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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

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5-1974

### Volume 3, Number 2

Post Amerikan

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#### Recommended Citation

Post Amerikan, "Volume 3, Number 2" (1974). *The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)*. 29.  
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**-Prisoners Write About County Jail**  
**-City Treasurer Breaks Law**

Bloomington Normal

15¢

# POST AMERIKAN

MAY 1974

Vol. 3 No. 2

## THIRD WORLD REVOLT IMMINENT



**Kissinger & Scali Meet  
at Special U.N. Conference...**

**U.S. Threats Behind the  
"Cooperation" Rhetoric**

See Story Page 21



**Economic  
Self-determination,  
NOT  
U.S. Dominance**



**Inside: Township Meetings**

High School Madness

How G.M. Aided Hitler's Germany

BULK RATE  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
NORMAL, ILL.  
61761

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.

We promise to have a new Post rap written soon, however. (For those of you who feel obligated to read every furshlugginer word of every issue.)

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 propogendizing 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:

- May 15, Wednesday, 8 pm
- May 21, Tuesday, 5 pm
- May 24, Friday (deadline), 8 pm

These meetings are at the Post-Amerikan office, 108 Beaufort, 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 \$1.71 for twelve issues, \$3 for twenty, etc. Buy one for yourself and a friend.

You can make bread hawking the Post--7½¢ 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.



## Table of Contents

It has come to our attention that some of you readers out there have not been paying attention to the table of contents that we members of the Post staff work so hard to compile. In fact, to test this we had several hundred issues of the last Post printed without the table of contents we had struggled so hard to produce for that issue. We wanted to see if a random sampling of readers would even notice. As it was nobody wrote in to even say anything about it. Not even you! (In fact, I bet that your copy of the previous Post was one of the few without the contents page. Doesn't that make you feel like a toad?')

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(oops! didn't make it, catch it in the Tribune.)

- Town Meetings in Uproar! p. 4,5,6,7  
Bloomington  
Normal

plus Surprises!

### POST SELLERS

#### Bloomington

The Joint, 415 N. Main  
DA's Liquors, Oakland & Main  
Medusa's Book Store, 109 W. Front  
Illinois Wesleyan Union  
News Nook, 402½ N. Main  
Book Hive 103 W. Front  
Cake Box, 511 S. Denver  
Gaston's Barber Shop, 202½ N. Center

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  
Playback, Colonial Plaza

#### Normal

Lobby Shop, ISU Union  
Neuman Center, 501 S. Main  
Student Stores, 115 North  
Mother Murphy's, 111½ North  
Caboose Records, 101 North  
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  
Our office, 108 Beaufort

THIS NEW  
POST SURE HAS  
THE STUFF!



# We Moved

Crowded Post-Amerikan work sessions are over now; the paper has a new office with lotsa space.

So nobody should freak out if they find our old office empty. We're just down the street now, at 108 E. Beaufort. It's a storefront which will soon house an alternative book store, Student Stores' textbook office, a Peoples' Food office, and the Post-Amerikan.

Letters can still be sent to the old office, or to 108 E. Beaufort.

## 2nd OFFENSE:

# CITY TREASURER BREAKS ETHICS LAW AGAIN

For the second time in two years, Bloomington city treasurer Paul Krueger has failed to report certain bank stockholdings on his Statement of Economic Interests. Required by the Illinois Governmental Ethics Act, the Statement of Economic Interests is a form which certain public officials must file in the county clerk's office. Its purpose is to alert the public to situations involving possible conflict of interest.

Failing to honestly disclose holdings is punishable by a \$1,000 fine and up to a year in jail. However, since Paul Krueger lives on Bloomington's elite Country Club Place, and since Paul Welch is the State's Attorney, there is really no penalty at all for hiding bank stockholdings.

Last year the Post-Amerikan (see Vol. II #3) found that both Paul Krueger and city councilman S.S. "Joe" Schneider had failed to report bank stock on their Statement of Economic Interests.

Last year Krueger owned at least \$6,000 worth of Corn Belt Bank stock; Schneider owned at least \$10,000 worth of stock in the same bank.

According to the ethics law, both officials were required to disclose stockholdings of over \$5,000 in "any entity doing business with" the city. The Corn Belt Bank is a depository of city funds.

When asked last year why he was not prosecuting Krueger and Schneider, State's Attorney Paul Welch said that depositing money was not "doing business with" a bank, and the two officials were therefore not required to disclose their stockholdings. (See Post-Amerikan Vol II #7.)

A Post-Amerikan reporter last year telephoned George Lindberg, author of the Ethics Law, and asked him about the meaning of the phrase "do-

ing business with." Lindberg said Welch was wrong, and that of course depositing money in a bank was doing business with it.

When confronted again, Welch "agreed" to ask for an Attorney General's opinion on the law's meaning.

Several months later, a Post-Amerikan reporter telephoned the Attorney General's office to find out if the opinion had yet been issued. The Attorney General's office reported that Welch had not even requested an official opinion.

Contacted again, Welch said he was still working on this difficult question of law. That was months ago, and he is probably still "working" on it.

Meanwhile, almost a full year has gone by since Krueger and Schneider were caught. And now Krueger is a second offender. (Officials must file the Statement of Economic Interests every year.)

S.S. "Joe" Schneider, who last year was concealing his \$10,000 worth of Corn Belt Bank stock, is apparently no longer violating the ethics law.

Records in the County Recorder's Office show Schneider got rid of his stock. In two separate stock transfers last November and January, Schneider transferred his 100 shares of Corn Belt Bank stock to someone with a remarkably similar name. New owner of the stock is one Michele Sue Schneider, of 402 E. Chesnut.

Unless there exists an unusually short statute of limitations for white collar crimes, Schneider is still liable to prosecution for last year's violation of the Ethics Law.

But Schneider lives on Country Club Place, too.



PAUL KRUEGER



Councilman Schneider: broke the law last year; transferred the troubling stock this year.



State's Attorney Paul Welch: for the last year, he has refused to prosecute the above white-collar crooks.

## TO THE READERS:

Just since the Post's last issue, our circulation has declined by a stiff 150 copies. Why? Not because people don't want to buy the paper, but because they can't get it.

The Post's circulation has always depended on the good will of merchants who consented to sell the Post. Since we cannot get hawkers anymore, we depend almost totally on these business people.

Last month, Pier I at Colonial Plaza changed management. The new manager doesn't like the Post-Amerikan, so we can no longer sell

our 50 copies an issue there.

Also Minstrel Record Parlor changed hands. Maury, the former owner, used to buy 100 copies and give them away to customers. The new manager won't even sell the Post.

We are trying to build a more stable circulation by dealing directly with our readers. You don't save much by subscribing, but you help us.

Next month the store you buy the Post-Amerikan in may decide to sell it no longer. Or if you buy the paper in a vending machine, the property owner may decide to kick

us out.

During the Post-Amerikan's lifetime, at least 20 businesses have sold the paper for a while, and then quit. At least 30 more businesses have always refused to sell the paper.

But if you subscribe, the U.S. Post Office is not likely to refuse to mail the Post-Amerikan. And we can guarantee mailing within 24 hours after printing.

So send in \$1.75 to 108 Beaufort St, in Normal, and we'll send you the next 12 issues. Thank you.

# TOWNSHIP MEETINGS

## BLOOMINGTON

### Background

As you may remember from last year's episode, folks, Bloomington's annual "township meeting" had been almost overcome with a spirit of democracy...until more powerful heads could prevail and suppress it.

This year's meeting, with even a greater number of ordinary people (as opposed to city workers) coming out to take part in Bloomington's yearly nod to the town meeting tradition, free expression was stifled even quicker.

(But for those who came in late without an idea of what we're talking about, let us recap:

Each year in April, Township supervisors allow the people of the town to come in and participate in a for-real town meeting like our Puritan forefathers used to have.

Or sort of like they used to have anyway.

Interested people who attend this event get to see William Wetzel elected moderator for the umpteenth time, get to hear stultifying reports from supervisors like Fred Winterroth of Public Assistance who admits he doesn't even know the workings of his own office and who subsequently has his assistant Maxime Schulz answer all questions from the public for him, get to watch A.W. Tompkins demonstrate characteristics of senility, and finally, if they can keep awake, members of the interested public can propose resolutions for the township to vote on.



Fred Winterroth asserted his belief in fair trials.

Last year, one such sturdy person proposed that "the township of Bloomington...hereby condemn all United States government aid to the South Vietnamese dictatorship."

Said resolution, greeted with shocked silence, was repeated, seconded, and tabled by Moderator Wetzel, who rather soon afterwards entertained a motion to adjourn.

To say that some people were caught off guard by the proposal would be fair. The Pantagraph devoted a sizable article to the resolution--nothing wise that had happened at the meeting was as newsworthy--with a picture of those responsible for the uproar.

And of course, the Post-American soon afterwards had an article on



William Wetzel, master of ceremonies (and reality)

the resolution, that corrected the Pantagraph's account.)

This year, with controversy over a certain Chief Executive, townships across the country have been drafting resolutions that state their position on the issue. By the time of Bloomington's meeting, six townships had passed resolutions that requested that Pres. Richard Milhouse Nixon be tried for high crimes and misdemeanors.

So why couldn't Bloomington do likewise?

Well, for one thing, as you may remember, Bloomington stacks its meetings. During the course of the township meeting, some fifteen employees of the town were openly introduced from out of the public (including all of the Town Board of Auditors and County Board Members) with other employees noticeably filling up the good seats.

For another thing, Moderator Wetzel, who last year was kind enough to hear a motion through before he tabled it (and what happened to that motion will be discussed later--it disappeared mysteriously), this year decided to be less liberal-minded. Perhaps, his Country Club Place neighbors had given him a hard time for being open-minded the year before.

For a third thing--but let us look in on the meeting itself for some further answers as to why Bloomington's Annual Town Meeting refused to even deal with a resolution calling for the president's impeachment.

### The Meeting

Following call to order and the election (yawn!) of William Wetzel as Moderator, the Notice of the Annual Meeting was read before all those who might have been puzzled as to what they were attending.

Following this, the minutes from the previous meeting were to be read.

Or were they? For the first time in years, motion was put before the moderator to dispense with reading the minutes. Why? Could it be that someone didn't want last year's publicized Vietnam resolution read over again in public? Or could there be a more sinister reason?

There could.

The resolution, by virtue of the greater number of township workers present, to ignore last year was passed 51-27.

We will look back on the effects of this later.

Following reports by Fred Winterroth and Ruby Croneberg, Assessor, the President of the McLean County Bar Association gave a presentation on the legal aid program. Following this, the question of the time and place of next year's meeting was discussed and voted on. As day and place for the meeting are dictated by law, the only pressing issue was the time of the meeting. The usual time, 7:30, was agreed upon.

"Is there any further business to come before the meeting?" Well, yes sir there was.

Jack Porter, a familiar figure at the meetings for his questions directed towards Fred Winterroth's office, rose to read the proposal: "As American citizens, we are deeply concerned about the many allegations facing President Nixon, who has in various ways placed himself above the law and Constitution of the nation . . ."

Wham.

The proposal, directing the Township Supervisor to "inform representative Edward Madigan that it is the sense of this annual meeting . . . that the United States House of Representatives should vote Articles of Impeachment against President Richard M. Nixon, so that he will be brought to trial before the Senate."

Moderator Wetzel decided that the motion was not within the power of the meeting to vote upon, despite the fact that the motion was worded to speak to "the sense of the meeting" itself as opposed to an all-inclusive statement of the entire township.

When asked if he could cite any statutes that dictated subject matter for the Town Meeting, moderator Wetzel couldn't.

Fred Winterroth, always ready to show his ignorance in a crisis situation, spoke first after Wetzel's decision. "I believe we live in a civilized society," he began, "and we believe in fair trials."



William Brandt, President of the Bar Association

# EXPLODE !!!

## Why?

He went on to pontificate further on how "the President deserves a fair trial," apparently not understanding that the resolution was calling for a fair trial of the President in the only legal manner possible. (Perhaps he had missed that civics lesson in elementary school.) He ended with an opinion that the motion be ignored.

Was the topic not to be even discussed any further?

Yep.

"I want to adjourn this meeting before it becomes even more ridiculous," a lady from the front said in the midst of the furor. She was quickly seconded.

Wait a minute, some one said, how can you say ridiculous? According to Newsweek, another said, twelve townships have already voted on this in New England--why can't Bloomington?



A. W. Tompkins, County Board member

An appeal to the chairman, wherein his ruling to ignore the resolution could be overridden, was called. The chairman was supported in a vote count that nobody could agree upon.

Now the motion to adjourn was up. Wait a minute, some one said, what about some of the old business that wasn't included on the agenda? What about the Vietnam resolution of the year before?

"What resolution?" Moderator Wetzel said. "The minutes don't reflect any such resolution."

Accompanied by a shuffling of papers and a discussion with the Clerk: "I am unable to find anything in the minutes like you describe." Last year's resolution had vanished!

"Look in the Pantagraph," somebody shouted, but wetzel didn't take the suggestion to heart. Instead, he insisted an event that many members of the present meeting had witnessed the year before was all an illusion.

Bill Wetzel: Master of Reality.

Despite shouts and harangues and genuine anger at what was being pulled off, the meeting was adjourned (with a vote approximately of 56-46 and lots of people moving around.)

The Township Meeting was over.

Discounting people like Winterroth, who apparently never learned what impeachment is, a question remains about the people who voted on the side of blind justice: What are they afraid of?

Just saying that many work for the Township, a Republican dominated political system, may answer the question for many--("Protect the party at all costs...even at the expense of the country.")--but

not everybody who voted against voting on impeachment works for the city.

Perhaps part of the answer lies in the paranoid statement of one man at the meeting to one vocal college-aged male challenging the moderator: "At least I didn't come down here from Chicago!" (Downstate Republican fears Upstate Democratic Conspiracy?)

Perhaps the answer lies in the exchange between the same two men (one in green suit, and the other informally dressed.) When the accused "Chicago resident" asked the moderator about the whereabouts of the missing resolution from the year before, his business-suited antagonist objected.

"We can't discuss that," green-suit was saying, "that's old business!"

"Old Business?" was the response. "You're old business!"

-----Denny Colt



Jack Porter read the impeachment resolution at the Bloomington meeting.



cpf

# BOOK WIVE

103 W. FRONT  
BLOOMINGTON

NEWSPAPERS  
&  
MAGAZINES

COIN &  
STAMP  
SUPPLIES

COMICS

GREETING  
CARDS

SMOKES

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

ADULT  
NOVELTIES  
&  
PAPERBACKS

828-3422

# NORMAL

Post Note: On WJBC news, in a letter to the editor in the Pantagraph, and on a leaflet, Community for Social Action invited all citizens to come to both town meetings to vote on an impeachment resolution.



Jim Scrimgeour read the impeachment resolution at Normal's meeting.

## Exposition

April ninth was a gray day; at five till two I walked over to the Normal town meeting with Ruthie and Jim. The meeting was held in the basement "community room" of Citizens Savings and Loan, an oppressive low-ceilinged windowless box painted in two shades of loony-bin green. I thought it was symbolic, especially with all that money business going on over our heads the whole time.

I guess there were too many people for the neat rows of seats someone had set up. There was a confused jumble of chairs at the back that looked last-minute. I looked around, trying to compare the number of grubby-looking people to the number of dressed-up people. I gave that up. My stomach hurt.

The air was sizzling. Eyes were zipping madly all over the place--how many of US? how many of THEM? Everyone knew what was going on in that place. Everyone was jumpy as an alcoholic on the wagon. The doors were thick and heavy. They could clang them shut and keep us in there forever, like a science fiction Hell.

We sat down in the back. I guess we got in with a bunch of unruly mutterers, because before I knew it the moderator had been nominated and voted in. His name is Louis Legg, and he is Environmental Health and Safety Director at ISU. He used to be disciplinarian at U-High, where he told people to tuck their shirts in and cut their hair.



He took his place in the center of a neat row of men (of course) at a long table in front. The guy next to him, who really seemed to run the show by murmuring in Legg's ear, was Robert Fleming. He had some class, looked like he picked up money like a pigeon picks up popcorn. They were all trying to look relaxed.

Legg was moderator at last year's town meeting also, where there were seventeen people. He turns out to be the hero of this story later.

## Complication

The first thing that officially happened was that the secretary or whatever stuffed a handkerchief in his mouth (at least that's what it sounded like) and read the minutes of the last town meeting. Then someone moved to approve the minutes, etc., and we all sat and rustled a little bit, and then Kay Wilson brought up a couple of touchy subjects that had been left out of the minutes, like that bids for some property had been closed by the town officials before the sale had been approved, stuff like that. Her corrections were added to the minutes.



Kay Wilson read the law book when necessary.

I think that Legg and the others immediately pegged Wilson as a top member of the SLA at this point. Later they probably felt confirmed, because she had the nerve to bring a law book with her that had the rules for town meetings in it--and she read it out loud where everyone could hear at appropriate times during the meeting. She was really uppity.

Next a man at the front read the financial reports while attempting to consume an entire baked potato in one bite (I think). Ruthie and I wondered if maybe they were trying to bore us out. There was one interesting linguistic angle to the report: although one part of it is officially named "general assistance," this man insisted on calling it "pauper aid" in his report. That was ugly.

