pull-out  
section

Even though suspension (with or without pay) is the usual practice when a police officer is under investigation, not one of the deputies under FBI scrutiny was suspended for even an instant.

The most conclusive evidence that those powerful locally were indifferent to the charges against King came when the Pantagraph's editorial department pulled a real surprise--an endorsement of King for re-election.

The Pantagraph did qualify its endorsement--saying that if the charges against King were proven, it would work to defeat King. But trials take so long (there aren't even indictments yet) that the charges can't be proven before November.

Besides that, the real election is the primary--March 19. Since no Democrats have declared candidacy, King's only opposition to re-election are the two others trying for the Republican spot on the ballot. Even if a Democrat were running, McLean is such a strong Republican county that the Republican primary is often the real election anyway.

The Post-Amerikan is printing these stories not to influence the primary (which is only four days after this issue comes out)--but

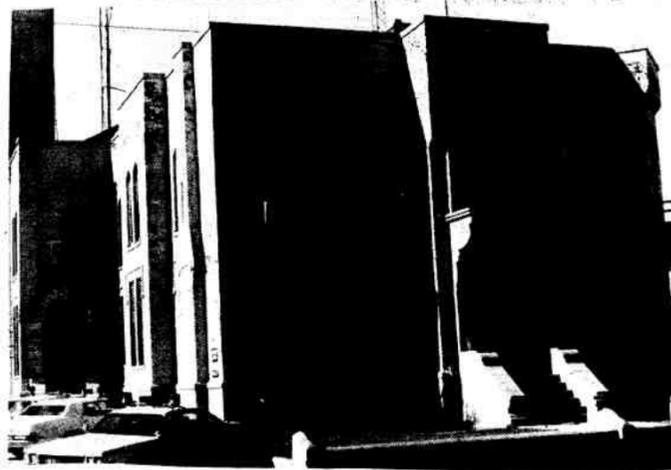
to make public the gory details of incidents long locked within the privacy of Sheriff King's fortress.

Except for the Pantagraph's three-part series, the jail's prisoners have never had a public forum in which to tell their stories. And the Post-Amerikan intends to make those stories public.

Whether or not Kings wins or loses the primary, whether or not King wins re-election, it is important that the prisoners' side of what goes on behind the jail's stone walls becomes public.

When Sheriff King decides to say something besides "no comment," he will have no trouble communicating his story to the public. At one word from King, Champaign and Peoria TV, local radio stations, and the Pantagraph will all be there lapping up every word.

Until those major media are willing to listen to prisoners' charges, the Post-Amerikan will need to give them a voice. That's why these stories are printed here, and that's why there will be more next issue.



## SHERIFF THINKS POT-SMOKERS ALL NEED BATHS

While beating up prisoners is one of Sheriff King's most publicized harassments, King has also been known to get his kicks through less sensational (but equally humiliating) means.

When about 25 people were busted on a farm outside of town for drugs in Nov., 1971, King decided they needed baths.

The arrested people hadn't been at the jail long; they were waiting for bail. Forced bathing is not a usual practice at a time like that. But King probably thought it would be fun.

Those who told this story to the Post-Amerikan do not want their names mentioned. They are afraid of reprisals from the Sheriff.

Wayne (not his real name) said he and about 15 other men arrested at the farm had been locked up in the holdover section.

They hadn't been there long before John King and some deputies came in and started talking about everyone taking baths.

The bathtub, Wayne said, looked like it hadn't been cleaned in twenty years. "The dirt was part of the tub; it looked like you could get VD just looking at it," he said.

Another person said the tub had cigarette butts, dried spit, dead flies and hairs in it.

The sheriff's men did not attempt to clean the tub before they began ordering people to take baths. The first three so ordered refused. They were taken to a stand-up cell, according to Wayne. (We'll get to what happened to those three in a little while.)

The fourth person ordered to bathe had seen the first three taken away, and was scared. He took his bath, and was then allowed to go to the regular section of the jail.

Next, King ordered Wayne to take a bath.

He refused.

King ordered Wayne to sit on a bench. He did.

Two deputies came over and took off Wayne's clothes. King ordered Wayne to walk to the tub, but Wayne would not go in. So King said they'd have to put Wayne in the tub.

Wayne grabbed onto a partition near the tub. Wayne said it took four or five officers, including King himself, to force Wayne over to the tub. Just as King had ordered, Wayne was put in the tub.

Still resisting, Wayne left one foot on the edge of the bathtub, even though he was sitting in the 3-inch-deep water.

King ordered Wayne to move his foot; Wayne only smiled, he said.

So King got a billy club and swung. Wayne moved his foot just in time--the billy club crashed into the tub just where the foot had been.

Wayne said he was supposed to run water and wash, but he just sat in the tub. After a few minutes King gave up and let Wayne get out.

Wayne said he thought that was the end of the bathing ordeal, but he didn't know what was happening with the men who'd been taken upstairs.

Those three men were not taken to

the ordinary stand-up cell. (A stand-up cell is so named because it's built so narrow that you can't sit down.)

The three were taken upstairs to a sequence double doors. One of the doors is a standard jail door made of bars. The other is a solid steel door. Between the doors is a space of about 8 to 10 inches. In that space of 8 to 10 inches, the sheriff and his deputies tried to squeeze the three men who had refused to take baths. The space was so narrow that the men had to turn their heads to the side to fit in. Several deputies were pushing on the steel door trying to get it shut. But all three prisoners wouldn't fit.

King took one of the men out, and slammed the steel door shut. This left two men cramped between the two doors.

King took the third man to the regular stand-up cell.

All three prisoners got several hours of confinement before being let out again one at a time.

One at a time they were led back to the bathtub, which was surrounded by several deputies with folded arms. Faced with this situation, the three took their baths.

All the people who talked to the Post-Amerikan said they had taken a bath earlier in the evening. All said that even if they hadn't bathed for a week, the tub would still have been dirtier than they.

All were also convinced that it was a case of Sheriff King just having a good time.

# MORE BEATINGS REPORTED in JAIL



Art Morrison

As a condition of probation, Arthur Morrison spends weekends in the county jail. All last fall, Morrison said, he heard inmates talk of beatings. Then, last November, he witnessed one himself. "Then I knew it was true," he said.

Morrison went to the Pantagraph, then to the FBI. When the Pantagraph's series on county jail beatings came out, Morrison received credit for his investigative work. Morrison supplied names of inmates who had been beaten, and, when necessary, hunted people up when the Pantagraph couldn't find them.

Morrison supplied the Pantagraph with the names of 10 inmates who told Morrison they'd been beaten. In addition, Morrison produced the names of another 15 who he heard had been victims.

In his 12-page statement to the FBI, Morrison devoted at least half to the results of his investigations for the Pantagraph series. The other half reported the beating he witnessed personally.

That beating occurred in November. The victim was Charles Nestor, who was in the jail awaiting trial.

According to Morrison, Nestor was deadlocked (see adjoining story) in his cell while most of the other inmates were watching TV. An officer came and got Nestor and took him out of the main cell block. At that time, Morrison said, Nestor did not have a mark on him.

Nestor was taken away when a commercial started on TV. When the program continued again, Nestor returned.

"They'd broken his nose open; his ear was bleeding, and his cheek was all puffed up," Morrison said.

Bob Malcolm was also watching TV at that time, and he got to see into the next room as the door was opened to let Nestor through.

As Nestor was leaving the cell block, Malcolm saw Sheriff King on the other side of the door; he was taking off his suitcoat. When the door opened to let Nestor back into the cell block, Malcolm saw King again--putting on his suitcoat.

According to Malcolm, Nestor told the inmates that he had just been worked over. Nestor said there were about 8 or 9 officers present, with their guns on and billy clubs and blackjacks out on the desk.

That was Nestor's second beating in the jail. His wife visited him shortly after his first beating in September. "When I first saw him, I started gagging. I almost threw up; that's how bad it was. He had a big gash on his face that was still bleeding. One eye was completely blood red--you couldn't see any white. A lot of his face was black and blue," Mrs. Nestor said.



Bob Malcolm

Mestor was not in the main cellblock during that visit. By the time he was sent back with the other prisoners, he was still showing the effects of that first beating.

Bob Malcolm entered the county jail around Sept. 27. At that time, he said, Charles Nestor's left eye was totally red--even the white was red. Nestor told Malcolm that the officers had worked him over. Nestor said some ribs were cracked and he had to sleep on his right side.

## 17-YEAR-OLD

While most of the incidents Morrison reported to the FBI found their way into the Pantagraph's 3-part series, Issac Gaston's story has not been told.

Gaston was only 17 years old. He had an ear infection and was being taken to the doctor, handcuffed. Deputy Stanley Radar walked on one side of Gaston; officer Kindred on the other. Radar smacked Gaston right in the infected ear.

When Gaston got back with the other inmates, he said that Kindred had threatened to beat him again if he told anyone.

Bob Malcolm, who was in the jail when this happened, corroborates Morrison's version of what happened.

Malcolm was one of the inmates who first heard Gaston's story. While Gaston was telling Malcolm what happened, Deputy Kindred saw them talking. Reminding Gaston of his earlier threat, Kindred yelled, "You want to talk? Talk to me."

Gaston told Kindred that he was only telling the inmates what the doctor had said, according to Malcolm.

## MOTHER REPORTS

Mrs. Kathy Barker of Heyworth has two sons who have been victims of county jail beatings. Mrs. Barker witnessed

one of them herself, she told a Post American reporter.

A couple years ago, Mrs. Barker said she was visiting her son Jimmy at the jail. Mrs. Barker asked her son how things were. "The place would be a right if it wasn't for him," Jimmy replied, gesturing toward deputy Schroeder.