Bill Sharp moved that the town officials should put the agenda for the town meeting in the Pantagraph and the Vidette, as well as the Normalite, a month in advance, to make sure that people knew what was going to happen. Well, everyone decided that that would be okay as long as it didn't cost any money. Sharp also volunteered his mimeo machine to make copies of the agenda to hand out at the meeting itself. Everyone thought that was cute.

Someone moved that the town meeting next year should be held at 7:30 in the evening, since a lot of people work during the day and can't come to vote at an afternoon meeting. Another person proposed that the meeting be held at 2:00 in the afternoon, on the grounds that they always had the town meeting at 2:00 in the afternoon, and besides, some people work in the evening. Besides, there were too many grubbies there right then, and there would be even more if they held it at night. (No one really said that last part, but I didn't make it up.)

The show of hands vote on this question was immensely confused, since no one knew what we were voting for, but after a few tries Legg determined that more people wanted the meeting at 2:00.

In the new business section of the meeting, we first found out that there was no way we could vote to hold more town meetings. Sharp had proposed that we hold quarterly town meetings, two of them at 2:00 and two of them at 7:30, but that was against the rules. I think that we should have them in the cemetery at midnight under every full moon--it would at least add something poetic to the whole farce.



Citizens at Normal town meeting

# Climax

Jim Scrimgeour finally got the floor to read the piece de resistance--the motion for the town meeting to go on record as supporting the impeachment of President Nixon. He had it all typed up on a piece of paper, and it was a good motion.

This is where Legg became the hero of the more radical elements. Hardly had the last golden tone fallen from Scrimgeour's lips, when Legg puffed all up and rattled off his obviously prepared reply, to the effect that this motion was irrelevant and inappropriate to the town of Normal, and that he pronounced it out of order. Fast on the heels of that gem, he considerably reminded us that he was open to a call for adjournment.

The crowd went wild. People were yelling, standing up and waving their arms, sitting with their mouths agape in surprise. Over all this Legg managed to recognize a motion to adjourn and its second. City councilman Ralph Wrench nearly busted a gut with glee. The vote was fifty in favor of adjournment to thirty-seven against.

Why do I call Legg the hero of the day? Well, there were probably several liberal-minded people there who believed that a town meeting was grass-roots democracy at work, who believed that Normal was not so provincial as to label the issue of who was President of the US "irrelevant," who believed that, working through the system, they could have their voices heard and their votes counted on any issue. They were dead wrong. They found the progress of the town meeting, supposedly a microcosm of democracy, flying in the face of these beliefs.



They saw, instead, a male-dominated meeting, run by people who are involved in the town's bigger businesses and professions, the intentional prevention of the attendance of many working townspeople who might vote against them, and the refusal to discuss or vote on an issue that was obviously of concern to over a third of the people present. In what direction will this betrayal and disillusionment push these people? The answer will come next year, next month, next week--or maybe tomorrow.



Louis Legg, all puffed up.



by Phoebe Caulfield

# NEW AGE BOOK STORE

(Dept. of Motivation Development Centre)

409A N. Main

Bloomington

Ph. 828-4923

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Health Books

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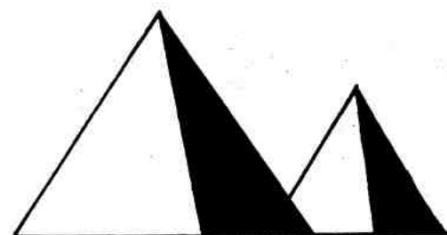
Pyramid Energy Generators

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Christian

Meditation



# Sheriff Offers Special Program for Select Inmate

In a period of only 5 months in the county jail in 1972, Raymond Wey says he was able to check out several of the special treatment programs Sheriff King and his deputies offer for the select prisoner.

Wey's special treatment involved an intensive program of 3 beatings, including one meriting Sheriff King's personal attention, the stand-up cell, the black cell, plus the county jail's special "back-to-nature" program, where a prisoner spends five days using a plastic jug for a toilet.

Recipients of this special treatment are apparently selected under Sheriff King's much-praised merit program.

Wey merited one beating, he said, for allegedly hollering after lights were out at night. Wey earned more special treatment for asking to use the toilet. A third beating was Wey's reward for fighting with another prisoner.

Several of the incidents happened in the presence of witnesses, who independently corroborated Wey's recollections.

## LOCK JAW

For allegedly yelling from his cell, Raymond Wey got his lip busted open with a blow from a heavy padlock.

"It was late at night, and someone was hollering from their cell. I don't know why he thought it was me, but he did," Wey said. After a deputy warned him about hollering, Wey said, someone yelled again. This time, the deputy came into Wey's cell with a padlock in his hand.

"I can hear you clear outside; I told you to shut up," the deputy said, according to Wey.

"You better find out the one who did the hollering before you tell someone to shut up," Wey said he replied.

Then, Wey said, the deputy smacked him in the mouth with the padlock. Wey's lip bled for a long time, and is scarred on the inside.

Billy Price, whose cell was next to Wey's, saw enough to confirm what Wey said. Price said he saw deputy Kindred, lock in hand, go over to Wey's cell. While Price could not see Kindred actually enter, he heard Wey's scream after the blow. Next day, Price said, Wey's lip was busted and puffed up. This was in June, 1972, Price recalled.

## JUMPED FROM BEHIND

Lt. Schroeder once beat on Wey severely in front of several other prisoners, Wey said. Wey said another inmate had been picking on him, and they eventually had a fight. After Wey got the best of the fight, he started walking toward his cell. That was when Lt. Schroeder came charging into the cell area and jumped Wey from behind, he said.

According to Wey, Schroeder was hitting him on the back of the head, on the sides, and the back of the neck: "just everywhere he could get a free punch in." After striking Wey 7 or 8 times, Schroeder locked Wey in his cell, threatening "Now if you give me any more trouble, I'll just put you in on the other side and have the guys over there work you over good."

A Post-American reporter initiated the contact with Wey, who had never heard of the paper, let alone read it. Yet Wey's story corroborates part of a letter from Steve Barnes, printed in the Post's last issue. In that letter, Barnes said he saw Lt. Schroeder jump on Wey and hit him about "9 or 10 times." Wey, unaware of Barnes' letter, said Schroeder hit him about 7 or 8 times.

## ISOLATION

After Wey spent a couple hours locked in his cell, some deputies came and took him upstairs, putting him in the black cell. They had no toilet there, Wey said--just a concrete floor and total darkness.

"I was hollering out for someone to let me go to the restroom," Wey reported, "so King comes in there, pulls me out of there, smacked me in the mouth, hit me in the mouth; two or three deputies hit me in the belly and kneed me a couple of times."

## "I RUN THIS JAIL"

After that, Wey said, they put him in the stand-up cell, which is named for being so narrow. After about three or four hours, Wey said, King himself opened the door and said, "I want you to know that I run this jail."

Wey said he replied: "Well maybe you do, but all I asked you was to let me go to the restroom."

"Well I don't like the way you was hollering," King replied, according to Wey.

"There's no other way to get somebody to hear you in a cell like that," Wey retorted.



RAYMOND WEY

## CLOROX BOTTLE

After finding out who runs the jail, Wey had to spend five days in the black cell. He never did get to go use the toilet. Instead, he was given a cut-off clorox bottle, and had to urinate and defecate in it. He had no toilet paper.

(For being forced to endure a similar situation, William Quinn sued Sheriff King for \$1,000,000. See Post-American II #12 and adjoining story.)

While prisoners forced to stay in the black cell are sometimes allowed out once in a while to use the toilet (see adjoining story), the Sheriff's police thought up an interesting variation for Raymond Wey. Wey said they did let him out about once a day, and he did get to walk over to the toilet, but he was not allowed to use it. Instead, he was allowed to empty his plastic container and flush the contents down the toilet.

Once when his food was being brought to him, Wey said, he pleaded that his clorox bottle was full, and asked to be allowed out to empty it so he wouldn't have to use the floor. A deputy told Wey that if he urinated on the floor, they would beat him up again.

"Well what am I supposed to do?" Wey asked.

"Well that's your problem," the deputy replied, according to Wey.

After five days in the black cell, Wey's last court appearance came up, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for burglary. Even though he was going to the pen, Wey said he was glad to get out of the county jail.

# NEW SCHOOLS EXCHANGE

NEW SCHOOLS EXCHANGE  
P.O. BOX 820  
ST. PARIS, OHIO 43072  
Sub. rate \$10/year

We don't publish in  
July or August.

We publish a bi-weekly newsletter (except July and August) which contains articles, information, and lots of good things about people/places/materials/events which are relevant to alternative education. Much of the material which we publish is written by the people we serve and reflects their own experience and concern. We also publish the ONLY annual directory of alternative schools in the United States and Canada. This directory is free to all NSE subscribers and is continually supplemented through the Newsletter.

## Want to get rid of those old books?

Do you have any old books laying around taking up room that you can't figure out what to do with? Well, we have the answer for you. Student Stores is starting a non-profit, co-operative bookstore at 108 Beaufort St. in Normal that will be selling non-textbook paperbacks and used books. Due to a lack of capital, we will be starting slow and dealing mainly in used books and special orders until we build up our credit. So instead of throwing out those old books or sticking them in a dusty closet somewhere why not donate them to us to spread the store of knowledge at the lowest possible price? We will be more than happy to pick them up if you can't bring them to 108 Beaufort St. Just call 452-2412 and leave a message, and we will come and get them. Thank you.

# ARRESTED AFTER REFUSING WARRANTLESS SEARCH

While the following story does not actually reflect illegal behavior on the part of the county police, it does focus in on a civil rights question that the ordinary citizen has little knowledge of.

In fact, not knowing the law in this particular area can lead to arrest, as this story, written by Verna Weed, shows.

"On Monday evening April 15 an employee (deputy?) on the McLean County Police force came to my home looking for my husband. I informed him my husband was not there, which at that time he was not. Fifteen minutes later this man returned. My husband and his father had returned during this time. I surmised that this man was going to arrest my husband on a complaint for battery that I had signed over 2 weeks before.

"At no time did this deputy (I say deputy questionably because he was wearing a suit) have any paper or warrant in his hand when he came to the door. The second time he asked if he could come in and see if my husband was there.

"I had already called city hall after he left the first time

"About ten minutes later he returned and another officer in a squad car came to the door with him. The second man asked if I would admit them. I said not unless they had a search warrant. He told me they were coming in anyway.

"I stood in the doorway to prevent their entry, and this man shoved me from the doorway into the kitchen and entered the trailer.

"My husband thought he had struck me so he came into the living room. The newest deputy grabbed him and pushed and shoved him around and handcuffed him. At no time did my husband offer any resistance.

"We were both taken to the county jail where my husband was charged with battery under the old warrant. I was charged with obstructing a police officer.



VERNA FRANCES WEED

Given that pair of conditions, police can enter a person's home without actually holding the warrant in their hand.

And, since police in those circumstances can legally enter without a warrant, an attempt to prevent their entry is technically obstructing a police officer in the line of duty.

This is such an obscure point of law that when Mrs. Weed telephoned the city police to ask, they categorically stated that she did not have to let police in without a warrant.

## MORE ON SHERIFF'S POLICE INCIDENTS

and was told I did not have to let him in if I didn't want to unless he had a search warrant.

"I asked if he had a warrant. He said no, so I refused to let him enter. He called for another squad car and a deputy named Beyer came out and came to the door with him. I again refused to let them in without a search warrant. They informed me that if they had to get one that I would be arrested too. Beyer left and the other deputy went around and questioned my neighbors. I called my children in to supper, and this deputy even stopped them and asked them if their step-father was in the trailer. They told him no, as they hadn't seen him come home.

"The deputy again came to the door and asked to enter. I refused to let him, and he told me I was under arrest for obstructing justice.

"I picked up my coat and purse, sent my children to a babysitter, locked my trailer and was starting toward his car when he told me to go back inside while he went to a pay phone and called his superior officer, and he would return for me.

"My husband had phoned a friend previously who agreed to bail him out: \$100 cash. I called my father from the county jail to borrow \$100. I was taken to city jail where I remained about 2 hours until the money was brought. En route from county to city jail, the deputy who shoved me out of the doorway said "We didn't search your trailer to find your husband, so we didn't need a search warrant."

--Verna Frances Weed

This is the fifth case this reporter has come across where a citizen, believing that police cannot enter without a warrant, actually risks being charged with obstructing a police officer.

According to ISU law professor Tom Eimermann, police do not need a warrant in hand to enter a home when 1) police are looking for a person, and 2) a warrant exists for the person being sought.

In Mrs. Weed's case, there was a warrant out for her husband, and police apparently did have "reasonable grounds to believe" that her husband could be found at her address.

Of course, sometimes police are actually trying to enter illegally. And a person standing in his doorway has no way to decide whether he is defending his home from illegal search, or committing the crime of obstructing a police officer.

Professor Eimermann recommends that a person forced into such circumstances should never resist entrance forcibly. Instead, Eimermann says, a person should make it clear to police that entrance is not being allowed voluntarily; if entrance then turns out to be illegal, the person can sue for violation of civil rights.

The criminal complaint against Mrs. Weed specifically charges her with lying to a police officer. After her husband had arrived at the trailer, she allegedly still told police her husband was not there.

According to ISU law professor Eimermann, a citizen does not have to speak at all with a policeman. But it is a crime to mislead a cop when he is doing an official investigation.



# PRISONERS' MAILBOX

"Come on, punk, see what you can do now," like he thinks I am crazy or something. I just spaced on him. Bad part about it is that I never said nothing in the first place, and it takes six of them to get down.

But, beside the point, this has been a problem for our brothers ever since King has been on his royal throne. Even on the street the cops are giving me and the others a slow drag. All the time shaking me and some of the people who wrote to you too. These brothers who wrote you (Art, Bob, Steve and Marty) are all heavy people; we just hustle better than them, so they bug us. And plus, I've seen most of these great events King puts on these writers.

But confusion is the man's appetite to hassle them who's not born under his star. So what can a cat do or dig on when the man thinks he's always justified. People like you and I are the blame, when its them who are the biggest rip-offs. Don't forget that star provides legal rights to rip off. All the man's confusion is doing, is turning our beautiful land into hard rock, and that's a real bummer.

Well there's a number of things I could rap, and could even write a book on McLean, but being a Revelation Minister of the Church of New Song, which is to avoid loneliness and help our brothermen, I better boogie light this time.

Quench not the spirit,  
B.J.

on it. I called him a fat liar; then they started to roll on me but King said "stop; we'll get him!" Plus all the other brothers in jail knew I had nothing to do with it. He made a big spy case out of it, you know, great Underdog.

So next morning he had Kindred, one of his loyal deputies, come in and get me for questioning on calling King names. Then he got me up against the lockers and said "You think you're bad, don't you B.J?" Naturally I said no, because there were six cops waiting for me to say something. So, anyhow, he hit me in the mug 3 times and kicked me. Then he and a couple of cops drug me up the stairs into the Black Box (the hole). About five minutes later Kindred came up and got me out, then hit me twice more. The stupid thing about it was that he was trying and begging me to say something. From knowing how King and his loyals work, six of them standing around the corner waiting for me to say something. He said

Dear Heavies:

I am an inmate now in Menard pen, but let me lay a few blues on you that King Fish of McLean County gave me. First in June or July of 1973, I'm not sure, but a couple of inmates were blamed for trying to break out. I was sitting playing chess at the time when King rolled in on us. So he locked us up on deadlock (which is a drag), and blamed me and others for being in

## TWO PRISONERS WRITE OF STAND-UP, BLACK CELL

(POST NOTE: Following is an excerpt from a letter by Ronald Henninger, who spent several months in the county jail. He is now imprisoned at Joliet.)

### Hell's Kitchen

Yes, that is what I named it: Hell's Kitchen. Just picture a doorway approximately 3' wide and 16 to 18 " in depth and maybe 6 1/2' tall. One side of this doorway has steel bars, the other side has a black steel door. The bars are facing a room which is approximately 5' wide and 5 1/2 to 6' in length. This room has another entrance which has steel bars and a black steel door.

When both of these doors are closed there is no light which can come into that room. It is called the black room, or punishment cell.

Now getting back to the doorway with the bars on one side and the door on the other: They stand you in between the bars and the door. You are facing the bars looking into the black cell. They remove your shoes before entering the stand-up cell. At the bottom of the bars there is a ridge that your feet (or part of your feet) must rest on. This does hurt. There is no way that the air can circulate. Breathing the same air after awhile makes you want to pass out. You get dizzy and sick to your stomach.

They would let you out of the black cell to use the toilet at their convenience, and not yours. Which means if you had to use the toilet in the morning they would let you out in the afternoon. At times you couldn't hold your urine and would urinate under the door. It would seep into the corridor. When this would happen, they would take us out one at a time and smack us around. You would have to try it to believe it. It was hard for me to believe it, until I was placed there.

The heat is unbearable at times. That is why I named it Hell's Kitchen. In the winter I have heard that it is cold. You see, it is some type of rock. The floor and all. They give you nothing to lay on, no water, no light, no toilet. Nothing other than the clothes you are wearing. No blanket. All you have on is a pair of

coveralls. You cannot see to eat your food. You have to eat with your fingers, as trying to eat with a spoon is next to impossible. You cannot see your hand in front of your face. The floor in the black cell had a

bad stench also.