Later that day, Mrs. Barker was released from the jail when she heard someone yelling "leave your hands off me" from the other side of a door. Thinking it was her son, Mrs. Barker pushed through the door and saw Deputy Schroeder striking Jimmy in the face. Jimmy's hands were cuffed behind his back; deputies were holding each of Jimmy's arms while Schroeder inflicted the beating. After Mrs. Barker barged in, fourth deputy put a stop to the beating.

They took Jimmy to the stand-up cell and Schroeder threatened to lock up Barker, too. But he didn't.

Last September, Mrs. Barker said, her son Billy went to court with his eye and a knot behind his ear. Billy told her that Sheriff King himself had inflicted the wounds. Billy said he was handcuffed to the bars in the hold cell while King hit him.

# PRISONER ABUSE DIFFERENT

When the Pantagraph printed its 3-part expose of abuse at the county jail, only the most sensational incidents--outright beatings--were reported.

But prisoner mistreatment takes many forms at the county jail. Stories from a wide variety of people testify to the creativity King and his men apply to the tough problem of "What can we do to 'em today?"

## Medical Care Denied

Arthur Morrison fulfills a condition of his probation by spending weekends in the county jail. One Monday morning in November, Mrs. Morrison went to the jail around 7 AM to wait for her husband to be released.

As she walked up the jail's steps, Mrs. Morrison heard a guy moaning, saying he was hurt, and asking someone to help him. The barred windows of the jail's holdover section overlook the steps Mrs. Morrison was climbing; the groans came from the holdover section.

Inside the jail, Mrs. Morrison waited near a solid steel door leading to the holdover section. Waiting near this door, Mrs. Morrison heard someone knocking on the other side. After several knocks, Sgt. Schroeder came and opened it. Mrs. Morrison overheard the conversation.

The knocker told Schroeder that a guy the holdover was badly hurt and need help. Schroeder told the knocker to stay away from the door and to quit "bang on it."

The knocker repeated again that a guy was bleeding, hurt, and needed help. According to Mrs. Morrison, Schroeder threatened the knocker: "Look, I'm telling you again. You beat on this door one more time and I'm going to your head in." Schroeder slammed the door shut.

At this point, Mrs. Morrison said, another deputy approached Schroeder. This deputy said he'd seen the man in holdover the night before, and that really was hurt.

Schroeder just shrugged, and went back to his desk, Mrs. Morrison reported.

That was at 7AM. Not until that afternoon, Art Morrison said, did the hurt person get medical attention--he was taken to the hospital.

## Harassment

Incidents of simple harassment are probably so common, and considered so insignificant compared to beatings, that prisoners don't consider the harassment that important.

But Mike Krieg, a prisoner in the jail last fall, related the following story

the Mel Armes Case

## DEPUTY'S BRUTALITY is in Court Record

When the Pantagraph endorsed Sheriff King for re-election, it was forced to somehow play down prisoners' charges that King and his deputies beat prisoners. The Pantagraph did play the charges down, saying that they were mere unproven accusations.

But right in the courthouse is a record of some deputies' sworn statements--statements which tend to corroborate prisoners' accusations.

That courthouse file is the case of People v. Melvin Armes. Armes was charged with aggravated assault for allegedly swinging on Lt. Floyd Schroeder. The transcript of the preliminary hearing, held in Feb. 1971, contains Schroeder's testimony--a story which reflects more on the sheriff's police than on Armes.

According to the transcript testimony, Armes was badly beaten as officers Schroeder and Kindred defended themselves from Armes' assault.

Though Armes was the one accused of assault, the transcript sounds as though the deputies were guilty of the crime. After all, police officers have authority to use only as much force as is necessary to restrain a prisoner.

According to the deputies' testimony, Armes had been in a car accident. His windshield was smashed, and Armes had a nosebleed and a cut on his forehead. Armes was taken to the jail.

Armes' car had to be towed, but Armes refused to hand over his keys, Schroeder claimed in court. After Schroeder grabbed Armes' left arm, Armes swung with his right, according to the testimony.

"He never did get the swing in because I hit him and knocked him to the floor," Schroeder swore.

Schroeder continued in his sworn testimony:

"I picked the subject up and he was still trying to struggle with me. So I told the jailer to take his personal belongings from him while I still held him and in the process of the jailer while I was holding him by the arms from behind, him still trying to struggle and get loose from me, well he attempted to get to the jailer. So at this point, rather than let the other officer get kicked, I run him into the face into the bathroom door there, which was closed, and pinned him against that."



Mel Armes

(Don't blame the proofreader--that's actually how the transcript reads.)

With Armes' face smashed against the door, the sheriff's deputies got the keys out of Armes' pocket.

Then, according to Schroeder, he and deputy Kindred each took one of Armes' arms and led him to the holdover cell.

"When we turned him loose he turned and took another swing at me. Then me and Kindred both hit him at the same time and knocked him to the floor again," Schroeder said.

Please turn to  
next page.



### Playing Parole Officer

Tom Weed reports that from the time he was released from Pontiac Penitentiary, Sheriff King and his deputies showed an unusually keen interest in seeing him return to prison.

Only one day after his release from Pontiac, Sheriff's deputies visited Weed and interrogated him about a burglary. The burglary occurred while Weed was still in prison.

Weed said that at least twenty times in the next year, either Sheriff King or deputies would threaten him with a parole violation.

It is the parole officer who has authority to declare parole violated and send the parolee back to prison. But Sheriff King was so eager to see Tom Weed return to prison that he wouldn't wait for the decision of Robert Drucker, then Weed's parole officer.

When Weed was arrested for battery in the summer of 1973, King declared, "We are sending you back to prison whether Drucker likes it or not." King was so anxious to send Weed to prison that he telephoned Drucker's superior in the corrections department, asking for a declaration of parole violation.

King was put in his place and told it was Drucker's decision.

Weed was not found guilty of the battery charge.

### Letters

Partly because of Sheriff King's letters policy, William Quinn filed a million-dollar federal suit against King (see adjoining story.)

Mrs. Charles Nestor said her letters to her husband were unjustly tampered with. After Mrs. Nestor had seen her husband beaten up (see adjoining story), she occasionally referred to the Sheriff in an unfavorable manner

in her letters to her husband. Coming to the jail to visit once, Mrs. Nestor was told to go upstairs and see the Sheriff.

King confronted Mrs. Nestor with photostats of her letters. Mrs. Nestor said a federal defender told her that King's photostating the letters was illegal--they did not contain anything relating to prison security.

Mrs. Nestor also said that her husband asked her to discontinue saying things about the sheriff in her letters. He said that one deputy warned that they'd stop letting the Nestors write to each other if she continued to slander the sheriff.

"That's illegal," Art Morrison said. "That's incommunicado; you can't cut off a prisoner's right to communicate with the outside world."

### Visits

Mrs. Nestor also suffered the run-around treatment trying to get in to visit her husband. At one point she even had to show her marriage license to prove she was married. (King's visiting policy allows only relatives to visit prisoners.) King wasn't even satisfied with Mrs. Nestor's marriage license. "This isn't notarized," he said, "You can buy these for a dime a dozen in Chicago." Mrs. Nestor then dug up a receipt showing payment for a marriage license. "Oh well; I don't care if you're married or not," King said, "I'll let you in to see him anyway." That was the visit where Mrs. Nestor saw the wounds from her husband's recent beating. (see adjoining story)

Brinda Craig also had problems with visits. Since she was not married to her boyfriend, she was in direct violation of King's visit policies. Attorney Jennings filed a petition asking a judge to order the sheriff to allow Brinda Craig to visit. The judge never ruled on the petition; the sheriff voluntarily allowed Brinda to visit her friend.

SE TAKES  
ORMS

About a dozen prisoners were about to be taken to court one day last November. Deputy Radar pushed a skinny black prisoner down some stairs. Krieg was handcuffed to this prisoner, and only the fact that Krieg is a big person kept them both from falling down. Krieg said that if he had been the one pushed, they both would have fallen down the stairs.

The dozen prisoners, handcuffed in six pairs, had to walk to the courthouse. It was cold, raining, and November.

One prisoner was forced to walk all the way to the courthouse with no shoes. He asked for some shoes, but Deputy Radar told him to shut up and get going.

Once at the courthouse, according to Krieg, the prisoner got a pair of shoes--the judge never saw him barefoot.

Another story, told by Richard Dalton, shows either harassment or incompetence on King's part. Dalton was busted for marijuana in 1971. While Dalton was in custody, King dug up an old warrant--several years old--for illegal possession of alcohol. Right after Dalton posted bond on the pot charge, King arrested him again on the old warrant. Dalton said that a Normal policeman told him that a state statute of limitations holds that such minor warrants be dropped after 18 months. Either King didn't know this, Dalton said, or he didn't care.

# the MEL ARMES CASE (cont.)

Armes was so badly hurt that he had to go to the hospital after he got out of jail. He had a concussion, and one eye was swelled shut for 2 weeks. In fact, because of his concussion, Armes says he does not remember getting hit by Schroeder. Armes said it wasn't until the preliminary hearing that he found out what happened to his eye.

During cross-examination, Schroeder admitted that he never got medical care for Armes.

Whether or not Armes received medical care apparently isn't relevant to whether or not Armes committed aggravated assault.

The Judge reminded Armes' attorney, Gesell, that the charge was aggravated assault.

Gesell burst out, "It's aggravated assault all right, but it's on the other foot."

Gesell did not get much of a chance at the preliminary hearing to prove his point, but he tried.

Earlier testimony by another deputy had indicated that Armes had been drinking. Accordingly, Gesell tried to get Schroeder to describe the manner in which Armes allegedly swung at the officer.

Schroeder backed away from that question. He wouldn't describe how Armes swung. He wouldn't say if the attempted swing was wild or not. He wouldn't say how far Armes' swing missed by.