--Ronald Henninger, #75313, Joliet

\* \* \* \* \*

(Writing from Vandalia, William Barker told this story about the county jail's punishment cells.)

The black cell is one small room, up in the juvenile section. It consists of absolutely nothing. It has no toilet and Mr. King did not allow us a bucket to take care of our business in. We were let out of our dark cell at approximately 9:45 each night to get a drink and use the toilet and wash our hands. They would not allow us a towel or the time to wash any other parts of our body. Therefore we were filthy for at least five days, and usually people are in there for seven days.

I know that to the average person 7 days does not seem to amount to much, but when you consider there we were at, and our living conditions, it seemed like eternity.

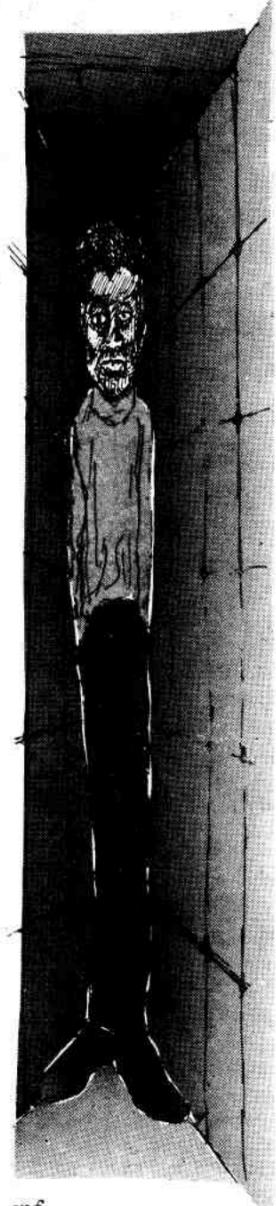
We were in total darkness for about 23 hours and 55 minutes. When we were let out of our cell to use the facilities, we were only allowed about 10 minutes. And after 5 minutes, whatever we were doing, the officers would tell us to hurry it up.

They would laugh at us and call us pigs because our cell smelt bad from using it in the middle of the day to go to the bathroom. But what could we say? After all, we wanted out, and we didn't want to get put in the stand-up, because it is worse. Therefore we listened to the insults with no remarks.

The black cell is about a five by twelve, and at one time they had four of us in there. And, I might add, each and every night was hell. The only time we could sleep was when we were just too exhausted to think about the cramped up position we were in.

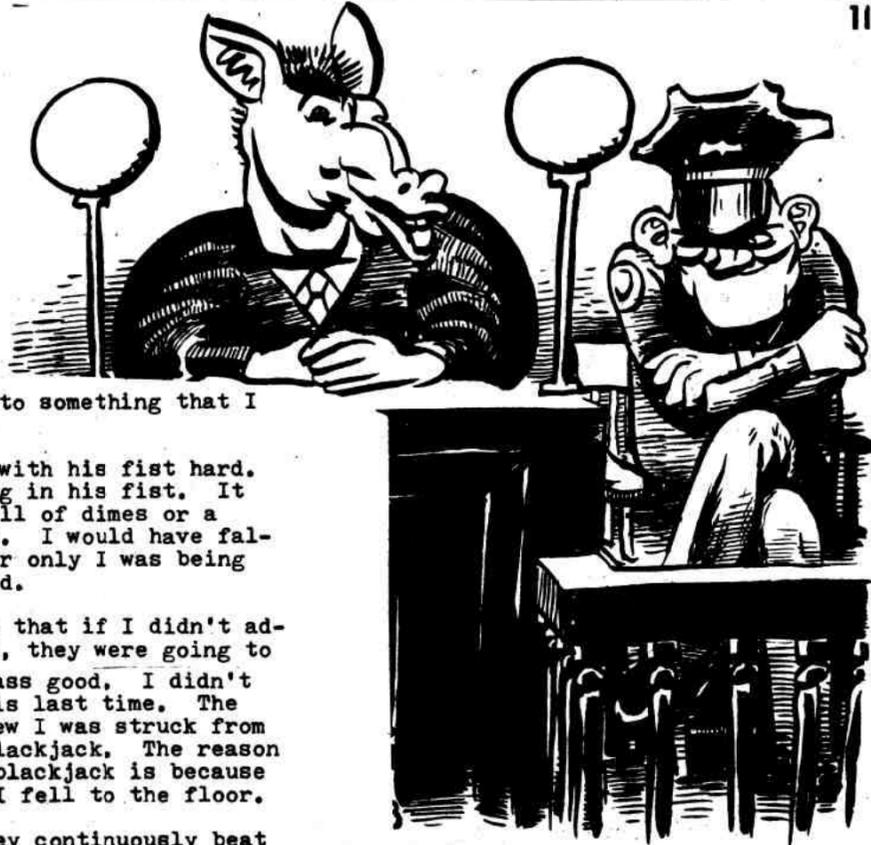
The stand-up consists of one small room, so small that when the door was shut we hadn't even enough room to sit down. And when two people are in it, it is practically impossible to move. So we just stood there and sweated. The longest I was ever in the stand-up was 12 1/2 hours, not long standing. But try standing in one position for 12 1/2 hours. When I was let out, I could hardly walk, my legs were so stiff and tired. Sincerely,

William Barker, #J87544, Vandalia



opf

# BEATEN FOR NOT CONFESSING



Joseph Bricker Sr. wrote the following from Joliet Prison:

One evening I was taken out of the main jail holding area by Deputy Ledbetter. He mentioned that Sheriff King wanted to talk to me about a fight that happened that evening on the southside of the jail (the side that I was on). He (officer Ledbetter) took me upstairs and to a small room where Sheriff King and three detectives were. Sheriff King told both of us to come in and sit down, but Ledbetter said he wanted no part of the situation, and left.

One of the deputies, or shall I say one of the detectives led me into the room and shut the door. King faced me and said "I want to know who beat up Leonard."

I said "I don't know what you are talking about." At that time he slapped me hard across the face. He then said "Look you son of a bitch, we know that you were involved in the beating and you are going to admit it and also tell us who else was involved."

I again told him that I didn't beat up anyone nor did I have knowledge of who was involved. At that time I was grabbed from behind and my arms were held behind my back. King asked me again to admit that I had beat Leonard up; I said no. I'm not

going to admit to something that I didn't do.

He then hit me with his fist hard. He had something in his fist. It was either a roll of dimes or a roll of nickels. I would have fallen to the floor only I was being held from behind.

He then told me that if I didn't admit to doing it, they were going to really beat my ass good. I didn't say anything this last time. The next thing I knew I was struck from behind with a blackjack. The reason I say it was a blackjack is because I saw it after I fell to the floor.

After I fell they continuously beat and kicked me, kicking me in the groin area, in the small of my back, and in the stomach and head. (To this day I have trouble with my back.)

Well, they couldn't get a confession so King told one of the detectives to go ahead and lock me up in the stand-up cell. But before this happened King told me that I was going to be charged with aggravated battery and also aggravated assault. I was already being held in connection with two armed robberies. When I did go to trial for the robberies, this fight was brought up, but no charges were filed because Leonard said he was not going to file charges against someone who didn't do anything. But the same judge who heard

this conversation tried my case, and I believe it prejudiced him. He did not grant some motions that should have been granted.

Respectfully yours,

Joseph Bricker Sr.  
#73510, Box 515, Joliet

(POST NOTE: The above is only a portion of Bricker's letter to the Post-American. Other portions of the letter relate to incidents where there were witnesses other than Sheriff King and his deputies, and those witnesses will be contacted before accounts of those incidents are printed.)

Prisoners Write on  
County Jail Life

## MURPHY RAPS JAIL TREATMENT

I, Mike P. Murphy, incarcerated at the Menard State Prison, was mistreated by the sheriff of McLean County.

I was booked in the McLean County jail March 6, 1973. In the hold over cell I saw William L. Quinn locked in a small cell with no bed or bedding and he had to defecate and urinate in a plastic, pail-type jug about 10" in height and about 8" in diameter. His cell stunk so bad I could not stand at the front of his cell and talk to him; I had to stand back and talk to him.

I was then moved to the back part of the jail after being in the hold over for about an hour or so.

After I was incarcerated in the McLean County jail for about five months, they were given some information from a Mark Garber (a prisoner) that a jail break was planned by Ronald Henninger and I.

Mark Garber informed the Sheriff that Henninger and I were supposed to knock a hole in the back cell wall. That cell wall has a 3/4 inch steel plate attached to it; it would be impossible to knock a hole in that wall without a swinging ball attached to a crane and then it would take a week--this is how strong that wall is. The wall is about two feet thick.

They came into the cell block and checked the cells over, and they found 8 or 9 nicks in the last cell on the wall.

The 12 cops who came into the cell block to check for the hole in the wall took me and Henninger out to the office and the sheriff accused us of trying to escape. We told them that we were not.

They marched us upstairs and on the way up the stairs they kept punching us with their clubs in our legs and backs.

### Bloodthirsty Dogs

The Sheriff stated "Why don't you start some trouble now?" We were not about to start no trouble with those 12 blood thirsty dogs who were waiting for the word from King to beat us with clubs.

When we reached the top of the stairs, the Sheriff told the deputies to put us in the stand-up cell. "They will like it in there." They pushed us in there. That is one hell of a place. It was cold in there. We stayed in there for five hours.

Then they took us out, to go to the restroom. But they wouldn't let us use the restroom; they threw us in

the hole.

When morning came, we were let out to go to the restroom. While Henninger was using the restroom, Kindred asked me what I was looking at out the window. I told him "nothing."

### Smart Ass

"What are you trying to do, be a smartass or something?"

I said no.

He said "No what!"

"I'm not trying to be a smartass," I said.

He said "I think you are." He told me to get back in the hole. When I stepped in the door, he pushed me. I hit the wall. When I turned around he hit me in the mouth. Then I started to draw back and the 300 lb. slob walked out of my cell. He laughed. Then he told Henninger to get into the cell. He didn't hit Henninger. Henninger was in jail for shooting Frank Fenton with a 30-30 rifle; I think he was afraid to hit Henninger.

We spent a week in the hole, and

PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE

# MURPHY'S LETTER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

then we were placed back in the main part of the jail. The Sheriff told us both if we got into any more trouble we would be placed back upstairs to rot.

A month went by and then some one again told the Sheriff that me and Orin Clark were trying to saw our way out of the jail.

They came in and grabbed the both of us and took us to the front office. They shook us down and asked us where the blades were. I told them I did not know what they were talking about. The deputy named "Tiny" back-handed me and knocked me against the wall. Then King said "Put him in the hold over."

## "I Could Kill You"

I was in the hold over for a while, and then two deputies came in and got me. They pushed me all the way upstairs. When I got to the top, King and Woith threw me into the office; then they told me to sit down. They said "We know you got the hack saw blades." I said I didn't know what they were talking about. King said "You know, I could kill you right now." Then he pulled out a broken garbage can lid holder and wrapped it around his fist and the sharp edge was sticking out. He said "I could rip your face open with this, but I don't know if I want to do that or put a hole in you." I told him to go ahead. Then he jumped up and grabbed me and threw me through two doorways. Then he told me he was going to put me in the hole until I told him where the blades were.

Then I heard him talking to Orin Clark. I heard him bring Clark up the stairs. They took him into the

same room where they had questioned me. I heard them tell him, "You're going to tell us where the blades are hidden." Clark told the Sheriff that he did not know what they were talking about. Then I heard one of them open up a desk drawer. Then I heard them beating him with a club or something that made a smacking sound. Then I heard King holler, "Where are them Goddam hack saw blades?" Then I heard Clark say, "I'll show you." So then they brought Clark into the hole with me and I saw where they had beat him.

After a few days, Clark went to Joliet to start his time.

I stayed in the cell four more days until King decided to put me back in the main part of the cell block.

Three weeks went by, and then I went to court and got a 5-15 years sentence for armed robbery.

The reason I did not tell the judge about any of this was because I knew that the Sheriff would find out about it and would beat me again or even kill me. I was really afraid to tell anyone, because he said he would let me rot in the hole. I believed him.

If you ever see the Sheriff in action you will see for yourself that the man is a mad dog. He will beat a prisoner for no reason.

## Another Beating

A week later I got into a fight with another inmate who hit me first.

I wasn't going to stand there and let him beat me, so I fought him back and I blacked his eye, so when he went to

court the next day the Sheriff asked him what happened, and he told him that Murphy beat him up.

So the deputies came in and told me to come on out into the office. I knew what time that was--another beating was coming up. I was getting used to it by now.

Mr. Simpson, Schroeder, "Tiny," and two others besides King were all in the office. They started laughing. Tiny walked up to me. He back-handed me and knocked me against the wall. He said "You'll never learn, will you Murphy?" I said "What's going on out here?" King said "You beat that kid up for no reason. I said 'Don't you believe my side of the story?' Then Tiny hit me in the mouth again. Then I ran at Tiny and the deputies grabbed me and held me while Tiny worked me over. Tiny weighs 300 pounds if he weighs a pound, and is six feet four.

Then I was pushed up the stairs with one deputy hitting me in the back of the legs. I turned around and I kicked him down the stairs, but the other deputies grabbed him to keep him from landing on the floor, so he wasn't hurt.

Then they got me in a corner and all of them beat me and then I was put in the stand-up cell all night. Then I was transferred to Joliet State Prison the following day. I sure was glad to get out of there!

I thank you for publishing this.

Sincerely,

Mike P. Murphy

### The Law Defines Rape:

"(a.) A male person of the age of 14 years and upwards who has sexual intercourse with a female not his wife, by force and against his will, commits rape. Intercourse by force and against her will includes, but is not limited to, any intercourse which occurs in the following situations:

- (1.) Where the female is unconscious; or
- (2.) Where the female is so mentally deranged or deficient that she cannot give effective consent to intercourse.

(b.) Sexual intercourse when there is any penetration of the female sex organ by the male sex organ."

### The Law Defines Sexual Assault:

"Any person of the age of 14 years and upwards who, by force or threat of force, compels any other person to perform or submit to any act of deviate sexual conduct commits deviate sexual assault."

### The Law Defines Deviate Sexual Conduct:

"...any act of sexual gratification involving the sex organs of one person and the mouth or anus of another."

What can you say about laws that tell a man:

"If you're going to rape a woman, don't bruise her; then they probably can't get you on the rape."

"If you're going to rape a woman, don't rob her; then they might get you on the theft."

"If you're going to rob a woman, you might as well rape her too; the rape is free."

Rape is the least punished of all American crimes of violence. The humiliation of reciting details means that many victims do not report the offense. State laws often make the victim's testimony alone insufficient for conviction, and the very nature of the offense means that there are rarely cor-

## rape facts

laborating witnesses. But, the worst of all, the rape victim faces the dilemma of whether to resist, risking the possibility of injury or death, or to submit, leading sceptical lawmen to assume that she may have consented.

From 1971 to 1972 the incidence of reported rape rose by 11% in the United States. 46,497 rapes were reported in 1972. Of the reported rapes, 2/3 were prosecuted. Of the prosecuted rapes, 1/3 were convicted. Of the convicted rapes, 80% were for girls under age.

### MYTHS ABOUT RAPE

Freedom From Rape - Woman's Crisis Center of Ann Arbor

....that a rapist is a sexually-unfulfilled man carried away by a sudden uncontrollable surge of desire.

(90% of group rapes are planned in advance and 58% of rapes committed by a single man are planned)

....that rapists are sexually-unfilled (nearly all rapists have available sexual relationships, in fact 60% are married and lead normal sexual lives at home)

....that rapists are pathologically sick and perverted men (rapists have normal sexual personalities; they differ in their greater tendency to express violence and rage. Sex is not the motivating factor in rape--it is the chosen mode of expression)

....that the typical rapist is a stranger to the victim (48% of the rapists are known to the victim)

....that black men rape white women at every opportunity (in 93.2% of rape cases both the man and the woman were of the same race)

....that a raped woman was at fault somehow--that she probably provoked the attack (only 4% of reported rapes involved any precipitative behavior on the part of the woman. In some cases precipitative behavior is nothing more than walking and dressing in a way that society defines attractive)

....that a normal man cannot rape a normal woman unless he has assistance (A woman may be knocked unconscious or she may submit because she fears for her life if she struggles. Usually the attacker has the advantage of surprise)

....that most rapes occur in dark back alleys or to women who hitchhike (over 1/3 of rapes are committed by a man who forces his way into the victim's home. Over 1/2 of all rapes committed occur in a residence)

....that a woman cannot be raped by her husband by law (This is a legal fallacy as a direct result of the age old concept of a woman as the property of her husband. Any act of sexual intercourse to which the woman does not consent is rape.)

....that women enjoy rape (The very idea that a woman could enjoy being attacked by a man she is not attracted to, that she could enjoy being exposed to injury or death, that she could enjoy being treated in a humiliating and brutal fashion is preposterous!)

(This information is from a leaflet on rape produced by the Bloomington/Normal Rape Crisis Center. This space is paid for by the Bloomington/Normal Women's Center.)

# Free ain't Bad!



## A Rap

is summer of 1970 found Mike Metalf at the Philadelphia Folk Festival. He was so enthusiastic about the music he saw that he decided to bring this type of music to I.S.U., so as to enlighten the students musically-- God knows they needed it and still do.