If Armes had really been drunk, it would seem that Schroeder and Kindred could have handled their prisoner without quite so much violence.

Armes had already hit his head on his windshield. To get some car keys, Schroeder rammed Armes' face into a door. And to "protect" himself Schroeder twice knocked Armes to the floor.

Armes does not know if his concussion came from the car accident or from having his head rammed into the door. He only remembers waking up in a pool of blood in the jail's holdover cell.

Armes now has only 40% vision in the eye that was hit. But, since he hadn't had tests before his beating, he can't prove his loss of vision results from his treatment at the jail. (The eye injury did not result from the car accident; the arresting officer testified only that Armes had a nosebleed and a cut forehead.)

Both Schroeder and Kindred have come up in the Pantagraph's series on beatings in the county jail. In reports of those beatings, Schroeder has been known to sometimes use his fists, sometimes a blackjack.

In the Mel Armes case, Schroeder testified that he used his fists. Gesell, cross-examining, made Schroeder repeat that. Armes later suspected he was struck with more than fists, because of the way his wounds were.

Armes later pleaded guilty to a lesser charge, and paid a \$100 fine.

King Sued for \$1,000,000

## INMATES FORCED TO USE PLASTIC JUGS FOR TOILETS

Sheriff King's policies on prisoners writing letters eventually led to a one million dollar lawsuit filed last July. That suit--claiming damages for violation of civil rights and cruel and inhuman treatment--named John King and 4 deputies as defendants. John Ledbedder, John Napsinger, Loren Foulk, Lt. Schroeder, and Lt. Reamy were the defendants named besides King.

William Quinn, now a prisoner in Menard Penitentiary, filed the complaint in federal district court in Springfield. The complaint is accompanied by supporting affidavits from 5 witnesses, all of whom corroborated the charges against King and his officers.

Quinn charged that in November of 1972, while a prisoner in the McLean County jail, he was forced to urinate and defecate in a jug approximately 10 x 10 inches. He was forced to sleep in a hammock without blankets, sheets or pillow. He was locked in a cell with no sink or toilet, with no way for him to wash; he was denied the right to take a shower.

Quinn was later sentenced to time in Vandalia, but still had charges pending against him in McLean County. Each time he was brought back to go to court, he was locked up under the same conditions, the complaint says.

One supporting affidavit, signed by Ronald Isley, said that a deputy ordered him "not to bang on the door for William Quinn when he requests me to call for the officer to empty the jug he urinated and defecated in."

Another affidavit, signed by John Geidl, said that a deputy caught some inmates giving water to Quinn through the bars. The deputy threatened that anyone caught doing it again would be locked up with Quinn.

According to Quinn's complaint and the supporting affidavits, Quinn's punishment was solely for complaining about the sheriff's policy about letters.

Maintaining that communication between a lawyer and client is a privileged, private communication, Quinn would seal his letters to his attorney. King would not mail them.

Also, King's policy was a maximum of three letters a week. With more than twenty charges pending against him, Quinn asked for special permission to write to his attorney more frequently. King refused.

At one point, Quinn tried to send a letter to a federal judge, asking the judge to instruct King that letters to attorneys were exempt from prison censorship. King did not mail the letter.

Several of the supporting witnesses said that Quinn caused no trouble at the jail except for complaining about the letter-writing policy.

State's Attorney Welch is defending King in the suit. The file in Springfield contains a reply, signed by Welch, which says the defendants deny Quinn's charges.

The suit is still pending.

State's Attorney Welch; defending King



While the most shocking element of Quinn's charges is his having been forced to urinate and defecate in a plastic jug, the practice is apparently not that uncommon in the McLean County jail.

Neither the black cell nor the stand-up cell--used by the sheriff for

disciplinary purposes--have toilets.

The black cell and the stand-up cell are connected by bars. There is no light in either cell. Both cells are entered through solid steel doors.

According to Bob Malcolm, who has spent time in both cells, the officers are supposed to let inmates out every once in while to use the toilet; but they often "forget."

According to Bob, an inmate in the stand-up cell urinates through the bars into the black cell. An inmate in the black cell can urinate in a hole which was formerly part of a ventilation system. Since it's dark in the black cell, an inmate must find this hole by hand, and then wipe his hand on his clothes. If an inmate has to defecate in one of these cells, he must do it on the floor, in the ventilation hole, or hold it, according to Bob Malcolm.

Both Art Morrison and Bob Malcolm talked about the practice of "deadlocking" in the jail's main tier. Individual cells in the main portion of the jail have no toilets. Ordinarily, however, inmates are locked in their individual cells only at night. (If you have to go at night, you use a plastic jug in your cell--if you're lucky. There aren't enough jugs to go around, according to Morrison.)

The ordinary practice is to unlock the individual cells in the morning, allowing the inmates to go into a larger group area, which has toilets tables, and benches.

With deadlocking, however, any inmate who does not leave his individual cell when the jailers wake everyone up is locked in his cell for 24 hours.

Those who leave their cells in the morning must stay out all day. They can't return to their cells to sleep or read. Morrison recalled one time when Charles Nestor was deadlocked and wanted to get out to the toilet. The jailer said "You should have gone out with the rest of them." Luckily, Morrison said, Nestor had a jug, and didn't have to use the floor of his cell.

Alternate Route

# Notes from a Lesbian Activist

By Deborah Wiatt

Recently, I made the transition from a closet queer to a lesbian activist. So what, you ask. What does that mean? Very simply, I stopped denying to myself that I was a lesbian and started affirming the fact to practically everyone. I stopped thinking of lesbianism as a bedroom issue and started thinking of it as a political statement. I have come around to Jill Johnston's way of thinking, that feminism is the theory, lesbianism the practice. Feminist consciousness I've had for a long time; lesbian consciousness I'm just beginning to get, but it is developing rapidly. I have become a lesbian activist. That is to say, I have stopped merely thinking about lesbian life and started doing something. I have stepped completely out of the closet and no one is ever going to get me back in again.

Many changes have taken place during the course of this transition. I joined Gay People's Alliance, reasoning that one lesbian activist working alone doesn't do as much good (or harm, depending on how you feel about the system, the system being men) as eight or ten or twenty-five or four hundred lesbian activists working together. This is not to say that the organization is full of lesbian activists. But I am not discouraged. Just give them time. After all, I was not always a lesbian activist, and look how well I turned out. I have also started telling people about myself: my friends, my instructors, the women in NOW, and my parents. When I am introduced to people and they ask to know something about me I tell them, "I'm a senior at ISU, a writer, a feminist, and a lesbian." And I have started writing articles and poetry about lesbianism under my own name. A person hides only what (s)he is ashamed of, and there is no shame in being a lesbian.

Most of my straight friends have told me that in publicly affirming my lesbianism I take the pressure off myself and put it on the people I tell. Agreed. That is the whole point. What I want from them is what I want from you. Not acceptance, but understanding. Not sympathy, but empathy. I want you to view lesbianism as a viable life style. Having considered it preferable is, I suppose, too much to ask at this point, but maybe someday. I do, however, expect you to see it as a completely natural option because for me, and for millions like me, loving other women is the most natural thing in the world. I am as proud of my lesbianism as I am of my Polish heritage. They are both integral parts of me, and to deny either of them would be to deny myself. If, on a job application, I am asked to list the organizations to which I

belong I will proudly write Gay People's Alliance. I have stopped hiding, and I have stopped pretending. I will scream about lesbianism until you're sick of hearing about it, and then I will shout some more. Until you finally come to realize that lesbianism is not a question of who sleeps with whom and how often and what do they possible do, anyway, and start seeing it as a political statement of complete independence, you have not heard the last from me or my gay sisters. And not until that time will we cease our attacks on the heterosexual populace. We have tasted freedom, and we will not be locked up again.

We will not be silent until you realize we are not one of "them", we are one of you. We are your sisters, your mothers, your aunts, your cousins, your wives, and your daughters. We are black, white, Chicano, Puerto Rican, Oriental, and American Indian. We are schooled and we are unschooled. We are Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and Atheists. We come in every size, shape, and degree of intelligence. We are rich and we are poor. We are doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, nurses, secretaries, librarians, writ-

ers, dancers, musicians, artists, actresses, and athletes. We are young and we are old. We are Republicans, Democrats, radicals, liberals, moderates, and conservatives. We come from large cities, small towns, farms, and the house next door. We are everywhere and we will be heard. We will fight for our rights and we will win. It will not be an easy fight as no revolution is an easy one, and this is revolution we are talking about: the forcible overthrowing of the social codes and mores which have for too long denied us our rights as individuals and have tried to keep us in a fourth-class status. You have succeeded in the past; you will not succeed again. We will no longer try to make it in a straight world, we will change that world. You cannot keep us down any longer. We are uniting to wage war on the establishment of this country and this time we will be the victors, not the victims. There are over ten million lesbians in this country, and although the number of lesbian activists right now is relatively small it is a steadily growing number. Emerson once said, "Do the thing and you will find the way." We are fighting the system, and we are finding new ways every day.

452-9221  
PHONE: 452-5849  
828-7026

**WHAT, ME SELL THE POST?**

**MAKE 5¢ a copy (first 50) 7 1/2¢ a copy (after)**

YOU KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS COMMUNITY?

NOBODY HAS A SENSE OF COMMITMENT!