To do this, Mike and Greg Koos approached the student organization fund board with the idea of programming quality free Folk shows on a weekly basis. The format presented was the same as our present program --Free Friday night shows. The money was granted for one semester. In that time we proved our point. People want to hear traditional music.

Who are the members of N.F.O.T.M.? Anybody who goes to a concert is a friend of old time music. Anybody who goes to the concerts consistently will receive a solid background in the peoples music. N.F.O.T.M. has something for everybody. The music ranges from traditional ballads to funky electric city blues, from bluegrass to jazz, from Irish hornpipe to an Arabian oud player.

Many people have worked for N.F.O.T.M., Cathy Cox, Charlie Rice, Keith Zaleski, Judy Comfort, Sandy Shelton, Chris Koos, Mark Chaddon, Elliott Fox, Tim Barwald and others who are going to be mad because they weren't mentioned. All of these efforts have been voluntary. But most of these people are musicians who love what they are doing. Who could program music better than musicians themselves? That is one

of the main reasons why we have been successful. Fellow artists arranging a concert without the interference of bureaucrats, agents, and greed heads. This makes us unique in terms of the "music business." The main concern with our shows isn't gate receipts but Art, whoever he is

I.S.U. has one of the few weekly folk programs in the nation. It is the only one which is free.



## Hello Out There'o

N.F.O.T.M. is using this space to present information which would be of use to those readers who are interested in the people's music. We started as an alternative to the hyped-commercialized music provided by the media. We have presented the musical heritage of the people of this country which has existed in and for the people. Your grandfather or great-grand father learned songs from his friends and neighbors and played his music with them. They didn't have to pay for this music. It was with them and in their hearts.

If you want to play your own music, listen to what your cousins have done. They made and still make music for themselves. It doesn't matter if R.C.A. is listening because something in you is. The kind of music we present is your music. Nobody owns it, use it.



## LARIMER STREET

Chico asked us to run this song. He said that it was about Front Street in Bloomington. He's right. The song speaks for itself.

Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,  
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down.  
You knocked down my hook shop, you knocked down my bar--  
And you blacktopped it over to park all your cars.  
And where will I go, and where can I stay?  
You knocked down the skid road and hauled it away.  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down, boys.  
They're running the bums out of town.

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors,  
There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores;  
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big Harbor Lights,  
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night.

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,  
And you built a big club where the playboys can meet;  
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,  
But you built a new hall for the stock market trade.

These little store keepers they don't stand a chance  
With the big uptown bankers a-calling the dance,  
With their suit-and-tie restaurants that's all owned by Greeks,  
And the counterfeit hippies and their plastic boutiques.

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war--  
It's the one going on 'tween the rich and the poor;  
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,  
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass.

--- Copyright 1973  
Bruce Phillips



## WHY?

In this world of "Cost Consciousness" and "Fiscal Responsibility", N.F.O.T.M. is a living embarrassment to the university and the University Union. Our shows are put on weekly throughout the school year at no cost to the student other than student fees, and, by their generosity, to faculty, administrators, and the general public. By contrast, the rest of the entertainment organizations on campus charge an admission fee, and, with the exception of Capen Cinema, do not have any regular entertainment series that is aimed at students and at a price they can afford.

While we may call this a "service", it is officially considered "Fiscal Irresponsibility." So, means were found to suppress N.F.O.T.M. From the "Red Door" of the Old Union it was banished to the "Annex." Reason? People were putting out their cigarettes on the rug. (No one mentioned that the room was used daily by hundreds of students, only that after the Friday night N.F.O.T.M. performance there were rug burns.)

So we moved to the Annex and the shows were still fantastic. Anyone remember trying to get in to see Luther Allison? The place was always packed. Something like the "Lion" on Greek Nite!!!

Then our New Union was opened. What better place for a student run, student funded, and FREE entertainment series. It would show off the new facilities, bring in business, and have nothing but good vibes going, right? Bull!

From the opening show, we have gotten nothing but bureaucratic hassles and reluctant co-operation. The only room available on a regular weekly basis is an acoustical monstrosity. The sound system and lights costs are out of line with their worth. We are charged \$3.00 an hour for a manager to sit and enjoy the show. All this, and publicity amounts to a picture and a paragraph in the "Vidette" each week.

Yet the hassles continue. Each student at I.S.U. pays \$76.00 a year in union fees, even more if summer school is counted. That works out at over 1 million dollars. What does that get you? A building that is used primarily by non-student organizations, a dehumanized food service, an auditorium that we can't use, and a bureaucracy that is intent on perpetuating itself.

Two shows were put on in the new auditorium this year under the auspices of N.F.O.T.M. At the first show, a bluegrass concert, the management was as paranoid as a man with a new car. Halfway through the show the houselights were turned on so that the audience could be kept under surveillance. The sound tapes recorded at this concert were so messed up as to be practically worthless. The show itself was priceless and enthusiastically received.

The second show, a blues concert, required the services of 3 policemen, a nurse, and about 25 ushers, according to the Auditorium Management. All this paranoia because students were using the student paid for auditorium for student entertainment. Yet the only damage has come from an event that was put on by an outside organization that charged admission.

N.F.O.T.M. started out on a shoestring and a great premise 4 years ago, that American music, true folk, blues, bluegrass and country, should be brought to I.S.U.

In this age of the "ripoff," I'm glad that I have been a part of this premise, that music belongs to the people, and that it should be available to them. This is what New Friends is all about.

# GOOD FOLK

In March of '71 Michael Metcalf booked an unknown from Chicago named John Prine. It was Prine's first major gig out of Chicago. (For those of you not familiar with Prine...He has 3 albums out on Atlantic; "John Prine", "Diamonds in the Rough", and "Sweet Revenge".) His songs have been recorded by Bob Dylan, Steve Goodman and others. Later in the same year Metcalf booked Steve Goodman another Chicagoan no one had heard who is best known probably for writing City of New Orleans, the train song made popular by Arlo Guthrie. He has two really fine albums out on Buddah Records which are worth listening to. When David Bromberg played NFOTM he was best known as a studio musician. He'd played on albums with Dylan, Jerry Jeff Walker, Carly Simon and others. Besides being an incredible guitarist, he writes some damn good songs. (Check into his albums on Columbia.)... Last month New Friends booked Leon Redbone, a blues-ragtime guitarist of whom Bob Dylan was quoted as saying, "If I had a (record) label, I'd want him." (There's a three page article in May's Rolling Stone on Redbone..... Some of you people reading our advertisements who don't recognize any "big names" should realize that none of the folks mentioned above were well known when they were booked. Some of the best musicians in the world never become commercial successes.



George Hutson

...our favorite fiddler--stole concert show from Vassar Clements as much about the music as



Hedy West

...banjoist from Georgia. She sings the heaviest feminist songs we've ever heard.



OBESITY

John Prine

...played his first gig outside of Chicago for New Friends of Old Time Music.



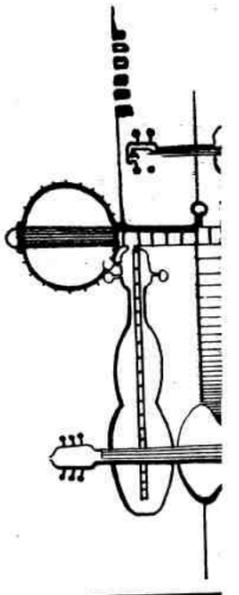
Sorry Muthas

...The tightest jug band ever. They have now disbanded because they couldn't even make enough bread to pay their road expenses-- a real loss to everybody.



Mike Seeger

....The world's foremost authority on traditional folk and mountain music. He began performing twenty years ago, moving from guitar to mandolin, fiddle, autoharp, French harp and banjo. A major influence in the folk-boom of the early 1960s, he has done a voluminous amount of field recordings for the Library of Congress.



# CARE & FEEDING

BY Christopher Koos

"You never really own an instrument. You keep it for a while, and we feel it's your responsibility to care for it so that you can pass the instrument on to future generations."

GTR  
Nashville, Tenn.

Guitars. Banjos. Fiddles. Mandolins. These are the primary instruments of the American folk scene. Happily, these instruments are enjoying a revival, especially the guitar. There are a lot of fine instruments around these days, being used, as they should be. Unfortunately, there are a lot of fine instruments around that are being abused or neglected. A really good instrument should last your lifetime and your children's lifetime, if not longer.

As a repairman, I would like to put to you a few random thoughts on "care and feeding." Throughout this article, I will be referring to the guitar, but the principles of stringed instrument care generally apply to all stringed instruments.

## TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY

Guitars are unquestionably fragile. Being made of thin wood and then placed under a great deal of tension from the strings subjects them to all sorts of maladies: warpage, cracks, even seam separations. Probably the greatest foe of the guitar is weather. Severe humidity and temperature change can reduce a truly fine instrument into an unplayable and unsightly mess. I'm sure that no one could argue that central Illinois does not qualify for radical weather changes. Controlling your guitar's environment is nothing complicated.

Usually temperature change will affect the finish and moisture change the wood itself. Example: If you put your guitar in your pickup bed in mid-December, drive to Chicago, move it in to a house and place it next to a heater to warm it up, you

Give your ear a musical treat this summer and go to a festival. During a weekend festival, you'll see as many, or more performers as you'll see at New Friends all year. You're likely to see some musicians you've seen at NFOTM over the last four years and ones you'll be seeing in the future. We recruit a goodly number of our performers from those we've seen at festivals.

There are hundreds of festivals all over the U.S. and Canada during the summer. Some are all one type of music, others present quite a variety of music.

Most festivals have camping areas. If you go to a festival, don't plan on getting too much sleep, as there is music going on all of the time. Do plan on having a good time and hearing a lot of good live music. Have a nice Summer!

## RECOMMENDED FOLK FESTIVALS

- Philadelphia Spring Folk Festival  
(May 24-26)
- Mariposa Folk Festival (Toronto, CA.)  
Deadline for mail order tickets to Mariposa: June 1  
\$15.00 for a 3-day ticket, or \$6.00 for each daily ticket  
Children under 12--free  
Send: certified check or money order, payable to Mariposa Folk Festival  
Mail to: Mariposa Folk Festival  
329 St. George Street  
Suite 4  
Toronto, Ontario  
M5R 2R2  
Festival Date: June 21, 22, 23
- Middletown, N.J. Folk Festival  
June 28 and 29
- Smithsonian Festival of American Folklife--Begins July 3 and may run 2 weeks (Washington, D.C.)
- National Folk Festival (Wolf Trap Farm, Virginia). August 1, 2, 3, 4
- Philadelphia Folk Festival--Aug. 23, 24, 25

will soon have one fine simulated alligator skin finish. Admittedly this is a little far out, but it doesn't take much quick temperature change over a period of time to give you the same results. Play it safe. Don't let your guitar get too hot or too cold. That means, summer or winter, keep it out of the trunk of your car, away from heat ducts, etc.

Wood moves. Constantly. Moisture changes cause it. There is nothing you can do about that. You can stop radical movement though. The idea is to keep your guitar from getting too much moisture or getting too dry.

In this area, winter is dry and summer is humid. In the winter, heating tends to dry the air. Drying wood contracts. This is where cracks usually come from. The simple solution is to humidify the instrument. There are about three or four guitar humidifiers on the market, all of which work well. You can make your own by taking a covered plastic soap dish, punch holes in it, and put a damp sponge in it. Stick it in the pouch in your case. This will help prevent cracking.

High humidity causes expansion of wood. This means, in serious cases, popped braces, separated glue joints, pulling up of the bridge, etc. This can be stopped by putting four or five packets of silica gel in your case. You can scrounge this from camera stores, typewriter stores, or below the last Katydid in your Beich's Katydid can. Silica gel absorbs moisture.

A short note on cracks. If your instrument has one, get it repaired immediately! The longer you wait, the harder and more costly the repair.

## CARE AND CLEANING OF FINISH AND STRINGS

Guitars have a thin, delicate finish. It is usually laquer, which can scratch, crack, or chip quite easily (buttons and 10 lb. belt buckles?). If you are aware of this it doesn't pose too much of a problem.

Cleaning the finish is wasily accomplished with a damp rag. If you are going to use a wax or a polish, use one made for instruments. Stay away from the Pledtes, the Beholds, the Liquid Golds, or anything that contains silicone. When they say "a penetrating polish" they're not kidding! A penetrating polish will preclude any refinishing or finish touch up as it penetrates the finish and goes deep into the wood.

Unless you've got a lot of bucks to spend on strings, try to get into the habit of wiping them down with a rag after each playing session. This will give them a longer life. Also, when they go dead, take them off and boil them. This cleans off a lot of dirt and will give you a little more mileage from your strings. Don't boil nylon strings.

## ADJUSTABLE NECK RODS AND BRIDGES

My advice is don't touch them unless you are damn sure of what you are doing. If you feel an adjustment is necessary, take the instrument to a repairman and have him do it (and have him explain what is going on with it so you can learn to do it yourself.) It is very easy to make the neck worse by an improper adjustment. Most of the time, people look at the adjustable features as a means of curing all of their guitar's ills. It just isn't so.

## HARD SHELL CASES

If you have a good guitar, and plan on keeping it, get a hard shell case if it doesn't have one. Granted, they are expensive, but they will do a lot toward keeping your instrument healthy and in one piece. A soft, flimsy case isn't much better than no case. A good hard shell helps greatly in your control of humidity.

If you follow these procedures, chances are excellent that the instrument you have will mellow into something unique and personal. Take care of it and it will take care of you.

Don't panic if something does go wrong. You don't expect a new car to go forever without maintenance and repair, so don't expect it of a guitar. Guitars are repairable! A crack or buzzing fret does not ruin it. If you find something wrong that you can't handle, seek out a repairman. Usually the longer you wait the worse it will get. Below is a list of repairmen in the area.

Chris Koos Ph. 829-3710  
Geoff Roehm Ph. 828-5861  
Kenny Albert  
Hudson, Ill. Ph. 726-4771  
George Hutson Ph. 828-1954  
The majority of Mr. Hutson's work is fiddles.



the Down Home  
ts. He taught  
anybody.



# RECORDS

Since tapes of concerts have been asked about, we present this list of N.F.C.T.M. performers and their records for your perusal. Most of the records mentioned should be available through the companies listed below or try ordering them through Student Stores. They are good records and will reflect the shows which have been presented. Buy them--the artist will make a buck.

Paul Geremia  
Folkways 31023  
Sire S1-4902

Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys  
Jalyn 120  
Jessup 108  
L of C 615,645,750,772,805,1028,1046,1069  
Melody Records 17 (Curly Ray Cline)  
Nashville 2014,2037,2078  
Rebel 1495,1503,1512,1514  
Starday 122,201  
County 738,739

R.F.D. Boys  
Jessup 126

Art Rosenbaum  
Meadowlands MS2

Vassar Clements  
Rural Rhythm 236  
Takoma 1033  
Rounder 0016  
Tune 1002  
United Artist 9801

Balfa Brothers  
Swallow 6011, 6014

Furry Lewis  
Adelphi 1007  
Folkway 3810  
Fantasy 24703

Bukka White  
Adelphi 1007  
Arhoolie 1019, 1020  
Takoma 1001

Sam Chatmon  
Blue Goose 2006  
Rounder 20014

Piano Red  
Arhoolie 1064  
Blues Series 1117

Roy Bookbinder  
Adelphi 1017

Big Joe Williams  
Arhoolie 1002,1053  
Blues Classic BC 21  
Delmark 609,627,604  
Folkways 3820,31004  
Testament 2205  
Everest 218

Larry Johnson  
Biograph 12028

Beers Family  
Biograph 12033, 12045

Frank Wakefield  
Biograph 12046  
Folk Legacy 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411  
Rounder 0007

Pat Sky  
Biograph 12046  
Adelphi R4101  
Verve FTS 3079  
FTS 3052  
Vanguard VRS 9207

We were unable to track down albums for the following performers who have appeared at N.F.C.T.M.:

Raun MacKennon  
Bill Staines  
Blind Jim Brewer  
The Calton Family  
Bob Gibson  
Andy Cohen  
Jack McGann



Cla Belle Reed  
Rounder 0021

The Ship  
Elektra

Jean Redpath  
Folk Legacy 49

Owen McBride  
Philo

Ed Holstein  
Earl of Old Town's Album

Bill Vanaver  
Biograph 12046  
Swallowtail 2

Barrands and Roberts  
Swallowtail 1  
" 4

Sam Lay Blues Band  
Testament 2218

Norman Blake  
United Artists 9801  
Rounder 0012

New Grass Revival  
Starday 482

Tut Taylor  
Rounder 0011

Martin, Bogan and Armstrong  
Rounder 2003  
" 2014



Rosalie Sorrells  
Biograph 12046  
Folk Legacy 31

Kenny Baker  
County 714,719,730,736

Luther Allison Blues Band  
Delmark 618,625

Mighty Joe Young Blues Band  
Delmark 629

Flemming Brown  
Folk Legacy 4

George and Gerry Armstrong  
Folk Legacy 16,41,42

Norman Kennedy  
Folk Legacy 34

Michael Cooney  
Folk Legacy 35,41,42

Gordon Bok  
Folk Legacy 40,44,48

John Wilcox  
Folk Legacy 45



Highwoods String Band  
Rounder 0023  
" 2004

Hedy West  
Vanguard VRS 9162  
Folk Legacy 32  
Fontana STL 5432

McLain Family  
Country Life 2

Bray Brothers  
Rounder 0015

Boys of the Lough  
Trailer Leader 2086  
(order from Folk Legacy)

U. Utah Phillips  
Philo

The Stewarts of Blair  
Topic (order from Folk Legacy)

Jimmy Dawkins Blues Band  
Delmark 623

Eddie Harrington (Clearwater)  
Blues Band  
Atomic Records  
(thru Delmark)

Erwin Helfer and Jimmy Walker  
soon to be released on  
Flying Fish Records

Stu Ramsey  
Mercury MG20775 (out of print)

Steve Goodman  
Bhudda 5096

David Bromberg  
Columbia COL 31104  
" KC 31753

Pat and Victoria Garvey  
Epic BN 26403  
Mud Records--RTE 2, Box 272  
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

John Prine  
Atlantic "Diamonds in the Rough"  
"John Prine"  
"Sweet Revenge"

Sorry Muthas  
Symposium Associates #55408 and others  
13 W. 26th St.  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55408

Lou Killen  
ESP 1085 Folk Legacy

Mike Seeger  
Folkways 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939  
2491, 2492, 5263, 5264, 5273  
31015  
Mercury SRM-1-627  
SRM-1-685

Margaret Barry  
Folk Legacy 3575  
Prestige/Irish 35001

Cousin Emmy  
Folkways 31015  
FS3818

Dave Van Ronk  
Folkways 31020  
Fantasy 24709

## source:

Round House Records  
P.O. Box 474  
Sommerville, Mass. 02144

County Sales  
307 E. 37th St.  
New York, N.Y. 10016

Folk Legacy Records, Inc.  
Sharon, Conn. 06069

Jazz Record Mart (for Delmark Records)  
Seven West Grand Ave.  
Chicago, Ill. 60610

Stinson Records  
P.O. Box 3415  
Granad Hills, Cal. 91344

Skyline Records  
Route 1, Box 65F  
Stephens City, Virginia 22655

Ask for catalogues.



# A.C.L.U. BOOTH HARASSED BY EASTLAND OFFICIALS



Controversy is in the eyes of the beholder.

Eastland officials, eager to allow floor space to such "non-controversial" conservative interests as military recruiters and "right-to-lifers," were upset over the presence of an American Civil Liberties Union booth with a petition in it calling for President Nixon's impeachment.

Having reserved space in the booth in the mall used for community groups, ACLU set up petitions to be sent to Representative Edward Madigan asking for the impeachment of R.M. Nixon. The booth, reserved four weeks in advance, was set up according to the rules given verbally by Ms. Chambers, acting in place of Cora Crews who is in charge of the booth. (These rules were given verbally as nobody in Eastland's office had a copy in writing, according to Tom Eimmermann, chairman of the McLean-Dewitt-Livingston chapter of the ACLU.)

The rules of Eastland's booth were recounted thus:

1. people had to stay in the booth (and not go out and grab people),
2. the purpose of the booth was to explain a particular group's activities,
3. nothing can be sold, and
4. content in the booth can't "shock people's sensitivities."

ACLU members arrived at 10:00 A.M. on a Saturday, setting up their presentation with a 15-inch sign of "Impeach Nixon" bumper stickers and two petitions. Additionally, information about ACLU and anti-"right-to-life" literature was available.

At 4:30, after hours of no disturbance, representatives from Woolworth's at Eastland came out.

People in the booth agreed to remove the sign, but not the petitions.

The reply was that ACLU was violating rules by doing something controversial; ACLU's response was to point to the "right-to-life" booth that had been in the Eastland mall earlier treating customers to photos of dead fetuses.

Woolworth's manager replied by stating "This is a community shopping center, and we don't want any controversy here."

The petition had received 200 signatures during the day.

After several more officials, including Ms. Chambers, came out, a search for Marion Tate, manager of Eastland, took place. True to form, he couldn't be found. (Tate was also unavailable during the A&P boycott leafletting controversy.)

ACLU remained in the booth until 9:00, the full period of time they had reserved the booth for.

The following day, a story appeared in The Pantagraph recording the event up to the moment of confrontation, without including the fact that the confrontation was a washout.

"The Pantagraph story sounded like

we suddenly took the booth by surprise," Tom Eimmermann says. "The booth is there on reservation basis. We'd reserved the booth about four weeks before as the ACLU."

Cora Crews, booth manager opined that the ACLU had taken advantage of Eastland in not mentioning the fact that the booth would include impeachment petitions. According to Ms. Crews, ACLU had said they were only using the booth to promote membership, oppose the "right-to-lifers," and inform people of their rights.

All three purposes were a part of the booth, along with the petition.

Eastland has had a tradition of opposing liberal to radical "controversial" material in its mall. Radicals protesting Pantagraph coverage of Cairo, lettuce boycott supporters protesting A&P's anti-union practices, and people supporting justice have all received flack for presenting their thought.

Eastland has shown its willingness to prosecute (in the case of the Cairo leafletters) people who leaflet outside their community booth. Additionally, they've shown their reluctance to lend their booth (labelled a "community booth" to anybody left of right-to-life.

Shopping centers like Eastland are becoming more and more prevalent in this culture. With their rules against "controversy," malls like Eastland do a fine job of preserving the status quo: a scary vision of the future.

## AGAIN! Another Bogus Battery Charge

When the Post-Amerikan published last issue a story headlined "Another Bogus Battery Charge" starring Sheriff's deputies Loren Reece and Stanley Rader, it might have been the beginning of a continuing series.

Another bogus battery charge, again starring Rader and ex-deputy Reece, features suprisingly similar circumstances. Only the victims are different.

In March or April of 1972 (around the time of last issue's incident), Billy Price attended a party at Greenwood Trailer Court. When the knock came at the door, no one answered. "We didn't think the police were allowed to come in,"

Price said, "but they came barging in like they owned the place."

Price hid in a closet, taking a bottle of beer with him. Eventually, of course, the county cops found him. Stanley Rader opened the closet door, and Price came out. "Don't you have to have a warrant to come in here?" Price asked.

"Boy you got a smart mouth, don't you?" Rader replied, according to Price.

Price said Rader began handcuffing him, wrapping the cuff around his left wrist and taking it behind his back. Price still held his beer in his right hand.

"Can't I get one more drink of beer before you handcuff me?" Price asked.

Price said he started to lift the bottle to his mouth when Rader yelled "Aggravated assault on a police officer! He tried to hit me with a beer bottle!"

"So then he handcuffed me and then he hit me in the mouth with his fist," Price said.

Price did six months in Vandalia for it, after pleading guilty to a lesser charge on his lawyer's advice.

In the bogus battery charge featured

last issue, John Geidl Sr., who also allegedly tried to hit Rader, did a year's probation.

In both incidents, Loren Reece served as Rader's sidekick. Reece was forced to leave the sheriff's police force last summer. (see Post-Amerikan Vol. III #1.)

In evaluating this incident the reader should keep in mind that a police officer has no right to strike a suspect for "smarting off"



BILLY PRICE

# FEAR AND LOATHING IN

# "Hi School

## U. CITY

to pawnee through the U. S. postal system came The sanity-retainer of central ill.....my copy of the post amerikan

there was some strange article about a cyst or abyss or something likewise; but during those years of alcohol madness at Blmton/nrml an entire different CHEMICAL REALITY was happening only 160 miles distant in a high school in a county in missouri

we were all dedicated dope tkin' commie-some queer-hippie freaks... and it had all started sanely enough (as these things do) from the depths/deaths of our eighth grade chess club at hanley jr. high school.

this legendary school was located in st. louis county in university city. u. city; so named for logicaldrab reasons: washington university sits on the border between st. louis and u. city/most students from wash. u., webster college, and st. louis u. live in u. city and almost all profs/spouses and their offspring (us) from said wondrous institutions also live there.

u. city during our highschool years was a locality in flux; the rich jewish families (clustered around was. u.) were rushing further further out as inner city Black families rushed further further in....more on this later

in eighth grade most people in the group that i hung out with were university born and bred; book addicts all from the moment we'd first opened our eyes; and we were all getting gawdawful sick of academia (though none of us could've told why....)

but we continued to pump print into our o.d.ed collective heads and up our intellectual asses; evidenced by such organized channeling as compulsory (not literally but but psychologically) chess clubs journalism clubs etc. ad nauseum UNTIL the magic year '68-'69 '68-'69/ '68-'69/ '68-'69

in this chess club there was a guy, dan. (his brother, elvin, is renowned for his chess & speed abilities throughout the midwest). he introduced all of us bored naive latently licentious young folk to other less-bored/naive semi-latently licentious youngfolk who held parties every saturday night in a basement in a house of a friend of theirs...(the parents took off every weekend)

and the older brothers/sisters of these new friends had older friends of theirs who went to wash. u. and who had managed to get their hands on this new substance known as WEED

picture a dark damp basement (damp; an old law in st. louis and parts of the county required all buildings to be built from brick or stone of other-than-wood...much to the benefit of local brick manufacturers/layers....from benefit of all local clay/lime deposits)with all lights turned out in a fit of paranoia as a group of 12-13-14 year old kids huddle anxiously over a match desperately trying to get stoned on some older brother's joke and special gift of some secret complex mixture of oregano, parsley, thyme, and pipe tobacco and you'll have us pinned about mid-8th grade.

new years ('69) flowed through. we all got rip roaring drunk--many of us for the first time...you all know how we spent the next day...BUT only a few days afterwards we latched onto some GENUINE WEED and all alco-

holic tendencies were immediately dropped in favor of this new elixir .....though occasionally someone would dredge some wine from someplace to soothe grass burnt throats. most of us never even thought of walking near a bar or trying to lie our way into anyplace selling alcohol.

sex/ goes with dope and adolescence. no dating routine-social activities were deliberately casual. naturally we paired off... and were expected to do so, but a definite cynicism developed quickly as to the longevity of these affairs...

birth control was found easily. you can bet that in a city the size of st. louis at least a few doctores readily give pill prescriptions to obviously underage women...(and we'd all been well versed on the evils of early pregnancies, v.d. and heroin addiction)

sometime in '69 a friend's older sister introduced women's liberation to us jr. highschool women. as independent, comparatively (as opposed to older sisters) free, and strong willed as most of us were.. we had still managed to become saturated with/in the belief that our lives could not be functional without that ONE male to cling to (for life). this belief was so well ground into us--as young as we were--that most of my highschool girl-friends (or as much friends as we could be with that competition-for-male complex) have only recently gotten over this fallacy (pun intended)...and some are still not over it, in spite of numerous women's meetings, conversations, expressed beliefs, etc.

later that same year, another equally enterprising social phenomena had been realized...terry/ricky had begun hanging out with the gay crowds in the city...GLF was new to st. louis as well as to us and not a few people were affected. american myths on sexuality must be among the most absurd and harmful myths perpetuated by american culture...and by this time we were so consciously aware of so many cul-

tural prejudices and lies we'd unconsciously accepted for so long that it had become a compulsion on our parts to check out all new life possibilities. a number of guys/girls leaped into gay life styles and some have been living in these life styles ever since. the dress code had been changed (with much resistance from school faculty and staff) quite some time back--the same year--and some gays began to wear flashy clothing and/or GLF buttons to school....

in the meantime

laddy's basement had become a den wholly devoted to dope consumption and various other subversive activities. we were long gone. grass smoking had quickly turned into acid/mescaline/psilocibin intake.

laddy's basement was slowly re-decorated in sheer acidic visions, decadent graffitti, and wall to wall munchy crumbs...it'd begun to look like a replica of a "hippie pad" from a dragnet set. it was a long in here that laddy's parents noticed this new artful spread and mold growing from room corners and proceeded to permanently ban us from the house. we were out on the streets.....

but not for long; just long enough to allow us to widen our ever growing circle of doped up friends. other people in the school had been watching the fun and wanted in.

Phase Next (from mid-9th grade thru that summer)

parties were now pre-arranged and happened almost every night in some house temporarily vacated by parents. life was a party. we smoked dope before, during, and after school, as well as on weekends. school ceased to matter, though many of us managed to keep up grades through accident or providence or series of minor miracles or somesuch.

our psychedelic minds travelled all along roads of mysticism/anticisms/freakouts/etc. a love for the weird and the absurd developed.

the associated hanley activists or ANA! coalesced into an unrecognized



reprinted from Adam's Apple Comix

# Madness"



school organization

(a black student caucus had coalesced as a parallel)

AHA! performed daily.

various temporary underground papers were put out.

some police officer came to lecture on drugs...he passed 2 j's through the assembly of students as exhibits 1 and 2; marijuana; he was returned exhibits 3,4,5, and 6 in addition to Ex. 1 and 2.

flags on flagpoles were mysteriously turned upside down/weird graffiti appeared in unexpected places

the bald soprano (ionesco) was that year's school play

calvin (black) and hope (female) ran for student council and were elected pres. and vice pres. respectively... mr. lumm--black school vice principal--received many oreo cookies in the mail and there's no telling what dr. likens--white school principal--received in the mail.....

lab equipment from the jr. highschool and highschools had begun to steadily disappear...one person, scotty, was arrested on his way to california with all chemicals and lab equipment needed for the production of acid...the new metal detectors (for hi-jackers) had sensed some undeclared metal objects in his baggage..

good/bad acid, mesc.,etc....questions freakouts/musings etc. had become so common throughout the st. louis area that an ACID RESCUE was started by two st. louis u. psychology students...which is not said de-meaningly.

allen and vicki organized acid rescue so that only experienced drug users were allowed to work on the staff. (this was not an exdopie's anti-drug podium...a staff member could do all the dope s/he desired as long as s/he was not stoned while answering phones or working)

a few friends attached themselves to this vocation.

by summer most friends were at least 16. under missouri law, a 16 year old may file as a "liberated minor" and move out on their own. while no one i knew went through this legal entanglement, a number of friends found their own jobs and apartments that summer. most of the cheaper apartments in u. city were to be found in the old loop area (from trolley car days) between eastgate and westgate.

we could all now party at convenient no-hassle dwellings.

the loop area quickly sprouted head shops, coffee houses, midnight flicks. tradition formed to get wrecked, see the midnight flick and be rowdy, the go to mr. donut and drink coffee/playcards/ eat donuts for the rest of the night. and THEN speed through work, or school or whatever the next day, if necessary.

dopers from all areas of the city and county trooped in every night.

acid rescue (as did we) noted a quick rise in a more destructive sort of drug traffic than had previously existed in the county. speed, opium, cocaine were openly circulated and consumed. small amounts of STP, "PCP," and heroin were circulated in smaller circles and used more covertly.

many loop dwellers became full time dealers/party throwers.

perhaps the most beloved of these was little sandy (4'10" and 26 years old) she had just recently been hired by the jr. highschool as a music teacher. she ate a lot of speed, smoked a lot of dope, and dug on jr. highschool boys...the apartment was always full of them...eventually she was fired from the school system.

Next Phase Next ('70-'71)

three things happened

1) a general rise of despair from every social and personal front gave way to junkiedom...the expected cultural revolution had not taken place. satisfying love lives or interesting occupations were to be found nowhere and no place. no one wanted back into school.

rip-offs were regular occurrences.. people closed into themselves and junk.

2)the police had finally caught on. they bore down as quickly and as heavily as they could on the whole loop area. paranoia was soon taken for granted.

3) racial tension flared into action. school teachers, administrators, and staff...who were used to nice pep rally rah-rah rich kids...had been stomping on blacks for any reason imaginable. the highschool went up in flames one day. the u. city fire department was on the spot and the fire was put out before much physical damage could be done. racial tension simmered quietly for a short period afterwards...until the school board tried to fire a black social studies teacher over some trumped up detail...(in reality he was just a shade too radical for the school board to handle with any calmness) 3/4 of the highschool went on strike. the prior mutual indifference between black/white students dissolved...alliances and friendships ensued....

AND it was right along in here that i decided that i could not bear another useless hopeless day in u. city. a feeling of omnipresent claustrophobia and paranoia had pushed me to the verge of junkiedom. it was stay and sink or leave. i left.

after a year's rambling, i was picked up in austin, texas on runaway charges and shipped back north. my

parents had moved to pawnee. i got a job, moved into springfield and started back to school at s.s.u.

as soon as i was able, i went to st. louis for a visit. the loop area was cleaned out. with the exception of one or two friends...all had scattered soon after i'd left. at least 3 of them are in jail last i'd heard, on possession and selling charges. some had vanished totally. some had retreated full tilt into the american dream...one friend (the only highschool friend that i know of) had even gotten --MARRIED! (?)

some had retreated into religious freakdom.

some are still doping night and day.

and still others had skipped directly into various stages of college without highschool diplomas. this confirmed every theory we'd ever had on the "necessity" of highschool...highschool as a babysitting institution/ highschool as a cosmic joke/highschool as basic training for the military culture of american society/ highschool as a capitalistic plot to keep job markets from becoming flooded with an excess of able bodied beings/ etc.

at this point i would like to dedicate this article to all highschool students--especially those in the midwest--presently doing time in the institution of their parents' choice.

i've kept my ears atuned for highschool news. some blmtn/nrml students, i was told only a few weeks back, got stepped on by school administrators for selling the post amerikan in their school. sprgfld highschools' racial tensions will break wide-open if something isn't done soon. highschools from here (pawnee) up to chicago and down to st. louis are swamped with grass/ acid/downers and alcohol.....

birthcontrol is available for those highschool students who look for it.. and no doubt a lot of other things which have and haven't happened before in the history of highschool america are taking place right now which most of us are not even remotely aware of.

remember the sugar-coated speeches presented every year while you were still in highschool about you and friends becoming the "leaders of tomorrow"?