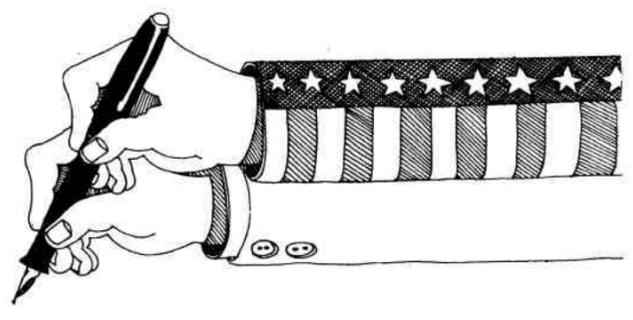
EVERYONE'S INTO HIS OR HER OWN SELFISH TRIP!

SHIT! IT'S ALL BEYOND ME!

I'M GOING HOME TO GET STONED!

B574

# ALTERNATIVE NEWS BRIEFS



## WOMEN

### SPORT'S

### SEXISM

### STOPPED

New Haven, Conn.(LNS)- In the first suit of it's kind in the country, high school women in New Haven have ended systematic sex discrimination in varsity sports funding. Last spring the city administration decided to spend \$121,000 on men's varsity teams and refused to allot any money at all for womens teams, claiming that there was not enough interest in sports among women. The settlement, which calls for equal funding of athletic programs for men and women, was reached after five weeks when the city agreed "it was being discriminatory".

New York(LNS)-Applicants for the position of account executive at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the largest stock brokerage company in the United States take an evaluation examination which asks which qualities in a woman are most important. According to the Wall Street Journal, an answer of "dependency" or "affectionateness" wins the applicant two points. "Beauty scores one point, a and the job seeker who answers "intelligence" or "independence gains no points."



Durham, N.C. (LNS) - Duke University has been forced to pay more than \$37,000 in back pay to 145 women employees. The women, employed as maids, were paid seven cents less an hour than males employed as janitors, who did essentially the same work.

The back pay agreement was reached after a four-year court battle in which Duke University was charged with with numerous violations of the Fair Labor Standards Act.

In a similar dispute, the University of Iowa was forced to pay \$350,000 back pay to women custodial workers.

Other such settlements have also been reached with the University of Washington as well as with the Montana State Board of Education.

Washington,D.C.(LNS)-A leading medical journal reported in Feb. an "unusually high" rate of tubal or ectopic pregnancies in women using birth control pills consisting entirely of a progestogen.

The most popular brands of such pills in the United States include Norlutin (norethindrone), made by Parke-Davis, and Depo-provera (medroxyprogesterone acetate), made by Upjohn.

Depo-Provera's active ingredient was the primary one in Upjohn's oral contraceptive Provest, which was banned by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in 1970 after beagles given the pills developed breast cancer. It was also said to "present the risk of permanent infertility.

Despite these findings, the FDA approved the drug for "limited prescription use" last October "to meet the demonstratable need" of a small portion of women who "cannot reliably use other forms of contraception". This decision virtually sanctioned the use of poor women as guinea pigs.

## WORKERS

### FARAH LOSES

### ITS PANTS

New York (LNS)- Union recognition was won for 2000 striking workers ( mostly chicano women) after a 9 month strike/boycott against the Farah Pant company. Farah, the largest maker of men's and boy's pants in the US, was faced with dropping stock prices ( from \$30 a share to \$3 a share ), falling profits ( from profit of 6 million in 1971 to a loss of 8 million ) and pressure from the National Labor Relations Board and many businessmen.

Washington(LNS) -"We refuse to lend aid and comfort to a government which has declared war on British coal miners," declared Harry Patrick, Secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America (UMW) in a Feb. 15 statement. Referring to the nationwide strike of British coal miners, Patrick continued, "We would never knowingly mine coal to break a strike and we sincerely and respectfully request our brothers on the docks of England not to unload any American Coal shipped for that purpose.

"We believe that coal from a number of American mines is finding its way to England," continued Patrick. "We have no direct control over American coal once it leaves the mines. But we stand shoulder-to-shoulder with brother miners in England and we regard any attempt to break their strike as a direct attack on us."

Baltimore, Md.(LNS)- Towards the end of last year, librarians in Baltimore County received a startling memo. In one week's time, all libraries were to become draft registration centers and all adult librarians were to be sworn in by the Selective Service as registrars.

The Selective Service had closed down three of its centers in the area so that there were only three left in the Baltimore metropolitan area. Instead, the government decided to use libraries.

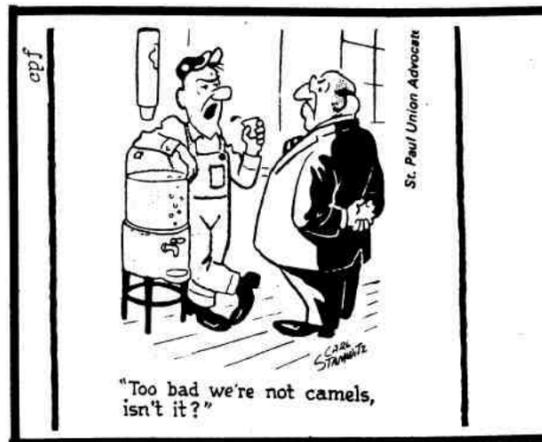
Complaints went into the union grievance committee and many librarians refused to do it. A hearing was held by the city library system, and so far, the government has made no attempt to implement the procedures.

London,(LNS) - A warning has been sent to British dock workers to watch out for the Chilean frigate Almirante Williams, which left Rosyth naval dockyard in Scotland Feb. 2 after dock workers there refused to service it.

The Almirante Williams, built in a Scottish shipyard, had just finished it's sea trial and had docked at Rosyth to load up with small arms, shells, and other ammunition and supplies before sailing for Chile.

However, the dockers, members of the transport and General Workers Union, decided not to handle the vessel because "it would be used by the military junta against our fellow-workers in Chile."

The action of the dock workers not only prevented arms from going on board, but also water and other supplies essential to the ship. To prevent the ship from docking elsewhere in Britain, local union officials are contacting all union districts to ensure that no port in Britain handles the vessel.



Paris(People's News Service/LNS)- Farmers in several regions of France organized direct sales of meat, apples and other produce in early Feb. in protest of the French government's attempts to use them as the scapegoat for the rising cost of food.

Reporting the sales, the French daily paper Liberation said the producers were selling beef for approximately \$3 a kilo (a kilo is a little over 2 pounds) compared with the store price of \$5-7 a kilo.



# BLACKS

## COURT CANS CAIRO

Cairo, Ill.(LNS)- In a 6-3 decision on Jan. 15 the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear a class action suit brought by 19 black and white residents of Cairo. Seeking an injunction against racist judicial and police practices there. The southern Ill. town of 6,200 has thirty-eight percent blacks. According to the arguments presented, two Alexander county judges, Michael O'Shea and Dorothy Spomer, habitually set bail bonds higher, imposed longer sentences and harsher penalties on blacks than whites.

Atlanta, Ga.(LNS)- Three hundred sixty black workers were recently awarded over 2 million dollars after a five-year battle against the Georgia Power Company (GPC). The suit was first brought by several black Atlantans in 1968. They charged that G.P.C. practiced racial discrimination in hiring and promotions by the use of unfair aptitude and placement tests, and unnecessary degree requirements.

The G.P.C. is a subsidiary of the Southern Company which is a monopoly controlling most of the major southern energy companies. Known for its anti-union and discriminatory policies, the Southern Company is also responsible for much of the strip mining which has laid waste to much of Appalachia.

Durban, S.Africa(LNS)-Nearly 10,000 black textile workers went on strike here for a week in late January to protest a law that forbids black workers to form any trade union. This law subjects the black workers to harrassment from management poor working conditions, and low wages. In the aftermath, three young white trade union activists were served with five-year "banning" orders. "Banning" is a form of house arrest that eliminates contact with anyone outside of a person's immediate family. The workers were given small wage increases after the strike, but they still do not make enough to qualify for the Unemployment Insurance Fund.

Lusaka, Zambia (LNS) - The Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) recently reported that Rhodesian soldiers, disguised as ZANLA guerrillas, are conducting a terror campaign against rural Africans. ZANU is a national liberation front with ZANLM as its military arm, which is fighting to overthrow Ian Smith's white minority regime. Zimbabwe is the proper African name for Rhodesia.

According to Zimbabwe News, ZANU's official paper, members of the Rhodesia African Rifles and Security Services, a special branch of the Rhodesian army, disguised as guerrillas, have been going to peasants and demanding food and assistance at gun point. After the peasants give it to them, the soldiers shoot them down in cold blood.

Botswana, Africa (Peking Review) About 1000 mourners including many government officials and diplomats turned out for the funeral of Abraham Tiro a leader of a black South African students organization killed by a parcel bomb sent by "South African Murder Squads". Tiro was expelled from the University of the North of South Africa in 1972 and was compelled last Sept. to live in exile in Botswana for his opposition to the racist "Bantu education system". This seems to be the first in a series of racist attacks on black activists, for eight days after Tiro's funeral, another bomb exploded at the Liberation Center in Lusaka, ZAMBIA, killing a deputy representative of the African National Congress of South Africa.



PRIVATE Billy Dean Smith is BLACK, was ACCUSED without evidence of killing 2 WHITE OFFICERS, spent 2 years in solitary.  
LIEUTENANT William Calley is WHITE, was CONVICTED of killing 22 VIETNAMESE, spends his days in a 4-room apartment with full visitation rights + privileges.

Crailsheim, W. Germany (LNS)- An army PFC was charged that his battery commander was permitted to remain on duty, in violation of army regulations, after a urinalysis indicated barbiturate use. The battery commander, Capt. Leighton L. Duitsman is in charge of a Field Artillery Company at the nuclear base in West Germany, and was on duty during the nuclear alert in late 1973.

PFC Warren F. Habr, a medic with the unit, charged that personnel from the Lt. Colonel in charge on down may have been involved in the cover up which included the removal of the August test result record from its normal storage place.