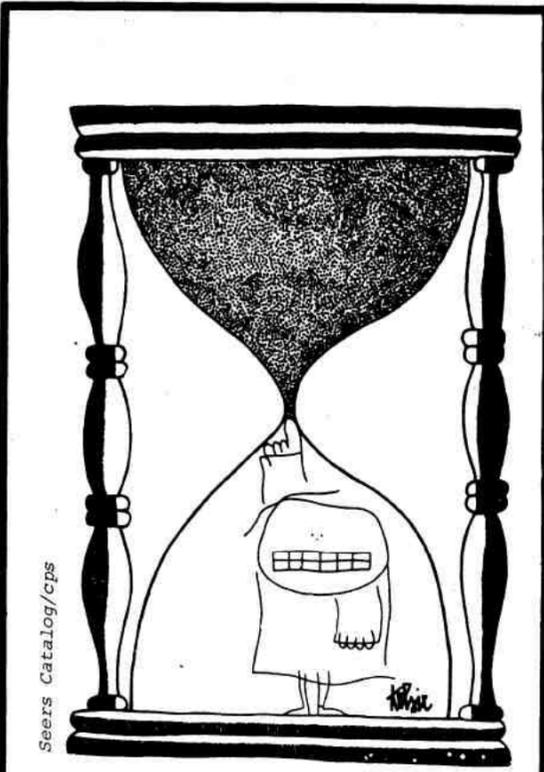
well, that wasn't total crap...

those people in highschool now will affect our lives at some time in the future. in u. city, those of us who survived the transition period did so with not just the help of older brothers/sisters-- who weren't always able to be around--or the help we gave each other, but with the help and encouragement of the college community which we lived in the midst of...

i'm not advocating "save a highschool kid today"...i'm proposing that we all at least be aware of the community around us....and esp. the highschool communities..perhaps encourage highschool students to think and use their imaginations (before these abilities atrophy) when and if we ever get the chance.

a very few encouraging words can sometimes help achieve unbelievably fine results.....

"rose"



# SENATE EXPOSES GM

(Editor's note: Most of us were raised believing that during the Second World War, the whole of American industry was converted into a weapon to crush facism. Detroit was the "Arsenal of Democracy" with images of tanks and planes rolling off assembly lines that had been producing autos just a short time before.

What we weren't told was that the same companies which were providing the armed might of the U.S. were simultaneously supplying war material for the Nazis regime.

While some of these revelations rocked the country in the midst of World War II, much of it was buried under the "top secret" label. However, in 1972, the general declassification and release of World War II military documents was authorized. Some of this startling new information was brought before the U.S. Senate Monopoly and Anti-Trust Subcommittee by Bradford Snell, a research economist for the subcommittee.

The following is an excerpt from Snell's statement along with added information from Detroit's alternative newspaper The Fifth Estate. Snell's entire statement is available without cost from U.S. Senator Philip A. Hart (Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.) in a pamphlet entitled, "American Ground Transport.")

Prior to and during World War II, General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler ... dominated motor vehicle production in both the United States and Germany. Due to its mass production capabilities, automobile manufacturing is one of the most crucial industries with respect to national defense. As a result, these corporations retained the economic and political power to affect the shape of governmental relations both within and between Germany and the U.S. in a manner which maximized corporate global profits.

In short, they were private governments unaccountable to the citizens of any country, yet possessing tremendous influence over the course of war and peace in the world. As a result they were able to maximize profits by supplying both sides with the material needed to conduct the war.

During the 1920's and 1930's the Big Three automakers (GM, Ford and Chrysler-ed.) undertook an extensive program of multinational expansion. In 1929, GM acquired Germany's largest automobile company, Adam Opel, A.G. By the mid-1930's, these three American companies owned automotive subsidiaries throughout Europe and the Far East; many of their largest facilities were located

in the politically sensitive nations of Germany, Poland, Rumania, Austria, Hungary, Latvia and Japan.

## CONFLICT OF INTEREST?

As the Axis Powers overtly prepared for war, GM, Ford, and to a lesser extent, Chrysler, found themselves involved in serious conflicts of interest and national loyalties. Due to their concentrated economic power over motor vehicle production in both Allied and Axis territories, the Big Three inevitably became major factors in the preparations and progress of the war.

GM's participation in Germany's preparation for war began as early as 1935. That year its Opel subsidiary cooperated with the Reich in locating a new heavy truck facility at Brandenburg, which military officials advised would be less vulnerable to

enemy air attack. During the succeeding years, GM supplied the Wehrmacht with Opel "Blitz" trucks from the Brandenburg complex.

For these and other contributions to wartime preparations, GM's chief executive for overseas operations in 1938 was awarded the Order of the German Eagle (first class) by Chancellor Adolf Hitler.

Ford was also active in Nazi Germany's prewar preparations. In 1938, for instance, it opened a truck assembly plant in Berlin whose real purpose, according to the U.S. Army Intelligence, was producing troop transport-type vehicles for the Wehrmacht. That year Ford's chief executive also received the Nazi German Eagle (first class.)

The outbreak of war in September, 1939, resulted inevitably in the full conversion of GM and Ford of their plants in Axis countries to the production of military aircraft and trucks. During the last quarter of 1939, for instance, GM converted its 432-acre Opel complex in Russelsheim to warplane production.

From 1939 through 1945, the GM-owned Russelsheim facility alone assembled 50 percent of all the propulsion systems produced for the JU-88 medium range bomber. According to an authoritative work on the subject, the JU-88 by 1940 "had become the Luftwaffe's most important bomber, and remained so for the rest of the war."

The Russelsheim facility also assembled 10 percent of the engines for the ME-262, the world's first operational jet fighter. (Between October, 1944, and May of 1945, when Germany surrendered, GM manufactured 954 ME-262 jets for the Luftswaffeed.)

This jet plane has been described as perhaps "the most important military aircraft to come out of Germany." With a top speed of 540 miles per hour, it was more than 100 miles per hour faster than the American P-510 Mustang, the fastest piston-driven allied fighter. Not until after World War II were the Allies able to develop pure jet aircraft.

On the ground, GM and Ford subsidiaries built nearly 90 percent of the armored "mule" 3-ton half-tracks and more than 70 percent of the Reich's medium and heavy-duty tanks. These vehicles, according to American intelligence reports, served as "the backbone of the German Army transportation system."

In addition, the factories of Ethyl G.M.B.H., a joint venture of I.G. Farben (a huge German chemical combine which worked hand in hand with the Nazi government), GM and Exxon subsidiaries, provided the mechanized German armies with synthetic tetraethyl fuel.

## FUEL FOR NAZIS, TOO

During 1935-36, at the urgent request of Nazi officials who realized that Germany's scarce petroleum reserves would not satisfy war demands, GM and Exxon joined with German chemical interests in the erection of the Ethyl tetraethyl plants.

According to captured German records (found in an I.G. Farben "to be destroyed" folder), these facilities contributed substantially to the German war effort: "The fact that since the beginning of the war we could produce lead-tetraethyl is entirely due to the circumstances that shortly before the Americans had presented us with the production plants complete with experimental knowledge.

"Without lead-tetraethyl," the wartime document added, "the present method of warfare would be unthinkable."

It was, of course, in the best interests of GM and Ford to cooperate in the German war effort. Although GM, for example, was in complete management control of its Russelsheim warplane factory for nearly a full year after Germany's declaration of war against the United States on December 11, 1941, its refusal to build warplanes at a time of negligible demand for automobiles would have brought about the economic collapse of its Opel plant. Moreover, it might have resulted in confiscation of the facility by the German government.

In fact, on November 25, 1942, the Reich did appoint an administrator for the Russelsheim plant who, although not permitted to interfere with the authority of the GM-appointed board of directors, was instructed to oversee operations. Nevertheless, communications as well as material reportedly continued to flow for the duration of the war between GM and Ford plants in Allied countries and those located Axis territories.

## ENEMY FACTORIES GET FIXED

After the cessation of hostilities, GM and Ford demanded reparations from the U.S. government for wartime damages sustained by their Axis facilities as a result of Allied bombing. By 1967, GM had collected more than \$33 million in reparations and Federal tax benefits for damages to its warplane and motor vehicle properties in formerly Axis-controlled territories, including Germany, Austria, Poland, Latvia, and China.

Likewise, Ford received just short of \$1 million, primarily as a result of damages sustained by its military truck complex at Cologne.

Since World War II, the rebuilt Russelsheim and Cologne plants have enabled GM and Ford to capture more than two-thirds of the German motor vehicle market. (GM and Ford subsidiaries alone account for the largest share of German production--38.4 percent, and GM-Opel has captured the largest share of sales--exceeding those of Volkswagen).

It may, of course, be argued that participating in both sides of an international conflict, like the common corporate practice of investing in both political parties before an election, is an appropriate corporate activity. Had the Nazis won, General Motors and Ford would have appeared impeccably Nazi; as Hitler lost, these companies were able to emerge impeccably American.

(end of excerpt from Senate testimony)

Shortly after the press was made aware of Snell's charges, GM issued a denial of the story. The GM spokesperson stated that "several other corporations" also invested in prewar Nazi Germany and that none of these companies had liquidated their assets because of the war. In effect GM said that it was not the only offender, and that Snell was merely exposing a normal business practice.

GM's assertion is quite accurate. ITT, for example, whose founder (Colonel Sosthenes Behn) was involved in various financial and espionage intrigues with, at first, the Nazis, and later with the victorious Allies, did not liquidate its assets in the Axis territories. ITT's communications systems covered Europe as well as several neutral Latin American countries, and were crucial for the flow of information within the Axis.

# AID TO NAZIS

Like GM and Ford, ITT received compensation from the U.S.--to the tune of \$27 million--for damage from Allied bombs to its factories in Germany--including \$5 million for its Focke-Wulf bomber plants.

When The Fifth Estate, Detroit's radical alternative paper, telephoned GM's press room for further comment, the following tersely-worded statement was read: "The allegation that GM assisted in Nazi Germany's war effort is false. A German board of managers appointed by the Nazis assumed responsibility for daily operations of Opel after September 3, 1939. After the U.S. and Germany were at war, the operation was under control of a German alien custodian."

In a footnote to his report, Bradford Snell refutes in detail the GM statement: "General Motors has owned 100 percent of Adam Opel A.G. continuously since 1929. Accordingly, it selected the Board of Directors and appointed the management which supervised wartime operations of all Opel plants, including the aircraft production facility at Russelsheim. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., Board Chairman of GM-USA, and GM vice-presidents James D. Mooney, John T. Smith, and Grame K. Howard, served on the Opel Board of Directors throughout the war."

"GM continued to operate its Opel plants after the United States had formally declared war on Germany without any apparent interference

by the German government up until November 25, 1942. At that time, Prof. Dr. Carl Luer was appointed as an administrator of the Russelsheim warplane plant. The Darmstadt Provincial Court of Appeal stressed in its appointment of Luer, however, that the authority of the board of directors shall not be affected by this administrative decision."

"In fact, the only noticeable wartime change in plant operations was the departure of American personnel. The GM-appointed board of directors and management remained. . . Nevertheless, GM sought and obtained a \$35 million write-off in 1942 from the U.S. Treasury Department.

"Communications as well as material continually flowed between GM plants in Allied countries and GM plants in Axis-controlled areas, presumably in direct violation of trading with the enemy legislation...A review of the Opel-Russelsheim financial records also reveals that this plant was dealing with GM companies in Axis and Allied countries all over the world including ...General Motors Overseas Corp. (Detroit)..."

As Snell points out, although the German government could have confiscated the GM holdings, there was actually no reason to do so, since GM was cooperating completely in the German war effort. And GM's stockholders continued as usual to derive profit from its German facilities. Meanwhile, in the U.S., where 1/3 of all war orders went to just 10 firms, GM's share alone amounted to \$14 billion.



## Third World Opposes

Against the wishes of the great powers, the third world countries have convened a special session of the United Nations general assembly.

Formally opened April 9, the session will focus on a topic of key importance for nearly all the world's poorer countries: raw materials. But what is being discussed is much broader than that. In their preliminary talks, the third world nations have announced that they want nothing less than a declaration condemning the entire present world economic order as it affects them.

The call for the special assembly came from Algeria's President, Houari Boumediene. As chairman of the Conference of Nonaligned Nations, Boumediene has played a key role in enabling the states where two-thirds of the world's population live to speak with a common voice on questions of mutual interest.

It took the signatures of 78 UN member countries to convene this extraordinary assembly session. This goal of 78 signatures was achieved about mid-March. With the session then definitely on, all the other member countries jumped on the bandwagon. The U.S. was 86th on the list. The USSR got the 94th slot.

U.S. representative John Scali made no secret of his delegation's foot-dragging on the special assembly. Scali turned down an invitation by the third world countries to take part in the preparations for the conference a month ago. He told reporters March 15 that the U.S. attitude was one of "constructive waiting" and then characterized the line-up of third world countries forming in the general assembly as "an amorphous glob."

Washington's ill-will toward this third world initiative was also manifest in earlier tough talk by the Nixon administration. Treasury Secretary George Schultz, expounding the administration's position at Senate Finance Committee hearings March 4, demanded new powers enabling the President to "retaliate" against countries that impose "illegal or unreasonable restraints" on the sale of their raw materials. This bullying talk was aimed not

## Rich Nations at U.N.

only at the Arab oil exporting countries but at the raw materials producing countries generally.

Less than a week after Schultz's threat, the world's seven major bauxite producing countries went ahead anyway and set up an organization modeled on the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), whose Arab members conducted the recent oil embargo against the U.S. and other countries supporting Israeli Zionism.

The Arab oil embargo has clearly inspired and encouraged other countries to follow suit. This is the main aspect of the embargo, which which Algeria and other leading countries in the third world camp have been stressing.

This same embargo, however, has also brought out new contradictions among the third world countries. A number of oil importing third world countries face added difficulties due to the higher price of petroleum, which is needed in many areas to make chemical fertilizer. India is among the countries hardest hit by the oil price increases. The bond of Arab-African solidarity forged during the October War last year are also under considerable strain over the oil price question.

Differences also exist between different oil producing countries as to how to solve the oil price problem for the third world. Iran, a non-Arab member of the OPEC, recently put up \$1 billion as a loan to the U.S. dominated World Bank at commercial rates, the sum to be loaned to both the industrialized and the poorer countries to help overcome oil price problems. In addition, Iran has also made bilateral financial deals with India, Pakistan and some other countries, allowing them, in effect, to get some oil at reduced prices. It is obvious to most observers that these measures can only be a drop in the bucket...

Saudi Arabia on the other hand bitterly opposes these financial measures, arguing--- alone among OPEC countries--- that only a reduction in the price of oil can solve the problem. Saudi opposition prevented the OPEC countries at their April 6 meeting from setting up a system of compulsory contributions by the OPEC countries to a fund to aid third world countries with oil price problems. The fund was established but contributions remain voluntary. Saudi Arabia has indicated that it will make at most a token payment, thereby condemning the fund to a relatively symbolic role.

Nothing would please the U.S. more than to see these contradictions within the third world, and among the oil producing countries, erupt openly at the special UN session. Preliminary signs, however, indicated the U.S. may be disappointed on this score. In the preparatory sessions in New York and in the Algerian capital last month, where the oil price problems were reportedly hashed out in detail, the common front of the third world countries held together under Algerian leadership. The chances are that the differences in the poor countries' camp will be submerged at least for the duration of the assembly.

A secondary U.S. strategy, apparent from press statements, is to steer the special assembly toward the theme of "cooperation" and "partnership" between rich and poor countries. The last thing the U.S. delegation wants to see is a series of attacks detailing the ravages that U.S. based corporations have wrought.

Also on Washington's undesirable list is a United Nations declaration upholding the right of any nation to expropriate and nationalize the assets of foreign corporations on their territory. Yet this is precisely what Algeria and other countries are pushing for and may very well get.

by Martin Nicolaus,  
reprinted from the  
Guardian

## REFLECTIONS

For this issue of the Post-American, the Bloomington-Normal Men's Group would like to share with you a letter by Claude Steiner, appearing in Issues in Radical Therapy, Vol. 1, no. 1, 1973. Steiner's letter lays bare some of the basic problems encountered by men who are coming to grips with sexism and provides insight for men seeking to deal with their sexism.

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Dear brother:

I am writing this letter both as a man who is deeply committed to a struggle against his own sexism and as a radical psychiatrist whose work with people invariably confronts sexism.

I want to share with you my personal understanding of the issues which are involved.

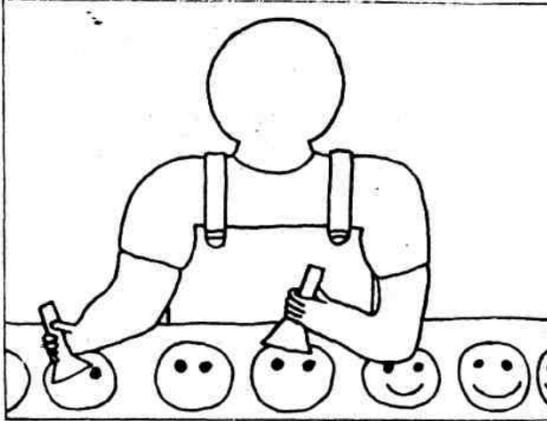
Men's interest in working against sexism has very murky and unclear motivations. Unlike the woman's liberation movement, which is obviously a thrust out from under and which has clear-cut logic both for the mind and the gut, the men's struggle against sexism does not understand itself nearly as well.

If we participate in the movement to help women find freedom or, worse, to give it to them, then we are patronizing them and are rightly told to mind our own business. If we become a sort of one-down men's auxiliary to the women's movement, we take on a role reversal which is humiliating and unproductive.

This letter is addressed to those of you who recognize that, just as we are all racists either crude or subtle, we are also all chauvinists. We have all undergone thorough training in male supremacy from the day we were born, and it is not very likely that any of us, our most militant sisters included, have escaped or undone the indoctrination completely. The problem is not that we are chauvinist pigs, since we are, as sincerely as we know how, willing to struggle against our chauvinism and give up our male privilege. Rather, we are chauvinists who are unaware of our chauvinism and where it has impact, and also unaware of how we would benefit from ridding ourselves of it.

I feel that men have difficulty seeing this struggle as a struggle for our own freedom. We don't feel oppressed, even if we know we are; we are classic examples of alienation; the mystified oppressed who are not only being robbed of their freedom but robbed of their awareness of the robbery and being given the illusion that we benefit from it. Our mystification is buttressed by the privileges that accompany our oppressed lives so that while we have no awareness of what we would gain in the way of well being when we overthrow our chauvinism, we very clearly see what we would have to give up in the way of privileges; the privilege of first and last choice; our one-up to women.

I assume that I am not speaking to anyone so crude in their chauvinism that they still have beliefs such as that women are by their nature unable to think as logically as men, or that they are more emotional and therefore more unstable than men, or more likely to be satisfied doing domestic chores than men, happy being dependent and submissive while raising children and "making a home."



Our real problem lies in subtle chauvinism. Subtle chauvinism is usually held by a man or a woman who believes in the equality of sexes but who, nevertheless, in many subtle ways acts in a manner which systematically oppresses the woman.

Men who are subtle chauvinists usually believe in the liberation of women and that they are engaged in a struggle against their oppression. Often women who are in relationships with such men are puzzled by the fact that, even though he protests that he is in favor of women's liberation and gives effusive lip-service to it, he ultimately and irrevocably winds up in a one-up rather than equal position with respect to her.

Subtle chauvinism, while it appears in many different guises, is most visible in situations in which the mutual loving relationship between a man and a woman is disrupted by an increasing imbalance of love given. According to this point of view advanced by Hogie Wycoff (1971), the fact that women so often find themselves in a position of feeling unloved is the result of the sex-role training of men and women which causes women to accept and men to demand a love imbalance in the man's favor.

## SEX ROLE OPPRESSION

Are men emotionally deficient? Why are they so incapable of feeling and giving love? Why is it that in a relationship between a man and a woman it is so often the case that the woman winds up exploited in her loving? Let me attempt an explanation for this:

Every stone-age child that is born has before itself, according to the circumstances of its life, a vast range of possibilities. On one end of the range, the possibility of becoming a fully human, aware, complex, responsive, sensitive human being; and on the other to adapt to whatever restrictive environment it is thrust into and simply survive in order to preserve the human race so that its offspring may have, once again, a chance to be fully human.



When human beings are born they are divided into two groups. One group is told: "When you grow up you will be a girl. A good woman should be a very nurturing, supportive person; so much that everytime that someone in her family needs something, she can provide it. In order to be truly good at it, it is useful for her to be very intuitive and capable of reading people's minds so that if a person around her needs something, it would be ideal, especially if it's a man, if she could figure it out before he even said anything. Since your major task will be to be nurturing, you won't need to be very rational; you don't need rationality in order to be supportive and nurturing; in fact, rationality might interfere with nurturing. It is best not to try to understand certain things."

On the other hand, children of the male sex are told: "When you grow up you will be a man. A good man should be able to work hard at making things. He must be able to think clearly and logically and understand the laws of nature since his main task is to solve problems, especially problems related to power and its accumulation. On the other hand, the function of being tuned-in and sensitive to yourself or other human beings is one that you should not make use of, because it is difficult to think logically when you are aware of how you or other people feel. The accumulation of power will be interfered with if you become aware of the emotions of the people with which you are dealing, nor will it be valuable or advisable for you to be nurturing since, once again, the world of men and power does not allow for the considerations of needs and emotions. Leave emotionality and sensitivity to women; they are better at it than you."

These instructions, backed with severe sanctions, insure that women will apply their energies to nurture men while men will apply their energies to external reality and the accumulation of power. Men and women are alienated from their full human potential by the oppression of these various functions and the mystification of this oppression under the guise of "proper" masculinity and femininity.

Wycoff (1971) finds that women are encouraged by the assignment of sex roles to be strongly nurturing and strongly tuned-in and intuitive to other people's feelings, but not to be capable of thinking rationally. On the other hand, men are told to disregard their own and other people's feelings, emotions and needs, and not to nurture since that is the function of women, but rather to emphasize their adult and rational function. In short, women are scripted to be warm but impotent and men to be potent but cold. Sex roles prevent loving relationships.

In Radical Psychiatry we call the unit of human love or recognition a stroke as defined by Eric Berne. Sex roles attack the capacity of human beings to love each other and supply each other with needed strokes. The two activities best suited for the exchange of human recognition or love are intimacy and work. Intimacy is a situation in which two human beings are intensely engaged in the mutual exchange of strokes. Work is a situation in which a human being generates a product or delivers a service for which she or he will receive strokes as well as money or some other tangible consideration.

# ON MEN

The potential for obtaining strokes for our labor in this society is practically nil. Labor is alienated, the products of our labor are taken away from us. All we receive as a reward is a small part of the product's real value in money which we then exchange for other products which often are expected to obtain strokes for us. A few privileged persons' labors is not alienated such as artists, crafts(people), and some professionals, but the majority of people's work is joyless. Joylessness in work is made acceptable to most people due to their thorough indoctrination by the educational system; in fact, most people grow up with the expectation that work is not part of life's pleasures but only the source of money to buy them.

The other way for human beings to obtain strokes are the very rigidly regulated heterosexual relationships of men and women. However, sex roles are such that men and women are neither capable of finding intimacy nor of working with each other so that the strokes are in great scarcity from that source as well. Intimacy requires nurturing, and while women are capable of being nurturing, men are only able to be rational; the equitable exchange of strokes is not possible. On the other hand, work requires rationality with which men are well-endowed, but women are scripted away from, so that this source of strokes between them is unavailable as well.

As a consequence, it is extremely difficult for men and women to relate either as co-workers or as co-lovers in an effective way, and because of the tendency of women to give strokes unilaterally a chronic imbalance develops which tends to worsen with time.



## GUILT BUTTRESSES MEN'S OPPRESSION

What is it that people need to achieve so that men and women may work together and love each other? Men need to develop the capacity to nurture and the capacity of being intuitive, tuned-in and aware of their own and other people's emotional states; while women need to develop their rational capacities.

Women in Berkeley and in the movement are doing quite well in regaining their rationality, reclaiming control over their lives and becoming potent, as well as nurturing and intuitive human beings. Men, it appears, seem to be doing less well, and I feel that it is because of man's greatest curse--Guilt.

Guilt is a very heavily felt emotion in men. What I see men doing in Berkeley these days to deal with their chauvinism is to be even more guilty than usual. Many men are going around saying "Oh God, I'm such a pig." They cringe in corners and put each other down in groups. This is not helping them escape their oppression. Self-hatred does not help; for us to cower in corners and

beat on each other is not the answer, and our oppressed sisters are not profiting from our self-flagellation.

One of the things that men do in their guilt-ridden response to the women's liberation movement is to further diminish themselves by giving up the one thing they've got going for them: their potency. Potency is often, but mistakenly, confused with machismo. Machismo is the use of physical energy in a manner that is oppressive to women and other human beings. But energy or power does not need to be oppressive, and when properly used it is a good thing. Women want to have energy and power too. Struggling men's response to the attacks of women often cause them to retreat into a passive stance which is often laced with a whining little boys' game called "All or Nothing At All," and which is bolstered by subtle but powerful passive power plays.

Guilt is a response taught human beings by their parents in the service of oppression. Guilt prevents children from striving for the things that they want but which their parents do not want them to have. When boys grow up into men they are expected to get married and create a family. Ours is a society that thrives on working men, exploited labor. It is important that men be neatly trapped into a monogamous relationship with a woman in a nuclear family. In that setting they can best work hard for their employers for eight full hours daily. After work it takes eight further hours to wind down so that they can sleep eight hours and then go on to work again. In order for a man to be optimally exploited in his labor he must be in a situation where he is trapped in a house with a woman who, on his eight hours of off-work time, resupplies him with energy. He spends all day making cars, and when he comes home, his wife plugs in, fills him up with strokes and nurturing, then they both sleep (preferably without using up any sexual energy) and he is a much more effective source of labor than a man who is single and alone. So men are instilled with the sense of an obligation to allow themselves to be trapped in a relationship with a woman so as to be exploited by their employers. Guilt is intensely felt by men who attempt to break out of their sex role and out of their monogamous oppression.

As a consequence the development of (the man and woman's) relationship is interfered with and distorted, and the future potential of the relationship nipped in the bud. Resentment builds because the man is not doing what he wants to do, but doing what he doesn't want to do, and feeling an obligation to continue to do it, while the woman becomes disappointed and increasingly mystified. He continues to adapt; he continues to be out of touch with what he really wants, and feels more and more guilt about his true feelings. The end result is that after a certain period of time he suddenly breaks away from the relationship, fleeing what over a period of time has become an intolerable and alienated situation.

These developments do not occur in a vacuum, however. Women have a complementary set of responses which encourage and maintain the male guilty response. In many cases women agree with men that their initial physical interest in them is one that is inappropriate and deserving of guilt. They often feel the need for guarantees that "he wants more than sex," that "he will marry me" or "take care of me." Yet in Berkeley a growing number of women who have no such expectations find

with exasperation that even though they would be willing and eager to hold hands and tumble through the grass and will even say so, men cling to their guilty responses and "don't come across."

If the woman is fairly sure of herself this will be seen as hopeless thick-headedness and lack of responsiveness on the part of the man. But in most cases it will be interpreted as a sign that she is in some way lacking, that what she wants is wrong, that she is ugly or stupid or bad for wanting what she wants. In this case, the man's incapacity to respond as he would due to his guilt becomes oppressive to her; a classic example of mystified oppression. The oppressive incapacity of the man to be in touch with his own wishes and to respond appropriately is mystified and eventually makes the woman feel that she is the one that is to blame.

Women who are unwilling to accept men's limitations tend to become impatient, irritated, and angry often to the point of giving up on relating to men and seeking loving relationships with others who are not hampered by such restrictive guilt and lack of touch with feelings. Accompanying this decision there is often an unwillingness to invest energy in men and their struggles, so that men are thrown onto their own resources.

As women gain power and solidarity with each other and men find themselves isolated and afraid, it is useful for men to have each other as sources of nurturance and protection. However, I believe that the growth of men in such groups is slow and hampered by head tripping unless these men are in touch with women who are willing to struggle with them. A group of men who are isolated from women strikes me as a group in which the blind lead the

blind or the alexic the alexic, and it is my impression that progress tends to be slow in such situations.

I believe that men and women can cooperate in the shedding of sex role adaptations and that cooperative work in this area is the most fruitful. This is by no means to imply that women should abandon their solidarity with other women or men theirs with other men, but that that while this solidarity exists a cooperative, mutual re-teaching of the faculties which are oppressed in the other is a very fruitful activity.

## CONCLUSION

The liberation of men from their incapacity to feel, intuit, and nurture runs parallel with women's liberation from their incapacity to think and assert themselves. As men and women regain their full human potential they become capable of relating to each other in more satisfying ways. Loving relationships between human beings are sources of power while the continual strife between sexes and within sexes drains our energies away from the real goal; liberation of all people from oppression. Our capacity to struggle to free ourselves and offer our energies for the liberation of our brothers and sisters depends greatly on how harmoniously we live with ourselves and those we relate to intimately.

In love and struggle,  
Claude Steiner

Goons Have A Field Day

# Massive Protest Greets Standard Oil

On Thursday, April 25, approximately 1,000 persons participated in a demonstration aimed against the stockholders of Standard Oil of Indiana. The 85th annual stockholder's meeting, held in the Whiting Community Center, was confronted by 20 activists who had hoped to meet with Standard Chairman, John Swearingen. Five demonstrators succeeded in reaching the podium but were greeted by shouts from the stockholders: "Throw them out, throw them out -- they're radicals!" Before Swearingen had arrived, Standard Oil "security guards" dragged them from the rostrum, dragged them down a flight of stairs, and deposited them into the hands of Whiting police and guards.

Hardly radicals, the 1,000 persons involved in the protest represented senior citizens, the clergy, teachers, workers, and students. Members of the Black and Latin communities also participated in the demonstration, organized by Mary Lou Wolff, president of the Citizens' Action Program, Clergy and Householders Opposed to Petroleum Profiteering (CHOPP), the UAW of Indiana, and the Marion County AFL-CIO Council.

After the activists who had advanced toward the podium were ejected, a woman seated among the 750 stockholders attempted to ask a question about high fuel prices. She was told to hold her questions for the question and answer period, but she declined and continued to ask questions. Apparently unable to deal intelligently in dialogue, Standard Oil execs. again called upon their goons to drag the kicking and

screaming woman from the hall. Later, three other men were ejected from the back of the meeting room and one asked, "Is this what the 81 percent profits are for -- a private police force?"

It was an angry demonstration outside the meeting, with the people denouncing the profits being reaped by the members of one section of the U.S. based oil cartel, and singing songs which poked fun at Standard executives.

During the meeting, Standard's Swearingen told stockholders that they were not "engaged in profiteering in any sense of the word."

"As I have already noted, our rate of return last year was below that of the average rate of return of the most profitable companies in other industries." Intent upon covering up his lies with more icing, Swearingen emphasized that large profits are necessary because of the huge tax burden on the company and the large expenses for increasing oil exploration and production. Swearingen never dealt with the fact that the "huge tax burden" is usually eliminated by government subsidies in the form of the oil depletion allowance.

Still denying that the government insures Standard's profit margins, Swearingen stuck his foot in his mouth by saying, "Some of the most determined believers of the myth of huge corporate profits are still to be found in the government itself."



In dealing with Standard's strategy to enlist public support for windfall corporate profits, Swearingen vaguely stated that his business is "clearly going to have to devote more time and effort to communicating the

economic facts of life." "It would be ironic to see the most successful social and economic system developed to date, undermined because its members -- and their representatives in government -- failed to comprehend what made our system work."

Maybe Swearingen is right. Maybe the social and economic success of capitalism could be undermined by detrimental government policies. So when he says "our system," he means the system of the few and not of masses who have to live under it. The actions of the demonstrators in Whiting are to be applauded -- only the people affected in this mess, not their "government," can successfully undermine Standard's economic stranglehold on them.

# STUDENT STORES

A serious problem has developed in the rapport between the community of Bloomington-Normal and Student Stores record service: theft.

Student Stores is, in essence, a product of the student and working communities of Bloomington-Normal, and its prime function is to serve those communities. The Student Stores Textbook Service constitutes a radical step by students for control of their economic power. Its cost mark-up is 12% as compared to the 25-30% mark-up of established area book stores. Student Stores Textbook service provides students with necessary textbooks at the lowest possible cost. We are not interested in generating a profit.

The student Stores record service is the only alternative record service for 40 miles. Its cost mark-up is 15% as compared to the 40, 50, or even 100% mark-up at most record stores. All of these profit-oriented establishments expect stolen property so prices are adjusted to allow for a percentage of rip-offs. So every customer pays for that theft mark-up. Student Stores does not allow for theft. Prices could not maintain a rock bottom level if we made this allowance. The record store provides goods and services at a low cost and still tries to maintain a financial balance. A profit is not necessary, but a balance cannot be kept if the operation is being ripped-off. Student Stores can't recover from theft. It is a total loss in finances and inventory, and it is a loss for you and a gain for competitive profit seekers. Student Stores operates to generate respect and trust in the community; respect for people as human beings and not saleable items, and trust in the nature of cooperation.

Student Stores is the only vital alternative to exploitive capitalism in the Bloomington-Normal-ISU communities at the present time. It is not justified to rip us off. You are ripping off the wrong people. It does not hurt anyone personally; it hurts the harmonious progression of an alternative concept. We are not geared to systematically exploit the economic resources of working people and students.

In our attempts to cooperate and survive, we've had a lot of support as well as a lot of hassles. Rip-offs just add to the problems, and make it harder for us to keep our prices down and our spirits up. We ask your help in the struggle.