Colorado Springs, Colo.(LNS)-A black airman stationed at Ent Air Force base in Colorado Springs is being courtmartialed after he tried to bring charges against six members of the security police unit for racist treatment. On two occasions five months apart, Airman First Class Charles Beaman was verbally abused and physically assaulted by security policemen who pulled his vehicle over to the side of the road. On the second occasion he was beaten and thrown in a van without being told why he was pulled over. He was beaten at police headquarters, released, and told to forget about the incident. He pressed charges against the policemen, but the charges were ignored and he was court-martialed. There are no black security policemen on patrol, they are only given office work.

New York (LNS)- The ABC television network cancelled a Dick Cavett show featuring former Chicago defendants Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis charging that it violated the "fairness doctrine". A spokesman for ABC said that the show contained "discussions of controversial issues...which ABC feels should be balanced on the same program by opposing views. The FCC commissioner has in a letter to Cavett explained that there is no FCC regulation "which insists on so-called fairness in a single program". No such "fairness doctrine" was imposed when Vice President Gerald Ford and Senator Barry Goldwater appeared on Cavett's show.

New York (LNS)- Teamster president Frank E. Fitzsimmons recently sent a two page letter to all Teamsters exhorting them to rally around Richard Nixon and resist critics who are "impeding the full exercise of Presidential leadership."

Most of the letter--which began with the salutation "To All Affiliates, Dear Sir and Brother"--sounded as though it was drafted by White House speechwriters. But the ending was a bit strange for a letter meant to be read by union members.

Wrote Fitzsimmons, "At this point in our nation's history, we, as leaders of business and industry, cannot stand idly by while our country is being pushed toward a tragic crisis.



## NIXON NEWS

Lexington, Mass.(Wall Street Journal) The town meeting in Lexington, Mass. votes April 1 on a resolution declaring that Nixon's presence in Lexington "would diminish the historic values and demean the high ideals" of the town's bicentennial celebration in 1975-76.

Washington (Wall Street Journal)- "Nixon Pennies", commercially minted coins selling for as much as a one dollar have become hot souvenir items. They are a fraction of the regular size, and billed as "getting smaller, smaller...".

# Watergating Against the SWP

"The purpose of this program is to expose, disrupt, and otherwise neutralize the activities of the various New Left organizations, their leadership and adherents. It is imperative that the activities of these groups be followed on a continuous basis so we may take advantage of all opportunities for counterintelligence and also inspire action in instances where circumstances warrant. We must frustrate every effort of these groups and individuals to consolidate their forces or to recruit new or faithful adherents. In every instance, consideration should be given to disrupting the organized activity of these groups and no opportunity should be missed to capitalize upon organizational and personal conflicts of their leadership."

What is this? Is this from some right-wing nut group? Who wrote this?

As a matter of fact you could say it is from a right-wing nut group since J. Edgar Hoover wrote it and sent it to all his FBI offices back in 1968. But, on the other hand, the FBI couldn't be a right-wing nut group because that wouldn't fit in too well with all the bullshit they whipped on us back in elementary and secondary school; I pledge allegiance, Star Spangled Banner, Honest Abe the rail-splitter, etc.

The above quote is in no way fabricated by me or anyone else. It is part of a document that the Justice Department had to fork over in compliance with a request from an NBC newscaster in pursuance of the Freedom of Information Act of 1966 (a lofty name for empty legislation--NBC asked for the documents in 1971 and it took 26 months of court fighting to make the Justice Department--ha--comply with the law.)

Before I get carried away damning the whole capitalist system, I'd better get to the real subject of this piece. And that is government persecution of the Socialist Workers Party (SWP). Along with that '68 FBI document was an order dated April 28, 1971, which terminated the '68 program--except in "exceptional instances." One of the phases of this program was the "Socialist Workers Party--Disruption Program." In other words, the FBI had a specific disruption program operating against a legal political party from at least '68 to '71--the height of the anti-war movement. The SWP claims that the FBI is still leaning on them. Remember, the FBI's gestapo disruption program was not ended if the circumstances were "exceptional" and there is ample evidence that the government gets paranoid whenever they think about the SWP. For years now we have tried to tell people about this very thing going on. What? The good ol' U.S. of A. a police state? No. Well, they didn't believe us--maybe they will believe the FBI.

The SWP has instituted a \$27.5 million suit against various past and present government officials and their accomplices (Nixon, Dean, Haldeman, Mitchell, etc.) for disruption of campaign activities, intimidation, and harassment. The suit appears to be shaping up as a major confrontation between the "government" and those who choose to disagree with the government. Leonard Boudin, who defended Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon Papers case is the SWP's lawyer. The suit has been endorsed by Ellsberg, Dr. Spock, Ramsey Clark, the Berrigan brothers, Dick Gregory, members of Congress, labor unions, student governments, the ACLU, and many more. The capitalist news media is largely blacking out news of this suit.

Back in March, 1948, the Attorney General made a list of "communist or subversive" organizations. The SWP had the honor of making this list. The suit charges that "agents and others systematically subject them to a variety of handicaps." This is substantiated by years of seemingly irrelevant FBI and police interrogations of SWP member's landlords, employers, and even parents.

The suit also alleges government tampering with SWP mail. The FBI has already admitted this. Last spring, Lori Paton, a New Jersey high school student, wrote to the SWP for information on socialism for a school project. Several weeks later an FBI agent interviewed the principal of her school concerning her letter. Lori Paton is suing the government for \$65,000. In a pre-trial deposition the FBI admitted that it maintains surveillance on SWP mail and also revealed that Ms. Paton now has a file in the FBI building.



Recently, at the Chicago 7 contempt hearings former government undercover agent John O'Brien testified that the 113th Military Intelligence Group spied on the Chicago 7 defense and also received information on "subversive" groups from a reactionary group of sickies called the Legion of Justice. The connection here is that the Legion of Justice staged an armed attack on SWP headquarters in Chicago at the time of the Chicago 7 trial. This whole business is made suspicious by the fact that two weeks before the attack on the SWP, G. Gordon Liddy, convicted Watergate burglar and member of the White House "plumber", visited the 113th Military Intelligence Group, according to O'Brien.

At this time, in the fall of '69, red-baiting and anti-radical hysteria were at a fever pitch. The Weatherpeople staged the Days of Rage demonstrations in early October. Liddy's visit to Chicago was at about the same time or slightly later. This doesn't prove anything, but the following events took place after Liddy's trip to Chicago: November 1 - SWP attacked the Legion of Justice; November 15--stolen SWP documents displayed in public; several Legionnaires arrested; December 4--Fred Hampton and Mark Clark murdered by Chicago police in the infamous Black Panther raid; December 4 -- SWP headquarters invaded by 30 gun wielding cops, building searched and cops left; December 6 -- apartment of several members of the Young Socialist Alliance raided by 10 Legion freaks armed with clubs, mace, and tire irons; December 9 -- Legion of Justice puts death threat on door of SWP activist Richard Hill.

To add to this O'Brien testified that he met regularly with Sergeant Joseph Grubisic of the Chicago Police Department "red squad" in order to share intelligence on the Chicago 7 defense. In response to O'Brien's revelations the Pentagon acknowledged last November that the 113th Military Intelligence Group did indeed spy on the Chicago defendants, adding the more fantastic revelation that, "They were following instructions of the President to support civilian authorities in collecting information..."

All of this concerning Chicago does not prove anything as yet, but it does seem to indicate possible links between the Pentagon, the Chicago police, the Legion of Justice, and the White House in conspiracy against the SWP and others who did not support the government railroad-ing of the Chicago 7. During the trial of the SWP suit the power of subpoena will be used to good advantage to shed light on this question of government conspiracy.

The SWP has had other campaign offices attacked, bombed, or burned in recent years besides the Chicago headquarters. Two examples: their Southern California office which was attacked by a dozen men armed with machine guns in May, 1970; and their Houston office which was bombed in March, 1970.

In February of 1972 a telephone repairman discovered the home phone of James P. Cannon was bugged. Cannon is on the SWP National Committee and once ran for president. Who did it? It seems doubtful that the Democrats, and the Republicans consider the SWP much of an electoral threat.

Officials of the SWP have sometimes had their homes burglarized--or rather party papers that were on the premises. The suit seeks damages in two instances of apparently political burglary. William Turner, an ex-FBI agent, has made public his former activities as a "black bag man" (burglar) for the FBI. It makes interesting reading--refer to the Los Angeles Times, August 25, '73.

In order to build support for the SWP suit against government Watergating, the Political Rights Defense Fund (PRDF) has been established. As always when people decide to fight the government, funds are needed. The PRDF could use funds especially desperately at the present time since on December 3, the New York national office was destroyed by a bomb. Three people were injured and equipment loss was in the thousands of dollars. The address is:

Political Rights Defense Fund  
Box 649, Cooper Station  
N.Y., N. Y. 10003

So far the SWP suit has strong evidence in the FBI documents, and the revelations concerning mail surveillance. More documents will be demanded under the Freedom of Information Act, but whether it will take two years to get them is another question. Nixon may be forced to undergo the indignity of submitting a deposition denying (of course) his role in approving the 1970 domestic spy plan (parts of this illegal government program have been made public by the Watergate Committee).

The Socialist Workers Party intends to press this suit to the very end. The Democrats had a Watergate suit against CREEP, but they settled out of court for a few million. This was probably a case of a mutually beneficial solution since a court case would have revealed the moral bankruptcy of both capitalist parties. The SWP suit should bring some interesting revelations about "freedom" and "democracy" in Amerika.