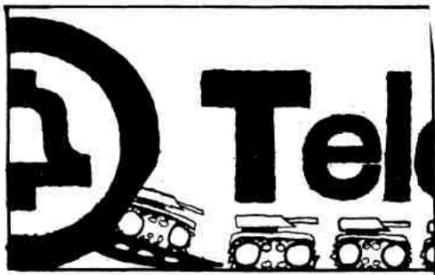
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COOPERATION - SURVIVAL

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# I.R.S. TRACKS MURDER TAX



CPF

Recently, I had a visit from an agent of the Internal Revenue Service. He came to collect \$40.00 that I had owed the government since 1972. The \$40.00 was the amount of my unpaid phone tax and the interest that was incurred.

I had refused to pay my federal tax on my phone bills for a year because the money was allocated for the Viet Nam War. I did not want my money to pay for the murder of innocent people.

I thought that my records of non-payment were buried in some file forever. But, sure enough, the long arm of the law came banging on my door. The I.R.S. had even gone to my parents home to track me down.

Confronted by this agent and the fact that I'm waiting for my income tax return, I've decided to pay the \$40.00.

I've lost this battle with the government, but I don't feel too bad about it. You see, they had to spend 40 or more dollars just to track me down. The money went to pay some bureaucrat instead of paying for a killing.

G.A.M.

THE POST STAFF EXPRESSES ITS  
BEST WISHES TO BROTHER JAY &  
SISTER BARB. KEEP IN TOUCH.

# WELCOME IN SPRING

25

STOP AT AX-IN-HAND 107 n. broadway FOR THE MOST IN MUSIC

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- PATH..... 452-4422
- Food Stamps..... 829-9436

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## Ladies' Night!

AT

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Over

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(Ask about Springfield!)

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poemz

SCHOOL HOUSE

quite schooley, this school house  
housing stifled screams  
tears over scraped knees  
and torn dresses

quite strange this school house  
should look like the prison it is  
strange they didn't try to hide that  
though they left off the steel bars  
--replaced them with a labyrinth of  
arrows  
pointing to the office where stran-  
gers  
must check in else they  
run down the halls grabbing  
children & push them out the doors  
& windows

plastic american flag decals mark  
the glass  
so you don't walk thru  
Mrs. Hedge tells children  
"no--it wasn't turned in to me"  
and the child picks up the watch from  
Mrs. Hedge's desk as she continues  
to type  
click/click/clickclick/clickclick/  
click/click/ click  
never looking at the child  
or the watch  
the girl waits  
says  
"here it is"  
the girl leaves--she is more cour-  
ageous  
than most--she takes her found  
watch

strange one child does not build a  
bomb  
just one

the teacher's desks are clean  
all neat & clean  
plastic american 7ft. screens  
surround these desks  
teachers look under them and  
throw poisoned darts at the children  
"we never lost a war because  
we are always right & a Christian  
nation, now let's stand for the  
pledge of allegiance class"

my god  
i must leave this zoo  
this prison--this poison  
this place of electric typewriters  
rubber finger tips  
scotch-tape holders

gray haired old ladies in red knit  
suits  
long haired young ladies in knit  
slack suits  
crew-cut middle aged men just out  
of the marines  
in beige knit slacks and  
smelling of shoe polish

Mr. Bull announces that  
"there are no individuals in this  
school  
and there will be no individuals in  
this school"  
he turns off the P.A. system  
turns to the boy

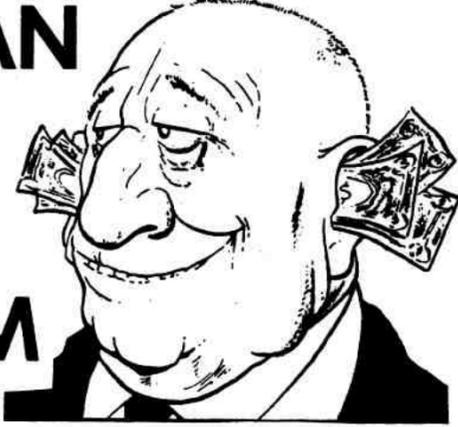
"you can pick up your teddy roose-  
velt pin  
after school, boy--and let this be a  
lesson to you"

very schooley this sterile well-lit  
house  
where they dish up lobotomies  
with the hot lunch program

very schooley  
they will keep  
their federal funding this year.

by Ruthie Wantling

# THIS MAN HAS A PROBLEM



He is suffering from a widely spreading disease: pigous onthebrains. This disease is caused by absence of alternative news in his daily periodical diet. This disease know no racial, ethnic, or sexual bounderies. It can even inflict you and spread throughout the generations of your family. Take another look at the picture, then fill out the coupon and send it with \$1.75 to the Post-Amerikan. We will send you, in an artsy-craftsy tabloid form 100% of the minimum monthly human requirement of alternative news and features. Don't delay! It could be embarrassing.



OFFICAL SEAL OF DISSAPROVAL

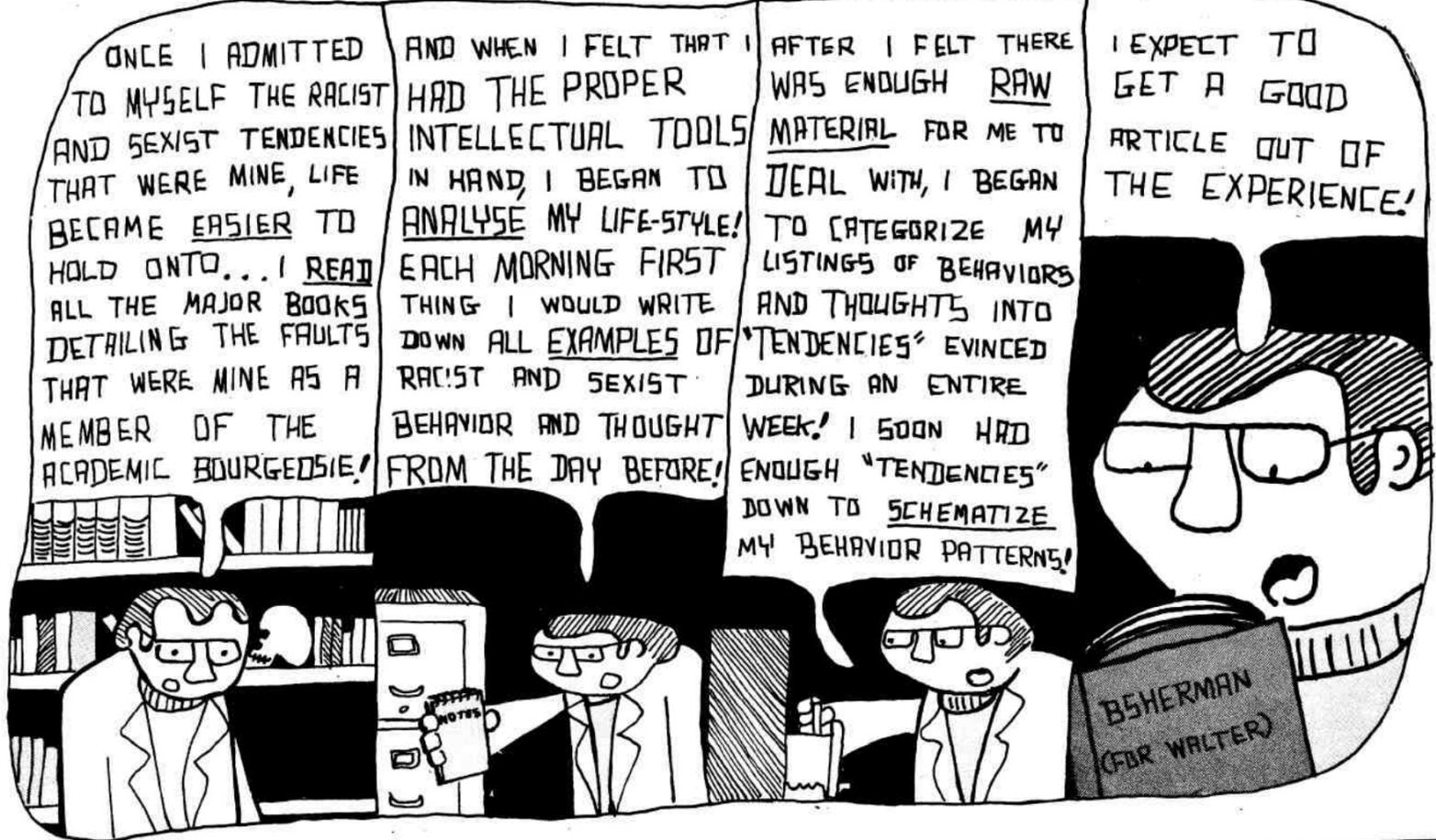
**POST AMERIKAN**

Enclosed is \$1.75 for the next 12 issues

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address \_\_\_\_\_ city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_

zip \_\_\_\_\_

ONCE I ADMITTED TO MYSELF THE RACIST AND SEXIST TENDENCIES THAT WERE MINE, LIFE BECAME EASIER TO HOLD ONTO... I READ ALL THE MAJOR BOOKS DETAILING THE FAULTS THAT WERE MINE AS A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIC BOURGEOISIE!

AND WHEN I FELT THAT I HAD THE PROPER INTELLECTUAL TOOLS IN HAND, I BEGAN TO ANALYSE MY LIFE-STYLE! EACH MORNING FIRST THING I WOULD WRITE DOWN ALL EXAMPLES OF RACIST AND SEXIST BEHAVIOR AND THOUGHT FROM THE DAY BEFORE!

AFTER I FELT THERE WAS ENOUGH RAW MATERIAL FOR ME TO DEAL WITH, I BEGAN TO CATEGORIZE MY LISTINGS OF BEHAVIORS AND THOUGHTS INTO "TENDENCIES" EVINCED DURING AN ENTIRE WEEK! I SOON HAD ENOUGH "TENDENCIES" DOWN TO SCHEMATIZE MY BEHAVIOR PATTERNS!

I EXPECT TO GET A GOOD ARTICLE OUT OF THE EXPERIENCE!

BSHERMAN (FDR WALTER)

# exploring lesbianism

by Alice Wonder



On Thursday, April 25th, women from ISU's Gay People's Alliance presented a program on lesbianism in the circus room of the union. It was well-attended (about 65 people) by a very mixed gathering--- blacks, whites, and shades between; men and women; gays and straights, and shades between.

The film "Lavender" opened the presentation. Lauded by the women who organized the program, it was for me somewhat disappointing. Visually well put together, the film explored the feelings of two lesbians living together in a marital-type situation. They had accepted their sexuality, but were not engaged in any overt political action to change the oppressive society.

A very basic movie, "Lavender" strictly concerned itself with the personal satisfaction of the two women in rejecting the attitudes of a homophobic society (which, admittedly, is a major step). The women were not active radical feminists; they were, in fact, pursuing the ideal of monogamous romantic love, but in a same sex relationship.

Speaking to a cinematic background of soft music and idyllic winter scenes, the lesbians described the still furtive nature of their love (playing a totally straight role in their jobs, etc.). The film showed them eating, doing the dishes, and then settling down for an evening of television. The point seemed to be, see, lesbians are really just like everyone else.

I can certainly understand that people who have accepted a sexuality which has been considered sick at best and dangerous at worst, resulting in economic and psychological oppression of homosexuals, would be happy just to be left alone and thought of as "normal". However, I think it is unfortunate that in choosing such a passive lifestyle some of my gay sisters are stepping out of the closet and straight into the amerikan dream.

After "Lavender" was a reading of long-time lesbian activist Barbara Giddings' "fairy tale"; a satiric description of the life a lesbian leads. She is positively reinforced in her choice of lifestyle from the moment she is born onwards, by family, school, church, state, and peer group. A fairy tale indeed.

## JILL JOHNSTON

Next was a talk by one of the women from GPA, Deborah, about Jill Johnston's life and, specifically, her book *Lesbian Nation*. The contrast between the beliefs of Jill Johnston (which Deborah shares) and the attitudes of "Lavender" was sharp indeed.

Johnston advocates separatism, and defines a lesbian in terms of her primary intellectual and emotional ties with other women rather than her sexuality. In Johnston's eyes, this, and the fact that the first attachment of all women is to their mothers (love for males--- fathers specifically--- being a societally induced thing), means that all women are lesbians.

At this point in the program, hands in the audience began to wave demandingly. Several women felt compelled to deny that they were lesbians and protested that Jill Johnston had better stick to speaking for herself. Deborah stepped in with an obviously "I knew this was going to happen" explanation.

Johnston, she said, is often accused of putting people on with her extremely unconventional (even for radicals) statements. She will stretch a point in order to provoke a gut reaction (and hopefully some serious thought) in her readers.

Well, at least as far as the gut response goes, Johnston succeeded Thursday night. There followed a very good interchange between non-comprehending "straights" ("Have you ever had sexual intercourse with a man?" "No." "Well then you don't know what you're missing!") and gay defenders ("Have you ever had sex with a woman? Then you don't know what you're missing!").

For the rest of the evening, the tone of healthy interplay between the audience and the women offering the presentation was set.

## LESBIAN NATION

*Lesbian Nation* sets up, in theory, two societies. One is exclusively men, with male supremacy; the other is all women, with female supremacy. Harking back to an Amazon-type situation, Johnston describes reproduction as an event that would occur through the women who wished to be mothers meeting with the men who wished to be fathers every so often in a structured, non-emotional, brief, and totally functional sexual encounter. Male children of this union go to the male state at birth; females, to the lesbian nation.

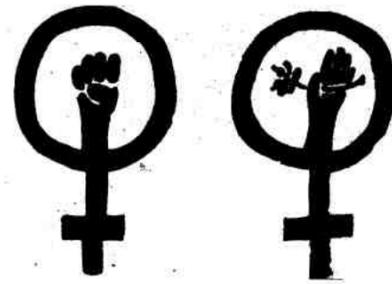


Audience reaction was again vehement. In reply to comments that Johnston is crazy, Deborah said that of course Johnston's lesbian nation could never materialize in exactly that way; otherwise, it would not be an ideal, because ideals don't turn into accomplished facts. I find that to be a very interesting rap to ponder.

At this point, a woman in the crowd stood up and put in a plug for Rita Mae Brown which I would like to pass along. She has authored a skillfully written autobiographical novel called *Rubfruit Jungle*, which is challengingly straightforward, and two books of excellent poetry, all dealing with radical lesbianism.

At the conclusion of Deborah's talk, the other women from GPA disowned Jill Johnston's ideals for themselves and also made it clear that these ideals are definitely not those of the majority of lesbians. Oh well...

Then there was the role play, garnered from actual painful experiences of women in the group: what happens when your parents find out? Except in a few cases of rare immediate parental approval, parents threaten familial and economic disownment and the psychiatrist trip, sometimes eventually accepting their daughters again--- and oftentimes not.



The skit was well done, and received with much laughter. But, the role players said, viewing the depiction of the parents in the skit as humorous stereotypes (because of their over-emotionalism, obvious guilt trips, noncomprehension, and generally clumsy handling of the confrontation) is wishful thinking. Most parents really do react that way.

## TALKING ABOUT IT

The role play was the last structured event of the program. Following it were questions, answers, and discussion. It was an interesting discussion, touching on many facets of lesbianism. The sincere question "How did you get into lesbianism?" was answered by challenging the "normality" of heterosexuality and the "deviance" of homosexuality.

Bisexuality and the Kinsey scale were briefly touched on. The Kinsey scale, which has been criticized for some possible lack of validity in the research methodology resulting in its development but, not, as far as I know, for its basic assumptions, is an estimate of the proportionate numbers of gays to straights by degrees.

On the scale, one refers to a completely heterosexual person (if there is such a thing), while six refers to a completely homosexual person (again, assuming that such a person really exists). Or six and one may be vice versa--- who can remember those things?

Anyway, if you are exactly equally attracted to men and women, you're a Kinsey three point five, I guess. And according to Kinsey, hard core gays constitute about one-tenth of the total U.S. population. So much for getting sexuality down to a science.

Another subject touched upon was continuing attempts to exclude gays from jobs, especially teaching. A morals clause in the teaching contract is one of the very few things that can get rid of a teacher with tenure (short of murdering a student or burning an amerikan flag), and is often used to oppress homosexuals. It seemed to be the feeling of most of the women there that it would be best not to fight that clause unless you had to.

Most of the women from GPA want to put the burden of understanding on the straight community, and have as their goal a live and let live attitude. They feel that displaying their gay pride should not be necessary, and may in fact compromise friends through "guilt by association."

There was some dissension from feminists who, as I do, feel that a lot more solidarity, openness, and activism is necessary to change basic structures that oppress women first, and lesbians secondly, and of course more so, for not even being the "right kind of woman," and on that note the program ended.

(Most of those who expressed total non-understanding, and therefore rejection, of homosexuality in any case had already split, somewhere between heavy discussion one and heavy discussion two.)

And so, for a while, the "ones" on the Kinsey scale got to see how the other tenth lives.



## KING PHILLIPS HEAD

*The image of:  
his head hanging  
black hair falling  
red flesh rotting  
white toothless skull smiling  
not-quite-vacant sockets  
glaring/staring  
overlooking  
plymouth common*

*still haunts/haunts still*

*is more of an example  
than his judges intended*

*by JAMES R. SCRIMGEOUR*

---

\* Son of Massasoit (of first thanksgiving fame) and indian sachem of the Wampanoags who led an unsuccessful uprising against the puritan settlers in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island in the years 1675-6 and who was finally killed. His body was drawn, quartered (at least) and scattered to the winds. His head hung on a pole in the center of Plymouth Common for 24 years.

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