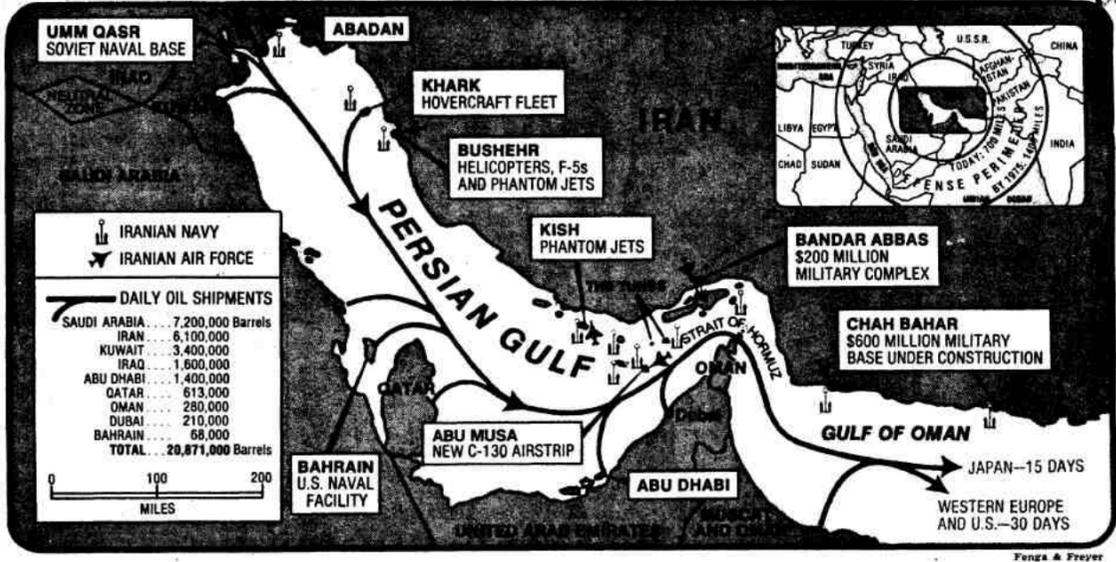
# MILITARY BUILDUP IN IRAN

Stockholm (Dagens Nyheter, Swedish Daily) -- The growth in military stockpiles in Iran during the last two years is proportionately the largest in the world outside of South Vietnam.

Last year, the dictatorship under the control of the Shah of Iran used \$3 million of its income from vast oil deposits to purchase arms; this year and next Iran is expected to spend more money on military hardware than it has in the last 15 years combined.

The Shah, who has ruled Iran with an iron (bloody) hand the last 32 years, bought the following weapons, mainly from the U.S. and England, last year:

- 108 F-4 Phantom Jet-Bombers (added to the 72 Iran already had)
- 100 Northrop F-5E Jet-Fighters
- 10 Flying tankers which can refuel a Phantom in the air and thus extend its range to 1500 miles
- 700 Helicopters
- 800 British Chieftain Tanks
- 8 Destroyers, 4 Frigates, 12 High-Speed Gun-Boats



Several weeks ago the Shah signed a contract with another British company for delivery of anti-aircraft missiles capable of striking low flying supersonic aircraft. The missiles are said to have a 100% accuracy. Within the next few months Iran will also buy from the U.S. more than 200 ultra-modern jet fighters of various categories.

The military goal of all these purchases, besides putting down any popular resistance to the Shah's dictatorial regime, is to control the Persian Gulf. Three-fifths of the world's known oil reserves lie in this area. Recent fighting on the Iraqi border and the dispatching of over 30,000 Iranian troops to help the reactionary Sultan of Oman to fight against the liberation forces in that country's province of Dhofar, are proof of Iran's desire to use these weapons to safeguard not only its own position, but that reac-

tion throughout the area.

In keeping with the Shah's recent pronouncements about the "undesirability of upsetting" the economics of the capitalist nations because of the oil boycott and increased prices, a high official in the Iranian armed forces, Admiral Kamal Habibalahi, explained the reasons behind his country's feverish militarization: "We have a heavy responsibility... not only must we defend our own interests, but we have the task of defending the free world itself..."

-People's Translation Service



TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALL FOLKS!  
(CHUCKLE)

**POST AMERIKAN**  
VOL. II NO. 6 (LAST)

Post-Amerikan  
1972-1974  
dead from neglect  
R.I.P.

INSIDE: NOTHING, ZERO, ZILCH, DOODLEY-SQUAT

HMPH!  
HEH! HEH!  
NIHILUM!



A number of times the Post has printed ads for help depicting the the end of the paper. As you can't help notice this is another of those cleverly tragic cartoons - except for one small detail: we mean it. Through all of the other crises the good ol' Post has always pulled through, even though we've had to come out every four weeks instead of every three and though we've had to raise the price.

Now, however, the paper faces a problem that not all the time nor money in Nixon's Mexican Bank Accounts can solve. We simply don't have enough people. Many of the people who have committed a lot of time and energy to the paper are leaving, many more are planning to leave, and some even have to leave. Without a staff there will be no more Post-Amerikan.

!!!  
**H  
E  
L  
P**

To a lot of crooked businesspeople and phoney politicians in the Bloomington-Normal area this will be joyous news. We hope that to some of you out there that the dissolving of this will be saddening.

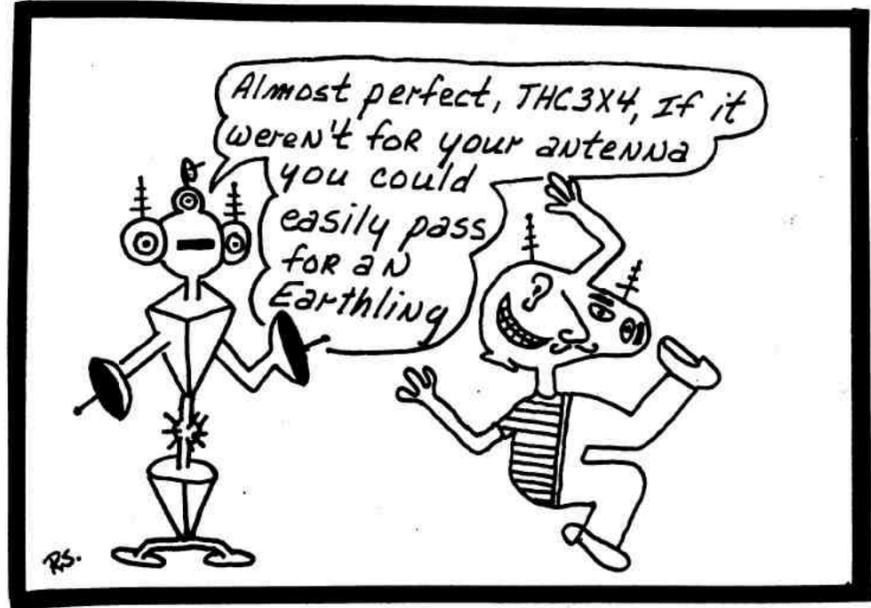
**BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN!**

We need more help from community members and students to not only prevent the demise of the Post, but to improve the overall quality of the paper and expand coverage. We feel we serve a useful purpose: to print the news that other newspapers won't print because of outside financial, political, and social pressure. If you believe as we do, that Bloomington-Normal needs the Post-Amerikan, please try to attend one of our meetings listed on page 2. It doesn't take a lot of complicated training to work on the Post, just the urge to help, and anyone that wants to, can.

# LETTERS

I am a woman who recently obtained a divorce from Judge Campbell, and my experiences in his court support many things reported by the Post (Judge Campbell's Rulings on Divorce Criticized, March 1974). People do have to lie to get divorces; the Judge does not like mental cruelty as grounds for divorce. He also seems to enjoy harrasing lawyers, no matter what their age. I also believe that his procedures are expensive, for both the taxpayers in general and the couple trying to obtain a divorce in particular.

My husband was not contesting the divorce; we have no children and there was no property or alimony involved. We were using the grounds of mental cruelty. During my first court appearance, I spent two hours sitting in court while my lawyer and my husband's lawyer were in the Judge's chambers. According to my lawyer, Campbell shouted at them, called them fools, and accused them of trying to circumvent the law. He told them that if the State of Illinois wanted people to be able to get divorced just because both parties wanted to be free, then the State would have that kind of law. Since it does not, he intends to make divorces difficult to come by. He warned them that he did not intend to grant the divorce, and suggested that my lawyer rewrite the complaint. We returned to court a month later (no earlier dates were available on his crowded calendar) with the same complaint in different words, and the divorce was granted. That second trip to court cost me an extra \$15 in filing fees, to say nothing of a good deal more of my time. On my second appearance, the Judge was behind schedule by about an hour --time he spent yelling at someone else's lawyer, no doubt. Campbell is notorious for being behind schedule; I overheard one lawyer remark that he intended to stop handling divorce cases since they didn't pay; he wasted too much time waiting around for his cases to be heard. Our courts are crowded to overflowing already; this man is making things worse.



My other complaint about the whole experience in Campbell's court has to do with a fairly intangible thing, but I feel it is very important. Campbell's manner is superior, supercilious and hostile. The people who appear in his court are in a state of emotional turmoil already, most of the time, and his manner makes the whole experience more unpleasant than it needs to be. He seems to enjoy his power; often when I was on the stand in my court appearance, he would ask me to repeat something I had already said, two or three times, and then smile at me in a smug sort of way. A story which my lawyer told me will illustrate further his attitudes toward people in his jurisdiction. A woman was being beaten by her husband filed for divorce on grounds of physical cruelty. In court, Campbell extracted from her the information that she had struck her husband in self-defense. Campbell then took the case "under advisement" --sat on it --for EIGHT weeks, during which time the man continued to beat his wife. Then Campbell denied the divorce because of an obscure law which says that if both parties are guilty of the same offence, then it cannot be used as grounds for divorce. According to my lawyer, this law is very rarely used.

To sum it up, getting a divorce from Campbell is at best time-consuming, expensive, and frustrating. It is an exercise in powerlessness; for women, in particular, the sensation that one's life is being controlled and toyed with by one man is overwhelming.

I am requesting that my name be withheld, not for myself but for my lawyer's sake; I don't want him to catch any more crap from Campbell that he already has. But if anyone filing for divorce in McLean County would like to know more about what to expect in Campbell's court, she or he can contact me through the Post office, and I'd be glad to talk to her or him.



Hi to subscriber  
EDWARD RUST!!

## Ladies' Night!

AT

Medusa's Book World

109 W. FRONT  
BLOOMINGTON

You Must  
Be 18 or  
Over

Wed. March 27--6 to 9 p.m.

**NO MEN**  
**ALLOWED**

50% Off All  
Novelties

A Complete Line of Novels and Novelties

# Typical Day in Court...

I find myself astonished that this is a place, and the only place I've found, where injustice can be passed off on people, and people are expected to tolerate such action labeled justice. The incident subject to questioning is how a person can be charged and convicted for having invalid registration on a vehicle that isn't even his.

The vehicle which I was considering buying was left with me by the owner and that upon my receiving 4 snow tires and another battery, I would pay him \$50.00. The owner left abruptly for an out of state school, and I never heard from him or anyone in regard to the car until I was cited by a Normal policeman for violation of two identical charges of invalid registration (sections 3-703, 3-401). I told officer Fenton that the transaction wasn't complete, and I was waiting for further word from the owner.

When appearing for the bench trial at the county courthouse, I was approached by the assistant states attorney who asked me what I wanted to do with the tickets, and I told him I felt I wasn't guilty of committing any type of criminal offense and that I preferred to take them to court. He then replied to me that he was going to have charges brought against me for possession of an illegal title. The title which I had never examined had been signed by the owner and notarized by a notary public and was signed to noone. Needless to say, I felt this in context to be a threat and when brought to the attention of the court, the act was denied. The only evidence presented to the court was the

license plates that were on the auto and a report from a state department which was requested by the N.P.D. stating that the vehicle was owned by the person who had moved. This report I thought was enough to signify that I wasn't the owner. Because I couldn't submit any evidence to prove myself not guilty, due to the owners present location being unknown, I was found guilty of both identical charges and fined \$100 plus court cost. When asked

if I could pay the fines, I informed the judge that all the income I received was a check from the government for the G.I. bill of \$316 monthly. The court ruled very graciously to allow me 16 days to find some possible way to do so. Is this process societies way of making us all meek and humble citizens. Either this form of justice needs considerable revision or we all need to take crash courses in law so at least we can understand how we're being screwed.

**SHADLEY'S** Be've it... **OR ELSE!!**

**THE FIVE CENT WONDER!**

Bought ON A FAKE I.D.  
AT THE LION —  
A  
NICKEL BEER

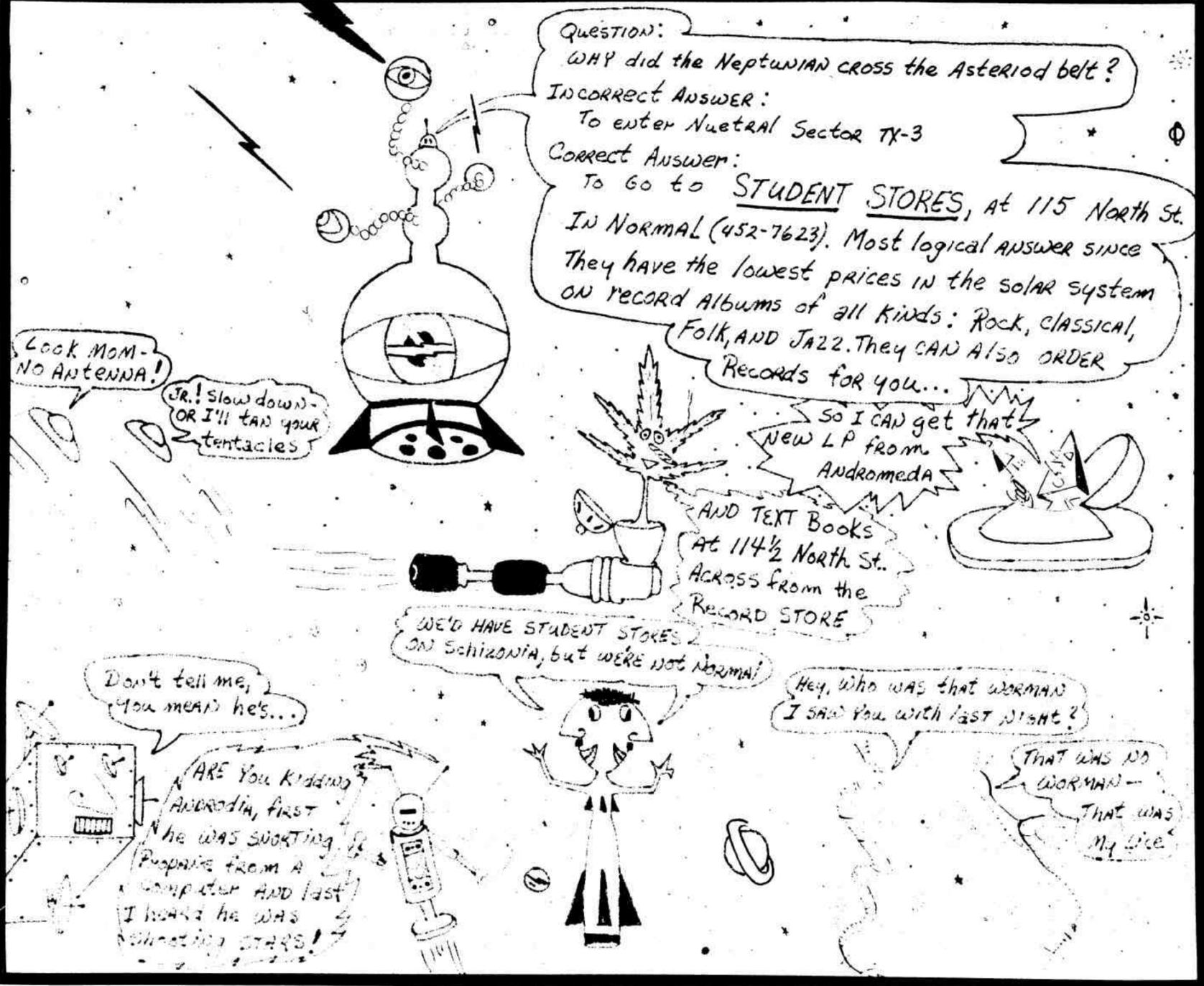


**THAT WAS NOT WATERED DOWN!!**

**GOOD NUMBERS**

- Planned Parenthood... 829-3028
- People's Food..... 452-9221
- POST-AMERIKAN..... 452-9221
- Women's Center
- Susy..... 436-7060
- Barb..... 829-5639
- Student Stores..... 452-2412
- PATH..... 452-4422
- Food Stamps..... 829-9436

- Black Arts Festival.. 438-5687
- CSA..... 828-9148
- Gay People's Alliance.. 438-3411
- Free Dental Clinic.... 829-4807  
(Western Ave. Center)



**QUESTION:**  
WHY did the Neptunian cross the Asteriod belt?

**INCORRECT ANSWER:**  
To enter Nuetral Sector TX-3

**CORRECT ANSWER:**  
To go to **STUDENT STORES**, at 115 North St. IN NORMAL (452-7623). Most logical ANSWER SINCE They have the lowest prices in the solar system ON RECORD ALBUMS of all kinds: Rock, CLASSICAL, Folk, AND JAZZ. They CAN ALSO ORDER Records for you...

Look MOM- NO ANTENNA!

CR! Slow down- OR I'll TAN your tentacles

SO I CAN get that NEW LP from ANDROMEDA

AND TEXT BOOKS At 114 1/2 North St. ACROSS from the RECORD STORE

WE'D HAVE STUDENT STORES ON SCHIZONIA, but we're NOT NORMAL!

HEY, who WAS that WORMAN I SAW you with last NIGHT?

THAT WAS NO WORMAN - THAT WAS MY WIFE

DON'T tell me, you mean he's...

ARE YOU KIDDING ANDRODIA, first he WAS SUCKING PROPANE from a COMPUTER AND last I HEARD he WAS SUCKING STARS!

## ALIVE, NERUDA, ALIVE

Ah, Pablo. Your name so common, as  
your love. Common. Complete. All-  
encompassing. Everything delighted  
you: a rock. a tree. a bird. a  
brown & wrinkled face. a pear. a  
plum. a belt-buckle. Sea-foam on  
your tongue. Your woman's smile...

Oh it was acid & swordblade, dew on  
a blossom a spiral nebula the hollow  
of a tree a leaping fish on fire, a  
god of stone the State. There was  
hate, there was love & blood but  
never an abstraction--everything was  
concrete, quivering in duplicity, in  
its tender pride & shame. Even the  
agony delighted you. It was all  
shining all beautiful...

Even the cunning crab of cancer (or  
was it junta bullet?) in your brain

--Wantling 74

Spotted off the Coast of Chile  
September 1973--

Can't you see them?

the boatloads of bodies  
(shot neatly  
the straight bullets zinging  
from the bottom of the chin  
through the top of the head  
so sweetly)  
bobbing on black waves  
under gray skies

Can't you see them?  
the top of the iceberg.

--James R. Scrimgeour  
Oct. 5, 1973



## FRESHMAN FELLINIS

Camera catching circumstances  
Canned celluloid cerebellum  
Rolling reel to reel rushes  
Flickering film fantasy festival  
Footage from freshmen Fellinis

## I HEARD

I heard about Jesus  
So loving and free  
He died on the cross  
To be Consciousness III

--Russell Shadley

## Liberal Art Student Desperation:

sitting surrounded  
by a slew of sideburn men  
and eyeshadow ladies  
all carrying intermediate  
accounting texts.

--Harold Burgundy



Notes of a non-reader after reading an article  
in Rolling Stone reporting Dylan walking the  
palace lawn with Georgia's pro-Israeli govern-  
or Carter.

Dylan: Master of War/ Bitter Suite

## Comment:

So little man  
with an electric fan hand,  
waving the crowds/ crowding the waves,  
plucking your ruby pontiff prick  
and planting kerosene in the gardens of brick.  
You've approached your passover plan presidentially,  
angel of volt,  
fucking fingers finding nice warm million dol-  
lar noses,  
writing cancelled checks to your rease-  
less moses  
and vibrating nerves at nine-fifty a flashback  
pretending to cream the promised land  
between sheets of music and masturbation  
music and mutation.

Butthole biter/ businessman rider  
you couldn't be tighter,  
grabbing the governor's gonorrhea  
to furnish your own disease.  
Walking the palace greenery  
in search of new machinery  
to assemble what you please  
and eating fresh lettuce at your ease.  
Why don't you walk with Caesar Chavez  
but you can't stand in the way of trees.  
I suppose you would rather walk the seas,  
it's less effort.

You einstein conscribed as robin hood;  
thief of fetishes and fossil minds  
fencing the forests  
and draining the working classes  
thru your pipeline of polyvinyl  
for the extension of Gulf and Western.  
Drooling the dialectic of diplomacy,  
licking the stamps for Nixon's welfare checks  
to Golda Meir and her cave of  
barbaric prayer.  
And kneeling defenseless to your fare  
the millions snorting poetic purities  
and smoking underware.

Your temple sportatorium,  
reviving the football queen in linoleum,  
--A married man and working for petroleum  
hustling at the backdoor of delerium.  
You could have sung White Christmas  
only to prove in profit;  
He who drains is desperate  
He who gives is stolen.

Petered out and seething blood oil,  
surreal symolist serenade the steak n shake  
and sweet cock the presidents cake,  
eating the candles and licking the bake.  
Climbing the White House gate  
scratching at the asphalt's fate  
and bragging and complaining;  
"I've finally found a mate!"

The Jordan river drips dormant from your  
bloody penis.  
Why don't you torpedo the Nile  
and write a song about the rain on venus.  
The forever Nile,--  
needing no literature - no thought pile.  
No stencils emerge from its solitude,  
just a long liquid historic smile.  
Drink, you're a cow  
your pasteurs are coca-cola and Dow  
and there's something happening here  
but you don't know what it is,  
do you Mr. Sow.

## Anti-comment.:

While you are sublimating you schizoid veg-  
etable belt purity  
by making money from living the metaphoric  
contradictions,  
many only listened  
some have only heard,  
many have eaten  
many are still hungry.

We are not valid vagabounds,  
we will kill for our foods.  
Would you donate your children to war,  
or have them knock knock knocking on heavens  
door.

--wog



**Fantastic Planet**

The state of filmgoing --never very high in Bloomingtonnormalburg --has declined considerably in the past year. Pure nothings like Jeremiah Johnson are shown interminably, then reshown at increased prices; a reasonably decent film (American Grafitti) gets shown to death; bad cop movies abound. The movie watcher, waiting for something new, gets Streisand and Redford repeated like a bad pizza.

And then --when theatres get something good --they slight it so it hasn't got a chance.

Take the advertizing for a movie entitled Fantastic Planet. Winner of the Grand Prix at Cannes, it was designed by the same creative forces that made Yellow Submarine. Easily the most adult animated cartoon ever shown in the area (surpassing such self-conscious works like Heavy Traffic) the film was never given a chance.

In all the newspaper ads Eastland Cinema put out about the movie, nary was there a mention of the film's creators, its awards, or even the fact that it's an animated cartoon! From the title alone, one might assume it to be another C-film science-fiction of the type we got deluged with in the fifties.

(Occasionally the ads would read "Roger Corman presents:" but this is no real help either. Corman, responsible in recent times for producing Cries and Whispers and the English translation of this movie, is responsible for a great many of those fifties films --it's where he got his start.) Some of our local theatre managers, let it be said, are downright incompetent.

Fantastic Planet is one of the most imaginatively visualized films in years!

Created in collaboration at Jiri Trnka's studios between Czechoslovakian and French artists, the film is a tour de force of alien landscapes and creations. In recent years, greater appreciation for artistic possibilities in science-fiction and in comics has existed in France than in our country. (Barbarella --the book, not the film is an early example of this.) Fantastic Planet shows us what can be done.

Using a simple plot (survivors from earth after the holocaust are kept as pets on an alien planet of giants; some have escaped and live in savagery; eventually these savage terrans become a force to reckon with,) the film's creators depict a bizarre environment with straightforwardness, hence believability. Panoramic illustrations of a land of strange mechanically and organically moving roads and stranger animals abound.

Occasionally (as in Yellow Submarine) the animation is too stiff for one raised on early Disney slick. Single shots are sometimes held too long, for instance, when a new effect is being shown. Yet compared with all else being done today (including Disney studio productions) the film is unsurpassed.

My only regret is that not enough people had the chance to know what they missed. Fantastic Planet came and went in a week with none of the fanfare it deserved. The movie isn't the animated "ultimate experience," but then neither is Fantasia (though it claimed to be.) It is worth more effort than the theatre expended for it.

I only wish the decision-makers responsible for so much film travesty go to a hell when they die that consists of endless re-showings of Deranged. That'll show them.

--BS74

HO

Patriot, prisoner, poet  
Freedom fighter  
He who enlightens  
Makes the star brighter  
\* \* \* --R.S.

**ENERGY CRISIS**

An owner of many large cars  
Found filling his gas tanks quite hard  
Till he ate a pound of beans  
Then siphoned his jeans  
And now he can go to the stars  
\* \* \* --R.S.

There was a ghost in my soup  
The other day, and I didn't think  
Anything of it 'til I was down  
By the ocean churning butter,  
watching the seagulls,  
And really feeling quite right  
About the whole idea.  
Don't knock it 'til you've tried it,  
Or close your head 'cause you don't  
Understand it,  
Because a drain must remain  
Open or it shall become flooded.  
Farmers expect so much  
And are so disillusioned at market.  
You have expectations too,  
Or you wouldn't be so puzzled  
By my frazzled appearance  
Here in the House of the Lord  
\* \* \* Amen.

F.E.D.

**WANT ADS**

**WANTED**-- Aluminum canoe,  
plus trailer for hauling,  
(either horse trailer or  
utility trailer.)  
Call 663-1183 or 828-0563,  
Ask for Fred.

Egypt (Guardian)-David  
Rockefeller, chairman of the  
Chase Manhattan Bank recently  
concluded a deal with Egyptian  
President Sadat to loan 80  
million dollars toward the con-  
struction of a pipeline along  
the Suez Canal. Rockefeller  
also recieved permission to open  
a representative office of Chase  
Manhattan in Cairo..

# BOOK WIVE

103 W. FRONT  
BLOOMINGTON



COIN &  
STAMP  
SUPPLIES



5 AM-6 PM  
MON-SAT  
5AM-12:30 PM  
SUN.

NEWSPAPERS  
&  
MAGAZINES



COMICS



GREETING  
CARDS



ADULT  
NOVELTIES  
&  
PAPERBACKS

828-3422



## Highwoods STRINGBAND

### HIGHWOODS STRING BAND

Mac Benford	banjo
Jenny Cleland	bass
Doug Dorschug	guitar
Walt Koken	fiddle
Bob Potts	fiddle

Highwoods String Band plays the old ballads and dance tunes which have flourished in the Southern highlands for hundreds of years, many of which were brought over by emigrants from the British Isles. They also play many of the songs which were popular in that region in the '20s and '30s. It's real exciting to see these people perform - they're likely the very best band currently playing this type of music. They've won numerous prizes at fiddlers' conventions throughout the South, done recent concerts in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., and picked up rave reviews and standing ovations for performances at the Smithsonian Institution, Philadelphia, and National Folk Festivals. Currently on the road as part of the Smithsonian Institution's touring performances program; they'll play in the ISU new Union on Friday March 22, 8:00 pm. The show is free & brought to you by New Friends of Old Time Music & by the ISU student body.

Free doesn't mean worse - or it doesn't have to. Sure, there's always going to be a big crowd of people willing to fork over \$5.00 or \$10.00 to see the latest "heavy" act. There has been and always will be the over-hyped type of crap which you can pay to see as readily as you can get it over radio or the tube. But in contemporary corporate Amerika, most of what you get over the air is money making music sandwiched in between ads - lowest common denominator. We're tryin for equal time - as it were - for the many different kinds of grass roots music that continue to be generated down home. Check out H.S.B. or any of the other shows listed and see if you don't agree that free don't mean worse.

### F - U - T - U - R - E S - H - O - W - S

March 22	HIGHWOODS STRING BAND
March 29	LEON REDBONE "Bob Dylan in disguise"
April 7(Sun)	BOYS OF THE LOUGH Special <u>Sunday</u> show. If you miss all the others, be sure to <u>see this show</u> .
April 19	To be announced.
April 26	To be announced
May 3	MIGHTY JOE YOUNG BLUES BAND Legendary Chicago blues band. End semester.

New Friends of Old Time Music is an ISU student organization which attempts to present the spectrum of people's music, thru free shows, in the new union, Friday evenings at 8:00 pm during the regular school sessions. Y'all come!

3/8/74MM